The Truth Shall Get You Off (Part Two)

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Mar 2011

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Secret Agent Joy Christie and her partner are in a “hard” situation at the hands of an old foe.

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John kissed me with a hunger I didn't expect and his fingers roamed my flesh. He was claiming me. He gracefully lifted my leg, removing any space between us as our lower bodies molded into one. His chest fitted against my hard nipples, his hard cock tickled my wet pussy. Then he was lifting me in the air. I was wrapped around him with his hands gripped my ass. His mouth was driving me over the edge, and setting off every one of my senses.

He easily walked me over to the bed. He laid me across it and began to lick my neck, his hands sliding over me, discovering the landscape of my body.

"Sorry, it had to be like this," he whispered to me.

I couldn't respond, my sense was overtaken by John and nothing else existed. His mouth, his hands, his body, his masculine musk, his hard throbbing dick. Gimme, gimme, please, please, more, more, more. His fingers found me soaking wet, and needy.

"Joy. Look at me," he said. And I did. The intensity increased – we were in this together, whatever happened.

He kissed what seemed like every inch of skin, while his thumb circled my swollen clit. I held onto strong arms, scared I would lose total control. I couldn't stop my moaning and whimpering. I also couldn't help but look over at Soren. He had finally moved, sitting forward, obviously turned on but also managing to look angry. Well, we're doing what he wanted. Which turned out to be what we also

wanted.

John took a nipple between his teeth and massaged it with his tongue. He sucked and played with them until they were sore and tender and stroke my pussy until the first tremors of hard orgasm was on my horizon. Then he kissed his way down and begin to lick my clit like my pussy was his last meal. Fireworks were being created with that tongue of his until it was The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and friggin' Christmas and I was cumming hard enough to celebrate all the holidays combined. The sensation reached all the way down to the tips of my toes and gripped the bed linen in desperation for support that wasn't available.

And I'm not quiet when I have a orgasm.

My noise turned John on more than before and he was furiously kissing me and smiling down at me. Then he was entered me while I was still having the orgasm. The aftershocks of it contracted around his cock sending him into bliss. Slowly he begin to fuck me, his tanned skin colliding with the sweet brown of mine, the sounds and smells of pure sex - the slapping of skin against skin surrounded us. Soren was now standing and looking out the window.

Huh?! Was he jealous? Bored? Insane? I think we're putting on a damn good show. It certainly felt beyond good.

John turned onto his back. I climbed on top of him (He was always for equal opportunity). He held my waist while I enthusiastically rode him. I knew what the hell I was doing, my ass and hips working overtime, and I was contracting my walls around his cock. Soren was watching me now, transfixed. Eventually John began to spasm and until he was having his own happy ending.

"My God, Joy," he whispered, catching is breath. He covered me with a throw blanket from the bed.

I look around the room. Marcus and Curly were still intently jacking off and Yelena was still pleasuring herself. Soren came over and sat on the bed.

"Well, I'm speechless," Soren said, simply.

Yelena slinked over to us. She was by John, taking her clothes off revealing her hourglass figure, milky skin, and rose colored tipped tits. She leaned in and kissed the side of my face and then brought her lips to mine.

"Not now, Yelena. Take care of him," Soren said, impatiently.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me off the bed. I looked back to see a naked Yelena climbing on John. Soren had me sit with him on the fancy white couch that was across the room, against the wall. We could see everyone from there. He had his arm around me, but only stared ahead and made no moves on me. I was a bit confused.

But Marcus and Curly occupied my mind. They were passionately, roughly kissing, grabbing each others hair in some heighten frenzy. I found myself getting turned on again. They quickly got undressed and their dicks rubbed together as they continue kissing. Curly got on his knees and began assaulting Marcus cock with his mouth. Marcus' head went back in a show of pure ecstasy, his stance dominant. Soren was watching me. I don't know what he was expecting or looking for. He began to nuzzle the side of my neck.

"You want to join them?" He asked me.

Marcus was looking at me now, while Curly continued to accommodate his prick. He really was hot as hell, in spite of him being a scum sucking pig. I watched as his lips formed a word in silence.

Joy.

I turned my head in disgust. But the view on the other side was no better. Yelena was sucking John's cock on the bed we'd just fucked on. I couldn't see his face, but I didn't have to ask if he was enjoying it. He was a hot-blooded male and breathing, after all.

Soren unwrapped the blanket I had wrapped around me, and parted my legs. His hand perused the flesh of my inner thigh.

"Have I ever told you how much I love your skin?"

"I could take that as racist, sweetheart," I teased.

"Because I appreciate something that's such apart of you? Joy, it's like pure chocolate. Do you taste as sweet as you look? Don't answer. I'll find out soon enough."

Suddenly, Marcus was in front of us. He held his hand out to me. I looked at Soren. He wasn't stopping him. And really, why should I care what he thinks? Being with two men was a fantasy I hadn't explored yet. John was busily fucking Yelena, her screams filling the room.

I went with him.

Marcus lead me over to the empty bed, where Curly was waiting. Marcus turned me to face him and began kissing me eagerly. His hands were on my ass. He was a hateful traitor but a generous kisser, to my surprise. His touch was welcomed by my slutty skin. Curly pressed against me from the back, kissing my back and caressing me, his hard-on pushing into my ass. I'm sure he was enjoying this more than being hit by John earlier.

God help me, I melted between these two eager men like we were a grilled cheese sandwich. Marcus gave Curly a quick non-verbal cue and he left Marcus and I alone. Not missing a beat, he sat in the chair near the bed and promptly began stroking his stiff pole. What did Marcus have in store for me?

We sat down and he looked at me with a mixture lust and awe, we began to kiss again. We backed onto the bed. Leaning forward, balanced on his strong arms, he sexed me with his mouth only, even batting my hand away when I went to touch him. His huge, pink tongue made me long for some licking action between my legs. I began touching my throbbing mound, my clit was so sensitive I thought I would come before Marcus laid a hand on me. I was involuntarily moaning into his mouth and he echoed my elation.

"I want to watch you play," he said, his eyes hooded with lust.

I moved back a bit, brought my legs up so he could see my bald, proud pussy. He longingly placed his palm on my hand, traced his way down and pushed his fingers deep inside my entryway. When he released his fingers he enthusiastically licked them, with a satisfied moan.

'Goddammit. So tasty."

I positioned my body so that my head was at the foot of the bed. I began playing with my large tits, and used my fingertips to circle my nipples as I looked back at Marcus. With my legs open wide for his view he could see every inch of me. I moaned loudly. The squishy, sloppy sounds of Curly playing with his meat were exciting me. Having someone watch me masturbate had been a fantasy and the reality was even hotter than I expected. Marcus crawled over to me, and nipped at my knees, my thighs, bringing himself close but not interrupting me. I rode the wet velvet of my feminine folds and explored the gushy wetness inside, finally peaking until I had a deep, dark orgasm.

"Come for me, baby."

Fuck you, Marcus, I thought. And then I did.

He willed me to flip over and rammed his hard baton into me. Fucking me hard, he'd lost all cool and was going at me, deep and furious.

"You like this Joy?"

"God, Joy you feel so good."

Curly had been waiting long enough. Marcus pulled me up and backward so that Curly had access to my breasts and he began to ravish my sweet girls with his cock. Then he was kissing me, sweetly, like he was my boyfriend on a date. Marcus continued to fuck my pussy from behind, while I kissed Curly and handled his dick in my hand.

Marcus finally came, distributing his hot liquid all over my backside and back. Curly leaned back and I looked down at his eager face that still had the bruise from the fight with John.

"I've seen you with Soren many times. You're beautiful. He's a lucky man."

I couldn't help but look up at Soren for the first time since I'd been with Marcus and Curly. He didn't look happy, again, at a situation he created. He was as still as a deer sensing danger, and I was amazed at his patience. This had to be turning him on. Last time I checked he had a cock, and what a cock from what I felt. I sent him an air kiss and began to ride Curly, slowly, feeling every inch of him, gratified by how turned on he was by my movement while watching Soren. Meanwhile, Curly verbally ejaculated in my ear.

"Oh my God, Oh my God..."

I had three men in rapt attention. Marcus wasn't out of the action and was now preoccupied with my ass and I soon realized why. I felt his hard-on poking my buttcheeks. I realized he was about to actually enter my asshole, something I've never let anyone do before. His entry was painful, and I cried out from the feel of it. But I didn't make him stop. I was having my first double-penetration and to my relief, the pain eventually gave away to an intense pleasure I had never experienced before. The combination of the two throbbing dicks inside of me, in both of my holes, the two tongues licking my skin, and the two sets of hands gripping me in violent pursuit of satisfaction, sent me reeling and I was loudly having the longest, most intense orgasm of my life.

I don't know who came first. We were a threesome covered in sweat, musk, cum and the euphoria of fucking.

What a strange day this was. I was tired, too tired to allow real or detailed comprehension of what I had allowed myself to do. Just how sore I would be later? I almost wanted to laugh at how insane this whole thing had turned out to be. Talk about sleeping with the enemy. The irony that struck me the

most was that I had been celibate, by my choice, for a whole year after my last cheating boyfriend. And here I was going to town on three cocks so far in one day. Not a usual day for me at all.

Was it the serum Soren had given us or my real, true self at play here? Maybe, a bit of both.

Soren was suddenly upon us. The guys immediately backed off like scared little rabbits. Soren barely gave them a look. He gave me the blanket to wrap myself and grabbed my hand. He was leading me out of the room. I took a look back at John, he was still busy with Ms. Sweden. I know I had no right, but a fireball of jealously hit me.

What the hell were we doing here?

"Could I have something to drink?" I suddenly realized how thirsty and hungry I was. I hadn't eaten in hours.

"Sure. Anything for you. But first..." Soren began in his "all-business and no-bullshit" voice. Not a hint of his usual playfulness and sarcasm. I remembered the rare occasion where I witnessed him using that voice. My stomach dropped like a stone in a pond.

I was in big trouble.

(End of Part II: To Be Continued...)