



the benefits of girl talk

Tommy Lincarcos

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“Fuck, I want to fuck Mia...” Rory said to the ceiling, jerking off furiously.

“I want to fuck Mia, too...” Conor agreed, pulling his cock even more furiously.

“Tough. You’re not gonna...” Mia was Rory’s girl.

“Then I want to fuck Lyla...” Conor wished.

“She’s got a boyfriend.”

“Damn. Okay, I want to fuck your sister...”

“Get in line...”

“Behind you?”

“Bite me.”

“That’s next...”

The two high school Sophomores shut up for a bit, trying to make a fantasy come true, at least as a fantasy. Their entire Freshman year had been scoreless. Not dateless, but scoreless. All the Freshman girls had eyes on the upperclassmen with cars, and those that didn’t had still been protecting their virtue. But they weren’t Freshmen, anymore; they were two good-looking guys, on the Soccer team, building some muscle, and people knew who they were. And at the start of the new year, Rory had met and won Mia, and their future looked sexually promising.

But Rory was super-horny *right now*. He looked to his friend. “Do it now...?”

Conor looked over, met Rory’s eyes. “Bite you?”

“Not biting, but...”

“And then me?”

“You got it...”

Conor let go of his cock and spun over on Rory’s bed, moving down to a good position on the Spider-Man sheets as Rory stretched out lengthwise. His pants were open and shoved down, but not far enough, Conor knew. Since 7th Grade, they’d been each other’s safe-sex partner, so he knew how much space he’d need for a good experience. He took ahold of Rory’s cock and sucked it down to the root, dark blonde pubes in his nose. After over three years of handjobs and blowjobs, they both knew how the other liked it.

“Oh... Mia...”

Conor took a breath. “That’s it, Rory, I’m Mia’s pussy...” and went back to it.

“Oh, Mia, I want to fuck you so bad... fuck that pussy...”

“Have you fingered her? Fingered that pussy?”

“Not yet... Just over her jeans...”

“What’s it look like? What’s Mia’s pussy gonna look like?”

“She’s got great hair, really thick, uses that shampoo on TV, you know? And nice eyebrows. So she’s gonna have a thick carpet, dark and soft and...”

“She’s not a shaver...?”

“Fuck, no! I don’t want to fuck no toddler! Mia’s a woman...” Rory dreamed a little more. “But she shaves down below, and away from the edges of her panties...”

“Maybe a landing strip...?”

That image did it for Rory. “*Oh, fuck...!*” He grabbed Conor’s head and held him still as he fucked the boy’s face and blasted six good shots down his friend’s throat, and then whatever dribbled out as Conor caught his breath and licked Rory’s shaft.

Rory, ever a good friend, didn’t try to milk his recovery time, but switched places with Conor. Conor’s cock needed a little back-to-life effort, but then Rory had him back inside his own fantasy.

“Who was I on? Mia? No,” he kidded. “Lyla? Izzy? Ava? Rachel?”

“Pick one,” Rory said with his mouth full.

“Oh, that’s right. Your sister...”

“Can’t have her.”

“Hey, it’s my fantasy — I can have who I want...” Conor let that be, though. “Your mother, then...”

Rory choked a laugh with that one. “My mom? Okay, yeah! I’ve already done your mom, so you can have my mom!”

“Of course, you have. *Y tu mamá también!*” Conor liked when Rory sucked his balls, and got quiet.

Rory could feel Conor getting into it and his breathing getting heavier. “Are you really thinking about my mother?”

“Your mom’s hot. She’s got great tits, like your sister...”

Rory just shut up and let his friend have it, let him enjoy the blowjob and whatever dream was in his head, otherwise, if he kept arguing, this would go on forever. “She’s got a blond pussy, you know...” he offered to help him along.

And that was it. Conor blasted off and Rory cleaned him up, then they shared space to recover.

They both lay on the bed, pants still below their knees, cocks hanging out.

“So, why’s it taking so long?” Conor asked.

Rory knew what he meant. “I like her.” Five minutes went by, but there was no difference. “Sure, I want to fuck her, but... I mean... We’ve only been going out for three weeks. I knew her last year from class, but when we found each other after that soccer game, and we went out, it’s like... we really clicked. You know? I don’t want to rush it and scare her away.” Five minutes after that, Rory repeated, “I really like her.”

“Cool,” Conor nodded. “Can I fuck you?”

“You mean that slidey-thing we do?”

“No. Proper.”

Rory didn’t want to start that whole thing, again. He shook his head. “Let’s get you a girlfriend. Then let’s both get laid.”

* * *

Rory had his eye on Mia in PE. He always did. She was his girl. After arriving from the locker rooms and chatting briefly, he only got to view her from afar during squad line-up since her last name was on the other side of the alphabet from him. But then there was calisthenics. His Freshman English teacher had taught him that ‘calisthenics’ was from a couple Greek words that meant *beauty* plus *strength*. When Rory watched Mia move, he knew it was true.

Then, depending on what game they played, whether he would be on the same team as her was a gamble. Even though they were a co-ed gym class, the PE coach still kept the genders separated, for the most part. It was as if he believed the girls weren’t as good in the games, or would get hurt by the boys. If they were playing football, well then, maybe, but...

Rory looked around at the boys. So many of them were skinny, chest-less kids, yet, with noodles hanging off their shoulders; it was more likely *they* would get hurt by the *girls*. Not all of them, though. Some of the boys were “healthy,” like himself, he liked to think. It was funny in the showers, though; a couple of these skinny boys had huge dicks, and he wasn’t sure if it was just because they had huge dicks or if they had normal-sized dicks but were so skinny they hung away and looked huge.

He hoped Mia would find his dick acceptable, when she got around to sucking on it. If only that day would come. *Soon*, he hoped.

This week, they were playing five-on-five basketball with another class, but girls against girls, and boys against boys. But that was okay, at least they didn’t split up to different gyms. Each team would rotate out on the half court, so that gave the rest of them time to socialize on the bleachers. Coach made teams, and they found their way either on the court or to their seats. Mia was heading his way!

“Hey, babe,” Mia said as she parked herself next to Rory. She looked around quickly and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. She wanted to give him a real kiss, but there was that whole thing about rules and stuff. “Wanna cut school today?”

“That would be great,” Rory dreamed. “Get out of here, go someplace, be together. I wish.”

“No, I’m serious,” Mia said, and nodded in emphasis. “We tell the TA to mark us absent, and after getting changed, we get our stuff, and buzz out the side door.”

“You’re serious?”

“Very.”

Rory had to let that set in. He was no goody-two-shoes, but he wasn’t really a rule-breaker, either. He’d skipped school by staying home phony-baloney sick, but ditching? With his girl? Fuck, why not? But he had questions.

“Just us? Where can we go to? Just wander, or...?” he put to her. He was in, but he needed some details.

“Well, yours and my houses are out. Our moms are home, or in-and-out, whatever,” Mia said, twirling her finger in Rory’s blond hair. “But Lyla’s place is empty...” She pointed to her friend down the bleachers. Rory looked over and Lyla waved. The two had obviously discussed this. “Think you can convince Conor or Costa or Lucas or someone to come with?”

“You kidding? Easy.” But something was not right. “Wait, doesn’t Lyla have a boyfriend?”

“Not anymore,” was Mia’s answer. “She’d *really* like Conor to come.” Mia put special emphasis on that, squeezing Rory’s hand, letting him know he had a job to do.

The coach’s whistle blew ‘time in,’ and Rory had to get out on the court. Although he was a little pre-occupied with thoughts of him and Mia in an empty house, he played well on the court, converting his excitement into a basket and two fouls. One of those fouls was against his friend, Conor, charging into him.

“Push me back,” Rory quickly said.

“What?” Conor asked. Rory was his friend, why would he push him back even if he was fouled?

“Push me back!” Rory loud-whispered. Conor shoved Rory and the coach separated them, sent them to the side.

“What’d you do that for?” Conor asked.

“We’re cutting school today,” Rory informed him. “Me, Mia, you... and Lyla.”

Conor’s eyes got small as he tried to figure that out, then the realization hit him. “I’m in.”

Rory gave Mia the high-sign as he came back to the bleachers and she headed onto the court with her team; she gave him that knowing smile. Conor got a drink at the fountain and, instead of sitting with his team this time, found Rory.

The boys watched the girls play. Rory loved to see Mia move — she had great legs, a real nice ass, and, though she was likely wearing a sports bra, a terrific rack of tits. Her brown hair was tied into a pony tail for PE, otherwise it would be flowing down past her shoulders.

“Are you setting me up with Lyla?” Conor asked while watching the blond girl try to block a shot.

“She asked for you,” Rory advised him.

“*Fuck...*”

“Yeah, maybe. If we play our cards right...” Rory calmed him.

They watched the girls bounce for the rest of their time, as boys will.

When Mia returned, they went to see Charlie, the coach’s Teaching Assistant for this period. Charlie was about to enter the attendance into the coach’s laptop when they told him they wanted to be marked absent.

“No questions, but...” Charlie said, “five bucks in the locker room or I press the button.”

“I’ll take care of you,” Rory promised.

“Hey, you’re Fiona’s little brother? With the Spider-Man sheets?” Charlie asked.

Rory assured him that he was, in order to help the process stay smooth, but in that moment realized something. Charlie had been to his house. Sometime last spring, his sister and her boyfriend had thrown an orgy or something at their house, and now he knew it was Charlie who had gotten cum all over his sheets.

“But if you know I have Spider-Man sheets, then I think *you owe me* five bucks,” Rory said, giving Charlie the eye.

Charlie caught on. “I suppose I do. Alright, we’re cool. So, who all wasn’t here today?”

Mia gave a list of the no-longer-present students, and they headed back. The games continued, and all got to go at least twice on the court before the final whistle to go and change.

Sometimes students skipped taking a shower, but this time, Rory and Conor both went to soap up. There was no way either wanted to still smell like a full-court press when they got the girls alone.

For first period PE, the showers were usually full as those were often used in place of a home daily shower by boys who understood hygiene. Both Rory and Conor had to wish down boners into just tumescent pricks, but then again, it did give them a length to be proud of against the upperclassmen’s cocks.

Rory’s friend Costa sidled up to them, deciding to share a showerhead rather than wait for an open one. “We’re going to Lyla’s!” he sang to the boys. “Can’t wait to get out of here!”

“You’re going, too?” Conor asked, making sure the soap in his hair and ears didn’t make him hear that wrong.

“Oh, yeah...!” Costa immediately paid attention to his cock, making sure it was clean.

Both Rory and Conor were a little concerned, believing it was just going to be the four of them — them both and the two girls. Rory knew that he and Mia would find a place to make out, but Conor now felt the sting of competition. “Guess the girls asked a couple more,” Rory figured, feeling for his friend.

They all dressed, went to their hall lockers and got what they needed, met at the auditorium and snuck out the side door. There were so many doors and so many people, the hall monitors didn’t even ask them where they were headed. Still, they moved swiftly down the first block until they were away from the school and out of sight of all but the third-floor windows.

There were six in their party; besides Rory, Conor, and Costa, the girls had invited Silke, the foreign-exchange student from Belgium, who thought doing such an American thing as cutting school would be a thrilling experience for her!

“Who else did you invite?” Rory asked, he and Mia hanging a little behind the others, letting Lyla lead the way.

“Ava, and Izzy, and then Lucas, but they were too nervous about ditching,” Mia told him.

“Did you want a big group?”

“No, just kind of asked as I saw them. Ava said no, so I asked Izzy, and then Silke. Lucas said no, Costa said ‘Oh, boy!’” They both laughed, and looked ahead at the two boys trying their best to interest Lyla in whatever they were talking about. Silke was quiet, but smiling ear-to-ear about whatever.

“So, I was thinking of signing up with Ski Club this year. Want to join me?” Mia asked.

“Well, Soccer will be over by then. I’ve skied a couple times, but I’m not ready for any black diamond stuff,” Rory shrugged.

“Doesn’t matter. It’s just for fun, right?” Mia shrugged. “You don’t have to be an expert. We show up for meetings, then we go with on the trips to Villa Olivia and learn to get off the bunny hill. And...” she made sure he caught her eye, “they do overnight trips to the Wisconsin sites. Cabins and stuff.”

“I suddenly feel like skiing is the sport for me!” He was going to kiss her, but their gait made them a little too bouncy, so he lifted her clasped hand and kissed it.

They all walked quickly but casually, talking excitedly, Conor hanging on Lyla’s every word, only making one quick stop at a Walgreen’s for some Starbuck’s Frappuccinos. Rory ducked away from the group in the store and bought some Trojans at the pharmacist’s window, which had no line.

Lyla let everyone into her house, giving the neighborhood a scan to see if anyone was outside and watching. She hit the thermostat and put the heat on. It was a cool day outside, and it was chilly in the house, even for late September. There was some talk about whether they should try to “call in” their absences, but they realized it was high school and nobody cared if their absences were “excused” or not. No truant officer would be calling their homes. Or at least they didn’t think so.

Shoes were off, jackets were flung, book bags dumped, and the six found comfortable spots on sofas and chairs in the family room and turned on the TV. *The Price is Right* had just begun. And as they were out of school, of course, they started talking about school.

Something had to be done. There was the expectation that something fun should happen, now that they'd escaped. Rory and Mia, certainly, were looking to occupy a bedroom, but when would be the appropriate time to ditch their friends?

"This is exciting! We are away from school," Silke acknowledged, her platinum hair bouncing as she did. "We should dance!"

It wasn't a bad idea, so they found a music channel and bopped around the room for a song. Costa wasn't sure if he was paired with Silke for this, or if no one was, because she was so excited one minute and shy the next, but Conor and he were definitely both trying to get Lyla's attention.

Now up and moving, those new to Lyla's house explored for a bit, just to know where the washroom was, the bedrooms, the kitchen. Once in the kitchen, the boys made themselves at home and looked for more things to eat.

Rory just finished applying an orange jelly to two slices of toast when Lyla entered. "What are you all doing?"

Rory took a huge bite, then kissed Mia, getting the orange stuff all over her lips. "She took me to her best friend's house, so we're having marmalade, and making out! Ohhhh, yeahhhhh!" It took Mia a second to get the reference, but she laughed and kissed Rory again, spreading the marmalade about his face. Then she stole his other slice.

"Didn't any of you have breakfast?" Lyla shook her head, but started looking through the fridge, herself.

"Sure, but this is *second breakfast*," Conor said with an odd Scottish accent.

"Did I not see you carrying your lunch bag?" Silke asked him.

"Yeah, but that's for lunch. Still got to find something for *elevenses* in about an hour..." Conor said as he rolled up some ham slices into portable cigar shapes for eating on the go.

"You got any games?" Costa asked Lyla while eating a Hostess Cupcake.

"No video games, I don't have any brothers," she answered. "But..." Lyla took off for her bedroom.

"We could play Post Office," Conor suggested, finishing his last ham roll.

"That's a kids' game," Mia poked him.

"Not the way I play it!"

"Should we follow Lyla?" Rory asked Mia, the both of them in a tangle as she sat facing him on his lap, cleaning his face with a damp kitchen towel.

“That’s where I want to end up, but let’s see what she’s up to,” Mia answered, kissing him once he was clean. Then she noticed. “Hey, did you shower?”

“Of course. Used soap, too. Not gonna show up here for you all grimy and smelly!” He pushed into her hair and started kissing her neck, letting her smell the soap and Old Spice Krakengard body spray combination he was wearing.

“Mnnn... I was kind of hoping you’d just change and come out,” Mia admitted. “I don’t know if it’s weird, but I loved the way you smelled after your soccer match. Last Saturday? All sweat and musk... It just got right to me... I might’ve taken you down right there if we weren’t in front of everybody...”

“Now you tell me,” Rory muttered. “Well, now I’m a very clean Kraken — all arms!” He kissed her again and attacked both breasts with his multiple hands — a multiple of one times two.

“And one very hard tentacle, I see,” she whispered as she felt his cock through his jeans.

“Conor, come here,” Lyla called down from her bedroom. Conor pretended to fix his tie, gave everyone the eye of victory, and headed up towards Lyla’s room. A moment later, he reappeared behind her, carrying some board games.

“I’ve got *Monopoly*...” she started.

“Boo!” everyone called out at once. No one likes *Monopoly*.

“Well, then, I got *Twister*?” She showed them the box off Conor’s pile.

“Suddenly, the day got more interesting...” Conor mumbled.

“The One Direction version?” Costa asked.

“That one guy’s funny,” Rory noted. “His hair goes out to here, and his name is Hair Style!”

“Harry Styles!” Lyla corrected.

“Could do naked *Twister*?” Conor suggested. There was a groan. Did he push it too far too fast?

It came from Mia. “We... actually... tried that, once. It’s not as fun as you think it would be.”

“And there’s *Clue*...” Lyla continued.

“*Cluedo*!” Silke called and pointed. “I know this game!”

“What do you mean ‘Cluedo’? That’s *Clue*. Says so right on the box,” Costa asked, confused.

“I don’t know you. I will not argue with you.” Silke’s English was very good, but rather formal, still, at times.

“You don’t know him?” Lyla asked. “That’s Costa.”

“He has been walking with us, but I do not know him.”

"I'm Constantine. Call me Costa," he shrugged, nonplussed.

"Very well, Constantine. But I do not know you well," Silke adjusted.

"Six can play, and we've got six of us," Conor pointed out.

Silke was looking at the box. "But this is wrong. Where is Dr. Orchid? Who is this Mrs. White? The cook?"

"I have no cluedo..." Conor got off, and high-fived Costa.

"Then, I also have *Girl Talk*...! Remember this?" Lyla asked spiritedly, holding the box over her head and dancing.

"*Girl Talk*? Sounds awful..." Rory grimaced. "What's it about? Gossip and sarcasm?"

"How to tell one girl how much you like her sweater and then turn around and tell your friends how much you hate that girl?" Costa laughed.

"No," Lyla shook her head in derision. "It's basically Truth or Dare."

"For tweens," Mia clarified.

"But what?" Rory asked. "I dare you to go peek in my sister's room?"

"I'll go peek in your sister's room..." Conor snarked. Rory made a face at him, telling him to shut up and pay attention to Lyla. Conor immediately understood and looked so damn guilty that Lyla could only pity him.

"Well, kind of, *but that's not how we play it*," Mia hinted, mocking Conor.

"And how do you play this game?" Silke asked.

"The dirty version, like how in 7th Grade when we'd break up in groups to play *Apples to Apples* and secretly play the funny version or the dirty version, whatever we could get away with? So here, you just change the Truth questions and the Dares to something much more..." Mia ran her finger down Rory's chest to the button on his jeans and popped it, "...sexual."

"Like *Cards Against Humanity*, or something?" Costa asked, not quite getting it.

"Not... really..." Lyla said. "You just read the card. Sometimes you can just add the word 'naked' to the end; sometimes you have to change the whole wording. You'll see."

"If *you* like it, Lyla, it's a great game," Conor joined her team. "Where should we play? The living room or...?"

"Are clothes going to come off in this?" Rory asked Mia, with a hopeful smile.

"Maybe we should play in your bedroom, just in case," Mia suggested to Lyla.

"In case what?" Costa asked.

"In case my mom comes home," Lyla realized.

The six headed upstairs to Lyla's bedroom and found seats on the thick white carpet or laying propped up on her bed whose sheets and comforter looked like a cloudy sky painted in watercolors. Silke was a little hesitant, this wasn't what she expected the day to be, but she opened up when she saw all of Lyla's stuffed toys, Barbies, and photos taped to the wall, and had to explore her room. In particular, she was fascinated by the books in Lyla's bookcase: titles from *The Summer I Turned Pretty* and *The Heartbreakers* to *One of Us Is Lying*, and the entire Harry Potter collection, but *Good Girl Fail* was on her nightstand.

Lyla laid out the game board, with its spinner and Truth cards and Dare cards. "Okay, so as an example, Conor, spin the spinney thing."

Conor did, and it landed on Dare. The spinner also said to 'find someone who isn't playing to come watch,' but that wasn't possible. He took a Dare card. "Act out the last thing you saw on TV." He looked up at everyone, like for help in what he was supposed to do for the dirty version. "I think the last thing I saw was some show last night but..."

"No," Rory knew, "it was *The Price is Right*, just now. So..."

"Act out the last sexy thing you saw on *The Price is Right!*" Mia cheered.

"Like, 'I bid \$1000 for Lyla's incredible breasts?'" Conor tried for a laugh, unsure.

"Thank you, but no," Lyla said. "The last thing was that guy showing off the Hawaiian vacation."

"He was in his bathing costume," Silke recalled.

"That's right," Lyla agreed. "Take it all off and sell us the view out my window!"

Conor gave Rory the eye. *Oh, god, do I have to do this?*

"C'mon, Conor. It's a dare..." Mia prodded.

"Dude, believe me, you *want* to do this," Rory said privately for all to hear.

Conor looked at Lyla, then crossed his arms to draw off his Superman t-shirt.

"You know," Mia whispered to Rory, "I don't think I've ever seen him without that black Superman shirt on, except for soccer and gym. Is that the only shirt he has?"

"When I met him on the first day of Kindergarten," Rory recalled, "I learned his name was Conor. He has that black hair, and I said, 'Oh, just like Superboy!'"

"Superboy's name is Conor?" Mia asked.

"Yeah, the Teen Titan Superboy. It's spelled different but, you know... He's the son of Superman and Lex Luthor."

"Superman's gay?" Mia asked. "I thought he had that girlfriend? Lois Lane?"

Rory shook his head. He couldn't expect everyone to know all the details. "Clone. Test tube baby. He's strong and devious. Anyway, the next day at school, Conor showed up wearing that black Superman shirt, all proud to be Superboy, and he's kept buying them for years."

They watched Conor pulling his jeans off his feet and stand up. "Okay," he breathed. "Now what do I do?"

"The man on television was not wearing stockings," Silke pointed out. Conor rolled his eyes and got rid of his socks.

"So, like the model guy on the show, you have to display all the prizes and the trip to Hawaii," Lyla instructed. "All sexy-like..."

Conor stood there almost naked in his navy blue boxer briefs, his cock a decent bulge but not tenting due to nerves. He gave a look to Rory, took a breath, and launched into his best game show host voice.

"Hey, Drew! Here we have everything you'll need for your Fall Vacation!" He picked up items from Lyla's dresser as he mentioned them, rubbing his hands along their edges. "This pair of white-rimmed sunglasses will make any teenage girl look fashionable and fabulous! Next... don't forget your homework! Access Google Classroom with a used Chromebook with lots of dents in the cover! You can email all your friends back home about what a great time you're having! Then... these blue rope lights will remind you of the stars at night on your trip to... Hawaii!" Conor modeled at her window. "Look out on the beach on such a sunny day! See all the palm trees!"

Mia snickered at that one, as out the window was a grey, cloudy sky and an elm tree losing its leaves. Lyla was laughing and clapping. Conor looked back to Rory, running out of ideas — was it enough? was he done? Rory pointed to his own pants, indicating Conor's underwear.

Conor picked that up. "And, as a bonus, brand new swimsuits!" He approached Lyla. "Feel the quality..." Lyla accepted the challenge and ran her hand along the side of Conor's boxers, then on his behind, and lastly over his cock. Conor's voice cracked a bit when he ended with, "Yes, all this can be yours *if* the price is right!"

Lyla did not stop caressing Conor's front until she felt his cock growing underneath her hand. "Perfect — now I *know* you know how the game is played!" She stood up, took ahold of his head, and gave him a big kiss. When she pulled away and sat down again, Conor still stood there in a dream state, with his boner stretching his boxers at nine-o'clock.

Everyone applauded. Conor blushed a bit, but knew he'd played his part well, and got great favor from Lyla. He sat and went for his pants.

"Nuh-uh," Lyla corrected. "Once they're off, they stay off. Unless you need them for a dare."

Rory had no clue, but assured him, "Them's the rules."

"Okay, so who's next?"

"Mia or Lyla?"

“I’ll go,” Mia volunteered, clockwise. She spun the spinney thing and got Truth, with special instruction to ‘text your answer to a group chat.’ She took a Truth card. “‘How many selfies do you take a day?’ Hmm, that’s like... oh, wait...”

“Yeah,” nodded Costa, “the dirty kind. How many nudes do you take each day?”

Rory gave Mia an inquisitive look and a smile.

Mia pretended to go into deep thought. “Well, each day, less than one, but on a day when I want to, probably around twenty, and then I delete the bad ones. So, on average... one?”

“So, let’s see your phone for proof!” Costa demanded.

Rory was sitting behind Mia with his arms around his girl, but he felt Mia tense up. He drew his arms in tighter when Costa spouted off. Would she play the game or...? “This isn’t a dare,” he reminded Costa for her.

“No, a dare would be to actually take a nude selfie in front of us. This is verifying the truth,” Costa said.

“And she has to send the answer to the group!” Conor reminded them. Rory shot him a look, but realized his friend was nearly naked — they chose to play this game.

Mia took out her phone, scrolled through her photos, chose one and made it available to AirDrop. The others scrambled for their phones to intercept the photo. Conor and Costa made impressed sounds, Silke thought Mia looked very pretty, and Lyla admitted she already had that one. Mia looked to Rory, who did not have his phone out, and smiled at him.

“Later,” he said.

Mia punched some more keys and Rory’s phone buzzed in his pocket. “I just sent you all of them.” Rory pulled her into a kiss. When they came up, Mia reminded him, “Your turn.”

Rory unhooked himself from Mia and spun the spinney thing. Truth, with the direction to ‘keep it close, share with the group.’ He drew a card. “‘Have you ever used your lunch money for something other than lunch?’ How do we...?”

“Have you ever paid for sex with your lunch money?” laughed Conor.

A thought struck Rory. “Hang on.” He left the bedroom and returned a moment later. “Had to go down to my jacket,” he explained. “The answer to both questions is ‘yes,’ and here, I will share with the group.”

He opened his cupped hands and revealed a ribbon of six Trojan condoms, then split them off and handed one to each of the others.

Mia took hers. “Hmmm. Think you’re going to get lucky, do you?”

“Hoping...” he shrugged. “One day, but we don’t...”

“It’s nice to know you’re prepared, anyway,” she said, settling back into his lap again. Then, quietly, to him, “You really haven’t been pushing me much, at all. Hands over clothes... Do you not want to? Are you nervous?”

"I am nervous on a couple levels," he faked a laugh. "But I really like you, and don't want to be a jerk."

"You're no jerk," Mia told him, and licked her way up his neck to his ear. "Have you tried one on? Make sure it fits..."

Silke was spinning for her turn. Truth, and she would need to text the question and answer to someone not in the room. She read, "'Have you ever eaten a bug?' But that is not it, is it?"

Lyla gave her the dirty version. "Have you ever eaten a pussy?"

Silke looked perturbed.

Lyla tried to give her a little more room to play. "Or sucked a cock?"

"What's wrong? I thought you Europeans were open to being naked and stuff?" Costa asked.

"Nudity is not a concern. And the answer is 'yes,' but," she hesitated, "I would not like to verify my answer."

"Because you think we'll make you do something to someone in front of us...?" Rory guessed.

"Yes, that is my concern."

"Well, got to try, right? It's part of the game," Costa tried, hoping to be a part of it, or at least watch it.

"I do not know you well enough to do that, I feel." Silke was sticking to her guns.

"Oh, come on..." Conor urged.

"No, no pressure," Lyla said. They weren't going to force her or make fun of her. "She gave an answer. Let's move on to Costa," Lyla said.

Costa nodded and spun. Dare, and it directed him to send a photo of his dare to someone the group chose. He drew a card. "'Pretend to be a T. Rex whose arms are too short to scratch its nose.' Uh-oh..." He dropped his head. He had a feeling how this would go.

"So, pretend to be a T. Rex whose arms are too short to jack your cock!" Conor almost shouted.

Costa laughed nervously, and got to his knees. He tried making little arms, holding his elbows tight to his sides, and tried to humorously not-reach his cock with his hands.

Everyone laughed, but Lyla pulled authority. "Nuh-uh. Pants down. Let's see that cock you can't reach, Costa!"

Costa looked at the group. "Why do I get the tough one?" He undid the button at the top of his jeans, and then stopped. It looked like he was frozen, or deep in thought, and looked up at Conor who had his phone out and ready to take the photo. "I can't. This will just be... too embarrassing. I'm not even hard, I mean..."

"Maybe we should not play this game," Silke suggested.

“Are we done, then?” Mia asked. Rory and Conor looked to Lyla.

“Well, usually in Truth or Dare, when someone quits, it’s over, but I haven’t had my turn yet, at least,” Lyla said.

“Well, I am going to go downstairs and watch the television,” Silke said, somewhat reluctantly. “Would you like to watch television, Constantine?”

“Sure.” He, too, stood, a little embarrassed to duck out of the game. “Maybe we can play *Cluedo*...”

When they were gone, Lyla said, “I wish she’d have gotten that ‘Do a crab walk across the room’ card.”

“Yeah,” Mia agreed. “She’d have done that one naked, easily.”

“That would have been nice to see,” Rory snickered.

Mia got right in his ear. “I’ve *seen* her pussy...”

“I *know* you have!” Rory gave right back to her, and bit her ear.

Lyla spun the spinney thing. It landed on Dare. It also demanded that she should ‘keep it close, share with the group,’ as Rory’s had. She drew the card and snorted a laugh. “‘Peel a banana using your feet.’”

Lyla didn’t wait for a translation. She knew what she had to do. First, she tugged off her socks, then she rocked onto her back. Everyone saw where her feet were headed.

“Up on your knees, Conor,” Rory murmured, but it was so quiet that Conor had no trouble hearing him.

Lyla reached out with her right foot and drew it up and along Conor’s very evident erection pushing at his boxerbriefs. “Got a ripe one... right... here...” She brought up her left foot and the two sandwiched Conor’s cock, and she began caressing it through the fabric until his cock head popped out the top.

“*Oh, god...* I officially change my name to Conor Del Monte...” he moaned.

“Now, where is the stem?” Lyla’s toes rubbed his cock head, then found his waistband and got about gripping it between them.

“I’d just like to say that, um, that’s a lovely shade of nail polish you have there, Lyla,” Conor said, beginning to perspire.

“Matches my nipples,” she teased. She had the waistband secure and pulled her feet back. Conor’s boxers moved out and away, and then down. Slowly, and then quite quickly, Conor’s cock was revealed as his ‘banana peel’ was stripped away.

Lyla dropped his shorts at his knees, then sat up. “Oh, that’s a nice cock,” she said to the room.

Mia watched the entire proceeding with wonder. She looked quickly back at Rory, a little embarrassed, as if she shouldn't be looking at Conor's cock. "Well, that's not something you see every day."

"I do," Rory shrugged. "But *it is* a nice cock..."

Mia looked in his eyes and laughed a little laugh.

Lyla got closer in. She took ahold of Conor's cock at its base and played with his trim black pubes with her pinky. She gave him a slow stroke to force a little precum out the head. "Once you peel a banana, what do you have to do, then?"

No one needed to answer as she took Conor into her mouth.

"We're falling behind in this game," Mia breathed over her shoulder.

"Tell me about it," Rory told her ear as he slipped his hands up her shirt and grasped her breasts — over the bra, yet, but it was thin enough that he could knowingly tweak her nipples.

Lyla let Conor's crown hang on the tip of her tongue. "Wait. The wheel said I had to share with the group." She looked to Mia and Rory. "Well...?"

Conor looked to Rory and shrugged. "It's not like we haven't done it before."

Rory held back a sigh. He didn't really want that announced to the girls.

"It's a game, right?" Mia said, thinking she was teasing him, goading him into maybe trying it.

Rory pulled his hands from Mia's shirt and moved out from under her. He came alongside Conor and took his cock from Lyla. He shook his head and silently swore at Conor, then gave his cock several deep bobs. Mia and Lyla looked at each other, incredulous.

"Don't make me cum. Don't *you* make me cum..." Conor intoned.

Rory pulled off. He looked to Mia. "You want a taste? Lyla has to share."

Mia knee-walked over. "You look like you knew what you were doing."

"I'm a good friend."

"Hi, Conor," Mia said, looking up as she grasped Conor's cock.

"Hi, Mia."

Mia licked Conor's balls and he sang a high note, then she took him inside her mouth.

"How's that banana?" Rory teased back. Mia couldn't answer.

"Man, I am so full of potassium right now," Conor breathed as Mia pulled away, satisfied with her taste. She handed it back off to Lyla.

"Not for much longer," Lyla said, and got into position to finish her job.

Rory and Mia got back into a comfortable position. “Well, you have officially given my best friend a blowjob before I’ve even seen your tits,” Rory bemoaned.

“That one’s on you, buster. Can’t be too nice a guy, you know?”

“But we’re playing a damn game, here,” he knew.

“Yes. We are, aren’t we?”

Rory pulled her in tight. “God, I want you. Tell me this is why we cut school today.”

“Oh, yes. You’re not leaving here intact,” Mia said.

Conor began breathing raggedly and squealed, “*I’m cum... I’m cumming!* Lyla? Lyla?”

Lyla made no move to pull away as Conor’s body waded like an inflatable guy at a car dealership and blasted his load — his potassium! — down Lyla’s throat. They collapsed, but somehow didn’t hurt each other.

“Yay...” Conor cheered, scarcely audible.

Lyla sat back up, wiping her chin and swallowing a couple times, yet. “You ever notice how banana-flavored stuff, like banana candy or whatever, never actually tastes like banana?”

“Yeah. I remember something like SweeTarts, but not SweeTarts,” Rory recalled. “And not Spree, but they had banana, and I didn’t like it.”

“There’s those Circus Peanut things. They’re banana-flavored,” Mia suggested.

“Yeah, those are weird,” Lyla nodded.

“Banana shake?” Conor said weakly from the carpet.

“If they use real bananas, of course, but if it’s powder like at McDonald’s or Burger King, then no way,” Lyla decided, running her fingers through Conor’s pubes.

Mia prodded Conor. “Hey, if you’re alive, it’s your turn, pick a card...”

“Fuck off...” Conor convulsed a couple times more, and some more non-banana-flavored cum dribbled out of him.

Rory reached his finger over and scooped it up. “Taste?” he offered Mia.

“Mine,” Lyla demanded, and directed Rory’s hand to her mouth and licked it off his finger.

Rory felt the erotic charge from Lyla’s tongue, but decided not to say anything about it with Mia right there.

“I’ll spin for you, then, Conor.” Mia spun the spinner and picked up the card. “You got Truth. Hmmm. ‘Who was your first kiss or who do you want to be your first kiss?’ Let’s see... He’s a virgin, right?” Mia whispered to Rory. Rory just nodded. “I’ll keep it simple... Would you rather marry your first kiss or the person you lost your virginity to?”

“Spinner says you have to ‘yell your answer out a nearby window,’” Rory added.

Conor roused himself sitting. “That’s an easy one.” He got to his knees and tried to push open the window, but couldn’t get it. He stood, unlocked the latch and pushed the window up. There was a screen in his way, but still he shouted out, “I want to kiss the girl who’s gonna take my virginity!”

Lyla was a little shocked that he was standing naked in her window, screaming into the drizzle about wanting to lose his virginity, but couldn’t deny the cuteness of it. She couldn’t deny the cuteness of his ass, either. But she prayed none of her neighbors were home.

Conor collapsed onto the carpet, again, then reached up and pulled the window shut. “Gonna get cold, all naked and stuff.”

Lyla went to him and gave him the kiss he asked for. “You know you’re going to fuck me, right?”

“I am?” he asked, still a little dazed. “I hope so. I didn’t want to do that *Price Is Right* shit for nothing!”

Mia took her turn. She wanted a good card. She’d forced Conor’s turn just to get to her turn, so she wanted a good card. The spinney-thing landed on Dare. She took her card. “Set a timer for 30 seconds. Act out your favorite movie without using any words. See if anyone can guess!” She threw the card down. “Fuck thirty seconds...” she mumbled. “I’m gonna need some help doing this one.”

Mia grabbed Rory and pushed him to the carpet. “So, I have to guess which movie...” he started, but she shut him up with a lip-lock.

“Favorite *porno*, right?” Conor figured. There was no answer as Mia dragged Rory’s shirt off. A navy long-sleeve pullover, it got caught on his wrists and he was flopping his hands over his head to try and dislodge them.

“The one where the brother and sister have to share a hotel room and wind up fucking?” Conor asked. “That’s his favorite porno,” he mentioned to Lyla.

Rory pulled one hand free from his sleeve and flipped Conor off. Then he got about freeing the other hand and working on Mia’s shirt.

“Hmmm. The one where the brother with the Batman tattoo fucks his sister after she, like, begs him to fuck her?” Conor tried again, taking the card to heart.

Rory flipped him off, again. Mia’s top came off, pulling her hair in different ways. She had to stop making out with Rory to get the shirt over her head, and took the time to straighten her hair, a bit.

“Um, *Taboo 2*?” Conor asked. Then he explained to Lyla, “Guy fucks his sister *and* his mom in that one.”

“It’s supposed to be *her* favorite porno, not *his*,” Lyla shook her head as Rory worked on removing Mia’s bra.

“Girls watch porn?” Conor asked her, surprised.

Lyla rolled her eyes at him, then pulled off her own shirt.

Rory looked at Mia's bra-clad breasts as she sat on top of him. He'd gotten the latch undone with her help, and now the purple bra was going to come off. She held it at her breasts and then let it fall forward.

Rory melted. His hands went up, as if pulled by a string, but he couldn't touch them, yet. He had to just see them. They weren't huge, but like apples. Big apples, like HoneyCrisp. Her nipples were a nice, dark red, like her lips, and the areola had a thin ring at its edge. Like a target. Oh, yes. A target. His hands finished their journey and held her breasts on their outside, and he sat up to suck in her left tit, worshipping her as she deserved.

"Hey, remember the other day? When you told me 'she has a blond pussy'? Which one were you talking about? Your sister or your mom?" Conor couldn't help but tease his friend.

Rory wanted his friend to shut the fuck up. He actually removed his hands from Mia, and flipped Conor off with both hands, this time, with an extra two shakes for emphasis.

Lyla now sat in front of Conor only in her bra and panties. "Hey! Leave them alone."

He turned to look at Lyla, his nerves clearly on display as his cock wavered between rock-hard and wanting to hide.

"You want to see a blond pussy?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered immediately.

Lyla pulled off her panties. "Here's your blond pussy."

Conor was transfixed, staring at her golden curls.

"Conor? Conor?"

"Hm?"

"Lick this blond pussy?"

"This is the happiest day of my life..." Conor finally broke his stare and dove to Lyla's pussy, yet still hesitated. "I don't know if I'll..."

"Don't worry. No one's as good as Mia, but I'll get you there." Lyla pulled at Conor's black hair until his tongue met her labia.

Mia was running her fingers through Rory's blond hair, too. "Hey. Come up here."

Rory reluctantly pulled himself off of Mia's breast and pushed himself up to kiss her, though the feeling of her wet nipples on his bare chest made up for some of the loss.

"No one's as good as Mia?" Rory recounted what he'd just heard.

"Hey, I'm a good friend, too." Her hand massaged his cock through his jeans. "I want this cock, Rory."

“You’re so bossy,” he snickered.

“You’ve got my blood racing, ever since your last home game. I don’t want you to take it slow, anymore.” She popped his jeans button and pulled his zipper down. “You don’t want to go slow, anymore, do you?”

“No. No way.” He tried opening her pants, too, though the backs of their hands were getting in each other’s way. “I just... I haven’t...”

“Haven’t done this before?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s okay.”

“Have you?”

Mia weighed her answer. “Yeah. One time. I mean, one guy, a couple times. Three times, but... Does it matter?”

Rory thought on it. “No. It might be good, even. You know what to do.” Mia was about to answer that when... “I mean, I know what to do. I mean — *I know*. And I’ve watched videos, of course. It’s just different when you’re right here, when *we’re* right here...”

Rory interrupted himself and got to his knees. He undid Mia’s pants, grasped the sides of her waist, and pulled them down — with her help, lifting her behind for him. He had a little trouble getting them off, they were pulling inside-out past her knees. He fixed that, and pulled from her feet, instead, until they were off.

He gazed from her pink-and-white striped panties on down her shapely legs. She had nice legs, as he’d seen daily in PE. He took ahold of her little purple ankle socks and *thwipped* them off, too. She smiled at the effort, and put her feet to his chest, trying to grasp his nipple with her toes. He grabbed her feet and stopped her. He wasn’t ticklish there, it was just instinct. Her feet were soft, and she had cute little toes — no weird big toe. He ran his thumbs along the inside bottoms of her toes and she *did* pull back, obviously a little tickle spot.

“Hey, you know the rules,” she said, and pointed at him with her chin.

Rory thought first she meant something about the game that they weren’t really playing anymore, but teenage logic knew she meant his pants. He let go of her feet and shoved down his jeans, had to slide onto his butt to finish the job and yank them off, pulling his socks off at the same time.

“Those are cool,” she nodded at his boxers, which had thin blue, white, and black horizontal stripes. “We kind of match, today. Stripe day.”

He moved back to her, to hold her. It interrupted the stripping process, but he needed to hold her. Those nice, nice tits needed him, again.

While they kissed, Rory could hear Lyla directing Conor in how best to lick her pussy. He glanced over. Well, now he’d seen Lyla’s pussy before he’d seen Mia’s. He liked to, sure, it’s just that everything was going out-of-order.

“You’ll get there soon,” Mia murmured.

“With *you*, though. Right?” Rory made sure.

Mia laughed. “Yes.” She sucked on his neck, marking him as ‘hers,’ but closer to the shoulder, below the collar line. “I can smell you, again.”

“I’m sorry. My Krakengard must be wearing off.”

“No, that’s good. Like I said, I like the way you smell. You’re nervous, perspiring a little,” she said, then licked him down to his nipple, her hand massaging his cock through his boxers. “Stand up.”

They disengaged, and Rory stood. The others took note. Mia sat up and took ahold of Rory’s waistband. She gave him the eye. “Are you ready?” He nodded. “Then — *release the Kraken!*”

Rory and Conor both laughed. Rory looked to his friend. “A girl who knows *Clash of the Titans!* I’ve got to keep her, now!”

Mia pulled his boxers out and down, dropping them at his knees. She wanted to pull them off him completely, but she became transfixed by his cock. “Now *this...* is a nice cock...”

Rory relaxed a little, hearing that.

Mia’s hands wrapped around it. She pushed her fingers through his pubes. “They’re blond. I’ve never seen a blond cock.”

Lyla cleared her throat and pointed at herself.

“Yeah, I know you have a blond pussy, but I’ve never seen a blond cock. I thought it’d be darker.” She looked up at Rory’s eyes, his eyebrows. And back at the cock in her hand. “It’s the color of honey...”

“Find out if it tastes that way. C’mon, catch up!” Lyla said.

Rory shuffled a bit until his boxers were off, and he kicked them aside so he could stand open for her as she took him inside her mouth. The heat and slickness of her tongue against the flesh of his cock made his spine turn to jelly, and he had to put his hands to her shoulders so he didn’t fall over. “*Mia! Oh, my god...*”

Mia had taken Rory in as far as she could on her bobs. He was a decent size; he would make her happy. She pulled off and drew her tongue down his shaft to his balls, where her hand had been finding out how full they were.

When Rory opened his eyes, there was nothing to see but Mia’s hair as she pleased him. He took a look at the other two and noticed that Lyla had removed her bra. She had some nice tits, too, he saw. A little bigger than Mia’s, with really light pink nips that almost blended with her skin. Lyla caught him looking and smiled at him. He smiled back, noticing she was watching his cock get licked. She sent him a little kiss through the air. Rory blushed, and silently pointed to his heart and then Mia’s head. Lyla nodded.

That didn't stop him from looking at her pussy again, though, when Conor moved his head away from it.

Mia worked the little strip of skin under Rory's crown. She knew she was getting to him, feeling him shift his weight, trying to adjust her speed. She was going to try a finger in his ass when she heard and saw Conor climbing up Lyla's body to attack her breasts. Lyla was going to direct them onto her bed, she knew.

She pulled off of Rory's cock. His face looked stricken when he looked down at her. She sat away and pulled off her pink-and-white striped panties, not waiting for Rory to do it for her. "I need you now," she breathed. She could have taken Rory's blowjob to term, she could have swallowed his cum, she could have made him lick her pussy. And then she could have fucked him. But she had an attack of pride. She didn't want Conor to lose his virginity before Rory did. And for that to happen, she had to act now.

Rory might have cum all over Mia right then, just hearing her say those words. True, he was that close to cumming. But the new distraction of seeing Mia's pussy made his eyes glaze over, and gave him just a little recovery time.

He had been right. Mia's pubes *were* thick. A thick, dark rug of tight curls. And Conor was right, as well. She *did* shave it into a landing strip. A thin, thick, vertical rectangle from her cleft on up, the rest of her area clean. His knees gave out and he hit the floor between Mia's spread legs with a wooden *thud* loud enough to alert Silke and Costa that they were missing out. "Conor, we were right..." he said softly, hypnotized.

It was loud enough — both the thud and his statement — for Conor to break concentration on Lyla's tits and look over. "Wow, *that is* cute..."

Rory knew he was supposed to go down and lick Mia's cute pussy as the next step in the sex dance. He got down to his elbows when Mia grabbed his shoulders. "No, I mean it. I want you *now*." She pulled him up and along her so that his cock was in the right place. She reached down and took ahold of it so there would be no mistaking she meant that he was to fuck her *now*.

"What about the..." Rory asked.

"In a bit," Mia rushed him.

Rory helped her line him up. "Okay... okay..." he whispered nervously. Excited, but still nervous. She let go of his cock and held his waist, pulling him forward, pulling him inside her. His heart was pounding. He was sure Mia could hear it. Conor and Lyla could probably hear it, too, he figured. He glanced over at them to see if they were going to say anything about how loud his heartbeat was. Of course, they couldn't hear it, but they were watching him, watching his cock sink into Mia's pussy.

Rory exhaled out loud, unaware he was even holding his breath, and fell onto his hands over Mia. He looked right into her eyes as he continued to push inside her. There was only a little resistance as her lips folded in with him. He didn't want to fix her, but backed up and pushed in again two or three times until all her wetness was spread over her lips and his cock. Then he sailed all the way in.

He slid in faster than intended and made Mia's eyes bug. "Sorry!" he told her eyes.

Mia wrapped her arms around him in a flash, pulling him in tightly to her. “No, that feels great! Oh, I’m going to love your cock!”

“I already love your pussy,” he told her neck as he lay his head in her shoulder and started a second thrust. “*You’re so wet...*”

“I’ve been wet for you since gym, this morning,” she breathed as she bit his ear. Then she glanced aside, seeing Lyla and Conor still watching them, his cock still hovering near, but not inside, her pussy. She’d been successful — her Rory lost his virginity first.

But the sight of Mia and Rory only made Conor more excited. Lyla lay on the bed in front of him, her legs hanging off the side. He dragged his cock up and down her wet pussy, about to plunge in.

“Gonna wrap that up first?” Lyla asked him quietly, or at least more quietly than the loud whimpering from both Mia and Rory.

“Please...” Conor begged. “Let me put it in bare, just for a bit. Just to feel how it really is. Then I’ll put one on.”

“You better not cum in me,” Lyla warned, but with a smile, looking longingly at the hard curve of his cock.

“I already came, so... I’ll be a good boy,” Conor promised.

“Alright, Superboy. Impress me.”

Conor glowed with her using the nickname, and pushed inside her pussy in one shot, and went about proving he was the Boy of Steel.

Down on the carpet, Rory wasn’t going to last much longer. “Mia... Mia, I’m sorry. I can’t... It feels too...”

Mia was about to tell him that it was okay, that it was just their first attempt, and she knew she’d brought him to the edge with her blowjob, when Rory blasted his cum inside her.

“*Oh, god! Fuck!*”

Mia realized it and pushed back on him. He pulled out of her quickly — he knew it was happening, too; he just couldn’t move when he shot the first two times. As soon as he was out, his cock continued firing — shots making it to her tits, and then down her belly, and then into her pubes.

Rory sat up on his heels, holding his cock, letting the cum dribbles pool on his fingers, catching his breath. He and Mia both looked at each other, knowing what happened.

“Mia, I’m sorry...”

“It’s okay,” she said, wiping cum in her pubes away from her entrance. “It’s okay.” What else was she going to say? She was the one who rushed them, pulled him into her without protection. She knew he was close when she did it. *But it felt so damn good!* She wanted to push the worry away, and get them back into some romance and some more hot sex soon!

"I... I should've... we've got two and I... I should've..." Rory wasn't letting himself off the hook.

"We'll be fine. I'm sure. But from here on out, use one. We don't need to tempt fate," she advised. She sat up. "Come here." She pulled him against her and they kissed away their worry.

Whether or not Lyla and Conor had paid any attention to the drama on the floor, Lyla knew when to call it on Conor's sampling of bareback. "Okay, big boy, let's..."

"Just a little more, just a little longer," Conor begged, fucking her hard from a standing position, slamming his cock into her pussy.

"Hey!" Lyla nearly shouted and pulled away on the bed. Conor's cock was hanging free, but the action was enough to get him cumming. He grasped his cock, but didn't even need to jerk it. Cum shot out in a near-perfect parabola from his cock to her tits. Seven shots made it onto her body before Conor backed away, leaning against the window, still holding his cock, showing it to the neighbors. "If I tell you to pull out, Conor, you pull out. Get me? Or I'm gonna go find Costa."

"No, don't do that," Conor pleaded. He was going to argue that he had it under control, he was just about to pull out, it just felt too good... But he did the smart thing. "You're right. I'm sorry."

Lyla nodded, satisfied with his answer. "You're just lucky I like seeing boys cum. That was a nice arc."

Conor, forgiven, grew a wide grin. "We could do the math, but... just know it was inspired by your beauty."

Rory looked up at Conor, and Conor met his eyes. Both smiled, and then gave a little nod. They'd entered a new world.

Rory turned back to Mia, but he had never stopped caressing her breasts. "So, was that like your favorite porno?"

"I... No. Whatever card I drew, I was going to make it be about fucking you," Mia admitted. "Now, if we'd have filmed it, then it could be my favorite porno."

"Oh, we could have filmed you," Lyla realized, eavesdropping.

"What about us? It was my first time, too," Conor said, back to snuggling.

"Ah, spinney-thing didn't say to take a picture, so..." Rory shrugged off.

"What did the spinney-thing say? I didn't even look," Mia asked.

Rory leaned over to the board. "You were supposed to find someone who isn't playing to come watch. This time, we could have called down to Costa or Silke."

"Eh, you lose a point, then," Lyla shook her finger at Mia.

"We never played for points."

“Yeah... that’s why we’d steal other girls’ cards if they didn’t want to do them. It’s in the rules,” Lyla reminded her.

“Yeah?” Conor laughed. “Hey, gimme Costa’s card!” Lyla flipped it to him and he pretended to try and jerk his cock like a short-armed T-Rex, hopping about the room in frustration, getting genuine laughs from the others. “Extra point for me! I’m winning!”

“What was Silke’s?” Rory asked. Lyla found it on the bed and handed it to him. “Oh, yeah. We decided this one was ‘have you ever eaten a pussy.’” He looked to Mia. “May I?”

“Um, I need to clean up a little,” she said, referring to his cum.

“I’m not worried.”

Mia looked at him with a funny smile. “Okay...” She stood up and went to the bed, though. “But I need to lie down, Lyla. You have a nice carpet, but I’m gonna get rug burn.” Lyla shifted and made some room for her so that both had half the bed via the long side. She was nice and gave Mia one of her pillows, too.

Rory helped her find position with her pussy at the edge of the bed, then finally took his time to examine the pussy he’d longed to see, running his fingers up and through her labia, inside her tunnel, and finding her clitoris.

“I thought you said you were a virgin,” Mia purred from beyond.

“I’ve done some stuff,” he answered, “but just never, you know, fucked.”

“A girl, anyway,” Conor editorialized from Lyla’s breasts.

“Reallllly...?” wondered Lyla. “You two? How? When? Do tell!”

Conor looked to Rory for permission, but Rory’s face was hidden inside Mia’s thighs, doing things with his tongue that his fingers could not. He didn’t have any experience with eating a girl’s pussy, but he knew from videos what he had to do. And if he had his way, he’d become an expert for Mia.

“That was 8th Grade. Neither of us had a girlfriend, yet. There were a couple neighborhood girls we played with and saw their boobs, but, you know, kid stuff, we never fucked.” He shifted so that Lyla could start stroking his cock in their limited space. “But we practiced safe-sex with each other.”

“Yeah, saw that,” Lyla recalled.

“So, one sleep-over, we tried it to see what it was supposed to feel like.” Conor sucked on Lyla’s tit some more. “He fucked me, and I fucked him.” So long as he could keep sucking those tits, he’d tell her anything.

“What did you think?” Lyla asked.

“Um... compared to what we just did?” Conor considered. “Huge difference!”

Rory took a quick look up, interrupting his flicking of Mia’s clit, “Huge...”

Mia asked from inside her little groans, "And does this still happen?"

"No." Conor looked like he wanted to say more, but shut his mouth.

"That would be so hot to see..." Lyla hinted.

"*That would be fuckin' hot...*" Mia agreed, her hands in Rory's hair. "*Oh, fuck... oh, fuck...*" her left hand flew out and met Lyla's thigh. She gripped it so tightly, fingernails digging into Lyla's skin, Lyla tried to pull her friend's hand off, but only succeeded in moving it upward. Mia needed to hold something and found the crease at Lyla's groin. "*Oh, Rory... You're making... I'm gonna cum... I'm cumming... I'm...*" Her hand moved and found her friend's pubes and she immediately rubbed her hand until she found her cleft, and her hand joined Conor's at Lyla's clit.

Mia went into convulsions, her stomach contracting, her toes spreading, her thighs locking Rory's head in place as she shook. "*Oh, f.... Rory! ... Rory, oh, fuck...*"

She took her time calming down. Lyla and Conor could not look away.

"Rory..." Mia groaned when she released him. "You are so my boyfriend..."

Rory took to wiping his chin. "Think I got most of it out?"

"I don't know," Mia said, still recovering. "That huge dick of yours shot in me pretty deep..."

Rory figured she was being generous, but he liked hearing it.

"But if you do that for me every time, you can cum in me all you want..."

He knew she didn't mean that. "I liked doing that for you. Can I do that every day?"

Mia sat up. "I am *never* getting rid of you!"

Rory climbed onto the bed to hold his girl. "Mmm. You're warm." Mia looked like she was going to answer, but just kissed her boy.

Now, all four of them shared the bed, with their feet hanging off. Conor's back was being edged into the headboard. "Hey, did we finish playing? It's Rory's turn."

"I just went," it sounded like he said.

"That was Silke's card." Conor left the bed and fixed his spine. He reached down and drew a Dare card. "Here... 'Bend over and sing a song.'"

"That's not a card," Rory mumbled from Mia's mouth.

"It is," confirmed Lyla. "Don't even have to make that one dirty, because you know what we want to see."

Rory pulled his face away to confront Lyla. "The spinney-thing says that's an 'everyone does this.'"

"I didn't spin it," Conor said, confused. He looked at the spinner. It was still on the last one.

“But that’s what it says,” Rory demanded.

“Wait, if everyone...” Conor put it together. “Oh. But... how do girls...?”

Lyla met Mia’s eyes. “She has a toy,” Mia said.

“But it’s Rory’s card, first,” Lyla reminded them.

Rory kissed Mia a final time, and stood off the bed. His look at Conor said *I hate you*, but he got to his knees.

Conor opened a condom and rolled it on his cock. He looked at Rory’s buttocks. “This has some lube on it, but do you have anything like baby oil or something?” he asked Lyla.

Lyla was on the other side of the bed, holding her toy in one hand, and a small bottle of lube in the other.

“Where’d you get *that*?!” Conor asked.

“Spencer’s at the mall. With my sister, Tori,” Lyla answered. She laid down a small towel, then came around to Conor and squirted a little lube on Rory’s posterior. Rory immediately flinched at the sensation.

“Tori has so much of that stuff,” Mia shook her head in wonder, taking position on the foot of the bed with her legs spread open to Lyla. Lyla did the same at the headboard toward Mia.

Conor spread the lube on Rory’s asshole. “You ready down there?”

“Fuck you,” Rory responded, but he didn’t try to escape.

“Uh, I think you’ve got that backwards, ol’ pal.” Conor addressed his cock on Rory’s hole and pressed forward.

“Oh, *shit*...!” Rory grunted. Then he remembered the card as Conor began to push himself inside his friend. “*My country ’tis of THEEEEEEE!*”

The girls laughed as they moved closer together, putting their legs behind each other’s. “Ready?” Lyla asked, holding out the double-sided dildo.

“*Sweet LAND of... LIB!... erty...*”

“Not yet,” Mia waved her down. “I have to see this. This is hot!” Both girls wound up with one hand on a breast and the other on their pussy, watching their naked boys fuck each other.

Conor was doing what he had to do, sliding in and out of his friend’s ass, but took care not to hurt him too much.

“*Of thee I sing...*” Rory breathed and relaxed, but.... “Okay, that’s enough. Your turn.” Conor pulled out and Rory lurched at the feeling. He stood and watched the masturbating girls. “And you two, get doing what you’re going to do.”

Conor got onto his knees, pointed towards the girls. “Do me this way. I want to see them.”

Lyla lubed up her dildo and gave the bottle to Rory. Rory gave Conor's asshole a squirt and tossed the bottle back. While he put on a condom, he and Conor watched the girls work the toy inside both of them.

Rory found position and gave his friend some of his own medicine.

"Oh, fuck me!" Conor bleated.

"I am..." Rory snickered.

Conor got about the dare. "*Camptown... la-DEES! ... sing this song...*"

"*Doo-dah! Doo-dah!*" The girls couldn't help it.

"It's easier fuckin' than getting fucked," Rory told the girls.

"I guess so," Mia said. Neither girl had yet tried anal.

"*Camp TOWN... race track FIVE... miles long...*"

"Oh, the doo-dah day!"

Conor seemed to be enjoying the experience a little more than Rory did, however. "*Gonna run all night, gonna run all DAY! Bet my money on... I forget the words... 'cause Rory's fuckin' my ass...*"

Rory let that be the end of it. He slipped out of his friend and helped him up. "You okay?"

"Yeah..."

The two boys then stood there watching their girls go at it. Mia and Lyla had pulled in closer, nearly rubbing their pussies together, the toy nearly invisible between them. Each held both the other's hands as they push-and-pulled against the blue toy, breathing quite loudly.

"I don't think this is their first time, either," Rory said, stating the obvious.

Conor pulled off his condom. He reached behind himself and lubed up his hand then got about stroking his cock for all he was worth. "*Fuck...*"

Lyla had put a little distance between their two pussies, taking ahold of their toy between them and jogging it back and forth, giving it a faster and deeper fucking motion than either of them could force. Mia moaned loudly — neither of the girls could use actual words this time, just breathing and moaning.

Rory wanted to be a part of it. He pulled off his condom, too, and put himself against the bed and offered Mia his cock. She sensed him there, rather than saw him, and took his cock in hand. She took him inside and bobbed several times, but let him out with a big exhale.

"Want to, but can't breathe," she kind of explained. Rory understood. He reached down towards Mia's pussy, where her own hand was flicking her clit. He didn't want to get in the way, he just wanted to touch her. He held his fingers like an airplane — thumb and pinky wings, index finger coming in for a landing on her landing strip. He even made the noise of its

motor. He pushed through her soft pubes until he hit her finger on her clit. She didn't let him take over so he did a puddle jump off her runway and landed on Lyla's pussy. Lyla's eyes shot open with the touch, but she smiled at him, took his finger, and made him circle her clit. Then she roughly dragged his airplane through her curls and brought his whole hand to her breast.

Rory glanced back at Mia. Did she notice? Was he allowed? They were all playing comfortably naked, but he was Mia's boyfriend. Was this wrong? Still, he'd wanted to touch Lyla's body since he'd seen her nude. He couldn't help that about himself — he was a guy. He gave Lyla's nipple a last caress and backed away.

He decided to go the Conor route and steal some lube from his own ass and stroke while he watched.

Conor then tried to offer his cock to Lyla, but with one taste, she pushed him away. "Too much lube."

The boys shrugged and beat off while noting Mia sit up and twist a little, making Lyla do the same. She took ahold of Lyla's bent leg and pulled it toward her, gaining enough room to smash their pussies together, and rubbed back-and-forth furiously. Lyla did the same with Mia's leg but soon let go and fell back, screaming her breath out, and began convulsing into her orgasm. The onset of Lyla cumming, feeling Lyla shake and hearing her scream, made Mia cascade into her own convulsions. The girls' legs and feet kicked out with each spasm until they subsided into whole-body twitches — shoulders, then hips, shoulders again, legs...

It was too much for the boys. With the lube helping them not sandpaper their skin off, they tugged on their weapons until their pelvises began to waver.

Rory looked at Mia. So beautiful lying there, glistening in her perspiration, her breathing calming down but still making her stomach undulate, her red nipples rolling as her breasts rose and fell. He was going to cum on her tits, but couldn't do it, couldn't destroy that image.

"Conor?"

"What?"

Rory turned and aimed his cock at his friend. "Ahh! Take that, motherfucker!" Rory launched his cum salvo at Conor's chest and belly.

The cum hitting him woke Conor up and triggered his own cum. He shot his ammo right back at Rory. "You son of a bitch!"

On the bed, the girls tried to laugh but were still attempting to breathe regularly. Still, they couldn't take their eyes off the white tracer bullets flying across their vision.

"I'm not a motherfucker!" Conor muttered, pushing his pelvis out to get more distance as his last shots came out.

"And my mom's not a bitch," Rory spat, doing the same, flicking his remaining shots, but barely hitting his target.

"No, she's hot. I want to be a Yourmotherfucker!" Conor laughed, just holding his cock.

"And I... I got nothin'." Rory collapsed onto the bed next to Mia's head, trying not to fall off as best he could, laughing.

Mia rolled a bit to give him room and took ahold of his cock. "Now, let me." She went down on him to clean him up. Then she pulled him along as she moved up to lick the cum off of him. Rory petted her hair and she looked up at him, both realizing at that point that the cum was Conor's. Rory shrugged one shoulder, and Mia finished licking him clean.

Lyla saw the two of them and pulled Conor to her, intent on cleaning up Rory's cum, and then Conor's cock since the lube was rubbed away. When both girls released them and relaxed, Rory reached down and offered to help them dislodge their toy. Both girls shifted as he did so, getting any last stimulation as it left them.

Rory held it up. It was translucent blue, and ridged and bumpy, a little different on either side, depending on what Lyla — and occasionally Mia, he assumed — wanted to feel. He looked to Mia, his eyes asking a question. He flipped the toy around so that the 'Lyla' end was pointing at his mouth. Mia silently cocked her head in a 'give it a try' motion.

Rory put the toy in his mouth and sucked the taste of Lyla off of it. Well, it was pussy-flavored, he thought, and different from Mia's but not altogether different. Still, he gazed at Lyla's pussy as he sucked on it. He didn't really know if he should want to eat Lyla's pussy, but this was the next-best thing to it, he supposed.

He pulled it from his mouth with a smack, taking everything with it off of each ridge. He held it out to Conor? "Taste?"

"Fuck yeah!" Conor put the Mia end in his mouth. "Mmm, yeah... Mia... Mia, I want to fuck you, too..."

Rory gave him a sharp look.

"I mean, you know... of course, I *want* to... but... whether... you know. You know." The toy wobbled in the air as he spoke, and he handed it back to Lyla. She set it aside.

"God, I love that I have two naked guys just hanging out in my room," Lyla said out loud, staring at Rory, but keeping an eye on Conor. "Guys' bodies are just so... and I just want to touch them all, everywhere..." She pulled Conor back down and let her hands roam.

Rory went back and lay next to Mia, too. The four of them just relaxed there, unwound, comfortable being naked.

Still, Rory whispered something in Mia's ear, and she quietly responded, "Not yet. It needs to recover."

"I'm gettin' hungry. No, I'm lying. I am hungry," Conor said, stirring, not wanting to fall asleep. "Think I can sneak down to get my lunch bag?"

"Don't need to *sneak*. Costa's seen you naked, and Silke's fine with nudity, you know that," Rory said. "Put on your underwear if you don't want to scare her."

"Yeah." Conor was going to put on his boxers when he saw the gameboard. "Wait, it's Lyla's turn to end the round."

“Fine,” she said. It was her game. “But if it’s Dare, got to give me some time.”

Conor spun the spinney-thing. Truth. He took a card for her. “Which of your friends has the cutest brother?’ So... *hottest* brother? Whose brother do you want to fuck?”

Lyla gave it little thought. “Easy. Johnny Walker’s brother, Scott. He’s got a bod...”

“My sister’s going out with him,” Rory said to the air. “He’s over all the time, unless Fiona’s over at his place. And I know him from Soccer. Well, he’s varsity, but...”

“Johnny’s cute, too,” Mia noted.

Lyla shared her perspective. “Oh, *yeah, he is...*”

Rory gave Mia a funny look.

“Oh, come on, the subject is cute guys...” Mia complained.

“I know he is,” he let Mia off the hook.

“I can’t believe his folks named their kid Johnny. Is he Blue or Red label?” Conor snickered.

Mia looked at the boys quizzically.

“Johnnie Walker is booze. Scotch or whiskey or something,” Rory half-explained. “Probably what his folks were drinking when they conceived him,” he laughed.

“There’s a boy named Courvoisier in my Health class,” Lyla thought out loud.

“Case in point!” Conor said. He tossed his boxers back on the pile and headed out to find food, naked.

Lyla wondered, “So, Rory, have you seen Scott naked?”

Rory answered guardedly. “In the showers, after we do an away game at the same place, yeah...”

“Is he big?” Lyla continued her pursuit.

“Well, I haven’t seen him hard or jerking off, and I *haven’t* seen him fucking my sister. Oh, wait, Conor’s not here.” Rory put down that line of Conor’s questioning, anyway. “But... yeah. Johnny, too.”

Lyla was in dreamland. “I’ll bet...”

Mia came up with, “They look good together, your sister and Scott. We should go on a double-date, and we can share that... *prestige*... of being a couple everyone wants to be...”

“We are that,” Rory said, kissing her.

“I know. I just want to show it off. Let the upperclassmen know I’m taken by a hunky guy.”

“I’m not hunky,” Rory admitted. “I think I look good, but I’m not hunky.”

“You look fine,” Mia said, smoothing out his hair.

“Yeah, you do,” Lyla agreed.

Rory heard that, but got off the subject. “Hey, let’s find a good Dare card for Conor. It’s his turn.”

Lyla got up and picked up the deck. “I don’t know. There’s nothing he won’t do...”

She flipped through the cards, tossing ‘no’ and ‘meh’ cards into one pile, ‘maybe’ cards into another. “‘Put peanut butter on your lips — *or cock or tits* — then lick it off,’ ‘Tell about the best — *wet* — dream you’ve ever had,’ ‘Blindfolded, put polish on your toenails,’” Lyla read off.

“That could be funny, and it’s already sexy,” Mia chuckled.

“‘Wear a bra on the outside of your clothing until your next turn,’ ‘Go outside and yell *I believe in faeries* loudly three times while clapping your hands,’...”

Conor walked in with his lunch bag, some Hostess cupcakes, and two cans of Diet Coke. He set them down and said, “Okay!” and left the room.

It took them a second, but when they realized... “Rory! Stop him!” Lyla yelled.

Rory pulled himself off the bed and took off after Conor, both still quite naked, cocks flying as they ran. He flashed Costa and Silke in the livingroom as he ran past them, turning fast into the kitchen and out the back door.

Conor was in the middle of Lyla’s yard, spinning and clapping his hands and shouting, “I do believe in faeries! I do believe in faeries! I do believe in faeries! I do! I do! I do!”

Rory grabbed him and steadied him. He looked up at the house and saw Lyla and Mia in the window. He took Conor’s arm and the two naked boys walked back into the house.

“That is certainly some game...!” Silke said as the boys walked past and up the stairs.

“Good thing you know me very well,” Conor called back to her. “If not, you do now...”

Back in the bedroom, Rory threw Conor to the rug. “Here you go...”

“What were you thinking?” Lyla near-screamed.

“That was my dare, right? And I did it all sexy!” he said proudly.

“I am so dead...” Lyla crashed into her pillow.

Rory and Conor went through the food and divvied Conor’s sandwich and little carrots and *Avengers* fruit snacks, and gave everyone a cupcake. Each pair shared a Diet Coke.

With sugar in their system, and after the girls came back from a washroom break, Conor put cupcake cream filling on his cock and got Lyla to lick it off (in place of the peanut butter he saw on that one card in her pile). Next, Conor put on Lyla’s bra. “I’m raking in the points. I am totally winning!”

Mia asked, "So, what were Costa and Silke up to? They saw you? What did they do?" She was comfortable, again, cuddling, stroking Rory's cock.

"They were playing *Cluedo*," Conor said, taking off Lyla's bra after she demanded it back.

"Why are you saying *Cluedo*? It's just *Clue*," Rory put to him.

"Silke calls it *Cluedo*. And I want to fuck Silke." Conor got the looks, again. "Come on, I'm a guy, you know what I mean..."

Rory answered Mia. "Yeah, they barely reacted. Must be getting along."

"We get along, don't we?" she asked his neck.

"Very well." Rory had never stopped caressing her breasts.

"Ready to fuck me?"

"Try and stop me."

Rory moved Mia onto her back, thinking about whether he wanted to lick her pussy, still, or just get into fucking. He sucked at her breasts while thinking about it.

Lyla and Conor both saw Mia start the action. "Okay, get over here, you idiot," Lyla called to Conor, and they negotiated taking their half of the bed and Conor happily went back to licking Lyla's pussy.

Rather than a half-and-half, it wound up like they'd sliced the bed corner-to-corner. Rory, in his exploration, was angled just so that his cock was near Lyla's head. Or had Lyla angled herself so that her mouth was near Rory's cock? Either way, her mouth found his cock.

A long lick from balls to crown caught Rory's immediate attention. His head popped off Mia's breast to catch a smiling Lyla looking up at him. She took ahold of his cock and put it into her mouth properly.

Quickly, he glanced back at Mia. If she knew about it, she didn't scold her friend. Mia just pushed his face back onto her breasts.

Rory relaxed and didn't panic. *Hey, if this is a group thing, I'm not gonna argue. Mia took a little suck of Conor, before. We've all been getting little 'tastes' here and there.* He let a hand fall down to Lyla's hair, letting her know he was into it. He could feel her smile around his cock. *Suck me, Lyla.* He thought it, but he just couldn't say it out loud. He did let his hand wander down to her tit, though — he couldn't help that, she had some nice tits. One of her hands found his and made sure he caressed both of them, not just her left. His cock got a little harder, then.

Rory didn't want to cum in Lyla's mouth. He wanted to fuck Mia. He began a roll to pull out of Lyla and off of Mia at the same time and set himself between Mia's legs.

Mia whispered to Rory, "No sample, this time. Wrap it up."

Rory nodded, then slapped Conor on the shoulder. He figured out what Rory wanted when he saw him break from position to find his remaining condom, then did the same.

Rory took his time putting the condom on, this time, making a little show of it, looking into Mia's eyes, but noting that Lyla was a part of his audience, too. She wanted his cock, huh? Maybe when he was done fucking Mia, he'd let her clean him off.

But Mia... her legs spread and waiting for him... he looked at her and melted, but the fire inside him raged at the same time. He had to fuck her, and do a better job than his first time. He slapped his raincoated cock on her vulva, sawed it back and forth through her labia and up into her runway of pubes — he loved those! He wanted to lick that pussy, again, but didn't want to stop his momentum, now. He circled his cock on that clit, found her entrance, and slipped all the way in.

"Oh, mmmffff!" Mia kind of said as their pubes meshed. She raised up to meet him on his way to crashing down on her, and pulled him into a kiss. Her legs crossed behind him and locked him in place, then her hands sailed down his back to his butt, gripping his flesh and starting him plunging in and out and back and again into her.

"Yeah... Yeah, Rory... oh, fuck me... fuck me... that's it, fuck me..." she moaned below him.

"I'll fuck you, Mia... god, I love fuckin' you..." he groaned back to her, getting into the sex talk.

They'd gotten into a good rhythm when the bed moved, and Rory glanced sideways to note that Lyla had taken to riding on top of Conor. As Rory was braced on his hands above Mia, he could see Conor as the other boy looked over at him, too. No words were exchanged, just a smile and flushed cheeks, but each could tell from the other's eyes that this was a fucking great day!

Rory felt a hand that wasn't Mia's run up his spine. He rose up and turned his head to his right and found himself kissing Lyla, her hand on his cheek making sure of it. He was fucking Mia and kissing Lyla. *Wait!* — *he had to get this right...* He was fucking Mia and kissing Lyla, her tongue in his mouth, her hands on his head, while she was fucking Conor. When she let him, he looked down at Conor. He was not kissing Mia — he was too focused on watching his own hands play with Lyla's tits. Rory looked to Mia, who just smiled back at him.

She wasn't mad. *Fuck...!*

He fucked Mia harder.

Lyla moved her head into the space between him and Mia, and she and Mia began to make out. One said something to the other. The other answered. Rory couldn't tell what.

Lyla twisted off of Conor and pulled Mia with her, then both boys lost contact with fucking. Conor looked to find how Lyla wanted him next, but Lyla put herself over Mia and gave her backside to Rory.

"Rory — fuck me!" Lyla called, reaching backwards for his cock.

In that moment, with too much juice running through his body, Rory could do nothing else but grab Lyla's waist and let his cock find her pussy.

“*Oh, god, Rory, yes! Gimme that cock!*” Lyla moaned. She kissed Mia, again, and this time Rory could make out what they said. “Rory has a *nice* cock. He’s *fucking* me, Mia...”

“You can borrow him, but you can’t keep him,” Mia warned.

“You’ll get him back,” Lyla breathed.

Mia moved out from under Lyla and reached for the abandoned Conor’s hand.

“*Oh, fuck yeah! I get to fuck Mia? Just like I... Oh, fuck yeah!*” Conor cheered, unable to control his enthusiasm. He helped her find her way underneath him and got his cock inside her as fast as he could, just in case it was a mistake. “*Oh, fuck! Mia... I love your pussy, too!*”

Rory couldn’t listen to his friend. Well, you couldn’t help but hear him, but Rory blocked him out and paid attention to the girl he was with, rather than think about his girlfriend fucking his best friend. He also had to not worry about the idea that he was fucking Mia’s best friend, and not his own girlfriend.

This was fun, though. Mia was into it, so he knew he shouldn’t read too much into it. He might not ever get this chance again, so he had to enjoy fucking Lyla while he could. It was not hard to, he had to admit. But plowing into her from behind, looking at her back and her hair, wasn’t what he wanted. If he was going to fuck this girl, he needed to see her face, and more.

He took charge.

Rory, his hands still holding her waist, lifted Lyla off her knees. There was a squeal and a couple ‘*whoa!*’ noises from her as she realized things were moving. Rory twisted her legs and spun her over. He’d wanted to keep his cock inside her the whole time while he did that, but they weren’t that coordinated. Lyla didn’t quite know what he was doing and had that bit of fear until she was on her neck and back and could see Rory still holding her in the air, finding her hole, again. Then she relaxed and smiled up at him. He let her wrap her legs around him, but kept her fine ass up in his hands.

Yes, there was Lyla’s face. He wanted to see her eyes while he fucked her. He wanted to see her tits bounce while he fucked her. He needed to see his cock slipping in and out of that golden pussy while he fucked her. He needed to believe this.

This morning, he was hoping to get his hands up Mia’s shirt sometime between classes and feel her bare tits so that tonight he could get her shirt off and see how far he could take that. But here he was. No longer a virgin, and fucking his second girl of the day. He was one lucky...

“*Fuckin’ Lyla...*” Rory mumbled, trying to get as vocal as the others. “*Fuckin’ you with my cock...*” He slammed his cock into her as hard and fast as he could.

“*I love your cock, Rory,*” Lyla answered.

“*Fuckin’ you... blonde pussy... those tits... those fuckin’ incredible tits...*”

“*Feel my tits, Rory, suck my tits...*”

Rory couldn’t say no. He adjusted how he held her to get his hands and mouth on her tits. He was mildly aware of Conor doing something similar to Mia, but he chose to ignore them.

He had slowed down his slams into a very wet slide while he sucked on Lyla's nipples. He pulled off and went for a kiss, again, when Lyla decided she was going to change their position. "My t—!"

She had shifted them, and started sitting up, but Rory, still on fire, couldn't have any of that. He leveraged back on her shifting, put his hands on her shoulders, and shoved her back down onto the bed. Lyla's eyes popped full open, a little shock running through her.

"I'm *fuckin'* you, Lyla! *I'm fuckin' you...*" Rory started slamming into Lyla's golden pussy, again, holding her down, the ecstasy traveling from his balls up his spine into his arms and skull.

Lyla began breathing heavy, then almost couldn't breathe, at all. "*Oh my... Oh!... ohRor... oh fuck... I'm... I'm...c...*" Her cum began pouring out of her golden pussy.

"That's it," Rory breathed, finding his cock sliding faster inside her. "*Cum all over my cock. Lyla... I'm fuckin' Lyla...*"

Her legs were flying all over the place as she shook, hitting Conor and Mia. Rory took ahold of her legs and bent them at the knees, holding her feet just below his chest, keeping her pussy nice and wide open. With the little barrier keeping him from falling on her, Rory used it as a brace as he slammed into her for what he knew would be his final thrusts. He could feel the tickle in his balls, the tingle traveling up his back. He was going to cum, too.

Rory screamed out his breath. If he spoke any word, it was unintelligible. He convulsed and shot his first load into Lyla, followed by others as he convulsed. His grip on Lyla's legs loosened, and she let her feet slide up his chest to his shoulders. One foot hit his face and he took her first few toes in his mouth, holding them in place with his tongue while he kept cumming.

The toe-thing made Lyla scream, again, and start a second orgasm rather than subsiding to aftershocks. Rory could only enjoy the pride while he wavered back and forth on his knees, using Lyla's legs for support, while he pushed to shoot whatever was left in him.

Into his condom. He hoped the thing was still intact. It had moved down some.

Rory opened his eyes. He looked at Lyla below him. Then looked at Mia and Conor. All three pairs of eyes seemed to center on him. He let Lyla's legs down easy. He backed off the bed and pulled off his rubber, tossing it onto his pile of clothes behind him. He bent low and put his face on Lyla's pussy. Before this was over, he had to get a lick in there. He licked her labia bottom-to-top and tickled her clit. She shivered, again. He dipped his tongue inside her hole, but didn't taste any of himself in there, only her cum and a hint of latex.

He crawled over top of Lyla, and gave her a 'thank you' kiss. "I really liked that."

"*You* liked that...?" she said back quietly, almost to herself, eyes still wide.

He stood to his knees and offered her his cock. "Clean me off?" He gave it a try. Conor would always do it, but if she said 'no,' he'd just laugh and collapse.

Lyla's hand shot up to hold him. She leaned up and took him inside, sucking off whatever cum was still attached to his cock. She gave him a couple extra bobs and let him slip out of her mouth with a *pop*.

Rory carefully fell to the bed, pushing himself between Lyla and Mia.

Conor broke the silence. "You never fucked *me* like that."

Rory looked up at him. "Not gonna, either. Now get off my girl." Conor dismounted and fell to the headboard.

Mia turned Rory to her. They needed to read each other's eyes to know what this all meant. Neither had a worried look to them. They both had figured out this one was just for fun. Rory pulled her tight to him and kissed her. There were some words on both of their lips that neither spoke. Something to the tune of "But you're going to fuck me like that, right?"

"You can fuck me like that again, if you want," Lyla sang, running her fingers along Rory's spine, again, until she reached his anus and slipped a finger inside, there still being enough lube present.

Rory lurched with the sensation and pushed back on her, kind of automatically.

"Hey, let him alone," Mia warned. "He's mine."

Lyla stuck out her bottom lip. She sighed loudly in comic exasperation and fought to sit up. She rolled off the bed and stretched, noting she at least had Conor's watchful eyes following her moves.

"Did you have fun?" Mia asked Rory, quietly.

Rory was a little guarded. "You guys planned that swap, right?"

"Not until it kind of happened," Mia said, "but you know Lyla, and I thought today's the day to do it, if we're gonna."

"So that was okay?" Rory was still worried he'd cheated on his girl. "I mean, you and Conor did, too, so..."

"Yeah," Mia said, running her hand along his back. "I mean, we're just having fun, right?"

"Yes, it certainly was fun," he laughed. "How was Conor?"

Mia thought on it. "What's a good word? Hmm. Eager. I'll go with 'eager.'"

They felt eager Conor climb off the bed.

"Hey, Mia, who's your most embarrassing social media crush?" Conor asked.

"Why?" Mia was puzzled.

"That's your card."

"Are we still playing?" she asked Lyla.

"If we are, got to make it dirty..." she advised from her mirror, brushing her hair back to how she liked it.

"So, which of your social media crushes would you most like to screw?" Rory interpreted.

Mia rolled her eyes, but smiled, getting a mental picture. "Okay. Okay. Um... the lifeguards who did those daily beach conditions videos all summer? You know, 'Today's water temperature is 82°, and the wind is ten miles per hour, and there's rip currents so *listen to your lifeguard!*' And they take turns so you get to see them all, and get to judge who's hottest in their red suits!"

"You talkin' the guys or the girls?" Conor asked, thinking he'd catch her.

"Oh, both..." Mia giggled, Lyla joining her in sentiment. "You just want to reach inside your screen and tug their suits down, suck a cock, lick a pussy, grab those titties, or just... rub your hands all over those pecs and abs..." Mia ran her hands over Rory's chest.

Lyla came and stood at the bed. "Like how?"

Mia sat up. "Like this." She let her hands roam over Lyla, now, instead, and got handfuls of her breasts. "The boys said it, Lyla. Your tits *are* incredible." Her hands slid down to Lyla's waist and she held her steady as she leaned in and took a lick at her pussy.

"Jeez, I didn't think I would get hard again so fast..." Rory intoned, staring at the two.

"This is my favorite TV show. I want to watch it all day," Conor spoke, mesmerized again.

Mia gave Lyla a couple extra licks for good luck, then broke away. "That's what I'd do to the lifeguard." She leaned back into Rory, kissing him and taking up stroking his cock, again. "Mmm, you *are* hard...!"

Rory needed to do something about that. "We've got some time, yet, before we have to get dressed and head back for soccer practice, you know..."

"Just you and me, though. Like, just us." Mia wasn't putting down their friends, but they both wanted to try again and take it all the way through.

"Hey, Lyla... can we, like, take one of the other rooms?"

Lyla knew the need for privacy — and space. She thought it out. "Yeah, but don't take my mom's room, take Tori's. I can explain that one, easier, if I have to. She probably didn't even make her bed, so..."

"Wait, can't go until you do your card," Conor shook his finger.

"*Really?*"

"Yup." Conor drew a Dare for him. "Using three books, balance one on your head and one on each hand, then walk across the room." He and Lyla looked at each other with furrowed brows.

"How much weight can your hard cock hold while you walk around the room?" Lyla suggested.

“Yeah!” Conor cheered.

Mia helped Rory get up. She thoughtfully judged the appendage hanging from his midsection. “Are you hard enough?”

“I think so, after that display you put on,” Rory guessed.

“Let me make sure,” Mia said, and went down on her boyfriend’s cock, giving it that extra confidence. It started as a few quick bobs, but Mia started taking him as far as she could and playing with his balls.

“Okay, let’s see it,” Conor interrupted, holding some items from Lyla’s bureau.

Mia pulled off Rory and presented his cock.

Conor hung Lyla’s purse over it, letting the long strap slide down to Rory’s pubes. The weight pulled his 80° angle down to 50°. “Hang on,” Conor said, then went down on his friend’s cock, himself, with ten-to-fifteen good bobs. “To ensure your success,” he explained when he came back up.

“I know you’re gonna miss it, now, it’s okay...” Rory joked.

Lyla tossed the towel at him, and it hung easily.

“Sorry, we do this one in the gym showers all the time!” Rory crowed.

“You do?” Mia asked.

“Sure. If you get a boner, you either hide it, or flaunt it!” Conor agreed.

“It can get to be a competition,” Rory explained to the girls.

Conor added a shirt to the pile on Rory’s cock. Not much of a change. Lyla then balanced a Barbie doll in her blue *Fashionista Denim 'n Dots* dress on top. “Okay, let’s see how you do,” she told him.

Rory started walking around, making sure to go pause by the window just to agitate Lyla, and kept Barbie riding his cock. “See?”

“That’s some power, there,” Lyla said admiringly.

Rory took off the purse, towel, and shirt, but put Barbie back on, and walked over to Lyla, who held Rory’s cock steady and retrieved her doll. “She enjoys an early-morning ride,” Lyla teased.

“Really? I’m an early-riser, myself,” Rory teased back. But now he was anxious to take Mia out of there.

Mia whispered in his ear, “Do you have more condoms?”

It hit Rory like a brick. *Fuck!* They were going to get a private room, they had an hour to themselves, and now... “Well, we’ll just have to be...” he started, but then stopped himself.

He'd bought a six-pack of Trojans and passed them out. Together, they'd used four. The other two were... "Wait! Costa and Silke! They don't need theirs. I'll be right back."

Rory went to the door, briefly considered getting some clothes on, then remembered Silke had already seen him naked during the *faerie incident*. He just continued out into the hall and down the stairs.

"Hey, you two, do you guys still have the..." Rory stopped dead on the bottom stair.

Silke and Costa were naked on the couch, Silke riding Costa's cock for all she was worth.

"Oh, hey, Rory..." Costa called, noticing him.

Silke pulled her hair out of the way and sat up. "Sex is much better when I have gotten to know someone well."

"You know me very well, don't you, Silky?" Costa breathed, grabbing her ass and quickening the pace from below her.

"Very well," she agreed.

"Um..." Rory seemed to forget why he'd come down. "Yeah. Hey, do you... No, I suppose you're using them now, aren't you?" Rory was disappointed, but wasn't leaving.

"What?" Costa asked.

"The condoms."

"No, we've still got 'em. Somewhere. In my pocket, I think." Costa pointed to their pile of clothing.

"I do not need to use such things," Silke told Rory.

"That's... that's great." Rory came down the last stair and approached the clothing next to the couch. He took his time getting the packets out of Costa's pants pocket, gazing at Silke's breasts and pussy while he could. She was quite pale and had nice, full breasts, her nipples like cherries on vanilla ice cream. Her pussy was shaved, though. He knew her pubes would probably have been very light, like her eyebrows, but they just didn't exist. He still liked Mia's landing strip, better.

"Thanks. Thank you," he said, and backed away to the stairs.

Back in Lyla's bedroom, he looked a little lost, but showed a packet to Mia and tossed the other to Lyla. "Good, they still had them," Mia said.

"Yeah, they, uh... Silke said she doesn't need them... and they were..." Rory tried to tell it.

"She didn't need them... because...?" Lyla asked.

"She and Costa are fuckin' on your couch, and I guess she's got pills or something from Belgium, or...?" Rory barely said 'couch' and Lyla, Mia, and Conor had run past him out the door and down the stairs.

“Hello,” Silke said, waving to the three as Costa spun her back beneath him, it being his turn to be on top.

When the three returned, Lyla was saying, “Must be nice...”

Rory took Mia’s arm and let her show him which room belonged to Lyla’s sister.

It was certainly a teenage girl’s room. Mostly pink, but the walls were covered in band posters and a couple Disney Princess posters from “the old days,” as well. Apparently, Tori really liked Anna from *Frozen* as she looked more like her, and Lyla was light blond like Elsa, except the ages were wrong. Rory found photos taped up to the wall, some including his sister, Fiona, and their friends, and a couple from that beach trip they’d taken to Michigan.

Mia left the lights off, but closed the window shade. She turned on Tori’s pink-and-purple lava lamp, but it wouldn’t do anything until it warmed up, she knew. The bed was unmade, as Lyla had predicted, but the comforter looked very comfortable, covered in hearts in six colors of the rainbow. The white sheets were soft. The two of them could ignore that it was someone else’s bed and be quite happy there.

Rory waited until Mia slipped inside the covers, first, though. They pulled each other toward themselves and cuddled, Rory’s hard cock and Mia’s soft breasts holding the center.

“Hi,” said Mia.

“Hi,” said Rory.

“Finally alone.”

“It’s nice.”

“No Conor to make jokes, no Lyla to try to steal you from me.” Her hands roamed, as did his. They both found something to play with, as well as each other’s ass. It was warm under the covers. A good warm.

“I’ve been waiting to hold you like this,” he told her, making sure he had her eyes. “I mean, I know we’ve... held each other, making out... but...”

“Naked? About to fuck?” she joked.

“Well, sure, but,” he laughed but blushed, “I just mean... close. Nothing between us. No parents in the other room. Just you and me.”

“Yeah, you and me... and the Kraken!” She pulled on his cock.

“I don’t think I smell like the Krakengard, anymore,” he acknowledged.

“But the good way. Not as much as after your game, but it affects me.” She drew her nose along his shoulder, then snapped her teeth at his ear. “You are so sexy. I can’t wait to feel you inside me, again.”

“Mmm, baby. I can’t believe what’s happened today,” he moaned.

“Lost the V Card. Why were you so slow in getting to this point? I don’t mean...!” she backpedaled. “I mean, you do it when you’re ready. Of course. I know. I just mean, why haven’t you been more like a tiger with me? You had a couple girlfriends last year. You knew I wasn’t a virgin, right?”

“Actually, I didn’t know that until we’d been going out for a week,” he admitted. “I just haven’t tried to rip your clothes off. I didn’t want you to think I was a creep. And we haven’t had too many chances like this, so...”

“So, you took it easy.” She considered this and held him to her.

“It’s not like I’d heard anything about you and asked you out because of it, you know,” he said. “I really like you, Mia. I do.”

“You like me naked?”

“I love you naked.” He kissed her. “But I don’t want us to just be this, either. I know I don’t have a car, and won’t even get my license until after the winter, but I hope we can do something together every night. Something fun.”

“Homecoming is coming up. You haven’t asked me, yet,” she reminded him.

“I hope the answer is a given,” he pretend-worried. “I just have to come up with something creative, and public so you can post a picture.”

“And I meant that, before, about having people know we’re together. I want everyone to know you’re mine.”

“Other girls to know? or guys? Earlier, you said Upperclassmen,” he remembered.

She considered her answer. “A part of me... wants the jerks I dated to know I’m better off now that I found someone I like, instead of just a Junior with a car who chose me to go for a ride with him.” She took a breath. “I went out with guys last year because of cars and... ‘Oh, boy! I’m dating a Junior!’ and I was so stupid. That’s how I... well, you know.”

“Don’t show off, then, okay?” he asked of her. “Forget them. If that’s all those guys wanted... Just... be with me. They’ll all see us. Let’s have fun, like you said. For a long time.”

“You really like me that much, huh?” she asked.

“Yeah, I do. That’s why I worried a little bit about us in there,” he motioned to Lyla’s room, “with the playing around with Lyla and Conor.”

“Don’t worry about that. Sex is fun. And you know we’re both fifteen; no one’s gonna get married here, or anything,” she said with a bite of reality. “I don’t know if it will, but if anything happens like this again, you’re not gonna lose me.”

The two launched into a make-out session that only raised the temperature under the covers, so those got pushed aside. His hand found her pussy. “I love your little bush, the landing strip.”

“You’ve never seen my bikini. Wish we’d started going out over the summer.”

“You know, each club gets to sign up for a splash party every year,” he told her as she pulled his cock closer to her, their hands smacking each other.

“We better sign up for Ski Club soon, then.” She shifted him over. “But I may be wet enough, now.”

He pulled his finger from inside her and tasted it. “I’ll say you are.” He shifted a little more and wound up between her legs.

“Do you really want to do a double-date with my sister and Scott?” he asked, finding her lips, again.

“Could be fun,” she smiled through their kiss. “Do you really want to fuck your sister, like Conor says?”

“Oh, you know it!” he laughed.

He ran his cock up her slit, and did it again, and did it again. “That feels nice, but if that’s all you want to do...” she warned.

He took ahold of his cock and played with the head at her entrance, dipping it in, a devilish smile on his face. “No, no, no,” she sang, but this time started closing her legs, squishing him up and out. “Come on... had to go to a lot of trouble to get that thing back from Silke. Put it on.”

Rory barely held back a sigh and pushed himself up, reaching over onto Tori’s nightstand for his foil packet. He’d had enough experience with these, first being brave enough to buy a box just-in-case in 8th Grade, going through one to try it on and make sure he figured them out — which way they roll on, and wound up letting Conor try on the next two. He kept one in his wallet, but the packet got torn and the rubber dried out. He and Conor used the other two on each other after it became clear they weren’t getting laid. The ones they bought were “ribbed for her pleasure,” but Conor liked how they felt, too.

Rory put his condom on quickly to get back to his girl. Even though this was now his third time — he really didn’t count his times with Conor — he was still a little nervous, but his desire made up for that. She opened her legs and let him settle back in. He addressed his cock back on her entrance.

He lay down upon her, his chest on her breasts. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close as he entered her. She drew in her breath sharply, taking some of his before she could pull her face away. For a brief moment, he worried that he’d hurt her, but her kissing him again put his fear to rest. He’d only gotten about half-way with the condom on, and had to pull back and push in twice more to get all the way inside her.

“Rory...”

“Mia... my... god, I want...” he tried while breathing around her mouth.

She moved her hands down to his ass and let him raise up on his elbows. He took the freedom to start a better pace of thrusting, following the patting on his butt. A slow all-the-way-in, a slow almost-all-the-way out.

The thrill inside him of what he was doing was still shocking his system, but he wasn't as concerned about how quick he might be this time. After all, this would be his fourth cum of the day, he would have to work at it a little bit more to reach that point. But probably not too much more. Not with the beauty underneath him.

"Yeah, give it to me, baby..."

"It's all yours." Not a great comeback, but he tried. "I wish I didn't have to use this thing. You felt amazing before."

"I like your cock better bare, too, but I don't want to get 'fat.'"

"I know."

Mia could feel some of the lube from the Conor-fuck still in place between Rory's buns. Her left hand took a good hold of half of him, and her right sent a finger inside him as deep as she could get it.

Rory's yelp surprised even Mia, and she was the one that caused it. "Did that hurt?"

"No, I just didn't expect it!" he half-laughed. He started fucking, again, but didn't drive as deep, letting his butt stay up, a bit.

"You like it?" She let her finger dip in and out.

"There's a nice spot, but I don't know if you can get it."

"Rory, are you really bi?"

"I don't know."

"You've only been with Conor?" she inquired. "That really was hot to watch."

"Only fucked Conor. There was this one other kid we played with. He's in 8th, now, but that was just..."

"Middle school stuff?" She pulled her finger out and wiped the lube off on his butt cheek as she could.

"Yeah."

She gave him a signal and started to roll. He figured out that she wanted to be on top. They made it happen without disturbing the bedding too much. She made sure the condom was secure and let herself slide down on his pole.

"Oh, yes... I do like your cock, Rory..."

He gladly fondled her breasts while she bounced on him. "You and Lyla?"

"You saw we know how to make each other feel good." She fell forward to him and began rocking his cock faster and faster. "Doesn't mean I don't want to fuck you, though."

Rory took ahold of her waist and made sure she didn't slow down.

“Could you do any others? Is there anyone you like?” she asked, getting breathless. “You said you thought Johnny Walker was cute, like I did...”

“I did say that, didn’t I?”

That wasn’t a denial, she knew.

“Come on, baby, all the way down on me. Let me feel those titties...”

She lay fully on him, and he took over the rhythm, holding her steady and began slamming her pussy from below — a move he had no idea about until that moment, but it made so much sense. It caught Mia by surprise and she began to cum. “*Oh my... oh Rory... I’m cumming again... I’m cumming... I’m...*” Her words turned into a squeal.

Still in control, Rory didn’t let up, and kept her body moving even while she shook and convulsed. She wasn’t gushing juices like she had before, though.

“*Rory? Rory?*” she half-pleaded. “I can’t br...”

He gave her a break and slowed, and she started breathing, again. She dug into the pillow and wrapped her arms around his neck, still twitching below. He held her, but still gave her slow strokes; he just couldn’t stop.

He rolled her over, taking over top position, again. He found a comfortable position on his knees and raising one of her legs, her left foot by his cheek. Seeing her little landing strip as he fucked her made him happy, like an arrow telling him ‘fuck me here.’

It felt like his condom was getting dry, or wasn’t as lubed as it used to be. And she might be a little sore — she wouldn’t let him lick her pussy after she fucked Lyla. Or she was drying up a little — did that happen to girls? Maybe it was because of the condom, or was it him? He needed to cum, though. This was their time.

Mia was coming back around. “*That’s it, Rory... fuck me... Fuck me, Rory...*”

“*I love fuckin’ you...*” He had to do something; the condom was starting to bunch.

What he should have done was pull out and find a bottle of lube in Lyla’s sister’s drawer — she was the one with all the toys, so there must be something like more lube in her room. She probably even had flavored lube, or the warming kind. Or maybe she even had a spare condom in her nightstand drawer. There were good options. He should have put some lube on his condom or even on Mia’s labia or both. Then they both could finish.

But he didn’t.

What he did do was pull out of Mia, tear the condom off completely, and work his cock back inside her pussy. Without the condom, his cock went in easily, and Mia’s pussy reacted.

Suddenly, it felt better. Fucking felt better. Everything felt better.

“*Ohhh!*” Mia moaned. “Rory, are you...?” It felt so different, he had to be, she knew. But she started rocking with his thrusts. “Oh, that feels so much better...” So much so, that she became steadily wetter, again.

Rory picked up the pace. *“Oh, Mia, I had to. I had to. I have to fuck you...”* The wetter she became, the faster he slammed into her.

“Oh, yes, Rory, fuck me... fuck me, Rory... yesyesyes...!” She wrapped her legs back around him, locking him in place.

She focused her eyes. Rory was smiling down on her. She wanted him to cum, finish it.

“Rory?”

“Huh?”

“Do you really want to fuck your sister?”

The question hit him unexpectedly. Hit him hard. He started slamming into Mia’s pussy.

“I so want to fuck my sister...”

“You want to fuck her blond pussy, huh?”

“Oh, god...!” Now he was captive. He could do nothing more than slam into her pussy. And he felt the end was near. That familiar tickle in his balls was happening. “Mia... Mia, I’m going to cum... I’m going to cum, Mia...” He knew this, but he couldn’t stop.

“Rory... oh, you feel... I’m... I’m... my god I’m cumming... I’m cum...!” Mia’s mouth opened, but no sound came out. It looked like she was screaming, but... and then, half-way through, with a new breath, the squeal came leaking out of her, rising in pitch and volume, as her legs shook and her body quivered. *“Oh, fffffuck!”*

“Mia, let me go...”

“Cum in me, Rory. It’s okay, I want to feel it again. Cum in me...”

He took his girl at her word. She’d given him permission, right? Part of his brain knew he shouldn’t, he knew it was just the passion talking, he knew it was only going to cause trouble, but the other part of his brain said, “Cumming feels so good!” and Rory shot inside his girl, again. As his fourth cum of the day, it was surely a smaller load than he’d shot in and on her before, and less than he’d shot at Conor’s belly, and even if what he’d shot into the condom inside Lyla was lesser, it felt huge. But whatever he was shooting inside his girlfriend now, it was just as potent. But he couldn’t stop himself.

Together, they collapsed, and slowly Mia relaxed and released Rory from her legs. He shifted and fell to her side, and they breathed regularly, again.

Their blood was racing, their skin was glowing, but their thoughts were all over the map.

* * *

Rory made his way back into Lyla's bedroom while Mia went to the washroom. He slapped at what he thought was Conor's foot snarled in Lyla's sheets, but that made Costa pick his head up.

"What's up, man?" Costa greeted Rory.

Rory had to, once again, figure this out. But with Lyla laying on her back with her arms wide and her breasts on full display, that was a little difficult. "I'll... I'll be right back." He went out and then down the stairs.

Conor was with Silke, sitting on the couch, her head in his lap. She wasn't sucking him, just relaxing while he stroked her platinum hair. "Hey, Ror. You'll never believe what happened."

"I can guess..."

"No, you'll get it wrong. Lyla's 'Dare' card said to blindfold her and put something in her hand to figure out what it was. And she knew I was gonna put my cock in her hand, so I had to do something different. So I snuck down and got Costa and put his cock in her hand. And then Lyla wanted to fuck Costa, and I came down here and fucked Silke — or Silky, now! And it was great! I didn't have to use the condom with her, man! It was so fucking fantastic!"

Rory nodded. "Cool. We, uh... we've got Soccer practice. You gotta find your clothes."

"Oh, yeah." Conor excused himself from Silke's head, and both boys went upstairs to get dressed.

Mia was there.

"Hey, Mia!" Conor greeted her. "You'll never guess what happened!"

"I kind of figured it out," she said, chucking him on the shoulder.

They picked out their clothing and got dressed.

"You gonna walk back with us, or hang out here, yet, with Lyla?" Rory asked her.

Mia just wrapped her arms around Rory. He held onto her as tightly.

"What do you think of 'Chloe'? or 'Quinn'?" she said to his ear.

"Maybe we'll be lucky. How long until we find out?" he asked. He was shivering. Maybe the thermostat went back on auto.

"I'm due soon."

"Is that good or bad?"

"We'll see." She picked her head up. She looked him over and went about fixing his collar, pulling his shirt straight, and fixing his hair.

"Hey," he said, finding her eyes.

"What?" She was fairly composed. A soft look to her face, but no tears.

“We’re gonna be okay.”

“It was my fault, too.”

Rory considered that, but didn’t nod. Instead, he got down on one knee in front of her. “Mia, I have to ask you something. Will you go to Homecoming with me?”

He got a smile out of her, at least.