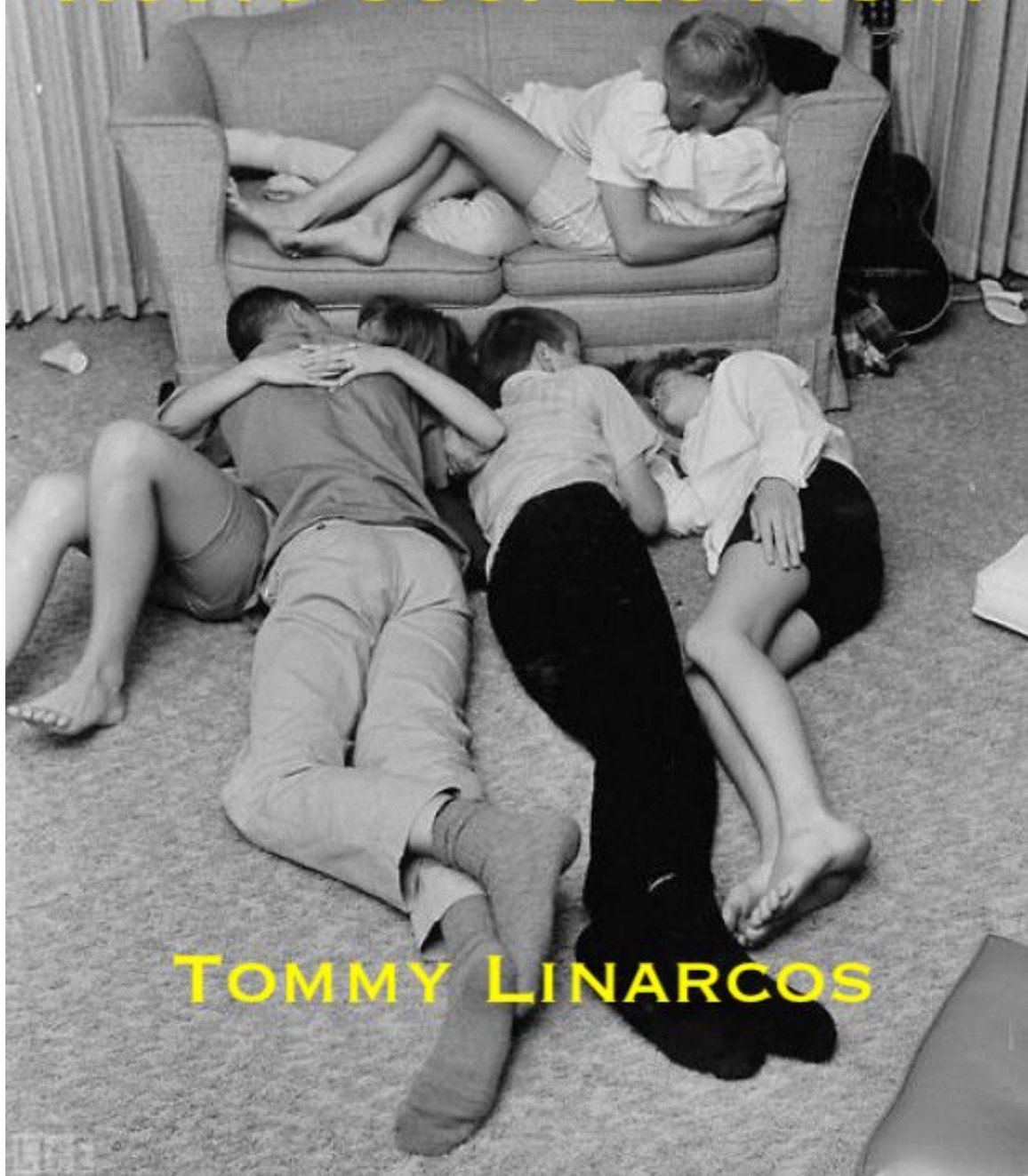


Fiona
HOSTS COUPLES NIGHT



TOMMY LINARCOS

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I wasn't sure when we were all going to make our moves and find different rooms to fuck in. It wasn't a typical gathering, or just hanging out, or an after-concert party. We were there to fuck.

My parents never leave the house, and it seemed like it was one of those days where everyone I knew was getting frustrated in finding some privacy. Sure, there's always the backseat of our cars, but that gets kind of desperate, you know? Beds are much better. I don't even mind sharing a room so long as there's room for both of us, and I don't mean on the floor. Like, if Scott and Fiona were making it, and me and Gwen were making it, and we all just happened to be in Scott's bedroom when things got romantic... then that's where we'd fuck.

However, it turned out to be a good night. Fiona's parents were doing an overnight in Lake Geneva — I just had to get me and Gwen invited over, so I called Scott.

"S'up, Danny?" Scott asked when I called him. Scott's on the Soccer team with me and we're both in Jazz Band. He's my best friend.

"What'chyu guys doing tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, you can come over," he said. I could hear his eyes roll. He had me, he knew why I called. It's not like anything was secret, I was just making sure it wasn't going to be a Scott-and-Fiona-only night.

"Who's all coming?"

"Well, Al and his boy Benji will be there, and now you and Gwen. I have a feeling Charlie and Allison want to get in on this, but that's where I'm calling it," Scott said. "It's not a party... or an orgy!" he laughed.

"Aw, you're no fun," I teased him.

"You don't *have* to come," Scott warned me. "It could just be me and Fee. But we know what's up, we're good sharers."

"Thanks. What time?"

"Figure around seven. Bring something to share as we settle in, or for afters."

"Sure." Then I had a thought. "Hey, how's that gonna work for Charlie and Allison? Have they finally...?"

"Don't know. Maybe."

I took a shower and got all squeaky-clean, a bit of product in my black hair, working my side part. Denied myself the temptation of jerking off. Broke open a new thing of Old Spice deodorant that's supposed to smell like a dragon, and hit myself with a little squirt of Tommy Bahama. Touch of Clearasil. Just kept my clothes typical — it's not like we were going out dancing, and the object was to get my clothes off, anyway.

Us four couples gathered at Fiona's around six-thirty. Couldn't wait. Fee made a bunch of popcorn in her air popper, I got my sister to buy me a cold case of Mike's Hard Lemonade to bring, and Charlie brought some Doritos. Scott liked that I brought the Mike's, so split the cost with me. Then we went through an endless series of posters on Netflix, looking for a good romantic movie with lots of sex and nudity.

So, we all got comfortable and took up positions in her frontroom: Scott and Fiona on her couch, Al and Benji sitting on top of each other in the big chair, Charlie and Allison on the other end of the couch, and me and Gwen on the floor in front of the coffee table. I didn't care if we were on the floor at this point; I knew it wouldn't be for the whole time.

We'd settled on trying *The Wolf of Wall Street* — figured we'd heard there was lots of sex in it, the girls liked Leo DiCaprio, us guys wanted to see that Harley Quinn chick get naked, but it turned out that it was, like, a real movie. Like, about money and jobs and shit and let's get to the sex, you know? We shut it off.

Benji wanted to watch *Euphoria*, but Fiona doesn't have HBO or MAX or whatever it's called this month, so we couldn't put that on. Allison suggested *After*, so we put that on, instead. That turned out to be some kind of chick-flick, like what some middle school girls *hope* sex and college will be like. But at least it was kind of romantic and we could start doing some making out.

Gwen's kind of sitting on me/sitting in front of me, my hands are massaging her tits from behind, she's rubbing her hand on my cock through my jeans, I'm kissing her neck. I figure it's time to move on.

"Getting bored, Scott," I called over my shoulder. There was no response. Gwen turned around and then twisted my head. All three couples' faces were glued together, not saying anything back to me or even watching the movie.

"That's what we get for sitting so close to the TV," Gwen chastised me. Ooh, big word: chastised. Maybe I could get her to do that to me, later.

I looked my girl in the eye, nodded, and stood up with help from the coffee table. "Hey, Fee. We're gonna..." I pointed toward the rest of the house.

Scott broke their lip-lock. "Nuh-uh, there's room reservations, tonight. Don't wander."

Al cut it off with Benji, too. "Which room is ours, Fifi?"

Fiona took a deep breath and straightened up, turning to address us. And she fixed her shirt. It's okay, I'd seen her tits before. "We've got my mom and dad's room. Al, you guys have got my room because I trust you."

“Cool,” Al nodded. That’s all he needed to hear. He and Ben untwisted and prepared to head on over.

“What? You don’t trust us?” I kidded Fiona.

“Gwen, yeah,” Fee said. “Not too sure about you, though, Danny. You’d go nosing around in my drawers, and stuff.”

I took comic offense to that and put my hand to my chest. “Fee, that hurts me in my heart. We want to fuck, not spy...”

“You guys were second to call about tonight, so you get her brother’s room,” Scott explained, fixing the button on his jeans.

“That’s in the basement,” Gwen knew.

“But there’s a bed,” Fiona said as she stood. Then she turned to Charlie and Allison.

“Chuckles, the couch is yours. Don’t anyone bother us unless the house is on fire.”

Scott moved the two of them out. “And if the cops show, don’t let them in.”

Al and Benji followed them. It was weird — Al pinched Scott’s butt as they parted and went into different rooms.

I helped Gwen up. For a moment, I considered whether I wanted to bring a bowl of popcorn with us, but then I’m all, ‘What am I thinking?’ I told Charlie the remote control thingie was all his, and Gwen led me to the rear of the house and the back stairs.

As we’d passed the two closed bedroom doors, I thought briefly about knocking — just to throw a joke at Scott or his friend, Al — but decided not to. I let them all be.

I briefly wondered if I really wanted there to be an orgy tonight. I mean, that could be fun, if we were all doing it out in the frontroom, or on top of the biggest bed, her folks’ one, probably. That’s how I got to see Fiona naked. Not up close, but, you know. I didn’t get to fuck her, or anything, or climb over her, and we didn’t trade or nothing, you know. I got to see her tits, her pussy, her ass, while Scott fucked her. They got to see Gwen and me, too, but Scott’s seen me naked hundreds of times. And Fiona didn’t make fun of my dick or nothing, so I guess we’re okay.

I don’t know if Scott appreciated seeing my Gwen naked; he didn’t say anything. She’s got really nice tits and a great ass, and a fuzzy little pussy. She’s got shoulder-length brown hair, and her eyes light up and crinkle when she laughs. She’s a lot of fun, too — I don’t just mean I like her only to be fucking her. You know, we spend a lot of time together, going places, having fun — and of course, school — and we talk or text until we fall asleep. We’re not in love, or anything, but we’re in ‘serious like,’ I’d say. Yeah, I like her. So I hope Scott liked seeing her tits. I liked seeing Fee’s tits, but that doesn’t mean I’m not in love with Gwen. I mean... You know what I mean.

When that all happened, it was a couple weeks ago in Scott's room. We were all gonna go out and eat, probably at The Meg, but just got horny and never made it out of there. I thought we'd just do some making out, maybe get blowjobs, but clothes started coming off! It was exciting! His folks were home, but they didn't bother us. Scott said we were fine so long as we didn't smack the headboard into the wall, too much. He put the radio on, and we kept the screaming down. From now until forever, "The Only Exception" will always remind me of that night.

We almost *didn't* fuck that time. I remember Gwen asked me all quiet if we were really going to do it with them right there. Scott has a full-size bed, a little bigger than mine, but not really big enough for two couples, so we were mostly side-by side on the width, not the long ways. So, whatever each of us was doing, we were doing it right next to each other. But, I didn't have a rubber with me that night, so I told Gwen, at first, that I didn't think we'd do it, like I was being protective or conservative, or whatever. But Scott must have heard me because he stops what he's doing with Fee, and goes into his sock drawer and gets me a condom. He's a nice guy. My friend.

Anyways, we're heading to Fiona's brother's room in the basement. There was one more bedroom right off of the kitchen, and I'm like, "Hey, what's wrong with *this* room?" and I went inside.

And Gwendy goes, "Danny, that's Fee's mom's room, now. That's where she does her stuff." She makes crap she sells on Etsy and craft fairs, now, I guess. So she kicked her kid out of his bedroom and sent him to the basement. Nice lady.

We went down the back stairs into the basement. This area must have been an addition because there was still a door down at the bottom to get in. Once inside, we took a couple minutes to feel along the wall for a light switch and didn't find any. (Later, we'd find there was a pull-chain bulb not too far inside on the ceiling.) Luckily, there was enough light coming through the windows for us to find where the kid's bed was and we found a lamp on his nightstand.

His room was the basement, alright. Everything that used to be in his room was down here, posters and toys and everything. His desk and books. And he had this big hanging rectangle-cube bag with all his shirts and pants hanging in it, like a hanging closet. I'd never seen anything like it. Maybe that's what his mom makes for Etsy. True to what I told Fiona, I didn't go spying around, looking in his drawers, or checking for porn. (The closest the kid had, anyway, was some pictures of girls from his school taped up to the wall next to his bed. Looked like a field trip and a trip to the beach.) The rest of the basement was the rest of the basement. He had a lot of room if he wanted to entertain. But privacy? I guess, if nobody came down to do the laundry or start up the furnace. I wondered if his mom ever surprised him jacking off, because I bet she'd never knocked on the basement door, before.

Suddenly, I wondered, "Why isn't her brother home, anyway? I mean, I hope the kid isn't gonna suddenly show up and here we are naked in his bed, getting cum all over his sheets..."

"Sleepover," Gwen told me while she straightened the kid's Spider-Man sheets and comforter for us. "But his friend doesn't live far away, so let's hope he brought his pajamas with him."

I snorted a laugh. “You don’t wear pajamas at a sleepover...”

“Really...?” Gwen turned to look at me. “What *do* boys wear to bed at a sleepover?”

“Um...” I fought inside. Do I just laugh it off or really tell her? Eh, why not. She’s Gwen.
 “Just our boxers, usually. Only kids wear their pjs. And then the boxers come off.”

I kissed her and her shirt came off. To keep things equal, she took off my shirt. As I took her pants off, she asked me, “And do the boxers *stay* off?”

“For the most part,” I told her, helping to take my pants off. “If we had to go to the bathroom, then you got to put something on, unless it’s late or Scott dared me.”

“So, you just sleep naked for comfort, or...?” She was teasing me, now, giving me that smile that melts me. I helped her with her bra, though she does it easier without me in the way, but I like doing it.

“You really want me to say it?” I had to touch her tits. Her breasts. I fuckin’ love those things. And they were lookin’ right at me. Fiona’s might be bigger, but Gwen’s breasts are a lot of fun.

“Yeah, I want to hear you say it,” she laughed, marching her socks off with her toes, letting me keep fondling her breasts.

“Fine,” I said as I pulled off my boxers, letting my cock spring out, like I timed it to tell her, “That’s when we jacked each other off. I mean, I invented jacking off — that’s right, I invented it! — but that’s when we got better at it.”

I put my hands around her waist and gently sat her down on the Spider-Man bed. I peeled her pink panties off, only realizing at this point that the bra and panties were a set, and I hadn’t noticed. How do I fix this? “Later, when we go upstairs, I want you to wear just these pink things, show your bod off, make Al and Benji turn straight.”

“Okay,” she smiled back at me. Maybe performing in front of Scott and Fiona made her fearless. Spoiler: at around eleven, she did, when we went up to get a drink and see who was staying the night.

Her fuzzy little pussy was staring at me. Or I was staring at her fuzzy little pussy. I love her fuzzy little pussy. More than? Equal to? I don’t know. I do really love her tits. Maybe I can learn how to do some scientific study on it, to find out which I like better. No, I don’t want there to be a winner. I’m the winner.

She swung her legs up on Spider-Man and then yelled at me. Not really. “Lose the socks. Be naked with me. I don’t want you looking like you escaped from some bad Russian porno.”

I had to laugh at that! And, yes, I lost my socks. I was as naked as she was, now, and put myself into bed with her. I left the light burning on purpose. I wanted to see her fuzzy little pussy when I got around to licking it.

“It’s quiet,” she said, looking up at the rafters in the ceiling.

“The Etsy room and kitchen is right above us, I think, so if you really want to hear Al pounding Benji’s ass, listen over that way.” I pointed further into the basement shadows.

“Maybe they’re just making out, still. Being romantic,” she suggested, play-slapping me on the chest.

I just told her to “Come here,” and we started our own making out. I looked at her. *Damn, I am one lucky son of a bitch...* She opened her eyes and caught me staring. I really love her eyes, I love...

Um... have I said how much I like holding and caressing her tits? Just caressing them calms me down yet builds me up at the same time. They’re so soft. They’re like... the softest stuffed animals you had when you were a baby in the crib — not the hard styrofoam animals you win at the carnival, the kind you can beat people over the head with, but the ones that... I don’t know what material or stuffing it has, they were just softer than normal teddy bears. That’s her breasts, except I can lick these ones.

And so I kissed down her body, stopping at her tits for a while, of course, but then continued on to her fuzzy little pussy. She never needs to trim it, there’s just not a lot there. Little brown curls in the centerline above her slit, spreading out, but then they end, and there’s no shaving bumps. It’s just this nice little tuft — her fuzzy little pussy. I nudged her lips open with my nose, breathing her scent in, then went to town licking her lips and sucking on her little clit.

Scott gave me some hell that time we fucked together. He gave me the rubber and I was about to open it and put it on when he’s all like, “You’re just going right to it? Aren’t you going to...?” and he kind of made motion to Gwen’s pussy. I had to admit to him that I’d never done it before. And Gwen, she’s nice, she never complained. I mean, we fuck really good, we both get off. But I’d never licked her pussy, and she’s never given me a blowjob. Though I didn’t tell Scott and Fee that last thing.

But Scott wasn’t going to let me get away with it. He gave me that look, you know? The kind like a big brother gives his little brother that says, ‘You are doing this even if I have to make you.’ And I looked to Fiona, like for help, like to let me and Gwen just get back to doing what we do, but even Fiona gave me this schoolteacher look, like, ‘Shame on you for not licking Gwen’s pussy.’

I know Gwen would have said, ‘It’s okay, you don’t have to,’ but she didn’t. She actually gave me a look like she wouldn’t mind if I at least tried it.

So, I knew I had to lick Gwen’s pussy.

I don’t know if I was afraid before. I don’t think I was. Not afraid-afraid. It’s just a little weird, I guess. Her fuzzy little pussy is cute, and I love playing with her folds and getting my fingers inside her, and I know where her clit is, believe me. I at least know *that* much. I just never got my tongue in there.

Scott wasn’t going to do me the bad turn of trying to teach me what to do. He’s not like that. But he was waiting to see me go down on Gwen before he and Fee got busy, again. So, I

didn't have to go and screw my courage to the sticking place (hey - Shakespeare said that!), but I did tell myself 'Hey, Danny, do this. You love this girl, right? Why wouldn't you want to eat her pussy?' And I got down by her pussy — her fuzzy little pussy — and I let my tongue do what my fingers usually did. It was that easy. I kinda knew what to expect on the taste because of tasting my fingers before. I mean, that right there should have made me go down on her before now.

I got my Gwendy moaning then. I'm pretty sure I made her cum — it was way wetter down there than just from what my own mouth laid on her. And then I felt Scott pat me on the back. I didn't look up at him or Fiona, but I knew I'd gotten the "attaboy" and "good job" from my friend. Then I put the condom on and fucked Gwen blue.

But now... I love eating her pussy. Her fuzzy little pussy.

And so, at Fiona's, I made Gwen break the quiet of the basement and scream my name. I hope Al and Scott heard it!

I moved up, wiped off my chin, and sucked on Gwen's nipples for a while, again, while she recovered. And somehow, my cock was already slipping inside her pussy.

"You going to put on a condom?" she whispered. She whispered that after screaming to the ceiling.

"Let me feel you like this. Just a couple times. Then I'll put it on," I told her.

"Don't cum in me," she warned. Not mean, just we both know the danger. I'm pretty good with being able to go in bare and pull out before I cum if I don't have a rubber.

Then I had an idea. "If you gave me a blowjob, then I'd be able to last a lot longer, condom or no." I pulled out of her and sat back on my knees.

She raised herself up a little on her elbows. I could see her wheels turning inside. She sat up more and I knew I was finally gonna get my first blowjob from Gwen! We kind of traded places, me laying back but propped up on the headboard, her on her knees in front of me on top of Spider-Man. She held my cock, and looked it over. She must've been feeling the same things I was when I finally ate her pussy.

"Did you ever do this with Scott?" she asked.

That's where her mind was at? Holy cow! Not what I expected. But she's my Gwendy. I'd already told her so much. "No," I told her. "We never did that. We almost did. A couple times we almost did, but no. Didn't fuck each other, either, if that's what you're going to ask next."

Gwen blushed for me. "Just wondering."

"You've seen his dick," I reminded her. "He's a little bigger than me. He was bigger than me back then, too. I mean, we were only twelve, thirteen, no neither of us was huge, but it was all... kind of... you know, in comparison..."

“Relative,” she corrected me.

But I got stupid. “No, we didn’t do it with any relatives...” She just glared at me, and then I got it. “Oh, like in math and stuff. Yeah, big for twelve, same big for seventeen. Hey, quit thinkin’ about Scott’s dick.”

“You brought it up,” she smiled at me, still holding my cock up in front of her, her other hand playing with my black pubes. “Don’t worry. You’re plenty big for me. That’s part of why I haven’t been ready. That... and I don’t know if I’ll be any good.”

“You’ll do fine. There’s no such thing as a bad blowjob,” I assured her. “Just take it in, lick it like a popsicle, suck on it, you don’t have to try and deepthroat it like in porn. Just be nice to it.” Then I reached down and touched my special spot below my dickhead. “And make sure to pay attention right here.”

She smiled and understood. “That’s like your clit?”

“The whole thing’s like my clit,” I laughed, “but, yeah.”

“Why are your pubes thinner here in the middle?” She was wasting time, now, playing with the less-thick black hair at the base of my cock.

“Because I jerk off too much, thinking about you. Now, come on...” I said that wrong, I didn’t mean to push her. “If you really don’t want to, it’s okay.”

And then she went down on me. And... it felt great! Of course, it did, it’s a blowjob. She was no expert, but I loved every second of it, every swipe of her tongue, every suck of her... mouth, I guess. I only gave a pointer now and then, like to use her hand and jerk me a little bit while she bobbed. I gave her some audible moaning, too, but those were no lie. Hell, I could probably count on one hand the number of blowjobs my old girlfriend gave me. Not probably. Four. So this was number six, from like, ever. Gwen is sucking my dick; I am loving every single thing she does.

She was holding back, though, even I could tell. “I... I don’t want you to cum in my mouth,” she finally admitted.

“Don’t have to, babe. But I do want to cum. You’ve done a great job! The way you’ve been working me, if we just go to fucking, it’ll be over real fast,” I told her.

“Can I watch you cum?” she asked. *That’s* what she wanted. I told her to go faster and keep on my dickhead while I took over pumping. I could tell she was still afraid I’d blast into her mouth, but I wouldn’t do that to her. But I did love the sight, watching her mouth, seeing her eyes look to see if I was enjoying her work. Finally, I reached that point, pulled out of her mouth, fell back onto the kid’s pillow, and shot my webs all over the Spider-sheets.

And a little bit on Gwen, but the smile on her face from watching me explode told me she didn’t mind too much.

While I caught my breath, she looked for something to wipe up with, and I sacrificed my boxer briefs. Part of me thought about leaving them here as a surprise for Fee's brother, but I'd hear about that from Scott, later, and I knew he wouldn't think it was cool. We couldn't do a lot about the cum on the sheets, but she tried.

There was still some on Gwen's arm that she missed. I scooped it with my finger and held it out for her. "Taste it?" She looked at me like I was crazy, that I'd missed the whole point of *not* cumming in her mouth. "If you try it, you'll see what it's like. Then, you know, it won't be so bad, next time." She opened her mouth and I deposited it on her tongue. She took it inside and I could tell she was swirling it. Her eyes gave away her feelings. "See? It's not like it's ice cream, but it's not *bad*," I tried to cut-off her judgement.

Gwen found another missed stream and scooped that for *me*. I had a feeling she might. I opened my mouth and took her finger while she giggled. "How do *you* like it?" she laughed at me.

I just shrugged. "I've tasted it before. Scott's too, if that's what you're gonna ask next." I pulled her to me. "Now, clean me off." I said it like I meant it, too. I still had that bit of tiger running up my spine, if you know what I mean. I love my Gwendy, but we needed to do this right.

At first, she looked for my boxers, but I held her hands, she caught the look in my eyes, and knew the score. She looked down at my cock, then bent down and put it back inside her mouth. She sucked on it nice and slow, letting her tongue swish around. When she was satisfied, she pulled off.

I lifted her chin and gave her a kiss, letting my tongue slip past her lips, showing I was willing to share the pain. I didn't think about this then, but I hope she compared it to what I taste when I go down on her. Porn stories talk about pussy juice tasting like peaches; it ain't like peaches, but I do like it. It was like having my first beer as a kid — you think 'who could like this stuff?' and now I put down half-a-sixer easy.

"So, did I do okay?" Gwen asked me.

"Oh, yeah..." I didn't lie.

She started to get comfortable, squeezing in next to me, moving me over. I got the idea and we shared space on the kid brother's twin bed. I could feel a couple wet spots under my thigh, but you really can't wipe up boy or girl spoooge from bed sheets too well. I could imagine the kid — whose name I honestly don't know, I'm sorry — going to bed tomorrow night and starts sniffing, and gets all horny, for some odd reason... He's either in 7th or 8th Grade, so you know his hormones are runnin' fierce. Hell, me and Gwen were probably laying on dried puddles of the kid's own cum.

I was just running my fingers up and down her arm. She's got light little hairs there, and it feels cool. Sometimes she gets goosebumps from it, but I just like doing it. I like letting her know I'm still with her. "What are you guys working on for the year end concert right now?" I asked her.

"We just started learning *Festival at Newport*," she told me. Gwen plays violin in the Orchestra. "You know it?"

"Yeah, I've heard it. It's a shorter piece, right?"

"Mm-hm. And it sounds a bit... lonely to me." She put her head on my shoulder.

"Like it gives you a lonely feeling listening to it?"

"Yeah, it's a little sad. That and... like it *needs* something." She was stroking my pecs when she found a long hair sticking out from under my armpit and started tugging on it. It tickled, but I wouldn't stop her for the world.

"Maybe it could use some woodwind. You guys want to borrow me for the clarinet or add some flutes?" Sometimes we loan musicians to each other, Band and Orchestra, outside of running the full Concert Orchestra. I know Charlie and this other guy are doing some percussion for them. I don't think a violin has ever played in the Band, though.

"It's not arranged that way. It's all string. For the String Orchestra," she said. "There's a line for piano, though we're not adding that."

"Your violin sounds beautiful — in *your* hands..." I told her, and made her blush.

Then I had an idea. Rare, I know...

"What if..." I let that hang in the air so she'd look at me, "we arranged it. You and me. Not talking horns, but I bet it would sound great with my clarinet."

Her wheels were turning. "Maybe a bassoon to complement our bass. Like the... air... over the ocean. Nothing too high-pitched. Like, just chords, even, so the piece isn't so tinny. Make it warmer..."

"You think Stromboli would let us do that?"

"Don't see why not. If we did the work, all he'd have to do is listen to it. Worst thing is he says 'no.' Or, he might get excited and want to add to it!" Gwen was getting excited, now.

"That would be cool!" I kissed her cheek. "You've never got to play with me."

"I'll play with you..."

Gwen began stroking my cock, trying to figure out if I was going to get hard again, soon, when... "Hey, you're hard already. I mean, I've only seen your dick soft a couple of times, but I thought you'd be..."

"Babe, your body drives me crazy. I just... you know what I mean," I had to stop and figure out what I was really saying. I didn't want to insult my baby. "You know I love you and all the stuff we do that's not sex, and just being together. It's you and me, you know? But right now, listening to you, thinking about working together, and I'm holding you, and you're naked, and I

know I'm going to be inside you very soon. So, yeah, I'm hard. I am so full of piss and vinegar, like Mr. Henegan says."

"That's a weird one!" she giggled, still pulling on my cock. "Get your condom, Danny."

I leaned over and dug among the clothes on the floor for my pants, then when I found them, had to figure out which was my right pocket with the rubbers in it. But I got 'em! When I righted myself, my Wendy was already moving into position, taking the center of the pillow and getting comfy. I rolled along the edge of the bed and found my position between her legs, tore the condom package open, and tossed the other into the covers. (There were two rubbers, attached, so I wanted that next one where I knew it would be.)

I looked at my Gwen. Yeah, at her tits, sure, but honestly, I was looking at her face. At her blue eyes, her nose, her smile, how her cheeks pull back when she smiles, the little dimple on her chin. Her brown hair is pushed back on the pillow, but those couple strands are caught in her lip and she doesn't know it. *How the fuck did I manage to get this girl to like me?* I mean, I know I'm nowhere near that Archie guy in *Riverdale* that she used to gush about. I mean, I got a pretty nice bod from Soccer team workouts, but I look in the mirror and just see this ugly cuss, a zit here and there, and somehow Gwen still loves me. Or 'seriously-likes,' anyway. Maybe if I styled my hair different. But right now, she's looking back at me, and I am the luckiest guy in the world.

I got the rubber pinched and started rolling it on when I heard Gwen say, "Danny..." in this little voice like she wants me to do her homework for her. Then she dropped the bomb. "Danny, I want you to fuck me..."

God! If I hadn't just cum, I'd have been shooting all over her right then. Just hearing her say that made me lose all control in my shoulders and arms, and I started falling forward. There were stars in my brain exploding and I had to get myself together. I righted myself, took a breath, and looked into her eyes. If my dick wasn't hard enough, yet, that did it right there. I didn't break our eye-lock, I didn't blink, I barely breathed and I'm still not sure if I actually did. But I moved forward onto her, that tiger in my spine roaring. "I'll fuck you, baby. Don't you worry. I'm gonna fuck you..."

And then I fucked her.

Her legs were spread open for me, and I aimed my cock right at the entrance to her fuzzy little pussy. She was still so wet from what we did before that I slipped right in, no start-and-stop. I swear, my cock felt like it was a foot long, it just kept going inside her, feeling her pussy walls slick with her juice until we bottomed out and my pubes met her clit, then she gripped me tight inside. And I'm like, "*Oh, fuck...*" She's trying to hold me there, like her pussy's actually trying to prevent me from pulling my cock back out. I open my eyes and she's got this devilish grin on her face.

I wanted to laugh, but it turned me on so much more. I wanted to fuck her, but I wanted *her*, too, you know? I launched forward and lay on top of her, my landing making her break her lock on my dick. I had to kiss her. I slid my arms under her back and held her tight to me and kissed her so hard I was stealing her breath. I say I kissed her hard, but her lips are so soft, I don't know how to say it. My Gwen kissed me back.

My cock being freed, I slid out and thrust back in, again and again, speeding up the rhythm. I started going hard and fast. I don't hurt my Gwendy, but I know how she likes it. And I... I just had to be... *inside* my Gwendy. And when she gives me that, "*Oh, Danny... Fuck me... Fuck me, Danny...*" I just go nuts and I don't know what day it is or if I'm late for school or whether the icecaps have melted and the sun exploded or... I just know that me and Gwen, we're just one person, one feeling, like I'm all bright light inside and that light just gets brighter and she's the same and we're one light, and she's moaning, and I'm calling her name, and...

Okay, maybe I sound stupid, but that's how I feel when I'm with my Gwen.

And I would do anything for her. I don't care if she's right or wrong, but if she told me to knock your lights out, you would be unconscious. But don't worry, she wouldn't tell me to do that. She wouldn't tell me to rob a bank, either, I don't think, so I don't have to worry about going to jail. But the way I feel... I know she 'seriously likes me,' but I really... Anyway, that's how I feel about her.

I'm not going to tell you the rest about how I fucked her. Just know we shook the house enough for the others to know where we were. And she told me, "*I'm cumming! I'm cumming!*" and I know it was true because she flooded the bed, and when I came, the tiger in my spine roared like he told Tarzan and his pet lion to *fuck off*, and my muscles got all tense and I shot so hard my vision turned all yellow behind my eyelids. I really wish I could fuck her without a rubber and cum inside her. Someday.

I think we were in a couple different positions, but we wound up falling on my back with my Gwen wrapped around me, until it got too hot and she slipped off me, and we're both breathing, trying to cool off. And it was the basement, so that happened. I didn't pass out, but I'll call it 'semi-conscious recovery.' Laying there with my Gwen after is, like, the second best feeling ever.

So, we were laying there, little sparklies still rising from my spine, when we heard the door creak. It didn't open, but there was a definite pressure on it. Gwen looked around, but the kid's dresser was in the way. "What's that?"

I raised up and could see the door better. "It's Charlie and Allison." I could see their faces in the window. Were they spying on us? The whole time, or just now? I saw Charlie's face pull back, realizing they'd been caught.

I put my hand up, like a wave, but then I waved them to come in. Gwen realized what I'd done, and she gave me a look, but I waved them in, again, so there was no mistake.

The door opened, and Charlie and Allison came in slowly, still not sure if they really saw that I told them it was okay to come in.

"What's up?" I asked them. I sat up, and Gwen pulled the mangled Spidey top sheet to cover her pussy and one of her tits, her arm covered the other one. The sheet covered some of me, too, but not my cock. I wasn't too worried. If they'd just watched us fuck, they'd seen my cock, anyways.

Charlie and Allison are both in our year. In fact, all eight of us were finishing up our Junior year in school. We all knew Charlie and Allison were destined to go out together, it just took him forever to ask her out. We had to practically push him to do it. He's fairly thin and has blonde hair with a little dirt in it. He wears glasses when he plays his drums and the varied percussion so he could read the music, but otherwise leaves them in his eyeglass case because he hates wearing them. That's why I never let him drive if we're going somewhere together. He was wearing a pair of khakis and a retro-Elliott Smith concert t-shirt. Yeah, he *wishes* he saw Elliott Smith in concert. Allison is just a little taller than he is, like an inch, but sometimes we thought it might just be her curly, kinky hair that she poofs a bit on top. From my perspective, she has some nice tits hiding under her purple blouse. She wore good-fitting jeans, but didn't go in for the torn-thing. She's cute, in her manner. How do I say this? Neither was going to star in a show on the CW, but they were made for each other.

Anyway, Charlie tells us, "We were just wondering where you guys got to. We were watching that movie, and we knew Scott and Fee were in one room, and Al and Benji were in the other. But we didn't see where you went. There's this other room? but that's got a bunch of fabrics and scissor-looking things in it."

"So," Allison cut in, "we wondered if you'd just left and went home. Maybe you were mad at Scott or something."

"And then we saw the stairs, and came down here, and..." Charlie tried to finish.

"And thought you'd watch Danny fuck me," my Gwen really finished for them! The two of them looked a little guilty.

"Well, you're here, now. Close the door and come in," I said, waving at the door, again.

They looked at each other, like did I really just tell them to stay? But Charlie closed the door and they took those few steps to the bed. Then they just stood there.

I knew we'd just had sex, so I had to smell a little bit, or a lot bit. I looked at them, then I looked at Gwen. "Do I smell?" I joked.

"You smell like you," she said, and ran her hands across my pecs.

"I'm supposed to smell like a dragon," I said, pretending to sniff my armpits.

"Maybe find a tiger deodorant next time," she said with a straight face. You see? I *knew* there was a tiger in my spine! I got to go to the store; I'm pretty sure Old Spice *does* have a tiger one...

I pulled my feet in a little more and told them to "Sit!" and they finally took the bottom half of the bed. It was still awkward.

My Gwendy broke it. "So, you guys are still dressed. What? Did you... make it on the couch and immediately put your clothes back on? I mean, we've got all night — or as long as you can stay, anyway."

I jumped on that. “It’s not like anyone’s home.”

Charlie put his arm around Allison, trying to get comfortable. “We know. It’s just strange in someone else’s house. Walkin’ around. Makin’ out. You know.”

“But that’s always how it’s done,” I shrugged, still kind of mystified. “Someone else’s house. Unless your parents aren’t home.” *Or you’re Scott*, I could have added, but didn’t.

Allison spoke up. “Well, it didn’t seem right, for our...” We let her trail off, waiting to see if she’d finish that sentence. She didn’t. Her eyes said that she hoped she didn’t have to.

I did it for her. “For your first time? You guys haven’t done it, yet?” I didn’t mean to make fun of them, and I didn’t say it like that. Just like, curious, figuring out their situation.

Charlie took Allison’s hand. “Not yet.” They were standing behind their decision together. I had to wonder if this was a religious thing, or a ‘true love waiting for marriage’ thing. Or if they were just scared. I didn’t know for sure if Charlie was a virgin — hell, most kids are — but I was getting pretty certain.

“We want it to be... special,” Allison pronounced.

“Yeah,” Charlie agreed, but cut in fast, “It’s not like we haven’t been fooling around. We have. We just haven’t...”

Gwen shifted under the sheet. “Hey, you know, it’ll *never* be special like a dream. Like that girl in the movie we were watching? Bathtub, music, and candles... I hear Hot Tub Hotel down on Joliet does big business during Prom, but candles all over your bedroom is just going to make your house burn down!”

That got a laugh from everyone and reduced the tension. “What matters is whether the person you’re with treats you well.” My Gwen looked right at me and smiled. “Music would be nice, though,” she shrugged. She looked around to see if the kid had any device or speakers. He was probably one of those that only listen to music on his phone and earbuds.

I wasn’t sure if Gwen meant that for me, but I took it that way. I tossed back the Spidey sheet and got off the bed. I knew my bod was immediately being watched by both Allison and Charlie — heck, Allison hadn’t taken her eyes off my cock since they came to sit on the bed. I didn’t care. I was even a little proud. It was hanging well, half-hard.

I squatted down at our pile of clothes and found my iPhone. I found a good playlist, some oldies from the 2000s and 2010s, some newer ones; Poe, Matchbox, a couple Weeknd, a Taylor, no Kanye, and that Paramore song Gwen and I like. Guaranteed good songs. I turned up the volume and set my phone on the kid’s dresser. In a bit of good luck, the kid left his power cord behind and it fit my phone, so I plugged it in.

I got back on the bed next to Gwen and pulled the sheet down from her breasts so I could hold them. She let me, but still held me to her. “Time to get back to some smooching!” I knew Charlie’s eyes were glued to Gwen’s tits, but I hoped he and Allison both got the idea that

things weren't going to stop just because they were bored with Netflix. Gwen and I were making out, and I smiled into her mouth as I felt her hand start working my cock.

With the song, and watching me and Gwen, Charlie and Allison finally got the idea and got back to their lip-lock. The song ended and was replaced, then ended and replaced again. I knew my body and Gwen's body were getting ready to do something else. Either I had to fuck her or eat her fuzzy little pussy, again. But when I looked at our friends, it's like they hadn't even moved, just still kissing in the same position.

"Charlie?" I said and got his attention. "Charlie, take off Allison's shirt." They stopped kissing and looked in each other's eyes. "Take off her shirt, Charles."

Gwen's antennas went up; she knew I was up to something, and she wanted to be a part of it. She kind of opened up her position, letting her breasts free and not covering up. "She wants you to," Gwen said. "Look at her eyes. She wants you to. Take off her shirt, Charlie."

Without saying a word, Charlie unbuttoned Allison's purple blouse and pushed it off her shoulders.

"Keep going..." Gwen encouraged.

Allison's hands were behind her back in a flash, undoing her bra clasp, and Charlie, still looking at his girl's eyes, pulled her thin black bra forward and off. I'll say right here that, yes, I took a good look at Allison's tits, and I liked them. Her nips were a dark red against her pale skin. They looked fun, but I wasn't planning on finding out. Like I said, I really, really liked my Gwendy's breasts, which I started fondling from behind her, again.

"Lose your shirt, Charlie." I barely said that and Charlie ripped his pullover off. I didn't have to tell him to pull Allison to him and feel her titties on his bare chest. They were kissing again, but Gwen and I weren't finished.

We let them go on for a song and enjoy it. Then Gwen surprised me, though I shouldn't be surprised now, should I? "Charlie, it looks like your pants are getting tight. That can't be comfortable..." she said in that little girl voice that I almost cummed to.

Charlie broke their kiss and turned to look at Gwen and me. He was nervous and looking for direction. He wanted us to tell him to do it, because even though he wanted to, it was like it wasn't his idea, then.

"Take off your khakis, Charlie," I advised while increasing the pressure in my caressing of Gwen's tits. I was on automatic, there, both hands doing the same thing to each of her nipples. "Just take them off. You'll feel so much better."

Charlie looked to Allison. She whispered, but we could hear her, "Take them off."

Charlie stood off the bed and undid his waist and zipper, and bent low to push them down and remove them from his feet. When he stood, we saw he'd unintentionally pulled his boxer briefs down enough to reveal his dark blonde pubes, and his hard cock was sticking out a few degrees north of horizontal. We weren't going to tell him, but he fixed that, anyway.

“Lose your socks, while you’re at it,” I told him.

“Floor’s cold,” Charlie told me back.

“You’re not going to be on the floor in a minute. Lose the socks,” Gwen told him. My Gwen was right. Maybe guys who keep them on are insecure about being naked, but Gwen was right — they looked stupid when it’s the only thing you’ve got on. Charlie bent down again and pulled off his socks.

If we were going to have to keep up giving orders, we silently decided to give Charlie a break and move the focus. “Allison’s wearing too much, now, isn’t she, Charlie?” I asked. He didn’t look at me, but he almost nodded. No, he did nod, you just couldn’t almost see it. “Put your hand on her pussy, Charlie.” He looked quickly at me to make sure he heard right, then looked back at Allison’s jeans. “Yeah, put your hand on her pussy.” He hesitated, but he did it. “Feel how hot that is?”

Gwen figured out my angle. “If you thought that big cock of yours was uncomfortable stuck in your pants, think how she’s feeling. Got to get those jeans off, Charlie. Give her some relief.” Charlie didn’t react to Gwen saying he had a big cock, but I knew as a guy that he heard it, and that it rang loud in his head. He moved his hand up to Allison’s waist button, and then his other hand, which had been frozen to his own waist, came to life and helped pop it open. The zipper was next, and he pulled the sides away. They had some trouble pulling the jeans down and off her rear — she had to wiggle back and forth and lift and help shove, but it gave a laugh to us all and let the two of them ease up. Charlie gave her a quick kiss and she giggled as he pulled the jeans off her legs.

Good. They were okay. If they could smile and kiss, we weren’t making them do something they didn’t want to. They just needed the push. I had a feeling they were hoping that tonight would be ‘the night,’ but being stuck on the couch hadn’t helped their goal.

Charlie looked to Gwen — and I could see his eyes flash downward to her tits and maybe her pussy was showing, now, too — and raised his eyebrows in a funny question. Gwen smiled and nodded, then Charlie flipped off Allison’s socks.

“Nerve endings in her toes, Charlie. She’s gonna want to run those up and down your legs while you’re giving it to her,” Gwen almost-moaned as I let one of my hands go down to teasing her pussy lips. I dipped inside her. *Goddamn!* she was so fuckin’ wet!

Charlie and Allison met each other’s eyes. Charlie was about to climb back on the bed, but I wasn’t going to let him until the job was done. “No, Charlie, not yet. You know where this is going. We’re naked, you’ve got to be naked, too. Take off the boxers.”

“Show Allison your big cock, Charlie,” Gwen finished for me. Part of me wondered if it was Gwen that really wanted to see Charlie’s cock. I had to smile, but kept it inside me as much as I could. Hell, I wanted to see Allison’s tits, and I wanted to see her pussy, too, not lying. We were fine.

Charlie put his thumbs into the waistband of his blue boxer briefs and negotiated getting them over the arrow pointed at Allison, then dropped them. He jogged a bit, evidently getting them off his feet. I put a hand on Gwen's arm, hoping that she got it that she shouldn't comment at this point, to let Allison react, if she would.

And she did. "Wow, Charlie. You *do* have a nice cock." She'd been laying back on her elbows since helping with her jeans, but now sat up a bit more. She wanted to greet it, to touch it. Her hand went right to it and began a soft stroke. I'd seen Charlie's cock a few times over the years, mostly when we went swimming, changing in the pool locker room. I didn't know him back in 'sleepover days.' And he did have a nice-looking cock, about the same size as mine, so no competition. His dark blonde pubes weren't all over the place, his balls were hanging pretty tight, and his shaft was fairly smooth, leading up to a nice arrowhead dickhead. Funny, it was the same color right then as Allison's nips.

Gwen, who had one hand on my dick, began pumping me a little harder. I could either enjoy it or get her to calm down, because it was going to make me cum before I wanted to. I put my hand on her arm, not stopping her, but slowing her down again. She understood.

Before either of us could prompt Charlie on the next move, his hands shot out and grabbed Allison's panties. Of course, he didn't need us to tell him that; he'd wanted to do that for months, now. (By the way, her panties were pink, so not a set.) He pulled them down and off her legs and feet, then he just stood there, staring at her pussy. His first live pussy? Maybe. She had thick brown pubes shaped in a rectangle. I wasn't going to be close enough to see if she shaved it that way, but probably.

My finger went back inside my Gwen's entrance, plunging into her juices. She was leaking all over Spidey's face. I needed to fuck this girl again. Now. Could we end our little game with Charles and Allison and get back to business? Gwen let me know there was still work to do.

"Look at her pussy, Charlie," Gwen breathed.

"I am," he confirmed in hypnosis.

"Touch it, Charlie. Inside."

Charlie did. Carefully. He didn't want to break it or make it mad at him. Question was whether Allison was nervous and dry, or dripping wet with desire, like my Gwendy. Charlie breathed out audibly loud as his finger went in and in and in. She was wet. Allison had sat up sharper at that, but then leaned back down, groaning. I think it was at that point that Charlie knew he was going to lose his virginity that night. He was going to fuck his Allison. Or make love to her, however they wanted to feel about it.

There were times Gwen and I made love, and we knew it. That's exactly what it was. I wanted her to know. And sometimes, we just needed to *fuck*. That was going to be what we did next, if we could get to it.

"Pull your finger out, Charlie," I told him, and he did. "Taste her." He hesitated. "Charlie, put your finger in your mouth. Taste the girl you love." He couldn't deny that, so did like I told him. I could see his eyes react, but he was good. "Now lean in and give her pussy a kiss. Let her

know you like her, and that you'll be very, very nice to her." I could tell Charlie thought I was being silly, but I gave him a look like Scott gave to me. Charlie nodded and went down and kissed her pussy. Before he could get up, I continued. "Give it a lick, bottom to top. Find her little clit at the top." I could tell he gave it a shot, and Allison shivered, her legs flinched. "You're going to do this for her every time, before you make love. Make her cum. You'll get better at it."

He kept at it, and I stopped telling him what to do.

I turned my Gwen and pushed her to the bed. I hunted around in the comforter and found my prize that Spider-Man was guarding. We needed to do this. Let the kids get to fucking on their own. I needed to be inside Gwen's fuzzy little pussy, again.

When the song changed but before I could get inside Gwen, Charlie coughed. At some point while we were making out and getting into position, Charlie and Allison had done the same. Charlie coughed again and tapped me on the back. "Danny?"

"This better be good," I warned him.

"Do you have a condom?" he asked me.

The tiger in my back wanted to just push the kid away and start slamming into my girl. I could feel it in the back of my head and all along my spine — I needed to fuck and this pest was...

Gwen looked up at me with those blue eyes. We had started the kids on this path. And we had one condom between us.

I raised up on my arms, twisted my head, and addressed Charlie. "You really should feel how it feels on your first time. There's nothing like it. It's amazing..."

"But," Gwen warned me quietly, between us, "he's so worked up he's going to cum as soon as he gets inside her."

"I have *one* rubber," I admitted, showing her the foil packet in my hand.

Then she understood my predicament. Our predicament.

"I don't want to get pregnant, Danny," Allison pleaded.

I breathed heavily and sat up. Allison probably thought I was being frustrated with her and Charlie — and true enough, I was feeling frustrated, but not at them. I looked at the naked couple. We'd got them this far. "Give him a blowjob. Then he won't come right away when you get to fucking. And you can enjoy it."

That wasn't exactly what any of them were looking for me to say, but it seemed to make some kind of sense. Charlie had been absently stroking his cock, and quickened up the pace without even thinking about it.

Allison looked to Gwen. "I've never done that. I've never given a blowjob, before."

"It's easy," I said, calming down a little. I looked to Gwen for permission to tell them. She seemed to know what I was going to say. "Gwen gave me her first blowjob tonight, too, probably right before you guys showed up to spy on us."

Allison gave Gwen a questioning look. I don't think she thought Gwen had a ton of experience, but she was surprised, all the same.

"Yeah," Gwen confirmed. "Wasn't too bad. I'll do it again." Then she looked up at me, smiled, and then we both laughed.

Charlie realized he was still there, on the bed, standing on his knees, taller than all of us, stroking his cock. He looked to Allison, and started to scoot closer to her.

"How do I...?" Allison tried one last time before she was put to the test. Could the girl really be that innocent?

I didn't want to try and tell her what to do, and I didn't think Gwen wanted to either, especially how worried she had been over her own performance an hour ago. We'd just done the sexy bit getting these two to take their clothes off. I wasn't running a school. What next? When they got to fucking, were we going to have to put his cock in her for him, like anyone actually needs help doing that?

"Show her," Gwen said to me.

I spun to her. *What?*

"Show her how," she said simply, quietly. "You know you've wanted to try it. Pretend he's Scott."

I wanted to immediately wave that off, like it could only be a joke. But she was serious. I had to think. *Did I want to try that?* I mean, that would be... But a few years ago... *Pretend he's Scott?* I was looking right at my Gwen, but not really seeing her, that stupid look on my face of not quite understanding.

Then, I just turned to Charlie, grabbed his midsection and turned him toward me, took ahold of his ass, and took his cock right into my mouth.

I was no expert, obviously. I was much better at getting my cock sucked, I felt. But I was doing this. There was no way I was going to try and deepthroat him. What did I tell my Gwen a little while ago? Suck on the head, lick the shaft, find his sweet spot. Don't forget his balls. Did I tell that one to Gwen? Be nice to it. I guess... do what I like to feel when girls did it to me.

My perception of Charlie's reaction was probably not what Gwen and Allison saw since I couldn't see his face or his eyes, and I didn't look for them. His hands didn't come to my head until he realized what was going on, and that he was liking it just as much as he thought he might. As I was able to take his first three inches while still swirling around his dickhead, he

started trying to make sure he got that in-out feeling. Not satisfied with my bob, he tried to fuck my face, showing that's what he'd really rather be doing.

To my left, I heard Allison gasp, and then Gwen say, "*That's so fucking hot!*"

It was weird. I had a cock in my mouth. And it didn't feel wrong. It felt... *fun*. Like it was just a bit of sex that I hadn't tried, yet. Like Gwen tried today. It felt... what's a good word?... *pleasing*. Like I liked it, and I hoped it pleased Charlie, too. I could try this again. Did I say something to Gwen about Scott? Just about our jack-off sessions in 7th Grade. And how we almost did this. Yeah. Maybe I did want to.

My perception of time was off because I was concentrating on what I was doing, but Gwen told me later that I didn't have Charlie's cock in my mouth any longer than a minute before he blew his load. *That* I remember. I took his first blast because he was holding my head still. I think he shouted or screamed, but his hands were covering my ears. He probably said something to the tune of 'Oh, fuck!' I know he *didn't* say, 'Pardon me, Daniel, but I believe I may be ejaculating soon.'

I wasn't ready and gagged a bit, it felt like a lot more than, I guess, what one blast really is. But I was able to dislodge him and pull my head away. I got his second blast on my face, and then pointed him at his girlfriend, who I'm going to think had a look on her face like Gwen had when she saw me explode. There was some giggling, or screaming, I couldn't be sure which. I checked my eyes; there was no cum on them, so I could open them safely.

Charlie had a lot of cum in him. A *lot* of cum. There were the two blasts I caught, but Allison was covered in it, from her face to her tits, and some on Charlie's stomach, and on his cock from a vertical shot and whatever oozed out at the end. It was everywhere. Well, that's supposed to happen, right? Like christening a ship. *Good luck to thee as you sail upon each other!*

When Allison caught her breath, I caught her attention. "Clean him off," I told her, that same seriousness in my voice that I gave Gwen, earlier. I kept my eyes on her. *I did this for you, you can do this for him*. Like Gwen, she looked inside herself, stopped any clean-up of her body, and took ahold of Charlie's cock. He had fallen back on his heels, but she went the rest of the way and put it inside her mouth, and sucked on her boyfriend's cock, getting the taste. If she liked it, there was more on her chest.

She was about to consider herself done, when I shook my head and told her, "Make sure." She didn't look at me, but went back on, and sucked with more enthusiasm than I thought she might, and she kept going. She was going to suck him hard, again! She was sucking the boy she loved.

I turned to Gwen. "Got a present for you," I joked. But she cut the distance between us and kissed me, tongue and all, showing — like I had — that she was willing to share the pain. I didn't have much of Charlie left in my mouth, if anything, and I think she found that out, because then she went and licked Charlie off of my face. I don't think she's ever licked my face, before — that was erotic all by itself!

"You're clean." She kissed me again.

“What did you think?” I asked. Not sure what all I asked about, but I’d let her decide how to answer.

“Tastes like cum. A little different than yours. Or do you mean...?” She thought a second. “When you were doing it? I couldn’t believe it. It was hot. I... I got myself off. I couldn’t help it.”

“So you don’t need me to fuck you, anymore?” I joked. Hopefully a joke.

She breathed out, like a laugh. “No, I *really* want you to fuck me now!”

Charlie and Allison continued without us, thankfully. They were as hot to fuck as we were. Allison was on her back and Charlie was between her legs, guiding his cock inside her. It was kind of cool watching that! Allison kept saying, “Go *slow*, go *slow*...” and Charlie was all, “*I will, I will*...”

Even Gwen couldn’t look away as Charlie got his length inside her and fell forward, both of them breathing a loud moan, together, like in chorus, in the key of G. Their eyes were closed, then they opened them at the same time. Gwen and I knew the look in their eyes.

I pulled my Gwendy to me, crushing her to me, and I said in her ear, “I love you, Gwen.” I couldn’t help it. I couldn’t stop myself.

She told my ear, “I know. You told me before.”

I did? “I did?”

“Mm-hm. A couple times today, but you didn’t let me say it back, yet.” She pulled my face in front of hers. “I love you, Danny. I’m glad you said it, ‘cause now we can say it all the time.”

I kissed my Gwen for I don’t know how long. But a rhythmic choral of “*Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!*” made me look to my right and see Charlie pounding his cock very *un-slowly* into Allison’s pussy, her legs wrapped around him, running her toes along his thigh.

I picked up the still-unused condom. I looked at Gwen. “Hey,” I said to Charlie, hand on his back, interrupting his thrust.

“Hey,” he said shakily back to me, a big smile on his face as he enjoyed his first fuck, with an untypical amount of stamina now that someone had given him a pre-fuck blowjob.

I held out the Trojan. “Here, wrap it up.”

“But this feels... incredible!” he moaned, not stopping.

“I hear parenthood feels that way, too.”

They slowed, Allison making him slow down, and he pulled out, the look on his face like a boy who’d just had a bully sit on his birthday cake. He took the packet from me.

I was feeling all ‘I’ve done a good deed today’ when I looked back to Gwen, expecting her to share in our sacrifice. But she just whispered to me the magic words, “See if Scott has any.”

The clouds in my brain opened up and a chorus of angels sang, like in the movies. *Duh!* Scott!

I launched out of the Spidey-bed, but before I headed upstairs, I saw Charlie mangling the condom trying to figure out which way it went on. I asked Gwen, “Hey, can you help him with that thing before he puts a hole in it?” Then I was out the door and bounding up the stairs, my hard cock bouncing before me.

When I got to the hall, both bedroom doors were open, and I went to the front one, the one I knew Scott and Fiona were in. I stopped at the doorway and gave some caution looking in. Scott and Fee were in a kind of naked tangle, but not actively fucking. Al was sitting naked on their bed, one leg bent on top, the other foot on the floor. They were just talking, I guess. Laughing about something.

“What’s up?” Scott asked, noticing me.

“Um... Hey, Fee. Hey, Al.”

“Hey, Danny,” they both said in some way or another. I realized I was still quite naked, and semi-hard. I know Fiona saw me naked that time, but I’d never been naked with Al, or he with me. He didn’t seem to mind.

“Um, yeah. Do you have any condoms? We gave our last one to Charlie and Allison.”

“They finally did it?” Fiona asked all excited. “Thank god!”

“About fucking time,” Scott laughed.

“So...?”

“Oh, yeah. No, I don’t have any here, pal. Sorry,” Scott apologized. And I should have known. I found out that time we were all together that he didn’t use them with Fee, that she’d gone on the pill during a previous boyfriend whom we don’t talk about, and Scott gave me one from his stash. Lucky bastard!

I breathed a sigh. Not that I’d mind another blowjob and eating Gwen’s pussy again, but...

“I can help you out,” Al told me. “Fifi, Scott, pardon me.” I waved to Scott and Fee and followed Al out to the other bedroom.

Benji was naked, face down on the bed, out like a light. Al went to his pile of clothes and pulled out a strip of six condoms. He looked like he was considering how many to give me, or how many he needed, but I wasn’t going to tell him since I was the one begging. He shrugged and split off three.

I thanked the naked blonde guy with the great body — who really looked *good* naked — and headed back down into the Spiderverse.

I looked through the window in the door into the basement. I wanted to see what angle Charlie and Allison had when Gwen and I were making it. Pretty good, actually. They definitely saw my butt in action. Now, I saw Gwen watching the two of them fuck, still on their half of the bed. That was fair: they watched us, we get to watch them.

My opening the door caused a slight scare, but they all figured out who I was pretty quick. I plopped down into the bed, grabbing my honey and swinging her onto me, causing the other couple to bounce and lose their rhythm.

“Success!” I whispered to Gwen, showing her the three-pack. “Gift from Al.”

Immediately, Gwen recalled, “That’s right. Fiona’s on the pill.” She looked at me, then, and said, “Maybe me, too, soon?”

“Did I tell you that I love you?” I said, and pulled her back down to the bed, trying to get back to that place where I was before, with the tiger calling the shots in my brain.

Charlie and Allison were making so much noise — Allison whimpering and Charlie breathing so heavy, words coming out only Allison could hear — that we had to let them play it out.

“So, do you think they’ll make another Spider-Man movie?” Gwen asked, her face right next to Spidey.

“Don’t see why not. There’s something about the rights, though.” I paused while Allison told Charlie how his cock was driving her crazy. “I’d like to see the Jackal or Chameleon as the villain, and they’ll probably give him Black Cat for a love interest.”

“Not Gwen Stacy?” she said, as Charlie made now-all-too-familiar noises that told us all that he was going to cum.

“He can’t have Gwen. Gwen is mine!” I told her and laid a kiss on her, but had to laugh. “Were we this loud as first-timers?”

There was nothing Charlie could hide, anymore, with all three of us having tasted his cum, so he let himself go and screamed as he came inside Allison. Inside his condom inside Allison.

Finally, they collapsed, and I gave them some time to recover while I moved down and ate Gwen’s fuzzy little pussy, again.

Then, I handed Allison one of the three foil packets. “Here. You on top, next time. Now get out of here, the couch is still yours!” I said this with enough of a laugh in my voice to not be mean, but they knew I wanted our privacy back.

They searched out their clothes, though didn’t put them on, and were heading for the door when Charlie came back. He grasped me from behind, put his arms around my shoulders and

chest, and kissed me on top of my head. "Thank you, my friend," he said. Then they were gone, the door closed behind them.

Gwen, still very happy, took a moment to fluff the sheets as the bed was now 'ours,' again. We lay down and could stretch our legs out the whole way.

My playlist was still going. I reached over and shut off the bedside light.

And Gwen and I made love.