
Slipping Into Depravity
by Eve St. Albert

Slipping into Depravity Chapters 1-52
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Slipping into Depravity, Ch. 01
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By Eve St. Albert

I suppose I should start at the beginning, how we got into this mess.

I met my wife Kayley when we were both a few years out from University. I was a couple of years older, I'd finished my degree, found a job, and was a rising star, making good money in Systems Design. Kayley had done the admin route, but found a solid firm that appreciated her. I don't even remember now, how we bumped into one another. It just felt like one day we were at the same party, saw each other across the room, smiled and that was it.

I was tall, rangy and hung, with short dark hair. Kayley was a redhead, bottle unfortunately, so the carpet didn't match the drapes, so we kept the floor polished, if you know what I mean. She had this willowy build, not the biggest breasts but perky and a dancer's grace. There was something about the way she moved, I loved watching her. She had this sensual grace.

Neither of us were virgins, we'd both racked up our body counts, Kayley had started in high school, me in University. It was the usual thing, random opportunistic oral sex, drunk one-night stands and shameful misjudgments, some dating things that went all the way quickly but petered out, and a few semi-long-term things. Neither of us got emotionally involved, neither of us got too wild.

In hindsight, we missed a bunch of opportunities. I almost ended up with a Domme. Kayley turned down a chance to go to an orgy. Things like that. The thing is, that as wild and enticing as possibilities are, if you're on your own, it's a bit intimidating. If you don't have the right person as your wing man, or wing woman… you don't. You heard about people disappearing, or waking up in a bathtub of ice cubes with one kidney, or date rape, or just fucked up things.

But when we finally hooked up, it was magic. Our first night together, we climbed each other like monkey bars, sweat drenched, hot, hard, wet, we couldn't get enough. We tasted, touched, licked, my cock just wouldn't go down, and we took full advantage. I fucked her up the ass, and didn't even realize it was virgin territory.

Those were the first months; we fucked like monkeys. We watched porn. We

danced. We laughed. We licked every part of each other, in every location indoors. We couldn't get enough. She dressed to make me hard, and all I had to do to make her wet was look at her. There was a sense of excitement, of wild possibility, of everything being open and available.

So of course, we'd fuck it up.

One night, we were out at a bar. Not a usual haunt, we were exploring different venues. I had to go to the can, there was a line up. It took a while.

When I finally did my business and got back out, I spied Kayley, sitting at the bar, a man chatting her up.

Intrigued, I stopped, waiting back, near the hall leading to the bathrooms, up against the wall. It wasn't a big place; I had a clear view. Neither of them noticed me.

Kayley was wearing her red dress, one with a modest slit up the side, that showed off her curves. It was just the casual side of sexy. She sat with her legs crossed, swinging her upper calf. She was smiling and nodding at her new suitor, some suit with a hundred-dollar haircut and capped teeth. As he moved, he was careful to let his cuff slide up to expose his Apple Watch. She glanced at it, but didn't remark. He leaned in to say something, she leaned toward him, and then she laughed. He stroked her arm.

She sparkled. In that moment, she just sparkled, like she was radiant. I was enthralled, she was so beautiful, so vivacious, so full of life. I was hard, watching her flirt with a complete stranger, but then she made me hard constantly. Mainly, it was exciting.

Is this what we look like when we're together, I wondered? Just smiling and laughing, leaning into each other. This is seeing her sparkle from the outside. It was amazing.

I started forward.

Kayley looked up and almost jumped when she saw me coming, but the smile she gave me was pure love. Her companion turned to look.

"Sam," she said, "this is Roger, he was keeping me company while I waited."

Roger turned around and looked me up and down. He wasn't particularly pleased to see me, but he was smart enough not to let it show. I could practically read his mind. His chance of scoring with this hottie evaporated the minute I showed up.

I had this fleeting thought; I wondered how good he thought his chances had been. In some hypothetical world where Kayley and I weren't together, did he really think he'd go home with her?

“That’s really nice of him,” I said. “I didn’t realize I was that long.”

She smiled brilliantly; the room seemed to light up.

“You weren’t, but Roger was such a gentleman, he volunteered.”

Definitely an operator, I thought. Hustling, on the make. She told him she had a boyfriend, and he figured it was just a bluff and moved in.

“That’s nice of him,” I smiled. “Keeping my seat for me.”

Roger got the message.

“It was great,” he grinned. “But I got to get moving.”

We watched him cruise away, on the alert for any other single woman. He spotted a middle-aged woman further down the bar and zeroed in.

Slipping into his seat, I leaned in and our lips locked, our tongues flicking against each other. I laid my hand on her knee as she uncrossed her legs and casually slid my fingers half way up her thigh under her dress. She rested her hand on my thigh.

“Happy to see me?” she teased.

“Definitely.”

“It’s mutual.”

I nodded.

“So, Roger?”

“He just appeared and started talking to me,” she said.

“Hitting on you?”

“He was working up to it, but not there yet,” she replied. “Don’t worry, I would have shot him down.”

“Hopefully,” I joked, “not on my account.”

“I only get wet for you,” she said.

A flicker of nervousness crossed her face.

“You’re not annoyed, are you? Jealous?”

My eyebrows lifted in surprise.

“No!” I said. “Not at all. You can talk to anyone you like. Friends. Girlfriends. Random guys that flirt. No, it’s cool!”

“Are you sure… that last?”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I love you too much to be jealous.”

“I went out with this guy in college,” she said. “Jealous type. He got worse and worse.”

I shrugged.

“That’s not me.” I assured her. I didn’t want her ever to worry. “You know, I watched you guys for a minute, once I came out of the bathroom. And you know what? You looked so beautiful, so radiant, with that guy flirting with you. You were glowing, he was smiling. It just looked… nice. You know what I thought, as I was watching you?”

Whatever flicker of caution and nervousness I’d seen in her faded away, and that made me glad. I always wanted her happy and unconstrained, absolutely free. She was breathtaking that way.

“What?”

“I looked at you, relaxed, smiling, flirting, and it was like I was seeing us from the outside. I was just blown away by how amazing you were, just watching it from outside, not being part of it. You’re wonderful.”

She laughed and blushed.

“Were you hard?”

Where had that come from?

“I’m always hard for you,” I said. “But yes, I found it arousing to watch you flirt.”

“Not even a little jealous that it wasn’t you?”

“Not even a bit. It was exciting.”

Of course, we both knew absolutely that nothing could have ever happened with Roger. That made it safe, and it made it safe for us to talk again.

“Can I tell you a little secret?” she whispered. Her eyes sparkled.

I leaned in so she could whisper in my ear over the bar noise, taking the opportunity to slip my hand up her dress.

“Of course.”

“it was a little exciting… Maybe not exciting… fun? I kind of enjoyed Roger sitting down and just hitting on me.”

“Cool.”

She wasn’t finished.

“It was weird,” she whispered. “Normally, it’s creepy. You’re alone in the bar, some rando puts the moves on you. It always put me off. Some of my girlfriends, right into it. But not me. There was always something… just unnerving.”

“Yeah.”

“But I knew you were here, and you’d be out shortly. I knew I was safe, so I could just relax… and it was fun.”

She giggled.

“Were you wet?” I whispered.

“Silly boy,” she said and licked my ear, “I was already wet.”

Suddenly, I was twice as hard. I took her wrist.

“Let’s go someplace and fuck!”

Kayley squealed in pure delight. Like giggling children, we scurried from the bar back to my car. We only made it halfway home, before we pulled into a parkade and made out in the back seat, ricking the car wildly and steaming up the windows.

We continued to fuck like bunnies. We’d call each other from work and talk dirty, and then race home. One day I took a long lunch hour; to sneak over to her workplace and I ate her out in the copy room. Another time, she jerked me off at the back of a crowded Starbucks with a newspaper on my lap.

There was something though, about the encounter with Roger. It liberated her, it freed her from any subliminal concern about jealousy. One day, I caught her checking out a hot guy, and then she noticed me watching her. I just smiled and nodded, and she beamed happily. Without ever speaking, we gave each other guy to appreciate hot guys and girls. Suddenly, we were pointing out abs, breasts and ass, long hair, or luscious features.

One day at a park, we were sprawled out on a blanket, and a frisbee player ran past in a tank top.

“I’d hit that!” she whispered, and we both broke into laughter.

Roger slipped back into conversation. One night, as I fucked her, my cock ramming in and out of her drenched, tight pussy, I whispered in her ear.

“Aren’t you sorry you didn’t go home with Roger?”

Her gale of laughter tightened her body so much her pussy clamped like a vise and she squirted me out like toothpaste. I rammed back in, we wrestled and rolled around, giggling and laughing.

Another evening after finishing making love, she turned and whispered lovingly in my ear, “I’m not finished yet, do you think Roger is available.”

We both howled.

We had a private joke, sometimes, walking into a bar or a venue or any new place, one of us would say “Do you think Roger’s here?”

But also, in my mind, sometimes I imagined him fucking her, his cock in place of mine, her legs wrapped around his hips as he thrust deep. I imagined her kneeling in front of him, taking his cock in her mouth. His semen dripping from her pussy. It wasn’t an obsession by any means, just a daydream, a might have been from some other silly universe.

“Do you think Roger’s here,” Kayley asked me, as we head into this neighborhood tavern. There was a bar band playing covers we liked, so we decided to try it out.

“Probably not,” I replied. “But you know, there’s other fish in the sea. Maybe there’s another hot guy I could watch you flirt with.”

“You’d watch me flirt?”

“Fuck yes! You’re so hot when you flirt!”

“When I flirt with you, you mean?”

“When you flirt with anyone, you are a goddess!”

“You’d watch that?”

“I’d love it.”

She slowed and stopped in front of the bar; her expression mischievous.

“You’d be able to handle it?”

“I’d have a raging boner,” I said. “You flirt with anyone you want, as long as you come home with me.”

“I like the sound of that,” she mused. “Yes.”

“Yes?” I said, I was intrigued.

“Tell you what,” she said. “Let me go in first. You come in after, find a spot to watch me. We’ll see if someone hits on me. I’ll flirt. When you’re ready, just come over, and I go home with you.”

I smiled.

“I’ll warn you though,” I said. “I might be so fucking hard.”

She laughed.

“I guarantee I’ll be so fucking wet.”

Just like that, I was rigid.

Kayley was already sitting at the bar on a stool when I walked in. The bar was less than half full. Kayley was still sitting alone. Her gaze passed over me as I wandered in, we exchanged the barest nods. I took a seat at the table where I could have a good view.

God, she was gorgeous. She was wearing a short dress that showed off her legs, white boots and a push-up bra really accentuated her bosom.

A moment later, a blowsy blonde sat next to me, cleavage spilling out of her tight top.

“Anyone sitting here?” She asked, not waiting for an answer. Her hand slid onto my knee. ‘I’m Amy,’ she announced, “come here often.”

From the corner of my eye, I could see Kayley giggling.

Eventually, about ten minutes later, an older bearded guy, Colin, approached Kayley to offer to buy her a drink. Kayley smiled and accepted, inviting him to join her. She shifted in her seat, her long legs scissoring.

Amy turned out to be far more handsy than Colin, which Kayley thoroughly enjoyed. The only downside was our companions made it a little difficult to watch the show. At one point, Colin spotted Kayley watching Amy thrust her breasts in my face.

After an hour, we both excused ourselves, our companions too sweet to let down

harshly. We made our way home, and spent the night laughing and having wild sex.

This was our new game. We'd pick a bar and Kayley would troll for admirers. We'd go in separately, I'd find someplace with a good vantage point, Kayley would dress up sexy — tight jeans, short skirts, tank tops, dresses, she was always magnetic, with red hair, red lips and high heels completing the ensemble.

She was never alone for long. Before too long, a suitor would appear, offering a drink, asking to sit, or just moving in.

She'd sparkle.

It was always someone different. Someone old, or young, tall or short. Some heavy, morbidly overweight businessman, or some sleazy hustler. She always smiled, radiant, engaging. Unfailingly polite. Some moved on, dismissed. Others hung in.

I loved watching her, and the thing I loved most was her enjoying herself. When she seemed bored or annoyed, I'd move in, without waiting for a signal.

Other times, she'd seem charmed, and I'd hang back, enjoying her glow. Watching her flashing smile, or her laugh. The way she'd lean forward to give a view of cleavage, or blush at some compliment or proposition, or touch a hand or arm if she was particularly into it.

I liked watching the men as well, some of them careful and polite, others eager and bold, stealing glimpses of her cleavage or legs when they thought she wasn't looking, pretending to laugh when she did.

I learned to spot the ones who genuinely enjoyed her company when she was on, and the ones who were merely desperate to get laid.

In the end, I'd always collect her, and we'd usually head home, for hot sex, tearing clothes off, climbing each other. Sometimes we wouldn't make it home, pulling into some alley or quiet spot where we'd climb into the back seats for some wild consummation.

We'd talk about them, sometimes on the ride back, sometimes after sex. Kayley was always wonderful, discussing almost every man who flirted with her with warmth and compassion, enjoying their company, and seeing something worthwhile in most of them. Even the ones that hadn't been sexually interesting.

As to the ones that did, she often surprised me.

"Maybe I should have gone home with him," she mused, talking about a tall skinny artist type, who'd turned out to be a comic book collector.

“Him?” I teased. “Should I have let you?”

“Maybe,” she said. “He was passionate, you know. Just loved his thing, I think he was over the moon that a woman was interested. And he was kind, you could see it in him, and gentle. Like a poet.”

Another time.

“Oh just raw muscle,” she said. “Not a brain in his head. You look at him and wonder what it would be like to ride that pony.”

Some were suave, some were sleazy, I guess they pressed different buttons in different ways.

“I really enjoyed talking to him,” she said, “because he was enjoying it so much. I mean, a fat, lonely old salesman, puffing his way through life, stuck overnight in a strange city. And suddenly, he’s having this really great conversation with this hottie.”

“He was just happy,” she finished. “And happy is infectious.”

“You should have gone back to his hotel with him,” I said. “I would have waited.”

She laughed and hit me with a pillow, and we rolled around the bed.

One of the things I loved about it, is that it made her sexier. It made her feel sexier. Two people can be in love and have crazy sex all the time, but you’re seeing each other constantly, you’re seeing each other at breakfast and tired from work. Sometimes it takes the edge off your special sexiness together.

But when we played with this, she’d blossom. She just let her sexiness out, and she let herself feel it. She indulged it. She wore lingerie and jewelry, make up and bright lipstick, heels. We bought her fishnet, stockings and tops. Tight skirts, push up bras, demi-cups, see through tops, transparent panels in fabric, or strategically placed cuts. She’d model for me, as we experimented with looks, sometimes classy, sometimes goth or punk, sometimes sleazy and sometimes so cheap that men made offers.

I loved seeing her like this, sometimes I’d go in first, and wait and watch as she made her entrance and half the men in the room would check her out. She’d take her seat, pretending not to notice, but I could feel her pleasure, I could literally feel her sparkle.

We tried different places, enjoying the effect.

But in the end, no matter who she flirted with or smiled at, I’d always appear, and she’d always gracefully excuse herself and come home with me.

I suppose we should have known it wouldn't stop there, and that sooner or later, she'd be claimed.

This bar was nothing special. I wouldn't call it a dive bar, but if it wasn't it just barely missed that mark. It hovered on the edges of the seedy side of town, its exterior nondescript.

We really only decided to try it because we'd driven past it a dozen times of the preceding months.

'Have we been in there? "Kayley asked, as we passed by. The sign said 'Paddy's" in old fashioned neon.

She was wearing a satin dress with neck line plunging to her navel, opera gloves and costume jewelry. We'd just come from this retro place, all red velvet, leather and brass, where an older gentleman had spent half an hour talking about Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr, who it had turned out, were both bisexual, all the while staring at her hard nipples and managing to cop a feel.

Oh yes, we'd progressed to the part where she enjoyed being felt up. The right men, sufficiently charming or arousing, if they were bold enough, might be rewarded with an intimate kiss, perhaps fingertips along an erection, a furtive hand beneath folds of fabric to cup bare breast or tease a nipple, even a hand along the inside of her thigh, never quite reaching, but exciting.

I watched it all, and together after, we'd tease and laugh and relive it, recreating certain moments, pressing to completion.

"I don't think so," I said. "It doesn't look like anything much. Seems like a neighborhood bar, probably regular patrons, local."

She shrugged.

"Might be fun," she said. "Let's check it out."

I nodded.

That night, she straddled me, riding slowly, while telling me insane stories about Sammy Davis Jr. deep throating Marilyn Chamber's boyfriend, while I pulled her nipples so hard they were distended. When she came, she squirted all over me.

###

"What do you think? Leather skirt?" She held it up.

She was wearing fishnet stockings, a favorite of mine, with a black garter belt, and red lace panties. An open cup bra, lifted her breasts and pushed her nipples forward.

“Or maybe the miniskirt?”

Fuck, I loved it when she dressed up. I was hard already.

“The leather skirt, definitely, it works with the stockings. The miniskirt is too short for them.”

She nodded, shimmying into them. Nonchalantly, she selected a lace tank top that didn’t show much cleavage but bared her midriff and clung like a second skin, and a mesh pullover that covered her but didn’t hide much of anything.

Kayley turned to sit at the mirror with her make-up.

“Dangly earrings or hoops?”

“Dangly,” said. “Hoops is a little too close to hooker with that look.”

She nodded, doing her make-up. Not too heavy, an eyeliner, shiny red lipstick. She snapped her lips.

“Showtime.”

I stepped up and nuzzled, her neck until she purred.

“We can just stay in tonight,” I said. “We could role play?”

She giggled.

“But I’m all dressed up,” Kayley said. She kissed my cheek; I could feel the lipstick. “Wait until tonight.”

I grabbed a trench coat for her, so she wasn’t too provocative, and we drove over. I pulled into the parking lot. Judging by the lot, it was probably pretty empty. Maybe, I thought, we should try a busier night? But then again, strange place, maybe empty was better.

“How do you want to do this?”

She gazed at the neon.

“I think I’ll go in first,” she shivered. “These don’t look like safe streets.”

“It is kind of the scuzzy edge,” I agreed. “I’ll watch you go in, then follow.”

She nodded.

“Ten or fifteen minutes?”

“About right,” I said.

She flashed me a sparkling smile, red lips shining from the streetlight reflecting off the car windows.

“Showtime,” she said. “I do it for you, you know.”

“Liar,” I teased. “You get off on it.”

“We both do!”

She stepped out of the car and I watched her sashay across the street into the bar, putting a little extra wiggle into her hips just for me.

I took out my phone, contorting my hips to allow my erection to breath. Ten minutes should be time enough for it to subside a little and for me to get out and walk without everyone noticing how happy I am.

When I arrived at the bar, Kayley had already drawn her suitor. Her eyes didn’t so much as flicker towards me when I walked in. But as I passed, she gave the tiniest nod, smiling brilliantly and maintaining eye contact with the gentleman she was chatting with.

I got a fleeting impression of an older man, thirties, sallow skin, stubble, roughly groomed hair.

The bar was fairly empty, most of the patrons hung towards the back, or in booths. There were plenty of empty tables, I took one, ensuring a clear view. The server came up, and we made small talk while I ordered a beer. After she left, I took out my smart phone and pretended to study it.

I wasn’t close enough to listen in. That was disappointing. Sometimes, if it was crowded enough, I could be close enough to hear her laughter. Once, I sat right next to her companion at the bar, listening to every word they said, catching Kayley’s eye as she’d look past his shoulder, exchanging wicked grins. That was a hot night.

She was enjoying herself, smile flashing, occasionally giggling. She leaned forward as he spoke, and he didn’t hide the fact that he looked directly at her breasts. She took a sip of her drink, leaned back, squaring her shoulders and crossed and recrossed her legs. A very good sign, she was definitely sparkling and enjoying herself.

Her companion wasn’t that impressive. Thirties? At least that, and with some hard living. He had a full head of hair, prematurely graying at the temples, swept back in a style that used to be fashionable. He’d probably considered

himself pretty hot stuff back in his day. Tight jeans, a bit too tight, work boots, and a faded bomber jacket completed his look.

Cheap, a bit sleazy, he had the look of a hustler. The sort of guy that hung around bars, always a smile and a line of bull. Hot stuff in his twenties, but after a while, life would start to pass him by as everyone else grew up and moved on. I'd bet his pick-up lines were ten years old.

As I watched Kayley laugh, and lean forward again, her foot swung out casually, brushing against his leg. He pretended not to notice, but when he leaned forward to whisper, he touched her arm and when she turned her head to listen, he looked directly down her cleavage.

I put down my phone for a minute to drink my beer, looking directly at them. Oh yes, she was enjoying herself.

He must have been a charmer.

Kayley laughed at something he said, her smile flashing. The bartender came by. They spoke briefly. He poured another glass of wine. Her second?

He leaned forward, his hand sliding forward between her thighs, under her leather skirt. Kayley gave a squeak and clamped her legs together. Without breaking eye contact, without losing a watt from her smile, she reached down casually and guided his hand back, and they continued their conversation.

A moment later, Kayley shifted in her chair, taking a deep drink of wine. Her back arched, shoulders set, thrusting her breasts out. Even from where I was sitting, even through the mesh top, I could see the shape of her breasts and make out her hard nipples. She was putting on a show for him, definitely.

As Kayley lowered the glass and turned back to him, her legs swung and her knees touched his. He stroked her arm, and surreptitiously, his other hand slipped back down, dancing along her knee. She didn't react, simply listening and smiling at whatever story he was telling.

His hand slid further, along the inside of her knee. His arm moved forward. Her legs didn't clamp together this time. He leaned up, to whisper in her ear, and made his move, fingertips creeping up between her thighs, under her skirt. From the angle, I judged that it was only a few inches, not even near the tops of her stockings.

Kayley held up a finger, shook her head a little. He grinned at her. But her legs didn't clamp and he didn't withdraw right away.

She was definitely into him, there were very few men she'd allowed to slip their hand under her skirt.

A moment later, his palm was on her knee, painfully casual. She shifted position on her stool, her knee swinging outward gently guided by his palm,

and then she'd swing back in, as they teased each other with the subtle parting of her thighs. But her knees never quite closed, she was enjoying the game.

I wondered if he was as hard as I was.

They leaned in towards each other, her lips pursed for a kiss. His hand slid up her skirt, this time all the way to her stocking's band, and her thighs parted to allow it. Her lips brushed his, but instead of engaging, he whispered in her ear.

Her eye widened a little, not repulsed, but slightly surprised. Her head drew back. The hand between her thighs withdrew, the fingertips just under the edge of the skirt.

This was interesting. I'd expected a full kiss, or more kisses. A special that Kayley bestowed only on men she really enjoyed. She'd been willing, but it had gone differently. Kayley whispered something. He whispered back, hand moving slowly up under her skirt. She casually reached down to hold his wrist, but didn't close her legs, as she looked towards the back of the bar past me.

They exchanged whispers. Kayley drew back, thoughtfully, swinging on the bar stool. His hand fell back, but came to rest on her knee. She took a drink of wine, this time not squaring her shoulders, clearly buying time. A moment later, he picked up his beer to drink. They put their glasses down at the same time.

I wished I could hear what they were saying, but I was too far away. Sometimes, we'd be connected with her phone on mute, so that I could hear the conversation if background was quiet enough. But mostly we'd found that with the phone in the purse, in a noisy bar, it was impossible.

He said something, whispering, but not in her ear. He grinned wildly, nodding. Kayley looked over his shoulder, expression thoughtful, her head moved, half nod, half shake. There was a soft exchange, again him smiling, cajoling, her uncertain, reflective.

Then she whispered something, kissed him directly on the lips, and slid off the chair, walking to the back of the room. Her hips swung slightly, it was impossible not to in those heels, but she didn't show off like she had in the parking lot. I kept my eyes locked on my phone as she passed. But I could see him on his stool admiring the view.

Something had happened. I wasn't sure what though. Kayley was beyond my frame of vision, and I couldn't turn to see where she went. I'd only seen her pass from the corner of my eye. Was she upset? Angry? I didn't have any sense of that. I risked a direct look back at the man. He was smiling, completely relaxed. He turned to finish his drink and ordered another beer, waiting patiently.

Very odd.

A moment or two later, Kayley's name lit up my phone. I pressed connect, and held it to my ear.

"I'm calling from the women's bathroom," Kayley hissed, trying to muffle her voice. "I don't know what to do!"

"What's going on?" I asked, suddenly alert, my heart was pounding. I glanced at the man; he was still sitting nonchalantly at the bar. Had something gone wrong? Was there danger? Had he threatened her? Did he have a concealed weapon? Was there danger? Did I need to go after him? After her?

"He wants to have sex with me," she whispered.

I was momentarily confused.

"But…" I hesitated. That was the point, every man wanted to take her home, or go home with her. "They all do. Did he do something…"

"Right now," she said. "He wants me to go into the men's room with him and have sex."

"In the bathroom," I said, astonished.

"Yes," she said. "Right here."

"What did you say?"

"I said I needed to pee, and I'd think about it," she said. "Now I'm sitting in here talking to you."

My first instinct was to tell her to wait, and I'd go get her and we'd get the hell out of there. But I caught myself. She could have told him no, right out at the bar, right in public. He wouldn't have been able to do anything. Or she could have given me a signal, and I'd have come over and end it. Unless…

"Is he dangerous?" I asked. "Armed. Unstable."

"What?" she was genuinely surprised. "No."

All right, no worries about that then.

"Okay," I was thinking fast. She could have shut it down any of a half dozen ways. Instead, she'd called me.

"Kayley," I said. "How do you feel?"

"I… I… don't know," she said. "It was going fine. Is he still there?"

He was still visible in the corner of my eye. I wanted to take a closer look at him, but dared not. He'd been flirting seriously with Kayley, plenty of mutual touches, whispers and smiles. She'd leaned in once or twice, giving him a view of her cleavage. At one point, I'd caught her letting his hand creep up her short skirt.

"Yes," I said. "He's still waiting."

"Okay," she said. "I just… he caught me by surprise. I wasn't sure what to do."

I was rock hard; I could feel my cock pounding in my pants. My heart was racing. Suddenly, we were both facing the prospect of a complete stranger fucking my girl. Kayley spreading her legs, another man's cock, in her pussy. It seemed unreal, and yet too altogether real, a prospect that had moved from vague half acknowledged fantasies to imminent reality. It was alluring, and scary.

"Kayley," I said, "were you enjoying yourself?"

A long pause.

"Yes."

"Were you turned on?"

"I'm always turned on when we play this game, you know—"

I cut her off, she was defensive, instinctively evading the question, and we both knew it.

"Kayley," I let my gaze swivel across the room, passing over him. Assessing him again: Older than us, mid-thirties at least, his clothes a little unkempt, a little ragged. Not doing as well financially, probably a shitty job, just scraping buy. A low class grifter. But there was a sleazy charm. "Was it hot?"

There was a long pause.

"Yeah," she said, "it was. He was flirting really hard, but not desperate. It was like he was playing. And he was bold. He put his hand up my skirt."

I'd seen that.

"Do you want to do it?"

Another long pause.

"I don't know."

Except, of course, she knew. We both knew. If she hadn't wanted to, it would

have stopped, anywhere along the path, right up to now. She wanted it. It was her fear stopping her. And me.

“Kayley,” I said. “Listen very carefully to me.”

“Yes.”

“Kayley,” I ordered. “I want you to take off your panties.”

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 02
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By Eve St. Albert

SAM’S STORY

“Kayley,” I ordered. “I want you to take off your panties.”

There was an audible gasp, and a moment later, quietly.

“Yes, Sam.”

There was silence, I heard faint rustling, a squeak of plastic. I imagined her standing to raise her skirt, pulling the panties down, the thin scraps of fabric at her thighs, her knees, pooling at her ankles. I imagined her sitting on the toilet seat, reaching down to collect them as she lifted one foot and then the other.

“Put your panties in your purse, right at the top. But don’t zip your purse.”

“All right,” she said.

“How do you feel?” I asked.

“My heart is pounding.”

“How’s your pussy?”

“Very wet,” she paused. “Are we really going to do this?”

“Nervous?”

“Very.”

I nodded, even though she couldn’t see me.

“Okay, Kayley, when you go back out, I want you to leave your phone on, on silent, so that I can hear everything. I’ll be listening in, okay. And if anything goes wrong, I’ll bust down that door in a flash. Whatever happens,

you're completely safe. He won't hurt you. Nothing will hurt you; I won't allow it."

"Okay." She paused. "That's a good idea."

"All right," I said. "Now, I want you to know, it's completely up to you. You don't owe him anything. You don't have to do anything. This is all you. This is your choice, whatever you want to do, whatever you choose. I'm there for you. We can walk right out, right now. Or whatever you want."

She gave a small laugh.

"You're sending me out there bare pussy, with my panties hanging out of my purse."

"Were those panties wet?" I asked.

No answer.

"Okay," I said. "When I told you to take them off did your pussy get more or less wet?"

Pause.

"More," came quietly. "A lot more."

"I am so hard right now," I told her. "But it's your choice. And even when you make it, you can change your mind right up to the end."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"I don't know yet," she confessed.

"That's all right. We can quit right now. We can go home right now. We can quit any time."

"I understand."

"What are you going to do?"

She sighed heavily.

"I'm going to go out there and sit with him… and then I'll decide."

Another heavy sigh.

"I got your back," but there was no answer. Instead, the sound of rustling told me that she'd deposited the phone in the open purse. Probably covered

with the panties. More rustling, and the sound of a toilet flushing. Footsteps.

Kayley walked past me without so much as a glance.

“Hey Leroy,” Kayley’s voice came through the phone. “I’m back.”

“I thought you might have fallen in,” he said. “I was going to organize a search party.”

“You just wanted to follow me into the bathroom,” she lilted. I recognized her flirt voice.

He laughed.

“True enough.” He paused. “So have you decided.”

“I’m still thinking about it,” Kayley said. A pause. I glanced over; she was taking a sip from her drink. Kayley. I had a momentary worry that he might have put something in it while she was gone. But the bartender had been right there. And anyway, why would he need to, if she was probably going to say yes.

I noticed that Leroy was glancing at her purse. He’d noticed the panties. I could imagine the wheels turning into his head, thinking about the panties peeking out of her purse. Thinking about how she’d left the purse unzipped so he could notice them. As long as he didn’t poke around in that purse.

“Anything I can do to persuade you?” he teased.

“You’re persuasive enough that I’m thinking of it,” she whispered.

He leaned forward, and slid his hand along her hip.

“It’ll be worth it,” he promised.

“You’re very confident,” she teased.

As he straightened, his hand moved from her hip down the outside of her thigh to her knee.

Then he leaned forward, slowly thrusting his hand smoothly up between her legs, half way up her thighs. She stiffened and squeaked, clamping her thighs together. He’d done that before, and she’d allowed it. But now the play was on a different level, and distracted, she’d been surprised.

For a second, it seemed he’s blown it. She’d been on the fence, and he’d pushed her off.

“You know what I just noticed,” he said smoothly.

“What?” her voice was tremulous, a little breathless.

His hand between her legs moved slightly, just enough that I could tell her thighs weren’t clamped together. She’d relaxed to his touch. He didn’t intrude though, he knew he was on the knife’s edge, the wrong move and it was over.

“You’re not wearing panties,” he told her. He didn’t wait for a response. “Now, I’m wondering about that. Were you wearing panties when you walked into this bar? Yes or no.”

“Yes,” she said, her voice steadier but still quavering.

“I see. So if you came in with them, you must have taken them off. When did you take your panties off, Kayley?”

I felt a ripple of excitement and unease; this was the first time I’d heard him call her by her name. it sounded possessive in his voice. It made things more viscerally real. I had a flash of him saying her name, Kayley, as he fucked her.

“In… when I went to the bathroom.”

“I see,” Leroy said, his voice honey smooth. “You know what I think, Kayley. I think the decision’s already made, and you’re just nervous that’s all.”

“Uhm…” she said, “you think that, do you.”

“We’re going to go to the men’s room now, Kayley.”

There was a long pause.

She licked her lips.

“All right.”

Involuntarily, I exhaled, realizing only now that I’d been holding my breath. So it was as simple as that. It wasn’t her decision at all. He decided for her, and she simply accepted it. It had been his choice, and he’d made it for her.

Or had it been my decision, when I’d told her to take off her panties? Told or ordered? My command to return with her panties in her purse, had sealed her fate.

But regardless it was decided, the love of my life was about to be fucked in a sleazy dive bar men’s room, by some complete stranger that had sat next to her twenty minutes ago. I was insanely excited, my cock so swollen and hard I could feel it pulsing. My heart was pounding, my mouth was so dry I couldn’t speak. I felt buoyant, and overwrought, fight and flight reflexes kicking in. It was as if I was the one about to be fucked in the bathroom and not her. I

took a deep swallow of my beer.

Now that the decision was made, Leroy seemed to assume command. He took her by the wrist and lead her off the stool. She came along without resistance, her legs wobbling. She barely had the presence of mind to grab her purse.

Leroy was so focused on dragging her to the men's room, he didn't even glance as they passed me. I looked up, and Kayley and I had a moment where we looked directly at her. I searched her expression — excitement, embarrassment, nervousness, anticipation, even arousal?

I looked for fear, for reluctance, but I couldn't find it. Was it there, and my own lust fooling me. Did she really want this.

She gave me the slightest nod, as if reading my mind. I nodded back. And then Leroy dragged her along. They disappeared behind the men's room door. I swiveled in my chair to face the way they'd gone, ready to rush up and crash through the door, and pressed the phone to my ear.

At first, I didn't hear anything. Sound of footsteps, a creak of door.

"Gross," Kayley said.

"It's not that bad," Leroy replied.

"So…" Kayley began, "how do we do this?"

Then she gasped loudly.

"Fuck you're wet!" Leroy said. "I fucking love a smooth wet pussy."

I imagined him putting his hand up her skirt, feeling her. The gasp of surprise as she did that, the expression on her face. Lust? Nervousness? They must be right on top of each other. I imagined him pressing up against her, her skirt hiked up, his arm between her leg. Did she embrace him? Was she pushed back against a wall?

She moaned deep in her throat. I knew that sound, it was the noise she made when I kissed her hard, when our lips pushed, and mouths tasted each other. He was kissing her, and she moaned for it. I imagined his lips against hers, his tongue.

I could hear heavy breathing now, little smacks and gasps. A rustle of clothing. Was that the sound of a zipper? A creak of a wooden stall. Panting. A soft grunt. My mind filled in the rest, them making out, clothes unfastened. In my mind he was kissing her urgently, leaving her to moan into each kiss, gasp for air between them. He must have her pressed up against a wall, her legs spread, one hand between her thighs. Was he pawing her breasts with a free hand? Holding her?

She sighed, and I knew he'd licked her neck around her collarbone. He grunted heavily.

"That's good," he mumbled, slightly muffled. Was his face buried in her neck. "Feel that."

"It's big," she breathed.

"It's for you," he said. "You're wet for it."

"Fuck," she whispered, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

She moaned deeply, a rippling moan that rose and fell, and I imagined him fingering her, the fingers setting tempo for her gasps.

"Just go with it," he said.

"I'm…" A moan thrust up. "I'm not stopping."

"Good girl."

"How do we do this?" she asked.

"Here," he said.

"Wait," she said. "Do you have a condom?"

"Do we need one."

"Yes," she said. "I have a boyfriend; I'm not bringing anything home."

"He won't know."

"I don't care, put it on."

"All right."

There was a moment of silence, punctuated by breathing.

"Do you want me to help," she asked.

"I got it," Leroy said.

A moment later.

"Feel that?" he asked.

"Oh yeah," she said. "You feel so hard. I can't wait. I want it."

Again, there was that deep moan in her throat. The sound of smacking. I

imagined him kissing her hard, hungrily, their tongues sliding against each other. I visualized her up against a wall, her skirt up around her waist, his cock covered in rubber, sliding against her smooth belly as they pawed each other.

The moan was followed by a series of gasps.

“Okay,” he grunted, and then grunted again.

“Hold on,” she said. “It’s not right. I can feel—”

“Here,” he broke in. “Just… Okay, close.”

“This way?”

’Okay, lift your leg… All right.”

“You have it?”

There was a deeper grunt, a creek, sounds of movement.

“Uh huh!” Kayley’s voice was loud.

A loud creak.

“Oh yeah.”

“Uh huh,” Kayley moaned again. “Ah Ah, it’s not.”

“A little more,” Leroy demanded.

“It’s not—”

“Try something else——”

“How about?”

“There.”

“Okay this?” Kayley asked, her voice tight with lust, and then she gasped.

“Oh there we go,” Leroy exulted. “You feel that? Do you feel that? You’re fucking tight.”

Instead of an answer, Kayley gave a long moan. I imagined the whole length of him sliding into her, their bodies grinding together hard.

“Oh you’re big,” she gasped loudly.

“That’s what the girls like,” he said proudly.

He grunted then, and immediately Kayley grunted in return, their voices see sawing. I imagined him thrusting, their bodies rocking.

“Thick,” she almost whined. “Oh shit, you’re really opening me up, spreading me apart. You’re so thick.”

“You like that?” he asked.

But she could only gasp rhythmically.

“You like this big cock?” he demanded.

“Oh yes,” she grunted. “Oh fuck, it’s deep, you’re fucking so deep, I can feel it.”

“You have a boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

“I bet he’s not as big as me,” Leroy said. “He’s not as thick, not as deep. My cock feels better, fills you.”

“Oh yes,” she grunted. “Fuck you’re big. You fill me.”

“You like it.”

She was gasping rhythmically. I could see him thrusting in my mind’s eye, his big hard cock pounding into her, her body rocking with every thrust, her breasts surging, her back bending, he knees lifting each time he bottomed out. I imagined the pleasurer on her face, the ecstasy in her body, the way her toes curled in her boots as his shaft slid deep.

“You like it,” he repeated.

“Yes!” she said. “I love it.”

“Does he come in you?” he asked. “Or do you make him use a condom.”

But her only answer was a rhythmic grunting.

There was a slap, and then a gasp. He’d spanked her?

“I asked, does he come in you?”

“Yes,” Kayley said. “He does.”

“You’re on the pill, or something?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like feeling him raw?”

“Oh yes.”

More grunting.

“Can I come in you?”

“No!” the answer was harsh and definitive.

“Okay,” he said, “just asking.”

Kayley’s next moan was a load grunt, mingled with the slap of flesh on flesh. Followed by a succession of gasps.

“Here it comes,” he grunted.

“Oh god,” Kayley moaned, her voice pitching higher.

The grunts and gasps came faster and faster, accompanied by the sound of flesh slapping, as their bodies smashed together again and again.

“Oh! Oh!”

“Take it!”

“Oh!

“Take it.”

“Take it!

“Oh!”

“TAKE IT!”

“Uh!”

“TAKE IT! TAKE IT!”

“TAKE IT ALL. TAKE IT NOW. OH, TAKE IT! YES! YES! NOW!

“Ah.”

“Oh, take it.”

“Ah.”

“Feel it. Feel it deep. You got it. You took it”

“Ah ah.”

“That’s a girl, you got it.”

For a moment there wasn’t anything but the sound of the two of them panting. The sound off her, the sound of her labored breathing was as familiar to me as my own heartbeat. I’d listened to her pant away like that a hundred times after our lovemaking. But his was alien, almost unearthly, it had an almost rasping quality. It was the strangest thing, the familiar sound of her, panting alongside of a complete stranger, her sweet femininity, counterpoint for a foreign male breathing.

I imagined him laying on top of her. Over her back, if he’d taken her from behind. Or between her legs. Was she undressed, how naked was she, or he. I imagined their bodies coated with sweat, heaving together as they recovered. Clinging together.

“That was good,” he said. “I knew you were a hot piece of ass the minute I saw you.”

She didn’t respond. I imagined him pulling off her, his softening cock loose in the condom. He sounded pleased, energetic.

“Girls,” he said. “They like the big ones.”

No response, just the soft breathing.

“How was it for you?” he asked.

“Good,” she said, her breathing was slowing. I thought I could hear the rustle of clothing, small random sounds, putting herself together. “It was good.”

“Yeah.”

“You felt different at the end…”

“Yeah. Fuck. Look…” he said. “The condom broke.”

“You came in me?” her voice rose in pitch slightly, I heard concern, trepidation, the beginnings of anger.

“Yeah, sorry,” he said. “It broke right at the end; I was coming so hard.”

“You should have pulled out?”

“Yeah, you’re right. But when I felt it, I was already coming, it was already in you, so I couldn’t do anything. I wasn’t even sure it was broken, I didn’t know till I pulled out and saw. And you felt so good, I didn’t want to pull out if it wasn’t broken. You were just so hot…”

“You should have told me,” she accused.

“I just did, the minute I saw. I wasn’t sure.”

Ther was a long sigh.

“Okay,” she said, “fine.”

Not happy about it. But moving on.

“Listen, I guarantee you, I’m clean. Clean as a whistle. And you’re on the pill. Nothing to worry about.”

“I guess,” she said.

“Anyway,” his voice came, “you’ve got a boyfriend. If you get knocked up, you can tell him its his. No worries.”

“That’s not what I’m worried about.”

“I told you,” he said, “totally clean, no worries. You can get a test, they’re fast now. A few days, a week tops. Just be careful around him.”

Pause.

“Lots of blow jobs,” he said. “I guarantee you: He won’t mind.”

“I guess,” she said again. There was something off about her voice. She sounded deflated. Perhaps disappointed.

“All right,” he said. “You going to be okay? We shouldn’t go out together, you want to go out first?”

“I think you can go,” she said. I could tell she was tired of his company. “I want to clean up a little.”

“Fine,” he said. “Hey, now that you’ve had what I’m packing… Let’s do this again. I mean, sure, you got a boyfriend, but you made it pretty clear he doesn’t have what I want. It would be fun, no strings attached.”

“Okay.”

“Got a pen? Paper?” he said. “I’ll write down. Is it in your purse.”

“Here,” Kayley said quickly. “I’ve got it. Let me. I’ll write it down.”

I visualized Leroy grabbing for her purse, with the phone live in it, and Kayley scrambling to take it from him.

“Sure,” he said, “no problem.” He recited a number.

There was the sound of water running. Taps. Paper towels shuffling.

“Hey,” he said. “It was a good fuck.”

“Yeah,” she said, flatly, perhaps a hint that it wasn’t so great.

“I’ll see you around, call me when you’re ready.”

The door swung. I turned to look at the sports screen. But Leroy didn’t even glance at me as he sauntered past.

I checked my phone. Less than ten minutes. They’d fucked for maybe five minutes. My heart was still racing. It astounded me that so much had happened in five minutes. In five minutes the world had changed. In five minutes, the love of my life had fucked another man while I’d listened, his cock had been in her, he’d come in her. Had the world changed? Was this some kind of threshold, where everything after was different.

My cock was still violently hard.

“Are you there?” Kayley’s voice on my phone.

“Yes,” I said quickly. I guessed the mute was off. “Are you okay.”

“Oh yes,” she said. “I guess. It was an experience. I’m still processing. Is he still out there?”

“Yes,” I replied, glancing out at the Bar. He was chatting up the bartender, pulling out his wallet. “I think he’s settling up. I think he’s going to leave.”

“Good,” she said. “Tell me when he’s gone.”

“Are you okay?” I asked. “Do you want me to come back there?”

“No,” she said. “I’m fine. I just need to clean up a little. He came in me. And I need to wipe a little more. I don’t want to come back out when he’s there.”

I could understand that. What’s the etiquette for having just fucked in a dive bar men’s room with a broken condom. Do you just nod at each other? Ignore each other? What sort of conversation do you make? What would he do if he saw her sitting with me?

“Hey! I think the fucker stole my panties!”

The surprise and outrage came through so clearly, I laughed involuntarily.

“This isn’t funny!” Kayley said, her voice filled with what I hoped was mock outrage.

“No it’s not,” I agreed. And it wasn’t, but it sort of was.

“I think he stole them. They’re not in my purse.”

“They didn’t fall out?”

“I’m looking, they’re not anywhere. They couldn’t have fallen out,” she said. “I think he took them.”

“Is anything else missing?”

There was a moment’s silence.

“No. Everything else is fine.” She paused. “He must have grabbed them when my back was turned. Fucker! I didn’t even notice!”

“He’s still here,” I said. “Do you want me to go and get them from him.”

“NO!” she almost shouted. “NO! Absolutely not! Don’t do anything.”

“He’s leaving,” I said. A moment later, “and he’s gone.”

“Okay, I’ll be right out.”

A moment or two later, she was sitting beside me, my Kayley. I looked her over. She’d fixed her make up and lipstick, straightened her clothing and brushed her hair. But there were a few stray hairs out of place, the clothing didn’t fit quite the same, there was something loose limbed and swivel hipped about the way she sat. I was crazily aware that she wasn’t wearing panties, was Leroy’s semen oozing out right this moment, would it leave a smear on the chair seat. I couldn’t get the thought out of my mind. She’d just been fucked. That was such an exotic thought. The idea of it, knowing that it had happened, was so exotic, so powerful, I was rock hard. At the same time, I was worried about her, about what this meant for us.

“So,” Kayley asked, “what does this mean for us?”

I took a drink of my beer, to avoid answering right away.

“I don’t know.”

“I just had unprotected sex with a complete stranger, practically in front of you,” she said. “How do you feel about that? About me? About us?”

“I feel okay,” I said.

“Okay?”

“We’re good?” she demanded.

“Yeah.”

“You’re sure,” she said. “it doesn’t change how you feel about me?”

“Kayley,” I said, “I love you.”

“I’m going to have to get an STD test,” she said.

“I know.”

“You’re going to have to wear condoms, until we’re sure.”

I nodded.

She licked her lips, staring off into the distance.

“That was weird,” she said finally.

“And hot,” I offered.

“Very hot!” she agreed.

There wasn’t much point in sitting around in the bar. We decided to cut out and go home. As we drove, it kept coming up off and on, awkwardly. Was he really big? Not that much, it was just talk for him, he was really proud of his junk. The Men’s room? It was filthy, but kind of sexy filthy, the nastiness added.

Then, stopped at a red light, Kayley finally broke. She started laughing.

“Oh my God!” she giggled. “He was soooo sleazy. He was like a cartoon. Like the minute he saw me, I could tell, he was in lust. It was just one cheap pick-up line after the other, they were ridiculous. When we talked, I could tell he didn’t give a damn. I could have said I was a brain surgeon, that I was just here to pick up my Nobel prize. It was all in one ear and out the other, all he wanted was to get me to fuck him. It was comical. Part of me just wanted to laugh in his face.”

I waited, listening.

“At the same time,” she said, “there was something about that kind of naked lust. Something, I don’t know, honest? Transparent about it? Every word, every look, every time he touched me, it was about wanting me, about getting into my pussy. There were all these touches. If he could have dry humped me at the bar…”

“It’s thrilling to be lusted after so nakedly,” I said. “Ego boost.”

Light turned green.

“Oh yes,” she said. “Definitely. And it’s funny, like when it’s out there so nakedly, when the only signal you’re receiving is pure ‘I want to fuck you’ when he’s looking at you, and he’s just seeing you naked even though you’re dressed… when you’re getting that kind of raw interest… you think about it.”

“I can understand that,” I said.

“I guess I’m trying to explain why I did it,” she said.

“You don’t have to explain it to me.”

“I think maybe I’m trying to explain it to myself,” Kayley said. “Like, normally, a guy like that, you’d whip out the pepper spray, not go into the bathroom with him. But this time, I wanted. I don’t know. Maybe see what it was like. I guess you’d have to be there.”

“I was,” I said.

“What was it like for you?” she asked. “I kept wondering. What’s he thinking.”

“I don’t know,” I said thoughtfully. “I guess we’ve been playing with it for a while. This flirting game. It’s hot watching men hit on you, and its not just because I know you’re coming home with me. When they do it, you sparkle, it’s flattering, it’s affirming and I can tell you enjoy. Attention is nice.”

“Spicy,” she said.

“Yes,” I agreed. “So, you know, I can’t help wondering sometimes, what if it went further. What would it be like if she walked out the door with another man. Could I handle it? Would I be jealous? Would it be hot? So, yes, I thought about it. And, I admit, it’s kind of exciting to think about. I guess I was half expecting it, sooner or later. That it might happen.”

“It happened,” she said.

“Yes,” I replied. “And it was so fucking hot. I think I almost came in my pants. Like if I’d moved too much, or stood up suddenly, I would have blown. It was bizarre and amazing and not like I imagined. But it was so hot. And it wasn’t about him. It was you, like, you were fearless, and amazing and bold.”

“I was so fucking nervous.”

“You were… heroic,” I said. “Just going for it, barreling through. It’s like all the time, we see things everywhere, people skydiving, or having car chases, or doing these big impossible things. And suddenly, there you are, and you’re doing it, one of these things we only hear or read about or see on movies. You were amazing.”

“We’re good.”

“You’re my hero!”

She laughed effortlessly.

“You’re my hero,” she said. “You were just there, exactly the way I needed you. I wouldn’t have been able to do it, if not for you. You didn’t tell me to do it, or not to do it. You just supported, gave me strength.”

“I told you to take your panties off,” I pointed out.

She giggled.

“I was shocked by that,” she admitted. “I was going ‘Whaaaat?’ but kind of thrilled, and weirdly reassured, I can’t explain it. You did the right thing.”

“Sorry you lost them,” I said.

“I’m not surprised. A guy that sleazy, yeah, of course he’d steal my panties.”

“He probably collects them. Trophies and stuff.”

“Huh,” she said thoughtfully. “What do you suppose he does with them. Like does he just keep them in a drawer? Or does he have a special photo album.”

The image flitted through my mind — a photo album, filled with women’s panties, preserved under the flat sheets.

“I don’t know,” I said. “He probably sniffs them. Or masturbates with them.”

“Oh yuck,” she said “Jesus Christ! You men! What’s wrong with you! Too much information. I don’t need that in my head. Maybe I should have made you go get them back.”

“Too late now.”

She reached over, laying her hand on my crotch. My erection was back instantly.

“So we’re good?” she said. Her fingers kneaded, the fabric of my pants. I had to shift my hips as I drove, allow the erection to smooth in the trousers. Thank god they were loose.

“More than good.”

“I didn’t come, you know,” she said thoughtfully.

“I noticed,” I said. “I didn’t want to say anything though.”

“A couple of times, it felt like I could. But he was so fucking fast, it was all so rushed. It was like it was a race, and he was determined to get to the finish line first.”

“The five minute mile.” We both laughed.

“I really need to come,” she said. “Lots. It was like a really good handshake, but now I want real sex. I want to fuck your brains out. I want to fuck and fuck and fuck.”

Her hand was on my erection, I could feel her fingertips pulling on my zipper. My mind flew back to her panting and moaning as some complete stranger fucked her, as she willingly spread her legs in some sleazy bathroom for some sleazy nobody, had surrendered her body.

“Oh we’re going,” I said.

“Stop for condoms.”

As it turned out, I used four condoms in a row, but we did so many things so urgently, we realized it made no difference. In the end, we forget them and just fucked, and my semen joined Leroy’s in her body. We slept together entwined like sweaty naked babies, in pure bliss and happiness, more one person than two.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 03
==========

By Eve St. Albert

SAM

The next morning, we went down for the STD test. And it turned out, we had to wait about a week. And then, even afterwards, we’d have to wait at least a week for results.

“Pooh!” Kayley complained, as we drove home.

“Makes you almost not want to have dirty bathroom sex with complete strangers, if we have to go through all this trouble afterwards,” I commented.

Kayley turned to me and stuck out her tongue. She kicked off one of her runners and twisted around in her seat until her back was against the passenger door and lifted one leg over my stick shift to work the heel of her bare foot into my crotch.

I'm always impressed by just how flexible she is.

My body reacted, as it always did, to anything Kayley did. She could make me hard by saying 'Hello.'

"Well," I said, not looking down. She moved her heel back and forth across my crotch, and I could feel the weight of it on my rapidly growing erection, awkwardly trapped in the folds of my boxers. "Have I ever mentioned, I'm not a foot fetishist?"

"Really?" she teased, her voice almost sing song. "I bet I could make you suck my toes!"

"I bet you could, but not while I'm driving. That could be embarrassing if we get stopped."

"Pooh," she said again. "I wouldn't make you. I just said that to get your attention."

"I guarantee," I said, "You have it. What do you want it for?"

"I need to tell you something important."

"Yes."

"I'm not wearing panties."

"No?"

"It's true. I didn't put any on, because we were going for the test, so I thought that was the safe thing to do. And now here we are, and my skirt has ridden right up while sitting in the car, and you can see everything."

"Everything?"

"Oh everything!" she said. "I'm trying to be modest and cover myself with my hand, but it's no use, my fingers keep slipping."

"Like it's wet?"

"That must be it. Every time I try, my fingers slip and they end up inside or sliding around. It's awful. Anyway, you can see everything, my smooth bare creamy thighs, my flat belly, my pubic mound. My pussy lips. Oh this is so awkward, it's like my pussy lips are pulled apart, and you can see my pink. You can even see my clit. It's soooo explicit."

"I'm driving," I smiled. "I can't look."

"I know, that's why I'm describing it for you, in juicy wet detail. So you know exactly what you're missing."

“You’re so caring,” I said.

“I am,” she agreed. There was a brief pause. “I don’t know what’s wrong with my clit, I keep stroking and stroking it, but it’s just so hard and swollen, like a little bump. Do you think it needs medical attention?”

“A careful examination is indicated.”

“Oral exam.”

“I was thinking that.”

“Really? That’s a wonderful idea,” she said, digging her heel into my crotch, I was fully rigid now, but somehow, she’d worked my throbbing member loose from the folds of my boxer, and it was moving more loosely in there. She moved her foot up and down, the heel dragging from one side to the other.

“You know,” she said, “this is awful. I mean, if someone in an SUV or a truck or something pulled up beside you and looked down into your window at just the right angle, it would seem like I was showing you my pussy.”

“I suppose that they might make that mistake,” I conceded.

“Why,” she said, “I would just die of embarrassment. I mean, what would they think. They’d think I was a slut. A cheap exhibitionist. A woman of loose morals.”

“The sort of girl who has unprotected sex in public mens rooms with complete strangers?”

“Exactly! I would totally die. We both know, I’m a good girl!”

“I’ve always thought so.”

“It’s not my fault I am without panties,” she sighed.

“I guess you’ll have to go commando,” I replied.

“What a male thing to say!” she replied, all mock horror. “I thought you were a feminist.”

“Sorry.”

“The problem,” she said, “is I’m short of panties.”

“That is a problem,” I agreed.

“It is,” she said. “It’s a missing panties problem. Once, I had all the panties I needed. Now, I don’t. I have a panty shortage!”

“A panty deficit!”

“A panty famine.”

“Panty deprivation! I’m deprived. Forlorn. Without panties, anyone, why everyone, can gaze upon my glistening smooth vagina, my exquisite pussy lips, this perfect little clit.”

“If they happen to be looking through the right window, from the right angle, and the right time,” I agreed.

“Exactly,” she said. “EVERYONE!!!”

“Well,” I told her, “if it’s any consolation, I won’t look.”

“Because you’re a gentleman!”

“Because I’m driving. If I wasn’t driving, I’d definitely be looking. I’d be looking so carefully, I’d get up close so I could see perfectly. I’d have my face in there so close, you’d feel me. I’d be totally staring. I’d be memorizing that pussy.”

“Really?”

“Totally, I’d want a very close up view. I wouldn’t want to overlook a single detail.”

“Well now I’m disappointed,” she said. “You’re not the gentleman I thought you were.”

“Sorry.”

“You should be!” She accused, “I see you now for the insatiable rampaging horndog with a nonstop erection and a libido that just won’t quit, a beast of pure lust, who isn’t even a little bit deterred by the fact that a complete stranger soiled my pure body and used me like kleenex, as a repository for both his massive thrusting cock and his copious load of semen. You’re nothing but creature of pure lust, a walking erection. Why, my virtue is imperilled just by being near you!”

“Yes,” I agreed. “That’s me!”

“Good,” she said.

We drove for a moment. She hummed. The heel of her foot slid back and forth across my pants, stroking my erection.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Nooooooothing,” she lilted.

“Are you sure.”

“Well…” she teased. “I might be trying to get this little button of a clit to go down, and deal with some of this wetness that seems to be all over down there.”

“Any luck.”

“No,” she said. “It’s just getting worse. I think maybe some of it is his semen. He left so much cum in me, it was like a firehose. It was just dripping out, running down my thighs. Some of it might still be up there in my newly stretched out pussy, leaking out, and that’s why I’m so wet.”

“I doubt it.”

“Oh.”

“It’s probably mine,” I said, “I left a lot of semen in you.”

“You do, you do that a lot I notice. You’re always putting it there.”

“Nowhere else to put it.”

“I should buy you a mason jar,” she said. “A set. Maybe get you a subscription, a new box of mason jars delivered weekly.”

“I’d just fill them up.”

“You would!” she agreed. “It would be terrible, the house would be overflowing with all the mason jars full of your semen. After a while, we wouldn’t even be able to move around. Anyway, I was just thinking, all this wetness, it could be his though, because his cock was so fucking big.”

“Big?”

“Huge.”

“You said last night it wasn’t that big?”

“Did I?”

“You said he was hung like a weasel.”

“Oh no,” she corrected. “I said his cock was as big as a weasel.”

“Are weasels the standard of measurement for cocks now?” I asked.

“Haven’t you ever heard the song: Pop goes the weasel!”

“Suddenly, I understand the Mulberry Bush better now.”

“I have a sweet little mulberry,” she said, “it feels so good when I make little circles around it, like I’m doing now. Do you like my little mulberry?”

“Love it,” I said. “I notice, it’s a very smooth bush.”

“You looked!!!”

“I might have snuck a peek.”

“It’s autumn, all the leaves have fallen off my mulberry bush, so it’s cold and requires constant warming.”

I chuckled.

“Anyway,” she said, “he was huge. Gynormous. Like, walrus sized.”

“Uh huh,” I said.

Her foot dug in trying to toe my zipper, and she blew me a raspberry. I helped her by unzipping a little, just to get it started, and adjusting so my hard cock was a little more comfortable.

“Don’t waste that tongue,” I warned her. “I plan to use it later.”

“Promises, promises,” she pouted. “All you do is drive around and not even stare at a pulsing, wet smooth shaven vagina in desperate need of attention.”

“You were saying, weasel or walrus?”

“Pooh,” she complained. ‘You didn’t even see it. So I can make it any size I want. Anyway,’ she said, “you weren’t bothered by my fucking Leroy yesterday?”

“You’re on a first name basis?” I asked. “Should I get out my wedding planner?”

Another raspberry.

“You’re horrid,” she told me.

And then her voice went sober.

“Seriously though, does it bother you at all that I had sex with man I literally just met, like literally, literally right away. Just some random person. Does it bother you at all?”

“It wasn’t right away,” I said. “You talked to him for twenty minutes. Fifteen at least.”

“Was it that long?” she said thoughtfully. “I guess time flies when you’re sizzling. It felt instant. Like I just sat down and he said hello, and the next thing I know we’re off to the bathroom. Does it bother you? Seriously.”

“I guess you never know how you’ll feel until you’re in the situation. But no, it didn’t bother me. It was hot, I was really excited and amazed. Sexually excited, but also excited for you, like you were going skydiving or mountain climbing, like taking a big step. And I felt honoured, that I was your safety, your reassurance, that I could be there if needed, and that maybe somehow, I gave you permission and confidence to take a chance.”

There was no answer.

“Thank you,” she said, her voice quiet. “I think maybe it bothered me. That wasn’t my image of myself, to just let a stranger have me like that, to get bent over in a men’s room. We all have this idea of who we are, and of the things we’ll do and we won’t do. And I love you, and I keep thinking I didn’t just do this, I did this to you, I did this to our relationship.”

There was a long pause.

“I’m worried that I fucked up. That I fucked it up with us.”

Her foot in my crotch stilled.

“I love you,” I told her, “and nothing at all will ever change that. This didn’t change us. This was you being bold and amazing and fearless.”

“And slutty and horny.”

Her toe worked its way into the small gap I’d unzipped and pushed the zipper all the way down.

“Definitely, slutty and horny. I love you slutty and horny,” I paused. “How are you able to do that?”

The girl was definitely flexible.

“Even if another man is boning me?” she asked. “Even if my vagina is gaping from his big cock and his semen is leaking out in copious amounts.”

“I’m hard now,” I said.

“Yes, I know!” she said, trying to work her foot into my pants. Her heel slid across the fabric of my pants, working my cock. “It’s totally disgusting! Seriously, what’s wrong with you? It’s like you’re hard allllllll the time! Here I am trying to have a serious conversation about my mulberry and all this guy’s semen which is still dripping from my well used vag from random casual sex with a perfect stranger… And all you care about is your boner? What about

me? What about my needs? I have a life, aspirations, needs… It's been ten minutes and you haven't fucked me once."

"We've been driving for twenty minutes."

"Multitasking dammit!!!"

"The thought of your mulberry and all my semen oozing from you making me harder."

"You were already hard,"

"I'm harder."

"What if it was men, plural?"

"You mean a gangbang?"

She stuck her tongue out.

"Don't be gross," she said. "I'm talking serial promiscuity."

"How many are we talking?"

"The number matters?"

"The way you said it…"

"Let's say two or three, or you know… a dozen or so? Less than a hundred, probably. Definitely less than the male population of an urban metropolitan area… unless I'm really horny."

"Love you no matter what."

"What if one or more of them was black?"

"You want to have sex with a black man?"

"This is all hypothetical. But I could so do it. I'm not racist. I could do black. Or hispanic. Or Arab. Pakistani. Polynesian. Asian. Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, all the 'ese's."

"Not at all. Wouldn't matter to me. Love you."

"Would it turn you on?" she teased.

"The thought of you having sex with anyone turns me on. But yes, a black cock in you would be hot. Or Thai."

"Why Thai?"

“I figured you love the food, so you’d love the cocks.”

’Are you making fun of me? “Her heel moved back and forth across my cock.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” I said. I took my right hand off the wheel, felt down along her calf. For a moment, I thought of taking her foot off my cock and getting some relieve. But instead, I slid my hand slowly up the inside of her calf, past her knee up, up the inside of her thigh.

“What are you doing?” she asked suspiciously, her foot was still, resting in my crotch.

“Nothing,” I said calmly, keeping my eyes on the road. My hand was on her upper thigh, moving in, finding her by touch. I felt soft lips and rotated my wrist, stiffening two fingers into a curving spear. I slid up, feeling tight wetness enfolding them.

Kayley gasped.

“You’ll cause an accident!” she cried.

“Nope,” I said, “eyes on the road.”

“Another kind of accident!”

“I have no idea what you mean,” I told her, flexing my wrist, sinking in and doubt. “Some other kind of accident? A wet accident? A squirting accident? I don’t know how that could happen?”

As my fingers slipped deep, my thumb found her clitoris. I swept across it with each flex of my wrist.

“You’re touching my mulberry!” she cried. “You shouldn’t be touching my mulberry! You stop that. I’ll tell! I’ll call mom!”

“You’ll tell your mom I’m touching your mulberry?” I asked.

“Oh you bet.” She gaped. ‘I’ll call her write now!’ Gasp. “I’ll call up and say…” Gasp. ‘Mom, I’m trying to bake’ “Gasp.”’… a mulberry pie, and Sam… “Gasp.”…keeps touching my mulberry!’ “Gasp.” Tell him to stop!’ “Gasp.” Then you’ll be in trouble!” Gasp.

I laughed.

“I dare you,” I replied. “I double dare you.”

She moaned deeply squirming on my fingers.

“I will!” She writhed and gasped. “In a little while.”

Her foot dug down into my crotch, grinding along the length of my cock. I struggled to keep my eyes on the road and my hand steady on the wheel.

“How many traffic laws are we breaking?” she gasped.

“I’d say… All of them.”

“Maybe we should stop.”

“Yes.”

“Not just yet though.” I could hear the arousal tightening her throat.

Her foot pushed, against my cock, but in a stiffening way.

“What about a fat guy?” she gasped. I could feel her hips rocking her pussy onto my fingers. Her hand closed down on my thumb, pressing it against her clit. “Like really fat? And hairy, I mean, like hairy all over, hairy back. Would it turn you on if I spread my legs for a fat, hairy guy with moles and a pug nose and missing teeth, one eyebow and receding hair, with three chins, and sausage fingers, and a thick slimy slab of a tongue, and balding.”

“That’s oddly specific,” I said. “I’m starting to wonder about your fantasy life.”

“Oh fuck,” she moaned as my fingers flexed in her. She took a breath. “And sweaty, really sweaty, I mean sweat just dripping off him as he fucks me with his big fat cock, his rolls of fat all over me just dripping sweat, like slimy raindrops, while he licks my face with his slab of a tongue. Oh fuck, my pussy is just dripping.”

I really hoped it was my fingers, and not the visualization of her dream date.

“Too much,” I said.

“Yeah,” she said breathily, “that teetered over into gross. Sorry. What about non-sweaty, ugly, hairy, balding fat guys. I think they’re so hot.”

“Ron Jeremy has a lot to answer for,” I said. “Yeah, it would turn me on.”

“The Jeremy?” she grunted.

“A Jeremy-type fucking you. I’m fine. It’s still hot, in a weird beauty and the beast way.”

“What about a really filthy, nasty, smelly, drunk homeless derelict…”

She moaned and squirmed against my fingers.

“I’d still love you, but I think I’d make you take a shower first.”

She laughed. “I’m almost…”

I slid my fingers from her, returned to both hands on the steering wheel.

“You bastard!!!” she cried.

I smirked.

“I was so close!” she complained.

“You had it coming,” I said. “Relax, the first parkade or underground parking I see, we’re pulling in. You’re going to suck my cock, you insane little mink. Then I’ll finish you.”

Her foot left my crotch, she twisted, trying to pull herself upright in the seat belt. She laughed.

“I love it. This is what comes of panty deprivation,” she said. “Like a PSA.”

“I will give generously,” I told her.

We drove calmly for a few minutes. I wasn’t fooled.

“If I looked,” I said, “would I find you playing with your pussy.”

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmaybe.”

We both laughed.

“Okay, okay. Seriously, no bullshit, no playing,” she told me. “Don’t tell me what I want to hear. This is from you, this is truth. How would you feel if I did it again?”

Her voice had gone sober again.

“Same guy or different guy?” I asked.

“Doesn’t matter. Truth,” she demanded.

I almost glanced at her, I could feel how serious she was. I thought about it. Would I be jealous? I hadn’t been so far. Instead…

“It would be hot. It would be fucking hot. My cock would be as hard as a steel bar. Seeing it, or listening in, or just imagining it, it would be mind blowing. The thought of you enjoying. The thought of wanting you in that moment. Of having you after. It would make me crazy. But it wouldn’t change anything between us.”

“It really gets you off? Huh?”

“Your turn,” I said. “Would you do it again? With him? With someone else?”

She paused, thoughtfully.

“It’s hard to explain,” she said. “The actual sex was crap. I mean, the cock in me felt good, but five fucking minutes, its over before we started. I didn’t come or anything. And he came in me — euhhh! But… the lead up, the flirting, committing, oh god that was so hot! The excitement, the spontaneity, the aggression. Just the idea of this impulsive sex.”

“I was so ready,” she went on. “Really, I have no idea how he didn’t manage to give me an orgasm. I was practically there.”

“But when you boil it all down, it was exciting, it was like jumping without a net. And knowing, you were there, keeping it safe for me, and my hoping you were getting off on it. Part of it for me, was the idea of you getting off.”

There was a longer pause.

“I sort of want to do it again,” she said quietly.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 04
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By Eve St. Albert

SAM

Kayley was drop-dead fuckable. She’d curled her red hair so that it hung in waves, used eyeliner to make her eyes sparkle, and applied her brightest reddest lipstick. This time she wore a purple velvet miniskirt, way too short for stockings. It showed off her long bare legs. Sitting in the car, her skirt was hiked up so I could almost see her panties, I kept glancing. She wore a matching purple top, satin, not velvet, low cut with spaghetti straps, just loose enough that you could see the curve of her breasts every time she moved. You could definitely see how hard her nipples were.

“How do I look,” she asked again, as we drove.

“You look hot, you look sexy, and you look barely a few steps from being a hooker,” I said.

She smiled.

“Fuckable?”

“Very. If I dropped you off on the right street corner,” I assured her, “you’d

get a lot of offers."

"I thought you said I was still a few steps from looking like a hooker."

"The right street corner would complete the look," I said cheerfully.

She giggled.

"Maybe we should do that instead."

"Really?" I asked, I was genuinely curious. Would she do it? The thought of Kayley standing on a street corner waiting to be bought by the first John pulling up in a car with cash, gave me an instant erection. There was something about the idea, the image, that overwhelmed me with lust.

Could I bear to watch her do it?

"No," she said quickly, not quite nervous. "That's a step too far. I think doing this is scary enough."

"Are you scared?" I asked "We don't have to. This is supposed to be fun. If it's not, no one is going to force you."

She held up a hand. It looked perfectly still.

"I'm shivering a little," she said, looking at her finger. "My heart is beating faster. My mouth is dry. It was so much fun to talk about when we're in bed or flirting. But now… I mean… I'm going to walk into a bar and sit down so some random guy can pick me up. That's mental."

She took a deep breath.

"The thought that in half an hour or an hour, some complete stranger, some guy I'd never met before might be fucking me. A complete stranger will have his cock up inside me. That's bizarre. That's insane. That's… terrifying."

I glanced at her. She was staring straight ahead.

"There's so much that could go wrong, could go weird, could go dangerous. It could get out of hand. It could go so bad. I could get arrested. I could get hurt. Killed."

She took a deep breath.

"But it's fucking exciting," she exhaled. "My nipples are so hard they're tingling. My pussy has been wet all day, and every time I start thinking about what we're going to do, I can feel my vag clenching."

Another breath.

“I want to do it.”

She looked directly at me. I pretended to stare at the road.

“I’m out of my fucking mind,” she said. “Aren’t I?”

“I think,” I said carefully, “that you’re adventurous.”

“I’m only doing this because of you,” she said quietly.

Startled, I looked directly at her. I had this flush of guilt. Was I pushing her into this? Had I pushed her? Was I taking a safe fantasy, and forcing her into acting it out?

“I know you’ll keep me safe,” she said. “I wouldn’t do it without you. Too scary. But knowing you’re there… that gives me strength. You give me the safety, the back up, to let me take this fantasy and try. We all go through life wanting so many things, and playing it safe, wanting and being afraid to try. You don’t know how much that means to me. How much you mean to me.”

Wow. I swallowed.

“I got your back,” I said quietly.

“I know.”

“And I think it’s fucking hot,” I admitted. “I’m crazy hard.”

She smiled.

“I know,” she said, “and I love it. You wonderful, supportive, kinky horndog. When this is over, if it goes right, I’ll fuck you so hard.”

“We’re here,” I said, pulling into the parking lot. There were more cars, but it was half empty. I chose a spot under a light, close to a street.

“Showtime!” she said.

“Showtime!” I agreed.

“I’ll go in first,” she said, “find a seat. You come in after.”

“Maybe I should go in first,” I said. “I’d love to watch you make an entrance, see every man turning to check you out. I bet half of them would have boners instantly.”

“Yeah,” she said. “But if I go in first, no one will notice you come in right after me.”

“Ouch!” I said.

“Down boy!” she said. “If it was a gay bar, you’d definitely get checked out. I need to find my seat first, that way you can choose a spot to watch me from.”

“Right,” I sulked. She quickly leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. Then she licked it.

“Oh no,” she said. ‘I left a print.’ She grabbed a tissue and moistened it with her tongue before wiping it clear. “Wouldn’t want you walking in and giving the game away.”

She grinned, and reached down. I feeling how hard I was.

“I like that,” she purred, then grinned. “I guess I’ll have to touch up my lipstick when I get in. Hope no one notices.”

“Well, if you’re going to fix your lipstick anyway…” I looked down meaningfully. She followed my gaze and grinned. Very deliberately, she unzipped me, blew a kiss down, and then zipped me back up.

“I love the way you think,” she said. “Consider this a down payment.”

“Curses!” I fake moaned.

She got out and walked to the bar, swinging her hips a little, knowing I was enjoying the view. Oh yeah, I thought, the right street corner, she’d definitely have them lining up. After she vanished through the door, I adjusted my pants and followed her.

It was loud inside the bar, someone had been cranking up the jukebox. Disappointingly, it was emptier than last time. I was surprised, given the cars in the parking lot. Still, plenty of seats. Kayley was sitting up at the bar on the left side, among empty seats on either side of it. There were a couple of men at the other end of it, but they looked like regulars.

She glanced casually towards the door as I walked in, tracking me without seeming to really pay attention. I didn’t hide it, when I checked her out. A woman like that? It would have been weird if I hadn’t looked. This time, I chose a spot nearer the hallway to the washrooms. If anything went wrong, I wanted to be able to charge in quickly.

She nodded at nothing in particular, and swivelled her seat, facing the opposite direction, making sure I had a good view of her legs, perched and crossed on the bar stool.

Impulsively, I walked up to the bar myself, leaning on it, waiting for the bartender to come over. I looked directly at her, watching as she took out her compact to open the small mirror, and started touching up her lipstick. As she pursed her lips, I knew every man in the bar was watching those lips, dreaming

of them wrapped around their cocks.

I had a sudden flash, Kayley on her knees, sucking cock after cock as men lined up. Suddenly, my cock which had subsided to a pleasant fullness, was rock hard. I put one foot up on the bar rail.

“Nice night,” I said, smiling at her.

“Hmm?” she replied, tone distracted and dismissive, carefully not paying attention.

“I said ‘nice night,’” I repeated more loudly.

Her eyes lifted from the mirror, looking me up and down, weighing and judging in a split second, and clearly finding me wanting. Her eyes drifted back to the mirror.

“I suppose,” she replied, noncommittally.

The bartender came by, I ordered my beer. He started filling a glass.

“Are you here alone?” I asked, playing it eager and a little insecure. “Can I buy you a drink? Would you like some company?”

She responded with a bolder stare, no less dismissive.

“Sorry,” she said, her tone flat. “I’m waiting for someone.”

She turned slightly, her body language very clear. ‘Fuck off creep.’

Shot down hard! Even the bartender winced. I knew it was all acting and role play, but it still stung. But it was also weirdly exciting. A part of me wanted to push a little further, to provoke a more blatant rejection.

“Well,” I said, helplessly. But she was ignoring me.

I took my beer and went back to my seat, tail between my legs, noticing a few of the patrons had watched me strike out. They wouldn’t have been able to hear, but our respective body language had been very clear. I’d timidly made a half hearted play, and she’d bitch slapped me into next Tuesday.

Maybe she’d slapped me too hard. For the next fifteen minutes, no one came near her. She made a show of looking at her phone. She swivelled in her seat, eyes roving over the bar. Then she’d cross and re-cross her legs, carefully showing off her bare thighs by adjusting her skirt, which always seemed to hike up on the stool. God, she radiated sex appeal, just sitting there.

Eventually, someone came up. Some young guy in ragged jeans and long hair, with a scraggly beard. She smiled and chatted politely for a moment, then shook her head. He went away.

A few more suitors went up. She smiled at each of them, laughed once, uncrossed and re-crossed her legs for another as he tried not to stare. But each of them went away in turn, clearly turned down. But none nearly as brutally as I'd been, and with perhaps some hope to try again later.

Her gaze swept the bar, lingered on the door.

She was waiting for Leroy. The thought sent butterflies through my stomach, I felt a little threatened. But why not, he was a known quantity, maybe the sex had been shit, but at least there was a little security there, he lacked the potential danger of a complete stranger.

I started watching the rest of the bar. Kayley was getting a lot of attention. There weren't that many women in the bar, and she was by far the hottest one. I could tell she was aware of the attention by the way she stretched her long legs, or crossed her thighs, or arched her back. All the movements were casual, but deliberately sensuous.

She finished her glass of wine, and then another. No one had come near her for at least ten minutes. She'd shot the boldest candidates down. She was working on the third glass when the guy came in.

He was below average height, I guessed, but with the stocky build that made him seem shorter. He had a plug neck and close cropped hair, clean shaven. He looked like a working guy, his clothes casual, but not sloppy. I couldn't see a wedding ring, but then I didn't have the best view.

Kayley glanced at him as he came in, and immediately lost interest. She was definitely waiting for Leroy, I thought. Again, I was unsure how I felt about it.

He definitely checked Kayley out, noting her short skirt and bare legs, her almost bare shoulders but for the spaghetti strap and the enticingly loose top. Then he glanced around the rest of the tavern. There was a brief nod, a half wave. So he wasn't a stranger, he knew people here. Not surprising. But was that good or bad? A quick adventure one on one was one thing. But other people were potentially dangerous variables.

While I was trying to assess, he looked Kayley over again, and made a bee line for the bar, stepping up almost at the spot that I'd taken, just a couple of seats over from Kayley. Close enough to open a conversation, not close enough to intrude. That bit of class put him ahead of most of her suitors this evening.

Interested, I waited to see what he would do next.

At first, Kayley ignored him, and he ignored her. Instead, he waited for the bartender to come up to take his order. Then once the bartender was pouring, he glanced over at Kayley and said something. I couldn't make out what he

said, but he had none of the nervousness I'd pretended.

She looked up and replied. He said something else, and she smiled and replied again. He laughed, and leaned one elbow casually, as he spoke. She nodded and then shrugged. They exchanged back and forth. The mug of beer appeared on the bar in front of him, and he picked it up.

Kayley leaned forward to touch the bar stool next to hers. He nodded, smiling pleasantly, and came over. She pretended to shift on her stool to make room for him, allowing her knees to brush his. As he took his stool, she pivoted towards him, giving him her full attention.

Interesting, I thought. Why him? He didn't seem particularly her type. But then, when we played our games before, she was open to flirting with all sorts of men. But why him and not one of the others? Had she given up hoping for Leroy? Was it the third glass of wine steadying her nerves and loosening her inhibitions? Or was it that she hadn't been hit on for at least ten or fifteen minutes and had decided time was running out.

I settled back to casually watch them and enjoy the show. I'd seen her flirt before, but it was always fascinating. This time, she engaged with friendly neutrality, nodding politely, and responding carefully. But then she flashed a radiant smile. By steps the conversation grew more animated. He said something, she laughed. Emboldened, he came up with another witty remark, and this time they both laughed.

She touched his hand a moment, while telling him some story. Then she leaned forward while talking. For a moment, his gaze dipped to her cleavage, and then back to her face. But that was okay, she'd meant for him to peek. She shifted on her bar stool, swivelling ever so slightly, to draw his attention to her bare legs.

None of it was obvious, or crude. The conversation was pleasant, even enjoyable, her movements were casual, and he was careful not to be caught looking. Kayley turned her body, to take a long drink of her fourth glass of wine, allowing him to gaze at her body, appreciate the swell of her breast, the way her top lifted, exposing a flash of bare skin just above her shirt. Her legs swung a little, unself consciously, and from the way he glanced down, and the way the skirt rode up, I was sure he'd gotten a glimpse of panties.

She put the glass down half way, making some remark, and then turned to take another drink, letting his eyes slide over her body. Fuck, I could see her nipples poking at the fabric from here, and her skirt was so short and hiked so high on the stool I was absolutely certain that he'd glimpsed her panties a few times already.

But he wasn't really doing anything. He smiled continually, a nice easygoing grin, completely unforced. He leaned towards her, he whispered into her ear to make her laugh, and touched her arm.

But I wanted him to accidentally lay a hand on her thigh, and her legs to part. I wanted to see his touch on her bare shoulder, or him lean forward so that her nipple brushed his arm or even carefully try to cop a feel. Hell, I wanted him to even just be more obvious with his looking, not to be blatant, but let her see him appreciating her breasts or panties.

This wasn't more than the casual flirting with a stranger we usually enjoyed.

But we'd come here for more. She had come here for more. This was her adventure, after all. Did she have cold feet? They seemed to be getting along. Was she waiting for him to make the first move?

She'd told me I was her support, that she couldn't have done it, wasn't brave enough to do it without me. Was that it? Did she need my approval? My encouragement? I didn't want to push her into it, not if this was something she didn't really want. But what if she did want it, and she needed me for that little bit of extra strength to take the step?

After another ten or fifteen minutes of modest flirting, I decided to act. I pulled out my phone and texted.

Her phone buzz, she excused herself, pulled it out of her purse, and

"Go 4 it."

She smiled at the phone. I could see her excusing herself from her conversation for a moment. He nodded pleasantly and patiently.

"Is that a dare?" she texted.

I sent a chicken emoji. She grinned and texted back.

"If you can handle it, I'll do it." Smiling devil face.

I sent an eggplant emoji. "U want? U need? Mr Grocer is rite there!"

Abruptly Kayley's name flashed, on my phone, connecting. I accepted the call, hearing the her voice as she muted me and dropped the phone in her purse.

"— oh just a girlfriend, she wanted to know if I wanted to go out and have some fun."

"Oh," the male voice. He sounded gruff, with that kind of deep quality that barrel chested men had, with a little bit of a country accent. "What did you say?"

"Nosey!" Kayley told him. "I told her I might have already found some. Now where were we?"

"We were talking about some of the crazy people we met."

“Oh yeah,” she said. “I remember this guy in college. Armpit fetish. Went out with him once, all he wanted to do was sniff my pits. It was a very short date.”

“Oh fuck,” he said. “Knew this girl once, terrible hygiene, and some kind of body odor problem. Got drunk one night, went with her. Thickest bush I ever saw. Seriously, it was a shrubbery. She took off her panties, and it was out to hear…”

I glanced up, saw him making a gesture, hands apart. Kayley was laughing.

“But the worst thing, the hair was like stiff and crusty, and there was gunk in it.”

“Ouch!” Kayley laughed. “Derek Jacob, that was so gross! You win.”

She’d told me his name.

She took a sip, and leaned forward, touching his hand. He bent his head, so she could whisper, confiding a secret.

“I don’t have that problem.”

He perked up.

“Oh yeah.”

“Shaved. I’m totally smooth down there.”

As provocative as the words were, the sensual spin, the slow sexy way she said it, made me rigid. I could see him shifting unconsciously on the stool, and knew his dick was getting hard. There was a subtle change in his body language, a stiffness, an alertness. I could practically see what was going on in his head, it had been a simple, casual flirtation with a hot lady. Something that might lead somewhere. But suddenly, the heat had been turned way up. The possibility was turning real, and his excitement was aroused.

I’ll give him credit, he handled the shock well, and played it cool.

“Nice. Here I was wondering if the carpet matched the drapes.”

“They do, but I like a nice smooth polish. Men appreciate it.”

“Can’t argue with that.”

“Change of pace,” Kayley said. “Since you started talking about sex with Miss Minge, I want to hear more. Craziest sex you ever had! Good sex, I mean, not nasty gross stuff about boogers in bushes.”

Long pause.

“Hmm, Mexico. College trip. I made it with three women at once — Black, white and Hispanic.”

“Holy shit, a reading rainbow! How did that happen!”

“I hooked up with this girl, and she had a couple of lesbian friends, and we were all drunk.”

“So each one of them?”

“Full penetration for each. Yep. Fucked em. Came in them. We all got freaky.”

“You didn’t just watch the lesbians get off?”

“Plowed each one of them, all the way to multiple orgasms.”

“Now you’re bragging,” she laughed.

“It is what it is. Truth.”

“Impressive. If I believe you.”

“I swear. How about you?”

“I fucked a guy in a bar once.”

“In a bar?”

“In the bar’s mens room, same thing.”

“That’s pretty freaky. Boyfriend?”

“No, just some random guy I met in the bar.”

“Hot.”

“As a matter of fact, it was this bar,” she leaned in to whisper that to him. Her breasts swayed, he couldn’t help looking at her cleavage. Looked away quickly, saw her approval, and then looked again.

“This bar?” he asked, his voice suddenly thick.

“This very bar, right down there,” she leaned in again, so he understood she was deliberately showing off her cleavage while looking and pointing towards the short hall that lead to the washrooms.”

“Well, holy shit. When was this?”

“Not that long ago.”

“Who was it?”

“Just some guy. I didn’t even ask his name.”

I almost laughed at his expression when she said that. Way to turn up the heat, Kayley.

“How did that happen?”

“Well,” she said. “I wasn’t wearing panties that night, and I was wet. So it seemed like a good idea.”

“Are you wearing panties now?” he asked. His hand finally brushed her knee, fingertips making their way lightly up the top of her bare thigh. She let him. Emboldened, his hand settled on the inside, still below her skirt. She signaled her approval by allowing her legs to part a little bit more.

“Yep.”

His face was carefully neutral, but the hand moved up against the skirt, as if intent on verifying whether she was wearing them or not.

“Too bad.”

“But I am wet.” She was smiling. “Very wet.”

He gave her a look.

“Good to know.”

“Really fucking wet,” she purred.

“Even better.”

“So now that you know, what do you want to do about it?”

Even from my table, I could see his body language change, he seemed to stiffen and become alert, less casual, more focused. He had the urgency of a man intent on burying his cock in a wet pussy in the next few minutes. More than that, a man who knew he was going to bury his cock in a wet pussy. He was hard and eager.

“I think I’d like to take those panties off and fuck you,” he said.

She smiled.

“You’re not sure?” she teased.

He got the message. His hand went flat on her thigh, pushing it open not wide, but he was spreading her. His knee pressed against the inside of her knee. For the first time, he looked her up and down, no more sneaking peaks. This was a predator appraising meat. He'd shifted from eager suitor, to hunter looking at willing prey.

"Oh I'm very sure," he said, his voice harsher. "I'm definitely going to take those panties off and fuck you."

"I like that."

"I want to see that Men's Room," he ordered.

She reached over and pecked him on the cheek.

"I thought you'd never ask."

"Maybe I'm not asking. Maybe I'm telling you," he almost growled. Even with the limits of the phone muffling, I could feel the hot urgency in his voice.

I could imagine her smile and wink, and the wet flush between her legs.

"Even better," she purred.

She slid off her seat, and strolled to the men's room, him trailing after her. Our eyes met, she gave me a smirk and a wink. As she passed, me, she brushed by and her hip gave a little wiggle as it touched me. It was breathtaking how fast she'd moved once the decision was made for her. My heart was pounding, and it was literally all I could do not to turn to watch her.

But her new guy was right behind her. He was damned eager, his hand was on her ass before they were half way there.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked, her voice pitched low. "I don't do raw."

"There's a vending machine," he replied. I could hear the creak of the door opening.

I couldn't believe she was doing this. The first time, she'd been nervous, even tentative. Even when she'd been inside the bathroom she'd been uncertain. Now she was breezy and confident. In complete control. Did she feel more experienced? Or was he less threatening? Or she was just a little more drunk.

"Let me take off my panties," she said through the phone. I realized she was saying it for me, she could have just taken them off.

A wolf whistle.

"See," Kayley's voice. "Smooth! Gloriously smooth. I shaved just before I came here."

“That is a grade A pussy!”

He was looking. I imagined her boldly pulling her skirt up for him to see. Perhaps even stepping close, intimately close, to whisper in his ear.

“You like the look of it?” she purred. “It feels even better. I promise.”

For a moment, there was nothing, no noise. I imagined her guiding his hand, or simply him reaching between her legs, cupping her smooth pussy, feeling how wet she was. A gasping breath, his, followed by hers. A slight grunt, hers, and I visualized his fingers slipping, thrusting into her.

Then a moan purring in her throat. They were kissing. His body against hers. Where was his hand? Was he touching her down there? Another moan.

“Fuck you’re wet,” he said. “You were fucking right about that. You were getting wetter as we were talking. I should have taken you into the Men’s room the minute I saw you.”

“You should have. You’re so hard,” she said. “It feels good. I knew the minute I saw you, that you’d have a big hard cock.”

Then nothing. I held the phone to my ear, straining. Was that the sound of a footstep, of rustling clothes. I heard her soft grunt, and sigh, followed by his heavier masculine one.

“Oh,” she whispered

“Ah,” I heard, “Uh.”

The sounds were distant. As if she’d put the purse down and moved away from it. Where was she. Pinned against a wall, leaning back on a sink.

Sucking noises, followed by a soft. “Oh yeah.”

He’d pushed her top up and was sucking her nipples. I imagined her holding his head, pressing his lips to her breast.

Then that purr, that throat noise, she made sometimes, I could hear his breathless masculine snort, the sound of male hunger, and I knew they were kissing, making out passionately.

I visualized her backed up against the bathroom sink, all but naked, top up around her armpits, breasts exposed, nipples hard and shining with his spit, skirt up around her waist. In my mind’s eye, her arms were wrapped around him, his hands were clutching her breasts hard enough to make her gasp. Her thighs were parted, and his hips were pushed against hers. Was his cock out already? I imagined it pressing against her soft belly as they made out.

She broke the kiss, I could hear her pant. “C— Condom,” she got out. Her voice was odd, strained. Hungry and desperate. She must be dripping, her pussy soaked and clenching with the irresistible need to be fucked.

“Yeah.”

They were both panting. I could only imagine how hard he must be right now, how urgent. His hands must be shaking as he reached into his pocket for change. A moment later, there was the sound of coin, and the clatter of a vending machine.

“Here we go,” his voice was tight. The sound was better, I could tell she was right next to her purse. She was almost loud.

“Over here,” she said. “In here. Like this.”

“Okay.”

“Is it on?”

“Yes.”

“Let me check… Okay.”

“Ready.”

“Yes.”

“Get a little lower, spread your legs a little wider.”

“Like this?”

“There.”

“Okay.”

“That’s, oh yes, that’s—” a grunt. “Oh fuck. Yes! Take that cock!”

“Oh! Uhgk! Ohhhh,” her sudden groan was shockingly deep and guttural, I imagined his cock forcing its way in. The follow up gasp was softer, almost a pant, as if when he’d shoved his cock in it pushed the air from her lungs.

“You okay.”

“Yes! Uhghk. Oh fuck you’re thick!”

“You’re tight,” he said, there were room noises, creeks, the subtle sound of bodies moving.

“Uhnngk! Oh! Fuck.” I was transfixed by how deep throated her groans were, the

way they seemed to be forced out of her. I'd never heard her like this.

"You're like a fucking vise down there."

"AH! Oh! I won't be after you finish with me." This was followed by a lowing moan that sounded more like something from a cow than from the woman I loved.

For a moment, I only heard her deep guttural grunting.

"Uhngk! Uhngk! Oh!"

His answering grunt. Then…

"Fuck," she gasped. "You're going to ruin me for the next guy. Ohh!!! Uh!!!"

"Yeah," he said, voice tight and urgent. "Oh yeah. I'm going to wreck this tight pussy."

"Oh! Oh yeah," she agreed. "Ohhhh fuck. Oh you're going to wreck me. The next guy. He's going to stick it in, and he'll say" Bitch, how many babies have you had? He'll think I fucked a hundred guys."

He laughed.

"You won't even feel him," he gloated.

"Oh fuck!" this was especially clear, with that one, as if her head dropped suddenly and she was speaking right at the phone. "You're right. Uhhhh. I won't… He'll… he'll stick it in, and I'll go 'is it in?'"

"Sorry." But he didn't sound sorry. He sounded greedy and proud, she was really stroking his ego. "A pussy this tight, I just got to wreck it."

Or he was really thick. This blinding image of her tight pussy taking a massive thick cock, the delicate pussy lips stretching to their limits around it in a tight pink ring, as it pushed inch after inch up inside her, reshaping her.

"Fuck! Oh fuck, you're so fucking thick. You're ruining me. Wreck it. Wreck that pussy."

There was a hard slap, and then another. Something fell and clattered, and the sound changed.

"Take that cock, bitch," he said. "Take it all."

"Oh fuck," she said. "I'm taking it. Fucking tree trunk. Oh god, it's too much. You're splitting me in half."

In my mind, her delicate pussy gaped, as it withdrew, only to be pushed wide

open, stretched taut, remade around the intruder as it relentlessly invaded her.

“Tell me to wreck that cunt.”

“Oh! Uhghk! Ughk! Wreck! Wreck! Oh fuck.”

“Say it!” A hard slap.

“Uhghk! Wreck me! Uhgk! Oh fuck, wreck my fucking pussy! Ruin me! Ohhhh.”

“You love it!”

“Fuck yes! Fuck me! I love you wrecking me. Oh god, you’re like a baseball bat you’re so thick.. Ruin me. Ruin my pussy. I need it!”

“Fuck you’re a hot piece of ass!”

It went on longer this time, at least ten minutes. Every now and then she’d give this long guttural moan, followed by a series of rising pants. And then it would just descend into more grunting.

“I’m going to come!” he yelled.

“Yes! Yes!” she grunted. “Come. Come in me. Fuck, yes!”

“Oh yeah!” he roared. “It’s coming. It’s coming!”

“Yes!” she said. “Do it.”

“Here it comes!” And then a long gargling groan, almost a growl.

“Ohhhhh,” his voice, drawn out in satisfaction. You could almost feel his grin through the phone, the wide smile of satisfaction, as his cock pumped the last squirts of jism, filling his condom inside her cunt.

Wait? Was he wearing a condom? Yes, they’d talked about it.

For a second, I was almost disappointed, the thought of him ejaculating in her unprotected cunt, his seed mingling with her bare flesh, his semen searching for her undefended womb. The thought made my cock so rigid I was breathless.

Maybe it broke, like the other guy? The thought made me dizzy. The condom breaking, his seed spilling like a flood into her exhausted, used pussy. An intense image of her fully gaped, her pussy so hard pounded and stretched that the muscles were bruised and incapable of tightening, as his semen slowly oozed from her.

I was sweating. This session had a far more powerful effect on me. Her other encounter, had been hot, but it had sounded like regular fucking. This sounded

like she'd been getting a baseball bat shoved in her, her grunts and groans deeper and more urgent than I'd ever heard.

"Fuck," he said, you could hear his deep satisfaction. The cat that fucked the canary.

Underneath, her soft panting. It changed pitch slightly, there was a note of relief, and I guessed his cock had finally fallen out of her. Again, I visualized her gaping, destroyed by her invader.

"Okay, okay," she said suddenly, her voice strained. "I have to sit down. My thighs are killing me."

There was the sound of movement. Again, a rustle, like the purse was being moved. The sound quality changed.

I visualized it: She was sitting now, probably on the toilet, half naked, exposed, covered with sweat. He was standing in front of her. They must have fucked with her bent over the toilet.

"Fuck!" she said, half exhaustion, half relief. "Fuck!"

"I felt you come," he told her, he sounded smug. "At least three or four times."

"Oh yeah?" she agreed. Then a longer grunt, as if stretching. "You really did me. I can still feel you. You were so thick. I can still feel it."

"Hey," he said. "Want to do the honors?"

"Okay."

I wasn't sure what they were talking about. Soft breathing. I strained and couldn't hear anything else.

"There we go," she said. A little plopping sound. I realized she'd pulled his condom off, perhaps knotted it, and casually dropped it in the toilet between her thighs. I imagined it heavy and full of semen.

"Thank you."

He paused.

"You want to give it a kiss?" he asked.

My mind filled in the details. She was sitting, exhausted on the toilet. He was standing in front of her, softening dick just inches from her face.

She laughed tiredly.

“It looks really slimy.”

“That’s the condom. Come on, give it a kiss.”

I knew she hated the aftertaste of latex and cock funk after a condom comes off.

“I don’t know.”

“Come on.”

“There.”

She must have kissed his bare, cum and sweat slimed condom. I imagined it heavy and slick, her pursing her lips in disgust.

“That’s not a kiss.”

“That’s all.”

“Give it a real kiss,” he said. “Show some love. It worked really hard for you.”

She gave a brief snort.

“All right,” she sighed.

A moment later. There was an indescribable slurping sound, a throat sound, an almost muffled protest that died away even as it was being born. I knew that he was shoving himself into her mouth and holding her head, and she’d decided to go with it. A muffled grunt.

She was sucking his cock, cleaning it with her mouth. I knew he wasn’t hard. But that made it more exciting. This was submission. It was slimy with cock sweat and latex taste, but she was taking it in her mouth anyway. He’d either dominated or exhausted her completely, but either way, her will, her resistance was gone.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, his voice thick with satisfaction. “Good girl. Oh that’s it.”

For a few seconds there was silence. She’d stopped. I held my breath. But I didn’t hear her breath or any sound of movement. It had gone still.

“Come on,” he said. I knew he was holding her head in place at his crotch, his cock still buried in her mouth. A contest of wills: She’d decided she’d done enough, he wasn’t finished with her.

He was waiting her out. A moment later, the slurping sounds started up again, as she surrendered to her fate. Each slow deliberate slurp an acceptance of

her defeat, a submission to his will.

“There you go, clean it up,” his voice was smug with victory. “You may as well go to town, you’re down there.”

A deep throat noise of agreement, I imagined his half-erect cock, thick as a pile driver, disappearing into her throat. My cock was so rigid at the thought of this subtle contest, and her acquiescence to his conquest, her subordination to his desire that there was an expanding wet spot in my trousers.

Had she given in fully? Embraced her submission, accepted that she’d been mastered. Was she tonguing it lovingly, rubbing it against her face in slow ecstacy. I imagined her cradling his balls and licking them in euphoric bliss.

“All good,” she asked, her voice free of erotic haze, puncturing my fantasy.

“Perfect,” again, that smug pride.

Silence.

“You’re so hairy!” she said wonderingly. “It’s so thick.”

I visualized her running her hands up his chest, or along his thighs. Now that her task was done, he’d be standing there in front of her. She had a moment to pay attention to, to explore the rest of his body, to touch it.

“Yeah,” he said, his voice seemed slightly self conscious, “I’m a bear. Not the gay kind.”

“No,” she said. “I love it. I wish I’d felt it more. I should have made you take off your shirt.”

“Next time.”

Her laugh was friendly, but noncommital.

“That was a hell of a fuck.”

“Yeah,” she said, but the erotic intensity was gone. She sounded tired.

“So,” he said. “You okay. I think I’m going to need to piss and stuff. Do you need to clean up?”

“Yeah,” she said. “No, I’m fine. Take care. I’ll split.”

There was a long pause. I imagined a final kiss.

“Thank you for the great fuck,” she said warmly.

“Any time. Give my regards to the next guy.”

“I won’t have to,” she said, a bit of life had crept back in her voice, she sounded teasing. “He’ll know you were here first the minute he puts it in. Ohh, I think you stretched me permanently.”

He chuckled with satisfaction.

A moment later, I saw her coming out of the hall. She grinned at me, her eyes luminous, bending over to kiss me hard on the lips.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here, before he comes out,” she said. “Right fucking now!”

I didn’t need to be told twice. She was already heading for the door, and I had to scramble to follow her.

As we stepped out of the bar, she took my hand, and we crossed the street. She almost skipped as she walked. I pressed unlock, and she literally flopped into the car, leaning back and stretching her legs.

“Holy shit!” Kayley grinned. “Did you get all that! It’s a shame we couldn’t record it. Maybe we could. We should check. If we ever do this again, I want to listen to a recording.”

“I heard,” I said. “Thick, uh.”

“Mmm,” she said, “now that I think of it, not that thick. I mean he was short and thick, followed his body proportions. I had it in my hand, and it rubbed up against me, and it was… Thick, but not crazy thick. But when he was in me though, it felt like a fucking barge pole. Maybe I wasn’t wet enough… No.”

“I think it was the angle,” she said reflectively. “He was shorter, than me, and I really had to sort of get low, sort of half spread and half squat. So when he put it in, the angle felt really different. Like, straight up. I could feel him at the back of my pussy, it felt different inside, different angle, different motion. I think that was it.”

Her eyes searched the ceiling.

“I mean afterwards,” she said, “with the condom, I had my hand around it. It’s just not that massive, not as massive as it felt inside, and I know he didn’t lose it. Interesting. I can still feel it.”

She paused, stretching her legs. “It was the angle,” she said finally.

“Oh and my fucking thighs,” she said. “They were on fire, I was like half spread, half squatting, bent right over, my face was practically in my purse sometimes. And it was okay at first. But by the end, I was fucking dying. All I wanted was for him to come so I could sit down.”

“Sounds like torture,” I smiled.

She fixed me with an evil grin.

“Torture, definitely. I made sure to do plenty of dirty talk for you, so you’d enjoy. All that was for you, sweetie. I think he enjoyed it even more though. His ego really got fed.”

“I didn’t come. I came so fucking close, again and again, I could almost taste it. But I couldn’t get there. I think it was the angle. Bent too far, that awkward position, the muscle strain distracting. No orgasm,” she reflected.

“Too bad,” I said sympathetically. “That’s crushing. Getting all worked up like that, and no pay off.”

Maybe deep down, I felt some satisfaction. I was still the man who made her come. The strangers had worked her up, but hadn’t brought her through.

“I dunno,” she said. “It was exciting. It was really wild. You don’t have to come to enjoy sex. Sometimes, just the whole experience is satisfying in other ways.”

“Better than the first time?”

“Hmmm,” she said. “I don’t know. Some ways, yes. I knew more what I was doing, I wasn’t as nervous or unsure. More into it. The sex was harder, in a good way, but less comfortable. In some way less satisfying. Oh, and he was kind of a jerk at the end.”

“No orgasms.”

She smirked.

“Luckily, I have you for that.”

We were so wildly excited, she sucked my cock as we drove home, and I pushed her down fucked her on the floor, right in the entrance to our apartment.

Later that night, in bed, as she slept beside me, I knew this wouldn’t be the last time. She’d crave the experience. We would go out again, and she’d give her body to a stranger. She wouldn’t be able to stop herself.

The thought of it made my cock hard.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 05
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by Eve St. Albert

KAYLEY

“Buy a girl a drink, handsome stranger,” I said, taking the seat next to him.

“Well hello… Kayley,” he grinned, looking me up and down with naked appraisal.

“You remember me,” I replied happily, smiling back. I expected him too. But there’s no harm in a little fun. Or a little flirting.

“You’re hard to forget,” he replied. He finished his appraisal. “Looking good.”

I was looking good. I’d styled my red hair, and had gone light on the make-up. I was wearing my red dress, form fitting, low cut with spaghetti straps and plunging cleavage. I couldn’t wear a bra with this dress, and I could tell my nipples were hardening visibly. Black stockings and high heeled ankle boots completed my look.

It was a classier look, we’d been going to a more upscale club. Stopping in here had been a last minute impulse.

You know what a woman likes? She likes it when a man looks her up and down like he wants to fuck her. Sheer naked appreciation and lust, there’s something exhilarating about it, something honest and damned sexy. Too often, when you meet men, they’re guarded, carefully neutral. There’s something about a man, where you can plainly see him thinking ‘I’d like to fuck that.’

Of course, that’s from fuckable guys, not creepy guys. The ones with dark stares, the ones whose eyes are hooded with brooding resentments, those aren’t fun. There’s no pleasure, there’s no appreciation, just hunger and hatred.

It’s about the smile, the attitude. It’s hard to explain, but you can feel the ones that think its fun, that see you as an object, but an object to be enjoyed. The ones with the smiles. The ones that seem like they take pleasure. That look at you and decide they like you.

They say women like bad boys. But that’s not true. Women like men that like to fuck, that look at them with appreciation and pleasure. You know they don’t just want to come in you, they want to fuck, to enjoy you, not to finish and go.

“Thanks. I was going to go out with some friends,” I told him. “But I decided to stop in here for a second to check things out.”

“Well, I’m glad you did.” He grinned. He was so sleazy it made me shiver. “Pull up, girl. You asked for a drink.”

He put his hand on my ass, but only lightly and higher up, taking control, guiding me up onto a bar stool. He waved to the bartender, who came right

over.

“Chuck,” he said. “Cabernet for the lady.”

As I settled on the stool, his hand landed on top of my thigh, the edge of his hand just slightly under my dress. He worked fast.

“You remembered,” I said.

He laughed.

“You drank red wine,” he said. “Place like this, all they have in red is a Cabernet. I should take you someplace that has better wines. I used to be a sommelier.”

“Bullshit,” I laughed. He smiled and shrugged, his hand moving up just a little, sliding forward to the inside of my thigh. Our bar stools were very close together. He’d pulled it close as he was seating me.

“I didn’t expect to see you here,” I said, more to make conversation than anything else.

The truth was, I’d walked into the bar hoping he’d be here. If he hadn’t, I’d probably have turned around and left. Like I said, we had other places to be.

I placed my purse, opened with the phone inside and live, on the counter between us. Sam should be coming in and taking a seat to watch us. Was anyone else watching, I wondered. I’d fucked two strangers in this bar within the last couple of weeks. Were stories getting around? Was I recognized.

“I show up now and then,” he said. “I like to spread the love. I was hoping to see you again.”

“Oh?”

His hand moved up slightly. I was already wet. He was so fucking bold and sleazy, it was breathtaking.

Derek had been okay, he’d been charming enough, but he’d been timid, sneaking looks, working his way up to asking me out. Leroy on that first night had flat out propositioned me for sex in the men’s room.

Boldness was exciting. It meant confidence, and skill, and desire.

So yeah, he was an over the hill, sleazy, low-rent barfly drinking his life away in some shithole bar, and our previous fuck had been five minutes with a broken condom and I hadn’t even come. But fuck all that, he was sexy as hell, and I’d wanted to see him again.

“Yeah,” he said his voice pitched low, leaning forward. The bar was noisier,

more crowded tonight. I leaned forward to listen through the noise, feeling my breasts shift forwards, he looked and didn't bother to hide it. I worried a little that with the background noise, Sam wouldn't be able to hear much. "I felt like we had unfinished business. You disappearing like Cinderella and all."

I laughed.

"It felt like you finished your business," I teased.

"Oh don't be like that," he grinned. "We had fun."

His hand slipped further up my dress. Jesus, he was bold. We were sitting close together, leaning towards each other, my knee touching the inside of his knee. It would be hard to see, unless you were watching.

But Christ, we were out in the open in a par, sitting on stools. His hand was half way up my dress, almost at the band on top of my stocking. Bold! You see why I'd wanted to see him again.

I should close my legs, clamp my thighs together. I didn't. I should take his wrist and gently remove his hand from my person. I didn't.

Instead, he swiveled ever so slightly on his stool, and his other knee, the knee that pressed against the inside of my other knee, casually, innocently, pushed it a little further, spread my legs a little wider, though no one could see. I let it. His hand crept up a little further, his fingers on the band of my stocking.

I pretended not to notice.

My heart was racing.

"Oh hey," he said. "I'm not taking you away from your friends, am I?"

"Friends?"

"The friends you were going out with?" he reminded me.

"Oh them," I blinked, "they can go fuck themselves."

He chuckled in a way that made my panties wet.

My mouth was so dry, I had to straighten up, and grab the wine glass, swallowing hard. I was vividly aware of how the motion brought my breasts together and pushed my cleavage forward, and knew he stared appreciatively.

He hunched a little forward, fingers teased the edges of bare flesh at the top of my stocking. Involuntarily, my thighs closed slightly, I trembled. Was I flushed?

“You do remind me of Cinderella,” he said.

“Because I turn into a pumpkin at midnight?” I teased.

Gentle pressure against the inside of my knee, hardly noticeable. If you were talking, distracted, you might not even be aware. Bullshit. I was so aware, even as I gave way, millimeter by millimeter.

“No,” he said, “it’s the way Cinderella ran away, and the Prince wanted to find her so bad. He wanted more of her. Because she fit so well, tight and snug, but just… fit.”

What a clumsy entendre.

“I seem to remember an article of clothing went missing from the ball,” I said, remembering my panties. I was pretty sure he’d stolen them.

“No,” he said, “it’s all about sliding in and see how it fit. I think you came back looking for something that slipped right in you, something big and thick that felt so good. I think you came back for more of what I have for you.”

“Well, if we’re talking about things that fit, I think we both ended up uncovered and bare.” I whispered into his ear, bending forward a little further, my thighs widening just a little more. “I thought you wore shoes to the dance, but when you came you were bare foot and splashed in my pond. You were a very bad boy.”

His arm moved, his fingers brushed my panties. I blushed bright and hot, drawing in a deep breath. How was anyone not noticing? Was Sam seeing this? Was I putting on a show for strangers?

“A very bad boy!” I repeated.

“I’m very bad,” he agreed. “But you didn’t mind, did you?”

“I suppose.”

“I think you kind of liked it?” he said, “The natural feeling, skin to skin.”

“The mess.”

He smiled, not even a little apologetic. I had to wonder if the condom breaking was entirely an accident.

A finger pressed against my panties, against the lips, pushing them apart, and moving smoothly upwards, until it pushed against my clit. My legs trembled and closed on his arm. But he didn’t yield, and my thighs, trembling, fell back, defeated. I took a shuddering breath.

“I like your panties,” he said.

“Silk,” I told him..

“Feels nice.”

“Red,” I said.

“I know,” Leroy replied. I could feel his fingertips probing, exploring the fabric, and the sensitive flesh underneath. I could feel him tracing my lips, exploring my clitoris, brushing against my pubes.

“Oh,” I challenged. “How would you know that?”

“I got a feel for these things.” He found the boundary of my panties, tracing the edges of them, fingertip wavering along the soft skin.

“Mmm hmm,” I agreed. I tried to look stern. “Do you plan to steal them?”

“I intend on removing them,” he said. He pressed against my clit, circling in a way that made my breath hitch, and my heart pound. Then he’d slide down, pressing the silk between my parted wet lips, drawing the fabric together at the narrowest so that I could feel fingertips on my bare flesh. I was blushing nonstop.

“I’m sure I have no idea why you would be interested in that,” I said primly. “But I think they might stay on this time.”

“I wouldn’t bet on it.”

“I think you might be out of luck.”

“I feel very lucky.”

“I am, after all, a very good girl.”

“But…” he said, “I’m a very bad guy.”

His fingertips pushed the narrow band of panties aside, plunging against my wet lips, opening them, but not quite entering. I gasped out loud.

“Holy shit!” I whispered.

“Excuse me?” he teased. His two fingertips moved smoothly up, pushing, twisting the fabric of my panties, pushing them aside. I felt two bare fingers on either side of my suddenly exposed clitoris.

“Holy shit!” I gasped. “Holy fuck! What are you doing?”

Was this ten minutes? Was this even five?

“Do you want me to stop?”

“Yes!” I said. ‘No!’ Wait. “Maybe!” I sucked in a breath. “In… a minute?”

Leroy whispered to me. “We both know that there’s only one reason you walked into this bar, and that’s to get railed by my big cock. You want that pussy split open in the way your husban—”

“Boyfriend.”

“You want to get done the way your boyfriend can’t.”

“He’s pretty big too,” I said defensively, and gasped loudly, as a finger stroked and circled my bare clit. It was like he knew it better than I knew myself, touching confidently, and leaving me breathless.

“But you’re here, looking for my cock. My big cock.”

“Yes.” I surrendered. I could feel my pussy just pulsing wetness. The bar stool must be soaking.

“Say it,” he said, “say you want my big cock.”

“I want your great big cock,” I whispered, not hesitating in the slightest, blinking but not seeing, concentrating on the sensations. I leaned forward, hand on his thigh, gasping softly. “I want you to fuck me with that great big cock.”

“Good girl. What about your boyfriend?” he teased. “Say fuck him.”

“Come on,” I protested. Sam was listening after all.

He moved his fingers, and I literally shivered all the way up my spine. “Wow! Your fingers! How do you do that!”

“Say ’my boyfriend can go fuck himself with his little dick, I want Leroy’s cock.”

“I’m not going—”

He did something with his fingertips above and below my clit.

“Fuck him. Fuck him,” I whispered quickly. “He’s useless. I want your big cock.”

“What about his big cock? It’s not that big after all, is it.”

“No. It’s not big. It’s small. I don’t want it. Fuck him, he can fuck off with his little dick. I need your big cock in me.”

I was blushing madly and squirming on my seat. I didn't want to squirm, I was trying not to, I just couldn't help it. But even though I moved, his fingertips moved perfect time, always the perfect spot to leave me breathless.

How the fuck was he doing this to me? We were in a bar full of people, for all I knew, half the place was watching him finger me. I couldn't think, my mind was quivering, overwhelmed with sensation, with lust, with this maelstrom of confusion and desperate need.

I replied automatically, taking whatever he said, embroidering, feeding it back. I was vaguely aware of calling Sam down, and some part of me hoped that with the soft whispers and the bar noise he wouldn't hear it.

"That's why you came back here," he said, "you had a taste, and you wanted more."

"Yes," I whispered. "Fuck! What you're doing to me. How are you? Holy fuck. Shit. Your big cock. Ever since you… I couldn't stop thinking… you fucked me. You came in me. Filled me. Took control… I need… Oh.. I remember how your come felt in me… oozed… More. Yes, I loved you coming in me, I was mad but after I liked it.. Just.. Thinking about it…"

I knew I wasn't even making sense. It was like my brain was jello, just filled but disconnected and quivering, and somehow he'd inserted a pipeline straight into my sexual subconscious, bringing up incoherent images and words and urges. It felt like I was wetter, hornier, more desperate than I'd ever been in my life.

"Oh Jesus," I whispered. "I can't believe I'm doing this. I can't believe I'm such a slut."

"Let's go," he said. The fingers were gone, withdrawn, the fabric of my panties, twisted and pulled, relaxed, leaving me shaking and blinking. He took my wrist, and pulled me off the stool.

To my shock, I didn't collapse into a quivering pile of boneless mush. I stood, although all my muscles felt like water. I felt weightless and boneless, almost floating, like a balloon. I was still incoherent, but thoughts started to swim together again.

Leroy led me to the back of the bar, and if anyone was watching, I was incapable of giving a shit. He could have bent me over the nearest table, and I'd have obeyed mindlessly and welcomed it. Faces flickered past, images, as we made our way to the hallway to the toilets. I have no idea how I did not stagger. I saw Sam, but we were past by the time I recognized him. I think he must have seen only hungry gasping need in my face.

Then we were in the men's room again, the familiarity of it, the dirty mirror, the sink, the urinals, the grimy walls and the smell seemed to anchor me,

helping me to focus. Not that it made much difference. Leroy was pushing me up against the wall, the spaghetti straps down my shoulders, he was cupping my bare breasts. His mouth was on my neck, my collarbone. He kissed me, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, and I welcomed it.

“I’ve wanted another crack at you,” he said between kissed. “You couldn’t get enough of me, could you. You fucked that asshole, Derek, but you were looking for me, weren’t you?”

Wait! What? Derek? He knew about Derek? Derek must have talked. People must have seen me go into the Men’s room with him. Hell, they must have seen me go in now. And the first time, with Leroy. The story, the stories must be going around, must have… everyone probably knew. I shouldn’t. Everyone probably watching. I shouldn’t. Coming here was a mistake. All these fragments of thoughts came and went in an instant flash, and I didn’t care about any of them.

One hand released my breast, reaching down, pulling up my dress to reach between my legs, nimbly pushing the fabric aside, and grabbing my bare pussy. A finger slid up inside me and all I could do was go boneless around it.

“You were looking for me.”

“Fuck yes,” I said quickly to get it out of the way. “I came back for you, but you weren’t there. I came back again tonight. Fuck me.”

“Take off the dress,” he ordered, his body pressing into me. I felt his cock in my hand.

I blinked for a second, the order forcing me to arrange my thoughts. “Zipper,” I said, pushing away from the wall. I reached behind me, turning way from him. “Here. Unzip me.”

I felt his hand on my zipper, drawing it down. The dress loosened, the spaghetti straps fell away from my arms, and I felt fabric sliding down, as the dress fell away, and pooled around my feet, leaving me with nothing but my black stay-up stockings and red silk panties.

Leroy wrapped his arms around me from behind, cupping my breasts. I felt him licking the back of my neck and moaned, pushing back at him. Gloriously his hands slid down my body, one reaching behind to cup my ass cheek, the other slipping under the waistband of my panties. Two fingers unerringly sought out my clitoris, and took my breath away with a touch.

“How?” I gasped. “How do you do that?”

“I used to be a musician,” he said, the comment seemed so random it startled me. What the hell did that mean.

“God, that ass! I’m going to fuck that ass.”

Anal? I wanted, expected him to jam his cock up my aching pussy. The discord cut through the haze.

But there was no time to react. He took my wrist, turning me around, pinning me against the door of a bathroom stall. He lifted the other wrist, pinning them both above my head.

“Look at you,” he said, his expression complete lust. It was like being bathed in dark light, I wanted to squirm, to writhe, to drench myself in it, in my nakedness and captivity. “So fucking gorgeous, and wet and tight. I’m going to fuck you so hard.”

“Two,” I whispered, smiling. For a moment he looked confused, and I was vaguely happy, to have at least some lucidity. “After you fuck me, I’ll be gorgeous and wet…”

I paused for a beat.

“But I won’t be tight any more.”

He laughed and pressed up against me. Pushing me against the crudely painted plywood of the toilet stall door. His mouth found mine, and we kissed, devouring each other. He released my wrists to squeeze my breasts and nipples, and I wrapped my arms around him.

“Condom,” I whispered. I was lucid enough to think of it. “You need to wear a condom.”

“Why?” He licked my neck, and I wanted to melt. “You won’t get pregnant. And anyway, you’ve got a boyfriend, even if you do.”

“Yeah,” I whispered, “but…”

“I’m clean,” he insisted. “Are you?”

“Yes, but—”

His lips found mine, he kissed. His hand dropped, clutching my soaked panties.

“I already came in you already,” he said. “Remember. If one of us had something, we’ve already given it, can’t get it twice… So don’t worry about it.”

“Oh… Right,” I mumbled, around his lips. He was right, or at least, it made sense. I wasn’t going to get anything I hadn’t already gotten from the last time, we still had to wait for the testing. So it didn’t make any difference.

“But—” I felt there should still be a condom, I couldn’t find an answer in my state of confused lust.

He pulled his lips from mine, ran his hand through my hair, and suddenly, I was looking into his eyes.

“Besides,” he said, “this pussy… this pussy, is too tight and sweet to waste on a rubber.”

He kissed me.

“I want to take you bare,” he said. “I want to feel you, I want to feel all of you, skin to skin. I want to come in you, I want to fill you up with me, have me dripping down your legs.”

The images, the words, the idea of him bare in me, of his ejaculation in to my unprotected womb, his seed inside me, it transported me, it made me delirious.

“Okay,” I whispered. “Yes.”

He licked my collarbone, his hands were roving, moving, touching me everywhere. I was moaning.

“You want that too, don’t you?” he whispered. “You want it bare. You want to feel real flesh, feel me, the real me, not some fucking latex. Let fucking assholes wear condom. Let your boyfriend wear them. Not me. You want me, baby. You want to feel me, you want my come up inside you.”

I was almost delirious, but his words, as intense and vivid as they were, were confusing. I’d said yes, but he was still trying to persuade me. You won, guy, you don’t need to keep trying to talk me into it.

“Fuck me bare,” I whispered to stop him. “Come in me. I want to feel it.”

I wanted that cock in me, on me, his body, his hands, his mouth, his semen ejaculating around his penis as it filled my vagina.

He grinned crookedly. “Good girl.”

“You know what?” He kissed me, reaching between my legs. I felt him gather the fabric.

“You’re going to fuck me,” I purred.

He yanked, I felt my panties tear, the waistband snapping as the fabric let go. I squealed. Suddenly, I was bare and exposed. So much for my underwear, another pair gone.

“Fucking right,” he growled. “Let’s get some privacy.”

He reached above my head, pulling the stall door open and pushing me inside. I took one look, and stopped.

“Fuck!” I said, and not in a good way. I stepped forward, and flushed, hoping that whatever was in there would swirl away, and not overflow. “Fuck, that’s disgusting.”

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, pushing me forward.

“Not this one,” I said, backing up. What the fuck was wrong with him? I was so horny I was literally melting, but the filthy stall was too much, it was distracting. “The other one. Please.”

“Sure,” he said. He reached down retrieving my dress from the wall near the stall. I had the presence of mind to grab my purse as I stepped into the stall, thankfully less disgusting, and placed it on the back of the toilet tank.

I felt his hand on my ass.

“Hey bitch,” he grunted, “assume the position. I’m going to rail that tight little cunt.”

This was how we’d finally done it the last time. We’d fumbled around, up against the wall, or even sitting on the sink. But what had eventually worked was bending over the toilet, folding my arms, bracing against the toilet, back arched, legs spread. Presenting for mounting, Sir!

Derek had fucked me like that, but he’d been shorter, and I’d had to lower my hips, bending my legs and turning knees outward, so he’d thrust up into me at a weird angle while my inner thighs slowly turned to fire.

But now, this third time, I assumed the position almost instinctively, bending, my breasts swaying above the toilet, legs parting. I felt one hand on my ass, the other cupping my now bare pussy. My dress slipped from his hand, falling beside the toilet. Two fingers slid inside, then three.

“Yes,” I grunted loudly. “Shove those fingers in me. Finger me. Play with my cunt. I’m so fucking wet for your cock.”

“You are,” he said. “You’re so fucking wet.”

I felt so wanton. I was completely naked, except for my stockings and heels. The other times, we’d pulled skirts up and tops and pants down, made a mess of my clothes. As if, in case anyone walked in, we’d pull my clothes into shape to pretend modesty, and conceal myself from strangers. But now I was finally bare, nude, there’d be no pretense, no concealing from strangers. It felt like I’d crossed a threshold into deeper sexuality, or deeper submission. It was liberating.

It felt like a surrender to Leroy. Yes, that was it. This time was surrender. A surrender, giving myself up to him more fully this time, not just taking his

cock, but giving up my clothes, giving him my nude body, giving up the condom, giving him my bare cunt, making my body a receptacle for his flesh and semen. On some level, I realized he wouldn't think like that, he wouldn't give a shit even if he knew.

But the metaphor, the symbolism of my surrender was so psychologically and sensually intense it shook me to my core. It made my body tremble with need, a craving to be taken and owned. The significance almost made me dizzy. I was glad he didn't register any of it, that it was just in my head. Or it would have been such a potent tool for him… or a weapon.

"Oh god," I said. "I am wet. I'm dripping. My pussy is so wet for your big cock. I need you to fuck me with that big cock."

I was talking right at my purse. On the other side of my phone, I knew Sam was in the bar, sitting at a table, listening to every word. I imagined him excited, his cock so rigid it was practically vibrating. I imagined him hungrily drinking every word down, swallowing it. His excitement, the idea of his excitement at my debasing myself into this wanton sexual creature in front of him. I'd be a creature of pure radiant sex as he listened, I'd be every porn star he'd ever jerked off to. That sent me stratospheric.

I felt something pressing between my lips. Opening me.

"Yes! Oh shit! Oh fuck, yes!" I cried out. "I can feel it. I can feel your cock! Fuck me!"

I wanted to be verbal for him, to do a moment by moment, play by play description. I wasn't just for him. Talking was exciting, it reinforced the intensity, the vividness. I liked to be mouthy in bed generally. For me, talking dirty was like watching porn while fucking. But doing it this way, doing it for Sam and me, having Leroy or Derek listen. Like I said, stratospheric.

The cock pulled back, vanished. "Oh!" I cried out. "Give it."

SMACK!!! My ass cheek exploded in stinging fire, a wave of heat spreading, followed instantly by pins and needles. The succession of sensations almost instantaneous, marching one after the other, leaving me breathless.

"OW!!!" I cried out, not comprehending for a second. My ass had been slapped hard. I panted, trying to catch my breath.

"Ohh!" Suddenly, I felt myself being entered. Leroy's hard cock sliding in. "Yes!"

And then it was gone, I gasped, feeling almost forlorn. An aching sudden need to be filled consumed me. I rocked my hips, pushing myself backwards. "Please!"

SMACK!!! “OW!!!” The slap, harder than the first, burst over my ass like a shower of pins and needles driving me forward, wedging.

“Fuck!” Again, Leroy’s cock slid in.

“Who’s in charge here?” Leroy demanded.

SMACK!!! “Ow!!! You are, you are. You’re in charge.”

At least this one wasn’t as hard.

“That’s right,” his hand slid along my pussy, fingers unerringly finding my clitoris. His thumb slid inside me, working towards my G-spot. I groaned.

“Who’s the pussy?” he said. “Who’s the cunt?”

“Me, Sir,” I whined. “I’m the pussy, I’m the cunt. I need to be fucked so bad.”

What the fuck was he doing? Submission, dominance, were incredibly psychically powerful. The very idea of submission could leave me dizzy and gasping, eager to do things I’d never imagined. But sometimes it was such a delicate balance. There was a fine line between master and asshole and so easy to fall wrong.

“Oh yeah,” he said, he stroked my G-spot until my knees were shaking, then he withdrew. His hands grasped my hips holding me in place. I felt the head of his cock brush my lips. He was teasing me, I understood now. For some reason, that excited me more. “How bad?”

“Real bad. I need your cock.”

“Beg.”

“Please, please fuck me. Ram that big hard cock up inside me. Fuck me. Fuck me like a cheap slut. Fuck my tight pussy. Come in me. Fuck the shit out of me.”

“This cock?” He pushed the head inside. I tried to rock back on it.

“Yes! Your cock.”

“What about your boyfriend’s cock?”

“No! Your cock! Fuck me, please. I need it.”

“Why not your boyfriend’s cock?”

“It’s not big enough. It’s not as big as yours.”

“Pretty small, right? I could tell because you’re so tight. You’re so tight right now. He can’t do the job. That’s why you need a big cock.”

I hated how it inflamed me. Every word he spoke made me wetter. He was saying horrible things about Sam, and it was getting me off, making me want to say these things. The fucker, he'd picked up on my verbal thing, and was using it. He was using it against me, and I loved it.

"Fuck him," I said, I boiled with shame, both wanting to delve, and needing to move the dirty talk somewhere else, "and his little dick. I don't care about it. I need more. I need a real cock. A big cock. I need a man who knows how to fuck."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yes! Please, fuck me with your big fucking cock. Pound me. Ram me. Fuck the shit out of me. I want you bare. I want you to come in me and fill me with your come."

"You made me wear a condom."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I made a mistake. Your cock is too big for a condom, it feels too good. I need it bare."

"You learned your lesson."

"Yes! You showed me. You filled me and I loved it. I couldn't stop thinking about it."

"Next time, I'm going to fuck you bare too," he said, "and you'll love it.

Next time? What was he thinking? But I was too caught up to think about it. "Yes, I'll love it," I agreed. "I want it bare."

And then, it happened. I felt his cock moving forward, sliding deeper and deeper, all the way in. His hips slapping against me, bottoming out. My jaw dropped, I moaned long and deep.

"Oh god yes!" I cried out.

"You like that?" He slapped my ass, but not so hard.

"Oh god, I love that big hard cock in me."

"Better than your boyfriend? Bigger?"

Fuck! What was wrong with him? Like, fucking insecurity much?

"So much better," I moaned, "so much bigger."

He was big enough, and it felt really good. He seemed the same size. Maybe it was how crazy wet I was, he slid right in. But maybe Sam was bigger. Whatever,

he seemed to need to hear it, and I knew it would turn Sam on to listen to me take some super giant cock. So I played to it.

“Oh god,” I moaned. “You’re so fucking big. You fill me up, you fill me right up.”

“Oh yeah?” I could hear the greedy hunger in his voice. He was thrusting furiously, his cock ramming me so hard my whole body was shoving back and forth. I had to brace myself with a forearm not to have my head smashed into the wall.

“Oh fuck,” I panted. “You’re so big. You’re fucking me deeper than anyone has before. You’re touching, fucking places in me no one has ever reached. Oh and you’re so goddamned thick.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Oh fuck yes!” I grunted. “Every time you ram that monster in me, it feels like you’re splitting me in two, and all I want is for you to ram it in again, harder.”

“You want it harder!” He was pounding furiously, the sound of his hips slapping my ass was loud in my ears.

“Yes! Yes! Harder. Wreck my pussy with that goddamned big cock!”

The door opened.

We froze. Footsteps. I was panting softly, I couldn’t help it. Leroy leaned forward carefully, putting a hand on my mouth, and bulled me backwards towards him, until I was almost upright. I could feel his knees bending, changing the elevation of his hips, the angle of his cock in me. His other hand wrapped around my belly, holding me in place, the palm descending, until his fingertips brushed my clit, sending a shiver through me.

I stared at the graffiti covered back wall, trapped in his viselike grip. We waited, The footsteps moved through the bathroom. It must have taken no time at all, but with my heart almost pounding through my chest, it felt like forever. Then a hissing sound at the urinal.

Suddenly, Leroy thrust up into me so hard and abrupt my eyes bulged. For an instant, if felt like my feet lifted up off the ground. I snorted involuntarily, and Leroy moved his hand to pinch my nostrils shut. Only his hand on my mouth kept the breath from being knocked out of me. The sensation left me dizzy. It was like being hit with a car, or being in an earthquake.

Leroy eased back, moving utterly silently, as I was held helpless. I could feel his cock drawing down. And then another brutal thrust, like a rocket going off under me and into me. Mouth and nostrils pinched shut.

As he withdrew, he eased his pinch on my nostrils, allowing me to desperately suck vital oxygen. But then, they pinched shut. Another violent thrust. I was boneless in his grip, almost dizzy, black spots at the edges of his vision. From this angle, he felt gigantic, like a traffic cone ramming suddenly into me. It was almost traumatic, each disorienting, like some explosive catastrophe, pushing me to the dizzying precipice of orgasm.

The pissing stopped. We froze. More footsteps, the taps on. He was washing his hands. Another brutal thrust. I could feel my eyes rolling back inside my head, the only distraction my body's desperate hunger for oxygen. Suddenly, I could inhale, and then just as quickly, it cut off, followed by another savage eruption up into me. I could feel my shoes lift off the floor, as for an instant, my entire body weight was impaled upon a cock that felt like a ram. I saw stars, my body shook. His grip tightened.

The water shut off. Footsteps. The door opened again, and closed. We waited another instant.

His hand dropped from my mouth. I heaved great sobbing breaths.

"Fuck!" I groaned. His grip eased, and released me, only holding my hips. I could barely hold myself up, my legs were shaking so badly. I bent forward, folding my arms and resting my elbows on the toilet tank. But even then, his cock remained nestled up inside me, it felt too good. "That was intense."

"Yeah," he panted. He sounded tired. I remembered how the inside of my thighs had screamed with Derek. Exotic positions were hard on him too I guessed. I was glad, he was human.

"Do you think he heard us?"

"I don't know. But if he looked at the stall, he'd have seen two pairs of feet. So, he would have known that either two people were fucking, or there was a unicorn drinking out of the toilet."

I laughed, genuinely. I was surprised, I didn't think he had it in him. In that moment, I kind of liked him.

Not that I was hating on him for fucking the living shit out of me. That was bonus.

"That was tough," he said. "You probably didn't feel much, but fuck it was hard doing it like that."

"I felt it," I admitted.

"I wasn't too rough?"

"No, it was good."

“This is why I wanted the other stall,” he said. “It’s against the wall, a lot harder to see under. This one, we might as well have not bothered shutting the door.”

Now he tells me. That made a lot of sense. Probably, it also explained why the other stall was so disgusting.

His cock was see sawing back and forth inside me, after the traumatic upward thrusts, it was almost relaxing. I moaned.

“Oh that feels good,” I gasped. “That’s good. Harder.”

He grabbed my hair, pulling my head back, making me arch my spine. The angle of his penetration shifted, his cock sliding up against my gee spot. I gasped quickly, the sensations re-ordering my breathing into syncopated grunts. Tremors rippled through my muscles.

“You giving orders again?”

“No, Sir,” I forced out. “No, Sir. Begging, that’s all. That big cock splitting me, going up so deep, it feels so good, it’s got me begging. Pleading. I need it, it’s so good. I’m imploring. Supplicating. Please, Sir, harder.”

Out of nowhere, a line from Oliver Twist flashed through my head, and I almost giggled. “Please, Sir! Can I have some more!”

He let go my hair, but it felt so good, I kept my back arched, letting him ride up against my g-spot over and over. It was hard to make words. I just swore and moaned. My knees were shaking so much, he had to help hold me up.

My muscles were failing me. His thrusts pushed me forward and down, until I was kneeling on the edges of the toilet seat. He bent forward, I could feel him almost pressed against my back. As he thrust, he reached around to fondle my breasts, squeezing them, pinching my nipples until I was mewing with touch. One hand kept my breasts, fondling each in turn. The other reached down between my legs. For a moment, I felt his touch at my nether lips, squeezing them, as his cock thrust smoothly up into me. Then, once again, three fingers drew towards my clit, tapping, stroking, teasing.

The sensations of his fingers on my clitoris, the steady thrusting of his hard cock, his hand on my breasts, the weight of his body behind me, it was all overwhelming and indescribable. I felt my breath race, my heart speed up. This electrical sensation began to erratically between my clit and my pussy. I squirmed, but the sensation kept building and building with each jump, each thrust, each touch.

My jaw dropped. I stopped breathing for a second as if I’d forgotten how, then sucked air suddenly. My eyes went wide.

“Oh fuck!” I cried out. “Oh fuck! Oh fuck! It’s, it’s, it’s happening. Oh god, I’m…”

The orgasm hit like a tidal wave. I couldn’t stop it, couldn’t cope. It just picked me up and flung me, rolling over and over as I struggled to breathe. I moaned loudly, not caring if anyone came in. I couldn’t think. My knee slipped off the toilet seat, I lost control of my body. I was only vaguely aware I was squirting uncontrollably over and over, my stomach muscles seizing so tight they hurt.

When I could think again, I realized Leroy’s cock was still in me. As I caught my breath, he started moving it back and forth, returning to fucking.

“My turn now,” he said.

“Yeah sure. Whatever,” I said vaguely. I sucked air. I was trying to get both my eyes to focus. But it sounded good. Whatever he wanted. Certainly. It sounded like a good idea. I approved. I wasn’t focused enough to know what he was talking about. But whatever it was, sure, I approved.

He reached around my waist, pulling me up like a like a sack of laundry. I was fine with that. I wasn’t sure I still had bones. Probably. He could do anything with me, as long as no actual volition was required on my part, I was good with that. He started thrusting his hips, making me flop back and forth as he pounded into me with measured strokes.

“Oh yes,” I said. It felt good being fucked like a rag doll.

“Oh yes,” he grunted.

It was nice that we agreed on something. I wasn’t sure what. But yes, happy.

“Oh fuck me,” I moaned, “your cock feels so good.”

“I’m going to fucking come in you,” he growled.

“Yes,” I grunted. That notion cut through the random flotsam that passed for my mind. I understood and totally approved. “Good. Come in me. Fill me.”

His pace increased steadily, I felt his cock harden inside me, and swell. His grip tightened. I felt my own excitement building relentlessly as he fucked harder and harder. His thrusts faster and faster. His pounding increasingly brutal

“You feel it,” he growled in my ear.

“I feel it.” I whined.

“You feel me going deep. I’m so fucking close.”

“You are. You are. I can feel you hard and deep.”

“You’re going to take it.”

“I’m going to take it!”

“You’re going to take it all.”

“I want it.”

The excitement was building in me. I found myself frantically fucking back at him with each thrust, desperate to have him deeper, take more of him.

Suddenly, his grip tightened like iron bands, forcing the air out of me, jamming me on his hips. I could feel his cock suddenly hot inside me, suddenly swelling.

“Take it! Take it! TAKE IT!!!”

But I could already feel him ejaculating up inside me, the hot squirts of semen flooding my walls with every thrust. My orgasm hit, I could feel my pussy clenching tight, almost pushing him out of me. But his drive was relentless. No matter how much my cunt squeezed, he pushed forcing his way deep, sending lightning bolts of sensation through me. My body surrendered suddenly, going limp. My pussy went slack, but it wasn’t enough for him. He thrust wildly up inside me again and again, spurting over and over.

Finally, he was finished. We were collapsed, sprawled, me bent over the toilet, one breast hanging into the bowl, cold water brushing the tip of my nipple. His weight on my back. We were both breathing hard. I could feel his cock in me, throbbing slowly, evicting his last drops of semen into my sodden cunt, deflating with each pulse.

When it felt out, I felt this sense of loss and mourning.

Eventually, he got up off me, pulling up his pants, leaning against the wall if the toilet stall. A moment later, aching, I climbed up, and sat sprawled on the toilet.

“Third time’s the charm,” I mumbled to myself.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

He stepped forward, and slapped his limp dick against my face.

“Put it in your mouth,” he said. “Clean me up.”

There was no will left in me. What is it with men shoving their limp dicks in

my face when I was too wrung out to say no? It was taking advantage is what it was — like cheating.

I just opened my mouth, taking it in, and rolling my tongue against it, sucking. There was no sign of an erection in there. It didn't taste bad. Derek's had tasted of latex and condom funk, that kind of sweaty slime cocks get when men fuck with condoms on — I so hated that. But this wasn't bad, it was just skin texture, and male sweat, and my own juices.

I swallowed all the way and stuck my face in his pubic hair and inhaled and enjoyed the smell of his maleness. When he ordered me to lick his balls, I licked them.

When he was satisfied, he zipped up. I finally had the focus to try to pull myself together. I reached into my purse for a compact mirror and checked myself. Oh yeah, this girl has been fucked hard.

I grabbed a brush, made a few desultory efforts with my hair and then gave up. Whatever. This minimal effort would have to do.

I was naked, except for my stockings, and one of them was starting to roll down. I pulled it up. The shift of my leg made the semen he'd deposited in me move. I could feel it oozing inside me, and put my hand between my legs, feeling it seep across my fingers.

"Jesus," I told him. "You really did fill me up."

"I told you I would. Don't say you didn't love it. I could feel your pussy sucking ever drop."

What did that even mean, I wondered. I was afraid to ask. Sometimes it felt like men had no idea how women's bodies worked.

"What were you doing?" I asked. "Saving it up for Christmas?"

I looked down at his feet.

"You're standing on my dress."

"Oh," he said. "Sorry."

He bent down to grab it, and handed it to me. I pulled it on. My dress was filthy, with a footprint and ground in toilet and floor grunge. There was a tear in the side, along the seam, and another lower down in the material, at the top of the slit in the skirt, a small rip along the hem. The zipper didn't quite go up all the way. Worst of all, one side was wet, I wasn't sure with what, and I didn't think I wanted to know.

I checked myself as best I could in the mirror. Oh fuck, I thought. From classy to trashy. It was a shame, I loved this dress. Still, it had been an

epic fuck.

“You want to go get a drink,” Leroy asked. “Give me an hour or two, and I’ll have enough gas in the tank for another run.”

What the fuck? I’d never heard that idiom, it made me wonder where he was from. I gazed at him. The idea of hanging around a dive bar, slowly getting wasted until he got his second erection seemed… unspeakable.

Holy fuck, but it was unappealing.

What had I been even thinking in the first place, with this guy? His semen was running down my leg. Absently, I wiped it with the hem of my dress. Yeah, that would leave a stain, but so what.

Where the hell were my panties?

Oh right.

“I’m good,” I said. ‘Honestly. You wore me out.’ I pulled out my phone. “I think I’ll just call an Uber and go home and crash.”

I hoped Sam figured it out. I wanted him to get the car and pick me up outside.

“Can’t change your mind?”

“Cinderella, remember. I turn into a pumpkin at midnight,” I reminded him.

“Well,” he said, “you got ridden hard, plowed and seeded. I guess its time to put you to bed wet.”

Wait, did he mean to come home with me? Fuck that. No, second thought, he knew I had a boyfriend. Okay.

We walked out of the bathroom, into the bar. Maybe it was my imagination, but it felt like the ripple of bar babble quieted briefly for us, and that at least a few eyes checked out my new, just fucked really hard, look.

There was no sign of Sam. Good. Probably. I hoped that meant he’d gone to get the car. We sat at an empty table, maybe the one Sam had vacated. I checked my phone. There was a text from Sam, he was getting the car. I pretended to call an uber.

My stomach hurt a little bit, but I felt surprisingly good. Energetic even. The temporary exhaustion of shattering orgasms had dissipated. I felt invigorated, almost frisky.

“You know,” I said. “I almost feel like I could go back for another round. I’m tempted. But…”

He grinned that sleazy knowing grin, his gaze sliding across my body like I'd oiled up for him. My nipples hardened. There was a wet spot on the seat, probably from his come leaking out of me. He might be a loser, but he had a sexy thing going on.

"You know," Leroy said, "I'm down for at least an hour. But I could probably arrange a few trips to the men's room for you."

"Really?" I asked.

The idea sent butterflies racing through my stomach. The notion was disgusting. I glanced around the bar, to see who, if anyone, was watching us. What the men were. I imagined walking into the men's room over and over again, each time with a different man, taking off my dress and being nude, or being fucked in it, being looked at, touched, bent over the toilet, or sitting on the sink, or up against the wall or the urinals, taken from behind, kneeling. I could feel my soaked pussy clenching, my heart rate picking up. My mouth was a little dry.

"Who?" I couldn't stop myself from asking.

Again, that sleazy grin. He shrugged elaborately and leaned forward, his eye seemed to fix on someone over my shoulder.

"No!" I said suddenly. I wanted to turn and see who he was looking at, who he might pick to fuck me. At the same time, I didn't want to see. I wanted and didn't want. Absolutely nothing good would come of me turning and looking. "I have an uber coming."

"You can cancel it," he said easily.

"Yeah, I could," I said. "But no. I don't think I will."

He shrugged.

"Just a thought."

I was shocked that I had thought of it, even if only for a moment. I decided not to mention this thought to Sam.

My text message beeped.

Sam.

"My Uber is here," I pulled myself to my feet. Leroy rose up with me.

"I want to fuck you again," Leroy said, as we walked to the front of the bar.

"At the bar."

“You’ve got a thing, let’s do it again. Come by, next Wednesday at eight.”

“I don’t know,” I said.

“Next Wednesday at eight,” he repeated. “I’ll do you in the Men’s room again.”

“All right.”

Why the fuck did I say that? Now I was making dates with this guy?

“Good,” he said. “Don’t be late.”

“I won’t.”

Fuck! What was wrong with me.

We stepped out into the street. Sam had pulled up in our car. Leroy glanced dismissively at him. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me. I hadn’t expected that, and it took my by surprise. As his lips pressed against mine, his tongue snaked into my mouth, and his hand slid down the strap of my breast, to slip under the cup and take my bare exposed nipple in hand, pinching hard.

I gasped, pulling my face away, breaking the kiss. But he just took the opportunity to bring his hand down, lifting my skirt and cupping my pussy in his palm, right out on the street. Breathless, suddenly half naked, I didn’t know how to react as he kissed my open mouth, our tongues sliding against each other.

“Remember,” he whispered.

“I will,” I replied, though at the moment, I was so disoriented, I had no idea what he was talking about.

All I knew was my bare breast was out in the middle of the sidewalk, my pussy had been exposed, and I’d been wantonly frenched, all right in front of the love of my life, Sam, as he waited in the car. Leroy’s fingers were slick from my pussy, probably from his own come as well as my juices. He wiped them off on my dress, what a gentleman, and waved.

I got in the car, and Sam and I pulled away.

“Sounds like you got your bell rung,” he said.

“Oh yeah,” I said. “Rung hard. Let’s get home. I want to take a shower, burn this dress and fuck you blind.”

“Any particular order?”

I leaned into him, reaching between his legs. Hard as a steel bar.

“We’ll see what comes up first.”

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 06
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KAYLEY

“You want to go get a drink,” Leroy asked. “Give me an hour or two, and I’ll have enough gas in the tank for another run.”

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“Just a thought.”

I was shocked that I had thought of it, even if only for a moment. I decided not to mention this thought to Sam.

My text message beeped.

Sam.

I picked up the phone.

“Delay.”

“What?” I texted back.

The three dots of text typing flickered in and out. To hell with this, I thought.

“Excuse me,” I said to Leroy, as I stood up and moved away from the table. I needed to find a quieter place in the bar. “I need to make a call.”

Easier said than done. I retreated to the hall for the washrooms, and then behind the women’s washroom door. I’d been here before. Maybe I should have done it here, it was cleaner, than the men’s room, there was a small bench, and the vanity for the sink looked solid. But that was a passing thought. I dialed into Sam.

“Hey hon,” I said. “What’s wrong.”

“You know that low tire, we keep having to pump air into?”

His voice sounded odd. Maybe frustrated.

“Yeah.”

“It’s flat. I’ve called auto-service, but it’s going to be at least an hour’s

wait for them to come and fix it."

"Oh shit," I said. Fuck, I thought, I really needed to get out of here. "Well, you're just outside. I'll come and wait with you."

"No good," he said. "When I saw how low it was, coming back out, I figured I needed to get to a gas station and pump some more air in. But by the time I got here, it was completely flat. I've been trying to pump air in, but it just hisses out. I'm stuck out here."

"How far?" I asked.

"I don't know, two or three miles."

Too far to walk, even if I knew where it was. And definitely, it was the kind of rough neighborhood I didn't want to walk at night. Especially not looking as trashed as I was. Walking the street, I wouldn't just look like a hooker. I'd look like a low cost hooker.

"I don't think you should walk it," he said. "I'll be okay. I just need to look after the car."

"Okay," I said.

"You can wait for me," he said. "Of course, by that time your new boyfriend should be ready for round two. Or you can take an uber."

There was an edge in the way he said 'new boyfriend' and 'round two.' Had listening in gotten too real? Was it that I'd actually came this time. Or the ugly things Leroy had forced me to say about him. I winced at the memory.

"Sam," I said, "it was just sex talk, okay. It didn't mean anything."

A pause.

"Yeah," he said, forcing cheer into his voice. "I know. He's just hung, that's all. And stuff."

What did that mean?

"I'll take an uber," I said.

"Sounds good," he said. "Meet you back at the apartment… Sooner or later."

"Love you."

"Love you too."

I pulled up the Uber app, and tried to initialize. It came back no cars available in the area. What the hell? I tried again. Same thing. And tried

again. Each time, the message was no cars available, please try later.

I texted Sam again.

“Can you try your App? I can’t get a car on mine. Something’s wrong with it.”

“Hold on.”

While I waited, I tried the App again. Nothing.

“It’s not working,” he reported back. “No cars available. Not even a time estimate, just no cars. And a ‘try in a little bit.’”

“I get the same thing,” I texted.

A pause.

“I guess wait fifteen minutes and try again. That’s all. Or wait until I’m fixed, and can come for you.”

“I’ll wait and try again. If I get through I’ll let you know.” I texted.

“Okay.”

I sent a heart emoji.

Fuck! Okay, I was stuck out here for at least twenty minutes, looking like a trashed out hooker, in a bar where apparently I had probably become well known as the men’s room slut, and half of them probably knew I’d just gotten railed hard. Totally awkward.

I went to the mirror and ran some water, appraising myself more critically. The big wet spot on my dress was drying, and a small safety pin from the bottom of my purse took care of the worst tear in my dress, ensuring my breast wouldn’t fall out. The sexy slit up the side of my dress had extended to a tear going up past my hip, it changed the way the dress clung to me, and definitely made very clear that I wasn’t wearing underwear, or even a garter belt — but it was tolerable, and I’d only found the one safety pin.

I wiped around my eyes and reapplied a very light mascara, fixed my eyeliner, redid my lipstick, and brushed my hair. Appraising the result in the mirror, it was far from perfect, but it was serviceable. I checked my phone. Only five minutes? Fuck. Tried the App. No luck.

So, I could hide in here, until the App was working or Sam made it. Or I could go out there and maybe have a drink while I waited, and Leroy tried to talk me into getting shared with some of his friends.

I felt a sudden lightening sensation in the pit of my stomach, not butterflies, but something, at the thought. Almost concurrently, I felt a

tingle in my clit. My hand slid down through the tear/slit in my dress, to stroke my pussy. My vagina was now a lot more open access than I technically liked.

The insides of my thighs were soaked, my lips wet and puffy, although I wasn't sure if that was current arousal or the after effects. I'd wiped myself down there, but he'd seriously pumped a lot of semen, and even if I'd wiped most of it, some was still oozing in me.

I thought about the way Leroy'd looked past me at someone when he made his suggestion. Maybe I should have looked to see.

Down girl! I thought. Go out there, get a drink, wait it out. No getting shared. Big tingle at the thought. No round two. Little tingle. Just chill and wait it out. No tingles allowed.

I took a breath and went out. There was a man standing in the hallway, South Asian, or East Indian, I wasn't sure the appropriate term. Pakistani? Hindu? Bangladeshi? Somewhere around there. He looked harmless enough. He looked at me, I looked at him, and we nodded as we walked past.

Leroy waved, as I sat down with him.

"Problem?"

"My uber is delayed," I said. "At least an hour. And I can't raise another one."

He shrugged.

"I'm surprised you got one at all, actually," he told me. "This area's a no-go zone after nine. A driver got jumped around here a few weeks ago."

I checked my phone. Nine twenty. I did a mental calculation backwards. Fuck me, I'd missed by minutes.

"So," he smiled, "you give any thought to…"

"Yes," I said, "and no, I'm not interested. I just want to sit here and wait. And maybe have a drink."

"Well," he said, "too bad. But I can take care of the drink for you. Cabernet, coming right up."

He headed over to the bar to place the order. I watched him walk away. Nice ass, not as good as Sam's, but nice. Muscular but not excessive. He moved with a smooth grace that let you know he'd be good at fucking, which I already knew.

I hoped that no one would try to join me now that he'd left the table. I

glanced around in the direction he'd been looking, but no one met my eye and I couldn't spot his candidate, or candidates, to fuck me. It was just bar people, different ages, different looks, that was all. None of them really stood out or appealed to me.

Leroy returned with a wine glass and a fourteen ounce snifter, and poured. I took the glass and drank half of it in two swallows. As the wine hit my stomach and a warm glow started to spread, I relaxed. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

"Were you really a sommelier?" I asked, just to have something to say. I didn't believe it for a second, but saying something was better than nothing.

"Yep," he replied. "For a while. I was a sous chef, an assistant before that, but I switched. I've been around restaurants here and there."

Bullshit, I thought, as I smiled at him. "A sous chef," I said. "That sounds interesting."

"An assistant," he corrected.

I couldn't imagine that.

"I find that hard to imagine," I said. Shit, I'd said the thought out loud. Watch the wine, Kayley. "I hope that I didn't offend."

He laughed.

"No," he said. "In the end, it wasn't for me."

"What do you do now?"

He shrugged, evading the question. "I've been around," he said. "I've done a bunch of things. I was a cowboy. Traveled a bit. Musician…"

I didn't believe any of it, but it gave us something to talk about.

"Anyway," I asked suddenly, "who was it that you were thinking of lining me up with?"

I was well into my second glass of wine, and feeling comfortable. I'd never stopped feeling curious. There just didn't seem any harm in asking. I took out my phone, unconsciously, and checked the app. Nothing. Fuck. And nothing from Sam, still waiting, I guess. I thought about texting him some heart emojis, just to let him know I was thinking about him.

"Jake," Leroy said.

I looked up. "Who is Jake?"

“That big guy over there,” Leroy told me. He pointed. I looked, not being particularly careful. There were a few guys clustered around tables in those directions.

“Which one is he?” I asked.

“The big guy,” Leroy repeated. He waved. “Flannel jacket.”

“Oh,” I said, “I see him now.”

Jake noticed the wave, and looked right at us. He was tall, a little heavy, but not bulky, with a shock of curly brown hair, cut close to the sides. He had one of those bodies that looked like they grew too fast when they were young, and filled in, but never quite got past the ungainly awkwardness. He waved back.

Then he got up and started heading our way. Fuck. He was carrying his beer. Double fuck. That meant he intended to sit down with us. My heart started to race. My mouth was going dry, so I sipped the wine, and clutched the slit in my dress where it had become a tear, to maintain at least a little modesty.

“Hey Jake,” Leroy said, “join us. This is Kayley. Kayley, Jake.”

Jake was huge, at least six four. Older, I made him to be in his forties or fifties. There was a wedding band. Probably had kids. He seemed stable. I wondered how he knew Leroy. He reached for my hand. I wasn’t letting go my dress, so I put down the wine glass and offered the wrong hand. He shook it gravely.

“I’ve seen you around,” he said. “A few times.”

“Thanks,” I said, like an idiot, and followed it up with, “Okay.” I was blushing madly, and between my legs a traitorous excitement. He’d seen me around here a few times? Well, given that I’d only been here three times, and each time had ended with me going to the men’s room with a man I’d just met, I could only imagine what was going through his mind.

“Jake’s a diesel mechanic,” Leroy told me. Jake nodded affirmatively. “Kayley was telling me how much she wanted to meet you.”

Wait, what, now? What the fuck? That was such a bold faced lie. I didn’t even know who he was until Leroy waved at him. Now he was sitting here. I had no idea what to do, so I smiled and nodded.

“That’s good. I’ve been wanting to say hello,” Jake said. He looked at me. “Get to know you a bit.”

“Oh,” I said, blushing, smiling. “That’s nice.”

Awkwardly, I pressed my legs together, and then, self consciously, relaxed.

Leroy put his hand on my knee, casually pushing so I parted a little. Jake's eyes drifted down.

"You know," Leroy said, "you guys have so much in common. It makes me happy to put you together."

"How old is she," Jake asked Leroy.

"I'm twenty-four," I replied.

"Kayley's very friendly," Leroy assured him. "Very easy to get along with."

Jake glanced at me and nodded. "That's not too young. Okay."

Jake took out his wallet, peeled out some bills.

"For what I owe you," he told Leroy, handing the money over. "For that thing, from a while back."

"Thanks," said Leroy, pocketing it.

Wait a second, I thought. What thing? Was there a thing a while back? Money had changed hands right in front of me. What for? Leroy's hand pushed my dress up my thigh, to the tops of my stocking. He reached down, grabbing the hand I was holding the slit together with. As he took my hand in his, the fabric hung loose, the gap showing my hip from the top of my stocking to just short of my ribs, the absence of panty prominent.

"Kayley's a fine girl," he told Jake. "Very friendly. You're going to like her. And she's clean too. You won't need a condom."

What the fuck? How was this happening? I reached for my wine glass, leaning forward, conscious of their eyes on me. The slit in my dress gaped wider, exposing more of me, but I didn't care. I swallowed the rest of the drink.

Leroy pulled me closer, I looked at him. He kissed me, his lips pressing mine apart, his tongue slipping lightly to tease. He stared into my eyes.

"Kayley," he said. "I want you to go to the Men's room with Jake, and help him out. Okay? You need to take care of him. Okay?"

I shivered. It felt, somehow, like 'no' wasn't an option. Technically, I could say the word, theoretically, I could refuse. But right there, in that moment, with Leroy's hands on me, his kiss fresh on my lips, Jake sitting there watching and expectant, having paid his money…

"Okay," I repeated, dully. Leroy sort of gave me a nudge, lifting my elbow, guiding me to a standing position, and turning me towards Jake.

"Off you guys go," he said. "Have fun."

What am I doing? I thought wildly, as I walked the short distance to the Men's room with Jake's looming presence beside me. Had I just been sold? I had. I had just been sold. My body felt weightless, disconnected from my mind, moving on its own. Where was my purse? Oh geez, I'd left it with Leroy. Fuck.

Jake held the door open for me, and then I was in the men's room again. I looked up at him. I had no idea what to do. Was I supposed to kiss him?

"So," I said, "you come here often?"

Oh fuck! Did I just say that? He was going to think I was defective.

Jake shrugged.

"It's a nice bar."

Showed what his standards were.

"Okay," I agreed.

"Can I touch you?"

"Sure?" I told him.

His hands reached for my breasts, as I backed against the toilet stall door, leaning against it. My dress was loose enough that he had my breasts out, playing with the nipples, as I looked down on them, watching his hands.

"Are they real?"

I didn't know whether to be flattered or insulted.

"Yes, they are."

"I like real breasts."

He lifted my skirt, exposing my pussy.

"Are you shaved?" He asked.

"Yes," I said. "Do you want to touch it?"

I guided his hand between my legs, I felt like he was going to go there anyway, but at least this way, I had some control, rather than him just pawing me. Would he feel the slickness between my lips and be repulsed by the thought of touching Leroy's come. Would he even know what it was?

"You're really wet," he whispered, as I guided his hand up and down gently over my pussy. His free hand fondled my breasts. I reached for his pants,

stroking his erection through his trousers.

“Can I see you naked?”

“Okay,” I replied. I pushed him away a little, and shimmied out of my dress.

“You’re gorgeous,” he told me. “Your body is amazing.”

I couldn’t help smiling. “Thank you.”

“Can I take a picture?”

That surprised me. My impulse was to say no. But I was alone, naked with a six foot four behemoth and no idea what to do. I couldn’t think of a good reason to refuse.

“Okay, sure,” I said tentatively. He took out his smartphone and clicked.

“Smile for this one…”

“Okay, hands over your head, no not like that, like behind, hands in your hair, like you’re lifting it, good.”

“I want you to cup your breasts, no don’t cover your nipples…”

“A good shot of your pussy, up close… spread your lips.”

“Turn around, I want your back.”

“Okay, stick your ass out…”

“Pull your cheeks apart so I can see your asshole.” I balked at that one.

“That’s enough,” I said, turning around. “We should… let’s just get down to…”

I had no idea what he wanted. Sex, yes, for sure. But what kind of sex did he want, what did he want from it. Maybe just ask him?

“What do you want to do?”

“A blow job,” he said, “to start off. Then I’d like to fuck you.”

I thought about that.

“What if you come from the blow job?”

He shrugged. “That will be okay. But I don’t want you to try too hard to make me come from the blow job. I want to come in your pussy. You’re clean right? Leroy said you were.”

“I’m clean,” I said. “How do you know Leroy.”

“I know him from the bar,” I see him there. “I buy grass from him now and then. I don’t really know him though.”

I wasn’t surprised.

“All right,” I said. “So the blow job, come in.”

I opened the toilet stall door, and backed in, sitting on the toilet. He followed me in. I reached for his cock in his trousers, unzipping him while he undid his belt.

“Not like that,” he said, pulling away, even as his cock sprung free. It was straight, and thick, uncircumcized and veiny. His pubic hair was thick, but nondescript. I looked up, confused, letting my hand drop away.

“What?” I was honestly puzzled.

“Not sitting on the toilet,” he said. “That’s a gross way to give a blow job. It’s not hygienic.”

“Oh.”

“You should be on your knees. When women suck cocks, they should always be kneeling.”

I was pretty sure that wasn’t actually a rule. Like it wasn’t written down anywhere. But he’d paid for me, which was a really fucked up thought, but there it was. And, I’m a petite naked chick, and he’s a big fully clothed behemoth, who so far hadn’t gone psycho, and I definitely didn’t want him too.

“Right, I’ll kneel,” I replied, looking at the floor in front of the toilet. It was hard tiles, not fun to kneel on, and pretty gross. I wished I had a pad, or newspaper. But all I had was my dress, so I bundled it to kneel on. I looked up from my kneeling position, as he stepped forward.

Jake reached for my head, placing one hand on the back, and then moving it to the side as he placed his second hand. The grip wasn’t tight though, and he didn’t thrust into my mouth. He let me open wide and take it in, as he guided my head back and forth. There was no teasing, no exotic tricks with my tongue. He just put his cock in my mouth, and I did my best to suck it, bobbing my head back and forth, squeezing it between my lips, and trying to slurp it with my tongue.

After a minute, he took his hands off and grabbed the tops of the stall walls, almost suspending himself. I kept bobbing, one hand gripping the base of his shaft, the other playing with his balls.

“That’s really good,” he whispered. “You’re a really good cock sucker, I can

tell. Girls who love to suck cocks, you can tell the difference. I'd love to come in your mouth sometime. I bet you swallow."

I tried to make agreeing noises in my throat. Actually, I did like sucking cock, the right cock. But this was… uninspired. Not awful or unpleasant, just kind of a nothing. But he seemed to like it. I guess this was his idea of a great blow job.

Jake showed no sign of losing control, so I just knelt there and bobbed my head. I changed things up a little to experiment, stroking the inside of his thigh with my nails, or picking up the temp. His cock got harder in my mouth, but not that much. He'd already been hard.

"Okay, that's enough," he said. "I want to fuck you now."

"All right." I was still wet, so I thought it would be okay. I felt a weird kind of arousal, not so much from being with Jake, but from the realization that I had been bought and sold. I stood up and turned around, folding my arms and resting them on the toilet tank. I wiggled my ass.

"You like what you see?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," he breathed.

"Then come and fuck me with that big cock of yours, I need a good fucking."

I like talking dirty.

He stepped behind me, awkward because his trousers were around his ankles. With one hand, he grabbed my ass. The other, he used to line up his cock. By twisting my head around, I could just see him vaguely in peripheral vison.

"That pussy is so wet," I husked. "Waiting for you."

He pushed it in me. I wasn't as crazy wet as I'd been with Leroy, so he felt bigger, and because he was so much taller, his cock, when it went in me, angled down in a way that was surprisingly, intensely pleasurable.

"Fuck!" I cried out. "That cock feels good!"

It wasn't quite acting, it really did feel good, and I really was surprised. As fucked up as the situation was, I was wet, his cock was hard, and there was something bizarre and exciting.

"Your pussy feels really tight."

"Oh yeah," I agreed. "Now fuck it, fuck my tight little pussy with that big hard cock!"

But he was already thrusting hard, his hands on my hips, plunging deep and

down with ever push. I moaned in genuine pleasure, feeling my heart racing, my knees trembling. My arousal built with each thrust. My breasts swayed back and forth. His fingers dug into my hips. It built up and built up.

Then he stopped, still buried in me. He was grunting.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m almost ready to come,” he said, pulling out. “But I don’t want to come this way. I want to see you when I come in you.”

Oh for fuck’s sake. I was sort of getting into it. He turned me around, pushing me back gently, until my ass was up on the toilet tank. I felt cool porcelain on my butt.

“I don’t think this is going to work,” I told him. “We tried…”

“Hold on,” he said. He reached down hooking an elbow under one knee and lifted. I grunted, as for a moment, I felt like a wishbone. I could feel my pussy suddenly gaping wide. Then he got his other elbow under my other knee, and suddenly I was literally suspended, ass perched on the toilet tank, practically bent double. He pulled my hips forward, until they were literally at the edge of the lid, and moved his hips forward, straddling the toilet bowl.

“Holy shit!” I was astonished. This is what sex with really big guys is like I guess. They literally can pick you up and turn you into a human pretzel. It was exciting and disorienting. Suddenly, I couldn’t move, my knees were up in the air, hooked over his elbows, my feet were dangling, I was spread wide open, so I could feel myself gaping between my legs. My pussy was wide open and presented for mounting.

With one surge of his hips, he thrust up into me, bottoming out, and making me cry out with breathless pressure. He grunted as he pumped up into me.

“Oh fuck!” I moaned. “Oh fuck! Your cock feels so big.”

With each thrust, I could feel my whole body rock and lift as he rammed up into me. My shoulders and head were slammed against the wall behind. His cock fell out, and he just pulled back and rammed in again, making me cry out.

“Oh fuck,” I grunted. He was fucking so hard it was almost hard to breath. I kept trying to time my breaths to his rapid thrusts, panting at a dizzying rate. But he kept knocking the breath out of me.

Jake was barreling towards orgasm, I could feel the heat bursting off his body as his frenzied pounding ramped up. His cock felt bigger in me, hotter, harder.

“Yes,” I cried my own orgasm closing in. “Fuck. Fuck me. Come in me. I need—”

Then it hit him, I practically saw his eyes roll up. Suddenly, he was pushing into me like a freight train, all his weight and muscle flattening me against the wall, contorting me even further, as his cock swelled and shot rope after rope of viscous semen up inside me. Teeth clenched, his face a rictus of contorted muscle, made this roaring noise in his throat, pumping into me with spastic jerks, trying to achieve a few more millimeters of penetration.

Finally, he relaxed, but he didn't let go. He held me in place as he panted and came down, our bodies jammed together so hard, I couldn't even get my fingers in to reach my clit if I wanted to.

My orgasm had been so close. Now it hovered, dissolving slowly into this sort of wet generalized arousal, a pressing mindless need to be fucked, even after the hard cock inside me, slowly softened and shrank with each tick of a second.

"Oh fuck," he whispered. "You're a good whore. You're a real piece of ass. Fuck. Good cocksucker, tight pussy, hot bod, clean. Worth it. Any time you're around, I'm going to have you again."

There it was. Said out loud, it was official, no pretending, no denial. Whore. That's what I was now. My body, my cunt, sold for money, sold for use. It was a weird feeling. I knew I wasn't going to start walking the street.

But at the same time there it was.

"How much?"

"Eh?"

"How much did you pay?"

"Oh, fifty bucks."

I didn't even know if that was good or bad.

He grunted, lowering me. I felt my weight settle on the toilet tank lid. He sank down, sitting reverse cowgirl on the toilet seat, letting my knees lower, slipping his elbows from under. I felt very stretched out and cramped all at once. Up inside, I felt the sensation of his cum oozing rapidly inside me as my position shifted.

"Here," I said awkwardly, "can you let me out?"

He backed away in the stall, and pulled up his pants, handing me my dress which was now even dirtier and more mangled, with a fresh rip.

I felt jangly, I guess being contorted into a pretzel does that to you. It was like my limbs didn't feel right, my walk was loose and almost bouncy. My

pussy, leaking cum again, felt funny. We walked out of the Men's room, and he want back to his buddies, I guessed.

I sat down at Leroy's table, that was where my purse was. He was sitting with a young man. As I sat, he put his hand up my skirt, gripping the smooth bare skin of my thigh just below my pussy, and kissed me hard. Horny, disoriented, I kissed back, our tongues meeting. He stroked my pussy, already sensitive, bringing a sigh.

"Good girl," he called me.

My lover, though there was no love in the fucking he gave me, the fucking I seemed to crave from him. Or in the way he'd turned me out. But what better word for him.

My pimp. The man who turned me out. Who sold me to a stranger. Who I fucked a complete stranger twice my age for. There was an awful psychic gravity to it, a dark delicious pull. Whore. Pimp. As awful as it was, there was a thrill, an excitement, even if it was a game.

"Kayley," he addressed me, "this is Byron. I've been telling him about you."

I looked at Byron, knowing two things without a doubt: That he had paid Leroy money to fuck me, and that he was going to fuck me. Or I was going to fuck him, because now I was Leroy's whore, and he was going to order me, because he was my pimp.

It was that simple.

And I wanted it. I was feeling fresh fucked, and horny and I'd almost come but hadn't been able to get there. So if letting… what was his name? Brian? Letting Brian put his cock in and fuck me till he coated my insides with his cum, was what it would take to get me my orgasm…

Well then,… Ryan? Yeah, Ryan. Come fuck the shit out of me.

While Leroy was talking about how I was a fuck machine, and how clean I was so you could rawdog me if you wanted, Ryan was glancing at the torn slit in my skirt, where it went up so that you could see I wasn't wearing panties. He was sneaking peaks, looking when he thought he was getting away with it, and back to me and Leroy when he thought I couldn't.

"Ryan." I caught his eye. I glanced down, directing his gaze to my the bare skin between the slit, very deliberately, I slowly pulled the fabric away exposing more and more of my stocking clad leg, my smooth hip and torso, until my crotch was bare. Sitting as I was, he couldn't see my pussy, but he could see I was shaved smooth and covered by nothing at all. I enjoyed the way his face turned red. Fucker, I thought.

"I think," Leroy said, "that your new friend is sold. Why don't you take him

back to the men's room and—"

I put my head close to him to whisper.

"You're selling me," I accused Leroy, without anger.

"I wouldn't put it that way," he said.

"I'm not mad," I said, which was true. "I don't know, it's hot I guess." Which was a simplification of some very complicated feelings.

"It's more of a finders fee," he told me. "You like to be fucked. You came here to be fucked… You came here, all alone, behind your boyfriend's back, to slum around and get fucked, isn't that right? A girl like you? This place is beneath her."

That startled me, and it stung. Did I really come off that condescending and shallow? I wondered. I didn't like to think of myself like that. But there was enough of something like truth in it, that it made me uncomfortable.

"This is the third time you've been here," he whispered, "sneaking around on your boyfriend, spreading your legs for me, and when I wasn't here, you spread them for Derek. You didn't fucking know either one of us, but you spread them. Who's fucking fooling who?"

He reached down casually to my stockinged leg as he spoke, laying his hand on it, and smoothly sliding down to the inside of my thigh and up towards my crotch. Automatically, I opened for him, lifting my knee, moving my hips to give him access.

"It's not—" I tried to whisper. It was like that, but it wasn't. It was more complicated, but the words died.

Ian's eyes went wide, as my pussy was exposed for a brief moment, before Leroy's fingertips slid over it. I moaned, as he stroked my clit. Fuck! Every time he touched me below, I just went weak at the knees.

"You're so fucking wet," Leroy whispered. "That's what you want, isn't it? To be down in the gutter, with the trash. That's what gets you off.

A finger slid inside, almost at my G-spot, I rocked my hips.

I moaned softly, not trusting words.

"I just dangled it in front of you, and ten minutes later, you wanted to see who I'd sell you to. I took money for you, right in front of you, and you went and fucked him. You didn't even complain, you just did as you were told."

He kissed my cheek.

“You’re a whore, darling,” he whispered. “That’s what you wanted. Maybe you didn’t come here as a whore. You gave me your pussy, you just handed it over. And when I talked selling it, your only real question was ‘who?’ You were just fine with getting turned out.

“Jesus,” I breathed. Two fingers were in me, stroking my G-spot, while he pressed his thumb against my clit.

“Look at how fucking wet you are,”

“Hey,” I whispered. “Shit.”

“A little finder’s fee,” he said. “To give you what you need, that’s nothing. Makes it even hotter for you. You want me to sell you. Deep down, you need it.”

I moaned. He put his lips on mine and kissed me deeply.

“Now,” Leroy said, “here’s how it’s going to be. I’ll take money for you. You’ll fuck who I’ll tell you to fuck. And you’ll like it. Because you want it. Got it?”

“Yes.” I nodded in affirmative.

“Am I wrong?”

“No, I want it.”

“Good girl,” he said. “And when we’re done, I’ll send you back to your life, and everything goes back the way it was. Except deep down, you and I both know who you really are. Deal?”

I nodded. He smiled.

“Say it.”

“Deal,” I whispered.

“So what are you going to do?”

The fingers withdrew, leaving me shaking and breathless, but lucid. It was dark, but there was an undertow of wicked excitement, of abject submission, of a kind of black fulfilment. It was an ultimate abnegation of me as a person, and I found I craved it.

I wanted to know who and what I was, when I had been reduced to this pure essence. I needed to know who I was, when this was all that was left of me. When there was nothing else to me but a whore.

Just like that, I had transitioned from free woman to income earning property.

At least temporarily. Unless it really was who I was, what I needed. And I came crawling back to him.

The thought made me shiver.

I embraced it.

I swallowed, and licked my lips and smiled darkly.

“I’m going to make you a lot of money,” I whispered, and opened my mouth to kiss him, letting his tongue slip in. “And I’m going to do what I’m told.”

He grinned his sleazy grin.

“If you get knocked up tonight, you better hope whoever did it was white. Or you’re going to have a lot of explaining to do to your boyfriend.”

He looked over at Ian.

“Our girl here,” he said, “she was telling me how bad she needs a cock. Why don’t you let her take you to the men’s room and help her out.”

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 07
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KAYLEY

Leroy grinned at me, then he looked over at Ian.

“Our girl here,” he said, “she was telling me how bad she needs a cock. Why don’t you let her take you to the men’s room and help her out.”

I took Ian’s hand.

The minute we were in the bathroom, I took off the dress and hung it over a stall door. No sense letting it get even more wrecked. It was all I had to wear. Besides, Ian was almost glowing, his desire was so urgent, and wanted to show off.

“What do you think?” I presented my naked body to him.

Well, not completely naked. I still had my ankle boots and heels, and the stockings. But they weren’t doing well. Stay ups don’t stand up to rough treatment. They had runs and ladders, one knee was going. The elastic on my left had stretched and it sort of hung half way down my thigh. The other was still holding, but the tip of the elastic was curling. Neither were going to last the night. I needed to switch to garter belts.

Apart from that, the only thing I was covered in was sweat… and men, their sweat, their skin oils, their shed skin cells, their saliva and semen, the psychic residue of their lust, and their ownership and use of my body.

"You're hot!" he said. I stepped close to him, he didn't retreat. So I took his hands and put them on my breasts. His palms were sweaty, and he didn't seem to know what to do, he alternately grabbed and stroked, exploring. How many boobs had he touched? I decided I liked his hands on me. I liked strange men's hands on my breasts, it was an epiphany.

"They're real," I said. I'd never even thought about it until Jake asked. Of course they were real, you could tell just by looking. They weren't big enough to be fake.

He wouldn't look in my eyes, playing instead with my breasts. We were so close we could embrace. I reached down, feeling his cock, already hard, already twisted in his underwear. It felt a good size, I could feel myself quiver with need, my body wanting to feel it inside me. I unzipped him and struggled with his jeans, finally kneeling to rolling it out.

"Fuck," I breathed, "it's beautiful."

It was! His cock was like sculpture, the colour of dusted alabaster, every feature exquisite, bluish veins perfectly placed and proportioned, not ugly or intrusive. It was smooth to the touch, like fine silk, the head rolling off my tongue. The shaft was perfectly symmetrical with just the right hint of a subtle upward curve. The head, circumcised, was a graceful symphony of curves, from the glans to the corona, nothing blunt, nothing excessive, just exquisitely balanced. Even the urethra was the exact size and position.

I hadn't seen a lot of cocks. I wasn't a slut, or at least I hadn't been before Leroy. But I was speechless. This was the most beautiful, the most perfect cock I'd ever seen, that I knew I'd ever see in my life.

"Is everything okay," he asked. What was his name? I think it started with 'N.' Norman? No? Fuck it.

"I was just checking," I said quickly. I kissed it. "You have to be careful. It looks good."

"Okay."

"Did you want a blow job?" I said hopefully. "I can do that. Or both, blow job and a fuck."

I closed my mouth around it, shutting my eyes to memorize it's perfect symmetry with my lips and tongue.

"I only want to fuck," he said. "I think maybe I should wear a condom."

“I’ve been careful for a while,” I told him. “Only two men have come in me bare. Leroy, and a fifty year old married man with kids. I’m pretty safe. Are you?”

“Yeah,” he said.

“Your call. Wear one, don’t. Up to you. But I don’t think it’s necessary. Are you sure you don’t want a blow job? I swallow.”

It wasn’t until after I realized I’d forgotten someone. Sam.

“I don’t mind wearing a condom.,” he said politely.

Fuuuuuuuck!

“What do you prefer?” he asked.

“I want to feel you,” I told him impulsively. How many men were going to come in me tonight, I wondered? I didn’t care. Except this one. I had this mental image of it inside me, the head swelling as it ejaculated, just spurts and spurts, that made my heart skip a beat. I so wanted this one, it was so fucking beautiful.

I let him touch me all over, lifted my leg and parted my lips so he could run his finger between. I showed him my clitoris and how to touch it. I desperately wanted somewhere to lay down on my back so that I could watch it enter me. But the safest thing to do was to bend over the toilet and be taken from behind.

I was so excited to have him in me, I moaned at his touch, before he even entered. I grinned happily as he slid in me bare. He was a good hard fucker once in me, pounding me with steady thrusts that left me arching my back to meet him, spreading my legs and bending my knee slightly to get him perfect.

“I’m coming,” he shouted, and I could feel it, the sudden intense thrusting. That set me off.

“Me too,” I cried, as the orgasm rolled into me. I felt my pussy squeeze, pushing him out like toothpaste out a tube, and a horrible feeling of loss. ‘No, no,’ I cried, humping involuntarily against him, “put it back in, come in me.”

“I can’t,” he said, “you’re too tight.”

“No!” I was almost weeping with the need to have it in me. “Just shove hard, force it. Do it!”

He tried, but in the end, his cum painted the inside of my thigh. I kissed him on the cheek. I’d finally had the orgasm Jake hadn’t delivered.

When I came out, the next one was already sitting with Leroy. He was tall and skinny, with long hair and a beard, jeans and jean jacket. They seemed to be old friends.

Leroy looked up at me as I sat down. “This is Tommy.”

Tommy looked me up and down and reached out a hand. Thinking he was offering to shake, I reached out to, but instead, he leaned forward, his hand passed mine, and he copped a feel. Leroy laughed at my shocked expression.

“Nice tit,” Tommy said. “Real.”

“Kayley here is the real deal,” Leroy assured him.

“So we doing this?” I asked. I looked at Leroy, “he paid you?”

They looked at each other and he nodded.

“Okay, fine.” I stood up. Tommy’s hand was on my ass on the way to the men’s room.

Once the door closed, he was all over me, pulling off my dress and leaving it on the floor. His hand went between my legs, finding my clit and sawing against it without finesse, his fingers pushed between my legs. I moaned in spite of myself.

“You’re wet enough,” he said, “how do we do this.”

“In the toilet stall,” I said. “I bend over.”

“Yeah, okay.” He followed me in, unzipping and taking out his cock casually. He didn’t even bother to roll down his jeans.

“Do you want a condom?” I asked.

“Do I need one?”

But before I could answer, he thrust inside me all at once, giving me his whole length. There was no foreplay. I gasped out loud.

“Fuck that feels good,” I grunted, and it wasn’t a lie. It felt good, it felt so good, and as he started to pound me, it felt even better. He held my hips, and gave it to me with a steady relentless pace, as I felt his bare cock pumping away in me and my ass brushing his denim jeans.

“That’s a wet cunt,” he whispered in my ear. “Tight.”

He bent me over the toilet, laying on my back and thrusting up into me, as I struggled for balance, and he groped my breasts. I was a tight wet hole to pump his cock into, and he didn’t give a shit about anything else about me.

I loved it! I didn't give a shit about him either. He was just a cock pumping into me, and that cock felt good. It filled me. It made me wet. It sent waves of pleasure through me. I played with my clit while he fucked me.

I didn't come, but it felt good. I swore and talked dirty, but reflexively. I didn't care how he felt, I didn't care about turning him on.

I felt him speeding up, his cock getting harder, his hands gripping my breasts and pulling my nipples painfully. I was nowhere near orgasm, but he didn't care. I was just a hole, and somehow, that made me wetter.

"Come in me," I whispered. "Come in my slut hole. Blow your load in me. Yes. Fuck that hole, that's what it's for, for you to stick your cock in and blow."

I knew he didn't give a shit, he didn't react, his accelerating pace didn't shift. He was on the way to blowing in me and as far as he was concerned, that was exactly it. I was a tight wet hole to blow a load in, and I wasn't anything else.

Knowing that, saying it, excited me. I worked my clit, knowing I couldn't make myself come in time, but almost slapping it in time with his thrusts as he slammed harder and harder.

Then he gave this loud long groan, and jammed into me as hard as he could.

"Yes. Come I that hole. Fill it. Use it."

He laid his weight on my back for a moment, breathing heavily, and then stood up, pulling his cock out.

"Yeah," he said, slapping my ass, "that was a good nut."

Then he walked away. I stayed there bent over, not even fingering my clit, just feeling his come ooze from my opened pussy. I almost expected someone to come in and casually take his place. After a moment, I wiped and went to get my dress.

"Well," I said to no one, "that was romantic."

There's something about having sex with someone you completely don't even give a trace of a shit about. Someone you don't have to think about, you don't have to consider, you don't have to be concerned with their pleasure or doing anything for them, or caring in any way..

Everyone should try it at least once.

Three in a row, I was done. My pussy wasn't sore or anything, but it felt used, and sloppy wet. And I was tired.

I returned to Leroy to tell him I was finished, he'd made his money. I wanted my purse back, and I wanted my phone so I could text Sam. There were men at a table next to Leroy watching as I came back, but I ignored them. They could fuck themselves.

"Hey," I said, as I approached. There was a glass of wine on the table, to remind me I was thirsty. One thing about whoring, you don't have to worry about getting something put in your drink. You're already spreading your legs. It would be a waste of a good date rape drug. Assholes. "You have my purse?"

The man sitting with him was brown skinned, wearing a turban. South Indian. Fuck. I didn't want to seem like a racist. He turned to look at me.

"Oh," I said politely, "hello."

"You are Kayley," he said. "My name is Mandeep, Leroy was telling me about you."

I looked at Leroy. "Friend of yours."

Leroy shrugged. "More an admirer of yours. He came by, so I said he could have a turn… if he paid."

Leroy paused.

"He paid. So he gets a turn." There was something flat and final about it.

My heart started to beat. The kick ass 'I'm quitting now' side of me felt wobbly now in the face of Leroy's unyielding tone. Our roles had deepened with each encounter, the reality that I was being sold for money, this time to a stranger, and this time only for cash had become blunter. The relationship, the pimp that ran the whore, and the whore did what she was told had hardened.

The only thing that mattered was that I was a wet hole, and he could make money selling it to men to shove their cocks in.

Still, I was tired and fed up, and if someone hadn't been sitting there, I might have told him no. But some shred of politeness and courtesy didn't want to make a scene with a stranger at the table.

And he was black. Not technically black, but East Indian. I felt like I'd be a racist if I turned down an East Indian after fucking four white guys in a row. Weird, I know, but there it was. I looked at Mandeep, and thought… What's one more.

I drank some wine to play for time while I thought about. Mostly, I thought, 'oh fuck it.'

"Okay," I told Leroy, "one more. But that's it."

He nodded.

“Last one, I promise.”

Mandeep didn’t talk as he followed me to the bathroom.

I took off my dress, naked once again, and leaned backwards against the sink, presenting myself.

“You’re very beautiful,” Mandeep said. “May I touch you?”

“Sure,” I said.

I wasn’t really into it. But again, I didn’t want to seem like a racist. He put his hands on me, exploring my body. There was something clinical about it. He touched me all over, as if conducting an examination, even turning me around.

He even put his fingers in my mouth, not in a ‘pretend my finger is a cock and suck it’ kind of way, but pushing my lips, as if checking my gums and teeth. Defiantly, I caught his thumb and pressed my lips around it, pretending it was a cock, that fascinated him.

I let his thumb slip from my mouth, it left a trail of spit down my cheek.

“Do you want me to suck your cock?” I offered. Maybe I could get him to come fast with a blow job and then go get my phone and go home. I had very little sexual energy.

“No.”

“No?”

“I want to fuck you,” he said. “Then when I’m ready, I will come on your face.”

I sighed mentally. Whatever. What an asshole.

“Sounds like fun,” I told him. “Are you ready to do it?”

His cock was still tucked away in his pants.

“Do you want a condom,” I asked. The vending machine had them, but it wasn’t like I had change. He’d have to get it himself. Or bareback, how much semen had been pumped up inside me tonight. I was going to have to shower for an hour.

“I brought my own.”

“Do you want me to put it on you?”

“No.”

He took it out of his wallet, and turned away from me a little to take his cock out and roll the condom on. I found that a little rude. I mean, why hide it? It was going to be in me. I could see it was normal sized, but curving strongly, it was like a bow, literally. I was glad I wouldn’t have to suck it — it looked like it was designed to trigger a gag reflex.

“Okay,” I said, “we do it here.”

I went into the bathroom stall to bend over.

“No,” he said quickly. “That’s dirty. I don’t want to go in there.”

I stopped. God, he was tiresome. Fussy, that was the word for him, fussy. My pussy was definitely not lubricating right now.

“I want to be able to see you,” he said. “Touch you. Not fuck you, bent over like a fat cow.”

Yeah, thanks, I thought.

I rubbed my eyes. “Okay,” I said. “What do you want?”

He guided me until my back was up against the wall beside the urinals. His hands cupped my breasts, and then one reached to feel my pussy. It was the first intimate touch.

“This is good,” he said. “I can see everything, touch everything. You are very beautiful, a man should see all of you. You shouldn’t hide. Lift your leg… No, the other one.”

“We tried,” I said, “it won’t work like this.”

He moved me a few feet, up against another wall.

“Okay, lift your leg,” he helped by lifting it and pulling it open and towards one of the urinals, depositing my boot, so that the high heel hooked inside the lower lip of the porcelain. ‘There, you are good.’ He pushed himself up against me, grinding. “Bend your other knee. Yes, that’s it. Push your foot out…”

I grunted, not from pleasure, but from the awkwardness of it. The cold wall on my naked back was giving me goosebumps all over, and I was pretty sure that sticking my boot in a urinal was bad for it. “I told you. This isn’t going to— Wawhg Wow Wow Wow Wow Wow!”

His curved arching cock had found my pussy, and all of a sudden he turned into a jackhammer, punching his way inside, feeling huge because I wasn’t as wet,

and pumped so hard and fast it knocked the breath out of me. He was a dynamo. It felt like a hundred strokes in two minutes. I'd seen men masturbate so hard and fast that their hands had been a blur, but I'd never been fucked like that.

"Auwhg!" I grunted moments later. Abruptly, just as suddenly, he pulled out, leaving me off balance and near collapse, only is body pressing into me held me up. "What the fuck was that? Are we done?"

"No," he said, his face was shiny with sweat and he was panting from exertion. "Resting."

"Resting?"

"I'm ready!"

"What? Wait! Wawhg!!! WOW wow wow wow!!!!"

He kept doing that. These spells of furious fucking, insanely hard and blindingly fast that made me feel like my insides were a blender. Then he's stop suddenly, and we'd both be panting. My pussy began to lubricate, the weird insane fucking was getting my motor going. But it was so frustrating, he kept stopping.

I realized that he'd fuck hard, and then pull out so he wouldn't come. I tried to grab his ass to hold him inside me, not just to make him come finally, but because this breathless punctuated intermittent fucking was sending me over. When he fucked fast, I was practically hyperventilating, holding on for life. But then he'd stop, and I'd get dizzy. His cock would pull out, and all I wanted was it back to finish the job, to keep going and get me a machine gun orgasm. Or at least fulfill the promise of pleasure that kept receding each time.

He loved my naked body, he ground up against it, he licked my neck, my shoulders and armpit between bouts. but he hardly took off his cloths at all, as if he was hiding his body. I almost wanted to see it, to lift up his shirt or take off his pants to see what was underneath. His breath was in my face, his smell vivid and exotic.

He'd fuck fast and furious for a couple of minutes, and then stop or pull out before he came, then he'd put it back in and go furious fucking. Over and over. I loved the hard and fast, it was almost like an earthquake, he'd pound me so frantically it felt like overdrive. Then he'd stop, and it was jangly and frustrating.

Once, near the end, it felt like I was just being flung towards orgasm, but he stopped and pulled out, and "I'm not paying for you to come." I thought breathlessly, 'you fucker!'

Then after one of the hard poundings, he stepped back. For a second, I felt

relief from the absence of his body's pressure. He took another step back. Suddenly, he peeled off the condom. His cock head was a lighter shade than the rest of him, kind of pink.

"Are we done?" I straightened up awkwardly.

"Kneel," he told me, "get down on your knees. I want to see a white girl kneeling in front of me after I fuck her good."

"Do you want me to suck you off?" I was pretty dubious about the extreme upward curve. It looked like a cock made to trigger the gag reflex.

"No, I want to come on your face."

I never really understood facials. As far as humiliations go, ones that you can wipe off in a moment with a damp cloth have to be pretty low on the list. Kinky asshole. But he was paying for it, and we were near the end.

"Okay," I said, "kneeling." I got on my ands and knees.

"No. Kneel upright, I want to see your tits."

I obeyed and waited. I was still panting, still a little dizzy, my pussy was throbbing, both with need and a kind of buzzed feeling from its brutal handling, and weirdly, or maybe not weirdly, I was kind of wildly horny. If he'd ordered me to masturbate in front of him or fuck myself with a dildo, I'd have eagerly complied.

"You're beautiful" he told me, masturbating furiously. His fist was a blur around his cock. "Your skin so pale. Are you a real redhead?"

"Yes."

"Good. Your tits are perfect. Your face is like an angel. You should be a model or a movie star. You should be married to a Doctor or an Executive, living in a mansion, with beautiful white children."

"But here you are, kneeling naked on the floor in a dirty bathroom, fucked by anyone with a few dollars. Waiting for me to come all over your face."

I wasn't sure what to say. The sudden left turn threw me. And there was something darkly hot about the degradation. It was true, but there was something deliciously contemptuous about how he said it. As if I deserved, wanted, needed it.

"I paid for you. It was no money at all. I spend more at a restaurant. You're just a cheap gutter whore."

I took a deep breath, excited but disturbed.

“How many men have had you? I bet you can’t even count. How many have had you today? I bet you don’t even know.”

Was it a serious question?

“Four,” I said. “No, five… Wait, six?”

He laughed.

“Whore. That’s all you are. All you are good for. You have no other use. Worthless.”

“Is your mother alive?”

“What?” I asked, confused.

“Is your mother alive?”

“Yes,” I told him.

“She’s alive. Good. She must be a beautiful lady, full of class and distinction. A graceful lady, with high morals.”

“I guess,” I said. “She’s an administrator at a nonprofit.”

“An excellent woman. And is your father alive?”

“Yes,” I admitted.

“An excellent man, I bet. And important. I am sure he is accomplished, hard working, virtuous. He worked all his life to raise you. He sacrificed so much for you. The happiness you must have gave him growing up, the promise you held up. Seeing you in a white gown, giving you as a bride, children for him to be a grandfather to.”

His masturbation sped up, despite his dark complexion, he was almost red in the face. His voice was tight and frantic.

“Such a mother, such a father. And their daughter a gutter whore, spreading her legs for scum. Day after day, spreading for strangers cock. Fucked by criminals, and degenerates, by poor men, dirty men. Every one of them, they fuck you, and they know they are better than you. Does your mother know her daughter is a slut? Does your father know you have taken six men between your legs and your night is only begun? Do they know their daughter is such a filthy whore? A slut. That she crawls for her pimps and customers. That you wear their cum on your face.”

“No,” I said softly, he was really weird and it was a hurtful weird, “they don’t.”

“They should know,” he groaned. “They should know what a whore their daughter is. When I come on your face, I will take a picture and give it to you, and you will text it to them. You will tell them you kneel before brown men, so they can use you like the whore you are. Will you do that. Promise me you will do it.”

“Yes,” I replied, because it was what he wanted. “I’ll send it to them. I’ll tell them. I promise.”

The thought made me queasy. But wet. When I spoke the word ‘promise’ it felt like a dark compulsion, as if I might actually do it. I wouldn’t. But the idea was vivid and intense.

“You filthy fucking whore,” he said, his voice rising in pitch, the words tumbling over each other, “you disgrace your family. You deserve this. You will have brown babies and black babies and you will never even know who their fathers are, so many men will use your worthless body.”

With a scream, he grabbed my hair, yanking me forward so hard I almost lost my balance. His cock hit me on the side of my cheek, his blurring fist pushing me away. He ejaculated right in my face, over and over, ropes of semen shutting one eye, crossing my nose, my forehead, my cheeks, my open mouth, my hair. His semen tasted funny on my tongue.

It felt like he ejaculated for a full minute, and even after, his penis seemed to drool a thin river of semen. He seemed to physically deflate, his penis shrinking, but all of him diminishing, as if the air had been let out of him.

He wiped his penis in my hair. Gee thanks.

“Stay,” he said. He was almost staggering, but he managed to pull a phone from his pocket and hold it up, taking several pictures. “Stay on your knees, like that.”

“Beautiful!” he said finally, looking at them.

“Can I get up?” I asked quietly.

My stomach was churning. I had a bad taste in my mouth.

“Oh yes, sorry,” he handed me several paper towels from the dispenser to clean myself with.

Afterwards, he gave me his phone number, and invited me to parties where I could make lots of money. The sexual fury gone, he seemed like a different man. I understood that the talk was for him, not me, but it was still bizarre and upsetting. I wasn’t sure what to do with it.

My stomach churned, yet the experience left me both weirdly elated and excited, almost ravenously sexual, wanting to fuck, practically needing to,

wanting to seek out an orgasm, but unsure and dark, uneasy with myself. Part of it was the intense off and on stimulation, the hyper-fucking, that seemed to leave me all revved up.

But there was something else. His words had been awful and upsetting, but something in me had responded, something dark and sexual and eager had risen up, had devoured them and hungered for more. I wished when he'd been saying those things to me, that he'd been fucking me hard instead, not jerking off in front of me. Just fucking me, taking me from behind, so I didn't see his face, but just felt his cock hammering me and his awful words filling my ears. I wished he'd come in me while saying those things. I wished I'd come while he was saying those things.

There had been a moment, when I'd been on the verge of saying it back to him, screaming it back at him. He'd kept going and going, rushing so fast, changing as he went, I hadn't been able to keep up. But it had been there, I'd thought "I know what he's doing, I'll feed him, charge him up." But right underneath was something that agreed, something that craved humiliation and degradation, that revelled in feeling worthless, and wanted to say it, to shout it, wanted to pour out the words to him and masturbate to it in front of him.

It had almost left me shaking. He'd touched something. If Mandeep had not been so frantic to humiliate me, if he'd been slower and more patient, I'd have joined him, deepened it. He would have come so much harder, it would have blown him away.

I supposed I still could. I had his phone number, I could call any time, set up a date, less urgent circumstances. He'd mentioned parties, would they be like that? Abruptly, I felt this deep awful surge, as if a massive oar had been plunged into a bottomless pit of shit, and stirred slowly. My pussy clenched so slowly and fiercely I put my hand over my cunt, to feel semen oozing out from my prior… lovers? No… Users. Men who used me for a hole.

What the fuck are you thinking! Get your head out of there Kayley, I told myself, fighting the awful gravity of this dark sludge inside me.

I was strangely conflicted, I wanted it to be over, but I needed more. I wanted to be fucked, but I didn't want to talk.

When I came out, there was another man sitting with Leroy. So much for his promise of 'last one.' Like… fuck, man.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 08
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KAYLEY

When I came out, there was another man sitting with Leroy. So much for his promise of 'last one.' Like… fuck, man.

“Fuck you, I don’t want to keep doing this,” I told him. There was a glass of wine waiting for me. I drank it in one swallow. “I’m just going to go in the Men’s room and wait, and when one comes out, you send the next one in. One at a time. And when I’m done, I’m fucking done, okay.”

The wine sent a warm glow through me, and cleared the taste in my mouth. I was still horny and jangly inside, I could feel myself returning to balance. But my body felt erratic and craving, unsettled, maybe I needed cock to reset me. And there were smudgy awkward feeling, need and loathing. I didn’t want to think about it at all.

I didn’t wait for an answer, I just tapped the guy’s arm. He followed me. When we got to the Men’s room, I pulled off the dress and flung it in the corner. I wasn’t interested in talking. I went into the toilet stall, and bent over the toilet.

I waited, bent over, back arched, legs spread, pussy on display waiting to be taken. After a moment, I felt hands on my ass. Fingers slid into me, and I rolled my hips in welcome as he fumbled, and eventually gave me his cock. He pounded me good and hard and a grunted and moaned and gasped and loved it. He slapped my ass, and pulled my hair, and I arched my back and fucked myself on him, and swore and said Shit and cunt and fuck me a lot. When he was done, I didn’t bother to talk to him, I just waited, feeling his cum slide down my thigh. He pulled up his pants and left.

A few minutes later, there was another cock in me, fucking me hard, different but just as good. And when he finished, I waited and the next one came. I think four or five. I think some of them wore condoms. One was big, but I don’t know which. I came a couple of times, I don’t know which ones I came on. Came close a couple of times.

Then I was alone. I waited and eventually turned around and sat on the toilet for a few minutes, wiping men’s come with toilet paper, feeling it drop out of me. I was so fucking tired. I put on my dress and walked out to sit beside Leroy. There were a couple of men with him, I ignored him.

“I need a drink,” I said.

“More wine?” he asked.

I sighed. “Maybe something harder?”

“We’re doing shots,” he said. “You can have m—”

I didn’t wait, I downed it. Then I downed someone else’s. Fuck them. A warm glow spread through my stomach but otherwise they didn’t affect me. I figured maybe getting railed one after the other burned off the calories or something.

“I’m done. I want my fucking purse.”

He handed it over.

“Nothing’s touched,” he assured me.

“Where’s my phone.”

He handed it over.

“I was keeping it safe.”

I gave him a ‘fuck you’ look.

I called Sam, but no answer. It just went to voicemail.

I looked at the time. Fuck. Two and a half hours, almost! Where was Sam?

I checked text messages. There were a lot of them. I scrolled through.

“I’m ready.”

“Hello?”

“Are you still at the bar?”

“Where are you?

“You must be having fun.”

“Are you there?”

“I’m glad you’re having fun, but call.”

“Where are you?”

“I just called. Pick up.”

“I’m here, where are you?”

“WHERE ARE YOU????”

The last fifteen minutes ago. Suddenly, I was galvanized, wide awake. Almost as if I’d snapped awake from drowsing off.

“Sam’s here!” I said.

“Who?” Leroy asked.

“My… Uber driver. Sam. His name is Sam. He’s here!”

I started looking around frantically. I couldn't see him. But he was here. He had to be here. I turned on Leroy.

"Sam," I said. "Did you see him?"

"I don't even know what he looks like."

"Tall, slender, dark hair. Maybe leather jacket."

"Yeah," he said. "I've seen him. He's around somewhere."

I couldn't see him. I went over to the other side of the bar, scanning tables. Came back. Circling around.

"Sam?" I called. Not loud or anything, just normal voice. "Sam?"

"I don't see him," I told him. "Where is he? Where did you see him?"

I stepped up onto a chair, looking around, making a complete circle. But I didn't see him.

"I did talk to him," Leroy said. "He said he was going to step out and take care of some things. He said he'd let you have your fun and be right back."

"What?" Still standing on the chair, I bent down to talk to him. "You didn't say you talked to him."

"I forgot. But oh sure, we talked. He was happy you were having fun. He didn't want to get in the way."

"Where is he?" I demanded. "When it he coming back."

"Oh, don't worry," Leroy said. "He's on his way right now."

I felt palpable relief. I thought I'd missed him.

"He said something though," Leroy said.

"What?"

"I had this idea, and he was all for it. He wanted you to do it. He wanted to watch. He said you'd love it, and he was going to be right there for it. He wanted you to really show off."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded.

"He loved what you were doing," he said. "I told him. He didn't want to stop you."

"Wait! What?"

“He had this idea for you.”

“Sam?” My brow furrowed.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ESPECIALLY GENTLEMEN,” Leroy’s voice boomed, silencing
the room. “WE’VE JUST HAD THE PLEASURE, SOME OF YOU MORE THAN OTHERS, OF
HAVING MISS KAYLEY COME AND VISIT. LET’S ALL GIVE HER A BIG HAND. IT’S ABOUT
TIME FOR HER TO GO.”

Everyone was looking at me. Probably thinking ‘Who the hell is the redheaded bitch in the trashy dress?’ Which was embarrassing.

Except for the ones who knew or suspected what I’d been doing on my visits. Which was even more embarrassing.

There was a smattering of applause.

I smiled tentatively and waved.

“Hi.”

I tried to get down, but Leroy stopped me.

“What are you doing?” I hissed.

“Just go with it,” he said.

So I stood on the chair, looking back at the people in the bar.

“NOW,” Leroy boomed, “SOME OF US ARE VERY BIG ADMIRERS OF KAYLEY, AND I THINK
IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF KAYLEY GAVE US ALL A PEEK TO SEE WHY WE HOLD HER IN
SUCH HIGH ESTEEM.”

What the fuck was he talking about?

From a table off to the side, someone started a chant. “Show us! Show us!” Other tables, scattered here and there, started to take it up.

“Give them a dance,” Leroy said. “Like on TikTok.”

“I don’t dance on TikTok,” I said.

“Just dance,” he said. “Show some moves. Sway a bit. They’re all looking at you, give them a show.”

Blushing. I started to dance. Or mainly sway. I was standing on a wooden bar chair after all, there was only basically the room of a fat guy's bum. So I sort of swayed and waved. Some people clapped, but mostly, it was just watching. The energy felt better, more positive. I felt more comfortable

The torn side of my dress swung away, and I had to grab it before I exposed too much, and I'd exposed a lot.

There was a groan, from a table, disappointed at not being able to glimpse my vagina.

"SHOW US! SHOW US! SHOW US!"

There were cheers and catcalls, everyone was looking at me. I was blushing hard, smiling awkwardly.

"Show them what you got, Kayley," he told me. "Come on, you've been showing everyone all night anyway."

I knew what he meant.

"I can't," I said.

"Of course you can," he said. "Show them. Sam said to do it."

"Bullshit," I said, "you didn't talk to Sam at all."

But tentatively, I pulled the torn cup of the dress, the spaghetti strap falling down my arm, exposing more and more of my breast. I could feel the attention ramping up. I exposed a nipple.

Cheers, and more demands for "SHOW US! SHOW US!"

I grinned nervously, swaying, turning in a slow circle, rocking my hip and shoulders. I covered my nipple, but most of my breast was exposed. I pulled at the fabric of the other cup, exposing more breast. I let my nipples fall out, both of them and pressed my breasts together, turning slowly to give everyone a good view.

There was something electric in the air, some excitement, some elation. I'd been embarrassed up on the chair, but this wasn't so bad. It was almost fun. I teased, concealing my breasts, one or the other, then showing them off.

As I swayed, the dress swung, and I stopped bothering to try to make sure it covered. What was a fleeting glimpse of a pussy. But the more they glimpsed, the more they wanted. The demand became "SHOW US YOUR PUSSY!"

I pulled the skirt of my dress aside, dancing on the chair, weirdly, wildly elated. I'd never thought of myself as an exhibitionist, but apparently I was.

Here I was, practically dancing on a table, showing my thoroughly fucked vagina to everyone in the bar, and I was practically giddy. I was grinning. I wanted to laugh.

“Take it all off, Kayley,” Leroy said. He was grinning and nodding. “They want to see it, you want to shot them. Take the dress off.”

I looked down at him, nodding, and even though he was talking, it felt like the idea was my own. As if I’d thought of it first, or at the same time, or as if his words just pulled my urge together.

I pulled the dress off entirely, swinging it over my head, entirely naked now, but for the remains of my stay ups and my ankle boots, dancing on the chair, to cheers and catcalls and chants. I couldn’t help myself. What a fucked up night, I thought. This was so much fun. There’d been ups and dark downs, but this was definitely an up, an escape from the darks and I threw myself into it. A song came on the jukebox, Eminem, and I danced to it. Something else replaced it, I danced to that.

Okay, I decided. That was it. Leroy was beside me at the chair.

“Okay,” I said. “That was fun. I think I’m done.”

He had a shot ready for me. I swallowed it.

“Just let me make an announcement,” he said.

I shrugged.

“Okay.”

“OKAY BOYS,” Leroy boomed, “KAYLEY HAS SHOWN US HER GOODS, NOW BEFORE SHE
LEAVES, SHE HAS A TREAT FOR HER FANS. A GROUP SESSION. TWENTY DOLLARS A HEAD,
BACK OF THE BAR. FIRST COME, FIRST SERVICED.”

I smiled vaguely at the bar, turning around, showing off my naked body, as he yelled. What the fuck? I thought. But true to word, he reached up a hand, to help me down.

“What the fuck was that about?” I asked, pulling the torn remains of my dress back on. I turned. “Can you zip me?”

“Autograph session,” he said.

“No one is going to pay me twenty dollars for an autograph,” I scoffed.

“Of course not,” he said. “They’re going to pay me.”

He was leading me by my wrist to the back of the bar.

“Yeah, but they’re not going to pay at all,” I said, “I’m nobody.”

“You’re a naked girl who danced spontaneously in front of an entire bar,” he said. “That’s worth an autograph. And a picture.”

“Wait,” I said. “A picture?”

“Yeah,” he said, “of course. A picture of you and an autograph. That’s how memories are made.”

“I don’t know about pictures.”

“You sure?” He asked. “I saw some pretty good pictures. Including a facial. I’m jealous. I should have asked to take some.”

“That’s different.”

“Oh relax,” he said. “Half the bar just took your pictures while you were dancing naked. Everyone’s got cameras in their phones. That ship has sailed. Just go with it, make me a little money. Come on.”

“All right.”

“Just lay on the bed, let people take pictures,” he said. “Easy. Sign some autographs. Lay down with some guys. Kiss them.”

“Bed?”

“By the pool table,” he said, “a futon couch, folds out as a bed.”

Some guy thrust a twenty in my face. Leroy snatched it.

“I want more than a picture,” the guy said.

“Sure thing,” Leroy said. “You’ll get a turn.”

“You sure?”

“Oh yeah,” he said, “she’s up for anything.”

“Who was that?” I asked.

“An admirer,” Leroy said.

“He sounded like he wanted to fuck me?”

We were at the back of the bar near the pool tables, there was an open area, a dozen men milled around. More were gathering to watch from a distance. A black

leather futon had flattened out into a bed.

“Admirers over here,” Leroy called. “Have your money out. You can watch, but no standing on pool tables. Condoms if anyone wants them, but she was clean up to now.”

“Leroy,” I protested. “What the fuck.”

He pulled me aside, walking me towards the leather futon.

“Take off the dress,” he ordered, his tone commanding enough, I started. Then I stopped.

“No, I want to talk. I’m not—”

An irritated look crossed his face.

“Kayley,” he boomed authoritatively at me, ‘stop fucking around, and just take off the fucking dress right now you stupid bitch!’ Immediately after, in a softer voice, “then we’ll talk.”

I took off the dress, reflexively. He nodded approval.

“Okay,” he said.

“I don’t—”

“Kayley, you already fucked half the men in the bar already, and the entire bar has seen you naked. Grow the fuck up, already. What’s your problem?”

“What are we doing?” I said helplessly. “I just want to go home.”

“Well yeah,” he said. “Of course you do. I want to get you home. You just have to do this first. Don’t worry, not everyone’s going to fuck you. You already did a lot of guys already, remember. Some of them will fuck you. But some of them, you’re just going to blow. So what. And some, probably won’t even touch you. They’ll just jerk off on your tits or something, no big deal.”

“Jesus Christ,” I said. A public gangbang.

He put his arm around my shoulder.

“Look,” he said, “don’t worry about it. It’s in public. Most guys aren’t going to do public. They’ll fuck in private, but there aren’t that many willing to fuck in front of people. So it’ll just be a few, and most of them won’t even fuck you. Mostly, it’s just watching. You’ll be finished, and then you can go home.”

He paused. “We’ll call Sam to come and get you. All you have to do is start, we’ll call him. He’ll be here by the time you’re finished. Or hell, I’ll find

you someone to drive you home myself. I'll even go with you, make sure you get home safe. You just need to do this for me. Okay? Yes. Simple.

I didn't know what to say. He must have seen my expression. He softened.

"Look, Kayley," he said. "This is just what you've been doing. Remember what we agreed. You remember what you said. You were going to make me…"

"I was going to make you lots of money," I mumbled. But I had done that…

"And…" he demanded. "What else."

I searched my memory, my stomach falling.

"I promised to do what you told me."

"That's right," he said reassuringly. "You promised to make me lots of money by fucking guys. And you did. You promised to do what you were told. And you did. Now you just need to do what I tell you this last time."

"Come on Kayley. The thing is, you needed it, you wanted to do it. I didn't force you, you made those promises, because it you craved it. You made me do it to you, because it was what you really wanted. This is just that. Deep down, you want this, you're doing this. But this way, it'll be better for you. Alone with these guys, that could have been dangerous. Here, I'll be watching you. You'll be safe."

"Fuck," I said, I felt confused. "I don't know."

"Come here," he said, leading to the edge of the futon. "Sit down with me. Spread your legs."

I just kept obeying, sitting, spreading. I couldn't seem to help it. He told me to do things, and my body obeyed, while my mind was left dithering. Maybe he was right. He sat down with me, reaching forward between my legs, cupping my vagina. His palm found my clit, and his fingers moved up unerringly, making me gasp. My heart was still pounding with anxiety.

"Nervous?" he asked.

"Fuck yes," I said.

"But you're wet, Kayley, you're really fucking wet. Some part of you is very turned on by this, you're just not acknowledging it."

He paused.

"When you were up there dancing on the chair, naked," he said. "You were loving it? Excited?"

“Yes,” I admitted.

“Aroused?

I didn’t answer.

“Fuck, Kayley. You can’t lie to me. I was standing right there. I could smell how aroused you were. I could look up and see your lips pulling open, and practically dripping. Don’t bullshit me.”

“Okay,” I admitted. “I guess. Yes.”

“It’s dark, maybe, but you crave dark, don’t you. Or you wouldn’t have given yourself to me. I’m just doing what you want. You need me to do this.”

“Kayley,” he said, “look me in the eye, and admit, the things I made you do tonight. You wanted them. You needed them. You could have quit any time. But you kept asking. You wanted me to make you do them, because it was really you. It was in you. Every time I gave you a chance to be a whore, you took it, and you went further.”

I looked away. Was I really a fucked up, masochistic slut, looking for an excuse to wallow in the gutter. He took my chin, brought me back to face him.

“In the eyes, Kayley. No games. You have to admit it, to me, to yourself.”

He was staring.

“All right. I guess. Yes, I suppose.”

Staring.

“You guess?”

“Yes. Okay. I admit it.”

I sighed. Maybe it was true. Or so close to true that it didn’t matter. Or it was just true.

He nodded.

“Good, that’s a breakthrough. Some real self honesty there. Now Kayley, you need to understand. This is no different.”

“No?”

“No different. It’s just your insecurity talking. This is something you need, for yourself.”

“I do?”

“Yes.”

He paused.

“And you need to do it for me. You promised. You owe me. You do this, we’re good. You go home, live happily ever after. But you want this, and you owe it to me.”

I looked down.

“How many?”

He smiled.

“Fucks? Not that many. Five or six, tops. You’ve already done that many. A dozen maybe. Not much more. Probably not that many.”

“Uhm… Okay? I mean—”

“Most will want to do other stuff. Low impact. Suck a few cocks. Get some come shooting on you. Nothing to it. If you’re comfortable, you can hurry it by doing two or three at once.”

My stomach was full of butterflies. I felt cornered, trapped, as if he’d run circles around me. It felt like I couldn’t find an excuse not to do it. Was it the alcohol slowing me down. Was it really just… Did it really make sense, was the only thing to do.

To be a slut and finally show everyone what a whore I was, Mandeep’s voice was in my head suddenly. Leroy hadn’t been with us with Mandeep, but if he had been, he would have used that on me. But that was okay, because I was using it on myself. Maybe this was what I wanted. Maybe this was really who I was. Maybe this was what I deserved.

“I guess… Okay. Yes,” I said tentatively, “I can do that.”

“Good girl,” he said.

I smiled.

“There you go,” he said, “there’s that smile. I promise, once you get going. You’re to love it. You won’t want to stop. It’s just jitters. I promise.”

“You promise?”

He held up crossed fingers. “Scouts honor.”

I nodded. “Okay.”

I took a breath. “You’ll keep me safe?”

“Of course,” he said. “I’ve looked after you all night.”

“Okay,” I took a deep breath. “I do this and then I go home.”

“Sure,” he paused a beat. “One thing, one really important thing…”

“What?”

“Your admirers. You want to make them happy. You smile for them, okay. You show them you’re having a good time. You smile at the cameras. You tell them how good their cocks feel, how much fun you’re having, how much you want them. This is for you, but these guys, it’ll be the highlight of their lives. You want them to feel good about the experience.”

I took a deep breath.

“I can do that,” I said. Strangely, it actually made it easier. I was thinking of other people, managing them, how to make them feel. Not sort of getting in my own head. In a weird way, it felt like having control, not just having it happen.

“I can do that,” I said more confidently.

“That’s my good girl,” he said. “Now get up on the bed, spread for your admirers.”

Obediently, I crawled onto the bed. I turned, leaned back on one elbow, spread my legs, knees bent, heels touching, and demurely made little circles around my clitoris. I smiled at the people watching me, noting the ones holding cell phones, which was almost all of them. Some of them had their cocks out.

I was nervous as fuck, butterflies the size of biplanes. My mouth was dry. Maybe I should ask Leroy for something to drink. Maybe something alcoholic.

What the fuck was I doing?

It had made sense a second ago, when I was talking with Leroy. But now… Now I was just here. Whatever. Just whatever. Do it, maybe I’ll like it. It won’t be so bad. But mainly, get through it, and then go home.

Unless he was right. What I’d done, what I was going to do… could I just go back to my life. Maybe Leroy was right, maybe deep down, the true me, the real me, the hungry part underneath all the pretending, really wanted this, craved it.

And even after I went back to my life, it would drive me back. I’d come crawling back to Leroy. I shuddered, deeply, filled with revulsion… and longing.

Spontaneous, public gangbang. That wasn't on my bingo card, I thought.

Wait, was it spontaneous? Sure, it wasn't as if Leroy planned it last week. But still, it just didn't throw together, did it? You'd need people to agree, the bar staff to look the other way, people to participate. You'd need at least some time to pull it together. Half an hour. Or an hour. Or more.

Have the idea, think about how to make it happen. While I was busy fucking one man after another. While he was setting me up, he'd been setting me up, thinking about how to do it, how to get me to agree, what to do, what to say.

And here I was.

Fuck me.

Actually, a line of men might be taking care of that for me, right out in front of everyone.

I felt a deep dark quiver inside me.

Maybe deep down, he was right. That there was some dark urge, some compulsion, some hunger in me. It was there, I'd felt it again and again, with Leroy, with some of the men, a need to be used, debased, exploited.

I shivered. Get through it and go home to Sam, I told myself. Maybe he was already on his way to me. Maybe he was already here, waiting for me to do it, so we could go home together.

Leroy was back, with a big black guy. As I watched, the black man pulled off his sweater. He wasn't super-muscular, not an athlete. He was older, his body was a little thick around the middle.

"SHOWTIME!" Leroy announced. "Anyone that wants a crack, time to pay up now. No late arrivals will be admitted into the premises."

He grinned and winked at me, enjoying himself.

"Who are you?" I asked the black man, sitting up cautiously.

"Hi!" he said.

He looked at me, not my face, looked at my body, and grinned. He had a single gold tooth. He was taking off his pants. The boxers came off, exposing an impressive black cock, perhaps half hard.

"He's an admirer," Leroy said, "he's been here every night you have come by. He knows you really well. And he's a really good friend of mine, and he's got twenty bucks. And Sam said you could get started without him."

“Okay,” I said doubtfully, laying back down on the leather bed, spreading my legs. He climbed on, pushing my leg aside, to kneel between my legs. His erection was becoming rampant. He was really big, I supposed it was true about black guys. My pussy gaped open, dilated and so wet, I could feel each surge of lubrication, as it made its way out to my lips. My clit was ultra hard. It was weird, I didn’t feel aroused, just anxious. But it was like my body had gone into total ‘fuck me now!’ mode “I guess it’s okay.”

“We’re going to take pictures,” Leroy said. “So Sam doesn’t miss anything.”

“What?” I asked.

“Smile,” Leroy said as the black guy lifted my ankles, positioning his massive cock. I kept looking back and forth between that, and Leroy holding the phone up. “Smile,” Leroy repeated.

I gave a nervous smile to his phone. Looked back. Smiled at the phone. A lot of guys were holding phones. I smiled at them all. The guy started pushing his cock in me. I looked up at him, and tried to smile. Oh fuck, he was big, I could feel him opening me up like a speculum at the Doctor’s office, he was actually stretching me. Working his way deeper and deeper. Even lubricating madly, I was struggling to accommodate him.

“Holy shit,” I said. I looked up. There were phones near my face, recording.

“He’s so big,” I told them. Cocks. All these guys had their cocks out. Had they all paid twenty dollars? This didn’t seem well organized.

I groaned deeply as he bottomed out in me. It didn’t hurt, but it felt uncomfortable, I felt stuffed and awkward. I could feel the head of his cock pressing against my cervix. His hands were on my breasts.

“Doing good?” he asked.

“Doing fine,” I breathed and smiled up at him, “now that you’re in me.”

He laughed, and started a slow delirious fucking, pumping in and out of me in long strokes that left me breathless. His cock filled me and stretched my walls, and when he pulled back, I could feel him dragging me. It was almost a relief when he pushed back in again. I grunted with each outward stroke and sighed as he went back in. I reached down to feel how big he was, how stretched my entrance was, it was amazing, my hand couldn’t encompass him.

Someone was complaining that he was going to ruin me for the rest of them. I tried to see who. It was some fat guy in a beard, with no pants, his dick was out. A voice answered I’d still be plenty tight, and three holes, no waiting, I was good to go all night long.

How many had Leroy said — surely not many. I wanted them to line up so I could see how many, but getting fucked by the big black cock, it was hard to do

anything but grunt and bounce up and down on my back as it rammed into me.

Look at her take that big fucking cock, someone yelled close by. But it was the other way around. The big black cock was taking me.

I stared down in amazement, even bottoming me out to my limit, there were still inches of shaft visible.

He looked down at me and grinned. “Don’t worry, I’ll get it all in,” he assured me.

“I know you will,” I said for the cameras. “I can hardly wait.” But honestly, I doubted it.

My belly was swollen, there was a lump just past my pussy whenever he bottomed out. He was so big that his cock was making my belly bulge with each thrust. I stared at the steady bulge rising and falling in tandem with the sensation of being filled and stretched, I couldn’t look away. I was fascinated.

My body was responding, I felt pleasure, intense stimulation. But he was so big, that my body couldn’t react normally. I hoped he’d finish and come in me soon. I didn’t think I could come from him. Not without a lot more getting used to.

But then who would be next. Off to one side, they were finally lining up. Would I come at all, or would they just fuck me one after the other, uncaring, spurting into my battered vagina. Did I even want to come? Or just to be used.

My phone beeped. My purse was on the edge of the bed. Maybe it was Sam. I squirmed a bit, pinned like a bug under his big cock, but I twisted and managed to snag the purse. I fished the phone out, and called up text messages. From Sam:

“GO GET FUCKED YOU CHEAP WHORE. DON’T BOTHER COMING HOME.”

My heart bottomed out. I forgot everything, where I was, the massive cock sawing into me was forgotten. Sam was mad. I was terrified. Where was he. I needed to go to him. I needed to talk to him. I pushed the call button, but it wasn’t working, nothing happened. Call block. That wasn’t right. I needed to call him, to text him. The black guy was fucking me hard and fast, shaking my body like a rag doll. I couldn’t make my fingers work to text, the phone was shaking too much.

“Stop! Stop!” I cried. “I need to talk to Sam. I can’t text him like this.”

“When we’re finished,” Leroy said. “When we’re all finished, you can talk to him.”

The black guy was on top, his weight smothering me. His cock was a battering ram, filling and splitting me. He was fucking so hard, I the phone was knocked

from my hand. I reached for it, but it slipped away from my fingers, sliding further and further. Leroy laughed.

“I NEED TO TALK TO SAM,” I screamed.

I sat bolt upright, fists clenching the sheets. It was dark. Sam lay beside me, snoring softly. My cunt was spasming, clenching and unclenching. I was literally sitting in a puddle. My heart was racing, and I was covered with sweat. I was shaking, my body shivering all over. What the fuck? I thought. What the fuck? I took deep breaths, orienting.

I was in our apartment. In our bedroom. Sam had texted some horrible thing to me, that he never wanted to see me again, that we were over. I remembered that clearly, the horrible panic and terror of it. But here he was sleeping beside me.

I was afraid to wake him up. What if it was true? What if he woke up, and hated me?

Last thing I remembered. The big black guy fucking me. I couldn’t remember his face. Only his cock. He’d paid twenty dollars to fuck me in front of everyone. I’d been okay with that. Everyone had paid twenty dollars to have a turn. I’d agreed. But I’d felt so bad about it, uncertain and confused and awkward. Had that happened? He’d been first, I was sure. How many others? I couldn’t remember. But it was so vivid.

And there’d been something about my Mom and Dad… But it slipped away.

Wait though, how did I get here, I didn’t remember coming home. Had some forgiven me and picked me up, took me home?

I put a hand my pussy, feeling my vaginal spasms subsiding. That was weird. My pussy had never done that.

Had the black guy happened? Had the gangbang happened? Before that, bent over the toilet, one man after the other. The creepy facial. The beautiful alabaster cock. Leroy selling me, fucking all those men. Sam had got stuck with the flat tire. That was why it all happened.

No wait, wait! Sam had picked me up right away. That had happened, I remembered it happening that way. We’d gone home. Pizza and fucking and cuddling.

For a moment two separate memories existed in my head, but somehow, the vivid one, the intense memory, with all its angst and excitement and terror was fading, becoming indistinct. It was just a nightmare, I told myself. I was pretty sure that was it.

“Sam,” I shoved him. “Sam, Sam, wake up.”

He rolled towards me, eyes squinting. “Babe?”

Then he saw my face and bolted upright, his arm around me. He wasn’t mad at me. Good. Point awarded for the reality I wanted.

“Is the car okay?” I asked.

“Oh yeah,” he said. “It’s fine. We just got it serviced last month.”

“Right,” I said. I remembered that.

“What about that leaky tire,” something close to panic seized me. “Sam, we have to do something about that tire. Or something bad is going to happen. It’ll go flat when we need it. And… And…” I was starting to hyperventilate.

“Babe,” he told me, “fixed it months ago. Remember. After the Target thing. We both just got so fed up.”

“Ohhhh,” I whispered. “Right!”

I did remember that. That had happened. So for sure, the whole other thing, that wasn’t real. It was already getting fuzzier, the details shifting. Something about facial pictures for my mother. And stripping standing on a chair. And just being a hole. And a lot of cocks. Orgasms, but not nice ones. An ‘N’ name, Norman. Forget it, I thought. Let it go.

And Sam wasn’t mad at me. I gripped his hand, squeezing it.

“I’m sorry for waking you,” I said. “I had a nightmare. I got scared.”

“That’s an excellent reason for waking me,” he said softly. “Automotive nightmare? Something to do with the tire?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Car crash. Really horrible. Blood and guts. Total pile up.”

“Oh,” he said. “I’m so sorry. It must have been awful.”

“Yeah.”

“You want to stay up for a bit. We can take some blankets into the living room? Cuddle up on the couch? I can make some hot cocoa? Or break out those edibles? Watch something on streaming?”

That sounded tempting, actually.

“As long as you’re holding me,” I said.

“Guaranteed.”

“I think… I peed the bed.”

“Really bad nightmare?”

“Yeah.”

“Sam?”

“I’m really fucking horny. Like incredibly horny.”

“We can take care of that,” he said.

“I don’t want to have sex.”

He mulled that over.

“Okay.”

“I want to suck your cock,” I said. “Like, for a week. Just not do anything else. Just nonstop.”

“There might be some challenges there,” he said. “Wrinkles. Like if I’m in the shower too long…”

I smirked, then laughed.

“Maybe not suck it. Cuddle it. Have it in my mouth, hold it against my face, just treat it like a teddy bear.”

There was a long pause.

“That sounds like a really fucked up nightmare.”

“Sam?”

“Babe?”

“Sam, you need to know. I’d never for anything ever hurt you. I’d never allow anyone to hurt you. You’re my whole world, and I’d do anything for you. You’re my everything.”

“Ditto Babe,” he said.

I laid back down in bed on my side. He laid down beside me. I reached into his boxers, finding him, wrapping my hand around it. Then, once secure, I threw a leg over his thighs, and then an arm, and kept working myself closer until I was fitting right into him.

I wished I was an Octopus. No bones, I could just wrap myself around him. Wrap myself around and around, completely, every inch of him, touching every inch of me. Octopuses must be so good at hugging, I decided. What a strange

thought. Where had that come from.

I realized I was kind of drowsy. That nightmare had worn me out. Like when you have a dream of running a marathon and you wake up tired. I felt something. A kiss on the forehead. Sam. My whole body smiled. Fucking nightmare. It was just fading away.

I needed to remember though. Never ever ever go back to that bar again. Never. Also, never ever go near Leroy. Don't let him near us. Definite. Got to remember that.

Remember? I drifted off to sleep. If it was important, I'd sure I'd remember in the morning.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 09
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By Eve St. Albert

SAM

Kayley and I sat in the car, watching the Bar. Its cheap neon blinked on and off.

Kayley looked gorgeous. Her red hair was swept back and styled, she had on dark eye shadow. Tonight, she'd opted for a form fitting lacy top that was somewhere between a vest and a bustier, bustier with a plunging neckline and a row of buttons down the front. She wore her 'special occasions' push up bra, a black lace Marlies.

The top didn't quite reach down to her velvet, low waist, pencil skirt, leaving her navel and a band of pink flesh exposed all the way around. She looked like a slutty femme fatale. Maybe that was part of the appeal of this grungy bar, she could push her look deeper into provocative territory.

She took a deep breath, and I watched her chest heave. Loved that push up bra.

"He's probably not even in there," I said. "It's been hit and miss."

"He said he usually comes by Wednesday nights," she said, staring. There was something hungry in the way she looked at the Bar, like a craving, an uncontrollable urge. What had gotten into her?

Well, actually, I knew what had gotten into her. I was just surprised by the intensity she wanted it in her again.

"What if he doesn't come by?" I asked.

She shrugged.

“We’ll wait around a while, if he doesn’t show, we’ll just leave.”

“Maybe you’ll meet someone else,” I teased. “Mister Thick as a Barge Pole.”

She made a face and actually shuddered.

“No thanks!” she said. “I don’t know, I don’t know that I want to fuck just anyone. I like flirting, but that whole just ‘insert generic cock here’ isn’t working for me.”

She paused thoughtfully.

“In fantasies, sometimes, it does. Like, I have this ‘free-use’ fantasy sometimes, where literally anyone and everyone has me. Like, just give me a mattress and a line up of men, and hell, even an audience to watch… that’s hot. But some random guy, like for real. No. I think Barge Pole knocked that down a little. I had fun with him, I just… don’t need to.”

“So it has to be him.”

“Kind of, yeah.”

I wasn’t jealous, not exactly. But I found myself almost wishing for a charming random stranger to sweep her off her feet, if Leroy didn’t show up, or even if he did.

“What’s so special about this guy,” I groused. “You say he’s sleazy. You’ve said that.”

“My god,” she said, “yes! He’s so sleazy, he almost leaves a slime trail. When he looks at you, it’s like you want to wipe him off, it’s like he leaves a film on your skin, just looking at it. He’s shallow, and superficial. All he wants is to fuck me, there’s just nothing else in him.”

“You’ve convinced me,” I said wryly. “I’m going to switch teams. I want him too.”

She laughed out loud.

“There’s something about him though,” she reflected. “You know how women are attracted to bad boys. Well he’s a bad boy, and all the things about him that should be a turn off… that ARE a massive turn off, somehow they’re a major turn on with him. When he looks at me like meat he desperately wants to fuck, I’m wet. When I’m talking to him, and he’s completely uninterested in any part of me except for getting his cock in my pussy… it’s hot.”

“There’s something about that, he’s totally fixated, totally indifferent, I’m just an object to fuck. All the civilization, the humanity, the social engagement, every human feeling, just stripped away. He’s like a human

erection, with only one purpose in the entire universe, and that's to push up into my pussy and ejaculate."

I waited a few beats to see if she had anything else to say.

"That…" I said finally, "was insane."

Kayley laughed and blushed.

"It's hard to explain—"

"No," I said, putting my hand on her knee. "No. I think, in a weird intuitive way, I understand. I don't know that I could put it logically in words any better. But I get it. I think I get it."

"You do?"

"I think so."

"I'm not really attracted to him," she said. "Not in the usual way. He's just…"

"An itch," I said. "An itch you need to scratch. A compulsive itch."

"Thank you," she said. "That's exactly it."

There was a palpable relief in her voice, she smiled at me.

"It's an itch," she said. "But what about you. If you… If it hurts us. If it bothers you, we don't have to do. I don't have to."

I laughed.

"You're asking after… three times now?" I said incredulously. "You've got to be kidding."

She blushed and looked out the passenger window, shifting uncomfortably in her seat.

"Well…" I can't help wondering.

"It's not the same for me," I said. "It's not this irresistible compulsion you're experiencing right now, this itch you need to scratch."

"It's not irresistible," she said. "I can resist plenty."

"But you really want it?"

"I really do."

“Got it. It’s not like that for me. But I kind of get into it. There’s something exciting about it, you’re so bold, adventurous, you’re really putting yourself out there—”

“You mean I’m putting out,” she teased.

I laughed.

“You know what I mean. It’s hard to describe, but there’s something so beautiful and bold, when you do it. It’s thrilling, that’s all I can say. And there’s something intimate, knowing I’m your lifeline, just there in case anything goes, your security so you can feel comfortable. And it’s hot, it’s so fucking hot, it’s unbelievable. It’s like watching a really hot porno, except it’s live and immediate, and you know the porn star down to her soul — it’s super porno!”

“We keep thinking, I should be jealous. The both of us wonder. But I’m not. I don’t feel it. Maybe because I know, it’s just a thing, that I’m yours and you’re mine and that won’t change.”

“So… you’re okay?”

“Kayley,” I said. “Look at me. Look straight in my eyes.”

She looked, for a moment, we stared at each other.

“Kayley,” I ordered. “Take off your panties. Now.”

She blinked. Her lips moved, not quite forming a word. There was almost a tremble. Then she turned facing the bar. Staring fixedly, she lifted her hips, rolling her mini pencil skirt up, and then slid her panties down her thighs, over her knees, down her calves. Gingerly, she lifted one high heeled foot, stepping out of it, then the other. She lifted her hips again, pulling her skirt into place, and smoothing it down carefully.

“It seems to me that if you leave your panties in the car, then he won’t be able to steal them.”

She gave a half smile and a little snort. I placed my hand on her bare thigh just below her skirt.

“Spread your legs,” I ordered. She obeyed, parting her thighs. The skirt rode up quickly. God, her skin was so smooth. Slowly I let my hand slide up her skirt, cupping the inside of her thigh, applying gentle pressure. The skirt was so tight, the material so sheer and stretched, that even in the dim light, I could see my fingers and knuckles prominent beneath the fabric. She opened wider, surrendering. When I reached her lips, she gasped.

She was so incredibly wet, it was unbelievable. Her lips were already parted, my fingers were almost drawn in. With an effort, I slid my fingertips up

against her clit, teasing and touching. She threw back her head and moaned, hips rocking slowly.

“Some stranger is going to put his cock in you tonight,” I said. “That’s very clear. Maybe Leroy, maybe someone else.”

I shrugged.

“I know, I know, you say you’re not interested. Just Leroy or nothing. But, holy shit, Kayley… you’re so fucking wet.”

I kept fondling her, she shivered and squirmed, moaning softly.

“Now, you might think I’m fingering you right now, so you’ll just get hotter and hotter and wetter and wetter, so that when you walk into that bar, there’s no chance you’re not going to get fucked. Leroy or someone… or maybe a bunch of someones… their cock is going to be in you.”

The thought of Kayley opening her leg, not just to one man, but taking three or four or a half dozen in a row, each one taking their turn, one after another, coming in her, filling her with their seed and then withdrawing so the next could take he overpowered me like a battering ram. For a second, I was distracted.

“Uhhh,” she whispered, her voice choked with lust. Had she reacted to the idea of multiple men taking her? Had that image sizzled for her like it had for me? She was so wet. We were filthy in the same way. “You’re really working me up,” she husked.

“Shhh,” I said. “That’s not what I’m doing. I mean, I know it’s already guaranteed you’re going to get fucked by someone in there. That’s absolutely going to happen. Fingering you to get you to it… you’re already there. It’s not necessary…”

“But here’s why I’m fingering you…”

“Because I love you, and I want you to feel me, to know I’m right here, to know my touch, and know that I’m with you all the way. Whoever’s cock goes in that pussy, my fingers are touching you.”

She gasped, took a deep breath, I admired the way her chest heaved, how rigid her nipples were.

“That,” she said, “is the most romantic fucked up thing I’ve ever heard. I love you so fucking much.”

She took a breath.

“Also…” she sucked in another breath. “You need to stop, or I’m going to come.”

“Do you want to come?”

“No!”

“Oops!” I took my hand away quickly.

She gasped and clenched her thighs together, bending forward to squeeze her knees.

“Oh that was close!” she gasped. “I kept thinking I should make you stop, but I wanted to keep listening.”

She took a deep breath.

“We’re doing this?” she asked.

“I guess so,” I said.

“Together?”

“Forever.”

We got out of the car, and walked to the bar. I let her go in first and waited a minute. When I entered, she was already perched on a stool at the bar. Not her usual, those seats were taken, somewhere further down. She was alone. No sign of Leroy or Mister Barge Pole.

The bar was about half full, a low buzz of voices. My phone rang, I picked up.

“It’s me,” Kayley said from the bar.

“How are you doing?”

“Waiting for my drink.”

“He’s not here?”

“No. I didn’t see him.”

“Maybe he’s in the bathroom…” I said.

“Maybe.”

“Maybe he’s in the bathroom fucking some other chick,” I said.

“Ha ha,” she replied sarcastically. Was she a little jealous? Maybe. Maybe the thought of her sleazy zipless fuck side piece guy getting his dick in another woman bothered her.

“I’m serious,” I told her. “It could be his regular thing. He might have a whole string of girls that he fucks in the bathroom.”

“You’re so mean!”

“Do you want me to go back and see if there’s a line up of women at the men’s room?”

“So mean!”

I laughed.

“Let’s give it half an hour,” she said. “If he doesn’t show up, we’ll fuck off and make our own fun.”

“You’ve got some other prospects,” I said. “There’s hardly any women here. I think you’ll get lots of interest.”

“I saw,” she said. She swivelled on her bar stool, surveying the options, while holding the phone to her face. “No one really appealed to me.”

“There’s a couple of rednecks at the pool table, they’re okay in a scuzzy urban cowboy way,” I suggested into the phone. I could almost hear her smirk. “You could have a bathroom threesome?”

“I saw them,” she said. “They’re not doing it for me.”

“Oh well.”

“I’m going to put you on mute and play candy crush,” she said.

“Sounds good,” I replied. “I’m going to find a table with a good view and relax.”

“I love you.”

“Love you too,” but from the flatness, she’d already muted me.

Half an hour went by.

I texted her.

“Time to go?”

She paused and texted back.

“A little longer.”

“Okay.”

The bartender delivered a drink to her. She looked up surprised, and the Bartender pointed. A man waved, and came over. He was overweight, but not morbidly so, balding, with sideburns. At his table, a couple of his buddies cheered him on.

“I noticed you sitting alone. I thought I’d buy a beautiful lady a drink,” he said.

Her smile was radiant.

“That’s so sweet,” she said. “But I’m not alone. I’m waiting for my fiancé, this is our anniversary. We met in this bar, right here. But thank you for the drink.”

I admired her kindness. There were a dozen ways she could have blown him off, some quite unkind. But Kayley was inclined to sweetness.

He kept his smile, but it lost considerable wattage.

“Ah well,” he said. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to intrude on true love. But I’m glad to offer you the drink. That’s on me.”

“You’re so sweet,” she said, grabbing his wrist. She noticed his companions watching and pulled him close. “If I wasn’t waiting, I would definitely love to have you sit with me. You’re just my type.”

She kissed his cheek, and nuzzled him affectionately, he was so close his body was pressing against her thigh as she perched on the bar stool. The bare flesh of her leg below the skirt down to her knee, must be touching him. I was pretty sure he popped a boner.

“I’ll tell you what,” she said. “To thank you for your kindness and your attention, let me buy you and your friends a round in appreciation.”

She called the bartender over. While they waited, she continued to hold his wrist, lowering it to her thigh, just at the edge of her skirt, and she smiled and made small talk. Her body rubbed against his, not quite accidentally. The bartender arrived, I watched her give instructions, the bartender nodding, and then he went off.

“Well, you should go back to your table now,” she said. “But you know what? I don’t think my fiance would mind if I gave you a real kiss. Do you think he would mind.”

“I’m not sure—” he began, and then she kissed him.

It wasn’t much of a kiss. It was a real kiss, all right, full on the lips and she put a little pressure onto it. But no tongues, none of the open hunger I’d seen when she kissed Leroy, or for that matter, when we kissed. It was sexual, but more affectionate.

He seemed to simultaneously swell and deflate as she kissed him, frozen and astonished, but somehow eager. When it ended, she smiled, patted his hand, and sent him back to his table.

I texted her.

“He seemed nice.”

“Oh shut up.” Wink emoji.

“Seriously,” I texted. “I think he’d be up for a trip to the Mens room. You should have gone for it.”

“Mmm. Not what I want tonight.”

I texted a line of question and exclamation marks.

“You would do him some other night?” I texted. “We can come back.”

“Shut up.”

“I could get his phone number.”

“Shut up.” Laughing emoji.

“Actually,” I texted. “Not kidding around. I think it was very sweet the way you handled him. Gentle. Compassionate.”

“He seemed nice. I didn’t want to hurt his feelings.”

“It was really nice of you.”

“Thank you.”

“Was he hard?”

“Shut up!”

A moment later, she texted.

“Yes he was. But he tried to hide it.”

“Sounds like a winner. You should have done him.”

“He was nice. He’s the only one who sent me a drink. There’s this pervy guy at one of the tables, a real low life, he’s been watching me all night, never sent me a drink. What do you think of that?”

“Sounds like a jerk. You should ditch him and go with that guy.”

“Maybe I will!”

“You should!”

“Is that a dare!”

I sent a lips and tongue emoji.

Just then, the waitress delivered the drinks to the other table. Fat boy raised a glass to her, and she turned and raised her glass to him. They all put their glasses to their lips, then she smiled at them and turned back to the Bar.

I smiled. She didn’t have to do any of that. She wasn’t condescending or mocking, she was simply being naturally kind. She was so fucking wonderful, just one of these people that are better than the rest of us, kinder, gentler, more thoughtful, none of it forced or fake. It was crazy how much I loved her.

“I don’t think he’s coming.”

“A little longer.”

We were already well past the half hour agreed on. I wondered if I should put my foot down, or just wait her out. According to my phone, it had been forty-three minutes.

At forty-nine minute, Leroy walked in. She didn’t notice, she wasn’t looking at the door. I was about to text her a head’s up when he spotted her and made a beeline straight for her. He was almost on top of her, when, alerted by the sense of a presence near her, she looked up and gave an audible gasp of sunrise and pleasure.

Leroy wasted no time, he simply took her in his arms and kissed her, in full view of the bar, and the table with Keith and his friends. I registered their shock and excitement at seeing Kayley’s fiance show up.

But my real shock was Kayley, she melted completely into his kiss, returning it with submissive eagerness, their lips pressing, her mouth worked and I could practically sense his tongue intruding, and her happy sigh. Her whole demeanor and body language changed, sensuous, sensual, submissive, erotic. She almost squirmed on her seat as his body pressed against hers, welcomed. Even from across the room, I could literally feel her pussy instantly wet and soaking, her whole being quivering with desire and anticipation.

Her transformation left me breathless, my heart racing and mouth dry. My erection was so instant and so rigid I had to lift half out of my chair to adjust my pants.

I was vividly aware that she wasn’t wearing panties, that there was nothing

between her soaked, engorged hungry pussy and him. I was the one who had told her to take them off, and suddenly, I was shocked with the realization that I had literally handed her body over to him. I'd served Kayley on a platter.

Keith's table were fascinated, whispering to each other. I could imagine what they were saying. Kayley's submissive lust, her aching need and hunger for this man was obvious and overwhelming. And it was just as obvious, it was inevitable, no it was destined, that he would take her, that she would surrender herself willingly and enthusiastically.

I flashed for an instant on her in the care, leaning back and spreading her legs, opening her lips to show me his semen filling her.

For the first time in our game, I was jealous.

But with that jealousy, came a sense of helplessness. I'd consented, hell, I'd supported, I'd practically given her pussy to another man's cock.

I'd just never imagined she'd want it so desperately.

"I waited for you," she breathed.

Wait, I thought. The way she'd spoken, it was almost as if they'd arranged to meet here again. But that hadn't happened, had it? I'd listened in on their encounter through her phone. They hadn't said anything about meeting, they hadn't set a date.

Had they?

No, it was impossible. The phone had been on continuously, I'd heard everything. Unless she'd silenced her phone so they could speak privately for a few seconds without me hearing? Or unless he'd passed his number so she could call or text him later? Or she gave him hers?

In turmoil, I watched them make out, they spoke, but the words were indistinct in my ears, distracted as I was by the muttering at the other table as they speculated on what the couple would do next.

There was almost no hesitation on Kayley's part, she was ready instantly, and leading him by the hand, walked to the back of the bar. As she passed Keith's table, she ran her fingertips along his shoulder, and tousled his hair.

Although I watched with naked interest, our eyes never met, she didn't even glance in my direction, which triggered a new wave of insecurity. It was as if, in her overwhelming need to be taken by Leroy, she'd forgotten I had ever existed.

And yet, despite it all, I was the hardest, most excited I had ever been in my life. It felt with just the slightest pressure, I would ejaculate helplessly and uncontrollably.

The disappeared behind me. I didn't dare turn to follow them, but Keith's table all did, staring openly, astonishment plain on their faces. They knew exactly where she was going with him and what he'd be doing to her.

Hell, after that volcanic kiss, everyone in the bar knew.

"No," Kayley's voice came through my phone. "Not the Men's Room again. It's disgusting. Let's go to the Women's room."

"Guys aren't supposed to go in the women's room," Leroy said. I heard her laugh openly, and then the creak of a door. I imagined her pulling him in after her.

"Oh!" I heard her moan suddenly. She sighed. "You don't waste time."

"I just wanted to see you were wearing panties," he replied.

"After you ripped the last pair off," she breathed. "Why would I bother?"

"Good girl."

"If I'm such a good girl," she said, "why isn't your cock out?"

"I thought I'd let you…"

"Oh thank you."

"Do these buttons… are they just for show?"

"Do you want to unbutton my top?"

"Fuck yes."

"I bet your boyfriend loves your outfit," Leroy asked. "What would he think if he watched you walk out the door looking like this?"

"Oh he did watch me walk out the door," she whispered. "And he knew I was going to get fucked by a big hard cock."

"He knew, did he?"

"Well, I might have told him."

Leroy laughed.

"He's okay with it," she said.

"He's okay with you getting fucked by a random stranger?" he said.

“You’re no stranger,” she purred. “This is our third time. We’re not strangers any more.”

“He knows about this?” he asked. “You and me.”

“He made me take off my panties for you,” she said. “He finds it exciting.”

“Yeah? Waiting for you to come home? Or is he here? Now?” Leroy asked. “Wait, he must be. Watching out for you… the skinny guy.”

“Don’t worry,” she said. “He’s fine.”

Actually, I wasn’t sure I was fine. The first encounters had been exciting, but this, her intensity, her deep craving, felt like it was getting out of hand. We’d talked about it in the car. But actually seeing the intensity had shocked me.

“Invite him,” Leroy said.

What???

“What?” Kayley said.

“Invite him,” Leroy said. “Call or text him to join us. I bet he’d love to see for himself. Wouldn’t he love to watch and listen to you get fucked, rather than just hear about it after it’s all over?”

Pause.

“Tell him to come on in,” Leroy offered. “I’ll even let him have a turn. How about it. The three of us?”

I was paralyzed with shock. Did he know about me? Of course, she’d said she had a boyfriend, right from the start. And she’d just told him I knew. Did he know who I was? I didn’t think he’d ver noticed me. For a second, I was certain he knew I was listening, and it frightened me. But then I realized, he’d just assumed she told me all about it after.

My phone beeped, she was texting me.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

“Would you like to join us?”

I was literally shaking with excitement and trepidation. The idea of Kayley getting fucked by a stranger was one thing. Listening to it, another. Actually being there for it?

Could I handle it? Would it be the most exciting thing in my life? Or would this new jealousy explode? Or would it just break me, watching another man slide his cock into the woman I love, watching her spread her legs for it, moaning in ecstasy.

For a second, I wanted to say no, to be a coward.

But that wasn't an option.

"On my way," I texted back.

***

LEROY

Leroy waited a moment to look up when the washroom door opened and the boyfriend walked in.

He had Kayley half sitting on the sink, bare assed, her skirt on the floor, her top pushed up. From her armpits down, the girl was nude. Each time he'd had her, she was easier, more submissive, more compliant.

She was gasping into his mouth, frenzied little mews. He had one hand between her spread legs, two fingers hooked up in her pussy, stroking her g-spot, his other hand clutched her tit so ferociously it was almost stretched, pulled to one side, while he kissed her, pushing his tongue.

Leroy had unzipped and his cock was poking out of his trousers, but that didn't bother him. He was proud of his erection, and he knew he'd be burying it in Kayley tonight.

Hadn't he already done it twice? The first time, it had been just a random bar fuck, the sort of thing that happened out of nowhere and vanished as if it had never happened. He'd made sure to drop a load in her pussy, but hadn't cared much.

Then that asshole Derek had been talking about this girl he'd fucked in the mens room, and he knew Kayley had come back. Clearly, she hadn't come for Derek, she'd been looking for him and settled for what was available and hard. So the second encounter, he'd taken his time with her, for his own pleasure, and for hers.

After all, now he knew she'd come back for more.

The door closed, he ignored it a few seconds longer. He needed to show the boyfriend who was in charge in here, and the best way to do that was to ignore him while Leroy fingered his girl to jello.

The boyfriend stood there, unsure and awkward.

Finally, Leroy looked up.

“Oh hey,” Leroy said, “we didn’t notice you come in. Thanks. I didn’t get your name?”

“Sam.”

He actually stuck out his hand. After a moment’s amused hesitation, Leroy withdraw his fingers from Kayley’s grasping pussy, and joined his hand with Sam’s, letting the wet slickness slide against his palm. That’s your girlfriend’s pussy you’re feeling, Leroy thought.

Sam was younger, he judged about the same age as Kayley, both mid to early twenties. Sam was tall, overtopping him by a couple of inches, but slender, with a bony angular face, and piercing blue eyes.

“You know who I am, right?” Leroy asked and gave him a smile. A small dominance game — Sam was the one that needed to introduce himself, Leroy wasn’t. I’m the guy that fucks your girlfriend, he thought.

“You ever done this before,” Leroy asked. He didn’t bother to ask Kayley, she was in a sexual haze, right where he wanted her. His hand returned to her pussy, working her clit, teasing her lips as she watched her two men.

“Uh no,” Sam said. But his cock was visibly rigid in his jeans, whether he was experienced, he was into it. Leroy cast a knowing glance at his crotch.

“Well,” he said, “no worries, it’s all about her. Come here and feel her tit.”

Gingerly, Sam stepped towards them, reaching up to place two hands on Kayley’s free breast. She cooed with pleasure, as Leroy stroked her clit.

“Come on, man,” Leroy said, ‘grab it hard, like this.’ He lifted and squeezed Kayley’s breast brutally, fingers digging in. “She’s not going to break. She likes to be handled.”

Another small little assertion of dominance: I know what your girlfriend likes better than you do.

Leroy bent down and licked Kayley’s neck, bringing a squeal and a giggle. She squirmed between the two men, one hand reaching down to wrap around Leroy’s cock, the other stroking Sam’s pants.

Leroy grabbed Sam’s hand, thrusting it down between Kayley’s legs.

“Feel that pussy,” he said. “She’s so fucking went. She was dripping before we even got in here.”

“Oh his hands,” Kayley whispered. Leroy smothered her mouth with a deep passionate kiss, while grinding Sam’s hand between her legs. He was vividly

aware of Sam watching them kiss.

“Suck that nipple,” Leroy ordered. “Bite it, bite the fuck out of it. Don’t be gentle.”

Sam’s head dropped, and Leroy let the kiss go, licking the side of her face, her neck all the way to her collarbone. He pushed his hand under Sam’s, and slid two fingers into her pussy, while sam instinctively gripped her thigh, pulling it wider.

“Oh fuck,” Kayley was moaning. Her hand was still on Leroy’s cock, jerking it spastically, while her other arm was wrapped around Sam’s head, holding him to her breast. “Oh fuck, oh fuck, I can’t believe it.”

Moaning deeply, Kayley pulled Sam up to her face, and the two kissed passionately, as Leroy fingered her. She clung to Sam like a drowning woman, trying to grind her body against him, while still having Leroy beside her. Leroy drove his palm against her clit again and again eliciting a series of moans. Her legs were trembling, all her weight resting on the sink’s vanity shelf. She was breathless, panting in syncopated rhythm, gasping and starting with each touch, flushed red with desire.

“Hey, Sam,” Leroy looked up from mauling her nipple. “You’re overdressed, get that cock out.”

“Yes,” Kayley said. “Fuck yes, get it out, get your cock out for me.”

Leroy plunged three fingers into her pussy roughly, curling up like a hook in search of her g-spot and all she did was spread her legs wider. She was so ready to be fucked. If the boyfriend wasn’t here, he’d have plunged into her already.

Sam stepped back, disengaging for a minute, to Leroy’s pleasure. It mean, for a moment at least, Kayley’s body was all his. The fly on Sam’s pants were already unzipped, he or Kayley must have done that. The younger man worked his jeans and underwear down until his erection sprang free, while Kayley stared with bleary desire.

Leroy took it in at a glance. Big. Straight. Not quite as big as his. Leroy judged himself at least an inch, with more girth and a curve that women loved, he was satisfied that his was the better cock. The head was already leaking copious precum, and he suspected, half hoped, that the boy was so excited he’d prematurely ejaculate.

Stepping a little to the side, holding Kayley in place, Leroy got his elbow under her knee, lifting one leg higher, exposing her pussy wantonly as she leaned back on the wall behind the sink. The position made her pussy gape juicily.

Sam stared, transfixed, he’d never seen Kayley’s pussy so open before, so

intensely dripping wet, her body transfixed, radiating wanton helpless sensuality.

“She’s your girl,” Leroy said. “I give you the honours. Come and fuck her.”

Except Leroy wasn’t being generous. He figured that the kid would be keyed up fast with excitement, he’d probably shoot real fast. He might only last a minute. Kayley wouldn’t have time to come. Then once the boy had demonstrated his inadequacy, Leroy would mount the little bitch and fuck her to orgasm. The boy would be too fuck-exhausted to complain or object, even if he dared to open his mouth.

It would subliminally establish the pecking order between them, who was the pea shooter, and who brings it home. Who was the pretender and who was the man. Who was the tryout beta and who was dominant team captain. He wouldn’t need to speak to it at all, but both of them would know, consciously and unconsciously, the pecking order, the relationships, the hierarchy, that had been established, set in stone in that moment.

“Sam,” Kayley called, throwing out her arms. Sam rushed to embrace her, and they wrapped their arms around each other. Their mouths hungrily found each other, devouring. Kayley’s legs scissored tight around his hips, one heel digging into the back of his thigh. Only Leroy’s grip on the other stopped it from pulling her lover closer. Sam buried his face in her neck, and Kayley threw back her head in a moan, her lips stretching into a radiant grin.

Leroy was taken aback, somehow Kayley had gone from hot and dirty to an almost luminous state. Embracing Sam, she seemed to glow. They both did, the intensity of their genuine love for each other overwhelming physical passion. Pure happiness radiated from both of them. It was stunning. Leroy was a man who’d been fucking all his life, but in this moment, it felt like he was witnessing something higher, purer, a form of sex that was like communion, something he’d never imagined.

Leroy was forgotten. Kayley and Sam ground together, hands running through hair, lips pressing against each other hungrily, exchanging kisses, their mouths sliding across cheeks, necks and shoulders. Sam’s cock, the head wet with slickness slid over Kayley’s mound, across her belly, as he struggled to pull back enough, to get enough room to enter her. Impulsively, Leroy reached down, seizing the cock and pushed it towards the lips.

“Oh god, oh fucking god yes,” the moaned in unison as his cock slid into her. He didn’t so much enter, as the bodies simply merged, as if for an instant they became one being.

Then Sam pulled back and lunged, and it was as if an explosion went off. Kayley twisted and squealed, flailing, losing her grip on Sam, and then wrapping herself around him with desperate intensity. Sam pumped into her with fast ferocious strokes, as if sprinting, and Kayley was almost a rag doll, shaking and flung around at the end of his cock.

The couple were both approaching orgasm rapidly as an avalanche, with the inescapable intensity of a boulder rolling down a hill, smashing everything in its path and picking up speed. Leroy didn't want her to come on the boy, she need to come on his cock. Almost frantic, he seized her knee, lifting it to change the angle of penetration. He licked her neck, his face brushing Sam's as their mouths kissed and licked her.

"Give it to her," Leroy cried, "give her, make that bitch come!" He slapped Sam's bare ass cheek hard, throwing off the rhythm. Sam's fucking became wilder, unsynchophated, leaving Katie crying out. As their bodies slammed together wildly, Leroy grabbed her thigh with his other hand, and lunged his right hand between them. For a second, his fingertip touched her gaping drenched well, brushed Sam's iron bar of a cock plunging into her like a runaway piston. Then he slid back a tiny increment and found her clit. He stroked it wildly, then set two fingers on either side, curling them slightly to protect it from stimulation. The movement of Leroy's hand was too much for Sam, and he uttered a low moan, his next thrust almost tore them off the sink. Suddenly, he was ejaculating with savage grunts, his hips pounding spasmodically, as he relentlessly tried to pump her full of his seed.

"Oh god," Sam cried out, "oh fuck." The orgasm seemed to blow him out, empty him out, as if he was collapsing, hollowing. Weakly he fell into Kayley's arms, her hips rocking onto his cock, as if trying to extract every last bit of semen and pleasure.

"Oh Sam," she moaned, almost delirious with pleasure and need, stroking him. Leroy slipped his hand from between them, and once gain, their bodies seemed to merge as one, this time remaining as each pushed against each other with all their fading strength, exhaustion melting them together.

Leroy let them pant, the air in the bathroom was moist with their exhaustion. The bathroom mirror was even fogged. Sam was fading, he could tell, but Kayley, had not orgasmed. He'd prevented that. Her body was still keyed up, hungry to be taken.

The minute Sam's wet cock fell from her with a plop, Leroy announced "My turn!"

Gently pushing against Sam's shoulder, he eased the younger man away and stepped between Kayley's legs. There was no need to feel for her, she was wide open, and he rammed up into her to the hilt with one violent thrust, using extra force to slam his pubic bone into her hip. Kayley's back arched, she threw back her head, mouth opening wide as he forced all the breath from her. He pulled back and thrust hard again. With a guttural grunt, Kayley inhaled, her head bending only to find Leroy's mouth on hers, covering hers, stealing her breath away.

Fully in control now, Leroy pumped savagely into her several more times, pushing her to the brink of orgasm, before easing off. He didn't want her

coming too quickly after Sam, he wanted her orgasm to belong, unquestionably, to him. He settled into a rapid steady rhythm with enough unevenness to leave her gasping to catch up, delirious with pleasure, but under control.

“Holy fuck, Sam,” Leroy called from the corner of his eye. “She’s the hottest piece of ass I ever met. You’re so fucking lucky to have this. She’s so tight!”

He didn’t pay attention to Sam, only saw the younger man from the corner of his eye, watching helplessly. Sam’s cock was dripping semen, rapidly deflating. The jeans down around his thighs. He was panting and almost delirious, as if he couldn’t believe what had happened. He leaned up against one wall, to support himself. As long as Sam didn’t try to interfere, didn’t try to call it off now that he’d come, Leroy didn’t care.

Kayley was slick and smooth, Sam’s ejaculation had combined with her own lubrication and wetness to turn her vagina into a tight, greased tunnel. Leroy took full advantage, hammering up into her with all his strength. He seized her breasts in both hands twisting almost painfully, and lowered his hips slightly so his cock’s curve would fuck up, sliding against her G-spot. He tried to kiss her, and for a moment his tongue slid between her lips, but her head shifted and he licked a wet trail across her cheek. Annoyed, Leroy let go one breast, and grabbed her hair, holding her head in place, as he thrust extra hard to assert his dominance.

Kayley’s eyes bulged, her tongue stiffened, her jaw seemed to distend. Leroy pulled back his tongue, sensing what was coming but maintained his lips sealed on hers. Suddenly, Kayley’s whole body went rigid, her lungs struggled to expand, but she could only suck air through her nostrils. She lifted away from him for an instant to draw a gasping breath. Then he kissed her again, as the massive orgasm broke over her, her body shaking wildly. Simultaneously, she tried to pull him close and push him away, her cunt tightened so hard and fast she all but pushed him out before he forced himself back in. He fucked hard and fast prolonging her orgasm.

Suddenly, she was begging him. “Please, please,” she whimpered.

Leroy slowed down enough to let her catch her breath. He didn’t stop fucking her, but allowed her enough space for the orgasm to recede from her body, to let her slip back to, if not a normal state, something less than white out intensity. She was panting, hyperventilating, her movements disconnected and uncoordinated. Her eyes were wide, staring. Her thighs were drenched.

He held her almost tenderly. The grip on her breast loosening, the iron grip on her hair became stroking. When he bent his head to kiss her, she lifted her mouth to his. This time, the kiss wasn’t frantic or devouring, but lingering, submissive. She accepted his kiss as ownership, allowing him to explore and gently claim.

He lifted his head to look into her eyes.

“Good one?” Leroy asked. She looked up at him, nodding her head. Her mouth worked, and she had to swallow for enough spit to speak.

“Oh yeah,” she replied. Her body had yielded, eased back to the state he wanted.

“Well how’s this,” he said, and thrust up suddenly, making her gasp.

Lowering his hips pulling her thighs up, he hammered into her gaping swollen pussy, the curve of his shaft driving his cockhead continuously against her g-spot. He using one hand to hold a thigh raised tight in place, he lowered a hand, until his knuckles were brushing against her clit, twisting as they mashed into her sensitive flesh with each grinding thrust. Her free thigh remained up, locked in place. Kayley’s back arched involuntarily, increasing his angle of penetration, straining to place her g-spot squarely on his bounding cock head. Her muscles locked up.

“Jesus Christ!” she screamed. “Jesus! Jesus! Fuck! Ah Ah Ahhhhhh,” and a blinding orgasm exploded her, as hard and fierce as a tornado or a car crash. Kayley’s body surged, and her pussy squirted wildly, spraying liquid uncontrollably. This time there was no begging, her body simply twisted, riding the orgasm, all control and identity lost. Squeezing, spasming.

Leroy felt his own orgasm boiling up, the sense of lightning in his hips, crawling up his spine. He growled, a high pitched noise, everything forgotten, all existence erased, except for the need to ejaculate to shoot his semen like wet lightning boiling its way through his urethra into the waiting womb prepared.

“Fuck,” he grunted, thrusting again and again, any thought of Kayley’s pleasure or orgasm forgotten. He was vaguely aware of the spastic wet flesh wrapped tight around him, clenching and clenching, the way it almost pushed him out and his luminous need pushed back in. Finally, it seemed to yield, going limp, her pussy surrendering, all tension drained from it.

Victorious, Leroy’s cock spat and spurted the remainder of his semen into her conquered womb, her body yielding bonelessly to it’s new master. Having vanquished, the conquered, exhausted, began to yield. With a sensation akin to heartbreak and loss, Leroy felt his erection fade, and his cock began to slip from this vagina he’d laboured so hard to make his.

Leroy stepped away, panting hard, his muscles felt exhausted, as if he’d run a marathon, but he felt the satisfaction of knowing her womb had been pumped full of his seed. As he’d retreated, Sam stepped in again, and the couple humped and joined their bodies, kissing and touching each other. Leroy didn’t care, Sam wasn’t hard enough to put it in her. They could kiss all they wanted, but he was the one that claimed her.

Two to nothing, fucker, he thought triumphantly, and it’s my come running down

her leg.

Who the fuck were these people? he thought, as he watched them. He had no read on them. At first, he'd marked Kayley as just a dumb slut, the sort of girl you use like kleenex, blowing a load and letting her take care of her own orgasm, cum or not, because she wasn't worth anything more.

But she'd come back, and done Derek. He'd been jealous. She'd come on to him, and he'd seen her as a fun slut, someone exciting, with a wild streak and a need to be ridden hard and eventually broken.

But now, watching them together, she was something else. They were something else. There was something desirable about them, something exciting. He craved it, he wanted whatever it was they had for himself, to take it, or destroy it, but somehow, to come as close as he could to possessing it.

"Wow," he said. "That was intense. Wild. Do you guys do this all the time?"

"No," Kayley said. "First time."

"Yeah," Sam agreed.

"First time," Leroy said, trying to sound curious, rather than sarcastic, "except for the other times."

Sam and Kayley looked at each other.

"It's complicated," Sam said.

Leroy carefully put his cock away and zipped up.

"Oh yeah," he said in his friendliest, most engaging tone. "That sounds like a hell of a story. You know what? I bet sooner or later, someone else is going to want to use this bathroom for something. How about we go out and get something to eat, on me. I don't know about you, but suddenly, I'm starved."

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LEROY

"So you'd never done this before?" Leroy asked. "I was your first? Well, fuck me!"

"Well," Kayley laughed. "Technically I did."

"I figured," Leroy said, leaning back in his chair, "my chances were fifty fifty I'd get a drink thrown in my face, or you'd laugh. It was a long shot, I just didn't want to let you go without at least trying. I figured I might get

your phone number. When you came back without panties… Holy shit!"

He was playing to them. He'd fucked a lot of women in fucked up places, he had a knack for talking them into it. But why not stroke their ego? People were more malleable when you stroked them.

"Blame Sam," she smiled. "He told me to take off my panties and come back out."

Leroy raised a glass to him.

"I owe you one, buddy."

"It's actually a few now," Sam said. "But I didn't order her to go through with it or anything. I just gave her a little nudge."

"A little courage."

They'd found an out of the way Thai place, practically a hole in the wall, that Leroy knew. Open late, good food. He was on his best behaviour, open, charming, easygoing. The three of them sat at a small square table in the corner, Leroy sprawling on one side, doing his best to be casual and agreeable, while the Kayley and Sam faced him.

He noted their chairs were close together. They tended to lean into each other and their fingers frequently entwined, just under the table. They were joined at the hip, these two. Leroy breathed them in, trying to get a sense of the couple.

People in heat were one thing, when they were caught up in the need to fuck, their personalities took a back seat to their sex drives, the desperate urge sublimated everything else. It was only when they slowed down you really started to get a feel for who they are.

"You were very bold," he agreed. "What can I say. I'm thrilled to be lucky enough to be chosen first. And I'm even more thrilled that you kept coming back. I'm honoured."

Mainly lucky. The first stranger, or one of the first strangers, those have a good chance to bond. The tenth stranger, well, then it's like eating a sandwich, they've become kind of disposable. Of course, she'd fucked Derek next. He considered himself lucky to have had a second crack at her and do her properly while she'd been impressionable. He intended to take advantage of that.

"Particularly after the condom broke," Sam said.

Tricky to deal with. Leroy made a point of looking shamefaced. "I swear, that never happened before. I didn't even notice. I felt terrible."

“No worries, you have a boyfriend, just tell him it’s his,” Kayley quoted with a passable imitation of Leroy’s drawl.

Leroy winced and stared up at the ceiling. She’d come back to fuck him again though, twice, and now here they were. So they’d gotten past it. He decided to play it light, a little honesty, a little humour, admit a flaw, rather than defending or pushing back.

“Ouch! You got me, I’m an asshole sometimes. I can be such a total asshole. I am so sorry.” He put some extra sincerity into it, a trace of genuine embarrassment and regret.

Kayley shrugged and smiled

“We got over it,” she said, dismissing the matter.

Technically, it had broken because he’d put a couple of holes in it with a pin. Leroy usually kept two condoms, an actual safe one because sometimes you just knew you didn’t want skin contact, and the holed one, because it was just easier to put it on and pretend, than to bother trying to talk a bitch into rawdogging. Right away, he’d marked Kayley as a girl whose sugar walls he was going to paint any chance he got. He was pleased that after the first time, he’d been able to talk her into taking his loads willingly.

Time to move the conversation back to them.

“So,” he asked Sam, “has it just been me, or were there others?”

He was curious to see if they’d admit to Derek, or how much they’d admit to. Kayley had mentioned him on their second encounter. So he was asking Sam. Hell, for all he knew, she’d been out spreading her legs at a different bar every night since he’d cracked her.

“Just one other guy,” Sam said. “I don’t think he was as much fun.”

Kayley shot him a look. Had Sam said too much? Leroy filed it way for later use. Mainly, he was reassured. They had no reason to admit to Derek and lie about others. They weren’t virgins, but they were still new to this. Inexperienced, feeling their way. He would definitely use that.

“How did all this get started anyway,” he asked. “You just woke up one day and decided to jump in? Did you read a magazine article? Watch a porno? Or did it build from something?”

Kayley and Sam glanced at each other.

“Hey!” Leroy held up his hands. “No judgment here! You already know I’m an asshole.”

That broke the ice a little, and they laughed.

Hesitantly, Sam and Kayley started talking about the flirting game, how they'd stumbled into it, particular encounters, how each of them felt and reacted. Leroy nodded and smiled, asking just enough to keep them talking, getting little glimpses of their lives and personalities.

"Ah," he said. "So this is a cuckold thing."

They looked blank.

They had no idea what he was talking about.

Okay, Leroy thought. Not a cuckold thing, or not quite. There wasn't any of the harder edges of cuckolding, the submission or humiliation, the underlying power games, the psychological aspects.

They were just two kids having fun, playing a mutual game, supporting each other. There was no particular plan or agenda for either of them. They'd just drifted along, they could have drifted indefinitely, doing nothing more than innocent flirting.

His proposition, as vulgar and aggressive as it had been, had kicked them off the fence. There was no plan or intent to get Kayley fucked. He'd just hit her at just the right time, and just the right way. He thought, maybe, with their flirting game, they'd eventually cross over to fucking, but there was no guarantee, and certainly no predicting when or how or with who. He'd gotten lucky.

Hell, even now they were on the borderline. They'd discovered something — cocks for Kayley. So they were experimenting a little, dipping their toes. But they could change their mind and just go back, to just flirting. Or move on from the game entirely.

It wasn't really cuckolding, but he could make it that way.

They might not continue, unless he made them, kept them going.

Wheels began to turn.

"What's a cuckold thing," Sam asked. Leroy could see by the trace of a nod that Kayley had been on the verge of asking the same thing.

"Hmmm," Leroy said, buying time to think about how to present it. Play it light, nothing too dark. Define it so it fit them. Offer a mold, a reflection of what they were experimenting with, to draw them in.

"It's a swinger's thing. Some men enjoy seeing their wives or girlfriend getting with other men. It's a… voyeur and exhibition thing, but more intimate. It can be casual, or it can be a whole lifestyle thing."

“Interesting,” Sam said. “I’m not sure it’s us.”

Sam was resisting. Not surprising, there was an inherent aspect of emasculation in being a cuck. When they’d fucked in the bathroom, the three of them, Leroy had made sure he was in charge. It was a drive, he couldn’t help it. But consciously, or subconsciously, Sam had been put in third place.

“I dunno,” Leroy said. “I think there’s an instinct to see it as dark — degrading for the woman or emasculating for the man. But it’s not like that at all.”

Except when it was, but he wasn’t telling them that.

“Some men just enjoy watching. I mean, they have their relationship, they fuck. Maybe the woman goes with someone, but she comes home with her man.”

Except for the times she didn’t, but he wasn’t telling them that either.

“So the woman sleeps around on her husband?” Kayley asked. She was neutral, Leroy couldn’t tell how she felt about that. She’d just fucked two guys on her husband, one of them multiple times. But Leroy had been around long enough to realize that sometimes someone’s moments of personal conduct didn’t align with their personal moral rules — that could be tricky to navigate.

“Not necessarily,” he said, “not usually. Often they go with one man that works for both of them.”

He was careful not to call it a bull, or use the word cuck. That was a little too blunt for them, at this point.

“So a threesome?”

“Not quite,” Leroy said. “Threesome is they’re all in it together, all the time. Cuckold is more back and forth. But there’s all kinds of variations.”

He didn’t want to get too deep into it with them. Introduce the idea, lay it in there. Let it sit and simmer. He could see it wasn’t grabbing either of them, so he’d go carefully.

“Anyway,” he said, “it’s lifestyle stuff. There’s lots of variations on lifestyles, a lot of people out there having sex, and you know, they find different ways to make it work for them.”

He shrugged.

“I don’t know. What you were talking, seemed to me like you were getting into cuckold lifestyle, that’s all.” Plant the hook. “When we’re finished, give me your email and I’ll send you some stuff on it. You can read up, decide for yourself.”

Drop and move on.

“What I do know,” Leroy said, deliberately moving it back to them, “is that you two are the sexiest, boldest couple I’ve met in a long time. What we all did together? Amazing.”

Kayley and Sam both smiled. The conversation shifted back to them, and Leroy spiced up questions about their sex lives with tales of adventures of his own. They grinned, they laughed, they told jokes, made confessions. Leroy told some truth, told some lies, all of them calculated. Kayley blushed and giggled as she talked about discovering masturbation. Sam related the night they met, and together they told them about the night they fucked, which turned out to be the same night, just a little later on. Leroy smiled and nodded, and occasionally refreshed their wine, and tried to file everything away, and maybe figure out how to use it later.

Of course, it circled back to the bar, but that was fine with Leroy.

“Wait!” Leroy said to Sam. “So you were listening? Holy shit!”

That was disturbing. Leroy wasn’t shy. He often said a lot of aggressive things in his seduction efforts, efforts that sometimes were more forceful than might be technically legal. What had he said, how hard had he pushed her? He had a moment of cold sweat as he tried to recall everything he’d ever said to Kayley in the bar, particularly the first couple of times. He could feel himself getting defensive.

“Mostly just the sex part,” Sam said, registering Leroy’s sudden discomfort. “In the bathroom. There was too much noise to make out anything much in the bar itself.”

“You listened to us fuck?” Leroy said, almost angrily. “That’s a pretty cuck thing right there!”

He caught himself. Dial it back, Leroy told himself. Find a way to make it light.

“Hey,” he turned to face Kayley. “You were really fucking talkative during sex. I just figured you were a dirty girl. But…”

Kayley raised her eyebrows, spread her hands and pointed to Sam.

“I was fucking to a listening audience,” she said.

Leroy was angry, it felt like they tricked him, that they’d done it to humiliate him. But he dared not show it. The only thing he could do was go with it, he faked laughter, and they joined in. They were comfortable with him again. He needed to play into that.

“Oh my god! Sam!” he said. “Some of the things I said! Holy shit! You were

listening? I'm so sorry, man, it was just sex talk, that's all."

It was like the condom thing, the fact that they were here meant they'd moved past it. But it gave him an opportunity to play them, to try and charm. Act guilty, apologetic.

Deeper down though, beneath his genial mask, he was poring over an interesting datum. He'd fucking emasculated Sam in their dirty talk. He hadn't known who Sam was. And he certainly hadn't known Sam was listening. But he'd belittled 'the boyfriend' on cock size and sexual and personal adequacy. He'd shit all over him. He'd coaxed Kayley into joining in. It had been vicious.

Sam had heard it all.

And here they were smiling at him. Was it really just dismissed as sex talk? Just rolling off like water off a duck's back? Leroy, whose skin was deceptively thin, found that hard to believe. If he'd overheard talk like that, he'd have been livid, and would have made sure to punish someone hard.

Or maybe… it had made Sam hard? Maybe he'd liked it. Maybe it had hit somewhere in Sam, touched on insecurity or inadequacy. Sam hadn't fought too hard for his status in the bathroom, and had allowed Leroy to put him in the corner.

Was it conscious? Deliberate? Or was there a weakness there, a hidden flaw in Sam? Something that Leroy could drive a wedge into.

And Kayley… she'd resisted, but once she gave in, she trashed Sam. He lifted his eyes to watch the two of them. She was definitely in love. There was no trace of the passive aggressive frustration, the angst and bitterness that often fed that kind of vicious talk.

So… maybe deep down a cruel streak? Something he could cultivate in her? And turn on Sam?

Unsure. He'd save it for later. Right now, he needed them to like him and to trust him. Which meant being a little bit of an asshole, embarrassed about Sam listening in on his sex talk.

"Oh don't worry about it," Sam waved away. "We figured."

Sam paused.

"Although you know what," he said, "I'm so fucking glad to hear you say that."

"Just sex talk to get her going, she had a mouth on her, and I figured I had to play along. No hard feelings." Shift the blame onto Kayley, for safety. Didn't matter if they believed it, they probably didn't. What mattered is that they thought he believed he was catering to Kayley, and just went to far.

Leroy reached his hand out to Sam, and Sam reached back for a ‘bro’ shake.

“No hard feelings,” Sam replied.

Leroy noted Kayley watching with approval. He’d scored points there, bonding with her man. She loved Sam. She wanted Sam to approve of the man who fucked her. And she wanted the man who fucked her to like Sam. He understood.

“No hard feelings. Just hard cocks,” she said. It wasn’t funny, but they chuckled.

“By the way,” Sam said, wrapping an arm around her, “she really does have a dirty mouth on her. She can be crazy verbal when she’s into it. She doesn’t need much of an excuse.”

“What can I say,” she preened, “I’m literary.”

The waitress came by to see how they were doing and ask if they wanted anything else… like the bill. It wasn’t a subtle hint.

“I can get the bill,” Leroy said magnanimously after the waitress left. He thought of saying that he’d gotten his money’s worth out of Kayley, but he didn’t quite have a good enough read on them yet to make sure it landed right. He wanted to avoid provoking them.

“No,” Sam said. “We can get it.”

Leroy recognized the little power play. He didn’t really care, he preferred to let the cuck pay the bills. But the real problem was that the late supper was over, they’d be on their way. He wanted to keep them around a little longer put some hooks in.

He spread his hands magnanimously.

“I defer,” he said. “The honour, and the beauty is yours.”

Kayley smiled. He’d learned a long time ago that just because you laid it on thick sometimes, didn’t mean it wouldn’t work.

He leaned back.

“You know,” he said reflectively, eyeing them with frank appraisal, “I bet they have a men’s room here. Or a woman’s room.”

Sam looked startled, taken off guard. But Kayley grinned. She wasn’t taking him too seriously, but she was amused. That’s what he was going for. Once was sexy. Once in a while was sexy. But bathroom bandits was silly.

“This is a small restaurant,” Kayley said. “I don’t think we’d get away with it.”

Leroy nodded wisely, pretending to consider. He was careful to play it light. He had to make it a fun idea to play with. Not a serious proposition. The real goal was to get them home, so he could fuck her again, in front of her husband.

“Yeah,” he said. “They’d bust us for sure… Unless…”

He had their attention now.

“Unless we took turns,” he said, “one of us keeps watch, while the other two play.”

He laughed.

“You know what?” Leroy told them. “You guys go for it. The two of you. I’ve had turns already. I’ll stand guard. Have some fun. This place, you probably can’t get more than two in a room.”

“You could take turns though,” Kayley pointed out.

“Oh yeah, we could,” Leroy said. “I was just thinking out loud. How would we make that work? I dunno.”

“Time limit,” Sam said, desperate to contribute.

“Hmmm,” Leroy lifted his eyebrows at the youth. Kayley was looking at him too. Now Sam had to follow through. It would become his idea.

“Uh time limit,” Sam said. “We’re on a timer, five or ten minutes, and we switch.”

“All of us?” Leroy said. “What if Kayley ends up standing guard.”

He winked. Kayley laughed.

“Okay,” Sam said. “Good point. Kayley’s out. It’s you and me, one of us goes in with Kayley, the other stands guard, and we switch.”

Leroy grinned.

“I’ll admit, the idea of five or ten minutes alone with Kayley again makes me hard as a rock. What about you Sam?”

He’d left it open for them to interpret — Five minutes of Sam with Kayley, or five minutes of Sam standing by while he was with Kayley.

He laughed.

“You know what this reminds me of?” Leroy asked. “Five minutes in heaven, you

know that teenager game where you'd go into a closet and take turns making out. Christ, we're talking like teenagers."

He paused reflectively.

"I could spend five minutes kissing your girl, Sam." He paused reflectively. He figured it would excite the young man, fan those little cuck flames inside him. "You know, it's doable. It would be quiet, not too noisy, no bumping around. Just taking turns with a make out session. It would be… Sweet."

He left it out there to see if they'd take the bait.

It would get him alone with Kayley, shut Sam out. He'd have the advantage of being new and exciting for her in a make out session, and he was pretty sure he'd be able to finger her breathless. The shared experience would bond him with the couple.

"Or a blow job?" Kayley said reflectively.

Oh, she is a filthy one, Leroy thought. Hang back a little, let her or Sam pick it up.

"Making out," she said, "Leroy's right. That's tame compared to what we've been doing."

Aha. Leroy spotted it. She was avoiding intimacy. She shared that with Sam. She didn't want to share intimacy with Leroy. Instead of intimacy, go to something raunchy, overtly sexual. He understood that, intimacy was one thing, sex was another. He'd tried to bridge into intimacy with her, and she'd defended. He wondered if she was aware of what she was doing?

He made a show of shrugging. "True. You have a point there."

"So you want to blow us both?" Sam asked, "In turns?"

Sam had just moved from talk to a serious proposition.

"I don't know," Leroy said. "I love getting my cock sucked, but it takes a while. Maybe we should take turns on Kayley. Not sex… but going down on her, or fingering her. I'm good with my fingers."

Kayley smiled and blushed. Leroy smiled at her. They both knew how good his fingers were, it was instantly a secret joke. A little bridge of intimacy established, going right over Sam's head.

"I don't know, Sam… Kayley," he said. "What do you guys think?"

He didn't really care. Make out session, finger session, blow job, he could work with any of them.

Kayley touched her chin, then raised her hand. “Time limit!”

She paused. “Blow jobs, four minute sessions, two sessions each.”

“Three sessions,” Sam said.

“Three sessions,” she said. “Whoever comes first, pays for the meal.”

“The winner, the one who lasts longest, fucks Kayley,” Leroy suggested.

She shook her head. “No.” It wasn’t a violent rejection, but it was definite. He’d overstepped. She wanted to be the ringmaster, not the prize. The girl was willful, even when she was submissive. He’d pushed a little too much, there. He’d have to watch out.

He had her right, she was the lead in their relationship.

She’d need breaking. But that was for later.

“Fair enough,” he said. “I’m still getting a couple of blow job sessions. Sam will get at least one…”

Kayley smirked at Leroy’s little boast.

“How about this: To make it interesting and set the mood Kayley has to be naked for it. After all, she’s not the one jumping in and out of the bathroom.”

“I don’t know,” Kayley giggled. Submissive, but not too submissive. Thing with subs, Leroy knew, was that they liked being subs, even when they wanted to be in control. You just had to give them opportunities that they could indulge the submissive urge that weren’t too scary. She was sort of saying no, but not really. She was amused and waiting to be convinced.

“Let’s take a vote on it,” Leroy said. His hand shot up. So did Sam’s.

Kayley burst out in a laugh. “You guys!!! Unfair!!!”

Leroy looked innocent, his hand up. “Hey Kayley, you still have to vote. Election’s not over. It’s a democracy here, we don’t count the ballot until everyone has voted.”

“I think this election is rigged,” Kayley teased.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Sam offered, his hand still up. “Seems fair to me.”

“I don’t know,” she said. “But I can’t put my finger on it.”

Kayley put her hand up.

“One, two, three,” Leroy counted. “Motion passes. Kayley does blow jobs naked.”

“I still think there’s something funny with this election. Collusion. It was fixed, I tell you.”

“We could do a recount,” Sam offered.

Leroy had Sam on board, and had them going in the right direction. He needed to tweak her submissiveness a little more, some task or trust exercise.

“And a little more interesting: To make sure you’re naked, you have to hand over your clothes. Whoever stands guard, will hold them for you. We’ll switch as we change places.”

“You guys!!!” Kayley said. “I think this is just a plot to steal my panties. Hell, how do I know you won’t take off with them and leave me naked?”

But her eyes were dancing. He knew she’d say yes, even before Sam called for another vote.

“Okay,” Leroy said, always best to take the lead. “Kayley, you go to the men’s room—”

“Women’s washroom,” she corrected.

“But that’s women only,” he said. They looked at him. “Oh, right, right.”

He mimed slapping his forehead.

“You get to the toilet and get naked, I’ll settle up,” he said.

“Admitting defeat already,” she teased.

“Not a chance,” Leroy said. “I just don’t want the staff thinking we skipped out on them and go looking for us. This is a ‘do not disturb’ situation.”

“Smart.” She nodded. “Well gentlemen, get ready for four minutes in better than heaven. Set your timers…”

She paused.

“Question: For the blow jobs, do you want on my knees, or can I sit on the toilet?”

“Knees,” Sam said instantly.

“Knees,” Leroy said.

“You guys are so transparent!” she laughed.

But she was the one that had brought it up.

“I dunno though. Floor’s hard.”

Leroy took off his jacket. “I offer this for your knees, Milady.”

“Thank you kind sir,” she said, and stuck her tongue out at Sam. “At least someone is a gentleman. And I bet he knows how to handle a mulberry.”

Mulberry? Leroy wondered. What the fuck was that about? Never mind, it was going well, he had them in a playful mood, and he’d gotten them to agree to separating, so he could have a few minutes alone with Kayley. Sam was starting to go along, and Kayley’s submissive streak was showing. He wouldn’t be satisfied with a few minutes of cock sucking though, his real goal was to get the girl back to his place and spend the night fucking the shit out of her. He wouldn’t mind ditching the boyfriend, but that wasn’t likely. But as long as Sam could be persuaded to know his place, he’d put up with him. That was one of the reasons he wanted them at his place. Sam would be bolder in their own residence. He’d be a little cowed at Leroy’s.

Kayley vanished down the hall. Sam went with him to pay the bill. Leroy wondered how he’d get to go first, but Sam offered. Problem solved. What a fucking gentleman. He’d make a not of that, it would come in handy.

The washrooms were at the back of the restaurant, around a tiny hallway to shield it from the gaze of the restaurant patrons. Seeing doors prominently marked ‘Men’ and ‘Women’ didn’t add to the ambiance of a dining experience.

Leroy knocked on the men’s room. The women’s room door opened, and Kayley popped her head out. Leroy grinned, she was already completely naked, even barefoot.

For some reason, the sight of her barefoot, her going that extra little distance, sent his cock throbbing. Or maybe the way she huddled submissively around her bundle of clothes. Or maybe it was the excited, awkward, submissive yet eager way she asked, “Who’s first?”

“It’s the visitors team,” Leroy grinned. She nodded and grinned back at him. She fucking wants me, Leroy thought, she doesn’t even look at him. He thought of how her pussy felt around his cock, and had an almost irresistible urge to slam it into her again, to bend her to his will, shove his cock up her ass, fuck her throat till tears and snot and slobber were running. He wanted to just make her scream.

But not with her boyfriend standing outside of a cheap hollow core door that an angry eight year old could smash through.

Play the long game. Eventually, he’d do everything he wanted with her, and

he'd make her love it.

Kayley was already down on her knees, beside the toilet when he walked in. Her knees were only a couple of inches apart, the backs of her feet were flat on the floor, her palms on her thighs, and she was leaning forward so that her breasts hung and swayed, she looked almost like a geisha, or a slave, delicate and beautiful.

The washroom was incredibly cramped, room for a toilet and a delicate looking pedestal sink, and space to step from one to the other, and that was it. It was too bright of course, there was no mood lighting for toilets. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror above the sink and flashed a smile. Still a handsome devil.

"Well look at you," Leroy said, unzipping his fly. He reached in and pulled his hardening cock out. Kayley watched his crotch hungrily. The slut was eager to take him between her lips. "You know, I've always believed that a woman is twice as beautiful when she's on her knees. There's something so natural, so perfect about it."

He took half a step forward, as she stared at his cock, one hand reaching out. Then he threw his curve ball — quickly, Leroy bent down, and kissed her flat on the mouth, grabbing her hair and holding her head in place. Kayley's eyes went wide, she mewed in surprise, but almost instantly fell into the kiss. Her mouth opened to his, like a flower blossoming, she welcomed his tongue and met it with her own. He ruled her with a kiss, choosing pressure and intensity, a kind of slow rise and fall of exploration, and she followed and obeyed, relaxing and trusting.

He broke for a moment, exchanging spit. Her eyes were heavy lidded, and before she could speak, he kissed her deeply again, leading her down the path.

Leroy kissed her passionately and as she acquiesced, his grip on her hair loosened. One hand crept down to her breasts. Her knees involuntarily parted, instinctively, unconsciously offering herself. One of her hands fell on his jeans, crept softly upwards and wrapped around his now fully hard cock.

Leroy's hand reached down her side, to her waist, just below her ribs. He guided her upwards until she rose up sitting on the toilet lid. He knew he had only a few minutes and was wasting blow job time, but he had other things in mind. He finally had her alone, maybe the first time she'd ever been genuinely alone with him, and he meant to take advantage of it.

Bent over, almost crouching, kissed her slowly and passionately and let her hold his cock, while he reached between her legs. He was pleased at how easily and automatically she gave him access, adjusting the way she sat, moving close to the edge of the toilet lid, and spreading wider so his fingers could find their target.

At his first touch, she shook and moaned deeply into his mouth. He felt a new

surge of wetness spread over his fingers. Her eyelids fluttered.

Leroy wanted Kayley hot, insanely hot. Ideally, that would translate into a sexual fury, a hungry eagerness that would cause Sam to blow instantly. Then with him rendered ineffective, he'd get her back to his apartment, with or without Sam, and fuck her the way he wanted.

She was receptive, and soon, she was humping desperately onto Leroy's fingers, actually pushing them up into herself. She was ready. Leroy withdrew his fingers and straightened up, breaking the kiss, feeling Kayley's whimpering longing. He slid his fingers into her hair.

"Time to get to work, Darling," he told her. "I want to get at least a couple of minutes of blow job time."

Kayley didn't so much take his cock into her mouth, as she melted around his erection. Her lips flowed along his shaft like a warm thick wave, and suddenly his cock was floating in a warm, wet slobbering heaven. He didn't even guide her, just let her inter into some communion with his cock. Kayley swallowed and worked his cock like she'd been waiting all her life for it, like worshiping his erection was her only reason for existing.

"Oh fuck that's good," Leroy whispered, and let himself be enfolded by the welcoming warm sea that was within Kayley's lips.

A loud buzzer went off. "Jesus Christ!" Leroy actually jumped, he was so startled, almost tearing his cock from her mouth. Kayley squealed and hopped on the toilet seat. For a second, they stared at each other, wild eyed heart pounding, as buzzer blared and blared. What the fuck, Leroy's mind floundered wildly. Was there a fire?

Kayley reached over to the toilet tank, and shut the alarm off on her phone.

"Timer," she explained apologetically. "Time's up."

"Jesus Christ!" Leroy swore, "you almost gave me a heart attack!"

He laughed with relief, what a stupid thing. She grinned, laughing with him, stood and kissed him. He let her. He bent her head back with one hand, slipped two fingers between her legs… She submitted to both.

There was a knock at the door. Leroy jumped again. "Fuck!"

"My turn." Sam knocked again.

Kayley smiled. "Them's the rules," she told him.

If it had been a real door, he'd have locked it and fucked her right there, and he absolutely knew she'd have let him.

“The rules,” he agreed, smiling. And stepped out.

Sam handed off Kayley’s clothes, and stepped inside He was impressed by how she’d neatly folded and stacked them in layers, including her shoes and purse. It was a woman thing, he decided, that sort of care and delicacy. Nice panties, black, satin and lace. She hadn’t been wearing them in the bar.

He resisted the urge to look through her purse.

On the other side of the door, Sam laughed. Leroy looked up, frowning. Kayley giggled. Then Sam laughed some more. Then Kayley laughed loudly. Then they were laughing together, loudly, hysterically. It would build and build, and then subside. Then start over again. There’d be a moment when it would be quiet, but then one of them would chuckle or giggle, and that would start if over again building to a where they were both howling, then descending into exhausted wheezing.

Were they laughing at him? Leroy felt hot anger, and struggled to control it. They were just stupid kids, he told himself, being silly.

A Thai waiter appeared in the hallway looking curious. He stared at Leroy. Leroy stared back, jerked his thumbs at the bathroom doors and rolled his eyes. He made a point of looking at his wrist, miming a watch and mouthed “I’ve been waiting!”

The waiter nodded and disappeared.

A moment later, the buzzer went off, still shockingly loud.

When he walked in, Kayley was sitting on her haunches, wiping her eyes and blowing her nose with toilet paper. She dropped the wet wad in the toilet bowl.

“I know,” she admitted. “So romantic. You’ve got something for me.”

“Right here, Darling,” he said casually, and pulled his cock out. The laughter had spoiled his mood, and he just wanted his cock sucked.

“C’mere you!” she whispered, and yanked Leroy forward by his cock, swallowing it all the way down in an instant. Leroy felt her wet mouth closing over him, sliding down his shaft as if it was oiled. She gagged instantly and pulled off.

“Sorry,” she breathed. “Went too fast.” Then she dived down immediately, taking the head and a few inches into her mouth, tongue working and cheeks sucking in.

The girl was a natural cock sucker, she was gifted. Leroy luxuriated in the feel of her mouth, rhythmically working him over. She closed her eyes, seeming almost to go into a happy trance. It was criminal that he’d banged her three

times now and still hadn't given her a good face fucking. He planned to change that. Not now, not here, but soon.

Meanwhile, he enjoyed her on her knees, swallowing his erection as a warm up act. He stroked her hair, and she made a happy sound. The blow job went on for a few minutes.

Kayley's eyes opened, and she looked up lovingly. Then her eyes bulged, her nostrils flared, and she spit him out hard, coughing.

"What he hell?"

But she was laughing, rich peels of laughter. She fell back on her haunches, turning away.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" she apologized. "I lost track of who was who. I thought you were Sam, you both felt the same. I thought for a moment I was sucking Sam's cock, and I looked up and…"

Then she lost it again, laughing uncontrollably. She draped herself over the toilet, ribs shaking as she laughed. Leroy stood there, smiling tightly. He hated women laughing at him, he wanted to smack the bitch. Among other things, he was definitely bigger than Sam, and she should be appreciating that, not confusing them. But he knew better than to go with the impulse. So instead, he just smiled and waited.

The timer went off. Fuck. Kayley kept on laughing.

"Oh my god," she said. 'This is too much, my ribs are hurting.' Then she convulsed in another peel of laughter, her sides heaving. "Oh it hurts!"

Sam forced his way in, there was barely room for the three of them, it was so cramped. The two men looking down at her. She looked up and laughed all over again. Finally, she got control over herself.

"Guys," she giggled, "this isn't working. I'm cancelling the contest, before the restaurant throws us out for causing a disturbance."

For some reason Leroy didn't understand she found this hysterically funny and broke down. Leroy forced a laugh, to join in, and waited for his moment. The way he wanted to play this hadn't worked. But there was more than one way to get what you wanted, they were happy, they were giggley, they were receptive. That could work.

When she wound down, he took his chance.

"You know what," he said, putting as much cheer and enthusiasm into his voice as he could manage. "We're having too much fun for this restaurant, and I don't really want to quit. Tell you what, come back to my place. I got a king sized bed, I got some grass. Let's take this party someplace where we can

really get going."

Kayley looked up.

"King size huh?" she giggled, and Leroy felt a flash of annoyance, certain she was mocking his equipment. But she was smiling, her eyes merry.

"What do you think, Sam?" she asked.

"I say we go for it," Sam said. His eyes were shining. She was taking his cue, had Leroy misread them? Sam looked over at him. "You're not some weird dangerous psycho guy? Are you?"

"Nope," Leroy said. But despite winning, he couldn't stop his irritation from showing through. "But apparently, I have a very funny cock."

And that was it, Kayley and then Sam broke down laughing all over again.

"No more," Kayley begged. "Also: Get out! I need to get dressed. What's wrong with you guys. Men are just pervs!"

Sniggering, she bustled them out to stand in the hallway.

A moment later, her head popped out of the door and her voice rang out.

"Hey! My panties are missing!"

But Leroy knew exactly what to do.

He pointed, and cried out "Sam!"

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 11
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By Eve St. Albert

KAYLEY

Leroy's place was on the fourth floor of an old red brick building from the turn of the century. At least it had an elevator, but you could see the age of the place in the ancient patched plaster of the walls, the antique wainscotting and the heavy wooden stair railings.

Apart from trying to tempt me into the back seat with him, while Sam drove to his place, Leroy had been pretty well behaved. He didn't even grab me in the elevator, perhaps because we shared it for three floors with a little old lady and her cat.

"Welcome to my house," Leroy said, opening the door, and waving us in. "Come

freely. Go safely; and leave something of the happiness you bring."

I grinned, taking Sam's hand, and followed the direction Leroy pointed.

"That's really beautiful," I said, surprised. He had unexpected sides to him. "I love that. Did come up with it? Is it a quote from somewhere? Can I use it?"

Leroy looked thoughtful.

"I dunno. I think I picked it up from somewhere. Just liked the sound of it."

His apartment was old style, high ceilings, hardwood floors, heavy overstuffed furniture. It had been renovated to an open plan. It was a bit grungy, bachelor kind of thing. A couple of guitars, acoustic and electric, were propped up in a corner between two adjoining futons. Big flatscreen television, of course, I supposed that was a guy thing.

I'd been tempted by the idea of a King Size bed, but I didn't have high expectations. This guy came across as dumb and sleazy. I wouldn't have been surprised if the place had been a hole, with a King Size bed taking up the entire place.

Instead, it was nice.

Bonus!

"Nice place," Sam said appreciatively.

"Yeah," Leroy said, closing and locking the door. "I like it."

"So!" he continued, following us into the living room. "I've got some beer. Some scotch. Tequila. Brandy. Rum. No red wine, sorry. A chardonnay? I've also got some pretty good weed. Some ecstasy. Whatever you want."

He came up behind, us, turned me around, wrapped his arms around me and kissed me breathless, right in front ot Sam.

"But me?" he said. "What I want is you: Get naked, bitch. Sam and I are going to give you the fucking of a lifetime."

He kissed me again. I broke the kiss, and looked over at Sam.

"Sam!" I cried. "He called me a 'bitch'! Do something."

Sam froze for a second, and then I spoiled it by giggling.

"Sir!" I snapped. "Naked, Sir! Right away, Sir!" I saluted, and then started giggling.

Leroy looked at Sam.

“Is she always like this?”

Sam nodded.

“Pretty much.”

I smiled. I felt safe and fresh and horny, and without the undercurrent of anxiety that I’d had in the toilets at the bar. Had that helped to block me a little? Made it harder to come? I wondered. That was the other side of excitement: Stress.

“So you want me naked,” I purred. I kissed him and pulled away, there was just a moment’s reluctance, and then he let go.

I melted backwards into Sam’s arms, leaning my head back, nuzzling his neck and cheek. His head bent to kiss my forehead, as his arms folded around my waste. I pushed my butt into him, he was already hard.

“What about you, babe?” I asked. “Do you want me naked too?”

“Fuck,” Sam said, “up to me, you’d be naked all the time. The only reason I’d let you wear clothes would be so I could undress you.”

“Hmm,” I said, pushing Sam’s hands up, so that he exposed the bare flesh of my belly. I stared directly at Leroy. I pushed them higher until the fabric of my top was pushed almost to my collarbone and he was cupping my bare breasts, teasing the nipples.

“I’d ask for a vote, but I think you two might cheat, somehow. So I guess I’ll get naked…”

I moaned softly, a little theatrically, and broke free from Sam’s grip, turning around, and kissing him.

“The question isn’t whether I’ll get naked, the question is do I get naked fast, or get naked slow?”

I smiled at Leroy from Sam’s arms. I could see his erection struggling against his pants.

“Slow,” Leroy said.

“Slow,” Sam agreed.

I stepped back from Sam, holding him at arm’s length.

“Leroy, my darling,” I said. “Got any music to dance to? Sam, if you could move the cofffee table…”

Leroy pulled out his phone, the flat screen lit up, there was an almost subliminal hum as his sound system activated. I was impressed, Leroy was networked.

“Spears, Aguilera… Eminem… How about Nelly Furtado?”

“Furtado,” I said. I was trying stripper moves in my head, trying to decide whether to wear shoes or go barefoot. “Maneater to start with, then whatever.”

“Sounds good to me,” Leroy said. Music started up, I began to sway, finding my rhythm. Sam and Leroy rushed to take their seats, on the couch and love seat, diagonal to each other.

“Now,” I whispered, grooving to Furtado’s lyrics, trying not to sing along, “you’ve seen me naked. You’ve done more than that. But you showed me such a good time, I want to dance for you both. I want to strip for you. So just pretend you haven’t seen me naked, okay?”

I danced happily between them, pulling up my skirt folds until that they could almost see my pussy, then dropping it, unzipping and lowering it so much that I almost exposed myself from that direction. I turned and swayed, my butt in their faces, as I did some half assed twerking.

I undid my top button by button, unclasped the front of my push up bra, and gave them a glimpse of everything but nipples, as I laughed. Turning my back, I got rid of the bra, and buttoned back up to tease. As I turned around again, I realized I had the buttons crooked, but pretended it was on purpose.

Gods, the problem with my outfit was I was already half naked.

“Sam,” I said, “I want your shirt…”

Sam and Leroy looked at each other. I snapped my fingers a couple of times. “Come on, come on. Off with it. Also, I want you to sit next to Leroy, and you should both be naked, or at least pants down.”

“Pants down?” Leroy asked.

I stuck my tongue out as I danced.

“It’s a surprise.”

“I don’t know about this,” Sam play-grumbled as he undressed, throwing me his shirt. “The stripper putting on more clothes and the customers getting undressed? Something’s wrong, I can’t put my finger on it.”

“You know,” Leroy teased, “if you’re doing a reverse strip, I can probably find a business suit and a trench coat in my closet.”

“Ooh!” I said. Dancing in a trench coat with nothing underneath…

“And a winter coat, maybe some galoshes.”

And he ruined it, because you know, men ruin everything. Sam crossed in front of me, delightfully naked, except for his white socks. I wanted to grab his cock. He was already hard. Carefully, he sat on the same couch with Leroy, the two of them maintaining a careful separation. Leroy pulled out his cock, and I caught Sam giving it the side eye. Leroy was definitely proud of his manhood.

I turned my back to them, swinging my hips, trying to figure out how to get into the shirt, but take my top off after. When I turned back, I sexily undid the buttons on the top, before doing a single button, and then pulling the top off through the arm of my shirt.

Then I had a problem. The shirt didn’t cover enough. I smiled and lowered it, the cuffs hanging over my fingers, until it was barely concealing my cleavage, and I could drop the skirt without completely exposing.

I danced gloriously, happily, drunkenly, flashing and teasing, showing nothing and showing everything. As they watched eagerly, I touched myself, boldly exposing my wetness to them.

The shirt fell away. I stood nude in front of them, swaying and turning, pushing my hands up in my hair and letting them fall away. I was deliriously happy, wantonly sexy.

Everyone should strip at least once in their life, for the right person, or persons. And these two, they were fucking perfect.

Swaying, I went to my knees, my arms waving in the air bonelessly. For a second I felt like one of those dancing tube puppets at car dealerships, and almost giggled. But I went the floating, sinuous quality and it was hot I drifted forward onto all fours, and practically purring, I crawled towards them, rising up on my knees.

For fuck’s sake, there was a big enough gap between them, I could have sat in it.

“Move together,” I told them, smiling. “I want to do something.”

They were reluctant of course, especially Sam, but I coaxed them to get close together, until their hips and knees were touching. Guys are so touch averse, you really have to work on them.

Two beautiful cocks, right in front of me. I licked my lips and descended first on one, then lifted and swallowed the other. I cradled two sets of balls, one in each hand. My head dipped back and forth as I alternated licking and sucking, laughing and teasing.

Leroy was bigger, I decided finally, by maybe half an inch and a little more thickness. Of course, his pubic hair was close cropped while Sam's was thick and wooly, and that made Sam seem smaller. Maybe Sam should shave, or at least trim. Sam's head was a little bigger, more elegantly curved, Leroy's a little narrower. Leroy's had a little bit of curve in his shaft. Honestly, they had both felt about the same inside me, the distinction was subtle things, the angle of their penetration, the rhythm of their thrusts.

"Should we stand up?" Sam asked. "So you don't have to bend over us as much?"

"Yeah," Leroy agreed. "Let's do that."

Their cocks were dripping with my spit by that time. I backed away a little bit to allow them to stand. Leroy's pants were down around his ankles, but he kicked them loose. I sat back on my haunches, looking up at those two beautiful cocks hanging above me, and reached up to masturbate them, one in each hand.

"I think I'm in heaven," I drawled, playing with them. Standing up, their cocks were so close, I could almost suck them both at once. Almost, not quite.

Maybe I could get them to scissor each other or something, so the cocks were right up against each other? I thought. I wouldn't be able to get them both in my mouth, but I could fondle and lick them together? No, they'd never go for it. It was a challenging coaxing them to sit with thighs touching.

"Heaven," Leroy replied, laying his hand on the top of my head, gently adjusting my angle, "is your mouth."

And then he slid his cock down my throat. My eyes went wide with surprise, I could feel it moving smoothly down my gullet and held still as he slipped past anything like a gag reflex. His scrotum pressed against my chin for a moment and then he was withdrawing. As his cockhead left my lips, he smiled down. My emotion in that moment was a mixture of surprise and elation, arousal and disorientation, maybe a little flare of submissiveness. I covered by turning my head, grabbing Sam's cock around the base and trying to go as deep as I could, gagging a little past half way.

Kneeling in front of two standing men, their hard cocks rampant, changed the dynamic. Their hands were on my head, in my hair, guiding and directing me back and forth, alternating their use of me. There was no roughness, no competition, but I could feel it. I'd lost control, or given it up, and they were in charge now, directing me, using me. Pushing one, then the other cock down my throat, bringing my face to their crotches, sharing me. I swallowed and licked and fondled, giving up all will, allowing myself to be directed, used, passed back and forth.

I loved it, I loved every moment of it. My cunt was dripping and I didn't even notice. I was transfixed, transported, my world narrowed to those two magnificent erections, the hairy scrotums and heavy balls, hips and flat

stomachs and male thighs and male smell, in front of my face. It was one of the most erotic experiences of my life.

I don't know how long it went on, but finally, Leroy pushed my head away. I remember my mouth opening wide, trying to descend on him, and then on Sam, but they were both stepping back, as if in mutual agreement. Had there been some unspoken exchange, a nod or a look between them, as I'd knelt worshipping before them?

Sam bent down to kiss me, and I reached up to wrap my arms around his shoulders. But he pulled away and Leroy took his place. As I reached up again, he reached down, arms under mine, down around my waist, pulling me to my feet.

"Time to go to the bedroom," Sam said. "That was amazing, but we both want to fuck you."

"Sounds perf—" I whispered, rising to my feet in Leroy's arms. He dipped, and suddenly I was rising up into the air. 'Hey! Hey!' I said shocked. "Wha—! Woo—! HEY!!!"

Leroy had me lifted by the waist, and then my hips were on his shoulder, my upper body was swinging through the air almost uncontrolled. My arms windmilled and I fell draped across his back. He'd gone total caveman, throwing my over his shoulder in a fireman's carry, holding me in place by an iron grip around my thighs and calves.

"Holy shit!" I laughed. "Holy shit! You guys! You fucking cavemen! Well… To the Man-cave!"

I couldn't stop giggling as Leroy swung me over his shoulder, so I was facing back towards the couch, and took a step or two to the bedroom. He paused.

"Hey Sam," Leroy said. "Come here."

"Yeah?" Sam said. They were behind me. Or technically, I was draped over Leroy's shoulder, caveman style, looking in the direction I'd been sucking their cocks, with a full view of the empty wall. It was my ass and Leroy who face to face with Sam, behind me, somewhere in the direction that lead to the bedroom.

"You see this sopping wet pussy, needing to be fondled and fingered?" Leroy said, "Teased until that pussy is just dripping down her thighs?"

"Yeah," Sam said.

I grinned, this was going to be so much fun.

"Do me a favour and feel up the backs of her knees," Leroy said.

My eyes opened wide, and I stiffened, lifting up from his back. What?

“What!” I cried out.

“Sure thing,” Sam said gleefully. The traitor!

“Wait!” I cried out, struggling, but Leroy only tightened his grip. “Stop! Stop right now! Don’t do it! I swear to God, don’t you dare! Sam! Leroy! If you want to get some pussy tonight, you better not do this!”

But it was too late, Sam was tickling the backs of my knees, I couldn’t help it, I burst out giggling, squirming all over, beating my fists against Leroy’s back. I lunged straight up, and fell back again as Sam touched sensitive spots.

“How’s that?” Sam asked. I couldn’t tell if he was talking to me or Leroy. He wasn’t stopping, if anything, his tickling got worse.

“Sam!” I cried. “I’ll get you for this!”

But he didn’t relent and I burst into convulsive giggles. “Oh you are in so much trouble, Mister! Turning your back on… on… me! We’re married! Where’s your solidarity! I need a divorce lawyer!”

“She’s a wriggly bitch,” Leroy grunted, struggling to hold me in place. He staggered. I tried to squirm a little less, just in case I overdid it and he fell, or worse, dropped me. “Maybe try the soles of her feet!”

“NO! NONONONONONO!!!!” I arched bolt upright. “Not that! Anything but that! Don’t! I’ll be your sex slave! I’ll wear that silly outfit you like so much! I’ll be both your sex slaves. Please. Noooooooooo…”

But the bastard totally went for it. Leroy’s iron grip held my calves in place, and there’s only so much escaping you can do with your ankles. The giggles turned to hysterical laughter, and wild wriggling and random pounding on Leroy’s back so fast and furious he sounded like a motorboat. If he’d needed a heimlich maneuver, I would have saved his life about a hundred times in sixty seconds.

Finally, I couldn’t stand it any more.

“Time out!” I cried out. “TIME OUT!!!”

Sam stopped, thank god. I panted for a moment, catching my breath. My sides were hurting.

“You guys!” I said slowly. “You guys. You better fuck me soooooo good to make up for this. Like insanely good. Or you’re going to be in such trouble!”

“That’s the plan, darling,” Leroy told my ass, as it rested on his shoulder. I was sliding off a bit, and he gave this little jump to shift me back in place.

“Leroy,” I said. “Could you swing me around a bit, so I can talk to Sam.”

“Sure thing.”

He turned around, the room swam around me, and then I was looking the opposite way at Sam.

“C’mere you,” I reached for him with one hand, pulled him close. We kissed. I’d never kissed anyone while being slung, caveman style, over someone else’s shoulder. It was kind of sexy, including the part where Leroy stuck his finger in me while I was kissing. I broke the kiss with a low moan of pleasure. That fucking guy.

I looked Sam straight in the eye.

“Sweetie,” I said, “I love you more than life itself. But you better deliver. Seriously, you need to deliver, we’re talking marathon session, multiple orgasms, maybe a Ferris wheel. I’m talking Carnival sex! All the rides!”

My body jerked and swayed unevenly for a moment, as Leroy took a step, carrying me off to the bedroom.

“Sam, follow,” he ordered. “Just to make sure she doesn’t smack her head on the door frame or something.”

“Sure thing,” Sam said, moving into my frame of view.

“Traitor,” I cried, smiling to let him know I wasn’t being mean. “You men, in it together. You’re supposed to be on my side. I won’t forget this Sam. I’ll get you back some day. One day, when you least expect it, I’m going to lick the soles of your feet.”

“I’m sure he’s terrified now,” Leroy said.

“Your insteps will never be the same!” I yelled loudly.

We passed through the doorway, a couple more steps. I felt Leroy bend his knees and flex, and suddenly, I was flying through the air with a squeal. There was a dizzying instant of free fall, and then I hit something soft and springy and bounced, spread eagled.

Finally, Leroy’s king sized bed. I thought I was never going to see it!

I stretched out, luxuriating. It was soft, there were rumpled satin purple sheets and a twisted, down comforter. Unmade of course. When has a man ever made a bed? I don’t think they even know how. The little bit of DNA that would allow them to do it probably ended up used to create the foreskin. It smelled vaguely of Sam. Hello, laundry? But not too bad. I stuck my legs up in the air, let them drop, looked left, looked right, looked back to the headboard.

Jesus, this thing could sleep eight. Put up a net in the middle, we could play volleyball.

Leroy and Sam were all the way down at the foot of the bed, watching me writhe and luxuriate naked.

I raised my head to look down at them, smiling wantonly. Then slowly, I pulled my knees up, feet flat on the bed as I spread my legs wider and wider. I reached down with both hands, fingers pressing on either side of my pussy lips, and pulled them open until my vagina was gaping open, revealing my pink fleshy folds.

“So boys,” I whispered huskily, “are you going to get those big cocks up on this bed and fuck the daylights out of me? Or do I have to call the fire department? Because this pussy is hot!”

Our first threesome. I was delirious with excitement, I could feel it below, just these surges of wetness, that wouldn’t stop. My nipples were so hard they ached. I watched them crawling up onto the bed before me, almost racing, intently fixed on my pussy.

“I’m going to enjoy fucking you.” There was something, not quite aggressive, but implacable in the way Leroy said it, the way he stared. I knew he was intent on fucking me first. It was almost deadly implacable, like he’d push Sam aside if he had to. He was that relentless.

I angled my hips towards him, just slightly, signaling my choice, or my acceptance of his ruthless intent. A look of satisfaction, almost gloating, swept over him. He grabbed my ankle, his grip surprisingly strong, pulling and angling my hips further towards him.

“Sam,” I called, reaching out, as Leroy laid his claim on me, “come here. Kiss me.”

I don’t know if Sam picked up on Leroy’s intent, or how determined he was, and deferred out of courtesy or mildness, or if he was more focused on me, I just didn’t want the wrong kind of friction. Sam shifted slightly, abandoning the drive towards my pussy, coming into my arms. I kissed him passionately.

As we kissed, Leroy pulled up between my legs, grabbing my ankles, and pulling them apart and lifting them into the air. I put my hand over my pussy to slow him.

“I want you to watch him fuck me,” I told Sam, loud enough for Leroy to hear and to pause, “I want you to be there for this.”

Leroy’s death grip loosened on my ankles although he still held them up in the air, like I was some sort of Christmas turkey. Sam pulled in beside me and got his arm under me so that I was cradled laying beside him, my head resting on his forearm, elevated as well, so I could watch.

We looked up at Leroy, kneeling between my thighs, holding my ankles up, his erection massive and resplendent. God, he had a beautiful cock. I took my hand away.

He looked down at us, full of desire and triumph.

“You’re not taking this pussy,” I said. “You can. But we’re giving it to you. We want to give it to you. To make it a gift for you. Do you understand what that means?”

His expression seemed to soften, his grip on my ankles seemed to loosen, become gentle.

“Yeah,” he said, “I do.”

He rolled his hips forward, bringing his cock closer. I reached down again, this time to spread my lips for him. I gasped as my hand brushed my throbbing hard clit. My mouth was dry, heart pounding heavily, I could almost feel my pussy clenching for him and then relaxing almost to dilating. I stared, fascinated. Beside me, I could feel Sam still, staring, almost holding his breath.

It seemed to go slow, I watched Leroy lay his raw cock head between my parted wet lips. I gave a little gasp, at the touch of it. It was almost red and angry, the skin stretched taught, bead of precum was already oozing from it.

“Yes,” I whispered. But I didn’t need to speak at all, he was pushing gently, and I felt myself open as his cock head pressed within. This time my gasp was louder, welcoming. Sam’s hand was in mine and I squeezed it tightly, as Leroy smoothly slid forward, opening me, entering, plunging deeper.

“Oh god, Sam,” I whispered breathlessly. “Look at him, look at it, look at that big cock going into me. It feels so good, Sam.”

“You want it don’t you,” Sam whispered. “You want him in you.”

We both knew it wasn’t a question.

“Oh fuck, Sam, I do, I do.” Leroy’s cock continued its relentless conquest, invading deeper, the hard stiff length driving slowly but relentlessly, taking possession, taking ownership. “He’s just pounding me.”

With my free hand, I reached down between us, finding Sam’s rock hard cock, and curling my fingers around his head. It reassured and excited me, telling me that he was as wildly excited as I was.

“You want that hard cock,” Sam whispered.

“Yes.”

“You want him to fuck you.”

“Yes.”

“Tell him!”

I looked up at Leroy. “Fuck me. Take my cunt,” I told him. “It’s yours. Take me and fuck me..”

“I’m going to fucking own you, bitch,” he whispered, beginning a powerful, relentless thrusting. He leaned over me, supporting his weight above me on his hands, one of them, between me and Sam.

“You already own me,” I breathed. “You took ownership with your cock, you have taken possession. You’re conquering me with that big hard cock.”

I swear I could feel him getting harder with the words, the thrust into me no faster, but somehow more potent, more weight behind it, more implacability, as if determined to push deeper.

“God, you’re fucking me so good,” I whispered. “His cock feels so good, Sam. Tell him to fuck me, Sam. Tell him how much you love watching him fuck your girlfriend.”

“Fuck her,” Sam said. “Fuck her good and hard. Give it to her, go deep, and just pound her, she loves it.”

Sam reached up with his free hand, to squeeze my breast, cruelly pinching and pulling on my nipple, until I arched my back, giving greater access to Leroy’s cock.

“She loves my cock,” Leroy said, not even looking at Sam. “She can’t get enough of it. She comes crawling back to it again and again.”

“She needs your cock,” Sam said.

“I need it,” I said. “I’m insatiable. I need you both to fuck me, over and over.”

“I’m going to fuck you so hard,” Leroy said.

He descended, lowering himself to kiss me deeply, his tongue invading my mouth, as he hammered with a series of powerful thrusts.

“Give it to her,” Sam said. “Give it to the bitch. Make her beg. Make her your whore.”

“Oh god,” I whimpered, “it feels so big. It feels so good. Fucking take me, break me on that big cock. Make me yours. Own me. Your whore.”

“That’s right,” Leroy said. “Beg for it. You want it? You want that big cock? You little whore. You bitch. You want it. You want to take it? Spread your legs for my cock. Show me. Show me how much you want it.”

“I do. I want it. I need it. I’m a whore for that cock.”

“You want it.”

“I need it,” I whispered. “Fuck me hard, give it all to me. I need it so bad. I’ll do anything for your cock.”

“What are you?” he demanded.

“She’s a whore,” Sam whispered, his voice driving me wild. “She’s an insatiable fucking whore who needs cock. Isn’t that right, whore?”

His hand moved from one breast to the other, torturing my nipples, while I squeezed the head of his cock. He kissed me, and I turned my head to him, giving him my open mouth.

“Oh oh oh,” I whimpered. “I’m a whore. I need cock. It feels so good getting fucked.”

I looked down, watching his cock pistoning in and out of me, the shaft shining with my wet juices.

“Oh god, Sam,” I said. “Look at it. Look at this cock fucking me. It’s so hard, and he’s fucking so hard. It’s beautiful.”

“Take it, Kayley,” Sam ordered. “Take it all. He’s taken you, that pussy is his now. His property.”

“That’s right bitch,” Leroy said. “You’re conquered. You surrendered, and now I own that pussy. You’re going to get good and fucked. I’m going to wreck that tight hole.”

“We’re going to fuck you, Kayley,” Sam said, “the two of us, taking turns, taking you over and over, slamming our cocks in you, claiming you, turning you into our whore.”

“Oh fucking god!!!” I screamed. My legs wrapped convulsively around Leroy’s thighs. My hand squeezed Sam’s cock convulsively, and it was only his absolute rigidity that saved him. Sam’s arm under my head reached for my other breast, as his first hand clutched, squeezing my nipples. “Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!”

And then I was gone, my body thrashing, screaming when my seizing muscles allowed me to draw air into my lungs, hot and cold and everything in between, vagina clamping tight shut, even as Leroy forced his way in setting off chain reactions of pleasure and abandon.

Suddenly, I went limp, heart pounding, out of breathe.

“Holy fuck,” I whispered. Sam and Leroy’s faces were right beside me, I turned from one to the other, kissing each in turn, hungry for them both. I could feel Leroy sliding back inside me all the way, his balls firm against my ass, his pubic hair against my mound.

My hand around Sam’s cock was wet and slimy. For a moment, it didn’t fully register. I looked at him.

“Did you?”

He blushed a little, almost shamefaced.

“Yeah,” he admitted. “When you came, I went.”

I laughed then, overwhelmed with sheer happiness, and pulled him close, kissing him. For a second, all three of our bodies were in wonderful contact, so entwined that I could barely tell which of us was which.

Leroy laughed too, sounding pleased, happy with my orgasm, happy to be in me, but also a little triumphant, as if our orgasms were some kind of victory over us. But you know what, I didn’t mind at all, it was just the way he was. He didn’t have the bond that Sam and I had, a bond so strong it felt sometimes we were the same person. What worked for him, worked, and I was happy he was happy.

Oh and holy fuck, his cock felt so good in me, so hard and full, and deep with every thrust, the gentle curve of it moving inside so sweetly, the way his pubic hair ground against my clit. I reached up, caressing his face, running my fingers through his hair. He half smiled at me, looking down, his eyes luminous with lust. I tried to pull him down to me, but he resisted.

“We’re not done yet, Princess,” he told me. I pulled back my knees to let him go deeper and he speeded up his tempo. “You’re mine now.”

Princess? Where had that come from? It was a change from whore and bitch. Not that I minded. It was all just sex talk. Everyone has it, words and phrases that drill right down into the deep subconscious, into the deep wells of sex and sensuality and send them over the moon. Sometimes it sounds awful, but it’s not, it’s just deep, no control, they can’t help responding. They say it, they repeat it, they go stratospheric when someone else says it. I loved finding it, repeating it back, triggering the excitement, internalizing it myself. So sure, call me whore, bitch or princess, and if it makes you crazy it’ll make me come too. But it’s just sex talk, you don’t hold them responsible, they didn’t choose their triggers.

Now that it was just us, with Sam out of commission, the dynamic shifted. He was more aggressive, more confident. I enjoyed this change of pitch. It

invited teasing.

“Oh yeah,” I whispered up at him, “we’re not done? You’re not done?”

“That was round one,” he gritted. “There’s a lot more fucking before I’m done with that pussy.”

“Oh yeah,” I said. “It’s a hungry pussy. You sure you’re up for it? Maybe my pussy will get done with you.”

His cock went rigid inside me, I could literally feel it getting stiffer, and his hips surged, thrusting with brutal force.

“OH fuck! Oh fuck!” I grunted.

“That answer your question?” he said.

I smiled up at him, and reached up resting my hands on his shoulders. I pulled gently, but he stayed above me. I didn’t mind, I just wanted to touch him. Casually, I wrapped my legs around him, keeping my knees bent way back, so he could thrust deep.

Sam had pulled away a little bit to watch, his cock gone half hard, still heavy but no longer rigid. He stroked it casually as he watched us fuck. It made it easier, I could just focus on giving my body up to Leroy, and have to make sure Sam got a good view.

“I don’t know,” I smiled. “I hear a lot of big talk. Almost as big as that big cock.”

I bent my head back a little, and this was the moment, if it had been Sam, that he would have bent to kiss me passionately and breathlessly. But that was Sam, and our perfect synchrony. But this was Leroy, and he just fucked harder, looking down at me.

“You got a mouth on you, bitch,” he said. “I’m going to teach you.”

“Oh yeah,” I replied. “You going to shut me up by shoving your cock in my mouth? I can’t wait.”

He didn’t take the invitation.

“Oh it’s coming, bitch,” he promised. “But I’m liking this tight little pussy too much right now.”

“What are you going to do with it then?”

“I’m going to fuck it. I’m going to make you come buckets. I’m going to make you come again, and again. I’m going to rule that pussy, and make it mine.”

“You’re going to conquer me with that big cock?”

“Fucking right.”

“Going to make me your slave? Your personal whore?”

“Oh you bitch,” he seethed. “You’re fucking playing with me!”

“Maybe,” I grinned. Fuck, I kept underestimating him, he was smarter and sexier than I bargained. It sent a warm wet surge through me, and I squeezed him between my thighs. A woman loves a man who’s got surprises. Who has more than you think.

“Oh yeah,” he growled. “You want me to take that pussy and own it, you want me to make you my whore? You want to be conquered? Taken? That’s what you really want. What you need. You can’t wait to spread your legs and surrender. You need to be owned.”

“I’m going to wreck that pussy,” he said, his voice tight. “I’m going to fucking ruin you for Sam. My cock will own you, you won’t want anyone else. I’m going to ruin you for anyone. I’m going to take that pussy, and fuck you so good and hard, you’re going to scream my name only.”

He was pounding me furiously with savage intensity, giving me everything he had, and I was loving it. I couldn’t believe this was the same guy who had been five minutes in a Men’s room.

We fucked like wild animals, cursing, dirty talking, drops of sweat falling on me, hour bodies jamming together wetly, thrusting, squishing, we were fucking ravenous. Every time his cock softened in me, one of us would say or do something and he’d be roaring back. I came again, and again, enjoying the utter triumph he took from each orgasm.

Sam recovered quickly and joined us, his cock full and almost erect, thick and spongy.

By that time, Leroy was power fucking me, my face in the mattress. We went to doggy style, and Sam knelt in front of me with his delicious cock right in front of my face. I swallowed him with one smooth lunge, the angle of my throat, or the sponginess of his cock, or my overwhelming excitement allowing me to deep throat him without a trace of a gag, the fastest, easiest throat of my life.

Just the idea of my first spit roasting sent me spiraling into a dizzy orgasm, and the only thing that held me up was my two men ramming, thrusting into me from either end, at first maddeningly out of synch, but slowly coming into rhythm.

Over me, they stared at each other, grinning, even laughing, and it was honest laughter from Leroy. They high fived each other, as they simultaneously

withdrew and thrust, leaving me disoriented and ecstatic, cascading relentlessly to another orgasm.

Sam hardened quickly to his usual iron bar. They switched up, this time on my back, ankles held high as Sam rammed into me while Leroy held my head in place and throat fucked relentlessly, until I begged for rest.

Leroy slid back, his erection rampant, soaked and shining with my spit and pussy juice, watching, his eyes luminous. Sam turned me over like a doll and rammed me doggy style until my elbows gave way and he pile-drived me into an orgasm. He threw me onto my back, thrusting into me, reclaiming my body with his cock, intent on matching Leroy thrust for thrust.

I rode Sam like a cowgirl, descending onto him. Aroused, Leroy rose up, balancing precariously, standing over us, grabbed my hair and fucked my face. Below me, Sam watching, my tight cunt enfolding his cock, his eyes on my heaving breasts and dripping sweat, watching me get facefucked was too much. I felt his hips lifting up, like a rocket going off, and he flooded my cunt with sperm.

After that, Leroy claimed me again, and I found myself on the back. His body slick with sweat, I pulled my knees high and squeezed his hips, feeling his cock filling me. This time his weight was on me, his chest against my breasts. We kissed again and again with each thrust. I managed to get my hand between us, my fingers against my clit, trying to time my arousal with his, so that we could come together. I felt his body go stiff, a flush of slick sweat all over him.

“Come in me,” I screamed. “Fill me, take me, own me with your come. Come in me.” The words sent him off like a rocket, and even if my orgasm was smaller and briefer, we came together.

He panted like a dog, his weight crushing me, while I made happy mewing noises, and his softening cock pushed the last few drops of semen into my welcoming cunt. He rolled off me, happy with his victory over Sam, not that Sam or I cared. But it mattered to him, so I cuddled against him, and Sam cuddled to me, and the three of us drifted off.

There is absolutely nothing in this world that’s better than going to sleep sandwiched between the sweaty, warm bodies of two men who have just fucked your brains out.

I think maybe, when we started, we had some idea of going home, Sam and I. But really, a bed that big, why not sleep in it?

In the morning, I woke gradually to a finger in my pussy, and a relentless, excruciating tapping around my clit. As I drifted up towards consciousness, I spread my legs wider to invite more attention. Finally, I opened my eyes to find my love, Sam, still sound asleep.

I looked the other way, to find Leroy wide awake and grinning luminously. His cock was already hard. How long had he been awake and erect, thinking about fucking me?

He put a finger to his lips, silencing me before I could speak, and indicating Sam with a turn of his head. I nodded. Be quiet, don't wake Sam.

Of course. Sam was his rival, and in his mind, he always had to defeat him. He was always looking to get some advantage. Fingering his girlfriend while he slept unconscious was some kind of victory I guessed. For me though, it was simple pleasure. I bent my knee and spread my legs wider, turning towards him to give him access, a second finger slid into me, an his thumb worked my clit.

I was amazingly wet and his touch felt incredibly good, reaching me in the exact right spots. It was all I could do to suppress my moans and gasps. In fact, remaining silent made it even hotter, excruciatingly hotter. Our heads moved together, we kissed in absolute silence, carefully exploring each other.

My hand found his cock, sliding gently up and down the shaft, feeling the slick precum oozing from the head.

Silently, carefully, I rolled onto my back, smiling as I carefully spread my legs, bringing my knees up, once again surrendering my body. With devilish glee, he eased into position over me, his movements slow and deliberate so as not to jostle the bed and wake our sleeper. I looked up into his eyes, welcoming him, as I felt his cock head pressing at my gates, and then my lips parted and he sank smoothly into me in one gentle motion, burying himself to the hilt, filling me.

I wondered if he could feel his own semen from the night before around his cock head as it bottomed out in me. Did his flesh know its own? Did the sensitive nerves of his cock recognize the semen now teeming all over its surface as it slid back and forth in me. Did the sperm sense their progenitor.

Was Sam's semen mixed inside, was he fucking the three of us in me — me, Sam and his own past ejaculation? Or was Sam's sperm subjugated, buried and subordinated under the layer of Leroy's discharge, a strata of defeat and submission. I looked up at Leroy, staring down at me, his tight smile one of triumph and knew exactly what he was thinking. In his mind, my careful silence, my acquiescence and relinquishment was a profound surrender to him. His cock enforced my body's compliance, the combination of his cock and my silence awarding him victory over me and Sam.

I didn't care. What mattered was how wet I was and how good his cock felt. And if his games were what made him hard and relentless and satisfying, I was happy to let him have them.

And, deep down, there was something more. His drive to conquest, his relentless urge to conquer me, the hunger and the satisfaction in his eyes, thrilled me. I was so wet and submissive.

So I laid back, and gazed up in worshipful silence as a stranger fucked me while my husband, my love, slept beside me.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 12
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by Eve St. Albert

SAM

I woke up slowly. The bed was shaking. I was aware of it before I was fully conscious, and tried to tune it out. Then soft grunts. I tried to tune that out as well, and return to blackness. But by degrees, wakefulness crept over me.

This wasn't our bed. Wake a little more. What was that shaking. Those noises. Wake more. Last night…

I opened my eyes. Kayley was barely a couple of feet from me, on her back, naked, her legs in the air, in a strange room. A complete stranger was fucking her.

No wait, not a complete stranger.

Leroy.

You'd expect adrenalin, some kind of freak out, bolt upright, shock to the system awareness. But instead, I just watched my wife grunt and gasp in obvious pleasure, surrendering her body, as this near-stranger plowed her again and again. Should I have been freaking out? I wasn't horrified or jealous, I just observed calmly. If anything, I was getting hard.

She was so fucking beautiful with a cock in her.

Kayley noticed I was awake. Without a break in her fucking, without Leroy pausing or even slowing for an instant, she turned her head and smiled at me.

"Hey babe," she said casually. Leroy nodded at me, and turned back to his fucking. "Sleep well?"

"Great, actually," I replied. It had actually been a good sleep, deep and almost dreamless, only occasionally drifting up to a semiconscious awareness of her nearness, and then back down into contented blackness. "This is a great bed."

She grinned.

"Isn't it though?" she said, as he fucked her with a steady pounding rhythm.

He slowly pulled way back as I watched, exposing almost the whole of his massive shaft between her legs, shining and slick with her vaginal lubrication and slammed it into her, his big cock, pumping its whole length into her body, pushing her down into the bed She grunted loudly, moaning with pure pleasure.

“Oh that felt good,” he sighed happily. He’d been wanting to ram hard for a while, apparently.

“Oh yes,” she breathed, looking up at him.

“Sorry sport,” Leroy said, glancing at me. “Been wanting to do that since forever, but we didn’t want to disturb you. We didn’t wake you, did we?”

“Uhm… No,” I said. “I slept pretty good, I guess I just kind of woke up naturally.”

It was unreal, I was watching another man fuck my woman, right in front of me. I could see everything, the light sweat beading her skin, the way her whole body gave way, sinking a little into the bed as I watched his cock thrust into her, pistoning smoothly into her body.

I stared at the way her hips lifted to take each thrust, the way her thighs clamped against him. Her perfect breasts swung back and forth in time with his fucking.

Her expressions shifted to longing as he pulled back, a half smile of satisfaction as he lunged forward, and in the moment he bottomed inside her, filled her with his male potency, an almost ecstatic flutter of the eyelids

Well, I thought, one mystery solved, as to why she’d kept insisting on going back to that bar, again and again. It was bigger than me, harder and filling her pussy again and again as I watched.

He bent down over her to kiss her again, and she lifted her neck

With each thrust, he took possession of her body, and she loved it. It fascinated and disturbed me how much Kayley loved that cock. It’s a surreal experience to see another man, owning the love of your life, with his big cock, bigger than mine, fucking her better than me.

I couldn’t look away. I was entranced, horrified, in lust, intimidated, aroused, impotent, excited, helpless, hypnotized. My cock throbbed with a will of its own, insanely hard, as if it wanted to tear loose. I could feel the head tingling, my balls pulling tight, and I knew with just the slightest stimulation I would ejaculate.

My mouth was dry. My whole throat. I swallowed.

“How long have you guys been going at it?” I croaked

They broke the kiss to look at me.

“About forty minutes,” she gasped, her voice rising and falling, synching to his thrusts. “Forty-five. He was rubbing up against me when I woke. And…”

Forty-five minutes!!!

“Sorry,” Leroy said. “I always wake up hard, and I guess I was poking against her.”

“We didn’t want to wake you up,” Kayley grunted.

“Let you rest,” Leroy agreed, he smiled.

Her hand stretched out to me. I took it, her fingers curled into mine. She smiled invitingly.

“Care to join us?” she offered. I almost ejaculated right there.

“No,” I said quickly. Catching myself, I smiled back. “I think I’m enjoying watching. What a sight to wake up to!”

A complete stranger fucking my wife, and her loving it.

Her smile widened into something brilliant and joyful.

“Okay!” she said. “I love it.”

She turned her head, looking up at her lover, as he fucked his hard cock into her sopping cunt, joining them below.

“Hey you!” she said. “I know you’ve been wanting to cut loose. Let’s give my man a show.”

Leroy laughed, he was already thrusting hard enough to shake her whole body. Since I’d opened my eyes his tempo had ramped up slowly but steadily becoming more unrestrained, his pounding into Kayley’s welcoming body more intense. He looked at me, his eyes evil and gleeful, or was that my imagination. Was he simply happy with the joy of Kayley’s tight cunt wrapped around his cock? Or was he there something darker? Was it just my insecurity?

“My pleasure!”

But Kayley was already squirming around underneath him. “Okay,” she was saying. “Move a little over this way, so he can get a really good view, and I’m going to try and get my left leg up, and heel on your ass, so he can see right… Oh! Fuck! That’s nice.”

Holding her far knee high, hooked on her elbow, he’d taken the opportunity of

her opened space to plunge shockingly hard and deep. She threw back her head, moaning loudly. He started pumping her ferociously, leaving her breasts heaving and her gasping for air.

“Uh uh huhhh,” she whimpered. ‘Oh that was good.’ She regained enough to glance at me. “Pull up a pillow, to brace, so you can look dow—” And he slammed into her again in a series of driving thrust that left her breathless.

Taking her advice I let her hand go for a second to pull some pillows towards and under me, elevating my shoulders. As I tucked them, her hand reached blindly, automatically for me, as if detached from the rest of her enjoying the fucking. It reached towards my cock. I caught it, wrapping my fingers in hers.

If her fingertip had so much as touched my cock, I would have exploded instantly. And then…

Then we’d all know.

Her head turned towards me, our eyes met, and she smiled happily. She squeezed my hand. I smiled back reassuringly, and satisfied she turned to look worshipfully at the man whose cock was inside her.

“You like that big cock?” Leroy whispered, bending to kiss her, even as he jolted her with a series of hard thrusts that left her body shaking like a rag doll. Fuck, he was big. From this angle, I could see his hard wet shaft, it’s length as it flowed in and out of her.

Somehow, despite the way her body shook with each thrust, she was able to lift her head to press her lips against his. Her eyes closed blissfully, and she threw her free arm around him in a wantonly romantic gesture. I could see her jaw open and stretch, her nostrils flaring as their lips slid against each other, and knew she was taking his tongue as well as his cock, and loving them both, inhaling them, drawing them into her body with raw desire.

“I love your big cock,” she whispered back, smiling, eyes only for him. “It’s so fucking big, I love the way you stretch me out and go deep. I can’t get enough of it.”

“Good girl,” he said, and rewarded her with a kiss. For a few minutes, he ground his cock into her with slow rotating motions of his hips that left him withdrawing only an inch or so, leaving her mewing and squirming, trying to thrust her body up against his, gasping. Slowly, he eased into her, gradually shifting his temp to regular fucking, and then hard brutal pounding. I was amazed at the control he had over her body, the way he moved her, and the way she submitted.

Again and again, I was drawn to the sight of his thick shaft, drenched to the hilt, his crotch and pubic hair already soaked with her juices, thrusting into her yielding body with total dominance. His battering ram, brushing past the

stretched, defeated gates of her pussy lips, swollen and abused already. I couldn't stop watching it, as much as it intimidated me, watching Kayley get fucked, seeing her take that cock was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I could watch it forever.

Leroy pulled all the way out, his huge cock hovering above her clit. I stared, open mouthed. It was immense. I knew he was bigger than me, but until that moment, I hadn't realized how much bigger. Last night, sitting or standing, hadn't fully conveyed it. But now, engorged on her cunt, soaked and shining with her slickness, fully resplendent, I was in awe. He had inches on me, girth, a physical mass and fullness I could never match.

No wonder he'd broken her on his cock. No wonder she craved him, had kept crawling back to the bar again and again.

He really had conquered her.

"Hey!" Kayley complained. Her hips rose to capture him again, but he moved with her, his cock doing no more than brush her lips. He smiled sadistically, teasing her, always just beyond her as she writhed, and spread and lifted.

"Oops," he said. "Fell out. I fucked you so hard you're a little loose. Want it back?"

"You bastard," she breathed. "Put it back."

"Bastard?" He smiled.

His cock brushed her clit. Breathlessly, I watched it hover, waiting for it to once again claim my woman as its own. She had already lost her battle, now her conqueror dictated its terms, confident of her urgent submission, toying with her.

"I'm sorry," she breathed. "Put it back in my wet pussy, Sir, you big cocked bastard!"

Her eyes were merry and demanding. I realized, this was a contest of wills.

He laughed, holding her in place as she squirmed. Her muscles exhausted, she fell back, panting. He thrust up inside her quickly, his cockhead dropping to her lips, parting them and diving deep so hard and suddenly Kayley shouted and I was shocked breathless.

"Oh! Oh! Oh god, oh fuck, oh shit," she shook wildly.

He pulled out.

"Bastard?" he asked.

She's forgotten the battle, her will had been replaced by need.

“Oh god, oh god, I’m sorry Sir!” she moaned, squirming, lifting her hips to take his cock. “Just fuck me hard, please!”

“No more attitude?” he teased. His cock brushed against her lips. Her hips lifted, rolled, she impaled herself on the head. But he pulled away, and she fell back.

Her face was crazed with lust.

“No! No more attitude! No, Sir! Please!”

He grinned.

“Who’s in charge?”

Kayley groaned in abject surrender. The contest was over, the battle of wills a rout. She’d been obliterated and was now reduced to groveling, abject submission. But perhaps that was what she’d wanted, to be conquered, to be reduced and defeated.

Or simply what she’d needed deep down. That in subterranean levels, she craved surrender, and so she’d launched a doomed campaign. Her desire had subverted her reason, sent her into a battle it understood she couldn’t win.

Perhaps, deep down, she needed Leroy to break her will.

“You are!”

I could see sweat beading off her, a trickle running between her breasts, beads dropping from her chin. She was so wet between her legs, it was shining.

“That’s better, bitch,” he whispered. His cockhead slid down between her lips. She moaned, the lips parting, the head resting there half way in. She rolled her hips forward and he withdrew. Then slipped back, parting again. This time, shivering, her body shaking, she’d learned her lesson and held still.

“Are you a bitch?” he asked maliciously.

“Yes, yes,” she whimpered. “I’m a bitch. I’m a total bitch that needs fucking.”

The cock slid forward, now the head was buried completely. She groaned, her body twitching with the desperate effort to keep still, to play his game.

“Whose bitch are you?” he demanded.

Her response was instant. “Your bitch, Sir. I’m your bitch, Sir. This bitch pussy belongs to you and your cock.” She was almost babbling, looking up at him, as he smiled down at her. “You’re in charge. You own my pussy. Please,

take it, make it your property!"

"Good bitch." He rewarded her with a long slow thrust deep, followed by an even slower withdrawal that left the tip of his cock outside, pressing against her parted lips. Even from my vantage point, I could see clearly that her pussy had not closed, but remained open and deliriously wet, awaiting for his erection to reclaim its property.

"You want this cock?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You need it?"

"Oh god, yes Sir!"

"You want to come?"

"Yes. I need to."

"You want me to come in you?"

"Yes! Yes! Come in me! Fill me up with your come!"

"In front of your boyfriend?"

"Yes! Yes! I want him to watch!" She was breathless, squirming.

"Then beg!" he shouted, and plunged hard into her pussy.

Kayley shrieked. It was like a bomb went off in her. Her hand locked onto mine, clamping in a viselike grip, but the rest of her went wild, her legs kicking out, her spine arching like a bow, her arms flinging wildly. Leroy descended on her, seizing her wrists, pressing down with his weight, as her body writhed violently. His hips slammed into her with incredible force, filling her with each thrust. The smack of their bodies was incredibly loud.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck this bitch," she cried out as he pounded her. "Please, Sir! Please fuck me! Fuck my bitch cunt with your big hard cock! Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK!!! OHHHH!!!!"

Together they were a runaway freight train hurtling off the tracks, charging towards their orgasms. Liquid squirted out between them, streaming between Kayley's thighs. It was so sudden, so intense, and Kayley's howl so wild, it pushed Leroy over, and he roared, thrusting deep and holding there rigid, pumping volumes of semen directly into my true love's womb, even as her body eagerly swallowed it down.

Finally, they went limp, he rolled off her, and they laid there, sweat covered and panting, having experienced a shattering orgasm. Kayley squeezed my hand,

glanced at him to see him staring at the ceiling, and turned her head to smile at me.

My sole accomplishment was not ejaculating instantly.

“Not bad,” he said, after he caught his breath.

“Oh be still my beating heart,” she whispered. They both laughed at that.

Leroy pulled himself up to a sitting position, and swung his legs over the side of the bed.

“I’m going to get a shower,” he said casually, heading for the door. I noticed Kayley tracking his bare ass. Fair enough, so was I. “You kids have fun. But not too much. I’m going to make breakfast.”

He paused at the doorway, swinging around back to us. Even deflating, his cock was still intimidating.

“Under the circumstances,” he grinned. “Formal dress is optional.”

He seemed amused by that, so I guessed it was a quote of some kind. A moment later, the shower ran.

Kayley stretched luxuriously, arching her back. God, she was magnificent. Whatever conflicts I felt about watching another man fuck her, her sheer gorgeousness swept everything away. I loved her so much.

She turned her head towards me, following the line of her arm into my hand, and then all the way up my arm. Our eyes met. She beamed at me.

“C’mere you!” She squirmed then, rising up on one side, and we worked our way across the bed to each other, kissing passionately.

“Gods!” she whispered. “I thought he’d never finish! There you were with that scrumptious erection just out of reach, and he kept going and going.” Her eyes were dancing. “Read the room, Leroy!

“You looked like you were having fun,” I said.

“Oh definitely,” she confided. “God, it was excruciating, trying to be quiet while you were sleeping. I was holding my breath half the time. I think I had an aneurism every time I came.”

Forty five minutes! How many times had he made her cum while I slept, unaware.

She kissed me.

“My eyes aren’t bloodshot are they?” she whispered. “I think that’s a sign of an aneurism.”

I kissed her back.

“They’re fine,” I assured her.

She nuzzled my face, running her hand along my chest. I stroked her arm, ready in case she came too close to my erection. The maximum danger had passed, but I could still blow at any moment.

“Let’s make love,” she whispered. “I missed you so much, I want you so much.”

My heart leaped with joy.

“Yes,” I whispered back, while trying desperately to think of some way not to orgasm instantly. Bathroom, cold water? Fuck, Leroy was in the shower. Baseball scores.

Kayley twisted her body and laid back, spreading her legs, raising her knees. She pulled my head down, so that I was crouching in front of her pussy, now red and puffy and gaping from the massive shaft that had plundered her. She was sopping all the way down her thighs and up her belly. Leroy’s copious semen oozed from her wrecked cunt in a silvery trickle of slime and whiteness.

“Come on down,” she whispered, pulling my head towards her crotch. “Do your magic.”

I stiffened resisting.

She pulled herself up on one elbow, suddenly concerned.

“What’s wrong, babe?”

I hesitated.

“You got fucked really hard,” I whispered. “You’re just soaked down there.”

She nodded.

“Yeah,” she agreed. “I love oral sex after my pussy has taken a good beating, you know that. There’s nothing like it. It’s so sweet and soothing and amazing. It’s like post-fucking heaven. We do it all the time.”

“Well yeah,” I whispered, “but this time, it’s another guy that’s fucked you.”

She shrugged.

“That didn’t stop you the first two times with Leroy, or the time with Derek,” she whispered. I looked up. She seemed genuinely confused.

Yeah, I thought to myself. But Derek had worn a condom for one thing, his

semen hadn't been in her. And each of those times, we'd driven home, she'd cleaned up, there'd been an interval.

"This is really fresh," I whispered. "Leroy's come is still oozing out."

"We've done it fresh lots of times," she said. "After you've come in me."

For some reason, women didn't understand. Maybe it was a guy thing.

"It's Leroy's come though. That's different. It's okay," she said. "I'd love it, but if you don't want to… we can go straight to fucking. I just want you, that's all."

My cock twitched warningly.

"No," I said, "it's okay. I want too…" Fuck, I thought. Damned if I do, damned if I don't."

Every minute that passed opened up the gulf between me and premature ejaculation. I stared at her thoroughly beaten pussy, puffy and gaping and slick, and at Leroy's ejaculate still trickling from her.

I lowered my head. She relaxed, laying back. Lifting her hips, presenting herself. He lips parted wider, a fresh trickle oozing forth.

"Uhm," I hesitated.

Kayley, questioningly, lifted her head to look down at me.

"You won't tell Leroy, okay?"

Her eyebrows raised, then she squinted and pursed her lips, and made an 'oh no no NO!' finger wave. I smiled. One hand crept down to me, and I reached up to hold it, once again, our fingers twining together. Her head lowered back, relaxing. I pressed my lips to her clitoris.

There's something about going down on a well fucked pussy. I'd only ever done it with Kayley. But it was amazing. There's something delicious about a pussy after a good fucking. There's a taste to it, sweet and bitter, rich and thick, but so intimately personal. The lips, the flesh is full, engorged with blood and arousal, almost puffy, but yielding and pliant. The clitoris, always so sensitive, is both swollen but numbed, excitable but receptive, eager to respond to the right touch of the tongue.

Leroy's come was thick and slimy, but oddly sweet. I tried to avoid it as much as I could, but eventually gave up and accepted that I'd swallow some of it. Kayley wouldn't tell. I just concentrated on making her come.

"Ohhhhh fuck," she moaned, literally within minutes, her legs went stiff, her belly tightened and her hips lifted up. She squirted in my face. It was a

brief flood, quick and easy, and then she fell back shuddering.

“I love you so fucking much,” she told the ceiling with worshipful adulation. But I took the compliment. When she was relaxed I began again.

By the time we heard the shower stop, I’d made her squirt twice more, and the taste of Leroy was gone from my mouth, rinsed by the sweet bitterness of Kayley’s ejaculate.

“C’mere you,” she pulled me up to her. My naked body slid along her sweat drenched length as if we were lubricated. She wrapped her arms and legs around me, and kissed me passionately, tasting herself on me, licking my face wantonly, giggling with pure happiness.

“Ready,” I asked.

“Fuck me now,” she whispered, looking into my eyes. I slid forward, her back arched and her mouth opened wide as I slid into her wet waiting pussy.

She felt different. Wetter. Slicker. Not as tight. Was it my imagination, my insecurity. Had her pussy been stretched and loosened from Leroy’s massive cock battering her for an hour, reshaping and resizing her? Was her slickness from finally taking the cock she really needed?

I stared at her face, watching for any sign of disappointment, some sign that I no longer measured up. But she just glowed at me, beaming love, and pressed her lips to mine. Excited, I fucked harder and harder, feeling her cunt locking tight, as I fought her slickness pushing me out, I felt the wet flood. She relaxed, and I pushed back in, feeling my balls pulling tight.

Too soon! Too close! I pulled out quickly, lifting off her. Her expression became a moue of disappointment, and she tried to draw me back. My swollen cock was back to hair trigger. I needed another moment.

“Turn around,” I growled. “I want to fuck you like an animal.”

Kayley practically sparkled, it always thrilled her when I went hard and commanding. She scrambled around onto knees and elbows, her gorgeous ass up in the air. Her elbows wide, lowering front. In that position, her dripping pussy gaped even more, but I didn’t care. She was mine, and I was taking her.

I plunged into her, grabbing her hips, pounding her with every ounce of force. She cried out with pleasure.

And I came in five minutes, spurting into her with such force my urethra felt like a pressure hose, my balls emptying so fast and hard it felt like they were turning inside out. Kayley cried out in happy ecstasy, and I roared like a lion, and then we collapsed in a sweaty, grinning pile. She wrapped her arms around me.

I gave her five minutes.

Leroy had forty-five minutes of fucking her while I was unconscious, and another twenty for sure after I'd woken, and his cock had at least two inches on me and girth and he knew how to use it. I was coming up a distant second place. But fuck that, we had love, and that was more important than anything.

"Breakfast in half an hour," Leroy called. I laughed involuntarily, I couldn't get away from him.

"Sure thing," I called.

Kayley rubbed herself on me, working our sweat into each other's skin. She kissed random spots on my chest, expression wicked.

"We should have brought a mason jar," she pouted. I couldn't help but laugh again.

"Shower?" I asked.

She squirmed and twisted against me, like a cat in a patch of sunlight. "I suppose," she said. "I think it's bad form to come to breakfast reeking of sex funk."

She smiled wickedly.

"Besides," she said, "it's a chance to get all wet and rub up against each other!"

"Sold!"

The shower was just barely big enough for two people, the water was deliriously hot. As it rolled down our skins we shampooed, and scrubbed and soaped each other. Kayley sighed with pleasure. Her breasts were magnificent with the hot shower spray spattering off them, I bent to kiss and bite her rigid nipples. Sighing, she ran her fingers through my wet hair. I reached down, and she widened her stance, allowing me to slip my fingers inside. My and Leroy's cum trickled down her thighs, as she leaned against the shower wall.

Kayley descended to her knees and took my cock in her mouth, and suddenly, I was instantly hard. She looked up, the water splashing against her face, and we both grinned with the same thought.

I pulled her upright and pushed her against the shower wall, as she wrapped her arms around me. Reaching down, I lifted one leg up, working myself in. With breathless eagerness, she grabbed my cock trying to bring it in. But it was no use, my cock slid up against her lips, the head almost entering, but falling out again.

“Goddammit,” I said. The shower floor was too slick, the walls too slick, there were no good handholds. We rubbed our wet bodies against each other, my cock sliding against her belly. I reached down.

“I can make you come,” I whispered. “You want it.”

“I want your cock,” she drawled in my ear. As my hands moved over her body, I cupped her ass. Her expression shifted, surprise and then glee. We both had the same thought at the same time.

“The other way,” I whispered.

“The other way,” she agreed, turning around. For a moment, I looked at that perfect back, that amazing magnificent ass, the hot water streaming down. She bent one knee, lifting a heel, wiggling her butt, and I was breathless.

I grabbed a handful of liquid soap and pushed it between her ass cheeks, working it up into her asshole. I grabbed another handful and lubed up my hard cock, as I stepped close, positioning my erection between her cheeks, feeling for her sphincter, and pressing where I felt her flesh give slightly. Pressing myself against her, she turned her head and we kissed.

“Ready?” I asked.

“Do it,” she whispered.

“Deep breath,” I ordered. I waited, feeling her inhale, her lungs filling, and then she exhaled, deliberately relaxing her body. I pushed into her sphincter, opening her, my cock felt resistance for a long moment, a suffocating tightness. Then it was passed and I sank all the way up inside her ass.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, “one thrust. Either I’m super ready, or you are.”

I held my cock deep up inside her ass, feeling the incredible heat and tightness of her.

“You feel so fucking good,” she hissed. Her asshole was like a vise ringing my shaft, but inside, oh deep inside her ass, she was hot and heavenly, enfolding me like a tight glove.

“Ready?”

“Oh I am so fucking ready,” she bit out, my hands were on her hips, she reached down and took one, guiding it around the front until my fingertips were resting over her clit. She placed her hand back on the shower wall, and reached down with her other hand, covering mine and going lower.

“So ready.”

Kayley took a deep breath, I could feel the ring of her anus squeezing, but

she was lubricated enough. I pulled back all the way, until the last couple of inches were held tight. When she exhaled I plunged, and I could almost feel her eyes rolling up inside her head. We began a slow steady ass fucking, timing my thrusts to her breathing.

Kayley moaned deeply as I fucked her ass, the hot shower water splashing and trickling down you bodies. There was a river sliding down the arch of her spine, turning into a tsunami at the curve and crack of her ass cheeks, and surging past my cock, making a hot rushing waterfall around my shaft as I pounded her.

Kayley's hand dove into her pussy, at least two fingers, thrusting, as I worked her clit.

"OH my god," she whimpered. "Oh my fucking god."

My thrusts were rapidly gathering force and power. I couldn't control my self. Her ass was so tight, the feel of her body so irresistible.

"Fuck," I hissed in her ears, "I'm going to come."

But her only response was to finger herself even more frantically. She released the one hand pressed against the wall and grabbed her breast, clawing at it. I used my free hand to grab her other tit. My cock felt like a rocket, I was thrusting up into her ass rapidly, no longer caring about her breathing. Her sphincter had lost all resistance, and was fucking her madly, the force of each thrust shoving her up on tip toes.

And then I was coming, deep down, I felt shame. I'd been barely five or ten minutes again. I hadn't been able to last at all. Long shudders passed through her body. But I kept thrusting harder and higher until I exploded so blindingly, I couldn't tell what she was feeling. I only knew I was coming up her ass while flattening her body against the shower, holding her in a death grip.

Then it was over. The water was still running, but we were exhausted, panting, me leaning into her, her against the wall.

"What?" she gasped. "What the fuck was that? What the fuck did we just do?"

I kissed her shoulder.

"It's all right babe," I told her. "It's okay."

She took a deep shuddering breath.

"No," she said with conviction. "It's not okay."

I went still.

“Do you realize,” she hissed, “we could have been having anal in the shower all along.”

Oh.

“We could have been doing this… We could have had this…?” she breathed.

She swallowed.

“Do you know how many showers we’ve had together?”

She was gasping.

“How many opportunities we blew. The chances that just passed us by.”

Pause.

“How did we miss this?”

“I’m blaming you!”

I laughed.

“That’s not funny,” she whispered. “I’m totally holding this against you. I may sue you for deprivation. We could have been doing this all along.”

She giggled, and pushed her back up against me. We both giggled. I raised my hands to cup her breasts, and let my chin rest on her shoulders.

“Your cock is still up my ass,” she pointed out.

“Yeah,” I said. “It’s going down.”

“No it’s not.”

I had to say it.

“I’m sorry I didn’t last,” I whispered.

I could feel her whole body shrug. Have you ever felt a shrug around your dick while it was gripped tight in someone’s ass? Weirdly, I could feel myself getting harder.

“Babe,” she whispered, “breakfast is coming, remember? There’s a time limit. We can’t do it all morning.”

“Still…”

“You’re getting harder.”

“Sorry.”

“No, I love it,” she told me. “But he’ll be waiting for us. And I don’t want to look like a prune.”

“Right.”

“Cock! Ass! Out! Now!” she demanded.

Pulling out of her was like going to a funeral, there was such a deep regret. Kayley gasped with what felt like equal sorrow. My legs felt wobbly, now that I was no longer buried in her. She made sure to wash it, soaping and rinsing and gave it a kiss. I returned the favour.

I turned off the water, it took us another ten minutes to clean up and dry off. But we were presentable.

Leroy was still naked out in the apartment, bustling around when we came out. He waved.

Nudity seemed the order of the day.

“Just in time,” he called, setting the breakfast table. The smell of food was rich and delightful, but only half familiar. I walked over, spotting pancakes. Kayley disappeared into the bedroom.

“What do we have?” I asked, sitting down. He smiled at me, and it was just a smile. No bullshit, no competition. Just a smile.

It was weird. I was naked. He was naked. Here was a man with a much bigger cock than mine, who had fucked my girl for a solid hour, while I was unconscious, who had practically addicted her to his cock, whose come I’d eaten out of her cunt.

Yet, somehow, I felt really comfortable with him at that moment. Maybe I’d reclaimed my manhood on Kayley’s body. Or maybe it was something else, maybe we’d just moved past all the masculine bullshit and finally relaxed with each other. Because we had this wonderful thing in common, the amazing, delightful, Kayley. We were the only two people in the world who knew how sexy and amazing and wonderful she was, if that didn’t make us brothers…

“That smells really good,” I said, sitting down at the table. “What is it?”

We both stared. Kayley was wearing her top, though not fully buttoned. She looked up.

“What?”

Leroy and I glanced at each other, our lips quirked, almost as if we were mentally deciding which one of us was going to say it.

“You seem… overdressed,” Leroy observed.

“The top?” she said glibly, looking down into her cleavage. “I wore the top so my nipples don’t distract you during breakfast.”

“You have no bottom, though.” I pointed out. “Not that we mind.”

“We don’t mind at all,” Leroy said. “But…”

“True,” she replied. “But it’s this way. Nipples are always very distracting at the breakfast table. Unless I’m breast-feeding…”

She let that hang out there, while the visuals went through our minds. Two naked men. Two nipples. Breakfasts. Breasts. Breastfeeding. You get the idea.

“I suppose that’s distracting in itself. Breast-feeding. Depends on… ANYWAY, bottom is different. It’s out of the way. You don’t see it, so it doesn’t distract. If either of you are under the table and close enough to appreciate it, well then I’m the one that’s going to be distracted.”

Leroy glanced at me.

“How do you keep up with her?”

“Constant struggle,” I told him.

“So,” she said. “I recognize pancakes.”

She speared a few onto her plate, and reached for the syrup. She lifted the plastic bottle and stared critically at the label which seemed to be in some exotic script.

“Riccota pancakes,” Leroy said, “It’s an Italian breakfast recipe. That’s a Tamil syrup, from Sri Lanka.”

“Interesting,” I said. I hadn’t expected anything exotic. I loaded up a few pancakes.

“It’s just something I threw together,” he said, spearing the remaining pancakes. “I wasn’t expecting guests.”

He picked up a pan, and began shoveling colourfully, almost mushy portions onto our plates.

“This is a bit of a mess,” he said almost apologetically. “Omelette, but kind of a combination of Pansalang Pinoy.. Phillipino, and Frittata, Italian style.”

I stared at it doubtfully. Experimentally, Kayley dipped a fork into hers,

eyeing it carefully, and gingerly put it to her lips. Her eyes went wide, she clapped a hand over her mouth, chewed and swallowed.

“Sam!” she cried. “This is so good! Here!”

She speared a bit of omelette and popped it into my mouth. Dam. She was right. I’d never tasted anything quite like it. Egg, of course, but more, odd bits of fruit and meat and spices, things I couldn’t sort out. But somehow it all came together delightfully.

“Mmm.” I swallowed. “You’re right. What was that again?”

“Pansalang Frittata,” he said, pleased. “I don’t have a proper name for it’s kind of a mix. There’s a lot of cultures that do these compound omelettes. The trick is to find the right balance.”

Kayley took a generous forkload off my plate. She caught my look.

“What?” she complained. “I gave you off my plate. I’m just taking it back.”

“Wait till you try the pancakes,” Leroy said.

As it turned out, they were amazing as well, with a unique taste and texture, delightful, but different than anything I’d had before. The syrup gave it an exotic sweetness.

“Rattatat?” I asked, chewing.

“Ricotta,” Leroy corrected. “Riccotta cheese. Classic italian. I mixed some bits of fruit in there. But it’s mainly Italian.”

“How is this so good!” Kayley asked. “Where did you learn to do this?”

Leroy swallowed a bit of pancake, and washed it down with a sip of coffee.

“I told you,” he said. “I’ve worked in a few restaurants. You pick up stuff.”

“He told me he was a sommelier,” Kayley said. “I thought that was just bullshitting.”

“Sommelier,” I chewed thoughtfully. “That’s either a french artillery man, or a guy who knows a lot about wines?”

“Both work,” Leroy said. “But my specialty was wines. I prefer to make my explosions in smaller places.”

He put his hand on Kayley’s bare knee, and she smiled at him while chewing with a mouth full. I didn’t mind at all. Breakfast this good, he could put his hands anywhere.

“So,” I asked, “how do you get from a Sommelier to this…?”

“I ended up as a Sommelier,” he said. “I was assistant to a Sous Chef. I bounced around a few kitchens. I got to know my way around. But the tips were better out front. So… waiter, then Sommelier. I don’t know that much about wines really… enough to get by. And I traveled a lot, you pick up the cuisine if you hang around long enough with the right people.”

Kayley and I glanced at each other.

“You thought I was bullshitting?” he asked.

“Honestly,” I said, “our little game. We get a lot of bullshit. A lot of guys lie.”

Kayley swallowed.

“Usually,” she said, “simple stuff. Marriages. Kids. Job. That kind of thing.”

“Sometimes…”

“Tell him about the astronaut,” Kayley said.

“Astronaut?” Leroy asked.

“Oh yeah,” I replied. “There was this guy, sat down and flirted with Kayley. Said he was an astronaut. He’d been on the ISS. He was really convincing too. Had pictures on his phone. Vivid description.”

“We looked him up after,” She continued. “Nope. They have a record of every Astronaut, Taikonaut, Cosmonaut. You name it. He wasn’t on any list.”

“Turns out,” I said, “when we tracked him down. He was just a petrochemical geologist. Traveled all over the place. I guess pretending to be an astronaut got him laid.”

“Did he?” Leroy asked.

“Hell no,” Kayley said. “It was just flirting. I wasn’t going to do anything. He was fun to talk to though, and really convincing.”

“Would you? Did you consider it?”

“At that point,” Kayley said. “No way. You were our first. And we’re so glad we waited.”

She leaned over to his side of the table, reached over, moving her hand up her bare thigh, and squeezed his cock. She winked at me.

“Would you now?” Leroy asked. “If it was a real, honest to god astronaut.”

“I don’t know,” Kayley said. “Yes!” I said at the same time. We laughed together, even Leroy snickered.

“Okay,” she said, patting my knee. “We would, but only if Sam got to be in the room to watch.”

I shrugged. “Fair enough.”

Kayley turned and pointed her fork at Leroy.

“Hey,” she said. “No fingering me at the breakfast table.”

He put his hands up in the air.

“You grabbed my cock.”

“Yeah, but I’m special.” she stuck her tongue out. “Boy rules don’t apply to me. I can grab your cock at the breakfast table. You can’t finger me… unless I tell you to.”

“You said travel?” I asked. “Where to?”

“After the restaurants gigs mainly,” he said. “I mostly bummed around. Europe. But then I spent a lot of time in Asia. Southeast Asia. The subcontinent. Middle east, didn’t like that too much. East Coast Africa — Tanzania, Kenya, Mozambique.”

“What were you doing there?”

“Traveling mainly. You can live cheaply out there, particularly if you’re willing to go native,” he said. “I took some jobs with NGOs. Doctors without Borders.”

“You’re a Doctor?” Kayley asked.

He laughed.

“No, EMT, and drove an ambulance. That was hairy.”

We finished breakfast and together, Kayley and I helped him put the dishes away. It wasn’t that much work, but we were all kind of on a vibe together. The conversation kept going on and on, talking about this or that. Eventually we ended up back on the couches that occupied the corner of his living room. Kayley and I cuddled up on one, he sat back on the other, as we drank coffee and chatted.

“You said you were a musician too,” Kayley accused.

“Yep,” Leroy said. “Played a few gigs here and there. Subbed for the Howler

Monkeys. Played second guitar for Glory."

"Likely story," she said.

Leroy laughed.

"How much of what I've told you do you believe?" he demanded.

"Fifty percent, I'd say, at least," I said. "Maybe sixty…"

"Thirty," Kayley replied.

"Ouch!" Leroy laughed. "You're hardened."

He didn't seem offended at all

"I've listened to a lot of stories," she said. "Men sitting down with a pretty woman, especially if they're traveling, they like to embroider. I don't hold it against them."

"That's pretty cynical," he said.

"Leroy," I told him, "relax. You got to admit, that's a hell of a lot of living you're talking about, all the things you've claimed. Decades. You're just not that old."

"You don't know the half of it," he said.

For a moment, I thought of that novel, the Great Gatsby, where Gatsby talks about himself, and it's totally insane, ridiculous and impossible and overblown. But the novel goes along, and it turns out all to be true, sort of, and Gatsby is more and, at the same time, less and sadder.

"Dude," I said, I got Kayley off my lap for a moment and I reached out to him. "Don't sweat it. You don't have to impress us. We like you just fine. You know what? I'm glad I met you. I'm glad I got to see what she saw in you. And I'm glad you were the one. I'm happy you were the one to fuck her."

"Shit, man," he said softly. His eyes were almost moist. He reached out and grabbed my hand.

"Brothers," I said. "Brothers for the same pussy."

"Brother."

I could tell it meant a lot to him. Kayley's eyes were shining, as she looked at us.

"I'm not bullshitting you about the music," he said. "Kayley knows. I showed her."

He stood up and went to a far wall, taking a medium sized large square frame down. He handed it to me.

“There.”

It was some sort of psychedelic painting, with the title Glory in groovy letters, and five people, three men and two women, standing apart from each other. He pointed at one.

“That’s me,” he said.

I stared. It did kind of look like him. Younger, fresher, less seedy and battered by life. Or maybe not. There was definitely a resemblance. Kayley, back in my lap, stared at it.

“This is vinyl,” she said.

“Yeah, we did a limited printing for collectors.”

“Glory…” she said thoughtfully. “I think I heard of them way back. They were on the verge of going big, but they fell apart.”

She turned the album around, looking at the back side. It was full of the song lyrics for the album, all in neat calligraphy.

“I did the lettering myself,” he said. But I wasn’t paying attention to that. Instead, I was following Kayley’s pointing finger, half the songs were co-credited to Leroy Vernon. We looked up at him, startled.

He grinned, smugly.

“So you’re actually a rock star?” Kayley asked.

“Almost,” he said, “and past tense. The business chews you up and spits you out. But we had some moments.”

Fuck. I was impressed.

He reached over, and grabbed the acoustic guitar from the corner.

“Here,” he said. “Check this out.”

He started off with some slow melodies. His fingers were stiff, and he made mistakes we could hear. He’d been out of practice for a while. But then, he started to pick up, changing tempos, doing riffs.

“This was our best song,” he said. “It was going to be our breakthrough. I’m just doing my part of it though, but you can get the idea.”

He played a fast tempo jazzy number full of slides and changes, and you could see how catchy it would be. He did a couple of other numbers from Glory, telling stories about the band.

Finally, he finished with a series of electric flourishes. I didn't know what else to do. I applauded, and so did Kayley.

"I take it all back," I said. Actually, I still disbelieved half his bullshit. But clearly, the guy had been around.

"Thanks," he replaced the guitar in the corner, flexing his fingers to work the strain out.

"That's why I'm so good at fingering your girl," he said. "Like I told her."

"Oohhh," Kayley said eyes widening. "I understand now. Got it. I didn't know what the hell you were talking about. But I get it now."

I must have looked blank. Kayley turned to me.

"I told you," she said. 'Back at the bar. He was touching me, when we were sitting out in public. Just his fingertips. I almost came. I kept going 'how are you doing this to me' and he kept saying 'musician' — I had no fucking idea what he was talking about."

"Guitar," Leroy said, "any musical instrument really. It's just a matter of learning how to move the fingers. Once you've got that… you can play anything. A woman even."

He looked over at us.

"Want me to show you?"

Kayley and I looked at each other.

"Sure," she said, a little too quickly. "I'll be your musical instrument. Play me, for Sam."

He nodded at us and held out his hand. Kayley stood up from my lap, took off her top, and went over to him. I was happy to see his cock was only about half hard. At least I recovered faster. He turned her around until her back was to him, and then eased her around, until she was nestled in one arm, her pussy about three quarters facing me.

"Lift up your leg," he instructed her, "let's make sure Sam has a good view."

Kayley nodded, placing one foot on the couch, knee bent.

Leroy ran his hands up and down her body, from her shoulders to her thighs, and she almost purred with his touch. But there was something focused about

the way he did it, as if he was tuning an instrument.

Kayley's pussy lips parted slightly, as if staring at me. His hand dropped to her pussy, exploring her pubes and lips, pulling back the clit hood. Fingertips danced across her pubic mound. She leaned her naked body back against his, visibly relaxing. Despite her casual appearance, I could see her nipples were hardening. Without his touching it directly, her pussy lips parted wider and the inner folds glistened. She didn't look at me, or even acknowledge Leroy, just stared down thoughtfully at the movements of his hand, and the subtle changes he was making in her body.

She sucked in her breath suddenly, at a movement of two fingertips.

"How is it?" I asked, my voice was thickening, along with my cock. She looked up at me, almost startled for a moment, before dropping her gaze back to her vagina.

"It's… okay, I guess," she said. "Not remarkable or anything. Nice. He's not doing anything intense. Just sort of being there. It's… nice."

"We're just getting warmed up," he said, running one hand slowly up the inside of her thigh and down. The other hand hovered around her vagina, lightly probing around the edges of her lips. I noted the passive way her knee swung outward under his pressure. She took another deep breath. "Tuning the instrument."

She glanced up at me with a wry smile.

"I'm an instrument!"

My girl was naked, sprawled across a stranger's naked body, casually as if she belonged on him. Perhaps she did, he'd fucked her enough. And he was playing with her pussy, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. I could feel my cock getting hard watching them. I knew she could see my arousal, I pretended to accidentally drape my forearm in front of my genitals. Her smile became knowing.

The smile flickered, as two fingers descended on either side of her clit hood, taking advantage of her distraction, and did a rapid beat. She gasped.

"What was that?" she asked, catching her breath.

"Just trying something," he said. "Like it?"

"I don't know," she replied, staring at his fingers above her clitoris, as if daring them to do it again. "It was so fast."

"Okay," he said thoughtfully.

She looked up at me. "He was really amazing out in the bar. I felt like a

sweater being unraveled by kittens."

Leroy's face knit thoughtfully. "Interesting image," he said. "That was a different circumstance, she was already keyed up, receptive. Ready to respond."

"To being fingered in public?" I asked.

"It's not the public circumstance," he said thoughtfully. "It's receptiveness and sensitivity. In the bar, she was keyed up. There as a lot of tension to exploit, muscle tension, sexual tension. Right now, she's feeling pretty relaxed."

I was getting fully hard. Fuck it, I thought, let them see it. We're all naked, we've all fucked together. She's wet and getting fingered. Why should I be modest? I let my growing erection hang out, and saw both Kayley and Leroy glance at it.

He shifted his grip to the inside of her thigh, opening her up, and slipped his other hand down, his fingertips tapping lightly but deliberately at the edges of her lips, starting just above her asshole, and working up smoothly but erratically. I couldn't find any pattern, but her breathing was gradually speeding up.

"She's coming along," Leroy said to me.

"You know," she told us. "I am right here. I'm right in the room. Just mentioning…"

An index finger dipped between her lip, bringing a tiny hitch in her breath. Rapidly, he switched from one to the other, the first joint of each finger dipping into her pussy lightly in a sweeping motion, one after the other, higher and lower. Her breath hitched again, louder, and her hips twitched.

"Oh," she breathed. "I felt that! It's nice…"

His fingers now wet from her vagina, he reached down almost to her asshole and drew them back, the fingers fluttering against her genitals. Her hips shook, her breathing became uneven, the reactions more intense with each pass.

"Ohhhh," she said. "Okay, he's doing something. It's really different from the bar though. That was quick. Like pressing a button. This…"

His other hand released its grip on her thigh. Her legs remained splayed open. He brought his hand down, between her legs to join the other one. His fingers pressed down at the top part of her pussy, the outer fingers gently pushing apart, causing her to open, parting her vaginal walls, the inner ones gently pulling upwards, drawing her clit hood back and exposing her swollen clitoris.

I leaned forward, fascinated. I had never seen her so exposed, it was a

bizarre combination of the erotic and the clinical, that was almost unearthly, somewhere between a sensual exploration and a meticulous operation. Kayley's face was flushed, and she was panting steadily and unevenly. She licked her lips, staring down between her legs, watching him as he played with her. Every now and then her hips would jerk involuntarily, her stomach and thighs visibly tightening, and he'd lift a little and she'd relax. Then suddenly he triggered two hip jerks in quick succession, eliciting a loud gasp from her.

He eased off, deliberately allowing her relief. One hand slid up along her belly and ribs to cup her breast, pinching her nipple. She glanced up at me, her eyes wide, looking reckless and playful a twisted smile on her lips

His hand slid back down to join the other one, the fingers seeming to slide over each other. They were had to keep track of. The only thing I could compare it to was a video I saw once of starfish in a tank crawling over each other. The video had been sped up, giving the starfish a creepy sense of motion. There was something simultaneously randomly mindless and relentlessly deliberate about the way they crawled over each other. This was like that.

Kayley's eyes bulged. She went rigid, her muscles stiff and straining.

"Fuck!" she breathed. "Holy fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"There we go," Leroy said, his voice silky with satisfaction. His arm pushed down.

Her whole body jerked wildly, one leg kicked.

"Holy shit!!!" she swore. "Fuck"

"Good girl," he tightened his grip around her, I could see one hand, pulling on one side, the thumb sweeping her clit, as the fingers of his other hand plunged in and out of her up to the second knuckle, fingers alternating.

"FUCK!" Kayley thrashed in his hold, gasping. "Fu—! Fu—! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Her mouth was making an 'O', jaws working, her eyes were wild, and I could see her face and breasts going hot as her back arched.

"Let's try a basic two and two beat," he said.

"Oh shit!" Kayley was gasping, her breath coming fast and rapid in time with the movement of his hands. She was staring ahead, not seeing anything, just concentrating on the sensations. I could tell she was adjusting to it. "What you're doing…"

"Let's change up a little how about a two and four. Classic rock back beat."

Suddenly, Kayley was bucking on top of him, her body going rigid over and over. "Fuck! Stop! Stop! It's too much," she howled.

I could smell her pussy, the aroma of arousal was suddenly strong in the air. Her thighs were lick. She writhed on top of him, unable to remain still.

“Too much!” she cried.

He didn’t quite stop. But the fingers between her legs became minimal. Just a bare flexes, carefully timed to keep her motor running.

“I think I’ve got her,” he told me. He glanced at my erection. “Want to help out?”

My cock was absolutely rigid.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked, automatically ready and willing.

“You guys!” Kayley protested.

“Shush,” Leroy whispered in her ear. “Relax. It’ll be good.”

Kayley nodded and subsided, looking nervous.

“Now this time,” he told her softly, “We’re going to switch it around a little. I’m going to go to a four two beat, so you can recover a little. It’s going to be good. Not too much. But we’ll build you slower.”

Kayley nodded. “Okay.”

He looked at me.

“Sam,” he said. “I’m going to need you to trust me, and do exactly what I tell you, when I tell you, okay. You follow the lead.”

I nodded. “Okay.”

“Good. Stand up.”

I stood, naked, expectant, and very hard, my erection sticking out in front of me. Kayley’s eyes tracked me, but I could see her breathing picking up. His hands were moving faster, his fingers working at her pussy, tapping around her clit, teasing her lips, slipping into her.

“Going to four and two.”

Kayley arched her back, spreading her legs as wide as she could. Her hands reached back to clutch Leroy’s body. Her eyes closed, a huge grin flashed across her face, was wiped away in an instant, returned immediately.

“Oh fuck YES!!!” she cried out. “Fuck! Yes! That’s it! That’s it!”

Her hips rolled and jerked under his touch, she writhed in ecstasy, almost humping on top of him. Her moans were guttural and nonstop, punctuated by random obscenities, as she no longer even bothered to make sentences. It went on for a minute, Kayley losing herself completely.

As he took control, Leroy's eyes met mine. "Sam, time to come in."

"Yes."

"Shove your cock in her, and fuck her, try to keep time… And tell me when you're close. I want you to pull out."

"Yes."

I stepped forward. Kayley was too far gone to register our conversation as more than just noise, dirty talk that tickled the sexual parts of her brain. But when I moved towards her, her eyes tracked movement, focusing on me. Awareness trickled in, she looked up at my face, and then her eyes dropped to my hard cock. I could see realization bursting over her, as I stepped forward. Lust, desire, confusion and trepidation swept over her face, she knew what was about to happen, and part of her wanted it, even as part of her didn't know if she could handle it, and part of her understood it was going to happen, and she accepted it.

Leroy's fingers slithered out of her pussy, holding it open, as my cock unerringly homed in. She was loose, even looser than this morning, and unbelievably wet, and I sank to the hilt with a single thrust, burying myself in her instantaneously. Her thighs swung back and forth, she exhaled all the breath going out of her, and inhaled again, making a ragged sound of pure pleasure.

I had to lean forward, and placed one hand on Kayley's shoulder and another on Leroy's shoulder, struggling to balance and not put too much weight on either of them. I started to thrust wildly into her, literally splashing into her cunt, she was so wet.

"Fuck her hard!" Leroy commanded.

Kayley, momentarily coherent, echoed him. "Yes. Fuck hard. Hard as you can. Pound me!"

With an inarticulate growl, I started to pound pushing my whole weight into her. Around my cock, I felt Leroy's fingers, above and below, as he toyed with her asshole, and teased her clit. I could feel his fingers vibrating against my balls on each thrust, and knew that he was still doing whatever it was that made her so wild, beating her clit with his four two rhythm, pulling her lips. Occasionally, he'd whip a hand up to her breast and use his fingers to flick her nipple shockingly hard, and her whole body would convulse with the sting. I tried to time myself to his rhythm.

After five minutes of frantic, erratic, savage thrusting, I could feel my balls pulling tight, an electric sensation running up and down my penis.

“I’m close!” I shouted.

“Pull out!” Leroy ordered. “Pull out now and jerk off in her face.”

Obeying, I yanked my cock from her wildly quivering sopping hole, and, standing in front of them, began masturbating frantically, standing in front of them. Kayley’s cunt gaped open, Leroy reached under her thigh, curling around, and surged three fingers into her. Her body heaved as if being electrocuted, as he pushed relentlessly against her G-spot.

With a wild animal cry, her hips lifted up into the air, barely under Leroy’s control, and she squirted, the hot liquid splashing across my belly and thighs. I came then, ejaculating wildly, pumping ropes of semen flying through the hair landing on her belly and breasts. It must have only been seconds, but it felt like hours, as she squirted in continuous pulses, and I ejaculated again and again.

Then, she want all boneless and limp, collapsing on top of Leroy, insensate. If not for her staring eyes, the helpless trembling of her muscles, I would have thought she’d passed out, fucked unconscious.

“Fuck,” I sighed. My legs felt like rubber, I went weak all over, and dropped back to my couch.

Kayley slid down, off of Leroy’s body, an almost liquid movement. She slid down off the couch, her ass plopping on the floor between his legs, utterly boneless. Only leaning against his right leg left her even partially upright.

For a good five minutes, no one spoke. We all just panted away, like dogs having run a marathon. Kayley’s tongue was practically hanging out. She looked shocked and vacant.

My cock was softening, but I could feel my temples throbbing.

“Sammmmmm,” Kayley breathed, finally. She licked her lips. “Can I keep him. Can we bring him home with us. I promise I’ll look after him. I’ll feed him and give him baths and he won’t wreck the furniture. Can we keeeeeeeep him. I’ll call him Mister Throbby.”

I moaned.

“I’m sorry, hon,” I said, “I’d love that. But his place is out here in the wild, with all his wilderness friends.”

“Awwww,” she whined.

“You wouldn’t want to take him away from all that,” I said.

“I guess not,” she pretended to sound so disappointed.

“But tell you what,” I said, “any time you want to, we can come back here to visit him, and you can pet him all you want.”

“Yay!!!” She clapped her hands just like a little girl.

Leroy watched us, incredulously.

“It’s a bit we do,” I tried to explain. “We do bits. Little role plays… for fun.”

“I get role play,” he said carefully, nodding.

“It’s just fun,” Kayley drawled, leaning back against his thigh. She threw back he head, resting it on his knee. She noticed his erection from the corner of her eye, and rolled her head to stare at it.

“Prithee, is that an erection I see before me, all hard and unattended to?”

“That it is,” he agreed.

She flung out an arm bonelessly towards it, practically flopping it along his thigh. Her hand curled around his cock like an a octopus. It was strange and beautiful. She stared vacantly at it.

“Hard,” she said vaguely, “and hot and throbbing. Two of my favourite things about a cock.”

Technically, I thought, that was three things, but I didn’t feel like correcting her.

She took a deep breath.

“I am going to suck that cock. You can’t do what you did and not get it back. So I’m going to give you an insane blow job. You’re going to write songs about this blow job. I’m totally going to do you. But…” she averred, “not right now at this exact moment, because I am so wasted.”

She paused.

“But I’m going to do it. And it will be mind blowing. I just need a few minutes to get myself together. Meanwhile, I am holding it, so you don’t run away or anything.”

“I don’t think I’ll be running away,” he told her.

“Of course not,” she said. “Because I’m holding it. Pay attention.”

She took a deep breath, and stared up at the ceiling.

“Woo!” she said. “What a… night… except it’s tomorrow, isn’t it? This just… Went places… I’ll tell you, I did not see it turning out this way.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “This was… unexpectable.”

Was that even a word?

“I didn’t really mind though,” Leroy said. “As things go, I think this landed well.”

“Oh my, yes!” Kayley agreed.

“About as excellent as it was possible to be,” I said.

Murmurs of agreement.

Leroy looked down at her.

We didn’t talk at all for another five or ten minutes. There was absolutely nothing to say. We just sat there, recovering. Kayley never let go her grip on Leroy’s cock.

“I’m ready,” she said finally. “Let’s do it.”

“You don’t have to,” Leroy said. Kayley and I didn’t even have to look at each other. That was such bullshit. He absolutely wanted his cock sucked. He was just playing nice guy.

I laughed.

“I don’t have to,” Kayley said. “But I want to. After a jam session like that, I want to show you appreciation.”

She paused.

“Besides,” she said, there was a calm relentlessness in her, “how many times have we fucked. Too many. In all that time, I’ve never given it a proper blow job. I want that. I need it. I want it for me. I want to have it in my mouth, to feel it, taste it, swallow it. I want to feel you coming in my mouth, and just gulp it all down. This is for you, but it’s also for me.”

I laughed.

“Give it up, Dude,” I told him. “When she’s like this, there’s no stopping her.”

He nodded.

“I guess I’ll just have to go with it.”

“Fucking right,” Kayley said. She climbed up until she was kneeling between his legs. Straightening, she arched her back, with sensual catlike pleasure. Looking at him straight on, she locked eyes. “No mercy!”

Leroy grinned. “Not asking for any.”

I expected her to dive straight down on his cock. But instead, her movements were deliberate. She bent slowly over him, holding him steady, and started with a tender kiss, licking a bead of precum. She looked up, registering him watching intensely. Then, she carefully took his head in her mouth.

Physically and mentally exhausted, I sat back and watched her methodically play with that huge cock. Again, I was struck by how much bigger he was, and how very clearly she appreciated and loved, even worshipped his superior instrument. She moved patiently, perhaps through exhaustion, giving long adulatory licks the length of his shaft, tonguing his balls, even licking his asshole, but always coming back patiently to his cock head.

Slowly, he began to respond, stroking her hair, shifting position, even moaning when she did something particularly enticing. Whenever he reacted, I could see her body language shift, her hips give a wiggle, and knew she was pleased. I imagined her smiling around his cock.

As she went on, her body began to move more and more. Her breasts swayed, sensitive nipples brushing against his thigh. Her hips swung slightly side to side, or rolled with the arch of her back. Her toes curled and uncurled, and she set her knees further apart. Her pussy lips parted of their own accord.

I knew that she was enjoying sucking his cock, that her body was falling into an unconscious sensual rhythm. Her blow job became more aggressive, she slid further down on his shaft, taking him half way down her throat. I could imagine her looking up, teasingly, meeting his eyes as she bobbed up and down.

I wasn’t hard, but my cock was filling out, becoming thick again. The amazing sensual show in front of me drew me from my mental and sexual exhaustion.

On impulse, I slid off the couch, moving to kneel behind her. She was so engrossed in Leroy’s potent, powerful erection, she didn’t even register me. She remained completely unaware, until I slid two fingers into her vagina, gently stroking her G-spot.

Leroy’s cock was buried more than half way down her throat when I did that. Her jaws were distended like a snake to swallow that meal. I could see from the wet ring around his shift below her lips, that she’s only managed to work herself a little deeper, perhaps an inch. Clearly, she was intent on taking every inch of him.

As my fingers slid in her, her body froze and went stiff. She made a surprised

sound, and began to lift her head. But almost instantly, Leroy captured her, his hands reaching to hold her head, freezing her in place. Before this, he'd been gentle, appreciative, stroking her hair, sometimes guiding, sometimes encouraging, but allowing her to take the lead. Now, he asserted control. In protest, her hips swung side to side, then up and down, as if trying futilely to dislodge me.

Leroy and I looked at each other, over her writhing body, and exchanged a knowing smile. Then his gaze lowered. Kayley went still.

Although I couldn't see, I knew what was happening. Their eyes were locked on each other in a battle of wills. Him looking calmly down at her, her looking up at him, her throat stuffed with his cock. It was a futile battle, lost before it was even begun. Kayley loved to be in control, but even more, she loved it when control was taken from her. She was outnumbered and defeated from the start, Leroy's physical control and his determination to master her joined with her own submissive nature and profound arousal. Against these forces her own will was a slender reed, bending inevitably and breaking.

I knew the exact moment when she dropped her eyes from his, acknowledging his power over her. Her body relaxed and she resumed her slow bobbing over his cock, her lips descending by slow increments, leaving a little more of his shaft slick and wet, before withdrawing to descend again.

The power had shifted irrevocably. From that point on, it was no longer her blow job, it was his, and they both knew it. He was now in control, guiding her head up and down, showing or telling her what to do. Without question or resistance she obeyed his spoken and unspoken directions, accepting his will in place of her own, with no other purpose but to give him pleasure. She trembled now at the sound of his voice, his commands sinking deep into her, and when he called her bitch or whore she all but shivered with deep satisfaction.

Her surrender was total and to both of us. I could feel it in the way her knees parted wider for me, the way her hips rocked back and squirmed on my fingers. I teased her, trying to work in tandem with Leroy, amplifying his mastery by making her body betray her.

As I stroked her G-spot, her cunt tightened, her pussy squeezing my fingers, a wet surge of lubrication trickling along my hand. Her body arched, she made a muffled squealing sound. Leroy held her head tight, letting her lift as the orgasm rode through her, giving her room, and then as it subsided, relentlessly re-asserting control.

Twice more as she sucked his cock, I pushed her to orgasm, each time, watching her body struggle helplessly as it was blown about by the waves of pleasure, and each time, leaving her even more broken, helpless, submissive and utterly compliant.

Finally, Leroy reached his peak of arousal, his own orgasm must have been

bearing down on him. Suddenly, he was standing, his grip on her head like iron. In this new posture, my fingers fell from her pussy, and I retreated a few awkward steps, to enjoy the final show.

He started to fuck her face with savage force, using her almost like a rag doll, her body shaking with each lunge as he forced his cock all the way down her throat, before withdrawing it for another lunge. He called her a bitch and a whore and rammed into her face. She gagged helplessly, but took it, struggling vainly to catch a breath even as he used her.

Finally, he thrust deep, and wrapping his arms around her head, hunched over, making this animalistic growl. Her arms dangled at her sides, as she accepted this brutal use, Leroy hunched as he shot load after load of his thick potent semen down her willing throat.

For a moment, he held her like that, locked in his embrace, unable to even breath, Finally, he released her, staggering back, and falling on the couch, his cock coated and dripping with thick viscous slime from the cruel throat fucking.

Kayley dropped to knees and elbows, gasping for breath, coughing, spitting out wads of throat slime, her sides heaving. I crawled to her side, and she looked up at me, her chin smeared, and eyes wild. But she was grinning.

She looked up at Leroy, now relaxing, coming down.

“Good bitch?” she asked.

He nodded.

“Good bitch,” he told her.

She allowed herself to go limp, rolling onto her back, arms and legs spread, smiling happily.

“Worth it.”

That was it. All of us were completely fucked out and exhausted. Leroy sprawled out on the couch, not even bothering to put pants on. Kayley and I took quick separate showers, and got dressed.

Leroy walked us to the door. Before he left, he pulled Kayley into his arms for a passionate kiss as I stood there watching. I felt no trace of jealousy as she submitted effortlessly to him, broken to his will as much as his cock, offering her mouth, taking his tongue, squirming as his welcome hands took ownership of her body one last time, leaving her almost breathless when it finally ended.

Leroy looked at me, and we stuck out our hands to shake. Kayley, watching us, rolled her eyes. “Boys,” she said, “you’ve gone way past that.”

She was right, we both laughed, and stepped forward, wrapping our arms around each other in a big hug. I didn't mind at all that I was hugging a naked man, or his flaccid cock was pressing against me. "Brothers!" we said.

And that was it, the door shut. We made our way down the halls, and out to our car.

"So," she said. "Verdict."

"The sex…" I said thoughtfully. "The sex was epic. Leroy… Hmmm."

"I dunno," I continued. "He seems to need to be in control. Early on, at the bar, then the restaurant, at his place, it felt like he kept trying to make everything into a contest. Like he was always trying to get one over on us. On me. Or on you. He was really into dominating you."

"Yeah," she said. "I noticed that. It's like he didn't just want to be in control, but to use control, to set up the rules to win. Like making a point of fucking me while you were asleep — at first it was fun and naughty, but then after a while, I was thinking 'what the fuck, are you eight years old?'"

"Definitely in the bathroom at the bar," I said. "I mean, it wasn't obnoxious or offensive, he didn't go overboard. But it was there. And that blow job contest in the restaurant. What the fuck was that?"

Kayley snickered, I laughed.

"I dunno," she said. "At least we all had fun."

"He was laughing along with us," I said. "But I got the feeling he didn't find it funny."

"Yeah," she said. "I picked up on that too. It was almost like he thought we were laughing at him."

I nodded.

"Insecure, maybe?"

"Definitely. All those lies," she said. "I mean, okay, real musician, really in a band. Impressive. Spent time around restaurants, real restaurants. Impressive. But he couldn't leave it there. He had to brag about doing all these other things."

"I was afraid he was going to tell us about his time as an astronaut."

Kayley snorted, then hiccupped, then bent over laughing. I smiled.

"Oh my god," she said, wiping tears from her eyes. "Warn me the next time you

do that!"

"No promises," I said smugly.

"Hey," I said. "What if he really did do everything he claimed, it's all real, none of it exaggerated or questionable or bullshit."

"In that case," she said. "Pull over here, I'll let you out and drive back. We'll send you postcards from Sri Lanka."

"Not if I get with him first," I said.

She laughed.

"I think he let go of that insecure topping, his need to be in charge, to get one over thing as we went along. He relaxed more."

"He was still really aggressive and dominating," she said.

I remembered the power shift during the blow job, and the final face fucking. And how he'd choreographed the finger session.

"That blow job session got pretty violent towards the end. How do you feel about it."

She looked out the window.

"Wet actually."

"Interesting, want to talk about it."

"It's hard to explain," she said, "but even at the end, when it was extreme, I was into it. I wanted him to do it that way. The thing with submission, it's not like off or on. You can descend into it, go deeper and deeper."

"I get that," I said.

"Sucking a cock can be a deeply submissive act," she said. "It's a gateway to that head space, for me at least. He kept taking me deeper. When I knew he was coming… I wanted it that way. He read me.."

I nodded.

"Very aggressive," she repeated.

"He was," I said, "but he did it more appropriately, working to the occasion, rather than trying or scheming to be on top, or put us under. Outside of that, he just seemed to relax, to be comfortable rather than controlling."

"Maybe…" she said. "He just got better at reading us and playing us as we went

along."

I thought about it.

"Maybe," I said. "You know, you're really cynical."

"I just think we should be careful with him, take it slow."

"I agree," I hesitated. "I've almost got the urge to throw open our arms, invite him into our marriage, just go all in. But you're right. Slow. Careful. One step at a time."

"Besides," I said, "he might not even be marriage material."

"Sleazy," she said. "He's definitely got that. But it's a charming sleazy, and there's a lot more to him than I thought."

"He's a little dark," I said. "Notice his sex words. Whore, bitch. Take it."

"Yeah," she said. "Very aggressive. Very domineering. Conquer, owned, possessed."

"Those are yours," I said.

"What?"

"Yours. Those are your sex word. You don't use them constantly, but they come up when you're in the right mood," I shrugged. "I always just figured that you went through puberty reading about the Peloponnesian Wars."

"Oh," she said. She sounded surprised.

I glanced at her. "You don't know your own sex words?"

She stuck her tongue out at me.

"Of course I know them, dummy. But he picked them up and was using them on me. He read me and was using it to push my buttons hard, and I was responding. He's smarter than I thought, more perceptive… More dangerous."

I shrugged. Kayley was the one who had theories on sex words. I just knew that they made my cock hard and her pussy wet, little triggers, and that was it. Did they reveal something about the inner person? I kind of went both ways on the subject. On the one hand, it's just words to get you excited, and maybe you shouldn't read too much. But it could also reveal hidden or not so hidden aspects. I supposed it depended on the person.

Which was it for Leroy?

But there was another dimension. The fact that he'd read her, picked up on her

sex words, turned them around and used it on her. That read like a player, a manipulator. Dangerous.

Or maybe she was just over thinking things. I loved her, but she was always over thinking.

Sometimes you had to just go with the flow, not try to out think. Just let someone or something reveal themselves. They always did, sooner or later.

At this point, I could see good and bad in Leroy, the potential of someone very dangerous. But I could tell, at heart, however he was bent, there's a good person in there, talented, open. Someone worth having in our lives.

I wasn't thrilled with his power games, or this cuckold thing he was pushing. But maybe as he got more comfortable with us, he could just relax and let it go.

"We should have him over," I said. "Or take him out, or something. I mean, we were overnight guests, and he did cook for us."

"And all the great fucking."

"That too," I agreed.

"Yeah," she said, "that breakfast. You think either of us could cook anything to match?"

"Restaurant," we both said at once.

I nodded.

"Somewhere nice, classy, to show him we appreciate him."

"Bottom line?" she asked.

"I like him," I said. "I didn't understand why you kept going back to him, even with his bigger cock."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw her expression flicker when I mentioned his cock.

"He's kind of rough, and a bit insecure. But I like him. I think I see what you see in him," I concluded.

"So we should keep on?" she asked. She sounded hopeful.

"Any chance of you falling out of love with me and in love with him," I asked, trying not to let my insecurity show. I don't mind that his cock is bigger, or he uses it better, I thought, as long as I've got your heart.

“Not a chance in a million years,” she said. “I promise, I’m yours forever.”

I smiled.

“How about you?”

“Excuse me?”

“Promise you won’t fall in love with him, either gay, bro or some other weird male pseudo-homo-eroticism, and be mine forever.”

I laughed.

“Totally promise!”

“Good.”

“So I guess we’re going to keep playing with him…”

“What if he keeps playing these games.”

“We’ll try to discourage that,” I paused. “Or who knows, maybe they’ll be fun, if we keep it under control.”

“Yeah,” she said. “I could see that.”

I paused. It had to be said.

“What if he turns out to be toxic?”

She shrugged, staring out at the road.

“I’m really not appropriately dressed for this time of day,” she said thoughtfully. “Or these neighborhoods.

I smiled.

“It’s context. Last night, this was acceptable clubbing outfit. Today, wearing this, I should be standing on a streetcorner in some really scuzzy neighborhood.”

“I think we can find you the right kind of streetcorner,” I said, “if you need to stretch your legs… and your pussy.”

She laughed a little.

“You keep suggesting that. A little bit of a fantasy of yours?”

“You keep bringing it up. A fantasy of yours?”

That shut her up for a moment.

“Intrigued,” she admitted quietly.

I felt my cock stir in my pants, surprised at its enthusiasm.

“I think every woman has a fantasy along those lines. Being on the street. Looking like sex incarnate. Fucking complete strangers. Maybe some day…”

She leaned over to my side of the car, and laid her head on my shoulder.

“I’m exhausted. I just want to go home and take a long shower.”

“We already had showers, before we left,” I pointed out.

“I repeat: I just want to go home and take a lonnnnnnnnngggggg shower.”

Her hand descended to my pants. One handed, she unzipped my fly.

“Oh,” I said, understanding.

“So many showers, so many missed opportunities. So much lost time to make up for.”

Her hand slid in through the fly, worming its way through underwear.

“I don’t know… I’m pretty worn.”

But my cock was already hardening under her touch.

That amazing, beautiful, wild woman!

“I think we’ll be okay,” she winked.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 13
==========

by Eve St. Albert

LEROY

“So anyway,” Leroy asked, “did you guys get the stuff I sent on cuckold lifestyle.”

Kayley nodded, she took a bite of biscotti and washed it down with a bit of Americano mocha. A man walked a dog past them, and Kayley;’s eyes were drawn. That was the advantage of an open air café. The city’s life wandered past you.

“Looking it over,” she said, distracted. “We’re not sure if we’re really into

it, though."

The dog and dog walker glanced suspiciously at Leroy as they passed by. He'd cleaned himself up a bit, but there was still something casually sleazy about him, Kayley decided. Or perhaps it was bohemian, a rough around the edges artist type, at home in dive bars or beat poetry jams. Like Bukowski.

"Nice dog," Leroy said. Kayley shrugged, unconcerned.

"What are you thinking about?" Leroy sprung on her.

"Charles Bukowski," Kayley said evasively.

Leroy nodded.

"You know," he said. "I was a huge fan, back when I was a poet. I made a pilgrimage once to all the bars where he drank."

"You were a poet?" Kayley asked.

Leroy shrugged. "I thought I was. There is an age in every young man's life where he think's he's a poet. I think it's somewhere after puberty but before getting laid."

Kayley laughed delightedly. Leroy smiled internally, it wasn't original, and he'd actually had it filed away and loaded for something else. But it did the job: Amuse her, please her, make her more comfortable, more accessible.

"I guess it helped later, when I was writing lyrics."

He paused and decided to push a bit, she'd been a little standoffish initially. He wanted to break through her barriers a little.

"I'm surprised you accepted my invitation out," Leroy said.

Kayley shrugged.

"Why would you be surprised?" she asked. She smiled. 'Public place, people around, We're both fully dressed. Am I in danger?' She shrugged. "Besides, we're asking you out. I decided it might be helpful to just run through the details with you."

She'd asked about danger, but she'd dropped it immediately, and went on Leroy noted. Did that mean she felt completely safe? Or that she didn't want to feel entirely safe?

"I just didn't expect it, that's all. Getting together, you and me alone, one on one," he said. "You guys seem very joined at the hip."

He smiled.

“Or maybe you wanted one on one… unless he’s listening.”

She reached into her purse and held up her phone for him to see. It was off. Leroy’s smile grew broader. Whether she was fully aware of it or not, she was playing with fire.

“I think this is the first time I’ve been with you that he hasn’t been close by,” he said. “Are you enjoying it.”

Kayley shrugged. “We don’t do everything together. We divide up the chores.”

“I’m a chore?”

Kayley smiled and rolled her eyes slightly, she was too dignified for a snort.

“He knows I’m here,” she said.

“Did he give you permission to meet me?” He baited her.

Her nostrils flared, eyes narrowed just a bit, at the implication that Sam made decisions for her.

“You know we’re not like that,” she told him. “I just thought it might be a good idea, feel you out.”

“You been feeling me,” he said, “all over the place, all sorts of locations, orifices, organs.”

She smirked.

“That’s bad,” she said. “That’s so bad. And sad. That’s barely a single entendre. Honestly, where do men come up with these things?”

“One track minds,” he admitted. “So dinner, Friday. What are you thinking? Your place?”

She took a swallow of the Americano.

“Restaurant. We were wondering if you had any special preferences?”

He shrugged. “I’m easy. Anywhere, anything.”

“We noticed. We were thinking Holdens. Upscale, private, classy.”

“Very retro,” he said. “I know it. Good choice. Very good chef.”

“Six too early for you?” she asked.

“Perfect,” Leroy said. “And after?”

She didn't answer.

"So I guess we're done," she said.

"Are we?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" she asked, but she didn't seem surprised or curious. She just watched him with that half smile.

"I think…" he said, "that you love Sam. But sometimes, it's tough being joined at the hip. To have him listen to the conversation, listen to the…"

A waiter passed close by, he caught her from his peripheral vision, and noted Kayley's glance. He let the word drop away, and noted her tiny nod of approval.

This is part of the test, he thought. She wanted to see how well behaved I was in public.

"…anyway," he continued. "I think you just wanted to see me, without the pressure of Sam around. No disrespect, but it's hard to be completely casual if you know someone is listening in."

She regarded him for a moment.

"Maybe."

Now we're getting somewhere, he thought.

"Just for the record," she said. "I couldn't have done, I wouldn't have done the… things I did, without him there. Having him there, knowing I was safe, gave me the strength, the bravery to go with it. Without him, nothing."

"I appreciate that," he said. "So are you feeling safe now."

"Maybe," she smiled.

You little bitch, he thought, and smiled back.

"Well," he said, "let me be honest. I'm not going to…" he glanced at a couple arriving at the next table. "We won't be… but that doesn't mean I'm not going to flirt."

Leroy leaned forward. Kayley bent at the same time.

"I'm going to make your panties so fucking wet," he whispered.

She leaned back, nibbling on the last of her biscotti, crossed her legs and looked around at the other patrons.

“Acceptable.”

“It is getting crowded here,” he said, looking around.

“I’ve noticed,” she said.

“I suppose the wait staff would like their table back,” he said. “We should walk, we can talk more freely that way.”

“I don’t think I’m up for side streets, or back alleys, or behind dumpsters… not today.”

‘Not today?’ That was an oddly specific list, he suspected she’d considered each of them. He noted the qualifier, sounded to him like an invitation to take her in one of those places on some other day. He smiled.

“Of course not,” he said. “A simple walk and talk, that’s all. Maybe some window shopping, some browsing. The talk might be… provocative. But I promise you…”

He leaned forward.

“I’m not going to fuck you,” he told her. The couple at the closest table perked up. “I’m saving that for later.”

She blushed slightly as they looked at her. He’d made his point. Just because he was behaving didn’t mean he wasn’t dangerous.

“Acceptable.”

Leroy paid, and they strolled down the street. He offered his arm, and a moment later, she took it.

“Why did you pick this place?” she asked.

“Nice neighborhood, classy. Upscale,” he said. “And they make a killer biscotti. I don’t live my entire life in dive bars.”

“I like this look of yours,” he said, his eyes moving up and down. She was dressed conservatively, blouse, skirt, expensive, well made, classy. “Very different from the bar.”

“You mean, not looking like a cheap slut.”

“Not looking cheap anyway,” he said, and smirked, just enough to let her know it was a dig. She glared just enough to let him know she was amused.

“I loved that red dress,” she said. “I absolutely loved it. You destroyed it.”

He shrugged.

“Collateral damage. If it’s any consolation,” he said. “I really enjoyed it. Definitely worth it.”

He looked at her.

“What do you think?” he asked. “Worth it?”

She looked away, but nodded.

“You were a lot of fun,” she said. “An adventure, but now you’re intriguing.”

“That tells me,” he said, “that the three of us won’t just be having dinner.”

She didn’t reply.

They stopped at a sidewalk vendor hawking handmade jewelry. Kayley looked through some pieces, picked up a necklace, and held it to her bare below her throat.

Leroy studied and shrugged.

“Not quite right,” I think. He picked up another necklace. “Too middle ground. With your complexion and bone structure, I think you want delicate.”

She lowered her necklace. He pressed a fine layered chain inset with amber to her neck, wrapping it around the curve of her throat.”

“Or something bold — a leather collar,” he finished.

Kayley blushed. The vendor, a middle aged woman, looked from one to the other.

“Heavy gold nipple rings,” he said. “Dangling chains. Something captivating, for a captive.”

He turned to the vending woman.

“How much for this one?” he asked brightly, holding up the gold necklace with the amber centerpiece.

“Are you buying?” Kayley asked.

“Only if you wear it,” he said. She blushed again.

Leroy paid for it, and had her turn around so he could clasp it to the back of her neck. He stepped up, so close behind her, that she could feel his hips brushing her ass. He leaned in, and whispered in her ear, so that she could feel his hot breath.

“Place your hands behind your neck, lace your fingers together, and lift up your hair,” he ordered.

She obeyed. Nothing happened.

After a moment, she asked, “Well?”

“Oh,” he whispered into her ear, “I’m just enjoying this.”

Then he breathed on the back of her neck, hot and moist. Kayley shivered.

“Still feeling safe?” he asked.

“N.. No,” she admitted.

“Good,” he smiled. He reached around with the necklace, careful to accidentally brush the tips of her breasts, smiling again at the tiny hitch in her breathing that only he noted. He brought the chain, suddenly cold around her throat and fastened it, stepping back as she lowered her hair.

Leroy offered his arm, Kayley took it. As they resumed walking, the jewelry vendor suddenly felt the need to fan herself.

“I keep my promises,” he lied. “I’m very serious: I’m not going to try to fuck you.”

He paused.

“But that doesn’t mean you’re safe.”

“I… see,” her voice was a little awkward. But she wasn’t pulling away. Where’s Sam now, he thought, triumphantly.

“Oh don’t worry,” he told her, “nothing is going to happen that you’re not completely into. Besides, I’m really looking forward to Friday. That’s the main event. Today… today is an apperitif for you.”

“And for you?” she asked.

“I’m saving my appetite.”

“Big appetite?”

“Ravenous, voracious, relentless,” he said. “But you’ve already discovered that,”

“Oh my.”

“You’re interesting,” he said, carefully flattering her.

She smiled.

“Am I?”

“Oh definitely. Adventurous, fearless, intelligent, perceptive, sensuous, sexy, fast… you’re quite a package,” he said.

“And… very submissive,” he concluded.

She shivered, and didn’t reply. Receptive, she hadn’t retreated. But he could tell he’d pushed just a little too far, too soon. He had to soften it.

“But the interesting thing with your submissiveness,” he said, “it’s not automatic. You have to be brought there, led, seduced into it. It’s not exactly who you are, it’s a place that you can go.”

“Interesting,” she asked. “How about you?”

He laughed.

“Me. I’m bullshit free,” he lied. “Not sub. Not really dom. Just certain of myself. I know what I like, I know what to do. I do it, it simplifies things. Certainty plays like dominance sometimes, but it’s not really.”

Kayley laughed out loud.

“Bullshit,” she said. “What absolute bullshit. You’re a player.”

She touched the necklace.

Leroy had a flash of anger, but suppressed it instantly.

“Wow,” he said lightly. “Someone’s looking for another epic face fucking.”

Leroy knew he was taking a chance, but he decided to try. He’d enjoyed doing it to here to an unimaginable degree, and he’d been brutal. Perhaps too brutal. But afterwards, despite his roughness, she hadn’t complained. She’d actually joked about it, and went away as if nothing traumatic had happened.

There was no pushback now. She wasn’t folding, but she was willing to let him probe a little, push a little, as long as he did it carefully. She was smart, very smart, very much a thinker. He decided to use that against her, keep it a little abstract.

“That’s kind of what I mean though,” he said. “Submission, it’s about give and take, taking what you give up. You started, surrendering first and eventually I started taking. But you wouldn’t stop, no matter how much I took control, you went further.”

She was paying attention, looking thoughtful.

“I was face fucking you like a madman, thinking, what the fuck am I doing? But you weren’t even pushing back. You were the one in control.”

If you spun it right, Leroy had always found, you could make people think that they were in some kind of control, that somehow, what you did to them was actually their idea.

Or at least, leave them confused and uncertain.

Submission, domination, it was often murky and confusing, urges poorly understood, not quite embraced, lurking in the depths of subconscious. People were fucked up, it was easy to twist them, if you just played them right.

“Interesting,” Kayley said thoughtfully. She had taken the bait, now it was just a matter of carefully setting the hook and reeling her in, do it right, and she wouldn’t even notice it happening.

“That harsh face fucking thing though,” she said. “One off. It was intense, I went somewhere. I don’t think I could do that regularly.”

She dropped her voice to a coarse gravelly pitch. “I’d end up talking like Louis Armstrong.”

Leroy laughed, in part because she was surprisingly funny, and because he knew he was supposed to. She was drawing lines and boundaries, and retreating from the topic. Time to concede, move on. Whatever seeds he could plant were planted, whatever victories were there to win, he’d win. Move on.

Someday, he promised himself, he’d violently face fuck her any time he wanted, he’d do it as casually as grabbing a sandwich, with no foreplay or build up. And she’d fucking take it, because she’d know it was all she deserved..

With an effort, he put those thoughts away.

“Oh look,” he said, as they arrived at the window display.

“Boutique Exotica” blared in a series of stylized representations of the female form in neon, surrounded by an assortment of fetish boots and latex. Beneath the sign, was a logo: “Accessories for the Delightful”

Kayley looked at him.

“This was your plan all along,” she accused, “you were going to get me in here.”

“The Biscotti really was excellent,” he replied. “The ambiance was great. We’ve stopped and looked at different things. But yes, I knew this place was in the neighborhood…”

Admitting, but not admitting.

She regarded him speculatively.

“Far be it from me,” she said finally, “to disappoint you, by not walking into this trap you have so cleverly set.”

“It’s not a trap,” he lied.

She hmmphed.

“If it’s not a trap,” she said, “I will be very disappointed in you.”

And they walked inside.

“Oh look,” Kayley said, ‘boots and shoes. Let’s go there first.’ A moment later, surrounded by thigh high vinyl boots, open toed boots, nine inch heels, platforms, studs, and the sweet smell of leather, she spread her arms and grinned. “I want everything!”

She sobered and looked at Leroy. “You wouldn’t happen to have a credit card on you, would you?”

“Uhm no.”

“Pooh!” Kayley said.

After what felt to Leroy like an inordinate time looking and trying shoes and boots on, Kayley was finally ready to move.

Kaylee was a young woman with a healthy sex drive. It wasn’t her first time in an Adult store, and Leroy didn’t expect to shock her. But still, he found it pleasant to wander among the various toys, stopping to look at bondage and fetish tools. They relaxed, they joked. Kayley enjoyed herself.

They stared at the dragon line, dildos of increasing size, and bizarre shape and colour, modeled on the genitalia of imaginary creatures.

“I’m pretty sure,” Kayley said thoughtfully, “that gray space aliens aren’t hung like that.”

Leroy shrugged, the two foot shaft of gray twisted latex with LED lights didn’t really seem to go with the popular image. But then he’d never met one, so who knew? Kayley glanced at a row of dildos, increasing in size. The sign said they were modeled on horse cocks.

“Yeah,” she said. “I don’t get it.”

“I knew a girl once, had sex with a donkey in Mexico,” he remarked. He was standing very close to her. Every time one of them moved their bodies brushed.

When he spoke she could feel his breath, the pressure of the warm air against her ear.

“Gross,” Kayley said. “I wonder what was going through her mind.”

“An incredible amount of peyote, actually,” he said. Kayley laughed.

“She was a very unusual person,” Leroy said.

“Actually,” he said, “there’s a fetish club in Texas, where they’ve got one of those horse dildos hooked up to a fucking machine, and they built this aluminum frame around it, shaped like a stylized horse. It’s quite popular. Someone’s always volunteering to put on a show.”

“You’ve been there,” Kayley asked. She backed slightly up against him, their bodies were touching slightly.

“I heard about it,” he said. “I suggested it as an alternative.”

“You know some creepy people,” she said, without looking at him. But she didn’t pull away.

“Mmm,” he said. “Some strange ones, definitely.”

They wandered away. Looking at and commenting on toys, dildos and butt plugs. As Kayley picked up a gleaming chrome butt plug with an amethyst jewel base, Leroy stepped up close behind her, and wrapped his arms around her. Kayley stiffened, but then relaxed under his touch.

He whispered in her ear. “I’m going to fuck your ass.”

“Oh yes?” her voice was light casual. She continued looking at butt plugs.

“Definitely.”

“You want to go where no man has gone before?” she said, almost pretending he wasn’t there. Her butt gave the tiniest wiggle against his hardening cock. “I don’t know. I really don’t.”

“I think you do know,” he whispered. “I think you’ve been saving that cherry waiting for the right man.”

“And that’s you?” she asked.

“Yes. Because I’m the man who is going to take it.”

“Confident!”

He chuckled, his voice low and confident, his breath moist and hot, as it buffeted her ear. She shivered, sensuously, and in that moment, he knew he

would take it. That he had her agreement. Or maybe it wasn't so much agreement as surrender.

"Do you have a timetable for this event?" she asked the air.

Leroy stepped back.

"You'll know when it happens," he told her.

They moved on.

Then into the fetish gear. Leroy watched as Kayley ran fingertips over a vinyl catsuit, and then a leather harness. Touched different brands of cuffs and floggers.

One of the store employees, a smooth effeminate man whose name tag said Mike, introduced himself, and offered his assistance.

"Spreader bar," Mike explained, as she glanced at a chrome bar with attachment rings and a slide guard. She shrugged.

"You know," Leroy said, "I think this might suit you."

Kayley looked. Leroy was holding up a ball gag.

"I think this one is just your size," he said.

"You seem very confident," she said, staring at it. "Looks a bit big for me."

"We have a variety of sizes and styles," Mike said.

"I don't know," Leroy ignored him. "I have a good eye for these things."

Kayley gave him a slight smile.

"Do you now?"

"It's not just the size though," he said. "The colour, the texture. Glossy suits you. Glossy black like this, it goes with your complexion. A nice red maybe, but you'd have to wear the right lipstick for that."

He was lifting it up. Calmly, she tracked the slow progress of it as he raised it.

"The straps are genuine leather," he said. "Classy."

He was holding it up near her chin.

"Give it a kiss," Leroy suggested.

Kayley met his eyes and gave him the faintest smile. She dipped her head, and gave it a peck.

“Happy?” she asked.

“A real kiss,” he said.

Kayley waited a few heartbeats. Then she dipped her head, the kiss on the surface of the glossy latex ball was longer, her lips parted slightly, lingered.

“We tend to discourage customers licking things,” Mike said. “Unless they buy first.”

Leroy glanced at him.

“You know,” Leroy said. ‘I think I’ll buy this, right now. Go run the transaction and bring it back to us.’ He handed his bank card. “Tap it.”

Mike retreated.

“Was that wise?” Kayley asked. “Just giving him your card?”

“He knows better than to screw around.” Leroy shrugged, turning to look at a series of restraints.

“If you say so.”

Consider it a gift, “he said.” Something for you and Sam to play with.”

“That’s very generous,” she said.

“Not really,” he said. “I figure that I might end up using it on you at some point.”

Mike returned, handing over the card and a small discrete black paper bag. Leroy pocketed his card, and casually fished the ball gag, from the bag.

“You know,” he told Kayley, “you weren’t sure it would fit, isn’t that right?”

“Oh my!” Kayley said, she took a half step back, but only a half step. Her eyes were bright. “You wouldn’t!”

“No refunds,” Mike said.

Leroy smiled, it was quite an evil smile. He held up the ball gag.

“You know, it wouldn’t be much of a gift if it didn’t fit properly,” he told her. “I think you’re a girl who likes to be filled just right.”

He was slowly raising the ball to her lips.

She watched it approach.

“You absolutely shouldn’t,” she whispered calmly. “Certainly not out here in public, in front of—”

“Open your mouth,” he ordered.

Kayley opened her mouth.

“Wider.”

She stretched her jaws wide, parting her lips as much as she could manage.

He slid the ball into her mouth, she felt cold latex pressing on her tongue.

“Relax.”

She let the tension ease, felt her jaw closing slightly, the ball settling into place, filling her mouth.

“Lift your hair,” he ordered.

Silently, Kayley complied, the gesture identical to the one he’d taught her out on the street at the jewelry vendor. She laced her fingers behind her neck and lifted, sweeping her hair up until he nodded for her to stop. She blinked and waited.

“Mike,” Leroy said, “would you do the honours? Kayley, keep your hair up.”

Mike stepped behind her, pulling the straps back on both sides. He clasped them, she could feel them pulling tight, the tension in her cheeks and at the back of her neck, just at the hairline. Silently, she stared up at Leroy, gazing levelly into his eyes, completely neutral… except for the most minute tremble. Leroy smiled at her.

“Tighter please,” Leroy said.

The straps tightened and tightened again, pressing into her cheeks. The ball gag shifted, pulling back, stretching her jaws just a tiny bit more, sitting even more irrevocably in her mouth cavity, taking its dominant place between her roof, teeth and tongue.

“You see,” Leroy said. “It fits perfectly.”

A hand brushed her blouse, and Kayley’s nipple hardened instantly.

“You’re so verbal,” he said, “there’s something really powerful in silencing you. Taking away your speech. Taking your voice.”

Kayley's nostrils flared. She blinked twice, but did not move. Leroy's hand brushed her breasts again, and slid down her blouse, unbuttoning it below the bra. He undid two buttons, and slid a fingertip along the bared skin around her naval. Kayley kept her expression neutral, but her body shook ever so slightly at his touch.

"I could really enjoy this," he said in front of Mike. "Taking your power."

He leaned to whisper in her ear, so Mike couldn't hear.

"It excites you," he told her, "when I take your power. You like to be conquered."

Kayley shivered from head to toe. Leroy knew it wasn't the words, but the gesture.

"You know," he said, "you look really good in a ball gag. I might just leave it on."

Kayley blinked several times, her nostrils flaring. She sucked in a breath.

"We could walk around the rest of the store, with you wearing the ball gag," he teased.

"Then out into the street. Just finish our walk," he said. "It's not illegal after all, to wear a ball gag in public. I imagine you'd get attention."

He'd stepped very close to her, she had to arch her head to look up at him, but she hadn't backed away — stubbornness or surrender?. His hand drifted down her jeans. She blinked at his touch, her body almost vibrating with electrical tension.

"But not this time," he told her. "Turn around."

Obediently, and with visible relief, Kayley turned around, lifting her hair instinctively, to allow him to unfasten.

"You know," he said to Mike, "I think she'll look really good in red. Get me a red one, same size and style. We'll pick it up when we're done."

The ball loosened as the straps gave way.

"Open wide."

She complied and felt the ball removed. Leroy handed it to Mike, who retreated away.

"You are a bastard," Kayley told him, but there was no anger in the words, only a sort of admiration.

She turned around.

“Shall we continue?” he said.

“Looking at toys?”

“I think you’re the most entertaining toy here,” he told her. “And I’ve already got you.”

“You wish,” Kayley replied, but she smiled as she said it, and her eyes sparkled. She turned to look at more of the items.

“Check this out,” Leroy said, moments later, as they approached the back of the boutique. There was another counter and a gate, above which a neon word ‘Gallery’ was suspended in a half circle. “The peep shows.”

“Live,” Kayley asked.

“Just video,” Leroy said.

“You might have gotten me in there if there were live performers,” she said.

He shrugged.

“Fun fact,” he said. “My old band, Glory’s, name came from one of our band members. They were obsessed with glory holes. Every city we played, they’d find them.”

“Uh huh,” Kayley said.

“Want to know which one?”

“Not particularly.”

“Afraid?”

“Nope.”

“It’s not that different from the Men’s room,” he told her. “And you seem to like those.”

“Yeah but…”

“Hey,” he said. “I’m not going to try to fuck you. I promised.”

“Should I trust you?”

“You have so far,” he said. “Tell you what. Let’s just go in, look around. You don’t have to go into a booth.”

Kayley looked up at him. He smiled back at her.

A sign said, “One person in a booth at a time.” She pointed to it. He laughed. The gate to the peep show venue was closed. Leroy pressed a button, and Mike came over.

“Five dollar entry fee,” he said. He looked at them, almost clinging to each other. “And only one person in a booth.”

Leroy laid down a fifty.

“That’s more a suggestion,” Mike said. “We don’t supervise what goes on in the booths. Do you need a condom?”

“We’ll be good,” Leroy said. The gate opened, he waved Kayley through.

“You better be,” Kayley teased. Leroy slapped her ass as she passed the gate, making her squeak.

The peep shows where oddly disappointing. They were simply a row of cheap numbered doors running along the walls, with a cluster in the center of the room. Red lights above the doors indicated occupancy, although some lit doors yawned invitingly. A few men walked past, checking out Kayley with naked appreciation. A tall transvestite stood in a corner, appraising her. Kayley smiled nervously at a hairy balding man in a wifebeater T-shirt who leered at her.

“Ohhhkay,” she said, uneasily, her body edging towards Leroy. “This place isn’t grungy and creepy at all.”

Leroy laughed.

“Let’s try a booth.” He lead her to booth marked with a number six in the center cluster and opened the door. The darkness yawned.

Kayley hesitated.

“You know,” she said, “I wasn’t planning on this. I certainly had no intention of anything like this. It was just going to be coffee, chat, get more of a sense of you.”

“I think you’re going to get more of a sense of me,” Leroy smiled. “So what changed your mind.”

“I didn’t exactly change it,” she said. “But little things, the necklace the way you put it on; reliving the blow job, thinking about that; the ball gag… just enjoying being around you… Made me… receptive.”

He bent his head and licked her neck, feeling the rasp of the necklace chain

on his tongue. She shivered, and didn't try to hide her sigh this time.

"You know," she whispered. "I think you're right, I can be submissive, if I'm lead into it."

"Do you feel safe now?"

"Not even a little bit," she breathed.

She stiffened.

"I'm not going to fuck you today," there was something unyielding and steel-like in her voice, that made him realize there was no chance. "If you even try, it's all over."

Fuck, he thought.

"Oh," he whispered smoothly. "I have no intention of fucking you. Aperitif remember. When the time is right, you'll beg for my cock."

She shivered again, relaxing. The steel she'd shown vanished into quivering softness. But he knew it was there.

"What do you intend to do?"

"Are you scared?" I asked.

"Yes."

"There's only one way to find out," he told her, and held the door open.

She walked through.

The door closed. The booth was small and narrow, and dark, barely larger than a toilet stall. Kayley could stretch out her arms and touch both sides. It was only about six feet deep. A television screen was above the door. A bench at the far end. A red light bulb provided half hearted illumination.

Kayley and Leroy sat on the bench together, side by side. He looked at her, even in the wan red light, she was luminous.

"Well," she said, her voice slightly uneasy, "here we are. Oh no! I've fallen into your trap! What will you do?"

He was amused, her humour masked her nervousness, she'd put herself in his power but wanted to pretend she hadn't. Beneath the apparent defiance was submission. She wanted to give up, but wanted him to take her carefully.

He leaned towards her.

“This.”

And gently pressed his lips against hers, in a sweet, lingering kiss. They leaned into each other, moving back and forth slowly, their lips touching, their heads tilting. It lasted a full minute.

“Wow,” Kayley said, as the kiss ended. “That was unexpected.”

Leroy chuckled.

“We’re doing it in reverse,” he said. “We started off raunchy, we’ve done all the fucked up shit. But, we never did that first kiss. I kind of missed it. There’s something sweet about a first kiss, isn’t there.”

He leaned in, and this time, she met him, and they exchanged another gentle lingering kiss.

“You know,” she said, afterwards, her voice soft, “I never took you for a romantic.”

“I don’t know that I am,” he replied. “But I appreciate things.”

Another kiss.

“I appreciate you.”

“It’s kind of weird that you get sweet and romantic, in a peep show booth,” Kayley teased.

Leroy shrugged.

“Considering how we met…”

She nodded.

“Point taken.”

“So… where were we?”

Kayley leaned back against the plywood wall, on her side of the booth, and undid a button on her blouse.

“I’m not sure,” she said. “I think you were kissing me, romantically.”

She stretched out her arms, and he came into them, pressing his lips gently against hers, their heads moving together. Kayley’s lips parted for a sigh, and felt Leroy’s lips part ever so slightly in response, the kiss deepened. She felt him undo a another button on her blouse, and then another, and caressed his hair in return, running a hand down his back. She twisted to press more of her body against him, her blouse opening.

The kiss ended, he straightened, and she watched him as he undid the remaining buttons of her blouse. She shivered as he touched her bare skin, smiling shyly. He bent forward, to press his lips against her.

“This is nice,” she whispered softly, kissing him again. Her mouth opened wider, and for the first time, the tips of their tongues touched, gentle and unhurried. His arms wrapped around her, under her blouse, caressing bare flesh. Her blouse and bra strap slid off one shoulder, she tugged down her cup, exposing a nipple. He bent to suckle it.

When he took a breath, she leaned into him, pressing him gently against the wall. She pulled up onto the bench, one knee on it, between his legs. Hovering over him, she offered pressed both palms against his chest, feeling the heat and maleness of him, the muscle of his chest.

She leaned down to kiss him, the kiss slowly growing more passionate. His hand found her breasts, one bare, one still covered by her bra, and stroked them tenderly. When the kiss broke, she arched her back, to offer her bare nipple. With a free hand, he reached between her legs, to unbutton her slacks and pull down the zipper. But instead of pushing in, he stroked the fabric against her inner thighs, moving up, gently pressing through her slacks and panties against her vulva.

For the first time, since they began making out, she moaned softly, holding her place as he massaged her pussy for a long two minutes.

When his hand finally withdrew, she sunk down on the bench, feeling his hardness in his trousers. Showering his face with tender kisses, his hands tweaking her nipples, she worked at his crotch, stroking his cock through the fabric, undoing his belt, unbuttoning, unzipping. But his cock remained tantalizingly out of reach, hidden under the folds of his pants. He slipped fingertips under her panties, lightly brushing her clit.

“Look,” he whispered.

At first Kaylee didn’t understand, but then he gestured, and no more than a couple of feet from them, a pale, disembodied erection poked through a hole in the wall, appearing to float, ghostly.

“Oh my,” she whispered, half surprised, half amused. “We have a fan.”

They stared at it for a moment, Leroy’s fingers in her underwear, against her clit, but not teasing. Kayley realized for the first time that there were holes in the walls, three or four at waist heights, some of them large. A couple higher, for peeping. For the first time, she realized that there was air from the back wall as well, holes there. And now that she was looking, there were fixtures attached up on the walls, hand grips.

“This is a glory hole room,” she whispered.

“Yeah,” he said. “I told you.”

She thought back. Yes, he said something about that, but she hadn’t picked up on it fully. When she’d entered the room, it had been pitch dark, too dark to register the holes. And by the time her eyes adjusted… She’d been busy.

“We’re being watched?” Kayley asked.

“I suppose so,” he said. “One guy anyway, although he’s more hoping than watching. But the door is locked. It’s not like they can get in.”

She leaned into Leroy, making sure to keep her hand on his trousers where the erection pushed against the fabric, the motion pushing his fingers down deeper into her panties.

“Interesting,” she said, thoughtfully. ‘It;s like Shrodinger’s Pervert,’ she whispered to him. “There, and not there. You don’t know for sure until they stick their dicks through.”

Her eyes swept around the holes in the walls on either side, guessed at behind her. Assuming they doubled or tripled up, there could be as many as five or six watching them right now.

Leroy pulled his fingers from her panties, and pulled her up to him, wrapping an arm around her, and kissing her gently. She leaned into his warmth. Her hand moved along his erection.

“How do you feel?” he asked.

Kayley felt warm oddly, the slow burning, romantic make out session had left her gently aroused. Despite knowing she was, or might be watched, she felt safe in the small dark room, behind a locked door, with Leroy’s reassuring presence.

“I feel,” she said tentatively, “… like putting on a show.”

She looked up at Leroy.

“Fancy a blow job?” she whispered, in a fake cockney accent, “Suck your cock for a tuppence, Guv’nor? I’ll sweep your chimney clean, by rights, I will.”

Leroy laughed and kissed her.

“Sorry boys,” he said out loud. “This one’s taken. But you can watch if you’d like.”

Then to Kayley.

“I’m going to have to stand up to get it out, these pants are too tight.”

Kayley got off the bench, the two standing together. As she wrestled with Leroy's trousers, she took a step back, going to a kneeling position.

His beautiful cock was right in front of her.

She looked up at him, but the light was too dim to penetrate the shadows of his face looking down at her.

"This is just a trick to get me on my knees," she teased.

"That's where you look the most beautiful."

He reached for her, running his fingers through her hair.

"Not rough this time. Okay?" she asked

"For sure."

Her hand curled around his erection. He turned her head slightly, so the other cock was just in her peripheral vision.

"I dare you to touch it?" he told her.

"Dare? What are you? Eight years old?" she smiled.

"I just want to see you play with it, as you play with me," he said.

She grinned at that, switching hands on his cock. She turned slightly, and brought her free hand up to wrap around the base of the stranger's cock, right at the wall. It was heavy, but not entirely hard, there was some give to it when she squeezed, just a little. It pulsed strongly, much more than others she'd held, she could literally feel the swell and subsidence. The texture of the skin on the shaft was slightly coarser than what she was used to, and she could feel a ring of stiff pubic hair all around the inside of the hole.

"Happy?" she asked.

"Oh yeah."

Slowly she began to masturbate Leroy's cock, and after a moment, without looking, drew her hand slowly along the stranger's cock until she was cupping the head. She pushed back the foreskin and began to squeeze it in steady gentle pulses.

Then she moved closer to Leroy's cock, staring as if hypnotized, as she wrapped her fingers around it tightly, and swept back toward the base, causing it to swell and rear like a cobra. Her eyes widened, her mouth watered.

"Sorry guy," she whispered absently, letting go the stranger's cock and

placing her hands on Leroy's hips. Lovingly, she took him into her mouth, sighing deeply. Her hands moved across his hips, one of them descending to cup and play with his balls, the other wrapping her hand tight across the base of his shaft.

Leroy looked down at the exquisite red-headed beauty, half dressed, on her knees in front of him, and felt the urge to just grab her head and shove his cock violently down her throat.

He resisted the urge, and instead, just let her mouth enfold his cock, sliding wetly forward. The feel of her lips, her tongue, the wet cavity of her mouth, the rippling suction she generated as her lips sealed around his shaft was mind blowing. He could feel his cock swell as she worked, feeling her moving easily back and forth. She purred in her throat, a sound of happiness and satisfaction, closing her eyes as she worked, moving her head back and forth.

She seemed to have a subliminal sensitivity to the responsiveness of his cock, slowly finding a rhythm of maximum excitement. Her tongue swirled around his head, rasping against his prepuce, the lips closing around his corona. It was as if she was trying to explore him, to find from his subtle reactions, the way he swelled in her, the way his balls drew up, or his intake of breath as to what gave him the most pleasure. And then, when as she found it, there was the exquisite meticulousness of the way she teased those pleasures.

"Mmmm," she moaned in what seemed like pure arousal. This girl loved sucking cock, she was an artist at it. She gave herself to his erection, slowly working her way down his shaft. He watched her intently, her expression was blissful. It was like before, almost an altered state of awareness for her. She lost herself a bit when she sucked his cock.

Was it just him? Leroy wondered. The residue of sensuality of the times he'd fucked her, the sexual domination. When his cock was in her mouth, was some part of her mind reliving the way he's taken her pussy over and over? When she was on her knees in front of him, was she worshipping the man who had conquered her, taken her, owned and enslaved her, made her his bitch and his whore? These thoughts, of the way he'd physically and psychically overwhelmed and taken her made him incredibly hard, sent electricity shooting up dancing around the head of his cock. Only his iron will kept him from seizing her and ejaculating down her passageways.

Or was it her? Was she a natural cock sucker? That somehow the act tapped deep into her sensuality and her subconscious, touched on sexual drives and urges. He sensed that it fulfilled and aroused her on subtle levels. Where had it come from? Had she always been a cock sucker, or had it evolved and emerged in her relationship with Sam?

Certainly, it was a pathway to her submissiveness. Perhaps not the only pathway. His careful teasing explorations and tests in the store, his provocative flirting, and her willingness to accept, showed him that there were many avenues to take her down. Many vulnerabilities to exploit.

How many cocks had she sucked in her life? Leroy wondered. It didn't matter. Before he was finished with her, she would have swallowed thousands. He imagined her kneeling, all dignity and self-worth relentlessly stripped away, mindlessly, vacantly swallowing cock after cock, not even bothering to look at their faces, past and future erased, left only with an ever changing series of rigid members swallowing ejaculations endlessly,

He gasped then, rocking back on his heels, as the vivid images aroused by the thought of his plans for her almost made him come. His balls retreated, preparing to release, her fingernails tickling his scrotum. He held himself back.

Leroy could tell he'd brought her again into that strange submissive zone where her will and identity seemed to be dissolving, where she existed only in a kind of immediacy, her universe evaporating away until there was nothing but the cock in her mouth.

Leroy decided to experiment.

He pulled his erection from her lips, and she opened her eyes, looking vacantly up at him, almost entirely passive. He turned her head towards the cock protruding from the wall, her eyes focused on it with neither anticipation nor terror.

Instead, she simply let him guide his head towards it, and when she was close enough, her mouth opened sensually, and the head slid in. Her lips closed longingly around its shaft and he saw her eyelids flutter. He lifted his hand from her, and watched her head continue to bob automatically back and forth along and around this new erection as if in some trance-like state.

Leroy watched her obliviously suck a complete stranger's cock, her head rising and falling as the shaft disappeared between her wet lips. He could see drool at the corners of her mouth, staining her chin. Experimentally, he reached under her and fondled a hanging breast, pulling and pinching a nipple. He was rewarded with a throaty moan, her knees parting a little wider, her ass rolling slightly. He amused himself, reaching under, pulling on her nipples like a farmer milking a cow, while she sucked at the stranger's cock.

After a moment, he grew bored with the exercise. Gently he pulled his head, and guided her back onto his cock, beads and strings of saliva momentarily connecting her mouth to the foreign erection. There was no resistance at all. She didn't look up, her expression didn't change. With a graceful smoothness, she simply switched from sucking one cock to another.

He enjoyed her mouth, sensing that wherever she had gone, whatever she had submerged herself in, she had only gone deeper. Movement attracted his attention. On the other wall, a hand had emerged from the large hole, then a forearm, blindly groping towards Kayley. It withdrew, and then appeared again, moving with more deliberation.

Intrigued, he guided her back onto the cock in the wall. She switched smoothly, almost unaware that there was a different cock in her mouth. Or perhaps caring only that there was a cock to suck.

Now that he was free to move, Leroy leaned over, bracing one hand on the wall, and ran his hand over her ass, between his cheeks, pressing against her vulva. Her head continued to bob on the cock protruding from the glory hole, but her knees spread apart a few inches. Keeping his hand against her vulva, he applied gentle pressure to her hip, pressing, then easing, pressing again, until her knees moved and her hips shifted so that she was lining up with the larger hole. The hand withdrew again, and he knew that the man on the other side was watching him. He looked directly at the wall, and with two hands, cupped Kayley's ass cheeks through her slacks pulling them apart. The hand and forearm slid through, Leroy noted the hairy forearm, the blunt fingers, the apple watch. He took the hand in his and guided it to Kayley's shielded pussy, watching as the fingers probed against her loose slacks.

Did she know she was now being groped by another stranger? Leroy wasn't sure. Either she was unaware, or she simply didn't care. He reached under, and pulled a nipple, and then, once again, treating her like a cow, began to pull on both teats. Surely she must realize on some level that the geography was impossible, that at least three people must be toying with her body?

But her only response were regular throaty moans in response to some particularly pressing stimulation, and a kind of regular arch and bend of her back or roll of her hips.

Another cock appeared in the wall next to the one she was sucking, she seemed oblivious to it. The hand behind her was trying, awkwardly to tug her slacks down. Amused, Leroy stopped pulling on her nipples. Instead he reached over, and rolled her slacks and panties off her hips and down to just above her knees. She didn't resist at all. He explored her bared vagina, slipping two fingers over her asshole and down here pussy lips. They parted easily, she was drenched, her vaginal lubrication had crept down from her cunt, leaving her clit and pubes slicked.

The hand explored her bare thighs, finding its way to her pussy and for a moment, it battled with his hand for access, the foreign fingers blindly climbing over his own.

He glanced back at Kayley, bobbing away. Impulsively he reached out, pulled her head back and deposited on the second cock. She swallowed it down instinctively, her mouth now so wet with saliva that she took its whole length in a matter of seconds. Interestingly, as he watched, she balanced on one hand, lifting her other hand, to wrap it around the cock she'd just vacated and began to masturbate it slowly.

So there was awareness there, simply acceptance. What was going through her mind?

Leroy stood up, he moved forward, and brought her head to his cock, leaving her two previous suitors dangling. He let himself slide all the way down her wet tight throat, watching her head move up and down. The feeling was luxurious and all too quickly, he was approaching climax.

With a gentle motion, he lifted her mouth off and pointed her towards the two cocks protruding from the wall, curious to see which one she would choose. Smoothly, without making any apparent choice, she drifted towards the first, switching her hand to masturbate the second. But then she surprised him, lifting her other hand to take his cock in her grip.

To balance she slid back further on her knees, adjusting her posture. The hand behind her lost it's position and then found her again, following the inside of her thigh to slide fingers into her wet pussy. She lifted, moaned out loud, and swallowed the erection down again.

But after a moment, she switched to Leroy's cock, taking it in her mouth. Then moments later, the second one protruding from the wall received her attention. As she moved back and forth, her hands switched from one unattended cock to another, although her posture was such that she could not always have all of them.

Leroy was astonished, she was sucking three cocks at once, alternating one to the other, in no apparent order or pattern. Her expression seemed blank, but the more he watched her, the more she seemed to be in some kind of sensual haze.

Suddenly, as she lifted off, the first hardon ejaculated all over the side of her face. Kayley didn't seem to flinch, just returned to wrap her lips, around the spurting cockhead to take the last few pulses of semen.

The cock withdrew, leaving her with two. She settled on Leroy's. Casually, he reached down, collecting the semen dripping from the side of her face and smearing it in her hair. She didn't react, or if she did, she accepted and approved.

After a few moments, she switched back to the remaining erection in the wall, her hand still gripping his cock at the base, and slowly starting to masturbate him again. A new erection, this one visibly different, thick and curving with a bulbous head, thrust through the glory hole where the first one had been. Without missing a beat, she switched her hand from Leroy to the newcomer, and then a moment later it disappeared between her lips.

Behind her, the hand had withdrawn part way. Instead, whoever was behind the wall had thrust his hard erection through the large hole, as well as the wrist, and was masturbating the slick cock frantically, trying to aim at her pussy. Instead, he ejaculated copiously on her thigh and calf.

Leroy restrained an impulse to laugh at the loser, as the hand and shrinking

cock withdrew. Leroy turned, bending down, to play with her pussy, slipping fingers into her ass and vagina. For his amusement, he took the cum dripping down her thigh and smeared more of it in her hair, and then on her blouse and the slacks bundled around her knee. He enjoyed making a mess of her.

The new cock began to thrust rapidly, the bulbous head and thick head too much for her mouth. She lifted her head, masturbating it, and it ejaculated against her chin and blouse. Once again, she took the head between her lips to take the last few drops.

The last one, lasted only minutes longer. This one came in her mouth as she masturbated Leroy, he watched her throat swallow again and again, her cheeks sucked in, as whoever was left moaned loudly on the other side.

He stepped up to Kayley and once again, she swallowed his cock, falling into a smooth rhythm. Did she remember his cock, Leroy wondered? Or were they all blending together in her awareness, a generic cock, a continuing erection. He wasn't sure, but there was something about the way her tongue along the underside of his cock head, or the way the lips curled around his crown, that suggested some memory.

Leroy realized something. She seemed nowhere near orgasm. Intensely aroused, yes. But floating there, at some level, not rising any higher. But Sam had fingered her to several orgasms when he'd face fucked her at his place. Perhaps she required more stimulation.

Another erection appeared behind her, this one emerging through the large hole. A thick dark penis, with a pronounced curve and a huge foreskin hanging, heavy hairy balls dangled through the hole, and pressing through on all sides was thick matted pubic hair. From the skin tone, Leroy thought it might be black, but the thick matted hair suggested the Indian subcontinent, or perhaps Indonesia.

He turned her around, and with barely a nudge to encourage her, she fell on this latest cock, taking it in her hand, pulling the foreskin back and literally kissing the head, letting her lips crawl over it. As the cock began to thrust slowly, she met it, advancing as it thrust, pulling back as it retreated, burying her face in the thick bird's nest of hair, tickling the balls with fingertips.

Kayley showed no sign of slowing down. How many cocks would she swallow in this odd state of sexual bliss, in her receptiveness and acceptance? Would her knees get sore? Her job get tired. How many more? Six? Ten? Fifteen? Dozens? Or was it time? Would she last an hour? An afternoon? All night? This wasn't the time to find out.

Leroy knelt behind her, sliding two fingers inside searching for her g-spot and stroking it hard. Kayley's sexual heat began to build, her hips rocked on his fingers. Her sucking on the Asian cock became urgent and enthusiastic, fucking her face onto it faster than it could thrust.

Kayley moaned and gasped, slobbering around the cock. “Oh shit,” she gasped, it was almost surprising to hear her speak. To hear anything out of her besides throaty moans and murmurs and wet slurping noises.

There was a bearlike grunt on the other side, the wall seemed to bend, as whoever was there pressed themselves hard. Kayley descended, taking the whole length again and again, swallowing rapidly, as an anonymous stranger spurted ropes of thick semen into her mouth.

Then it was gone.

Leroy withdrew his fingers. Kayley squirmed, uttering a drawn out moan of need and despair.

“Good girl,” he told her. “I think you’ve had enough.”

Besides, his knees were getting sore from kneeling on the hard concrete floor of the booth. They should have a rug or a carpet, he thought. Then shuddered at the likely eventual condition of any floor cover, given the number of men masturbating in these booths.

“No,” she whimpered, she seemed incoherent to him, out of it in some way, “I need… I need to come.”

He liked her this way, on the spot, he decided that she was not going to come. The only way he’d allow her to come was if he was fucking her. And the only way he’d fuck her is if she begged him to, and it would have to be serious, urgent begging.

He’d promised after all.

Not that Leroy ever gave a shit about any promise he made. A promise was just bullshit you said to get what you wanted, and once you had it, who cared.

But the trouble was, he wanted more from Kayley and Sam than just burying another quick satisfying load deep inside her womb.

Fuck her now, the bitch would remember he’d broken his promise. Then there wouldn’t be trust. He’d have to work a lot harder on them, if he could get them at all. A promise was just bullshit you said to get what you wanted, the problem was he wanted a lot more.

Kayley lowered her face almost to the floor, balancing on one forearm, reaching between her legs. Leroy lifted her up, keeping her from masturbating.

“There you go,” she said, “It’s okay. You did great, now come with me, we’re going to sit and come down.”

“No,” she whimpered. “No, no, I need to come!”

“It’s all right,” he said soothingly. He almost wanted to laugh in her face, as he guided her, wobbly, half dressed, hair and clothes smeared with semen, the cocks of five men on her breath, her pussy loose and practically dripping. ‘You did great,’ he said. “Just relax. Deep breaths.”

He got her sitting with him on the bench. He glanced up at the walls on either side? Were strangers watching? Listening? Could they appreciate her disheveled state. The lust that came off her in waves.

She reached between her legs again, and he gently caught her wrists.

“It’s okay,” he said. “You don’t need to come.”

“Yes!” she whined. “I do. I need to.”

“It’s all right,” he said.

“Stop saying that!” She reached down. Before she could touch herself, he slid his hand over her vagina, offering pressure, but carefully shielding her from sensation.

“What do you want to do?” he asked softly.

She mewed, trying to rock her hips against his hands.

“I promised,” he said. “Remember. I promised not to fuck you.”

“Oh,” she said. She nodded, her body relaxing. “Yeah.”

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! He thought. What the fuck!

He thought he could at least get some begging out of her, dangle her on a string, reduce her to a point where she’d be such a mess she couldn’t blame him for fucking her. Then, maybe he’d fuck her, maybe he wouldn’t. He’d decide.

Where the fuck did she get that willpower from? It was frustrating. Recalculate.

“We’re not going to fuck,” he said. “Okay. We’ve just been fooling around. I think coming is too much. It’s too close to sex. I shouldn’t make you come.”

She was coming down.

“But if you really want to,” he said carefully, “I could help you. Just… nothing too intense. Just a little stroking, to take the edge off.”

“I’d like that,” she breathed, gently, she laid her hand over his, covering her pussy, and tried to work under his fingers, like a sneaky little bitch.

“Okay,” he said. “Come here.”

He took her in his arms, leaning her back against him, and let his hand loosen.

“Lift your leg… There we go.”

He found her clit, and started to tap his fingers around it, back and forth, making little circles. Her breathing sped up.

“There you go,” he said soothingly. “Just let it go. Let it come.”

She reached down, slipping fingers inside. He pushed them away, teasing her clit.

“That’s it,” he told her.

Her body went stiff, suddenly, he could feel her sudden muscle tension, the tightness between her thighs. The orgasm was small, but he prolonged it, making her body jerk like a fish on a hook.

“Oh,” she sighed, her voice focused and lucid. “That’s better.”

“That was bizarre,” he said. “That was… very fucked up. Do you guys do this all the time? I’m not sure I can keep up.”

Kayley laughed.

“Motherfucker,” she snapped. He tried to gage the intensity of her response. Not angry, or at least, not completely angry.

“Hey!” he said

“You set this up!”

“Not guilty,” Leroy uttered a calculated laugh. “What, you think I reserved a booth and had five guys on call, waiting for the mission. You’re— that’s crazy.”

“Well,” she said, “I’m not a giant ho.”

The evidence said different, Leroy thought. But he kept his mouth shut.

“Look,” he said. “All I wanted was a biscotti, confirm a real date, maybe flirt a bit. Get you excited for Friday.”

She nodded, that made sense to her.

“I figured, make nice, spend a little quality time,” he continued. “I didn’t

even count on getting you in here to look at the sexy toys. And the back room booths… that was such a fucking long shot."

Another nod of agreement. She agreed, coming this far was a fluke, he couldn't have set it up.

"Even when I got you here…" he said. "I just figured get your panties really wet. Maybe get a blow job out of it. This? I couldn't see something like this coming in a million years."

Which was true, as far as it went. But Leroy had always been good at putting people in dangerous, fucked up situations. He had a knack for the volatile and the unpredictable, and finding just the right triggers to set it off.

And getting them to internalize responsibility.

"Hmm," she said, relaxing against him. She was buying it, at least somewhat. Accepting that this was the product of her choices. Or at least absolving him of blame. She seemed to think it over.

"I guess… one of those things?" she suggested.

"I suppose," he said.

"Those… things seem to happen pretty regularly around you, peyote girl, the Texas Trojan…" she murmured.

"Yeah," he said. "Let me tell you about this one redhead I met, keeps dragging me into bathrooms, bars, restaurants.. She's got a thing for fucking in public Men's rooms. Crazy right?"

Kayley laughed and reached up and punched him.

"This," she said, "was fucked up."

"This," he agreed, "was fucked up."

He waited a few beats.

"But was it bad?"

Kayley thought about it.

"No," she said finally.

"Okay," he agreed.

"This isn't going on my resume," she said firmly. He was amazed at how fast she would bounce back. It made him wary. You could have her completely under control, and then five minutes later…

“Don’t want to add a new skill on Linked In?” he teased. She laughed.

Both Kayley and Sam would need very careful handling. Their big weakness, he thought, was that they were fundamentally good people. They thought everyone was like them. They trusted.

They didn’t imagine there were people like him in the world. That was his big advantage in going through life. Decent people, expecting everyone was like them.

“I need to get home,” she said.

He nodded.

“We’ll take ten minutes and get dressed and cleaned up,” he told her.

“‘We’ll get dressed’?” she noted. Her clothes were half off, the knees of her slacks were black, and she had cum smears all over her hair and outfit. His fly was unzipped. She was somehow wrecked, and he just needed to zip up.

“Mm hmm,” he said.

“Okay,” she said, and relaxed against him.

After a few minutes, she sat up and started putting her clothes back on. Leroy watched her, thinking idly about fucking her. Or if he couldn’t fuck her, fuck with her. Movement caught his eye, a pale flash on one of the walls.

“How about this,” he said, and pointed. A lone erection was poking through the glory hole. Or at least, Leroy thought it was erect. The cock had a downward curve, perhaps it was like that when hard, or perhaps it wasn’t fully rigid yet. The foreskin was heavy, hanging over the small glans, which made it look shapeless. “Finish that one, and then we can go.”

Leroy didn’t frame it as a request, he wasn’t asking. He was telling her to do it. At the same time, he didn’t push it as a demand, sensing she would rebel. Instead, he just presented it as a statement, a simple condition. He was exploring her compliance.

Kayley stared at it for a long moment. She sighed, then nodded, and went to her knees beside it. Leroy had thought he might need to try harder, and he was far from confident that he’d persuade her. At least, not at the level of persuasion he considered safe right now.

He wondered what went through her mind that made her acquiesce? Some submissive urge? Or lingering arousal? Or simply some notion she’d done so many already, what was one more?

She reached out with one hand, leaning against the wall, and began to

masturbate it, sliding her hand around it, moving back and forth in a winding motion.

Leroy eased himself to the other side of the bench, leaning forward so he could watch her face, and her technique as she jerked him off.

Kayley looked passive, almost distracted or disinterested, as she moved her hand along the shaft at first. Then she peeled back the foreskin, bending forward a little, as if interested. Her face showed a little more animation.

“Suck it,” came the voice on the other side of the wall, but she ignored it completely, focusing on a slow, gentle masturbation. The voice came again, but she didn’t register it at all.

Leroy watched fascinated as she slowly grew intrigued with the cock in her hand, lifting it, stroking it, moving the foreskin back and forth. The masturbation became more animated, more enthusiastic. She seemed to slowly get into it, her hand motions exploring, teaching sensation and responsiveness.

The voice on the other side was constant, cajoling, pleading, demanding. At one point, she rolled her eyes at the wall, her face clearly betraying annoyance. She refused to be pushed.

She licked her hand to wet it with saliva and ran her wet palm over it. A moment later, she did it again. Then only seconds later, she did it a third time.

Then, without warning, she took it in her mouth. Leroy’s eyes widened, but he gave no other sign of surprise.

Kayley’s body language shifted, as her lips slid wetly along the strange cock. She seemed to relax, the muscle tension easing. Her posture slumped, her shoulders dropped. She shifted position, reorienting more perpendicular to the wall to swallow it more easily. Her breathing slowed, her face became calm. Was she smiling, somehow? He had the sense of satisfaction, even fulfillment, from her.

Leroy leaned forward carefully, watching. Kayley seemed to be drifting into a submissive space, or perhaps regressing to a more basic level of awareness. She didn’t go all the way to the near mindless passivity of the face fucking in his apartment. She retained awareness, a sense of self, interest and playfulness to a significant degree. She wasn’t going very deep, but it was there. What intrigued him, was that she went there on her own.

The cock between her lips began thrusting more aggressively, pulling back and lunging. Instead of retreating, she advanced, moving closer to the wall, so it could plunge deeper into her throat. Whoever was on the other side was rapidly approaching orgasm. His hips began to slam against the plywood wall. On her side, she pressed her face against the hole. Her hips seemed to roll and twist. She put her forearms and hands against the wall, to brace herself.

Leroy suddenly smelled the distinct scent of feminine arousal. Absently, he stroked his cock, hard and urgent.

The banging of hips against the wall reached a crescendo. A deep guttural grunt sounded. Underneath it, he could hear Kayley swallowing rapidly, as yet another stranger ejaculated into her mouth. Then a sigh.

After a moment, Kayley leaned back. The cock was vanished back into the black hole, as if it had never existed. She wiped her mouth on her forearm. Leroy marveled at how quickly she composed herself, almost shaking off the submissive mind set.

“Taken care of,” Kayley said brightly. But Leroy noted the trace of a quaver in her voice signaling residual lust, the lingering submissiveness and looseness of her body language.

“I’m impressed,” Leroy said. And he was. It had been a very educational little adventure.

Kayley smiled and showed her tongue, pursing her lips.

“What can I say?” she said. “I’m gifted.”

He thought back to their first encounters. Perhaps it had been a mistake to fuck her straight away, given how orally submissive she seemed to be. He might have been able to take much more control by putting her on her knees and then fucking her.

She seemed to become lucid quickly, but he wasn’t sure, maybe that was only surface. Still, he was careful to hold her hand as he lead her out. It wouldn’t do to send her back home as some kind of numbed out sex zombie. They found a small brightly lit park and sat together, so he could make sure she returned fully to normal.

“So,” he said. “How do you feel?”

It was a good question. It showed concern. People liked it when you were interested in their feelings. They opened up, and that gave you things to use against them, ideas of how to manipulate or control them. Asking uncertain people how they felt was a terrific weapon.

“You’re definitely dangerous,” she said evasively. There was a little bit of a smile.

She was still processing what had happened, he decided. That was good, if she was still coming to grips, he could help make sure she saw it his way.

“And you’re definitely fearless,” he said. “You amazed me.”

The little smile widened. Flattery works every time. More importantly, he was shading her as the active one, slipping in the idea that she'd been in control, making the choices. As long as they were good choices, positive ones, fearlessness, bravery, strength… she'd tend that way. You couldn't be too blunt or heavy. It was a matter of nudging.

"Dangerous gets a bad rap," he said, changing the subject.

When you plant an idea, best not to give them time to think about it. Plant, change the topic, let it take root in the background.

"We're all supposed to be scared of danger and avoid it. But for cripes sakes, people jump out of airplanes and go hang gliding, they climb mountains and go scuba diving. We love roller coasters and exotic restaurants."

"Once in a while someone gets eaten by a shark," he reflected. "But mostly, we spend our lives embracing danger, and it makes our lives better."

He shrugged.

"What kind of life is it," he said, "if someone never takes a chance, never tries anything, never takes a risk, or steps out or just goes with it…"

"Not much of a life," Kayley agreed, the way she said it made it clear she was thinking about her session in the booth. "None at all."

"You say I'm dangerous," he said. "I think I like being dangerous. The good kind of dangerous."

"I think I like that you're dangerous," she agreed.

"The good kind of dangerous."

"Yes."

"I think you guys are dangerous too," he said. "The good kind."

She laughed.

"You know," he said. "You don't have to tell Sam about this part."

"About the park bench?" she teased.

"No," he replied. They both knew what he was talking about. "About what we did in the booths."

'We' — partners in crime. Not putting it all on her, if he did that she'd resist. She'd try to evade responsibility, she'd get conflicted about it. But sharing, she'd take on some. She'd own it.

“What ‘we’ did,” she answered. “I dunno. I don’t keep secrets from Sam.”

“Mmmm,” he said. “Maybe this time, for a little while. I’m not saying ‘lie’… just, don’t bother mentioning it. That’s not keeping a secret.”

“No?”

She didn’t like the idea, he could tell.

“I’d rather you didn’t,” he said. “I think it would spoil Friday, if Sam knew this, we had gotten so out of hand. I like Sam, and I want him to trust me.”

She nodded.

“He likes you too,” she said vaguely.

“I’m glad to hear that,” Leroy said. “He’s a hell of a guy. I like you both, a lot. You guys are great together, and I think we’ve got real potential to play. I just don’t want some impulsiveness on our part to screw that up.”

Again, he framed it as a joint failing, even though she was the one who’d become lost and insatiable, sucking cock after cock. If he took responsibility, she’d take it too. If she took responsibility, then she’d have to wrestle with telling Sam… not guilt on her part… but aware that her actions would potentially screw with Sam’s developing friendship with Leroy.

He could see her mind working on it — she wanted to be honest, but now she had to protect others, protect Leroy and Sam.

He shrugged.

“We had a little bad judgment together,” he said. “No harm done. I just… don’t know how he’d feel about it right now.”

“We didn’t fuck or anything,” she said carefully.

“I promised,” he reminded her.

“Yeah, you did. All we did,” she said, “was play around a little. Just to get ready for Friday.”

“That’s right.”

“You didn’t even come. I didn’t come, not really, not a big one. We just kind of played. We didn’t do anything much… comparatively.”

“Not compared to all the other stuff we’ve done, since day one,” he gave an exaggerated leer..

She laughed.

“The… other stuff in the booth… Didn’t matter,” Kayley told herself. Then more firmly: “It didn’t matter. They were behind walls. I didn’t see them. They didn’t see me. It was just play. It was just playful. Harmless.”

“You’re right,” he said, “it didn’t.”

“Yeah,” she said, trying to convince herself. “I think you’re right. This was just playing around. Fooling around. Nothing serious really happened, except we tried to make each other hot and excited for Friday. And we did.”

“That’s right.”

“So maybe it doesn’t matter,” Leroy said, making hismove. “Maybe, I was wrong. Sam will get a kick out of hearing about it. Maybe you should…”

Leroy smiled inwardly at the way she squirmed at the mention of telling Sam.

“You think I shouldn’t mention this part to Sam?” she asked, almost pleading with him to agree. It wasn’t so much a question, as a request.

Leroy smiled. Suddenly, she didn’t quite want to. But she didn’t want to admit it, so she was putting it on him. He wondered if she was even aware of it. People lied to themselves as much as they lied to each other, he always thought. It made his life easier.

“I guess you have to judge,” he said, carefully neutral. “You know him best.”

“Yeah,” she was sounding very doubtful.

“You know what?” he said. “Normally, I’d say you should. Normally, I’d say go ahead. You’ve got a lot of trust between you, and I admire that. If it was just you and him, sure. Nothing can touch what the two of you have.”

“But personally,” he said, “for me, I guess the reason I asked you not to mention it. I’m worried it may jinx me for Friday, and I’d like him to be there with us fresh, without baggage, you know what I mean. I don’t want him thinking about you and me, and what I did.”

“You didn’t really do anything though,” she said. “I did everything. And anyway, it was just kids stuff. Fooling around. It was nothing, really,”

By his count, she had sucked six cocks, including his, and been fingered by a seventh stranger who’d jerked off on her. Anonymous men had come on her face and ass and she’d swallowed several loads of semen, and eventually been masturbated to orgasm. But he’d gotten her to convince herself that it was all ‘nothing much.’

“Thats right,” he agreed. She nodded at the affirmation.

“But for my sake,” Leroy said, “I suppose I’d just as soon you didn’t mention it. At least wait until after Friday, give it a few days after, when we’re all comfortable. Maybe I’m just… nervous. I want him to like me.”

“If that’s what you want…” He was giving her the escape she wanted. She framed her words carefully. “Okay.”

He knew what she was doing, even with all the minimization and evasion he’d coaxed her into, she still found it incredibly difficult to contemplate lying to her husband. Even a lie of omission. She was shifting the blame to him.

But it would still be a lie. Somewhere deep down, she’d feel betrayal, she’d feel guilt. It would curdle inside her, weaken her, make her more vulnerable to him.

Leroy felt triumph. Fucking her was easy. Bringing out her submissive nature, turning her into a sex toy, was a challenge, but a mountable one. Getting her to lie to Sam, even in a small way, turned out to be a labour of Hercules, far more work than he’d anticipated.

But he’d gotten her there. He’d planted his seed, driven his wedge, put a crack in her armour. A small beginning.

But there would be more. More compromises, more failures, more betrayals, and lies, piled on top of each other, getting bigger and darker. There’d be guilt and angst and betrayal, maintaining a facade, living a lie. Bit by bit, he’d carefully tear her down, until he could break her, break them both completely.

Leroy patted her knee, and smiled warmly.

“Thank you so much,” he said, “I appreciate it. You’ve done the right thing.”

“You think so?”

“I know.”

“Okay.”

“And it’s just for now,” he reassured her. “We’re not really keeping a secret. Just postponing.”

She smiled and nodded, liking the thought.

“Yeah,” she agreed. “Just for now.”

Of course, Leroy knew, there wouldn’t be a later when it would be okay, when the time was right to tell. The longer she waited, the harder it would be. Eventually, she’d bury it, never telling. And along the way, more lies.

Kayley’s phone beeped.

“Oh geez,” she said., “Check the time. I’ve got to get going.”

Leroy hung around until her Uber came.

Then once she was out of sight, he went back into the Boutique, and walked up to the counter.

“Forgot something?” the Mike at the counter asked. He smiled at Leroy. Leroy smiled back.

“Yeah,” Leroy said. “I know that you record what goes on in the booths.”

“We value our customers privacy,” Mike said. “We don’t do that.”

“And you didn’t stick your cock in for her to suck,” Leroy told him. “She swallowed your load, give me slack, dude.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Mike said, blushing a little. “Even if the cameras were on, that would be for safety reasons only.”

“Safety,” Leroy nodded gravely. “Vandalism. Assault. Someone has a heart attack jerking off. You’d need t record, just in case. You could get sued if something went wrong.”

“Exactly,” Mike said. “But store policy would be to delete as soon as possible.”

“Except the good stuff,” Leroy said. “I bet that goes into a private file.”

“I’m not really comfortable having this discussion,” Mike said.

Leroy sighed and laid down a hundred dollar bill.

“We both know that what went on in there was completely consensual,” he said. “And you know she was with me. So what I’d like, is the video file on a flash drive. You can keep your own copy.”

Mike stared at the hundred dollar bill.

“You realize,” he said, “that hypothetically, if there was a video file, it would be a pretty shitty video, stationary feed, auto-focus, low light, poor resolution, no sound.”

“I don’t mind,” Leroy said. “Think of it as just a memento of a special little adventure.”

Mike nodded. He chewed his lip for a moment, and then palmed the bill.

“It might take a few minutes.”

Leroy shrugged.

“Anything else?”

“Yeah,” Leroy said, staring calmly at the young man. “You might have noticed from the video, she swallowed a lot of cocks, most of them shot, on her or in her. But I didn’t come. I could use some… lightening of the load.”

Mike blushed.

“I could go on break in about ten,” he said thoughtfully.

“That works for me,” Leroy said. “You’d have the flash drive by then.”

“Yes,” Mike said. “Booth six.”

“Sounds fine.”

Leroy browsed the S&M section for a few minutes. When he noticed Mike was no longer at the counter, he went to booth six. One of the glory holes was particularly dark, as if someone was standing or kneeling at it.

Leroy stepped up. A flash drive slipped through, and he pocketed it. Then he unzipped his fly and fed his cock through the hole.

Mike got to work.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 14
==========

by Eve St. Albert

SAM

“A ball gag!” I held up the red latex ball. “Matching ones. How thoughtful! His and hers, do you think? Or could he just not decide?”

“I think it’s the thought that counts,” Kayley said. We were sitting on the love seat facing each other, her legs over my lap.

“I can imagine those thoughts,” I said. “I think our new friend might be a bit kinky?”

“You think?” she giggled. Her knees flexed on my lap, as she shifted position.

“Well,” I said, “it’s a lovely ‘getting to know you’ better gift. We should get him a ‘thank you card’ — let’s go down to the ball-gag section at Hallmark and pick out something nice.”

I eyed her.

“I do like the necklace,” I said. “Did he pick that out too?”

“Half and half,” she told me. “He helped me pick it out. And he helped me put it on.”

I nodded.

“It was actually quite sexy,” Kayley said. He stood right behind me, really close, and I mean really close.”

“How close?”

“Let’s just say ‘being able to tell whether someone is circumcised’ or not sort of close. I lifted up my hair like this…” She demonstrated, placing her hands sensually behind her ears and moving up, letting her hair lift and cascade. “And then he clasped it at the back of my neck. It was quite sensuous.”

“You did this in public?” I demanded. “You slut!”

I stared at the red ball gag, dangling from the strap in my hand.

“How about this?” I asked. “Did he try it on you?”

Kayley rolled her eyes.

“That? That would have been a bit much,” she said.

“If he had,” I asked. “Would you have let him?”

Kayley shrugged.

“I don’t know. I mean, out on the street, no way. But inside the store, somewhat private… maybe. I don’t think they let customers try out the merchandise though,” she said. “You’d have to buy first.”

I nodded.

“That makes sense. So what was it like?” I asked. “Looking at all those sex toys with Leroy.”

“Weird,” she said thoughtfully. “I mean, there was a lot of kinky stuff there, I’m just browsing and looking at things. It was erotic. Sensual, but in a weird flirty way?”

“Didn’t grab you? Cop a feel?”

“Not out in the middle of the store. He flirted, but we’d agreed on limits. He promised not to try to fuck me, and he kept that promise.”

“I don’t know that I would,” I said, “in his pace.”

Kayley was just so damned hot. She really had her nipple action going on today, they were actually pushing visibly through her bra. I thought her little lunch excursion with Leroy this afternoon must have really turned her on. There’s nothing to get a girl going wild, than to wave a lollipop in front of her and not let her put it in her mouth, if you know what I mean.

“He told me stuff. A story about the Texas Trojan.”

“He was on a football team?” I asked. “Or was he talking condoms.”

“No,” Kayley said. “Apparently, there’s a fetish club down in Houston, and they have this fucking machine that uses a horse shaped dildo.”

“Horse shaped? Weird.”

“Horse cock shaped,” she corrected.

“That’s even weirder.”

“There was an entire display of animal-themed dildos in the store. Bizarre. Anyway, they built a an aluminum frame horse effigy around it, so women climb up under it and…”

“That’s demented.”

“It was so crazy, I had to look it up.” She played with her phone a little, and handed it to me. “Here. It’s for real. There’s an actual video clip.”

Sure enough, there it was, on the small screen. The caption ‘Texas Trojan’ and then multiple shots of what looked like a stylized horse shape, caught in mid-rear, with its forehooves arching, made with whitish silver tubing, with lights and tubes and wires running through it. In the aft part, back from the horse itself, was what looked like some sort of motor attached to a rotary wheel and a shaft, and on the end of the shaft in the right place between the horse’s hips… I video clip played. A woman with large and improbably firm breasts got on a bench under it at the right spot and…

“Oh my!” I said.

“The nostrils blowing smoke and the eyes lighting up?” she asked.

“Yep.”

“Apparently, there’s an operator who controls the depth, angle, speed for the experience. And if the woman orgasms, the horse lights up, and a smoke machine

discharges," she told me.

I nodded.

"Apparently," she said, "it's quite popular. There are a lot of volunteers. And they have different models. A Bull version. A dragon. A giraffe…"

"A giraffe?"

"I don't get that either," she said. "I mean a lion or a rhino, that would sort of make sense. But who fetishizes a giraffe?"

"Leroy's been there?" I asked.

"He claims that he just heard of it. But honestly, it sounded so bizarre I just thought he was making shit up. So I researched a little."

"Hmmm," I said. I handed the phone back to her. "That is so… weird."

"Yeah," she said. "Anyway, that—"

"The boutique," I thought out loud. "I think we may have been there a while back. Is that the place with the peep show area?"

She nodded.

"Way in the back, yes."

"Did he try and talk you into going there?" I asked.

"Nn— No," she said. 'He was very well behaved. Besides,' she continued, "I knew better than to let him talk me into that. But he didn't try. Or he didn't try hard."

"He didn't try at all?" I asked. "Or he didn't try hard?"

"He didn't try very hard," she said mischievously. "But I think we both would have been disappointed if he didn't at least try."

She was playing with me, I thought. Teasing me with the thought of her in the booths. I almost wished he'd taken her in, just so I could hear the story.

I smiled, switching hands and holding the ball-gag between two fingers.

"I suppose so," I said. "I'm glad you didn't go in."

She didn't reply, watching as I held up the the new toy. "I do like the ball-gag. Still, it seems a bit of a reckless purchase. We have no idea whether it would fit?"

I lifted it, and held it out to her casually.

“What do you think?” I asked. “Or does the store have an exchange policy?”

I moved it closer, for her to look at.

“He said he had a pretty good eye.”

It was just an inch or two away from her chin.

“I should hope so,” I said. “Still you have to be careful.”

Gently, I touched it to her lips.

“Mmm?’ she said questioningly. I pressed it a little harder, silencing her. I let my fingers rotate a little, as it smeared against her lipstick. Her eyes crossed as she tried to stare at the red ball pressing against her lips.

“You’re right,” I said, “it does match your lipstick.”

My cock was hardening. Her nipples, even through her blouse were prominent, they’d been visible, now they were poking.

I held it against her lips, patiently. Her eyes looked down at it, then directly at me. I smiled, waiting. Her lips opened wider, I could feel the ball against her bare teeth. Her eyes looked down again.

Come on, I thought. Come on. I didn’t push it or try to force, I just held it there against her lips and teeth, waiting to see what she would do. Accept it? Or reject it?

Her breathing quickened slightly.

I felt her jaw part against the rubber surface even before I saw the motion. Her tongue slid out, pushing against the rubber ball, a sensation different from the pressure against her teeth. I let her tongue push back a little. Her lips were still pressed against it.

Slowly I felt the pressure of her tongue moving it, lashing the ball, first left and right, then up and down, then a casual circular motion. Her eyes shifted to me, looking mischievous. As her jaw widened, and her mouth opened.

When her mouth had opened sufficiently, her jaw parted, I felt her tongue retreat. Gently, I pushed the ball until it slid smoothly between her lips, coming to rest on the on the bed of her tongue, filling her mouth perfectly. I let the straps fall, and leaned back to admire the effect.

My cock was absolutely hard. I felt this wild breathless excitement that went beyond just sex or arousal, the thrill of doing something naughty. Or nasty. She blinked, her eyes shining, holding the ball in her mouth. I was being

dangerous, a little unpredictable, and it turned her on.

“You’re right,” I said. “It fits! He does have a good eye. Don’t you think?”

She stared at me.

“Oh,” I said, fake-apologetically, “you can’t talk with your mouth full! Usually, it’s my cock. But honestly, I’m kind of liking this.”

She blinked, breathing deeply.

“You know,” I said, “you’re wonderfully articulate and verbal. It’s practically your superpower. It’s kind of amazing to see you silenced like this. It’s like the ball-gag is kryptonite, it takes your power away.”

I ran my hand along her knee on my lap, and then slid it up her skirt. Odd, I could have sworn she’d put on slacks this morning. I pushed the random thought away. I let my fingers dance along her bare thighs, tickling slightly, making her squirm.

“We’ve taken away your power of speech,” I said. “You can’t communicate. You can’t ask or demand, request, complain. You can’t do anything. I imagine you must feel very helpless right at this moment.

I grinned mischievously.

“Why I could do anything,” I said. “And you couldn’t say ‘No!’”

I slid my hand down her bunched up skirt, but just before I slipped under, I reached up and tweaked one of those swollen nipples. Her eyelids fluttered, she gasped around the gag, and moaned, throwing her head back. She was performing of course, the reaction was exaggerated. Her nipples were sensitive, but not that sensitive. Nevertheless, I enjoyed it immensely.

“What does Thomas Moore say,” I said, “that old English gentleman? Silence is consent? Well, I guess this means your consent has been determined. I could do anything with you…”

I smiled.

“Or to you.”

Her eyes widened.

Amused, I pushed one knee off of me, so her foot was on the floor. The other, I lifted as I changed position, sitting upright, pushing it back until I could ease her leg on the other side of her body. Now I was between her spread legs, one on the floor, the other against the back of the love seat, her skirt hunched up so far along her thighs I could see her red lace panties. She allowed me to move her body around like a doll.

“Well,” I said, pushing my fingers up the center line of those panties, pushing gently inwards to make a camel toe, “now I’m sure Leroy has behaved himself, or you wouldn’t have panties on at all!”

She blushed then, breathing quickly around the ball gag. I was liking this new toy! For a moment, I concentrated on the camel toe I’d made, pushing the fabric deeper, drawing my finger up to rub the lace against her clit.

Kayley simply watched, her eyes wide and lustful, leaning back as I posed her and played with her. Although her arms were free, they hung limp at her sides. The straps of her ball gag hung down on either side.

“I think,” I said, “you’re enjoying this too much. Let’s try something else.”

I reached up and tweaked her nipple, squeezing it. Her back arched and she squeaked around the ball gag, again that exaggerated reaction. I lifted my other hand, taking both and tweaking them, as she writhed and gasped.

“I think this is much more fun,” I told her. Puffing a little, she nodded slightly.

I began to unbutton her blouse, one button at a time, after which I’d give a nipple a random tweak or stroke her red lace camel toe, or simply caress her cheek or her inner thigh. Then I’d do another button. Soon, her front was open. I pulled the blouse from her skirt, leaving her wonderfully disheveled.

“Oh my,” I said, “down to your bra? I’m afraid you look quite slutty, my dear. That body…” I reached forward laying my hands on her shoulders, working my fingers under her bra straps, “… that body is just begging to be used. You don’t mind? No? No objections? Then I’ll proceed.”

My fingers under her bra straps, I lifted my hands slightly, curling my fingers so the straps were pulled tight, lifting her cups. Very slowly my fingertips descended down to the tops of her breasts, lifting and opening her bra, pulling the tops of the cups away from her pert mammaries. She sighed loudly through the gag.

I ignored her, pulling the cups further out, the straps now digging sight into her shoulders, as I slid my hands along the under curve of her breasts, and then up towards her nipples, until I had them trapped between my fingers, rubbing them gently. Kayley’s eyelids fluttered, and she arched her back, throwing her head back in surrender.

“Oh,” I said, “I think these are very sensitive! Let’s see them!”

Her bra clasped at the front, so with a simple motion, the hook came free and I opened her cups with the same sensual anticipation that I used to spread her legs. Her perfect pert breasts were finally exposed. They were breathtaking. Her nipples were swollen, almost dark.

I teased one, feeling her body shake at the touch, her spine twist, listening to a sudden intake of breath around the gag. Interesting, I teased them both, alternating touches. Maybe she wasn't exaggerating.

"Wow!" I said. 'Your nipples are really sensitive today.' I wondered why? "Some hormonal thing, I suppose. Where are you in your cycle?"

Her eyes drifted down to stare at her erect swollen nipples. I pinched one, and she jolted.

"Since they're so swollen and sensitive," I told her, "we should really be careful with them. I'd hate for you to think of me as the sort of cad who would take advantage of them."

She lifted her head, our eyes met. I smiled gently. Then I flicked her other nipple, jolting her again. I grinned.

"Oh, who am I kidding?" I said cheerfully. "We both know I'm going to torture the fuck out of these nipples."

I teased one gently, and looked up at her.

"You know, I've heard it's possible to have an orgasm solely through intense nipple stimulation."

She shook her head frantically, eyes wide, making squealing noises. But notably, she didn't lift her arms.

"Shall we find out?"

Urgent head shaking, the loose straps flew. Wide eyes. Pleading look.

"Excellent," I said. "I'm glad we agree!"

A muffled wailing around the gag.

I pushed at her knee, preparing to get up, and paused.

"Kayley," I said sweetly, "I just have to go and get a few things. Before I do, I think I should establish a few rules. You've been very good, but let's make it official: The ball gag stays in. You can turn your head, but that's it. You don't move your arms, unless I tell you. In fact, you don't move your body at all, unless I move it for you. Understand? If you move without permission, then I will tie you up. And I will punish you."

She slowly nodded at me.

I smiled.

“Good,” I told her. “Now of course you are free to ask, to request, to suggest or communicate, to let me know how you’re doing, or whether you want something or need something, or anything like that… Oh wait! No you can’t! You’re gagged! Well, never mind.”

She squinted at me and tried to look angry. I laughed and kissed her on the forehead. I leaned back a little, played with her breasts, drawing my fingertips lightly around them, feeling their shape, cupping them in my palms. She has such perfect breasts. Everything about her is perfect. After a moment, my fingers found her nipples, stroking them gently, working to a firm grip. I looked her in the eyes.

“Ready?” I asked.

There was the faintest nod, her eyes closed. I released her nipples and got off the couch. Kayley’s eyes went wild, there was garbled protest around the gag. I couldn’t make out what it was, but I had the general sentiment. She was complaining. Women and their nipples — torture, don’t torture, they’re never happy, I thought.

I wandered into the bedroom, picked up a few things. Wandered into the kitchen, checked the fridge. Grabbed a large and small plastic container, and came back. As I walked around the apartment, her head tracked me, eyes silently following my every footstep and movement. Her body, as ordered, remained perfectly limp, sprawled doll-like exactly as I’d left it.

I grinned and waved.

The ball gag looked good. No matter where I was in the apartment, no matter what angle I viewed or glimpsed her from, far or close, the distended jaws and shiny latex ball looked incredibly sexy.

I sat down with her, laying the container on an end table. Her eyes tracked it, but the lid was on, so she couldn’t see inside. I knew she was mad curious. She was flushed, her cheeks were red, it was extending down to the tops of her breasts. She was really aroused.

“Miss me?” I said cheerfully. She just stared at me, wide eyed and blinking, helpless.

I checked her panties. Her camel toe had faded, the fabric had slowly pulled back into shape. But I was gratified to see a narrow, wet, wine red, stain running up and down the center.

“Oh my,” I said, prodding it and feeling the slickness. “Is someone wet? Someone is definitely wet.”

I drew my fingertip back and forth, making her moan slightly. “Let me help you with that,” I told her, restoring the camel toe to its former glory, working the thin band of fabric so deep into her pussy that half her pubes on either

side were exposed, and her clitoris was a bump on the tight stretched fabric.

I smiled.

“So you’re probably wondering what I’ve got here, waiting for you?”

I opened the lid, and took out a little jar, like a lipstick bottle, with a little paint brush in the lid. Her eyes widened and she shook her head slightly, making an “Eek!” noise around the ball gag. The straps waved a little when she shook her head.

“Oh,” I said, putting the jar down. “Silly me. Look at you. I forgot to buckle in your gag. Gosh. Shall we take care of it.”

A very slight nod.

“All right,” I said. “I want you to put your hair up. Just the way you did for him.”

Her eyebrows lifted.

I made a magical gesture. “I hereby decree your arms are compelled to lift your hair.”

Her eyes on me, she slowly raised her arms, bringing her fingertips sensuously to her nape. Her hands slid around behind her neck, the play of muscles revealing that her fingers were lacing. She lifted up, her hair rising and cascading around her, exposing and baring her neck. The gesture was effortlessly and breathtakingly sensual.

I leaned forward taking the two straps in my hands. I brought my face close to hers, looking deep into her eyes. My lips pursed, and our faces touched. I felt my lips press against the latex ball protruding from here mouth. It was weird, and a little sexy, and off putting.

I backed away a little.

“You know,” I said, “one thing I don’t like about the ball-gag is that it keeps me from kissing you properly.”

Here jaws opened wider, I pulled the gag from her lips. Our heads moved together, and we kissed, tenderly and passionately. And there was a moment, after the kiss ended, that I had an impulse to stop messing with the ball, toss it in the corner, and just make love.

But as the kiss ended and we moved apart, her jaw dropped and her mouth opened wide in naked invitation. So I slipped the ball back in. Her jaws closed on it. Her eyes sparkled at me. If you can smile around a ball gag, she was in it. I grabbed the straps again, and bent them around her neck, fastening them, as we stared into each other’s eyes.

“Looser shake,” I told her. “Tighter, nod.”

She nodded. I tightened.

Nodded again.

Another notch. The straps were so tight they cut into her cheeks, changing the shape of her face. The ball was set a little further back, her lips were more emphasized around the ball. I leaned back, a little, and stared.

Her brow furrowed a little.

“Oh it’s nothing,” I said. “I just, I’ve never seen you like this. It makes you look different. Beautiful, in a mysterious, exotic way.”

She tilted her chin and blinked.

“I’d love to take pictures,” I said. “I think they’d be amazing. But I think they’d distract us from the flow. Besides, you’d probably mess around, cross your eyes and things, and we’d get completely distracted.”

Kayley darted her eyes to a corner of the ceiling, and snorted.

“Yeah,” I said. “I know you, and more importantly. I know us. We’ll do pictures another time…”

I paused, and put on a very serious expression.

“Unless… The ball gag is a rental? Are there late return fees? Damage deposit?”

She snorted hard, squinting, struggling to giggle around the ball gag. For a moment, she squirmed. Then tried to glare.

“Yeah,” I said. “You know you had that coming. We both know you were going to cross your eyes the minute I tried to take a picture.”

Innocent look. Yeah, I knew that look, I wasn’t fooled. I reached into the container. And brought out the little black bottle. I read the label out loud.

“Exotic warming gel, safe for application on human skin. Causing mild irritation and stimulation, pins and needles sensation, heat, increased topical blood flow, mild swelling and hyper-sensitivity. Warning, use in moderation, no internal use, do not swallow, do not use on tongue, do not use on genitalia, do not use on anus, avoid contact with eyes.”

Her eyes were growing larger, she shrank back into the love seat, not that there was any place to retreat to.

I grinned.

“We’ve tried this once or twice,” I said. “Remember? It’s really strong!”

She shook her head slowly, eyebrows lifted high, eyes wide. A perfect pleading look.

“Your nipples are really sensitive today. I think we could have an interesting result. What do you think?”

The pleading expression doubled.

“I think so too.”

I paused.

“You know, I’m loving this ball-gag. You are so agreeable. We really are on the same page.”

Glare. Her brow furrowed, eyes flashed and promised revenge.

Casually, I put it back in the container, her expression changed to obvious relief. It was thrilling to see how emotive she was with just her eyes and eyebrows, with tiny tilts of her head.

“Not just yet,” I patted her knee, and teased the cameltoe, touching her clit and making her squirm. I reached into the container, feeling around. She watched with deep suspicion. I pulled out… A lipstick! She looked intrigued, a little nervous.

“Same shade as your ball gag,” I told her. “Just to touch up your lips and make them pop around the gag. I want you to look your sexiest for what’s coming.”

I uncapped the lipstick, reached out and applied carefully. I’d applied lipstick to her before, as part of some intimate moments, so I’d had a little practice. Still, it was tricky to do it around a ball gag. She held absolutely still for me, pursing her lips as much as she could. I wiped a little smudge off near one of the straps, and another smudge from the ball. I leaned back and paused, to admire her. With matching red lipstick, the ball gag really looked sweet.

“Fuck,” I said breathlessly, “you are so beautiful.”

Her eyelids fluttered, and she glowed a little. Her eyebrow lifted a bit, her chin jerked.

“I’m tempted,” I said, “but let’s finish the game.”

Shrug. Nod.

I reached into the container again. She watched curiously, a bit warily.

“Ta da!” I pulled out a magic bullet. A tiny little cylinder just big enough for a battery and a vibrating unit. There was a stud on one end for four settings — low, medium, high and intermittent. ‘Wow,’ I said. “I’m going to use this on you… but not just yet. I need somewhere to but it… I know…”

I pulled the fabric of her panties from between her now sopping wet pussy lips. I pulling the panties tight, I wrapped the bullet in the narrow strip of lace, and then twisted it around, again and again, pulling her panties tighter and tighter. I could see the waistband pulled down and tight, digging into the skin of her hips, pulling tight up her ass cheeks. I kept twisting making it secure, pushing it down between her lips just in front of her entrance. It was almost buried between her pussy lips, the panties distorted tight, her clit pushing against the taut fabric.

I looked up at Kayley, she was watching me carefully, her nostrils flaring. Smiling, I reached down and pressed the stud. Low. Her body jerked, hips lifting, she gasped. I pressed again. Medium. She shivered and whined through the gag. High. She threw her head back.

Intermittent. It stopped, her head lifted. Then it jolted, she gasped. Hips lifting, tried to suck in a breath and glared.

“I think this one is just right,” I told her. “Now to business…”

Once again, the little black bottle came out. This time, despite her trepidation and head shaking, it stayed out. I unscrewed the cap and took out the little brush. Again, she tried to sink into her side of the love seat.

I smiled at her.

“I’m going to enjoy this so much!” I told her. She whimpered urgently through her gag, but made no other protest. Her eyes were nervous, but excited.

I reached over and painted a little half circle on her left nipple. She whined and squirmed, but not enough to avoid my touch. I ignored her, and dipped the brush, making a cross on her other nipple. A high pitched noise came through the ball gag.

“Oh don’t be such a baby,” I said. “We’ve used this before. You’re not feeling anything yet. All you’re feeling is the sensation of liquid. We both know it takes a minute or so to really work. But when it does…”

I braced myself to lift up, and kissed her on the forehead. I hovered for a second, my face above hers, looking into her begging desperate eyes.

“When it does… wow!”

I sat back, and continued to paint her nipples, ignoring her increasingly desperate squirming. It was beginning to work, I decided. Her nipples, if anything, were growing harder and more swollen. Her hips worked back and forth, partly from the sensation of fire and stinging on her nipples, and partly from the bullet going off randomly between her pussy lips.

“Poor girl,” I said. “You deserve some relief.”

I reached in, and took out one of those tiny little lady scissors. Honestly, I have no idea what possible use they could be. But they were in Kayley’s kit, and they seemed appropriate. She stared, wonderingly, but between the distractions of the bullet and the stinging heat in her nipples, she was having more and more trouble focusing.

I brought the scissors down to her panties. This was the toughest part. Her panties had been twisted and twisted so tight that they were completely distorted, the fabric stretched, digging into her hips and thighs. Very very carefully, I hooked the tip of the scissors against her the fabric near her clit, making a small hole. I widened and stretched it until I had a hole in the fabric all around her clitoris, leaving that little nub bare. I put my thumb to my mouth, moistening the tip with my tongue and used it to wet her clitoris.

Her hips lifted. Sadly, it probably wasn’t from my touch. Her body was in constant motion now, writhing back and forth, her hips rolling. She made little whining sounds through the gag, throwing her shoulders back, her breasts heaving. I could see by the way her eyes darted frantically from one nipple to the other that the gel was doing its work, the sensation must be indescribable. While she was distracted, I palmed my next item from the container. She didn’t notice.

I snapped my fingers in her face to get her attention, twice.

“Kayley! Kayley! Come back to me!”

Her eyes focused on me. Her writhing didn’t stop, but it slowed, the intensity diminishing. Good, I had her attention.

“Kayley, I just realized, we’re a little bit into fetish play. I think before we go too much further, we establish a safe word, just to make sure that everything is good. Something simple, that you can easily remember and tap out, if you need to.”

She nodded. There was a sheen of sweat on her forehead. Her muscles where taut and trembling. I noticed a trickle of drool down one side of her cheek, near the strap of the ball gag. I picked up a tissue and wiped it.

I looked her directly in the eye, and said “Your safe word is ’Piano-Cucumber-Apostrophe-Kleenex.”

She froze in shock, staring at me. Through the ball gag, she made a noise, that could possibly have been, “What the fuck? You asshole!”

But there was just a glint of humour in her eyes. So maybe she wouldn’t kill me. Her arms remained at her sides, palms turned up, inert. It was time.

“Anyway,” I said cheerfully, “if you need a break, you just tap it out with Morse code, and we’ll stop. And just to be sure, I’m going to show you. It’s just a simple sequence of dots and dashes…”

Her eyes drifted down to my hand, where I held a very powerful little vibrator. I turned it on high. Kayley’s eyes bulged, she screamed through the gag, and then squealed. Her whole body shook and jumped like a fish caught on a hook. She squirmed desperately. Through the gag came a series of sounds that could have been ferocious threats for revenge, please for mercy, random begging, hysterical laughter and anything in between.

I paid no attention to the screams, I just began to tap out her safe word in Morse code on her clit with the tip of a very intense vibrator.

Actually, full disclosure, I didn’t know Morse code. But then, she didn’t know it either, so it worked out. Instead, I just did tapped out Jingle Bells. I thought she’d appreciate a cheerful bouncy Christmas song.

Her hips lifted, shook bounced. Her whole body was in squirming motion, her eyes were darting around wildly, spittle flew and dripped from around where the straps were fastened. Kayley threw her head back struggling to breathe, the sounds coming from around her gag were indescribable.

“Kayley,” I called. “Kayley…”

I paused in the dot and dash torture of her clitoris. She looked at me, desperately, eyes wide, focusing for a moment I did my best to look innocent.

“How many Q’s in cucumber?” I asked.

Her eyes went wide. I could see exactly what was going through her mind. ‘You giant fucking asshole!’ She sucked in a giant breath, her nostrils flaring. Her brow furrowed. Her body convulsed. Uneven rasping sounds forced their way past the gag. She was laughing. I pressed the toy hard against her clitoris, and she exploded. Literally, her hips leaped a foot off the loveseat as her legs stiffened and kicked. Her arms flailed. Her back arched and flexed and she literally screamed through the bag. A torrent ran down her thighs as she squirted around the bullet pressing against her vaginal entrance. I was momentarily glad the panties what was left of them, blocked the flow or she would have hit me like a firehose.

The thrashing crested, several surges gushed. Finally, she collapsed boneless. I moved forward over her. Kissing her forehead. Her eyes were bleary, she looked very disoriented. She was panting, but her breathing was normal, snot

dribbled from one nostril. Her body was heavily flushed. I wondered if I should take the gag off.

“You okay, babe,” I whispered.

She nodded woozily. She mumbled through the gag, it sounded like ‘You complete and utter bastard!’

“Want to quit now?” I asked. “I’m not finished. But if you are, I can take the gag off.”

She stared at me, focusing, and then deliberately looked down and to the left. I looked down. Her arms were limp again, palms upturned. Her fingers were curled into a fist, all except for the middle finger which was extended.

I smiled and almost laughed. Her eyes were mischievous, doubtless plotting revenge. I nodded.

“I’m not finished,” I said, “but I do think you need a breather.”

I reached into the container, and popped the lid of a smaller container within. I held up an ice cube. Her eyes widened, staring at it, but there was no trepidation. I popped it in my mouth for a moment, to make sure it was coated with saliva, and then, holding it carefully in my fingers, brought it to her nipple, making cold wet circles around it, before going to the next.

Kayley sighed deeply, her eyelids fluttering, her eyes rolled up into her head. She squirmed, but not in a desperate way.

“Feel good?” I asked.

She moaned, shifting position. I held the ice cube above her, squeezing it in my fist letting cold drops fall across her shoulders, belly and thighs. She gasped, her body flexing with each cold drop. I went back to icing her nipples.

Her hips jerked, she squinted, brows furrowed, meeting my eyes and looking down.

“Right,” I said. “’The bullet. Too much?”

Nod.

“I think it’s served it’s purpose.” I pressed the stud to render it inert, and then unwound it from her panties, now loose, torn, stretched and soaked.

I sucked air through my teeth.

“Sorry babe,” I told her. “I think I ruined another pair of panties for you. Sorry.”

She glared. Then pointedly stared down at her nipples.

“Right.”

I took another ice cube and went back to stroking each nipple alternately, covering them with films of ice water, that dribbled slowly down her breasts in winding trails, catching the light. I wondered, as I played with each nipple, at the way the drops slid down, turning this way or that. Her skin was perfect, the curve of each breast magnificent, so why the unpredictable path across her skin?

When her nipples were thoroughly drenched, I reached into the container, and pulled out a package of alcohol wet naps, tearing it open. Carefully, I dabbed at her nipples, gingerly wiping away the gel, and using the ice cube to cool the tender flesh. She mewed now and then through the ball gag, but simply relaxed and watched. An occasional tremor went through her.

Finally, I put the gear away, her nipples were still swollen and puffy. I judged they’d be really sensitive, but perhaps not in a good way.

I took a moment to stare at her. For a moment, we just watched each other. Her hair was plastered, she was covered with sweat. Her eyes had that luminous post orgasmic quality. Her face was both familiar and exotic with the ball gag, drawn, stretched, exhausted. Snot covered her upper lip, and the sides of her mouth and chin trickled drool. I had never seen her quite like this, but she was unspeakably beautiful, so beautiful it made my heart want to stop. She was always unspeakably beautiful, no matter where she was, no matter what she was doing, there was always a moment when I would find myself transfixed.

I let it stretch out, just enjoying the moment.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I said finally.

She gave another faint nod, and rolled her eyes slightly. The meaning was clear. ‘About time!’

I looked up at the ceiling wistfully.

“I suppose a blow job is out of the question?”

Her body lurched, her sides heaved, as she snorted and tried to laugh through the gag. I watched carefully, attentive so that she didn’t choke or anything. She lifted her right arm, and waggled a finger at me.

“Okay,” I said. “No more jokes while you’re in a ball gag. I’m starting to wonder if that’s a good idea.”

I stroked her breasts, careful to stay clear of her nipples, letting my fingers run down her belly. I drew my hands along her thighs up to her knees,

and then back down. Her panties were so wrecked they were no barrier at all. I simply pushed the loose fabric away to massage her pussy. It was soaked, the flesh slick and slippery from her inner thighs to her pubic mound. I parted her lips, she was unbelievably wet and loose, two fingers slipped in with no resistance at all.

Her hips rolled in response, just a bit, but it was there. I was pleased, she was still into it.

I started to tease her, toying with her, slowly building up arousal. She relaxed, moaning. Her arms remained hanging, her legs limp. I was impressed by her dedication. but her fingers clenched and unclenched, and her toes flexed. She moaned softy as I played with her. Her body moved slowly.

“I think you’re ready,” I said softly. “I’m going to bend you over the love seat. I want your head resting on the back, and your knees on the edge of the seat. Can you move if I allow it?”

She nodded, and lifted a hand. I took it, helping her stand for a moment, and turning her to face the love seat. She eased into position, knee first one knee on the edge of the love seat, then the other. Kayley placed her hands on the back of the love seat, and as I held and guided her, she bent forward, easing down onto the padded back until her face was resting easily. Her breasts swayed free beneath her. I fondled them, careful when stroking her nipples. Her ass was sticking out. Oh my god, that magnificent ass. I drew my finger down her tailbone, teasing her asshole, finding her pussy. If anything she was even more wet and open.

“Are we good?” I asked. “Comfortable?”

She couldn’t really nod in that position, but she mumbled an assent. I spread her knees a little further apart. Her lips were parted, and I could see a trickle of lubrication working its way down her lips, collecting at her clit hood, making it glisten. A silvery viscous droplet began to form.

“Hands behind your back,” I ordered. Obediently, she complied. I reached into the container, once again, this time bringing out a rubber cord and loosely tied her wrist together.

I stepped up behind her, feeling my hard cock against her pussy lips, pressing my hips into her ass. I couldn’t help it, the urge was irresistible. I slid my cock into her pussy, sliding smoothly back and forth. She was as wet and open as I’d ever felt her. She moaned softly through the gag, savouring the feel of my cock in her.

But not yet. I pulled out, hearing her small muffled protest. I bent over her, for a second, my weight on her back.

“Kayley,” I whispered in her ear, “I’m going to torture you for a while. Is that okay?”

She mumbled assent.

I ran my fingernails down her spine from the back of her neck to her tailbone, scratching lightly, her back arched and flexed in response. I did that a few times, spreading until her back was covered with light red scratched. She purred through her gag like a kitten.

I did the same with the insides of her thighs, leaving red lines. I cupped her pussy in my hand, feeling how sodden it was. Her panties hung loose on her, the fabric stretched. Ruined. I'd forgotten to take them off of her when I was positioning her. Oh well. I grabbed the fabric of the gusset firmly and yanked, ripping them off her body. She squealed.

I slapped her ass to surprise her, producing another muffled squeal and a jerk, and then slipped two fingers into her pussy, as I played with her clit with my thumb.

Slapping her ass again, I reached for the vibrator, She squealed as I teased her with it, stroking her clit, drawing it along her lips, probing her asshole and back again, until I felt her pussy spasm. I slid the vibrator in, fucking her with it smoothly, until her whole body was moving in time with it, back and forth.

Then I pulled it out and shoved it up her ass, provoking a violent squeal. As her asshole tried to push the vibrator out, I shoved my thumb int her pussy, and used my fingers to slap her clit lightly. This produced a series of squeals and increasingly desperate motions as she simultaneously tried to escape and get me deeper. Finally, she took a deep desperate breath and shrieked: "NNNNmmmggkfffgssmN!!!"

I stopped and leaned over her, letting my weight rest on her back, driving the vibrator deeper up her ass.

"I think someone is asking to be fucked," I whispered in her ear.

"Nnmm!" she said through the gag. "Nnn! Mmk! Gnfgnnk!!! Mnnmssmrrktgg!!!"

I slid the vibrator out of her ass, listening to her low moan. Her arms twisted, pulling against her bonds. Her fingers clenched into fists. Was that a middle finger? I almost laughed as I turned the vibrator off and put it away. I retrieved my last item, a condom.

As I rolled it on, I told her. "I want you to know, I'm going to fuck you with a condom. Is that okay?"

"Nnmg?" She shifted, trying to turn to look at me. But of course, knees spread wide and balance as she was, with her face down and hands tied behind her back, there was nothing she could do.

“You’ve been such a whore lately, fucking all those men, I just feel safer.”

“Nmrrgknn,” she replied. I wasn’t sure what that meant. I ignored her and lined my cock up with her pussy. Even through the condom, I could feel the pressure of her lips, her entry at the tip of my head. She felt it too, moving her hips back. But I moved with her. My hands slid down across her ass, finding their place on sides of her hips. I noted thin red lines in her flesh where the panties bands had been drawn tight. I suppressed the urge to kiss them better.

“You know,” I said, “even with a ball gag, you’re really mouthy.”

I rammed my cock in, hard and sudden, giving her my full length, pulling her savagely back as I thrust. The sound of her ass colliding with my hips was shockingly loud, louder than the times I’d slapped her ass. I actually felt a stinging sensation in my around my cock as we collided. Kayley grunted loudly through the gag. But I’d only begun, holding her hips like she was a fleshlight, I fucked hard and furiously. Her whole body was rocking, I could sense her breasts swinging wildly. Her shoulders worked, pulling hard at the binding around her wrist, her hands clenching and unclenching. Each rapid ferocious thrust brought a grunt or cry, but I was pounding her so hard and fast that they all began to run together into an incoherent howl around the gag.

“You like that?” I yelled. “You like that hard cock slamming your pussy? How does it feel?”

But she could only howl as I continued to fuck her savagely, pumping into her with everything I had. The only sounds were her howling, my panting, and the constant slapping of my hips against her ass.

Suddenly, I stopped.

Kayley whimpered through the gag.

I pulled my cock out slowly, and positioned myself against her asshole. I didn’t need lubricant, the condom was shining and literally dripping from the her own copious lubrication. Hell, she was so wet and glistening that her pussy had literally dripped. I could feel her wetness on my balls, and the insides of her thighs, and I was sure there was a puddle under us.

She felt my cock at her asshole, the steel grip on her hips holding her in place, and through the gag made a wailing noise that I accepted as her surrender, even as I pushed my way into her. If there was any resistance it melted away, and I watched my shaft sink deeper and deeper into her asshole, until her sphincter was distended, stretched wide around my cock and crowned with the ring of my pubic hair.

Her calves lifted, and from the corner of my eye I could see her ankles straighten, her goes curl and flex. She tried to lift her head but couldn’t.

Her shoulders rocked. This was the only movement of hers that I allowed, as I held her impaled on my cock.

Slowly, I pulled back, accompanied by the sound of her long expectant moan, and drove back in, to her whimper. With her pussy, sometimes I liked to shock her, entering hard and fast and fucking frantically when she was dripping wet. But for her ass, I always entered slowly, and brought her along carefully. Partly it was because her asshole was so tight and delicious, I couldn't help but want to savour it. Entering her ass was like shoving your way into a tight soft fist, like descending into a bath of sensation. You couldn't help but want to soak in it. But part of it, was the delicacy of her body, I wanted her to feel and savour it too. I wanted her to have it so she could handle it. So entering her ass, taking her this way, was always about going slow, acclimating her.

She gave a low, mumbling happy moan as I slid my cock back and forth inside her ass. I adjusted my angle, and was rewarded with a pleasurable mumble. There, that was the spot. I started to pick up speed, bringing more force and intensity. She sighed, her grunts and moans through the gag coming more and more quickly. I slapped her ass to get her attention, and then started to fuck hard, listening carefully as she built and built.

Finally, the moans became howls around the gag, I could feel her ass moving of its own accord and tightened my grip, locking her in place. I started to pound with a series of precise, brutal thrusts. And that did it. Her sphincter locked tight around my cock, she moaned around the gag, deep and low, sounding almost like a cow lowing. I sank all the way in, despite her resistance, and held there, as the orgasm rolled over her.

Fascinated, I watched the muscles of her back shifting under her skin, tiny beads of sweat appeared across her skin like a miracle. I looked down at her wrists tied behind her back, her hands opened, and here fingers fluttered like birds about to take flight. It was beautiful. There was a deep breath and another long, cowlike moan, with just a ripple of satisfaction in a rolling 'rrr.'

I waited a moment until the orgasm passed through here, leaving her relaxed. As the sphincter released me, I pulled out, and shucked the condom. My cock was hard as a lead pipe. I let it drop down to her pussy, and slid in smoothly, feeling her intake of breath.

She felt incredibly wet, I slid in her frictionlessly, filling her, feeling her all around me. She was so loose and wet it was heavenly. Sometimes it felt like every time I entered Kayley, it was fresh and new, it was bliss and nirvana. Being in her, feeling her around me, was distilled happiness.

I started to fuck her, happily, joyously. Feeling her body respond, vividly aware of every twitch of her muscles, every movement of back and hips, the way she flexed. I could hear her breathing, I listened to the grunts and gasps and moans of her body. But this time, my awareness of her body inside and out

extended to a riveting fact. She was my captive. Her body was held prisoner, shaped to my will, gagged, wrist bound, bent over in place, spread open, she was completely helpless, and completely subject to my whim. It was miraculous.

Every thrust into her brought helpless reaction, I drank it all in, I drank her, filled her, fucked her, and with each stroke, my power over her increased, and I poured it into her pleasure, building and building. I felt buouyant, something like sheer joy as I fucked her, her sexual pleasure, the ecstasy of her total surrender and submission lifting me up. I was fucking savagely, my hips a blur, the loveseat was actually rocking. I grabbed the bindings holding her wrists, to keep control. We were both roaring, me with incoherent growling, her with frenzied squeals and moans through her gag. I could feel lightning dance around my hips, curling up my spine, what felt like an explosion building in my penis. And as if she sensed my orgasm, she released a fresh wave of wetness, her pussy spasmed.

Then we were coming, our orgasms simultaneous, and so hard and ferocious that I could only hold onto her, for fear of simply being picked up and flung across the room. She went stiff, her muscles to rigid that for an instant, she was sculpture, made of marble.

Suddenly, it was over. I was standing there, feeling myself draining into her. Kayley was panting and moaning. I could feel her pussy clenching and unclenching. For all I could tell, she was still coming. I gave myself a moment or two to recover.

After that, I untied her wrists. Weakly, she brought them around, grabbing the back of the love seat. Her body sagged, and my cock slipped from her. I could feel actual dripping, her pussy was so wet. She moaned through the gag.

I grabbed a cloth and made my way to the back of the love seat, kneeling beside her. Undoing the straps, I pulled the gag gently from her mouth, carefully wiping away the snot and drool from her lips and chin. The straps hand left angry red marks on either side of her face. I hoped that they'd fade quickly. It might be hard to explain in public.

I pressed my forehead against hers. She was so wet all over, even her forehead was drenched. She panted, breathing deeply, trying to catch her breath.

Finally, she was recovered enough to speak.

"I hate you, she said. I hate your guts."

She took a breath.

"Also, I love you more than anything in the world."

Breath.

"I want a divorce, right now."

Breath.

“Don’t ever leave me, or I’ll hunt you down.”

Breath.

“Evil. You’re the most evil man I’ve ever met.”

Breath.

“You’re out of your fucking mind, you realize that.”

Breath. Giggle.

“You made me laugh all the way through, who the hell does that?”

Lifting her head, we pressed our lips to each other, kissing tenderly.

“You…” she whispered. “You… you… There are no words for you.”

“I’m sensing mixed messages,” I told her.

She thought about it. “I detect no inconsistencies.”

I crossed back around to the front of the love seat, sat down and pulled her onto me. She curled up on my body like a kitten, wrapping her arms around me. Her body was like a sweaty post-orgasmic furnace.

“I’m serious though,” she said, “never do that to me again.”

Breath.

“I almost died laughing. How can you be so funny and make me come so hard.”

Breath.

“Pictures. Next time we take pictures! Maybe tomorrow?”

“It’s all right, babe,” I said, “I have you. You’re safe.”

“Yeah, I know.” She snuggled against my chest.

“You are sooooo evil. How did you come up with that? How long? Where did you get it?”

I shrugged.

“Improvised,” I said. “Just spur of the moment. I threw it together, really.”

She thought about it.

“Soooooo evil!” she said finally.

I shrugged.

“I’d tell on you, but then all the girls would want you to do it to them, and I’m not sharing,” she warned me.

I held her, stroking her body softly, letting her come down.

She lifted her head and waggled her jaw back and forth.

“Ow,” she said.

“Hurts?”

“No,” she said waggling her chin with a fingertip, “but I can feel it, like, in my jaw, the muscles or bone. It feels weird. Maybe it was too big? Or had it in too long? Feels funny.”

I nodded. She liked to process new experiences afterwards, reliving them, examining them.

“Thoughts on the ball gag?” I asked.

“Hmm,” she pondered. “Not sure. It was okay. Not sure I liked it. Hot at first, but after a while it was just… there’s this stupid thing in my mouth getting in the way. Annoying.”

“Uncomfortable?”

“Some,” she reflected. “But not that bad, not unbearable. I wasn’t gagging or nauseous or anything.”

She shrugged.

“How about you?”

I thought about it.

“Fun at the start. Great fun for teasing you,” I said. “Sometimes it was so hard to keep a straight face. Some of your looks… You were so expressive, it was amazing.”

I paused.

“And strangely beautiful, there was an unearthly quality. The jaw open like that, the ball gag like a third eye or something, the way the tight straps cut into your cheeks. It changed your whole face. It made you gorgeous, but alien

and exotic. We really should do pictures sometime, you'd make a great ball-gag model."

"Hmmm," I could tell she was curious. "Next time, for sure, pictures will be part of it. I won't cross my eyes… much."

My chest shook a little from a suppressed chuckle, and I caught her secret smile.

"I dunno," she said. "Okay, but not really that great."

"I get it," I said. "I think a blindfold would be better."

"Ooh!" she whispered. "Yes! Let's do that instead. S&M looks great, but…"

She gave my pectoral a quick kiss and laid her head against it.

"Nipples?" I asked.

She paused.

"Don't touch them."

"Got it."

"Like don't ever touch them. Nothing ever touches them. I'm going to sleep hanging upside down like a bat from now on. When I die, you bury me topless, and you leave extra space in the coffin lid, so it doesn't touch them."

I nodded.

"Got it."

"It was…" she paused, "way too much, and simultaneously, not enough. I can't put it any other way. But now… wow, they're so achy and tingly it's crazy."

"We've got some sunburn ointment," I said. "A topical anaesthetic. We could try that, to numb them a little, if they're feeling raw."

She nodded.

"That would be good," she said, "but that would mean letting you go, and I'm not ready for that yet."

"No worries," I replied.

"The ice cubes were a nice touch," she said. "Oh they were soooo nice. Do we still have them?"

"We have lots."

“Good. Get some more in a little bit. How long was the gel on?”

“Recommended maximum time was twenty to twenty-five minutes. I made sure not to go past fifteen.”

She shuddered.

“I wouldn’t have made twenty.”

She yawned.

“Sam?”

“Yes, babe?”

“I’m going to go to sleep now.”

“Okay.”

“I mean,” she said, “not going to bed. I’m going to sleep. Right here, on top of you. This is nice. I want this. I feel good on laying on you. So I’m going to sleep now, don’t move okay. Stay right here.”

I stroked her hair. My butt was on the wet spot from her squirt. I didn’t care. I wouldn’t move for anything in the world.

“You got it, babe,” I told her.

“Don’t touch my nipples while I’m sleeping. Okay?” she whispered. “Or I’ll have to kill you.”

She yawned, against my chest.

“Sam?” her voice was fading.

“Babe?”

“You know, I love you so much. You know that, right?” The words were almost trailing off, another yawn slipped in.

“I do,” I whispered. “I love you too.”

She snored. She hadn’t been joking. I stared up at the ceiling, carefully wrapped my arms around her to hold her safe, and drowsed off a bit myself.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 15
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KAYLEY

I checked my make-up in the rear view mirror as we parked.

“How do I look?” I asked Sam.

“Perfect,” he said. “Breathtaking, absolutely gorgeous. Sexy and classy.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. This wasn’t some bar or nightclub, and I didn’t want to look skanky. Holden’s was an upscale restaurant, and I wanted to dress for it. I wore a black pencil skirt, just above the knee, with a slit, together with a red silk blouse and a loose black satin vest. Black stilettos, the strappy ones, with lambent earings completed the look. Casual, but high end, classy, sophisticated.

Sam had opted to go with a dress suit, black, with a matching red shirt. I’d just barely talked him out of wearing a tie.

“It is impossible for you,” he said, “to be anything less than perfect. You would be gorgeous standing naked dripping covered head to toe in baby oil, standing in one of those little plastic kiddy pools.”

“That,” I told him, “is oddly specific.”

“Is it?” he looked innocent. He shrugged. “Just a random example.”

“I see. And how much would one of those little pools cost?”

“You mean a circular pool 59 inches diameter, with 11 inch depth, in a variety of colours, of which blue would really go with your complexion? Thirty two ninety nine.”

“I see,” I said carefully. “And how much baby oil would be needed?”

“Well,” he said, “technically, olive oil would be preferable. But either way, you’d want a a minimum of three to five quarts. For maximum coverage. Plus, you’d want a foam padding for the floor of the pool, and slip ons for your feet to avoid slipping.”

He smiled.

“I’ll say again,” I said, “this feels oddly specific.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” he replied. “This is just random information commonly known to everyone.”

“Uh huh,” I said. “Sam… my love. By any chance do you have a fetish that you haven’t mentioned to me?”

“Why hundreds!” He said. “Why do you ask?”

“Oh no reason,” I said. “You’re sure I look okay?”

He took my hand.

“You look gorgeous,” he said. “Nervous?”

I looked out the windshield over the parking lot.

“Kind of,” I said. “It feels like we’re out on a date. I just want to make a good impression. For him, you know? Isn’t that fucked up?”

We were going to have a date, the two of us, with a man we’d already had an epic threesome with, who had fingered me in public, fucked me repeatedly in sleazy bar’s mens room, and who had played me like I was a guitar. He’d seen me naked.

But somehow, we were both dressing up for the occasion, nervous and desperate to make a good impression.

“We are out on a date,” he said. “And yes, it’s kind of weird. It’s like we’re doing it backwards. Normally, you go on a date, and then later on the sex. But I don’t know, it feels right. Maybe we want to show him it’s not just sex, we like him, we could be serious about him.”

“We have a crush?” I suggested.

He laughed, I joined.

“This is silly,” he said, he took my hand. “We’re overthinking. Let’s just relax, go with the flow. And have fun.”

I nodded. He always said the right thing.

“Let’s go.”

We walked into the restaurant, and Sam was just calling up our reservation with the Maitre’d’ when Leroy walked in. I gave a happy squeak.

“Hey kids,” he grinned at us.

I glanced at Sam, he nodded, I rushed into Leroy’s arms, and he kissed me passionately, so I literally melted. He broke the kiss, easing me back at arm’s length. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the Maitre’d’ watching, reappraising us based on the kiss.

“Look at you,” he smiled. “You’re gorgeous. Miss me?”

I beamed.

“Totally!”

He spotted Sam, and spread his arms wide.

“Hermanos! Fratela!” he called. “Bring it in, my brother.”

I watched them embrace warmly. For a moment, it almost looked like they were about to kiss, and I had a subliminal wet flash that shivered through me. The Maitre’d cleared her throat, and they had to part. We were lead to our table.

Sam had specified a half moon booth, with a deep table, so that we could have a degree of intimacy and privacy as we sat together. Sam’s idea, he felt square table would divide us.

As we entered on either side, I sat in the middle, where I could casually put my hands on both their thighs. There was something about being able to do that, that just made me grin madly, I felt like glowing.

Leroy turned out to be relaxed and at home. The Sommelier came with a wine list, and he and Leroy had a long technical conversation that Sam and I only half understood, but ended up with a botttle of exquisite Chablis being brought.

I caught Leroy sneaking a look at us, and knew from his expression that he’d put on a show to impress us. It was like he was eight years old sometimes, but right then, it was so endearing.

We discussed the menu, we discussed food. We ordered, or technically, we let Leroy give the order for us, he had a knack for talking to the waiter. Then we talked, and talked. We laughed, told stories, joked, flirted.

It was a little bit like that Thai restaurant, but that was more feeling each other out. This time, we were all really clicking, like we’d all been together for years. We had this easy luscious chemistry, where I moved smoothly between them.

There was a sexual tension of course, both men at different points had their hands on my thighs. I let mine rove under the tablecloth. We kissed. I tried to talk Leroy and Sam into kissing, well, I dared them. But they were shy and it would have been hard with me in the middle between them.

The funny thing was that while that sexual tension and interest was there, while it was never far away, it was amazing how it was only a part of it all. We enjoyed each other’s company, we felt comfortable together.

At one point, Sam reached over and kissed me, and said, “I am so glad we found him.”

I laughed with delight, it was the perfect thing to say.

The busboy collected our plates. We went on to desert. The conversation became sexual, filled with double entendres. We hadn't promised a threesome, but… Yeah, that was where it was headed.

Butter me top to bottom, I sang to myself, we're going to make a Kayley sandwich, beef on both sides and me in the middle.

"So," Leroy asked with fake casualness, "have you guys looked at the stuff I sent you?"

"The cuckold stories," Sam said. He shrugged. "Yeah, we took a look."

"Interesting," I said. "We went through it. Very much a lifestyle thing, with its own vocabulary. Hotwives. Cucks. Bulls."

"I prefer Hotty," Leroy said. "Hotwife seems possessive, dehumanizing. It's funny. The terms for male roles — cuck and bull, are very clear. But for women… vixen, hotwife, cuckoldress… it's all over."

"Hmm," I said. "You're right, I hadn't thought about it. But you're right."

I shrugged.

"And you're the bull?" I suggested.

Leroy faked a yawn. "I've played the role," he said, "when the occasion demanded. Played the cuck. Even been the hotty."

How would that work, I wondered. Never mind.

"The prosaic stuff," I continued. "That read like instruction manuals, that was informative. But unengaging. It kind of read a bit like swinging, a stylized version of swinging. Other pieces seemed to deal with the emotional aspect."

"I had trouble getting into some of it," Sam said, "particularly some of the male-written pieces, that dwelled on it, it was, some of it, flirting with humiliation. Some of them were hot. Others, I was just going 'this guy needs a therapist.'"

Leroy nodded.

"Some of what you sent us," I said, "was beautifully written, very sensual, every erotic. Complex and psychological."

"Yeah," Sam said. "Mostly those seemed to be female writers, or female perspective."

"I liked those. They were lyrical, and seemed to dive deep. The female experience seemed a lot more complex emotionally and sexually, like the

characters, or the writers were navigating opposite experiences on both sides."

"They worked for you?" Leroy asked.

"Uhm…" I blushed. "I suppose so."

I didn't want to admit to him that I'd gotten off on some of it, either masturbated, or read while Sam was going down on me. Fair was fair, I'd sucked his cock when he'd been enjoying some of it. Some of it, I'd found literary and lyrical and erotically charged, and it had been exciting to read. I'm a sucker for deep psychological porn.

I was sure he'd sent it to get us off, and get us all hot and bothered so we'd jump in. Okay, fair enough.

But also fair enough that I could enjoy really well done porn and not feel the need to do a particular act. Reading hot cuckold lit was one thing, it didn't mean we were going t suddenly adopt the lifestyle.

"Some of it was hot," Sam agreed. "Very hot. But that's why you sent it to us, because it was hot."

"A lot of it," I said, "once you got past the instruction manual stuff… It seemed odd, very role play, very distorted."

Leroy's brows knit.

"Distorted?"

"Not necessarily in a bad way," I said. "But some of it felt really formal or ritualistic, almost doctrinaire, with particular set of rules… No, not rules. Perspectives? I don't know."

I chewed my lip.

"Help me out, Sam?" I said. "Swingers, I guess we've always seen these as free for all. Just two people in a relationship that fuck around outside. But…"

"This stuff seemed to be less swinging, less free for all, and more… relationship oriented. But odd relationships."

"Odd dynamics," I said, grateful to Sam. "Structured, but distorted and uneven. Sort of like Dali or Picasso sex… You see the relationships, the dynamics. But they're twisted."

"Interesting," Leroy said. "I've never heard it that way. But I can see it."

"Yeah," Sam said. "We admit it's hot… But…"

“We looked around a bit ourselves,” I told him. “Some of the stuff out there seemed pretty… dark. Toxic.”

“A real emphasis on humiliation,” Sam said. “Felt like a sort of S&M. Dom, sub, power and control. Borderline abusive really.”

Leroy nodded. “That’s definitely out there. There are toxic outliers in anything. But I don’t think the extreme stuff describes cucking for most people who do it. It’s not really about humiliation, it can seem like that, but I think that’s superficial… an oversimplification.”

I leaned back towards Sam.

“Oh yeah?” I was intrigued. “So why do most people do it?”

“Perhaps you an answer that question yourself,” Leroy said. “You’ve sort of danced around it. What draws you?”

“No fair,” Sam said. “We’re asking you. Kayley and I, we’re just having fun. You’re the one that seems to see us this way. You’re the one that’s pushing.”

Leroy held up his hands.

“I’m not pushing,” he said. “I apologize if I gave that impre—”

“It’s all right,” I cut him off.

“Maybe I used the wrong term,” Sam corrected himself. “But you seem knowledgable about this. And you seem to keep going there. Explain it to us, what’s going on with it? If it’s not S&M…”

“Okay,” Leroy said. He held up his hand. “I see what you’re doing, and that’s fair. Let me try to figure out how to begin.”

We nodded. He leaned his head back a bit, as if thinking.

“Cucking is really popular these days,” Leroy said. “I don’t think it’s really about the dom/sub thing though. I mean, yeah, that’s there. It’s right in there. But I think what drives it is really something else.”

“What?” I asked, genuinely curious.

“Spectators,” Leroy said.

“Spectators?” Sam asked. “What do you mean?”

“It’s all spectators. Everybody watches. That’s our whole civilization. We watch television. We watch movies. We got to stadiums and watch ball games. We go to the theatre and we watch stage plays. We listen to music. We go to concerts and sit and listen to music. We’re a society of people, we don’t do

anything, we just watch and listen, that's how we've all been trained."

"I didn't take you for a culture critic," I said. I poured a bit of chablis from the snifter, not much, just enough to wet my palate.

I glanced at Sam. That sounded sarcastic, but actually, I was impressed. On the one hand, Leroy sometimes felt like a walking erection, a hard cock continually driving towards the next vagina. But he kept showing these new unexpected sides to him. It bowled me over that some charming sleaze I met in a bar would have these insightful observations and reflections. It drew us both to him, all these facets, these unexpected, unanticipated remarkables.

"That extends to sex," Leroy said. "Even sex. We watch porn. Everyone watches porn. You watch porn."

"I've watched porn," I admitted. Honestly, there was so much out there, it was just inevitable. I found my mileage varied. A lot of it just left me cold. But that's the thing with porn, there's so much of it, that something out there will press your buttons.

Sometimes in ways you would rather not admit to. Stranger sex. Nasty sex. Filthy language. Ugly guys. Kinky non-politically correct things. Of course, I'd done some of that with Sam and Leroy, so I guess they had an inkling.

But you know, you don't necessarily want to talk about it.

I realized that I'd made an awkward admission, and hoped he wouldn't ask embarrassing questions.

"So have I," Leroy said. "I like it. It's great. Totally okay with porn. Good porn, whatever that is. But the point is, we're watching all the time, that's what we do."

I smiled. He was invested in making his point, I was off the hook.

"Sam and I, we've done plenty of actual sex," I pointed out. "You've been in some of it."

Sam grinned. "She has a point."

"Sure, there's plenty of doing things out there. People play sports, they play music, games, they engage. But watching is a big part of everyone's life. We're trained into this passive experience, to sit and watch and enjoy. And that can extend to our sex lives."

"Cuckolding?" Sam asked.

"Right."

"So you're saying that cuckolding is really just the desire to watch our

partners fuck someone else," Sam demanded. He shrugged thoughtfully.

"Yep."

"That's just voyeurism," I pointed out.

"No," Leroy said, "voyeurism is watching anyone. And exhibitionism is getting off on being watched by anyone. Cucking, is about that special person being watched, or doing the watching. Porn, voyeurism, exhibition, all that is generic."

"But cucking is personal?" Sam asked thoughtfully.

"Sure it is," Leroy said. "Because everything else is generic, it's all brands and branding and marketing and merchandising. You want to watch porn, you can watch ten thousand girls, all stemped out like a cookie cutter. But you'll never meet any of them, you'll never know any of them."

"You can go to the strip club and watch strippers all day long," he said, "but you'll never really know any of the. You'll never have a personal relationship, or anything meaningful. It's all just a generic mask."

"But there's something about the personal," he said. "You watch someone you know play a sport or an instrument, you feel something, it matters."

"Authenticity," Sam and I both said at the same time. For a moment, Leroy looked startled. Then we all laughed.

"Authenticity. That's exactly it. Same with sex," he concluded. "You can watch porn. Or you can watch someone you know, your girlfriend, your boyfriend, someone who matters to you, fuck, and that makes it special. Makes it hot."

"Yeah, okay," Sam said. "But we're just having fun. This whole cuckold lifestyle, just feels icky. It's got like a lot of creepy baggage."

"Yeah," Leroy said. "But you told me about your fun, like before I started tapping Kayley here. You were getting off on watching her flirt in bars."

I squirmed a little uncomfortably. It's one thing to talk in abstract about sexual politics and what drove people. Relating it on a personal level, that's awkward. For Sam and I, it was about having fun, pressing boundaries.

Sometimes you just don't want to overthink things.

"Not the same thing," Sam said. "I wasn't jerking off over it."

"It's not," I said. "We're just playing a game together. It's not really what you're talking about."

"What were you getting out of it?" Leroy asked Sam.

I looked to Sam.

“It was fun,” Sam was obviously uncomfortable. “Special. She looked beautiful, charming. She sparkled.”

I smiled and put my hand on Sam’s.

“Special.”

“Yeah.”

“Because it was her, because it was her expressing herself, being herself.”

“Yeah. It wasn’t sex.”

“But it was cucking,” Leroy insisted. “It wasn’t sex, but it was sexy. And you loved seeing this person you knew, that you loved, getting their sexy on. It was about being a spectator, like we all are, but for someone you had a connection to.”

Leroy turned to me. Oh no, I was on the hot seat. I was happier just watching Leroy and Sam spar.

“Kayley,” he asked, “what was it like for you, flirting with guys. Knowing that Sam was watching.”

I knew what he was going for. I didn’t really want to give it to him though.

“I didn’t mind,” I said carefully.

“Is that all. You just didn’t mind?”

Oh geez, he wasn’t going to let it go. I paused, and thought about it.

“Well,” I said. “I like flirting sometimes. But I can be nervous. Having Sam watch… it’s hard to explain, I had more confidence. It’s like he was my safety net. I wouldn’t do it at all if it bothered him. I’d never hurt him.”

“Did you enjoy him watching you flirt?” he demanded.

I chewed my lip.

“I… guess?”

I was blushing. I definitely liked Sam watching me flirt. But was that me showing off, some exhibitionist urge. Or was it that Sam really liked it and I enjoyed pleasing him. Okay, so maybe one of us was definitely voyeuristic, or one of us was definitely exhibitionistic. Or maybe we both had a bit.

But whatever. It was mild, it was just having fun together without all the actual weird baggage. This whole cuckold thing seemed a little much.

It's like this, you're in a schoolyard, you have a ball, you all start playing with it, and everyone has fun. We're just messing around. But then someone shows up, there's a ball-playing manual, there's all these rules and regulations, a full book of them.

Maybe a formal game with rules is good, maybe it's better. But you can't help but pine for when you were just messing about in the schoolyard with a ball.

I suppose what it was, was that what Sam and I were doing, on some level, felt really innocent.

"What about when you fucked in the men's room?"

I sucked air in through my teeth.

"I was so fucking nervous," I said. "It was unbelievable."

"Did you get off on Sam listening."

I thought about it.

"I don't think so," I said carefully. It was actually a decent question, and even if Leroy clearly had his own ideas, there was room here to explore other things.

"I was so nervous," I admitted, "I mean, Sam made it possible. He supported, he was my lifeline, he gave permission and made it safe. That was what was important to me in the moment."

I could tell they were watching me. I looked at the wine glass.

"But when I was with you, or that other guy, I was mainly right there in the moment. It was hard to think of Sam and how he might be feeling when some total stranger has their hands on your ass and are slamming you with a big cock. You know?"

Sam nodded. My hand twisted in his, our fingers entwined. God, I loved him so much.

"You talked a lot though," Leroy pointed out.

"What?" I asked.

"You were really verbal each time," Leroy said. "You talked. Derek, when he was bragging, said you were practically doing colour commentary."

"Yeah," I said. "I guess."

“Why?” Leroy persisted.

“For Sam, I suppose,” I said thoughtfully. “To make sure he knew what was going on. Just in case.”

“And because he liked it,” Leroy said. “You were talking because it turned him on to hear.”

“I guess,” I said uncomfortably. “That might be part of it.”

Or it turned me on to talk about it as it was happening. On reflection, describing it for Sam as it was going on, was something of a turn on for me.

“Leroy,” Sam said, coming to my rescue, “you’re really reaching here.”

“I was paying a lot more attention to the cock in me,” Kayley said, “than I thinking about how hard I was making Sam.”

Oh shit, that came out so wrong. I squeezed Sam’s hand to let him know I didn’t mean it that way. An answering pulse reassured me.

“But were you thinking of it at all,” Leroy asked. “Were you enjoying the fact that Sam was your audience. Were you enjoying the idea that Sam was enjoying you flirting in bars.”

“Some,” I replied. “You’re really overthinking it though.”

I sighed.

“Look,” I said. “We were just having fun. That’s all.”

“No, no,” Leroy agreed. “I get that. I totally get that, and having fun is the entire point. I agree with you. I’m not trying to fuck with you. I’m just exploring.”

“That’s fine,” Sam conceded. “I understand the impulse to try to make sense of things.”

“Maybe better to go with the flow,” I said. “Let things happen naturally. We just want to explore.”

“Totally get that,” Leroy said. “If I overstepped I apologize.”

“No problem,” I said. “It’s kind of interesting to dissect. I liked what you were saying about culture — how we’re all spectators, and about authenticity. It made sense…”

I hesitated.

“It just feels a little odd to apply the analysis to our own sex life,” I blushed. “Geez. And you’ve been a part of that sex life. It’s uhhh…”

“Unique circumstance,” Sam supplied.

“Yeah,” I said. “I’m sorry if we felt evasive. We’re just feeling our way…”

“Pun intended?” Leroy gave a slight smile.

I laughed.

“Pun intended,” I said.

“It’s cool,” he said. “I didn’t make you uncomfortable?”

“A little,” Sam said. “But good uncomfortable. I don’t know that it’s us.”

“Fair enough.”

“Maybe it could be,” I admitted, shrugging. Mistake, I could tell by the speculative gleam in his eye. “But we’ll just learn as we go.”

“That’s a good plan.”

Leroy leaned back, looking at us. A mischievous expression slid over him.

“So what do we do after this?” he asked.

I glanced at Sam, our eyes met, and he nodded. I leaned into him.

“We had been thinking of inviting you back to our place to get naked and sweaty,” I said. “If you’re up for it.”

Leroy grinned.

“Definitely,” he said.

“Shall we go?” Sam asked.

“Oh yeah,” Leroy said. He paused thoughtfully.

“Let’s try a little experiment first,” Leroy suggested. “Just to test out this cuckold idea. Are you up for it?”

I felt a little shiver.

“Sure,” I said. “As long as it’s not anything weird.”

“Maybe.” Sam was concommittal. My fingers moved against his, reassuring.

“No weird,” Leroy said. “I promise. Sexy though. But nothing wild. Nothing you haven’t done before. And nothing as wild as I know you’ve done before.”

Sam stared.

“All right,” he said finally.

“What have you got in mind?”

“Okay,” Leroy said. “Let’s start with something simple. Kayley, I want you to slide over here and snuggle up against me.”

I stiffened a little. Sam and I exchanged glances. Sam shrugged. Cuurious to see what he had in mind, I nodded, and scooched over to Leroy’s side. As I leaned up against him, I felt a little tremble go through me. There was a nervous, excited sensation, in moving from cuddling against Sam to easing up against Leroy, it felt almost like a change of allegiance, or a change of ownership. Leroy draped an arm over me possessively.

“Now she’s my girlfriend, Sam,” Leroy said, smiling. I stiffened and blushed.

“She’s not,” Sam said.

“I’m not,” I said emphatically. At that moment, I flashed through memories, a kaleidoscope of images flirting in the bar, being on his cock, fastening the necklace at the back of my neck, the make out session in the peep show. I wasn’t his girlfriend, but there was a lot more claim on me than I wanted to admit.

“I appreciate that,” Leroy conceded.

I was blushing hot. Casually, Leroy’s arm over me swept across my breast, a gesture so subtle that only the three of us noted it, and he felt my rigid nipple. Well, no hiding that, I guess. My clit tingled, and I could feel a wet pulse between my legs.

“But anyone who is looking at us right now, they’ll think we’re together. They’re watching us cuddle. You’re over there. No one would think she’s yours. How does that make you feel, Sam?”

Sam shrugged.

“I don’t know. Doesn’t really matter, it’s just pretend. We all know the truth.”

Leroy nodded.

“Okay. How about this:” he glanced down at me. “Take off your panties.”

My heart skipped a beat, not in shock, because I knew how aggressive Leroy

was. But with genuine excitement, he'd been well behaved, but now he wasn't, and that was thrilling. I looked up at him, wide eyed. He nodded at me.

I looked over at Sam, whose expression was carefully neutral. I searched his face for a sign, but he pretended indifference. He shrugged, leaving it to me.

I stared at him, our eyes locked. The corner of my lips turned up just a little.

This was a game.

I nodded slightly.

Showtime.

Setting my feet firmly, I braced my back against the seat and lifted my hips just an inch or so. Staring straight ahead, I raised my hips and pulled my skirt up to my waist, high enough that she could hook my fingers into my panties and down my thighs, almost to the lip of the seat. Then I let my weight settle and lifted one thigh and then the other, bending forward as I slid the panties over her knees and down my calves. I leaned forward, reaching down to fish the panties, and pulled them over one foot then the other.

"Give them to me," Leroy said, staring at Sam.

I lifted them up in my hand, shoulder height, so that Sam could see them clearly. Hell anyone who looked at our table could see them. Staring at Sam, who remained deadpan, I gave him a wicked little smile, and held them towards Leroy, who took them from me.

Sam's eyes shifted, following the movement of the panties from me to Leroy.

Aha! I thought, got you now. He wasn't as indifferent as he pretended to be.

Very deliberately, without looking at them, Leroy took my panties and placed them squarely and openly on the table, for anyone to see.

Involuntarily, my thighs rubbed together, I could feel tension and excitement. It was like we'd been catapulted into some erotic spaghetti western, where it was all just everyone staring at each other, and these careful gestures, but instead of gunfighters facing off ready to draw, it was panty removal.

I lifted my hips to move my skirt back into place, but Leroy placed a hand on my thigh, not taking his eyes off Sam.

"Don't," he ordered me. "I like you better this way."

His attention shifted to Sam. Perhaps it had never shifted away.

"So," Leroy asked. "Hot or not?"

Sam shrugged.

“Hot,” he said, his voice carefully flat. “But that’s always hot.”

“Are you hard?” Leroy asked.

“I’m wet, a little,” I offered. Technically, a lot wet. I felt shivery in the pit of my stomach. I wanted to squirm a little, but the tension kept me still.

Leroy leaned forward and placed a hand on my thigh. A small bold of electricity ran through me, but apart from a single small start, I gave no sign. Instead, I simply stared at Sam. His eyes flickered, he could just see the edge of Leroy’s hand on me, around the edge of the booth’s table..

“I’m touching her, Sam.” Leroy deliberately moved his hand up the inside of my thigh. My heart was beating faster. As I watched Sam, I parted my legs slightly to allow Leroy access, knowing that Sam would see. “Right here in the restaurant out in the open. I’m touching her. Does this turn you on?”

“Of course,” Sam admitted, his voice just slightly strained. That’s when I knew he was hard. “What’s the point?”

Leroy nodded.

“You like to watch.”

Sam shrugged. He blushed, just slightly, but I caught it. The tiny smile I wore widened.

“All right,” Leroy said. “Let’s move it up a notch. Sam, I want you to go to the men’s room.”

“Why?”

I glanced at Leroy, I was curious too. His expression was cunning, like a cat playing with a mouse.

“Part of the experiment,” Leroy said. “Just go with it.”

Sam looked around nervously. “This isn’t the bar. We can’t get away with that stuff here.”

“I know,” Leroy said. “We’re not going to do that. We’re doing something else. Just go to the mens room, sit on the toilet. We’ll call you.”

Sam seemed to think it over, and then without a word, he stood up and walked off.

“So what are you doing?” I asked when we were alone.

“You and I are going to play a little game,” he told me. “If Sam is into cucking, he’ll enjoy it. If not, we’ll have a little fun and he’ll be a little annoyed. What do you say?”

“I’d like to know what we’re doing,” I insisted.

“We’re going to send him a picture or two, and talk dirty to him.”

I thought it over.

“What do you want from me?” I said. “If you want me in this game, you have to give me more than that.”

“Trust me,” he said. “And just go along.”

I laughed.

“Uh uh,” I said. “I know you, remember.”

“All right,” he said. “We’re not going to do anything, not really. I don’t want to get thrown out of the restaurant.”

He laughed.

“But Sam won’t know that. We’re going to phone him, and talk very dirty, and convince him that we’re doing a lot, that we’re being very bad…”

“How bad?” I asked.

He smirked. Okay, I thought, ‘that’ bad.

“We’ll build up gradually though,” Leroy told me. “And we’ll stage some pictures to prove it. I want to see how excited we can make him.”

I thought it over.

It sounded exciting, but more than that, it sounded fun, fresh, inventive.

“Okay, I’m in.”

“Unbutton your blouse, please,” Leroy asked.

I looked at him.

“Not all the way,” he said. “Just for a picture for Sam, and then you button up right away.”

Perhaps impressed by the politeness, I decided to go for it and undid the buttons, all of them. But I carefully kept the blouse close, so no one would

notice.

“I don’t want to get kicked out for flashing,” I told him.

“We won’t. We’re going to be careful. Trust me. Take out your phone, call Sam.”

I pulled it from my purse and called.

“Hey Sweetie,” I said, when Sam picked up.

“Hi.”

Leroy took the phone.

“Hey Sam,” he said. “Kayley and are are just fooling around a little. Are you sitting down on the toilet.”

“Yes.”

“Pants down?”

There was a sigh.

“Give me a second.”

Leroy pulled me close, and held up the phone for a selfie. The two of us leaned in together, our faces side by side. My lips pursed for the camera, as if blowing him a kiss. My blouse hung open just slightly, nothing naughty was visible, but… He sent the pic.

“Cute,” Sam said sarcastically. “You make a nice couple.”

“Notice anything.”

“Her blouse is unbuttoned.”

“Very good. Kayley will take the next one.”

Leroy handed the phone to me. As I held the phone up, Leroy leaned in slipping his hand in my blouse and cupping a breast. The hand was hidden under the blouse, butit was clear from the stretch of fabric where the hand was. I was a little nervous, if anyone looked directly at us, they’d see. I hoped this was as far as he went, or we really would get thrown out.

I hit send.

“Nice,” Sam replied.

“A little more,” Leroy suggested. In my blouse, his hand pulled my breast from

my bra, folding the cup and pushing it down. He pushed with his wrist, moving the fabric aside, for a moment, exposing a bared breast and hard nipple. "Now!"

I took the picture, hoping that the way I held the phone would shield us a little from onlookers.

The exposure left me momentarily breathing hard, as he tucked my breast back into place. Hastily I did a few buttons. That was a little too much. I narrowed my eyes at Leroy and mouthed. 'Don't do that again.' He mouthed back 'It's all right.'

The picture went.

"Are you hard, Sam?" Leroy asked.

He pursed his lips, touching them. I nodded, understanding the gesture, and turned towards him. Leroy took the phone from me, and this time took a picture of the two pressed together, our lips meeting in a kiss.

"Are you hard, Sam?" Leroy asked again.

"Not so much."

"All right Sam," Leroy said. "I want you to send us a picture of your dick right now."

My eyes widened. Talk about going up a level.

"I don't think so," Sam replied.

Leroy looked to me. Okay, I thought, let's see where this goes.

"Oh come on, Sam," I wheedled, putting on a girlish flirty voice. "Just do it. Do it for me. For meeeeeee."

A sigh.

"All right," he said.

A moment later, a picture appeared, of Sam's fully erect penis, swollen and rigid between his thighs. He was definitely excited.

Leroy showed it to me. I nodded.

"That looks really hard, Sam," I said. "Like really, really hard. Throbbing hard."

"Yeah."

“Was it the kiss?” I asked, curious. “Or the nipple.”

“Both, I guess,” he said carefully. Sam was still playing it close to the vest. He was so guarded, it made me want to dig in, just burrow under that careful facade to reach his real feelings. He was turned on, and didn’t want to admit it. I needed him to admit it.

Leroy and I exchanged looks. I nodded. Time to turn up the heat.

He held up the smart phone, pulling me towards him. This time, when we kissed, it was passionate, open mouth, lips pressing hard. I closed my eyes, moving my head, trusting him to get the pictures. The kiss lasted only an instant, just long enough for some pictures. I moved back. Leroy grinned and gave thumbs up, showing me our clinch.

“Ahh,” he whispered into the phone. He held it towards me, sending a picture. I giggled, and then finished with a tiny little moan.

The next four pictures, showed passion and intensity. Our tongues mingling. He sent them carefully, one at a time, as we supplied sigh and moans, while grinning madly.

“Oh,” I giggled, “oh Leroy.”

He gave a thumbs up, and I couldn’t help myself. I clapped my hand over my mouth to avoid laughing out loud.

What about continuity, I thought suddenly. My blouse had been unbuttoned. Now I had a couple done. Would Sam notice? I undid them again, leaving a single button holding. I pulled Leroy’s hand toward me, under and into my blouse, against my side, under my ribs. Leroy held up the phone, angling for the shot.

We traded the phone back and forth, alternating touching each other carefully. I held the phone, snapping pictures as Leroy laid his hand on my breast over my blouse, and on my cheek. I handed it back. Boldly, while Leroy held the phone, I reached straight down across Leroy’s body, as if reaching for his crotch.

“Okay,” Leroy told me, switching the phone to silent, glancing around, “if we do much more, we’ll attract attention.”

I nodded. We’d been quick, discrete and careful. The booth hid some of us, but really, we were out in the open. There was a fine line between a couple in love taking a few selfies and a make out session. We’d been very careful to keep each clinch brief.

The pictures went, one by one, with little gasps and sighs.

“I hope you’re enjoying, Sam,” Leroy said.

“Because we are,” I put in. I sounded a little breathless, and hoped it came across as deep arousal, as opposed to delicious naughty fun.

“The next one will be a little different,” he said. He looked at me, and made a lifting motion with one hand. The message was clear: Go up a level. I grinned, my eyes flashing.

Leroy tapped my thighs and handed me the phone. He leaned back, giving me space, as much for me, as to allay the suspicion of potential watchers. He carefully looked down towards my waist.

I nodded silently and spread my legs, hiking up my skirt and lifting my knees for a moment. Leroy reached forward casually, his fingers beside my pubic mound, brushing just beside my pussy lips. I dipped the phone below and took a quick picture.

Leroy took his hand away quickly, leaning back. I let my thighs rest, crossed my legs, and held up the phone. The picture wasn’t very good, but it was clear what it depicted. I handed the phone over to him to look at. Leroy sent it without any hesitation, shocking me a little.

“You know what I’m doing with her right now?” Leroy asked.

“I can see.”

“I’m fingering her right now,” Leroy said. “Right at the table, in the middle of the restaurant. She’s got her legs spread for me, and I’m fingering her.”

I was taking a sip of wine, when Leroy said that I quickly put the glass down and had to hold my fingers over the mouths to suppress a giggle. Leroy held the phone close to me. I swallowed quickly.

“He’s doing it, Sam!” I breathed huskily, pinching my palm so as to avoid giving it away. “He’s got his fingers down there, and he’s touching me. I can’t believe how bold he is. The waiter walked right by.”

“She’s so wet, Sam,” Leroy said. “It’s unbelievable. My fingers slide right in. I have two fingers in her right now. She’s just dripping.”

He held the phone closer to me, and I took it. I moaned deeply into the phone.

“Oh my god, Sam! What he’s doing to me. I can feel his palm against my mound, and he slides his fingers in so deep. He’s right, I am just so fucking wet. It’s soaked down there. He’s just playing with my clit…”

I scrolled back a little in photos, found a kissing shot we hadn’t used. I sent that.

“Every time I feel like I’m going to make noise, he kisses me. My nipples are so hard. He pinches them when no one is looking. God, Sam, we’re right in the

open, and no one notices yet. I'm so hot."

Leroy had unzipped his pants. That was a little much. It was still under the table, but the hand pushed the table cloth away, giving me a clear view. I shook my head — no. He looked down and nodded — yes. I rolled my eyes, he was taking way too much risk.

I nodded back, holding up a finger, to pause. I made a gesture to try to get him to pull the table cloth to cover him.

"Are you hard Sam?" I whispered urgently. "Tell me you're hard, hearing what he's doing to me. Tell me how hard you are, knowing what I'm letting him do."

"Yes," Sam's voice came, his lust clear, "I'm hard."

Victory! I could tell, he was so into it. Then suddenly, I thought about him listening in as I had sex with strangers in a mens room. He must have felt this then too. I paused thoughtfully.

Leroy tapped me with a finger, encouraging me to go on.

"Are you stroking it?" I asked. "Tell me you're stroking it. I want to know you're rubbing your big hard cock!"

"Yes," Sam's voice was almost strangled.

Leroy pushed the tablecloth back, exposing the open fly in his pants. Jesus, that was reckless. I glanced around nervously. No one watching. All right, do it quickly, and maybe he'll smarten up.

I handed the phone to Leroy, who held it close to me. I reached into his trousers, deep enough to bury my hand in the folds of fabric. Briefly, I felt his cock through his boxers, felt it swell at her casual touch.

Someone from a far table seemed to look in our direction, so I withdrew quickly. But Leroy had already captured his shot.

I was really was wet. Now that I fully understood the game and was getting into it, it was exciting. I squirmed in the booth, my skirt having ridden up my hips, or perhaps I'd never lowered it down. My bare thighs and pussy ground against the fabric.

One hand below the level of the table, I pointed and waggled, mouthing a 'No more.'

This was wildly fun. Getting thrown out wouldn't be fun.

Leroy nodded and zipped up.

"Ohhh," he faked a moan. "She's fucking fearless, Sam. I can't tell you what

she’s doing, right out in the open.”

“I need to tell you something, Sam,” I whispered, breathily.

“What?”

“I’m being bad!”

“I know!”

I could tell Sam was masturbating intensely, his breathing was syncopated, his voice was tight, and when he spoke, even a few words, I could hear the rhythmic tension of his body as he jerked. I had played with his cock so many times, I could literally close my eyes and see it now, as he stroked it.

“No, I’m being really bad, Sam!” I added a penitent and confessional tone.

Leroy grunted.

She paused.

“I’m touching him too.”

Leroy finally sent the picture of my hand in his fly.

“Her hand is on my cock, Sam,” Leroy said.

“It is,” Kadie agreed. “I’m playing with it. He’s just as hard as you are. I have it out, under the tableloth. But geez, I hope we don’t get thrown out.”

I gave a little giggle.

“His cock is in my hand, under the tablecloth. It’s out. I reached down and unzipped him, and took it right out. It’s so fucking big, Sam.”

“She’s telling the truth,” Leroy confirmed. “She used one hand. We’re kissing, Sam, and she’s turned towards me so I can reach between her legs. Fuck, Sam, she’s just so unbelievably wet. And she’s jerking me off.”

“Oh Sam,” I said, “Do you like it? Do you like what I’m doing?”

“Yes,” he whispered.

“I’m glad you’re getting off,” I whispered. “It makes it so much better knowing you are listening, just like the other times.”

Under the table, between us, he made a jerking motion with his hand, and looked at me. Masturbation? His mouth opened and he brought a thumb towards it. Oh, right, a blow job. That’s where he was going. I nodded to show that I understood.

I pulled the phone towards me.

“Should I go all the way, Sam?” I asked. “Do you want me to go all the way.”

“What?” Sam asked, his voice was choked, I could hear how tight his diaphragm sounded, he was jerking off hard, masturbating intensely. My words provoked him, and that excited me. “What do you mean?”

I waved at Leroy, leaned back and fanned myself. ‘You’re on your own,’ I mouthed, and shook my head. I made a ‘wave away’ geture. Then I picked up her glass of wine and drained it, nodding. Folding one arm over my breasts, I looked at him and nodded, mouthing ‘go on.’

“I’m not fingering her any more,” Leroy took over. “Do you know what she did, Sam? She just went under the table. She slid right down. I don’t think anyone noticed. I’m pretty sure no one did. I’m looking… She’s under the table, Sam.”

“Holy shit!” Sam grunted, followed by a fast, urgent “My god!”

“I can feel her under the table. Her hand, she’s got her hand around my cock, and she’s trying to get between my knees… There! Okay! Hold on Kayley. Just let me move… There.”

He shifted in his seat, lifting, parting his legs. His knee brushed mine as his hips moved forward. I had to smile, method acting. Or maybe he was just a ham.

“Both hands now, Sam,” Leroy said. “She’s masturbating me under the table, she’s using the little butter pats from the bread basket I think.”

I almost choked. Goddamn, but he was good at this.

“Fuck, Sam, she just took me in her mouth,” Leroy’s whisper was the perfect note of strangled urgency. “My cock head is in her mouth, she’s playing with my balls. Jesus Christ, this girl, Sam, she’s amazing.”

He took a deep breath.

“She’s… She’s…” Leroy’s voice oozed surprise and astonishment, “she’s sucking my cock right here under the table!”

He gave a deep moan.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” Sam was chanting. We could hear him frantically working himself.

“Hold on, the waiter is coming,” Leroy switched the phone to silent.

“How am I doing?” he asked me.

“Call the Academy,” I said, “they’ve got an Oscar waiting for you. You’ve just about got me convinced I’m doing it.”

I paused.

“You know, fifty fifty he beats the shit out of you for this. But…”

I took his wrist, took the phone off silent, and made wet mouth noises punctuated by heavy breaths. I leaned back, smirking. That should add a little authenticity.

“She’s incredible,” Leroy said. “She wont’ stop. Her mouth, her mouth is so tight and wet…”

“Oh fuck!” came through the phone, Sam almost squealed, holding back his deep moan, as he ejaculated. Leroy and I looked at each other, I wanted to high five him, but instead I just grinned.

“He came,” Leroy said softly, as if not speaking into the phone. He handed it back to me.

She held the phone in front of her and sucked in a theatrically deep ragged breath. And then a lighter one.

“Did you come, Sam?” I asked sweetly, making sure to sound a little out of breath. I held one hand up beside the phone to make it try and sound muffled, as if I was under.

“Where are you?”

“Under the table,” I whispered, “Leroy handed the phone down. I can’t move very much, it’s really awkward. And dark. It’s really tight. His cock is on the other side of my face. Did you come?”

“Uh yeah.” He sounded disoriented, almost confused. I knew it must have been a really hard come, those always left him a little unstrung.

“Show me,” I said. “Send me a picture.”

“Okay,”

We waited almost a minute. When the picture came, it was Sam’s cock, in his hand, the hand covered with strands of semen, the whole cock oozing and slick, the image of the wet, raw, pink penis filling the screen.

“Good boy,” I said. “I’m so glad we turned you on so much. Come back to us, when you’re cleaned up.”

“Okay.”

I broke the connection.

I looked blankly at Leroy.

“You realize,” I said, “he’ll probably beat you to a pulp for what he thinks we just did.”

“Do you really think so?”

I shrugged.

“Honestly,” I said, “I don’t know how he’ll react. But I can imagine him being upset.”

He thought about it.

“Worth it,” he said. I had to smile. “Come on, you had fun. Worth it?”

I grinned, relaxing back and sucking air through my teeth. “I really hope so. If he takes it well.”

“We’ll convince him.”

“Unless he beats you to a pulp for fooling him like that.”

“Really?” Leroy said. “He didn’t strike me as violent.”

“Oh he isn’t,” I said, “I’m just fucking with you. I don’t know how he’ll react. That was nuts, what we just did. Fun, but nuts.”

Leroy grinned.

“I’m a lot of fun.”

I eyed him speculatively.

“Yes,” I said, “I think you are. Fuck, I’m really wet.”

“I’m really hard.”

“I felt it.”

“Want to make out?” he offered. “I bet I could finger you till you came.”

“In the middle of a fucking restaurant? Are you crazy.”

We both laughed.

“Even faking it,” I said, “there was a lot of sexual energy going back and

forth between the three of us."

He nodded.

"Real sex," he pointed at his head, "is always up here."

"Fun, but nuts," I confirmed. "He'll be out in a few minutes. I'm going to be very interested to see how you talk your way out of this one."

"How we talk our way."

I shrugged, leaning up against him. He put his arm around me, the gesture more affectionate than sexual.

"Uh uh," I said and stuck my tongue out. "You're on your own. This was your idea."

"He could blame you as well."

"Meh," I replied. "I'll just do a lot of blow jobs to make up for it."

As predicted, a moment later, Sam came out, and sat down at the table.

"Nothing happened?" he said.

Leroy leaning back, with his arm draped over me, nodded.

"I looked at the table cloth, coming back," he said. "There's no way. Her feet would have stuck out."

Kadie moved away from Leroy, to a more neutral position between them.

"You tricked me," Sam said.

"Are you mad?" I asked. Now that the game was over, I felt a little nervous.

"Sorry to disappoint you, man," Leroy said. "I was not getting a blow job under the table. I mean, the tablecloth covers. But it doesn't cover enough."

"And he was not fingering me," I said primly. As I said it, I was acutely conscious of the number of times I'd had his cock in my pussy and mouth, his hands all over me, the times he had fingered me. But it just seemed important to say he hadn't fingered me just now.

"I was unzipped," Leroy said. "But only for a moment, long enough for the picture."

"Same thing with my blouse," Kayle said. "It was just for the picture. Buttoned right up after."

“Nothing actually happened,” Leroy said. “It was all in your mind. But the idea of it. The idea of me using your girl, it was enough to make you blow your load in the bathroom. Just thinking about it.”

Leroy leaned forward, putting his elbows on the table.

“Generally,” Leroy said, “I think any time someone comes, someone has an orgasm, that’s just a good thing. I didn’t do this to trick or humiliate you, man. We told you a story, we gave you a scenario in your head, a few details and you did all the rest. This was for you. This was… to make a point.”

“And the point was?”

I couldn’t tell whether Sam was mad or not. I edged towards Sam, he didn’t reject me. I edged closer.

“Spectator, bud,” Leroy said. “You were a spectator, and you loved it. This was just like me fucking Kadie in the bathroom, and you listening in. Except this time, the tables were turned. Instead of being trapped out in the open, we made sure you were someplace private where you could let yourself enjoy.”

“We did it for you, It was your turn.” Leroy paused thoughtfully. “In a way, this was fair. This time, we couldn’t do anything and you were the one getting pleasure. Reversal. Kind of karmic balancing when you think about it.”

“That’s really big of you,” Sam said.

“You’re welcome.”

“Oh bullshit,” Sam said, but he said it lightly, almost laughing. “You were making a point.”

Sam sighed. “So make your point.”

“The point is, Sam,” Leroy said, “you’re a cuck. You feel the word is negative, but it’s not. That’s not a bad thing. It’s not everything in you, it’s not all you are. But it’s there. You like to stand back and watch, sometimes. And it’s hot when it’s someone important to you that you’re watching.”

“It feels…” Sam said doubtfully.

“Nothing to be ashamed of,” Leroy said. “If you enjoy it, if you enjoyed it, that’s what matters.”

Sam nodded, thinking about it.

“You guys were very convincing,” he said finally, but I could tell he was just saying that to cover, while thinking it over. “Almost too convincing.”

“My fault,” Leroy said. “My idea. Kayley didn’t have anything to do with this, I just sort of got her to go along. I didn’t mean harm. She absolutely didn’t mean harm, she loves you.”

Sam looked at me.

“I don’t know,” I said. “It just felt like a game, it started up and I got caught up in it. But we didn’t intend to hurt you. If I did, I’m sorry.”

“It’s all right, babe,” he reassured me. We kissed, first reassuringly, then tenderly.

Sam sighed.

“All right,” he muttered. “I’m a cuck. Or at least, I get off on it. Happy?”

He nodded at me, and I snuggled up against him. He draped an arm around me.

“Are we good?” I asked.

“We’re always good,” he assured me.

He stared at Leroy.

“All right,” he said finally. “It was hot. Yes, I liked listening to Kadie having sex, or thinking she was having sex, or fooling around. I suppose you’re right. You win.”

“It’s not about winning, Sam,” Leroy said.

“Sweetie,” I looked up at Sam, as I leaned back against him.

“Hmm?”

I was genuinely curious. He had definitely sounded unstrung, which told me it had been intense. I wanted to know.

“When you blew? How strong was it. Scale of one to ten.”

Sam blushed.

“It was… it felt… intense.”

“How intense.”

Sam looked around.

“Nine,” he whispered quietly, his face red.

“Wow!” I said. “Good one.”

“It felt like I blew a hole in the stall door, it was so hard. I think some of my come actually hit it.”

“Good for you!” I straightened up and kissed him. Sam’s orgasms always made me happy. He half grinned, and looked away.

“All right,” Sam sighed, “so you made your point. I’ve got a little cuck in me. So now what?”

“You’re into this cuck thing,” Leroy said. “You love the idea of your girl being sexy with another man, and you watching… or listening… being the spectator. It’s cool. It’s all right. There’s no judgment. It’s just… fun.”

“Okay,” Sam said. “Suppose I am into it?”

Sam and I both knew what this whole thing had been about. It wasn’t just proving a point. But we wanted Leroy to come out and say it. If this is what he was up for, then say it.

“Then let’s have some fun with it,” Leroy said. “Let’s play with it. Nothing crazy, nothing nasty. Just have fun. I play with your girl, you watch. We play together. Everything is open and honest, no bad head trips.”

“Yeah,” I said. “That sounds like fun, kind of. But it’s not really us. A fling is one thing. I don’t think we’re up for a lifestyle.”

Leroy looked suprised.

“Who said anything about a lifestyle?” Leroy said. “I mean sure, there are people who make it a lifestyle, a long term thing. But those are the exceptions.”

“What are we talking about then?” Sam asked.

“A session,” Leroy said. “A game. Think of it as a role play — as theatre. We take on roles, we take on identities, and there’s truth in them. These things are us, they’re part of us, they’re in us. But they aren’t all of us.”

“Sex theatre?” I said.

“Yes,” Leroy said. “And no. It’s about exploring ourselves, an aspect of ourselves, embracing it, coming to terms with it. In the end, it’s about knowing ourselves fully. Self-realization. We explore, discover, and then go back to regular life.”

“You make it sound intriguing,” Sam said. I glanced at him, and as I moved, I let my hand drift down to his pants. The move gained his attention, and we looked at each other. “So I know myself through you fucking my girl?”

Leroy laughed.

“Ouch! Sounds crazy. But think about it, Sam,” Leroy said. “You keep brushing up against it, the both of you. Sort of tapping around the edges. Why not go full on? Why not face it, deal with it directly.”

Because bumbling around and exploring was more fun, I thought. What was this male need always to drive to the heart of things? Was it a factor of having a penis?

Sam smiled.

“So we just do it — a cuckold session, explore it directly, as one time thing. Play the role, to see what it’s like,” he said thoughtfully. “That’s kind of…”

“When you think about it,” Leroy said casually. “You’re the only one who’s gotten off tonight. Kayley and I are fucking horny as hell. So why don’t we go back to your place, and I’ll fuck the living shit out of your girlfriend in front of you, on a real bed, with real privacy, while you watch and enjoy?”

Sam paused, and looked down at the me cuddled under his arm.

“What do you think, Kayley?” He was definitely intrigued, I could tell. This was something he’d faced tonight, and felt like exploring.

But was he unsure? Was he leaving it with me, because he couldn’t decide? Or was he asking my permission and participation in something he wanted. I snuggled up against him, trying to read him. I wished we had some time alone to talk about it.

I looked up at him, eyes shining. If it came down to how I felt… Our little game had given me a sexual charges, and right at that moment, I wanted two men to help me burn it off. This had been fun, I was willing to see abut the three of us taking it further.

Why not?

“It sounds kind of wild. Sounds like fun.”

“All right,” Sam said carefully. “Let’s go with it. But we quit when we feel like it. It’s a session. A role play. That’s all.”

“Perfect,” Leroy agreed. “Now let’s go back to your place, so I can fuck your girl in front of you.”

“Ooh,” I lifted up and kissed Sam on the cheek. “You’re going to get cuckolded! You’re going to be my little cuck!”

Sam chuckled ruefully.

“I can hardly wait.”

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 16
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SAM

“THE CUCKOLDING!!! Da Dah Dahhhhhhh!”

As we walked back to the car, Leroy beside us, Kayley under my arm. Once again, I found myself unsure.

There had been the uncontrollable white hot arousal when I’d sat in the toilet stall, breathlessly listening to each word that dripped through my phone, feeling a surge of excitement every time a photo jumped up on my screen. The intensity of it hit me like a freight train, a big sexual wallop that overwhelmed me, not just the images and words but what it all represented, the acts that I thought were taking place. I wasn’t lying to Kayley when I said my ejaculation practically punched through the door. I’d actually spattered the door, it had been that intense.

Then after, finding it had all been an act? I felt like I should have been humiliated, and I was. But both Kayley and Leroy were so careful to try to reassure me. And they did take a lot of the sting out of it. But there wasn’t any way it wasn’t awkward.

I mean, why had I even even agreed to go to the bathroom in the first place? I should have refused. Why had I sat there and done nothing but listen to them talk and look at pictures? I should have gone back out there. Instead, I’d jerked off.

So… maybe, even if I didn’t want to admit it, maybe it was in me?

Maybe I was into it?

It was a weird thing to contemplate. We have all these expectations, these ideas of who we are. Who we are supposed to be.

Someone like in the stories and articles that Leroy had sent us, someone sitting there, pulling on his dick, watching while someone else had sex with his wife, that didn’t feel like me.

Except. Maybe it was me, after all? Maybe I was into it more than I realized? I enjoyed watching Kayley flirt with other men. I’d been excited and encouraging when she’d had sex in the bar with strange men. Hell, I’d pushed her to do it, not hard, but I had pushed. I had to admit it.

I’d been fascinated and aroused watching Leroy fuck Kayley during our extended threesome. Every time he fucked her, I had been fascinated and aroused.

I'd even helped him, fucking on command while he fingered her like a musical instrument, and then fingering her during that epic blow job at his apartment. I'd been like some sort of sex-assistant.

I didn't even know why I'd done that.

And now this?

So maybe it was in me. Second banana? Second rater? Second place in my own life? A cuck getting off as my girl fucks someone else?

As we approached, I unlocked the car doors. Kayley broke away, heading for the passenger side.

A thought flickered through my head so quickly I almost didn't catch it, except for the way it made my cock tingle.

I had to say it.

"So," I said, hesitantly, "given we're doing this, should you get in front with me? Or would you like to ride in the back with Leroy?"

Both of them stopped. Kaley looked surprised.

Leroy looked wary but intrigued. He watched us both, waiting.

She looked from me to Leroy, chewing her lip thoughtfully. Abruptly, she made a decision.

"I'll ride in the back," she announced, heading for the rear passenger door. My stomach did a flip flop, but I could feel my cock swelling. I felt weird, like I had both won and lost at the same time.

Leroy smiled at me, as he got into the rear drivers side. As he slid in, Kayley gave a small happy squeal that speared through me like a tiny bolt of lightning. Excitement and trepidation. Winning and losing.

He's coming home with us, I thought, and he's going to fuck her right in front of me, in my bed, while I stand there and do nothing. He fucks her better, she likes it more from him. And she's going to love it. I wanted it, but it terrified me.

I am a condemned man, chauffeur for my own emasculation.

I got in the car, started up, and pulled out.

I glanced in the rear view mirror, seeing Kayley and Leroy holding hands, smiling at each other. He bent his head, so she could whisper. I looked away.

We made small talk off and on, along the way. Mostly Leroy and Kayley, I was distracted by thoughts about what was going to happen, and the need to focus on the road. I had to be careful not to look in the rearview mirror. But I could imagine them making out right now in the back seat.

“We’re not making out, by the way,” Leroy said.

Motherfucker! The wheel jerked in my hand, I glanced in the rearview, they were both sitting quietly, separately.

“And that’s why,” Leroy said. “I know this is tough on you, Sam.”

“I’m fine,” I said too quickly.

“I was tempted,” he said. “But I didn’t want to distract you and cause an accident.”

“I’m okay,” I said quickly. He was too fucking nice, it would be better if I didn’t like him so much. I bit my lip, feeling stubborn. “I don’t mind. If you’d like, I can pull over for a minute, or a few minutes if it will make you feel safer.”

“That’s all right,” Leroy said.

“No,” I insisted, staring straight ahead. “It’s fine.”

I pulled into a parking lane, and eased into a spot. I moved the stick into parking gear, and then as an afterthought, I turned off the lights and killed the engine. My heart was starting to race.

What the fuck was I doing? Was I trying to prove something to myself? To them?

“There,” I said, tersely. “See. You can go ahead. I don’t mind.”

For a few seconds, there was nothing. Then I heard it. A soft sigh. The rustle of of clothing. The smack of lips. Masculine breath. There was a tiny squeak of pleasure. The sound of weight shifting against the back seats.

I could feel sweat along the back of my neck.

It went on. It wasn’t as loud as I expected or sweaty, or as passionate. It just continued, these soft occasional tiny sounds.

Finally, I couldn’t stand it any more. I looked in the rearview mirror. They were exchanging gentle intimate kisses. Sometimes brief and teasing, sometimes exploring, sometimes longing. They weren’t leaning into each other, or embracing. Rather, they were just touching, slow and gentle.

“I think that’s enough,” Leroy said softly. He looked towards me. I shifted my eyes from the mirror, staring straight ahead.

“Okay,” Kayley said.

“You know,” Leroy said. “I think you should be up front the rest of the way.”

“That’s a good idea,” she agreed.

She stepped out of the car, and then opened the front passenger and slid in beside me. I turned my head to look at her. She was grinning.

“Hey you!” she said. “Miss me?”

“Tons,” I replied.

“Then c’mere,” she reached out, pulling me towards her and kissed me passionately. It was a devouring kiss that went on and on. As we melted into each other, her hand slid down my shirt, into my trousers, feeling my erection.

She smiled, as we parted, her hand still in my underwear, wrapped around my cock.

“Just checking,” she grinned.

As I put the car in gear and drove, her hand withdrew from my trousers. She sat more or less normally, but she still kept a hand on my thigh or my hip as we drove. I relaxed, taking one hand off the wheel. It drifted down near my stick shift. As she stared out through the windshield, Kayley’s digits crept into my palm, and our hands joined lightly, fingers intertwining.

I glanced at her, to see her smiling and happy, and couldn’t help but smile myself. From the corner of my eye as I drove, I noticed her turning her head to look at me. Once or twice, we looked at each other at the same time, eyes just a little brighter.

We’d be in the moment together, the two of us, Leroy forgotten, where we were going next, what we were going to do, all that forgotten. It was just me and Kayley, in this timeless instinct, happy together. I could have driven all night like that.

But the apartment building wasn’t far away. I pulled into the parkade, heading for our spot. After we parked, Kayley leaned over and gave me a quick, curiously chaste, kiss on the cheek.

“Showtime!” she whispered so quietly that only I heard.

I turned to kiss her on the lips, but she was already pulling away, getting out on the passenger side, on the same side Leroy was exiting from behind. As she closed her door, he loomed from behind her. She turned around, and he took her in his arms, kissing her passionately, as she returned his embrace. From

the other side of the car, I watched my love make out with another man. As their lips parted, Leroy looked directly at me.

“She’s mine now, Sam,” Leroy told me.

The way Kayley was hanging off him, her arms around his neck, her head pressed against his chest, looking at me, made that perfectly clear.

“Until I give her back.”

There was something gloating in the way he said it, that sent chills running down my spine.

“If I give her back,” he said. Then he laughed.

“It will be okay, Sam,” Kayley assured me. “You’ll see.”

But it was hard to feel comfort with those assurances the way she was plastered all over Leroy.

“Guys,” I said, “I have to admit, I’m really nervous about this.”

Leroy looked at me, calm, commanding, completely in charge. He was so collected it was unreal, while I felt like a trembling basket case. I felt weak and inadequate. What the fuck was I doing, handing my girlfriend over. The prospect was terrifying.

Except, maybe, I thought, with despair, it was too late. Maybe I’d already handed her over, back in the restaurant, or at Leroy’s place, or maybe just that first night when I’d ordered her to take off her panties and go to him. It’s a complete mind fuck to realize that maybe, just maybe, it was game over from the first minute. Right out the starting gate, he’d won and I’d lost, I’d given the game away. And it had just taken all this time to get here, to get to the point of no more pretending, it would be official.

“That’s all right, Sam,” he said. “It’s normal to feel that way. You’ll accept it.”

I was trying not to tremble.

“I don’t know.”

Kayley looked up at him questioningly. He glanced down, meeting her eyes.

“Then let’s test it, Sam,” Leroy said. “Are you hard?”

“What?” The question had thrown me. My nervousness, my emotions were so overwrought it was hard to think straight.

“Are you hard?” Leroy repeated patiently. He was looking at me, but Kayley was

watching him intensely. “Nerves is one thing, everyone has them. But if you’re hard, you’re into it. It’s something you want. And if not…”

He shrugged.

Kayley turned her head to look at me, not speaking, watching neutrally.

Was I hard? Sort of. I mean, I was keyed up. Kayley had fondled me for half the drive. But I realized that my trepidation and nervousness had stolen my hardness. Without Kayley’s stimulation, I was at best, half mast. More. I could feel my cock full. But I didn’t think I was hard. Or was I.

“No,” I said. “I’m not hard. Not really. I don’t think so.”

Kayley was staring directly at my crotch. My stomach did flip flops. My knees were shaking. I could feel my cock growing rigid under her careful neutral stare.

“Show us,” Leroy said calmly.

“What?”

“Take it out and show us,” he ordered. “If it’s hard, we’ll know. If it’s not, we’ll say fuck it. We’ll go dancing or something, or we’ll do something else. We’ll go to the bar and pour shots into you until your agitation goes away and we’re all friends again.”

“Oh,” I said.

“Take it out, Sam,” Kayley said quietly.

“Take it out.”

Out here, in the parkade? Out in the open?

“What?” I said. “Here? This is a public place. I could get arrested.”

“There’s no one here, Sam,” Leroy said. “Just us. Show it to us.”

For some reason, the thought of indecent exposure, exposing myself in public like some raincoat pervert, being scrutinized, was doing strange things to my body. Adrenalin was surging through me, fight or flight reflexes kicking in. I felt light, even strong, but also weak. I could feel myself surging, my cock stiffening rapidly. It was hard to think. I felt trapped.

“But… what about security cameras?”

Leroy sighed noisily.

“Sam,” he said, in a flat tone that brooked no opposition, “stop screwing

around and show it to us."

The command was a further humiliation, a further terror. With no way out, I unzipped and unbuttoned, and lowered my jeans.

My erection sprung rampant, fully engorged.

Leroy and Kayley stared at it, as I stood there helplessly, like an idiot with my dick out. Kayley looked up at Leroy. He glanced down and nodded slightly. Then he sighed.

"Okay, Sam," Leroy said. "Put it away, and follow us."

Arm in arm, they turned, dismissing me, and began walking to the elevator. I could hear them whisper to each other. I stood there a moment longer, a loser with a useless erection on display. Then I pulled up my pants and scampered after them breathlessly.

In the elevator, I was red faced and panting, from exertion or embarrassment, I wasn't sure which. Leroy and Kayley stood in the center of the elevator, his arm draped around her shoulders, her leaning into them. Their body language made it very clear that they were together. I wedged myself into a corner and tried not to cringe.

The elevator stopped. Someone got on, a middle aged man. He glanced at Leroy and Kayley, they nodded pleasantly at him and made room. He glanced at me and dismissed me immediately. After three floors, he got off.

"Sam," Leroy said, after he left and the elevator kept ticking off, "I'm sorry I had to do that to you. You understand, don't you?"

He wasn't looking at me. I wasn't in his line of sight, nor hers. He was speaking to empty air.

I blushed, new waves of embarrassment, washing over me. I was psychologically cornered. What could I say?

"Yeah. I understand," I said.

"Good," he seemed to hug Kayley closer, and she seemed to nestle, both excluding me.

Then, he looked down at Kayley, her face turned up to his. They kissed in the elevator, right in front of me. The kiss was intimate, warm and passionate. There wasn't anything fiery though. It was the sort of kiss a man gives his girl, because she belongs to him, and they both know it.

I could feel my treacherous cock stiffening.

I followed them down the hallway to our apartment. They remained together, I

trailed along behind. Leroy separated from her long enough for her to get the keys and open the door. They kissed again, this time Kayley initiated it, her hands moved over his body, it was hungry. They smiled, looking at each other.

The door swung open, and Leroy followed her through.

I approached. Leroy held the door open for me, hand on the inside doorknob.

“Come in, Sam,” he said.

Jesus, the world had turned upside down. He was inviting me into my own apartment?

I passed under his gaze, he shut the door and locked it. Leroy took off his coat and looked around expansively.

“So this,” he announced, “is Chez Kayley.”

Not ’Chez Sam and Kayley. Not Chez Kayley and Sam. Nothing like that. It was an obvious and deliberate omission, we all knew it. But it made me feel that much smaller.

“I like it,” Leroy announced, taking Kayley into his arms and kissing her. “It’s very you.”

The kiss went on and on, as I stood there uselessly. Part of my agony now was uncertainty. I knew and understood why we were here. I knew what was going to happen. But getting there, getting through the next few seconds, the next few minutes was a yawning void of uncertainty.

“So,” Kayley whispered, to him, finally breaking the kiss. She leaned against his chest. “You’re the… expert. How do we do this?”

She didn’t acknowledge me at all, it was entirely between her and Leroy.

“Slowly,” Leroy said. “And carefully.”

He turned to me then.

“Sam,” he said, “you need to take off all your clothes.”

He glanced around the room, and then pointed.

“And then sit there.”

“Uh… why?” I asked.

“Kayley and I are going to sit on the love seat, and we’re going to make out. Petting, kissing, stroking. We’re going to do that for a while, until we’re all comfortable, then we’re going to go into the bedroom and Kayley and I will

undress."

"Oh." It actually sounded like a good plan, slow foreplay before moving. There was just something I didn't understand.

"I get that," I said. "I even like it. It feels…"

Careful? I thought. Respectful? It was weird to think in term of being respectfully cuckolded.

"…all right. But, why do I have to be naked for it?"

"Because you need to make yourself vulnerable," he said. "You need to make yourself helpless and passive. Give up this armour of masculinity. Your clothes are a shell. You're going to move beyond that."

"So, basically," I said, "if I'm naked I'll be too intimidated to make trouble?"

Kayley was watching thoughtfully, Leroy's arm still surrounding her. Leroy sighed.

"I don't want to intimidate you, Sam. That's the furthest thing from what I want to do. In this context, intimidation would be toxic. It would be abusive. I don't want to do that to you, Sam. I like you, and I want this to be a growing experience for you."

"Being a cuck, Sam," he said, "is about embracing your weakness. There's nothing to be ashamed of, or afraid of in weakness. But we all are. We're weak, and we're terrified of showing it, we spend our lives lying to ourselves, denying, tying ourselves up in knots."

I wasn't sure what that had to do with me being naked in our living room while he made out with my girl on the couch. He must have seen the look in my eye. He tried again.

"Our clothes, sometimes they're a statement we make. Sometimes they're like armour, protecting us. Sometimes, they're what we hide behind. Nudity is when we're most honest, most vulnerable, most ourselves. Clothing is a shield. You need to let that go. Don't hide from yourself. You're going to watch us, you're going to enjoy it, you'll be hard. Accept that, don't try to hide it from yourself or us."

I could see his point, and it was persuasive, or almost so. Vulnerability, honesty, emotional journey.

Or maybe it was just about emasculating the cuck. Or pre-emasculation. Enforcing a preliminary humiliation and submission. I was starting to sweat.

"Sam," Kayley said quietly, from inside Leroy's arms, her voice neutral. "Just

do what you're told. That's why you're here: To do what you're told."

I froze for a second, and then started undressing. It had come from Kayley, and I couldn't defy that. She'd made her point, it was Leroy's show. Maybe he was serious about everything he said, like he was the cuckold shaman. Or maybe it was about fucking me over. But we were here, there wasn't anything to do but go through it.

For just a microsecond though, I wondered, which side she was on.

"Sit down, Sam," Leroy said. He guided Kayley to the love seat, but instead of sitting down with her, he pulled up another kitchen chair and sat facing me. I sat covering my genitals with my hands.

He looked down.

"Don't do that," he said gently. "Take your hand away."

Slowly, I took my hands away. I was hard, wildly hard. Beads of precum had already formed on my cock, oozing down its length.

"I can't help it," I said. It was just an extremely sexually charged situation. I couldn't stop it.

"You don't have to apologize," he said gently. "And I don't want you to hide it. That's your body, your emotions being honest. It's a good thing."

I nodded. Maybe he was right about nudity and emotional vulnerability. I felt really fucking vulnerable.

"Now Sam," Leroy said, "I need to go over some ground rules with you, so you understand your role and your place. I'm going to tell them to you, and you're going to repeat them back to me, and most important, you need to accept each one in your heart. Are you okay so far?"

"Yeah," I guess.

"All right, First Rule — You are not in control. You are not in control of anything. Not even your own body. You give up control completely."

"Okay, right. First rule."

"Repeat it, Sam," he said patiently.

"Uhm… I'm not in control. Not of anything. I give up."

"Repeat it exactly the way I said it," he insisted.

I swallowed.

“First rule — I am not in control. I am not in control of anything, not even my body. I give up control completely.”

Leroy smiled.

“Okay, that was the tough one. It’ll get easier. Second rule — nudity. You are to be naked, you are not to wear clothes until it is over and you are expressly given permission. Until you are expressly given permission to wear clothes, you will follow this rule.”

I nodded.

“Second rule — nudity. I am to be naked, I am not to wear clothes until it is over and you give express permission. Until you give permission to wear something, I will obey this rule.”

“Good,” Leroy said. “Third rule — Kayley is absolutely off limits to you. You do not touch her without my permission. You do not interact with her in any way, don’t look her in the eye, don’t even speak to her, or to ask her permission to speak to her.”

That one felt extreme. I glanced at Kayley.

“Don’t look at her,” Leroy said. “Look at me.”

I felt like a kid caught sneaking a cookie.

“I’m not making shit up. There’s a reason for each one of these rules, and you’ll come to understand and appreciate that. As we go along, we may soften them. But in the meantime, you have to accept them, and accept them as hard rules.”

I nodded and took a deep breath.

“Third rule — Kayley is off limits to me. I do not touch her in any way. I don’t even look her in the eye. I do not interact with her in any way. Not even to speak to her. I do not even ask her for permission to speak.”

I exhaled.

“Good, Sam,” Leroy said. “You’re doing great. Now, I know that feels really scary. The bottomless pit opening up under you, am I right? I’m going to make it a easier for you. You will be able to interact with her, but only as I tell you. You will be able to touch and talk to her, I’m going to give you permission, but only when and in the way of my permission. When I say, you can. If I don’t say, you can’t.”

He paused.

What if Kayley talked to me? Was I allowed to answer? Should I ask? It felt

like I should be able to, but what if I asked he said no? Would asking too many questions make me seem combative? I decided to just shut my mouth.

“I’m not some Nazi or crazy asshole, Sam,” he said, “we’re doing this for you and for Kayley. This is for you. It’s not about hurting you, it’s about guiding you. That’s all I want to do, guide you through this. I’ll take care of you and make sure you’re safe and protected every step of the way. Will you accept my guidance, Sam? Will you put yourself in my hands?”

He held out his two hands, palms up. The symbolism was obvious.

“Yes,” I said, “I accept your guidance.”

“Do you have faith in me?”

“I have faith in you?”

He smiled. He looked at his palms. I got the message. I put my hands in his.

“I have faith.”

“Good,” he told me. “Now it gets easier. Fourth Rule — you obey me, absolutely, willingly, eagerly. No holding back. You commit to absolute positive obedience.”

I nodded.

“I… Fourth Rule — I obey you, absolutely, willingly, eagerly. No holding back. I commit to absolute positive obedience.”

Jesus Christ, I thought, it sounds just like some sort of cult thing.

“Sounds like some sort of cult oath,” Leroy said, and he laughed. “Don’t worry. You’ll understand. I’m not going to demand blood sacrifice or anything crazy.”

Deja fucking vu, I thought, unnerved. But it was oddly reassuring. He seemed to match my own thoughts, it was an assurance that the weirdness wouldn’t get extreme. We were both grounded.

“Final Rule — You surrender your sex. You don’t come without permission. You don’t masturbate without permission. If you have sexual activity with us, it is only with permission and completely in terms of the permission. This is very important.”

My heart skipped beats.

“Final Rule,” I stumbled awkwardly. “I surrender my sex. I don’t come without permission. I don’t masturbate without permission. Any sex is only with permission, and in terms of the permission. This is very important.”

He nodded, pleased.

“Can I ask some questions.”

He smiled. “Sure thing, buddy! I’m here for you.”

“Well, sexual activity… like kissing, is kissing included.”

“Any sort of sexual activity — kissing, touching, fondling, licking. Absolutely. You make no choices, you take no action. You act as directed.”

“Uhm… okay,” I said nervously. “This is a little embarrassing…”

“Hey,” he said, “it’s cool.”

“What if I come… anyway?”

He laughed, and I blushed red hot.

“You mean premature ejaculation?” he asked. “Things like that?”

I nodded.

“Refer to rule number one — you gave up control. That includes control over your own body. If your body wants to prematurely ejaculate, just let it happen. No guilt. You’re not allowed to make it happen, you can’t masturbate. But if it spontaneously happens… my advice is enjoy!”

That helped, but I was still uncertain.

“But what if it happens when you are telling me to do something…”

Leroy laughed gently, he put his hand on my shoulder. “Buddy, this is an experience. Not a game. I’m not scoring you. You’re not going to lose points. If you blow while I’m telling you to do something, it’s not a crime. I’ll understand. It’ll be okay. If that happens, what it tells me is that you were in a good place, and it was working for you. And that’s great.”

He glanced at Kayley on the love seat, who had been watching with fascination, and then got a strange expression on his face. He made an incomprehensible gesture, and motioned me closer.

“I shouldn’t tell you this, it spoils things,” he said. “But I like you. So here goes. The usual cuck thing, is that the Bull takes the Hottie, and the Cuck sits in the Cuck chair in the bedroom and watches and jerks off. That’s not going to be you.”

He paused.

“Kayley and I,” he said, “we really care for you. You’re important to both of us. We want this to be good for you. So we are going to care for you, you’re going to participate. It’s going to be an amazing experience for you. All I want, is that you trust us.”

I felt a flash of, not quite annoyance, but unease. He was talking like he and Kayley were the couple. It felt like some kind of power play or head game. But I’d be an ass if I jumped on that, so I let it go.

“Okay,” I said.

He waved me even closer.

“This first thing we’re doing, making out on the loveseat, while you sit there? That’s for you.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” he said. “Of course. Anyone can see how wrought up you are, how tense and scared. We’re not going to start by fucking in front of you. That could be fucking traumatic. I want you to get off, not get scar tissue. We’re not even going to start undressed in front of you.”

“But you’ve done that.”

I mean, I’d listened to him fuck her at the bar. We’d had a threesome at the bar, and at the Thai restaurant, and we’d all been naked at his place.

“We both know this is different.”

“Yeah.” It was. But there was a niggling thought. “You’re not naked, but I’m naked?”

“Embracing your vulnerability, your helplessness, your inadequacy, physically and emotionally,” he said. “We’ve been through that part.”

Yes, he had been. I nodded acceptance. He continued.

“So we’re going to take it really slow and ease into it, we’re going to perform for you, and for each other. Nothing happens until we’re ready. And your job is going to be to just sit there and relax and let yourself go. You’re going to watch, and you’ll start to realize that you don’t have to do anything, that there’s no demands, that you can just enjoy.”

He paused.

“When you give her up,” he said, “when I take ownership of Kayley from you, you’re going to be good with it, you’re going to be very comfortable, you’re going to feel liberated and more sexually excited and fulfilled than you’ve ever been in your life.”

He must have caught the look in my eyes. He grinned and punched my shoulder.

“Temporarily, Buddy!” he said. “Temporarily! This is an experience, remember. An experience, not a lifetime commitment. She goes back to you afterwards.”

He paused and grinned devilishly.

“Unless I decide to keep her,” he whispered.

I barked a nervous, automatic laugh. He laughed with me and punched me on the shoulder.

“There you go,” he said. “You’re going to love this so much!”

“I hope so,” I said.

“I know Kayley will,” he assured me. And just like that, insecurity wormed through me all over again.

He settled back into the loveseat, lifting an arm towards her. Kayley slid up against him. They kissed.

“Ready to play,” he whispered to her.

“I was born ready.”

He nodded, and looked over at me.

“Take out your phone, Sam,” Leroy ordered. “You’re going to record us making out, and you’re going to record me fucking her.”

He looked at Kayley.

“Are you okay with that?” he asked.

“As long as it’s Sam’s phone,” she said. “We keep it. No copy for you, sorry.”

“I’m not making any claim,” he said, “the video is for you guys. You and Sam.”

She stared, warily, and nodded.. “Okay then.”

Leroy nodded to me. I went to my pants and retrieved the phone, checking it. “It’s fully charged,” I said.

“Good video?”

“Yeah,” I said. “State of the art.”

“Roll em,” he said, and with that he turned and kissed Kayley.

The kiss was surprisingly gentle at first, even exploratory. They looked in each other's eyes, their bodies together but not pushing. As if by shared instinct, their lips touched, parted, and touched again.

Kayley smiled. It was a an honest, unconscious smile, one of simple enjoyment. She leaned to kiss him with genuine affection. Instead of leaning into it, he let it come to him, let her press her lips to his, the affectionate kiss breaking into a dozen little tiny kisses all over his lips.

He stroked her hair, and she beamed, as he twisted a lock of it around his finger. He bent towards her, but this time, kissed her cheek. She giggled happily, as he worked little wet kisses up to her earlobe. Placing a hand flat on his chest, she waited for him to leave off, and when he pulled back, she was there waiting for him. They pressed their lips hard together, and this time, they lingered, their heads moving slightly.

They smiled at each other then, looking into each other's eyes. Kayley moved to kiss him, but he caught her face with one hand, cupping her cheek. She went still, as he moved in. This kiss was long and sensuous, I saw their jaws move, and knew their mouths had opened for it, ever so slightly

She seemed to retreat, straightening up, looking him up and down. His hand fell on her knee. They both looked at it. Deliberately, his hand moved up her thigh, reaching the skirt of her dress and hiking it up further. She grinned, lifting up her arms and pressing them against his chest. Again, they kissed. Her arms wound around his neck. He reached behind and unzipped her dress. When they parted, finally, their mouths were open, they were panting slightly. Their eyes were luminous.

The dress was loose on her shoulder. She looked down at it. Casually, Leroy bent forward, placing a hand on her shoulder, tugging the material, until it exposed bare flesh. He moved further towards her, as she leaned back, her legs parting. As he licked her bared shoulder, she sighed a little.

"How did I end up fucking you, Kayley?" he asked, nuzzling her. He lifted his head, to look into her eyes, and give a flick of a nod towards me. "Just to get it down for posterity."

She followed it, until she was looking directly at me. Was there mild surprise? Had she forgotten I was here. She smiled warmly.

"Well," she said, staring into the video. "You hit on me. But it was Sam that told me to take off my panties and go to you. Five minutes later.."

Leroy looked directly into the camera. I blushed with embarrassment and sudden humiliation.

"I'd say that was a pretty good start," he said. "But we played around a few times, feeling each other out. You and I got together a few times. Then you

brought Sam in. I really liked you and Sam, so when you guys wanted to try this… I said sure."

That wasn't how it happened at all! Should I say something? I felt I should. Kayley looked at Leroy, but she didn't say anything. But then he just went on.

"We've fucked. But this is going to be the first official cuckolding," Leroy announced. "The real thing. They're taking the big plunge. Crossing the Rubicon here."

"You're making it dramatic," I said.

A harsh look flashed across Leroy's face, he held up a finger to me. Then he visibly relaxed himself.

"Well," Leroy smiled and replied, "it kind of is. Fucking can be casual. Threesomes casual. But Cuckolding, there's something really fundamental and powerful it engages. Lot of energy there, sexual energy, psychic energy, emotional energy."

He looked into the camera.

"Hey Sam," he said, "give me the phone, I want to introduce you."

"Okay," I said, and handed it over. He held it up, filming me. I felt a bit nervous.

"Hello," Leroy said, "I'd like to introduce you to our new Cuck-in-Waiting, Sam. Sam, wave and say hello."

I waved.

"Hello," I said.

"Sam here is the husband of the beautiful Kayley, who I will be taking possession of, through this official cuckolding."

"Official?" I asked.

"Official in the sense of deliberation," Leroy explained. Again, I sensed a flash of annoyance. "It's not like there's a registry for cuckolds. Maybe there should be. But the point is, we're going to do certain things we agree on, and these things will have meaning and significance that we are all agreed on"

"Okay," I said. "I just didn't hear it explained like that."

"That's okay," he said patiently. "I'm going to start again."

"Okay."

“Sam,” he said. “You’ve got a girlfriend, a wife. Kayley. She’s gorgeous by the way. We’re going to be seeing a lot more of her.”

“I’m sitting right here,” Kayley said. Leroy swung the phone towards her, on the other side of the love seat, leaning back with with folded arms. She waved. “Hi!”

The phone swung back towards me.

“Here’s what’s going to happen,” he said. “She’s yours. I’m going to fuck her. Then she’s not yours any more. She’ll belong to me. When I fuck her, all your rights to her end. Finished. Done. I’ll own her. And you, Sam, you’re just going to watch it happen. You’re going to stand there, or sit there and let it happen, and do nothing. Because you won’t be a man any more. You’ll be a cuck.”

He paused.

“How do you feel about that?” he asked.

“I’m not really comfortable,” I said.

“Neither am I,” Kayley said.

Leroy looked over the camera phone. He put it down.

“Guys,” he said, “it’s role play. It’s not real. It’s not permanent. It’s a role play session. Relax.”

I felt stupid. “Right, right, sorry!”

“No worries, we’ll start again.”

He cleared his throat.

“Sam,” he said, “you want this. You want me to fuck your wife, to take ownership of her. You know that when that happens lose your rights to her.”

“Yes?” I wasn’t sure I’d known that. That felt extreme. But this was role play. So… “I guess.”

“You want me to make you a cuck.”

“Yes?”

“That’s why we are here. Because you brought us here.”

I nodded. It felt that it was more complex, but that he wasn’t technically wrong.

“You liked the idea of other men taking your wife,” he said. “Fucking her when you can’t.”

I blushed, trying to collect my thoughts. That wasn’t right. It was, but it wasn’t.

“Try me instead,” Kayley sighed, saving me from having to answer. I felt weak with relief. Leroy turned the phone towards her.

I wasn’t sure how I would have answered that question. The answer had been yes, obviously, I liked other men taking her. But I was afraid of how far into yes I would have to go, the murky territory of why, what made me like it, what excited me about it.

My own inadequacy? I had never thought of it that way, until now. But suddenly, it was there, real or not, casting a shadow that I was nervous about facing.

“Role play, right?” Kayley asked.

Leroy nodded, holding the phone up, recording her.

“Okay,” she said. “Let’s go.”

“Kayley, you’re married to Sam, right.”

“Yes.”

“And you’ve been fucking other men, letting them fuck your pussy, sucking their cocks…”

Her eyes narrowed, her body language shifted, becoming careful. I wondered why?

“Yes. I’ve been with a couple of men, you and Derek. Sam knew, he was there.”

“Been with?”

“I had sex. I fucked them. They put their cocks in my pussy and fucked me. I put their cocks in my mouth.” She smiled then, but it was an odd half smile, as if there was a secret. “I liked strange men’s cocks in my mouth. Men I didn’t know.”

“You let them come in you,” he said. “Your pussy, and your mouth. Bare.”

“I let you. You did.”

“And Sam knew?”

Again, a flicker of caution.

“He knew,” she said. “He was there every time… He encouraged me to, he dared me, he practically ordered me to fuck strange men I’d just met. You, Derek, Keith…”

“You’re not getting enough in your marriage?” he asked. “Sam’s not getting the job done?”

“Sam’s fine,” she said flatly. “Fuck off. Don’t do that.”

“Let me put it another way,” he said. “You and Sam have been experimenting. Right?”

“Yes.”

“But it’s not enough.”

“No.”

“So you’re going to take this step? You’re going to cuckold Sam.”

“Yes.”

“And you know what it will mean? For you? For Sam?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

She stared at the phone for a long moment.

“Because Sam wants it,” she said finally. “And because I need it.”

“Tell me what you need.”

“I need to be taken. I need to be owned. I need to be conquered. I need someone to take me, to make me property, to define me and my existence in terms of his ownership. I love Sam, but he doesn’t do that for me, he can’t.”

“You know that when I fuck you,” he said, “Sam’s rights will end.”

“He’ll be a cuck,” she said, matter of factly. “Yes. Our relationship will be redefined. I accept that. It’s the price for what I need.”

“How do you think he’ll feel about it.”

She shrugged.

“He knows what it means,” she said. “He’s nervous, but he’s letting it happen.

So I guess he wants it."

Kayley waved her hand.

"It doesn't matter."

She paused.

"Why doesn't it matter?" Leroy smiled, he was enjoying himself.

"Once it happens," Kayley said, "it won't matter what he thinks. He'll be irrelevant. It will just be what it is. No one will care how he feels. He knows that too. He's still letting it happen."

Chills ran up and down my spine. I had to keep reminding myself, it's only a role play.

"And it happens tonight," Leroy said. "Soon."

"I can hardly wait," she said.

"How do you feel?"

"Wet. I'm really fucking wet."

"How do you think Sam feels?"

She laughed.

"I don't have to think," she said. "I know how he feels. He's really fucking hard."

She laughed again.

"Not that he's going to do anything with it, except jerk off, while he watches me get taken away from him."

"Fuck," Leroy said. "That was great! You're really good."

"Role play," she smirked.

He turned the smartphone camera back to me.

"Tell me you accept that you're going to be a cuck."

As Leroy looked away from her, she winked at me. Her hand in her lap turned, and she gave me a subtle thumbs up. She mouthed words, 'It will be okay.' I nodded.

"I accept that I will become a cuck," I said to the camera.

I held up my hands, accepting the inevitability of it.

“I know it’s going to happen,” I admitted.

“Good boy.”

He handed the smartphone back to me.

“Okay,” he said, “from here on in, you’re recording. Don’t worry, I’ll tell you what to shoot, and how.”

“What was all that?” I demanded.

He looked at me. “Foreplay. Role play. Warm up.”

I felt like an idiot.

“I’ll do better,” I promised him.

He beamed at me. “You’re going to do fine,” he assured me. “I’ll make sure of it.”

He paused.

“And Sam…”

“Yes?”

“From this point on,” Leroy said, “shut the fuck up. No questions. No comments. I’ve explained the rules, you know your role. I’m being very kind to you. But if you fuck around, I’ll make you sit out here on a chair in the living room, and you can just listen while I take your girl from you. And I won’t give her back, then.”

He paused.

“Kayley?” Leroy invited her to speak.

“Shut up and do as your told, Sam,” she said flatly, her expression calm and matter of fact. “You’re the one that wants this. Play your damned role, and stop being a whiny bitch.”

Her blunt, passionless words sent a hot flush all the way through me. There wasn’t any of the warmth we normally shared. I felt weak and trapped, yet my cock felt like it was swelling, growing painfully harder. My heart raced.

Cornered, I could only nod weakly.

“Do you understand?” Leroy demanded. The two of them were staring at me. I

could only look down at their feet.

“Yes, Sir,” as much as I hated it, my voice had turned into a whimper.

“All right,” Leroy said enthusiastically. “Roll em.”

He turned to Kayley, who was regarding him with a knowing, speculative, smile. She tugged at the shoulder of her black and white dress, exposing bare skin.

“Where were we?” Leroy asked.

“I was doing this,” Kayley whispered, and she leaned forward, open mouthed, to kiss Leroy, moaning softly in her throat, as her hand slid down his chest and between his legs.

The kisses were brief and almost frantic, punctuated by soft sighs and gasps. She stroked his erection in his pants, smiling devilishly as she looked from his pants to his face. He ran a hand along her arm, up along her shoulder to wrap fingers in her hair. Now captive, he pressed his mouth to hers and kissed her wantonly. I watched her melt into each kiss.

Their mannerisms became playful, the kisses went long and deep, but then they broke, and became a series of pecks. They grinned at each other, touched each other, and watched them touch each other. He laid a hand on her thigh, they both looked down at it.

She took up his hand, and holding it like a lollipop, his fingers splayed, she licked the tip of each finger.

He kissed her then, deeply, but when the kiss broke, and they found his hand on her bare breast, the dress somehow having fallen way off her shoulder, they both stared at it. A moment later, a flurry of touches, kisses, licks of necks and jawlines and earlobes, they were once again in embrace, their mouths teasing each other, as his hand crept under a skirt that had ridden much too high.

He stopped, frozen. She stopped curious. He looked down, at his hand vanished between her thighs. She followed his gaze. He smiled, slyly.

“You’re wearing panties?” he teased.

“I know!” she whispered. “I’m wearing panties around you! What was I thinking?”

“You should take them off,” he said.

“You mean, right here? Now? Even before we go in the bedroom?” She smiled.

“Sure.”

“No.” Her smile became a grin. “I think you should take them off.

He grinned back at her.

Carefully, he placed his hands on her knees and slid them up her thighs. She looked down, watching them. His hands reached the skirt of her dress and slid under, the fabric folding and bunching as he moved higher and higher, exposing more of her bare thighs. She bit her lip, her eyes dancing, her knees spreading wider.

He glanced directly at me and my smart phone, then back to her.

“I don’t want to show Sam your pussy just yet.”

She nodded. His hands moved under her dress now, towards her hips. Bracing herself on the back and armrest of the love seat, she lifted her hips for him, a casual gesture that sent a shiver through me. Kayley looked directly into his eyes, as he pulled slowly. The punched fabric of her dress relaxed, her knees moved together. The delicate white lace of her panties emerged from beneath her dress onto her naked thighs. Carefully, he pulled them over her knees and down her calves. She lifted her knees together, raising her feet off the floor. Gracefully, he slipped them off, let them hang off his finger for a moment, and then casually tossed them away.

She smiled knowingly.

“Better?” she asked him.

“Much,” he told her.

“Then show me,” she dared him.

Without a word, he leaned in to kiss her, and she leaned back, their mouths open as their lips met. Her knees parted, and his hand landed on her bare thigh, just above her knee, and moved smoothly under her skirt, as if with independent purpose.

As they kissed, the skirt moved, Kayley’s legs scissored, just a little, and she threw her head back and moaned. Leroy took the opportunity to lick her neck, and she moaned again.

She looked directly at me.

“Sam,” she said, “you should know, that right now, Leroy is fingering your wife, right in front of you, practically in public.”

“It’s true,” Leroy said. “I am.”

Leroy nuzzled her half exposed collarbone, and she leaned her head back, so he could lick her neck again. She moaned deeply.

“Can I tell Sam a secret?” she asked him.

“Be my guest,” he said, he moved back.

She leaned forward and looked directly at the Smart phone, into the camera, not at me.

“Sam,” she told the camera, “I think you should know. I love it when a man fingers me, I don’t care where or how he does it. An actual real man, I mean.”

She stared at the camera, her smile slowly becoming diabolical.

“He’s done it before you know,” she turned her head to face me. “Why he did it right in the bar. Right in front of everyone. He fingered me.”

She smiled, and kissed Leroy gently, then turned her head to look into the camera.

“Of course you know that. You were there. And of course… You did nothing.”

She put on a sad expression, and lifted a finger to mime a tear.

“So I had to take matters into my own hands! I had to take action! Do you know what I did?”

Leroy pulled back a little, watching her with amusement. He glanced at me and the smart phone. I was starting to sweat, my guts knotting up.

“I took him into the Men’s room and I let him fuck me!” At the word fuck, her chin tilted up defiantly, as if to emphasize it.

“And then I let him come inside me!” Her chin tilted defiantly again.

“And I came so fucking hard!” Chin tilt. Defiant.

“And what were you doing, when all this was going on?” Her eyes widened, her eyebrows lifted, her lips pursed, miming curiosity and surprise.

“You…”

“Just sat there, in a chair…”

“Doing…”

“Nothing…”

“Nothing at all…”

“You…”

“Worthless…”

“Little…”

“Cuck!”

Her chin tilted up, her eyelids fluttered, her bared shoulders slowly swung back and forth. She purred, and then parted her knees wider, while turning to throw her arms around Leroy. She kissed him passionately, and rubbed her forehead against his.

“That feels so good,” she whispered.

She turned back to look into the camera lens, with a glare.

“And that, Sam,” she said, “is how you ended up here.”

She grinned evilly. And then, her eyelids fluttered once more, Leroy moved closer, kissing a bared shoulder, pulling the dress further down, exposing more bare flesh. He lifted a hand, cupping her opposite breast through the fabric, and she gave a low moan, turning and licking his ear.

Kayley slowly wound her arms around Leroy’s neck, her mouth opening, her eyes closing to wait for him. He moved on her, his kiss devouring as he descended on her, his hips pushing apart her thighs, as he leaned into her. She was pushed back against the armrest. Their bodies pressed together, frantically, her dress riding up almost to the waist, and falling down around her shoulders. She lifted a bare leg against him, and he wrapped an arm around it.

They kissed back and forth, each kiss hungrier and more intense. For a moment, they stopped, freezing motionless, and smiling at each other. Then he descended to her mouth. She moaned at his touch.

“Fuck,” she whispered, her eyes devilish. “I’m so fucking wet right now,”

“That’s the idea,” he said.

“Fuck,” she repeated. “You’re such a good kisser. So much better than…” She glanced towards me. “I could kiss you all night. I could spend the evening making out with you right there…”

“But?”

“I don’t know what I want more? I don’t know what I want first?”

He looked at her.

“For you to fuck me.”

Pause.

“Or for you to cuck him.”

“How about both?” Leroy said.

She grinned.

“Yesssssssss,” it was an evil hiss.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“For your cock?” she said. “I’m always ready, twenty-four, seven, three-sixty-five.”

He leaned back, taking her hand, guiding her to her feet. Kayley pulled her dress back over her shoulders, but didn’t bother zipping up the back. Instead she smoothed the skirt, to make herself presentable. Leroy adjusted his pants.

She reached out, running one hand through his hair, and then kissed him, open mouthed, but brief.

“We’re doing this. Right?” she asked.

“We are.”

The tiniest flicker of nervousness came and went.

“Role play, right?”

He blinked, then settled into a smile. “The sex is going to be real,” he said. “But yeah.”

She nodded, taking her hand in his.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” she husked. “Shall we?”

As they turned towards the bedroom, Kaley glanced over at me. Her eyes were cold, her expression without mercy. She snapped her fingers.

“Cuck!” she barked. “Follow!”

Leroy and Kayley, hand in hand, sailed into the bedroom together. At least he didn’t sweep her off her feat and carry her across the threshold. As for myself, I trailed them like a particularly inferior household servant, holding the smartphone up like a talisman.

Leroy’s eyes swept around the bedroom. I realized he’d never been here before. This was his first visit to our apartment. Leroy looked at the small chair in the corner of the bedroom.

“That’s the cuck chair?” he said, appalled. “Jesus. No that’s just some regular dining room chair. Fuck it, we’ll make sure to get you a better one, Sam.”

I’d been warned to shut my mouth. But I must have looked confused.

“In Cuckold situations, the cuck doesn’t participate, just watches. So if it’s a regular thing, there’s a comfortable chair for the cuck to sit in and watch. Usually padded. Usually cumstains all over the seat.”

I contemplated the implication from Leroy’s remark that this was going to be a recurring thing. But the moment moved on and was forgotten.

Leroy took Kayley in his arms, so smoothly and naturally, it seemed like she belonged there. He stroked her cheek with one hand, then used two hands to cup her face. She looked up at him, eyes shining, as he stared down at her. Then he kissed her with slow tender passion. As if knowing his intention, Kayley let her arms hang at her sides, accepting the kiss.

When it ended, he put his hands on the shoulders of her dress, pulling the fabric over. She was already unzipped in the back, and so the dress barely hung on her. He pulled it down her arms and down her chest, taking away the tenuous support of the curves of her body. As the fabric moved down her cleavage, it finally passed her nipples and began to fall away on its own.

In an instant, Kayley stood nude, utterly and perfectly beautiful, a vision of perfection. She looked up at Leroy, eyes shining, as he ran his hands over her body, teasing rigid nipples, leaving goosebumps down bare arms.

He kissed her one more time, and as he did so, his fingers slipped between her legs. The scent of female arousal filled the room, and she moaned deeply.

“Look at this, Sam,” Leroy said, nuzzling her shoulder.

He turned her directly towards me, and lifted her arms straight up. She folded them behind her head, smiling with perfect poise.

“Fucking look at this body, isn’t she gorgeous? Isn’t she amazing? Isn’t she straight up fuckable?”

He licked her neck and Kayley smiled sensuously, closing her eyes for a moment, tilting her head to give him better access. His hands slid possessively up and down her body.

“Look at her, Sam,” Leroy told me. “Enjoy her all you can, because in a few minutes, she won’t be yours any more.”

Kayley looked down at me with catlike coolness, clearly enjoying the way he was touching her, but viewing me with neutral disdain.

“Aren’t you going to tell him this is his last chance?” she asked.

“Fuck that,” Leroy snorted. “You’re here naked in the bedroom, we’re way past the point of no return.”

He paused.

“Maybe out in the living room, or the parkade, or the restaurant. But now? Now it’s going to happen. There’s no stopping it now. We’re past that.”

“Mmm,” Kayley murmured, her body swaying as Leroy fondled her breasts and slid his hand between her breasts. She pressed her body backwards into him, offering herself up. “I think it was already too late then.”

“I think,” she purred, “it was already too late for him, the first time he watched you fuck me. He knew then what he secretly wanted, and he knew what I really wanted.”

“Maybe it was already past the point of no return when he listened the first time you fucked me, and came inside me.

“That’s when I knew what I wanted. Maybe the moment your cum spurted up inside me and I loved it, it was inevitable we would end up here.”

She looked down on me, her eyes heavy lidded.

“Or maybe, Sam,” she smiled, “it was when you told me to take my panties off. Maybe that’s when, deep down, Sam, you chose to be a cuck. That was when you had a choice and it all got decided. After that, every step was just the path here, every chance and choice along the way was already made back then.”

“Maybe,” she told me, “nothing you thought or did after that mattered a damned bit, because after that, you were just a cuck, you were one all along, and we all knew.”

She paused.

“You’re just such a pathetic little cuck.”

If I hadn’t been sitting, I would have collapsed. My body went red hot, my skin flushed so bright I felt like I was radiating, my heart raced, my fight and flight reflexes kicked in and immediately collapsed. I had never felt so humiliated or worthless in my life.

Or more sexually aroused. My cock was so hard it vibrated, as it throbbed it seemed to shake the rest of me. I felt as if I so much as touched it, I would explode.

My mind was racing with something like panic. I couldn’t seem to contain

myself. I didn't know what to do. I wanted desperately to argue, to claim some shred of dignity. But whatever arguments popped into my head seemed ludicrous.

Besides, I heard Leroy's voice in my head, remembering the last of our conversation. "Shut the fuck up, Sam," or end up in the living room, sitting there as they fucked here.

"Do what you are told, Sam," Kayley had said, no judgment, no animosity, but no kindness or love. Just the bare words delivered calmly.

So I just sat there, and held the smart phone against my knee to brace it and keep it from shaking too much, as they forgot about me.

I filmed Leroy kissing her, his hands running all over her body. The way she purred like a kitten at his touch. She turned her head to him, twisting, and they kissed, deeply and passionately. She inhaled him with erotic sensual joy, as he reached down and spread her wet lips with his fingers.

"I love your hands on me," she breathed. "I love that the way you're touching me, the way it makes me feel, is being recorded."

"You're like a fucking sculpture," he whispered. "I could do this forever."

"I'm glad you wanted this video," she said. "I wasn't sure, but I see it now, and I want it too. After its over, I want to watch it again and again. And I want to make Sam watch it, so he knows what he gave up."

They kissed deeply, I saw his lips on hers, pressing her back, her opening to his tongue. The kiss went on, punctuated only by soft moans as he explored her naked body.

She broke the kiss, moving away ever so slightly, and smiled.

"I think it's time," she said, "to reveal that great big beautiful cock."

He chuckled, turning her around, so that her ass was nestled in his hips. She smiled wantonly, grinding into his cock, bending forward a little as he cupped her breasts.

"Do the honours?" he told her.

"I'd love to."

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“I’d love to.”

Kayley turned back to face him. She paused for a moment, just looking at him, then she tenderly ran her hands through his hair, and stepped in to kiss him, a gesture so sweet it broke my heart. Those were the worst parts, not the lust and hunger, but the moments of casual tenderness, the unguarded look that spoke affection, the gentle caress, the touches that seemed so natural and loving.

She stepped back, taking one hand, and undoing a cuff. As she did so, Leroy looked directly into the smartphone, directly at me, controlled, confident, triumphant. It was beyond gloating. As Kayley undid his other cuff and unbuttoned his shirt, he simply looked like a man enjoying what was his all along.

Kayley slid his shirt off reverently, there was something almost profound about the unforced, worshipful way she undressed him.

She knelt automatically for his pants. Of course she would, and she brought the same reverence to undoing his belt, unbuttoning, unzipping, to sliding down the legs. He stepped out gracefully as she knelt, Leroy’s cock full and rigid in front of her.

Kayley reached out carefully, taking his cock in her hand, and gently kissed the tip. Then gracefully, she bent her head, pressing it briefly to her forehead. For a moment, it was almost as if she prayed to it.

Then he took her hand, and raised her to her feet. Looking reverently at him, she backed into the bed, crawling backwards, until she lay on her back in the center, legs spread, propped up on her elbows, waiting for him.

I realized I’d been holding my breath.

“Fucking exquisite,” Leroy breathed. “Just fucking exquisite.”

“And yours…” she whispered.

Leroy stepped forward, kneeling on the end of the bed. In the video image, his cock was massive, a conquering juggernaut, waiting to claim its tribute.

“Mine,” he whispered.

He stared for a moment, breathing her in, clearly thinking about his next move.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered Kayley, despite his desire there was nothing urgent or frantic in his voice. Her eyes never leaving him, she complied, her thighs parting smoothly.

“Wider, as wide as you can. Bring your knees up, feet straight, like you were in ballet. Lift… Perfect!”

Leroy turned to look directly into the video.

“Sam,” he said. “I want you to zoom in on Kayley’s pussy. Get real close up.”

I turned the smart phone’s camera on Kayley’s vagina to maximum zoom. It filled the screen.

Leroy moved forward, until he knelt between her legs, looking down on her like some benign God surveying its followers. Kayley looked up at him with a half smile that spoke of expectancy.

He glanced at me, not so much me personally, I’d become irrelevant. But rather, at the phone I was holding, the video recording him. I had the sense he was seeing himself, somehow, on the video.

“This,” Leroy narrated, “is an exquisite pussy. It’s fucking perfect, inside and out, and I know, because I’ve been inside. Just look at it. Smooth as silk, perfectly shaved, not a stray hair, no blemishes, balanced pubes, lips made for fingering. And that clit? Gorgeous!”

Leroy’s finger moved into frame, pulling back the clit hood.

“There it is,” he whispered, “Kayley’s perfect little clitoris, her sweet little bump. Isn’t it lovely.”

The finger gently prodded it. Kayley gasped, her hips rocked, and the image moved in frame.

“And so very responsive. You treat this little button right, you can make her do anything. It’s not just the clit, she’s so responsive. Watch.”

The finger moved down almost to her anus, and teased her lips apart gently, from the bottom, working its way up, in little side to side motions. Kayley gasped and rocked.

“Look at that,” Leroy said, “she opens right up, her lips just part. Can you see the shine? She’s wet.”

Leroy's finger slid down between the lips, coming away slick.

"She's so wet. She's dripping. She's excited. You can tell, you know, when a woman is really wet. They walk a little different, their hips move a little more. Their bodies are lubricating and all they want is something sliding up. They need it. They give off these little signals."

"The minute I saw her today, I knew she was wet. She was hopping, moving. And all day long, it's been getting worse and worse. She'd just been getting wetter and wetter, as we come closer and closer. She wants this so badly. It's all she can think about right now. How much she needs a cock. How much she needs to be filled. And she doesn't just need to be filled, she needs to be owned by a cock."

"Owned," Kayley's voice came. Heavy with lust.

"By a big cock," Leroy said.

"A big hard cock," Kayley murmured.

"Now," Leroy continued, "here's what's going to happen. I'm going to put my cock right up against those beautiful pussy lips, and I'm going to slide it in. I'm going to go so fucking slow, a millimeter at a time, because I want to feel every bit of her. I want her to feel it, every single degree, as she's conquered."

"This is the conquest of Kayley," Leroy whispered. "This is her surrender. This is more important more pivotal, more significant than even losing her virginity. After this, she won't even be the same person."

He glanced at me. "So I want you to keep that video steady, and record every millimeter, every fraction of an inch, as she gives herself up to me."

"And Kayley," Leroy addressed her, "when it happens, you'll know. I want you to describe everything. I want you to describe every sensation, I want you to describe your feelings, I want every detail as you feel your body surrendering to me, as you feel me taking possession of you, until you're my property. Can you do that."

"Yes… sir," she whispered.

Her thighs trembled, swinging a little, her pussy lips parted an infinitesimal bit wider. It was almost unnoticeable, but the video caught it. And so did Leroy.

He laughed, pure joy and power. "You're so ready."

Leroy moved closer, his cock approaching. She watched it, with a tight, fascinated ghost of a smile.

I could only stare in horrified enthrallment, the video zooming in as Leroy's swollen cockhead moved closer and closer to my love's exquisite pussy. Three inches now. An inch. Half an inch.

As gently, and powerfully, as a rocket descending, the round tip of his cock head landed on her exquisitely shaped pussy lips. The lips parted, almost as if embracing the head of his cock, the pink folds on either side pressing, almost creeping around the head, enfolding it. The corona, the smooth curve and arch was still outside her lips, visible and lowly pulsing. But the tip, the urethra and its bead of precum was now hidden.

I was breathless again, totally consumed by what I was seeing. Leroy's willpower was incredible, to hold it there on her, the slightest twitch from entering.

Kayley sighed, staring.

"I can feel it," she said, "against me, ready. I can feel my lips against it."

Leroy looked at her.

"Still time to change your mind," he teased, his grin malicious.

Slowly, Kayley lifted her eyes from the cock head half enfolded in her pussy lips, to meet Leroy's gaze.

"Fuck changing my mind," she grinned, teeth bared, her eyes flashing.

"You sure?"

"I've never been more sure of anything in my life."

Riveted, I watched and recorded the interplay. I had been completely forgotten. The world had been forgotten. Their universe was reduced to them. Her, spread, open, ready, and him demanding, driving. His cock, her cunt, and a relentless gravity between them.

"The consequences?"

"Fuck consequences," she said.

Leroy laughed.

Then Kayley gasped, her eyes widening. She looked down, seeing his cock head advance, pushing her lips slow wider, the folds creeping over his glans as he opened her.

He moved so slowly, she had time to gasp three times, staring wide eyed all the while.

“Uhh-huh! Uhh-huh! Uhh-huh!”

Then the head of his big cock was inside her, the curving arch just barely covered by her pussy lips. He stopped.

“Holy shit,” Kayley whispered, there was a wondering breathless quality to her words, she couldn’t take her eyes away. “I can feel it.”

She licked her lips.

“I mean,” she said, her voice gasping slightly, “I can really feel it. I can feel the contour perfectly, the underside, the curve, the crest. It’s just inside, and I can feel its shape intimately, every detail. The texture and smoothness. I can feel the heat of it, the pulse. I can feel it oozing precum…”

Her head arched back and her eyelids fluttered as if in some kind of religious trance.

“Holy fuck,” she whispered. “It’s amazing, I’ve never… It’s… It’s…”

“Most of the nerve endings are close to the front,” Leroy said softly. “When you’re ready…”

At the sound of his voice, Kayley looked up at him, eyes wide. Her gaze running down the shaft of his cock, and then slowly up from his crotch, up his belly, his chest, his neck and chin, until she was looking directly into his eyes, her mouth was open, her features slack, in a kind of awe.

She nodded.

“Do it,” she said. An instant later, her eyelids fluttered and she gasped loudly, her thighs parting wider.

Shifting the video back to her pussy, I zoomed. Leroy was slowly pushing his cock deep, curve of the head was no longer outlined by her lips, he’d slid further into her. Kayley was gasping again, now the shaft was almost half an inch inside her.

Again, I was astonished at Leroy’s iron control, to thrust into her so slowly, to make her feel every fraction of an inch as he claimed her body deeper and deeper. I was stunned, her pussy had been pristine, a delicate thing of soft lips. Now it was distorted, the shape of her pussy had been deformed by the thick cock opening her. The narrow band of her vagina was now forced wide, her exquisite lips stretched tight around the shaft that violated her. And the deeper he went, with every millimeter, with every passing inch, she surrendered. He sank deeper, deformed her body, reshaped her around his cock, and she welcomed him.

“Oh god, Leroy,” she gasped. ‘I can feel it. I can feel you stretching me apart, opening me, bit by bit, the further you go.’ She threw back her head, her eyes closing. “It feels incredible. It’s like nothing I’ve ever felt before. I can feel everything, I can feel you in me shaping me around your cock as it goes in.”

On some level, I knew this was just sex, and to some degree, every cock reshaped a cunt as it entered, that large men, many men, fists and childbirth could re-size a woman down there, remake her from what she had been to someone else.

I had never witnessed the process so intimately, from so close, I had never seen the image in zoom on video, or seen it happen so slowly and meticulously. I had never thought to imagine how profound that transformation must be.

“Oh god, Leroy,” she panted. “This is different. This feels so different. This feels consequential. It’s not just fucking, this is more profound. It’s on deeper levels, more levels.”

His cock was literally reshaping her vagina, remaking her, not in his image, but as an object for his pleasure. Leroy was literally changing her body, changing the shape of her pussy, with nothing more than his will and his cock. She’d been petite, tight and narrow, now she was being opened. There was nothing of her choice in this, he was doing it, his body reshaping hers to its will.

He was doing it slowly, deliberately, making sure that she felt everything, every stretch of tissues, every defeat and loosening of vaginal wall and muscle as it gave way to the invader now claiming it. Thrusting so slowly, he was making her feel him, feel him as a pervasive presence slowly occupying her body, stretching and opening her, making her focus on it in a way she never had before, with an acute awareness. Suddenly I understood her fixation on conquest, invasion and surrender, when she talked of sex. Every time she spread her legs for a man, she submitted to conquest.

“…I want it, I want it more than anything I’ve ever wanted in my life. I need it. I can’t explain. It’s like a compulsion, an irresistible compulsion, a drive. And although it scares me, I can’t resist it. I don’t want to resist it.”

But this, for the sheer size and brutality of his cock, for the psychological preparation, and now for the glacial but relentless pace of his invasion and shaping of her body, was a conquest like no other, deeper, more profound, of meticulous awareness. In that moment, she knew her body belonged to his, not just to be possessed, but to be remade. It was a vivid, visceral awareness that she would never be able to escape.

“I can feel your cock in me. I can feel what’s happening. You’re taking possession, you’re taking ownership of me, of who I am, what I am. I won’t be mine any more. I’ll be yours, your property, I will belong completely to you.”

His massive cock continued its slow patient occupation of her helpless body. Her pussy continued to deform as I watched, spread and reshaped. Already half the shaft had disappeared inside her and still its relentless progress went on. She was impaled on his cock, her hips and pussy, fixed in place, pinned under him. But the rest of her body was frantic, her breathing came in rapid spurts, her head turning side to side, eyelids fluttering, mouth yawning. Arms and legs shivered with tremors. Her chest rose and fell. Her muscles twitched, went taut with the strain of his slow intrusion and occupation. I watched her grit her teeth, features drawn, the tendons of her neck rigid with tension.

Leroy stared down at her like she was an insect. His eyes were cold, his face beaded with sweat, intent on his task. There was no compassion, no mercy, only the meticulous drive to overcome and subdue. To bend and then break her on his erection.

“When I finish, you will belong to me,” he rumbled. You won’t be a person, you’ll be my property. And you will love it.”

The video recorded it all, every helpless gasp and grunt, every twitch, every bead of sweat, barred teeth or fluttering eyelid. Was this willing surrender, I wondered? With her body in seeming rebellion, fighting a futile, doomed reflexive battle that it’s owner had already relinquished. Because despite the tension and trembling, Kayley gave herself to him, her gaze shifting constantly from his face to the invading battering ram that was his cock. Despite being despoiled, she only spread her legs wider.

As he passed three quarters way of his cock’s brutal violation of her most sacred temple, she only whispered, “Do it! Take it! Take it all!”

“Yes,” he told her.

Finally, he was all the way. His balls swinging against her ass, his pubic bone grinding into hers, pushing her down further and deeper into the bed, relentlessly driving for those last millimeters of penetration. As he bottomed out in her, she released a loud moan, a deep sound of submission and surrender, of abandonment.

That was when he bent down over her. She looked up as he brought his face to hers. There was no love or kindness in his expression. He was the conqueror, marching past wrecked walls and ruined defenses of a broken city, indifferent to the destruction and the defeat, but simply striding past to the very heart of his prize, to take a throne, and pronounce his dominion. That was how he kissed her, without a shred of mercy, as her new ruler.

In turn, she surrendered to the kiss, accepted her defeat and subjugation to his will.

“It’s done,” Kayley finally gasped, as he released her. “Is it done? Have you taken everything?”

“No,” he told her. “It will be done, when you come.”

His cock was already pulling back, still slow, but smoother and faster.

A ghost of a smile passed under her, her chest twitched, as if she’d wanted to laugh but lacked the strength or will.

“It won’t take long,” she whispered, as he reached his apogee, and began to drive in with cruel determination.

It took only three powerful strokes of his cock to make her come.

As he bottomed out for the third time, Kayley’s back arched, her body going stiff and rigid, her arms flung out, her head twisted from side to side. Reflexively she wrapped her legs around his hips, then flung them open. An animal howl tore its way out of her.

He pulled back and plunged in, her body rose and fell, she gasped for breath, her mouth making guttural noises. She started to squirt, pulsing waves of liquid gushing uncontrollably as he bottomed out in her again, and again withdrew. Her orgasm ran on and on as he pulled back once more, and drove savagely in so hard it seemed he wanted to punish her, break her in half. She howled, her body spastic, squiring wildly, as he bottomed in her. Then she went limp, only able to pant in helpless exhaustion.

His cock deep in her, Leroy looked town, surveying his prize, her body plundered, pillaged, looted. He smiled deeply, swollen with triumph, his cock pulsing in her despoiled womb, awaiting the command for further destruction.

Finally, after he’d caught his breath, Leroy, without taking his cock from her, still hovering over her prostrate body, suspending himself on his arms, turned to me and the video. He smiled, looking directly at me.

“It’s done,” he said. “She’s not yours any more. I’ve taken her. I’ve made her mine. She’s my property now, Sam.”

Kayley laughed, a giggle that shifted to a peal of musical laughter. Leroy and I stared at her as she stretched, exhausted but languorous. Luxuriously, with an incredible smile of joy and satiation, she reached up, to throw her arms around Leroy’s shoulders.

“To think I ever hesitated,” she drawled. “You were right. You were always right. I should have surrendered completely to you, the first time you fucked me and never looked back. My whole life, my purpose was to be here, on the end of your cock, your property.”

Mollified, whatever it was that had flashed through Leroy evaporated. Instead, he grinned in renewed triumph.

“Fucking right,” he grunted. “Absolutely fucking right. You’re mine now, whore.”

“Oh god,” her sigh was long and exhausted. Her eyes opened, she looked up at the ceiling. Staring into oblivion.

“It’s done,” she said. “It’s over. I can feel it all the way down to my core. I’m different now, I’m owned, completely and totally owned, a possession, a piece of property, an object.”

She turned, and looked me right in the eye.

“I’m Leroy’s.”

She reached up, pulling him down. He kissed her, not as a conqueror, but simply hungry. She kissed him back, “I’m a whore now. Your whore. You own me.”

She paused.

“What will you do with me?”

Leroy laughed humourlessly.

“I’m going to fuck the shit out of you!” He began to fuck her exhausted body with brutish, pounding thrusts. Helpless, Kayley could only cry out in ecstasy submitting to his body and his will, each more unappeasable than the other.

As I watched, overpowered by what I’d seen, as he fucked her, I felt something happening to me. I felt an unearthly sensation, that left me feeling both urgent and weak. It was the strangest thing I’d ever experienced. It almost felt like I was coming, it was a sensation like orgasm or ejaculation, but where that climbed rapidly to a peak and fell away, this felt diffuse, and unfocused. Like I was coming and yet not coming. Like maybe the beginning of an orgasm, the early stages. I glanced down, my cock was rising and falling, and ropes of semen were oozing or leaking from it with each rise. My legs were shaking, the muscles weak, like my blood sugar was dropping away. Unlike an orgasm, it went on, instead of coming to a peak, it dragged on and on.

I had this feeling that if I touched my cock, just grabbed myself hard, or simply touched it, or even just rubbed it against something, this strange urgency would cascade up rapidly and I’d come so hard.

But I caught Leroy looking at me with a strange glee, as if my state amused him, and I didn’t dare touch it. Instead, I remained caught in this weird state of soft ecstasy for what seemed like over a minute with no reprieve, as my cock swung on its own and leaked away my semen like slow runs of snot.

“Good boy,” Leroy told me, his cock buried in Kayley, as he thrust into her with deep, powerful strokes that moved her body. “That’s you now. That’s how you do it now.”

Do what? What was he talking about. Not masturbating? Leaking like a drippy faucet? Was there something I was missing? I felt weak and vague, my semen dribbling down my thigh. I knelt on the bed, letting my weight settle, the phone wavering and descending as I rested.

Whatever was happening to me, Kayley didn't seem to notice, instead, she stared up at the man owning her with his cock, as gasping in time as he pumped relentlessly into her, her thighs swinging wide with each thrust. Leroy's attention had shifted back to her, dismissing me. But now he glanced again, his expression stern.

"Video, Sam! Why are you even here!" he snapped. "Get back to it."

Trembling, trying to hold my wrists steady, I turned the smart phone, bracing it against my wet thigh, catching a longer shot of Leroy and Kayley entwined. Leroy's powerful body stretched across the frame as his lithe muscles flexed, as hard and inexorable as a machine, driving his cock again and again into Kayley's pliant body, pounding her.

She could only yield under him, gasping for breath, her legs rising into the air, sometimes to wrap around him, or kick futilely. Her gaze looking up at him, was a swirl of lust and desire and surrender, her expression one of quivering submission.

"Oh fuck! Oh shit! Oh god!" she moaned. There were no more sentences, she was no longer capable of them. Just random words, bubbling out of her, as her Master erased her with his cock, leaving nothing but wanton flesh, with no other purpose or desire except to receive his cock. I was astonished at how completely she'd surrendered, how thoroughly he had unmade her.

She almost wasn't Kayley any more, or not the woman I knew. It was hard to describe or explain, it was her body, her voice. But it was like she'd let go as his cock had taken her, like she'd been a knot that unraveled. It fascinated and almost frightened me. I'd never seen her like this.

I brought the smart phone up, zooming on her face. It was vacant, gasping, glistening with sweat, her jaw opened, lips moving. Her eyes were wide, then blinking, staring up at Leroy, but in an empty way that made me wonder if she was seeing him. But she didn't look anywhere else but at him. She didn't even seem to notice me. Leroy was the only thing in her world.

Her arms twisted, they rose up to him, fell away. She brought her knees up, but without coordination, one knee moving higher, the calf extending then falling back. She twisted under him, but whether to escape or embrace his cock I couldn't tell. It didn't matter, nothing she did mattered, she was pinned under him, held in place by his driving cock, and the wet surging it made as it slid into her.

Her back arched, her jaw stretched wider, her sounds bubbled, sometimes words,

sometimes incoherent fragments. “Oh! Oh! Fuck! Fuck me! Oh sh— Oh ga— Fu—”

Kayley was helplessly barreling to another orgasm, he’d been pushing her there, and now it was catching. Sweat broke out on her skin, she seemed to become almost luminous, her random movements faster and more uncontrolled, the muscles in her face and body growing strained. I zoomed the smart phone on her face wanting to catch her coming, to see her in the full intensity of her orgasm.

My cock was hard and urgent, despite the earlier strange dribbling sensation, the erection had never gone away. Instead, it was harder than ever, hanging in the air. The need to touch it, to rub it was almost insane. I struggled to focus on my mission, to record Kayley as she came.

“Ohh,” her jaw distended, her eyes went sightless. “Oh! Oh! Ohhhhhh!!! OHHHHH!!!” Then it hit, she screamed, her body going rigid, her legs thrashed, locking tightly around Leroy as he plunged in, then flinging open as if a spring had gone off. Her belly, rose up as he withdrew, her cunt literally following his cock, then she fell heavily, like a puppet with its strings cut. His cock speared deep, impaling her again, bottoming out and forcing her down into the bed, and she screamed breathlessly. He held her there pinned, as the orgasm rolled over her.

Then she lay boneless and gasping. Leroy laughed and thrust into her, each lunge making her jerk mindlessly, but he was just playing with her.

“That loosened you up,” he told her. Her eyes focused on his words. “I can feel you down there, it’s like my cock is floating in you.”

“Oh fuck,” she gasped, exhausted. “Give me a minute, let me catch my breath.”

“How does it feel,” he asked her, “being owned for real? Becoming my property.”

Kayley laughed again, eyes wide.

“It feels fucking great,” she said. “I should never have waited.”

She grunted, as he thrust hard into her, her back arching.

“Oh fuck, you’re so hard,” she gasped.

“You like getting that big cock?”

“Oh yeah,” she moaned. “I love the way you fuck me with your big hard cock.”

“Better than Sam?”

“You fuck me so good.”

“You love big cock, don’t you?”

Thrust. Deep moan.

“Oh fuck yes!”

“That’s so much better than Sam’s little dick,” he told her.

I blushed.

“Sam’s not little,” she said, her eyes narrowing.

I could see Leroy scowling slightly, he started fucking harder to punish her.

“I’m bigger,” he grunted, thrusting hard into her, pushing her down. He locked his elbows under her knees, pulling them up so her toes pointed into the air, so he could ram deep like a runaway piston. “Isn’t that right.”

“Oh fuck yes,” she said, folded almost in half, her cunt wide open. “Oh fuck, you’re so much bigger.”

“I fuck you better,” he said.

“Yes! You’re fucking me so good right now,” she groaned.

“Sam’s dick is small and useless,” he insisted.

“It’s not small,” she gritted.

He slammed hard into her, his cock a swollen steel bar. Caught as she was, there was no escape as his battering ram of a cock pulverized her insides.

“So what is he then?” Leroy demanded, thrusting fast and hard. “Average? Ordinary? Adequate?”

“Oh! Oh! Oh fuck!” Kayley was almost screaming, she looked like she could barely think. “Adequate! He’s adequate!”

Leroy sneered.

“Adequate.”

Thrust.

“What about me?”

“Oh god,” she whimpered. “You’re so much more! So much bigger! harder! better! You’re my owner!”

Placated, he grinned. His mouth descended on hers, in a rough kiss, as his

body froze, holding her contorted, his cock buried to the hilt in her. Then he released her, and she literally flopped under him, gasping for breath, panting heavily.

“Don’t you fucking forget it, whore,” he told her.

Leroy looked over at me. He winked.

“We’ll edit this part out later,” he said.

Kayley just lay there panting, Leroy’s cock still buried in her, though inches of shaft were visible. Some movement caught her eye, and she looked over at me, as if noticing me, or at least becoming aware of my presence. But it was just a passing thing, she seemed to forget me almost immediately. Or dismissed me.

“Please,” she begged him. “Just let me catch my breath.”

I let the video pan over their bodies, her’s feminine, soft, full of endless curves, pink and luscious, sprawled limp and boneless under him. Leroy’s full of tension, his muscles lean and taut. Even their breathing, both of them panting, was different. His breaths were masculine, demanding, hers were soft, almost supplicating. He hovered over her like some great predator. A spider with a willing fly.

Between their legs there was a clear space, as their bodies heaved gently. I zoomed in, focusing on Leroy’s long thick glistening shaft, shining with Kayley’s lubrication, between them. From the immoveable way it held, bobbing smoothly up and down, I knew it was still buried in her mound, perhaps only the head, perhaps full inches of shaft. But he was anchored in her, she was still a submissive captive to it.

“I’m in charge,” he told her. But he pulled his cock all the way out. I almost expected a plopping sound, but the only noise was a kind of deep sigh from Kayley as it left her body, whether in relief or longing, I couldn’t tell. The video was still zoomed between them, and Leroy’s cock, as it lifted from her, slowly looming over her belly, slick and shining and actually running and dripping from her lubrication, was magnificent.

The shaft bent as it hung curving towards her belly, like a tiger bending over prey, the sight made my breath catch in my throat. It was beautiful, pure and full of masculine potency and dominance.

It took a moment for me to realize he’d lost some of his erection during his exertions and wasn’t fully hard.

“But sure thing, Princess,” he said. “We’ll rest.”

But he didn’t rest. Instead, he sat back on his haunches, and reached for her arm, pulling her around and over towards him. Kayley moaned, twisting towards

him to cooperate as he hauled her into a new position, until she was completely turned around

Leroy grabbed a handful of her hair, as her body sprawled out like a lizard, legs splayed, one calf bent, feet flat and extended. In this position, her back was to me. I lowered the video between her legs, somewhere between knees and calves, zooming in on her fucked out, swollen red pussy, shining with sweat and lubrication, a dark emptiness between her wide parted lips.

I pulled back, panning over her gorgeous backside, against the curves of muscle and flesh, that formed her calves, thighs, back and shoulders, all of it glistening and beautiful. Sometimes, a woman is just exquisite from behind, not just her ass, but the whole symphony of her.

“Sam!” Leroy called. “Stop fucking around. Over here.”

He was holding a fistful of Kayley’s hair on top of her head, lifting her head up. She didn’t seem to be in any discomfort, so she must have been lifting on her own, with Leroy only controlling her. She was propped up on one elbow.

“Over here,” Leroy said again, and gestured to a spot on the bed. I moved towards them, now just a couple of feet from where he knelt, and she waited. His half-hard cock was inches from her face, still massive and predatory, like a lazy python waiting to rouse. I captured them both on video in that position, as if she was crawling to worship his cock. Kayley was looking up, eyes full of lust and worship, jaw hanging, her tongue just over her lips

“You got to catch this,” he said, “this is going to be so good, so momentous. I took her cunt, now she gives this.”

He looked down.

“You want to suck that cock,” he whispered, “don’t you, bitch?”

“Yesssss,” she drawled, her jaw working slowly. Her eyes were fixed on the cock head, hanging in front of and above her.

“Yeah,” he said. “You want to kiss it, you want to lick it, you want it sliding between your lips, down your throat.”

Kayley moaned. “I need it.”

“Fucking right you need it. Look at it,” he said. “Just look at it. Worship it. That’s your fucking god. My cock is your god.”

“Your Cock is my God,” she agreed, staring blearily. Visible only to the video, she shook her head slightly, the corner of her mouth quirking.

Using his grip on her hair, he moved her in. I could see clearly, there was no weight. He wasn’t lifting her by her hair, she was suspending herself on her

hands and elbows, making herself weightless so that his grip could simply guide her.

As she approached his cock, her eyes closed, her mouth opened wide.

Nothing.

Kayley's eyes opened. Leroy barked a short laugh and slapped the side of her face with his near-hard erection. Kayley's mouth opened wider, and Leroy amused himself, slapping the other side of her face with it, rubbing it against her cheeks, laying it against her forehead. Kayley simply waited submissively.

Finally, Leroy grew bored.

"Open wide," he said. "Wide as you can. I want to see how deep I can get it without touching you."

Still held in place by his grip on the hair on top of his head, Kayley tried to look directly up at him, her eyes almost crossing. She opened her mouth, stretching her jaw wider than I'd ever seen.

Grinning, Leroy slid forth, his cock head entering the open tunnel of her mouth.

"That's good," he said. "Keep your tongue still. I can feel your breath all around my cock head, and nothing else."

He seemed wildly elated by this new game, sliding further and further, another inch.

"There," he said. Kayley's eyes closed, and her lips sealed round his cock head. As I watched, I could see her jaw work, and her cheeks rhythmically contract as she began to bob her head. I watched fascinated, recording the video. How many blow jobs had she given me? I'd never seen it from this angle. Now that he was no longer teasing, she seemed beatific with a cock in her mouth, relaxing into it, almost trancelike.

"That's it, Princess," Leroy whispered. "Suck that cock."

But she almost seemed not to hear him at all, focused as she was on the erection in her mouth. Her eyelids fluttered signaling some internal bliss. Leroy looked down, watching her for a moment, then looked over at me, to make sure I was recording it all.

"That's the best thing about a blow job video," Leroy confided to me. "The face is in it. All those fuckers taking pictures and videos, so fucking careful to crop their heads out, or wear a mask, or have their face away."

"But there's honesty, in a cock sucking video. It's about compromise and

surrender," he said. "You do it, record it, your face is right there, your identity is there. Point of no return, baby. You can never deny it. It's who you are."

He looked down at Kayley. His cock seemed harder in her mouth, the erection having grown. Spittles of drool worked their way down the corner of her mouth and coated her chin. Her trance-like state had deepened.

Leroy grabbed her forearm, pulling it up. At first, Kayley didn't seem to understand what he was doing, and floundered, but he kept lifting. She realized he was turning her over, and went with it, flipping her slowly until she was on her back.

Instinctively, her legs spread, as her knees rose, her feet flat on the bed, her hips rocked wantonly. Her head tilted back, lifting her shoulders, her back arched, her body curved up like a bow, as she reached over her head, back for Leroy's cock. There was a sensuous grace to it, like a cat stretching, mixed with a bottomless erotic hunger. Over and over, I was left breathless by how fucking beautiful she was, how sensual she was in her arousal.

As her hand wrapped around his cock, he leaned forward, reaching out to stroke and cup her breasts. Her legs kicked slowly as her hips rolled. They were like something out of the Kama Sutra, a tableau of perfect sexual communion.

"She's beautiful, isn't she," Leroy said, his hands sliding over her body. "She's my property. Make sure you get every inch of her on video for me. I want it all."

Bracing on one hand at her side, he reached further down, between her legs, stroking her clit. Kayley gasped. Reflexively, her thighs bent and knees lifted to give him more access to her. As his fingers slid between her pussy lips, she reached up with her other hand, gently pulling his cock towards her. She took the head in her mouth, drawing her hands up and down the length of the shaft as if playing it like an instrument. Kayley moaned around the cockhead, her body writhing under his touch.

Transfixed I recorded it all, moving slowly around the bed, to get different angles, sometimes pulling back, sometimes zooming in.

Leroy reared up, his hips moved backwards, the cockhead leaving her lips almost with a pop. Kayley gasped, worming her way closer to him and reaching for it with a giggle. Leroy caught her arms by the wrists, and for a moment, they play struggled. Kayley laughed delightedly, lifting her head, lunging backwards for the cock that remained out of reach. Arching her back, mouth wide open, her tongue flicked out, reaching for it, but falling an inch short before she fell back.

"That's enough," he told her. "I want you to lick my balls. Do you want to do that?"

“Okay,” Kayley giggled, signaling delight. She stuck her tongue out. “Give me those big, beautiful balls. Dangle them, so I can lick em!”

He moved to straddle her, his balls swinging above her face. Kayley reached up again and again, lashing his balls with her tongue, kissing his scrotum, suckling the hairy skin of his sack gently in her mouth with evident pleasure. Leroy let them dangle over her, stroking his cock. I’m not sure what his intention was, but Kayley enjoyed this. As she laid on her back, licking his balls, her legs parted, and her hands crept down to her pussy, touching herself, working her clit.

“You like that?” he demanded. Kayley squealed lightly, her legs kicking gently, as she lapped. I recorded it on video, unable to tell whether he was pleased or disappointed with this expression of submission. I couldn’t tell him that it was something that she actually enjoyed and had done many times, it was one of her things. I thought though, that if he’d known, it might have been different for him. Perhaps still doing it, but with a different approach.

It’s not satisfying subjugation, if they’re giggling with delight. But perhaps I was wrong, he groaned with satisfaction.

“You’re such a good little slut,” he said, leaning forward a little to catch her hands as she tried to play with herself. Eventually, he caught and held her wrists, eventually wrapping her hands around his cock, so she willingly stroked him. He simply let her lap at his scrotum from underneath, watching as her hips rocked back and forth and her legs kick gently.

After a while, he was satisfied. He moved back, Kayley’ briefly pushed up, sticking her tongue out to try one more lick, before falling back. Leroy grabbed a small cushion that had fallen off the edge of the bed. Once again, he reached for her hair, grabbing it and pulling for real this time.

“Ow!” Kayley complained, lifting up, “Cut it out! What do you want?”

“Stop whining,” he told her, “put this under your shoulders.”

“What are you doing?” she demanded, as he manhandled her into place. For an instant, I thought maybe I should do something. But Leroy’s rules were in my mind, and before I could decide, he’d mostly had her where he wanted.

“There,” he said. “Just relax like that.”

“Like this?” she asked. The cushion was under her shoulder blades, elevating them, and making her breasts spring forward dramatically. Its support extended up, tapering under her neck as it reached the base of her skull so her head was tilted way back.

“There we go,” Leroy said. “Beautiful.”

Leroy slid his hand around her throat, squeezing gently. Watching this, I felt

a shiver of nervousness, unsure of what he intended. He smiled and there was something dark in it, as he ran his hand up and down her throat, enjoying the sense of power in that moment.

Kayley was absolutely still, waiting, looking up at him. She was like a rabbit, frozen under the shadow of a hawk. His hand slid down her throat, across her front, to cup her breast. His fingers closed around her nipple, stroking it. Both of us relaxed.

“Do you know,” Leroy asked, his voice deceptively mild, “what throat fucking is?”

Kayley shifted position slightly, looking up at him. Residual tension remained, but this felt more like uncertainty, an open uncertainty.

“Yes…” she said tentatively. One knee bent up, wobbling uncertainly. “I… think so?”

The way she was posed on the bed, shoulders elevated, head bent back, I was pretty sure what he was thinking, I concentrated on the video recording, keeping them both in frame, wondering what would come next. In that position, Kayley was gorgeous, the lifted shoulders and tilted head made her look glorious, as if she was about to take flight like a bird, somehow.

“Ever have it done to you?” he asked, curious. Almost toying with her.

“No,” she admitted.

“Virgin,” he said, silkily. He glanced at me, his expression buoyant. “That’s intriguing, maybe you need your boundaries stretched a little. I’m going to enjoy stretching you.”

She didn’t reply, she just licked her lips, watching him nervously. I zoomed in on her face. Cautious, uncertain, but not afraid.

“Would you like me to throat fuck you?” he asked, his voice was almost predatory.

Kayley swallowed, blinking rapidly.

“If that’s what you want?”

Leroy laughed.

“Good answer,” he told her. His hand, moved from her breast, back to her throat, fingers trailing lightly back and forth along her trachea. Kayley shivered, her whole body shivered, and she swallowed again, visibly. I panned down, her nipples were rigid, her legs spread unconsciously, knees bent, an unconscious mixture of arousal and trepidation.

“It is what I want,” he told her. “We’re going to do it.”

“Okay,” Kayley said quietly. She couldn’t quite control her unease. “Have you done it?”

Leroy laughed, surprising us. “Back when,” he said, “I was well known for it. It was my specialty. It’s okay, Princess, Daddy’s going to take good care of you.”

That seemed to offer some relief. “Okay,” she said again, her voice a little stronger. Her head tilted, she actually nodded.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “You’re a natural cocksucker, and you take a real hard face fucking. You’ll love this. Or I’ll teach you to love it. But I’ll go slow, okay, for your first time. I’ll make sure that you can handle what you can take.”

Kayley nodded again, more confidently. “You’re in charge.”

“Fucking right,” he said, “try to enjoy it, bitch. I intend to.”

I had the momentary sense that he was doing this to humiliate her, to show her his power over her. But if so, it was pointless. Her surrender was complete, she was incapable of humiliation, his power over her was absolute, her will utterly abandoned to his. Kayley was already totally dominated and accepting whatever he wished. The only question was hurting her, and I didn’t want that.

On the video, she swallowed heavily again, looking up at his cock, looming over her. It was still massive, but not entirely erect. You could see the descending curve of it. As we watched, it pulsed, the head swelling.

Whatever happened, I promised myself, muscles tensing, if what he wanted to do hurt her, I’d stop it. This was a role play, that’s all. There were limits.

“Open your mouth wide,” he ordered.

She opened as wide as she could, closing her eyes. Her knees flexed, I could see her hands forming into fists.

“Hands behind your back,” he told her. “Clasp them together, behind the small of your back. Let your weight on them. You keep them there, no matter what. Understand? You submit, you do it completely. I don’t want them waving, so you hold them.”

Kayley nodded, her breathing was picking up. But she put her hands under her as directed, elevating her hips slightly. Now her body was like a bow, her shoulders and hips lifted, her back curved, her head way back.

Leroy stroked her throat, almost like he was petting a cat.

“Good bitch,” he said. “I knew you’d be a natural.”

He took his cock and used its head to trace the outline of her lips. She took a deep breath.

“It’s easier to take a throat fucking than a face fucking,” he said. “Did you know that? Your trachea is straightened out, you don’t have to do anything, it just slides right down, like a cunt. It’s like sword swallowing. Once you get used to it, you’ll want to do it all the time. It’ll be like having another cunt. You’ll come to love it, getting throat fucked.”

“Some women,” he said, “don’t like it, they think it’s degrading. But isn’t that the point?”

He smiled, withdrawing his cock. He took his hand off her throat. Kayley closed her mouth, swallowed three times, sucking her cheeks in, took a big deep breath, and opened her jaws as wide as she could.

Leroy waved and pointed to where I should be. I trained the video on her face, angling along the line of her breasts a few feet higher. The line of her jaw was incredibly well defined, the shape of her lips, stretched into a thin ‘O’, her perfect teeth visible, the rest of her face, nose, cheekbones, eyes and brow distorted by perspective. Above her, facing towards the lips, was Leroy’s massive ram, the head dark and swollen with lust, the slit of the urethra shining as glistening precum oozed forth slowly.

As I watched, the head of his cock passed between her lips without ever quite touching. It moved smoothly deeper. Kayley was surrendering completely to his cock, to her first genuine throat fuck. It was an incredible sight that made my cock throb wildly as it swung up and down.

“There you go, bitch,” he whispered. “You’re doing fine. Just keep taking it.”

The head or sides must have finally reached her gullet, because just then, she seemed to gag. Her body shook, convulsing slightly, and her shoulders worked. If she hadn’t had her hands clasped behind her back, she would have flung them.

Quickly, Leroy seized her throat in a warning grip.

“It’s all right,” he said. “It’s all right. Keep still. Don’t move.”

Kayley went still, feeling his hand on her throat. Her lungs worked erratically, her head moved just slightly from side to side. I noticed her toes curling with stress, as her ankles pressed together. Oddly, her gag reflex didn’t seem to be erupting. The cock remained inches into her mouth, her jaws distended, lips not touching the shaft they were around. Her breath rushed back and forth around the shaft.

“Don’t move,” Leroy warned. “Keep still. It’s going to be all right, just

focus on breathing. Breathe in and out. Don't panic, just nice slow breaths. Take it easy, concentrate on breathing through your nose. It's not pressing the soft palate, so you're not having a normal gag, but you'll feel resistance."

Kayley obeyed his instructions, her nostrils flaring, she seemed to slowly, if not relax, then lose the state of high tension. Her ankles no longer pressed together, she straightened one leg. Leroy loosened but did not release his grip on her neck. Slowly, he began to move his hand back and forth, as if massaging her throat.

"Just relax," he ordered. "You don't have to hold your jaw so stiff, let your lips close around it."

She obeyed, and on video close up, her lips slowly sealed around the shaft. It was an exquisite sight.

"I'm going to shove my cock all the way down your throat," he said. "But I'll start slow so you can get used to it. Going to warn you, you're going to choke, so you need to breathe as I pull back, concentrate on that."

Kayley made an acknowledging noise in her throat. Her eyes were still tightly wedged shut. Was she flushed, her face seemed red. He continued to gently massage her throat, hand moving back and forth from the nape of her neck to the underside of her throat.

"My cock is thicker than your throat, so you're going to feel it. Your lucky, I'm a little bit soft, so it won't be as bad, you'll feel some give, but I'll get harder. Your throat will expand, it won't hurt you. You might be a little hoarse after."

"As I fuck, you'll feel the peristaltic motion of your throat muscles, the swallowing motion. When I fuck in, it'll go with that motion. When I fuck out, you'll feel it go against. Some girls like it, some don't. I don't care which you are. You won't vomit. Your eyes will water like crazy, I don't know why, that just happens."

He paused. I was impressed by his near clinical level of detail, he really knew about this. Where had he picked it up?

"Understand?"

She made another throat noise in acknowledgment. Her eyes opened wide, darted around. She shut them tight again, squinting. I noticed beads of sweat on her forehead. He curled his hand loosely around her throat, just under her jaw.

"This is going to happen," he said, "no matter how you feel about it, or whether you want it. It's going to happen whether you like it or not. It's going to happen, because I want it, and I'm in charge. I'm showing you, I own you, and I can do what I want."

Acknowledgment noise.

“Here we go,” he said. His hips moved forward smoothly. He wasn’t fast, but he didn’t use the glacial slowness of his first penetration. It was just a smooth movement forward. It seemed to me that it was a straighter, more precise movement, as if he was trying to follow a line.

His shaft sank between her lips, her nostrils flared one more time, and then her breathing cut off. The shaft sank deeper and deeper. Leroy hissed with pleasure, looking down at the hand on her throat. It sank all the way down until her chin was against his pubic bone and his scrotum draped over her face.

“Fucking beautiful,” he moaned. “Virgin throat, I could feel it against my hand.”

“Keep the phone focused on her throat, you’re going to want to catch it bulging as I fuck her,” he ordered. He grinned at me. “I wonder how long my girl can hold her breath? Let’s find out.”

He held a hand against her head, his other one remaining on her throat. Kayley did her best to remain still. After fifteen seconds, she began to squirm a little. Five more, and the motions were pronounced, her shoulders started to swing from side to side, her legs kicked. Leroy laughed.

“Not bad. I can feel her muscles working, trying to swallow. It’s amazing,” he said. “I don’t want to push her too much though. Not right away. Let’s give her a little relief.”

He pulled back his cock until the head was barely in her mouth. She drew great heaving breaths, her nostrils flaring, her mouth stretched wide to allow air to whistle past Leroy’s member. He allowed her three desperate breaths, and then began to slide in again. This time, Kayley’s lips sealed around his shaft and he moved smoothly down her throat.

“Are you getting this, Sam!” I was. As his cock bottomed out, as his scrotum covered her face, I saw her throat visibly swell and bulge. It was amazing to see, and on my phone’s video screen, the effect was magnified by the zoom, until it was astonishing. Kayley’s body reshaped again by Leroy’s cock, stretched and filled and modified by his hardness.

Leroy left it there for five or ten seconds, making sure the video caught it all, then he pulled back. As amazingly as it appeared, the bulge disappeared. He pulled all the way back allowing Kayley to take a single desperate breath, and then plunged in again. Again, her throat bulged. I was fascinated by this transformation, the way her throat expanded with each thrust, as they slowly came faster.

As Leroy’s throat pumping slowly quickened, the time, for her to breath

diminished, she squirmed, striving for oxygen, her gasps for air were quick and raspy, timing themselves to his movement. She struck her legs out straight, then bent her knees, her hips lifted up, as she struggled. Leroy was consumed with fucking her throat, his face a mask of pleasure.

Then I noticed Kayley's hands were no longer pinned, she'd reached around to her front, stroking her pussy. Her knees pulled back, almost all the way to her breasts and with both hands, she gripped herself, working frantically, almost slapping her pussy with each deep thrust. Arrested by this new development, I watched in amazement. She was trying to masturbate while being throat fucked. I moved across the bed, until I was beneath her. Going down on my elbows, I held the smart phone and zoomed in, seeing her hips rocking wildly with each thrust swelling her throat. Her fingers had worked their way in and pulled her wide open so that I could see her wet pink walls oozing with juices, and her thumbs seemed to beat around her clit. Kayley was getting off, the gyrations of her hips building steadily in intensity.

Abruptly, Leroy reached down, and pulled one of her arms away, until he was holding the wrist in the air above him. It came easily, but when he reached for the other arm, she fought, struggling to keep her fingers in her pussy. But there was no winning against him, and soon both wrists were pinned together in one hand, while he fucked her throat, and her legs kicked and rubbed together.

"No coming without permission," he almost shouted gleefully. His throat fucking slowed, he gave her longer spells to breath. Her body relaxed, going limp. He thrust down her throat a few times, unhurried, but with absolutely no resistance, simply affirming his victory.

Leroy's cock, as he pulled it from her mouth and it trailed across her face was the wettest, slimiest I'd ever seen anything, white saliva foam was smeared across it, and drool sheets oozed from it. Beneath him, Kayley simply panted like a dog.

"Holy fuck!" she said. I zoomed in on her expression, wide eyed and blasted. "Holy fuck!" she said again, staring past me, breathing heavily.

"I'm so fucking hard from that right now," Leroy announced, "I could pound six inch nails through a two by four. Time to finish her."

Part 3 coming soon

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 18
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THE CUCKOLDING!!! Part 3

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“I’m so fucking hard from that right now,” Leroy announced, “I could pound six inch nails through a two by four. Time to finish.”

He clapped Kayley’s shoulder, shoving her. “Move bitch. All fours. Doggy style, you’re going to love this.”

Kayley tried to move, and fell back, still panting. She looked a little dizzy. I wanted to help, but simply kept the video trained on her, as Leroy helped her awkwardly move into position on knees and elbows on the bed. I could see she was still trying to recover as Leroy slapped her ass.

“Wider,” he ordered. “Get that ass up there.”

She complied, head hanging. He positioned himself behind her, his fingers digging hard enough into her ass to leave bruises. Sweat was dripping off her, running down her body, her skin was shiny and flushed. She grabbed a fold of bedsheet and used it to wipe her eyes. Leroy was true to his word when he said she would tear up. When I glimpsed them, her eyes were red and raw. Another wipe removed dangling snot from her nose.

“Sam,” Leroy commanded. “Get in front of her. I want you to video her face as she takes my cock.”

As I hastened to comply, he shouted another command, “Hey Princess, get your fucking head up and look straight at the camera. I want to capture the moment.”

Kayley’s expression was utterly vacant as she stared at my smart phone. I didn’t think she was even aware of that I was behind it, or who I was.

“Ready?” Leroy asked. He didn’t wait for an answer.

I watched Kayley’s face.

At first, there was only vacant exhaustion, her breathing had slowed, she was barely panting. Her features were slack, her mouth still shiny in the corner

with drool, where she'd missed wiping, her eyes staring but not seeing.

Then, suddenly, she came into focus, or focus came into her. Her eyes opened, her mouth was no longer slack but now parting, lips pulling back. The muscles of her face tightened, and she raised her head. I knew that he'd begun to enter her, that she was feeling the intrusion of his rock hard organ. Her breath hitched and she gasped, throwing her head back. Her eyes opened so wide they almost bulged, her jaw opened, closed, opened wider. She took a deep breath, exhaled rapidly, blinked, which turned into a flutter of eyelids, and then wide open. Kayley gasped loudly.

"Ohh! Ohhh! OH HOLY FUCK!!!" she screamed as his cock barreled all the way deep inside her, splitting her open and bottoming her out. She began to rock back and forth wildly, not of any volition of her own, but simply flung back and forth like a rag doll by the sheer power of Leroy's fucking. There was a loud "Smack!" as he slapped her ass, making her head swing wildly. Her whole body was in motion, hair, breasts, arms swinging with the force of his fucking. She lost her balance, face planted in the mattress, and he merely reached out, grabbed her hair and pulled her back into doggy style.

Wrapping his hand around and around, he tightened his grip on her hair, using it like reins to pull her hair back and make her spine arch as he ferociously pounded her hapless pattered cunt, pounding it to jelly. Kayley was completely gone, a toy for the end of his cock, only able to make grunting and gasping noises, and spurt random obscenities.

"Fuck, get over here Sam," Leroy ordered. "The action's at this end now."

I climbed across the bed, using the video to take a profile view of him fucking Kayley with stunning brutality. His cock was like a battering ram, with each pull back, inches of shaft were exposed, and then he'd hammer it in so fast and hard it was like an explosion, flinging her around. Only his grip on her hair kept her in place. I panned a zoom close up of her face as he fucked her with ferocious, frantic strokes. She was gone, her mouth gaped like a fish, her eyes were wild and vacant. Whatever, whoever Kayley was had been fucked out of existence and now she was just clenching female meat wrapping itself around his cock.

"Look," he demanded.

He slapped her ass again, hard. There were red handprints all over her ass cheeks, and outer thighs, one livid against a shoulder blade. He grabbed an ass cheek and pulled it open. I trained the smartphone between them, looking straight down between Kayley's ass cheeks, as Leroy's thick shaft pistoned her body to pieces at high velocity.

Leroy shoved his thumb all the way up her ass, until it was gone. This brought a new sound, from Kayley, a new dimension of frantic exertion, as the stimulation of her body redoubled. She squirted uncontrollably, her juices splashing against his belly and balls. He grinned at that, enjoying her body's

eruption, but showing no mercy, neither slowing nor speeding his frantic pace and brutal lunges.

Instead, as she squirted, he spoke to me. “See this? This asshole. It’s fucking cherry, Sam, and I claim it. You had your chance for what, years, and you were too pussy. That’s gone, Sam. I own this, and next time, I’m popping this cherry. You’re going to watch and film that.”

The fuck was so insane and frantic, I had no idea what he was talking about, just pointed the video wherever he directed. I backed off, making sure I could get him and Kayley in frame. Sweat was coming off him in rivulets, his hair was plastered to his forehead, and his muscles shone. Kayley danced on the end of his cock, a thing with no will of its own.

He fucked her like a man possessed by demons, driven to give everything he had. No matter how awesomely hard he fucked, he seemed to keep driving harder. Sweat was flying, the room reeked of male virility and female arousal. The sounds were the endless slaps of their bodies, shockingly load, and the laboured breathing and gasping of the two of them.

He forced Kayley to another orgasm. I watched as her body struggled to go rigid, only to break and be overwhelmed by his thrusts. She cried out like a damned soul. And he simply fucked past that, dragging her along with his furious intensity.

Finally, I heard him growl. He lifted her up, his knee straightening, then pushed her forward onto her face. He let go her hair, grabbing her hips like with hands turned into two iron claws. His cock, almost a blur from his devastating fucking, appeared to swell.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck you I’m coming,” he roared and pounded Kayley with such wild convulsive thrusts she was flattened into the bed, squashed as yet another orgasm tore through her. But he wouldn’t stop, his thrusts became fewer, but more powerful, literally shaking the bed, until finally, there was just him, laying on her, his whole body a single tense, rigid mass, straining to push even a few more centimeters into her, to evacuate every last sperm, to breach her cervix and fill her to the brim with his semen.

It was over.

Suddenly, the silence was overwhelming. It was just the two of them panting, and I realized I’d been holding my breath again. I kept recording, not for any other purpose than that I’d been told to, and no one told me to stop. My cock was rigid, dripping precum, so swollen it almost felt like it was burning.

After perhaps five minutes, Leroy groaned and pulled himself off Kayley, rolling onto his back. After a moment or two, he rolled her onto her back, where her legs splayed open bonelessly. His come oozed from her ravaged hole. I zoomed in to get the shot between her thighs.

Leroy pulled himself up until he was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching me. After a moment, he grinned.

“All right! Sam!” Leroy stood, turned to me and clapped me on the shoulder. “I’m going to give you something that no cuck ever receives: Just for you, buddy. A Turn!”

He waved at Kayley, laying there, sprawled bonelessly in bed, her laboured breathing slowly returning to normal, her expression blasted and empty, staring at nothing.

“She’s all yours, Buddy. Fuck her as hard as you can.”

My cock felt ready to explode, my long denied erection harder than it had ever been in my life. Harder even than it had become that morning, when I’d woken to find he’d been fucking her the entire morning through one silent orgasm after another while I slept, and I’d come to the realization that he was bigger, harder, better than I could ever be.

My level of excitement was off the charts. I was delirious with desire. Having spent what seemed like hours watching the woman I loved experiencing what was surely the greatest sex of her life, I was finally invited to have her, to make love to her, to possess her for my own. Suddenly, I was at this pinnacle of absolute elation and happiness, overwhelmed with eagerness.

Leroy shoved, and I lost balance momentarily, falling forward on top of her. But I caught myself immediately

Driven by pure urgency, my hips thrust with a frantic will of their own. My hard cock entered Kayley, and felt… nothing. She was wet, amazingly, slippery wet. But there was almost no pressure, no tension. The wetness even felt cold, her pussy held me loosely, indifferent. Her cunt was slack and loose, completely fucked out by Leroy’s big cock. Her body remained limp, her skin, covered with cooling sweat, felt cold, almost clammy.

“Fuck,” I whined, consumed by the urgency of finally being in her. I didn’t care that her exhausted hole felt like an empty slimy cavern, that it offered no pressure or resistance. I loved her passionately, and I was finally getting to fuck her in the extreme excitement of being cucked. “Oh fuck, oh fuck.”

The feeling shook me, I’d never felt her this way before, so completely fucked out and ruined. Yet I couldn’t stop, after watching them engage in volcanic sex for what must have been hours, I couldn’t contain myself. Finally let loose, I humped into her like a madman, thrusting wildly and uncontrollably in her slack wet hole. There was no finesse, no rhythm, just frantic intensity.

Kayley didn’t react. She didn’t change expression, she didn’t even blink. Her breathing didn’t shift, but remained steady and even. She didn’t even look at me, her expression indifferent, or perhaps simply exhausted. Instead, she stared over my shoulder, up at Leroy. The only sign I was fucking her was the

frenetic slapping of my hips against her mound, and the shaking of her body.

I was terrified, but somehow, uncontrollably excited by her indifference. I felt rejected, and yet, wild to try to reach her, to win a response, or even to simply have her notice. My thrusts accelerated, became frenetic. But Kayley didn't even twitch. She didn't even blink. Her body took my most extravagant sexual fury… and gave back nothing. Not even acknowledgment. Her breathing did not change.

Suddenly, after barely minutes of fucking, if that, I felt lighting surge rapidly up my spine, my cock seemed to explode, my ejaculation came so sudden and fast and intense it was like a seizure. My body went spastic, I fucked into her so hard, her body was pushed several inches up the bed.

As fast as it had swept over me, the orgasm fled, leaving me feeling hallowed out, in a state of collapse. I went soft on her, all over her, as limp as she, panting like a small dog, consumed by futile exertion.

I felt it, experienced it, but the overwhelming intensity of the moment kept me from fully understanding. This was the greatest sexual experience of my life, and it was also a complete humiliation.

I had come harder, more urgently, more explosively than I ever had in my life. The fastest, most physically devastating orgasm of my existence. Kayley hadn't even blinked. I trembled, part of me wanted to cry.

Kayley moved as I lay on top of her, I realized my weight was on her and lifted up. But before I could get off her, her arms wrapped around me. Instinctively, it turned into a mutual embrace. She kissed me.

"Hey?" her voice was warm, her eyes met mine. I think it was the first time since we'd moved into the bedroom that she'd looked at me.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, but she closed my apology with a kiss.

"It's okay," she said, "intense? Good?"

"I love you," I whispered. "I always will."

She smiled up at me tenderly. Her lips moved.

"I lo—"

"Hey hey," Leroy said. There was the sound of a slap against Kayley's thigh. "Enough of the mushy stuff. That's for later."

He fell forward heavily into the bed, beside us, the compression and rebound of the bedsprings bouncing all three of us and separating me and Kayley. He reached for Kayley, pulling her towards him. She crawled up into his arms, curling around him, laying her head across his chest.

For a moment, I wasn't sure what to do. But then Leroy caught my eye. He grinned.

"Bring it in, Sam! Bring it in, you're part of this too."

With his invitation, I crawled up against Kayley, pressing myself against her back and hips. I think she twitched, her back flexed and thighs shifted to acknowledge my presence. She was drenched in sweat, her skin slick and shiny.

I pressed my forehead against her back.

We were like those Russian Matroshka dolls, but reversed. Leroy was the big one, Kayley the middle one, curled up against him, I was the little one, curled up against her, the most remote and distant. But glad to be allowed to be part of them.

For a moment, the only sound was our breathing, slowly coming into synch.

"That," Leroy said finally, his voice was practically glowing, "was fucking incredible. It was transcendent. I really think the three of us just connected on a transcendent level. It was amazing."

Kayley and I mumbled agreement, both of us, in our own ways blasted into oblivion and barely comprehending the experience.

"Incredible," I mumbled, exhausted and unstrung. That was the word for it.

I felt Kayley move, shifting position, and Leroy's answering move, pulling her more tightly towards him, as she snuggled.

"So what do we do now?" she asked. She sounded so tired. I understood the feeling. I had never felt so emotionally and physically exhausted.

"Now," Leroy said confidently. He always knew what to do or say. "We relax and enjoy the feeling. We let go."

That's how we fell asleep.

I jerked awake in the middle of the night to the bed shaking, and the sounds of frantic fucking. Kayley was on her back, her legs wrapped around Leroy's hips as he plunged into her like a jackhammer.

"Fuck it like you own it," she groaned fiercely, over and over again, as he plowed her furrow hard.

As he pounded her into the bed, her arms would fly back. One of them kept hitting me. Was that what had woken me? That and the moaning and the grunting

and the slapping bodies and the bed shaking.

“You want a real cock!” Leroy demanded.

“Fucking right I do,” she grunted back. “Fuck me. You own me, so fuck me.”

“Take it bitch,” he said.

“Your bitch!” she whispered. “I’m your bitch. I’m taking what you give me. All of it.”

“My bitch.”

She seemed to goad him on. They talked trash to each other, but whenever she went really raunchy it seemed to trigger him, pushing him to fuck her ferociously for up to a dozen or more savage pounding strokes before he slowed.

She was drenched in sweat, they both were, his forehead dripped onto her, their bodies ached of exhaustion, of strain and being pushed past limits. But Kayley’s eyes were firey and focused. Leroy bared his teeth as he fucked, ramming his cock with punishing force, making her grunt each time he bottomed out in her.

“I love your big cock,” she grunted. “Fuck me with it. Own me with it.”

“What about Sam,” he teased. “What about his cock?”

“I want your cock,” she spat. “Man cock, not some cuck dink.”

“Sam’s not-little cock? You don’t want his little dink?”

“Sam’s not small, but fuck it. I don’t care,” she whispered. “He’s a cuck now. His cock doesn’t matter.”

“What about his feelings?”

“Fuck his feelings, they’re as worthless as his cock.”

“You chose me,” he said. “You fucking begged me to take you from him.”

“Fucking right I did,” she snarled. “Now I’m begging you to fuck me.”

“I love you begging for my cock.”

“You like me begging for your cock,” she grunted. “Make me beg. I’m yours, make me beg.”

“You fucking whore,” he snarled, “you need cock. You love to spread your legs.”

“I am. I’m a whore, and I love spreading for you. I’m a whore for your cock.”

“Say it.”

“I need your big cock,” she said. “I need you to fuck me with it. I need to feel it.”

“What about Sam’s cock,” he grunted. “Do you feel that?:

He fucked her hard and steady for a long minute before she responded.

“Not like yours. He’s not big enough. Fuck Sam,” she said, “my cunt is yours now. I’m yours now. I want your big cock.”

“But Sam’s cock is ‘adequate’,” he teased her, there was a weird resentment in his voice, a fixation.

“Fuck that, and fuck adequate. If Sam was a man…,” she swore, “if his cock was adequate, he’d be fucking me right now. But he’s not, and it isn’t. So now he’s just a cuck and I belong to you.”

“What if he begs to fuck you,” Leroy whispered hungrily. “Would you fuck him if he begged? From now on, you should make him beg.”

“No!”

“No?”

“I’m not his any more,” she whispered. “Not after tonight… What he wants doesn’t matter. I don’t care if he begs me. He can go fuck himself.”

She looked up at him, there was something cold and ruthless in her look. Something angry born of exhaustion and frustration and submission. Her breath was uneven, the words bitten out in little gasps, but there was no mistaking the clarity or harshness in her voice

“If he wants to… fuck me… he can beg you… I’ll do it then… That’s what you want… for him… to beg you to le him… fuck me… Well Fuck him… He’ll have to… beg you… for my pussy…”

The word, this total redefinition of our relationship was like a sexual lightning bolt, it felt like I was being turned inside out. The sensation in my cock was electrical, savage, it felt like it was being skinned alive.

“Jesus!” Leroy swore suddenly, as if shocked. His expression shifted rapidly, for an instant, he seemed startled, and then immensely pleased, but just as quickly, it was replaced by a kind of startled ecstasy, as if his orgasm had come over him suddenly.

His mouth opened but no words came out, he thrust convulsively, breaking his own rhythm. I could almost see the lightning creeping up his spine. The energy stiffening his body.

“Fuck, fuck you. Come! Come for me you fucking whore,” he spat out, the words strained. They seemed to galvanize Kayley, that or the wild convulsive thrusting, the way his cock was swelling up inside her. As he barreled towards orgasm, I could see her being swept up and swept along.

My hand tightened around my cock, watching them, and my masturbation became furious. It felt like I was being caught up in a tidal wave of sexual energy shame and humiliation. Their bodies smashed together again and again, making loud wet smacking noises.

Suddenly, I was ejaculating, coming without permission, I couldn’t help it, the sexual energy was overwhelming. The backwash of their orgasms picked me up and flung me, my ejaculation so intense it was almost painful. I held back my cry in my throat, holding my hand over my cock head to catch and conceal the semen.

When it was over, Leroy laid flat and boneless on top of Kayley, panting like a dog. I could see, even in the darkness, a sheen of sweat all over him.

“Fuck,” he mumbled. Kayley lay crushed beneath him, sprawled out like a rag doll, struggling to breath under his weight. My transgression went unnoticed, it hadn’t mattered at all, in the fury of their orgasms.

After a moment, he rolled off her, stretching out. There was no cuddling, no holding. He just rolled onto his back, arms and legs loose. A minute or two later, he was snoring. Kayley was awake longer, albeit utterly exhausted, I could tell from her breathing, although she remained motionless and limp. I wanted to speak to her, to touch her, but it was as if I wasn’t even there. She didn’t even acknowledge my presence. Her breathing slowed, and I could tell she had drifted off.

I laid there, with my hand full of cold semen, dripping my own cum over my limp, useless genitals, overwhelmed again by the intensity I had witnessed. It almost felt like I’d watched a battle going on, although it wasn’t clear who had won. No, that wasn’t right. Leroy always won.

Leroy and Kayley sprawled out bonelessly in post-coital bliss, leaving me to contort myself to remain on the bed. But I couldn’t sleep, instead, I lay awake replaying the events of the night’s first sexual adventure, and now this one. I was intensely excited, but despite quiet frantic jerking, my limp penis remained unresponsive. I was well aware that my masturbation was prohibited, but I couldn’t help it, even as I was aware that my further effort to masturbate was a failure.

Although they had not rejected me on this round, my presence had felt useless. I’d had no purpose, they hadn’t even acknowledged me. They’d been completely

consumed by their fucking, and it hadn't seemed to matter to them whether I'd been there or not. Had they even noticed me? Were they aware I'd woken and watched and listened? Or had some of it been deliberately directed at me? Or had they just not cared at all whether I slept or woke, or whether I'd listened?

When had they started? I'd been unconscious. There must have been waking, one then the other. Quiet foreplay. I imagined Kayley, waking next to him, hand casually close to his naked cock. How many times had she done that with me? It was a favourite trick. Had she done it that night at Leroy's? She denied it, but…

I imagined her laying in bed with me and Leroy, toying with his, feeling it quicken, becoming aroused herself. Then, carefully sucking his cock, waiting for his eyes to open. Waiting for him to watch her and eventually take command. By the time his cock was ready, she would have been completely wet. Had I woken at the beginning, or had they built up to that intensity?

The exchanges between them were shocking, it had been as if they were fighting, some contest of wills too subtle for me to grasp. Leroy's words came back to me, the rules he had given me. Kayley off limits. Give up control Surrender my sexuality.

But that was just role play. Right? Or was it just role play. Had we slipped across some boundary? Are these the rules of my life going forward? Maybe I wasn't giving up enough? Would Leroy demand more concessions? What more? And would I? I pondered, but there are no answers in the dark night of the soul.

Eventually, I left the bed and retreated to the couch in the living room, where I drifted off to sleep.

I woke up for the second time in the middle of the night to find Kayley kneeling beside the couch, kissing me. She grinned and held her finger to her lips, motioning silence. I laid back, as she leaned over me, her hair brushing my face, as we traded sweet kisses, sometimes passionate, sometimes endearing. Her eyes were warm and loving.

Eventually, she made her way down my chest until she took my hard cock in her mouth, and went to work. I looked down at her, as she glanced up, our gazes met. Her eyes were merry and mischievous, and she slid all the way down my shaft. She teased my balls with one hand and other hand, palm flat, fingers splayed out, slid all over my stomach and chest.

To my shame, I didn't last long. Five minutes, tops. Suddenly, I was coming like a rocket going off. I gritted my teeth, my muscles going rigid, my hips lifting way up off the couch. My body wanted to thrash as she swallowed spurt after spurt of semen, and I gripped the arm of my couch with everything I had. A shout, a bellow of ecstasy tried to force it's away out, and I clamped down

on it with absolute intensity, struggling to be quiet.

After, I collapsed, drenched in sweat, boneless and sated. Kayley climbed onto the couch, cuddling against me. I turned on my side, as she snuggled her ass into my hips, her back into my chest, using my forearm as a pillow. I threw an arm protectively around her, and she caught it, kissing my palm. With her fingernail, she began drawing lines in my poem. As I drifted off to sleep, I understood what the lines represented — they were letters. L… O… V… E… U…

I don't know how long I slept, only to gradually wake to the sound of loud cries from the bedroom. Kayley was no longer snuggled up to me on the couch, and for a moment, I wondered where she'd gone, whether she would return.

Then the loud cries filtered into my awareness. The sound of flesh on flesh, a steady relentless slapping.

"Oh my god," Kayley screamed. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard, I need that cock in me!"

The flesh slapping sound was relentless. Kayley was being fucked hard. There was the sound of a loud slap, a cry of pleasure and surprise.

"Beg for it," came Leroy's voice.

"Please!" Kayley's voice is almost frantic with desire.

"Who are you?" Leroy's voice snarled.

"I'm nobody," she gasped. "I'm yours. I'm your whore."

"Who owns you?" he demanded.

"You do!" she cried out, rising towards orgasm. "You own me!"

"Believe it, bitch!" he commanded.

"Oh god!" Kayley whined. "Oh my god!"

"Yes!"

Shame washed over me, as I laid there listening to this superior man take my girlfriend for his own, reducing her to a willing possession. And yet, my cock was rampant once again. Almost against my own will, I was drawn, getting up from the couch, and walking to the bedroom doorway.

I stopped there in the doorway, naked, urgently hard, confused, as if waiting for some instruction. I reached down, holding my pathetic erection.

Leroy was fucking her doggy style, pounding her savagely from behind, to her

desperate grunts and moans. Her face was in the pillows, turned away from me. Her arms were flung out.

Was he fucking her ass? No, not yet.

Leroy glanced at me, his look dropped for a second to register the erection in my hand. For a second, he had a twisted grin, and then he looked away, back to Kayley, seeming to ignore me completely after that.

I don't know whether it was for my benefit, but he turned Kayley's body away from me slightly. From this altered angle, I had an amazing view as his massive cock thrust relentlessly into her, his thick shaft disappearing again and again into her stretched, vanquished cunt. I could see her ass cheek ripple with each thrust, her belly and ribs heave as each breath matched the rhythm of his fucking. I could even see her toes flex as he fucked her, the interplay of muscles in her thighs and calves. As his cock rammed her brutally again and again, her whole body shook and reacted, the shockwave of each lunge going through her.

The only thing I couldn't see was her face, it made it strange. The disembodied frantic voice, constantly grunting, moaning, begging and pleading for him to fuck her, the body shaking like rag doll with each thrust, both seemed Kayley and disconnected from her. It was as if he'd completely fucked out her identity entirely and reduced her to an object. A willing, eager, submissive, twitching object.

I became aware that my masturbation, a violation of the rules, had rapidly become frantic. Suddenly, helplessly, I was coming, struggling to stand, biting down on any sound, as lightning surged all the way up my spine and my cock seemed to explode. I stood paralyzed haplessly jerking, as I spurted and spurted.

My arousal was in overdrive, I seemed to have lost all self control. I stood there in the doorway, having spurted all over the carpet. Neither of them acknowledged my emission. They just kept on fucking.

I felt weak and uncertain. I leaned on the doorway for support, holding my dripping, rapidly deflating penis. I wasn't sure what to do now? Retreat.

But I couldn't. Although Kayley was angled away from me and couldn't see me, I had a perfect view of her pussy as Leroy thrust into it. I could see his shaft, a gleaming, shining python, drenched with her pussy's lubrication, disappearing into her now swollen and puffy pubes.

As if for my view the strokes become steadily longer, slower. The massive thick shaft fascinates me, it's like a steel beam, a steam piston, smoothly invading her again and again, disappearing each time up to the hilt into her buckling, heaving body. Every time a thrust bottoms out in her, her back arches, her head lifts, she whimpers with pleasure. Again and again, he thrusted, bottomed in her, she would heave and whimper.

Kayley was no longer a person. She'd become an adjunct to the fucking machine that is his cock, overpowered by it, unresisting, yielding, opened, her existence redefined by the powerful erection that invades her, her identity abandoned to ceaseless motion of his relentless penetration. She's gone, her only purpose, her only reason is to serve his cock.

From Kayley came a symphony, a load torrent of grunts and groans, of obscenities.

"Who owns you?" he demands.

"You do," she replied, the sound was small and exhausted. He's made the demand over and over, her answers are automatic, rote but deeply felt. "You own my cunt, You own me. You conquered me with your big cock, so you own me."

"You like me owning you?"

"Fuck yes!" she moans.

"Take me!"

"Conquer me!"

"You broke me, I'm broken on your cock."

Finally, he comes with a roar. Kayley pathetically begging him to shoot his load, to claim her once again. To fill her body with his seed, so that she's occupied territory. I didn't see him ejaculate, his cock is buried deep inside her as she begged for every drop of his semen. But there was no doubt.

If she wasn't on birth control, she'd be pregnant by him, I think. The thought made my cock swell.

Completely used, utterly spent, Kayley lays face down, sprawled out like a rag doll, a pupped with all its strings cut. She moans and sighs, but mostly she pants like a dog, rasping for breath. Her ass is gorgeous, her body is gorgeous. In the faint light from the window, she almost glistens. A layer of sweat. She's totally exhausted, he's worn her out. He wins again.

Leroy glances at me, he smiles, as if he's on the verge of laughing. But then his gaze sweeps away, as if I barely registered at all. He flops down on Kayley, pressing her into the mattress. She gives a 'whoof' as the air is forced out of her.

He moves, she curls into him. I listen to her breathing deepen and become regular as she goes to sleep. I know after that pounding, that she won't be coming to visit me in the night, and won't be cuddling with me on the couch.

I feel like an idiot standing there in the doorway. More than that, I feel

like a creep. I go back to the couch. From the bedroom, my former bedroom, comes the sound of faint snoring. I feel ashamed, like I shouldn't even have been watching them this time. And embarrassed, and humiliated, and even a little sick to my stomach.

I have this absolute certainty that she went back to him from the couch, because I'd been so utterly unsatisfying when she'd come to me. I hadn't been able to give her what she wanted or needed, so after letting me drift off, she'd gone back to him, to real satisfaction. And he'd fucked her the way she wanted, the way she needed. He'd fucked her to the point of exhaustion, wrung her out body and soul like a wet rag.

Unlike the other times tonight, that hadn't been for us. That had been for her. I hadn't even been meant to watch.

And despite all the roiling emotions, the terrors of inadequacy, the guilt and confusion, my cock was irresistably hard. I masturbated on the couch, coming all over my hand.

Then I laid down and tried to sleep. I think I dreamed, the dreams were all sex and humiliation, desire and failure.

It was morning when I woke. I could tell by the light of dawn streaming through the window. From the cries coming from the bedroom, I could tell that Leroy is fucking Kayley again. The man is a machine, utterly unstoppable. I wondered if he'd simply fucked her all night. It felt like it.

My cock was rigid once again, triggered by the sound of them. But the rest of me was bone weary. I felt exhausted, as if I'd run some kind of marathon.

Once again, compelled by the sound of their bodies slapping, by Kaley's cries of ecstasy, I wend to my bedroom, to stand in the doorway, watching their naked bodies go at it.

This was the fourth time I'd woken up to Leroy fucking my girl.

Kayley's head turned towards me, our eyes made contact, her mouth opened to speak. Then Leroy grabbed her hair, turning her head back to look at him. His mouth descended on hers, her jaws parting, as he claimed her with his tongue. The kiss rolled on and on.

Finally, it broke. Leroy arched his back, shoulders flexing, he thrust hard, spilling moans from Kayley's helpless lips. His face turned to me.

"Hey sport!" he said cheerfully. "We didn't wake you, did we? Don't mind us. Tell you what, I'm going to be finished soon. Why don't you head to the kitchen and get started on breakfast."

He grinned at me, and then turned back to Kayley. Her head had tilted to me while Leroy was speaking, but anything she might have said is swept away with his kiss and the savage thrust of his cock into her willing body.

I realized I'd been dismissed.

I remained a moment, my erection in my hand, and then embarrassed, as if I no longer had the right to watch, I retreated. I'd been given a task, it seemed, another humiliation.

Still listening to them, they were so noisy it was impossible not to. There was something disorienting and surreal about it. Was this the new normal? The memories of the night-time sex, both of him taking her in those intervals after we'd gone to sleep, and her cuddling on the couch with me, had they happened? In the light of the morning, they seemed savage and unreal. I had no doubt that it had happened, but how real had it been? How real the word? It was just sex talk, right?

I went to the kitchen. With each slap, with each grunt or sigh or groan, with each harsh word from Leroy and broken pleading from Kayley, I could perfectly visualize exactly what they were doing. It was overpowering.

Holding hard onto the kitchen counter, I masturbated furiously, more ashamed of myself with each stroke. My mind was awash with the sounds of their fucking, knowing what was going on, but words and images from the whole previous night boiled through me, almost climbing over each other for attention, overwhelming me. But it worked. I ejaculated all over the kitchen floor, bent over, gasping for breath. But at least now the relentless images and memories, the sounds and sexual intensity had faded. I'd found the clarity to do what I'd been told.

Washed and wiped my hands, and then, naked and pathetically limp, I set about making breakfast. I couldn't compete with Leroy, I decided. The best thing to do was to stay basic — bacon, eggs, toast, I sliced up a tomato.

The sound of fucking had reached a crescendo and ceased. So he was human after all. They remained in the bedroom, whispering as I worked.

I was just setting the table as Leroy and Kayley came out of the bedroom, sweaty, disheveled, but satisfied. She smiled at me. Shyly I smiled back. Leroy came half way out, looked at me, and went back to the bedroom, returning wearing boxer shorts. Kayley and I glanced at each other. She shrugged.

Leroy sat, Kayley followed him. I noticed he adjusted her chair so that she sat nearer to him, their knees touching.

"So what have we got?" Leroy asked, as I deposited the plates and sat down. He eyed my breakfast critically. There was an overwhelming sense of normality. Just three people sitting down for breakfast together.

“Not bad,” he conceded. “But wait, don’t touch anything.”

He got up, went into the kitchen and poked around in the fridge for a moment. “Kayley,” he called, “where do you keep the spices and seasonings.”

“Second cabinet from the stove,” she said. We looked at each other, and she adjusted her chair to be more central.

Leroy pulled a bowl from the dishes, did something that clattered, and then came bustling out with a couple of condiments and spices, some lettuce, a jar of mayo and the bowl, now with green mush in it. He grabbed Kayley’s plate, moving swiftly and methodically, laying lettuce on the toast, smearing a thin film of mayo, then condiments and spices, then the bacon, another layer of mayo smeared lettuce and the other toast on top. All this within seconds.

“Ideally,” he said as he worked, “we’d use cream cheese, the good kind, and maybe a different mix. But you know, you use what you got. The trick is to always go light. That’s what a lot of restaurants don’t get. Food is a balancing act, you always want to be delicate.”

He passed Kayley back her plate. “Eat up,” he told her.

He looked up at me. “Sam. Your plate?”

I handed my breakfast over, and watched as he efficiently and without any apparent thought or effort, turned my breakfast into some kind of fancy European sandwich.

“Oh shit!” Kayley said, chewing. “This is really good, Sam.”

Leroy smiled, handing me back my sandwhich and going to work on his breakfast plate. Reluctantly, I picked it up and bit in. Leroy paused to watch me eat. It was good, it was really fucking good. I nodded. He grinned at me, and then tucked in.

“Wow,” he said, “that was a fucking night or what? Your girl wore me out, Sam, I swear my cock is raw.”

He paused. “Or should I say ‘my girl’ now.”

He laughed.

“Just kidding. It’s over, we’re finished, and frankly after that intensity, it’s a relief to get back to normal. Kayley’s all yours, Sam. You too are made for each other.”

“Yeah,” Kayley said. Under the table where Leroy couldn’t see, her hand found my knee. Not sexy, but protectively. “I’m all his, and he’s all mine.”

Somehow, that broke the tension, that had started to build, and we all relaxed

into small talk for a moment, talking about our plans for the day. To our relief, Leroy seemed to have things on the go, so he had no inclination to stick around.

“Honestly,” he said, “I wasn’t even planning to stay the night. But there’s something wonderful about you two. It was an amazing night. We accomplished so much.”

He paused.

“So, Sam,” he said, staring directly at me, “you are officially a cuckold now. Definite. Past the point of no return. How do you feel about that?”

Caught by surprise, I was momentarily speechless.

“Uhm… Okay?” I mumbled. “It was… uhh… it was a lot to take in.”

He nodded carefully, searching my face.

“All right,” he said. “Let me ask you: Was it sexy? Were you aroused? Did you come hard?”

I blushed hard.

“Oh yes. Definitely. It was uhm… volcanic. I just felt… It was intense! I came really hard, every time, even… Even, you know, not actually… just touching.”

Leroy nodded.

“It’s a psychological eroticism, much more than physical,” he said. “It’s an incredibly intense eroticism. Very powerful stuff.”

He reached across the table.

“Sam,” he said, “take my hand. I’m going to ask you a question. I want you to answer as honestly as you can.”

I nodded and took his hand.

“All right.”

“Sam,” Leroy asked, “are you okay?”

Kayley was looking back and forth between us.

I blinked, and thought hard.

“I don’t know,” I said finally. “I think so.”

He nodded.

“Sam,” he said, “what you’ve gone through is an extremely emotionally and sexually powerful experience, and you’re still processing it. I’m going to tell you this. You’re doing fine, and you’re going to be okay. Trust me.”

“All right.”

“You and me,” he said, making a gesture. “We’re going to get together this week, all right? We’re going to go and do guy stuff, we’re going to have some beers, we’re going to talk it out. I’m going to help you process it, so you feel okay, so you feel good.”

Kayley watched us.

“All right,” I said.

He smiled and reached across, and clapped me on the shoulder.

“Got your back, buddy,” he said. “Brothers!”

“Okay,” Kayley said dryly. “While you’ve got all this male bonding going on, I’m going to shower and get dressed.”

She pushed herself up from the table to head to the bathroom. As she passed, Leroy caught her, wrapping his hands around her naked thigh. He pulled her in for a kiss. My heart skipped a beat, and my cock hardened under the table, as she melted into the kiss, rubbing against him. I saw his hand move up her thigh. Her whole body jolted as his fingers slid up inside her.

“I thought,” she said, her voice sultry, but I could sense an undercurrent of something else, “that we weren’t playing cuckold any more?”

His fingers were still inside her.

“Yeah,” he said. “But I just love your pussy. I’ll play with it every chance I get.”

Her expression lightened mischievously.

“You’re bad,” she teased, and moved to go. But he held her.

“Hey,” he said indicating me, “Sam needs some love too.”

“Oh right,” she smiled and turned, bending forward over the table towards me. I could clearly see between her legs, Leroy’s fingers deep in her. As she leaned towards me, she trembled, and I knew his thumb had penetrated her ass.

I raised myself up from the table, moving my face towards hers.

“My love,” she whispered, her expression flickered as Leroy moved his fingers,

but her lips pursed.

“Sweetheart,” I whispered. We kissed, lips pressing together briefly. Then she was pulled away.

“Okay,” Leroy grinned, releasing her pussy. “Now go get yourself cleaned up, dirty girl.”

She punched him lightly and scampered off, the bathroom door closing behind her. Leroy stretched and relaxed.

“That was my big surprise,” he said, nodding towards the bathroom.

“Excuse me?” I asked.

“I knew you were into it, Sam, although it’s a journey for you. You want it, but you have to come to terms with it,” Leroy said. “I understand.”

He looked at me.

“But Kayley?” He lifted his eyebrows. ‘Holy fuck. She took to it like a duck to water. She loved it. You got doubts, second thoughts, I respect that. But she just went for it, committed totally, no looking back. She’s fucking into it,’ he told me. “She’s crazy into it.”

“What?” I asked.

“You saw her, you heard her. It wasn’t a role play. You can’t fake it like she did. It was genuine. She’s into it,” he leaned forward, almost whispering. “She was crazy into it. Submitting to a bull. Cucking you, especially cucking you, the whole cuckold thing. She didn’t hold back at all. I had to struggle to keep up, she fucking took it and ran with it, man. She wouldn’t stop pushing. I had to rein her in or she would have gone a lot harder on you.”

“I was ready to quit the role play when we finished last night,” he said. “You saw that. ‘It’s over. Come sleep with us, Sam.’ That was me. She wouldn’t stop, even in the middle of the night. I woke up with her mouth on my cock, and I could see she’s still in the mode. Twice! And again this morning. She wouldn’t let the role play go! I had to talk to her while you were in the kitchen, to get her to ease up.”

“Kayley?” I asked.

“Did you know?” he asked with apparent sincerity. “Did you know how much she was into it? This much? It’s real for her.”

“Uhm…” I said, confused. “No. We just kind of started.”

“The flirting with strange men,” he said reflectively. “Fucking random guys in bars. I guess it adds up in hindsight. She was working towards it. But fuck,

last night… holy shit! All the way, man, all the way to the end. No hesitation. No looking back. No second guessing. The minute we started, she went total nuclear."

I was trying to go over everything, thinking about all the games we'd played, the encounters with Leroy and Derek. Was there something? Maybe?

"She never talked to you about it? Cuckolding?"

"No!"

He leaned back.

"Hmmm," he said. "She wasn't ready to talk to you about it then. Interesting. Maybe she's still not ready. There's something going on there with her? But fuck, I guarantee you, she's crazy for it. After last night, I know it… And you know it too."

"I uhhh…" I began. "I don't know what to say."

He made a dismissive gesture.

"Don't say anything," he said. "Just let her feel her way. Whatever is going on with her, when she wants to talk about it, she will. In the meantime, just let her follow her urge."

"You and I can talk about it when we get together," Leroy promised.

Kayley came out of the shower, naked, toweling her hair.

"You guys talking about me?" she asked, heading into the bedroom.

"We're talking about all sorts of things, Princess," Leroy called to her, as she vanished into the bedroom. He looked at me, and shook his head.

"Just kind of talking about things," I said. "Not about you."

Leroy nodded.

"Likely story," Kayley called from the bedroom. "Hey Leroy, you want me to bring your clothes out?"

"Nah," he laughed. "I'll go get them myself."

"I'll bring them out," she said.

He nodded meaningfully at me.

"We'll talk," he said softly.

“Yes,” I agreed.

“He’s gone, finally,” Kayley sighed heavily, she plopped into the loveseat next to me.

It’s funny, we have a good sized couch you can stretch out on. But when we’re alone together, we always gravitate to the loveseat to cuddle.

“You know, it’s like he’s exhausting. When he’s around, he’s magnetic, charismatic, he just draws you in. But when he finally leaves. It’s a relief.”

“Well,” I said diplomatically, “one of you got worn out last night. But yeah, you’re right. He soaks up a lot of energy.”

“So,” Kayley said thoughtfully, “are you going to put on clothes?”

I shrugged.

“Eventually.”

She eyed me speculatively, the corner of her mouth quirked upwards a bit.

“You know,” she said. “If you’re feeling submissive, I have a ball gag you could wear. A couple of options actually. Red and black, and lipstick to go with both. You could take your pick.”

Embarrassingly, my cock stirred. Kayley noted it and casually wrapped her hand around it. It was kind of fucked up, I was getting constant erections, recovering within minutes. But actual fucking was over in minutes. I was too hyper-stimulated.

“I dunno,” I said. “The one without teeth marks. But… I’m not really feeling subbish. Just relaxed and low key. It’s like you were saying, I feel drained.”

She cuddled up against me, her hand on my half-hard cock. Her body felt good against mine, not in a sexual, but in a deeply affectionate way. I find I’m happiest when we’re touching, even if it’s just holding hands.

I took a deep breath and let it out.

“We had a conversation,” she said, “after fucking this morning, while you were making breakfast.”

My expression didn’t change, but I could feel my heart freezing.

She sighed.

“I think we’ll need to talk more about what went on with him, things we liked,

things we didn't, what worked, stuff like that… But at least he seemed open."

"Good to know," I said. I wasn't nearly so organized. I think the experience was too overwhelming, too out there for me to have any coherent thoughts about what I'd liked or didn't like.

"I have some important questions for you," she said. "He wanted me to ask. But I want to know too."

I nodded.

"Okay," I said, "shoot. I'll try my best."

"Did you enjoy it?" she said. "Did you love it?"

I flashed on Leroy's words while she was in the shower. Was she asking for me? Or was she asking for her? Did she really want to know how I felt? Or did she want an answer that would make her feel happy?

I examined my conflicted feelings.

"I definitely reacted, sexually," I said carefully. "I was incredibly turned on, I mean it was crazy how hot it was. And even when I was just jerking off, the orgasms were fucking intense. I felt like a bystander or… A helper… for a lot of it, but most of the time, it was so hot, that didn't matter."

I stared at the ceiling.

"It was like… being in an earthquake. The whole world is shaking, and even if you're just there, you're in it."

She was watching me carefully. She'd been incredibly into it, Leroy had said, had committed totally. That was definitely true, she'd been more vocal than she'd ever been with me. There'd been moments, watching her, when she'd been completely abandoned, in complete surrender.

"You were ethereally beautiful when Leroy was fucking you, there had been an amazing visual energy, a radiance coming off you, a sheer beauty and perfection that left me breathless. I could watch you take a cock forever. You were just so wild, your pleasure and your enthusiasm, it took my breath away. You were amazing, louder and wilder than I'd ever seen you. I loved that."

She smiled.

But there had been the denial of intimacy that I hungered for, that was a part of our relationship. As much as I'd longed to touch her, to feel her, to be in her, that had been denied. Instead, another had touched her, felt her, entered her. Following behind that had been feelings of loneliness, of inadequacy, of emasculation. Did I need to tell her that? Did I need to talk about that with her? Would it spoil the happiness of it, for her?

The experience had been… bittersweet.

“You looked like you were really into it yourself,” I said.

She looked away and laughed.

“Role play.”

“Intense role play,” I said. “There were moments…”

“It felt real,” she finished. “And intense. Yeah. The sex was fucking real. But…”

Her voice trailed off.

Kayley had had the greatest sex of her life, from a man whose cock was dramatically bigger than mine, who was far more talented bed in every way.

“Well,” she laughed, “I enjoyed myself. But this is about you.”

She loved me, I knew that, but she craved him. She would keep on craving him, no matter what. I had to accept the fact that I was second best to the love of my life. She needed Leroy to make her happy.

“You can tell by the number of times I got off, just by watching.” I counted up. “I think I came five or six times in all, including on the couch. Thank you for that one by the way.”

“You’re welcome. So you liked it?”

“Loved it,” I smiled at her, making sure to bury all my insecurities. This wasn’t about my insecurities. This was about her excitement and happiness, and I wasn’t going to spoil that by laying my emotional garbage on her.

“What were the best parts?” she asked. “Worst parts?”

“I honestly don’t know what to say to that,” I said. “It was overwhelming.”

“That thing in the parkade,” she said. “That shocked me. That he would do that to you. That you would do it. That you were so hard then.”

“That was fucked up,” I agreed quickly, not wanting to really talk about it.

“He wants to do it again,” she said. “Not a regular threesome like we had before. The cuckold thing.”

Translation: Kayley wanted to do it again. Leroy hadn’t said anything to me about doing it again. He seemed to want an… assessment, first. He seemed to want to be careful. But Kayley had jumped in with both feet, I’d seen it

myself, and Leroy had admitted it.

She wanted it. She just didn't want to push me into it, if I wasn't sure.

I wasn't at all sure about it. But I was always sure about her. If this was what she needed…

"Sure," I said. "I can get behind that."

"You don't seem eager?" she probed.

"I'm recovering from the experience," I said. "It was incredible, but exhausting. What's the time frame."

"Leroy suggested a couple of weeks?"

Translation: Kayley was suggesting a couple of weeks.

Impulsively, I turned and kissed her passionately, just to let her know I loved her unconditionally. These games weren't necessary. If this is what she wanted… I was in. As for doubts and second thoughts, reservations and lingering shame. I'd talk that over with Leroy. No need to dump this bullshit on her.

"That sounds terrific," I said, when the kiss ended.

We both looked down. Somehow along the way, my cock was fully hard all over again.

"Well," she said, "look at that! I guess you really are into it."

Convincing me? Or convincing herself?

I shrugged mentally. Maybe I was! Who knew for sure? My head was a little bit messed up. Or maybe it was just the lingering hyper-arousal. Or maybe it was simply the fact that the woman I loved more than anything in the world had my cock in her hand.

"You know what," she said, stroking my cock in both hands. "He had an ask. I think he wanted it to be an order, but fuck that, it's a request."

"Oh?"

"He asked me not to allow you to fuck for twenty four hours after he left. He made me promise."

"When did he leave?" I asked casually.

"Ten Thirty Seven exactly," she said, giving herself away. "I checked the clock."

“What do you think of that?” she asked.

Translation: What did she want me to think of that? Was this from her, or from Leroy. I thought they might have talked about it. Maybe. But I had the sense that, given just how much and how obviously, she’d been into it maybe she didn’t quite want to let it go. Maybe some kind of private experimenting, just the two of us, without his overbearing presence? Or just climbing down gradually?

My cock, traitor, throbbed hard in her hand.

“Wow,” I said, my heart racing, my stomach was doing flip flops. I could see the excitement and enthusiasm in her eyes, the joyfulness that seemed to radiate off her. She was luminous.

She was definitely into it, I decided. Playful.

Twenty-four hours? I moaned mentally. The enforced chastity was frustrating, and exciting, and terrifying, all three at once. But it was only a day.

“Well, you just said you promised,” I said.

“Yes,” she said, not looking at me. She was stroking me, harder than ever.

“I wouldn’t want you to break a promise,” I told her.

She looked up at me. Definitely playful, her eyes were merry.

“You didn’t promise anything?” she asked thoughtfully. “While you were talking when I was in the shower? There were no commitments?”

“Nope,” I said. “But if you promised…”

She looked down at my cock, stroking it, then up at me. She snuggled harder, keeping a good grip on it. There was something kittenish.

“The promise was just no fucking. That’s all. That leaves all kinds of loopholes,” she said. “Oral sex, for instance. All kinds of oral sex!”

I nodded.

“And teasing, and stroking, fondling, licking, cupping, caressing, full body massage,” there was a hungry cheerfulness in your voice. “I could deep throat, suck and lick and swallow, bring you to the peak over and over. We could edge. You could spend the whole day going down on my beaten up pussy the way I love… and it’s really beaten up! Fuck, but he pounded me! It needs some TLC! So much TLC!”

She leaned forward and kissed me. I grinned, relaxing. Whether we were just

fooling around, or extending the cuckolding, she was talking fun.

“And we can take showers together,” she said. “Proper showers, like we should have been doing all along.”

Her head dropped. I felt her lips on the lip of my cock.

She raised up her head to look directly at me.

“I’m talking anal sex, dummy!”

“I got that,” I said, “euphemism. I know what that is!”

“Good!” She smiled brightly, and dived like a bird of prey. Suddenly, the head of my cock was in her mouth, and it was breathlessly glorious. There was a moment, when the shock of it almost made me explode, and then it passed and I was still hard.

I threw my head back and laughed out loud from sheer happiness. Sure the cuckolding thing was fucked up and bizarre. But so what? Wherever she wanted to go, I’d happily follow her. We loved each other more than anything and nothing could change that. And when you love someone like that, nothing else matters.

We lasted a little over nine hours before we broke the promise. But it was an amazing fun nine hours. And nine more hours of amazing fun after.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 19
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THE CUCKOLDING!!! Part 5

\[AUTHOR’S NOTE: This is the final part of a five episode Cuckolding session that begins in Chapter 15 with Kayley’s point of view in a restaurant, continues through Chapter’s 16, 17 and 18, at their Apartment through Sam’s point of view, and then explores the Apartment session and aftermath again from Kayley’s point of view here. I hope that re-experiencing events selectively from Kayley’s viewpoint adds to the appreciation of the story.\]

\[You don’t have to take my advice, but I think the Cuckolding session is best enjoyed and appreciated reading them in order, starting with Chapter 15, for a full appreciation of what’s going on in both their heads, and an enjoyment of the sexual games taking place. Up to you, but I do caution that this chapter, Chapter 19 especially, might be tougher going and hard to follow without knowledge of the prior chapters.\]

\[The story continues after this. I’m somewhere between Chapter 26 and Chapter 30 in writing. But I think I want to let it rest on this site, and focus on uploading some different stories to Literotica. Thank you for reading, thank

you for commenting. I hope you've enjoyed the adventures of Kayley and Sam. And I hope you'll enjoy some of the new stories.\]

KAYLEY

Leroy whispered to me in the restaurant booth.

"I need you to do something for me," he said.

Sam wasn't back yet from the washroom yet. On my phone, the picture of his cum blown cock was still on.

"What?" I asked carefully.

"If we get into it," he said, "I need you to play the part. This is going to be for Sam, fulfilling a hidden desire. You need to get into it. When you're with me, when I'm fucking or playing with you, dial it up to eleven. Make it loud. For Sam, make it exciting for him to watch — go porn star."

I nodded. "Go porn star," I repeated. I could do that, go over the top. "Sure."

"With Sam," he said "dial it down to one."

"What?" my brow knit.

"When you have sex with Sam," he said. "No sell it. Just lay there, as if you don't even feel it. Don't look at him, don't moan, don't react. Just give it nothing."

"Why?" I asked. That seemed unnecessary, even cruel.

"I guarantee you," he said. "It'll blow his mind."

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know that I can, Sam's amazing sexually. And that seems so fucked up. It seems mean. Why do that?"

Leroy shrugged.

"It's part of the gestalt of the experience," he said.

Whatever the hell that meant. I wasn't sure I was comfortable with that.

"I don't know that I like it," I said.

"It's the contrast," he said. "His fantasy, the cuck thing, is to watch someone satisfy you. He needs to see you satisfied, satisfied intensely. He needs a show."

"Yeah," I said. "So I give you porn star fireworks. I don't know about the

other…"

"It's the contrast," he said. "You go wild with me, give it ten stars. Well, if he's giving you ten, or even eight or nine, that's not a big deal for him. He watches you have the same sex that he gives you. It's okay, but not thrilling."

"But if you're fireworks with me, and dead with him, then that's intense for him. It's a spectacular show. He'll feel it. It'll rock his world."

"It feels like I'd be humiliating him though," I said doubtfully. Feels? Definitely, it would be.

"Insecurity, helplessness, humiliation," he replied. "It's part of the baggage. It's what he wants. He's already humiliating himself, just handing you over and subordinating himself."

"He's consciously embracing his feelings around it, his insecurity. It's only knowing or feeling that what you'll be getting is so much better than what he can give you, that he can reconcile it for himself. He wants me to be better, he'll want our sex to be better than his, because deep down, he feels inadequate, and he needs to explore that."

"That's fucked up," I said, unconvinced.

I thought back to the more literary of the selections he'd sent us, the cuckolding stories that explored characters internal dynamics. The ambiguous feelings, the challenges to adequacy, and feelings of inadequacy. Cuckolded men did seem to get off on the idea or reality of their wives being serviced better than they could — the stories were always about bigger cocks, more staying power, taller and better looking men, more aggressive and skillful lovers.

So… maybe?

Maybe Sam needed to get off, not just on my having sex with Leroy, but he needed to feel that sex was better than with him.

I thought back to the sex with Leroy when Sam had been listening or watching. Some of the things we'd said, especially in the men's room. Or how he'd woken up to find me fucking another man in front of him. I hadn't thought of it from Sam's point of view, but no matter how secure he was, there must have been some element of insecurity and humiliation for him. Had that been good or bad for Sam? Endured or enjoyed?

Enjoyed, I decided. Jerking off in the men's room while we pretended was proof. You can't fake your semen.

If I was ramping it up for Leroy, maybe I should tone it down for Sam? As part of the role play of course. As part of the dom/sub and bull/cuck dynamic.

It was disturbing. And a little exciting, I had butterflies. I didn't want to really hurt him. But if this is something he expected…

"We'll see," I said finally.

Sam appeared back from the bathroom. I noticed a small bead of semen on his pants leg.

"Guys," Sam said, his voice quavering, "I have to admit, I'm really nervous about this."

Leroy and I stopped. I looked up at Leroy and shook my head. Maybe this had gone far enough. Play acting in the restaurant was one thing, making out awkwardly in the car was another. But although Leroy was enthusiastic, and Sam, despite obvious uncertainty, somehow seemed stubbornly committed, I really wasn't sold on the whole thing.

The thing with play, is that it's actually supposed to be play. You're supposed to have fun with it. I was down to fuck. I mean, I wasn't crazy. We'd had a spectacular threesome, both Sam and Leroy were amazing. I was definitely looking forward to this.

I just wasn't sure about the way Leroy wanted to dress it all up. It seemed… unnecessary, and maybe even toxic.

Really toxic.

So if Sam was getting cold feet, yeah, I understood that.

"That's all right, Sam," Leroy said. "It's normal to feel that way. You'll accept it."

I looked back at Sam, he actually seemed scared.

"I don't know," he whimpered. He wouldn't meet my eyes. My heart went out to him.

"Then let's test it, Sam," Leroy said. "Are you hard?"

"What?" Sam asked.

That went through my mind too. What the fuck, Leroy? If Sam's uncertain or reluctant, deal with that. Don't do this bullshit.

"Are you hard?" Leroy repeated patiently. I stared at Leroy. What the fuck was he doing? But he ignored me and kept talking to Sam. "Nerves is one thing, everyone has them. But if you're hard, you're into it. It's something you

want. And if not…"

He shrugged.

"No," Sam said. "I'm not hard. Not really. I don't think so."

All right, I thought. Time to pull the plug. Even if it was something we might do in the future, Sam wasn't ready.

"Show us," Leroy said calmly.

"What?" Sam asked.

I gave Leroy a hard look.

What the fuck, guy?

"Take it out and show us," he ordered. "If it's hard, we'll know. If it's not, we'll say fuck it. We'll go dancing or something, or we'll do something else. We'll go to the bar and pour shots into you until your agitation goes away."

Oh Jesus Christ, I thought. Can't you look at him and see?

"Oh," he said.

"Don't. Let's just go out, Sam," I whispered.

Turn around, get back in the car, go and find someplace to relax and have a drink. Much as I wanted a threesome, I didn't want us back in the apartment with negative baggage.

"Take it out. There's no one here, Sam, Just us." he said. "Stop screwing around and show it to us."

Sam lowered his head, unzipped and unbuttoned, and lowered my jeans. His erection sprung rampant, fully engorged, so hard the skin was stretched taut and shining, precum dripping from it. His expression anguished but also strangely proud. I was shocked. I had been on the verge of pulling the plug, but my god, he was as hard as I'd ever seen him. His eyes were shining with… glee?

What the living fuck? I thought.

He was stroking his cock, trying not to, but yes, his hand moved on it. He was definitely masturbating. In public. I stared at him, his expression was pleased but guilty. He wouldn't meet my eyes. He was getting off on this.

Here, in this dirty, dusty parkade, in front of security cameras, Sam had pulled out his cock and was exposing his erection.

He was acting out some dirty hidden fantasy.

I was astonished.

All his reservations? It had just been play acting. He'd fooled me, as he acted out some humiliation script in his head.

What the fuck, Sam? I thought.

Had he and Leroy set this up? Had they arranged it behind my back? Or had Leroy been almost fooled just like me, Sam's act had inspired second thoughts, but instead of pulling the plug, he'd challenged, and Sam had gone through with it.

How much of what had happened, what would happen, had been arranged already between them? How much of it was explicitly for my benefit? Or were they playing by ear, making it up as they went along? What the hell was going on?

What the fuck?

All I knew for sure, was that Sam was completely into the role. He wanted to be cucked. He wanted humiliation.

So I needed to be into the role too, and play my part for him.

Oh fuck, I was bored. You don't think you can be bored in a situation like that. Sam was sitting naked, the smartphone recording him. Leroy was trash talking at him.

My man, my husband, my cuck, naked, subordinate, sitting there, and my lover, the bull, dictating, leading him through a homoerotic humiliation. It was like watching some bizarre art house porno. It should be scorching hot, but I was snoozing.

They'd completely bogged down. If they had a script, they'd lost it, and now they were going around and around in circles.

What the fuck, guys?

"You liked the idea of other men taking your wife," he said. "Fucking her when you can't."

Sam blushed brightly, and hemmed and hawed, stumbling over his tongue, doing his weakling act, pretending to be uncertain.

Yeah, I wasn't fooled, I'd seen how hard he was in the parking lot, and his cock was rigid now.

But for god's sakes, move it the fuck along. I knew what they were doing, but it just kept dragging. I was too tense, too keyed up. I needed to move it.

I could do this better. I should just do it better.

Why not?

"Try me," I snapped. This was just too excruciating. They both stopped and looked at me. Leroy turned the phone towards me.

Now I was on the spot. I tried to look confident, and glanced at Sam. He was just so good at playing indecisive.

"Role play, right?" I asked.

Leroy nodded, holding the phone up, waiting on me.

"Okay," I said, I took a breath. "Let's go."

"Kayley, you're married to Sam, right?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"And you've been fucking other men, letting them fuck your pussy, sucking their cocks…"

My eyes narrowed, I shifted in my seat. Was he referring to the peep show? I hadn't told Sam about that. Did he think I'd revealed that to Sam? We'd agreed I wouldn't. Was he fucking with me, teasing. I tried to read him.

"Yes. I've been with a couple of men, you and Derek. Sam knew, he was there," I said carefully.

"Been with?"

"I had sex. I fucked them. They put their cocks in my pussy and fucked me. I put their cocks in my mouth."

There, fuck you, Leroy, I thought. Oral sex admitted and confined to the known. The peep show blow jobs not mentioned, not on the record, now leave it alone.

I felt more confident, and smiled.

"I like men's cocks in my mouth."

Two can play at that game, I thought. We both knew what I was talking about, and Sam didn't. It was sort of fun, like an inside joke.

As long as we didn't get stupid.

“You let them come in you,” he said. “Your pussy, and your mouth. Bare.”

Fucker, he was doing it again. I’d swallowed a lot of cum in the peep shows. But I hadn’t swallowed Derek’s cum, or Leroy’s until we were at his place. What had I told Sam? I didn’t want to get caught.

“I let you come in me bare. You did, pussy and mouth,” I said carefully.

“And Sam knew?”

Again, an oblique reference to the peep show. Of course, Sam didn’t know, and this wasn’t the time to tell him.

“He knew,” I replied carefully. Keep it to the encounters that Sam had been there for. “He was there every time… He encouraged me to, he dared me, he practically ordered me to fuck strange men I’d just met.”

“You’re not getting enough in your marriage?” he asked. “Sam’s not getting the job done?”

This guy! Now he was being an asshole.

“Sam’s fine,” I said flatly, warning him. “Fuck off. Don’t do that.”

He paused, a little surprised.

“Let me put it another way,” he said carefully. “You and Sam have been experimenting. Right?”

“Yes.”

“But it’s not enough?”

I thought it over.

“No.”

“So you’re going to take this step? You’re going to cuckold Sam.”

“Yes,” I agreed.

“And you know what it will mean? For you? For Sam?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

I stared at the phone for a long moment. I wasn’t thrilled with the way Leroy was fucking around, those stupid/clever allusions to the peep show, or insults

to Sam. Maybe I needed to take control. I thought back to the literary stories of cuckolding, the internal monologues.

“Because Sam wants it,” I said finally, truthfully. But that wasn’t enough, Sam had adopted this bottom role, I needed to commit for him. How did the stories work? “And because I need it.”

“Tell me what you need.”

“I need to be taken. I need to be owned. I need to be conquered,” I felt a shiver of arousal, my hidden masochistic side given voice. I’ve always felt a little bottom-ish, but now, suddenly, I felt it connect up to the role play. Submit to Leroy, role play submission, enslavement, my own subordination and humiliation.

And do it right in front of Sam. What could be more submissive? More delicious, than being turned into a sex slave right in front of the man I loved? What could be more exciting than being humiliated in front of him? Humiliated for him?

Suddenly, it all fell into place. My doubts, my second guessing, it all melted away, and everything clarified. This was for Sam, for his fantasy. His wife taken by a more powerful man.

“I need someone to take me, to make me property, to define me and my existence in terms of his ownership. I love Sam, but he doesn’t do that for me, he can’t,” I concluded.

“You know that when I fuck you,” he said, “Sam’s rights will end.”

Holy fuck, he was raising the stakes. I glanced at Sam. His cock was so rigid it was practically bright, a bead of precum dripped. He was utterly fascinated.

Go with it then, I thought, he’s loving it. Play it right to the max.

“He’ll be a cuck,” I said, matter of factly. “Yes. Our relationship will be redefined. I accept that. It’s the price for what I need.”

“How do you think he’ll feel about it.”

I shrugged, my face a careful mask of neutrality and contempt. Inside, I was anything but calm, my heart was racing, I could feel my pussy clenching, wetness oozing. I was almost trembling.

“He knows what it means,” I said. I was nervous, but maintained control. “He’s nervous, but he’s letting it happen. So I guess he wants it.”

I waved my hand.

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Why doesn’t it matter?” Leroy smiled, he was enjoying himself. The magnificent bastard.

“Once it happens,” I said, glancing again at Sam, “it won’t matter what he thinks. He’ll be irrelevant. It will just be what it is. No one will care how he feels. He knows that too. He’s still letting it happen.”

Sam looked like he was on the verge of coming. Good, I felt the satisfaction of playing my part.

“And it happens tonight,” Leroy said. “Soon.”

“I can hardly wait,” I said.

Can we please get to it? I thought. This pussyfooting around was driving me mental.

“How do you feel?”

“Wet. I’m really fucking wet.”

“How do you think Sam feels?”

I gave a fake stage laugh.

“I don’t have to think,” I said. “I know how he feels. He’s really fucking hard.”

I looked directly at his erection and fake laughed again.

“Not that he’s going to do anything with it, except jerk off, while he watches me get taken away from him.”

Leroy lowered the smart phone. Off camera now, I felt like a huge weight had come off me. I slumped a little and sighed. Suddenly, I grinned.

“How was that?”

“Fuck,” Leroy said. “That was great! You’re really good.”

“Role play,” I smirked.

He turned the smartphone camera back to Sam.

“Tell me you accept that you’re going to be a cuck.”

As Leroy looked away from me, I decided to risk breaking character and winked at Sam. My hand in my lap turned, and I gave him a hidden thumbs up. I mouthed

words, ’Did I do okay?

“I accept that I will become a cuck,” Sam said to the camera. “I know it’s going to happen.”

“Good boy.”

Despite the endless dialogue, or perhaps because of it — intellectual foreplay? — I was eager. We had talked it out, worked it out, we knew our roles and we knew the script. I felt this palpable excitement, the eagerness to burst out of the starting gate, the frustration of having to wait.

Finally, the fucking talk was going to be over.

I was wet and eager, hungry to get started. I wanted Leroy to fuck me right in front of Sam, I wanted the sizzling cuck energy and submission and wild electricity of the moment.

“Shut up and do as you’re told,” I told Sam. There was a delicious power in uttering those words. I felt wanton, like a goddess.

“You’re the one that wants this,” I told him coldly. It was true, this is what he wanted. He wanted me or Leroy or both of us to take charge, to put him in his place. Sam seemed to revel in his self-induced weakness, but his waffling and whimpering, was becoming annoying.

“Play your role.” Translation: Shut the fuck up and let me have some of the fun.

It was all play acting, but oh god, it was thrilling.

There was something exciting, something transgressive. I’d fucked Leroy several times in front of Sam, or with Sam listening. But this felt different, wilder. The energy was different, darker, more volatile. The power dynamic was different. It was exciting, and a little terrifying. It was unpredictable, it felt like anything could happen.

I looked over at Sam.

“Sam,” I said, “you should know, that right now, Leroy is fingering your wife, right in front of you, practically in public.”

“It’s true,” Leroy said. “I am.”

“You’re not doing anything about it though,” I told Sam. “You’re just sitting there and watching. Letting it happen.”

Leroy nuzzled my collarbone and neck and I leaned back, to give him access. It

felt so good, I moaned genuinely loudly, not faking even a little bit.

“Can I tell Sam a secret?” I asked Leroy.

“Be my guest,” he said, he moved back.

I leaned forward and looked directly at the Sam, at him and his camera lens.

“Sam,” I told him, “I think you should know. I love it when a man fingers me, I don’t care where or how he does it.”

I waited a beat.

“An actual real man, I mean,” carefully emphasizing each word. I stared down Sam, my smile slowly becoming diabolical.

“He’s done it before you know,” I told Sam. “Why he did it right in the bar. Right in front of everyone. He fingered me.”

I smiled, and kissed Leroy gently, then turned back to Sam..

“Of course you know that. You were there. And of course… You did nothing.”

I lifted a finger to mime a tear, signifying how I’d been abandoned and let down by my loving husband.

“So I had to take matters into my own hands! I had to take action! Do you know what I did? I took him into the men’s room and I let him fuck me!” And then I let him come inside me! “I let my voice go husky and deep with lust.” And I came so fucking hard!”

“And what were you doing, when all this was going on?” My eyes widened and lips pursed, miming curiosity and surprise.

Here it comes. I could see him wincing, he knew it was coming, but even as he winced, his cock swelled.

“You just sat there, in a chair doing nothing. Nothing at all, you worthless little cuck!”

Leroy’s hands were on me. I leaned into him, turning to kiss him in front of Sam, indulging in theatrical passion for his benefit. It wasn’t hard, there was an excitement to cracking the whip on Sam, and making out with Leroy, it fed my submission and dominance simultaneously, an erotic whiplash that left me crackling with excitement.

“That feels so good,” I whispered.

I turned back to look directly at Sam, the camera lens right below him. Now for the denouement.

“And that, Sam,” I smirked at him, “is how you ended up here.”

I grinned. While I stared at him, Leroy moved closer, kissing a bared shoulder, pulling the dress further down, exposing more bare flesh. He lifted a hand, cupping my opposite breast through the fabric, and I gave a low moan, turning and watching Sam from a corner of my eye as I licked Leroy’s ear.

“We’re doing this. Right?” I asked.

I really wanted to get fucked, I needed a cock in me. Foreplay, roleplay, that was fine. But forever? Geez, are we ever going to do it, or just talk. Christ! I just wanted to get down to it. Fine, I thought. Let’s get through this.

“We are,” Leroy said.

Finally.

But now that it was actually happening, the fucking part, I mean, the tiniest flicker of nervousness came and went.

“Role play, right?”

He blinked, then settled into a smile. “The sex is going to be real,” he said. “But yeah.”

Thank god, I thought. About the sex, at least.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” I husked. “Shall we?”

I turned to the bedroom, Leroy following me. I noticed Sam standing there like a goof. What the fuck? I thought. I snapped my fingers.

“Cuck,” I barked. “Follow!”

“Oh fuck, you’re so hard!” I told Leroy, gasping as he slid his cock in and out of me. His powerful body lunged above me as he thrust into me, sweat dripping from him onto me. Sam was right beside us, recording everything, every gasp, every sigh, each flutter of an eyelash, every tremble of a muscle, every shining precious bead of sweat or lubrication or precum.

I was in ecstasy. It felt like it had taken forever, the endless cuck foreplay had veered between weird and stupid and exciting. But that meticulous slow penetration had been incredible. All the talk and preparation, and I had sunk into the character and embraced the role play. My mind and body had united

“You like getting that big cock?”

I’d never felt anything as vividly as that super-slow fuck, knowing his cock literally millimeter by millimeter, my body reshaping around it. I felt like I could sculpt his cock from memory now. Muscle memory, from the memory of the shape of it as it entered me.

It had taken forever to bring it all the way into me, to fill me. And through it all, I felt every bit of it.

And the psychological aspect was incredible. Knowing it was video recorded, realizing, understanding I could watch this over and over, just that almost made me come on the spot.

The intensity of my submission, of Sam’s submission, his willing subordination as another man took me from him, it was emotional dynamite. Just thinking of it, being aware of it made me crazy, it made me breathless with arousal.

“Oh yeah,” she moaned. “I love the way you fuck me with your big hard cock.”

After he’d bottomed in me, it took him three strokes to make me come. Just three. It was amazing it took that much. And after that it was nonstop, this whirlwind of physical arousal and ecstasy supercharged by psychological and emotional intensity.

’To think I ever hesitated, “I’d whispered. I’d gotten that line from some stupid old movie about monsters and leather daddies, I’d laughed all the way through it. But the line came back to me, and I meant it.

I’d been doubtful, tentative, even cynical. I hadn’t understood, hadn’t even imagined how powerfully erotic, how profound this was. But now I was converted, won over.

I was a cuck-fuck forever. How could I ever give this up?

“Better than Sam?” Leroy asked.

I didn’t so much ignore it, as didn’t register it.

“You fuck me so good,” held in the ecstasy of his cock in me. I couldn’t get enough. I would spread my legs for him forever.

“You love big cock, don’t you?”

“Oh fuck yes!” I moaned. It was glorious. I was a total cuck-whore, and I never wanted to be anything else ever again.

“That’s so much better than Sam’s little dick,” he told me.

What the fuck?

“Sam’s not little,” I said, my eyes narrowing. What the fuck was he doing? Why was he doing this? He was ruining the moment!

Leroy scowled down at me, it wasn’t blatant, but I could see. He started fucking harder, which I loved, but the sweetness of it, the pleasure was soured. What was it with his attitude?

“I’m bigger,” he grunted, thrusting hard, pushing me down.

He locked his elbows under my knees, pulling them up so that I was lifted up, toes pointed into the air. I squeaked as I felt him manhandle me, my ass lifted up off the bed. He rammed deep into me like a runaway piston, from that angle, smashing hard into my cervix, making me wince with pain.

“Isn’t that right?”

It felt like he was being a deliberate asshole. I tried to ignore it, it had been so good, so fucking good. Get back to that.

Even if he was jamming my cervix, I still loved the way he handled, me his total physical domination of my body, and his psychic domination of me and Sam.

“Oh fuck yes,” I grunted, folded almost in half, my cunt wide open to him. I moaned submissively, giving him what he wanted. “Oh fuck, you’re so much bigger.”

“I fuck you better,” he insisted.

“Yes! You’re fucking me so good right now,” I moaned, settling back into the happy submissive place where I was his toy.

“Sam’s dick is small and useless,” he insisted.

Oh goddamnit!!! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

“It’s not small,” I gritted, looking him directly in the eye. You fucking asshole, I thought. How dare you? How dare you insult my man. Fucking games are fine, cucking is fine, but being an asshole to Sam is not fine.

He slammed hard into me, his cock a swollen steel bar. Caught as I was, there was no escape as his battering ram of a cock pulverized my insides. Now he was deliberately punishing me with his cock? Fuck him! I was almost angry. It was really spoiling the sex.

“So what is he then?” Leroy demanded, thrusting fast and hard. “Average? Ordinary? Adequate?”

“Oh! Oh! Oh fuck!” I almost screaming, it was just on the edge of painful, and

not the good edge.

He was flopping me around like a rag doll so I could barely think. What the fuck? I didn't want to give him what he wanted, it was bullshit.

But I needed something that fit. "Adequate? He's adequate?"

Leroy sneered. I stared back at him, coldly, almost ready to quit.

"Adequate." He tried it on, trying to decide if he liked it. He seemed to relax mentally.

Thrust. It was still hard, but it was cleaner, no longer punishing my cervix. Asshole, I thought. I couldn't believe he was this insecure. This narcissistic. What a prick!

"What about me?"

"Oh god," I whispered, trying to get past it, stroking his ego. Fine, I thought, just get back to this being hot and fun, make the little boy happy. "You're so much more. So much bigger, harder, better. You're my owner."

His mouth descended on mine, in a rough kiss, as his body froze, holding me contorted, his cock buried to the hilt in her. Then he released me, and I stretched out under him, rocking my hips on his cock, gasping for breath, panting heavily.

"Don't you fucking forget it, whore," he told her.

God, I thought, you're such a fucking asshole.

He looked over at Sam.

"We'll edit this part out later," he said.

Such an asshole!

Leroy looked down at me.

"You okay Princess," he asked.

"Fine," I said sourly.

It had been perfect, more than perfect, it had been spectacular, and he'd just fucked it all up to be an asshole. He didn't even have to mention Sam. He did it because he was an insecure fucking eight year old, terrified that Sam might be bigger, even after he'd dominated the shit out of both of us.

"Just let me catch my breath," I begged. Well, it sounded like begging, because that was how we were supposed to play. But I wanted a break.

I could feel it, he was losing his erection. He'd blown the moment for both of us. He pulled his cock out, I could feel it leave me, flopping wetly against my pussy.

"I'm in charge!" He smiled maliciously. "But, sure thing, Princess. We'll rest."

I glanced over at Sam, still recording on the phone, trying to make eye contact, reaching for that almost psychic link where we could just look at each other and know what we were thinking.

Was this it? I wondered. Was it over? Could we recapture the moment? I felt regret. This sour note aside, it had been unbelievable, amazing and intense, even profound. My body still tingled, I felt like I was glowing with accumulated harshly-driven orgasms.

But Leroy didn't stop. Instead, he sat back on his haunches and reached for my arm, pulling me around and over towards him. I squealed as he manhandled me, twisting towards him to cooperate as he hauled her into a new position, until I was completely turned around. My pulse started to race, I almost laughed. His physical domination, his handling of my body, surprised me and threw me for a loop, washing away the sourness of his verbal misstep. That's it, I thought, own me, don't talk like a little boy, act like a man.

"Sam," he commanded, "stop fucking around. Over here."

Leroy man handled me, until I was sprawled out on my stomach, legs spread. He ran his fingers through my hair in an oddly sensuous gesture, piling it on top of my head and wrapping his fingers around it. He tugged gently, and I lifted up, onto my elbows and palms, guided but not pulled. I looked upwards slightly, at his cock and hanging balls, his hairy thighs, as he knelt on the bed.

He was maybe three-fourths hard, but it was still a good looking cock. His intentions were crystal clear. The aggravation of a moment ago was forgotten, we had moved into a new phase of erotic domination, one that I welcomed. My mouth opened wide, ready to receive him, ready to serve. Guided by his grip, I crawled forward, staring worshipfully.

"Over here," Leroy said. I realized he was talking to Sam. "You got to catch this. This is going to be so good, so momentous. I took her cunt, now she gives this."

Yes, I agreed wordlessly. Full submission, top to bottom. Claim your prize.

"You want to suck that cock," Leroy whispered, "don't you, bitch?"

"Yesssss," I whispered.

“Yeah,” he said. “You want to kiss it, you want to lick it, you want it sliding between your lips, down your throat.”

Fuck, he was so good at trash talk, I could feel my lust surge to a wanton hunger. He was totally back.

“I need it.”

“Fucking right you need it. Look at it,” he said. “Just look at it. Worship it. That’s your fucking god. My cock is your god.”

He pulled me towards him. My eyes closed, mouth opening wide.

Nothing.

My eyes opened. Leroy barked a short laugh and slapped the side of my face with his near-hard erection. I wasn’t offended, the gesture was so clearly one of domination and control, it drove me down deeper. My mouth opened wider, and Leroy amused himself gently strapping and sliding his half hard dick against my face. Each gesture of humiliation made me more passive, more submissive. Finally, Leroy grew bored.

“Open wide,” he said. “Wide as you can. I want to see how deep I can get it without touching you.”

There was a playfulness to him that I found myself responding to. I was a toy he’d acquired, and he was exploring ways to use me. I wanted to be explored that way. I wanted him to use me. I opened my jaw as widely as I could, curious myself to see how much of him I could take into my mouth before it touched. Grinning, Leroy slid forth, his cock head entering the open tunnel of my mouth.

“That’s good,” he said. “Keep your tongue still. I can feel your breath all around my cock head, and nothing else.”

I flattened my tongue, jaws distended until they almost ached. I puffed, breathing hard, feeling my breath bouncing off the shape of him in my mouth. He seemed wildly elated by this new game, sliding further and further, another inch. Then I felt him touch, right in the back.

“There,” he said.

My eyes closed, and my lips sealed round his cock head. I started to bob my head, sliding pack and forth, pushing my tongue against it, sealing my lips tight. I found myself relaxing, falling into this state of calm and arousal. It felt complete, as if I was doing what I was made to do, fulfilling my purpose.

“That’s it, Princess,” Leroy whispered. “Suck that cock.”

But I didn't need encouragement. I was where I was meant to be, worshiping my conqueror, serving as only a willing slave could.

"That's the best thing about a blow job" Leroy said. "The face is in it. It's all about identity. When you suck a cock. It's who you are. There's honesty, in a girl sucking a cock. It's about compromise and surrender. Point of no return, baby. You can never deny it. It's who you are."

Point of no return, the words rolled through my mind. It's who I was. I felt it sink into me, beautiful perfect truths.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck you I'm coming," Leroy roared. I was on all fours, sweat running down my back, across my forehead. His cock rammed into me like a piledriver from behind. I could feel him swelling, thick and rigid inside me, his thrusting becoming frenzied. I could feel him spurting inside me, ropes of semen erupting forcibly, my hypersensitive pussy feeling each ejaculation, as a moment of pressure and then a slickness.

I squealed, feeling my orgasm erupting, buried in his. How many times had I come? I couldn't even count. We'd finally left all the cuckold bullshit behind and gotten to wild sex and it was glorious. I'd looked directly at Sam, looking into his eyes, as Leroy's cock had slid into me, and it had been mind blowing. After that, I'd just come and come, my body wild and responsive.

Breathlessly, I accepted Leroy's semen, my pussy squeezing in orgasm, as if desperate to milk every drop. His hands were claws on my hips, as he held his squirting cock inside.

Finally, we were finished. I felt him go weak as he fell on top of me, pushing me flat on the bed, his body covering me like a hot heavy blanket. I could only gasp, I felt completely numb and fucked out.

It was over.

I just laid under him, until after a few moments, he lifted off me, and pulled me onto my back. I flopped over, bonelessly, my legs spread, still panting.

"All right! Sam!" announced. "I'm going to give you something that no cuck ever receives: Just for you, buddy: You get a Turn!"

Wait! I thought. What? Now? I was still out of breath. Still blasted and worn out. No, I thought, let me catch my breath.

"She's all yours, Buddy. Fuck her as hard as you can."

I glanced at Leroy and Sam, brows furrowed. "What?" I mouthed. My mouth was dry. I swallowed, working up saliva to speak, to tell them I needed a moment's rest.

Leroy's eyes locked on mine. He nodded, looking serious, and then shoved Sam forward. For a second, Sam's eyes widened in surprise, he seemed to lose balance, as he fell on top of me. As his body pressed against mine, his hips thrust and he entered me. My pussy, numbed and fucked out, gave no resistance, but I felt him. I grunted as his weight and the force of his entry pushed air out of my lungs.

Then Sam was fucking me, but not like he'd ever fucked me before. With his sudden entry, he'd immediately begun thrusting wildly, no foreplay, no elegance, no pacing, just wild, convulsive uncoordinated thrusting, his cock moving so fast in me it felt like a blur, an obliterating awkward sensation. He was wild, frantic with desire. He couldn't even look at me, couldn't meet my eyes. He was just desperate, more aroused, more frenzied than I'd ever seen.

Behind us, Leroy looked down on us, his eyes locked with mine. I lifted my hands to embrace Sam and he shook his head. "Just lay there," he seemed to mouth. I let my hands drop. This was part of my performance, to lay passively, while my lover was a literal hurricane of lust and desire on top of me.

"Fuck," Sam whined, "Oh fuck, oh fuck."

After the whole evening, the torturous foreplay, the repeated brutal fucking, I was utterly exhausted, every muscle slack, my body numb to sensation. It took very little to just do what Leroy wanted and lay there.

But Sam was an explosion of motion, I was utterly amazed. I had never seen him like this, this out of control, this intense. While I'd been getting fucked into exhaustion, Sam's sexual energy had been pent up, building and building into something like a nuclear explosion. And now it was just being unleashed. Even exhausted as I was, I found it shocking.

Suddenly, after barely minutes after he'd entered me, if that, his body went wildly spastic. He started pumping so hard my body was literally picked up and hurled inches up the bed with each thrust. He came so hard, that I could feel each ejaculation, like a water pistol blast, filling me, literally squirting out of my pussy, all around his cock.

And then, without warning, he simply collapsed, going limp everywhere, all at once. Falling on top of me. His body trembled, and he gave a long mournful sigh.

Before he could get off of me, I wrapped my arms around him, to hold him close. Even exhausted as I was, as numb as I was, whatever had just happened to him, I didn't want him to be alone with it.

Leroy shook his head.

I ignored him and kissed Sam..

“Hey?” I said.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, he looked so forlorn, so broken, that my heart went out to him. There was no need for an apology, so I silenced him with a kiss.

“It’s okay,” I said, “intense? Good?”

“I love you,” he whispered. “I always will.”

I smiled up at him tenderly. “I lo—”

“Hey hey,” Leroy said. There was the sound of a slap against Kayley’s thigh. “Enough of the mushy stuff. That’s for later.”

Fuck, I thought. Way to spoil my moment.

Half asleep, cuddled between two male bodies, my hand found Sam’s limp cock. Poor little thing, it felt so reduced. My hand curled around it squeezing and stroking slowly, feeling it come to life. As it filled out, growing heavy and hot in my hand, my awareness rose slowly. I felt a hand slide around my shoulder, pulling me against a hairy male chest. Hairy? Since when was Sam hairy?

Fuck, I realized. This was Leroy’s cock in my hand. But it was too late, tired as I was, I was committed. I could only continue to stroke him, going slower and with less and less pressure, and hope he’d drift off again. Instead, his arm around my shoulder tightened, I felt him pushing downwards. I couldn’t struggle too much, for fear of waking Sam, and so I ended up with his cock in my mouth.

Oh fuck, I thought, as he firmly held my head in his crotch. His cock wasn’t erect, but it was full and thick. Flexible enough that I could move it in my mouth. What an awkward development.

Sam slept innocently beside us. I really wanted to be worshiping his instrument, giving him head. There was something magical about waking him with a blow job.

Instead, I was somewhere dark and weird and dirty, my sweet love unconscious and unaware of what I was doing.

But there was a dark sexual energy as well. I remembered Leroy fucking me at his place while Sam had slept. That had been fun. But this felt different, less carefree or enthusiastic. Maybe it was the fact that I had been dragged into servicing. Maybe it was the overtones of the cuckolding.

It was exciting, but it was also nasty. Nasty in a way that the other time

hadn’t been. This felt like a betrayal, something that went deeper than the cuckolding game. Something that grew out of it.

Something evil and slithery, a powerful filthy sensation that made my pussy clench, and sent my hand between my legs. Eagerly, my head bobbed up and down faster, almost unconsciously, serving my dark master. With each dive, every tightening of my lips around, every suction that hollowed my cheeks, I betrayed Sam, gave myself over to service, and abandoned my love.

I pressed my face into Leroy’s crotch, even as his hands pressed down, making myself his willing whore, giving myself to his control. I felt him hardening until he was rigid, rock hard and stiff, his grip hard on my head, fingers in my hair, using my head like a fleshlight.

In the darkness of the room, I felt ashamed and elated. We are different people in the dark, there’s something that changes in us when the lights go out.

There was something pure in this submission, that almost reminded me of the peep show. Sucking cock in the dark, my existence willingly reduced to the single point of identity, my mouth, my lips, my service, my worship and the hard cock sliding into it, giving me meaning and purpose. A mindless worshipper serving a god of rigid flesh and single purpose, I existed only for a cock to ejaculate in, and I loved it.

I thought he’d just slowly fuck my face in the dark until he came, filling my mouth with his semen, making me swallow. I imagined the taste of it, the sensation of his cock swelling, the pulses of ejaculation.

Out of nowhere, a fugitive image, idea, sensation. Instead of ejaculation, a stream of hot urine. I literally shook, pushing it away, my pussy clenching.

I was ready to swallow his cock until he came, but instead, he pushed my face off, pulling me up by my hair. At first, I didn’t understand what he was doing, but as he pushed me over onto my back, I found myself grinning with ecstasy. My conqueror was taking me, impressing his ownership into me, stamping it into the deepest recesses of his body, like a tattoo above my cervix.

Another fucked up dream image or idea flashed through me, Leroy’s name written like a signature, tattooed deep inside my vagina, just above my cervix. Wildly, I suddenly imagined being on a gynecologist table, stirrups spreading wide, opened by a speculum, the tattoo artist reaching deep. Then for the rest of my life, my ownership revealed only to the gynecologist, every cock I took after that thrusting inside only to meet the mark of my owner.

The vision was so intense, so filthy, so simultaneously repulsive and alluring, so vile and yet compelling, that I almost came.

Then he thrust into me, and I did come, the sensation of him entering filling

me at this point of arousal threw me into orgasm. My mind went white erasing the filthy image of being marked, tattooed or branded with ownership on the inside of my pussy with the physical bliss of being filled. I wrapped my legs tight around him, and drew him to me, biting into his shoulder. I think my response shocked him.

Some distant rational part of me that seemed to wake as the orgasm rolled through, as it receded and he began to pound his cock into me, seemed shocked as well.

It was as if I wasn't fully awake, that I'd found myself in some erotic state between dream and waking where my thoughts, my impulses were utterly unconstrained. The sensations, the ideas and images that rolled through me were intense and completely unfiltered. It was as if my Id, the dark playground of my unconsciousness, had taken control, had vanished my normal self, and in its place was filthy mindless lust.

Thoughts, images I couldn't even bear to imagine in my normal life. Leroy pissing in my mouth, a dozen men urinating on me as I knelt in front of them, stripping on stage, being fucked by the Texas Trojan metal frame robot horse, with its horse dildo in front of a crowd, gang banged behind a dumpster, impregnated by strangers, my belly swollen, make me fuck animals, give the videos of my humiliations to family and friends, fuck me in front of everyone at my work, drench me in bottomless degradation and depravity. It was all so indescribably filthy and in this not-dream dreamlike state where all filters were down, I wanted it all.

"Take it," I whispered to him, as his hard cock thrust into me. "Take it. Take it all. Take everything. Take all of me, and leave me nothing."

Looking up, at him, it was as if his eyes flashed, I could feel his cock harden and swell inside me, the force of his tempo picked up, his body seemed to radiate a sudden flush of heat. I understood I'd hit on something, touched something deep in him that excited him. It thrilled me, wanted to excite him.

"Yes," he hissed. "I will. I'm going to take it all from you, everything."

"Yes," I whispered, delirious and elated, "do it."

In my strange disordered state, his cock felt huge, I was barely aware of myself, of my body, just scraps of unimportant meat, vestiges around my cunt. I was a hole, my identity, my awareness almost entirely overwhelmed by his cock in me.

"Yes, yes," I whispered back. "Own me. Make me a cunt, erase the rest of me. Make me a cunt and use it."

His mouth fell on me, grinding against me so that our teeth clicked together. It felt like he was sucking the breath on me.

“I want to take everything,” he whispered. “When I’m done with you, you won’t even recognize yourself. No one will even look at you as anything but fuck meat, and that’s all you’ll ever be.”

His words sent me wild orgasmic places, the only reason I didn’t come was because I was so scattered, so excited, my sensations so out of control. I felt the full force of his dark malice, it was like he was a different person on top of me, in me. Something evil, something that lived only to despoil. And I wanted to be despoiled.

“Do it,” I demanded. “I want it.”

He thrust brutally into me, his hand reaching up to seize my throat. It was terrifying and exhilarating. I felt wild, it felt like I’d tapped something in him, I wanted to excite him. He was on fire, and it was mindlessly, breathlessly exciting to build that fire. I wanted him to burn hotter and hotter. I wanted him to blaze.

“You bitch,” he swore.

“Take me,” I demanded. “Fuck it like you own it.”

“I own it.”

“Fuck it like you own it,” I whispered. That became a mantra between us, as he fucked me with rough savagery.

I became aware vaguely, that Sam had woken and was masturbating as he watched us. Somehow, that added to the filthiness of what we were doing, the depravity of my unfiltered id. The cuckolding of the evening flooded into my mind. I wanted him to watch, to see me degraded and reduced.

Leroy glanced over.

“What about Sam?” Leroy demanded, talking to me, but it was really for Sam. “What about his cock?”

“I want your cock,” I whispered as I felt him fill me. But I knew he wanted more. I knew what he wanted me to say. “Man cock, not some cuck dink.”

As the words came out, I literally felt him swell inside me, pulsing hot, knew I’d triggered him.

“Sam’s not little cock?”

Fuck! This again. But it excited him.

“Sam’s not small,” I began, and then stopped. My thoughts derailed, the depravity rose up in me like a tidal wave.

“Fuck it. I don’t care,” I whispered. This is what they both wanted, and I wanted to give it to them. “He’s a cuck now. His cock doesn’t matter.”

I groaned as he thrust harder and deeper, holding himself in me, his cock pushed against my cervix. Another flush of heat erupted from his body.

“What about his feelings?” His eyes were wild and hungry. I knew exactly the words he wanted to hear, knew what would make him throb, that would drive him wild. I wanted to trigger it, to push him.

“Fuck his feelings, they’re as worthless as his cock,” I sneered, not even caring that Sam was there. Caring only for the reaction it produced in Leroy. He blazed on top of me, his eyes flashing.

“You fucking whore,” he snarled, “you need cock. You love to spread your legs.”

“I am. I’m a whore, and I love spreading for you. I’m a whore for your cock.”

“What about Sam’s cock,” he grunted. “Do you feel that?”

As if to prove something, he fucked me deep, thrusting so hard he knocked the air out of me with each lunge. Each thrust drove me down into the bed. He wasn’t just fucking me, he was fucking Sam. He hadn’t just conquered me, he’d conquered Sam, and he needed me to admit it.

Fine.

“Not like yours. He’s not big enough. Fuck Sam,” I said, loving the wave of heat that rolled off him with the words.

He practically shivered, it was almost like he would come just hearing it. I felt weightless, it was like I was accelerating, going faster and faster into submission and depravity.

“My cunt is yours now. I’m yours now. I want your big cock.”

“But Sam’s cock is ‘adequate’,” there was a weird resentment in his voice, a fixation.

Would you fucking shut up about Sam and just wreck me, I thought wildly. Destroy me. It’s me, it’s about me, fuck me, use me, degrade me.

“Fuck that, and fuck adequate. If Sam was a man…,” I snapped, playing him, frustrated at the distraction, but wildly exuberant at the way I triggered his reactions. “…if his cock was adequate, he’d be fucking me right now. But he’s not, and it isn’t. So now he’s just a cuck and I belong to you.”

“What if he begs to fuck you,” Leroy whispered hungrily. “Would you fuck him if he begged? From now on, you should make him beg.”

“No!”

Fuck off! Just fuck off with that!

“I’m not his any more,” I whispered. “What he wants doesn’t matter. I don’t care. He can go fuck himself.”

Take the fucking hint! Spit on me, tell me what you want to do to me, use me. Tell me how you want to take me to Mexico and a donkey and I’ll say yes to anything and everything!

“If he wants to… fuck me… he can beg you… I’ll do it then… That’s what you want… for him… to beg you to le him… fuck me… Well Fuck him… He’ll have to… beg you… for my pussy…”

Instantly, I wanted to vomit, the words were too extreme, too horrible. I couldn’t believe I’d said them. But at the same time, I was wantonly, self-destructively proud of my own depravity. I didn’t even have an instant to contemplate it though. Because even as those awful words were tumbling, forcing their way out, he went wild, his thrusting going out of control.

I felt wantonly proud that I’d finally triggered him. He fucked with abandon, each stroke different, shorter and longer. His hand seized my throat and he squeezed, his other hand pulling my hair back, my spine arching. He thrust up inside me a dozen times and a dozen angles in seconds, his body was an inferno, and his cock was like an iron bar, a battering ram, smashing so brutally against my cervix it hurt. He was coming, his control finally shattered, screaming in wild orgasm.

“Fuck, fuck you. Come! Come for me you fucking whore!” His voice was inhuman, it was like he was being tortured, screaming to speak in the throes of mind blowing ecstasy, reaching out with hatred and fury in the midst of white-out pleasure.

Sleep was fitful and restless. I woke up to Leroy snoring away. We were alone in the bed? Where was Sam? He must have slipped out to the couch. I laid there with Leroy, our bodies touching, and pining for Sam. There was something perfect about the way our bodies, Sam and mine, fit together, even in sleep, we had a synchrony that seemed ever present.

Compared to that, Leroy’s body was a snoring, sputtering, fleshy lump of inert clay. I wanted Sam. I wanted his heat, his body, the smell of him, the feel of him.

As I laid there, the memories of Leroy fucking me in the dark started to filter back up, and the things I’d said. Most of it was gone, faded like a dream. It was all just fragments, disordered, incoherent. Phrases, some

clearer than others. I shuddered.

Had I actually said those things? The things that had been in my head…

I'd been worn out, tired, I'd just wanted to tell him what he needed so he'd come. I remembered my compulsion to excite him, to drive him higher. And my own joy in my self loathing.

Had that really been me? Had we really done that? It was like some fucked up nightmare.

But Sam had heard it.

He couldn't believe that, could he? The things I'd said.

Christ! I couldn't believe I'd said it.

The need to be with Sam was suddenly overwhelming. Very quietly, I crept out of bed, sneaking into the living room where my angel lay sprawled on the couch. For a moment, I stood over him, watching him sleep. So perfect, so beautiful. Everything was forgotten in the burst of pure love that came over me.

I knelt in front of him, full of love and desire, a need to be with him, a need to be forgiven.

I woke up to Leroy tugging me insistently. Sam was sleeping, spooning against me, and I didn't want to wake him. Half asleep, I let him draw me off the couch away from Sam. Holding my hand he lead me back to the bedroom.

I was so tired and sleepy there was no resistance in me. Between fatigue and sexual exhaustion, I floated in this passive state. He was naked and I could see, even in the apartment's darkness that his cock was completely deflated, that thing was shrunk down to troll-doll size. I figured I'd just lay down with him until he went back to sleep, then I'd sneak back to the couch.

Instead though, Leroy sat down on the edge of the bed, legs spread. For a moment, I stood in front of him, then he put his hands on my hips, pushing downward. I went to my knees. Leroy took my head in his hands, his fingers winding around and around in my hair, and slowly shoved my face into his crotch.

Automatically, my mouth opened to take his shriveled cock in my mouth.

"Suck it, Princess. Suck that cock, so I can get hard and fuck you," he whispered.

Instinctively, my lips closed around it, my jaw began to work and I began to

bob slowly up and down, in his grip. His musk filled my nostrils, sitting low as he was, I kept bumping against his belly and thighs.

At first I was tired and kind of annoyed. I felt sexually worn down, wrung out and low energy. I felt put upon, having to service his limp dick, trapped on my knees, his hands holding my head. It was just too much work to tell him to fuck off.

Instead, I just bobbed my head up and down, squeezing it between my lips, swirling my tongue around it.

Gradually though, I found myself drifting, The action so monotonous, that it almost became peaceful. I relaxed, going through the repetitive motions, slurping his cock, until he would finally give up and let me go back to Sam. It was hard to say I began to enjoy myself, but more like slipping into a tired, kind of fuzzy, version of whatever I'd had back at the peep show.

Every now and then, he'd whisper something, or give an order. I ignored it, not registering until he moved my head, and then I'd tongue his balls or lick his asshole. But always, my mouth came back to his cock.

I don't even remember how long I sucked his cock, just that at some point, I realized it was hard. He'd grown rigid so slowly and gradually I hadn't even noticed.

Leroy pulled my hair harshly then, rousing me to some degree of awareness, using it to pull me roughly up onto the bed, shoving me into a position on all fours. Shoving my face down into the mattress, he seized my hips and rammed his cock hard and fast into me, fucking frantically, so I squealed. I was wet, but not wet enough, and he felt huge. My pussy felt raw, as he pounded away.

I gasped and moaned, as he fucked me like a rag doll, my body lubricating. But I was too tired and worn to do much more than take it. He'd fuck erratically, slowing down, as if from exhaustion, his cock softening. But then he'd start pounding hard again, striking my cervix and making me wince with pain, going rigid. Finally, after a half dozen bouts of that, I felt his fucking grow wild and frantic, his weight squashing me flat as he finally came. I sighed with relief.

Leroy fell on top of me, panting, our sweat mingling. He rolled over and pulled me into his arms.

I hadn't come. If anything, my pussy felt rawer and more battered than before. I reached down to touch myself, feeling how tender I was. I listened to his breathing slow.

Every time I thought he was sufficiently asleep that I could slip out of bed and go to Sam, he seemed to cling tighter, his arm snaking around me, pulling me close again. Eventually, I found myself slowly giving up and drifting back to sleep.

My final thoughts as I drifted off were that at least Sam had slept through this one.

I was vaguely aware of being kissed. It was a pleasant sensation, giving rise to nebulous feelings of romance, of being loved, as I drifted, just on the edge of consciousness, in a dreamlike state. I wasn't even aware of myself, of any kind of identity, just this sensation of something soft pressing against my lips. Of being kissed.

No, not being kissed, something else. It felt bright out, even behind my closed eyelids, as dawn's early light was rising. I drifted up towards consciousness growing more aware of the gentle, rhythmic pressure, the soft surging against my lips, pushing then easing, sometimes tracing the outline. The soft fleshy pressure pushed my yielding lips apart, and I sighed slightly, as it moved against the inside of my lip. Involuntarily, my mouth opened, and I felt it intrude. Not a kiss, no, it was like that but it wasn't. What slipped a little ways into my mouth, before withdrawing and then returning, wasn't a tongue. It was soft, flesh, tasted like smooth skin.

It was a cock. Limp, unthreatening, but a cock. That awareness didn't come all at once but flowed naturally as I drifted upwards to wakefulness. Gentle hands slid along my body, leaving me luxuriating to the touch. As awareness returned so did a sense of pleasure, of ease and fulfillment. My mouth opened wider to take more of it in, feeling it slither along my tongue, sliding against my gums. I was too out of it to truly participate, but I wrapped my lips tight around the shaft and stretched my jaw to make room in my mouth, moaning slightly as the scrotum brushed my cheek.

It was Leroy, I realized, the night coming back to me. He was in our bed with us. No, Sam had left for the couch, surrendering the bed to me and Leroy. We'd had an epic intense threesome, and then it felt like Leroy had fucked me half the night, driving me beyond exhaustion.

My eyes fluttered open, and I looked up. There he was, straddling me, sliding his limp dick across my face and into my mouth. He grinned and put his finger to his lips, indicating the living room. The message was clear. "Don't wake Sam."

Maybe it was the playful way he smiled, or the careful gentle way he working. Maybe if he'd been hard, it would have been different. But soft and limp, he seemed unthreatening, and the memories of last night were vivid in my mind and body. I tried to smile and nod around his shaft, my eyelids fluttering to signify agreement.

My mouth opened wider, and he slid his whole soft length in. When not hard, he wasn't large, so it was easy. I closed my eyes and flicked my tongue against it, pushing and rolling it around. My legs parted in half conscious

invitation, and he shifted position so that he could balance over me on one hand and play with my clit.

Laying passive, letting him hump his soft dick between my lips, and feeling his expert fingers, I felt relaxed. I barely moved, beyond the minimal actions of my lips and tongue, just allowed him to do what he wanted. There was a languorous pleasure to it, a feeling of pleasant leisure. I could feel myself getting wet as he played with me, stroking my clit, running his fingers along my entrance. Involuntarily my legs parted wider, and I moaned softly around him.

He alternated, between playing with my pussy, and my mouth. I guess it was difficult to do two things at once. I didn't mind, I just enjoyed letting him do whatever he wanted, both accepting and excited by the unpredictable way he went back and forth.

The weird dark energy of the cuckold evening, and of the night fuckings felt like it had dissipated. It felt friendly now, happy, nonthreatening. In the morning light, we were warm and playful. It felt like the morning of our first threesome, where we were all just happy together. I needed this, I needed to let the corrosive intensity go and feel positive sexual energy.

God, he was a sex maniac, even when he couldn't perform, he still wanted it. I didn't mind, there was something engaging about his dedication to arousal. This was the second or third time he'd woken me for sex while Sam was sleeping? And he'd done it back at his place too. Was this a fetish of his? Or some juvenile conquest thing. These thoughts weren't very serious, they just drifted lazily through my mind.

Was his cock thicker? Yes, it was. It felt fuller. Pressing it between my lips I felt a slow throb. He slipped a finger inside to stroke my g-spot, making my hips lift. As the finger slid out, he pushed slowly back and forth in my mouth. He was coming alive, it was definitely filling out, the shape of it somehow becoming more defined, the hip movements more forceful.

Leroy was slowly but relentlessly becoming hard as he gently fucked my mouth, pausing to finger me. There was something exciting about that, about his building arousal, I squeezed it with my jaws, worked my tongue and lips, welcomed each thrust with suction. It felt exciting to slowly make him hard, to offer my body, my submission to the physical expression of his lust.

Half hard, he shifted again, to a throat fucking position. Hovering over me, bracing with one hand, he could use the other to finger and tease my pussy nonstop as I squirmed underneath him. His cock not full-bodied, was still stiff enough not to bend, he thrust into my mouth in a slow gentle rhythm very different from his brutal conquest of my throat the night before. He didn't go as deep, or move as fast or as hard. I surrendered, submitting willingly to his use, as he grew more rigid with each smooth thrust.

Suddenly, almost completely rigid, he pulled out, leaving ropes of spittle

connecting. I hadn't expected that, I had no expectations, I'd just kind of been drifting, accepting whatever he'd been doing without wondering where he was going next. Without a word, he pulled me around, moving into position between my legs, positioning his cock above my wet pussy.

I arched my back, and lifted my knees up high, smiling silently to as not to wake Sam, welcoming him into me. My hard-used pussy was a little sore, a little loose, but I was already wet and it was pure pleasure to feel his head against my pussy-lips and his shaft sliding smoothly back where it belonged, filling me, owning me once again.

His mouth descended to mine and we kissed wantonly, quietly, as he began to pump hard into me. I could feel him hardening fully inside, his cock steadily going rigid, reaching full rock hard erection, as once again, he proceeded with his conquest and my surrender. He'd lift up, to look down at me, eyes cold and hard and cruel, sending shivers through me, and I'd involuntarily buck and rock under him, giving myself to him, trying to take him deeper.

We fucked like that, harder and harder. It was more and more difficult to keep quiet. My body forced grunts and moans with growing intensity, and he'd kiss me to silence me. Sometimes he'd go still, holding himself above me, his cock buried in me, leaving me to squirm under him, desperate to work his cock deeper, this subtle cruelty made me even hotter.

I don't know, maybe I'd gotten a sexual second wind. I'd rested enough that my body was willing to respond. I felt raw and tender down below, so that his cock felt huge, but I couldn't deny how wet I was, or how aroused.

I reached down to my clit, not to stroke it, but to protect it, as his cock hammered into me relentlessly. I didn't know how much I had left in me.

I wanted to come, and I could feel, in some combination of intensity and submission, that I could reach it. I was moaning nonstop.

A motion caught my eye. Instinctively, both our heads turned. Sam was standing there in the bedroom doorway, his cock rigid in his hands as he masturbated.

Before I could speak to him, Leroy startled me, pressing his mouth on mine, silencing me with a kiss. I gasped into his mouth, my eyes bulging, but helpless in his grip. He started thrusting extra hard, pounding violently, leaving me gasping and breathless. I could feel my treasured, long anticipated orgasm finally starting to build.

"Hey sport!" Leroy said cheerfully to Sam, so casually it was as if he wasn't fucking me at all. In reality, he was thrusting so hard I was gasping breathless with each stroke, so hard the whole bed shook. "We didn't wake you, did we? Don't mind us. Tell you what, I'm going to be finished soon. Why don't you head to the kitchen and get started on breakfast."

I tried to say something to Sam, but Leroy's hips slammed into me so hard that

the words devolved to a gutter moan. As I tried to gather my thoughts, Leroy slammed me again and pressed his mouth to mine, forcing his tongue in my throat.

Then Sam was gone.

Some part of me felt angry, he'd done this deliberately. He'd fucked with me and Sam again, inserting himself between us.

But I was breathless, flopping around like a rag doll, confused, submissive, delirious. I'd been conquered, I'd surrendered, why shouldn't he set the rules?

But he didn't have to be a prick, I thought with a faint vanishing voice. My orgasm was rolling in, building slowly with each brutal thrust, my exhausted, sated body, already pushed to limits forced to one more.

As he fucked me harder and harder, my fingers dug down against my clit, pushing it brutally, trying to get that last little bit of energy over the hump.

And then it hit, rolling up like a slow tide, an orgasm that felt like a yawn. Not intense, but flat and spreading wide, almost like being filled with dull pleasure. As it receded, I could feel my body relaxing, going loose.

Leroy grinned down at me as he was fucking, his expression one of gleeful triumph. I smiled wanly up at him.

That was it for me, I was wet enough that his pounding wasn't uncomfortable, but I was drained. He fucked for another five or ten minutes before he finally groaned and appeared to orgasm.

"Morning sex," he said. "Nothing like it."

Maybe after a decent sleep, I thought, but didn't say anything. It had been good, there was no denying. There'd been moments, of conquest and surrender, of service and sucking, of a kiss, the moment of penetration, that had been wildly exciting.

Honestly, overall, it had been okay. Far from great. But the best thing to it, was the way it felt like it washed away the craziness of cuckold evening, and cleansed the queasily fucked up fucking that had taken place through the night, that dark sex in darkness that made me uncomfortable even to think about.

"Yeah," I said, and tried to get out of bed. Leroy pulled me back down.

"What's the rush?" he said. "Let's cuddle."

I relaxed and laid back down, letting him drape himself over me.

“You didn’t strike me as the cuddling type,” I sighed.

He shrugged. I could feel the sweat of his body, as he pressed against my skin.

“I figured we could talk,” he said. “About the next session.”

I laughed, not a giggle, but more surprised.

“Next session?” I asked. “Wasn’t this supposed to be a one time thing? I mean, it was hot, a lot of psychodrama, really fucking intense. I don’t know that I could do this again. I said stuff…”

Jesus, the things I’d said. I could feel my stomach roiling with sudden shame.

“Come on,” he said, “you got off, hard.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “The sex was intense—”

“But Sam really got into it,” he said. “I think we touched something profound. He’ll want to do it again. He’ll need it.”

“I don’t think so,” I said. “I think we’ll both just go to normal sex… normal kink. I think this is a little too much.”

“You were there,” he scoffed. “Sam really got into it. How many times did Sam come?”

That brought me up. Christ, I thought, I hadn’t been focusing on it, but it felt like every time I turned around, Sam had been spraying a load. How many times? Five? Six? He’d ejaculate then he’d be hard again, almost instantly. And fast, I’d never seen him on such a hair trigger.

“He’s probably jerking off in the kitchen right now,” Leroy said. “Probably coming on the floor, or table or teatowels or something.”

It was a bizarre image, but I could suddenly imagine it.

“You know what I noticed,” he said. “You were constantly checking, checking Sam, checking me, checking that it was just a role play. But Sam? No, he didn’t do any of that. He didn’t check, he didn’t second guess. He just dived completely into it.”

Fuck, he was right. Sam had shocked me, whipping his cock out in the parkade, crazy hard. He’d seemed to struggle with it early on at times, in the car, in the apartment. But the further we’d gone, the more completely committed he’d been. He hadn’t hesitated, he’d gone full on.

“Fuck,” I said, wonderingly. “You’re right!”

I hesitated.

“It’s really fucked up though. Yeah, it was hot. But it was messed up. One time sure, but what if it messes him up. I don’t think it would be healthy. Fun is one thing. But I don’t want him… damaged. I love him.”

Leroy laughed.

“Then one-time is the way to fuck him up.”

“Oh fuck off,” I scoffed. “It’s you. You just want to do it again.”

“I do,” he agreed. “Because you’re right, it’s intense. But for me and you, it’s just play. It’s fun. But Sam? For Sam it was powerful, it got deep into him. Stop now, it’ll fester in him. He won’t be able to stop thinking about it. It’ll grow, it’ll consume him. It’ll become an addiction, a craving. Stop now, before he’s finished, and it will fuck him up.”

“Oh fuck off,” I said again, but uncertainly.

I could kind of see it, if it had been that powerful, that overwhelming, I could see it slowly becoming an obsession for Sam.

We shouldn’t have done it at all, I thought suddenly.

“So what’s the solution?” I asked.

“Let him get it out of his system,” he said. “We do it some more, it loses its intensity, it’s potency, it’s mystique. He gets tired of it, of the downsides. They start to mount up, the limitations chafe. He appreciates freedom. He moves on to new experiences, new adventures.”

That made a lot of sense, but it still felt like Leroy was manipulating me.

“Yeah,” I said. “I think you’ve got ulterior motives.”

“Oh yes,” he said. “I do.”

He cupped my pussy, finger sliding against my clit. Even feeling tender, I felt myself responding. He had such good fingers.

“You’re insatiable!” I giggled, sounding more pleased than I intended.

My legs parted a little, to give him more access. Fuck, I couldn’t help being a slut. There was something charming about him, it was hard to stay annoyed with him. Charm or manipulation? Did it matter?

He laughed.

“Oh I’m done,” he said. “Physically and emotionally. I’m drained, I couldn’t get it up now with a forklift, and if it was intense for you… it was super intense for me, I had to run the scene for both of you, take care of you both, lead you, and play my own part. I’m completely wrung out.”

I couldn’t help smiling. At least this human fucking machine had limits.

I liked his admission that he’d been taking care of us. Choreographing for us, guiding, watching out for us. There’d been sour moments when he’d gone over the edge with his selfish obsessions. But the thought that he’d put time and energy into it on our behalf, not just indulging himself in us… that was nice. I felt a sudden burst of trust in him.

“But,” Leroy whispered, “of course I have ulterior motives. You two are amazing. I want to fuck you, I want to fuck you every chance I get. I want to fuck both of you, and to keep on fucking the both of you.”

“Wait,” I said, distracted, “when you say fucking the both of us — do you mean fucking Sam too? Like boy-boy?”

Was Leroy bi? I wondered suddenly. I’d thought of them kissing, like back at the restaurant, when they’d embraced, it almost looked like they would, and I’d gotten shivers. Now I had those shivers again. There was something about the idea of them making out, even just kissing, that made me tingle with excitement. Would they do it, if I asked them, so I could watch?

Maybe I should ask them?

Leroy laughed, and grinned.

“No,” he said. “Of course not! I meant I wanted to fuck you, one on one. And fuck you as a couple, as a threesome.”

Oh.

Scratch that then.

I definitely wasn’t disappointed. It was completely okay. Unless… Nope. Probably not. Maybe eventually? If I asked just the right time, just the right way…

Put a pin in that. Later.

“Wait,” I said, suddenly nervous. “I’m not up for one on one. I’m with Sam. We’re together, nothing is going to change that. I love him. A threesome, fine. But…”

“Oh I completely accept what you and Sam have together,” he said quickly. “It’s beautiful, what you have. Love. I don’t want to take that away, or replace it. I just want my own… connection with you, something between us.”

I shook my head. He made it sound reasonable. But…

“I don’t know.”

“You remember the peep show,” he whispered.

Why was he bringing that up? It felt a little awkward. Like he was about to use it against me.

“Hard to forget,” I said carefully.

“You told Sam about that?”

I blushed.

“Not yet,” I said defensively, like he’d caught me lying. “You asked me not to, remember.”

“Right,” he said.

“I’m going to though!” I maybe lied. I didn’t actually know that I was, or if I did, when or how I would do it.

I should tell Sam. I just didn’t feel like there was any pathway to it. Like, not telling him right away, that was a temporary decision but now, after this, it didn’t feel like I could. It was hard to explain.

But I felt guilty, and I didn’t want Leroy to think I was lying to Sam. It wasn’t technically a lie, I hadn’t actually lied, I just hadn’t said certain things. But the whole thing bothered me. It was uncomfortable.

And anyway, Leroy and I had talked about it, and he’d agreed it was the right thing to not mention it. He’d practically asked me. So I shouldn’t feel guilty, and I shouldn’t feel like he knew I was guilty.

I was going to tell Sam about the peep show, definitely. I just didn’t know when or how. But it was important that Leroy knew and understood that I would.

I was blushing.

“Right,” he said, as if it didn’t matter to him at all. “You remember we did just about everything, you did everything, but the one thing we didn’t do…”

“Fuck,” I said. “We didn’t fuck.”

“You were willing,” he whispered. “Remember. You were so willing. But we didn’t.”

I swallowed. Oddly, I felt a little relieved. So that was where he was going

with it. Not pressuring me. Not confronting me as a liar to Sam. It was about trust between me and him.

“I could have,” he said. “We’d done it a bunch. But I didn’t, because I respected you.”

I nodded, swallowing. The memory was vivid, I’d been out of control, I’d been unable to stop myself. I hadn’t cared. I was practically begging him to fuck me, I’d wanted him so badly. But he wouldn’t cross that line.

“Respect?” I said, trying to be sarcastic.

“I want a threesome relationship with the both of you,” he said. “But I want a one on one of my own with you. I’m telling you, because I want to be completely honest every step of the way. I want it, but I respect you. If it happens, it will be because you chose.”

“What about Sam?”

“You have your thing with him,” he said. “I admire it, I’ll never match what you two have, I love what you two have. I’d never do anything to hurt it. But I just want us to have something between us one on one. Sam will understand.”

“He will?”

“Because he loves you,” Leroy said. “And if he sees that we’ve got something that adds to your happiness, and doesn’t take anything away, he’ll support it.”

“Yeah,” I said. “No. I don’t know. I don’t…”

He kissed me.

“Your choice,” he told me. “We can be ‘just friends’ outside the threesome, I’ve shown you that you can trust me. Anything that happens, that will be your choice.”

“I should talk about this with Sam,” I said.

“I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s between us, not him. It has to be your decision. If it’s no, then no problem, he never needs to know, there’s not anything to know. If yes, then sure. But I want it to be your choice alone. Not yours and his choice. And while you wait to decide… I’d rather you didn’t. Maybe he would encourage you, maybe he’d want it, maybe he wouldn’t. But I want it to be your choice.”

I chewed my lip, accepting the logic.

“Whatever,” I said finally. “I mean, no. But I’ll think about it. But this cuckold thing. I don’t know about another session.”

“You know,” Leroy insisted, “how powerful and intense it was for him.”

“Yeah,” I said. That was hard to deny. It was part of why I was so troubled. How deep he’d fallen into it. That and what it had brought out of me.

Leroy leaned back for a moment, staring at the scene reflectively.

“I was surprised at how he got into it. I think I need to sit with him, work with him, one on one, just to make sure he’s okay,” Leroy said.

“You mean like a therapist?”

He turned to me.

“I like Sam,” he said. “I like him a lot. He feels like a long lost brother, like we just click instinctively.”

He took a breath.

“You might think I’m a shallow asshole, and a manipulative one. And yeah, I can be a jerk. But you guys, there’s something special, something that touches me. I want you guys in my life. I want to be part of yours.”

“I can’t explain it,” he concluded. “But I like Sam, I need him to be okay. I want to protect him.”

My eyes widened a little at this heartfelt speech, a little astonished at what I was hearing. I’d seen him as sleazy, and as a horndog, even an immature brat. But now it felt like he’d opened up, I was seeing something amazing in him.

“I promise,” he said. “I will never hurt you. And I will never ever hurt Sam. You’re both too precious to me. Whatever I do, I’ll never hurt either of you. I’ll protect you.”

“Promise?” I asked softly.

His head descended over me. I arched my neck instinctively, offering my lips.

“Promise,” he whispered sincerely. “Cross my heart and hope to die.”

As I sighed with relief, his lips pressed against mine, opening me, and I felt my body and soul offering up to him. The kiss seemed to last and last.

He laid back when it was over.

“I think that this is something Sam needs to do again,” Leroy said. “But it’s not for us to decide. Let’s leave it to Sam.”

“All right,” I agreed.

“And us?”

I shrugged.

“I’ll decide.”

He nodded.

“Fair enough,” he said. “Give me something?”

“What?”

“I’m going to try and hang out with Sam, just kind of make sure he’s okay. But after that, I’d like for you to drop by my place sometime, so we can talk.”

“So you can fuck me?” I challenged.

He surprised me by shrugging.

“I’m not going to promise not to this time,” he said. “But whatever happens, it’ll be your decision.”

I laughed softly.

“You’re such a fucking horndog. I’ll drop by,” I said. “But I’m not fucking you one on one. Even if we get hot and sweaty.”

“That still leaves possibilities…” He replied.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

“Suffer!” I told him.

He kissed me again, and I enjoyed it. I reached down, to squeeze his cock, but he was right. There was no bringing life back to that thing. Why was I even checking? I needed to get back with Sam. Speaking of Sam…

“Let’s see what Sam’s done for breakfast,” Leroy said.

When we were in the kitchen, I stepped in something wet and slimy. I pretended not to notice and just wiped my heel.

Had Sam jerked off in the kitchen?

Weird.

Of course, Leroy had to redo the breakfast Sam made. Saving grace: It was delicious. He really was a brilliant cook.

Of course, it was all about his having to prove he was better, that childish competitiveness. Sam and I exchanged looks, we knew exactly what he was doing.

Leroy: Take him to a wedding, and he'd show up wearing a bridal gown, at a funeral, he'd make a point of being better dressed and having better make up than the corpse.

That guy! I shook my head.

But this morning, it was kind of endearing. It was sunny and cheerful, and once again, he was the man, the slightly annoying man, we both felt like we could love having in our lives.

I sat in the dark booth, the door securely locked, hands on my knees, knees pressed together, feeling my heart pounding away, listening to the blood rushing around in my ears.

This was stupid, I told myself. I should leave.

Why had we agreed to another session?

At least Sam had come back from hanging out with Leroy in good spirits. They'd really bonded. I liked the fact that beyond the complicated sexual dynamics, Leroy and Sam really seemed to connect on a male friendship level.

That was totally good.

I just wasn't sure about seeing Leroy on my own. Part of me wanted to, for… reasons. Part of me was confident. Part of me felt safe. Part of me…

I felt I could trust him. One thing I'd say about him, he was honest. He didn't hide. If he was interested, he said it. But he'd also had his chance, and he'd respected me, even when I was willing.

I just wasn't sure if I trusted myself.

I was still dealing with the baggage from the cuckolding session, and especially the night that had followed. I felt uneasy, unsure of myself. Unsure of everything, actually.

So here I was, back at the Peep show. Sitting alone in a dark booth.

Why?

Fucked if I knew why I'd wound up here.

Except that I did know why I was here. I just wasn't admitting it.

This is so fucked up. I should just leave, I thought. But I didn't.

I was wet. I pressed my thighs together, trying to ignore it. Trying to ignore the butterflies in my stomach. The craving that crawled around in the back of my brain like a hungry worm.

What the fuck am I doing? I asked myself.

I was sitting here in the dark, waiting to suck a disembodied stranger's cock. No body, just an erection. My lips pressing against the head, opening around it, feeling it sliding into my tongue like a rider into a saddle.

Would there be a foreskin, would I peel it back with my hand, like some exotic fruit, or push it away with my lips? My jaw would stretch as I worked my way down the shaft. And with it, the feeling of calm that would slip over me, my cares and concerns drifting away. The sensation of contentment, of fulfillment, the feeling of peace as my world narrowed and narrowed.

God, I was squishy between my legs, I could feel it when I rubbed my thighs together, the physical motion of my hips, the muscles shifting, the wetness transferring to my panties. They were soaked through.

Cripes. How did I get this fucking wet?

This was so stupid. I decided. I checked my phone. Five minutes, I resolved. Five minutes and if nothing happens, that's a sign nothing is meant to happen, I'm just being an idiot, and I would walk out of here and forget this nonsense. I set an alarm.

I waited. I waited some more.

The alarm went off, and I jumped. Fuck!

I felt like an idiot.

Five more minutes, I decided, and that would be it. No more. This was so stupid. This was so fucked. I couldn't believe I was just sitting here. I should just stand up right now and walk out.

Don't think about what might come through that wall. Maybe it would be soft, and I could feel it harden in my mouth. Maybe it would be hard already, proud and eager. Small? Small was okay, I could do all kinds of things, as long as there was enough to have it my mouth. Or big? I could do big. Or Black? Or Asian? What would the ejaculate taste like, a lot of semen or a little? I

found myself swallowing unconsciously. It was insidious. I'd just kind of even think a little about it, and it was like I'd start to daydream.

Just fucking leave Kayley. You have two kinky athletic hung men who want to play table tennis with your vagina, and you're sitting here in a cum-smelling booth.

What the fuck is wrong with you?

It did smell of cum. How many men had ejaculated in here, onto the floor, in their hands or on tissue? Today? This week.? I imagined their moments of orgasm. The way their erections would swell with each pulse, the semen spurting from their cocks, dripping into my mouth, my tongue lapping the heads.

FUCK!

Okay, that's it. You're mentally ill, Kayley. You're cock obsessed.

Leave now! That's an order from the sane part of me!

Someone's cock protruded through the wall. I stared, all thought of leaving gone. All thought of anything gone, actually. It was Caucasian, pale white. In the dim light, it's paleness almost made it seem to glow hypnotically. The length was good, not fully erect it the shaft hung. It was circumcised, the head elegant. It waggled slowly.

It had been the phone alarm, I realized. The noise when it went off had attracted attention. Someone had peeked in, seen me sitting quietly, and… Okay, file that little bit of data away.

I didn't have to. I knew that. I didn't have to do anything. I could just walk right by it, out the door, and on my way.

Back to my life. Back to all the weird sub-dom bullshit Leroy was bringing into it, the wild excitement that was also exhausting, back to Sam's weird subby-ness, and this disturbing cruelty that it seemed to call out in me. The conflicted, messy ambiguous bullshit and edginess and uneasiness.

Oh that was so attractive. I couldn't wait to go back and wallow in a bathtub of emotional garbage.

Just leave, Kayley.

But then, I'd be letting him, whoever he was, down. That cock would go untended. If he came his semen would drip on the floor, wasted.

Not my problem.

I wondered what it would feel like if I wrapped my hand around its shaft?

Would it be hot? Would it be firm? Would it throb quickly and eagerly? Or slowly?

It wouldn't hurt to find out, I thought, licking my lips and swallowing unconsciously. Just simple curiosity, totally harmless. I was completely in control of myself. I licked my lips again. I had a lot of saliva suddenly, I had to keep swallowing it. Swallow or drool, I thought, ha ha. That would be embarrassing, people would definitely get the wrong idea and think I was drooling for it. Really, my mouth was just wet, that's all.

I knew I was staring at it, but that was okay, I could look away any time, like right now. Well, not at this specific moment, but any time I wanted. Totally, I could look away. Ignore it even, pretend it's not even there. I swallowed some more.

It's not like I was hypnotized. That would be stupid.

I realized I was standing, approaching it carefully.

I reached out, and wrapped my hand gently around the shift. Not hot, but full, heavy, thick but not rigid. The skin was like velvet and in my loose grip I could feel the shape of veins under my fingers. It was nice, it was really nice. Just holding it made me calm and happy.

"Suck it," a voice on the other side of the wall whispered. Oh fuck! Distraction!

"Shut up!" I snapped, louder and meaner than I meant to.

Immediately, I felt sorry. I hadn't meant to be so bitchy. I hoped I hadn't hurt his feelings. Even worse, he might take it away. Unconsciously, I squeezed it, feeling it pulse quickly in answer.

"Sorry," I said. "Could you… Could you just kind of… leave me alone with it. I promise, you won't regret it."

There was silence for a moment, but the cock stayed in my hand. It throbbed again, reassuringly. It felt like it was smiling at me. I smiled back at it. We had an understanding, the two of us.

"Okay," it's owner whispered on the other side of the wall. Permission granted. Now please shut the fuck up.

Gratefully, I sank to my knees in front of it, using the light of my phone to illuminate it. I wanted to say hello, to introduce myself, but that was ridiculous, it was just a piece of flesh, it had no awareness or identity.

So I just kissed it affectionately, feeling it perk up. I could tell it liked that. I kissed it again, letting my lips part. It seemed to preen, radiating pleasure. It liked me as much as I liked it. I took him in my mouth, feeling a

surge of pleasure as I felt him swell and harden under my tongue. A kind of blissful satisfied calmness stole over me, and angst and complications faded away.

I fell into it, my feelings soothing as I settled into the simplistic rhythm of the blow job, exploring it, feeling it, feeling my personality blur.

Gods, I needed this. This was perfect. I wanted the whole world to stop here. I wanted to feel him swell and come in my mouth. But then he'd be finished, and I didn't want to suck one cock after another, losing and regaining the tranquil contentment. I just wanted to suck this one endlessly, just stay with it until I was satisfied.

"Hey," I said.

"Yeah?" the voice came.

"I… uh… I kind of need this. Would you mind not coming for a while. I want to take my time."

There was a long pause. I slid my fingers around the shaft right at the base, not tight, but ready to grip hard, just in case he tried to take it away.

"How long?"

Only a few hours, was my first impulse. But then, no, he probably wouldn't go for that. An hour? No. Half an hour? Maybe? Probably not.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes?"

Silence.

"I think I can last that long."

Terrific. I was already forgetting about him, instead, my lips sank around the shaft, as I communed with my beauty, and we got to know each other. Time became fluid, and I floated, content.

When he finally came, it was like a fountain of satisfaction, I felt alive for every pulse of ejaculation, felt it fill my mouth, some of it trickling down my lips, running smoothly over the drool on my chin. I let his semen fill my mouth, enjoying the sensation before I finally allowed myself to swallow. Beyond the oral sensations of him in my mouth, him throbbing and coming, I felt this deep psychic satisfaction, even a sort of contented happiness. I just felt good, I felt complete, like everything came together as I swallowed him down.

I kept him in my mouth, keeping still so that excess pleasure did not drive him away. I waited feeling the erection fade away. Finally, I let his wet cock now so reduced, slip from my lips and disappear into its hole, leaving me with

a little sense of loss.

I pressed my forehead to the wall next to the glory hole and sighed with contentment. My panties were soaked, they were literally uncomfortable. I'd barely paid attention to my pussy.

I'd needed this.

Oh man, I'd needed this.

This was like a cure all. Shitty day at work? Tired? Stressed? Angry? Angsty? It didn't make any sense, but somehow, doing this seemed to just hit the reset button. I felt calm and focused, the problems of my life seemed small, imminently solvable. I was a new woman, ready to face the world.

Something drew my eye. On the other wall, another glory hole, another occupant. Small, hard, very dark. I thought about ignoring it, I'd had what I'd come here for, I'd gotten what I needed.

But it had a foreskin and I found myself curious as to what it would look like if I peeled it back. When he ejaculated, would it be a dribble, or a powerful spurt like a water pistol in my mouth. What would it taste like? Thick, I bet, and sweet.

Really, there was only one way to find out.

And it probably wouldn't take long.

And honestly, two wasn't bad. Two was nothing, really. Completely harmless.

Why not?

Where was the harm?

I mean, I probably shouldn't. But…

My face hovered over it, I opened wide and took him, whoever he was, into my mouth. My eyes practically rolled back into my head with psychic bliss, as I felt the shape of him on my tongue.

Just this one. Really quick. Then I'd go.

I promise.

I could even go three, I thought suddenly. Or four. That was exciting. Three or four tops, and then I'd get on with my day, I decided. No more, for sure.

Or more. I mean, I didn't have anywhere special I needed to be. No one knew I was here. No one was judging me. No one was expecting. I wasn't on a timer or anything. What if I was here all day? So what? Sucking one erection after the

other, a series of cocks ejaculating swallowing and swallowing loads of semen. The idea of it felt like it had gravity, drawing me down with this compulsive force. I moaned involuntarily.

No, this was crazy. Two and that's it. This one, and he better be fast. Then I'd leave.

Definitely.

As it turned out, it was only three. As I worked on the second one, a third appeared, so when I finished, it was only natural to go on to it.

But then as I swallowed my third load of semen there wasn't another waiting. So I decided to quit and leave, even if another showed up.

It didn't.

But if it had, I would certainly have ignored it. I was certain. Really.

So, I left.

I was very proud of my self control.

Slipping into Depravity Ch.20
==========

LEROY

Leroy heard Sam knocking on the door. He grabbed a towel for his waist, and opened wide. Sam stepped back a little. Leroy was naked, soaking wet, barely covered.

"Hermanos!" Leroy called, and embraced the younger man, wrapping wet arms around him, pressing his body.

"Uh hi," Sam replied.

"Oh yeah," Leroy said, looking down. "Sorry bud. Come on in!"

Leroy pulled Sam into the apartment.

"I was out playing hoops with some guys," he explained. "It went long. I thought I was back in time to finish a shower. Timing's off, but I'm glad you came. I've been wanting to see you."

"Oh that's okay," Sam said. "Should I come back another time?"

"Fuck no!" Leroy told him. "I've been looking forward to this. I thought we'd get out in a bit."

“Okay,” Sam said awkwardly.

“Relax,” Leroy said. “I got coffee on, there’s beer in the fridge. Help yourself. I’ll be right out.”

Leroy dropped the towel, exposing his half erect cock, knowing that Sam would look instinctively. He pretended not to notice Sam’s sudden blush, and turned on his heel, throwing the towel over his shoulder and letting its length not quite obscure his ass, and headed back to the shower.

Stepping back in the shower, Leroy ran the water, rinsing shampoo and body wash from his hair and body, thinking about how to handle the younger man.

Kayley he was handling. She was easy. Kayley was like a Chinese puzzle box, very strong, very complicated, but if you pressed the right buttons in the right way, her legs spread open automatically. Kayley alone, eventually, he could do anything with her, or to her. And eventually, he would. His cock hardened in the shower, and he stroked it casually.

Taking apart Sam? That would take more finesse.

He stepped out and grabbed some sweatpants, drying himself off as he went.

“Hey sport,” he called, walking out. “What are we having?”

“I grabbed a beer.” Sam’s eyes flickered to the loose gym pants, and the bulge in them.

That was critical, he had to keep Sam sexually intimidated. Intimidation meant deference, deference meant subordination. It was a balancing act, be too overt, push too hard, and Sam would push back, and then it would all go to shit. So basically, just a low level, but regular. Like a frog in a pan of water, or maybe a bonsai. Just raise the temperature slowly, a push here, a twist there. Never enough to provoke the wrong reaction. But eventually, he’d be twisted into the shape you wanted.

“Sounds great,” Leroy said. “Grab me one. Talk at the table, or the couch.”

“Table I guess.”

Table meant Sam was insecure and defensive. That was good. Leroy sat down at the table, sprawling on his chair, casual and comfortable. In control. He read Sam’s body language as he sat down.

“You’re not comfortable,” Leroy told Sam.

The youth stiffened.

“I’m okay.

Leroy shifted, in his chair, straightening.

“I’m not sure you are,” he said, looking Sam in the eye. “That’s why I wanted to talk to you, away from Kayley. I’ll ask you the same question, I asked the other night: Are you all right?”

Sam tried to stare back.

“I’m fine.”

“Sam,” Leroy said. “We absolutely humiliated you the other night. I took your woman away from you…” His cock hardened at the thought. “Even if it was just role play, it felt real when it was happening, didn’t it? And you came like a fountain, again and again. You got off on it. That fucks anyone up. It fucked me up back then. We need to work through it.”

Sam’s brows knit.

“It fucked you up?” he asked. “What do you mean?”

Leroy shrugged theatrically. “Oh I’ve been through it,” he lied. “That kind of devastating humiliation, and somehow liking it. It’s a powerful thing, strips away your illusions, gets you to the truth of who you are when you shed pretensions. But it’s not easy.”

“How’d you deal with it?”

Leroy pretended to laugh, and drank some beer, staring off into the distance.

“Oh,” Leroy said. “It fucked me up completely. Until I met someone who helped me work through it. I reconciled, got to know myself better. Liked myself better.”

He paused.

“The biggest, most important thing I learned,” he told Sam, “is that we don’t get through life alone. I won’t let you go through this alone. I’m here for you, brother. Women don’t understand this, it’s for men only.”

Sam stared at the table and took a deep breath, and then another.

“It was the worst thing ever,” Sam said. “It was fucking horrible. It was like all my nightmares rolled into one, the only thing missing was being naked doing a class presentation —”

“We came close to that one,” Leroy said ruefully.

Sam barked a bitter laugh. “Yeah. We did.”

“Maybe we’ll work that in next time.”

Sam sighed again.

“Kayley, I love her so much. And she was choosing you. I wasn’t even in the running. You were fucking her better than I ever had. You were doing things to her I hadn’t imagined. You were turning her into a sex slave, and she was begging you for more. It was fucking bottomless. You were like a fucking runaway bonfire together, I was like a fucking waterboy with a damp towel. It was a nightmare.”

He paused.

“But,” Sam continued, “I was super-excited through the whole thing. Crazy hard. I kept coming, and it was like a nuclear explosion each time, I hated it but I couldn’t stop it. I couldn’t turn away. I couldn’t stop it, and I didn’t even want to stop it. The more it went on…”

“The more you wanted it to go on,” Leroy said softly, “the worse it hurt. But the excited part of you just didn’t want to let it go.”

“Yeah,” Sam whispered. It was like a confession.

Leroy nodded.

“You, my brother,” he pointed at Sam, “are a first class spectator. Like just about every other human on this planet. You like to watch, and you got treated to a first class live sex show, triple XXX cubed, fourth wall breaking, senssurround. It was fucking epic. Seriously, I used to do porn, and that was award winning stuff. You got it live, you got it authentic, and you knew the players.”

“You did porn?” Sam asked.

Leroy shrugged.

“For a while,” he said. “After I left the band. Kind of fell into it. I was Richard Ramera, that was my porn name. I did okay, was up for some awards. Even did some directing. But it wasn’t for me.”

“Oh,” Sam said, staring at Leroy.

Leroy shook his head and drank his beer, pretending not to notice.

“Holy fuck,” he said. “If I hadn’t been in it, I’d have paid money to watch. Ringside seats would have gone for ten grand. You got it free, all for you, a command performance. You’d have had to be a fucking zombie not to get off.”

Sam smiled, it immediately disappeared, then flickered back on and off a few times. Amused, uncertain, ashamed.

“Your girl,” Leroy said. “She’s fucking thermonuclear. She’s fearless, she radiates sex like an atomic pile in meltdown. I was just hanging on, trying to keep up with her.”

“You were really dominating,” Sam said. “You were definitely in control”

“Yeah,” he replied. “She let me. That’s how it goes sometimes. The sub takes over, they’re really directing the action. That was happening with her. There’s no stopping her. You think she’s more than you can handle? Fuck Sam, she’s more than I can handle. Difference between you and me is she loves you like crazy. I had to just play the top card, try and be dominant and hope she goes with it and lets me pretend to be in charge.”

“Never thought of it like that,” Sam said. “It didn’t look like that.”

“You were just watching,” Leroy laughed, “I was just trying to hang on and stay on top, like one of those rodeo guys with a bucking bull. And I was trying to watch out for you, make sure you were okay and a part of things. It was tough.”

“You were suffering too,” Sam said sarcastically

Leroy barked a laugh and after a moment, Sam joined in tentatively.

“She’s something,” Leroy said admiringly.

“She is.”

“More than the two of us could keep up with,” Leroy said. “She’d leave us behind in the dust.”

Leroy paused thoughtfully.

“She ever do that?” he asked. “Like just go extreme. Talk about it. She ever tell you a fantasy where you’re going ‘Holy cow!’ How do I keep up?”

“A few times,”

Leroy looked directly at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Really?” he said. “Spill!”

Sam looked around awkwardly.

“Well,” he said, “she’s mentioned a few times, just dressing up like a hooker… not just dressing up… like dressing up yes, but really going out on the street, and turning tricks. Actually being a hooker. For the adventure.”

Leroy thought about it.

“On the street? Not massage parlour. Not brothel. Not escort? Not bars? Street?”

“Street.”

“Street?”

“Definitely, out on the street. Getting picked up by passing cars. Total strangers. Buying her. Going up to a sleazy hotel room and doing it for fifty cash.”

“That’s raw!” Leroy said. “Girl’s hard core. Just like once or twice, or the whole night?”

“I dunno,” Sam said, “She’s stubborn, if the did it, if she committed to it, I don’t think she’d stop with just one. Unless it was bad experience. Otherwise, maybe a few times. We haven’t talked about it in detail. But… I think in her fantasy, she’s probably out all night.”

“Hmmm,” Leroy grunted. “This sounds like a really strong fantasy for her, but she’s not going into that much detail with you. Holding back? Did she ever mention having you as a pimp in the fantasy?”

“Not really.” Sam’s brows knit. “No.”

“There,” Leroy said. “Street hooker’s and pimps, the two go together, part and parcel. If she’s got a street hooker fantasy… She probably has a pimp in her fantasy there making her.”

“Girl’s got a submissive streak.” Leroy pretended to think a moment. “Definitely there’s a pimp, she never mentioned it. Doesn’t really go into detail?”

“Well,” Sam said. “Sometimes. We talk locations. Or outfits. Sometimes, kinds of customers… But no, not a lot of detail.”

Leroy nodded.

“Never talked role playing it?”

“No.”

Let Sam think about that and draw his own humiliating conclusions.

“She ever dress up?” he asked. “Like for role play.”

Sam shrugged evasively. Leroy nodded, the youth was thinking about it now.

“She ever want to drive by real hookers, check them out. Drive through the

districts…"

"Maybe," Sam shrugged evasively. That told Leroy enough, all by itself. Even if she never intended to really act on it, she had a very specific fantasy.

Sam didn't seem suspicious of Leroy's questions, but he didn't seem to want to talk about it. Sam seemed distracted, as if he was wondering why, if this seemed to be such a strong fantasy for Kayley, she hadn't really shared much detail with him. Leroy could almost see the wheels turn in Sam's head, wheels he'd set in motion. Time to move on.

"Anything else," Leroy probed. "Any dirty dark fantasy?"

Sam shrugged.

"Gangbangs," Sam said.

"Oh yeah?" Leroy encouraged.

"Completely anonymous, strangers, just one after the other. Sometimes different races. I guess all the usual…"

Leroy wanted more, but judged it mined out for the time being. These weren't unique fantasies, but every woman had their little variations, their little triggers, their details.

If he kept pushing for Kayley's fantasies, Sam would start to resist. That was okay, he'd gotten things he could use. He could come back to it later.

Sam would eventually trickle out all her little secrets. Very carefully, encouraging or being a confidant for offhand remarks, bragging, complaints, confessions, Leroy would extract all of Kayley's weaknesses, her cues, her susceptibilities, the secret hidden desires, including the ones she confessed to Sam, and the ones she hinted.

Even the ones that Sam or even Kayley herself didn't realize were there, revealed in casual comments, if you knew what to recognize and were patient.

In the meantime, he'd driven another little chink into the foundation of their relationship. Sam was wondering a little now, as to what she told him, and what she held back.

Leroy would build on that too, quietly inserting mistrust and suspicion between them, pushing them apart from each other, and into his influence.

"That girl," Leroy said. "She's a firecracker. I'll admit, I was shocked. She got really into the cuck thing."

"You said that, afterwards," Sam said.

Leroy nodded. “Yep, I did. I didn’t expect it. There were times, especially when she was messing with you, it didn’t feel like role play at all. It felt real. I’d feel like I had to pull her back. Or she’d have to stop and remind herself. Did you notice that?”

“Yeah,” Sam said. “She kept saying it was a role play.”

“And then go right back to it,” Leroy noted. “There was no restraint at all.”

Leroy held up a finger and pointed.

“You? I could tell you were into it,” Leroy said. “And I could feel you conflicted. I knew it would mess you up. I expected that. What I didn’t expect was how much she was into it, and it didn’t mess her up at all, she had no doubts, no reservations.”

Leroy fixed his eyes on Sam. He’d already driven that wedge, time to open it a little more.

“You had no idea at all?” he said. “She never let on? Never mentioned. Or is this another thing, a little kink she had, but didn’t really share?”

Sam took a deep breath.

“I suppose,” he said. “I mean, we liked the flirting game. And you know… going further. But… I mean, I guess looking back, there are signs…”

Sam shrugged helplessly.

Now that Leroy had pointed him there, got him thinking about it, Sam would go through his memories, looking at things in new ways. He’d find signs, even if they weren’t really there. That was how people worked, you planted the right seed, and it would work its way into memories, bring re-evaluations and reappraisals, and eventually, they’d just remember different.

“Fucked up,” Leroy said casually, “that someone you love puts you through a wringer like that. There’s role play, and there’s a certain humiliation play, but… Man!”

The word choice was careful — ‘someone you love’ not ‘someone that loves you.’

He let that simmer for a moment.

“You know what?” Leroy said. “Women are complicated. There’s all sorts of shit that goes through their head. Just because she worked you over, that doesn’t mean she doesn’t love you completely, with all her heart and soul. It could be some buried resentment.”

Let that sink in. Let Sam wonder if he was pissing her off, or if he’d done something to piss her off. Let him imagine resentment, and he’d start to see

it. Then he'd start to see hostility. He'd start to be careful, cautious, in retreat.

"Or," Leroy continued, "maybe she just has this dom or cruel streak and it got off the leash."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah," Leroy said. He'd stuck the needles deep into Sam. He needed to ease off a little, offer some reassurance. "You and her. You guys are absolutely solid. Kayley and me… that's just fresh cock syndrome. She loves you though."

"Fresh cock syndrome?" Sam took the bait.

"Yeah," Leroy said casually. "You know how it is. People love something new, not the usual. A married man loves a new pussy, even if it feels the same. A girl loves fresh cock. I'm fresh cock. I'm brand new, so she goes a little crazy for it."

Leroy shrugged.

"It wears off. She gets used to it. Then she goes back to you."

"Oh," Sam said, relief barely concealed. "Okay."

He seemed mollified by the idea that Leroy was, at least in some ways, a temporary thing. That he'd regain his ground, that Kayley would drift back to him.

Particularly, he wouldn't have to do anything, Kayley would get used to Leroy, or get bored, and then she'd go back to Sam. Leroy was happy to put the idea in his head. It encouraged passivity, going with the flow, letting Leroy do whatever he wanted without resistance.

"This shit," Leroy continued, "this is just a game, a fantasy thing. She has lots of fantasies, everyone does. Some so extreme it's hard for her to talk about or even admit. She hides. Well, she shared with you, that's a good thing. She felt safe enough, confident enough, to let her flag fly. That's healthy. For both of you."

"Safe," Sam said. "She used that word."

"Really?"

"Yes," Sam said. "When we kind of started taking these steps, with you and Derek, she told me a few times that I made her feel safe. It gave her the strength to… do it."

Interesting, Leroy thought. It was an insight into Kayley, how to ease her past boundaries and orders. Not so much drag her or force her into something,

which he might have tried to do given her submissiveness. But rather, open a door in front of her and just make her feel safe to go through it, a little push and reassurance from behind.

He filed it away to use later.

“And you’re still giving her strength,” Leroy said. “To explore, to be herself, to be brave.”

Leroy held up his beer.

“That is admirable, my brother,” he said. “I know it’s tough on you. But you’re giving strength and that’s beautiful. Salut!”

Sam lifted his, and they clinked beer cans in an awkward toast.

“All I have to do is go round and round in the cement mixer,” Sam said morosely.

“It’ll get better,” Leroy said. “You’re feeling better now, aren’t you?”

Sam paused.

“Surprisingly… Yes.”

Leroy nodded. Dealing with shit. That was a natural human process, if allowed the opportunity, mostly people could get over anything. The key was to get them to deal with it the way you wanted them to deal with it.

“Maybe I took the wrong approach,” Leroy said thoughtfully.

“What do you mean?”

“Bear with me,” Leroy leaned forward, towards Sam, “I figured, that since the two of you were so tight, and honestly, I liked you. I wanted you to be in there with us. A participant, part of the events. The camera thing, that was a good role — spectator plus. I wanted you to have some ownership.”

Sam nodded.

“But this is a difficult thing,” Leroy said. “I figured if I watched out for you, I could make sure you were okay. But…”

“Still a fucking nightmare,” Sam said. “Maybe even made it worse.”

Leroy nodded soberly.

“There’s the other approach. Sit in the cuck chair, just watch, don’t do anything at all, but jerk off. We don’t acknowledge, no talk. It’s like you’re a ghost… Maybe that would have been easier? We could do that?”

Sam thought about it.

“I don’t know… No,” he said awkwardly. “As tough as it was… I don’t know that being a ghost would be better. It feels… Worse.”

“We could just stop,” Leroy offered. “I know we’d all agreed to another session. But we don’t have to do it.”

He paused.

“The trouble is, I don’t think Kayley wants to stop…”

Sam absorbed this.

“And I don’t know that you should,” Leroy said. “I know it’s tough, but it’s a journey, and I think you need to see it to the end. And yeah, you get off on it, I think it’s important to come to grips with that part of yourself.”

Sam nodded thoughtfully, still reserved. Leroy played his next card.

“I know we were talking about Saturday coming up… But I’m kind of committed on the weekend. I was thinking a Wednesday or Thursday.”

Sam frowned.

“A week night?” he said. “I don’t know, we both have work the next day… that kind of constrains it. I think we… Kayley, would rather the weekend.”

“Yeah,” Leroy said, “I think she would. But I got stuff to take care of, like I said.”

He put his hand on Sam’s wrist, staring into his eyes.

“Hermanos, Buddy, can I be straight with you?”

“Sure,” Sam said.

Leroy nodded. “I could maybe make the weekend work, really tough but maybe. Easier if I don’t. But here’s the thing… do you remember the night.”

Sam froze.

“I kept waking up with her mouth on my cock,” he said. “Normally, that’s a good thing. But the trouble was… she wouldn’t stop. She wouldn’t let go the role play. Some of the things she was saying… did you hear?”

“I heard,” Sam said quietly.

“That wasn’t me, Sam,” Leroy said. “The session was over, but she wasn’t

stopping, She was driving. I was fucking her, but she was in control, and she couldn't stop. It was almost scary. I kept thinking it was too much. Too rough on you."

Memory was fluid, Leroy had learned. If you were careful, you could tell people to remember something a certain way, and it was like they'd forget what really happened, and just remember it the way you wanted them to.

It had worn him down, spending the night breaking the little bitch until she was finally saying and doing what he wanted the way he wanted. The cunt had actually snuck out to cuddle on the couch, he'd had to bring her back, and force her to suck his cock until he was finally hard enough to go at it. It had taken forever. Then even after, he'd had to hold her back from trying to sneak off again. It had been exhausting.

But now, Sam was uncertain, and open. Leroy was sliding in a different slant — Kayley as insatiable for Leroy's cock, unwilling to stop the cuckolding, refusing to let the role go… Sam would start to remember it Leroy's way. Managed carefully, that would become the memory.

Kayley as a whoring, betraying bitch, hooked on Leroy's cock, and hooked on humiliating Sam.

That was how he wanted Sam to think. Leroy was confident he'd get there. You just had to introduce the idea the right way, and keep tapping it.

"Fresh cock syndrome, right?" Sam said, blushing, clearly looking for reassurance.

"You got it, Sport," Leroy said.

"Anyway," he continued. "I don't want to sleep over. She needs space to let it go, she needs to be with you. This time, I come over, I spend a few hours. I go home, you settle in together."

Subliminal message: I'm giving you your woman.

The message behind that: She's mine now to give to you.

Sam wouldn't consciously think of it like that. But it would float around in his subconscious, making him just a little more insecure, a little more pliable.

He paused.

"Honest?" Leroy said. "I love all us sleeping in the same bed, waking up together, it was like a family we made. But after a session? Too powerful."

"I think you're right," Sam nodded. "That would be better."

Leroy's real reasons were different. He'd found that one of the best weapons for control was distraction. You laid down the rules, introduced the ideas, set the pattern, but there was always resistance — particularly if they had time to think it over, to reflect, to talk, to wonder where things were going and what they meant.

You wanted them tired, confused, distracted. Pulled in other directions, dealing with other matters. You wanted their attention diverted, so they'd wrestle with other more immediate things, and just find themselves going along or accepting what you were trying to train them into.

Yes, Kayley's sexual appetites had worn him down, and that was a factor. But he was confident in his ability to completely exhaust both of them, particularly her, through a session. It was just a matter of managing them.

That was the key: When he was ready to let them go, and return to his home, they'd be worn to the point of passing out. There'd be no bonding, no recovery, no 'couples time' — they'd just pass out together. They'd just crash and go to sleep the way they'd left him. Any second thoughts would wait until the morning.

But in the morning, there'd be no time or energy for second thoughts. They'd be consumed by the immediacies of the day. They'd have to get up tired, go to work, spend an eight hour day, and eventually come home exhausted and fatigued. No sex, hopefully, no discussions, no reflection or processing.

Meanwhile, he'd have made his mark, worked his changes, and left them exhausted and harried for time, with no opportunity or inclination to think things over.

Distracted, they'd be more accepting of his ideas, his dominance, tired, going with the flow, too pulled in too many directions to really think for themselves or compare their thoughts.

"I'll call Kayley," Leroy said. "About the change."

"I could just talk to her."

"Let me," he said. 'I want to have her out for coffee.' He winked. "I want to talk to her, see how she's handling it as well. Spend time with our clothes on."

Sam laughed politely.

"While I do that," he said, "I'll talk to her about a week night, get her to go along with it, even if it's a little inconvenient."

Leroy paused.

"I get the sense," he said, "it's a little difficult for you to talk about

some of this with her."

Sam nodded. Leroy had done his best to make it difficult for him, to try and drive a wedge into their communication. This was part of that, under his concern, a subtle message 'you can't talk freely to her about this.'

He patted Sam's wrist. "It's okay, I understand. I" ll talk to her for you. We'll get it sorted out."

"Yeah," Sam said, he stared at his beer. "I guess. You're right. I'll mention you want to talk to her privately about it. And that it's okay with me."

Again, Leroy judged this acceptance was as far as he could push. Time to change the subject, inject more energy.

"Hey," Leroy said, "do you have the video you took."

Sam almost relaxed with the shift from the abstract contemplation of his sexual humiliation, to something tangible and concrete.

"Uhm yes," Sam replied. "It's still on my phone."

"I'd love to take a look," Leroy said. Sam hesitated. "I am in it after all."

"I guess," Sam said, pulling out his phone.

"You know," Leroy told him, "we can watch it on my big screen TV."

Sam looked surprised.

"Sure," he said. "I got the software. We just hook up to my laptop. You haven't done it."

"Not really," Sam said. "We have it, but haven't really checked it out."

Leroy grinned.

"Let's do it!"

Sam smiled awkwardly, and, shrugging, produced his phone.

"But first," Leroy said, he turned to head to the bathroom, "after this beer, I got to piss like a racehorse. How about you?"

"Yeah," Sam said, standing awkwardly. He followed, till he was standing outside the bathroom while Leroy went in.

Leroy didn't close the door, he just stood at the toilet and let it rip, the sound carrying clearly.

“Kayley thinks that’s funny,” Sam said, to cover the awkwardness. He couldn’t see Leroy’s dick, but he could see the edge of the golden stream as it fell into the toilet.

“What’s funny?”

“Pissing like a racehorse,” Sam said. “The way it goes on and on for men. She jokes about it.”

“Huh,” Leroy said, considering this bit of information. “She ever watch?”

“What?”

“Nothing,” Leroy said. “I’m done. Your turn.”

Leroy leaned on the washroom doorway, diverting attention from the admission by making random small talk, while Sam urinated self-consciously. It probably didn’t mean anything. But you never knew, maybe it did.

The two men proceeded to the living room, and Sam took the couch while Leroy popped open his laptop and plugged it in.

Laying the phone visibly on the coffee table, Leroy bent over the laptop so that Sam couldn’t see, and activated copying software designed to download the phone’s entire content and create a virtual clone of it, in his system. That would give him access to a lot of Sam’s electronic life.

The television screen lit up. On a separate program, he opened a channel to the phone. A root directory came up, and Leroy scrolled it. A lot of pictures, smaller video clips, he ignored the temptation to peak. There would be plenty of time later.

And one particularly immense video file. Leroy tapped it, an image of Leroy and Kayley appeared on the television big screen. Leroy closed the laptop and sat down next to Sam.

“You guys haven’t watched it at all,” Leroy asked. “Have you even downloaded it?”

Sam shrugged awkwardly.

“We haven’t really talked about it. I don’t know, I feel we’re avoiding it a little. It’s not just sex…”

“It’s the things that got said,” Leroy nodded sagely. “I get that. Heat of role play… kind of difficult.”

“Yeah,” Sam said quickly.

“Okay,” Leroy said. “This is good, we’ll watch it together. It’ll be easier

than you watching with Kayley."

Leroy had an app or two he wanted to install, but cloning came first. He might have a chance, or he might not. He worked quickly to set up the clone without tipping off Sam.

On the television, Leroy was talking earnestly to Sam, whose voice came through. The 'rules' — Leroy noted that Kayley was a little restless when he'd been instructing Sam. She didn't like being left out. Another little thing to file away. He'd have to watch the video a few times after Sam was gone, focus on how she reacted to things.

Fucking a girl, you missed stuff, the bull-cock urge to drive into them, to dominate them and bend them the way you wanted was delirious. But it meant you inherently overlooked stuff, good reactions, bad reactions, signified by expressions, narrowing of eyes, special choice of words, tones of voice, how quickly or slowly they reacted. If you watched a video carefully, you could pick up things to help you break her harder, next time.

"That part goes on too long," Leroy commented. Sam glanced away from the screen, up at him. Leroy didn't mind talking over this part, subliminal reinforcement worked best when the subject was a little distracted.

"I got to say, Buddy," Leroy said, "you really need to download, or even delete it. Either way, you don't want to be walking around with a file like this on your phone."

"Yeah," I guess.

"Seriously, dude," Leroy said. "What if your phone got stolen? Or hacked?"

'For instance, the way I'm doing now.' Leroy clamped down on the thought.

"Yeah."

"Seriously compromising stuff."

"I'll do it when I get home."

On screen, Kayley was in close up finishing her speech. The phone was being handed back to Sam. Leroy's 'shut the fuck up, Sam,' lecture came through clearly. Tnen he began to make out with Kayley.

"Okay," Leroy said, "creepy part is over, we're getting to the good stuff!"

And it was good. Kayley exuded a natural sensuality, and she responded so vividly, so intimately to Leroy's touches and kisses on screen, that he was fascinated in spite of himself. A quick glance at Sam's trousers showed that the younger man was already hard.

Leroy hadn't shown it then, but the cuckold session had left him a little intimidated. Sam just didn't stop getting hard, and Leroy was pretty sure it was all natural, the fucker. five minutes after he blew, Sam's erection was well on its way to returning, if it even went away. And he seemingly had an unlimited ability to keep coming back, a half dozen times or more.

Leroy, in contrast, had to prolong as long as he could, and when he came, it was an hour or more before he'd be ready to go, and if he managed three times in a night, it felt like a fucking miracle. And that was pumped to the gills with viagra.

"Look at that," Leroy said, as they watched Kayley kiss, "she's all over me. I didn't have to do anything, she just leaned into every kiss. She was so fucking hungry for me. Every touch, she just shivered."

Just casually undermining Sam with a remark.

"Fresh cock, Syndrome," Leroy reassured him.

Up on the screen, Kayley kissed Leroy passionately, she pushed her breasts against him, sighing. Eyelids fluttering, she took Leroy's hand and licked each finger like a cock. Sam watched, fascinated, eyes wide as saucers.

"It was so fucking hot when she did that," Leroy said. "You know, I swear she kept forgetting you were there at all. She'd be going, right into it… Look, I'm taking her panties off. Look at her face, Sam. Look at that bliss. She's so into it."

Kayley's expression as she lifted her hips was glazed with lust, grinning devilishly. She squirmed from Leroy's hands under her skirt. Although he'd filmed it, Sam moaned on the couch alongside Kayley onscreen as the panties came into view.

"She would just forget you were there, I could feel her getting into it, just blocking out the rest of the world. Then she'd remember you, you could tell, she'd stiffen a little, and she'd start talking…"

The camera focused on Kayley, disheveled, half dressed, her expression hungry and fierce. "He fingered me…," she seemed to look out at them from the television screen, she'd been looking directly at the camera. "You were there… you did nothing… You just sat there in a chair, doing nothing, nothing at all you worthless little cuck."

Leroy talked over the words, he didn't want them overwhelming Sam. "Girl has a nasty mouth. I couldn't believe how she was getting into it. Role play right, but she made it hard to tell."

On screen, she returned to making out with Leroy.

"Okay, he said," back to the good stuff."

Kayley was kissing him passionately, her mouth open and hungry. You could see how flushed she was, how clearly aroused and eager. Leroy wanted to make sure Sam saw it, he wanted it hammered into Sam how hot his wife had been for Leroy's touch… and how she kept forgetting Sam was even there. Leroy stroked his cock through his pants, keeping an eye on Sam. The younger man was definitely rigid, but too timid to stroke it, even in his pant. Leroy smiled.

Psychological warfare: Leroy used Sam's high sexual potential against him. During each of their sessions, Leroy had worked to get Sam so hyper-excited that he came quickly with Kayley during their sessions, or spoiling his orgasms so he shot premature, or at the wrong time, or not at all.

Or alternately, exhausting Kayley to the point where she barely reacted to Sam, or distracted so carefully that she was unable to come with him. Making sure that he, Leroy, was the one that made her come, right in front of Sam. Talking Kayley to be extra loud for him, but dead quiet for Sam. Just continually carefully showing up Sam in all sorts of ways, making sure he woke to Leroy fucking his wife, or subtly taking control away from Sam during sex.

He was intent on hammering a sense of sexual inadequacy into the younger man, making him less capable, more deferential and submissive.

Watching the video, replaying Kayley's obvious arousal and Sam's enforced submission was part of that. But it needed careful managing, too harsh, the video humiliation too brutal, Sam would shut down. Leroy needed to emphasize the raw sensuality and sexuality of the scene, to fascinate Sam, to make him hard or hungry. The humiliation would be swallowed almost unconsciously, becoming part of his arousal.

"This is where she strips," Leroy said leaning forward. "Fucking watch this Sam. My God, she's gorgeous. You're an amazing cameraman."

Up on the screen, Kayley was naked, in Leroy's arms, her breasts firm, her nipples taut and hard. She writhed like a goddess, her expression commanding and confident. Her smile told everything, this was a woman who knew exactly how hot she was, and was loving it. Kayley reveled in her nudity, in being revealed.

"Look at that," Leroy said, "right between her legs, that beaver shot, you can see how wet she is."

It was true, as she twisted in Leroy's arms, as her hips moved, they could see her pussy lips already parted. Her inner thighs were shiny with sweat or seeping lubrication. Her expression was radiant, heavy lidded, knowing.

"Look at her face," Leroy said. "She knows she's going to get fucked, and she wants it."

The video moved on, Kayley crawling onto the bed. Then on her back, knees

raised and legs spread, willingly offering her body up to impending surrender to a new master. The camera lens zoomed in on Kayley's wet pussy. It filled the screen in exquisite detail, The spread thighs, the pubes and pubic mound and at the center the delicate lips, clearly parted and shining, already dilated with eagerness to be claimed.

"This," Leroy narrated on screen, "is an exquisite pussy. It's fucking perfect, inside and out, and I know, because I've been inside. Just look at it. Smooth as silk, perfectly shaved, not a stray hair, no blemishes, balanced pubes, lips made for fingering. And that clit? Gorgeous!"

On the couch, Sam was fascinated, almost hypnotized. Carefully, Leroy unzipped and slid his cock out, slowly stroking it.

"Now she's going to get claimed," Leroy announced. "See that big fucking dick up there, Sam, it's going to go in and fill her up, and she's going to love it."

Sam nodded, utterly captivated. Only slowly, he became aware that Leroy's erection was out right beside him. Leroy kept a side eye on Sam, watching the dawning awareness. Then the nervous glance.

"Fuck," Leroy said, on screen his cock head was burying itself in Kayley, casually pushing her pussy lips into a new configuration.

Sam was torn, unable to tear himself away from the erection on screen, while disturbed by live the erection beside him.

"Look at that. I was fucking her so slow, just going in, and I could feel her! I could feel how wet and tight she was! I could feel that pussy just tremble around my cock."

On screen, Kayley's moans filled the room.

Leroy pretended to finally notice Sam's nervous attention. He laughed.

"Jesus, Sam," he said. "How many times have we been naked together with Kayley? We slept in the same bed naked. I think we should be used to each other's junk."

"Kayley's not here," Sam said tentatively.

Leroy laughed and looked him directly in the face. "She's up there on the fucking screen. Don't make me feel weird Sam. This is the hottest porno ever made, and we both know the star. Get it out, I know you're fucking hard right now."

Sam blushed deeply. Leroy indicated the big TV screen, where his giant sized penis was thrusting into Kayley's vagina. He pointedly looked to it, while stroking slowly and methodically. From the corner of his eye, Leroy saw Sam

fishing his cock out, and self consciously started to jerk it while staring fixedly at the screen.

Leroy allowed himself a smile. Sam was rock hard, but it was the only firm thing about him. His nerves were keyed up. He'd either lose his erection or come fast, either way, Leroy would win, and Sam would feel inadequate.

"Oh god, Leroy," Kayley gasped up on screen. 'I can feel it. I can feel you stretching me apart, opening me, bit by bit, the further you go.' She threw back her head, her eyes closing. "It feels incredible. It's like nothing I've ever felt before. I can feel everything, I can feel you in me shaping me around your cock as it goes in."

"Oh god, Leroy," she panted on screen. "This is different. This feels so different. This feels consequential. It's not just fucking, this is more profound. It's on deeper levels, more levels."

"…I want it, I want it more than anything I've ever wanted in my life. I need it. I can't explain. It's like a compulsion, an irresistable compulsion, a drive. It scares me, but I can't resist it. I don't want to resist it."

Sam had fallen back into something akin to a trance state, he stared at the screen, letting the sight of Kayley's vagina relentlessly despoiled fill his mind, letting Kayley's words blot out all thought.

On screen, Kayley's orgasm erupted, they watched the reddish flush, the sudden whitish discharge all around his thrusting cock as her lubrication went into overdrive and her pussy creamed, the tremble and sudden seizure of her pussy on big screen in incredible fine detail, and her cried of ecstasy.

"Oh god," she sighed on screen, It's done. It's over. I can feel it all the way down to my core. I'm different now, I'm owned, completely and totally owned, a posssion, a piece of property, an object."

The woman on the television screen turned her head, looking directly at the camera, seeming to look out through the screen directly at the spectators, and particularly at Sam. Kayley's face was filled with passion and exhausted conviction, an expression of both submission and satisfaction, as she said, "I'm Leroy's now!"

Sam actually moaned in response, his body stiffening. For a moment, Leroy thought the boy might ejaculate right at that moment. But somehow, he didn't make it.

On screen the video shifted to Leroy's savagely fucking Kayley, switching from her body giving way under pounding, and her blissful expression in close ups. Leroy noted that Sam's masturbation sped up whenever the image zoomed in on her face.

"Over here…" Leroy called on onscreen, the camera angle shifted rapidly

becoming distorted. As it straightened and stabilized, the view became Kayley's face, slack and fuck-drunk, glazed with sexual exhaustion, held up by the hair. "You got to catch this, this is going to be so good, so momentous. I took her cunt, now she gives head. You want to suck that cock, don't you, bitch?"

"Yesssss," she drawled on screen, her jaw working slowly staring at the cock head looming in front of her. She licked her lips unconsciously, her jaw dropping in automatic eagerness.

"Yeah," Leroy told the lost girl. 'You want to kiss it, you want to lick it, you want it sliding between your lips, down your throat.' Kayley moaned. "I need it." "Fucking right you need it. Look at it."

As they watched, Kayley took Leroy's cock into her mouth, an expression of bliss filling the screen. Sam watched helplessly, obsessively. Leroy waited a moment, allowing the Kayley on screen to fall into her blow job, and to drag Sam after her.

Then casually, he reached over and wrapped his hand around Sam's cock. Sam stiffened, turning to look at Leroy. But Leroy ignored him, focusing entirely on the blow job on screen. For a moment, Sam hung indecisive, and then Leroy stroked slowly downwards. The blow job on screen was too overwhelming. Sam moaned with pleasure, surrendering, his hands falling away as he gave up control to Leroy.

"She loves that cock," Leroy spoke out loud. "You can see in her face how much she loves. It almost makes you want to suck it."

"She's beautiful, isn't she," Leroy said on screen, as he pulled his Kayley's submissive gorgeous body onto her back, preparing to throat fuck her, his hands sliding over her frame. They watched Kayley's body on the big television, conquered, submissive squirming and writhing to the touch, but offering no resistance at all, she had completely surrendered. "She's my property. Make sure you get every inch of her. I want it all," came Leroy's voice

On screen, Leroy began his throat fucking of his willing conquest. Sam watched captivated as Kayley swallowed Leroy's length, her throat bulging with each thrust.

Leroy could hear Sam gasping, sense the absolute fascination of the youth as his cock stiffened and beads of precum worked their way steadily from Sam's cockhead, lubricating Leroy's fingers. Leroy tightened his grip on Sam's cock, stroking harder and faster, waiting for his moment, until…

"You could suck it, you know," Leroy said casually, "I would let you."

"What?" Sam had been so completely occupied by the incredibly erotic spectacle of Kayley's sexual violation on screen, that the words hadn't quite

registered. It took a moment for the words and their significance seep into his mind, shocking and disorienting him.

He looked at Leroy, but the older man ignored him, acting as if he hadn't spoken, all the while his hand, with a will of its own, stroked Sam's cock, inciting unbearable pleasure.

But by now Sam was rushing past the point of no return. Whether it was the images and sounds on screen, or Leroy's steady hand on his penis, or simply the shock and disorientation, Sam found himself rushing uncontrollably towards orgasm. Suddenly, his hips lifted, and with cries of ecstasy, he began to spurt wildly. Leroy only squeezed harder, increasing the tempo until the older man's hand was a blur, and Sam was writhing helplessly in one of the harshest strongest orgasms of his life.

When it was over, Leroy took his hand off the gasping youth's cock, and casually wiped off with some kleenex. He passed the box over to Sam to clean himself. Onscreen, Kayley's violation continued, temporarily forgotten.

"Fuck," Leroy said, he'd already put his cock away, so as not to draw Sam's attention. He hadn't come, but Sam didn't need to dwell on that or what it meant. "That's one hot video. And it's not even half through."

He turned to Sam. "I would really like to make a copy of that," he told Sam. "I mean, come on, I'm half of it after all. It's me up there."

"But Kayley…" Sam protested.

"She doesn't have to know," Leroy grinned. "It'll just be between us. I'll never mention it, and I promise not to show. This is private. I mean, it's just too good."

"Well…" Sam was too scattered to put up any resistance. "I guess."

"Terrific," Leroy said. "We won't tell Kayley. She wouldn't understand."

"Yeah," Sam said, uncertainly.

Leroy stepped over to the laptop, allowing the video to continue to run, opened the screen and pretended to fiddle with it, as if to copy a video file. An indicator told him that less than half the phone's information had been cloned so far.

"Okay," Leroy said, slamming it shut. "Done. It's a big file, it'll take a while to copy. Tell you what, this has been a little too intense. Let's get the fuck out of here. I know this strip club, fucking gorgeous dancers, private shows. Why don't I take you there?"

"Okay," Sam said. "What about my phone."

“We’ll just leave it here,” Leroy grinned. “Kayley doesn’t need to know about the strip club either.”

Slipping into Depravity, Ch. 21
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SAM

Honestly, I was just glad to get the fuck out of Leroy’s place. It had started off well, and I actually felt positive about talking it out with him, more relaxed, less disturbed.

But then we’d started watching the video and it had gotten weird. It had been the first time I’d seen it since we’d played last week, and maybe that had been a mistake. Kayley and I should have made a point of watching it together. We’d made other videos together, and it had always been wild to watch and fuck while watching. But we’d shied away from this one.

Maybe if I’d watched, I might have been more inoculated against it.

As it was? Fuck, it turned out to be a freaky experience. Incredibly hot and humiliating at once.

On the one hand, it was incredibly hot. It turns out that actually having another live person holding the camera or phone without distractions brought a whole new dimension of intensity that we’d never captured trying to hold the phone on each other, or having it propped up somewhere.

This was the hottest video Kayley had ever made.

I just wasn’t in it.

Another guy, Leroy, had been doing her. That was exciting, weird, disorienting. I’d seen or listened to Leroy fuck Kayley several times now, and it always threw me. Especially with the way his cock was bigger and harder, the way he fucked her better than I did, and the way she enjoyed it so much more. But now, it was particularly disorienting, almost pulverizing.

I had been there, watching, filming, literally being directed. My witnessing had been demanded. So there was a weird deja vu, I was watching, seeing things, I’d already watched and seen, but now there was a peculiar second perspective. I was seeing it differently, from the video angle and zooms, from seeing it on the big screen, to just seeing it. The first time, I’d been focused, not just on the sex, but on recording it. Now I was watching it raw, nothing to do but watch it.

But mainly, as I watched, it was Kayley and she was incredibly hot. Her personality, her sexuality, her sexual energy blazed off the screen, and I just watched. I could forget, somewhat, that it was Leroy there, even forget I’d been there recording. She’d move, her body would tremble, there’d be an

expression on her face, or even a sigh, a moan or a few words and nothing else would matter. It was all her, it was all about her. And it was glorious.

Even though I'd been there, watching the video afterwards showed me these amazing new aspects of her. It was a sensual masterpiece.

Except for the dialogue. Thankfully, Leroy had talked through most of it. Looking back, it felt like he'd made a point of talking over it while we watched, as if to distract me from what she was saying in it. I was grateful for that. It felt deliberate, like he was protecting me, and if it was… I was really grateful. It's one of those things that showed what a genuinely good guy he was deep down, beneath the surface bullshit.

Because that dialogue was fucking hard to take, a constant slurry of insults and humiliation.

And it had got weirder after that. Getting our penises out to masturbate while watching. Letting Leroy jerk me off. What he'd said near the end… Had he said it? Had I imagined it?

Leroy picked up on how unsettled I was.

So now we were in a strip club right up at the stage, watching a naked blonde woman, with big fake breasts and fishnet stockings, twirl around a pole. Leroy sat next to me and put a rum and coke on the shelf in front of me.

"I figured you might want something stronger," he told me over the blare of Eminem. Strippers liked that old stuff. "You seemed a little rattled. You okay, bud?"

"Yeah," I said, "thanks."

I picked it up.

"See what I mean though," he said. "About how she was into it?"

I shrugged. Yeah, that was pretty inescapable. Watching it had given a whole new dimension to her participation, particularly her dialogue.

Leroy stared at me rather than the stripper.

"Are you okay, bud?" He asked again.

"Yeah."

He stared, not satisfied with the answer.

"When we jerked each other off," he said finally. "That's bugging you?"

I glanced quickly at him, and then away.

“Yeah.”

He laughed, turning to watch the stripper. He reached into his wallet for some bills, waving them. The blonde stripper noticed and squatted in front of us, her pussy on display. She bent forward, waggling her breasts.

“Oh that’s nothing,” he said. “Fuck, you remember high school. Back in the locker room or the showers, boys would jerk each other off. I remember once, out in the woods with my best friend, he’d found one of his Dad’s old porno magazines, and we jerked each other off to it.”

He stuck a couple of bills in the stripper’s stocking.

“We all did that,” he concluded. “It felt better having someone else do it, than to do it ourselves. Just part of growing up. Getting comfortable with our bodies.”

“I didn’t,” I said. “I heard about it though. That kind of thing.”

He was right, it was a common enough experience in puberty. But we weren’t kids. Leroy laughed at that, and clapped me on the shoulder.

“Then I’m glad to have helped you regain an essential growing experience,” he told me. “Although I noticed you weren’t really holding up your end.”

He paused, and handed me some bills.

“Feed her a couple,” he told me. “She’s giving us a show.”

“I’m okay,” I said.

He shrugged, held up a bill and twirled. Obediently, the stripper turned around, presenting her bare ass, and went to her knees, bending forward so that her elbows were on stage. Her platform spiked heels dangled off the edge and she twerked slowly.

I noticed that she had four small gold rings in her pussy lips, two on each side.

“It’s okay, Sam,” he told me. “You’re not gay, trust me. We were watching a porno of a girl we both fucked hard, together and separate. It’s a pretty fucking natural thing.”

Something about the way he said it, almost made it sound like she was property, an object we fucked or claimed rights to. While I was trying to process that, he slipped bills into the stripper’s stockings on both sides.

“You know, Dude,” he told me. “I love you guys, both of you. But Sam, you’re wound a little tight. You know that? You’re a little repressed. You need to

loosen up a bit."

"I guess," I shrugged, watching.

Her pussy was so different from Kayley's, the pubes fatter, the lips thinner. Her thighs were thick and sensual. I wanted to touch her, to feel that fat ass. Maybe that was the point of stuffing bills into stockings and garters, the chance to physically touch. I wondered what her skin would feel like. I wanted her waving her pussy right in my face, not next to me.

"I got some bills for you," Leroy said as if he was reading my mind. "You want to feed her a few?

"No thanks," I said quickly.

"Wound tight man," he said. "But that's okay, there's a fuck of a lot worse things to be than wound up a little tight. Don't worry, we'll loosen you up."

"What about what you said?" I asked.

"What?"

About letting me suck your cock, I thought.

"About sucking your cock."

He looked at me, surprised. "I didn't say anything like that."

Then he laughed. "Oh right, on the video, to Kayley. Yeah, she's got lips made for cock. Natural born blow job artist. What about it?"

Jesus Christ, I thought. Had I gotten confused? Imagined it? Had the chaotic sensation triggered some weird impulse in me to the point I'd crossed my wires, and thought he'd invited me too…

Had I been the one thinking it?

"Nothing," I said quickly. "There was a lot of verbal, it was all intense. That just stood out. Can I borrow a couple of bills?"

The stripper moved over towards me, her pussy now in my face, her platform shoes on either side of my rum and coke. Her body was fleshier than Kayley's, more mature. How long had she been doing this? How did she feel about it? There was no arousal in her, I could tell that. It was all performance. Who was she? I wished she was facing the other way, just so I could see her expression, get a sense of her personality.

Awkwardly I reached up, holding her hip with one hand, as she twerked, making it look like her vagina was winking at me. My eyes tracked the movement of the gold rings in her labia, as I pulled at her stocking and slid the bill in. Her

skin was soft and smooth. I repeated the process on the other side, slipping a second bill into her stocking.

Satisfied, as if sensing there were no more bills to be harvested from us, she crawled to the other side of the stage.

“I’ve never done that before,” I admitted.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about it. It had been sexy, but also anti-sexy, performance rather than arousal on both sides. I’d always thought that whole thing, slipping bills into a dancer’s garter or g-string was weird and a little… a lot creepy. Talk about demeaning. But maybe it was Leroy’s influence, or the rum and cokes, it had been kind of fun. Never do it again. But a life experience.

“Well,” Leroy said cheerfully, “this is a day for firsts.”

He held up his beer in a toast. I mimicked the gesture and we clinked glass. I swallowed, feeling the warmth of alcohol through me as I drank, taking the edge off finally.

“You’ve been having a lot of firsts lately,” Leroy said. “That’s a good thing. After all, why should it be only Kayley who has all the fun.”

“I guess,” I said. “Although I wasn’t particularly thrilled about these firsts. Putting a bill into a tired strippers G-string or jerking off with another guy, that didn’t seem to really be bucket list material. Not the sort of stuff you’d brag about, or even admit to.

“Sam,” Leroy said, his voice was strained and hushed, his expression sober. He was intently watching the stripper make her way around the edge of the stage, carefully not looking towards me. “Can I tell you something? Something I’ve never really told anyone?”

He glanced over at me, and gave a nervous smile that was so very unlike him. His gaze swiveled back to fix on the stripper.

I studied her. Crawling on all fours, her fake breasts hung and I could see the notches in the underside of them near her ribs, as if they’d been riveted on. If you looked right behind the ears, you could see traces of the platinum dye job. She smiled and grinned at her customers allowing them to put more bills in her stocking, moving casually and languorously, exuding sensuality. But beneath it all was an awareness and calculation.

“Thing is,” Leroy said softly, “when I’m around other men, it always feels like a competition. Like they’re out to get me, and I need to come out on top. It’s crazy, it’s counter productive, it fucks me up all the time. But I can’t help it. This stupid ‘compete/overcome’ urge kicks in and I end up playing idiot game. One-upsmanship bullshit, like an asshole. I’ve lost friends that way, people I valued. I did damage. I fucked up my life.”

“It’s hard to let it go,” he said. “I mean, I know it’s a bad thing, and I try. But it’s hard. You know what I mean. I don’t want to do it, sometimes, I know its toxic, but I can’t help it. I feel trapped sometimes.”

I nodded.

“But with you,” he said. “I feel really comfortable. More comfortable than I’ve ever been around other men.

“You and I,” he said, “all the bullshit that separates men, that keeps us apart from each other. It’s like not there. It’s not just that we have Kayley between us. It’s you. I really like you, Sam. I like you a lot. I know what I’m like, this asshole instinct, I’m trying really hard not to fuck up.”

“Thanks,” I said, a little embarrassed.

“It’s not a gay thing,” he assured me. “It’s a comfort thing. What we have, my brother, it’s special.”

The last song ended.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, Gentlemen especially,” the stripper DJ announced. “Give it up for Gloria Mansfield, the blonde bombshell. Jayne’s got nothing on her.”

I guessed Jayne was the previous stripper?

Gloria stood up and took a bow, an oddly formal little curtsey, collected her blanket and walked off the state. We clapped politely.

“I don’t know what to say,” I told Leroy.

“Sorry about the hand job thing,” he said. “I mean, we lived different lives right. When I was growing up, we were all experimenting. Giving each other handjobs, that was common. It wasn’t a gay thing as long as we were thinking of chicks or looking.”

“I really overstepped though, it’s not part of your growing up. I don’t know… it just seemed to me you were struggling, and I wanted to help.”

“Well…” I said, “it definitely helped. And it’s a common experience.”

Leroy nodded.

“I kind of feel awkward now,” he said. “I overcompensated. Instead of one upping, I went too far the other way. I feel… Vulnerable. Are cool? I want us to be cool.”

“We’re cool,” I said, and patted him on the shoulder.

“Hey guys!” I jumped. A woman, with short jet black hair and flashing dark eyes, poked her head between the two of us. “I’m loving this male bonding thing you’ve got going on. May I join you?”

We both turned, she was almost unnaturally slender, a pink panther body, wrapped in a wide mesh fishnet body stocking, covered only by a tiny sequined bikini, so small and so bright, she could never wear it at the beach. She wore shiny black boots, that laced all the way up to her calves, with outrageous platforms and extreme heels.

“Of course,” Leroy said. He made some space and she sat between us, demurely crossing her legs, showing off her boots

Leroy looked her up and down.

“How do you even walk in those things?” he asked.

She grinned and laughed, kicking one leg. “Ten inches,” she said. “They’re the tallest shoes in here. You wouldn’t believe how much they cost me.”

She extended a hand.

“I’m Blaze. Blaze Midnight,” she said.

I shook it, vaguely astonished.

“Sam,” I replied.

She turned.

“It’s a stripper name,” Leroy told me, like I was an idiot.

“It’s my real name,” Blaze corrected. “Originally, my name was Bohdana Charkessky, I had it legally changed.”

She grinned at us. Leroy and I looked at each other.

“Blaze Midnight has a lot more style,” I said. I thought for a moment. “Charkessky… Russian?”

“Ukrainian,” she said. “I’m from a long line of pig farmers. Originally we’re descended from the Scythians. They’re my inspiration.”

“They inspired the legend of the Amazons.”

She grinned at me, she had a large wide mouth, lots of teeth, but thin lips with dark lipstick. It was almost a Cheshire Kat effect.

“I think they’d approve of my name,” she said. “I’m very Goth.”

“I know some Goth music. I listen to Lacuna Coil,” I said. “Birthday Massacre. Well, my wife does actually, she’s the big fan of Goth music.”

“I love them,” she laughed with genuine delight.

“My friend, Leroy, is a musician,” I said. “Used to be with a band called Glory.”

She nodded, smiling. “Sounds cool. You know, I love bisexual men.”

“We’re not bisexual,” I said quickly.

“Nope,” Leroy said. “We’re just friends.”

Her expression flickered, and I read a momentary ‘Oh shit!’ flash, as if she knew she’d stepped into something. An instant later, the smile was back, wider than ever.

“Oops, my mistake!” she said.

“No worries,” Leroy waved. “Buy you a drink? We were going to have another round.”

“Wouldn’t turn it down,” she said. She waved at one of the waitresses, holding up two fingers, the woman nodded. Leroy waved, “Another round, same as last.”

“Vodka on the rocks. She knows my drink,” Blaze confided.

Blaze stretched, panther-like, arching her back, reaching straight up with her arms, lacing her fingers and crossing her knuckles.

“So what’s the deal with you guys?” she asked. “I don’t want to screw up again.”

“Friends,” I said.

“Friends?” she eyed us speculatively, she didn’t believe that was all there was to it, but she didn’t press. She shrugged.

“Okay, whatever,” she said. “Here’s the deal guys. I’m saving up for real tits. So can I interest either of you in a lap dance? Both of you? Single or together? I’m very flexible. How about it?”

“How much?” Leroy asked.

“Basic lap dance,” she replied. “Twenty for a song. G-string stays on. No touching. VIP? Thirty. Completely private. Full nude.”

Leroy nodded. She looked at me.

“I don’t think so,” I said. “We’re just here for a drink.”

“Oh come on, Sam,” Leroy said.

“You guys go,” I told him. “I’ll stay here.”

Blaze kept looking at me and slid her hand on my thigh.

“No?” she asked. “Come on. Live a little. I’ll tell you a secret, I enjoy my work.”

“I suppose it beats pig farming,” Leroy joked. Her expression flickered darkly. I winced sympathetically. She noticed and that just seemed to make her more eager to have me.

“I’m into it,” she coaxed. “I’ll do you better than anyone else here. Come on, this place is dead. I’ll never get real tits at this rate.”

Her hand slid up my thigh, all the way to my crotch. Suddenly, I was hard, as she cupped me.

“You know you want to,” she whispered mischievously. I shook my head, apologetically. I couldn’t understand why she was focusing on me. Leroy had already said yes.

“I’ll pay for it, Sam,” Leroy said. “It’s all on me. Let me do this for you.”

I grinned nervously, I really didn’t want this. For fuck sake, I was married. “I don’t know…”

“How about this,” she said. “The two of you together. Couples VIP — Forty a song, I’ll do full nude, you can bring your drinks. We’ll talk. We’ll party. We’ll whatever. We’ll have some fun.”

“Sounds good,” Leroy said. “We’re in.”

She fixed me with her grin, and massaged my crotch. I had no idea strippers were so aggressive.

“Come on, Sam,” Blaze wheedled. “You don’t feel like it, you don’t have to do anything. I can do Leroy, you can watch. If you change your mind…”

“All right,” I said finally surrendering. “I give in. Lead the way.”

The waitress came by with her Vodka, and my Rum and Coke, and we grabbed our drinks as she lead us to the back. I had to admit, Blaze had an amazing ass. In her funk boots, she towered over both me and Leroy, but she remained slender as a reed and moved with supple feline grace.

There are some people who are just good at movement. She would be amazing to

watch on stage, I thought. I didn't even need to see her take off her clothes. I would just love to watch her dance.

"So," Leroy asked. "Do you do extra?"

"We don't discuss that out here," she cautioned.

At the back, we were met with a large bouncer.

"You have to give him your credit card to hold," Blaze explained. "He'll do a five hundred dollar hold, but you only get charged for time and tips."

All those words were in English, I decided, but I had no idea what any of it meant. Leroy seemed okay with everything, though. Blaze lead us to a small room with red lighting and an overstuffed oversized love seat.

"You guys sit there," she said. "There's plenty of space, if you're feeling… homophobic."

Casually pulled off her sequined bikini, and sat on a padded footstool across from us. The fishnet and boots stayed on. She had small firm breasts, almost like apples, but huge brown nipples.

"We wait for the song to end," she explained. "You guys do this a lot?"

"Now and then," Leroy said.

"Never."

Blaze looked at me.

"Virgin?" she said. "You're in for a treat."

"Nice nipples," Leroy asked. "Big. Are they sensitive."

"Sensitive enough," she replied, I got the feeling she didn't want to talk about it.

"Do you do a lot of… couples?" I asked. It felt awkward describing myself and Leroy as a couple. Obviously, we weren't. "Two guys, or a man and a woman."

"Three guys, a few times," she replied. "Once two women, that was… interesting. Some. I like it, it's interesting. Different. The dynamic is always interesting."

She paused. "My favorites are bisexual guys. That's hottest. Once I had these two guys… they put on the show for me. I love bi-men. They're into me, I'm into them, they're into each other… Sorry, by the way."

"No probl—" I began.

“Song is ending,” she lifted her head, as if perking her ears up, as the last few notes sounded.

Then the new song, something by Prince, Raspberry Beret. God, it felt like I was listening to a classical music station. Was their entire playlist from before we were born?

She slid to her knees, her arms waving slowly in the air. “It’s time,” she intoned, “for the… Midnight Express!”

With that, she bent forward suddenly, her forehead dipping to the space between us. Blaze’s hands fell on our chests, just below our throats. As her head lifted, her fingers spread widely, and she slowly dragged her hands down your chests, towards her pants, and then over, until she had our erections under her palms.

“Hmmm,” she said, looking at her hand on Leroy’s crotch. “We got some Big Daddy Pimp Cock here! I’d better be careful with this firehose, or Blaze will get very wet.”

Then she turned towards me, folding her legs under her, and resting her chin on my knee. She looked up mischievously.

“What do we have here?” she asked, stroking my crotch, teasing the erection. “Why it’s a little piggy! This little piggy stayed home. But what’s it saying?”

She walked two fingers up the length of my crotch and then stiffened a finger, teasing the head of my cock with her fingernail. “It’s saying let me out, let me out, Sam!” Blaze made a sad face. “The big bad wolf wants a Midnight snack! Let me out, or she’ll huff and she’ll puff, and she’ll blow this house down!”

She stared directly into my eyes.

“No?” She sighed, and swung over onto her back, between Leroy’s thighs.

“No pork for Blaze,” she said sadly. “How about some big dick bonfire? Ready to set Blaze to that wood?”

She stared working herself up backwards, wiggling and shuddering up Leroy’s crotch, until her ass was grinding on him, and his hands were wrapping around her, cupping her breasts. She moaned, and reached between her legs, fingering her clit, it was extremely large. She caught me looking and grinned.

She rode, Leroy like a pony, for a moment or two, grinding into him and then turned around and straddled him, pressing his face between her small breasts. She guided his mouth to one of her nipples, and held one of his hands to her other breast. He reached around and cupped her ass.

“That’s it, suck it, Big Daddy. Suck on Baby Girl’s nipples, get her all hot and bothered.”

Then she slid sideways, sinuously, wrapping, one leg up around Leroy’s neck, the other foot on the arm of the seat so that her pussy was split wide open, rising towards his face. Her head was nestled between my legs, her hair pressing against my erection, as she watched Leroy’s face. She glanced up at me, our eyes met, and she winked.

Then just before her pussy met Leroy’s face, she turned again, rolling over, her ass thrusting up.

“Is Blaze a bad girl?” she asked, in some little girl voice. “Did I make Big Daddy hard! I think I need a spanking!”

Leroy didn’t need encouragement. His hand came down hard on her ass with a loud smack.

“Again!”

Smack!

“Again harder!”

Smack!

“HARDER!”

SMACK!

“Ouch!” she said. “That’s enough.”

She rolled over again, twisting around on the both of us, until she was rising up.

“You okay, cutey?” she whispered to me. “I’m not crowding you?”

“Oh it’s fine,” I said. She nodded, and then as if we hadn’t spoken at all, she went back to grinding on top of Leroy.

“So Let’s talk extras,” Leroy whispered loudly. “What do you do?”

“What won’t I do?” she replied.

“Kiss?” he asked.

She leaned over to me, grabbed my hair, and as I gasped with shock, tilted my head back, and stuck her tongue in my mouth. She let go, and slid back onto Leroy, wiping her mouth.

“Maybe,” she said. “If I feel like it.”

“Blow job?”

“A hundred… each, flat rate, unless it takes forever,” she said. “You wear a condom. And that’s extra, you still pay for the song.”

“A fuck?”

“A Midnight Special: Two hundred tip,” she said. “Each song. Come fast. Condoms. No negotiating. Take it or leave it.”

The song was coming to a close.

“Then suck my cock,” Leroy said.

She laughed.

“Well, since you put it in such a classy way,” she said, sinking down to between his legs. Leroy undid his belt and undid his pants, pulling them down. She inspected him carefully, pulling a condom from beneath the cushion. She glanced at me.

“Will it cost extra if he watches?”

Blaze regarded me. “No, that’s free, of course little piggy can watch. Maybe he’ll learn something.” She shrugged. “He can even take it out and jerk off while I work.”

“What about you, Sam?” Leroy asked. “Want to take it out while you watch?”

“I don’t mind,” she said, rolling a condom on Leroy’s large cock. She gave me a sick grin. “I kind of like it actually. Take it out, Sam. Go ahead.”

“I’m fine,” I said.

“Oh little piggy is shy!” Blaze said, looking up at Leroy.

“Come on, Sam,” Leroy said. “Don’t leave me hanging, Bud. How about a deal, take it out, and I’ll pay for it, she can blow us both.”

“Works for me,” Blaze said.

“I’m fine,” I repeated.

“Buck, buck, bacaw,” Blaze laughed.

She draped her elbows over Leroy’s thigh, and with a langorous sensuous movement she positioned her head above Leroy’s full throbbing cock, and slowly wrapped her lips around the crown. As she did so, she looked up towards him,

her eyes rolling back in her head in fake ecstasy, as she moaned theatrically.

Leroy grinned, looking at me, as she began to bob her head up and town. She lifted her head, spit hard all over it, smearing her saliva all over the condom.

“Like it so far?” she asked Leroy, spitting again and working with her hand. “How about you, little piggy, you enjoying it? Are you hard? I want to know. Let’s see your little thing. You’re not too ashamed are you?”

She reached over to my pants, squeezing my penis through the fabric.

“Yep,” she said. “Little piggy’s all a tension!”

Holding Leroy in place with her other hand, she descended again, taking him deeper into her mouth, returning to her mechanical bobbing. Her lips moved up and down the shaft, pausing only to make spitting and gagging noises.

Blaze didn’t take her hand off my cock, however, instead she slowly began to stroke it.

Leroy watched, smiling, his gaze shifting from her mouth on his member to her hand on my pants.

Slowly, she worked her way up to the zipper, pulling it down. With casual movements she pulled my fly open, running her fingers back and forth within, until she’d burrowed down to fingertips against my are erection.

I moaned.

“Give it up, Sam,” Leroy laughed. “She really wants that extra hundred!”

“Mm hmm!” Blaze agreed, with her mouth swallowing down Leroy’s cock head, watching me from the corner of her eye.

I was hard as a rock, her fingertips were driving me crazy. I just gave up.

“All right,” I said. “But I’ll pay for my own blow job.”

“Finally!” Blaze reared up of Leroy’s cock, taking a deep breath. “I thought he’d never go for it,” she said.

“Honestly, it kind of creeps me, having some guy just watching me suck a cock, while he keeps his cock in his pants.”

“Sam’s just wound a little tight,” Leroy said. “He’s shy and a little inexperienced.”

“Well there’s a shock,” she rolled her eyes at me. “Peewee here doesn’t have much to be experienced with. Don’t worry little piggy. I’ll straighten that

curly little tail for you."

She reached into the cushions.

"Here you go, little piggy." She handed me a condom. "Put this on for me, and don't screw it up. I don't have any more extra small. I'll get to you in a minute."

"Funny," I said sarcastically, but Leroy ruined it by laughing.

I watched her body writhe as she knelt in front of Leroy, sliding her mouth up and down on his cock, making sounds of obvious pleasure. For a moment, the two seemed to forget about me as she played intently with his cock and he gazed down at her. Awkwardly, I pushed my pants down, exposing myself and tore the condom wrapper with my teeth, rolling it down.

In the small dark room, I sat beside Leroy, close enough to touch, watching as the slender stripper, moaned and worked on his cock. She'd take spit on it, then take it in her mouth pushing down until she gagged, and then back up, licking it all over.

"You like it, big pimp daddy?" she asked. "You like how I suck that big cock? You going to shoot a big load for me and fill up that rubber?"

She reared up, leaning in, squeezing it between her small breasts, rubbing her nipples against it.

"You like these little titties?" she asked.

"Love 'em," he said with satisfaction. He reached out for her hair, it was too short to really grab, but he placed his hand flat on the top of her head, fingers curling and gently guided her mouth back down. He moved her up and down, until she was sucking freely and bobbing on her own. I could see her pulling at his balls.

I was fascinated by the casual, yet calculated way that Blaze sucked his cock. I was so used to Kayley and the way she just seemed to become absorbed when giving head, almost seeming to lose herself. Blaze was so obviously theatrical, the way she'd roll her eyes back or flutter her eyelids, or twist her hips as she went down, as if she was deeply aroused.

It was hypnotic, in its own way. Stylized and mannered, everything she did was deliberate, aimed towards his hardness and getting him to come. Leroy grinned at me.

"She's a nasty little cocksucker," he told me. "Mouth that big, I bet she could suck both of us at once."

Blaze lifted her head.

“I can,” she said confidently, stroking his cock, “and I have. I’ve done it. I call it a Royale. It’s an extra hundred if you want it.”

Leroy’s eyebrows lifted. “You’re kidding. How’s that even work?”

Her head dipped, she took him into her mouth, slurped and came back up.

“The two of you have to scissor for me,” she said, masturbating him almost violently. “But once you’re lined up, it’s easy.”

“Scissor?” I asked. Leroy made a face, and I felt like I’d said something stupid.

“Your legs go between his legs,” she said, “like two pairs of scissors. That way your junk lines up, I can hold your cocks together, and do a Royale with cheese.”

She paused. “It’s like a quarter pounder, but french. It’s from an old movie.”

“Yeah,” I said. “Okay, I’ll pass.”

She shrugged, wrapped her hand around his shaft and bent down to take Leroy’s cock head in her mouth. He tapped her forehead.

“Hey,” he said, “Sam needs a little loving.”

Blaze looked at me, and then at my cock. “Oh come on, Big Pimp Daddy! I like working your great big tool. Let me take care of little piggy after I finish you.”

Leroy shook his head.

“Give him some head,” he said. “It’s his birthday.”

“Come on!!!!”

“You’re getting paid,” Leroy said.

“Fine,” she snorted, rolling her eyes. She moved over to me, pushing my knees apart. She looked up at me, flicking my cock dubiously.

“You a spitter?” she asked.

“What?”

She extended her hand, palm up, fingers curled, until it was just below my chin. Her other hand curled fiercely around the head of my cock.

“Spit into my palm,” she demanded. “Hawk up a good one!”

For a second, I was frozen. She squeezed my cock, warningly. She raised her eyebrows.

“Lots of guys pay good money to spit on parts of my body,” she snapped. “Come on piggy, let’s get this done.”

I worked up what saliva I could and spit into her palm several times. She brought her hand down, and spit into it herself, finally wrapping it around my penis, smearing the spit all over until my cock was shiny and translucent in the dim reddish light.

“The trick to giving head with a condom on,” she said absently, as she stroked, her free hand seizing my balls and squeezing them, “is lubrication. Spit is good, lots of it. Otherwise the rubber makes me gag.”

She looked at me.

“Some men really get off when I spit on their dicks. How about you, little piggy? Do women spit on your peewee dick? I wouldn’t be surprised. Do you like it? Would you like me to spit on your little dick? Would that get you going?”

Without waiting for an answer, she dropped down, spitting on the tip of the condom, and then taking my cock head in her mouth. Her lips and jaws clamped down, tongue pushing, much harder than Kayley ever did. I gasped, my hips lifting. Her head lifted off, almost as quickly.

“Little piggy likes that!” Blaze grinned. “You like that Midnight Special? Little piggy’s out of his house. Little piggy want to get to market? Or you just want to go ‘wee wee wee.’”

Leroy laughed, watching us.

“You can come, you know,” she said. “Any time. You don’t have to wait. It’s going to feel the same, whether you come now or in five minutes. Then I can get back to a real cock.”

“Hey!” I said.

“Be nice,” Leroy cautioned her.

“Oh fuck, Pimp Daddy,” she complained, “we all know there’s no comparison, yours and his. It’s apples and oranges. Or apples and peanuts.”

“Ease off,” Leroy said. “It’s his birthday.”

Blaze sighed.

“Oh yeah?” she said. “That’s right. You said that. Happy birthday, little piggy! I guess this is for you!”

She spit on my cock, a big foaming hawk of saliva and drool. She looked up at me.

“You like that?”

Her head dropped, and she started to fuck her face up and down on my erection, clamping her jaws tight, moving fast and wild. Her teeth scraped along the condom in a way that was almost, but never quite painful. It was a rough, wanton blow job that left me gasping and writhing.

“Oh Jesus Christ,” I moaned. “Slow down.”

I reached for her head, but she brushed my hand around. She lifted up, to look at me, eyes shining, I felt chills go up and down my spine. She glanced at Leroy, as if seeking his approval.

“Say ‘oink oink,’” she demanded, grinning, pushing a finger under me, between my butt cheeks.

“What?”

“Just say it,” she said. I could feel her finger probing at my anus. “And I’ll make you come, by the hair on your chinny chin chin.”

What the fuck? I thought.

“I’m not into that. Just suck my cock,” I told her. Her eyes narrowed. “Please…”

She spat on it again and hovered over my cock head, opening her mouth wide. She stopped, and stared expectantly.

“Oink,” I said flatly. “Oink.”

Leroy laughed, I blushed, but once again, Blaze dropped her head and began her traumatic, intense blowjob, scraping her teeth along the condom, squeezing her jaws and lips tight as she moved up and down.

She shoved her finger up my ass, making me squeal involuntarily, my hips lifting up.

It was too intense, almost too much. Blaze’s deliberate cock sucking pushed past my ability to orgasm, the harshness of sensation kept overwhelming that build up of pleasure that set me on the path to coming. Instead, I could only groan and writhe.

“Hey Midnight,” Leroy spoke after a moment.

She lifted her head off me to look at him, and I groaned with relief.

“How about you fuck him?” Leroy said.

“Two hundred a song, plus the dance fee,” she asked. “Sure you don’t want the fuck? I feel like riding some Big Daddy Pimp Dick. I’m not even going to feel little little piggy here.”

“He’s my friend,” Leroy said. “And be nice to him.”

She curled her finger inside my ass, while squeezing my cock firmly in her free hand, and turned to me. I grunted and shifted position, trying to adjust to the sensations.

“What do you think, pi—,” momentarily she looked blank.

“Sam,” I said firmly.

“Right, Sam,” she said. “You want to fuck? I’ll ride you. Big Pimp Dick’s paying for it.”

“I can pay,” I snapped angrily.

“Sam,” Leroy said, “let me do this for you, okay.”

Blaze shrugged, as if the matter was of no import. My cock felt raw from her rough treatment, I swear, if not for the condom, she’d have scraped the skin off. But at the same time, it felt wild and urgent, I was keyed up intensely, on fire with lust. Her aggression was as exhilarating as it was intimidating. Suddenly, I wanted to fuck her just to have her, to feel what her pussy was like.

“Yeah,” I snarled. “Let’s do it.”

She laughed and pulled her finger from my butt.

“I was surprised. That’s a tight little asshole,” she said, climbing up onto my lap. “I thought you’d blow instantly when I gave hard head, when you didn’t, I thought you might be a bottom.”

Oh fuck you, I thought angrily. I bet your asshole is loose as a revolving door, bitch.

“Hey,” snapped Leroy, “we’re paying you. Stop being a bitch to him.”

I was grateful for the support. Blaze straddled my lap, stroking my latex clad penis in her hands, pressing it against her pubic mound as she ground against me. She looked down maliciously.

“Oh come on, Big Daddy Pimp,” she said, maintaining eye contact with me. “It’s all right. I’m not being mean. I just like to tease my clients. I like to make them feel special, excite them. I want them to feel they’re with something hot

and dangerous and unpredictable."

She bent forward, taking one of my hands and pressing it against her small breast. Automatically, I stroked her nipple, bringing a purr from her. She leaned over, her lips brushing my ear.

"Hey… Sam?" she whispered to me. "You don't mind that 'little piggy' stuff? I was just having a little fun. I wasn't being mean. You have to have fun, or you go a little crazy here. I didn't hurt your feelings?"

When she pulled back, her eyes were softer.

"I want you to have fun," she pouted.

She smiled and nodded, and then surprised me with a quick kiss on the forehead.

She wanted us to keep paying to play with her. I got it. She had gone too far, and that might cost her money. Still, her little whiplash of kindness was surprising, it was like Kayley breaking character.

She was fucked in the head, I thought, but not genuinely malicious. Bored, frustrated with her life, getting used by strangers, keeping herself going with these games.

As irritating as she had been, I felt some sympathy. I lifted my other hand, cupping both her breasts. She watched my hands, humping lazily against my cock, and smiled. She was just doing her job.

"I get it," I said, "he's bigger, and older and he's experienced here. My dick is smaller, I'm younger, I'm tightly wound and I've never done this. I'm not upset. It just got a little irritating."

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead tenderly. Then she surprised me by kissing on the lips. Our mouths parted, her tongue flickered against mine, and my erection doubled. I was breathless.

"That's your thing isn't it?" she breathed smiling down at me. She pressed her forehead to mine, and rolled her hips down below pushing my cock against her clit. "Romance? I like this. You're a romantic at heart? Little piggy wants some Midnight Rain?"

She winced visibly at her last words. "Sorry. How about we just enjoy each other, Sam? No fucking around with you. Just… make each other feel good?"

She was panting slightly, her huge nipples were rigid, there was a looseness to her as she ground on me. The blow job was clearly calculated. But somehow, this felt like genuine arousal. It couldn't be, of course. I could feel myself responding to this new intimacy, her fake sincerity.

“Oink, oink,” I whispered impulsively, and she actually grinned and giggled.

Blaze leaned forward, and I thought she was going to kiss me. But instead she ran the tip of her tongue along my cheek, and bit my earlobe. She whispered into my ear so quietly that Leroy couldn’t possibly hear, “I like you better.”

Then more loudly, “you should get your ear pierced. I could do it for you. I bet you’d enjoy getting a little prick.”

Leroy laughed.

She pulled back grinning, the eye on the other side from Leroy winked. Jesus, I thought, this girl was fucked in the head. Irresistibly hot, but volatile. Maybe that was why she was so hot.

She grabbed one of my hands and thrust it between her legs, as she rose up smoothly. My fingers parted her lips and I was amazed that she seemed wet. Was she really aroused? Had she somehow lubricated herself before she’d sat down. All I knew was that it was one slick pussy. She guided my hand towards her clit, which felt like a large bean barely concealed by her clit hood.

“You make sure to keep petting this,” she told me. Then she positioned her lips right over my cock, and crashed down on me, her thighs parting, and my whole length sinking into her almost instantly. I gasped with shock, I had expected her to be more gradual, not just take me whole, but it felt so fucking good. It was only later, I realized that she’d timed herself, so that she slammed down on me when the next song started.

“Oh no!” she laughed, “the big bad Midnight wolf just came down on your chimney. Little piggy better get a blaze going.”

“You’re crazy,” I said, almost laughing. She grinned at me. She was humping hard on my cock, almost frenzied, I dropped my other hand from her breast to grab her hip and hold on. Her hands were on my shoulders, bracing herself as she rode me hard.

“And you love it!” she laughed. My hand had slipped away from her clit, not deliberate, just the intense way she fucked herself on top of me, and she caught my fingers and brought it back. Was she really into it? Her skin was flushed, and there was something abandoned to her movements, her body felt hot.

“Oink, for me,” she demanded. But I was too overwhelmed with the look and feel of her lean body twisting above me and grinding on my cock.

After a moment of hard fucking, she rose up, lifting completely off my cock. She leaned her forehead against mine, as if bracing herself and pushed my hand away from her clit, wrapping her hands tight around my erection. What the fuck was she doing now?

“Hey birthday boy,” she teased. “Want a present? Special for you? I got one right here.”

Then she pulled off my condom, I felt the rubber as it peeled away from my shaft, stretching as it pulled away from my head. Then suddenly, I plunged into the tight smooth wetness of her bare pussy, wet and delicious living flesh, as she thrust down on me even more frantically. Her cunt gripped me like a fist, and her slickness was unmistakable, this wasn’t lubrication, she was totally into it. My bare cock was inside her naked pussy, and it was mind blowing. It was all I could do to hold both hands on her hips as she wildly rose up and slammed down.

“Oh fuck yeah!” she cried, humping me with wild frenzy. She leaned forward into me, grabbing my hair. ‘Bite them,’ she ordered. “Bite my fucking nipples!”

“Oink,” I gasped, biting one then the other, making pig noises, and going from one to the other, biting harder and harder until I was afraid of leaving toothmarks, but excited at the thought of marking her. She laughed with pleasure, winding fingers in my hair as she fucked herself savagely on my cock.

“That’s the spirit, Piggy,” she said. She looked down at me. “Don’t come in me, okay? Tell me when you’re ready to blow.”

“Oink,” I replied. She slammed her pussy down all the way onto my cock, taking almost my length in one convulsive drop, hitting so hard it felt like she splashed. The intensity was so wild, I couldn’t control myself. Literally within seconds, I felt myself surging towards orgasm, a wild lightning sensation seeming to crawl up my cock and spine simultaneously.

“Oh shit!” I cried out.

“So fast!” she whispered, and rose up. But my hands were like two vises on her hips, and pure instinct shoved her back down deep on my cock. Her eyes widened.

“Hey!” she protested.

Her hips lifted again, and I slammed her back down brutally in my grip, my thighs pushing up, my body straining upwards.

For a moment we struggled, her trying to escape, me striving to remain in her. She lifted until only the head of my cock was in her, but I was in the grip of a white hot orgasm burning through me. My hands were clamped on her hips, keeping her in place, as I shot up into her. The sensation was mind blowing, I felt her pussy clamp tight around the head of my cock. There was no pressure on the shaft, just the head. It felt as if a really strong small fist had wrapped around and was squeezing for all its worth. I felt my semen flooding all around my cock head, as this orgasmic lightning fried me.

Finally, the tension passed. My grip loosened. She reached between her legs, feeling around my shaft, pressing against her lips, feeling my semen leaking around the seal of her pussy.

“Goddamn,” she grunted, “you fucking skinny little pig dick! You came in me!”

I couldn’t tell from her voice whether she was angry or not. Probably not happy, though. Definitely, not happy. I didn’t feel like apologizing, not after her recklessness and cruelty. Serves you right, I thought. I didn’t hate her or want to hurt her, it was just such a fucked up encounter, I couldn’t be bothered to care too much.

As the orgasm subsided, my grip on her hips loosened, I sank back down. Strangely, she sank down with me, I was sure that the minute I let go, she’d be off me like a rocket. But she was strangely tender.

“Was it good?” she whispered.

“Oh yeah,” I breathed.

“I want you do something for me,” she whispered softly She kissed me on the lips.

Again, that little flash of her tongue against mine. I couldn’t get a read on her, I thought. She was all over the place, sometimes so biting and nasty with her words it hurt or I’d feel almost angry, other times she’d wink like we were in on a joke together, and then these odd flashes of sensuality and tenderness when she’d kiss me, vanishing so quickly, I’d wonder if it happened at all. I never knew what to expect.

“Anything,” I said, warmly, hoping she’d settled into something tender.

“Say oink,” she said, and climbed up me.

Oh fuck, back to crazy bitch again!

She literally climbed, stepping up onto the loveseat, boots planted on either side, knees pinning back my firearms. Her pussy dragged up my chest, and then she was straddling my face, her big clit pressing against my lips. Fine, I thought, go with it.

“Oink,” I spat out, my lips moving against her clit.

“More!” she said, grinding against my mouth. I could feel her pussy lips against my chin, slick and wet. “Like that!”

“Oink! Oink! Oink!” It was beyond bizarre. It was like she’d gone insane, my sexual fervor had tapped out, I’d just come and my cock was deflating. But here she was mental as hell, her wet pussy grinding my face while she demanded

pig noises.

Suddenly, she moved, tilting my head back hard against the back of the seat, her pussy pressing right on my mouth. I felt her reach down with her hands, pulling her lips wide open, I felt her vagina flex convulsively, and then suddenly my mouth was full of thick viscous liquid.

She gave such a sigh of pleasure that at first I thought she'd squirted, but it was too thick and slimy. I swallowed automatically, my jaw working. As she dropped away, slipping between me and Leroy, I realized that she'd forcefully expelled my own come back in my mouth. I hadn't even imagined that was possible.

"What the fuck?" I demanded, clearing my throat.

Blaze was leaning back into Leroy, pulling one of his hands around to cup her breast.

"Tit for tat," she said. "Don't pretend you haven't swallowed a few… and liked it. I can tell."

"What do you mean?" I asked, blushing. But I had no real wish to continue. "Fuck it."

"That didn't take long," Leroy said. "Song's only been on for a minute or two."

She looked up at him.

"Does Big Daddy Pimp want to finish up for little piggy," she teased. "You're already paying for the song, you might as well get a cock in me too."

She climbed on top of him, positioning herself over his cock and sinking down with practiced smoothness. But once he was in, Leroy grabbed her hips and rolled her over. She squealed loudly as he put her on her back and started thrusting hard.

"Oh fuck me," she cried out. "Hit it! Hit that spot! You know how to fuck! Fuck me!"

She writhed under him, he got one of his elbows under her knee, lifting one leg high up, and fucked her so deeply she kept squealing. I watched, amazed, as his massive cock pounded into her sweat covered, boyish lean body as she squirmed under him.

As I stared, there was a moment I was more fascinated by his cock going in, than her cunt taking him. Where his cock captivated me.

And then she squealed and moaned again, lifting her other leg high as his hips slammed hard into her with a series of smacking sounds, and the moment was

lost.

I watched them fuck with muscular frenzy through the rest of the song, almost breathless with desire. Although my cock wasn't hard, I was still filled with sexual excitement and arousal. I couldn't turn away. I had to keep watching. The tiny room reeked of sweat and sex, cunt and semen, and human bodies in arousal.

The song ended, and he kept on fucking all the way through, ignoring her struggles. He turned her over, and her face was braced against the back of the seat as he pounded doggy style. I found myself staring right at her face, our eyes locking, as he slammed her. With each thrust, she blinked, her face contorted. I couldn't read her? Was this an act? Was she loving it? Was it hurting? What was going through her mind?

Leroy looked over at me, grinning madly. He lifted a hand from her hip to give me a thumbs up, and I returned the gesture.

"Want a turn?" he offered. But before I could reply, he flipped her over on her back, making her grunt heavily as he treated her body like a rag doll. He fucked her harder and harder, plunging into her pussy. As the next song started, she began to stiffen.

"Oh!" she cried out. "Oh! Oh! I'm coming!"

Blaze wrapped one arm around his back, and her legs around his hips as he thrust into her. Suddenly, there was an acrid scent of female ejaculation, and she moaned loudly, I knew she'd squirted.

As her body trembled, Leroy doubled his fucking, making the whole love seat rock, even with me on it. He pounded her for all he was worth, as she groaned and moaned theatrically, until finally, he blasted.

He laid on top of her, panting.

"We're on the next song," she whispered. "Sorry. Full rate applies."

Leroy shrugged.

"Worth it."

That was it. She squirmed out from under him, slipped back into her sequined bikini, her manner switching to friendly neutrality. She was like a completely different person. I marveled at the change in her.

The two of them went over to the bouncer to calculate the value of the transaction, while I returned to the bar. On stage, a muscular redhead, with the sides of her head shaved, her body festooned with tattoos, was twirling around the pole. Absently, I noted she either dyed her pubes or she was genuine.

I tried to run the numbers in my head, and found them daunting.

“Hey sport!” Leroy came out from the back. “Any reason to stick around.”

He glanced at the redhead on stage without particular interest.

“How much did that come to?” I asked. “Can I give you some mo—”

Leroy chuckled and threw an arm around me.

“No way,” he said, “Hermanos. That was my gift to you. Fucking amazing, right? These fucking wiry little skanks, they’re high voltage, you know. All that matters to me is you had fun. Did you?”

“I did,” I said.

“Good enough,” he said. “Let’s fuck off.”

We left the club.

“Okay,” he said. “We got our ashes hauled. It’s getting late. Back to my place to retrieve your phone, and we’ll call it a day.”

“Hell of a day,” I said. “I didn’t expect how it would go.”

“Yeah,” Leroy agreed. “Those are the best days.”

Leroy turned his head to me.

“Cripes,” he said. “I didn’t want to say anything inside the club, in case someone heard. But what a bitch! Can you believe the way she treated you? Psycho bitch. I’m sorry man. She sucked cock and she fucked good, but man, every time she opened her mouth at you I cringed.”

I shrugged.

“Maybe,” he said, “it was because I was paying, and you were riding along, she thought she could fuck with you. But what a bitch.”

“It’s okay. It was a little fucked up,” I admitted.

“Yeah,” he said. “It was. Sorry about that. I wanted the blonde with big fake tits. But when I was getting drinks, Blaze came up to me at the bar…”

“So you’d talked to her before?”

He seemed cautious suddenly.

“Not before today. But at the bar… Yeah, no tits. A little freaky. But no

needle tracks, no tattoos and she was hungry, she made it pretty clear she'd do anything."

He paused.

"Must be pretty tough to be a flat chested stripper," he said reflectively.

"She said she was saving up."

"Yeah. Anyway, so when she came up to us after… I figured, what the hell. And it kind of worked, she sucked, she fucked, they don't all do that. You got to get the right one."

"I wouldn't know."

"She was wild," he said. "But goddamn, what a bitch. I almost told her to fuck off, the way she was treating you. Sorry about that."

"Don't worry about it," I replied. "Like you said, psycho bitch. You take the good with the bad."

"I made her come," Leroy said. "Did you see that? I fucked her good. That wasn't faking. Some of these bitches, the ones that will let you fuck them, they're kind of unstable mentally. Definitely, fucked in the head. The girl had issues. Wild ride though."

He laughed.

"And that stupid name," he said, "Blaze Midnight."

Actually, I'd thought it was an amazingly cool name, but yeah, I could see how it might sound stupid.

I guess, I just didn't know strippers. Blaze had come across mercurial but self possessed, funny, intelligent, aware, even sensuous. She was doing a difficult job, but still keeping her humanity. Even if she'd been a bit of bit of a cruel bitch to me, I didn't think it was malicious. I'd kind of liked her.

But Leroy knew strippers, and he probably had the better read on her. I recalled the calculated deliberate way she had sucked our cocks. It was just a persona, a role she played. I suspected that the real Blaze Midnight, or Bodhana Cherkessky was someone else entirely from what we'd met. I was a little sorry I'd never meet the real her.

"Yeah."

"That's the thing with these girls," he said. "You take your chances. The ones you can have the most fun with, are the ones that are the most fucked up."

He was almost certainly right. Definitely fucked up. He almost talked about her like an object, and in a sense, that was the role she played. My mind flashed the image of her grinding on my cock, pushing my hand against her clit. Real or fake? Did it even matter, as long as my cock was hard in her and her pussy tight around me?

“I came in her,” I confessed. “Bare.”

Or maybe it was bragging. Or revenge, Leroy had been bothered by her being a little shitty towards me, and he was all about one-upsmanship, I thought he’d enjoy hearing I’d creamed her.

Leroy laughed. “You dog!”

It was funny, I felt good hearing his response. It was like a victory over her. Boys against the girls, boys score a creampie. Take that. It was a little window into his world, and I kind of liked it.

But then…

“I think I feel bad though, I shouldn’t have done that. It wasn’t fair to her.”

Leroy laughed again.

“Cripes,” he said. “You’re sweet. You feel bad for coming in a low rent stripper? The slut probably barebacks college parties. Don’t worry about her, she’s just a whore. She gets paid to have men piss in her mouth. Trust me, she got a big payday out of us, she’s happy. Ten minutes from now, she’s not even going to remember you dumped a load in her.”

He clapped me on the back.

“She’s a skank,” he said. “She’s kleenex. Blow in her and walk away. That’s what she’s paid for. If she had a problem with that, she’d do something else.”

I was a little disturbed by his contempt for Blaze. Yeah, she might be insane, and I really hated that ‘little piggy’ shit and her borderline abusiveness towards me. But she was just a person, struggling in a difficult and soul destroying job. Calling her a skank, kleenex to wipe your cock on, seemed mean and dehumanizing.

Why was I bothering to defend her in my head? I could see Leroy’s viewpoint, and he wasn’t actually wrong either. I shrugged.

I mean, what sort of girl willingly took a job like this? Maybe the word skank fit. She’d seemed reckless, almost dangerous, and even if it was just an act for the John… Weird to think I was now a John, a trick… it was likely that the real person underneath, the person who could strip and fuck and act like that, was probably fucked up and damaged, and dangerous, unpleasant, or so shallow

as to be a cipher. Just a hole. Leroy was probably right.

“Don’t idealize strippers, and whores,” he told me. “There’s less there than meets the eye, and when you peel back the hood — see what they’re really like… well you understand why they’re the way they are, and it’s not attractive or pretty.”

“Yeah,” I said, I still felt a little bad for her. I couldn’t help it. “You’re right.”

“I’d worry about sexually transmitted diseases instead,” he said.

Fuck! I hadn’t thought of that in the moment.

“Yeah,” he said thoughtfully. “You might want to avoid sex with Kayley for a little bit, or find an excuse to wear condoms.”

He kicked the idea around for a moment.

“She’s probably clean though,” he said. “Giving customers an STD? A club like that would cut off her tits. I think she only barebacked you because she knew she was clean and she was pretty sure you were a virgin.”

Yeah, I thought. Something to think about.

“Look,” he said. “Don’t worry. I’ll come back to the club tomorrow and check. It’s probably all good.”

“Okay,” I said. I was thinking how to navigate this at home, for at least a few days. We did use condoms now and then, mainly for special things, like when I’d switchback between her pussy and ass. I’d have to talk about this with her and hope she wasn’t upset. Maybe we could incorporate it into our role play.

I sighed. I’d figure something out.

“You know,” he said thoughtfully. “Maybe we shouldn’t mention some of this to Kayley.”

I didn’t respond. I was going over things in my head.

“Mainly,” he said, “I wanted to make sure you were okay after the session, talk it out. Make sure you got your masculinity back… But we went a little far. I’m not sure she would understand.”

Was he talking about the masturbation, I wondered, or fucking the stripper?

Leroy shrugged.

“Of course,” he said, “she spreads her legs and fucks around with other men.

It shouldn't be a big deal for her if you do it with a stripper. But women are funny that way. And there's the bareback thing… I dunno. What do you think?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "There's a lot to process."

"I guess that's the thing," he said. "You're processing. It's your process. Your path to working things out and getting your head right. Does Kayley need to see the flow chart? Maybe what's important for her as far as it goes, is that you get to a healthy place, not how you got there. She doesn't need your road map, just where you end up — with her and happy."

"I guess not," I said. It would be hard to explain to her how we'd gotten our cocks out, and I'd let him masturbate me to orgasm while we'd watched her get fucked on television. That would be really complicated. It wasn't gay or anything, but she'd probably have trouble seeing it that way."

And there was the part where I'd thought he'd suggested… Going to the strip club and stuffing bills into a dancers stocking while she waved her pussy in our face.

Fucking Blaze.

All of that was going to be awkward. An aggressively crazy, skanky stripper, she'd practically dragged us into it. I sure as hell wasn't looking for it. The stripper mistaking us for bisexuals. Not Leroy, obviously. But Blaze had made enough subtle remarks about my manhood and my sexuality. What the hell could I say about that?

Suddenly, I thought about how his cock, how it had looked when he'd taken it out, how it had looked up on the screen, how it had looked fucking Kayley, or when she'd sucked it right in front of me. That sudden fascination, when I'd watched it plunge into Blaze and… wanted it? I had a momentary mental image of kneeling in front of him, taking his hard cock between my lips.

I felt my penis stir.

"Hey bud," Leroy said, "you with us?"

"Oh! Yeah!" I said. "Sorry."

"And sharing the video," he said. "I mean, there's nothing wrong with that. We trust each other, and you know I'm not going to fuck around with it. But.. Let's not mention that."

Oh fuck, I thought, I'd forgotten about that. Yeah, she wouldn't be happy with that.

"We're not going to lie," he told me. "You came over, we talked, we went out for a drink. Just… uhm… neglect to fully delve into certain unimportant details."

“Yeah,” I said. “That seems simplest.”

“She’d start to think I was being a bad influence on you.”

He winked.

I laughed.

“Well,” I said. “We can’t have that.”

I paused.

“You know,” I said thoughtfully, “I was really nervous about going over to your place. I admit, I was a little bit fucked up by the… session. But I’m glad I did. I feel a lot better now. Thank you.”

It was true. I knew Leroy, he’d probably put it down to banging some skank stripper and forcing her to take a load you blew in her.

Yes and no, there was something valid to the ugly way he looked at it. I mean, coming inside Blaze’s tight, sopping wet, pussy was awesome, and it did feel like a win over her.

But then again, she was the one that pulled off the condom, and if she’d really wanted to, she could have gotten off of me. Whatever had gone on, was more complicated and exciting and weirder than some winner/loser shtick. In hindsight, it almost like a test, she’d been so weirdly emasculating at points, but I had come through, literally. In a way. I supposed.

But it wasn’t just that.

There was more to it. It was the whole thing, being able to talk honestly, share feelings with Leroy, and having him share a bit of himself. He’d never admit it, but he had shared, and we’d become a little closer. We’d done guy things, even sleazy non-PC guy things like watching porn, jerking off, drinking and strippers. We’d hung out. We’d bonded for real. It felt good.

Maybe it was just getting shaken up and stirred around. I felt good. Unsure, unsteady, but all right. It was a journey, a roller coaster, but I knew I’d get through it.

Leroy chuckled and clapped me on the shoulder.

“Now that’s what I want to hear.”

Slipping into Depravity, Ch. 22
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KAYLEY

It was a windy day, I was glad I had dressed for it. Heavy sweater, blue jeans, my clothes were like my armour. The weather had given me the excuse to dress as unsexily as I could get away with.

I pressed the building intercom.

“Yeah,” came Leroy’s voice, distorted and crackling.

“It’s me,” I said. The buzzer went off and the door unlocked. I walked into his building.

Without Sam.

That, I thought, was probably a mistake. I got into the elevator, feeling my heart starting to pound. Scratch that, I thought. It was definitely a mistake. Nope. I should press main, go back down, out the elevator, out the front doors, say ‘something came up.’

But then, I wouldn’t be tingling with curiosity and excitement.

Things had been weird since the cuckold session, in ways that it was hard to put my finger on. Sam and I both felt edgy, like lines had been crossed and we were in unknown territory. Leroy definitely wanted to do it again, I definitely wasn’t sure. On the one hand it had been incredibly exciting in all kinds of ways. The sex had been hyper-intense, I’d done extreme submission and domination at once. Something that overpowering, you crave it, but you’re also a little scared of it, what it did to me, and especially what it did to Sam.

Sam? I didn’t know.

But he’d gone over to hang out with Leroy. I’d had misgivings about that, but he came back more relaxed. He was vague about what they’d talked about hanging out. But somehow, he was willing to try another session. Considering how brutal our first session had been on him I was startled.

Now it was my turn to meet Leroy one on one, as I’d promised. Yeah, after a day or two to think about it, I was ready to break the promise. But then Sam really felt I should go see him. So between the two of them… Here I was.

And then there was the other day’s… event. Something I hadn’t shared. Something that, in hindsight, I was having trouble getting my head around.

The more I thought about it, the less I understood what had happened. I’d been in the neighborhood of the Boutique. It wasn’t really on the way home from work, but I had some idea of picking up some pastries. But the bakery was closed, I’d forgotten about that. But the Boutique was just down the street. Well… why not take a look, shop around? Then in the Boutique, I was uninterested, distracted, I really didn’t want to buy anything. But the peep

shows were open in back. Well…

The memory of me and Leroy and what I'd done there, the way I'd lost myself, was vivid. Why not go in, take a quick look, then leave?

And then… And then… And then…

Each moment, each decision, that took me there, had seemed so ordinary, so normal, so casual and mundane. Here's Kayley, just living her life, not a care in the world, and whoops! Just normal, right up to the moment I started sucking a stranger's cock through a hole in the wall and couldn't stop. Even then, it seemed to be exactly who I was and what I wanted and needed.

Only in hindsight, was I going, 'what the hell did I just do?'

Except it was bullshit. I'd thought about going back alone after the first time with Leroy. Going there without him or Sam to distract me, just alone in the dark room. Thinking about it made me wet in ways I couldn't fathom. But I wouldn't have done it.

Then after the cuck session, it had gotten intense. But I wouldn't have done it.

Then Sam had gone off to see Leroy, and left me behind. It wasn't like that of course. There was no reason to think of it like that. I didn't really feel like that. Except yeah, on some level, I felt left behind. Jealous. They'd shared something that I was left out of. And when Sam came back, he was a little different.

I was really thinking about it. Really kind of hungry for it. But I wouldn't have done it.

Except I was cornered into going to see Leroy.

It was all sort of out of control, all just slipping and sliding. I was horny, but repelled, intrigued but disturbed. Wanted but didn't want. Sam was different. I was different. Leroy was… Leroy-ing. My life was exactly the same, but everything was just a little different.

If I had said to myself to do it, right up to the moment I wrapped my lips around a stranger's cock, I would have said no way. But instead, I pretended to myself, right up to the moment I was kneeling, that I wasn't really doing it, not here for that.

That was really fucked up.

Another fucked up thing, that once I'd done it, I felt good about myself. Relaxed, unstressed.

The most fucked up thing, I kind of wanted to do it again.

Not with Leroy, I never wanted to repeat that scene with him.

Not with Sam. My god, I would die of shame.

But just me, alone in a small dark room, with whatever came through… There was something pure about it. Something safe. Right now, if I had to pick, I'd rather be there than here, on my way up.

It was disturbing. I couldn't get my head around it.

Fuck this, Kayley, I told myself. I'm in control. Just play it cool. I wasn't going there to get fucked. This was just to talk it over with Leroy. Set some ground rules for this stupid cuckold session, and hopefully keep it from getting weird and toxic.

Butterflies. I knew what I wanted to say. No negotiations, stand your ground. Lay down rules. And if he said no or tried to fuck around, then shut him down. It would be a relief to just cancel the session and tell Sam it was Leroy's fault. As much as it drew me, it repelled me.

As the elevator door closed, I felt a little wet surge between my legs. I didn't think he was going to rape me or anything like that. Okay, I wasn't going there to get fucked, but who was kidding who. We'd done it every single time we'd met. There was an undeniable, overpowering attraction. Something in me craved something in him. Or it craved something in his pants at least.

Odds were fifty-fifty.

It occurred to me, that if we did, and we weren't going to, but if we did, it would literally be the first time without Sam being present in some way. Without having his reassuring presence and safety, but also without the sense of being watched by him, performing, looking after him. Totally one on one. What would that be like?

Well, the peep show thing had been one on one, but that didn't count. We hadn't actually fucked.

I felt a tingle in my clit, some sense of anticipation and arousal. Down girl, I thought, it's not happening.

The elevator doors opened to Leroy's floor.

Verdict? Intense but uneven.

And it left the question: What the fuck were we going to do with Leroy? On the whole, I didn't regret the experience, and neither did Sam, as far as I could tell. He actually seemed positive about it. But an experience was an experience, and I had no intention of getting sucked down into some continuing maelstrom of bullshit.

I needed, we needed, to clear the air. Especially about the cuckolding session. And especially if they wanted to do another cuckolding session. I wasn't sold on that. Just a regular threesome would be more fun. Definitely less tension. But Leroy had pushed it and Sam seemed intent on it, which I struggled to understand.

And to be fair, the prospect of another cuckolding session had a dark gravity that pulled at me.

It all felt… out of control, in ways I didn't quite understand. Volatile. It needed to be in check, with boundaries.

So, talk about it. Set some rules, some understandings.

Leroy and Sam had talked. And then Leroy had invited me.

Leroy: No matter how good he fucked, or how charming he could be, we didn't need assholes in our life.

The question was: Was he worth it?

I walked up to his door and knocked. It opened, and Leroy appeared looked me up and down. I was wearing comfortable blue jeans, and a purple sweater, high necked, with high top runners. Hoping for something sexy? It wasn't that kind of meeting. I hoped. Fifty-fifty on that. I was realistic. My pussy was already wet.

"Come on in," he said, and opened the door wider. I stepped through. The door closed. My heart fluttered for a second, expecting. But to my surprise, he wasn't all over me. Instead, he walked to the kitchen.

"Take your shoes off," he ordered.

"What?"

"Runners off," he said. "Put them by the door."

"You didn't require that last time."

"Last time I was out of my mind horny anticipating about to have a threesome with the most insanely hot couple I'd ever met. After you two left, I paid for it by walking on street grit the rest of the morning. Shoes off."

I took them off, and turned to him, casually dropping them on the shoe caddy by the door behind me. His apartment was open plan, he was still in the kitchen area. Well, I thought, not jumping me was a good sign.

Or was I disappointed?

After all our encounters, raw sexual tension was inevitable.

Or was it just me?

“I’ve got some coffee on,” he said, “you want to sit on the couch, or on the table?”

“Let’s do the table,” I said.

“So,” he said calmly, almost without interest. “Is anything going to happen between us today?”

Well, he put it right out there. My stomach fluttered. I blushed automatically, a little shocked that he’d been so open.

“You mean,” I asked, “am I going to fall into a swoon, suck your cock, and then we merrily rush off into the bedroom?”

He lifted an eyebrow.

“No,” I shook my head. Wait, that was too definitive. “Not this time.”

He thought it over and shrugged.

“Cool,” he said. “Your call.”

I was relieved.

He took a drink.

“So,” he said, with clear sincerity, “how’s Sam doing?”

Just like that, he won points with me. A quick smile flickered without meaning to.

“He’s fine,” I told him. “We both knew it was a role play, we went back to normal.”

’Good, “he said.” I worried. Even as a role play, it’s still got a punch. “He sipped his coffee.” So did you guys make the full twenty-four hours.”

I laughed. Surprisingly, he wasn’t offended. Maybe I’d misread that aspect of him.

“We lasted maybe eight hours.”

He smiled and chuckled.

“Sam my man! Way to go!”

“You’re not offended,” I said. “Curious.”

I’d expected him to be more controlling, and more upset with being disobeyed.

He shook his head.

“Nope. I figured you would need downtime for recovery. For both you and Sam. A breathing space. Counting the restaurant, how many times did Sam come?”

I pretended to count. I knew exactly how many times Sam had come, and when and how.

“Including the restaurant? Seven.”

He chuckled.

“Now if I did six or seven in that space,” he said. “I’d be useless for a week. I asked you to wait twenty four hours, I figured that would be safe. But your man is like the energizer bunny, he just keeps going and going.”

“He bounces back hard,” I admitted.

“Cripes,” Leroy said, “he does. I wish I was that young.”

He looked me over.

“How about you?” he said. “Recovered. No aftereffects? Physical or emotional? You took some hard pounding there.”

I smiled.

“I was a little sore,” I admitted. Technically, I’d been a lot sore, particularly after Sam and I had our solo rounds. “But fine.”

He nodded.

“You were fucking good at it,” he reflected. “Real fucking good. Deadly even. You followed the lead, played into it perfectly. If you hadn’t kept breaking character…”

I couldn’t help but smile at the compliment, or was it a criticism? The cuckolding session. The early part had been mind blowing, the psychological work up early on, especially on the love seat, that had been so intense. The role play for me had been powerful, it had been like slipping into another identity. There’d been a psychic undertow to the role play that had drawn me in completely. Then that amazing, incredibly slow penetration, reaching a level of sensual detail and intensity that was almost transformative.

And then, moments later, he’d fucked it up completely, right in the middle, after I was basically reduced to goo, by turning to Sam and going ‘Hah ha Sam.

My girl now. Hah hah.'

Like what the fuck? Are you eight years old? The illusion, the make believe shattered completely. I'd almost laughed out loud involuntarily. And then he'd done that obnoxious "Sam's cock is little" shit that annoyed the hell out of me.

I'd recovered and made up some shit so the scene could go on, but he'd lost me. After that, for me, it was just good hard fucking. I gave it to him there, he was good at it. But it wasn't much more than that.

But the problem was me breaking character? Give me a fucking break.

"Well," I replied. "You said it yourself, it was a role play. And the sex was real."

The sex had definitely been real — bruising, exhausting, relentless, sweaty. The sexual energy had been overwhelming. Even after it was over, it wouldn't stop. I'd woken up in the night, horny as hell, started playing with his cock. He woke and the next thing you knew, we were at it.

And to be completely honest with myself, some of the stuff he'd managed to get me to say during that midnight session that followed had left me ashamed afterwards.

I mean, I was exhausted, submissive, literally drunk on orgasms and arousal, and I was feeding him what he wanted to hear… but in the moments I'd said things, not just then, but particularly then, I'd meant them.

There, that's my deep secret. There had been points, moments, even if only for a moment, where I'd meant what I said.

The role play had gone very deep, to the point of maybe not being role play. That was one of the reasons why I had to keep breaking character early on. I had to remind myself it wasn't real.

"The sex was very real," he agreed, "and intense. I actually got the feeling a few times, that you weren't pretending."

He stared.

Fuck. Our thoughts had lined up at the right moment, so it felt almost psychic, like he'd just read my mind.

Except for a moment of stillness, my body betrayed nothing, certainly I didn't let on about the instant, intense shiver that went up and down my spine. He didn't stare or anything, just watched me. After a few seconds I found I had to look away. A moment later, I could feel myself turning beet red.

"Nope," I lied. "Role play, all the way through. You were a very good lead, it

was easy to follow. You'd worked it out very well…"

"Uh huh," he said, and just looked at me. "Why don't you spread your legs for me."

He said it in a plain, casual, conversational way, as if remarking on the weather.

My knees parted involuntarily, just an inch and I slammed them together. What the fuck? Where had that come from?

I waggled a finger at him and shook my head.

"Nuh uh," I told him.

He shrugged.

"Just thought I'd test you a little."

I rolled my eyes.

"I think you're wet, though," he said. "Aroused. A bit excited. Memories sparking up, and of course, you're here alone."

"Oh my," I snarked. "That doesn't sound creepy at all."

He chuckled.

"I didn't mean it like that. It's just… Every other time I fucked you, Sam was there, either listening, or physically there. Even when I didn't know, you knew. You knew he was there, you were always performing for him a little, affected by his presence. It was never just you alone."

"Surely," he asked, "you must have wondered? What it would be like to do it with me, without him there? Listening. Watching. Looking over your shoulder. Trying to get a better look. Without that pressure of having to look after him? Worrying about him, whether he was enjoying? Whether he was having fun?"

"Think about it," he said. "Just you and me, no Sam, no watching, no worrying, no second guessing. Just uncomplicated fucking."

I felt like I was sweating suddenly as he was talking, his words uncannily reflective of my own thoughts earlier. The sweater was suddenly a little too warm.

"Interesting idea," I said neutrally. "Maybe I'll ask Sam and then I'll try it alone with you. But not today."

He nodded.

I needed to ask.

“What about you?”

He raised his eyebrows. “Oh, I’ll fuck you every chance I get. In a heartbeat. You’re platinum grade ass.”

Platinum grade ass? I’d never heard that before. I laughed nervously.

“Your nipples are hard,” he observed.

I refused to look.

“No they’re not,” I told him, blushing “And if they were, I’m wearing a loose sweater, and a bra under the sweater, you couldn’t tell.”

“They’re definitely hard,” he said, looking directly at them. Fuck, I thought, they’re not sticking out are they? He can’t see that, can he? He’s fucking with my head.

“And when I said you were wet,” he said. “You didn’t deny it.”

I was blushing madly. I squirmed awkwardly in my chair, suddenly restless. To cover, I put the coffee cup to my lips and drank.

“This is fucking great coffee!”

“Sumatran. From Mandan province. They have their own strain of beans.”

“Ahh,” I said. That was the infuriating thing about Leroy, he was good at everything. Or he seemed to be. If it was bullshit, he had the best bullshit Sam and I had seen.

I put the cup down.

“Look,” I told him, “yes, there’s sexual tension. My nipples are hard. My pussy is a little wet. Okay. I feel it. You feel it. We can’t have done all the fucking we’ve done, and not have sexual tension when we’re alone. That doesn’t mean we’re going to fuck, got it? I’ve said no.”

“Sure,” he said, he leaned back and smiled. “But I am enjoying the tension. There’s no need to act on it. But it’s nice to feel… that little bit of electricity. Don’t you think?”

Fuck, I thought, he never stops. But he was right.

I looked up at the ceiling.

“Mmm,” I said thoughtfully, “you may be right. As long as we don’t act on it.”

“Fine by me,” he said.

“You’re pretty relaxed.”

“I know I’ll have you. If not now, then later on. I can be patient.”

I nodded. Made sense.

“Can you really see my nipples are hard?”

“Oh yeah,” he said.

I looked down. Yeah, they were definitely poking the sweater.

“Fuck!!!!”

“I’ve got some napkins, he said,” and some paper coffee filters.”

“You could put them in your bra. It might help,” he offered, “with the nipples thing.”

I thought about it for a second, it seemed kind of pointless. But wait…

“Wait!” I demanded. “Are you fucking with me?”

He didn’t answer, just lifted an eyebrow as he drank his coffee.

“You bastard!” I swore in a friendly, affectionate way. I’d have to tell Sam, he’d laugh.

He just shrugged.

“Anyway,” I said. “I mean, how was the role play for you. You went pretty hard into it.”

Until you fucked it up, I thought. I didn’t think he realized he’d blown it, he’d just kept on, and mostly recovered. But then, we were into hard fucking, and the psychodrama stuff was secondary.

The throat fucking, that had been amazing, something of a revelation. My big takeaways so far: It hadn’t been nearly as difficult as I’d expected; And something else, as it had been happening, when he’d been going a particular pace, so I could snatch breaths and my throat muscles had seemed to react… I’d experienced intense arousal. I wasn’t sure whether it was entirely psychological, or there’d been a physiological element. I really resented him taking my hands away when I was trying to masturbate. I was still processing it. I sort of wanted and didn’t want to try it again. I didn’t really feel like discussing it with him though.

The midnight sessions, when we’d been half asleep, rousing each other, my

defenses down, our bodies willing, he'd gotten it back then, the psychological edge. That was when it got closest to not being role play.

He drank his coffee.

"It was just a scene," he said. "That's all. You design it, you work out the choreography, you make sure everyone's doing their part and having a good time. It's like being a dungeonmaster… in DnD."

"Dungeons and Dragons?" I wanted to make sure.

"The same," he nodded. "Played it in high school. The thing is, you're so busy looking after everyone, that you never get completely immersed."

"You made it feel very real," I said. I felt myself blushing brightly again, and hoped he didn't notice.

I looked over at his cabinets. When he'd been on, when it was working, his sexual potency had been breathtaking.

"You felt very real yourself, like realistic. Like you weren't playing."

"I have this urge to be in charge," he admitted. "Not really dom/sub, just my personality. Sometimes it gets out of hand, I have to watch out for that. But a scene like this, it just sort of plays into that part of me."

"I'd say…" he said, "ten per cent me, ninety per cent playing to the role. I could never actually let go, I always had to manage the scene. But you? You really went there. Sometimes I watched you or listened, and I honestly couldn't tell you were role playing. You felt very real sometimes."

I looked at his cabinets. Was I blushing? My face was hot.

"It was fun…" I said. "I don't know, that I'd want to keep on doing it. It feels confining, and… a little dark. Once or twice… okay. But I wouldn't want to do it regularly."

He nodded.

"I can get behind that," he said. "I get it. You're right."

"One thing that really bothers me," I told him, emphatically, looking directly at him, "and you keep fucking doing it. You keep cutting down Sam. It bugs me. It's cruel and it's mean, and it's not fun at all. And he's not that much smaller than you are. Fucking stop it. Okay?"

He nodded.

"You're right," he said sincerely. "You're absolutely right. It's unnecessary, its cruel like you said. It stops. Done. I'm sorry."

Just like that? I'd been thinking about it off and on for days, working up to an argument. And he'd just conceded out the gate. No defensiveness, no justification, nothing. He just admitted and apologized. Fuck. I'd been ready for a fight.

"Okay…" I said.

That didn't feel like enough.

"It's just… I don't like it. It's malicious. And it makes…"

"Makes me look like an asshole," he finished.

"You're absolutely right," he said. "I started it when I thought you were stepping out. I thought it was working for you to slag your husband. Unhappy marriage, wife straying, you don't want to be talking up the Mister. I had the idea that was what you needed — fuck to your asshole husband."

He paused thoughtfully.

"But I misread. That wasn't the situation at all, and even when I should have known better, I kept at it. I'm sorry."

I was put out. This was almost a different side of him. I'd expected something closer to his role play, the 'fuck at all costs' 'dominate at all costs' persona. Or the predatory horndog from the bar. I'd expected him to defend and aggress.

But fuck, here he was, thoughtful, considerate, unapologetically sexual, but respectful… and funny. He was almost like Sam. I liked that he could remind me of Sam, that he could show the qualities I loved in Sam. It made me trust him a little more.

Was this the real Leroy? Was sensing this inner person why we were both so strongly attracted to him? Part of me just wanted to go and sit on his lap and joyfully kiss the fuck out of him and run off to the bedroom.

Or was this a role play? And underneath, maybe there was something darker and more predatory. I shivered involuntarily, and I could feel my pussy clenching, a wet squeeze dampening my panties. Something predatory, waiting to fuck me, if I dared show weakness. I had a momentary flash of me naked in his bed, him looming over me, hovering, his erection waiting, and submissively spreading my legs.

"I think," he said, "you need to do it."

"What?" I asked a little too loudly.

Blushing, I'd realized I'd become momentarily distracted. I'd lost the thread

of conversation.

“I like Sam,” Leroy said. “I like him a lot. But I don’t know him well enough. I might miss the mark. Or go too far. You should be the one to cut him down… you know the press the right buttons… size, staying power… whatever, and how hard to push, to get him going but not hurt him. You know him well enough to know where to go, and when to stop.”

Wait? What? I thought.

“People get off on submission, you definitely do. Surrendering, humiliation, the fantasy of being conquered…” he went on.

My heart beat a little faster, I felt light in my stomach, a tingle below. Yeah, he’d read me right. It wasn’t all of me. But I got off on it.

“So does Sam. I guess everyone does in the right moment,” he continued. “But can be a fine line between excitement and arousal if you do it right… and trauma and emotional pain if you do it wrong.”

He nodded.

“Yeah,” he said. “You should handle that. He’ll be safer and happier. I’ll leave it to you. I won’t push like I’ve been doing. I’ll back off and let you run that.”

“What?” I’d just jolted from this wildly affectionate impulse, to a submissive micro-fantasy, and now a call back to the intense energy of the role play where he’d just promoted me to… bitch goddess?

It was weirdly exciting, because while I didn’t like verbally slapping Sam… on some level, I kind of had.

It felt like my body was thrumming, I was experiencing this strong sudden feeling of sexual arousal, but it was like I couldn’t settle on what was arousing me?

“Oh. Yeah. I see. Okay,” I mumbled, trying to buy time to sort out my confused impulses. He’d thrown me. “I’ll think about it. We’ll talk about it. Later.”

“Another thing,” he said.

“Yeah?”

“I don’t think I should spend the night,” he told me. “Not after a session. It’s too raw. With a regular threesome, sure, I’d love that.”

“But a session brings too many things up, I’m thinking about last time. I don’t think spending the night is good. I think after a session, I should go home, and leave the two of you together.”

I was a little shocked, this was unexpected. And the thing was, he was right. The session had been one thing, but the night sex, the things I'd said and done, the way he'd wore me down, and Sam leaving our bed… It was all dark. Emotionally dark and dirty.

"Okay," I agreed, grateful for the change of subject. "I can go with that."

"I'm thinking during the week," he said. "Not the weekend, so we're not tempted. You have to go to work in the morning. I have to go home."

"Makes sense."

"This is for you guys," he said. "I loved fucking you all night long, you just kept getting deeper and deeper, surrendering more and more totally. You remember? The things you said? The promises you made?"

I was blushing hot. I remembered the words vividly. I remembered submitting. Promises? Were they promises? Maybe? My hands shook a little at the memory of how completely subordinated, how utterly abandoned I'd been. I flashed on the things I'd said and done, the unspeakable thoughts and feelings that had flowed through me. There'd been no pretending.

"Your legs are spread," he pointed out.

"What?"

Oh fuck, they were. Not a stripper doing the splits, but definitely, somewhere along the way, I'd kind of moved my hips forward as I sat, and my knees had unconsciously parted, directly aiming my pudenda at his crotch. I was glad I was wearing jeans.

I straightened up and crossed my legs.

He chuckled.

"It's okay," he said. "A lot of sexual tension in the air."

I blushed, again feeling grateful that he was letting me off the hook.

I picked up my coffee cup in both hands. I needed both hands, because I didn't trust myself to keep from trembling if I used one. Damn, but it was good coffee.

Fuck him, for being so good at everything. If he wasn't, my clit wouldn't be kicking up a fuss.

The cup was almost empty. I debated asking for a refill. We had a lot more to talk about. Especially if he wanted to do another cuckolding session. I wasn't sold on that. Just a regular threesome would be more fun. Definitely less

tension.

But Sam seemed intent on it, and it had a dark gravity that pulled at me. So, talk about it. Set some rules, some understandings.

I actually felt better about it now, than when I'd gone up in the elevator. Yeah, you could cut the sexual tension with a knife. But I'd seen new sides to him, reasonable sides. I hoped.

He was a fascinating mystery.

"You," I said, squeezing my thighs together, "are a dangerous man."

Crossing my legs had been a serious mistake. I was already wet, more wet and more tense than I wanted to admit, and crossing my legs had just resulted in my putting pressure on my inner thighs, which added tension to my pubic region, and caused my thong to pull tight against my clit and my pussy lips.

I desperately wanted to uncross them and assume a more comfortable position that wasn't mild sexual self-torture. But I'd made such a big production out of crossing them, that I couldn't do that without drawing attention to it, which would tell him I was really wet, which I didn't want to do.

And the worst part was that I was terrified he already knew all this, because he was so damned sexually intuitive. So good at reading me like an open book. I was terrified that he knew I'd trapped myself into sexual anguish, and he was enjoying it.

He'd probably told me to spread my legs, knowing I'd refuse but then unconsciously do it anyway later on, so that he could point it out, and make me cross my legs, trapping myself.

The bastard.

Come on Kayley. No one is that devious.

And I'm definitely not that easy to manipulate. I hoped.

"We've talked about that," he said thoughtfully, "me being dangerous. That's the second time you mentioned it. You brought it up after the…"

I was grateful he didn't say it out loud, but he didn't need to. The memory of that encounter was overpowering.

He looked at me speculatively.

"But here you are."

Eek! I thought.

“Let me ask you, how do you feel about me being dangerous? Be honest.”

“Nervous,” I replied slowly “Careful.”

“Be honest.”

“Excited… Odd… A little scared,” I said. “It makes me want to get on my knees in front of you.”

Oops.

I shouldn’t have said that last part. I knew it was a mistake right from the start, and it came tumbling out anyway. Oh god, that was such a stupid thing to say. I was in so much trouble.

Fuck.

I smiled weakly.

“Strike that last bit?”

He waved, dismissing it. Instead, he leaned forward, thoughtfully.

“That makes me think of the ‘Four Fs’” he said.

“Excuse me?”

“The Four Fs — the four physical responses to danger — Fight, Flight, Freeze and Fawn.”

Okay, he’d just fucking lost me. I’d thought after my idiotic confession, he’d just grab my hair, force me to my knees and go at it. But apparently, we were still having a coffee table discussion.

Okay. Sure.

“I thought it was just fight and flight,” I said carefully. “Responses to danger.”

“Those are the big ones,” he said. “But they realized that freeze and fawn are in there too.”

“Freeze is easy to understand,” he said. “Sometimes, the response to danger is paralysis. People… animals, freeze up for a second. The rabbit freezes when the shadow of the hawk is there. You get caught in a bank robbery, you freeze.”

“That doesn’t seem like a good response,” I replied.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged. “Some situations, you don’t know what to do.

Something goes off… maybe the response isn't obvious, or easy. Maybe doing something will put you in more danger. If the rabbit runs, it'll attract the hawk. If you panic during a bank robbery, a twitchy robber might shoot you to death. So you freeze, to figure out the safe move, rather than risking death."

I nodded.

"And the other one?" I asked.

"Fawn?" he said. "That's the tricky one. Have you ever seen a small dog meet a big one. Sometimes it goes up, tail wagging so hard its butt is swinging, licking its muzzle, ears down. No aggression at all. Just hyper 'wants to be friendly.' That's fawning."

"Fawning, as in flattering, sucking up, ingratiating. That's a survival strategy, particularly in social situations. Can't run, can't hide, can't fight… When someone makes you feel threatened, kiss their ass."

"That's what you're doing," he said. "You're fawning."

I thought it over very carefully.

"Fuck right off," I said. "I don't kiss anyone's ass."

He chuckled.

"No," he said. "Remember, it's a physical response, it's how we're wired. It's physiological, an instinct, an urge. When you feel danger, your instinct is to run, or fight, or freeze up… or fawn."

"It feels…" I began. "I don't like it… it's icky."

"It's just physiological," he said. "You feel someone's a little dangerous, you have this urge to ingratiate, to try and make him like you. If the threat likes you, it's not a threat. Simple, but it works. Sexually, if it's a bad boy, you turn on the sex appeal, you try to get him interested… if he wants to fuck you, he doesn't want to hurt you."

He shrugged.

"It works for some things," he said. "It's not necessarily the best strategy. Real danger? My advice is run like hell. If you can't run, fight. If you don't know what to do, freeze. But fawning works enough that we got wired for it."

"You keep saying I'm dangerous," he told me, "and then you flirt, because your fawning instinct is kicking in."

"Where the fuck did you learn all this stuff?" I asked, incredulous.

It wasn't that I disbelieved him. The way he laid it out made way too much

sense, and explained a lot of things, not just about sex, but ways I'd seen people behave.

"Stanford," he said. "I took some classes there, back in the day."

"I see," I said. "Is this before or after you went into the Astronaut training program?"

He froze. At first he looked confused, then it sank in, then there was what might have been a very quick flicker of annoyance or anger. Then he laughed, and I laughed too. The weird discomfort of the 'Four Fs' conversation dissipated. Even the sexual tension eased.

"You bitch!" he chuckled. "I should spank you for that."

"Promises, promises," I replied. I stuck my tongue out at him.

He regarded me with amusement.

"Kayley?"

"Yes."

"You were fawning just now."

I was so shocked I uncrossed my legs, and put my hand over my mouth.

"Holy shit!" I said. "You're right!"

I had fawned! Now that I'd noticed it, I almost felt panic, like I wanted to go back and second guess every friendly conversation I'd ever had, review every time I'd flirted. Especially with him.

He chuckled.

"Don't worry about it," he said. He straightened up and pulled himself to his feet. 'Listen,' he said. "I have to go and piss. Did you want to come and watch? You can hold it, or whatever."

"What?" What the hell, I thought, where the fuck did that come from. Watch him pee? Wait!

Leroy stepped over to me and took my head in his hands and kissed me, initially, just on the lips, but with sudden force, he pressed, forcing my lips apart and my jaw opened. His tongue slid into my mouth. I was breathless. Then it was gone, he was straightening up, and I was trying not to pant. I had this random thought that my nipples must just be poinging through my sweater.

"Whatever," he said, walking past me. "If you don't want to come and watch, make yourself useful and put things away. Make sure you rinse the cups. When

you're finished, go into the living room and wait for me."

Wait! Wait! Rewind! What the fuck had just happened? Had he? Rinse the cups? What did he? He kissed me? I was completely thrown. But I couldn't even reply, he was already gone.

Automatically, I started putting away the cream and sugar, pouring out the remainder of the coffee, there wasn't enough for another cup. Better to start a fresh pot. Disposing the grounds. I rinsed the cups and put them away.

I had this weird feeling of arousal and panic. I was absolutely soaked, between my legs, I felt fluttery all over, my skin was hot. It felt like I'd fallen into a trap, like this whole visit was a trap, the entire conversation, carefully maneuvering me into this position of arousal and submission, so he could fuck me. I had this feeling that, almost from the moment I'd walked through the door, he'd been playing me. He couldn't be this good, could he?

I was rinsing his cups? He'd simply ordered, and I was complying.

Maybe it was time to leave. Fuck this shit. I went into the living room. I could hear him pissing in the bathroom. He must have the bladder of a racehorse. Fine, I'd just grab my runners, be out the door. Four Fs? Watch me do flight, motherfucker!

My runners were gone. Or at least they weren't where I thought I'd left them. Had he taken them? To keep me here? To control me? That was crazy. But where were they?

Crazy? My impulse to run off like a mad woman was crazy. I needed to get a grip.

I sat down on the couch. What had I thought? Fifty fifty chance of getting fucked? Right now, more like ninety ten, or maybe ninety nine point nine. Not looking good for our heroine's virtue.

Leroy came out. I was gratified to see that he was tucked away, his cock wasn't flopping around. Okay, good sign.

He stopped in the living room, and looked at me, smiling. It reminded me a lot of the smile he gave me in the bar, the confident, 'I'm going to fuck you' smile. The sort of smile that had made me shiver and spread my legs.

"Get off my couch," he ordered, with just a trace of harshness.

I got up quickly. It was different from being in the bar with him. Here, he was definitely in charge, and I wasn't.

"Come here," he ordered.

My heart was literally thudding against my ribs. I was so wet, it felt like it

was going to work its way through my panties, down my jeans.

Two or three steps, I was in front of him, looking up at him.

“Closer,” he ordered.

I stepped close, so close we were only inches apart. I could feel his physical presence. I had to bend my neck to look up at him.

“So let’s see,” he said, his voice calm and predatory. “Nowhere to run, and no way to resist. Fight or flight is out.. So it’s just freeze. You stand there, waiting for whatever happens. But you have to do something…”

I swallowed, a loud gulping sound.

“So that leaves fawning,” he said. “I bet, right now, you just have this urge to please me. It’s like a need, almost like a compulsion. You feel it, like an impulse, an irresistible impulse, this desire to make me happy. What’s it like?”

I licked my lips.

“Desperate,” I said. “Tense. Urgent, like I really need to do something. I can’t wait. Whatever it is, it has to be now. I’m not afraid of you, I don’t think. But I just want to make you like me…”

That sounded so stupid. I was blushing nonstop, my heart kept beating faster and harder. Any harder, I’d start shaking back and forth. I felt so weak, like my muscles and joints were all unstrung and disconnected.

“I want to get on my knees in front of you…” I whispered. “And suck your cock.”

I waited for a command, an order, a hand on my shoulder or head. There was nothing. Just him, looking down at me. He wasn’t going to give an order. He was going to make me choose to do it.

I felt weak, my body like water, unable to resist. Maybe not wanting to resist. It was like gravity had increased, the whole world pulling me down. I sank to my knees.

I looked up at him, as he stared down. Once again he had taken the role of conqueror, and I the surrendering conquest. Except that there was no real conquest, he didn’t even need to exert, it was just my pulsing weakness, this overpowering need to capitulate to him. To offer myself, with the rabid, urgent hope that he would take me.

“Well, I guess,” I said, remembering my stupid remark, “I kind of opened myself up to this.”

His expression was gloating and hungry. Was this the real man? I couldn't be sure. The way he looked at me though, made me feel weak, it sent shivers through me.

Fight, fight, freeze or fawn. The last a compulsive urge to submit, to curry his favour, to please him.

Was this what I wanted?

Was this the man I needed?

He unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out. I was ridiculously grateful to him for that. Partly, my hands were shaking so much. But there was something deeper, this casual gesture signified his approval of my instinctive submission, and in my compulsive state of fawning, that made me ecstatic.

Even only partially erect, I couldn't help but stare. There was just something hypnotic about his cock in front of me..

"Oh, I knew you were always going to end up on your knees," he said.

"What I love is that you knew it too." He smiled.

I wanted to crush him with a really smart cutting remark. There wasn't anything I could say to that. So I leaned forward and took the head of his cock in my mouth.

He was right.

There was nothing to say.

As I rolled my tongue around it, feeling the now familiar shape and texture. I knew it intimately, my body, perhaps my soul, had memorized the exact configurations and properties during the cuckolding, during that glacial slow penetration.

My eyes closed. Strangely, I found myself relaxing. The high strung urgency of what Leroy called fawning was leaving my body, just slowly fading. Perhaps it was because I had purpose now, I had an actual task or mission to concentrate me. Or perhaps on my knees, I'd found an island of stability.

Something resembling calm stole over me, not a normal calm. This was mixed with arousal, and was submissive, perhaps capable of being deeply submissive. And satisfying. I could feel Leroy's cock head swell in my mouth as I held it on my tongue, lashing it tenderly. I tasted a bead of precum as I licked it away. My lips wrapped tight, feeling him grow with each pulse. There was a deep satisfaction in having it in my mouth which went beyond sex.

I had given my first blow job in high school, it had lasted a minute. Through my final year at high school, and into university, I'd learned reasonable

proficiency in the art, but no real interest or engagement.

That had all changed with Sam, suddenly, I was wild for him in every possible way, and the chance to have him in my mouth was a carnival of excitement and exploration. Sucking Sam's cock was both joyful and addictive, I could never get enough.

There were submissive aspects, certainly there were times when I felt submissive or he went dominant, and oral service took on profound depth.

But it was Derek who had been the turning point, although I hadn't realized it at all at the time. Exhausted, muscles sore, pussy stretched, denied orgasm, Derek had forced, or maybe coaxed me to take his limp filthy cock in my mouth, and I'd given in. It had been degrading, but I'd been too battered down to resist, his member had still been thick in my mouth, vile with cock slime and latex, and yet, I'd surrendered.

That was it, I'd surrendered, accepted and went along with his desire, submitted to his use. It was vile, and that had made it humiliating. But the thing was, that as I served, as I'd cleaned him with my mouth, the taste of cock slime and latex diminished and defused, vanishing or being forgotten. And instead, there was just the freshness of him in my mouth, the taste of cock flesh and smooth skin, there was the heaviness of his cock, the feel of veins and wrinkles, the shape of his foreskin and cock head. He hadn't been hard, if he had been, that would have distracted with its urgency. But now, past orgasm, in its passive state, I'd found a profound kind of satisfaction in giving myself to it.

The truth was that I would have sucked his limp cock as long as he wanted. I would have sucked him until he'd gotten hard again. I would have sucked him until he came in my mouth.

Or until he decided to fuck me again. And this time, I wouldn't have made him use a condom. I would have just accepted his bare cock and submitted to his coming inside me. The Kayley that would have taken him in her body then would have been a very different girl than the one who went into the bathroom with him.

This realization, this epiphany, stole over me and left me weak, as I was on my knees yet again, now, sucking Leroy's cock, now hard and filling my mouth. I didn't think in these terms, I wasn't thinking at all. I was just existing, and understanding.

That throw away moment in my sex with Derek had actually been deeply consequential, had been transformative. I'd made some mental adjustment there, had slipped into a certain territory, without either of us realizing it. I had been changed in some small aspect, without my even noticing. He could have taken me so much further then, and I knew, with absolute certainty, that I would have gone wherever he took me, submitted to whatever he wanted.

Not all of the oral encounters after had been in the same vein. My relationship with Sam's cock, including my joyful fixation with oral remained. The times with Sam, the hilarious episode in the Thai restaurant, they'd had none of that. Not every cock that might pass between my lips necessarily made me a slave, that would have been ridiculous.

But cleaning Leroy our second time in the men's room, that odyssey of a blow job that turned into some primeval face fuck at his place, the experience in the peep show, it had all just built on and hardened, that small alteration to me, had set it into stone and expanded it.

Especially the experience at the peep show. The peep show had taken away men and men's bodies, had distilled the experience to my mouth and cocks and the submissive, profound need to serve orally. However my experiences changed me, even if I was already altered, the peep show experience felt it had fixed it permanently, rewritten a part of me.

Had I really understood the consequences for myself when I had chosen to walk in to the peep show? And if I had understood, would I still have walked in?

With a shiver, I realized the answer was yes.

Had Leroy known what he was doing when he took me into that peep show? I hoped not, that seemed impossibly diabolical. If he was that good, that cunning, then it was hopeless.

He wasn't that good, I decided. Leroy was good, definitely. But it was important not to believe all his bullshit.

He'd just done whatever he wanted every step of the way. I was certain he had not understood or intended, it was just a game. He did not appreciate how profound it would be for me, how life altering. But he had been there, he had witnessed and seen. He may not have understood how it changed me, how I had been changed and altered. But he'd seen the result. Perhaps he even understood it, or if not, he knew enough to take advantage.

I had barely begun to understand it myself, only finding these epiphanies kneeling before Leroy, and serving him. I was no longer wholly the Kayley I had used to be. And yet, this awareness did not shatter me. I embraced it, felt warmed by it. This was who I am now. Or at least, who I was in the moment.

"Fuck," Leroy grunted, "you're such a fucking cocksucker!"

He was rock hard in my mouth, it hadn't taken long, I'd reveled in the way he'd swelled, pushing my jaws apart, becoming hotter and harder in my mouth. It had been new territory, with each throb, his cock had become a new thing to explore continuously.

I was vaguely aware of his scrotum draping over my chin, I'd worked my way to

a deep throat, without even a gag. He hadn't pushed, he'd just let me follow my fascination. I took a deep breath of his masculinity, wallowing in it, eyelids fluttering and pulled back, my hand pulling gently on his testicles.

If I'd thought about it, I preferred him in the front of my mouth, no more than two or three inches. There, his cock head sat on my tongue like a throne, I could move my lips, suck so intently my cheeks caved. There was the pleasure and fulfillment of worship. But no matter where he was in my mouth, there was always the beckoning, to take him some other way, deeper or shallower, to lick his balls, bury my face in his pubic hair, kiss the head. I was constantly moving, constantly exploring the landscape of his erection, endlessly fascinated.

"Take off your sweater," he ordered. My lips left his cock just long enough to heave my sweater up over my head and fling it away. I swallowed his cock again, going deep.

That old movie is silly, it's not like we have a clitoris in our throats. If I come at all from sucking a cock, and sometimes I can, it's from the psychological intensity. There's no direct sexual nerve endings in my mouth, or my throat. But there are nerve endings, taste, awareness of texture. Awareness of the resistance to my tongue, the shape that it caresses, awareness of the wetness in your mouth, my jaws stretched open. There's a sensuality to it, a sensual awareness that can be sexual, that is often sexual for me.

But it is an unfulfilled sexuality, arousing but never satisfied, so I chase that arousal, I pursue it slowly around the head and down the length of the shaft, into the nests of pubic hair and the swaying bush of the scrotum and back again, unconsciously seeking that sweet spot that's never quite there, losing myself to it.

And perhaps, deep, deep down, there's the primordial suckling urge of the infant, after breathing, the deepest, most fundamental human impulse. To feel something stiff and round in between my lips and suckle, and with that, a satisfaction a gratification, a soothing of disordered minds and the stream of thoughts and impulses.

Sucking cock, suckling, carried with it a sort of mindless pleasure, a basic happiness and contentment that shut off thought and left me in warm immediacy.

"Get rid of the bra," he ordered. I unsnapped it and shrugged it off automatically, his cock never leaving my mouth.

I lost myself on my knees in front of Leroy. His hand stroked my hair or moved my head, but these sensations were remote. He spoke, but unless they were commands, I simply let them flow through me. What commands he gave my body, my mouth followed automatically.

At some point, he took control, whether he seized it, or gradually usurped I

did not know, because I was in a state of mindless surrender, unable to distinguish the performance of my body from his will. I only gradually came to realize that I was obeying him, that he was ascendant. But this time, he didn't disrupt my contentment with face fucking.

His cock swelled in my mouth, I slid back and forth, sealing my lips tight, aware of his impending ejaculation.

Then I felt him filling my mouth, the liquid semen surging all over my tongue and gums, from the roof of my mouth to momentarily swell my cheeks, and I was swallowing automatically. In that mental state, feeling, tasting a man ejaculating in my mouth was almost like having an orgasm of my own, it brought a kind of excitement and blissful satisfaction.

"Fuck you are good!" Leroy said. He stepped back, his cock slid from between my lips.

I reached for it automatically.

He took deep breaths. I looked up, his face was red and flushed, he was breathing hard. I struggled to connect the hard sharp orgasm he must have felt with the blissfulness I'd experienced from his agitation.

"Fuck, that was satisfying. I love blowing a load in your mouth."

Slowly, I returned to myself. I felt calm and relaxed, very open.

"Are we done?" I asked.

He didn't reply directly.

"Take off the rest of your clothes," he ordered.

In my relaxed state, I saw no reason not to comply. Vaguely I wondered what he had planned next. Did he want me to stay on my knees?

"I'll have to stand up to get the jeans off," I told him.

"Sure."

I climbed to my feet.

"I don't like jeans," he said, watching me pull them down, "or slacks. You should just wear skirts or dresses, so you can be accessible."

I thought about taking my panties off in the same movement, but decided to do them separately, he'd probably like that more. The jeans slid down my calves, I stepped out of them. I was wearing a red satin thong with a large wet spot. They went next.

Why bother to wear a bright red thong on what was supposed to be a casual no-sex visit? I hadn't thought of it when I picked it out.

Or maybe, some deep part of me had intended, wanted this all along. Maybe this was where I knew I'd be, right from the start.

"Socks too," he said unnecessarily, I was already pulling off my white ankle socks. He smiled. "You know, there's something about having you barefoot that is so fucking sexy."

I stood naked in front of him. He was still fully dressed. He'd even tucked his cock away, I kind of missed it.

"Come here," he ordered.

I took a couple of steps towards him, approaching close until there were only inches between us, like before. So close I had to bend my head to look almost straight up at him, and he was looking down at me. This is what he'd had me do before the blow job, so I assumed that's what he wanted this time.

"You're different," he said, looking into my eyes. I looked away.

"I feel more relaxed," I said. That urgent need to fawn had faded. I felt like I was in an odd sexual head space. It wasn't bad, I was okay with it. But I recognized it wasn't my normal head space.

He cupped my breast, squeezing my nipple. I looked down at his hand on my breast, my lips moving slightly when he pinched too hard. He slipped his hand down my belly, between my legs, finding my pussy. I gasped and my legs felt watery.

I expected him to kiss me, but he didn't. Sam would have kissed me. Sam never missed a chance to kiss me.

"Fuck," he said. "You're wet. You're just dripping."

Of course I was. My eyes went half lidded, and I started to pant slightly. His fingertips expertly played my clit and two fingers sank into me, unerringly stroking my g-spot. I put a hand on his shoulder, leaning on him, widening my legs a little. It was startling how intense the response and arousal was.

He withdrew.

"You stopped," I complained.

"Turn around," he ordered. I obeyed. He stepped up close, I could feel his breath on my neck. His hands reached around, cupping my breasts, moving up and down my body, across my ribs, my belly, down below to tease my clit.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. He'd come, he wasn't ready to fuck me, at

least night right way.

The blow job had left me in this odd state of sexualized excitement and receptiveness, but strangely passive. His touch had sent me smouldering. I wanted to be licked, fingered, fondled. I felt this slow hunger building in me.

I could feel him staring at me for a moment. Then he took my hip and shoulder. "Move," he ordered. At first I thought he was marching me to the bedroom. But instead, he stopped me facing a wall from a foot and a half away.

"Hands on the wall," he said, "head height. Stare directly at the wall, don't look anywhere else. Don't look away from the wall. Don't move your hands."

I obeyed.

"Comfortable," he asked after a minute. It wasn't bad. My arms were outstretched a bit, but not awkwardly or uncomfortably. I wasn't putting any weight on them. And the wall allowed support. It wasn't a stress position.

"Yes. Am I allowed to blink?" I asked

"Of course." His words came from directly behind me. I felt his breath on my shoulder.

He reached around, cupping my breasts, pulling on my nipples, and alternately pinching them. His hands moved up and down my body, from the underside of my jaw and throat, smoothly down all the way to fingernails raking my inner thighs and sending shivers through me. He stepped close to reach between my legs, fingers parting my lips.

"Spread your legs a little more…" he ordered. "That's it."

He started to touch and tease me, biting my shoulders, running hands and palms, fingertips and fingernails everywhere. Sometimes in long caresses, sometimes a series of touches and taps, always returning to my erogenous zones, sending me into shivers of arousal.

"How does that feel?" he asked.

"Wonderful."

"You are such a responsive slut," he whispered in my ear, his fingertip brushed lightly over my clit, making me jump. "Tell me you're a slut."

"I'm a slut," I breathed.

"What kind of slut?"

"The best kind. The kind that fucks total strangers in the men's rooms of

bars, and sucks random cocks in peep shows."

"The kind that likes to get fucked?" A finger slid up inside me, exploring.

"The kind that loves to get fucked."

"I'm going to fuck you, then I'm going to fuck your virgin ass and pop your little cherry. What do you think of that?"

"I can't wait. But I might have to."

His brows narrowed. "Hmmm?"

"You just shot a whole lot of come down my throat."

"Don't worry about that," he said. "I'll be ready soon, and I'm going to make sure you're begging for it."

"You always make me beg."

"You love to beg."

"Because I'm insatiable. I need your cock. I need to come all the time."

"Do you deserve to come?"

"Yes," I whispered. "I want to come!"

"WHAP!" he slapped my ass hard. "Ow!" I went, reflexively.

"I decide whether you deserve to come," he said. "Not you. You just beg."

"I'm sorry," I whimpered. "You're right. May I come? Please?"

"What did you do to deserve it?"

"I got on my knees for you," I said. "You didn't even have to tell me. I got on my knees because I wanted to please you. And I sucked your cock. I sucked it really good. I worshipped it."

"That was a pretty good blow job," he admitted.

"Tell me a secret," he said. "Something Sam doesn't know."

"He doesn't know about the peep show."

"You didn't tell him?"

"Not yet."

“Not enough,” he said. “Tell me another secret, something no one knows.”

Fuck. I was going out of my head with the need to come, and he was playing twenty questions. What an asshole. It’s not like I walk around with a list of untold secrets I could draw on. Especially in my desperate panting state. My mind was a chaotic blank. I searched for anything recent.

“When you went to the bathroom,” I mumbled. “And invited me to watch… I wanted to go. To hold it.”

“Oh really,” he whispered. “Was that all you wanted?”

Oh fuck! Just give him what he wanted, so he’d let me come.

“No, I wanted to watch you piss. To see it,” I whispered. Fuck, I’d already given him that. He wanted more. “I had a flash, when you said it, an image…”

“An image?”

Fuck.

“Of kneeling while you pissed. Of kneeling right in front of you. Of you pissing on me instead of in the toilet. Of opening my mouth so you could piss in it.”

Just let me come, I screamed at him in my head. I hoped that this didn’t get me in trouble, and that he wasn’t some pee freak or anything, and I I was setting him off.

“Ever had these fantasies before,” he whispered.

“No,” I answered truthfully. “Just now, with you,” I lied.

He chuckled.

“You would do whatever I told you?” he demanded.

“Yes.”

“If I took you back to the bar, to fuck a stranger?”

“I’d fuck him.”

“Even if he was black?”

“Yes.”

“Or brown? Or Asian?”

“Yes.”

“Fat?”

“I’d fuck whoever you told me to.”

“What if I sold you to a stranger?” he demanded. “What if I pimped you?”

“I’d do it.”

“Put you on the street?”

“Yes.”

“Gangbang.”

“Yes.”

“What if I took you out there without Sam,” he said. “What if I left Sam out of it.”

Oh fuck you, Leroy, I thought angrily. I didn’t answer.

“Kayley?”

I refused to answer. Fuck it, come, not come. There was a limit.

“Kayley?” His voice was warning.

I still refused. I expected him to do something, either do some asshole thing to punish me. Or leave off entirely and stop — cold turkey me. Or rev up. His hand on my pussy slowed down slightly, he seemed almost thoughtful.

“The cuckold session,” he whispered. It was a change of direction. “Some of it was real, for you, wasn’t it? Sometimes you weren’t playing, were you?”

Oh fuck him, I thought. He’d been probing and probing, and now he was going to pull it out of me.

I nodded. “Sometimes.”

“When?”

“On the love seat,” I whispered. “When we were making out in front of Sam, when you had the video on him, to embarrass him and he was squirming. And I said video me. It was real. I was feeling it.”

“Good girl,” he whispered in my ear. “Finally some truths. Other times, were there other times it went real?”

“Yes,” I gasped. Part of me hoped he wouldn’t ask for some moment by moment.

That would be torture. And I'd have to lie for parts of it, and that would be hard.

"And how did it make you feel?" his voice was silky.

"Strong," I whispered. "Powerful, in control, with him. Submissive, with you. Dominant and Submissive, at the same time."

"Do you want to do it again?" he asked.

"Sam wants to," I said.

"Do YOU want to do it again?"

Oh fuck you, Leroy, I thought to myself, gasping.

But instead, I said "Yes."

Slipping into Depravity, Ch. 23
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KAYLEY'S POV

"The cuckold session," Leroy whispered, his voice all silky and insinuating. It was a change of direction that made me shiver. "Some of it was real, for you, wasn't it? Sometimes you weren't playing, were you?"

Oh fuck him, I thought. He'd been probing and probing, and now he was going to pull it out of me.

I nodded. "Sometimes."

"When?"

"On the love seat," I whispered. "When we were making out in front of Sam, when you had the video on him, to embarrass him and he was squirming. And I said video me. It was real. I was feeling it."

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"Strong," I whispered. "Powerful, in control, with him. Submissive, with you. Dominant and Submissive, at the same time."

“Do you want to do it again?” he asked.

“Sam wants to,” I said.

“Do YOU want to do it again?”

Oh fuck you, Leroy, I thought to myself, gasping.

But instead, I said “Yes.”

He chuckled. I blushed harder, if that was possible. I wanted, I was willing to do it again, for Sam, because he wanted it, for whatever fucked up reason. I would go along with him. But deep down, I had to admit to myself, it had been exciting. Disturbing, unnerving, even repugnant… but exciting.

And some small part of me wanted to do it again.

“Good girl,” he chuckled. “I knew it.”

His fingers moved, leaving me gasping as he took me to the edge of orgasm, but carefully held me on the precipice.

“When we do it again,” he said, “I want you to commit to your role. Really commit.”

“Okay.”

“Don’t say okay, you need to promise.”

“I promise.”

“Say it.”

“Ahh, I…,” I tried to get the words out. “I… uhh… I will do it, I will commit… uhh… Really commit to the cuckolding, to cucking Sam…”

“Good girl,” he said. “But because you asked, I’m going to ease on Sam, be a little gentler, more careful. So what do you have to do?”

“I have… uhh… I will be harder on him…”

“Very good,” he said. “How does this make you feel? Honesty.”

“Funny,” I whimpered. “Conflicted.”

He paused, thoughtfully.

“Because it gets too real?”

“Uhhh uhhh… yes.”

His hands moved more slowly.

“Kayley,” he said. “I want you to listen carefully. It’s all just role play. That’s all. Sometimes, really good role play will feel real in the moment. But it’s not real. It just feels like that. You’re allowed to let it feel real, to have moments when it feels real. It’s all right. It’s still just role play. I understand, Sam understands, we all understand. You don’t have to feel bad.”

I nodded.

“Okay.”

“We’re just playing, Kayley. We’re playing right now. It’s all right to let go. This feels real, but it’s not. You and I are just playing.”

“Sometimes,” I bit out, grunting, “when you play, you’re a jerk.”

“I know, I’m feeling my way. I’m learning. I don’t know you and Sam as well as I want to. I make mistakes sometime. I’m sorry.”

I nodded.

“It’s okay.”

“We’re good?”

“We’re good.”

“It’s working for you?” he asked. “Mostly?”

I took a deep breath.

“Yes! It’s working! It’s hot! Can you please please please PLEASE make me come! I’m begging. I just need to come so bad! Can you let me come! Please!”

He made a startled noise, but his hand went hard between my legs, powerful manly strokes, shoving against my clit and lips so hard it was almost like having a cock in me.

“Coming right up!”

“Oh!” I grunted. He pushed harder and harder, my body swinging back and forth.

“OH! OH!” It was hitting, an explosion boiling up between my legs, spreading through me. My lungs seized. White hot bliss shot up my spine. And then it was just whiting out, I was coming so hard it was like a seizure. My bones and muscles turning inside out. My mind went white with energy and intensity. I came and came, screaming with joy.

As it faded, I felt myself going limp and boneless. My face slid into the wall, my arms dropping to my side. Only Leroy grabbing my waist held me up.

“Holy fuck,” I breathed. “Holy fuck!”

“There,” he said, somewhere behind me. “Happy now?”

“Oh yeah!” I agreed.

“Okay,” he said. “Let’s get you into the bedroom.”

He half carried me, half walked me, and dumped me, unceremonious and naked on the bed. That was okay, I didn’t have my bones in right at that moment. I rolled over on my back.

Loomed over me, pulling off his shirt, but not his pants. Of course, I thought, he wouldn’t take his pants off because he’d come and his dick was limp. For all his talents and gifts, his insecurities were pretty obvious and strangely immature.

He laid on the bed beside me, pulling my legs apart, and running his hand up my thigh. I let him, he liked being in control and me passive.

“I’m going to fuck you,” he said staring at my pussy. “Really hard. And I’m going to fuck you up the ass, and take that cherry.”

He’d just come, though, and I was pretty sure he’d need time to recover. But…
“Okay,” I said.

“No objections?”

Why would he even bother to ask that?

A thought occurred to me.

“Can I ask a question?”

“Yeah,” go ahead.

“I thought you wanted to fuck my ass in front of Sam,” I said. “To cuck him by making him watch while you took my cherry.”

He shrugged.

“First, I love fucking ass. Second, I love popping that particular cherry. Everyone does regular fucking, but that little buttonhole gets saved. Taking it, that’s kind of special. That’s enough. I don’t want to share it with some cuck, so I want to do it privately.”

He paused.

“Also, if it goes wrong, or there are problems, or something gets fucked up, it’s just the two of us. If there’s problems, we work it out together, I can take care of it. Take care of you. Once I know it’s smooth sailing, that you can take the ride, or if you need extra care, I’ll do it in front of him. He’ll watch me do you perfectly. He won’t know the difference.”

“You’re really into this cherry thing, aren’t you?” I asked. For a fleeting second, I thought about telling him the truth.

He smirked. “Believe it, bitch.”

But he didn’t say it in a mean way. Just… eager. Happy with the idea. I decided to play along. Let him think he was plucking a virginity.

I nodded, “Okay.”

His strategy made sense, and in a sort of assholish backdoor way, there was even some form of consideration. I contemplated that for a second, in this weird sexual, emotional, passive receptive place, after a devastating orgasm.

Involuntarily, I shivered with vague delight and a nebulous anticipation. It occurred to me that maybe I should go to the peep show again sometime and suck cock after cock after cock… where had that thought come from? I’d already done that, it was out of my system. I didn’t need to do it again.

I frowned.

Leroy was playing with my pussy, it was vaguely pleasant, but not intense. I needed a moment to recover.

“You’re really into this cuckold thing,” I said. “You say it’s a game, but you’re into it.”

He looked down the bed at me.

“It’s fun,” he said. “All sex is fun. All sex games are fun, if you do them right. But this one, this one is mostly yours and Sam. I’m just playing along.”

“Uh huh,” I said skeptically.

“I didn’t start it,” he said. “You guys did, although you didn’t really know it. That’s where you were going. Both of you. The thing is Sam’s really into it. It’s important to him. He needs it. And I kind of think you’re into it to.”

“I don’t know that Sam’s all that much into it,” I replied carefully.

“He came seven times. No pussy. No blow jobs. No one touching him. Just the power of the idea got him off. The intensity of the experience. Hell, one of those times he didn’t even have to jerk off watching it, he just came,” he said. “Don’t tell me he’s not into it. I know he is. It’s a guy thing. It’s up here.”

He pointed at his head.

I tilted my head. “Explain it to me,” I challenged him. “We’ve been together for years. You met him last week. How do you know his head better than I do? It’s a guy thing? Explain it so my girl brain understands.”

His face clouded a second. He didn’t like sarcasm. He was oddly thin skinned at times. Insecure? But he stopped and looked thoughtful for a moment, it almost felt like he had it ready.

“Ever play softball?”

“I little, back in high school. Never really got into it.”

“Softball,” he said. “Baseball. Any game is a game about losers, and losing. All men’s games are about that. It’s all about the terror of losing. When you play softball, you’re under the gun. You have expectations. You’ve got to hit the ball. That’s the whole thing. Don’t hit the ball, you lose, worse, you’ve let the whole team, everyone down. Three strikes, you’re out.”

I didn’t reply, but I thought about that. He must have had really competitive parents. Shitty parents if that’s what he got out of it.

“That’s softball — a crucible. You get your turn, you go up and you try. And if you fail, then you’re worthless. You don’t just fail, you fail the whole team, you fail everyone. You didn’t do your part. You fucked up.”

“Unless,” I said, “you hit the ball. And a home run..”

“Of course,” he said. “But no one hits nothing but home runs. Mostly, you swing and you miss. That’s what being a man is: Being a loser. You spend most of your life being a loser. Once in a while, you get lucky. But mostly, you lose, and it eats into you.”

“That’s crazy.”

“That’s being a Man. Men are sold impossible demands, impossible expectations, in every part of their life — commercial, sexual, family. They have to hit the home run all the time, every time, in every way. The minute they swing and miss… they’re a loser.”

He nodded.

“Leading cause of death for men in their forties? Suicide. Leading cause of

death fifties and sixties? Heart attacks and strokes. Those are stress related diseases. Most common conditions in adult men? Anxiety and Depression."

Leroy had stopped playing with my pussy. He'd pulled himself up further onto the bed to look at me.

"We have these impossible expectations, we do our best, but slowly we break. We're crushed, we're ground down. It destroys us. But we can't stop. We can't ever put the burden down. We have to be winners, we have to hit those home runs, we have to spend the whole of our lives swinging and swinging until we die. We spent our lives in terror of losing, and we spend it losing, labouring under impossible expectations. The demands never ever let up, failure is inevitable, over and over, more and more. But it's unacceptable. We break down, and because we've but everything into trying, we're done, we have nothing."

"That's what our society does to men," he paused. "The only way out is to choose to lose. Quit. You decide to drop the ball, you deliberately throw the game, you chose defeat. Because at least the pressure is off. It gets so bad, that you'd rather lose than keep in the trap. Young men drop out and hide in their mother's basements, older men kill themselves. We give up and surrender, and there's a fulfillment in surrendering."

"Uh huh. Right. So the answer to male angst is letting you fuck me in front of him?" I said skeptically.

He was bullshitting me. I knew it. I don't know, maybe he was saying something real about the male condition. But it was bullshit too.

He shook his head.

"No," he said. "The answer is to show him that it's okay to put down the burden. That he's still okay even if he isn't hitting that home run every single time. It's about learning to let go, to not have this crushing weight of expectation, and to not have to be responsible."

"It's about setting him free. Not having obligation, just being allowed to experience."

I thought it over.

"Bullshit," I said. "Sounds like bullshit."

But inwardly, I was a lot less sure. Leroy was describing the male rat race, and I'd heard way too many social commentaries and reflections, read way too much about male stress and dysfunction, to just dismiss it.

"Nevertheless," he said. "That's how it is."

"So how does cucking come into it."

“Sex is just another one of those places of pressure.”

“Yeah,” I said. “I get that. You were saying. But…”

Wait, had I just agreed with him?

“We live with the terror of inadequacy. Our dicks aren’t big enough. We don’t last long enough. We don’t deliver the orgasms every time.”

“Sam’s never had that problem,” I told him. “For that matter, I don’t think you’ve ever had it. Not judging by your performances so far.”

He grinned suddenly, and chuckled in satisfaction. then he continued.

“Even when we are and we do, there’s the terror. Maybe next time we can’t get hard. We can’t get hard fast enough. Even when we’re doing fine, there’s that terror of failure, waiting in the wings.”

“And emasculating him and fucking me in front of him… how does that fit?” I demanded. “That just seems…”

“Because he’s trapped in this toxic idea being a man,” Leroy said earnestly. “And sooner or later, it will break him. I want to break him out. Breaking him out means breaking the trap, the illusions, the expectations. Taking it all away and making him like having it taken, being free finally.”

Jesus Christ, I thought. It was like he was a missionary for the Church of Cuck. Salvation for the faithful, by putting his cock in their wives.

“The whole cuckolding thing,” Leroy said, “it’s not meant to be permanent. It’s not a lifestyle, it’s a journey. In the end, he lets go being this illusion of false manhood, lets go the illusion of a cuck, and he’s free.”

I seized on that.

Maybe I wasn’t a man, but I wasn’t entirely persuaded. One thing about men, was that some of them could talk. They could say all the right things and sound perfect, and sometimes it was just bullshit. I’d met guys at university who did the talk perfectly, but all they wanted was to fuck you.

Was Leroy one of those guys? Maybe. Maybe he was just games and bullshit.

Or maybe, it was us? We were the ones who hooked up with him. I could have quit after Derek, or just had more guys, more places. I’d kept going back to him, Sam and I kept hooking up with him.

This was on us.

Sure, he was a stud. But maybe he was right, it was coming from us, and he was

just reading us and feeding what was in us right back to us. Sam and I did that all the time, picking up and feeding back to each other. He'd done that with us. He was definitely good enough to do that.

But the idea that this was just a passing thing, some sort of growing or evolving stage, that we'd do it, have fun, or whatever, and eventually move on was reassuring. It suggested that it was us, Sam and I, we were driving subliminally, and we would let it go.

Fuck, I'd come to sort out and maybe wind down this whole cuckold thing I thought he was running on us, and now I was all turned around, and not sure what to think. Except that we were going to do it again, and maybe after that, and now I was recruited?

"So this is just a phase then," I asked. Phases were annoying things that children went through, that you outlasted. I winced, it sounded so contemptuous and cynical. I was repelled by myself, maybe he was sincerely trying to explain something complicated and genuine in the tragedy of male life, and sort of lighting a pathway, and here I was being a sarcastic bitch.

"Sorry," I said. "That came out wrong."

"I'd rather call it a journey," he said. "An exploration."

"Where do you get all this," I asked. "This perspective on masculinity and… everything."

"I traveled, like I said," he replied. "There's different ways to live. It's a bit of Buddhism. Spent time in Berkeley. I lived on a commune for a while, kind of picked up some old hippy notions."

He stood up.

"I'm going to take off my pants," he announced. He dropped them with his back to me. I wondered if he was avoiding displaying his non-hard cock, which would be a bit immature.

Or if he was showing me his ass, which was actually pretty nice. It was round, and masculine and muscular. I could feel tingles in my pussy, a little thrill of excitement, a sensation in my clit. That ass had pumped a hard cock into me, time and time again, and I'd loved it, every single time. He'd absolutely dominated me in every encounter.

He turned around, his flaccid cock and heavy balls swinging, trying not to draw attention to it only made me more aware of it. Leroy was a grower, not a shower. Erect, him and Sam were more or less the same size, but limp Sam had it all over him.

Naked, he climbed across the bed to me, laying on his side, one arm propping up, looking down on me. Nothing was ever casual, every move was choreographed

for domination. There was something exciting about his relentlessness. I laid there flat on my back, looking up, waiting for his next move. He grabbed my chin and kissed me. As I melted under his kiss, his hand released my jaw and slid down across my body. My legs spread willingly even before he reached me down there.

“I don’t buy it,” I whispered, when the kiss broke.

“I think you do,” he said. “You buy it because you know it’s true. Because as fucked up as it is, deep down you know it. But it doesn’t matter whether you buy it.”

His head hovered over me, looking down. I waited for the next kiss. It was his game.

“Why is that?” I asked.

“Because you’ll do it for me,” he said, “and you’ll do it for him.”

The next kiss was light, teasing.

“What will I do?” I looked up at him.

Kiss. Longer lingering, fingers slid across my clit, wetness trickled down, one knee pulled up.

“Just what you did before. Be extra loud for me, extra-talkier, exaggerate your response for me, openly, overtly submissive to me, obedient in your role,” he said.

Even that first time, in the bar, just talking, he’d taken control, had been bold, fearless and openly sexual. I hadn’t been able to handle him, he’d handled me. I’d been unstrung, gone scurrying off to talk to Sam. But it was already too late, he’d already won, already completely dominated me, and submitting to his cock, was a forgone conclusion. When I’d come back, we both knew he was going to fuck me.

In hindsight, it felt right that he’d come in me, he’d owned me using his cock, inseminating me, making me carry his semen in my body was a powerful gesture, full of deep meaning as to our respective roles. I’d understood that on some level, that in ejaculating inside me, he had mastered me, reduced my body to a vessel for his sperm. There was something… profound in his doing that, and in my body’s acceptance of it.

“I will do that,” I agreed. “I will do what you tell me.”

He rewarded me with a kiss, and down below a finger drew a line up between my lips, parting them, dipping ever so slightly inside, during its journey. I gasped.

He was toying with me. He could make me come, he just didn't intend to, not yet. I accepted it, it felt right, him in control. Oddly, it even felt right that I hadn't reached orgasm that first time. It wasn't about my pleasure or satisfaction. It was about his domination, about him taking his pleasure of me and laying his seed, making my body his. An orgasm would have made it about my satisfaction, denial of orgasm made it about my submission.

"As for Sam," he said, "quieter, colder, less responsive. So he can tell the difference, so he can feel it. I liked how you were last time. That… maybe a little harsher."

Harsher? I'd practically laid there in an exhausted coma.

And after that first time, even without an orgasm, I'd come crawling back to him each time, submitted instinctively, each time he'd claimed my body and I'd done whatever he wanted.

A thought occurred to me, he'd made me come every time since the first time. Had not making me come the first time been a deliberate decision by him? Had he deliberately defined me, established his power and my surrender all the way back then, from our first encounter.

"I won't emasculate him for you," I said. His fingers lifted, my hips rose to follow, but he denied me. I whimpered involuntarily.

Despite my lust, I kept following the idea. Maybe not making me come the first time was a strategy, just like his coming inside me might have been.

Had his possibly deliberate denial created the lust that made me submit to him? If I'd come that first time, would I have needed to come back? Would I have drawn back. Was that what had addicted me to him? Had he deliberately addicted me to his domination that very first encounter?

"I'm not asking you to emasculate him," he told me. "Just be… a little harsher, just a little bit crueler in role play. I'll ease off, I promise, but you have to dial up. You know him better, what works, what he can handle, when to let him breathe… He's safer with you. Remember."

I thought back our earlier encounter. Fuck, I'd figured my chances were fifty fifty at getting out of here without having to have sex with him. I'd been a fool, lying to myself. They'd been zero all along.

The minute I'd walked through the door, he'd run rings around me, carefully unstringing me until I was practically begging to get on my knees and suck his cock, and absolutely getting off. He'd turned me into a begging, whimpering, quivering sex toy without any effort at all.

And now… lying on my back, waiting for him, having surrendered my body and surrendered my initiative.

“All right,” I said. “Yes.”

He smiled. His hand settled like a great moth over my pussy, the heel of his palm fluttering against my clit, a finger slipped inside. I gasped.

“You’re so wet!” he told me.

“You see,” he said. “I don’t want to hurt him, or for you to hurt him. I only want to take away his manhood. You will help me.”

It wasn’t a request, it wasn’t even a command. It was an imperative. I was aware that some rational part of me should be saying something like ‘What the living hell? That is so fucked up!’

But for whatever reason, it was completely still. I could conceive it in the abstract. But it was weightless of no intellectual or emotional significance. It was like being told the mass of some random star on the other side of the universe. Okay, it’s true, so what? Emotionally, intellectually, I could only accept it. It felt so cruel. But it also felt so very right.

“Yes,” I surrendered, some part of me quavering. Part of me wanted to play act for him, be his bitch in heat.

Part of me hungered to crush, to feel and use power. Part of me desperately told itself that this was right.

And part of me knew Sam was into it, deep into it. As long as it didn’t harm him. If he was into being cucked, wasn’t it all just fine? I could fuck Leroy in front of him, submit and dominate at once and he could jerk off.

Why not?

What was wrong with that?

What the fuck was wrong with me? A teeny, tiny voice inside me whispered. But my pussy was drenched and clenching and I was moaning, and so fucking horny. I didn’t want to pay attention to it.

“It will all work out,” he promised. “We’re helping him.”

He kissed me passionately, his fingers slipping up deep, moving quickly. I gasped and gasped again. He took me right to the edge of orgasm, to the point where my spine was arching, my shoulders lifting. But again, he didn’t let me go over.

Now I was lying naked in his bed, as he undressed, intent on fucking me, fucking my ass, and I couldn’t imagine not doing it. The idea of not taking his cock seemed unthinkable, almost unnatural. Here I was, there was no other path. And I wanted it.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

Was it me?

Or was it him? I didn't give a shit.

"You bastard," I whispered. "You are so good at making me do what you want."

He smiled, amused.

"No," he said. "I'm good at making you want what I do."

At those words, my body seemed to convulse. It wasn't an orgasm, not really. It was like a shock, there was something so true, so dark and deep, so utterly revealing that I my body couldn't help but react as if to a blow or a surprise. He makes me want what he does, oh god, that was so much deeper, so much more terrifying than simply submitting, or wanting to submit. I drew a great heaving breath.

"Wow," I gasped. "What a way to put it."

"But it's true," he said, "and you know what it means."

"Yes," I whispered, looking up at him. I thought I'd surrendered to him, but now it was as if I'd fallen deeper.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

I licked my lips, knowing exactly what he wanted me to say, and needing to say it.

"I want you to fuck me up the ass," I whispered, "now, privately, just the two of us. I want you to take my cherry. I want Sam to watch your sloppy seconds, and think he's seeing the real thing. Because he's a cuck, and he doesn't deserve any better. He'll watch and think he's seeing you take my cherry, seeing how good you are, how much I love it when you do. He'll know how much better you are than him, again."

Leroy was as transparent as a pane of glass, I knew exactly what he wanted and why he wanted. He was so simple and obvious. I could tell by the way his eyes lit up that he was getting off on it, his cock going rigid. The dark thing was, he made me want it too.

He grinned, he had this gloating, triumphant grin, a grin that he only wore when he knew he'd won completely, and more importantly, his opponent had lost totally. I hated that grin, and loved it, and when he wore it, my pussy drenched and I would do anything he told me.

"What else?"

I reached down, feeling my way along his body, until my hand wrapped around his cock. It was no longer flaccid, not hard by any means, but thick and full. Oh yeah, I knew it, he'd responded. His growing erection pulsed hot in my hand. On some level, I knew that fucking with my head excited him, that winning a mental duel was a turn on. Almost as much as losing a battle of wills was a turn on for me.

"I want to suck your cock until it's rock hard," I whispered. "So you can fuck my ass without a drop of mercy, so you can make it yours beyond any doubt, own it, the way you own the rest of me."

Again, that gloating grin.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

I lifted up, and he held in place, allowing me to kiss him. I turned and crawled, wiggled down on the bed working between his legs, while he pulled himself up, propping himself so he could watch.

I grinned. I just accepted he was going to fuck me however he wanted, that I would let him, and that I would love it. At least physically, I would love it. Hell, I craved whatever he wanted to do, at least in the moment. Thinking was so overrated. I didn't want to think.

Again, that teeny voice in the back of my mind warned me. I ignored it.

Soon I was laying between his spread thighs, my forearms folded under me.

I leaned forward, and licked his not quite limp cock, pushing it with my tongue, then I looked up at him, expectantly.

"Go for it."

Eyes wide and shining, mouth wider, tongue sticking out as far as I could, I crept up on my prey was Leroy watched. The cock, heavy but still limp, the crown curving and slightly moist, rested passively atop his close cut scrotum, surrounded by artfully trimmed pubic hair.

Was that a twitch? I paused, staring, waiting to see if would move again on its own.

Then I pounced! My head darted forward quick as a cat, my tongue dabbed the head, slid around and under. Lifting it on my tongue, my head dived, and I swallowed his cock in one lunge all the way down to its base. My chin nestled in his scrotum, my lips pursed and stretched forward, I lifted my eyes up to him, playful and wicked. As he watched, I vibrated my tongue on the underside of his shaft and felt him throb slowly in response.

His gaze was carefully neutral, possessive, but reserved. It was a little disappointing, I let my eyes drop, focusing on the object of my worship,

erecting the instrument of my ruin. His cock filled my mouth, stretched my jaw, and occupied me in a way that he didn't when hard.

There was something exciting to me about sucking a cock that isn't hard. Something satisfying, compelling. It's like a different organ altogether, complete in itself, self contained. A hard cock is full of urgency and desire, of will and intention. It needs, it wants.

But when it's not hard, there's a different quality, it's confident. That heavy shaft, the bold head is there, confident, it doesn't need, it doesn't desire, it simply exists, neither wanting nor needing. It's pliable, you can bend it, squeeze it, it accommodates without fundamentally changing. In it's own way, it's fascinating. There's a submission to serving it that slipped down to my core, to worship an object that does not care, that is indifferent… At first.

Sam was always enthralled to wake up with my mouth on his cock. But the truth was, I just wanted to commune with it, to have time with it, with him in my mouth, before the inevitability of his erection or his consciousness, one invariably pulling the other around. Before Sam, I'd barely been interested in them. But it was as if he had woken me, being in love had opened new worlds.

And now… with Derek, with Leroy, with all those erections in the walls of the peep show, they'd made me into a wanton cock sucking whore, eager to wrap her lips around any tool. I closed my eyes and imagined being back in the peep show. Naked this time. Kneeling, Blindfolded. Handcuffed. The door unlocked this time. A strange anonymous phallus sliding between my lips. Would it be hard and rough, hands pulling at my hair. Or gentle. Or simply presenting for my worship. I imagined my mouth flooding with semen, feeling it soften, retreat, and another taking its place.

I dreamed of being helpless, reduced to an object, sucking cock after cock, swallowing one ejaculation after another, my throat working constantly, my lips, my tongue in motion, my identity drifting away.

And after the hard ones, the returners, thick and heavy, but soft, demanding submission and service, teased and worshiped into erections, now hard and demanding.

I fucked my face slowly around Leroy's cock, exploring it with my tongue, memorizing the shape in my mouth as it grew, no longer bending but slowly insisting on its own shape, taking on rigidity and firmness. My motion, the movement of my tongue and lips were reshaped as his cock shaped itself in my mouth, the pressure settling into rhythm, the tongue finding its path.

This was the other satisfaction of sucking a flaccid cock, feeling it respond to me. Feeling it wake, and pulse, swell and stiffen, come alive. There was something like control there, but also submission, the pleasure of a god waking to its worship.

“You are such a good cock sucker,” he said. “You love it, don’t you. You can always tell a girl who loves it.”

I rolled my eyes in pleasure, slowly dragging my head up and down his growing erection. There was no more teasing or play, only slow submission and surrender. Only fulfillment. I reached between my legs with one hand, feeling the weight of my body on my arm, as my fingers crept against my pussy. I humped myself slowly.

Leroy watched, my hips rise and fall, the pattern matching the bobbing of my head. He reached down, seizing my hair above my forehead, yanking me up and down on his swelling erection. He wasn’t rough, just controlling, I settled on the new pace and his grip eased, but did not release. My pelvic humping followed suit. He smiled, enjoying my submission and willing humiliation. I enjoyed my humiliation, a mindless, wanton slut air-humping to his cock’s thrusts between my lips.

“I might have to piss,” he said. “You’ll swallow, won’t you.”

For a moment, I froze, eyes widening, and he had to push my head down to restore my rhythm.

“Just kidding,” he laughed.

I felt my body flush hot. Was it just a joke, or the hint of some further perversion in my future? ’I make you want what I do to you, “he’d said. Could he make me want that… Was that in my future? Would he do that to me? My pussy clenched wetly.

If it happened, I hope he would do it on his own impulse, and save me the indignity of having to ask for it.

I pushed the thought from my mind, pressed my lips tight around his shaft, slid down until I could feel him pressing the back of my throat, then lifted until only his head remained between my jaws. I kissed it passionately with my tongue.

“I think you’re ready,” he said, lifting my head off his cock. He did not release my hair. Instead, he maintained his grip, moving us both. At first, I tried to assume a submissive posture on all fours, ass up, but instead, he turned me until I was on my back, a pillow under my ass.

“Legs back,” he tapped my foot. “Pull your knees all the way up, up to your shoulders, bend them so your calves are flat, straighten your feet so your toes are pointed. Wrap your arms around them to hold them in place…”

I complied, moving as he directed me. “Spread wide. Wider… Perfect…”

He knelt, looming above me, looking down directly, his rigid cock resting against my lips. My ass and vagina were totally open to him. I gulped. My only

lubrication was my own spit, if he shoved it in my ass, it would hurt.

“Jesus,” he said, staring down. “You’re fucking perfect. So submissive. So compliant. The only thing that could make you more perfect would be leather straps, holding you in place like this, trussed like a turkey. You’d let me, wouldn’t you?”

My heart was racing. Whatever was going to happen, however it was going to happen, it was going to be soon. I was terrified, but wild with eagerness.

“Yes.”

“Of course,” he said. “But for this, for your first time, your cherry plucking, I want it to be completely voluntary, no restraints at all, completely free to move, to run away, to change your mind, to say no… Except you won’t. Will you.”

“No.”

His cock, resting at the entrance to my vagina, slipped inside a couple of inches. He glanced down, and then ignored it.

“Tell me you want it,” he said.

“I want it,” I wasn’t lying. The whole visit had built up to this, I hungered for it.

“Tell me you want to give me your cherry,” he demanded.

“I want you to have it.” I licked my lips. “I want you to fuck my ass, to deflower me, to take me.”

“Do you want to know why I want you in this position?” he asked.

“You want to see my face, you want to look in my eyes, as you enter.”

His smile flickered. Even in my haze of lust and submission I could see the cruel joy in him.

“It’s going to hurt a little,” he said. “First times, it should hurt, so you appreciate it.”

He wanted to see the pain.

“I don’t care,” I whispered. “I want what you are going to do.”

And the fucked thing was I craved it. However he did it, however he wanted to do it. I wanted it, I needed it. I needed to be his slave, I needed to be claimed, to be property, to be his object. My cunt was so wet I barely felt his cock. My heart was racing, my mind was swimming, my pussy was lubricating

nonstop.

He pulled his cock out of my pussy and teased it against my asshole.

Then he bent forward, almost on top of me, and pulled a small bottle of lubricant out from under a pillow. Had it been there all along. Part of me breathed a sigh of relief, at least it would be easier.

Some masochistic part of me curdled in disappointment, it wanted to be taken dry, or nearly so, forced open beyond any doubt, plundered utterly. I knew myself well enough, though, that the minute it really hurt, that part would curl up on itself and run away screaming.

He held the bottle high between us, letting lubricant pour down in a thin stream all over my pussy and inner thighs and ass. I could feel the cool trickles of the fluid working their way down in rivulets. He caught some in his hands and lubricated his cock. Then he spread it around my ass and asshole. I felt his finger penetrating me.

“You know,” he told me, “some girls, some boys, it’s no problem at all. They don’t even need lubrication, you can just shove it in, they take it, and they love it, as if they were made for it. As if they were waiting for it all their lives: For a cock fucking their ass.”

He slid a second finger in me, working two fingers back and forth.

“Then there’s some,” he said, “it doesn’t fucking matter, you can work on them all week. Rim them, lubricate, stretch them carefully with butt plugs, get the, stoned on weed or heroin, doesn’t fucking matter. They scream like pigs. It’s a continuum, from easy to horrible.”

Involuntarily, I shivered all over with delight and arousal.

Heroin? Screaming? Somewhere deep down, an alarm went off in my head at his words.

I quashed it and forgot about it.

I shifted position, my body shuddering. I couldn’t be still.

“Watch it,” he warned. “I’d rather not. But I will put you in straps.”

Which only made me shudder harder, my whole body shaking. I tightened my grip on my ankles. Fuck, he was so good at head games, it was unreal.

“I’m sorry, Sir!”

“Are you excited,” he whispered, pushing a third finger up my ass, and twisting it crudely. “Is that it?”

“Yes.”

He grinned.

“Good girl,” he told me. His fingers pulled away. He wiped a small shit smear on the outside of my thigh.

Leroy positioned his cock at my anus, settling in. I could feel him pressing gently, making sure he was seated.

“Ready?”

I nodded slightly, nervously. Staring up at me. There was a sadistic glee in his eyes that sent shivers through me. I tried my best to hold still.

“This is so exciting,” he said. “We get to find out what kind of anal pig you are. Where you fit on the continuum.”

He pressed. I gasped, and tightened against his pressure at my asshole. He pushed harder.

“Better you don’t try to fight it.” He grinned down at me. “Try to loosen, take deep breaths, concentrate on tightening, and letting go.”

The pressure was building, hurting a little. I took a series of deep breaths, in then out, each time, concentrating. I could feel myself tightening and loosening. His pressure, the pressure of his cock head against my asshole never let up, building slowly but steadily. Sam would have chosen his moment, easing off in tandem, testing, entering. Leroy was a bulldozer.

I exhaled, loosened, and suddenly Leroy pushed hard.

“Ahhh!!!” I cried out in pain, wincing and throwing my head back, as the head of his cock tore into me. My body tightened up, trapping him momentarily, with his head buried, locked in my sphincter. I was hyperventilating.

“Good girl,” he taunted. “Little pig, little pig, let me in.”

“Yes Sir,” I whimpered.

“Try to relax,” he told me. “Deep breaths. Concentrate on tightening, I’m not going anywhere. You can’t push me out. So tighten up, and then concentrate on letting go.”

I nodded. Gods, I was already drenched in sweat.

My thighs ached from being locked in position, and it felt like he’s lodged a greyhound bus in my sphincter.

It was the exact opposite of the way Sam did it. No wonder it hurt.

Adrenalin was coursing through me. My whole body was tingling, like I was on the verge of orgasm. I was terrified, elated, excited, aroused. Held in place, bound by my own submission, my body seemed ready to burst.

I had no control over my sphincter, it squeezed frantically, wrapping itself around the intruder, flexing and flexing, loosening only slightly, rapidly exhausting itself. He pushed again, forcing himself an inch or two.

“Ahhh!!” I tried out again, my breath left me, I sucked air desperately. “Uhhngg!!”

“There we go,” he exulted. “Can you feel it? I’m through. Your last fortress has fallen, your final gate is breached. You stupid little bitch, needing to be conquered. How does it feel, to finally be conquered? To be taken, to give up it up?”

His words swept through me, unraveling me. My mind was chaos, I was almost unable to speak. I felt hot and cold, euphoric, dizzy, disoriented. I had something massive in me, and my body had failed utterly, had fallen.

“T— T— Thank -k -k -k y— yo you,” I stuttered, staring up at him.

He grinned down at me.

“You’re welcome,” he said, and then he pushed. He was past the sphincter, no further resistance was possible. I could only squeeze him as his cock slid slowly, smoothly all the way in, until his hips were jammed against me, his pubic hair pressed against my despoiled asshole.

I could feel his cock, hot and hard, so deep inside me it was almost unbearable.

“You feel so good,” he whispered to me. “You are grade A ass. I can’t wait to do this to you in front of Sam. Then I’m going to fuck this ass every chance I get.”

He pulled back slowly, and plunged back in, enjoying. I felt the first hot throb of pleasure at this second deep penetration, feeling his cock pushing at the nerve clusters beyond my colon that made up my g-spot. He caught my shift of expression.

“Oh,” he said silkily, “you liked that? Let’s work on that…”

He slid all the way deep inside, bringing a gasp from me, bending down heavily over me. I think he wanted to kiss me, but he was only able to brush his lips against my forehead.

“Let’s see about turning our little Kayley into a proper anal pig,” he smiled. “Wouldn’t it be something, if Sam didn’t just watch me pluck your cherry, but

watch me make you come… and harder than he ever did”

“Jesus Christ,” I moaned, blearily. The sensations rippled through me with each thrust. The soreness of my violation was still there, a burning sensation. But each thrust unspooled me further, pushing me towards both submission and the deep slow orgasms that come from anal sex.

Leroy fucked, slow and relentless, watching me go to pieces under him. With each thrust, I could feel my body submitting, my sphincter battered and defeated, loosening until he was pulling all the way out and sliding back in. My grip on one thigh loosed, and he caught it and held it in place. My muscles seemed to turn to trembling water. I panted and gasped, eyes only half seeing him. Sweat beaded and ran like rivulets across my body. He bent and licked it from my face, toyed with my breasts, pulled my nipples.

Through it all, I found myself descending deeper and deeper into submission, to this subspace, my mind shutting down, becoming a thing of nerve endings, of compliance, my will, my identity softening, dissolving.

“We’re going to cuckold Sam good, aren’t we?”

“Yes,” I moaned. I barely knew who Sam was, and didn’t care. I understood what he wanted, and wanted it as well, my will, my thoughts replaced. He slowed down, his angle changed, the irresistible pleasure diminished.

“Tell me about Sam,” he whispered.

Oh fuck, he was doing this now? Playing this stupid game? I squirmed with frustration, tried to move, but he had me pinned. I moaned. He gave me a deep stroke, and I felt hot pleasure ripple through me. I needed more.

“Sam?”

I met his eyes.

“Fuck Sam,” I whispered, unwilling to talk about it. He smiled, his cock sliding. Oh you bastard, I thought, this is what you want. I fed him. “He can go fuck himself.”

Another exquisite long deep thrust of his cock, sliding its length into my ass, filling my bowels. I groaned.

“You’re going to help me?” he asked. “You’ll do your part?”

His cock stopped moving inside me. There was a lucid moment in the distorted framework of my broken awareness.

I looked at him, it was like looking up from the bottom of a well and seeing stars. We both knew what he wanted me to say. I looked up into his eyes as he stared down at my naked, sweating impaled body. I gave him what he wanted.

“I’ll crush Sam for you,” I whispered, “like a little cuck bug.”

I knew it was a betrayal, but I didn’t care. Sam was vague and far away, insubstantial. Leroy was on top of me, had unstrung me, undressed me, had taken my body and will and made them his toys. He had driven his cock deep into my ass, and was pushing me to an orgasm I desperately hungered for, but knew he could easily deny if I displeased him.

“Good little pig,” he whispered. He bent me in half, his cock sliding so smooth and hard inside my rectum I was breathless. He kissed me passionately as sweat trickled off my body, and I returned it, utterly submissive, beyond submissive, owned.

He was thrusting harder, smooth strokes coming one after another. I could feel it building up inside me, a deep anal orgasm. Then it was happening, my spine arched and flexed, my arms and legs writhed, I gave this deep low moan. Then collapsed.

There was no trace of resistance anywhere. He fucked me for a few more minutes before coming himself. I was almost too exhausted to pay attention.

Leroy held himself deep in me, evacuating every last drop of semen into my bowels. I could feel his pulse in his cock as it steadily deflated, until finally, my battered body weakly pushed him out. He rolled over on his back, and pulled me into his arms. We laid there panting.

“Good little pig,” he whispered.

“Pig?” I mumbled. “What’s with that?”

“Pigs,” he said. “Pigs take it up the ass and like it…”

He thought for a moment.

“Or whether they don’t like it, they still take it…”

“Girls are pigs if they do anal?” I asked.

He shrugged.

“Or boys. There are girl pigs, I guess, boy pigs. The point is, pigs take it.”

“That’s strange,” I said, “where did you pick that up?”

Shrugged again.

“Prison,” he said. “Prison terminology, I guess.”

I tensed.

“You were in prison?”

“Me?” he said quickly. “No! I just used to hang with some guys who’d been. Picked up the slang.”

He nudged me.

“Time to clean me up,” he said. He caught the look on my face. “No, don’t worry. Go to the bathroom, get a wet washcloth. After you use that, you use your mouth.”

I did as ordered, cleaning myself and him. I think he was disappointed at the absence of blood from the washcloth. I felt really tender, but okay. I sucked his cock but this time it was thoroughly flattened, there would be no raising up to life.

After that, it was over. Moving carefully, I took a shower and cleaned up while he watched.

He walked me to the door, but then instead of opening it, he pushed me up against it, and kissed me passionately. His hands went up inside my sweater to fondle my bare breasts. I went with the kiss, surrendering to it, enjoying the intimacy. It was fucked up that he’d waited to the end, but damn, he knew how to kiss.

“Listen,” he said, “I don’t want you talking about this with Sam. I don’t want him to know that you were here and I popped you. I want him to believe that he’s watching me take your anal virginity.”

“Yeah, I understand,” I said tiredly. “Okay.”

It made sense, and I couldn’t see the harm. This was all theatre and role play after all. I knew this was his first run, so yes, Sam shouldn’t know about it. It would happen in front of Sam anyway.

“Did you tell him you were coming here today?” he asked.

“No,” I said. “I was going to when I got home. We’d talked about me coming over.”

“Let’s keep it vanilla. He doesn’t need to know about any part of this visit. Let’s just say we met for coffee someplace. Let him know, you’re up for the next session, this Thursday. Tell him no overnight, tell him that’s your decision. We had a conversation, I was respectful, you set some rules, and I agreed. That’s all he needs to know.”

I hesitated.

“I don’t know…”

“You’re not lying to him,” Leroy said. “He already knows I’ve fucked you a bunch of times. Hell, he’s helped me fuck you. Just don’t tell him about this one.”

His hand was on my shoulder. He was looking me straight in the eye, his gaze intent. It was hard to meet it.

“All right.”

It was too complicated and awkward, even if he didn’t mind the blow job and anal, and I knew Sam wouldn’t… he’s not jealous. The anal was theatre, I couldn’t really tell him that, or it would spoil Leroy’s effect. I’d have to say it was just sex. But the other parts, the discussions, the role adjustment, Leroy’s bizarre theories… even if they made sense, I couldn’t imaging them coming out of my mouth.

I realized I had no good way to explain or relate this visit. It was better to just give him the story Leroy wanted, and to let things slide.

It would work out in the end, like Leroy said. So there was no harm.

“Promise?”

“Yes,” I said. I gave up. “I promise.”

My promise was actually a relief. This whole thing had been so fucked up, I had been struggling with myself to figure out how to tell it to Sam. How to explain everything that had happened, when on some deep levels, I didn’t even understand it myself.

This gave me breathing room to figure out what the hell was going on in my head and what the hell I was doing, so I could have some hope of sharing it with Sam. It wasn’t lying to him, just sort of delaying, putting off a difficult conversation.

It was very clearly temporary. I mean, only until after Leroy took me anally in front of Sam. So a week or so. Then we’d all be clear, and my head would be straight.

And my head definitely needed to be straight. Sam’s too.

We needed to have a really serious conversation about Leroy and where he was going with us. We needed to take back control.

Because yes, he was charming and fun and exciting, and he had a great cock and all that. But fuck, there were aspects of him that I wasn’t sure I wanted in our life. And if it was a package deal, then maybe we needed to ‘return to sender’ and move on.

Leroy wasn't finished.

"Some rules," he said.

"Yes?"

Oh, what is it now? Geez.

"You never wear underwear, especially panties, around me again."

"Yes, Sir."

Another time, that might have been exciting. But it just sounded tiresome.

"From now on," he said, "you're mine. Whenever I want you, if I call, you come. If it's the middle of the night and you're sleeping next to Sam, you come when I call. If you're at work, in the middle of a meeting, and I call, you say whatever you have to but you walk out and you come to me. Family dinner at Christmas… If I call—"

"I walk out and go to you," I finished lamely.

Fuck that, I thought. I was too exhausted and worn down to resist. But screw him for making this demand, for exacting these promises when I was so wrung out. I wasn't going to, I decided, no walking out on Sam, or work or social life to cater to him. He could demand, but when it came up…

"Good girl," he said. And it was finally over, the door closed behind me.

My legs were shaky. I felt physically and emotionally wrung out. Flattened and exhausted. I felt sexually overwhelmed, but oddly still craving. My head was messed up, a morass of conflicting ideas and images and urges.

As I stood in the elevator waiting for ground floor, then walked unsteadily out of the building, I realized I was in no shape to go back home, or to see Sam. Not right away.

I needed to decompress, to find some quiet, dark place to hole up, to let the experience wash through me, and just unwind. A place to come to terms with all this dark sexual energy flowing through me.

I thought of the peep show…

Slipping into Depravity, Ch. 24

Well here I was, back in the booths again. This was like my fourth time. Fifth, if you counted the first time with Leroy.

The first few times, there'd been nervousness getting buzzed in, sort of the awareness of the staff person looking at me, and wondering what a woman would be doing going into glory hole booths. As if they didn't know. I'd wondered what judgment was under the mask of polite neutrality.

This time, it didn't bother me at all. I just breezed in.

"Do you need a card Ma'am?"

I even made eye contact, as if it was no different than being at the convenience store checkout.

"Thank you, no. I'll just recharge inside."

Pay the fee, don't look back.

The place was dead. I'd never seen it so empty. Then again, I'd never been here so early. I was here on my lunch break.

There had only been two booths occupied, judging by the light that goes on when the door locks. I'd picked a booth away from those. Maybe that had been a mistake. Still, you'd figure there'd be some kind of lunch hour rush of horny men looking for blow jobs before getting back to construction sites and board meetings and factory floors.

Nope. Apparently not.

So I'd ended up sitting alone in a dark booth, contemplating the tragedy that I couldn't have all the cocks I wanted exactly when and how I wanted to have them. Poor me. Oh woe.

Actually, it wasn't so bad. I didn't bother turning on the TV, I wasn't really interested in watching people on screen having more fun than I was. I found, after the first few minutes of expectation, I didn't really mind. The room was dark but not pitch black, enclosed. It felt safe and private, and there was a smell of maleness and semen, not enough to be overpowering, but kind of comforting. It was kind of like a 'get away from the world' chamber.

You don't really realize how busy you are, how people are always intruding you, how your world is filled with objects and things demanding your attention or simply just your awareness, until finally, you're sitting alone in an empty dark room and you realize, you can breathe.

I pulled out my phone, curled up on the bench seat, and just started scrolling, not doing anything special, just kind of relaxing. This was nice. They should also have non-gloryhole booths for people who needed an escape. Or sensory deprivation tanks. I wondered why those had never caught on. I decided to look it up. Every now and then, I'd hear a noise outside, but I learned to ignore it.

After about fifteen minutes, something caught my eye.

Oh hello! There was a pale cock sticking from one of the glory holes. I looked it over speculatively. It was thick, not hard, kind of hung there. Not bad, but not special. I was sort of engrossed in whatever it was I was scrolling, and I just wanted to finish before I communed with it.

“Just a minute,” I told it.

“Suck my cock, Bitch.”

I looked up from my phone, stared hard it for a moment. That was rude.

“Fuck off,” I replied, and went back to scrolling, I felt myself blushing with annoyance.

It waggled.

“I said suck it,” the voice on the other side of the wall said. “That’s why you’re here, isn’t it?”

How did he know? Had I sucked this one before? Or was it just the fact that I was obviously in a glory hole booth. Whatever, I didn’t like his fucking attitude. I was less and less interested in giving this one head.

“And I said fuck off,” I snapped.

“Fuck you, you stupid whore!”

What the hell? I thought.

I put my phone down, marched over to the wall.

“What did you call me?” I snarled into the peephole above where his cock dangled. I grabbed it hard, he pulled back, but I wouldn’t let it go. I heard a grunt on the other side. I couldn’t see into it, but his penis meant there was someone on the other side.

“Say that again. I fucking dare you. I absolutely fucking dare you!”

No answer.

“I thought you wanted some attention,” I snapped, yanking on the cock, almost spitting into the dark hole above it. “Seriously, you talk to women like that? What’s wrong with you?”

“Jesus, Lady. Ease off. I didn’t mean nothing,” the voice sounded a little intimidated.

Good!

“Yes, you did. You called me a bitch and a whore twice,” I said. “I especially didn’t like the ‘stupid whore’ part!”

I wasn’t really mad or anything, I was just annoyed. I’d actually been enjoying relaxing and I probably, almost certainly, definitely would have played with it when I’d finished scrolling. But he’d been a big fucking jerk.

“Okay, sorry! I didn’t mean nothing by it. It was just sex talk. You were just sitting there, I figured you were waiting.”

“Okay,” I said, somewhat mollified, “I get that. But there’s good sex talk, and there’s bad sex talk. You were still a bit rude. I mean, I might have, probably would have. But you were just mean about it. So no.”

“Well… I’m sorry.”

He sounded contrite. Okay, I thought. I should let it go. I shrugged.

“Apology accepted,” I said. “Just, be a little nicer next time.”

“Okay,” he said. “I’m sorry. So are you going to go down? Hand job at least?”

I thought it over. That was why he hadn’t pulled it back? He was still hoping for something.

“No. You were rude and offensive. I don’t have to put up with that, and I’m not going to. I might have done it, I probably would have. But if you’re going to be an asshole, then I’m absolutely not going to. Maybe another time, when you have less bullshit attitude.”

I stepped back from the peephole, just in case he wanted to yell or spit at me, and waited. But the penis withdrew. A minute later, I heard a door slam.

Well, I thought, scratch that opportunity. For all I knew, he might have been my only chance to do what I’d come here to do. Had I made a mistake? Had I been rude? Had I gone too far? Maybe I should have just let it pass and do what he asked?

Nope. There was sexy nasty talk, and there was just nasty talk. He was an asshole, I stood by my decision.

The walls here were almost like Swiss cheese. In each wall, there were two or three holes at waist height, mostly cock sized, at least one large enough you could stick your hole hand… or breast through. Theoretically, it was supposed to be one person per booth, but clearly the holes had been made so two men, possibly three, could stand side by side and put their cocks through.

Then at about shoulder height, there were a couple of larger holes, and if you bent down and angled right, you could see into the other room partially, even

see some of the bench. But the peepholes weren't really aligned with the glory holes, I don't know if that was deliberate or bad design, so if you stuck your cock through, you really had to contort to see through a peep hole. And anyway, just by nature, it was impossible to see through a peep hole to who was blowing you. You could only watch other people's blow jobs. So maybe it worked out.

If the rooms were occupied and video was playing, you could hear it, and light would spill out through the holes — not a lot of light, this was not the sort of place you wanted brightness. But better than dark.

It was dark in here, which meant probably the other booths weren't occupied. I had the feeling that I was being watched. It was why I was here.

Nothing.

I sighed and sat down, returning to my phone. Sadly, the scrolling was no longer nearly as fascinating as it had been. I was too distracted. Mr. Jerk-cock had left a bad taste in my mouth, and I hadn't even had it in my mouth.

Fuck, I thought. I'd screwed it up. What if that was the only cock that presented itself? And I'd blown it, but not the way I'd wanted. It was his fault for calling me a bitch and a whore. Of course, I kind of liked being called a bitch and a whore, but only the right way in the right context, I hadn't liked the way he'd said it at all. And I'd been really offended by the 'stupid whore' thing.

Still, it had been a cock, and who gave a fuck about the idiot on the other side. Maybe I should have simply ignored him and gone for it. I thought about it a little more.

Nope. Not going to put up with jerks.

I fidgeted, looking up from my phone, which was now no longer very interesting. I really had the sense of being watched. I stared up at the holes, listening. Nothing. My imagination, I guessed.

You'd think, a place like this, there'd be hot and cold running cock, all a girl could want. It had felt that way, the first time, with Leroy. I wickedly remembered doing three at once, two in my hands, one in my mouth. One of them had been Leroy of course and he'd made it hot.

But then after, hit or miss. The next visit after the cuck session had been nerve wracking. Going with Leroy leading me had been one thing. But actually choosing on my own, that was crazy. I'd been really intimidated, but it had been great. Three cocks, one of which I'd been able to take my time on.

The next time? No waiting at all. They were right there. Four, plus one I jerked off. I'd gotten semen on my clothes which had been annoying, but I'd

gone in and come out feeling really confident, it had been fast. I'd been maybe twenty minutes, and I'd walked out with a bounce in my step, feeling like I could conquer the world.

After my last visit with Leroy, after he'd fucked my ass and I'd promised to crush Sam for him, I'd come straight here.

Two. One of them barely a cock. Both fast. I'd been so jangled, I couldn't stand waiting around that I'd left, unsatisfied, frustrated, feeling to incomplete.

What I'd wanted was a dozen, no waiting, just get on my knees in front of the hole and swallow load after load after load. Just lose myself completely in the act, reach that floating, hazy, sexy space in my head I could sometimes access, that peaceful, sensual consciousness that was so alluring.

But nothing. It had been so unsatisfying, I felt so unsettled, like I had this craving to go back and do it right. That maybe I'd missed satisfaction by showing up too early or late, or leaving too soon. Almost from the moment I'd left I'd been thinking about going back. I'd almost stopped off here early in the morning, before going in. But I didn't think anyone would be here at that time, and I didn't want to mess up the rest of my day.

So here I was, the very next day, on my lunch hour from work, sitting in the booth, waiting for the apparently nonexistent lunch hour crowd. Fuck!!!

I poked my head up.

Had that been a noise?

"Hello?" I said. Was there someone in one of the adjacent booths watching me?

"Don't mind me," I said out loud. "I'm just here to give head."

Nothing. I stood up and stepped over to the wall where Mr. Jerk Cock had been. I peered into the peepholes. Nothing. It was dark. I bent over, peering into the glory holes, sticking my finger through. Nothing. It was definitely empty.

Still, there was this uncanny sense of attention. The other wall?

I looked in the hole. It was really dark. I couldn't actually see anything. Was there a person in there? I listened. Nothing. I held my phone up to the edge of the hole and hit the flashlight function. A face was illuminated for a second.

I cried out and stepped back. He cried out and stepped back. Yikes.

"Oh geez!" I said, heart racing a little. "You startled me."

"Sorry."

“I didn’t hear you come in,” I said. “How long have you been here…”

“I heard you come in,” he said.

“So you heard…” Oh oh, I thought.

“Yeah.”

“Well, that’s not really me. He was just rude.”

“Yeah, I got that.”

“You should have said hello though,” I said.

Or better yet, not say anything and just stick your cock through. What was wrong with men, anyway?

“Well, after you gave the other guy shit, I thought I’d just shut my mouth. I wasn’t sure what you were doing, and I was trying to figure out a way to say hello without startling you. And the longer I waited… the more it felt creepy.”

I blushed a little.

“Okay, I get that,” I admitted. “But he had it coming. He called me a bitch.”

“I get that.”

We paused.

“So,” I said. “You’ve been watching me? That’s not creepy at all.”

“Sorry,” he sounded really contrite. I’d made it sound too harsh.

“No, it’s okay,” I said quickly. “It’s all right. I’m here for a reason after all.”

Oh geez. So all he knew of me was giving some asshole shit. That was embarrassing.

“I don’t usually do that,” I said. “Give people shit, I mean.”

“So what do you do here?” he asked.

Hadn’t he heard? I folded my arms, pivoting a little on the ball of one foot. I wasn’t exactly sure what to say, or how to handle it.

“Things,” I said evasively, and maybe a little flirtatiously. I had a half smile. Could he see it.. “Sometimes it’s quiet here. I like to come here..

Nice to relax."

I pitched my voice lower, "And… to do… stuff."

"Do you watch?"

"Not really… No."

"Do you ever… uhm…?"

"Sometimes," I admitted. Now that I knew he was there, it was hard to admit that I was here to suck complete stranger's cocks. I don't know, it was easy to do, just hard to say out loud. Really, I didn't come here for a conversation. I came here for them to shut up, stick their cocks through a wall, let me relax and play with them, and then go the fuck away. Is that too much to ask?

"Do you like to be watched?"

When giving head? I guessed so. I mean, the idea that someone was watching me bobbing my head, waiting for their turn. That was maybe part of it?

"I suppose so…"

Oh my god, I was hating this. This is so awkward.

Stick your cock through the hole, I thought, and shut the fuck up. Let me get down to business. We'll both be so much happier. But doofus wasn't picking up my psychic commands. Fuck, if Sam was here, I wouldn't have to say anything, he'd know exactly what I wanted, and I'd be blowing him at a glory hole. Fucking men! Geez.

"Do you mind if I watch you?"

I turned around a little, glancing at the dark circles that represented holes on the other wall. Nothing there.

"Sure," I said. "Go ahead."

"Will you take off your clothes?"

"What?" I asked.

Where did that come from?

"Is that what you like to do here?"

"I don't know," I said thinking it over. So far, all my blow jobs here had been while I was dressed. I mean, mostly dressed. I had cumstains on everything to prove it too. But… he was basically saying he wanted me to get

naked. Well, he wasn't technically asking, definitely not demanding. Not even hinting. Just sort of expressing a vague hope that I would.

"Sometimes," I replied, evasively.

"Cool," he said.

Long pause.

Please just stick your cock through the wall, I thought.

But suppose I did undress. I was behind a locked door, I was safe in here. We seemed to be alone. All he could do is watch, really. Would it really be so bad? Would it be sexy? It might be sexy.

"Would you like me too," I asked finally.

Why not?

"That would be nice," he said.

"It's really dark in here, even with the TV on there's not a lot of light."

"That's okay."

"I'm not going to take off all my clothes," I warned him. "Just some. As much as I feel comfortable with."

"Okay."

Honestly, I was a little intrigued. Excited. I wasn't super-wet or anything. But there was a sense of something unexplored, of sexiness. Maybe a little tingle.

I was wearing an expensive pullover sweater, and began to raise it over my head. Fuck, what had I been thinking, wearing it here? I'd never get the cumstains out. But just as I'd raised it up over my bra, I had a thought. What am I doing? Undressing like I'm getting ready for a shower? I've got a horny guy watching.

I reached over to my phone and toggled the playlist. Something nice and sensual, slow music to strip by.

Very deliberately. I smiled at the hole in the wall, and just slowly rolled my hips, pivoting, swaying to music. I turned around and slowly reached behind to unhook my bra.

Turning back around facing the wall, I slow danced, swaying from side to side, swinging my shoulders. Half smiling, I stared into the blackness where I thought he was looking at me, cupping my hands on my bra, squeezing my breasts

together and giving them a little shake.

Pulling my sweater back down, I reached under, sliding the straps off and over, pulling it through my sleeve. Sam loves that, he says it's like a magic trick. Pulling the sweater tight, I danced right up to the wall, so the shapes of my breasts, and my nipple poking through were fully outlined. Then I turned around and shook my booty, pulling the sweater up again, over my head, exposing bare back.

I had no idea what I was doing really. But it was just one anonymous guy that I couldn't even see, and a little room in the dark with a locked door. It didn't matter. I was free. I almost laughed, as I turned around, my shoulders and belly bare, with the sweater still on my arms, using it to cover my breasts. I played peek a boo, almost exposing nipples, but never quite.

"Enjoying?" I purred, as I shimmied.

"Yes."

Show him my tits?

To flash, or not to flash, I thought.

Whether it is sexier to offer the slings and areolas, of thong and bosom,

or to take arms, and in teasing shield them, flash my end to harden cocks,

and with his flesh now rigid, to consume him.

I giggled.

"What?"

"Nothing," I said, keeping the sweater over my breasts, and turning around. "Thinking of Hamlet."

Thankfully, he didn't ask.

Bending my knees and arching my back, I waggled my butt, swaying from side to side. I lowered my arms so he'd know my breasts were fully exposed… but of course, back to him, he wouldn't see them. If there was anyone behind the other wall, they'd get a show though. I reached down and unbuttoned and unzipped my slacks.

Wait! I'd need to step out of my shoes. I did that awkwardly.

Wait!

What if the floor was sticky?

Oh no! I gritted my teeth, anticipating disgust, as I put my bare foot down on the floor. Sticky? Oh that would be so gross. Dried man-semen and grease and god knows what else. Yuck! Sticky? Sticky?

No. My foot didn't stick to floor when I lifted, the floor under my bare foot felt perfectly normal, not even gritty.

They probably mopped it after closing time.

Thank god.

Okay, it wasn't icky. I toed the shoes towards the far wall, and slowly wiggled my slacks down, stepping out of them, exposing black panties. Stepping out of my slacks was awkward, particularly with my arms wrapped up in the sweater. I had to brace myself against the far wall.

Slowly, I worked my slacks down, wiggling my hips in an exaggerated way, until I could slip out of the slacks legs. I let the sweater fall away. I was naked now, except for my panties.

Of course, he could barely see me, given the low light in here. I was just a suggestive shape, swaying back and forth. That gave me an idea. Keeping my back to him I grabbed my phone, turning on the flashlight function — hell on the battery, but I'd recharge later.

I moved back into position, back to him, dancing. Not so much dancing really, as just swaying and twisting in a sexy way. I held the phone over my shoulder, hoping that light would stream down to illuminate my back and ass.

"Ready?" I asked, more for myself, than for him. I sucked in my tummy, and turned around quickly, holding the phone close and playing its light narrowly off my body, illuminating a breast, the cone of light moving up and down, sliding sensuously over my body, as I swayed.

I was rewarded with a gasp and a 'You're beautiful!' So sincere and heartfelt it made me burst into a giant grin. I just barely stopped myself from laughing with delight.

Okay, this was working. I was enjoying, there's a sensual pleasure to showing yourself, to being naked and sexual in front of an appreciative audience, to knowing they're getting off on watching you.

Was this what strippers felt? It was probably a nine to five job for them, like working at a factory making widgets. But… maybe? Early on. There might be a window between nervousness and tedium where they got off on it? Or maybe with the right audience they'd get off on it? I didn't really know strippers or how my experience related.

I just knew that I was feeling happy and adventurous and turned on, as I showed him my near naked body, slow dancing, playing the light carefully in a

way that was almost peek a boo, exposing myself in this moving way, parts of me brightly lit, other parts in shadow.

I made a note, I wanted to do this in front of Sam, just for him.

I danced right up to the holes, rubbing my butt against the glory hole, almost putting my smiling face into the peeping hole.

“On your knees,” I ordered. Ouch. That was harsh.

I softened it. “Hon,” I said, “you want to be on your knees, looking through the glory hole for this next part.”

“You’re going to?”

Just him asking made me tingle.

“Oh yes!”

I gave him a minute, and then held the phone’s flashlight directly to my panties, illuminating my crotch. I swayed, making a slow pivot until I was completely turned around, giving him a view of my ass. I tugged the waistbands down one hip and then the other, until they hung loose and I slipped fingers into the gusset. Then pulling tight made a camel toe so deep my clit was visible against the fabric.

Finally, after teasing every way I could think of, I slipped them off and danced naked, my pussy illuminated brightly by the flashlight, as I swayed and twisted right in front of the glory hole, putting myself on display. Turning around, I bent over, arching my back, thrusting my butt, and holding the flashlight under me.

“Your pussy is so bright,” he whispered. “Your lips are wide open, and they’re shining. I can see your pussy, just glistening inside, you’re so wet, it’s amazing.”

“I am,” I purred. “I am so wet.”

And I was. This was thrilling, far more than I had thought it would be. It was the flashlight that was making it for me. My body in darkness and shadow, so starkly illuminated in parts by the roving flashlight beam. I had been naked before, we all get naked, obviously. I’d even been naked and shown off my body to lovers, and gotten off on being seen, and being appreciated.

But this, this was something more. It was special. Maybe the fact that I was doing it for a stranger. Maybe the safety and the security of the locked door freed me from inhibitions. A big part of it wasn’t just being nude, but dancing, there was a physical expression of sensuality, and the darkness and light gave everything this extra dimension, it supercharged my sensuality.

I was aroused, yes. I was really fucking wet. But there was more. I was high and happy and turned on, with this safe whole body sexuality.

I decided I liked being naked in the booth. The idea of being watched, appreciated, that was fun. More than that, it was satisfying. I wasn't sure if I'd do it again. Or if I did do it again, whether I'd make it a regular thing. But this? This was… liberating.

I stepped away from the glory hole, still dancing, turning, twisting, using the motion of my body and the play of my flashlight to expose myself in different ways, teasing as I danced, striking poses, but never every staying in any pose, with any sight, always moving.

Stepping close to the wall, I let my whole body sway from side to side holding the flashlight against my breasts. My face pressed against the peephole…

Our lips met. I blinked in surprise, his tongue pushed past my lips and instinctively, they parted, my jaws opened, allowing him access. For a minute, our tongues slid against each other, our lips pressing.

I broke the kiss, stepping back, panting slightly. I felt ashamed. More ashamed than I had ever had in here. Too much, I thought, a step too far. My face was hot, I knew I was blushing. I was glad it was dark and he couldn't see.

It was funny. Kneeling and swallowing a cock in here didn't bother me at all. It was a thrill, it was sexy, it was hypnotic. It made me wet and it made me happy in ways I couldn't explain.

But this…

Too much.

I swallowed. Not sure what to do or say.

"Hey Baby," I said finally, licking my lips. No more than a few seconds had passed. "Why don't you slip that cock through the glory hole."

"Okay," he said. "I'll do it…"

Fuck, he wouldn't shut up!

"Are you going to…"

Just do it! Don't talk! Just do it! Put your cock through!Is that too much to ask?

His erection poked through the whole beside me, all of him, penis and scrotum. He was hard, but his cock was an unearthly sheen of white, it looked ghostly for a moment. Condom, I realized.

I leaned against the wall, looking at it, and finally reached out and wrapped my hand around it. I didn't feel like sucking it, the kiss had really thrown me off. Instead, I squeezed it, moving my hand back and forth. He groaned a little, so I supposed I was doing all right.

"What's with the condom?" I asked. "Is there something wrong with it? Do you have something?"

"No. Nothing. I'm clean. I'm just being careful."

That was kind of insulting.

"Meaning?" I asked, a chill in my voice.

"Nothing!"

"I'm clean," I snapped. "I don't have anything. I've been tested. I test regularly."

I made a mental note to go in for an STD test. So far, nothing, but maybe if I was doing this, I should make it a habit. I was careful. But careful only gets you so far.

"I wasn't suggesting anything," he said.

Like fuck you weren't, I thought.

"I'm just going to take it off then," I said. "You don't really need it. Not for a handjob or oral. It's not like you're going to come in my pussy."

"Okay," he said. I winced and ignored it, rolling the condom off. I made it snap a little, just as it came off, so it stung, and I felt him jerk, but he didn't say anything.

Once it was bare in my hand, I felt a little better. This was why I was here. It felt warm now, alive, there was something about the texture of real skin, about the temperature, the feel of it, the awareness of subtle ridges and veins that seemed to be lost with a condom. There was just more humanity, more personality, I thought.

I still didn't feel like sucking it. Gods, I was in such a pissy mood. Not my fault!

But honestly, it was probably going to taste of latex now. Still, I held it in my grasp, cradling it loosely in my fingers, masturbating him lightly. I found myself relaxing slowly. As I fondled it, I decided I liked his cock a lot more than I liked him. It was friendly, not as needy or talky as him, it had a better sense of the moment. I smiled at it.

Here I was, a naked woman in a glory hole booth, leaning against the wall, casually masturbating a disembodied cock. The thought made me smile. I liked being naked with it, it felt like we were on the same level together.

His glans, his cockhead was round and bulbous, kind of funny, like an oversized motorcycle helmet. I drew my finger around and around it, looking for its sensitive spots. Unconsciously, my other hand crept between my legs, finger circling my clit in tandem.

Why not introduce them? The thought didn't make me giggle, but it was silly enough, and harmless enough that I smiled.

I moved forward, holding it in place until I was facing the wall. I avoided looking through the upper hole. Instead, I concentrated on holding his cockhead, as I eased forward, until it was rubbing up and down against my clit.

"I know you two are going to be good friends," I thought to myself, inventing a dialogue wherein a mutual friend introduced Mr. Cockhead to Ms Clitoris. I started to make tiny little figure eights, moving him and my hips in careful motions. It made me wet, and more important, it made me smile with the silly naughtiness. I stepped closer, feeling it slip under me, sliding against my vaginal lips. It felt sneaky and mischievous, my clit tingled, I felt excited, and began to slide it slowly back and forth, wetting it with my juices. It was almost a game to see how wet I could make it, how easily it could slide back and forth.

For a moment, I pushed it up against my entrance, felt myself opening slightly as the head pressed… And then slid away, along my pussy, but not into it. "No, no! Not for you! Be good!" I mentally told it.

I turned around, pressing my ass against the wall, straddling it. This way, I could reach under, holding it easier, pressing it up between my pussy lips. I could even, by bending over, push it against my clit. I humped against it, pushing the head up against my pussy until it was completely wet.

Every time I humped against him, I pressed his cock up against my pussy a little harder. I loved the way the head would almost dip into me, my entrance pushing open, before it slid forward. Just the tiniest movement, just a little more, and it would slide right up inside me. I grinned, closing my eyes.

"Feels good," he moaned.

Fuck. My eyes opened. My grip loosened, and once again, it slid smoothly against my pussy.

"I'm glad," I said.

I stepped away, off it, letting it go briefly, and then capturing it with my other hand. It was very wet, the top side of it, of course, and the head, that

was slick. Was that slick slippery coating on his cock head me, or was it pre-cum, I wondered. Definitely a lot of me. Maybe some pre-cum.

It was nice. Slowly, I got down on my knee, facing it, just getting a better look in the darkness pf the booth. It was pale enough it still had a floating ghostly aspect. I ran my hands over it, one over the other, stroking it, feeling it swell appreciatively.

Then, I opened wide, and took his head in my mouth, sliding my tongue against it, up one side, down the other. Mostly me, I decided. On the other side, he moaned, but for once, didn't say anything. His cock head moved forward as he pressed his hips into the wall, and I took him deeper, purring deep in my throat.

There was just something so blissful about doing this. Why did I even bother talking to these assholes? Why talk to any man? They should just all walk around with their penises hanging out, so any woman could just use them when the mood hit. No aggravation, no complications, no relationships, no fucked up emotions. Just "I've had a long day, bring it over here so I can relax."

I communed with his erection for an uncounted period of time, just relaxing, giving myself to it, feeling this free floating eroticism. My hand crept between my legs, finding my clit, my still wet pussy, and I started playing with myself, slowly building and building, thinking of how I'd straddled it, how it had almost entered me.

His cock swelled, on the verge of orgasm, I lifted my mouth off, holding it firmly, squeezing the base, masturbating myself, watching as it pulsed vividly, and slowly climbed down. Maybe I should let him come, I imagined him ejaculating right in my face, ropes coating my cheeks and chin, dripping, unspooling down to my breasts. Or coming in my mouth, filling me up. Or coming in my pussy. Oh god, it was so hot, I wanted him to do all three simultaneously, the concurrent images filled my mind. My fingers pushed inside of me, palm grinding against my clit, and it felt like I fell forward, swallowing his whole length with one gulp. I humped my body, my head bobbing rapidly.

"Can I fuck you?" he whispered.

The words were meaningless, I ignored him, lost in the pleasure of my own body, of my throbbing, of my fingers in me, of him filling my mouth. I wanted more. I needed more.

"Can I fuck you?"

"Hmmm?" I hummed. Why wouldn't he just shut up and stop trying to distract me. I was well past the point where his muttering would have any effect. I was just enjoying. Ignoring him. But something about the words floated around, kind of percolating.

“I want to fuck you?”

I got that. I had a mental flash, humping him, his cock sliding along my lips, almost going in. A mental flash, him ejaculating inside me, the delirious excitement of a stranger coming in me, taking his cum for myself, possessing his orgasm.

Fuck, I wanted that.

I took my mouth off, almost regretfully.

“Okay,” I said, “looking up. Let’s do it.”

“Holy shit!” he sounded surprised.

I squinted. Why? I’d just said yes. This was really hot. His cock was hot. I was wet. Why not?

Never mind. I turned around, reaching behind me to spread my cheeks, and press my butt against the wall centering my pussy on the glory hole. I bent forwards, bracing myself against my knees, pushing hard into the wall. I was proud of how smoothly I moved, almost as if I’d been thinking of it before, working out how to do it in my head. Had I?

Mmmaaayyybeeeeee! I wasn’t telling.

The only thing was, there was no cock in me.

“I’m waaaiiiitinmmmgggggg,” I called.

“Just a minute,” came from the wall.

Men. The whole point of being spontaneous is being spontaneous. If you’ve got a hot throbbing pussy, dripping wet, aching with lust, pressing up against a wall so hard my cheeks are flat, that’s an invitation.

“ENTER NOW!”

“DAMMIT!”

Suddenly, his cock surged into me, so hard and fast I gasped. At first, there was just the slightest touch, then a fraction of a second later, it rammed in. I lifted up a little, straightening my knees to get a better angle. He was fucking hard and fast with animal frenzy.

“Oh god,” I groaned. “It’s good, it’s so good.”

But something felt wrong. I reached under to feel his throbbing shaft as it drove in and out. Fingertips brushing as it raced. Yes, I felt it.

“Wait!” I told him, stepping forward off his cock. I felt a poignant sense of regret as it slipped out of me, and I reached around to grab hold of it. I felt hot wet latex in my hand, in the dim light of the room, it was almost ghostly bright.

“You put on another condom?” I asked bluntly. I wasn’t sure. Was I offended.

“Well,” he said. “We were fucking. It seemed like the thing to do.”

“Oh,” I replied. “Good idea.”

It was a good idea, it was sensible. He didn’t know if I was on the pill. One of us could have a sexually transmitted disease. It made a lot of sense. If he’d asked, if we’d discussed it, I would have totally agreed.

But it wasn’t my idea.

I pulled the rubber off. On this side of the wall, this cock belonged to me. It was mine, until I let him have it back. I made the decisions. My rules.

On some deep level, I knew it was irrational. I just didn’t fucking care. I was overwhelmed with lust. I wanted his cock, but I wanted it exclusively on my terms. Not just sex, but power.

I didn’t let it go, instead I turned around, holding it, bending forward reached under, taking him in my other hand, guiding his head to my lips. I stepped back towards the wall, feeling him sliding back up inside me, bending my back, straightening my knees for just the right angle. I sighed with pleasure, feeling him fill me properly, enjoying the bare skin on skin. Some women can’t tell if a man is wearing a condom, but I always could, and it made a difference.

“I want to come,” I groaned “I want you to come. But I want to come hard.”

He was almost static in me, barely moving. I humped my hips against the wall.

“And I want you to come in me,” I moaned. “I need you to come in me. I need to feel it.”

As I said it, I realized it was true, and more than true, it was profound. I wanted his semen in me. Every time I sucked a cock, I wanted the semen, I wanted to taste it, to swallow it, to own it inside my body. Somehow, it felt so important, it was a fundamental part of the experience here.

His cock slid back and forth in me.

“Yes,” I grunted. “Good boy, that’s it. Fuck harder. Show me what you can do.”

He slid back into me like a wave splashing on the beach, all at once, all enfolding, leaving me breathless for a moment. Then he was hammering, fast and

furious like a jackhammer, all rat-tat-tat, I could feel his hips smashing at the plywood between us, a steady drumbeat of vibration.

“Goddamn! Yes! Yes!” I cried out loudly, and he only picked up the pace, fucking harder than ever. His thrusting was insane, so fast and rapid it left me breathless.

He picked up the pace, thrusting so his hips were banging on the wall. I could feel the vibration of his hips pounding on the wall through the wood, transmitting to my ass cheeks, pressed hard and flat. It was delicious.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” I screamed. “Harder! Faster!”

I reached under, fingering my clit, my cunt was literally vibrating with the frenzy of his thrusting, as if with sheer sexual fury, he’d drive through the wall. I was so fucking close, I was almost incoherent.

“Fuck yes!” I screamed. God, I was so close, I was so fucking close. My knees were bent, I was bent completely over, bracing with a hand on one knee, practically slapping my clit with the other. His cock was moving in and out of me like a blender, churning my insides. Just a little more.

“Come!” I screamed. “Fucking come in me! Come in me! Now.”

Then I could feel it, even before he moaned. His cock swelled in me, and he started to ejaculate. His thrusting, already frenzied, rammed wildly, unfocused, and then he was just pushing inside me as deep as he could get through the wall, pumping out spat after splat of semen inside me.

Then it happened for me.

“NOW!” I screamed. “NOW! NOW! NOW!!! DAMMIT!!! NOW!!!”

It was enough to send me over, my fingers thrummed against my clit, practically slapping it. I yowled like a cat in heat, an absolutely glorious orgasm seeming to erupt so hard inside me it spilled out my fingers and toes, my muscles going rigid. It was like my whole body was just picked up and slapped.

He slammed in, suddenly wild, stiffened, I felt him swell up. I could feel him ejaculating. It made me delirious with happiness as I felt rope after rope, flung against my walls. He pulled almost out, slammed in again, his movements uncoordinated as he orgasmed.

“Fuck!” I cried out, half triumph, half whine, “I’m coming. You’re filling me so good, I’m fucking coming. I’m coming.”

Lightning raced up and down my spine, I was trembling all over.

“Oh god!” I sighed, “It’s so good. Your come feels so good in me.”

We hung there like that, suspended in our mutual orgasms. I could feel his penis pumping in me, deflating a little with each throb, but relentlessly pushing every remaining drop of semen into me.

Finally, I slid off him, sinking blissfully to my knees. I went down on my hands, then elbows, and finally all the way, ass up, resting my face against the floor. I was irrationally glad they'd mopped the booth. Boy it would just suck to be laying here, my butt up in the air, cum oozing from me, my face in some stranger's dried semen.

Actually, the thought was kind of hot, in a sick, sort of sticky, way.

"You okay?" he called.

"Oh I'm fine," I drawled, and took a deep long delicious breath. "Just give me a minute. I'm appreciating, that's all."

Very appreciative. I felt good. Warm and well fucked, and completely relaxed. Oh fuck, I'd needed this. This was such a good orgasm, really deeply deeply satisfying. Smell the roses? Sometimes you really need to stop and just have the afterglow. It should be like this all the time.

Ooh, this was such a good good good satisfying orgasm. Less to do with him, than the accumulating building eroticism, but who the fuck cared. This was just blissful. The afterglow was like having the warmest, tenderest hug from god.

I just relaxed for a while enjoying the heavenly glow. Finally, I got tired of my face down, ass up position. I could feel semen oozing down one inner thigh, and eventually it was distracting enough that I needed to wipe it. Then having to move to wipe it, well, I might as well sit up.

I pulled myself to a position, sitting on the floor, knees up so that my pussy wasn't directly on the surface of the floor. That would have been yuck, and just leaned back against the wall.

"Still here?" I called.

"Yes," he said.

"That was good," I said generously. "That was a really really nice come. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

I sat back, just relaxing. I looked to my left at the hole in the wall, just a little upwards. Nothing. Poop. I missed it. Not that I wanted to fuck it some more, or even suck it. I just liked having it.

Still, I felt blissful.

“Can you do me a favour,” I asked.

“What?”

“Can you stick your cock through the glory hole again, while we talk?”

“I’m not hard.”

“I don’t care,” I told him. “I just… like having it through. I want to be able to look at it.”

“Okay.”

It appeared magically.

“Can I hold it?”

“Sure.”

I reached up. It was soft, squeezable in my hand, and slimy from his juices and mine. I almost wanted to lick it clean. But I just liked holding it.

“Can I tell you something?” I asked.

“Sure.”

“I never did that before. You’re the first.”

“Sucked a cock?”

I laughed.

“No silly!” I said. “Fucked a guy through a glory hole. Came sort of close once before. But you’re the first.”

“Cool.”

“Never undressed for someone at a glory hole,” I said reflectively. My voice softened.

“Never kissed anyone here.”

That one had been a mistake.

I let my voice trail off, thinking about the kiss, and how uncomfortable it made me.

“How do you feel about it?” He asked.

It was a good question. A really good question, since I was asking it myself. I searched through the tangle of my emotions.

“I’m not really sure,” I said. “The fucking, oh it was soooooo good, but I think I definitely went too far. I got caught up in the moment. I don’t feel bad…”

I hesitated, and squeezed the shaft thoughtfully, pulling on it.

“I don’t feel guilty. But I do feel like I shouldn’t have done it. I don’t think I’ll do that again. You know what I mean. Too far. No regrets, but no repeats.”

I stared up at the ceiling. I could just see it in my hand up and off to the side. It was comforting, enough presence that I had something I could talk to.

“Also the kiss. Never did that before. It was exciting. But I don’t know…” I said thoughtfully. “I’m married, I don’t want to go around kissing complete strangers.”

I smiled.

“You know what the best part was?” I asked.

“Sucking my cock?”

I burst out laughing, tugging on it involuntarily. I stretched a little, feeling it twist in my hand.

“Typical male!” I chuckled. “No, I do that all the time here, silly. No, it was the strip tease. That was fun. Sexy. I don’t know, it felt exciting in a whole different way. I might do that again.”

“You’re married?”

I nodded, glancing at it.

“Yeah.”

“But you come here and suck strangers cocks.”

I shrugged.

“Yeah.”

“Does he know?”

“I haven’t mentioned it to him… yet. I will, I think, at some point.”

“Why?”

“Why do I suck them? I like it,” I shrugged again. “It’s hard to explain. I just… like it. It’s exciting sometimes, it’s satisfying. It’s relaxing. I come here, there’s no conversation, no bullshit, no relating, we don’t talk… You’re the exception. I come here, it’s there, I do it, I leave. It just feels… Simple.”

“No,” he said. “I meant why haven’t you told him? He wouldn’t understand?”

“Oh,” I said.

I thought about it for a moment.

“I don’t think I want to tell him,” I said after a moment, staring at the black wall across from us. I turned my head to look at it.

“Does that make me a bad person?” I asked it.

“No.”

“It’s like,” I thought for a moment, chewing over words, “it’s like, things are complicated for me right now. For us. I’m seeing… we’re seeing… this guy together, right? Or mostly together? We’re doing a threesome. We’re doing kinky stuff. But also one on one, with me and him, on the side. And he’s kind of demanding. It’s a lot of fun, and we’re into it. But it’s stressful, you know, and complicated.”

I let go the penis a little to wave at the air.

“It’s complicated, like juggling two men and the different shit going on with each of them, and the shit between them, and the shit between me and each of them, which is different shit, and the shit the three of us have together, and the kink stuff, and what everyone wants. It gets to me.”

“But here,” I said. “It’s just simple. Stress free. This is all bullshit free. I close the door, I lock it, no one can come in, I’m safe. Someone sticks a cock through, I don’t even have to talk to them. And when I’m done, I leave.”

I paused.

“That’s really compelling,” I finished.

“So it’s an escape valve? For pressure?”

What was he talking about.

“No, no. They’re not bad. I love my husband. We both like this guy a lot… It’s just…”

“I don’t know,” I said. “On the one hand, the sex is great. It’s wild, unpredictable, it’s like a roller coaster. I just never know what’s going to happen next, and that makes me want it more. I’ll tell you, I can’t keep my panties on around this guy. I think to myself, ‘okay, not going to do anything’ and five minutes later, I’m begging him to fuck me.”

“I’m in lust,” I said. “Maybe I shouldn’t be. I should be loyal? There’s nothing wrong with my husband sexually. He’s fucking amazing — hard constantly, goes forever, great technique, crazy imaginative and creative. Completely satisfying.”

“But then this other guy… I want to fuck him too. I mean, he does something, and I melt. I have no resistance. I go over for coffee, the next thing I know I’m on my knees, the next thing I know after that, it’s anal sex. Crazy right?”

I looked up at the penis in my hand, twisting it towards me, so that the head seemed to be looking right at me.

“He took me here the first time. Didn’t fuck me, he made a promise, he kept it. I was the one begging. He made me so hot, I was losing control. First time I blew men here. Loved it. But he didn’t take advantage. He so could have, I wanted him too.”

“That’s fucked up, right?” I asked. “Maybe the problem is me?”

“You seem like a nice person,” he said carefully.

“But it’s also really frustrating and complicated,” I said. “You know what I mean? It shouldn’t be. It absolutely shouldn’t be. But there it is.”

“I mean, I love my husband. I love him so much I can’t stand it sometimes. I love watching him sleep. I love waking him with a blow job. He’s so smart, and we’re so in tune, it’s like we read each other’s minds. And I’m sooooo horny for him. I shouldn’t want anything else.”

“But then there’s this other guy, and I’m horny for him too. And sometimes he’s amazing, and sometimes, he’s such an asshole. And it’s like, from one moment to the next. I never know what I’m going to get. Drives me crazy.”

“And to make it really insane…” I said. “My husband loves this guy. Total male bonding. They just click, just like that. Pals. I’m actually jealous.”

“Oh, and they’re both so hot. I would love to see them kiss. Like make out, right in front of me. I would love that — their whole fire and ice thing. I’d be sitting in a puddle, watching. But it’s not that kind of male bonding. It’s guy stuff, I can see it, but I don’t connect with it.”

I paused.

“What do guys even talk about together? You know. I have no idea. Men are just… mysterious. You think there’s nothing going on upstairs with them. But then they surprise you. I’m glad, I guess, that they get along so well. Certainly it makes the sex easier.”

“Then there’s the things we do, and it’s crazy fun. I mean, I’ll get so wet, it’s practically running down my legs. It’s so fucking exciting. But is it healthy? For him, or other him, or me? Is this a good thing? I have no idea.”

I sighed.

“Excuse me?” he sounded pained.

“What?” I asked.

“Could you let me go?” he said. “I think you talk with your hands a little, and you keep jerking and yanking and twisting me, and sometimes it hurts.”

“Oh!” I said. “Oh shit. Sorry.”

I let go, it vanished. It was funny, I felt a little lonely. He felt more distant, more unreal, when I wasn’t holding onto his cock. I tried to ignore the feeling.

“Who knew it should all get so complicated? I swear to god, sometimes, I want to just run away — two hot guys making a sandwich with you! What could be better? Right?”

I stared thoughtfully at the dark ceiling.

“But it is. I think it’s the kink. But the thing is, I love the kink. I’m really loving it. Public bathrooms, glory holes, threesomes, cucking stuff… I can’t get enough of it. I’m living fantasies out, and having new fantasies I’ve barely even admitted to myself. By definition, I guess it’s all kink, I suppose.”

“But it also messes things up. I mean, I’ve told this guy stuff I’ve never told my husband.”

“What sort of stuff?” he asked.

I stopped, brought up short. “I don’t know, kink stuff. Like I said I wanted to watch him pee.”

“You’re into pee?”

“NO!!!” I said. “No way! Not really. It’s just kind of weird, there’s something fascinating about it, you know, the way it just comes out. And from the same place that sperm comes. And the same thing that they put inside of girls. That’s so unhygienic when you think about it. I mean, wow,

multi-tasking, sure, I get that. But really, it's all so badly designed, men's junk I mean. Do you know what I mean?"

"Never really thought about it."

"Well anyway," I said. "So somehow I talk about this stuff with him… or you. But not my husband? Maybe he knows? But somehow I can't bring it up."

"And! And I'm lying to my husband about stuff. I don't even mean too. It's just, it all gets so complicated, and it just seems easier to not mention it, or to say something else, because if you tell the truth, then there's all other stuff that will follow on it, and you don't want to deal with it, right at that moment. So you just let it pass."

"That you're fucking this other guy?"

"But that's just it!" I said. "He knows. I mean, he's right there when I do it… sometimes… he's right into it… Just, other times, he's not there, and I don't mention it to him."

"So sometimes you're fucking this guy in front of him, and sometimes you do it behind his back."

My brows knit.

"You see?" I said. "When you put it like that? It sounds so fucked up."

I should just not see Leroy alone, I thought. Threesomes all the way. The three of us in bed together, their bodies touching mine. Touching each other. What if they kissed, even by accident. That could happen. It would be so hot.

"What about your husband?" he asked.

"Oh my god, I would love to see it. To watch it. It would be so hot. But no," I said, "they're both so straight. Won't even kiss. All I'll get is a manly hug. Not even tongue action."

"No," the voice said. "I mean, does your husband fuck around like you do?"

Oh shit, I thought. I'd completely lost track of the conversation, drifted off into fantasy. Fortunately, he couldn't see me blush. I shook my head. I looked at the hole in the wall.

"Could you at least put it through?" I asked to distract him. "It gives me something to talk to. I promise I'll leave it alone."

The cock poked through once again.

"He doesn't play around. Not that I know of. If he did, he'd tell me. We have that kind of relationship. We don't keep secrets."

I paused.

“Well… okay. I’m kind of keeping a few. But they’re small, and not important, and it’s all complicated, like I explained. I’m not even keeping a secret, just not telling him right now… It’s a matter of timing, you know. Finding the right time, that’s not actually keeping a secret. We’ll work through. But he’s got no secrets.”

“Nope,” I said. “He just likes playing with me only. I wouldn’t mind if he did. I mean, I’m doing it, why shouldn’t he? I’m not jealous. He deserves a hall pass. He can have one any time, He doesn’t even have to ask. Just do it. Doesn’t even have to tell me. We have that kind of strength of relationship, we trust each other.”

I considered it.

“But you know,” I said thoughtfully, “if he does, I’d want it to be the right girl. No one close to us. Also, no one in a relationship, it’s all already too complicated. Oh, and she’d have to be nice, not skanky, but smart, friendly, brilliant, good hearted, beautiful. If she’s a step down, like older, or not as pretty, or with smaller breasts… I would be insulted, you know. What’s wrong with me? If he’s slumming with someone not nearly as hot as me?”

I considered it.

“But I also don’t want him having sex with anyone hotter or better than me. They can’t be taller, or with bigger boobs, or younger. Or more educated — like if he was fucking a PhD? No way! Or more accomplished, like some high powered CEO bitch. I think I’d feel threatened.”

“Also, it should be with someone I liked, like, I really really liked. I’d want to feel a sense of connection with her. It would have to be someone I could feel spiritually bonded with. Like that we could be best friends ever.”

“But not someone you’re already friends with?”

“God no! Not someone I know. I don’t think I’d want to even get to know her. What if I didn’t like her? What if I liked her? No. None of that.”

“So… So you’re okay with it. But only if he does it with someone you approve of. And as long as she turns out to be basically exactly like you, but also completely different from you, you, and up to your standards, but not too much, single and completely unattached and available, and totally your best friend or could be your best friend, that kind of woman, but also shouldn’t be anyone you knew, and you wouldn’t want to. Someone you connected with, but chose not to. Basically, your idea of a perfect woman, but not too perfect?”

I nodded.

“Yes,” I said, pleased. He got it! “That’s it exactly!”

“Huh.”

My brow furrowed. What a strange response.

“Huh? What’s that about?”

“Nothing. Just thinking of something else.”

I shrugged.

“Also!” I announced. “No strippers!”

“No strippers?”

“Absolutely not. No strippers. That’s just… impossible. I mean, big fake boobs, and nine inch heels, and the sort of super-toned musculature that comes from doing a twenty minute pole session six times in eight hours? Fuck that. That’s not a real woman, that’s a hyper-sexualized male fantasy — nope. I wouldn’t accept that.”

“And anyway, Sam would never touch that,” I said confidently.

I could rely on that at least. Sam was faithful, even if I wasn’t.

He didn’t seem to have anything to say on the other side of the wall. I let the moment drag out, letting thoughts tumble around.

“You know what I’m terrified of?” I said suddenly. “What fucks me up? That what we’re doing may damage him. May damage us, what we have. We say it’s role play, and oh my fucking god, it’s hot. He’s into it. I know he is. He’s so hard for it, you can see in his eyes he’s into it. He can’t stop coming. I’m into it, it sucks you in. And we say, yeah, we can handle it. He, the other one, says we can handle it, it’s healthy and when he talks I believe him, he makes it all so simple and… necessary even, like this is something we need. I love it, he loves it, it’s wild, and it feels like we’re both transforming, opening up, and it’s painful and scary but thrilling and beautiful…”

Jesus Christ, I thought, where was this coming from? I couldn’t stop.

“But what if its not? We act like it’s a roller coaster, a thrill ride that’s safe. But maybe it’s just going for a crash. What if he’s damaged. What if it’s not a game and what we do changes us in ways we don’t want. I’m okay? I’ll be okay? But what about him? Every turn on the merry go round, I can’t seem to stop. When the music starts, I can’t help myself, I go with it. But is it good for me? For him? For us?”

“I know,” I said, “it’s ridiculous. I shouldn’t think this way. But deep down, even if I can’t help doing it, can’t help loving it, there’s this deep place

where I doubt, I worry. I can't stop, I can't stop… but at the same time…"

"It's complicated, right?" I said. "It's complications. And complications make stress. And stress makes pressure. And pressure… I come here, where there's no pressure, no complications. There's a cock, I suck it, he comes, I'm satisfied, everyone's happy."

I ran out of words, just like that. I found I was breathing hard, like I'd run a race. My stomach was clenching, and I noticed I'd unconsciously grabbed his cock hard. I let it go.

The silence stretched out.

"Jesus Christ," I said, after a moment. "Jesus Christ!"

He must think I'm insane.

I shouldn't have said all that stuff.

I closed my eyes, and rubbed my temples with my free hand.

"Sorry," I said. "Just forget all that shit. It's just… shit. I love him, he loves me, we're together and nothing will change that. Everything else? That's just… blather. Forget it. Forget I said anything."

"Don't worry," the penis said soothingly. The man, I mean. The man who belonged to the penis said it soothingly. All I saw was his penis. "Don't worry. You're allowed to have feelings. You'll work it out."

"You think so?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"You're a good listener," I said, to change the subject. I was sick of talking about feelings. I don't even know how this started.

I turned my head and gave the penis a peck, as I spoke to it. "Normally, I hate, I just hate the thought of coming in here and talking to someone. Destroys the whole vibe, you know?"

"I mean," I continued, looking over at the penis. It seemed to nod in agreement, as if listening carefully. "I'm not shallow or anything. But really, there's only one reason I'm here. And that's not to talk. I can talk anywhere. People talk everywhere. Yak yak yak, and what does it amount to? Everything just gets more complicated when people are involved. But here… It's like no bullshit, it's simple, clean, wholesome. I can just be myself. No need to talk."

"You know," I said thoughtfully, "I don't even like to think that there's a man on the other side of the wall. It's just me and some live cock. Isn't that

funny."

"You could mount a dildo on a wall."

Phhtt, I thought. Wouldn't that be a waste of time? I was reminded that I wasn't talking to a friendly cock. There actually was a man on the other side of the wall. A doofus, who just didn't get it. Yeuch!

"I suppose," I said flatly, putting just enough inflection to let him know what I thought of the idea. Why even open up, if he was going to say stupid things like that? No wonder I preferred talking to his penis.

"It's just not the same though," I said.

"Speaking of which," the cock waggled towards the other wall, "you have another admirer."

Yes, there was an erection poking out of the glory hole in the other wall. I kind of preferred them side by side. But really, it was kind of fun to do one, turn around and see the next one waiting.

I glanced at my penis and nodded.

"Yep," I told it, "I noticed him a little while ago. But we were talking."

"He's really hard," it said. Technically, it was the guy behind it that I'd just fucked that said it. But you know, I couldn't see that guy, and preferred to forget him.

"Yeah," I replied calmly. "It's probably because I'm naked with my legs spread, and he's staring right at my pussy with your cum oozing out of me."

Silence. I think I'd shocked him. I'd sort of noticed and started when the conversation was fun, displaying myself wantonly, and then when I'd gotten insecure, I'd weirdly forgot and not forgot about it. It was like a part of me needed to have my pussy stared at when I was feeling insecure.

Mr. Freud, we have a live one for you. Her name is Kayley, and she relates to cocks better than to men.

But then as I climbed down from my angst, it was starting to be more fun to have the cock staring at me, rather than needy again. The man. Cocks don't stare. It was some guy looking through the upper peephole and sticking his cock through.

It just felt like his cock was looking at me, and I was enjoying its attention.

"Well, I don't think he can see that well. It's dark in here," the guy who had just fucked me said peevishly. Was he jealous?

WTF dude, I thought, you just barebacked me, it's your cum leaking out of me. How on earth can you be envious?

And I just bared my soul to you.

And suddenly you're the jealous one?

Fucking men.

Fuck, I was overthinking again.

"Oh no," I corrected him brightly, "I'm using the flashlight on my phone to illuminate it. He can see it perfectly."

I glanced down, at my bright and shining vagina.

There was a much longer silence.

"You're either the sexiest woman I've ever met, or the weirdest."

I could tell he was choosing his words very carefully.

That made me smile.

"I can't be both?" I flirted

"So you're holding your phone to your pussy to light it so that a perfect stranger can see it better, just to make sure his cock is hard."

There was that jealous vibe again. I decided to ignore it. I nodded, then realized he couldn't see that.

"Yep."

"Can I see your pussy?"

"Dude, been there, done that. You came in me! What more do you want?"

"Well," he said. "If you're holding your phone to your pussy, could you take a picture for me."

"No," I said automatically.

Although it was kind of intriguing.

"Maybe," I said.

Sort of kinky and exciting. And it was kind of a cool idea.

“Sure,” I said.

I angled the phone and took a picture, then I held the phone up in the air above my head, in the general direction of the peephole.

“Can you see?” I asked.

“Sort of, can you email it to me?”

“You want my email?” I said.

“Just the picture. I can give you my email address.”

“You’re going to give me your email address?” I demanded. “That seems unwise.”

“Well, you know…”

“Could you email it to me too?” a came from the other side of the wall.

I sighed and rolled my eyes. Geez. Men! Am I right? I am never ever going to have another conversation at a glory hole.

I thought about it for a moment. It was kind of hot to send a pussy picture to a complete stranger, especially one where my pussy was well fucked with swollen parted lips and beads of white semen visibly oozing. It was a really hot picture. And it’s not like my face was in it. I didn’t see any downside or way this could get back at me. And I could delete the email, block them if I needed to. So…

Okay. I shrugged.

“All right, give me your email addresses,” I looked across to the waiting penis and held up a hand. “Give me a minute, okay.”

They gave me their addresses, I typed it in, attached the file, hit send. I returned the phone, positioning it on my thigh. I pulled my lips open a bit, pulled my knees up, and kind of pressed down on my pelvic floor to force more come out. Then I hit flashlight, illuminating it. I heard a ping on the other side.

“Oh thanks!”

“No problem.”

“So… Are you going to fuck that guy?”

I thought about it and shook my head.

“No, I’m not really feeling it,” I said. “I dunno. I think that was a mistake, I don’t think I should. Right now, I like just letting him look.”

“Are you going to blow him?”

“Thinking about it,” I admitted.

“I’ll take a blow job,” the guy on the other wall said.

I laughed, “I’m sure you would.”

I was thinking about it a lot actually. Just standing out there, erect, glistening, hard, throbbing, hot. It was begging for a kiss. I wanted to, I could just close my eyes and imagine what it would feel like in my mouth, the way it would respond, the feel of it ejaculating, and the taste…

Oh for fuck sake, of course I was going to blow it, unless he screwed it up somehow.

“I think you should,” he said.

“I agree,” said the other guy.

I nodded thoughtfully. It’s not a democracy or anything, but their agreement amused me.

“You think so?”

“Might be fun,” my guy said.

“I’m into it,” the other guy said.

“Did you want to watch?” I asked the penis in my hand.

“I’d love to, sorry. I have to get going. Back to work, you know how it is.”

I shrugged. A little disappointed.

“No, I understand.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

I heard the door close. He was gone. Now it was just me alone with a disembodied erection poking through the glory hole. I held up my hand.

“Not another word out of you,” I told it. “Not a word. I’m not here for a conversation. I’m here to suck cock and chew bubble gum. And I’m all out of bubble gum.”

Actually, I had gum in my purse, but mentioning that would ruin the line.

“I thought he’d never leave,” I said. “Nice cock. But just talk talk talk. Who needs that?”

I pointed a finger at the erection.

“Now you, I like,” I said. “The hard silent type. No distractions. No yapping. I think there’s something to that. It’s just, purer, you know. None of this baggage, no interacting. I mean, I don’t even like to think there’s a person on the other side of the wall. There’s just a really nice cock, and I can play with it. It just feels so… Bullshit free. You know what I mean?”

I turned my phone, shining the flashlight away from my pussy and on to the erection. It was really nice. Straight as an arrow, circumcised, kind of olive but a very light olive. Like a tan. Do men tan there? Is that a thing? I’d have to ask, sometime.

I opened my mouth, running my tongue slowly around my lips.

“What do you think?” I asked it. “Should I?”

It bobbed up and down.

“I agree,” I husked.

I turned off the phone, no point in killing the battery. I leaned forward, until I was on my hands and knees and crawled towards it, until I could wrap my hand around it. The shaft was spongy with a rigid core, the skin felt almost a little loose, I could move it back and forth a bit.

Some men, Sam, Leroy, they’re like wood, the skin stretched tight as a drum. It had a big glistening bead of precum on it, really big, I bet his semen was thick and viscous, or it would have dripped.

I licked it with the tip of my tongue, pushing against the urethra. I heard a moan. The bead of precum really was viscous, it coated my tongue. Holding the cock with one hand, I pushed my tongue as hard as I could against his urethra, putting my neck into it, even as my lips sealed right around the around the front of the head. As the pressure built I could feel the shape of his cockhead deforming just a little. I felt it pulse.

Then I let go, relaxing my tongue completely, letting it slide under, keeping my lips tight but allowing the pressure for force them open, as the cock shot into my mouth, surging forward almost to gagging, as I kept as much internal pressure as I could.

“Oh my god!!!” the guy screamed as his cock surged forcefully into my mouth, like it was shot from a cannon. I was in the process of doing it again, as he screamed, and I completed. It startled me. Fuck, was I hurting him?

“Oh my god!!!” he screamed again. Oh fuck, I thought. He doesn’t like it. Fuck fuck fuck. I was just playing…

Then my mouth filled with semen.

“Holy shit!” he was gasping.

“Uhghhh!” I could feel him urgently shooting his last ropes of cum in my mouth. It was so thick and heavy, I’d never tasted semen this viscous. It felt like it was coating the inside of my mouth, sticking to it, even as I tried to swallow.

Was it something in his diet? His taste was odd. I swirled my tongue in my mouth, but it seemed to cling. I should have brought water with me to wash it down.

“Are you okay?” I asked.

“Oh yeah… yeah. What you did? That was amazing. That was… That was…” His voice trailed off.

“As long as you’re okay.”

“Oh yeah,” he sounded so deflated, almost traumatized.

It vanished. There was a muffled “Thanks!” from the other side. I heard a door slam.

I was all alone, kneeling on the floor of my booth. It felt very anti-climactic. Now what? I waited a moment, there was no follow up. As far as I could tell no one in adjoining booths.

Wait some more?

Kneeling felt kind of stupid.

I stood up and sat back on my bench. I could still taste this clinging film of viscous semen in my mouth.

What a weird visit. Just… Empty and nothing. I’d kissed a complete stranger. And fucked him. The fucking wasn’t so bad, it was weird, but fuck me that orgasm had been intense, and I couldn’t help it, I liked that he’d come in me, that I had his semen. And the other blow job, that was surprising.

I tried to go over exactly what I’d done, how I rolled and pushed with my tongue. I wondered if it would have the same effect with other men? Like Sam. I’d need to experiment, I decided.

Was I done? It felt so incomplete. But the place was dead. What was I going to do, wait around all afternoon, just in case?

I checked my phone. Still twenty minutes at least before I needed to go back to work. The charge on the phone was almost gone. Yeah, using the flashlight function just killed the battery.

I smiled, then I grinned. Kind of worth it though.

I still had twenty minutes. I was naked, feeling the semen of complete stranger's in my mouth and vagina, having pushed boundaries. I leaned back on the bench, putting one foot up, and reached down with my fingers, tapping my clit, slipping a finger inside, stirring lubrication and semen. Everyone else came in here, the place reeked of semen and male sweat and arousal.

Well, it didn't actually reek, but there was enough of a scent in here to be arousing. The point was that this was the place to masturbate. So why not?

And anyway, no one was watching. And if someone did.. That was even better.

I touched myself, rubbing my clit, reliving the experiences, the feel of bare cock ejaculating, a strangers lips, sliding up and down, all of it, moving from one image randomly to the next. I closed my eyes, threw my head back, spread my legs wider and just pleasured myself, stroking the insides of my thighs, pinching nipples, whispering filthy things. There was no hurry, plenty of time.

Ooh, I came very nicely, just floated on it and started again, and came, and just enjoyed playing with my body.

I sighed and opened my eyes.

Four cocks were poking through the wall, two on each side. What the fuck! Where'd they come from! I almost jumped. Stealth dicks!

What the fuck?

Fuck me! I thought, I wasted half my lunch hour, and nothing. Nothing! Now, just as I was ready to leave, four of them. Four! What the goddamned fuck? Those assholes! Now?

I mean right now?

I couldn't believe it.

I sighed, staring at them, and checked the time on my phone. I was way past twenty minutes, I'd been almost half an hour. I was already going to be late as it was. I was going to have to call in. And I barely had a charge in my phone, because I'd used up all my power on the flashlight function.

Back to work, and all the bullshit weighting me down, the fucking complications, the stress, the pressure. I'd come here to blow off steam, and

it had been a total fuck up.

And to top it all off, like some cruel fucking God having a big joke at my expense, here were four of them. Four! Just ready and waiting. Fuck!

I gave the waiting erections my hardest, iciest look, and called in.

“Hi June,” I said, staring at the waiting cocks. “Kayley. Listen, I’ve been having this really bad migraine all day, and it’s been getting fucking unbearable. I’m just going to call in sick. Is that okay? I think I need to just find some dark place, and rest for a bit.”

I listened.

“Oh no,” I said, watching them intently, just in case they disappeared or something cruel, “I’ve got something I can take for it. I’m looking at the medication right now. A few swallows, I think that’ll help. Honestly, the way I’m feeling, I might drink it straight from the bottle.”

I listened some more.

“Thanks so much. Yeah, I’ll be fine. I know what my body needs.”

I smiled, listening.

“You’re right,” I said. “Body and soul.”

I broke the connection. Barely an instant later, my phone died. I was unreachable, no calls out, no calling in, no texts, no emails, not even the time registering. I was completely shut away from the outside world.

Just me, naked in a glory hole booth, with four cocks, poking through the wall.

Had I ever sucked four cocks in a row before? All at once? Maybe… the first time? When I had come with Leroy. But this would be better. This time, Leroy wouldn’t be crowding me. It would be just me and them, no bullshit complications.

I slid off the bench onto my hands and knees, so they were at eye level, staring. It was like I could already taste them, feel them against my lips, the shapes in my mouth, my hands wrapped around them.

This was mine. Not Sam’s. Not Leroy’s. Mine. This belonged to me all alone, no one else. I stood up and stepped into the middle, and reached out wrapping my hands around each one in turn, nuzzling my face against it in turn, peeling back foreskins, smearing my skin with precum. Licking, blowing on. I needed something to be mine, where I didn’t have to second guess anything, or worry about what someone else was feeling, or what they wanted, or what was going through their head. I needed this! I deserved this!

A riddle: Here I am, naked, standing in a dark locked room the size of a closet, two men having already come in her pussy and mouth, surrounded by cocks, knowing that their owners are staring at my naked body.

What's that called?

Quality Time!

I zeroed in on my choice for the first, holding it in one hand, loosely gripping a second, and kissed it. I bent forward. My mouth opened wide and I enfolded it between my lips.

I knelt down, giving myself to it, pressed my lips tight, and worked my tongue, felt it swell, the awful pressure that always seemed to be with me began to drift away. I sighed happily, and went to work, sealing my lips, beginning a gentle suckling.

The resemblance in my actions and contentment to that of an infant with a soother or at a nipple didn't escape me. But it didn't bother me at all. If that's what helped me feel better, fine.

I felt it swell and harden gratifyingly between my lips. I withdrew, giving it a loving lick, and switched to the one in my other hand, reaching out to fondle one from the other wall. That was hard, it was like rubbing your tummy and patting your head at the same time. I couldn't really suck one cock and jerk another off. After a few desultory fondles, I settled down to holding it loosely, my fingers cradling the head, as someone else's penis slid along my tongue.

I wanted to touch them all, to let them all to know that I appreciated and wanted them. And I wanted them to last. One thing I'd learned from previous visits was that men liked to come as fast as they could. I wanted to move from one to the other, to prolong it. I

Pushed back the loose foreskin with my lips, the texture of his cock head was grainy. It swelled in my mouth, as I took it deeper and began to bob my head. Oh, oh. I could feel it getting hotter in my mouth, getting rigid. He's coming in hot. I squeezed the base and lifted my mouth off.

It ejaculated anyway, catching the bottom of my chin, and splattering my breasts.

"Fuck," I whispered.

"Sorry," came through, he sounded so contrite.

"It's okay, baby," I whispered, trying to be consoling, "I'm happy that you came."

I didn't feel consoling. Not even in my mouth! Geez! Like, fuck guy! Hair trigger or what? And if I'd been wearing my top? Well that would have been fucked. Like, he couldn't control himself for ten fucking seconds? Still, I didn't want to sound like a complete bitch in front of the others.

Wiping at my breasts, I succeeded only in smearing his cum across them, which was kind of sexy. I hoped they were watching. But when it dried it would turn powdery. Note to self — next time, bring wet naps, for cleaning. At least my top was spared, I kind of liked the idea of just being nude or semi-nude in here. It was sexier, and easier.

I realized suddenly, I was planning my next visit. Each time, so far, had been more or less a spontaneous impulse, somewhere between 'oh my, I just wandered into the wrong shop, and I mistook this for the exit door, but since I'm here, I guess I'll…' and 'fuck what a shitty day, I'm going to stop in and have some…' without really thinking too much. But now, I was thinking about things for next time… which meant I'd decided on some level, there would be next times. No more pretending.

Mister Comes-too-fast was fading quickly, sometimes its unbelievable how fast they'll shrink. Sam will go slowly down to half mast, and then he's coming back up. Boing! It's like a trampoline in his sack. I slipped my mouth over it, rolling my tongue to clean the last of his semen.

"No hard feelings," I told him sweetly as he disappeared. Oh I was such a bitch! I couldn't help it. "Just send in the next one."

I had no idea if there was even a next one out there. But why not ask?

I don't know, there was something intriguing to me about being surrounded by four cocks, two on each side, and just going from one to the other, prolonging their pleasure, teasing them, toying with them, making them last as long as I could. It didn't feel degrading or humiliating, it felt like being a goddess. I felt proud and powerful, my pussy was wet, I was aroused, but not the sort of aroused where I needed to fuck. Just horny in a good, self affirming way.

After a moment, I turned to the other wall. After a moment, from the corner of my eye, I saw a movement, I lifted off, playing with a cock head on the top of my tongue, turning my head, I saw the fourth hole was occupied again. Long, slender, with a mushroom head, becoming fully erect even as I watched.

Good.

I hoped it wouldn't be just four. My mind began to float. I slid my fingers along it, and then around the other two, before returning to take my current cock between my lips. Not too long, I warned myself — no more accidents. Just a few seconds here, then the next. Keep them going.

But it was so satisfying, it was hard not to want to linger.

I wasn't greedy, or crazy, or out of control.

I only wanted as many as I needed to satisfy myself, that was all.

When I had enough, when whatever need driving me was sated, I'd go home and spend my evening with the man I loved. I'd even had an inspiration.

I felt so happy and content that when I turned to the next one, I simply deep throated it, squeezing it between my jaws. Only his sudden heartfelt sigh warned me against making him come too soon.

I slipped away, watching him throb urgently, waiting for it to diminish. Slick with my spit, shining in the dim light, it was beautiful. When the pulsing slowed, I pressed my forehead do it, gave it a chaste kiss, and turned to another one.

I made them last. I made them happy, and for each one, I swallowed very drop and loved it.

"Just a little further back, I think," I told Sam, as we moved the love seat. We'd rearranged half the furniture in the living room on my impulse, Sam just going along with it.

I stood back, stuck my thumb out critically, sighting around the room. Much better. We'd been meaning to rearrange the furniture for a while, just for the hell of it. More Fang shui this way. Also, I had plans.

Nice open area, something to work with. But not too much. I had about five feet of space to the wall. Plenty of room.

"It feels odd," Sam said, "facing up against a blank wall like this. Do you want to mount the television set against that wall?"

"Hmm?" I said startled. I gave it a moment's thought. "No. No way. The sunlight coming in will just glare. Television's better where it is. We'll move love seat later."

"Then…?"

"Oh," I said, "we'll move it around a bit. I just wanted to try something. Sit boy! Sit!"

I pushed him gently back until his calves were against the front of the love seat, and lowered him onto the center of it. Then I climbed up and straddled him. Yes, this would be perfect. Sam's hands slid around my waist, slipping under my sweatshirt. His touch felt so good exploring my bare skin, tracing my ribs, working their up my spine. I was wet already.

I leaned down to kiss him. Our lips met tenderly, always intimate, always exploring. I left myself fall into the pleasure of our kiss, of our mutual touching. I opened my eyes, looking down on him, and ran my fingers through his hair. His eyes opened, and we stared at each other as we kissed.

Gently, I ground up and down on his hips, his hands slipping under my bra to cup my breasts. Finally, smiling mischievously, I broke the kiss.

“I like that look in your eyes,” he whispered. “You’re up to something.”

“I am,” I whispered.

“I like surprises,” he said.

“I know you do.”

“Should I do anything?”

I tilted his head back and kissed him.

“Sit back,” I said, “and enjoy the show… and the big finish.”

I stepped off him, and carefully, theatrically, one by one, turned off the lights and drew the blinds until the apartment was sheathed in darkness.

“Wait,” I told him. “I’ll be right back.”

I made it to the bedroom without embarrassing myself stumbling over anything in the dark. Excellent. Should have thought it through a little better, I decided, but so far, so good.

Once there, I changed clothes. I’d spent a long time trying to decide what to wear, and how to wear it. Slacks and jeans were really nice casual wear, but obviously, there were problems stripping in them. I’d had minimal time to try and figure things out, but I thought I’d had a pretty hot outfit and underwear. I’d youtubed around to get some teaser moves, but I hadn’t found anything quite like I wanted to do.

Mostly, I was just going to improvise. The most important parts were a couple of little penlights I’d picked up that projected a bright but narrow cone of light, and whose straps wrapped around my palms.

An idea flickered through my mind as I dressed. What about completely nude, but oiled so that my skin would shine and shimmer in the penlight beams?

I couldn’t wear clothes while oiled up. Never mind, I grabbed the bottle of baby oil anyway, maybe I’d improvise. I wasn’t sure, but it was better to have it close by and not use it than to not have it and want it.

And anyway, I had my big finish planned. I’d learned a certain trick with my

tongue that had gone over very well at the booths and I was eager to try it on someone I loved.

As long as he never wondered where I got my inspirations from.

I flicked the pen lights on and off with my thumb, checked myself in the full length mirror.

Showtime!

Kayley and Sam's Day Out Pt. 01

Note: The characters of Kayley and Sam are from the Slipping into Depravity series, but you don't need to read that. This is a stand alone series, set just before their second cuckold session. It's mainly about two bright, loving people having a kinky thrilling day together, without a care in the world.

"Kayley, my love. We should go out and have some fun today," Sam said cheerfully, as we cuddled up on the couch in our living room.

"I agree," I said, kissing him. "Bedroom?"

Sam pretended to think about it.

"Eventually," he said. "But I was thinking of getting out and about, maybe hitting a few bars, doing a little dancing, just seeing a bit of the city. Just get out of the apartment, get out of the rut."

Leroy's cuckolding session was just days away. I was nervous and twitchy with anticipation, and genuinely worried about Sam.

"That does sound like fun. Anything specific in mind?" I asked.

He grinned saucily, like a mischievous boy with a secret. Damn he was so cute.

"Play it by ear," he said, "but I might have a few ideas. You should get dressed."

I was wearing comfortable jeans and T-shirt. But clearly, he had something in mind. I couldn't help but feel a slow smile of my own coming on.

"I'll go get changed!"

A minute later I came out with my pink minidress with white borders. It's my

Daphne-from Scooby-Doo' dress.

Sam looked me up and down.

“Hmmm,” he said. “Nope.”

“Oh come on,” I protested.

“Something less flamboyant,” he said.

I tried again, this time with a floral sundress with a scalloped top and spaghetti straps, but a decent length skirt.

Again, he shook his head.

“Nope. Let me help.”

He lead me into the bedroom, pawing through my closet and drawers.

“This!” he said, holding up a baggy oversized long sleeved sweatshirt with a hood and some faded logo on it. “After all, we can’t tell what kind of weather, it could get cold. This will make sure you’re all covered up.”

“This?” I said flatly. I was giving up my Daphne dress for this? “You have to be kidding.”

“Nope,” he told me. “It’s all about the comfort.”

“I wear this over my sundress?” I asked, holding it. The fabric was heavy, like canvas. I’d look completely shapeless in it. It was two sizes two large, the arms would bunch up at the wrists.

“Oh no,” he said. “The sundress goes. Let’s see… Here!”

He held up my embroidered peasant skirt. Heavy black fabric, with this six inch tall elastic waistband. I’d bought it at a rummage sale once, without realizing how bad it looked on me.

“You have to be kidding?” I said. “When you said go out… were you thinking Alaska? Lithuania?”

He laughed.

“Relax,” he said, “you look good in anything.”

It was clear he meant to test that proposition. Jesus Christ, what an outfit. Normally, you talk going out, you think dance clubs, cafes, galleries. You dress up. This was like dressing to tour homeless shelters.

“Sam,” I warned, “I really don’t know about this.”

He kissed me on the forehead.

“Oh give it a try!” he said, pulling on a jacket for outdoors. I decided right then, that if he put on even a hint of flannel, the marriage was over.

“Come on,” he grinned at me.

Reluctantly, I shed the sundress, and pulled the peasant skirt up my legs, the elastic wrapping around my hips and waist. The skirt flared out widely, despite its weight. It was the sort of skirt you wore to go picking onions in the baltic. Then I pulled the sweatshirt over my head, working my way through its voluminous folds.

“See,” he said. “You look great. Comfortable and casual.”

I checked the mirror. It was worse than I’d imagined.

“Oh god,” I said, “I look like a Ukrainian grandmother. But not one of the hot ones, like from James Bond, and the Milf and the Who Shtupped me. One of the frumpy ones, whose grandkids live in another country so she spends all her time throwing rocks at pigeons. I look like I should be busy doing my village’s laundry by hand.”

Sam laughed. I turned to him.

“Seriously,” I said. “You want me to go out looking like this? Surely not!”

“Don’t call me Shirley,” he said, “and why not?”

“Why not?” I asked. “I look like a frump! Hell, I’m the definition of frump! Homeless people will look down on me.”

“Oh it’s not that bad,” he laughed.

“What did I ever do to you? Was it irradiating your sperm with gamma rays? We agreed that was for science. The fake geneology proving we were long lost brother and sister?”

“That one was hot,” he said.

“Was it the month I spoke an imaginary language? The time I sold both your kidneys? The time we met that really hot guy who was into milfs and I told him you were my son?”

He just laughed, the cad.

“Seriously?” I demanded, gesturing at my shapeless outfit. “Seriously? Do you hate me? Do you hate our children? They’re going to be completely humiliated to see their mom like this. They’ll be so ashamed they won’t even want to go to school.”

“We don’t have kids,” Sam pointed out.

“We’ll rent some,” I said, “so I can completely humiliate them, when I pick them up at soccer practice. All the other moms will be total Milfs! They’ll have platinum hair, and really tight capri pants with camel toes, and breast implants, and laquered manicured nails out to here, and they’ll be checking out the tight young, but technically legal, bodies of their son’s friends and probably drink margaritas while driving expensive minivans.”

I took a breath.

“And then I’ll show up to pick up our rented kids in some borrowed hippie volkswagon, and not even one of the cool ones, looking like I just stepped off the commune! They’ll be mortified!”

I pointed at him.

“Do you want to mortify our fake rented children?”

“It’ll be good for them!” he said. “You’ve missed something…”

“What?” I demanded. “I’m too upset about not giving teenage soccer players boners because of my awful dowdyness to think straight!”

“No bra,” he pointed out.

“Well, what’s the point?” I asked. “In this thing, no one’s even going to see nipple action.”

“No panties. No underwear.”

“I am wearing panties,” I pointed out.

“You should take them off,” he said.

“What?” I stopped dead.

“You’re up to something!” I accused him.

Sam smirked.

“Suddenly,” I asked, “you think frump is erotic?”

He made a little gesture with his fingers. Panties off. I reached up under the skirt at my hips, working them down. They were really nice panties too — red silk. I hoped he had something really good in mind, if I was going to go out looking like this. I hoped no one we knew saw us.

“Also,” he said, “let’s go with sensible shoes. Wear your runners.”

“I hate you!” I said.

Instead of driving, we took a cab out to the Italian district, further evidence that Sam was up to something. My man had a diabolical streak, the fact that he didn’t want me wearing anything under this dowdy outfit meant he was up to something. I was almost fluttering with anticipation.

At first we just went to the park, strolling around, hand in hand. We watched a street musician, some seventy-year old guy playing a violin exquisitely. He was too well dressed to be destitute, so we hung around and chatted.

It turned out he played with an orchestra, but liked to come to the park to play on his own. Slowly, with gentle probing questions, Sam teased his entire life story out of him, stories of growing up as a boy in Eastern Europe, escaping communism, making an uneasy new life that finally included a wife and children, the wife passed, the children moved on. An old man who came to the park to play violin in the sunlight, making beautiful music that no one listened to, here because he was alive and wanted to be part of life. I listened, enthralled. Sam had this gift for drawing people out. I passed the old man a twenty.

After that we just walked, passing long haired young men and short haired young women with the lean physique and sprayed on wardrobe of bicycle couriers playing hacky-sack. I insisted we stop to watch, because they were just beautiful, in the way that horses or antelope are, symphonies of muscle and grace. We passed by a clown, and I got a balloon animal, twisted into shape as I watched. I passed it on to a gorgeous little boy in curious blonde pigtails at the playground as his mother watched warily.

We passed through the rest area, watched old men play chess, people feeding pigeons, sat and shared a gelati cone bought at the refreshment stand. This was one of Sam’s gifts, when he was around, he made the world seem deeper, more beautiful, more nuanced.

“This is nice,” I said, taking my lick, as Sam passed a fruit flavoured gelati back and forth. “But I have to admit, I expected something more… thrilling.”

“Does everything have to be thrilling,” he said. “Can’t we just slow down sometime, smell the roses, enjoy life?”

“So that’s what the frump outfit is,” I asked. “Reminding me not to be a sex bomb, and just chill and relax?”

He shrugged and smiled, taking a lick of the gelati and passing it back.

“But if that’s true,” I asked, licking, “why commando?”

He smiled again.

“Maybe it’s just nice to breathe?”

We walked through the flower gardens, I picked out the names of flowers I knew, and we debated the ones I didn’t, bending over to enjoy the scents, watching bees flit back and forth.

When I bent over, I felt Sam’s hand behind me, pressing against my cheeks, slipping between them and down, to slide a fingertip until the thick fabric of the peasant skirt wedged briefly against my pussy lips, and I felt a fingernail brush against my clit. The sensation was electric, but I gave no sign of my sudden thrill.

But it was at the duck pond, now ruthlessly dominated by Canada geese, that Sam made his move. As I stood at the edge of the pond, Sam stepped behind me and wrapped his arms around me. I purred with pleasure at his embrace, he nuzzled the side of my neck, and I grinned with happiness.

Then his hand slid up under my sweatshirt, the flat of his palm pressed against the bare flesh of my belly, fingers splaying. Smoothly, he moved up to cup my breast, my nipple hardened under his touch. Sam nuzzled my neck. My grin shifted to a knowing smile.

I looked out over the smooth pond, geese and ducks swimming around smoothly. On the other side of the pond a couple was walking down a path with a stroller, children were playing tag and a game of frisbee was going on. Calmly I let my gaze wander around a park full of people enjoying the day. None of them paying attention to us.

“So this is what you were up to,” I purred.

His other hand slid under my sweatshirt, again palm against my belly, sliding up to cup my other breast.

“I thought you’d have figured it out from the start,” he whispered in my ear.

“I had some inkling,” I said, speaking normally. God, I was wet already, I felt the tingling of excitement. He was feeling me up in a public park and no one had a clue.

“Pull your sweatshirt down,” he ordered. Obediently, I pulled the voluminous hoody down and outwards, concealing him. Unless someone was looking directly at us and knowing what they were looking for, there was no way to tell.

“You are so fucking evil,” I said, looking out across the park. Off to the left, some twelve year olds were with their father learning to fly a kite. I nodded in that direction.

“Oh?”

“And I fucking love it!”

“Well, if you loved that, this is going to blow your mind,” he said.

His hand left my right breast and dived, slipping smoothly beneath the waistband of the peasant skirt, gliding down and down, across my mound, his fingers stroking my clit and setting up a delicate drumbeat all around it.

I gasped loudly, my knees turning to water. For a second, I went limp with shock and arousal, leaning back against Sam and letting his grip keep me upright. My pussy clenched and I was instantly wet.

“You’re fucking diabolical,” I whispered, breathily, utterly unspooled by his fingers and the way they teased my clit. The sun shone down, the air was fresh, somewhere a dog barked, and I stood at the edge of the duck pond in a public park, being groped and fingered invisibly.

I twisted around in his embrace, my face lifting up towards him. We kissed passionately, even as his hand worked just above my lips.

“Goddamnit,” I breathed between kisses, “I love you so fucking much!”

“This,” he told me, “is just the beginning.”

This wet shiver took me, rippling from top to bottom. I laughed involuntarily.

After that, we strolled through the narrow busy streets of the Italian distract. There weren’t actually that many Italians. It was mostly Koreans and Somali families living here now, with a smattering of Hispanics. But the old architecture, all these brick buildings from the twenties and thirties, the names of streets, that all spoke of its origins, a taste of old Europe.

It made for a lively set of stores, from old fashioned fruit and vegetable stalls, to a series of ethnic restaurants, art galleries, boutique shops, and sidewalk vendors. Every few yards, there was a subtle new scent from some exotic food place.

Sam, of course, took every opportunity to feel me up. Every time we stopped at a window display, he’d step up behind me. I’d hold my sweatshirt down and outward as he slipped his hands under. Regular civilians walking past. Restaurant patrons on the other side of the glass carried on their meals and conversations, glancing out and seeing us, but not noticing.

And every time Sam would step behind me his arms would enfold me, slipping up under my sweatshirt, exploring bare skin, cuppng my breasts, tweaking my

nipples. I'd grin and giggle, especially when he kissed or nibbled my neck. Now and then, he was bold enough to slip fingers under my skirt, sometimes reaching my clit, sometimes falling short but still delightful.

I loved the intimacy of him against my back, the two of us pressed so close together. The warmth of his body, the feel of his breath at my ear. It added to the pleasure of being felt up, it made me feel safe as well as naughty.

My skin tingled with each touch, I felt giddy with arousal. Almost weightless and buoyant, it felt like gravity didn't have its regular hold on me. My nipples were just perpetually rigid, every step I took I could feel the muscles in my hips shift, my vagina opening a little with each step, a surge of wetness. I felt radiant and sensuous.

When we walked his arm would snake around my waist, and as I strategically positioned my sweatshirt, his hand would slip under. Usually it just found the bare skin of my hip or waste, sometimes he was bolder, diving down to cup my ass, or recklessly try for my pussy — he never got my pussy, the angle was wrong when we walked, his arm would have to have been six inches longer with an extra joint. But I loved the attempt.

It was like we were invisible, or super-visible. We were in the middle of people, everyone saw us, we smiled at people and they smiled as we passed. Heads turned at what a cute couple we made. But no one realized what we were doing. No one had any idea that I was without bra or panties, that I was so wet it was practically seeping down my thighs. Or that my clit was teased, my nipples were rigid, that Sam's hands cupped bare breast or ass cheek or made my skin tingle.

There was only one guy who saw what we were doing. A tall skinny Somali, a street vendor and musician selling CDs made by himself and his friends. We stopped to look at some CDs, there was a selection of Caribbean and African music, with little stickers indicating Jamaica, Nigeria, Somalia, Ethiopia, Tanzania.

I asked questions, he was happy to answer, and while we chatted, I pulled my sweatshirt down and forward, and with perfect synchronization, Sam slipped his hands across my bare skin to cup my breasts. I felt my nipples pinched between thumb and forefinger, but gave no other sign beyond a slight widening of my smile.

But his eyes darted to my sweatshirt for just a split second, I watched his expression, puzzled for an instant. Then he worked it out and he smiled the biggest whitest smile. I grinned at him, nodding, while Sam nuzzled my neck.

He looked up, his eyes catching our new friend's, and then he casually asked his opinion on a Tanzanian CD. Our Somali friend paused for just a second, as Sam boldly kneaded my breasts, showing off and bringing the slightest sigh from me. Then he shook his head, smiled and plucked the CD with those long sexy musician fingers, handing it to me.

For a second, as we passed the CD our fingers touched, stroked each other quite deliberately, and I just gushed. I could feel my stomach pulling up high inside my belly, my pussy clenching, and if my wetness wasn't running down my thighs before, it was then.

That was it, we all smiled at each other, laughed and chatted about music. I took every opportunity to touch his hands, he reciprocated and our fingers lingered together again and again. Meanwhile throughout, Sam had his hands under my clothes, almost showing off for our audience. His hand dived under the waistband of my panties, two fingers dancing around my clit, teasing me to the very edge of orgasm.

My eyelids fluttered, I arched my neck, and pulled down one side sweatshirt exposing the curve of my breast, my erect nipple thrusting hard against the fabric. Our friend's eyes lingered on the shape exposed for him. That was it, we chatted merrily, bought a few CDs, and I made sure to hand him cash, our fingers lingering and lingering as as they touched, fingertips sliding against palms.

We finished our conversation and moved on.

"Did you see his hands?" I asked.

"Yeah, do you think it means he's got a big cock?" Sam asked.

I laughed out loud, I hadn't even thought about that.

"You pervert. No, I was all into his hands. His fingers were so long, so muscular, musician hands. I loved touching them, I loved the way they felt when he was touching mine. I was just flashing on him doing what you were doing. The idea of those hands all over me…"

I shivered. "Ooohh!"

Come to think of it, those fingers probably meant there was a pretty good cock on him. I wondered what it would look like. Circumcised? Probably. What would it smell like? Male and musky. Hairy balls I bet, a big full dangling scrotum, weighted down by semen.

Oh but those hands. I wanted to lick each finger, and press those long, muscular, musician hands to my breasts!

"I have his card," Sam said smugly. "And a flyer for his band's next jam session."

"Oh god!" I said, turning to kiss him, "I love you so much. We'll have to check him out."

"First time I ever heard it called that," he said.

I laughed.

We strolled along and eventually came to a sports bar a couple of blocks down. It was one of those open concept places, with garage doors rather than windows and walls, leaving it spilling out into an outdoor café.

It was packed, the signage, the decor, the patrons very clearly Italian. You could tell from the slight babel of conversation drifting to our ears. Sam stopped us and we watched it for a minute. Apparently, there was some sort of important soccer game going on, there were a half dozen big flat screens, and every pair of eyes was glued to one of them.

“What do you think?” Sam said. “Thirsty.”

“I don’t think there’s room,” I replied skeptically.

He shrugged and smiled.

“Let’s check it out.”

“Is this part of your diabolic evil?” I asked.

“It might be.”

That mischievous, evil grin!

My heart went pitter pat.

“Lead the way then,” I said, “but if something naughty and sordid doesn’t happen, I will be extremely disappointed.”

Sam laughed and threw an arm around my shoulders. Smiling we ventured through the doorway.

Inside the place was even more packed. The place reeked of beer and sweat, I was one of only a half dozen women in the place, two of whom were the waitresses. Everyone was glued to the screen, idly chatting during slow phases.

No one even looked at me as I came in. I mean… come on! Sure, I was dressed as a frump. But these were Italians, that shouldn’t have made a difference. Hell, they like that kind of thing. But no, it was all about the game. I never really followed soccer, as near as I can tell, it involves running around after a ball or something and trying to kick it first, according to some esoteric rules.

“There are a couple of seats towards the back,” Sam said, squinting. Bars are

supposed to be no-smoking but there was enough tobacco and marijuana in the air that someone had to be cheating. The place reeked of beer and the rich sauces and spices of Italian bar food.

“I don’t know,” I said. Being stuck in the back while loud sweaty guys cheered on an incomprehensible game wasn’t my idea of sexy. “Maybe we should try someplace else?”

Like someplace we could get away with the shit we were planning to do? He was so half-assing it. He had an amazing gift for improvisation, but sometimes he fell flat on his face. This was one of those times, it seemed.

Sam just grinned, and tugged the loose arm of my sweatshirt, dragging and jostling me through a crowd of men who barely registered my presence. We made our way to the back corner of the bar and the empty seats and settled in. There was no good view of any of the half dozen flatscreens. No wonder the chairs were empty, this was the shittiest table in the house.

A waitress came up to take our order, middle aged, visibly Italian with thick black hair piled high, thick eyebrows, and a mole on her cheek. She weighed us with studied indifference as I tried to order a wine, and Sam ordered us two beer.

It was almost too loud to talk with the gabble of foreign voices. I leaned into Sam’s ear.

“I am seriously unenthusiastic,” I whispered. “My mulberry withers from lack of moisture.”

I felt a whole rant coming on, but there was too much noise to go full tilt. Damn. Maybe I could text it to him. Meh, it just wouldn’t be the same. I tilted my head, humphed, and stared pointedly at the pillar that obstructed the main flatscreen. I glanced to the left, in the distance another pillar stood smack dab in front of the center of another flatscreen, leaving only two wedges of colour and shape on either side.

I took out my phone and started to scroll, very carefully ignoring Sam. The waitress brought two beer and a glass of wine, Sam paid. I sat, scrolling, mentally composing a really snazzy rant, something about Husbands not doing their husbandly duties, failures to follow through, inhumanity to god’s creatures (me), how beer and soccer dehydrated a wet pussy and turned willing flesh into a gobi desert and he totally wouldn’t make it as a mongol, and the price of a good mulberry.

After ten minutes, my phone buzzed, and a text message appeared: “Come sit on my lap, little girl.”

Hmmm. Sam had dragged me into a loud smelly bar, to the worst seats in the place and had failed to pay attention to me for fifteen whole entire minutes. I should say no, on general principle.

Another text: “I have a present for you.”

I smiled and texted back.

“I like presents.”

“You’ll like this one.”

“Is it a big present?”

“Very big.”

“A hard present?”

“Very hard.”

“Is it a pony?”

“Yes, it’s a pony.?

“Where exactly is this pony?”

“In my pants, waiting for you to ride him. Come sit on my lap and find out.”

I smiled.

“You’re not a pervert trying to trick me are you?”

“I am definitely a pervert,” Sam texted.

“I don’t know. You perverts can’t resist a tight nubile young female body in its sexual prime. You might do perverted things to me if I sit on your lap.”

“I most definitely will,” he texted.

“Okay!”

Sam just laughed, as I quickly shifted from my seat to his lap, snuggling against him. I twisted to kiss him.

“Why the wait?” I whispered, as my lips brushed his.

His hand snaked under my sweatshirt, found the high waistband of my peasant skirt and dived like a heron, fingers sliding over my clit and parting my pussy lips.

“I wanted to make sure we could get away with it,” he whispered.

I moaned into his mouth and then whispered. “And here I was thinking you where

just fucking with me."

"I was doing that too," he said.

That was too much, I turned my back, pressing my shoulders against him, as his other hand slid under, rising to cup my breasts. I leaned my head back on his shoulder, pulling the sweatshirt down to obscure his activities.

"You bastard!" I whispered in his ear. "I knew it! Just for that…"

I braced myself hands on his thighs. Too bad our chair didn't have arms, that would have made it so much easier. Then I humped against him, using my ass cheeks to wiggle his cock until it was positioned straight between my cheeks. That by the way, was a fuck of a lot harder than it sounds. I don't know how lap dancers do it.

Maybe it was the distraction of his hands roving all over my body under my clothes. It was so naughty and delicious. My nipples were so hard they were literally tingling. But it wasn't just my breasts and pussy, his hands moved everywhere, changing positions, fingernails across belly or hips, tracing my ribs. There was something joyful about the way his hands moved under my sweatshirt and peasant skirt, as if he was discovering my body for the first time. It was arousing, ticklish, infuriating. He teased my pussy again and again, bringing me so close to orgasm

Still, I had him where I wanted, and I positioned myself to where my I could feel his cock head, tucked in his pants, wedged between the deepest most muscular part of my butt cheeks. I looked over my shoulder, smiling angelically down on him and started to squeeze my cheeks as quickly as I could. Then as he got used to that, I added some back and forth motion.

"I'm going to make you have a wet spot," I said sweetly. "Revenge."

"Oh shit!" he whispered.

"Oh yes!"

But then, his hands climbed up to cup my breasts and play with my nipples and I was delightfully distracted. Still, I had my goal. If he was going to tease me, I was going to make him come.

There was kind of a wild ecstatic excitement to the whole thing. We were in a room full of thirty people, and even if they all seemed distracted, we were still in the middle of them.

Out at the park, or on the street, if we thought someone might make us, we could just walk away. Here, there was nowhere to go. We had to be careful. Sure my clothes were baggy, maybe someone looking wouldn't notice they were covering his hands on my breasts… at first. But each time we moved, either of us, were were at risk of giving ourselves away.

His hands roved and teased, dipped between my pussy lips, pinched nipples, fingered my clit, cupped my breasts, I squirmed on top of him, arched my back, spread or closed my legs, twisted, bounced, writhed and humped. But each movement had to be deliberate, calculated, we had to keep an eye on our surroundings, choose our moments, and always be so utterly minimal and careful, never extravagant, never so free as to attract attention, it had to be so subtle that no one noticed in the crowded bar.

The Soccer game was our camouflage. We rode the currents of excitement from the game, as it transmitted to our surroundings. Slow spots, we were careful, almost still. But when the game picked up, you could smell the electricity, we could be bolder. A sudden action in the game allowed a fast sexy move. If someone scored a goal, or even came close, we could do anything, be bold. It was almost like a game of stop and go, but instead of stop, it was a series of slow go's.

It was fucking exquisite!

I couldn't help grinning, I was so wet, so aroused, I was breathless. And totally engaging, it was like a chess game with our bodies, a continuous series of meticulous moves and countermoves.

We could have done it, I could have done it, until we were both dripping and exhausted.

But we got spotted.

I ground down against Sam's cock, leaning back into him, casually sweeping the room.

Uh oh.

There was a guy across the room, looking in our direction. As my gaze passed over him, he looked away quickly. Too quickly.

I pretended not to notice him, enjoying the feel of Sam's hands under my clothes, playing with my breasts, watching from the side eye. Yeah, he was definitely looking in our direction. I sat up a little and slid my ass a little down Sam's cock, wiggling slightly to make him moan. He was definitely watching. I turned my head to look directly at him. He blushed and broke contact.

For a few minutes, I left him alone, pretending to ignore him, pulling the sweater tight, so that from his angle it was clear Sam's arm was under my sweater. Again, I challenged. Again he looked away. But a few minutes later, he didn't look away. Our gazes held as I squirmed on top of Sam, my hips involuntarily lifting slightly as he brushed fingertips against my clit. I smiled at him. His return smile was shy.

“I think someone’s noticed us,” I breathed as Sam pulled on my nipples. Even though his hands were under my hoodie, on my bare breasts, you could still see movement under the heavy fabric of the roomy oversized garment. I squirmed on top of Sam, feeling his erection between my cheeks.

“Who?” Sam asked.

“Guy over to the left, mustache, kind of swarthy, wearing the red jersey,” I whispered, watching him. We made eye contact as I ground down extra-extra hard, bringing a small grunt from Sam. Mustache looked away for a second, when I realized I’d caught him looking again, then his gaze returned, and he smiled apologetically.

“I can’t see him,” Sam said. “He’s out of my line of sight.”

“He’s definitely watching us.”

“Is he doing anything else?”

“Like what?” I asked. “Masturbating? Telling his friends? Calling the management? No, nothing, he’s just watching.”

Stan was running his hand down from my collarbones, along the slope of my breasts. Now he cupped me, lifting them, pinching and pulling on my nipples.

“Does he look okay?” Sam asked.

One hand slid down, along my belly, diving under the waistband of my skirt. I spread my legs a little wider to give him access. In our current position, he couldn’t really fully reach my fingers into my pussy, not unless I climbed a little higher, but his fingertips could just brush my clit, and they did. I moaned slightly, mindful of being in a roomful of people watching sports.

I watched my new friend, watching me getting fondled and smiled at him. He lifted a glass and I nodded slightly.

No one else noticed, just him. In the crowded bar, with all other eyes on the soccer match, we shared a sort of communion together. In the whole place, he was the only one who knew what Sam was doing.

I shivered and my eyelids fluttered, my lips parted silently, and I shifted position on his lap partly from Sam’s fingers squeezing a nipple and just barely brushing my clit, partly from knowing I was being watched. I was definitely wet, the almost touches, as his fingertips tapped my clit hood were exquisite.

“He looks all right,” I whispered back to Sam. “Fine. Ordinary, not gross or weird.”

“Why don’t you invite him over?” he whispered.

Somehow I knew he was going to say that. Or maybe I was wishing he would.

“He’s all the way over there,” I protested.

“Just give him a look,” Sam coaxed. “A CFM look.”

“What?”

“A come hither look?” Come hither? That didn’t translate to CFM. Then I figured it out.

I laughed. That’s only in the movies. But I locked eyes, staring directly into his, until he noticed, then I jerked my head.

He looked surprised and touched his chest? ‘Me.’

I smiled and nodded, jerking my head again. He picked up his beer and stood up, trying to unobtrusively adjust the bulge in his pants.

“Well fuck me,” I said. “It worked.”

“He’s coming over?” He pinched my nipple hard enough to make me wince pleasurably.

“You are so fucking evil,” I whispered to him, watching the stranger approach. “I love it. How far do we take this?”

“He’s on his way. As far as you want.”

“Bold!” I said. “I might go further than you expect. A lot further. After all this teasing, I’m feeling adventurous. I need a cock in me, it doesn’t have to be yours.”

“Go as far as you dare. Sky’s the limit.”

“Not worried?”

“In a crowded bar?” he said, and laughed in my ear.

“You might regret that,” I teased.

I watched the stranger approach. Broad, heavy set, muscular, you could tell he lifted weights. His thick arms were covered with sleeve tattoos. I bet he was hairy as a bear.

“Hi,” he said. I reached out to shake his hand.

“Hey,” I replied. “He’d shake, but his hands are full right now.”

Sam's hand under my sweater, lifted off my breast, visibly shifting the heavy fabric of my loose sweater, in a sort of wave, but mainly to show off.

"I can see that," he said, speaking over the noise of the bar, "my name is Bruno."

"Nice name," I replied.

"Thank you," he said.

"So," Sam said, "we noticed you watching us."

"You looked like you were having fun," he said, and shrugged.

"We are," I replied, and squirmed on top of Sam for emphasis, grinding myself onto his erection I'd gotten so close to making him come, it was maddening..

I smiled and nodded.

"Kayley's not using her seat at the moment," Sam said from underneath me. I gestured towards it. "Feel free."

Bruno slipped into my empty seat, not even pretending not to stare. My leg brushed his.

Sam's hands had withdrawn from my private places, his arms wrapping loosely around my waste. Instead, he was bulling the hoody fabric tight, outlining clearly the shape of my breasts and the hardness of my nipples so fully it might as well have been a wet T-shirt for all that it concealed.

Damn, I thought, as Bruno's eyes slid over my naked-feeling breasts, he's just good. I'd felt like my charms had been hidden under a potato sack, but now, with a simply pull of the fabric, Sam had made me feel deliciously naked. I could feel a little surge of wet excitement.

"Kayley," I extended a hand again, and he shook it. "This bad boy is Sam."

Sam pulled an arm out from the waist of my hoodie to shake, a movement not lost on Bruno.

"I haven't seen you around before," Bruno said. We had to lean in to hear each other, the bar was so loud. I glanced around, no one was paying the three of us any attention.

"We were just passing through," I said. "We were thirsty, so we stopped in to relax a little."

"You looked very relaxed," he said.

I smiled and laughed. Sam's hands moved up my belly, along my ribs, once again

cupping my breasts, teasing the nipples and pushing them forward, as if to present them to Bruno. I couldn't help grinning. My ass shifted on Sam's lap, grinding a little. I felt Sam start under me, his hips lifting, and he gave a little grunt, then another, followed by a sigh. No one but me, and perhaps Bruno, noticed.

Victory?

Did showing off, showing me off, a little voyeurism make the difference? I twisted around to kiss Sam. His erection felt the same as ever, but you couldn't tell from that. And his denim jeans and my skirt were both heavy. I desperately wanted to just reach around and stick my hand on his crotch to see if there was a hint of a wet spot, but I couldn't.

None of this stopped me from working him, or him reaching under my clothes. If anything, an appreciative audience of one added to the complicated eroticism of the event. I was wetter than ever.

Bruno watched it all, occasionally glancing at the big flat screen where the game was on. Was he actually that interested in the game? Or was it his way of trying to be inconspicuous, so no one would notice him staring at my breasts.

"You want to," Sam whispered in my ear.

I nodded, looking at Bruno. "Why not?"

"My lap's falling asleep, dear," he announced just loudly enough for Bruno to hear as we leaned in over the crowd noise.

"Oh!" I said innocently. "I'm sorry. I should get off on you. Or get you off. But Bruno is in my seat. And he just got here."

"Well," Bruno said nervously. There was something sweet about his polite innocence. "I could go… Or you could sit on my lap?"

"You wouldn't mind?" I leaned forward and spoke into his ear. "Me sitting on your lap, I mean?"

"No," he said, there was a confused gleam in his eye, as if he couldn't quite believe it was happening.

His fantasies were running wild, but deep down, he was almost certain he was misinterpreting something innocent.

"I would be fine. It's your chair after all. As long as your husband doesn't mind."

"That's so sweet," I said with fake naivete. I looked back at Sam. "You don't mind, do you, honey?"

He shook his head.

“Oh not at all,” Sam replied.

I twisted backwards to kiss him as his hands slipped out from under my hoody and skirt, then, with almost childish glee I scampered over to Bruno, planting myself on his lap. I could feel almost instantly that his cock was awkwardly positioned, so I lifted off him, pretending to whisper to Sam, so he could quickly, unobtrusively adjust it.

When I settled back on him again, I could feel his cock now straight, comfortably nestling between my cheeks. I ground into him a little, working it his erection just slightly. It wasn’t a full lap dance or anything, just a slight tease. Slight enough that he couldn’t really be sure whether I was doing it deliberately, or it was just accidental.

I couldn’t help grinning. This was so much fun.

I leaned back against him, like he was a cushion, and whispered, “I’m not making you uncomfortable am I? I’m not too heavy.”

“No,” he gasped, his voice just a little tight. “It’s just fine.”

“Okay,” I shrugged, giving just a tiny wiggle of my hips, so my ass cheeks slid ever so slightly and apparently accidentally against his boner. I felt his little intake of breath as I did that, and felt a thrill of excitement.

After that, I laid back against him, as if he was comfortable furniture, and Sam and I pretended to watch the game. Perhaps he tried to watch as well, but my hair brushed against the side of his face. I shifted now and then, slowly, making myself comfortable.

I’ll say this for him, he tried to keep his hands to himself. At points, he lifted them, pressing his palms against my hips. I was vividly aware of his touch, the cautiousness of it, almost timid. He could feel I wasn’t wearing panties, couldn’t he? His hands, his fingers moved slightly back and forth, searching for panty lines. Or perhaps desperately wanting to do more, but being too timid.

I didn’t mind the timidity, that made him safe. I felt like I had control.

After a couple of minutes, apparently someone made a score, or something. I couldn’t follow soccer. But suddenly, the whole tavern was roaring. Some of the patrons stood up to cheer, people were shouting and laughing.

I took his hand and slipped it under the waistband of my sweatshirt-hoody, laying it across my stomach. ‘Is that invitation enough for you?’ I thought. Sam was casually pretending not to be watching us, I glanced at him, and he nodded. My cheeks brushed hotly. I reached down for his other hand, but his arm was already rising, needing little more than permission, rather than

guidance this time. Instead I reached for the waist of my hoody pulling it way from my body, granting him access.

I could feel his hands on my bare skin, on my belly on either side, just below my ribs. My heart was starting to pound, and it was all I could do to breathe normally, and just maintain a neutral expression, waiting to see what he would do next.

Bruno was cautious, holding his hands on my bare flesh but not moving. It was a little disappointing, but also a little liberating. I could understand it, you're in a situation like that, who the fuck knows what the limits are? Or how far you'll be allowed to go, risking getting caught? Every step could be your last. You won't know you've gone too far until you've fallen off the cliff.

But for fuck's sakes! Go for it! Come on.

To encourage him, I shifted my hips back and forth, deliberately rocking up against his cock a few times, unmistakable in my grind. I leaned back, whispering into his ear.

"Sorry," I said, "that wasn't uncomfortable for you? Was it?"

"Oh no," he whispered back, his breath warm and beery in my face.

"It's just that the game is so exciting," I whispered. I couldn't even tell you who was playing or what the score was, or even how you scored, much less who was winning. "When I get excited sometimes I just have to move around."

I tapped the bottom of his forearm under my hoody. He reached up slowly, keeping his palm and fingers flat against my skin, until he was cupping my breast.

Finally!

His other hand began to move up. I could feel my skin flushing hot, my nipples hardening even more. I squirmed on Bruno's lap, this time involuntarily, as I felt my clit throb and my pussy clench, with a little wet pulse.

He glanced openly at Sam, who nodded without directly looking at us at us. Sam had this little smile on his face, the bastard was pleased with himself. Here I was, naked under my clothes, getting my boobs fondled by a complete stranger in the back of a bar full of screaming sports fans, practically in public, and he was looking like the cat that swallowed the canary. The bastard.

I ground down hard onto Bruno's cock between my cheeks, feeling how hard he was even through two layers of fabric. Involuntarily, he pushed his hips against me slightly, his hands clutching my breasts.

Not too much of that, I thought. There was a limit to what I dared to do, or

what he should do, in the back of the bar. After all, he'd noticed us. Hands under clothes, we were getting away with, an occasional bump or grind, that was just the excitement of the bar. But any amount of dry humping would give us away.

Bruno's hands were rough, coarser on my skin than Sam's. His fingers were stubby, his palms flat and muscular. I wondered what he did for a living with hands like that. It was exciting to be felt up by a stranger, and his physicality magnified that. His body was very different from Sam's, his legs shorter, his nips wider, a little fat around the guts. I wondered what he would look like naked.

He touched me differently from Sam. Sam was smooth, practiced. Bruno had been so tentative, but when he squeezed, he really squeezed, hard. There was something erratic about his hands on me, as if he didn't know what to do next. His hands were on my boobs, then off. He seemed to want to explore, but didn't know where to go.

Sam produced a condom, my eyes went wide.

"Tell you what," Sam said to Bruno. "Why don't you go off to the bathroom and put this on. Then come back and you can both be more comfortable."

Bruno looked uncertain.

"I don't know," he said. "What's this for."

"Maybe nothing. Maybe something. Maybe in between. It'll be up to her," Sam encouraged him. "Live a little."

I could feel his hands squeezing my breasts firmly, my nipples trapped between his thumb and forefinger, he rolled them back and forth a little, thoughtfully. I ground myself back against him. I watched Sam carefully. What was he up to?

"This isn't some dodge," he asked. "You'll be here when I get back?"

"Promise," Sam said.

Awkwardly, he took the condom and shifted under me, lifting up. His hands slipped out from under my sweater. I half stood up, allowing him to escape the chair, and he made his way to the washroom.

The moment he was out of sight, I leaned in towards Sam.

"What the hell are you thinking?" I demanded. "Are you crazy. I'm not going to fuck him out here…"

A thought occurred to me.

“Or were you thinking of going somewhere?”

Where, I wondered quickly. Not the Men’s room, those things were disgusting, and this place was so busy it was like a revolving door. We’d get arrested. Somewhere else? Not outdoors? Alley? Next to a dumpster? That would be gross. Did he have something in mind.

“Did you see his face,” Sam smirked. “Of course you didn’t. He was ready to come in his pants. Bruno is a blowout waiting to happen. I’m just making sure he doesn’t make a mess.”

“You mean like you just made a mess?” I asked sweetly.

He blushed. Oh I had him! I so had him!

“Is that all with Bruno though?” I asked, I couldn’t help a half smile. “I’m not sure I trust you.”

“Whatever you’re comfortable with,” he said.

“So you’re throwing it back at me?” I replied. “The balls are in my court?”

“The balls and the rest of his junk,” he smiled. “But yes.”

He looked up and waved. I glanced in the direction. Bruno was making his way back, his walk a little stiff. Although his pants were a loose casual French-cut, I could tell he was hard. The fabric had been fine. Yep, if he shot his load in those pants, it would show through. Maybe the condom was a good idea, even if nothing much happened.

Once again, he slid into my seat and with a happy squeal, I transferred to his lap. As I did, just before I settled on him, I reached down and unzipped him. I think the boldness of my action shocked him, his eyes went wide and he gasped. I settled down on his lap feeling his erection against my ass cheeks.

“You didn’t mind that, did you?” I asked, twisting around so that my lips could brush his ear. Already, his hands were moving eagerly up under the sweatshirt.

“N… N… No,” he replied. I settled back, pressing my shoulders into his chest, and wiggling against him, enjoying the feeling of his strong hands on my breasts. I caught Sam watching, and stuck my tongue out at him. Bruno withdrew a hand for a moment. Beneath me, I felt his hand slipping behind me, and suddenly his pants loosened as the clasp released. I allowed myself a wicked smile, and ground my butt in extra hard.

As Bruno groped my breasts, I wiggled my butt under him. He couldn’t help pushing his hips upward, it was a little like riding a very small bronco. At times, my feet would lift off the floor. I’d scan the bar warily, Bruno wasn’t nearly as subtle as Sam.

As we twisted and bounced I felt his pants working their way down. Was he pushing his pants down, or was it just the way we were squirming together?

I decided to return the favour, carefully pulling the back of my skirt up. Once Bruno realized what I was doing, he helped, and soon the back of my loose peasant skirt was bundled up in folds of fabric against his waist.

Now my bare ass was nestled against his bare thighs, I could feel the thick hair of his legs, his pubic hair tickled between my ass cheeks, our naked flesh pressed against each other. It was freaky and kind of exciting to know that I was sitting on someone's latex coated condom. I could feel it distinctly between my ass cheeks, tucked under my skirt. I made sure to grind on it, keeping Bruno at attention. Meanwhile, his hands massaged my breasts with obsessive intensity. He wasn't like Sam, whose hands roved freely under my sweater.

All this while we were in the middle of a crowd of screaming yelling Italians, all of them obsessively focused on the game on the big screens around the bar. Only Sam knew what we were doing, watching us from the corner of an eye with a knowing smirk.

It was so thrilling I wanted to burst out in giddy laughter. My stomach was an avalanche of butterflies. I was breathless with delight. Every time I moved on him, my clit throbbed. My lips tingled, I could feel wet surges working their way down inside me.

With one hand, I reached down, my fingers finding his cock, feeling it sheathed in rubber. Carefully, laboriously I rolled the condom back up, working it off his cock. I stared at the big television screen just like everyone else, my face carefully blank and neutral. If anyone looked they wouldn't notice anything. Just a girl in a strangely baggy hoody, watching the game, sitting on her boyfriend's lap.

Nothing to see here folks.

His hands clutched my breasts, rhythmically, so tight I could feel my flesh welling up between his fingers, the rough texture of his palms and fingertips adding to the intensity. Working hands, scarred and callused by toil, I bet his fingernails were dirty and cracked. He barely moved them, just pressing and squeezing, each move almost pinching my nipples.

I almost had the condom off, just a little more. I hoped he wouldn't come the moment it came off. I waited. Some guy in shorts kicked the ball, a shout went up and I pulled it off. I slid my hand out from my skirt just long enough to drop the discarded condom on the floor, and slipped back in again.

His erection, hard, moist and eager was waiting for my touch. Wrapping fingers around the front of the head, I adjusted my hips slightly, spreading my legs a little wider, and moving forward, so that my pussy was against the back of his

cock. I pulled it back towards me, feeling the pressure of his shaft spreading my wet pussy lips.

Could he feel it? The exquisite softness of my lips, my wetness flowing out, coating one side of his shaft?

I can never remember how sensitive the shaft is. I mean, I gather it's not supposed to be all that sensitive. But every man I've ever met has felt compelled to get as deep as possible, so they must feel it. There must be some sensation in a man's shaft, it's not all in the head.

I pressed the head towards my clit, trying to work his glans against it. I felt a bead of precum emerge, harvested it with a fingertip and smeared it over my bump, under my clit hood, enjoying the slickness and smoothness. I lifted my hips just a little, working his shaft against me, toying and teasing myself

I had done this before, at the booths. A nice long cock had come through, and I'd straddled it, rubbing my pussy and clit against the shaft. I thought I'd invented something new. But actually, when I looked it up, it had a name. Names. Sometimes pussy job, sometimes cameltoe slide.

The most insane part was we were practically doing it out in public. Hell, we were in public. The bar was packed. I was pulling my sweatshirt down and forward to conceal Bruno's arms slipping under it, and my hand in my skirt, but anyone who looked closely would see what we were doing. It made me so wet, I squirmed uncontrollably under him, fingers caging the head of his cock between my legs, pushing it against my clit even while my camel toe opened wetly against his shaft.

I forced myself to stare at the screen, pretending to follow the incomprehensible nonsense with apparent concentration. The players went back and forth, the ball went back and forth, it seemed that the entire game involved running around in circles, and occasionally standing around as a referee did something inscrutable. The audience seemed fascinated though.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a man at a table at the back across from us glance our way, and then glance again, more intently. He nudged one of his mates. Oh no, I thought, busted! Bit by bit, their whole table was surreptitiously watching us, momentarily tearing themselves away from the game to wonder and guess. But happily, or maybe insultingly, we were only a curiosity. They were really focusing on the game.

It was still hot though, to know a few people were noticing us, that we weren't completely invisible. I couldn't help grinning. If they knew what we were doing, how far we'd actually gone… How much further I could go, I'd blow their minds.

Some guy in shorts ran up and kicked the ball. That seemed to be all they did. But this time, it was apparently a really special kick. The whole bar erupted

in cheers, men were waving, laughing, some jumping with excitement. Two guys even stood up and embraced. Even Bruno surged behind me, his hands moving jerkily, clutching my breasts and squeezing savagely.

I took the opportunity to cheer as well, jerking forward a bit. His cock slid down against my pussy lips, and then I ground down fiercely, pushing him hard. I felt my entrance opening to his cock head, lips pushing apart to the shape of him, and for an instant, it felt like with just a little more, he'd enter me, slide his bare cock up inside me. Then it slipped past, sliding upwards along my wetness as I pushed it against me until it was ramming against my clitoris.

A teeny tiny orgasm blossomed inside me, in my clit, as focused and hard as an acorn. I gasped, turning it into a cheer, my face going red, my whole body shaking. I let go my grip on the hoody's waistband to wave, momentarily exposing the shape of hands beneath the fabric on my breasts. I gasped again, heart pounding, momentarily breathless.

I caught Sam watching me, and flashed him a grin. Turning, I glanced quickly over at the table of my admirers, but they were fully caught up in the game on screen. They'd completely missed my orgasm.

What goofs.

The thing with orgasms, is there's different kinds. I know it's all supposed to be the same. That it's how we dress up, the context, the psyche. But that's all bullshit. Like some orgasms are just fulfilling — you have them, they're overwhelming intense, and you go "I'm good now." And some orgasms leave you going 'that was good, looking forward to the next one.' And some, they just leave you hungry and demanding they're like "Okay, where's the next one, motherfucker!"

This was one of those, my little acorn orgasm was good, but it provoked my appetite, rather than quelled it. I was ravenous for more. I squirmed on his lap, nakedly moving my hand inside my skirt, aggressively rubbing his cock, now wet from my juices, against my clit. I swung my shoulders a little trying to press my breasts against his hands.

"Harder," I whispered, leaning my head back. It was so loud by this time, I wasn't sure he heard me, he didn't really respond apart from kissing my cheek.

A waitress appeared with glasses of beer. Suddenly, we all froze, she was staring directly at me and Bruno, her face turned to stone, stern and disapproving. Bruno tensed so much, he felt like wood underneath me, his muscles were just rigid. His hands slid off my breasts, an inch or two, and then halted, like he knew he'd been caught being naughty. I felt my face, my whole body grow hot and flushed, I'm sure my cheeks were glowing. I couldn't look directly at her, I pretended to stare at the screen, all the while, his cock was pressed deep into my camel toe, my pussy lips wrapped around the length of his shaft like it was giving a hug, his cock head under my hand.

We were so busted! She had seen me come! I was sure of it. While I had my tiny acorn orgasm, she'd watched the expression on my face and knew exactly what I'd done.

Finally, she moved, setting three glasses of beer at our table, and taking the empty glasses. Again, she fixed me with a disapproving stare. All I could do was blush and smile shamefacedly. Sam thanked her, and then she was gone. I exhaled relaxing. Suddenly, I felt like peeing.

"I think we're done," Bruno whispered.

He shifted under me, trying to push me off, his hands sliding to my waist. I felt almost angry, frustrated. I wasn't done, I was soaking wet and needed to pee. I lifted a little on his lap and then sank, leaning back into his chest, pushing his erection up against my camel toe. I heard him grunt, felt it in his chest. Again, that delicious moment I could feel my pussy being opened, before he slipped past. Not again, I thought. Again, I lifted, pushed back, arched.

And suddenly, he slid up inside me, opening me around his cock, a sudden cool sensation of penetration, willingly my body opened and stretched to receive its invader. From this position, I only took half of his length. My fingertips traced my lips tight around his girth, so much of his shaft beneath me. The angle was extreme, not straight in me, but pushing up, almost behind my clit. I tried to push down, to get him deeper.

Then I felt it, this spurting feeling, a shift of pressure, of temperature, of a tiny river of wetness running, forced between us. Sometimes I felt it when men ejaculated me, but I'd never felt it so vividly. Maybe he just had a fucking fountain jetting up out of his balls. Or maybe he was ejaculating into a super sensitive spot inside me. Yes, women are not cheese, some places inside us are more sensitive, like the g-spot. He must have been ejaculating against a very aware spot.

But it felt exhilarating, thrilling. A complete stranger was coming inside me, I was taking his semen, his body for my own, taking his orgasm and owning it. His hands on my waist were squeezing, and I savoured the feel of him. He relaxed under me, trembling, his hands alternately gripping and going weak, as if he was draining into me.

Then it was over, his cock lost a little rigidity and slipped out so quickly it felt like it popped out. I sighed heavily, leaning forward, taking my hand out of my skirt, even as his arms fell out from under my hoody.

"And I think we're done," Sam said. He picked up his glass of beer and drank.

I took a deep breath. I really needed to pee now. I sure as fuck wasn't going to do it here, though. I glanced around. It wasn't just one table that had noticed us. There were two others trying not to stare.

“That was…” Bruno began, “that was…” He gave up, half breathless. His fading erection felt slick and slimy between my thighs.

“I think,” I said, “yeah, we’re done. Time to go?”

I twisted around on Bruno’s lap, so I could kiss him, but because of our positions, I could only manage his forehead. He wrapped loose arms around my waist, this time on the outside of my hoody. “I think we’re going to go,” I said.

“Okay,” he replied.

“I’m going to lift up slowly, with my skirt on you, so you can tuck yourself in. When you’re ready, okay?”

“I’m ready.”

I lifted up, he tucked, it was practically seamless, almost as if we’d practiced it. There, it was if nothing had happened. I hadn’t had my breasts mauled by a rough handed stranger, hadn’t masturbated to orgasm against his cock head, hadn’t taken him inside and felt him ejaculate. Just a trio of completely normal people watching the game, not doing anything.

As I stood up fully, so did Sam, and then Bruno. He looked awkward, embarrassed, as if now that it was all over, he wasn’t sure what to do. I understood. There’s no instruction manual for these things.

“I don’t think we’ll stick around to finish the game,” I said. “I think we’ll be going.”

“That’s it?” he asked, it was almost childlike.

“Yeah,” I told him.

“No one’s going to believe this,” he said.

I thought of the waitress and three tables.

“Oh, I don’t know about that,,” I said ruefully. I had the feeling Bruno was about to become a living legend.

“Do you want my number? Am I going to see you again?”

I shook my head: No. I tried to smile kindly at him.

“Did I do okay?” he asked.

For a moment, he seemed like a lost little boy, sweet and unsure of himself. I was moved by this wave of affection. I wrapped my arms around him in a hug,

and kissed him affectionately. And then an instant later, I realized we were being watched, so I laid hard into the kiss, pushing my tongue against his lips and drawing it out, surprising him a little, I wanted him to look like a macho stud for his friends, or at least, the other strangers watching us.

“You did perfect,” I told him.

Not really, but I wasn’t going to tell him that. “You’ll get the beer for us?”

“Sure.”

Sam shook his hand, and after that, we made our way out, under the hostile glare of the waitress. Maybe it was my imagination, but I could feel the three tables of men behind us, finally distracted from the game, staring at my ass as we walked out.

“Wowsers!” I said, we were walking rapidly away, hand in hand. I kept checking over my shoulder to make sure no one followed us. “So this is what you were up to.”

He smiled his ‘canary eating cat’ smile, all superior and knowing.

“Part of it.”

I wanted to laugh. There was no way he could have known how far I would go with Bruno. Or did he? I had a sudden doubt. Sam had had the condom ready, he’d chosen our route, the park, the Italian section, the street… the bar? Had he set it all up in advance? Was Bruno really a random stranger? Or a plant, there for me to ‘spontaneously’ play with.

I stared at Sam, speculatively. Did he set me up with a ringer? Did he have the condom ready because he knew Bruno was waiting?

Did I want to ask? Did I really want to know?

There was no way he could have known I would fuck Bruno. Well, except he had the condom ready. Fuck, he was diabolical.

But there was no way for him to know I’d taken the condom off, and let… insisted… that Bruno come inside me. I took some satisfaction from that.

“Oh,” I said. “There’s more?”

“Oh yeah.”

“You going to tell me?” I asked. Fucking diabolical.

“In time,” he said, smiling. “Think of this as foreplay.”

“So I just have to find out and fuck around? FOFA?”

He laughed.

“How was it so far?”

“Insane,” I almost giggled. “I can’t believe we did that. That bar was full of people. Almost standing room, And you not only felt me up and fingered me, you handed me over to a total stranger to play with. Holy fuck! That was insane!”

“You enjoyed?”

“I’m blown away,” I said. “I’m speechless. That was high wire. That was working without a net. That was… HOT!!!!”

“You went a lot further than I expected,” he said. “I wouldn’t have pushed you.”

I smirked. You have no idea, I thought. Even if you planned it to the last detail, you have no idea how far I went.

“Yeah,” I said. “Let that be a lesson to you. You open that door, I’ll go through.”

He laughed.

“You’re fearless.”

“Totally,” I replied. “That’s me. Fearless.”

As long as I have you there, I thought, to back me up. If you’re there, I know I can do anything. I’d gone a lot further and a lot more fearlessly than I could have imagined doing on my own.

If we’d talked about it, sitting around home, I would have said he was crazy. But when the moment was there, I went for it.

“He came in me.”

Sam nodded. “I saw.”

He didn’t seem to have any strong reaction. Had he seen me drop the condom? I’d let it fall to the floor on the side he was on. If he hadn’t seen it, he might think Bruno had ejaculated in the condom, inside me, rather than painting my walls.

I thought about asking. Then decided not to.

“You came too,” he said.

I squinted and scrunched up my face, holding thumb and forefinger almost together.

“Euhhh,” I said. “I don’t know that really counts as an orgasm. It was just a bitty one. Like stepping off a curb. A tiny little ‘O.’ Hardly worth mentioning.

I paused.

“It was nice, I guess.” I shrugged. “So what’s next in your evil master plan?”

“The subway.”

I stopped dead, and sucked my left cheek in.

“Interesting,” I said, “I can imagine lots of possibilities. I think I know what you’ve got in mind.”

“Disappointed?”

“Not at all… But I need to pee.”

Kayley and Sam's Day Out Pt. 02
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KAYLEY POV

We walked hand in hand to the subway, descending down the stairs at the Bank Mall. I couldn’t help smiling as we walked, with each step, I felt the slickness of Bruno’s semen in me sliding between the walls of my pussy. It was just the faintest trace of slipperiness, and if I hadn’t known the source, I might not have even noticed.

It made me feel naughty.

I looked up at Sam, grinning happily at him.

My man, my man, what are you up to? I wondered.

I had a good idea what was coming next.

‘Oh no, I’m about to be groped on the subway!’ It wasn’t rocket science. I’d been groped in the park, the street and the bar. We had a theme going.

And let’s face it — subway groping was a thing, unwelcome in most cases, a secret thing for lovers, and subject of lots of raincoat-guy fantasies.
Subways were one of the few places that we were all jammed together as humans, with nothing to do but pretend not to look at each other, while sneaking

little peeks.

We waited a few minutes on the platform. It wasn't rush hour, so it was crowded but not unbearably. Sam ushered me into the last car.

"You know," Sam told me, as he guided me to a seat, "there's an informal etiquette that's evolved in the subway. No one choosing it, just kind of naturally sorting itself out."

"Oh yeah?" I asked, glancing around. Our car was half filled, a couple of obvious street people, some blue collar types, few upscale, mostly average, mostly men, a few women, different ages.

"Yeah," he said. "Turns out the head car, up by the conductor, that's upscale. That's where the transit police will be, the cops, the upper class and business types. They gravitate there. If they can't bet the top car, they get as close as they can."

"Middle cars are blue collar. People who just want to get on and get off as soon as they can. Workers coming and going. People on clocks. The easiest cars to get on and off."

"And ass end?" I whispered. "Derelicts, degenerates and reprobates?"

Sam laughed, and put an arm around me.

"My kind of people," I whispered.

His arm snaked under my sweatshirt, pushing it up so he could cup my bare breast under it. The move was not subtle, it lifted the bottom, exposing part of my midriff. It wasn't obvious, but if you looked at my sweatshirt, you could tell where his hand was.

I smiled a little and blushed, letting my head swivel casually. Eyes flicked towards us, and flicked away. His gesture had been noted. I smirked.

"You're taking a big risk, Mister," I said.

"Oh yeah?"

"We got away with it in the park, and we got away with it on the street. We even got away with it, mostly, in the Bar."

I paused, feeling the subway car lurch into motion. Everyone swayed just a little.

"I don't think we're going to get away with it cooped up in here. Too many eyes."

"Maybe I have something else in mind?" Sam said, and kissed my forehead.

“Oh?”

But the cad just smiled, like a Cheshire cat, and wrapped his arm around me again, as we felt the lurch of the subway train starting up again.

The subway train rolled through a couple of stops as we sat there, looking at our fellow commuters. Sam still had his smile on.

Finally, I felt Sam shift as he sat beside me, his arm around my waist lowered and he gave me a gentle push on the bottom.

“Why don’t you stand and grab one of those stirrups?”

There were a couple of people, mainly men, standing and hanging off the stirrups, even though there were still a few seats. I guess some people just preferred to stand.

It didn’t take much for me to figure out what he had in mind, but standing here in the car, we would be much more exposed. At the park or on the street we were able to find spots we could get away with. Even at the bar everyone was focused on the soccer game and barely anyone looked at us. but compared to that, we were literally center stage in the middle of a subway car.

“Are you sure about this?” I asked.

“Nervous?” He asked grinning. “If it’s too much for you we can skip it.”

I blushed. Oh bring it, I thought. We’ll see who is chicken.

“I see your hand, and I’ll raise it. We’ll see who is nervous!” I said.

“Looks like someone has a royal flush,” he said grinning. “Is it getting a little hot for you?”

“Dressed like a frump?” I scoffed. “Yeah, I’ve always wanted to be the center of attention while looking like a bag lady”

I stood up and move to the center of the car, grabbing a stirrup. I looked back at him, and he nodded. I stuck up my tongue out at him and then turned and look forward. Take that! He let me stand there, brushing slightly against another passenger, getting used to the sway in the stop and start acceleration of the subway train.

After a few moments, I felt hot breathe on the side of my neck and shivered with pleasure and delight, as I felt Sam’s hands slipping up under the heavy sweatshirt. As he reached under, rising for my breasts, the motion pushed my sweatshirt up exposing my bare pink belly to anyone who happens to be looking. Even though his hands were out of sight under my sweatshirt, there could be absolutely no doubt about what we were doing, to anyone who paid even a

flicker of attention. My blush was back, brighter than it was before. I kept a tight smile on as he kissed my red cheek.

“How are you doing?” He asked.

“You are such a bastard,” I replied lightly. My clit was tingling.

“Too much?” he asked.

“I didn’t say that,” I replied, staring straight ahead.

“Working for you?”

“Bastard,” I replied, smiling.

Even though I was wearing the equivalent of a yurt I felt absolutely naked. The distance between this feeling of helplessness nudity, and actually wearing a tent was thrilling, it made my pussy clench and I shivered with rolling wet surges between my legs. I wondered about Muslim women in head to toe burkas, did some of them ever find a thrill going naked under their covering? I tried to imagine it.

“I can’t believe no one is noticing,” I said, as I stared straight ahead, careful not to look directly at anyone, but trying to watch everyone from my peripheral vision. “Is anyone watching?”

“Everyone is watching,” Sam said, as he licked the side of my neck, and let one hand slide down from my breast, diving under the waistband of my skirt, Sliding over my mound, and teasing my clit.

My pussy had a great big, wet clench, like a vice, squeezing between my legs. I stiffened and tried to suppress a moan.

“Evil,” I whispered, while blushing with excitement.

God, I hope he wasn’t intent on making me come in the middle of a subway car. And if he was, I hoped I didn’t have a squirting orgasm, because that would be really embarrassing..

Not that I would say no to a squirting orgasm in the middle of a crowded subway car. It’s not that I’m a pervert or anything, it’s just that if a squirting orgasm comes knocking, you never ever say no to that. It’s ‘Yes please! And may I have another?’ no matter what the circumstance..

I’m just saying it would be embarrassing.

So I hoped that wasn’t his plan or maybe I hoped that it was. I mean how many people get to have a full-blown orgasm in the middle of a moving subway car, in the middle of a crowd.

Were people really watching us? There had to be some. Mind your own business was a thing on subways, so people are careful not to look at each other, not to make eye contact, to just kind of politely ignore each other as dull scenery they passed through on the way from somewhere to somewhere else. Sam wasn't being blatantly obvious. But he also wasn't being shy at all.

Anyone who bothered to look would figure us out instantly. And if they noticed, I couldn't imagine them looking away. So was this his game? An exhibitionistic voyeuristic game added to the groping? He was diabolical! I kept staring straight ahead, trying not to focus on anyone who might be watching. Maybe the whole subway car? But so far no one was saying anything or doing anything.

We were not making any kind of stir.

It was hard to get my head around

As the minutes past, and I hung there in a state of embarrassment and excitement, certain I was being watched by someone, but terrified to look to see who, Sam continued to tease me, his hands and arms slipping in and out of my sweatshirt and skirt.

From one stop to the other, people got on or got off, I was too relentlessly focused on staring straight ahead to really have any sense of who was arriving or departing. But I became aware that more people were hanging onto the stirrups

"Hey!" Sam said pinching my nipples hard enough to make me shudder and twist. "I want you to close your eyes for a few minutes don't open them until I tell you."

The instruction set my already beating heart racing. I wasn't sure what he had in mind, but if he was going to expose my breasts or pull down my skirt I definitely wanted my eyes closed for that. I shut them tight

For a moment I felt Sam pressing into me, his hands moving strongly all over my body, recklessly, indifferent as he cupped my breasts and slipped a finger all the way down. He leaned into me, pressing against me, and I could feel his erection. For a moment his weight was on me. He took one hand out to run fingers through my hair, pulling it away from my neck so that he could run his tongue from my shoulder all the way up to my ear lobe bringing a deep sigh from me.

He dropped my hair. I could still feel his hot breath as his weight against me eased. He reached around to grab my breast on top of my sweatshirt for all to see. If anyone had doubts about what we were doing that settled them. His other hand also slipped out from under my clothes to slide down my hip and thigh. The touch made me shiver.

Sam's hands lifted off me for just a second before returning hungrier and more

eager than ever. He leaned into me again, so that I felt his weight against my back, and he reached around with both hands to cup my breasts from the outside. He explored, his hands running luxuriously up and down on the outside of my clothes, for everyone to see, announcing his ownership and possession of my body. I wanted to purr Like a cat, in sensual bliss.

“Open your eyes” Sam whispered.

I opened, feeling Sam groped me wantonly. For another minute I stared straight ahead then the familiarity of a face in my peripheral vision dragged at me and I turned my head.

Sam was hanging onto the stirrup right beside me, side-by-side. He smiled like the cat that ate the canary, insufferably pleased with himself, as the reality sank in for me, that I was being groped by a complete stranger. Our eyes met. He nodded pleasantly.

“Nice tits,” a rough male voice whispered in my ear, as a stranger’s arms slipped under my sweatshirt, lifting it, so that my belly was exposed as high as my ribs and his hands clutched my breasts.

My stomach was full of butterflies, and I could feel my heart, skipping a beat, I had this urge to laugh, or to scream, to push away my molester, but if I did that his hands wouldn’t be on me. A dozen contradictory emotions and impulses flew through me almost instantaneously a dozen smart, sharp remarks to Sam, or my mysterious molester follow them.

But in the end. all I could do was give a moan that was half a hiccup, and whisper “oh, my!”

“You are a hot little slut. I would love to fuck your filthy tight hole,” the stranger behind me hissed into my ear.

“Thank you,” I whispered, feeling vaguely surreal. “I don’t think we could get away with it here though.”

“You’re a nasty little cunt aren’t you. That’s all that’s stopping you?”

“Oh yeah,” I whispered, there was something enticingly dirty about the way he talked. “I am.”

“You love cock don’t you?”

“I love it.”

“I’d like to get my thick cock all up in that nasty dirty hole and stretch you right out.”

“You want to stretch me out with your big cock?” I whispered. “Wreck my pussy? Then show me how you handle my tits. Touch me all over, run your filthy hands

over my body."

It was as if I was being groped by a phantom. I heard his voice. I felt his hands on my body, but I didn't see him I had no idea who he was, or what he looked like. Had Sam arranged for his presence? Or was I being felt up by a completely random stranger?

There was an excitement in the thought. I deliberately refused to turn my head to even glimpse whoever it was. The idea of being groped by a stranger was wildly, exciting. As was the thought of other strangers watching me being molested.

His hands played mainly with my breasts, pinching my nipples and squeezing my orbs, not quite painfully. I felt him stroke my belly, felt his breath, hot and humid on my neck. When he leaned into me, I thought I could feel his erection in his pants. His hand slid down into my waistband, but didn't reach as far as my pubic mound, to my disappointment.

"This is what you had in mind?" I asked. "Some asshole with a big dick putting his hands all over your girl."

"You could be my fucking girl," the stranger whispered. "I wouldn't fuck around in a subway. I'd fucking take you, and plow you till your nasty cunt was gaping."

Sam just smiled and nodded.

"Part of it."

Part of it? I wondered what else did he have up your sleeve?

"Would you share me with your asshole friends?" I asked the voice behind me. "Would you all take turns wrecking my dirty holes until I was loose and sloppy."

"Believe it," he grunted, spittle hitting the back of my left ear, as he mauled my breasts roughly.

Sam's eyeline drifted to a spot behind me.

"It's been a few minutes, I think that's enough for now," he said to my assailant.

From behind me, the rough male voice whispered "Come on man, I haven't even got to her pussy yet."

"Maybe your turn will come around again," Sam said, his voice was friendly, but there was a definite 'don't fuck with me' vibe in it, "but for now times up."

His turn? I wondered. That implied this wouldn't be the only stranger. But even as the thought went through my head, I felt my filthy molester give way. Someone else, considerably taller, stepped up behind me. This stranger was bolder, I could feel him stooping behind me, his chin barely above my shoulder as his hand dived beneath my skirt, his poem, sliding over my pubic mound, hovering above my clitoris, as slender fingers pushed between my lips. I gasped, my knees going a little weak, My body going loose as it hung from the stirrup. Sensing my boneless state, this new assailant wrapped an arm around my belly to hold me up. I felt my ass pulled back slightly into his hips snuggly nestling there and I felt his hard cock between my cheeks wiggled against it involuntarily.

How the fuck were we getting away with this in the middle of a crowded subway car? Was everyone else blind? Were they in on it?

"Are you OK" a male voice whispered from behind me. I nodded my head, careful not to look back at him.

"Oh, I'm fine," I assured my new molester. Just in case he had any qualms about the voluntariness. I hadn't planned or expected on being groped by complete strangers on a subway. But now that I was here, and Sam stood beside me It was breathlessly exciting

My new assailant was bold, but not skilled. He loved playing with my pussy, first, with one hand, and the other, and finally plunging both between, pulling my butt against his hips, so he could grind. But his hands were not skilled or knowing enough to bring me to orgasm, instead he just floundered recklessly around my clitoris and lips, fingers sometimes slipping inside, heating me up, but never quite bringing me to a boil.

"That's enough," Sam said. "Next."

Jesus, next? What had he set up? What is this all planned? Spontaneous? How many more and what were they going to do?

A hand grabbed my ass, and another slid across my belly, even as my prior molester withdrew slowly. For a moment I felt four hands on my body, making me swoon. My hand tightened on the stirrup, which seemed my only anchor in this wanton sea of touching.

This new claimant was bold, pulling up my skirt from behind momentarily exposing my butt. For a moment, my ass was out there for the whole subway car to see. That had to be clear, I decided, there was absolutely no chance, I'd not been noticed. I was standing in the middle of the subway car, had three men groping me one after the other, and now my ass was hung out there. Everybody in the car must be watching me.

Maybe my gropers really were complete strangers. Simply the watchers who had witnessed my defilement and were brave enough to volunteer to participate.

The next one momentarily lifted my top to expose my breasts. The one after lifted my hair to lick and bite the back of my neck, making me shiver uncontrollably. All of them found my nipples, some slipped lower. Each one touching me in vividly distinct ways, my mind reconstructing the shapes of their bodies, tall, short, skinny, fat, muscular, by the way they touched me, the way their bodies pressed into mine, the sound of their breathing or their words.

A new set of hands, a body nestling against me from behind, hands confidently moving under my ribs. A hand slipped below the waistband of my skirt fingers sliding against my clit, stroking it with deliberate awareness. Breath pushed my hair along the edge of my ear.

I knew.

“You’re a woman?” I guessed.

“Yes,” a coarse female voice said. Too many years, too many cigarettes in that voice. “Do you mind?”

“Not at all.”

Fingertips slid across my clit in a figure eight motion that made me breathless, and I didn’t even try to hold back the gasp. I just let her play with me in the knowing way that a woman has for another’s body. Having your own clitoris is really an edge when you’re fingering someone else’s.

I felt her head nuzzling me, as if to kiss, and I turned away a little.

“Let me kiss you,” she asked.

“I don’t want to see who is touching me,” I explained.

“Then shut your eyes.”

“Okay.”

I closed tightly, allowing her to turn my shoulders and head. Soft lips pressed on mine, I tasted cherry lipstick thickly applied. I felt a probing between my lips, and opened to her tongue, tasting indefinable exotic flavours. In my mind, she was older, late middle age, heavy make up, aged like cheap wine.

Sam let her go on longer than anyone else, and she made the most of it. She licked the back of my neck, made me gasp with razor sharp fingernails on my nipple, and beating time on my clit like she was taking my pulse. Again and again, she took me to the edge of orgasm, until I was shaking, but she could never quite get me there. The closest she came, to the point where I could taste it, she blew it by switching to a tongue kiss. Was it deliberate? Was this arranged with Sam? Surely Sam wouldn’t be so cruel.

Eventually, she whispered in my ear, “It’s been fun.”

Then she was gone.

I felt someone step up behind me, my skirt being lifted, higher and higher, until my bare buttocks were exposed. A rough hand grabbed my ass cheek, squeezing it.

SLAP!!!

“Yow!!” I think I heard the slap before I felt the sting of it, and the pins and needles sensation, and the spreading warmth, I’m a stranger slapping my ass.

An arm slipped around me, pulling me close to a male body. I could feel the heat of him behind me, The solid feel of a male body. In my mind, I imagined a squat, swarthy, blue collar worker, thick with muscles that had never seen a gym only hard labor.

I didn’t look, preferring the image in my mind’s eye.

“Sorry about that,” came another male voice, not sounding sorry at all, behind me, as he let the heavy fabric drop. “That ass looked so ripe I just had to give it a swat.”

“I don’t mind,” I gave him a theatrical giggle.

“That is a fuckable ass,” he whispered, trying to be shocking.

“Yes it is,” I replied, wiggling invitingly.

I felt my skirt dropping, as he stepped close behind me, his body pressing into mine. His arms slipped under my sweatshirt, fingers dipping along the waistband of my skirt. His breath behind me smelled of curry and spices. I had the impression of just a little taller than me, thick ropy muscles.

Pointedly, I stared straight ahead. It was just more exciting, not seeing them, not knowing them, my imagination going in overdrive, every touch a kind of sensual minefield.

“Is that your cock?” I whispered. Holy shit, it couldn’t be anything else. I was filled with a mixture of elation at his, our boldness, and terror at going too far, and anticipation and revulsion at how much further we might go.

He froze for a moment, his bare erection between my cheeks.

When I didn’t scream, he whispered, “Yes.”

When I didn’t respond, he slid it up again between my bare ass cheeks. My

heart was pounding, I was hot all over, my pussy clenched with every stroke. His hips shifted, and for a second, I felt him sliding against my pussy lips, the angle wildly wrong.

“I don’t think you can fuck me this way,” I said. It was a careful precise statement, avoiding completely the question of whether I wanted him to or not. I mean, if he could, if he was the right height and I was the right height and it was the right shape to go in… Would I?

“Yeah,” he agreed after a few futile thrusts. I felt him stabbing clumsily against my asshole, but again, it wasn’t positioned right. “I didn’t think so anyway. Can I grind my cock between your cheeks? I want to come on your ass.”

I was wet and the situation was crazy enough for me to say yes. But he didn’t wait for my assent, he simply started doing it. I squeezed my butt cheeks, thinking to help him, but he slapped my ass, and ordered me to loosen up. Consciously relaxing my cheeks, I let him sink deeper between my buttocks, his thrusts becoming more urgent.

He grunted, his grip around body tightening. One hand pawed my breast, the other wrapped around my waist. He snorted against the back of my neck, his weight pressing into me. I reached up and grabbed the stirrup with both hands, hanging on, as he humped his bare cock between my ass cheeks. He wasn’t being stealthy at all, it was instantly obvious to anyone. He was practically fucking me right out in the open, his urgency and intensity bringing sympathetic gasps of arousal from my body.

Everyone could see. That was going through my mind over and over. Maybe they couldn’t see his cock, his pants were still up and he was grinding against my naked ass. They couldn’t see my ass, he was pressed so hard against it. My skirt was long, but if you looked, you’d see where he’d hitched it up my butt. Still, some complete stranger was masturbating on me, grinding his bare penis on my bare ass, in front of everyone, on a subway car. Geez! It felt surreal. Eyes wide, I turned my head to look at Sam, who looked back with cool detachment, his face expressionless.

“This has got to be the weirdest fucking thing ever,” I grunted in time to the thrusts. Sam nodded.

Then whoever was behind me came, grunting loudly, going stiff behind me. I could feel him thrusting as he tried to press my ass cheeks together around his cock. I felt wet spurts reaching as high as my tailbone. Then he went still. He moaned loudly, and I moaned with him, feeling his ejaculate sliding down my ass.

Were those tiny gasps I heard, somewhere behind me? They knew he’d come, his frantic grinding and thrusting, his gasp and moan made that obvious. My moan confused them. Did they think he’d gotten his cock inside? Did they think I’d been fucked? Not my pussy the angle clearly wasn’t right, then surely my ass. Did it look like I just had anal sex in public?

I wasn't that bold. But it thrilled me to think that someone thought I was.

I could feel his arms withdrawing, him moving behind me, as he put his cock away. An instant later, he stepped away, and my skirt fell down over my butt.

For a second, I was alone, panting softly, my pussy squeezing. My inner thighs were wet with my own lubrication, and I could feel his semen oozing slowly down the crack of my ass.

Someone else forced their way behind me, shouldering the previous out of the way. The hands that grabbed my ass and clutched my breasts were hungry, desperate… and familiar.

"I want to fuck that nasty cunt so hard," he whispered in my ear, his breath moist. "Can I? Can I fuck that trashy hole of yours with my big filthy cock."

"I don't know," I purred. "Can you? Where would you fuck me?"

I expected him to say pussy, or maybe ass.

"I know a place," he rasped, hands hard on my breasts. "Two stops up, just a little down. We won't be disturbed. Come on. Can I fuck you? I want to fuck that dirty cunt."

There was a place. Suddenly, it had shifted, this wasn't getting felt up by a perv. His cock could be in me, he really could fuck me, if I let him.

"Can you?" I whispered, playing for time as the thought rolled around in me. "I don't know if you can. Are you hard enough?"

"Oh I'm so fucking hard," he whispered. "I'll fucking fill that little hole."

"Maybe," I teased, "this hole has been used a lot. If you're not big, I might not even feel you."

I could feel him against my ass. He was plenty big.

"I'm not sure."

"Oh I'm fucking big, you feel that. My fucking filthy nasty cock won't just fill you, I'll fucking stretch you right out."

"Oh promises!" I laughed.

"You like to get fucked?" he asked. "You get a lot of cock in your holes? Tell me."

I thought for a second and whispered back to me.

“My… pimp,” I turned my head to indicate Sam. God, he looked so grim. Was I going over the line? “He took me to this bar the other night, and he made me fuck everyone there. He sold me to strangers, just took money right out in the open, and then he’d send me to the men’s room with a guy.”

“You loved it.”

I was riffing, practically free associating.

“I loved it! All those cocks. After a while, I just stayed bent over the toilet and just let them walk in and shove it in. After, I walked around the bar half naked, and there was a big black cock…”

He groaned loudly, his finger pushing across my clit, dragging down between my lips. I groaned in time, feeling him hump hard against me, on the verge of orgasm.

I had a sudden inspiration.

“He did it blindfolded,” I said. “So I couldn’t see. If you want to fuck me, same condition, I can’t see you. If I see you, in this car, on the way there, even doing it… It’s off.”

“You got a blindfold?”

“No,” I whispered, staring straight ahead. “I don’t want to see you. Not at all. You’ll just have to be really careful I don’t see you. Stay behind me.”

“What if you look?”

“I promise I won’t try to look,” I said, “if you promise to stay out of sight. I want to get fucked and never know what you look like.”

“Fuck!” The voice swore. “You mean it? I can fuck you? I just stay behind, stick a bag on your head. In out, drop a load in your filthy hole?”

“Time’s up,” Sam said.

“Come on,” the stranger protested.

“Someone else gets a turn. You can come back.”

With a reluctance that left him trembling, he stepped back. An instant later, I felt new hands snaking under my hoody once again, rapt with eagerness, almost rushing as they felt my body. These were different

But two stops later, we got off.

The last thing I remember as we departed the car was the sound of scattered applause.

“So we doing this?” a familiar voice came from behind me on the subway platform.

I jumped.

“Well?” the voice insisted. I felt a hand on my ass. Out here on the platform, suddenly the voice seemed more dangerous, more scary. What had been sex talk on the Subway car now seemed a genuine possibility. It’s always easier and more satisfying to talk shit when there’s no chance of following through. I stepped forward, the hand left my ass.

I’ll admit, I was a little scared, and a little excited. Was this a ringer? Or an actual stranger? I was dripping, I had cum oozing down my cheeks, I’d been fondled and fingered and trash talked in a public subway car in front of an audience of strangers, each of my perpetrators utterly faceless and anonymous. My head was spinning.

Yes? The thought of giving myself to, being given, being taken by this anonymous trash talking stranger felt wildly exciting, and wildly dangerous. I couldn’t bring myself to say ‘yes’ out loud.

Instead I looked at Sam, our eyes met, and he nodded gravely, as if he knew my thoughts. I licked my suddenly dry lips and swallowed. Very carefully, I gave him a single small nod.

Sam looked over my shoulder.

“Take us to the place. You’ll stay behind her, give us directions. When we get there, you wear a condom, no fucking negotiation.”

“Done.”

“She changes her mind,” he said, his voice flat and dead, “it’s over. She catches sight of you, it’s over. She turns around and looks at you, it’s over. You screw us around in any way, it’s over and I’ll fuck you up.”

Sam was being scary. Was that for me? Was it a pre-arranged role play? Or was he really giving this guy the gears.

“I just want to fuck her,” the stranger said. “I’m not going to give you trouble. I just want to give her good. She likes a hard cock? I got a load for her. No harm, just a good fuck. No trouble.”

Sam nodded, still looking over my shoulder.

“Which way?”

“To start, when we get topside, down Macy for a block. You go, I’ll follow…”

We climbed the escalators to main, I was vividly aware of him behind me. Right behind me. A few paces? A few dozen? Was he way back, creeping around the corner, or close enough to whisper in my ear? I had no idea, and the uncertainty was thrilling.

As we got out onto the street I heard him again, giving directions. Cross here, go there, always instructing, always behind, never quite the same place behind though, sometimes closer, sometimes further, or to the left or right.

I was careful to look straight ahead, as Sam and I walked, holding hands.

He noticed my posture and smiled.

“Orpheus,” he whispered. I smiled and nodded.

“Fucking right orifice. I’m looking to get into that nasty orifice with my big load, I’m going to split that with my log,” our guide said from behind us.

Sam and I burst out laughing. Partly it was because our phantom fucker’s trash talk had almost entirely died away as we’d walked. I’d kind of enjoyed it with its near ridiculous perversity. You can’t hear “I’m going to ram my big ass truncheon into your nasty slut hole” and take it too seriously.

Partly we laughed because he’d gotten it so wrong. Orpheus was this Greek musician who was deeply in love. One day, his girlfriend dies, but he can’t take it. So he goes all the way into hell to get her back. He plays the harp so beautifully, that they decide to cut him a break, and he’s allowed to take his girlfriend out of hell… except for one condition. On the way out, he can’t look back, or the deal is off. He gets almost all the way out, back to earth, but he can’t help himself, at the last minute he looks back…

In a really fucked up, backwards way, that was us. Except it was his trash mouth that had won him some pussy, and we were on our way to a sleazy fuck site, he was our asshole Orpheus and I couldn’t look back, if I did…

“What?” The voice said behind us with the beginnings of real anger. “Am I a fucking joke? This is funny? Fuck you. I thought this was serious.”

Sam and I glanced at each other. I wasn’t sure how to handle it.

“Kayley,” Sam guided me to a newspaper box. “Lean over the newspaper box. Elbows flat, please. Arch your back. Look straight ahead, no matter what?”

I obeyed, submissively. Honestly, the way the day had gone, bending over a newspaper vending box and staring ahead, like one of those pointer dogs, barely rated. But there would be more, the thought sent a quiver of excitement through me.

“Come here,” Sam ordered, not speaking to me. Then I felt a little nudge as he patted my thighs. “Spread wider.”

I spread.

Sam reached down to the bottom of my skirt and lifted it over my hips. I gasped with the audacity, and the sexual rush.

“Holy shit!”

A hand swung against my pussy, suddenly, I gasped as two fingers slipped inside me. I couldn’t believe, I was being fingered on a public street. Up ahead, I could see pedestrians walking towards me, a woman in sunglasses, dressed in yellow, walking an afghan hound. A businessman talking to his phone. Neither noticed me.

The skirt was swept back. It had barely been a few seconds, but it left me breathless.

“There’s your Orpheus,” Sam said. “We’re serious. Now step back a few feet so she doesn’t catch site of you.”

Sam helped me back up, I found myself gasping for breath. He took my hand.

“Too much?”

I shook my head.

“Just… surprised.” I swallowed. “This is really going to happen?”

“Unless you change your mind.”

I glanced at him, as always, his expression was calm and measured.

“What if I do?”

He shrugged.

“Then Orpheus is out of luck,” he whispered. He looked directly into my eyes. “One question for you: Is this scene hot or not? Enjoying? Into it?”

“Hot?” I pondered. “Depraved. Weird. Fucked up, definitely. Risky. Crazy. A really bad idea. Just… weird. A thousand things. But yes, hot. Very hot. Loving it.”

“Then you’re doing it,” he said, saving me from the ordeal of having to say yes. I wanted it, I just didn’t want to say it out loud. It’s nice when you have a man who practically reads your mind.

It was the culmination of the bizarre experience in the subway, and even if

physically disconnected, it felt of a part. To be fondled and groped so intimately, to be brought so close, to be touched and used, to be made so wet and orgasmic, to feel my ass cheeks pressed against a cock, feeling semen oozing down my ass. To be handled by faceless hands for a faceless audience… I didn't know how to say it, but I needed this fuck, this anonymous, faceless fuck, I wanted it to be complete.

Behind us, Orpheus called out another change of direction, and we strolled down a side street. He swung out behind us, moving to the other side as we turned, so I didn't accidentally glimpse him.

As I tracked the movement of his voice behind me, it came home, all over again, I was on a journey to be fucked in the lair of an invisible man, a man behind me that I'd never seen and would never see. All I knew of him were his hands on my body and his hot breath and filthy words in my ear, and soon his hard cock in me.

That was kind of scary exciting, and I clutched Sam's hands harder, my smile tight and eyes flashing with excitement when he looked at me.

"Okay," voice said. "Stop."

We were in front of a yellow six story building. Main floor was a boarded up storefront, beside some sort of multi-ethnic grocery. Between the two was an arched entrance with the words "Atlas Building" and 606 under it. We turned slowly enough for our Orpheus to make sure he was directly behind us.

"This is it?" I breathed, squeezing Sam's hand again, my stomach was full of nervous butterflies. We were almost here, I felt tense, my stomach muscles clenching against the butterflies inside. Was this really a good idea?

Going into an unknown building with a complete stranger whose only connection was groping me on the subway? A rundown, dirty looking building containing who knows what. We didn't know who he really was. Or whether he was armed, or psychotic. We didn't know if he had a biker gang waiting up there for us.

Definitely this was not a good idea.

I shivered.

For a moment, fear warred with anticipation. Sam and I looked at the entranceway, then our eyes met.

"Into the breach rode the six hundred," he whispered. "Into the unknown."

He knew my reservations. Somehow that gave me courage, deciding it for me.

"No reward without daring," I whispered back.

"Up on the fourth floor," the voice said behind us, I could tell he was

excited, there was an extra tremor in his voice, an urgency to get his cock wet so raw, it was as if he could already feel me wrapped around his erection.

We went through the doorway, Inside the small lobby it was grimy, the floors have not been mopped, there was garbage in the corner.

“The elevator is fucked,” he said behind me, “we will have to take the stairs, it’s up on the fourth floor.”

“Fuck!” I said

“It’ll be worth it,” he said confidently. I wasn’t so sure. Worth it for or him maybe, but I couldn’t help worry a little bit about what was up there and what we would be walking into.

I glanced again at Sam hoping that he was in control. Maybe this was all prearranged, or maybe this was spontaneous. I wasn’t sure how I felt. If I knew it was prearranged then that was safer but it kind of took some of the excitement away. If it was spontaneous then we were working without a net and the risk was real, and if things went wrong, I hoped Sam could handle it.

As we went up the stairs as we went up I was careful to turn my face to the wall every time we turned to go up the next flight just to make sure I didn’t catch a glimpse of him. Perhaps it was a silly game I thought to myself it felt bizarre but it was also exciting to see. And even with the element of scary I wanted that excitement that sense of working without a net.

It didn’t get better, we kicked aside litter on the steps, I spotted a used condom. There was graffiti on the walls, but that ended by the third floor. Each floor looked grimy and unoccupied. Lights were burnt out. Whoever owned this building wasn’t spending a lot of money on upkeep.

“Take a left,” the voice ordered as we arrived at the fourth floor. I noted he was puffing slightly, exertion or anticipation?

We went around a short corner and came to an open area with three office doors and an old wooden desk against the wall. I wondered about the desk had it been some sort of reception for the offices or was it just this used furniture waiting to be taken away. It was as grimy as everything else and if any of the offices were still in use there was no sign of it. The floor looked like it hadn’t been swept, and there was a film of dust on the old fashioned frosted glass inset in the office doors. Very sleazy film noir.

“Here we are,” the voice said. I spotted another used condom next to the desk, gross. Apparently we weren’t the first people to use this place for something naughty.

“I do security for this building and a few others, there’s nobody on this floor, no one comes here except now and then some freaks getting high or getting laid.”

I looked at the desk doubtfully It seemed cleaner then the rest but that wasn't saying much. The surface was half covered with old newspaper, I could see coffee rings staining the exposed wood. I wondered If there were semen stains on its ancient yellow wooden surface. I guessed that this was where I was going to get fucked.

"All right," I said as much for Sam and myself as for him. My heart was beating faster, I was vividly aware what would happen in the next few minutes, even though unsure of exactly how it would happen.

"How do you want to do this?" I asked, this was his place after all.

"Take off the skirt," he said, suddenly he was right behind, I felt his presence, hungry and overwhelming. "I wanna see that ass."

"Go ahead," Sam said and I moved, feeling unlocked by his permission.

I slipped the skirt down my hips letting the heavy fabric drop and pool around my ankles. The thing with heavy clothes, is that sometimes, there's something sensual about taking it off. The way it can just fall away from you with a thud, the feeling of liberation of nakedness that follows. My ass had never felt so bare.

I stepped back into him feeling his body against mine, his hand reached for my bottom, his fingers digging in forcefully, as I bent forward to pick up the skirt and lay it across the desk, brushing old newspapers aside. I liked the idea of a layer of fabric or two between me and whatever it was crawling microscopically across the stained yellow wooden surface of that desk.

He hunched over behind me his breath so hot and heavy in my ear that I knew that if I didn't look straight ahead at all times I would be able to glimpse him in my peripheral vision. His hands reached around me diving between my legs roughly stroking my clit, and pushing against my lips trying to work his fingers inside. As he was bending me over his movements were hasty and rough. He was all over the place he reached up with one hand under my sweatshirt to play with my breast. And then with his other hand he started lifting the sweatshirt until it was up around my arms.

"Take this shit off," he ordered. I lifted my sweatshirt but instead of taking it off completely, I kept the sleeves on and pulled it over my head leaving it wrapped around my shoulders. That seemed to satisfy him.

His hands were all over my breasts. I could feel his frantic, syncopated breath in my ear. I closed my eyes to make sure that I didn't see him. He pushed me forward until I was leaning with my elbows on the desk. I could feel him behind me, his pants dropping, his bare hips pushing against my ass.

"Condom," Sam ordered.

“Aw come on man I’m clean,” he complained.

“This isn’t a negotiation,” Sam said.

“No,” I said, “if he’s clean it’s fine.”

I wasn’t sure if he was clean, but there was something visceral to this, something I needed. I didn’t want to have to go all this way to delve into this exotic adventure simply for the feel of a thin Layer of latex inside me. I wanted flesh, I wanted his hardness, I could feel his erection just millimeters away his body just rubbing against my pubic area, and I wanted to feel him, the real him. Risky, but I wanted it.

“It’s okay,” I repeated, “just don’t come inside me. Pull out when its time.”

I hesitated

“I’m not on birth control so don’t come inside me!”

It was a lie of course. I have this idea, foolish and idealistic notion, that if you tell a man he could get you pregnant, then he’ll try to pull out. I should know better. It’s a fair bet, if it’s someone you’re seeing, or that you at least know. Paternity suits and all that. Some random stranger? Phht, he’s all up to knock up some woman he’ll never see again, unless someone is looming over him.

But, maybe it would encourage him to do as we asked, particularly with Sam close by. And without his ejaculation inside there was less risk of disease, and it would make Sam feel safer.

“Are you sure?” Sam asked warily.

“She’s fucking sure,” he said quickly, “the nasty slutpig just said so, she wants real meat not rubber!”

Nasty slutpig? What a fucking mouth on him! And he was right. I don’t know, some women can’t tell the difference. But I always could, I could always feel when it was latex and when it was hard flesh. There was something thrilling, satisfying, fulfilling, knowing a bare erection was in me, feeling the smooth skin, the rigidity, the heat and shape of it, the living quality of it.

He pushed me further down on the desk until my face was flat against the greasy grimy wood. At the same time he stepped right up behind me, bending forward, trying to reach under for my breast and at the same time press his cock against my entrance. I spread my legs wider for him feeling the pressure of his weight pushing me hard against the edge of the desk

And then he was in me in one convulsive thrust! I could feel his cock rushing smoothly into me in and then up, his erection felt curved inside me pushing up against the back of my vagina, he began to thrust and pinned as I was I could

do nothing but to take it, held immobile.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned, “this nasty little cunthole feels like slime heaven. She is so fucking wet man she’s fucking dripping like grease! I just slide right up on into her like her cunt is an oiled sleeve, she’s just a total fuck-vise, a filthy cunt-pig.”

He thrust savagely over and over into me his hands all over my back and reaching under. I stretched out my arms to make it a little easier, trying to lift up a little to give him access to my breasts. He was moving furiously with wild lunging strokes that forced me flat, and jammed my thighs against the hanging edge of the desk again and again.

I thought he would come in seconds but then he stopped, instead trying to gain control of himself. After a moment he started up again thrusting hard, the edge of my desk bit into my thighs uncomfortably. The way he had me it was almost impossible to move to lift or lower my hips to spread wider or narrower I was completely immobile and that made it harder to find the right spots inside me, the sensitive places that would get me to orgasm. Despite the delirious, out of control, feel, it was almost frustrating.

He pulled out.

“Turn around he ordered,” I can’t feel your fucking pig-tits enough, I wanna see them. I wanna watch my cock jam into that filthy snatch of yours.”

“But I don’t want to see you,” I said.

“Is there a blindfold?”

“No,” Sam replied.

Well pooh, I thought, he’s supposed to be in charge, he should have thought of one. Slipping, Sam, I thought.

“Next time.”

Next time? Not with this guy, I thought, I could trade him in for a hyperactive monkey. All he had going was potty mouth and a curved dick.

Then I realized: Sam didn’t miss much. If he didn’t bring a blindfold it would be because he didn’t expect it to be needed. Which meant he hadn’t planned this. Which meant this asshole was real, it was all real, we were working without a net and this was really a stranger’s cock rutting in me. The shock of realization left me breathless and delirious, my pussy spasmed, so close to orgasm I could taste it.

“Then shut your eyes,” the stranger snapped, thrusting recklessly into me. He pulled out again, and I almost screamed, the orgasm dissipating before it blossomed. Fuck him! Just… fuck! So close!

“But I might open them,” I complained, my voice almost a snarl of frustration, “It’s too tempting.”

He growled with frustration, and pumped back into me, his thrust punishing. It was funny, I was willing to be on my back, I even preferred it. At least it wouldn’t bruise my thighs on the edge of my desk, I could wrap my legs, roll my hips, enjoy it more. But the whole point was not seeing him. If I gave into temptation to glimpse, it felt like it would wreck it, I’d lose something of the wildness of the experience, the weird anonymity of him that I needed.

I had a momentary epiphany, this was like the glory holes — the anonymity of not seeing the men, just their cocks, except a step beyond. There was something there, something important… but his fucking was too intense to concentrate on it, and the thought got away from me.

Cover my face with newspapers or a paper bag? Yuck. Cover my eyes with my hand? Maybe, but it was more of an active role than I wanted. Sometimes you just want to lay back and take it. His hands? No his hands wanted to squeeze my tits.

He pulled out, or fell out, and pushed inside me again, startling me, filling me up with one thrust. His fucking made his cock feel bigger than it probably was, more aggressive, a conqueror’s cock, despoiling and subjugating. I wished I could reach under to stroke my clit, but his weight draped over my back, pushing me flat. He reached up, pulling at the sweatshirt wrapped around my shoulders pulling the fabric, until he looped it over my face. The bottom of my sweatshirt, turned inside out, covered half my head.

He paused.

“Can you see out of that?”

“No.” I was completely blind. Only my mouth wasn’t covered. Hardly dignified, but it worked.

“Good enough?”

“Yeah,” I said, but he wasn’t waiting for an answer, he flipped me over, physically pulling me onto my back, so that I was half off the skirt underneath me, one butt cheek pressing against the ancient wood.

“Oh fuck!” I cried out, as he rammed his cock back into me from a completely new angle, as I took him on my back. His cock was definitely curved, as soon as he entered it seemed to leap up ramming my g-spot hard.

“Take it all bitch,” he spat out, as I wrapped my bare legs around his hips. I felt hairy flesh of his hips and thighs and knew his pants must be around his ankles. The traces of fabric I felt were the bottoms of a shirt. His cock jammed right up inside me, and his pubic hair was so overgrown, that it felt

like a loose pad slapping against my mound.

“You’re so fucking tight,” he swore. “How’s a nasty cuntslut like you so tight? Your pimp must have dicks lining up for you, stretching that filthy hole.”

“Fuck yes,” I groaned, “stretch my nasty pig hole, wreck it, ruin it.”

“I’ll fucking wreck you,” he snarled, pounding hard, I could feel the sweat and spittle flinging off his body, spotting my breasts and chest. “Ruin that nasty ass pussy, fill that pig hole full of filth.”

“Do it!” I cried in sexual heat.

His cock didn’t feel as large from this angle, but he was in deep. He’d shifted to rapid, intense, short thrusts, pounding wildly with frantic energy. I lifted my hips to feel him better, wrapping one or another leg around him, sometimes both, sometimes kicking. Now deeply seated in me with no chance of falling out, he reached for my breasts with both hands, squeezing and pulling on them, his fingers like claws.

For a moment, one hand reached my throat, squeezing. I pulled at his arm with both hands for a moment, choking, and then he released, returning to mangle my breasts.

“You fucking slut,” he hissed, “you’re loving this. Getting that disgusting hole wrecked bareback by some random asshole you’ll never see. I should fucking come in you. You deserve it.”

“Don’t,” Sam warned, his voice flat and ‘don’t fuck with me.’ “If you try to come in her, I’ll throw you down the stairs.”

His fucking paused, stuttered, lost it’s rhythm. I felt him lifting, and knew he must be twisting to look at Sam.

“It’s cool,” he said carefully. “It’s dirty talk, that’s all. I’m not going to. I know the rules.”

Sam didn’t reply, but he must have nodded. The stranger’s tempo resumed, even more frantically, as if now that he’d been caught up he felt like he needed to finish fast before Sam changed his mind. The hands returned, clutching my breasts so savagely, pinching and pulling on my nipples with frantic urgency. There was no more trash talk, just laboured breathing, like a sprinter racing for a finish line, somewhere in my wet folds, deep in my wanton pussy. I wrapped my legs around, pulling him in. My lips formed the words ‘in me’ and I hoped he understood.

He grunted deeply, I could feel his cock swelling rapidly in me, suddenly going deliciously hot as he strained to get deeper up inside me. It pulsed, and I could feel his ejaculation, the micropressure inside my vagina, an eery

slickness. This wild elation came over me. I bent one knee hard, fiercely pressing my heel against his butt cheek. I wanted it.

“Remember,” I hissed for Sam’s sake, glorying in the sensation of each spurt, even as I held him in me, reaching down to pull his other cheek, “don’t come in me. You can’t come in me. When you’re ready, you have to pull out.”

“Oh fuck!” he groaned, thrusting convulsively. He tried to pull out, but I lifted up and reached out with my hands on his hips to hold him in. He dragged me down the desk an inch or two, trying to free himself, but I held tight. With a moan, he stopped trying to pull out and reversed thrusting deep in me, his semen literally churning up from his balls, coursing down his shaft to flood itself deep within my vagina.

“Are you close?” I demanded, glancing towards Sam and shaking my head. I released his hips, as he spurted continuously helplessly in me. “If you’re getting close, you have to say so and pull out.”

He pulled out.

Oh man! I thought. Geez! Read the room!

“I’m coming,” he cried out, and holding his dick in his hand, spurted three or four times onto my pubic mound.

I kicked my heels hard against his butt cheeks pushing him towards me, my hands pulled on his hips, and he dived into my wet hole once more, thrusting deep as he expelled the last of his sperm inside me. I exulted, he’d tried not to come in me, but I’d won.

I reached down, with a fingertip, dragging it through the trails of semen on my pubic mound, teasing my clit with a wet fingernail. I sighed. I wanted it all, every drop, the fucker had tried to deny me. But at least there were a few drops to show Sam. Most of him was mine.

I’d loved it, but more the idea and experience of it, the thrill of adventure. I was dripping wet, even without his cum in me, but I had only come close to orgasm. His fucking had felt good, had felt wild, both the physicality of it and the twisted psychological aspects. His ejaculation inside me had been primordially satisfying but not orgasmic. There had been times when it was sort of going there, but it never made it. What a bummer.

“That was great,” he said. “Thanks. You are one nasty fuckslut. You’re a four star pig.”

I just took deep breaths, ignoring him, laying back and finger-spreading the few beads of semen on my pubic mound. I heard him grunt and pant, moving away from me. A moment later, I heard Sam’s voice.

“He’s gone,”

This had been joyously, perversely, kinkily fun, the whole thing. A thrilling adventure of daring and risk that just sent me racing. As fucks go, this was more foreplay than anything else. It felt more like a warm up, I wanted more.

A complete stranger had fucked me. I had no idea what he looked like. He was a voice, grasping hands and fingers, a filthy filthy mouth, and a hard cock that had gushed its come up inside me, with Sam not even knowing. Now, I was full of him. His and Bruno's ejaculate merged inside me, his ooze mixing with my own body. A relationship distilled to the sexual, defined entirely by his erection and my submitting to it.

Mind blowing.

I took a few breaths, reveling in the sensation, naked, sweating, used, my body tingling with excitement, with the thought of what we'd just done.

Finally, I pulled the sweater up over my face and looked.

Sam was standing there.

Next to him was another young man, I knew instinctively he wasn't the one I'd just fucked. He was definitely younger, less assured and when he spoke, I knew it wasn't the same guy. He was tall, perhaps a couple of inches on Sam, and skinny to the point of emaciation, with a multi-coloured punk haircut, and some goth band T-shirt, oversized, hanging off him, with the sleeves ripped off. No trace of needle marks on those bare arms, although his left shoulder sported the beginnings of a tattoo. Black skinny jeans with strategic tears, and black leather wristbands completed the look.

Was he wearing eyeliner? I bet he was stealing it from his mom.

"Can I have some?" he asked.

"He followed us up," Sam said with careful neutrality..

"You guys looked hot, like you were up to something. I just wanted to watch," the punk kid explained.

"He was sneaky," Sam said, "I didn't notice him at first. When I did, you were already going at it."

Sam shrugged.

"So I let him watch," he said. "Rather than wreck the scene."

I nodded, surprised that I wasn't particularly disturbed. An entire subway car had watched me get groped by multiple strangers. Normally, a peeping tom

watching you get fucked should ruin your day, that's such an invasion of privacy. But I found I wasn't disturbed.

Actually, I was a little disappointed. A complete stranger had seen me naked except for my runners and the sweatshirt tangled over my arms and shoulders. He'd watched me get fucked. He knew the face of the man who fucked me, the face I didn't know, that was kind fo freaky. Freaky hot.

And I hadn't known he was watching it all? I kind of missed out.

If I'd have known the punk was watching… it would have increased the excitement.

Was it just par for the course, for this crazy, fucked up, wild day? Sure, fuck a subway troglodyte, and why not have a random stranger watch? Or was this a set up? Sam seemed unnaturally calm. Was this actually something he'd engineered? I couldn't help wondering. But more and more I felt this we were working without a net.

I didn't even bother to close my legs or cover my nudity. I wanted him to see me. Fuck, he'd already seen everything without my knowing. I liked the fact that I was aware of him, seeing him, boldly showing what he'd perved over.

Look at me, I commanded mentally, and worship my vagina, bow before its beauty and power!

"Did you enjoy the show?" I asked, spreading my legs a little wider. I put a hand over my pussy lips, as I felt them open and the stranger's semen ooze forward. I didn't want Sam to see that. Maybe he knew, maybe he didn't, but it made me feel naughty, like I had a special secret of my own.

"Fuck yeah," the young man said. His voice was unsteady. He was tall, gangly, just coming into physical maturity. He'd be huge once he grew into his frame. His eyes were shining with excitement, and his tight jeans were tenting with his straining cock.

"My name is—"

"No names," I cut him off. "We don't tell you who we are. You don't tell us who you are."

"Okay," he said, staring at my naked, sweaty body. Every pore of him was just radiating sexual energy. He was practically vibrating. His sheer intense focus on me made me feel powerful, as if I had some control over him, like he was a toy.

I smiled.

"You want to fuck me?" I teased, playfully.

“You know it. I’d love to fuck you. I’d fuck you so good.”

“I don’t know,” I said. “I’ve already been fucked good. It was such a good cock, it filled up my nasty hole and just pounded the shit out of me. I don’t know if I need another cock.”

“I’d make you come real good,” he said. “I’d last and last.”

I looked at Sam. He shrugged, his eyes narrowed. Whatever I wanted. If I said so, he’d kick the boy down the stairs. Or hold my ankles open wide while the kid fucked me.

“Would you pull out when I told you?”

Or not pull out, if I didn’t let you? Would you come inside me, if that’s what I really wanted? The thought was silent.

“Of course I would,” he promised. “And I’d fuck you longer than that asshole. I last longer than five or ten minutes.”

“I don’t know,” I teased. “It’s already been pretty hard. Maybe I don’t want someone to last. Just come fast.”

“I can come quick!” he gushed in an instant about face. I caught Sam’s flicker of a smile smile. “I can shoot real fast. Come on command. Just quick.”

He liked the scrawny punk. So did I. I dunno, sometimes its like that — someone says hello or tells a joke or story, you just automatically kind of like them. Someone else says the same thing? Nothing. Our eyes caught. Sure he was a wannabe punk who stole his mother’s eyeliner and perved on decent people having kinky semi-public sex, but we both liked him.

“Mmm,” I said, biting the tip of my little finger.

For some reason, that drives men wild, I’ve never understood it, but I’ve used it.

“I dunno. I don’t feel like fucking again… But you know what? If you want to come over here and stand between my legs and just look at my naked pussy and tits, I’ll let you jerk off in front of me. You can come all over me. Would you like that?”

“I’d love it!”

I nodded.

“Sam,” I said, “watch the stairs, make sure we don’t get any more company.”

Sam nodded and retreated to the corner. From that angle, the punk’s body blocked him and he couldn’t really see what we were doing. He wouldn’t

necessarily be able to tell whether punk boy's cock was above me… or in me.

Suddenly, I felt really naughty.

"Whatever you do," I said, my eyes merry, reaching out to take his cock in my hand and guiding it towards my waiting pussy, "don't put your cock in me. That's not allowed."

I pulled him, pressing him to my lips, enjoying the feel of him sliding inside, my pussy opening and shaping around his erection. He buried himself deep, I let my fingers rest on my clit.

"I can only jerk off. No going in you," he repeated, his eyes were shining. He glanced towards Sam, and I nodded. He nodded back. He was smarter than the other guy, at least.

"That's the idea," I said warmly, his hips were thrusting slowly in me. I could feel the strain it was taking him not to just go all out.

"That's right," I said, my naughty grin was insane. "I want to watch you jerk off, and then come all over my belly. Can you do that."

"Fuck yeah~" he said, I could literally feel his cock vibrating in me. It was deliriously exciting. He could barely move without risking giving us away, and he knew it. He laid his knuckles on my pubic mound, to give the impression he was masturbating. I was the tight wet pussy he'd been dreaming of all his life, but now that he had it, he couldn't fuck, he could only soak, filling my tight hole, but unable to move.

The idea had me flying with excitement. I wondered if I could make myself come, and started stroking my clit fiercely, before his eyes, trying to guide his knuckles and fingers against it. He stared down at his shaft buried in me, my fingers working just above it, utterly fascinated.

"Oh that cock is so beautiful," I whispered. "And you're jerking it so hard."

"It is hard," he ground out, "I'm so fucking hard for you."

"I bet you'd like to put it in me," I teased loudly. "But you can't."

"Okay!"

"That's a gorgeous cock," I teased. "Maybe I should let you put it in."

He thrust convulsively. I cast an eye towards Sam. He was watching the stairwell, distracted but listening.

"Would you like that?"

"I'd love it!" he said. "Can I?"

“Mmm, I’ll think about it,” I said.

Over by the stairs, I saw Sam turn his head towards us momentarily. The punk kid pulled out, until only his cock head was in me.

“Mmm,” I said thoughtfully, meeting his eyes and nodding affirmatively, “I don’t think so.”

I glanced meaningfully towards Sam, and back to him. He almost looked in Sam’s direction, and then back at me, and nodded ever so slightly.

“Okay,” he said, “I’ll just jerk off. Can I come closer.”

“That’s fine,” I said, holding my lips wide open, and my legs wider. “As long as you don’t put it in me, you can come all over me. You can have your cock right above my pussy. Even rub it on me.”

He stepped forward smoothly, his cock sliding back up inside me with no resistance at all. I released my lips, feeling myself enfold him, feeling him fill me. He wasn’t huge, but he felt hot and urgent. I could feel him hardening and swelling, just being in me. I rocked my hips gently, even as he tried to fuck with small controlled thrusts, continually glancing towards Sam.

“Stop!” Sam hissed.

My heart stopped. The youth pulled out as quickly as he’d slid in, his cock now swollen and purple and visibly on the edge of ejaculation. He looked so frightened I had to suppress a giggle. We weren’t doing anything wrong, at least nothing that would truly upset Sam. I was just having a little fun behind his back, going further than he knew. Naughty, rather than bad.

“Hey man.” We heard a male voice, Caribbean by the accent. “What you doing hanging around?”

Fuck, there was some one out there! My heart started up again, pulse pounding away.

“I’m just waiting for the management to come by with keys,” Sam said confidently, “I’m thinking of leasing.”

Another male voice, laughter, the lilt of the Caribbean.

“Oh shit man,” the second voice said, sounding relieved, “we thought you might be waiting to whack us. Ambush, you know?”

“Come on,” he said. “You’re three big muscular guys and I’m a skinny white dude.”

“Skinny white dudes with a gun will kill you quick enough,” a third guy said.

“Or a knife. Or hopped up on meth, or desperate for a fix. White boy comes after you, cops don’t even care. White boys, they’re scary.”

Sam chuckled and they joined him.

The youth and I looked at each other. He was still hard as a rock, and unconsciously, his cock brushed against my lips and clit each time he took a breath. I shrugged and reached down to stroke it’s velvet sheath, but he resisted my gentle tug.

“Be nice to have a tenant in here who’s not a fuck up,” one of them said. “What’s your name?”

“Sam.”

“Robert.” Pause, they were probably shaking hands. “This is Omar, and Aiden. We’re just stepping out for a second. Come up to our studio sometime, we’re on six. So what business you thinking of doing out of here?”

“Chinese import/export,” Sam lied easily. “Fungibles contracts. Mostly paper transactions.”

“Well, if you need to haul stuff,” Robert said, “freight elevator in the back works. I don’t think they’ll ever get around to fixing the front.”

“I was wondering about that…” Sam replied, and then they kind of fell to friendly chatting as they opened up to Sam. Because that’s how Sam is, people just open up to him. The punk kid and I waited nervously, but the studio owners showed no inclination to look around our corner. After a few minutes, they all shook hands and moved on.

“Coast is clear,” Sam whispered when they’d vanished up stairwell.

I nodded. I glanced at Sam, he was just in line of sight, but his back to us, watching the stairwell more attentively. He moved around the corner. I reached down and pulled on the youth’s cock, setting my heels in his ass cheeks to encourage him forward.

“Jerk that cock,” I whispered. “I want to see it. I want to watch you jerking off right in front of me. Do you want to come? I’ll let you come on my pussy. Squirt all over my pussy and mound and belly. You want to shoot your load all over me?”

“Oh god yes!”

With a groan and a smooth thrust of his hips, he slid all the way inside me. With Sam’s back to us, he could finally fuck without restraint for at least a moment. And a moment was all he needed as he bucked hard, ramming up into my hot tight wet cunt. His cock was hot and hard inside me, straining for all it was worth, pulsing almost rapidly. He was coming inside me, spurting semen

deep inside. His face was both drawn and slack, his jaw opening wide.

“Oh that’s it, baby,” I found I was grinning devilishly, “shoot that big load all over me. I love watching you spurt. Shoot it all.”

He moaned deeply, his whole body shaking. I couldn’t feel his ejaculation. It was odd. I’d felt the other guy cum. Maybe that was it, I couldn’t feel semen erupting in me because it was already full of other men’s come? Or maybe the fact that I couldn’t see meant I’d felt more intently? I did feel his cock, the rigid excitement of it, the way it pulsed, the micro-flexes in his hips and I knew he was ejaculating.

“That’s a good boy,” I soothed. “Good boy. Mama is so proud of her boy, making a mess all over her.”

“Holy fuck,” he whispered, visibly deflating. Literally, I could see the air going out of him, his muscles seeming to sag. He was pale, breathing hard, his whole body drooping. Christ, I hoped he didn’t collapse on me. Again, no orgasm, but somehow I was breathlessly elated and sexually thrilled.

Movement from the corner of my eye, Sam. I reached down and pushed his pubes, shoving his cock gently out of my vagina, and up until it rested on my pubic mound, and rubbed my hand all over my pussy, hoping to convincingly smear cold semen around so that it would look like he came on me.

Rather than in me.

Sam was beside me suddenly.

“Holy fuck!” our guest whispered, standing there like a zombie. His cock was still in his hand, a lone bead of semen hanging from a glistening thread. It still looked full and hard, but I thought it must be softening.

“How was it?” Sam asked.

I smiled at him, buoyantly elated. Another perfect stranger had just ejaculated up inside me, literally under Sam’s nose, and he had no idea. Somehow, that was wildly exciting. I loved being bad, in a way I could hardly fathom.

But as naughty as that was, I just loved the idea of it, that someone had come in me, that their cock had been deep inside, and that they’d come their guts out. Their semen was now mine, my treasure. I owned them.

What the fuck was going on with me?

But it didn’t matter, I was elated. I felt like I could float.

“It was pretty wild,” I said. “Just fun. Just fun and spontaneous and transgressive, like something out of porno or a wet dream.”

I looked over at droopy.

“How about it baby?” I asked. “Did you enjoy shooting your big old load all over mama’s slutty business?”

Please don’t say anything stupid, I thought at him.

“Holy fuck,” he whispered again. He seemed to gather himself. “That was amazing.”

“Made your day?” I grinned.

“Made my life!”

I laughed and sat up. I felt movement inside me, ah, there it was. Hello oozing semen, welcome to Kayley’s vagina, now roomier than usual.

“C’mere and give me a kiss,” I told him, reaching out and pulling him towards me. I gave him a chaste peck on the cheek.

“All right, baby,” I said. “Now run along, Mommy and Daddy have some business to take care of.”

We watched as he turned and went down the stairs and out of our lives. I turned to look at Sam, grinning happily, as I spread my legs wide and lifted and bent my knees.

“What about it lover?” I called, holding my hand teasingly over my pussy. Actually, I didn’t want him to accidentally see semen leaking out after three men had bred me full. I didn’t think I was overflowing or anything. But better safe than sorry. “Do you want to take a turn? Win the prize? Ring the bell? Go all the way?”

Instead, he smiled and kissed me passionately, cupping my exposed breast.

“Lovely idea,” he whispered. “But I don’t think we should stay here too much longer. Someone else is sure to come by.”

“If someone does,” I whispered back so quietly that it was almost inaudible, “just make them an offer. I feel very obliging.”

Fuck! Had I just said that?? Out loud! What was wrong with me?

“Tempting,” he said. He handed me my skirt. “But I have other plans.”

“Pooh!” I said, pulling on the skirt, despite it’s harsh treatment, the elastic waist was still good. Then I felt it, movement up inside me, a little slippage. I felt a cold bead of semen slip from my slightly swollen, slightly dilated lips, and trickle a few inches down the inside of my thigh.

I swished my skirt to distract myself, wondering just whose semen had oozed from me. The fact that I had no idea, was deliciously naughty.

When had I become the sort of woman, who had complete strangers' semen, multiple loads of it, leaking down her thighs? I loved it.

"This is a terrible porno," I said, as we descended the stairs.

"How so?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing, I'm dressed like a trailer park hippy granola soccer mom!"

"Still on that?" he laughed, taking steps down.

"Of course," I teased. "What's the fun of being a slut if you can't dress like one."

"I think there are other benefits," he replied.

"Yes," I said. "Cocks! And Orgasms! So far, four and zero. I have been groped, fondled, played with, exposed, and fucked, practically in public. I have made four men come. But have I come myself? No. Not even once!"

"What about Bruno?" he asked.

"Pshaw!" I replied.

We turned a corner and stopped as three black men came down the steps. As they saw us, their eyes lit up they.

"Hey guys!" Sam said.

One of them looked me up and down appreciatively. I smiled and tried to catch his eye, but he was already focusing on Sam. I was a little miffed. I knew it! Dressing like a frump was awful!

"Did the landlord come," the one whose voice I identified as Robert, asked.

Sam shrugged. "Nah, I got a voicemail, they'd rescheduled last minute. After I was already here."

"Fuckers," Aidan said, "they're always pulling shit!"

"No big deal," Sam replied easily.

"Is that your girl?"

"Hum?" Sam said. "My software expert. Yeah, guys, this is Kayley, my fiancé.

Kay, these are the guys you might be working under…"

"Sam!" I said as they chuckled at the inadvertent entendre, that I knew wasn't inadvertent at all. Working under them? That was for me. Promises promises.

"Sorry," he said, "I just meant that they're lessees on the suite a couple of floors up. Over us."

We exchanged a few more words, then they proceeded up past us. I settled for watching their asses as they went up the stairs. Those were fine asses indeed. Once they were gone, we continued our descent.

"Bruno! Huh!" I picked up where I left off. "That doesn't count. That barely qualifies as an orgasm. Baaaaarrrrrellllyyy. It was like stepping off a curb. I've had better orgasms from a firm handshake."

"But technically…"

"Okay, Mister Smarty-pants!" I rolled my eyes. "Technically four for them and sort of one for me. This is not keeping up with porno standards. In a proper porno, every single one of them would have been hung like stallions, and I'd have had multiple orgasms, really big ones."

"I notice you talk a lot about stallions," he said, "since Leroy showed you all those animal dick dildos."

I stuck my tongue out at him.

"Don't distract me!" I warned him. "I'm on a rant. The rant of a sexually deprived goddess!"

"So you admit it's distracting."

I decided to ignore him. I mean, I might have watched Texas Trojan videos a few times lately, but that was the showmanship of the thing. There was something bizarrely fascinating about animal themed dildos, and admittedly, some of them were sort of beautiful. But really, no interest. It was quite silly really.

Anyway, never mind that,

"In a proper porno, they would have all been hung! And young! And attractive, like I'm talking six packs and tattoos and tans — authentic California tans, not the spray on kind, with giant rock hard cocks, have I mentioned that, and all kinds of staying power. Jesus, all I got was average sized white guys who lasted… minutes! I was robbed!"

"How do you know they were all white?" he asked, on the final landing.

I stopped dead.

“So the guy… was?”

“I’m not telling.”

“Black?”

“Not telling,” he said. Oh he was so smug. If I didn’t love him to pieces, he’d be infuriating!

“Asian?”

“Not telling.”

“He was black, definitely.”

“Can’t say.”

“What kind of black?”

“Lips are sealed. Your rules.

“American? Caribbean? African? Canadian?”

“Uh uh. Maybe, maybe not.”

“Asian? South Indian?”

“Mm mmm.”

“Arab? Iranian? Korean?”

“Not telling.”

“Hispanic!”

“You’re not even asking about the other guys who groped you?”

“You’re insufferable!” I accused. “Now you’ve got my head spinning.”

“Not yet, but soon,” he said.

“You diabolical bastard!” I said. “I knew it, you’re planning something!”

“Guilty as charged!”

“I should go back upstairs, find those three hot black guys and beg them to fuck me properly!”

“Go ahead!” Sam teased.

“I have my pride. I’m not going to ask three strange men to come and fuck me, no matter how hot and black they are!” I announced imperiously, then struck a wheedling tone. “Would you go and ask them for me? Come on! Please! Pretty please!”

He laughed.

“If you loved me,” I pouted, “you would do it. What kind of husband doesn’t get his wife three big black hung strangers for her birthday? The kind of husband who doesn’t love his wife or care about her needs, that’s who!”

“It’s not your birthday,” he pointed out.

“My vagina will have cobwebs by that time,” I whined.

“Cooooobbbbwwwweeeebbbbsss. An empty mansion full of priceless treasures, but never used. Just gathering dust. I’ll have to rent it out to one of those Halloween Horror houses… And here we have Kayley’s vagina, watch your step folks, be careful of the cobwebs… All this space, gone unfulfilled, unused. Press your ear to her pussy. Listen, can you hear the echo? See that clitoris? That button has never been pressed. Not even once! They say if it was pressed, something wonderful might happen. World peace, unicorns, who knows! But her husband never pressed it. Oh tragedy. Don’t let this happen to —”

Sam was snickering. We made it out onto the street. He took my hand, pulled me close and kissed me.

“You’re insane,” he said, grinning. “And it’s still not your birthday.”

“Wait!” I said. “Are you implying that you are going to get me three, black, young, hung porno studs with erections out to here and awesome staying power that just won’t quit for my birthday? Because if you are, I take it all back. I totally love you. Also, my birthday is next week. Just enough time to go off the birth control!”

He laughed out loud.

“It’s not,” he said, “and you’re still insane.”

I shrugged. My inner thighs were wet from trickles of semen. How much did those guys put in me anyway? A quart apiece? It was a wonder I wasn’t sloshing as I walked. Yes, I was now definitely one of those girls who had semen leaking from them and running down their thighs. I kind of liked it. The idea of it, not the semen running down per se, that was borderline uncomfortable.

“I must be,” I said. “I’m totally in love with you.”

I sighed.

And fuck, I thought to myself, this is Sam. Special Note to myself: Do no, absolutely do not, go off birth control around my birthday, just in case Sam remembers and has a special 'gift.'

My man, he was a hopeless romantic. And he never forgets.

"Lead on, mystery man," I said sadly, "what's the next step in this tour of carnality and degradation!"

"Are you enjoying?" he asked, his voice was serious. Was there a bit of doubt? Oh shit, had I gone too far in my fucking with him?

I kissed him quickly on the lips.

"Oh my god!" I cried. "Yes! Yes! Yes! You wonderful evil madman. It's been perfect every step of the way!"

I mean, sure, I could have done with more orgasms, or any orgasms.

But apart from that, perfect.

And I suspected he wasn't finished.

Kayley and Sam's Day Out Pt. 03
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ROMANTIC INTERLUDE, PART THREE OF FOUR

KAYLEY POV

The next phase of our sexual odyssey was Sam hailing a cab. What a thrill! Oh my!

Honestly though, I didn't mind. The area that we were in was kind of scuzzy, and I was kind of tired of walking. We bundled into the cab, the driver was some tall Hindu guy, very classic looking with his turban and full beard. I looked at his identification posted, it said Rahul somebody. I wondered for a moment how you would pronounce a name like that, but I didn't ask because that might be rude.

But really, I was mainly interested in crawling up on Sam and sticking my hand in his pants. Fair is fair, he'd spent most of the day groping or getting me groped. It was time I had a little payback.

The minute he got in the cab I was in after him, landing on his lap, giggling and happily unbuttoning his trousers to shove my hands down. For a minute I felt him hot and hard in my hand. I wanted to blow him right there, but I thought that might get us kicked out of the cab. So we settled for being frisky, kissing and laughing as our hands got all up under each other's

clothes.

“Driver?” Sam called. I kind of had the feeling he wasn’t sure about how to pronounce it either. He fed the driver some directions which weren’t that far away. I was almost tempted to call out to the driver to take the long way around.

“So, sexy man,” I whispered and licked his ear as we arrived at an older looking office building, a real office building, one of those skyscraper towers, “What is the next step in your diabolical master plan?”

He just looked me in the eye, and smiled in a way that sent shivers up and down my spine.

We walked into the lobby hand in hand, Sam chatting amiably.

“This is actually a historical building,” he told me, “It was the first official skyscraper in the city, and the tallest building in the city until 1940.”

“Where did you pick that up?” I asked. Apparently, among many other talents, my man was a fountain of trivia.

“I used to work as a security guard,” he told me, “Back in university. This was one of the buildings the company assigned me to. You pick up stuff here and there.”

We walked up the security desk, Sam looked the security guard in the eye. The uniform looked familiar. Sam’s old security company?

“Hello,” Sam said to the guard on station, “We’re here from Fintech. We just need to go up to the roof to check the HVAC systems, we’re getting some funny stuff from telemetry. We phoned in earlier?”

The guard, thirty-something, with greasy hair and drooping features, checked the log and nodded.

“You don’t look like technicians,” he said.

“Yeah,” Sam nodded, “We’re being called in on our day off, so we’re getting double time on this.”

“Sweet!” said the security guard. “Where is your gear?”

“Oh it’s already up there,” Sam replied casually, “The full diagnostic kit, we had an entry level guy go up but he couldn’t figure it out, so they called us in.”

He shrugged.

“So, now we just have to spend a couple of hours tracing, then we can figure out what the problem is. It’s probably just a short somewhere in the relays.”

The guy nodded and exchanged a look with Sam. I wondered about that. Did they know each other? I got the feeling that there was a script being acted out for the security cameras, or perhaps for the supervisors. Was this some kind of dance for plausible deniability? I checked out the guard, a little flabby, not to my taste. I hoped he wasn’t going to be involved in anything Sam had planned.

The guard nodded. His name tag showed ‘S. Theodore.’

“Just sign in,” the guard said, “And then I’ll take you up to the service floors and you can get to the top on your own.”

“Sounds good,” Sam replied.

Casually we strolled into one of the elevators with S. Theodore, he took out his keys and jammed it into the elevator panel to activate and we went up to the top floor.

“No problem getting down,” the S. Theodore told us. He handed Sam a small ring with jangly odd shaped keys, “These are the service keys, the red one will get you onto the roof. Just sign out when you leave.”

We watched the elevator door shut as the guard went back down to the main floor.

I looked at Sam. “So,” I offered, “This is interesting, from the underground to the skyscraper. Bottom to top of the city. I won’t say you don’t have style.”

That was all I managed, because he took me in his arms and kissed me so hard and passionately it took my breath away.

“Wait and see,” he teased.

He took me by the hand and led me up a steel staircase. Unlocking the door at the top, he opened it to a bright blue sky so vivid it seemed like this was the doorway to another world, and beckoned. But when we stepped out onto the top of the building it was just a rooftop.

I don’t know what I was expecting at the top of an antique skyscraper. I guess I’d always assumed that these things would just be flat, maybe with a helicopter pad. But, as it turns out it was full of stuff. There were satellite dishes parked here and there, and an antenna, pipes and cables, and all of these big metal boxes: transformers and heating and air conditioning units servicing the entire buildings air exchange system. Along and among all of these structures, were these steel walkways from one to the other, so you didn’t actually walk on the roof itself, but just took paths around all the

gear and platforms. Not a blade of grass or even a potted plant in sight, it was all weirdly sterile, not even birds came up here.

Sam led me to what appeared to be a small building on top of the roof, surrounded by this winding metal staircase with a safety railing.

“That’s the elevator core,” he told me, pointing at what appeared to be a sort of windowless concrete house jutting above the rest. “The elevators are these big steel and concrete shafts running down the center of the building through the strongest parts of the building actually, and atop them are the elevator motors that move things up and down.”

“Okay?” I said, kind of unimpressed. But he took my hand and led me towards it. As we got there he motioned me to go forward, there was a kind of metal staircase with an outside railing, running up one side with switchbacks and platforms and service doors every so often.

“Here we are,” Sam told me, “One at a time, the stairs aren’t quite in good condition.”

“Oh thanks,” I said. I kind of had to admit, I was sort of unimpressed so far.

“Well,” he said cheerfully, “Less weight so safer if you go first.”

“Be still my beating heart,” I said sarcastically, while climbing up. He waited a half dozen steps behind me, about three feet below. But just as I turned the corner on the first switchback, suddenly he was there below me.

“Hold on,” he whispered, from the steps just below me. I felt his hands on my hips drawing me towards the railing. A minute later he was lifting my skirt and pulling it up.

“Oh hey!” I gasped, suddenly, feeling a cool breeze along my inner thighs. I grabbed the railing really tight, pressing against it. I let his hands guide me, bending my knees, my hips swinging forward, until my pussy slid up against his face. His tongue pushed forward.

And then my breath caught in my throat, my eyes bulged, and shivers ran up and down my whole body, as his face pressed so tightly between my legs. It felt like it was permanent, his jaws stretched wide, his lips wet against mine, and his tongue slid up and down like a wild thing in a frenzy between my vaginal canal and my clitoris.

“Oh holy cow!” I gasped, my whole body going weak from what felt like an instantaneous avalanche of pleasure.

He lifted away for an instant, just enough to let me breathe.

“Just look out,” he whispered, his face already drenched, hot breath against bare pussy. “Look up to the sky, look out across the city and just take the

view in."

Then his head disappeared completely under my skirt, his wonderful wanton oral sex, his wild tongue and lips braced against my pussy, dancing, tapping, everywhere and nowhere, exploring, teasing, electric.

My entire frame shaking, I held onto the railing with all the strength left in me, let the rest of my body melt, like a puddle draining down towards his tongue, and looked out into the distance. I gasped not just because of his lips and tongue on my pussy, but the wild sensations overwhelming me as my eyes absorbed this vastness.

Suddenly, I was breathless once again, overwhelmed and overpowered on so many levels my mind seemed to shut down. The view was amazing. The whole city spread out in front of me. I could see literally for miles and miles the textured patchwork of buildings, of skyscrapers, of streets. The complex network of an entire city was laid out before me and it was absolutely stunning. This was what he'd brought me up here for, for this magnificent view, laid with the pleasure he gave me. It was mind blowing, the wild sensations flooding up from my pussy, from his tongue tapping, tickling, thrilling, and this glorious view seemed to merge together into something nearly an out of body experience. It was everything I had to not utterly lose myself, to struggle to maintain even a trace of identity.

"Oh look," I called excitedly. "You can see my clitoris from here!"

That got him! Under my skirt I felt him gasping in surprise, snorting, and a hacking, coughing laughter rolling out of him. It felt really good, the syncopated rush and bursts of air, the convulsive movements of his lips and throat. With the fragment of lucidity still called Kayley that was left to me, I made a mental note to tell more jokes the next time he went down on me.

Holding the railing tight I reached down grabbing his hair tight in my free hand, while pushing his face back into my suddenly flooding pussy, I'd never felt myself go so wet, so fast, it was almost like squirting, but thicker and from deeper within me. I ground my pussy against his face, hearing him gurgle as if struggling to breath in the wave of wetness, feeling my lubrication literally sliding down his skin as my hips gyrated.

"Back back vile creature!" I cried out, "Back to your filthy lair! Back to where you belong!"

Again, I felt him laughing directly into my pussy, the most delicious feeling I'd ever experienced. He groaned and tried to pull away, as I giggled helplessly, letting him go so I could grip the railing.

"Mercy!" he moaned, laughing.

"No mercy, foul creature!" I laughed, pulling the hem of my skirt up past my hips and wrapping it around the railing. "Get to work!"

I glanced down, catching him, seeing the joyous look in his eyes, just before he went back. I gasped, staring out across the city once again as his tongue found my clitoris. I enjoyed the feel of his face pressing against my vagina, flexing his tongue, his lips moving, his whole head just jamming against me. I was so wet my inner thighs were already soaked.

Eagerly licking and laughing, he slid his tongue so far up my vagina I thought he might be part frog. Suddenly, I was quite sure that whatever Princess had kissed the toad, she had made sure to keep the most important part working. That was Sam. Most men licked pussy like it was a duty, but Sam's oral sex was joyful, exuberant, as if cunnilingus was the greatest thing ever, and he'd just discovered me for the first time.

Easing into his joyful oral action I relaxed into it, letting a thigh slide around to rest on his shoulder. I'd never had oral sex like this, standing up, with him standing almost directly underneath, our bodies seemed to fit together in some new perfect way. With both hands on the railing I could just concentrate on my legs spread, and shaking, standing and hanging on. All while he laughed and licked and thoroughly explored every sensitive spot, from my clitoris, to my labia, to the entry of my asshole, all with extraordinary enthusiasm. I looked out while he did that and the city seemed to just spread out in front of me in every direction, it felt like I was suspended In the sky with this orgasmic pleasure just running through me.

Suddenly I felt weightless, completely weightless as if I could just float or fly away, as if with each movement of his tongue it was like I was being launched into the sky heading to orbit. My head started to spin. I actually got dizzy. It was all I could do to hang on to the railings with both hands, my body almost splitting widely, almost coming to pieces as his tongue worked its magic. It was almost terrifying, I felt so free and liberated, even my organs felt displaced. I felt almost like I was standing outside my body. But, at the same time so intimately connected to each bit of nerve and muscle, to each individual cell.

And then, almost out of nowhere like I was crossing the street without looking and the bus just hit me I came. I could feel the orgasm starting up, the feather touches of intensity. Then, without any further build up, suddenly it was there just rolling over me in waves and waves leaving me breathless. I was squirting and I could feel myself squirting all over him, and I didn't want it to stop. Holding high and tightly to the rail, I pushed his head into me as I just kept screaming and soaking him until I was just breathless. I felt I was going to explode. I saw these black spots all around the edge of my vision. My fingers, my tongue, my mouth, my toes all seemed to be going numb and I couldn't stop coming. It would just hit like a wave and then another wave.

Finally, as it was ending it was all I could do to hold onto the railing, like it was a physical anchor. My head was spinning up, I felt actual vertigo. My head was just wild as it was ending.

I wrapped my arm around the railing no longer trusting my grip. I could feel my body just going limp all over, the muscles failing me.

Sam must have sensed my weakness and suddenly he'd scrambled up the steps taking me in his arms and I just allowed myself to fall back against him, feeling him wrap himself around me.

"Holy fuck!" I said, breathless. "Holy fuck!"

"Good?" he asked.

"Oh fuck," I whispered, struggling to catch my breath. I was shivering uncontrollably, leaning into his comforting male body. "Oh fuck, I was waiting for this all day. And fuck, that was worth waiting for! Oh my God."

I sucked in air, loving the feel of his body against mine. I was still seeing spots all around the edges of my vision, all my extremities tingling.

"Oh my God," I said, "This whole day has just been foreplay hasn't it? It was all deliberate, just slowly winding me up, playing with me and teasing me until this. Oh my God, you are evil and diabolical. My head was literally spinning. I felt like I was going to fly away. Or just be flung into the sky."

I could feel his smile behind me, a knowing smirk. So evil!

"We're not done yet," he said.

Evil!!!

"There's more?" I asked. I shook my head, "I think I'm dehydrated. I think I just shed a gallon. Just whoosh, and whoosh and whoosh. I swear, I need an IV, I lost so much fluid. I was lubricating so much it was insane. Then I was squirting and I couldn't stop."

He chuckled, I could feel his laughter in his chest as it pressed behind me. It was so comforting.

"I know," he told me, "I was right under you. I must have swallowed half of it. It was like a fire hose, you didn't stop it just kept going and going I almost drowned."

"It serves you right," I whispered, doing that to an innocent virginal girl. "My Catholic school teacher will be so disappointed. She had such hopes."

"You're not Catholic."

"And that's a good thing," I said. "If I was, she'd be devastated. I'll never get to heaven now. I've found something better."

"Are our fake children Catholic too?"

“What?” Oh right.

“They certainly are — Catholic and Jewish, guilt and original sin because their mother dresses like a hippy frump!”

My vision was finally clearing. I did a quick mental body check. My heart is still there, good. Everything is in the right place. How many fingers and toes was I supposed to have? A few dozen? Sure.

“You swallowed half of it, eh?” I asked.

“At least.”

“I’ll be needing it back,” I said. “I’m so drained, I’m desiccated, I feel like a desert cactus. Except you’re the one with the prick.”

“Desert rose?”

“Yes!” I said. “I’m feeling like a desert rose, just dehydrated, desperate to soak up moisture. Get me an IV. I want fluids! Semen will do!”

For some reason I started giggling, then Sam was giggling, then we were laughing, and I was safe in his arms, looking out over this amazing landscape, topped by the most breathtaking blue sky I had ever seen, and the world was the most beautiful I’d ever seen it.

“I love you so fucking much,” I said.

“Same.”

“Yeah,” I said, “But I really mean it. Like, I love you insanely. I can’t imagine you even existing, you’re so perfect, but here you are, and I have you.”

I twisted around in his lap, so I could throw my arms around him and kiss him, and we did that for a while, trading kisses, each one a tender miracle, like snowflakes, no two alike. But our kisses were infinitely better. Snowflakes melt, and so did I.

“Hey,” he whispered finally.

“Yes?”

“The metal grating on these steps is doing terrible things to my ass,” he told me.

“So romantic,” I whispered. We both giggled, but I felt him wince under me. How long had he been suffering sitting on metal grates, just so I could cuddle on him?

“Well,” I teased, “We must save that ass. I might have plans for it.”

“Possessive?”

“Very,” I whispered. “So, what’s next, oh god of cunnilingus?”

“When you’re ready,” Sam said, “Let’s climb right to the top.”

“Well,” I said thoughtfully, “my bones are still rubber, but if my arms and legs are working again, sure let’s do that.”

I kissed him again, passionately, because it had been so long since we’d kissed, that he might have forgotten what it was like, and I wanted to make sure I still remembered how to do it. Then I did it again, just in case there would be a an exam on it later.

“Your ass,” I whispered, breaking the kiss.

“My ass,” he agreed.

“We must save it!” I announced. “To the moon! Or an ambulance! Or the top of the stairs!”

The funny thing was that despite this crippling draining orgasm and this wild sense of vertigo, I was still unbelievably horny. I almost wanted him to take me right there, to just shove me over onto my back on the stairs, or turn me around and have me kneel on them, and either way, just fuck me until we were screaming all over again, and I was ready to pass out with bliss.

Sam must have sensed my arousal, because as he felt me regaining control over my body, his hands slipped under my sweatshirt and skirt stroking my pussy and pinching my nipples. He was moving everywhere. It something somewhere between massage and a full body tease that had me going I was moaning and squirming in his arms.

“Ready?” he asked finally, pulling me to my unsteady feet, “Just a few more steps.”

I still felt unsteady as if I might float away. The panorama of the city just expanding everywhere in every direction, this empty bottomless sky above me that seemed to stretch off into infinity still left me with a lingering vertigo, not unpleasant but just strange. This feeling of a void, a welcoming blue emptiness, this feeling of being in a world that was so impossibly fast, it was amazing. I was drunk on orgasms and vertigo, and it was only Sam holding me and the feel of the railing under one hand that kept me steady.

We reached the top and stepped onto this metal surface, smooth, not grated, sloped just slightly. In the center was a yoga mat laid out. On top of the mat there was a bouquet of red roses. I stared, stunned.

“Oh my God,” I said, “How long have you been planning this? How did you arrange it all?”

He didn’t say anything. He simply held me close, and worked the heavy sweatshirt up. I held my arms in the air, as he worked them over until I was topless. Then he slid the skirt down my hips so that it fell heavily, pooling around my feet. He led me to the roses and picked them up, pressing them between us and kissed me long and passionately, leaving me all but breathless in his arms.

“Impressed,” he asked.

“Definitely,” I replied, and then kissed him deeply, wrapping my arms around him. “You shake my world!”

Except, it actually was shaking. Not shaking precisely. You know big super-heavy deep bass, the sort of deep throbbing oscillation that sets your diaphragm vibrating? It was like that, beneath us, rising through our feet, working its way through our body. Subsonic, below the level of hearing, but with a shifting rhythm, as if there were several motors below us, working at different rates at different times.

I raised my eyebrows.

“Usually,” I said, “We need a lot of sex to be feeling this. Or my industrial strength vibrator.”

“I keep telling you,” he said. “That’s an outboard motor you stole from the Marina, we have to give it back.”

“Never! It followed me home, so we’re keeping it.”

“We’re standing on top of the motor complex for the building systems,” Sam said, plucking a rose from the bouquet and sliding it along my cheek, and then slowly down my neck, my breast, and… you get the idea.

“I removed all the thorns,” he said conversationally, dropping it at my feet. It was a very wet rose by the time he was done.

“I bet you did,” I replied, unbuttoning his shirt, he was already reaching for another rose, and I couldn’t let an assault like that go unanswered.

“I’m not sure what’s in the elevator’s HVAC or whatever. Well, all I know is without standing on it you really feel the vibration. And we could…”

I kissed him to shut him up, another rose fell between our feet, and we slid his shirt off one arm at a time, which gave him an opportunity to use more roses on me. Who was I kidding, it was so fucking romantic. I had his pants down around his ankles, roses fell like rain around me.

I rose up, running my hands along his body. For a moment, his erection was in front of me, gleaming and gorgeous, and I held it, running my tongue along it, then kissing my way up his body, until the roses were all around our feet and only the paper wrapping of the bouquet was held between us. I kissed him, squashing it between our naked bodies.

“So you’ve brought me to the top of the biggest vibrator in the city. I suspect indecent motives,” I purred. “Are you all out of tricks? Shall we get to it.”

“One more trick.”

“Oh!”

He reached into the wrapping and brought out two handfuls of rose petals in every colour, held them over my head, and let them fall like rain all over my naked body. For a moment, I was in a multicoloured cascade, I felt them fall, clinging and bouncing off my naked body, caught between us, resting momentarily, and then turning over and over, cool and soft as a wonderful dream. We kissed, and I breathed the scent of rose petals in. I breathed him in, and kissed again.

Only Sam can leave me speechless.

“Wow,” I whispered softly, unwilling to let the moment go.

A gentle hand on my shoulder.

“Shall we,” he whispered.

“I think so.”

We slid to our knees, and he held me as I laid back on the mat, on top of roses and rose petals, looking up at the breathtaking blue sky, feeling the deep bass vibration of the skyscraper rising up through me. Sam laid down beside me, propped up on one arm, reclining on his side. He leaned down to kiss me tenderly and as our lips met, as we kissed, his free hand danced slowly, lightly down my body, triggering little explosions of sensation that had me giggling and sighing.

And when his fingertips found me below, I pulled up my knees, and opened to his touch, and it was glorious.

We kissed, we touched, we played, we got lost in each other, all the while the vibrations surging up through us. Every time his fingertip touched my clit, or stroked my lips, it felt like a dozen different touches simultaneously flickering in and out of existence. I’d never felt anything like it. It was like an orgasm, but not, rather, it was some wonderfully indeterminate state of ecstasy.

I reached for his hip, pulling him onto me, but he resisted, pulling me instead.

“No?” I asked between tender kisses.

“No,” he murmured, lips brushing mine.

“Why?”

“Because,” he whispered, “I want you on top, so you can see everything, the world spread out around you in every direction, atop fifty stories.”

I laughed with delight.

“You are so fucking romantic, it’s evil!” And I rolled over on top of him, grabbing his hard cock, straddling and sinking all the way down on him. Closing my eyes, I felt his cock fill me up, felt him deep inside. I pressed my knees down on either side, arching my back and wiggling my hips to grind him against my clit. With his body between me and the surface the vibration was muffled, but it didn’t matter. I found his hands and pressed them to my breasts.

“Hold these,” I moaned, “Just in case I explode and fly away.”

“I’ll guard them with my life.”

I opened my eyes.

I gasped.

The whole city spread out around me, seemingly three hundred and sixty degrees. No matter how I turned my head, it all expanded endlessly off into the distance, my peripheral vision, my gaze overwhelmed.

For a moment, I couldn’t breathe, I lifted up on him, and suddenly, I drove down and the orgasm broke over me like a sudden rain, my skin electric, and I screamed with joy and wanton delight, muscles twitching, literally dancing ecstatically on his cock.

As it drained out of me, I went weak, falling forward on him. Stroking my hair, he looked up at me. We kissed, and from somewhere I found the energy to press hard, pushing my tongue forward, devouring him hungrily.

“You like?” he whispered.

“You’re insane,” I told him, peppering him with frantic kisses. “Hey! You know those coin operated vibrating beds they have in cheap honeymoon motels. The ones I always thought were so stupid.”

“Rethinking?”

“We need to buy one!”

“I’ll work on it.”

“A strong one,” I said. “Really really strong.”

“Got it.”

“Like shaking the building.”

“Done!”

He wrapped his arms lightly around me, as we nuzzled each other. I held him as tight as my shaking body would allow.

“You’ve worked so hard to give me this view,” I whispered, “But I feel you’re deprived.”

He grinned up at me.

“My view is just fine.”

I laughed happily.

“Oh no,” I said, grabbing his shoulders and digging my heels into the mat. I pulled him up, wrapping my arms around him, holding him tight, my head beside his.

“Cat’s cradle?”

“Yep.”

“We haven’t done this since before we got married,” Sam said.

“Mmm hmmm,” I intoned, smiling, working him up and down. In this position, I could really feel the vibration of the skyscraper moving up through my hips. I looked at Sam, the panorama of the city and this gorgeous sky all around him, a few wispy clouds here and there.

“Remember why?”

Oh god, I did remember. This position really worked our abs, it was like doing a thousand crunches. We were so crippled the next day, whining and moaning.

“Worth it,” I kissed him. I leaned back a little, sat on him and lifted. He leaned back on his palms, pulling. I felt half his length slide out as we moved apart, and then, as we both flexed, he slid back in. Oh, it felt so nice, he moved in just the right spot. I braced with one hand, reaching for my

clit, stroking it wantonly. His eyes darted down, I felt him surge, and I realized I stroked it as much to turn him on as for my pleasure.

I moved back and forth, the two of us falling into a rhythm.

“There we go,” I whispered, beginning to sweat.

“Riding a bicycle,” he replied.

“We will never forget,” I said.

He smirked.

“Might regret?”

“Never!”

Oh my god, we were both going to regret it so much the next morning. I didn’t care.

In the cat’s cradle, we humped together in short delicious thrusts, steadily, our pitch rising and falling. Sometimes fast and urgent, though we couldn’t keep it up for long. Oh god, I didn’t even want to think of our abs. Sometimes it was slow and sensual.

A cat’s cradle is such a meticulous, deliberate position. You’re watching, collaborating every moment, you can see each other. I ground against him, feeling the vibration shiver up through both of us, the spectacular landscape, our bodies wet and merging. I stared into his eyes and pulled my clit hood back, and we both grinned as he reached and fingered my clitoris.

“Oh god!” I grunted, my voice tight, and the lightning was starting, the tingling running through me, this intense feeling in my womb, my pussy. I felt myself clamping tight on him, almost pushing him out, but not because there was nowhere for him to go. My heart started to race, my hips rocked, jerked, my body shaking like I was in an earthquake. It was so good, so intense, my nipples ached, my stomach tightened.

“It’s coming!” I gritted, and then my neck pulled back until I was staring at the sky, my jaw stretching wide. I found my body fighting to inhale and exhale at once, my pupils dilated, my vision went white. Words broke apart, identity broke apart, intensity boiled through me. I howled, I screamed, I kicked. I squirted so hard a jet of fluid walked up his chest, splashing his nipples, I felt like I was turning inside out and it was so fucking amazing.

When it was over, when I could breath, when I could see, when my mind was working again, I was on my back staring up at the bluest blue sky with the whitest most perfect clouds.

“Hey,” Sam’s voice came soft. “You okay?”

Our legs were still cradled together, Sam bracing up on his palms, looking down at me. He looked like a fucking angel. We'd fallen apart, his erection wet and rampant. He looked like a fucking angel.

I nodded.

"Enough?" he asked. "Keep going?"

Jesus. He hadn't come yet? He was ready to go, or stop as I wanted? Fuck, more cats cradle? We'd end up in the hospital. The vibration of the skyscraper filtered up through my whole body. I smiled wanly, drained and exhausted, held up a finger and beckoned.

"C'mere lover," I husked. "I want you on top of me where you belong."

He leaned forward, twisting apart, my knees lifted and I gasped with the sweet pleasure of feeling him in me again. I held him as he pushed me through a series of small shivers that couldn't quite be called orgasms, my body was so exhausted.

"Hey!" I whispered.

Our eyes met.

"You need to come, okay," I told him, nodding for emphasis. He nodded, his back flexed and he thrust hard, and then harder, and then harder, smashing my body into the mat, rhythmically. Oh god, he was pushing me up again, I could feel the pleasure boiling.

"Come for me, baby," I whispered, clawing his back. "Come with me."

Then suddenly, his body went hot, he was like a furnace over me, I could feel the heat radiating off his body, I could see his muscles going stiff and rigid, his eyes staring, his face drawn. He pounded harder and harder.

"Yes!" I cried, feeling my excitement tipping over into my own ecstasy, as we came together.

"Yes!"

Then for a moment, he was rigid, shuddering, juttering, gasping. He went limp, sagging on his elbows, his weight almost on me for a moment.

Finally, he rolled over, onto his back, the two of us panting side by side, staring up at the sky.

"Good one?" he asked.

"Good lots," I replied. "Good tons! Multitudes."

We just laid there panting, side by side. I was on the mat, he was beside me. I felt rose stems under my ass and rose petals everywhere. The scent of crushed rose petals was in my skin.

I felt his fingers crawling, and I turned my hand, so they intertwined.

“It’s beautiful,” I said quietly, staring up at the sky.

“Yes.”

After a while, I raised a hand, pointing. “That cloud there,” I said. “It looks like your dick.”

He laughed.

I loved to hear him laugh. I could listen to it all day. There was something so joyful in his laugh, so pure, so soulful.

I snuggled against him.

“You really pulled it off,” I said. “When we got to the roof, I though, ‘What the fuck?’ But, you did it. You made it magic.”

I paused.

“That was the whole day… ‘What the fuck are you doing?’ I would think. And then you’d pull it off, you’d take it off in some wicked, wanton way I didn’t see. Wow!”

I leaned over to kiss his cheek and fell back almost immediately.

“Wow,” I said. “I’m wiped.”

Underneath, the vibrations continued. Maybe we should get one of those beds? Maybe an attachment for the bed, like a five hundred horsepower motor underneath. Now that we were drained, it was kind of nice. Relaxing.

“You let him come inside you?” he asked casually.

Fuck!

“Yes.”

I replied. There was no point in hiding it, I knew. Not after he’d licked me. He knew the taste of semen in my pussy. He’d tasted enough of his own and Leroy’s in me. But he’d said ‘him.’ Implied singular. I wondered which one he thought had come in me. Probably Bruno.

He didn’t know that they all had.

Or did he?

Did he suspect?

For a second, I thought of telling him. But I wasn't sure how it would land. Would I be boasting, or confessing? Would he be excited or upset?

Had I cuckolded him without him knowing? Turned a kink into a cucking? Was it cuckolding?

Or just cheating?

Did I even want to tell him, there was a kind of thrill, a dirty little shameful thrill, but a thrill nonetheless to keeping it a secret.

I had this flash of being at some black tie event, in an exquisite ball gown, a princess, everyone dressed exquisitely, with semen running down my thighs from a half dozen catering staff who had ejaculated inside me. It was that kind of thing.

My love, I thought, we've been so naughty together, but I've been just a little naughtier than you know.

Let me keep this delicious secret. I love you so much, but let me keep this one, please.

It occurred to me that I'd never lied to Sam, not before Leroy.

Leroy was a bad influence.

Still, these were harmless little omissions. Hardly lies, not even deceptions really. Just a kind of circumspect discretion, a kind of avoidance of complication.

Harmless. And… simpler, all the way around.

"I liked the feel of a man coming inside me," I said thoughtfully. "When you do it, it's like a communion, we're joining, and it's wonderful. When Leroy does it, it's like a domination, I'm surrendering to him, and that's hot."

He waited, as I thought, working the ideas out. Sam was good like that, he had this instinct for knowing when to talk, when to be quiet and listen.

"This…" I said. I stared out at the horizon. "You know how they used to say, some primitive tribes thought taking a picture with a camera was like stealing their souls? It's sort of like that."

"When a man comes in me, a different man, some stranger. When he comes, I get this feeling of power, of control. It's like I'm taking him, and owning him.

I'm taking his orgasm, taking power over him. I take a piece of him into me, in my body, and it belongs to me now."

It was something I felt at the glory holes too. Was I saying too much? When I talked about a man coming in me, he'd think… Who? Would he ask questions about these feelings? This perspective? Suddenly, I felt trapped, like I needed to navigate carefully. It was a feeling I'd never had around Sam, and I didn't like it one bit.

"It can be different, depending. Sometimes, it just feels possessive and empowering… and sometimes submissive and surrendering. I get off on both."

"Interesting," Sam said carefully. No judgment from him. He nodded. "I can see that."

I nodded back.

"Weird, eh?"

He shook his head.

"No," he replied. "It makes sense. I can see that feeling, it's an affirmation of you, of power, of your womanhood."

I wondered, suddenly, which one of them he thought came inside me. I was desperate to ask him. I wanted to tell him, to announce proudly that all three had ejaculated, that their semen was in me along with his. That I'd wanted each of them to come in me, had made it happen and hidden it from him, both confession and boast.

I realized at the moment, he really didn't care. No, that wasn't right. It just didn't bother him which one did. Maybe it didn't even matter to him if it was all three. I was what mattered. I was what always mattered to him.

Suddenly, I felt both elated and ashamed.

It wasn't just three. How many stranger's cocks had I sucked in my visits to the booths since Leroy had taken me there? More than a dozen? A lot more than that. And that one guy, in the booths, I'd done more than just suck his cock. I'd kissed him, I shouldn't have done that. And I'd fucked him, bare. My oral sex body count had jumped by double digits since Leroy came into our lives.

How much come had I swallowed? Each time I'd felt the spurt in my mouth, I'd felt that sense of victory, of power, of consuming them, taking their manhood and owning it.

The first time I'd straddled a guy for a cameltoe job, I remembered I'd been almost upset, annoyed when he'd ejaculated in front of me. Not in my mouth, not on me, just spurting uselessly onto the floor. It had been like he'd stolen his orgasm from me. It had been unsatisfying. Was that why I'd taken

the condom off and then pushed Bruno up inside me when I'd done the same thing with him? So I could have his ejaculation inside. So I could own him?

Sam didn't say the obvious thing. I imagined he thought it, but he was smart enough to know I'd thought of it too. I was well aware of the risks, whatever the psychological aspects, I didn't need an STD, and neither did Sam or Leroy.

"I think I'm developing an ejaculation fetish." I told myself, speaking out loud.

It helped to work it out, to understand at least some of what was going on with me. There was more to it. The way the booths called to me. It was definitely gratifying.

It was also stupid and risky. Sooner or later, something was going to go wrong. I had two amazing men in my life, sexual dynamos as different as day and night, who could pound me through endless nonstop orgasms. What was I doing fucking around with two minute blow jobs in some grody little peep show booth, or with guys like Bruno or Kenny who came the minute they got it inside.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

It ends, I decided. No more booths. Not going any more. It was fun, been there, did that, bought the T-shirt. I was done.

Decision made.

I felt relieved. I enjoyed the booths, but five or six times? Twice in one week. Time to put the brakes on. Definitely time to make a decision, I felt proud of my resolve.

And a little disappointed. Sam and I talked about everything. But I hadn't told him about this, not going there with Leroy, not going there on my own. It bugged me to hold things back from him, not to have a lazy conversation, going over the details, working it out.

But now, it would be in the past. There was nothing to talk about.

"It's a powerful feeling," I said finally, "It could be addictive, even. But I don't think I want to do it too often. Risks."

He nodded.

"Thinking hard there, you were," he said. I nodded. He'd seen the wheels turning in my head and waited.

"I suppose," I replied.

"I think that the key is," he said slowly. "It has to be your choice. Your

choice to do it. Or to stop. It's about where you are with it, and with yourself."

"Yes," I said, almost excited at his innate understanding. "Exactly."

"There is the other stuff," he said.

He was talking about recklessness, sexually transmitted diseases, pregnancy, and danger.

"Well," I said, "The pill and…"

And I was careful, he trusted me to be careful and safe. I was careful and safe. Not as much as I should be, but he trusted me.

"Yeah," he agreed, he laid a comforting hand on me. "But if…"

By which he meant that if I needed support or safety, he'd be there. If that's what I wanted, he'd help. Guard me, defend, recruit, whatever. His unswerving loyalty and support was touching. I put my hand on his knee.

"I know."

"Always, just say the word."

I felt a little ashamed again. Maybe a lot ashamed, actually.

"Right."

I turned on my side, and he did likewise, so we were naked facing each other. I noticed he had rose petals sticking to him. He picked up a rose that had somehow survived us, snapped the stem in half, and slipped it through my hair, along my ear. We stared at each other, smiling. I reached out and tapped his nose.

"I love you," we both said at the same time, and burst out laughing.

"Jinx!" I giggled.

He kissed me.

"We have to get off this roof," I said. "Or we're going to turn to pudding from the shaking."

"I was thinking that too."

"This was amazing," I said. "Thank you so much!"

He gave me this naughty smile.

“Oh, it’s not over.”

We got back into our clothes, rolled up the mat. I gathered up the roses, a lot of them were flattened, or their stems were broken. No thorns, had he bought roses and painstakingly removed the thorns? That would be like him.

“What about the petals?” I asked.

The ones not sticking to our skin or the mat, or under our clothes were scattered all over. Sam shrugged.

“I guess they’ll blow away in the wind, or dry up in the sun,” he said.

He paused.

“I kind of like that, actually,” he smiled and had this faraway look as he spoke. “Think of it, just some stranger walking along, living their life, having a good day or bad day. And a rose petal from out of nowhere lands on them, or in front of them, suddenly, there’s a little magic in their world.”

I punched him in the shoulder.

After that we made our way down the rickety metal stairs. I was a bit wobbly, but Sam held me close. No oral sex on the way down, although it did occur to me. I owed him a blow job. What would it be like if our positions on the steps were reversed? But fuck me, I was tired.

“I think,” I said, “It’s time to go home. I’m worn out.”

“Tell you what,” he replied. “There’s a nice spot to rest over here. We’ll relax a bit, then head out.”

He led me around a tower supporting a satellite dish, and then some boxy air exchange unit. I stopped dead. On the other side, there was a set of patio furniture, complete with folded umbrella: A metal framed loveseat with tan cushions, a couple of other seats, and a small table anchoring the umbrella.

“Shit!” I said flatly.

I did not expect this.

“Come on,” he tugged. “Sit back. Relax.”

I allowed him to lead me to the love seat, and we sprawled down together, dropping the mat beside it, with a small puff of escaping rose petals. I dropped most of the roses, keeping only one or two.

After that hard vibrating roof, cushions were luxurious. All the furniture had

chains looped through it I noticed. I guess it was just in case of a tornado or hurricane or something. Wouldn't want flying patio furniture off the top of a skyscraper.

"Fuck," I said, sprawling out, still amazed, literally, we'd gone from the top of a skyscraper to someone's back yard deck patio, but we were still on top of the skyscraper. It was surreal. I leaned back against the arm, and threw one leg over his lap. "Did you do all this?"

He shrugged.

"Yes and no," he said. "Long story. But never mind. There's more…"

"More?" I asked skeptically.

"This was our favourite spot," he said. "Great view, away from the rest of the skyscrapers, partial shade…" He pointed up at the overhanging lip of the air exchanger. "Quiet. Away from the vibration."

"You take all your other girlfriends up here?" I quizzed him, teasing and digging one heel into his crotch. On impulse, I shucked off my runners, toe to heel, and let them drop off the side of the loveseat.

He threw me a smirk, and leaned forward, bending to pull a blue and white cooler out from under the seat.

"What do you have there?" I asked, repositioning so that my bare legs were in his lap on either side of the cooler. I pulled my skirt onto my lap, completely exposing bare legs, and well used vagina. I wanted him to look.

He looked.

I loved it when he looked.

"Is it a bunny rabbit in there? A nice little coney cuny?"

I have no idea why I said that. It just popped in.

He opened the cooler.

"A Chablis, actually!" and pulled out the bottle.

"Goddamn!" I was actually stunned, nearly speechless. You know how sometimes, you have this vague gnawing, like you've put a crazy workout into sex and you've squirted half your body fluids out, and you're thinking you're a bit thirsty and you want to pick up some gatorade or something on the way home. Then someone pulls out Chablis, and you realize, that's exactly what you wanted your whole life, in that moment.

"Give it here," I ordered, reaching for it. He handed it over, oh my lovely

Chablis, never leave me. “Do you have a corkscrew? Never mind, I can open it with my teeth.”

“I actually do have a corkscrew,” he said, offering it.

I popped the cork in record time, put the bottle to my lips and chugged, it was most unladylike, and very satisfying. Suddenly, I stopped in mid-swallow, looking out of the corner of my eye. He was staring at me, a bubble-wrapped wine glass in his hand.

Carefully, I lowered the bottle from my lips.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said innocently. “Did you want some too?”

He snorted, and I cracked a smile, then suddenly we were both laughing uncontrollably like giddy schoolgirls. We couldn’t stop, every time we died down, one of us would snort or giggle, and it would start all over again.

“Okay, okay!” I said, my abdominal muscles were aching, oh that cat’s cradle was already kicking in. Next time, prepare, do a few weeks of crunches. “Time out. It’s hurting. You hold the glasses, I’ll pour.”

I sloshed the wine a little, but I didn’t worry about it. Then I put the bottle down on the platform floor close to me where I could reach it.

“Here,” he said as he handed me my glass.

“Well thank you, Kind Sir,” I said, “You are a gracious host.”

“I try,” he said.

“I know you do, I can count on you to keep my glass and my pussy filled at all times.”

He snorted, I held up my finger, and shook my head warningly, pursing my lips in a ‘no, no, no.’ His laugh died, but his eyes were still glinting. I pushed my heel against his crotch and parted my knees a little wider to distract him.

He looked.

Yes!

“So, Mister Magic man,” I teased. “What else do you have hidden in there?”

He reached in and pulled out a purple cluster.

“Grapes!” He plucked one and fed it to me.

“Ooh!”

“Cheeses!”

“Ooh!”

“Crab meat and shrimp!”

“You’re just diabolical, you know that? Pure evil! I’m married to Satan himself! You’re just… awful!”

He chuckled.

“Evil!” I said, stretching. “Eeeeeeeeeviiiillll!!!! And I love it. I love you. I’d love you even if you weren’t evil. But not as much.”

“Thanks,” he said, pressing another grape to my lips. I kissed his fingers, plucked it with my lips, and made it dance a little on the tip of my tongue before I swallowed.

“Just hold the whole bunch of them in front of me,” I ordered, taking a swallow of wine. He did as requested. Lifting my head, I pressed my lips to the grapes, browsing among them with lips and tongue, teasing them, pushing them this way and that, stretching my lips to pluck one, and then another with sighs and moans, and tiny gasps of pleasure as I crushed them against the roof of my mouth. I took a sip of wine, and then back again.

“Jesus,” Sam said softly. “I don’t know what it is, but watching you do that makes me hard as a rock.”

I pulled back a little, sipping more wine.

“And yet you mock and offend me by continuing to wear pants!”

“Should I remove them?”

“Instantly!” I commanded. “I’ll hold your wine.”

We fumbled around, until the cooler was on the floor, his pants were gone and once again my bare legs were draped across his lap. I sipped his wine before handing it back.

“Cheese and crab?”

“Yes please.”

He leaned forward, feeding me by hand. This was good, I decided. From now on, this was how I wanted to eat, fed by hand. Screw all that knife and fork and plates and dinner tables shtick. The Roman emperors had it right.

After a swallow of wine, I regarded him levelly.

“Penny for your thoughts,” Sam said, almost startling me.

“I have to ask,” I said suddenly, changing the subject. “Was Bruno a ringer?”

His eyebrows lifted, he looked genuinely confused. “What?”

“Was Bruno a ringer? Did you set him up in advance? Or the guy on the subway? Or the other guy?”

“Oh no,” he said. “They were wild cards. You picked them. There was no way I could have predicted that or how far you would go with them.”

“Condoms?” I asked. “Why’d you bring them then?”

“I just wanted to be prepared for anything. We were out and about. Lots of variables.”

I smiled. Typical Sam. “Just in case, uh?”

He shrugged.

“I thought at best we would fool around here and there, the park, the street, the subway… It was all foreplay. Maybe give some guy a thrill if he spotted us. But you took it and ran with it. I was very impressed.”

I thought about that. It was a little scary but kind of exhilarating. We really had been working without a net. Groping and getting fucked by complete strangers. Damn.

“We’ve come a long way from just flirting with strangers in bars,” he said softly.

“Is that a bad thing?” I asked.

“That you’re bolder, braver, more adventurous? That we have more adventures? Wilder adventures? No. I don’t think so.”

“Does it bother you that other men might fuck me?”

He thought about it.

“No,” he said. “Maybe some day, some circumstance it might.”

“Then I won’t,” I said. “Not then. Besides, Bruno, these other guys, they were piffle. Foreplay, with cocks, not real sex. They couldn’t make me come. They were what? Minutes? No style!”

I sighed.

“I think the downside of these adventures is that we’re finding out the talent

out there is really sub-par."

We'd really lucked out with Leroy, I thought. At least he knew how to fuck. He had passion, and skill, a kind of sleazy sexy zest.

I thought for a moment more.

"What about the subway?" I asked. "That had to be a set up."

"I read about the subway doggers on some perv site a few months ago," Sam replied. "and I was thinking that might be a fun thing for us to do sometime. I had it filed away. There's a message board, so I talked to some people on it, just to get information, time, date, not really committing."

He paused.

"I thought maybe if we did we'd be a lot more gradual about it. Just going there and sitting and watching. But as it turns out we jumped into the deep end. I guess that when we went there, I felt after the park and the bar, we could go further, and… you went even further."

"And the rooftop?"

He laughed.

"Oh that was definitely a project," he said. "When I worked security here, we had this stupid break room in the basement. The place smelled like ass. So some of us got the idea of setting up on the roof. No cameras, we could drink on break, get high, relax. We dragged up some surplussed furniture from storage. It was pretty sweet."

"You drank and did drugs at work!" I said. "I'm shocked!"

Mystery solved, I thought.

"Beer," he laughed. "Weed. We didn't get too fucked up. Mostly"

"Mostly?" I smiled. My my! My man had secrets.

"Sometimes we partied. Anyway, I had this idea for us a while back," he said. "So I got back in touch. Most of the old gang were gone, so I had to start from scratch, renewing contact, making arrangements, the roses, the wine and the grapes. I had to set it up, assemble everything and have them deliver it up here so it was waiting for us. It took some planning, the other stuff… warm up, basically foreplay and improv, that freestyled a bit, but I had this part planned."

"I loved it!" I said.

"I was thinking also, botanical gardens after hours, maybe the butterfly

vivarium, or just the tropics. Still working on that."

I giggled delightedly. "You're such a romantic."

"I wanted the two of us to have this," he said. He shrugged. "I kind of felt like time's running out. You know?"

There was a moment, he was just a little sad and thoughtful. I kind of knew why, but didn't want to think about it. Don't be sad, I thought, and cuddled against him. You and I, together forever and ever, I promise. But I didn't say it. Instead, I just changed the subject.

"It's been amazing. It's been wild, a roller coaster. The subway thing, I want to do that again, except next time I wanna wear my Daphne dress. I don't want to go looking like a homeless person again. I want to go there and be hot!"

He laughed at that.

"Your wish is my command," he told me.

"I couldn't believe I let a guy come on my ass in front of everyone!"

He laughed again, all sadness forgotten.

"I know. I couldn't believe it either. That was a total, total stranger. I swear to god, I was ready to throw that guy down the length of the subway car. The only thing that stopped me was your grin, the fact that you seemed to be having fun with it.

"That guy was fucking crazy," I said, grinning. "I felt like laughing out loud. It was unreal. I couldn't believe it was happening, as it was happening."

"Crazy," he agreed. He paused. "We should have made that other guy wear a condom. That was reckless."

"Next time," I conceded, I knew it was sensible. But deep down, I didn't want to. "You're not upset with me are you? Have I turned into a giant slut on you?"

He looked out over the city.

"You were brave, you were fearless, you were sexual, it was magnificent, it was wonderful. I was in awe. You were so confident, so powerful. It was beautiful," he said.

"Because you were there," I whispered and kissed him. "I'm brave because of you."

"It was just amazing to witness. Just playing with you, it felt like we were

in it together that we were both participating and coming up with stuff. It felt, not like my project, but something between us, something neutral and that made it beautiful. Whatever I came up with, you picked it up and ran with it. It was ours."

He looked at me. "It was like jazz, you know. Two musicians playing together, each one picking up off each other, creating something together that's greater than either of them."

I nodded. It was exactly like that.

"Because you were there I'm not sure I would've been as brave without you guarding my back," I repeated.

He shrugged, "We were in it together, that's my point. I don't think I would have, had I felt as good about it if it had just been me putting you through these things. I mean, I would have felt good about giving you thrills. But you took ownership of it and it became more… it became ours, not just mine."

I stared at him, under heavy lids.

"So much work," I said. "And you haven't even had a blow job!"

I teased his hard cock with my foot.

"Think of that," I said, staring. "This delightful cock, sweet, elegant, perfect. And never a blow job! Never the velvet touch of a woman's lips. A virgin, waiting to be deflowered, pining for tenderness."

"I'm pretty sure…" he began. "I seem to recall…"

I swallowed the last of my wine, lowered the glass to the floor and looked him straight in the eye.

"Not the way I'm going to do it to you."

I stared. After a moment, he shivered, top to bottom.

"Yeah," I said calmly, "That's the reaction I want."

Getting up off the loveseat, I stood boldly in front of him and pulled my heavy sweatshirt up over my head exposing my magnificent perfect firm breasts. I let it drop to the floor beneath us. After that, I shimmied out of my skirt, letting it pool at my feet. Very deliberately, I got down on one knee, then the other, making sure my clothes were bunched up to protect my knees.

Staring into his eyes, I clasped my hands on his thighs, pulling him forward until his hips were resting on the padding at the edge of the seat. Without breaking eye contact, I leaned to where I'd been sitting, scooping up the remains of the bunch of grapes, holding them up between us. I darted forward,

plucking and teasing grapes from the stems with my lips and teeth, and then tossed them down, holding four or five in my mouth. I slid two fingers into my mouth, working them back and forth until they were dripping wet.

I lowered myself before him, nuzzling his balls and hard cock with my face, like a cat rubbing affectionately, letting a purr seep into my throat, and thrust between his legs.

"Ohh!" Sam gasped, his hips lifting as my fingers entered his ass. I had a moment of nervousness. Too much? But he settled back, my hand wedged between the cushion and his cheeks. Experimentally, I moved my fingers slightly, and his cock twitched in tandem. That was so cool! I did it again, watching his cock jump to the motion of my fingers in him. Okay, good. I nuzzled his balls and cock again to cover my moment of indecision, and then reared up in front of him like a cobra.

A gorgeous, pink, full-breasted, red-headed cobra, but I liked the thought. For a moment I let the snake metaphor take me, swaying my shoulders, twisting slightly from side to side, letting my gaze drop from his eyes to his cock head, as I swayed back and forth to the mystical music playing in my head. I slid my fingers from his ass, just for a moment, so I could lift both hands in the air, swaying hypnotically. Watch me, I thought. You can't take your eyes off me. You know I'm about to devour you but you're helpless!

Slowly, I lowered myself, realizing I had no idea what I was doing. My hand crept under between his thighs, pressing and beginning a slow insertion. Usually, I played with the head, licking and kissing it. But I had a handful of small grapes in my mouth, my lips pursed, my jaw stretched, I couldn't do it the regular way.

Instead, as my lips touched his smooth straining cock I let my mouth slide open, head slowly moving from side to side moved down, my mind visualizing a serpent swallowing an egg. Open wide, dislocate your jaw, and take it. My mouth stretched wide, slid past the head, slipping easily over the corona, teeth closing half an inch or so on the shaft, holding him. I am the serpent, you are my prey.

I have you now, I thought wickedly, blinking slowly. I have you.

I swallowed, feeling the soft grapes sliding around a little in my mouth against his cock. Encouraged, I swallowed again, pushing them with my tongue, opening and closing, my head twisting from side to side.

Sam made a noise I had never heard out of a human being.

I felt this warm slow erotic flush go through me, and it was everything I could do not to smile. Underneath me, Sam squirmed like a small furry animal in the coils of a python. My jaws tightened ever so slightly. I fluttered my tongue, lifting and crushing a grape against his prepuce, while the rest of them fled as if alive, catapulted and dancing on saliva and muscle.

Sam moaned loudly, one hand grabbing the arm of the loveseat. His back arched, his leg kicked and he lifted all the way up, but he was mine, and I let my fingers twist and my tongue slither around his cockhead chasing the surviving grapes, and he fell back exhausted. I doubled down, squeezing, teasing, crushing more grapes and swallowing them.

My head arced up, lifting off his erection. Goddamn, but he didn't come easy. I held the base of his cock tight in my grip. I glanced down quickly, his erection was streaked with purple from the grapes. Interesting. Was the skin of a cock especially susceptible to grape stains, or was it any skin.

"Oh Jesus Christ!" Sam exclaimed, writhing under my grip, his legs kicking on either side of me as feebly as a newborn baby. "You weren't kidding!"

"I'm not finished," I told him. "Unbutton your shirt."

I reached for the last of the bunch of grapes holding it up and bending my head back, as I pulled another half dozen with my lips, holding them in my mouth. The remainder I crushed against Sam's bare chest, just to see.

I dived back down again, capturing him. My hand slid from the base of his cock to cup and squeeze his balls, stroking his scrotum.

The more you do something the better you get at it, and the more you do it with more people the greater your ability. I'd sucked an awful lot of cocks in the last months, with no regrets at all, with joy and eagerness, and now with the grapes, with this new technique, this new game, I was in ecstasy.

Then I felt it, it was like his cock swelled in my mouth, hardening, going hot, pulsing. It seemed to grow two sizes in my mouth. My tongue slid and slithered and danced with its prey, my lips worked, the grapes crushed one after the other. My fingers in his ass curled and twisted, I pulled his balls down even as I felt them trying to retreat.

Sam howled like a mad thing. His hand swung out to push me down, and at the last minute it twisted to grab the arm of the loveseat in an iron grip. His hips levitated, legs kicked, his body went rigid and spastic all at once.

"Please," he screamed, "Please, it's too much!"

And I thought, 'No!' and dived all the way down, feeling his spurting semen filling my mouth as I swallowed rapidly, my cheeks furrowing as I switched to suction, driving new howls of tortured ecstasy from him.

When he was done, I kept him in my mouth, feeling him deflate, but looking up at him.

Sam's eyes were wild, darting and staring, but seeing nothing. He was trembling and covered with sweat, his body flushed. His face was redder than I

had ever seen, just a livid crimson, and he couldn't seem to catch his breath. He was limp and shaking, trembling like a leaf. I hoped that I hadn't killed him or anything. I watched, his pupils both seemed to be the same size.

Slowly, I slid my fingers from his ass, and released his balls. I let his cock slide slick and wet from between my lips. He was still panting, but no longer struggling to breathe. His eyes seemed to focus again, drifting around until they seemed to light on me.

I smiled and waved.

"Hello?"

The corners of his mouth quivered upwards, both sides. Good sign. He tried to speak. Swallowed twice. His voice, when he managed, was cracked and uneven.

"You weren't kidding," he gasped.

"The red-headed cobra python does not lie," I smiled up at him.

"What?" he panted.

"Never mind."

I climbed up over his thigh to cuddle up against him, rubbing the smashed grapes into his chest a little before tossing the skins and stems away. His body was hot, and I could feel his heart pounding.

"Wow," I said. "Your shirt is soaked, I never really thought of you as a sweaty person."

He didn't respond, so I just turned his head towards me, and kissed him gently.

"Wow," he whispered.

A few minutes later.

"Wow."

And then, a little later.

"Wow," again, which made me wonder, just a little, if I really had given him a stroke.

I licked my lips.

"A delightful flavor, full body, moves well, with just the right sweetness," I pronounced in a snooty voice.

He laughed.

Except it really did have a delightful flavor, with a full body that spread smoothly on my tongue, and released just the right sweetness. It really was quite satisfying, flirty but elegant. There was a hint of grape there, but the semen had quite overpowered it.

I'd swallowed so much semen that I could tell. Fuck, I'd become a connoisseur of come. Sam refilled my wine, and I swirled it just a little before taking a sip, just enough to let the wine merge with the aftertaste of semen.

I thought about that for a second, trying to decide how I felt about it.

Sam leaned forward, to the cooler, lifting it and picked out a couple of shrimp. He tilted the plastic box to me, and I reached in and grabbed four shrimp and some cheeses and shoved them all in my mouth. Chewing for a moment, I savored the flavor and then turned my head and spit out the tail shells. When I turned back, Sam was watching me with this gentle little smile.

"What?"

"Nothing."

You know how you tell when it's true love. It's when someone does something slightly gross in front of you, and you think it's the sweetest, cutest thing ever. I kissed him, and cuddled into him, wrapping my hand around his cock.

"Love you right back."

Kayley and Sam's Day Out Pt. 04
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NOTE: This is a mostly self-contained four part story featuring the characters from and fitting in the framework of Slipping into Depravity. Kayley and Sam are a young married couple coming under the influence of a malignant antagonist, Leroy. He leads their sexual exploration into degradation, humiliation and cuckoldry, culminating in a savage cuck session, as chronicled in the Slipping into Depravity series here.

Leroy continues to seduce both, trapping them into another, even more ferocious cuckold session, where he's gotten Sam to agree to submit, and talked Kayley into both anal sex and dominating Sam cruelly. That's what's bearing down on them.

With that over their heads, in an effort to reconnect and reaffirm their bond, Sam has taken Kayley out for a romantic excursion together, one involving teasing, exhibitionism, playing with strangers, and ultimately making love on a rooftop, over four chapters.

I felt that Slipping into Depravity was just getting too long on Literotica, and that might make it inaccessible to and turn off readers. So I'm trying to tell the subsequent 'Slipping into Depravity' encounters and adventures as stand alone stories, just to make it easier. For the record, this four part story comes immediately after the last chapter of Slipping into Depravity on Literotica. If you really liked it, consider going to SID Chapter One and meeting our hero and heroine at the start of their journey.

KAYLEY POV

I laid my head on Sam's chest, just above the grape smear. It was purple-ish.

Well, that answered that. I played with his limp cock. Limp, hard, stiffening, coming, I just loved the damned thing. Hell, I'd even watch him pee with it. It was sort of purple-ish in parts, but not as much as I thought. I guess I'd licked the grape dye off most of it.

"Hey Babe," I asked, "recovering?"

He took a deep breath.

"I'll need a few more minutes," he sighed.

I laughed. It was funny. Leroy was a pretty good sexual powerhouse, but he took forever to bounce back, and sometimes he had to work for it. Like an hour or more. That was probably his biggest weakness. I really wasn't sure what that was about. Maybe he had some kind of condition?

"Oh, I know that silly!" I teased. "No, I was asking how you feel."

I'd been a little worried that he might have stroked out or had a heart attack or something. Crazy

I know. Totally impossible.

"Oh," he said. "I feel tingly, but tingly good. That was really intense."

He chuckled.

"It was indescribable. I think my heart is still racing."

It was. I could feel it.

I squirmed and cuddled against him, kissing his cheek.

"How about it," I asked. "Hungry? Thirsty?"

I shifted position, pulling the cooler up on the other side of him, and peeked in.

“Looks like the grapes are done. But, we still have cheese, shrimp, crab… ooh, chocolates!”

“Yeah,” he said. “That was the back up.”

I nodded in agreement.

“You’re right. Let’s save that. Hmmm. Bottled water.”

“In case of emergency.”

“Uh huh,” I said. “You left something out.”

He looked down at me, curiously.

“I’m really disappointed. You’re so thorough. It’s a nice spread. The wine glasses? Excellent touch. But, I’m amazed you left out something so obvious.”

I had him on the ropes, he looked genuinely concerned. Had he dropped the ball?

“What?”

I put on my most serious expression.

“Condoms,” I said, and nodded solemnly.

Here it comes, the big unforced grin, and then he tried to hold it back, but he couldn’t. He snorted, and laughed.

“Slut!” he chuckled.

“Bitch,” I corrected.

“Whore!” he whispered.

I kissed him.

“For you? Believe it, babe.”

I plucked a cube of cheese from the cooler, and held it in my lips, drawing close to his face. Our lips touched, and the cheese moved, to his lips, his jaws parted and it vanished. He chewed.

“Dry.”

“Fortunately,” I said, twisting and bending to pick it up from the floor, “there’s a nice Chablis.”

I felt him move, and when I turned back, he was reaching down for his wine

glass.

“Baaaaaaaaaaaaaabe!” I drawled, pushing him back. “Don’t make any strenuous moves like that. You’ll hurt yourself. Besides, you should just drink from the tap… Like I just did.”

And to demonstrate, I wrapped my lips around the neck of the bottle and raised it up high, taking a mouthful. From the corner of my eye, I could see his eyes glitter.

“Do you ever stop?” he asked.

“Piffle!” I replied. “How long have you known me?”

“So… never.”

“Damned straight,” I drawled. “So… Do I need to show you again?”

“Give it here,” he suppressed a snort. I handed it over, and he put it to his lips.

“Thirsty?”

“Yeah.”

I glanced down and waggled his cock while he drank, just to see if I could make him spill some so I could lick it off his chest. No joy.

“You know,” I said, “It’s been five whole minutes and you’re not hard again. I think you’re getting bored with me.”

“Not a chance!” he said. “I’m still recovering.”

“Mmm hmmm,” I said, I grabbed a couple of shrimp, squeezing off the tail shells. ‘See, I can be ladylike.’ I tucked one between his lips. “All those bodily fluids of mine you devilishly swallowed, I took them all back.”

“And then some,” he replied. I just stuck out my tongue and made clawing motions at the bottle so he’d hand it back.

We relaxed, saying silly things to each other, kissing, passing the bottle back and forth, working our way through the cheese and seafood. We had fun feeding each other, and giggling for no good reason at all, and just cuddling. I got his sweaty stupid shirt off, and then we were just naked together on top of the city.

“Evil,” I purred contentedly. I waggled his cock, it was filling out nicely. He was still recovering, I was very pleased with myself, I’d really flattened him. It felt like an accomplishment.

“Hey,” he said, I rubbed my face on his shoulder, hanging onto the bottle.

“Mmm?”

“Check it out.” He pointed. “Sunset.”

“Mmm?” I looked.

It was gorgeous, the sun wasn’t down yet, but it was closing on the horizon. Shadows were growing long, and it gave the buildings spreading out beneath us a new quality, a new texture. The skyline around the sun was full of soft clouds, golds further out, shifting towards pinks and reds, framed by pale blue growing darker and darker higher and higher into the sky, until it was just this sweet deep azure.

I gave a long sigh, “That’s amazing.”

“We don’t watch enough sunsets,” Sam said.

“I know,” I replied. “And they’re all over tiktok. Even more than cat videos.”

He didn’t laugh, but I felt his chest twitch and smile.

“I mean,” I said, “Where else would I watch sunsets, if not on my phone?”

“Good point,” he said.

That cock was coming along nicely. I sneakily began to go down, but he caught me and lifted me into a kiss. Still, I had my hand on it.

“So, Evil love of my life: Blow Job II, the Suckening?”

“Suckening?” We exchanged sweet little kisses. “Is that even a word?” he asked.

“It is now.”

I lowered my head.

“I have another idea.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Oh let me guess, you want to fuck me while we watch the sunset? Is that it, Mister Crazy Romantic? Mister Insatiable? Mister Too Good for My Blow Jobs Anymore?”

“Kind of, sort of.”

I stood up, keeping the wine bottle, and stretched, just arching my back and

rolling my hips. I went up on tip toes for a second and then stretched my arms.

“I detect flaws in your evil plan.”

“Mmm?”

Sam stood up, moving behind me, to cup my breasts and nuzzle my shoulder. I loved how he touched me, it made me squirm with delight.

“Well first,” I said, “You would need to get me naked.”

“You are naked.” he stated.

His chin rested on my shoulder, I could tell he was looking out at the sunset and not at me.

But… it was gorgeous. His hands slid down my body.

“Darn!” I said, rubbing back against him. “Second, you would need to get naked, without me noticing.”

“I am naked,” he responded.

“Damn it!” I said, “I hadn’t noticed! Well, I’d have to be really really wet—Oooh.”

His fingers tapped my clit in a slow devilish rhythm, like I was a flamenco guitar. He’d picked up some tricks. My pussy clenched wetly.

“Well,” I said, “I guess the last thing, the impossible thing, the thing you’ll never achieve and therefore all your evil plans will be foiled.”

“Which is?” he asked.

“You’d have to be really super-duper-mega-hard, diamond hard, like pounding nails into two by fours with your penis hard, deflecting bullets with your erection hard. No common ordinary hard— on will do. I have standards, I want an erection capable of raising drawbridges.”

His erection pressed between my cheeks.

“Not good enough,” I announced and giggled.

“Oh yeah,” he said warningly.

I wiggled my butt, swinging it from side to side, then making this slow rolling motion with my hips that I knew turned him on like crazy. My breasts swayed beneath me, nipples rigid, and the sunset, the city and the sky stretched out before me.

But, I didn't have the surging weightless vertigo of the earlier times. Instead, this felt… right. It felt like it all fit together. I didn't feel like I'd fly weightlessly up into the sky. I felt grounded. No, I felt I was perfectly in my place, perfectly secure, as if I was anchored, as if I belonged here, that I was a part of everything.

I could feel Sam's hands tightening on my hips, his fingers digging into my butt, his hardness and urgency, his need for me.

"Wait!" I said.

He paused. I straightened, kneeling on the chair, and twisted my body, turning to him. I reached for him with one hand, my other still hanging onto the bottle.

"One more kiss," I said, and then our lips met, our mouths opened. Tongues touched, not wantonly, but gently.

That's enough, I thought. This is it, I thought. It can stop now, as his lips pressed against mine, as our bodies touched, bathed in the warm light of the sunset, both of us luminous. It can all stop now. Time can stop. This is the moment I want to be eternity, the moment that I wanted to last forever. This instant between us, embedded in amber, forever, eternal, unchanging. This is it, the moment so sweet and perfect, I never wanted to leave it.

But of course it ended.

"Hey," I whispered, and I didn't have any other words. I felt tears in my eyes and turned away, hoping that he wouldn't see them.

Instead, I just turned, folding one arm on the top of the deck chair's cushion, letting the other hand dangle while holding the wine bottle. I looked out at a breathtakingly beautiful sunset in front of me, feeling the breathtakingly beautiful man behind me, feeling his hands returning to my hips, adjusting me. The light was soft, the air was warm and cool at once. I arched my back, inhaled and let it out slowly.

I felt the head of his cock behind me, pressing gently against my pussy lips.

"Yes," I whispered.

Sam surprised me. I thought he would lunge into me, thrusting hard, filling me instantly. But instead, he entered slowly. Not as slow as Leroy that night, but slow enough. My body welcomed him as he filled me. I gave this long sigh of deep deep satisfaction, brought the wine to my mouth for one last draft, and just surrendered my body to it all, to pleasure and contentment on every level, right down to my cells.

He didn't fuck me, instead, we made love, his thrusts measured and stately. I

moved back and forth slightly, bent kneeling over the chair, our bodies moving in time, moving in symphony. His hands felt like satin on my skin, as they moved along my back. We shifted, and I felt his breath on my neck as his erection arched upwards in me. We shifted again, and I rose up.

The sun slowly slid lower, the sky darkening, the colours in the clouds becoming more vivid. It was glorious. Everything was glorious, the sky was like a painting slowly changing, the landscape breathtaking, shadows were like silk blankets, and the air — warm and cool by turns, felt almost liquid and friendly. My skin tingled with the remains of the day's excitement and arousal, and the flavours of drenching orgasms, and my body was warm with wine.

Perhaps it was a memory, but I swore I could still smell the lingering scent of roses, taste the residue of wine and semen and his sweat. My abdominals ached from the cat's cradle, but even that was sweet, a reminder of my own aliveness.

Most delicious of all was him inside me, each movement was a slow wave of pleasure. He took his time, his thrusts measured and passionate, and as he went deep he ground into me, sending waves of ecstasy radiating through my clit, passing up into my body. I was in this state of hyper-awareness, blended awareness, the world everywhere around me. But most of all, him. I hungered for each moment when his hips flattened against my ass, felt so sated as our flesh pressed together. I ached and rejoiced for each touch of his hand. I listened for the sound of his breathing, the slap of our flesh.

I needed more of him. Twisting in the chair, I turned around, flattening my ass on the seat, my legs lifting in a whore's prayer, beckoning him to come inside me. My hand lowered to my pussy, not to open it for him but to feel his cock, fingers tickling his shaft as he slid inside. We looked at each other, him down and me up, and then we kissed hungrily. My hands were all over him. The chair rocked, going up on its two back legs as he thrust harder and harder, and we ground into each other.

Sam wrapped his arms around my waist as he drove into me, fucking with building intensity. He pulled me to him, lifting me up off the chair. For a moment, he was standing, holding me, my weight sinking me hard onto his cock. I thrust my hips, fucking him as we stood, our arms tight against each other. He walked me to the loveseat, I dropped heavily on it, and he loomed above me before mounting, his cock pushing deep and full.

We fucked and made love, we devoured each other with our hands, our eyes, our mouths and hips. Sweat dripped, we sighed and gasped and spoke incoherent words. Sometimes I was on top, sometimes he was. Sometimes we fucked to the sunset, and sometimes seeing only each other.

We only came once, at the end, exhausted. I felt it shuddering and shivering up inside me like a tidal wave, and then his hit. We grabbed each other, our bodies merging as white light burst up inside both of us, and we clung like

two flowers in a hurricane.

As it eased, we held each other, our bodies pressed together. I felt his cock go soft in me, but when he moved, I tightened my legs around him and held him closer.

“Just leave it,” I whispered, and kissed him, running my fingers through his hair.

We laid there, sprawled on the loveseat. It was broken, the legs on one side snapped off. When did that happen? I hadn’t noticed. Had it been like that from the start? I didn’t think so.

But, Sam’s sweaty body was joined tight against mine, so who cared. We kissed and relaxed, touched each other, and just let it come down. Beyond us, the sun dipped below the horizon, it got darker and darker, and we watched the city’s lights come on. Window lights in the buildings, street lights next.

For a while, we didn’t talk. We didn’t need to. We just relaxed and watched, our hands joined, fingers twined, just enjoying being in each other’s presence. Sometimes you don’t need to talk — yes, I know — who are you and what have you done with Kayley? But it’s true, sometimes you don’t need to say anything. You just need to be there.

Finally, the sun was gone, the sky was dark, and the city was a maze of tiny lights. I guess the show was over. The air was a little cold, and I wished for a blanket, but he didn’t produce one. I guess there was a limit to his diabolical planning.

I supposed we’d get back into our clothes when it got cold enough, and go home. No hurry.

Fuck, I thought, what an epic amazing day. Just unbelievable. One for the record books. The memory of this day would keep me warm when I was ninety. Top of the top ten, and number two far below. Leroy was exciting, but he couldn’t even come close to this.

“Damn!” I said, exhausted. “The only thing Leroy has that is bigger or better than you is his ego.”

Sam laughed explosively, and I held him just a little tighter.

“I was wondering when he’d make an appearance,” Sam said, quietly. “It’s coming up fast.”

Oh fuck, I thought. I kicked myself for my heedless comment. His shadow loomed over us.

“Yep,” he said.

It occurred to me that maybe this whole day was some kind of reaction? That Sam was asserting his masculinity or his potency or something. Showing that he could be creative and virile too? Was he insecure? He didn't need to be. Sam was perfect, or as perfect as I could imagine a man being. But maybe.

Men. I could never really figure them out. Even Sam, I knew him better than I'd known anyone.

But there were still depths and tender places I only vaguely understood. Insecurities and needs I could only respect and try to meet, when I encountered them.

Men were mysterious and complicated, even the simple ones like Leroy.

And there I went again. Goddamit!

Fuck, fuck fuck! He was like fungus, he just crept in. It was like that thing, try not to think of a pink unicorn, and once you'd told yourself not to, you couldn't help thinking about him. Fuck, I wanted mind bleach.

"He takes up a lot of real estate in our heads these days," I said, thoughtfully.

"Yep," Sam agreed, "Living rent free."

He paused, I could tell he was trying to shift our thoughts away from the upcoming session.

"Speaking of our friend," Sam said "Do you remember when I told you he claimed to have been a porn star?"

I laughed.

"Yeah," I said, "He has so many stories he'd have to be three different people for them all to work. I think the only reason he hasn't told us about his time in the space program is that I made fun of it."

"Well I did some searches, and looked him up," Sam said, "And it turns out he really was a porn star. A real up and comer too."

I sat up, turning to look directly at him.

"No fucking way!" I laughed. "You're kidding! When was this? How did you find him?"

"Well he mentioned his porn star name so I decided to check it out. It turns out that the porn community is extremely well documented, lots of fan sites, lots of catalogs, directories, reviews."

"There are porn reviewers?"

“Oh yeah, it’s a thriving community,” he said. “There’s a lot online and not just the actual fucking. So I found him. I found clips, scenes, it was him for sure. I was even able to research his career.”

“Holy shit,” I grinned. “I want to hear all about it!”

“Well,” Sam said, as he fed me shrimp. “He seems to have showed up in Los Angeles a couple of years after his music career ended.”

“How do you know when his music career ended?”

Sam smiled beatifically, like the cat that ate the canary.

“I looked that up too. I did a lot of searching. I was able to document his musical career, and that was for real. What I can verify anyway.”

“Well,” We knew that. “The album cover… and his fingering.”

We both blushed.

“Glory was where he peaked out. He was reasonably well known in the trade, not famous, but he worked with several bands. He just seemed to drift. He was almost on the edge of the big time with Glory but the band broke up, and after that fell apart, he disappeared.”

“Two and a half years later, he showed up in porn, and for a while he was like the next big thing. Very popular. He could actually act, had a lot of charisma, ready to go at the drop of a hat and worked really well with crews. He worked with a lot of people, popular with his… co-stars?”

“Any famous porn stars? Anyone we’d know?”

“I’d gather… yes? I don’t know who’s who in the porn star business. But, I gather he made his way into the top tier pretty fast.”

“You could be a porn star,” I said.

“Thanks.”

“No,” I said. ‘I’m serious. You’re hung, you can get an erection like that!’ I snapped my fingers. “You can last. Amazing control. Usually.” I caught a quick blush. “And you can recover to go again in minutes. Also, you’re just a hotty.”

He blushed more deeply.

“Thanks. Anyway, Leroy… got involved in the business side, did some directing and seems to have connected with most of the major people around that time. He was one of those occasional porn stars that they talk about that has

breakthrough potential."

"He was even involved in a project to do a series — crossovers, the idea was he would work with non-porn, mainstream. Reality show stars, wrestling stars, influencers, b-list actresses whose careers had stalled out. A lot of names were getting thrown around, some we'd recognize."

"And then?"

"Then out of the blue, he goes off to Europe. Works in eastern-bloc countries, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria. Some fetish stuff. Works under different names. Then zap, he's gone. Vanishes."

"Interesting, interesting," I said, thoughtfully, "I wonder if something happened?"

"Possibly. No idea," Sam said. "But whatever it was, it seems to have been abrupt. One day he's apparently cruising along, nominated for awards, and on the verge of being the next big thing. Then he's gone. Maybe it was too much for him? Maybe he didn't want to build a life around this?"

He paused.

"I can see that… you know. Being a porn star for the fun of it, but kind of wanting out when it got too serious."

I shrugged.

"Would you want to be a porn star for the fun of it yourself?" I teased.

He smiled bashfully.

"I suppose a little bit, doesn't everyone secretly want to be a star?"

"Well I have never wanted to be a porn star," I said righteously.

Sam laughed.

"So that's why we have a collection of videos of you naked? With you masturbating? Giving me blow jobs? Having sex with me? Having sex with Leroy?"

I stuck my tongue. "Oh! But that's different."

Sam raised an eyebrow.

"I'm photogenic," I said airily.

"Ah."

"It would be a crime against humanity not to have a record of how hot I am.

Future generations will need this. I'm doing it for our children and grandchildren."

"Uhm…" Sam held up a finger. I could see he was searching for words. I smiled innocently. The finger dropped.

"Anyway," he said, changing the subject, "Interesting thing! I wondered what he was doing between Glory and Porn movies. So I poked around online and you know what I found?"

"He was commanding the International Space Station?" I guessed.

"Close!" Sam said. "He was in Wyoming, he was actually a cowboy!"

"You're shitting me!" I laughed out loud.

"Nope. That was harder. But I poked around, I had a time frame, and lost a few crawlers. I turned up an H.L. Verne on the rodeo circuit. Zeroed in and hunted some more until I found a picture, and there he was: Our guy!"

"You're kidding!"

He shook his head.

"Holy cow," I said, "So he really was a cowboy? He wasn't shitting us? Fuck, if he tells us he was an astronaut I might have to believe him."

"There's a limit to what I could dig up," Sam said. "It looks like he worked for a couple of different ranches, he was in a few rodeos, different events, trick riding, Bronco busting. He wasn't a big name or a headliner, by any means but yes he was there. And the next thing you know he is in Los Angeles doing a different kind of bronco busting."

I spoke thoughtfully. "You know that the first time I was at his place, I saw an old magazine laying out. It was one of those airline magazines that nobody reads. But there was a feature in it about doctors Without Borders and ambulance drivers in Kenya, and there was a picture that looked like him."

"Interesting," Sam said. "Did you read it? Was his name in it? What did it say?"

I rolled my eyes.

"Do you even remember our first visit to his place?"

Sam blushed and laughed.

"Vaguely."

"Uh huh," I said smugly.

I paused.

“It’s really hanging over our heads,” I said quietly. “Over your head.”

He nodded.

“Yeah.”

I thought for a moment that he looked so sad and wistful. Then, I thought to myself, let’s cancel this. Let’s forget about Leroy, and be together just the two of us.

“I guess I just want it, you know. This. You and me time, you know,” he said thoughtfully “Just the two of us having fun together. Without our ‘friend.’

“We don’t have to do this, you know.” I said.

“Do you want to?” he asked. I looked away. Kind of, yes. If he needed it, yes. If he wanted to, yes. It was about him. I couldn’t make a choice for him.

“Do you want to?” I asked.

Say no, I thought, and it’s over, and we’ll never look back. Say yes, and ease my conscience. Leroy says you need this, to get this out of your system. He said so much bullshit about how you needed this. Is it true? Is it false? Say something.

He looked away.

“You’re bolder.”

A long moment passed.

“All you babe. It’s all you. You make me brave.”

“No,” he said, “I think we’ve both gotten a lot braver.”

He paused thoughtfully.

“Is that the word? More outgoing, more adventurous? That’s the word since Leroy. He’s kind of opened up doors. I don’t think we would have done this before we met him. I suppose we’re not as innocent as we used to be.”

“Good thing? Bad thing?” I asked.

“Good thing,” he said after a moment. “What makes you stronger, braver, more adventurous. That’s a good thing. If you’ve grown, that’s a good thing. If you are fulfilled, more fulfilled, it’s a good thing.”

“What about you?”

He thought about it.

“Some parts are definitely rougher,” he said carefully. “But sometimes that’s how you grow… I suppose.”

“I asked him to go easier on you,” I said.

He looked down at me, cuddled in his arms.

“Did you?” he asked. “What did he say?”

“Honestly,” I replied, “He seemed kind of glad, as if he was nervous about going too far, hurting you.”

“It was pretty extreme,” he admitted.

“He agreed,” I said, licking my lips, trying to figure out how to approach this. “But, there was a condition… More of an ask, really.”

Except it hadn’t been an ask or a request, had it. That wasn’t the important part. It had been a promise, a promise I’d made with his cock buried in me, wanting it in me, wanting to feel his cum. It had been a promise full of certainty, like I’d been pledging from deep conviction.

The sort of promise you make passionately and fervently, binding yourself eagerly. And after, when you’ve cooled off, you wonder if you just made a deal with the devil. If you’ve sold your soul.

“Oh?”

“He said he’d go easy,” I chose the words carefully. “As long as I went hard. He figured we knew each other better, and I’d know how much you could take, how far I could go, and when to stop.”

I felt nervous butterflies rise up inside me, my heart sped up a little bit. I wanted to hold my breath, but instead tried to breathe normally. The silence behind me dragged on. I was glad we weren’t facing each other.

“Okay,” he said finally. “That makes sense.”

I tried to read his voice, read his body language, the tensions in his muscles.

“Does that bother you?” I asked.

He lifted his eyebrows.

“No, actually,” he said. “I’m actually pretty good with it. It makes sense.

And I trust you. I'm actually intrigued. I think I feel safer if you're the one doing it. The 'hard' stuff. If you're up for it."

Light as a feather, words drifted through my mind: Crush you, like a little cuck bug. I shivered involuntarily, a mixture of fear and anticipation.

"Watch out," I warned him uneasily. "I can be pretty hard core."

He kissed my forehead.

"Do your worst!" he ordered. "I double dog dare you!"

"Oh my! A challenge!" I said. "Famous last words!"

He laughed.

"Okay," I said. "But listen, promise me. Promise me, if it gets too much, if you can't handle it, you just say so, okay."

He kissed the side of my head.

"Promise."

"You'll say uncle?"

He laughed.

"I won't say uncle," he assured me. "I can handle it."

"But if you need to…" I warned.

"Then I'll say it," he reassured me again, "But I won't need to. I trust you. Completely."

I laughed, relieved by his absolute faith in me, in this deep abiding trust we had in each other. He was right, as long as we had that trust in each other, we'd be okay. I loved him so completely that at that moment, it was overwhelming.

"Careful what you wish for," I almost giggled, squirming back against him.

"I think it's what you are wishing for," he teased. I felt a little shiver at this sign he understood my dark, deliciously cruel, side. "Happy to oblige."

I laughed again with pleasure and relief.

"Oh I am so going to kick your ass," I told him cheerfully. "See if I don't. And I… we… will enjoy every moment of it."

"Again, I dare you," he laughed. "Do your worst!"

“I will!” I insisted. “I totally will!”

“You better,” he challenged. “Don’t hold back on my account.”

“Oh you are just asking for it, Mister!”

He chuckled.

“I’ll do it,” I said emphatically, “I’ll crush you like a little cuck bug!”

Shit, I’d said it out loud. I felt a moment of icy panic.

But he took no notice.

“As long as it’s you,” he said. “I know I’m safe with you.”

I nodded. You are, I promised myself.

“You are,” I told him. “Remember, it’s only a role play.”

“Got it.”

“After,” I said, full of conviction, “We go back to being our real selves.”

He nodded. I relaxed back against him, feeling deeply relieved, almost content. The knot of tension that had formed in me after I’d left Leroy had finally dissipated. Honestly, I hadn’t even realized it had formed, it had been so subtle. But now that it was gone, I felt lighter and happier.

Leroy guiding us through was one thing, he was good at getting us to trust him, and he took care of things. But it was better this way, when we worked it out between us, so that the two of us were on the same page: Team Kayley and Sam.

And somewhere, deep down, a dark little version of me, echoed the thing I had said to Leroy and instinctively repeated to Sam: Crush you, like a little cuck bug. And it laughed with an abyssal pleasure that made me shiver.

“Hey babe,” he whispered, his breath warm and most in my ear, “Look up.”

I gasped.

The sky was black, as black as I’d ever seen it, and full of stars, so many, so wondrous.

“My God,” I whispered, awed. I had never seen the sky so black. And the stars, they weren’t just pinpoints of light. I hadn’t really looked in years. But somehow, in that moment, it was magical, the sky was a dome all around us, not a dome, that implied flatness, a surface. But, there was no surface to the

sky, no boundary, everything went on and on and on forever, each point of light was its own infinity. I was practically overwhelmed. “Look at them all. It’s… it’s… beautiful.”

“We’re above the worst of the light pollution from the city,” he murmured in my ear. “And it’s a moonless night. So you can see something.”

“It’s breathtaking!”

“It’s okay,” he said. “I guess you’re a city girl, don’t see them much? I grew up in a small town, and to get out in the country, it’s amazing. Ten times more than you’re seeing now. I’ll bring you out there sometime, we’ll have a midnight picnic in some farmer’s field.”

He reached out and pointed.

“See that? That bright one?”

“Yes?”

“That’s Polaris, the north star. As long as you can see it, you can always find your way. Over there, those three…”

His hand moved, pointing.

“Orion’s belt.”

We relaxed together, as he pointed out star after star, combinations and constellations, telling me the stories behind them. Half of them I didn’t get, but I nodded, living the sound of his voice and the way the words spilled out of him.

“That hazy patch there…”

“A cloud?”

“The Milky Way, that’s the galaxy we’re in.”

The finger moved.

“There…”

“The reddish one?”

“Good eye. That’s Mars. Let me see if I can pick out Jupiter for you…”

I could feel his cock against me, rigid against my bare back. Twisting in his arms, I reached up to kiss him.

“I want to make love to you,” I whispered. “Right under these stars. This is

too beautiful, too perfect."

I pushed him down on his back. He looked up at me, his eyes luminous.

"You're hungry tonight."

I laughed.

"You tease me with appetizers all day," I told him. "You think I'd be happy with just the main course. I want the nine-course-Sam. I want Sam-dessert."

"So now I'm dessert?"

"You're delicious," I said, straddling him.

His hands reached for my breasts, and as they cupped them, fingers splayed to hold as much as he could, I put my hands on top of his. For a moment, I saw myself the way I knew he must be seeing me, drenched in shadow, silhouetted by blackness, surrounded by the pinpoints of ten thousand stars, their light travelling for millions of years across half the universe, to come together for this moment.

I bent down, my hair sweeping forward, filling his view, and we kissed long and passionately, my hips hovering over him, feeling his cock battering at my pussy lips.

Finally, the kiss broke, and I straightened over him, staring up at the night sky as I sank down and let him fill me.

I glanced down at him, grinning, as I began to rock.

"Feel good?" I asked.

Goddamn, but he felt good. I don't know what it was, but he felt perfectly seated inside me. He always felt just right, up inside me when I straddled him, but this felt especially, absolutely perfect, the slightest movement of his cock sending ripples of pleasure through me.

"Perfect," he said. His hands slid across my breasts, down to my hips. He guided me just a little infinitesimal amount forward, rising up ever so slightly under me, and I felt a sudden delicate pleasure that seemed to emanate just under my clit. Goddamn he was good!

"You took the word right out of my mouth," I moaned, and bent down to kiss him again.

This time our love making was unhurried. I just thrust up and down on him, with an easy rocking pace, holding each other's hands, our fingers twining and interlocking, our gazes alternating between the stars and each other. The night air was cool and exquisite on my naked body, and sometimes I laughed

with sheer pleasure and delight.

When I felt my first orgasm building, he seemed to feel it too, our tempo sweeping up together, until we were grinding furiously and I was squirting on top of him endlessly until I collapsed, boneless and breathless.

He held me in his arms, drenched and wet underneath me, his cock still rigid inside me, as I laid limp on top of him. Until finally I had the strength to raise my head and kiss him and whisper.

“I’m not done yet.”

I came a half dozen times. Every time I thought I was done, somehow I’d look at the stars above me and the man below, and I’d want him all over again.

When he finally came, his body went so stiff, he arched from his heels to his neck, lifting up like my weight was nothing. I could feel his ejaculation like a tidal wave inside me, a holy flood, a deluge that washed away any trace of the semen of all the lesser men who had come in me, including Leroy. The sheer intensity was like a contagion, and I fell into orgasm with him.

When it was over we just wrapped around each other, the sleeping bag loosely twisted around our bodies. We were both too hot and sweaty to be inside it.

As I drifted off, something occurred to me about our love making. He’d held off for me, he hadn’t come until the end, allowing me my pleasure, giving me my pleasure. He’d held back and restrained himself, delaying his orgasm, pushing it away, so I could have mine. He’d sacrificed his own pleasure for me. He always did that, every single time, always watching, the barometer of my pleasure dictating his own, my satisfaction, the permission for him. He always restrained himself, always denied himself, it was always for me and never for himself. That bothered me suddenly.

How many times had he come during that cuckold session with Leroy? A half dozen at least, without inhibition or holding back or restraining himself, without having to deny himself. It felt like an epiphany. As awful as it was for him, as humiliating and degrading, it had been liberating, it had freed him on some level to simply accept, to be, to experience. To be allowed to simply orgasm, without focusing on someone else’s pleasure.

Had I been so overwhelmed with my own excitement indulging in power and cruelty, that I’d simply failed to fully understand what went on within him. I was struck by how complicated it all was, how complicated the dynamics were within both me and Sam and with the two of us together.

Sam needed this, I understood that finally, he’d needed it all along, without either of us understanding or even suspecting. I felt reassured in my urges to cruelty and domination of him, they came from places of love. My insecurity and misgivings resolved. In the throes of this deep exhaustion I finally felt as if I’d figured it all out.

I wanted to talk about it with Sam, to spend the rest of the night just discussing it with him. After we'd rested. Maybe when we got home, and had gotten comfortable.

Thank God for Leroy, I thought randomly, he'd understood us, understood what we needed all along. Underneath that asshole exterior, there was someone good and decent, someone wonderful, even if he did act like an eight year old.

The thought drifted away, I nestled against Sam, looking up at the night sky. I was so tired.

"Let's rest a bit," I mumbled, or I thought I did. Just rest. I mean, we were soaking wet, I'd squirted to fill a swimming pool and we were laying in the middle of it, and we were on a rooftop, and we didn't even have a blanket. We'd rest, recover and go home.

I fell asleep.

I woke early enough to see dawn's light breaking over the horizon, half warm from where I'd pressed up against Sam, half cold and damp from the night, but somehow more alive than in years.

Then I moved, and ohhhh fuck! It hurt. I ached all over, especially my abdominals. It felt like someone had spent the night punching my stomach while I slept. Where did that come from? Then I remembered.

Sam slept on, his body so male and perfect in repose. No tension, no pretension, simply perfect unadorned maleness. He was so perfect I wanted a sculptor to come along and capture him like this. I watched him breath for a few minutes, just drinking him in. In the dawn's tentative light, he almost glowed.

Even his cock, relaxed and limp, was perfect and male. I reached down, touched it gently, moving it from side to side, feeling it accept my touch. I tickled it just under the prepuce, watching its slow reaction.

Then, ever so carefully, I took him in my mouth, gently and carefully bringing it to erection. Just me and Sam's cock, sans Sam, the two of us in communion. It was one of my favourite morning games, seeing just how hard I could get him, for how long, how much I could do before he finally woke.

I was delighted by his rigidity between my lips. All his fault, I decided mischievously, he'd addicted me to sucking his cock, and then failed to be on tap twenty-four seven, every minute of every day. What was a girl to do with cravings like that?

"Ohhh," he moaned, his body shifted. I knew from the way his muscles tensed

that he was waking.

“Ow!” he said as his stomach tightened. Yep, the cat’s cradle struck again. He visibly relaxed and sighed.

“Morning sleepyhead,” I lifted my mouth off him for a moment. “Having that dream again?”

“Yeah, the one where I dream you’re sucking my cock,” he mumbled, “And then I wake up and…”

I didn’t bother to answer, I just dropped my head down, taking him between my lips, and letting myself go. No more need to be subtle or sly.

“Where are we?” he asked vaguely. “Why is it cold?”

Then he moaned suddenly, his body stiffening, because I’d done something really fast and forceful with my tongue and stuck a finger up his ass. Then he winced, because that triggered his already sore stomach muscles.

“Oh I remember,” he said, when he could breathe again. He reached down, putting a finger on my forehead.

I lifted off.

“I love you,” he said.

“I know you do, Hon,” I replied. “But I’m in the middle of something here… This cock isn’t going to suck itself.”

I lowered my head, pushing down against his finger on my forehead to get to his cock.

“Let’s watch the sunrise together,” he whispered. “On the other side. Just holding you in my arms, and watching it.”

That stopped me. I lifted my head.

“You’re a romantic,” I told him. “You know that?”

The first night that we’d spent together, we hadn’t slept at all, we’d just spent the whole time making love and eventually, spent, had watched the sunrise from his window. But this?

Atop a tall building, the city spread out around us, dawn breaking felt glorious.

I toed the wine bottle. Empty.

“Anything left?” I asked.

He checked the cooler.

“Just the bottled water. You want some?”

“Yeah, let’s bring it with us.”

We got up, dragging our clothes and the loveseat cushions to the other side of the antenna platform. He settled back against a metal box, some part of the ventilation plant I think, and I cuddled up beside him, so that I could play with his cock. We watched the sky get brighter and brighter, the stars fading away as the sky turned from black to dark blue and then to lighter shades, the clouds seeming to glow, more textured and detailed than I normally remembered.

Near the horizon, low hanging clouds lit up in reds and golds. The buildings of the city came into sharper and sharper relief, seeming more and more solid and textured, an artifact of the low angle of the light, and the shadows they cast against each other.

“It’s beautiful,” I whispered as I slowly worked his cock, enjoying its heat and hardness in my hand, as the world unveiled itself before us.

“Yes,” he whispered, looking from me out to the horizon. I loved the feeling of his arm draped around me, the solidness and warmth of his body, the sheer physical presence of him, the calm that seemed to radiate from him. I felt this wave of tenderness come over me.

“I want to do something,” I told him. “I want to do something for you, as you watch the sunrise with me.”

I pulled myself up a little, so that I could look directly in his eyes.

“Let me do it, okay?”

I still had my grip on his cock, my hand wrapped tightly around it, so he knew what was coming. He stared into my eyes and nodded gravely.

“Okay.”

“And I want you to do something for me,” I said, looking grave and serious. “This is important. No games.”

“Yes?” he asked warily.

“I want you to let it happen,” I said. “Just let it. Don’t hold back. Get out of your head. Stop thinking of me or my needs or desires. Stop thinking. Just… accept it. Watch the sunrise for me, and enjoy the sensations. Let me do it, for you.”

I felt that I must sound a little bit crazy. But he just nodded.

“Okay.”

I moved around, folding my skirt over and over so that I could kneel on it. He spread his legs. I bent forward, hands on his thighs and took his cock in my mouth.

It had that special rigidity, that freshness that cocks had in the morning, shortly after waking. Before all the baggage of being a man, all the bullshit of the day started to catch up. Morning just after waking was when cocks were purest.

I kissed the head tenderly, and then just let my lips open, keeping it tight, my lips just wet enough to pass over his head, squeezing it as I went. My jaws parted, just barely enough to let him pass, squeezing again. And I kept my tongue flat, laying in wait until he fell into my trap.

Suddenly, I descended inches in a quick smooth movement, my tongue sprang, lashing out, curling and lapping against the back of his crown as I withdrew. A loud moan from him gratified me, as his body went rigid. If I could have grinned, I would have, I was so pleased. I went to work eagerly wrapping one hand around his scrotum, pulling his balls down, the fingernails of my other hand digging into his thigh.

He lasted only five minutes, and as I swallowed his come, drinking down each rope as it spurted hot and thick in my mouth, I thought to myself, he holds back, he always holds back, but not this time. This time, he just trusted me, and didn’t hold back. It made me deliriously happy.

Once I’d emptied him, I left his cock and crawled up to snuggle against him, making sure to keep a good hand around his deflating erection, just in case it tried something sneaky. He was still gasping, I could feel his muscles twitching uncontrollably under his skin, he was almost shaking.

Kissing his cheek, I snuggled against him. When he looked at me, his eyes were luminous. I smiled. This is what happens when you don’t hold back, I thought, when you just let go.

I looked out at the horizon.

“Oh look,” I said. “We still have plenty of dawn to enjoy together!”

He chuckled, and I giggled, the two of us just enjoying ourselves.

We watched it rise.

“Can I return the favour?” he offered.

I considered it. I was in a really happy accepting place, the sky was glorious. The idea of his face between my legs, his tongue lapping me was

crazy tempting.

I shook my head. Don't sacrifice for me, I thought.

"I want you to enjoy this too," I said.

"I'll enjoy it."

I giggled.

"You know what I mean!" I paused. "I want us to watch this together. We can't do that if your view is… pinker."

"Ah," Sam said, accepting. "It is my favourite view though."

I snickered.

"Why don't you do some magic with your fingers, while we watch the sunrise."

"That works," he said. "You'll have to let go of my cock."

"Oh pooh!" I complained and stuck my tongue out, but I let it go. Then we shifted around until I could throw one leg over his and get up where we could hold each other, but he could easily reach me. His fingers danced along my vulva, expertly finding and avoiding my clit, tapping and teasing, then dancing away. My lips seemed to part invitingly, and welcomed, his fingertips intruded, explored, then dived deep, bringing moans and shivers from me.

As he sent waves of pleasure though me, and I let my back arch, I thought about my advice to him, and decided to take it, deliberately letting go, forcing myself to not hold back, to release and surrender to his touch. I moaned, and then I moaned again, until it became impossible to think or concentrate on anything.

It wasn't just his hand, his fingers. The heat of his body, the warmth of him, the feel of him against me, of my leg across him, the texture of his skin, all of it filled my awareness. The brilliant colours across the sky, the feel of sunlight warming my skin, the coolness and dampness of parts of me not exposed, it all came together in an exquisite sexual bath.

I moaned and the moan became a shout of joy, my body shook, trembled, felt like it was exploding, and then I squirted in breathless relief, like my orgasm was emptying me out. I'd never felt anything quite like it. And through it all, Sam held me loosely, offering no resistance, no constraint or constriction, only safety and protection. The orgasm coursed through me, and didn't stop, I squirted again and again.

Finally, it passed, leaving me dizzy and elated.

"Wow," I mumbled. Sam kissed me then, his timing perfect as always.

This is what it was, I thought, we didn't think we had barriers. But we had them.

And with Leroy, because of Leroy, those barriers were breaking down harder and faster. It was exhilarating, and sometimes scary. But it was a good thing. Maybe it was harder for men, those barriers, those walls formed by a lifetime of masculine indoctrination. Maybe we had to work to break through them. Maybe Leroy was right.

"You know," I said out of nowhere, staring at the sunrise, "I'm really looking forward to the cuck session."

Sam looked at me, startled. Then he turned back to watch the sunrise. I watched him from the corner of his eye, I could almost see the wheels turning in his head. We were so close, sometimes it felt like we thought the same thoughts.

This felt almost like one of those times.

"It's funny," he said, "It was intense. I sort of am too. Maybe. I'm not sure I should. I'm a little nervous, but… it's an experience."

He sucked air between his teeth.

I kissed him on the cheek.

"Be afraid, be very afraid," I teased him.

He laughed.

"Bring it on."

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 29, Restaurant Restraints
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SECOND CUCKOLDING, PART ONE OF FIVE

KAYLEY POV

"You're wearing the necklace again," Leroy commented from the back seat, as Sam drove us to the restaurant.

The amber necklace Leroy'd bought me and fastened on me, the first time we'd met alone, just before he had shoved a ball gag in my mouth to show me that he could, and made me eagerly suck a half dozen cocks for him in a dark little room.

The necklace I'd worn to our date, when he'd convinced Sam to try being a cuck and absolutely ruled the both of us, turning me into a submissive, quivering bitch.

I blushed at the memory. I hadn't worn it since that night.

"You noticed," I said

"It's a lovely necklace," he said. "It looks so good on you. When you're wearing it, you don't even need clothes."

Sam glanced over. It wasn't an appropriate thing for Leroy to say in front of him. But then again, I'd been naked with him in four different public washrooms, and all over his apartment. Plus that other thing.

So yeah, we all accepted that heavy flirting was going to be happening. We were heading off to a different restaurant than the one before, one that Leroy had recommended, so we'd all dressed up for it.

I was wearing my gray ball dress. I'd fallen in love with it, but it didn't fit properly, it was made for a larger, more rubenesque woman. The fabric was velvet soft, full of folds everywhere and it just made me feel sexy. The waist cinched nicely, but the fabric billowed out at the hips, and the skirt was just a little bit too low.

Up top, it fastened around the neck leaving back and shoulders bare, I didn't wear it with a bra, but it was a bit too loose up top, leaving me in danger of falling out, or getting felt up. Plenty of room to slip a hand in. And honestly, that's why I chose it for tonight. It was a great dress for getting felt up in, or just stepping out of.

The necklace was actually an afterthought. I was a bit embarrassed that Leroy was dwelling on it.

"Huh," I said, glancing in the back seat. "I think you prefer me without clothes. You take them off me every chance you get."

He shrugged.

"That's not fair," he teased. "I love seeing you in sexy clothes. I love that dress, it looks… accessible."

Sam glanced at me and our eyes met. I knew exactly what he was thinking. It looks accessible because it was accessible. I smiled.

"You like the dress?"

"Love it," he said, "it definitely looks accessible."

And with that, he snaked an arm around to the front seat and slipped a hand into my top to cup my bare breast, pulling on my nipple. It went instantly hard, I felt my body stiffening at his touch.

"Hey, hey!" I said pushing his hand away, laughing to show him I wasn't mad. "Behave. I don't want an accident."

“Sorry,” he said cheerfully without an ounce of apology. He picked up on it — I didn’t mind being groped, it was just the risk of accident. For a guy like him, that’s an invitation.

“I bet,” Sam said with good humour.

“That really is a flattering necklace though,” Leroy said. “It works well with your skin tone, it looks good in any kind of outfit.”

“You just like it because you bought it for me.”

“Well,” he said, “there is that. And some sweet memories. I’m glad you’re wearing it tonight.”

“Sexy memories, you mean,” I teased.

“Those too,” he said. “I bet you put it on because it helped with the mood.”

“Maybe…” I replied. A moment later, more quietly, “yes.”

“Would you wear it for me when I asked?”

Sam glanced over while driving, his smile lingering. He was enjoying our flirtation.

“Yes.”

“All the time?” he demanded. I felt a chill, he was coming up to a line.

I glanced over at Sam, butterflies starting in my stomach. Did Sam realize what Leroy was asking? Or was he a little distracted driving, not wholly paying attention and still thinking it was mere sexy banter.

The jewelry he’d chosen for me. The jewelry he’d placed on me. The jewelry I had worn when he conquered me. It wasn’t just jewelry, it was a symbol. He wanted it worn permanently. That would be symbolic too.

My pussy squeezed, clenching, I felt this wetness surging high up inside, an almost lifting sensation in my pussy. I shifted awkwardly in my seat, my nipples hard.

Asshole, I thought. I couldn’t outright say no, particularly since we were about to embark on a session. But I didn’t want to say yes.

“When you ask,” I said carefully.

“Then it’s settled,” Leroy said. He leaned forward from the back seat and suddenly I felt his breath on the back of my neck, his voice in my ear. “You’ll wear it all the time, from now on.”

My expression didn’t change, but I could feel the shiver running up and down my spine, my nipples hardened instantly so fast and so rigid I could feel them swell and ache, my stomach

clenched. I literally felt my pussy throb and clench, suddenly wet.

“Uh huh,” I said as neutrally as I could.

Sam glanced, perplexed, at us, his attention caught by Leroy’s leaning forward. He’d finally caught on that something more might be going on than playfulness

If anything was going on, I second guessed myself. Maybe it was just casual chit chat? No! Not with the way he’d breathed down my neck, my strong reaction wasn’t an over-reaction, I wasn’t overthinking, it wasn’t in my head.

Leroy and I both knew the secret history of what we’d done, of how I’d submitted, on that day, and the necklace had been the start of it. We both knew the freight and symbolism it carried, that Sam was ignorant of.

The necklace was a secret symbol, of his power over me, of my surrender to him, known only to the two of us. Wearing it full time would be my acceptance of his rule over me full time, no matter where he was. Or at least, that was how he clearly thought. I swear, it was like he was eight years old sometimes.

But wait. He wasn’t eight years old. Did he really mean it? Or was he just screwing with my head? He’d know I’d see through him, but if he knew that, what was he really thinking? Was this harmless fun, a little preliminary secret role play, and he wasn’t serious at all?

Was I overthinking it? Was Leroy using my propensity to overthink against me? I wished that I could talk it over with Sam. Of course, given the things we’d done that day I couldn’t tell Sam any of that.

I blushed slightly, thinking quickly.

Screw it, I decided. I’d wear it when we were getting together, that would satisfy his little game and make him happy. But when I was on my own or with Sam, I’d leave it in the jewelry box. It’s not like he’d know.

Was that chickenshit of me? Agreeing and pretending to go along with his stupid game. Whatever.

Considering what we were planning for tonight this really wasn’t the time to assert myself. Which was why he played this card on me, the sneaky bastard.

I felt vaguely like I’d lost a battle I wasn’t even sure I’d been fighting. That I’d been outmaneuvered and defeated, even if I wasn’t sure how.

Hell, maybe I should keep my promise and wear the necklace full time, just as a reminder of how he kept running rings around me.

We arrived without further incident, parking at the restaurant. Leroy was out first, opening the car door. As I stepped out, he took me in his arms, and kissed me breathless, with Sam watching on the other side.

“Sorry Bud,” he grinned at Sam. “You have her all the time. But it’s been a while for me. I just really missed her.”

“No problem,” Sam said. Fuck, my nipples were so hard, they were poking through the dress. But Sam didn’t seem too upset. I made a point of waiting for him to come over to my side, kissing his cheek and taking his hand as we walked into the restaurant.

We had reservations, so there wasn’t much of a wait. This was a different place, we were a little nervous about going back to Holden’s. This time, we didn’t get a booth, merely a table, a little too large for intimacy.

I love those little two person tables. They’re so intimate, you’re practically in each other’s lap, there’s barely room for your plate, your drink and a candle in the middle. You’re so close that your knees are practically touching.

This was more a dinner party table, for four people, with dignified space between. Sam and Leroy sat opposite each other, and I sat between them.

“It’s a nice place,” I said, and it was. There was a kind of subdued ambiance to the place, a lot of exposed brickwork, subdued lighting, natural wood.. “We’ve never been here.”

“Have you?” Sam asked.

“A few times,” Leroy said. He waited as the busboy filled our glasses with water.

“The waiter will be along shortly,” the busboy said and walked off.

There was a leather folder on the table already, I picked it up and opened it. It was the wine list.

“I guess this is your department,” I said to Leroy. “What do you recommend?”

“Why wait?” Leroy said.

We looked at him, confused.

“The last time we ate out together,” he said, “we did it as friends. It was about Sam coming to terms with the fact that this is what he wanted. Well, I don’t see any point to doing that again. We’re past that. We’re going to spend the whole meal anticipating anyway.”

“So why bother waiting,” he said. “Let’s start now, pick up where we left off.”

“Wait,” I said nervously. “We’re in a public place. We can’t—”

“I’m not talking fucking,” Leroy said. “I’m talking we just commit now, rather than wait to get to the apartment. We commit to the roles, the relationships, the mental space…”

“In public?” I asked.

“We don’t have to do anything too open or attract attention,” he said, “just assume the roles.”

“Hmmm,” I said thoughtfully.

I glanced at Sam, he looked like a deer caught in headlights.

“So not actually doing anything,” I said. “Role play. Fuck around a little in the restaurant, but just a little, not enough to get thrown out. Just teasing Sam, reinforce the roles…”

“Exactly.”

“It feels kind of exciting…” Sam offered.

I gave Sam a knowing evil smile. “Are you ready to be a premature cuck? I guess being premature is your thing these days…”

I was rewarded with a huge blush, he went so red, I almost giggled. I felt a little surge of excitement. God, I loved Sam so much. But he was so much fun to torture. This could be entertaining.

“I guess…”

“It’s on then,” I said, smiling. Suddenly, I had this flutter of misgiving. I leaned over and put my hand on his knee. I stared earnestly into his eyes. ‘This is just role play,’ I told him. “You get that, right? It’s not real. Nothing that I say, that we say, is real. We’re just playing, acting. None of it is real…”

Except…

“Except the sex,” I amended. “That’s real, but the rest it’s just a game, it’s not who we are, it’s just a role we play. You’re safe. Take a break any time if you need it, okay?”

He nodded. Had I said that for him? Or for me? There was a heady excitement to this game, an intensity, and I had to keep reminding myself, just in case the lines got blurry.

“I get that,” Sam said. “Okay.”

Relief flooded through me, the game was exciting, but it was also dark and a little scary. There was a deliciously unrestrained cruelty sometimes, that frightened me as much as it drew me. I didn’t want him hurt. I loved using Sam as a chew toy. But chewed lovingly, not bitten or torn or cut. I wanted him to feel nibbled hard, but not shredded.

It felt like he’d given me permission. Green light. I took a deep breath and grinned, patting his knee.

“Cuck!” I whispered, my eyes dancing.

He smiled tentatively.

“Whore!”

I shivered with delight, my grin widening maliciously. “You’ll pay for that, I promise.”

His smile got a little nervous. I didn’t mind at all actually. Calling me a whore meant he was playing, he was in the spirit of things. It freed me from doubts and second thoughts, I could just open up and have fun.

“Hello, my name is Colin, I’ll be your waiter tonight.” We looked up, Colin wore black, was slender, almost androgynous.

He had the most startling blue eyes, I couldn’t help but stare. He smiled at me and his gaze dropped for a second to my breasts, only loosely contained in my dress’s halter. It was just a second, but I loved it. When his gaze returned to my face, he found me smiling warmly.

“So good to meet you, Colin,” I purred, radiating sexual energy at him. I offered my hand, surprising him, but he shook it, our bare fingers touching momentarily.

Leroy did his sommelier thing, having his abstruse technical discussion about the appropriate wines. Sam and I enjoyed it, he was normally so sleazy, but this showed another side of Leroy. It would never get old.

Out of sight, I kept my hand on Sam’s knee, as Colin the waiter recited the specials, we talked about the menu, and then he withdrew so we could explore the offerings further. Hungrily, I watched his ass as he walked away, feeling a little tingle.

My men, being men, of course, didn’t notice anything, it was subtle. But there’d been a spark. I wondered how I could play it.

I turned to Leroy.

“We’re in,” I whispered, my voice quickening with excitement. “So how do we cuckold the fuck out of my man, with us in a public place? We don’t even have a booth.”

“Oh it’s simple,” he grinned, he seemed gleeful. He was definitely into this. “You sit a little closer to me, we’ve both up against the same corner, we lean into each other. Sam sits a little further back and away from us, and from the table.”

I lifted my hand from Sam’s knee and moved my chair a little towards Leroy. He shifted his seat, until we were almost occupying a corner together, both of us pressed up against the table.

“Sam,” Leroy waved, “shift your chair over that way, towards the far corner… that’s good.”

“Now move back, from the table, about a foot.” Leroy and I could have our elbows on the table, touch each other easily, play footsie, while Sam was exposed awkwardly, he’d have to reach out to the table to reach the plate.

“Nice,” Leroy said. The table’s geography had changed. Now Leroy and I were a couple, almost intimate, our knees touching under the table, gathered at one corner. Sam was almost at the furthest point from us, clearly the outsider. It wasn’t overt, but anyone who looked at us would come to certain basic conclusions about the relationships on display. “Subtle.”

We'd barely moved in any real sense, but the spacial language of the table had changed completely. Leroy and I were clearly together, intimately so. Sam very clearly an unwelcome interloper.

"Now," Leroy said, "you and I just act like we're on a hot date. Lots of touching, looking into each other's eyes, smiling and laughing, touching under the tablecloth, kisses. PDA time. Sam just sits back and watches. We ignore him completely, he's just there."

I leaned in, putting my hand on his knee, my body orienting towards him.

"Devilish," I said. "Are other people supposed to know he's cucked?"

"Not really," he whispered in my ear, but loud enough for Sam to hear. "As far as outsiders are concerned, we're just a couple hot for each other, definitely belonging together. And there's a guy who clearly isn't welcome and doesn't belong."

This felt a little suspicious. I wondered if Sam and Leroy had talked about it between themselves, doing a role play in the restaurant, and they'd just been unsure about me. Had they left me out, hoped I'd go along. I needed to show them I could play their games.

"Now, if we can get the waiter to go along…" he mused.

Wonderful.

I smiled and touched his hand.

"Leave that to me…"

He nodded. I almost had misgivings, this was public humiliation after all.

But then I remembered how Sam pulled out his cock in the parkade. That still felt shocking to me. There was a peculiar intersection here, cuckolding seemed to be all about emasculation, but there was also a compulsive need to expose or exhibit it.

Maybe Leroy was right. There were things going on in Sam's psyche around this that I didn't get. Public humiliation felt risky to me, and awkward. But if he was into it I could go along with it.

The point was to push. How could I push Sam? I kept coming back to the parkade, that flash.

"You know," I said thoughtfully, "All I have to do is make a scene…"

I smiled sweetly, elbow on the table, chin resting on my palm. Suddenly, my eyes went wide in a theatrical expression, I put a hand over my mouth, miming startled horror.

"Oh no!" I did a falsetto whisper so that only the three of us could hear. "'This man at the table with us exposed himself and started masturbating! Help! Help!' That gets you humiliated in front of the whole restaurant, thrown out, permanently barred from this and maybe all restaurants, even arrested. Understand?"

“Holy shit, Kayley,” Leroy whispered admiringly. “You play hardball.”

“Only way to play,” I told him. I blew him a kiss.

I turned to Sam.

“Take out your cock,” I said quietly.

Just like the parkade.

Sam had gone from bright red, to pale.

“What?”

“Put your napkin in your lap to cover yourself. But unzip, take out your cock, so it’s only covered by the napkin.”

That would be safe, I thought. I didn’t really want him exposed, just feeling exposed.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea…” he said.

I shrugged and affected a casual disinterest.

“Then the next time the waiter comes by,” I told him, “I’ll tell him you were touching yourself in front of us.”

“Fuck! Kayley!” Sam whispered, his eyes were wide, he looked frightened.

Yeah, but he’d looked wide eyed and frightened in the parkade, showing off his erection. But he’d really been into it then, it had been some sort of game between Sam and Leroy, some weird guy thrill. Well, fuck that, I could play too.

I glanced at Leroy to make sure I wasn’t going too far. He was watching us. He gave me a little nod.

“Of course.” I wrinkled my brow a little and shook my head, affecting innocence. “None of that will happen. All you have to do is be a good little cuck and do as you’re told.”

“And if I don’t?”

Then absolutely nothing would happen. He’d have called my bluff. I would laugh with delight and kiss him madly. But until then…

I grinned wolfishly.

“Fuck around and find out.”

Sam glanced around nervously.

Leroy's eyes swept the restaurant more casually, but more effectively. He nodded. "Go ahead."

Awkwardly, Sam laid the napkin over his pants, reaching under. Was he really doing it? I couldn't really see from this angle, all I could see is that he was fiddling with his pants. For all I knew, he was going through the motions and he was still safely tucked away and zipped up. Even if the table was in the way, he was covered by the table cloth, so there was no way to really be sure.

The one thing I was sure about, though, was that he was absolutely hard.

I hoped.

Fuck, what if I had gone too far? Or misread them? What if this wasn't sexy for him? What if he was just feeling bullied, with his limp dick exposed and hidden under the napkin. But I couldn't just ask, not now.

I smiled and blew him a kiss to let him know I loved him.

Colin, the waiter came back with the wine. I smiled and thanked him, placing a hand on his wrist as he poured my wine glass. He smiled, paying special attention to me, his gaze sliding over my body. I eased my shoulders back to draw attention to my breasts, and got it. Our eyes held, and I smiled as I fell into his marvelous blue eyes, I could feel my nipples hardening.

I could tell, by the way Colin glanced at the table, he was picking up on the new geography and the relationships. He'd initially pegged me and Sam as together. But now that was vanished, and I was definitely Leroy's. Sam was practically exiled. Colin was definitely curious. He glanced down at Sam's waist, noting the distance from the table, and the napkin positioned discretely.

Then he was gone.

"This is going to be will be interesting." Leroy took a sip of wine, he'd noticed me flirting with Colin this time. Was he jealous? Possessive.

"Now," he said to me, "since we're officially in our session, first order: Take off your panties. Right here."

"I'm not wearing any," I said teasingly. "I knew I'd be seeing you."

He lifted an eyebrow.

"Sounds like you were eager for the session."

"We were thinking about it," I said. 'I was definitely thinking about it.' Emphasis on "I"

"For how long?"

"Well…" I said thoughtfully, with a barely hidden smile, as I examined the ceiling, "at least since the other night, when Sam was shaving me. All I could think about was the session,

about your cock. About what you would do to me. To us."

I leaned in to Leroy.

"He did such a good job. He made me so very very smooth for you! I'm like velvet down there. I'm so ready for some big bull Leroy cock. I've been ready for a while, I get wet just thinking about it."

My hand slid up Leroy's dress pants, he was already hard. I felt wicked.

"But I wouldn't let him fuck me, last night, when he shaved me. I kept thinking of what you were going to be doing to me, and I just couldn't stand the thought of settling for Sam. I wouldn't even let him jerk off. Who wants a cuck? When the bull is so close?"

"Oh you cruel girl," Leroy said, I could tell he was amused.

"Or this morning," I said. "Or this afternoon. He wanted, he kept asking. He was practically begging. But I wanted to save it for you."

I was lying. We'd fucked like deranged monkeys last night, before and after shaving, and then again this morning, and then before going out to meet him. But I could feel how hot this got Leroy, and it excited me to make him hard. I wasn't going to deny myself my Sam. The whole cuck thing was a wildly fun game, but geez, this was my Sam.

"So Sam hasn't had sex since last night?"

"Actually," I said, "since the day before yesterday… so over two days."

Leroy put on a fake sympathetic face, looking down the table at our guest.

"Poor Sam," he said. Leroy lifted a glass to Sam. "It seems our girl has started your session even earlier than I thought. Don't worry, buddy, we'll take care of you tonight. It'll be worth it."

Sam nodded, looking awkward. "Okay."

Colin came by to take our order. I pretended to study the menu, so he could hover over me and look down at my breasts. I swore, my nipples just got pointier each time he came by. I knew part of our attraction was deliberate flirting on my part. But god, those eyes.

"This dish," I waved him closer. He bent down. I waved him even closer until his head was at my level. He was close enough, that if we'd turned our heads the right way and moved in, we could kiss. He was a such handsome young man, with a gold stud in his ear. From this angle, he could definitely look straight into my cleavage. I reached up with one hand, adjusting the loose top so that he could see my nipple.

I glanced over at Leroy, watching us attentively, and then whispered quietly to the waiter.

"The gentleman… the man with us, he's my boyfriend's friend and business associate. We were supposed to have a romantic dinner, and he's invited himself along. He's awful. He's

crude and obnoxious and creepy. The last time we were at dinner, he masturbated in the restaurant bathroom. Can you believe that? He asked for pictures when my boyfriend and I kissed. He's just awful, he's an awful, awful person, and he doesn't care! He's ruining our night!"

"We can get rid of him," the waiter whispered.

Leroy continued to watch, carefully neutral, but unhappy with the attention I was paying. He knew we were whispering, but he couldn't hear what we'd said.

"I can't," I said. "He's Leroy's friend. But… I was wondering… Could you be really shit to him? Treat him really badly? Like… terribly! I'll make sure anything you do is okay with my boyfriend."

I rotated my finger around my exposed nipple, right in front of him. He stared and swallowed. With my other hand, I stroked his wrist.

"Like… bad service," I whispered. "Just find a way to ruin his night, like he's ruining mine. Just be rude to him. Mean as you can get away with."

Colin nodded.

"I'll see what we can do, Ma'am,"

I felt gleefully sadistic. I hoped I hadn't gone too far, I didn't want them to poison him or anything. It would ruin the night if they pumped his food full of laxatives.

He took my order and Leroy's, bowed politely, stealing another glance at my cleavage, and walked away. Sam put up a hand half way to give his order. The waiter walked right past him. Sam looked shocked.

I giggled, and glanced at Leroy, who smiled hin approval.

"She's really putting the screws to you, Bud," Leroy said. As if he wasn't jealous himself.

"I feel very exposed," Sam said.

Jesus, I thought, I'd just painted a huge target on him. I'd played with the idea of Sam's exposure, but I'd actually told the waiter. That had been a mistake. All he needed to do would be to whip away the napkin, and if Sam really was out… fuck, he could get arrested. Suddenly, I had cold feet.

"Maybe," I said, "you should put your cock away."

"No," Leroy said firmly. "Let's play it out."

I wasn't sure that was a good idea.

Sam looked distraught, and as concerned as I was his expression struck me as funny.

Still, it seemed risky. No, it was definitely risky. But Leroy knew what he was doing. And anyway, Sam could put it away, this was all voluntary — if he did, neither of us were going to oppose.

So if my two men were both this crazy… who was I to argue?

Fuck, I hoped they knew what they were doing.

Colin came by with our appetizers. Our eyes met, we smiled. He was carefully formal, but I could tell he was into me. Once again, he began walking away, ignoring Sam.

“Uhm… Hello? Excuse me?”

Colin rounded on Sam.

“What do you want?”

“I’d like to order?”

“You’ve already ordered,” Colin snapped.

Sam was actually blushing, visibly confused and intimidated. He glanced at me, knowing I’d done something, and placed his hands protectively in his lap. Okay, this was fun. I decided to turn up the heat.

While Sam was arguing with Colin, I lifted up in my chair, leaned over and kissed Leroy passionately. He slipped a hand in my loose top. It might have been in Colin’s peripheral vision, but he couldn’t look. Sam, on the other hand, was looking between us and Colin, and visibly tongue tied.

“Uhm… Uh…”

“I’m sure you’ve ordered.”

“I don’t… Uh… I don’t think so. I’d like to order.”

“I don’t like to have my time wasted, Sir,” Colin said. “It’s a busy night. There are other tables.”

I slid my tongue into Leroy’s mouth and my hand up his thigh stroking his cock. Fuck, I was wet.

“I’m sorry”

“Of course you are, Sir,” Colin snapped. “Will that be all?”

“Can I order?”

“You mean change your order?”

Sam couldn't tear his eyes from me and Leroy. I'd settled back in my seat, but now he was lifting, looming over me. Our mouths ground together, my nipples visibly rigid, He reached under the table, pushing my dress up my thighs.

"Not change. I just want to order," Sam whimpered.

I could literally hear Colin rolling his eyes.

"Fine," he said. "We'll have it again. Your order, Sir."

Sam stammered it out, and just as he finished, Colin marched away without a second glance.

Leroy and I broke our kiss.

"That was so much fun," I giggled to Leroy. "And so fucked up. Evil. It was completely evil, and I should be ashamed. But fuck, it was fun."

I turned to Sam.

"Are you okay, hon?" I asked.

"I guess," he said tentatively.

"As long as you're hard," I said. He blushed and dropped his gaze. That told me all I needed to know.

Leroy and I flirted like horny teenagers in front of Sam, touching each other, whispering, sneaking little kisses, and occasionally passionate ones. Occasionally, I would stare directly at Sam, as my hand clearly dropped beneath the table in Leroy's direction.

Colin came by to refill our water, ignoring Sam's glass. Then a moment later he returned to refill our wine. My and Leroy's anyway. When Sam held up his glass for refill, Colin simply took the glass and, without another word, walked away, seeming not to hear his protests.

Leroy and I were kissing passionately when Colin came by and slapped a bowl of soup in front of Sam, with enough force to make it slosh and spill.

"It's cold," Colin warned.

"What's this?" Sam asked.

"It's soup."

"I didn't order soup."

"You certainly did, Sir," Colin snapped.

"I'm sure I didn't."

I broke my kiss with Leroy.

“Sam,” I said angrily, “can you stop being a whiner for five minutes and eat the fucking soup you ordered. Stop harassing the poor waiter.”

“But…” Sam seemed at a loss. “Is it Gazpacho?”

“No, Sir.”

“Why is it cold then?”

Colin rolled his eyes.

“Will there be anything else, Sir?” he paused.

“Excuse me,” he said.

While Sam was trying to frame a response, Colin reached down and smoothly collected Sam’s spoons.

“Yes, I—”

Colin walked away, with Sam’s spoons.

“Uhm,” Sam called. “I need a spoon?”

Colin gave him a withering glare over his shoulder, and then ignored him. Instead, he stepped up to me and Leroy.

“Your entrees will arrive soon,” he announced, smiling at me.

“Thank you,” I said, patting his wrist.

“Thank you so much,” Leroy said hand in my lap. I was practically squirming.

“We really appreciate the service,” I said.

Colin bent down to whisper in my ear. I tugged at my top to give him a full view of breast and nipple.

“I pissed in his soup,” he whispered.

“Thank you so much!” I whispered. “You’re wonderful!”

Then he straightened up and walked away. I smiled and finger waved at him. He caught the gesture, nodding ever so slightly.

Sam desperately tried to get Colin’s attention, but the waiter merely glared at him.

After he was gone, I held up my spoon.

“Sounds like someone needs a spoon?” I offered.

“Yes… I guess,” Sam said. “May I?”

I cast my eyes towards the ceiling.

“I’d give it to you,” I said cheerfully, “but you’re just a cuck. You’ll have to ask Leroy. I can’t just give you a spoon any more. You lost that right, remember, cuck? Leroy took it from you, and you just let him. So now he decides if you can have my spoon!”

Sam coloured.

“Go ahead, Sam,” Leroy said, his eyes sparkling. “I think we’ll have to do it her way. Don’t worry, I won’t give you a hard time.”

Sam sighed.

“Leroy,” he said carefully. “May I please have a spoon.”

“I’m all out,” Leroy said, making a point of glancing at the spoon next to his plate. “Sorry Sam, I don’t have one for you.”

I held mine up and licked it with the tip of my tongue, grinning and batting my eyelashes. I pursed my lips, and used the edge of the spoon to pull down my lower lip. Yes, it was crazy stupid, but so much fun!

“May I have Kayley’s spoon?” he asked. “For my soup? My cold soup?”

Leroy looked thoughtful, and glanced at me.

“I don’t know, Sam. Normally, I’d say yes. But that’s Kayley’s spoon, and you lost your rights to Kayley. You are a cuck now, after all. Maybe you need to ask more nicely. Beg for it.”

“Please,” Sam said, “may I borrow Kayley’s spoon to eat my soup?”

“I’m really not comfortable with this. That seems a lot,” Leroy replied thoughtfully. “Let me ask, if I let you have Kayley’s spoon… you’re going to put it in your mouth, aren’t you? You’re going to take that spoon, and get it all wet and it’s going to slide back and forth against your tongue. I don’t know if you deserve that any more. I just don’t know about that.”

Then he shrugged.

“You know what? You’re a pathetic little cuck who lost his girl. But you’re my friend! Sure, you can borrow her spoon from me… You just stand up and walk over and take it from Kayley here. I don’t mind.”

“Fuck,” Sam covered his face with his hands.

“Do it now, Sam,” he ordered, “before I change my mind.”

Leroy leaned over to kiss me passionately.

Carefully, covering the front of his pants with the napkin, he stood up and crossed the two or three steps to us, taking the spoon from my hand. Was he hard? I wasn't sure. He backed away to his chair, and sat down, carefully repositioning the napkin.

He dipped my spoon into the soup, brought it to his lips and swallowed. His face wrinkled.

"It tastes funny," he said.

"Don't be a fucking baby, Sam," Leroy said. His arm crept around me.

I got the giggles, and kissed Leroy on the cheek. That lead to more kisses, and giggles. Then hands in laps, and sighs and gasps, and lips opening, tongues touching. Sam watched it all, struggling to eat his soup. Between kisses, I'd make a point of turning to smile radiantly at him.

Colin arrived again and delivered the main course. Or he delivered it to me and Leroy. Sam's order didn't come. As he stood next to me, I let my hand slide over to his calf, lingering there, moving carefully and unobtrusively up to his muscular butt, and felt his delighted shiver before I let it drop away. He didn't move away.

"Thank you!" I said. "This looks so delicious! And the service is amazing! Thank you so much!"

Colin nodded at me, his crystal blue eyes giving me shivers.

"It's my pleasure, ma'am," he said. I smiled and very obviously let my eyes drop down to his pants, and nodded. Was there a bulge? Yes there was. I glanced up, noticing that he'd been watching me notice. His eyes sparkled, and I thought he got just that much harder. And hotter. The soup was cold, but the waiter was hot!

I looked up at him again, touching y throat, letting fingertips trail down to the exposed swell of my breast. No nipple this time, but he appreciated the view.

"We'll have to show our appreciation," I said. "Well, I personally want you to know how much I appreciate you."

He nodded.

"It is my complete pressure… pleasure… to service you, Ma'am."

"I hope so," I flirted.

Leroy was back to his annoyed neutrality. God, he needed to lighten up.

Colin turned to go, glancing at Sam, who raised a hand for attention.

"Sir?" he snapped.

“My order,” Sam whimpered.

“You are changing your order again?” Colin demanded. “I’m sorry, Sir. The kitchen is not a place for your little jokes and pranks. We have customers to serve who need to be taken care of. I’ll have to charge you full rate, for each order, regardless of whether you receive it.”

“Uhm…” Sam said. “I’m not changing my order. I just want to know when…”

“You’re saying you’re cancelling your order?” Colin demanded.

“No…”

Colin sighed with exasperation.

“I just want to know when…”

“Sir,” he said with exaggerated patience. “It’s a busy night, we’re doing what we can. Your incessant demands, and changes and cancellations are making it difficult for all of us. You should be ashamed of yourself.”

He glanced down at the table.

“Now eat your fucking soup,” he said, smoothly reaching down to snatch Kayley’s spoon, and marched off.

Sam looked stunned.

Leroy rolled his eyes, picked up his spoon and handed it to me. I held it up, teasing.

“Come and get it, Sam,” I said. Awkwardly, he scooched his chair towards me, unwilling to stand this occasion.

“This time,” I told him, “just eat the fucking soup, so we can have our meal in peace.”

Sam stared mournfully at the bowl and dipped his spoon in.

“It tastes funny,” he complained.

“Sam!” I snapped.

We were almost finished our meal, the affectionate touching and playing set aside so we can eat.

I did slip morsels from my plate into Leroy’s mouth with my fork. And at one point, he held a seasoned savoury pearl onion on his tongue in his open mouth, and I pressed my lips to his, so he could push it between my jaws.

Mostly, though, we exchanged banter, at first neutral, but slowly drifting into how hard he was going to fuck me, how much I wanted it, how intense the previous session had been, and

how inadequate Sam was. We'd smile at him frequently to include him in the conversation, but whenever he tried to speak, we'd either cut him off or ignore him.

Colin arrived, taking Sam's soup, and callously dropping a plate in front of him. A slime coated bit of broccoli rolled off. From my vantage point, whatever he'd been served was roughly square, as thick as a simple sandwich, puke yellow, and covered with assorted filmy smears. A medley of disgusting looking slime covered vegetables surrounded it.

"What's this?" Sam asked.

Colin rolled his eyes.

"Your order… Sir," he replied.

I admired the way Colin was able to pronounce 'Sir' and have it feel like he'd just said 'dog shit.' It must be a waiter talent. I beamed at him, he caught my glance and smiled at me.

"I didn't order this," Sam protested.

"Sir?" Colin's attention was back. "I assure you, that's your order."

I could hear the unspoken 'you pathetic sniveling asshole' in Colin's voice.

"But…"

"Sam," I said, struggling to keep a straight face, "stop being a pain in the ass. You always do this. You always try to fuck with the staff, just so you can feel important. Well, it's pathetic. You leave Colin alone!"

"But…"

"SAM!" I snapped.

He folded. Hanging his head, he listlessly picked up a fork, gripping it tight, just in case Colin tried to take it, and poked at whatever was on the plate. He broke the surface and a viscous green and white fluid oozed out.

I stood up.

"I need to go to the ladies room. I've never been here before. Colin, can you direct me?"

"Right this way, Ma'am," Colin bowed.

"Can I get another glass of water?" Sam whimpered plaintively, staring at the thing on his plate that pretended to be food. "And—"

"It's coming," Colin snapped at Sam, cutting him off as he tried to speak, and walked away without so much as a glance, leaving Sam bereft.

I smirked at Sam, brushing against him, and letting my fingertips slide along his shoulder as I

followed Colin.

Who knew restaurants could be such fun?

Colin lead me into the back of the restaurant, towards the washrooms. Beyond those doors an elbow lead further, presumably one of the accesses to the kitchen.

“Here you go,” he said, turning to me and indicating the women’s room.

I stepped up and kissed him boldly, throwing my arms around his neck. His lips touched mine, the sensation was electric. Honestly, I’d been dying to kiss him all night. This new sense of adventure made me reckless.

“Thank you so much,” I whispered. “You saved my life.”

“That guy was creepy,” Colin said. “I’m not sure, but I think he might have had his penis out, under the napkin.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised,” I whispered. “He’s just that awful. But I’m glad you didn’t whip it off, I would have died if there’d been a scene! What did you give him?”

“Yumurtali,” he replied. “It’s a sort of Turkish french toast, but horribly botched and both over and undercooked. The guest we’d made it for rejected it and spit on it. So…”

I grinned. “So you repurposed. Brilliant.”

“And spit on it myself,” he said, “several of us spit on it. I told others about him.”

“Wonderful! My hero,” I smiled. I pressed my body up against his, throwing my arms around his neck, and kissing him chastely, no tongues. I could feel his erection between us. Playfully, I ground my hips into it. I could tell he was a little awkward out in the hall.

“If only we could be alone, so I could properly thank you,” I whispered.

He nodded, face flushed, and kissed me back.

“This way,” he husked, taking my hand. I thought we would go into the bathroom, but instead, he lead me around the corner of the elbow, and into a small room, turning on the light. A quick look told me it was sundries storage, napkins, tablecloths, extra chairs, things like that. I preferred this, public washrooms were nasty.

As the door closed, we embraced fully, for the first time, he kissed me passionately, mouth open, tongue touching mine. His hands found my breasts, pulling them from my top. We swung around each other, almost like ballroom dancers, hungrily clawing at each other’s bodies. I unzipped him, reaching in and feeling his hardness within his boxers.

We backed towards a table, until I was sitting on it as we embraced. I pulled my dress up, frantically reaching down to stroke his erection in his pants. He unbuckled and thrust his pants and boxers down and pulled it out, and suddenly, he was entering me, reaching orgasm in a dozen frantic thrusts. I held him, wrapping my arms around his neck, kissing him, as the

climax blew through him, and he turned to water in my grip.

“Wow!” he breathed. “Sorry. It was so fast.”

“No,” I said, “it was perfect.”

“Fuck,” he whispered. “I have a girlfriend. What did I just do?”

I could see it in his eyes. This had been so fast, the long build up, the mischief, and then suddenly the whirlwind fuck, going further and faster than he’d imagined. Now the crash and recrimination.

“Oh my god,” he whispered. “What am I doing?”

He had a girlfriend. I was such a bitch! I was a bad person. Suddenly, I felt terrible too.

“It’s okay,” I said. “It’s just a thing. It’s not you. It’s me. You didn’t do anything wrong. It’s on me.”

“I don’t know,” he whispered.

“Look,” I said, I held his face. “You helped me, you protected me. You took a horrible dinner that I was going to suffer through, and you saved me. It was just stress and excitement, all right. Stress and excitement for both of us, together. It just boiled over.”

“Yeah, I guess,” he was still distraught, but not as close to the edge.

“Look at me,” I ordered him, “this is on me, not on you. I’m clean, you have nothing to worry about. Relax, calm down, be easy. It’s going to be all right.”

“But—”

“You don’t have to tell her.”

“Okay.”

Geez, I spent more time talking this guy off a ledge than I had fucking him. I could feel his semen oozing in me. Oh but those blue eyes, they made my heart flutter.

“I should go,” he said.

“Of course,” I smiled. “I really do have to pee.”

He stepped away and checked to make sure the coast was clear, while I put everything back where it should be, top in place, dress down, all set. He kissed me, just as we stepped out, and then I went to the bathroom.

I hiked up my dress in a most unladylike fashion and sat on the toilet to pee. As I released a hot stream of liquid, I thought about what just happened. In an actual porn scene, of course, he’d have been tall, with a six pack, an eight inch dick and he would have taken at least

twenty or thirty minutes to fuck me to orgasm. I sucked my lips in ruefully and blew them out.

Not quite. Blue eyes to die for, average in most other ways, maybe below average from the little I'd felt, and at most thirty seconds. I'd barely been wet, and I hadn't come close to an orgasm.

Thoughtfully, I reached under, running a finger between my lips, collecting a residue of his semen and brought it to my lips. Vaguely salty, vaguely sweet, not much of anything, kind of like snot. Yeah, semen tastes a bit like snot, is that gross?

I wasn't actually disappointed, if anything, I felt bad for him. He clearly hadn't expected it, and if it hadn't happened so suddenly, I don't think he would have wanted it. I was shocked by how I'd acted, how free and aggressive, how spontaneous it had been. That was the exciting part, the spontaneity.

There was no way we could have done porn-level sex. I mean, if we had, it would have been guaranteed discovery, he'd get fired, and even if we got away with it, the boys would have wondered where the fuck I'd gone.

Leaving the toilet stall, I washed my hands, checked my hair, touched up my lipstick. Another woman came in, we chatted politely, she mentioned a creepy guy in the restaurant. Poor Sam, I thought, would never be able to show his face here again.

Poor Sam.

I grinned, it had been so much fun!

When I came gliding back, a picture of poise and elegance, Sam had mournfully managed to get half way through his Yamulka, or whatever it was called. I guess Leroy had guilted him into eating it. I glanced down at it, but otherwise ignored him. It was even more disgusting on the inside.

I glided up to Leroy, kissed him openly and passionately, long enough to make sure that Sam would look up and watch. Hell, we kissed passionately long enough to for half the restaurant to notice. I took my seat, smiling smugly.

"Is that waiter I smell on your breath," Leroy asked, just loudly enough for Sam to hear. Sam paused, watching us, a disgusting yellowish morsel on his fork, on the way. He closed his mouth, and put the fork down. "Did you suck the staff's staff?" Leroy asked.

I blushed and rolled my eyes.

"His name is Colin. Suspicious?" I teased, "Or jealous."

"Neither," he said. "You and… Colin, were eye-fucking each other so much, I was surprised you didn't unzip him right at the table and help yourself to desert."

"Now you're being vulgar," I laughed.

“So… did you?”

I rolled my eyes.

“I didn’t blow him.” I pretended boredom. “If you must know, I fucked him.”

Leroy laughed, I could tell he didn’t believe it for a second, but he was happy to pretend that he did.

“I knew it!” he said. “Sam, you lose! She did it!”

I glanced from one to the other, Leroy cheerful, Sam red faced. I knew two things — Sam believed it or at least he thought maybe. Leroy didn’t, he thought I was just fucking with Sam.

It was my secret from Leroy. Somehow, that was thrilling.

Colin appeared, I smiled up at him, I couldn’t help it. I hadn’t been sure he’d come back, he could have switched off to another server, but here he was. He’d composed himself, and gave me a warm smile, but I noticed he had a nervous edge and kept his distance. Would the others pick up on his body language?

“Can I interest you in the dessert menu,” Colin asked.

“I think we’re fine,” I said, honestly, I wouldn’t mind dessert, but I thought it would be awkward for him.. “I think we’ve gone as far as we can, and I’m eager to move on. Just the bill please.”

“Very good.” Colin nodded. “And how will this be paid.”

I smiled sweetly.

“Sam will pay,” I replied. I met Sam’s eyes, “the service has been wonderful. Make sure to give Colin a big tip… Fifty per cent… for extra servicing.”

Both Sam and Colin blushed, which made me grin. I was the only one noticing Colin’s blush. I felt weirdly powerful, like I had a wonderful secret. Three men at the table, and each of them wound around my little finger.

The moment Colin left, I turned, placed my hand on Leroy’s lap, squeezing his cock, and lifted from my seat to kiss him wantonly, shoving my tongue in his mouth. Letting it linger, I turned slightly towards Sam and winked.

Being an evil bitch was so much fun.

Colin returned with the credit machine. Sam blanched a bit at the bill, but paid it anyway. I noticed Colin, beyond a smile and a nod, avoided looking at me. Poor dear, I did feel bad for him, even if he was getting off on this.

“Tonight,” Leroy announced, standing up, as I rose, he pulled my chair out, “Kayley rides in

the back with me, all the way."

"All right," Sam nodded, distracted by the transaction. I think we'd hoped for more of a reaction.

"I think I'll enjoy the back seat," I teased.

Leroy's hand cupped my ass. "You will," he promised. "But we'll stop here and there along the way. Just so Sam doesn't get too distracted while driving."

Sam looked up at that, his eyes wary. Honestly, I think he was a little relieved that the restaurant experience was over.

As we left the restaurant and strolled into the parking lot, I stepped away from Leroy to sidle up to Sam. For a moment, our fingers twined.

"You okay, Hon?" I whispered.

"Oh yeah," he replied. "It was hot."

I let go his hand to casually brush his pants. He seemed half hard, full but not rigid? In the midst of coming or going?

"Just the warm up," I promised. "We're going to blow your mind… And maybe other things."

I stepped forward to Leroy, as he casually drew an arm around my waist and we kissed passionately, giggling as we walked, with Sam trailing behind us. It was early evening, the sun had just gone down. The night air was fresh and cool, and the breeze slipped up between my thighs, and across my breasts, leaving my nipples hard and my clit tingling. The parking lot lights were on, casting stark shadows that seemed to dance as we walked together.

Leroy opened the back seat drivers side door, and I scooted in, giggling as he slapped my bottom. He followed me in, the door closing. Sam got in the driver's seat, pointedly not looking back. Leroy reached out and hauled me towards him, making me giggle. He threw an arm around me possessively, a free hand reaching into my dress and cupping my breast.

"Seat belts?" Sam said, staring ahead.

"Don't worry about that," Leroy said cheerfully tweaking my nipple. He kissed me full on the mouth. "Just concentrate on driving. Don't even think about the back seat."

Leroy was right behind the driver's side, directly behind Sam. That left me sitting in the middle, my legs straddling the drive shaft hump in an unladylike fashion, directly in view of the rearview mirror. I looked up as Leroy fondled me and just caught Sam's eyes in the mirror. He looked away quickly. Then slowly, his eyes returned to the mirror.

We stared at each other, while I put my hand over Leroy's, as he fondled my breast. I smiled and raised an eyebrow.

“Oh no, Sam!” I whispered, looking into the mirror. “Leroy’s feeling my breasts!”

Sam was pulling out of the parking lot, but I spotted his momentary glance in the rearview mirror, catching me leaned back in the seat, with Leroy’s hands in my top. I laughed.

“Naughty,” I said. “Keep your eyes on the road.”

“These are nice tits,” Leroy said, pulling them from my top. His hands were cold, his nimble fingers found my nipples, pulling on them, distending my breasts a little.

I giggled with pleasure, and then moaned.

“He didn’t wait at all,” I whispered. “He just took them, like he takes me, whenever he wants. That’s what a real man does. His hands are on my breasts and they feel so good. My nipples are so fucking hard, and he’s just pulling on them. He’s getting me so wet.”

“That’s nice,” Sam said.

Cars passed us going the other way, their headlights illuminating us for brief instants. But we were down low, so no one could see us, unless they were in an SUV looking down. If they were, I hoped they’d enjoy the show.

“Shut up, cuck!” I replied, trying not to sound too mean, but putting just enough of an edge. I moaned a little as Leroy touched me, then continued. “No one cares what you have to say, remember? You do what you’re told, and speak when you’re spoken to. Got that?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Sam said quickly. I’d really cracked the whip.

I grinned at Leroy, and put my hands on his, pushing them against my breasts.

“Oh your hands on my tits feel so good,” I moaned at him, trying not to laugh with delight.

“Now,” I snapped back to Sam, my voice instantly harsher. “You have two jobs, cuck. Keep your eyes on the road, and drive safely. Absolutely do not, repeat, do not, look in the mirror. And listen, because I’m going to tell you everything that goes on back here. You can listen, you can imagine, but you can’t look. Got that?”

“Yes, Ma’am!” The way his voice pitched a little higher told me he was into it. I wanted to climb between the bucket seats and feel to see how hard his cock was, but resisted the impulse.

“Fuck off then,” I snapped at him, and then, more softly, wantonly to Leroy. “Come and kiss me, L— Leroy.”

“My pleasure,” Leroy said smoothly. “Not Sam’s.”

Our lips met, mine parted, his tongue slid between my teeth, I sighed and groaned, gasping with pleasure.

“Oh Sam,” I whispered between kisses. “Leroy kisses so good. So much better than you. His

kisses are tender, but strong. Every time he kisses me, I just get wet."

"She's right into it, Sam," Leroy said more loudly. "Every time I kiss her, she just melts for me."

Our lips pressed together, locking in embrace, I opened wide for him, my tongue sliding against his, even with my eyes closed, I could feel behind my eyelids, the alternating darkness of the night, punctuated by passing cars and street lights.

"Oh Sam," I whispered. "His kisses are so much better than yours. He's better than you… at everything. He's reaching between my legs, Sam. Under my dress, pulling up. I don't want to stop him. I want him too."

"She's spreading for me, Sam," Leroy said. "I hardly have to do anything."

"I want to do whatever he wants, Sam," I said, "I can't resist."

We made out, my top was undone, my breasts fully visible. He broke the kiss and pulled on my nipple, eliciting a gasp of pain.

"Love these udders," he said, yanking. I gave a squeak of pain.

"Say moo, for me, you fucking slut. Show me how much you like it when I pull on your tits like a cow."

I giggled. "Moooooooo! — ow!"

He laughed, while cruelly yanking at my nipples.

"You moo for Sam too?" Leroy demanded.

I laughed maliciously. "Fuck that."

We made out some more, his mouth pressing on mine. His hands reaching between my legs. I was moaning nonstop, and not just theatrically. I was stroking his cock through his pants. Fuck, we were practically having sex in the back seat of a moving car. If that isn't a turn on, I don't know what is.

"Pull your dress up," he ordered. "Let me see that wet pussy."

"Yes, Sir!" I giggled.

"Fuck Sam," Leroy said. "That is some sweet looking pussy. You did a good job shaving her for me. She feels like velvet."

I sighed loudly.

"Too bad you have to drive, and you're not even allowed to look. This is some prime cunt, I'm going to enjoy wrecking it. She's so fucking wet, her pussy lips are just opening."

“Oh!” I moaned loudly. “He’s touching me, Sam. He’s touching me down there.”

“You love it, don’t you,” Leroy said. “Tell him what I’m doing.”

“Oh god, Sam,” I told him, “he’s so bold. He’s fingering me right now, in the back seat while you’re driving. And I’m letting him. I’m I can’t stop him, and I don’t want to. He’s got two fingers up inside me, and his thumb on my clit, and it feels so gooooooddd!”

Leroy kissed me again, and I moaned loudly into his mouth in genuine pleasure.

“Her tits are out, Sam,” Leroy announced, “her dress is up around her hips and her legs are spread wide. She’s practically humping my fingers.”

“Oh goddamn,” I continued. “I’m so fucking wet for him, Sam, you stupid fucking cuck. It’s unbelievable. Wetter than I ever got for you. All he has to do is touch me, and I open right up. Oh God, Sam, I wish you could see him fingering your wife like a whore, doing what you can’t. Just do as you’re told and fucking drive and don’t look, listen to him make me cum. Maybe we’ll take a picture for you so you can jerk off later.”

“She’s so fucking close, Sam,” Leroy announced. “Her cunt is still full of cum from the waiter fucking her. She’s so slippery inside.”

“I am. Oh he fucked me so good, and he filled me up. But what Leroy’s doing now… I’m so fucking close!” I moaned.

“Tell Sam who’s better,” he ordered, stroking my g-spot.

My hips lifted, but he pressed them down. I moaned and whimpered. Fuck, he was always doing it. The minute I was close to orgasm, he’d start holding me off.

“You are.”

“Tell Sam.”

“Sam! Leroy’s better than you. His cock is so much bigger, and he fucks so much better. He lasts and last, and all you do is keep fizzling. God, he’s such a fucking pile driver, and he fills me. He makes me wetter than you. He’s better than you in every way. He’s stronger, and taller and smarter.”

Fuck, had I blown it? Sam was three inches taller. I hesitated, as if taking a breath, but they didn’t seem to notice.

“What about the waiter?” Leroy asked.

I was about to say that the Leroy was better than the waiter, but then realized where he was going.

“The waiter, the fucking waiter, he fucked me better than Sam could. He filled me with his come. It’s fucking dripping, I can feel it. Derek. Everyone’s better than Sam.”

But it worked, Leroy's fingers slithered against my clit and g-spot, applying pressure in just the right way, and I could feel the wave cresting.

"Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck! He's making me come, Sam! He's doing what you can't! Oh god it's so good!"

I was laying almost flat on the seat, with my legs up, kicking Sam's bucket seat. Suddenly, the confines of the car was flooded with the scent of moisture and orgasm, of drenched sex.

"Ohhh God," I panted "That was nice."

As I came down from the high, I started to worry about Sam. Had that been too much? Was he getting off on this. I didn't want to break the role play, but I needed to check on him.

"Hey cuck," I said, "pull in somewhere. Somewhere private."

Obediently, wordlessly, Sam pulled down a back alley, and up behind a dumpster, shielding us from view. It was already dark, and we were in the shadow of the dumpster. I thought about having him turn on the dome light, but that was counterproductive. I decided to just feel my way.

"How's my little cuck feeling?" I asked, pulling myself upright. My thighs squished, and my breasts hung out of my top. Fuck, I was a mess.

"I'm fine," Sam said.

Shoving forward, I wedged myself between the bucket seats, so I could look at him. He stared straight ahead, not looking at me, face flushed. Reaching down, I grabbed his crotch. He jumped a little, but didn't even look down. Man, I'd really cracked the whip on him.

Half hard? What did that mean? It wasn't wet, so he hadn't ejaculated. Aroused? But not fully? Into it? Not into it? It wasn't enough.

"Show me your pathetic cuck dick," I ordered.

He glanced down, just for a second and then started undoing his pants. I waited. He unzipped and reached in. But that wasn't enough.

"Push your pants down a little," I told him.

With an obedience that gave me a tiny little wet thrill, he shoved his pants and underwear down under his butt, exposing himself. I reached for his bare cock, curling my fingers around it. From this angle, one boob was right in front of him. I could see him looking from the corner of his eye, but he refused to turn his head.

Freed from confinement, responding to my touch, his erection rose and hardened with gratifying speed. Was it just being trapped in his pants? Was he really getting off? Or were we forcing it? I wasn't entirely sure. I'd seen plenty of evidence for Sam's craving for exposure and humiliation, but it was hard to get my head around it.

I had my own submissive streak, a certain vibe of submission, of degradation and subjugation got me very wet. So was it really so hard to accept that Sam had his own deep current, or that it was a little different from my own? Leroy gave me the mission of kicking his ass because I knew him, and I knew his limits. But here? This? Did I really know or understand?

My lips brushed his ear, as I squeezed his cock, hand sliding up and down, masturbating

“Are you handling it, hon?” I whispered as softly as I could. “Is it too much? Just say. Or do I keep going?”

Sam blinked, thinking. His cock stiffened in my hand, and I knew the answer before he whispered back. And I’ll be honest, it excited me, knowing his answer, knowing I had this power over him.

“I’m good.”

“You sure,” I whispered. “Last chance, cuck. After this, it’s all the way. No more stops until the end of the line.”

He actually trembled! He stared straight ahead so hard it was like he was trying to laser through the windshield, I could see beads of sweat on his forehead, his body radiated tension. In my hand, his cock seemed to swell, going rigid as an oak staff. Oh fuck, it was exciting. I was practically squirming. I giggled and licked the side of his face, making him jump.

“Button your pants,” I barked. He reached to pull them up, my grip tightened on his throbbing hot erection. “No. Button them where they are now!”

Reaching around my hand on his erection, he obeyed, buttoning his pants around his upper thighs. Good thing men had no hips to speak of.

“Now the belt!” I ordered. He obeyed. Lovely! I ran my hand up and down his cock in twisting motions, enjoying his hardness.

“You know,” I purred, “it occurred to me, as I was practically naked in the back seat, getting fingered until I was just drippppppping in public, that if we’d been caught, we’d have been in trouble. I mean, masturbating in a public place, indecent exposure, fornication, oh my!”

My lips made a little pout.

“But only me, and Leroy. You’d have gotten off scott free. You weren’t doing anything wrong. You were just the driver. You weren’t even looking. That was so unfair, don’t you think? Don’t bother to answer. It was completely unfair!” I said.

“So I thought to myself, if anything happens, if we get caught, it would all be your fault. Because you’re obviously such a worthless cuck and you fucked up somehow. If you weren’t, this wouldn’t be happening at all. So I decided what we needed is to make sure, if we get caught, it’s on you.”

“Can you drive like this, by the way? Answer.”

“Yes, I can drive.” Sam said quickly, voice cracked a little, and he had to swallow. He looked terrified, a deer in the headlights. I almost felt bad, he looked so scared, but his cock told me how he really felt.

“So here’s what we’re going to do. You’re going to drive like this, with your cock out and hard. And I’m going to enjoy Leroy in the back seat. I’m thinking of sucking his cock, and he can tell you all about it as you drive.”

“That way,” I said, “if we get caught… well, Leroy and I can fix up in a hurry. But you can’t. So you’ll be the one going to jail, and we’ll just go back home and fuck without you. All night long.”

I purred happily.

“Think about it,” I smiled, stroking his cock, “my little cuck arrested for indecent exposure, as a sex pervert, a flasher. You’d spend the night in jail. Everyone there would know, the officers, the other inmates, what a pathetic loser you are. And all the while, as you’re sitting there, humiliated and miserable, you’ll know that I’m taking Leroy’s big cock, and he’s wrecking my tight little pussy, and I won’t even be thinking about you.”

“Cripes,” Leroy swore softly. I couldn’t read it. Approval? Astonishment?

“Oh,” I had an idea! “You’ll have one phone call. I insist you use it to call me. I promise I’ll pick up, sweety. Just so you can listen to Leroy fucking me and my loving it, for as long as they’ll let you. Maybe you’ll get hard in the jail over it, and they’ll all laugh. Wouldn’t it be great if you came in your pants from that?”

I looked out at the dumpster.

“But don’t worry,” I said. “We’ll get you out in the morning, after we’re done fucking. Or the evening. Or after the weekend. Eventually. Guaranteed.”

“How do you feel about that?” I asked cheerfully. He stared straight ahead, and licked his lips. Despite that, his cock in my hand felt like it was going to burst. I ran my palm over the head of his cock, collecting a copious smear of precum.

I lifted my hand and licked my palm like a cat.

“It’s only maybe twenty minutes, Sam,” Leroy said. “Drive carefully, you’ll be okay.”

I giggled.

“Even with it out and all hard,” I laughed, “you’re safe. No one’s going to notice that little thing.”

I paused. I felt like I was on the edge of going too far. Fuck, what if we did get stopped? What if he got arrested? I’d never forgive myself. Maybe it was too much. I had a sudden impulse to order him to pull up his pants.

“Terrified?”

He nodded stiffly.

“Excited.”

Another stiff nod.

“You want this don’t you?”

His head turned towards me, eyes haunted but shining. He did, he wanted this. It wasn’t me projecting my hunger for dominance and cruelty. Somehow, whatever was in me, whatever nasty relentless urge, it’s mirror was in him. Or was I just fooling myself?

No.

Tenderly, I kissed him on the lips, a chaste little kiss.

“You pathetic gutless little cuck,” I whispered, smiling at him, in a voice that said ‘I love you.’ “You’ll be okay, I promise.”

I fell into the back seat and into Leroy’s arms, squirming and giggling against him as he cupped my breasts for a moment. The giggle turned into a gasp as he reached between my legs, pulling my skirt up even as my legs spread for him. His fingers slipped inside my slick, dripping pussy, I moaned and arched my back against him.

“Time to get going, Sam,” Leroy ordered. As the car lurched into motion, Leroy twisted me around pushing me back on the seat until one knee was in the passenger well, and the other spread across the back seat.

“You’re a fucking pistol,” he said admiringly, as I pulled down his zipper, grinning up at him. “Sam, your girl is a fucking pistol.”

He laughed.

“My girl, now, of course,” he corrected. “She’s just hungry for this cock. She’s unzipping me, unbuttoning.”

I hauled his cock out, looking up at it worshipfully, running both hands over it. Leroy grabbed a handful of my hair, pulling me onto it, shoving his erection between my lips. On a sudden impulse, he lifted my head off.

“Any message for Sam,” he asked, “before your mouth is full?”

“Fuck you,” I said cheerfully, “you pathetic cuck loser.”

“Ouch!” Leroy laughed, shoving my face down so hard I gagged. “Sorry about that, Sam. She’s such a submissive cocksucker to me, I forget that for you, she’s a stone cold bitch. That’s a cuck’s life for you.”

I pushed my head off against his grip.

“He loves it,” I chirped. Then down again, making sure to make the loudest, slurping, sucking, gagging noises, with plenty of throaty moans and purrs as I went down.

“She’s a hell of a cock sucker, Sam,” Leroy said. “Fuck, she really loves it, she’s just amazing.”

“She’s working just the head, swirling her tongue around.”

“Shame she’ll never suck your cock again.”

“Now she’s licking my balls, Sam.”

I’ll give Sam credit he drove smoothly, and if he snuck a peak, there was no sign of it. Leroy leaned backwards, running his fingers through my hair, as I bobbed up and down steadily. I looked up at him, my eyes luminous, my mouth full of his cock. He looked so pleased, triumphant and beatific.

“She’s a fucking pistol, Sam,” he said. “A firecracker. And she loves my cock, and the way I treat her. You were never enough for her. If I hadn’t come along…”

I blinked slowly at him, watching the play of streetlights washing over him one after the other as we drove through the night.

The ride turned out to be short, or maybe it just felt that way to me, as I swallowed Leroy’s cock, burying my face in his pubic hair and scrotum again and again. Maybe for Leroy, it was long. Maybe for Sam it was longest.

I felt the sharp turn, and then a descent and knew we were entering the parking garage in our building. I lifted my head up.

“We’re here,’ Leroy announced, trying to draw my head back down again. Instead, I pulled away, fixing my dress, pulling the cups back over my nipples so they were barely covered. Definitely, I needed to wear this more often, it was perfect to get fucked and fingered in.

We pulled smoothly into our parking spot.

Like a gentleman, Leroy opened the door and offered his hand. I smiled, and took it, melting into him and rubbing up against his cock. Although he’d tucked it way, his fly was still unzipped. Mischievously, I slid my hand into his pants.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Chapter 30, Crushed Like a Little Cuck Bug
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SECOND CUCKOLDING, PART TWO OF FIVE

KAYLEY POV

“Ooh,” I said to Leroy, loudly enough so it would ring in Sam's ears, “I’m so fucking hot to get fucked by a real man. You could take me right here if you wanted.”

Sam stepped out of the car, he’d pulled up his pants. I sneered theatrically, dripping contempt, and turned back, throwing my arms around Leroy, and kissing him.

“Well,” I said caustically, “at least Sam’s not exposing himself in a parking lot, tonight.”

I didn’t have to turn around to know that Sam was blushing. I couldn’t help but smile to myself. Okay, yes, I was evil, but it was fun evil.

Actually, I supposed it was a good sign. No cold feet. Or was it resignation. Was he into it? Hell, was I into it? Had I just been too mean?

I felt almost out of control, like I was on one of those circus rides that pitched you unpredictably whirling back and forth. Moments of reservation alternating with wild desire and deliriously deliciously sadistic impulses.

Leroy would stop me if I went too far.

I hoped.

I thought Sam was okay, but this wasn’t like the restaurant, I couldn’t see his face. And come to think of it, I’d been really mean in the restaurant. Too mean? Had I gotten carried away? Was I being too mean right now?

I had a sudden impulse to just say ‘fuck this, this is stupid, lets go out for drinks.’ I was playing a role, two roles for Sam and Leroy respectively, submissive slut and sadistic bitch, and it was exciting, but also nerve wracking.

I realized I was getting antsy, more and more tense with each step. I glanced at Leroy, walking arm in arm with me, he was perfectly comfortable, calm, in control, definitely looking forward to it. And why not? He was top dog.

I had an almost irresistible urge to look back at Sam, just for ... reassurance? To make sure he was really okay?

We made our way into the elevator, Sam following behind us like an obedient little dog. I felt an impulse to push that, call him fido or something humiliating. Sam seemed carefully neutral as he stepped in and pushed the button.

Leroy put his arm around me, drawing me into a kiss. But as the elevator doors closed, I pulled away, turning to Sam. A glance up told me where the security camera was positioned above us. Was anyone watching?

Or was it all just automatic, cameras everywhere and no one watching. I read that it was all perfunctory, that they just recorded, and if something happened someone would come along to look at the footage.

“Sam?”

He looked up. Playing the role, in control, I reached out for him, and guided him into the corner under the camera, the blind spot. I slid my hand up against his pants, unzipping him.

Oh thank God! He was hard!

“You doing okay, baby?” I asked, searching his face. “You good so far? You’re ready to keep going?”

He had the glazed stunned look that I’d seen in the last session. That was good, I supposed.

He nodded. I slid my hand into his pants, feeling for his cock. My fingers curled around it, and drew it out, he was already hard and wet.

“Yeah,” he said, gasping a little at my touch.

“Because it’s going to go hard,” I warned him. “Last chance to bail.”

Take it, I thought. Let’s go for beer and pizza and throw darts and laugh and make stupid jokes and go dancing or whatever.

“I’m good.”

Smiling gently, I kissed him.

“That’s the only kiss you get tonight,” I said.

I looked down at his cock in my hand, my palm already coated in precum. His eyes followed mine downwards.

“If you come in the elevator,” I told him, my eyes luminous, “I’ll make you go downstairs and wait in the car, while Leroy and I go our apartment and I let him fuck me as much as he wants.”

I grinned.

“I wonder if I can make you come in the elevator before we get to our floor,” I whispered fiendishly.

Curling my hand in a claw I gently raked my fingernails in a spiral around his cock head. He literally melted and turned to water right in front of me, the only thing hard was his cock. The elevator was moving upwards, shaking slightly.

“Think you can last?” I teased. “It’s not very long... but then, neither are you. Maybe I don’t want you here tonight. Maybe I want Leroy to myself.”

I didn’t jerk him hard or rapidly, I could tell he would have blown instantly.

“Maybe I want to just get fucked by a real man, without some sniveling cuck hanging around. What do you think? Maybe I’d enjoy it more if you came right now, and spent the night

sitting in the car, while Leroy turns me into his sex slave upstairs."

I grinned.

"Do you feel like you're going to come?" I teased. "Or are you going to hang on?"

He gasped, shivering, unable to get a word out. My grip on his cock tightened and I flushed with hot wild excitement at his helplessness before me.

"I think maybe you want to come. Or maybe I want you to come."

I squeezed joyfully, tearing another helpless gasp from him. Do it, I thought, do it.

"Do you think you can resist me?" I demanded, eyes flashing.

He couldn't. But not yet, with an effort I loosened my fingers. I just wanted to torture him as we rose through the floors, and slowly ran my fingernails up and down, back and forth, not hard enough to hurt, but enough for him to feel.

"If the elevator stops at a floor, someone gets on," I whispered. "I don't think you'll be able to put it away in time. But I'll have time to step away, to Leroy, and when the door opens, we'll scream at the pervert exposing himself to us. You'll be so fucked."

I giggled maliciously. The image was so delicious, I almost wanted it to happen. Sam moaned, leaning back against the corner, his limbs slack. Leroy glanced nervously at the elevator doors, clocking the ascent, suddenly unsure of himself. That was okay, I was sure enough for all of us.

"Don't worry," I told Sam. "If we get you arrested, I'll think about you being down at the jail the whole time he's fucking me."

I stroked him a little harder, a little faster, as if some savage part of me actually wanted him to come. This was just a game, something to raise the temperature, I told myself. I didn't really want him to come.

But what if he did, wouldn't it be delicious? Or better yet, if he came just as the door were opening, some middle aged couple appearing. I could imagine their shock and horror to find Sam standing there, helplessly spurting all over the elevator. The woman screaming. Sam's absolute humiliation. And me the innocent victim, throwing myself into Leroy's arms, concealing my face, feeling an orgasm from sheer delight and power, as Sam's entire life flashed in front of his eyes with every surge of his cock. Too good, too fucking good, I was almost going to come in the elevator.

I let his cock go.

"Actually, no. I won't," I told him airily. "I won't think of you at all. Just about Leroy's cock."

I kissed Leroy for emphasis, and to ease his nervousness. I wouldn't really make Sam wait in the car while Leroy and I fucked though.

I mean probably not.

It was an exciting thought, if really fucked up.

Leroy wasn't responding to the kiss, and I felt bored with him anyway. He was just a lump of clay compared to my quivering toy, huddled unknowingly in the blind spot. I had this wild urge to play.

“Cuck,” I whispered gleefully, turning back and taking him in hand. My grip tightening around his cock, sliding my hand back and forth. Every time I said it, he seemed to stiffen. “Such a pathetic cuck!”

He was trembling like a leaf he was so close, panting like a dog. I couldn’t believe how overwhelmed he was. This power, it was intoxicating. His cock was hot and swollen, throbbing, my fingers were slick with precum.

Only a little more, I thought wildly. I could make him come.

I could make it happen right here, right now.

He knew I’d absolutely make him stay in the car, while Leroy and I went upstairs. But even knowing, he couldn’t stop me. My grip tightened on his cock. I felt this wild elation. I shouldn’t, but I wanted to.

My hand slid quickly back and forth, I wanted to laugh. He gasped, trembling, helpless, hovering right on the edge.

Do it! I thought.

Make him sit in the car! Just for a couple of minutes, to work him up. Then we’d come and get him, and bring him with us to the apartment.

Or just leave him there, and go up and fuck! Oh god, that would be wild.

Take all the keys though, car and apartment, I thought suddenly, so he couldn’t go anywhere, he’d have to sit there! And his wallet! Maybe his pants. Phone? I couldn’t decide.

Leave it to him, so he could hear everything we did without him, send him pictures and videos as we cucked him! Oh Fuck yes, torture the little cuck!

If I left it though, he could try to use it to escape somehow, call a friend to rescue him. No, fuck that, take it, and leave him completely powerless, trapped, unable to even call out, only his imagination working overtime, as I fucked and fucked and fucked in our apartment.

My cunt just went so unbelievably wet. My hand tightened on his cock, the motion speeding.

The doors to our floor opened.

I gasped, almost disoriented with frustration. Damn! Some wild part of me sulked. I almost

had him. I let go his cock, and stepped away, wiping my hand on the skirt of my dress. I hoped it didn't smear.

You dodged the bullet there, cuck, I thought. But next time, for sure. It was too cruel and delicious to let go. Next time, maybe someplace more public, parked outside some motel or something.

Next time?

What the hell, Kayley?

Abruptly, the fantasy popped like a soap bubble. What the fuck, Kayley? I thought again. I was startled and disturbed by how my imagination had run wild. Dial it back girl.

Fuck, that just got out of control.

I wouldn't do that to Sam. It was a role play, I clung to that, masking my inner conflict. Just a role play, so just play it.

"You were lucky," I told him wickedly. He was practically panting. I stepped back into Leroy, reaching back for his arms, he let me pull them around me, so that his hands settled over my breast and crotch.

"Wicked," Leroy said appreciatively, just a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"I am," I purred. "Absolutely wicked."

You set me loose, I thought. You opened this door. It's your roller coaster, you just gave me the throttle.

I caught movement from the corner of my eye.

"No," I barked snapping my fingers, "Don't!" As Sam tried to put his cock away.

The little cuck weasel! My nostrils flared angrily. I hadn't authorized that. This was my game. I decided. Time to crack the whip and show him who is boss.

"You know what?" I drawled. "I like you just like that. You exposed yourself in the parkade last time, because it got you off. Well, you'll do it again, this time for me. You're going to walk down the hall, following us, with your pathetic dick out in your hand."

Sam looked panicked. I loved it. Then for a second, I felt bad. Fucking role play, it just kept running away with me.

Behind me Leroy was dead silent, which assured me I hadn't gone too far. Or maybe just that he couldn't stop me. There was something thrilling in the thought. Jesus, Kayley, get a grip.

Balance, girl. Torture him, but protect him.

"I don't know," he said.

“Don’t worry,” I said cheerfully, “you’ll walk behind us. That way if someone sees you and calls the police, we can pretend we had no idea, that you were just a creep. We’ll be completely safe.”

I looked up at Leroy behind me, tilting my head back, as I enjoyed his hands on me.

“Sam though?” I said. “Not so much. He could get arrested. ”

I put on a fake concerned face, lips in an ‘O’ eyes wide. “Oh noes! My darling pathetic little cuck got himself arrested because he couldn’t control himself. Now he’s at the police lock up, with a bunch of sweaty, horny criminals to keep him company.”

I smirked.

“Luckily, I’ll have Leroy and his big cock to keep me company.”

I snapped my fingers.

“Now follow!”

We stepped out of the elevator, Sam cringingly trailing us, I could literally smell his arousal, hear his whimpering lust.

“Oh and Sam,” I called over my shoulder, as I strolled down our apartment building hallway, “if you even think of putting it away or hiding it before we reach the apartment, we’ll take your wallet, shoes and all your clothes away, and make you wait in the hallway while we fuck. Understand? You won’t even be allowed to sit in the car.”

“Yes Ma’am,” he whimpered.

Humiliating him like this was thrilling, it gave me this wild, out of control feeling, one of power and unpredictability. I felt like I could do anything.

I wouldn’t do that to him though. As delicious as the idea was, despite the wild hunger that surged through me, I wouldn’t. Fun to talk about. Fun to make him think I would. Delicious.

I hoped it was working for him too, he’d shocked me, exposing himself in the parkade the last time, not just the exposure, but his intense arousal. I hoped this time I had captured the effect for him. I wanted it to be good for him, to feed whatever need he had.

But if we had discovered that some part of him was aroused by humiliation, including public humiliation, it was clear that some part of me got off insanely on inflicting humiliation. I felt this rush of dark glee, that we were so perfectly made for each other.

I hugged Leroy close as we walked. That was my plan to protect Sam. Anyone coming out behind us wouldn’t see Sam exposed. Anyone coming out ahead of us would see us, not him, we were blocking Sam. Either way, he’d have time to put it away, as long as he had the sense to do so. As much as I wanted to fuck with him, I wanted him safe.

His only risk was a door opening at the exact moment he passed in front, I thought it was acceptable. Or him not having the sense to realize, but that wouldn't be my fault.

When we reached our door, I turned around, and there he was with his cock and balls hanging out his trousers, a bead of precum dangling from his insanely rigid cock. I was so pleased with him, and for a moment, I was seized with conflicting impulses, to hug and cherish him, but also to wildly double down on his torture.

"Good boy!" I smiled. "Very good boy!"

I reached over to take his cock in my hand, squeezing it, and handed Leroy the keys.

"You're so close," I said, stroking. His eyes were wild, pupils dilated, face pale, this had been a terrifyingly intense experience. I was glad.

"Shame if you blew it now," I teased. "That would be... torture."

But this time, I easily restrained the wild impulse to try and make him come. I mean, confining him to the car while I fucked in the apartment, that was crazy but hot. I probably wouldn't have even done that. But it would have been so fucking hot.

Having him huddled outside our door naked? Not fun, just pathetic for him and kind of meanspirited of me.

The door opened, and I let go, allowing him into the apartment first. He'd earned it.

"Strip," I told Sam, snapping my fingers as I walked in, Leroy behind me. The door hadn't even closed.

Startled, he glanced back at us.

Leroy shrugged.

"You heard the lady," he told Sam. "You know the rules. She shouldn't have to tell you."

"Right," Sam said. "Sorry. I was going to –"

"Sam," I said, putting as much tired annoyance, an 'I am sick of your whiny shit' tone, into my voice as I could manage. "Just do as you're told."

I supposed he was going to get undressed, I thought, watching him hurriedly and awkwardly shuck off his clothes. He liked to be precise, undress slowly, fold them, put them someplace. I'd unstrung him, it seemed. I'd probably jumped the gun.

Why had I done that? I knew why. Control. Throwing him a little off balance, showing him his place. Geez. I was such a bitch. Where had this come from?

Role play. Who knew it could be such crazy fun!

Fuck, I was out of control. I had piled epic amounts of humiliation on the man I loved most in

the world, had fucked a random waiter, and now, hopefully I was going to have seismically intense kinky sex with a sleazy, vacuous asshole, while piling even more epic humiliation on Sam. Was there something wrong with me?

Apart from the fact that I was so wet, it was practically running down my leg?

Nah.

Sam was nude now, both haplessly vulnerable and wildly erect.

I couldn't help but smile at him. My man was hung! His body was smooth, lean and muscular, although he radiated vulnerability and insecurity, I knew that body, it's power and sexual potency, intimately.

Even in his cowed state, he was still so goddamned sexy. Nothing could ever take that away from him. I knew the role demanded that I say something cruel, but it just wasn't in me at that moment. Instead I pointed to the footstool in front of the love seat. Normally it was in the bedroom, but we'd positioned it here.

It was lower than our regular furniture, padded, Just right for a cuck. He followed my finger and went to sit. Right, because the next step would be for Leroy and I to make out and undress right in front of him. And then Leroy would have some stupid conversation with him about what a cuck he was and Sam would agree, and they should just get a fucking room together.

Geez.

"I didn't tell you to sit," I said coldly. He froze. Only his erection moved, bobbing slightly.

I wasn't sure what to do next. Maybe don't do anything, I thought. Let Leroy play the scene. But he was already settling into the loveseat. Right. Repeat. Fuck.

I sashayed over to Leroy, swiveling my hips smoothly. When our knees touched, his insides to my outsides, I bent slowly at the waist, arching my back, letting my breasts slide forward a little, Bracing myself on the arm of the seat, I kissed Leroy at first letting our lips press against each other as our heads moved, but slowly allowing him to open my mouth and slide his tongue to mine.

His hands found my breasts almost immediately, slipping into my loose top, pulling on my nipples the way he liked. Unconsciously, I moaned with deep pleasure. It did not sound at all like a moo.

I stayed like that, bent forward, my ass facing Sam, voluminous in the long loose folds of the dress's skirt, as he kissed me and fondled my hanging breasts. It felt intimate and remote at the same time, our mouths kissing passionately, but my body hovering above him, no other contact but my hands tugging on my nipples.

Slowly, I let my ass swing a little, back and forth in sexy little figure eights, my feet parting gradually. Meanwhile I giggled and sighed, enjoying Leroy's kisses. Sometimes we kissed lightly, butterfly pecks on lips and cheeks, sometimes more intimately, pressing together

making sweet noises, sometimes ravenously. We rubbed foreheads, and slid our cheeks against each other. I kissed his neck, and he ran his fingers through my hair.

It was... so romantic.

And all the time we were doing this, sighing, smiling, kissing and laughing softly, I was acutely aware of Sam, standing there behind me, naked, his cock excruciatingly hard, watching my ass swing back and forth in my sexy little figure eights, like a bee's dance saying both 'come fuck me' and 'not for you' as my legs spread apart gradually.

What was it like for him? Watching my ass move? Watching my stance widen? Was our soft laughter and sighs like a knife through his guts? Did my gasp as Leroy pulled my nipple like an udder make his cock jump or his heart sink? He knew we were kissing and nuzzling by our motions? Was it excitement or torture? Did I care which it was for him? Both thrilled me.

I laughed suddenly, loud and musical, thinking of him listening and thinking of the most wonderful thing: Excitement or torture?

Why couldn't it be both?

Finally, I broke our kiss, failing to return a butterfly touch, our lips parted. I pulled back a little, our faces six inches apart. His eyes were luminous. I smiled at him, and whispered loudly enough to make sure that Sam heard.

"Why don't you see how wet you make me?"

He blinked, the corners of his lips turning up until his smile was identical to my own. He leaned forward, so that our lips touched again, pressed hard, mouths opening, tongues sliding wet and slick and muscular, as we made hungry noises in our throats. My spine bent and arched, as we pushed together. Bracing one hand on my knee, he lifted up the folds of my skirt, up and up.

I sighed loudly as I felt his hands brush, the inside of my knee.

I moaned at as his fingertips brushed the inside of my thigh.

I gasped wantonly when his fingers touched my wetness, parting my lips.

"Oh yes," I cried out, breaking the hungry kiss, as he entered, sliding two fingers up inside, letting my whole body tremble visibly.

Grabbing his shoulders, I braced myself, my back arching, my body swinging and heaving, as he fingered me, stroking my clit and g-spot with fingers and thumb. Oh god, that man had musician hands. Oh my god!

"Oh fuck!" I grunted. "That's it, that's it, that's IT!"

My body shook, I moaned and gasped and swore, all of it for Sam. Only half of it performance.

Are you dying inside, Sam? Are you elated, transported? Are you so hard your body is shaking? Is this what you wanted in your secret heart? Or is this the terror in the darkest part of your soul? Is it liberation? Loss? Heaven or hell? All of them?

“Stop! Stop!” I whimpered finally. By that time, my thighs were slick. Even the withdrawal of his fingers made me shiver and moan. “Wait.”

I took several deep breaths, regaining myself. Then, with a heave, I stood up straight, rocking on my heels. This was more than I’d expected, my legs were wobbly. I looked down at Leroy and nodded. I almost wanted to pat him on the head for being such a good boy, but I knew he wouldn’t appreciate it. Instead, I extended a hand.

“I’m going to turn around,” I whispered. He reached up to help me balance as I turned, stance wide, back arched, proud and in control. I was almost afraid, I wasn’t sure what I would see after my performance.

Just Sam.

Naked and vulnerable in our apartment, all his armour and defenses stripped away, just the raw, helpless truth of him. Pale, almost ashen, his skin covered with goose bumps, expression... indescribable. His pupils dilated, frozen, fascinated.

Only his cock moved, robustly hard, skin stretched taut as a drum, bobbing up and down like a metronome, a long bead of precum hanging from it.

I smiled at him, loving, threatening, wanton, knowing.

“Hey Lover,” I said as softly as I could. “How you holding up?”

“G– G– Good,” Sam whispered, his voice cracking, tongue dry. He tried to swallow. “F– Fine.”

I nodded.

“I’m glad,” I told him. “You wouldn’t believe how wet I am right now. I’m just drenched. Not for you of course.”

He tried to smile and nod, but only managed to blush.

"Honestly, I forgot you were here. I guess you're not that important."

His cock though, continued to rise and fall with metronomic precision. The long string of precum fell away, and another bead started. I watched it, for a second, not bother to look at his eyes.

“He has really good hands,” I said softly, smiling. “Amazingly good. You saw.”

He nodded.

“That was the first thing I noticed about him,” I said quietly. “His hands. I remember sitting

there in the bar, and looking at those hands, the fingers so delicate and muscular, so precise. And I wondered what it would be like to feel those fingers between my legs, to be intimately touched by those hands."

I smiled and shrugged, using the motion to tug up the back of my skirt. Leroy got the message and leaned forward, slipping his hand under my dress, moving up. This time, I gave no sign.

"As it turns out, I found out. Oh he had such good hands. So much betttter than yours. But then, he's better at everything, isn't he?"

I felt the front of my dress pull forward at the crotch, Leroy's fingers slid up inside me. I threw back my head, my whole body trembling, my voice went guttural. "Ohhhh fuck yes! YES!"

When I could breath again, I looked at him, smiling gently.

"Is that why you surrendered me, that first night?" I said. "Why you surrendered over and over, at every single point, every single time? I wondered about that, you know. When you'd stop? When you'd stand up for yourself? But you never did. Over and over, you just kept surrendering."

I sighed deeply, letting a shiver roll through me, beginning in my hips, working its way up and down. My eyes rolled up in my head, I bit my lip, grunting softly, let my head roll forward. I let a slow satisfied grin spread across my features.

"Excuse me," I apologized, as the wave of pleasure receded.

I shrugged, and then followed up with a sigh and a radiant smile.

"Oh those hands!" I paused, my smile fading. "As it turns out, you were just a cuck."

I frowned, eyes narrowing, brow furrowing, My expression turned to a sneer, angry, my lips a thin line spitting contempt. He quailed almost fearfully.

"You were just a cuck, all along... wasting my time. I can't tell you how much I resent that. How angry I am with you."

His eyes darted away. I refused to allow that.

"Look at me, Sam," I ordered. "I want you to watch me enjoying myself. It's a such a nice change from you. If you watch maybe you'll learn something."

I sneered, my lip curling, my eyes gone hard. I let the words curdle.

"I doubt it though. You pathetic, fucking loser."

His eyes fastened on me, darting up and down, from the crotch of my dress, moving now from Leroy's fingers underneath it, up inside me, to my heaving bosom, breasts half out of the top, nipples protruding and achingly erect. I was flushed red.

It was time.

“Unzip me, Leroy,” I ordered. He reached up my back and slowly drew the zipper all the way down from my back to my ass.

“Always ready, Darling,” he said, standing behind me. I giggled theatrically, flashing Sam a brilliant smile, just to let him know who pleased me and who didn't.

As Leroy unzipped my dress, I felt it loosen. With one hand, I reached behind my neck, releasing the clasp. Then the whole dress fell, flowing down off my body like a waterfall pooling at my feet, leaving me gloriously naked and powerful.

Sam’s eyes went wide. I was so fucking gorgeous in that moment, and even if he was humiliated and terrified, he couldn't help appreciating me.

Leroy reached around behind me, one hand cupping my breast, the other, lower, stroking my clitoris. I leaned back against him for a moment, purring as he nuzzled my neck, and kissed his cheek. Then I stepped forward, lifting his hands from my body. He didn’t resist.

I felt him sit back on the couch, curious to see what I would do next.

But I wasn’t curious at all, I was so confident, so powerful. I felt like a goddess, but not one of the nice ones. I felt like some multi-armed blue skinned hindu destroyer goddess, wearing girdles and necklaces of threaded human skulls, lifting each leg high and crushing armies beneath my feet with every step. Unstoppable, terrifying divinity.

I was in complete control. Each step simply lead to the next, each move a flower blossoming into the one after. It was all smooth and elegant and sensuous. Was it really the cruelty that thrilled me? Or the utter certainty and purpose that came with it? The path that seemed to write itself for me?

I stepped forward, smiling gently, staring into his eyes, naked but more armoured than I had ever been in my life, fully inhabiting the destroyer goddess. In Sam’s eyes, there was panic, helplessness. For a moment, I had the sense he wanted to back away, to retreat.

But he held his ground, shivering. So brave, my lovely Sam. I was touched.

Our bodies touched, brushing gently. I felt my nipples against his chest, our thighs and belly, our skin pressing ever so lightly. I pressed my forehead to his.

So here you are, I thought. My Sam, naked, horny, a little afraid, a lot insecure. Sam without his strength, his confidence, his calm, all the armour and protection he used to get through life. Sam stripped down to trembling vulnerability, to the little man hiding behind the curtain.

You’re beautiful, my love. I cherish you so much.

I took his cock in my hand, my fingers curling around it. Squeezing it, tighter, and tighter, Until my fingers were a vise, all my strength wrapped around that Iron shaft. He groaned, a mixture of pressure and discomfort.

“How you holding up?” I whispered.

He swallowed, his throat worked. I loosened my grip, feeling him relax.

“Okay.”

I nodded. Tightening my hand like a vise once again, bringing another groan. Was I hurting him? I had to be careful.

“Do you want to bail now?” I offered. “You can if you want. It’s all right.”

If he did, I promised myself, I would let him. But I didn't want to, I wanted to keep on. What if he did, what if he asked, and I just ignored him and kept on? The thought woke something hungry in me, something wild. I pushed it down.

“I’m okay,” he whispered.

I relaxed again.

“You sure? It’s only going to get worse after this.”

He sighed.

“Last chance,” I whispered. “After this, no getting off. It will get worse and worse. You’ll look back and maybe regret this moment. You ride the train all the way to the end of the line.”

I tightened my grip, making him gasp, holding him right on the edge of what he could bear. He trembled. He actually trembled! I could see the whites of his eyes. His lips moved, but he didn’t dare speak. Finally, he shook his head. ‘No.’

I nodded and released him, feeling his body sag a little..

“Good boy,” I told him, I pressed my forehead to his again and ran my fingers through his hair. “You passed. This was a test. I lied. You can’t quit. You could have, right at the start, but that was all the way back before Leroy got in the car. We go all the way to the end, no way out, no way off. Do or die.”

Sam’s whole body shook, he was helpless, quivering, almost boneless. But I felt his cock against my thigh, surging. A wet slickness smeared along my skin where it touched me.

“If you try to quit,” I warned him, “then it’s over. I walk out the door with Leroy and I don’t come back. You get left behind. Alone.”

Sam made a sound that was like a helpless sob, that broke my heart. I looked into his eyes, and for the first time saw genuine terror. Not the play terror of the cuck role, but the real thing. I’d gone to far. He was shaking. Quickly I kissed him.

“That will never happen,” I promised. “I would never, ever, ever do that to you. I’m sorry I

said that. I was stupid. Forgive me, please. I would never, I could never. No matter what happens, when it's over, I'll be here. I'll never let you go."

His body was shivering, he sucked in air, but couldn't seem to breathe.

"It's okay, my love. Deep breaths, okay. Deep breaths. I'll always be here. I'm sorry. I went too far."

He nodded, and took three deep breaths, one after the other, I could feel him relaxing. He leaned into me. I pulled my head back, lifting his chin, staring into eyes that were now wet. No tears. Just wet. The real Sam, tender, helpless, vulnerable and still so strong.

I love you, so I must break you, and hope you will forgive me.

"Hey!" I said. "I lied again. Of course we can quit, you can quit any time, all right. All you have to do is tell me, and it's over. Understand? Just nod."

He nodded, swallowing. He was safe, back to the game, and to play this out.

I shrugged, theatrically.

"Except now," I said, "you don't know what to believe. Did you just give up your chance to escape? Did you lose it long ago, without even knowing? Are you trapped to the end? Or can you walk away any time? Will you ride it all the way, only to learn you could have walked? Or do you dare take the chance to pull the plug, only to find there's no way off? Which would be worse?"

I paused, nervously.

"I'm fucking with you, Sam," I whispered.

There it was, the ghost of a smile, the trace of a glint in his eyes.

There you are, my love.

He nodded.

"I get that," he whispered.

"You told me to do my worst," I whispered. "It's going to be rough, but I won't let anything really bad happen to you. But ohhhhhh man!"

"Be very afraid," he said, remembering my words.

I nodded, and quickly kissed his forehead.

Then I looked into his eyes, and took his hand, lifting it to press my lips against nerveless fingertips, one at a time. Then I lowered it, pushing it against my pussy, rocking my hips gently.

“You feel how wet I am, Sam,” I asked, huskily, my voice oozing with wanton hunger. “Can you feel how absolutely drenched I am. How it coats your fingers, how it oozes every time you touch my lips. Can you feel how open I am.”

“Yes,” he whispered.

I turned around, keeping contact with his body, rubbing myself against him. His cock was right up against the small of my back, his balls dragging between my ass cheeks. I could feel a cool drop of precum along my spine as his cock moved back and forth. I worked backwards, guiding it to my ass cleavage, pressing it between my cheeks and rocking my butt back and forth.

I looked out, and saw Leroy sprawled on the loveseat. His cock was out, of course, and he was stroking it loosely in his hand. With his free hand, he made a ‘come hither’ motion. I held up a finger, signaling just a moment longer.

I wasn’t finished fucking with Sam.

Could I actually make him come this way? Just from rubbing his cock along the furrow of my spine? There was a funky sort of eagerness to make it happen. But I didn’t want to waste time in futile diversions.

“It’s because I’m hot,” I said clearly. “I'm aroused, I’m so fucking horny. I’m so fucking excited, I’m more excited and turned on than I’ve ever been in my life. I feel like a bitch in heat, just pumping out fuck-me pheromones. I feel like I need to just fuck and fuck and fuck, to give it up. I’m fucking dripping Sam, I’m craving. I’m wetter and hornier and more hungry for cock than I’ve ever been in my life.”

I stared directly at Leroy.

“Just... not yours, Sam.”

Leroy smiled. I knew he’d like that. The trick is to get into Sam’s head, to drill down to his insecurity, his secret fears, to speak his terrors so he’d believe, or at least be unable to not believe.

“None of it is for you,” I said. I turned my head, so I could meet his eyes. Gently, I lifted his hand away from my pussy. “Nothing. Fuck you, you waste of time. You should go fuck yourself, Sam, because I never will again.”

“You’re just a worthless cuck,” I told him, “and I don’t give a shit about cucks. No one does. Who could? Who would want a loser like that? Who could love a loser? God, you're so pathetic, you turn my stomach.”

I let his hand drop and stepped away from him, naked, towards Leroy. He stood up, which was a shame, I’d have loved to bend over him again. But we weren’t in instinctive synch the way Sam and I would be. His eyes were luminous, I had the feeling that he would have applauded, if not for the role.

I couldn’t help but smirk. Sam couldn’t see, so it was okay to break character that little bit.

I stepped up, kissed him with wild abandon, turning to the side so that Sam could get a full view of how wantonly and passionately we kissed. I pressed my body to him as if I was melting into him.

“How’d I do?” I whispered into his ear.

“Fucking magnificent,” he whispered back. “Do you have an encore?”

“Fuck yes.” I nibbled his earlobe, and grabbed his cock. I pushed against his chest, to get him to sit back down.

“I think you should be on your knees,” he said.

“Mmmm,” I whined loudly, kissing Leroy even while I stroked him, “the thing is baby, I don’t just want to suck that big hard cock. You know it’s all I think about. But I want the cuck to have a good view. I want him to see exactly how much I love sucking your cock, and how much I don’t want or care about his little worm.”

Leroy glanced at Sam, I knew he was still standing naked and pathetic. Maybe I should let him sit? No, that little discomfort added just that much more vulnerability. Leroy smiled and allowed himself to sink back down.

Naked, I crawled up on the love seat, on all fours beside Leroy, profile to Sam. I arched my back, emphasizing my round ass and swaying breasts.

I looked out at same.

“Come closer,” I ordered him. He took a few steps, forward. “God, you’re a stupid cuck. What did I ever see in you? Closer!”

“That’s enough,” I snapped. “You stand there, you Don’t speak, you don’t move, you don’t touch yourself, you just watch. Fuck up in any way, and you’re down in the car, no keys, no clothes, no phone, and if we find out you jerked off down there... well, you don’t even want to imagine that.”

I paused.

“Can you handle that, maggot-dink, you piece of shit loser?” I sneered. “You pathetic cuck.”

He turned pale.

When did I get this scary?

Maybe I should dial it back?

Nah.

Sam nodded.

I scowled. “Well????”

“Yes, Miss!”

I turned away, ignoring him.

“I’m sorry,” I told Leroy, in front of Sam, “he makes me so fucking angry sometimes. How much I wasted on him. I can’t stand it.”

“Ah don’t worry about the cuck,” Leroy said, he reached out for my hair, drawing me towards his erection. “Just think happy thoughts. In fact, happiness is right in front of you.”

Bracing on one hand, I reached for his hard cock, ignoring Sam but making sure he could see everything, every inch of my naked body, my swaying breasts, my hand wrapped around Leroy’s cock, the way I licked my lips.

“I see what you mean,” I said gleefully, stroking his rigid member, “I’m having a very happy thought!”

I slid my lips over his cock head, making a throaty happy noise. Leroy kept stroking my hair, he reached under, with his free hand and started pulling on my nipples like cow teats.

Conscious of being watched, I performed for Sam, throating Leroy’s cock, licking it, teasing it, stroking and playing with it. I made throaty noises and catlike purrs and. Everything was exaggerated and overblown.

“God! I fucking love this cock!” I swore, lifting my head up and tossing my hair. “It’s so good! I could suck it all day.”

I dived back down, swallowing it with exaggerated delight, working it noisily. After a few minutes, I lifted my head again.

“I love your yummy cock,” I said climbing into Leroy’s lap. “I love cocks so much. I love men. I love the way they touch me. I love how they tease me and play with me. I love strangers' cocks. Just complete strangers.”

My arms around Leroy’s neck, his erection between my naked thighs, pressing against my pussy, I squirmed on top of him, kissing him as he pulled on my nipples. I giggled happily. Then leaned back thoughtfully, pulling a face.

I looked at Sam, sucking my cheeks in.

“You know,” I said to Sam, “all those guys you watched me flirt with. I’ll tell you a secret about them.”

“As I flirted,” I thought about it. “I wondered what it would be like to spread my legs for them. To fuck them...”

I paused, biting my fingertip lightly.

“But I bet you knew that,” I told him. “Didn’t you? You knew I thought about fucking every single one of them.”

“Yes,” he whispered. “I knew.”

“They wanted to fuck me,” I said. “Every single one of them. They touched me. I loved it when they did. No matter how far they went, I wanted them to go further. I let them cop feels, let them feel my breasts, some of them even touched my nipples. I spread my legs so they could reach under, and some of them did... all the way to my pussy. You didn’t even know, but I didn’t care if you did. I knew you wouldn’t say anything. They whispered all sorts of propositions. Some even offered money. If I’d have let them, they would have fucked me. Every one of them. You knew that too.”

“I know.”

“And you sat there and watched me flirt with each of them. You’d watch me dress up like a slut and wait to get hit on. You watched me smile and nod, as they whispered the filthiest things in my ear. You watched them look down my tops and touch my legs, even under my skirt, knowing exactly what they wanted to do and knowing I was thinking of letting them. Knowing I wanted to let them.”

I laughed.

“That’s so pathetic. What is that? Cuck roulette. Sitting there like a pathetic loser, watching, waiting to see which one was going to go all the way and bang your wife? Jesus!”

“Sometimes when I was flirting,” I said, “When it was really hot and heavy. I would look up and you’d disappeared. You weren’t protecting me or looking out for me. You were in the bathroom. Weren’t you? Jerking off in a toilet stall. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes,” Sam admitted, radiating shame. He hung his head. “Yes, I was.”

I grinned wolfishly.

“Good boy,” I said. “Finally, you confess.”

“My god, this is wonderful. Thank you Leroy,” my voice was sunny and cheerful as I turned to kiss him. “Sam and I have never had so much honesty between us. This really clears the air. I feel so... refreshed. So free.”

“You know,” I told Leroy, “I always felt a little guilty about feeling that way, thinking that way. I thought there was something wrong with me. And I never thought about when Sam would disappear, I was too distracted being so horny and feeling bad for it. Can you believe, I missed all those chances to be fucked, because I thought I needed to be loyal to Sam?”

“What was I thinking?” I giggled.

“But now!” I exclaimed, turning to Sam. “Now I understand. It was Sam all along. Sam being a sneaky, pathetic, worthless little cuck, playing his stupid games, pushing me at real men and hoping they’d fuck me. Him pretending to be a man, and jerking off in the shadows.”

"Now," i said darkly to Leroy, "I'm going to make him pay for that."

I turned back to Sam, easing onto my haunches so I could rise up to face him, and look directly into his eyes.

“Hon,” I put my hand on Sam’s shoulders, “since we’re being so honest finally, and having these epiphanies thanks to Leroy, one more truth bomb. Do you want to know why I thought of spreading my legs for each one of them, why I dreamed of them fucking me, why I was so turned on flirting....”

“Why?” he asked quietly.

“Not even going to try to guess?”

Sam couldn’t meet my eyes.

“Look at me you piece of shit cuck,” I snarled, every bit of warmth gone.

He looked up. I waited until I could hold his gaze, and then I slowly smiled my sweetest smile.

“It was because I knew,” I said, “I absolutely knew, without a shadow of a doubt, I knew for sure, with complete and total certainty...” I let it drag. “Every single one of them would have fucked me so much better than you could. So so much better. You were always so pathetic in bed. Any of them... It would have been no contest.”

Pause. I smiled.

“And you knew it too,” I said.

Pause. The smile faded.

“Didn’t you.”

Pause. My expression turned cold.

“Fucking well answer,” I demanded, my voice cruel.

“Yes,” he said. “I knew.”

“Knew what?” I demanded, sternly. I didn’t want to let it go, I had him cornered, squirming, I was going in for the kill, feeling the excitement of the hunt.

“They would have all been better than me. Bigger cocks, or more endurance or more skill. Any one of them would have been better. It was just a matter of time.”

“That’s right,” I said. “It was just a matter of time before one of them took my pussy from you. Cuck roulette, right? You lost. You were always going to lose, because you were never a real man. You fucking wanted to lose, you were so pathetic. You were desperate to lose.”

Impulsively, I kissed him.

“And here we are, you fucking loser.”

I looked down.

Christ! His cock was so hard it had gone from pink to near red, the skin so stretched it was almost translucent. A continuous stream of precum oozed from it, long thin beads that dangled on threads of a foot or more before falling off. His cock literally leaped, like a trout, rising up again and again. With each rise, another rope of cum or precum would leak from his cock. His whole body seemed to tremble.

If I so much as touched it, he would ejaculate. Hell, I was making him do that thing he’d told me about from the last encounter, where his cock, without any contact at all, had spontaneously just started oozing semen, leaking freely and rapidly, and he’d experienced this strange half-orgasm state.

I had wanted to do that to him, I wanted to have that power to make it happen. I wanted to watch. But at the same time, I wanted more. I really wanted to fuck. If he was dripping, so was I. My wanton gratuitous cruelty had sent me someplace extreme and I needed a hard cock to fuck the shit out of me.

With sadistic satisfaction, I thought it wouldn’t be Sam. He was going to explode the minute I gave his cock a hard look.

Just like a cuck.

“One more thing to do, Sweetie,” I said, teasingly. “I want you to go over to Leroy, and ask him very politely, if he would fuck your wife, and explain that you’re just not physically qualified to satisfy me.”

He moaned deeply, in humiliation and surrender, his cock jerking up and down on its own. I felt like I would explode.

“I’m not joking,” I said coldly, my voice as harsh as I could make it. “Do it.”

I snapped my fingers twice, and pointed where he should kneel. He hesitated looking at the spot, I wasn’t sure it was reluctance or simply caught in some kind of sexual paralysis.

“Sam!” I snapped. He looked up startled, our eyes met, there was no mercy in mine. “Are you fucking with me? Do it! Do as you're told!”

As he caved, rushing to the spot I’d pointed, falling to his knees, I felt this delirious out of control and joy, this rushing weightlessness, like the drop of a roller coaster, but racing upward. It was beyond sex, better than sex. I glanced at Leroy, he looked uncomfortable. That was odd. But really, I didn’t care at all. This was too good.

“L- L- Leroy,” Sam whimpered, his voice breaking, he looked so pathetic. I wasn’t fooled, his cock was as hard as I’d ever seen, swollen to the point it was almost glowing, precum

oozing down the shaft, one after other in wet snail trails.

God, I wanted to take his cock in my mouth! Even crushing him, he was so damned sexy to me.

Control, I told myself, it's all about control. Let it play out.

"W-Would you please f- make love to Kayley for me. I- I'm not big enough," he whimpered, Fascinated I watched his cock bob with each admission. "I'm not good enough. I can't satisfy her..."

"More," I snapped. "You can do better than that, you simpering cuck!"

Oh my god, I loved this so much! I snapped my fingers.

"Again!" I said loudly.

"Please fuck my wife," Sam said quickly. "I'm too inadequate. My cock is small. I'm no good in bed."

"Tell him I deserve better."

"She deserves better," his words tumbled out quickly.

He glanced at me, and I rolled my eyes to signal my disgust with his sub-par performance. He cowered, he literally cowered! But his cock surged! It made me crazy, ravenous. Gods, I needed to rub my clit, the urge was insane, but I restrained myself.

Deep down some part of me was horrified by what I was doing, but the thrilling headlong rush was overpowering everything. Besides, he was enjoying.

Wasn't he?

Yes, I could tell by his erection. As weird and fucked up as this was, he was into it.

Watch his erection, I told myself. As long as he's hard, it's safe, he's into it. When it's gone, then it's time to stop and look after him.

"Sam, Bud," Leroy said, leaning forward, interrupting my fun. I wanted to tell him to shut the fuck up, I was on a roll. I didn't need their 'bro' shit. This was my show! "It's okay. You don't need to ask. She's not yours any more, remember? She's mine now."

Sam blinked, confused. Leroy, I thought, you're ruining it, I was practically just getting started.

"Oh..." Sam mumbled. "Right."

"I don't need you to ask. I own that pussy now. I fuck her whenever I want, remember."

Sam nodded.

Leroy smiled and patted him on the head. I felt nastily possessive, he had no business patting him on the head. That was my head, I patted my dog. Mine!

“Nice begging though.”

“Fuck, Leroy!” I snapped, I wanted to push him and his touchy-feely guy shit away. “You’re too fucking nice to the cuck.”

Leroy looked shocked. I ignored him, focusing on Sam.

“Sam,” I said coldly, “I want you to look at Leroy’s cock.”

He glanced at it, then at me.

“No,” I said, “don’t look away. Look at it. Stare at it. I want you to appreciate it. I want you to stare at it like it’s the only thing in the world. Can you handle that.”

His eyes fixed on Leroy’s erection, this time he didn’t glance at me, his eyes remained fixed. Leroy and I glanced at each other, he gave me the slightest nod. I was so into it, I almost resented his permission. But at least he wouldn’t step on me.

“Yes, Miss,” his attention remained riveted. Leroy’s erection hardened visibly. Yeah, he was into it too.

“Keep looking at it,” I ordered, “drink it in. Concentrate on it. Look at the head, the peehole, the corona. Memorize every vein on the shaft. See how hard it is.”

“Yes,” he whispered, staring, almost afraid to blink. Leroy’s cock lept and swelled.

“You need to understand, you need to know deep in your soul, how much better it is than yours. Than you. Do you understand. It’s longer isn’t it. So much longer.”

“Yes.”

“And thicker,” I whispered. “And those veins. And that shape. Oh god, it feels so much better in me, that thickness. He opens me up in a way you never could. You see how thick he is, thicker than you.

Sam nodded. Staring.

“Yes.”

“And so hard,” I whispered. I turned and stroked it like a cat, giving it my attention. I trusted Sam now to continue to focus on it without distraction, he was hypnotized, like a mouse before a serpent. “So much harder than you could ever be.”

“The skin is like velvet,” I whispered. “Compared to your coarse, floppy, skinny, little worm.”

“He uses it so much better,” I said, “it’s insane how much better he fucks. Even if he had your pathetic cock, he’d fuck me in ways you couldn’t imagine.”

I bent over and kissed the head, my tongue flicking out to lick it.

“And his cum,” I told him, “yours is runny dishwater, but his is thick and rich and flowing... so much of it. It tastes so much better than your thin snot, it's sweet and potent, I can't get enough of it.”

I gave a little theatrical moan, as if I could barely hold back from swallowing him.

“Leroy’s cock is better than yours, better than you, in every possible way. Thicker, longer, harder, more beautiful.”

“Yes.”

“Say it, Sam,” I demanded. “I need to know you understand. You’re so pathetic, you don’t even belong in the same room with it. You need to appreciate how much more superior it is, how grateful you should be to even look at it.”

“His cock is better than mine,” Sam admitted. “No contest Infinitely better. I can’t even compare.”

I bet, I thought, I bet I could make him suck it. In fact, I knew I could make him do it.

The thought of bending him to my will, watching him take Leroy’s head in his mouth, making him take inch after inch, sent me into insane rapture. How much could he take? I wanted to see so badly.

At the same time, I felt an almost overwhelming revulsion. I loved the idea of guy on guy. I fantasized sometime about Sam with other men, making out. Just the thought of Sam and Leroy kissing made me wet instantly.

But not like this. This wouldn’t be Sam, it wouldn’t be desire or excitement, just horrific cruelty and humiliation. It would be rape. It would be sickening, I’d be a monster. I felt bile rise in my throat. The wild excitement, temporarily throttled at the horror of what I would become, the magnitude of my betrayal.

This was a game, we were both enjoying, I told myself. But pushing him to this... I’d never forgive myself, not even if he forgave me. I’d never stop being ashamed.

I was caught, uncertain, the moment lingered on. Sam continued to stare, oblivious to my sudden emotional bottoming out.

“I think he’s got it,” Leroy said, breaking my reverie. “Now, I think it’s time to fuck the shit out of her and own that cunt again. Let’s get to it.”

Oh thank you, I thought gratefully. Leroy had pulled me back from the abyss. Back on track, I eased off on Sam, switching my attention to Leroy. I bent forward and kissed his cock again, gathering my thoughts.

“Oh,” I moaned theatrically, pulling on it as I rose up, “I need this so bad.”

“Stand back a bit, Sam,” Leroy warned casually, “or it might end up in your mouth.”

Oh Damn!!! My pussy clenched!

Sam stood, stepping back a couple of paces as Leroy rose. With a sudden affection motivated in part by shame, I pulled Sam towards me, reaching down to hold his penis, and kissed him gently on the lips. I looked into his eyes, seeing fear and uncertainty alongside the excitement, and smiled carefully. It’s just a game, I tried to mentally communicate, it’s just a game. I would never hurt you. It’s all right, I love you.

He nodded ever so slightly, and gave me a half smile.

I nodded back, just a bit, darted my eyes in the direction of Leroy, my head tilting a bit. Continue?

Another tiny nod, reassured, more confident. His lips brushed mine ever so lightly. Go for it.

It all took place in a couple of seconds, and Leroy missed all of it, of course. But I was reassured. I’d gone up to the precipice, but I’d stepped back, or been pulled back. Sam was getting it rough, but he was good. I just needed to be careful, not let it run away with me, not allow real damage.

I backed up against Leroy, and pulled Sam close, until I could feel their bodies on either side, Sam’s naked form, Leroy’s clothed, but their erections rigid against me. I rubbed against them, turning around and around.

“Look at me,” I giggled. “I’m a sandwich!.”

Facing Leroy, I nuzzled against him, while pushing my ass deliberately against Sam’s cock. I felt it slip between my cheeks, leaving a wet smear on my bum. He was so hard, he was definitely liking.

I turned, shimmying against them both. Even though he was taller than Leroy, his shoulders slumped, his knees bent, he looked awkward and diminished. Only his erection was rampant.

What goes on in that male brain, I wondered.

I turned away from Sam, unbuttoning Leroy’s shirt until I could open it up. Then I ran my hands down both their chests.

“My two men,” I exulted. “Just for me. I love this. I absolutely love this.”

I paused.

“Well, not two men...” I said. “My big strong bull, and some pathetic little cuck... Our cuck, I guess.”

Burn! I giggled, I couldn't help myself apparently. It felt like I was on a wild horse, or a runaway train. My sadism kept trying to run away with me. There was such a sense of gleeful fun in this role play, it was intoxicating. It just pervaded everything with delight and eagerness. But keep it as a role play, I cautioned myself, I didn't want to become the sort of person who entertained herself by picking the wings off of flies and giggling.

I nuzzled Sam's neck, sliding the shirt off his shoulders. Behind me, I felt Sam's naked body, the thrill of his hard cock sliding against my bottom.

"Mmm," I whispered, "so manly."

I turned and kissed Sam on the cheek.

"More than you could ever be," I said sweetly. "So so much much more."

Then I shifted back to Leroy, sinking to my knees. For a moment, his cock was in front of me, and impulsively, I took the head in my mouth, just long enough for him to feel it. I had other plans though. I worked his pants, undoing belt buckle and latches, loosening it till I could grab his underwear and pull the whole thing down.

Then I knelt lower, undoing his shoelaces. One foot lifted and I pulled off shoe and sock. Then the other. Finally, I slipped the pants away completely, leaving him naked and hard, looming over me as he looked down.

Impulsively, I pressed my face into his crotch, inhaling with exaggerated delight, rubbing my face against his erection.

"Soooooo good," I murmured blissfully, knowing that Sam was watching, and hoping he'd get off on it.

I reached over, grabbing Sam by his throbbing wet erection. Oh yeah, he was definitely getting off on it. Good. I pulled him until he was side by side with Leroy.

Oh my, me on my knees in front of my two favourite men, standing side by side, cocks ascendant, equal but different. This was such a total fantasy of mine it was barely even submissive. For a moment, I held them both in my hand, practically drooling, simply enjoying the moment.

Then, back to the role play, switch to soft humiliation, I decided. I'd been pretty brutal, I needed to change the pace, keep Sam off balance.

"Oh aren't these delightful," I said, stroking them both. "Leroy's big beautiful battering ram, and Sam's... thing, I suppose, you know, whatever."

I kissed Leroy's, then turned and ducked my head towards Sam, almost but not quite kissing his cock head, aborting at the last minute, as if distracted. I glanced up, meeting Sam's eyes. Then I turned my face back to Leroy's.

"I'm going to enjoy them both," I stroked them loosely, almost cradling them. "Oh my, oh my, who goes first?"

I turned towards Sam's erection, smiling, my mouth opening wide. Then I hesitated, looking at it, then looking up at him. I glanced at Leroy's erection, opened my mouth for Sam, glanced again, longer this time. Again, I opened my mouth, almost touching Sam, so close he could almost feel the brush of my lips.

Then I turned and took Leroy in my mouth, making wildly exaggerated sounds of pleasure. I hoped I wasn't hamming it up too much as I slurped and moaned.

My hand around Sam's cock moved back and forth slowly, masturbating him. But as I swallowed Leroy's erection, my motion's slowed, my grip became looser and looser, until I was barely holding it. Then finally my hand dropped away, forgetting Sam entirely.

As I sucked Leroy's cock joyfully, god, I love a cock in my mouth, I would stop every now and then, and turn to Sam and his waiting erection, moving my head to it, my mouth opening wide, tongue flicking out. But just as I was about to take Sam into my mouth, I'd hesitate, stop for a beat or even several long seconds, and then turn and go back to Leroy, making ecstatic noises as I swallowed him. I never even touched Sam. The most he would feel was a slight pressure of my breath, warm and moist and fleeting, for just a second.

Once, I simply looked at Sam's and laughed.

Another time, I looked up, meeting his eyes, and said "You understand."

He nodded. I could see beneath the unfulfilled lust, his urgent unfilled need to have my lips around him. Beneath the the humiliation he was experiencing there was a bright humour we shared. He knew what I was doing, and as humiliating as it was, he got it. That was the moment we were both on the verge of laughing.

Then I turned and swallowed Leroy all the way down, burying my face in his pubic hair, purring happily. Meanwhile Sam sighed heavily with disappointment, his untouched penis dangling.

Instead, as Sam stood beside him, watching, my full attention shifted to Leroy's cock. Slowly the play acting slipped away as I lost myself in the pleasure of worshiping his erection. Sam was genuinely forgotten.

"She's a nasty little cock sucker," Leroy said. The words came on down from high, I didn't look up, and barely registered, as consumed as I was. "She's fucking amazing. She loves it. What she does with her mouth..."

Leroy laughed.

"Too bad you'll never have that again," he said. On cue I nodded and moaned in agreement.

I felt a hand on my forehead, pushing my mouth off. On my knees, I looked up at Leroy, Sam genuinely forgotten. I knew he was there on some level, but he just didn't register.

It was like Leroy really did own me in that moment, he had my full awareness, with no room for anyone or anything else. My master, my ruler, my owner.

“Get up off your knees and give me a kiss,” he ordered. “Then I’m going to take you into the bedroom and fuck you blind.”

“Oh yes,” I murmured.

I didn’t so much stand as slither up his body, my breasts, my flesh, pressing against him as I rose to meet him, until my lips were pressed against his. My mouth opened, accepting his tongue, sighing with submission. Leroy turned me in his arms as we kissed, and I realized he was showing off for Sam.

I’d all but forgotten Sam, but now I remembered. I couldn’t see him, didn’t look at him, but I poured myself into Leroy’s kiss, surrendering to it, abandoning myself to it, knowing that he was watching Leroy possess me body and soul. There was a wild sadistic thrill to knowing I was being taken in front of him.

As the kiss finally broke, I turned my head, looking directly at Sam, and simply smiled, dripping with satisfaction.

“You see, Sam? Mine,” Leroy’s voice came.

I held my gaze with Sam, and nodded, smiling.

Leroy spanked my ass once, eliciting a squeal from me.

“Get that ass into the bedroom,” he said. “And get ready for fucking.”

“Oh god,” I squealed, my body just aching, pussy clenching, I felt so wet, “yes Sir! I can hardly wait.”

As addictive and mind blowing as the sadism had been so far, it had just been foreplay, warm up. Now that it was imminent, I craved being fucked. I needed Leroy’s cock, it was like a drug. I needed him in me, filling me, taking me. I needed his conquest of my body, and my surrender and submission to his will. There was nothing mutual, no give and take, no sharing.

He would simply take me. I would submit, knowing that my submission, my will, was irrelevant. He would impose his will and once more completely own me, make me property.

I could barely wait, I hungered for it, needed it.

And I needed Sam to watch. His witnessing made it real. His emasculation as Leroy possessed me utterly, made it profound and primordial.

“I belong to you,” I said, loud and passionate, loving the sound of it, loving the knowledge that Sam was hearing me announce my ownership to another man.

Without even a glance at him, I turned and walked to the bedroom, throwing myself on the bed, rolling onto my back, spreading my legs wide and bending my knees. I reached down, and grabbed my ankles, spread wide, back arched, making myself a living altar, a human sacrifice to the power of his cock.

A moment later, Leroy strode in, Sam following behind. Sam was carrying his smartphone.

Leroy wasted no time mounting the bed and positioning himself on his knees between my thighs. My pussy was open and wet, hungry for his throbbing cock. He put his hands on my knees, looking down.

“Well,” he said, “these are the gates of paradise.”

“Property and dominion of Leroy J. Vernon, lord and master of all he surveys, by right of conquest and surrender. Submitted to his exclusive use and pleasure, without reservation. Taken and owned,” I whispered. I felt a little self conscious, but it made me wet to say it, I could feel my cunt spasming with the words, my hole dilating, this surge of lubrication along my walls. I glanced at Sam. "All prior rights terminated. Forever."

“Heh.” he said vaguely, his voice full of oily satisfaction. We were a good fit in that way, he wanted more than anything else to conquer, and I needed more than anything else, to be conquered. That was the secret of his power over me.

He slid his cock along my pussy lips. “You want this cock?”

“I do.”

“You surrender to this cock?”

“I have, I will, I want to, I need to.”

“Who owns that cunt?”

“You do. Totally. Completely. Forever.”

“Damn straight,” he growled. He moved his hips, the head slipping an inch into me, and then withdrawing. I gasped and arched, trying to follow. His cock head lifted, laying against my clit.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard,” he sneered.

“Do it!” I whispered. “I need it.”

He nodded, slipping his cock down, his head once again prying an inch into me.

“So damned wet!” he said. “You’ve been aching for this.”

“For days,” I whispered. Hours at least, actually, I thought. I'd been insatiably hungry for him since he got in the car with us.

“Since the last time you fucked me,” because that sounded hotter.

His cock slid smoothly into me, half way, I moaned loudly, rolling my hips to take more. Again, he pulled it all the way out, leaving me to cry out in misery.

“Sam,” Leroy called.

“Yes... Sir?”

“Got the smart phone ready?”

“Yes... Sir.”

“Good,” Leroy said. “You’re going to record every moment of me fucking your wife. Got it.”

“Yes.” And then “Sir.”

“You do a good job. And you don’t touch yourself. You don’t touch your cock. If I catch you playing with your cock, you’ll have to go wait in the living room, or the car. You don’t come without permission, that’s the rules. You know the rules?”

“Yes, Sir,” Sam replied. “Do what I’m told, no touching, no coming without permission.”

I laughed, genuinely. Sam reciting the rules, like a fucking boy scout memorizing the pledge of allegiance.

“Oh my God,” I chuckled, “what a fucking loser. I mean, how pathetic. I can’t believe it. He really is just pathetic, that’s the only word for it. A pathetic cuck.”

I turned looking directly at Sam, he froze, erection bobbing, cringing like a deer caught in the headlights. It was hilarious.

“Say it, cuck,” I ordered. “Say you’re pathetic.”

“I am pathetic.”

I laughed again, laying back.

“Fuck him,” I said, looking up at Leroy. “And now fuck me. Show him how a real man does it!”

Leroy leaned forward, shifting position, suddenly looming above me. With a thrust of his hips, he entered me, not jamming into me, but a smooth relentless push that opened me. He bottomed out, grinding against my clit, and I came instantly. The accumulating sexual energy of the evening suddenly grounding, and it all burst over me like a thunderstorm.

“Oh fuck yessss!” I screamed, convulsing, wrapping my arms and legs tight around him. My body spasmed, and I could feel myself squirting as he pulled back and thrust again.

Then, as suddenly as it hit, it was over. I went limp, panting, looking up at him with ferocious glee. He looked down at me beneath him, and then kissed me hard, taking my breathe away.

When it was over, I turned my head, to look at Sam.

“That’s how a real man does it, cuck,” I said, and then ignoring him, as I looked back up at Leroy.

Leroy’s cock was full and hard in me and I loved it. Grinning down at me, already victorious, he started to thrust hard and steady, shaking my whole body, eliciting grunts and groans from me, pushing me to sighs and moans.

Seizing my wrists he pinned them with one hand above my head. My legs kicked futilely, as he plundered my body.

“Who owns you?” he demanded, pumping so hard my whole body was pushed into the bed.

“You do,” I gasped. "Totally. Forever."

“Don’t you forget it,” and pushed deep again, bottoming out and making me shriek.

Leroy fucked me brutally, mercilessly, and I loved it. I needed the punishment his cock delivered. My body soaked it up, swallowed it, and demanded more. He fucked me till I was raw and aching, my body drenched with sweat.

Then he just flipped me over, fucking me like an animal, on my knees and elbows, slapping my ass, making me cry out and beg. Pulling my hair until I was lifted up bend almost double. Only to let go and fall face first into the mattress as he held my hips in place

Leroy’s cock was a relentless force of nature, his body, sweat covered, muscles straining, hands and hips, scowling face and burning eyes, was my entire world. I surrendered to him over and over, begged for mercy, but he offered none. He took and took, pounding relentlessly, taking everything that I had, everything I was. He despoiled everything, and I loved it. He left nothing behind but wreckage.

I was barely aware of Sam, always present, he vanished from my consciousness, returning only occasionally, as Leroy prompted me to swear at him, to call him a cuck, to scream my loathing at his pathetic worthlessness. And it was so satisfying.

I don’t know how many times I came, how many orgasms, I cried, I squirted. I felt them break over me like thunderstorms, or strike light lightning paralyzing me and freezing my breath in my lungs, or pushed up inside and through me like a tsunami, reducing me to breathless screaming.

I cried, I begged, I howled and moaned, sometimes words, sometimes raw emotion.

Leroy threw me onto my back, and I squirmed helplessly, limbs flailing weekly like an overturned turtle. Brutalized, ravaged, unraveled and unstrung, I was helpless beneath him, unable to help or hinder, even as he used my body for his pleasure.

His temp increased, his cock, impossibly went harder in me, I could feel it swelling. His body over me, went hot, his face red, sweat dripping. I knew he was driving towards his own orgasm, and wrapped my legs around his hips, encouraging his charge. His body became a runaway locomotive, faster and more uncontrolled with each thrust.

Finally, howling like a beast, I felt him come, the force of his thrusts driving bruisingly into me, as if he could drive deeper than deep, fill me even more, force my cervix, open me and shoot directly into my womb. He fucked so hard the mattress was bouncing with each driving lunge. His semen flooded me. He pumped again and again, squirting his come, rope after rope.

Then he was simply panting, sweat dripping off him onto me. His cock pulled out, softening rapidly.

God, I'd needed this. All the fucking games we'd played, I'd played, all the cuck bullshit, it was all just games. Meaningless. A good fucking was better than any of them. A savage fucking was everything.

Leroy rolled off me, leaving me to catch my breath, to luxuriate in being fucked raw and boneless, incapable of movement.

"Good," he asked me.

"Oh fuck yes," I whispered, staring at the ceiling.

"Your turn Sam," Leroy said. He pulled himself upright, moving back a little, and stepping off the bed, leaving me laying there, sweat covered, legs spread wantonly. I could feel Leroy's semen oozing between my battered, puffy lips.

Leroy pulled Sam forward, pushing him towards me. I was barely aware of them.

"Fuck her," he said. "Stick your cock in that hole all you want. Just don't come."

I was post orgasmic, my heavy breathing slowing, my heartrate easing down, the sweat starting to dry. Sam fell heavily across me, bracing his weight on his elbows, his eyes wild with lust. I lifted my head to kiss him, but he was so overcome he almost didn't notice. My lips brushed his cheek instead. Instead, his hips thrust convulsively and I felt him enter me fully with one single frantic thrust, finding my pussy and driving up inside.

I didn't even gasp when I felt him. I was so wet, so battered, so coated with Leroy's semen that my pussy was slick and gaping. Sam he entered with no resistance at all. Still coming down from the orgasm my overstimulated nerve endings were barely responsive.

I almost felt proud, Leroy had wanted me to exaggerate my reactions to him, and to undersell my responses to Sam as part of the role play. But we'd hit a sweet spot where I didn't have to fake it at all, my body had almost no reaction to Sam entering me.

As Sam stared desperately into my eyes, I didn't even blink, my face remained blank and completely neutral.

I reached up, beneath his arms, hold his sides. My legs were tired, so I didn't raise them much. I was drained, flattened. I wanted to say "hello lover."

Instead, what came out of my mouth was "Is it in?"

Sam's jaw dropped, he gasped, feeling me stiff and limp beneath him. He started thrusting wildly, frantically. I waited as his thrusting started to build sensation in me. He was moving much too fast, I reached down to his hips to slow him, but he only sped up. His thrusts were uncoordinated, floundering, without rhythm. I wondered what my pussy must feel like, after Leroy had fucked me so hard and come in me... slick certainly, cold perhaps, loose? His eyes were wild, he was looking but not looking at me, caught up in some desperate erotic madness, wild to fuck a reaction into me, and yet not finding it.

He couldn't handle his wild excitement, it ran away with him, his thrusts became faster and frantic. A high pitched whine crawled from his throat, he looked lost but also intense. I could feel that he was going to come. I tried pushing my hands against his hips, hoping he'd regain some control.

But then it happened, bucking wildly, he ejaculated inside me, his thrusts so wild I felt him fall entirely out of me. His penis flopped for a second, spurting against my thigh, before he grabbed it and stuck it back in to finish polluting me with his cuck cum. I frowned, annoyed, he was so much better a lover, and he'd come so quickly and so badly, had fallen apart. Unconsciously, I let my hands drop from him, let my legs go flat, and just laid under him, indifferent, my displeasure evident.

He collapsed on top of me, almost sobbing, obviously broken. I wrapped my arms around him, pulling his weight further on to me. Whatever this cuck thing was in his head, it was devastatingly powerful to make him go to pieces like this.

"It's okay," I whispered, as he panted on top of me. "It's okay."

"Sam," Leroy's voice behind us was loud and stern, clearly angry. "Get up. Get the fuck off her."

He repeated the command. With a groan, Sam pulled himself up onto his elbows. I let him go, still passive and indifferent, no-selling our sexual encounter. Not that there was anything to sell about it. Sam crawled off me, as I laid there watching him.

"You weren't supposed to come," Leroy snarled viciously. "You don't come without permission. I told you."

"I know," Sam said, hanging his head. "I'm sorry."

"And you sure as fuck don't come in her without permission," Leroy said. He was stern, definitely sounding pissed off. Was this role play, or genuine anger? I lifted up on my elbows, watching their interaction. "I did you a favour, and you fucked up!"

Sam didn't reply.

"Fuck, Sam," Leroy demanded. "You know the fucking rules. You agreed to them. What the hell is wrong with you?"

"I... I'm sorry, I..."

"That's not good enough," Leroy snapped.

“I.. I... I don’t know,” Sam said. “I just lost control... I forgot... Sorry.”

“Go,” Leroy barked at Sam, pointing to the far corner of the room. “Go stand in the corner.”

“What?” Sam asked.

“Go,” Leroy said patiently, pointing. “Go and stand in that corner there. Facing the corner. Don’t look, don’t touch yourself, you just go and stare at the corner and think about what you’ve done, while Kayley and I play.”

It didn't feel fun. It just felt mean.

What the fuck, I thought. Was this elementary school? I kept asking myself if Leroy was eight years old. But this?

“You don’t come out of the corner, and you don’t touch your cock until we tell you. Maybe that’s all night. Maybe you missed your chance to watch. You stupid fuckhead. What's wrong with you? You can't take a simple fucking order? I was trying to be nice to you!”

“I’m ... I’m sorry,” Sam whimpered, eyes downcast, his shoulders hanging. I could hardly believe. This was cruel, and it was stupid and not fun.

Was it because it was Leroy doing it now, and not me? Maybe. It was my job, and I hungered for it. Sam was my fucking toy, thank you very much. But no, Leroy was mean.

Under my cruelty, there was playfulness, there was love. No matter how mean, I cherished him.

“Go,” Leroy pointed.

Leroy was just being a toxic asshole, and I wouldn’t stand for it.

“Okay,” Sam said, crushed, and turned to go stand in the corner.

“TIME OUT!” I said. “Time out! Time out!”

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Chapter 31, Sam Finds Out
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SECOND CUCKOLDING, PART THREE OF FIVE

KAYLEY POV

They both turned to look at me.

“We don’t do time outs,” Leroy told me.

“We do now,” I said. “Look. You’ve come. Sam’s come. Neither of you are ready for action.

This is a fucking role play. Let's just take a break. We'll go to the kitchen and have some coffee or something."

Leroy stared blankly at me, trying to figure out what to do. I was breaking character horribly, I knew.

Finally, he shrugged.

"I'm cool." He turned to Sam. "Hey Sam, you up for a coffee break? Probably beats standing in a corner for half an hour."

"Uhhh... Yeah?" Sam replied.

Leroy nodded.

"Okay," he said, reaching for his boxer shorts, "I think we need a break. I say let's take half an hour, unwind. Relax before the next half. Kayley, you want to make some coffee for us?"

Wait! What? When did it become his idea?

But I decided not to fight about it. Obediently, I made coffee and poured for them. We all sat around naked in the kitchen, awkwardly at first, making small talk, and relaxing.

By small stages, the conversation turned to the role play.

Sam's cock had filled out, and there was a sexual edge to the conversation.

Experimentally, I said, "Hey cuck."

Leroy paused, but Sam quivered to attention. His cock literally swelled. Okay, I thought, I guess we were back on.

Slowly, I eased forward in my chair, spreading my legs. Both men watched me intently. I felt a flush of power.

"It's time to make yourself useful. On your hands and knees, and lick my pussy, Cuck."

Some part of me couldn't believe I was saying that. I wanted to die of embarrassment, or laugh from the ridiculousness. But another part was excited, expectant, hungry for a result.

Sam actually slid off the chair, onto his hands and knees, and crawled to me. I felt wildly giddy, and amazed. And filled with a genuine sense of power. I wanted to laugh and grin, but kept my face impassive.

He started licking my pussy, his hands curling around my thighs.

"No!" I snapped.

He froze and looked up.

“Hands flat on the floor,” I said. “You lick my pussy like you’re a dog.”

He went down on all fours. His tongue went to work, his face pressing against my vagina. His semen was in there, a couple of drops, and a vastly greater quantity of Leroy’s. It must have been oozing out as his tongue lapped me. But he didn’t hesitate or complain.

I glanced at Leroy, watching us with interest and arousal, and then caught Sam looking up at me.

“Eyes down, Cuck!” I snapped. There was something about his whiplike obedience that excited me.

He didn’t just comply, he complied instantly. It was electrical between us, sizzling jolts, where we both got off. I knew he was into it, his mouth on my pussy had gone wild. That contact, the rapid eager movements of his tongue and lips told me exactly how he felt, how he was feeling. His tongue sizzled with hot eagerness at my commands. It was a non-verbal pipeline from his brain to mine.

As his tongue literally whirled, and his lips danced, I knew he wanted, or more accurately, he needed more jolts. Whatever button was inside him, he needed me to press it.

“How does it feel,” I asked, “licking Leroy’s fresh semen out of me and swallowing it. You must be enjoying the feeling. Having his come inside you is as close as you can come to being a man on the inside.”

Definitely, that jolted him. But I could feel a demand for more.

“That feels really good,” I sighed. And it was, fuck, this was one of his most enthusiastic oral sessions, he’d upped his game. “I think we’ve finally found something you’re good at.”

Jolt. But a craving in him for more.

“Too bad you lost your privileges to this pussy,” I teased. “Must be heartbreaking. So close to this beautiful, sexy pussy of mine, and another man... correction, an actual man... took it away from you. Poor Sam. If it’s any consolation, you weren’t ever any good, so no loss.”

His tongue was unreal. I put a hand on his head, into his hair, lifting a little and stroking to slow him down.

“It turns out, though,” I said, “you are good for something. Keeping my pussy nice and smooth and shaved, looking after me down there, so that real men can enjoy using me. And you’re very good at oral.”

“Tell me,” I asked, “which do you get off on more? Getting my pussy ready for other men to fuck, or licking me clean after?”

It was such a deliciously evil question that I was actually vaguely curious as to what he might say. There was no way out for him.

But I had no intention of letting him up, I just pressed his face into my pussy. I couldn’t

believe how wet I was. I could feel the flow of sensuous fire in me, the slow pulsing waves. I wasn't squirting, but I was so dripping wet I was on the verge of drowning him.

I looked over at Leroy and beckoned him.

"Come here," I told him, "and see this."

Leroy came over to stand beside me, grabbing my breast.

"Look at the Cuck," I said to Leroy, but mainly for Sam to hear. "I think we have a division of labour. He goes down on me and licks my pussy... And you fuck it. He serves me, and I serve you."

Sexual energy, sexual intensity was rolling off Sam in waves. I could literally feel it from him, I could almost see it in his back, in the luminosity of his skin, the flush of heat off him, in the micro twitches of his muscles.

He needed more.

"Hmm," I said. "Hey Cuck, I told you not to look at me. But I'm going to kiss Leroy. So I guess while I'm doing that, I can't know if you're looking up at me making out with him or not. So I'll give you a pass. But be careful I don't catch you, or I'll punish you. And don't let me catch you looking when I finish..."

He knew I meant it too. There was something about the way that his mouth moved on my vagina, a lap of his tongue, that signified his understanding and eagerness.

"You're a freak," Leroy said, his mouth descending to mine. I opened mine to receive him. Our lips and tongues met and we kissed passionately. But the only thing I could think of was Sam watching, looking almost straight up as we kissed, his view of my breasts, the underside of my jaw, the angle he'd see.

We made out like that, and as each kiss parted. I made sure to move my hips a little just before I stopped to look down at him. In turn I could tell from the way Sam licked me, when his eyes carefully shifted downwards, so that I wouldn't 'catch him.' As I kissed Leroy, we cut it closer and closer, the risk like electricity between us.

Inside I dared him to get caught, and I was ravenously hungry to catch him. It made me crazy. I was purring and panting, moaning and squirming.

Sam was triggering one small orgasm after another, like a string of pearls. But despite that, all I could think of was the erotic effect on him.

As I kissed Leroy, I began stroking his cock. Finally, with a mad grin, I brought his cock to my lips and started sucking, knowing full well Sam was watching. As I worshiped his tool, wildly slobbering in a messy way that left spots of drool on my breasts, I caught Leroy looking down, smirking. He wasn't looking down at me, his eyeline was shifted. I knew he and Sam were making eye contact.

Another pearl of an orgasm swept through me, at that realization, this one more insistent than

the rest. I let the cock drop from my mouth, gasping as it rolled through. I looked down at Sam, his eyes carefully downcast.

“You can’t lie to me, Cuck,” I told him breathlessly. “I can feel how excited you are, how you’re getting off on this. You’re so turned on right now, you’d hump my leg like a dog if I told you too.”

For an instant, his tongue went still with shock. I heard a subliminal gasp. Too far? Then his mouth returned, his tongue frantic, pushing between my lips, dancing a jig all around my clit. The idea was so degrading, so humiliating, but he was responding to it wildly. I could almost hear his heart racing.

“Would you like that, you worthless little cuck?” I said contemptuously.

It was delicious, and horrible. How could I face him afterwards? How could I look him in the eye when it was over? How could I do something like this to someone I loved? We all had our submissive aspects and our dominant aspects. But this was like a nuclear bomb going off in my dominance strata, releasing hot cruelty and a lust for control. The thought of making him do it...

His tongue beat out an answer - Yes! Yes! Yes!

“Fuck,” I said. “Why am I asking you? Like anyone gives a shit about your opinion. If I decide I want you to do it, you’ll do it.”

“What do you think, dear?” I asked Leroy.

For a moment, he was startled, caught by surprise.

“I dunno...” He began carefully. It was a little much for him I could tell by the nervousness. It excited me to think I was running ahead of him, but he caught up. “Have him do it?”

“You hear that?” I said. “Voting is against you. Remind you of anything? The Thai restaurant? I guess you didn’t expect that to come around against you. How’s it feel, you pathetic little cuck? Payback’s a bitch, isn’t it.”

Oh god, I was being so unspeakably horrible, and I couldn’t stop. It felt like I was on a roller coaster, out of control, everything wild and breakneck and extreme. It was breathtaking and delirious, I was either going to have an orgasm, or I was going to throw up.

I shrugged, elaborately.

“As it happens,” I said. “The only vote that matters is mine. And I’ve decided.”

I took a deep breath as the motions of his tongue meshed perfectly.

“Hump my leg like a little doggy. Show me how pathetic you are,” I commanded.

As I looked down, for a microsecond our eyes met, his were just shining. My lips quirked in the ghost of a smile, and I shook my head so slightly and subtly that even Leroy standing next

to me didn’t notice, but Sam did. He blinked in answer, opening his eyes wide with eagerness. All right then, I gave the tiniest nod and waited for his response, his eyes dropped.

Yes! It was a yes!

I felt the brakes come off. Something wild and savage broke free inside me.

I really hoped I wouldn’t hate myself for this later on. But I was so fucking loving it, so crazy excited it was mind blowing.

“Do it!” I ordered, trying to make my voice cold as ice. “Do it now! I want you to show me how pathetic you are!”

As he lifted off my pussy, I leaned forward, guiding him backwards slightly with a fingertip on his forehead, allowing me space to cross my legs, folding one over the other. My top leg swung freely, my toes momentarily turning upwards.

“Don’t use your hands,” I warned him. “Clutch me with your forearms, just like a dog.”

With a frantic lunge, he wrapped his forearms tightly around my calves, up almost around my knee, bent forwards, and began to hump away frantically.

I straightened my foot, trying to brush it against his erection, now flopping wildly.

“It feels like you’ve done this before,” I sneered. “Have you been stepping out on me? Or maybe I should pay more attention to all those furniture stains.”

Leroy was watching us with fascinated horror. Had we shocked him? Good! About fucking time. I felt weirdly, oddly, proud of that. He was so insistent on being the ringleader, it was just satisfying to finally see him thrown, even if I had to be the worst human being on the planet, and do unspeakably humiliating things to the man I loved.

On some level, I knew it was my love for him that incited me to insane cruelty. My wild psyche tapped into that deep well, redirected it, and spurted with the energy of a toxic fire hose. Fuck, maybe I really was the worst person in the world, but this was so wild, so exciting, so fucking pleasurable I couldn't help it. Cruelty was like an orgasm, and I couldn't get enough.

Sam was humping so hard against my leg both of us were shaking. I could feel his cock brushing steadily against my foot, sometimes along the top, sometimes the ball or instep. His cock would thrust against my toes, and slide off. I wanted to tray and catch him with my toes, guide him against my foot. But he was moving too fast, his cock flopping too wildly. I got my foot arched downwards, toe pointed between his cock and his body, though he kept flopping.

“Come on,” I sneered. “Put your back in it. Do you want to come? Do you? Humping my leg? This is as close to my pussy as I’ll ever willingly let you get. Closer than you deserve. Do you want to come? Don’t you want to show everyone how worthless and pathetic you are?”

He didn't answer. I appreciated that. What could he possibly say that could make this better? Or more intense? Or more degrading? Words would simply undermine this for him. He uttered a high pitched whine.

Fuck, I thought. Did he actually want to come? Did he want to pursue degradation right to the end?

Did I want that?

Holy shit, I wanted it so much! It was like the idea, once it had hatched, grew rapidly like one of those time sped up films about plants sprouting, until it was literally consuming.

"In fact," I sneered. "I've decided. I want you to come, humping my leg like a worthless little dog. I want that useless little dick of yours to blow, just from humping. That's your punishment for polluting me with your disgusting sperm and daring to mix it with Leroy's cum in my pussy. Shoot. Shoot that pathetic little load.

He was going faster, wild, frantic, whining like some little bitch.

"I'm giving you a count of ten to blow. Ten.... Nine... Eight..."

On three, he grabbed my calves extra tight. I could feel a wet spurt against my foot and realized he was actually ejaculating. A weird mixture of arousal, triumph and disgust churned within me, as his frantic humping went spastic, and his whimpering pitched up high.

"Two...." I announce harshly. "One.... Zero... Stop!"

I'll give him credit, as the count reached zero, he tried hard to stop and freeze, and after a few more frantic thrust and tremors, and uncontrollable ejaculations, he managed to halt himself, panting heavily. I was panting a little myself, despite the lack of physical stimulation.

I gave him a few minutes to calm down, and then gave him a gentle nudge to back him off. He released his death grip on my calves, backing up.

"You have cum on my toes," I said. I bobbed my foot in front of him, as he crawled backwards. I held it forward. "Clean it off."

Gingerly, he stretched his neck out, and carefully licked his own semen from my toes. I wanted to squirm. It felt as if any pressure whatsoever on my clit, and I would explode.

Satisfied, I uncrossed my legs, slowly spreading myself open in front of him.

"Look at my pussy," I ordered. I reached down, spreading my lips apart, opening myself wide.

"This is where Leroy's come goes," I told him.

"Now look at this," I ordered. I flexed my ankle, pulling back to show him the underside of my foot and a few pearls of his milky semen smeared along my instep.

“That’s where your cum goes,” I said silkily.

I deliberately put my foot down, grinding it on the floor, and stood up with more confidence than I felt. I was actually woozy. But I put my fists on my hips, shoulders squared, breasts high and confident, legs apart, and looked down at him as he knelt.

“Any questions,” I demanded.

He stuttered a little.

“N... N... No.”

“I didn’t think so, I sneered.

I glanced over at Leroy, I couldn’t help but grin, as if I’d performed some difficult feat of Olympic gymnastics, like some kind of dominatrix version of a triple spring somersault with a perfect dismount. Excited, satisfied, but drained.

“Fucking unbelievable,” he said. The praise made my heart leap. With one hand, I pulled him closer to me, and we kissed passionately.

“I guess Time Out is over,” I said.

I looked down at Sam, still kneeling, his cock pathetically limp and drooling his barren translucent watery semen all over the kitchen floor

“Oh,” I said, “by the way, just to make sure there are no more ‘accidents’ from now on the next time you’re lucky enough to put that pathetic little thing in me, which won’t be very often, I’ll guarantee you... You wear a condom.”

I paused.

“Of course, Leroy fucks me bare, whenever he wants to.”

Sure enough, even though he’d just come, I saw his cock twitch. I laughed harshly.

Just then, I felt Leroy’s touch, pulling me towards him. I went loose, allowing him to draw me into an embrace, his arm tight around my back, trapping one of my arms. I melted into him, pressing against his body, feeling his hard cock. He was ready. He kissed me brutally, bending my head back, forcing my jaws open, taking my breath away as his tongue pushed into my mouth.

I gasped involuntarily as he brought his free hand to my throat and squeezed, choking off my breath. Instinctively, I brought my hand up to pull his away. But I felt his head shake slightly from side to side, ‘No.’ I tried to swallow, and dropped my hand. His grip loosened.

“You’re a piece of work,” he whispered, his hand on my throat just tight enough to silence me. His expression was intense, lust and something else underneath. Uncertainty? Fear? “Such a hot piece of ass.”

He looked down at Sam, on his knees, his cock limp between his legs.

“Isn’t she a hot piece of ass?” he asked, Sam. “Just totally fuckable? Just a ripe piece of fuck meat? Grade A cunt?”

“Yes,” Sam whispered, as we looked down on him.

Leroy smiled sadistically.

“Yes... what?”

“She’s a ripe, fuckable Grade A cunt,” Sam said quietly.

“Fucking right,” Leroy said. “And you had her all to yourself. I got no idea how that happened.”

Leroy turned to me.

“How’d you end up with this loser?” he asked me. His grip loosened on my throat. I almost coughed.

“I didn’t,” I told him. It was weird, it was like he was insecure, somehow. I navigated my way to something to stroke his ego. “I ended up with you, he just delivered me to you. That’s all he was good for.”

Leroy laughed. “Good fucking answer.”

He dropped his hand, letting it slide down my throat, all the way between my legs. He gripped my pussy roughly, hard enough to make me gasp, pulling my hips forward wantonly.

“Nice fucking pussy,” he whispered.

“Your pussy,” I husked, I decided to flatter him, just to silence that odd trace of insecurity I'd glimpsed in him. “You own it, You conquered it, You took it from him, and me. It’s yours.”

That worked, his cock flexed against me.

“Good fucking answer,” he said again. “You’re hitting it out of the park, cunt. That’s all you are, right?”

“I’m just a cunt,” I said. “Your cunt. Your property.”

He laughed, mollified. His grip eased.

“She’s on a roll,” he told Sam gleefully. “I got to thank you, bud. You really came through. You wouldn’t believe how juicy you got her for me. I don’t know if it’s that cuck tongue, or the way she uses you for a punching bag, but you got her ready for my cock.”

“I want you to piss on Sam,” he whispered.

My body stiffened, I froze. Too much, too dark, too ugly. I couldn't go there.

"I can't," I whispered back.

"Can't? Or won't?"

Both, I thought.

"Can't," I whispered. "I just went to pee, remember, on the time out."

He nodded.

"Right. Yeah. Oh well."

Maybe, I thought, if Leroy wasn't around. If he wasn't ordering it. If it was just me and Sam... No! Too much!

Leroy shifted, moving, his other hand sliding from around me. Grabbing my free hand, he twisted it up behind my back, making me gasp.

"You ready to get fucked again, cunt?" He used the arm twisted up behind my back to swing me around, bending me over the kitchen table. The motion dislodged two of the coffee cups which smashed on the floor. His cock found my wet hole, opening me.

"By you," I grunted out, "Always!"

But he was already sliding slowly smoothly inside, even as my face pressed against the surface of the table. I groaned loudly as he thrust slowly and smoothly, filling me. Pleasure rippled through my body, his pressure on my back pushing the air out of my lungs. But with the sensation of his cock in me was a kind of psychic whiplash, I'd gone from literally insane domming to utter submission almost in heartbeats. I felt a kind of mental vertigo, the world spinning as he thrust into me.

"You liking this Sam?" he asked. "Me fucking what you obviously can't handle? Say yes."

"Yes," Sam said, his voice strange. Aroused, frightened, but hypnotized by the sight.

"Loving it?" he asked, picking up speed. The pressure on my back, from his arm twisting, was almost painful. My legs kicked.

"Yes," Sam said, his voice crackling with untertainty and tension, "I'm loving it."

"I bet you are," Leroy laughed. The thrusting slowed and stopped. His voice became thoughtful. "You don't have much of a view there though, bud, kneeling in your own cum."

He let me arm go, I whipped it around with relief, dislodging the last coffee cup. Damn! There went the set, fuck, fuck, fuck! But that moment of distraction ended suddenly, as he grabbed my hair, pulling me upright. I reached back, to hold the back of my head. Where was all this roughness coming from?

“Tell you what,” Leroy said, swinging me around and marching me out of the kitchen, “we need to get you a better view of me fucking your girl. Get up off your knees.”

“Thanks,” Sam said.

“Anything for my Bud,” Leroy said magnanimously, “oh, and grab the phone. Let’s get this recorded for posterity.”

Oh I'd forgotten about the phone! Damn! The thought that we hadn't recorded the leg humping was almost heartbreaking.

I couldn’t see Sam because Leroy was frog marching me into the living room. I didn’t mind actually, the kitchen was full of broken crockery and probably spilled coffee. Not really good for stepping on. We’d have to clean that up. In the kitchen it would just keep on distracting me.

Leroy marched me into the living room, we paused, as he seemed to look around. I sensed Sam padding behind us.

“Now,” he said to himself, his cock brushed my ass, I felt myself quiver submissively, “where’s a good place to fuck the shit out of you.”

I was still getting weird vibes off him, he was naturally dominant, but now it felt like he was trying too hard, as if his confidence had broken, if that made sense.

He steered me towards the sofa chair, as my knees brushed it’s cushion, he pushed me forward and down, holding my hip in place, but arching my back down.

“Ass up, darling,” he ordered. “Head down.”

I obeyed, letting him guide me into place.

“Spread your legs,” he said, slapping my ass lightly.

“Yes Sir,” I mumbled, bending forward. My head made contact with the cushion seat and I braced myself on forearms, arching my back. I spread my legs wider, and felt his hand slipping up against my wetness, making me gasp.

“Step up, Sam,” I heard him say cheerfully. “I want you to see every minute of this. I want you to enjoy me fucking your wife better than you can. You recording?”

“Yes, Sir,” Sam said. Was that the first time he called Leroy ‘Sir.’

“Good boy,” Leroy said. “I want you to be able to watch and enjoy it later. Make sure you get this...”

For a moment, time stretched out. Unable to see, my face pressed down, my position ungainly, I could only wait as Leroy’s hands slid up and down the insides of my thighs, fingernails scratching, fingertips teasing my clitoris. Two fingers slid inside me, and I began to moan.

“Don’t move,” he ordered me. “Stay perfectly still.”

His fingers slid inside, teasing around my g-spot, thumb stroking my clit with practiced ease. One hand slid back and forth over my ass, and then his other thumb pushed into my ass. I trembled all over, moaning. He chuckled and kept working, until my body was trembling.

“Do you want to get fucked?” he asked calmly.

“Yes please.”

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me, Sir,” I whimpered.

“Whose cunt is this?”

“Yours.”

“What are you?”

“A cunt.”

“Anything else.”

“No, Sir,” I mewed. “I’m nothing but a cunt, only a cunt, your cunt and nothing else.”

Leroy chuckled, I could feel his satisfaction radiating off him, I could feel it in the way he touched me. His insecurity had faded away.

“Hear that, Sam?” Leroy asked. “You got that recorded? That’s a keeper. We’ll get her to do it again later, make it a permanent loop for her, she can listen when she goes to bed. Make it her ringtone.

“Oh god!” I mumbled, it was so degrading, so filthy, it was like having a mini-orgasm. My hips twisted slowly, suddenly, the need to be taken by his cock was blinding. I was so instantly hungry it was like my pussy gaped for him, I could feel it flex.

But if Sam replied I didn’t hear it, as Leroy slowly slid his cock all the way into me, filling me with exquisite satisfaction.

“Oh god, oh god yes.”

“I am your god, cunt,” he told me with gloating satisfaction, as he gripped my hips and started to fuck me with hard deep strokes, reducing me to a living, willing, dripping wet fleshlight.

Leroy started to pound me, his cock opening and filling me in deep thrusts that made me gasp. From this angle, the way he entered, I could really feel him. It was almost like riding him, except my face was shoved into the padding at the back of the chair, and I couldn’t see

him or Sam.

Suddenly, as I drifted in a wanton orgiastic haze, a wicked idea slipped into my mind, almost fully formed. I pushed back suddenly against Leroy's cock, giving myself a little space.

"Let's change," I whispered.

He kept fucking me, so I said it again.

"You're fine right here," Leroy responded, thrusting back into me. My back stiffened, refusing his push. Bracing on one elbow, I shoved back, reaching under and between my legs with free hand.

"I want to do something different," I grunted. "Come on... Lover."

I'd almost said Leroy, but aware that Sam was right there, I had an impulse to switch. Darling? My love? Some term of endearment I used for Sam? I settled for Lover. Not quite what I wanted, but I hope that Sam would pick up, that he'd get that Leroy's status was elevated, even as his declined. I don't know if Sam did, but Leroy picked up on it, his thrusts shifted.

"Lover?" he asked.

"Lover," I whispered. "Master. Sweetheart. Owner. Darling.... God... Everything."

His rhythm changed, I had the sense he turned a little to look at Sam, and I imagined a smirk.

"Sure thing, sweetheart, darling," he said, his voice was gloating.

Deep down, I shivered, my stomach tightened, as if I'd crossed a line I didn't even know was there. Don't think about it, I told myself.

Don't think about it, Sam, I mentally ordered. It didn't mean anything, I told myself. Keep going, I thought.

"Something different? You have an inspiration?" he asked.

Leroy's thrusts slowed, becoming slower and less brutal, as if he was thinking it over.

"Come on, stud," I whispered. Stay with the idea, I told myself, keep going. "I promise you'll love it."

"Oh yeah?" he asked. "What are you going to do?"

"Fuck with the cuck," I said, "like I promised."

I needed to squash little cuck bug, a wild hunger that seeped past my submission.

"I don't know if I should let you," he said thoughtfully. "I like you where you are."

He stopped, I could feel his cock pulse slowly in me. Then, a moment later, I felt a smack, and a ripple stinging pins and needles as he slapped my ass. His cock slid out. I felt him stepping back.

“Okay,” Leroy said. “Let’s see what you got.”

Relieved, I got off the chair and stretched, glancing back. My face had left a dimple in the cushioned fabric. The idea was still unfolding deliciously in my mind, and I could hardly wait. Reaching for Leroy, I guided him until he was sitting on the chair, slouching down so that his butt was just on the edge of the chair.

“I’m going to ride you,” I told him.

“I don’t really like that,” he warned, his expression stiff.

I leaned in between his legs, balancing myself on the arm of the chair, and kissed him wantonly, our tongues sliding. His hand found my nipple and pulled on it like a cow’s udder, triggering the now familiar sensation of arousal and discomfort. I pressed my mouth to his, tasting his wet spit.

“Trust me,” I whispered as our lips parted and joined as I showered him with soft teasing kisses. “You’ll love it.”

Finally, he nodded, his expression wary. I realized, I’d never been on top with him. No cowgirl, no reverse cowgirl. Weird. It had always been intense and headlong with him, he’d always been in control, so I’d never thought about it really.

Lifting off, I turned around straddling him backwards. His hands curled around my hips, subtly taking control. But instead of sinking down, I sat on his pubic area, just in front of his cock, holding it in my fingers, pressing it up against my mound.

“Sam,” I called, “come here. Stand in front of me.”

He took a place a foot in front of us, his erection rampant. I absolutely knew he thought I was going to take him in my mouth.

I almost wanted to cackle. Oh you poor boy... Instead, I pushed him back another foot, my palm flat against his belly, carefully not touching his dripping cock. I had plans.

Glancing down, I stroked Leroy’s erection between my thighs. Sam was holding the phone, recording me playing with Leroy. Not good enough, I thought, I wanted his undivided attention.

“Put the phone away, Sam,” I told him. I glanced at the table near us. “Put it over there, just set it up there, and come back.”

We took a moment as he angled the phone on the table, I wasn’t sure what he’d be able to record. I didn’t really care. Making video seemed to be a boys thing, I thought as I rubbed Leroy’s cock back and forth against my clit, enjoying the sensation. I could feel Leroy’s hands on my hips, trying to guide me to lift up and sink down on him. I glanced back at him,

shaking my head slightly. Not yet.

Hey! Leroy had never licked my pussy. Not even once. What was up with that? Peculiar. I filed the thought away, almost forgetting it, as Sam returned to stand in front of me.

“Hey, baby,” I said to Sam, my voice soft and loving. “I just wanted to check in and make sure you’re all right.”

I smiled at him, watching him stare at my naked body, breasts firm, nipples hard, practically shining, Leroy’s cock thrusting between my spread thighs, concealing my pussy. I swayed and arched very slightly, squirming on Leroy’s lap. Sam’s eyes were hungry as he stared. His erection was rigid.

“How are you doing?” I asked.

“Good,” he mumbled. His voice was low, tentative and uncertain, despite the clear urgency of his cock. It felt like a paradox, how could one part of him be so rigid and another part so timid.

“You’re good?” I repeated, wanting to explore it a little more.

“Yeah,” he replied, even more of a mumble, even more tentative. His cock throbbed, a bead of precum forming at the tip, as it lifted on its own.

“I’m not being too rough on you?”

“No.”

“You can handle it?” I asked, my voice rising slightly, teasing. I rolled my hips so that Leroy’s cock moved up and down a full inch, sliding smoothly against my pubic mound, Sam tracking it intensely. “My brave little cuck-baby.”

“I can handle it,” he whispered, stung. His hand reached for his cock.

“Don’t do that,” I warned, the warmth suddenly gone. “Don’t touch it while we’re talking. Hands at your sides... please.”

“Sorry,” he whimpered, jerking his hand back. Oh god, I loved cracking the whip on him, his reactions were perfect!

Forgiving, I smiled brightly at him, radiating warmth. I reached out, ran my fingers along his erection, it was rigid and almost feverishly hot, the skin stretched smooth and tight as a drum. I left my hand out there, almost but not quite touching. When it rose, it would barely brush my fingertips.

“It’s all right, baby,” I said gently. “You just forgot. How are you doing, Sam?” I asked. “Are you enjoying yourself?”

“Y– y– yes,” he replied

“I know,” I said sympathetically. I gave it a light stroke, just enough to make him gasp out loud. His hips thrust a little, involuntarily.

There was something wildly exhilarating about his arousal. I wasn’t even doing anything, just teasing a little, and he was on the edge of orgasm. I wondered how long I could prolong it, how intense I could make it for him.

Maybe I could make him ejaculate without anything touching it, just bring him to such a point of arousal and excitement that he’d blow spontaneously, like the first time.

“I’m glad,” I told him gently, “that you’re enjoying it. Seeing me getting fucked by a real man. It must be such a turn on for you.”

He blinked, but in his general state of arousal, I couldn’t tell whether he’d gotten the sting I buried in here.

“You like to watch,” I said. “Don’t you?”

“Y- y-”

“Use your words, baby. Tell me you like to watch, say it.”

“I like to watch,” he gasped out.

“Good boy,” I said, like I was patting him on the head. I kept my voice soft and friendly and cheerful. “That’s all you’re good for, really. Just watching.”

He blushed that time. That got through. I was really enjoying this, the experience of saying mean things in a friendly soft way. I filed it away, I wanted to play with that again.

“That’s okay,” I told him gently. “You don’t have to be ashamed. I want you to watch. I like it when you watch.”

Slowly, I lifted up until I was straddling Leroy, my hips elevated, my pussy directly over his cock, my soft lips brushing it lightly. I didn’t have to see to know that Leroy had reached under to hold his erection in place for me.

“I want you to watch this,” I whispered. “Watch me take a real man’s cock.”

I smiled gently.

“Taking a real man’s cock while you watch helps make up for all the worthless, useless pathetic sex you gave me. Fuck, I can’t even call it sex, can I. Just you going ‘uh! uh! uh!’ while I pretended to care. God, you were such a fucking waste of time. I can’t forgive it.”

Lowering myself onto it, I felt the exquisite sensation of Leroy’s cockhead parting my wet lips, spreading me open wide as it entered. I sank slowly onto him, slower than usual, because I wanted Sam to experience it. I sighed loudly, and moaned passionately, arching my back, throwing my shoulders back and thrusting out my breasts. I studied his face, watching as he stared at my body, focused on my pussy and Leroy’s cock as it slid all the way in up to its

hilt. I gave another theatrical moan of satisfaction, only half faked.

I loved the feel of it inside me, filling me, and I loved Sam watching it, the way it seemed to consume him.

“Oh that feels so good,” I purred, my eyes half lidded with satisfaction. I started to rock back and forth. “So much better than you. Did you like it, Sam? Did you like seeing me take Leroy’s big cock? I can’t tell you how good it feels.”

“Uhh...” he began. But I didn’t care. I just continued. I reached out, and grabbed his wrists, putting his hands on my breasts, enjoying the feel of them. I loved the way Sam played with my breasts, gentle but firm, always exploring. It reminded me of a blind man reading braille, he didn’t just grab them, he read them.

“Mmm,” I said, pretending not even to notice Sam's hands, “Leroy's cock feels so good. So much bigger and thicker than yours. I can feel the difference so much. He fills me like you don’t. And he uses it so good, so much better than you ever did.”

I moaned riding up and down on Leroy’s cock, his hands firm on my hips, guiding and controlling, while I was working my nipples against Sam’s palms. The sensations were amazing. Why couldn’t we just do stuff like this all the time?

“Thank you,” I groaned, as Leroy sunk me down low and I took him deep, grinding against his body, “thank you so much for telling me to take off my panties that night. I really owe you.”

I let go one of Sam’s wrists to reach between my legs and push against my clitoris as I rocked on Leroy. Oh yeah, that was good. I moaned again.

“If I hadn’t, I’d have never known what I was missing, would have never had a real cock, never known what it was like to have a real man come in me.”

Stopping suddenly, turning cold, my face losing all expression. Eyes narrowing, I fixed Sam with an evil stare.

“I’d have just kept on telling myself that you and your little dick were almost adequate,” I sneered, putting as much venom into my voice as I could muster.

It worked, Sam froze and blinked, uncertain, but his cock leaped. Okay, I decided, he was still into it. Whatever fucked up thing was going on in his male brain, it was grooving on it, that erection wasn’t lying.

“Tell me something,” I said sweetly, mischievously, “when you were watching me ride Leroy’s cock, what were you watching? My pussy taking his cock? Or his big cock, fucking me?”

Sam looked shocked, I ignored it and just kept on. Cutting off any reply he might have made.

“Were you feeling inadequate seeing it? Couldn’t look away?” I smiled. “Watching him do what you’re not man enough to do?”

His hands were no longer moving on my breasts. He'd frozen, too disoriented, too fascinated to act. I reached up and grabbed one of his wrists. That galvanized him, he didn't resist, I used his free hand to continue to massage my breast. Carefully, I guided his other hand down between my legs, pulling him so he bent forward, his head dipping towards me.

I kissed him, quickly but affectionately, mindful that I was breaking character for an instant. Sam blinked in momentary confusion. Ouch, he'd caught me. I jerked his hand down, pressing the heel of his palm against my clit, feeling his hand against my lips, knowing that his fingers were sliding along Leroy's hard shaft.

"Feel that?" I giggled, fuck I was getting so wet. I lifted up high, resisting Leroy's pressure on my hips, until barely the head was in me. "Do you feel it, Sam? Do you feel Leroy's cock against your hand? Do you feel how much bigger it is than yours? Do you feel how thick he is."

There was no resistance at all, I thought there might be this weird homophobic thing that guys get twitchy over. But maybe I was wrong. I ground his palm against my clit, I was loving it. In this position, my clitoris wasn't receiving any stimulation from fucking, and the added pressure as I masturbated myself against Sam's palm was thrilling. It felt like I was getting away with something.

I kissed him again, carelessly, and then threw my head back, arching my back, sighing as I humped up and down on Leroy's cock, jamming Sam's hand between my legs, making sure he was grinding my pussy while also stroking Leroy's shaft.

"Do you feel that Sam? Do you feel his cock fucking into me, opening me with each thrust. Oh god, Sam, it's so good. So much better than you, there's no comparison. Feel him Sam, feel his big cock fucking me. I love it. He just owns me with that cock, it conquers me, it makes me want to be ruled."

Suddenly, I could feel him pulling away slightly, not real resistance, but just a tension. Oh, I wanted to keep him masturbating me as Leroy thrust up. But if he was feeling his limit, I didn't want to force him.

I let him withdraw, keeping a hand on his wrist, and reaching out with my other to loosely cradle his cock in my fingers. Fuck, he was still insanely hard! It almost didn't feel like flesh at all, more like hardwood, with doeskin stretched ridiculously tight over it. I caught his eyes, they were glassy, staring, he seemed almost hypnotized.

Once he was standing in place where I wanted him. I let my hand slip away, as I leaned back. We were barely out of reach of each other. From his position he could see everything. He could see my gorgeous body, my full breasts and hard nipples, my lust filled face, and most importantly, my pussy swallowing Leroy's cock as I ground and twisted on it.

"Watch, Sam," I ordered, grinning. "Watch me fuck a real cock. Watch a real man fuck me. This is what you want, isn't it."

"A real life porno, all three dimension, in sensurround, so close you could touch it... if I let you. Isn't this hotter than any porno? Isn't it hotter because it's me? Don't you wish you were

doing it, or do you prefer watching, like a little cuck?"

I giggled.

"Don't bother," I cut him off as his lips parted. "I know the answer. We all do, isn't that right, Leroy."

"Oh yeah," Leroy said from behind me. "Sam's all abut watching. He's a natural cuck."

"That's right," I said, staring at Sam, my body flexing up and down, as he watched Leroy's shaft slide in and out of me, he was utterly fascinated, transported. "You're a cuck, aren't you?"

"Say it," I snapped, with just enough edge to get his attention. He met my eyes. "Say you're a cuck. You love watching."

"Say it," I repeated.

"I'm a cuck," he whispered, caught on a crucible of wild arousal and primal horror. He looked lost, as if control was slipping away from him, falling under an erotic spell.

"Good boy," I sneered. Fuck, I wanted to play with my clit, but that would spoil his view. Would it turn him more to see me masturbate? Should I try? His eyes were like saucers, watching my pussy grind into Leroy's cock. I decided not to risk it.

"Good boy, that's right, you're a little cuck. And you like to watch. Say you like to watch."

"I like to watch," he said softly, fascinated. He exhaled as he said it, it felt like surrender. He was drifting.

Fuck, I decided to go for it, and slid my hand down, to make circles around my clit with my fingertips. His stare seemed to intensify just a little. Good.

"That's right," I told him. "That's because you're a cuck. Cucks like to watch because they're useless. You're useless. It's okay, I don't mind you watching, baby-cuck. I like it when you watch. It gets me off, knowing you're watching me get fucked by a big hard cock better than you could ever be. You go ahead and watch. I want you to."

His hand crept towards his erection.

"No!" I snapped. "Hands behind your back. Grab your wrist. You watch! You don't touch your worthless little dick."

He straightened, placing his hands behind, shoulders arching with self conscious awareness. I hissed with frustration, the order seemed to lighten the spell he'd been slipping under.

I'd distracted him, fuck. But I didn't want him jerking off on his own. I needed to guide him back under.

"I want you to watch," I cooed. "Just watch, baby-cuck. I want to put on a show for you. Just

you."

I slowed the tempo of my grinding, exaggerating the movement of my hips. I leaned away back, letting y belly slide from side to side, my breasts sway. I leaned back far enough for Leroy to reach behind to cup my breasts, seizing my nipples between thumb and forefinger and pulling on them hard. On this position, Leroy's shaft was fully exposed as it slid into me, the angle almost making up for the lack of pressure on my engorged distended clit, poking out of its stretched hood. My pussy was on complete view, stretched on the cock pushing up into it.

"That's right, baby-cuck," I whispered. "Watch me get fucked. Don't look at anything, don't think of anything, just watch and see how fucking hot the show is for you."

He seemed to relax, or perhaps stiffen, his awareness leaching away as he fell back into that fascinated trance.

"You like that?" I asked. "You like watching me get fucked by a real man?"

"Yes," he whispered. His voice was hollow, I don't think he even realized he was speaking. It just seemed to come out of him, without awareness.

His cock lifted on its own, pointing directly at me. It was fascinating. I'd never really seen them move on their own, but now it was almost alive. Rigid, throbbing, pulsing, jerking upwards again and again.

"It's because you're a cuck, aren't you?" I asked, keeping the moments slow and sinuous, watching his fascination.

"Yes," he replied, with that same distracted hollowness.

"Because you're pathetic."

"Yes."

"You like watching me get fucked by a real man."

"Yes."

"Because you're not a real man."

"Yes."

How far could I push it?

"Leroy's bigger."

"Yes."

"He fucks me better than you ever did."

“Yes.”

There was no resistance at all, it was like he was in a trance. It was fascinating.

“You want me to fuck real men, don’t you. So you can watch.”

“Yes.”

“You like me fucking real men. Men who can do for me what you can’t.”

“Yes.”

“You’ll let me fuck anyone I want.”

“Yes.”

Except you? Tell him I wouldn’t fuck him ever again, just everyone else.

I couldn’t do it. It was too mean. Try something else.

“Here’s the difference between you and Leroy, Sam. You let me, Leroy tells me. You do what you’re told, Leroy takes what he wants, and I love it when he does. You’re weak, he’s not. I guess that’s why he’s in charge, and you’re pathetic.”

“I do what he tells me. If he ordered me to fuck a stranger, I wouldn’t hesitate. I would do it,” I said.

Ooh, Sam's cock leaped hard at that. I pretended not to notice.

“You know that don’t you. If Leroy wanted me to fuck a stranger, I’d do it. It’s his pussy now, after all. It used to be yours, but you didn’t deserve it, so he took it from you, and you let him. I’d fuck anyone he tells me to. I’d fuck everyone he tells me to. And you know what...”

I paused, letting it drag on.

“They’d all be better than you. Every single one of them would be more of a man than you are. Bigger than you, harder than you, better at fucking me than you. That’s why I’d let them have me. I’d let every one of them cum up inside me.”

He was completely vacant, empty. Except for his cock, wildly rigid and almost jumping. A glistening bead of precum emerged and swelled as I watched. It was hitting him hard, and that made me wild.

“Because they deserve to cum in me,” I said. “They’re real men, with real cocks. Not worthless cucks like you, that watch and jerk off. I’ll never let you come in me again, you can just jerk off and spill it on the floor. But they’ll come inside me, and I’ll love it.”

I sneered.

“Would you like to watch that? You’d like to watch other men fuck me better than you could? I should have let Derek come in me. You’d have loved that. Then you could lick it out.”

I turned around, twisting on Leroy’s cock to look back at him.

“Did you know, when we woke up back at your place, after you finished fucking me and shooting a big load, when you went to shower, he couldn’t wait to lick your cum out of my pussy. He just went right down, he was so eager. He was a cuck all along.”

“Is that right,” Leroy replied, I could hear his satisfaction.

“Oh yeah,” I said. “And at the bar, both times you came in me, he was practically ready to lick me right there in the car. He really loves your cum, almost as much as I do.”

I laughed theatrically, turning to see Sam blushing wildly. But the wild intensity of reaction was fading. Where had I lost it?

“Maybe that’s what you’re good for,” I snarled. “Eating other men’s come out of my pussy after they’ve fucked me better than you ever could. Think about it, my stretched beaten loose pussy, oozing another man’s load, a complete stranger’s load. You could lick it as it oozes out of me. I’ll make you my cleaner after strange men fuck me. You’d do that for me, wouldn’t you? I bet you’d love it, you worthless cuck.”

There it was again. Fuck, I loved it so much! He was panting, red faced, eyes glassy, his cock so rigid and swollen with blood it was taut and feverish, bobbing steadily as beads of precum steadily emerged.

Fuck, he was so close it was insane. If I just touched him, I knew, that was all it would take, he’d explode. But I didn’t want that. I wanted to see how much further I could push him. I was hungry for it, his tension, his arousal was like a narcotic. I wanted more. He was strung tight as a guitar string, he was practically vibrating.

I wanted to make him snap.

The thought of licking other men’s cum from me after they’d used me had him on the edge of rapture. But still only on the edge. How could I push him over. Swallowing cum? Maybe drinking from the tap, sucking their cocks as I watched? Maybe getting them hard for me? Cleaning them after they fucked me? No wait, that was my fantasy.

What else?

Then I had it!

“Mmm,” I whispered thoughtfully. “All that come in me, in my fertile cunt. Just swirling around, seeping into my womb. I could get pregnant so easy. We’ve talked about kids.”

His whole body went rigid. I laughed maliciously.

“What was I thinking? The thought of having your children... that disgusts me.”

I laughed again.

“I mean, even if you could. Obviously, your little cuck sperm couldn’t do the trick. That’s ridiculous. I mean, how many times did you try and fail, right?”

Oh yeah, I thought, it was working.

“If I’m going to get pregnant, a real man will do it. Not you. I wouldn’t allow that. I’d want a real man, someone with a real cock, that knows what to do. I bet Leroy could get me pregnant. And all you’d do is sit there and watch him knock me up.”

I turned my head.

“Do you want to, Leroy. Did you want to knock me up and make me carry your baby. I’d allow you.”

“Bitch,” Leroy replied. “You wouldn’t allow fuck all. I’d tell you I was going to get you knocked, and you’d do it. I’d tell you to flush your pills and you’d do it right in front of me and Sam. I’d tell you to spread your legs, and I’d knock you up right in front of Sam.”

He laughed.

“Or maybe I’d just have him wait in the next room like a cuck, while I did it.”

“Oh god!” I moaned, shivers running through me. That was so disgusting. So hot, it made my heart race.

“Maybe you’d let someone else breed me,” I suggested, voice low and hungry. “Have a complete stranger fuck me. More than one. One after the other. Gangbangs. Have breeding parties, so many men coming in me that when I’m finally knocked up, I’ll never know who the father is. Hell, you could make it so I’ll have to wait until the baby is born to even know what race it is.”

“Oh fuck yes!” Leroy husked. “I’d do it.”

“Fuck!” I screamed, that was too hot and too evil, I could feel the thrill run through me, the beginnings of an orgasm. It was too distracting, I pushed it back. I didn’t want to come, I wanted to make Sam vibrate. My mind was on fire with thoughts and images. Sam looked terrified, closer and closer to the precipice, no longer in control at all.

“That’s right,” I said. “I’m going to let Leroy breed me like a cow. I’m not even going to let him, he’ll just do it, and I’ll want it. I want him to have strangers impregnate me, while you sit and do nothing. And if you’re a good cuck, maybe he’ll even let you watch.”

“Black,” I said. “I want to be knocked up by black men. Or Asians. Latins. Africans. Arabs. Indians. Sikhs... anyone but white. To take big black and brown cocks, stretching me out, coming deep, making me pregnant. I want you there to watch them do to my body what you never could, what you never deserved. I want you to know how much better they are than you in every possible way.”

A high pitch whine came from Sam, I don't think he even knew he was doing it. His cock was almost shining it was so stiff and swollen. A bead of precum slid down, as another began to form immediately after.

“Would you like that, Sam?” I sneered, voice dripping with contempt. “Would you like watch me get pregnant by some random black man? Or a brown man who doesn't even speak English? Or a filthy homeless man, toothless, drooling, caked with dirt, stinking of booze? Maybe a criminal thug all tattoed up fresh out of prison? I could wait outside prison, with my legs spread, waiting for some fucking rapist or gangster, hard with prison muscles? Do you think he'd fuck me right there, outside the prison? Maybe he'd share me with his gangster friends? As long as none of them were white, I'd do whatever he wanted? Would you like to see that, me fucked and knocked up by strangers. Watch my belly swell up, my breasts get heavy, every day, month after month, watching my body change and knowing someone else did it, think about watching me get fucked by stranger after stranger..."

Fuck, I was so close myself. My words had run away with me. I was sweating, heaving. But Sam's arousal was rolling off him in waves, he was suspended, crucified on his own lust, as I nailed him to it.

"..... while you sit and do nothing, because you’re useless," I finished.

My eyes flashed.

“Maybe Leroy could take me to a motel next to a prison and have criminals, rapists and murderers, gangsters, tattoos and muscles, fuck me one after the other. The minute they’re released, they can just line up on me so their first taste of freedom will be shooting load after load into my tight white pussy.”

An evil thought hit.

“Criminals, thugs, as long as they’re brown or black. Oh yes, gangsters with the guns and bling, owning me, keeping me in their crack house and passing me around.” I licked my lips. “I’d do anything Leroy wanted. I’d fuck homeless men, toothless and filthy, stinking of booze, dressed in rags. They'd line up, one after the other. I’d let them fuck me bare bent over behind dumpsters, dumping their cum in my fertile pussy, so they could knock me up with brown babies.”

I smiled.

“Maybe Leroy would let you watch?” I whispered, looking directly into his eyes. “All those filthy, depraved, dirty, degenerate men, criminals and drug addicts and homeless alcoholics, using me like the cheapest whore, making me come each time, getting me pregnant, doing what you never could. Every single one of them so much better than you!”

“I want that, Sam,” I hissed. “I want that so much, to get knocked up by a filthy awful men. So many men I'd never know who the father was. So many filthy strangers we wouldn't even know the baby's race until it was born. You know why? Do you want to know why?”

A high pitched whining sound was coming out of Sam, like the hiss of steam from a kettle.

His face was so red it was dark, his pupils so dilated they were black, his body was rigid, I could almost see electricity crawling on his skin.

“For you, Sam,” I told him. “I want to have a black or brown, an African or Asian baby for you, I don’t care who does it as long as it’s not white, so that everyone, absolutely everyone, the nurse in the delivery room, strangers in a grocery store, teachers, everyone can take one look and know that you’re not the father.”

“I want to have a filthy stranger's brown baby so everyone will know what a pathetic, worthless cuck you are. That I let filthy men knock me up because you weren’t good enough. I want our friends to know, my parents, your parents.”

He was almost there! The excitement was overwhelming. Just a little more...

“And you know what, not one of them is going to be surprised, because they all knew, deep down, that you were just a worthless, useless cuck nobody, They all saw you for who you were, and now they’ll have proof.”

“I’ll get pregnant over and over. And you’ll raise them, because you won't have the guts to leave. Everyone will know I have brown babies, black babies, Asian babies, because you’re useless. That you’re not a real man. That I fuck African and Asian men right in front of you, because you don’t have the guts, you’re not a man. That I’ll fuck anyone but you. Even your parents, they knew all along. Your mother and father that you were just a fucking disappointment. You failed them, like you fail everything.”

“Everyone you love knows you’re a loser. Everyone in your life knows what a worthless failure you are. And every time I get pregnant, everyone will know it’s not yours because they know what a fucking loser you are. That everyone is better than you. That you’ll never have one. That any man will fuck me better.”

His body was rigid. It was happening, I thought wildly, it was going to happen. The energy was pouring off him. I couldn’t stop, the words were tumbling out. I was out of control, running wild, literally surging with unchecked energy.

“I want every man we meet to look at my black baby, and know what a fucking cuck loser you are. It’s what you want, isn’t it? You want any man to look at you, to look at me and know they can fuck me? That I‘ll fuck anyone but you. For strangers to know that they can take me, that they can do whatever they wants, that they can have me and you won’t do a fucking thing except wa—”

My words were cut off by Sam’s sudden unearthly howl. It wasn’t a human sound, it seemed to almost tear physically out of his body. He went up on the balls of his feet, back arching, every muscle straining and visible lit corded bands, his body shook wildly in a way I’d never seen before, a combination of thrusting, flailing and tremors, almost as if he was physically exploding. His cock erupted, as it leaped and lifted frantically between his legs like a salmon forcing its way up a waterfall, just one furious explosion after another.

Ropes of semen flailed into the air, spattering my breasts like forceful raindrops, it was astonishing. I’d never seen, never felt, him come so hard, ejaculate with such force. Vividly, I remembered the restaurant and him jerking off in the bathroom. He’d spattered the door of

his stall then. Or how he'd literally erupted on the rooftop. But his was beyond those. I was amazed at how powerfully it affected him, the way it seemed to tear him asunder.

He couldn't seem to stop, he howled a second time, still ejaculating uncontrollably, seed spewing everywhere, his cock thrusting and waving like a flag in a hurricane. Inside me, I could feel Leroy's cock swelling up, filling me, semen bursting almost in tandem, triggered by the psychic detonation of Sam's orgasm.

I was almost coming myself, right on the edge, luminous and numinous. I felt weightless, joyful, even heavenly. I felt this transcendent emotional ecstasy that went beyond sex, like I was a balloon filled with pure ecstasy, beyond ecstasy, this white hot blinding sensation.

I had had to drag him through hell, but it was worth it, I had just given Sam the most powerful, most awesome orgasm of his life, and without even touching him. I saw him transformed, transfixed, wrapped in the grip of such overpowering mind numbing pleasure that it was like God himself had reached down and wrapped Sam in his heavenly fist and was shaking him. In that moment, I had never seen him so pure, so primal, so elemental. I had never loved him more and more completely.

My near orgasm was forgotten. Leroy's cock in me was forgotten, all that mattered, all that I could fit in the world was the absolute rapture before me, my gift to the man I loved more than life itself.

Sam howled again, this time, trailing off into a weaker note and then he seemed to deflate, all the energy visibly leaking out of him. Sam seemed to literally dissolve before my eyes, his eyes started to roll up into his head, his muscles no longer supported him. He went completely loose, swaying.

Jesus, was he going to pass out? I'd heard of women passing out from intense orgasms, but never men. But if a man could pass out from a mind blowing orgasm, this was it. He leaned forward, not out of any volition, but simply as a consequence of his body giving way. Concerned, I reached out my hands, lifting up partially off of Leroy's cock, to steady him.

"It's okay, baby," I whispered urgently. "It's okay, I'm here."

Sam went heavily down on one knee, his expression blank. His eyes weren't rolled up, but they weren't focusing at all. Suddenly, I worried about a stroke, that wasn't possible was it? You couldn't kill someone with an orgasm? Or stroke them out? I pulled him towards me, wrapping my arms around him. At the same time, Leroy pulled me back down hard onto his cock, but I barely noticed the ripple of sensation.

Sam's skin was cold and clammy so slick with sweat it felt unnatural, and I could feel his heart pounding through his chest. His breathing was ragged and uneven, as if he'd forgotten how, and was desperately flailing. He had some awareness, some control, but no ability to speak, his muscles were weirdly slack, it was as if, absent some specific command from his body, they'd all given up. I held him close, pressing my skin against his cold flesh, whispering how much I loved him into his ear.

"There there, Sam sweety," I whispered. "You're all right. It's going to be all right. I love you."

He didn't seem to hear me.

I lifted up entirely off of Leroy's cock, standing to hold Sam tight in my arms. In turn, Leroy pushed off the chair, standing beside me. He looked annoyed, when I glanced up at him.

"He all right?" Leroy asked, sort of annoyed. "I think you broke him there."

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Chapter 32, Leroy takes Over
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SECOND CUCKOLDING, PART FOUR OF FIVE

KAYLEY POV

"I think you broke him," Leroy told me.

"I think he's good," I said, not entirely sure. I was actually a little worried, though I didn't want to let it show. "He's just recovering. Let's get him up into the chair."

Maybe a lot worried.

Together we wrestled him up so he was sitting in the chair. I noticed Leroy wiping his hand after touching Sam. So that unnatural skin slickness wasn't just my imagination.

Leroy snapped his fingers twice in Sam's face.

"Hey Buddy," Leroy whispered. "You in there?"

Sam's eyes focused.

"Yeah," he mumbled.

"You okay, hon?" I asked carefully.

He took a deep shuddering breath.

"Yeah," he said, and paused for a moment. "That was... intense. I still feel hot and cold, numb and pins and needles."

He took another breath.

"I just need a few minutes."

"Take your time, bud," Leroy said from behind me, he sounded frightened, even shaky. He took a few deep breaths. "That was intense."

Suddenly, a minute later, I felt him reach out smoothly, behind my head, wrapping my hair in his fist and yanking it back hard, so that I gasped in surprise.

“I’ll take care of her,” he said, his voice strengthening.

He followed this up by reaching down as I knelt in front of Sam, and shoved two fingers roughly up my ass, hooking them. I felt an involuntary thrill of submission, my heart racing with automatic desire.

“Up girl,” he ordered, literally pulling me up by his fingers hooked in my asshole. I had no choice but to lift up, rising as I held onto the arm of the chair, distracted from Sam, and gasping and unfocused by the discomfort of rough handling.

“That old chair’s going to have some memories,” Leroy laughed hollowly as he manhandled me back and forth, as I struggled to keep my balance. I braced, bent over in the position he put me in, one hand on the arm of the chair, the other on the cushion between Sam’s legs. I could see Sam’s eyelines, but he didn't focus as I crossed his field of vision. Leroy pulled his fingers from my ass, sliding them around my hip.

“Wait,” I grunted. “Time. Time out. Sam...”

“Good idea,” Leroy said. “Just got to take care of something first.”

Oh god, I thought. Oh my god, he's going to do this. I had time to moan my instinctive acceptance. Then my eyes bulged and my jaw dropped as he rammed his cock into me, all the way up inside, at this harsh angle that bruised my cervix and took my breath away. I was shocked speechless, wincing, all I could do was gasp and then grunt. Only his grip on my hair and arm under my hip kept me from flopping over helplessly.

“Oh yeah,” Leroy’s voice was husky, I could tell he wasn’t speaking to me. “She’s just drenched, you can tell she doesn’t just love it, she needs this. We’ll time out in a minute, she just needs to finish, she was so close before you distracted her.”

“Sorry,” Sam said, looking up, presumably at Leroy behind me. I swallowed to try to speak, even as Leroy fucked me

Leroy’s fist in my makeshift ponytail, jerked my head back or sideways, interrupting any chance I had to speak. He bent low behind and over me, so that his other hand, slid around my hip down across my pubic mound, were he forcefully strummed my swollen clit, like a guitar string. It was painful but intense and disorienting and I cried out.

“Hush,” Leroy said to me, his voice urgent and almost angry. “Just shut your mouth for a second and enjoy. Daddy is talking to Sam.”

He thrust extra forcefully, again, poking my cervix, and making me wince and gasp, before shifting back again to his wildly haphazard thrusting. Taken by surprise, disoriented, my clit vibrated painfully and his cock literally everywhere in me, I could only hang on for the ride as my body was forced rapidly into pleasure.

“Don’t worry Sam,” Leroy said. “She needs this. Just finish her off. It’s not like you can... Sorry,” he laughed, then continued. “Thing is, she was so fucking close when you blew...”

A wild thrust brought a squeal from my. My knees almost gave way, only his arm under me keeping me up. Oh Jesus, I could feel it, he was pushing me towards a harsh breathless orgasm, wincing with pain every step of the way.

“Don't worry, bud. All that shit she was talking, about getting knocked up by strangers, having a black baby so everyone would know what a cuck loser you were and how anyone who saw would know they could fuck her... That wasn’t for you, bud. She was getting off on it.”

Oh Jesus Christ! His words slapped into me like projectile vomit. That was too much, too ugly. I tried to speak, to dial it back, but Leroy just fucked harder, pulled my hair harder, jerked my body around so all I could do was wail breathlessly.

“She was fucking riding me, and every word I could feel her cunt getting wetter and wetter, it was fucking flooding down her pussy, you know. She was squeezing in time to it.”

You bastard, I thought, you fucking bastard. I grabbed Sam’s thigh to steady myself but only ended up digging my fingers into the meat of his leg like claws. Sam barely glanced. Leroy was fucking me harder than ever, fingers thrumming my clit like he was going to tear it off. I felt this tight little orgasm, like puke, boiling and pushing itself in me.

“The nastier she got the harder she was fucking me, the tighter her cunt was clenching. All that shit, she was getting off on it herself, she was into it. She wanted it. If you hadn’t blown first...”

“Fuck!” I screamed, the orgasm physically ripping out of me. My body just flashed hot like I was on fire, my muscles collapsing, face into Sam’s lap. “Fuck!”

Oh shit! Bad timing!

I was gasping. Leroy stood, letting me go, and I fell off his cock, landing on my knees. It felt forced, like I’d been pushed into orgasm, awkwardly, almost painfully. It left my skin tingling as I panted like a dog, trying to put my thoughts back together.

Leroy grabbed my hair again, pulling my head up so that I was directly looking into Sam’s eyes.

“Say it’s true,” he ordered.

“It’s true!” I blurted, automatically, before I had a chance to think.

What? I fumbled. What’s true? Then it came together.

Oh shit.

Oh shit.

Leroy let go my hair, I laid it on the chair’s padded arm, kneeling and feeling Sam’s legs against me.

“All right,” Leroy said. “Mission accomplished. Princess got hers. Time out. Let’s take five, I’m going to take a piss.”

He walked off, leaving me with Sam, who looked down at me with vague abstraction. I'd never seen him like this, he looked... vacant. He reached out and stroked my hair.

“That looked like an intense one,” he said softly. I swallowed twice. I couldn’t read his voice. Was he upset with me? Had I gone too far?

He didn’t believe it, did he?

“For you too,” I said, trying to buy time to get my thoughts together.

“Oh yeah,” he said.

“It’s role play, right?” I told him. “It’s role play? You know that? None of this is real?”

He nodded.

“I know, psychodrama,” he replied. “But it’s intense.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. I squirmed against him like a cat. I liked the way he stroked my hair. We smiled at each other.

I reached out and wrapped my hand around his penis, cradling it loosely in my finger.

“How’s the little guy?” I asked and immediately winced. “Sorry! I didn’t mean that. That’s just for the role play.”

“It’s all right.” He patted my head. “I think it’s still intact. Honestly, it felt like it was blowing off.”

“Intense?”

I squeezed it, absolutely no reaction. I don’t think I’d ever seen it this deflated. Sam always recovered so quickly. Even afterwards, after the first few minutes, there’d be some responsiveness. Nothing, it was almost scary.

“Oh yeah,” he nodded.

“What was it like?” I asked, genuinely curious.

I’d witnessed him have two spontaneous orgasms simply from sheer arousal. Was there a name for it? How did that even happen? What was it like? What did it feel like when it erupted with nothing touching it? Was it good? Bad? What was it like to be so supercharged you spontaneously erupted? I was a little jealous, actually.

Was it worth it? I’d gone to some really dark places to make it happen, and even if it worked, just thinking about the things I’d said made me cringe.

“Intense,” he said finally. That was a little disappointing, it didn’t really say much. But he was just starting.

“Drowning. It felt like drowning. You were talking and talking, and fucking up and down on top of Leroy, and the words were just swirling. I felt overwhelmed, suffocating. It was like I couldn’t think, couldn’t move. It was terrifying. It was like you were tapping deep into my subconscious, drilling straight through that, into the reptilian hindbrain. I felt completely helpless.”

That didn’t sound good, actually. Drowning seemed unpleasant, I tried not to drown when I went swimming.

“You were talking and talking, and it wasn’t just words, it felt real, so real. Like it was actually happening. I think maybe because you were riding Leroy, and I could see his cock sliding up inside you. It was like you were already being inseminated by all these faceless men, already pregnant, already swelling. Time felt broken. I could see you nine months pregnant. Nursing a baby, us in the park with your baby, telling complete strangers. I was seeing it all simultaneously. It wasn’t a hallucination, I knew it wasn’t real, but it felt so incredibly vivid.”

“It was like a nightmare, so incredibly intense. That nightmare feeling you know, just consuming me. Pulling me in, and I couldn’t escape it. I didn’t want to escape it, I wanted it deeper. It was horrifying, but wonderful, overwhelming, beyond good or bad. It was like a tidal wave.”

“Wow,” I said softly. Definitely didn’t sound good. “So I tapped into subconscious urges?”

“Or terrors?”

Not just cuckold, but some kind of super-extreme-cuckold. An extreme humiliation tango. God, I hoped not. I wouldn’t be able to handle that.

“No,” he shook his head. “More like it opened the door to hell. It was like the door to a blast furnace in hell, so intense. It was sort of a key, these weaknesses. But then things just went on their own. What you were doing was fuel, but the fire was burning and the fire was its own thing. You were just shoveling more and more coal.”

He took a deep breath.

“When I came, it was like dying, everything was lighting up, I couldn’t move, couldn’t think. It felt like I was being torn to pieces. I could feel myself ejaculating, that’s the only distinct thing I could feel, it was so intense it hurt. Everything was going, it was like the world was spinning around...”

“You splattered me,” I said.

“Did I?” he asked vaguely, looking down.

“Oh yeah,” I said. “You came a bucket, well a quart at least, and hard. You were a few feet away, and you still got my breasts, and I felt it, it was like wet bb beads. You had velocity.”

“Really?” he asked glancing down at me. “Huhm.”

But now I was thinking hard. I have no idea how men’s junk worked. Presumably there were muscles or valves or pistons or something that made semen come out, but I had no idea what the mechanics were. What if he’d hurt something? Like torn the tiny muscles that make semen go squirt, or ripped the lining of his urethra.

“How’s it feel now?” I asked carefully.

“A little funny I guess,” he said thoughtfully. “It’s hard to describe.”

“Hurts?”

He laughed a little. “Nah, not really. Just funny.”

I relaxed a little. Probably okay. Unless he ended up pissing blood or something. I’d make sure to watch him when he went to the bathroom, I didn’t trust him not to admit it. Still, that had gone too far. I had gone too far. Let’s not do that again.

I moved forward nuzzling his thigh, heading towards his disturbingly limp penis. I gave the head a long sensual lick and looked up. No reaction, it was inert. That was so disturbing. I looked up.

“Anything?” I asked, hoping for some kind of response.

“No,” he said, looking down, “but I enjoyed it.”

We smiled at each other.

“Well, in that case...”

I pushed it with my tongue and slurped it into my mouth. It was almost like going down on him when he was asleep, that kind of limp. But this time, it didn’t immediately respond. Or respond at all. It was creeping me out.

Maybe it was time to bring the session to a close?

“Having fun?” Leroy asked.

I felt him behind me, and for a second, I thought he was going to pull my hair again. But instead he grabbed my shoulder, pulling me back gently until I was kneeling on my haunches. My head lifted off Sam’s cock, though I kept a hand on it. Damn, I’d gotten a little flicker, a brief throb.

“Hey Bitch,” Leroy said with forced cheer, staring down at me, his expression was odd, half amused, a little cold. It made me nervous. “You’re my property now, remember. Not his.”

“Just trying to breathe a little life into him,” I said too quickly, as if I’d been caught doing something wrong.

Fuck, how did he throw me off balance so easily.

“Mouth to cock respiration?” he laughed, laying his hand gently on top of my head. “The little cuck can take care of himself. You need a cock in your mouth, you know where to look.”

Oh fuck, I thought. His erection was right in front of me, the head so engorged with blood it was almost purple. His hand on my hair was moving me steadily towards it as he moved closer. I felt Sam’s cock throb again under my fingers as he watched us. Was he into this? I’d wanted to quit. But clearly, Leroy didn’t. Maybe Sam didn’t. Should I say something? For an instant, I hovered in a state of indecision.

Then Leroy’s spongy cock head pressed against my lips, my jaw parted almost involuntarily and it slid in and onto my tongue. Instinctively I made a seal and sucked, accepting that the decision had been taken from me. I sighed, half in surrender, on my knees sucking another man’s cock in front of my husband.

“There we go,” Leroy whispered. “Man, she’s just a natural cocksucker, Sam. She’s a fucking artist. I bet you really enjoyed her blow jobs, didn’t you.”

There was something odd with Leroy’s cock. It was really hard, harder than when I’d been riding him, or he’d been fucking me, even swollen. And it seemed hotter, not sexually hotter, but just hotter, feverish. Was it just that he’d needed to piss earlier, and that had slowed him down? Had he done something in the bathroom?

“Yeah,” Sam said. There was more energy in his voice, another throb in his cock. He was into it. I found myself relaxing a little, giving into it.

“Yeah, you’re definitely going to miss them a lot,” Leroy said casually. My heart skipped a little.

“Yeah?” Sam said, uncertainly.

“Mine now, Sam. Took her from you, remember.”

“Oh. Right.” His voice was odd. I felt a stronger pulse in his cock. I wished I could turn to look at him, but more and more of my attention was focused on moving my tongue around Leroy’s cock head.

“You’re going to miss that, won’t you, Sam?”

I shivered, my pussy clenching. I slid my lips further down his shaft, taking more of Leroy’s cock. My hand drifted from Sam’s penis, slowly forgetting him, as I knelt in front of my new owner, slowly fucking my face onto his cock.

“Yes.”

Sam’s voice threw me, for a second I felt myself automatically wanting to turn towards him. Leroy’s hand tightened in my hair, his grip grew firm. The message was clear: Stay where

you are, do what you're doing.

"Don't worry, Sam, we're pals. I'll let you have a taste now and then."

"Thanks," Sam said.

Was that sarcastic? Accepting? Grateful. Leroy's grip on my tightened, pushing my head onto his cock, I gagged a little, and then swallowed, accepting the pressure.

"As long as you follow the rules," Leroy said. "I'll treat you right, because we're brothers, you and I. But you got to know your role."

"The rules..." Sam asked, he was uncertain. "You mean like at the start?"

"Ah fuck," Leroy groaned with pleasure, as my chin sank into his scrotum and my nose pressed against his pubic bone. I tried to concentrate on breathing through my nose, but it's harder than it sounds. "Ah this is some good shit. She's such a good bitch."

Both his hands were holding my head in place. My body squirmed, a mixture of submission, arousal and distress. My mind seemed to drift into this lust filled submissive mode. It amazed me how easily and completely he seemed to unstring me. And how much I surrendered to it when he did.

He paused. "Know the rule, Sam. The rule is, she's mine now. I took her from you. I know it, you know it, and, oh man, from the way she's sucking my cock, she loves it."

"Oh,"

"Say it Sam," Leroy demanded. "I want to hear it from you. I want to hear you understand."

"She's yours, Leroy. You conquered her, she surrendered, you own her. She belongs to you. You own her completely. Your property. "

Oh Jesus, my eyes went wide, my pussy clenched so hard, I almost gushed, the words went so deep. My face pressed even harder, and then I needed oxygen. I pulled back, and Leroy, taking the cue, lifted my head from his cock, leaving me gasping desperately, his erection still against my lips, threads of spittle connecting us. Someone fuck me, I thought, I was so wet.

This wasn't the way Sam talked. He was pressing my buttons, I realized.

Then Leroy's cock slid into my mouth.

"Oh fuck that's good," Leroy said out loud. "Suck it bitch."

I tried to nod, but he was fully in control now, holding my head in place. I could only worship his rigid cock, feeling it pulsing madly in my mouth, faster than normal and hot on my tongue.

"Jesus," Leroy said. "It's nice to fucking shut her up, isn't it? She's hot, but Cripes, she talks and talks. It's good we can finally have a conversation."

“Yeah,” Sam said. “She can use a ball gag. To silence her.”

“Totally,” Leroy agreed. "Getting something big in her mouth is the only thing that shuts her up."

I tried to parse it. It was weird listening to Leroy and Sam have a conversation, while Leroy was gently but relentlessly fucking my face. Part of me kept trying to go into cock sucking mode, that blissful state where I floated away. But their words kept dragging me back to awareness, distracting me. I couldn’t suck automatically, I had to consciously work at it, even while trying to listen.

They were talking about shutting me up. Had Leroy decided I’d gone too far? Fuck, I knew I had. Was this his way of dialing me back, shutting me down for a bit while he managed whatever damage I had done? At least Sam sounded lucid, even into it, so ... he’d recovered? I wished I wasn’t trapped in place, reduced to an oral sex toy. I wanted to turn to him, to see him, look into his face, his eyes, speak to him.

But that had been deliberately taken from me, Leroy had shut me up, and very implicitly told me to shut up and trust him. Just go with it Kayley, just let it happen, give yourself over.

“But there’s more Sam,” Leroy said. “If I took her... Well, I did. I took her from you. How do you feel about that.”

“I don’t know...”

“You weren’t... you aren’t strong enough to keep her. You were weak, pathetic. Admit it.”

“I’m ... I’m weak... pathetic...,” he said.

“She deserves me.”

“She deserves you.”

“What does that make you?”

“A cuck...?”

“Good boy, now you're getting it,” Leroy said. His cock swelled between my lips. Whatever he was doing, he was getting off on it. “Yeah, Sam, you’re just a fucking cuck.”

Leroy grunted, thrusting harder into my mouth, making me squirm and gag a little as I adjusted. He thrust a little again. It felt involuntary. But his voice was calm, measured, even friendly. He didn’t sound mean at all. It was different when I did cuck talk, then my voice was soft, almost monotonal, cutting, even deadly. He was almost cheerful, it was chilling in its own way.

“But it’s okay,” Leroy told Sam. “We’re friends. We’re brothers in the same pussy. I’m not going to be an asshole. You can have her, I’ll even let you do her now and then, with permission. You’re a fucking cuck, but you’re my cuck, and I’ll treat you right. I’ll let you

watch a lot, you can jerk off got no problem with that, I'll even let you watch when I let other men plow her. How's that?"

"Sounds good?" Sam replied, just slightly tentative.

"Fucking right!" Leroy agreed. "From now on, I'll fuck her whenever I want–" "

My heart skipped a beat. Wait, wait, I thought. Don't tell him about our private encounters. Then a heartbeat later, I froze on the thought that he was announcing permanent privileges. No wait, this is only a role play.

"Compared to the shit other cucks go through, you're going to have it made. Because you're not just a cuck, you're my bud. I love you, and I'll look after you, even if you're a loser. You're going to be Prince of Cucks. Deal?"

"Deal."

"Then put her there!"

Leroy pulled away, his cock almost falling from my mouth as I he moved. My head followed. I caught a glimpse of Sam's knees. There was the sound of palms slapping together. What? Were they shaking hands? What the fuck? What had just happened?

This was a guy thing, completely inaccessible to me. It was almost frustrating. I wished I could have seen it, that I could have watched their interactions, focused on eyes and expressions and body language. Just hearing them wasn't enough.

"Let's seal the deal," Leroy said, "Hermanos."

He reached down pushing my face off his erection, now slimy and shining with my spit.

"Hey bitch," he smiled down at me. "Ready to do what you're told?"

"Yes," I whispered, heart pounding. Something new, unpredicted, exciting. I was into it.

He was grinning, jovial, whatever pissy mood he'd been in had vanished. What was going on with him? But his buoyant mood was infectious.

"Good girl," he told me. "Tell you what, I think my bud here deserves some TLC. So what you're going to do is climb up there on him, and take that little dicky, and rub it on your pussy lips and clit while you straddle him, tease him real good, until he's nice and hard."

I glanced at Sam. He wasn't erect, I could see it flaccid and limp, but his penis was thick and full. I met Sam's eyes for a moment.

"I can do that," I said. I hesitated. "Can he touch me?"

"Sure," Leroy said generously. "He can't fuck you without my say, but he can feel you up. He's my bud after that. But not your pussy, he can't touch that. Cuck rules."

“But I can touch his dick with my pussy?”

“Just rub it on your pussy enough so he gets hard,” Leroy warned. “No funny ideas. No fucking.”

“Can he kiss me? Can we kiss?”

Leroy pretended to think about it, as he reached down and nonchalantly brought my face onto his cock. I opened obediently, feeling half its length slide between my lips, stopping just short of a gag. I sealed my lips and sucked, my cheeks sinking in as I looked up at him. I knew that Sam was watching us, and that this was Leroy’s casual demonstration of his power, both subtle and profound, and yet deeply natural. My pussy soaked, and I could feel myself responding fully to his effortless dominance.

An instant later, his erection withdrew, my lips reaching, my tongue flickering out to lap at it. I was showing off. I wanted to show off, to flaunt that I was an eager slave to his cock.

“No,” he said. “But... you can kiss him. Only three though, no more, so make it count, Princess.”

“What if it’s more?” I asked.

“Oh you don’t want to make that mistake, Princess,” he warned. His smile didn’t change, but somehow it became a little emptier, and I felt a cold shiver down my back.

He patted my head.

“Now crawl,” he ordered.

Unfortunately, I was right next to the chair. There was no distance to crawl, but I slithered up the chair, between Sam’s spread legs, rubbing myself against them. For a moment, as I worked my way up, my breasts pushed against Sam’s cock, and it slid between my breasts. Dragging my nipples against his chest, I moved up until I was straddling him, pushing his legs together. Reaching down I grabbed his cock, hovering over him, as I squeezed it and wrapped my fingers around it, just behind the head. It was full, but floppy, nowhere near full erection.

From this angle, he was at the level of my nipples, I could look down at him. I smiled brushing my breasts gently against his cheeks.

“Hey cuck,” I smiled affectionately. “How are you doing?”

I brought the head of his cock against my pussy lips and pushed down, feeling it part my lips and rocking back and forth until it was wet.

“Doing fine,” he whispered, his voice was vague, weightless, as if he was speaking from a vast distance away. I wasn’t entirely sure he was fine, but I hoped that he would be. I smiled at him.

“Same,” I replied. “I’m doing great!”

I lowered myself and kissed him, slowly, making it intimate and passionate, letting my lips part slowly until our mouths were parted, pressing against each other, and touching our tongues together. I breathed into the kiss, letting it go on and on, waiting for Leroy to complain, but he didn't.

Our lips parted. One down, two to go, I thought.

I slid Sam's cock again, back and forth along my pussy, enjoying the closeness to him, the intimacy we shared. My nipples brushed against him again. He reached up, cupping my breasts. I grinned and stretched, arching my back like a cat, pushing my breasts into his hands. They felt so good, his palms warm, fingers shaping perfectly to my mounds. His cock flopped down as I let it go for a minute, while I extended my arms into the air, swiveling back and forth with pure pleasure.

What to do? What to do? I wanted to purr. What to do with my darling cuck? Carefully, gently, I seized his wrists in each hand and lifted them gently over his head.

He didn't resist at all, allowing me to move him. His eyes were luminous. Even if his cock wasn't working, he was into it, and I loved it.

I laid one wrist atop the other, at the top of the chair, holding it gently in place with one hand. That was good, it allowed me to balance more easily. Holding his gaze, I reached down again, finding the floppy shaft of his broken cock, drawing my hand along it, until I could stroke his cockhead against my lips and grind it against my clit.

I grinned down at him.

"I'm having a great time," I purred at him. "G got fucked by a real man, and it felt sooooo good. I love the feel of a real man's cock in me. Leroy's so dominant, he just takes me and I love it. He does whatever he wants, and I can't get enough. He fills me right up. Mmmm..."

I fluttered my eyelids, smiling beatifically.

"All he has to do is look at me," I whispered. "And I just get wet. He tells me what to do, and I can't wait to obey."

I gave a theatrical little shiver. God, I wanted to kiss him. But I only had two left. I needed to make them count. Where to take this?

"I'm so glad you made me fuck him. Oh the first time I felt that cock, it was so good, so much better, once it was inside, I forgot all about you."

I blinked, smiling at him.

"He just felt better inside me. He was so much bigger and better than you. I knew I would be a slave to that cock. I wanted to be a slave to that cock. I wanted to be Leroy's whore."

I sighed, taking my hand off his wrists, I ran my fingers luxuriously through my hair, rocking my hips back and forth along his cock head. Was he getting a little harder, I thought the head

felt firmer.

“You didn’t matter any more. But here you are, my little cuck. Mmmm,” I whispered. “Isn’t that great. We can still be together. You can watch me fuck a real man.”

I giggled a little.

“Do you like that?” I asked. “Do you like watching me get fucked by a real man.”

“Yes,” he whispered. “I love watching you get fucked. I love how much you love it.”

“I know you do,” I agreed. “You can’t hide it. This little thing gives you away.”

I squeezed his cock, maybe a little firmer?

“I don’t want yours, now that I’ve had the real thing. But I love how it turns you on. I like you better as a cuck.”

“Maybe he’ll share me,” I said. “Would you like that?”

“Yes,” he whispered.

“I know you would. I’d love being shared."

I waited a beat and grinned, going for the kill.

"Just not with you. I’d love getting fucked by real men. Anyone he wants. As many as he wants. He could blindfold me and bring them in, I wouldn’t even know who was fucking me. They’ll all be better than you, of course. But maybe you can watch and jerk off...”

Pause.

“If he lets you.”

Definitely firmer, his growing reaction excited me, and I humped it slowly against my clit, sighing with pleasure, at this intimacy.

“She’ll fuck whoever I tell her to,” Leroy drawled. I could barely see him from the corner of my eye. “That’s a guarantee. I don’t know if I’ll let you watch. Maybe. If you're a good cuck, and follow the rules.”

“See,” I whispered. I lifted up a bit, pushing my nipple between his lips.

“Suck!” I ordered. Licking his lips against my breast, he opened his mouth wide, pressing against my flesh and making a seal. His cheeks sunk as he sucked hard, the sensation drawing a long moan.

“See how good he is to us,” I whispered. “He’ll have me service real men, as many as he wants. He’ll make me a total slut whore, and I’ll love it, every minute, every cock. And he might even let you watch... if you’re a good little cuck.”

I pulled my breast from his mouth. My nipple tingled, slick and slippery wet, from his suction.

“Will you be a good little cuck?” I asked.

“I’ll be a good cuck,” he moaned softly.

“A good little cuck?” I demanded.

“A good little cuck.”

“A good, worthless, useless little cuck?” I pushed, trying not to grin too much.

“I’ll be your worthless, useless cuck,” he replied breathlessly. Oh joy, definitely hardening.

I laughed, concealing nevous relief.

“You’re so pathetic,” I whispered.

“I am,” he said, his voice tightening. He was definitely firm. “I’m pathetic. I’m a pathetic cuck.”

I purred and pushed my other nipple into his mouth.

“Good little cuck,” I whispered, as he suckled, his eyes looking up at me. There was something so mischievous in his expression, I giggled with pleasure. “Just be the best little cuck, and maybe he’ll let you watch men fuck me.”

“I might even let them knock her up,” Leroy drawled. “She’s going to get whored out a lot a lot. I’ll take her off pills, sooner or later. She'll take so many cocks, one of them will breed her. I’ll make sure of it

Oh fuck, I thought. I didn’t want to go there again. But beneath me, Sam’s cock throbbed and stiffened suddenly in my hand, almost poking into my entrance for a second. My cunt clenched wetly.

“Imagine that, Sam,” Leroy said, his voice cheerful. “That belly swelling up and bulging, her tits getting heavy, Kayley turning into a breeding cow. Neither of you having any idea who the father is, what he even looks like. How’d you like that.”

“Oh fuck,” Sam whimpered, pulling away from my nipple. I let his other hand fall to my breast. “Oh fucking god.”

It was so fucking creepy when it wasn’t coming from me, my skin was crawling. But Sam was responding, and the sheer wrongness of it made me drip. I was sliding his cock back and forth along my pussy lips, smashing it against my clit with each stroke, drenching him with my lubrication.

“I’d love it,” I said loudly. “I’d love to be huge with a baby, with twins, waddling. We’d meet

people, and I'd tell them the baby isn't Sam's. That his cock was worthless."

I groaned.

"I'd tell them how pathetic my husband was. That I didn't even know who the father was, only that he had a big hard cock. That I hoped he was black, so everyone would know what a cuck Sam was."

Sam was rigid underneath me. The temptation was unbearable to just sink down, to take him all the way inside. My need to kiss him was insane.

"Maybe," Leroy said thoughtfully, "I'll give you a chance. Breeding season, when she's fertile, I'll give you five minutes to shoot a seed into her. Well, you wouldn't need five. Three minutes. After you've jerked off a few times, just to empty you out beforehand. Of course, I'll breed her all night to the biggest blackest studs, or any race but white, at the same time."

He laughed.

"But you'll have a chance," Leroy said. "Thee minutes. A soft little white marble in a big bucket full of big black eight balls. Not much of one. But a chance. You'll fail, of course, like you fail at everything, because you're a worthless cuck."

Oh cripes, I thought, what a fucking asshole. It really was so fucking creepy when it came from someone else.

Sam's erection began to fade. It had reached a point of rigidity, and now it was passing. I wasn't sure what was happening, normally, he came back hard and stayed.

"I wouldn't give him a chance," I laughed, putting a cruel edge. "I don't want his little cuck cock in me. He can watch and jerk off on the floor, like always."

I hoped that would jolt him. But it was still fading.

"Or maybe after I'm bred, I'll let him hump my leg. He loves that."

There! It rose, stiffening. Then subsided.

"Oh god," Sam whimpered, his eyes were glazed with lust and horror, his face was red, his hands felt urgent on my breasts. He was definitely aroused, suffocating in darkness, it just wasn't fully reaching his cock.

"Imagine, Sam," Leroy said, "your girl begging the biggest blackest cocks to come in her and knock her up. It'll be fucking anybody. Homeless. Crack heads. Anyone who wants a crack at her."

I winced. Jesus, the more he went on, the less sexy it was. Why couldn't he shut up. Fucking gross. I needed to get off this fucking track. I was beginning to hate ever starting it. Fuck.

Do something.

“Hey Leroy,” I called. “Do you want to know a secret?”

There was just a trace of annoyance in his voice, but also curiosity.

I stared directly into Sam’s eyes, looking down at him and grinning.

“Sam’s never fucked me up the ass,” I announced. “Not once in all the time we’ve been together. I never let him. What do you think of that?”

Sam’s eyes widened as he looked up at me. I nodded slightly, and shoved my nipple into his mouth.

“You little cuck,” I told him affectionately. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked, making my nipple tingle. I felt him nod into my breast.

“Hmm. I’m not surprised,” Leroy drawled, but I could tell he was interested. “Wasted on a cuck. He wouldn’t even know what to do.”

“Yeah,” I told Leroy. “He’s such a loser.”

I couldn’t stand it any longer. I grabbed Sam by the hair, just above his forehead, yanked his mouth off my nipple, pushed his head back, and stuck my tongue down his throat, pressing my lips to his so hard it felt like we’d bruise each other.

Underneath me his cock went absolutely rigid for a moment, the head pushing up inside me, parting the walls of my entrance. Then just as suddenly it softened. Goddamn!!!

Goddamn!!!

Goddamn it!!!

I broke the kiss, coming up for air. Two down.

One left.

“No one has ever had me that way,” I told Leroy, breathlessly, looking directly into Sam’s eyes. They were luminous. I stroked his hair tenderly. The urge to kiss him again was insane!

“Virgin, eh?” he said.

“Waiting...” I replied.

“Oh yeah?”

“Waiting for the right man,” I panted, I took the breathlessness of the kiss and threw it into my words. “Waiting for a man with a big goddamned cock and no mercy. A man who takes what he wants and makes me his fucking property, his whore. Who takes everything and leaves nothing.”

Leroy laughed with a malicious glee. He sounded so evil it sent shivers up my spine.

“She's been saving it, for a special occasion,” he chuckled.

“I've been saving it. A gift. A present for the man who deserves it, the man who will take it.”

I stared into Sam’s eyes.

“He’s here now, Sam,” I whispered. “And I’m so happy it’s not you.”

“That sounds like an invitation,” Leroy said from behind me. He’d moved closer to us. I felt his hot breath on his shoulder. “Not that I need one.”

“No,” I replied staring at Sam. “You don’t.”

I felt Leroy, behind me as he swept my hair to the side and bent down. I felt his lips, his teeth, against the base of my neck, his hand snuck around to crudely squeeze my breast. For just an instant, my skin crawled in momentary revulsion. But I arched my back and moaned, feeling his cock laying against my butt cheek, and gave a theatrical gasp. I realized suddenly, that sometimes I was role playing as much for Leroy as for Sam.

Fuck, Sam couldn’t keep an erection, but Leroy was unnaturally hard. It was so unfair!

“He Sam,” Leroy said, I could just see him from my peripheral vision. “Tonight I’m going to fuck your girl up the ass. Something you never did, and now something you never will. How do you feel about that?”

“I don’t give a shit how he feels about it,” I said dismissively, almost jealous of the way Leroy's attention kept zeroing in on Sam. Focus on me, leave me my Sam.

Leroy laughed.

“She’s a pistol, isn’t she? She was always more than you could handle. Come on, be a good cuck, tell me how much you want to watch it.”

“I want to watch,” Sam said.

“I don’t think he deserves it,” I said.

Easy reach, there was no way it was happening without Leroy insisting that Sam watch. Probably wants him to video it.

“I don’t care what you think,” Leroy said right on cue. Damn, I tried to ignore the erotic shiver that produced. “You do what I tell you. Now shut up.”

He shifted back to Sam.

“I want you to watch. I want you to video it for me. Be a good cuck, and record me popping her last cherry. How about it, Hermanos. Do me this solid while I fuck your girl. I’ll let you jerk off. Deal?”

“Yes.”

“Then say it. Say what you want,” he told him.

“I want to see you fuck her ass,” Sam said. “And record it for you..”

“Good boy,” Leroy said. “How do you want me to do her?”

“Hard,” Sam replied. “Really fucking hard.”

“Deal.”

The hand left my breast, and instead reached over my shoulder. Sam raised his hand, and the two of them clasped.

“Deal!” Sam replied.

Leroy’s cock slid up against my butt cheeks. Jesus, I hoped he didn’t do it here, while I was straddling Sam in our chair. We were all twisted up against each other like pretzels. What if we knocked over the chair.

Sam’s cock went rock hard again, pushing up against my clit. I sighed with pleasure.

“He’s going to take everything from you, Cuck, even me,” I whispered. “You don’t deserve anything, especially not me.”

Then I kissed him, pressing my lips to his and drowning myself in the bliss of him, until Leroy tugged my hair.

“Let’s go into the bedroom,” he said. “So I can take that cherry and wreck that ass.”

He smacked my bottom, making it sting, and I giggled theatrically.

“Sam,” he ordered. “Get the phone, get ready. Princess, get that ass into the bedroom.”

I made sure to wiggle my butt, as I trotted into the bedroom, Leroy following close behind. To my surprise, Leroy didn’t throw me straight down onto the bed. Instead he pulled me down, with him, kissing me, and fingering me.

“Ow!” I winced as he flicked my clitoris. It was still raw from that wicked thrumming he’d done to force me to orgasm. Gods, I was so sweaty in his arms. We were both sweaty. I’d kill for a shower. “Sorry, I said. I think you bruised it.”

He laughed, which puzzled me. But a moment later, two fingers slid inside, unerringly finding my g-spot. I moaned. He might be an asshole, but fuck, he had good hands. Better than his cock sometimes.

Sam walked in and stopped, and we looked up.

I realized suddenly that Leroy had posed us romantically on the bed, me contained in his arms, while spread and exposed from the doorway. Another subtle humiliation of Sam, to see us positioned so intimately. Another bit of psychological war.

Go with it, I thought, deliberately spreading my legs wider, offering a half smile.

“If you’re going to look,” I said sarcastically. “Take a picture.”

He did!

He held up the phone and took pictures. I almost giggled with glee, as if he was in on it with me. Instead, I leaned back to let Leroy claim ownership of my body, kissing me and positioning me wantonly as Sam took picture after picture. His fingers slipped from me, leaving my wet pussy open and dilated for the camera, as his tongue pressed into my mouth. I shivered with delight.

Finally, in Leroy’s arms, I looked up at Sam, and said, “Record this.”

I waited a moment, then stared up into the camera phone. Sam’s cock was rigid. As I watched, it subsided, but not that much. Meaty, soft, but still with some firmness. He was still struggling to keep his erection, but my man was coming back.

“We’re here,” I said, “in our apartment. Sam and mine’s. In our bedroom. But you’re not in bed with me, are you, Sam? You lost those privileges.”

“Leroy’s here with me, and he’s going to fuck my ass. Something you never did. Why is that?”

“I want him to do it,” I said, “I can hardly wait. But what I want doesn’t matter. Leroy wants it, and he takes what he wants, and I fucking love it.”

“But what about you? You know,” I said. “How long have we been together?” I reflected. “You could have fucked my ass any time. I would have let you, I wouldn't have known any better.”

“Hell,” I said, “after Leroy took my pussy away from you and said he was going to fuck my ass, you could have. You had weeks, and you did fuck all. You never tried.”

“Even tonight...” I looked at Leroy, “what if Sam had stood up like a man and demanded, would you have let him go first?”

I gave him a little nod. He shook his head. Fuck, I thought, play along.

“Maybe. But he’d have had to really stand up, and I know he doesn’t have it in him.”

Sam glanced down involuntarily, he was back to half mast. His cock lifted futilely and then sagged.

“That’s true,” I agreed. “But what if he could get hard? What if he got down like a little bitch and begged to go first? Would you have let him?”

I tried to give him a slight nod, to say yes.

“Probably... not,” Leroy said. “But I don’t know. I like Sam, I like him a lot. Maybe, I might have done him a favour. I don’t know. I’d want something from him in return, and he doesn't have anything left to give up.”

I kissed him on the cheek.

“You’ve taken everything from him already,” I told him. I turned back to Sam.

“Hear that Sam,” I whispered.

“What?” he asked.

“It could have been you, all along. It could have been you, right up to the last minute. But it won’t be, even if you wanted too, your cock just isn’t hard enough... Look at that thing, you can’t keep it up for more than a few seconds, you can’t get hard enough, rigid enough.”

I rolled my eyes.

“You’re inadequate,” I sing-songed. “Useless. Worthless. Pathetic.”

I smiled.

“That’s because you pissed it away. You didn’t have the discipline to obey orders. You blew your load the first time Leroy allowed you near my pussy, and then you preferred to come humping me like a dog. Fuck, you couldn’t even stop yourself shooting off, just watching, not even touching. That’s unbelievably sad. Now here you are, soft in my hand, because you couldn’t control yourself. Even if you wanted to, even if Leroy let you, you couldn’t get hard enough.”

“You’re not just a useless, worthless, stupid little cuck, Sam,” I told him. “You keep choosing to be one. Isn’t that pitiful? Honestly, it disgusts me.”

“That’s why Leroy is going to be the one to take this virginity. He’ll be the one to fuck my ass the first time, and every time, and you never will.”

“Because you don’t deserve it,” I said coldly. “You’re weak.”

“Oh man,” Leroy, said to Sam, looking directly at him. His voice was uneven. “She’s brutal.”

But he didn’t tell me to stop or ease up, I noted.

And he didn’t deny or dispute it. I had this wild vicious excitement running through me, I could feel it again. It was like being a wolf, I imagined, running down game with the back, just the relentless urge to chase prey down and tear it apart. I could feel the urge, the need, pulling at me.

Leroy had set me loose, had encouraged this, and I was running with it. But implicitly, I

relied on him to set boundaries, not to let me go too far. But was that right? He'd said he trusted I'd know how far to go, when to back off, I realized.

He hadn't promised to rein me in at all.

Suddenly, despite the wild hunger, I felt cold and uncertain. I needed to stop, to draw down, but at the same time, I couldn't stop myself. I didn't want to call time out. I wanted to pursue Sam, to bring him down, to bite and tear at him with claws and fangs and emasculate him utterly. I could barely restrain the urge.

Fuck! Poor Sam!

I had so much to make up for when this was all over.

"Brutal?" I turned and kissed Leroy, not even bothering to seal my lips against his, just thrusting my tongue into his mouth, taking his in mine, clamping his hand on my breast and squeezing it.

"That's what I need from you," I hissed. "Brutality. I want you to fuck the shit out of me, make me feel it, pound me, bruise me, make me bleed. Fucking wreck me. If I can walk after, you didn't do your job."

Wait! What?

Make me bleed? I'd just said that.

What the fuck was I saying?

I felt like I was completely out of control, just screaming on this roller coaster that was my libido. I couldn't stop myself, it felt like I'd tapped into something deep and powerful and it was running away with me, the words ripping straight out of some primal subconsciousness.

God, I hoped to fuck Leroy had a handle on everything, because I sure didn't.

"Oh you're going to get it, bitch," he told me. "You're like a bitch in heat right now, you need it so bad. You need to be taught whose in charge. You've been running wild. You need to be put in your place."

"I already know whose in charge," I whimpered. "You are. You've been in charge all along, every step of the way. You're the one who turned me into this...."

"Are you complaining?"

"I love it."

"I'm going to fuck your ass," he said.

"I can't wait."

"Even if it hurts?"

“I want it to hurt,” I whispered tensely, it was almost a snarl. “Do me hard.”

Jesus, I thought, there it is again, that runaway impulse.

But this time, I caught some of the feelings. Wild excitement yes, and fake masochism (I’d cry like a baby for real pain), but also shame and self loathing, I’d been shocked by my cruelty to Sam and some part of me wanted to punish myself to make amends, or to have Leroy punish me. Punish me hard

I didn’t want pain, but I knew I deserved it for my cruelty and betrayal.

I turned to Sam.

“I want you to watch,” I said, radiating certainty and glee that, beneath the surface, was draining away rapidly. “Watch him make it hurt.”

Except shit, I didn’t really want it to hurt.

Not more than last time.

Did Leroy understand that? How did I tell him without breaking character, that I only wanted pretend hurt, or little hurt? Not real pain!

Not even if I deserved it.

“Are you going to lubricate me?”

“Do you need it?”

Fuck yes! I thought. What are you crazy? Were you taking my psycho talk seriously? I felt this surge, almost like panic. I wasn’t going to take his cock dry, I really would bleed, it would hurt like hell.

How do I do this?

Then it clicked into place.

“I want him to do it,” I told Leroy. “I want Sam to lubricate my ass for your cock. I want him to get me ready for you. That’s his job. That’s what he’s there for. It’s the only thing he’s good for, getting me ready for real men. I want him to know that’s the rest of his life.”

Leroy stared appalled at me, then glanced at Sam, then back to me.

“Fuck,” he said, recovering. “You’re cold blooded!”

I smirked. He smiled suddenly, something evil glinted in his eyes. My smirk disappeared.

“Hey cuck,” Leroy said. “You’re up. Get some ice cubes from the freezer, and the lubricant and come over here.”

He grabbed my arm, twisting it up behind my back. “And a bungee cords or two, I think.”

“Hey,” I complained.

“As for you, you little bitch in heat,” he said, “I think it’s time I showed you your place.”

My arm wasn’t twisted hard, and his grip was loose. It wasn’t actually uncomfortable, just sort of on the edge, as if it would be uncomfortable if I resisted too much. I squirmed a little bit, to see how much room he allowed. None.

“Come on,” I said, “what’s this?”

He tightened his grip, moving a little closer to uncomfortable. I stopped moving. He kissed my shoulder, nibbling a little.

“Settle down, Princess,” he told me. He seemed to move between bitch, whore and princess, I thought, but there didn’t seem to be any pattern. “You said you wanted some brutality, didn’t you?”

Oh fuck, I thought.

I knew I shouldn’t have shot my mouth off.

Leroy pushed my arm up, forcing me to move forward, literally steering me. That made it easier.

“Okay,” I whispered. “I was kind of exaggerating on that brutality thing. Like it’s very sexy, but I’m trying to cut down. Maybe brutality-lite? Just one calorie? Feels great, less painful?”

“Mmm hmm,” he said, clearly humouring me. Whatever it was he was planning, he didn’t seem terribly interested in my input.

As we passed the threshold, I said quickly, “Maybe we should establish a safe word? As long as it’s not cucumber.”

“What?” For a moment, he was confused.

“Never mind,” I said quickly. He maneuvered me to the foot of the bed and released his grip on my arm. I took a deep breath. I felt a stinging slap on my bottom and squeaked. It wasn’t that bad, I just thought a squeak would be appropriate. Sort of a head start, just in case.

“We’re not going to need a safe word,” he said. I wasn’t convinced. “Up on the bed, he ordered, ass up, face down, legs spread.”

I hesitated.

“Oh relax,” he said. “Nothing awful is going to happen. Sam is here, remember.”

Right, the love of my life who I had forced to hump my leg like a horny poodle and then

humiliated even more brutally was here to make sure I was safe. Suddenly, that wasn't as reassuring as he might think. But I got on the bed and assumed the position.

"Like this?" I asked, my face pressing against the mattress.

"A little further back," he said. I scooched backwards on the bed. "There," he told me. I stopped.

"Could I get a pillow?"

"Uhm?"

"Pillow for my head, to rest on."

"Oh sure," he said. "Just grab it."

You asshole, I thought.

"I got it," Sam announced. From my face down position, I could just glimpse him walk into the room.

"Great," Leroy said from behind me. I could sense them both moving from outside my field of vision. Then a weight settled down on the mattress beside me. I felt something brush against my knee, but I couldn't see, my head was facing the other way. Boldly, I turned my head. Leroy looked down at me.

"Hands behind your back," he said. Clumsily, I threw one arm back, and then the other, spreading my knees wider for balance, and very glad of my pillow. I felt Leroy grab my wrists, and start to wrap what I guessed were the bungee cords around them.

"We have cuffs," Sam offered. "Metal and velcro. In the drawer beside the bed."

"Yeah?" Leroy said conversationally. "Cool. Of course, starting out, we didn't have that. I used to tie people up with bungee cords. Break and Enters, things like that," he laughed.

Wait what?

Was he serious? B&E? He did what?

That was a joke. Right?

"Anyway," he said. "I like bungee cords. You can do a lot more with them, if you know what you're doing. They're more flexible. Fast, strong, stretching. Call it an affectation. The thing is, you don't leave them on too long, and we won't. But that goes for any kind of bondage."

"Uhm guys," I said. I figured I might as well try. "This position seems really awkward. Could we maybe..."

"Really?" Sam said calmly, "I'm perfectly fine. How about you?"

Oh you bastard! I thought.

“I’m fine too,” Leroy said. Another stinging slap on my bottom. “We don’t know what you’re on about Kayley. Everything is good.”

Except for me, ass in the air, trussed up like a Christmas goose.

“Oh,” I said. “Well in that case, I would like to mention--”

“I don’t care,” Leroy cut me off. “Maybe you should shut up.”

Ohhhkay, I thought.

“Sam, come here,” Leroy said. “Take the lubrication.”

Sam wasn’t in my field of view, but I could hear him moving around behind me.

“Yeah.”

“Normally,” Leroy said, “the bitches hands would be free so she could spread her ass cheeks. But have you here to help. She wanted to make you to lubricate her asshole. So let’s start. I’m going to spread her cheeks really wide.” I felt his hand on my butt, pushing and exposing my anus. “Now I want you to hold the bottle really really high above her ass and let it dribble onto her hole and between her cheeks.”

I felt a cold drop on the inside of my left butt cheek, and then another, an inch away, and then a series of them. I imagined as the drops steadily spattered down some directly on my sphincter, others all around, back and forth. The lubricant was cold and wet, it was like being rained on in a very specific part of my anatomy, making me whimper and squeal. The drops began to merge, a wet sea of lubricant coating the valley between my ass cheeks. I felt trickles of lubricant beginning to work their way down towards my vagina, and over my tailbone and along my spine. It made me shiver, and give these little breathy gasps. My hips shifted.

I tried to visualize our position, me face down on the pillow, ass up in the air, while the two of them knelt on either side like penitents, Sam holding a philtre of anointment high above. It was almost like some renaissance painting. I would have loved it as a beautiful, erotic, kinky tableau, if I wasn’t my face down in the pillow. Still, I could appreciate it.

“There we go, Princess.” I felt Leroy’s strong hands pushing my ass cheeks together, making the lubricants squish wetly and slide in each direction, down my spine, and down my pussy and thighs. “Sam lubricated you. Happy?”

I didn’t respond, except with small grunts as Leroy’s hands kneaded my the muscle of my butt, working the lubrication into my skin. A fingertip circled my asshole with a sensual but precise pressure, insistently probing, and then another, sliding around, back and forth, pushing.

He shoved a finger up my ass, pulling back and forth, twisting. Then two fingers, working the lubrication in deeper. He placed two hands on my cheeks, hooking fingers in my asshole and

pulling it open.

“More lube, right in there,” he ordered brusquely. I felt Sam squirting drops all around my sphincter, and it leaking into my, sliding around the edges, of my entry. When he was satisfied, Leroy thrust his fingers in, twisting back and forth.

I twisted my shoulders against the bonds.

“This is really uncomfortable guys,” I complained again. “Seriously.”

“We’ve had this conversation,” Leroy said, finger fucking my ass, twisting them around, stretching my rectum.

“No really,” I said desperately. “This is too awkward. I’m not going to enjoy.”

“Maybe we should untie her?” Sam said.

“Sam...” Leroy replied, with just a trace of irritation.

“No,” Sam said. “It’ll be too awkward for her, it won’t be good. We should leave her hands free.”

“No,” Leroy snapped. “It’s about submission, surrender.”

“Well then retie her. Hands in front maybe.”

There was a long moment of silence between them, I imagined them staring at each other, some contest of wills, concern versus indifference, Sam’s tenderness versus Leroy’s willfulness. Or sign language, or gestures, or expressions. Maybe they were just yawning. My face was in a pillow and my ass was in the air, I had no idea.

“Fine,” Leroy said finally. “Untie her. Retie hands in front.”

Oh thank God, I thought. Thank you, Sam! I love you so much! I’m sorry I made you hump my leg! Also... everything!

“All right,” he said, “take a moment to rest.” He released my wrists from the bungee cord. Sighing with bottomless relief, I threw my arms straight and just stretched out, glad to be out of that ridiculous position. I could feel the blood pounding in my temple and realized the ridiculous position had left me red in the face.

I hadn’t realized how uncomfortable it was until I was freed, my sigh of relief was orgasmic. It wasn’t actually that bad now, it was just stupid and awkward. But you could tell that in fifteen minutes it would become fucking awful.

My butt felt indescribable, cold and wet slick. When I clenched my cheeks I could feel the slickness. My colon was vivid, cool and wet and liquid inside. It felt like if I stood, I would feel it slosh in me. It wasn’t intense, but it was there. I wasn’t sure I liked the sensation. Maybe I did, but I was still coming to grips.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Sure,” I said. I stretched and loosed my arms, I could feel Leroy back there, playing with my asshole, stroking my clit and lips, and getting lubricant all over my ass and thighs and pussy. I put my arms out in front of me, “ready.”

Bondage is really hot. Comfortable bondage, I mean. Stressful awkward bondage is awful. I realize I am such a baby. Pain is sexy, unless it’s actual pain, then it sucks. Bondage is great, unless its uncomfortable, then it sucks. Well, I like to come. I don’t like to suffer. Well, I do like to suffer... just not too much.

I’m discovering though, that I really love making other people suffer, particularly Sam. I am such a bad person. My reflection was short lived. Leroy slapped my butt hard enough to shock me.

“Showtime princess, up on your knees and elbows.”

He knelt behind me, as I climbed into position. Shoving his thumb up my ass, he prodded me until I was at the angle ne wanted. But then he surprised me. Instead of proceeding to mount, he moved around to my front, pulling my wrists together until one was on top of the other, and wrapping the bungee cord around them. It was completely unnecessary bondage.

“Sam,” Leroy ordered, as he knelt beside my head. He grabbed the hair on top of my head, pulling my face up. “Get in front, we’re going to have an interview with the Princess, here.”

He must have caught my confused look, because he grinned at me.

“My version, Princess. Don’t worry, we’ll edit it together so it all fits.”

Edit?

Sam moved in front of me, holding the smart phone up.

Showtime.

I liked talking to the camera and saying slutty things.

I remembered the first time, Leroy had decided to do some ‘cuck confession’ on Sam, and the two of them had stumbled around in circles talking. I’d been so bored I could have just passed out, until I’d demanded they video interview me, and I just... went for it!

I smirked, I didn’t mind doing this at all. What filthy things would he get out of me?

“What’s your name, Princess,” he asked.

“Kayley,” I whispered. I was comfortable and excited enough to be a smart ass. I smiled into the camera lens. “But I answer to whore or bitch.”

Leroy laughed evilly.

“You like to get fucked don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“And you’re not picky,” he said. “You’ll spread your legs for any cock.”

“Yes,” I said looking directly into the lens. “As long as its hard. Anyone can fuck me.”

“You’ll fuck complete strangers in a bar,” he said. “Isn’t that right? Do them right on site? In the men’s room.”

“Yes,” I said. “That’s how we met. That’s how you fucked me the first time. I took off my panties, and you fucked me good and hard.”

“How many times have we gotten together.”

“I don’t know,” I shrugged indifferently, a slut so hardcore I couldn’t even tell you my body count. “ A half dozen?”

“All consensual?”

“Yes,” I said. “I wanted your cock.”

“In front of your man?”

“Yes.” I paused. “Well, if you call him a man.”

“How do you feel about getting fucked in front of your husband?”

“I don’t care,” I said, “He doesn’t matter, he’s a cuck. I just need to get fucked by a real man. If Sam can’t do the job, then he can watch.”

“How do you think he feels?”

“I don’t care. Like I said, he’s a cuck. No one cares what he thinks.” I looked bored.

“Good girl. What do you like about the way I fuck you?”

“Your big cock, I like that a lot, how big and hard it is,” I said. I felt a tug on my hair. “And how hard you fuck.” Tug. “I love the way you completely dominate me, how you own me. How you’re rough in the right way. And you make me come and come.”

“How do I fuck you?”

Tug. Tug.

What was he getting at?

Obviously, I wasn’t saying what he wanted.

I wasn't sure how to answer. Then it hit me.

"Mouth and pussy!"

"What about your ass?"

"No one has ever fucked my ass," I said proudly.

"Wow," he said. "So you're virgin."

"Back there? Yes. I've never let anyone do that to me."

"I'm going to fuck your ass," he said. "I'm going to pop that cherry you've been holding onto so long. I'm not going to be gentle. How do you feel about that?"

"Good," I replied with emphatic conviction. "I've been waiting for a real fucking man. I want it. I want you to take it, and to make it clear I'm not giving it, you're taking it, because you own me. You conquered the shit out of me, and owned my pussy, you took it from Sam and made him a pathetic cuck. You're the one. Take my fucking ass. I want you to own everything."

"You hear that, Sam," Leroy gloated triumphantly

Oh fucking Christ, I thought irritably.

He never fucking stops the endless one upsmanship, like some grade school bully. Here I was, my ass up in the hair, spread, posed, wrists bound, my asshole lubricated...

And all he could do was lord it over Sam? What the fuck?

So am I getting anal sex or not? Or was he just going to stand there and brag about it? I barely held my tongue.

"That's the sound of a woman begging to have her ass fucked. We're going to fucking pop that cherry."

For the second time, I thought sarcastically. Luckily, they couldn't see my expression or me rolling my eyes.

Fine, fine, give them a show, I thought.

"Get the phone ready," Leroy said, "I want this recorded. Me sinking my big cock into that little cherry hole. I'm going to change her life."

He slapped my ass. I jumped and squealed loudly, exaggerating. I could feel Leroy positioning himself on the bed behind me. His hands on my ass, fingers digging into my hips and thumbs pulling my cheeks apart, exposing my anus. There was a casual smoothness to it that assured me he knew what he was doing.

I could feel something against my anus, the head of his cock.

“You got it Sam?” he asked.

“I have it.”

“Guys,” I said tremulously, pitching my voice a little high. “I’m a little scared. Leroy’s so big!”

I rolled my eyes. It was okay, they couldn't see if I pulled a face. There's a fine line between sexy and ridiculous and men just have no idea where it is.

Another slap on my ass, I gave another squeal.

“Too late now bitch,” Leroy crowed.

“Oh my god!” I cried out in fear and panic.

But not too much, I didn’t want to scare Sam so that he became upset or decided to intervene. I had a very entertaining flash through my mind of him punching Leroy. If actually made me wet! But no.

Besides, Leroy hadn’t begun to push.

Then he pushed, his cock head forced its way into my anus. I cried out in genuine pain, only exaggerating a little, my body stiffening, my ass automatically clenching around his head, trying to force him out instinctively. He held his place in me, gripping my hips tightly.

“It hurts,” I whimpered, genuinely. My voice carried an authentic tone of shock and terror.

It never hurt with Sam. What the fuck was with Leroy? It had hurt before at his place, so I sort of expected it. It still threw me. This time it hurt even more. That's not supposed to happen!

“It’s supposed to,” Leroy exulted. “You’re supposed to feel it,” he said, “so it’s real. So you know you’re getting fucked.”

Asshole. God, he was such an asshole. Why did he turn me on so much?

“Stop please,” I whimpered. “At least, slow down.”

I could feel him bending down a little above me.

“Take the pain bitch. It’ll be okay,” he assured me. “You’re going to love it soon enough. You’ll take to it like a baby to water. You’re going to like the pain, because it’s the intro to something good. You’re going to crave my cock up your ass, Princess.”

Oh Jesus Christ, I thought sarcastically, rolling my eyes again.

He pushed his cock head a little further, and I squealed in pain, once again, exaggerating only a little.

“It’s too big!” I cried. “It hurts!”

“Sam,” Leroy said, “get over in front, get some shots of her face, real close ups. I want that expression. Then some establishing shots, full body, a couple of angles for coverage.”

My eyes widened with sudden panic, I had no idea how to look like I was painfully losing my anal virginity for the first time in my life. I’d just been rolling my eyes and pulling faces. As Sam approached, I bulged my eyes, gritted my teeth, pulled my lips into a grimace and pushed up on my diaphragm to go red in the face.

Oh god, I was making my constipated face!

Sam was right in front of me, eyes wide with concern.

“Are you okay,” he asked. He looked so worried.

I couldn’t speak, or I’d lose the constipated face, so I gave him a half smile and a nod. He put the smart phone up, I sucked in laboured breaths, and made grimaces, turning my head back and forth slightly, muscles straining. For good measure, I rolled my eyes up a couple of times, and flared my nostrils, hissing spittle from between clenched teeth and bared lips.

He moved away, and gratefully, I laid my head in the pillow, relaxing my diaphragm and letting the red face go.

“Okay, Sam,” Leroy said. “Get me, and then in for a close up, I’m going to give her the whole thing.”

Oh wait! That was my cue.

I wailed loudly, trying to inject the right note of misery, while working out my next line.

“NO! Please!” I said. “Stop! Slow down! It’s so big...”

“You can handle it, Princess,” and he pushed.

My loud grunt was genuine, as he finally breached my sphincter completely and slowly smoothly sank his length in, filling my bowels with his hot hard cock. I really did grit my teeth, my eyes wide and almost bulging. Once breached, the pain eased considerably and the main sensation was being filled, pushing me to gasping and panting. I could feel sweat breaking out on my forehead, and wiped on my bicep.

“Look at that,” Leroy said. “She took the whole thing. I’m all the way in. Get a good shot.”

I gasped, staring straight head, expressionlessly. For some reason, I was starting to find Leroy’s fixation with Sam documenting my sodomy irritating. I wanted to say ‘hey, I’m right here in the fucking room!’

“You’re officially an anal whore, Princess,” he told me, his voice silky with satisfaction.

Thank you for acknowledging my presence, I thought sarcastically.

That said, his big thick cock was filling my bowels, and I couldn't ignore the intensity of the sensation, or the feeling of being filled. It was genuinely erotic and powerful to be taken this way, and beneath the surface gloss of sarcasm and annoyance, what he was doing to me was intense. Fuck it, I thought, I decided to just go with it. To give myself to the experience and submit.

"Oh god," I whispered sincerely. "I can feel you. I can feel you all the way. You're so big in me. You've won. You've taken me, and I can feel it. I'm yours, no limits, no borders."

"Fuck yes," he gloated. I moaned loudly, and squirmed helplessly as began to withdraw his cock. "I'm going to fuck the shit out of you now! And you're going to love it.

"No!" I cried out. "Don't take it out!"

If he took it all the way out and shoved it back in this soon it would hurt. I just wanted him to fuck me regular, until my body adjusted and my sphincter surrendered.

Leroy chuckled, and half way out, he pushed back in, triggering a flex and arch of my back, my toes curled involuntarily, and I gave a moan of pure pleasure. Slowly, steadily, he began to fuck me with exquisite long strokes, gradually building in power and intensity.

I let my body go along with the ride, moaning and gasping with each thrust, taking him again and again.

"Oh god!" I groaned helplessly. "So good... So good."

Leroy laughed joyfully, the happiest I'd ever heard him.

"You see," he said. "Once I broke her in, she loves it. Eventually, she'll beg me for it."

"Oh oh oh god," I whimpered. "I'm begging now. Fuck me! Fuck my ass!"

He laughed again.

"Get her face, Sam," he ordered. "Get her to talk."

I lifted my head, Sam moved in front, his smartphone at the ready.

He looked so worried, so concerned. I wanted to reach out to him, to whisper it was all a game, a role play. A brutal, bruising exhausting play that took us to physical and emotional limits, but still play. It was all okay. Maybe give him a wink or something, but he was recording on video. Fuck.

He winked. He understood. Oh thank you, I thought, I love you so much. Satisfied, I moaned, my expression one of erotic haze, exhaustion, submission, rapture.

"He's fucking my ass, Sam," I spoke into the camera lens. "He took me, he invaded me, and now I'm his all over again..."

“And it feels so gooooooood,” I moaned. “Oh god, I didn’t imagine how good it would feel. I can’t believe I waited this long. I want it, I need it now. I need him to own me and fuck my ass whenever he wants.”

“I’m his slave now. His anal slave. And I love it!”

I remembered vaguely that I ought to be cruel and hammer away at the ‘you pathetic cuck!’ shtick. But honestly, the ass fucking was so powerful and deep, and I was enjoying it so much, reveling in it, that I didn’t want to.

As Leroy’s big cock slid in and out of my ass, each stroke harder and longer and faster, bottoming out more brutally, his hips began to smack louder and louder against my ass. My body shook back and forth as he pounded me, and I could only moan helplessly in delight.

With each stroke of his cock pushing in my colon, against the nerve clusters behind my g-spot, the pleasure grew more intense, more delirious.

“Fuck me,” I moaned, “fuck my ass, fuck it hard!”

My awareness was zeroing in on his big cock possessing me. I was no longer even aware whether Sam was videoing, or what he was capturing. I no longer cared.

“You want to come, Sam?” Leroy asked. “Jerk off now. Come on her face.” But I was so consumed by pleasure from my anal fucking, from my bodies sensual capitulation, the words didn’t register.

Leroy pulled back so far his cock fell out completely, and then an instant later he plunged back in, meeting no resistance at all, my anus having surrendered totally, his cock surged past my yielding sphincter, plunging all the way into my bowels, as I cried out with pleasure.

Helplessly, I could only take him as he began to fuck in and out of me, his cock pulling all the way from my gaping asshole, driving in savagely to the bottom again and again. I screamed in joy and ecstasy, as my anal orgasm rolled over me like a slow tidal wave. My pussy squirted.

My face was splattered, and I realized Sam had ejaculated in my face. I’d been so consumed, I’d barely registered him jerking off in front of me. For just a moment, as semen splattered my cheeks and forehead and began to trickle down, I was jolted into awareness. Then Leroy pushed hard and deep and I forgot everything .

“Oh fuck YES!” I cried out. And then another, as he pounded, and then another, and finally, I felt his own urgency, as he came ferociously, emptying his load into my bowels, my body pounded in limp submission.

He fell completely on top of me, crushing me with his weight, his cock still deep in my loosened asshole. We were both panting and drenched with sweat.

“Oh fuck,” I whispered. “That was a good ass fucking.”

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Chapter 33, Cucking Ends, or Does it?
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THE SECOND CUCKOLDING, PART 5 OF 5

KAYLEY POV

Sam would have done it way better, I thought. But this was good, this was still really good. I realized that Sam's semen was dripping down my face, but I couldn't find the impulse to care.

Leroy kissed my shoulder blade, licking away the film of sweat.

"I own you now," he whispered.

Again? Geez.

"Yeah," I agreed, too exhausted to roll my eyes. Honestly, I was annoyed by the way he never let up, but so exhausted I didn't have the energy to do anything but go with it.

After a moment, with a deep grunt, he pulled himself off me.

"Sam," he said, "get this."

I felt him pulling my ass cheeks apart.

"See that?" He said. "That's a fucking gape. That's an asshole that's taken a good hard fucking."

I just laid there, sweat dripping off me, panting, boneless, limp, listening to him, feeling him handle my body like a slab of meat. I didn't even have the energy to resent him being an asshole. I just laid there. He slapped my ass, I grunted and shook, but made no other response.

I was allowed to rest, panting, not even listening as Leroy spoke to Sam. Finally, he made his way around the bed. At first, I thought he was going to unbind my wrists. But instead, he grabbed my hair at the top of my head, pulling. Raising my head voluntarily, I sensed what was coming.

Obediently, instinctively, my mouth opened and Leroy shoved his cock, wiped hopefully, but still fresh from my ass, in.

"Clean it," he ordered unnecessarily. Exhausted from the fucking and orgasms, my will shattered, I did as I was told, sealing my lips around his limp cock and swirling my tongue around.

"That's how you do it," he was telling Sam cheerfully.

As I laid there, limp and panting, I was struck by the dichotomy between how I'd totally

dominated Sam, I mean, I'd fucking crushed him, on the one side. And on the other, how completely I'd been ruled and wrecked by Leroy's ass fucking. I almost winced as I remembered my sarcastic attitude as I'd gone along, even as he'd utterly broken me down and pounded me into exhausted submission.

Leroy slapped my ass. I didn't even bother to respond, I just felt my body jiggle with the force, the hard sting, and the burst of warmth and pins and needles. He was going to leave a red handprint on my butt.

"Okay," he said. "You look after her. It's late now, I'm going to grab a shower, and after, I'll just fuck off. You guys going to be all right?"

But he didn't wait for an answer. I sensed, rather than heard or saw, him leave the room. A moment later, the shower turned on. Then Sam's hand was on my back, stroking me.

"You all right, babe?" he asked.

"Fine," I purred. "Just fine."

&&&

It was an hour later. I'd sorted myself out, showered. We'd put on clothes and had a drink together.

"Listen," Leroy said sincerely, "all that stuff, about my owning her, taking her away from Sam. All the bullshit about being pathetic, control power. All that stuff is in the session. But it ends there. Session ends, it's over. None of it carries over, understand?"

"Got it," Sam said. I yawned, I was so tired.

"It can be really intense," Leroy said, "but you have to remember, none of it's real."

"Except the sex." I said.

"Okay, that's real," he admitted. "But none of the rest. It's not who you are. It's a role play. What goes on in the session stays in the session."

"Yeah," I said. "We know."

He nodded.

"I'm just making sure. Sometimes there are ... feelings. They're powerful, it's an illusion, but illusions can mess with you. If there are feelings, you come to me, okay. We'll all talk it out."

"Yeah," Sam said, he was obviously exhausted.

"Promise?" Leroy demanded.

"Promise," Sam sighed.

“Promise,” I said.

“Great,” Leroy replied. “Now let’s hug it out, you crazy kids, and then I’ll hit the road.”

We hugged. Finally, Leroy left. I looked at the time. Christ, we were going to have to get up in a few hours to get ready to go to our offices. We were both going to be so fucking wrecked and exhausted tomorrow at work.

The door closed, we looked at each other and waited, it felt like we were counting down.

After fifteen seconds, I took a giant breath and exhaled.

“Jesus!” I swore. “Thank the holy fuck he’s gone. It was a wild scene, but I think I would have gone out of my fucking mind if he stayed over. No more overnights. Fuck.”

I could feel the tension boiling away, stress and angst, that bizarre roller coaster sort of excitement physically leaving my body. I dumped myself n the couch and held out my arms to Sam.

“Come here, baby,” I said. “I need you.”

He stretched out on the couch, his head in my lap.

“Yeah,” Sam sighed. “I’m glad he’s gone. That role play, it’s incredibly intense, but it’s exhausting. It was too fucking long. I like Leroy,” he said. “I like him a lot. But sometimes it feels like he sucks the energy right out of you.”

I nodded. I’d noticed that too.

“You’re not too traumatized are you? No permanent damage?”

He laughed.

“I don’t think so. Honestly, it feels like I’ve been hit by a car. I was just walking along and WHAM! What the hell was that?”

He paused.

“I think I’m okay though. We did agree that I could just say uncle. I don’t think I ever reached that point where I needed to say it. Just... the next time I tell you to do your worst, slap me silly.”

I stroked his hair. He seemed fine, just regular Sam. I wasn’t entirely sure. I decided to watch him, just in case. No damage, I hoped, and no damage that couldn’t be healed.

“I’m so sorry,” I said,”about the leg-humping thing. I don’t know what came over me.”

I was too ashamed even to mention the other thing. I hoped he wouldn’t bring it up.

He looked up.

“You know what? It was so bizarre, I couldn’t even feel humiliated. It was practically an out of body experience. I felt like I was in a Fellini or a Warhol film. It was like Salo, where suddenly, you’re in something so fucked up and weird, that you can’t have any normal reaction. You’re just there, doing it, going ‘okay, so this is happening.’”

“You sure,” I asked. “I didn’t psychologically warp you?”

He thought about it.

“I guess you’ll know for sure when you start finding cum stains all over the furniture.”

I snorted involuntarily, and then coughed. I couldn’t help it, I laughed right out loud.

“I think maybe you missed your calling,” he said. “You’d make a world class dominatrix!”

I smiled.

“You think so?” I asked. I stroked his hair. “I don’t know. Maybe I could only ever do it with you.”

“That’s... both reassuring and terrifying,” he said.

He paused thoughtfully.

“I felt it, you know,” he said. “Every now and then, no matter what you were saying or how mean you got, every now and then, I could feel you caring. It was like dark clouds, so dark and scary, and then once in a while, the clouds would part and for a second it would be warm, I’d feel you shining through, checking on me, making sure I was okay, caring, loving.”

I nodded.

“That gave me the strength to keep on going.”

He shivered.

“But sometimes, a lot of the time, you were fucking terrifying. I think you even scared Leroy.”

I laughed at that.

“But you sure as hell scared the fuck out of me.”

I laid on him and wondered about that. My ‘caring’ had been a lifeline. I was glad of that. But maybe I shouldn’t have. Had I contaminated the experience? Should I have been harsher, been more careful about showing care?

Or would that have been too much trauma? Would that have broken or scarred him irreparably, or liberated hm through catharsis? There was no instruction manual for this kind of journey.

For that matter, was he traumatized now? He seemed okay. He'd bounced back incredibly well. Of course, it was just a role play, we all knew it wasn't real. But...

I decided to keep a close eye on him, just in case.

Something I couldn't tell him was how real the darkness had been. How cruelty, sheer viciousness, had called to me. How I'd constantly been on the edge of running out of control. On the edge? I'd run wild, and loved it. It's sobering to discover that part of yourself.

In the meantime, time to change the subject, lighten the mood.

"He told me to pee on you," I said. "I wouldn't."

He nodded.

"I'd never do that to you," I assured him. "I mean, you could pee on me if you wanted. I'd let you, but..."

I stopped. What had I just said? Wow, that had come out completely garbled. I hoped he didn't get some weird idea from that, that I was some kind of pee freak. That wasn't what I was saying at all!

I turned, shifting position again, taking my weight away from him.

Let's just tip toe away, so he doesn't get the wrong idea. Maybe he hadn't noticed. Totally not into that stuff. I was blushing hot.

"What's with the whole 'anal virgin' thing?" Sam asked suddenly.

Relieved, I chewed my lip.

I'd meant to bring it up with Sam, at least to get him on board. But the whole thing at Leroy's apartment had thrown me. I didn't like keeping secrets from him, and somehow, once I'd committed to the secret, I couldn't see how to raise it.

Sam could have simply blurted out 'I fuck her ass constantly.' And that would have shattered the fantasy.

Nah, I would have stuck my tongue down his throat. In the end, we'd been able to read each other well enough to navigate it.

"I don't know, really," I said honestly, giving it a thoughtful examination. "He just got the idea in his head somewhere along the way and got really excited about it. He fixated. I could tell he was fixating. I went along because it seemed so important to him."

He nodded.

"He really was into it. You should have seen his face. He was like a kid at Christmas. You just know, he was gong to run home and put it in his scrapbook. Or maybe ask his mom to

sew an extra badge onto his boy scout uniform - ‘Anal Plunder.”

“I don’t think that boy scouts have an Anal Plunder badge,” I said.

“Honey!” he said. “It’s the boy scouts! Of course they have an Anal Plunder badge.”

I smacked my forehead. “You’re right, what was I thinking. Do they have a fisting badge too?”

“Girl guides.”

“That makes so much sense!”

He paused.

“I could see he was really into it,” he said, “and you were going along. So I figured I’d just keep my mouth shut and ask later.”

“I didn’t ham it up too much?” I asked.

“No,” he said. “You were very convincing. You had me going there for a bit. I was really worrying for you. I thought I might have to stop it.”

“What gave me away?”

He shrugged.

“I’m not sure,” he said. “I mean, you and I do it all the time. I just started to pick up that you were... not exactly faking, but acting, performing. It was role play, and you were okay.”

I smiled down at him. We were so in synch, the two of us.

“How was he?” he asked.

“Okay,” I mused. It wasn’t like I had a sample size to compare with. I’d done anal with only two men - Sam on a wonderfully regular basis, pun intended, and Leroy twice. “Not nearly as good as you. Hurts a little. I’m tender. My clit too.”

Definitely not as good as Sam. Sam seemed to instinctively do everything perfectly, his body knew just what to do with my body. He slid inside me without a shiver of pain, it was all welcome and joyful and filling. Sam was always welcome up my Chimney, all year round, not just Christmas.

“I guess because I’m smaller,” he said thoughtfully.

I snorted and rolled my eyes, as running jokes went, this one was already tiresome. I just wished they’d let it go, it’s stopped being funny guys. True, I’d indulged it for the cuckolding session. But we weren’t in the session now, and I don’t know why he had to keep at it.

“Oh yeah,” I said sarcastically, laying it on with a trowel, “that must be it. Because he’s

soooooo much bigger. Obviously."

I almost rolled my eyes.

"Think we should tell him the truth?" Sam asked.

"Oh god no!" I said. "Did you see how happy he was? He was like a kid at Christmas! I don't want to ruin it for him. And he'd think we were just... toying with him. I think it's better to let him believe. Let him think he has something unique."

I nodded.

"Yeah," he agreed. "It might help him bond. Lose some of that competitive bullshit, if he thinks he's got a special trophy."

"God," I reflected. "We talk about him sometimes like he's a kid. Our kid. I don't know whether we want to fuck him, or adopt him."

"He comes across as immature, sometime." He nodded. "Sometimes it's sweet, sometimes it's annoying. On the one hand, he's so ... accomplished. And then..."

"Yeah."

We contemplated the mystery that was Leroy for a moment.

"Hey," he said. "Did you really think of sex every man we flirted with?"

I burst out laughing.

"Oh my god no!" I said. "That was just for role play."

"Yeah, I noticed," Sam said defensively. "I never snuck off to the bathroom to masturbate... except that one time at Holden's."

Sam was insecure! It made me want to laugh. I scooched back over on the couch, so I could lay flat on it, side by side facing him, our bodies pressing, looking into each other's eyes.

"It was just fun flirting with them," I said, "and it was only fun because you were there."

"Ever think about fucking any of them," he asked, he couldn't let it go.

"No!" I laughed.

I paused.

"Well... Some of them. Especially as we went on," I admitted. "Mostly no, but once in a while."

"Like who?"

Fuck, I was on the spot. I tried to think.

“That salesman from Ohio, at the Fairmount lounge.”

“I remember him. Why him?”

“I don’t know. He was just so sad.”

“A pity fuck?”

“Eugh!” I said, appalled, “that’s a heartless way to put it. No. He was just so quiet and sad and lonely. You know. Reflective and thoughtful, my heart just went out to him. And I thought, ‘I would like to take you to bed, so that for a little while, you wouldn’t be so lonely and broken, and maybe after, you could ... I don’t know. Start living again.’”

“I would have said yes,” Sam said. “If you’d come and asked me.”

I kissed him.

“I know you would have, Sweetie,” I told him. “That’s why I didn’t.”

“Anyone else?”

“That guy with the stopover, you know the one - the computer nerd, Edgar. Overweight. Sweaty. Gross.”

“Lester?”

“Lester!” I said. “That’s his name.”

It was Sam’s turn to make a face.

“Why him?” he asked. “Are you turned on by gross, fat, sweaty, hairy guys?”

I laughed, just slightly nervously, but not enough to be noticed.

“No,” I said quickly. “He was just weirdly sexual. Hung, you could kind of tell, gynormous I bet. But there was just something about him. I think he was autistic or asberger’s or something. Hyper-focused, even when he was pretending not to be. He had this selfish sexual intensity... It’s hard to explain.”

“I guess,” Sam said. “Although I don’t see it at all.”

I stuck my tongue out.

“He’s definitely not your type. I think he was the first one I really thought about it. I just had this feeling, that he really wanted to fuck me. And not panting, horny-dog desire.”

Sam blushed.

Oops, I thought, I'd have to watch myself around that. Edgar... Lester had definitely given me the tingles. I hated to admit it, but there were certain kinds of men that my body seemed to yearn for. It was a little embarrassing.

"But this kind of laser focused quality. Like he absolutely didn't care how I felt or what I thought, but if he had even the slightest chance, he'd go for it, one hundred per cent, relentless. If there was any opportunity, he would have fucked me. And I sensed that."

"And..."

"That's when I wondered what it would have been like. He was too creepy though. Soooo seriously creepy. I got bad vibes along with the sexy ones. The wrong kind of bad vibes."

"Okay," he said. "Who else? Mr. Astronaut?"

"Mmm..." I said pretending to consider it. "Not really. Maybe, for about two seconds. No, not even one second. He looked good, but everything was too plastic. He was like a GI Joe. You didn't want to take him out of the box. And if you did, and took his pants down, there'd be nothing there."

I thought a moment.

"There was Tom, the Dwarf," I said. "Actually, definitely!"

"Kinky!"

"Shut up!" I laughed. "The swimmer," I said. "That guy in for the comedy festival. He actually invited me up to his room. I wasn't really tempted, but I liked the invitation. Definite maybe. And that traveler - the one who lived in a yurt. No wait, definitely not him."

I shrugged. "Not that many. And only a few, really, where I thought about it even half seriously. Like not so much, I should or even could. But thinking, what would it be like? Mostly not even interest, just... vague curiosity?"

"These are mostly later," Sam said. "None of the early ones?"

"None." I shrugged. "I guess I started to as we went on, more and more, later and later."

"So Leroy was just right time, right place, you were ready to go for it?"

"Hmm," I said thoughtfully. "Well, he was one of the most aggressive for sure, and the sleaziest. Maybe. I think part of it was the 'right here/right now vibe.' He wasn't even inviting me up to a room, he was going to go for it right there in the bar."

I gave a rueful smile. "Even then, I probably wouldn't have. At best, I was straddling the fence. You were the one that kicked me off."

"Regrets?"

"Nope, not as long as I'm with you," I smiled and played with his hair.

“Would you do any of them now?” Sam asked.

I thought. “Lester. There’s just a creepy magnetism to him. I don’t know.” I almost said the salesman, but buried that. “Stand up comedy guy.... nah. The swimmer... no. Tom, the Dwarf. Maybe, maybe not. There’s a huge difference between thinking about it and actually doing it. I could do it, doesn’t mean I would. But... Maybe.”

I thought a little more.

“Scratch Lester, too creepy.”

I thought some more.

“The only one that would be a closest to definite yes would be the Dwarf. Before Leroy, he was the one I almost said yes too. He got me to feel his cock in his pants. I was so embarrassed, but it was exciting.”

“Really! You never told me that?” Sam said.

“I was kind of embarrassed. It was just an impulse thing.”

“So...?”

“Hung,” I admitted. “I was curious.”

“Why the Dwarf.”

“Really aggressive,” I said. “Very up front about it. Funny. Driven. I liked his personality, and honestly... this is so un-politically correct, I was really curious about sex with a Dwarf.”

“You are kinky!”

“You just noticed?”

Now some decidedly un-politically correct images were going through my mind. When I’d felt his cock, it had been very generous. Very very generous.

“If you ever tell anyone I said that last part,” I said, “I’ll have to kill you.”

“You have a Dinklage fetish?”

“Peter Dinklage is a brilliant fucking actor,” I replied. “And he oozes sex appeal. It’s those eyes. And the voice. And the sheer raw talent! Any woman would do him in a heartbeat!”

“Interesting,” he said. “So when... or if... we do the dating game again, you’re more... seduceable?”

“Theoretically,” I said. “I guess now, with all we’ve done, it’s a real option now. I’d have to really feel it, and want it. I think the bar would be high though. And I suppose I’d want to

check with you. Have a signal or something, a go ahead. But let's say we're at a hotel bar, and I meet some guy, say a big swarthy Sikh, dark dark skin, thick body hair poking out of his shirt, about six foot two, turban, big bushy beard, huge hands, and just penetrating eyes–"

"That's oddly specific," Sam said.

It was, I thought. For a moment, I wondered where that had come from?

"-- and we talk, and he's just radiating this carnal sensuality, and my panties are just wet, and he says 'come up to my room, I have always wanted to impregnate a redhead, and I want to do the Kama Sutra on your tiny white girl body.' And you were giving the green light, I'd go 'Yes! Yes! YES!!!'"

I paused.

"That's very very very specific," Sam said. "Any particular Sikh in mind."

I shrugged. I had no idea, it just popped into my head. I didn't know any Sikhs.

"Just a random example. But if it's just an accountant or tile salesman from Des Moines, even a Sikh one... Meh, why bother?"

Sam nuzzled my neck, making me giggle.

"Now I know your secret lusts," he said - "Fat, hairy ugly guys; big brawny Sikhs like Jason Mamoa, and Peter Dinklage."

I laughed nervously.

"Jason Momoa's not a Sikh," I said. "But I'd hit him anyway."

"Who wouldn't," he replied, fondling my breasts, and kissing me.

"You're incorrigible," I giggled, kissing him back.

His eyes were sparkling.

"Sort of," he said. "Honestly, I'm only half way back, but after the session, I just want to feel playful and relaxed. I want to shake it off."

I reached down, squeezing him gently.

"More than half way, I judge."

"What can I say," he said. "You're my everything."

"I love you," I said urgently, the words tumbling out. "You know that I really love you. I would never hurt you, or allow you to be hurt. This was all just play, none of it was real. You're the only thing that matters."

“I know,” he said. “I trust you, and I’ll never stop trusting you.”

I laughed joyfully, relieved and elated. No matter what, I promised myself, I’d protect him, I’d keep him safe. I’d broken through the armour to the vulnerable raw Sam-soul beneath, and I cherished it. I’d never let anything happen to it.

The laugh turned into a gasp and a sigh, as his fingers found me.

“Oh,” I said breathlessly, “I should tell you, I fucked the waiter.”

He nodded.

“I know,” he said, “Leroy was going on about it. I thought he was just bullshitting. So you really did?”

“I really did,” I agreed, “although Leroy didn’t know. And I’m sure he didn’t believe me when I said I did. I don’t think he thinks that I did. I think he was just bullshitting to get to you.”

“Huh,” he said, absorbing that. “How was it?”

“How was what?”

“The waiter.”

“Oh,” I paused, thinking it over. “He had the most gorgeous blue eyes, like just amazing deep blue. Every time he looked at me, I got little wet shivers. It was easy to flirt with him. But the sex? Two minutes. Meh.”

“Too bad.”

“I’m not shitting on him, it was just really rushed circumstances.”

I paused, thoughtfully.

“Right after he came though, he had a crisis. He was married, or had a girlfriend, I can’t remember. But suddenly, he was just... flaking out. And I felt terrible. I realized something.”

“Yes?”

“Well,” I said, “there’s fun, right? But people aren’t sex toys. They have lives. Feeling. You can’t just use them, that’s fucked up. You can hurt them, just by messing with them. I shouldn’t have fucked him. It wasn’t right, it wasn’t considerate or respectful of him.”

He kissed my forehead.

“You’re a good person,” he said. “And I know you’ll be... we’ll be careful of people. Do no harm. No one unwilling or regretful. Just... spread joy.”

I was a good person? After the shit I’d just done to him? And the way I’d genuinely enjoyed

it? And fucking around privately with Leroy, and the booths? I'm not sure his faith in me was justified. I wanted to be a good person. It just felt really hard to navigate.

I was keeping things from him. The booths, the private encounters. Maybe now was the time to come clean. Just tell him everything. I took a deep breath.

I thought back to the roof top, Polaris, the north star. With it, you could always find your way. Be my Polaris, Sam, I'm just a little it lost right now, but as long as you're there in my sky, I'll always find my way.

My lips parted, and then closed. No words came out. Just tell him, I ordered myself.

Was I a good person? I felt bad about what I'd done to the waiter, and to Sam. I would be more careful. Maybe that was the key. Maybe a bad person would do these things and never feel bad, they'd just keep on doing them.

"Uh," I whispered. Truth time.

Sam's fingers moved against my clitoris, I gasped and shifted.

"It's hard to think really deep thoughts," I complained, "when you're fingering me like an electric guitar."

"Just practicing. Oh my!" he teased. "You're really wet."

I pretend scowled.

"And you're not doing anything about it," I complained.

"Now who's incorrigible!"

&&&

My ringtone went off, even before I picked it up, I knew who it was calling me in the middle of the night. We hadn't decided between trying to go in to work, or just both calling in sick and sleeping it off. The one thing for sure, we weren't sleeping.

Before Leroy left, he'd made us both promise no sex for twenty-four hours. Yeah. Fuck that noise.

I held the phone to my ear.

"If Sam's there," Leroy said, "don't let him know that it's me."

"Hi Jan," I said cheerfully. "You're up late. Really late. Is everything okay?"

"Is he close by?" Leroy asked.

"Totally," I said. "Extremely."

“Is he doing something sexual?”

“I would agree with that.”

“Licking your pussy?”

“You got it.”

“Is he hard?”

“Uh huh,” I replied. “So what’s up Jan? Something on your mind? It’s crazy late.”

“I just wanted to check up on the two of you, especially Sam. It went pretty hard on him.”

I looked down at Same, faithfully licking my pussy.

“Jan says hello,” I said.

Sam paused long enough to lift his head and say “Hi Jan.”

“Oh yeah,” I said, “he’s fine. It’s all good.”

“He’s very submissive,” Leroy said. “A natural cuck. He really takes to it. I thought you might have pushed him too hard, but he rolled with it.”

“I suppose so.”

“Anyway,” Leroy said. “I was a little worried about him.”

“That’s really nice of you.”

“How about you? How’s your ass? You got it hard physically.”

“I wouldn’t worry,” I said. “Those things are built to handle all kinds of situations.”

I reached down with one hand, winding my hand in Sam’s hair, and pushed him hard against my clit. I moaned.

“Sounds like he’s doing a good job,” Leroy said.

“Oh that,” I said. “Sorry, that was a yawn, it just came over me. I couldn’t help it.”

I grinned down at Sam, his eyes were sparkling as he looked up at me, thinking I was talking to Jan. His tongue became wildly animated, and I had to struggle not to gasp too loudly.

“I’m not surprised you’ve got him licking your pussy.”

“Oh yeah, and why is that?”

“Because he’s still lingering. He’s hanging on to his submissive mode.”

I pulled Sam's hand up to my breast.

"Really? That's an interesting theory."

"Are you going to fuck him?"

"There's a personal question," I said. "Didn't we talk about that?"

"There's making promises and keeping them," Leroy said. "I think this time you should keep it."

"Oh you think that?"

"Tell you what, let's make it interesting."

"I'm listening."

"No fucking," Leroy said, "but oral is okay. Oral is great."

"I like the sound of that."

"You can go down on Sam, if you feel like it," he said.

"Oh I don't need incentives," I said. "I'm always there for that."

"Sam goes down on you, all you want. You come as much as you want."

"Still liking it."

"But Sam doesn't come at all. You blow him, you fondle him, you tease him, you keep him hard the whole twenty-four hours, but he doesn't get to fuck, and he doesn't get to come. You edge him, until he's screaming. Tie him down if you need to. I guarantee, it'll blow both your minds."

"Interesting," I said. "I think I could be up for it. It's definitely a possibility."

"Think about it," he said. "Twenty four hours, of oral servicing, coming over and over, and keeping him hard and helpless the whole time."

"You're definitely selling it."

"You'll go for it."

"I guess."

"Say it."

"All right," I said. "Yes."

“Then let’s make it really interesting: Forty-eight hours.”

“Whoa!” I said. Sam looked up at me. I pressed his face between my legs, suddenly much wetter. I could feel my pussy squeezing. “That’s really hard core.”

“You’re not refusing.”

“That’s true,” I said.

“You told me you cut him off two days before the session,” he said.

“I did say that.”

“So what’s two days after the session?”

“It seems exhausting and difficult.”

“But exciting?”

“Yes.”

“Try this - twenty four hours, set in stone. That’s your target. If you make the end of the twenty-four, then add twelve. If you get all the way through the twelve, then add another twelve.”

“That sounds feasible.” Oh poor Sam, I thought gleefully.

“If you can make forty-eight, then another twelve and even another...”

“Too much.”

“But forty-eight.”

“All right.”

“Then do it!” His voice changed timber, suddenly commanding.

I gasped, and jumped a little, my body flushing hot suddenly. I pushed Sam’s face down against my pussy, so he’d think that the sudden surge of wetness was him. But it wasn’t. It was Leroy’s command. Not a suggestion, not a request. An order, immutable, irrevocable, non-negotiable.

Perhaps it was my own lingering submissiveness, but as my heart beat faster, and my muscles tightened, it felt like a seismic shift. He’d shocked me by exerting dominance, and caught by surprise, I’d slipped or been thrown into utter obedience.

“Yes.”

“Promise.”

“Yes. Totally,” I tried to sound casual. My heart was racing, and suddenly I was breathless.

“You know,” he said. “You don’t have to tell him. Just go ahead and do it.”

“And how would that work out?” I replied unsteadily, my voice quavering. I hoped that Sam thought it was because of him. I supposed partially, in different senses, it was.

“Just do it,” Leroy said. “And he’ll figure it out and accept it, and you won’t have to say anything.”

“Maybe,” I gasped a little.

I was starting to be a little uncontrolled with my sex noises. I couldn’t help it, while Sam licked my pussy, Leroy was fucking with my mind, and the two tracks of stimulation were really difficult.

“Oh, nothing,” I said randomly, for Sam’s benefit. “I’m just moving around, getting things done as we talk.”

“I bet,” Leroy chuckled. “He thinks it’s him doesn’t he?”

“You got that right.”

“Anyway,” Leroy said, “option two - he figures it out, and he starts to beg. I think you’d love having him beg.”

“Oh Jesus!” My hips lifted up against Sam’s face. “Oh no! No! I was just opening a jar. I think I spilled some juice. Yeah? What you were saying? You know me so well.”

Leroy chuckled.

“Option three - he figures it out and rebels. And you crush him. You’re dominant, he’s submissive, he’ll give in, and you’ll fucking love it. You love setting up these little contests where you get to surrender. I think you’d love arranging one where you win and conquer.”

“Wow!” I said breathily and a little too enthusiastically, my hips lifted again, I was so fucking wet, and I could feel tingles going up inside me. I grabbed Sam’s hair tight in my fist and started grinding into his face, which only made the sensations stronger.

“You’ve really got it all worked out! Anyway Jan,” I spoke quickly, my voice straining with approaching orgasm, it wasn’t here yet, but I could feel it gathering, “this has been really interesting, but I have to... Take care of some... things. So talk later, okay.”

“You’ll do what I told you.”

“Yes! Of course! Definitely! Bye!”

The last thing I heard before I broke the connection was Leroy’s cruel laughter. I barely had time to think ‘what an asshole’ before the orgasm broke and barreled over me, I howled, squeezing my thighs against Sam’s head, grinding hard against him as I gushed and gushed.

The orgasm was intense and delicious, leaving me breathless and sated. Finally, I went happy and limp, utterly sated, loosing my grip on him.

“Come up and kiss me, Lover,” I called to him.

He came up, our lips pressed together, my mouth opened on his, and our tongues flicked gently against each other.

“What’s up with Jan?”

“Oh,” I said. “Her usual crises. It’s too involved, I’ll tell you tomorrow. Sometimes that girl has boundary issues. I didn’t really have to say anything, she just needed someone to listen for a few minutes.”

Hopefully, he’d forget about it in the morning, or I’d be able to make some shit up. Because he loved me, he swallowed the lie without blinking. I felt a little bad, even with the excitement of Leroy’s call and his persuading me to his little game. I was lying to Sam too much, it was harmless, but maybe eventually, it wouldn’t be. I needed to stop.

On the other hand, Leroy’s idea was so utterly delicious, I couldn’t stop thinking about it. I’m a bad person... and I found I loved it.

So, as we kissed and made out with increasing intensity, as our bodies ground together, and I felt his hard cock pressing against me, I smiled looking into his eyes. His knee parted my thighs willingly, I laid back as he moved up on top of me, his cock hanging rigid between us.

Sam moved his hips forward, his rigid cock sliding forward. God, he must have such a sexual charge, the night had been so intense. He was so ready to feel my wet pussy wrapped around him, and for the two of us to make frantic love.

He thrust, and his cock met the back of my hand, as I covered my pussy. It slid up and then off, leaving a wet trail.

Surprised, he looked down at me.

“Naughty, naughty,” I told him, my eyes dancing merrily, as he play thrust again against the back of my hand, his cock sliding smoothly off again. Or did he hope that I’d relent and grant him entry? No chance! “Didn’t we both make a promise? Hmm? You can’t come in just yet.”

“But the session is over,” he said, he shrugged. Another smooth pelvic thrust, the head of his cock pressed between my fingers. He adjusted a little, and it glided over my knuckles along the back of my hand almost to my wrist, where it fell off, nestling somewhere between the inside of my thigh and my belly. “There’s no harm in trying.”

I smiled, keeping my hand in place

“There’s no harm in making you wait a little...” I said. He thrust smoothly between the edge of my hand and my thigh. Denying him gave me this buoyant feeling of power and control. “You didn’t mind waiting last time. Maybe this time, we’ll go the full length. Think you can

last the full twenty-four?”

Or forty-eight, I thought.

“Ouch!” Sam said. “You like torturing me.”

“You like me torturing you,” I pointed out.

“We still do other stuff?” he said hopefully. “Like before.”

I nodded. “We just did, and I definitely approve. I intend to return the favour... But...”

“But?” he asked.

“Well,” I said thoughtfully, “I intend to perform the act of oral sex upon you, with celestial enthusiasm... But there’s nothing in the rule book that says how many times I make you come, or when I decide to make you come, or whether I choose to allow you to come at all.”

“There’s a rule book?” he asked.

“I’m writing it,” I teased, “as we speak.”

“Oh my!” he said. “You have an idea?”

“Something might have occurred to me,” I smirked.

He stared at me, excited.

“You look positively devilish.”

I grinned.

“Maybe I feel positively devilish.”

His eyes darted back and forth, as if playfully looking around.

“Should I be worried?”

“Not at all my love,” I kissed him. “I guarantee you’ll enjoy every minute. I just don’t guarantee your orgasm. You’ll come... Eventually... when I decide. You just won’t know when I let you come... Imagine how intense it will be when you finally feel it happening...”

“If you allow it at all?”

“If I allow it at all,” I whispered. “That’s the evil part. You won’t know for sure, will you? You just have to hope that I will... Eventually. Maybe. Maybe not.”

“Evil!”

“And you love it!”

“I do!”

I wondered if he would be saying that at hour twelve? Or Twenty? Or Thirty-two? Or Forty-seven? I wondered how he would react when it began to sink in. Frustration? Desperation? Panic? Pleading? Would he whimper? Or challenge? What would he do? And what would I need to do to enforce my will on him? The thought of finding out gave me a wild thrill.

I kissed him deeply, running my fingers through his hair. Looking deeply into his eyes, I was overcome with pure love, I couldn’t believe how lucky I was to have him in my life, or how happy we made each other.

His face was wet and slick from my pussy, he smelled of me.

Leroy may have inspired or pushed a little bit, but I was the one in control. I didn’t have to do what he said. And I wasn’t really doing what he said. I was just going to do what I wanted, what excited me, what felt deliriously intense. And if it happened to line up with his commands... well, so what? He wasn’t pulling my strings. I was the one making choices.

Oh my darling, I thought, I have such plans for you over the next two days. Or three?

My plans.

“You know what?” I whispered.

“What?”

“I think I’m recovered.”

His eyebrows lifted.

I placed a hand gently on his head and whispered, “down boy.”

He got the message and sank, kissing his way down my breasts and belly.

“Who’s a good boy?” I teased, as he made his way between my legs.

He looked up at me, eyes shining.

“You are,” I said. “Now get to work.”

I closed my eyes and smiled happily, thinking about the next two days.

Such plans.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 34, Sam and Leroy and another Stripper
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They were watching the dancer on stage. It was a different strip club, somewhat more upscale, but seedy the way they all were. The dancer was a statuesque blonde with platform heels, long legs, a sculpted muscular body, six pack and all, and expensively tailored breasts, billed on the club's Marquis as Jayne Diamond, Miss Nude California.

Leroy and Sam watched her twirl around the pole in bra and panties, doing acts of athleticism that would have crippled an ordinary man. The audience watched patiently, waiting for the remaining strips of cloth to come off, so she could crawl around the stage showing her pussy.

Leroy glanced over at Sam, still nursing his second rum and coke. He should have had four or five, Leroy was buying, but Sam was being careful.

Lack of trust? Leroy wondered. Or just controlled. Sam had passed on Leroy's offers of coke, he couldn't get the younger man to do anything stronger than weed. It was annoying. Kayley was the same way.

It would have made things easier. Leroy shrugged. Didn't matter in the long run, he had sunk wedges in their vulnerabilities.

"How's things with you and Kayley?" he asked. "Sex life back to normal?"

Leroy had given the couple a few days space. He'd done his damage, and once you made a hit, you needed to give it time to settle in. Besides, he needed to take care of business, and think things over. What to do next? Where to probe?

"Yeah, finally," Sam said. "She cut me off for three days, but we're back on track."

"Three days?" Leroy repeated. He buried a smile, he'd pushed her on twelve hour increments to two days, but she'd gone over the mark. The girl had very little restraint, once you got her going in a direction it was hard for her to stop. "What do you mean?"

Sam was carefully watching the dancer twirl on the pole, she'd dropped her bra, revealing mannequin perfect breasts and nipples.

"I wasn't allowed to come, or fuck," he said. "But we did everything else."

"You mean like oral, she gave you head, you went down, all the other stuff."

"Yeah," Sam said, his voice was curt.

"Huh," Leroy grunted, pretending to be surprised. "Wow. She really got into it. She had a hard time letting go. Three days, uh? Fuck. That's cold."

Sam shrugged.

"We're fine now," he said flatly.

Leroy did a quick calculation. The second cuck session had been Thursday. Three days was Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Monday was a working day, so Sam wouldn't have gotten laid or gotten off until the evening. Today was Tuesday, Sam had only been allowed sex as of last

night, and today he'd managed to drag Sam off to a strip club after work on pretense of making sure he was okay.

Sam wasn't fine. He was relieved and hopeful for something like normality, and trying for it. But the last few nights had left him off balance and uncertain. The younger man was still surging with pent up sexual energy, confused over the denial, and hopefully still traumatized from the cuck session.

Vulnerable.

Leroy was happy to pretend Sam was fine.

"Listen," Leroy said, with enough loud sincerity in his tone to make Sam turn his head to face him and make eye contact, "I need to apologize. This is all my fault and I feel terrible."

Sam blinked, warily.

"I thought..." Leroy pretended to hesitate, as if he was gathering his thoughts, "I thought it would be good to let her take the lead with you. I thought she'd go easier on you, know both your limits, that she would control herself..."

Leroy turned away, watching the dancer, as if ashamed.

"I had no idea," he said. "I was shocked. She was out of control. The shit she pulled in the restaurant... in the car... upstairs. I kept trying to say cool it, but she wouldn't stop, she just kept going further and further."

Sam was looking at him. Leroy stared down at his glass of beer.

"I mean, I put her down eventually," he said. "I took control. But... I just didn't expect she'd go so wild."

Leroy looked up, facing Sam, staring into his eyes and placing a hand on the younger man's arm.

"I should have been protecting you, Sam, and I'm so sorry. I let you down. I just didn't..."

"It's all right," Sam replied, "no harm done."

"I just didn't expect her to go so hard on you..."

"Yeah," Sam said, "neither did I." He paused and almost laughed. "I guess I dared her. My fault."

"Not your fault, man," Leroy said. "Something's going on with that girl."

"Yeah," Sam agreed, to Leroy's pleasure.

"You never saw it before?" Leroy asked. "Before the first session."

Sam shrugged, unwilling to continue, instead he pointedly stared up at the stage. She'd lost the g-string, revealing a smooth, equally sculpted vagina, but was still twirling around the pole. Leroy glanced up, too smooth to be shaved, she was either waxed, or lasered. There was something almost inhuman about her physical perfection.

"Hidden side to her, man," Leroy said. "People got hidden sides. And maybe... resentment."

Leroy pretended not to notice Sam's shocked glance, he just watched the dancer and let his lips form the words, low pitched so Sam would have to struggle to hear, as if he was speaking thoughtfully to himself.

"Maybe... a lot of... resentment."

A scowl passed over Sam's face, vanishing quickly as he buried it in careful neutrality and turned back to watch the dancer. But Leroy caught it. The pole dancing was finally ending, the audience politely clapping, and finally it was time to display the meat they were all waiting for.

Sam was watching with blank discomfort. He didn't really want to be here, he didn't want to be at the front row watching her twirl, and he was genuinely uncomfortable with what was coming next. Too much feminism for the boy, Leroy thought, too much romance, too much pussy whipping, and maybe still a little raw from Kayley's incendiary castration.

Kayley had frightened the living shit out of Leroy, though he hated to acknowledge it. He'd seen her as a chinese puzzle box, strong, but all you had to do was press her buttons and pop, her legs would open, and you had her.

This had been like discovering rattlesnakes waiting in the compartments. She'd utterly and ruthlessly vivisected her husband with a creativity and ruthless sadism that had taken him completely by surprise. Hell, he hadn't even imagined anyone doing half the things she'd done. Eventually, he'd taken control of the session, subjugating and humiliating her, because he'd actually been scared. Even then, he'd had the feeling he'd only taken her down because she allowed it.

If she could do that to her husband, a man she clearly loved, and he'd seen her moments of hesitation during the session, what would she be willing to do to someone she didn't particularly care about?

What would she do to someone she decided she didn't like at all?

Thoughts like that made Leroy's blood run cold.

He needed to rethink his whole strategy towards her. It took certain things off the table, shortcuts of coercion, even violence, he needed to work her flaws more carefully. Not just her, both of them.

"You know," Leroy pretended to be thoughtful, "I think we should back way off on the cuck thing. I mean, way way off. That session was a mistake."

He had Sam's attention, despite, or perhaps because of the surgically perfected blonde,

crawling on all fours on the stage.

“I think under other circumstances it might be good for you to explore,” Leroy said, “open up your sexuality, get more comfortable. But Kayley’s way to volatile, too out of control with it.”

He paused.

“She likes it way too much, she can’t control herself, she’s dangerous.”

“Yeah,” Sam agreed. “I wouldn’t mind taking a break.”

Unspoken and unacknowledged, Sam subliminally accepted Leroy’s description of his wife. Truthfully, it wasn’t that far off. Leroy made his move:

“The guys, the other guys, the ones before me that she fucked–”

“She didn’t fuck them,” Sam said quickly. “She just said she thought about fucking them.”

“Oh?” Leroy said, “I thought she told me when we were talking that day– Never mind...”

He let it trail off.

“My mistake.”

Mission accomplished.

The sculpted blonde was coming their way. Leroy reached into his wallet. Her eyes registered, and her meandering crawl along the stage focused a little more.

“You know what,” Leroy said quickly and loudly, blocking Sam from any direct follow up, “let’s just stick to regular stuff. Having fun, having great sex, hanging out. Fuck all the psychodrama, you know. We don’t need that. You’re an amazing couple, we’re all good together. Why complicate things, you know?”

“Totally,” Sam said, Leroy could feel the relief in the man, his need for Leroy’s protective stability in the face of Kayley’s apparent volatility.

The blonde dancer was coming towards them, on all fours with feline grace, her breasts swayed beneath her in an unnatural, almost mechanical way. Leroy held up a folded hundred dollar bill. Sam didn’t even bother to glance at it, drawn to the blonde and her meticulous perfection.

The blonde met Leroy’s eyes, nodded ever so slightly, and snatched the bill with her teeth, tossing it towards the pole, where her other, smaller bills were collecting. Then she swiveled smoothly to present her vagina for a moment, before rearing up to arch her back and flex her butt cheeks. Across the stage, more bills were waving, and she began her leisurely crawl in that direction.

“She is exquisite,” Sam admitted, “a lot of time in the gym.”

“And the surgeon,” Leroy replied, “nice change from home though.”

Sam hesitated just a second. ‘Yeah,” he said.

Leroy nodded.

The younger man was still carrying the misery from the last few days, it hadn’t really dissipated, just been papered over. A naked woman, particularly one as exquisite at this, was a welcome distraction for Kayley and the emotional baggage Leroy had made her inflict on Sam. It was another tiny wedge driven.

“We’ll sort it out with Kayley,” Leroy promised. “The three of us. I’ll have your back, bud.”

“Thanks,” Sam said, with a little too much relief. To cover, he picked up his rum and coke.

“Get you another drink?” Leroy offered.

“Nah,” Sam replied. “I’m good.”

For a moment, Leroy considered misogynistic remarks about the dancer, or women as sluts and whores. But no, Sam was too balanced, too fucking nice for that. Leroy hid his true feelings, waiting for the moment when he could just say these things, and Sam would go along.

Instead, they made small talk, letting the discussion meander harmlessly, as the dancer left the stage.

Leroy could feel Sam’s palpable relaxation. The overt sexual presentation of the dancer had intimidated him, a leftover sentiment of Kayley’s punishing treatment. And he was genuinely glad to carry the discussion to neutral and unthreatening topics.

Leroy waited for his moment, when Sam’s guard was down.

“You know,” he said, “I’d like a copy of that video we did together. Just like before. You don’t mind?”

“Uhm,” Sam wasn’t sure how to address this topic.

“Come on,” Leroy said, “we’ve done it before. You know you can trust me. And I’m in it. It’s half mine anyway. Kayley doesn’t have to know, just like before.”

“I guess,” Sam said, unable to find a good argument.

“Great,” Leroy said. “Settled. I think from now on, I should just get a copy. Not of everything, but if I’m in there...”

“Putting together a new demo reel?” Sam asked.

Leroy blinked, surprised the younger man had his wits about him. You could throw Sam off

balance, but he tended to regain his feet faster than Leroy liked.

Leroy faked a laugh.

“That life is behind me,” he said, “I’m just... sentimental. Call it a quirk.”

Sam nodded, still uncertain, still uneasy. It wasn’t just the porn aspect, Leroy knew, Sam’s humiliation was on the video, writ large.

“May I join you,” a sultry female voice husked. They looked up. Jayne Diamond was beaming down at them, in a very tenuous suggestion of a dress, shining with sequins.

“By all means!” Leroy said quickly, covering Sam’s apparent surprise.

“Thank you,” she said graciously, swivelling into a chair and hitting them with a beaming smile. “So... How’s the sexiest man in the club tonight.”

Leroy leaned back and chuckled.

“Enjoying your show, Darling. Enjoying your show,” he replied. “Are you really Miss Nude California?”

“Mm hmm,” she said. “Also Miss Nude Oklahoma, Wyoming, Montana, Alberta, Kansas. California is the big one. And Biker Week Centerfold of the Year. A few others.”

“You’re a busy girl,” Leroy said.

She nodded. Sam opened his mouth, but she didn’t even look at him. It was as if he wasn't there as far as she was concerned.

“You can make good money in this business,” she told Leroy. “But the window’s short, you have to hustle.”

Jayne and Leroy settled into an easy conversation for ten minutes, casually brushing her platform shore against his calf.

A few times, Leroy tried to bring Sam into the discussion, but beyond a brief acknowledgment, she ignored him. Leroy understood her logic perfectly, he’d put a hundred on her table, that got her attention. Sam hadn’t waved a single dollar, that was an insult and she'd registered it. Sam though, wasn’t experienced with strip club etiquette, so Leroy enjoyed the youth's subtle but very clear humiliation.

“So,” she said, smiling, “are ready for some private California dreaming?”

“I think I might,” Leroy said, “but my friend here needs some pick me up.”

He turned to Sam.

“What do you say, Bud?” Leroy offered. “How about I spot you for a couple of lap dances?”

Jayne’s smile vanished, replaced with careful neutrality. Both men noticed. Sam covered with a shrug.

“I’m not really up for it, you go ahead,” Sam replied.

“You sure?”

“Yeah.”

Leroy shrugged and stood, taking Jayne’s hand. Her smile was back. She rose and melted against him.

“Guess it’s just you and me, beautiful.”

He paused.

“You going to be okay, Sam?”

“Sure.

Jayne lead to the VIP Zone, not that Leroy needed directions. He’d been here plenty of times. At the entrance, he stopped and talked to the bouncer, Gus, a tall black man with a white earpiece.

“You see the creep I was with back there?”

Gus nodded.

“We heard all about him, Leroy. Why you bring someone like that in here?”

“Come on, Gus,” Leroy wheedled, “just out of prison. Be good for him to be looking at adult women.”

“You should have shut your mouth about the guy, dude,” Gus replied.

"Come on," Leroy said. "I wouldn't bring a guy like that in here and not give you warning. You'd have given me hell. Besides, I made sure he's behaved."

Gus shrugged.

“Something happens? I won’t guarantee his safety. Shouldn't have brought him at all, especially with the word out.”

“I had to give you some advance warning,” Leroy replied. “Anyway, I’ve arranged for Crystal to go over there and shut him down. That should keep him behaved. After that happens, wait five or ten, then I want you to come and get him, put him behind the peeper’s curtain.”

“Peeper’s extra,” Jayne said warily.

“I got an empty credit card, Darling,” Leroy assured her, Jayne’s smile returned. "Sky is the limit."

“All right,” Gus sighed. “But if he pulls something, I’m kicking his ass out.”

“Don’t worry,” Leroy assured him. “His kind never do anything when they’re being watched.”

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Sam sat quietly. The next show wasn’t for another twenty minutes. He wasn’t sure how comfortable he would be up against the stage without Leroy there. He swallowed the last of his rum and coke as he considered moving to a back table.

“Hi there,” a radiant young black woman dressed in a complex network of straps and strings was towering over him. “I’m Crystal, mind if I join you.”

“Sure,” Sam said. “Why not?”

Crystal sat, taking Leroy’s seat, putting her hand on Sam’s knee as she rebalanced on the chair. Her hand slid up his thigh.

“How are you?” she asked.

“Uhm... fine,” Sam replied.

“That’s really nice,” Crystal replied, stroking his thigh.

She beamed at him.

“I notice you were sitting with a friend,” she asked, “what was his name?”

“Leroy.”

“Leroy,” she beamed. “That’s a nice name. Do you think you could introduce me? Where did he go? Is he coming back?”

“He’s just off with another dancer.”

Her smile lost it’s wattage. She withdrew her hand.

“Well,” she said, “I guess, when he gets back, I’ll come by.”

“I suppose.”

The smile was gone, all trace of warmth fled.

“Nice talking to you,” she said with an expression like she’d stepped in dogshit.

She stood up and walked away.

Sam sat alone, vaguely humiliated, no one came near him. There were several strippers, alighting here and there like butterflies, trolling for customers. But all of them seemed to avoid him. He imagined he saw a couple of them looking his way and having a conversation. The waitress walked by with drinks, pointedly ignoring him when he signaled.

Sam shrugged and waited, thinking vaguely about moving to a more remote table, feeling more lonely and isolated by the minute.

Just as he had decided to move, the bouncer appeared towering over him.

“Come with me please,” the heavy set black man ordered, “Sir.”

Despite the words please and sir, there was no respect in the tone of voice. And no negotiation whatsoever in the words.

“Is there something wrong?” Sam asked confused. Was he being kicked out? Had there been some transgression? He’d just been sitting there quietly minding his own business? Was it Crystal? Had he angered her?

“Just come with me.”

The tone had moved to frustration. Carefully, Sam stepped away from his seat and followed the intimidating black man, as he was lead to the back of the club.

“Nice place,” Sam said awkwardly.

“I’m not your fucking friend,” the bouncer snapped without turning around.

He lead him into the VIP area, to a small curtained enclosure shrouded in darkness. The only light came from the VIP room. Through a gap in the curtains, he could see Leroy and the stripper Jayne.

“This is for peepers,” the bouncer hissed. “Curtains between the VIP area and the lap dance room. Sometimes if a customer is sketchy we wait here to make sure he doesn’t get out of hand. Sometimes, if a guy likes to watch, we let him stand here and peep, for an extra fee.”

“The only rule is you don’t go in there, you don’t make noise. If you do, I throw you out myself. There’s a chair, you can sit or stand while you watch. Kleenex if you need it. You can leave any time, but you don’t get back in.”

Sam stared at him.

“Do you understand, asshole?”

Sam nodded.

“Fine,” the bouncer whispered. “I’ll be up front. Don’t make me come back for you. Get out of hand, I'll make sure you don't enjoy it.”

The intimidating presence left. Sam looked out, there, beyond the gauze, visible clearly through gaps in the curtain, Leroy was getting a lap dance from the gorgeous blonde stripper.

Leroy seemed to spot a movement in the curtain, and without Jayne noticing, smiled and offered a thumb's up.

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"Your peeper is here," Jayne whispered in Leroy's ear, nuzzling the side of his neck.

She was on her back against Leroy, pressing her shoulder blades into his chest, wiggling her butt on his hard cock. Her dainty perfect hands covered his, and his hands covered her surgically shaped breasts.

"Those are amazing breasts," he whispered.

She laughed.

"They should be. I paid enough for them, it makes a difference,"

Leroy had already noticed Sam earlier, when she'd been busy trying to give him the standard lap dance. But Leroy had long experience in seducing strippers, slowly and carefully dismantling their limits under the noses of bouncers, to the point that he could do whatever he wanted.

Jayne was finding that out. He never moved fast enough or transgressively enough that she could shut him down. Somehow, he just did whatever she would accept in the moment, and then somehow, when she was distracted, or used to it, or comfortable in some way, he'd slip a little further. For Jayne, hard lines became muddy. She'd worked guys like that before, slippery ones. They were hard to deal with, you wanted to keep on making money, so it was hard to shut them down. You always went further than you intended.

For Leroy the hardest part was crossing the 'no touching' rule. He'd eased past that as she twisted and writhed on him, accidental touches at first on har or arms or thigh. But she accepted it, and so he'd gone further, until he was playing with her breasts, even pinching her nipples.

With experienced hands, he explored her body. The surgeon had been at work, there were implants, liposuction, a nip or tuck here or there. But underneath was hard muscle and a very carefully cultivated layer of softness over it, and skin carefully moisturized and buffed to be soft and supple. She probably worked out meticulously at the gym, ate carefully for just the right proportion of body fat. And beneath it all, a meticulous grace and control, most people stumbled along, but her body was a symphony of muscle and bone.

"This is a dancer's body," he whispered, sliding a palm over a smooth belly, feeling the hardness just beneath.

"Six years of ballet when I was a kid," Jayne said. "Mom paid for all those lessons. Look where it got me."

“If she could see you now,” Leroy teased.

She twisted smoothly under and away from him, sinking down to rub his tented pants between her breasts.

“She sees me all the time,” Jayne said. “I bought her house for her. This pays better than ballet.”

The mention of money brought an involuntary shiver, he covered it by running his hands along her cheeks, face touching a violation of her space, then down her neck and shoulders. In response she climbed back up towards him.

How long, he wondered idly, would it take to break her, to unravel her and take everything? Strip her of dignity, of every penny, leave her trapped in the shittiest biker dive, that perfect body going to seed from despair and neglect, take that house and put Mom on the street. It was barely a passing impulse, he had so many other things to do.

“You are exquisite,” he told her.

She smiled emptily at a compliment heard a thousand times before.

Jayne straddled him, rising high, balancing on the arms of the chair, arching her back to offer him an exquisite view of her lasered, buffed, collagen enhanced pussy. He reached up between her legs, fingers dancing along her skin.

She laughed and turned around on top of him, spreading her legs wide and pulling on her clit hood, for their silent watcher.

He was sliding his hands up her inner thigh, further each time, getting closer and closer. They had reached the point where they both knew he’d get there.

It was just a question of how long she could make him wait.

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Sam watched, utterly mesmerized.

He’d watched Jayne Diamond dance on stage, twirling around the pole, stripping down to full nudity and crawling around the stage to show her pussy to any man who waved a few bills.

It had been an awkward and embarrassing experience out in the open bar, eased only by the rum and cokes.

He’d felt vulnerable, a feeling from the last session he’d hid from Kayley but hadn’t quite managed to shake. His attendance here felt wrong, as it had felt the other time, both juvenile and disrespectful, not his style, but more Leroy’s carefree vibe. And under the bright light, on the elevated stage, the muscular, polished, sculpted perfection of Jayne Diamond had been downright intimidating.

But now here, standing in the dark, everything was different. Anonymity gave him a feeling

of safety. Jayne, off the stage, under the softer light of the VIP booth, seemed less intimidating, while her natural grace and focus, her polished perfection became alluring.

Sam found himself hard, his erection springing full force, as she danced and squirmed and writhed all over Leroy. He watched as Leroy's hands slid across her body, growing bolder with every pass, bringing sighs and smiles of pleasure, as increasingly he posed and opened her. He began to stroke himself through his pants.

Jayne ground herself backwards against Leroy's lap, and then leaned back as his hands travelled up her rib cage to cup her breasts as if presenting them. With graceful sinuous motions her knees pulled up until they were just beneath her chin, her toes pointing straight down, and then swung together to the left, the right and then opened like a flower unfolding her legs stretching out, her thighs spreading wide.

She looked up at Leroy, looking down across her body, and then as Sam gasped, spread her lips wide open, so wide her pink inner folds were exposed. Leroy slid his hands down her thighs.

Sam couldn't take any more, with shaking hands, he unzipped. His mind was frantic with urgency. Wasn't that what the chair was for? What the tissues were for? Wasn't this an invitation to touch himself. He was both ashamed and elated, breathlessly excited at his transgression, reassured by his privacy. He couldn't help himself. He was ashamed, but the compulsion to touch himself, to take his penis in hand was overwhelming. His psyche was too battered, any resistance melted away.

As he watched, Leroy's hands moved smoothly down her thighs, holding her in place. His right stopped at the juncture of thighs and hip. The left glided smoothly across, stroking her clitoris for the first time. Jayne's legs scissored suddenly and she convulsed in shock.

&&&

"Oh fuck," she gasped, it was the first genuine thing Leroy had heard out of her. "You've got good hands!"

"Musician," Leroy said.

She let his fingers slide back over her pussy again, in what they both recognized as tacit surrender, of this stage of their slow contest. He stroked her clit in two and four, until she shivered.

"I love musicians," Jayne purred.

"Then you're going to love this." He beat out a time that left her gasping,

With a casual stroke of a finger, he slid it across her wet swollen pussy lips, and lifted it to her mouth.

"You don't mind, do you?" he asked, knowing the answer in advance.

Jayne shuddered at the humiliation of her own taste between her lips, and converted it to a

smile, twisting in his grip to momentarily evade his touch.

“If I didn’t enjoy being touched by strangers,” she lied, “I wouldn’t be in this business.”

She turned around, straddling him, thrusting her breasts forward, inviting his hands on them instead.

But Leroy didn’t take the bait, instead sliding knowing fingers along her pussy lips and clitoris, refusing to let her regain the prize he'd won so carefully. She had no choice but to let him continue. With his free hand, he cupped an ass cheek, exposing her asshole to Sam, and holding her in place while he worked on her.

“Oh, oh, oh!” she whimpered, as he teased her clit, leaving her thighs quaking as they turned to water. “You’re deadly!”

Jayne leaned forward, pressing her breasts into his face, straightening her body and arching her back. She walked her breasts down the length of his body, until she was kneeling, openly stroking his cock through his pants, and getting those insidious fingers away from her pussy.

“You like that?” she teased, pressing against his erection, taking control back for a moment.

“I like everything,” he said, pulling her up. She turned around, to grind on his crotch but instead he pulled her into his lap, fingers dancing again between her legs, on the edge of going too far.

“No fingers inside, okay,” she warned. “Just outside. Not inside, okay.”

“Of course,” Leroy agreed to the terms of her surrender. For the moment.

He kissed her cheek, a tiny bit of condescension she would feel and resent, but not blame on him.

“Remember,” he whispered, “it’s not just us. We have an audience you need to play to.”

He nodded towards the curtains through which Sam could be indistinctly seen watching.

“Don’t worry,” Jayne said, arching her back and lifting her hips, so her pussy was thrust towards Sam, “You’ll get your monies worth.”

Leroy’s hand followed, tapping her clit hood relentlessly in a two-three beat, until her highs trembled and she collapsed on him with a groan.

“I’ll make sure of that,” Leroy whispered.

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Sam gasped, stroking his cock. Leroy had slid two fingers up inside her vagina.

Jayne’s body went rigid, her mouth opening in shock. Expressions flickered across her face, surprise, consternation, a trace of a frown, a moment of calculation, and then a feigned

surrender.

There was something incredibly erotic about the scene he watched, it seemed part dance between them, part contest. A contest Jayne was steadily losing, as increasingly, Leroy seemed to guide and direct her motions, taking incremental liberties.

There was a raw sensuality on display from the beautiful woman, her flawless skin seemed to shine luminous in the dim light.

On the stage, her moves had been polished, almost ritualistic, as precise and sculpted as her mathematically perfect, smooth, elegant body.

But this was different, her movements fluid rather than precise, graceful yet unrestrained. She twisted and arched on Leroy's body, under his hands, sliding smoothly from one position to another, seemingly striving to escape his fingers only to find herself impaled on some new grip. His body worked with and against hers, so that when she kissed him his fingers slid inside.

When she turned in his grip, it was only to encounter a drum beat against her clit that left her gasping. He tortured her nipples, fondled her as or breasts. Her controlled rhythms dissolved, interrupted by twitches and quivers of her body's involuntary responses.

Sam could smell the odor of her arousal, and hear the increasingly frenzied quiet gasps and pants.

Jayne seemed trapped in a maze made of her own body, fleeing without leaving the chair, her smooth movements took on a desperate quality, as each touch drove her closer and harder towards a target she struggled to evade.

Leroy grabbed her stomach, locking her in place on top of him. Her legs scissored shut, but it was already too late, and as his palm moved, they involuntarily parted open.

Jayne gasped loudly. Sam knew she was so close...

&&&

Jayne tried to hide her orgasm, but was been unable to. Leroy noted the sudden flush of warmth and perspiration that spread across her skin, the momentary stiffness of her body, the hitch in her breath. He slid his wet fingers out of her.

Concealing anger and humiliation, she relaxed, deliberately, laying across his body bonelessly. She gave him a plastic smile. Leroy knew deep down she resented him making her come, although she was far too professional to show it.

A woman like her thrived on self control, on owning her body even as she shared it, at keeping some unattainable secret place inside herself, even as she went through the motions. She couldn't survive, much less make it as far as she had, if some man could take her body from her.

"Oh, I needed that," she lied. "You really know what you're doing, Mister."

“I do my best,” he said.

Then, to humiliate her just a little more, he kissed her, just a little too quickly, throwing her timing off. Caught off guard, she had no choice but to return the kiss, and when she did, he pushed his tongue into her mouth.

She squirmed in discomfort, feigning lust, and he took the opportunity to slip a hand under her knee and spread her legs wide, opening her pussy for Sam, so he could see how wet she was. Jayne understood what he was doing, and despite the humiliation, she could only go along.

It was hard to see for sure, Leroy had to keep his eyes on Jayne, affording only glances, and the peepers enclosure was unlit, but he was pretty sure Sam was openly masturbating. He grinned inwardly.

Leroy broke the kiss, looking into her eyes. No hatred there, just glimmers of annoyance. She thought he was just some bumbler, stumbling about, who had accidentally pushed the right buttons. She was refusing to admit to herself how easily he'd controlled her. Her humiliation and anger was internal, at her own clumsiness in allowing it.

Good, that just made it easier for him.

She looked away, her gaze casually sweeping past the peeper area.

“Looks like your friend is pretty excited,” she whispered quietly. “He’s taking matters in hand.”

Her looking allowed him to overtly glance towards Sam. Yes, he was definitely masturbating.

Leroy grinned at her.

“Then,” he said, “let’s make sure he gets a great show.”

He laid a hand on top of her head and pushed gently. There was just an instant of resistance, of rebellion. But then she'd come so far, and this offered her a way to regain control.

Not the first client she'd blown. Those had always been on her own terms, and lucrative. Fuck it, finish him, she thought, finish both of them, and get them the fuck out. Take a shower, wash it off before she went back to work. Although she resented it, the arousal he'd fanned in her helped drive the decision.

She smiled, sinking smoothly between his thighs with well practiced grace. She was already unzipping him and pulling his cock out.

“After all, that’s what you’re getting paid for.”

&&&

There she was, Jane Diamond, Miss Nude California, headliner, marquis feature of the club,

on her knees, back arched, her pussy plainly visible. Her knees were spread so wide the pussy gaped before him, visibly wet from her orgasm.

Sucking Leroy's cock with complete submission, his hand in her hair, guiding her up and down with metronymic precision, her mouth slowly swallowing his cock with no trace of resistance. She made a submissive noise in her throat.

Sam was in awe of Leroy's raw sexual power and potency, to unstring and enslave a woman like this whose perfection verged on otherworldly, a woman who had ruled the stage, now groveling on her knees.

His hands were moving rapidly on his cock, back and forth, unstoppably. He was almost panting with lust, his vision narrowed to the sight before him, everything else in his world had been forgotten.

He couldn't actually see her sucking Leroy's cock, but the visualization was overwhelming. He'd watched Leroy take his Kayley, the eager submission with which she'd gone down. He could visualize Leroy's cock, every inch of the shaft, filling his mind, a supremely potent erection, stiff and unrelenting, ever inch of the shaft glistening with wet saliva. Unconsciously, his own lips pursed and he swallowed, stroking his own cock, feeling himself harder and harder.

Sam's gaze from the dripping open cunt and bobbing blonde head. He froze, his hand almost stuttering in its frantic stroking, as he realized that Leroy wasn't looking down at the magnificent blonde abasing herself in worship.

Leroy was looking right at him, staring at him through the gap in the curtain. For a second, Sam felt caught and ashamed. But Leroy only smiled and nodded, encouraging, and suddenly it was a relief, as if some unspoken permission had passed.

Jayne made a noise in her throat as Leroy pushed her head down, and Sam knew she'd taken him all the way down, just like Kayley had taken him all the way down. His heart surged, his hand shook, speeding, the grip around the head tightening.

Then he gasped loudly, his breath freezing, his body going stiff as he ejaculated uncontrollably. He moaned loudly, ejaculating, shooting spurt after spurt.

When it was over, he fell heavily in the chair catching his breath, almost dizzy. He looked out, Jayne continued to submit to her master, her head bobbing in steady rhythm with Leroy's hand in her hair. Leroy barely paid attention to her, he was looking out at Sam.

Leroy gave a thumb's up. Shakily, Sam smiled and returned the thumb's up.

Then he pulled a tissue, and wiped himself up, tucking his cock away. He wiped at a semen run on his jeans, and then went to hands and knees wiping away his traces from the floor. Throughout, he was aware of the naked woman, kneeling before his friend, and of his friend watching him benignly.

There was a subliminal noise, a trace of movement behind him. Sam didn't look back. But it occurred to him that the scary black bouncer had been watching, making sure he didn't get

out of line or something. Sam felt a sudden wave of shame at the thought of being cruelly watched and judged.

Still shaky and disoriented, Sam pulled himself to his feet, to return to the club. He'd take a table at the back and wait for Leroy to finish.

&&&

Jayne raised her head off Leroy's cock, glad for an excuse for a break.

"Looks like your friend got off," she said, giving Leroy an artificial smile.

Leroy nodded, his hand tightening on her hair.

"Yeah," he said. "You did real good. Now it's time to finish your job."

He shoved her face down forcefully, lifting his hips slightly and angling just enough to make her gag. He smiled at this crack in her professional veneer. He couldn't do what he really wanted, of course, not with a bouncer nearby. And she was only in town for a week or so, not nearly enough time to properly break her.

But oh, he could sense how easily he could break her, if he had the chance and time enough.

Leroy pulled her hair up, enjoying the practiced way she breathed on the upturn, and then before she was quite ready, shoved her face down on his cock, again making her gag slightly. He felt her body tensing, her hands clutching at his thighs.

He knew how far to push her, and when to stop just short of her calling the bouncer. After this, she'd never give him another lap dance again. But he didn't really care. He'd already had what he wanted.

Bitch was expensive, Leroy was intent on getting his money's worth out of her.

She gagged again.

&&&

"Hey Bud," Leroy said, "let's fuck off out of here."

"Finished?" Sam asked.

Leroy just laughed.

"Everything's paid for."

They walked out of the strip club toward Sam's car. The air was warm, but Leroy shivered anyway.

"Fuck," he said, "that was good, but I think I got her perfume and sweat all over me. Now I definitely need a shower. Let's head back to my place, we'll download the video while I clean

up."

"Sure."

And of course, Sam would be sitting, and Leroy would casually walk out of the shower naked, it was his apartment after all. His semi-erect dick would be swinging at Sam's eye level. Impossible to look at, but impossible to get away from.

Leroy would walk to the kitchen and get them beers, then he'd sit down on the couch next to Sam, comfortable in his own nudity, and they'd download the latest video to his laptop.

He didn't need to, he'd cloned and compromised Sam's phone to the point he'd already downloaded it, and Sam and Kayley's other little one on one videos.

The session aftermath: They'd both been so easy, Kayley still lingering in traces of her cruel dom authority, she'd only needed a push, and Sam so brutalized he submitted automatically.

Leroy had no intention of initiating the sort of cock handling he'd lead Sam into the last time. That would set off alarm bells. This time all he needed to do was present Sam with his nude masculine power, and let the younger man simmer in his own insecurity.

"Well," Sam said diplomatically, "you were already going to."

"What?" Leroy asked, distracted. "Oh yeah, I did say that. Now more than ever, I guess."

Small mistake, he'd said too much upfront. Sam hadn't sensed the trap though.

"Although," Leroy covered, "I could do worse than the smell of her on me."

They laughed.

"I'm glad you got off," Leroy said. "I could tell you weren't ready to go all in on her with me, and I didn't want to push you. But I think you needed that."

"Uh, I guess I did," Sam said, not wishing to show ingratitude.

Suddenly, Leroy tossed an arm around the younger man and pulled him close in an affectionate gesture. Just subliminally getting Sam used to physical contact between them. To Leroy's initiating and controlling physical contact..

"Hermanos!" Leroy said. "Brothers forever!"

"Brothers forever," Sam repeated, his voice unsteady with confusion but gratitude.

"I wish we'd have had her to double team," Leroy said, "instead of that psycho bitch Blade."

"Blaze," Sam corrected. "Blaze Midnight."

And he didn't think she was a psycho-bitch, just a slightly bored girl having a little fun with her job. He'd kind of liked her, the way she'd smiled and toyed with them. He didn't say that

to Leroy, there was no sense arguing.

“Right,” Leroy chuckled mirthlessly. “What a skank. That girl was not healthy... psychologically.”

“Uh huh,” Sam replied.

“Deep down,” Leroy said, “they’re all whores. All women really. Except Kayley, of course,”

“Of course.”

Sam was a little uncomfortable. He knew Leroy didn’t actually feel that way about women. But some boyish competitive urge in his friend demanded that kind of talk

“Push their buttons right, you can make them do whatever you want,” Leroy said. “But for god’s sake, never let them push your buttons, or you’re fucked.”

Leroy glanced at him, apparently casual, but carefully letting it sink in.

“I’m sorry,” he said with mock sincerity. “I’m making you uncomfortable. I don’t really mean that, it’s just talk. Guy talk.”

That was the thing with contempt, you had to drip feed it a little at a time, so it would sink in while they were trying to reject it. You had to assure them you didn’t mean it, while slowly easing them into it. Until one day, they thought just the way you wanted them to think.

And especially with Kayley, for Sam, you couldn’t do it directly at all. You had to poison the soil first, slowly, carefully. But once you did, then inevitably the roots would start to wither, and it would turn rotten inside.

It was all a delicate game, undermining Sam’s self assurance and self worth, his sexual confidence, nurture a sense of inadequacy without Sam ever quite zeroing in on where it was coming from, let his insecurity feed and grow. Then slowly and carefully, alienate him from Kayley, while building reliance and eventually dependence on Leroy.

They approached the car, Leroy stepped in passenger side.

“You okay to drive,” he asked Sam.

Of course he was, the little shit. Two rum and cokes nursed half afternoon. No drunk driving charges for Sam.

“Yeah.”

Sam started the car. Leroy reached out and grabbed his wrist.

“What about you? Are you okay?”

“I guess?” Sam replied. “It was a little unexpected... what happened.”

“Sam,” Leroy said, “you just jerked off watching the most gorgeous woman in the club get fingered and give head. Considering what you’ve just been put through, that was the healthiest thing you could have done.”

Sam blushed and looked away, still ashamed, but a little relieved.

“Yeah,” Sam replied. “Maybe.”

“Bud,” Leroy said, “you just reclaimed your manhood, and stayed loyal to the woman you love. You came without someone calling you a worthless loser. I call that a win.”

Slipping a little reminder of the ordeal, of what Kayley had done to him. Dripping it in honeyed compliments made it so much easier to swallow and internalize.

Sam laughed, genuinely.

“Weird to hear it put that way.”

Leroy laughed and clapped him on the shoulder.

“Look,” he said, “once we finish at my place, we’ll head out and hit this burger place I know, nice booths, privacy... we can talk... and then I’ll send you home.”

He paused, almost as if the idea just hit him.

“We shouldn’t mention any of this to Kayley,” Leroy said. “She’d take it the wrong way. You jerking off to strippers and all. Just say you were out with friends.”

He laughed, conveying the ridiculousness of it. Another little wedge inserted.

“Don’t even mention my name. Shit, if she knew it was just us, she’d be asking questions.”

Driven a little deeper.

“Yeah,” Sam agreed, he could see it, she didn’t need to know the full story, and even an edited version could e awkward. “I better leave you out of it.”

“Hermanos!” Leroy almost roared.

“Hermanos!” Sam laughed.

Lumps of sugar, soft words, leading the horse to its own gelding. Easing, leading Sam willingly into the role that Leroy would assign him.

Never quite realizing until it was too late. Never realizing he needed to fight, until it was already over.

“Tonight,” Leroy said, “I’ll give you a call, we’ll sort things out over the phone. You know, I was thinking, to thank you for the restaurants... How about I collect some ingredients, come over this week, cook you guys a restaurant quality meal. Make a thing of it. Afterwards we

can all hang out, talk, watch TV, play board games - doesn't matter, as long as it's normal stuff."

"That sounds good actually," Sam smiled.

Leroy clapped him on the shoulder.

"Then let's hit the road."

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 35, Apology gone horribly wrong
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KAYLEY

The Enslavement of Helen and Colin, Part One

I waited in the parking lot, checking the restaurant's back entrance in my rearview. I leaned back against our car, folding my arms, and resisted the urge to check the time.

What had come over me that night? How had I been so out of control? I'd gone wild. I didn't recognize myself. I had said and done things that I could only look back at with absolute horror.

The worst part was dragging an innocent person into this. Leroy, me, Sam. None of us were innocent, we were all involved and at play. We knew what we were doing, had consented, had gone in with our eyes open. We were all playing the game.

Colin? He wasn't part of it. I'd brought him in, lied to him, gotten him to cross boundaries and do shit that could have gotten him fired, and then treated him like a sex toy, not even wondering whether he really wanted this, or whether he was in a relationship

I really didn't want to be here. But I felt I had to. I needed to make things right and come clean. Apologize.

I didn't want to walk into the restaurant. That would be awkward for him and I didn't want to make things worse. So I made a few phone calls, found out when he was working, and when he would go off shift, and so voila, here I was in the parking lot.

It wasn't all that inconvenient, I wasn't being a stalker. Actually, the timing was great, I'd finished work and had almost an hour to drive over and figure out what I was going to say. Dignity this time, no 'fuck me' ball gown this time. I wore my business armor. A deep blue skirt and jacket, the skirt a little short but thoroughly professional. With a red silk button up blouse, buttoned all the way up, I might add. I felt it would add conviction to the apology, show him that I was a person of respect and dignity... As opposed to whoever I'd been that insane night.

Colin came out the back entrance, chatting with co-workers. His gaze passed over me without recognition. I thought that was a good sign. Maybe he didn't recognize me. Maybe he'd forgotten the whole thing. It could be he did this all the time, and he'd just dismissed the

whole thing.

He'd walk by me with barely a puzzled glance, living his life, and I'd be spared this awkward encounter. I could get in the car, drive home and forget the impulse that lead to this fool's errand.

Throwing a puzzled glance in my direction, he waved goodbye to his co-workers, put his hands in his pockets, and started walking in my direction, seemingly lost in thought.

Then, suddenly, perhaps a couple of dozen paces away, he looked up, saw me again, focused, and a shock of recognition passed through his body. He almost lost a step. Expressions flickered across his face. Surprise, confusion, intimidation, uncertainty.

Ah fuck, this wasn't going to be that easy.

"Hello Colin," he said.

"Uh..."

"Kayley," I reminded him. I wasn't sure if he remembered my name.

"Right, Kayley," he said. "What are you–"

"I came to apologize," I said, letting the words rush out. "What I did was wrong, and disrespectful to you. I am so sorry. I don't know what came over me. It was a strange night, and I guess I had too much wine, or something, and I was getting carried away. And that was all right, but then I got carried away with you, and made you part of our game. I didn't respect you, and I didn't respect boundaries. And I'm so, so, so sorry. I should have been more considerate. I'm ashamed. What I did was wrong and I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

He stared at me for a moment, with those startling blue eyes. I couldn't help it, those eyes, they made me wet.

"Okay," he said. He thought for a moment, looking at me with those startling blue yes. Those blue, blue, blue eyes. I wondered for a moment if maybe I could give him a blow job to make up for it.

I had this imaginary flash, part sense, part taste, part vivid image. Him looking down at me with those stunning blue eyes, while I knelt before him with his cock in my mouth. Suddenly, I was wet.

Down girl!

We're not living in a porno, this is not something that actually happens!

He chewed his lip.

"Maybe you should explain this to my wife," he said finally.

Oh fuck! I thought. I felt a pit open up in my stomach.

“You told her what happened?” I asked, haplessly.

“Yes.”

Oh fuck, this was bad. He’d told her. I’d begged him not to. Now their marriage was fucked up. I wanted to run away. This was outside my pay grade. Oh fuck. There was no way I could handle this. I’d just screw it all up.

Take some responsibility Kayley, you had to at least try. This was going to be so unpleasant. She was going to call me names. She might cry. I hope she didn’t attack me physically.

“Yes,” I said. “I suppose I could try to explain it to her, that this is my fault, not yours.”

“She’s standing right behind you.”

I froze.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCKETY!

I turned around. Oh shit. Colin’s wife turned out to be a tiny little thing, slender, waifish. I guessed 5 foot in flats. She had limp black hair, huge hurt-looking eyes, an expansive forehead and no figure to speak of. Well, at least she probably wasn’t going to try to beat me up.

“Yes,” she said, in an I’m-going-to-kick-your-ass-anyway tone of voice, “explain it to me. I would like to hear it.”

I was blushing, I could literally feel sweat running down my back, pooling at my butt cheeks. This had been such a bad idea. I should have just taken my guilt, balled it up and shoved it down into this tight little knot in my stomach along with all my other sins, lies and betrayals.

“Well...” I began. Very quickly, I decided that the whole cuckold thing was going to be too complicated. So I settled on trying to explain it as sexy humiliation games, and dominance and submission, and control as foreplay, with the big payoff later, and how it was done with love. And how I’d roped Colin into innocently participating. And really, I shouldn’t have, I was so very very very sorry. I felt terrible.

She listened, her face neutral, not even blinking, just staring at me with her big owl eyes.

“So where does sex with my husband come into this?” she asked.

Ouch! Fuck me,!

“Well,” I began again. “It shouldn’t have. I mean, that’s what I feel so bad about. That and all the other things. I should have never done that. Totally on me. It’s not Colin’s fault...”

Still staring.

“I just got carried away,” I admitted. “I mean, he has these amazing blue eyes, and every time

he looked at me...”

I just trailed off before I dug myself in deeper. The corners of her lips twitched just for an instant, like there was almost a smile, coming and going so fast it barely registered. Yeah, she understood about those blue eyes.

And it wasn’t going to help me a bit.

“So...” she said finally, “you’re one of those women who dresses up in leather outfits and whips men?”

“Uhm...” I wasn’t sure where to put that. “A Dominatrix? I... guess... sort of... I don’t have a whip. But... Yeah?”

I totally wasn’t, but then trying to explain the fucked up scenario I’d gone through with Leroy and Sam, and the history of that complicated relationship seemed impossible. Any way I looked at it, it just got weirder and more messed up. They wouldn’t think I was a dominatrix, they would think I was some weird, pathological, insaniac sex freak.

“You’re right,” I said. “I’m a dominatrix. I was doing ... dominatrix stuff at the restaurant, and I got carried away and roped Colin into helping me mess with a... client.”

“And then you had sex with him.”

Flat, emotionless, judging

Gods, I am such a horrible, amoral slut. Everything I said made it worse. Made me sound selfish, and reckless, nearly sociopathic. A cheap skank that simply uses people for her own pleasure.

“I got carried away,” I said lamely, realizing how stupid it sounded.

How was it that I kept making things worse for myself?

She nodded thoughtfully, those big eyes blinking owlishly at me. She looked at me for a long time, as I steadily grew more ashamed of myself.

“Show me,” she said.

Wait. What? What did she just say? What did that mean?

“Excuse me,” I said carefully.

“Show me," she repeated, her voice flat.

Still confused, I asked, “Show you what?”

“You say you’re a dominaticks,” she said, “I want to see.” She pointed at her husband. “Do it to Colin. Dominate him.”

“Uhm,” I whispered. “Dominatrix. I can’t do it in public... And I don’t have any gear...”

She shrugged.

“You did it in a restaurant full of people. There’s no one here. Now do it, I want to see.”

“You...” I was trying to be very careful. “You want me to prove I’m a dominatrix?”

My unspoken thought: And somehow, to her, that would explain or excuse my fucking Colin? How? Maybe because then she'd be assured it wasn't Colin's fault? He'd been unable to resist me. Okay, but then she'd hate me. How much would she hate me? Like, enough to attack me. She wasn't very big, but you can never tell. But ... she wouldn't beat me up if I was just doing what she said. She wouldn't have a very good opinion of me. But if it got Colin off the hook....

Yes. I needed to suck it up and take it for the team.

“Yes.”

That was absolutely crazy, but there was a certain amount of screwed up logic to it that I could almost follow. Unless...

“You don’t mean for me to hurt him, do you?” I asked. God, what if this was some revenge thing to punish Colin. “I don’t hurt people, not for real. That’s not what I’m about. I’m sorry. I made a mistake. Worse than a mistake. You can punish me. But he doesn’t deserve–”

“I don’t want you to punish him,” she said, “or hurt him. I just want to see.”

I stared at her, she stared back. Over to the side, Colin cleared his throat nervously. I glanced at him, his startling blue eyes were confused. He had no idea what the hell was going on either.

“Okay,” I said. I just gave right up. Maybe she should be the dominatrix.

Now what?

Fuck me? I had none of the wild mood from back at the restaurant when I was a cruel sadistic sex machine. I'd been in the zone. Now I was in a fucking parking lot.

I straightened up, squared my shoulders, tried to put on a bitch face, and folded my arms. What the fuck was I going to do?

To buy time, I let my gaze swivel, pretending that I knew what I was doing and actually planning something. I was really self conscious. This was way too out in the open.

“Too open,” I said curtly. I snapped my fingers. “Let’s go over behind the cars.”

The simple act of moving, and watching Colin’s ass precede me, got my brain functioning again. Oh my god, that ass! Eyes to die for, and an ass like that! But I was thinking again, the terrified paralysis was wearing off. I realized I had this. I’d dominated the fuck out of Sam

twice, I had experience, so... messing around with Colin for a five minutes? Piece of cake.

“Have a seat,” I waved to Colin’s waifish wife, “uhm...”

“Helen.”

“Right, Helen,” I said. “Have a seat, relax, we’ll make sure you get a good view.

I turned my attention back to Colin.

“That’s a nice ass,” I said. Can I bite it? I forced the thought down.

“I hadn’t really noticed in the restaurant.”

“Thank y–”

“Shut up!” I snapped. “Speak when you’re spoken to.”

I strolled around the front of him, trying to think of my attack. How about ‘I caught you looking at my breasts, you little bug, and I decided to punish you...’ No, that made me sound psychotic.

‘I caught you looking at my breasts and decided to play with you...’ No, I was trying to save his marriage not wreck it more. I couldn’t play him as the asshole.

Play the slut? That would let him off the hook, and I couldn’t imagine she was ever going to think well of me.

“Oh those blue eyes,” I said. “He does have the most startling blue eyes, doesn’t he?”

No response from Helen. I sighed mentally, I was going to have to do all the heavy lifting myself. I locked gazes instead with Colin, which was not a hard thing. Oh those baby blues.

“Oh those eyes, those eyes,” I said to him. “The minute I saw them, my heart skipped. Those are panty-wetting eyes, if I’d been wearing panties then. I almost forgot who I was with. The minute I saw them, I knew all I wanted to do was wrap you around my little finger.”

“From that point on,” I said, “all I wanted to do was tease you and tempt you. And you were easy. So easy.”

I tried a fiendish laugh.

“Men are so weak!”

I paused thoughtfully.

“I should have paid attention to whether you were married,” I said. “I should have checked. My fault. I went too far. I apologize to you both. Well, I apologize to Helen. I have never apologized to a man, and I’m not going to start now.”

I shrugged, nodding to her. Hopefully they wouldn't dwell on the last ten minutes of groveling to Colin.

"Now," I said conversationally, not quite looking at Colin, "on your knees please."

Colin looked surprised, he glanced at Helen.

"DON'T LOOK AT HER. YOU LOOK AT ME! ONLY ME! UNDERSTAND?" I snapped loudly. They both jumped.

"Do you understand?" I snarled, rounding on Colin. He stepped back, intimidated. I took another step. "I said, 'I said, do you understand?'"

"Y.. Y.. Yes!"

He looked way. I caught his chin, and guided his face back to me, until I was looking straight into his eyes. Still startling blue, but now surrounded by white. I was scaring him, it was kind of exciting. I should stop though... in a little bit.

"Then what did I say?" I asked gently, and all the scarier for it.

"Uhm..."

"Use your words," I demanded.

"You said look only at you, not Helen, just you?" he said hopefully.

I chewed my lip, looking up and to the left, as if for inspiration, and then shrugged.

"Close enough," I said genially. I let go his chin, and stepped back, letting him relax. Then I waited a beat. Then I frowned at him. The frown got darker, deeper. I lifted a hand and snapped my fingers.

He got down on his knees. I hoped the pavement wouldn't mess with his pants. I looked down at him, examined my fingernails, and sucked in one cheek, pulling a face. I sighed.

"Well, at least you're not completely useless," I said.

I stepped towards him, looming over him, looking down. His head was bowed. I snapped my fingers again.

"Look up," I ordered.

"Possibly barring that ass," I said, "those eyes are your best feature. You should be doing whatever you can to stay on my good side."

His mouth opened. I held up a finger. He shut it.

"Now," I said thoughtfully, "I know, that being a man and being weak willed and all, you're probably wondering if I'm wearing panties right now. After all, I wasn't wearing them the

other night. But what about today? Maybe, maybe not. I guess it's fifty fifty."

I touched my little finger to my lip and pulled down, I'd picked it up from some old movie somewhere. I remember it had been silly, Sam and I had laughed.

"You know, in all this excitement, why I completely forgot. I guess you'll just have to look for me."

"Would you like that? Would you like to help me out that way? Take a peek and let me know whether I'm wearing panties."

He didn't take the bait.

"Honestly, I don't really care what you would like, and I certainly don't need anything from you. But I will do you a little favour and maybe let you look."

I stepped past him, and put my foot up on the bumper of the car next to us. My skirt rode up, not in an 'exposing myself' way, but definitely showing a lot more leg, and emphasizing my hip.

:So here's what you're going to do," I told him. "You're going to lick my shoe, I'm not even going to be demanding. But if you want to see up my skirt you do have to earn it. So just one little lick. Then you'll say 'May I look under your skirt to see if you're wearing panties, Miss Kayley?' and I'll say 'Yes.' And then you can look. Got all that?"

"Uhm–"

"Never mind. I don't care," I told him. I snapped my fingers twice, and pointed at the shoe I was resting on the bumper. "What I do care about is you wasting my time. Chop chop."

He started to get up, I shook my head, and he went back to his knees, and shuffled over to the bumper. He bent forward, nervously. I dipped my head towards him.

"Psst," I hissed quietly. "Don't lick the shoe, it's hot hygienic, just touch your forehead."

He touched forehead to my shoe, rubbing it and looked at me. I lifted both eyebrows expectantly and nodded.

"Uhm..." he began. I made a waving motion, get on with it. He actually blushed, oh that was so adorable. I almost wanted to kiss him. "Uh Miss Kayley, may I have permission to look under your skirt to see if you have panties on?"

"You mean," I said, "with foot still up on the bumper, you're asking to bend way down and crane your neck to look? Because I certainly am not giving you permission to touch my clothes, and I absolutely will not lift my skirt for you. Is that what you meant?"

"Uhm... yes?"

"That's what I thought you meant," I nodded pleasantly.

“The answer is no.”

I took my foot off the bumper, and glanced over at Helen, sitting on the hood of the car next to us. Her face was expressionless, but she nodded. I nodded, back, relieved.

"And that's how it's done," I told Helen triumphantly. "Men are such weaklings. I love to bend them, or break them. Have you seen enough?"

Oh please let that be enough. I had no idea what do do for an encore. Force him to lick my pussy? Not outdoors in a parking lot. It was tricky, I mean, what we could get away with out here? I just really felt like I was on the spot.

She nodded.

Oh thank god. I was off the hook. Well, glad that’s over with.

“Now do me,” Helen said

What? I thought.

“What?” I asked.

“Do me now. Show me.”

“Why?” I demanded. This was very unfair.

“I want to see what it’s like,” she said. “What you did to him.”

“But you just watched it.”

“I want to know.”

She just stared at me with her owlish gaze, hands perched like pink spiders on her knees as they pressed together. Helen was creeping me right out. I looked to Colin for support. He was still on his knees, waiting for permission to do something.

“Oh get up,” I ordered. “You look silly down there.”

Actually, it didn’t. He didn’t look silly at all. He looked distracting, very distracting. It was sinful, a man with eyes like that on his knees, looking up at you.

“... and that can’t be good for your pants,” I finished.

I turned back to Helen.

“I really don’t know–”

“You owe me,” she said. “You had sex with my husband.”

Guilt!

“Okay, fine,” I conceded. “Give me a minute to switch gears. Oh and get your ass off that car!”

She practically jumped off. Good start.

“And get over here,” I snapped, pointing at the ground in front of me. She scrambled over. Well, at least she was obedient, I thought.

“Well,” I said dismissively, “at least you’re obedient.”

Now what, you creepy looking bobblehead, I wondered? I fixed her with a glare.

Bobblehead?

Geez, when did I get so mean? But it kind of worked for the glare.

“Now,” I said sternly, “let’s be very clear on something. You’re asking for this. But I’m not your toy. You’re mine! You don’t tell me what to do, you aren’t giving orders, you aren’t in control. I am. I’ll show you what I do, because I want to. Understand?”

She nodded.

“That would be, ‘Yes Miss Kayley, I understand.’” I sniffed.

She bowed her head and mumbled, “Yes Miss Kayley, I understand.”

“I didn’t hear that,” I said, “please enunciate.”

“Yes Miss Kayley,” she said very carefully, “I understand.”

I smiled beneficently at her, not that I needed to, because her eyes were downcast. You better keep your eyes down, I thought. Patience, I thought, how do I handle this. Be mean, but not too mean. Pretend mean, be nice. What to do with her? I lifted a hand, and twirled a finger.

“Turn around,” I ordered, just in case she didn't understand the gesture.

She turned around slowly, as I pretended to critically appraise her. My initial impressions didn’t change. Skinny waifish body, head too big, owlish eyes, thin lips, way too much forehead and flat limp hair.

“You’re a very attractive young lady,” I said finally.

I didn’t mean it, she was a creepy little bobblehead.

She kind of half-flinched and half-smiled, as if she wasn’t used to getting any kind of compliment. Even if I was just bullshitting her, and kind of annoyed with the whole thing, my heart went out to her just a little bit.

“Anyone ever tell you that?”

The half smile turned up a few watts.

“Colin does,” she said, you could tell from the warmth that crept into her voice that he was her whole world. And I had peed in that swimming pool when I fucked him. Oh god, I am such a bitch. Guilt all over again. Say something nice, I thought.

“I knew there was something I liked about him,” I offered. “He has good taste.”

Her eyes drifted over to him

“Eyes forward!” I snapped. She whipped straight head, staring off into the distance.

“Don’t look at him,” I snapped. “Look at me!”

Her eyes fixed on me.

“Who gives orders?” I demanded.

“You do.”

“That’s right. Who obeys orders?”

“I do.”

“That’s right. You like to obey my orders. Obedience makes you happy, doesn’t it?”

She looked a little nervous, as if she was sensing a trap. There’s no trap, sweety, I thought, I’m making it up as I go along.

“Say yes,” I prompted.

“Yes!”

“Because your obedience makes me happy, and you want to make me happy. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes!”

Where the fuck was I going with this?

“All right... I am going to kiss you, because that will make me happy. And you want to make me happy.”

“Yes?”

“Now,” I said, “I have no idea why. But it turns out that men get very excited and turned on when they see one girl kiss another. Are you okay with that? With Colin getting very excited watching me kiss you?”

“Yes.”

“His penis will get very hard?”

“Yes.”

“He will want to take you home right away and make passionate love to you. Is that okay.”

She blushed.

“Yes.”

Get the message Colin, I thought, once this is done, you guys go home, have sex, forget about me and all is forgiven.

I dipped my head to kiss her. She was staring at me, like the creepy little bobblehead she was. I stopped and withdrew.

“Close your eyes,” I ordered.

She closed them. Carefully, I bent forward, lowered my head, and being careful not to touch any other part of her body, gave her a brief, chaste kiss. No tongue obviously, no pressure of lips, just a gentle touch. My grandmother had given me harder kisses. I withdrew.

She sighed, and her whole body did that ripple thing.

“How was that?” I asked.

“All right,” she replied without opening her eyes. Her expression was so carefully neutral I had no idea whether she had enjoyed it or been offended.

I smiled carefully.

“Well,” I said, “that’s all right then. I hope that this sorts things out. You guys go home, make sweet sweet love. I’m so sorry for all the misunderstandings, it will never happen again. We’ll all just move on–”

“Now do us both,” she demanded.

What the fuck! Seriously!

Fuck!!!

“Out here?” I asked, exasperated. “In the parking lot? In public? Out here?"

I was incredulous. I had a hundred different ideas as to how this might go, and this was absolutely none of them. How the fuck had it gotten to this? Were they playing with me? Was this all some horrible kink role play to get back at me?

“We could go to your Dominaticks place,” she said.

“Dominatrix,” I corrected automatically

“It’s a lair,” Colin offered, “a Dominatrix cave.”

“Dungeon,” I corrected automatically.

“Yes,” she said, glancing at Colin, a tilt of her head mocking Colin’s ignorance, “Your Dominattic dungeon. I want you to dominatrix us both–”

“Dominate! That’s what it’s called. A Dominatrix is the noun, dominates is the verb. A Dominatrix dominates,” I snapped. This was out of hand, I felt annoyed and cornered.

“I want you to dominates us both. If you can dominates two men at once, you can dominates both of us together. In your dominates dungeon.”

They were fucking with me.

“Sorry,” she corrected herself, I could see the little tiny wheels turning. “Your Dominatrick dungeon.”

They weren’t fucking with me.

“Dominattic,” she corrected herself again.

Fuck!

Well, I wasn’t taking them home. Jesus, how would I even explain this to Sam? What would I even say? And oh god, I absolutely wasn’t taking them back to Leroy’s place. He’d eat them like fried chicken.

“Sorry,” I said, “the dungeon is closed. Renovations.”

“We could do it at our place?” Colin suggested.

“Yes!” she said nodding quickly, “that would be good.”

“I uh...”

Think fast Kayley!

“I don’t have my leather suit.”

“You don’t need it do you?” She asked. “You didn’t need it out here. You didn’t need it in the restaurant when you had sex with my husband.”

Guilt!

“You’re right,” I said surrendering. I sighed heavily.

“Your car?” I asked.

“We take the bus.”

Oh damn, so every day, she takes the bus to meet him when he comes out of work, and then they go home together. It was so much like Sam and me, that automatic, instinctive love. I felt even worse.

“Let’s do this,” I said morosely

What the fuck just happened?

&&&

I drove. They sat in the back, every time I glanced in the rearview mirror, they were sitting stiffly at attention, their respective knees pressed together, holding hands, fingers intertwined, with pale looks on their faces.

They looked like they were going to their mother’s sentencing for murdering their father. Why were they so glum. I was the one cornered into this.

“You know,” I said, “we don’t have to. I can just drive you home. If you’re not comfort–”

“You had sex with my husband,” Helen cut me off. This was getting very familiar. “You used him like a toy, a bystander in your game. You owe us the respect of treating us like people. We’re not toys.”

“Right,” I said, struggling to follow whatever passed for logic in their heads.

Or in her head.

Fucking creepy little bobblehead. She could get a part time job at Halloween playing one of those weird chicks that crawls out of television sets, or maybe a haunted evil doll. Maybe she had, and she'd just decided to marry Colin.

I decided I didn’t like her one bit.

Helen seemed to be in charge. Was this because Colin had fucked me and she was getting back at him somehow? Or at both of us? Or was she usually in charge? What the hell was going on?

“I really am sorry,” I said. “I’m so so sorry.”

“Sorry doesn’t matter,” Helen said. “You have to make it right.”

“Well,” I said, “just give me directions to your place.”

What just happened? How had a simple heartfelt apology turned into an apparent S&M threesome. Where had I gone wrong in my life?

Had I slipped into some sort of porno dimension? No, Colin wasn't hung like a porn star and he certainly didn't last like one.

We drove into a region of modest, seventies-era, apartment buildings. There was outdoor parking, including visitors assignation. A hand lettered plywood sign said "All Visitors must be gone by Midnight or will be towed."

Their apartment was a third floor walk up, no elevator. It was a modest little place, open kitchen with a few mismatched chairs and a small table, a futon for a couch in what passed for the living room. Most everything looked second-hand, but in good condition. I assume that one of the closed doors represented the single bedroom. A calico cat rubbed up against me.

The only thing really surprising was the art. Almost every available space was covered by prints, often cheap ones - a poster for a Picasso show, a tattered Pointilist reproduction, a Van Gogh flower vase. Mixed in were a lot of religious kitsch, paintings and crucifixes. A bible was prominent in the single, mostly empty book case. Helen noticed my attention.

"We pick them up at garage sales and things, not worth anything but nice," I glanced out the window. From the orientation, they didn't get sunrise or sunset, and the view was just the dull yellow brickwork of the apartment block next to them.

"I appreciate nice," I said diplomatically.

Helen pointed out some riotous swirl of colour that seemed oddly pornographic, if not for the lack of any discernible form, florid initials in the corner read 'BCK.'

"That's an original, a Cjherskiszky, from a raffle at the art school. Colin won it for me."

She seemed quite proud of it.

"You like art?" I asked Helen.

"I like beautiful things," she said.

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I work in a pet warehouse."

Suddenly, I didn't want to know about her job.

I felt bad. Colin and Helen were clearly younger than I was. Maybe university age, but they weren't going to university. The two of them were working together, struggling to make ends meet, trying to hold onto a shitty little apartment full of secondhand furniture and garage sale art. They were just kids really, all they had was each other and I'd walked in and fucked up their relationship.

I felt like one of those assholes who, when you're walking on the sidewalk in the rain, drives through a puddle and soaks you with muddy water. Whether it was deliberate or accidental, you're still in shock, soaked to the skin in cold dirty water, brutalized by a callous indifferent

world.

I needed to make things right. If that involved carrying through on whatever fucked up notion Helen had... okay, sure.

Sure.

Dominate them.

How exactly?

I turned to look at them.

Fuck, they were looking at me. They were looking at me expectantly, like puppies. Sex puppies.

I needed an instruction manual? A plan? Post it notes? Okay, Kayley, here's what you do. Take control. You're in charge. So... how to establish dominance. Pee on them? I suppressed a giggle. I needed a commanding position. A throne. None of this ratty furniture would do. Highest furniture to sit on? The kitchen table.

I snapped my fingers. "Follow."

I walked into the kitchenette area, stepped up on a chair, and sat my ass on the corner of their kitchen table. I pulled another chair over, and propped my other foot on it. It was kind of wanton looking, but also kind of sexually powerful. Okay, work with this.

"Stop," I held up my hand, they were closing on me. "Back up a couple of feet."

They obeyed. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. They did want to be dominated, didn't they? Assuming my idea of domination was the same as theirs.

What was my idea of domination, anyway?

I fixed them both with a dominating stare, whatever that was. It involved just a little squinting, and looking serious, like my smart phone charger wasn't working.

"Last chance to back out," I told them. Actually, I wasn't going to enforce that but it had sounded good for Sam, so why not here. The minute they wanted to back out, I was going to be magnanimous, permit them, explain how it wasn't for everyone, and get the hell out of there. "Before we go further, you both have to agree to go forward. If one of you doesn't, it's over now."

They looked at each other, reached out to touch fingers in a gesture I found heartbreaking, and then first Colin and then Helen nodded. Helen swallowed.

"You have to say it," I said. "In or out."

"I'm in," Helen said quickly.

“I’m in,” Colin said, more firmly.

Ah fuck.

I nodded wisely, trying to figure out what to do next. It occurred to me suddenly, that 90% of my domination with them amounted to desperately stalling for time while I tried to figure something out. Was that the secret of S&M?

“First step,” I said. “Take off your clothes. Both of you.”

Helen glanced at Colin. I snapped my fingers.

“Nope!” I said. “That’s an order. When I give you an order you obey. You don’t ask questions. You don’t look at each other. In fact, no more looking at each other! You look at me, only. Got it.”

Helen nodded, looking a little frightened.

“Words!”

“Yes!” Helen said.

“Yes Miss,” Colin said.

I snapped my fingers twice, looking expectant. They got the message, unbuttoning and pulling off their clothes with awkward haste.

“Even my underwear?” Helen asked shyly.

I rolled my eyes.

“Did I explicitly to say leave your underwear on?”

“N.. N... No?”

“Then....” I raised an eyebrow.

“Take them off too?”

I nodded ever so slightly. She slipped her panties down, wiggling out of them, before reaching behind to unhook her bra. Interesting choice. Colin was covering his junk with his hands.

“Hands at your sides,” I snarled. “No covering yourself.”

The bra fell away. They both stood there, blushing and naked, bare foot even, in their own apartment. I glanced at the curtains to make sure they were closed.

Colin was as I imagined him from the restaurant. His figure was slender and androgynous, no body hair that I would make out beyond his pubic thatch. He was already erect of course.

Smaller than Sam, sharper curve than Leroy, uncircumcised. I noted a birthmark on his ribs, a scar on his knee. Pale, he didn't get out in the sun much. Delicate, but masculine features, and oh blue eyes to make my panties wet.

Helen was a bit shorter. Naked, her head was slightly too big for her body. Her arms and legs were skinny, she had narrow hips and small breasts with huge gumdrop shaped nipples. I wondered if they were sensitive. I'd have to find out. She had a thigh gap, which is some weirdo male fantasy thing. The oddest thing was her pubic hair, it was just this narrow scraggly band, on either side of her pubes, climbing up to join at her pubic mound. From the length of it, she wasn't shaving, she had a natural bikini line. Like Colin, she was pale.

Now what do I do? I had no idea. Why was this my problem? Maybe it should be their problem? Wait...

"All right," I said, "you've pleased me. Now, I'm going to ask you some questions. You will answer them immediately and truthfully. If I catch you lying, if I even think you're lying, I'm out of here."

They both said yes.

What is your favourite colour? Geez. Come on Kayley, take this seriously. I had no idea what to ask. Seriously, what do you say in a situation like this.

"How old are you?"

They both said nineteen. Okay, good.

"How long have you been together?"

"Since October 18 last year," Colin said.

"Why October 18?" I asked.

"My birthday," Helen said. "I turned eighteen. That's when we got married."

"Uhm... we'd kind of been going out for a few years," Colin explained, in response to my surprised look. I hadn't actually wondered about that. "Technically, not going out, we weren't allowed... but seeing each other anyway."

"I see," I said. I didn't, it sounded fucked up, but I didn't care and didn't want to get into it.

"How long have you been sexually active?"

I could almost feel them wanting to look at each other.

"Since October 18 last year."

I nodded. Somehow I wasn't surprised.

"How many sexual partners have you each had?"

I was pretty sure I already knew the answers.

“One!” Helen said.

“Two,” Colin admitted.

Oh geez, I could see where this was going.

“Two?” I said. “So one of them... Helen, and one of them was...?” I twirled my finger.

He nodded. I covered my face with hand, suppressing a groan. Oh that was so fucking unfair! It was like two minutes if that. It shouldn’t have counted. I’d had handshakes that lasted longer.

“Yes,” he said. Because of course.

I turned to Helen.

“And he told you all about it?”

“Yes.”

“What did he tell you?” I asked Helen.

She licked her lips, trembling a little, staring at a point at the wall over my shoulder.

“He said you were at the restaurant with two men, your husband and this other man who had invited himself that you wanted to punish.”

“That wasn’t my husband,” I said too quickly. Leroy as husband? Ick! Ick! Ick!

“Your date. Sorry. He said you started flirting with him, to get him to punish the other man, but that you seemed to start to like him. That he was very attracted. You showed him your breasts. Then after, you took him into the supply closet and had sex with him. He said he was weak and couldn’t resist you. You were the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.”

Oh geez. It was amazing Colin still had a marriage. Why couldn’t he just shut up like I told him?

“You said all that, did you?” I directed a withering gaze at Colin, my voice was cold. “You told your wife, who, I assume, you love that I was the most beautiful woman you had seen?”

I paused. Seriously, what the fuck, Colin? I thought.

“If you ever do that to her again, or anything like it, I will find you and whack your pee-pee with a ruler. Hard.”

Colin swallowed.

“Say ‘Yes Miss Kayley.’”

“Yes, Miss Kayley.”

“Now apologize to Helen.”

He looked at her.

“I’m sorry, honey.”

“It’s all right, Pluffy.”

She gave him a nervous half smile.

Barf! Honey? Pluffy? I was going to go into a diabetic coma.

"You both understand what the apology is for?"

They looked blank. Oh fuck me, geez!

"Colin is apologizing for disrespecting you by saying I was the most beautiful woman he had seen."

"And for having sex with you?" he said.

I rolled my eyes. Yes, we all needed that reminder.

"That too," I said.

"It's okay that you had sex, Pluffy. I understand."

Oh no! Creepy little bobblehead self pity!

“How’s your sex life?” I asked suddenly to change the subject a little.

“Great,” Colin said.

“Wonderful,” Helen replied.

“What do you do?”

“We have sex.”

“What do you mean by sex?” I asked.

“You know...” Helen replied. “Sex.”

“Positions?”

That seemed to confuse them. Helen glanced at Colin helplessly.

“Eyes front. Don’t look at each other,” I snapped.

“The normal positions,” Helen said quickly, and then corrected herself. “Position.”

I thought so.

“Do you go down on each other?”

Total confusion on their expressions. Okay, forget that.

“Do you French kiss?”

Helen grinned suddenly, grinned and blushed, a flush that reached all the way down to the tops of her breasts. The girl lit up like a Christmas tree. Suddenly, I kind of liked her.

“Okay,” I said, to save them from embarrassment. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

I’d taken this as far as I could go. I could ask more questions, but what would the point. STD’s? Not a chance. They seemed awkwardly naive, given the state of genital grooming and the conversations so far. I had this impression that they were oddly sheltered. Een after a year, they were only vaguely aware of sexuality. Maybe I would be surprised, but I bet if I asked them about sexual practices, positions, anything, I could predict the answer.

I thought for a moment. Stunningly naive, I really felt out of my depth. The best thing I could do for these two would be to walk right out of their lives. Whatever they really needed, and I couldn’t even begin to imagine where they would need to start, I couldn’t give it to them.

“Were you guys home schooled by any chance?” I asked.

Helen put up her hand.

I looked at Colin.

“My church had a classroom.”

“Hmmm,” I asked. “How did you meet?”

“His Dad was courting my Ma,” Helen explained. “So he’d send Colin over to do chores. Colin had to work out in the world. We kind of fell in love, but they wouldn’t let us marry, so when I turned eighteen...”

“You ran off together?”

Nods.

Honestly, I was shocked that Colin had the wherewithal to piss in Sam’s soup. If he had, after all. The facade of confidence he’d projected as a waiter was just that, a facade.

Well maybe not.

They'd both been out in the working world, I assumed. They'd have made friends with co-workers, been exposed to life, had learned some stuff. Cut off from church and family, they only had each other as they made their way in the world. That took strength. The shitty little apartment with its second hand furniture and garage sale art prints took on a different hue now. A sanctuary, a nest, a place filled with each other, cherished and loved.

"Colin," I said. "Do you love Helen? And beg her forgiveness?"

"I do."

"Tell her that, then," I ordered.

He turned.

"Helen, I love you and I'm so sorry. Please forgive me."

"Helen," I said. "Your turn."

"Colin," she said, she didn't even hesitate. "I love you so much, you never have to ask."

Barf.

I clapped my hands together.

"All right," I said cheerfully, "I think we're done! You guys are good. It's been fun. But I think what you need is each other."

"That's it?" Helen frowned.

Oh fuck.

"I mean, you have us here naked, and now you tell us it's over? You make fun of us and now you're going to leave?"

"I didn't make fun of you," I said defensively.

"You asked if we were home schooled," Helen said. "I know what that means."

"I didn't mean anything by that," I back pedaled.

"And you had sex with Colin," she said. "But now you're not going to do anything?"

Oh fuck me! Not this again! I was getting tired of it. I mean, I felt really bad, but now they were just working it.

"This kind of thing is slow," I said, looking for an escape route. "It's about trust, and taking people as far as they can go and be comfortable."

"I just thought there'd be more!" Helen said, she was getting upset.

“Like what?” I asked.

“I don’t know!” she replied, it was almost a cry for help.

Oh fuck. I sighed loudly.

“After this point,” I said, “it gets serious. I mean it. I’ll dominate the fuck out of you. I’ll do whatever I want to both of you. I’ll do all kinds of shit. You won’t be the same people after. Maybe you won’t even be able to look at each other, after. Or look at yourself in the mirror. I’ll make you my sex toys. My pets. Are you ready for that? Are you willing to take the risk?

Nods.

Oh fuck. I was never getting out of here!

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 36, Kayley makes the Rules
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THE ENSLAVEMENT OF HELEN AND COLIN, PART TWO OF THREE

KAYLEY

Oh fuck. I was never getting out of here!

Right, so I was supposed to dominate them. They probably didn’t have any gear, no handcuffs, restraints, ropes, nothing. I bet they didn’t even have a fucking vibrator. Think, girl! It's all about the attitude. I stiffened up and glared sternly until their eyes dropped.

“Fine,” I snarled in my best possible dom-bitch voice . “But from this point on, I want absolute obedience. You do exactly what I say, and only what I say. You shut your mouths, speak when spoken to. No more questioning me or my methods. If you don’t enjoy, that’s tough, you signed up for it. Your purpose is to serve me, not whine like babies. And I do whatever I want. From this point on, your bodies belong to me.”

I slid off the table and walked towards them, walking in a circle around them. They stood at attention, staring straight ahead as I inspected their nude bodies. Helen still had that flush down to the tops of her breasts. Once I was behind them, I felt a little better, there was less pressure when they weren’t looking at me. I could breathe. I looked them over.

Colin really did have a nice ass. I really, really nice. His best feature was his eyes, but his ass was running a close second. I bet that ass brought in a lot of tips from women and gay men when he was working as a waiter. I also bet he had no clue.

Oh, I wanted to bite that ass!

Impulsively, I stepped up behind Colin, breathing heavily on the back of his neck. He shivered. I felt a flicker of predatory impulse, like when I was cucking Sam, this wolf-woman impulse to chase, to bring down, to tear into prey. I stepped closer, pressing my body against

his back, feeling him cower almost subliminally. It would be better if I was naked, if I could feel his skin against mine. I felt hungry. I licked the side of his neck and carefully placed my hands on his bare hips, careful that he might bolt.

“Not one word from you,” I whispered directly into his ear. He gasped loudly. I glanced at Helen, pleased she was obediently staring straight ahead.

I let my hands rise slowly up Colin’s hips, moving inward, tracing his ribs, up to his pectorals. Colin had pert little nipples, and I amused myself pinching and twisting them, until he was giving little gasps with every touch. One hand glided up towards his neck, closing around his throat, my fingernails pressing lightly into the delicate flesh, while the other slid lower, down his ribs, across his belly, fingers burying in his pubic hair, just brushing the base of his hard shaft. He moaned and shook.

“You asked for this,” I whispered, hand on his throat. Then I licked the side of his neck. His whole body shivered gratifyingly. He groaned. I smiled to myself. My uncertainty and nervousness was finally melting away. I was starting to feel that hungry eagerness I’d experienced when cucking Sam, that heady sense of power. The urge to crush.

No need to be cruel, I told myself, that wasn’t part of it. Not really. These were strangers, I couldn't let go. I could be cruel to Colin, I thought, with his twink body, and his smaller cock and his two minute fucking, there was ammunition there. I wondered how far I could go. Could I make him cry? Or would he be impossibly stoic and strong like Sam, as I joyfully emasculated him? I wanted to try. I wanted to break him, crack his shell open, leave him quivering and suck out the juices. I wanted him under my boots, whimpering as I ground down mercilessly.

No. Jesus Christ, Kayley, what the hell is wrong with you?

He was just a naive kid.

And anyway, I didn’t know yet how to dig deep into his real vulnerabilities. It would just be superficial emasculation. Not nearly satisfying enough.

I inhaled, breathing him in, pressing myself against him. No cruelty, just... power. It was almost as intoxicating.

I let my hand drop further, curling around his penis, as I lowered my other hand from his throat and wrapped an arm around his chest, holding him in place. He was trembling now. Weak at the knees? His cock was absolutely stiff, like polished wood. Fingertips traced the uneven surface, the velvet smoothness, all the way up to the glans. What a lovely little cock, I thought of whispering in his ear, too bad it's useless.

He was gasping and groaning nonstop, his body in constant tremble, wracked by periodic shudders. I pulled the foreskin back to feel the shape of his cock head.

“I like the shape of this,” I purred. Then I let it go, he was too close. Instead, I simply enjoyed the sound of his gasp, excitement and longing, raising his temperature, making him quiver and holding him there.

I reached up to his collarbones, dug my fingernails in, and drew them slowly down the length of his body, down past his nipples, his ribs, his belly. I left rows of claw marks down his inner thighs, my hands brushing against his cock lightly, all the way to his knees.

His whole body was trembling, shivering. His skin was red, the heat radiating off it, goosebumps everywhere. It felt like he was ready to pass out. He was practically whimpering.

Time to leave.

I turned to Helen, slightly nervous. Colin was easy prey, a weak male that I'd wrapped around my little finger twice already. Helen was the pushy one. I'd have to take her apart more carefully.

I stepped up behind her. I noticed Colin facing straight ahead, but desperately struggling to side eye us. Helen's body was so stiff I could almost see the muscles straining. She had really well defined shoulder blades, and this pert ass that looked so tight you could hang paintings off it. I had this impulse to rub my nipples on those shoulder blades.

I reached out, tracing her ear lobe. She jumped. Ignoring her reaction, I let my fingertip find her hairline, tracing it to the back of her neck, and then I drew my fingernail down her spine. She gasped, loudly, a high pitched, almost hooting sound. As I slid past her collar bone, she gasped again, and then again when I reached the small of her back, and one more time as I stroked her tailbone, her asscheeks snapping together like a vise.

I stepped up behind, pressing my body against hers, wrapping my arms around her, trapping her arms at her sides in my grip. It was intoxicating, physically controlling her like this, suddenly I understood how men get off on it.

"You didn't think I'd forgotten about you," I whispered in her ear. Involuntarily she sucked in her breath. Her whole body shook helplessly.

I remembered how I'd made Sam come without touch, simply by psychological force. She seemed so high strung, maybe I could do it to her as well. That would be exciting. Then I remembered how traumatic it had been for Sam, like drowning he'd said.

No, I wouldn't do that again. Not to anyone.

"No, I whispered. "I didn't forget about you at all."

I shifted, to whisper in her other ear, my hips humping ever so slightly against her ass. Her body jumped with every casual touch.

"I want you to know, I'm not apologizing any more," I husked, blowing moist breath. She whined helplessly in fear and desire.

I licked her ear, eliciting a squeal, and shifted to the other side.

"I gave you both every chance. You could have walked away. But here you are. Helen... Helen... Helen... I'm sure you're regretting it now."

I laughed.

"Too late!"

I loosened my grip and began to run my hands up and down her body, staying away from her breasts and pubic area. Her skin was so smooth.

“Your skin is so pale, like milk. So smooth. I love your body, it’s so perfect, it’s so beautiful. I’ll appreciate you so much more than Colin has. I’m going to make you kneel in front of me,” I whispered. “I’ll make you crawl. I’ll make you beg. I’ll make you love it.”

I slipped my hands down her arms, seizing her wrists.

“Huahh...” she blurted, gasping.

“Maybe I’ll tie you up,” I whispered to her hooting gasps. “Handcuff you. Tie you to the bed spread eagle. Or bend you over the table Or bind you to the chair or some other piece of furniture that leaves you accessible. You have so much furniture, and I have so much imagination.”

I nibbled her shoulder, feeling her body shudder, and her knees almost give way. It excited me wildly, and I could feel myself getting wet. Mine! I thought. My property! My prey! I want! I bit a little harder, again and again, moving up to nip the back of her neck, and then biting her other shoulder.

"Ready to be... contorted?"

“Hoo!” she gasped. “Ah hoo. Ahh”

“Or I might spank you,” I gloated. “Maybe I’ll take that tight little ass and get it all red and hot. Maybe I’ll use a toy on your body. Something that vibrates between your legs. Or goes inside! But, oh my, which hole? How much can that I fit into this tight little body? More than you ever imagined? I'll stretch you! Yes I will! Or clamps for your nipples, oh yes! Maybe I’ll blindfold you, so you can’t see what I’m doing... until it’s too late. I’ll do things to your body, make you feel things you’ve never imagined. Because you’re mine now. I own you. Soooooo many possibilities.”

I reached up, teasing those huge gumdrop nipples. As I touched them, the merest lightest touch, I could feel her reaction as if lighting went through her. I felt their shape, longing to kiss them, to take them between my lips, hold them with my teeth. Bite! Just a little nibble, to see how she reacted. Bite! Bite! I wanted to so badly.

Regretfully, I left her nipples, placing one palm on her belly, and one between her legs, parting her lips. Her knees went loose, and if not for my gentle pressure holding her against me, she might have collapsed.

“You’re so wet!” I whispered triumphantly. “You can’t wait for me to break you, can you?”

“Perhaps I’ll make you kneel and kiss my feet. I’ll turn you into my personal slave, to serve

me any way I want. I'll dress you up in leather and lingerie, maybe a ball gag, and parade you around, show you off to my friends."

She was practically panting. I could feel it in her, her feeling of being trapped, of danger, the fight and flight impulses frustrated to helplessness, her rapidly beating heart held in my palms.

"Maybe I'll just teach you to please me with your tongue. Maybe I'll make love to one of you, and force the other to watch. But which one of you will that be?"

"I might like to fuck Colin again... but this time, you'll be there, watching. And if you're very good, I'll let you touch yourself. Or maybe I'll punish Colin and make love to you, in front of him... he won't be allowed to touch himself. Which would make you suffer more, I wonder ?"

I chuckled devilishly. I released her, sliding around in front. She was breathing heavily, panting. Her head hung. I lifted her chin with two fingers and tried to catch her gaze, but her eyes were liquid, sliding all over the place, refusing to meet mine. I wanted to eat her, and not in the good way.

"I'm going to do all sorts of things to you."

"Uhh ahoo uh uh," she whimpered. Her lips moved, but she couldn't form any words. Her skin was goosebumps, cold, with this light sweat. I reached down between her legs, she was just melting on me.

I paused thoughtfully, allowing a sly smile to come over me.

"Question: Do you know what I've just noticed right now?"

Her eyes focused on me momentarily.

"What?" she asked. That should have been 'What did you notice, Miss Kayley' I thought, but I decided to let it pass.

"All these terrible, awful things I've just said, things I'm going to do to you and Colin..."

She looked so hunted, so haunted, terrified, but in lust, a trembling delight. My smile broadened.

"You didn't say 'no.' Not once. At no point did you say 'no.' Not once have I heard you say 'no' to any of it. Why if I didn't know better, I'd think you wanted it, every bit of it."

"Ohhhhh," she whispered, her thin lips parting. Her eyes almost rolled up in her head.

I couldn't help it, I licked her face. She whimpered, and I had the irresistible urge to do it again.

Fuck! Dial it back, Kayley, what's wrong with you?

I kissed her, carefully, gently. On some level, I thought I should have asked before I kissed her, but I didn't want to. I simply pressed my lips against hers, wanting to see how she'd react. Would she retreat? Would she stiffen and resist? Embrace?

She surrendered utterly, I parted her lips, slid my tongue past her teeth, her jaw opened. It was beyond welcome, it was total passivity, complete capitulation. No trace of resistance.

She sighed, moaning into my mouth. I reached up and tweaked a nipple, sending a ripple through her. I broke the kiss, looking at her, her eyes were bleary.

"You're so beautiful," I told her, vividly aware of how she must have felt humiliated when Colin had told her I was the most beautiful woman he'd seen, I hoped this would balance things. I whispered, "you take my breath away."

Actually, I was breathing fine, it was Helen that was breathless. As it should be. The prey pants, the predator closes in.

"I own you now."

The sound that came out of her was something between a sigh and a sob, it was almost musical to me. It made me so hungry.

Colin moaned.

Reminded of Colin, I glanced at him. I caught his head twitch, he'd turned just enough to try and watch us from the side-eye, and he'd snapped to staring straight ahead. His cock was throbbing urgently, semen oozing from it. Your punishment isn't finished, boy, I thought to myself.

"Colin," I snapped, "I want you to look at us. Watch me as I kiss your wife. And don't you dare touch yourself!"

He turned his head.

"No, turn fully," I ordered.

He turned to face us. This was kind of fun, no satisfying. They did everything I told them. The possibilities enthralled me. I had no idea what to do with them. But I wanted to do things to them, explore their compliance, direct, control, own, use. It's too bad this was a one time thing. Otherwise, I would make up lists in my leisure time.

"Good boy," I said with malicious satisfaction. I turned back to my quivering possession. God, she was so aroused, I could literally smell it on her, a scent of vaginal arousal stronger than I'd ever encountered. I bet every stray dog in the neighborhood could smell her pussy.

"Are you all right?" I asked Helen, careful to keep any trace of kindness or compassion under wraps.

She nodded.

“Ready?”

Nodded again. There, a ghost of a smile. A hunger.

I kissed her again, and again, she surrendered completely, without even a trace of resistance.

Some cruel deep part of me thought ‘fuck you, Colin, she belongs to me now.’ Ouch! God, I was toxic. I took that thought and shoved it way down and locked it behind a steel vault.

I just let myself enjoy the kiss, letting her melt into me, yielding, submitting. As I kissed her, I let my hands find her nipples, sending electric shocks through her, feeling her twitch and tremble and shiver with every touch. I'd kissed girls at parties, to give guys a thrill, and a part of me had always wanted to go further.

But this was so different. This wasn't just kissing her, it was wilder, more exciting, more urgent. It was owning her.

Finally, I released her, easing back gently. I looked over to Colin. Oh fuck me, those blue blue eyes! Just looking at them made me wet.

I wanted to kiss him so hard that I inhaled his soul. To kiss him and feel him quiver helplessly under me, not even waiting for his surrender, just taking.

Suddenly, a rogue image flashed through my mind - Sam kissing Colin, the two of them naked, their male bodies pressed together, cocks rampant. I imagined Colin ejaculating, the lost look in those stunning blue eyes, and Sam gently turning him around, to that perfect ass.

Oh fuck! I took a sudden deep breath. Now I was really wet!

“Your turn,” I told him, and grinned wolfishly, showing all my teeth.

“M... Miss Kayley,” Helen called, her voice trembling with urgency, as if she desperately needed to go to the bathroom. I looked over to her, expecting her to have her hand raised. She didn’t, not quite. But she looked wide eyed and distraught, trembling like a leaf.

“Helen?”

Oh shit, shouldn’t treat her like a person.

“Yes, Pet?”

“M... may I sit? Please?”

Shit, I thought. She really was suffering. I stepped into the kitchen are, grabbed one of the mismatched chairs from the table, and slid it behind her, easing her down.

“Better?” I asked, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead. Then I remembered I needed to be dom, and to be mean. “You sit there, and watch. And spread your legs, I want that pussy on display as I kiss your husband.”

I hesitated a moment, hovering over her.

“Do you need water” I asked. “Or anything? Do you need to go to the bathroom?”

Oh fuck, I thought. Maybe ask her if she needs a foot rub? I was the worst dominatrix ever!

She shook her head. I wasn’t persuaded, I thought she might need to pee. But I wasn’t going to push it. I dismissed the thought.

Back to Colin, and those gorgeous eyes and that biteable ass. Prey. Weakling. Fuckhead. Toy. No, wait, I had to remind myself that this was my fault, I’d taken advantage of him, not the other way around, and if he’d blabbed and said stupid things to his wife, it was guilt and honesty, not him being hurtful. He was just my victim, and not in the fun way.

It occurred to me suddenly, that I hadn’t even gone over safe words with them. Or time out. Or boundaries. Informed consent. None of that stuff. Fuck, I really was the worst dominatrix ever! It didn’t really make sense to stop everything in the middle and go through an explanation. Maybe I could work it in as we went along. I made a mental note to try and remember.

Back to Colin. I sidled up to him, and turned my back, rubbing my bottom against his erection. I raised my hands to the back of my neck, lifting my hair luxuriously, letting it fall as I raised my hands to the heavens, my body swaying and pushing against him, in what was basically a standing lap dance.

“I bet you’d love to touch me,” I teased. “But if you do, if you put one finger on me, I’ll tie you over a chair and whip your ass in front of your wife. Understand?”

“Yes Miss Kayley,” came the strangled reply.

I smiled. With my back to him, those irresistible blue eyes lost their power. Helen watched us, her eyes as big as saucers. I swear, her pussy was dilating, I don’t know how she wasn’t touching herself. She must be sitting in a puddle. Maybe waiting?

“Pet,” I told her, “I hereby permit you to stroke your pussy, but not come.”

She didn’t touch herself, although she glanced at the calico cat.

“Or maybe no,” I changed my mind. “Tell me pet, are you enjoying?”

She nodded, swallowing rapidly.

I clutched my breasts, and then turned slowly, facing Colin, continuing to press myself against him. Fully dressed, I slid my boobs side to side, dragging them up and down his naked body.

“You’re looking at me,” I told him, sounding bored. “I don’t remember giving you permission to do that?”

“Eep!” he went and stared straight ahead, beads of sweat on his forehead. His neck muscles

were corded with strain.

I ran my fingertips over his chest, his skin was baby smooth and so pale I could almost see blue veins in spots. Had either of them ever had a tan in their lives? I could practically feel his heart racing. Bending my head, I licked his nipple, then pulled it between my lips and slowly bit down, until I felt a whimper.

I backed away a little, running hands all over his body, all the way down to his cock, watching those gorgeous blue eyes staring off at some fixed point. So tasty. I glanced down at his cock, rampantly hard, and then realized, he'd left come-smears all over my skirt.

Oh fuck! That was a good skirt, I didn't even know if a dry cleaner could get that out. Damn. Never mind, never mind.

"On your knees," I commanded, annoyed. It wasn't his fault, I'd seen him leaking, and had still pressed up against him. But geez. I had such an urge to punish him, an impulse it took me a moment to suppress.

But then he looked up at me with those eyes... Oh he was so lucky. Ooh those blues. I wondered how he felt about artificial insemination. I wanted eyes like that for my baby. Okay, so now that I had him down there, what to do with him. I thought about throwing a knee over his shoulder and grinding my pussy on his face, but I was still fully dressed. Still, it was something to work towards.

"You bad boy," I whispered, running fingers through his hair. I pulled him into my breasts. "You've ruined my skirt. We're going to have to do something about that."

I let him go then, and turned around, grinding my butt into his chest.

"Kneel lower," I ordered, swinging my hips, grinning at Helen.

He sank to his haunches, I reached behind, pushing his head down, until his face was pressing between his ass cheeks.

"Colin, my dear," I said, "would you be a good little slave, and unzip my skirt for me."

I felt his hands move, the zipper slowly going down.

"Now slide it off, would you?"

He pulled my skirt down, and I stepped out of it, one leg and then the other, leaving me only in black lace panties. Now I could really get his nose between my cheeks.

"Well," I said to Pet, sitting and watching, "I guess Colin has finally solved the mystery. Isn't that sweet? Are you enjoying what I'm doing to your husband?"

We both knew it was a rhetorical question, so she didn't bother to answer, and I didn't care. I just ground my ass into his face, making elaborate figure eights with my hips. Colin didn't lift his hands to touch me, he was learning his place.

“Now,” I said, “Colin, you’re going to lift your hands up, and using only one finger of each hand, I want you to hook the waist band of my panties at the hips, and take them slowly off. As slowly as you can.”

I stared at Pet.

“Pet,” I said, “watch very very carefully what I’m going to do to your man. Remember, you’re the one that asked for it.”

She nodded, ever so slightly, eyes round and unblinking. What was going through her little mind? Was she elated? Excited? Horrified at how things had gone so quickly out of control? I smiled, arching my back, throwing up my arms, clasping my hands behind my head and wiggling luxuriously as my wet panties slid down. It was actually a relief to be free of them.

“Is this really what you wanted?” I asked, I grinned like a tigress, showing all my teeth and no mercy at all. “Or what you were afraid of?”

Wait a beat.

“Or both?”

I stepped out of the panties.

“Kiss my ass, Colin,” I ordered coldly. “Now!”

I felt his lips press against my butt cheeks. It felt like he was kissing his sister’s ass.

“A little enthusiasm, please!” I snapped my fingers for emphasis.

That was better.

“And hands off!”

I really loved cracking the whip. A fleeting impulse swept through me to pull my cheeks apart, and order him to lick my asshole. Sam would have done it in a heartbeat, and magnificently. I wouldn’t have even had to tell him. But these two felt so naive. How would he react? I wasn't sure, and decided not to take the chance.

Mmmm, I thought, maybe I’d go with my first impulse to just turn around and throw my thigh over his shoulder. But that didn’t feel right. My creepy little bobblehead pet would be watching. But I wouldn’t be able to watch her watching me. I sighed, it’s so hard to have a good time. Even smiling was making my face ache.

“You know,” I said thoughtfully, to no one in particular, “now that my panties are off, I bet Colin is just dying to see my pussy. The same pussy that he put his cock inside. I bet he can’t wait. I bet it’s all he can think about.”

I smiled blissfully, enjoying Colin’s kisses on my ass.

"Put a little tongue in there, worm!"

I took a deep breath, delighting in his instant compliance.

“He'd love to see. But... Too bad,” I said, and swiveled my hips suddenly, stepping around behind him. I bent way down and whispered. “I’m not here for you’re pleasure, you’re here for mine. It’s been that way from the start. Remember that.”

Then I kissed his cheek.

“Stand up!” I barked.

As he rose up, I wrapped my arms around him, humping my bare hips against his glorious man-ass. Sam’s was the best I’d ever seen. But oh my, this was close. Colin’s eyes, Sam’s ass and Leroy’s dick, and I’d be on my way to building the perfect man.

I let my hands drop down...

“Look Pet,” I husked. “Look what I’m doing to your man.”

I made my fingers a cradle and loosely stroked his cock, beginning a gentle stroking. I watched her watching us as Colin moaned, contemplating my next taunt.

Colin ejaculated all over my hand.

Fuck! What was this? Two and a half minutes? Three? Damn it. I had to physically suppress the desire to bite his head off. Instead, I smiled gently at him, resisting the urge to look around for something to wipe his come off. All I could think was ‘wow, their sex life must really suck, and they had absolutely no idea!’

I had to remind myself not to be cruel.

“Well,” I said annoyed. I struggled to keep anything nasty out of my voice, going for gentle and friendly, “looks like someone’s down for the count.”

I kissed his cheek to show him no hard feelings, despite my irritation at his premature discharge. Okay, yeah, it was nice to spare his feelings. But no matter what, he was still humiliated, and too much forgiveness would feel like condescension. There should be some punishment.

“Don’t think this is acceptable,” I purred. “Naughty, naughty boy. Now, I’m going to punish you.”

Thinking fast.

“You,” I told him, “are going to stand at attention, until you are standing at attention again. Understand.”

I wiped my hand on his naked chest. Make him stand in a corner, I thought suddenly, and then felt an immediate disgust and revulsion. Too far.

“And I,” I offered with careful emphasis, “am going to take your wife into the bedroom, and I’m going to do unspeakable things to her... out of your sight. You’ll just have to imagine it all.”

I lifted up on tip toes, and whispered into his ear, “You can sit down if you need to. Just don’t let me catch you sitting, okay?”

He nodded.

“Hmph,” I snorted, and flounced away from him, wiggling my butt a little to torture him, as if to say ‘yeah, you could have had this, if you didn’t make a mess on the rug.’

Behind me, I caught a glimpse of their calico cat wandering over to sniff at his semen on the floor. I hoped she didn’t lick it up. Probably wasn’t healthy for cats. Or was it? I should look it up.

I strolled past Helen, snapping my fingers twice. “Slave. Follow. Bedroom,” I said, as I headed towards the closed doors in the cramped apartment. Going to the nearest, I grabbed the knob, twisted, and walked right in...

To the bathroom.

Fuck.

From behind me, Helen said, “that’s the bathroom.”

The bitch.

“I know,” I said breezily. “I just wanted to pick up a few things. Get your sexy little ass in the bedroom and on the bed before I spank it.”

“Yes Miss Kayley!” she said enthusiastically.

I sighed. That girl. What the fuck was I going to do with her?

Still, I was in the bathroom, and I couldn’t let on that it wasn’t on purpose. So... grab some shit in here, and act like it was my idea all along? Then it hit me - that scraggly bush, it needed pruning.. Colin’s disposable razors? Check, I’d need one. Shaving cream? Check. Scissors? Check. Moisturizer? I didn’t see it, probably in the bedroom. Helen did use moisturizer? I wasn’t sure. She must.

Exit bathroom, walk into bedroom, and stop dead. For a second, I was glad they couldn't see my expression.

Helen was on all fours on the bed, pussy aimed directly at the doorway.

Yikes. And me without a strap on.

“Is this right?” she asked, twisting to look at me.

“I love the view,” I said diplomatically, “but right now, I’m shaving that little pussy, so on your back, legs up, grab your ankles and spread.”

She rolled over, but was clearly confused.

“Why?” She was genuinely curious.

Because I’m desperate, have no clue what I’m doing, and it seemed like an idea. I sat down on the bed beside her and stroked her hair. Because stupid Colin ejaculated before we even got started and now I had to play for time? No, I couldn’t say that.

“Because I enjoy touching you, and I hope you enjoy me touching you–” She nodded a little. “And this is a convenient excuse. Because shaving someone is inherently dominant, and being shaved is inherently submissive.”

Because your pubes are an ugly mess. But that would be mean. They were though! A total mess! I reached between her legs, running my fingers through her pubic hair, as her body instinctively trembled. Some of these hairs were over two inches long when uncurled. Had she ever even trimmed? I bit back the impulse to ask.

Yeah, scratch that, not saying it, too mean.

“And because Colin will love it. Because it will make sex better for you two. And because I want you reminded, every time you put on or take off panties, every time you go into the shower, every time you get naked or even look down, who owns you now, that you’re my little pet, and I like smooth silky little pussies.”

“Is that sufficient?”

Her eyes, staring at me, were as big as saucers.

“Wow!” she whispered.

“Glad you approve,” I smiled. “Not that your approval is necessary, but it pleases me.”

I lowered myself towards her, cupping her amazingly wet pussy. Helen closed her eyes, waiting for the kiss. But at the last moment, I dipped my head, to take one of her gumdrop shaped nipples between my lips. Her body surged. I was sure Colin heard the moan all the way from the living room.

After teasing, I took the scissors, and trimmed her down. Her hair was really sparse and messy and the area was narrow. Honestly, it looked like hell. I was doing her a favour. Once pruned, I applied shaving cream, took Colin’s razors and shaved her down, carefully navigating around her lips to care for stray hairs. Then I cleaned and moisturized her so her pussy was shining, and she was gorgeous.

“Done!”

“Done?”

“Sit up, touch yourself,” I offered.

“I’m not supposed to,” she said.

What? I kissed her forehead.

“That’s an order, pet,” I said, pulling her upright. “I want you to feel what I’ve done.”

Obediently, she sat up, putting her hands between her legs. I deposited the shaving cream and razor blades on the Vanity and spotted a hairbrush. She followed my gaze and stiffened then smiled. I thought it might ease her tension levels. I took it, and started brushing her hair, feeling her settle down again. I smiled at her as she relaxed.

“It feels.... uhm,” she began, as I brushed her.

“The word you’re looking for is ‘Nice,’” I said, “or maybe ‘great.’ No gratitude necessary, all in a day’s work. Although it is recommended.”

“Different.”

Bitch, I thought, my brush not missing a stroke.

“Nice,” I corrected.

“Nice,” she said. “Really nice. I like it.”

Well, now she was just sucking up. For that little missy, you can shave your own damned pubes from no on. Or get Colin to do it when you finally come around and decide you like it.

I paused in my brushing. She really had way too much forehead. It really did make her look like a bobblehead, or someone who grew up being home-schooled. Experimentally, I brushed her hair forward into her face. I held up my hand, trying to visualize.

I shrugged, anything would be better than what she was doing now. I picked up the scissors, and cut across her forehead, doing some serviceable bangs. I studied my work for a second, and then snipped again, straightening the edges.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Dominatrix stuff,” I told her. “You asked for it, remember? Don’t whine.”

A little too much. I cut a half inch off the bangs. Brushed a little. Did the corners a it, but not too much. Hardly professional, I judged, but only about a thousand times better than her regular hair style.

“There,” I said with satisfaction. “That looks so much better. You look like that old time movie star, Betty... Davis? Cooper? Page? One of them.”

She faced the mirror, looking uncertain. I could tell she had the urge to brush it to one side.

“Give it a chance,” I said. “It will grow on you. It’s really hot, and it frames your face better. It really brings out your eyes and your cheekbones. It works.”

She smiled then, like a shy little girl.

“You think so?”

“I know so,” I said, and impulsively planted a kiss on her cheek.

She blushed, and the smile widened. I threw an arm around her, and reached for her nipples, tweaking them. She gave a pair of loud gasps, so I kept doing it until the volume eased.

“Oh you’re such a sexy little bitch,” I told her, “I want to dress you up, put a collar on you, and lead you around on a leash!”

She squealed and giggled happily, so much so I kissed her cheek again.

“I’d like that,” she said.

Yikes, I thought.

“Well,” I said, retreating from anything resembling a commitment, “you’ll have to earn it.”

I had a thought.

“Do you have any nice lingerie?”

“You mean underwear?”

Bad sign, I thought.

“Sure,” she said, pointing, “top drawer.”

I went to look. Panties. Panties. Granny panties. Different colours, none of them good. Oh my, star wars themed panties, oh be still my heart! No thongs, no skimpy silk or satin. Bras, she didn’t really need them, but she had them. None of them matched the panties, of course. Pantyhose. Nothing fun - no garters, stockings, bustiers, teddies, not a fishnet or lace to be found.

There was a black pair that wasn’t completely horrible. She must have got it mixed in from someone else’s laundry. I tossed them at her.

“Here, put these on,,” I muttered, “I’m going to have to take you shopping.”

Fuck, I kicked myself. Another commitment? Stop doing that.

“Do you have a nice nightgown, something shimmery?” I asked hopefully.

“I have pajamas,” she said.

“Of course you do,” I replied automatically, and then mentally kicked myself for being a bitch.

There was a short bathrobe hanging on a hook off the bathroom door. It would have to do. Either that or a towel. I reached up and tossed the robe to her.

“Put this on,” I told her, “we’re going to rock Colin’s world.”

I opened the door, just slowly enough that if he was sitting, he'd have time to jump to attention.

“On your knees! Now! And close your eyes,” I barked at Colin, “you’re not allowed to look until I say so.”

I snapped my fingers twice for emphasis. Hmm. I noticed that when I’m domming I snap my fingers a lot. I wonder if anyone else noticed? It just felt so natural. Finger snap, order. Finger snap, obey!

Once Colin had assumed the position, I lead Helen out, and had her turn around.

“Open your eyes, doofus,” I snapped. “Check out my lovely new pet!”

I slid the robe down over Helen’s shoulders, lowering them until they were hanging off her elbows.

“Check out this back,” I said, brushing her hair out of the way. “Isn’t this sublime. Perfect. God, these shoulder blades, so sexy!”

Not the desired effect I was hoping for. Maybe the shoulder blades thing was just me?

“Turn around slowly, pet,” I ordered. Helen turned, keeping the robe low, her almost nonexistent breasts exposed, but the robe was closed below, concealing the rest.

Colin’s eyes widened.

“Wow,” he whispered. “You look amazing!”

“Told you so,” I hissed at Helen between clenched teeth. She blushed and gave one of her shy smiles. She was so transparent! I’d totally clean her out at poker. I was pretty pleased with myself, sometimes all it takes is just a little touch up. S&M Makeover! That’s me.

I threw an arm around Helen’s shoulders.

“Isn’t she just delightful. She followed me home,” I told Colin cheerfully, then I put my little finger to my lower lip, pulling it down and staring at the ceiling. “Or was it the other way around?”

I shrugged.

“Doesn’t matter. I’m keeping her. Isn’t she gorgeous? Lips I could kiss all day, and gumdrop

nipples made to suckle. I'm going to make this little pussy purr nonstop!"

I tweaked a nipple, drawing one of her hooting gasps. I turned cold eyes on Colin.

"Now, why don't you get on all fours and craw over here to us," I ordered. "I have a job for you, if you're man enough."

Oh wait, I was doing the Leroy and Sam thing, but this wasn't a cuck situation. I should dial it back. Too late, he was already crawling. We watched him approach, until he was kneeling in front of us.

"I want you to reach up with both hands," I told Colin, looking down on him.

Honestly, it was just so satisfying. Men should be on their knees all the time, the view was just better, both ways. "And then I want you to pull those panties down, as slowly as you can. You remember, you just did it. This is practice, so some day, maybe you'll be good at it."

I almost giggled at that last part. I was such a bitch! But it was fun!

As we both looked down at him, Colin raised his hands to her hips, hooking his ring fingers into the panties. I could feel Helen under my arm, just easing into me, so slightly, but definitely. It made me happy she was so comfortable with my touch. I could, I thought, I could own you, you creepy little bobblehead munchkin. But I wasn't in the market for munchkins. Where would I keep her? In the closet. And really, this wasn't about ruining a marriage, but ... actually, I wasn't sure. It had been about some sort of expiation, but now I had no idea. Do it, finish it, leave them to each other and get out of Dodge. That's the plan. Get out of Dodge? What a strange phrase.

His eyes widened as her newly bald pussy came into view, there was an intake of breath. I couldn't help grinning. Men were so easy! It was unbelievable. His eyes shone with lust, his breathing was just a little quicker.

I smiled at Helen. "I think he approves," I said conversationally. "What do you think?"

She smirked, it made her face light up. "I think so too."

"Wonderful," I gave her an affectionate peck on the lips. This went right by Colin of course, he was entranced by his Wife's suddenly bare pussy.

I reached down, and pushed his face between her legs.

Nothing.

I tapped his head. His forehead remained pressed against her pubic mound.

Still nothing.

"Spread your legs wider," I told her. She obeyed. That girl was lubricating so hard he was going to drown.

Nothing.

“Let’s...” Bracing from behind her, I reached down one leg and lifted her thigh, hooking her knee under my elbow, opening her wide. Her pussy lips spread like wet slippery wings. Awkward, but it should get things started.

Still nothing.

What the fuck?

“Have either of you ever heard of cunnilingus?” I asked.

They looked at each other, and then at me.

“Something to do with languages?” Helen asked hopefully.

I pressed one hand against my face.

&&&

“All right,” I said, grabbing another sheet of paper, “let’s try this again.”

Quickly, I sketched a little starfish to represent the asshole. Then a pair of lines to represent the borders of the thighs. More lines for labia major, pubes; then labia minora, lips; arching up into a lovely suggestion of clit hood, a little circle for the clitoris... I changed my mind and drew a big ‘x’ and then several arrows pointing, and then just marks for a urethra and vaginal canal.

Not bad, I decided. I was getting better at this. I added a few more arrows, to emphasize different parts, labeled them. Colin sat beside me, watching intently.

Telling them, hadn’t worked. The more detail I tried to explain things, the worse it got. I’d resorted to acting it out with fingers, but that only confused them.

So drawings. Lots of drawings.

“Okay,” I said. “How’s this?”

“That’s a lot of parts,” he said doubtfully. “I’m pretty sure it’s not that complicated. Are you sure? Maybe you added some extra parts?”

“No,” I said patiently, “It’s all there. It’s just that it's all pink, you know, like Barbie’s house.”

“Even the arrows?”

“No, I added the arrows.”

“So they’re not pink?”

“I just said I added them.”

I grabbed another sheet of paper, and did a simplified version, just a few lines, with a little circle at the top. I poked the circle with my finger.

“The clitoris!” I announced. “That’s where you want to be. Go there, you can’t go wrong. Now, what you need to know–”

“What’s a citrus?” Helen asked, peeking over our shoulders.

For one of the only times in my life that didn’t include Sam, I was struck utterly speechless. About two dozen responses flickered through my mind.

Ultimately, I smiled carefully, and said, as gently as possible, “How about you pull up a chair and we’ll go over it all together.”

I grabbed another sheet of paper.

The impromptu anatomy lesson went well. I kept doing more diagrams, each vagina sketch better than the last, with only a couple of awkward moments. They nodded along as I explained everything, they were getting it.

Finally, on to cunnilingus!

“So the clitoris is where pee comes out,” Colin asked.

That stopped me, I glanced at Helen and we exchanged knowing smiles. Men. But really, I couldn’t blame him, I mean, men pee out of their penises? Talk about bad design! That can’t possibly be hygienic. Tailor made for weird kinky piss fetishes, if you ask me.

Not that I know anything about that.

“No,” I said politely, contemplating the failures of bible school education, “the pee comes out of here. How about we go over it one more time.”

And then, later:

“I don’t have a citrus,” Helen said thoughtfully.

Yep. Speechless once again. I had no idea what to say to that.

“Uhm...” I wasn’t sure how to break it to her. “It’s kind of standard issue equipment. Everyone gets one.”

“Do I have one?” Colin asked.

Speechless yet again.

“Uh.... no," I said carefully. "Only girls have a clitoris.”

“That doesn’t seem fair,” he said. “Why don’t men have one?"

I could see I was going to have to make more diagrams. Lots more.

“Nope,” Helen said, with unshakable certainty. “I don’t have one. All the other parts, the lips, the pee place, the ... canal, yes. Definitely. No citrus.”.

“I’m pretty sure you do,” I insisted.

She shook her head.

“No,” she said firmly.

“I don’t think she does either,” Colin said, “I’ve never noticed it.”

I stared at both of them.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 37, Helen gets punished
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THE ENSLAVEMENT OF HELEN AND COLIN, PART 3

KAYLEY

Helen was telling me she didn’t have a clitoris. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“Nope,” Helen said, with unshakable certainty. “I don’t have one. All the other parts, the lips, the pee place, the ... canal, yes. Definitely. No citrus.”.

It's a fucking clitoris, not an orange! I almost screamed at her. And you fucking have one. You do! You do! You absolutely do! You're not some weird Christian-cult mutant. You're just a creepy little bobblehead and you absolutely, definitely, completely have a clitoris!!!

With an effort, I locked it all down and put on a carefully neutral, friendly expression.

“I’m pretty sure you do,” I insisted.

She shook her head.

“No,” she said firmly.

“I don’t think she does either,” Colin said, “I’ve never noticed it.”

Oh Jesus Christ, Colin, what's wrong with you? I swallowed that down too.

I stared at both of them. Were they fucking with me? I kept waiting for them to burst out laughing, but they seemed so sincere. For a moment, I thought about throwing an epic tantrum. How could they be that stupid? That naive? That innocent?

Yeah, sharp Kayley, beating up on a couple of naive innocent kids. I felt ashamed of myself, for even thinking of letting loose on them.

I sighed.

“Okay!” I said finally. I put on an artificially bright smile. “So one more time, then we’ll skip the written test and proceed with the driver’s portion of the exercise.”

They just looked at me.

Finally, I snapped my fingers twice to fix their attention and stood up. Either they knew it all along and they were fucking with me, a proposition I had no evidence for. Or they had eventually gotten it, another unproven hypothesis. Or it was time to just give up and go on to the next phase.

“All right,” I said. “Let’s see what you’ve learned! Show and tell time, boys and girls! Off those chairs, and on your knees.”

I turned around and sat my ass on the table, pulling two chairs close so I could brace my feet. Legs spread wide. Oh fuck, they were on their knees. My pussy clenched. I really loved naked people on their knees looking up at me. I loved it way too much. I needed to be careful about that, before I started a cult or something.

A room full of naked people on their knees in front of me... Just the thought made my clit throb. I wondered how I could arrange...

Down girl!!!

I pointed at Colin.

“You first, pretty boy,” I ordered, “crawl over hear and see if you can find the clitoris! You might win a prize!”

Soon, his mouth was on my vagina. His tongue seemed to probe the general area, while his lips moved with something resembling purpose. That was an improvement at least. I slid my hand along his scalp and wrapped fingers in his hair to guide him.

“Wrap your arms around my thighs,” I told him, “reach in just above my pussy, fingers flat, and pull upward. That lifts the clit hood.... Okay... now a little higher... a little lower.... there, can you feel it on your tongue? No? How can you not feel... Oh never mind. Just stay in that area.... Slow down... now a little faster... Try making circles...”

I sucked in breath, and looked over at Helen, watching us with something like horrified fascination. Or was it confusion?

"Are you watching?"

She nodded, attention rapt but dubious. She clearly wasn't sure about this, but couldn't look away. I didn't have the impression she was turned on. It was more the expression of someone watching a car crash.

That was so flattering! Stupid bobblehead.

I pushed Colin’s head back a little, he paused.

"Don't stop!" I ordered, and snapped my fingers with my free hand.

"But..."

"Just stick your tongue out," I ordered. "It will reach. You can focus more. Just remember the Alamo."

"What?" he asked.

Fuck, I thought to myself.

"Remember the citrus!" I corrected.

Double fuck! Now they've got me doing it.

"Look," I told him, "just stick your tongue out as far as it will go, and keep touching the tip around the top, where my lips are spread open. Got that."

Don't make me get out the diagrams, I thought. But he complied.

I snapped my fingers. "You, Bobblehead, get over here, I want you to get a better look."

Oh shit, did I just call Helen a bobblehead out loud? I was mortified. I felt myself blushing all over, going hot with embarrassment. Luckily, she didn't seem to notice, and simply moved closer. I pulled her gently to me, so that our hips were touching, and she was looking down directly at Colin as his tongue probed away.

“Pay attention,” I told her, and kissed her cheek in a friendly way. “You’re next.”

I let Colin continue to mess about, offering occasional instructions and guidance, until I’d decided he was a passable beginner and was starting to show the appropriate enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm counts for a lot with this kind of thing. Well, I don’t know how much it actually counts for, but it definitely makes up for lack of skill. Look: It’s men, all right. Standards are just lower.

“Your turn,” I told Helen, once I was nice and dripping wet and starting to pant. I pushed Colin and he knee walked back. He was hard, I took that as a good sign. I patted her ass, and she knelt obediently between my legs, her face inches from my pussy, I pulled my clit hood back and pointed.

“See this, that’s my clitoris, you see it?”

My pussy was wet, and I could feel it hard and excited, my sweet bean. Surely she could see, it was practically on a pink platter.

She poked it with her fingertip. Oh! Ow! What the fuck?

“No,” I said crossly. “You don’t poke it! Why did you poke it! It’s not a rattlesnake. Are you Steve Irwin? Did you want a stick to poke it with? What’s wrong with you two.”

No, I thought, I was being mean. I needed to stop. I took a deep breath. Another deep breath. I looked down at Helen, on her knees below me, her head between my thighs. She looked up, her eyes were wide. I hoped I hadn't frightened her. I took a deep breath and smiled down.

“It’s okay,” I told her, “you’re doing great!”

“You don’t poke, the clitoris,” I explained gently. “Other things you poke, but not the clitoris. You stroke it, you circle it, you fondle it, you lick it, you tease it, if you’re kinky you pinch it–”

Wait! She was reaching with thumb and forefinger! I grabbed her wrist, lightning quick. She looked up, confused. I smiled reassuringly.

“Don’t pinch the clitoris!” I said quickly. “Just be nice to it. Just ... appreciate it. It’s there, you can see it, now that you know where to look.”

“Yes,” Helen said. “I see it, and all the other parts."

Oh thank god!

"Except the pee hole.”

“It’s there too,” I said.

“How come I can’t see yours?”

“Focus on the clitoris.”

“Okay.”

“Remember, you have one too.”

“No I don’t.”

Oh Jesus!

I grabbed her hair, struggling to be gentle.

“Well, until yours comes in, you can lick mine.”

Then I shoved her face into my cunt. She was more timid, at first, I could feel the reluctance. But I patted her hair, and called her pet and good little slave, I told her what to do, and praised her for how well she was doing.

Then I felt it, I couldn't see it, but I felt it, her smile and then a little roll in her hip as she moved. Then more and more enthusiasm. Her tongue danced, her lips pressed, and she even dipped down as far as my asshole, making me sigh and gasp, before going up.

Then she found it!

"Oh," I whispered, "you are such a good little pet. I may have to keep you. Yes I will. Yes I will. Who's a good little pet."

I was getting very close.

"Oh fuck," I whimpered, right on the edge. I pushed her head away. "That's enough. Back off a little."

I held my stomach, feeling my pussy clench, as I panted and came down from my near orgasm.

"Are you okay?" Colin asked. They were watching me.

Oh, it was so fucking close, I took a deep breath. Maybe I should have gone for it. I could have. But no, not in front of the pets. Also, their cat was watching me. Everyone knows it's impossible to come when a cat is watching you. They're so judgmental. It's like they're critiquing your orgasm, and not generously.

I nodded.

"I'm fine." I took another deep breath. "Colin, you have some idea of what to do, and Helen, you should have a better sense of what you have down there. It's your turn. Come on up on the table beside me."

I patted.

"Me?" she asked.

"You," I replied.

"I don't know," she said, doubtfully. "It doesn't really seem hygienic."

I nodded.

"Number one, it's a little late for that given that my pussy juices are all over both your faces. And Number two, you're both my slaves and you do what I tell you."

She still looked doubtful.

"The words you're looking for is 'Yes Miss Kayley, right away Miss Kayley!' Then you do what you're told."

I snapped my fingers twice.

“Right now!”

“Yes, Miss Kayley! Right away Miss Kayley!” spoken in a rush, as she scrambled up on the table.

Pets, you have to be firm, or they’ll just walk all over you.

Also, slaves, ditto.

At least the cat had wandered off into the bedroom.

As she settled in on the table, I pulled one of her legs over mine, and eased her toward until her butt was on the edge.

“Spread, sweetie,” I ordered, watching as she complied. “Nervous?”

“A little,” she admitted.

I put an arm over her shoulders.

“You’ll be fine,” I said, “I’m right here.”

I reached down between her legs, making her gasp as I slid a finger inside, and worked my knuckles along her clit hood, right where her allegedly nonexistent clit should be. She gasped, stiffening and then relaxing.

Yeah ‘I don’t have a clit’ my ass! I thought with satisfaction.

“You’re already wet, so wet,” I teased, my voice dropped to a whisper. “I think you really liked licking my pussy.”

She blushed. Yes, I thought, world’s worst poker player. I could so clean them both out. I snapped my fingers twice and pointed at Colin, before she was too embarrassed. He worked his way forward, as I held her pussy lips open for him.

She tensed as his head brushed her thighs.

"Shhh," I whispered. "Trust me. This will be good for both of you."

Maybe I was overdoing it. Maybe it would be easier to just have Colin kneeling there and jerking off while I fingered her until she admitted that, yes Santa, she did have a clitoris. It was sinful how much I liked that idea of Colin kneeling and jerking off.

But then she'd probably imprint on me, and follow me around like a puppy. I wanted to get them into each other and leave me out of it.

As Colin’s mouth closed on her pussy, I kept my fingers on her, pulling back to expose her clit hood, fingering lightly around it, feeling his tongue lap against it.

“Hoo!” Helen cried, she made such odd sex sounds. Her body stiffened, relaxed, stiffened

again. I could feel the tensions rippling through her thigh over my leg. “My! Oh me! My! My!”

I pressed, pulling her clit hood, so she was exposed to Colin, and watched her reaction. Her eyes went heavy lidded, she leaned her head back against me, panting lightly. I pushed my fingers down, tapping out a soft beat, making semicircles, seeing her response intensify.

Slipping my hand from her pussy, I reached out to pat Colin’s head.

“Good boy,” I assured him. To make sure, I took a grip in his hair, trying to guide him a little.

“Ooh-hoo,” Helen groaned. “Ooh my my my. Me my. Dear! My!”

I let Colin go, and worked my fingers up again her pubic mound, pressing down. As Colin licked wildly, I focused in beneath her clit hood. The effect was electrical, she heaved, her body stiffening. She cried out incoherently. Her hips jerked. I could feel her against me, her face going red, her body going hot, muscles rigid and trembling. For a moment, her right hand flailed, and then she brought it down on Colin’s head, pushing his face and my fingers against her mound.

“OH MMMMY MY MY MY!” she shouted, and squirted in his face. He struggled for a moment, but she wasn’t letting go her death grip. I held her until it passed through her and she was left panting, the tension flowing out. She took deep breaths. Her liquid continued to trickle out, and I realized she was no longer squirting, she was peeing.

“Colin,” I said quickly but gently. “Be a dear and go get the paper towels. Now.”

He scrambled. I hoped she hadn’t peed on him. I’d tried to convey calmness, and that this wasn’t gross or anything. Although it was. It wasn’t weirdly hot at all. Nope. Gross.

Helen laid back on the table. I should have made them go to the bathroom first, I thought to myself.

“What was that?” she asked dreamily.

I thought for a moment about how to respond, and decided it was best to come clean.

“That was an orgasm,” I said.

“Oh,” she seemed to think it over. “That’s not at all what I thought an organize ‘em was.”

“You’ve been having sex for a year,” I said. And this was her first orgasm. That was tragic.

“It’s been good,” she assured me. “Colin has been good. He’s a wonderful lover.”

No orgasms for the whole marriage up to now. Also, I hadn’t seen Colin last longer than three minutes. Uh huh. I tried to dial back my cruelty, it wasn’t their fault, they were naive kids, raised ignorant, stumbling through life together.

They were in love, and they were trying their best.

“It’s been good, and Colin is great,” I agreed. “But now it’s going to get better.”

I hoped that didn’t sound like I was making commitment or anything.

She looked up at me.

“You were right,” she said, “I do have a citrus.”

What? Oh right, clitoris. She kept doing that. I suppressed the urge to correct her. It wasn’t really the time to be a spelling Nazi.

“Told you.”

“It was like a little tiny land mine, I could feel it going off.”

“That’s a hell of a description.”

I reached out and bopped her nose.

“Pet?”

“Yes.”

“You peed, didn’t you?”

She blinked.

“Yes, I guess,” she said. “After the organiz ‘em I just felt so relaxed it just sort of went.”

I nodded.

“Did I do something wrong?”

I shook my head.

“No way. Not at all. It’s just,” I scrunched my face, “a little messy. Hard on sheets, the mattress. Smell can stick around.”

“Sorry.”

I shrugged.

“First time,” I told her. “Don’t worry about it. You’ll have more control next time.”

I paused thoughtfully. “Or if not, get a plastic liner for the bed. Either way, no worries.”

I bopped her nose again, and she giggled a little.

“Okay,” she said. “At least let us lick your citrus–”

“Clitoris!”

“Let us lick your citorus until you organize.”

“Orgasm,” I corrected. I shook my head. Not with pee dripping off the table and the stupid cat watching to critique me. Somehow, the urge to have one had faded. I think I was in too much of a ‘taking care of them’ mode.

“You know what? From now on, just say ‘come.’ Anyway, I’m good.”

I sat up, to check on my other victim, busily mopping up. Victim?

“Hey sweety,” I said, “you okay? Did she get you?”

“The first splash, yes,” he said.

“That’s okay then,” I said, “that’s a squirt, female orgasm. Doesn’t always happen when a woman comes. You should consider it a badge of honour.”

I paused.

“Do you need a hand?”

“I got it.”

I nodded.

“Do you need a shower? Wash your face to feel cleaner?”

“I’m fine.”

“Okay,” I said, “let’s all just relax. Come over to the futon.”

I dragged Helen off the table, and the three of us navigated around the coffee table. I pulled the blanket cover off and we all huddled under it, pressing naked bodies together. I felt relaxed and comfortable, between them, their body heat radiating. This was nice. They were nice. It was odd to think they were only a few years younger, they seemed so innocent and naive. But really, they were sweet kids, and my lingering guilt had long since evaporated away. I felt I’d done something good for them, improved their lives.

We’d cuddle for a while, I thought. Then we’d hug it out, maybe chat a bit. And then I’d go home, all my karma cleansed. I smiled and relaxed.

“I’m ready to go again,” Helen said, “what’s next.”

Oh for fuck’s sakes!

“So am I,” Colin said. “I’m ready.”

Double fuck!

Okay, think fast. We'd done Oral Sex 101. Colin's erection was back, it had been back for a while, so we could work with that. AP Blow Jobs? No. Maybe demand some Kayley worship? Tempting. What if I made them both kneel at my feet licking my toes. I liked that idea way more than I should. I could really take advantage of them... if I was an awful person. I didn't want to be an awful person. I flashed on the way I'd treated Sam and shuddered.

Hmmm. Fuck Colin again? No way! A ninety second tumble, forget it, I'd be just starting and he'd be over. Besides, I didn't want to do it in front of Helen, that's how this all started.

And the fucking cat would probably be watching.

How about Colin fucking Helen, I thought? Make them do all the work, while I sat back and looked stern. Right, that could work. Low stress domination, I liked it. Maybe I could give some pointers disguised as orders and improve Colin's technique. No disrespect to Helen who thought her sex life had been great, but she didn't even know she had a clitoris. Even small pointers would be a sex miracle.

That would work. That was a plan.

"All right," I said, standing up and stretching. "Colin, you get up. Pet, stay on the futon. I want you to get on all fours - knees and elbows. Arch your back."

I needed to get a catsuit, I thought suddenly. Leather, vinyl, even spandex. Something. It kind of undermined the whole domination thing when you were as naked as your victims. Victims? Was that the right term? Submissives.

Note to self: Stop thinking about your victims as victims. I mean submissives.

I watched Helen get into position. Get them boning. That will take care of that, and if they take too long, I can sneak out while they're distracted.

Wait. Did they know? They must have but who the hell could be sure? Neither of them had any idea of what a clitoris was.

"Okay," I said, "just to be clear. When the penis gets hard and goes into the vagina, that's sex."

They looked at me like I was stupid.

Oh you little bitches!

You do not get to have that attitude with me. I suppressed the urge. You want to know why sadists are so mean to their subs? Because the little shits deserve it!

Still, better safe than sorry. Be kind. Be careful.

"Girls have two holes down there. There's the one that poop comes out of, and the other one.

The other one is called the vagina, and that's the one you used for sex."

"Yeah," she said, "we know."

She actually rolled her eyes at that.

The bitch!

"Watch the attitude, Pet," I warned. "Just a little more disrespect, and I'd punish the fuck out you.

She stiffened, I could feel the sudden tension in her frame. That's right, slave, smarten up.

Very briefly, I considered explaining anal sex to them, but then I came to my senses.

"Are you going to spank me?" Helen asked, with surprising eagerness.

"What?" Where the hell had that come from? For a moment, I was confused.

"My hairbrush is in the bedroom," Helen said quickly "Colin, go get it please?"

He jumped to comply, with more confidence and eagerness than he'd shown our whole time. What was going on?

Then it all fell into place. Home schooled, religious nutcase household. Complete ignorance of sex, plus physical discipline and weird religious ideas equals kink. Probably a lot of repression, lack of genuine affection even physical warmth. Maybe she didn't even get hugs. But discipline, lots of that, lectures and rules, and punishments. All that, together with insecurity lead to some deep craving for submission... All these insecurities and needs, compounding with ignorance and inexperience. She'd had a year of probably semi-comfortable, non-orgasmic sex, plus true love. But deep down, all these dark cravings from a fucked up upbringing.

Then one day she meets the woman who fucked her husband, but betrayal and jealousy is forgotten, because she turns out to be a full fledged dominatrix!

The next thing I know, she's dragging me home so she can be a sex slave.

Suddenly, her 'aim butt cheeks and pussy at the door' pose when I walked into the bedroom made so much more sense now. Oh my god, she'd been presenting for punishment!

And how excited she seemed to get when I grabbed the hairbrush. I thought it was nerves or intimidation. But it was anticipation. She'd thought I was going to...

Holy shit. I'd misread that completely.

Oh geez, what had I walked into?

Colin was coming back with the hairbrush..

“I’m ready,” she almost sang. She actually wiggled her ass. Between her thighs, her pussy looked wet and bright, the lips swelling a little. She was getting wetter. Oh geez! How could she be so innocent, and so kinky?

Christianity had a lot to answer for!

What the fuck, Kayley! I thought. What am I doing? Colin handed me the hairbrush. I didn’t even know what side to use. I put it down beside me on the coffee table.

“I’m going to use my hand,” I announced firmly. “I’m going to slap that ass until you beg for mercy. Then I’m going to make Colin fuck you like a dog - doggy style, and you’re going to love it.”

“Be ready,” I told Colin, “when I give you permission, you’re going to pound the shit out of that tight little...”

Wait! If I said cunt, would it shock them?

“... that tight little hoo haa!”

Hoo haa. Oh my god, that was so embarrassing. What if I accidentally said that in front of Leroy or Sam, I’d just die.

“I’ve been bad,” Helen announced. “I’ve been a bad girl. I accept my pun–”

“Nope!” I said loudly. “None of that. You’re not being punished. I’m spanking you because I enjoy it. You’re my slave, so your duty is to please me.”

“I want to please you, Miss Kayley,” she said, “please–”

"Oh shut up," I told her, and smacked her ass cheek as hard as I could, leaving a very gratifying hand print. My hand stung, but at least she squeaked and shook. Take that, I thought.

Make me your mistress will you? I smacked her other cheek.

Try and be my submissive little sex slave? Smack!

You and your gumdrop shaped nipples! Smack!

Who calls it a citrus? Smack!

How dare you be so... sweet! Smack!

Innocent! Smack!

Naive! I was mad! Smack!

Jesus Christ my hand was stinging.

After a half dozen slaps, my palm was raw, I could barely close my hand. Why doesn't anyone mention this? Helen was practically yawning. What was she made of? I was practically crippling myself, and I was on the edge of boring her. Her religious fanatic mother probably whaled on her twice a day with a fucking cricket bat.

"Colin!" I held my hand up, I could feel my fingers stinging and swelling up, hard to move, "Brush!"

"Okay," I told Helen fiercely, desperate not to look like an idiot in front of them, "the warm up is over. Now you're really going to get it. And then Colin's big hard cock is going to split your slut pussy like cordwood, and you're going to love every second of it."

"Yes Miss Kayley!"

Way too enthusiastic! I flipped the brush around in my palm, rotating from smooth to bristly side, as if I knew what I was doing. But really, my hand just stung so much it was hard to hold. Bristles? No way!

To buy time, I slid my other hand between her legs, slipping two fingers in her cunt. She was so wet, they slid in with no resistance. She moaned like a normal person, arching her back.

"You slut!" I snarled, genuinely angry, "you're getting off on this! You're totally getting off!"

"I'm sorry Miss Kayley!" she cried out.

"Don't apologize!" I yelled

I whacked her with the smooth side, and got a gratifying squeal. I suspected she was still enjoying it. She wiggled and squirmed as if trying to get away, but I noticed she didn't actually go anywhere. She remained right in place for the next one. I brought the brush down hard.

"You didn't do anything wrong!" I snarled.

I slapped the brush down on the other ass cheek, and she squealed.

"You don't deserve to be punished."

I whaled on her for at least a half dozen hard strokes, getting caught up in the satisfaction of smacking her with the brush. Take that you creepy little kinky nympho bobblehead! How can you be such a freak and not even have decent underwear!

Each strike seemed to ripple through her body, bring a new squeal. There was something so naked, so raw about her reactions, it excited me. Her response to each smack made me hungrier to do the next one, awoke this lust and cruelty in me. I found myself grinning and breathing hard, choosing my spots, trying to elicit a response. The pink blossoming on her ass cheeks was thrilling. I slammed harder.

"You are a kind and loving person, and you deserve to be loved! Do you hear me!"

"Yes Miss Kayley!!!"

I started to worry about bruising her. Hah, probably wasn't even bothering her. The weird-ass little bobble-head home-school slut. I wanted to teach her a lesson, show her whose boss. She wouldn't be able to sit down. Do it! Punish the fuck out of her!

Geez, get a grip, Kayley!

"Then say it!" I roared.

"I deserve to be punished!" she cried out.

I slapped her hard.

"Loved!" I snarled. "You deserve to be loved."

Smack.

"Sorry!!!!!"

"Say it then!"

"I deserve to be loved!"

I gave her a few strokes for good measure, and left her gasping and writhing on all fours on the futon. By the redness of her face and chest, and the way her back arched and flexed, I could tell she was aching for it. Even her toes were curling. I was panting, my pussy was wet, I could feel it. I had a sudden urge to mount her, squat over her, squeezing her face between my thighs, and punishing those gumdrop nipples. I imagined her gasping and thrashing under me as I worked towards orgasm. With an effort, I pulled back.

Helen was panting and shivering and giving these breathy little gasps.

Colin was standing beside me, eyes wide as saucers. Oh god, I hoped I hadn't traumatized him.

Follow up thought: I hope he lasts more than two minutes this time.

Helen's pussy was dilating, and shiny wet. I didn't even need to touch her, she was actually dripping. I'd never seen anyone so wet. I could do it, I thought. I could flick that clit and make her come instantly.

No.

This wasn't about turning these two into toys. This whole thing started because I was a selfish asshole and I used a stranger like a toy. It's about them. I was a good person, not a monster. Not out of control. Not callous. Not like that night. Not to strangers.

Deep breath. Control.

I reached out and gently took hold of his cock, resisting the urge to squeeze it until he whimpered. To crush him like a bug and use him. Still rock hard, that was good. I pulled forward guided him onto the futon between Helen's knees.

"Hands on her hips," I ordered. "For stability."

I was still holding his cock, guiding it up to her pussy.

Was I micromanaging too much? Fuck, domming was hard! I had a lot more sympathy for Leroy, especially with how easy he made it look. You don't really appreciate it until you've done it yourself.

"Colin?"

He looked at me.

"I want you to make her organize," I told him. "Orgasm! Come! Make her come! Hold off for her. Hold yours off as long as you can."

"Yes Miss Kayley!"

I released him, and he started to slide in. I slapped his ass lightly with the back of the brush. He shouted with surprise and lunged forward, producing an answering squeal from Helen. It had been a hostile impulse, but I was thrilled at the result. He didn't object. Clearly, he liked it too, I could tell. I did it again.

The minute it's too much, I told myself, the minute I see he doesn't like it, I'll stop.

"Faster!" I cried, smacking him, not too hard, not nearly as hard as Helen, but hard enough to leave red marks and have him lunge to my strikes. Still not objecting. There was a wild excitement in his eyes.

"Harder! Harder!"

"Hoo! Golly!" Helen was squealing. "My my my! Oh me! Golly!"

"Fuck her," I roared, giving Colin another smack. Couldn't she swear like normal people? It was so distracting.

Colin fucked her like a wild bronco, pounding her mercilessly. Every time he slowed, I'd smack his ass with the brush. And when he was going good, I'd reach under her and pinch one of those gumdrop nipples, or try and stroke her clit to excite her further.

"Golly me!" Helen shouted suddenly. "Golly me! Golly GOLLY GOLLY, OH MY GOLLY ME!"

She was coming.

"Go girl!" I shouted encouragement.

“Harder!” I smacked Colin.

Then she was gone, and a couple of minutes later, so was Colin. For a moment, they remained locked together, panting like dogs, sweat covered, bleary, sexual exhaustion and sheer happiness radiated off them in waves. As one, they seemed to look at me expectantly.

Wait.

My approval was required?

Fuck me.

“I’m very pleased,” I said solemnly. “With both of you.”

Their smiles turned into blissful grins. Helen stretched out on the futon, and Colin stretched out on top of her. For a moment, I wanted to poke them, so they’d be laying on their side, and he wouldn’t crush her, she was such a delicate little thing. But they seemed okay, and I was a dominatrix, not a mother hen.

I noticed she didn’t pee on the futon this time. Good. Maybe that was a fluke.

“Make room,” I ordered, pushing my way onto the futon. They squirmed about, until both their heads were in my lap, and I was stroking their hair.

“You did well, pets,” I told them. “You did very well.”

Helen giggled happily. Colin sort of did this pleased grunt.

“I think we’re done,” I said. “I’ll get going soon.”

“But you didn’t come,” Helen complained.

Yes, I noticed. Thank you for pointing that out. My lack of personal satisfaction had completely escaped me. I hadn’t noticed. I was totally not at all troubled by the unfairness of it all. Nope, I completely was not bothered by the fact that I hadn’t and wouldn’t be getting any, because I’d had to spend all my time taking care of those two whiny, demanding, little bitches. And their cat.

“That’s okay, Sweety,” I said. “This was training. I have to teach you to please each other, before I can start to train you to please me properly.”

Which... had a certain allure to it. The idea, I mean: A pair of hot and cold running sex slaves waiting on me hand and foot? Yummy. I flashed back on the two of them kneeling naked below me, as I'd sat on the table. A roomful of naked people kneeling in front of me. Ordering Colin to make out with Sam while I watched, oh my god, the things I could make them do while Helen licked me through one orgasm after another.

But I suspected that they might be more work than let on. A lot more work. They might be more demanding than I liked.

And how would I explain them to Sam?

‘Sam, they followed me home, can I keep them?’

‘Kayley, I warned you about collecting slaves.’

‘But they’re so cute! And submissive! Pleeeeeaaaassssse.’

‘Well, okay, but this is the last time.’

The calico cat jumped up in my lap, navigating around their heads, to find a comfortable spot to settle down and purr. I petted it. Helen turned around to smile up at me.

“Jezebel likes you,” she said happily, as if cats were ever any kind of judge of personality. Dogs sure, dogs could tell good people from bad, or at least people likely to feed them from people not likely to feed them. But cats? If they could, they wouldn’t because they didn’t care.

Anyway, I noticed Jezebel was a boy cat while it was showing me its anus.

“I like Jezebel too,” I said politely. “But...”

“Just a few more minutes...”

“Just a few...” I sighed.

It wasn’t actually bad to wait. It was kind of nice to be all together, albeit with a misgendered calico cat sticking its testicles in my face.

“You didn’t tie us up,” Helen said thoughtfully. “Or do the leash thing. Not much spanking. We didn’t do most of what you were saying you would do. Or the dress up.”

Oh fuck! Now I was getting notes!

“Well, you know,” I said airily, “Rome wasn’t built in a day.”

“I guess,” she said, “that will be next time? When you’ve got your domatricky stuff? Oh, and butt stuff too! Let's do that!"

Next time? Next time? Oh and wait, butt stuff? Where had she gotten that from? And Dominatrix stuff? Like she wanted me to have gear? What was she thinking, the kinky little Bobblehead? I played with her hair and looked down at her, as she stared up at me with complete innocence, not even a trace of guile. How can you be that naive and that perverted at once?

I wondered suddenly if either of them had a pee fetish? Nope! Don’t even think about that.

Oh Jesus, as if my life wasn’t complicated enough with Sam and Leroy and all Leroy’s bullshit and cucking and the booths and everything, now I had sex slaves! What was I going

to do with sex slaves?

But I couldn't just blow them off. God knows, if I left them running around on their own, what kind of horrible assholes they might end up with. They could get hurt. Goddamn. It's like the Chinese say, give a person an orgasm, and they're your responsibility for the rest of your life.

This is what comes of fucking waiters, I thought as I eventually got up and got dressed. Damn. Never again.

"I have a full schedule," I said diplomatically.

"Oh sure," Helen said airily. "We understand. I guess you do this professionally. We don't have much money, but..."

I opened my mouth, then closed it, forgetting what I was going to say.

"I'm not going to charge you."

Creepy little bobblehead, now she was giving me her big orphaned waif eyes, and smiling like I was the greatest person she'd ever met. I sighed.

"I'll fit you in," I told them. "We'll keep in touch."

Then they hugged me. Because, of course, they would hug me.

"I'm so glad you fucked my husband!" Helen told me, her eyes shining.

"Yay," I said flatly.

&&&

It was late driving home. I wondered what I was going to tell Sam. God, my sex life had gotten weird and messed up since Leroy had come into our lives. Not that I could blame him for this.

There was no way I could tell Sam about this. This was just too crazy. I couldn't even begin to explain it.

This was happening more and more, and it was eating into me. I sighed unhappily.

More and more it felt like I was keeping secrets, sins of omission, outright lies, and perhaps worst of all were the ones when I was with him.

I remembered my hunger for those men to come in me when we had our evening, and my desire, my need concealed from him. He wouldn't have cared, but I'd needed to hide it. When we played with Leroy, there were hungers and cravings I could barely describe to myself, much less share with Sam.

And in the cuck sessions, and now in this latest encounter, something dark inside me had

risen up and tried to seize control, something dark and predatory. A relentless cruelty. And alongside, a hunger for power, for control, for domination. Was this just the other side of my submissive nature, or something else. I had no idea. I'd felt it with Helen and Colin, though I'd kept it from running wild.

I was ashamed of what I had done to Sam during the cucking. And yet, when I'd been doing it, I'd loved it, I'd barely been able to rein myself in, the drive, the need had been overwhelming. It was like there was another Kayley, a terrifying, relentless version of me.

As bizarre as the encounter with Colin and Helen had been, that other version had been triggered, had risen up. I'd been ravenous, hungry to dominate, just barely restraining myself.

Gods, I needed to talk about this with someone. But the only person I trusted to reveal this too was also my victim.

I couldn't talk about this with Sam.

&&&

"Honey, I'm home," I called.

Sam looked up from the couch, where he was reading a book. He smiled.

"Welcome back," he said, "how was the apology tour? Went late?"

I rolled my eyes, walked over and plopped myself in his lap. He wrapped warm, wonderful Sam-arms around me. I sighed heavily.

"That bad."

"His wife was there," I told him.

"Ouch!"

"Yeah," I said, "there I was, stammering out this apology, and finally he says 'this is my wife.' He'd told her everything. She's glaring daggers..."

"Ouch!"

"I felt like an inch tall. At that moment, I wanted the earth to open up and swallow me up."

"Poor baby," he kissed the top of my head. "Tell me all about it."

"Nothing much to tell," I said. "I felt terrible. It was awkward as fuck. But we talked, and talked and talked, and eventually worked it out."

"They forgave you?"

"I think the important thing, was they got past it with each other," I said. "I wouldn't have forgiven myself if I'd fucked up their marriage."

“You care about people,” he said. “I love that in you. That decency and compassion.”

“Yeah,” I said quietly. I didn't feel like a good person.

And here I am lying to you. Again. I thought about the cuckolding session, my runaway savagery, the insatiable cruelty that had risen up in me, and felt a wave of shame.

“Just for the record,” I said, not looking at him, “I didn’t actually have sex with either of them. Just so you know. I’m not a complete slut.”

“Hmm,” Sam went, thoughtfully, “that’s an oddly technical way of phrasing it.”

“I guess so,” I said. “Yeah.”

He didn’t push, he just waited to see where I was going to go.

“It all got complicated and really hard to explain,” I explained.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No,” I said.

He nodded, and shrugged.

“Okay,” he said, “I trust you.”

Oh goddamnit!

I started talking about it. I didn’t want to, but I just started. I couldn't help it, it all just came pouring out, this bewildered confession. Sam listened quietly for a while.

Then he laughed.

“Creepy little bobblehead?”

“Don’t laugh!” I complained. “Helen is really nice. I was just frustrated.”

“Tell me you didn’t say it out loud?”

“Sam!”

“Okay, okay,” he snickered.

“She really does have a nice body,” I insisted, “once you get used to it.”

“You saw her naked?”

“May I continue?”

I picked up again, and he listened with attentive care, until...

“Citrus!” he bent over laughing. “Citrus!”

“Yeah,” I chuckled. “She couldn’t seem to even pronounce it correctly.”

“And she was positive she didn’t have one?”

“I know! Right!” I said, enjoying myself. “Fucking weird-ass Christian home-schooling. Totally fucked up. Oh, and they know it too, it’s a sensitive subject for her. She got touchy. But the ignorance was so stunning...”

A little later...

“It was crazy,” I laughed. “I kept making drawing after drawing. Like, I was practically flow charting it out, trying to explain it to them. They’re going ‘oh no, that doesn’t look right at all’ I’m going ‘It’s your anatomy, how can you not recognize it!’ It was like, I was doing an entire ad hoc sex-ed class. It was like I needed puppets, visual aids.”

“At least you didn’t have to try and explain anal sex,” he said.

I doubled over laughing.

A few minutes later...

“So that’s what you meant by ‘actually’ - hate to break it to you, hon, but in forty-eight countries, that counts as sex.”

“Nuh huh,” I protested. “Not the way he did it. Sam, it was so epically bad. It was like he’d never ever done it in his life.”

“Which, from your description, is accurate.”

“That’s doesn’t even go halfway there, it was so inept.”

“But he improved.”

“Sort of,” I said, “it makes me appreciate you so much more. Truly you are a god among linguists.”

“God of cunning?”

“I think I got them to baseline, some knowledge of anatomy, what to do, but...”

A few minutes later...

“Wait, you’re telling me that she just peed. On the kitchen table. Just went. No self consciousness at all?”

“Yeah,” I said. “It was freaky. She just didn’t realize.”

“Something physical? Medical problem?”

“No,” I said, “I just don’t think she was aware she shouldn’t. It was all so new to her.”

“Naive!”

“Extremely,” I said. “It was kind of endearing in a strange way. It made me want to look after them.”

“I get why you said it wasn’t actually sex,” he offered. “It didn’t even come across as S&M. They just seem so naive and vulnerable the way you describe them. You weren’t being a Mistress so much as their spiritual spirit animal guide.”

“Ahhh,” I went. He was so empathic and understanding.

“Ghost pussy totem,” he deadpanned.

“Jerk!” I stuck my tongue out.

A few minutes later, as I explained how I kept failing to get away, he did his deadpan Al Pacino impression from the Godfather.

“She thought she was out, but they kept pulling her back in.”

“Not funny!” I hit him with a cushion. He just laughed so I kept hitting him with it.

A moment later: “So she was asking for it?” he said, “With a frigging hairbrush!”

I glanced down at the cushion in my hands.

“Not just asking: Demanding!” I said. “But it pulled it all together. It was that weird home-school, religious fruitcake, bible thumping, corporal punishment upbringing.”

He nodded.

“I’ve heard about something like that,” he said thoughtfully, “that English fetish, caning, flogging, stuff like that. All those grown men obsessed with getting whipped. Came down to being punished as boys in public schools during a formative period.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “All of a sudden, it all made sense. The whole weird scene. I think she'd been craving and didn't even know it. Then suddenly, I drop into their laps.”

“Colin too?”

“I’m not sure, I think maybe. Some. But definitely her.”

“Well, well, well,” he said, “so my love is started on her career as a professional dominatrix. I’m so proud. Some day, I’ll be able to point and say, ‘I knew her when I was just a lowly cuck!”

“Stop!” I giggled and shoved him.

“Once it starts...”

“Oh you wish!”

“Seriously,” he pulled me to him, “how do you feel about it?”

“Weird,” I said thoughtfully. “Almost surreal, like an out of body experience. Part of me all the way through is going ‘is this really happening?’ It was hard to get a handle on it. It just kept throwing me. I had conflicting urges. Part of me really wanted to dominate the fuck out of them, I mean crush them. But I started off feeling bad and guilty for using them, and I kept wanting to take care of them. I remember going back and forth from one state to the other. I feel okay, though, I guess.”

He kissed my forehead.

“You know what I think?” he said.

“What?”

“I think you are a caring decent person, and you encountered a pair of confused, vulnerable people, and you looked after them, you took care of them, and you guided them and taught them, and left them better off. After a life of ignorance, and a year of bad sex, you rescued them. I think you are a good person, and that’s why I love you.”

“You do remember the cuck session, right?” I asked. He winced, and I knew right away I’d stepped wrong. I’m so sorry, I thought, but shame choked the words back. I wasn't sure that I was a good person after all, I tried, but I'd met my dark side and liked her way too much.

“Any thoughts,” he asked. “Things you regretted? Things you missed? You going to keep doing it?”

I thought about it.

“Colin’s ass,” I said reflectively. “It was just such a perfect boy-ass! Almost as good as yours. I so wanted to bite into it and leave teeth marks.”

I paused.

“Helen’s gumdrop nipples. They were just crazy sensitive, and I kept wanting to play with them. Suckle them. They were irresistible. But I didn’t spend nearly enough time. I have this idea, that I could maybe make her come, just by teasing her nipples.”

I shrugged.

“I don’t think it’ll be a thing though. I don’t think I want it. And I don’t think they really need me. I think that for the next while, they’re going to go nuts with oral sex and real orgasms and learning to actually fuck. They’ll forget all about me. I don’t mind. Life is too

complicated already."

I swallowed.

"This wasn't so bad," I said. "I had no idea how I was going to tell you about it... but..."

He hugged me a little tighter.

"You know we can talk about anything, babe," he told me.

"Yeah," I said quietly.

Except we weren't. Or more accurately, I wasn't. I was keeping things from him. I needed to talk about my solo encounters with Leroy. About my trips to the booths. We needed to talk about the cuck session, I'd gone way too far and hurt him, I needed to address that.

But we'd talked about this, and it hadn't been so bad. Maybe it was time to open up, before it got too deep.

I licked my lips, trying to prepare the words, figure out how to say the things I needed to say before my courage failed me. I took a deep breath. Confession time.

My phone beeped. I jumped in his arms. We looked at each other.

"Maybe it's them," he laughed.

I dug it out of my purse, and glanced at it.

"Oh Jesus Christ!" I swore and tried to drop it back in.

But Sam was too quick. He grabbed it and held it up, laughing his ass off. I'd just been texted a photo - Helen and Colin, grinning like hyperactive kids, suspiciously bare shoulders on both of them. Caption "Miss Kayley's Newest Sex Slaves!"

"Oh this is precious!" He laughed. "Yeah, they're going to forget all about you and move on. It's totally over."

"You bastard," I mock-swore at him, "give that back."

"It's like baby ducks, you know," he said. "Sometimes they'll imprint on a human and think it's their mother, and they'll follow around in a little row. I've seen it on youtube. It's the cutest thing. They've imprinted on you."

"They have not!"

"Nope. You're their mother-duck now. Totally imprinted."

He paused.

"This is a disappointing picture," he said. "You should text them back a failing grade, kick

them out of sex-slave academy, tell them they blew it. I'm sure they'll take it well. Tell you what, I'll text them, and tell them."

"Sam!" I laughed, clawing for the phone, "No! You're so cruel!"

"Yeah," he said, holding it out of my reach, "you're right. The deserve another chance. Hold on, I'll send them a text for you."

"Noooooooo!!!!"

"Here, let's see: 'Disappointed w pic. Kno U can do better!' Now.... Send."

I grabbed the phone away, and we wrestled around, until I got on top and started kissing him, laughing all the while.

"You're a madman!" I told him. "I can't believe you did that. You're horrible!"

My phone beeped again. We looked at each other.

"You are in so much trouble, Mister!"

I grabbed the phone, and cuddled up against him, as we looked.

Helen and Colin, again, full nude top to bottom, still grinning like rednecks inheriting a strip club.

"Your fault!" I said.

Sam nodded.

"I see what you mean by bobblehead," he said.

"Sam!" I cried in mock-outrage, "What a terrible thing to say!"

"Hey," he replied, "I didn't say creepy little bobblehead. You said that."

"I didn't say that!" I said, "I thought it. I never once said it out loud! And I was being an asshole! She's sweet! And pretty!"

"You said it to me," he replied, "and I record all our conversations. For a small gratuity, they'll never have to know what you really thought of them."

"Liar!" I cried. "And anyway, I unplugged the recording equipment."

"Back up batteries! And uploaded to the cloud!"

"Ha! I rearranged all your icon! It all went into the recycling folder!"

"Ah," he said. "You got me. Foiled again."

He paused.

“I suppose this is a bad time to confess my profound sexual attraction to bobbleheads,” he said. “Especially the creepy ones.”

To emphasize it, he tapped out a row of heart emojis to them.

“You are so evil!” I laughed, kissing him. “You leave them alone. I had enough trouble fixing their marriage. I’m not going to let you go wrecking it like a bull in a china shop.”

“They do seem like a sweet couple though,” he said, studying the picture, “you can tell they’re in love.”

I took the phone and swiped back to the previous picture.

“They are. I think that was why I was so patient with them. They remind me of us, you know. More innocent, more naive, not nearly as fortunate as we were, they didn’t get the opportunities we had. They got shitty home-schooling by religious creeps, and toxic families, and crappy jobs. But when I look at them, I see a bit of you and me. When you get to know them, there’s a sweetness to them.”

“I’m glad they found you,” he said, “even if you do seem to have acquired a couple of sex slaves.”

“Oh god!” I rolled my eyes. “You’re not going to let it go.”

“Give up something like this,” he laughed. “Not a chance.”

“Evil,” I sniffed. “You are so evil.”

The phone beeped again, a new picture appeared.

“Oh my god!” My eyes bulged. I covered my mouth with both hands, then my entire face. It wasn’t enough, I jumped up off the couch, turning way.

Sam picked up the phone and looked. “Wow! I guess you went easy on me after all.”

“I did not do that!” I swore. “That’s not me!”

The had sent a backside shot. They must have used a timer. Both of them had huge livid purple and black bruises all over their butts.

“You must have been really whaling!” Sam said, sounding impressed. “That’s ER levels of bruising. Wow!

“I swear!” I said. “That’s not mine. I didn’t do that. I just got them a little red, that’s all. Oh my god! Oh my god! What did I do?”

“Kayley,” Sam called, he wrestled me back to the couch. “Kayley, come here, take a look. Another look.”

“No!” I covered my eyes.

“Just a peak. I want you to look again, I’ll hold you, it’ll be okay. Don’t look at the bruises. Look at the top of the picture.”

“Don’t wanna!” But I peaked with one eye through the gap between two fingers.

“See their heads?” he asked. “See how they’re turned to each other. What are they doing?”

He waited.

“Kissing?”

I noticed he’d sent them a row of heart emojis. That would only encourage them.

“Yes, they’re kissing. They’re happy. You can see how happy they are. They sent you three pictures, probably happier than they’ve ever been in their lives. They sent the pictures, because that’s what you did for them. They don’t mind the bruises at all.”

“But...”

“It’s probably not as bad as it looks. Lighting can make things ten times worse. Maybe they used make-up. Who knows. You did something good. Don’t be ashamed.”

“It’s just...”

“I know,” he said. He swiped it away, back to the full body nudes, because he’s a man, and men are pervs. And he might have actually been telling the truth about a sexual attraction to bobbleheads. I’d suspected it for a while, actually.

I relaxed against him.

“I know,” I said miserably. “Life is just already complicated, you know?”

“I know,” he said. “Don’t worry, it will work out.”

He paused.

“I’m glad they met you, instead of someone really nasty.”

“Yeah,” I had a thought. “Let’s make sure we don’t introduce them to Leroy.”

He shuddered. “For sure, a guy like Leroy would eat them alive. They wouldn’t be able to handle him.”

“Not like us,” I agreed. “No way. They wouldn’t have a chance.”

I turned around in his arms, looking at him, then at the image on the phone.

“They are pretty hot,” I said, “I’ll thank them later for the pics. And say nice things.”

“That would be polite.”

“So....” I said speculatively. “Sexual attraction to bobbleheads, huh?”

“It’s good to finally confess,” he said, “It’s been weighing on me.”

“You know,” I said thoughtfully, I put my finger to my bottom lip and pulled it down.

“What are you doing?” he asked, confused.

Scratch that sexy gesture. “Nothing."

I paused and smiled.

"Anyway, I don’t know if I ever mentioned it, but I bobble my head pretty good.”

“Really?” His brows lifted.

“Oh yeah,” I said. “In high school, Captain of the Head Bobbling team. Went all the way to regionals. I even made the Olympic Head Bobbling tryouts.”

“Oh my, tell me more.”

“I think this is the sort of conversation we should have in the bedroom, don’t you?”

“Totally agree!”

“Lead the way.”

Behind us, the phone beeped again and again and again.

But I didn’t care. My head was bobbling.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 38, Cab Ride Sex Show
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KAYLEY'S HARD DAY'S NIGHT - PART ONE OF FIVE

KAYLEY POV

“Hey Kayley, there you are,” Leroy walked right up to us, smiling. For an instant, I was frozen, startled, as he seemed to appear out of nowhere, in front of me and my friends.

With a smooth casual move, he stepped up, pressing his body against mine, and cupped my breast. His other hand, just out of sight, reached up behind my neck and pulled my hair, jerking my head back and mouth open. He sank his open mouth on to mine, and his tongue slid in, leaving me breathless and melting in my arms.

My friends were shocked speechless, all of them staring, as this absolute stranger who they knew wasn't Sam, french kissed and fondled me into a quivering pile of goo.

He broke the kiss and looked up innocently.

"Are these your friends?" he asked casually. "Hi, I'm Leroy."

"Uhm...," I said, desperately buying time. I was totally discombobulated, my panties had instantly soaked, and I was quite out of breath, blushing red hot and totally embarrassed. Where the fuck had he come from? And what must they be thinking? How do I talk my way out of this?

"Hi, I'm Tiffany," Tiff said, extending her hand to shake, she was a mousey brunette. "This is Claire!"

"Hi!" Claire waived. Wonderful lady, but gossipy.

"Jan..." She extended a hand. Tall blonde, went for platinum, skinny.

"So," Claire said, "Leroy? Was that it? Kayley's never mentioned you. But you guys seem to be good friends."

"Oh," I said airily, trying not to blush, or at least make my heartrate go down. "he's just a friend."

A friend who stuck his tongue down my throat right in front of them. I could see the wheels turning in their heads. I needed to say something more. Friend of Sam's? No, that wouldn't go anywhere good! Friend of both me and Sam? No, too many questions! New friend? No! Work friend? They were from work, so no!

Old flame? Yeah, that could work. Explains the kiss. Go with that.

"This is Leroy," I said. "He's in town visiting. He's an old flame from university..."

Okay, I thought. I could dig my way out of this.

"Ryerson?" Jan asked.

"Stanford," Leroy said, smiling. He put his arm around me, and I couldn't do anything but try and look comfortable. "But I live here now."

Fuck! How was it possible to be this suddenly horny, and so completely frustrated and embarrassed.

He looked down at me.

"Hey," he said, apparently innocently, "nice necklace! Is that amber?"

I put my hand to my throat to cover it. I was wearing his necklace, he'd be so fucking self satisfied, like it meant something. It was only a spur of the moment thing that I'd decided to

wear it out to girl's night. I barely ever wore it. Well, only at work, but I'd received compliments for it, so I'd kept doing it, it seemed to have become the constant for my outfits there. But there was nothing deeper, not like I was displaying myself, they had no idea. Or sometimes, often, when I was going out to have fun. Or when I was going shopping. Or just casual, like at the gym.

But apart from that, hardly ever.

Not around the apartment, not very much. Well, not every day, a lot of days. But not constantly or anything. The truth was, it was just a nice piece of jewelry and it went with everything, and there was no need to pretend it had any significance.

Apart from the fact that Leroy had put it on me, and liked it on me, because he had some idea it made me his possession. I shivered. I practically never thought of it like that.

Although, I'll admit that when I put it on to go and hang with my friends, I'd thought vividly of Leroy and his sexual domination, how intensely he fucked me and how I just kept surrendering to him. What would they say if they saw this side of me? I'd thought, touching the necklace and... myself.

Honestly, it was hard to put it on, and not think of Leroy and what he did to me.

Hard to touch it or be reminded of it and not think of his cock in me.

But apart from that, it meant nothing. I should just take it off now. Except, not in front of him, or them, not the right time. Later, when I was alone.

"Very nice," Claire replied, she smiled at me. "Does Sam know?"

The bitch! She was practically accusing me of having an affair. The answer was yes, of course, but it was way more complicated than that.

"That Kayley and I used to be an item?" he grinned at her. "Sam and I are tight. I love the guy. He's like my brother. We share everything." Did they notice the way he stressed 'everything'? "No secrets. Honestly, Kay and I, we'll always have something special. But her and Sam? I couldn't imagine anyone more perfect for her."

He paused.

"Oh shit," he looked at me. "I didn't embarrass you did I? With that kiss? I'm so sorry. I didn't even think."

He turned to the girls.

"It's not what it looks like," he smiled. "I promise."

Okay, now they'd be convinced it was exactly what it looked like. The bastard. My god, he was diabolical!

He turned to me, an innocent expression.

“Anyway,” he said. “Sorry I was running late. But I got the tickets, the show’s going to be starting soon...”

What the fuck was he talking about? He seemed to trail off, looking at the girls.

“Wait,” he said. “Is this the Girl’s Night that you were talking about?”

They were staring.

“Uh yeah,” I admitted. “Every Tuesday?”

“Shit!” he said. Then he turned to the girls. “I’m sorry ladies, I guess there’s been some confusion. Kayley’s always doubling up.”

I blushed suddenly and brightly, feeling my cheeks go hot. I hoped that they wouldn't notice. What a bastard, I thought, doing this to me. He was practically drawing them a picture.

“Oh that’s all right,” Tiffany said. “I guess you’ve got a show. Is Sam meeting you there?”

“Sam?” Leroy looked distracted. “Oh no, this was just me and Kayley, Sam’s home tonight. Oh well. No worries. We’ll just reschedule.”

Fuck! Tell them about the bathroom, just go ahead. I was so embarrassed.

"Sam has a deadline," I explained lamely. "Some work emergency, we were going to go out as a threesome--"

Oh shit! Open mouth, insert foot. I faked a laugh.

"Not that kind!" I laughed again. "You know, just the three of us. But Sam couldn't, so he said for us to go have fun--- and then I forgot --- girl's night."

God, were they buying this? Any of this? I sounded like an idiot.

“Well...” Claire said, “there’s no need to ruin your whole night. You could join us. Any friend of Kayley’s and all that. I’m sure we’d all love to get to know you better.”

My stomach dropped! Oh no!

“That would be grea–” Leroy started, before I cut him off.

“No!” I said. The last thing I wanted was Leroy hanging out with the rest of us. “Those tickets were hard to get.” I looked at my friends. “I’m so sorry, I feel like an idiot. I guess I just wasn’t paying attention to dates. I’m going to have to bail.”

Leroy’s arms had slid around my waist, and I’m sure they were noticing.

“No problem,” Claire said. “You kids go off and have fun.”

I hugged her, and then Jan and Tiff, said our goodbyes. Leroy waved. They hugged him too. He hugged Claire a little too close for my taste. I caught Jan looking him up and down speculatively, she was such a slut!

Then we were off.

Crisis handled, somewhat. I was still red, still breathless, but at least I'd gotten him away from them. I could hook up with them later, or phone, when I'd had some time to think up some convincing lies, and maybe make sure he was on side. Fucking Stanford? He's from out of town...'I live here now!' Jesus! Read the room! Seriously, what the hell?

Girl's night was ruined. So what was the back up plan? I supposed the smartest thing was to ditch Leroy, preferably after telling him off, then go home to Sam and run through the debacle. I bet I could get some foot rubs and oral sex out of it.

We walked over to the entrance of the bar. The girl's table was out of sight. Out of the blue grabbed me with one arm around my waist, one hand to the back of my head and kissed me hard. This time I had the presence of mind not to have an open mouth, but it didn't help. His kiss was so fierce, it pried my jaws apart, his tongue invaded me, my heart started racing and I went completely weak at the knees.

The Hostess at the front clucked her tongue, pretending not to notice. The kiss rolled on, as I melted and melted. She coughed politely, and then made some remark about public displays of affection. But all I could think about was the way he was kissing me and how my body was responding.

"I want you to know," I said, panting heavily, my voice all weak and whispery, "I am very cross at you. Angry even."

"Okay." He was smirking. "Just one question. Are you wet right now?"

"You asshole," I spat, my smile tight and resentful, "you fucking well know that I am!"

The minute it was out, I new I shouldn't have said it. But fuck, I was so wet I was squishy and there wasn't any way to hide it from him, so I might as well have admitted it. If I didn't, he'd just push.

"You know," the Hostess pointed out to no one in particular, "there are a variety of reasonably priced hotels in the neighborhood. One doesn't actually have to have sex in public in the lobby."

I turned red. What a snooty bitch.

He laughed nastily. Oh he was such a jerk. If we weren't in a public place, I'd have his cock in my mouth right now.

But I'd still be very mad at him.

Look, it's just a thing, okay. It's a really nice cock, I like it in my mouth. Don't give me grief.

“We should get out of here,” I said, “before my girlfriends spot us.” All it would take would be one of them going off to the bathroom or rounding the corner, and I was going to have a lot of trouble explaining. A lot more trouble. And they'd probably jump to all sorts of conclusions that would be true. Particularly right now, when my skin was hot, my pussy was clenching and just liquifying, and I couldn’t seem to think right.

The situation was so fucked up, he’d taken me by surprise, thrown me totally off balance, and then he did it again.

“I love this sweater,” he said, fucking with me. “What’s it made of?”

“Angora.”

“Nice.”

What the fuck? I thought.

“You need to leave,” I hissed.

“You both definitely need to leave,” the hostess said. “Although I admit, I did enjoy it.”

“Well,” he said, “we can go back to my place. I can take care of that for you. Have you home fresh as a daisy for Sam. He’ll never know.”

Oh, he was so sleazy! I could almost go for it, I admit, I was wet enough, and discombobulated enough, and he was a great fuck. But geez, that shit he pulled. I couldn’t let him get away with it. I needed to control the situation, not turn into a sex toy every time he snapped his fingers.

“No way,” I said firmly, I cleared my throat so that my voice would be firm. “I’m never setting foot in your place again without Sam there. That’s a new rule.”

I hoped he didn’t try to kiss me again, that would be bad. As in, ‘okay, let’s go to your place’ bad.

“I think you’d enjoy it,” he said.

“Yeah,” I told him. “I probably would. But there you go. You need to learn there are boundaries, and you need to respect them.”

He held up his hands.

“Okay, okay,” he said. “Goddamn, but you got some fight in you.”

He got an evil glint.

“We could just go back to your place,” he said. “Surprise Sam. I bet he’d be all for the three of us getting freaky.”

That was actually tempting, and if I could have trusted him for a normal threesome, whatever

that was. I'd have gone for it. I wasn't thrilled with the idea of just dropping him like a bomb on Sam.

I wasn't ready to do another cuck session. As hot as it was, it was just too dark. I wasn't sure I liked the things it brought out of me, and I definitely didn't like what it did... what I did... to Sam.

"No," I said, "No fucking way."

What the hell was I going to do with him? Ideally, just run him off on his own. With a sinking feeling, I realized that when I'd blown off my girlfriends to get him away from them, I'd also given them, and more importantly him, the clear impression that I'd chosen him. No matter what happened, he was going to stick to me like glue. He thought he had an invitation now. Fuck, if I dropped him, he'd probably get all pouty and cranky.

Fuck me! Okay, Kayley, ignore that throbbing clit, and those damp panties. Think. How do we handle this?

"You know what? You ruined my girls night out," I told him. "Fine, we'll hang out, go drinking or whatever. One drink, that's all. You owe me a night out, Mister. Let's just go someplace. Maybe that strip club you took Sam to. Then I'm going home... alone."

"He told you about that?" He seemed amused.

"He told me enough," I said bravely.

Leroy stared me down, I stared back defiantly. He stepped forward a half step, as if to embrace me. I backed away a half step, holding up my hand.

He shrugged.

"That sounds good," he said. "We'll hang for a bit, have some drinks and call it a night."

Victory. I felt good, despite him coming on strong, I hadn't caved in. I'd recovered, stood my ground and won. His bullshit games had thrown me, but despite surprise and arousal, I had come out on top. I'd set the terms and he'd settled. I heaved a massive sigh of relief.

Leroy, we'd found, had this constant drive to dominate, to be on top of every situation. It was beyond sexual, it bordered on narcissism. It made him bold and sexy as hell. It's a turn on for a man to nakedly want you, and just as nakedly act on it. But it's also frustrating and tiresome. Like, give it a rest once in a while, it gets tedious. But he was unnervingly good at seduction, and I tended to give in more than I should.

But I'd done it, I'd set boundaries and enforced them. Oddly, it made me less angry with him. The idea of a Leroy less determined to be on top, more willing to just be?

"You know," I said, "it won't be so bad just to hang out. I think it would be really nice to get to know each other."

He nodded.

“Sure,” he said, he offered his arm, and I took it.

"If a hotel room is too far," the hostess said, "there are some relatively clean back alleys... "

The hostess was watching us with her cool superiority. She was tall, with angular features, like a high bred model. For a second, I wanted to grab his junk, or stick my tongue in his mouth, and then look directly at her and smirk. Bitch.

Impulsively, I lifted up on my toes and kissed his cheek as we walked out.

Probably wore granny panties.

Nah...

I bet she got off on trailer park porn. All these high end thoroughbred types, they just love the gutter. She probably has all kinds of weird looking freaky dildos.

Of course, Claire was coming around the corner and spotted us. I waved as we departed, and hoped that she didn’t talk to the Hostess.

Luckily, there were cabs waiting at the hotel across the street, so we just crossed over and grabbed one. The driver was a dark skinned turban man.

“Where to?” I asked. “Some skeevy strip club.”

“Maybe later,” Leroy said, patting my thigh, just at the edge of my skirt.

He was incorrigible, it was almost flattering. Being physically away from the other girls, took some of the stress off. It had really thrown me the way these two aspects of my life had collided. My friends didn’t need to know this part of my life. I let his hand remain on my thigh, instead, I looked at him, meeting his eyes.

“You may have enjoyed that,” I said, with as much chill as I could muster. “And you may have thought you got what you wanted, so it’s okay.”

He was smiling.

“But I didn’t enjoy that. I didn’t appreciate it,” I told him sternly. “And I don’t want you to do it again. Ever.”

He gave me his sleazy grin, but I wasn't having it. I just stared him down. As aroused as I was, he'd fucked around too much, he'd crossed lines. I wasn't off balance any more, and I wasn't happy with him.

Slowly, the smile disappeared.

“Sorry,” he said with appropriate contrition.

We both looked down at his hand on my skirt. Damn, I should batted it away. Too late now. I

didn’t take it off, I didn’t brush him off, he didn’t try to move it further.

“I do like the sweater,” he said, in a conciliatory way.

“Thanks.”

I looked out the window, hoping he would read the room.

“Do either of you have a destination,” the cab driver asked. We both jumped a little.

“Sure,” Leroy said. He rattled off an address. It sounded vaguely familiar.

“Where’s that?” I asked.

“Some place I think you’ll like,” he said. “Not a strip club. A quiet little bar, it’s got live music now and then. A nice feel. We can hang out there, relax a little. We can move on later if you’d like. We can go to the 'skeevy' strip club. Even the one Sam and I went to, if you want to see it. I’ll buy you lap dances.”

I nodded.

“Not directly? That's not your usual sleaze.”

It came out a little harder than I'd meant.

“I get the feeling you’re a little annoyed with me,” he said. “So... low key to start. I don’t need you tearing a strip off me in a strip club.”

I laughed, not much, but I laughed. I looked out the window, watching as the cab moved into traffic. Leroy’s hand remained on my skirt. He wasn’t backing off. But he wasn’t moving forward either. Stalemate. He understood that I was annoyed with him. But he hoped to ingratiate himself. Well, let him try, he owed me.

The cab moved on, leaving the restaurant behind. As it traveled each block, turned each corner, the world changing around us, I relaxed a little more.

“Hey,” he whispered to me, nodding towards the driver. I glanced at the turbaned man in the front seat. The license displayed a fierce eyed bearded man and the name Rahul Singh. I leaned in towards him, so he could whisper some secret confidence into my ear.

“Remember when Sam was driving us back from the restaurant,” his voice murmured softly. I turned my head towards him. And then he kissed me, bringing one hand smoothly up to cup my cheek, holding me in place.

Aw shit! I thought. He got me. I was overbalanced leaning towards him, and so fell into the kiss, unable to right myself to pull away. The kiss was slow burning, gentle but openly sexual. He brought up his other hand to hold my head, trapping me.

My heart was speeding up, I was feeling butterflies all over my stomach, I blushed hot, but between my legs I was wet. I felt weak and watery, as if all my strength was draining away.

And through it all, he held my head and slow kissed my, teasing my lips apart, the kiss going on and on.

After a moment, I put my palm on his chest and pushed him back a little. Be strong, Kayley, I told myself. At least his hand was off my thigh. My body thrilled with excitement, with the sense of being bad. This was a safe kind of bad though, no one but the cab driver to watch us, some place where he couldn't get too out of hand.

I smiled slightly. God, he was incorrigible. And even worse, it was kind of sexy.

"You're bold," I said.

"Dangerous?"

I shook my head.

"I'm not afraid of you," I told him. "Not here."

"So what's the harm?"

The relationship was more balanced, he respected my boundaries. I felt stronger. Even a little playful. Why not? What was the harm, after all?

"I didn't tell you to stop," I said, my trace of a smile broadened.

"Teasing?"

"Maybe." I was definitely smiling.

"So this is a red light green light sort of thing."

He put a hand on my thigh, fingertips just under my skirt. I ignored it.

"That's a good way to put it," I replied.

"So," he asked, "where are we now?"

His fingertips danced just under my skirt, up and down, pressing lightly, not advancing, not retreating.

"Green light," I said, and leaned in. Our lips met and we kissed, softly at first, lips pressing, teasing each other, breaking and then joining. We both knew the game, building slowly. I was acutely aware of his fingertips, creeping millimeter by millimeter up my skirt. The kisses grew in intensity, our mouths opening slightly, breathing in each other in and out.

As a particularly long kiss broke, he moved in, and instead of returning to the kiss, darted towards my neck, nibbling my earlobe. I felt his teeth against my earing, tickling me. He licked my neck, at the same moment cupping my breast and squeezing. I giggled with pleasure, but pushed him back.

“Red light?”

“Red light,” I gasped. “I don’t want us to distract the cab driver and cause an accident.”

“I am a very good driver, Miss,” the cabbie said. “You need not fear an accident.”

I blushed slightly, both my and Leroy’s eyes darted to the back of his head.

“Were you watching?” I asked.

“No Miss,” he replied. “I drive. I am very disciplined.”

“We were being a little naughty,” I said. “I hope that’s not disrespectful.”

Leroy’s hand was on my breast, I took it off.

“No Miss,” he said. “You are not the first to be ... playful. What goes on in the back of my cab stays in the back of my cab.”

Leroy’s eyebrows lifted, and he looked at me.

“So you don’t mind,” he asked, “if we get a little frisky?”

“Not at all, Sir.”

“What about a lot frisky?”

“I just drive,” Rahul said.

Leroy looked at me.

“Sounds like a green light situation,” I said.

“Rahul,” Leroy said, staring at me. “The destination... can you take us the long way round?”

I grinned. Barring teeth.

“How long a way round?” he asked.

“We’ll let you know,” I said.

“Very good.”

“And Rahul...”

“Yes, Miss?”

“If we become distracting,” I said, “too distracting, just let us know.”

“I will not be distracted,” he said. “I am a professional. But if you are excessively

inappropriate, I will speak."

That was that, I tuned Rahul out, not ignoring him, but not focusing on him. Instead, my gaze locked on Leroy, his eyes were shining and hungry, and something else, eager and excited. God, what a one track mind. It was sexy, but it also made me feel superior.

"Definitely," I said, "I'm flashing back to that drive."

It had been exciting, the prospect of making out in the back seat of a moving car. There'd been a naughty adventurousness to it, constrained by the worry over my Sam in the front seat, worried that we might upset him, or that we might excite him to distraction.

"Feels like unfinished business," he said.

"It does," I whispered.

I leaned back a little. He leaned forward, slipping a hand under my sweater, I felt his palm on the bare flesh of my belly. He moved up. My lips pursed, and he kissed me. Very slowly, as we kissed, our mouths opened and our tongues met.

Our bodies pressed together, one leg almost folding under me, my knee almost a barrier between us, preventing us from closing in. I ran my hands along his chest and arms. He held my head with one hand, and pushed his other hand up under my sweater. I was acutely conscious of my sweater lifted, exposing bare skin if Rahul was watching. He cupped my breast over my bra, squeezing, and then slid down and pushed up under the cup to feel my bare breast.

I broke the kiss, gasping, and he took advantage, licking the underside of my jaw with these tight wet kisses, working his way down my neck, I ran my fingers through his hair, pulling him towards me.

"Oh, that feels good," I moaned. "Oh, what you're doing feels good."

His hand left my bared breast, the bra awkwardly twisted, to run down the bare skin of my ribs and belly, across my skirt to my knee. Then slid back up, pushing my skirt up my thigh, returning under my sweater, squeezing my nipple as he kissed me deeply. I kissed back hungrily, my mouth open, my tongue pushing back against his.

I straightened up, running my hands along his body. I wanted to feel under his clothes the same way he was feeling me. Tugging at the back of his shirt, I pulled it, until I could feel the bare skin and muscle at the small of his back, the beginning of the curve of his butt.

Leroy pushed the other cup of my bra up over my breast, now with both hands under my sweater. I sighed with relief, at least my bra, now riding up above my breasts wasn't uncomfortably twisted around me. His hands on my nipples felt good. We kissed, my hands moving upwards, fingertips tracing his spine.

"Take off your bra," he whispered.

"I can't," I said.

“Just take it off,” he demanded.

Oh fuck it, I thought. I pushed him back, straightening up and leaning away from the seat, reaching behind me to undo the clasps. I couldn’t reach, he’d pushed it up to high. I reached overhead behind me.

“Here, let me,” he said, moving on me, reaching under the sweater, his mouth locking on mine. I felt him undo the hooks The bra fell loose, awkwardly hanging around my shoulders.

“Hold on,” I whispered, pushing him back again. “Okay.” I reached into my sweater, pulling the strap down one arm, the folds of wire and cloth cupping around my chest, then slid one arm up an opposite sleeve and pulled the whole thing out.

“I always love it when women do that,” he said. “It’s like a magic trick.”

“Ta da!” I said. “Presto! Watch what I pull out of your pants later! It won’t be a rabbit, but I’ll still love petting it!”

We both glanced towards the driver, but he gave no sign of hearing us.

Leroy looked down.

“Wow!”

“Yeah,” I said, “that’s why I have to wear a bra with this sweater. Angora does something crazy to my nipples.”

“They’re really poking,” he said. It wasn’t just my nipples jutting through the soft weave, the angora clung to my breasts, vividly emphasizing their shape. He put his hands on my sweater, fondling my breasts through it. I sighed and squirmed.

“Feels good?” He whispered, licking my collarbone, working his way with little laps up my throat. “I love feeling it.”

“Fuck,” I breathed. It was like he was wearing angora mittens, it was soft and subliminally scratchy and exquisite, my skin was tingling. “Fucking yes.”

I swallowed. “Sometimes with Sam... I’d wear this sweater inside out.”

He chuckled. I leaned in and kissed him, pulling him towards me, one hand running up his back under his shirt. I wanted to press myself against him and squirm. He pushed me back against the seat, almost looming over me, his body pressing beside me. I leaned my head back against the top of the car seat, my mouth opening to receive his kiss, back arching to thrust my breasts forward, my knees parting.

His hand slid down my breasts along the angora sweater, moving from one to the other, then down across the sweater’s weave. For a moment his palm seated on the bare exposed skin of my belly just above my skirt. Then, almost playfully, his fingers skip down my waste, dancing across the fabric of the skirt, down one thigh, past the skirt tickling bare leg, almost

all the way to my knee. It stopped, palm raised, fingertips perching on my knee.

Leroy broke the kiss then, letting the palm descend until it was flat on my knee, the fingers curling around. He stared into my eyes, as I looked up at him, breathing softly. He moved his hand up inside my knee, pulling my legs a little wider. My breath caught in my throat but I made no objection.

He kissed me then, a tight little kiss, lips closed, lasting only an instant. His hand began moving up the inside of my thigh. I felt myself opening involuntarily. He kissed again, and his hand moved higher. And another kiss, a succession of small tight kisses, lips pressing and then lifting, as he moved higher and higher, up inside. My skirt rode up, I could feel the fabric bunching around his wrist, like the wake behind a boat, as his hand proceeded relentlessly to its destination.

I gasped loudly as the meat of his hand collided with my panties, pressing slowly into the wet fabric. My thighs trembled, swung together and then swung open.

He lifted his head up from me and stared down between my legs, the sight hidden by the folds of my skirt. I lifted my head to look down.

He turned to look at me, his expression pretend-stern. He shook his head.

“You’re wearing panties,” he said. “You know what I told you about wearing panties around me?”

He was playing dom. Not harsh dom, but sexy pretend dom. I found myself wanting to play, to take the role he was offering. Why not?

My pussy clenched, sending wetness surging against the delicate cloth. His fingers wrapped around the gusset of my panties, I felt bare knuckles against my pussy lips, the movement opening them, my slickness wetting his hand. For a moment, I thought he’d rip them off my body like he had before, but instead, he waited, the knuckles rolling slowly under my panties.

“You remember? Don’t you.”

I was swimming in arousal, my whole body in heat. Play the role, the idea spread like heat. His knuckles pressed into my pussy, inviting me, coaxing me. My thighs parted slightly, he smiled a little, acknowledging my cooperation. I gave him the faintest nod. My mind raced with options. Repeat the order, apologize, explain, invite. I settled on a little girl voice.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, my words tremulous and high pitched. “I didn’t expect to see you. I was with my girlfriends. I thought it was okay. I know I can’t wear panties around you.”

“I see,” he said, still mock-stern. “But you’re still wearing them now?”

“I... I...,” I breathed, “I should take them off?”

Oh god, I was so fucking wet it was unbelievable. His knuckles were already slick. I could feel my lubrication sliding from my vagina, down the crack of my ass, beginning to dampen my skirt.

“I think that would be wise.” He nodded, removing his hand.

“Oh... Okay!” I said in my best little girl voice, all high pitched and tremulously vulnerable. Little girl on thin ice, obeying daddy. It wasn't role play, nothing so distinct as role play. It was more a ... dynamic. A playful, naughty dynamic.

I’d completely forgotten I was in a moving cab, that there was a driver in front. I was completely swallowed by the moment.

Carefully, keeping my gaze locked on his as he looked down on me, my lower lip girlishly trembling, my eyes wide and liquid, I reached down with both hands, hiking my skirt at my hips. I hooked my thumbs into the sides of my panties. Carefully, bracing with my feet and shoulders, I lifted my ass ever so slightly, pulling the panties down off my hips. As I settled down, the panties slid under my ass.

Then I lifted my thighs, raising my feet and pulling my calves against the edge of the seat, my knees coming together. I slid my panties down my thighs, past the fabric of my skirt. I leaned forward to slide them further, but Leroy put a hand on my chest, easing me back against the car seat.

Without a word, I felt his hand glide down my chest, across the angora. Then further, the feel of a light touch across my skirt. I felt a tug, the panties tightening around the outside of my thighs. Releasing my hold on them, I felt them tugged further and further down towards my knees.

Without breaking eye contact, Leroy shifted position. The panties moved across my knees, now suddenly loose. They seemed to fall free around my calves. I lifted one boot. Another tug. Leroy shifted position again, holding my gaze. Another tug and I knew they had slipped off the heel and then the toe of my boot. A gentle tap of on my knee, and I lowered my foot as Leroy slid back into position.

“There,” he said, looking down on me. My head laid back on the seat, looking up. “Doesn’t that feel better.”

His fingers curled around my thigh, the gentlest pressure making my hips arch and legs open like a flower towards the sun. His hand began its inexorable, welcome progress down the inside of my smooth thigh.

“Yes Sir,” I whispered, my breath was coming in little pants of excitement. “That feels better. It feels ever so much better.”

“Good girl,” he said. His head lowered, his lips brushed mine as he spoke.

“Thank you, Sir,” I whispered back, immersing in the role, my lips brushing his. I tried to lift my head to kiss him, but he teased, lifting away.

His hand was so close to my pussy I could feel the heat of him, could almost feel his touch.

“Uh, uh,” he whispered. “Are you sure you deserve a kiss? You were a very bad girl, wearing

panties."

"I'm so sorry, Sir," I lilted in little girl voice. "I know I was bad, but I took them off. I want to be a good girl."

"You want to be good?"

"I want to be a very good girl."

"Good girls do what they're told."

"I want to do what I'm told, Sir. I want to do whatever you tell me, so I can be a good girl."

He smiled and lowered his face over mine, his mouth open. I closed my eyes, feeling his lips brush lightly against mine. My tongue flickered out wantonly, but he was gone again.

"Anything?"

I shivered. Anything? That was reckless. Even dangerous. My heart sped up.

"Anything," I whispered.

"Promise?"

His eyes bore down on me, cold like a hawk, seeing everything, clinical, in control. And just behind that, hunger like a wolf.

I was so excited I almost couldn't breathe.

"I promise."

His head descended towards my waiting lips, we touched, and as his kiss settled over me, pressing harder and harder, his tongue possessively invading my mouth, his hand settled between my legs, cupping my vagina. My thighs parted, submitting to his touch. The palm of his hand pressed against my clit and two fingers slid up inside me, as if settling onto a familiar saddle.

I gasped loudly, my whole body squirming, as the kiss went on, and he piled my heat higher and higher to the edge of orgasm.

Then he broke the kiss, his lips moving away. For a moment strings of saliva connected us, and broke away as I gasped. His fingers slid out of me.

"Oh!" I was gasping like a fish, breathless and gulping air. "Oh! Oh! Oh fuck!"

"Did you like that?" he asked.

I nodded. I reached for his hand and tried to guide it back between my legs, lifting my knee to ease his access. He let me bring him to my pussy, resisting at the last minute.

“Better than your boring old girlfriends?”

I nodded.

“What would they say if they saw you right now?” he teased.

“Fuck them,” I whispered, half in frustration. I was horny, I wanted to just play, to be touched and teased. But he had his own games, he needed to have his ego stroked. I knew them enough to tell him what he wanted to hear. “They’d be so jealous.”

Give him what he wanted, he'd give me what I wanted.

“What about Sam?” he asked. “What would he say?”

“He... he’d tell you to put your fingers back and...”

“And?”

A tiny bit of resentment flared, and died drowned by the quivering wetness in my pussy. Give him what he wanted, and he'd give me what I wanted.

“He’d jerk off while he watched you finger me.”

“What about you?” he asked. “Do you want me to put my fingers back and finger you?”

“Yes please!” I whined, I pulled at his hand, but he wasn’t moving.

“I don’t know that I should,” he teased. “You had a lot of attitude back there.”

“I’m sorry, Sir,” I whispered with appropriate contrition.

He glanced towards the front of the cab.

“How are we doing, Rahul?” Leroy asked loudly.

Fuck! My knees slammed together automatically and my heart leaped up into my throat. I’d forgotten completely about Rahul. I’d forgotten where we are, had become so enured to the gentle motion of the cab, the occasional turns and stops, that remembering where I was had become like a shock of cold water.

“Excellent, Sir,” Rahul said. “Ready to proceed to destination?”

Leroy sucked air through his teeth. He pulled away from my hand, pushing up my sweater to expose my breast as he toyed with my nipple. Slyly, I slid my left hand between my legs, parting just enough to give access.

“Not just yet,” he said. “We’re not distracting you? Are we? You’re fine?”

“No, Sir,” Rahul said. “I am a professional driver. I don’t get distracted.”

“Very good,” Leroy replied. He released my breast to lift my hand from my clitoris. “You don’t mind if we continue to play?”

I slid my right hand down toward my pussy, like a naughty girl being sneaky. But he caught that. In catching it, he released my left, and I slid down. He pushed his hand over my vagina, curling his hand as he cupped it, keeping my clit and lips from contact. I whined loudly, not caring that Rahul was in front of us, beating my hands lightly over his.

“As I’ve said, Sir," the Cabby, Rahul repeated.

“You hear that, Kayley,” he said. “We can do anything.”

His curled hand straightened, The sudden pressure on my clit made me gasp, and then I gasped again as two fingers slid up unerring towards my g-spot. I tried to hump, my orgasm was so close, but the fingers withdrew, the hand pressed down, teasing.

“Would you like to see her tits, Rahul?” he asked.

“Kayley?” He looked at me. “You would show Rahul your tits, if I told you, wouldn’t you.”

He ground my clit, and my back arched, and I moaned.

“That would be gracious, Sir,” Rahul said. “We are approaching a yellow traffic light. It is about to turn red. That would be an appropriate moment.”

“What about her cunt?” Leroy asked. His fingers slid inside me, working me towards orgasm, and again denying. I was going mad, tugging at his wrist, rolling my hips.

“I would not refuse the sight,” Rahul replied calmly.

The cab was slowing down, presumably approaching the traffic light.

Leroy kissed me, his tongue slipping quickly between my lips and withdrawing just as rapidly.

“Do you want to come?” he said. “Then when we stop, show him your tits, and really show him, and you’ll have until the light turns green, to come on my fingers.”

His sudden grin was devilish.

“How do you like my red light green light?” he whispered.

The cab pulled up to a stop. Casually Rahul adjusted his mirror. I saw his eyes in it, looking at me. Leroy flexed the heal of his palm against my pussy. Obediently, I pulled my angora sweater up to my arm pits, and higher, exposing my breasts. Two fingers slipped up inside me, massaging my g-spot.

“Don’t just show him,” Leroy ordered, “put on a show. Work it. Give him those slutty bedroom eyes. Lick your lips, show a little tongue.”

I obeyed, wantonly, both ashamed and excited. The eyes in the mirror stared as I posed and preened. Tucking my sweater under my chin, I put my hands under my breasts, lifting them, as if offering.

“That’s a good girl,” he said. “Pull on those nipples for him, imagine him sucking them, biting them. Doesn’t that turn you on.”

Obediently, I pulled my nipples hard, working and playing with my breasts, as he fingered me. I was so close, I was so fucking close, but it just wouldn’t come. I rocked my hips on his hand, but it felt like the fingers slipped away from my g-spot, the pressure on my clit not quite right. I deep moaning whining noise slid from my throat.

The eyes vanished from the mirror. The cab lurched into motion, The fingers slid from me, the hand fell away. I reached down as if to finish myself. But he caught both my wrists in his hands, and kissed me passionately.

“Green light,” he told me, as I gasped, captive in his grip.

“You bastard,” I whispered. “I could have come!”

“If I’d let you,” he smiled. “But you’ll have to do more than to earn your orgasm.”

“You bastard!” I whispered.

“Careful,” he warned.

He leaned back in the seat, guiding my hand to his erection. Knowing what he wanted without having to be told, I turned on my side, unzipping him and reaching in.

“I’m sorry, Sir,” Rahul interrupted. “I cannot allow her to perform oral sex on your penis or engage in any equivalent activity in the vehicle.”

“What?” I asked, suddenly embarrassed, I went hot all over my skin with blushing. My hand was inside his pants.

“I cannot allow an exposed erection in my cab,” he said. “That constitutes a gross indecency, a prohibited act for which I could lose both my cab and driver’s license. My apologies.”

“An exposed erection,” he explained, “is very easy to spot and almost impossible to quickly conceal, and thus an intolerable risk. Please understand my position.”

“Even if it is all the way down her throat?” Leroy asked. “Completely hidden?”

“Especially so, Sir,” Rahul explained. “There is no mistaking such an act, or evading consequences.”

“Hmm,” Leroy said conversationally, “this is interesting. But Kayley here showed her tits.”

“She sat low,” he explained. “It was not immediately obvious. And she could easily pull down her top in an instant. In any case, the consequence of bare breast, quickly concealed, is

substantially different."

"What if she was naked?"

"That would be awkward," Rahul said. "It would be preferable that she retain a top."

"Her skirt?"

"She is free to remove that, but must put it on before leaving the cab."

"And if I finger her?"

"I believe you have already done so," he said. "But, provided that it is undertaken with appropriate discretion, that is an act difficult to observe, easily concealed and discontinued quickly. You appreciate the significance of these factors?"

"I do," Leroy said. "So if I ordered her to remove her skirt?"

"I am a simple cab driver, Sir," Rahul said, "it is none of my business."

Leroy leaned back thoughtfully, staring at the back of Rahul's head.

"Thank you, Rahul. You will warn us the next time we approach a red light?"

"Of course Sir."

"Next time... turn on the dome light."

"Certainly, Sir."

Leroy turned to look at me, his expression evil. My hand slid out of his pants, he lifted his hips, adjusting his cock, and zipped up. As horny as I was, I was a little amused that he had this boundary placed on him. I hadn't done it, but I enjoyed his frustration. I could play, but he couldn't.

"Well?" he said.

I turned on my hip, and unzipped my skirt, wriggling it down my ass, and off my calves. The car leather plastic car seat stuck to my butt, so I used my skirt to sit on. I noticed my panties still clinging around the ankle of my right boot, so I pulled them off and tucked them in my skirt. Except for my boots, I was naked from the waist down.

And quivering, and submissive, and breathless, and very very wet, caught up entirely in the moment.

Leroy laid his hand on my stomach possessively, and I simply spread my legs. He kissed me, and I returned the kiss passionately, wrapping my arms around him. His fingers dipped to tease my clitoris and then slipped away, leaving me moaning in my throat.

"I must caution," Rahul interrupted, "please do not discharge fluids within the back seat. I

refer principally to vomit or urine, for which I have great faith that there is no risk with either of you. But I must also warn against female squirting or excessive discharge of any kind. This cab is my livelihood, and while I am happy to put it to your service, I would prefer it not be abused."

"I see," Leroy said, breaking the kiss. "What about semen or just cunt juice."

"Minor discharges," Rahul replied, "should be disposed of by the guest, and any odor is usually dispensed with an open window. Disrespectful excess, however... There are stains, there are smells. Detailing is expensive and time consuming, and perhaps never complete, and while waiting, I lose out on business."

"I see," Leroy said. He looked at me. His hand slid between my legs, finding me wet and inviting two fingers slipped up. I leaned back against the passenger door, lifting one leg as he massaged my g-spot again. "Our Kayley here is a bit of a squirter. Not always, but now and then, when sufficiently aroused and under the right conditions."

"I would advise against that," Rahul said.

"You hear that Kayley?" Leroy asked me. "You don't want to disrespect Rahul by squirting do you?"

His fingers moved hard, I moaned and grabbed his wrist, but he held in place, not quite letting me go over.

"Well?"

"No," I said, so aroused my tongue was falling over itself. Fuck I was so wet it was unbelievable. "I don't want to disesps... dispes... disrespect Rahul's cab..."

"You should tell him that," he said. "And it's Mister Rahul."

His fingers slid almost out of me. He batted my hand away from my clit.

"Mister Rahul," I said, "I promise not to dis... disrespect your cab by squirting... Although I might come."

"Thank you, Miss Kayley," Rahul said.

"It's just Kayley," Leroy corrected. "Or slut. Or bitch. Or whore. She answers to any of those. Isn't that right."

The nasty language made me suck air into my lungs. His fingers moved up towards my clit, making evil little circles. Oh god, he was so fucking evil. It left me breathless.

"That's right," I whimpered.

"Kayley, then," Rahul agreed. "We are coming up to a light in the distance. It may turn amber."

Leroy grinned.

“Hear that,” he said, continuing his teasing. “If it turns, I want you to show him your pussy. Give him a really good view. And as an incentive, I’ll let you play with yourself. You’ll have until the light changes to make yourself come.”

He lifted his fingers to my mouth, they were shiny wet from my pussy, and slipped them between my lips. I sucked them obediently.

His lips met mine, and we kissed, while his hand slid down to fondle my breasts through my sweater. Without him seeing, I slipped my fingers between my legs. The traffic light did not turn, and despite slowing, the cab rolled through.

The vehicle turned, moving up another street. It was almost bright inside the car, despite night, due to the streetlights. Cars passed us going in the opposite direction, others in adjacent lanes, moved with us, sometimes crawling ahead or falling behind. A lane merged, and we were driving through a restaurant district. Leroy broke the kiss, reaching down to displace my hand, fingering me lightly, as we drove by people walking together along the street. There was something exciting and surreal about it, the signs, the neon, the outdoor patios, a couple walking a dog, teenagers flirting on a street corner. Through it all I floated, naked from the waist down, legs spread wantonly, while Leroy alternately thumbed my clit or edged fingers up inside me.

“It gets you off, doesn’t it?” he asked, almost reading my mind.

I turned, snuggling with my back against him, legs wide, one boot propped up against the passenger door, knee bent, so that full access to my pussy was offered. He took advantage, slipping two fingers, occasionally gently stroking my g-spot. I pulled his free hand around me, pushing it up under my sweater, to cup my breast. He nibbled the back of my ear.

“What does?” I asked. I wanted him to say it. I wanted to hear it.

“Naked in public. On display. Getting fingered. All those people out there, all those cars going by, none of them know what you’re doing. What I’m doing to you. Even if they looked, they wouldn’t know. All they’d see is a guy and a girl in the back of a cab.”

“Go on,” I demanded with a whispering hiss, getting off on his words. I squirmed against his fingers inside me and and aaannnnndddd arched my back, to push my breasts against his hand.

“They don’t realize you’re an almost naked slut getting fingered, showing yourself off to the cab driver and any stranger lucky enough to be in the right place and time to look down. They don’t realize how fucking wet and horny you are. How you’ll do anything.”

“I think,” I said, “if someone in an SUV or a truck or even a minivan pulled up and they looked down at the right time... they’d see your fingers in my pussy.”

“Oh they would,” he agreed. “And you’d love it.”

“I would.”

Oh fuck, I really would! Just the thought...

I looked out at the street, at people on sidewalk patios, and cars driving by. His voice was hot in my ear.

“Because you’re an insatiable little whore,” he said.

“I am,” I purred. I reached down, pushing on his hand, and he let me fuck myself on his fingers.

“You don’t want people to know what you really are,” he told me.

I moaned.

“But some part of you, really needs to show them.”

“Oh yes,” I whispered. I squirmed against his hard masculine body, loving the feel of it against me.

“That’s why you wanted to go to the strip club,” he said. “You don’t want to just see it. You want to do it.”

“Mmm...”

“And why you were so hot to get me away from your friends... before you were exposed to them as the whore you really are.”

“Yeah,” I moaned. I wished he wouldn’t talk about them. But oh god, the memory of his kissing me in front of them, shoving his tongue in my mouth. The must have been shocked. In my mind, I replayed and revised the moment, more and more submissively, Leroy more aggressively, as their eyes widened with astonishment. If he'd put his hand up my sweater then, pushed under the bra and felt my breast in front of them. If he'd lifted my skirt... if he'd done it, and I hadn't been wearing panties and they'd seen everything! They'd know!

“You weren’t afraid of me telling them...” he whispered. What was he talking about? I started to get butterflies in my stomach, my heart speeding up in trepidation. Where the fuck was he going with this?

“You were afraid that if I was there,” he whispered in my ear, his breath hot and moist, his lips pressing, his teeth nibbling the back of my ear, “you wouldn’t have been able to stop yourself. You would have told them... Or shown them... just how much of a whore you were.”

I stiffened, my body tensing, as if surging toward orgasm. His words matched my sudden fantasy, and it was like I was suddenly inflamed. The sound of his voice, his gravelly drawl, the filthy words and images merged, leaving me gasping.

“Oh god!” I whimpered, my pussy tightened around his fingers, but they were so slick and wet that I couldn’t resist their movement. I tried to pull away from him, but he pulled me

back.

Outside the world continued to pass by, unconcerned. Inside, I was hot, wet quivering fire. It was true, it was false, it was horrible, it was wild.

“How would you have done it?” he whispered. “Would you have told them? What would you have said?”

I imagined their eyes wide in shock and excitement as the confessions spilled out, each sentence filthier and more depraved coming faster, wilder. I couldn't speak, but I didn't need to. The words rushed around in my head, like birds escaping their cage, flying around a room, incoherent, wanton, perverse, strings of wanton depravity, lurid confessions or boasts, each filthier than the last.

“Would you have shown them?”

Again, my imagination ran wild. I imagined him feeling me up in front of them, riding on his lap, kissing him wantonly. I imagined the five of us in some dark corner, him standing and grinning at them, the three of them squirming with embarrassment and arousal as I slid slowly to my knees, worshipfully pulling his cock out and sucking it.

I wouldn’t have done that, wouldn’t have done anything like that.

But the idea, the fantasies he triggered, sent me wild and only his careful touches and denials kept me from coming. If anyone on the street had been watching carefully, they would have seen a woman on the edge of orgasm.

Fuck, he was so good at winding me up, it was unreal. I was breathless, incoherent, utterly unstrung. I loved what he did to me. I craved it.

“I would have shown them,” I told him, to excite him “I would have touched you, and let you touch me, and they would have figured it out. And the longer it went on, the more we would have touched. I would have kissed you in front of them, so they could see your tongue, licked your fingers like cocks, put your hands under my clothes.”

“What would you have told them?” His voice was tight. I could feel him grinding against my ass. It was my turn.

“I would have told them how we met,” I said, “how I took my panties off and told you, so you could fuck me. How good you fuck me. How you conquered me with your cock, made me your slave, took me as your property.”

“What if they asked about Sam?”

“I would have told them he didn’t matter. You'd made him a cuck. That he just watched and jerked off. That I belonged to you now. Only you.”

I felt his hips push up into me, his fingers involuntarily thrusting deeper, making me gasp loudly.

“They’d have known you were a whore.”

“Your whore,” I said urgently, the wild sexual abandon was utterly overwhelming. “Maybe I need them to know.”

“Fuck me,” he whispered. “You make me so fucking hard. If I could, I’d be fucking you right now.”

Although I was almost out of my mind with lust, I thrilled to that. I could press his buttons too. And knowing that, each time, it made me want to do it more. To say things to arouse him, to wind him up, because it wound me up, our excitement passing back and forth like spit in a kiss, building and building.

We’d left the restaurants and shops and people behind. The buildings were now more nondescript, big boxes and empty lots. The road widened into two and then three lanes on each side. I had no idea where we were.

I wished we could be back, driving among people, that strange semi-exhibitionism had been exhilarating. I wanted to do more of it.

I wanted to do it with Sam. Cleaner, hotter, more uninhibited, without Leroy’s weird baggage. Only Leroy could lead me into this. But now that I was here, I wanted it to be Sam. I had this sudden image of Sam licking my pussy, while we drove. Surely Mister Rahul would allow that.

“We’ll be coming up on a light soon,” Rahul said. I glanced out the front windshield. The road was open and wide and empty. Far off in the distance, there was a green light, like a tiny low hanging star.

Leroy’s fingers slipped almost all the way out of me, as he twisted me around to kiss me hard on the lips.

“Showtime soon, Princess,” he whispered. “Make your Daddy proud!”

Daddy? Ick! It was so creepy out loud. I buried the reaction, and smiled as we dived into another kiss.

“Yes, Sir,” I breathed.

The cab was slowing down, reducing to half speed. I could almost feel the men willing the light to amber.

We kept slowing the closer and closer we approached, I stared in fascination, aroused, wet, full of anticipation, Leroy’s arms around me, his breath along the back of my ear, along my cheek.

Closer. Goosebumps and butterflies. Wanting green, wanting to pass through one more time. Wanting red, wanting to expose and perform. Excited, afraid, eager.

Slower.

The light turned Amber. I gasped loudly.

The cab rolled to a stop. There was no other traffic around, the view was clear and empty. The dome light flickered on. Rahul, or Mister Rahul as Leroy insisted, turned around in his seat, twisting to watch. This time, the mirror wasn't going to be good enough.

I swallowed. Leroy moved back, giving me space. He reached out, and pulled my sweater up, exposing my breasts, pale and almost translucent under the yellowish radiance of the dome light.

"Go," he whispered.

Breathless with excitement, I stared directly at Rahul the cab driver, seeing the direction of his eyes, knowing that the last thing he was looking at was my face, I raised my knees up high, my legs bent, spreading myself as wide as I could, my pussy lips on vivid display.

I reached down with both hands and opened myself for him. I could see them shine wetly with the soft illumination of the dome light. Pulling back on my clit hood, my hand tight on my pubic mound, I exposed my clit, and rolled a wet finger all around it. I shivered from head to toe, consumed by the sensual pleasure of touching myself, and the delicious wrongness of exposing myself to a complete stranger, doing it literally outdoors, out in the open, simultaneously private and utterly exposed.

The transgression of my act, in and of itself, was practically orgasmic. I was so wet, so aroused, that I could feel myself dilating, the wetness, the lubrication running down the walls of my pussy, flowing out of me. I stroked my clit rapidly.

"Do you like this?" I asked Rahul. "Are you loving this? Am I making you hard? Are you thinking about slamming that big brown cock deep inside me and filling me with your seed?"

I moaned deeply, digging my fingers in deep and opening myself wide, as if a cock was plunging in me. My thumbs brushed my clit, stroking hard against them. My thighs shook.

"Because I'm thinking about it," I whispered. "I'm thinking about your cock, what it looks like, what it tastes like, what it would feel like inside me. I'm thinking about you fucking me really hard."

Oh god, I was so wound up, so tense. I took one hand and slapped my pussy, slapping my clit. The shock waves rippled through me, making me moan, the blood rush to my pubic area, the wild pins and needles sensation brought me.

"I'd let you," I whispered, my voice hot and hard and brimming with tension. "I'd totally fucking let you. I'm so fucking wet. I'd let you come in me. Maybe you'd knock me up, all that come. I'd let you. You could plant yourself in me, make my belly swell up, fill my breasts with milk, as I carried you in me, give birth to your brown baby. Do you want a boy? Did you want a son? I'd let you keep trying until it was a boy."

I slapped my pussy again.

“I shave my pussy for men to fuck. I would shave it just for you. Or your friends. You could share my pussy with them. I’d let your friends fuck me. I’d let them come in me. I’d do whatever you wanted. Did you want to take pictures? Now? Take them. You can video me telling you how badly I need to be fucked? Do it. As long as I come. I have until the light changes to come, and I want to come right in front of you.”

I moaned wildly, my body writhing. I felt like I was boiling over with sexual energy, that it was spilling out more pores, that I was radioactive with it, glowing hotter and harder than the dome light. I was saying anything and everything.

“I’m so fucking hot right now,” I said. “I need to come so badly. I’ve needed to come all night. He kissed me right in front of my friends in a restaurant, can you believe it. I was so embarrassed, but all I wanted was to come right there. And everything, everywhere we’ve gone, every time he touched me, all I wanted was to come. To come for him. To come in front of him. In front of you. For me, just to come.”

I slapped my pussy. I was so fucking close. Leroy reached up and twisted my nipple so hard I cried out in pain, my body twisted. He pulled one of my hands away from my pussy. I slipped from his grip,

“Look at how fucking hot she is,” he said. “Look at her go. Do you think she can come? Don’t squirt now, bitch. Remember the rules.”

I groaned, my whole body twisting. One leg straightened involuntarily, brushing against the roof of the cab. “Fuck!” I screamed.

Over Rahul’s shoulder, the red light glared at me, egging me on. How long? How long did I have? Leroy was fucking with me, trying to derail my orgasm. But I felt it, like a fucking mountain ready to blow inside me.

I slapped my pussy hard, so hard it hurt. Then I slapped it again, and again. And there it was, this intense white lightning starting to bubble and boil all over me. I could feel my muscles seizing up, my whole body going rigid. Somewhere in there, I realized I couldn’t squirt, and that my body was going to. I’d always just let it go, but this time, I tried to clamp down on it. I could feel myself going red in the face with the effort, the wild energy of the orgasm literally bucking inside me. I dribbled a little anyway. My muscles felt like they were kicking, I bucked spastically.

Then it blew through me. I fell back, panting and spent. The light had already turned green. Rahul turned back to his position in the drivers seat and set the car into gear. As I gasped for breath, I could feel the cab moving forward.

Leroy pulled me towards him, wrapping me protectively in his arms. I let him, feeling like my body was made of water. But deep down, some conscious part of me was thinking: You tried to stop me from coming, you prick. He didn’t want me to come, or at least, not to have an orgasm that wasn’t under his control, with his permission, at his will.

“Good girl,” he said.

The fucker. As I snuggled, there was a little bit of resentment.

“Tell you what, Rahul,” he said. “I don’t think we can take it further. Let’s head to the bar.”

Rahul nodded.

“Right away, Sir,” he said. “From here, perhaps twenty minutes?”

Leroy shrugged.

“I think I’m done,” I said. I was feeling this post-orgasmic languor. The whole cab experience, as exciting and ultimately orgasmic as it was, had been tense and now that tension had burned off.

“All tired, Princess?” Leroy asked. “Tell you what, just come with me for a drink or two, then I’ll send you home to Sam. How’s that?”

I sighed.

“Fine.” Honestly, a nightcap didn’t sound like such a bad thing, as long as he didn’t pull anything. Maybe he wouldn’t. Or if he did, maybe I could just get away with a blow job. Whatever.

I relaxed against him, watching the streetlights go by as we made our way back into the city. Signs and buildings appearing, growing more frequent.

“Hey Rahul,” Leroy called.

“Sir?”

“What about you?” Leroy asked. “I’ve heard cab drivers get all kinds of pussy, drunk sluts, hookers looking for a break. Is that true?”

“I cannot speak for all cab drivers, Sir,” Rahul said politely.

“What about you?” Leroy asked. “Do you ever get your cock sucked while driving cab?”

“Are you speaking of driving,” Rahul asked, “or parked?”

“This is interesting,” Leroy chuckled. He kissed my forehead. “Which do you prefer?”

“Discretion, Sir,” Rahul said. “I prefer discretion.”

“Come on,” Leroy said. “You’ve done it.”

“Such things are best addressed after two in the morning, and only in certain districts or locations.”

“Oh really? Parked or moving?”

“Either.”

“Kayley, here,” Leroy said, “is a great cock sucker. She’s just talented. Wouldn’t you like to have her lips wrapped around your dick?”

Oh fuck, I thought, tiredly. Here he goes. He was ruining my bliss.

“Watch it,” I warned. “Cut it out.”

“Seriously,” Leroy said, “her mouth is like melting butter around your cock. I could make it happen. Do you want it?”

“Leroy! No!” I said.

But what if I did? Even through the annoyance, I felt a stirring. God, the effect he had on me. He was so good at leading me into these things. I squirmed in his arms, arching my back slightly. My knees parted, although not so much anyone would notice.

“Oh come on, Kayley,” he said. “It would be an experience. I bet you’ve never had Pakistani beef.”

“Oh geez,” I whispered, disgusted. He was such a low life, it was almost embarrassing for both me and Rahul. I could imagine him wincing.

As vulgar as it was, he was right. I’d never been with a dark skinned man, would he taste different, feel different? Rahul with his beard and turban, his polite precise manner, was exotic. What would his cock look like? What would it feel like between my lips?

I didn’t particularly want to do it, I decided. But I was oddly comfortable with the thought that somehow he might make me. Not through coercion, but somehow bending my will to his, fanning the fire of my desire and guiding it to wherever or whatever he wanted.

I was vaguely curious, what would his cock be like. I didn't mind blow jobs. I kind of liked them, actually.

Making me want it too. I felt a tingle, a kind of awareness of my clitoris. My legs shifted an inch or two this way and then that, a subtle movement I was only half aware of. But Leroy, it occurred to me, was fully aware, he read me so well.

Was that his secret? That he read me so carefully? That it excited me to be read by him? His attention opened me like a book, his intention spread my pristine pages open to dip his pen and write new passages.

“Sikh,” Rahul corrected, jarring my thoughts.

I’d said no. Was this a contest now, a battle of wills I would inevitably lose? That I would choose to lose, so that I could submit once again?

“We shouldn’t,” I said, pitching my voice a little higher, the little girl voice of earlier.

“Sikh salami,” Leroy laughed. “I bet it’s sick.”

The crassness was obnoxious and discordant, it annoyed me. And it made me more sympathetic to Rahul. Was that deliberate? Was he guiding me towards Rahul's erection, to the moment that my lips would descend over him, and I would feel him hard and throbbing in my mouth.

Leroy was bad for me. He was definitely bad. And I wanted it. I wanted to see how where he would take me. I needed to know how far he could take me. I was fascinated to see how he would do it.

A Sikh cab driver ejaculating in my mouth, swallowing a complete stranger's seed as my pussy dripped and I squirmed with need? How would he get me from here to there? To the point where I was willing and eager?

"Sir," Rahul said, "the night has been remarkable in every way, and satisfactory to the young lady. Perhaps that is sufficient."

"Oh all right," Leroy almost pouted, "it's just talk. We're too close anyway."

"In any case," Rahul said, "we are approaching."

I shifted position in Leroy's arms, almost surprised. So blowing the cab driver wasn't happening. For a moment, I felt disoriented. I had almost come around to the idea, had brought myself to the idea. Disoriented, or disappointed?

"Right," he said, "take us around the back."

The cab took a turn off the road, into back alleys, and in a few minutes we pulled into a small parking lot. Pulling on my skirt, I twisted it around until it was fitting right and zipped it. I felt regret at leaving what had become the safe intimate enclosure of the cab, it had become a sensual little world for the three of us, for the raucous, sterile landscape of some tavern.

"About the bill," Rahul asked. "Cash or credit card."

"Oh Kayley will take care of it," Leroy said easily. I glanced at him. Thanks a fucking lot. He smirked at me, like the dick he was. Whatever, I thought.

"Uhm... card." I couldn't find my bra, and I definitely wasn't going anywhere in this sweater without it. Leroy grinned, holding up my underwear. "Can you give me that?"

"Nope," he said. "Remember the rules, no underwear around me. I think Rahul deserves a souvenir."

He tossed my panties into the front seat of the cab.

"I need the bra," I said.

He beamed.

"No you don't," he said. "I like that sweater way better without it."

I rolled my eyes. Always games, with him, and not necessarily fun games. It was always about how much better Leroy was than anyone else. If Sam was playing instead of him, it would have been thrilling, full of dares and surprises. But Leroy's games were dark and compelling, there was an undertow that dragged you under and swept you along.

"Fine," I said. "Just give it to me, I'll put it in my purse."

The taxi bill came to well over a hundred dollars. Jesus.

So I guess I got screwed by the cab driver after all.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 39, Back to THAT bar
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KAYLEY'S HARD DAY'S NIGHT - PART TWO OF FIVE

KAYLEY POV

We stood in the cruddy back parking lot behind the bar, and watched Rahul the cab driver, pull out and away. He had my panties. He also had an insanely huge fare on my credit card. You'd think doing a live sex show in the back of the cab would have gotten me a discount.

Leroy wrapped an arm around me, and kissed me on the cheek.

"Come on," he said cheerfully, "you have to admit, this was a lot more exciting than just hanging with the girls."

"I guess," I admitted, with a little hint of a smile. There was an infectious bad boy quality to him. A friendly, happy mischief. It was hard to get mad at him, or stay mad, or to be as mad as you should be.

"When was the last time you did live sex shows in the back of a moving cab. Or came so hard?"

"You're just evil," I said, lightly, remembering the excitement. Leroy was like a roller coaster, you never quite knew what was around the corner, but it was always a scream.

"I think we've got a little exhibitionist in there."

"Maybe," I said.

Oh god damn it, he was so fucking charming in his sleazy way. It was hard to hold onto resentment.

"Don't tell me you're not planning to do it again sometime with Sam," he said. "Now that I've opened you up to it."

And he was damn near psychic!

“All right,” I said. “Look, let’s just have our drink.”

The angora clung to the shape of my breasts like a fuzzy second skin, with my nipples poking all the way out to Cleveland. That and a short skirt meant I was probably going to attract attention when we walked in.

I hoped. I supposed if we were walking into a strip club filled with pneumatic breasts and lingerie, I wouldn’t get a second look, which would suck.

“You know,” I said as Leroy walked me in through the back entrance to the bar, “I think you’re right, I might be a little bit of an exhibitionist.”

“That’s my girl!” He patted my rump.

As we walked in near the pool tables, players paused in their game. I couldn’t help smirking a little. Leroy nodded here and there, in a familiar way, guiding me towards the tables. Definitely, it was mostly men, and definitely I was getting attention. But my smirk was fading. Coming in through the back entrance had thrown me, but this place...

“Fuck!” I stopped short. “This is the bar.”

The bar where I’d fucked Leroy and Derek, and then Leroy and Sam. Fuck.

“Surprised?” he asked.

He pushed me a little and I started moving again. He used an arm around my waist to guide me to an empty table. I was blushing. The fact that men were looking at me was taking on a whole new connotation. What the fuck? Was this a game? Was he fucking with me?

“You had so much fun here, I figured you’d enjoy coming here,” he told me. “Good times.”

Was he serious? Maybe he was. What the fuck was going on? I found I was unstrung, I wasn’t sure what to think, or how to think. Was this innocent? No, not at all, not with our history here! But, there were degrees of innocence. Did he actually mean well - Kayley had fun, let’s bring her here? Or was he counting on Men’s room action? Or was there more? What the fuck?

“Are you okay?” he asked me, sitting down, looking concerned. “I thought you’d get a kick out of this place. It’s your playground.”

Was he serious? I searched his face, and his expression seemed honest. He really thought I’d enjoy being brought back here, because...playground? Wow, misfire. But, if it was an honest error, it was hard to be upset with him. If it was honest. He didn’t seem his usual sleazy self.

“Uhm, yeah,” I said, looking around. I got the feeling that attention was being paid to me, but in a sort of casual way now. Not being too overt about looking at me. My treasonous nipples became even harder, my angora sweater looked like I was wearing dixie ups on my breasts.

“I just didn’t expect...I’m a bit surprised.”

“I did give the cab driver the address right in front of you,” he said. He still looked innocent and concerned.

Oh right, he did. But, it had been a street address only, it had come and gone. Then again, he hadn’t said the name of the place.

“We haven’t been out a lot together,” he said, “Something I’d like to change. I wasn’t sure where to bring you. I didn’t want a strip club, or something too noisy...I thought about karaoke...Do you like karaoke? Anyway, this just seemed like the obvious choice.”

“Yeah,” I said, “Okay.”

Fuck though, he was always throwing me for a loop, it felt like I could never predict his next move. Probably why he was so good at getting my panties off. It was exciting, disturbing, frustrating, but sexy.

Was I going to end up in the men’s room with him again? My pulse started to speed up.

Did I want to? My mouth was dry.

A thought flitted through my mind that made me squeeze my thighs together, feeling the sudden wetness between my legs. Did it really matter what I wanted? He’d just make me want whatever he did. The thought that it didn’t was exciting and scary.

“You know,” he said, smiling. “You’re kind of famous around here.”

“Excuse me?”

“Come on,” he drawled. “This is not a big bar, it’s kind of a hole in the wall, relatively. You’re fucking smoking hot. If all you did was walk in, order a drink, and walk out, you’d have rated attention. You walked into the men’s room four times with two different men. That gets serious attention.”

“Yeah...,” I said, starting to blush. “I see that now.”

Something occurred to me.

“Did you…Was there...Talk?”

“Oh fuck yes!” Leroy said. “Everyone wanted to hear. If we didn’t talk, they would have made up stories anyway. Some people did. Derek and I aren’t the only ones to brag about tapping you.”

“But it was just...”

“Just two. The rest were bullshit,” he said. “Yeah. Of course. And I stopped talking when it got serious, after the second time. But fuck, the hot redhead who appears out of nowhere and drags some lucky bastard into the men’s room...you’re the stuff of legend. It’s not surprising that a few people made up their own stories. Everyone likes to brag.”

I was blushing deeply now. Jesus Christ, I shouldn't have come here. I shouldn't have ever come here again. Hell, I shouldn't have come here after the first time. The whole point was anonymity, and now it was coming clear to me that I'd had a fucking audience each time after that. They hadn't been in the men's room with me, but they'd watched me come in, watched me pick up and then..."

"Fuck!" I said. I didn't know how to feel. Definitely embarrassed, and a little shocked. A little angry that Leroy had blabbed. But, also a little hot. "Holy fuck!"

"Hey," Leroy said. "Hey, there. Come here."

He reached over, pulling me from my chair towards him.

"What are you doing?"

"Come here," he repeated, "Come on and sit with me. Come up on my lap."

"Are you crazy?" I demanded. "What are you doing? I'm not going to sit on your lap. I'm not five."

But he was dragging me onto his lap, wrapping his arms around me.

"I'm not giving you a lap dance," I swore.

"Not asking. What's wrong, Princess? Talk to me," he stroked my hair.

"Cut it out," I snapped.

"Come on," he said, "It's okay. What's bugging you?"

"You mean," I snapped, "Apart from ambushing me when I'm with my friends, dragging me off, making me do a sex show for a fucking cab driver."

"You seemed pretty into it all when it was happening," he said.

"Well, maybe I'm not okay with it now. And then taking me to a bar where everyone thinks...no... everyone knows I'm a total whore."

"Wait," he said. "That's what's bugging you?"

"Well... yeah!"

His hand crept down to my skirt.

"Don't do that," I warned him.

"I thought you'd get off on it," he said.

If I'd been home, safe and sound, and far away, it would have been hot to think about. Being

a sex goddess, whore of Babylon, ultra-slut, one of those urban legends of playboy fantasy. But, actually being here? It was...All over the place.

“Well...” I said. “I don’t.”

“But you had fun right?” he asked. “Before. You must have realized, the first time walking in here, everyone was checking you out, even before you did anything. Every time you walked in, you were smoking hot. You didn’t think anyone was checking you out? You didn’t like being checked out?”

“Well yeah,” I said. “But that’s different.”

“And when you were flirting with me and Derek...fun?”

“Well yeah.”

“Going into the men’s room each time...I know you enjoyed that.”

I didn’t bother to reply, on the grounds it would sound slutty.

“Why wouldn’t you think men would have noticed you taking guys in the back to fuck?” he asked. “And why would you even care? I’d have thought it would be hot for you.”

“You’re using logic on me, and I don’t like it,” I said. I folded my arms over my sweater. This just made my breasts push up above my folded arms, and made my nipples dramatically more prominent, like I was showing off. Probably shouldn’t have done that. I refolded my arms in front of my nipples. “This is about feelings.”

“Kayley,” he said patiently. “This is a hole in the wall bar in the middle of nowhere, a million miles from any connection to the rest of your life. You got fucked here because you knew it would never come back to your actual life. Am I wrong?”

Oh fuck, I thought. I wished he would just shut up.

“No,” I admitted in a quiet voice. “That’s kind of it. I guess. Maybe, sort of.”

“So what do you care?” he asked. “Hell, it should be a turn on, just knowing that when you walk through the door, every cock pops up. Every man here is praying that they’ll be the next stranger you pick. Really, that’s got to be a thrill.”

I smiled a little, despite myself.

He pointed.

“Look at those guys at the pool table,” he said. I glanced over that way. A group of young men in jeans and flannels. “They’ve been sneaking peeks at your sweater since you got here.”

“I bet if you went over and talked to them,” he said, “Half of them would come in their pants.”

He mimed the sounds of young men's orgasms, "Uh Uh Huh Uh Huh Huh…Thanks Ma'am."

I laughed a little, and squeezed it back down.

"I hate you," I told him. "I hate that you made me laugh. And also that you've made me feel not so weird. And that I'm sitting on your knees like I'm five and you're Santa Claus. And that you keep trying to put your hand up my skirt and feel my pussy." I slapped his hand lightly, and it withdrew to just above my knee. "Stop that. I'm not in the mood!"

"Are you sure you're not in the mood?" he said. "You were running pretty hot in the cab."

His hand slipped under my skirt again. I slapped it. And maybe undermined that by parting my legs wider, just to sit more easily on his lap.

"That was then," I said. "I'm completely not in the mood."

His hand crept up my thigh.

"Even with all those horny guys watching to see what we do next?"

I blushed, and shifted position, which opened my thighs a little more.

"Especially!"

"Hey Leroy," someone said, "Mind if I join you guys?"

I turned to look, and looked up, and then looked up some more, and then looked way up. He was huge, like six foot four or five, not exactly fat, but with that kind of portly, going to seed, look that some middle aged men have. You can see the bone structure, and the muscle, but you can also see the muscle going a little soft, and fat developing.

"Hey Jake," Leroy said. "I've been looking for you!"

"Yeah," he replied. "We keep missing each other."

"Well, my man," he said. "Pull up a chair."

The big man sat down with us. He had light brown hair and watery pale eyes, bluish but not a full blue. He didn't just sit in the chair. He occupied it, like he was invading a small foreign country. Even sitting down, he loomed.

And geez, there I was, sitting on Leroy's lap. I got off and took the chair on the other side of Leroy.

"Kayley," Leroy said, "This is a friend of mine: Jacob. Call him Jake."

Jake looked me up and down, not in an 'I want to fuck you sort of way,' but in a patient measuring way, a very neutral vibe for checking me out. I had the weirdest sense of deja vu.

"I've seen her around the bar," he said. "Four or five times. She always dresses nice. Likes to

flirt."

I blushed deeply. My mind was racing. I'd been here exactly four times, each time disappearing into the men's room to get fucked by a stranger and leaving afterwards. If he'd noticed me in the bar, then he probably had a good idea what I'd done there. Hell, Leroy had probably filled him in on the details. I had always just assumed I was pretty anonymous here. But apparently, everyone recognized me as the big 'Men's Room Slut.'

I found myself flushing hot in my clothes, and not in a good way. Glancing around casually, I checked just in case we were being watched. Not that I could see. But, that didn't make it better. I could feel eyes boring in the back of my neck. It was distracting.

"Isn't that right, Kayley," Leroy asked.

What? "Oh, uh sure." I wasn't clear on what they'd been talking about. Some inconsequential stupid male thing, politics or sports, something competitive. Whatever. I hadn't heard my name come up, or anything that might perk me up, so I didn't figure I needed to pay too much attention.

"So anyway," Leroy asked Jake. "I haven't been around much. Anything happening?"

"Not much," Jake said. "Not much excitement."

"It's funny," Leroy said. "This is Kayley's favourite bar. She was saying she can't get enough of this place. Insisted on coming. She says she likes the...excitement."

He put his hand on my knee. Jake's gaze followed the motion, it traveled from my knee, up my skirt, finally to my breasts and didn't go further. Casually, he looked back at Leroy.

What the fuck? I smiled and nodded. But... I was embarrassed.

"I suppose..." I said. "I wouldn't say it's my favourite bar. But it's nice."

Jake turned his pale watery eyes on me.

"What do you like about it?"

"Uhm..." I wasn't sure what to say. "The ambiance. The people. Just the feel of it..."

"The Men's Room," Leroy laughed.

Oh my god, I could have died on the spot. I could have just expired and sunk right through the floor. Jake merely nodded and glanced at me. Leroy caught my expression, and patted my knee, his hand moving up my thigh. My legs snapped shut.

"Oh come on, Kayley," he said. "It's just a joke. Relax. We're all friends here. Right?"

He smiled at me, all friendly and guileless.

"Relax," he said. "No one here knows you from anywhere else. That's why you came here.

It's like that saying - What happens in Vegas Stays in Vegas. Nothing that happens here touches anything else in your life."

"I suppose," he was right. I still was a little thrown that he was saying it in front of Jake.

"No judgment here. A lot of guys watched you go into the men's room. The only thing they thought was, they wished they were the lucky bastards."

Oh geez. I couldn't stop blushing. I mean, I supposed it was all true. But, I felt really put on the spot with Jake here.

"You too," I asked Jake.

He nodded.

"You were easy on the eyes," he said. "If you want to have a little fun, that's your business. No one was judging."

Did they talk about me? Did Leroy tell them what happened? Did Derek? Or did they just speculate? What did they say? How much did they know? These questions were burning inside, eating me up. I wanted to interrogate Jake, not entirely trusting Leroy. But I was too embarrassed to ask.

And to add to my discomfort, Leroy had managed to ease my thighs apart and had his hand all the way up to my skirt, something I noticed when Jake glanced down. At least he hadn't gotten under it. Trying to be casual, I lifted Leroy's hand from inside my thigh, put my knees together and straightened my skirt.

"Jake's an admirer," Leroy told me. "He's a big fan. He's admired you from afar. We've discussed you."

"Yeah," Jake said truculently. He seemed a little embarrassed himself.

"Oh," I said. "That's nice."

Ease the fuck up, Leroy, I thought.

"I actually promised I'd introduce you, the next time you came by. Being a big fan and all, he really wanted to meet you, but he's a little shy."

He actually reached over and grabbed Jake's hand, placing it on my other thigh, just above the knee and below the skirt. I stiffened and Jake swiftly withdrew his hand.

Jesus Fuck! What was wrong with him?

"Sorry," Jake said.

I was blushing four kinds of hot.

"It's okay," I told him. I hissed at Leroy. "Cut it out. Just cut it the fuck out."

Leroy held up his hands.

“It’s okay, relax. I’ll go get us drinks, okay? You two get to know each other.”

He went up to the bar. Jesus. It was like he was intent on derailing my whole night. I could understand him wanting to drag me off somewhere and fuck me. I was kind of into that. Or maybe just bar hopping and hanging out. But, what the fuck was he doing having us sit with Gigantor? What the fuck was that about?

Yeah, I knew. I was supposed to fuck Jake, I supposed. It was pretty fucking obvious what Leroy was doing.

Well, screw that.

“I’m sorry,” I told Jake, “Leroy’s being a jerk. I’m sorry you got dragged in.”

“It’s okay,” Jake said. “I know how he is.”

That made me feel a little better.

“Are you guys friends?”

He shrugged.

“He’s right about one thing though,” he said, “I am shy...”

He paused.

“And I did want to meet you. I did say so, and he promised to introduce us.”

Technically, that was two things. But his admission of shyness disarmed me a little, it made him seem more harmless, more approachable. I sort of smiled.

“Why?” I asked. “There’s nothing special about me.”

Apart from the fact that he’d watched me come in looking like a slut and drag a couple of different men into the bathroom to fuck. Yeah, buster, just say any of that the wrong way and I was so out of here.

He shrugged.

“You seemed like such a free spirit,” he said. “Just doing what you want. Everyone is so inhibited, we’re all tied down in life. Obligations. Consequences. It’s nice to just see someone who flies free.”

That surprised me a little, and being unexpected, I warmed to him.

“I don’t know if I’m a free spirit,” I said. “I’ve got the same ties everyone else has. A job, family and bills. I think I’d like to be. I try. But it’s hard to be bold.”

“Yeah,” he said, “It is. I suppose. But, when I’d see you in the bar, you always seemed fearless.”

I laughed.

“Foolish, maybe,” I said. “Maybe you’re mistaking bad judgment for flying free?”

“No,” he said. “I don’t think you should regret anything. Being able to do it, fly free, that’s got to be amazing.”

“You know,” I said, “It’s been driving me crazy. Have we met before? You give me this really weird feeling of deja vu, like I’m certain I know you from somewhere, but I can’t remember.”

“Back again,” Leroy announced, sitting down. He passed me a glass of red. One thing about this place, they only had the one red wine, but it was actually a pretty decent cabernet. I picked up the glass.

“Hey,” I said to Leroy, “You didn’t roofie this, did you?”

He held up his hands.

“Since when have I ever had to roofie you?”

I laughed involuntarily. What a dick thing to say! He was practically calling me a slut that’s addicted to his cock, with very poor powers of resistance. It was a jerk thing, but also kind of a funny jerk thing.

“If he had,” Jake said. “I’d have slapped the shit out of him. There are some things you don’t do.”

I took a deep swallow. Fuck it tasted good. No aftertaste of weird chemical adulterations. I supposed I’d know if I woke up the next morning on a pool table or park bench with a river of semen running out of me. Which might be a hot little fantasy when I’m alone in the dark with a vibrator, but even the hint of real life is totally squick.

“And points awarded to Jake,” I announced, “For being a gentleman. No points to Leroy.”

I took Jake’s hand and placed it on my bare thigh, where Leroy had put it. He just let it lie there. I smirked at Leroy. How do you like it?

“I dunno,” I told Leroy. “Keep it up, you might not be getting any tonight.”

I smiled at Jake. “After all, I have an admirer.”

Leroy shrugged, and drank his beer.

“I guess I better be good then,” he said. “Or extra bad.”

I smirked.

“Oh shit,” Leroy said. “Jake, I’m sorry, I forgot to get yours.”

“No problem,” Jake replied. His hand came off my knee. “I’ll just go up.”

The big man lifted up with the ponderous weight of an aircraft carrier making a turn.

“Come back soon,” I said smiling.

He put his hand on my shoulder.

“I couldn’t stay away from you.”

I touched the hand just before it slid off my shoulder. Once he was out of earshot, I turned to Leroy and said, “What the fuck?”

“I thought you’d be up for a little fun,” he smiled. “After all, this is the bar where you like to have fun. Think of it as another adventure. This isn’t anything you haven’t already done and enjoyed.”

“This is different.”

“How?”

I was stuck for a second. Because I chose? I’d just gone with guys that hit on me. Because he was choosing? Sam had basically been about giving me permission, he wasn’t pushing me to do it, and he wasn’t choosing the men, or making the final decision.

“Sam’s not here,” I said. I already knew his response.

“But I am,” he grinned. “You trust me don’t you?”

“I shouldn’t.”

“You can open your phone for me,” he said, “Like with Sam. I could listen, just to keep you safe. I promise not to get off on it, I’m not a cuck.”

“No thanks,” I said. And stop acting like a jerk, I mentally ordered.

“We can phone up Sam,” he said. “He can listen in. Will that make it hot for you?”

“No!!!” Jesus Christ, No! I thought. Leroy chuckled, enjoying himself. What an ass.

“I bet Sam would love it,” he sniggered. “What do you think? Would it make him hard? Think of it as a warm up for the next session.”

“Leave Sam out of it!” I snapped.

He shrugged.

“Anyway, you owe me,” he said.

For not throwing my bra out the window, I was supposed to repay him by fucking a stranger? What the living fuck, dude?

“Come on,” he said, “Stop being a bitch. When we were on our way here, you knew you were going to get fucked. You were up for it. You let me take your panties, you showed your pussy to the driver. You’re fucking wet right now. The only thing that’s different is who...”

I squirmed in my seat. The fucker was right. I was horny.

“Don’t worry,” he promised. “I’ll take care of that pussy after.”

Oh, you evil fucker, I thought to myself. You bastard. You sneak. You wretched excuse for a human being.

“Promise?” I asked.

Jake was on his way back with his beer.

“Cross my heart and hope to die.”

He should swear on his dick. He had no heart, and I’d kill him.

“Okay,” I said, feeling my pussy clench and a smooth wet rush between my legs as I surrendered. My stomach was completely full of butterflies, and I could feel myself blushing.

Fuck, I thought, I’m such a slut. How do I get myself into these things?

Jake sat down casually, putting his beer on the table. His hand reached over, possessively wrapping around the inside of my thigh. It gave me shivers.

This was sort of a variation of the things I’d done with Sam backing me up, I thought. It’s just musical chairs. Leroy’s doing Sam’s role. And we’ve got a new candidate. Was it really that different? And if it wasn’t that different, then did that mean it wasn’t so bad?

Doable?

Jesus, Kayley! Get a grip. This is not the same thing. You are not going to let Leroy pimp you out for an adventure. What the fuck was I thinking?

But, before I went all the way, we’d flirt just a little more. I was flirting now with Jake, partially to annoy Leroy. Flirting was safe. And Jake seemed nice, he had that big lumbering quality that just screamed safe and harmless. I mean, there were guys here I wouldn’t flirt with, even with a can of bear spray at the ready. But Jake?

What the hell. Where are the boundaries here?

“Hey there,” he said. “Did I miss anything?”

“We were just talking about you,” Leroy said.

“Good I hope,” Jake said.

“All good,” I offered.

“You and Kayley have a lot in common,” he said.

“Oh yeah? Like what?”

“Kayley likes her men hung,” he said.

Oh fuck, I found myself blushing, could this get any worse? That was way over the line.

“And you like girls who don’t wear panties,” Leroy continued.

Yes, it had gotten worse.

“You guys!” I said. “You’re being gross! Cut it out!”

Leroy slid his hand along my other thigh, slipping to the inner thigh and pulling gently. I wanted to slap him. But my pussy was wet, I was jangly, and yeah, at some point we were going to fuck. So, it was sort of okay he was publicly staking his claim. Kind of hot.

“Oh don’t worry, Kayley,” he said. “We’re just having a bit of fun.”

“Yeah, right,” I scoffed. “I know what your idea of fun is. Torturing me!”

I looked down, I had two hands on my inner thighs just below my skirt, gently prying my legs apart. I looked down pointedly.

“So, is one of you going to make a wish?” I asked.

“I know what I’m wishing for,” Jake said, pulling my thigh wider. My skirt rode up.

“Guys!” I whined, squirming. Jake’s hand moved up my thigh. So did Leroy’s.

“Guys!!!” I whined, sort of both excited and flustered.

Jake touched my pussy, I could feel the back of his hand brushing up against my lips.

“Enough!” I pushed it away. I reached down and pushed both their hands off of me, then clamped my knees together. “We’re in a public place! Geez!”

“You’re right,” Jake said to Leroy. “No panties.”

“Guys!” I warned.

“I bet she was pretty wet too,” Leroy said.

“Guys!” I meant it. “Can you at least whisper?”

“Oh yeah,” he said.

“Guys!” That was it. I gave up and folded my arms.

“Nipples are just poking through her sweater,” Leroy said.

“I noticed.”

“How old is she?”

“I’m twenty-four,” I snapped. “Also, I’m in the room.”

“Is she clean?” Jake asked.

I had this overpowering sense of deja vu, for a moment, I felt distracted.

“I’m sitting right here,” I said, a little offended.

“Oh yeah,” Leroy said. “Just tested, absolutely clean. You can wear a condom, or not, up to you.”

“Okay, sounds good.”

I looked up at the ceiling.

“Yep,” I said loudly, staring upwards. “Just me. Sitting riiiigghhhttt here. Minding my own business. I suppose if someone was curious about me, they could ask me the questions.”

I glanced at Jake.

“Are you absolutely sure we’ve never met? I really feel like I know you. Or I’ve seen you somewhere.”

“Nope.”

“Kayley,” Leroy whispered, his hand sliding up my thigh. I tried not to moan as my legs parted involuntarily. Goddamn that man. “I think you should take care of Jake.”

I looked over at Jake. There was that sense of deja vu again, like I’d heard those exact words, had been here before.

“Why don’t you take him to the men’s room and help him out. He needs some relief.”

Leroy hadn’t touched my pussy, but I was wet and tingly. I felt like things were out of control, not in a bad way, but in a kind of drifting rudderless way, like I was caught up in a current. Ever since the moment that Leroy had pulled my hair back and tongued me in front of my startled friends, it had felt like events had slipped beyond my grasp. I was caught up in

a sensual current of building eroticism, of intensifying sexuality. And my efforts at control kept being futile.

“Do I need to repeat myself?” Leroy asked. Underneath his casual smile, his eyes were glittering and humourless. He patted my leg, and somehow, it wasn’t just a pat. He took my arm, and when he did, he squeezed just a little, but there was steel in it.

There was something more. Under Leroy’s genial playful exterior, there was something else, something chilling.

“I told Jake all about you,” he said, with a smile that wasn’t a smile. “Are you going to embarrass me?”

“Sorry,” I said aimlessly. “Well, uhm, it’s not about embarrassment. It’s just this is kind of fast. Like a surprise and stuff.”

He leaned over to whisper in my ear.

“Kayley,” he said, “You’ve fucked strangers in this bar. You’re horny as fuck, everyone can see your nipples. Jake’s a nice guy. Just do it. Do it for me, because I’m asking. If you don’t like it, I’ll make it up to you. Promise.”

I would have let Leroy take me there in a heartbeat, he’d proven over and over again his ability to unstring me. I was willing to be fucked in the bathroom. I've done it how many times already? Jake didn't turn me on, but I was already turned on, already wet, already simmering in a stew of my own arousal. So, if Leroy wanted me to fuck Jake, why not?

Why not fuck Jake in the bathroom? Suddenly, I couldn’t find a good reason to say no. And there was this deja vu, almost like I’d already done it. Almost like I was caught up in a current and had to go all the way, see it through.

“Okay,” I whispered, surrendering.

“Good girl,” Leroy told me, clearly pleased. I felt oddly happy with the compliment, like a dog patted on the head.

It occurred to me that if I walked down that bar with Jake, walked down that short hallway to the Men’s Room, every pair of male eyes might be watching me, would know exactly what I was doing and where I was going, and what would be happening there.

They’d know I was going to get fucked. And when I came out, they’d know I’d been fucked, that I’d willingly spread my legs and been used, again. That a complete stranger had just shoved his cock up inside me and blown his load, again.

The thought made my heart race. I could feel my insides twist, almost like my womb was pulling up inside me, as my pussy clenched, and suddenly, I was really really wet.

What was it that turned me on? The humiliation? The idea that every man here knew I was a slut. That literally any of them could have had me, with a little luck or timing?

I was very close to a public commodity.

I picked up my phone quickly. “Gotta send a text,” I mumbled, and then dropped it in my purse. Who was I going to text? I didn’t know what to do. Stalling for time. Why not get it over with?

Jake reached into his pocket.

“Hey,” he said to Leroy, “I just remembered, I owed you for that ,,, thing.”

He pulled out his wallet and fished out a series of bills, tens and twenties, which he passed to Leroy.

“Don’t worry,” Leroy said, counting and shoving into his pocket. “I would have reminded you.”

“We square?”

“Yeah,” Leroy turned to smirk directly at me. “All paid up.”

What was that? It couldn’t be. I decided to ignore it and just barrel through. Taking Jake’s huge hand in mine, I smiled at him because he struck me as a genuinely nice guy, bland but nice, and whispered, “Let’s go.”

As he stood up, I got my first glimpse of the shape pressing against his loose fitting pants. My eyes widened slightly. I blushed and looked away.

Leroy had said he was hung.

“I just want you to know,” I told Jake, “I’m not some slut that does it with everyone. I only did it here with two guys, Leroy mostly and one other.”

“Three,” Leroy corrected.

What?

“No two,” I insisted. Then I remembered Sam. But Sam was different. But yeah, technically, he’d done me in the bathroom. “Okay, no. Three.”

“Four now,” Leroy smirked.

Fuck, I can’t even keep score. This is just getting worse and worse. Way to go, Kayley.

We walked quietly to the washrooms. I tried to get him into the Women’s Washroom, which was cleaner at least. He balked.

“It’s women only,” he said.

I rolled my eyes.

“So? We’re not supposed to be doing what we’re going to do, either. It’s cleaner in there.”

“I’m not going in there,” he insisted.

Like what, he’d get cooties? Fucking men, geez.

We walked into the Men’s room. There was a guy at the urinal. We waited. He turned around, looking over his shoulder, and saw me.

“Hey Kayley,” he said casually. “I’ll be done in a minute.”

I had no idea who he was. Very slowly, I blushed from the top of my hair all the way down to my toes.

“Okay,” I said.

“We’ll wait,” Jake said.

This was so awkward. I cast my eyes around, finding it hard to look at him. Picking out details of the Men’s Room I’d overlooked, or perhaps blotted out of my mind, on previous visits. Apparently, the word hygiene meant something completely different to men. Good to know.

He kept peeing as I waited for the ground to swallow me up from embarrassment. It didn’t. He kept peeing. And peeing.

It wasn’t so bad, I told myself. Twenty minutes with a flamethrower would spruce things right up.

Then he stopped, fixed what appeared to be the most complicated pants in the world, given the time he took. Then he washed his hands. Then he dried them.

“See you, Jake,” he said. “See you, Kayley. Have fun.” And walked past us.

“I have no idea who that was,” I told Jake.

“Neil.”

That didn’t make me feel less embarrassed.

But, now that Neil was gone, it was a little easier. It was true what Leroy had said. I was a slut legend around here. Or a sex goddess, depending on how you looked at it. There was a wanton power in that, which was kind of exciting.

I kind of hung there, mixed feelings of embarrassment and...excitement.

I wished Sam was here, listening on an open line. With Sam, I could be confident, I could be a goddess, knowing that he supported me, admired, backed me every step of the way. Hell, even having Leroy on an open line would be something.

But it was just me.

I turned to Jake, and said the first thing popped into my head.

“Do you come here often?”

And wanted to die. Oh my god.

Jake chuckled, as if I’d said something hip and clever and ironic. Yeah, okay, let’s go with that.

What do you say in these situations? With Derek and Leroy, we’d practically been in heat going in. There’d been no waiting, and no idiot at the urinal forcing us to wait. I cast about desperately. I spied a wedding ring. Oh shit. I was going to fuck a married man. This was horrible, I needed to start checking first. Maybe he was widowed, or divorced.

“You’re married?” I asked.

“Yeah, twenty years. Still going strong.”

“Cool.” Here’s me: The worst person in the world! Should I mention I was married too. No, awkward if he started asking questions.

“Kids?”

“Four.”

“Nice.”

Family man. Was I doing something wrong? Making him break his vows? Was this a special thing, just for me? Or did he do stuff like this regularly? Did I want to know? Probably not.

“You have nice breasts,” he said. “Nice nipples.”

“Thanks.”

“Are your breasts real?”

I wasn’t sure if that was rude. I decided not to be offended.

“They’re real,” I said. Something more was needed. “Would you like to see them?”

“Yes, please.”

I lifted my top exposing them. Then just took it off completely. While he was looking at them, I looked around for someplace not horrible to put it, then hung it off the stall door.

“Can I touch them?” he asked.

His hands reached for my breasts, as I backed against the toilet stall door, leaning against it.

He was playing with the nipples, as I looked down on them, watching his huge hands. Seriously, his hand could cover my entire breast.

He lifted my skirt, exposing my pussy.

"Are you shaved?" He asked.

"Yes," I said. "Do you want to touch it?"

I unzipped the skirt and slid it down, not quite allowing it to touch the floor. I turned and draped it over the stall door. I was amazed at how casual I was. How long ago had been the first time with Leroy? I'd been so nervous, almost frantic. Derek had been a ridiculously awkward hasty venture. Sam was right, we'd changed so much.

I turned back and guided his hand between my legs.

"Gently," I warned him. "Light touch, very gentle, very light."

I felt like he was going to go there anyway, but at least this way, I had some control, rather than him just pawing me. Would he feel the slickness between my lips and be repulsed by the thought of touching it. Would he even know what it was?

"You're really wet," he whispered, as I guided his hand up and down gently over my pussy. Okay, he couldn't tell the difference. His free hand fondled my breasts.

I reached for his pants, stroking his erection through his trousers. Fuck, he was big. Not stupid big. But big. Well endowed.

"I had some fun earlier," I said, "I got really worked up."

Throw him a bone, I thought.

I didn't want him to feel bad.

"But, what you're doing right now, is working me up too."

"With Leroy?" He asked.

"Sort of."

"You're gorgeous," he told me. "Your body is amazing."

Again, I had this crazy sense of deja vu, that I'd stood in this exact spot, with this exact man, and he'd said these words before. This had all happened before. Except it hadn't, obviously.

"You're big," I replied. And then I snorted, trying not to laugh.

"I'm sorry," I said quickly. "You're so tall! How tall are you? Six Four?"

"Six five," he replied, "And a half, but taller in shoes."

“Wow,” I said sincerely, “And hung,” as an afterthought.

As I said: He was big, but not stupid big. Not ridiculously big. Just Porn Star big. Bigger than anyone I’d ever been with, or seen in the Booths. Impressive, but not terrifyingly traumatic.

But really, what got me was how gloriously much of him there was. He was so tall, and he kind of spread out in all directions. His hands were these big paddles with fingers, his arms were almost as long as my legs. I could probably put both feet in one of his shoes. If I put my arms round him, they wouldn’t go all the way. There was something arresting and amazing about his sheer physical presence. It wasn’t even particularly sexual, not excessively, it was just... fascinating.

He wasn’t some ripped bodybuilder. He was kind of awkward, a bit padded, but that added to his humanity, it made him more fascinating, more real. His body, as broad and tall and massive, wasn't some idealized form. He was just a man. He was beautiful.

I promised myself that if I ever got the chance to get this man naked, I’d take it, just so I could explore every inch of him, fully appreciating the sheer human massiveness of his body.

Wait, he’s married. Oh fuck, well scratch that. This would be one and done.

“Can I unbutton your shirt a little,” I said, giving in to temptation. “I just want to touch you.”

He looked puzzled, like he couldn’t imagine why. And for just a second, I felt this moment of empathy, like it had been so long since anyone looked at him or touched him as a sensual being, he couldn’t even imagine anyone seeing him that way. I gave him my kindest smile, and worked my way down three or four buttons.

He was wearing an undershirt.

Damn it! What a giant fucking rip off!

I unbuttoned it the rest of the way, just so I wouldn’t look stupid. But, I was really disappointed. I reached down and unzipped him. His cock fell out.

It was the biggest cock I’d ever seen in person. Not stupid crazy big. But, big enough. Porn star size, a thick tube of uncircumcised flesh in my hands. I should have figured, the rest of him was kind of huge in all directions. He was so tall and his cock was so big it was practically tapping my breastbone, it was mind blowing how physically overwhelming he was.

He was hard, mostly, he was rigid, or the core was rigid, but the outer part, like maybe half an inch, was spongy. The skin felt a little loose. I’d come across cocks like this in the booths, just not so big.

I smiled at it, I couldn’t help it. Men are beautiful.

“Can you suck it,” he said, “To start me off.”

Somehow I wasn't surprised. He was so tall and it was so long he was practically there. If he was a few inches taller, I could blow him standing up. Well, not really, but seriously, his size distorted everything.

"All right," I said. "So, blow job. Come on in."

I opened the toilet stall door, and backed in, sitting on the toilet. He followed me in. I reached for his cock.

"Not like that," he said, pulling away.

"What?" I was honestly puzzled.

"Not sitting on the toilet," he said. "That's a gross way to give a blow job. It's not hygienic."

"Oh."

"You should be on your knees. When women suck cocks, they should always be kneeling."

Who the fuck made up that rule? What the hell? I looked down.

“The floor is really gross.”

“Still. That’s the proper way. You can wash your knees,” he said.

Was he for real?

“And those hard tiles are going to mess with my knees,” I complained. “I don’t want to kneel on them. They’ll hurt.”

That got him.

“Yeah,” Jake said. “Good point. You should have something to pad it.”

Like what? I thought. I didn’t see newspapers or foam rubber pads or anything. Was there a cupboard?

Jake handed me my sweater and skirt. He expected me to kneel on my expensive angora sweater? At this point, I realized I was a small petite naked girl who had already agreed to sex, and he was a six foot five inch behemoth. I mean sure, he was harmless. I felt safe with him. But when a giant hands you your sweater to kneel on... you kneel on it.

“Thanks,” I said, bundling it and getting down on my knees.

Jake reached for my head, placing one hand on the back, and then moving it to the side as he placed his second hand. The grip wasn't tight though, and he didn't thrust into my mouth. He let me open wide and take it in, as he guided my head back and forth.

It was so big there wasn’t really anything to do with it. There was no teasing, no exotic tricks with my tongue. He just put his cock in my mouth, and I did my best to suck it, bobbing my

head back and forth, squeezing it between my lips, and trying to slurp it with my tongue.

After a minute, he took his hands off and grabbed the tops of the stall walls, almost suspending himself. I kept bobbing, one hand gripping the base of his shaft, the other playing with his balls.

"That's really good," he whispered. "You're a really good cock sucker, I can tell. Girls who love to suck cocks, you can tell the difference. I'd love to come in your mouth sometime. I bet you swallow."

The door opened.

“Busy,” Jake said sternly.

“Oh, hey Jake,” someone said. I didn’t see them, they were blocked by the stall door. “I just need to pee. Two minutes.”

“I said busy,” Jake repeated.

“Just two-”

“Busy! Use the other restroom!” he bellowed.

Silence. The Men’s Room door closed. Jake looked down at me.

“Sorry about that.”

I looked up from my knees, my lips distended around his erection. I tried to make agreeing noises in my throat. Actually, I did like sucking cock, the right cock. But this was...uninspired. Not awful or unpleasant, just kind of nothing. But, he seemed to like it. I guess this was his idea of a great blow job. As a general rule, I’ve found the bigger a cock, the less you can do in terms of creative, inspired oral sex.

"Okay, that's enough," he said. "I want to fuck you now."

"All right." I pulled off, I was still wet, so I thought it would be okay. "Then come and fuck me with that big cock of yours, I need a good fucking."

I like talking dirty, and with that thought came another deja vu flash. I ignored it. God, I must be getting repetitive, saying it over and over. I smiled and bent over the toilet bracing myself with my forearms on the toilet tank. I arched my back and swung my hips seductively.

"This pussy is so wet," I husked. "Waiting for you."

He pushed it inside me. I wasn't as crazy wet as I'd been with Leroy, so he felt bigger, and because he was so much taller, his cock, when it went in me, angled down in a way that was surprisingly, intensely pleasurable.

"Fuck!" I cried out. "That cock feels good!"

It wasn't quite acting, it really did feel good, and I really was surprised. As fucked up as the situation was, I was wet, his cock was hard, and there was something bizarre and exciting.

"Your pussy feels really tight."

"Oh yeah," I agreed. "Now fuck it, fuck my tight little pussy with that big hard cock!"

But he was already thrusting hard, his hands on my hips, plunging deep and down with every push. I moaned in genuine pleasure, feeling my heart racing, my knees trembling. My arousal built with each thrust. My breasts swayed back and forth. His fingers dug into my hips.

The sheer size of his body was overpowering, and despite my efforts, my face was mashed up against the back wall with the force of each thrust, making me use my arms to cushion myself. I felt almost like a bug hitting a windshield, going splat.

Then he stopped, after only a dozen or so thrusts still buried in me. He was grunting as he pulled out.

"What's wrong?"

"I don’t like this way. I like I to see you when I fuck you."

He turned me around, pushing me back gently, until my ass was up on the toilet tank. I felt cool porcelain on my butt.

"Hold on," he said.

He reached down, hooking an elbow under one knee and lifted. I grunted, just for a moment, I felt like a wishbone. I could feel my pussy suddenly gaping wide. Then he got his other elbow under my other knee, and suddenly I was literally suspended, ass perched on the toilet tank, practically bent double. He pulled my hips forward, until they were literally at the edge of the lid, and moved his hips forward, straddling the toilet bowl.

"Holy shit!" I was astonished.

This is what sex with really big guys is like I guess. They literally can pick you up and turn you into a human pretzel. It was exciting and disorienting. Suddenly, I couldn't move, my knees were up in the air, hooked over his elbows, my feet were dangling, I was spread wide open, so I could feel myself gaping between my legs. My pussy was wide open and presented for mounting.

With one surge of his hips, he thrust up into me, bottoming out, and making me cry out with breathless pleasure. He grunted as he pumped up into me.

“Oh fuck,” I groaned. I’d never felt so full, I felt stretched, opened, vividly aware of how far up inside me he was, of the uncomfortable pressure of his cock head on my cervix.

Pinning me against the wall, I could feel him pulling back almost half way. It felt like my insides were collapsing inwards as he withdrew. Then he thrust up, all the way in, filling me all over again, my eyes bulged and I went red in the face, wincing as he smashed past my

cervix again and again, relentlessly.

“Oh shit!” I grunted, with his thrust. Then “Ohhh,” as he withdrew, and “Oh shit!” It became a litany as he started to fuck me like that, pinned like a butterfly, contorted like a pretzel, utterly helpless, my cunt a sleeve for his massive cock. “Ohhh...Oh shit! Ohh...Oh shit! Ohh…Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit!”

There was something disorienting about it, being hammered inside out. He felt so fucking big, and every time he thrust, it pushed my lungs out, and I never quite refilled them on the down stroke, until I was gasping desperately for air on each thrust.

"Oh fuck!" I moaned. "Oh fuck! Your cock feels so big."

With each thrust, I could feel my whole body rock and lift as he rammed up into me. My shoulders and head were slammed against the wall behind me. His cock fell out, and he just pulled back and rammed in again, making me cry out.

"Oh fuck," I grunted. He was fucking me so hard it was almost hard to breath. I kept trying to time my breaths to his rapid thrusts, panting at a dizzying rate. But, he kept knocking the breath out of me.

Jake was barreling towards orgasm, I could feel the heat bursting off his body as his frenzied pounding ramped up. His cock felt bigger in me, hotter, harder.

"Yes," I cried my own orgasm closing in. "Fuck. Fuck me. Come in me. I need--"

Then it hit him, I practically saw his eyes roll up. Suddenly, he was pushing into me like a freight train, all his weight and muscle flattening me against the wall, contorting me even further, as his cock swelled and shot rope after rope of viscous semen up inside me. Teeth clenched, his face a rictus of contorted muscle, made this roaring noise in his throat, pumping into me with spastic jerks, trying to achieve a few more millimeters of penetration.

Finally, he relaxed, but he didn't let go. He held me in place as he panted and came down, our bodies jammed together so hard, I couldn't even get my fingers in to reach my clit if I wanted to.

My orgasm had been so close. Now it hovered, dissolving slowly into this sort of wet generalized arousal, a pressing mindless need to be fucked, even after the hard cock inside me, slowly softened and shrank with each tick of a second.

"Oh fuck," he whispered, relaxing finally. "You're a good whore. You're a real piece of ass. Fuck. Good cocksucker, tight pussy, hot bod, clean. Worth it. Any time you're around, I'm going to have you again."

There it was. Leroy’s insistence. Money changing hands right in front of me. I’d refused to think about it, but now I know. The knowledge merged with the erotic haze of his cock and semen in me, my own orgasm so close but not quite there, a sexual frustration and need unfilled and now the dirty knowledge. I wasn’t here to come, I was here to be used. I forced my fingers between us, stroking my clitoris roughly, pushing past, hooking fingers in my pussy and grinding my palm.

“Say it again,” I whispered.

“What?”

“Say I’m a good whore,” I hissed.

“Fuck,” he said, “You’re a great whore, better than most of the girls on the street. Nice fucking tits. Hot body. Pretty. Best I’ve had in a while.”

Oh god, I was so fucking close.

“Tight?” I demanded, my voice almost a whine.

“Oh fuck, yes. Tight wet cunt. No attitude like some whores. You just spread and take it like you love it. Fantastic whore. Fuck, I’d pay double. I’d pick you off the street any time.”

The orgasm came over me rolling like a tidal wave, capped with a foam of self loathing, carrying with it a filthy mess of dark emotions and thoughts, angst, self hatred, betrayal, depraved lust and worst of all an exultation that this was really who I was now, and I was where I belonged.

He grunted oblivious, lowering me. I felt my weight settle on the toilet tank lid. He sank down, sitting reverse cowgirl on the toilet seat, letting my knees lower, slipping his elbows from under. I felt very stretched out and cramped all at once. Up inside, I felt the sensation of his cum oozing rapidly inside me as my position shifted.

"Here," I said awkwardly, "Can you let me out?"

He backed away in the stall, and pulled up his pants, handing me my sweater and skirt which were now dirty and more mangled.

I felt jangly, I guess being contorted into a pretzel does that to you. It was like my limbs didn't feel right, my walk was loose and almost bouncy. My pussy, leaking cum again, felt funny.

“Well,” I said diplomatically, stretching awkwardly and recovering from pretzelness, “That was intense.”

"Can I take a picture?" he asked.

“Excuse me!”

“To show the guys in the bar, to prove I was here with you.”

I wasn’t sure if that made it worse or better. On the other hand, I was naked with a six foot five behemoth, so maybe it would be nice. Then I laughed at myself. This guy was a giant teddy bear. He might turn me into a pretzel, fucking me, but he wasn’t scary. I even kind of liked him.

And I was in a weird, jangly mood. Freshly fucked, it kind of throws you a little. I'd had an orgasm, barely but it was there, so I was sort of feeling well disposed to him, and open. You know how it is when you come, and you just feel nicer and more receptive to things.

I chewed my lip.

"Just one picture?"

"Just one."

"Uhm," I said. "I suppose. I can put my clothes back on, and we can take it together."

"I was thinking, just you, and naked?"

I laughed out loud. Men! Give them an inch, they'll take a mile.

"I dunno."

"Please."

The thing was, I really wasn't happy with Leroy cornering me into having sex with this guy. I didn't like it and I didn't feel good about it.

But weirdly, I kind of liked Jake. Not in love or anything, and not huge, we weren't going to be best friends. But, I felt affection for him. Maybe it was the orgasm or something. I was cranky that Leroy had pushed me. But, what Jake was asking was coming from him, not from Leroy. In some indefinable way, doing it would be a 'fuck you Leroy' kind of move.

And hell, I'd just given a live sex show in the back of a cab. I'd masturbated in front of a cab driver. Compared to that? This was phhttt.

Maybe I was a bit of an exhibitionist after all.

"Okay, sure," I said. What the hell, right? Live a little. "But don't text or email it to anyone, okay? It stays on your phone, period."

"I understand," he said. "I promise."

"And make sure your wife never sees it!"

"All right," I said, as he took out his smart phone. "Where do you want this?"

"Right there is fine."

He held up his phone.

"A couple, just to make sure. I'll keep the best and delete the others."

"Fine," I said, it made sense.

I cocked my hip, placing one hand on it, held up the other in a peace sign, and grinned.

“That’s good.”

Suddenly, I was curious.

“Let me look,” I said, stepping over to him. He turned the phone around, and we checked me out. I sucked air though my teeth, and then blew it out. Yikes.

“Holy shit! That’s bad,” I said. The lighting was just awful, stark and the angle of it made my skin tone look bluish, and put shadows on my face. I looked like a zombie crack ho. The image cut off part of the peace sign I was holding up making it look like I was giving the finger, and he’d cut my legs off at the knees.

Also, I looked fat.

“It’s okay,” he said. “I like it.”

The other two were even worse. I mean, holy shit!

Men!!!!

“No,” I said, taking charge because he was clearly hopeless. “Delete it! Delete them all! We’ll take a better one.

The Men’s Room wasn’t a big place for all the sex I’d had in here. A couple of toilet stalls, three urinals against one wall. A sink.

One sink.

Let that filter in. Men are pigs. Okay, technically, there were two sinks. But, one was out of order, and looked like it had been for some time. Men are still pigs.

But it was pretty clear that the lighting around the stalls was dire. And Jake’s approach to photography was the same as his approach to sex, point and shoot. No, I’m sorry, that was mean of me. Kind of true-ish though. So I needed to take charge.

I moved around the Men’s Room, looking for places where the light was more flattering and striking poses. Jake would take a few pictures in each spot, we’d talk poses, and then we’d try somewhere else. Jake’s idea of poses was along the lines of “spread your legs wide” and “Okay bend over, show us your butt hole.” I tried to be a little more creative. At one point I got on the broken sink and did a split beaver and scissored my legs, with this pained smile because I was worried the sink would collapse. We did the poses I found fun.

Then we turned the phone around, and went through about thirty pics. About twenty were just awful. We deleted those right away. About a dozen, mostly mine, like my ideas and my choices of poses, were kind of cool. We argued a little about those, but I had the last word.

In the end, we settled on three. There was one of me between two urinals, arms outstretched, one knee up and bent a little inward so you couldn’t see my pussy at all, grinning crazily,

looking for all the world like I was doing a chorus girl number with toiletware. That was my favourite.

Then there was one of me leaning back against a tiled wall, one hand under my breasts, framing them, while I pretended to hold a cigarette in my other hand and gazed at the camera with Parisian detachment.

The last one was of me in the corner, one leg up with my heel hooked in the basin of the urinal, one hand pulling my pussy forward so it was on full graphic display, and I was giving a come hither smile. That was his favourite, because of course it was.

I let him keep those three and made him delete the rest.

Well, actually, I let him keep one more. It was a crotch shot, where I was holding my pussy lips wide open, and you could see his pearly semen oozing. But, you couldn't see my face or anything identifying in there. Completely anonymous and generic. Literally, you could get ten thousand of the same thing off the internet.

"You're really creative," he told me. "You should have been an artist."

I preened. This has been fun. Sexy fun, but not overwhelming. It was playful, sexy, not stressful, even kind of de-stressing. I liked that we had a bit of fun that Leroy didn't own. I think we took as much time talking and taking pictures as we did fucking. Well, pretty close.

"Aw thanks," I told him, while I was pulling on my skirt and angora, "You big galoot, bend down so I can give you a peck on the cheek!"

Peck duly delivered, I checked myself in the mirror, tidied up a bit, and tsk'd about the state of my Angora sweater. It had fallen off the stall door at some point, and apparently been stepped on. Angora collects dirt like you wouldn't believe, and the floor near a public toilet...I sighed, barely wearable, for now.

Jake stood around watching, I half expected him to be out the door. Maybe he just liked looking at me. I wiggled my butt a little for him, not much, it was practically subliminal, and smiled into the mirror.

I realized I was dragging it out a little. I wasn't sure how I felt about going out there. It felt like when I went out, every single man there would be looking at me, knowing I got fucked in a disgusting Men's Room, knowing I was the biggest slut ever. That's pretty intimidating.

But there was also a part that wanted to be bold, to look them in the eye, because I was an unstoppable sex goddess, and whatever shit they whispered back and forth, every single one would jerk off over me, and would give their left nut to have a chance, that I was their wet dream. And Leroy was out there, a mixture of hot sexiness, and wild kink, and bullshit, and he'd be smirking over sending me to fuck some guy like he'd won a prize. Sam wouldn't smirk, Sam would cheer for me. So much uncertainty and bullshit out there. No wonder I lingered here.

Something occurred to me.

Turning away from the mirror, I asked casually, keeping any note of concern out of my voice, “Hey, just how much did you pay Leroy to have sex with me?”

“A hundred dollars,” he replied and shrugged. “Why do you ask?”

“No reason,” I said. My makeup needed a touch up. I opened my purse, pulled out a compact, powdered a little, and fixed my lipstick.

Apparently I was a prostitute now, it seemed. I supposed Leroy found that funny. Probably laughed about it.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 40, Revenge of the Soiled
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KAYLEY'S HARD DAYS NIGHT - PART THREE OF FIVE.

KAYLEY POV

Apparently I was a prostitute now, it seemed. I supposed Leroy found that funny. Probably laughed about it.

Suddenly, I couldn't stand to look at Jake. Or at myself. I busied myself, pretending to touch up my make up. But inside, I felt soiled.

It was hitting me now, in the post-sex lucidity. I should have known something was up when Leroy was so insistent, when they'd clearly been setting me up. I should have known when Jake paid money over 'for that thing' but I'd been distracted and scattered. Jake had said it during sex, right in front of me, but I'd been too busy getting turned into a pretzel and stuffed like a Christmas Turkey, and I'd just let it pass as sex talk, I'd loved it as sex talk. You say filthy insane things as sex talk.

But it was all adding up, so I asked. It was real.

Fucking Leroy.

I mean, I didn't mind fucking his friend or whatever. My boundaries were already pretty fluid - Derek, Bruno, those guys in the stairwell.

But he had to make it that. And even worse, he'd manipulated me. He hadn't even asked, hadn't given me the choice to do it or not do it, do it for money or do it for free. He'd just put me in the position. I felt used. He didn't talk to me, he didn't try to convince me. He just sold me. He'd arranged to sell me. Jake was right there, it had all been worked out behind my back.

I was a whore now.

He'd set me up, like it was some big fucking joke. He was probably laughing at how stupid I was. How easy I'd been to play. My hands were shaking. I dropped the makeup compact in my purse.

A whore. One time in my life, at least.

I'd always thought it would be exciting. The thought of crossing that line had seemed exciting. But this? This wasn't anything how I thought it would be. This was just the fact of it, with all the fun, the flirting, the sexy tease taken out.

This was just shit and ashes in my mouth.

"You okay," Jake asked, he sounded concerned.

"Oh yeah," I told him cheerfully, betraying nothing, letting nothing show through. "I'm fine."

Unless there would be other times I would be a whore. I tried that thought on. I had fantasized about it, I supposed. But this was too different from the fantasy to connect.

I was upset, but not as upset as I felt I should be. I felt disconnected. Maybe it was the post-sex lucidity. It was abstract anger, without emotion. I guess I was struggling with the physical immediacy of the event, of Jake's presence. I'd liked Jake more and more as we'd gone along, we'd had fun with pictures. And now I didn't know where to put all of that.

Right now I wasn't sure how I felt. Would I later? Furious maybe? Used? Well, I had definitely been used, but...I wasn't feeling that emotion. Maybe I should be angry? But the closest I could come was resentful.

Hot? Aroused? I wasn't in the state of heating up where that would be hot. Or the post orgasmic glow where I'd be okay. I knew I'd had fantasies, but they seemed abstract right here in the bland grubby reality at the moment.

Would there be other times? Leroy wasn't the sort of man to give up ground he'd conquered. If he thought he could get away with doing this to me, he'd do it again. So... probably, maybe. I tested the idea, but there wasn't time to really delve, we were ready to go.

We walked out of the Men's room together. Jake went back to his buddies, I guessed.

I sat down at Leroy's table. He rose from his chair to lean over me, dominating with his presence, the mass of him hovering over me, forcing me to slouch lower in the chair. He put his hand up my skirt, gripping the smooth bare skin of my thigh just below my pussy, and kissed me hard, pushing my head back.

"Good girl," he called me.

My body remained stiff, my muscles tense.

My lover, though there was no love in the way he'd turned me out. But, what better word for him?

My pimp. The man who turned me out. Who sold me to a stranger. Who I fucked a complete stranger twice my age for.

I put my head close to him to whisper.

"You sold me," I accused Leroy, without anger.

"I wouldn't put it that way," he said.

"I'm not mad," I said, which was true, and a simplification of some very complicated feelings.

"It's more of a finders fee," he told me with a slight cheeriness. "You like to be fucked. You wanted to be fucked. You got fucked. So? What's the problem?"

That startled me, and it stung. Did I really come off that shallow? I wondered. I didn't like to think of myself like that. But, there was enough of something like truth in it, that it made me uncomfortable.

He settled back in his seat, smiling, his hand still on my leg.

"Look at you, you came here," he whispered, "Sneaking around on your boyfriend."

"You brought me here," I protested, feeling a sudden flair of genuine anger. Where the fuck did he get off? Who the hell did he think he was, playing his asshole games? I wasn't sneaking around on Sam! Leroy had derailed my whole fucking night, like an asshole. This was all on him.

Except... I didn't have to get in the cab with him. I could have just told him to fuck off and gone home. I could have called Sam at any point, any time. I didn't have to do what I did in the cab. I didn't have to go into the bar, I could have just had Rahul take me home. I didn't have to go with Jake.

"And you stayed," he said, interrupting my thoughts. "And not ten minutes later you were spreading your legs…Who's fucking fooling who? You wanted it. And you wanted me in control. You wanted a hard cock, mine or one I picked for you."

I blushed hard, staring down. Looking at him was harder.

My smart phone was with me the whole time, every minute, every second. I could have called Sam at any time. Just reach in, open, touch his name.

But I hadn't even thought of it, I'd been constantly swept up in the moment, as if I was carried along on a current. But I could have. I could have called.

I didn't feel good about myself, suddenly.

He reached down casually, laying his hand on my thigh, and smoothly sliding beneath the hem of my skirt. Automatically, I opened for him, lifting my knee, moving my hips to give him access.

"It's not--" I tried to whisper. It was like that, but it wasn't. It was more complicated, but the words died. Then he touched me there, fingertips parting my lips. My words jumbled, and he smiled.

"You're so fucking wet," Leroy whispered, teasing me down there. A fingertip brushed my clit. "He fucked you good, I guess. Did you come? Fucking some loser? That's what you want, isn't it? To be down in the gutter, with the trash like us. That's what gets you off. You're slumming?"

I blushed hot, my stomach went butterflies - Down in the gutter, wallowing with the trash. The phrase had made my heart speed up.

"No," I sputtered. Slumming, was I that shallow? "It's not like that."

Momentarily uncertain and disarmed, he took advantage of the opportunity to lean forward towards me, turning his and and slipping a finger inside, almost at my G-spot, I rocked my hips. Right out in the open, I felt I couldn't resist, there was something that made me weak.

I moaned softly, not trusting words.

"Don't pretend you didn't know. I took money for you, right in front of you, and you went and fucked him. I dangled it like a hook in front of you, and you wanted to bite. You didn't even complain, you just did as you were told."

He kissed my cheek.

"You're a whore, darling," he whispered. "That's what you wanted. Maybe you didn't come here as a whore. But you gave me your pussy, you just handed it over. And when I talked about selling it before, your only real question was 'who?' You were just fine with getting turned out. You've been wanting this."

"Jesus," I breathed, I could barely focus. This was surreal. Two fingers were in me, right in public, stroking my G-spot, while he pressed his thumb against my clit. The words seemed to echo, like I'd heard them before. Was he quoting a hot scene in some really erotic movie. Familiarity gave it a weird sense of authenticity, a degrading, but false, feeling of trueness, that left my struggling to breathe, my skin flushed hot, and my heart racing.

"Look at how fucking wet you are,"

"Hey," I whispered. "Shit."

"A little finder's fee," he said. "To give you what you need, that's nothing. Makes it even hotter for you. You want me to sell you. Deep down, you need it."

"You are such an asshole," I breathed, and wasn't sure if it was an insult or compliment.

I pushed his hand away finally.

"No more," I snapped. "Just no more, you're fucking with my head. Stop."

I took a deep breath, and looked him straight in the eye.

"You're a lying, manipulating piece of shit."

“Watch it,” he warned, he still smiled, but it vanished from his eyes, replaced by something cold.

“You could have asked.”

Leroy chuckled.

“Don’t do that again,” I said, trying to force some conviction into my voice. “It’s my life, my body. I choose.”

He smiled his sleazy smile at me, shrugged and nodded, as he drank. At least, I think he nodded.

“Okay,” I said. "That’s settled, no more bullshit. "

I crossed my legs firmly, folded my arms, and sat back, somewhat pissy. I felt out of breath, but I was breathing normally, it felt like I wanted to race, to do something. My pussy was wet, my clit sending all kinds of signals, butterflies in my stomach. I took a deep breath, trying to bring my fluttering body back under my control.

It wasn’t the sex. Or it wasn’t just about the sex, I amended. Two fundamental things had happened, and I had gone along with both at the time. Now? I was very unsure how to deal with them.

The cab thing, surprisingly, didn't bother me too much. Basically, it was just the same play I’d done with Leroy when Sam was driving us, just without the underlying tension of the cuckold thing, and amped up. I was kind of embarrassed at some of the things I’d said and how far it had gone. But I’d loved the red light/green light game and I wanted to figure out a way to play it with Sam. Oh hell, there were so many ways we could play it, I was practically excited!

But, flirting with, or actually fucking a stranger? That had always been between me and Sam, and it had been mutual, we’d done it together. Now it was Leroy, he’d added himself in, and it hadn’t been mutual, he’d decided and I’d gone along with it. Some personal boundary had shifted, but in an odd way, it felt like it was already there, like he had already had used me for other men, and he was just doing it now. I blushed suddenly, thinking of being at the glory holes with him. Still, that had been its own bizarre thing. This... this was definitely an adjustment in the boundaries of what he could do with me.

I wasn’t sure about that, or where it would go. Did this mean that from now on I’d also fuck strangers with him? Or for him? Or that he would pick them and I’d keep going along? This seemed like a really profound and basic change with Leroy, and I didn’t know that this line he’d crossed could be uncrossed. Like I said, he wasn’t the type to retreat once he’d conquered ground. If he could make me do this once... I didn’t think he’d want to give up the right.

Honestly, it was disturbing, but in a dark way, exciting too. Sitting here, being annoyed, thinking about the idea that in the future, if we were out alone together, he could pick any random person for me to have sex with, and I’d end up doing it...Wow. That was working

without a net. That was jumping into the deep end. But, still with that safety back up: Leroy, for courage and back up, replacing Sam. It was different with Sam, Sam offered the option, the choice. Leroy made the choice, and that appealed to my submissive aspect.

I was ashamed but some part of me wanted it, wanted him to have this power over me. That's why I'd let him, in the cab, with Jake, in public. I liked him having power over me, and just thinking that, made my pussy clench, I could feel my thighs wet. I squirmed involuntarily in my seat.

Leroy watched me and smiled, like he was reading me. And that just made me blush and go wetter. My fucking nipples were like dixie cups, poking out of my dirty sweater.

Okay yes. Yes, it made me wet, this expansion of whatever it was he had. This expansion of his conquest. He had taken territory in my psychic landscape, encroached deeper into me. He wasn't the sort to just back out. And on a deep level, I wanted his conquest.

Was it a good thing though? I mean, even if it was exciting, it probably wasn't. And it complicated my marriage. This was the sort of thing I'd talk about with Sam.

Except I couldn't.

I chewed my lip and reached out to sip some wine, as the thoughts went around and around in my head.

Then there was the other thing. Also profound and fundamental. The transaction. I knew what it was, on some level, but I didn't think about it. I just did it. Was that why I'd gone with Jake so easily, because on some level I'd known and accepted?

A hundred dollars wasn't that much for either one of us. It wasn't really about the money, it could have been ten, which would be insulting, or ten thousand, tempting on its own. But, it wasn't the money, it was the significance, what it meant, what it symbolized. I'd always had the fantasy of being a prostitute, or at least trying it. I think every woman did. This had been nothing like my fantasies. Except for the act...and the transaction.

And the significance. I shifted in my chair again, uncrossing and recrossing my legs involuntarily. I leaned back, thoughtfully. The significance. The more I thought about it that way, the more wet I was. Contemplating the significance was arousing and disturbing.

It was like a door had been opened.

Fuck, I was probably overthinking it. It was just a stupid fucking thing, it didn't mean anything. It was insulting, and I'd tell him not to do it again, because it was stupid and insulting, and that would be the end of it. With sex, you try all kinds of things, and some of them don't work, so you don't do it again. That was how it worked.

Except, some doors, when they're opened, they stay open.

And as if in answer, I could feel my clit throb, this little wet shiver in my pussy, not a clench, but a response. Maybe he even had my next customer, even customers, lined up. That thought produced a whole body shiver, like someone stepping over your grave. I let my gaze drift

around the room, as casually as I could, but no one seemed to be particularly focused on me.

Fuck, overthinking. I sighed heavily. It was all nonsense. Where was it going to go? What would he do with it? This was something he'd done, it was his initiative not mine. That was part of my frustration. I hadn't chosen, he had, a thought that gave me a little shiver. So, was it just a one time thing, a gag? Or something more?

Definitely needed to stop overthinking.

"Thinking hard?" Leroy asked. "Deciding you liked it after all?"

"How would you know?" I asked sarcastically, blushing a little.

He took a drink.

"You uncrossed your legs."

I froze. Fuck. As I'd thought, I'd shifted unconsciously in my seat, had sipped my wine, picking up and putting down the glass, I'd ended up slouched forward in my chair, legs parted, the skirt ridden up a bit. Oh fuck me.

There's unconscious body language, but this was a giant blinking neon billboard, and I didn't want to think about the message he was reading. I had this sudden fear that on some subliminal level, it had already been decided.

He smiled, and laid his hand on my thigh, just at the border of the skirt where it had ridden up. My knees snapped together automatically, but his fingers were trapped between my thighs anyway. Not good, Kayley, I thought.

"Whatever," I said, too quickly.

He just smiled.

Fuck you, you manipulative asshole, I thought. I'm not your toy. You don't get to play games with my body and my head.

I was done. At least for tonight.

What the fuck was I going to do about Sam? I couldn't imagine telling him, but I couldn't imagine not telling him.

Fucking Leroy's bullshit, it was frustrating.

"It's been fun," I snapped. "I'm ready to leave."

He shrugged.

His eyes darted towards the bar. What, his next customer? My next customer? Again, the little shiver down below. I decided not to look. If I looked, I might make eye contact. If I made eye contact, some asshole would come over. If he came over, I'd have to shut him

down.

Or not. Maybe I'd end up spreading my legs again, as cash changed hands.

The fucking thing with Leroy was he was so good at this. He was hot and sleazy, and he dominated me just the way I needed. And so good at making me do things...This whole night was an example. Just give him even a little and the next thing I knew I was sucking his cock, or putting on sex shows, or fucking a stranger. So don't even look.

Except there was something odd. Leroy was frowning a bit. Not much, but I knew him well enough that he wasn't pleased.

I looked.

Rahul the cab driver was sitting at the bar.

What the fuck?

Leroy must have caught my expression, or followed my gaze.

"Hoping for an encore," I suppose, Leroy said dismissively. "Missed his chance. Doesn't realize his part of the circus left town."

He laughed.

"Well," he said. "I guess you've got a ride home, you prefer paying to getting paid. I bet he'd appreciate a tip. Cash... or the other kind."

God, what an asshole

"Did you?" I asked, wanting to know if Leroy had brought him back. But it was clear from his expression that Rahul was unwanted. Well, that settled it. The next time Rahul's gaze swept the bar, I waved. He nodded.

"Don't," Leroy warned again, no smile at all.

Fuck you, Leroy, I thought. Him not wanting Rahul to come over was all I needed.

I gestured him over.

"Am I welcome now?" Rahul asked politely.

He loomed over us. He was tall, not gigantor tall like Jake, but 6'1" or 6'2", broad shouldered, well proportioned, slim waist, no sign of fat, radiating dignity and sex appeal. He even smelled nice, not that I was sniffing him.

Fuck, now that he was out of his cab, he was hot!

"I suppose," Leroy said sourly, looking away.

Okay, something had definitely gone on between them while I was in the Men's Room with Jake. Well, the way I was feeling, if it annoyed Leroy, I was all for it.

It was kind of weird, given the things I'd done in the back of his cab. But, considering what I'd just done, the boundaries and lines crossed since then...It seemed far away and not that bad. I mean, he could go to any strip club and get the same kind of performance, I supposed.

"Why don't you sit down?" I asked, mainly to piss Leroy off. I didn't want to have an out and out fight with him, I just wanted to make a point. Rahul sat. He had a can of red bull with him, and put it on the table.

"Do Sikhs drink red bull?" I asked.

"We don't drink alcohol," he explained, "It is forbidden. As is tobacco. Our faith is about discipline. Some of us drink coffee, I do. So far as I know, there's no edict against red bull."

"Oh." I nodded. Learn something every day.

"I prefer tea, however," he said, and then asked, "How have you been?"

I laughed.

"In the half hour since you dropped us off?"

Well, in that time, I fucked a giant with a big cock, took a bunch of nude pictures, transitioned from free woman to income earning property, person to commodity, I got fingered right out in the middle of the bar and I'm currently fighting with this asshole here. But I didn't say any of that.

He shrugged.

"So what are you doing here?" I asked.

"As a driver, there is a mandatory half hour break every four hours. It is not wise to sit in the cab on break, best practice is to get out, walk, even sit on a different seat. The body stiffens."

He said 'stiffens' I noticed. Not a goofy double entendre for once, just casual conversation. I appreciated that. It's just such a relief, you know. Men really shouldn't be allowed to do innuendo, they really suck at it.

"I'm booked on a double shift. Usually, I prefer a tea house or coffee shop," he concluded. "But, there are none within convenient range. By the time I got there, my break would be half over."

"Can't you just take your break when you get to a coffee house?"

"The schedules are computer controlled," he explained. "I have no control over when the break is."

"That seems unfair," I said, sympathetically.

He shrugged.

“I see,” I said, “So nothing to do with wanting to see me again?”

I mean, he’d seen so much of me already.

“The tea houses are closed, and the most convenient coffee shop is fifteen minutes away. I would lose half my break getting there. So without disrespect, no.”

“Hah,” Leroy said. He was definitely not happy with Rahul’s presence, which only encouraged me to smile at him more.

Hey, milestone: Leroy and I were having our first fight. I wondered if this meant his spell over me was fading. If so, it was about time.

“I didn’t realize you were doing a double shift,” I said. “You must be tired.”

He held up the can of red bull.

“My second.”

“Ouch,” I said. “You must be a bit wired. ‘Stiff’ from driving. It still must be nice to have a break, get some relief.”

Oh no. Now I’d done it! All that mocking sleazy entendres for their stupidity and here I was doing it myself. I winced.

“Indeed,” he replied. “And pleasant company is refreshing.”

It wasn’t more than a casual remark, but I giggled theatrically like he’d said something really funny, for Leroy’s sake, just sticking the pin in. Take that, I thought.

“I’m glad you think I’m refreshing,” I said, just pouring it on. I threw in another giggle.

He smiled carefully. He’d picked up I was fucking with Leroy, he didn't know what was going on, but he also didn’t mind the attention.

“You are very enlivening,” he said.

“I hope I wasn’t too inappropriate in the cab,” I said. “I’d hate to have you think less of me.”

“You were memorable.”

I smiled and touched his hand.

“Kind of you to say so,” I said. “So, two shifts. That’s sixteen hours of sitting. It must be nice to get out of the cab and be able to stand ‘erect.’”

Oh god, I’d done it again. I was so embarrassed even if no one noticed. Really, it was so

stupid sounding when men did it. He must think I was an idiot.

“Indeed,” he agreed.

I pursed my lips.

“But you’re sitting now?”

“It’s a chair, not a car seat,” he said politely. “The difference is substantial.”

“Really,” I squirmed in my seat, crossing my legs and leaning forward. I had an idea to fuck with Leroy. “Is your chair comfortable?”

I licked my lips, trying to minimize it, but make it sensual rather than nervous. I had butterflies. I was going to try something.

“Very. Thank you for inquiring.”

“Mine isn’t,” I pouted. “I find these chairs very uncomfortable. This one in particular.”

“I’m sorry,” Rahul said, beginning to lift. “Would you like my seat?”

“May I?”

Okay, this was risky. Because if it goes right everyone thinks it’s cool. But, if it goes wrong, I’m on my ass, or Leroy is freaking out.

I crossed over and sat on his lap. Leroy tried to keep his expression neutral, but I could tell he was surprised and annoyed. Take that, Leroy, I thought with satisfaction. It took everything I had not to give him a triumphant finger. Rahul was half raised from his chair, he fell back heavily, but didn’t push me off.

“You’re right,” I purred. “This is a much more comfortable seat.”

I think he might have blushed through his beard, he wasn’t sure how to respond. I threw an arm around him.

“I’m... glad to be of service.”

“You don’t mind. Do you?” I purred. “I’m not too heavy? I’m not getting in the way of you standing ‘erect.”

“Not at all,” he said. I could tell he was flustered. His gaze darted to Leroy. I followed it. Leroy wasn’t quite looking away, but his smile was as tight as a puckered asshole, and he was trying not to roll his eyes. He definitely didn’t like this. Payback, bitch, I thought. Then wondered if he’d take revenge later. Or maybe he’d learn his lesson and grow up a little, respect some boundaries. Anyway, he was getting what he’d dealt out to Sam, and I took satisfaction from that. Feeling like a cuck? I thought. Fuck you. Learn a lesson.

Then I had an ‘oh shit’ thought.

“You’re not married are you?” I asked. I didn’t see a ring. Did Sikhs wear rings? I remembered Colin from the restaurant, and Jake with his wife. Play was all right, but these were real people I was messing with and I had no right to fuck with their lives.

“No,” he said. I felt a palpable wave of relief. I wasn’t being an asshole. I should have asked earlier though. I didn’t let any of that show. Instead, I leaned into it, smiled, and said, “I’m so sorry. That must be lonely. Do you get hard up for company, sometimes?”

I wiggled on his lap for emphasis. Was that an erection? Why yes it was. Oh god, I’d always laughed at these sleazy double entendres, and now here I was doing it. I was so ashamed.

But it worked.

Maybe men were just easy.

“Occasionally,” he said.

I could totally be a lap dancer!

I realized, I was actually starting to have fun, it wasn’t about fucking with Leroy any more. Well, mostly still, yes. But...And goddamn, but he was sexy. He was a sexy, sexy Sikh.

“Well,” I said right in front of Leroy, “I get lonely too. I’m glad we’re sharing loneliness together. It's nice to be with someone.”

I paused. Leroy's mouth opened and shut. I ignored him.

“You have a magnificent beard,” I said. “Is it okay if I touch it? It wouldn’t violate your religion?”

“Not at all,” he said gravely.

I ran my hand along his beard as he held still. It was a lot softer than I expected. I touched his cheeks, stroking them as I brought my face closer. My lips pressed against his, softer than I expected, with the taste of exotic spices and red bull on them.

“Oops!” I said softly, withdrawing and looking into his eyes. “I’m sorry, I hope I didn’t do anything wrong?”

“No,” Rahul replied, just as softly. I really liked his precise formal way of speaking. “I should say you did not.”

“Good,” I murmured, and kissed him, our lips parted, the sweet spicy taste of him filled my mouth, and I gave him my tongue. I forgot all about Leroy, and about the fact that the entire bar was probably watching me, and just enjoyed him. Every girl should kiss a Sikh at least once in her life. I wanted to enjoy mine as long as possible.

His strong manly arms wrapped gently around me and it felt even better.

“So,” I said, breaking the kiss, my tongue swirling from Rahul’s mouth. I could feel him move in his pants, a sudden, filling lurch. “Is there any way I could change your mind about that offer of a blow job?”

“Yes please,” he said, his voice just a little strangled. Yes, there was definitely action down below. “But there is little time.”

“Then we shouldn’t waste a minute,” I said, kissing him and slipping my tongue between his lips. “We shouldn’t waste a second.”

“I am in agreement.”

I glanced at Leroy, he was watching us with visible annoyance. I resisted the urge to stick my tongue out at him. Bite it, Leroy, I thought, you’re not in charge all the time, you don’t get to make all the decisions.

I smiled, stroking Rahul’s beard.

“Okay,” I said. “But a blow job and nothing else. And we have to be quick, you’re on break after all.”

“So you’re doing this?” Leroy asked flatly, he wasn’t thrilled.

“It won’t take long,” I said. “Then we can leave and I can go home.”

Implication: I'm going home after this. You’re not getting any, I thought. Teach you a lesson.

“Besides,” I said, rubbing it in, “You practically handed me over to him in the cab. It’s your offer. He just agreed to take me up on it.”

He shrugged.

“Yeah,” he said. “I suppose.”

He smiled then, like he was reminding himself of a secret.

“You go have fun.”

I smirked. Fuck you, I thought. You don’t get to have it all your own way.

“I plan to,” I told him.

I took Rahul by the hand and led him off. I felt giddy, but also nervous. What the hell was I doing? I tried not to think about eyes watching me. This wouldn't do my reputation any good at all. But, we were committed. And it was kind of thrilling, kind of naughty.

“There is not much time,” Rahul told me.

“Time enough.”

I led him into the bathroom, picking out the non-horrible toilet stall. He looked at it dubiously.

“This place is...”

“Yeah,” I agreed, it was gross. Finally! A man gets it! Then it hit me, we have options. “I have a better idea,” I told him.

I led him into the Women’s Washroom. It was smaller, two stalls, two sinks, no urinals, but cleaner, and the door locked. How had I not noticed that before? I locked it.

I led him to a clean toilet stall, the porcelain toilet gleamed, and sat down. No grief, like Jake. Come to think of it, Jake was weirdly fastidious about the strangest things. Rahul edged himself into the stall, shut and locked the door, he pressed his back to it.

“You don’t mind my sitting for this?” I asked, just in case.

“Why should I object to your comfort?” he asked politely. I loved that, and I love the way he said it! Maybe I should take him home to Sam. I wondered how he’d be with a threesome. I bet he'd be up for it. The hard part would be explaining where I found him.

“You Sir,” I told him appreciatively, “Are a Sikh and a gentleman.”

Hitching my skirt up to be more comfortable, I sat legs spread on the toilet. I noticed his eyes glancing down at my exposed thighs. He couldn’t see anything more, but I could tell he was sparking. I had an impulse to let him see it, but we needed to move on. I reached out a hand, feeling his erection in his loose trousers.

“Already happy to see me,” I purred. “I like this!”

I unzipped and reached in fondling, and together we got his cock out of the insanely complicated underwear that men wear.

Rahul’s cock was long and brown, not as big as Sam or Leroy, but big enough. Nicer than Leroy’s, I decided, more elegantly shaped, curving upwards like a bow, with a large foreskin and an oddly conical cock head.

The last two and a half inches were white, or Caucasian pink. The transition wasn’t gradual, he had heavy black pubic hair, a long brown shaft, and then presto, white. It was as if he’d had a cock transplant from a white guy. I stared, I’d never seen that before. I wanted to ask, but I didn’t want to seem rude.

Instead, after playing with the head, I closed my eyes and licked the shaft from top to bottom. I couldn’t feel or taste any difference between white and brown parts, I couldn’t even feel a dividing line.

I settled back to just giving head. Peeling the foreskin I kissed it, passing my lips over, working it with my tongue, working inside. I could feel Rahul’s legs go unsteady, and he sighed softly, almost a womanly sigh. He stroked my hair, and I took him deeper. I liked sucking his cock, he just relaxed and let me do things the way I wanted.

Abruptly, I realized that if he came, he might get some on my sweater. It was already pretty wrecked, but I didn't need come stains. I was pretty sure that wouldn't be good for angora. I was planning to swallow, but you never know, some guys get so excited they'll pull out and spray.

"Excuse me," I said, taking my mouth off his cock. I reached down, pulled my angora sweater overhead, turned and laid it carefully over the back of the toilet tank.

When I turned back, he was staring at my breasts with wide eyes, almost religiously, his cock bobbed and a bead of precum oozed out and dripped off.

"May I?" he breathed, staring.

"Please. They're for you," I whispered. It's more romantic than the truth, and honestly, the way he looked at my breasts made me want him to touch them. Kind of a wet quivery feeling. Unconsciously, I hiked my skirt a little further.

Rahul's touch was delicate, his hands full, exploring, teasing. I put my small white hands on his big brown ones, pressing them to my pert white breasts, enjoying the feel of him. I smiled gently at him. I was surprised he was so worshipful. As a cab driver, he must have seen all kinds of bizarre shit. But maybe, maybe this was special.

Then when I was ready, I put my hand on his chest and pushed back gently.

"Enough," I whispered, as he stood up, his hands falling away from my nipples. I bent forward and took his entire length down between my lips, as he sighed once again. His balls were still inside his pants, but I stroked his trousers where I thought they'd be. Rahul moaned deeply. My lips pulled back, until I could work the head, pressing tight in the warm tunnel of my mouth, sucking, rolling the tongue back and forth.

Almost instinctively, I reached between my legs, fingering my clit, stroking all the way down to part my lips. He was making me so wet, just letting me love his cock. I almost wanted him in me.

"I'm ready," he cried out.

With a swift moment, he stood back, his cock suddenly slipping from my mouth. For an instant, I was surprised and overbalanced, and he took advantage of that to reach down and slide his hands under my arms, bodily lifting me and pushing me back. I wasn't sure what was going on with him.

As I felt the wall against my back, one hand holding me in place, he smoothly reached down, hooking my knee under his hand and then lifting, until my leg was cradled on his armpit, raised high, and he was inside me. Rahul's cock slid smoothly, rapidly up inside me, a single fluid stroke that occupied and filled me. I barked a laugh of surprise and delight.

"Yes," I blurted instinctively, hardly even realizing.

One instant, he was outside, and in the next he was buried deep, pushing smoothly but not

painfully, sliding against and then past my cervix and ejaculating like fountain, leaving me time only for that single startled gasp, barely comprehending what he had done, except only for the sensation of extraordinary grace and precision, and my body being filled so instantly, and completely that I was lifted up on the toes of my other foot as he drove himself upwards in me.

I took a deep breath as he held me in place, one leg lifted high, the crook of his arm under my knee. I felt wide open, and perhaps, because of that, I felt his cock in me with preternatural vividness, the hair of his thigh, pressing against my smooth one, the warmth of it. The thick tangle of his pubic hair jammed against my bald pussy, the light sensation of his balls pulling up as they brushed against me. And more than anything, the hot feel of him inside me, the shape of him filling me, the way he swelled and pulsed and most vividly of all, his semen as it flooded into me again and again in pulsing ropes, sliding and trickling down inside me.

Maybe it was the position, or the sheer volume, or some other quality of his semen, but I felt it so intensely, so clearly as he ejaculated up into me. I could literally visualize his cock spurting inside me, see it in my head. I don't always feel it when men come inside me, and sometimes the feeling is different, it can be a sensation of heat, or of swelling, or of a pulse, sometimes if things were right, I can feel the ejaculation itself. But, this was the most vivid I'd ever felt. I stared sightlessly at his chest, consumed by the sheer intense awareness of the sensation of him coming in me.

"It will be a son," he mumbled tightly as he spurted inside me again and again. "I pray it will be a son."

Where the fuck had that come from? I wondered. But clearly, it was part of his transcendent orgasm, so I just went with it. I whispered once "Yes, a son." But, he was too far into bliss to register, so I just remained silent.

He held me pinned like that for a few moments, the expression of bliss slowly replaced by one of concentration as he ground his cock up inside, as if trying to empty his last few drops of semen into me.

"That was satisfying," he said finally.

He released his grip under my knee, and I regained my footing, although I was a little wobbly. He leaned into me, still tenderly handling my breasts, stroking my nipples in a sweet way.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," I replied, a little out of breath. It was weird how polite we were. By slow degrees, he stopped pressing up against me.

"Well," I said, then took another breath, "I'm glad you enjoyed that."

"You are very skillful," he said.

"I try."

“And your womb is like unto paradise,” he said. “To pass my seed between your gates of heaven, was exquisite. The best I have ever felt.”

As for myself, I wasn’t entirely thrilled. As much as the penetration had been a thrill, this had gone much further than I’d planned or anticipated. I could almost admire the beauty and grace with which he’d moved, except he’d used it to invade me and use my body for his ejaculation. I loved it, but still...

Yet, I couldn’t find it in me to be entirely upset. I had never been penetrated so smoothly and effortlessly, it had been like lubricated silk, with no friction or resistance at all. It was as if my body had simply not just permitted, but welcomed his penis.

And there was more, somehow, I found it deeply satisfying that he’d flooded and buried his semen in me. Whatever little connection had formed in my subconscious that found power or satisfaction in taking a man’s semen in my body, the intensity of the sensation, vivid feel of his ejaculation, of his sperm oozing about inside of me, left it ecstatic.

“It will be a boy,” he said confidently.

What? What was he talking about? Where had that come from? Then I remembered my superheated display, my wanton tirade in the cab. Right, I’d offered up my womb to impregnation. Okay. Ouch.

“Uh huh,” I said, trying to think of how to reply. I wasn’t going to tell him I was on birth control. “Maybe.”

He had these little microthrusts, little jerks into me, as if pushing the last few laggard sperm out and into my pussy, where hopefully, they’d be welcomed through my cervix and on the way to an egg. I almost admired his relentless insistence on depositing every drop. I could feel him softening.

“Uhm...” I began. “You can let me down now.”

“In a moment,” he replied quietly, his brow rapt with concentration, as if he could push one more swimmer out with willpower alone.

“Okay,” I said. Back pressed up against the wall, one leg contorted up like a ballerina, the other precariously balancing, his slowly softening penis in me and semen already beginning to seep down my thighs, I wasn’t in any rush to go anywhere.

We waited, breathing softly. He took a long time to go down. Some guys, zap, they come and they’re gone. This one boiled away slowly. When he was half hard, he eased my leg down and began to pull out. The minute he did, I could feel his semen sliding down my thighs.

“You are exquisite,” he said. “I hope you are pregnant.”

“Uh okay?” I was less enthusiastic. Thank god for birth control. Even so, I was quietly calculating the days since my last period. About ten, I should be safe. “Well, if I am, I’ll look forward to child support.”

“I would be proud and honoured,” he said. “You will never find me lacking. Our son will want for nothing.”

Right. Cab driver. Not that there’s anything wrong with that. But you know what I mean.

“May I have your number?”

“Just in case you need to try again?” I asked.

“As much as the thought pleases me,” he said, “I doubt we have actually conceived together, or that we would. Such decisions are the province of women alone. But there are other pleasures I can offer.”

Had he actually picked up on my lack of enthusiasm? Pretty sensitive for a man. Listen, I love men, I love their cocks. I don’t hate men at all. But men are... men-ish.

“Uh huh,” I thought. “You have a very formal way of speaking.”

“Prefer to think of it as courteous,” he said.

“I kind of like it.”

I kind of did actually. A big strapping Sikh, all muscles, brown skin and beard, physical gracefulness, really nice cock, ejaculation like a firehose, and this sweet precise formality. I really shouldn’t do this. Definitely not. A totally bad idea.

“Give me your phone,” I said, pulling up my purse. I fished out my phone and we tapped each other’s numbers.

“You have offered me wonderful pleasures,” he said. “Next time, I will return the favour.”

“Yeah,” I said, gesturing out to the bathroom door, out into the bar. “But, let me call you, and be careful. My life is kind of complicated.”

“Leroy,” he nodded. “And Sam.”

What! Wait? How did he know about Sam? For a moment, I felt this sense of panic at this development. Then I remembered that Leroy had taken time out to slag Sam in the back of the car. Christ, I thought, so fucking childish. It was like he was an eight year old. I was getting to the point where I was about done with Leroy.

“Yes.”

He nodded.

“A beautiful woman has many suitors,” he said, “And a goddess has many worshipers.”

I smirked involuntarily.

“So I’m a goddess now?”

I couldn't help smiling. So cheesy, but so sincere.

“Who else could raise me up to heaven with a kiss?”

I almost laughed, it was so exotic and cheesy. This was like a backwards date - first the fuck, then we exchanged numbers, now it was the cheesy pick up lines.

His smartphone beeped.

“My break is over,” Rahul announced. “My duties await me.”

“Call in sick?” I suggested it hopefully. Ten or fifteen minutes is all I get? I wanted to see him naked, I wanted to lick his chest and touch him all over. I wanted real sex from him that wasn’t a crummy Men’s Room quicky.

He kissed me on the forehead and was out the door. Suddenly, I was alone in the Women’s Room. He’d left too fast. If he'd waited another minute, I'd have realized I could just hire him to take me home. Shit. On second thought, maybe I didn’t want that. Too soon. I didn’t want to be staring at the back of his turban, with the memories of the last hour, and all the second thoughts that came with that, while he drove. I didn't necessarily want him knowing where I lived, or offering to come up with me. Or did I?

Out of nowhere, I had this image, him driving me home, me dragging him by the hand up to our apartment and going “Sam! Look what I found!” It made me smile.

But no, he was on shift.

Settling back on the toilet, I sighed and reached between my legs, stroking my clit, trying to recapture the moment, the shape of his cock in my mouth, how he felt ejaculating in me. I leaned back, skirt, hiked up, legs spread and lowered my other hand, sliding fingers into my semen drenched cunt. I closed my eyes, as I worked myself frantically to a quick orgasm.

When it came, it felt loose and tepid, not hard and focused, but almost like water draining way. Less a burst, and more a relaxation. Disappointing. It’s like you really want a gourmet meal and you have to make do with two slices of baloney. I sighed heavily, staring at the stall door.

What a fucked up night. I’d fucked two men, one because I’d been sold for money, the other because I wanted to spite someone else. Okay, I'd liked the men I fucked, and that should count. But neither of those were good reasons, and frankly, they left me feeling gross about myself. And the sex hadn’t even been good. It had been lousy and unsatisfying both times, which made it all worse. The only redeeming thing was that they'd been nice, I'd liked them.

I decided I was done with Men’s Room sex. Every encounter, barring a couple of times with Leroy, had been messy, frantic and unsatisfying. Even the first time with Leroy had been crap. I hadn’t minded because it had been wild and transgressive and exciting, and I’d had Sam afterwards. But the thrill was definitely wearing off.

I wiped my thighs, cripes, usually, most men it’s a teaspoon or a tablespoon. This guy, he

must have had a hollow leg, there was so much, and it was runny. it dripped into the toilet water with distracting little raindrop sounds. I wiped, dropped the toilet paper into the bowl, and more oozed out. Curious, I tasted it: Thin, quite sweet and something I couldn't quite place. Then I wiped again. Moving to the sink I cleaned up a little, wiped down below, touched up my lipstick. Bar slut or fantasy sex goddess?

I thought of Rahul's words. Goddess.

'Pissed off, unsatisfied Sex Goddess,' I amended. I was tired but frustrated, horny but jangly, wanting but not wanting. Boundaries had been crossed and I wasn't sure of the consequences. Some of it, maybe a lot of it, had been fun, but I felt unfulfilled.

Goddamn, Leroy, why couldn't he just fuck me? He fucked me so good. We should have just done that. Leroy, at his place, or a back alley, or a sleazy men's room. Anywhere. But instead... It was infuriating. Why the fucking games. His sex was great. His games were a pain in the ass.

I wondered if I could sneak out without him spotting me. No. I'd have to see him. Might as well face it.

How would that conversation go? I was so annoyed and frustrated with him. But fifty fifty, he'd talk me into fucking him anyway. And I could use some dirty, degrading, satisfying sex. I realized I was half smiling in the mirror. What would I find when I went back out? The petulant little boy I was annoyed with or the raunchy, sleazy man who made me his fuck toy?

Oh to hell with it, neither. The night was fucked beyond repair. Go out to see him, call it a night, and go home…hopefully with a different cab driver. No more bullshit, I was full... literally.

As I came out of the short hallway, I did catch a few men staring in frank appraisal, and stared back, smiling. I'm done with all of you, I thought, you'll never see me again, so take a good look. Leroy was still sitting at our table. I sat down with him.

"Happy," he asked.

"Uh huh," I said.

He pushed his chair back, getting ready to rise.

"My turn now," he said. "I'm going to pound you so–"

"No."

"Excuse me?"

"I said 'no,'" I told him.

"I heard you," he snapped. "What the fuck, bitch?"

"First," I told him, "Stop calling me bitch. Second, I was pretty down to fuck, but you

decided you wanted to play fucking games and farm me out. Well, you did, and we did, now I'm tired and going home."

"That's not fair!" he protested.

"Should have thought of that when you brought me here and pimped me out to Jake," I told him. "It's been a long night, and I'm done. Next time. Just don't be an asshole."

I winced, because I'd just told him that there would be a next time. But he didn't pick up on it, he was too busy getting pissy.

"You've got to be kidding."

"Nope."

"I did all this for you," he protested.

Oh my god, what bullshit! I wanted to roll my eyes. But I didn't want to escalate too much, in case I provoked a tantrum.

I shrugged instead.

"And it was fun, but I'm tired, so now I'm leaving."

"You're a piece of work," he snapped.

"Hey Kayley!"

Leroy and I both looked up surprised. Derek was looming over us, like a squat hairy fireplug. I caught a look of absolute displeasure slither across Leroy's face. Derek didn't seem to notice, he just invited himself in, sitting down. He grinned at us.

"I thought that was you," he told me. He leaned casually back in his chair, his knee pressing against mine. He'd picked up some boldness. I smelled beer on his breath. "Back for a good time."

He glanced at Leroy.

"Picking up some sloppy seconds?" he asked Leroy. A little insulting, but since I'd just gone into the Men's Room with two different strangers just now, I let it pass.

"Just passing through," Leroy gritted. It was fun to see him thrown off balance again. He didn't like Derek. "We should be leaving soon."

"Oh come on," I said suddenly, "I just got here. I don't mind staying a bit longer for Derek."

Fuck you, Leroy, I thought. You don't get to have everything your own way. I smiled invitingly at Derek. He'd been my second bathroom fuck, he'd been a little shy, but likable enough that I went there with him. Not good enough that I'd had an urge to repeat.

And apparently, he'd told the story often enough that I was a local legend. Fuck him, I didn't really appreciate that. But I'd supposed Leroy contributed to it as well, and people had seen me. And I hadn't done my reputation any good tonight, so…It was hard to hold it against him, much as I might want to.

"So," I teased, "What have you been up to since we got together? Wrecking pussies?"

How long had he been here? He seemed at least a little lubricated. Had he seen me enter or leave the washroom with Rahul? Or both Jake and Rahul? Was that where the sloppy seconds remark had come from?

Did he know I was here with Leroy? Did he think I was just back trolling for cock? What had he seen, what did he know? For all I knew, he'd just noticed us, and figured he would take a shot.

He grinned.

"A few," he replied. "You know me. I get around."

"Really, I haven't seen any woman walking around bowlegged lately," I teased. Take that, Leroy, I thought.

"You're just not looking in the right places," he said.

"Down by Church street," Leroy offered. That was where the low end hookers hung out, among a series of run down, rent-by-the-hour hotels. The only thing cheaper were the meth whores over by the railroad tracks.

"Or over by the tracks," Leroy finished. Right on cue. Count on Leroy to be a dick.

Derek shrugged comfortably, unphased by Leroy's bullshit. "Girls there, they're always calling me down to visit. They pay me."

I was starting to remember why I'd decided to go with him. He had a confident, laid back charm. There was just something casual and unflappable. I remembered some sex story he'd told me about doing three girls in Florida at spring break. I could sort of believe it.

I laid my hand on his and leaned in to whisper huskily.

"Hey Babe," I told him. "I'm a little dry. Why don't you go get us a couple of beers. I'm feeling like getting lubricated."

He looked me in the eye, I smiled back at him.

"Sure thing," he said, and scampered off.

The moment he was out of earshot, Leroy leaned into me.

"What the fuck was that?" he demanded. He wasn't thrilled with Rahul, but he was really upset with me now. Good. "Why are you talking to that asshole? You wanted to go, let's

fucking go."

"Fuck you," I said. "You're the one that walked in on me and my friends, and dragged me off on your fucking safari. You're the one that dragged me here and handed me over to Jake. So what? I can't enjoy a little friendly company?"

How's it feel, bitch, I thought. He needed to be put in his place.

"Are you going to fuck him?"

I shrugged.

"It would serve you right," I said.

"Come on," he said. "You blew the cab driver. You made your point. Let's just fuck off."

"After you made me put on a live sex show in the back of a cab," I said. "I'm so fucking tired of your manipulative bullshit."

"You enjoyed yourself," he snarled. "I didn't force you to do anything."

"You enjoyed getting me to do it," I snapped irritably. "You're all for fucking around when you're in charge."

"So? You enjoy it. You like it when I take charge and fuck you," he complained

"I do," I admitted, reluctantly. "I just don't like it sometimes."

Ohh, I blew it, I should have said 'I like it when you fuck me, but not when you fuck with me.' It was the perfect line. I needed to remember it, maybe I could work it in.

"Then you're done, or you're not done," Leroy snapped. "If you're done let's fuck off. If you're not, then let's ditch the asshole, and we'll go someplace where I can fuck the shit out of you."

"You can fuck me, but you don't decide who I fuck," I told him angrily. "I decide that. I'll fuck anyone I want."

"I heard," Leroy said with just a trace of a sneer. "It's hardly an exclusive club."

What a fucking asshole!

"Maybe I should fuck Derek, just for the hell of it."

"Bitch," he said. But, then he surprised me, his tone lightened. He laughed.

"You're a pistol," he chuckled. "Have it your way."

I was kind of thrown by his change of mood. I'd been ramping up to have a fight, and then he'd surrendered. No, not surrendered, he'd just changed the rules.

He straightened up in his chair, then leaned back awkwardly, looking away. I could tell by his body language that, despite his words, he wasn't all that thrilled with me. He liked being in control. Maybe it was time to put a limit on that.

I hadn't really been interested in a repeat encounter with Derek. Even now, I hadn't been intent on more than just flirting with him a little to set Leroy boiling. But suddenly, with Leroy's pouting, it felt like a challenge. Sparring wiped away cobwebs and I felt a little more energetic.

"Well," Derek replied casually, arriving with some beer.

How much had he heard?

"It's not a sin for her to be on the lookout for something better," he told Leroy, in a bit of one upsmanship.

So, he heard at least some of it.

Leroy pretended to laugh and reached for his beer, but I wasn't fooled, he was getting pissy. And frankly, I was a little annoyed with how they were going at each other. I thought it would be fun to use Derek to fuck around with Leroy, but now they were getting into a measuring contest.

"Back in your pants, boys," I joked warningly. "If you want to take it out and wave it around, it should be for me."

"Sorry Kayley," Derek said. "No disrespect intended. You were an amazing fuck. So are you closed for the night?"

"Yes," Leroy said quickly. "She's just heading out with me."

Fuck you, Leroy, I thought. You don't own me.

I shrugged elaborately. "It's been an interesting night, but I don't know that it's necessarily over," I said. "Did you have something in mind?"

I really was done, but kind of annoyed by Leroy's possessive attitude. I didn't mind flirting a bit with Derek to put him in his place. The worst that would happen is I might make a date with Derek in front of Leroy, before I left for the night. Or fuck him, to spite Leroy. Again.

Cripes, what's happening to me, that I'm becoming the kind of person who has sex with someone to spite someone else?

"You know me," he said, "I'm up for anything."

He emphasized 'up,' classy. So classy. I decided to ignore it. Most entendres are kind of dumb anyway.

I nodded, letting my hand stroke his fingers.

“Glad to hear it,” I smiled. “A hard man is good to find.”

See? I can do stupid single entendres too.

“I’m very hard,” Derek grinned. “Rock hard, right now.”

Ah fuck, no one knows how to flirt properly any more. If we got out of here without him pulling his cock out at the table we’d be lucky.

“Tempting,” I replied, licking my lips. I glanced at Leroy, take that, asshole. “So very tempting. You were so good, you really stretched me out.”

Then I sighed and leaned back, breaking contact.

“But, I think I’m done with bathroom sex tonight,” I winked. “I don’t want to get a reputation.”

Although, I suspected that ship had sailed. Blasted out of the harbour at warp speed. If I was sensible, I wouldn’t show my face in this bar for the rest of the century.

“Otherwise, I might. But I was heading out,” I said. “Going to call it a night.”

“We could all get a room together at the Montcalm,” Leroy said, thoughtfully.

Derek nodded.

“I’d be down for that,” he said.

Wait! What?

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY - Ch. 41, Leroy and Derek, double down
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KAYLEY'S HARD DAY'S NIGHT - PART FOUR OF FIVE

KAYLEY'S POV

“We could all get a room together at the Montcalm,” Leroy said, thoughtfully.

Wait! What?

Derek nodded.

“I could get behind that,” he said thoughtfully. “She’s got a point. Fucking in the men’s room, it’s got an appeal, but it wears out fast. The Montcalm sounds good.”

“The Montcalm?” I asked to buy time. Fuck, me, I knew where this was going. That bastard Leroy had shivved me.

“Hotel. Just up the street,” Derek explained. “Pretty seedy, but it’ll have a decent bed, furniture, shower. We could really go at it, and wouldn't have to rush.”

“Sounds intriguing–” I said, scrambling to think of a way out. Alcohol was slowing me down.

“You did want to call it a night,” Leroy said. “But you did say that suddenly, you were really, really tempted. Think you have another round in you?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “I do have to go to work early tomorrow, I should call it a night. And a hotel sounds expensive, especially for a quicky.”

“We could go in together,” Leroy suggested to Derek. “Split it between the two of us. The three of us could have a quicky. Just some fun for an hour. Then Kayley can go home.”

“I’m up for that,” Derek replied, he looked at me. “Better than a men’s room, and you could have a shower.”

Was that a burn on Leroy? On me? Did I smell? Or was he just selling me on the wonders of a hotel room?

“A threesome?” I asked doubtfully, this was getting away from me.

“Come on,” Leroy said, “Double teaming with your two best fucks?"

Two best? Fuck that noise. Sam was better than either. But as I opened my mouth to say it, Leroy kept barreling along, and I couldn't et a word in.

"I know I’d do you right and you were just saying how good Derek was, and how you’d love another crack at him. How about it?”

Oh fuck you, Leroy, I thought.

“I’m down,” Derek said, “I’m completely down. I’m in.”

Fuck. Trapped. How did he keep doing this to me? Maybe subconsciously I wanted this? I had this sexual thing where I played to lose, or pretended to play to lose, because I got off on this conquest/submission thing. Was that going on here at a deeper unconscious level? Did Leroy keep doing this because I really wanted him to? Maybe I needed therapy.

Yeah, probably the therapist would have me on my back, legs in the air, fifteen minutes into the first session.

The idea of a threesome was actually intriguing, I kind of had to admit that. I was aroused, but was this arousal from the idea of the prospective threesome, or just general jangliness from a hot crazy night. I’d bottomed out after Rahul, but I’d been bouncing back - partly natural recovery, and partly the energy from fighting with Leroy.

I’d been planning on fucking the living daylights out of Sam when I got home. But, now this was on the table, right here, right now. Sam suddenly seemed so remote and far away, while

this was immediate. I could still fuck the living daylights out of Sam. Just... have a warm up session. I'm sorry Sam, I thought mentally. I'd be quick, get it over with, be home. Oh god, I was such a whore.

Then I realized with a shiver, tonight Leroy had literally made me one.

On the other hand, judging by his performance last time, Derek probably wouldn't last. Leroy might. But, if I wanted to quit, Derek would probably back me up once he got off, especially if I timed it right. I could fuck off out of there. Hell, he might enjoy fucking Leroy over and helping me walk out on him leaving him with blue balls, I got the sense they weren't friends. Leroy definitely didn't like having him around. So, maybe do the threesome, but if it's quick and doesn't drag I could have a little fun and get out, and still teach Leroy a lesson. A hard core threesome without Sam? That was really working without a net. It was both alluring and disturbing.

I sighed. I wasn't going to tell Sam about any of this fucked up night anyway. What's one more fucked up thing? Jesus Christ, the shit I'd done. Flashing and masturbating in a cab, getting stretched by Jake's log, blowing Rahul and letting him come in me? Unbelievable. What's one more thing?

No. This is too fucked up. I loved Sam, the best thing to do was just stand my ground, say 'No' or at least 'Not tonight' and go home. I needed to do that. I was going to do that. I would do that right now.

"A threesome? I'm in." I said out loud, feeling vaguely surprised, as if it was some other version of me talking. Fuck! "But I'm serious, I have work tomorrow. So we can't go all night, okay."

Fuck me for being chickenshit! Taking the path of least resistance. Why was it so hard for me to say no to these guys???

"Great," Leroy said, grinning, "Let's do it. I'll teach Derek a few things."

"Yeah, yeah," Derek replied, "You just try and keep it up, old man."

I let them fence a little, and drank my wine. We didn't go over to the hotel right away, they each took time to finish their drinks while I had another glass. Fucking guys, they're so hot for it right now, but when the moment comes, they just... fuck around and dawdle. It was infuriating. Oddly, the waiting helped me relax and play with the idea, and now that the decision had been made, for good or bad reason, I actually felt comfortable with it. It wasn't as if they were both strangers, I'd fucked them both and knew their bodies and styles.

Sam knew I'd had sex with each, so it wasn't even technically cheating. I'd just be covering ground, or cock, he knew I'd already covered.

Maybe, I could do with another round with Derek, he'd been fun and it might break this hold that Leroy was forming on me. And fuck. A regular, non-weird threesome, no cuck bullshit. Our regular threesomes had been crazy fun. Why not this?

I was kind of getting into the idea. I finished my wine. The fuckers still were just sitting

there, drinking.

“So are we going to fucking do this?” I asked.

&&&

The Montcalm was close enough that we walked there, which allowed Jake’s and Rahul’s semen to move in me, without panties. It worked its way out and crept down my thighs as I walked, leaving me well aware of it. I should have gone to the bathroom first.

Ha! I knew what happened to me in the bathrooms of that place. No thank you. I’d just discretely wipe when we got there. Hell, maybe they wouldn’t even notice.

As we walked there was more idiotic flirting mixed with stupid boy talk. Now that we were all going the same direction in terms of a threesome and a hotel room Leroy and Derek were almost civil to each other.

Out of nowhere, I thought of something. I’d made Jake delete all those pictures. But that just meant they were in the delete folder. You actually had to erase the delete folder, or individual items in there to lose them. I hadn’t made him empty the garbage folder, he still had all the pictures! Jake could just go in and undelete them any time! Fuck! I almost wanted to turn around and go back to the bar and make sure the folder was emptied. But we were practically at the hotel and I didn’t want to have to explain anything to either of them.

Maybe he wouldn’t, he seemed like a nice guy. The sort of nice guy who paid money to fuck girls twenty years younger than him in the men’s room of a bar. Yeah. Maybe sometime, I could come back here without Leroy and fix it.

In the meantime, just... stop thinking about it.

The Montcalm was a rundown six story affair, a brick building probably from the forties, whose main floor level had been retiled, concealing the brickwork and giving it a kind of refurbished bus-station bathroom exterior. Amazingly, they had done it on purpose. I guess the original brickwork looked too classy.

“Well here we are,” I said.

Hissing quietly, I sucked air through my teeth. What a shithole. Not that they were bothered. We all walked in together, god it was embarrassing. If anyone was watching...Inside it wasn’t so bad. There were stained glass windows not visible from the outside, and the old fixtures and moldings were scratched and marked, but they gave the place a veneer of fading grace, not visible from the outside. On one end a sign said ‘restaurant closed.’ It was faded and curling at the edges, suggesting the restaurant had been closed for a long time. At the counter, a fat bearded guy sat staring at something below the counter before looking up, I caught just enough of a moan to think he’d been watching porn on his laptop. Standing way back, pretending I wasn’t with them, I stared up at the brass sconces, wondering what the fuck I was doing? I should be going home to Sam. Except... Except...

I kind of wanted this.

Really fucked up, Kayley.

“Hey Kayley,” Leroy called, way too loud. I winced, and looked over at them, eyebrows lifted.

“They require a credit card,” he said.

“Not cash?” I asked.

“Not this hour of night.”

“You don’t have one?” I asked. Leroy shook his head. I glanced at my other companion.

Derek turned out his hands. “Sorry.”

“Unbelievable,” I swore. I marched up to the counter and pulled my card out of my purse. “So... I’m the one that has to pay for the room?”

Assholes! What assholes! The sex had better be good, and if I had anything to say, Leroy was ending the night with blue balls. Fuck!

“We’ll make it worth your while once we get up there,” Derek said right in front of the fat bearded guy, who looked from Derek to Leroy and then looked me up and down. Oh Christ, I wanted to disappear through the floor. He’d basically told the concierge or whatever this guy was that I was paying for two men to go up and fuck me.

“Thanks Derek,” I snapped. “Would you like to take out an ad in the newspaper too?”

At least he had the decency to blush, Leroy just sniggered and put his hand on my ass. He shot Derek a ‘you’re in trouble now’ look. I rolled my eyes. Great, I was about to be fucked by two horny eight year olds.

“I’ve seen crazier things,” the concierge grunted, his eyes drifting from me to Leroy to Derek. Again, his gaze shifted to me, and suddenly, I could just feel it, a new trickle of semen down my leg. I blushed, my face going hot, and my nipples were outrageously hard and prominent in the sweater. I tried a shy smile, like "we're not actually going up to have sex, the three of us, this is just... not whatever you think." He didn't buy it, I could tell. I blushed some more. He nodded.

“Hard up?” he asked me.

Oh God! Kill me now!

“Crazier things?” Leroy asked, pushing his nose in. “Like what?”

“I think we’ll be fun- I mean fine!” I snapped, glaring daggers at them both.

“Fourth floor, elevator’s over there,” the night manager waved vaguely. He returned to his laptop and I swear as we reached the elevator, I heard a faint male voice, tinny with the laptop sound, from the concierge's desk going ‘now both of you put it up my ass!’

&&&

As the doors closed, Derek pulled me into his arms and kissed me. I was a little surprised. But I let him, because I knew it would annoy Leroy, and he needed to be annoyed. Derek's kiss was cool and fresh, we hadn't kissed at all the first time. I made a pleased noise in my throat. I didn't have to look at all to know that Leroy was watching. Derek slid his hand along my stomach and up under my angora sweater to cup my breast, blocking Leroy further.

As the elevator lurched into motion, I felt a hand on my thigh, pushing my skirt up, and then practiced fingers between my legs. Did I involuntarily part my thighs? The fingers ran quickly along my pussy lips, shivering and parting them, and found my clit, teasing it. I gasped and Leroy took the opportunity to kiss me fiercely, staking his claim.

Derek's hand dropped from my breast, sliding down pushing under the waistband of my skirt. He didn't get very far, so he went the other way, pushing down over my skirt, feeling Leroy's hand under my skirt. I felt his hand between my legs and widened my stance a little bit more, as his fingers pushed against Leroy's and Leroy pushed back. On either side of me, I felt their bodies stiffen and tense. Shit.

Oh god, they weren't going to get into a fight in the elevator, were they? That would be awkward. I needed to defuse the tension.

I glanced from one to the other, smiling and pulling Leroy's hand to my breast, and whispered, "I love what you're both doing."

I let my lips press against Derek for about ten seconds before turning my face to Leroy. Geez, someone had to be the adult in the room. That worked, they relaxed. Derek licked my neck, eliciting a purr. Leroy worked his other hand to cup a bare ass cheek. I turned from Leroy to kiss Derek without resistance, as I felt another hand on me.

Internally, I smiled, this was working for me. I'd never actually made out with two men before. The times with Leroy and Sam, they'd been circumspect. Here their urges to compete and please pressed them both. It was kind of amazing, actually. I found myself excited, each touch, each kiss was a thrill that made me tingle. There was a wild spontaneity to it, as touches became unpredictable and urgent, teasing my clit and lips, my breasts and nipples.

"I'm loving this," I whispered to encourage them, but I really did love it. It was completely sensual, a bath of delights. The elevator stopped, the doors opening.

"We're here," Derek said. The elevator didn't move. After a moment the doors close and it still didn't move. I assume it stayed wherever it was until someone somewhere else pushed a button.

"So?" I replied, and turned to kiss him. "Let's do a little more. This is fun."

I was up for a threesome, but I had a little trepidation. I wasn't sure I was ready for the hotel room. It was something I was pulled into, not something I had asked for. And deep down, there was a little nervousness, especially with the competitiveness they'd shown. I didn't mind letting an elevator make out session go a little longer. It was fun, and exciting, and kind

of safe. I felt free, perhaps free-er than I would if we'd gone straight to the room. I just love being kissed and touched, it makes me purr.

He didn't argue, letting the kisses linger, not objecting at all as I kissed Leroy. He instead, slipped a finger inside me as Leroy teased my clit. I pulled up my ruined sweater and applied Derek's mouth to my nipple as he sucked eagerly. The elevator lurched into motion. We all froze.

"Oh shit," I whispered. "We should have gotten off."

"Don't worry," Derek whispered in my ear, kissing me as my face turned towards him. Their hands were on my breasts under my sweater, further mangling it. It used to be form fitting, it was more and more a sack. I wasn't sure who was feeling me up at the moment, maybe both of them.

"I'll get you off," Derek said between kisses.

I laughed out loud, he was so cheesy! And he never stopped! How did he ever get laid? Or maybe the nonstop cheese worked? Leroy took advantage of the opportunity and smothered my laugh with a sudden awkward kiss. While I purred. Leroy turned my chin towards him, and we were kissing when the elevator stopped at the main floor. The elevator stopped, the door opened. Two middle aged men in suits, one of them still wearing a tie, were staring at us as I broke off my kiss with Derek. Someone's hands were under my sweater, but at least my skirt was down. We stared at them. They stared at us. I smiled defiantly, watching them blush a little. Somehow I felt bold. If I could handle Derek and Leroy, I had nothing to worry about from these two.

"Floor?" the one with the tie asked.

"Four please," I said.

He punched three, and then four. The doors closed. The elevator jerked into motion. He looked at us.

"Nice. How much?"

I laughed and gave them my most sultry doe-eyed smile.

"I'm very reasonably priced,"

"Oh yeah?" one of them said.

"She's occupied right now," Leroy said. "But, how about two hundred for the both of you? She's worth it."

Sandwiched between Leroy and Derek, I smiled and winked.

"Tempting."

"Check out the merchandise," Leroy said, lifting my sweater. To my shock, Derek helped,

lifting on the other side practically up to my chin, exposing my breasts.

“Guys!” I laughed. “Too much!”

My arms were behind them, I couldn’t pull it down.

“Want to feel?”

One guy stepped forward, his hands cupping my breasts quickly. I heaved and sighed dramatically.

“What do you think?” Leroy asked.

“We’re in 309,” the one who grabbed my boobs said. “If she wants to stop by.”

The elevator door opened on the third floor. They stepped out.

“309!” he called again. The doors shut. We all started to laugh.

“You guys are soooo bad!” I laughed giddily. “You’re such assholes!”

“Oh come on,” Leroy teased. “It’s not something you haven’t done, even tonight.”

“It’s good money,” Derek agreed, almost laughing. “And you’re already here. Make a little coin on the way out?”

“Stop it!” I laughed.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” Leroy said, pressing the fourth floor again. “Before Kayley decides they’re a better offer.”

The elevator lurched into life, doors opening on the fourth floor, and we stumbled out together, chuckling. The make out session in the elevator and teasing the strangers had done a lot to dispel the irritation of having to pay the hotel bill, and the trepidation of actually being in a room with them. I felt like I was back in control, comfortable and enjoying their rivalry and just relaxing.

It had been an up and down night. Up and down? I felt like a fucking yo yo, and I’d built up a sexual charge that both Rahul and Jake had bounced around, but not really satisfied. Maybe after all this, what I needed was some simple, uncomplicated, bullshit free sex to take the edge off before I went home. I fiddled with the key. That was how old this hotel was. It had keys, not key cards.

Derek’s hands were all over my ass. I arched my back and pushed my butt against his hands just a little, as the key slid into the lock and it opened just like me. Simple, uncomplicated? Well, maybe not. But raunchy and basic, and that was enough. After all the weird crap, it would be nice to just get fucked. And hey: On a bed! Bonus! What should I do? I thought. Slow strip? Let them undress me. Fuck, no panties, no bra, my sweater was shapeless. And we’d done all our foreplay in the elevator.

Walking into the room, I pulled off my top and just tossed it on the chair. Two steps later, my skirt was unzipped and falling from my hips. Another step, the shoes were gone. I threw myself on the bed, which was luxuriously soft, but sagging in the middle and rolled over, looking up at them.

This was exciting. It was so different from a threesome with Sam. Two strange men, well they'd both fucked me, but neither of them were Sam - the gestalt wasn't leavened by love - this was pure raunch. Their subliminal hostility to each other added a kind of stimulation, it changed the dynamic. I felt in control, just like in the elevator.

"Let's do this," I told them, spreading my legs and touching myself. "Naked girl! Wet pussy! No waiting!"

Derek was the first to move. He kicked off his shoes and made for the bed without even undressing. He dove face first between my legs and started licking. I hooted with delight and had an epiphany. I couldn't recall Leroy ever going down on me, not once. Derek wasn't great, he seemed uncertain of where my clitoris was and appeared terrified of accidentally going anywhere near my asshole, but he was enthusiastic and his tongue was fast, so I wasn't complaining.

"Oh," I called out, a little bit extra-loud for Leroy, "That's good! That's so good! Yes!"

I glanced over, hoping Leroy would get the message, point for Derek, he got there first and I was showing pleasure. I knew him well enough to know he'd be stung. Maybe he'd take a lesson. Learn to eat pussy, Mister Runner-up.

He watched for a moment his face carefully blank, stripping off his shirt, and shoes. He unzipped and walked to the bed, pulling me around so I was laying crosswise. Then he pulled out his cock as I lay on my back and fed it down my throat slowly. I shivered, and got a little wetter, he was asserting his dominance over me, and I couldn't help responding on some level. His throat fucking wasn't as harsh as the first time he'd done it to me. It was slower and not as deep and it allowed my tongue to glide along the top of his cock.

I knew it was because he wasn't in full control the way it had been when it was with Sam. Derek hadn't even noticed, but simply being there, he'd forced Leroy to be careful. The thought flickered through my mind that Derek was stronger than Leroy, a thought that made my pussy clench a little, and lifted my hips. The awareness of subtle lines and interplay of power back and forth, almost unnoticeable, excited me.

As I moaned and burbled around his cock, my eyes already watering, Leroy whispered unintelligibly to me, wanting clearly to cast a verbal spell, unwilling to have Derek hear it, and held my head in place, neck bent back to accommodate him. With my free hands, I pushed my breasts together, pulling on my nipples, and kicked my legs slowly. As if in answer, I lifted my knees and spread to give Derek access. I reached down with one hand, to try to guide him to my clitoris. There! It felt so good. Point to Derek.

My back arched, letting Leroy slip a little deeper into my throat, as I tried to moan, allowing him a consolation prize, a little more feeling of domination. The sensuality of Derek's licking combined with the dominance of Leroy's throat fucking, the two men finding their pleasure in such radically different ways were incredibly exciting.

I found myself accepting both, drifting into a sexual haze laced with submission, with little more desire than to let them use me like this. They had me like that, pinned like a butterfly between them, as I got wetter and wetter, my pussy dilating, my juices slick, moving towards an orgasm.

My last lingering doubts about what we were doing dissolved in a euphoria of submission, domination and satisfying oral sex as I squirmed between the two men, my excitement building steadily, helpless and yet exalted, my body the object of their desires, with nothing demanded of me but my compliance.

The sensations built steadily until I was almost completely adrift in pleasure, awareness vague, floating and approaching orgasm, when Derek stopped. His mouth lifted. The delicate balance of pleasure and submission vanished.

Unable to see, with Leroy gripping my head and his cock in my throat, I could only kick uncertainly making protesting noises. I could feel him off the bed, then back on, moving around, brushing against me. Grabbing my ankles, he lifted them straight up, bringing a squeak of surprise and disorientation from me.

Suddenly, his big thick cock plunged deep into my pussy, as his balls slapped my thighs. My eyes bulged and I grunted in my throat around Leroy's cock, feeling my vague sense of control swept away as he pounded me. Effectively blind, unable to see, unable to fully move, I felt helpless as his thick cock opened me like a runaway freight train surging ahead. Holding my ankles back, so my hips were lifted, he started pumping hard and fast.

The interrupted beginnings of an orgasm came roaring back with renewed vigor, the hard pounding pushed Leroy's cock back and forth in my throat breaking up the rhythm I'd been using to breathe. I started to snort and choke. I reached up tapping against Leroy's belly, but he just thrust harder.

The orgasm was building rapidly, I couldn't breath. I desperately, feeling like it was out of control, I grabbed Leroy's cock at the base, hand slipping against his balls and pushed hard on his belly until he pulled out. With spots around my vision I gasped for breath as the orgasm built and blasted through me, leaving me twisting and crying out helplessly, my body's pleasure carrying me away with it.

And then it was over, I laid there panting, reaching up for Leroy's cock and bringing it to my face, rubbing it against my cheek. Derek paused his cock pulsing in me. In the afterglow of orgasm, now that I wasn't trapped, it didn't seem as huge.

Thick, yes, but not unreasonable. He was still holding my ankles up in the air. I wiped away the tears from Leroy's throat fucking, I wondered why that happened, in that position, doing that, my eyes just watered.

"There she blows," Leroy said, I knew him well enough that I could sense the hidden resentment in his voice. What? Had I squirted this time. I didn't think so. What was he talking about?

"You got the first one," Leroy said. He held up his hand to slap palms with Derek, a gesture

that rang so false to me. I couldn't help but feel annoyed it didn't include me.

Ah, Leroy kept losing, and Derek didn't even seem to realize it was a contest. I found that satisfying, particularly after the way Leroy seemed to push me and Sam around when we were together. Derek was stronger, he could put Leroy in his place in a way Sam was unwilling to do. The thought made me shiver. Part of me didn't like to think or feel this way, Sam's deference was kindness and patience, but it was still deference. I knew, or hoped, I'd feel differently later, but right now, strength had it over deference and I just didn't care.

"I could feel her squeezing me," Derek said. "Fuck she is hot!"

"I'm right here guys," I said.

Leroy laughed. "Right. Sorry."

He leaned down and tweaked my nipple. The gesture felt almost condescending, like a pat on the head, or a dismissal. Message: The men are talking.

"You want to keep doing this," Leroy asked. "We can flip her around. Or switch her up."

"I'm fine doing this for now," Derek said obliviously. So strong. "Let me just get out of my gear."

He let go one ankle, his cock fell out of me as he moved back. Then the other ankle was free, I let them drop and stretched a little, enjoying the post orgasmic bliss. Derek was half out of his shirt but still wearing a wife beater. He pulled them off and sort of got off the bed, I couldn't see pants or underwear, so they must have been around his ankles. I watched him hop around a little. His body was really hairy.

That was enough, I squirmed around on the bed, twisting a little so Leroy's cock was more beside me, rather than directly above me, and took his head into my mouth that way. He couldn't go deep this way, but that was okay. I could do more with just the head, throat fucking could be fun, but choking wasn't. You're not in charge, the satisfied thought flickered by.

The bed shifted with sudden weight as Derek climbed back on. I let Leroy's cock out of my mouth to look down the bed. Derek was kneeling upright, walking his way down between my spread legs. Fuck, but he was hairy, it was thick on him, light sandy covered like his head. His cock looked red and thick, almost angry in its erection.

"Hey," I said.

"Ready to go again," he asked me.

"She's always ready," Leroy said, and pulled my head, pushing his cock in my mouth. I resisted a moment, holding it and pulling out, wanting to see more of Derek, but then he grabbed my ankles.

"Alley oop!" he said, yanking them both up in the air.

“Yike!” I screamed. Leroy laughed at my control being taken from me.

Then Derek just sort of lunged, and pushed his cock in, so he was squatting on his haunches and thrusting deeper. Leroy pulled at my head again, and this time I let him guide his cock into my mouth. I laid back and took it trying to suck in tandem to Derek’s steady thrust. I felt myself relaxing, slipping back into my role as object du fuck.

Derek fucked steadily, the angle of penetration was a little different and he kept bending my legs back at the ankles. But his thick cock felt good, and the steady thrusts sent waves of sensation through me. With each thrust, we sank into the bed and bounced back, so both men had to struggle a little for balance. Derek rode me, owning me, and I rode it, holding Leroy’s cock in place, feeling him try to keep up as the bed shifted under him.

“Fuck that cunt is tight,” Derek swore as his thick cock drove deep, opening me wide and sending waves of pleasure. “I could fuck this bitch all night.”

Leroy kept trying to turn my head so he could go deeper. It hit me that he was annoyed that Derek had made me come first. He wanted his power back. I stroked his balls, playing with them so he'd be quiet. I smiled around his cock.

“She’s a piece of ass all right,” Leroy’s voice came from somewhere over me. Mouth full of cock, I couldn’t speak, and even if I could, my body and mind jangled by Derek’s thrusting would have made it hard. “Suck’s cock like you wouldn’t believe. She suck yours?”

“Yeah,” Derek grunted, thrusting harder, “After I finished. She went right down.”

“Oh fuck,” Leroy moaned theatrically, “You should get it when you’re hard. Start to finish. The little whore fucking loves it, just loves it. Fucking artist. Can’t get enough either.”

“Oh yeah?” Derek lunged hard at that, pushing me forward, allowing Leroy to push his cock deeper, his hips thrusting, pushing back and forth towards my throat, taking some of my control away. I gagged a little at each deeper push.

“Fuck me,” Leroy said, “She’s insatiable. Took her to glory holes once. Sucked a half dozen cocks, one after another. She wouldn’t stop.

“Fuck that’s hot!” Derek grunted, his grip tightening on my ankles. His cock felt more rigid as he fucked, my body responding to his faster pace, my hips rocked back and forth. “She’s a real cocksucker, eh?”

“Insatiable. You could fucking line cocks up, put her on her knees, she’d do them all, guarantee. She’ll do anything. Submissive, she can’t get enough.”

“Oh shit,” Derek grunted, his rhythm shifted, going off. His cock was sawing wildly, pushing me on the bed, Leroy struggled to keep balance, pushing deep in my mouth and holding.

“She came onto those guys in the elevator, if I wasn’t already hard...” “She’d do them,” Leroy said.

“Yeah.”

“No lie,” he said, “After she finishes, she’ll probably go to 309. She wants it. All the time. She’s married you know.”

“No shit?”

“Yeah, young guy, tall. You probably saw him in the bar. Fucking little cuck-” Hey! I thought angrily. I tried to twist, but Derek had me impaled on his surging erection and a grip on my ankles like a pair of vises. I pushed up at Leroy but he just grabbed my wrist. “- can’t do the job, so she goes looking for it. Man, I fucked her right in front of him, all he did was jerk off. She needs it all the time. Can’t get enough. Anyone can fuck her. Submissive, does anything you want. Up the ass. Anything. Total whore.”

It was horrible and degrading, but at the same time wildly hot. I wanted to complain but at the same time shout ‘yes, yes, use me.’ I could feel my cunt spasming, wetness surging around Derek’s cock as he fucked hard and deep. I tried to wrestle with Leroy’s hold on my wrist, moving my shoulders and head away, so I wouldn’t gag as much. Derek’s thrusts sped up, plunging deeper and faster, the bed shook and bounced under us. Then he pulled out suddenly, leaving my hips lifting, a sudden emptiness triggering an urgent need to have him fill me.

“Fucking hot,” Derek grunted. “Let’s flip her over.”

“Okay.”

That came so sudden I wasn’t prepared. I felt my ankles swinging as my legs were closed together and I was folded on my side. Leroy pulled out, leaving me gasping for breath, his hands on my wrist and shoulder, tugging me.

“Wait just a second,” I gasped. “Let me-”

But they were already moving me like a rag doll, pushing me over on my stomach. Behind me, I felt Derek moving his knee pressing down between my knees, parting them. He pushed me wider, I felt his hands on my ass.

“Okay,” I tried to say, “Just-” But before I could complete the sentence, Leroy’s hand grabbed a fistful of hair, pulling me up. They were manhandling me, indifferent to my will, like a living doll, totally in control of my body.

I wish I could say I struggled, but in my state of arousal and submission, under their sexual mastery, I could only comply. I wanted to comply. I needed to be used, to have Derek fill me, to have Leroy take me, to hear them talk about me like I was meat, an object for their use. I got up on all fours, spreading my knees apart, Derek’s hands welcome on my ass. Palms pressing into the soft bed, Leroy’s erection loomed in front of me. My mouth opened, and I took him deep

“Total whore,” Leroy assured Derek.

The words, not spoken to me, used as if I was an object, nevertheless sank deep, it felt almost primordial, like I needed to hear myself described this way. It touched a satisfaction, a

fulfillment in submission, in completion. If I could have spoken, if I was allowed to speak, if that had not been taken from me, I would have agreed.

Derek's thick cock pushed its way inside my wetness, I felt my cunt expand deliciously to accommodate him, filling me with deep pleasure. He had more girth than Sam or Leroy, and a deep part of me needed it. It was what I was for, to be fucked. On hands and knees, on all fours, I was more helpless now than when I was on my back. The bed was so soft, I had to keep hands and knees down for stability. If I lifted a hand, I'd be off balance, probably go over on my face.

Leroy reached down as I sucked his cock, taking handfuls of hair in both fists, twisting it in his fingers and gripping until it almost hurt, taking my last vestige of freedom. I surrendered it willingly, though that surrender was meaningless. His shaft thrust between my lips more forcefully and he began to fuck my face, fully in control.

The hard cocks fucked into me from both ends, slowly falling into rhythm, and there was nothing I could do except accept it. Identity and volition slipped away, I drifted, becoming an object to be used, having no other purpose. I didn't even try. I accepted the pleasure of the thick cock pounding me, my breasts swinging, nipples rigid, I was a creature of sensation and nothing more, and I loved it.

"Whore," Leroy spat.

I am.

"She loves it."

I do.

"It's all she's good for.

That's all.

"She will fuck anyone."

Anyone at all.

"She'll do what she's told."

I will, I want to.

"It's what she's for."

To use. I needed it. I wanted it. Need, want, same thing. I craved it, hungered for it. Everything he said, I heard, and I accepted the truth of it, embraced it, let it sink into me and be part of me. I took it all, surrendered everything, and all I wanted was more.

They fucked me like that, sliding me back and forth on their cocks, I let them and wanted them, lost in this physical pleasure and psychological haze. Sometimes Derek would slap my ass and Leroy would laugh and I'd sort of stiffen with vague awareness. But I was helpless to

do anything, I couldn't even speak, and so I'd drift back down.

They changed rhythm, gradually shifting out of phase until now, instead of back and forth, they thrust in tandem, filling me from both ends, withdrawing. I started to gasp, losing any kind of focus, surging up towards orgasm, but never quite reaching it, only to fall back down.

Each time, closer though. Derek slowly fucked harder and faster, his breathing became more ragged. He was pushing me, and pushing me. So close. He pulled out.

I made a throat noise of protest. Leroy slid his cock deep and then stopped, his cock buried to the hilt, my chin against his balls, my nose in his pubic thatch. He held me immobile. I felt like a horse in a bridle, pulled up to a stop by its master, only able to wait for the next command. I waited.

"What's wrong?" Leroy asked. I could feel Derek's hands on my ass, his breathing slowing.

"Sorry man," his voice came to me, "I was going to blow. I was right on the fucking edge. I had to pull out."

No, I thought, with my face buried on Leroy's cock, his meat deep in my throat, gagging me to silence. Put it back in. Fuck me just a little more. My pussy felt like it was spasming. Please fuck me. But, I couldn't speak, I couldn't even turn my head. I could only wait, captive on all fours

"You good?"

Fuck me, I ordered mentally. Fuck me, I begged without words. But, I couldn't speak, just wait for them to resume.

"Yeah, I just need a minute."

"Let's switch around then," Leroy said. "Take your time. But you really got to get some of this head, man. It's fucking amazing."

"That sounds good."

Leroy yanked on my hair, pulling my mouth off his cock. It shone as it came out, coated with my saliva, spit threads momentarily joining us. He yanked again, turning me around.

"Giddyup whore," he laughed. "We got to get you turned around and back under a saddle again."

I grunted, off balance, as he manhandled me around. One hand slipped and I face-plowed the bed for a second. Leroy just laughed again and slapped my ass hard, bringing a squeal.

"Hey!" I complained, but he just slapped my ass again.

"No talking, whore," he said cheerfully, "Just get yourself turned around and present for mounting."

“Geez,” I complained, trying to turn. I wished he’d at least let go my hair, at least he was only using one hand. “Give me a minute.”

As I swung, Derek came into view, sitting back on his haunches. Fuck, he was hairy. I know I kept coming back to that, but he was! The guy was a fucking bear! This was my first chance to really see him naked. The first time we’d barely taken off any clothes, and this time he’d been between my legs or behind me the whole time. His body was thick, not bodybuilder thick, although he had the muscle. It was big boned, solid thick, running a little fat around the middle, he had the start of man-boobs, and big pepperoni nipples.

His body hair was straight, not curly, thickest around his groin, where it was a barely groomed forest. But it was everywhere, his thighs, his chest, his forearms. I’d bet his back was hairy too. On his haunches, on my elbows, my face was level with his cock. I’d seen it before, when we’d fucked in the men’s room. I shuddered, never again. I’d even sucked it, although he hadn’t been hard. Rigid, it was really thick, not ridiculously so. But thick enough you’d really feel it in your pussy, and definitely wouldn’t want it up your ass. Going down on it would be challenging.

The head was small, circumcised, almost a big red button in shape, with the shaft swelling dramatically behind it and then slowly getting thicker until it disappeared into his pubic hair.

Shorter than Leroy or Sam, maybe a full inch and a half. But way thicker. I contemplated it, just sort of mapping out what I’d do with it. Unconsciously, my trips to the booths had given me an appreciation of how diverse men’s cocks were, and how to handle them.

As I’d been studying Derek, Leroy had been fingering me deliciously, sliding one and then two fingers in and out, working the g-spot. He laid a palm on my ass and pushed a thumb in my asshole. Every time he brushed or teased my clit, my whole body jerked and twitched.

“You got her really wet,” Leroy told Derek. I was still in the room, but never mind. “She’s just

dripping, really fucking dripping and loose for it. I mean, she’s a nasty little whore, so she’s always up for it, but you really got her going, bud. I’m impressed.”

Then he spanked my ass really hard, making me squeal with hurt and surprise.

“Ow! Fuck!” I complained.

That was mean, and distracting. Leroy leaned forward, momentarily on me, grabbing a handful of my hair and twisting it into an impromptu pony tail. He yanked, and it hurt, I yelped as he pulled me back. I went up on my palms, then my fingertips, and still he pulled until I was completely upright in front of him, head back, spine arching.

“Fuck,” I hissed, my face a grimace, staring at the ceiling. “Stop it!”

He ignored me as if I hadn’t spoken at all.

“Check it out, Bud,” Leroy said. “Isn’t this a nice piece of ass? I wanted you to get the full view. Look at those tits, damned perky and perfect, totally natural, those nipples, so hard.

Gonna get them pierced sometime, put all kinds of jewelry on."

Wait! What? This was the first I'd heard, and I wasn't up for it. My body damnit, I just like being used, not renovated.

"But right now? A hundred percent natural, just made for cock, can't live without it. Isn't she a fuckable little whore? She's all ours. And she fucking loves being handled and fucked."

With his free hand, he slapped my ass again, not as hard this time. But in my position, it made my whole body jerk. I twisted trying to ease his grip.

"Look at her dance," he laughed.

"She's pretty," Derek agreed. "She moves good. She should strip, I'd pay for that."

"Might put her up on stage," Leroy said. He smacked my ass again, to make me twist and arch.

Again, I flashed my irritation. I was in the fucking room. Stop treating me like furniture.

"Fuck! Come on!" I protested. "Easy, okay?"

"Oh look," Leroy said, "We got a little fire."

"Jesus Christ! Would you cut that out?" I demanded, angrily, reaching back to grab his wrist and ease the pressure on my hair.

"Whoa," Derek said.

"And let go of my fucking hair!" I ordered. "It hurts!"

He let go and I lurched forward falling to my elbows right in front of Derek's dick. I came within an inch of batting my forehead on it.

"You pissed her off, dude," Derek observed. His tone was jovial.

"You got to know how to handle her," Leroy said, his voice casual.

There was something annoying about the way they were talking, like they didn't take me seriously at all. I tried to bite back my irritation. This was supposed to be about sex, he was just fucking ruining the mood with this bullshit.

"Just shut up and fuck me, okay?" I waggled my butt towards Leroy, signifying my willingness to take his cock.

"She wants to get fucked," Derek said.

"She always wants to get fucked," Leroy replied. "She's got some attitude though."

"Guys," I said placatingly. "Let's just stop all this stuff and get back to sex, okay?"

I arched my back, submissively presenting my pussy, hoping Leroy would slide his cock in, or at least finger me, and stretched out to lick Derek's cock head.

"Let's just have fun," I pleaded.

"I gotta tell ya," Leroy said cheerfully. "She's a mouthy one when she gets started. Better get your cock in there and shut her up."

"Hey whore," he said, "You want some good hard cock? That what you need?"

I pushed back, lowering my face, arching my back and twisting side to side, so that my butt made a slow figure eight.

"Yes, please," I husked, putting on a show for them, "Baby needs some big hard cocks in her tight little pussy. Pretty pretty please. Fuck me, I'm so wet."

"What about Sam," Leroy said. "Maybe I should call Sam, get him to come over, let him have a turn."

Oh for fucking Christ sake, not this again. It just never stops!

"No!" I snapped, hoping he'd just move on.

"No?" Leroy said cheerfully. "Why not? Sam's not good enough? Sam's not....'adequate'?"

Inwardly, I rolled my eyes. Please, not this. I bit back a sigh, might as well give him what he wants and gets it over with, before he kills the mood completely.

"Fuck Sam," I said, hoping to satisfy him so that he would shut the fuck up about it, "And his little cuck dink. He's so pathetic, I can't stand it. I need a real cock, a man's cock."

There, I thought. Are you happy now, asshole?

"Sam's her husband," Leroy explained. "He's a cuck. I fuck her right in front of him, he gets off on it. She just loves to spread her legs for anyone, even him once in a while." He slipped two fingers into my pussy, stroking my g-spot, making my back arch and pushing back towards him. Don't think about the words, just feel. Don't think.

"Whose cock do you want?"

"Yours! I want your cock!"

"Not Sam's?"

Shut up about Sam, please, I begged silently.

"Yours!"

"This cock?" he asked casually. "How badly do you want this cock? What will you do for

it?”

“Anything,” I whined, “I’ll do anything for your cock. Whatever you want. I need it so bad.”

“You’ll fuck who I tell you?”

“Yes!”

“You’ll be my whore? You’ll whore for me?”

“I am your whore.”

“I like the sound of that,” Leroy said. Fuck, he was showing off for Derek. This was more of his eight-year-old bullshit. “Tell me you’re a whore.”

“I’m a whore,” I said.

“What kind of whore?”

What the fuck did he want?

“I’m your whore. I’m a dirty whore. I love getting fucked like a whore. I fuck whoever you tell me.”

“You’ll fuck those guys in 309?”

“Yes, I’m a whore for cock.”

“You’ll fuck them.”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

What? I had to think.

“Because I’m a whore, your whore. Because you tell me to. Because they have hard cocks.”

“Better than Sam’s.”

“Yes,” I groaned, “I want to fuck them, they’ll fuck me better.”

“What about money?”

“Yes,” I replied. “I’m a whore, I’ll fuck who you tell me, when you tell me for money.”

“You’re going to do what you’re told, when I tell you?”

“Yes, I love doing what I’m told.”

“No more of this fucking pissy attitude? You're going to be a good little whore?”

Oh fuck, this is what it was all about? If I wasn’t so wet, if he wasn’t so good at teasing my pussy and driving me up the wall, I’d tell him the fuck off.

“Yes! Yes!” I cried, squirming against his touch. “No more attitude. I’ll be good. I’ll be a good whore and do what I’m told!"

He slapped my ass, really hard. Hard enough to bring a loud squeal, and push me off balance for a second. The hardest yet. That was going to leave a handprint, maybe a bruise. I shut my mouth though. I didn’t need another fucking round of twenty questions, perverts edition.

Leroy’s cock slid smoothly into me, all the way, as if gliding on silk. I was so wet there was no resistance, only a fulfillment and satisfaction that left me gasping. Oh god he felt so good. His hands took their place on my hips, one ass cheek still stinging, and he started to thrust, powerful and in complete control. My submissive soul quivered as he took ownership, as my body once again surrendered to his use.

My humiliation was forgotten. Or perhaps not forgotten, it still burned in me, the words erased, but the feelings they engendered, the shame and need and desire all fed my arousal. As much as I hated his games, maybe they worked on some level, building desire, readying me for the conquest, the submission I needed.

“Oh god, I’m such a whore,” I moaned. “So good, so good.”

“Yeah,” he said, pumping harder. “Who are you going to fuck, whore?”

My mind was a jumble of humiliation and arousal, of aching need. I couldn’t think straight. What did he want?

“Anyone. Anyone you tell me. Derek... 309... Anyone who pays...”

“What about your husband?” Leroy demanded, there was an edge in his voice that even in my sexual haze told me what he wanted.

“No! Fuck him!" I squealed, hoping it would be the end. “He’s pathetic!”

“Good whore,” he grunted, that satisfied him finally and he thrust hard. His hips made slapping sounds on my butt. He angled up, stroking my g-spot hard and fast.

“You want to come?” he demanded.

“Please,” I cried out. It was so close I could taste it. "I need it so bad!"

I reached under for my clit with one hand, struggling to hold myself up on one elbow. I was vaguely aware of Derek staring down at me, stroking his cock. But I couldn’t look at him. He listened to the whole thing. One more humiliation to fan the bonfire of my soul, and the white hot fever radiating from my pussy. My fault for giving Leroy lip, next time, just shut the fuck up. There, the acknowledgment that there would be a next time, and a time after that, and a time... Then it was hitting, I could feel it building unstoppably.

“Oh!” I moaned loudly. I could feel it. “Ohhh Oahhh Oooh Oooh! Yes. Ohhh Yes!”

My orgasm burst over me like a thunderstorm, full and wet. For a moment, I couldn’t breathe. My body shook, I wanted to force back onto him and lunge forward. He thrust harder and harder, as my pussy tightened to force him out, and then quivered at his entry. Finally, when it was over, I gave a deep satisfied moan, and just collapsed flat on the bed. Oh he was such an asshole. But, soooooooo worth it. Leroy reached forward and slapped my ass again. I didn’t even react. But some lucid part of my mind wondered what the fuck that was about? Was he showing off for Derek?

“Point for me,” Leroy said smugly.

Okay, sure. I was still face down on the bed, panting, recovering from a deeply satisfying orgasm. I’d give him that. Derek was still ahead on points though. Yay. Derek! And right at this moment: Yay, me!

“I’m thirsty, I’m going to get some water and take a break,” he climbed further onto the bed, until he was looming right behind me, and grabbed a handful of hair.

What was it with the hair? Showing off again? But this time, he didn’t pull hard, and it didn’t hurt. He just guided me up onto my elbows and lifted my head until I was staring forward, like a sphinx, looking directly at Derek’s cock. It had lost volume, maybe three fourth’s hard?

“See that?” he asked me. His grip on my hair was loose enough for me to nod. I figured that was safest.

“I want you to give my bud here, the most amazing blow job of his life. You gonna do what I tell you?”

I nodded, staring at the cock head. Leroy games. Derek wasn’t going to get a blow job because I wanted to, or Derek wanted it.

Derek was going to get a blow job because Leroy had allowed and ordered it. Because he never stopped being a jerk. And, I couldn’t help it, that unending, relentless domination shtick twitched my submissive side and made my pussy that much wetter. What the fuck is wrong with me? I shouldn't love it, but I did, and I couldn't help it.

Another point to Leroy.

Leroy got off the bed and headed for the bathroom, leaving me with Derek. I lifted my head, a little reluctantly given that he’d witnessed my verbal humiliation, and found him looking down on me.

“Hey,” I said.

“That was pretty fucked up,” Derek said. And just like that, I liked him twice as much.

I glanced towards the bathroom door, in case Leroy heard, and listened to the sound of water running. Safe then. Not that I was tired of psychodrama, but I was tired of psychodrama.

Sam's not even here, what was the point of going there?

"Sometimes he gets over the top," I said. Sometimes? Every fucking time. But it worked. As much as I bitched about it, I suspected it worked on me, maybe more and more. Not something I was willing to completely admit to myself though.

"But I do like the suggestion," I said. Suggestion, not an order, I pretended to myself. I reached a fingertip out and tapped Thick Derek on his little nose. "Why don't you bring that thing a little closer."

I smiled as Derek raised up and awkwardly-knee walked a few inches closer and went back down on his haunches. He loomed above me now, forcing me to crane my neck as I looked up at him. Given that I was an inch or two taller than him, it made me smile.

"Hands free," I whispered.

I opened my mouth wide and stuck my tongue out as far as it would go, and tentatively touched the head of his cock. The glans was definitely reddish, the shaft a normal pink. One touch was followed by another, I drew closer by millimeters, steadily drawing the tip of my tongue a round and around the head, tracing the prepuce, teasing the oddly large urethra, and lathering gently but, insistently all around.

It was such an oddly shaped thing. I thought it was kind of fascinating. I looked up to see Derek staring down watching me, and winked, oddly pleased. I guess at the booths, all the men were behind plywood walls, so they never got to see me work. This was kind of cool. I returned to teasing, my tongue touches moving from feather light to increasingly insistent, never the same spot twice. His cock grew, swelling and stiffening. A bead of precum appeared on the urethra, I saw it open like an iris and disgorge an exquisite mother of pearl sphere.

It was so sweet, I took a moment to admire it before I licked it away with a lash of my tongue, theatrically licking my lips with pleasure. I didn't need to lick my lips, but he was watching, and kind of hoped it would give him a thrill. Maybe it did, because his cock bobbed. It is so weird when they do that. It's like men have this one single little muscle in their body and it's only purpose is to make their erection go up and down. Creepy. The first time I saw it.. well, that's another story.

As my tongue worked, I got closer and closer and stretched out my lips, until they were feather brushing a circle all around the edges of his cock head, drawing them together in a reverse kiss.

Derek moaned and at the sound, I made a happy noise in my throat. I moved my head forward, to take his head in my mouth, working saliva all over, so my lips were tight and wet. I rolled my head around, letting my tongue lash back and forth, and then rolled the other way, getting lost in it.

"What did I tell you?" Leroy said. I was so startled I had to suppress a jump. "Premium cocksucker, she's a dedicated little whore."

While keeping his cock head in my mouth, I worked my head around, so I could look at him

out of the corner of my eye. He was naked, sitting back in an armless padded chair that he'd tilted back on two legs. His smart phone was pointed at us, recording.

"I don't want to be on camera, dude," Derek said.

Leroy's cock wasn't hard. Had he come when he was fucking me into that monstrous orgasm?

Was that why he'd bailed to the bathroom? His cock looked weirdly swollen though.

"Relax," Leroy said. "Your face isn't in it. This is just for her, our little whore is a bit of an exhibitionist. She likes to be on video. She likes to be watched. You wouldn't believe what she did on the cab ride over here. She got so hot, she blew the cabbie. Isn't that right?"

I blushed heavily, shifting my position.

"You see that," he said smiling. "I just have to talk about it, and she starts spreading her legs and grinding her ass, hoping we don't notice."

Oh fuck, he'd caught me! My blush deepened and to conceal my dismay and arousal, I pushed down past the head of Derek's cock, taking an inch or two into my mouth. I couldn't help myself, my hips did a tiny little grind. Leroy's answering chuckle signified I'd been caught again.

"Let's make this interesting," Leroy said casually. My heart skipped a beat and my guts twisted. Interesting for Leroy always meant something fucked up, My pussy clenched.

"Derek," he ordered, "Stand up, bud. On your knees is no way to get a blow job. Be a fucking man about it."

Derek moved, I felt embarrassed and ashamed for him as his cock slipped from between my lips. And wet, oh let's not forget the unforgivable little wet surge in the walls of my vagina, the treacherous throb of my clitoris, the wanton hardening of my nipples.

"Stand at the edge of the bed, so she can swallow your cock," he ordered Derek. "You-" he meant me, "Go back to what you were doing, but get your ass up into the air."

We shifted positions as he ordered, my stomach roiling. I wanted to just let things happen naturally, there was something intrusive about Leroy's stage managing us, he was winning again. I slid my mouth over his cock.

"She a good cocksucker," Leroy asked for the camera.

"Fucking amazing," Derek said awkwardly. He wasn't winning the contest right now. Leroy was walking over him. I willed him to be stronger, but only his cock was rigid.

"What about you?" Leroy asked me. "Do you like that cock?"

I wasn't sure what to do.

“Answer,” Leroy demanded.

I took my mouth off for a moment.

“I love it, it’s hard and thick... I love having it in my mouth.”

“You like sucking cock?” he asked. I nodded.

“How many cocks have you sucked?”

I froze like a deer in the headlights. I couldn’t stop the wet shiver that ran through me.

“How many? Two? Ten? Fifty? A hundred? More?”

Fuck, how many had I sucked. I tried to do math in my head. University, okay, those were all accounted for. These adventures with Leroy and Sam. The booths. Oh gosh, the booths, I couldn’t even add those up. Less than a hundred, surely. Less than fifty? I had no idea.

“I don’t know,” I admitted. I was trembling already, I couldn’t hide the flush of extreme arousal.

“Wow,” Leroy said, there was something malicious in his cheerfulness, “You must really love it. What kind of girl’s sucked so many cocks she can’t keep track.” He let that hang there. “No more of that pansy shit,” he said. “I told you to give him a real blow job.”

“It’s been fine,” Derek protested finally. A gentle hand on the side of my temple urged me back towards the shining erection only an inch or two away from my face.

“You can’t let whores run the show, Bud,” Leroy told Derek, almost kindly. “You gotta step up and take charge. Grab her head, her hair, take control of her.”

He glanced at me.

“As for you, I want to see you licking his balls until they’re dripping spit. Then you work your way up, so that whole cock is shining. We’re going to see how much you can swallow. So you better get it all slippery and ready.”

Derek pushed my head down and pulled it in, his fingers splaying across my skull and tightening in my hair. My face met his testicles, so thick with hair I had to hold back a gagging reflex. I didn’t even try, I spit, and pushed with my tongue, lapping and open kissing, trying to eject as much saliva as I could. I think I actually got a stray hair or two on my tongue, wiping it clear by rasping my tongue against his thigh, so he didn't notice.

Derek actually moaned, I could feel a shudder run through him. Hasn't anyone ever licked his balls before? Was this his first time? Maybe it was, if he never shaved or trimmed them.

In my peripheral vision, I noticed Leroy leave his chair, fiddling with something, I assume positioning his cell phone to keep recording. Derek’s hands held my head, but gently, guiding and not controlling. I knew what to do anyway, and just continued slobbering all over the shaft, doing what I was told and trying not to think too much. I felt the bed shift as Leroy got

on, behind me. That was an advantage of a mattress that was worn out and soft. You could tell where anyone on it was and what they were doing.

Precise touches on my inner thighs spreading my knees so far apart, I could feel my pussy lips opening on their own. Derek held my head, so I could only remain in position, but I sucked in a breath, anticipation and arousal.

Remaining still, I slobbered my way around Derek's cock shaft, only pausing now and then, to kiss and tease the head when I was allowed close enough, it was gratifying though, that each time I did, he sighed or grunted. His cock was getting slippery with my spit and drool, while Leroy remained silent behind me and I waited for his next touch.

"I think she's made enough of a mess," Leroy said, his voice was cheerful even gleeful. "Why don't you see how much you can feed her? Let's see how long it takes her to choke."

Derek's hand pulled me so that my face was directly in front of his cock, so close that my lips brushed it and my warm breath poured over it. He let me have enough room that I glanced up, meeting his eyes far above.

"Slow? Okay?" I whispered.

Derek nodded. "Sure.

Leroy laughed. "How sentimental."

I didn't see how Derek responded to that, but his hands tightened on my head, still guiding, but with a little more control. At the booths, no one grabbed my head, no guiding, no control, and never any complaints. I opened my mouth slightly for a second, and then closed it. Instead, I did it my way. When my lips met his cock, I gently enfolded his head, pressing my lips tight against its spit covered surface, and just taking it gently.

My pressure glided over his glans like a wave, only for it to lightly brush against my teeth, and then meet my tongue, touching and swirling. Derek responded with a gratifying sigh of pleasure that turned into a very manly grunt. His grip tightened, but he didn't push me further, just allowed me a moment of play.

Leroy's erection pushed between my pussy lips, my sudden gasp ending the moment. My whole body reacted to the penetration, moving, tightening, arching. He pushed two or three inches in me then stopped.

"Let's see how much she can take," Leroy laughed, "Before she chokes or blows."

Shivers ran up and down my spine, a combination of lust and intimidation. Stretching my jaws wide, I moved forward before Derek could push me. I tried to angle my head and neck just right. My tongue flattened out under his prepuce and shaft as he slid deeper. There was no more pretension to elegance, just sword swallowing. Leroy's cock slid another inch into me, and I felt his thumb push rudely into my ass. My saliva on Derek's cock was slowly drying and I swallowed and tried to work myself to make more, to force it forward so he was lubricated.

Derek's cock widened fast after the head, and in response, I opened my jaws as wide as they could go, stretching them, even as my lips stretched tight around his girth. Two inches at least, maybe three, and my mouth was full.

Behind me, Leroy jerked, suddenly giving me another couple of inches all at once, as his thumb in my ass pushed in a stroking motion. It was too much, I yanked my head off his cock, gasping for breath. There was a moment's resistance, and then it yielded, as Derek allowed me off. Leroy pulled his cock out, I almost wanted to whimper at its absence.

"Looks like someone doesn't have their end under control, bud," Leroy's voice came from behind me. "Or maybe she just knows what she really likes. Try again?"

More firmly, Derek gripped my head and pushed me onto his cock. There was no instant of tenderness between my mouth and his cock head, instead it slid past as I stretched to accommodate him almost to where I was before.

Leroy entered me again, and expecting it, my reaction was not so intense, simply a flaring of nostrils and intake of breath. Derek gave me an instant as Leroy thrust, and then he pushed again, harder, and he thrust slowly into my mouth to where we'd been, and then a little further. While he did that, Leroy fed his cock into my pussy, not all the way, but carefully measuring me out.

I loved and hated what they, what Leroy, was doing. It was dehumanizing and humiliating, and that stung. But some deep inner part of me wallowed in it.

When you're helpless and dehumanized, then nothing is demanded of you, no act, no choice is give you to make, when you are just acted on and used, there's a kind of freedom in acceptance of that, a siren lure. Even when it's unpleasant, at least there's relief from the burden of having to choose, the fears and tensions, of desire and shame, the terror of choosing wrong, the terror if risk. It all just goes away.

You just let it happen. You accept that there's no control, that you're along for the ride. Humiliation reaches down deep, stroking the insecurities that are already there, feeding their hunger, bringing a satisfaction that the dark things you've known all along about yourself are true. There's no escape, only surrender. It satiates dark needs, dark hungers.

All of this is wrapped in the physical sensations, the glorious feel of a cock in my pussy, setting off nerve endings with each slight movement, the thumb in my ass unravelling me, the simple pleasure of hands touching me, and the oral satisfaction of the cock in my mouth, my lips and jaws stretching to accommodate. Everything wrapped together, merged and mingled, so that I couldn't tell where the bliss of penetration ended and the surrender to helplessness began, what was the pleasure of hands on my body and the satiation of humiliation enveloping my insecurities.

The dark emotional undertow blended indistinguishably with physical sensations, and I craved both. Time lost meaning, there was only being used, struggling to take Derek's cock on one end, and Leroy's manipulation on the other side. Sometimes Leroy's cock was in me, sometimes he used his fingers, sometimes it was excruciating teasing, other times careful opening and filling, occasionally he tickled, now and then he spanked, my anus might be stroked or entered. I never knew what he would do. There was no way to anticipate or control

or influence. I could only twitch or heave or gasp.

On the other side, Derek was relentless, his stiff cock, his awful girth stretching my jaw, pushing until I gagged or could take no more. Again and again, he eased off, only to force his way back, enforcing and inflaming my submission. I could never take him more than half way, no matter how he pushed or what Leroy did. To credit, he never pushed so hard I suffered, and he let me pull back again and again.

I'm ashamed to say, I lost myself. As they were using me this way, I just stopped thinking. It wasn't all at once, but it wasn't quite gradual. It just became unnecessary, there was nothing I could do as they used me, manipulated me, I could only let it happen.

Thoughts became unimportant, withered and were forgotten in these sensations and emotions. Identity followed, equally unnecessary, fading. I became the thing they were using, with no other self except their will, their act of using. It went on until something happened, I tipped over, the teasing, Leroy's fingers on me, in me, went too far, a threshold crossed, and all of a sudden, I could feel lightning in my hips, my clitoris bursting with light, my empty vagina squeezing itself.

My whole body shook, pleasure working its way up my spine. In my state, emptied of thought and self, I didn't even know what it was, only that it was happening and I couldn't stop it. I thrashed and kicked, hammered against Derek's stomach and he eased his grip so that I reared up off his cock, although he still held my head. I heard laughter and Leroy's fingers plunged deeper, driving the sensations higher. Then it was washing over me and I was howling and my body was tight and loose at once.

Then, like a tide receding, it was over, and I collapsed flat. Overwhelmed and drained. I wanted to cry, to sob helplessly, but I could only pant, frantically drawing in breath as the aftershocks shook me. Behind me, Leroy radiated satisfaction. I couldn't see him, but I could feel his smugness, his triumph. Point for Leroy flitted through my mind, and I wondered where that thought came from.

"You okay," Derek asked. I lifted my head to nod, and then laid it back down, struggling to control my breathing.

"Well," Leroy said, "That was fun."

Yes, very satisfied, I thought. My mind was starting to work again, in fits and starts, I tried to process the experience, or gain distance from it. Intense, it had been intense. I wasn't sure I wanted it or ever wanted to do it again. But some deep part of me that craved felt... sated?

"I'm all worked up," Leroy said. "Goddamn, but I'm hard."

"So am I," Derek said.

Leroy laughed. "I can see that. Luckily, we've got this piece of ass here that just needs some big loads dropped in her."

"Derek," I mumbled.

“What?” Leroy asked, I sensed confusion, I’d thrown him. Good.

“Not you. I want to fuck Derek now,” I said, trying to couch it in words Leroy would understand. “I want that thick monster wrecking my pussy.”

“Sounds good,” Derek said. “I’ll go first.”

“Yeah well...” Leroy wasn’t sure where to go. But he wasn’t thrilled. “I can see that she’d want something thick. She's getting pretty loose, not as tight any more. Occupational hazard.”

He paused. What an asshole, I thought, but there was no weight to it.

“Even Sam has noticed, she’s getting loose... I guess that’s why he prefers to jerk off now.”

BASTARD!!!! That hurt, it really hurt. Like a long, sharp skewer, stabbing into my soul. Why did he have to do that? I tried not to let it show. I was glad they seemed to be talking over me. It would have been so horrible for him to say it to my face. Even so...

“Eventually, he won’t even want to touch her, her pussy is so fucked out. Maybe he already feels like that.”

Don’t respond, I thought. Don’t. He’ll just go further. But it really hurt! It was so mean. I couldn’t understand why he would be so mean. The deep terror, the riveting fear, the edge of the abyss. It might be true. I shut that thought away fast. Don’t. Don’t. Don’t go there. I took a deep breath, pushing the thought away, blotting out the meanness. Just focus on getting fucked, on coming, on having a man over me, a hard cock in me. Then after, get the hell out and away from this shit.

“Yeah,” he said finally. “You go first. I’ll fuck her ass after you’re done. At least that’s still sort of tight.”

Point for Derek, I thought sourly. I definitely liked him better. I didn't appreciate that 'sort of tight' stinger, that was deliberately hurtful. What the fuck was wrong with Leroy? Fuck him, Derek was winning, I was winning, and he was just being a prick. I'd show him...

I rolled over and squirmed until I was up in the middle of the bed. I could feel the sag of the mattress, the loose threads and worn fabric of the comforter. Derek climbed on with me. I spread my legs for him, pulling my knees up. I reached down to open my pussy lips, as he climbed on top.

“Hey big guy,” I suppressed a giggle. He was no taller than me, shorter even. But fuck, he was massive. Now suspending on his elbows, hovering over me, there was such a feeling of solidity, just this landscape of muscle and bone…And hair. Looking up at him, he was practically geography, he just felt so expansive.

Carefully, I lifted my legs, wrapping them around his hips. My god, he was so hairy. I’d never been with anyone this hairy. It wasn’t gross or anything. Or especially hot. Just different, and amazing. I reached up with my hands to stroke his chest. Hairy! I had this sudden urge to pull him close into a hug and wrap my arms around him, just so I could feel his body hair against my breasts and sneakily reach around behind him to feel whether his

back was hairy. I totally bet it was.

“You okay,” he asked, above me, looking in my eyes. Had he noticed? I had a thought: You know why short men love sex? Because when we’re laying down, we’re all the same height. It was stupid, but it dispelled any insecurity.

“Yeah,” I said, running my hands along his chest. I stroked his shoulder, running fingertips down his bicep. Hairy! My foot brushed his calf. Hairy!

“Pretty rough,” he said quietly.

“Yeah,” I said. He was being tender, I liked that. He didn’t seem to have any urge to kiss me, probably because his cock had been in my mouth, and Leroy’s before that, but I didn’t dwell on it. Sam kissed me, no matter how many cocks had been in my mouth. But Derek was okay.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I just got caught up.”

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“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I just got caught up.”

“It’s okay.”

“Would you just go ahead and fuck her!” Leroy’s voice came from across the room. He sounded exasperated. “Because if you’re not going to, then get off and I’ll plow her myself.”

It would be deadly to laugh, I suppressed a giggle, but my eyes lit up. Derek smiled.

“I guess we should get going,” I said.

He nodded and lowered himself. His chest hair brushed my nipples. I reached down, finding his cock, and guided it towards me. He didn’t ram it in me fast, like some assholes. Hint, only do that if she’s really really wet. If not, it can hurt. He entered, not too slow, not too fast. The feeling of his thickness was luxurious. I’d fucked him before this, in a disgusting men’s room, bent over in an awkward position and he’d felt like a barge pole then. But this was better, so much better. He didn’t feel as massive. Just thick enough to feel good.

“You’re tight,” he whispered, lowering himself so that his body, but not his weight was on me.

“You feel so good,” I whispered as his hips began to pump back and forth. As his hairy chest and stomach rubbed lightly against my smooth skin I wrapped my arms around him... Aha! I lifted my head and kissed his shoulder as we started to fuck in earnest.

It was funny, the thing I loved most, the thing that was sexiest about him wasn’t his cock. I loved his cock, was nice and thick, and he used it to make me grunt and gasp with each lunge. But his body was a turn on. It was so nice and thick, thick bones, thick muscles, just these slabs of flesh sliding smoothly over each other as he moved. As my arousal built, his pace picked up, reading my body and fucking to match. I held him tighter, wrapping my arms and legs around him, as he drove me towards an orgasm.

I felt the sweat on his skin, under his hair, the warmth and rigidity of his cock in me. He slowed, but didn’t stop, and we started again. I was vaguely aware of Leroy watching us, moving around the room. After we’d fucked a bit, Derek was too close to coming, so we changed positions, and he fucked me from behind, as I lay flat. His cock didn’t go deep, but it felt really big.

Leroy got on the bed, sitting up against the headboard, his legs spread, and I played with his cock, taking it in my mouth, and worshiping it, stroking with lips and tongue rather than getting my face fucked. His cock was strange, it was really hard, but not like his usual erection. It felt almost like his hardon was too stiff, the skin pulled too tight, hotter than usual, but less sensitive. I’d seen this before. I guess he just got like this sometimes.

But, I was getting fucked too good by Derek, and too engrossed in actually sucking him the way I enjoyed to get too involved. There’s something so erotic about sucking, really sucking as opposed to just having it in your mouth. It heightened my arousal and Derek pushed me to orgasm, his thick tool in my pussy and Leroy’s cock head in my mouth. Leroy just watched, inscrutable, even while I worshiped his erection. Even when I licked his balls his expression didn’t change.

As my orgasm passed, he pulled out of my mouth and got off the bed, going to the bathroom. When he returned, he found Derek rolled over on his back, and I was riding him. He sat back in his chair and watched, his expression mildly contemptuous. Derek’s thick cock felt good, as I rose and fell on top of him, humping steadily. I looked down at Derek, smiling, our eyes meeting, as his hands rose to feel my breasts and tease my nipples. I ran my hands up and down his chest, felt his arms, pressed my hands on top of his as he squeezed my breasts. I loved the feel of his body, it was so solid and sexy.

“Well,” Leroy said finally. “This has possibilities.”

The way he said it sent chills up my spine. Not good sexy chills, just chills. I turned, twisting on top of Derek, to watch him as he climbed onto the bed behind us and approached.

“What are you doing?” I asked. He didn’t bother to respond.

“Dude,” Derek called from beneath me. He couldn’t see Leroy, but he could feel him moving

on the bed. “What are you doing? I’m not finished with her yet.”

“That ass looked so good,” Leroy said from behind me, pushing me down onto Derek, “I figured we could both ride her together.”

“What?” I asked.

“Dee pee?” Derek asked. “I dunno. She good with anal?”

“Loves it,” Leroy said. “Can’t get enough, I broke that cherry in myself.”

I hated the gloating way he said it. You’re so full of shit, I thought. But I didn’t dare say it. He was just lucky he was so good at turning me on and heating me up, at pushing my submission, and especially, fucking me breathless.

“I’ve never done it,” Derek said.

Neither had I, I wasn’t sure I wanted to. If I was going to do double penetration, I wanted it to be with Sam. Derek pushed himself up on his elbows to make eye contact with Leroy, behind me, now breathing on my shoulder. He was so close behind my skin was tingling, I could feel my heart racing, the familiar butterflies starting up, and down between my legs, lubrication was surging down drenching Derek’s thick cock inside me. I found I couldn’t breathe right. I pushed my hands against Derek’s chest for balance.

“I’ve seen it in porn though,” Derek said. “Looks really hot. I’m in.”

Leroy’s weight settled on my back, his arms wrapped around me, trapping my own arms in his hug. One arm snaked around to cup my breast, squeezing my nipple in quick pulses, the other found, expertly stroking my clit, I jolted, shivered, and sighed, unable to resist the sensations. Trapped, teased, tortured. Leroy licked my neck.

“How about it, whore?” he asked. I wished he would stop calling me that, he’d been using that since we got here, not bitch or slut or Princess, just whore. I knew why, I just didn’t like it...

Because it was true. And he wanted me to know it.

“How about it?” he repeated. “It’s not as if you’re cherry. Derek wants it. I want it. You know you want it, you’re fucking trembling for it, shaking like a junky for a fix. You can’t resist. So how about it?”

I’m sorry, Sam.

I’m so so sorry.

There was just no way out.

“Yes,” I whispered as quietly as I could.

“What?” Leroy asked. “I didn’t hear that.”

“Yes,” I said louder.

“Yes to what?” Leroy asked, fingering my clit. His weight on my back pushed Derek’s cock a a little deeper, the movement sending sensations through me. I was panting lightly. He was going to make me. I took a deep breath.

“Dude,” Derek said from beneath me. “Stop fucking around with her. She said she’s in.”

Leroy laughed, a barking unpleasant sound that I only rarely heard, and was coming to suspect that was his real laugh.

“Fuck, bud,” he said. “A cat can’t play with a mouse, even when they both enjoy it? It’s a sad world. Okay, let’s do it.”

He pushed me forward onto Derek.

“Spread her cheeks for me, bud.”

“Wait!” I cried. “Lubrication. We need lubrication. Something.”

Derek was spreading my ass cheeks apart, pulling with his powerful grip. Leroy’s hand was on my back, pushing me into Derek’s chest. I was completely exposed. I tried to think quickly. I didn’t carry it with me. But maybe moisturizer in my purse? Leroy’s finger slid into my asshole. He pushed another in, beginning to twist from side to side.

“No worries, we’ll use spit.”

As if to illustrate, he hawked up. I felt it land on my ass cheek, and he worked it in.

“Yeah,” Derek agreed, “That’ll be good.”

Leroy twisted his fingers back and forth, working the tight sphincter, loosening it, adding spit again and again, sometimes spitting directly on me, sometimes taking his fingers out to spit on them to work back in me. He added another finger, pushing three fingers to massage my hole. It was uncomfortable, but bearable. Derek must have seen my face.

“It’ll be good,” he whispered to me.

“Yeah,” I agreed.

“Intense.”

“Oh yeah.”

“She’s ready,” Leroy announced loudly, too loudly. I cringed. “Hold her tight, Bud, in case she tries to get away.”

He laughed, but Derek’s grip on my ass tightened. I sank down on his cock a little deeper, fractions of an inch, but I still felt it. My heart started to race.

“Easy. Okay?” I whispered, knowing he wouldn’t care.

Deep down, not caring myself, wanting what was going to happen. Hating myself for wanting it. His cock pushed firmly against my asshole and applied pressure. I should have taken a deep breath. I exhaled anyway, trying to focus on relaxing. He pushed up in me an inch.

“Oh Jesus Christ!” I swore, wincing, hissing through my teeth, my face scrunched up in pain.

Deep breath, deep breath.

“Almost there,” Leroy said cheerfully. “You’re learning.”

I grunted. Relax, I thought. Relax and exhale. He pushed again, breaking all the way through.

“Fuck!” I screamed, panting uncontrollably. Why the fuck does it hurt each time with him? I hissed as he slid the rest of his length up inside me, until I felt his hips flattening my ass. Derek’s hands loosened their grip. Leroy’s breath was hot on my neck. He patted my head, like a dog.

“See,” he said. “That wasn’t so bad.”

“I can feel your cock through her,” Derek said. “Wild.”

“So can I,” Leroy replied. “She’s filled. She’s stuffed like a fuck-pinata.”

Charming, I thought. It’s not as if I’m in the fucking room. I was panting, heart racing. I wiped my brow, it was damp. I was just covered in sweat and goosebumps. I tried to regain control, focusing on the sensations in my body. I had two big cocks in me, it felt...indescribable. I felt full, stretched, and even the slightest movement of one seemed to affect the other. I tried to control my panting, taking deep breaths, forcing myself to relax...no, relaxing was impossible.

But just to calm, to ease a little.

“Oh this is fucking intense,” I moaned.

“She’s settling right in,” Leroy said, reaching around to pinch my nipple. Too hard. Too much.

“Stop talking like I’m not even here!” I yelled, frustrated. “And stop calling me whore!”

“Oh,” Derek said, “She’s pissy again.”

Leroy kissed my shoulder, and still trapping my arms, slid his fingers hard on my clit. “Oh fuck,” I groaned. Oh! Oh! Ahhh...”

I shut the fuck up, I remembered the last time tonight I got pissy, and I didn’t want to go through it again. Leroy was hot as fuck, and he was so good at unraveling me, and mostly I loved it. But...“Never mind,” I said, hoping he would be fooled and take it as surrender. Or

maybe it was surrender. As the sensations rippled through my body, it was hard to focus on anything.

Leroy didn't respond, thankfully. He was busy with his cock up my ass and his fingers on my clit. He began to grind against my ass, harder and harder. I gasped and then moaned with each movement. I pulled my arms free, laid my palms on Derek's chest, simply to support myself. He pulled back, and I felt inches slide out of my ass, my colon collapsing behind him, Derek's cock seemed to be pulled along in my vagina, sliding against my g-spot.

The moan I made was indescribable. I dug my fingers into his chest, my hands, my arms were trembling. That was the beginning. Leroy started fucking my ass with long slow strokes. You can't go fast with anal, it's better slow. Derek was under us, his cock barely moving, he was just buried deep in me. But each stroke seemed to push and pull my insides, and Derek's cock was pushed and pulled back and forth in my vagina, pressing hard against my g-spot.

The sensations were indescribable, waves of them erupting up through me. As we fucked in the double penetration, I felt myself go hot, flushing with each stroke, my face going red and puffy. I started to sweat, panting uncontrollably. My body felt like it wasn't my own, like I was in the throes of something bigger than I, it was tossing me back and forth.

I grabbed Derek's hands and stuck them on my breasts, sighing as he pulled at my nipples. Meanwhile, with each hard thrust up my ass, Leroy savaged my clit, leaving me squirming, sighing and moaning uncontrollably.

I came, it was sudden and full, rising up in me, making me squirt all over Derek. A moment later, it happened again. Orgasms burst in me one after the other coming closer and closer, until it felt like I was riding a really tight roller coaster. I couldn't think, couldn't speak, just swore and moaned and muttered. If they weren't holding me in place, I would have fallen over, the pleasure and disorientation was so much. Leroy pumped harder, biting my shoulder. His hands left my clit and wrapped around me in a bear hug that left me breathless.

"Fuck," he grunted. I could feel the urgency in him, the wildness rising up. "Fuck!"

He started fucking harder, almost painfully, almost lifting my whole body off of Derek's cock. Derek responded by grabbing my hips, holding me in place. Leroy growled like an animal, from deep inside. And then he was coming, I couldn't feel him, couldn't feel his erection swell. But I could feel the rage and pressure, the orgasm come roaring out as if from a high pressure line.

And then he went flat, his weight pressing down. I gave way beneath him until I was laying on Derek, the three of us pressed together, all of us panting and coming down. We spent a few minutes like that. Then Leroy pulled out without ceremony or warning. His cock was still full and swollen in me, I could tell, but no longer hard. I grunted at the feel of it being yanked out. Leroy pulled himself upright.

"I'm gonna take a piss," he announced, exhaustion in his voice, and staggered off.

I waited a beat for him to be gone, collecting my thoughts.

"He's such a romantic," I told Derek. He laughed, so at least someone thinks I'm funny.

“I haven’t come,” Derek said after a minute.

“You should come,” I agreed, laying on him. His cock was in me, but I was too exhausted to ride him.

“Can I get back on top?”

“Whatever you need to do to come,” I told him.

He heaved me over onto my back, I hit the mattress with a bounce. His cock fell out, but he mounted me right away, and pounded hard, until I felt his back arch, and his thrusts grow convulsive. He grunted as he emptied his load into me. Then he rolled over panting beside me.

Leroy came back and flopped on the bed with us. After a few moments, he got up and went over to the desk, pulling the padded chair, pulling his discarded pants in his lap and fiddling with a pocket.

“I’ve got some blow,” Leroy said to Derek. “You want to do some lines?”

“Always,” Derek said enthusiastically. That got him up off the bed, anticipation restoring his energy.

I don’t do coke, mostly. Like a couple of times in university, but it really didn’t hit for me. But I noticed they hadn’t offered me any. Such assholes.

“Thanks,” I said from the bed, “Nothing for me. I’m trying to cut down.”

Leroy glanced over, amusement glinting in his eyes. He didn’t even slow down from doing that coke cutting line thing with his credit card. Derek had pulled up a stool and was watching eagerly. Fucking boys club. Yeah, whatever, I thought sourly. My bowels twisted. I pulled myself to my feet.

“I’m going to the toilet,” I announced. They ignored me. Of course.

I walked by them, into the bathroom, and shut the door. My insides gurgled, as I rubbed my stomach. Anal sex is a tricky thing, not that I’m a super-expert or anything. But, I find it’s best to do it after you’ve emptied out. Some people go all the way to enemas. That's a good way to do it. But if you don’t empty out, it can get messy. And sometimes you have to be careful about what you’ve eaten and when you’ve eaten it. Because the thing is, it’s all passing through, so a lot depends on where it is at a particular point. When I do it, sometimes it feels like my insides get jumbled, and then after, things want to come rushing. Maybe it’s just me.

Anyway, I sat on the toilet, and after a minute or two, things were falling right out. Noisily. But I was kind of relieved. After the gruesome twosome out there, it was nice to just be alone and take deep breaths, and think thoughts.

What a night. What a fucking night.

My first double penetration! They should give you a merit badge or a certificate or something for that. They give them for lots more unimpressive things. I had officially leveled up to porn star grade quality. I was a little bit sore, but not much really. I felt weirdly proud. I'd handled it well, all things considered. Might have gone with different partners. But it just kind of happened, and maybe the best way to do these things is spontaneously.

I wanted to get on the phone and tell Sam all about it. I sighed. But that was out of the question. That hurt. We shared everything, we talked about everything. And the best thing in the world would have been to do the DP with Sam. The second best thing would be to tell him all about it.

But those doors were closed. That was sad. I wanted to talk about it with someone. But I couldn't, there was no one in my life I could share this with or talk about it. Except Leroy, and I didn't want to.

I sighed. Cleaned up and went back out. The boys were high and excitedly talking shit to each other, reliving the night's events. I flopped down on the bed and relaxed. In a little bit, I'd get dressed, get the fuck out of here, and go home. I missed Sam so much, it was just hours, but it felt like a month.

"Hey Kayley," Derek called. Using my name!

I propped myself up on my elbows on the bed. "Yeah?" I asked.

"Leroy's been telling me what an ass-slut you are–" Derek got this embarrassed look on his face, and changed tacts, "– well, how much you love anal."

"Uhm..." I stalled.

"We've done everything else tonight," he said. "I'd like to try it. Leroy says it's cool and you're down for it. It's okay with him."

I sat up and stared at them. Sure enough, he was hard, his short, thick erection with its red button of a head was standing tall. Leroy was half hard, weirdly swollen like before. At least I didn't have to worry about him. But Derek...

"I thought you had claimed exclusive rights?" I asked Leroy.

"I own that ass," Leroy drawled, he had this nasty grin, "Doesn't mean I can't share it now and then with a close friend, let them have a turn. Just not Sam."

"See," Derek said. "It's okay to go."

"I don't know," I said, "I don't think it's a good idea. You're pretty thick. Maybe more than I could handle. I'd need lubrication. Spit and stuff, just wouldn't do. Another time."

Like never, I thought.

"I have lubrication," Leroy said.

I stopped dead. “What?”

“I have lubrication in my pants pocket. It’s in these little packets, like ketchup packets for fast food. But it’s lubricant jelly. I always carry a few around, and condoms of course.” For a moment, I was speechless.

“You.” I said, pronouncing every word carefully, “Had. Lubrication. Packets. In. Your. Pocket. The. Whole. Time! And. You. Fucked. My. Ass. Without. It! Is. That. What. You. Are. Telling. Me?”

“You didn’t really need it then,” Leroy shrugged.

“It hurt!”

He shrugged again. “You got over it. I don’t know why you’re making a big deal about it.”

This should have been the point where I threw a raging fucking tantrum, trashed the hotel room, and ultimately got arrested for assault for beating them both to death with a broken chair leg. But I was exhausted, half delirious from being fucked every which way, so I just sat there.

“Anyway,” Leroy said. “Bud here, he’s pretty thick, so I figured, you do him, you want that cock lubricated. Spit’s not going to do the trick. Am I right?”

“I really want to try,” Derek said.

Leroy moved over to sit on the bed beside me. He threw an arm around me, and reached for my pussy. My legs parted automatically. He found my clit, still wet, touched it and I got wetter. His cock stiffened.

“Come on,” he said, “Let’s do Derek a solid”

“I don’t know,” I said. “I don’t think so. He’s thick.”

“Come on,” Leroy said. “You can do it. I’m telling you to do it. Here’s what you do: Sit on it.”

“Sit?” I wasn’t unfamiliar, I’d done that a bunch of times with Sam.

“Sit,” Leroy said. “Let your weight do the work, just lower and let yourself take it at your own Pace.” Hand on my pussy, finger curled up in me, he led me over to Derek and shoved a little.

“I don’t know.”

“Get that lubrication on,” Leroy ordered Derek.

Derek opened what looked like a couple of ketchup packets and spread clear gel over his erection. It shone in the light. I stared at it. To be honest, despite my misgivings, I kind of

wanted to. I had gone through a sexual odyssey, I'd been fucked loose. My body felt unstrung, sexually unraveled. Part of me wanted to experience that girth stretching my already stretched asshole. And Derek wasn't an asshole, he'd kind of been nice to me though. And just having him pissed Leroy off. How about one more point for Derek? What was the score? Who was ahead?

"I'll..." I hesitated. "I'll try, just to see. And if it hurts, or it doesn't work, we don't push it. We quit okay. We've done enough crazy shit already."

"Okay," Derek said. "Sounds fair."

"Sure," Leroy said. I didn't trust him at all.

But I trusted Derek. I allowed Leroy to lead me between Derek's spread legs, and I accepted the gentle push back towards him. Derek grabbed my ass, guiding me into position, and spread my cheeks. But his cock couldn't find me, and it was hard to guide it, he needed to hold it to aim. I spread my cheeks for him, conscious of complicity in my impending defilement, and lowered myself until I felt the head of his cock pressed against my asshole. Derek slid one hand along my hip as if in encouragement. I gave Leroy a half smile.

"Well, here goes," I said wanly.

Why the fuck was I doing this again? Because Leroy told me to. Because Derek asked. Jesus. Why was I such a pushover? I braced my hands on Derek's thighs and eased down.

I tried to let my sphincter relax, taking deep breaths the way Sam had taught me, while at the same time gently letting my weight settle. Nothing, just a lot of uncomfortable weight supported by my asshole. I took a breath. Oh wait, I could feel myself opening. I relaxed my legs a little, took a little pressure away on my hands. The weight increased. More. The tip of his cock head pushed into me. I widened. And stopped, wincing.

"It won't," I said. "It hurts a little. I don't think I can."

"Come on," Leroy said, he put a hand on my shoulder, I looked. It drifted down, along my breast, a fingertip circling my nipple. "Look at me."

I looked up into his eyes. "You can do this," he said. "Sure it hurts a little. It's supposed to, you know that. You just have to push through. Now, I said do it, you be a good whore and do what you're told. Understand."

His hand returned to my shoulder, pressing down, the way he'd press down when letting me know it was time to go to my knees and suck his cock. Instinctively, I lowered myself, gritting my teeth. I took a deep breath, tried to relax, and stopped supporting my weight on hands and legs. Fuck, but it hurt!

But, I sank down, feeling my sphincter opening as his cock head pushed up inside me and stopped. I took several quick breaths. Why was I doing this? Oh yeah. I let it out slowly, holding Derek's arms on either side of me, bolstered by the gentle downward pressure of his hands on my hips, I pushed down hard. Oh Jesus Fuck! Then... Ohhhhhh. The head pushed all the way through my sphincter into my colon. I sank halfway down. Deep breath. I looked

up at Leroy. He smiled at me.

“It’s workin–”

“Good little whore,” he told me, putting his hands on my shoulders, “Let me help.”

He shoved me down hard. My sphincter was stretched to the maximum width of his shaft. I went all the way down, feeling his whole length in my colon, my ass slapping against Derek’s thighs. Derek’s bushy groin hair went right up along my ass cheeks, and brushed against my pubes. I felt so fucking full.

“Ohouahuu!!!” I yelled. “Holy fuck, Leroy! What the fuck! You fucker! You asshole!”

“Oh man,” Derek said. “This feels so fucking tight. She’s gripping me like a shit covered glove.”

Oh fucking thanks, asshole, I thought, panting. It was all right, I told myself. I handled it. I swear, I could feel my veins throbbing inside down there. I bent forward, his cock all the way up in me, taking deep breaths. Derek’s hands slid from my hips, stroking my back with surprising tenderness, and I found myself cherishing that little bit of intimacy.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I shouldn’t have said that. You okay.”

“Give me a second, okay?” I asked, not unkindly.

Deep breaths, Kayley. Did you hurt yourself? I hoped not. I didn’t think so. Okay, not so bad. Getting used to it. I can do this. Gingerly, I leaned back, until my spine was pressing against his hairy belly. I swear, Derek was the hairiest man I’d ever met. He must have rhesus monkey in his DNA somewhere. Leaning back further, shoulder blades against his pectorals. I laid hands on his thighs. My hair brushed his cheek. Leroy sat back on the bed, watching us. Fuck you, I thought.

“I don’t know why I agreed to do this,” I told Derek. “Oh right, I remember. Because I like you better.”

I turned my head and kissed his cheek. I was going to kiss his lips but he didn’t read me. I lifted up an inch or so, feeling him move in me, and then sank down. His arms reached under, and cupped my breasts, stroking my nipples, teasing them.

I glanced at Leroy and smirked.

So much for your stupid macho game. Derek wins by a head, asshole, I thought. I picked him. I lifted up again, grimacing, just an inch, but it seemed a little easier. I wiggled my hips a little. That seemed to help as I sat back down. He grunted softly, I was glad one of us was enjoying this. God, I was such a sarcastic bitch! The thought made me giggle.

“What?” Derek asked.

“Nothing,” I said quickly. “I’m getting used to this.”

And I was, it wasn't as bad as even a minute ago. I took one his hands from my breast and guided it between my legs, careful to lay his fingertip along my clitoris. He moved as if brushing Lint. Oh come on! What the fuck. Did I need to draw a flow chart? He was a fucking stud. Three lesbians on spring break! Surely they'd taught him something. Then his hand moved, and his ring finger made a little circle around my clit. I sighed with relief and sank back down. Easier. I turned my head, this time, our lips me. He was getting it.

"You were fucking with me," I teased, lifting up as much as I dared, a couple of inches.

Wiggling my butt seemed to help. "I'm fucking you," he said.

Nope, he didn't get it. Sam got everything. He got it all, every single thing. I missed him. What was I even doing here? I sank down, shifting my angle and warm pleasure rippled through me. I hissed through my teeth. His other hand left my breast, working under my ass, guiding me as I lifted and sank down with increasing comfort and confidence. His furry werewolf body, thick and hot actually began to feel sexy as I ground against him, working my way up and down. I was going to be sore in the morning, but it was starting to feel good.

The next time our lips met, I kissed him with genuine passion, our lips met, opened, and tongues slid against each other. Reaching up with one hand, I ran my fingers through his hair, making sure the kiss lingered, and because I liked him and it felt good. Suck it Leroy, I didn't even glance at him. Our bodies started to work together, we moved, lifted, sank, his massively thick cock plumbed my bowels sending waves of warm slow pleasure pulsing through me. Our lips met again and again, tongues sliding. Our hands moved across each other's bodies.

The hand between my legs moved up to my breast but I caught it and laid it back down against my clit and it stayed. I sighed, and then sighed again, and then genuinely moaned to my own surprise. I reveled in the soft grunts of pleasure, the way his muscles flexed beneath, the feel of his cock as I moved it inside me. I was starting to genuinely love this, I would enjoy it when he came in me. I might even have an orgasm. I didn't need one, I'd come so many times. Sometimes pleasure is just pleasure, the bath of sensuality, the enjoyment of a warm body, of a lover. We moaned together, I looked into his eyes and smiled.

"It's nice," Leroy said, "But kind of slow."

He stood up.

"Let's speed this up," he said.

We looked at him. "What do you mean?" I asked.

Like, I wasn't going to go fast with this thing in me. Not without a lot more practice than I was willing. But Leroy was lifting under my knees, pushing my back harder into Derek's chest. The movement shifted his cock inside me, forcing it deeper and sending pulses up into me.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"It's okay," he said. I looked down, his erection was rampant.

“Hey!” Derek said.

“That?” I asked. This was why I’d been bent into a pretzel.

“It’s cool,” Leroy said.

I slapped my hand on top of Derek’s hand between my legs, we slid down further together, pressing firmly.

“Not cool, Man,” Derek said.

“Yeah!” I agreed angrily, it had been going so well. “Why do you have to be a dick all the time!”

“Come on,” Leroy said, his sleazy come-hither grin not quite working this time. Well, not working as much. “You’ll both enjoy it.”

I looked at Derek, he met my eyes.

“We did it earlier,” he said, shrugging elaborately, sending shivers through me. Body language is so much more vivid when their cock is all the way up your ass. “Might be fun to do again.”

“You sure?” I asked. He nodded, and I shivered.

“I don’t know,” I said.

“Oh for fuck sake,” Leroy snapped, and moved. Our hands remained firmly in place, and his cock slid over the back of my hand leaving a little wet trail.

“It’ll be good,” he told me. “I promise.”

I glanced at Derek, small nod, no shiver. But his hand remained under mine, letting me know it was my decision. I bit my lip. It had been good, we’d done it, we had experience. How many more times would the opportunity come? My stomach was full of butterflies of anticipation, I could feel my pussy squeezing involuntarily, a little wet surge. It would be good to be filled. Anal was nice, even addictive in the right way, but it was different from regular sex. Slowly, I withdrew my hand. Derek drew his back. My vagina was uncovered, I could feel it wet, from the small micro-draft, I knew I was dilated. My body wanted this.

“We’re doing this,” I said, nervously licking my lip. Second time in my life.

Leroy nodded, and gave me his sleazy grin, which was damned sexy.

“It’s going to be good,” he assured us. He approached close, his cock bobbing as if it knew the way on its own. He reached out with his hands lifted, and I lifted mine as his fingers intertwined with Derek. I covered embarrassment by gripping his forearms. Derek and I watched his cock approach, the cock barely an inch from my vagina. I dropped one hand, to let it hover over my clitoris, it wasn’t like it was needed in fucking male bonding.

“Go slow all right,” I whispered. “Let’s ease in- Whoa Whoa Wow Wow!”

The fucker just rammed right in, just right in! Zero to filled in a fraction of a second. My hand over my clit fluttered wildly as his pubic bone mashed it. I had a small orgasm right there. The fucker! The fucker! Oh Jesus!

“Holy fuck!” I cried out.

Leroy hooked his elbows under my knees, leaning forward, his body squishing me against Derek. Incongruously, every fucking joke I’d ever made about sandwiches and oreos went flashing through my head, as I literally became one.

“Goddamn!” Derek yelled, “I can feel him in you. This is so fucking hot!”

“Holy fuck!” I cried out again, breathlessly.

This was nothing like the other time. This was like being picked up and whirled around and bounced around the room at high speed. Leroy fucked with relentless speed and fury, plunging so deep and hard, he lifted Derek’s cock inside me, dropping and lifting nonstop, sending sensations rippling through ass and pussy.

These sensations came so jangly, so hot and hard and fast, I couldn’t keep up, my mind was all over the place, my skin was warm and cold and tingly all over. I wanted to wrap my legs around his hips to slow him, but I was bent up into a sex-pretzel. All I could do was mash my clit in time to his thrusts. I could feel hands clutching my breasts, pulling my nipples so hard, I had no idea who. There was no way I could keep track or even have a sense of time. It felt like forever, it felt like seconds, and then I was squirting hard and sudden, before I even knew I was coming. The orgasm hit, went, I troughed and started climbing again, the next one coming at me like a freight train, squirting all over again.

“Oh Goddamn,” Derek shouted much too loud, getting spit in my ear.

I couldn’t see, I think my eyes had rolled up for a moment. I didn’t care, I was trying to breath as my stomach muscles tightened up for a squirt that was barely a dribble. His arms, someone’s arms, locked around me, crushing me. “I’m going to nut, I’m going to nut up this hole.”

I swear to god, his fucking cock in my ass grew, anchoring me for a second. It felt so full in my ass, and just for an instant, I thought I felt a hot trickle. I’d felt men come in my pussy sometimes in the right conditions, but this was the first and only time I might have felt someone ejaculate in my ass, a sensation so unique it locked in my mind and memory for a microsecond. Then it was gone like a leaf in a hurricane.

Leroy’s pace slowed then, and I could register his expression, shifting to devilish glee. His fucking became less intense, more precise, his angle shifted, moving inside me differently. He let go of his hold under one knee and my leg fell.

I moaned deeply, not an orgasm, but in reaction to this new configuration of my body. With no strength at all, I lifted my leg and hooked it around his back. Derek wrapped his arms

around me, bracing my free leg, and holding my tummy, not aggressively, but to support me as Leroy patiently fucked me. Derek's cock was still in me, but subsiding, I could only sort of feel it. I came again, this orgasm slower, slow enough I could feel it.

"Oh Jesus Christ," I cried out, stretching my legs as much as I was able and then going limp. He still didn't stop, pumping away. I looked up into his face, he had this strange distant smile, his expression luminous. The sleazy grin was gone, I couldn't read this new expression. The real Leroy? A shiver went up my spine.

Leroy didn't tell us when he was nearing, his pace just picked up, his grip under my knee and on my arm tightened. The way he smashed against my pussy became more jarring. A low growl, almost demonic, crawled up his throat. I couldn't feel him ejaculate inside, but I knew he had. He finished with a long sigh, and let my other leg go. For a moment, he laid on top of me breathing heavily. Then he staggered back, sitting on the bed, staring at us.

"You win," I confessed.

He nodded.

I caught Derek looking at me, I kissed his cheek. "Never mind." I was so fucking tired, it was unbelievable. The double penetration had depleted me entirely. I knew it was some post orgasmic zonk, like blood sugar dropping. But, oh man, I was drained. I just leaned back against Derek and slid down him. Derek's cock slipped out, and as I slid down I felt it leave a wet slimy trail down my back. Yeah, definitely going to use the shower. Derek caught me before I slid all the way down, his hands hooking under my elbows. For a moment, I felt like some kind of marionette. I was fine with that actually.

"Are you okay?" he asked. That depended, below the waist? I could feel the leakage. He pulled me back up. As he did, I realized I needed to pee. So I just did. No judging. Our legs were already soaked. The carpet under us was soaked. A little bit of pee, not that much, wasn't going to make a difference. I'd write them a 'very sorry' note. Leroy was laying flat on the bed, I guess just relaxing. Fine with me.

Oh fuck, what if they charged me for ruining the carpet? This was on my credit card. What if they charged me for the bed too? Oh sure, it's all fun and games wrecking a hotel room with kinky sex, until you get the bill.

"Are you okay?" Derek asked. He was nice, I decided. Dumb as a post, but a nice guy, and I was never going to fuck him again as long as I lived. Was I lucid? I realized my brain seemed to be a little wobbly. Post-orgasm goofiness, I recognized it. No big deal, just don't talk out loud.

"Oh yeah," I said. "Just woozy."

I pulled myself off him. Gods, I hoped Leroy didn't make me clean him, I didn't want to taste that mess. I was physically weak, trembling, my knees were shaking. I put a palm on the desk to support myself as I stood. A trickle of Derek's semen and my own shit ran down the back of my leg. I blushed with shame, I couldn't stop it. The trickle slid down past my knee.

"That was a workout," I said shakily. "I should take a shower." Gods, as long as I was not

dripping. Please don't be dripping. "I think we're done," I said. Fuck this, I thought, I am done. If they want to keep on, do it without me.

"I'm going to take a shower," I said more firmly.

I made it into the bathroom under my own power, and turned on the shower. The hot water was luxurious. Oh, it was so good. A hot shower is almost as good as sex, often better. I pressed my forehead against the wall, feeling the tiles, the water running down one side of me. I turned around, resting my shoulders, and finally had the energy to stand under the showerhead.

This was so fucked up. This whole night was so fucked up. How had I let it happen? I couldn't believe half it, it felt like days ago Leroy had walked up to me and my friends, days since I got in the cab. How had it gotten so far out of control? It felt like I'd been caught up in some runaway car going all over the place faster and faster, twisting across the landscape. At least I hadn't crashed.

Not yet.

I should have...I don't know, should have put my foot down? Where? In the bar with Derek? With Jake? With the cab driver, Rahul? There, I shouldn't have let that get out of hand. But, from the moment I stepped in the cab I'd lost, it was all downhill. At the restaurant, in the lobby? Yes? No? From the moment he'd shown up in front of the girls and took me by surprise?

Everything seemed to cascade and keep cascading, one moment leading inevitably to the next in hindsight, like I was caught in an avalanche. I couldn't pinpoint a moment where I was in control, I'd thought I was, but the avalanche just kept sweeping me along.

I reached below. Okay, my pussy seemed all right. A little raw but fine. Maybe a lot raw, but... fine. I reached around to touch my asshole and winced. Leroy. Fucking Leroy. I'd lost control. I kept trying to take control, regain it, and he kept derailing me all over. Even when I thought I was in control I wasn't. He'd just dropped in out of nowhere and derailed everything and then he kept derailing. What the fuck was he doing? What was going through his mind? Why was he doing this to me? The door opened.

"Hey," Derek called. "You need company?"

"No," I said quickly, and then felt bad about it. But it was my shower. Mine!

"Oh," he said, sounding disappointed. I felt even worse. I still wasn't sharing my shower. "Can I wash my junk in the sink while you shower? It's kind of a mess?"

"Oh! Yeah?" I said. "That's fine. Go ahead."

This was on me. There was no point in blaming Leroy. I needed to take responsibility. I could say no any time, I just didn't. All he did was open doors, and I went through. "I'm very reasonably priced," I whispered.

"Did you say something?" Derek asked.

“Oh, no. Sorry,” I replied.

What the fuck? I said that to complete strangers and let them feel my tits. I practically bragged about pretending to be a hooker. Blowing the cab driver? Hell, fucking the cab driver? Those were both on me. Leroy didn’t do them, he didn’t make them happen. I did. Over and over, I’d go ‘no,’ but then two minutes later, no matter how fucked up, I was right into it. I needed to take some fucking responsibility, before I blew my marriage to pieces.

Oh geez, Sam, I definitely couldn’t tell him about this. Stop fucking up, Kayley. This was all out of control. I needed to clear my head. Were the booths open? Maybe somewhere. Wouldn’t it be great if they were open twenty-four hours? God, that would be so good. I just wanted to go there and spend the entire night sucking every cock that came through a hole. I’d feel better. No, Sam was home waiting. I’d just shove all these feelings down into a horrible little knot in my stomach, and just try and get through, get a good night’s sleep.

Wake up to the man I love. Sam vs Glory holes. I thought about it for a while. No contest, I decided eventually. Cuddling up and going to sleep next to him, that was worth a thousand glory holes. And if I needed, I could do them later anyway.

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When I came out of the shower in a towel, Derek was already dressed.

“Hey sexy,” he said. “I just waited around to say I’m fucking off. It was fun.”

He stepped up to kiss me, and grabbed my boob. What a romantic. Then he was out the door. Leroy was laying fully dressed, sitting up on the bed, watching me, he was smiling.

“What?” I asked, drying my hair. Fuck, I was tired. If he wanted another round, I would scream.

“Even when I’m not hard,” he said, “You’re just so fucking sexy.”

I smiled in spite of myself. So fucking easy, he meant.

“Thanks,” I said. I decided not to bother with make up, it had been minimal anyway. I slid into my skirt. Fuck, this sweater was wrecked. I looked at Leroy. “Any chance of getting my underwear back?”

He laughed.

“That ship sailed a while back.”

“Oh right.”

“You’re sticking around?” I asked.

“It can be rough this late, I figured I’d wait till you were safe in a cab.”

I laughed, not sexy, not sarcastic, just a laugh. It was kind of nice, him being a gentleman. I really needed to work at not blaming all my problems on him.

“I think we’ve proved that I’m not safe in a cab with you,” I told him.

He smiled that sleazy, charming panty-removing smile of his. “Touche!”

He got up, and we walked together to the elevator. He leaned against the wall, and punched the button, it took a couple of moments to arrive.

“World’s slowest elevator,” he announced as the doors opened. “We could have taken the stairs faster.”

I laughed and got in. He punched a button. It descended and stopped on the third floor, the doors opened. I waited, it didn’t move again.

“It’s not something you haven’t done tonight,” he said, smiling. His hand slid under my sweater, along my belly. I shivered. I knew what he meant: Room 309. Two hundred dollars. Waiting for me. My stomach did flip flops.

“I’m really tired,” I said. “No. I just want to go home.”

“Come on,” he said. “I’ll let you keep half.”

“I don’t think so.”

Leroy moved closer, looming over me. I backed up a little, and he pressed up against me. Under my wrecked sweater, his hand moved up, grabbing my breast.

“Come on,” he whispered in my ear, “You made a promise. You’re not going to break a promise are you? They’re waiting.”

I looked away.

“I’m just really tired,” I said, “That’s all.”

I was pressed up against the wall. The door was open. Third floor beckoned. He took my chin and pulled my face back to him, kissing me tenderly on the lips.

“That’s okay,” he promised. “Dilberts like that? You’ll be done in fifteen minutes tops, then you go home. I’ll pay for your cab from my share. Come on, it’s nothing.”

I tried to shake my head, it was hard to collect my thoughts. My heart was pounding. I wanted to look away, but he wouldn’t let me.

“I.. I... I just don’t want to,” I whispered almost inaudibly. “I’m sorry.”

He tried to kiss me, but I turned my face away. He took my chin and turned it back, placing another gentle kiss on my lips.

“You promised,” he murmured. “And I want you to.”

Oh Christ. Oh for fucking Christ!

“Fuck off!” I snapped, pushing his hand away. “That’s it. Just fuck right off, okay! I said no!”

Instantly, his eyes flashed, and his face twisted with rage.

“Fuck you, Bitch!” he barked loud and fierce, his voice echoed through the Elevator cage. “Don’t you fucking talk to me like that. You fucking do what I tell you.”

His lip curled in a snarl.

“That’s how you like it. You like me making you. You love playing this game. Well, you made a fucking promise, now you keep it. That’s how it is. Don’t fucking pretend to me like you’re not into it. So stop being a bitch and do what you’re told!”

Instantly, my anger vanished, in the face of his fury, like a bucket of cold water had been thrown on it. I wanted to back away, but I was already against the elevator’s wall. My eyes dropped, and I looked away from him.

“Please,” I said softly, trying to placate his sudden wrath. “I’m just tired, okay. I’ve been good. It’s been a long night, and I’ve done everything you wanted. I just want to go home.”

Fuck, I thought. I was going to have to go to room 309.

Maybe they would be sleeping, or they’d changed their minds. Maybe it wouldn’t take too long, and I could go home. Maybe it would be fun, my second threesome tonight.

I mean, I didn’t know.

Maybe.

“I’m just a little tired. All right?” I whimpered. “Okay?”

I thought about them in the elevator, the way I’d flirted and invited them. The eagerness of their hands. Would it be so bad to do it? I was already a whore now. Why not? In my exhaustion, I could feel my pussy clench slightly, a kind of lifting tingle in my womb. Jesus, I was a fucking nympho. Something dark and hungry in me thrilled at the idea of prostituting myself.

“Come on,” I said, I said almost inaudibly, trying not to whine. I didn’t really want this, even if I had promised. “Please, let’s just call it a night. Please.”

Fuck, I was going to do this. It’ll be okay, I thought, it will be fast. Just get it over with. I hated myself a little bit, for my weakness.

Suddenly, Leroy relaxed. He nodded.

“Okay,” he said, his whole voice and demeanor changed.

“What?” I was confused by this sudden shift.

“Okay,” he repeated, he pressed the elevator button for main floor. He was relaxed and friendly. “You’re right. It’s late, you’re tired, you’re worn out. They’re probably asleep anyway. I think it’s time to send you home.”

“Oh,” I said relieved. “Okay.

I’d won? Well, fuck me. I was so used to him pushing and getting his way, it was nice to score a point. He was so dom and pushy so much that I’d forgotten he could be reasonable. He shrugged.

“Tell you what,” he said, “We’ll let this one pass. You’re not in shape for it. You’ll just owe me one. How’s that?”

“I’ll owe you one?”

He shrugged again.

“You’ll just make it up some other time,” he said. “No big deal.”

He threw an arm around my shoulder, pulling me close.

“Hell of a night, eh?” he said, smiling his big sleazy grin and shaking his head in wonder. “Not what you were expecting.”

“No,” I agreed.

“Not bad though,” he teased. “You had fun, didn’t you? Tell me you had fun.”

He was so friendly, it was hard not to respond to it. After that scary flash of anger, his sudden warmth was like a blanket, you just wanted to melt into it. I moved closer, pressing against him, under his arm.

“Yeah,” I said, honestly. “It was fun.”

And it was. Crazy and out of control, but genuinely full of hot wild moments. Maybe not the wisest thing I’d ever done, total bad judgment, but fun. It made him happy to hear it, and I liked this happy cuddly side, I kind of needed it. So why not admit it. Give him what he wanted. Make him happy. I was too worn down for more bullshit.

“Really?” he asked, with a touch of enthusiasm. “What part did you like the most?”

“Uhm...” I really didn’t know what to say. He’d put me on the spot. “In the cab, I guess?”

He laughed, it was warm and friendly. I definitely liked that side of him. More than the other, definitely.

“That was hot,” he agreed. “I could tell you were really getting off. Is that why you blew the

cab driver later? Because it was so hot?"

"I guess."

Why had I blown the cab driver? God, that seemed like a million years ago. It all felt unreal. I remembered doing it, but my reasons seemed... surreal, like it had made sense then. But nothing made sense now. It had all just run away from me.

"What about Jake," he asked.

I shrugged. I was just too tired for the post-mortem he seemed to want. My brain wasn't processing well.

"Big cock, not too bright?" Leroy whispered.

I giggled, just a little, it wasn't hugely funny or anything, but it felt like we were sharing a fun little secret. I really preferred this version over the angry one. I wanted to apologize for provoking him, but didn't want to bring it up.

Elevator reached bottom, and we eventually strolled out. I didn't dare look at the front desk as we passed.

"Doesn't matter," he told me. "You made his night. Hell, you made his week. His month. His year!"

"I guess," I said more cheerfully as we walked, picking up his buoyancy. I smiled a little.

"Hey," he said. "What about that threesome? Doesn't that rate? Give me at least five stars? Four? Three and a half? Three stars?"

I giggled again. "It was all good," I said. "All of it."

He kissed me affectionately.

"There's my girl," he said. We were stepping out onto the street.

"Come on, let's get you that cab."

&&&

"You going to tell Sam about tonight?" Leroy asked as we waited for my cab outside. I didn't answer for a second, instead blushing deeply. It was dark out, the streets were empty. He was leaning up against the tiled wall of the hotel.

The stained class windows I'd seen inside weren't visible, they'd been covered over with the tiles. That felt like vandalism. I was standing a little ways away from him, almost wanting to pace back and forth, but honestly, I was exhausted. I took a deep breath.

"I might," I said quietly after too long a hesitation. Yeah, we both knew that wasn't going to happen. I just wanted a little fucking dignity, was that too much to ask? At least I'd had the

chance to shower.

“You’ve been meeting your girlfriends regularly? Tuesday nights?” Leroy asked. “Good, then you’ve got an excuse to be away from Sam for Tuesdays. He won’t suspect it. We’ll do that from now on.”

“Fuck,” I said miserably, “I’d like some kind of social life.”

“You like getting fucked more,” Leroy said confidently. “Completely up to you. You can still see them every now and then. Drop in. Leave early. It’ll work.”

I was too tired to reply.

“Or you know,” he said, “I can just join you when you’re with them. I’ve met them now.”

Nope, nope, nope.

I sighed, resigning myself to balancing him and them. I had a feeling it wasn’t going to be an equal balance. Why did I go along with this? Because he fucked me so good, because he was dirty and nasty, and he made me wet and go to pieces around him. Because I couldn’t resist him. Because I was a whore and I wanted it.

I sighed again.

“Whatever,” I replied.

Something occurred to me.

“How did you know where I was?” I asked suddenly. “That bar wasn’t the kind of place you hang out.”

He laughed.

“You think so little of me,” he said. “I do go to places like that. Lots of lonely older women in Cougartowns. But seriously... Sam told me.”

“Oh,” I said. Fuck, Sam, fuck.

“Yeah. I called up wanting to see if you guys wanted to hang out. Sam told me you were out at that place with your friends. I offered that we could go hang out together, but he wanted to stay in. And as it turns out, I was close to where you were already, so I figured I’d drop by.”

He smiled.

“Aren’t you glad I did?” he asked. “You have to admit, a hell of a night.”

“Yeah,” I said tiredly. So that’s how it all happened. Mystery solved.

“You should be careful when you get home,” he said.

“Mmm?”

“Well, you know... If Sam fucks you, or goes down on you, he’s going to know. You’re kind of

stretched out down there. Four guys came in you, it’ll leave a taste. He’ll be able to tell. Hell, he can probably smell all those cocks on your breath.”

“Whatever,” I said, hoping he’d shut the fuck up. Fuck though, he was right. Four men had been in me, including a really big one and a thick one. My pussy was beaten all to shit, I was raw, I couldn’t let Sam near until I was back to normal. Even my asshole had been stretched. And fuck, even though I’d showered and wiped...at least it wasn’t leaking down my thighs, he’d probably still be able to taste it, the way he’d tasted it on top of that building.

“Who knows though,” Leroy said, I could tell he was enjoying himself way too much. Grow up I thought. “Maybe he likes the taste by now. He’s had enough of it.”

Dick, I thought. He can never stop. But there was no force to the resentment, I was just tired. So I nodded.

He shrugged.

“Also maybe be careful showing skin for a while," he said. “I didn’t give you any hickeys, but who knows about the other guys. And we were pretty energetic, I wouldn’t guarantee there isn’t a mark or two. You might want to keep him at arm’s length for a couple of days,” Leroy said, “Until you’re sure everything is back to normal.”

“Cab’s here!” I said loudly, as it pulled up.

Thankfully, it wasn’t Rahul. I jumped in, before Leroy could say any more stupid things, and gave the driver my address. I checked my phone again. Half past two in the morning, that was bad. I leaned backwards in my seat, watching the streetlights file past.

I had a sudden impulse to ask the driver about any places along the way with glory holes. No that was stupid, kill that idea.

Look them up on my phone?

Jesus, Kayley! Stop!

Except... Except... Leroy was right, damn him. There was no fucking way I could tell Sam what happened. What if I did? He’d ask questions, and then I’d have to tell him about the other times with Leroy in his apartment, and about the booths with Leroy. And that would lead to my solo visits to the booths, I couldn’t even imagine how I would explain that. And god knows what else, it all just felt bottomless.

The whole thing would unravel. I couldn’t do that. So I’d have to lie. Fuck me, they were just piling up. More lies to cover old lies. And we couldn’t fuck tonight, he’d know right away. Maybe not tomorrow. I couldn’t even let him get a good look at me naked, not until I was absolutely sure there were no marks or bruises.

Fuck, me! It seemed the only man I wasn't going to fuck tonight was my husband. What the fuck was wrong with me? Why had I let this happen to me? Why had I done this? And what was wrong with me that I was probably going to do it again?

Probably? I laughed out loud.

"Excuse me," the cab driver asked. "Did you say something?"

"No," I told him, staring at the streetlights marching past. There wasn't another car on the road, the city was as dead and empty as me. "I just thought of something not funny."

&&&

Sam had waited up for me to come home. Because of course he did, he wouldn't want me to come home to a dark apartment. He was sitting back, watching some b-grade movie on television.

"Hey babe," I said. He turned around , but I went to him before he could get a good look and wrapped my arms around him from behind. I kissed his neck, and then his shoulder, careful to avoid his lips, and turned my head to look at the television, just to make sure he wouldn't smell my breath. How many cocks had been in my mouth? All of them.

"Watcha watching?"

"Last Exit," he said. "I can't really follow it. I was just waiting up for you."

"Oh that's sweet," I said, breaking the hug. "I'm dead tired. I'm going to take a shower. See you in bed?"

I backed away, pulling off the angora sweater. It was pretty wrecked, and I didn't need him to see that. I'd have to get rid of it tomorrow. Shame, I liked that sweater. Maybe I could find a replacement?

"How was the evening?" he asked.

"Oh you know," I said. "The girls. Jan was having drama, she drank way too much. Sorry we went late."

"No problem."

I hesitated a moment.

"Hey," I said, "did Leroy call tonight?"

"No," Sam replied. "Why?"

"Just wondering. Occupying real estate, I guess."

He was lying, I thought. Why was he lying to me. Was it just so unimportant to him, so

trivial, he'd genuinely forgotten. Was he jealous? Was there something else. Fuck, Sam, I thought, you pointed him at me, everything that happened was because of you, and you lie about it? For a moment, I was annoyed with him, maybe a diversion from being annoyed with myself.

"Living rent free," he replied.

I yawned theatrically, and vanished into the bathroom. I was too tired to make up a story. I'd come up with something in the morning. Oh, and I'd have to contact the girls and make sure they didn't shoot their mouths off, and backed me up. Fuck, more lies, and more people dragged into the lies.

I ran the hot water and stepped into the second shower of my evening. Safe now, I took a few moments to just relax. I reached down, feeling my pussy and asshole. Four cocks in a row, was I stretched, was it visible? Could you tell by touch? By tongue? Were there still enough traces of semen, of the effects of fucking, that it could be tasted? Would it feel different to his cock? I couldn't be sure. I used the shower massage unit between my legs to jet water up my vagina. Maybe I should douche, just in case any taste lingered.

I couldn't see any marks on my body, that was good. But even small bruises took a day or so to show up. I'd have to be careful and watch for that. Still, with the shower, the hot water under pressure, washing the evidence of my sins away, I felt refreshed. Cleaner physically, if not spiritually.

What had I done? Fuck, I'd practically agreed to another date with Leroy, so I was going to be doing it again. That or risk exposing him to the girls, or worse, him getting pissy and demanding. Throwing some juvenile tantrum and saying something he shouldn't in front of someone he shouldn't.

He liked to tease because he had nothing at risk, which I found really fucking annoying. I'd have to tell the girls something, get them to back me up, just so I wouldn't be caught. I stepped out of the shower and into a bathrobe, just in case Sam walked in, I didn't need him to see me naked and maybe see something he shouldn't, and grabbed my toothbrush. Was I overthinking this? Was it really that big a deal?

I mean, Sam and I were doing Leroy together, he wasn't a stranger. I wasn't doing anything he didn't know about, hell he watched Leroy fuck me and enjoyed it. So this was.. not anything, really? Somehow, it was easier to believe that when Leroy was with me than when I was staring at the mirror with a mouthful of toothpaste. It wasn't just Leroy though. Or even Leroy and Derek. It went a lot further. Jake. I'd been sold. I'd allowed myself to be sold, I'd willingly surrendered. I tried the idea on. Rahul had called Leroy my Pimp, and he'd been right. I'd almost fucked two strangers in Room 309, as tired as I was, I'd been ready to. Well, at least prepared to try.

With one finger, I wrote 'whore' on the misted bathroom mirror and stared at it and my reflection behind it. Was this me now?

I wiped it away.

I used mouthwash, rinsed, and then quietly, brushed my teeth again.

Thinking of Rahul made me think of that insane cabfare. Fuck, that had gone on my credit card. Which made me think of the hotel bill, that was also on my card. I'd have to hide the statements. And the actual hotel receipt, Leroy had that, I'd have to get it from him, just in case. Fuck, this was complicated. How did regular married people have affairs behind each other's backs?

It was way too much effort. I held my palm against my face and breathed into it, inhaling through my nose. I couldn't smell anything. Then I wiped the mirror with a towel, removing any possible trace of my writing, and shoved my clothes including the sweater into the bottom of the laundry.

This was as good as it gets I decided, I'd figure out the rest tomorrow.

When I stepped out of the bathroom only the hallway light was on. I turned it off and made it into the bedroom, slipping under the covers with Sam. He turned to embrace me, I blocked him, turning on my side away from him.

"I'm sorry, babe," I said. "It's been a long night."

Sam paused, and then cuddled. Not tonight. And not tomorrow morning. Or tomorrow night, if I was being careful.

"No problem," he whispered, and kissed me on the cheek. "Love you."

"Love you too," I whispered, and pretended to yawn.

Sam was easy to lie to, because he was so trusting. He was so good that he couldn't even imagine me lying to him. So good he'd probably forgive me, except I didn't dare take that chance.

Whore, I thought, that's who I am now, and not just because I'd spread my legs because someone paid my pimp. I hated myself a little. I reached carefully between my legs, feeling my traitor clit respond, and just pressed my hand there. I hated Leroy, and needed him, and wondered if letting him go was even an option.

I let Sam wrap his arms around me, we spooned together. Slowly his breathing deepened, I felt his body relaxed. I just kept laying there, staring into the darkness.

I would make it up to him, I promised myself.

SLIPPING INTO DEPRAVITY, CH. 43, THE DINNER PARTY

==========

KAYLEY

I opened the door. Leroy was standing there with a couple of paper grocery bags loaded up with food items, and another plastic bag hanging off his arm.

“You were really serious?” I said, kind of surprised. “Exactly how much food did you bring? Are we expecting others?”

“Hey Leroy,” Sam came up behind me as I folded my arms.

“Hermanos!”

“Let me grab some of that,” Sam said, taking a paper bag from him. Leroy lifted the plastic bag.

“I got us some good wine,” he said. “2006, before the frosts. Never touch anything from 2007 or 2008. Frosts all over Europe and North America. Australia was spared, but Australian wine...”

He made sour face.

“Seriously,” I said, “we do have food here. And spices, and everything.”

“Grocery store spices,” Leroy said cheerfully, following Sam into the kitchen. “I wanted you guys to have the good stuff.”

The two of them occupied the kitchen together, I leaned against the wall, watching them, as Leroy unpacked, and handed things to Sam, who found space for them in the fridge. They worked smoothly, handing things pack and forth, their dialogue back and forth was utterly functional. No wasted words at all, no comments, just statements and questions, instructions and clarifications.

It was fascinating. Sometimes you get a glimpse of it, the way that men seem to pare their personalities down when working on something together, they become focused, utilitarian, cooperating almost like a machine. It was even hot, in a way.

Sam and Leroy definitely had this chemistry going on, they seemed to synch up. It was a rapport, an intimacy that wasn’t about sex, but it was definitely there, and it felt inaccessible to me. Like I could see it, but not truly understand it. Guy thing.

Fuck, I would love to see them make out. Yes, yes, I know, both straight. But it would be so fucking hot! All that masculinity, that fire and ice, that maleness.

“Okay,” I said suddenly. “Do you guys need me for anything?”

“We’re doing fine,” Leroy grinned at me, he seemed genuinely happy to be in his element. Sometimes when he smiled or grinned, you could sense a layer of artificiality. “I got Sam here to help, we’re going to cook up something to knock your socks off.”

“Sure you don’t need any help?”

“Just relax and look beautiful.”

Geez. Sexist much.

“Uhm...” I hemmed, “okay. Fine.”

That was lame.

“We have board games?” I called. “For after.”

“Great,” Leroy said, but I could tell he was distracted. Fuck, the way this was going, we might actually end up playing board games.

“Okay,” I called. “I’ll just clear off the dining table.”

“Terrific.”

That took two minutes.

Well, that was done. I looked at them over in the kitchen. Leroy was busily rearranging things and he and Sam were quietly talking.

I wandered up to the breakfast counter, looking in at them. One wall of the kitchen has a huge open window in the wall so you can see right through to the living room, with a breakfast counter dividing the two rooms. I wasn’t seeing much sign of anything, just kind of moving bowls and utensils back and forth. There was a red glow from the oven window.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“We’re just setting up the kitchen,” Sam said.

I thought it was just fine the way I’d set it up, but never mind me.

“Fifty per cent of good cooking is the prep work,” Leroy said, glancing at me as he arranged the counter. “Just setting things up, the right way, the right order, so when we start putting it together it all flows.”

He paused.

“Cooking is like music...” he said, “or porn, or rodeo. It’s all about setting up the flow. Once you got the flow, it all comes together.”

“I see,” I said, he was going all zen on me. “So what are you cooking.”

“It’s a surprise,” he winked.

“Fish,” Sam said matter of factly, his back to us, doing something arcane.

“Bud!” Leroy groused.

“Sorry,” Sam replied without looking.

“Wait for it,” Leroy told me, he reached out and tapped the tip of my nose. “It’s going to be amazing. Now, stay out of the kitchen and let your men do the work.”

Fine. I went and sat on the love seat, folding my arm.

“Put on some music, Babe?” Sam called.

“I brought a CD,” Leroy said, “burned it myself. It’s in the bag.”

Of course he would have. It’s not like I could pick out the music. Sam fished it out, looking at it.

“Cool. What’s on it?”

“Oh it’s just a mix. Some Alannah Myles, a bit of Kate Bush, classic Madonna, a lot of smooth torchy stuff. I even threw some of Glory in there,” Leroy replied.

“Cool,” Sam held it up, and then passed it out to me across the breakfast window. “Put this on, babe.”

“Okay,” Leroy said, calling back to Sam’s attention. “This is pia, also called arrowroot. A bunch of stuff goes by that name, but this is the best, but you have to handle it right. So we start, here’s how you slice it...”

Leroy gave me an apologetic smile, and then turned back to Sam.

“I’ll just ... put the CD on,” I said.

“After that, I’ll show you what to do with the Bok Choy,” Leroy was saying.

Right. I popped the CD in the player. Oh gee, another mundane task completed. There’s something about old fashioned physical tech. I adjusted the volumes until it seemed balanced. I’m sure Leroy could have done it better. Because, you know... Leroy.

Then I flopped down on the couch.

“How long?” I called.

“About an hour.”

Okay. Fine. I put my feet up on the cushions. Twiddled my thumbs. Fidgeted. I could hear them talking softly, about kabocha and shitake. Leroy was going on about the art of cutting vegetables. Like... get a knife, get a vegetable, cut it up, it’s not fucking rocket science. They were completely engrossed in boy-town. Then I heard the knife, whack whack, Sam cutting vegetables the ‘special’ way, and Leroy going on about sauces, and how everybody got kabocha skins wrong, just threw them away.

“I’m going to take a shower,” I announced. “And get freshened up.”

“Sounds great,” Sam replied. But I could tell he wasn’t paying attention. Leroy was rattling around doing something, shaving an exotic cheese with a special cheese shaving technique learned on a mountaintop in Korea or fanning the stove to make sure it was exactly the right

temperature.

I stripped off naked in the living room. Nothing. They didn't even look. I resisted the urge to stomp my feet, they'd think I was trying for attention. Instead, I walking heavily, I went to the bathroom and stepped into the shower. The water was deliciously hot, making me shiver with delight. There's something about a nice hot shower, it just makes life better. Scrubbing down with a loofah, I mulled things over.

Okay, the boys were in their happy place. That was actually a good thing. I actually liked that Sam and Leroy seemed to bond. When you're the delicious wet meat in a sandwich, you want the nice buttery white bread to get along. I was so lucky, there could have been toxic rivalry, they could have despised each other. But no, they bonded so readily I was almost jealous. I wasn't jealous though. It made things better for me, how could I be jealous?

Maybe I should just leave them alone until things were ready? Maybe a nice bubble bath? No, I'd already committed to a shower. Nap? That was silly.

How about quality time with Mister Banana as I called my vibrator? Long story - it wasn't yellow or shaped like that. But it could be a nice warm up.

No, I wanted to be fresh for tonight. That would be cheating. Besides, it wasn't loud enough. I needed a vibrator that sounded like an outboard motor, and then I'd go and use it on the couch.

I laughed to myself.

Seriously, maybe I should get a really loud one. Most of them are just really supposed to be quiet. But why not? Maybe I'd ask the next time I headed to the booths, stop in chat with the clerks. Ask for their loudest, see the expressions on their faces.

I stepped out of the shower, moisturized, buffed and then powdered down. Did a quick shave, didn't need it but I wanted to be extra smooth down there. Styled my hair. Checked myself in the mirror. Yes, absolutely smoking hot!

Forty-five fucking minutes to go.

Oh fuck me!!!!

Okay, Kayley. Over to the bedroom, open up the closet. What to wear? My zoftig gray? Yummy, but I'd worn it already for them at the restaurant. One of the little black dresses? My Audrey Hepburn? Hmmm. Oh wait, my off the shoulder number with the long sleeves, scalloped neckline, and the satin highlights! Perfect!

Garter belt? No, ruin the lines. Pantyhose or stay ups? Pantyose, blah! Okay, but with the dress this short, the tops of the stay ups would be exposed. Maybe the Audrey Hepburn dress instead? No wait, showing stocking tops wasn't a liability here. I grabbed my highest, strappiest heels. A nice plush lipstick, a little blush. Perfect!

Feeling good, I swept into the living room, and did a little twirl.

“What do you think, boys?” I said in my sultriest voice.

In the kitchen, they paused for a second, looking out the breakfast window.

“Smoking!” Leroy said.

“Hot!” Sam offered, he bent back to the stove.

“I’m trying to decide what to wear,” I told them.

“That’s great,” Sam said, not even looking.

“I thought I’d try a few outfits,” I offered, “see what works best.”

“Sure,” Leroy said, I could see his gaze was drifting over to supervise Sam. “You have time.”

Okay. Classy sexy? The Audrey Hepburn. She was a famous designer or something, I think from the same era as Madonna and Frank Sinatra, so they named the style after her. I slipped out of the off the shoulder, and into the Hepburn. At least it covered the tops of the stockings.

They looked, they whistled. They went back to work. Like... fuck...

Cooking is not that complicated!

It’s not! It’s just not!

Bright red new year’s dress, the one with the slit up the hip and the plunging neckline. Dropped the stockings and went bare legs, but added a belt, and another necklace to the amber one.

“Gorgeous!”

I tried a couple more dresses. Then a pencil skirt, with a crimson transparent high collar blouse, and a matching embroidered bolero jacket, and black boots.

“Stunning! Okay, now this next part is critical. The secret to spices is timing, taste is a chemical reaction after all...”

The crimson was a hit. I did another ‘business sexy’ skirt and jacket outfit, skipping the blouse, and swivelling my hips in a hot move, showing a little, or a lot of leg. I was loving my one woman fashion show, but the boys just weren’t distracted enough.

Okay. Next outfit: White, skin tight, low rise, stretch slacks, my camel toe special, with a red and gold bustier, that exposed my midriff and navel. Gold chains around y waist, and a lot of costume jewelry.

“Hot! Am I doing this right?” I whispered. “I’m not sure.”

“You’re doing perfectly,” Leroy said, then he shifted back to Sam, “You want to keep it simmering, but don’t let it burn.”

I returned to the bedroom, trying to think of another really scorching sexy outfit. Maybe straight to lingerie?

This time I came out in a black silk and lace outfit, with underwear push up that curved and clung right around my rib cage leaving my middle bare. with a ribbon of a garter belt, Cuban heels stockings, and lace up Frankenstein platform boots. I made sure the tops of my nipples were just barely visible, touched them up a little with a light lipstick just to emphasize them a little. For my lips, I went with a bright cherry.

The piece de resistance was my g-string. It didn't actually go with this but the colour was right. I rode it really low in the front below the swell of my pubic mounds, and high in the back so it practically slithered over my hips. The best part was I pinned the gusset inward until it was little over an inch, barely covering my pussy lips. I took a few steps back and forth to make sure I didn't slip out.

"Hot!"

That got a few minutes attention, I preened and arched my back, and just posed a few times. The compliments, lusty and urgent flowed hot and fast. Finally satisfied, I returned to the bedroom. I noticed they didn't protest my departure nearly enough.

What's next, I thought, almost tingling with excitement. I shimmied out of the skirt, enjoying the the feel of my bare bottom exposed to air. Maybe lingerie? Bikini? That would have their eyes popping. As I was tucking away the skirt, I noticed my little denim. It was this tiny micro-skirt, my tiniest skirt. Half way down, the stiff denim flared.

I'd bought it way back in University for a party, but I'd chickened out on wearing it.

It was definitely the sort of thing you absolutely needed to wear with underwear.

If you didn't...

I smiled.

&&&

"Well hello sailor boys," I drawled, strutting in on my shiny red five inch heels, "I'm looking for some good sea-men."

Sam glanced out, and his jaw dropped. Leroy froze, staring.

Finally. Just the effect I was looking for. I beamed at them, wearing my wettest, reddest, shiniest lipstick, and struck a pose, arching my back and turning to the side a little.

From bottom to top, I had slightly mismatched fishnet stockings, for that extra slutty look, a tiny denim skirt with a delightful flare, just short enough that the stocking tops came nowhere near it, and riding low enough that you could tell there was no underwear? Skirt? This was a low riding denim belt, very low riding. I also wore black lace arm sleeves, again mismatched for that extra-trashy look, one looping all the way around my index finger, the other ending at

my wrist. And big hoop earrings of course, different sizes, one silver, one gold, plus three different necklaces and a pendant, as well as Leroy's amber necklace.

But the piece de resistance was my tank top. It was a bright red, I'd put it on backwards, and pinned up the shoulders to that the bottom sat just below my nipples, so I was showing major underboobs, and sideboobs. Really, the fabric was just barely covering, as my breasts swung free, my nipples poking through. Why, if I moved wrong, you might even see a nipple, or you'd think you might, I'd been really careful getting it just right.

"What do you think?" I asked, throatily, doing a slow rotation with a bump and grind. I didn't need to ask, they were both staring, like cartoon characters with their tongues hanging out. But I wanted to hear it anyway. As I turned, I gave it a little pelvic bump, and that turned into a nice slow twerk, that almost, but not quite, exposed my pussy to them.

"Hubba fucking hubba," Leroy barked.

Sam gave a series of wolf whistles that had me giggling brightly. "Oh baby, work it! Just work that!"

"Goddamn, that's hot," Leroy said. "Scorching!"

Fuck, I was wet from the sheer horniness they were suddenly radiating. Raising one arm above my head, I ran my fingers through my hair like a runway model, flashing a sideboob., I grinned and blew them a kiss, and then lifted the skirt a little to show an ass cheek. I placed two fingers on it and made a hissing sound - Hot!!!

"I think you like the look," I teased.

"Oh yeah," Sam said. "I'm hard. I'm so hard right now."

"Instant boner!" Leroy said. "It is so hard to concentrate right now."

"Oh that's sweet," I smiled at them, batting my eyes. A hand drifted down to my tank top, their eyes watched hungrily. Would I show a nipple? They couldn't look away. I slipped two fingers along my bare under-boob, moving up, and pinching the nipple under the fabric. "I don't know though. Is it really working? I can't decide. On a scale of one to ten, with one being Mother Teresa and t—"

"TEN!" shouted Sam.

"ELEVEN!" shouted Leroy.

I giggled, beaming, my eyes merry.

"Sixty-nine," Sam cried. "On a scale of one to ten, you're a sixty-nine."

I laughed.

"Ninety-nine!"

“A thousand and one.”

I preened.

“I don’t know,” I said. “It’s not too much. I mean, if you saw me like this on the street, you wouldn’t get the wrong impression would you?”

“I think there’s only one impression,” Leroy said. “The only question would be how much?”

“Top dollar,” Sam said. “Whatever she charges, I’m buying. I’d bang you so hard.”

“Oh she’d be street value,” Leroy said. “You’d get five minutes. She’d have the cars lining up all night. Busy girl.”

I blushed and grinned.

“You think so?” I said smiling.

“Oh yeah,” Leroy said. “If I was a pimp, I’d turn you out so fast. You’d be a top earner. You’d be so busy you wouldn’t even bother wearing panties.”

“Well....” I teased, grinning, I let my tongue slide along the bottom of my lip, I stretched reaching one arm above my head, letting my elbow bend, sliding my hand along the back of my head, my back arched, my belly thrust forward, with my free hand, I reached for the hem of my denim skirt. “...as it happens, I’m not wearing any.”

And I showed them.

“Fuck,” Leroy laughed. “I almost came in my pants.”

“Oh boys,” I said. “You’re both so sweet, I could just kiss you.”

Leroy turned away momentarily to do chef stuff, but I could tell his attention was all for me. I let my tongue flicker at the edge of my lips. Sam was completely riveted. I blinked sensuously.

“Or lick you both up like ice cream.”

“Oh yeah,” Sam grinned. “Come here and say that, I dare you.”

“Oh I don’t know,” I replied, crossing over to lean against the kitchen doorway. Casually I let my fingers slide down across my bare belly, making a little circle around my navel. “You seem so busy in the kitchen. I don’t think there’s room. Where would I fit?”

“We’ll find space for you,” Leroy said, his eyes were shining.

“Well...” I pulled down my lip coquettishly, shifting back and forth on my hips, “I’ve always wondered what goes on in a kitchen with men. It seems mysterious. And nautical. Does it involve sea-men?”

“Come and find out,” Sam offered. “We might have something to put between your lips.”

“Well, that sounds tasty,” I said, stepping into the kitchen, and moving up between Sam and Leroy. I threw my hands over Sam’s shoulders, and pressed my lips lightly to his. “I could never resist an offer from you.”

He slipped a small orange-ish cube between my lips, and it melted deliciously in my mouth. Leroy stepped up behind us, and I wiggled my butt against his pants.

“Oh she’s too distracting,” Leroy said, his hands lifting my skirt, settling just above my buttocks and pulling my ass cheeks apart, pressing against me.

One finger crept down my tailbone, not quite reaching my asshole. Sam kissed me again, finding my breasts, cupping them, my nipples gone rigid. Leroy’s other hand slid around my hip, under the short flare of my skirt, and found my clit hood. I was just instantly wet, it was delicious, I could feel my pussy dilating, my lips opening on their own. They closed in, their bodies pressing against me, and all I could do was coo and giggle happily.

“Oh fuck,” Leroy moaned, biting my shoulder. My eyelids fluttered. I wasn’t sure who was touching me where, but I loved it. “I have to have this.”

“You can both have me. Who’s first?” I teased. Sam, I wanted Sam.

“I want her, Sam,” Leroy said with urgent conviction. “I fucking want to nail her.”

“You’re the guest...” Sam whispered.

“I think he’s busy running the kit–”

“Oh yeah, I’m going,” Leroy grunted, another lick and a bite on my neck. I sighed and melted a little.

“But are you sure...”

“Oh I’m sure.”

I could feel Leroy’s arms wrapping around me, pulling me away from Sam ever so slightly. His voice went practical, calling over his shoulder.

“I need to wreck this pussy. Spiral arrangement, Sam, alternate, one two three two one like I showed you, never let the starches touch the fruit.”

“Got it.”

Leroy pulled me by my hips, angling me towards the doorway. As his pants pressed into me I felt his erection, letting my fingertips run along it and giggling with delight. This was exciting and fun, I felt light, almost like bouncing, I felt a little electrical thrill under my skin.

“Watch the sauces, just keep them simmering, stir a little. And be careful with the knives, do it like I showed you, patient. We don’t need you cutting yourself.”

“Got it.”

I was going to get fucked, and there was something thrilling and spontaneous and naughty to it. I could feel my pussy just squeezing and relaxing, a wet flow inside, sliding as my lips opened.

“Once I bust a nut,” Leroy said, “I’ll hold the kitchen for you while you go in to clean up.”

Then were out of the kitchen, I was almost giggling and dancing with Leroy’s hands all over me. He was laughing a little, a genuine laugh. I kind of wanted Sam first, but I was okay, it didn’t matter which one went first.

“The table!” I squealed, and headed towards it, “Let’s do it on the dining table.”

Have that in your minds as we eat, I thought. I maneuvered myself to the table, backing up to it and pressing my ass against it. Leroy turned aside for a second to raise the volume of the music, pulsing strains of a throaty voice singing about black velvet filled me. Leroy was on front of me, pressing my legs apart with his knees, his hands all over my breasts.

“How much?” I asked.

“Uh?”

“On the street,” I said. His mouth was on my neck, licking my throat, my heart was racing so fast. “How much would you pay for me?”

He paused, and licked my earlobe, bringing another sigh.

“I’d put you on the low track, where the nasty girls are. Going rate is fifty...”

His thumb swivelled against my clit as he worked fingers deep inside. His free hand clutched my breasts, pinching the nipple as I eased back until I was laying back on the table, my legs spread.

“But for a piece of ass like you,” he whispered, in my ear, “I’d go a hundred, if you sucked my cock first and then took it bareback, like I’m going to do now. You’d make a hundred, every trick you turned, every single one coming in you. All night long, johns in their cars just lining up.”

“I’m spreading my legs for you,” I whispered. “So you can come in me.”

“I’m going to whore you. I’m going to come in that little whore cunt,” he teased, his tongue flickering around my ear.

I moaned and writhed wordlessly.

“Porn star mode,” he whispered.

“What?” I was confused for second, that had come out of left field.

“Like before,” he said, “loud and proud. You’re fucking for an audience, okay.”

Oh right, it fell into place, and if anything it was even crazier sexy. I wanted to giggle and laugh with absolute delight. The madness, the passion, just the wild fun ecstasy of it.

“I can’t wait!” I said loudly. “Fuck my fifty dollar whore cunt with your big fucking cock. Rock me with your cock!”

That was all it took. Leroy pushed in like a pile drover, his hard cock opening me up. I could feel him filling my wetness redoubling, so I was flowing, feeling the slickness pushed up around my lips as he spread me open and pounded deep and hard so that my ass flattened on the table.

He felt bigger, his fucking rougher, I think because the table was such a hard surface. No give at all.

Oh but he felt good, his cock was hot and hard and urgent in me, and he grabbed my breasts to hard I knew I’d have finger bruises, squeezing and pulling my nipples as if he wanted to stretch them out.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned loudly. “That’s good cock! Fuck me hard, I love it.”

I wrapped my legs around his waist, but he broke my grip with a few wild thrusts. As my legs kicked air he let go my stinging nipples to grab my ankles, pushing them up and back until I was practically folded in half.

“Oh god,” I grunted, glancing towards the kitchen, hoping to see Sam watching us. No, his back was turned. I decided to get even louder. “You’re so fucking deep with that big cock.”

“You asked for it whore,” Leroy groaned loudly. “Take that pounding.”

He was slamming into me hard for all he was worth, knocking a little breath out of me with each lunge. The table jerked under us with the frenzy of his fucking, and I gripped the edges, almost fearing he’d collapse it under us.

“I’m a fucking whore for this cock,” I cried out. “It’s so big. Fuck me. Fuck me like a pimp fucks a whore.”

“Take it bitch!”

I just yelled wildly, at a loss for words, grunting with each thrust that pushed the air out of me. It felt like he was pushing into me so hard, my pussy juice was just, I could just imagine the spray of viscous droplets like saliva, just erupting each time he lunged in and bottomed out. He roared, and we swore back and forth.

“OH FUCK!” I yelled, “I’m coming!”

And I was, it wasn’t long, but the sex was so giddy and wild, so spontaneous and performance and giggley, that it snuck right up on me. One minute I was just loving getting

filled by his jackhammer, the juices spraying, pulling my own nipples like I was going to yank them off. The next minute, I was feeling lighting just spilling around and around inside my hips and it felt like I was being thrown up an escalator, rising higher and higher.

“Oh God!” I screamed. I was rolling back and forth, twisting on the table so fiercely, I pulled one of my ankles free from Leroy’s grip. I kicked wildly, and then wrapped around his hip, digging my heel into his as cheek. Leroy grabbed my breast in a death grip, and I jammed my hand between my legs, loving the feel of his slippery cock pistoning. Then my whole body went stiff, and I just blew in this great shuddering orgasm.

Leroy kept pumping even as it passed and I was trying to catch my breath. His cock felt so wild and intense, I couldn’t help giggling uncontrollably, despite the sudden look of fury on his face. But he just thrust harder, catching my ankle and pushing me back, driving his cock so deep and hard, it felt like he wanted to hit my tonsils. I could tell by the way his cock seemed to swell, the intense frantic fixed expression on his face he was rushing towards orgasm.

Reaching down, I pumped my clit frantically, watching him, forcing my body to go all jangly as he pounded me, pushing towards another orgasm for myself, alongside his. Suddenly, he arched his back, roaring, and I cried out with him, feeling him come in me and tipping over into a smaller orgasm. I didn’t need to come, I just wanted to be polite... and really, I didn’t mind.

He let go my legs and I wrapped them around his hips, as he laid on top of me, panting. I could feel sweat under his shirt, and at the back of his neck. His breath was loud and moist in my ear, quick and fast.

“Good one,” he announced loudly, still gasping, “I love wrecking this cunt.”

“You fuck me so good,” I replied and hoped Sam could hear it, I kind of winced at how stupid it was, but I was too unsettled to say anything better. God, it was embarrassing to sound dumb in front of him. ‘Me am slut. Me like am cock.’

“Do me a favour,” he whispered. “When you fuck him... When he comes, say my name.”

The idea was so nonensical, so monstrous, I couldn’t help it. I laughed loudly.

“What the fuck?” I asked, only remembering to lower my voice at the last minute.

He grinned and kissed me.

“Come on,” he said, “just imagine the look on his face. It will be hilarious.”

“Yeah,” I whispered. “Fuck that. You’re demented.”

“Come on.”

“No!”

"All right then. How about you, no-sell him," he whispered.

I giggled this time, not so much shock, as at his infantile humour. Such a little boy, so mischievous. It was almost endearing.

"No fucking way," I hissed, grinning up at him. "We're not doing that."

"Come on," he whispered. "He'll love it."

"Forget it, we're not cucking," our voices were low as our bodies moved together.

He moaned loudly.

"It's not cucking," he insisted in my ear, "it's just playing around. Having fun. How about, you ask him if it's in yet, that will set him off."

"You're bad! He'll murder me!"

"Come on," he cajoled.

"You're such an asshole," I whispered giddily.

I could feel his cock shifting around inside of me as it shrank away. When Sam's in me, after he comes, he'll lose it's hardness, but it'll still be there, sometimes, like a filling feeling, now bending to my shape. It's nice. But with Leroy, after he comes in me, it just kind of diminishes to nothing and practically falls out, like it's crawling away.

"Come on, just for a joke. Do it."

"A scamp," I breathed into his ear. "You're a dirty little scamp."

"A big scamp," he whispered.

"Not any more," I giggled, as his shriveling cock fell out of me.

He stiffened then, a sudden passing rigidity of tensing muscles, almost immediately relaxing. He exhaled in surprise, just the hint of a snort or snarl. Oh my, I'd upset him. It made me a little nervous, and I felt this frisson of caution. He hid it away, putting on a false smile, but I could tell. Our sweet Leroy had a thin skin, I had to be careful.

"I'll think about it," I said, giving a subliminal nod. He softened.

"Ask him if it's in when he fucks," he repeated, with fresh enthusiasm. "No sell it."

Fucking hell, he just wouldn't let it go.

"And say my name when he comes."

"Not that."

"Okay, as long as... the other..." He kissed me on the lips. "Deal."

“I said I’ll think about it,” I repeated, amused. “Fuck, you’re just evil.”

“And I made you cum like a fucking avalanche, do it for me,” he said, pressing his lips against mine, forcing his tongue in, until I was breathless. He broke the kiss.

“We’ll laugh about it,” he promised. Abruptly, he pulled out. Oh I could just feel the semen trickling down toward my asshole with the sudden departure.

“Sam,” he called, “your turn.”

Leroy threw a glance at me, our eyes locked.

“Deal,” he mouthed. I stuck my tongue out at him, and then giggled uncontrollably.

“Coming,” Sam yelled back.

“Not yet,,” I called, “but you will be!”

“Wait for me to get there,” Leroy said, heading to the kitchen. “Never leave a course unattended, not even for a second. Continuity is everything. I want to make sure.”

I laid back on the table, my legs spread wide, waiting, feeling the semen and wetness moving. A couple of instants later, Sam scampered in, almost skipping, he looked so much like an eager little boy, I had to laugh joyfully. His cock was so hard it was practically punching through his pants, and he was practically hopping as he shoved them down to his knees approaching me. I lifted my head to see his beautiful battering ram.

As he approached he looked down, my pussy must be gaping, I felt so dilated, and I could feel the slow trickle of Leroy’s semen towards my asshole. With an almost unconscious movement, I felt him wipe it away with two fingers and rub it on his shirt.

Sam’s cock pressed against my open lips, and there was a lightning moment of communion, a burst of sheer pleasure as he slid smoothly in, not slow, but not fast, just right for both of us to enjoy the full sensation of every inch of penetration. I wanted to cry out with laughter and happiness.

Instead, I kept my face absolutely neutral, looking up blankly at him as he entered and began to thrust. I waited for a count of fifteen, making sure he got some pelvic action going. Fuck, he felt so good.

"Is it in yet?" I asked, teasing. My eyes dancing.

For a second, he looked shocked. His eyes widen, his expression frozen. Too far? Fuck, I wasn't sure. My body tensed.

Then he gave this naughty little smile. I relaxed. He got it. I giggled, and lifted up, pulling him down towards me.

"Oh yeah!" he said, he thrust a little, pushing me on the table, I let it ripple through me. His

cock was hot and hard in me, I felt it swelling as if rising to the challenge. “It’s in!”

"Oh yeah?" I asked, back to teasing, running my hands along his biceps. "You sure?"

"Definitely,"he said. I could feel his cock throbbing in me, the energy of him, all muscular tension and nerves, his skin was hot. He was being challenged. He leaned down to kiss me. I turned my face so his lips planted on my cheek.

"I'm not," I said, looking wide eyed and innocent. I put my little finger to the corner of my lip, and stared past him up at the ceiling. I wrapped my legs around him and locked my ankles behind his ass. "Maybe you better show me?"

That was all it took. He pulled back fast and rammed hard and deep, so forcefully it almost knocked my breath out of me. I'd let the tiger loose! I made an instantaneous decision to ‘no sell' keeping my expression as neutral and bored as I could. Sam was pounding so hard and fast, I could feel the table shaking under me, almost as if he was going to collapse it. I struggled to keep my expression bored and neutral, in desperation I looked up past his shoulder and focused on a corner of the ceiling light fixture. I fought to keep my breathing steady.

"How do you like it?" he snarled, pounding away with jackhammer frenzy. "Take it! Take it!"

I let my eyes drift to his contorted face, offering a distant half smile, and then back up to the light fixture. Oh god, he was a wild animal, he'd never fucked so hard. Despite my struggles to maintain a neutral expression and normal breathing, I could feel my body tensing.

God, Sam’s cock felt like a battering ram, he was as hard as I’d ever felt, and each thrust slammed into me, as if he was trying to smash through the table. He growled in his throat, aggressively, relentlessly dedicated to claiming me back.

His wildness was exciting. Was this what it took, a little denial to bring about sexual fury. Every thrust seemed to make my body surge. Sent wild shocks of pleasure through me.

I stared at some random spot on the ceiling, struggling to affect a distant neutral expression, even as my body was jolted like a rag doll.

“Feel it now?” he growled.

I let my gaze shift slowly to his contorted face, almost red and blazing, and allowed myself the faintest smile.

“Hmm?” I asked as if distracted. My teeth were clenched, lips just slightly pursed. I knew if I opened my mouth, I would scream

“Ohhhh fuck!” he yowled, with a series of wild convulsive thrusts that pushed the table halfway across the room, each one more savage than the last. It felt like the legs of the table were going to collapse under us.

I could tell he was coming, his cock was actually swelling inside of me. And just as it hit, so did my own orgasm, fast and sudden like a freight train. It raced up my spine, clawing like a

wild animal, and suddenly my vision was just going white, I could feel my breath seizing up, my heart exploding. It felt like it was tearing the top of my skull off and fireworks were shooting out.

Sam roared his pleasure, his semen boiling up out of him, splashing inside me with physical force, his orgasm was so intense. I could practically see his eyes glaze over.

I exhaled, suddenly able to breath again.

“Oh,” I replied as softly as I could, my stomach hurting from trying to contain the orgasm. “Oh my. Oh my.”

For a good thirty seconds, he was utterly rigid above me, his hands gripping my thighs so tight I knew they’d leave bruised. I could feel every surge of his cock, as he pumped rope after rope of cum into me.

And then he went weak, not collapsing on top of me, but easing down onto his elbows, close and tender, but keeping his weight off me. I looked up into his eyes and batted my eyelashes innocently.

“I’m ready,” I whispered, “you can start any time.”

He snorted involuntarily, eyes widening in shock. I just wrapped my arms around him, and giggled with sheer happiness. For a moment, he resisted, and then he kissed me, laughing back.

“You’re a crazy little bitch,” he whispered. It was odd, he’d never called me that. Too much Leroy, but since Leroy used that all the time, I didn’t really have an excuse.

“I’m a crazy little whore,” I corrected, running my fingers through his hair, “your crazy little whore... I’m all yours, and you’re all mine.”

I pulled him too me, he pulled me to him, and we laughed and rubbed noses and foreheads and gave each other kisses.

“Hey Sam,” Leroy called, “I need you, Bud. Get over here quick! We’re just about there.”

Sam stiffened, I could feel him pulling out, and made a sad mew. He threw himself to his feet, leaving my flat on my back with my legs hanging off the table, even more semen dribbling out of me. My inner thighs were soaked.

“Sorry Babe,” he said, pulling up his pants. “Duty and dinner calls.”

I reached out to him, and for a moment, he hesitated, our fingers intertwining.

“Do you have to?” I whined. “Give us a few more minutes.”

“Sam!” Leroy called. “Get in here!”

Sam almost hopped nervously.

“Sorry Babe,” he pulled away, letting go my hand, “It’ll be worth it, I promise.”

Sam hesitated.

“You’ll be okay?”

I stared up at the ceiling, for real this time.

“Sam?” came from the kitchen.

“I think I’ll just lie here and enjoy the feeling,” I told him, playing with the wetness between my legs. Then he was gone... or at least gone into the kitchen, where he and Leroy were mucking about. I wasn’t actually horny. I suppose I could be. But it was a couple of pretty intense back to back fucks, heave semen injections, wild dining room table sex. Only twenty or so minutes, the both of them together. A quicky, really. But it had definitely taken the edge off, and I was content to enjoy the glow.

I raised my hand, examining my fingers critically from touching myself, the digits were slick and shiny, viscous with threads connecting them. Me? Sam? Leroy, all of us. I sucked my fingers but couldn’t decide.

Note to self - Dress up like a streetwalker when I really want to get the boys revving their engines. Hell, it had revved my engine.

From the kitchen, I could hear Leroy congratulating Sam and a slapping sound, as if they were high fiving each other. Fucking little boys, I reflected, fondly. Boys and their games. Fucking Leroy, he was such a kid at times, a total Peter Pan. Maybe we should just adopt him.

I laid on the table for a few minutes, my body was just vibrating, my skin felt like jelly, all quivery and bumpy. I’d never tried to contain an orgasm before. Usually, I just let them rip. I hadn’t tried to be quiet since I was in high school, living at home, having freshly discovered masturbation and trying not to wake Mom and Dad up.

Tentatively, I reached down and touched myself, gasping. I was in this hyper-aroused state, post orgasmic, I could feel there was no way I’d come again, not right away. But so intense, that even a casual touch was too intense.

Even that movement, made the semen me shift. They’d both come, and from the feel of it, Sam’s load had been massive.

I laid there happily, listening to antique music and swinging my legs. Madonna, or something. Maybe Britney Spears. One of the old ones anyway.

I wondered vaguely why Madonna and Sinatra had never hooked up, they were both Italian. Probably egos. In the kitchen, Leroy was doing his Chef thing. I hoped that they’d clean up after themselves. I felt really relaxed, a nice orgasm just takes the edge off.

After a while, as they were wrapping up in the kitchen, I figured it was time to move and get

dressed properly. It smelled amazing. I heaved up.

“Ready in a few minutes,” Leroy called.

“I’m going to change,” I said. “You boys can set the table?”

“Sure thing!”

&&&

“Dinner’s ready,” Sam called, knocking on the bedroom door. I glanced up at the closed door while putting the finishing touches on my make up. All my clothes and outfits had been put away, there were fresh sheets on the bed, warm blankets, everything tidied up, lubricants and oils on the bedside table.

The place was ready for action.

“I’ll be right out,” I said. I put a nice lipstick on and stood up.

Showtime.

I stepped out into the living room, and Sam and Leroy’s jaws just dropped. Sam was actually speechless. I smiled graciously, putting one hand on a hip and striking a pose.

“You like the look?”

My hair was perfect. My make up was perfect. But most importantly, I was wearing a lovely reddish-pink, form-fitting nude dress which hung down to my calves. Normally, this is the sort of dress you wear things under. It’s to go over your clothes, offering a bit of style. But of course, I wasn’t wearing anything under it, nothing at all. Strappy red stilettos and my amber necklace completed the outfit.

It was a little bit scratchy, the texture of the material was that of very coarse pantyhose. But I didn’t mind, because the slight irritation made my nipples extra hard, which gave them extra emphasis on the dress. The fabric wasn’t completely transparent, but you could make out my navel and nipples, the shape and look of my body. You couldn’t explicitly see my pussy, the dress did obscure a little. But if I’d had pubic hair, that would have been obvious.

Well, maybe it is really explicit.

Either way, I loved the effect on them.

I’m not talking about boners, or bulging eyes or wolf whistles. But just the awed admiration of exquisite perfection, of a work of art of heartbreaking beauty. I’d dressed sleazy, I’d dressed up, dressed down, tried all kind of looks, and even got banged on the dining table for it.

But this, this was elemental, primal and profound. It was nudity, with just enough cover to make it mysterious and intriguing.

Sam came and took my hand, and I let him graciously lead me to my chair. Leroy, a gentleman for once, pulled the chair out and eased it as I sat in it, then they took their seats on either side of the table from me.

The meal was a salmon side, covered in different spots with drips and splashes of sauces, surrounded by an artful spiraling composition of cubed fruits and vegetables, all of it sitting on a bed of exquisitely baked lettuce, on a large oval tray. Behind were three candles. Before us were a trio of small saucers with chopsticks laid over them. No cutlery, no knives or forks. Three wine glasses, and the open bottle.

Leroy was looking very self-satisfied. Sam was as happy as a little kid. They should be, it was breathtaking. Less a meal and more a work of art.

“Wow,” I said, I’d never seen anything like this in a restaurant. I picked up the chopsticks. “That’s absolutely gorgeous. It’s like a painting. Are we supposed to eat it?”

Leroy chuckled, and picked up his chopsticks.

“We can move what we want onto saucers,” he said, demonstrating, using his chopsticks like a sort of whisk broom. “Or we can eat collectively from the platter, in a traditional way.”

“I like all of us sharing directly from the platter,” Sam said. “More intimate.”

“I agree,” Leroy said, “what do you think?”

I delicately plucked a cube that Leroy had swept onto his saucer, and held it up for a moment. Then I turned to Sam and moved it to his mouth. On cue, his lips parted, and I slipped it into his mouth.

“Even more intimate,” I said, “how about this, instead of feeding ourselves from the platter, we feed each other. I feed you and Sam, you feed me and Sam, and Sam feeds you and me. The only rule is that no one feeds someone else twice in a row.”

For emphasis, I speared a bit of salmon on the chopsticks and held it up in front of Leroy. His eyes lit up playfully and he opened his mouth. As I landed the salmon on his tongue, his jaws snapped shut, trapping the tips of my chopsticks as he chewed meticulously, staring at me with a knowing glint.

“I love it,” he said at last. “Same thing with the wine?”

“That won’t work,” Sam said, “it’s tricky. How about this. We all share the one glass, and whoever sips last is the keeper. So whoever wants a drink, they have to be handed it.”

We agreed, and so the meal began, the three of us feeding each other with chopsticks, pulling cubed fruits or vegetables, carefully soaked and boiled, dusted with powdered herbs and spices so each cube was a unique delightful flavour. Spearing and offering bits of salmon flesh.

I’ve never had a more sensuous and amazing meal. Our eyes constantly shifted from one to the other, we smiled, and giggled and laughed, even a snort or two. We flirted, our feet

shifting rom one to the other. Eyes sparkled, witty things and naughty things were said.

We were hardly perfect. Bits of food got dropped, were scooped up. A sudden laugh got a little spitty. Once I snorted at something funny and almost choked. Another time, I dropped a melon cube into the glass off wine, and we all stared at it, astounded until we burst out laughing hysterically. But then we just carried on, occasionally experimenting with dipping this or that morsel into the wine.

If I did not already love Sam with all my heart, I would have fallen in love with him right then. Maybe I fell in love with him all over again.

And as for Leroy, he stole us both, he was at his most charming, most sophisticated, most playful. Mentally, I'd cite him for immaturity, wondering if I was dealing with an eight year old. But at that amazing, wonderful dinner, it felt like Sam and I were the children, in awe of this wonderful, astonishing man who had seen and done so much.

"This," I said, as we were coming to the end, I was waving my chopsticks around, the platter was only half eaten, "... this is just extraordinary."

I looked at Leroy, and put my hand on Sam's knee below the table.

"The two of you..." I continued, "what you've done, this whole thing... Wow. It's unearthly. It's heavenly."

I didn't tell them this, but I was actually a little bit ashamed at my bratty behaviour earlier, my frustration and insistence that they pay attention to me, and my cheap tawdry fucks on the table. Considering how utterly meticulous and divine, how magical our dinner was, I felt a little... awkward. The fucking was almost a profanity compared to the exquisite ethereal dinner that had come after. At least, in the end, I'd dressed right, the nude dress gave me an angelic beauty that had fit right in.

"All Leroy," Sam blushed. "I just helped."

Leroy lifted a hand and Sam passed him the wine.

"Sam was an apt pupil," he said, "and it's a two man job. I couldn't have done it without him."

I doubted that was true, but I loved, absolutely lived the way he said it. I smiled and sparkled at him. This was best Leroy, he'd left all his asshole self at home. I held out my hand, and he passed the wine over.

"I'm just impressed," I said, "but I think we're full. Any more and I'll be stuffed."

I drank the last of the wine, and smiled saucily at each of them.

"And that's not the way I want to be stuffed tonight."

I put the glass down. For a moment, we all just smiled back and forth at each other. Oh god, I thought, was that vulgar? I didn't want to be vulgar. It would be like peeing during a

symphony orchestra concerto. I hoped I hadn't ruined the moment.

Leroy glanced at the platter, it was perhaps half eaten.

"Right," he said. "Sam, do you want to do the leftovers. I think we talked about how to pack them and you know where everything is."

"On it," Sam said, rising to his feet and heading to the kitchen.

"While you're doing that," he offered, rising to his feet and extending a hand to me, "I'll entertain the divine Miss Kayley."

"Oh my," I whispered, glowing, literally glowing, I think I was blushing from head to toe. I took his hand and let him draw me up, as we relocated to the couch, sitting down together.

"I think we have Board games," I said pleasantly, his hand slid up my dress along my hip. I smiled, and let myself squirm ever so slightly.

"I don't think we'll be using them," he replied, his expression shifted. "This is really coarse, it must be scratchy."

"Well, it's a nude dress," I explained, "the weave has to be see through, so a lot of space between threads. It is scratchy, but it makes my nipples really hard."

I took his hand and placed it at my breast, enjoying the slow flex of his fingers as they kneaded it. He moved in on me, pushing the dress up my thighs and leaning in. As his knee came up, I spread my legs just enough to let him between them, and leaned back smiling.

His lips touched mine, and we kissed.

"You're moving fast," I whispered, as Sam clattered around in the kitchen. Hand slid down my breast, reaching between my legs, pressing the coarse fabric against my clit. I moaned he caught it, sealing his lips over mine and swallowing it down.

"Just warming you up," he whispered into my mouth.

"I'm already hot."

"Then maybe you should take off the dress?"

"When Sam gets here," I teased. His fingers pressed the coarse fabric between my wet folds. I hoped my juices wouldn't stain the dress. That would be a very awkward discolouration. We kissed again, and I wrapped my arms around him.

We didn't go any further than kissing, which was slow and sensuous. Instead, we squirmed around on the couch, his hands moving all over me, while my own palm slid back and forth along his hard cock, safely tucked in his pants. There was no urgency, we teased and whispered, and I giggled a little, comfortable with his presence, as we made time until Sam finished and washed his hands.

“I didn’t bother to clean up,” Sam said. Leroy pulled back, laying my feet in his lap as I sat up to make room for Sam. As he settled into the couch behind me, and I leaned back into him. Oh he was so deliciously hot and male and strong. They both were. I squirmed happily, wriggling against my man-furniture.

“I hope you don’t mind,” I whispered up to him. “Leroy and I were making out like teenagers, while we were waiting for you to finish. I hope you don’t mind.”

He shrugged.

“I would have done the same.”

Oh my pussy just clenched when he said that! Sam and Leroy making out. Then I realized what he actually meant - me and him. I squirmed and snuggled hard up against him, to mask my brief reaction.

“Saaaaaaammmmm,” I called plaintively.

“Yes?”

“My bbbrrreeassttsss are cold!”

I guided them under my the top of the nude dress and made sure that they were clamped tightly. Sam did that little circular thing with his palms on my nipples that I like so much.

“Better,” he asked.

“Perfect.”

Leroy was watching us with a sort of puzzled, slightly annoyed measurement. I’d seen that look before. He’d get it when Sam and I were being flirty and silly. He gave a half smile.

“Anything else that’s cold?” he asked.

I laughed out loud.

“Silly man! Look at me! I’m hot!” I licked my finger and touched the fingertip to my stomach and made a hiss sound. “And trust me, it’s only going to get hotter.”

I reached up, arching my neck, and Sam bent to kiss me. I wiggled my feet with pleasure, and then looked back at Leroy.

“Relax, tiger,” I told him, “you’re going to get yours. You’re going to get plenty. Just enjoy being here with me and Sam. I like you. It’s not all fucking every minute.”

He forced a chuckle, running his hands along my shins.

“How about a foot massage then?”

Well, I’d only been wiggling my feet in his lap for minutes! Practically hours!

“Oh my,” I said, eyes wide, eyebrows raised, “there’s an idea. That’s such a good idea. I love it.”

Leroy snorted, and went to work. Ooh, he had these strong musician hands, all that muscle in them, all those delicate controlled movements. I had to get Sam into music lessons.

“Ooh,” I whispered to Sam, “Leroy has just amazing hands.”

“We’ve noticed,” Sam replied. “Those hands work for every part of your body.”

Leroy just watched. I smiled warmly at him, trying to psychically convey all the wonderful things I was going to do with his cock.

“I was a massage therapist for a bit,” he announced. “It was how I ended up getting into porn.”

I sparkled at him.

“Ooh, tell us,” I whispered, kicking my legs with delight. “Sam mentioned you said you were a porn star. How do you go from being a rock star, to a rodeo cowboy to a porn guy. I’m interested in the porn star part...”

And so we talked. Leroy sat back and told stories of his travels. His porn star days... which involved a lot of people we never heard of. Stories of touring with bands as a musician, and wild rock star stories. Tales of the rodeo. Universities.

All true. Well maybe, we’d found enough information here and there to know he’d been there and done that. The stories were probably true, and probably his. But even if they weren’t, if they were someone else’s or just made up, he’d lived close enough to them that they sounded authentic.

Honestly, when you’re cuddling up with people you love telling tales, who cares if they’re true. Only that they sound good and they make you laugh, and make you wistful, that some of them bring a tear to your eye, or let you visualize places and situations you’ve never been.

He’d been everywhere, he’d done everything and he had so many wonderful stories. We told our own stories, growing up, high school, university, making our way. Nothing compared to his. But he laughed at our funny ones, twinkled when we told shared stories.

We traded jokes, talked movies and music and television, contemplated the mysteries of life and politics. We shared secrets and teased each other. It was all wonderful. I felt warm and cherished and loved laying across these two wonderful men. Honestly, one just isn’t enough, every woman should have two men, they’re just so satisfying.

“We should get married,” I said.

“You’re already married,” Leroy pointed out.

“Well, the three of us then,” I said.

“I don’t think that’s allowed, a woman can’t marry two men,” Sam replied.

I snapped my fingers.

“I’ve got it!”

“What?” Leroy asked.

“Well, didn’t you hear, gay marriage is legal. It’s perfectly all right for two men to get married.”

“I don’t follow,” Sam said.

“You marry Leroy!” I said brightly. “I’ll be your maid of honour. You can be married to Leroy, I’ll be married to you. We’ll all be together. See? Perfect!”

Sam laughed out loud of course, a joyful throaty sound. Leroy just watched our banter, I wished he would join in. We were going to have to teach him how to have fun.

“Somehow,” Sam said, “I don’t think that’s how it works out.”

“I don’t think so either,” Leroy said tentatively, he had this little half smile. Finally!

“Pooh!” I pouted, folding my arms over Sam’s hands on my breasts, just in case he tried to get them away. You can’t trust men, sometimes they have this idea that their hands belong somewhere other than your breasts, and they get all sneaky.

“You two are using logic and reason on me, and I don’t like it!” I announced.

“How about this?” Leroy asked, and started tickling the soles of my feet. So of course Sam held me down for him, because boys always stick together! I had to kick and giggle and laugh and call them all sorts of filthy names.

Finally, we slowed down. I was huffing a little, catching my breath.

“Ssssaaaaaammmmmm!” I called.

“Yes, babe?”

“Leroyyyyyys looking at my pussy!” I complained. “Make him stop!”

“Leroy, are you looking at her pussy?”

“No Bud,” he said. “Can’t see it at all.”

“Ssaaaaaammmmm!!!” I drawled. “Leroy’s looking at me. He’s making me feel funny! Make him stop!”

“I’m not doing anything,” Leroy replied, watching us, as he stroked my thighs.

“He says he’s not doing anything?” Sam said, stroking my hair.

“He’s tooooouuucccchiiiinnnngggg me! And he’s lllllooooooookkkkingggg,” I complained. “It makes me feel funny.”

“What’s he looking at specifically/” Sam asked.

“He’s looking at my pussy! Make him stop!”

Sam laughed a little. It wasn’t malicious, merely joyful, a laugh of pure pleasure and sharing. I loved the sound of it.

“He’s not looking at your pussy,” he said. “Your dress is covering it.”

“It’s see through,” I protested.

Sam, above me, looked over at Leroy.

“Are you looking at her pussy?”

Leroy held up his hands.

“No,” he said, “her dress is in the way. It’s sheer, but from this angle, I can’t see through it.”

Sam patted my head.

“See. He’s not looking at your pussy.”

I reached down and pulled my nude dress half way up my thighs.

“Now he’s looking at my pussy! I’m being perved. There’s a total peeping tom, and he’s willfully eye-violating my vagina. And you, my loving husband are just letting it happen--”

“I still can’t see,” Leroy said, his hands resting on my ankles.

I pulled the nude dress all the way up to my waist so it was just above my pubic mound.

“For the record, I think if I’m being perved by some kinky morally degenerate peeping tom, then I shouldn’t have to be the one to do all the work!”

“Wise words,” Sam nodded. “You’re absolutely right.”

“Of course I am,” I said, staring up at the ceiling, “I’m always absolutely right about everything all the time, but I don’t see you two going down the altar do I? And I had my Maid of Honour Dress rented and everythingggggg!!!!”

“I can’t really see her pussy. Sort of I guess. But her legs are too close together,” Leroy said conversationally, as I whined.

“Well there you go,” Sam said, also talking over my whine. “Just close your legs a little further, and he won’t be able to see your pussy.”

I took a breath.

“And I rented breakaway tuxedos for you two grooms! I wanted it to be easy for me to rip them off your bodies! So we could get right down to it. They’re a lot more expensive than regular tuxedos too!”

I spread my legs apart wide, one foot sliding down to Leroy’s shin.

“Well,” I said, “at least problem solved. Leroy can’t see my pussy.”

“Uhm...” Leroy began.

“Errrr,” Sam sucked air through his teeth.

“Well...” Leroy said.

“What???” I demanded.

“She’s directionally challenged,” Sam whispered to Leroy right above my head.

“I heard that! I am not!” I spat with mock outrage.

“Sweety,” Sam said, “do you remember the time you went to use a pay phone, and ended up in the men’s room getting fucked by pervs?”

“Well that happened a bunch of times, but that’s a natural mistake. Pay phones are complicated, with little holes and receivers and things you flick! And sexy! I bet pay phones have all kinds of orgasms all the time!”

“You went to the dentist for an X-ray and it turned into anal sex?”

“So?”

“The time you tried to touch your nose....”

“And sat on a traffic cone? What about it?”

“When we went to Wal-Mart and you ended up having sex with all those big black men?”

“Totally not my fault, I just ended up down the Jamaican toiletries aisle instead of Wal-Mart household. It could happen to anyone. The volcano god was nice. Very friendly. And hot.”

Leroy’s hand was half way up my thigh.

“That’s because they were Polynesians," Sam corrected, "not Jamaicans, dear. You went the wrong way again.”

"Oops!" I said. "But it’s so easy to get lost at Wal Mart, all those aisles going every which way, take a wrong turn, and you’re in Mongolia."

"A natural mistake. It can happen so easily," Sam said. "But sweety, I think it's time you accepted that you have a problem."

"Sex with strange black men, and their volcano gods?"

"No."

"Sex with Mongolians?"

"No."

"It was only that one time with a traffic cone!"

"What do all these things have in common?"

“Oh my god!” Understanding burst over me.

“Yes.”

“You mean....”

“Yes, Kayley. You have no sense of direction. You’re always going the wrong way!”

“But if I go the wrong way all the time... Then just now when I closed my legs tight?”

“Yeah, you opened them wide actually!”

“Oh noes!” I cried out. "Legs! They’re so complicatedddddd!!!! Open, close, open.... I practically need an instruction manual!"

"Maybe proper signs," Sam offered. "Signage helps a lot. We could put labels on - Left, right, up, down."

"Red light, green light," Leroy suggested, his eyes glinted.

Be nice, I thought warningly. Maybe it was inadvertent, getting into the spirit. I decided not to take it too seriously, and go back to banter.

“Slippery when wet?” I suggested.

"Or yield," Sam said.

"You mean for right of way?" I asked.

"It's the only way to enter," Sam offered.

"Pooh," I complained. "It's all so complicated. So Leroy could be looking at my pussy right

now!!!”

I stared up at Sam, wide eyed with horror, and lifted my hips a little bit so Leroy could get a better view.

“Seems that way.”

“And he's looking at my pussy again, for reals now!"

"I definitely am," Leroy admitted.

“Maybe he hasn’t noticed,” I whispered loudly to Sam, pretending not to have heard him. “Check. But make sure he doesn’t see you looking.”

“He seems to be staring at it,” Sam said.

“Are you sure. Maybe he’s not, maybe he’s staring randomly off and thinking about something else. Taxes. Mountain goats.”

“I’m looking straight at her pussy,” Leroy said calmly, kneading the flesh of my thigh.

“Oh noes!!!” I cried out.

"Should I tell him to stop?"

"I didn't say that."

“It is a nice pussy, though,” Leroy said.

I cheered up.

“Really?” I waggled my hips, up and down, and in a little figure eight.

In the dance language of bees, that means that there’s a strip joint with discount lap dances three streets down and left at the billboard with a picture of a dog on it. Bees have this secret language for finding food and exotic dancers.

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“It’s a spectacular pussy,” he said. “Best one I’ve seen all day.”

“Why thank you!” I smiled at him, reaching down to pull the clit hood back, just a little. “It’s my favourite pussy. I’m very proud of it.”

“Why didn’t you want Leroy to see your pussy?” Sam asked, clearly concerned.

“Because,” I whispered theatrically, “don’t tell Leroy, but there’s something wrong with it!”

“Oh my,” Sam said. “Something’s wrong?”

I nodded, putting on my most serious expression.

“What’s wrong?”

My stage whisper went up an octave. My voice quivered with absolute shame.

“It’s wet!”

“WET?” Sam said loudly enough to wake the neighbors. “HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?”

“Hisss,” I hissed in a slightly louder than normal voice, “not so loud or Leroy will hear you.”

“I heard him,” Leroy said.

“But I think we got away with it.”

“You didn’t.”

“BUT HOW!” Sam asked.

"See!!!! It makes me feel funnnnnnnyyyyy!"

"This funny feeling," Sam said. "Where exactly is it?"

"It's up inside my pussy, it's all wet and sloshy. I don’t know,” I whispered. “I was fine. Then you two showed up, and suddenly it was all wet in there! Totally wet! Like tidal wave!”

Sam took his hand off my breast to stroke his chin thoughtfully. I reached up and put it back. Sneaky man, trying to get away! This nipple needs attention!

“What a mystery!” He exclaimed.

Leroy cleared his throat.

“I couldn’t help but overhearing,” he said, trying hard not to grimace, he was resisting but he was getting into the spirit of play, “but I am somewhat of an authority on this subject.”

“Perhaps he can help!” Sam said enthusiastically.

“Could you?” I batted my eyelashes at him plaintively.

“I might,” Leroy said. “I do have some experience in these matters. If you make it worth my while.”

“Oh,” I breathed, “Anything! Anything! I’ll do whatever you want, if only you can solve this terrible problem.”

“Deal!” he demanded, his eyes hungry. “I’ll collect later... Anything.”

For some reason a shiver ran up my spine. I glanced at Sam, but he hadn’t noticed anything.

“Deal,” I whispered.

Leroy grinned all predator-like. I shivered again. His hand slid up my thigh. I looked up at Sam.

“I’m scairedy!” I whispered. He squeezed my breasts reassuringly.

“It’ll be fine,” Sam said. “He played a doctor on television.”

Leroy glanced up, momentarily confused. Then his fingers slid across my pubic mound.

“Oh my!” I whispered.

Carefully, Leroy’s fingertips slid down over my clit hood, tapping all around it. I gasped. With delicate fluttery touches, his fingers moved down along my pubes, tracing the outline of my lips, teasing them, pressing them together. His touches grew more probing, sliding down to my asshole, circling it and then working upwards back and forth pushing my lips wider and wider.

“Oh my!” I moaned. I glanced up, Sam was watching, fascinated, as Leroy played with my pussy.

It was exquisite, every touch and tap made my body jerk. My breath caught in my throat as he tapped around my clit hood, teasing it to stroke my clitoris, drawing a long moan from deep inside my. My pussy quivered, I could feel little wet surges.

Leroy’s free hand curled around my thigh, and soon his arm gripped my leg with iron strength. He glanced up at Sam, and as if in synch, Sam’s grip shifted, leaving my breasts to reach down my arms, seizing my wrists and drawing them up. I was their prisoner, the two men held me utterly immobile and helpless, spread open to Leroy’s invasions. I found myself panting slightly, my face red, staring.

Steadily, he encroached until palm was right up against my pussy, flattening my lips and spreading them open, his fingers flexing around my pubic mound, sending sensations through my clit. With slow forcefulness, his bicep rippled as he pushed rhythmically, my breathing falling into time with his irresistible pressure.

“Definitely wet,” Leroy pronounced.

“I... I... think it’s gotten worse,” I said haltingly. “Doctor, is ... is there anything you can do?”

“Well,” Leroy said soberly, “there is one thing, but it’s risky.”

“Anything,” I husked.

“Hold her tight, Sam,” Leroy said, all manly, “it’s going to be rough, but I’m going in!”

Leroy pushed hard at my pussy, the force of it opening me against his palm. I could feel wet lubrication spreading out. Then as he eased off, he rotated his wrist, sliding his hand down, almost as if he was wiping my pussy juices. Involuntarily my hips lifted and my free leg spread wider, opening my pussy, I could feel a surge inside with the movement.

“Whoa,” I gasped, I would have reached down but my wrists were held captive, and I could only moan helplessly.

Leroy pulled back, finger sliding hard down between my slick dripping pussy lips. With one smooth motion he speared his index finger into me. My body rocked and I squealed at this invasion, but he unerringly found my slippery g-spot up inside, while bearing down on my clitoris with his thumb.

“Woo!” I gasped and laughed at once, my hips rocking from side to side, trying to take more of him in.

“Oh fuck,” I whimpered. “Sam, he’s doing me. He’s doing me good!”

"I dunno," Leroy said. "It's really wet in there. This looks serious."

"Oh noes!" I breathed. "Do you think so!"

"There's definitely a problem," Leroy said. "You're so wet you must have sprung a leak."

"She's had that happen before," Sam said. "You just have to find the source and rub it, and then she's all right."

"That's what I need!" I moaned. "A nice fucking! I mean plugging! I mean rubbing! Quickly! Before all my juices leak out. I need them inside me! My juices I mean."

"Are you sure that's what you need inside you," Leroy grinned.

I put on my most innocent impression.

"I have no idea what you mean," I told him primly. "I'm a good girl, I am. Butter wouldn't melt in my mouth."

"Is that right," Leroy asked.

"I think so," Sam said. "I haven't tried it with butter. But I know that cocks won't melt in her

mouth. They just get harder."

"I see," Leroy said. "Well, I'm convinced. You are a very good girl."

"A sloshy dripping oozy woozy wet one, though," I said, "and in mortal danger of losing her bodily fluids. Quickly, do something, before I dehydrate and turn into a prune! A sexy prune, but..."

"You're rubbing up inside really good," Sam observed.

"But I'm not sure my finger will go deep enough."

"Oh no! You think I need some more fingers? Longer fingers?" I said. " Or something deeper. What do you have in mind?"

He smiled maliciously.

"You know what the Doctor says," he said, "take two of these and call me in the morning."

He pulled back and slid two fingers in, tightening his grip on my pussy. The fingers, side by side had a delicious width, his thumb slid brutally across my clit, and he began to flex had.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" I whimpered, twisting as much as I could in their grips. "Oh fuck!"

Suddenly, I felt it coming all over me, a warm wet surge. My hips lifted involuntarily, I pushed against Sam, my legs kicking and I levitated for a moment, and then fell back. It wasn't a thunderous orgasm, but it was an orgasm. A warm toasty blanket of an orgasm, laying across two men that made me feel secure and safe and who I adored.

"Mmmm," I said. "That was nice. I take it we won't be bringing out the board games?"

Sam laughed.

"We might find different things to do," Leroy chuckled. I smiled glowingly at him. After the hard edged asshole of the cuck sessions, I was entranced by this softer Leroy. I loved the more human side he was showing, slowly letting go his competitiveness, and just relaxing with us. We'd even coaxed him into being playful a little.

We were good for him, I thought. Getting him to unwind, relax, let his defenses down. My conversations with him that time at Leroy's place came back to me, all that bullshit about baseball and being trapped as a man. I'd kind of laughed at it. But later, I'd seen it in Sam on the rooftop, that he'd been trapped.

Leroy, although he pretended to be some kind of wise guru, the truth was that he was trapped as well. Maybe knowing wasn't enough, he always had to be guarded, wary, competitive. But tonight, he was letting his guard down.

I was rescuing him, I thought. Enfolding him with love and acceptance, the joy of just being allowed to step out of his armour. I felt this overwhelming sense of affection and tenderness for him.

“Sam?” I said suddenly, staring at Leroy.

“Mmm?”

“I really really want to kiss Leroy,” I said softly. “Do you think I should.”

I glanced up, and he looked down, our eyes met, all tender and loving. He nodded. No jealousy in him. He was a creature of love, he understood.

“I think you should,” he said, smiling.

We looked over at Leroy, I tilted my chin in a ‘come hither’ moment. He leaned forward, way forward, I had to get one knee on his shoulder as he approached. Sam helped me lift up, and there, with me folded in half, and him bent over, we kissed. Not passionately, but affectionately.

Then we both fell back, because the position was crazy impossible. I laughed a bit, I don’t know why, just maybe at the surrealism of how this loving impulse had contorted us like pretzels.

Leroy pulled his fingers from my pussy, they were slick, connected with ropes of translucent whitish slime.

“I’ve got come all over my fingers,” Leroy complained, wiping them off on the inside of my thigh.

For some reason, that set us all off laughing, even Leroy joined in. Yeah, he was definitely coming out of his shell.

“How did all that cum get up inside you, girl?” Leroy demanded. That set off another round of giggles.

“Well,” I teased, “I might possibly have been bad.”

“Oh yeah?”

“A couple of gentlemen, might possibly have defiled my sacred garden of vag,” I replied. I affected a wide eyed look, and stared at the ceiling. “But they were both so quick, I didn’t get a good look at them. So fast! Minute men! I think they were using an egg timer or something! I have never seen two men so fast. I think they were distracted with cooking stuff or something. I wonder who...”

Sam raised a hand.

“Guilty!”

I covered my mouth with my hands, gasping in shock.

“You? My beloved husband! The man I trust beyond all else! It was you! I’m shocked!”

“You didn’t even notice I had it in you!” He replied, which made me snort, and then I swallowed mucus the wrong way and ended up choking and laughing hard at once, while Sam pounded my back.

“But... but...” I coughed, “there was too much for just one man! There must have been...”

We both turned to look at Leroy. He actually blushed a little and slowly raised his shiny, drippy fingers.

“I cannot tell a lie,” he said, and that was it, Sam and I were just laughing.

“I’ve come in that pussy lots,” Leroy said.

“So have I,” Sam replied. “Every chance I get.”

“Even when I don’t notice that it's in,” and of course, that set off a new round of snickering with me and Sam.

“I bet that pussy has seen a lot of come in it,” Leroy said.

“Oh defffffffinitely,” I drawled, writhing and shifting my hips, so as to give him a better view, and encourage him to put his fingers back.

"Lots of men have come in my pussy," I announced. "Lottttssss!"

"Oh yeah?" Leroy teased, his fingers sliding willfully back up my thigh. I spread a little wider for him.. He beat a wicked little rhythm all around my clit, never quite touching it, that drove me wild. As my hips lifted, he speared two fingers up inside my pussy again, stroking my g-spot, I gasped and let my hips drop. He began a slow tease, never quite applying enough pressure. I rolled my hips this way and that, but he moved with me, taunting me.

He smiled, slow and evil, and that made me wetter. I ground my hips down, but he just rode down with me. God, he loved to tease. I loved how good he was at it.

"Lots of men, have come in this pussy," he asked. "Who?"

"Sam..." I whimpered. "And guys before. And you..."

A nice strong flex along my g-spot almost sent me to pieces. His smile widened, asshole that he was. He grinned at me, and I grinned back.

"And..."

"And the waiter...." I gasped. "And Derek..."

And Bruno, and the guy on the sky train sort of, and the two in that building on the sly... But that was between Sam and me. Leroy hadn't been involved, and suddenly I was cagey. I didn't want to share that. God knows how he'd react if he heard we were having fun without him. And anyway, it was private, personal. Even Sam, and he was there, didn't know I'd actually

taken all their loads. Suddenly I realized I needed to finesse this.

"How about all those guys, you'd flirt with while Sam watched?"

A distraction! Get him away from the subject of Sam and I and our solo adventure last week.

"Oh yeah," I moaned. "Those guys. All those guys."

There was an odd moment when he seemed to look up at Sam, and Sam shifted almost imperceptibly under me, as if they'd locked eyes. But then it was gone, and I thought I'd only imagined it fleetingly.

"They came in you?" Leroy asked.

"Oh totally," I groaned.

He'd think I was talking about Derek and the waiter, Colin, maybe even our 'dates' before him, while Sam would know I was talking about Bruno and our encounters that day. I was happy to protect the secret of that romantic day from him, while sharing it with my love.

See, I thought, we have our connection, and you don't even suspect.

"Yeah. I like men coming in me," I thought of the booths, suddenly, and for a fleeting moment, wished I was there. "I love it when they shoot their semen up inside, it feels so satisfying. Especially yours and Sam's together. You two are the best cummers, you both just fill me up."

I gave this drunken lopsided grin. I caught Sam and Leroy glancing at each other again, eyes meeting. Was that a tiny nod? Never mind. I was horny, and the most important thing was that I had their attention.

"I want you two to come in me all night long, taking turns, over and over and over." I squirmed between them for emphasis, rolling my hips in a sensuous figure eight, and watching them grin. "I want it all, every bit of it. I don't want a single drop wasted."

"She's on a thing," Sam explained.

"It is the thing," I emphasized. Yep, definitely a thing, my current semen fetish.

I'd always been a little fascinated by ejaculation. It's just such a peculiar, weirdly inefficient thing, I mean, it just spews randomly. Men are just so badly designed, it's a wonder humans survive. Basically, as near as I can work out, we're biologically wired up to love this guy stuff. Pee too, I supposed. It's gross that men pee out of the same holes they ejaculate from. Talk about bad design!!! But there was something queasily fascinating about the idea of men peeing, not that I was interested or anything. Just saying.

Maybe it was porn. We all grew up on porn, all those facials and cum shots. There's something very mysterious about it. But lately, since I'd started playing with Leroy and... other men... it had really taken off. My semen thing, not my pee thing, I don't have a pee thing. I felt obsessive about men coming, about their semen, wanting to own it inside me,

wanting to feel men ejaculate in my mouth or pussy. Less so my ass, I couldn't really feel an ejaculation there. Like after, if it leaked. But not at the time. But even there, knowing I owned it meant something. I recognized it was irrational and even dangerous. I still craved it.

Leroy was teasing my pussy and clit, just fingering my lips lightly, in a relaxed casual way. Maybe he didn't want to put his fingers in because there was so much semen. The big baby! Half of it was his. Sam's free hand had crept down around my pubic mound. Their fingers avoided touching each other, but there was something fascinating to watching this weird touching. It was like watching one of those sped up videos of starfish in a tank crawling over each other.

Occasionally, I'd see Leroy glancing up, not at me, but at Sam just above, his expression growing more determined. I couldn't get a good look at Sam's face from this angle, but I could feel his muscles tense.

I watched their two hands squirm mindlessly over my pubic area, touching, pushing, probing.

"Thumb hockey!" Sam exclaimed, I could hear the enthusiasm in his voice.

"What?" I asked, confused.

Then... Oh no! Suddenly, I wasn't so sure about this.

"What?" Leroy asked, frowning with confusion.

"Thumb hockey," Sam said, grinning. "Like hockey, but we use our thumbs. Like thumb wrestling, but hockey?"

Leroy frowned. I was a little thrown myself. But kind of intrigued, there was something about the idea of my men battling over me that was kind of cool. And in such a silly way.

"Clit's the puck?"

"Don't call it that," I complained. "Puck? Yuck. That's gross."

"Mulberry?" Sam asked. "How about that."

"Better," I said mollified. "I will consider mulberry."

Leroy glanced back and forth between us, almost annoyed. I giggled a little. Lighten up, Leroy.

"I guess I'm down," he said. "Let's play."

"I'm doing this under protest!" I said, pulling my pubic mound back with the fingertips of both hands so my precious mulberry was completely exposed. My perfect pink bean was about to be flicked by two vile sports fanatics.

"You can't protest," Sam said cheerfully, running his smooth hand over my belly in a way that gave me shivers. "You're the referee."

"Oh right," Leroy said nastily, sliding an index finger between my lips to anchor himself. Should I call a foul? Then he slid lightly over a very sweet spot and I decided to allow it. "She's the one that calls time outs."

"Play fair or I'll give you a penalty," I warned him. No expression, he just furrowed his brow a little, with a ‘what's the crazy bitch talking' look. Whoosh, right over his head.

"Oh he's already in the penalty box," Sam said. And that's why I fucking love him. He gets it.

"Let's do this," Leroy much too seriously, determinedly working a second finger inside up against my G-spot, his thumb lifted, ready to guard my mulberry at all costs against Sam's encroaching digit.

"Ready!" I announced. "Set! Go–awowooua!"

"Wo- Wo! Wow!" I gasped, my whole body shuddered. If Sam hadn't been holding me, I might have fallen off the couch. I'd never felt anything like it, their thumbs were moving so fast and furiously, it was like a blender on top of my clit.

"Wowowowow!!" I breathed, twisting from side to side. "Holy Shiiiiiittt!!!"

It felt like they were actually thumb-fighting, my pubic area the battleground, and all around my clitoris it was just this nonstop blur of frenzied motion that just took my breath away. The warring thumbs slapped each other, pressed on my, flickered past, the touches intense and wild, no two the same, coming form all direction.

I kicked out with my legs, my hip lifted, as I grabbed Sam's free arm and squealed, as my whole pussy went into sensation overload. On the outside, around my mount, my lips, my clitoris, it was all boiling insane chaos

“Oh! Oh! Slow! Ah-oh-wowa!”

But it was too late. My back was arching and bending, my hips were rolling all over. Suddenly my body just went rigid, I could feel my brain filling up with this white noise pleasure, and then these contractions all the way to my diaphragm, as I squirted uncontrollably in Leroy’s face. There are squirts and there are squirts, this one felt like a cement block slamming into a tube of toothpaste. If Leroy hadn’t been in the way, I’d have hit the wall.

Sam, the evil bastard that he is, let go and let Leroy hammer my clit, instead immediately grabbing both nipples and twisting them so cruelly, that it triggered another squirty, levitating orgasm right on top of the first one. I sprayed all over Leroy again.

My body was rigid, I couldn’t breath. I was just stiff trembling muscles all over. Finally, they eased off, and I was able to take a breath.

Then, fast as it hit, it washed right through me, and I fell back, limp and panting. I swear to god, I had spots in front of my eyes, I was seeing these little flashes at the edge of my vision. My whole abdomen, from my pelvis to my diaphragm ached in the most wonderful way.

"Goal to the Visiting Team," Leroy crowed, as I gasped, trying to catch my breath. All of a sudden, I was all hot and sweaty, with my heart racing.

"Well," Sam pretended to grouse, "that's not fair, he had the bases loaded in your pitcher's mound."

“Fuck that,” I said, I panted. “I’m the referee. I decide who wins.”

“And?” Leroy insisted. He was all wet. I’d really given him the water jets. “So who won?”

Competitive again, it kept crawling back.

“Me!” I gasped. “I win, double overtime. Game called on account of deluge.”

“I want to see the instant replay,” Sam replied, his hands moving slowly across my body.

"Sore loser," I told him. I stuck my tongue out for emphasis, but he just bent down and put his lips around it until I was kissing him like a reversed Frenchman. What is that, a Belgian? A full Walloon? Whatever, it was super sexy, and I giggled happily.

An aftershock hit me, I broke away from the kiss to moan, my whole body giving this deep shudder.

“Cheat,” Leroy almost seemed to pout.

“Oh shut up and kiss me, Aquaman,” I told him, reaching out for him. I grabbed his arm, pulling myself towards him, Sam pushing me up, and again, we kissed awkwardly. I held the kiss extra long, putting some tenderness into it until he relaxed.

Then I fell back, the strain being too much.

"Okay," I told them, I reached between my legs. Oh I felt raw and tender, almost burning on my pubic mound, and kind of sore up where Leroy had forced my g-spot. They’d really gotten way too rough, I’m delicate down there. "New rule. Never ever ever do this again. Seriously. Not for the rest of my life. Nope. Uh uh. Not doing it..."

I thought for a second.

"Not for at least another five or ten minutes. Then we'll see."

Neither Sam nor Leroy said a guy thing, which I completely appreciated. Once in a while, men get it right, and know exactly what to say, or what not to say, or at least to shut up. Honestly, if men knew when to just shut up, I bet they’d get laid twice as much.

Wow. I blinked hard, staring at the ceiling. That had gone from zero to moon shot. I'd been aroused and flirty, but that had accelerated so hard and intense it practically didn't even feel like an orgasm. Like we'd been sexy, it had been hot, then zap, launched to another planet, a very wet one, with lots of hurricanes and earthquakes and volcanoes all going off at once.

Male competition was frightening. I could get used to that. But I don't think I wanted to. It had really started to hurt.

"You okay, babe?" Sam was looking down at me.

I took a deep breath. Just enjoying the lucid aftermath of back to back orgasms, letting my body ease into a relaxed pleasurable state. As intense as being kicked for a field goal was, the aftermath, the post-orgasmic climb down was soothing.

"Oh yeah," I said. "That was unexpected. Intense."

"You soaked my shirt," Leroy said, my legs were still draped over him.

Did he still have fingers in my pussy? Normally, that's something I notice, but right at the moment, my pussy was feeling so jangled and weird... Nope, not there. There was a wet smear on the outside of my thigh, I could feel it.

"Oh noes!" I said, "I'm so sorry! That's terrible. It's worse than terrible, it's an emergency."

I turned and looked up at Sam.

"Leroy's shirt is all wet," I said. "That's not healthy. He could catch his death a cold! Quick Sam, what should I do?"

He kissed me, a merry peck on the lips. His eyes were playful.

"Well, I guess maybe get the shirt off him?"

"But what if he's wet underneath," I demanded. "I know all about wetness. It gets in, and it gets really deep."

Sam nodded half seriously.

"Then you'll need to dry him off before it's too late."

"What do you suggest, Doctor Sam?"

Sam pretended to think. I could tell Leroy was watching us, half amused, half annoyed.

"I find that licking generally solves the problem with you."

Kiss.

"You could try that," he said.

"If it's all right with Leroy," I mused, kissing him. "But maybe he doesn't want me to take his shirt off and lick his hairy masculine chest all over. Maybe I'd be violating his space. Some men don't like to be licked all over."

Leroy chuckled, just a little.

“Well, I am in grave danger of a cold or flu or something,” he said. “I guess I could put with it as a life saving measure.”

I nodded bravely, imagining myself on some lonely lunar module, the eyes of the world on me, representing all womankind, to be the first woman on the moon. Or to lick the moisture of a wet man’s hairy chest. One small lick for me, a giant slobber for horny womankind.

“I’ll try!” I announced loudly. "If that's what it takes, then by god, I'll do it!"

Sam applauded, clapping his hands together over me, and then pushed me from behind, assisting as I sat up. I twisted, righting myself up on the couch, until I was kneeling on it, leaning into Leroy. I kissed him, letting my weight pile into him while Sam held my ass, balancing me. Hungrily, I tore at the wet cloth, opening button after button, spreading his damp shirt and licking his hairy chest.

Sam was smooth, Leroy was so textured it was kind of thrilling. I inhaled his male musk and the bitter taste of my squirt. I had definitely drenched him. Twice.

Behind me, Sam lifted my dress completely up, the coarse fabric binding against my nipples. As Leroy slid his hands up from my waist to my breasts, I raised my arms so that Sam could lift it all the way, leaving me nude except for the amber necklace. For a moment, I swayed unsteadily, and then fell into him.

“Oh my gosh, Sam!” I cried out. “Leroy has nipples!”

“No!”

“Yes, really, right here. I’m looking at them!”

As I rubbed my face in Leroy’s chest, I felt Sam’s hand slipping under my, gently cupping and fondling my pussy. I pretended not to notice.

“How many does he have?” Sam asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “Should I count them?”

“I think you’d better,” Sam said. “In case of emergency.”

“Nipple emergencies are the worst!” I agreed.

I worked my way to one of Leroy’s nipples, his hands gently stroked my hair. Sam’s finger slid into my pussy, I tensed, too soon. The finger withdrew, and a moment later, I felt his thumb enter my ass in that familiar corkscrew motion that he did, while his palm and fingers cupped my pussy. The sensation was delicious, firm and warm just right.

I bit the nipple, bringing forth a little gasp and a sigh from Leroy. Oh the big baby, I hadn’t bit hard, just teased. I let my tongue dance around it, and suckled a little. As I did, my hand drifted down his chest towards his pants.

“One!” I called.

I lifted off, working my way across his chest, to suckled and bite his other nipple, stroking his pants. His cock was full, not entirely hard, but getting there. I let my fingers trace the shape of the head, as Sam’s thumb wormed its way back and forth in my anus, his palm flexed against my vagina, sending delightful sensations.

“Two!” I said.

I began moving across his chest once again, enjoying the feel of Sam playing with me. I lifted my hips to give Sam better access, butting my head firmly into Leroy’s chest. With both hands, I unbuttoned Leroy’s trousers, and pulled the zipper open. Oh fuck, boxers! I hated boxers, they were like a maze. I ignored it and grabbed his cock through the thinner fabric, as I took his nipple in my teeth.

“Three!” I announced to Sam. “Leroy has three nipples! Also, his pants are wet!”

“Oh no!” Sam laughed. Leroy didn’t. “You’d better get him out of them.”

“But if I do, he’ll be self conscious!” I protested. “Sam, you’ll have to take off your pants too!”

“On it!” Sam said. His hand left my pussy, and I felt him stand up behind me, as he stripped down.

“Stand up,” I told Leroy, and he lifted up off the couch. I had to balance on my knees and one hand on the couch for a second, before I grabbed his hips and yanked his trousers and boxers (arrgh boxers!) down.”

For a moment, his cock was right in my face, so of course I had to put my mouth on it. But then I lost my balance, and I was going right over.

“Whoops!” I cried out as Leroy’s cock whipped out of my mouth.

Luckily, Sam caught my hips and rescued me. He was lightning quick when he needed to be, it could be startling how fast he could move. I laughed as his firm hands grabbed my hips and drew me back, balancing me on the couch. I kept on going, thrusting my butt into his hips until I was sitting heavily on him, feeling his cock under my cheeks.

Leroy settled back down, and I stretched out, sprawling over my men.

“Oh my,” I announced. “All three of us are naked! We should do something?”

“What do you have in mind?” Leroy asked, grabbing my breasts and dragging them, and me, closer.

I twisted around on top of them. Leroy’s cock still wet from my mouth, was close. I slid my lips over it for a moment, before lifting off to answer.

“Sex stuff!” I said, and dove back down. Behind me, I felt Sam repositioning, working his

way against my butt. I lifted one knee, extending my leg straight out, to give him access as his cock slid into my tenderized pussy. I gasped a little in discomfort.

“Are you okay,” Sam asked, halting.

“Oh, yeah,” I winced, lifting my head. “Give me a minute. You guys were a little rough. Go slow.”

I slid my lips tight over Leroy’s wet cock, taking him in my mouth and letting my tongue twist back and forth under his prepuce. Sam slid deeper, filling me pleasantly, but when he pulled back, I winced again.

He froze.

“Too much?”

I lifted up, but Leroy put his palm on the back of my head, gently pushing down. I gave in, letting my lips slide down his shaft.

“I think she’s a little tender, bud,” Leroy was saying, his fingers worked their way into my hair. “How about we do something a little different.”

“Like what?” Sam wondered.

“How about,” Leroy said thoughtfully. “You eat that ass. Give the pussy a rest. Ever rimmed her?”

“Yeah,” Sam admitted.

“She liked it?”

“Yeah.”

“There you go.”

I squealed a little around Leroy’s cock and lifted, this time, he let my head up. Spit slick, his cock head slid away from my tongue.

“Yes please!” I gasped. I actually felt good. Leroy tended to be pushy by nature, but he eased off, his pushing hadn’t been rough, and he hadn’t resisted much when I lifted. Maybe he was mellowing.

“Pull your ass cheeks apart for him, Princess,” Leroy ordered, looking into my eyes.

Well, not ordered, but kind of suggested. Half order, half suggestion. He had this teasing, knowing, look in his eye that made me mischievous.

Sam’s hands slid down from my hips, swiveling around my ass, his fingers kneading my cheeks, and pulling them back sensuously. I could tell without even looking that he was starring down at my asshole. I gave a little squeeze back there, it was practically a naughty

wink. Leroy pushed lightly on the back of my head, but I ignored it and just kissed the tip of his cock.

“All right,” Sam said. “Here goes.”

I looked up at Leroy.

“You ever do it?” I asked.

He shrugged, holding my gaze. I felt Sam’s cock withdraw.

“Not my style,” he smiled down at me.

I felt Sam behind me, repositioning on the couch. I didn’t need to see him, from the way his hands moved on my ass, I could tell how he was moving, pulling back, one knee on the floor. Spreading my cheeks. Totally smugly, I grinned up at Leroy.

“Then you don’t know what you’re missing,” I whispered.

Then if felt it, the tip of Sam’s tongue like a pink, fleshy spear stabbing wetly and gently at the center of my asshole, pushing insistently as if intent on parting and entering. He exhaled and hot moist breath rolled up and down between my ass cheeks. I gave this long sigh as this beautiful shiver simultaneously slid up my spine to my neck and down my pussy to my clit. My eyes rolled up into my head in pure bliss. When Leroy pushed my head gently I just went down, sliding along his cock effortlessly, my throat opening until my lips pressed against his base. Leroy’s hips jerked involuntarily.

“Holy shit!” he gasped.

The sensation of pleasure rolled through me as I relaxed completely. With regular oral, Sam knows what he’s doing, but the anatomy dictated the journey. But rimming? Sam never ever does the same thing twice in a row, it’s always a surprise and a delight. The first time he rimmed me, was the moment I decided I was going to marry him.

Sam’s tongue flexed against my asshole again and again, sending these little waves of sensation through me, sort of like a really good massage, except concentrated into a pinpoint. My whole body squirmed with pleasure. It was like a mild electrical current, indescribable, and somehow relaxing. My throat wriggled around Leroy’s cock. Lifting off quickly, I took a deep breath and dropped down again instantly, amused at my newfound deep throat superpower. It was so easy, my throat just opened right up, without resistance, as if his cock was lubricated silk. Leroy had enough sense to just let me do it. I ground my forehead into his pubic bone, waggled my jaw to rub it against the soft hairs of his scrotum, all the while making happy noises.

Behind me, Sam kept doing his thing. He’d given up on spearing me and now his tongue was tapping around my asshole in this tight little spiral working its way outwards, making me giggle uncontrollably. Leroy’s hips rocked with pleasure, but he kept his hands off me.

Then Sam pulled back, counting down five seconds, before slapping his tongue flat for a long luscious lick. My whole body spasmed, my head jerked up, Leroy’s cock flopping away.

“Ohhhhhhh,” I moaned loudly, staring off into the distance somewhere beyond Leroy, shivering all over. I just let my whole body squirm. Leroy tried to draw my head back to his cock, but instead, I just pressed my face against his stomach, kissing his belly.

Behind me, Sam worked away, pressing forward, his face in my butt. His hand let loose one of my ass cheeks, his other arm crossing my putt to hold them open with his other hand. Moving lightly, his free hand slid down my thigh, and then up and under, feather light, dancing, bringing squeals and trembles.

I pushed up against Leroy, licking my way up. For a moment his spit-slick cock slid between my breasts, and I moved back and forth, in a spontaneous tit fucking. Normally, I think tit fucking is really fucking stupid and pointless, but now, here, in this moment, feeling him hard and wet between my breasts, I loved it. I moaned into his bare flesh, working my way up. My breasts dragged against his chest, and then I was biting his nipples, one to the other, while behind me, Sam’s gentle fingertips danced along my open pussy lips and tapped and teased all round my clit until I was just squealing with joy.

Pushing his face between my cheeks, I felt the tip of Sam’s tongue spearing again in the center of my anus. Moaning gutturally, I felt myself opening to his teasing, not so much or forcing, but such a total relaxation there was almost no resistance. I lurched forward and up, kissing Leroy’s collarbones.

Holding me, guiding me, Leroy brought my face to his. Our lips met, pressed together, and as Sam’s tongue opened my from behind, my mouth opened, giving Leroy his entrance.

For moments, I hung in some breathless, oblivious sensual heaven, french kissing Leroy, giving him my mouth, my tongue, breathing him in, worshiping, as Sam probed and lapped relentlessly at my anus. My skin tingled, I felt so warm, despite the tension in my arms and legs, the awkward position holding myself up, back arched, knees spread, presenting my ass, while almost flopping on Leroy, I felt incredibly relaxed, my body almost floating.

I had never been kissed so frantically, so lovingly, so erotically from both ends simultaneously. It was like an electric current of sensuality was running through me, circling again and again. Every tap against my clit brought a new tremor. Leroy’s hands found my breasts, tweaking my nipples.

I giggled, I squealed, I couldn’t help it, I laughed. I felt like I was on the verge of just floating away, to bump along the ceiling like a helium balloon. This weird sexual energy, kept building, but diffuse, it didn’t feel the way it did approaching orgasm, that concentrated sensation radiating from my clit or pussy. Oh my pussy was dripping, but it was whole body.

I broke the kiss, pulling back, pushing myself onto Sam’s tongue, his exploration and probing. Awash in this bath of sensation, I looked into Leroy’s eyes, smiling with bottomless love. He smiled back, calm and in control. Satisfied.

Gloating? Was he gloating? Kissing me, having me face to face, rubbing against me, his cock freshly worshiped while Sam laboured submissively at my asshole. Was that how he saw it? With himself as the winner?

But Sam was the one who was wracking my body with pleasure, the artist who made my skin a canvas of delight, a carnival of sensation, the engine of my ecstasy.

I stared, for a moment, trying to find contempt or condescension, but he simply gave me warm regard. Perhaps he understood the right way, that this was beautiful and sensual.

Then a ripple of pure pleasure spread across my skin in a slow wave. I opened my mouth and kissed him, taking his tongue, feeling his hands on me. Both their hands on me. And a delicious slow orgasm spread and spread breathlessly through, until I was almost crawling up Leroy, forced forward by the sheer pleasure of Sam's tongue.

I lifted my head and almost howled like a banshee, jerking away from Sam. Pushing away from both of them, feeling tense and loose, electrical and awash.

Then it was over, and I just collapsed on both of them.

"Oh that was soooo good," I said, draped and sweating across both my men. Feeling them holding me, the wet slickness of their skin, the texture and tone of their bodies. It was love.

"I owe you," I whispered, carried away on this floating sensation of bliss and tenderness. "I love you both so much. I'm going to make you both come so hard for this, like just nonstop, I'll pay you back so good."

Sam kissed my backside, his hands sliding along my sweat slick skin, exploring me, as he had done so many times, but each one fresh.

"Looking forward to it," Leroy whispered, stroking my hair. He kissed my forehead tenderly.

He moved then, shifting. Muscles tensing underneath me. I grabbed him tighter, not willing to let him get away. But with exquisite gentleness, he disengaged, kissing me on the forehead.

"Be right back," he told me, and then kissed my lips.

Leroy stepped away for a minute, as he did so, his hand casually swung towards Sam, who reached up, and their fingers slid against each other. It was like a high five, but more casual and more sensual. I thrilled at the sight of this unselfconscious display of male intimacy. They had such comfort together, such a lack of barriers.

Blissfully, I watched Leroy's ass as he padded to the kitchen. Such a perfect ass, the only thing that could make it better was my teeth marks in it.

"What's he doing?" I asked Sam. Those two seemed really tight tonight. After the savagery of the cuck sessions, I was glad. This was a healing experience. A healing experience for all of us, I thought. For Sam from the trauma of what I'd done, but also for Leroy moving away from his urge to control and just letting him experience his sensuality.

And me? Just... peace. Happiness. None of the fucked up internal tensions and conflicts, none of the unease and restlessness that had me second guessing myself endlessly, the conflicts and falling to conflicts, the erosion of boundaries in lust and hating myself, the uneasiness

that drove me to glory holes. Right now, the booths seemed a billion miles away. I wished these moments the three of us shared could go on forever.

Even that fucked up night that started in the cab felt different, the uneasy chaos more my insecurity at the time than real. My moodiness felt almost embarrassing. It felt awkward to remember: Him patiently guiding me through a night of wild sexual exploration, putting up with my attitude. He was a kinky relentless motherfucker, but in hindsight, the evening had a luminous, loving glow.

Sam shrugged, his movement drawing my attention.

“Beats me.”

A moment later, Leroy was back with a little ziplock baggy, plopping himself down on the couch. Sam and I exchanged a look.

“Okay,” Leroy said enthusiastically, “I’ve got some premium weed, pre-rolled, some coke, the good stuff, but just a few lines worth, and some ecstasy, even some shrooms. High quality, no bullshit. What do you want?”

Sam hesitated.

“My office does random drug tests,” he said.

Leroy nodded. “Shrooms then? They don’t test for psilocybin. How about you, Kayley? Does your office do drug tests?”

“No,” I said, and kicked myself. Sam and I weren’t prudes or anything like that. I’d done my share of toking in high school and university, and even hash. I’d scored uppers for late night crash sessions or intense exam, and partied with ecstasy. But school was its own reality. Since then we both tended to stay away from hard stuff.

“I don’t know, though, I don’t want to get wasted without Sam.”

I glanced at Sam. How much risk? He’d told me about a woman at his office who’d tested positive for marijuana, and it had only been a reprimand. They didn’t even really care about that, they were looking for the hard drugs. I chewed my lip. It was two to one. How is it that we were the ones feeling peer pressure?

What’s minimal? What could we get away with agreeing too without offending.

“I don’t know,” I said, “maybe a little grass? Coke? It’s not really our thing.”

I looked to Sam.

“Maybe... Just tonight. A little weed? I wouldn’t go further than that?”

Sam looked thoughtful, weighing the risk. I could tell what was going through his mind. He didn’t want to be a buzzkill.

“Coke is out for sure. Weed.”

Leroy nodded, digging into his baggy.

“Yeah,” he said knowingly, “I knew you weren’t cokeheads. Too mellow. I just happened to score some good stuff, that’s all. Ecstasy though...”

“Not since our last rave,” Sam replied.

“When was that?”

“Longer than I want to think about.”

“Really?” Leroy said. “Right circumstance, it’s the best. MDMA. We should go dancing together sometime soon, there’s nothing like rolling on a dance floor. But yeah, weed.”

Leroy pulled the coffee table close, and sat up to start rolling, with his customary effortless poise. No matter what he did, he just looked good doing it. I laid back in Sam’s arms as we watched. I wanted to be close to him too, so I scissored my legs around his hips, front and back. He glanced at me and smiled as I did this, and I grinned back flirtatiously.

Leroy started telling some story as he rolled. Something about the Mojave Desert and getting high with some Paiute Indians in a sweat lodge. But I hardly paid attention. I just let my knees flex back and forth against his bare skin. He’d put boxers back on, when he had come back.

I wondered idly about that. Sam and I were naked, but if Leroy didn’t have an erection, he was hiding the goods.

Insecure?

Maybe that was why he always seemed to have a line ready, why he needed to take control, to be on top. Deep down, maybe there was just a lonely little boy in there, needing some love.

Impulsively, I leaned forward, wrapping my harms around his bare chest. I reached into his boxers, finding my way to his small cock, when not in action, it telescoped up. I kissed his cheek.

“You know we love you, right?” I whispered.

He stiffened instead of relaxing, and smiled tightly at me. Then he turned his attention back to the joint, while I slid back into Sam’s arms.

“Ready,” he said, reaching for a lighter. “Who wants to go first?”

“You are our guest,” Sam invited. Leroy grinned and nodded, lighting up and taking a deep lungful as we watched.

Impulsively, I bent forward, pulling out of Sam’s arms, pulling Leroy towards me as I exhaled and pressed my lips to him. I was looking into his eyes as I did, watching them widen

with surprise, but he caught on, exhaling into my mouth. I took the lungful of pot and breath, and then let go, leaning back into Sam. Sam, in turn, took my face in his hands, our eyes glowing warmly at each other, we kissed and I exhaled, pushing marijuana smoke forward.

Then I blew it when I started coughing, which started Sam coughing.

“You two...” He shook his head.

“We used to do this all the time,” I said. “We’d get really dizzy.”

“I’d expect, yeah,” he replied, “if you were huffing carbon dioxide back and forth. And from a cigarette? Harsh. Did you use a bong?”

“Yeah,” Sam admitted.

Leroy nodded.

“Thought so.”

He took another long toke, and handed it to me, I took mine and passed it to Sam, who passed it back to me, and I passed it to Leroy. We finished that, he rolled another one, and we shared it back and forth, until we were all silly and giggly.

Leroy leaned back on his side of the couch, my legs around him, my pussy bare and open, the lips parted wetly in invitation, as I sprawled back against Sam. He just watched us, smiling, as we smiled back at him, the three of us sharing bliss.

“You two,” he said finally, “you’re such a beautiful couple.”

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

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

“Penny for your thoughts,” I said.

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

“Are you sure?” he said. “They’re dirty thoughts.”

“The better be,” I teased.

He nodded.

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

Yow!

“Yikes!” I said, eyes wide and virginally innocent. “Those are dirty thoughts! I’m shocked.”

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

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

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 45 - Fetish Pretzel, twisted but open at both ends
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I sobered.

“Dry?” I asked. “I don’t know about that. Anal, okay, we’ve done that. But..”

“It’ll be fine he assured me,” smiling easily, “it’ll feel great.”

“For you, maybe?” Sam offered.

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

I giggled.

“Yeahhhhhh,” I drawled. “I don’t know.”

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

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

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

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

Again that teasing, knowing naughty look.

“I dare you,” he said. “Let’s give it a try.”

“I don’t know.”

“Sam?” Leroy asked.

“That’s cheating!” I protested. “Don’t ask him! You’re not fucking his ass!”

“I’m staying out of it,” Sam said primly.

“It’s a democracy, remember,” Leroy teased.

I burst out giggling.

“No it’s not!” I laughed. “And Sam is on my side anyway.”

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

“It was hot,” he admitted.

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

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

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

“It’ll hurt!” I complained.

“It’s supposed to hurt a little,” Leroy smirked. “Just to start, if you’re doing it right.”

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

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

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

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

“Sam?” I asked.

“If it’s too much I’ll get the lube. If you want to try.”

I chewed my lip.

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

“That’s the spirit,” he laughed. “We’re going to take good care of you.”

“Likely story,” I mocked.

“You’re going to love it,” he assured me.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

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

“Me?” Sam protested. “What did I do?”

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

I looked back to Leroy.

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

Leroy chuckled.

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

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

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

Then we laughed.

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

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

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

"I like my dick attached," Sam was laughing.

"Oh my god, that's such an idea," I snorted out a few giggles.

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

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

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

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

"You're fucking nuts," I smiled. "What if something goes wrong?"

Leroy shrugged.

"No great loss."

"Ouch!" Sam said. "Ouch!"

"Oh burn! Sam, you got burned!" I laughed.

"You're afraid?" Leroy taunted, he was smiling now, genuinely playful. "Don't trust her?"

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

Leroy laughed.

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

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

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

“What?” I demanded.

They glanced at each other.

“You want to?” Sam asked.

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

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

I lifted my mouth off his cock head and grinned.

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

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

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

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

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

I desperately hoped this wasn’t a really stupid idea. Has that ever happened? Something looks super-intriguing and exciting, and it just seems so compelling, and then it turns out to be nothing like you imagined at all but sucks horribly and you’re horrified, wondering what you

were thinking in the first place. I hoped that wasn't this.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She’s ready.”

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

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

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

“He’s in,” I told Sam, gasping. “He’s all the way in.”

Sam reached down and stroked my hair.

“You okay?”

I jerked my head in a nod.

“Of course she’s okay,” Leroy chuckled, slapping my ass.

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

“Geez Dude,” I snapped. “We’re having a conversation on this end. Read the room!”

Leroy only laughed.

“What are we doing?” Sam asked, watching me.

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

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

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

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

with movement, but not even that much.

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

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

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

Leroy pulled all the way back slowly, until he was just at my sphincter, and then he pushed slowly back in, pushing forward, making me stretch into an almost painful wishbone. His hand slid up my body, finding my breast and yanking my nipple cruelly. I grunted in irritation, heaving my body, but I couldn't really do anything. He chuckled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then I was screaming on Sam's cock, sucking air around it, my mind bursting to pieces, my identity breaking apart, lighting up as it burned intensely, but the fires in my head, in my body wouldn't stop, wouldn't stop, wouldn't stop, the only fragment of will left forcing me to distend my jaws at all costs.

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

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

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

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

No bite marks? Good.

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

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

Sam? I craned my neck to look at him.

Leroy pulled his cock out of my ass with this horrible squelching sound. Oh god, it made my skin crawl, I never want to hear that again. I felt my insides collapse with his absence. No

fair, I thought, he'd rearranged my internal organs, they'd been shoved all over the place to accommodate him, and he just up and left? Fuck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 46 - Glorious Threesome
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"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. Hs 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 ot my head, fingers tangling in my hair, cupping my ear as he guide 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. I 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 roughless 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 lungfulls 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 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 it 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 withs 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 staff, 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 hm? 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,

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"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 ever 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 the flatted 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’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, its 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 creampies 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.

“Sammmmmmm?” 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. “Collllllldddddd!”

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 collllldddd!”

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–”

“Collllllldddddd!!!”

“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.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 48 - Truth is what you do in the dark
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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 sable 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 insider 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 form 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 mush 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 to 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 is 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 a n 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.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 49 - the Talk of Shame
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KAYLEY POV

I heard the door close behind us. Leroy slapped my ass hard, and I cried out in shock, cheek stinging as pain and heat rippled through. He pushed me forward so that I fell flat on my belly. Then he reached down, roughly grabbing my ankle, and lifted, twisting me over onto my back. His new ferocity in Sam’s absence took my breath away.

For a moment, we were still, I stared up at him spread eagled, as he knelt above me, his cock rigid as a battering ram, his expression implacable. A conquering warrior god about to despoil a hapless valley. That there would be no resistance meant nothing, the warrior takes with fury and violence and leaves nothing behind but ruins.

Ruin me, I thought, plunder, ravage, possess. Take everything, leave nothing. Despoil, obliterate without mercy, erase, and remake me for no other existence or purpose than a vessel for the use of your cock. The chain of thought, as vile and degrading, left my body electric.

And as he leaned forward, my legs spread of their own, knees pulling back to offer my sacred space, my cunt opened, he slid deep into me, without a trace of resistance, and I came as if electrocuted,

For a moment, I was gone.

Then slowly awareness slid back, followed by identity. Leroy and I were alone, me flat on my back, legs spread, his big hard cock buried deep inside, fucking with a delicious rhythm.

It felt different, as if that brutal dry anal had rearranged my insides. I wondered if my colon was bruised and swollen, and that was pushing my vaginal walls into a new configuration.

My ass still burned a little, not burned, just felt hot around the ring. Sensitive. I wasn't looking forward to taking a shit.

And then he thrust deep and hard, scattering my thoughts and drawing a husky moan. My back arched and my legs lifted, spreading wider. I was still consumed by pleasure, but the savage orgasm had passed, and part of me was lucid again.

"He's gone," Leroy said, his voice had this exultant, gloating quality. But I didn't care, his thrusts slowly speeding up were pushing me to new waves of pleasure.

Reaching up, I tried to pull him down to me for a kiss, but he resisted, grinning instead.

"Hurry it up, Lover," I whispered, "Sam's not the only one that has to go to work."

"There's time," he replied with a hard thrust up inside that seemed to push the air out of my lungs and leave me dizzy.

He really had rearranged my insides, I could feel it, the novelty, the slight differences in sensation, sweeping my thoughts away.

"Oh fuck," I whispered. "Your cock feels so good."

"You love that cock,"

I bared my teeth, holding onto him, trying to hump back, as he thrust wetly into me, making me gasp each time he plunged.

"I fucking love your cock."

"Do you think of my cock when he's fucking you?"

I was gasping steadily with each thrust, my face red, eyes wild. His fucking was powerful, mechanical, relentless, like an engine made to pound my tight wet cunt into submission.

Oh fuck, not this again. I tried to hide a flicker of annoyance. He grinned, and pistoned a little harder into me, throwing me off and making her gasp loudly. The fucking was so good, so bone melting he could tell I didn't want to lose it.

"Of course," I whispered, looking up at him, my breaths punctuated with the rhythm of his conquest of my body, of my surrender. I lifted my head briefly, and we kissed, lips touching. And then he forced me back.

It was bullshit, of course. Maybe. But true on some level I didn't want to admit. It didn't matter, hearing it made his cock swell harder. Leroy pushed deep, I felt him inside, extra big, extra potent, his cock hot and urgent around my bruised tissues. around, him shifted his angle in a way that brought a groan from her

“Oh yeah,” Leroy demanded. “Really. Since when? Tell me.”

The corners of my mouth flickered upwards, the ghost of a knowing smile.

“Give him what he wants,” I thought, just play along, “and he’ll give me what I need.”

“Since the first time you fucked me, and filled me with your come,” I whispered. “After we went home, Sam fucked me, but all I could think of was your cock. Your come was already in me, I couldn’t stop thinking of that. I knew that no matter how hard he tried to fuck me, you were already in me, that when he came, it wouldn’t matter because yours was already there. All he could do was make sure your come was deeper, Further inside. Worked into my flesh. And his would just dribble out.”

Leroy’s cock swelled again, stiffening in me, the excitement of my false confession making him fuck just a little harder, shifting his rhythm just slightly unpredictably, but still retaining control.

“Oh yeah?” Leroy grunted, leaving it open. Oh he was a hungry boy, so obvious. He wanted to see what I’d do on my own, without coaching. He wanted authenticity, not just feeding it back to him. “Oh yeah?”

Again, an involuntary ghostly smile played across my face as I looked up at him, my eyes luminous with knowing and lust. So obvious. That was the key, I thought, give him a little slack, feed him his fantasy, let him think he’s in control.

“Oh yeah,” I husked, my body rocking back and forth as he fucked me. Leroy maintained his uneven rhythm, powerful, but not quite all the way to rough, letting me know my place: Under him, legs spread.

“Then after, more and more. Each time you fucked me, I wanted more. I’d think about you more and more each time, Sam fucked me. I was thinking of you fucking me.”

My smooth thighs clamped around his hips, I tightened my legs, so could feel my calves pressing against his ass. I was winding him up, his cock so hot and rigid inside me it was practically glowing.

“All the time then,” Leroy prompted, wanting to hear me say it.

“Every time he fucks me,” I whispered, her eyes evil. I reached up, to run fingers through his hair, caressing his ear. “I’m thinking of you. The way you fuck me. The way your big hard cock feels in me.”

Goddamn, that almost did it. My words sent lightning running up his cock, his rhythm went off, for a second he looked lost. He struggled to hold back.

“He’s that good,” Leroy sneered. “His dick reminds you of mine?”

I laughed.

“That little thing, it lasts long enough to remind me how much I’m missing. When he puts his

little pee pee in me, all I can think about is how much bigger and harder you are, how much more I need a real man."

I smiled up at him, but inside I was edgy. Sam wasn't here so it shouldn't matter, it was just sex talk. Sex words stroking his frontal lobes. Teasing the selfish little boy into full ecstasy. I wanted that, I wanted him to come, apart from his pleasure and my pleasure, we had to get moving. I had to. I couldn't stay here all day, so what's the harm in making him tingle in unsavoury ways.

Don't think about betraying Sam. He's not here, he can't be humiliated. This is just to make Leroy come. Just come. Fuck...

Leroy shifted his rhythm, struggling not to give any sign of how close he was to losing control. Desperately, he pulled out. I squealed, and he slammed it back in, turning my sound into a moan.

"Even when we're all together?" he demanded.

"When we're together," I whispered. "And he's fucking me, all I can think about is you, so close, ready to take over."

Too far, I thought. Shut the fuck up and come. I pulled him close.

"Fuck me!" I whispered. "Make me forget about him."

"He likes to watch, you know. He prefers it," Leroy told me, and he was rewarded with a tiny, apparently involuntary nod, what he took as unconscious concession.

Just fuck off, I thought. But... Something passing, random sex talk, but some part of me worried it would sink in, change how I thought about Sam just a little bit. Something so slight and subtle that neither of us would realize

I bit my lip pensively. Because I didn't respond as he wished, he decided to push overtly.

"He really is a cuck," Leroy told me. "It's not pretending. He likes it.

No response, just looking up at him as he fucked me, concentrating on my lust, trying to push his words away.

Push again, he decided, just to see. If not, back off. I could see it in his eyes.

"We both know it," he said. "You know it."

"Yes," I agreed finally, "he's a cuck."

It was only half playing him, to heat him up. He grinned, reading me. In my state of deep arousal, my defenses were down, my certainties melting, On some level, he could tell I was saying it to please him, not resisting. But on some other level, he could tell, I was, if not believing, then accepting.

It was too fucking much, I was way too close and he was fucking with my head. Urgently, he reached down to my thighs, pushing them back, elevating my hips, so he could hit my G-spot, and pounded the head of his cock against the spongy tissue in a series of hard brutal thrusts. My eyes widened, my teasing forgotten, jaws stretched wide and spine arched,.

“Oh!” I gasped. Then louder “OH! OH! FUCK!”

“Take it bitch,” Leroy whispered savagely, pushing into me with rapid punishing strokes. I was having trouble synching my breathing, my face going a little red. Fuck you, I thought, I’m in control, not you, but that fell apart as he slammed his cock, pounding me again and again.

“OH! OH! OH FUCK! FUCK!”

For a moment I squirmed under him, struggling with my orgasm, but Leroy just pinned me down with his weight, thrusting convulsively into me as he my body helpless and captive on his cock, plundering my. My cunt tightened around him, surging wet, so slippery and vicelike it almost pushed him pack. He used his weight to force back in, deep, jamming into the swelling spongy g-spot one more time and holding it there.

“FUUUUUUCK!!!” I screamed breathlessly, her my going rigid, the sound trailing off as I forced the air from my lungs, unable to draw breath.

For a moment, the two of us were like that, drawn together, bodies rigid, my frame stretched tight in involuntary resistance, as he forced into me. Then with an involuntary shudder, my body went limp, surrendering completely.

Leroy laid on top of me, feeling my sweat, my breasts against his chest. I could feel the rapid beating of my heart, quick almost panting breaths. Asshole, I could feel his satisfaction. He was pleased, his cock was still swollen inside her, but nowhere near ejaculation, he’d won. That was what making a woman come was to him: Winning, beating her, taking her body away from her.

He let the post orgasmic glow steal over me, waiting as it made me pliable and docile. I wrapped my arms around him and he allowed it. Pulling him close our lips met in slow sweet communion, tongues touching.

“That was fucking intense,” I whispered, squirming under him. I was already thinking about the rest of her day, having to get dressed, get to work.

“You mean intense fucking,” Leroy pretended to joke, I rewarded him with half a snort. Fucking eight year old, I thought. So much fun, but tiresome.

He lifted of me, feigning going along, pulling his cock out of my sopping, fucked-out cunt. I’d squirted a little, the mattress was damp under me. I noticed him noticing, the sly boyish grin that flickered over his features.

Leroy separated from me, padding to the bathroom to piss and giving me a few moments to throw on clothes. The lubricant was missing from the coffee table, had he grabbed it? I’d have to watch out, just in case he wanted another round, there just wasn't time.

I sighed.

No way was I going into the shower, not with him waiting for me in there.

&&&

When he came out, I was in the living room, half dressed, in bra and blouse, business skirt up around my waste, tugging on pantyhose, half dancing as I was trying to get myself together for work. Sam had put on coffee, but it looked like he hadn't had any himself. I needed to do something with my hair. And geez, make up!

Leroy looked amused, naked, gorgeous, his cock full. Oh he was so fucking tempting. Not quite hard, but close enough to show off I guess. He shrank when he wasn't aroused, and he usually reached for boxers. He was so transparent in his insecurities.

He'd left the door open when he was pissing. Maybe so I could go and watch. You know, just stand there and watch him hold his cock, see that hot golden stream erupting from it, almost steaming. Maybe even hold it while he pissed. Sorry, I'm not into that at all, I reminded myself.

I knew what his smile was: I was going to work, fresh fucked, not even a shower. They'd smell the sex off me, he was thinking. Grinning saucily, Leroy moved on me, pulling my dress up as he backed me up against the couch. I let him.

"I have to go to work," I complained, but not nearly strongly enough. Leroy noted it. Christ, I thought, show some backbone, Kayley.

He closed in, pulling me into an embrace, one hand reaching around to press a finger between her ass cheeks. He tried to kiss me, and I turned my face so our lips didn't touch, Instead, he nuzzled my cheekbone.

"There's time," Leroy lied, "and I'm not done with that ass."

"Really! I dunno," I said, "maybe not there, I'm a little tender."

"Come on," he said, "you both got off. I haven't come yet."

"How is that my problem?" I complained. "How many times did we fuck? Feels like every time I turned around you were filling me up. You should have come. then."

"One more time," he coaxed.

But I wasn't struggling to get away. Still in post-orgasmic passivity, still disoriented from his fucking. I was trying to get my act together, but I wasn't together enough to focus.

"Not that," I said. "How about a fast blow job?"

"It's okay," Leroy lied. "I've got the lube. See?"

He held up the bottle, even as he my knees buckled back against the couch, and I fell into a sitting position. Leroy reached down, hooking his arm under my knees, lifting them up and, pushing me back onto the couch cushions, controlling me and smoothly easing me into position. Fuck, he was so smooth.

He pawed at my pantyhose, my last line of defense, sitting with his body wedged between my legs.

“You’ll love it,” he said. “I promise.”

“I will,” I said, “but not now. How about I come by your place after work?”

Jesus, what was I saying? He pushed his free hand up under my blouse, his rough fingers moving beneath, shoving my bra aside to cup a suddenly bared breast. I gasped as he squeezed roughly.

“Or lunch time?”

“We’re here right now,” he told me, “no time like the present.”

“Hey!” I laughed. “My husband just left. Show some respect.”

He grinned at me, as if we were just having fun, and I couldn’t help but smile back. As insistent as he was, there was a playfulness to him that made him hard to resist. If he had more of an edge, it would have been easier to say no. But he was just grinning and playful, and you almost wanted to go along...

“I still need to come,” Leroy kept his voice light.

“Now?” I demanded. “This way? Come on! I really do have to go to work.”

“Sure,” Leroy said as if it was the most natural thing in the world, as if it would be insane not to.

I chewed me lip thoughtfully. His sheer confidence, his apparent sense of fun in the wake of my orgasm melted resistance. Everything in me screamed that this wasn’t a good idea. I had to go to work soon, but Leroy was grinning cheerfully, even as he tugged me into position, bending my knees back. He squirted lubricant over the crotch of my pantyhose and his dick, rolling a wet finger around, tearing the thin fabric over my asshole.

I sighed. Well, I thought, I was already here anyway. Then I thought of Sam suddenly. This was our place, not his, and suddenly, it seemed wrong. It was one thing to fuck him with Sam as a threesome here.

But here, in our home, alone and without Sam. It just felt wrong.

Fucking Leroy, not respecting any boundaries. He never did. He was always crossing the lines. As charming and exciting as he was ...

“No!” Suddenly angry, I kicked my knees loose from his grip, getting my back up against the

arm of a couch.

“I just fucking said no!” I told him sternly. “Fuck off. No. I’m not going to fuck you, this is Sam's and my place, and he’s not here, so no way.”

Leroy froze, half on top of me, and for a second he looked startled.

“He wouldn’t mind?” he said carefully. “Sam would be okay with it...”

“Maybe,” I conceded. “Probably. But I wouldn’t be okay with it. This is our place. At your place, okay fine. We one on one. It's your place. But here, it's not yours, it's ours, and it’s just not right.”

Leroy nodded slowly, thoughtfully, as if thinking it over. Then the pressure eased, his hand left my breast and I tucked the bra cup back on, feeling it fit awkwardly. He settled back into a sitting position, between my legs. Trying not to be obvious, I tugged my skirt down as much as I could. I was in a comically compromised position, half sitting up against the couch, my clothes a wreck all over again, legs parted around Leroy’s naked body.

But the danger was over. I could feel it, the sexual urgency, the drive had passed.

“You’re right,” Leroy said thoughtfully. “It wouldn’t be right.”

I’d won?

I won!

“Sam would be okay,” he said. “But that doesn’t matter. You’re right, there need to be boundaries. We shouldn’t do this.”

‘We’? He was the one who’d been crawling all over me! Men! I suppressed the momentary annoyance. He was going where I needed him. Now, just get him off, not in that way, so I could finish getting dressed and get out of here. Had I promised him anal on my lunch hour? Fuck! Maybe he’d forget it.

Sure, men forgot about promises like that all the time.

“I got a bit carried away,” he said. “Sorry.”

“No problem,” I shifted weight, hoping he would move.

“We did keep on fucking after Sam left.”

“Heat of the moment,” I replied.

“He knew we were keeping on, he didn’t say anything, he was okay,” Leroy said, you could almost feel him picking away at the thoughts, assembling them. Working his way through, deconstructing what we'd done and rethinking the moral lines, or maybe thinking about them for the first time. “But yeah, we should have stopped then. I was just... we were just...”

Oh Jesus Christ, was he starting to feel guilty?

Oh great! Our sleazy horndog is developing a moral conscience at the worst possible time. What do I do? Do I kick him off the couch and tell him to work it out on his own time, because I need to go to work? Or do I take a few more minutes and help him through it?

I sighed. There was no choice. I relaxed a little, we'd talk it out.

“The thing is,” Leroy said thoughtfully, “Sam’s a cuck, deep down. It’s in him. But that's..."

“I don’t know that’s true,” I said carefully.

"The point is, a cuck, can't protect himself, he can't set limits. We do that for him. We need to be careful for him. We need to draw boundaries, or it can get out of hand. I don’t want him hurt.”

“But boundaries–” I prodded. "Limits. We need to sort those out."

“Definitely,” Leroy interrupted gently. “It’s definitely in him. It’s not shameful. He likes to watch us. It’s okay.”

“Uhm....” I wasn’t sure how to address that. He was mixing things up, with cuck talk. I mean yeah, Sam definitely enjoyed sharing and watching, it was hot, we were having fun. “Okay, but...”

But he wasn’t really a cuck, it was a game. But at the same time... I didn't want things out of control. Maybe it was just how Leroy thought. No limits unless he saw a need. Well, there had to be limits.

“The point is,” Leroy said, “that it’s okay. We’re all having fun. It’s a game, and if he gets off being a cuck, and you and I get off, then it’s all good, right?”

“Uhm... Yeah...” I couldn’t really argue with any of that, although I felt that maybe I should.

“The thing with Sam,” Leroy said, “is that as a cuck, he’s vulnerable. He can’t protect himself. So it’s up to us to protect him...”

Okay, I wasn’t sure I liked how he was getting there. But he seemed to be going in the right direction. Work with his thinking, I decided. Not against it. The point was limits, restrictions, and protecting Sam. As awkward as the cuck stuff was, it was positive that he seemed so protective of Sam.

“Right,” I said. “So boundaries–”

“I think we need another cuck session,” Leroy said.

My heart skipped a beat, as my body went stuff. What the fuck? How did he get from there to this?

“No!!!” I said, fast and loud. “Absolutely not! No way! No fucking way!”

Leroy twisted on the seat between my legs, ,to look directly. His cock was shriveled, it reassured me. His left hand draped across my thigh, unconsciously presenting my escape. He looked right in my eyes, his expression... Sincere? Caring?

“I’m serious,” he said, his voice full of earnest conviction.

“So am I,” I insisted. “Not fucking happening. After the last one–” I began.

“Especially after the last one,” Leroy replied. “You hurt him. You know that, don’t you? You went way too far, he’s still bleeding.”

Eep! That shut me up.

“You’ve noticed,” he continued, “haven’t you? He’s different around you. He’s quieter, more hesitant. Less outgoing. He second guesses himself more. I could feel it last night. He was off his game. He was most comfortable when it was just him and me in the kitchen.”

Suddenly, my heart was pounding. He was looking me in the eyes, and I really didn’t like that. I desperately wanted to look away. But that would be an admission of guilt.

“You have noticed,” he asked, his voice neutral.

I swallowed.

“He wasn’t in bed with us this morning,” Leroy said thoughtfully. “I didn’t think anything about it. My fault, I was just horny. But now...”

Now I was sweating.

“Is he ...” My throat was dry. “Did he talk to you about it? Did he say something? What did he say?”

No. I thought. No, no, no! Fuck you, Leroy! Just throw him out right now. Don’t let him say another word. This was horrible. This was insane. Don’t let him say it!

“You went too far,” he said. “You really damaged him. He’s still damaged.”

Fuck!!!! He said it. Defend, defend, defend!

“You told me too,” I snapped. “I you asked me to go hard on him. You remember. I didn’t want to. This was all your idea. I asked you to go easy on him, but you said if you did, I’d have to go hard. You said I should crush him like a little cuck bug.”

“You said that,” he pointed out. “You were the one that talked about crushing him like a little cuck bug. I remember, you used those exact words.”

My face was burning red. Oh fuck, massive mistake! He was right. I was the one that said it. I had just said it again. And I’d said it on top of the building. Oh shit!

“You said you’d stop me,” I argued.

“I was shocked,” he said, “I didn’t expect it out of you. You were running wild, I didn't know what to do. I was horrified. I said you should do it, I thought you'd know each other's limits. But you didn't care, and I couldn't stop you.”

He paused, his expression disturbed.

“It was like pure hatred. You really tore into him. I should have reined you in, but you ran wild on me. And on him. It was like I couldn’t control you. You almost frightened me. You did frighten me.”

“Fuck you!” I said bitterly. “I wouldn’t have. I absolutely wouldn’t have if you hadn’t put me up to it. This is on you.”

“And I apologize,” he said gently. “I made a mistake. I didn’t think you’d be so out of control. I didn’t know what to do. I was scared. I should have stopped you.”

“So why the fuck now?” I snapped.

Oh god, I’d fucked up! I’d fucked up so much! I wanted to cringe. I looked away from him, staring at the ceiling. I wanted to scream at Leroy not to look at me. I didn’t want to meet his eyes.

“I hoped he’d get over it,” Leroy said. “But I don’t think he is. He’s not getting better. I think he might be getting worse.”

“What?” I demanded. “I haven’t noticed any–”

I shut up, because he was just looking at me. If Sam was getting worse, and I haven’t noticed, what kind of insensitive monster bitch did that make me? I found myself blushing head to toe.

Oh fuck. Hello guilt.

“And you think a cuck session will help?” I demanded, defensively feigning anger. “That’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard. Those fucking cuck sessions are the whole problem. You and all your male touchy-feely bullshit. How? How would it help?”

I paused.

“Fuck you,” I said emphatically. “Never again! No! No way!”

“Because this time,” he said, “it will be controlled. I'll control it. It will be managed for him. Reset the experience, build trust. I'll give him catharsis instead of trauma. Relief so he can heal.”

“Oh fuck off,” I snapped.

“This time,” he said, “I’ll control you. I won't let you go wild. I'll show him you're tamed,

that you won't hurt him. You need to be controlled."

I rolled my eyes, preparing a snappy retort.

“You want to be controlled,” he said. "You can't control yourself, but if you don't, you'll destroy him. You don't want that, but you can't stop yourself."

Words died in my throat. The truth hits like a punch, sometime, hard and fast. I was vividly aware of my horrific cruelty that night, the absolute joy in running wild without restraint, the awful thing I'd become. It terrified me, not least because I'd loved it. Of course, Sam wouldn't just get over it. For a moment, I couldn’t speak. He just waited, I could feel him watching me.

“That’s such bullshit,” I said finally. “You think humiliating and abusing him some more is going to help. I don’t buy it. It’s all crap. It’s toxic and destructive, and it’ll make it worse.”

Oh fuck, Sam. I’m so sorry. We should have never gone down this path.

“Cucking is about surrendering,” he said patiently. “Not abusing. It’s about liberation, not destruction. Catharsis, release. Letting go the toxic male illusions, and just being.”

“Like the last time?” I said bitterly.

“Like fixing the last time,” he said, “doing it right. Repairing the damage, setting him on a path to healing.”

I didn’t reply. I just sat there, blushing, slow waves of heat passing over my skin.

“Kayley,” he said, “we have to do it. And you have to submit this time, not run wild, but allow yourself to be controlled. We have to fix it. Or....”

“Or...?” I asked.

Or what?

“Your relationship...” He didn’t finish the sentence.

Or Sam slowly gets worse and worse, without me noticing? Slowly breaking down, turning inward, turning away from me? Or I lose him? Lose everything because I couldn’t keep my inner bitch in check? On the couch last night, in bed the three of us... had he been okay?

He’d gone to bed with us, but he’d withdrawn. Oh fuck, there it was right there. He'd left me to sleep on the couch instead.

What about the evening. I was replaying it in my head, had there been hesitation? Reluctance around me. Had he deferred excessively to Leroy... As if seeking Leroy’s protection... from me? I felt this sense of urgent panic, my thoughts spinning in all directions, trying to rethink everything, searching for moments, conversations, incidents where Sam had been... off?

Giant fucking red flag there, Kayley, you fucking bitch. And you didn't even think anything of it.

“I don’t believe you,” I said softly, with no conviction at all. No conviction. Not even a little bit. My stomach was sinking. Had I been lying to myself about how I’d hurt him. How do you do that to someone you love? Was I really such a monster?

How could I think you could hurt someone that badly, humiliate someone so brutally, and just think they’d walk it off?

“We should have never started,” I whispered plaintively.

“You were already going down the road before you met me,” he said. “You were fucking strangers while he listened. You were making him a cuck.”

“Was not!” I insisted. “You were the first. Before, it was just flirting. And we were together in it. He told me to. He...”

My voice trailed off, unsure.

“I’m trying to save you,” Leroy said carefully. "You and him. Your relationship."

“Yeah,” I snorted defensively, “I believe that. You just like being in control, and getting off. This is you. This is what you want.”

He shrugged.

“Of course I do,” he said. “And you’re into it. And Sam’s definitely into it. You both are. How many times did he come each time? How hard? How about you? How many? How hard? All I’m saying is we deal with it, and we make it healthy for him, not damaging or toxic. For both of you.”

“Why?”

“Because he’s my friend,” Leroy said. “And I care about him.”

I didn’t respond to that. I was busy trying not to feel like a selfish bitch. I couldn't meet his eyes.

“And you’re my friend. Oh I love fucking you, and fucking with you. I love being in control of you, and the way you talk dirty. But you love it tpo, and it doesn’t hurt him. But you’re my friend too. Look at me,” he ordered.

I didn’t want to, but I lifted my head and looked at him. His expression was very serious.

“You know that I care about the both of you,” he said, “and I wouldn’t do anything to genuinely hurt either one of you.”

A smart ass remark bubbled up in me, but then I caught myself. I remembered his sudden terrifying anger that night, and somehow, it felt close to the surface. I didn’t want to provoke it. I sighed, and looked away.

“Whatever,” I said sullenly. “I’m not convinced. No. Absolutely not. I don’t believe you, and I won’t hurt him any more.”

“I love you, I love the both of you,” he whispered, he sounded shocked to say it out loud.

My heart lurched.

He’d said the L word. Something told me he didn’t use it much, not sincerely. Oh God, in his twisted, fucked up way, he loved us and he was trying to help. Maybe he was right?

“Is it him you’re worried about?” Leroy asked gently. "Or yourself?"

“Fuck off.”

“What if Sam decides he wants it?” Leroy said. “If he needs it, to get past it, to get healthy. What if he wants to try? To fix it. Would you go with it?”

I hesitated.

“You’d be manipulating him,” I complained.

Leroy scoffed openly, and I blushed.

“He’s a big boy, Kayley.”

I thought about it. It was insane I was even thinking about it. At least he was shutting up. My mind circled around and around, searching for holes in his logic and not finding any. I just didn’t want to do it, but was that me, my fears, my insecurities, my formless unease. What about us? Was it something we needed to do after all?

“I’ll talk to him about it,” I said finally. “We’ll decide and let you know.”

“Wait until I talk to him,” Leroy said.

Suspicion flared.

“Why?” I demanded.

“Because he trusts me,” Leroy said. This involuntary shiver went through me, it felt like I was stabbed with ice. The implication froze me.

Sam didn’t trust me any more?

Why should he? I lie to him.

“Fuck you,” I said automatically, but without force. I could already sense it coming.

“After what happened last time, after what you did” he said, “how do you think he’d react if it comes from you?”

Game set and match. Winner, Leroy. I remembered the words that had come out of me, those terrifying, terrifying words, this wild cruelty that I hadn't been able to contain or control, the way it had flared afterwards. What husband could trust a wife who showed him that cruelty? Leroy was right, I couldn't bring it up to Sam.

"All right," I said sullenly.

Leroy kissed me on the forehead.

"It's going to be okay," he said.

I took a deep breath, staring at him. His gaze was placid, I looked way.

"I need to get to work," I said. He didn't move.

"You're stressed," he said. Yeah, because I needed to get to work, and he wasn't moving so I could get up.

"No shit, Sherlock!" I snapped. I moved my legs, but he held me.

"No," he said. "You're stressed. You're upset. You're in turmoil. We just had a really difficult conversation about Sam, and about you and your behaviour–"

"And yours!" I accused.

"And mine," he agreed, "and it's fucked you up a little. Or a lot."

"Fuck, Leroy!" I sighed. Jesus Christ, all I wanted was to get away. "What do you want?"

"I think we should just sit here for a few minutes," he said, "talk, nothing serious. Just decompress. You've had a hard conversation, I think you need to balance out. Relax. I don't want to send you away, all fucked up in your head."

I sighed again. He was right. Fine, a few more minutes... Very consciously, I tried to relax, willing the tension from my muscles.

"So," I said, "what do you want to talk about?"

Oh Christ! I sounded like a fucking idiot.

Leroy shrugged, and made a throat noise, casually stroking his hand up and down the inside of my thigh. I straightened my other leg across his lap. He made no attempt to touch it.

"I was half-thinking of offering a massage," he said, "just to relax you. But I don't think that's a good idea. It might..."

I laughed, genuinely. After the tension, it felt like relief.

"No, I think massage is definitely off."

“You were mentioning lunch hour...”

“Oops!”

“Oh don’t worry,” he said lightly. “You’re already late for work, your day is fucked up enough. I’m not going to insist. Some other time.”

“Thanks,” I said. I didn’t really want to, but it was nice to be let off the hook. There was a feeling of relief.

“Leroy?” I asked carefully.

“Mmm?”

“I’m not a bad person, am I?”

He laughed with genuine surprise.

“Trust me,” he assured me, stroking the inside of my thigh. It felt strange, his fingers against my pantyhose, I could feel pressure, but not the texture of his fingertips. The fabric stretching in subtle ways against my skin . “I’ve known bad people. You’re not bad. You’re just horny and kinky, that’s all. I love it. And you love it too. Nothing wrong with any of that.”

“Thanks,” I said sincerely, the reassurance meant a lot.

He nodded, smiling.

“I... I didn’t mean to get that out of control–” I said, thinking back to the last session. Or, for that matter, the first. I'd been going out of control there too.

“Hush,” he said, patting the inside of my thigh, just an inch or two from my pussy. “It’s okay. We’re done with the hard part. Don’t need to go back.”

“Okay,” I said, again, the sense of relief was palpable.

“Wow,” he said after a moment, “look at us. We almost did it.”

“Oh yeah,” I agreed.

“I’m glad you stopped me,” he said. “Thank you. You did the right thing.”

I nodded.

“No problem.”

“We needed to have this talk,” he said. His fingertips slid casually down the my thigh, pressing lightly against the junction. Was he aware of it? Should I say something? “This was healthy. It was healing.”

I took a deep nervous breath.

“Oh yeah!”

The fingertips moved back up my thigh a few inches, he didn’t seem to be paying attention. He wasn't hitting on me, I understood that. He was just casually touchy. I let my knee relax, bending it over his lap.

“Look at us,” I said, “this is a very compromising position.”

He chuckled and smiled.

“Glad we’re not doing anything,” he said.

I smiled and nodded.

“We came very close!”

“So close!”

“Oh my god!”

“But we didn’t!”

“I think you made a hole in my pantyhose,” I said.

“Sorry.”

“And you splashed some lubricant down there. It’s sticky. I can feel it.”

“Sorry,” he said bashfully. “You didn’t seem to be minding. Did I wreck it?”

I shrugged.

“Probably,” I shrugged. “But phtttt, it’s just pantyhose. Who cares. As long as the skirt is okay.”

“Is it okay?”

“I think so.”

I bent my knee further, I could see he wasn’t anywhere hard, kind of small. I was glad he wasn’t self conscious about it for once. For all his Sex-Buddha wisdom, he was just as messed up as all of us with our little inescapable tics and neuroses. I had the impulse to hug him, but since I was laying back, I just wrapped my legs around him.

“Hey! You say you’re his friend,” I said, casually, careful not to interrogate.

“Yeah.”

“But you’re really into cucking him. You get off on it.”

He shrugged in admission.

“How does that work? Seriously. It feels like a contradiction.”

He shrugged again.

“It’s complicated,” he said thoughtfully. “Or maybe it’s simple. It’s a guy thing I suppose. Hard to explain.”

“Try.”

He laughed.

“Do you have the rest of the day?”

We chuckled together.

“But you also say all this horrible shit about him when we’re alone together.”

“Yeah.”

And you make me say it, I thought.

“It kind of feels worse.”

He put on a sleazy grin,

“It turns me on,” he laughed. “Sex words. It gets me off. After... I’m a little ashamed. What can I say. I’m complicated. Some of it, I would never want to say in front of him. Too awful. But fuck, it’s like electricity in my cock.”

“I noticed!” I said. “You always go there! You're always pushing the cuck talk.”

“Not always,” he protested.

“Always!”

“What about the glory holes?”

I thought about it. Oh fuck!

“Okay,” I said, “I’ll give you that one. But we didn’t do anything. Not the two of us together.”

“Mmm hmm?” he gave this little shit eating smile.

“Okay, Mister Restraint,” I said. “But if I had started mouthing off about how much bigger and harder your cock was, and how pathetic Sam’s little dick —”

His hips lifted up, as he squirmed with my legs around him, I felt the sudden tension in his muscles. I couldn't see his cock, but I just bet it had filled out a little. His hand slid down my thigh, right to the juncture again, almost at my pussy.

"Point taken," he laughed, "you might not have gotten out of there so easy."

"It's nice to know I can push your buttons too," I teased. "You push mine often enough."

His hand moved slightly, and his thumb slid across my pantyhose over my pussy, pressing down in little circles around my clit. I gasped, my thighs tightening involuntarily against his hips. We both stared down at his hand bulging under the fabric of my skirt, making a slow circle back and forth, carefully not looking directly at each other.

"I shouldn't do this," Leroy said cautiously.

"No you shouldn't," I said.

Wordlessly, I pulled the front of my skirt up, exposing my pantyhose and his bare hand, the fingertip working back and forth, back and forth. We stared at it without speaking.

A few heartbeats passed, his fingertip moved back and forth, back and forth. I swallowed ever so slightly, carefully carefully watching his fingertip, the way that it pressed against the fabric, the subtle stretch of the fine weave against my clitoris.

We should definitely not be doing this.

"I should probably stop," Leroy said.

"I didn't say that," I replied softly, refusing to look at him.

The fingertip slid back and forth, back and forth, each push of the fine fabric of the pantyhose against my clitoris sending increasingly insistent sensations through me. I could feel my thighs relaxing, opening around his hips. I subtle delicious wetness was beginning down deep inside, spreading, becoming slicker with each pass.

"We're good at pressing each other's buttons," he said.

"Yes," I agreed.

"You pressed my button first," he said.

I swallowed, and nodded the tiniest bit, unwilling to agree.

"Fuck," he said, his fingertip moving back and forth, back and forth, I could feel my hips involuntarily lifting a little, my thighs opening just a little wider. I was definitely wet. "You just said the words, and it was like an electric bolt. I could feel my cock just shock going through it and the blood flowing in."

Back and forth, back and forth, hypnotized by the fingertip sliding around the now visible nub in the pantyhose.

“You did it deliberately, didn’t you?” His voice was insidious.

Did I? Had I? Had I meant for this? To set us on this road? Had it been casual and thoughtless? Or was it that on some level, I’d deliberately chosen to open a door, uncaring of where it might lead? Or maybe knowing, and eager?

“Didn’t you?” he prodded.

“Yes.”

The finger pushed hard, I gasped and swallowed.

“Do it again,” he ordered.

The door swings open. The path is there. I know where it leads. I can’t say no. I swallowed, knowing what he wants. How many times has he pushed it on me, sought it out through call and response, suggested and said it and had me repeat it.

I know what he wants. I know what I want. I want him hard. I want him eager, desperate, wild. I want him inflamed so he can’t think straight, so that there isn’t anything in him but blind driving lust. I want that power over him, I need it. Even if I know where it will end, what he will do.

I swallow twice, licking my lips.

“This doesn’t leave the room. This is between us. All this shit we talk, Sam never hears it, never hears about it. We don’t ever repeat it to him. It’s a secret, just yours.”

“Agreed,” Leroy said, I can hear the sizzle of arousal in his voice, his anticipation. “Just us. Pressing buttons. That’s all.”

There's an admission of vulnerability there that's kind of a turn on for me. Admitting he has a button, it was so obvious, but hearing him admit it, acknowledge it as power or control over him, even in this way, is a turn on.

He turns his wrist a little, the finger slides down between my pussy lips, joined by another, making a wet camel-toe in my pantyhose the fabric straining to its limits. A thumb moves around my clit, cruising heavy figure eights, like a shark. My thighs part further, not involuntarily, deliberately this time, offering myself.

I struggle to gather my thoughts, to feed him what he is hungry for, to grab a little power over him, to send the jolt through him.

“Yours is better,” I whisper, my voice cracking. I feel this wave of shame, knowing what I’m going to say, this simultaneous wantonness and excitement, this self loathing, but I don’t want to stop. “Your cock. It’s so much better. You’re bigger, so much bigger there’s no comparison. You’re harder. You fuck so much better, longer, harder. You feel better, your cock just feels better inside me, my pussy, my mouth, my ass. There’s no comparing.”

I can feel his body going hot, the tension in his muscles, the sudden rigidity, the quick hitch in his breath. His fingers press down hard, his thumb grinding my clit, making my hips roll, making me gasp.

“Than him?”

“Better than anyone,” I whisper through a groan.

“Him...”

“Fuck,” I whisper, “I said he’s adequate. He’s not even adequate. Sam’s nothing, Sam’s pathetic, he’s a fucking cuck, I can’t even stand it in me. He dribbles in me, he's so quick, it's vile, like contamination. When Sam fucks me, I hate it, all I can think about is your big cock.”

Leroy’s hand moves convulsively, as I suck in breath, consumed by sudden self disgust. Then between my legs the fingers press deep into the camel toe, and I can feel the fabric give way, the pantyhose stretched to limit receding as if melting, and there are bare fingers inside me. I barely had time to gasp, my hips rolling in welcome, when his hand flexed and the pantyhose tore further, smoothly as if welcoming and then his bare thumb swept brutally across my clit, his bare hand on my pussy.

“Oh fuck!” I yelled, a shiver going through me as his bare skin violated my flesh. Skin on skin, touch on my exposed clitoris, triggering wild hunger in me.

But even more than the skin to skin, his excitement, his eagerness is overwhelming and it juices me, jolts me to new excitement. I could hear him panting a little, and I fed on his lust.

“You asked me to act quiet with him. Fuck him. I don’t have to act. After you, after how good it is with you, I barely feel him, he’s so pathetic. I want to yawn in his face, as he humps away with his little thing. I want to laugh and tell him how much better you are. I give him nothing, because he does nothing, he's nothing, he doesn't even know how to use the useless thing he's got. He just puts it in and whimpers and dribble."

“Jesus,” he grunted, “you’re a bitch aren’t you. A stone cold bitch. A whore.”

"You've seen how fast he can be - two pumps and done. Sometimes, he finishes before I even feel it. Just thrust and dribble and he's finished. Waste of time. Is it in? It's over! And then he's laying on me and drooling, and his fucking slime is in me, its disgusting.”

His eyes are almost unfocused, his face is red, he's almost somewhere else. As horrified as I am by my words, I'm excited by the effect. His hand works between my legs in a frenzy, pushing me higher and harder, my pussy is practically gushing, and every thrust of his fingers tears the pantyhose wider.

“I’m a whore for you,” I said, my voice coming in a series of grunts, “For your cock. I love it. When you take me right in front of him. He's standing there, and you just take me. It turns me on, when you fuck me first. Show him his place. Show him you’re the one that owns this pussy. I love it when wakes up and you’re the one fucking me. Fucking loser.”

My legs wrapped around his chest, his waste, opening and closing, loosening and tightening, squirming and writhing almost with a life of their own, their own urgent animal will. I feel something poking against the back of my knee.

“You’re hard,” I grunt, as I feel his erection on the underside of my leg, the mindless poking against the back of my thigh. “I can feel how hard you are!”

Pussy slick fingers twist up inside me turning again and again, as I writhe. Then abruptly they bull out, a thick bull thumb invades me, and then two slippery fingers force themselves up my ass. My hips practically levitate.

“I love the way you take me from Sam,” I cry. “How you fucking own me, and he just lets it. You’re a man and he’s nothing. You take, you conquer, you own me, I’m yours and Sam’s fucking nothing.”

“I need to fuck you,” Leroy says urgently, his voice raw, and it feels like he’s more turned on than I’ve ever felt, more out of control than I’ve ever sensed. That he’s nothing but a hard raging cock and the iron desire to despoil me. I’m so fucking ashamed and excited, elated and terrified, and out of control, wanting whatever is going to happen almost as much as he is, needing it more.

“Yes!” I cry out. “Fuck me.”

“I’m going to fuck your ass,” and although its less than normal volume, there’s an insistence, a relentless cruelty and determination that makes it feel like he’s shouting.

“Yes! Fuck my ass!” It’s all I can say, the only thought this rampaging need allows in my head, I don’t care if it hurts, it’s the only thing I can think of, everything else is driven out of my mind.

Roughly, he grabs my calf, moving out from between my legs. He twists and there's a moment of discomfort, as he flips me over onto my stomach. For a moment, its awkward, my clothes bind against me in all sorts of uncomfortable ways. I feel a button let go on my blouse. The momentary discomfort brings an instant of lucidity where I try to talk sense, to set rules or an order, rather than be mindless.

“I want! I don’t know if I can, I’m tender. But we can try, and if not, we’ll do something else. Let’s make this quick, okay–”

My face is pushed into the cushions, and Leroy’s voice is dripping in my ear.

“Shut up, I’m in charge,” Leroy’s voice rumbles. My pussy just spasms at the words, at the way he holds me down, like a mini orgasm.

I’ve done this. He’s out of control He doesn’t give a shit, he’s going to make me take it up the ass and take his load. I just made it easy, everything feeds his urgency, as if I’m playing along. Maybe I am.

Besides he has a good idea how much I can take, and if he stretches my boundaries a little... Well, the thought that somewhere along the line, when I don’t have any choice, he's intent on

stretching my boundaries a lot makes me wild. I don't care that he's going to fuck my ass brutally. The harder, the more ferocious the better. I want him to wreck me. I don't want to think about after.

His body's weight is pinning my thighs, holding me immobile as he straddles me and he reaches, unzips my skirt and pulls it down. I feel it dragging across my ass and my hips. There's the sound of fabric ripping.

"My skirt!"

"It's fine," he lies, we both know it's a lie and neither of us care. His hand digs into the first hole he made in my pantyhose, the fabric sticky with drying lubricant, and just tears it open wider. There's a moment of tension then the two holes, the one in front and the one in back are one, and this pantyhose is done for.

I squeal, about to call for Lubricant. But as I try to form the word, I feel the cool liquid squirting down my cheeks. The hand roughly working it between my cheeks. On some deep level, its reassuring, it means that as wild as he is, he's in control, he's got enough thinking and focus to lube me up. Good, I can just keep surrendering. His free hand pushes the back of the blouse up, and in an instant's resistance I feel another button go, but then it's up around my shoulder blades. I feel his fingers wrap around the back of my bra strap, his knuckles in my back, as he rests his weight there, forcing me down on the cushions.

Leroy laid his cock, against my asshole. I could feel how swollen and puffy it was, the way it was spongy against his cock, I loved the sensation. He has saddled me, pressing his cock head against the anus, feeling it give until it was concave, not ready to be entered, but with no escape.

He pushes, I'm feeling abused tissues pushed open. Ow! The discomfort is shocking.

"Jesus!" I shriek. "Slow down!"

And then, in the next breath, "harder!" I cry. I want it.

He laughs, or growls or barks, I can't tell which, but he didn't stop pushing, just reduced the pressure a lot.

I was panting.

"Give me a minute," I'm gasping.

"No problem," I can't see him, but I can feel him grinning, as he gives me a moment's respite, but only a moment.

"Now?" He doesn't wait for an answer, he knows what I want, and even if I didn't, he doesn't care and that makes it even more exciting. He just pushes again, forcing his way into my sphincter, I could feel the band of muscle around his cock head spasming frantically, trying to push out the intruder. My bodies futile rebellion was delicious, I'm in free fall, I'm on a roller coaster.

“Oww!” I squeal, discomfort, almost pain, cutting through the sexual high. I want the high, I want to be mindless, a fuck-beast, a fuck toy, I want to be nothing but cunt. I don’t want distractions, only oblivion. Discomfort distracts. “Slow! Slow!”

“Sorry Princess,” he tells me, lost in his own urgency. “Best thing to do is get past it.”

“That’s not-Oh! OH!!!”

He pushes hard again, ignoring my yowl, feeling his cock head breach the ring of muscle, plunging into her warm bowels. There’s an intensity to it, that catches me and throws me away, tumbling. Now with nothing to stop him, he pushes all the way, driving his whole length into me until his pubic hair is grinding against my anal ring.

Discomfort turns inside out as my body surrenders, I make a mindless noise as I feel him sinking in, the rush of him somehow too fast for my disordered fuck-blasted mind to absorb. I can only experience the sensation of being filled, reshaped on the inside.

The howl turns into that deep moan that women only make when you filled them completely. Leroy hold himself deep inside, enjoying his conquest, waiting to see if I’ll try to push him out. I could still feel the ring of my muscle around the base of his shaft flexing uncontrollably, even as its twitching faded away.

All I can do pant.

“You’re such an asshole!” I gasp. There is a sudden sheen of sweat on my forehead, and I can feel my face was red and puffy. But my nipples are rigid, and my expression is vacant. I’m trapped and incoherent.

“How is it?” he asks.

The bastard, he asks now?

“Fuck,” I groan lifting my head to stare straight ahead. I’m trying to squirm under him, but he holds my fast. “You filled me up. I feel so stuffed, like a balloon, just bloated.”

The rough dry anal of the night before had left the delicate tissue inside my colon bruised. It felt hot and swollen inside there, pressing down all around his cock. It feels so different down there, like I have different anatomy, everything familiary, but nothing in the familiar place.

“Take it slow? Okay?” I ask quietly.

Maybe there’s something plaintive in my voice that he likes. Something about, the way I acknowledged his power and begged for mercy.

“Of course, Princess,” I can tell he’s smiling, enjoying my surrender. “We’ll go slow.”

He paused.

“Is it Princess? Or whore?

“Yours,” I reply.

I can feel his cock throb, the involuntary thrust that s sinks an inch deeper, that presses hips firmly against my ass, flattening it.

“Which?”

“Your whore,” I grunt. “You own me, I’m your whore. I want to be your whore. I’d rather be Leroy's whore than Sam's Princess.”

Not real, I tell myself. I’m just pushing buttons..

His buttons or mine?

“I’d make you my whore,” he snarled. His cock in my ass was like an iron bar, he was so hard. I’d never felt him so hard before, he was utterly rigid. And yet his fucking was a measured tempo in and out, pumping smoothly into my bowels so relentlessly I could feel my butt cheeks flatten with each thrust, the deep penetration bringing a long moan out of me

“I am your whore.”

“You’ll fuck anyone I tell you?” he demanded, I felt him speed up a little.

“Anyone, everyone, I’ll fuck them all, I’ll spread my legs for whoever you decide,” I groaned, then out of nowhere a thought, “I’ll fuck them right in front of Sam for you, to show him. I'll fuck everyone but Sam... unless he begs you.”

I could feel a wave of heat off his body, his thrusts becoming more forceful.

“If I say no?” He thrust hard, the whole couch creaking, my body flattening into the cushions. "No fucking Sam?"

“Ahh-Uhh! Sam can go fuck Ahh-Uhh himself and watch, the stupid Ahh-Uhh cuck.”

“Fucking whore!”

“Ahh-Uhh! Yess!!”

“Do anything!!”

“Ahh-Uhh! Any- Uhh-huh-thing!!”

“I’ll breed you,” he said, “I’ll breed you to strangers”

He thrust hard, the whole couch shaking. What the fuck? Then I remembered the horrible things I’d said in the cuck session. Was this for him? Was this his button? Did he think he was pushing mine? It was impossible to think, to make sense, it was all a mess. I was confused and almost delirious. Any words shattering to pieces in the overwhelming sensation of his rampaging cock devastating my ass.

Fuck it, I thought with fragments of my mind. Go with it. Give him anything.

“Anything. Ahh-Uhh. Everything. Whatever you - Ahh! - want. Use me. Own me!”

On top of me, his body rises and falls, his weight settling on me and lifting off over and over again. His knuckles yank my bra, the straps tearing into my shoulders and ribs. There’s spittle on my shoulder blade. His cock pounds my sphincter, now completely broken and surrendered. There’s no resistance as he fucks me. He just shoves in relentlessly, slower than vaginal, but more brutal, more decisive. Every thrust turns me inside out.

My head is pushed into the cushions, sinking, each time for a moment, I can’t breath. Then he yanks my hair, and I gasp. His hot breath is in my ear, the words filthy, and I answer back, not even listening, but trading filth for filth. A patch of drool shows near my cheek.

I squirm, struggling, but I’m trapped in my clothes, my ruined skirt holding my thighs together in place as his cock forces between my cheeks. He pulls all the way out for a minute, and I squeal as he reapplies lubricant, its cold wetness splashing around. Then he thrusts back in, without hesitation. I have no resistance, my body is past surrender.

He fucks harder and harder, and a torrent of filth pours out, promises, offers, pledges of my body to anything, surrender, concession to him; denunciations and mocking to Sam, and we trade it pack and forth until I feel his rhythm change, his impossible hardness growing even more rigid. Then suddenly he’s pounding convulsively, his cock swelling, making my body a ragdoll. I’m coming, my sphincter gripping futilely, broken but still spasming.

And then he’s deep, his body giving micro-jerks, he’s rigid on top of me, forcing me so hard into the cushions I can’t breath, my body so compressed that I couldn’t draw a breath. He’s hissing like a leaking engine, and I can feel him throwing off heat, sweat dripping, and I know he’s pumping his come up inside me, and I fucking love it, I’m loving that I’m being filled by him, owned by him. That my identity is erased, and my only purpose, my whole existence, has expanded, enfolded, to being no more and no less than my wet filthy hole being made into the receptacle for his come. In that moment, it’s all I want, all I can imagine ever wanting, it’s bliss, it’s satisfaction, it’s fulfillment.

Then, slowly, the moment drags out, and passes, and I’m myself again, panting, smashed into the couch, flattened and breathless, covered with sweat in the binding wreckage of my clothes, his weight on top of me.

He lays on top of me, and I can feel my temples throb, awareness of his presence, now as a distinct body. He’s panting. When he moves, I feel it as another body, a separate presence moving, letting go a bra strap, weight shifting.

Leroy’s cock is in me, in my ass. I can feel it. I can’t feel his semen. I can feel him though, as he shrinks. Eventually, it’s small enough, limp enough it’s no longer in me at all. I just have the rawness, the memory of my violation. I can feel my sphincter throbbing, pulsing as it slowly closes, no longer occupied but still open.

“Damn,” he says softly. “That was satisfying.”

“Dark,” I whisper. I’m trying not to think about the things we said. “It got really dark.”

Pause. I can feel him nodding on top of me.

“Yeah,” he said. “Too dark maybe.”

My turn to nod.

“It’s just sex talk,” he tells me. “It doesn’t mean anything.”

I nod again.

“Yeah.”

I hope he’s right.

His weight comes off me. First off my back, then he’s straddling my thighs, but then he steps off the couch. It’s a relief. I lay on my stomach on the couch, hard fucked, just enjoying the absence of his weight, and my wet exhaustion. The couch cushions under my hips are soaked, but it’s too much trouble to move.

“You okay?” He asks. He’s moved so that he’s closer to my head. I hope he doesn’t want to put his shit smeared cock in my mouth to clean. But he doesn’t act on that. Instead, he strokes my hair and asks if I want coffee.

I say yes.

He goes away.

When he comes back, there’s the smell of coffee. Not his coffee, Leroy’s coffee would be gourmet and scented with eucalyptus or something. This was Sam’s coffee, he made it, frantically scurrying around, trying to get dressed, late for work, but endlessly thoughtful, while I was getting fucked. Making coffee for me he had no time to drink himself.

There’s some kind of meaning in that, but I’m too wiped to think about it.

I pull myself upright as Leroy sits beside me, our cups on the coffee table in front of us. He’s still naked, except for boxers, his cock now definitely out of commission I guess. My clothes are so fucking uncomfortable, the skirt wrecked and twisted around. I shed it, and then the sticky wet torn pantyhose, feeling relief to have it off my body. I undo the last buttons of my blouse. I can feel my bra won’t fit right, even with tugging at the straps. Fuck it, too much trouble to get off.

There’s mindless conversation. Then....

“This doesn’t get back to Sam,” Leroy says. I perk up. “Not what we did. I know he’d be okay with that, he’d love the idea. What we said though, the sex talk. He wouldn't understand...”

My face blushes hot. I’m trying not to think about that. But in the embarrassment, I have their weird little moment of insight. Like it feels sometimes like he almost manipulates me, pushes

me into lying to Sam. But he's not fucking with me, it's not about me at all.

He just wants Sam to like him, to think well of him.

It's such an odd idea, that I don't even know what to do with it, or where to put it. I realize how selfish I am, how I just see things from my own perspective. But here he is, insecure, caring about what Sam might think about him, not wanting him to know what he said, because it's just meaningless sex talk, But he worries about Sam's friendship, he wants that friendship, it matters. He cares about Sam.

I don't say anything. I just nod and sip my coffee, contemplating this different side of Leroy.

"You really take it past the limit," he says. For a second, there's wariness, but there's no blame. Maybe even a grudging admiration. "Every fucking time."

Me? This is what he wanted. He pushed me to say all those filthy obscene things. It's not just me, it's both of us. But do I push it?

"Let's..." I say quietly. "Let's not talk about it. That was a bit too far. Too dark. Let's not."

"Yeah," he agrees. I accept that, grateful to be let off the hook.

Eventually, I say that I have to get ready for work, and he leaves. I walk him to the door.

He was finally gone. Fuck, I always felt so exhausted after he left. When he was around, I was tense, I was excited, even wild. Sometimes I felt like I was brimming, everything was wild and electrical and out of control. It was like being on a roller coaster. But then after, I'd feel emptied, drained.

Then I go back and sit on the couch for a moment, throwing away the blouse and pulling off the horrible bra. There's a huge wet stain on the cushions beside me. Probably going to leave a mark. I'll have to flip the cushions over.

I need to get my act together. Fuck it, I'm going to be so late. Bullshit I don't need. I have to take a shower, I decide, put together a new outfit.

I was exhausted. Fuck. At least Sam had probably gotten a full night's sleep on the couch. Leroy was just too demanding. The problem was, he didn't have to go to work in the morning. I did.

I fall asleep.

&&&

When I wake up, it's around eleven am. My face feels powdery, and it takes me a moment to remember it's Sam's dried come. My god, that feels like it was forever ago. Another lifetime, getting spitroasted and facialed feels like ancient history. My body feels like it's been taken apart and put back together wrong, there's a crick in my neck from sleeping wrong on the couch.

As I stand up, I notice a wet light brownish smear on the couch under me. Ahh, fuck.

The coffee is cold. Fuck, again.

What a day, I think, replaying the memories. My skin feels grody, I should shower, get all the sweat and grunge off. And maybe fresh coffee, and the leftovers, snack a little.

I wanted a shower.

Fuck that, I needed a shower. It gets me moving.

Even in the shower, I still felt dirty inside. Dirty in a way that no amount of washing would help. Fucking Leroy. Fucking Leroy, he could be so fucking repulsive, like he was contaminated or something, and if you touched him he left a smudge on you that you couldn't shake. A lingering bad taste in my mouth.

Bad taste in my mouth. I needed a palate cleanser. Something to get rid of the psychic residue of Leroy's toxic side. I turned off the water, and rested my head against the shower stall, feeling the droplets run down my skin. Fuck me, I needed to get him out of my head. The sex was great, he was an amazing man, but he dragged this... garbage with him sometimes.

Cool it, Kayley. We needed to slow down, not let the toxic stuff grow. Cultivate the healthy stuff.

I needed to suck some cocks.

Unbidden, the glory holes at the peep show leaped into my mind.

Sane, anonymous, pure sensuality.

Giving pleasure without any of the baggage and bullshit. My mind drifted over the thought of disembodied cocks, making them hard, teasing them, feeling them filling my mouth, the way they'd swell and pulse when they ejaculated, swallowing it down. There was something deeply satisfying, deeply affirming.

That's what I needed to get my head on straight. I could clear out all of Leroy's head stuff. Definitely.

I stepped out of the shower, vividly aware of my tender puffy anus, and toweled off, checking myself out in the mirror. At least I didn't have to hide that from Sam.

Hit the booths right after work, then go see Sam?

No, I didn't want to wait. I wanted to be in his arms the moment he got off, so I could get him off.

Check out early, go to the booths, suck some cocks and then meet Sam? That felt too frantic.

I didn't even want to go to work. What was I going to do? I'd barely slept last night. I'd drag my sore ass through all the boring office stuff. It just wasn't appealing.

Just call Jen, change it to a full sick day, take my time relaxing and getting myself together. Spend some quality time in the Booths, but don't overdo it, just enough to feel cleansed.

Then... I don't know. Shopping? Coffee? Playing hooky? And meet Sam at work. Romance and fulfillment.

Just enjoy the two of us, leave Leroy out of our lives for a while. Don't even think of another cuck session. My stomach curdled suddenly remembering that part of the conversation, at his insistence that Sam needed catharsis and healing, and that, insanely, was the way to do it. Ridiculous. Except, it made me think of the other part of the conversation, the dark part of me...

Fuck this serious shit. Play hooky. That, I decided, was the plan.

Naked, I squatted on the toilet and peed, quickly and efficiently, staring off into the distance, vividly aware of my bruised asshole. It doesn't feel so bad actually. Then I wiped my face with a wet washcloth, and padded out.

Returning to the kitchen, I put on a fresh pot of coffee, sent a quick text to Jen at work. I was a little hungry, and without the pressure of getting ready so I could be late for work, there was time. I pulled some of the leftovers from the fridge, making a small plate.

The food had been carefully packed and placed in separate containers, exquisite of course. Leroy was amazing at everything he did, particularly food. The leftovers remind me of last night, how incredibly fucking incredible every bit of it was. The food, the conversation, the flirting, the sex. How wild and uninhibited it had all been, how extraordinary and pitch perfect. Even finding these new depths to Leroy, when he showed these moments of frankness and vulnerability, seeing him actually evolve, and knowing that we were part of that.

Fucking perfect. Just unbelievable. Amazing.

And somehow, this morning, it had all gotten so dark.

The sex was incredible, almost as amazing as last night. But so fucking dark, I felt like my soul was drenched in soot. And yet, I'd fucking craved it, hungered for it. Maybe, deep down, I was a shitty human being.

Hard to believe an evening so luminous and a morning so dark could be side by side.

I padded back to the love seat, putting my feet up, keeping the plate on my lap, nibbling at bits of fruit, and sipping reheated coffee. The trick is a little honey in it, to take away the bitterness.

Thinking back, it had all started to get really dark after Sam left the bed. I didn't recall him leaving, but looking back, he hadn't been there when I woke up to pee. I'd driven him from bed, now that I'd made the connection, it felt obvious, it was lingering trauma, and I felt bad. To make it worse, that was when Leroy and I had gone back and fucked, and I'd just been so... craving, needing. And then the morning...

Maybe I was the dark one? I didn't really believe that. I certainly didn't like the idea. But was there something to that. Leroy kept telling me I kept going too far.

Yeah, fuck him, he was right in there with me, he was no innocent.

I could tell myself that, pretend it was his fault, as long as I didn't look too close.

I mean, fuck him. He was dark himself. He just seemed to think I got darker. Went too far. Well, fuck him. He opens the door. I had it locked down, that's not me normally, he just lets it out. Whose fault is that?

Suppose I was the dark one, though...

Sam is light. Take Sam out of the equation and... There's just me, taking it darker and darker?

Next time, Sam, don't leave the bed. Please don't leave the bed. Keep your light close by, so I can be a better person, and not the evil bitch.

My thoughts turned to Leroy's proposal for another cuck session, one where I would be controlled. My rejection was automatic, it was still automatic, and visceral. No fucking way. If we'd damaged Sam, god I hoped not, then he needed to heal, not another trip through the wood chipper. I absolutely would not hurt him again. Or allow him to be hurt.

Fuck that. It was bullshit. Leroy was just full of manipulative bullshit.

I was vehement. I was almost surprised at how vehement I was.

Unless...

It occurred to me suddenly, that maybe the part that triggered me about another cuck session, was Leroy's insistence that I needed to be controlled. That I was the one he needed to ride. Maybe I didn't want to be controlled?

I stared off into the distance, sipped coffee, and popped some weird little Asian fruit cube into my mouth. What had Leroy called it? Couldn't remember.

Jesus, was that it? Was Leroy right, and Sam needed this? And the problem was my own ego? My refusal to accept restraints or limits on my urge to sadism? Or my terror that I might be on the receiving end of what I'd dished out?

Fuck, Kayley, maybe you are an evil bitch after all.

I still didn't see how putting Sam through a woodchipper would help either of us. Fuck this. I wasn't the toxic one. Leroy was toxic. I didn't really believe that, but I needed that to be it. Whatever, there was something that went dark and weird with the three of us. Sam and I were okay together. Even if I was the dark one, I wasn't that dark, not unless Leroy was triggering it.

Holiday.

We needed a holiday from Leroy. It was all too fast, too crazy.

I nodded, without anyone there to see it. Yes, I decided. Holiday, not ending it with him, necessarily. Just taking a break. Balancing ourselves out. Making sure that it was all healthy. I mean, our times with him, the bright times, last night, the restaurant.. The first restaurant, our threesome at his place. It was all so fucking amazing.

We just needed time to kind of straighten out.

This was the right thing to do.

Time for a break.

I wandered back to the living room, giving the brownish smear on the couch a dirty look.

Best way to do this?

Face to face? Oh fuck no. He was way too good at getting my panties off, if I even wore them for him. He was too smooth, too manipulative. Not his fault, Leroy just had this incredible magnetism, he was larger than life sometimes, it was good, it drew me like a moth to flame, it was hard not to get caught up. And mostly, it was good, but sometimes, not so much.

Phone? Like a coward. Yeah, I could be a complete cold-blooded asshole about it. God, that was shameful. Kayley, passive aggressive bitch extraordinaire. Yeah, well, at least by phone, I wouldn't end up fucking him before we were done.

The worst that would happen is he'd talk me out of it. Or try to. Try? Fuck me, he might talk me out of it. I'd end up feeling like an asshole for even suggesting we take time off. I didn't want to talk to him about this. He'd just twist me up in knots. I hated the idea.

I sipped my coffee. The plate was done.

Fuck this. Do it now.

I picked up the phone...

&&&

Leroy had been surprised when I called, but remarkably genial. We made small talk for a few minutes, as I worked up the guts to pull the pin.

"You know," I said nervously, "I think things are kind of moving a little too fast. A little too out of control."

"Yes?" he said, neutrally.

"I was thinking," I could feel my voice rushing, "maybe too fast. Like we should take a break. Catch our breath. Slow down."

I took a deep breath.

“Not permanent or anything. Just a break, that’s all. No more threesomes. It’s getting...”

“I think you’re right,” he said.

I blinked.

“What?”

“No,” he said, “you’re right. I’ve been in these situations before. It just gets its own momentum, and it picks up, and goes too fast. Out of control. I completely understand.”

“Oh,” I said.

“Yeah,” he said. “Don’t get me wrong, you’re both so fucking amazing. I feel like it’s all head over heels. But.. Too much, too fast? Better that we get some control. It’s like what we were talking about earlier on the couch. Boundaries. Right?”

“Uhm... yeah,” I said uncertainly, “boundaries.”

“We weren’t really great at the boundaries thing, this morning” he said. “We knew, we just...”

“Uh yeah.” It had definitely gotten out of control.

He chuckled a little, you could hear the gentle smile even over the phone.

“Not that I have any regrets. Fucking amazing. Dark, but amazing. Intense right?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Intense.”

But something more felt needed than vague agreement.

“I don’t regret either. But you’re right. We can’t...”

“Boundaries,” he interrupted.

“Exactly.”

“We slow it down,” he said, “take some breathing room, until we can all handle it.”

Wow.

I’d been so freaked out. This was... It was like getting all psyched up for a marathon, then showing up at the starting line, and the judge walks up and tells you it’s cancelled and they’re just going to give you the trophy. I was so relieved, so free of tension, I felt almost giddy. I couldn’t help but grin. I found myself relaxing

“I thought,” I said, and started again. “I wasn’t sure how to bring it up. Thank you so much.”

“No,” he said, “it’s okay. I was thinking about it too. I guess we were both on the same track. Chemistry, that’s what it’s like, when you have the same thoughts.”

Just like me and Sam! I laughed involuntarily, just a giggle.

“It’s such a relief.”

“I know! Right!”

He paused.

“Did you think about that other thing?”

The cuck session, my guts tightened, and I went cold.

“Some...” I replied warily.

“Well,” he said, “I think we already talked it out, and you know how I feel about it. I think it’s what he needs, but I think when you have the chance to mull it over, you’ll see it too.”

“I don’t know,” I replied, uncertain of how to play it. Keep it light, I thought, danger zone, but don’t show it. Light and casual.

“No pressure,” he said. He paused. “Even if the three of us are on pause.. I still have a little request.”

“What?” I asked nervously. Right, this was it. He was going to push one on one. Well, fuck that, I wasn’t going to sneak around behind Sam’s back.

“Sam and I really get along,” he said. “I’d like to keep on hanging out with him. I don’t have that many male friends. But I don’t want you to feel like I’m going behind your back.”

This was so unexpected, I was so shocked, I burst out laughing with giddy relief. Fuck, I was such an asshole, it was hilarious, and he kept showing these wonderful surprising sides. I couldn't help grinning, feeling this burst of affection.

“Wait,” I demanded, laughing, “are you asking permission to date my husband?”

“Well,” he replied, “when you put it like that, it sounds dirty.”

“What can I say,” I relaxed against the cushions, my fingers idly wandering down to my clit. I wasn’t really horny or anything like that. Like the idea of watching Sam and Leroy making out or playing with each other was, by definition, hot. But we were just joking casually, stress free. “I’m a real dirty girl.”

“Yeah, I noticed,” he shot back.

“Nah,” I said. “I don’t mind you guys hanging out. I’m not jealous.”

I remembered how they'd worked together in the kitchen last night. The smooth teamwork, the instinctive synchronization, this casual male bonding that had been so functional, so elegant.

Well, maybe a little jealous.

"I think some male bonding works," I said lamely.

It might help to sand off some of his rough edges, I thought, being around Sam. He was just a little immature, but trying to change. Sam might be good for him. And anyway, it would help Sam too. It would be therapeutic and healing, without some weird-ass make-up cuck session.

"Yeah," I said. "Okay. Sure. You guys do your guy stuff. No problem."

Except, I didn't want him talking Sam into another cuck session.

"I'm not going to push the other thing," he said. "That will have its own time. No agenda. It's just guy time, that's all."

I sighed feeling a sudden wave of relief, he'd anticipated a worry and neutralized it again.

"I trust you," I said, louder than I intended.

"You know," he said. "I wouldn't mind the two of us going out one on one, while the threesome is on hold. Even just talking on the phone... Just to sort of keep in touch. We don't necessarily have to fuck."

I found myself blushing.

"You might forget how, huh?" I asked. Wait? Had he suggested that? Or had I gone there on my own.

"Well, I'd hate to lose my touch. I won't make promises about that, not again. But mainly, I'd like to hang with you now and then."

I laughed.

"Somehow," I said, "I don't think that's a problem for you."

"So the two of us can hook up once in a while?" he asked. "Until the three of us are ready to get back together."

He paused.

"We don't have to tell Sam."

This again. My heart skipped a little. Bad idea, bad idea all the way. That other night had been a bad idea. I should steer clear.

But also, kind of exciting, in a being a bad girl kind of way. There was something about the

naughtiness of it that gave me a little tickle in my belly, like shoplifting a candy bar. Sam wouldn't have to know, my hidden voice echoed. If he didn't know, it wouldn't hurt him. And anyway, he knew we were a threesome, he'd fucked me together with Leroy, he didn't mind Leroy fucking me.

Bad fucking idea, Kayley, I told myself. But was it really that bad? Mild bad, maybe. Not fucking up the relationship bad. Naughty. He wouldn't even mind.

"You're incorrigible."

"Can't blame a guy!"

I should just slap him down now. Close the door. But I didn't want to upset him with a hard no.

"I'll think about it," I said. "I'll call you if I decide."

"Can't ask for more than that," he agreed.

I wasn't committing, and he accepted that.

I almost sighed with relief.

Off the hook!

But I had left the door open. I shouldn't have done that. But it was too late in the conversation to close it. Still, no worries. Just leave it. Don't follow. Just keep it neutral, light. Let him bond more with Sam, and eventually, it could be the three of us again... but healthier, less out of control.

We exchanged a few pleasantries, chatted and joked a little, and then I hung up. I flung the phone onto the couch cushion, yawned and stretched, wiggling my toes to let all the tension out.

That had gone a lot better than I'd expected, I reflected. I'd felt really tense going in, almost dreading. But wow, he'd been right on my wavelength, completely understanding, thinking the same way. I went over to the kitchen to make myself some more coffee, marveling at how in tune we were.

The sex, oh god, the sex was volcanic and twisted, and it went right up to the edge of toxic. But what saved us was we shared something deeper a mutual respect and a genuine affection.

Under all his bullshit, Leroy was a good guy.

As I measured out the coffee grounds, I couldn't help smiling at the way he'd asked my permission to hang out with Sam. Like a little boy asking his mom. It was cute, even endearing.

As I reached for the coffee cups, I must have moved slightly wrong, and I felt a little leakage loosed, oozing between my ass cheeks and down the back of my thigh. For a moment, I froze

with embarrassment, but there was no one to see. So I casually wiped clean with a paper towel, dropped it in the trash and washed my hands in the kitchen sink. I poured the coffee, and padded back into the living room with a steaming mug, plopping down on the love seat, avoiding the wet brown smear from my previous leakage. I was going to have to clean that up somehow, I thought.

I'd have to tell Sam. I felt bad suddenly, I'd made a decision about us without him. That wasn't right. But the last cuck session had been damaging and I wasn't sure he was over it. He needed time to heal emotionally. I was pretty sure he'd be okay. We weren't kicking Leroy out of our lives, just slowing it down a little.

An impulse hit me. I texted Sam.

"Hey Sweetie," I said. "Everything good?"

"Babe! All fine! You guys?"

"Everyone got off," I texted, grinning. "Glad I sent you off to work with a smile."

"Much appreciated."

"Any time." I paused and texted. "Every time." Paused and texted again. "Lunchtime coming up, I could visit you at work."

"Love it. But lunch hour meeting."

I pursed my lips. Pooh! I thought, and sent a sad emoji.

"Made it into work on time?" he texted.

I hesitated. Tell him Leroy fucked me for another hour and a half, did me anal again, and I was wandering naked around the apartment shitting myself, because I'd nodded off?

"Yes," I my fingers lied for me. "By the skin of my teeth. Didn't have time for a shower."

"Yikes!"

"LOL. Perv!"

"Wearing panties?"

"Yep. Pantyhose. So sexy."

"Wet?"

"Texting with you? You bet."

"Cool. Love to see. Got to get back to work."

"Hot. Later, I'll show you."

“Sounds good.”

I put the phone down, my smile slowly slipping away as I sipped the coffee. I felt a bit uneasy. Why had I dodged like that? I felt awkward about it, in a way that was hard to put my finger on. And somehow, that got me thinking about some of the things Leroy had made me say. The sense of uneasiness increased, I reached down unconsciously, and made circles around my clit.

My mind replayed the things we'd said while fucking. It was definitely a running theme with him, even if it embarrassed him. Oh Jesus, but Leroy had a creepy side to him. That needy little boy aspect came out sometime at the worst moments. I was glad that Sam hadn’t heard any of that. But that I’d said it too, that I'd fed it... It felt like a stain.

No more of that, I decided. I mean, it pressed Leroy’s buttons like crazy, and he’d push and push, until he got it from me. That needed to get under control.

Absently, I stroked my pussy, parting my lips, drawing fingertips lightly upwards, opening them wider and wider as I went until I stroked my clit hood. I tapped it quickly in sequence, four-two, four-two the way Leroy did.

“You like to watch, Sam,” I said the words out loud, hearing them in my ear.

“He’s bigger than you Sam,” I whispered. “Harder. Better.”

Bullshit, but there was something filthy and subversive about it. Both of them got off on it in different ways. God that was creepy.

“Better than you Sam. I think of his cock when he fucks me.”

Too creepy. It was hot and repulsive at the same time. There was something dark and dirty in Leroy, the way he demanded, and demanded, the way he’d whisper these things when he fucked me, demanding, pushing me to repeat them back.

I remembered his cock had flashed hot inside me, swelling suddenly, the way his thrust would jolt a little. As filthy as it was, I liked pushing his button, feeling that swell and jolt, the way he’d almost start to come and would have to fight it down. It gave me this sense of power over him. My cunt was wet, I stroked my clit faster, pressing more firmly.

“Leroy’s in charge,” I whispered to no one. “My cunt is his. He fucks me like a whore, he conquers me, and I love it. He makes me his slave. He owns me.”

Two fingertips beat out a drum solo on either side of my clit.

“Sam’s a cuck,” I breathed. “He likes to watch. That’s all he’s good for.”

I moaned, lifting my hips.

“Fucking useless cuck.”

Too much. Suddenly, an orgasm seemed to bloom out of nowhere, a rush of pleasure that just erupted from my pussy, flowing through my body, leaving me breathless. I moaned loudly, my body going stiff.

Then it was gone, and I was panting, feeling my skin cooling, the sudden weakness in my muscles as tension flowed out of me.

“Jesus,” I stood up, and walked away from the couch.

I was still wet and aroused, I felt this urgent need to touch myself. But I also felt so dirty. It was one thing to do it when Leroy was on top of me, fucking me half senseless, pushing and pushing until he got what he wanted. But to do it alone, to say those horrible things. The depravity, the filthy smudginess kept building until it overwhelmed everything.

“I don’t like this,” I said out loud to the empty apartment. “I don’t want to do it.”

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 50 - Glory, Glory Holelujah
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I thought about going into work. Honestly I did, for about a minute. But the day was fucked anyway. I just didn’t have the head space for the office. The crazy mix of all the raunchy sex since yesterday into this morning kind of messed me out. It was like sex with a half dozen guys, or a half dozen sessions, each time had been wildly different - playful, then adventurous, then romantic, dark in the night, disorienting in the morning, and then that final anal left my head fucked. It felt like it all started out bright and kept getting darker, which made no sense.

I shouldn’t have fucked Leroy with Sam gone. We should have stopped the minute he was out the door. It was weird, but being alone with Leroy in the apartment, the conversations, it had messed with me. I’d gotten what I wanted, time off from him. But it didn’t feel like a win.

I felt dirty.

So fuck work... But I was too restless and antsy to stay home. There was only one place to go, and I needed it.

I walked into the boutique. I wasn’t interested in browsing. I went straight to the back. My stomach was doing flip flops. As always, I wondered what the fuck I was doing. And always, the black tar clinging to and staining my soul, the foul pit of self-loathing, restlessness and hunger, drove me on.

Doug looked up as I approached the peep shows.

“Hey Kayley,” he said.

“Hi Doug.”

I hated that we were on a first name basis. He looked at my outfit.

“You look nice,” he said.

“Thanks,” I blushed a little and paid my entry. I didn’t feel like conversation. I wanted to get in, do the things I needed to do, and when whatever dark need finally abated, get the hell out. Go away, pretend none of this happened. Just be normal.

“It’s really hopping in there,” he said. I walked past him. “Have fun.”

Walking into the peep shows, I felt weightless. I always feel weightless, my body buoyant, as if gravity didn’t have as much of a grip in this place. My legs felt watery and weak, my stomach full of butterflies.

The air was moist, thick with the redolence of male pheromones, male crotch musk and sweat, the odor of stale semen. I breathed it in. God help me, I was starting to like it. I hoped that the smell didn’t get in my clothes. Every time I came here, I washed my clothes afterwards, showered, tried to scrub my outside clean, as what was inside became part of me.

There were a few men, standing around, watching. I never understood that, why stand around in this place? Why not just go in the booths. One of them was a transvestite, taking a puff on a vape, wearing a cheap wig and a sequined dress. She gave me a nod. I’d seen her before. A couple of the other men were vaguely familiar. That bothered me - that I was coming her often enough that I was starting to know the regulars.

They watched, but I refused to make eye contact or acknowledge them. Instead, I scanned the booths, looking for an empty one. Surprisingly, most of them were occupied - only four, nine and thirteen were open. The door on thirteen looked broken, that was out.

The door to six opened, a young East-Asian man stepped out. For a moment our eyes met, and he blinked in surprise. Then there was an almost visceral sense of dismissal, I knew he’d decided I was a transvestite and of no further interest. He almost brushed me as he walked past, ignoring me. I felt a weird flash of resentment.

I almost stepped into number four but it looked a little gross, someone had gone on the floor. Number six then, I went in, and locked the door behind me.

Sighing deeply, I went to the bench at the back, and sat there in the darkness, letting my eyes adjust. For the first time, I found myself relaxing a little. I was in a dark little room, behind a locked door, nothing could touch me.

“What the fuck am I doing?” I asked myself. Just like I did every other time I came here. Fuck. It was bad enough that I was here. Now the staff were knowing me by name. The Trans were nodding and I was starting to recognize the regulars. How many cocks were repeaters? I hated that. This wasn’t supposed to be some bar where everyone knows your name, the whole point was anonymity. There were other places, maybe I should try them, or at least visit.

But the Boutique was safe, it was familiar, and that drew me back. I knew where I was here. And that’s important when you’re talking a deep dive into the unspeakable carnal abyss.

I took a deep breath, smelling fresh semen. The Asian boy had masturbated here. His scent was in the room. No cocks appeared in the walls. I noticed a white shape on the floor. I

stepped forward, bent to pick it up. It was kleenex.

Right, he'd masturbated and then cleaned himself up, wadded the kleenex and threw it. Or had he just masturbated into the kleenex? Men were pigs.

I unfolded it, feeling the slimy wetness inside with my fingertip. The smell of his semen wafted, and for a moment, I had an impulse to hold it towards my nose like a flower and inhale. What the hell was wrong with me?

Still no cocks in the walls. Were they busy jerking off? Had they even noticed a woman was in here? Were they watching? I sighed. I inserted the card into the reader and the flat screen above blazed to life. This was a modern peep show - instead of feeding coins or dollar bills, you got a card that you could charge up and use. There was a little kiosk where you could add to the card in increments of ten or twenty dollars. Or if you were really foolish, use your credit card.

I selected among the channels, eventually settling on a lesbian scene, and turned the volume way down.

Then, I stood and unzipped my skirt, carefully stepping out of it and folding it on the bench. Then my jacket, my blouse. My panties. Then my bra. Shoes. Stockings. All of it neatly folded, tucked on a corner of the bench, my purse perched atop it.

This wasn't a sex thing, it was more about practicality. I didn't want semen on my clothes. I remembered the first time when I'd been here with Leroy, I'd ended up with semen everywhere. It was all over my clothes, even in my hair. It was nuts! That was the worst, but other times, I'd wound up with cumstains on my clothes or skin.

Semen is like glitter, it just gets everywhere. It's just safer to be naked, in case of accidental or sudden discharges, dripping, what have you. Even on the floor, you'd end up kneeling on it and grinding it in.

My heart was pounding. I touched myself. Wet.

I sat down, naked, nothing to do but wait.

You never know.

I sat here twenty-three minutes once, it felt like hours. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I put on my clothes and walked out, feeling utterly humiliated and rejected, vowing never to do this again. I was back half an hour later.

"Hey," a voice came through the wall. "How are you doing?"

I ignored it, pretending I couldn't hear. I wasn't here for a fucking conversation. What I needed was the complete emptiness of it, the isolation and anonymity. The more I had the feeling of a person on the other side of the walls, the more I hated it.

Whoever it was made a couple more attempts. Were they looking through one of the peepholes at my naked body? It made me blush angrily. I ignored them, staring straight

ahead.

A penis pushed through one of the holes. The talker? I hoped not. I hoped he was on the other side and would get the message and shut the fuck up. I watched the penis for a second, observing it. I stepped over, bending towards it in the poor light, it seemed full, but not hard, circumcised and wrinkly along the shaft.

Hopeful.

Here it was, presenting itself up to the darkness, hoping that someone on the other side might take it up on its offer. That some stranger might grant a kiss, or touch it, that warm lips or a calloused hand might take it. That someone utterly anonymous would engage with it, two complete strangers finding a wordless communion.

There is something that intimate and kind of touching about a glory hole. I don't expect men to understand, because men are pigs. Honestly, cocks are wasted on them. If women had cocks, we would use them so much better, with more subtlety and intimacy and...

Look, we'd just be better, okay.

But yes, there's something special to the intimate experience of the glory hole.

I blew on it, giving it my hot moist breath, not touching it.

It stiffened, not all at once, it just kind of lifted its head, welling a little.

I smiled, mood lightening, and blew on it again, watching it react. I sank to my knees, studying it.

It was a pretty sweet little cock, I teased it, running a wetted fingertip around the corona, enjoying the way it leaped as it swelled. I thought it would be short, but it stretched as it grew, the wrinkled shaft smoothing out. I tapped lightly around the head, blowing on it now and then.

It wasn't huge or particularly thick. I judged about five inches, which was fine. It had a ruddy colour, not pale, probably Italian or Spanish, but you never knew. I could see the suggestion of veins along the shaft but they weren't prominent.

On the other wall opposite, a cock came through, angry hard and pale. The voice that had been trying to talk to me called out 'Suck it.'

I reached over and stroked it once or twice, just to give it the message - wait for it. And returned to my friend.

I liked this sweet little cock, as it continued to bob hopeful and eager in front of me. I had no idea whether I'd like the man it was attached to, and I didn't really care. I put my fingers of my other hand at the glory hole as I teased it, probing. I felt wiry pubic hair, surprisingly sparse, and oddly light coloured, the flesh soft beneath. I judged the owner was overweight, not especially tall. I tickled the dangling scrotum coaxing it through the hole - there was more than enough room.

“Come on,” the voice from the opposite wall coaxed. I ignored it. Keep it up, asshole, I thought.

Instead, I wrapped my lips around the sweet cock. The texture of the head wasn’t as smooth as I thought it would be. There was almost a wood grain feel under my tongue. As he felt my mouth close around him, I felt him swell, and hoped he wouldn’t ejaculate immediately.

I wouldn’t be angry if he did, I’d have just swallowed and let him go away. But I wanted to enjoy him. Swirling my tongue around and around, I teased the head, bringing it close and then easing off. I slid my lips all the way down the shaft, but that was just for show. What I wanted to focus on was the head, stroking it with my soft lips, flexing my tongue against it.

He ejaculated in two minutes and I swallowed every drop. His semen had a faint flavour, thick and almost milky in texture. As the cock withdrew, now deflating, I heard a whispered ‘Thank you’ and an unidentifiable accent. Southeast Asian?

I felt better, the ugly tar of bleakness seemed to dissipate a little. I felt like I’d accomplished something, made someone happy who maybe deserved a little happiness.

It wasn’t enough.

I turned around and knelt in front of the angry pale cock. A bead of precum was already oozing from its tip. It was longer, with prominent veins and a thick shaft that narrowed suddenly before the head, and a short foreskin that covered half the glans.

Seizing the shaft tightly in my hand, used my other hand to work the foreskin back exposing the head and started took it in my mouth, sliding my lips forward until I kissed my fingers along the shaft. The voice on the other side of the wall moaned, giving commands that I ignored. He thrust forward against the wall, but I just rode with it, not taking it any deeper than I wanted.

Instead, I flexed my tongue hard on the underside, working it against the prepuce, feeling the looseness of the foreskin. It was hot, like it was feverish. Often they’re simply body temperature, or warm, but every now and then I got one that felt feverish hot.

It felt, more than just hard, it felt rigid in my mouth, urgent and demanding. I worked my jaw around it, testing it, trying to work up as much saliva as I could. As it became wet from my mouth, I began to bob my head on it, moving back and forth. As much as I disliked the man on the other side, I could feel myself drifting and relaxing, losing myself. I closed my eyes, focusing on the sensation of the hard cock in my mouth, serving it, submitting to it.

The butterflies began to quiet, the ache and upset and tension started to bleed away. I could feel my nipples hardening, a pleasant warmth spreading through me. The restlessness eased, and I found I could just stop thinking so much.

Just relax and focus on the cock on my mouth, on moving back and forth on it. So alive, so simple, its existence pared down to sensation and motion. There was something pure about it. And as I bobbed on it, wrapping my lips, stroking it with my tongue, it almost felt like a communion. My mind drifted to some vague pleasant place of floating arousal.

I felt him come a minute before he actually did a sudden swell in the rigidity as he expanded, a kind of hot flush on my tongue and then the pulses traveling up the underside. Suddenly my mouth filled up with watery semen, I swallowed and in the time it took to swallow it filled again, for another swallow, then one more swallow. After that it throbbed several times leaking little spurts, trying to withdraw as I held it tight, refusing to allow it to leave as I tongue lashed the head.

Some men have told me that in the aftermath of orgasm, the pleasure of a blow job, the sensations are too intense to bear. They can bear it.

Eventually, after it softened, I let it go reluctantly. The aftertaste of semen was bitter, and while it felt like an angry cock when hard, I kind of liked holding it. There's a feeling of loss sometime, when it goes away.

I turned around and in the opposite wall, two more cocks awaited me, one with a big mushroom head, enthusiastically wagging up and down like a dog's tail. There was something about its exuberance that made me smile.

Honestly, sometimes I think I like cocks more than the life support system they're attached to. A cock is simple, happy, it wants what it wants, it lives in the moment. It's not whiny or demanding or full of angst and bullshit.

Sorry, I'm being mean.

Smiling, I lightly wrapped my fingers around the Happy Cock to say hello. The head was already leaking and my fingers rapidly became wet and slick. I wiped some of the slickness off on my nipple, and then, impulsively, brushed the tip of my nipple against the head of the cock. It was silly, but kind of cool, and it made me grin. Carefully, I cupped my breast, letting the nipple make a little circle, until it was shiny wet.

I knew the owner of the cock could only feel light touches. He had no idea what I was doing. It was wonderful, I could just pay without all the bullshit. It was just there, I was just here, there was no baggage or pressure. I turned my head to give the other waiting cock a lick with my tongue, slurping like an ice cream cone, just to keep him interested. Then I cupped my other breast to tease him with my nipple till it too was shiny wet. I pushed my breasts against it, letting it slide back and forth along the curve, just watching and enjoying. Every now and then, I'd squeeze or stroke the other cock, just to keep it on standby.

I pressed Happy Cock into the cleavage between my breasts, pushing them together to make a furrow he could slide up and down in. I almost wanted to laugh, the first titfuck of my life, and no one would ever know. After four strokes I got a little bored. I didn't have the large soft pillowy breasts for a great titfuck, and honestly, I wasn't getting anything out of it, besides a thin smear of seminal fluid along my sternum.

Happy cock was losing a little of his erection. That happened. What I've found is that men aren't always erect. Like even when they're erect, it's not an absolute. They get hard, they get a little less hard, they get hard again, then a bit soft. Sometimes they're rigid the whole time, and that's great. But often, unless they're the sort that comes in three minutes, the erection is a little... variable

Anyway, he was losing steam, so I took him in my mouth, the whole thing, and that stiffened him. I could feel him swelling and going rigid in my mouth. I like it hard in my mouth, but there's something awesome to feel it growing or stiffening. I did that for a moment until he was hard and wet.

Then I switched and put my mouth on the other cock, because it needed love too, and it had been very patient. This one was circumcised, the head small, almost sitting like a cap on the shift. Pubic hair crawled a third of the way up the length of the shaft. I could feel it on my tongue when I went deep. Whoever this guy was, I bet he was as hairy as a gorilla on the other side. I spent enough time to make him feel appreciated, then switched back to Happy Cock for a moment. For a few minutes, I moved back and forth, taking each into my mouth, while I masturbated the other. Neither was a super intense, artist level blow job. I was just having fun.

Hairy Cock must have been waiting too long, because all of a sudden, I felt him start to blow in my hand. I lifted my mouth from Happy Cock, but hairy started to ejaculate right on front of me, blowing ropes of semen against my face, coating my cheek, and spattering my hair, droplets on my shoulder and breast, before my lips closed around, swallowing the rest. He withdrew right away, almost as soon as he stopped coming. I felt a little bad, he hadn't had the experience I wanted to give him.

Still, that left me alone with Happy Cock. I felt a little guilty - guilty? Maybe that wasn't the right word? I felt a little off about really not taking proper care of Hairy Cock. Really, I just liked this one better. Sorry. I decided to treat it a little, playing affectionately, dragging my lips. But he came soon after, like almost right away.

I don't know, maybe the two of them were together? I mean, it was the same booth on the other side, they'd been in the same room side by side. For all I knew, maybe they were holding hands while I was sucking their cocks.

Maybe they were gay or bi, and on a date together... to the glory holes?

I don't know! Mostly, I tried not to think about the men on the other side of the wall. I didn't even like them trying to talk to me. It could be anyone on the other side, for any reason. I wiped cum off my cheek and smeared it absently on my hip.

I felt a little disappointed and unsatisfied with how the duo had gone. But there was another in the opposite wall, this one pale and manly, circumcised, with a nicely proportioned head and a big delicious berry of precum. Veiny but not too veiny. I like a little veiny, to give it a sense of geography, of presence. Too veiny is gross. Not veiny is just a dildo. Not wrinkly. It was perfectly lovely.

I knew whoever was on the other side had been watching me with Happy and Hairy. It all depended, sometimes I didn't like the idea I was being watched. But I found I got used to it. What was he really watching? The back of my head bobbing up and down? Big fucking deal. I was glad I was naked, so he could at least look at my ass. I guess what bothered me was the idea of interaction, it was the anonymity that drew me after all.

Still, it was a lovely cock, and it was just there for me, no waiting which was nice. And I was

feeling playful, so I looked up to where I thought he was watching me through the peephole, pressed my hands to my cheeks and opened mouth and eyes wide in bit ‘O’s, at the erection. Then I looked back up, pointed at it, pointed at myself, pressed my hands, one on top of the other over my heart and made a ‘pitty pat’ flutter. All of it silent.

Then I dived onto it, before he could laugh or get mad, or whatever. I didn’t do it for him, I did it for myself, to have fun. One time, I made a show of picking my nose before going down, and the guy took his cock away! I guess he felt insulted. But this one must have appreciated the mimed gesture, his cock swelled deliciously in my mouth and kept oozing precum. I bobbed up and down, holding the base of the shaft tightly, and then just worked the head with my lips and tongue, occasionally going deep. This particular hole was just large enough for his cock only. Some of the holes are big enough their scrotums are through, or you can reach in for it.

I enjoyed myself, playing with it for a good five minutes before he ejaculated. Interestingly, there wasn’t much, it was a small amount of semen, a quick coating of the tongue, and a swallow, and his cock didn’t swell or go hot or throb when he came. It was just this little spurt and that’s it.

After that, nothing. No little forest friends poking through the wood to play with me. I waited a second, and when nothing appeared, I sat back on the bench for a second. But I felt horny and reckless, so I got up and standing in the middle of the booth started to dance slowly, twisting my hips.

The time before, someone had brought a penlight to shine through the peeper holes, and I had danced to a song in my head, as the penlight’s circle of brightness played over me. It had felt magical. Like I was in a scene in a David Lynch movie. I had danced two or three times like that, sucking a cock through a glory hole, and then dancing. I could have done it all night, but I guess he must have come and gone. Even the memory made me smile, so I danced.

Before long, a cock appeared in the wall, not hard, but getting there rapidly. I smiled and knelt quickly, wasting no time, and just took it in my mouth, bracing myself with one hand pressed against the wall for balance, the other between my legs, stroking my lips.

Sometimes, I had to wait. One time, I waited thirty-two minutes? Can you believe that? It had been pretty empty that time, and I guess the few patrons were concentrating on masturbating to their video screens, or just went straight to the video without checking. No one realized that there was a horny redhead slut waiting to swallow their loads. Only three cocks that time, and one of them didn’t even come... just sort of got hard-ish, and then pulled back to masturbate on their side like some selfish asshole. I guess a lot depended on when you came, and how many were there, and whether the word got around.

This time, though, I guess the word was getting around, which was good. My willing suitors were coming steadily. How many was this? Don’t know, didn’t care. Keeping score was just silly. I wasn’t in this to win a prize, I wanted to just escape, get away from my head, get away from my life and just have a little fun and feel good about myself. When I had enough, or it got too long, or tiresome I’d leave.

I took this one slow, only occasionally putting my whole mouth around it. Mainly, I concentrated on licking it. Long slow delicious laps up and down, sometimes swirly little ice

cream licks, and sometimes I'd rapidly beat it with my tongue before finally taking the head in my mouth and pressing tight while sucking so hard my cheeks sank in. I tried to make him last but within five minutes he spurted, his semen was thick and viscous, just barely vaguely tart and it seemed to stick in my mouth, I had to swallow a few times.

As he withdrew, I looked at the other wall, but there was nothing for me to play with. That was all right though, on this side another cock was poking in front of me, small and soft. I bent my head to it, taking as much as I could reach into my mouth, squeezing it lightly in my jaws and flexing my tongue beneath it. I felt a thrill as he grew rapidly hard between my lips, I love it when they're really responsive.

As it grew to full erection, I realized I knew this one. I knew the taste, the texture of the skin, the concave shape of the head. I'd sucked this cock at least twice before on visits. This had happened before, I'd put my lips around someone's hardon and had this deja vu sensation, like I'd done this one before, or even flat familiarity where I absolutely knew it. I liked the idea of going down on strangers, someone I'd never seen, someone who'd never seen me, that I'd never encountered before and never would again. We just shared this thing and went our separate ways, completely anonymous.

The same cock in a glory hole... that was almost like a relationship. They knew me, I knew them, they had probably seen me, knew what I looked like, noticed me come in. Maybe they knew my name? I wasn't ready for a relationship. It was one of those reasons that made me think I needed to stop doing this, or at least, do it somewhere else.

It was a nice cock though, live and responsive, it throbbed in my mouth, there was a slight bend and when I did a certain thing to the underside of the head I could feel it flex. It responded to everything I did, so I didn't mind too much. As it went fully hard, he pulled back a little until the inside of my lips were just molding around the back of his head. Then he thrust forward, sliding inches into my mouth. Yes, this was definitely someone I knew, he was one of the fuckers.

Some men, as I sucked their cock through the glory hole liked to thrust, or maybe they couldn't help it. This was one of them. Some seemed to want to fuck your face hard, and in the right mood, maybe with warm up, I would go with that. Others were gentler. This cock was gentler, just sort of lowly sliding back and forth with these measured sensual strokes. As he pushed out, I moved my head back smoothly, so he got the feeling of going really deep, and then pulling back, I'd follow him. It was actually really nice, once we got our rhythm going. I found it was easy to lose myself when I was giving head, and this sort of slow, almost face fucking was one of the best ways. I could literally feel stress bleed away.

I could feel his orgasm practically from a minute away, he got stiffer and more rigid, his shaft arched a little more, the head seemed to throb, swelling a little more each time, getting hotter. His tempo changed. I could literally feel his balls retracting, without even touching them. My mouth flooded, and I swallowed twice. I kept him in my mouth as his erection subsided, I knew he liked that. Eventually, I let him out and gave it a little kiss, before it went away, to wherever it is that good little erections go.

I turned to the other wall, but there was no present for me. I sighed. There should be someone there, by now, I thought there should be enough awareness that service was going on here. So what were they doing? Watching? Masturbating? I sat back on the floor, folding my knees up

under me, and waited, at my hole. Even if the other booth just had a pervy watcher, sooner or later someone would come to this side.

Or maybe there was no one there, and the room next door was empty. Maybe both rooms would be empty, and I'd just wait.

"Hello," came from opposite.

Aha! I knew it!

I wasn't really big on conversations in here. A lot of it tended to be vulgar. "Suck it bitch!" Some of it nasty enough that I had to push back. You're sticking your dick through a wall, where anyone can flick it, or bite it, or give it a twist... and you're going to trash talk and insult the person on the other side. Cripes. Luckily, it was such an obviously bad idea, very few men were that stupid, and the few that were kind of learned not to do it pretty fast.

Sometimes I got a knock on my door, like I was going to let them in. Or requests, begging, cajoling. It felt tedious. Then there were the ones who seemed to want a conversation. Just to be clear: I'm not here for the sparkling conversation.

"Hi," I said, curtly. "You like to watch?"

"Sometimes," the voice said. Oh hey, look at that, unwillingness to commit, also a winner. "I'm Stan."

"Okay," I said. I didn't want to seem obnoxious, but I sure as fuck wasn't going to give my name. Or even a fake name. No relationships.

"I'm the... transvestite," he said. "We saw each other as you were coming in."

I perked up. Oh, hey, this was different.

"Oh hey!" I said. "I remember you! Yes! I saw you. I think I've seen you another time too."

"Yes," Stan said. "We saw each other before."

I searched around for something to say.

"You look really good," I said, lying. "Nicely put together. Almost passing."

Wait? Was that rude. Stan didn't seem to think so. Their voice, when they responded almost preened.

"Thank you!" he said. "It's tricky, I had to learn to do make up on my own. From YouTube and stuff."

I almost said that I could tell, but caught myself. "It's nice," I said supportively. "It's a little stark, but it's nice."

"Oh." Deflated.

I felt like a bitch.

“No, no,” I said. “I don’t mean it like that. I mean, you have nice bone structure. Cheekbones most women would kill for. You don’t need to emphasize like most women. What you need is a little softness.”

“Thank you,” Stan said. Hesitated. “It’s nice to be able to talk to an actual woman about this...”

We were only fifty-one per cent of the planet, Stan. I thought, to myself, but I didn’t say it because I didn’t want to sound like a bitch.

“Maybe you could give me some tips sometime?”

I wanted to roll my eyes, but didn’t because that would be mean, and because he was probably watching me. Stan seemed a little needy.

“Sure,” I said, carefully neutral.

“You know,” Stan said, “when I saw you, I thought you were like me. Except so much better at it. I wanted to say hello.”

“All natural girl.”

I glanced at my wall. Now would be a great time for a throbbing erection to poke through and rescue me from this conversation.

“But I guess we both like to suck cocks,” I said after a moment. “So we have that in common.”

I paused.

“You come here a lot?”

I couldn’t believe I said that.

“Sometimes,” he said. “I have to work up my nerve a little. This is where I... you know... dress up.”

That was odd.

“Really,” I asked. “This is the only place you do ... femme?”

“Well,” Stan said. “My apartment mostly. And sometimes I go out, for instance to a store to buy something. I went to a restaurant once.”

“Gay bars.”

“I’m not really gay,” Stan said. “I’m kind of shy. I’ve tried, but I’m not really comfortable.”

I processed that.

“But you suck cocks here?”

“Yes.”

“And you like it.”

“Yes.”

“Do you get your cock sucked here?”

“Not often, I’m more a giver.”

Okay, so Stan dressed up as a women, came to the peep show booths at least semi-regularly and sucked cocks, but wasn’t gay? Or at least, seemed very conflicted.

“Ever been fucked?”

“No... You mean anal?”

“Yes.” What did he think I was asking? Suddenly, I knew he was a virgin. Like, a total virgin, he hadn’t fucked or been fucked by anyone.

“No,” he replied. “You?”

“Oh totally,” I bragged. “If you’re a virgin, I should introduce you to my husband Sam. He’s amazing at it. Like, doesn’t hurt at all when he does it, he just glides in. And he’s patient and he moves just the right way. Best ever.”

I smiled mischievously.

“I could arrange something, if you’d like?”

I wasn’t serious. Jesus, what would I say to Sam? ‘Hey Sweetie, I found this little virgin transvestite at a peep show, and I was wondering if you could deflower her, so she could feel more feminine?’ It would be a seriously weird conversation, full of questions I didn’t want to answer starting with: ‘What were you doing at a peep show?’

“Oh,” he sounded surprised. “Thanks.”

There was a lot less ‘no’ in there than I wanted to hear. Stan seemed surprisingly open to the idea, or at least not as rejecting as I hoped. This is why I don’t want to have conversations in a glory hole booth. Change the subject I thought? I glanced around. And where was the next cock?

“Stan...” I tried it reflectively. “What’s your girl name?”

“Sam.”

“Excuse me?” I asked. Had I heard wrong? Had he heard wrong? What the hell?

“Samantha.”

Sam? Samantha? Of course.

“That’s a nice name, you should use it more, Samantha.”

“Thank you.”

Silence.

“My name’s Bob,” came from behind me. I jumped. Oh Jesus Christ! I glanced at the wall. The glory holes were all still empty.

“Hi Bob,” I said pleasantly. “I was just chatting with Samantha. Sam? Bob. Bob? Sam. Or have you met.”

“I’ve seen you both around,” Bob said. Oh, this was terrific. I was rolling my eyes. Maybe we could all go out for coffee together. “I’ve never said hello though.”

“Hi Bob,” Samantha said. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Oh, just kill me now!

“Yeah,” I offered casually. “Samantha and I were just killing some time while I waited to suck someone’s cock.”

I hoped one of them would take the fucking hint.

“I’m here for that,” Bob said. “I just didn’t want to interrupt you two getting along.”

I swept my hand over my face. What the living fuck was wrong with these people?

“Oh she’s.... uhm... she...”

“Ka- ... Kat!” I said.

“Katey,” Samantha said. “She’s a real artist. You’re going to love it.”

“I know,” Bob said. “I’ve had her before. I’ve had you before.”

“Oh!” Samantha sounded really intrigued. “You have? How was I?”

“You mean in comparison to–”

“No!” I said. What the hell, Bob? I thought, don’t do comparisons, its mean. Just tell her it was great. Men can be such jerks! “Should we just get on with it? Sam... Samantha, you can watch if you’d like. I don’t mind.”

It’s not like there was anything I could do about it even if I did mind. His cock slid through the hole, and then it slid back. Oh, for fuck’s sake!

“Hey Kayley,” Bob asked. “Since you’re a real girl and all, can I feel your tits before we start?”

Kayley?

He knew my real name.

Fuck.

Buried in that was the implication that somewhere along the way, he’d assumed at least for a time, that I was a transvestite like Samantha. That was insulting.

I supposed, thinking about it, that anonymity worked both ways. All that really mattered at a glory hole was a warm mouth and a supple tongue, squeezing tight and slurping away. You didn’t see the person on the other side, it didn’t matter if they were a man, or woman or transvestite. Just... having someone do it.

I sighed. I didn’t have any objection, really. Other times I’d allowed myself to be fondled. And there wasn’t any reason to feel insulted.

“All right,” I said. At least it got things going. It just didn’t feel as hot flattering as other times.

“Can I feel them too!” Samantha asked quickly with detectible enthusiasm.

“Okay,” I sighed, at least for Samantha it just felt like she really needed it.

The hole I was next to was relatively small, just large enough for a cock. But there was a larger hole closer to the door, large enough to put an arm through, or a breast. Bob put his hand through that, and I moved, still kneeling, and put my breasts in his hands. First one, then the other. Then, as an afterthought, I moved around, so that Samantha could get a view of Bob fondling my breasts. He wasn’t rough, at most he squeezed gently, and pinched the nipples lightly. Mostly, he stroked and fondled.

“They feel so good,” Bob said. “I wish I could see them while I felt them.”

I wasn’t going to take the hint.

“They’re beautiful,” Samantha said breathlessly.

“That’s enough,” I said. “She gets a turn.”

The booth wasn’t large, perhaps three feet across. Maybe twice as deep. So it wasn’t hard, even on my knees, to take a couple of steps to the other side. Samantha’s hand was waving. I took it and guided it gently to my breasts, letting her feel me.

“They feel so ... nice,” Samantha said, her hand gliding over my nipples. “Are they real?”

Fuck! Are they real? Geez!

“Yes,” I said politely.

“Can I feel your pussy?” Bob asked. I moved over, so that my ass was facing in his direction, and while Samantha fondled my breasts, I reached back and grabbed his hand and guided it to my ass.

“Just feel,” I said. “Don’t finger!”

He was mostly obedient.

“Wow,” he said, “she is so wet!”

I wasn’t really wet. I kind of had been wet, getting into things. But this whole ‘My Dinner With Andre’ stuff kind of undermined the buzz.

“Could I feel you too?” Samantha asked.

What was this? What was I?

A petting zoo?

But there was a neediness to her that softened me.

“Sure,” I said.

‘Could I... May I... kiss you? Would that be possible? The two of us sharing a kiss,” her voice was very soft. Vulnerable. But I didn’t want to open the door for her.

“Okay,” I whispered. “We could do that right here. Which would you like to do first?”

“A kiss?”

“Okay,” I said. “Bring your face down.”

The hand withdrew, I put my face forward, into the large hole, I could just feel the edges of the wood against the bridge of my nose and the tip of my chin. It was dark, there was no way to see each other. But I felt her hand on my cheek, her face brushing mine, And then a gentle tentative kiss with lips waxy with cheap lipstick. It lasted only a moment, and then she withdrew.

“Thank you.”

Behind me, Bob’s arm had lost me, found me again, and was trying to work a finger clumsily into me. I stood up to turn around.

“It’s time to show me yours, Bob,” I told him.

A moment later, Bob's cock, his balls and scrotum, protruded through the large hole. Finally. I reached down, grabbing it firmly. It was wet, and when I peeled back the foreskin, almost slimy with precum. I cupped his hairy balls, cradling them, bouncing them on my fingers. It smelled of masculine funk, but not excessively.

I kind of felt like showing off for Samantha, so I tried to position myself where she could get some kind of view of my foreplay, as I stroked it. I knelt beside it, kissing and licking it from the side, looking at the silent black circles in the opposite wall.

I straddled it, holding it between my legs and running my pussy back and forth on top of it, while moaning and clutching my breast theatrically. Then, satisfied, I knelt on side of it, rubbing a nipple against it, before returning to lick it.

"Just suck it," Bob groaned finally, after an excessive amount of teasing, sounding like I'd been torturing him. Torture would have served him right. He was right though, as my mouth slid over his cock, I absolutely knew it. I'd gone down on this at least two, maybe three times before. The tongue makes no mistakes.

I must have teased him too much, because once I began the blow job in earnest, he just boiled away on me. He withdrew.

The last I heard of him was "Thanks Kayley."

It made me wince, hearing my name spoken.

I leaned back, on my haunches, against Bob's wall, staring at the mysterious blankness. Deliberately, I parted my knees wide and bent my hips to make sure Samantha had a full view of my pussy. If she was still there.

"Your turn," I said. "Give it up and put it through."

"I'm fine really," she said nervously.

I rolled my eyes, sucked in my lips sternly, and stared at the wall. I pointed with one accusing finger, and jerked my thumb back towards me.

"Now," I ordered. I really wasn't in the mood for conversation.

A minute later, Samantha's erection appeared. I stared at it for a minute to make sure she was committed, before pushing off and crawling over to it. I wrapped my hand around it in a firm, but not terrifying grip. It had a slight upwards curve, an almost elaborately curling head, with a really defined prepuce, a sunken urethra and an elegant sweep to the corona. Really veiny, but not in an ugly way. The scrotum was shaved and smooth as velvet, with small testicles, almost hard like marbles. The most notable thing about Samantha's cock was how slender it was, I judged its girth was half to two thirds normal, despite regular length. It was hot in my hand, feverishly hot, and I could feel it throb.

"How do you like my little girly clitty?"

I winced. I hated it when genitalia are misgendered like that. This was the first time I'd come across it in real life. But I'd read it in some of the cuckold porn, and it always irritated me. A clit, is a clit, is a clitoris, leave it the hell alone.

"Oh!" I said, sensuously, "this isn't a girly clitty. This is a lovely luscious ladycock!"

Samantha giggled, it was pure happiness and validation. "Thank you," she said.

"Thank me?" I asked. "I haven't even started."

Then I slid Samantha's cock into my wet tight mouth, all the way down my throat. I enjoyed Samantha's cock immensely, not because we'd talked and made a connection, but simply because I really liked it. It was a nice length, and it looked almost exquisitely sculpted, a stylized artist's rendition of a cock rather than quite the real thing. It was more slender than most men, which I supposed was a negative for most women who preferred a little girth, but that made it deliciously easy to have in my mouth. I could move my tongue all over, shape my lips around it.

The minute it slipped between my lips, Samantha moaned loudly, and she didn't stop, getting louder and more passionate through the whole thing. She came in two minutes, I was disappointed. I was quite willing to spend some time on her. Her ejaculation was really intense, it felt like a water pistol shooting in to the back of my throat.

"That..." she gasped. "That was amazing!" I kind of glowed, from that. Yeah, I was, I'm willing to admit it.

"Can I give you my number," Samantha whispered. "I'd really like to get to know you more. We could talk about make-up... And your husband... if he's interested. Or you know, just talk. Sometimes it gets a little lonely."

The last part about being lonely got to me. Stan, or Samantha, seemed to be all alone in this self-discovery. Not sure who they were or were they were going. Not fitting in anywhere. Just stumbling and trying to figure out. I could be cynical or snarky and tell her to visit the internet, but that was just harsh. I had misgivings, because she seemed clingy. But in the end, there was a human need there. So I said, "Sure."

Meanwhile, there was a nice swarthy erection waiting for me. I leaned forward, taking it between my lips, and it began to thrust slowly back and forth. Pleased, I let myself float, my head moving with the gentle fucking, feeling this inner peace steal over me. And when it finished, I enjoyed the way my mouth flooded and I swallowed, and there was another...

I'd actually sucked two more cocks, one sort of familiar, one definitely, before I noticed that Samantha had slipped a piece of paper through the glory hole. She was long gone, I supposed, because the penis awaiting serving, wasn't hers. I grabbed the paper to keep it safe, while proceeding to longingly lick my latest visitor to orgasm.

After that, there was a pause - no cocks. I tucked the paper into my purse, and took the center of the booth, slow dancing while in my mind I ran sensuous music.

Was there someone on the other side watching through the peepholes? Two? Or even three?

The idea was intoxicating. To be looked at by strangers, to be naked and moving, twirling, just letting the music in my head move me, there was something magical. Maybe they were there, maybe they weren't, that was part of it. I didn't want to know. The booth felt like its own reality, a world away from the world.

A cock slid through, ghost pale and shiny. At first, I thought it was a dildo, then as I looked in the dim light, I realized it just wore a condom. I had condoms with me actually. I brought them just in case. Sometimes a cock was dirty, or smelled too funky or looked diseased or something I'd use a condom. Hell I even had a rubber glove, just in case. I'd been lucky tonight, every thing I'd touched had seemed clean and healthy. Not a guarantee, but I felt safe. Generally, oral sex, I felt, rightly or wrongly, is lower risk.

Sometimes, I'd insist on them if someone was being a real asshole.

And sometimes... sometimes I'd use one when I wanted to go on a pony ride.

Someone had thoughtfully brought their own.

Oh my. I knelt to examine it. Was I being watched by others? I couldn't not think about it. The cock was full and rigid in the condom, no looseness. The reservoir was pinched. The condom was white, you could just make out the pink of it under the translucence. The colour and lack of definition made it look unearthly exotic, with an unreal quality.

I stroked it very gently. The rubber was smooth, but not lubricated. I didn't like the taste of condom lubricant, blech. There's something off about it. But then, the taste of latex isn't that great either, especially deep in your mouth. And it would be rough. As smooth as latex was, there was a drag to it that wasn't there with flesh. Enough saliva and spit would eliminate the drag, but there'd always be that latex taste.

It was at the large hole, which meant I could reach in and fondle the testicles, feel his thighs. He'd dropped his pants, or at least pushed them to his knees. Upwards, I felt the lower edges of a T-shirt. I reached between his thighs, slipping up towards his ass, but he squeezed them together and I withdrew.

What to do, what to do? I contemplated as I stroked and kissed it like a kitten. I worked up some spit and took the head in my mouth, squeezing it in my jaw, working my tongue against it, tightening my lips all around. I needed to be careful with my teeth - I don't know if it's true or not, but I've always heard that you can accidentally tear a condom with your teeth during a blow job, if you're not careful.

I contemplated my work, the condom head glistening with spit. Not really satisfactory. The sensation would be reduced, so he wouldn't come quickly. And the taste would eventually make me gag. This was more like work than fun.

Maybe take it off, and just make sure, if he had any diseases, that he didn't come in my mouth. I could usually avoid swallowing ejaculation if I didn't want to... most men, you had some warning. But was that wise? Also, most men discharged pre-ejaculate to some degree, some of them quite a lot. What if he was hiding it for a reason? Did I really want to risk what was under the hood?

A really harsh handjob? Spit a lot, or use lotion, and just go to town. Chore, but not as much of a chore.

Honestly, this debate was taking me out of the happy mood I'd found in the booth.

There was another option.... I smiled.

I could get on the pony.

And ride.

I'd done it before, with mixed satisfaction. I'd tried it as an experiment, and another time in a state of extreme excitement. It was fun, but not as fulfilling as just doing oral. Isn't that weird? Normally, it would be the other way around, but here in the booth, it was like the world was inside out. I could lose myself on blow jobs, just float away, feeling at peace and aroused. While a booth fuck had me contorted, struggling and finding it hard to deliver on the promise.

Ultimately, I think I decided to because I was in a really good place. Like, if it had been at the beginning, I would have said 'no way, closed for renovations!' But now? There had been no assholes, no obnoxious gits, no filthy smelly dicks. Even Samantha and Bob hadn't been that bad, once I'd gotten over them daring to talk to me. Oral gratification had left me calm and open and pleasantly horny.

So why not? Someone's brought you a latex pony. Get on and take it for a ride. I remembered straddling Bob, rubbing my pussy against the shaft of his cock. I was showing off then. But... you know, with a condom and a little encouragement, I'd have taken a ride. Hell, with a little more waiting... Bob had been in a rush.

I stood up and straddled the erection, facing the wall, placing it between my thighs, and sliding my pussy back and forth, pushing down. He lowered himself a couple of inches, widening his stance in response to my pressure. It felt all right, the height good, the angle good.

I turned around, my back to the wall, pressing my butt in. He could just feel my cheeks against his thighs. His cock protruded from between my thighs, rising stiffly, pressing against my pussy. He was realizing how lucky he'd gotten. I reached down between my legs, holding his cock between my legs as the back of his shaft spread my pussy lips.

I bent forward, rolling my hips a little. The motion made my breasts sway forward. I had excited butterflies in my stomach. I grinned happily at my reckless boldness, grinding downwards. Almost there. I held him close, feeling the latex head shoving against my clitoris. I moved forward, just an inch, releasing one hand to balance on my knee, pushing him down, into position at my entrance. Right there! Right there, I felt the head of his sheathed cock pushing up into my entrance. I moved back, and he slid up an inch, finding his place. I let go completely, he wouldn't fall out now, and placed that hand on my other knee, arched my back...

And felt him push all the way into me, so suddenly that I gasped. I wasn't fully wet, just pleasantly so, and that made him feel surprisingly bigger. I'd expected him to pause once he

was deep inside, but instead, he immediately started fucking, pounding with these long thrusts.

“Holy shit,” he said out loud. “I’m fucking her, I’m really fucking her.”

Yeah, announce it to the room, I thought.

Fuck.

Who was he talking to? Was he alone in the booth? Was someone with him? I knew sometimes there were two or even three men in a booth. I’d had that earlier - both sticking their junk through. Was there a line up behind him? Holy shit, what if there was, and they’d all expect this. Suddenly, I visualized a line behind him, two or three or four men, waiting patiently for their turn to hump into the wall, into my pussy as I was bent over on the other side. The thought was both exciting and scary and silly.

I’d fantasized about taking on man after man, but not through a hole in a plywood wall. In a cheap hotel room, with a bed, or even in a sleazy men’s room. But in a booth, I couldn’t imagine anything more impersonal, or awkward. Like I said, silly.

“Oh she’s so fucking tight,” he said on the other side. His thrusting was speeding up, I could feel it. His hips were slamming the wall so hard he was thumping, I could feel it through the plywood. “She feels so good.”

He wasn’t talking to me, that’s for sure. He sounded young, really young. How old was he? But it was hard to think, with his cock pulverizing my pussy. He felt good, my pussy lubricated to adjust to his invasion, my cunt stretching with every deep thrust. I gasped and grunted, pushing my ass back against the wall, bracing myself and leaning further forward to adjust the angle of his thrusting up inside me.

Risking my balance a little, I swung one hand between my legs, feeling his shaft as it thrust into my pussy and working my clit.

“Oh fuck,” he cried, “I’m getting close. I can’t help it, she’s so tight!” I was close too. He was pumping faster and faster, I leaned further forward, so he was moving higher in me against my g-spot, my fingers worked my clit. Come on, I thought come on, just another couple of minutes. One more minute, that’s all. I was almost there.

“Oh fuck! Uhng! Uhng! Uhng!” He rammed up so hard he was pushing me off him with each thrust, the plywood was practically bending. He’d have bruises on his thigh and belly. Even with the condom on, I knew he was coming. He thrust inside, as deep as he could, and stayed. I imagined the condom inflating like a balloon around his cock, as it filled with semen. “Uhng! Uhng!”

“Ahhhh...” he sighed.

Asshole! I wanted to scream. Asshole! You couldn’t go another minute! Half a minute! Ten fucking more seconds!

Frantically, I rubbed my clit, but it only prolonged my frustration, I couldn’t get over the

hump, the harder I tried the more it retreated. It wasn't just physical, it was frustration and annoyance and second guessing, and him coming first and being a jerk about it.

He sighed again and pulled out. I felt him leave me abruptly. I stepped away, just in case there was someone waiting to take his place, and sat down on the bench, panting.

Oh great. He left the condom hanging out of me. I fished it out, and threw it on the floor. I'd wrap it in kleenex and tuck it away in my purse for disposal later. It's low class to just leave used condoms lying around. Seriously.

A cock slid through where he'd been. This one was larger, thicker, no condom, It bent downwards a little. Usually there's an upward curve. I thought I might know this one. I stared at it, trying to decide. Maybe quit and go home? The failed fucking orgasm soiled the good mood, it hadn't killed it entirely, but it soured it. I shouldn't have done that, I decided. I should have just done a perfunctory hand job and gone on to the next. Or not even bothered, just smiled and said 'we're closed.'

What was this compulsion, I thought suddenly, to play with every cock that came through? That was just silly. How had I fallen into this trap? No more of that silliness, I decided. It's not an addiction or anything. Just leave.

I stepped over, leaning against the wall, and wrapped my hand around it. The scrotum protruded through the hole. I swept my hand back, running my fingers through a familiar tangle of pubic hair. I knew this one. It reminded me of a banana. Mister Banana I called it.

Slipping into Depravity Ch. 51 - Down the Glory Hole
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WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Whoever was on the side of the glory hole wall was really ramming his body into it as he shoved his cock through into my pussy. Each thrust brought a harsh grunt from me.

"Oh fuck! Uhng! Uhng! Uhng!" He rammed up so hard he was pushing me off him with each thrust, the plywood was practically bending. He'd have bruises on his thigh and belly. Even with the condom on, I knew he was coming. He thrust inside, as deep as he could, and stayed. I imagined the condom inflating like a balloon around his cock, as it filled with semen. "Uhng! Uhng!"

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Mister Banana I like to call it.

It was okay.

Like, I didn't associate this one with a voice from the other side calling me a slut or whore, or making stupid demands to come into my booth.

"Hello?" I said.

"Hi."

"Who was that last one?"

"Some kid. A young one."

"Young?" I froze. "Like he just got his drivers license? That kind of young?"

Oh shit, I thought.

"Older. College kid or something. He had a university jacket."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Well, that wasn't so bad.

"You with him?" I stroked his cock absently. It's funny the way they all just fit perfectly in the hand.

He laughed. Okay, silly question, I admit it.

"That was a one shot," I said. "I'm not doing that again. Just blow jobs."

"I'm good with that," he said on the other side of the wall. "Got arthritis in my hips. Can't

really do that any more."

Shit, he must be really older. I felt a little bad.

"Oh! I'm sorry," I said sympathetically. "I didn't realize. Does it hurt?"

"Mostly when the weather changes," he said. "But can't do anything strenuous. Feels okay mostly."

"Oh," I said. "Okay, good to know."

Now I was wondering who he was. I had definitely sucked this cock. It was a nice one. The balls hung really low, and they were fun to play with. When he came, they'd leap right up, like they were on springs. But now I had a voice associated with it, and I wondered if he was a face I'd seen on any of my visits.

I looked down, rolling my fingers around the head, feeling it throb slightly.

"Are there a lot of men out there?" I asked. "Do I have a line up? I'm getting a little tired."

"You mean waiting?"

"Yeah."

"Just two or three."

I thought it over. That didn't sound too bad. I could do that, no problem.

"All right," I said. I dropped down to my knees and got comfortable. "Hello Mister Banana," I said. "Would you like a kiss?"

Mister Banana didn't last long, in here, none of them did. I think the thing with glory hole blow jobs is no one wants to last, they just want to come. So mostly it was just a few minutes. Five minutes or less. Ten minutes was a marathon. I didn't really mind. There's a charge you get from making someone cum. You've made a little happiness in the world. But blowing a stranger for ten or fifteen minutes, that really felt too much like work.

I guess it's relative. Like, if it was someone you knew or cared about, that made it different. If I was blowing Sam, I could do it all day. I'd pack a lunch. I'd take a whole a weekend.

I didn't even taste Mister Banana, with his shape, his downward curve it just slid in so easy. Negative gag reflex trigger. He ejaculated right at the back of my mouth, at the base of my tongue. I barely even swallowed. I had just an odd whiff of the smell of his semen.

Mister Banana restored my mood, I felt relaxed again, happy.

I took the next one playfully, teasing it, slipping it in and out of my mouth, until it was dripping with spit and jerked it off until it spattered onto the floor.

The next one I did the same, except I let him ejaculate on my breasts. Honestly, I don't know

why. No one was watching, or if they were, they were watching from the other wall and couldn't see it. It's not like I had some fetish for cumming on my tits. It was just silly and fun.

The one after was disappointingly small. Maybe four inches. I didn't even think it was erect, until I held, it was thin, a light brown. It had this huge droopy foreskin, and a head like a button, and when I had it in my mouth, it had this gritty grainy texture like it was covered with dead skin flakes. It would have been gross, but he came instantly, so it wasn't a trial. I feel bad that I'm being mean, but really, wash it, especially wash under the foreskin, please. I suppose he probably didn't get much action, so maybe that was my good deed.

After that, there were no more. The last one was a little unsatisfying. But it had been a good visit, I felt really peaceful. I went back to sit on the bench, just relaxing, and fished my phone from the purse to check messages, send a text. Someone knocked on my door, I just ignored them.

I supposed I could be seen from the peep holes, if you angled right. But hey, if watching a naked girl curled up scrolling through her texts is someone's idea of a thrill, well... help yourself.

Movement caught my eye.

Oh look, another erection poking through one of the big holes. I glanced at it returned to scrolling. I looked up again, still there. He was persistent. I looked it over, thick. Wrinkled veiny shaft not gross or anything. Head was proportionate. Circumcised. I have nothing against uncircumcised cocks, but sometimes, you take your life in your hands with them - some men have never heard of hygiene, probably think it's a French dish or something. Definitely nice, I approved. I went back to scrolling.

"Suck it." The voice was low and gravelly, very very masculine. It's one of those voices that just gives you a thrill in the pit of your stomach. I glanced. Still there, he had the whole thing through, I could see the thick bush of pubic hair, the scrotum. As I watched, the cock lifted slowly, rising and falling.

"Sorry," I said, "I think I'm done."

I hoped he wouldn't throw a tantrum or something.

"Come on," the voice said, "It's right there, come and kneel in front of it. You know you want to."

"I don't think so," I said. I did like the voice. I imagined that low rumbling voice whispering as I submissively swallowed that cock, calling me a slut or a whore, telling me how good my mouth felt, telling me this was where I belonged. I felt myself getting wet.

"Come over here," the voice rumbled. "Kneel. Get on your knees and worship it. This is what you need."

The word 'worship' gave me a delicious little shiver. That always happens when someone randomly says your sex word. As it spoke, his erection rose and fell. How was he making it

do that. It wasn't rapid, that would have made it silly. There was just this slow pendulous motion that sent butterflies fluttering. It was almost mesmerising. My lips worked unconsciously, my tongue pressing up against the roof of my mouth.

"I'm leaving soon," I said, my voice wobbly. The light from my phone switched off, I'd forgotten about it.

"You need this."

"I really don't."

"You want it."

I didn't answer. His erection rose and fell hypnotically. It was beautiful. This was so stupid, did he think that just waving his cock and talking dirty, I'd just go all submissive and crawl over to it? If I sucked it, it would be my decision, my choice.

It was really nice. I wondered what it would taste like. What his ejaculation would be like I thought of that gravelly kinky voice whispering filthy commands as I took it between my lips.

"You know you want to kneel in front of it and just let it slide between your lips."

I'd uncurled, and let my feet slip off the bench onto the chair, staring at it.

Thinking about this rationally: Did I really want to end the visit with Mister Droopy Foreskin, my closing memory being the gritty taste of dead skin cells? That just felt wrong. I was finished, for sure, absolutely. But wouldn't the last memory be better as a thick manly cock with that gravelly deep voice talking dirty.

I rubbed my thighs together, my nipples were rigid. I slipped my phone back into my purse. I was kind of in the middle of a long text, but I could finish it any time. It rose slowly, and then fell. It was straight, not curved. I thought it had gotten a little longer.

It was really nice. I mean really, really nice.

I mean, anyone would suck this cock.

I wondered again what its come would be like? Thick and rich or thin and runny. Would it have a taste? Would the head get hot and swell as it ejaculated? Would it come a lot? My imagination sparked and sparkled, I almost craved to feel his ejaculate coating my tongue.

Suppose I did.

It wouldn't take any time at all.

Why not?

"Okay," I said. I tried to keep my voice steady, so I sounded casual and unconcerned, instead of really hungry and kind of needing it.

I stood up, slightly wobbly in my knees, and walked the couple of steps over, sinking gratefully to my knees in front of it. Up close, it was even better, and as it rose, it almost felt like prayer

It's like that, they're all different. They look different feel different. Some you don't like at all. A lot it's take it or leave it. There's different kinds of attractive. This one was really, really attractive.

"Take it in your hands," the voice ordered.

That was a little annoying. I knew what I was doing, I thought as I took it in my hands. I'd only sucked a half dozen or so tonight. He didn't need to walk me through step by step.

"Lick the head," he demanded. "Slowly." There he went again, I thought, as I slowly, lovingly licked the head, dragging my tongue around it in luscious swirls. He was one of those guys who liked to give instructions.

Well, okay. Sometimes it's sexy to obey.

"Now take it in your mouth." I closed my eyes and opened my mouth wide, taking it in my mouth, making a seal around it with my lips. I pushed my tongue around the head, letting my mind clear, losing myself in a state of vague erotic pleasure. He had a faint odor of musk, and I inhaled it lovingly.

"Lick the shaft, from base to tip." Sighing, I obeyed, running my tongue along its length. Happily, he wasn't one of those that came right away, I could just let myself drift and drift as I worshiped his cock. He seemed to love to give orders, telling me what he wanted. I didn't even have to think, just listen to that deep gravel voice and obey.

Following commands, I lapped at his scrotum, taking his balls in my mouth, reaching in to run a hand along a hairy thigh. Shifting to short licks as he demanded, I worked my way up the shaft again, until I could take his head in my mouth, and push down an inch at a time, until my nose was buried in his pubic hair. I inhaled deeply, withdrawing to the head, holding it on my mouth, rolling my tongue, and then repeated it all again, and again, and again, living me in a tranquil daze of deep arousal, too consumed by what I was doing to even think of touching myself.

"Stand up," he ordered. I was vaguely aware that this was new, but obeyed. The cock, slid from my lips, slapping wetly against my breast as I rose.

"Rub it against your pussy," he demanded. Oh sure. That was definitely hot. I closed my eyes, reaching down to feel his shaft and guide it against me, running the head from my clit to my lips and back. There was no way to enter from this angle, but just the tease felt so good.

"You are so fucking wet," the voice said. "I can feel your juice all over my cock."

No shit, I thought. I pressed my nipples against the painted plywood separating us, dragging them back and forth a little, as I masturbated myself on his cock.

"It feels good... doesn't it?" That was a question, right.

“Yes,” I whispered. “It feels so good.”

I wondered if I could come like this, just stroking my clit with his cock head. That would be so hot. Maybe if we did it right, he’d ejaculate on my clitoris as I stroked and we’d come together. I floated on those thoughts, in a sort of directionless erotic bliss.

“You want to open the door for me?”

“No thanks,” I said dreamily.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Oh yeah,” I smiled. I loved playing with his cock, holding it in my hands.

“Just open the door,” he said.

“I’m fine,” I murmured. “I’m just fine.”

I kept stroking him, feeling the rhythm, along my lips, feeling them part, up and pushing against my clit, his wetness, my wetness, making my clitoris slippery, and then repeat.

“On your knees,” the voice ordered. “Swallow that cock.”

“Okay,” I sighed, just happy to do whatever I was told. I went back to worshiping.

“Unlock the door,” he whispered, as I swallowed his cock. “Go and sit, spread your legs, invite me.”

I ignored it, just letting the words flow through me. I was vaguely aware of them, not even consciously dismissing them. They just didn’t matter, they weren’t applicable. He told me to lick the head of his cock, he told me how, he ordered me to play with his balls or work his shaft. All of that was there in front of me, and I had lost myself in it completely. But other stuff, it came and went, meaningless. He’d order me to unlock the door, and it was like he was interspersing his commands with random facts about France. It didn’t apply. Instead, I just enjoyed myself, doing what I was told.

“Unlock” “Sit” “Spread” These meaningless words just kept floating in and out of the commands.

I was vaguely aware that I was deep, really deep into it. I’d fallen far deeper into the ecstatic erotic haze now. I was less aware, less concerned, not that it bothered me. There were, it seemed, levels to my descent. And I was diving deliciously deep, deeper than the other times.

“You need to unlock the door.”

I glanced at the door to my booth. Was it locked? Yeah, probably. I remembered locking it. It didn’t feel necessary though. I should have left it unlocked. That would have been more exciting. It would have been hot. Anyone could have opened the door. The thought sent shivers through me.

I reached over and unlocked it. It just seemed like the natural thing to do. No big deal, I was leaving soon anyway. But even so, I felt this wild elation of obedience and adventure, of potential opening up. I felt suddenly, that I was without a net. But that was okay, I wasn't scared. I'd done what I was supposed to do.

I went back, taking the cock in my mouth, worshiping it in an almost dreamlike state.

"Good girl," the voice rumbled soothingly, as my lips wrapped around his cock head. My tongue swirled around and around, and then I began to work my way down his shaft. I was happy that he was pleased with my services.

"Sit," he ordered. "Spread." That made no sense. I couldn't sit while I was sucking his cock, so I just ignored it, and continued to worship his cock as he instructed. But I kept hearing the words as I licked and sucked and fondled his erection, lost in its hot hard beauty.

"Go and sit down," the rumbling voice suggested. "Give your knees a rest."

That sounded nice actually.

"Sit down," the voice continued, "spread your legs, spread your pussy lips. Play with your pussy."

I hesitated, pulling my lips from the cock. I kissed it, feeling this compelling urge to slide my mouth over it.

"You want to feel good," he whispered. "You feel good."

"Yes?" I mean, of course.

"Touch yourself," the voice continued. "You want to. You want to sit back, relax. Spread your legs and play with your pussy."

An image started to flit through my mind. Sitting back wantonly on the bench, spreading my legs wide, opening myself, staring at the door, waiting for it to open. I didn't know where it had come from, but it was deeply, intensely powerful. Every time the visualization slipped through my mind, I'd just get so urgently wet.

My hips swivelled, as I knelt, the sensuality like a wave, ebbing and flowing. That rolling, rumbling demanding voice compelling me to suck harder, push it deeper into my throat, filled with boiling, surging erotic excitement.

The heat in me, the lust and excitement became too much. I needed to take a break. He still hadn't come yet, and I desperately wanted that. I wanted his come in me, on my mouth, my breasts, on my belly, dripping down my thighs, leaking from my pussy. His cock was making me helplessly insatiable.

"I need a break," I said suddenly. Sit back I thought, spread my legs, play with myself. I should lock the door though, I thought fleetingly. But the idea flickered away as soon as it came, lock the door, it felt so... unnecessary, anti-necessary.

I retreated to the bench to sit down, trying to calm this storm of desire, feeling myself trembling with need. I reached between my legs, feeling my wetness, working my clit. I glanced up and felt my attention rivet on the booth's door. Unlocked. Suddenly, the possibilities, the potential, the irresistible desire fascinated me. My legs spread wide, I drew my knees up high, into the air, my toes pointing down. The door was everything, full of promise. I reached down, pulling my pussy lips open, imagining the door opening with them.

The handle turned. I felt my heart skip a beat, racing. I knew who it was, or at least I knew the cock. The big hard cock, the perfect cock I worshiped. The deep rumbling voice. I felt like I couldn't breathe, the excitement was unbearable.

The door opened.

A man was silhouetted against the light. I could barely make him out. I didn't care.

"Come in," I whispered huskily. "And fuck me."

Even though I couldn't see him clearly, I thought he smiled. He fiddled with his pants, and his cock sprang out. I wanted him, I wanted that cock more than anything. All he'd had to do was just ask, I would have turned around presented my butt and bent over. Did he want more? I was so okay with inviting him.

He walked into the booth, not even bothering to close the door. I didn't care, anyone who wanted to watch could, as far as I was concerned. I was so horny and aroused I wanted to be watched. Watch me get fucked, watch me take that cock, I thought wildly.

He was hovering over me, looming, his presence even more overwhelming than his cock. I felt like I could practically cum just from him towering over me, orgasming from proximity.

"Do you want it?" His hand was on his cock, aiming it right at my pussy, it was inches away. I tried to will it to me.

"Yes," I whispered.

There were other men behind him, I noticed. Shadowed bulks, silhouetted in the light from the open door behind them, casting shadows. The poor light inside the booth was washed out and barely there, leaving them indistinct. Were they with him? I wondered momentarily. Or had they just followed him in?

"What do you want?"

"That cock!"

The others didn't matter. They were his problem. There was only one thing that mattered. Getting fucked, taking that cock, feeling him thrusting into my welcoming body.

"What do you want it for?"

"I want it to fuck me," I said. Something more was needed. "I want it in me. I want to feel it

filling me. I want it to fuck me hard, until I'm screaming for it."

"Good girl."

I grinned happily, but sort of annoyed that he wasn't actually fucking me right now.

"Let's do it," I demanded. It was right there! It was right there, throbbing! I couldn't stop staring at it. It was the most important thing in the world.

"I'm clean," he said. "Are you?"

For a moment, I had no idea what he was asking. It just seemed incomprehensible, out of left field. And even when I did, I missed the implications.

"Yes," I replied. "I'm clean."

He smiled in the shadows, pulling his cock out. I realized admitting that I was clean, I'd just invited him to bareback me, to come inside me. I decided I didn't really want that. Maybe. Maybe not. It was exciting to think of him coming in me. But... I thought quickly.

"I'm not on birth control though," I whispered, as his hard cock loomed over me.

He paused for only a second. His smile widened.

"Good," he said, and shoved his cock into me, sliding into my shockingly wet pussy with no resistance.

I was shocked at his callousness, almost breathless. He was perfectly indifferent to impregnating me. Fuck, he was willing, even eager to do it. He would blow in me, knock me up, and walk away, leaving me to swell up for nine months with the baby he casually put in me, to spend a lifetime caring for the offspring he carelessly inflicted.

This all flashed through my mind as he started fucking me with his bare cock, bottoming out in me with each thrust.

It was so profoundly degrading. And I loved it. It was the culmination of the time I'd spent on my knees, of all his commands and orders, the slow almost involuntary submission. He'd drawn me in, stripped me down, emptied me of all thought. This was the bottom. I welcomed it, wallowed in it.

Context is everything, and if he'd said it, tried to do it in another time or place, another situation, I would have been horrified, or enraged, a spitting wildcat, or sneering with contempt.

But in that moment, spread and helpless before him, that cruelty and callousness, that dehumanization and reduction of my life as just a cunt to breed and impregnate, in the instant before he entered me and sent a surge of pleasure through me, it set me off. In that moment, I accepted the role he assigned, embraced it, and the psychological intensity was overwhelming. I came almost instantly within a dozen strokes, my cunt gripping his cock with all its might, surrendering to him.

“Do it,” I whispered after. I was so quiet I don’t think even he heard me, “knock me up.”

He thrust hard for a few minutes after that, my body wide open and surrendered to him. When he ejaculated in me, he came so hard, I felt it, felt his semen spurting against my womb, leaving me close to orgasm myself. He waited only long enough for the final drops of seminal fluid to empty into my despoiled cunt.

Then he pulled out, and one of the others took his place. He fucked me bare too, though whether that was just excitement, or deliberate, I didn’t know. It didn’t matter, he’d heard the other, as far as he was concerned, I’d surrendered to impregnation, and whether it was one stranger’s sperm or another’s that claimed possession of my body was of no moment. I didn’t protest, and I didn’t encourage with words or actions. I simply laid there under him, taking his cock as he frantically pounded me and emptied his balls.

The next one. They were all faceless and shadowed to me. I had vague impressions of size and body shape, clothing and facial features, but there in the dark, with them looming over me, the only source of light behind them, they were mostly shadows. I couldn’t have picked any of them out of a line up. I knew them only by their cocks as they possessed me.

The next one, as I said, was faceless and shadowed, but he took a moment out to put on a condom. Perhaps the difference between him and the others was that he actually had one. Maybe if they’d had them, they would have worn them. Strange to think that the willingness to impregnate me, to change my body and my life, might have been something as trivial as a moment’s convenience. Or maybe they really did enjoy the thought of knocking me up, of having that power.

Having surrendered to the idea, putting on a condom almost felt like a deliberate act of humiliation. They were all willing to take their chances to impregnate me, putting on a condom could only mean one thing - he thought I was contaminated, filthy, dirty. He was ready to knock me up, but he was more concerned I was diseased. In that dark little room, getting fucked by faceless strangers, everything was turned on its head.

The humiliation of being considered possibly filthy and diseased was overpowering, and I came quickly again, on his rubber sheathed cock, as he filled me.

When he came, he pulled out and walked away so quickly, the filled condom was left dangling from me. I had to reach down and pull it out, an instant before the next man took his place. He was so eager, and so quick, that if I hadn’t pulled it, he would have shoved it inside me with his cock.

His cock was the largest, and the fastest, he ejaculated strongly within a dozen thrusts, and like the first, I felt his spurt in me, it was so intense. It felt good even if I didn’t come. I was wet and he was really big and filled me up, and he thrust hard and fast for the minute or two he used me. One hand on my breast, pulling at my nipple. It felt good physically. And it felt good because I was being used.

Underneath him, as he finished, I felt droplets spattering my chest and breast as he came inside me. I wasn’t sure if he was sweating or drooling or spitting on me.

He rested on me a moment, letting his cock ooze its last few drops of semen into me, then he pulled out. I watched him stand and pull up his pants.

“Thanks,” he said. “That was good.”

“Your welcome,” I replied.

Afterwards, that hit me, and it still hits me, as the most bizarre part of the whole thing. I mean, all these guys fuck me one after the other, and on the last, it goes ‘thanks’ and ‘you’re welcome.’

He walked out.

“Close the door,” I told him softly. I’m not sure he heard me, but he closed it. Then I was alone in the dark, aroused, post orgasmic, relaxed and nervous, tender between my legs, reeking of sweat and semen.

Well, I thought to myself, that was so fucked up. I’d had orgasms, always good, and really deliciously raunchy sex. It was also kind of degrading and nasty sex. And brief. I didn’t have any strong emotional reaction though. It’s hard to explain. I think I felt a little pleased, but also felt like I shouldn’t be.

The door swung open. I thought to myself, ‘Oh fuck no, again?’ Then my eyes widened, and my pussy just gushed. He was fat, not doughy fat, but this working man’s kind of fat, the sort that had big heavy bones and a pile of muscle under the flab. He was wearing a stained wifebeater and shorts, and I could see that his body was thick with hair, he had a three day growth of beard, a thinning hairline and a pug nose. The guy looked like a working class slob, and suddenly, naked and exposed, leaking cum, covered with sweat, my pussy was clenching.

It’s hard to explain. I’m not a freak or anything, but we all have turn-ons. For guys its big boobs, or big asses, long legs or porn star lips. It can be all sorts of things. For me, it’s rugged looking big men, and I mean big in certain ways. Heavy men. So there I was, kind of used and winding down, my cunt slack and dripping from free use; I saw him and it was like a switch in my brain and my body just said ‘Yes please, I’ll have some of that!’

“Come in,” I whispered so softly I wasn’t sure he heard me. But he came in and shut the door. It was dark without the outside light, but it didn’t matter, I still had the image of him, of his heavy hairy body. He approached me in the dark, and the physical presence of him, his size and thickness, was overwhelming. I could smell him, his male odor, his especially and the room was already drenched with the heavy smell of sweat and semen, my own cunt, and male musk and pheromones, so thick you could cut it with a knife. I was practically bathing in it, breathing it in. And with him looming over me, it was suffocatingly erotic.

His hands were like hams, thick rough fingers and big flat palms, rough with scars and manual labour. He put them on my breasts, standing over me, between my spread legs. I straightened up, grabbing his thick wrists as he grabbed me, not to stop him, but just to feel his body. I let my hands slide up along his forearms, and then to his hairy shoulders. I reached down, under his wifebeater, feeling the roundness of his belly, the male force of it, his belly and chest hair. I pushed his shirt up, feeling manboobs and thick nipples and all I wanted to do was bite them. I couldn’t believe how turned on I was, how hungry I was for

him to fuck me. It was like a sexual second wind, one moment I'd been winding down, letting cum ooze out, worn and used, and the next moment, I wanted it all over again.

He was bending over me, and there was a moment it felt almost like he was going to kiss me, but he didn't. I remember, he was talking, and it was all 'you're so sexy' and 'I want to fuck you so bad.' I loved his hands all over me, it was so fucking hot to be pawed and handled by this big mass of man. He reached down pulling my thighs and apart and forward, and I slid down, opening right up for him. Frantically, I clawed at his shorts, trying to get him out, feeling his big heavy cock under the fabric. He dropped them and his erection sprang free, curving upwards, like some medieval battering ram.

One hand on my ankle, the other on my hip, fingers under my ass, he pulled me forward, and just drove his cock into my wet sloppy hole with one thrust that knocked the breath out of me. I cried out as he filled me, rocking my hips to get him deeper, he felt so good. We were so close I could inhale him. He fucked me like that for a few strokes, just pounding his cock into me.

Then he pulled out. For a second, I was confused, he was grabbing my hips, telling me to turn around. Submissively, I let him push and pull me into a new position, kneeling on the bench, one leg off, my face wedged into a corner of the room. His cock bulled into me from behind without a trace of ceremony, resuming its possession of my body. I was grunting with deep pleasure. I could hear him puffing behind me, as he fucked me as hard as he could, shoving my face hard against the painted plywood walls of the corner. One hand on my ass, he reached up, grabbed a handful of my hair, and pulled hard, forcing me to arch my back, contorting me into a helpless position where he could thrust even deeper. Holy fuck, this couldn't possibly be any more degrading, I thought, as he rammed his thick cock into me from behind.

Then I came hard. So it turned out, yes, it could be more degrading, having an orgasm while being used like that. Or maybe having an orgasm because I was being used like that. There was something so wonderfully filthy about it.

I came so hard, I was squirting all around his cock, moaning loudly, almost unable to move because of the way he had me wedged and held, I could feel my muscles spasming. There was no way to hide the orgasm from him, even if I'd wanted to, and I didn't want to hide it. He laughed and fucked even harder, pounding so brutally it was uncomfortable, it was so harsh it smashed any chance of another orgasm.

But part of me loved the roughness of it. He fucked me, he used me like a slab of meat. I'd never felt so debased, and I fucking loved it. When he came, I felt it with my whole body. I couldn't feel his ejaculate in me, although I wanted to - feeling that sensation of squirting inside would have been insane. But I felt the way he gripped me, the frantic way he slammed into me, the way our bodies merged and contorted, his sweat falling on me, his hair against my skin.

He pulled back after he was done, I felt him fall loosely out of me. I just relaxed, panting hard, feeling my body unwind as the pressure eased. I don't remember if he said anything. I felt him slap my ass though. I didn't turn around, just rested, kneeling on the bench, face in the corner. Then he was gone, closing the door behind him.

The door opened again. I don't remember if it was seconds or minutes. But it remained open for a minute, as whoever looked in, seeing me naked, bent over, face in the corner, knees spread wide, made up his mind. The door closed. I felt hands on my ass, on my back. I let him, savouring the feel of being nothing more than a slab of meat with a cunt, wallowing in the feeling. Fingers wedged inside me, and I groaned.

"Fuck," he whispered. "That's really wet."

Those were the only words he spoke to me. A moment later, he was thrusting into me, hard and fast. Submissively, I accepted his cock. He had neither the technique, nor the energy nor the brutality to bring me to orgasm. Instead, I just enjoyed the satisfaction of being used. There was something intensely impersonal and anonymous to him. My face wedged into the corner, I never saw him, never looked. The only relationship was simply his cock fucking me until he came. I loved it.

After he walked away, the door opened again, almost immediately. I groaned unhappily but did not move, waiting for whoever it was. They weren't as tentative as their predecessor, there was no thinking it over, no preliminary exploration. My identity and role as a hole had been established, one I was embracing. So there was no need to speak to me. No need for anything except to slam a cock into my wet loose cunt.

Whoever he was fucked me for a few moments, from behind, pushing my face into the wall in gentle rhythm. His thighs were hairy, I could feel them against my ass, and I could hear him breathing heavily. His thumb probed my asshole making circles around.

"Can I fuck your ass?" he asked as he continued thrusting into me.

"I've never done it that way," I said. I don't know why I said it that way, when I could have just said 'no.' But it was as if some part of me wanted to give an invitation as a non-invitation. I've noticed sometimes, in certain situations, I'll leave all kinds of doors open. Not expressly saying yes, but sort of leaving the way open, if they want to walk through. A moment later, he pulled out and I felt his cock head pressing hard on my asshole, the force increasing.

"Oh shit," I moaned, as he pushed through my sphincter and deep up inside me. It hurt, but not nearly as much as I would have expected, mostly a deep discomfort as my anus was forced open and invaded. I groaned as he tried to fuck my ass like a cunt, with no technique, just pressure. He fucked my ass like that for a few minutes, building towards his orgasms his panting coming faster.

"Here it comes!" He said suddenly, and shocked me by pulling out so quickly I could literally feel my asshole gaped open and empty. He shoved his cock up into my pussy and ejaculated, in a series of mini-thrusts, I could feel each spurt in me. I was stunned by what he'd done, the ass to cunt, it was so unhygienic and it bothered me, just disturbing whatever place I'd gotten to inside my head.

After he left, I got up and locked the door. As I stood, and took a wobbly step or two, I felt how loose I was. Semen literally dripped out of me, sliding down my thighs, droplets falling from me to spatter the floor at my feet. Jesus, I thought. How many men had come inside me? Four? No, five. I'd never been so full of semen, it was ridiculous, almost comical. I locked

the door and then went back to sit on the bench. The room was dark, whatever deposit had been on the card to run the peep show screen had long since run out, and I didn't feel like using my credit card.

I sat there, just relaxing, breathing in the soup of male musk and sex and orgasms that saturated the room. Someone tried the door a couple of times. There was a knock. A voice asking to be let in. I ignored them. I just rested there, letting my mind be blank.

I replayed the encounters in my head, in no particular order. Just cocks in my mouth, and in my pussy, teasing, swallowing semen, kneeling in the dark, feeling that magnificent thick hairy body, a shadowy figure pleased at the thought of impregnating me as he pushed his cock into me, getting pounded with my face in the corner. Wow, I thought, it had all gotten completely out of hand. What was the line from the movie? "That escalated quickly."

Idly, I tried to count up all the men I must have had sex with tonight, both blow jobs and fucks. The number mounted up way too fast, and I stopped that. Fuck, it really had gotten out of hand. I'd completely lost control, or gave it away.

My mouth felt like gravel and cum. I swallowed but it didn't help. Next time, I'd remember to bring a bottle of water in my purse.

Next time?

Fuck.

I checked my phone. It had been just a few hours, a bit more than that. That was surprising, it felt like a lot longer. The fucks weren't even the longest part, the men had only lasted at best a few minutes each. Cum was still trickling out of me, I couldn't believe it. I grabbed some tissue paper from my purse, and started wiping it way. A few minutes later, I was still wiping and I'd run out of tissue. Christ, who would believe that men who came so fast would have so much in them. I almost used the half sodden tissue I'd found left behind by the Asian boy to wipe myself, but caught myself at the last minute.

With nothing else to work with, I used my panties to wipe up most of the remainder of the cum oozing from me, and then deposited it, and the whole sodden mess of tissue paper in my purse. No way was I going to leave it lying around here. That would be embarrassing.

Here's the strangest thing: I felt okay.

I genuinely felt all right. A bit ashamed at how it had all gotten away from me at the end, a bit self conscious about the things I'd done. But that black, tar-like self loathing, the awful ugly feeling of worthlessness and self hatred was gone. It had completely dissipated. I felt like my normal self again, I felt whole. I felt cleansed.

Quietly, I reflected on the paradox. This... This whatever it was that I'd just done, had walked into and knelt for and put myself through, this was nuts. This was crazy. But actually, I felt pretty good.

No one could ever know. There was no one in my life or my circle of friendships that could ever even come close to understanding. The two men, in my life, Sam and Leroy? I couldn't

ever tell them. Leroy, I'm sure, would enjoy what he saw as degradation, but he was so possessive and controlling, he'd be jealous that I'd done it without him. Sam? Fuck, it would just kill Sam. I couldn't bear the thought of him knowing. So, it had to be a secret.

This was wrong, and fucked up.

I needed to stop.

I'd said that to myself after the other times, but I'd kept coming back.

But this time? I was starting to be recognized, and I didn't like that. The whole point was to be anonymous. I didn't like that I was starting to be on a first name basis with the staff. Hell, maybe I was blowing some of them. I didn't like that I was starting to recognize the faces of regulars. Or especially that they were recognizing me. I didn't mind sucking the same cock two or three times, familiarity was ... interesting. It was just the rest of it.

And this was the first time I'd actually had men in the booth fucking me, that was definitely out of control. I needed to draw a line.

No fucking.

I remembered previous visits back to the wall, bending over, lining up putting my pussy right over the hole... But they'd worn condoms, some of them, some of the time, and anyway, they hadn't been inside the room with me, just their cocks, so it didn't count... as much. Fucking through the glory hole, probably shouldn't, but okay. No actual fucking in the booth. That needed to be a rule.

Unless it was someone I knew, like Sam or Leroy. Or... someone really hot? But apart from that, a hard rule.

I needed to stop coming here.

For a while, anyway.

Or just stop completely. The thing was, there were other places, but I didn't know them. This was my only safe place to do this. I wouldn't feel safe or comfortable going there. It would be too scary.

Of course, maybe I could visit a few of the other places - not to do anything, but just check them out briefly, see how scuzzy they were, and maybe if I felt they were tolerable, I could consider coming back and going further.

Not that I had any intention.

This was stupid, I thought.

I should just stop. I thought it over.

That was the only thing that made sense. Whatever I was doing, it made no sense, it wasn't safe or healthy.

I needed to just stop.

I was going to stop.

There, decision made.

I was stopping.

There. Done.

I had quit the booths. No more glory holes for me.

It had been really satisfying, some of them in ways that I could barely explain, even to myself. I had no regrets. And yes, it was kind of a craving.

But no more.

Done.

Finished.

For sure.

Satisfied with my decision, I got dressed. There hadn't been anyone trying the door or knocking for ten minutes. I figured the coast was clear. Using the light from my phone, I got dressed. I was still leaking but it was just a little.

I looked down. Someone had pushed their cock hopefully through a hole in the plywood wall separating the booths. Amused, I looked at it, as I brushed my hair. Disembodied, it looked harmless and forlorn. Lonely, the whole purpose of its existence was to be stroked, and it had no one to pet it. Poor little thing. I smiled at it. Someone would be along to pet it. Not my problem.

I was ready to go. Straighten your shoulders, Kayley, back up, look ahead, be that confident, free woman, march out of here, and back to your life. I glanced down at the cock. Still hopeful, still half hard. At least there were no cringy demands or pleas from whoever belonged to it on the other side of the wall. It was a well behaved erection, I liked that.

Impulsively, I reached down and gave it a gentle squeeze. I let my fingers linger around it, to see if it would get hard, and of course it did. I paused for a few moments, enjoying the feeling of it swelling in my hand, moving from fullness to hardness, standing straight and proud. I kind of liked it. It felt friendly and personable, cheerful. I realized that I'd fallen into the habit of attributing personality to cocks, which was silly. But then, I attributed personality to men, and sometimes that just didn't work. So what was the harm? I'd never meet whoever this belonged to. Why not play with it a little?

I leaned back against the wall, sinking down to a squat, turning my head to the wall, looking at him in profile as he protruded stiffly through the glory hole. Pretty nice profile. Casually, I started to jerk it off, just enjoying the experience, smiling to myself. Humming happily. Some

bits of a song ran through my head. What was the name of it?

I leaned over and gave it a long casual lick, starting from the base, where it protruded through the wall, all the way to the front, where I curled my tongue around the back of the corona. That was fun, I'd never licked one like that before. In response, it leaped inside the loose cradle of my fingers.

"Whoa Nelly!" I whispered, as it throbbed hard. "Calm down, calm down. Hmm? Who's a good boy? Who's a good little cock?"

I felt a little silly. It was fun talking to it. I licked it again, back to front "I know who's a good little cock! Do you know! It's you! You're a good little cock! Yes! Yes you are!"

"Let me give you a kiss!" I told it. I changed position turning towards it, and pulling it towards me so that we were face to face. I kissed it, right on the head. Then I kissed it again. Then impulsively, I pressed my soft lips to it, letting my jaws part, letting it slowly slide between my lips, until the head was in my mouth and I was thrusting my tongue against it.

Why not, I thought to myself. I'm not in sex zombie mode or anything. I was just having a little bit of fun. This was completely harmless. I'd tease him a bit, if he came, that would be okay. If he took too long, I'd just move on. I slid my mouth back and forth, just relaxing, thinking about getting on with the rest of my day.

After a few minutes, I felt the hot throbbing that told me he was going to come. How much had I swallowed during this visit? Probably too much. I took my mouth off just as he was approaching, stroking him hard, my face close and staring intently. I'm not really a big fan of ejaculating in my face, that always felt icky, so I made sure I was out of the line of fire. But sometimes its really exciting to watch a man's penis ejaculate, especially if they really fling it, and I decided I wanted to see it.

As I suspected, he blew a powerful load, rope after rope spurting into the air past me. It was great. But then I noticed I got some on my blouse. I was all out of tissue paper, so I tried to wipe it with my fingers. But that just smeared it around. And I realized I had some in my hair. Fuck, semen really is just like glitter, it gets everywhere! The dude had been like a fire hose.

I squatting, I leaned back against the wall, trying to make myself presentable again, checking myself for any more telltale white globs. I didn't think I'd gotten any more on me.

I noticed that there was a cock sticking out from the other wall. Well hello, I thought. How long have you been there? Someone had been watching me, it seemed. The foreskin covered the head completely, making it look like a sort of sausage. It was kind of cute, and definitely hard. I smiled at it. Hard like that, I probably wouldn't have to do any work. I bet he'd come right away. So tempting.

You know how Oscar Wilde, dealt with temptation? He gave in immediately. It saved time. As I peeled back the foreskin and closed my lips around it, I promised myself, it would be the last one. And I kept that promise. Mostly. Sort of.

Another one appeared, and I took it in my hand, feeling it full and hot and rigid, while I focused on the one already in my mouth. I swallowed a small load, and it went away, leaving

only the one in my hand. And really, I mean, after doing those two, I couldn't just leave this one in the lurch, and a handjob would be an insult.

Anyway, after that one, there were no more. So after a few minutes of waiting, just in case, I left, humming cheerfully to myself. The peep shows were almost empty, no one waiting around, most of the booths unoccupied. I cheerfully waved goodbye to the staff at the boutique and walked out into the sunshine of the fading day.

First stop was to a convenience store, where I bought a bottle of water, and a package of wet naps. The young east Indian man at the counter was kind enough to let me use the washroom. I had the strongest urge to tell him about the peep shows at the boutique, where men could get blow jobs from complete strangers just by sticking their cocks through a glory hole.

In the bathroom, I discovered an embarrassing pair of dirt marks on either side of my face from where my head had been shoved into a corner when I'd been getting fucked from behind. And in addition to cumstains on my blouse, dirt on my skirt and knees from when I'd squatted back against the wall, or knelt on the floor. And of course, the seepage from my vagina had leaked out onto the skirt, but it wasn't too bad. I sighed and cleaned up, swallowing and spitting out water until the residual dryness and taste was gone.

I checked myself out in the mirror. Presentable. I took a quick peak in the toilet stalls, just in case there was a glory hole or something. I laughed at myself. Silly, they wouldn't be in the women's toilets. Maybe the men's, and I wasn't going to look.

Anyway, that door was locked when I checked.

After that, I felt more human, more myself. The haze had vanished away. I thought about the afternoon. I had no regrets at all. I'd embraced it completely. I felt good. I felt cleared of all the angst and bullshit weighting me down. On the other hand, I think I possibly, maybe, slightly went just a little bit overboard right at the end.

The two groups of guys that had fucked me, that whole thing was kind of depraved. That first guy, what a manipulative asshole! And what was this 'I'm not on the pill' 'good!' bullshit? Holy shit, what a complete asshole. In comparison, the rest of them were all right. Except for the one who fucked my ass and then put it in my pussy, jerk. And the one who used a condom - I couldn't decide whether to be insulted or not.

The heavy set one was hot, I didn't mind him at all.

But yeah, it had all definitely gone overboard. Just a little. Not enough to quit. It was just unusual, probably a one time thing. The rest was good.

Not saying that I would keep doing it.

I could stop any time, that was totally obvious to me.

And clearly, with the bullshit I had to deal with sometimes, it was nice to have an outlet, something where you could just relax and clear your mind. When you got right down to it. This was healthy and therapeutic. No reason to stop. Not that I had to do it. There was no compulsion. I could give this up any time I wanted to. Doing it was an option, a healthy way

to relax.

Just manage it a little better. Easy.

There, that sorted that out.

The thought made me happy, that I'd worked it all out and resolved it.

By the time I made my way home, Sam was already there.

"Honey! I'm home!" I announced, cheerfully. Sam came out of the kitchen, took me in his arms and gave me a great big kiss. I threw my arms around him, and returned the kiss, my mouth opening against his lips, grinding my body against his.

"Hey, love of my life," he said, "how was work?"

"Not bad," I said. "I quit early, wandered around, did some window shopping. It was very therapeutic."

"Must have worked," he said. "You feel really relaxed and cheerful. It's great seeing you like this. Sometimes, it's important to boil off a little stress."

"I'm just a naturally happy person," I told him.

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"So..." I said. This part felt a little awkward. We were out in some bar, kind of run down, kind of empty. Not a strip club thank God. I'd set that rule right at the start. The last thing I needed in my mood was naked women prancing around. The evening, our dinner party had been great.

There night... I remembered Kayley having sex in the middle of the night with Leroy while I watched and masturbated, and that hasty rushed morning, leaving the two of them having sex again. I'd felt tawdry. I couldn't put my finger on it, but somehow, I felt humiliated. It made me feel awkward and insecure.

But there was more. Something Kayley had said that evening, that I couldn't let go, that was haunting me.

"So...," Leroy replied, carefree, he drank his beer.

"You were right," I admitted. "You told me... And you were right."

"Well," he said, "she told me, that's all. She wasn't hiding it from me or anything. She seemed okay with it, no guilt or anything. She just finally admitted it to you that's all. Sort of. She danced around it. But yeah, she came out. She fucked all those guys you played your flirting game with."

"Not all of them," I said defensively.

He raised his eyebrows.

“I mean, some of them, weren’t appealing at all. So not those guys. And she talked about one that got away.”

Leroy shrugged elaborately.

“So... what? She whored out behind your back with a dozen? A half dozen? Does the number matter? You watched her flirt and set up dates, and had no idea. Kind of harsh if you ask me.”

I winced, it actually hurt a lot. His anger was reassuring. I felt insecure and foolish, and kind of stupid. Over and over, I’d watched her flirt with strangers, we thought we were playing a game together. But afterwards...

“Yeah,” I said. “Well...”

I shrugged. I didn’t really know where to take it.

I mean, it’s her life, her body, she can do whatever she wants. It’s not like I owned her or anything. So if she wanted to, then fine, go ahead.

She didn’t have to hide it, that was a big part of it. Or hide it from me. It bothered me a bit that she’d shared it with Leroy first. Or that she doubled down and lied to me.

But I suppose it was good that she finally mentioned it in front of me. Was that deliberate? Or a slip? She hadn’t followed it up that night. Which was good, it wasn’t the kind of conversation to have in front of Leroy. And we’d been too rushed that morning, but later on, the next day, she hadn’t been interested in mentioning it. She’d been cheerful, and I didn’t want to bring it up and maybe ruin the mood.

How do I handle this? I wasn’t sure. I mean, here she was having sex with strangers in men’s rooms, and we were having threesomes and building a relationship with Leroy, and there were those incredibly fucked up, nightmarish ‘cuck sessions.’ When you looked at all that, the shit we were doing, this was older shit and... compared to what we were doing now... not that big a deal. ... I supposed.

I just wasn’t sure where to put that.

“I can see it’s messing with you,” Leroy said sympathetically. “Kayley was whoring around on you behind your back. You thought you were in it together, but it turns out she was playing her own game. That’s got to mess with you.”

“That’s not the way to put it... But yeah,” I said. “That’s it. I thought we were in it together. But...”

“But now,” he finished for me, “you’re wondering why?”

He picked up his beer and drank.

“She didn’t trust you? She didn’t want to share? She wanted something for herself?”

He paused.

“Auditioning your replacement?” he smirked.

I froze, Leroy caught my expression.

“Nah, not that,” he said quickly. “Here’s the thing you got to remember. No matter who else she hooked up with, you were the one she came back to. Every single time.”

I nodded.

“Every single time,” He repeated.

“Yeah.”

“Let me ask you,” Leroy began, “tell me, she ever act any different. Did she change how she treated you, or talked to you, after? Could you tell something was different?”

I’d been wondering that myself.

“No,” replied. “I don’t think so.”

He nodded.

“Then it’s nothing to do with you. It was all about her. It didn’t touch you.”

He sighed.

“Look,” he said, “I don’t give advice. I don’t want to give advice. But you’re my friend, you’re both my friends. I’ve been around, I’ve seen how things work. So I’m going to break my rule... for you.”

He paused.

“Here goes: Don’t ask her about it. Don’t bring it up. If she didn’t tell you about it before, it was for a reason. It was a reason that was important to her, she made a decision. Respect that, just respect it.”

He grabbed my wrist.

“What’s important, is that she trusts you enough to let you know now. She’s told you as much as she’s comfortable with now. Don’t push it, don’t force it. Obviously, she’s working it out. When she’s ready, she’ll tell you more. But right now, if you push, you’ll fuck it up. She’ll get defensive. She’ll go into denial, she’ll lie about it, she’ll lie up and down. She’ll get angry, it’ll turn into a fight. Trust me. I’ve been there. I got the scars.”

I couldn’t help but be startled. Leroy was all about accomplishments and adventures, casually dribbled into the conversation with barely a thought, as if his extraordinary life were common

mundane events.

But he seldom admitted to the pain and wounds, he was always guarded. I felt flattered when he allowed these glimpses into his inner soul.

And yet, the thing with Kayley left me feeling trapped.

“So what do I do?”

He shrugged.

“Nothing,” he said. “Just let it be. We don’t have to dig into every hole. Sometimes it’s better to let it go. If it’s important, she’ll eventually bring it back up when she’s ready. If it’s not important, then its not important. Move on.”

I nodded. That made sense.

“You’re right,” I replied. “Thanks.”

He took another swig of beer.

“Besides,” he said, “the way I look at it. You’re way ahead. You watched her with every one of these guys, you know their faces, the way they talked and flirted, how she acted with them. Most guys, don’t get that. But you knew who they were when they fucked her.”

Involuntarily, my heart skipped a beat, and my stomach twisted as unbidden images flooded. Kayley naked beneath a heavy set bearded man, his body hairy, her expression changing as his cock pushed up inside her. Or her kneeling in front of a pinch faced, sour looking man with a thin chest, taking his cock...

“You all right, man?” Leroy asked, noticing my distraction.

I took a breath and drank some beer to cover it, trying to force the images away, and to ignore the sudden throbbing in my cock.

“Oh yeah,” I said. “No worries.”

“Sorry,” he told me, “I shouldn’t have said that. Wrong thing.”

I shrugged.

“No worries,” I repeated. A middle aged salesman’s hand on her bare breast. A tattooed lineman, kissing her as he presses against her naked body in the shower. My cock pulsed.

“Listen,” he said. “I’ll tell you what’s important. What’s important isn’t what she did, but didn’t tell you, or waited to tell you, or keeps from you. What’s important is that she reached a point where she could be with you in it, where she didn’t hide it, but made you part of it. When she fucked right on site with you listening to another man, me, come in her.”

“That’s trust man, she trusted you. She walked into that men’s room with me, knowing you

were there. She took that huge leap for you, with you," he told me. "That's amazing. That's what's wonderful. What came before? Bullshit, just forget it, old news."

He paused.

"And you know what? I am so honored and amazed to be the one that you two chose. You're both so beautiful. It's such an honor to be let in."

I nodded. When it came down to it, he was right. Even if Kayley had had other men, I couldn't see any of them comparing to Leroy. Maybe what really mattered was that we'd found the right one together.

"Yeah," I said, relieved, "you're absolutely right. It doesn't matter."

Well, maybe it did a little. But he was right, his advice was sound. I'd leave it alone.

I'd try to leave it alone.

"I'm glad it was you."

I lifted my glass, and we tapped them together.

"Yeah," Leroy said, "me too. Geez, imagine if it wasn't. It could have been Derek."

I lifted an eyebrow.

"You know Derek?"

He nodded dismissively, his eyes shifting around the bar.

"Oh yeah," he said. "Complete asshole. Thinks he's God's gift to women. So full of it. Entitled as fucking shit. You're lucky you didn't end up with him. The guy's grief, he just likes to stir shit, makes things up. Pathological liar, loser, just loves to fuck with people. He's one of these nobody assholes, nothing going on in his life. He gets his claws in, he'll fuck around because he's got nothing else."

I nodded. Good to know, we'd... Kayley, had been with Derek. Should I mention that? Did Leroy know? I guess he was the also-ran that I'd been allowed to know about. Lump him in with the others who hadn't made the grade. We'd steer clear of him.

No, not an also ran. He'd made the grade and fucked her. She'd just allowed me to know that time. Was she still doing it? The thought jumped into my head. Fuck, why would she? It was out in the open now, no need to hide.

"It's weird, you know," I said. Fuck, I couldn't let it go. "We tell each other everything, we share everything. It's just... unsettling that she had this other side."

Leroy yawned.

"Women are just whores," he said, then he saw my disapproving expression. "Sorry. I know

you don't like it when I talk like that. Women are complicated. Everyone is complicated. Sometimes, they just keep things to themselves, maybe they want something private, or maybe they worry about being judged, it can be a thousand things."

He fixed me with a look.

"The important thing is, it's about whatever was going on with her. It's not about you. It's not a rejection or judgment on you. It's not about your adequacy. She fucked a dozen, a half dozen guys behind your back... None of that was about you. That's about her. What matters is she came back to you, each time."

I sighed. He reached out and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Listen, Hermanos, I don't know if I'm making things better or worse. But I promise you one thing, you're dealing with it now, that's natural, work it out. But you'll get through it, you'll get past it. Promise."

I sighed again, laying my hand on top of his.

"Thanks man," I said, "I think you are helping. I don't know. It's good to have someone to talk to about it, who's been there. You're right. I'll get past it."

I took a deep breath.

"Process."

I took a drink.

"Yeah," he said cheerfully, lightly, "so your girl is a whore. No big deal."

I spat up beer, coughing, almost laughing. Leroy leaned over and pounded my back. I coughed and then laughed.

"Jesus Christ!" I said. "Timing dude, I almost choked."

"I'd say the timing was perfect," he said. "It was too heavy, you needed to lighten up."

My throat cleared. I laughed, wiping the dribble from my lips.

"Well, give a guy warning next time," I told him, the hesitated. "Thanks. You're a friend... But stop calling my wife a whore, it's getting on my nerves!"

I wasn't sure how he'd react to that, but he just nodded.

"Yeah," he said. "Sorry. Out of line. I'll try and be more careful."

He shrugged.

He held up his beer.

“You got a hell of a woman!” Leroy said. “I don’t know that I could handle her. You’re a hell of a man. To Kayley!”

“To Kayley,” I agreed. We clinked glasses in toast, and drank.

“You know what I’d love,” Leroy said thoughtfully after a deep draught. “I’d love to just bang her nonstop, like for a week. For two weeks, exclusive, just to get her out of my system. Just nonstop. Morning, noon, night, every time I got hard, just give it to her, over and over. All her holes, exclusive. Just have her to myself and fucking bang her until my dick was ready to fall off.”

I couldn’t believe he’d just said that. It was beyond shocking. It was too outrageous to be offensive. Particularly given the things the three of us had done, I mean, the three of us had fucked every which way. So it wasn’t like we were virgins or prudes. Still, the statement was so over the top, it was practically criminal. But delivered with a kind of casualness, even an innocence.

He had this unfiltered quality to him, a kind of sleazy boyish charm that could startle but not antagonize.

Still... This was pretty fucking out there!

“Exclusive?” I asked, incredulously.

He nodded thoughtfully.

“Oh yeah,” he said, thinking. “Definitely exclusive. Twenty-four seven access, that’s the way it would have to be. No breaks, no distractions, no sharing. Just doing her continuously. Fuck her out. Get her out of my system.”

He looked at me, almost startled.

“No offense, Sam!” he said. “Of course you could be around. I’d let you watch sometimes. Maybe even have her give you a handjob now and then. But for two weeks, those three holes would be inine, and mine alone, and I’d use them.”

He hissed air between his teeth.

“Just give it to her. Fuck her in every hole, over and over, until my dick was raw and she couldn’t walk. Get it all out of my system.”

“Exclusive, huh?” I asked again.

He chuckled and drank his beer.

“Yeah, I know how that sounds,” he said. “But you know how it is, when you fucking crave something, and you just want to fill up and fill up and not share, take it all. Sometimes you just get the feeling right? You get hungry for it. Just have it, and not have to share.”

I shrugged. He caught that.

“Hey,” he said defensively, “I’m an asshole. I admit it. I’m just saying. I mean, you’ve been banging her exclusively for years on end...”

He hesitated a second and added “...mostly. Mostly exclusively. Don’t begrudge me a week or two.”

He paused.

“You do know I’m fucking with you?” he said, and winked.

I burst out laughing, half in shock, half in relief, absolutely thrown off balance

“Oh Jesus Fuck,” I said, my sides heaving. “You had me going there.”

“You needed to lighten up,” he said. “I figured. This would help. But fuck, I’m halfway serious. I’d fucking do her all week long. The girl, she’s a hot one. I never get enough. Every time I’m with you guys, I’ve got a hard on for days afterwards thinking about her. You got her all the time. You can make do without her for a week or two, and let me get my fill.”

“Well, when you put it that way, it almost makes sense,” I said sarcastically, “I guess throwing me a handjob from my own wife while you get her out of your system is pretty generous.”

“Hermanos,” Leroy said grinning slyly, “like brothers. If there’s a little spare time. Like, if I’m in the toilet taking a really long shit, or I’m really busy on the phone, sure, I wouldn’t mind her sneaking you in a really quick handjob. Two minutes, say. Then I get off the phone, or the toilet, and I get back to fucking her.”

He raised his glass. I raised mine in salute, we clinked.

“You are such an asshole!” I told him, smiling.

He took it, thought it over

“Definitely,” he said. “I am. Guilty as charged. Complete asshole. That’s me.”

He paused.

“But I’m your asshole,” he assured me, “on your side, in your corner, one hundred per cent. You can trust me with your life, I’ll never let you down. Brothers forever. Hermanos!”

He lifted his glass, I lifted mine.

“Hermanos!” we both cheered, touching glasses, and speaking together. We drank.

Leroy slammed his glass down, and looked away.

“I love you, Man,” he said quietly. “I fucking love you. I hope you know that.”

I was taken aback, choked up, overwhelmed by this naked confession. To have someone like Leroy just open up to me, to feel that honesty, it left me speechless.

“I love you too, brother,” I replied.

He didn’t say anything, he didn’t look at me, he just nodded slightly. For a second, we sat there, mutually withdrawing from this moment of shared intimacy, contemplating the bond between us. This was such a rare thing between men, it was almost miraculous.

“Besides,” I said. He looked at me, slightly puzzled.

“You’re missing the point. I mean, sure, you’d like to bang her nonstop for a few weeks, get it out of your system...” I continued.

He nodded.

“But it’s her choice, man. Not yours, not mine. It’s her body, you know what I’m saying.”

Leroy burst out laughing, he rolled his eyes.

“Fuck Sam!” he said. “Have you been paying attention? In that case? She’d go for it in a heartbeat. She’d be dragging me into the bedroom before we finished explaining the plan. You’d be lucky if it was only two weeks. I’d have to nag her to take time to give you a handjob. She’d be so fucking up for it. Jesus, she wouldn’t think twice.”

I laughed involuntarily, I couldn’t help it. But deep down I was a little hurt by that. It’s one thing to come to terms with the fact that your girl has fucked an assortment of strangers behind your back. But his confidence that she’d throw me over was off putting. It made me a little nervous, a little uncertain.

“Look,” Leroy said, “it’s not about you. The girl just loves my cock. She loves the way I fuck her, can’t get enough. Some of its ‘fresh cock syndrome’ but that’s only part of it. She’s crazy for my dick.”

He chuckled.

“I can’t sleep over, except that she’s crawling on my dick every time she wakes up. You’ve seen it. She can’t help it, she just fucking wants it. Can’t keep her hands off me. Not personal.”

I nodded. Yeah, that was true.

“That time we met for biscotti, early on? You remember. I bought you guys ball-gags? Stupid present, I don’t know what I was thinking. She got hot for me. She wanted to fuck. Begged for it. But I said no. You go back and ask her: You ask her if she was ready to fuck me right in that store, and ask her who said ‘No, we’re not going to fuck.’”

He held up a finger.

“But here’s the trick,” he said, “sure, she’d be right up for it, no problem there. What about

you? I wouldn't be asking for her, I already know what she'd say."

"Yeah," I said carefully, "I'm not so sure."

"But it's about you. How are you going to feel? How are you going to handle it? You're in this too. I'm not going to fuck with that. Pussy? Pussy is fucking everywhere, I swim in pussy. Kayley, she's special, but she's just pussy. But you, what the two of you got, what the two of us got? I'm not fucking with that. I could dive into her pussy for two weeks, sure thing. I'd love to, I want to so bad it's crazy. But when I come out... where you going to be, man? Where are you and I going to be? Where are you and her going to be? Where's the three of us going to be?"

He shrugged.

"No," he said. "Not worth it. Maybe eventually. But I need you in my life, hermanos. I need you more than I need pussy."

I was still kind of thrown by his arrogance, the notion that he could just have Kayley like that. It was disquieting, and I hoped misplaced. But on the other hand I appreciated the sentimentality he attached to our relationship. Again, a sign of how we'd reached him, how deeply we'd bonded. I hoped I could be worthy of it.

He was a very armored person, so it was an honor to have him open up like that. You wanted to be deserving of that trust. I promised myself, I'd never let him down.

"Of course," he said, he relaxed, his sleazy fun grin coming out. Watching that grin, the mischievous promise of it, I could see how he got her panties wet... or off completely. Of course, I was the one who told her to take them off. "Like if it was a birthday coming up, or Christmas, and you were racking your brain to try and come up with the perfect gift..."

The sleazy grin widened.

"I wouldn't say no."

He winked. I burst out laughing.

"You are such an asshole!" I laughed. "Such a fucking asshole! You fucking dog! You don't quit, do you?"

He laughed with me, and we drank our beers. He held up a hand.

"I'm just saying... That's all."

I nodded, drinking again.

"Uh huh," I said. "Where am I going to be, while this is going on?"

He shrugged.

"I dunno," he said. "Maybe take a vacation. Road trip or something. You can be around if

you want. We're not going to ask you to move out of your apartment. We'd spend time at your place. We'll set you up on the couch, bedroom would be off limits of course. She'd spend time at my place. You could watch sometimes, if you're good."

"If I'm good?"

"Oh yeah," he said. "For sure. Totally. We both like you. This would be about me and her, not about fucking with you. It's about me getting my fill, and her getting what she wants, not putting on a show for you. But sure, Once in a while, sure you could watch. We wouldn't mind, as long as you behaved, weren't distracting or anything."

"And lots of handjobs."

He sucked air through his teeth.

"Lots? That's a big word," he said thoughtfully. "The point is, Sam," he continued, "I'm going to be working those holes. All three of them, to the max, plowing her nonstop. Exclusive ownership, no sharing. It's not going to be about sharing. Not even handjobs, that would just be because I like you. But not lots."

"Some. A few. Once in a while maybe, now and then. Just so you'd know you weren't completely forgotten. But come on, this wouldn't be about you. This would be for me. I'm only thinking it because we're such good friends."

"Oh," I said, "thanks a lot."

He nodded.

"What are friends for? Fucking all your wife's holes for a few weeks, making her my sex toy? It would be the least I could do, cut you in for a hand job or two. Show my appreciation."

"Thanks," I said.

He laughed, then he laughed some more, he leaned forward, chuckling. I started laughing along with him.

"You fucking bastard," I said.

"Had you going," he replied. "You keep falling for it!"

"You did," I admitted, I felt this palpable relief. For a few minutes, it had seemed all too plausible. I'd felt claustrophobic, like I was being cornered. Suddenly, the pressure was off.

"Although," he said. "I do have a birthday coming up, just in case you're hard up for ideas."

He winked. That set off another round of chuckles, more relaxed this time.

"No fucking way," I said easily. "Not in a million fucking years."

Leroy nodded, signaling his easy acceptance.

The pressure off, the idea lay there, inert, defanged. It's shock value diffused away. I probed it. What would it be like? It was at once weirdly scary and kind of hot. Like contemplating a high wire act, the daring of it, and knowing the risk of a fatal fall.

Maybe, I thought to myself. Maybe, a gift to both of them. Then a shiver went through me. A deep rejection at the thought.

Deep down, I was just too insecure. My issue, not hers or his.

But yeah, no. No way.

I understood my emotional limits. We could joke about it, but it wouldn't ever happen.

"Does it bother you?" he asked curiously.

"What?"

His question had jarred my thoughts. I wasn't sure what he was asking.

"That... You know." His hand waved aimlessly. "That she prefers... That... umm. Mine."

I shivered on the inside. I shook my head slowly. I wanted to just call bullshit. But instinctively, I knew I'd just sound defensive and insecure. He was just so absolutely sure and confident, it was hard to argue. And... I'd seen how eager she was with him, how responsive. I was trapped, I thought, my insecurity raging. I sighed. Bit the bullet.

"I don't know," I said carefully. "The thing with life, is that you can't be everything, you compare yourself. There's always someone taller than you. Or faster. Or smarter. Even where you excel, there's always going to be someone better at it. Even if you're the very top, you're only the top in this one thing, and everywhere else... you're ordinary."

"The world's greatest mathematician," I said, "okay, that's pretty great. But next to him is a guy who speaks ten languages. And next to them is a world class sprinter. Or a poker player. Or a seven foot tall basketball player. Or someone who makes an incredible souffle. Or plays the spoons. You can't be the best at everything, there's always going to be others that exceed you, are better than you."

I shrugged. You have to work these things out.

"So yeah," I said, "you're bigger than me. I accept that."

I didn't really have any choice, come right down to it. Even if I didn't like it, it didn't matter.

"Only by a couple of inches," Leroy smirked.

"Asshole!" I replied affectionately.

I took a breath. Honesty time. Get it done.

“You fuck her better than I do. I see that, I can’t pretend that I don’t. I mean, she’s just louder with you, hard to miss. She’s just louder. That’s awkward to say out loud. But I’ve seen it, I’ve watched it, we all, the three of us know it. That’s... I admit.. I had trouble...”

My voice trailed off.

I still had trouble. It was what it was, you have to recognize these things. Even if you’re not necessarily a thousand per cent comfortable.

“But fuck,” I continued, “you’re a fucking porn star. You’re a sex Olympian. I can’t even begin... the places you’ve been, the things you’ve done, women you’ve been with, the things you’ve learned, hell, the whole thing! Of course, you’re out of my league, Christ, the life you’ve lived!”

“What am I going to do?” I asked. “Be an asshole about it? Am I an asshole when I see someone on the street and they’re three inches taller than me? Should I be an asshole if someone plays B-ball better than me? Or can play a bass guitar? It’s just what it is. Deal with it. Try and be better, learn from it. What’s the point of being jealous, or fucking myself up over something, you know?”

“As long as I’m in the game, you know,” I said. I felt a little nervous. “Like in B-ball. As long as I’m in the game, a player. I don’t have to be the tallest, or the best. I’d just like to think I’m in the game.”

“You’re in the game, my friend,” Leroy said soberly. “Definitely in the game, a player.”

That genuinely made me feel better. Respect. I appreciated that. Hell, I needed it. In the back of my mind, Kayley’s secret lovers kept slipping in.

Leroy had pointed it out, he hadn’t meant it the way I found myself taking it. She’d sat with them, flirted with them, made dates, all the time I was watching like a fucking idiot... and later, without telling me, she’d fucked some of them.

Maybe most.

Fuck, I needed to stop thinking about it.

He was staring at me. I found it hard to look at him.

“Admirable,” he said quietly, there was something in his voice. “Really admirable. You’re a good man, Sam. A better man than me, and that’s the truth.”

I blushed, awkwardly.

“So yeah,” I said. “Okay, so you’re better at that than me. What am I going to do? Pout? I’m still good. We’re still good. We still have what we have, Kayley and I...”

He nodded.

“That’s brave, Sam,” he said. “You’re really brave to be able to talk about it. I just want to say, you’re safe with me. I got you, brother.”

I shrugged, uneasily.

“Yeah well,” he said, “it is what it is.

I nodded. We both drank beer.

“This got too fucking real,” Leroy said. “Look, thanks for being so... vulnerable. I appreciate what it took. You really are a good man, a better man than me. Kayley knows it.”

“It’s just...” I said, “when the three of us are together... Sometimes it feels like it’s the two of you only. I feel pushed out. It bugs me. I try to be cool. But... It’s tough. Hard not to feel resentful. I don’t like it, sometime.”

He laughed suddenly, deliberately breaking the tension.

“Fuck man!” Leroy chuckled, his grin was tight, almost feral, “you have that pussy on call twenty-four-seven, three hundred and sixty five days, three sixty degrees. You’re swimming in that Olympic-class pussy. Me, I’m in the fucking desert. Like once in a while, I get a chance to get in there? Of course I’m going to get as much as I can! Holy shit! Can you blame me?”

We laughed a little.

“Yeah,” he said. “I got you, though. I go overboard. I admit it, she’s just so fucking hot. I can’t help it.”

“I understand, but...”

“I’ll try and tone it down,” he agreed. “No promises.”

“Just a little more respectful,” I told him. I felt some relief, no denial, no defensiveness, just acceptance and recognition. “A little less pushy.”

He nodded.

“I’ll try.”

“Dude,” I said, “two minutes ago, you were talking about how much you want to bang her for a week solid and have me make do with a couple of hand jobs. You are such an asshole!”

He laughed, and I laughed too with him.

“I am!” he admitted. “I am, I can’t help it. I’m trying.”

“Full time!” I said. “Full time asshole. Hermano, back the fuck off sometimes. Seriously.”

“No you’re right,” he said, “you’re absolutely right. But I just want to say, I did. I did try.”

I nodded.

“Yeah,” I replied. “That’s true. I give you that credit. But still...”

“You just say it man, when I step over,” he said, “you call me on it. Go ahead. Let me know. But also, it works both ways. Just... give me a little slack, you know. Hard for a leopard to change his spots overnight. You got to let the stallion have his head, you know?”

I nodded.

“Yeah,” I said’ “I got that. We’ll work out. Find a balance. I’ll give you, you give me.”

“Hermanos.”

“For sure.”

“That’s all I ask,” I said. “I want to be in there too, you know. It’s like I feel pushed out sometime. Not cool.”

“I’ll do my best.”

“Also,” I said, emboldened, “that thing, where you finger her while I’m fucking her.”

“Oh yeah,” he smiled, “she loves that, girls go wild.”

“I found it... distracting. It really throws me off. Just jamming against your knuckles. It throws us both.”

He nodded.

“I could see that,” he said, “I usually focus on the girl when I do that, I always ask. But yeah, I could see it. I’ll be more respectful, and next time, I’ll ask you too.”

“Okay, thanks.”

I swallowed.

“And that thing where you touched my balls?” It had crossed the line. I needed to establish.

He looked sly and mischievous.

“Liked that, uh?” he grinned. “I’ll tell you, first time it happened to me, this party in Mexico. I shot like a rocket. Didn’t even have it in the girl yet. Love it. Right moment? Fucking amazing.”

He clapped me on the shoulder.

“Next time, my turn! You do it for me! I’m holding you to it.”

“Yeah,” I said carefully, “I’m not really into it.”

“So you won’t do it for me,” Leroy asked. “Okay if I can do it for you, but you won’t. Not fair, man.”

“No,” I said, “I didn’t ask. It’s just... touching each other’s balls, it’s weird.”

“We got a woman right there with us!”

“Weird for me.”

He regarded me levelly, and nodded.

“Okay,” he said. “You got that weird thing, right. Not comfortable with your body. I crossed a line, didn’t I?”

“I’m sorry,” I said, suddenly, I felt like an asshole. “It’s me.”

He shrugged.

“You don’t have to apologize for the way you are, Man,” he said gently.

I still felt like an asshole.

“I’ll try...” I said helplessly. “I’ll try to be better.”

He nodded, then he leaned over, and whispered in my ear.

“Just one question, you don’t have to answer out loud - did it make you come really hard? Did you like it?”

I blushed and nodded shyly. He laughed gently.

He pointed a finger at me.

“You thought I was going to be a real asshole about all this stuff, like a genuine asshole, a jerk?”

I took a nervous breath.

“Oh,” I said, “sort of, a little. I was a little worried about how to bring it up.”

“Hermanos,” he said, “I know what I’m like. I’m a little much. I cross the lines a little. I go overboard. I don’t like it, I don’t want to do it to you. I’m working on it.”

“I appreciate that,” I said.

“It’s just hard, like to break the pattern,” he said. He started telling me this story from his porn star days. This threesome he had, with a fabulous male co star, where they started one upping each other over the girl, until they were practically in a fistfight. He had me laughing.

“It’s tough,” he said, “I don’t want to fuck it up with you too. I’m working on it, I’ll get there. Just... meet me half way.”

“Of course,” I said. “I understand, no worries. Of course you get slack, we’ll get there, where we want to be, together.”

“Thanks man,” he reached out, and we joined hands.

“Woo!” He said. “That’s a relief, right?”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

It was a relief. I didn’t know how to bring things up, or what to expect. It was amazing, we’d covered some fucked up country. Like how much better a lover than me he was, or his desire to have Kayley to himself for a few weeks. Things that bothered me about our threesomes. Even my body-touch insecurity. But somehow, we’d managed to be okay talking about it. I was surprisingly calm and unthreatened.

I guess that’s genuine friendship, right?

“I wasn’t thrilled, but it’s for the best we put the brakes on for a bit. It’s probably a good thing you two decided together to take a break from this thing we’re doing. We’re going too fast. Better to take it careful,” Leroy said thoughtfully.

Something odd about the way he said it, I frowned a little, chasing the thought. There!

“I didn’t uhh... decide. We didn’t talk about it. I’m not sure...”

He looked thoughtful.

“Not a mutual decision? You guys didn’t talk about it? She just decided and told you?”

I felt myself blushing.

“Uhh... yeah, I guess.”

He considered that, nodded carefully, and drank some beer.

“It’s not a bad decision,” he said diplomatically, “It’s the right thing, I think. I’m sure if you guys had talked, you would have agreed...”

“Yeah,” I said awkwardly.

“That girl,” he said mildly, “she knows her own mind. She knows what she wants, then she does it.”

A sleazy grin came over Leroy’s face, he got a far off look, remembering.

“What a fucking night that was, eh?” He said, changing the topic suddenly. Had he sensed

my discomfort? Regardless, I accepted the swerve with relief. “Just fucking amazing. I swear, I been around, but you guys... Fucking her on the dining room table, one after the other. Fucking amazing. And that lingerie show she did? Holy shit.”

He shook his head. I nodded. Then he barked a laugh.

“You know what,” he said, “I fucking almost busted my gut when she asked you if it was in yet. I couldn’t believe it.”

He started laughing, I chuckled along, blushing a little.

“Did you put her up to that?” I asked.

“Me? No! Holy shit! I’d never. Only women can be castrating like that!”

I nodded, forcing a chuckle.

“You got her back though,” he said, cheerfully, “you pounded the bitch so hard, I thought the table was going to collapse.”

He held up a finger.

“And you called her a bitch!” His voice was full of admiration, and despite the awkwardness, I appreciated it.

“I feel bad about that,” I admitted. Despite the warmth of his approval.

“You’re too nice,” he said. “She had it coming. Fucking emasculating bullshit. Some whore asks me if its in? You’ll see what I call her. You did right.”

He reached out his hand, and we slapped palms.

“I suppose.”

“Just the whole night,” he said wonderingly. “It was amazing. Everything was just perfect. Everything. The kitchen...”

“It was great working in the kitchen with you,” I said, “it was a like a revelation. A learning experience.”

“We weren’t just making a meal,” he said. “We were making art together. A rare experience.”

He pressed two fingers to his lips and flung them out in a french air kiss, “Magnifique!”

“It was great,” I replied. He was right. The whole night, every part of it had been amazing. I felt almost churlish to complain about some of the time he’d been a little too strong. It’s like I had just been giving notes, like some nit picking dick. God, I was such an insecure asshole. He was absolutely right, it had been a great night.

“Your girl,” he said, “insatiable. I gotta ask, how do you get any sleep at night? She kept climbing on top of me, all night. She just doesn’t stop!”

“She’s something,” I agreed. I blushed a little. She didn’t climb on me in the middle of the night. “Insatiable little cock whore.”

He laughed, and we slapped palms.

“That she is,” he said, “never get between Kayley and a hard cock.”

He leaned back, regarding me levelly.

“It was good sleeping over, but too rushed that morning. We should all have gone for breakfast together.”

He paused.

“You guys made out okay, afterwards. Everything good.”

“Oh yeah,” I assured him. Everything had been a rush that morning, and after, coming back from work, life had just moved on, we hadn’t really cuddled and decompressed from it after. It all just carried on. But that was okay.

“Good,” Leroy said, there was something quiet about him. Something serious.

“What about you, Sam? Are YOU okay?”

“Uhm... yeah,” I said. “I’m good.”

“And the two of you,” he asked. “You and her? Okay?”

I nodded.

“We’re good,” I assured him.

He thought about that, and finally nodded back.

“All right, just checking,” he paused. “Just making sure.” He paused again. “Your girl, amazing woman, fucking hot as a pistol, but...”

I knew what he wouldn’t say. Whatever it was that had come out at the cuck sessions, that terrifying cruelty. And now, the train of secret fucks of those earlier guys. Kayley had a wild, untamed side, and I loved it. But it could be terrifying, we were both seeing it.

“Yeah,” I agreed.

“Yeah,” he said finally.

He took a breath.

“You need someone, you need to talk... you come to me.”

“Won’t be necessary,” I said. “We’re good.”

He nodded curtly.

We finished our beer quietly.

“Hey,” the girl had walked up to us, “mind if I join you? It’s fucking boring here, and you guys look crunchy.”

&&&

She grinned at us, showing slightly crooked teeth, and thin lips with really dark lipstick. Her hair was black and cut short, almost clinging to her skull, and she had an incongruous line of freckles across her cheeks that climbed up the bridge of her nose.

Up close, she had full breasts in a low cut top that exposed her belly, I could see the straps of a bra straining to hold them. Yeah, she had tits and she was intent on using them. She wore tight jeans, practically painted on, expensively ripped, with dark stockings underneath. Her body was thick and muscular, almost rubenesque, with a kind of go go energy.

“I’m Cherry, by the way,” she said, full of confidence. “Like the bomb.”

I glanced at Leroy. He looked back at me for a second, then spread his arms.

“Mi casa su casa! Welcome to our table!” Leroy said, and pulled out a chair, and Cherry, almost with a curtsey, settled into it.

“So,” she asked Leroy, “which one of you assholes is going to buy me a drink?”

Leroy chuckled and held up two fingers, for another round. The bartender nodded and brought over a pitcher and three glasses.

“Fuck,” Cherry said. “This place is dead. What are you guys doing here?”

Leroy shrugged.

“Sam and I are just talking, working through some stuff, that’s all.”

She turned to regard me levelly, smirking.

“Oh yeah,” she asked? “Money, sex or work?”

“Uhm...”

“Why do you think it’s one of those three,” Leroy asked, clearly amused.

Cherry shrugged.

“Men aren’t complicated,” she said, “it always comes down to one of the three. Too much or not enough.”

She looked at me.

“Work sucks?”

“No,” I answered.

She nodded. “You guys don’t look hard up for money. So... sex? Girlfriend stepping out on you?”

She laughed openly at my sudden startled expression, I felt my face burning.

“Fuck,” she said, “got it in one!”

“It’s more complicated than that,” Leroy said. The pitcher arrived. Leroy poured us all fresh beers as he spoke. “Sam and his girl are sort of swinging with me, and it turns out she kind of got a head start.”

“With you?” she asked, looking him up and down with naked interest.

“No–” Leroy began.

“Look,” I interrupted hotly, “I’m not really comfortable with this. Can we change the subject?”

Cherry had the decency to look chastened, ‘Sorry, guy. I was just asking. I didn’t mean anything.”

“Well,” Leroy broke in, “sex is always a good topic. How’s your sex life? You getting any?”

Cherry smiled at him.

“I do okay,” she grinned. “You know what they say, a hard man is good to find. “ She glanced at me. “Or hard men?”

Leroy laughed.

“I think she’s just what we needed,” Leroy chuckled. His hand drifted down below the table, to rest on her thigh. She didn’t react.

“That’s Mae West,” I said. “Here’s another - on being told a tall guy was six feet seven, she said she didn’t mind the six feet, but she was interested in the seven inches.”

Cherry laughed, shifting so that her feet brushed Leroy.

“Oh,” she said, “he’s got surprises. I may not be safe with you naughty gentleman.”

“You’re completely safe with us,” Leroy replied. “Safe as you want to be.”

“Which isn’t safe at all...”

I leaned back, watching them banter and flirt back and forth. The conversation rolled around, from random small talk, but it always came back to sex. She teased a little more about me and Kayley, and our threesomes with Leroy. In turn, she let slip about a few adventures of her own, bisexuality, threesomes, a bachelor party stripper.

Mainly, she was a party girl, going to raves, dressing up, getting hammered. I wasn’t part of that scene, but I knew some of the music, and we bantered bands back and forth. I enjoyed that, Leroy was older than either of us, and not as connected to our contemporary music niches.

But always, the conversation turned back to sex. She grinned, she sparkled, she thrust her breasts out, or ran her fingers along the back of Leroy’s hand, ignoring but receptive to his touches on her thigh or shoulder. Beneath the table, their feet brushed, sliding against each other.

She sparkled a little extra when she looked at him.

Jealous much, Sam?

Leroy flirts with a girl, and I’m jealous. I have a wife at home who loves me, and I’m jonesing the chunky raver girl with too much make-up in front of me. Asshole. It’s a wife who fucks around? Okay, but even as I thought it, I knew that was just an excuse for being a dog. I’m jealous that she’s into him.

I tried a little harder, injecting myself into the conversation more. I got smiles, we laughed. When I made a joke about a band we knew she leaned forward, touching my hand, cleavage on display. I felt myself sparkle. Not hard or anything gross, but just feeling positive.

I guess I’d been sexually battered a lot lately, what with the nightmarish cuck sessions, and just feeling so outclassed. It was nice to flirt, and feel genuine interest, a genuine touch. It was validating.

Leroy caught our momentary chemistry and smiled in approval. I felt better about that too. He wasn’t jealous.

“I dunno, Sam,” she smiled, stroking my arm, “am I missing something? If you were mine, I’d ride you around like a pony.”

“We have fun.”

“You should have more.”

“I keep telling Sam that,” Leroy said. “You strike me as a fun girl. A carnival ride. Tilt, whirl and ferris wheel. Tasty as cotton candy.”

She grinned, and almost threw her leg over his. I was forgotten again.

“You like to ride?” she purred. “Or do you like to eat.... sweet things.”

“I like to do everything. I bet you’d like my candy apple,” he said. “Put your tongue all over it.”

“I like candy,” she said, “the lickable kind. How about you, do you like pie?”

Leroy laughed.

“I wouldn’t mind getting a some of your pie.”

Her smile, as she turned it on him, was saucy, teasing. This wasn’t the first time that Leroy had made a pass. But at this moment, she seemed I could see under the table, her foot pushing against his.

“You would, would you?”

“I would.”

“It’s a very sweet pie,” she told us. “Men... and women... go wild for my pie.”

“I’d go for a slice right now,” Leroy said. “I’d give you big thick slice of my candy apple.”

“You got big slices?” She was flirting now, attention entirely on Leroy. My brow furrowed, the metaphor had changed, still silly double entendres, but now the focus changed. “I like big slices for my pie, bigger the better.”

“I got a slice big enough for both of us,” he told her.

She laughed.

“Okay,” she said, “this is going to be fun. Where?”

“Both of us,” Leroy said.

Surprised, she glanced at me.

“Both?”

“I think you got enough pie to go around. You were just telling him, he needs some fun.”

She regarded me levelly.

“He’s married.”

“And his wife fucks around behind his back,” Leroy said. I felt a jolt of humiliation.

“Okay,” she acknowledged. “Two guys though. I dunno.”

“It’s okay,” I said awkwardly, I didn’t need this. It was fun watching them flirt, and even

flirting myself with her. But this might be too much of a step. It was one thing to see Leroy being a hound, but I wasn't comfortable going in. The thing with Blaze had been something like an accident. This would be a choice. "I don't need to. You two–"

Leroy fixed me with a sleazy grin, but underneath the light friendliness, there was something harder.

"Balance the scales, hermano," he insisted. "You have to balance the scales, or it don't work."

I almost hiccupped. I hesitated. I knew exactly what he meant. That didn't make it right. But maybe it did? It was so fucking confusing.

"Do it," Leroy said. "Be your own man."

"I'm in," I said.

Cherry frowned.

"I thought your name was Sam?" she demanded, suspicious.

"Hermanos," Leroy told her, "Spanish for brothers. This man is my brother. Brothers from different mothers, but I love him like one. We share it all. I love him."

Leroy paused.

"We come out of two different pussies, but both go into the same pussy, if that don't make us brothers, I don't know what does."

Cherry laughed out loud at that.

"Spanish pussy?" she asked. "Never mind," She seemed to think it over, then she shrugged. "Yeah, okay. Why not?"

"Where?" she asked. "Either of you have a place close by. Private? I don't want anyone walking in and freaking out,"

A not so subtle dig at me. Fair enough, though.

"Women's toilet," Leroy said. "Let's go fast and dirty."

She glanced over in the direction of the washrooms, then stared for a second, thinking it over.

"Big fucking spender. What if someone walks in?" Cherry asked.

Leroy grinned.

"Around here?" he laughed. "There's hardly any women. We're safe. Besides, girl from around here walks in on us, she's more likely to start taking pictures than complain.

Cherry stared at him, smirking, chewing her lip, and then she glanced speculatively at me. Finally, she stretched in her chair, arched her back to push her breasts out.

“Sure,” she said, her voice became defiant. “Sure, let’s do it.”

“Jesus Christ!” I said.

They looked at me.

“How do you do it? I mean, fuck man, how do you do it? What’s your secret?”

Cherry looked at Leroy, he looked at her. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders.

“I just ask.”