

Steven's Dream

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42611808) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42611808>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Moon Knight (TV 2022)
Relationship:	Layla El-Faouly/Steven Grant/Marc Spector
Characters:	Layla El-Faouly , Steven Grant (Marvel) , Marc Spector
Additional Tags:	Dream Sex , Ass Play , Rimming , Cunnilingus , Non-Penetrative Sex , Embarrassed Steven Grant , Grumpy Marc Spector , Top Layla El-Faouly , Steven Grant and Marc Spector Share a Body , Dom Marc Spector , Sub Steven Grant (Marvel) , Oral Sex , Blow Jobs , Masturbation , Dirty Talk , Enthusiastic Consent , Spanking
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Moon System one-shots
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-25 Words: 2,033 Chapters: 1/1

Steven's Dream

by [FuriousD](#)

Summary

Steven dreams of Layla and Marc double-teaming him.

Notes

loosely inspired by the SNL skit "Aidy's Dream"

"I'm so nervous! I can't believe she asked me out!" Steven squealed. He buttoned his shirt as he looked in on Gus.

"Neither can I," Marc grumbled, pouting from the reflection on Gus' tank.

"Me!" Steven muttered, as if in confidence with Gus. "A loser and a fool!"

Marc snorted but before he could snark, there was a knock at the door. Steven startled with a yelp.

"How do I look?" He anxiously asked Gus, who seemed deeply uninterested in the whole affair.

"Like a loser and a fool," Marc quipped.

Steven nevertheless jumped to answer the door, his hair mussed and collar popped.

Steven had to pick his jaw up off the floor seeing Layla standing there in a strapless black dress, her hair pulled up and gold jewelry draped over her collarbone. She grinned at him and entered the flat like it might have been her own.

It was strange- her, a goddess, here, in his messy flat. Steven trembled. Marc was hot, and Steven felt him growling inside.

"Wow!" Steven giggled nervously. "Wow! God, you look amazing."

Layla smiled and blushed, her eyes twinkling.

Wow- Steven thought. He was stunned beyond his capacity. He couldn't move. Everything felt like a dream.

Marc's thoughts had quickly taken a decidedly seedier direction. *Let's stay in*, he muttered. *I don't need dinner. I need her.*

Steven gulped. "Uh- um- oh, sorry, I-"

Layla gave him a soft smile as if to say, *don't be nervous*.

"I'm just, uh, still trying to get dressed, I think! Sorry."

"It's okay, Steven. You look good."

Steven nearly fainted as Layla reached out to fix his collar.

Kiss her- Marc hissed, and fought Steven for the front.

"Ah!" Steven jumped and turned away quickly.

Layla looked concerned. "Oh, are you okay? Steven?"

"Yeah- just, uh, Marc and I are having a disagreement-"

Layla side-eyed them and sat down on the foot of the bed. "Oh. Is it about me?"

"No, no-" Steven muttered, dazed.

Marc had started barking just seeing Layla in proximity of the bed.

"Do you want to tell me what's going on, guys?" She asked.

"Marc wants to stay in-" Steven gasped.

"Oh," she said. "What do you want, Steven?"

"I don't know. I mean, I'm nervous. But I had psyched myself up to go, I guess."

Steven turned to the mirror, looking at himself done up meticulously. "Feels like a waste to go through all that and not go out."

"Maybe we can find a compromise," Layla mused. She threw Marc a sideways glance in the mirror. Getting a view of Steven from behind, she muttered, "damn, I missed that ass."

"Layla-" Marc groaned.

"Marc?" She answered.

"Layla?" Steven chirped in surprise.

"Steven-" Marc's tone was slightly threatening.

"Marc?" Steven floundered. "What?" He asked Layla, confused.

Layla coughed and chuckled. "You okay, Steven?"

"Yeah. Yeah, of course."

Oh, fuck, look at her, Steven. She wants us- Marc panted.

*I'm trying **not** to look at her, Marc!*

Steven sighed, turning away from Layla, but he could still see her in the mirror, and in the reflection he saw Marc turning back to her. He was ready to go to his knees for her.

"Marc!" Steven shouted, turning again.

Layla sat patiently. She had thoughtfully flattened her grin, her lips pressed tight.

"Steven," she said, in the tone that reminded him of Marc. "Bring that ass over here." She beckoned him forward. "Sit in my lap. Right now."

Marc started to wrench control of the body away, moving Steven's legs without him.

"I've got it, I can do it, Marc!" Steven whined, shaking one leg out. "I want to!"

Layla didn't hide her smile anymore.

Steven gasped as he turned his back to her and sat. He groaned and shivered to feel Layla's firm thighs underneath him. She stroked his lower back and teased his thigh.

"Oh-" Steven moaned. Marc grinned.

Layla wrapped her arms around him and nuzzled her face to his neck. "Doesn't that feel good?" She asked, her voice husky and leading. She kissed his jaw.

"Ooh!" Steven moaned and whined. *Oh, no. Oh, bloody hell, no, not now-*

*Yes, **now** , Steven!* Marc insisted.

Steven squirmed, and that only made the situation worse. *Nooo*, he whined. He'd never been so embarrassed in his life. *I can't. I respect Layla!*

So do I, Steven. So give her what she wants!

Steven gasped. Layla's hand on his thigh was gripping his ass now, kneading the fat indulgently.

"I'm so embarrassed-" Steven gasped, hiding his face in his hands.

Layla kissed his cheek and felt the heat of his blush. "It's okay. You're cute when you're embarrassed."

Steven giggled anxiously. "You like it?" He asked.

"Yeah." Layla nuzzled her nose to his cheek and kissed behind his ear.

"Oh, Layla-"

Layla continued playing with his ass and slowly slid a hand between his knees.

"I-uh-" he rubbed his thighs nervously. "I'm really hard."

Layla smiled. "Good. May I?"

Steven nodded with a whimper.

Layla tilted Steven's face into a kiss, and her hand moved up along his thighs.

"You're doing great, Steven." Marc was behind him, nuzzling his neck.

"Marc-" Steven gasped.

"Is he watching us?" Layla asked.

Steven bit his lip and nodded. "Yeah, he's here."

"Does he wanna play, too?" Layla asked, in a dark and seductive voice that made Steven shiver.

"He likes-" Steven moaned. "He likes watching you play with me."

Layla chuckled. She kissed Steven's neck. "Yeah, I'll bet he does. So, what should I do with him, Marc?"

"Make him bend over," Marc replied, suddenly eclipsing Steven. "Spank him until he begs for you."

"Damn, Marc." Layla bit her lip, impressed at her husband's decisiveness. "Okay, Steven," she encouraged. "You heard him. Bend over and show me that ass."

"Layla-" Steven whimpered as he stood, knees trembling.

"Mmmm-mm. So beautiful." She framed Steven's ass cheeks in her hands, squeezing them in delight. Then she took him by the hips and guided him to turn and lean over the bed.

Steven felt oddly safe when he could hide his blush inside a pillow, or with his face pressed to the mattress. When he could bite or clutch at the bedsheets, it somehow freed him to follow his desires more confidently.

Layla's perfect hands smoothed over Steven's generous curves. She gave him small, playful swats. He moaned for her. He wanted more. So much more.

"Layla!"

Steven gathered the bedspread into a cushion for his body, holding it tightly beneath him. He bit into it with his cries, drooling. He trembled knowing he was going to stain his expensive trousers. He fretted for too long over whether to mention it.

"Baby, you're all wet-" Marc and Layla gushed in tandem.

Layla's hand rubbed his taint, fondling his balls held within the slacks. Marc's thumb teased Steven's bottom lip and he sucked it eagerly.

"Ready to give me your ass, Steven?"

"Yes! Layla, please! Ruin me, Layla! You can do whatever you want. My ass belongs to you, Layla!"

"Oh, Steven. Such a sweet boy."

Steven swore he could feel Marc's hands stroking his back through the suit jacket while Layla tugged the slacks down to his knees.

"Oh, Layla!" Steven cried as he felt her warm hands kneading his bare ass.

Marc knelt on the bed so that his heavy cock hung in Steven's face. Steven held his mouth open for it and Marc fed it to him slowly. Steven broke away regularly to gasp and cry out for Layla.

Her sure, slender fingers held him firmly, lifting the globes of his ass and stroking his taint. She spat on his hole and he screamed for her. The pad of her thumb teased his slick, puckered hole.

"Oh, wow, Steven. Holy shit, baby." Layla moaned watching Steven's entrance accept her. "Fuck, I love your ass, Steven!"

"Layla! Oh, fuck! Layla, Layla!" Steven cried out but silenced himself by swallowing Marc's cock again.

He felt her spread his cheeks wide, and then the wet, warm press of her tongue to his hole.

"Oh my God, Layla!" Steven sobbed, drooling on Marc's dick.

"You taste so good, Steven. Did you get cleaned up just for me?"

Steven whimpered an affirmative around Marc's shaft in his mouth. He felt Layla's tongue move deeper and he nearly lost consciousness. "Layla! Layla, oh my God, oh, God, Layla!"

When Layla pressed deep enough that he could feel her nose between his spread cheeks, Steven couldn't help but spill his load. He humped the bedspread underneath him as came.

Layla grinned and patted his ass affectionately. "Good boy, Steven."

"Not yet he's not," Marc muttered. He hauled Steven off the bed and set him gently on the floor, kneeling at Layla's feet. "You had better make my wife come, Steven," Marc growled in his ear.

"Yes, sir-" Steven whined. He and Marc hadn't explored this dynamic yet, but it seemed like a natural fit. Marc seemed to like the position of authority.

Steven dipped his face between Layla's legs and went to work on her.

"Mmm-" she groaned and clutched Steven's hair. "Mmm-hmm. Yeah."

Steven's tongue pushed between her layers and into the heat of her core. He slurped up her pleasure fluid, his nose rubbing her sensitive glans. Her hips bucked forward, chasing the sensations.

"Steven." Layla stroked a hand through his hair. "Two fingers."

Steven gasped at the command. He tentatively touched her sopping wet entrance before pushing his fingers deeper. Her fluid gushed and immediately soaked his entire hand.

"Fuck! You're so wet, Layla."

Layla pulled Steven's mouth back to her clit. "Wet for you, Steven. Now suck me off."

Steven nodded with a wide-eyed glance up at her. "Oh, Layla, I must be the luckiest man on Earth-" he whimpered.

He sealed his lips around her glans and she moaned with such satisfaction that Steven felt like he could have been ten feet tall. He followed the guidance of Layla's hips and hands as he worked her. Her thrusts showed him how to finger-fuck her, and she controlled his mouth by tugging his hair. She shoved him back or pulled him close depending on which way the waves of pleasure buoyed her.

"Oh, baby-" Marc laid himself out next to Layla as she fell back onto the bed.

"Marc?" Layla gasped. She couldn't see him, but she could feel him.

"Layla-" Marc reached for her lips as he stroked himself. "Close your eyes."

She did, and she could feel him even clearer, as if he would be there right next to her if she opened her eyes.

"Oh, Steven!" She bucked wildly, holding Steven's face firmly between her legs. "Yes! Steven!"

"Layla-"

She could feel Marc's breath on her neck, could smell his aftershave and an aura of coffee brewed with cardamom, the way Layla had taught him and he had never forgotten.

"Marc!" She moaned, missing him with her whole body.

"Layla, oh, my love-"

"Marc-" she could feel his lips on her throat.

"Oh, Layla-" Marc panted against her throat. Her pleasure was feeding him, and he felt her on the brink. "Come for me, baby. Doesn't Steven make you feel good?"

Steven's fingers stroked fast and shallow, his tongue laving sensitive skin as he suckled her clit.

"Yes! Yes! Steven! Marc!" She whimpered into Marc's mouth as she came, and he finished with her.

After she had come down, trembling, Layla slowly pulled away from Steven. "That was amazing, Steven."

Steven gazed up at her from the floor. "It was my pleasure, Layla."

She grinned, and kissed some of her come off his lips. She stood and pulled Steven up with her. With a giggle, she did up his trousers for him.

"Now let's eat, I'm starving!" She pulled Steven out of the apartment.

They had a lovely dinner together, all three of them.

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"Mmmmm. Layla-" Steven muttered as he rolled over and snuggled into Marc's side.

Marc grunted in annoyance.

"Marc-" Steven whimpered, nuzzling under Marc's arm.

"Steven?" Marc whispered.

He only got a snore in reply. He chuckled to himself, and wrapped an arm around Steven. Steven snuggled into him, and Marc kissed the top of his head.

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