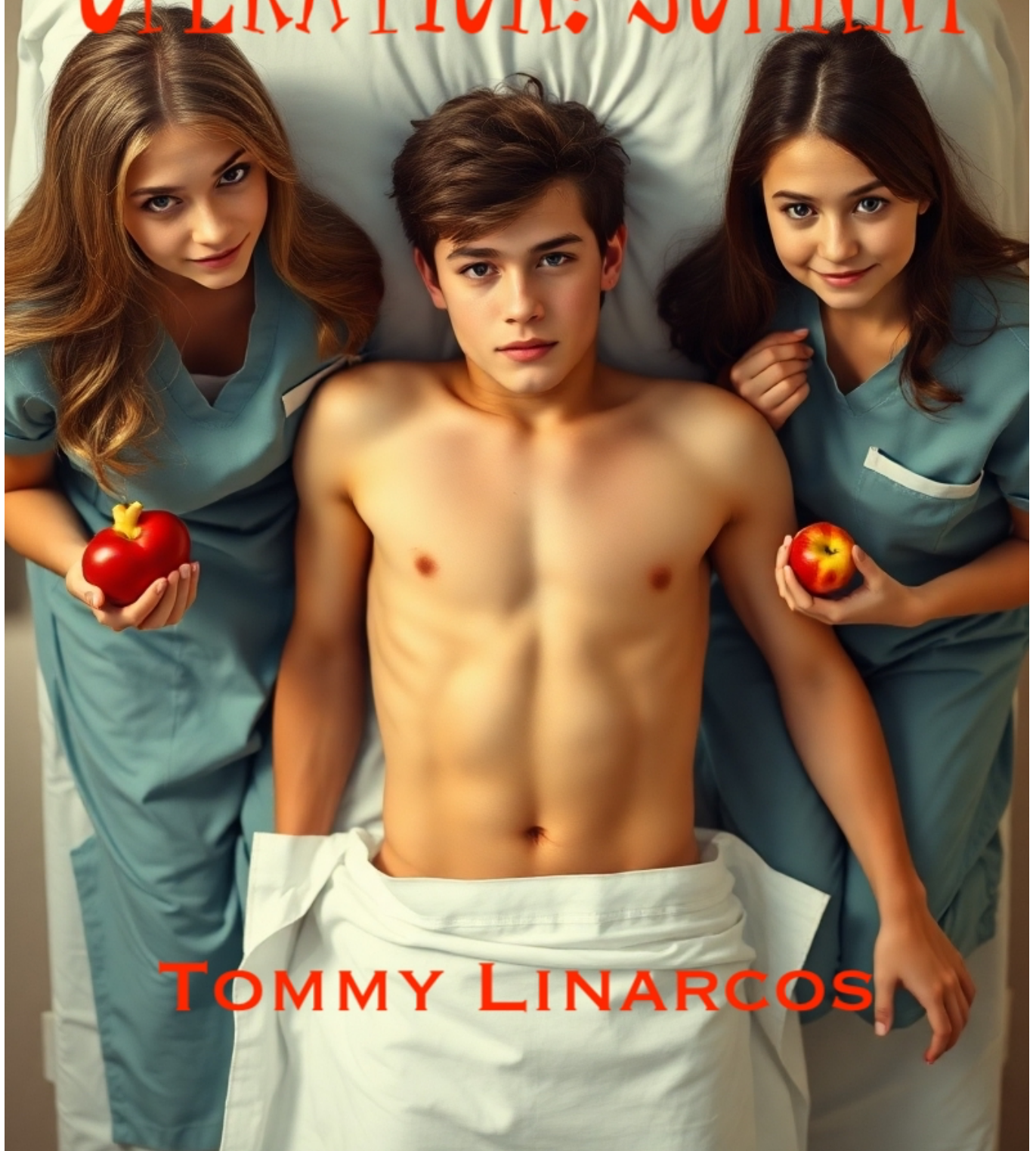


# OPERATION: JOHNNY



TOMMY LINARCOS

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Story #3 in the *Cutting School and Playing Games* series.

Tommy Linarcos

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We met Johnny Walker at the Starbucks, downtown. Lyla and I had taken off a little before noon to window-shop, boy-watch, be a nuisance to old ladies, maybe steal a few things, and generally hang out. Typical Saturday. You know.

I was picking up my venti white chocolate mocha with extra caramel drizzle and vanilla sweet cream cold foam when Lyla elbowed me. "Mia, oh my god, the Walker boys just came in!"

I looked around and, sure enough, there was the cute-as-fuck Johnny and his big brother, Scott.

Johnny immediately recognized us when we put ourselves in front of them. "Hi, Johnny. Hi, Scott," I said, though I may have put extra words in there, or a weird inflection, I don't know, maybe.

My boyfriend Rory has been hanging out with Johnny more, lately, and when "the gang" gets together we make sure to call him. He and Johnny are friends from their soccer team at our high school, along with Lyla's sometimes-boyfriend, Conor. Lyla is lucky enough to have Johnny in a few classes, this year. Johnny is seriously cute, and if I weren't with Rory...

Lyla was all eyes for Scott, twirling her blond hair over her ear. Her "Hello, Scott," couldn't be missed as a "please take me home and fuck me" invitation. Scott's a Senior, and he is dating Rory's sister, Fiona, and the entire school knows that.

Scott and Johnny were almost like twins, Scott being taller and... bigger? should I say? A couple more years of muscle, anyway. Johnny's a Sophomore, like us, so he's got time to grow, but he's still more than hot. Much more than hot. They both had dark brown hair, taken care of this morning instead of the way it looked after a game. Scott had a little curl in front, while Johnny's was just a little longer, hanging over an eye. Scott had brown eyes, though Johnny's blues were clear and hypnotizing.

Johnny greeted us with a hug each, but Scott was more reserved, as he should be, I suppose. "Mia," Scott nodded. He knows me from when I am over at Rory's place. He looked at Lyla, and I could see him recognize the look in her eyes, but he was at a loss for her name. Because I was closer to Johnny, I could hear him subtly whisper her name to his brother to help him out. "And Lyla. How's it going?"

Scott excused himself and went to order. Johnny asked him to get him a matcha latte, and sat at our table.

"Where are you guys goin'?" Lyla asked.

"Just had some stuff to do. Almost heading home. Might make one more stop, if he lets me," Johnny told us. "Typical for you two, though, huh?" he smiled. He had a nice smile. A real nice smile. "Taking up the whole sidewalk and making old ladies get out of your way?"

“There’s room,” I laughed, “by the lampposts!”

“What happened to your hand?” Lyla asked. Johnny had a brace of some kind on his right hand, going up under his brown bomber jacket. “You didn’t have that at Homecoming, did you?”

“Yeah, no, that’s one of the places we went today. The doctor’s,” he said, pulling his sleeve back. It was a brace, not a cast, and went up almost to his elbow. “I hyper-extended my ring finger and pinky, and I can’t feel much in my thumb, index, and middle fingers. Sometimes they go completely numb.”

“That happen at Thursday’s game?” I asked. I was there. Those matches can get rough, and I know he and Rory both were involved in a few bad tackles that turned into fouls, and yellow cards things.

“No, it’s kind of half-and-half. The hyper-extension happened at the game on Tuesday, and I just taped it up. The numbness...? I got the hand stepped on before, with cleats, but doc says it might just be carpal tunnel from typing on my laptop wrong,” Johnny explained. “Might have to have an operation if there’s nerve damage. I have to do this one-thousand needle test, like a bed of nails, put on my arm to see. But I’m wearing this thing religiously.”

“That sucks,” I said. “Maybe no homework?” I tried to find a bright side.

“No chance,” he half-laughed. “Besides, you know me. I’d try to find some way to do it, anyway.”

“Has it stopped you from your... *other pursuits*... when surfing the net?” Lyla asked.

Johnny caught her meaning, and actually blushed. I think he was going to answer her, maybe with some comeback. Lyla’s Conor would’ve made six bad puns, by now, but Johnny just patted her hand and said, “I’m fine.”

To me, though, he whispered the word, “Ambidextrous.”

“Are you?” I smiled back, wondering if I knew what he meant. I was pretty sure, but my imagination wandered.

Johnny was looking at me. Not staring, but I could see in his eyes some consideration. “Did you change your hair?” he asked.

“Just a trim,” I said. But he noticed!

“It looked like you were growing your hair out.” He was right. I was letting my dark-brown hair go past my shoulders.

“I am. Just have to keep it in control, though, you know?” I said.

“Can’t look like Hermione in the first books,” Lyla added. She figured he’d get the reference, and his smile showed he did.

He reached out and tugged a little on Lyla's scarf, felt it in his fingers of his good hand. "I like this. Offsets your sweater, and goes with your eyes..."

Lyla melted a little inside; she couldn't respond to him, just smiled and blushed. She'd worn a sweater so she only needed a light jacket, but complemented it with a nice scarf. And Johnny was right, the blue woven through it did go with her eyes. Boys don't know what we go through to look right, but Johnny noticed these things.

Scott came over a moment later and gave Johnny his green drink. "You ready to go, or you gonna hang with your girls?"

"Oh, please stay with us," I begged.

"I guess I'll see you at home, later," Johnny told him, and a little thrill shot through me.

"Do well, young man," Scott said privately to his brother, but I heard, anyway. He clapped him on the shoulder, waved to Lyla and me, and headed out of the store. Lyla followed him with her eyes, biting her lip, until she couldn't see him, anymore.

"Damn, your brother's so hot..." she told Johnny, though why she'd tell him is a mystery. Like, we have this cute boy captive, and she's gonna compare him to his older brother?

"Tell that to his girlfriend," Johnny said back, rolling his eyes.

"She's hot, too," Lyla said, picturing her. I could *tell* she was picturing her.

"*That* you don't have to tell me. *That* I know," Johnny agreed.

"So, are they maybe going to break up, soon? Do you know?" Lyla demanded.

"What is this?" Johnny asked, putting his drink down. "You guys wanted me to hang with you, but it's all just to get the inside scoop on my brother?" He stood up, and looked out the window at a black Dodge Challenger driving past and making it through the green light. "And there goes my ride..."

I could have spit at Lyla just then. I had to save this. "Johnny... Johnny, that's not it. That's just Lyla being Lyla. She's got a crush on Scott that'll go nowhere. But please, stay with us."

He looked disappointed. "Why? Is this one of those things where you take me all over downtown and I have to pay for everything, and suddenly I'm buying you new outfits? Count me out," he grumbled. He almost walked out, but decided to come back for his drink.

I grabbed his wrist. His good one. "No, Johnny, we just want you to hang out with us. You're our friend. Please. It's better to have a guy with us."

He didn't pull his arm away. I could tell by his eyes he was turning things over in his head. I stroked the hair on his arm that I could reach under his jacket sleeve. He looked at Lyla. "Are you really with Conor?"

“Yeah, I guess so,” Lyla replied. “Why does no one believe that?”

“And where’s Rory?” he asked me.

“He’ll catch up with us, later. Then we can all do something together.” There was a point, on that one day a bunch of us cut school and had some “fun” together at Lyla’s, when both Rory and I decided we wanted to include Johnny in our plans, more. And maybe, if he was into it, in our “fun.”

I realized then that Johnny might be worried about being perceived as ‘moving in on’ me and Lyla, instead of just hanging with pals. “It’s okay,” I told him. “We’re just a bunch of friends, you know?”

Johnny exhaled his frustration, and I could sense him relax. He glanced at Lyla and said, “Okay.”

We all took our drinks and headed out onto Dalton Street. We had to avoid a bunch of middle schoolers climbing on the fountain that had been shut off for the season. Lyla was ahead of us a few steps, and Johnny stopped some punk from running into her, and she didn’t even notice. Then I caught Johnny checking out her walk. He corrected his gaze, but smiled when he knew I wasn’t going to let him go on it. “Little crush, there?”

Johnny looked at me and then at Lyla’s backside, again. “Both of you. You know that.”

I took Johnny’s hand and squeezed it.

“Hey, I’m hosting Halloween, this year. You coming to my party?” I asked him.

“Is this my official invitation?” he asked, and I could tell by his eyes that he was wondering if I had planned on inviting him, or just doing it because he was with us, now.

“Do I need to send out e-vites?” I groaned. “It’s just for me and my friends. It’s not going to be *Project X* or anything the whole school is coming to. So, yes, this is me inviting you.”

“Are we dressing up?” he asked. Good. He was coming. “Or is it just an excuse to get drunk on orange Hi-C and vodka in your basement?”

“No, you need a costume,” Lyla joined in. “I keep mine simple, but fun, so I can dance.”

“That’s how I like them, too,” Johnny smiled at her in camaraderie. “Will you dance with me, then?”

“I danced with you at Homecoming, didn’t I?” she responded.

“Once.”

We came to the comics shop. Johnny stopped and looked in the window. “Do you want to go in?” I asked him.

“Scott was going to put up with me in there for a bit, but I can’t ask you two to…” he sighed.

“Come on,” I said and Lyla opened the door.

The place was pretty intense inside. I have to admit I’d never gone inside the place, before. There were comic books all over the place, of course, on the walls and in boxes and standing in tables, and there were posters, and graphic novels, and toys, too. Johnny waved at the guy behind the desk. Guess he knew him. The guy didn’t look like the fat guy on *The Simpsons*, though, but more like Deadpool’s bartender friend.

“What are we looking for?” I asked Johnny.

“Well, I won’t browse. I’m just picking up the latest *Batman* and *Spider-Man*, and we can get going,” he said, though he took four comics.

“Hey, can we get one for Rory? He likes Spider-Man. Got him all over his room,” I asked.

“Okay,” Johnny said, and reached for another book, but I stopped him.

“Can we get one with Mysterio or Doctor Octopus? I know he likes them from the movies,” I mentioned.

Johnny stopped, and seemed to consider something. “Like a gift? Like a birthday present or something?”

“Just because. Because I like him. Because you and I both love him, really,” I elbowed him. “You know what I mean.”

Johnny went to the guy. I’m not exactly sure what he said, but he said something about Number 141, and ‘reader copy.’ The guy looked at him hard, then disappeared. He came back with a comic and put it in a clear envelope. Johnny gave it to me to look at. It was pretty cool looking. It had Spider-Man on the cover, and he was fighting Mysterio and Doctor Octopus. And the Vulture, too, and a couple of other guys I didn’t recognize.

Then I saw the same comic up along the wall, near the ceiling, and it had a price on it. My jaw dropped. “Johnny! Tell me you’re not spending \$279.00!”

“No, we got him a used copy, one he can read. Don’t worry,” he told me.

I breathed a little easier.

Johnny took care of his purchase and we were about to leave when Lyla called to him, “Hey, can we get Conor a Superboy one?” Conor has black hair and wears a black Superboy t-shirt with a red S on it every day of his life. Johnny grimaced, but went to a box and pulled out a comic with the Superboy named Conner on it. He showed it to the guy and the guy just waved, like ‘take it and get out of here.’ Johnny tossed the book to Lyla and she caught it.

Outside, I told Johnny, “Thanks. What do I owe you?”

“Don’t worry about it,” he said.

“I can’t do that,” I protested. “Let me give you something.”

Johnny looked at Lyla. Lyla was looking at her comic while she was walking. Luckily, there was no one in front of her. Johnny looked back to me. “Give me a kiss when Rory isn’t looking, someday.”

I laughed. “I’ll kiss you in front of him. He knows I think you’re a cutie. You’re my ‘hall pass.’”

Johnny blushed at that. Then I knew it was time to put a plan into action. “C’mon, we’re done down here. Let’s go to my place,” I said. Lyla was all for it. I wouldn’t let Johnny say ‘no.’ He had to walk me home.

At my house, we could be social with boys in the family room, but for once, the house was mine, so I took them both to my bedroom. Originally, with my folks out, the day was going to be a Mia-and-Rory snugglefest, but Rory had to go help with some work at his grandma’s, so that’s why I went downtown with Lyla.

“This is a cute room,” Johnny said, taking off his jacket. He didn’t seem surprised that I brought them into my bedroom. He and his brother had a lot more freedom at home, I guess.

“Get comfy,” said Lyla, my constant visitor, as she pried off her shoes and kicked them at the wall. We all threw our jackets on my desk chair. I nodded at Johnny’s shoes, and he took them off.

I texted Rory before I put my phone into my bedside dock and put on a good playlist.

**Johnny?**

**I won’t disagree with you on that.**

**We’re in the car. Should be there within the hour.**

**Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.**

**Lyla and Johnny are at home with me. Come over when you get home.**

**You said he was cute, too, remember?**

**We’re going to play a game.**

**Luv ya**

**Only what you can’t!**



Johnny gave me a look. Not too nervous, not too curious, but almost too sure of himself. “So what are we gonna do?”

I wondered if I could really do this. I wasn’t kidding about Johnny being my ‘hall pass.’ I’d told Rory that I thought Johnny was cute. And Rory agreed with me. I’d asked Rory once if he was ‘bi’ because I’ve seen him and Conor suck and fuck each other when we played a dare game. Rory said he’s only done it with Conor, but didn’t know if he could with anyone else. We kind of settled on the idea that Johnny would be someone that both of us wouldn’t mind seeing naked in bed.

“Well, Lyla and me have kinda been on a board game kick, lately,” I said.

Lyla smiled brightly and shook her blond locks. “It’s true! So, since this is your first time here, you have to play one with us.”

“Let’s see what you got,” Johnny said.

He didn’t say ‘Board games? Oh, no!’ and he didn’t say ‘I have to leave soon.’ He gave me a look that said he was in for whatever I had planned.

Could he see through my plan? I have to remember that Johnny is, like, one of the smartest guys in school, or at least in our year. He’s always got a book with him, but he plays soccer and baseball, and he plays cello in the Orchestra, and I’ve seen him with a guitar. He probably sees me coming from a mile away.

I went to my closet and opened the louvered doors, giving them both a gander at my entire wardrobe. But up above were my board games. I didn’t have too many, and some — like *Candyland* and *Chutes and Ladders* — disappeared long ago.

“I got *Life*. I got *Trouble*. I got *Mystery Date*. I got *Jurassic Park*. I got *Operation*. I got...”

“No *Monopoly*?” Johnny asked, not too seriously.

“My dad had a *Star Wars Monopoly*, but sold it in a garage sale,” I remembered. “No one likes *Monopoly*.”

“Tru dat,” Johnny laughed. “How about *Operation*, then? I haven’t played that since...”

I got on my tip-toes to try and pull it down, and was going to get my desk chair so as not to have all the games come falling down on top of me — because then my *Lite-Brite* would fall, too, and then there’d be little pieces everywhere and...

But Johnny came to my rescue. He’s taller than me, but he didn’t get the game for me — he picked me up while I was on tip-toes reaching for it. It was like I was suddenly floating up, like someone in one of the comic books we’d bought.

I have to say... his arms around me made me... tingle.

Back on my feet, I looked at Lyla, and even her mouth was hanging open. I mean, she knew what our mission here was, but how well Johnny was playing into it made us wonder who was really in charge of the game!

We opened the game box on the bed and sat around it. The goofy naked guy with the bad haircut and holes in his body looked back at us.

“Now, the question is: when did you last change the batteries? Does the nose and buzzer still work?” Johnny asked, fishing for the electric tweezers, while I was trying to collect all the loose money and Doctor and Specialist cards.

“And... do I still have all the little pieces?” I added. “Looks... like it...”

“But,” Johnny looked under the board to inspect the batteries, “the batteries are kind of corroded, so, no buzzer.”

“You guys have got it all wrong,” Lyla said, waving her hands in front of us. “We don’t play the *actual* board game, Dr. Mia. We play the sexy version.”

“Ah, yes, I concur, Dr. Lyla. The sexy version...” I said, all mysterious. I learned that doctors say ‘concur’ a lot from Leo DiCaprio’s movie *Catch Me If You Can*. But what the heck was the sexy version of *Operation*? We had to come up with something quick, while Johnny was still interested, before he said ‘Whoa! lemme out of here!’ or something.

“How could you forget the sexy version? *Tsk, tsk, tsk...*” Johnny joked at us.

“Hey, no backtalk from the patient,” I shot back at him, when it hit me. The patient! I knew what we had to do.

I moved the game board to the floor. I guided Johnny to lay down on the bed. “Yes, sir, don’t worry, we’ll take very good care of you. Just lie here, and get comfy, and we’ll take care of all your troubles and aches and pains.”

Lyla took his head in her hands and started to massage his temples. Johnny closed his eyes, but nothing could erase his smile!

“Dr. Lyla, please concur and take care of the anesthesia. I’ll be right back with our tools. You know, knives and things,” I said, just to shake Johnny up. It didn’t work.

I went into the kitchen and searched the cabinet where my mom keeps the spices and food coloring and things. What I needed was... right there! Cake writing icing! Four colors of gel for writing ‘Happy Birthday’ and shit like that on birthday cakes! This would be fun!

When I returned and showed the squeeze bottles to Lyla and Johnny, Johnny got up.

“Back in bed, at once!” Lyla ordered, pointing to the space Johnny used to be in. Was he finally giving up? Damn!

“But doctor,” he said, pulling his shirt off over his head with his left hand, “the patient needs to be undressed, doesn’t he?” Johnny pointed at the silly naked guy on the game and I knew he had me figured out! Maybe not completely, but he had me!

Lyla and I just stood there and drooled as Johnny Walker took his clothes off. Johnny’s chest was a little more developed than my Rory’s — and much more than Conor’s — and I couldn’t take my eyes off his dark nipples. His belt unbuckling stopped time, I swear. His jeans came down and he grabbed his socks in the same move as each pant leg. When he stood, he straightened his red boxer briefs, which did nothing to hide the shape of his cock.

I self-consciously looked up to his eyes. As sure as he’d looked when he started this, he looked a little edgy, now, a flush in his face. He was deciding whether to remove his underwear. I know what I wanted him to do. I know what Lyla wanted him to do. Johnny met both of our gazes, and decided to keep that bit of mystery. He climbed back on the bed and laid down, as he had before, except now he was nearly naked.

This was going better than I’d imagined. And I’d imagined a few different scenarios. Just not this one.

But here was Johnny Walker, almost naked, on my bed, his chest and abs ready for me to touch, his cock growing in his boxers ready for me to...

“Doctors... I put myself in your good hands,” he said, a crafty smile barely there.

Lyla and I had to let loose a giggle-scream the like of which we hadn’t done since we became high schoolers and got asked out by upperclassmen. I gave her the blue and the green gels, and I kept the school colors of red and yellow. Over the next few minutes, we gel-drew the *Operation* pieces on Johnny’s body: the *Adam’s apple*, *wishbone*, *broken heart*, *funny bone*, *spare ribs*, *butterfly in the stomach*, *writer’s cramp*, *bread basket*, and *water on the knee*. Just couldn’t decide how to do the rubber band thing for connecting his ankle bone to his knee bone, but we’d figure that out later. When Lyla drew the *wrenched ankle* on his foot and I drew the *charlie horse* right below his shorts leg and he flinched a little, I knew how the game would work.

“Are you ticklish?” I asked Johnny.

“Does it matter?” he asked back. “Because whenever someone says that to you, you know they’re going to touch you, anyway.”

He was right. I poked him at his waist and dragged my nail up his side below his armpit. He totally bent on his right side.

“Perfect,” I declared. “I go first.” Lyla was going to say something, but let me have it. I took a Doctor card but had to laugh as she was sucking the last of the gel out of the blue tube. The girl just couldn’t wait!

My card read: “‘Remove Spare Ribs. Patient has some ribs to spare, take out a couple, but use care.’ So, hmmm... wherever did I put that scalpel?”

Johnny watched to see what I would do, how I would attempt to ‘remove’ his spare ribs. I tied my long, brown hair into a pony tail and flung it to one side. I held Johnny’s eye as I leaned over his body. Then I opened my mouth, and stuck out my tongue. I touched his bod just below his pecs, touching with just the tip of my tongue, and carefully licked the red gel off of the double rounded rectangles I’d drawn on his ribcage.

Johnny flinched with the sensation and let out a laugh/moan. I knew he liked my idea.

“Oh, no, you flinched, Johnny! I must’ve hit a nerve!” I pulled my mouth away from him, his spare ribs not yet removed completely. I looked all pouty-disappointed. “Looks like Dr. Lyla gets a crack at it...”

“Yes, I concur!” Lyla hissed, rubbing her hands together. She leaned across Johnny’s bod. I had to caution her not to mess up the other artwork; she had tied her hair, too, but forgot about her big boobs. She comically held her breasts back with one arm across her chest and still made it over to lick the rest of Johnny’s ribs.

Johnny was expecting the sensation, now, so Lyla was successful. He’d held his breath, this time, while Lyla licked his body, so exhaled, but I heard what was in his breath. “*Fuck me...*”

“Mmm, maybe...” I whispered. I’m sure Lyla heard the entire exchange.

I gave Lyla my ‘spare ribs’ card, worth \$300. I don’t know if we were playing for the funny money, but it made it complete. Technically, the Specialist card would come into play, but she forgot to pull it.

It was Lyla’s turn. She drew: “Ah-*ha-ha*... yes... ‘Remove Adam’s apple. Including the core, you’ll end up with money and friends galore.’” The apple-thing I’d drawn in red was pretty accessible on his throat, but Lyla considered whether she needed to hold her boobs back, again, as she leaned across Johnny.

“You worried about your boobs, or getting stuff on your sweater?” Johnny asked. “There is something you could do to fix both problems, you know.”

Lyla took his meaning. Johnny had been bold enough to undress for the game, now the challenge was given to Lyla. And to me, too, I knew. A smile grew on Lyla’s face, and she slowly pulled her sweater over her head. She kicked her head to fix her blond hair and met his eyes, knowing it was something he’d wanted to see for some time, now. It was also something she’d wanted to do for some time now, I knew.

“C’mon, don’t cheap out on me, Dr. Lyla,” Johnny said, waiting for her to finish.

I watched Lyla’s face to see if we were really doing this. In my gut, I knew we were, but she would be taking the first full step (besides liking Johnny’s ribs). I suppose it was easier with the boys in the *Girl Talk* game; we were all having fun and it just got wilder. We were doing this now with intent. I don’t know if she and Conor have a “hall pass” thing like me and Rory talked about, but it’s early for them. And it’s just a game, again. But I knew she liked Johnny.

Lyla's arms disappeared behind her back. Her white bra hung in mid-air for a moment, then fell under the bed, and Lyla's big breasts and their soft-pink nipples were revealed for Johnny's "safety." Johnny hummed something to the tune of 'there you go,' but the words were muffled as Lyla nudged his chin upward, bent low, and licked the red gel from his throat.

Slowly. Carefully. With precision.

And all the time, intentionally rubbing her breasts along Johnny's shoulder and bicep, but careful not to smudge the blue 'pencil' on his forearm.

Johnny's eyes were closed, but his smile showed he loved playing my game. When his eyes opened, they found mine. His eyes were dangerous. A girl could get lost in those aquamarines.

Lyla sucked on the loose skin of Johnny's throat just to be sure she'd gotten all the red gel. "Success!" When she rose away from him, Johnny couldn't help but stroke her and get a feel of those breasts. I couldn't blame him. I liked them, too.

I couldn't wait for my card. "'Patient has overloaded bread basket. Remove a slice, the fee is nice.' This should be easy," I said, eyeing the yellow slice-of-bread art on Johnny's belly. Not to be outdone by the topless Lyla, I pulled off my shirt, too.

"That's it. This is dangerous, precise work," Johnny put to me as I removed my black bra. I loved how he was staring at my breasts. His fingers found my stomach, but with his brace on that hand, he was conscious of not being able to cop a full feel, so didn't try. He did stroke the swell of my breast with his first two fingers, though, and then up to my nipple, which sent an instant shiver through me. Then they moved down to my jeans waist. "You know, you probably shouldn't be wearing your scrubs, at all, doctor."

I'd been wondering about the timing, but he gave me the reason. And I'll admit a little pride in moving a step ahead of Lyla. I pushed my jeans down as he watched, though I couldn't do the sock move like he'd done, so took a seat at my desk to finish pulling off the legs, and then removed my socks. His hand moved off the bed, and I could see his fingers doing something in the air, like he was pretending to stroke my feet from his perspective. I decided to keep my panties on, like he did. For the mystery? Hopefully, only temporarily, too. And they were cute: black bikini with little white diamonds. I wanted him and Lyla to see them, even though Lyla was there when I bought them.

I approached his stomach. "Let's see, which angle should I attack this from?" I found an angle that let my breasts swish against his side and hip. "Something's in the way, though. Better move it, or someone could get hurt." With that, I took ahold of Johnny's cock. It was still inside his boxer briefs, but —*damn!*— it felt good. It was a nice size, and I was sure it would feel terrific going inside me. If? When? I couldn't let go of it. I began licking that yellow gel on his belly, doing my best to taste his skin and flick the hair at his navel and treasure trail, but couldn't help but stroke that cock through the lycra. Just softly. Open hand across the top and back. It was hot — that I could tell right through the material. I knew it would be. And his crown... I wanted to...

“Hey, Dr. Mia, I think you got it,” Lyla reminded me. I rose up and made eye contact with Johnny again. His blue eyes said that this boy wanted to fuck me.

*Not yet, my browns told him back.*

Lyla pulled the next card. The broken heart. Her pants were already off. There was a blue smear on her tit. How long was I down on Johnny’s stomach?

She rested her breasts on Johnny’s upper arm, and was tracing the red gel heart on his chest with her finger. “Ever have a broken heart, Johnny?”

“I don’t know about ‘broken,’ but... disappointed, maybe?” he said. “Akiko Tanaka,” he clarified.

“What happened?” Lyla asked. “Was she your first?”

“No,” he breathed a laugh. “Her sister was.”

The line of Lyla’s questioning answered a question I had. I don’t know if I’d ever seen Johnny with a girlfriend, other than the priss cheerleader he took to the Homecoming dance, but the way we were interacting today, I didn’t think he still owned his V-card, anymore.

“What?” Lyla gasped.

“Yeah. Akari Tanaka, or just Kari. During the summer, like July, my brother and Fiona threw a party at my house when my folks were gone. I hung out, had a few beers, but they weren’t my crowd, really. Some of them were Orchestra people, but they were Seniors. Scott’s friend, Danny, was trying to turn me into the butler or garbageman or something, so I just took myself out of it. Went back to my room, and wound up guarding it from invasion from people looking for privacy. But in wanders Kari, and she shuts my door, and gives me a blow job.”

“No way!”

“Yeah. And I’m like, ‘Okay, go for it.’ Her clothes come off. And then she puts me down there, and she’s like, ‘Come on, now it’s time for you to lick my pussy.’ So I give it my best shot, never done it before, but I guess I did alright, ‘cause she gets moaning. And then she let me fuck her. And I thought that was pretty damn cool,” he finished.

“So how does her sister break your heart?” I asked.

“Well, I had no idea who I’d just fucked. She left, I went to sleep. A couple days later, Scott goes, ‘So, I hear you fucked Kari Tanaka,’ and I’m like, ‘So, that’s who it was?’ She thought she’d found Scott, and was going to tell Fiona that she fucked Scott and he had to break with her and all that. But Scott told her, ‘Oh, you must be the mystery girl who fucked my little brother!’ So that messed up her plan.” Johnny had to laugh, as did me and Lyla. “But the thing is, I actually had a crush on her sister, Akiko — Kiki, I called her.”

“We know Aki,” I said. She has cute little titties. I’d do her.

“So I asked her out, and she runs away, all happy, giggly. She didn’t tell me yes or no, just ran away.” Johnny shrugged. “I don’t know what the hell that means, but the next day I go and find her, and I ask her out again, like maybe she didn’t understand, or she needed a night to think about it, or something. But she goes, ‘I can’t go out with you because you fucked my sister.’ So, I’m like, *son-of-a-bitch*. I finally get the nerve to ask out my crush, and her sister screws me, again!”

“Did she?” Lyla laughed.

“Actually, yeah,” Johnny said. “I saw her downtown with her friends, and asked her why she told her sister, and what the hell? Later, she came over to my house, I thought to apologize, and she fucks me again. She doesn’t want me to fuck her little virgin sister because *she* wants to fuck me.”

“Is Kari your girlfriend, now?”

“No. She just fucks me now and then. And Kiki won’t talk to me.”

Lyla leaned down and began to lick Johnny’s chest. First, she licked the crack I’d drawn in the heart-shape. “There,” she said, “stick with us and we’ll fix your broken heart.” Then she set about to lick the rest of the heart clean. And sucked on his nipple for good measure.

His good hand was inside Lyla’s panties, getting a good feel of her ass. The fingers of his bad hand were tracing my panties, dipping inside the hem. He found my landing strip. “Can you feel those?” I asked.

“Yeah.” He opened his eyes, and licked his lips, a little. “There’s enough sensation.”

“I hope you don’t need that real operation,” I stroked through his hair.

“You and me both. I’m not looking forward to this thousand-needles-thing, either.” Lyla rolled her head and Johnny got some of her hair caught in his mouth. He made a face at me while he tried to get it off his lips and tongue. His hand left my pubes and he played with my nipples, as best he could with the brace in the way. “Am I going to have to get in a fight with Rory? I’d rather not kick his ass. He’s a really good winger.”

“No, no fight needed. I told you, Rory knows. And besides,” I leaned in and licked his ear while I whispered, “if you’re open to it, I think Rory might like to suck your cock as much as I would.”

I pulled away to gauge his reaction. I mostly just got a concerned eye; he didn’t say anything.

“Dr. Mia?”

I looked down to see what Lyla wanted.

“I’m sorry, but I smeared the wishbone, a little. Want to help me with this one? If we do it together, maybe one of us will get our wish?” she giggled.

I left Johnny's eyes and went to the center of his chest where Lyla and I both licked the blue wishbone from either side. And believe me, I did make a wish.

Then our tongues met in the center for the top part of the 'bone.' We knew what Johnny wanted to see, and Lyla and I French kissed each other. No strange occurrence, I knew her tongue well — we'd done this often when fucking each other after school.

When we broke the kiss, I caught Johnny's smile. I pulled my next card. It was the wishbone, so I tossed it and went for another. Writer's Cramp. "'Remove the pencil, leave no doubt. Be sure the lead is also out.' Give me your good arm."

Johnny brought his arm over his chest for me, but all I saw, instead of the 'pencil' Lyla drew, was a blue smear. I licked what remained on his forearm. "What happened? Where's the rest?" I raised my eyes to once again see that blue smear on Lyla's left breast. I let Johnny's arm go and put my hands out. "Let me have them, Lyla, or I won't get my fee."

I loved Lyla's breasts. I'm sure many people admired Lyla's breasts, but only a few have gotten to love them. When she's cold, her nipples can get so sharp they can cut glass, but when she's warm and turned-on, her areolas pancake out and it's like half her breast is pink. I licked that blue gel smear off easily, but had to make sure, you know?

"I found the rest. Sorry," Johnny said from my left. I moved away from Lyla's tit and saw him referring to a smudge on her ass.

"Here, take over," I ordered Johnny and handed him Lyla's breasts. His mouth took right to them. I climbed down from the bed and went around the other side. The smudge was above her left cheek, but it was time to remove those damn panties. And off they came. I would've done mine, too, but I wanted Johnny to see it when I did.

I heard Lyla breathe in when my tongue went further than it needed. "Dr. Mia? I hope you won't mind, but I've got a little itch. Do you think you can take care of it for me?" She bent forward a little and thrust her behind out a little more. With a smile, my tongue found its way to her pussy to scratch her itch. I'm a good friend.

This lasted for a little while. I don't know how long, but when my phone chimed a text from Rory, interrupting a good song, I noticed the clock had changed more than I expected. I left Lyla's pussy nice and wet and patted her butt. I went to check Rory's message.

**Should be there in a few.**

**Door's open.**

With the interruption, Lyla drew her card. "Wrenched Ankle." She moved to his lower side and took his left foot in hand and began licking the green gel wrench from his ankle.

Johnny laughed and jerked his foot in her hand.



“Uh-oh, Dr. Lyla, looks like you need a consultation. Do you concur?” I said and joined her. She pretty much had the gel gone, but we took the opportunity to tease his arch and toes, making him laugh and try to pull away. “Looks like we found his laughing place!”

“C’mon, stop that!” he called down to us, trying to get away, but not trying too hard.

“Hey, now you made me mess this one up,” Lyla admonished him about the new blue gel smear at his knee. “What did this one used to be, again?” she asked me.

“Water on the Knee,” I told her. She’d drawn a bucket shape, but now it looked like... well, it just looked like a big blue blur.

“I’ll give you water on the knee,” Lyla grumbled and mounted Johnny’s leg, running her wet pussy up along his shin. Johnny’s eyes were glued to her blond pussy, his hands holding her steady while she rode him.

I know he was wishing she was riding another part of him, but we were actually playing the game fairly well, teasing him to no end. There were only three or four cards left. His unattended cock, still trapped in his boxers, must’ve felt like we were torturing him.

“I’m feeling over-dressed, now.” I needed some attention, and I caught his eye as I took down my black-and-white panties, revealing my thick, dark brown landing strip.

Johnny’s right hand moved off Lyla’s waist and found my pubes, the fingers poking out the brace doing their best to follow my line. I could feel his middle finger parting my hair, from the top going lower, lower... Would he dip inside me? Would he find my button and press it? He stopped just inside my cleft, just at the top, just teasing me. Teasing me back. God, I was wet. *Please go further...*

I watched his eyes until he looked up at me, and I saw the conflict inside him. Which one of us did he want to fuck more? I had an idea it was me. I imagined he was sending me a message like ‘Find some way to get rid of Lyla’ so we could be alone. I must admit, I was kind of wishing that, too.

But what if it was Lyla? And I was the one-too-many? The way he looks at her...

I picked up a card. Charlie Horse. I kept one leg on the bed to let him continue to tease my pussy as best he could while I bent forward to lick the yellow gel horsie off his right thigh. So close to his cock. Oh, so *close* to his cock.

Lyla saw our interaction and picked up another card. “Funny Bone. *About fuckin’ time!*” she growled. She slid her pussy down to Johnny’s ankle and dove for his underwear, yanking them down, revealing his cock. For the brief time I could see it, I saw that it was a nice cock. A *real* nice-looking cock. Bigger than Rory’s, I thought. Then it was inside Lyla’s mouth.

While I massaged Johnny’s thigh, watching him get a blow job, it occurred to me, and I had to laugh, that Lyla mistook the funny bone for his... well, for his boner. I’m sure it didn’t matter to her. Hell, she knew the difference. It was probably what I would have done, too, given the

chance. Fuck, could've probably done that a half-hour ago if we didn't actually play this friggin' game.

I decided I was going to call out that Johnny had made a noise and flinched, which he certainly did do, so it was my turn, when Rory, my cute blond boyfriend, entered my bedroom.

"Hey, babe," Rory said, assessing the situation.

What was to assess? His girlfriend was naked, stroking his naked teammate's thighs, while her naked best friend humped the teammate's leg and sucked his cock.

"Hey," I said back, weakly, from Johnny's thigh, my hands currently exploring Johnny's balls and thick brown pubes. My heart started racing, going a little faster than it had with the game because of Rory. We'd talked a little about doing this, but now that it was happening, how would Rory really react to seeing me here, naked, playing with his friend?

Rory sat in my desk chair and took off his shoes.

I could feel Johnny tense up underneath us, too. His eyes moved from me to Rory and back. From his point of view, I suppose, he was in a very disadvantageous position to defend himself. "Hey, Rory..." he tested the water.

"Dude," Rory acknowledged. He didn't jump up and start to throttle Johnny, but I could tell Johnny was ready to react.

Lyla hadn't acknowledged Rory's appearance, but she did notice a change in the hardness of Johnny's cock. She pulled off of it and looked at it, as if something was wrong.

"I'm just trying to figure out what game you guys are playing," Rory said, taking off his shirt. I relaxed a little, but hadn't moved, yet. My mouth was a little dry. I mean, I knew Rory wasn't going to start trouble, but with two guys like these, I wasn't sure if I had *caused* trouble. Johnny hadn't relaxed yet, regardless of Rory continuing to take his clothes off.

"*Operation*," I told him. The game board and box were on the floor.

"Did you break his arm?" Rory asked, removing his socks.

"No, that's..." I started, but...

"This is from that game with LaGrange when that guy tripped me, remember? I played through it on Thursday with Argo, but doc says I might have nerve damage. Either that or just bad carpal tunnel. We'll see," Johnny reported. His dick was still big and full in Lyla's hand, but I could tell it wasn't rock hard, anymore. He was relaxing, but still wary.

"Are you out for the season or anything?" Rory asked, truly concerned, I could tell.

"No, it's playable, unless I need an operation, then we'll see," he said, watching Rory take off his pants.

“And that’s why...” Rory led.

“*Operation*. Right,” I followed, breathing a little easier. I had an idea and kind of pinched Johnny on his tush, hoping he’d remember what we’d talked about.

Johnny looked at me with the pinch. I made eyes at him and motioned to Rory. Then, I knew he caught on when he said to Rory, “You want to play?”

Rory dropped his green boxer briefs and said, “I was hoping to, if that’s okay.” His eyes were on Johnny’s cock in Lyla’s hand. I’m sure he’s seen Johnny naked in the showers after their games, but he probably hadn’t seen him hard. Or mostly-hard, like now.

Johnny took a good look at Rory’s cock with his blond pubes — or honey-colored, as I call them. Johnny’s was getting fuller again, now that the air had been cleared. Mostly. They still didn’t acknowledge my part in this, and what we’d done, so far.

Rory came to the closer side of the bed where Lyla used to be. “How do I play?”

“Take a card,” Johnny advised. Rory picked up Water on the Knee. “Take another one. Lyla took care of that one, accidentally,” Johnny laughed. Lyla looked down at what remained of the blue smear at his knee, which was mostly transferred to her own stomach and pubes, at this point.

“How about ‘Remove Butterflies in Stomach’?” Rory asked. “I definitely have some of those, myself. ‘Relieve the flutter in his tummy and make yourself a heap of money.’”

“That’s this green stuff, here,” I said, pointing to what maybe-kind-of looked like a butterfly made of green gel on Johnny’s stomach, below where we’d licked his wishbone and above where I’d licked his bread basket. “You have to lick it off clean or you lose.”

“What will I lose?” Rory asked.

“Your opportunity,” Johnny said, with a smile.

Finding his own smile, Rory leaned in, holding Johnny’s eyes as he did, stuck his tongue out, and licked the butterfly off his stomach. Johnny let his fingers run along Rory’s back and down his spine, letting him know everything was okay.

Lyla and I watched with the same fascination that Johnny had when he watched me and Lyla go at it. We’d seen Rory and her Conor go further, but this was Johnny, a new piece on the game board.

From what I could see of Rory’s face, he was enjoying it, really trying to do a good job. He declared himself successful without a cry or flinch from Johnny. “Did I relieve the flutter in your tummy? Do I get the money, now?”

“I’ll admit I did have some of that flutter, but I think I’m okay, now,” Johnny told him.

Good. They were both good with it all.

“We haven’t really been playing with the money, but if we were, I think Lyla is winning,” I grinned. I wet my finger and wiped up some green gel on Rory’s cheek.

Suddenly, there was an angry chirp from Lyla’s phone. I know it was Lyla’s because it was a recording of her mother yelling “Lyla!” The phone had made its repeat “Lyla!” call three more times by the time Lyla climbed off Johnny’s leg and found her phone in her jacket. We only got her side of the conversation — things like, “God, woman, I can’t even...” I won’t repeat the near-shouting match, but let’s just say that Lyla started getting dressed.

“Sorry, Mia,” she said, finding her shoes. “You want to take over my spot, Rory?” she asked, giggling. She came over and gave me a kiss, leaned in and kissed Rory, then took a deep breath. She looked at Johnny like she was real sorry she was leaving, then leaned in and kissed him as hard and long as she could, and he returned it, his hands flying to her side and hair. It looked like he didn’t want to let her go. She whispered something in his ear.

“Me, too. One day,” Johnny responded to whatever it was. Then she waved and headed out.

Johnny had a look in his eye, sad to see her leave. Then he broke his stare at the open door and we three all kind of looked at each other, with kind of a ‘where were we?’ or ‘what happens now?’ vibe.

“You want to?” Johnny asked Rory.

“What?” Rory was confused.

“Take over Lyla’s spot. She was giving me the best blow job in the world, so you’ve got some work to do to get that money,” he said.

Rory looked at me. “I may have mentioned that you might like to do that to him,” I said like an embarrassed little girl.

“Are you good with that?” Rory asked Johnny.

“Like my brother says, a blowjob is a blowjob. But... yeah... I’d like to try you. I mean ‘it.’ You... I’d kind of like to know what it’s like when you do it for me.”

“And maybe you’d do something back?” I suggested.

“Yeah. I could do that,” Johnny said.

Rory moved into position and pulled Johnny’s boxers the rest of the way off his legs. Now all of us were finally completely naked. He moved Johnny’s legs open and found his room. I watched him take Johnny’s cock in his hand, and recognized myself in him, looking it over, considering its size, the color and thickness of his pubes, how his balls hung, his scar circling his shaft and thinking about whether the little bunch of skin would be his sweet spot or if it was under the corona of his cock head. Then he, like Lyla before him, took that nice cock in his mouth and sucked him down.

Johnny had the same reaction he did to Lyla's talents. "*Fuck... yes...*"

I drew my hand around Johnny's face, and gave him a smile. I leaned in and whispered, "He's not looking."

Johnny knew what I was talking about. He looked down and saw Rory very involved with his cock, then took my face and kissed me. Two good presses and then his tongue slipped past my lips. *My god, he knew how to kiss.* Kari Tanaka could *not* have been his only girlfriend. While I was deep inside the fog, it occurred to me that I hadn't kissed him the entire time he was in my room, the entire time he was naked on my bed. I'd waited until my boyfriend showed up. I'm an idiot.

He finally touched me with his left hand. On this side, I'd always gotten the one with the brace, so finally, I got my right breast caressed by this brilliant, cute guy. I let my own hands go wild, then, over his pecs and abs.

He ended the kiss. My mind was all, "*Why?*"

"Rory?" he said, thickly.

Rory paused in his blowjob, but I could tell Johnny's cock was still in his mouth. "Yeah?"

"I really need to lick your girlfriend's pussy."

"She wants you to," Rory said, and then I heard the wet slurping continue of Rory enjoying working Johnny's big dick.

"I do," I confirmed, but it was hardly necessary. Johnny, even with a bad hand, picked me up and helped me straddle his chest on my knees, then moved me forward so my pussy was over his mouth. I grabbed ahold of my headboard for balance and lowered myself onto Johnny Walker's tongue.

I realized I'd only been in this position on my bed with Lyla. When Rory went down on me, we were always in his room or somewhere else. Johnny was eating my pussy in my own bed. I wanted to rock on his face, but Johnny held my pelvis just above, just right, so he could still breathe and lick my labia and my — "*Oh, fuck! Oh, oh, oh, fuck, Johnny!*" — my clit, I was going to say.

He let me down onto his mouth so he could handle my breasts. I didn't even care about the brace on his right. It was foam, not scratchy, and the fingers were his. My hands went to his head — I was barely holding onto the headboard, anyway, just trusting he had my weight and balance. I looked down and saw my little landing strip just above his nose. He was drilling his tongue into my hole and the tip of his nose was poking my clit. "*... fuck... Johnny... I'm gonna...*"

"*You gonna cum for me, Mia?*"

"*I am **so** gonna cum for you...*"

From below, Rory let us know he was still there. “You gonna cum for me, too, Johnny?”

“If you want me to. I can hold it, if you want.”

“Go for it,” Rory said, licking Johnny’s cock. I could tell he was licking it. *I know.*

I was on the edge as I felt Johnny change below me, shifting a little, like getting into position so he could let Rory make him cum, but kept going on me, too. His hands left my breasts and he held tightly across my ass, fingers digging in. It hurt a little, but I loved it. “*Fuck, Johnny, I’m gonna cum... fuck... Johnny... I want to fuck you, Johnny... oh, fuck me...*” and then I gushed all over Johnny Walker’s face. I shook, and flailed, trying to hold onto Johnny’s head and the headboard and the wall and the pillow with my knees as I clamped my thighs shut against Johnny’s head. Being up in the air, being vertical, I was getting light-headed and was going to fall. Backwards, then forwards, then backwards... I finally let my hands prop me against the wall over my headboard and let my head sink forward. “... *ohhhhh... fuck, Johnny... ohhhh...*”

Now, I can’t tell you the exact timing or the words or noises or groans either of them used, but I can tell you how Johnny felt under me, still holding me. It was like someone was hitting him with those paddles on his heart — you know, when they go: “Clear!” and then they get a big electric shock and their body jumps? That was Johnny. I could see his face down between my thighs, eyes closed tight, lips sealed, but a deep grunt whenever he got that heart-shock. He must have done that five or six times before his face relaxed. When Johnny helped me back down to the bed, I saw my Rory’s face was covered in cum. I looked at him and met his eyes. There was a smile somewhere under the cum.

“I choked on the first shot, so the next two went wild before I got him back inside,” he laughed.

“That’s only two all over you?” I asked, incredulous.

“Yeah. You and Lyla must not have let him cum, yet, huh?”

Again, I realized that, yes, we had prolonged that first orgasm for the entire game. I am an idiot. It was almost Lyla’s. It could have been mine.

“Let me help you,” I said, and licked some cum off of Rory’s face. Then I licked some more off. After I licked his chin, I noticed Johnny’s cock still oozing some and I motioned that Rory should clean him off. Rory offered me the cock, instead. And I finally sucked Johnny Walker’s cock. It wasn’t as hard as I’d felt it before, but I liked it.

Johnny came out of his daze and looked at me sucking his cock. He smiled at me, and I smiled back.

Rory was wiping his face, a bit, yet, with my sheets. I must have missed a spot or left too much of my own spit on him. Johnny noted, “You haven’t cum, yet. I got something that might make you do it.”

Rory looked at him, questioning, then at me. What was Johnny proposing?

"Where's the gift we got for him?" Johnny asked me. Recognition hit me and I rolled off the bed. I got the paper bag Johnny got from the comic shop and looked for the one old Spider-Man and pulled it out.

"Happy birthday," Johnny told him.

"It's not my birthday," Rory said, and I handed him the book in its plastic sheath. Then he looked at the cover. "Holy... *fuck*... I *am* gonna cum..." Carefully, he slipped the book out of the clear envelope, but then couldn't wait to go through the pages. "There actually was a Spider-mobile?"

"Yeah, because of the Mego toys, I think," Johnny laughed. "Mia picked this out, I just helped."

Rory looked up at me and smiled. I leaned over and kissed my boy. I think he knew what Johnny meant. I swear he almost said 'I love you,' but he held back, either because Johnny was here, or it was still too early, or he didn't want to do it because of a gift. I don't know. But he did whisper a "Luv ya" while we kissed.

"Luv ya, too," I whispered back. That's about as far as we'd allowed ourselves, at this point. I'm not sure I wanted to be in love. I mean, I loved all my friends, dearly, Rory and Lyla most of all, but I don't want... I don't know.

And then there was this boy lying next to me.

"Professor Warren's in this? He's gonna be the Jackal, right?... and Peter's thinking about Gwen... and starting to fall in love with MaryJane..." Rory kept flipping pages.

Johnny curled and changed his position for the first time since the game started. He wound up with his face over Rory's lap and began to stroke Rory's cock underneath the open comic. I could see him pull at his pubes with his brace hand, and then Rory's cock disappeared into Johnny's mouth. He didn't make a face with the taste or texture of a cock. He'd probably done this before. That's boys for you, but you never really knew. It's not like they advertised it, until they admitted it to you after great sex.

Rory was floating. His eyes closed at the sensation of Johnny's mouth, Johnny's tongue, but he still wanted to look at his gift. "And there's... cool... and he's... it's... Doc Ock, and Green Goblin, and... *yeah, do that*... Tarantula? and Jackal... and... *fuck me*... Lizard and Vulture... and who's that? Human Torch?"

"Molten Man," Johnny said with Rory's cock in his mouth.

"A couple more I don't know... and," Rory breathed in sharply as Johnny found his sweet spot, "... *fuckin'*... Mysterio... *aw, fuck*..."

I'd been stroking Johnny from his knee up his thigh to his shapely behind, and I realized I had sidelined myself, again. I noticed he still had the funny bone I had drawn in yellow on his upper arm, but it never got licked off. Lyla was *supposed* to lick that off, but went after his other

bone, instead. Most of it was on my sheets, now, but I took the opportunity to lick it and taste Johnny's skin, again.

I found more room on the bed by pushing Johnny's leg over, then went down and took his cock back in my mouth, and let my hands roam over his legs and abs. Johnny immediately reacted with a gentle thrust, just a rocking of his hips, while I worked my magic. We made eye contact. I smiled, but he gave me those eyes, that 'I really want to fuck you' look.

My boyfriend was right there. He'd given me his 'luv ya,' and so did I, but all I could think about was mounting Johnny and fucking him blue.

Above me, Rory was letting the comic fall. Johnny had him on the ropes. Rory was going to cum. *"Johnny, I'm gonna... you don't have to, if..."*

I watched Johnny stick his finger in Rory's ass, and Rory screamed, *"Fuck!"* and came inside Johnny's mouth. Johnny gagged a little, but did very well taking it all, and I knew how much Rory could shoot after a day stuck at his grandma's.

I let Johnny slip out of my mouth and felt an obligation to help clean Rory's cock, but that included licking Johnny's face and a kiss with an exploratory tongue to share the cum. I didn't think Rory would mind, and his eyes were still closed. As per Johnny's request, again, I did it while Rory wasn't looking.

"Thank you," Rory rasped.

"For the Spidey, or for the blow job?" Johnny asked, some humor in his voice. His eyes had found me, again, though. We were laying together from taking care of Rory, and he pulled me to him, the braced hand following the curve of my legs and ass, the other on my breast. I had to start kissing Rory's body or I was going to cause some trouble.

"Both?" Rory laughed. "I didn't know you knew comics, and I didn't know..." He propped himself up to look at us below him. "I... didn't know if you'd be open... to, you know, fooling around with us."

Johnny had a look on his face, thinking how to answer. "I have my dad's old collection of comics, so I have my favorites. I only buy a couple titles, now; can't spend all my money on reading." He didn't answer about the fooling around. He completely avoided it.

"Are you bi? ... I mean..." Rory pressed.

Johnny got right to it, though. "Who cares? Look, some people would love to know what you and I did today, and I don't see it being any of their business. You know what I mean? I like who I like, you know? When Mia invited me over, and said you would like to see me here, I have to admit that I got interested. It's not like I've been watching you in the showers, more like watching you on the field. You move well. You're my winger. And, okay, I do like watching you clean the mud off in the showers, but I would never have done anything if she didn't make it happen."



Rory nodded, like he completely understood. Like he told me, he didn't know if he was bi, as he'd only ever done anything like this with his bestie, Conor. But I saw how he looked at Johnny, and Johnny's cock. And I know how he looks at me.

"So, if you want to do more, blondie, I could be good with that. But it's between us. Unless we both decide we want to fuck Lucas, or something...!" And with that, the both of them laughing, the post-cum tension was broken.

Johnny's hands had left me while he spoke, but our legs were still entwined. I didn't even know it, but I was dragging my toes up and down the hair on his calf. He drew his hands up Rory's body, feeling his thigh and abs, but with the freedom to do so, like I do. "You see these, Mia? Feel these? Your boy's sturdy."

"I know it," I said, and my hands joined his.

"He needs to do some more push-ups, but..."

"Hey, I like his chest!" I said and play-slapped Johnny.

Rory picked up the comic which had dropped to the side. He pointed to one page with a bunch of little ads on it. "I love the ads in these old comics. 'Hypnotize.' Jokes and tricks. 'Real police handcuffs.'"

"What are you planning?" I asked. Handcuffs? Hypnotizing?

He laughed. "No, nothing. Just this stuff. A seven-foot robot for sale? Learn karate by mail. Buy Evel Knievel toys..." He folded the book, put it back in its clear plastic envelope, and set it on my nightstand.

Johnny and I had both started stroking Rory's cock, again, though my other hand was on Johnny's cock.

Rory went for broke. "Can I fuck you?"

"If I can fuck Mia," Johnny promptly answered.

Rory bit his lip, like he knew it was part of what we'd discussed, or honestly, mostly alluded to. We'd never made solid plans like 'I want to do this to Johnny, and you can do that, and this is how we'll get him to go along.' No, it was just 'if it ever happens.' And I made it happen.

"That's up to her, but... I know. Here we are," Rory said to my eyes, and then Johnny's eyes.

I took myself out of the decision and rolled off the bed. Me fucking Johnny was going to happen. No doubt about that, regardless of how those two negotiated their own sex. I went to my nightstand and took out a strip of three Trojans and a brand new bottle of lube. After our little 'situation' at Lyla's, Rory and I went and bought a bottle.

"I've never done this before," Johnny admitted. "Do I go first, or you?"

I saw Rory's gears turning. Johnny was going to fuck him, too. And I had to make sure I wasn't just the girl on the side. I'd already lost too many opportunities today. I needed to make sure I got what I wanted, and didn't alienate Rory by doing so.

"Why don't you do Rory, first? That could help you get into it," I said to Johnny. It seemed to make sense to him, though I think Rory was hoping to go first before Johnny changed his mind. I gave Johnny a condom. Rory got on all fours on the bed.

"Do I need this?" Johnny asked, holding the Trojan up.

"If you want," Rory offered while I lubed his hole, making sure not to spill any on my bed.

"First time," Johnny said, and dropped the condom. I knew exactly what he meant, he wanted to feel it without one. That's how Rory and I almost bought some trouble last month. I then lubed Johnny's cock, probably longer than I needed to. I wiped my hands on his backside, getting his hole now, too. Waste not.

Watching Johnny negotiate his first asshole was a little funny. He'd been so confident today, and was now presented with this new issue. Once he got his cock head inside, with a grunt from both of them, he watched to see what I'd do.

For starters, I made sure Rory's cock stayed hard. I lay before him and let him suck on my breasts while I tugged on his cock and fondled his balls. But I was watching Johnny's eyes the entire time. He'd gotten all the way in Rory, and began his thrusting, but I still got that sense of 'I'd rather be fucking you' from him. In fact, while he was talking to Rory, I caught him silently lip-speak to me, 'I want you.'

"Fuckin' he's bigger than Conor," Rory told me between grunts.

"But that's what you wanted to know, wanted to try, right?" I asked him, and caressed his cheek as he looked up at me.

"Yeah."

I wasn't sure what my plan exactly was, but I didn't want to ignore Rory. That wasn't the point of today. I wanted my boyfriend to be happy, too.

I made the boys pause while I put a condom on Rory, then slid underneath both of them. Rory grew a big smile as he got to fuck me. "Baby, we're doing it," he said to me while braving Johnny's pummeling of his ass.

"Fuckin' yeah, we are," I laughed back to him. "Fuck me, baby. But don't cum in me."

"Why not?" he wondered — he was wearing a condom, after all.

"I want you to cum in his ass," I said, like it was a conspiracy. He smiled and nodded. I held his head back down to my breasts. I was finally getting fucked, but I was looking into the eyes of the boy I really wanted to fuck that day.

I let it go on for a bit, feeling Johnny push hard into Rory several times, like he was fucking me through him. Then I felt Rory take over the rhythm, basically pushing himself back-and-forth between Johnny and me, fucking both of us. Rory had a little smile on his face.

“You like this?” I asked him quietly.

“Yeah, this feels good,” he moaned.

“You like Johnny’s cock inside you?” I asked.

“Yeah...” He opened his eyes and smiled, again.

I let them have some time, then I interrupted them before they picked up the pace. “I think Rory’s had enough. Time for you two to switch.” Rory gave me that look of knowing the plan. And then he gave me the look of crossed-eyes as Johnny pulled out of him.

“What did you think?” he asked Johnny.

“Well...” Johnny thought on it, “I imagine the fucking is the easy part. *Getting* fucked is the tough one.”

“I guess you’ll find out,” Rory told him. He didn’t say it the wrong way, and Johnny didn’t take it the wrong way. Johnny just kind of nodded. It was odd to see the nervousness in his eyes, after all the lust I’d seen in them that day.

I got up off the bed and headed out my bedroom door, stopping at the hallway to listen and make sure nobody had come home, no footsteps anywhere, no garage door. No. Good. I went to the washroom and brought back a warm, damp washcloth. I wanted to clean Johnny’s cock of lube and whatever was inside Rory. I intended to suck Johnny hard, again; a cummy cock is one thing, sucking a cock after it’s been inside my pussy or Lyla’s is the same thing, but sucking a cock after it’s been inside an ass — that’s a different thing.

Johnny was getting set up on his knees when I stopped him. “No?” he asked.

“You should be on your back for this,” I said without explanation and Johnny found a comfy spot on his back. I added a little more lube to Johnny’s hole and gave a little to Rory for his cock when I saw that he removed his condom. He was going to go in bare, as Johnny had.

I then took the warm cloth to Johnny’s cock. I could see even Rory thought that was a nice thing to do. Johnny thought it was a very nice thing and gave me that smile. I hung it on the footboard and told Rory, “For you, for after.” He nodded.

I stayed off Johnny’s right, his braced arm around me, fondling my breasts with his left as Rory lined himself up.

“Just take it easy, don’t fight me,” Rory said. I don’t know how much of an expert he was, or how many times he’d done it with Conor, but his advice made sense.

“Have you tried this, yet?” Johnny asked me.

“Not yet, though I expect it’ll happen sometime,” I replied. I then had an image of being fucked by both Rory and Johnny at the same time. I got wetter at the thought, but I also didn’t try to imagine the pain of getting my ass fucked. Here I was watching Johnny do it for the first time, and I noted how it went. It was rough going getting all the way in, and he did fight it, and had to breathe and calm down. It looked like it hurt, but Johnny didn’t complain too much or back out. I have to think there was something Rory could have done to make it easier for him, though. At least they had the lube.

Things looked like they got easier; Johnny looked like he was consciously relaxing, and Rory was sliding in and out more smoothly. “Good, don’t fight me, anymore. Baby, can you distract him?” Rory prompted, trying to start a rhythm.

This was part of my plan. I bent back and picked up my panties from off the floor and stroked Johnny’s cock with them. A lot was happening to his body, and he was breathing and hissing and gave Rory the occasional, “*Fuck...*” but I could see that he liked my panties thing. While stroking him, I leaned into him and sucked on his nipple, then worked my way lower. I revisited his wishbone, spare ribs, butterfly, and bread basket — all of which had some colored residue, even though I was certain we’d licked every bit up. Then I thought about taking a shower with him. *Fuck...*

Moving lower, I came back to that cock, the one I wanted to suck while working the bread basket thing. I’d just done a little on him after Rory blew him, but that was clean-up work. He was soft like that, again — from the sensation or fear of getting fucked, no doubt — but it was my job to get him hard again.

His hands went to my head as I took him inside my mouth. He wasn’t shrunken, just not hard; he was getting better, though, and soon I could fit less of him in my mouth than I could when I’d begun. It was my time to explore, sucking, bobbing, and licking. Holding those heavy balls. Licking those heavy balls. Some hair on them, more than Rory has, but not as much as this Junior boy I’d made it with last year. (Forget him. Not a good experience.)

Then, as I licked around the corona, I made him jump. I smiled and licked backwards, but it didn’t happen again. I circled the corona entirely, but no jump. Then, at the split, I went down to his scar and got him to jump again. *That was it! Right there!*

I worked his sweet spot and he got harder. With Rory pumping his pelvis, Johnny was kind of fucking my mouth, though he wasn’t really trying to. I could take him to a finish, I could make him cum but, again, that was not my plan. Johnny was good and hard, then, and I slowly pulled off of him, keeping my tongue on his head until the last second. I know he was looking at me, but I found the condom he’d dropped before and I tore it open.

I’d gotten good at putting these on Rory in the last couple of weeks, making the break in our action to put them on kind of sexy. I almost hated putting it on Johnny. But I secured it, pinched it, and then turned and flipped my leg over him, sitting on his belly.

“We really need that?” Johnny asked me while all three of us re-situated ourselves.

"Maybe Kari doesn't, but I do. We had a scare a few weeks ago," I told him without details. He nodded. And then he helped my pussy find his cock. Even Rory paused while I slid down onto Johnny.

And then Johnny was inside me. *My god, was Johnny ever inside me...* I was fucking Johnny Walker.

He reached up to me, toward my neck, I thought. I bent for him and his hand found the tie in my pony tail, and he tugged it down. He wanted my long hair. I shook it out for him. He nodded and smiled.

I leaned all the way down onto him, my breasts meeting his chest, and whispered, "*Finally...*" in his ear. I tried to find a rocking rhythm, but it was difficult with Rory starting up, again. Even Johnny had some trouble finding a way to hold my ass and fuck me from below while Rory was fucking him from below. It always looks so easy in the pornos.

I raised back up, between Johnny's raised knees, and started a nice, slow bounce. This seemed to work better. But then I felt Rory's arms come around me, his hands on my breasts, not Johnny's.

I didn't want to be upset at Rory. He was my boyfriend. This was a three-way. Everyone should have a part in it, not just watch. And I think we were doing okay. I just wanted more of Johnny and less of Rory. Is it bad that I felt that way?

Rory was kissing my neck, reminding me that it was me-and-him fucking Johnny. I had to give in. It felt so odd, yet awesome, to be held by one and fucking the other.

Then Rory was going full-blast. Later, he'd tell me he felt the same sensation, that he was fucking both of us at the same time, and it pushed him over the edge. He held me tightly, and he held Johnny's knees somehow at the same time, and he came so hard inside Johnny. Being attached to him, I felt every sway, every thrust, and heard every grunt, every "Fuck!" as Rory came. At the end, as he collapsed, he pulled me down with him. Every time Rory and I fucked, we wound up in a warm cuddle. Though I wasn't the one he was fucking at that point, I couldn't deny my handsome boyfriend his comfort.

Johnny saw the progression, and didn't say anything against it. I know he had to be disappointed that we'd stopped fucking, but he didn't swear or get up and leave. I watched his face register, instead, that Rory's cock had left, and that his ass was full of warm cum.

Then he did rip off the condom and toss it at the floor. Later, I'd find it on the naked guy in the *Operation* game. There was nothing inside it to leak out.

We three just lay there, Rory and I cross-wise to Johnny, below him at the footboard. I don't know how long that lasted. I was curled to Rory, but my left hand was running lightly up and down Johnny's leg, gliding in and over his hair.

Johnny took my hand on an upward glide and put it on his cock. My fingers automatically encircled and closed on his shaft, and I began a nice stroke.

Rory may have fallen asleep, I'm not sure, but his breathing got heavier and regular. He had a long morning getting his grandma's yard set for fall, with a final mow and stuff, and then two hard cums. I wasn't sure what to do. I wondered, how could I apologize to Johnny for—

And then I was moving. First by my hand and arm, then by my waist. Johnny had me and was pulling me up onto the pillow with him. My arms went around him without a thought.

"He's not looking," Johnny told me, quietly. Then he kissed me. He kissed me with all of the stored-up passion since the idea came to him back on Dalton Street. And I kissed him back. Oh, god, did I kiss him back. We started a make-out session on my bed. My hands were all over him and my tongue was half-way down his throat.

I was starting to climb on top of him — just to be on top of him and kiss him like that — when Johnny stopped me and gently moved both my shoulders to the bed. And then he rolled on top of me. He spread my legs, and then I spread my legs. I wondered if he was going to move down and lick me, again, but I think we both knew we were working on him getting inside me as soon he could.

And then Johnny's cock entered me. His head, then his shaft, and still his shaft, then I felt his hair at my clit. I whispered, "*Finally...*" again, but this time I meant it. I was already so wet, but I could feel an orgasm coming on.

My hands were all over his back as he thrust into me. He started with an easy in-and-out, as if we were still doing this with Rory not looking at us. But then I heard Johnny say, "*Fuck it, I want you so bad. I have to fuck you, Mia. I have to fuck you like...*" and he started a thrust that shot my juices out all over him.

And I started to cum, adding even more to the mix. I screamed out so loud, knowing nobody was home, but I didn't even care if they were. Even Rory had to hear me. He had to. No one could sleep through the "*Oohhhhh... I'm cumming! oh fuck... oh, fuck me, Johnny! Fuck me!*" that I screamed. I scratched Johnny's back so hard, if his mother saw it he'd have to say he got caught crawling under a fence, or something.

Johnny kissed me, and at first I thought he was trying to shut me up, quiet me down, like when you're fucking in the basement with the parents home. But no. He was kissing me because he wanted to kiss me. His lips. His tongue, but he didn't shove it down my throat. "*Oh, Johnny...*" I moaned, not knowing if I was wanting him to be my boyfriend, or if it was just from my orgasm, or from the tenderness in his kiss. Or all three. I don't know. I just loved being in his arms at that moment. Even with the arm brace! (Yeah, I could feel it as we shifted on the comforter, but who the fuck cares?)

I had a brief moment of clarity, then, as I realized why Johnny's cock felt so good, so warm, so big, why the head of his cock felt so right knocking on my cervix. I recalled he had taken off his condom. I shivered and came a little more.

Johnny was fucking me bare, and I was loving it. Johnny Walker was naked in my bed, kissing me, caressing my tits, and fucking me like I hadn't been fucked before.

I had to tell him, though. I had to. “Johnny, you can’t cum in me. Please don’t cum in me...” I breathed, I whispered. I didn’t want to go through that worry, again.

“I know. I won’t,” he told my ear. He sounded sure of himself, again. I believed him. I don’t know if I can say I relaxed as fully as I had been before, but I believed him. And when he started pounding me again, like not having a condom was so not a thing, I came again. I tried to hold him down on top of me, again, but he was pulling up onto his knees at the same time.

“*God, Mia, I love fucking you, you are...*” and he pulled out of me. He raised up on his knees and shot his cum all over me. All over me. On my breasts, on my stomach, on my pubes. On my throat and a little splashed on my chin. But not my face, like he purposely did not want to humiliate me by cumming on my face. I counted six shots before the smaller ones decorated my landing strip. I had been shaking through my own orgasm at the time, and the sight of Johnny Walker cumming over me, seeing cum shoot out of Johnny Walker’s cock, only added to that, but my hand did wander down to my flower to make sure no cum was splashed in my labia. And I didn’t feel any. Not of his, anyway!

Rory was awake — how could he *not* be! — and he caught my eye. But he didn’t look at me with... what? disdain? sadness? He looked at me like he was saying he was glad I got to cum, that I got what I wanted, like he did.

I realized then that I had gotten my wish. The one I’d made at the wishbone. And Lyla didn’t, poor girl. The magic of a wishbone really did work that way.

Johnny slid to my side and kissed me. This time with Rory watching. His finger began playing in the pool of cum between my breasts. I dragged a finger through it, too, and brought it to my lips. I’d tasted him before, when I cleaned him off from Rory’s blowjob. There’s always a bit of saltiness, I guess, but Johnny almost had a flavor. It was different. I don’t know if any girl can say she actually likes the taste of cum, but I guess I could swallow him down, if I ever got the chance, again.

Johnny started licking my breast, cleaning me. I swiped at my right breast. “Can’t have it all,” I said with a smile.

“But I want both of these,” he said about my breasts. “You know that.”

And I guess I did know that. Again, I had to wonder how much trouble I had caused. Or would cause. I kissed him to shut him up.

Again, we lay there in recovery mode, soaking up the little sparkles still flying around us. I don’t know how many songs went by on my playlist, but I know it had started over at some point in the game. I twisted my neck to see my alarm clock.

“What time do I get kicked out?” Johnny asked me. “Or at least have to put clothes on?”

“Folks should be home soon,” I groaned. I just wanted to stay there like that, naked and warm and happy. Isn’t it always that way? But no, I guess not. It wasn’t like that at all last year, with the guy I lost it to. Or the other one I didn’t even tell Rory about. But it is like that with Rory, most of the time, when we’re not sneaking in a quickie. The one swap with Conor was just for

fun, that doesn't even count. And now it sure is like that with Johnny. I found some good friends this year.

Johnny pulled himself up in bed. He twisted and stretched a little. He shook his bad arm, testing the sensation in his fingers, I think. He stood, and then looked at me. Gazed at me. Like he knew that after he left, I still wasn't going to be his girlfriend any more than I was at the comic book shop.

I smiled at him, and he smiled back. Not the same smile, though. He had that look in his eye. The same look he had before. I looked down his body. His cock was hard.

He reached down and took my ankles and spun me toward the side of the bed, and tugged me forward, holding my feet at his shoulders. I knew what was coming, and if he'd asked, I'd have said, "*Fuck, yes!*" but he could see the answer in my eyes.

He stabbed his cock forward and I was fucking Johnny Walker, again. Johnny Walker was fucking me, again. I was still so wet from before, there was no problem. He slipped right in and we made the bed move. My first of two more orgasms was on its way, I could tell.

Rory came to and saw us going for Round 2. Instead of getting in a fight, Johnny reached out to him, and pulled Rory into lying right next to me. Rory later told me he wondered if Johnny was going to try to do both of us, but that really wasn't in Johnny's plans. Just like he never kissed Rory. But he did jerk him while fucking me.

Rory turned to me and we started making out. I was back to the feeling of being with both of them, but much better than before. I knew Rory wasn't upset, wasn't mad. He knew he still had me. But I hate to admit that it did go through my mind about dumping Rory and begging Johnny to take me away. A fleeting thought. Even I'm not that mean. I liked Rory. I "luvv'd" Rory. He was nice to me, and I liked his body and blond hair and blue eyes, and how he smelled after a soccer match. We were happy together.

I helped Johnny stroke Rory, and took it over when Johnny started getting toward his goal. I hoped he still remembered not to cum in me. I trusted him, but I don't know if I trust anyone completely, like that. Even Rory, on his first and second time with me, came inside me. (I was several days 'late,' but it came, thank goodness.) I had helped cause that situation by not letting Rory out of me, and I was having the same feeling for Johnny, then — I really wanted to feel his hot cum shooting inside me. But I knew better.

Johnny pulled out of me, honoring my trust, and started to stroke himself, aiming toward me, again. I backed off from Rory and sat up. I took Johnny's cock in my mouth and swallowed everything he could give me this time, hot from the source. No mess. I held tightly onto his ass, holding him while he rocked from the electric paddles thing, again. That made me smile, even with his cock in my mouth.

There were words as we all got dressed. No one fell asleep this time. I lit a candle that smelled of strawberries and cream, but if my mother walked in my room, she'd know. She wouldn't know how good all the sex was or how many times I came, but she'd know. Hell, she probably knew, already.



I watched Johnny's naked body disappear into his clothes. I'd get to see him shirtless after a game, I knew. But any time I saw him at school or out with us all as friends, I'd have the sensation of knowing what he looked like naked, of knowing what it felt like to have that boy inside me.

We all sat in my living room and watched TV for a bit, just in case my folks came home. It would look like we'd been there, all along, Starbucks cups mostly finished showing a history.

"I should get going," Johnny said to the two of us. Now he did feel like a third wheel. He tugged his brown bomber jacket on, having some trouble getting his hand and brace through the sleeve. "You taking off?" he asked Rory.

"Nah, I'm gonna hang until dinner," he said. Johnny nodded. He'd be walking alone.

Like Lyla was allowed to kiss Rory, so Johnny now was allowed to kiss me, and he did. Not a huge, long kiss, but a nice one, all the same. A good kiss to acknowledge our closeness, yet in front of my boyfriend. But I felt him run his left hand through my hair, which I don't think Rory saw.

"You don't get a kiss," he told Rory.

"I know — that's just too weird," Rory laughed back. They did one of those "bro hugs," though, with the shoulders.

"Call me if we're all doing something tonight," he said with a wave, and then Johnny Walker left my house.

I didn't want to break up with Rory, but I had to find a way to have this happen again. With or without Rory. Maybe we just needed to find another game to play for an excuse.