



# JUST VISITING

TOMMY LINARCOS

# Just Visiting

## A Flash Fiction

Story #4 in the *Cutting School and Playing Games* series.

Tommy Linarcos

©2025. This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and incidents in this story are either the product of the author's imagination or are used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

*"Fuck me, Rory. God, yes, fuck me!"* Mia nearly screamed into my ear, having the first orgasm.

As soon as my folks left, Mia and I were downstairs in my bedroom and naked in record time. My sister was out with Scott, so the house was mine for a while. The others were coming over in about an hour, and then we were all headed out to the movies. But until then...

*"You've made me wait a week, you hot bitch. I'm going to cum inside you so hard..."* I don't like insulting Mia, but she gets off when I tell her what to do. I try to keep it at a tease-level. I dropped her legs off my shoulders and slapped the side of her ass. *"Turn over. Get on your knees so I can fuck you deep from behind."*

Her eyes blazed and she said, "Yes, sir," as she flipped over.

I plunged my cock back inside her and rode her ass, sticking my thumb inside her wet anus. There was plenty of juice that had leaked down into it when she was on her back, so it was ready for me. *"You like that?"*

*"Mm-hmm..."* She squeezed my thumb.

*"No one's home, Mia. Do you like that?"*

Mia screamed at the rafters, *"I fuckin' love it! Fuck me!"*

I was pushing and pulling her ass with my thumb inside while I fucked her for a good couple minutes when I decided...

*"Maybe I should fuck your ass..."* Mia didn't react. She probably thought it was just dirty talk, but I was serious. I pulled out of her pussy and set my cock to penetrate her anus. I got my head entirely inside when —

"No, no, no, no, no. Rory, no. It'll hurt," she said very quickly, obviously nervous, maybe scared.

*"But we got to try. Mia? We got to try. 'Cause maybe next time, me and Johnny fuck you at the same time..."*

That got her. She stopped whining and became still. "Okay, slow."

She couldn't see me smile! She liked the idea. I pushed further in, slowly. But it wasn't working. She was fighting me, and I didn't have enough experience with Johnny or Conor to really tell her what to do.

"Okay, stop, stop, that's enough, please..."

I backed out of her, knowing there'd be a next time. I tore off the dirty condom and went back inside her pussy.

"Be careful."

"I know." I slammed my bare cock inside her, enjoying the sensation.

*"Faster. Faster!"*

I was fucking her so fast I was ready to cum in no time, and shot my load all over her back. We collapsed, and she wiped her back onto my Spider-Man sheets.

I lazily licked Mia's pussy while we recovered. "Johnny likes you, you know."

"I know," she agreed from my pillow. "Johnny likes you, too. Did you like fucking Johnny?"

"You know I did. Did *you* like fucking Johnny?" I asked her.

"You know I did. But I love fucking you more."

I wanted to tell Mia I loved her, but now was not the time.

"Johnny likes Lyla. A lot," I said.

She knew this. "Is he going to do anything about it?"

"He'll probably beat Conor up sooner for losing a soccer match than to get him to quit Lyla, but who knows?" I pondered.

"Think we'll play a sexy game when the others get here, or you want to go again?" Mia asked me.

"Both," I said, crawling up her body. "Suck me hard."

\* \* \*

"Rory, come on. Let's play *Monopoly*. It'll be really fun," Conor asked me. "I've got sexy rules for it and everything."

Now, we may have mentioned this a couple times, but none of us except Conor like playing *Monopoly*. Someone is always a jerk, someone always quits, and you never finish the game or get to the point where you put up hotels, but we said we'd give it a try. For him. Not too sure what his sexy rules were going to be, though; he didn't explain them ahead of time.

I got Johnny to come over. Told him Lyla would be here.

Okay. Conor has been my friend for years, but Johnny... I think I want him and Lyla to get together. I don't... *want*... to break up Conor and Lyla, but I can't help thinking her and Johnny would be better. They'd be good together.

I'm not trying to push Johnny away. I mean, it's the opposite, really. Our threesome with Mia was a hell of a lot of fun. I've never really had any desire to do what I do with Conor. When we screwed around, it was always out of desperation and horniness. But with Johnny, I don't know. I like Johnny. I like talking with him, and hanging around with him, and playing sports and video games... And I like his bod. I'd like to do more with him.

And I see how he looks at Mia. She's beautiful and friendly, and I can't blame him. Obviously, I don't want him to try and steal her away from me, but I don't mind that we're all tight friends. And sexy friends. And he looks that way at Lyla, too. And they get along so well. They're both smart, and when they sit next to each other at lunch, you'd swear they were an item, and not her and Conor.

I'm not really in the middle of this. I just don't know which friend to support.

Johnny was with this cheerleader for a time, and took her to Homecoming, but they didn't last. And he told me about this girl Kiki he asked out and she ran away from him — scared of a hot guy? I don't know. Then he fucked the girl's sister. And then I fucked him, and he fucked me. And he fucked Mia. But I know he wants to fuck Lyla. But not *just* fuck Lyla. I know he likes her. *Likes her* - likes her. Like me and Mia. If Johnny had come with us that day we cut school and played *Girl Talk*, I wonder if he and Lyla would be together instead of her and Conor.

Anyway, there were seven of us at my house once Costa and Silke arrived. And you can play *Monopoly* with seven players. I knew we wouldn't finish, anyway. It would just end with "Who has the most money?" when it was time to go to the movies.

We pulled in the spare chairs around the kitchen table and chose pieces while Conor set up the bank. Johnny sat at Lyla's left. I wasn't eavesdropping, but I kept my ear open.

"You guys doing *Julius Caesar*, yet?" Lyla asked him.

"We just finished," Johnny answered. "I think the school only has one set of books, so our two classes can never read anything at the same time."

"Except from the anthology," she reminded him.

"Well, yeah. But I just turned in my essay, and I'm glad that's over," he said, and chose the battleship piece.

Lyla looked through what was remaining. Mia took the dog, so Lyla took the top hat. I was the Lone Ranger because Conor took the car, first thing. Silke and Costa were poking through what was left.

"Do you know why *Monopoly* has such weird pieces? I mean, do they make sense? It looks like they're all leftover pieces from a bunch of other games," Lyla said, picking up the thimble.

"I don't know. But it's from the Great Depression, right? The game? So... maybe the shoe is the poor working class? The hat is the rich people, like Mr. Pennybags? The battleship and cannon are for the war..."

"The thimble... is for sewing a patch on your pants instead of buying new ones," Lyla picked it up. "What was that from back then? There was a phrase we learned. Mend or Spend? Something like that."

"Yeah, it rhymed," Johnny agreed. "And this isn't the Lone Ranger, really. I just call it that. I think they still used cavalry in World War I."

"But the dog is totally Toto from *The Wizard of Oz*!" she joked.

"Maybe. We could come up with a story for any of them, if we think about it." Johnny'd been 'talking with his hands,' and his right landed on top of her left. And it stayed there. He still had his wrist brace on from his injury, but his fingers were lacing with hers.

Conor passed out the money.

"What did you do your essay on? What do I have to watch out for?" Lyla asked him.

"The Triumvirates. And how they tend to get rid of the third person as soon as they can," Johnny said. I don't know what he meant, but that's what he said. "Sometimes you share power; sometimes you don't want to share."

"The Triumvirates? The threesomes, you mean?" Lyla almost giggled, and had that look in her eye, I could tell. She caught my eye when she said it. I just blushed and turned away.

"Yes," Johnny smiled, knowing she knew everything about what happened after she had to leave that day we played *Operation*. "It's all politics. You just have to burn through it. It's not all murder. But... Oh! Oh, hey, Brutus' wife's name is Portia in the play, okay? And Tim Recchia is all like, 'Did she get named for the car, or did they name the car after her?' And the class lost it!"

Lyla burst out laughing, too. Their eyes were glued on each other. Conor didn't even notice, he was so involved in getting everyone to take their turns.

"Figure out your Halloween costume, yet?" Lyla asked Johnny. She didn't ask anyone else, just Johnny.

"I'm down to between two of them," he said. "What are you wearing? Maybe I can be complementary."

"Ooh, vocab word..."

"Like a sexy maid and a dirty priest, or something?" he clarified.

"Not telling you. You'll just have to be surprised," she grinned.

"Then how will I know who you are? You have to dance with me, you know that."

"I'll dance with you. But it's not like there are going to be three-hundred people there at Mia's. Maybe like twenty-five. You'll see me."

"Now I really want to know."

"Well, I'm not doing a head mask, like Catwoman," she said, "so don't even think that."

"Now I'm thinking about you in a Catwoman outfit, that's what I'm thinking." His eyes bored into her.

Lyla just stared into his eyes and smiled. "One day."

"Hey, Johnny, it's your roll!" Conor called. Johnny took his turn. He and Lyla had been on automatic the whole time, rolling, moving, buying property. And talking.

I caught Mia's eye. She'd been watching and listening to the same stuff from her side.

"Conor like the Superboy comic you got him?" Johnny asked.

"Yeah, but he's not a big reader," Lyla explained.

Johnny sighed. "Why are you with Jughead?" he finally asked. Whispered. But I could hear him.

"He makes me laugh. You don't like him, do you?" Lyla asked.

"He's okay," Johnny said. "I just don't have much use for him."

We'd almost all just passed "Go," and still hadn't heard any sexy rules out of Conor.

Then Silke landed on Oriental Avenue, which Conor owned. "Ha-ha! You landed on my property! Now you have to give me a blow job!" he crowed.

"I'm out," Johnny said, tossing his money into the "Free Parking" fund and taking his battleship off the board. Costa and his cannon were right behind him, and then Silke's thimble disappeared.

"Hey, come on! You know you like it," Conor said to Silke. "I'm not saying you have to fuck me, again. That's only if I have a hotel on there! It's just a blow job." Then Mia and Lyla got up. "Aw, fuck..." Conor whined.

I thought his sexy rules might be strip *Monopoly* rules, like clothing was money for paying rent, or we'd at least get a gander at some tits when someone landed on Community Chest, or going directly to jail would mean something. He pushed it too far, too fast, again.

Mia took Johnny and the others into my livingroom, and looked to see if there was an earlier showing for our movie. Lyla didn't look happy, but she and I helped to put the cards away and fix the money.

"I guess you won, then," I told Conor. He didn't say anything back to me.