



## AND THE INTERNATIONAL SCHEME

**TOMMY LINARCOS** 

Scott fell into his seat on the couch, directly across from the human pretzel known as Sebastian-and-Fiona, knotted together on the love seat. His beer was held out in front of him, appearing to bounce slightly in his hand, but maintaining its level like a human gyroscope, not spilling a drop.

"Impressive," noted Pietro, sitting in the easy chair next to Scott. "My mother would thank you for not spilling that."

"No worries," Scott said, then took a swig of his Hamm's beer. It was probably on sale, the stuff Dusty Liquors gladly sold to high school students with bad mustaches to get it out of the store, so if it spilled, it was no great loss. "Probably got some clean-up to do, anyway." He motioned to the other twenty teens strewn about Pietro's apartment. "Your mom's not coming home tonight, right?"

"No," Pietro almost laughed. "Wouldn't get away with this if she was..."

The post-concert gathering was reaching midnight. Soon, the Freshmen and Sophomores would start looking to the Juniors and Seniors to see if anyone was willing to drive them home. Scott was usually a soft-touch for that, but decided if he was too drunk, then he couldn't be of any service. When the current episode of *Outer Banks* ended, it was a likely bet that the whining would begin.

"You remember at Danny's party? That his mom was actually there the whole time, locked inside her bedroom?" Scott laughed.

"Oh, I remember, all right," Pietro smiled. "I was the one who tried picking the lock, when she opened the door and told me to fuck off before I ruined her door knob!"

"That was you?" Scott shook his head and had another drink. "Who were you with, then?"

"Raymond, from Swim," Pietro recalled. "But not for long. You were with Cindy, weren't you?"

"Actually, we'd just broken up, so had no need for the back bedroom," Scott winked.

"Shame," Pietro decided, finishing his own beer.

Both boys then realized they were staring at Sebastian-and-Fiona. Seabass and Fee.

"They arrived late, tonight," Pietro realized.

"No they didn't," Scott told him. "They were in the backseat of Danny's SUV." Scott caught Pietro's eye. "Until I told those two Sophomores that they could catch them naked if they snuck outside and spied on them. But the kids blew it. Too damn noisy."

"Sophomores..."

"What's on your mind?" Scott asked him. "Why do they have *your* attention — other than their furious making out?"

Fiona lifted her head and looked their way, quizzical, like she'd heard him talking about them. Scott raised his beer in greeting, Fiona smiled at him, then went back to business.

"Let's talk about politics," Pietro offered, leaning forward. Scott wasn't sure what he meant until Pietro started in. "So, Ireland and Mexico wanted some country to host their... economic negotiations. They'd heard the queen of Italy was out of the country, so they asked the Italian president if they could come over and negotiate."

Scott took a drink, his eyes furrowed as if the beer tasted flat; the beer was fine, but he was figuring out what the hell Pietro was talking about. He still focused on the kissing couple eight feet away. "Wait, Seabass is Mexican, right?"

"Yes..." Pietro said, quietly holding in his patience, "and I'm Italy, dumbass. Pietro? You know? Mr. Pasta Fazool?" Scott was a smart guy, Pietro knew, so which beer was he actually on?

Scott picked it up. Fiona was Ireland, that was easy. *Mexico and Ireland wanted to come over to Italy's place and...* "Did Italy wind up hosting the conference?" He also picked up the bag of Jay's Potato Chips no one was paying attention to and got about alleviating his munchies.

Pietro laughed with his eyes, knowing Scott was finally on the right page. "Not at first, but he gave in and let Mexico and Ireland come over and use his... conference room."

"Not at first, huh?" Scott observed, trying to speak with his mouth half-full. "I thought Italy and Mexico got along okay..."

"They do," Pietro assured him. "But Italy was hoping that he could... pursue... economic ties with Mexico, himself."

Scott took a long swig of his beer. "So, what did Italy get out of the deal? A case of cheap beer? Or just the satisfaction of being a good friend?"

"No," Pietro smiled. "It seems that Mexico brought a gift from Colombia to help entice Ireland into the deal, and Italy got a little of it."

"I take it that was how Italy was so generous at tonight's soirée."

"I'm a good host. A good sharer," Pietro said, falling off story. "Charlie brought the cheap beer."

Scott looked at the couple kissing. "So, a closed-door session, and Italy had to clean up, later?"

"No and yes," Pietro hinted. This got Scott's attention. "So, it wasn't exactly a three-way negotiation, but Italy was able to get his hands on Mexico's peninsula."

That made Scott chuckle. "Italy got a taste of the Yucatán, eh?"

"Not yet," Pietro admitted, dropping his smile. "Just played in the sand."

Scott took that in. "And was Mexico successful in their negotiations?"

"Ireland gave him almost everything he asked for."

"Damn." Scott finished his bottle. "I was... England was... working quite hard to break up Ireland and Poland, and when that happened, England was hoping to reunify with Ireland."

Pietro wasn't sure who Poland was in their game, but figured it was Fiona's old boyfriend. "Why didn't England say anything?"

"I did, I just didn't want to be a rebound. I thought I'd give her a little time to... recover from the winter recession." Scott picked the beer back up, but it was still empty.

"You like her. Like, actually."

"Yeah."

Pietro put his hand on Scott's shoulder. "C'mon, you're a good-looking guy. Those brown curls, superhero chin, these shoulders... I'd love to see your abs... Any guy or girl would say 'yes' to you...."

"Flattery," Scott told his friend with the black hair and faded Mediterranean tan. "But she's the one I want. The one I'm supposed to be with."

Across from them, Fiona disentangled herself from Sebastian and walked down the short hall. Scott watched her move, her grace, even in blue jeans.

Sebastian had Pietro's eye for a moment, looking at him next to Scott, then frowned and found the TV.

"That's why you sent the Sophomores outside..." Pietro put together.

Scott didn't answer.

Pietro took a moment, found his own beer and killed that off. "What if... it was time for Italy and England to form their own partnership."

Scott looked over at him. "Petey... you know I'm not..."

Pietro waved him down. "Not *partnership*, then. Um, *alliance* might be a better word." Scott's curious look let him continue. "What if... England attended the next economic summit, as the guest of Italy... and... Italy was able to distract Mexico while England pleaded his case for a merger."

Scott was not convinced. "England could do that any day at school. England should do that someday at school," he told the empty bottle. "Distraction isn't a..."

"Come here," Pietro demanded, and led Scott into the kitchen to get fresh beers. It was dark in there, only lit by the open fridge and one lighthouse nightlight. "I'm talking about full engagement," Pietro clarified. "I've seen her naked. They did it right out there," he whispered, motioning back to the frontroom. "I tried to join in, but you know I'm only interested in Sebbie."

Scott got the bottle opener and popped both their beers. "I don't want to watch them..." Scott did want to see Fiona naked, but that was not the goal, and he sure didn't want to be a spectator to such an event. It was hard enough seeing them make-out on the loveseat.

"They were able to just kind of push me aside," Pietro continued. "But with you there, we could all be 'appropriately dressed' and manage to... swap. I help you, you help me."

Scott was catching on, but realized it required some other form of participation. "But you're not talking about an orgy. 'Hey, let's invite Scott and everyone fucks Fiona.' You're talkin' me and you, and them two, then we mix things up."

"And keep them that way."

Scott didn't drink, yet. He was either going to tell Pietro to go to hell, or find a way to make this work. "Pete, you're a nice guy, you're my friend, but I'm really not attracted to you that way."

Pietro didn't let the slight hurt him; there was no insult. "I'm not talking about falling in love and becoming a couple. Just playing around enough to make an impression. Then we both get who we want, fall in love with *them*, and become couples."

Two other people came into the tiny kitchen, and then Fiona exited the washroom. She looked both ways down the short hall, and came into the kitchen, herself. She looked at Scott holding his fresh beer, then asked, "Pete, do you have any water?"

Pietro went to the fridge, moving aside the two girls who just were standing in the open fridge door. He pulled a short Aqua Pod and gave it to Fiona, then realized he shouldn't be a part of this potential conversation, and excused himself and moved the girls along.

"You're quiet tonight," Fiona observed of Scott. "Your part of the concert was a lot of fun, but you don't seem like you're all there, now."

"I'm kinda stuck on Pete's song, going through my head. Kinda sad."

"You or the song?" She leaned on the counter, taking a more permanent spot.

"Both. But not really." He'd brought up the point, but tried to play it down.

"You were really good in that 80s medley. What's that one song you did, with your sax?"

"I did two showpieces in that. 'Baker Street' and 'Careless Whisper.' You probably mean one of those."

"Yeah." Fee shifted the water bottle from hand to hand. "You okay?"

"I was just thinking. You wore this shirt, before."

"Yeah, it's an old shirt." A cute, white, long-sleeved henley, with blue stripes. The three buttons at her neckline were open. She tugged at her sleeves.

"No, I mean you wore that when we went to the Anti-Prom." Last spring, when all of their older friends were going to Prom, he and Fiona went off on a date of their own.

"God, you remember that? That was a great night." Her smile lit up the dark kitchen. "We took the bikes — you didn't have your car, yet. Pizza Palace, the forest, the river, the swings in the park..."

"You said you'd get your own bike and we could ride around the world."

"That's right, I borrowed your brother's bike. And then we dropped off the bikes and you walked me home instead of letting me ride and then pick up the bike the next day."

"I had to figure out some way to make the night last longer."

It got quiet, because Fiona remembered what happened next. "You kissed me."

"I sure did."

Her brow furrowed. "Why didn't you ask me out? Like for real?"

"I did. You said you had to think about it," Scott told his bottle.

"Oh." She bit her lip. A couple other boys had expressed interest to her at that time, too, and she'd wound up dating none of them. "That was kind of a crazy time. And then I left for a month to North Carolina."

"And when you came back, everything had changed. We went back to just being us." Scott still hadn't looked up, nor taken a drink of his beer.

"That was a long time ago. Then you found Cindy."

"You found Leo. And now you've got Seabass."

"Sebbie."

"He'll never be Sebbie to me," Scott said. "He's Sebbie to Pete, though."

Fiona just breathed. "I don't know what to say."

"Well, you asked. I've got a song in my head and that's why I've got this." He picked up his beer.

Fiona just nodded her head, wiped off the bottle condensation in her hands onto her jeans, and headed back out front.

Scott let her go, then followed. His seat on the couch was taken by some Freshman.

Pietro saw Scott enter. "Hey, kiddies, it's midnight. Do you know where your parents are?" he called out to the masses. "Better be nice to Charlie or Danny if you want a ride home."

That started a small chaos where the underclassmen began negotiating. A couple of them didn't even know where they were, and probably could have walked home, but pleaded for a ride. People asked if Pietro was kicking them out and how late he would let them stay. Pietro assured them that he was fine with whenever, but knew some had a curfew.

Scott got his seat back and plummeted into it as he had done before. He got about finishing the bag of potato chips, too.

Charlie asked why Scott couldn't drive anyone.

Pietro found his old seat open, as well, and sat back down. "Scott is wasted, if you haven't noticed. Only go with him if you *never* want to get home." He quite obviously took Scott's hand and brought his first two fingers to his lips, licking off the salt.

Scott didn't flinch, didn't snap. "I can drive..." he said to the ceiling.

Across the way, Fiona caught the action, stopped kissing Sebastian, and made concerned eyes at Scott. Scott just laughed a little and shrugged to Fiona. She laughed back, their eyes connecting. Something to talk about, later.

Scott turned to Pietro, a new look in his eye. "But what about..." he started, taking his fingers back. "Mexico? Is he...? I mean, I always kind of thought he was, but..."

"Mexico is definitely bi-coastal, I can tell you that. Atlantic and Pacific," Pietro assured him. He stood up and took the newly-opened spot on Scott's left on the couch. He took a swig of his beer, then set it down on the coffee table next to Scott's. "But one night with me, and he'll sail the Atlantic for good."

"So how am I supposed to be...?"

Pietro draped his arm across the sofa behind Scott, running his finger across his right shoulder.

Scott thought a moment. God, he wanted Fiona. He saw blonde Fiona's ear and Seabass's mop of black hair in some mashup that looked like a confused Muppet. He couldn't be angry at Seabass... Sebastian. He just got the girl that Scott wanted, due to his own inaction, Scott knew. And Pietro wanted Sebbie. The plan, what there was of it, so far, could have some merits. He was just too frustrated to think of what they could be.

"If this is going to work, start it with me, now," Pietro whispered in Scott's ear.

Scott, still in deliberation, threw his left leg over Pietro's right, anyway.

"That's it," Pietro smiled. His left hand found its way to Scott's shirt collar and traced the button placket down his chest.

"I don't know if I can do this," Scott said into his chin.

"We're not doing anything, yet."

"I don't think I can kiss you, if that's what you want. That's too personal." Scott slipped his left arm into the hole in the couch around Pietro's waist, anyway. "I don't mean that to insult you..."

"I get it." Pietro kissed Scott's neck. "Didn't you ever kiss an ugly girl?"

"No. All the girls I know are very pretty, you son-of-a-bitch," Scott breathed a laugh as Pietro's hand dropped further down, hovering at his belt line.

"Of course, they are. Well, we're just playing. Can you *pretend* to have fun? You might even have a little fun by accident, you know?" Pietro massaged Scott's jeans, tempting his cock to come to life. And it did.

Scott turned to Pietro, and might have actually tried a kiss except that a round of goodbyes was pulling the party host away. Pietro disengaged himself from Scott, got off the couch, and made sure nobody was stealing anything as they left.

Fiona and Seabass had hardly moved, but Fiona was staring at Scott, now, sitting alone on the couch. "Scott?"

Scott picked up the scene. *If England and Ireland could...* Never mind that. Just go with it. "You see this?" He referred to the bulge in his jeans, the obvious erection. "Gets me all excited then just leaves. Bastard!" He laughed and finally took a drink of his beer. *Look at what you're making me do, Fiona... what lengths I'm willing to go through...* He was in it, now.

The greater mass of twenty teens shuffled out, leaving about six behind, including Fiona. She turned to Sebastian and asked, "How are we getting home? I've got until one, but...?"

"I live a block away, but you better get a ride," Sebbie said. "Will Scott take you?"

Scott stood up and crumpled the empty potato chip bag then took another swig of his beer. He looked at his shirt and pretended to dust off chip crumbs, but there actually were some hiding there and they bounced off into the dim lighting. "Not sure I'm the best guy for that, Fee," he laughed.

Fiona uncurled herself from Sebbie, and called to Pietro at the door, "Hey, did Danny leave, yet?"

Pietro acknowledged her and called out to the street, "Hey, Danny, hold for one more."

Scott stumbled across the room, playing Pietro's suggestion. "No, wait, Fee, I can drive you. I'll take you home, I'm not that bad."

Fiona held Scott steady. Not really, but Scott loved having her hands on him, even if it was for pretend. "No, you better get some coffee in you, Scotty." She kept one hand on his waist as she reached for her jacket.

"Coffee won't help," Pietro said from the door. "Then he'd just be a wide-awake drunk. He can sleep it off, here."

Fiona looked Scott in the eye with that pronouncement. "You going to be okay? You know what you're doing?"

She was this close. *Thisclose*. He could just kiss her. Kiss her right now. Kiss her and she'd know what he felt for her. But then he'd have to get into it with Seabass. "I'm not sure. I'm taking an option."

"Scott..."

He stared at her. He almost gave it away, he was going to tell her what he should have since she broke up with Leo. He brought his hand to her cheek. He was going to tell her that he was hopelessly, madly, incurably —

"Hey, if you're going, you got to go, now!" Pietro called from the door.

Fiona fell back. "Yeah, yeah..." A final look at Scott. "Be good. Get some sleep." Then Sebastian walked her to Danny's car.

Pietro didn't lock up. There were still a few left, staying later. He wasn't kicking anyone out. Scott found his seat, again.

Two girls were running through the Netflix posters, searching for a title. Too many rows were dropping by, too quickly. "He's got to have it on his list, doesn't he?" asked the giggly one.

"Just go to 'search,' it'll be faster..." said the other giggly one.

Soon, Series 1-Episode 1 of *Di4ri* was playing. It was an Italian teen soap full of eye-candy. Two girls, Pietro, and Sebastian all sat on pillows in front of the TV, pointing at the boys, one scene of which had them all shirtless. One character's name was 'Pietro,' and they were teasing the real-life Pietro that if he was as handsome as the TV Pietro, then...

Scott put up with the story, it was cute enough, but he couldn't see the subtitles with all their heads in the way, and started debating on just getting out of there. He wasn't really drunk. Well, he'd had three, maybe four, beers, but he was no lightweight. And a hit or two of Pete's joint, but he wasn't feeling it, though. A cop might feel he was DUI, though. He was feeling alone, though.

Both Danny and Charlie had come back to the apartment after their runs, but the vibe had died considerably. Charlie took the remainder of his beer and left.

Danny pulled Scott aside. "What are you doing? What was all that before?"

Scott took a second to contemplate. "Desperate times call for desperate measures."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"I don't know," Scott admitted, but it came from somewhere. "Talk to me tomorrow. This is about Fiona."

Danny nodded warily, then clapped his friend on the shoulder. "Get some sleep." He wound up driving the two girls home.

"Pietro, your place available anytime tomorrow?" Seabass asked, putting his jacket on, noting Scott was embedded in the couch.

Pietro, cleaning up the remaining bottles, breathed out his reply, as if it were a burden, "Yeah... I mean, sure. You guys can come over. Make it sometime in the PM, though. I don't know what time I'm going to wake up."

Sebastian pointed his chin toward Scott. "Is he really spending the night with you?"

Pietro smiled, both inside and out; Sebbie was taking the bait. "Well, I was serious that he could stay and sleep off his high. He seems to be stuck to the couch. But who knows?"

Sebastian looked back toward Pietro's bedroom door, and then back to the front door. "Do you...?"

"Actually, I'm kind of tired, too. It's been a long day," Pietro told the wall. It sounded like Sebastian was giving him an opening, but he knew it would probably just be a blow job, maybe traded blow jobs, at best, if he took him up on it. That's not what he wanted. Sebbie'd sent Fiona home — let him go home, too, let him get worked up for tomorrow, Pietro plotted. "Go on home, make your mama happy, and I'll see you two sometime tomorrow when you get here."

Sebastian breathed out his frustration, nodded, zipped his jacket, and headed outside. Pietro locked up and shut off the big lamp. Only the TV was still on.

"He didn't even say goodbye," Scott snickered.

"Did you expect him to? He's not sure about you. Can see it in his eyes."

"About me?"

"Yeah," Pietro noted. "He sees you looking at Fiona, he sees you all close when she left, he sees you and me... I said 'no' to a quick blow job. He's wondering what's up and why he's losing things. And I'm hoping he's confused about Fiona and what he's doing with her, really."

Pietro picked up the remote control and shut off the TV, leaving the apartment in darkness. Slowly, their eyes adjusted to the glow from the streetlights sneaking in through the front window. "Come on," Pietro ordered, holding out his hand to help Scott up.

Scott waited a moment, then took Pietro's hand and used the leverage to stand. "Petey, what are we doing?"

"Going to bed." Pietro knew how that sounded and didn't want to make Scott panic. "I mean, you can leave, if you want to, but you really shouldn't drive, and the bed is much more comfortable than the couch." He led the way back, while Scott was still attached to him.

Scott figured he could think clearly enough. He went with Pietro down the short hall to his mother's bedroom. He could stop, he could balk, but he didn't really want to. Part of him wanted to do this.

The mother's room had a queen-size bed, perfect for two. Scott watched Pietro begin to remove his clothes. There was no seduction. Pietro was not kissing Scott's shoulder like before, he wasn't opening Scott's jeans for him, he wasn't whispering in Scott's ear. Scott pried off his own shoes and unbuttoned his shirt. Pietro nodded. When both were down to their boxers, Pietro opened up the covers and got in. Scott did the same on his side.

"So," Pietro started, "about the plan."

"Yes," Scott acknowledged that he was willing to discuss it.

"When Fiona and Sebbie get here, we want them to see us in action. And it has to look convincing, not like it's the first time, like we just started when the doorbell rang," Pietro said in the dark. There was one window in the bedroom, but the light leaking in was a very dim blue/green, and difficult to see eyes, even. "Don't worry, I'm not expecting to fuck you in the ass tomorrow. I want to fuck Sebbie in the ass tomorrow."

"So what are you expecting me to do?" Scott asked. There was no fear in his voice, just business.

"We'll have to be intimate. Hands. You said kissing was too personal, but you're going to have to kiss me. Or let me kiss you. Maybe trade blow jobs. We'll see when it's the right time to make the switch. It won't happen as soon as they walk in."

"No, I knew that," Scott admitted. Like Pietro, he had been thinking about how the plan might proceed, too. "And we need a reason for us to stay in the same room, instead of them asking to come in here or your room. We want them to join us."

Pietro was impressed that Scott had thought this out, too. "So what are you willing to try?" He moved closer to Scott under the covers and let his hand find Scott's abs. "Ooh, these are nice. I still can't see them, but they feel nice!"

"Glad you like them," Scott almost laughed. He slid over a little more, himself, let his hand find Pietro's arm then slid up to his shoulder, then glided down onto his pecs. An action... not normally done guy-to-guy, but here, with a purpose, Scott could give in to expectation. He knew Pietro had suffered a couple small injuries on the school's gymnastic team, but those were just strains he recovered from, but when he'd really wrenched his knee on the wrestling team this past winter, he was out for both sports. Still, he'd kept up his exercise. His shoulders and pecs were quite... healthy.

Pietro smiled in the dark. Scott was open to something! "Have you done anything before?" he asked.

"Middle school stuff," Scott admitted. "Danny and I figuring out what our dicks were for, what they could do. What it felt like when you let someone else do it for you."

Pietro let his hand drop down off Scott's abs and into his boxers, immediately meeting his hardening cock. He wrapped his hand around it and made sure it was hard.

Scott breathed in with the sensation, brought his hands back and pushed his boxers down and kicked them off deep inside the comforter. "When I said I don't want to kiss you, I didn't mean you're ugly — like you said did I kiss an ugly girl. You're just not my type, you know? I mean, I know you're a good-looking guy, just not for me."

"Don't worry. I know you didn't mean it that way." Pietro's hand found the length of Scott's cock and began a gentle stroke. He curled a little and began licking the nipple he'd teased earlier. "So, what is your type?"

Scott chose the obvious answer. "Fiona's my type."

Pietro wasn't going to let him off that easy. "I mean, if you know I'm a good-looking guy, like you said, but I'm not your type, who would you go gay for?"

"Ha!" Scott knew he'd been cornered. "If..." He took the opportunity to start yanking down Pietro's underwear; if they were going to do this, they were going to do this. Pietro stopped the stroke and assisted him. When the boxerbriefs were gone, the two got back to business and Scott discovered the girth of Pietro's cock. "If I did... I think... there was this one guy. He did a play, and I think he was on your gymnastics team Freshman or Sophomore year. He was blonde, and... he looked... I don't know, there was just something about him. I haven't really given this a lot of thought, but when you asked, he just came to mind."

"You're talking about Al," Pietro said with authority.

"Yeah, I'm talking about Al."

"Pretending you don't know his name... *might* be on my team..." Pietro lifted the comforter and just threw the top down the bed. He climbed over Scott, straddling his legs. "His real name is Adalbert, but don't tell him I told you."

"Adalbert Schroeder," Scott considered. "Yeah, if I was going to go gay, I guess it would be with someone who looked like him." He relaxed and helped Pietro find his positioning; he knew what he was after.

"Just looked like him? Have you ever met him?" Pietro stroked Scott's cock from his bush to his expanding head and, on the next downstroke, wrapped his lips around Scott's cock and took him inside, swirling his tongue around the head in welcome. He took Scott down halfway and then a little more before coming back up and bobbing five times in quick succession.

Scott gasped and couldn't answer for a second, or a minute. Pietro had a talent, he'd give that to him, for sure. "I've met him once or twice, but chit-chat, 'hey, nice job' type of thing." He ran his fingers into Pietro's hair, but stopped. It was a normal reaction to a blow job, but still felt too personal to do it to Pietro. *Fuck it*, he thought, and did it, anyway. "I have a feeling we could be friends, like we wanted to talk more, but couldn't with the time, or something. I don't know. I'm on Soccer and Swimming, he's on Gymnastics and — is he in all the plays or just that one? If he were in the Jazz Band like you and me, then who knows?"

Pietro didn't answer, just used his tongue and throat the best way he knew how. Scott knew part of the fun of a blow job was watching the girl, and catching her eyes when she wanted to know your reaction to something she was doing, but that couldn't happen here in the dark. But to that aspect, everything Pete was doing was a mystery, then. Scott relaxed and just centered his mind to the wet sensations of Pete's skills on his cock.

Pietro had pulled off him to lick the sides, the popsicle move, then took ahold of his shaft about halfway, licked around his head, and then sucked down to his hand. Each time he bobbed to the top and back down, his mouth pushed his hand lower, taking more of Scott into his throat, until his hand dropped to cradle his balls. Pietro pulled off, and moved down to suck at Scott's balls, and did a quick move to poke his tongue at his anus. Scott immediately flinched, his knees jerking, but a smile grew on his face just as quickly.

"Fuck me..." Scott groaned.

Pietro had to answer that. "Are you serious? You want that?"

Scott had to bring his mind to the present. He'd been getting nearer his explosion point when suddenly all ecstasy below the waist came to a grinding halt. "What?"

"You want me to fuck you?"

"No, I... What? No. I... You stopped!"

Pietro went back to sucking Scott's cock. He could tease him further, but he wasn't that mean. His tongue found Scott's pleasure point — the skin just below his crown down to his scar, and he worked that.

"Ffff... damn... Pete... Petey... I'm going to cum in your mouth," Scott rasped.

"Don't worry," somehow was understandable.

"No, I mean I am going to cum in your mouth," Scott demanded, holding Pietro's head.

"Yes. You are."

Scott's muscles tensed, he doubled about, and made faces no one could see. "Gah...! Oh, fff..." He shot off into Pietro's throat six times, each blast allowing him to relax his hold over himself until he was flat under Pietro, again.

Pietro pulled himself off of Scott's cock, but gently held it, rocked it, letting it know everything was all right, that it could relax and unwind. He swallowed a couple extra times, clearing the remainder from inside his cheeks. "You okay?" he asked Scott.

"Totally okay..."

"Don't fall asleep, now."

"I know, I know. I'm not gonna be a bad friend." Scott knew what he would have to do.

"You taste pretty good. Only a little salt in there. Still on your competition diet?" Pietro climbed up Scott's body and kissed him.

Scott let himself be kissed, but barely kissed back. "Bastard." There was a little cum given back, of course. "Yeah, though I had some beer and chips, tonight, I don't think they had time to invade my system. So you get the good stuff."

"I got some good stuff for you..."

"I'll bet you do." Scott shook his head and gently shoved Pietro off of him. This was easier in the dark, he knew. He'd have to do it again in the daylight tomorrow, but here, now, in the dark, it wasn't necessarily real. And he didn't have to see Pietro's eyes. It was his eyes that Scott didn't like — just something about the guy's dark eyelids, always half-closed. Girls probably thought it was sexy, but he didn't. He liked Petey, he was his friend, but even if he messed around with him like this, there was never going to be a chance he'd fall in love.

"How you want me?"

"Just lay down. Let me get a feel for you." He put his hands on Pietro's shoulders and slowly ran them down his pecs and abs. He'd been in contact with his teammates' bodies on the soccer field and in the pool without shame, but this was different. This was something he never thought he'd do, didn't know he'd even wanted to do, but here in the dark, he could give in to curiosity, enjoy the tactile feeling of another guy's body. "Your knee going to be back in shape ever?"

"Not for Wrestling. That's done. No Senior year for me. I'm still going to try with Gymnastics. With coach's help, we'll find something I can do without hurting it."

"So, no Soccer with me?"

"I'm not going to run on it. Or get checked, or tackled... Whatever you call it."

Scott would laugh, but knew it was sensible. "Jazz Band doesn't require any of that. Except blowing."

Pietro did laugh. "And I can do a good job with that. And on my trumpet, too. Question is... is saxophone the only thing *you* can blow?"

"Well, that's what we're going to find out..." Scott moved down to take ahold of Pietro's cock. "You're completely shaved?"

"That's how I like it. And it makes my dick look bigger."

"No, it doesn't. It just makes you look gayer."

"Well, for me, that's not a bad thing." Pietro pretended to cough. "Got one of your hairs caught in my throat. I think you've got me on length, even with your hair. But I'm thicker than you."

"Yeah, you are..." Scott admitted while getting his mind ready to take Pietro's cock.

"You measure yourself?"

"I'm seven, seven-and-a-quarter, maybe. Cindy measured me a while ago — she's like 'Eight inches!' but I let her keep thinking that." Scott found that Pete's cock head was fatter and flatter than his. A battering ram. "No way you're fucking me with this thing."

Pietro understood. "Penetration is a hard thing to negotiate. You have to be willing to give up control, and power. Until you find the pleasure."

"Easier with someone you trust, then." In that instant, Scott got a whole new appreciation for what a girl went through.

"Or find incredibly exciting!" Pietro pumped his hips. "Now, hey, no more delays, get busy."

Scott nodded in the dark. "Just remember the old saying — there's no such thing as a bad blow job."

"There better not be, or I'm gonna get to face-fuck Scott Walker."

Scott gave himself one last instant of hesitation — he'd never done this before, but how hard could it be? — then went down on Pietro. His mouth immediately thought Pietro's cock head was huge. He could barely fit the whole thing in his mouth, how did he expect to take any of Pietro's shaft? He tried to suck it thinner by adding pressure, and tried to see how much he could get down, or at least inside.

"Take it easy," Pietro advised. "Use your tongue, more. Think about what you like to feel, then try to recreate that. You'll get it."

Scott took the advice and put his tongue to work, then started a slow bob, started that in-andout. He had to open his mouth wider than he thought he would have to, but he was okay, now. He didn't try to suck so hard. There was really no taste to worry about, it was as he expected, and Pete was clean. He still smelled like Pete, but that was Pete...!

Scott pulled off and licked the shaft, going to the spots that he liked, trying to feel Pete's reaction whether he liked it or not. Keep it wet. Swirl. Try again how much he could take inside before the gag reflex. He'd wanted to try and do it right, whatever that is, not just bobbing for fifteen minutes. But as he just relaxed, he got better. There was a satisfaction, he found, to the sucking. It was kind of fun. He thought he understood how girls could hate doing this, yet at the same time wanting to be great at it.

"Use your — there you go," Pietro was going to point out not to forget to use his hands when Scott recalled that very thing, jerking while he sucked and cradling Pete's balls with the other. Scott almost snickered to find Pete's balls were a little fuzzy — *Not too easy to shave those, is it?* 

Pietro let him sail for a bit longer, but soon shifted, pulled out, and got to his knees. "I'm going to help you out. I'm almost ready to cum but not quite there. Here, sit up." Scott did so. "Flatten your tongue, take me in, don't block me."

Pietro began to quickly fuck Scott's mouth; Scott had to take it and allow it. Pietro pulled out and stroked himself, then pushed back inside and shot his load, holding Scott's head captive. Scott figured what was going on, but still wasn't quite ready for the onslaught. The cum pooled in his mouth, but he did his best to swallow as it came. Anyone's entire spooge was really only a tablespoon or two, but inside the mouth, it felt like a half pint. He did his best, but still wound up coughing a little out. The most notable thing about it all, Scott determined, was the heat of fresh cum, straight from the body to the tongue, not instantly cooling as it hit your abs or chest.

"Sorry, never had that much, before," Scott confessed.

"Middle school?" Pietro asked while recovering.

"No, didn't do it back then," Scott said. "Girls. They kiss you afterward, think they're cute giving you a taste of your own cum, like I'd never tasted it, before."

"See the problems with girls?" Pietro kidded.

"I... only want one girl's problems."

"You guys are really close. It should have happened before now."

"That's my fault."

"Yeah, well, let's fix that." Pietro pushed Scott back down onto the bed, and fished below to drag the comforter back up. "I was going to ask if you wanted to try fucking me, but you should actually get the sleep you pretended to need."

Scott agreed and they found their space. Pietro pulled Scott closer to him. "Cuddling isn't gay. It's human."

Scott allowed his friend to rest his head on his chest. He put his arm around him, they locked a leg, and fell asleep.

\* \* \*

The next morning, just before 10:00am, Scott called home and checked-in with his dad, making sure there were no plans as he was going to spend a little more time with his friends. Then he took a shower. He half-wondered if Pete was going to surprise him and try to join him, but he did not.

He wanted to brush his teeth, but didn't want to borrow Pietro's toothbrush. He'd just had the guy's cock in his mouth, Scott shrugged a laugh, but using the guy's toothbrush was just too personal. He opened a drawer or two in the sink vanity, looking for a dentist-provided cheap spare, maybe, and found three 8-packs of soft brushes. Pietro's mother must buy them in bulk, he thought. Scott selected a blue one.

Through the washroom door, Scott could hear a little commotion, some quiet conversation. His clothes were still in Pietro's mother's bedroom, so he'd have to navigate the hallway in a towel, no matter who was out there. Too early for Fiona and Seabass. Hopefully, it wasn't Pietro's mother. That would be... well, maybe she knew all about Petey's conquests. But no parent wants to find out their bed has been *used*.

Scott borrowed the hairbrush on the counter, whosever it was, and brushed back his brown locks, looking slick. He wrapped the big white towel around him, secured it at the waist, and opened the door.

"Hey... Pete? Is it okay to come out?" he called down the hall. "My clothes are still in the room."

"Scott? Yeah. Come on out," Pietro returned. "In fact, can you come here a minute?"

Scott really wanted his clothes, but at least this meant that it probably wasn't his mother come home a day or two early. He kept a hand on the knot in his towel and cautiously made his way into the frontroom.

Pietro hadn't dressed yet, himself; he was still only in his black boxer-briefs. Though Scott's towel had more square footage of material, at least the boxers were actual clothing. The other person in the room was —

"Scott, I believe you know Al..."

Scott gave Pietro a withering glare. What are you doing? Why did you call Al? What do you expect will happen? And here I am, standing almost naked in front of this guy. How do you deal with this?

Scott turned to Al. Whatever the deal was, it wasn't this guy's fault. Al Schroeder was a blonde stunner. His straw-colored hair looked like he'd just finished rough-drying it with a towel straight out of the shower, himself, except it stayed that way, and looked perfect. A little curl to it, similar to Scott's own brown hair, though he'd have to wait for his hair to dry for them to spring up. Al's eyebrows were a little darker than his hair, and Scott suddenly wondered if that would stay true over the rest of him. There were a few sun freckles across his nose and the tops of his cheeks, and it looked like he had a snaggletooth, but Scott couldn't be sure — not that it marred his appearance. Al was wearing a simple yellow pullover and a pair of khaki shorts, his shoes already removed and placed near the door. Scott knew the guy had muscles from gymnastics, but he wasn't a powerlifter or a bulky football player, so those muscles were comfortably hidden until he wanted anyone to see them — again, similar to himself and his fellow swimmers. Although, his own muscles were certainly now on display for Al.

Scott turned on his smile, tightened his grip on his towel, moved forward into the room, and extended his right hand. "Hey. Good to finally meet you. Although..." he indicated his bare chest and the towel, "I wish I'd been better prepared..."

Al grasped Scott's hand and shook it. A good, dry, firm handshake, while his eyes unmistakably checked out Scott's pecs. "Hi. Yeah, don't worry about that. It's not like... Anyway, yeah. It's like I always wanted to get to know you, too, but we're never in the same place too often."

Pietro tugged at Scott, making him take a seat on the couch, not letting him leave to get changed. Al moved with him to take a seat on the couch, too.

"So," Pietro looked back and forth between them, a big smile on his face, "talk..."

"Petey, you're an idiot," Scott cast at him.

"We actually have met, you know," Al said, bringing Scott's attention back. "We were at the movies, together. Well, not together, but you were there with some guy, and I was there with my friend."

Scott knew this. "Yeah, I remember..." He let a smile grow, as if he were just now recollecting it. "Danny and I went to see James Bond, and they were cleaning the theater, still, wouldn't let us in. We were sitting on those cushy benches. And you were there. We got to talk a little. Kinda like this, like now. What were you seeing, again?"

"I was with... no one special... it turned out... and we were going to see *Dune*," Al recalled. "I saw you two there, and I knew you, and I couldn't just ignore you, or give you a chin wave," he laughed. "We'd have walked in and just gone, 'Hey, that was Scott Walker.' And I wanted to really say hi."

"I'd seen you before, when I'd watched Pete perform, once," Scott pulled up, "but those gymnastics meets take forever. Everyone's all over the place, nine events going on at the same time, everyone's so far away. No big screen to watch like in the Olympics."

Al nodded with a roll of his eyes. "Same for you guys. I went to a swim meet, once, because of *his* boyfriend," he nodded toward Pietro. "Even though there's so much skin, I couldn't tell who anyone was, and then half of you are wearing caps."

"So you might have seen me win, but didn't know it was me," Scott smiled.

"I didn't say I didn't know it was you..." Al smiled with his eyes. "So, at the movies, you could have come to watch *Dune* with us, there were plenty of empty seats."

Scott shook his head. "It was opening weekend for Bond, otherwise, maybe, if you'd invited me to..."

"Hey," Pietro interjected, "are you guys still shaking hands?"

Scott looked down and realized that the handshake that led to sitting together had never really ended. His hand was now between both of Al's. It just felt nice.

"Sorry," Al laughed, and released Scott.

Scott just looked askance at Pietro.

"So, um, Pietro told me to come over because he was working on a project," Al said. "Are you in this, too? What's it about?"

"I'm a project, now?" Scott muttered.

"It's about... getting Scott comfortable with being with me for pretend, so he can be with Fiona for real," Pietro let on.

Al seemed disappointed. "You brought me here as a hired gun?"

Pietro was caught in his explanation. "We have a plan. We have to be together when her and Sebbie get here, and then we'll make them want to swap. We split them up and get who we really want."

Al looked at Scott. "You really want Fiona." It was not a question.

"I think I'm in love with her, and I can't stand to see her with Seabass, so I'm willing to go along with this scheme, and I hope..." Scott trailed off. He shook his head. "Oh, I don't know. This is stupid." Scott started to stand up.

Pietro saw his plans starting to fall apart. He had to keep Scott here. He could apologize to Al anytime, but he had to keep Scott from leaving. "Hey, look, don't get up. How about a drink? Scott? It's still morning for you? Are you a coffee man or juice or a good wake-up Coke? Al? Something for you?"

They both just looked at him. Pietro rambled on as he got up and left for the kitchen.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know he'd drag you into this," Scott said. "You don't have to stay. I don't even know if I'm going to stay."

Al reflected a moment. "Tell you what. Let's... see what you need for this to happen... so long as I'm here. Maybe this can make sense, after all." I didn't know you were going to be a part of this. I just told him..." Scott let that fade, shaking his head, a little embarrassed.

But that piqued Al's curiosity. "Told him what?"

"I told him..." Scott coughed a nervous laugh, "I said I wasn't attracted to him, I didn't know if I could 'practice' anything with him."

"He is kind of ugly," Al joked, trying to relieve Scott's tension.

Scott laughed. He could leave it there, but with Al in front of him, his blue eyes in front of him, something made him say, "But I said I was attracted to you."

Al smiled, and, yes, there was a snaggletooth — the one between his incisor and canine, on his left side, just a little twisted. Al leaned in toward's Scott ear; it was just the two of them in the room, but he spoke like they were sharing a secret. "I was hoping so." He leaned back out, but continued whispering. "He said you were here and would I like to meet you. I've always thought you were hot, but I'd like to know what makes you tick. Not just, like, you know. But like, friends. Maybe we could be friends."

"I'd like that," Scott said. Then he grew a wicked smile. "But in full disclosure, I should tell you that Petey told me your real name, Adalbert."

"Fuckin' bastard," Al laughed. "It's a family name."

"I kinda figured."

"Where I grew up, before I moved here, my friends knew it. And a couple would say At-Albert, or Fat Albert. I wasn't fat, but there used to be this cartoon guy called Fat Albert," Al shared.

"I can't picture you fat," Scott snickered.

"I hope you never will!" Al looked down at his chest. "Hey, can I do something without it looking like I'm doing something?"

"I... quess?"

Al pulled off his yellow shirt and tossed it on the back of the couch. "You guys are, like, naked, and I'm still fully dressed and it's kind of awkward. Like if you were the one naked guy in a room full of... dressed people. But opposite. I'd rather be like this, anyway, like when I go skateboarding."

"I used to, when I was a kid. But I wiped-out too many times. I can't afford to get broken, anymore. Got too much going on," Scott said, speaking to Al's eyes, but taking in his chest peripherally. "Where'd you used to live?"

"California." Al said it like he missed it. And he did. "I miss it. I used to surf, too. We moved because of my dad's work. But I'm trying to go to college out there. I want to go back."

"Fond memories?"

"Oh, yeah. But I know it'll be different now I'm not a kid, anymore."

"Still have to pay for tuition and rent and food out there, too. Can't just live on the beach."

"Oh, you can. We saw a lot of homeless guys trying to do just that, but I don't want to wind up like them." Then Al leaned in, again, "That's where... with my surfing buddies. I was young, like twelve, thirteen, but that's where we played gay."

Scott nodded his understanding.

Al asked to Scott's ear, "Are you bi?"

"I don't know," Scott whispered back. "That takes opportunity. I see a lot of naked guys in the locker rooms, but it hasn't done anything for me."

Al saw Pietro about to walk back in the room behind Scott, carrying two glasses of something orange. He made a quick hand motion that Scott couldn't see: *get-out-of-here!* Pietro turned around without missing a beat and retreated back into the kitchen.

"Would you like to take the opportunity to do something with me?" Al asked him.

Scott knew his answer, but gave it a beat, anyway, as if he had to think about it. "Yeah. With you, I think I would."

Al drank that in, finally let his hands start roaming Scott's chest and abs. Scott took this cue to do the same, this time in full daylight and knowing that he wanted to.

"You owe me a secret," Al told him.

"This may be the biggest one I have," Scott shrugged.

Al shook his head. "You know my name. You got to give me a fun secret."

"Don't worry. I'm not going to tell, like Pete did. And I won't call you Fat Albert or anything." He drew Al closer in. They couldn't look away from each other's eyes.

"Better not!" Al tickled his side. Scott flinched, but it did not continue. Al still kept his gaze. "I'm going to tell everyone my name is really Alucard."

Scott picked this one up immediately. "That's Dracula, spelled backwards."

"You are quick," was the last thing Al said.

Scott moved in and kissed him. There was no hesitation.

In his mind, Scott had to divorce himself from the idea that he was kissing a *boy*, and it wasn't that hard. He was kissing this *person*. He was kissing Al. He wasn't worried about being called gay. And it wasn't 'oh, I'm trying something so daring!' It was more about not having been attracted to any boy. He knew what a good-looking body was, and a lot of his teammates had them. A couple of his other friends, too, but many of his other friends weren't in a sport. There were a few guys he wanted to see nude, wanted to check out in the lockers and showers, was curious about, but he never thought about kissing them or giving a blowjob or... fucking them.

In his mind, it was the idea of kissing someone he desired. And he could be okay with that. Normally, he desired a girl. Today, he desired Al Schroeder, and he'd see how much he'd let himself go. Not to think about it. Just to be with this person.

Making out with Al was hot, exciting, yet comforting. This was the thing you did with someone you cared about. The thing he could not do with Pietro — he cared about Pietro, but he couldn't kiss him, couldn't get that personal; he *wanted* it to be this personal with Al.

Pietro had silently made his way back in from the kitchen and set the two glasses of orange juice on the table. He didn't want to disturb the couple he'd created, though he was a little bit jealous. He'd see if he could add himself to the mix, but not now. He took his seat on the easy chair next to the couch and let his hand drop inside his boxers.

Al allowed his hand to drop onto Scott's waist, pulled the tuck out of his bath towel, and drew the side away. He ran his hand through Scott's pubes, pulled on them with his knuckles, then grasped his cock, getting familiar with it.

"Finally," Scott breathed inside Al's mouth. "Did you think you needed permission?"

Al laughed, and had to pull away to avoid clashing with Scott's teeth. "Everything in its time. You're still way ahead of me."

"Yeah, you still have too many clothes on. Stand up," Scott commanded.

All disengaged from below but held on for one last suck of Scott's tongue, then stood.

Scott admired Al's muscle tone. "Damn, you've got good shoulders. I thought mine were good, but I've watched you do vertical push-ups."

"You've got that 'swim layer' on you, but I could feel the sinew underneath," Al admired back.

Scott undid the button and zipper of Al's cargo shorts and let them fall to his knees. He took the waistband of his red boxerbriefs and just yanked them down in one swift move, making Al's cock bend forward and spring back against his body, making a loud *thwap* as it hit. Only then did he pull Al's clothes down past his feet and took the time to get rid of Al's 'stupid little socks.'

He felt his way back up to sitting, running his hands along Al's legs to his waist. This wasn't something he'd feel comfortable doing with any other guy, but Al wasn't any other guy. They all knew some kind of sex was about to happen, and Scott allowed himself to explore. Since he was in the right position, he decided to take first crack, and got the feel for Al's cock. He noticed Al's trimmed brown pubes. "You see, Petey, men have hair."

"You don't like Pete's shave-job?" Al wondered.

"No. Makes his dick look like my little brother's."

"Your little brother has a cock this big?" Pietro asked, lowering his boxers and tossing them away.

Scott nodded. "He does. Runs in the family."

"Still have to suck it, later on," Pietro teased, openly stroking.

"But I have to suck this one right now." Scott took Al's smooth, cut cock into his mouth and applied the lessons he'd learned the night before. Al's cock wasn't as thick as Pete's, so Scott could get more inside, go further down. He began a gentle bobbing, getting familiar with it, not pushing to get it all in but taking it as he could. Again, there was no real taste, but he did smell better than Pete. Scott thought only briefly about that and let Al's scent be the beach, in his mind.

An appreciative groan from Al let him know he was doing okay.

He found he had more room to use his tongue, so he did, and he scraped lightly with his teeth. He was determined to find Al's spot — was it at the split in his head? the nub of skin at the scar? just under the whole corona? He was enjoying getting better at this.

Pietro made his way over to the pair. "Save the towel. Could get messy around here." He shifted Scott's legs and sought to get Scott's cock for himself.

"Get out of here, that's mine in a bit," Al called down.

"See? That's what happened the other day when Sebbie and Fee came over," Pietro whined, stroking Scott's cock, still. "I'm here, I'm available, I want to have fun, but they pushed me away."

"That's what we're going to fix," Scott said, pulling off to breathe, then licking Al's shaft. "You get Sebbie off of her, and keep him off of her. Fuck him, suck him, whatever, just make him yours."

"Oh, yeahhhh," Pietro confirmed.

"And you're going to make Fiona yours?" Al asked.

Scott stopped and looked up. "Yes." He considered the cock in his hand, the helmet turning purple the more he held it at its base, the smooth shaft and the short brown hairs, the ring so

light it almost wasn't there, the tight package of balls. "But that doesn't mean I don't still want this." He sucked the cock back in and started a fast bob, grabbing Al's behind with both hands.

"Have to warn you, I didn't get a chance to jerk off this morning before Pete called me," Al said. "Barely had breakfast."

Scott, keeping his mouth in action, just made a 'gimme' motion with his hand. Al grabbed onto Scott's head, locking his fingers in his hair, closed his eyes, and put himself into the zone, not just enjoying the sensation of being blown, but allowing himself to be triggered, allowing himself to cum.

Scott could tell there was a change, but wanted to make sure Al knew. He paused. "Cum for me. I'll take whatever you've got." Then he went back into action.

Al's hips started shifting and his shoulders dipped, looking like he was having trouble standing. He held tight to Scott's hair, but one hand went to a shoulder. "Fuck, I'm... fuckin'... ahh... Scott... I'm... gah!" Al shot one small load into Scott's mouth, followed by a huge load. Scott held Al's cock head at his lips, trying to allow him to rock but not to plunge into his mouth as the next five loads shot inside. Scott did his best to swallow the hot cum, though some of that second load was still inside. Quickly, he got it down and was able to take Al back inside and clean him off.

Al collapsed onto the couch, but pulled Scott back down with him, holding him until he was conscious, again. "Oh, you're learning fast..."

"I have to give that to Pete. He told me to think about what I like and try to do that," Scott said. "I've had some talented people to try and copy, so I hope I did okay."

"You're fine..."

Scott ran his hand across Al's chest, making sure to graze his nipple. There was a freedom to all this, he felt, allowing himself to try something new. He considered the cum still in his mouth. And considered it, again.

"What did you have for breakfast?" Scott asked.

Al opened his eyes, a playful sparkle in them. "Eggo waffles."

Scott thought half-a-second. "The Cini-Minis?" "Yeah..."

"What about yesterday?"

"French toast," Al was ready to laugh.

"What about dinner?"

"Baked ham and applesauce."

Scott swished around the remaining cum in his mouth. "It's working."

Al laughed out loud. "It actually worked! Cool!" He leaned forward and kissed Scott, trying to taste any of what he'd given him.

Pietro was feeling left out of the joke. "What? You fuckers gonna tell me, or...?"

"You know how diet affects your taste? Like pineapple juice.... He's been doing cinnamon," Scott reported from Al's chest.

"I did Starbucks and Cinnabon yesterday, too. I didn't know I was coming here, but... um... surprise?" Al laughed.

Scott sat up and downed the glass of orange juice Pietro had brought him. "Now with vitamin C." He looked over his new friend. Al had a bit of a glow to him, or it might have just been his blonde hair and the lighting. Some people just looked naturally good naked. Scott handed him the other glass, which he drank down quickly, too.

"I've got some energy, now," Scott said. "I don't know... Can I...?"

Al smiled back at him. "Can you what?" He wanted him to say it.

"Can I fuck you?" Scott got out. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't... sex is fun, but I shouldn't ask —"

Al shut him up with a kiss. "You totally can." Al then nodded at Pietro, who left for his bedroom. "Now, how do you want me?"

"Intensely."

Al actually blushed. He came back with, "Unconditionally."

Scott smiled — inside. This new friend. All the new sex was fun, and all this opening-up and trying new things was... But he was really enjoying making this new friend. Part of him was comparing the sensation to his feelings for Fiona, but he didn't want a conflict inside. He shook that down. He looked at his friend, great body and all, and just wanted to enjoy all of him.

"On your back okay?" Scott asked. Al nodded. "I don't know if that's harder or easier, but I want to be able to see you. See your face."

Pietro returned with a small bottle of lube and a three-pack sleeve of condoms to find Al sucking on Scott's cock, getting him primed.

"I don't think I'm ready to try eating..." Scott apologized.

"That's okay. That's why Pete got the lube."

"Do we need the condoms?" Scott asked.

"Not if you don't want to," Al told him.

"If I'm going to do this, I want to feel it."

Al got into position on the couch while Pietro went about lubing the two of them up.

"This I tried with Cindy, my old girlfriend, but we didn't get very far," Scott told them.

"It's going to be easier with me," Al advised him, "but don't start hammering me right away, okav?"

Scott snickered, then got onto the very serious business of penetration. He stood between Al's raised knees, lined himself to his hole, and pushed in gently. Al was right — it was a lot easier than when he tried it with Cindy. Still, it took three pushes to get his head inside right, and then it wanted to slide forward, but Scott didn't give in to haste. He took it easy but kept moving forward. He hit a pause as Al clenched a little inside, so pulled back slightly, looked up at Al's eyes. Al nodded and Scott felt him relax, and gently pushed again until his pubes met Al's balls.

Al groaned, "Oh, yes... god, I love your cock. This is gonna be..." He reached his arms out to hold Scott at his waist and help him find a speed and a rhythm as Scott drew back and filled him up, again.

Scott tried to equate this with fucking his girlfriends, but it was so much tighter. He hadn't had a sleeve this tight since he lost his virginity at thirteen with another 8th Grader. The lube helped but it was still different from a pussy. Scott was trying to be careful, didn't want to hurt Al, not knowing that Al was waiting for him to let go and start giving him what he could.

Pietro clambered aboard the couch close to the couple. He wanted to offer his cock to either mouth, but neither was paying attention to him. Finally, Al opened his eyes and saw Pietro's need. "Take it easy, Pete. Don't push it. Save what you got for Sebastian."

"You guys are driving me nuts. If I hadn't cum last night..." He wound up kneeling and running his hands along the both of them. Al offered his hand to Pietro's cock, but just gave it a gentle stroke, didn't want to provoke an eruption. "I don't need your pity," Pietro said, but then smiled as Al laughed.

Scott had no idea why the other two were laughing. He was concentrating on the sensation. He wondered if he could ever get a girl into a "DP" situation, but doubted something like that would happen to him in high school. Maybe college. He saw Fiona in his mind. It actually caused him to skip a thrust.

Al caught that. He let go of Pietro and leaned up, sitting up, but holding onto Scott's back while he still thrust into him. Scott adjusted how he held Al's legs, holding him to him. Al kissed Scott and Scott kissed back. "Stay with me," Al told him. "Clear your head and... fuck me!" He leaned back and took Scott with him, turning and bringing Scott onto the couch with him lengthwise, now face-to-face horizontal. Pietro made the way clear.

"You want this?" Scott asked him, trying to add some vigor. He sped up his thrusts, started slamming into AI, finding no resistance.

"Gimme that cock. Fuck me!"

Scott went all out, hammering Al from the waist as Al held him tight to him, urging him on, covering his mouth and sucking on his tongue. Scott had to pull away to breathe, at one point. Al let him go. Scott kneeled, again, and brought Al's legs to his shoulders, lifting his ass, holding him around the knees, keeping him as tight as he could.

It was stopping him from cumming, though, and Scott desperately wanted to cum. It was too much. There was a straight-line connection from the coupling to his brain. It was so tight, even without him holding his legs, he didn't know if he could cum while fucking him. He didn't want to stop. Al didn't want him to stop. Al kept urging him on with, "Fuck... fuck... fuck me! ... oh, fuck..." He had to do something.

Scott pulled out. Immediately, the blood that had been restricted flowed again to his glans, and he began to stroke off. Al dropped his legs and propped himself on his elbows, first feeling the withdrawal and then the realization of the loss inside him, but he recognized Scott's actions, his need.

"I'm cum—" was all Scott got out as a first blast shot across Al's abdomen. Scott dropped his aim as the second, more powerful blast shot out, striking Al's cock. The next hit his ass as Scott sought to get back inside, tried to find that warm sleeve he'd just left, and came inside Al for the next two shots. Al pulled back, denying any more cum inside him, and scooted forward, taking Scott's cock back in his mouth, taking what was left and cleaning him off.

Scott fell forward, bracing himself on Al's shoulders and back. Pietro helped pull him back to sitting, "And then England and Germany created a whole new currency and..." Scott put his hand up like he was going to strike Pete, but just lightly slapped his cheek, and dropped to his shoulder, giving that a light shake.

Scott lay splayed out, spent, lightheaded, breathing for recovery. Al joined him, holding him around the chest. "You have to buy me dinner now..."

Scott laughed, but actually thought about that for a second.

"Okay, gimme your secret," Al demanded.

The secret of my abilities? Scott wondered, then remembered what Al wanted. He coughed up the first thing he could think of. "My middle name is Wilfred," he breathed out.

"Not good enough. I already did the name thing. And everyone hates their middle name. Need something better." All scraped off the cum that hit his stomach and what he could of that which hit his cock, and put his finger in his mouth. "You do a lot of fruit juice, I'll bet."

"Soda is empty calories," Scott said, massaging his own cock. "I do a lot of peanut butter, so I was wondering..."

"No, I don't taste that." Al kissed him, again.

Scott opened his eyes, located Pietro. "Pete, thanks for calling him in."

"That's what I do. I'm just the butler around here. Host of the economic summits..." Pietro griped from his position.

"Come here," Scott offered.

"No, you guys are right," Pietro said. "I want to cum like a firehose for Sebbie."

Scott did a quick mental check. How much would he have left for Fiona, if things went that way? He stroked off yesterday morning, no time after school because they just got ready for the concert, then he came in Pete's mouth last night, and now for Al. He'd had lots of time between all those. And this one would prevent him from coming too fast, like a pre-fuck blow job. He would be fine.

"How are you feeling?" Al asked him. "You ready to go for more?"

"More?" Scott asked.

"Think you can handle me?" Al asked, but with concern, not as a challenge. "I'd really like to fuck you back."

Scott's eyes got small as he went inside his head. He'd done a lot in being open to having sex with these two guys, and he'd enjoyed it. Getting blown, fucking... even in sucking him off, he'd had a sense of control. Could he do this? Like Pete had told him, allowing penetration takes a lot. You have to trust someone, or... find them incredibly exciting.

He looked at Al, his smile — just a nice smile, not teasing, not joking. His hair, his eyes. His body, which felt natural to hold. He was exciting. If he was ever going to consider this, the time was now, and with this guy. With Al, his friend.

"Yeah, we can do this. If you help me."

Al hid his smile. He was pleased, but didn't want to jump and shout. "Have you ever...?"

"Well," Scott considered, "a finger, now and then. And Cindy — the girl who tried anal with me? — she wouldn't do it unless I was willing to, too. So she put a rubber on her Mr. Purple and put it in me, further than I got with her. It was okay — weird but okay. She didn't try and do any 'revenge boning,' or anything. So, it would still... really... be my first time. With any passion, I guess."

Al and Pietro arranged Scott on his knees, leaning forward onto the couch, saying it would be easiest this way, even though Scott thought he'd like to be able to see everything. For the next ten minutes, Al lubed Scott's hole and inserted one finger, then two fingers, drawing slowly in and out, and then was able to sneak in a third finger. Scott began to protest, but realized Al's cock would be thicker than that, though probably more comfortable as a single unit, like Cindy's vibrator had been.

At some point, Al decided that Scott would be okay, and withdrew his fingers. Nothing was following them in, yet, though. Scott craned his neck around and saw Pietro sucking on Al's cock, getting him ready after those minutes of neglect.

Scott felt a twinge of jealousy, then, seeing Pete sucking on Al. 28 Al was *his* friend, now. *He* should have Al's cock in *his* mouth. But as soon as that feeling hit him, it left again, Scott realizing the ridiculousness of it. He took a breath and cleared his head with a laugh.

Al took his cock in hand and played at Scott's door. "Just take it easy, now. Breathe and relax. Don't fight me."

Scott wasn't nervous. More curious as to what it would feel like. Like going on a ride at Six Flags, you eat up all the tension waiting to get on the ride, you know it will make your stomach flip, but it will be thrilling, and you'll love it when you're all done. You just had to remember nothing bad would happen to you. Unless someone didn't inspect the track that morning. Scott shut down that thought.

Al started pushing, and Scott's ass slowly stretched around Al's glans. He didn't fight. He didn't tighten up. He willed his asshole to relax and not prevent Al from going the wrong way. And the head was in, and it was *big*. Scott took a sharp, deep breath, and clenched. *Oh, my god, it's huge!* Scott thought. He knew it was about the same size as his own cock. But like your tongue knows every little thing that goes on in your mouth, his asshole now knew the shape and girth of Al's cock. He wasn't going to let Pietro's fatty get anywhere near his ass!

"Take it easy," Al cautioned, his voice soft and meant-to-be-soothing, and slowly pushed his shaft inside. He paused to let Scott get used to it. "How does that feel?"

"It's... it's okay. Might hurt a little, but I'm doing okay. It feels weird."

"That's fine. Try to push back at me, inside. It'll feel right as we get going." Al continued to push inside Scott until his short pubes met his ass. "We're there." He paused, again, to let Scott get used to the stretching.

"It feels... full."

"Yeah. It will. And if you let it, it'll feel good, too," he soothed. He drew his cock back but not out, then pushed his length back inside Scott. He did this three more times, slowly and evenly, and then picked up the pace.

"Oh, fuck," Scott moaned.

"Good fuck, or bad fuck?" Pietro asked, off to the side.

"Good fuck," Scott breathed. "Yeah, good fuck." He helped Al find a rhythm.

"Don't grip me, Scott. Relax. Tell me," Al said.

"What?" Scott wondered.

"Tell me that secret. The fun secret." Al picked up the pace again and enjoyed the fuck.

Scott realized what he meant. Distract himself and enjoy it. Without putting any thought into it, he came up with a secret. Something he hadn't thought about for years, but it just came. His sister. What he did to his sister. Nothing really bad. Just...

"My sister, she likes Alpha-Bits. For breakfast. The letters. *Oh-ohhh...* The cereal with the letters. She liked to spell her name with the little letters. Her name is Shea. S-H-E-A. I was mad at her. *Hmmm...* I poured her whole box into a big bowl and took out all the Ss, all the Hs, all the Es, and all the... all the As. And I ate them. I put the rest back. *Oh, fuck... fuck me...*"

"I'm fuckin' you..." Al said, loving that Scott was into it.

"Shea wanted to know who opened her box. I told her I did, that I wanted to see what the toy inside was. And I gave her the toy, said I didn't want it. *Hah-ah!* She was mad about that. But she didn't know about the letters. I'd folded the bag inside right. Then she ate her bowl, and she couldn't spell her name because she didn't have any of the letters. *Mmm...* She couldn't do it that day. She couldn't do it the next day. Not all week until it was all gone. *Fuck!*"

Scott put up his hand. "Let me... let me get on my back." Al pulled out, and Scott felt the immediate loss, the *zloop*, the slide of Al's cock taking a vacation. Al helped him onto his back, and positioned his legs as he knew they should be, and slid right back inside Scott, zipped the whole way in, making Scott's eyes bug, making Scott laugh at that, the whole effort just a matter of seconds, and hammered his ass as he had been.

"So, your sister... What did she do?" Al asked, keeping Scott in the zone.

"Fuck. Fuck! She called the company, the Alpha Bits company, whatever it is. Number was on the box. Kellogg's? The thing with the weird G? I don't know-oh-ohh... But she complained that the box we bought didn't have her letters. A week later, they sent her a coupon for a free box. She goes to the store, gets a new box. And I do the same thing to her again. All over again! Fuck! What are you hitting in there? Your skin is shiny. Come down here." Scott pulled Al down for a sweaty kiss. Al told Scott to keep going.

"Shea gets mad and calls the cereal company again. The lady. *Oh, fuck me...* The lady on the phone. She's like, 'They probably just didn't run the wheels that make half the letters that day.' For that, you know, that shipment, *the fuckin' shipment* or whatever. Those boxes were probably missing T and L and Z, too, she said, who the fuck knows? But Shea didn't check for those. Right? *Fuck... Just her fuckin' letters.* So the lady apologized, but didn't send her another coupon, this time. No! *Fuck no!* 'Cause she thought Shea was scamming her. You know?"

Al smiled, watching Scott's eyes stare at the action, his hand keeping his cock interested while his ass was pummeled.

"But I was mad. And I never told her. I never fuckin' told her. Fuck me! And to this day, she still thinks the cereal company fucked up!"

Al laughed, and he could because he was the one fucking, not getting fucked. "She never found out. That's good. But now I know."

"Now you know."

"And now... I'm going to come on you," Al declared, and slipped out of Scott's ass and started stroking.

"In me," Scott breathed. "Cum inside me. This might be my only time. I want to know what it feels like."

Al hesitated, but it was a request he couldn't refuse. Scott's ass still had enough lube and he slid himself back inside. The suddenness of it made Scott's eyes cross, but he recovered. It took several more thrusts to bring Al to that point, again, but he grit his teeth and shot his load inside Scott. "Grrrfffffuuuuuck!"

Scott could feel Al's cock kick, but not individual cum blasts, just the warmth spreading, the liquid, the weirdest feeling. He put his hands out to Al's shoulders, propping him up, and then let him collapse down on top of him. Both held each other loosely but securely, hearts beating, chests rising and falling on each other's, breathing each other's neck.

"What's that wild scent you're wearing?" Al asked Scott's clavicle.

"Coast — the eye opener," Scott said in his best Ryan Seacrest. "And you?"

"Sorry, nothing so fancy. Just Old Spice Sport. Didn't know I was gonna..." Al trailed off. He raised himself, took a deep breath in and out, and looked Scott in the eye. "Is this it?"

Scott replied but could not answer. "I don't know."

\* \* \*

At just about 2:00pm, Sebastian rang Pietro's doorbell.

The intervening hours were filled with Pietro and Scott having breakfast and Al a cinnamon-less second breakfast, Scott taking a second shower, and then an awkward goodbye as Al dressed to leave, knowing he was not part of Pietro's scheme. Scott promised they would get together as friends, but couldn't promise anything else if all went well with the Fiona side of the plan. Al silently accepted the understanding. There was no kiss goodbye. That stuff was all left on the couch.

Pietro tore the Nautica comforter from his bed and spread it out on the frontroom floor, pushing the coffee table back and to the side. For two moments, he looked at the direction of the comforter's blue, light blue, and pale yellow stripes, and debated whether they should be parallel to the TV or perpendicular to it. Scott helped him spin the thing twice until he settled on parallel, dropped his two blue/yellow bed pillows and called it their picnic blanket.

They put three empty beer bottles from last night back on the table, and added a nearly-empty bag of Cheetos, along with the two OJ glasses and one breakfast plate, to make the scene look "used." Scott got his clothes from the mother's bedroom, and piled them near the couch.

"Don't forget to brush your teeth, again," Pietro reminded Scott. "She might find one of Al's hairs in your mouth, and then our whole operation is underwater..."

"Found your hoarder stash of toothbrushes, already. A convenient thoughtful service, Pete. For all your overnight conquests?" Scott kidded.

"Bite me," Pietro grumbled. "Trying to be nice..."

They scanned Netflix and found some dumb Italian romance movie with enough nudity in it to make it look like something they'd had on the whole time. Pietro understood what the characters were saying, laughing at the subtitles. "That's not what they're saying, at all!"

They slouched naked on the couch, making it part-way through the film when they heard Seabass and Fiona outside. Scott quickly gave Pietro's cock a quick suck to give it a wet sheen, then stretched out on his front on the comforter while Pietro answered the bell.

He opened the door naked, peeking around to be sure Sebbie and Fiona were alone, and let them in the apartment. They came into the room to find Scott making a quick jump up from the floor and hiding his lower half behind the easy chair.

Fiona stood stock-still, a little shocked when she recognized the blur as Scott.

"Oh, it's you guys," Scott said, sounding pretend-relieved. "I thought it was the pizza guy and Pete let him inside. I'm like..." and he laughed, pretend-blushing.

"You're naked," Fiona observed.

"Well, the pizza guy wasn't supposed to see me," Scott said, pretend-oblivious. He asked Pietro, "Did you answer the door naked? Were you trying to freak him out or was that supposed to be his tip?"

"I didn't call the pizza guy," Pietro said back, closing the front door. "What time is he getting here?"

"What do you mean? I didn't call the pizza guy," Scott tossed back.

"Then there is no pizza, if I didn't call, and you didn't call..."

"How can we..." Scott hesitated for his audience, "if there's no pizza?"

"I've got some Goldfish — pizza flavor — in the pantry. I think..."

"Guys," Sebastian interrupted, "what's going on?"

"Just..." Scott started, then came around the easy chair and walked across the comforter. "Suppose I oughta' get a little dressed, now that..."

Fiona's eyes almost popped out of her head as she looked immediately and directly at Scott's cock, swinging as he walked out and past. The handful of brown hair, the length and slight tumescence of his shaft, the shape and color of his glans, the roundness of his ball package. All these she recorded instantly, turning her head and following him to see his bare ass, continuing to watch him as he found his boxers and stepped into them. She might have blushed and been embarrassed in front of Sebastian, except that he was taking in Scott's body, as well.

"Oh, now I have to..." Pietro said under his breath as he crossed the other way and found his black boxers next to the easy chair, then put them on under Sebbie's watchful eye. "Thought we'd do a picnic. Of course, I thought Scott called for the pizza, so..."

"I said I'd pay for it, I don't know which one you call, here. You were supposed to bring out those menus," Scott fought back.

"That was an hour ago..."

"Listen!" Seabass tried again. "Is this a bad time?"

"No," Pietro told him calmly, rationally, now. "We were just... relaxing. Come on, sit down, take your stuff off. Charlie took all the beer last night, so I can't get you that — those are still empty from yesterday — but I got some soda or juice, and a bunch of Aqua Pods."

The 'stuff' Fiona and Sebastian took off, at this point, was just their shoes and jackets, putting them in a spot next to the love seat. Pietro waved to Sebbie and told him to come with him, and the two left for the kitchen.

Scott took a seat on the couch, Fiona across on the love seat, like the previous night. He couldn't take his eyes off her long blonde hair, those kissable lips...

She still wasn't sure how to speak to the nearly-naked Scott. "Did you..." she started to imply, but changed her mind, "wind up staying the night?"

"Yeah. I slept it off. Took a shower this morning, just didn't get dressed, yet, I guess," he half-laughed. He picked up the crumpled bath towel and hung it lengthwise over the back of the couch.

"But you were naked with him. With Pete," she alleged. "And last night, you two, you seemed... I mean, he had..." She half-motioned how Pietro licked the salt off Scott's fingers.

Scott shifted off the couch and took a seat on the comforter, sitting cross-legged in front of Fiona. He grabbed the edge of her thick white sock over her leggings and tugged. She resisted, so he leaned back, pulling it off with his weight. She hid her bare foot under her butt.

"No surprise, Fee," Scott said, taking ahold of her left sock. Fiona let him take this one off without resistance. "Fresh paint?" he asked about her toes.

"Couple days," she responded flatly.

He threw the sock away. "I mean... sometimes... you get lonely, and fun is fun." He traced a line up from her toes to her knee. "I wish it were someone else, though..."

"Scotty," she complained. She looked back toward the kitchen, but Sebbie and Pete were not heading back in, yet. "What did you do?"

"Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"No, I guess I don't."

"We traded blow jobs," he told her, anyway. "I needed to get off. And, you know, *quid pro quo*. Guys do that, sometimes. Sound familiar? Girls at a sleepover?"

Fiona looked like she was going to respond, but just breathed out.

He took her foot and pulled, and kept pulling until she was coming off the love seat, until she gave in, unhooked her other foot, and helped herself not fall too badly onto the comforter. She stared at him while he massaged her arch. She took her foot back and sat against the loveseat with her knees up, a little wall between them.

"And the girl that I'm madly..." He stopped. "What am I doing? You don't care."

"That's not true," she protested. "You know I care about you. But I'm with Sebastian, now. You didn't ask me out. That's twice, now, you know."

"Fuckin'..." He shook his head. "No, the first time, I did, but a lot of stuff got in the way. We know that. That was a mistake. That was a big mistake. I should have made it happen. I had this big dream that we were being so romantic, and I wanted you to realize why you were with me. And then the world fell apart."

"Then you were with Cindy."

"Yeah. I was with Cindy. I don't regret that."

"I don't regret Leo."

"I hope not. He was a nice guy," Scott conceded. "Until he wasn't."

"He didn't do anything bad to me," she reminded him.

"Until he cheated on you," Scott reminded her.

"So, then why -?"

"Why not this time? When I broke you up with Leo?" Scott shrugged.

"You didn't break us up."

"I helped. I wanted you two broken up."

"It was always coming." Fiona took Scott's hand. "I remember, Tori asked me, like right away, who I was gonna go out with next. And I said probably you."

"No, you told me *nobody*," Scott said.

Fiona drew in her breath. "I did say that..."

"So, I didn't ask you."

"Why not?"

Pietro and Sebbie were on their way back in. Giggling.

"Because," Scott loud-whispered quickly, "I didn't want to be your rebound!" He let go of her hand and sat back a bit.

"They do have Goldfish," Sebastian announced, dropping the paper package onto the center of the comforter, and collapsing ungainly next to Fiona, straightening himself to sitting against the loveseat as she was.

Pietro laughed as he let himself down, too, though he lay across the Nautica stripes to put his head down on top of Scott. Only that didn't work right and he found Fiona's toes, instead, so Scott had to scoot back further. Pietro then lay his head back successfully in Scott's lap.

"You should see his room," Sebbie told Fiona, putting his arm around her. "Someone got in his room last night and spilled a beer on his bed." He giggled again.

Pietro laughed but tried to sound angry. "Yeah! Assholes. Knocked over my lamp and everything. Looks like they knocked over my fish tank."

"You don't have a fish tank..." Scott reminded him. Pietro's work on making his bedroom outof-bounds was successful.

"I know. But if I had a fish tank, that's what it would look like if someone spilled the shittin' water all over and messed up my room. And my medals are on the floor..." Pietro continued whining. "But fish would be all over my bed, if I did have a fish tank and they spilled that instead of a beer, but there's no real fish on my bed, just..." he giggled.

Fiona was growing tired of the giggling. "So here, finish the job." She tossed the package of Goldfish crackers to Pietro.

Both Pietro and Sebastian laughed anew. "That's just it — the crackers *were* there!" Sebbie laughed, putting his hand in the bag and pulling out a little red fishy.

"You guys are high," Scott knew.

"Yeah, we are..." Sebbie looked to high-five Pietro, but they were at the wrong angle to each other, so he just slapped his hand down on Pietro's chest.

"Not sharing?" Scott asked.

"It was just the roach," Pete shrugged as best he could.

"So, he's got his Lightning McQueen sleeping bag we can use if we clean up. *Ka-chow!*" Sebbie advised Fiona.

"No," she cut him off. "We can stay out here and just watch the movie."

"It's a pretty dumb movie, but..." Pietro started, when the on-screen couple began the first major love scene at the required forty-minute mark for romantic dramas.

"Looks pretty good now," Scott said as the main girl bared her breasts.

Sebastian curled Fiona into a make-out clinch and began kissing his way up her sweatshirt to her mouth, his hands finding their way up inside the sweatshirt, trying to pull it over her head from within. Fiona knew what he was trying to do and actually helped him make it work.

Pietro looked up at Scott and gave him the eye, raising his eyebrows, not wanting to try a telling wink. Pietro only had one hit off the roach, letting Sebbie toke the most until it burned down, so he was still able to enact his part of the plan. But now he needed Scott to do what they'd practiced for.

Scott didn't need any more encouragement. Watching Seabass take off Fiona's leggings, still trying to kiss her while doing so, disgusted him enough to make him determined. Scott lay back on the comforter, across all the Nautica stripes, and propped himself up by his elbows.

Pietro tugged at Scott's boxers and drew them down to his knees. "This looks pretty good," he said, stroking Scott's cock, which needed the help this time.

The motion caught Fiona's attention and she met Scott's eyes as Sebastian removed her tank top. She was not wearing a bra, and Scott did all he could to maintain that eye contact. *Don't look at her tits!* Not now. You'll get a chance! He could see them in his peripheral vision, the general size and hang, the dark pink color of her nipples — the same shade as her lips, the same as her toenail polish. He had to! He looked right at her breasts — a sigh of desire flowing right through him, and then he forced himself to look at her eyes, again.

Pietro pulled Scott's boxers all the way off and tossed them to the couch, then went to town sucking on his cock. He'd lain opposite Scott, so Scott was able to drag down Pete's boxer briefs and toss them, too. No one was going to get their clothing back any time soon.

Scott had looked away from Fiona while dealing with Pete, and when he looked back, Seabass was taking off her panties. He was in Scott's way, though, so he saw nothing except the panties being tossed on her pile. Seabass then stood to try and impress Fiona by taking his

clothes off top-to-bottom half-sexy, but Fiona was looking at Scott, embarrassed enough to cover her pussy.

A naked Sebastian dropped to his knees and pulled Fiona down, sucking on her breasts. Still, she turned her head to look at Scott.

Scott followed her eyes as she reclined. He didn't mean to have his own eyes filled with hate or disdain, but he couldn't watch her, anymore. He leaned down and shifted Pietro into position and took his cock into his mouth, too. There was no way to communicate with Pietro, couldn't whisper about the plan, or congratulate him on the bedroom or getting Seabass high, or to prompt when to make the next move, so they each just did their own best at pleasing the other.

Pietro was keeping his ears open, however. He heard Sebbie say, "Hey, they're blowin' each other. You should blow me, too. Come on, puppy, suck me. Oh, puppy, suck my cock..." Fiona shifted to let Sebbie lie on the comforter, and she took up position hovering over his legs, doing as he'd asked.

Pietro knew the time was coming, the first possible moment to get the swap moving. A swap would probably work better after the couples had some time together, but he wasn't sure how much Scott could handle of the other two getting busy; he'd seen the look in his eye when they'd begun. He needed to pull Mexico away so England and Ireland could decide what to do so long as they were naked.

He pulled off of Scott and tapped him to get his attention, then twisted and climbed up Scott's body until the two kissed. "Copy them and follow my lead," he said in *sotto voce*. Pietro rolled on the comforter next to Sebbie. Scott moved into a position like Fiona's and continued to suck on Pete. Fiona angled and looked across at Scott; Scott refused to meet her eye.

"Oh, Sebbie, this is the life, eh?" Pietro moaned to the boy next to him.

"Ohhhh, yeahhhhh... Service me!" Sebbie giggled, then they both laughed as they had before.

"Mine uses his teeth too much," Pietro complained of Scott. Scott didn't react. "He doesn't bite, but he drags them."

"Got to train him better," Seabass commented.

"He's not really mine, you know. There's someone else."

"Who?"

Scott was afraid Pete was going to mention Al. *That's not in the plan - don't fuck me over!* He slowed down on his efforts, not wanting to bring Pete to the edge, and *did* use his teeth to express his displeasure.

"Someone. Tell you later." Pietro patted Scott on the head in a *don't worry* sign, then he began to run his hands over Sebastian's chest and belly because he could. He pulled Sebbie's hands out of Fiona's hair and made him do the same to him.

Fiona stopped watching Scott. She'd come here for some teenage pleasure, but now seemed resigned to just see the event through. She wasn't working any harder than Scott, at this point.

"You know who could make me feel so much better?" Pietro asked his Sebbie.

"Me!"

"Yes, you. I have a feeling you're the best. And I could do so much more for you." Pietro didn't let Sebbie say anything in return and planted his mouth on the other's. Sebastian didn't mind in the least.

Scott caught on. This was the moment. He disengaged from Pete, but stayed in position. Pietro moved Sebastian's hand down to his cock so he got the idea there was more to do. He held Sebastian close and rolled him to his side, making his cock pull out of Fiona's mouth.

She sat up, feeling Sebbie withdraw and watching him pull his legs into a twine with Pietro, the both of them rolling to be parallel with the lines.

Scott looked to her, "Tossed aside again," and he breathed a laugh. Fiona didn't look like she found the humor, though, and Scott realized it sounded like he could have meant her. He scooted back next-to and behind her and wrapped his arms around her center, pulling her back to his chest. "Hey."

"So, you and Pete?" she lamented.

"No." A flat no. "Sebbie and... puppy?"

Her stomach twisted a little in response. "Ugh, no. Don't you ever call me that."

"I will never call you anything like that, Fee. I promise."

She looked over their position, his arms around her belly. "You know, I always thought you'd buy me dinner and meet my mother before you saw me naked."

"I've done both of those," he told the back of her neck.

A moment went by, the only sounds being made by the other two guys in the room.

"He seems happier," Fiona noted of the Pietro-Sebbie tangle. Pete took a topside position and began stroking his cock alongside Sebastian's. "It's actually kind of hot."

"Did you like watching me?" Scott asked.

"I wondered why you were doing it."

Scott kissed her shoulder and up to her ear. "I had to do something to get to this spot..."

"Scotty..."

"...show you that you belong with me."

Fiona turned in his arms to look him in the eye.

"You know you do," he said.

She closed her eyes and full-on kissed him. When they broke, she said, "He is my rebound. But I never wanted a rebound. I just wanted you."

"Fuckin'..." Scott had to pull away a bit, shook his head. "Fee, I have loved you for so long... I messed up my opportunities and you picked this guy..."

"Scotty, I've waited over a year to hear you say that. The middle part, not the... other stuff!"

"Are you done with this guy, then? You didn't look done last night."

"You know how it is when you're with someone. You just... do things to be close. To feel wanted." She wouldn't meet his eyes, this time.

"Like I just did," Scott reminded her of his using Pete.

"Besides, it looks like he's done with *me*," Fiona pointed out how Sebbie was currently worshipping Pietro's cock. Pietro gave the pair a wink and a thumbs-up.

"Then, Fee," Scott turned her face, "know that I want you, and I'll never let you go. I so love you."

Fiona caught her breath and swallowed. "I don't know if I can say it. I don't know if you'll believe me, after this."

"Say you're mine."

"I'm yours."

"I believe you."

They began a kiss that took a year to get there and just kept going, had no plan of stopping.

He didn't attack her body, yet; there was time. Now that he had her declaration, there was plenty of time. They did adjust how they sat on the comforter, though, from one behind the other to Fiona sitting on top of Scott's lap, facing him, his cock a friendly steel beam between them, her breasts finding the comfort of skin-on-skin with his chest. She wrapped her arms about his neck and had no intention of releasing him.

Across the stripes, Sebastian noticed that he'd lost something. "Hey, they're making... kiss... Fiona's...."

Pausing from licking his ass, Pietro calmed him. "Let 'em be. They belong together."

"But she's..." Sebbie was still a little confused.

"Not yours. You were just her rebound." Pietro decided Sebbie was wet and loose enough, and positioned himself above, again.

"I was? Oh." Sebbie situated himself for what he knew was coming.

"Yeah, now you're with me," Pietro told him as he lined his cock up, then slowly drove it inside. "And now this is yours, too."

"Oh, yes..."

Scott and Fiona took no notice. Certainly, the pounding and high-pitched moaning could be heard, but it was just background. It might as well have been the Italian rom-com on the TV.

Scott couldn't put off his affection for Fee's breasts any longer. While making out, he let his hands roam, moved her slightly away so he could get his hands on them, feel their weight and suppleness. He moved his kiss off her mouth, found her jaw, and kissed down her throat, angling her back for his goal. She knew where he was going and slid down off his lap, reclining onto the comforter so he could get his fill. One awkward reach for the blue pillow for her head, and she was set.

He watched her as she lay down, her breasts falling to the side but her nipples still pointing at him. He had no idea about sizes, just that her breasts were a little larger than his hands could hold, but they were perfect right now. They'd be more perfect with his mouth on them, though, Scott knew. He reset his own position, straddling her left leg, and stole a quick glance at her pussy as he moved forward. A smile fought his face as he finally knew the secret color and style of her pubes. He saved the image, and knew he'd be back to verify that in a few moments.

For now, his lips found the swell below her nipple, full kisses marking a path that circled to her areola, and then her nipple was his. His left hand found her right breast, caressing it in a complementary fashion, trying not to do to its nipple exactly what his tongue was doing to its sister. He'd visit that one soon enough — no need for symmetry.

Fiona relaxed and allowed Scott to have his fill. She loved the sensations, but loved more how much he was paying attention to her breasts, not just giving a couple quick squeezes and sucks and moving on. Time enough to run her fingers through his brown hair, pick up and play with the curls in his front, then move off his head and feel the strength in his shoulders, run her hands down the length of his back as far as she could reach, and back up with her nails.

Scott moved off her left, licking his way to her right breast. "Got to give this one equal time so she doesn't get jealous..."

"She will, you know, so you better..." Fiona smiled down at him. She could feel his hard cock against her leg, and did her best to give it a little motion so it stayed interested in her, wouldn't lose any of its hardness while his attention was elsewhere. Well, if it did, she certainly knew how to bring it back to life.

She chanced a glance at the other boys, just because she could. But it struck her funny, this time, and she giggled a bit.

Scott had to pause and look up at her, to find out if she was laughing at him, or if he'd tickled her, somehow. Then he saw that she was noticing Petey plowing Seabass's ass.

When Scott stopped, she knew she had to explain. "Look how easily he's taking that. No pain, no discomfort..."

Scott, due to recent experience, didn't have to watch to know she was right. "It's his preferred activity, Petey assures me," Scott mumbled to her. He reached up and turned her chin towards himself. "Hey. No more." She gave an embarrassed smile and nodded. Scott lifted himself up onto his hands, rolled his back in a stretch, and then scooted lower. "I see I'll have to do more to distract you from their noise." He finished extending his body, finding a comfortable position as he spread her legs open and settled between them.

Her pussy. He'd imagined this moment. He'd wondered whether her pubes were as light as her blonde hair, or the same as her slightly darker eyebrows, or even lighter because this hair just didn't get any sun, or a shade of brown like he knew some blonde guys had whose hair up top would eventually darken, too. It was like her eyebrows. Blonde with a hint of mousey gold. It fanned out all feathery from her cleft into a delta, thicker right at the top of her cleft, but she trimmed any curls, if there had been any. She shaved her outer lips, or her hair was so fine there she didn't need to. *Cool*.

This wasn't his first pussy, but it was the one he wanted. Yes, he'd imagined this moment. He'd jerked off to this moment. He'd had an actual dream of this moment, and others. He was putting obvious performance pressure on himself, but he was secure in his talent. He rolled her butt up a little and kissed along her outer lips, down to the end, trying to bring some anticipation, again. He opened her flower with his fingers and drew his tongue from bottom to top, along her labia to her hood, finally getting to taste her.

She shivered and arched her back, breathing in sharply. He eased her back down.

He planted deliberate kisses on her labia, sucking them gently inside his own lips and running his tongue between them until he'd reached her entrance. A firm but gentle probe inside let him know she was quite ready for him, but there was no way he was skipping past this moment. He let the flat of his tongue wend its way along the ridges of her labia until it reached her hood, again, and he began to flick her clit with the tip of his tongue, coaxing it out from hiding.

Once out, Scott sucked her clit between his lips and began a quick flick from its base to its tip, keeping it out, getting it stiff like a little... A flash of Al invaded his thoughts, and he shook that away, focusing back on the tiny clit in front of him. The way a tongue knows every centimeter inside one's mouth, knowing the huge size and dents of one's teeth, Scott's tongue got to know every fold of Fiona's pussy. Every drop of fluid was his to enjoy, a liquor. He pushed her legs out a little wider, wanted to get deeper into her, and then drag her wetness across her lips and back up to circle her clit, again.

Fiona was writhing on the comforter, losing a battle of trying to control a continuous motion of her legs and back except where Scott held her still. She also couldn't control her continuous whimpering of "Mmnnn... oh-ohhhh... yes, yes... right there... justlikethat justlikethat... aaaahhh..." She'd only had one boyfriend try this with her before, but now she knew how it was supposed to be done, how she was meant to feel. And there was no one home, she didn't need to be quiet, didn't need to restrain herself.

Her noises did arouse Sebastian's curiosity, though. "Why's she making that... like that?"

"Shut up," Pietro derided him, while riding him.

Fiona's whimpering was reaching a breaking point. Her thighs were clamping on Scott's head and she was rocking, her hands tightly gripping his hair. He had her where he wanted her; he did not relent. He wrote her one final message with his tongue over her clit: I L O V E Y O U. He'd kind of said it twice, already, that he'd 'loved her for so long,' and that he was 'so in love with her,' not quite just the three words, and he noticed she didn't quite say it back. She said some stuff, but he didn't want to scare her off. He'd hold off on it, just keep doing it this way, with his tongue. He knew how he felt, but he'd wait for her, next time.

"Oh, god... Scott... Sc— ahhh! Oh, my g—!" Her legs trembled, her feet kicked near his spine, toes curled. She let go of his hair and fell back, only unrecognizable words coming from her mouth while a river came from her pussy. He lapped up what he could, the rest spilling along his chin onto a blue stripe below. He pressed on, hoping he could make her cum twice, but her hands returned to his head and she was pushing him away. Not forcefully, but he got the idea she needed a break. He licked and nibbled at the thick hair at the top of her cleft, instead.

It wasn't a break she needed — just a moment to enjoy the tangerine swirls inside her body. Yes, her orgasm had a color, and it was bright tangerine with sparkles, she'd decided somewhere along the carnival ride that Scott had taken her on. This was something she'd keep to herself, or Scotty would make some joke about fresh-squeezing her from here on out. She relaxed her hands, and brought them up to her breasts, joining one of Scott's there, already.

With that permission, Scott pressed on, going for two, and that second one came much quicker.

Again, Sebastian was alerted by Fiona's screams of pleasure, but Pietro had had enough of him being distracted. He took himself out of the boy, picked him up and deposited him on his knees, face down on the couch so he couldn't see behind him, and pushed back inside. Sebbie barely missed a moan.

"Scotty, Scotty..." Fiona breathed, dreaming on the floor.

This time, Scott moved off of her, gathered some of the comforter and wiped his chin, but not his mouth. He wanted that taste on his lips just a little longer. He sat up on his knees and massaged her thighs, hoping he'd have them back open again in just a few moments.

She opened her eyes and smiled at him. "That was... Scotty, that was... incredible. I've..."

"I'm glad," was what he got out. How do say 'you're welcome' for making someone cum without sounding like an ass? He just looked at her body, breathing.

And Fiona looked at his. "You surprised me when we got here. I've seen you in the pool, but..." She raised herself to sitting and ran her hands along his body, starting at his pecs, and working her way down. "...I haven't really been allowed to do this..."

"Allowed, right."

She reached his cock, raked her fingers through his pubes, and then grasped his shaft with one hand while the other cradled his balls. "Looks like you were on your stomach for too long. Need a little help, here, so you can please me."

"I'll take all the help I can get, Fee." Scott sat back onto his heels and gave her a little more working room. He wanted to make Petey sit up and take notice of how a girl's small hands can make any cock look bigger, regardless of having a good shock of pubes, but he didn't want to actually disturb the two on the couch.

Just her touching it, giving it attention, brought his cock back to hardness. She had a good stroke, and took gentle care of his balls. He'd been mildly aware of her boyfriends — not ever since he'd met her, but certainly since he started liking her. He figured she'd experienced maybe three cocks, but probably handled a few more, as any teen girl who wants to keep her virtue for a time longer has learned. No judgement, just thankful for her skill.

He didn't want her to work him too long, though; he didn't want to cum here. He wanted to cum inside her. He'd purposely not overworked himself with Al this morning so that he'd have a decent load for her.

She slowed down, and he thought she was on the same wavelength when she took him in her mouth, instead. Scott collapsed a little, forward, running his hands along her sides, her back, her hair. And she took him down — a lot further than he could take Al this morning.

As she did so, he had a flash moment of sucking on Al's cock, again, but slapped that image down real fast. He didn't want that intrusion. It had been a day of new experiences, and he was not upset at himself for doing things with Al, though he could have done without having to give Pete those blowjobs. With Al, it was kind of fun; he didn't regret it. What he would regret is if he didn't turn that into an actual friendship, like he wanted. Well, it was up to him — or them both — to see that it happened.

"Hey..." Scott gently shook her shoulder. "I'm good and primed. Don't take me to term."

She popped off him with a smile. She didn't say a word, just lay back and found her position, taking him with her.

Missionary first. He wanted to see her. He wanted to be able to kiss her. He needed to *fuck*, but he wanted to do it with *her*, not her ass and back, and he wasn't going to let her get on top, yet. He shuttled up to her on his knees, picking up her legs so he could get in close, and lowered himself. He held his cock head at her entrance, and caught her eye. *Okay?* 

She nodded, as slightly as she could. She wanted to scream Yes! I've been waiting for half an hour! but that wouldn't be so ladylike, she told herself.

He pushed forward, slipped immediately to about halfway in, she was so wet, as Fee let loose an "ohhhh" from deep in her chest that came out musically. Scott felt an electric shiver running from his cock up his spine and down to his heels, then pulled back slightly, and pushed all the way inside her. He fell forward onto his arms, carefully, to inches above his Fiona.

His eyes were shut tight, so he couldn't tell if hers were, too, but he knew the look on their faces would both be about finally being right here, right now, feeling this.

"You're inside me," she breathed. "Finally..."

"Yeah, I had to feel you like this." He pulled back and began a slow thrusting. "I had to. Do you want me to put on a condom?" He looked over at the coffee table. They'd left that sleeve of three under the Cheetos bag. The bag had been moved, but he wasn't sure if Pete was using one with Seabass.

"No, we're good," Fee whispered, wrapping her arms about him, not letting him go, pulling him down, his chest on her breasts. She locked her legs onto his thighs. She wasn't letting him go anywhere until they'd both cum again.

"Oh, Fee..." His slow thrusts picked up steam while they kissed, until soon enough he had to prop himself up, needing more room to breathe as he slammed into her. He didn't mean to be rough, but he needed it and she loved it, calling out each time he bottomed out inside her. This first fuck wouldn't take too long, they both knew. It wasn't slow, lazy, Sunday morning sex. This was the long-delayed-reunion, been-away-on-vacation-too-long-and-really-missed-you fuck. They could 'make love' their next time.

Each pistoning forced a gasp from her. "Scotty..." she squealed, as if she was worried or warning him. "Scotty... I... ohhh-ohhhhhh..." and she was cumming inside of the second minute. He didn't let up, though. He figured he was allowed to cum anytime since he'd given her the first two, now the first three, but he was enjoying this far too much. She had been wet before, but now each thrust generated a splash, and... and he came almost without warning.

He fell onto his elbows with the first shot, his teeth and jaw clenched, then held her tightly to him, practically stopping their breathing as the next six shots filled her pussy. Each breath sounded like it started with the letter F, so he was calling her name even if he didn't mean it. But he meant it. His cum set Fiona off, again — a smaller one, but no less orange.

He didn't die on top of her, but he took advantage of having her soft body beneath him as she ran her hands up and down his back, from his butt to his neck. When Scott could breathe, he kissed her again, and slid to her side.

Pietro would have been embarrassed to mention that he'd watched the entire thing. Truth all told, he was a little envious of their passion. He never said a thing. Sebastian was in his own twilight land.

Scott turned so he was on his back; Fiona cradled against him, locking his right leg with hers. He wanted to say something, tell her something, just to... "You are so beautiful, I..."

"Even with my hair like this?"

"Especially with your hair like this." He grasped a lock of her long, blonde hair and fanned it out on his chest.

"I bet my skin is glowing." She could feel it. It was an easy bet.

"Can't tell. So much blood still pumping, I've got that eye thing where everything is bright..."

"So you can't really tell that I'm beautiful?"

"Oh, knock it off, I can't... I wanted to tell... I..." He almost said it again. He almost said the whole thing, or might've, or at the last second, said something close to it. They'd known each other for three years. Been friends almost as long. Good friends, long enough. He could say it.

She cut him off. "Scott, I love you." Then she drew in her breath fast, afraid she'd said the wrong thing. "I... I don't mean to scare—"

"I love you, Fiona. God, I love you. Just let me say it."

They shared a kiss, and then their second time was more like making love.

"Let's get out of here."

Scott rolled to a sitting position on the comforter. It was incredible finally making love with Fiona, but he never wanted to do it on the floor, again. He helped Fee sit up, but she kept going and stood, putting her hand out to the loveseat for stability. She waved to Scott that she was okay, and made her way to the washroom.

He didn't move until she returned. He was still just drinking it all in. The stupid plan worked. Actually, what really needed to happen was a good, honest conversation between him and Fiona, and everything might have turned out like this. But this is how it happened. A funny international shorthand scheme, some bisex, a pizza-less gathering, and — again — being honest. The other way, though, might not have ended with them fucking immediately, so this way had that way beat.

She tapped him on the head, and he stood up. They didn't need to be quiet, but since Pietro and his Sebbie were asleep, cuddled together on the couch, they didn't want to wake them. Scott found the clothes he'd piled near the couch, while Fiona scouted for the items Seabass had flung over the loveseat. Both had a little trouble finding one missing item — Scott his

boxers, and Fiona one of the socks that Scott pulled off her. They could just leave them behind, but it wouldn't be fair to their host if his mother found them when she returned. Pietro would have enough cleaning up to do, anyway. Each wound up finding the other's missing item, and they dressed.

Fiona couldn't just walk away, though. She didn't want to break up with Sebastian over text. They were both here, they both saw what went on in this room, she could be a big girl.

She put her hand on Sebastian's cheek. He rolled his head and opened his eyes, recognizing her. "It was fun," she said, "but I think we belong with other people, now." Sebbie just nodded, closed his eyes, and hugged his boy.

Before they headed out to his car, Scott wrote a little note on a Post-it for Pete, and left it stuck to the table under a beer bottle where he'd find it, later. 'Economic Summit Successful. The British Pound Is Sound. Viva Italia!'

\* \* \*

Later that week in the school hall, Scott was dropping Fiona off at her Sociology class, getting a quick kiss, when he felt a shove on his right shoulder.

"Hey, Scott!"

Scott turned at the sound of Al's voice. "Hey, there you are." There was a little jolt inside his chest, a pleasure at seeing his new friend, but also a guilt of meeting him with Fiona still on his arm. "Sorry, I'm navigating new hallways, learning her schedule. Didn't know I'd see you here."

"How could you?" Al asked, smiling. He looked at Scott's girl. "Fiona."

"Al. I didn't know you knew Scott," she said.

"We've always kind of known each other, or known of each other," Scott explained, "but, uh, we became good friends at a... recent gathering."

"Oh, cool."

"Hey, so," Al led off, but glanced at the clock over Scott's head, "you want to hang out sometime this weekend? Go to one of the games and pretend we have school spirit, or find a movie?"

"Well, Jazz Band has a morning concert at an old folks' home on Saturday, but otherwise, we're free," Scott said, but realized he was including Fiona in that. "You should join Jazz Band."

"Do you play anything?" Fiona asked Al.

"Of course. Schroeder plays piano." He played his fingers in the air.

"I thought that was Linus," Fee countered.

"No, Schroeder," Al confirmed. "Linus plays the blanket. Charlie Brown plays with himself."

Fiona blushed a little, either from the pun or just getting easy Peanuts trivia wrong. "Hey, why don't you guys go out Friday night? Me and the girls sometimes do a Girls Nite Friday, you guys could do a Guys Nite Friday, then you don't have to worry about me."

Scott and Al met each other's eyes.

"Then," Fee continued, "if we all want to get together on Saturday, then, that's open, too."

"Cool!" Al pronounced. "Let's talk and plan to *get it on* Friday." He waved and took off down the hall toward his own class.

Scott saw a little concern cross Fiona's face. "What?"

She bit her lip, deciding whether to say anything. "If I say that he's good-looking, would you be mad at me?"

"No," Scott chuckled. "Hell, I think he's cute, too."

"I didn't say 'cute."

"You were thinking it."

"Maybe. He's got good skin," she decided. "Your hair is better though."

"Thanks..."

"Does he have a girl- or boyfriend?" she asked.

"Currently?" Scott considered. "Not sure, but I couldn't see why not."

She kissed Scott quickly and headed inside her classroom. "Think of something for all of us to do on Saturday, then."

Scott could immediately think of something for the three of them to do, but one week into his relationship with Fiona might be a little too soon.

Might have to get through a few Guys Nite Fridays to figure out when would be a good time.