



I don't get what the point is. For some odd reason, I am a sex god to these men. They think I don't know about them arguing over who will fuck me next - yet they do it in front of me! One event I remember very clearly - the beginning of it anyways. Let see what I can fish out of my brain...

I was off to the side of the stage during the middle of a dress rehearsal for some performance. I couldn't keep track of them all - Lance would have know, but he was busy flirting with one of the female stage hands. All I was doing was running through a few of the steps with Chris, who was having an "off day" (that is what HE calls them; I call them brain farts), on one side of the stage.

And then I heard "gentle whispers" from the other side of the stage.

“Joey, for the last time you fucked him last night! If I can’t get in his pants tonight, I will kill myself.”

“You did him all of last week while I was doing promotions for the album! I get him this week.”

“Hell no. He is mine. I claim him for tonight.” Justin quickly jogged across the stage towards me. Joey followed after him quickly, full of rage. I knew this would end in someone falling off the stage - a reason why Chris was long gone by the time Justin appeared in my face looking horny.

“Hi Justin!” I said quickly.

“You wanna-” Justin was cut off when Joey pressed against his back and whispered harshly into his ear, “Don’t you dare!”

“Hi Joey!” I grunted, having slid back on the stage slightly.

“I get him Joey. Go away,” Justin grunted through his teeth. He jabbed his elbow into Joey’s gut. Joey stumbled backwards.

“I know what you two want,” I said. “And I will have a threesome if I can have a corn dog first. I am starved.” I really don’t know why I wasn’t offended that they wanted me only for sex, but my stomach had control of my brain.

Justin and Joey stared at me for a moment, probably pondering if they wanted to see EACH OTHER naked.

“You two are SO desperate to be in my ass, I will let you both have me tonight. Just get me a corn dog!” I love corn dogs very much, and I hadn’t eaten for a few hours and dancing my ass off for a few hours can make me feel like I’ve been starved for months.

Justin and Joey stayed silent, looking at each other now and then, still pondering the offer.

“Alrighty boys! Go get cleaned up! Show starts in an hour!” A stage hand yelled to all five of us. Lance broke away from the hot stage hand, who was very willing to get away, and Chris got away from the drum set he was about to destroy.

I skipped past Justin and Joey, letting them ponder my offer some more. I needed food.

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After the show, we were shoved into two limos to go back to the hotel. Chris and Lance went in one, because I insisted to share a limo with Justin and Joey so I could beg for a corn dog. As we took the trek, Joey was silent and Justin was watching me. I watched him back, letting a pout slip out now and then in hopes I could get my corn dog.

*I REALLY fucking love corn dogs!*

Right when we pull up outside the hotel, Joey opened his mouth. “Fine, Justin you get the corn dogs, I’ll get the condoms and lube for a night none of us will forget.”

“I get him first though Joe!” Justin pouted.

“Fine! Just get the damn corn dogs! I need his ass, like, NOW!”

I grinned evilly and scurried out of the limo, excited for a night of corn dogs and butt sex. Joey followed behind me and Justin went out the other side to get to the 7 Eleven quicker. When Joey and I were in the elevator, his was nibbling at my ear lobe with his hand down the front of my jeans. I remember rambling on about my corn dogs and moaning from each cock stroke.

That is where my mind went into a double-state of pleasure, where I blacked out in a sense. Corn dogs and anal are the best combo in the world! Justin and Joey can fight over my ass any time - just have a corn dog and I’ll drop my pants.

*THE END!*