



Fiona's
COLLATERAL DAMAGE

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I made sure my frontroom was clear, then told the girls to “Come on in.”

Cindy and June came through the door and walked past me, but only going so far since the room was really dark, only that one blue light behind the TV my dad put there so we wouldn’t ‘ruin our eyes.’

I closed the big door and told them to “Wait here, let me make sure the ‘rents aren’t up.” Now, I know how to walk through my house blindfolded, so I didn’t need to turn on any lights. I made a brief check of the kitchen — nope; looked into the garage — both their cars were there, so no one coming home late but me. This floor of my house was abandoned, so they were upstairs, probably sleeping, or at least done for the night. The house was basically mine.

I came back into the frontroom and turned on the TV, giving us some better light. “We’re good. Folks are snoozin’.”

“You sure, Leo?” June asked me.

“Yeah. When they’re gone, they’re gone. Don’t worry,” I soothed her. “We just can’t blast Kanye and start krumping!”

June laughed out loud. “As if...!”

“What’chya got to drink?” Cindy asked.

I had to think about that. I was fairly certain there were a couple of soda options. I think we had a couple two-liters, a Coke in the fridge and an A&W in the pantry, so that would hold us for the innocent stuff, but was Cindy talking about...? “Do you mean... *al-co-hol*?” I put to them *oh-so-dramatically*.

“Well,” Cindy shrugged, finding a seat on the white couch, “we should be at a cast party, so I was expecting to come home a little tipsy, you know...”

We’d done a play at school, *The Odd Couple*, and it was closing night for our two weekends. And no one had arranged an after-party. We’d had a party last night at this one guy’s basement, and had parties both last Friday and Saturday, but no one stepped up, tonight.

There weren’t a lot of cast members in *The Odd Couple*: six guys, two girls. It was a small show. The crew didn’t usually have their own party, it was always a ‘cast *and* crew party,’ but it seemed like Bradley, the head lighting guy, and his cronies were going somewhere, but not for our public knowledge. The guy playing Oscar had his whole family in town and they were going to some restaurant; he held a party for everyone last week, so he’s cool. Al Schroeder was playing Felix, and he just walked out with Scott from Jazz Band and Fiona and a couple others.

My Fiona. But forget that, for now.

When we were backstage after the show, everyone started disappearing in couples and small groups, and I still didn't know where the after-party was. Cindy asked me, too, and I couldn't tell her. Was it one of those invitation-only things? Weren't we cool enough? I mean, I know the guy playing Murray the Cop definitely isn't, but...

That's when it hit me. Were we the *losers*? No... not... I mean, Cindy isn't a loser by a long shot, and neither is June, not Eddie, and I *hoped* not me... *My god, don't tell me...*

I had to do some quick math, and it hit me: we were all just *single*. I'd realized we'd been left behind because none of us were "with" anybody, right now. There was no cast party tonight; there were only small gatherings. If I had a girlfriend, I might be going to someone's empty house to make-out or get laid.

During the run of this show, Cindy had been flirting with me, big time. And that was okay — I like Cindy. I thought I would ask her out, I was sure I was going to, but I hadn't done it, yet. I was going to do it that night, at the party, after all the stress of the show was over. In the show, I play one of the poker buddies — this guy Speed, he wears a bowling shirt, I played him very Rodney from *Easy Money*. But anyway, I had a lot of off-stage time, and so did Cindy and June, who played the Pigeon Sisters, and they were only in one big scene, so they had a lot of off-stage time, too. That's when Cindy and I had time to get closer.

So, with this crisis, now was the time to ask her out. I had to make sure she was with me. Before any more of us losers got to her, I pulled her aside and asked the magic question. "You want to come over? Watch some videos? Listen to some tunes?"

Her eyes lit up. I'd said the exact right thing at the exact right time. "Sure!" she accepted. *Cool*. Then she dropped this bomb: "Can June come, too?"

So that's how I wound up bringing two hot girls to my house late at night.

"You probably don't have any Mike's Hard or those Seagram's things handy, do you?" Cindy asked, regarding alcoholic beverages.

"No, I doubt it. No beer, either. Wasn't planning a party. Maybe I should have," I shrugged. Those flavored coolers were like candy to high school girls — they go down fast and easy. So do the drinks (ha-ha)! I wish I had a case! "I've got Coke or root beer? With a spike?"

"Rum and coke?" Cindy requested. I nodded.

"I don't know what..." June hesitated.

"Oh, June," Cindy teased. June was... oh, let's say she was innocent, I guess. "Get her a rum & Coke, too."

"All around. Cool." I went and looked at my dad's liquor cabinet — it wasn't locked — and saw he had a bottle of Bacardi, but also a bottle of Malibu with coconut in it. I did some quick math and realized I had a bottle of Hawaiian Punch in the fridge, too. I put the red coolers

together in nice Disney pint glasses and brought them back out to the girls. I had a Donald Duck, Daisy, and Minnie — Mickey was broken. “Found something better!”

I was greeted with bright eyes when they saw and tasted the things. Now, I wasn’t trying to get the girls drunk, or anything — I didn’t go 70% rum and 30% punch — I was just being a genial host. Like Cindy’d said, we’d expected to be getting a little drunk at a cast party, so getting a little loose like this was what we wanted. Even June — she was just a lightweight.

I took Donald, and gave Daisy to Cindy, and June got Minnie. We *clinked* glasses and toasted, “To the end of the show!” It was easy to put down half of the glass at once.

I need to mention about June. I went out with her for a week, and then I dropped her. It was an awkward situation.

I used to be with Fiona. We were together for almost seven months. I thought I was in love, maybe I wasn’t, I don’t know. I won’t get into that. But I’d fucked that one up, for sure. At a party for our winter show, June’d caught my eye. I’d been drinking and started making out with her. She’s blonde, like Fiona, but I couldn’t use the excuse that I was drunk and confused and thought she was Fiona. I’d known.

Fiona and me broke up because of it and so I went out with June for a week, kind of like I *had* to, you know? with all our making out and my putting my hand up her shirt. But I called that off when I got back together with Fiona, but that was doomed, again. I was pretty sure Scott had a hand in making sure we didn’t stay together. I think she went out with some weird guy as a rebound, for a bit, but Scott and Fiona are quite happy, now, it seems.

So, my point, and I do have one, is that being here with June was a little awkward.

But being with Cindy was not... I just had to figure out how or if the night could work.

What’s weirder, though, was that these two looked alike that night. Not any other day, just that night. June, like I said, is blonde and she’s got curls, and Cindy has shiny black hair. Usually. To play sisters, the make-up girl curled Cindy’s hair and sprayed it with blonde streaks, and also sprayed June’s hair dark, letting some of her blonde show through. So, I was looking at twins, that night. As a guy, I will say that Cindy has bigger tits than June, so it’s easy to tell them apart. But seriously, Cindy has brown eyes, June has blue, their facial features are different... it’s just kind of fun that I had “twins” with me!

“There’s nothing but garbage on,” Cindy decided, going through the channel guide for cable. *Saturday Night Live* was playing underneath the listings, but other than the Weekend Update news bit, it pretty much sucked and was always a repeat.

“Can you get the internet on this TV?” June asked. “We could go through my YouTube channels, find a good playlist.”

“You’d just want to watch a bunch of cat videos,” Cindy poked at her. I told them we could get YouTube, but it took forever to search for something on it.

“Here, click a few pages down,” I told Cindy. “There’s an MTV Classic channel, should have *I Want My 80s or 90s* or something, maybe.” Music videos would work. I didn’t want the girls to turn on something we’d have to pay attention to. I liked the old stuff, had some favorites I took from my dad’s iTunes playlists. You never knew what songs you’d see on these old video shows, but they were probably the better ones. Cindy actually found the *I Want My 80s* show, so we went with that.

“My mom says that MTV used to play music videos all day and all night when she was our age. You could just turn on that channel and leave it on and hear all the good music, and new ones...” June mourned.

“Yeah, then they started showing shows like *Real World Housewives Get Catfished* and cartoons like... I don’t know... *Stimpy & Buttmunch* or something. Not the good ones,” Cindy confirmed.

There was a video playing, showing a band I’d heard before doing a song called “Rio.” The guys were on a boat, which looked like fun, and a girl was running on the beach. “I want to do that,” Cindy griped. “I want it to be summer, already.”

“Couple more weeks, then we’re out of school,” June reminded us.

Cindy took her shoes off, she wasn’t wearing socks, and wiggled her toes. “I just want to go to the beach, or the pool, at least.” June finally got comfortable, too, but Cindy got mad at me. “Would you take your shoes off? Relax, we’re not going anywhere...!”

I realized I was sitting on the edge of the couch, like I was ready to get up and find *hors d’oeuvres*, or something. Both Cindy and June, who were on either side of me, pulled me back onto the couch. “*Descansar!*” Cindy told me with force. I barely put my glass down on the table before I collapsed. If I’d spilled that red stuff on the white couch, I’d hear about it from my mom.

The girls talked across me, speaking in bad classroom Spanish. They were both in first year Spanish at school, but if they thought I couldn’t understand them, they were wrong. But I kept that to myself.

Cindy leaned forward and untied my right shoe, then pulled it off. June then did the same with my left. Yeah, relax, Leo, I told myself. The attention was nice but now I was sitting with half a hard-on growing quite noticeably. Both girls took a sip of courage and then returned to their places.

I don’t know if they were just being funny or silly, but they both cuddled on me, putting their heads on my shoulders. I put my arms around them both and we just watched the videos play and change. The little words at the left of the screen told us that some girls called The Go-Go’s were now singing “Vacation,” making Cindy groan and wish for summer, again.

I was sitting back, thinking how cool this is. I mean, how often does this happen? This felt nice. I am so freakin’ lucky. I won’t even tell anyone about this, this was just mine for the ages. I couldn’t reach either of their tits, but I’m wishing their hands would roam on me. *Come on, girls, I’ll let you...*

I kept it real, though. “What are we going to do next week?” I asked the girls. “Put away the set and study for finals?”

“The Drama class still has their kiddie-show to put on,” June told us.

“But that’s during class, going on the bus to the feeder schools,” Cindy shook off. “We’ll be going through withdrawal, not having rehearsal.”

Suddenly, I remembered something important. “Did either of you get King Kong tonight?”

They each had stricken looks on their faces as they told me, “No!” all worriedly.

“First thing Monday,” I said, “have to get him back so no one steals him. Hope they didn’t, already...”

On *The Odd Couple* set, we’d made a 2D foam cutout of New York City to be visible outside the apartment’s windows, complete with an Empire State Building. And during the show, we’d made a little stuffed ape with magnet hands slowly climb to the top. Every now and then, one of us would sneak behind the set and move Kong up a couple of inches, and if anyone in the audience noticed, it would look like he was climbing. By the end of the show, he was hanging from the top of the ESB.

But I guess we’d left him there after taking our curtain call.

“We never did get to throw an airplane at him!” Cindy laughed. I looked at her and really wanted to kiss her, then. Her dark eyes were sparkling with the reflection of the TV. That smile...

But how do I do that with Junie on my left arm? She was saying something about how the airplane would be too distracting and take away from the climax of the show and the director would have been mad. She was right, of course, but I was really more concerned with being able to make-out with Cindy. With June?

A puzzlement while the video changed to Don Henley’s “Boys of Summer.” Obviously, there was a theme to the show.

Cindy started some cross-talk, again. “*Me gusto Leo. Usted gusto Leo. ¿Quien beso, anoche?*”

“*Tù o me?*” Junie asked back.

It made me smile, but I tried to hide that. Hell, having my arms around these two girls was making me smile naturally. I tried to cover. “What are you two plotting?”

“Just wondering why you didn’t wash your hair, yet?” Cindy lied, but she started twirling her finger in my hair over my right ear. I could feel myself getting harder, and if they hadn’t noticed, yet, they would, soon.

I had put some pomade in my hair for my character, combed it back, and wore a pair of old, thick glasses. A very world-weary bowling guy, I was. "I just didn't stick my head under the makeup room faucet. I'll shower, eventually," I told them.

June pulled at my sock. "Could throw you in the shower now..."

I swatted at her hands. "C'mon! Leave my—" but then Cindy took off my right one. I was slowly being stripped and seduced!

Of course I was going to let it happen. I just didn't want to seem like I wanted it to happen!

It felt a little weird, barefoot with my jeans on, but I didn't try to put my socks back on. I really wanted to see where this would go.

I stood up and said I thought we could all use a refill, scooted past Cindy, and made my way back to the kitchen. I decided just to bring the makings back to the frontroom, so brought the Hawaiian Punch and the Malibu rum back with me. I sat back down in the middle and poured the glasses about 5/6 full, adding the rum to top it off. I looked to my left and saw that June had lost her socks, keeping things even.

We'd each sipped the drinks down to a level where we could hold them without spilling, then downed them, further. These tasted damn good! The TV went to a long-ass series of commercials we started making fun of, and got a little giggly, laughing at things that weren't even funny. "Why're they playing a commercial for a bathtub with doors?" June wondered aloud.

"Because old people who can't sleep watch this show," Cindy shrugged.

"But when they open the door, it's gonna flood the bathroom! Help, I've fallen and can't get up!" June laughed. We laughed, too, but I wasn't going to tell Junie that her jokes didn't make sense.

The show came back with Elton John's "I'm Still Standing," which isn't really a summer song, but it was on a beach, so it fit, I guess.

Cindy started flipping my hair, again. "Seriously, you don't look like you. June's right. We got to take care of this." She stood up, took ahold of my arm, and pulled.

Now, there's no way Cindy has enough strength to actually pull me. Even when Junie took my left arm and pushed the coffee table away, almost spilling everything, and joined Cindy in trying to make me stand, if I didn't want to stand up, I wasn't going to. I'm no muscle guy like Fiona's boy Scott, but I'm a healthy seventeen-year-old who's played sports and gone to gym class all my life. I could just pull the girls down on top of me. And I thought about doing that. Seriously. I could just yank them both down on top of me and then I'd have both their bodies at my disposal, get my hands on their asses and tits... but then they'd get up and I'd look like an asshole.

No. I wanted to see what they'd do with me. This could be fun!

I used their pulling me as leverage and pretended they made me get to my feet. I'm an actor. I sold it with a stumble.

Backwards, they pulled me through the house, guessing where my washroom was. Like playing with a Ouija board, I kind of guided them, edging to my right and pulling back so Cindy would go in the right direction, and suddenly we were in my washroom. It was like they were psychic!

June turned the light on and the girls looked over the equipment. We had a standard tub-and-shower behind my mom's seashell shower curtain. Cindy whipped aside the curtain all the way to the wall, then took down our showerhead, the kind with multiple spray settings and a long chrome hose, and found how far it reached. "This'll do, nicely," she appraised. I'll admit it was a fun showerhead. My older sister used to take long, long showers with it.

"Okay, what's your plan? How do you want to do this?" I said to them both with a big smile on my face. Maybe I'm not that good of an actor, I couldn't hide my damn smile. Would they strip me, and then themselves, and we'd all get in and they'd shampoo me? "We all gonna...?"

"Take off his shirt," she told June. Okay, I was liking this. I helped Junie pull off my t-shirt. No embarrassment. Like I said, I'm not a muscle guy, but I looked good. My pecs were good and I was working on making my six-pack more pronounced. I liked noticing them looking me over.

Then Cindy made me squat down next to the tub and stick my head over the edge. I guess I knew that it wasn't going to be the three of us getting naked. If I had one of those glass wall showers, I wonder what their plan would have been? Over the next five minutes or so, the girls either sprayed my head with various shower settings, or massaged in some shampoo, getting rid of the pomade. The head massage was erotic, in its own way. When I get my hair cut, it's at this place where they wash your hair, first, and the girl who does it has some real nice tits, and she smells nice, too. So my friends and I have this thing we say when it's time for a haircut — 'Yeah, got to go smell some tits.'

When they considered me finished, their drying of my hair was so bad and awkward, I just took over. They let me towel dry and then comb my hair while June found another towel and wiped down the floor and walls. She was nice, that way. Cindy was wiping her arms and chest down. There was water all over the girls' shirts, really. If only they'd taken them off... Now that I was combed, honestly, my hair didn't look too different than it had, before. It would when it dried, but for now, it was the same.

The girls led me out of the washroom back to the frontroom, where the TV had changed over to the 90s video show, and now had on "Smooth" with Santana and the guy from Matchbox 20. And this hot dancing girl.

"You put your shirt back on..." Cindy noted, sounding very disappointed.

"Well," I said, taking a drink, "I don't know what you girls are up to. Little by little, all my clothes are disappearing. Can't have that..." I had to be careful — I think June took me seriously because she gave Cindy a very concerned look.

“You never know, Leo,” Cindy cooed, sliding next to me. “You could get lucky.”

I looked down at her. “Just my luck.” I held her eyes. She couldn’t help but see my eyes flash over at Junie then back to her. If we were alone, I would’ve planted a big one on Cindy, picked her up, and carried her to my bedroom. But I had to consider that we were not alone, our friend was still here, a girl I kinda-dated for a week. But June seemed like she was a part of this whole thing, if there was a plan. Or were they just having me on? I didn’t know. I was going to have to force the issue to find out, and either the night would end soon, or get much more interesting.

“If...” I started, then changed my tack. “Just in case someone does come downstairs, I don’t want them to catch us out here. Let’s go to my room.” I picked up my glass and turned, motioning with my eyes that they should do the same and follow me. Cindy smiled devilishly and was a step behind me. If June wasn’t there, five minutes from then I’m sure I would’ve been fucking Cindy blue.

But June followed. She looked uncertain, but she followed.

I turned on the light in my room and let the girls in, then locked the door behind them. Not locking them in like they couldn’t escape, but really just in case my mom barged in. She never has, but why take chances?

I did a quick sniff. The temperature outside was nice, so my window had been open, so I don’t think my room smelled too bad. I’d actually cleaned it, a bit, a couple days ago and shot some Febreze around, so I hoped it didn’t smell like too much ‘Musk de Leo.’

My room had some posters and street signs on the walls, a One Way, a Harvey Ave., and notably a red Stop sign I’d picked up after an accident on the corner — something I really have to get rid of because I have a feeling it subliminally tells girls *not* to sleep with me. I wondered about June, right now. I also had a *Captain America* movie poster, and I always kind of thought that if Steve Rogers had brown hair, he’d look like me. His face, not his body, and definitely not the “skinny Steve” guy, though not muscle Steve, either, I guess. One day. Would they see the similarity? They didn’t say anything, so I guess not.

There were also some printed photos taped up on my wall of me and Fiona and some friends, taken from a good day at the beach, and sleeping in her arms in the back seat on the car ride home. Cindy noticed those.

“So...” I said, looking at the two of them. I put my drink down on my desk and they did the same. I turned on the radio to Q101, so no more 80s vibe tonight. Instead of sitting on my bed or the desk chair, I sat on the floor. The girls followed my example, but then each of us kind of twisted and pulled out our phones from a pocket and tossed them up at my dresser. “So... it might be more fair if we do this with some organization.”

“What...?” Cindy asked with a smile. I just got questioning eyebrows from Junie.

I sat up a bit and took down an empty Leinenkugel Canoe Paddler beer bottle. I put it to my mouth to make sure it was empty, then spun it on the floor.

“Spin the Bottle?” June asked, wary but smiling.

“Yeah, new rules, though.”

The bottle pointed to Cindy.

“You have to take off a piece of clothing,” I told her, straight into her eyes, “but I’ll also give you a kiss.”

“What makes you think I want a kiss from you?” she asked, all playful.

I shrugged and addressed them both. “*Ambos me desean, pero solo hay uno de mé.*” I’m not sure if that was exactly proper Spanish, but they realized it was better than theirs! I don’t know if they understood my meaning, but they guessed pretty close, if they didn’t.

“Who made those rules?” June asked.

“Fiona, probably,” Cindy answered before I could say anything. She was looking at those photos on my wall.

“Yeah, Fiona...” June harrumphed. “We always have to play by her rules...”

“Was that an official spin?” Cindy asked me.

“Can do it over, if you like,” I offered.

“No, I want my kiss.” Cindy pulled off her light blue flutter sleeve top and put it behind her. Her lovely, lovely breasts were being held captive by a lacy white bra, the top halves of her areolas dark enough to be seen. She leaned in and I met her half-way.

I wasn’t going to waste our time with a quick peck. I was finally going to kiss this girl. There had been kisses before — Happy Birthday!, ‘break a leg,’ congratulations — but this was an ‘I want you tonight’ kiss. The Hawaiian Punch was still on her soft lips, but I knew I could taste the real Cindy flavor behind it. I gave her a double-press kiss, then pulled away, self-conscious of June watching us. I didn’t want to stop, but we’d started this with a friend, and had to allow for her.

“My turn,” Cindy said as she opened her eyes. She spun the bottle and it landed on June.

June started pulling off her oversized sweatshirt — something not overly fashionable, but easy to wear after changing out of her costume. I’d seen her in more form-fitting tops, and I’d felt up her breasts during our week together, but I hadn’t really pushed it with her. I’d get to see more, now, than I had before. When her top was gone and we looked at her breasts in a B-cuppy bra (my guess), she realized, “Wait, since Cindy spun, does that mean I have to kiss her?”

“Is that a problem?” Cindy asked, kind of goofy. “I mean, we’ve kissed before, you know?”

They had? That was cool, I thought.

“Damn Fiona’s rules...” June griped as she leaned in and met Cindy’s lips. They kissed for me, I’m sure, to make an impression, but I caught that there was a pleasure there. Yes, they’d kissed for themselves, before.

They didn’t go as long as Cindy and I did, but it was hot to see.

June spun the bottle and it pointed to herself. “Does this count?” she laughed. “Do I kiss myself?”

“It counts, and you can choose your kiss.”

June nodded and went for her pants button.

“No...” I cautioned, “um... Fiona’s rules say you have to finish what you started and take off your bra.” I’d jumped the rules of strip poker or whatever about taking off the least revealing items, first. “We all came here without shoes and socks, and you two started with your shirts, so...” “

June looked to Cindy. The two of them communicated silently about whether they were going through with this. I could see Cindy smile and shrug. I knew Cindy wanted to, I could feel that Cindy and I were going to do this, regardless of June, but June was here, so...

June reached back and unclasped her bra, shook her shoulders, dropped her bra to her elbows, then tossed it aside.

Junie’s boobs. They were really cute. Not full or, what you could say, supple; they were still growing, but they would still be a lot of fun. Nipples the dark pink of her lips, drawn in and tight from nerves, no doubt. I’d touched them several weeks ago, but never got her top off. Now they were here.

I leaned in for the kiss, my hands going to her unfettered breasts.

“Hey, who said I wanted a kiss from you?” June said, stopping me.

I backed up. Not confused, but concerned. “I’d wondered, actually, if you wanted a kiss from me, at all. I just...”

“I liked kissing you. You were a good kisser,” she told me, though now wrapping her arms below her breasts. “Damn Fiona caused us some problems, though.”

I started to say something, then stopped. Took a breath. “You know, I’m sorry. About that whole thing.”

“You’ve said that before. You didn’t hurt me.” She found my eyes. “I did kind of like you, so I thought it would be fun to go out. But I knew you weren’t over her. So... when you dumped me, it wasn’t really a surprise.”

“I didn’t want to dump you. I didn’t mean to dump you,” I told the bottle.

"I'll live. I'm a big girl. Lost my bra, but still got my big girl panties on." She smiled at me and put her finger to my chin. "And I did want to kiss you. I told you, you're a good kisser." She leaned in and I met her, this time. She, too, tasted of Hawaiian Punch — it was in all of us. But I kissed her longer, recalling the sense memory of kissing her, before, only this time I held her naked tits, which was nice.

"Fuckin' Fiona," Cindy griped. June and I broke the kiss and looked to her. "I mean, she broke up with you, caused problems with June, dumped you, again, then goes after my boyfriend after we broke up."

"And now she's making rules for our game," June shook her head, hiding her smile.

"Bitch," Cindy muttered. "Your turn."

"You know, that might be the order that things happened, but it really wasn't all her fault," I defended.

Cindy gave me a knowing look, and we all knew we were just having fun. "Yeah, I know, but we're all Fiona's collateral damage, now, aren't we? Spin your bottle."

Well, that was one way to look at it. But it really didn't matter. I wasn't getting back together with Fiona. Cindy wasn't getting Scott back. I don't think either of us wanted to, really. There were reasons we all broke up, after all. And poor June was caught in the middle. But it was fun to blame Fiona!

I spun. It landed on me. I started to take off my shirt.

"Hey, your shirt don't count. You had that off before, and only put it on when you knew we were coming in to play," Cindy pointed out incorrectly.

"But you two had four pieces on. I only have three," I argued. "Two, if you want to enforce that Fiona rule..." I knew my shirt was gone. Blame Fiona!

"Fiona says the shirt don't count," June laughed. "Get your pants off!"

I shook my head in fun-derision and stood up. I threw my shirt behind me, popped the buttons on my 501s and shoved my jeans down to my knees, sitting again to pull them off the rest of the way. When they were behind me, I looked to Cindy for my kiss.

"Nuh-uh," Cindy said, wagging her finger at me. "Fiona says to finish what you started. Off with the undies, mister."

Now, my goal was to get us naked — me and Cindy, at least, if not June, as well. I would now be the only one naked, but this bode well. I didn't argue. I stood up and grasped the waistband of my boxer briefs. I looked down at my hard-on molded in the navy blue cotton-spandex. They'd barely gotten a minute to gaze at my teaser.

I lifted them over my cock and then down and off. They fell to my ankles. I stepped out of them and kicked them at June. I should've kicked them at Cindy, but I used my left foot, so they hit June. "Behold!" I said in a royal voice, trying not to laugh.

Both girls stared at my hard cock. I fixed how it pointed, fluffed my pubes, made sure no skin on my shaft or balls was sticking. I was looking for some sort of judgement from either of them. It might be June's first cock, she's only a Sophomore, as she was just staring open-mouthed. But Cindy was moving toward me with an open mouth. There is a difference.

"Now I get my kiss?" I asked.

"Mm-hmm. And Fiona's rules say I can kiss you wherever I want on exposed skin," Cindy said, taking ahold of my cock.

"Those *are* the rules," I agreed.

I heard her say, "Oh, that's a nice cock," under her breath. She slipped her mouth over my crown and took my six-and-a-half easily inside, one hand on my shaft below her mouth, the other cradling my balls. The sensation immediately flew up my spine and out to all nerve endings in my body. I lost support in my knees and ankles and collapsed down, moaning as I did, onto my knees.

Cindy moved with me, attached still, as if she expected it. I hadn't had a blowjob since Fiona's last, back in January or February or whenever. Fiona was good, but I didn't want to compare. I was loving everything Cindy was doing. I hadn't cum since taking care of my morning wood, so she was going to get me going faster than I'd like unless I did something about that. She hadn't found my sweet spot, yet, though I could tell her tongue was looking for it, so I had some opportunity.

I reached behind her and unclasped her bra, then pulled it forward. "Bottle's pointing to you, now," I lied. Her hands released me as she shook the lacy thing off. I stopped her, then. "Let me see." She paused on sucking me, like trying to figure out what I'd said, then went back and took me entirely down her throat.

Oh, my god! I wanted to cum right there and shoot it straight down! Luckily, I still had that little bit before I was entirely pushed over the edge. "Let me see them. I want to see your tits. I need to see your tits!" I moaned.

Cindy pulled off me and displayed her chest to me. It was everything I'd seen in my imagination. Big, round, supple, and those nipples were red and round and pointed right at me. I had to have them. I launched to her chest, one hand going to her right breast, my mouth on her left, supported by my other hand. My tongue swirled around her areola and flicked the nipple; I bit lightly on it, and sucked it to my lips.

My mind was everywhere. I wanted Cindy's pants off, I wanted to fuck her. I wanted June's clothes off, too, but I probably wouldn't get to fuck her. Cindy was playing with my cock while I kissed both her breasts.

“God, guys...” June breathed to our left. Or my left, anyway. Her hands were both between her legs. I put my hand out to her. She hesitated, but took it. I pulled her toward us. She knee-walked over and I momentarily released Cindy’s breasts to taste June’s.

Cindy started taking her pants off.

“Did you spin for that?” June asked her.

“No more games,” Cindy breathed.

“So did I win or lose?” I asked Cindy.

“You’re going to win,” she declared. *A couple times*, I’d hoped.

I started undoing June’s pants. Button, zipper, shimmying down her hips. She knew they were coming off, but she wasn’t quite helping. I looked her in the eye. “Clothes off. That’s my prize.” She sat and lifted her butt and let me pull her pants off her legs.

“Didn’t you want me to finish that blowjob?” Cindy asked, drawing me away from June and pushing me toward the bed.

“I want June to finish the blowjob,” I told her. Before she could look disappointed, I added, “I want to eat your pussy.”

June, honestly, looked a little scandalized. Or terrified. Take your pick. “What? I’ve never done a...”

“Show her,” I told Cindy.

Cindy got a gleam in her eye and pulled June over. I situated myself on my bed, fixing the covers. I’d exchanged my *Avengers* sheets for manly blue plaid after my Freshman year girlfriend made fun of them, but I kept the Captain America shield pillowcase, for fun. Fiona had also bought me a stuffed pillow that looks like a Reese’s candy bar thing which I use when I’m reading, so I took both pillows and propped myself against the wall, ready for the two advancing beauties climbing on the bed.

Cindy grasped my cock, again, but pointed it at June. June still looked nervous, kind of wide-eyed. Mine definitely was her first cock. I’m not huge or thick, but my six-point-five kept Fiona happy, most of the time. Still, I’ve never sucked a cock, either, so it has to be a little intimidating, I suppose.

Cindy told June to kiss it. June made a kissy-face in jest, so she was still trying to delay it. Cindy showed her. “Like this.” She ran her tongue up my shaft, only taking one side of my cock for her possession, then took my crown in, gave it a good suck or three, and returned. “Do it,” she told June.

June blinked. I think she wanted to close her eyes, but she needed to see what she was doing. She brought her mouth to the base of my cock, and I could feel the round O of her lips

going up the side of my cock with her little wet tongue stroking along as she went. She copied Cindy on my head, while Cindy started along my other side, again.

"Fffffuck! Oh, my god, this is a dream..." I moaned. I couldn't close my eyes. I *had* dreamed of this. Two girls sucking my cock... Cindy's hand rolling my balls... If breaking up with Fiona led to this, I was happy to see her go, now. I'd seen videos like this. *I should be videoing this!* I looked at my phone over *there* on my dresser and knew I'd never reach it. I'd just have to remember it in my *brain movies*, like back in the olden days...

Cindy was giving June pointers as she bobbed on my cock head, telling her to watch her teeth. I told her I don't mind the teeth. Then June pretended to make a big crunching bite like a Bugs Bunny carrot! That got a laugh from us, which took me down a notch. I gave it back to them. "Can't believe it... the Pigeon Sisters are giving me a blow job..." They laughed at that, and I had to snicker at the twin dye jobs to their hair, myself.

I thought about taking them back into the shower and shampooing the two of them... and soaping Cindy's magnificent tits and pressing her to the shower wall and fucking...

I so wanted to cum! I closed my eyes and moved my hips, giving them the idea to start giving me whatever they got so I could cum.

"You almost there?" Cindy asked in her bedroom voice. "You gonna cum for us?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna cum for you..."

"You gonna cum in my mouth?" She started jacking me faster under June's bobbing.

"I want to cum in June's mouth...!" Cindy and I shared a smile as June's eyes popped open to that!

As my balls tightened up, I felt Cindy's hand drop down to my ass and slip a fingertip inside me. *"Fuck!"* I groaned as I bucked forward and all my muscles clenched. *"I'm gonna... oh, fuck!... here—"* I wanted to grab a head and hold someone in place, but Cindy's was below and June pulled off with my warning. My cum flew out in a fountain, three big shots wherever Cindy's hand was pointing my cock. I heard June squeal, then the next four shots I could feel at my chest, all over my pubes, and wherever in that general region, then some littler ones. I opened my eyes to see my cum on June's face and tits. Not covered, but enough to shock her when it happened.

"Help her," I breathed to Cindy. I thought she'd just grab my shirt and mop her up, but Cindy made me a very happy boy by licking June's breast and up her throat, following a line of cum, until she reached her lips. She planted an open-mouth kiss on her, sharing my cum. I could see June's closed eyes reacting to the texture and taste, but submitting to the kiss. Cindy dragged a finger along June's chest and brought up some more.

"Clean me off," I suggested. June looked at me with a bit of resignation, like she figured *This is what you do...* and leaned forward again towards my cock.

“This is mine,” Cindy said. “You’ve got plenty,” and she went down on me, again, herself. I shit you not! You know... I’m making sexy suggestions, and I can only hope that a fraction of them get taken into consideration, but Cindy was helping me live out a fantasy! The sensation of getting your dick sucked to cumming is incredible, but getting your dick sucked after you cum is amazing!

I pulled June to me. “Come here.” I kissed her, thanking her for her efforts. I licked my cum off her jaw and then moved down her throat and cleaned the rest off her tits with my tongue, too, eventually latching onto her nipples, again. Her tits felt a little fuller, and she felt warmer, now that she was into it and all turned on.

I released June’s breasts and put my hand out for Cindy. She joined me on the bed and we all collapsed, a little, pushing the pillows around.

I found Cindy’s face and we started making out. This had been my primary goal tonight. Make out with Cindy, ask her out, make out some more. The guy-goal of getting her tits or getting laid were all a little beyond that — a hope, not a goal. But damn, I liked her. I wanted to ask her out right then, make her mine, but should I do that right after a blow job? Like: *Hey, you did a great job making me cum — would you go out with me?* And then, also, can I ask her out in front of June?

I really didn’t know what to do about June. Was she really okay with how we ended up? I still felt guilty about the whole thing with her. Of course, I still felt horny about seeing her nearly naked, now, and wanted to fuck her almost as much as I wanted to fuck Cindy. In our collapsing, she was laying on my right, her hand running up and down my thigh, taking ahold of my cock, going over my abs. What was *she* thinking? I went back to thinking about Cindy’s tits as I caressed them.

Actually, as my hands roamed, I found that Cindy had lost her panties at some point. I cupped her ass to let her know what I’d discovered. “Did you spin the bottle for this?”

“June did. That’s why I had to kiss her with your cum in my mouth. You know the rules.” My god, I don’t think my blood has stopped racing since she pulled my shoes off. Cindy whispered to me, then: “I don’t think her panties are coming off, though.” I just kind of nodded, taking it as advisory.

Cindy started sliding north and flipping on her back. “Where you going?” I asked.

“You said you wanted to eat my pussy. Don’t think I forgot...” she said in her bedroom voice and pulled my badly-drying hair until I was in position.

And then I finally met Cindy’s pussy. It was pretty. Mostly shaved except for a black triangle up top. It was an upside-down isosceles triangle, if I remember my geometry from last year, but it was tiny and thin and it was cute as all hell. I pulled on her hair and her legs opened wider. I think I was actually salivating. I really wanted to taste this pussy.

Fiona’s was the first I’d tried. I didn’t lose my virginity to her, that was someone else, but hers was the first pussy I’d licked. I don’t think I was the best-ever at it, but I did learn what to do.

I'm pretty sure I got better as we went along. Her Scott's probably a master... but I'm never going to think of that, again.

I liked Cindy, now, and I was sure I was going to like her pussy. I dived down, letting my tongue open her labia from bottom to top. She had a pretty long clitoral hood, and I spent some time there, trying to get her clit to pop out. I'd learned not to ignore the rest of her, though, and stroked my way back down each of her lips, and back up on the other side. My tongue then found itself plunging inside her hole, and I tried my damndest to tease out her juices. Her taste was... well, not Hawaiian Punch, but I liked it. God damn, I liked it.

"Mmmm..." Cindy moaned above me, her feet drawing pictures on my back. *"You're driving me crazy..."*

"I can do this all day," I said, glancing up at *Captain America*. But I could. I kind of have a short tongue, I guess. I know I can't reach in too far and, like, tickle her spot in there, so I headed back up to play with her clit. Spell out the ABCs. But I found that Cindy's clit is kind of big — bigger than Fiona's, anyway. I could actually pull it into my lips and suck on it! And that's exactly what I did...

Not that I wasn't 100% into what I was doing, but my brain did flash to June. She was still somewhere in this room, and Cindy and I were doing this on our own. Our threesome had become a 2 + 1. If I could reach her, I could try to pull her in, but I didn't want to stop doing what I was doing to find her. I did want to see June's pussy, though. Even if I didn't get to fuck her, maybe I could eat her pussy, too. That would be cool. I focused back on trying to make Cindy cum.

Something changed above me. Not bad, just different. I guess Cindy and June were exchanging silent information, but between moans, some needed to be spoken. I heard Cindy ask, "You want to lose it tonight?" At first, I thought she was talking to me, but what could she mean? She knew I was no virgin. At that point, like immediately, I knew she was talking over me to June.

I'm not sure of her exact words back, but June said, "I kinda thought that would happen with my boyfriend." Or she wanted to get a boyfriend, or she was going to wait for her boyfriend, or I used to be her boyfriend, or she thought I would do it when I was her boyfriend, or something. There was something in her words or tone I picked up that she wished it was me, but that just might've been my guilt — or wishful thinking. It's not that I hadn't imagined fucking June — I mean, that was all part of my breakup with Fiona, but Cindy had warned me that it probably wouldn't happen tonight, so I hadn't made any crude invitations.

I shook that off and concentrated on Cindy's clit, again. I could feel Cindy relax, too, so her conversation with June was over. She wanted to cum. Her hands gripped my hair, again, 10-and-2, like a steering wheel. She wanted me to circle her clit, and I took her direction well. I was happy to give the lady what she wanted. She started bucking under me, throwing off my circle, but I kept at it. And I knew it was endgame, so two fingers in the pussy. She wanted to scream but she was holding back, I could tell. She was conscious of being in my bedroom with my parents upstairs. I wasn't about to stop and explain to her the 'rents bedroom was over the kitchen and my room was down here in front, so she could let go a little more. Hell, I'd take whatever guff my dad gave me just to hear her scream. All I could manage inside the

action was, “You can do it, baby.” She was whimpering, rising in pitch. I tried again. “That’s it... cum for me, baby.”

A noise — a *pwhah!* — came out of her mouth, like she’d been holding her breath, and she let out a loud, cascading, “*Ohh, ohhh, ohhhh, ohhhhh!*” as her cum poured all over my lips and chin. “*Fuuuuck...*”

She held me tightly to her with hands and thighs while she shook and trembled. I let my hands go under her ass and held her as tightly as she did me while she calmed down, and then for another five minutes. The only air I could breathe was pussy-scented, and that was fine by me.

Slowly, Cindy released me. I looked up at her gorgeous smile. This was my girl, I knew. I had little flashes of her and me with our group out bowling but we were playing that stupid claw machine, trying to win something, anything for her; sitting in a circle in the dark, talking quietly backstage during rehearsal but only looking at each other; at a party, but keeping an eye on the other, seeing who they were standing with; playing around in the green room, trying to guess whose clothes were who’s based on pocket contents, though we didn’t steal anything; splitting her lunch when my bag got wet in a Chemistry accident and I didn’t have any money. I was going to fall in love with this girl, and I’m telling you this so you don’t just think it’s because of the sex.

Curious about June, though, I looked over to find her sitting on my desk chair, pulled up to the bed, one foot tucked under her, the other foot wrapped with Cindy’s on the bed. She was cushioned on her big sweatshirt, and her hand was stuffed down the front of her panties. She was breathing like she’d just finished a run around the track in the PE field house. She smiled a little shakily at me. There was nothing to be embarrassed about, if she was. I smiled back, happy she was able to get off, too.

While down on Cindy, my cock had been in neutral too long, so I got up on my knees, stroking it in anticipation. I looked to her eyes. “I have to fuck you now...”

“Oh, you can fuck me, alright,” Cindy said. “But not until you take down those pictures.”

My head was spinning. Pictures? I adjusted and put a hand on the bed to stay steady, trying to look where she was looking, what pictures she was referring to. *Captain America?* Some little funny pictures I drew and...? No, it was the photos. The Fiona-and-Leo photos taped up on my wall, facing the bed. *Damn it. Couldn’t I do this tomorrow?*

I had to remind myself where I was and who I was with. I breathed down my frustration. Cindy was right. I sat up. I’ll admit this took a little of the spirit out of me, like letting some — not all — the air out of a balloon. I still wanted Cindy, but she was right. This was something I needed to take care of. Why would she want to see Fiona smiling and laughing while...

I stood up. At first, June wasn’t quite sure what was going on, either, but she saw where I was headed. Five photos of me and Fiona in better days, the end of summer, on the beach, the backseat of a car, Six Flags, rolling on her lawn. One from winter, just before Christmas. There were a hundred on my phone, still, probably. One day I could curate those, get rid of doubles and bad focus ones, put them in a Fiona folder on a hard drive. I didn’t want to get rid of them; they were a part of my life, she was a part of my life, we had good times, until we

didn't. But I didn't want to forget them. But Cindy was right, they needed to come down so I could have good times with someone new. I was over Fiona, I truly believed that, but there were probably still too many things around that reminded me of her and our time together. Those needed to be filed away as memories.

I pulled down the six photos. I considered pulling off the twenty-four tape loops on the backs, now, but that would take too long. I would do that tomorrow. For now, the photos were stuck together and put inside a red two-pocket folder on my desk.

I went back to the bed. "Better?"

"Much."

"I am over her, you know. They were just up there because they were up there."

"I believe you. Same for me and Scott. When you come to my bed, though, I want you to see pictures of you on my wall."

"You have pictures of me, already?" I couldn't suppress a smile.

"Group shots from backstage. Got any nudes you can send me?"

I crunched my eyes in comic thought and angled over to my dresser to snatch my phone. "Actually, I do have a couple good ones you can have." I tapped and slid things on my phone, and then there was a 'receiving' chime from Cindy's phone. She bounced up immediately and got her phone to see.

"Ooo, yes... I do like these..." she said.

I considered something, then there was a chime on June's phone, as well. She got her phone and smiled at me. "We should take some new ones, you know?" she teased.

A great idea! We three posed for a couple "almost safe for work" shots — naked but no naughty bits, and then a couple naked portrait shots each, and then some porno shots. June kept her panties on, but what are you gonna do? I sent the bunch to the other two, who immediately spent the next ten minutes going over them, realizing the shots we just took had them still in their Pigeon Sisters hair. Cindy sent me three good shots of her naked with her real hair, and June sent me the only mirror shot she'd ever taken.

I tried setting up my phone to video the rest of our encounter — but I couldn't make it stand anywhere with a good angle of the bed. Then June suggested something incredible. "Get your laptop."

I mean, I thought I might just forget it, maybe get a little video by hand when things got hot — grab my phone for a hot minute, or something. But June said it! Of all people! I looked at the two girls — I'd never had a threesome, before, and who knew when the next one would be. Cindy smiled, so I guess she was okay with it. I went to my backpack and got out my laptop and quickly set it up on my desk, getting the best angle and coverage that I could, trying to think what parts of the bed would we be on, how much headspace would we need...

Honestly, I only gave that half-a-second — I wanted that video rolling so I could get back to Cindy and June and then forget it was on! I went back to the bed, my cock leading the way.

I kind of leapt on toward Cindy, and she caught me and rolled onto her back, cradled me kneeling between her legs. “Now, where were we...?” I teased, bending over and latching onto a nipple.

“You were going to fuck me.”

“Yeah, I was...” I kissed up Cindy’s chest to her throat and ear. I whispered, “Do I need a condom?” to which she turned my head and bit my ear with a low ‘nuh-uh.’ Cool.

I rose back up and gained a position with my cock knocking on her door. I don’t know if I needed to since her pussy was drenched, but I licked my palm and wet my glans, and set myself up to penetrate that pussy. I waved it up and down her entrance a couple times, then pressed forward and slid right in — *all the way* to my pubes. Both of us gave an unexpected “Whoa!” when it happened, and then met eyes and laughed a bit. And then I pulled back and slid in again. Her eyes bugged a little, but that smile remained. She wrapped her arms around me — a bath of warm water rising from below and submerging me — and pulled me down to her, my arms finding that support as we moved.

We started a nice rhythm while kissing. Her legs twined behind me and I could feel her cumming, already, a quiet cum, a shiver, juices inside her pussy, just that little whimpering in my ear telling me how good it felt for her, having me. There’s always that bit of pride when you make a girl cum, but I was happy that we *both* felt this way, how good it felt to be inside her — her pussy *and* her arms.

“What’s it like?” June moaned from behind us.

Was she asking me? Cindy? Both of us? Was she considering joining in? I was half-thinking of something to say when Cindy grabbed my ass and ratcheted-up the action, making me slam into her. I propped myself up again, taking advantage of the height to make those slams count and watch her tits bounce.

“Oh, *ffuuuck!*” Cindy moaned. “*So deep, so deep, oh, my god, so big...*”

Now there was an ego boost! Now I know I’m not huge, and I *may have* pushed the ruler a bit into my skin when me and Fiona measured me, but I had developed some skills. “*You like that? Oh, I love this pussy...*”

“Oh, fuck me, baby... Ohhh, you’re making me.... yesyesyes... I’m cumming I’m cumming!... Oh, it’s just nonstop, the tingles... all over...”

I got the idea, then, that she was not just dirty talking for me; she was performing for June. A bit. I mean, I was certain she was loving the action, but she was answering June’s question. I could play. I’m a performer, too. “Oh, baby, you’re so wet for me. You’re sooo wetttt...”

“Oh, I love it! Give me that beautiful cock! Oh ohhhhh...”

I picked up her legs and put her feet over my shoulders, slamming into her hard and fast. *"I'll give you this cock. Day and night. Right after school until your folks get home... And backstage, in the green room, we're gonna cut gym class, and I'm gonna rip your clothes off, fuck you until you can't see straight..."*

"Oh, fuck yeah! Fuck my brains out! Make me fail History!"

That one caught me! I had to laugh! And then she was laughing. I let her legs fall to the sides and pitched forward, myself. And that's when I felt her pussy gripping my cock, like spasms when she clenched from laughing. That almost made me cum right then, but my mind was split on the sensations and the laughter. It stopped the whole proceedings, pretty much. I had to lower myself to kiss her when I caught my breath.

I found my position, again, holding Cindy's waist, and more gently thrust into her, slowly finding a new rhythm. I looked over to June. She'd laughed with us, but was still on that chair, one hand on her breast, the other down her panties, playing with her clit the way she knew best, her eyes trained on the connection of my cock and Cindy's pussy. "There's no better feeling in the world. This could be you, Junie..."

Her eyes flashed upwards and met mine.

"That's right, Junie. I'm gonna fuck you, just like this..." She was watching me, her mouth hanging open, unable to speak. Even Cindy didn't interrupt. "What are you doing there? You need to be a part of this. Me and Cindy *want* you to be a part of this."

I pulled out of Cindy and stood off the bed, my wet cock now pointing at June. I took the two half-steps to her on the chair and took her under her arms, lifting her and moving her towards the bed. "Get over here." I didn't throw her down, though she might remember it as rough just because I took control. I laid her down next to Cindy, Cindy scooting over a bit toward the wall to give her room on the bed.

Cindy, hot and flustered, immediately welcomed June, pulling her face in and kissing her, her tongue searching for and finding June's, her free hand on her breast. June gave in and let herself go, needing the touch of another after sitting and watching for too long a time.

"Get rid of these," I muttered as I pulled off June's panties, finally, twisting her pelvis so I could get them over her ass. When they'd cleared her toes, I tossed them somewhere. I had to get in and see this pussy. Brown curls, like a dark, dark blond; a little thicker, I could run my fingers through those pubes. She groomed, but didn't shave much, just her bikini triangle. I had to feel those downy hairs on her outer lips, and when I did, I found how sopping wet she was, too. I ran my finger up her labia to her clit, making her flinch, and back down to her entrance, slipping inside with my middle finger as deep as I could go.

This was fun, but I wanted to get back inside my Cindy. So, I took Cindy's right hand off of June's breast and placed it on her pussy. June immediately turned toward Cindy to let her take full advantage of their face-to-face positioning as Cindy set about finding June's clit.

I took up position over Cindy's leg, raising her right and sending her foot behind June's butt, then re-entered that pussy, fucking her sideways. I just kept a steady rhythm — slide in, slide

out — having just as much fun watching these two beauties make out, June's hands all over Cindy's breasts, Cindy deep inside June's pussy. Cindy needed to shift and brought her leg back down, so I fell back, got between her and the wall, and fucked her from behind while nibbling on her shoulder.

That's when June started playing with Cindy's clit; I could feel her hand each time I thrust forward. Their kissing muffled Cindy's cries as she back-bounced on me, but they started twisting and I fell out of Cindy. Just like before when our threesome turned into a 2 + 1 when I was eating Cindy's pussy, these two girls were so into each other right now that I became the spectator. But that was okay. I took the opportunity to run my hands all over their bodies as they moved.

June wound up on top of Cindy, their breasts mashed together, their pussies above each other until June shifted and started humping Cindy's leg. I was pushed aside again as Cindy began moving downward — down and down until she was at June's pussy, driving her tongue inside and driving June crazy. I was left looking into June's eyes when she chanced to open them, and she pulled me in for a kiss, her tongue finding mine, her hand finding my cock.

"I'm going to fuck you, Junie. I'm *going* to fuck you. You know this," I whispered into her mouth between tongue massages. She didn't answer me, and didn't open her eyes so she wouldn't *have* to answer me. But I think it helped push her over the edge.

She was squeaking. "*I'm... oh, my... oh, my... Cind... oh, fuck! I'm...*" June tightened her arm around my neck, fairly choking me, as well as gripping my cock so hard with her other hand it felt like a vise. She clamped her thighs on Cindy's head and shook so hard I swear the Disney glasses wobbled on my desk. She fairly screamed into my ear.

I prayed my folks were heavy sleepers.

June fell slack and just rolled her head, finally releasing her grip on both me and Cindy. I looked down as Cindy looked up and we smiled big stupid, toothy grins at each other. I scooted down a little, reaching for her. "Let me taste her," I said to Cindy and went in for a kiss. She climbed up to meet me and I got June's tangy juices second-hand. I licked Cindy's cheek, but Cindy really wanted to just take hold of my sheets and wipe her face — it was all over her.

I decided to go to the source. Cindy and I mostly traded places, her rising along June's side, caressing her breasts, while I went to explore June's pussy, again. She was so wet. I could actually discern the thin fluids of Cindy's saliva from Junie's thicker cum juices. *Junie's Juices* suddenly popped into my head. Great name for a sports drink. We should do a commercial in Acting class.

June wasn't responding to my tongue as she did Cindy's. She might've been too worn out, or she'd worn out her clit from getting herself off and then from Cindy. But she did start to wake up — I could hear her groan from above me. Now was the time.

I rose up and took position. My cock was hard as a rock from watching the sapphic display before and being denied admission. I wanted to fuck this girl. Now, I'm no creep — if she

really wanted to wait for her next boyfriend or her true love, I wasn't going to rape her, but I sure as hell was going to do my best to make her want to fuck me.

I started grinding my cock up her labia, making sure my head hit her clit on every up and every down. "Junie, I'm going to fuck you, now..."

Cindy was watching, and kissed Junie's cheek, whispering to her what I was doing.

"Junie? Yes or no?" I offered, continuing to grind my cock.

June's legs started to twist, and I could feel her feet start gliding up my calves. She opened her eyes and looked to Cindy, listening to Cindy's whispers. She reached across and held Cindy for security, then looked at me.

"Yes or no, Junie?"

I stopped and held my cock at her entrance, my tip playing at her hole.

June barely nodded and breathed, "Yes..."

I started sliding into Junie's pussy.

June was my second virgin, the first being the girl I shared losing my own virginity with. The difference between June's pussy and Cindy's was immediate. There was nothing stopping my progress, but it was incredibly tight! She was so wet that I didn't need to push and pull to get in, but I needed to take it slow as I stretched her. The most she'd ever had inside her was a finger or probably a hairbrush handle, but now she was getting my hot cock.

Her eyes were wide, watching me, watching us. She'd look at my eyes, then down to our union. I could see her eyes show surprise, then discomfort, then lose focus like they were floating as I finished pushing myself in. I held myself inside, letting her get used to the stretching, meshing our pubes, pushing a little at her clit. Then I slid back out slowly, watching her eyes discern that feeling. As soon as I was back with only my head inside her, I knew I wanted to feel that grip again.

I couldn't be all gentle and slow, again, though. I had to start letting her know what fucking was like. I didn't start pounding her, but each time I went in it was a little faster, a little harder. Not just for her getting used to it, but god, I wanted to fuck this pussy!

Cindy, at June's side, was busy sucking on her right breast while pinching her other nipple. *"Fuck her, Leo. Slide that cock up her pussy..."*

June was intoning one long, solid moan, only broken by taking a breath.

I told Cindy, "This cocksleeve is so *fucking* tight..." I motioned for the Reese's pillow; Cindy pulled it and helped me put it under June's rear. I started fucking June harder, her long moan breaking into successive "Oh-oh-ohs."

"You like this, Junie? You wanted to know what it felt like. It feels like this," I told her as I continued sinking my cock into her.

"So..." June started. "So..."

"So *what?*" Cindy prompted her.

"So fucking good! Oh, god..." She had expelled all her breath with that, and wheezed as she pulled in more. *"Oh, god, fuck me, Leo! I love your cock! Fuck me!"*

Well, she gave me an order — I had to carry it out. I still didn't go nuts on her. She was my friend, and first time, and all... I was glad she was enjoying it. I sure was.

I had to let her know that it was not impersonal. I lowered myself on top of her and began kissing her, showing her that love was involved. Cindy kissed her, too. We actually did try to do that three-person kiss; it was weird and awkward, but we'd done it. My hands roamed, Cindy's hands roamed. June tried to wrap her arms around the both of us, but they were kind of trapped.

I raised up on my arms again, and Cindy got an idea, the gleam in her eye a giveaway. She pushed me back to kneeling while I fucked, and she started licking Junie's clit.

June's reaction was immediate. Her scream was a combination of "Aaah!" and "Whoa!" and she rocked up, almost to sitting, then fell back onto her elbows. She let out a series of *"Hi, hi, hi, hi..."* but I have no idea what word that might have been, if it was even going to be a word. Then she exploded. Literally, her cum exploded out and around my cock. It was so tight inside that each time I went in, it just pushed all her cum out at me. Her *"Ohhhhh, fffffuuuuck,"* went through the ceiling, I was certain.

But that was all I could take. This girl cumming on me drove me over the edge and I felt the final tingle inside my balls as my cock got thicker, corking her pussy even more, and I shot that load out like a rifle.

"Pull out, pull out!" Cindy reminded me. I hadn't even thought about it. I was so pleased not to have to wear a condom for Cindy, I hadn't even thought about it for Junie. But, of course, she wouldn't be on the pill, now would she? Stupid! I was in the throes of orgasm, sparkles around my vision, the moment any enemy soldier could run a sword through your gut and you could do nothing to stop him, but I pulled out, and lobbed shots 4, 5, and 6 at Cindy's throat and at Junie's tits, belly, and pubes, but I was pretty sure shots 1, 2, and most of 3 were still deep inside Junie. Shots 7 and 8 and whatever else leaked out were on me, and Cindy took me in and cleaned me off. God, I loved that girl!

I fell back on my heels and wanted to collapse, but wanted to see June through it. Her legs were still kicking, her pelvis up off the Reese's pillow, her hand still gripping Cindy's shoulder, but she started breathing easier, and her body relaxed. I fell to her left as Cindy stretched out on her right. We caressed her body top to bottom as we could reach, but didn't smear the cum, just in case she wanted to see it.

We each reached over and, in turn, kissed our Junie. I whispered in her ear, "That's what it's like." Junie smiled and, I think, chuckled. Cindy whispered something else, probably some kind of 'now you're a woman' thing; she didn't tell me what, but I saw June nod.

After several minutes, I sat up and climbed over June to land behind Cindy. I wrapped my arms around her as I could. I kissed the back of her neck. "That was intense," I told her. She agreed with a 'Mm-hmm.' "I didn't plan this, you know. I was originally hoping just to... you know... be with you."

"I know," she said, twisting her neck to see me. "But it was fun..."

"Yeah, it was. But... um... Will you go out with me?"

This time, Cindy fully turned to face me, body and all. "You idiot," she teased, poking me, kissing me. "We've been going out since last week."

I kissed her back. "It sure felt that way, I'd just never officially asked you."

"Well, the answer's 'yes,' if you haven't figured that out, either," she said, and yanked on my cock to make her point. "You need a shower."

"We need a shower," I said. We looked over at June. She was just staring at my wall. I whispered even more quietly, if that's possible. "She going to be okay? I mean... What do I do with her, now?"

"Well, she'll never forget you, that's for sure," Cindy said. I was June's first. You never forget your first. "But if you're worried she's going to fight me to be your girlfriend, don't worry. We've already discussed that. I told you, you and I have been going out for a week, now. This," she pointed to the three of us together on the bed, "adds a new dimension, but she'll be fine."

I hoped so. I'll probably always have that little regret that I dragged her into the whole Fiona thing, but I'm really happy to have given her this pleasure.

June finally spoke. "That sign." She pointed to the One Way sign I'd stolen from an accident at my *other* corner. "That should say Three Way." Cindy laughed, but I just rubbed my eyes. Sophomores...

But, Cindy... "Hey, I have something here for you," I said, and leveraged myself off the bed. I went to my backpack and took out a stuffed giraffe. I got on my knees and presented it to her.

"You finally won it?" she recalled from our claw machine experience at the bowling alley.

"Yeah, I went back and it cost me about four times what it's really worth, but I got it for you." I kissed her, and she, me. "I hope to serve all your needs like I have tonight."

I gave the girls their Disney glasses, and we all slaked our thirst. The girls each took a turn sneaking across the hall to visit the washroom, then we all cuddled naked, again.

"It's going on one o'clock. I have to get home," June pronounced, but made no move to sit up.

"Too bad. You're going to be late," I said. And then I fucked her again. She needed to know.

I didn't cum in her, this time. I traded girls half-way through and fucked Cindy, again, but this time to completion and got to cum full-blast in her pussy. There is nothing like it... I didn't pull out when we collapsed, she wouldn't let me go — I just lay with my Cindy and we breathed the same breath. We almost went for another after our haze cleared, but June was lightly snoring and we had to look at the clock. It was time to get the girls home. We'd make up some excuse for the hour on the short drive.

While we got dressed, I stopped the video, and made a mental note to transfer the file off this school laptop and put it on a flash drive or something, so I could edit it. We had to turn in our computers at the end of finals, and if that were still on there...

I had to kiss Cindy some more before we left our sanctuary and went back into the outside world. I wanted to just take our clothes off, again, and spend the night with her. But Cindy and I would have plenty of opportunities this summer. At the beach, at the pool, at Six Flags, on vacation. In my room and hers. Cindy said she was going to post pictures of us having summer fun and make girls jealous and want "relationship goals" based on our photos. That's cool. But all I want is her.

The next day, Sunday, I met my dad in the kitchen for breakfast. Well, for me it was breakfast, for him it was lunch. He was making a turkey-and-havarti sandwich.

"So, you *did* have guests last night," he surmised as I brought in the pint glasses.

"Yeah," I smiled in memory.

"We heard a little commotion through the floor, some music. No mess, this morning. How many people did you bring over?" he asked like a parent.

"Just two," I told him as I rinsed out the glasses.

"Just two?"

I brought the box of unfrosted strawberry Pop-Tarts to the table with me and sat across from him. I looked him in the eye. "Two."

He looked at me, and at first I wasn't sure if he was going to say something about not believing me because of the noise, or something was broken or whatever. But he just looked at me, and then the corners of his mouth rose up, and his eyes twinkled. I got to smile back at him.

He looked down and closed up his sandwich with a top slice of swirled marble rye. He just nodded his head, like he was satisfied with his sandwich, but at that moment, I knew he understood. He'd given me a silent 'attaboy.'

I took a bite of my Pop-Tart. Men were eating.

"Did you drive, afterward?"

"Had to get them home," I responded.

"Give me your keys."

Fuck, how did he know these things? The bottles. I forgot to put away the rum. "I wasn't bad at all," I pleaded. "We only had a little."

"One week." He chewed a bit. "Five days," he amended.

Fuck, I was walking to school for a week. At least the weekend would be mobile.

But even my dad knew: I was no loser, even if I was collateral damage.

