Steven's Dream

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Rating: <u>Explicit</u>

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Category: <u>Multi</u>

Fandom: Moon Knight (TV 2022)

Relationship: <u>Layla El-Faouly/Steven Grant/Marc Spector</u>

Characters: <u>Layla El-Faouly</u>, <u>Steven Grant (Marvel)</u>, <u>Marc Spector</u>

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

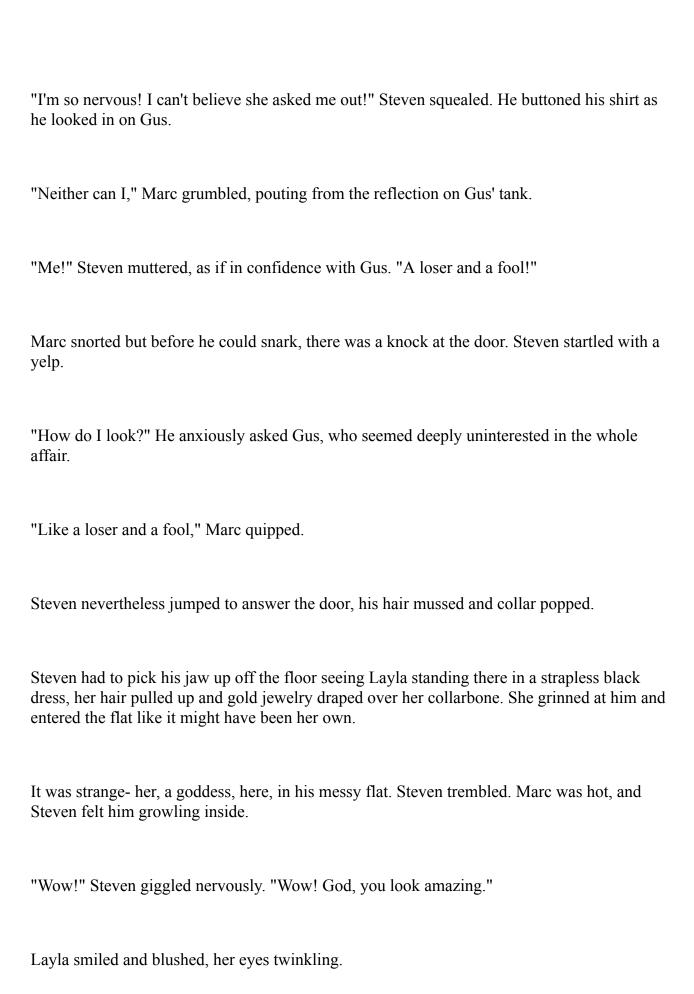
by <u>FuriousD</u>

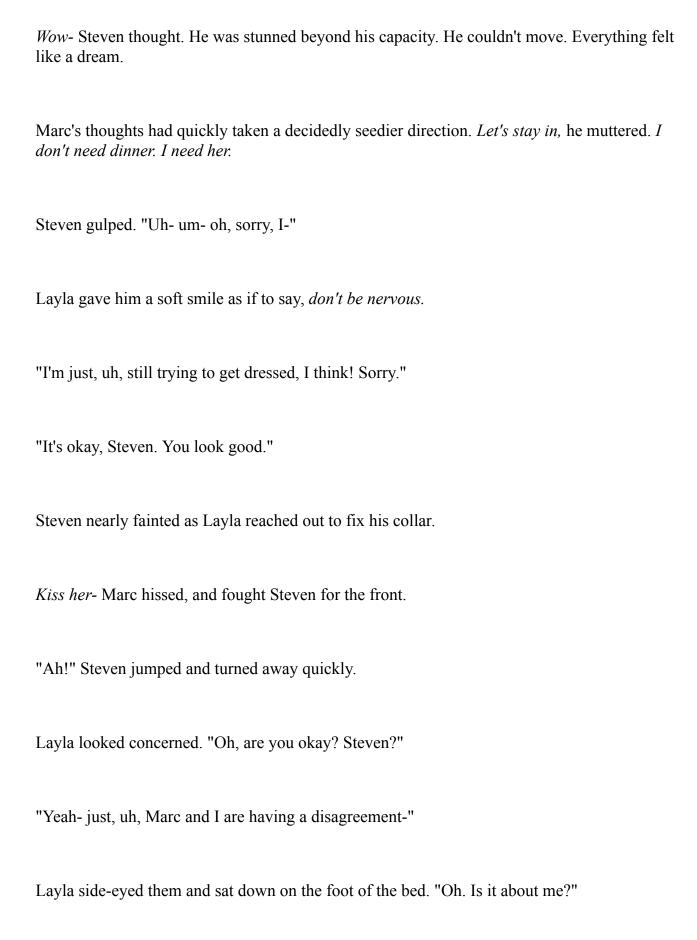
Summary

Steven dreams of Layla and Marc double-teaming him.

Notes

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













"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?"



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.

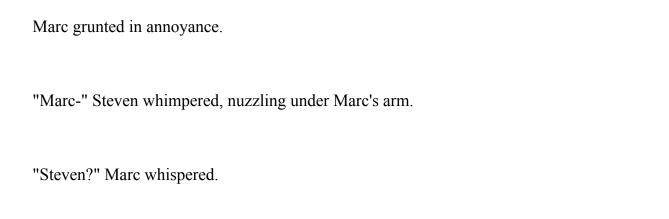
"Fuck! You're so wet, Layla."

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.





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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