



# TRIPLE LETTER SCORE

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Story #5 in the *Cutting School and Playing Games* series.

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It was a Wednesday, and no one wanted to be in school. Especially me. We didn't even wait to meet up in 1st Hour PE so we didn't have to get our TA Charlie to mark us absent. That guy has enough problems with impending fatherhood. Rory's sister, Fiona, says her friend Allison is due in February. That comes with tough decisions I hope I don't ever have to make.

"Mia, I got Costa and Silke," my boyfriend Rory reported in.

By snagging everyone out on the "quad," we were able to get our friend Johnny as soon as he showed up. "C'mon, we're cutting school today," Rory flat-out told him. "Heading over to Lyla's. We'll play a game, fool around... You know."

I could see Johnny turning it over in his head. And he looked right at me. Like right *into* me. I could hear his thoughts: *Will you and me get some alone time? Or will Lyla come to her senses and I get to be with her? If not, I want you, Mia. You.*

"Who's all coming?" Johnny asked me. You know, I don't know if he ever cut school before. "Us, Lyla, Silke, Costa, Conor," Rory told him. I noticed he'd purposely separated Conor's name from Lyla's, but Johnny caught that. I could see that in his eyes. "I was thinking of asking Lucas, too. Mia might ask a couple more girls."

"I don't know," Johnny grumbled. "I don't want to be a 5th or 7th wheel. Going to the movies or just hanging out is one thing, but..."

I couldn't lie to him and tell him Lyla was hoping he'd come, though she was. But I also couldn't predict if they'd get together, or if he'd get in an argument with Conor.

"Come on," Rory whined. I'd hoped he didn't play the "chicken" line. "Take a day off with us. Relax. We'll have fun."

Somehow, Johnny decided to do it. Again, he looked right into me, then said okay. I started us moving toward the big tree before he could change his mind. We met the others there. I did ask Molly and Ava, but they declined, again. Rory never did find Lucas. So, as Johnny predicted, he was the 7th person.

We took off for Lyla's before anyone really noticed us, though who really cares? A quick stop at 7-11 for some snacks, and we were good.

We did the usual getting settled stuff: backpacks in the hall, shoes and coats off, who's sitting where, me and Rory intertwined, what's on TV? Orange marmalade sandwiches have kind of become a tradition, now, too.

"Wanna play a game?" Lyla asked the room, hinting at the gameplay of a few weeks ago.

We all kind of looked at each other, knowing why we were here. Getting privacy for actual clothes-off sex was rare. I mean, of course we find ways to do a quickie with pants down in Rory's basement or the garage, a hand job in my bedroom even with the door open because sweats can be pulled up quickly if you hear the floor creaking. But getting the parents out of the house so you can lie completely naked in your bed and spend a couple hours together? That was rare. If a friend has an empty house, it was good manners to share. But sometimes we had to take drastic action like cutting school.

"Yeah, but I want to actually play a game," I surprised everyone by saying. "We've got time. Why not? I mean, we've got six hours or so."

There seemed to be general agreement. But what to play? What game could accommodate seven players? I hadn't thought of that. There was always party games like charades...

"Can it still be sexy?" Costa asked.

"Maybe?" Lyla shrugged. "Depends." Lyla went over in her head what games she had in her closet, and what ones she knew her sister Tori had, and what was in her basement. "Most are two-to-six players," she told us. "There's always *Monopoly*..."

"No one likes *Monopoly*," was said by three or four of us at the same time. One voice just said, "Never again."

"I like *Monopoly*," came from Conor somewhere in the kitchen.

"Fuck off," Rory called back to him.

Johnny looked at me like 'I knew this would happen. I should've stayed at school.' I had to stop him from actually considering leaving. Rory leaned into my hair and whispered, "Make Lyla take Johnny upstairs to look at her games."

"Lyla? Do you have *Life*? That has a bunch of players, right?" I asked her.

"I might..."

"Can you check?" I prompted.

Rory elbowed Johnny in his side. Pretty hard, too. I could feel it all the way through the chair we were sitting in.

"I'll help you look," Johnny said, standing up. He's not dumb.

Now, what happened upstairs I wasn't there for, obviously, but they both told me and Rory, separately, later. So here's the Mia-dramatized version:

Lyla: Okay, all my games are here in my closet. Can you reach them for me? (*hair twirl*)

Johnny: Lyla, no more games. I love you. Kiss me!

Lyla: Oh, Johnny! (*kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, make out, tongue, kiss, kiss, boobs, kiss, kiss*)

Johnny: Leave Conor and fly away with me!

Lyla: Oh, if I only could...

Johnny: You can. Just do it. (*kiss, kiss*) What happened to when we played *Operation*? You weren't worried about that Jughead, then?

Lyla: That was different.

Johnny: Lyla, you're tearing me apart!

Lyla: Johnny... (*kiss, kiss*) Let's just go back downstairs.

And they both came back down with Johnny carrying the Harry Potter edition of *Scrabble* — and sporting a hard-on.

Conor saw them and spouted off, "Of course Johnny'd choose *Scrabble*. He's so smart! 'Look, everybody, I spelled butt! I even used two Ts because I knows how to spell gooder than anybody!'"

Johnny told me later that he almost punched Conor then. And looking back, I wonder if that would have been better, if that might have led to a discussion about certain things.

But suddenly, Costa and Silke — our Belgian exchange student friend — brought up the idea of Dirty-Word *Scrabble*. Soon, we were seated around the kitchen table, playing as teams. There weren't enough chairs, so I sat on Rory's lap. Johnny was his own team. That almost killed it. But he did well. He was still wearing his wrist/arm brace from his injury in soccer, which made dealing with the letter tiles difficult, but not impossible.

"How much longer do you have to wear that?" Lyla asked him.

"Through Halloween, at least. Probably through the playoffs. But I'll get checked out, again," he told her.

"Any better?"

"I've got feeling back in my index finger and thumb, so yeah," he reported.

Lyla tapped at his fingers; Johnny smiled and nodded.

"How was that needle test?" Lyla cringed a little, imagining a hundred or thousand needles pressed into Johnny's arm to test for nerve damage. Hell, I would think that would *cause* nerve damage.

"You remembered that, huh?" Johnny seemed genuinely pleased Lyla had asked about it. "It didn't. Didn't hurt. No nerve damage, so that's good. I just need to keep everything straight while my wrist and fingers heal."

Lyla continued to play on Johnny's fingers with her own.

"Hey," Johnny asked quietly, but I could hear. "Did you get to see your father this weekend, like you'd hoped?"

Lyla looked down at their fingers. It took her a moment to answer. "No."

"I'm sorry." Johnny took her hand.

Lyla coughed and spoke up. "So, you can still play soccer, but what about your cello? Will you still be able to play for me at the Winter Concert, like you said?" Lyla flirted. Did she even know she was?

Johnny gave her a secret smile. "It just takes practice. Fast pieces are a little harder, and vibrato... But I found... if I hold the cello like this..." Johnny put his left arm around Lyla's waist, "and hold the bow like this..." Johnny's right reached around and he dipped his face into her hair.

But he didn't get to finish that thought because of Conor. "Hey! Ma-Ma-Yo-Yo! Hands off and let's get this game started!"

The game began with us making the easiest words — all the four-letter ones we could get the letters for: *fuck, cunt, dick, cock, suck, boob, hole* — with Conor adding 'ass' onto hole. Lyla played two protest words and placed down *amortentia* — a *Harry Potter* word for love, but only worth 12 points — and *accio*, meaning *call* or *summon*.

I saw Johnny put two letters on the table between him and Lyla. I didn't say anything, just watched. It was a U and an I. Then I had to smile as he pushed the two letters together and raised his eyebrows, looking at Lyla. She just blushed and smiled, but didn't say anything.

Costa next got creative with the 14-point *nympho*. Rory scored big with the 21-pointer *blowjob*. And then Johnny pulled out *quim*, using my U from *suck* because his Q could be on a triple-letter-score spot. Then, on his next turn he built off his Q to make *queef*.

"Son of a bitch!" Costa congratulated him.

"Who's got the Z? Is it still in the box?" Conor asked. "What's a dirty Z word? Zasshole?"

"What about *zounds*?" Rory asked.

"Not dirty," Johnny shook his head. "It's a crunching of 'His wounds' or 'God's wounds.'"

"By the wounds of Christ," Lyla clarified. "Same with *Gadzooks*!" Those two, I swear.

"Same Spanish teacher," Johnny explained. "That guy uses *zounds* all the time." Johnny and Lyla had three classes together this year: Spanish, Health, and Honors Geometry. How could he help but fall in love with her?

“What about *zoinks*?” I asked with a laugh.

“Wouldn’t that be something?” Johnny shook his head. “What if Shaggy on *Scooby Doo* has been swearing at kids for the last fifty years!”

We had a good laugh and *zoinks*! was said in about twenty different ways for the next five minutes.

Then Silke put down *klootzak* and scored with her Z.

“What the hell is *klootzak*?” Conor cried.

Silke was smiling, but suddenly she couldn’t explain without Costa. She had him stand up. She poked Conor in the forehead and called him, “*Klootzak*,” then pulled down Costa’s pants and boxers in one move, grabbed his nuts, and laughed, “*Klootzak*!”

With the visual demonstration, Conor thought that was the best thing ever. “Teach me more Belgian swear words!” One thing I know is that Silke long ago learned not to try and correct anyone about what languages and dialects they speak in Belgium and just let us Americans call it Belgian or Flemish for the time she was here.

Silke took letters out of the box to make *onnozelaar* crosswise using her double-letter-score Z again! She and Johnny were killing us. Why we let her have the points is a mystery.

“What’s *onnozelaar*?” Conor begged.

“You are *onnozelaar*, Conor!” Silke said in a growling voice.

“Hear that everybody? I’m an *onnozelaar*!” Conor crowed.

“I thought we were playing *Dirty Scrabble*, Silke, not *Insult Scrabble*,” Johnny said.

Silke’s eyes got big. “You know what is *onnozelaar*?”

“I’m no *dimwit*,” he told her back. “You know, in *Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*, ‘Belgian’ is...”

“Don’t,” Lyla warned Johnny with a laugh. “That would be impolite to my guest!” And they shared a laugh, and you could see the sparkle in their eyes. Another damn inside joke with those two. Apparently, she had read the same book.

“You are very interesting, Mr. Walker,” Silke said, like she’d just gained a new appreciation for our friend.

There was a vibe in the kitchen, then, as all three girls were looking over Johnny, and then at each other, like we were in competition for him.

Conor didn’t like having the center of attention taken away from him. “Alright, Lefty, I got a joke for you,” Conor said, making fun of Johnny’s right arm brace.

There was a groan around the table. Johnny said, "Fine. But I'll need a new drink to hear this, I think." Lyla almost jumped up to get him some more Wild Cherry Pepsi. Everyone saw that, host or not.

"Okay, so... Little Johnny is at school," Conor began. Johnny sighed and moved in his seat, as if to leave. "No, no, it's not about you. It's good," Conor assured him. "And the teacher is going over the alphabet. 'Class, who can give me a word that starts with A?' And Little Johnny's going 'Oh, me! Pick me! Ooohhh, Miss Fudrucker! Pick me!' And the teacher says to herself, 'I can't call on Little Johnny. He always swears and talks sex talk. He'll say 'ass' or 'asshole.' She calls on Mia, and Mia says..."

"Apple," I say automatically, as if on cue.

Conor continued. "'Very good,' says the teacher. 'Now does anyone know a word that starts with B?' And Little Johnny goes, 'Oh, me! Pick me! Ooohhh, Miss Fudrucker! Pick me!' And the teach says to herself, 'I can't call on Little Johnny. He'll say 'bitch' or 'butt.' She calls on Costa, and he says..."

"Baseball!" Costa said, looking quite proud of himself, too.

"Then the teacher goes, 'Now does anyone know a word that starts with C?' And Little Johnny goes, 'Oh, me! Pick me! Ooohhh, Miss Fudrucker! Pick me!' The teacher says to herself, 'I can't call on Little Johnny. He'll say cunt or something.' So, she calls on Lyla, and Lyla says..."

"Cat." An easy one.

"Then teach says, 'Now does anyone know a word that starts with D?' And Little Johnny goes, 'Oh, me! Pick me! Ooohhh, Miss Fudrucker! Pick me!' And teach says to herself, 'I can't call on Little Johnny. He'll say 'dick' or 'damn.' She calls on Silke, and Silke says *Darnschnargel*, or some shit like that, but the teacher has no fuckin' clue what the hell that means, so she calls on Rory. And Rory says..."

"Doggie!" Boy, we know good vocab.

"Then the teacher goes, 'Now does anyone know a word that starts with E?' And Little Johnny goes, 'Oh, me! Pick me! Ooohhh, Miss Fudrucker! Pick me!' And the teach says to herself, 'What dirty word starts with E? I can't think of any. Okay, I guess it's safe to call on Little Johnny this time.' She goes, 'Little Johnny, what word starts with E?' and Little Johnny goes, 'Elf — with a cock THIS BIG!'"

Everyone laughed, even Johnny. And he and Conor were okay, again, for the day.

But that was it for the game. I don't know if using dirty words was supposed to get us in the mood to fuck, but it didn't matter. We were already there.



We cleared the game pretty quickly, and then Rory had a surprise for the boys. “Gentlemen, have a seat. It’s time to play *Hungry Hungry Hippos!*” We didn’t have the actual hippos-eat-marbles game, but everyone got the idea Rory was up to something.

“We got more snacks?” Costa asked.

“Better than that. You know how to play? Hands come out, grab one thing at a time, drop it back, and reach out and grab another,” Rory instructed. All four boys sitting around the table had their hands ready to grab. “Ready, set, Hippo!”

I poured a box of twelve loose condoms onto the middle of the table and the boys went grab-grab-grab! They were gone in an instant.

Conor got all bent out of shape. “One? I only got *one*? What the fuck? Now I only get to fuck one time?”

Johnny shook his head. “If everything were fair and even and Socialist, we’d have each gotten three or ‘as many or as few as we needed.’ But this is hippo-eat-hippo warfare.”

“Each according to his fuckability?” mused Rory with a goofy smile.

“Just sayin’,” Costa opened his hand, “I got four.”

We didn’t all run for the bedrooms; there were snacks and lunches to finish eating — body energy. While everyone was still kind of busy, I drew Johnny aside. He knew something was up, but came with me silently. I led him into the guest room.

“Will you do something for me?” I asked.

“Of course,” he said. There was no condition, no ‘only if you tell me first,’ or anything. That was Johnny.

“Do you have any nudes you can send me?” I asked. “I’ve always wanted one, but since we played *Operation*, I’ve only had my memories.”

“Actually, honestly, I’ve never taken one,” he said, and I believed him.

“Can we do something about that?” I requested. “Here? Now?”

Johnny looked at me, studied my face. And without another word, he took out his phone. Lyla’s guest room wasn’t used for too many guests, like ever, and was mostly storage, though it did have a bed and a dresser and such. Johnny moved some boxes off the bed and pulled the nightstand out a little ways. He set his phone on top by the old alarm clock and checked to see what it would capture, and made some adjustments. He didn’t say anything, just worked. He took off his wrist brace and set it off to the side. He positioned a box of Christmas stuff behind the nightstand, right behind the camera, and sat me on it, but the box jingled. He decided the jingling was not a good thing, and switched the box with a tub full of Beanie Babies. It was more comfortable, and I gained a little height, so that was good.

He stood in front of me, far enough away that I couldn't touch him, and I could see that it was perfect for the vertical camera, which was already filming.

"Hi," Johnny said. He was looking right at the phone and me at the same time. This is why I was sat right behind it. "I miss you. I've been waiting to get together, again."

I almost responded, but he put up his finger. "Shh. Don't. My folks are in the other room. But I need you."

Johnny was wearing a soft maroon sweatshirt with a distressed University of Chicago logo over a t-shirt and jeans today. I hadn't really noticed his sweatshirt, before; I'd just been looking at his blue eyes. But I noticed the stylized C as it passed over his face. He slowly pulled his sweatshirt off and tossed it on the bed behind him. His brown hair was a little messed, but as he looked up — at me and the camera — he smiled his Johnny smile, and ran a hand through his hair to fix it, unseen.

His t-shirt was red, a school soccer spirit-wear I'd seen before. It had ridden up and I could see a triangle of his abs. He crossed his arms at his waist and slowly, oh so slowly, drew his shirt over his head, just letting me watch his 2-pack become a 4-pack become a 6-pack, and then his chest and shoulders appeared, and then his smile and blue eyes, again. And the messy hair, which he fixed again for me.

He tossed the shirt at my lap. "You want that? It's yours."

I didn't say a word as I brought the shirt to my face. It wasn't a game jersey and didn't smell like one, but it did have some Johnny scent on it. I let my eyes wander over Johnny's bod while I inhaled.

Johnny looked a little nervous while he rubbed his palms over his pants. He glanced at the door, then back at me, and nodded, and smiled. "We're good." He unbuttoned the top of his jeans and drew the zipper down. "You gonna take yours off, too?" he asked the camera.

For a moment, I thought about picking up the camera and making it 'nod,' but that would be stupid and ruin the whole thing. I just nodded, myself.

"Good," he said. "I'm gonna need some inspiration." He pulled his jeans down over his butt and down his thighs to his knees. He was wearing black boxer briefs. Then he sat on the bed. His eyes never left me and the camera.

Very cautiously, careful not to nudge the nightstand in front of me, I took off my shirt, revealing my black bra.

"*Oh, that's it,*" Johnny sighed with that smile. "*Keep going.*"

I took my cue and cautiously, silently removed my bra, freeing the twins.

Johnny's face showed his pleasure at seeing my breasts. "*Oh, I want to touch you,*" he said, but didn't stand and walk over. He just looked like he was missing out on dessert. He lifted a leg across his knee and took off one jeans leg, then the other and lost his jeans completely. I

wondered if he'd take off his socks or leave them on. He raised his leg again and took off one sock, then the other. Of course, he did — they only keep their socks on in bad Russian porn. Johnny had good feet, like Rory; no Hobbit-toes, or anything.

He stood and ran his hands over his boxers, caressing his cock for me. I caressed my breasts for him. He moistened his lips. He reached inside his boxers and felt himself, straightening his cock, giving himself a slow stroke or two. I slipped my hands down to my own jeans and popped the button. I didn't think I could take off my jeans without knocking over his phone or making noise, so I just slowly unzipped and put one hand inside my panties, like he was doing.

Johnny smiled, his eyes saying so much, but still said, "*Oh, you are so...*" He shook his head but did not finish.

He looked down at his hands, then back up at me, and pulled his boxers out and away from his body and slowly lowered them until he just dropped them. They fell past his knees to his ankles; he stepped out of them and kicked them aside. He stood upright. "*For your eyes only.*"

Johnny was naked in front of me. Naked for the camera, but also for me. His beautiful cock stood out proudly, and I wished I could take ahold of it, rake my fingers through his pubes, and suck it, or do anything to it that I could not do without ruining the video.

He didn't flex, but he did stretch, like waking his body up. God, he's beautiful. There's just something about looking at a completely naked guy: his muscles alive, seeing his chest to his waist to his legs, his arms showing their power, his hairy cock daring to emerge from his privacy for my pleasure. And his handsome face. I won't compare him to Rory — Rory is beautiful, too, and when I had both of them in my bed that once, I was the luckiest girl on the planet.

My hand moved a little faster inside my panties. My other hand pretended it was Johnny's, caressing my breast for him.

Was he done, now? Would he come forward and shut down the camera on his phone? And then?

No. He started stroking himself. "*I want you... God, how I want you...*" he told the camera. He told me.

It was then I realized he'd never said my name. He never said anything about my bra or breasts or panties. This wasn't a video for Mia. Rory could watch this video and think Johnny was talking to *him*, and probably would. Or more... Lyla could watch this video and *know* he was talking to her. A little jealousy streaked through me, but that went away. I knew he liked both me and Lyla, just like I like both him and Rory, but we both knew that... What did we both know? That I was falling in love with Rory, and shouldn't be with Johnny? That Johnny could easily fall in love with Lyla, but she wouldn't be the one to break up with Conor? That Johnny and Rory had a secret thing going much like me and Lyla did?

Lord help us if any of us think we're getting married...

Johnny was working his cock for me. I knew his cock was a little bigger than Rory's, and that it looked bigger with my little hand working it, but I couldn't take my eyes away from each long, slow stroke.

He sat on the edge of the bed and continued.

*"Oh, you feel so good..."* he moaned. *"I wanna fff... oh, yes... I wanna fuck you. You know that, right? I wanna fuck you..."*

He was stroking his cock for me, and I knew it. And, god, yes, I wanted to fuck him, too. And we had plenty of time today. Our next mission, me and Rory, was to get Johnny to join us again. If Lyla didn't get him first.

Johnny brought his feet up on the bed, and scooted back a little. He leaned back on one elbow, giving me a better view of his ass while he stroked. He was getting faster.

I don't know how long I watched him stroke that beautiful, hairy cock. A minute? Two minutes? Four? Whatever it was, it was both too long and not long enough. I was nearing a climax, if I did myself right, watching him. But I worried that if I did orgasm, I'd make too much noise on the video, and we'd have to do another take. *Oh, what a shame...* But no, this was going too well. I couldn't.

*"Oh, yes... Fuck me! Fuck me!"* Johnny was going all out on speed. His hand flew up and down his cock and all the while he was looking straight at me — and the camera, but mostly at me. I wanted to leap up off the tub and jump onto his cock and tell him *Yes, Johnny, I'll fuck you any time you want!* But I didn't. I just thought it — very loudly — inside my head.

I wondered if he'd shoot straight up and onto his chest and belly, or... And I got my answer. Johnny sat up straighter, scooted forward, and stood. *"I'm gonna cum... I'm gonna cum... I'm gonna cum inside you... Ooohhh! gah..."*

And Johnny shot his pearly white cum straight at me. Not at the camera — he didn't want it knocked over or have the lens covered. At *me*. It came right across the platform and landed on me. On my chin, on my breasts, on my hands, and dripped onto my stomach. I wondered if he'd have shot at me if I still had my shirt on, but I didn't, so it didn't matter. Johnny Walker covered my tits with three big shots of his cum, letting the next four or five fall onto the nightstand or the tub or the floor, but every one was caught by his iPhone camera. And what's more, what was cooler, was that you could hear each shot as it landed on my skin or the plastic tub or the wooden floor.

Johnny's body wavered as he stood there, his eyes closed tight, convulsing as he shot and then recovered. His face a mixture of pain and ecstasy. I'd seen that once before. I'd love to see it again, but I want him inside me when he does it. He gasped, *"I lov-... I lov-... oh... oh..."* never quite saying anything, just *breathing* the half-words out. Then his face looked like he was trying to kiss me or whoever was watching, not all smoochy, but open like his lips were searching for mine. Or Lyla's.

His body shook one last time and he seemed to calm down. He sat back down on the bed, and finally opened his eyes. He found me and the camera, and smiled. A sleepier smile than before, but it was still Johnny's smile.

*"You... are... incredible...! I really need to hold you. I just want to hold you,"* he said to me.

He was killing me. I'd stopped playing with myself, but I was literally biting my tongue, doing my best to remain quiet for the video, but dying to moan, to call his name. I was just wading in his eyes.

*"Hmm?"* he grunted, like he was waking up again. *"Come here. Let me clean you up."* He stood and took a step toward the camera. *"Just stay with me. Stay with me as long as you can, baby. Stay in my arms."*

His body blocked the camera and the image went dark, but he just stood there, breathing for a time. 'Holding' me. Then he shut the video down.

I couldn't wait any longer. I came forward and pulled him that final foot toward me, pressing him against me. One hand on his ass, my other found his cock and guided it into my mouth. I had his cum all over my chest, but I wanted what was left in him. One of his hands ran through my dark brown hair and he finally called my name. "Mia, oh god, that was so real..."

His cock clean, I let him free to collapse backwards onto the bed. Our eyes met and we just laughed.

"Stand up," I ordered him. He did while I took out my phone. "Still don't have a nude of you."

He and his cock posed for me. No mirror, no flash, no hidden face. Just Johnny Walker naked and half-hard for me.

He sat and started finding his clothes and his wrist brace — everything except his soccer t-shirt, which I was using to wipe my breasts. He fiddled with the camera app, and sent the video to editing where he trimmed the start and end, and added a fade in and fade out. It didn't take long at all, and then he AirDropped it to my phone.

"This is just for me...?" I asked.

"You can share it with Rory. And Lyla." He looked at me with a sense of hope. "Just don't spread it all over the school. Certain people don't deserve to watch it."

"Like that one guy's video?" I said, with a little laugh. "That guy from Theater making it with the two girls? And the one was a virgin, I heard. That was her first time."

"And second time, too," Johnny seemed to confirm. "The dark-haired girl is my brother's old girlfriend. And the guy used to date Fiona. So, when that got around, it's like a collector's piece!"

"So is yours," I told Johnny. "That was so fucking hot."

We fixed our clothing and just before I opened the door, Johnny turned me toward him and kissed me long and hard. I melted into the kiss and by the time we paused for a breath, my tongue was in his mouth. If we went to bed, he'd kiss me again, but he wouldn't do it like that in front of Rory. And he still hasn't kissed Rory. That was a kiss just for me.

We exited the guest room to find only Rory in the kitchen, waiting. He looked at me like, 'Well?' and I nodded like, 'I got it.'

I realized then that we took a little too long in there. After all, what I'd wanted was just a nude — it should've taken only five minutes if Johnny was willing. Clothes off, snap-snap, clothes back on. I had to let Rory know we didn't fool around, not really. "You're going to love this," I whispered in his ear.

"Where is everyone?" Johnny asked Rory, though the look on his face told us he pretty much knew everyone had split for the bedrooms.

"Yeah," Rory sighed, getting up. "They have *dispersed*. But we have a reservation upstairs."

Johnny gave the two of us a look. "And Lyla?"

"Yeah." Rory gave him the bad news with just that word.

Johnny was crushed. When I pulled him into the guest room, I'd stopped any attempt of his to get Lyla alone. "Seventh wheel," he realized. "Or third wheel, again, now. I should've knocked Conor out when he first opened his mouth." He led us out of the kitchen.

We found Costa and Silke almost completely naked on the frontroom couch. I noticed Johnny take a peek at Silke as he wasn't here before to see her naked.

I took Johnny's hand and we three just kind of made our way up the stairs to check out the bedroom situation. Rory and I were supposed to get Lyla's sister Tori's room. As we passed Lyla's room, we could hear Conor laughing amid the mattress noise, "*Zoinks! Zoinks! Oh, you zoink me so good!*"

That's all Johnny could take. He turned and sat down on the top stair while the shenanigans kept up behind Lyla's door. "I shouldn't be here," he said into his chest. He stared at Silke and Costa, but didn't; he was just kind of looking in that direction, like they were stand-ins for Lyla and Conor.

Rory put a hand on his shoulder. "Come on, Johnny. We'd both like you to join us..."

Johnny looked up and I couldn't tell what was in his eyes. "That's okay. I have to get back. I should have told you. I have a test in English I should be there for. And we're learning this piece in Orchestra for the winter concert." He stood up to leave.

I was going to say something, but Rory physically stopped Johnny and pulled him onto the landing. "You can't leave. We need you. We want you to stay," he told Johnny's eyes.

Johnny looked a little angry, maybe... resigned to the idea of not getting together with Lyla. "I don't want to be the third wheel."

"A tricycle doesn't get anywhere without three wheels," Rory told him.

"But a bicycle goes faster," Johnny countered. The two just looked at each other, and I could see both starting to smile. A stupid smile which broke into a single laugh, each.

"Don't make me come up with another wheel metaphor-thing." Rory took Johnny's elbow. "Come on."

I inserted myself under Johnny's other arm and he closed it around me. Rory pulled us into Tori's bedroom just as a final "Zoinks!" came through Lyla's door. It was an odd "Zoinks!" — sounded like someone stepped on a dog's tail.

Tori had a nice, mostly pink bedroom. Instead of a poster of Elsa from *Frozen* like Lyla had, she had one of Anna because of hair color, I knew. But where Lyla still had posters of an animated Harry Potter scene and Harley Quinn, Tori had gotten rid of most of her Disney princesses and replaced them with posters of her favorite bands (still including 1D — she was a Harry Styles girl) and one of this nearly naked Swiss swimmer Noe Ponti, and another of French swimmer, Leon Marchand. I have to admit, they were nice posters. There were a bunch of magazine cut-outs, too, of a bunch of swimmers without names on them. And, curiously, a smaller poster of a cute Canadian female swimmer named Summer sitting on the end of a diving board. Tori must have watched every moment of the Paris Olympics. It occurred to me that she might have a crush on Johnny's brother Scott, too, as he does Boys Swimming in the winter.

I closed the door for privacy, obviously, but also to keep Johnny from making any decision to bolt. Rory's hand slipped down to take ahold of Johnny's, though, maybe for the same reason. "Now you can't leave," Rory told him.

Johnny just closed his eyes and nodded.

I hugged Johnny from behind, wrapping my arms around him so my hands could feel his abs under his sweatshirt. Then I popped the button on his jeans. Rory took the hand he held and put it on his own back as he leaned in and kissed Johnny's neck and let his own hand feel the softness of Johnny's sweatshirt. He whispered something in Johnny's ear, I couldn't tell what, but kept kissing his neck, moving closer to his face.

Johnny pulled his face up and away, just offering more throat. "No. You know that," he said to Rory.

"But I want to," Rory said to Johnny's Adam's apple.

"We'll see."

Rory nodded, smiled, and pushed Johnny down onto Tori's colorful-hearts comforter just as I had his zipper undone.

“Mr. Collins, Miss Radziwiłł, I believe you’re trying to seduce me,” Johnny joked from the bed. I think it was some line from a movie. I don’t know which one.

Rory grabbed the seat of Johnny’s jeans and pulled. “Mia, he’s figured us out.” When the jeans were down, I helped and pulled off his socks.

While Johnny’s head disappeared in taking off his own sweatshirt, I gave Rory a look, a private message running between our eyes, and our secret smiles telling each other everything was going to be okay.

“So, what would you have said after the bicycle thing, anyway?” Johnny’s sweatshirt said.

“Um...” Rory thought for a second, removing his own sweatshirt. “Something about having to ride a unicycle being no fun.”

“No fun?” Johnny’s actual face said. “The old unicycle is most of our lives, man!” Johnny was now just in his black boxer briefs, as I had seen him before.

“Okay, it’s fun but...” Rory started. He pulled off his t-shirt and was down to his socks and boxers, now, too.

“But being with someone else is better,” I said, dropping the metaphor. I started taking off my own clothes quickly, not waiting for Rory to undress me. As I took off my sweater, I realized I now had Johnny’s soccer shirt on underneath. I pulled them both over my head at the same time so I didn’t have to explain that. Rory would understand once he saw the video.

“Yeah, and I’d need inspiration, anyway,” Johnny said, watching us.

“Go on, Rory,” I said. “Release the Kraken!”

Rory laughed and got naked. He has such a nice cock, and it was standing tall and proud for Johnny. “This do anything for you?” he asked.

Johnny nodded. “Yeah, blondie, that’s a good start.”

Just as I dropped my bra, Rory took ahold of my shoulders and pulled me in front of him. “How about these?”

“Those will do, nicely.” Johnny held his hand out to me. Rory took it, instead, and climbed on the bed. He pulled down Johnny’s boxers, releasing his cock, and I took them from his knees on down and off.

And there was Johnny’s cock, again. I never get tired of looking at it. I’d just seen it in action for me a little bit ago, but it was hard and hairy and beautiful all over again. I love Rory’s, too, and now I had two lovely naked boys in front of me, and... God, the beauty of the male body. Those round shoulders, the lines of muscle running down their sides, their cute butts and strong, long legs... and that powerful sex tool right in the middle. And it all starts with the face. Those two... I couldn’t breathe.



I lost my socks and panties, not worrying about looking sexy doing it. I just wanted — needed — to join them. I climbed on the bed, on the other side of Johnny, and then I kissed him because Rory couldn't.

Johnny's arms were tight around me, pressing my breasts into him. Then he broke the kiss and opened his eyes. "Is there a plan today? Something you'd like to do? Or we just winging it?"

I didn't want to tell him that Rory and I had discussed often what we could all do together, should the opportunity arise. And we both knew we'd make one happen. "Let's just see where it goes." I couldn't stop looking into his blue eyes.

There was a ripping sound coming from behind me — the sound of Velcro coming undone. He was taking off his wrist brace. Ah yes, *now* Johnny was completely naked. And his right hand found my hair. I love it when he runs his fingers through my hair. Rory does it, too, just right, but Johnny...

Rory was already heading down to suck Johnny's cock. I'd wanted to do that. Maybe I still could. I kissed my way down Johnny's chest, stopping at his right nipple for a bit, then licked my way down his abs. I fixed my position so Rory and I were each hugging a leg and I met his face at Johnny's cock. Rory opened his eyes, and the sparkle there told me we were going to have some fun — fun both of us wanted. He pulled off and with a nod of his head, offered to share. I helped him lick that fucking cock until our mouths found each other and we made out around it.

Rory left me in charge of Johnny's cock, and flipped over behind me, putting me in the middle. He just held me, kissing my neck and my shoulder. I could feel him hard behind me, but he just held me softly so I could feel his love, instead. He didn't just hug me and move on, he stayed with me, reminding me that he loved me, and a little shiver ran up my arms as I realized it. Here we were making Johnny feel like a prince, and Rory changed the game to making *me* tingle. It took a moment or two, but he moved on. He kissed my neck and down my back. He stopped at my ass and found better position. I helped him. I figured I knew where he was going, but god I needed that and wanted to help him get there!

Rory found my pussy. I was already so wet — starting from watching Johnny's performance and now with anticipation of what was to come. I expected his tongue, but felt his fingers dipping inside me, drawing out whatever juices he could, and then spreading them back to my anus. Ah, yes. He wanted it to happen today. Hell, I wanted it to happen today. I was still nervous, but how could I pass up the chance? I shivered even more as Rory inserted that finger into my anus, gently, past the first knuckle, and then further. Meanwhile, his tongue found my labia and wended its way up to my clit. *Rory, you're my hero...*

Johnny had been relaxing, still petting my hair, but when I opened my eyes to see his reaction, I caught him viewing all the action at our end of the bed. His other hand caressed my cheek, pulling me off of him. "You guys are too far away. I want to show you how much I... I want to do something, too. For you both."

Johnny jack-knifed on the bed and turned the other direction, his head by Rory. I wound up still having control of his cock, and he pulled at Rory's midsection until Rory got the idea, and

let him drag his legs over. Johnny pulled at Rory's honey-colored pubes with one hand, cradled his balls with the other, and swallowed his cock.

Satisfied that we were done moving, I put my effort into priming Johnny, again, and all three of us were giving oral in a true love triangle.

The words hit me. I loved Rory. I really did. I even knew I was going to say the words. Soon. At the right time. Not here. I started this whole thing not wanting to be in love, but that's what happened. And I look at Johnny and know that, if he had stopped to talk to me at that soccer match instead of Rory, I might have... But here I am, with both of them. I love them both. I do. But I know Rory loves me. And I know Johnny loves me, too, but dreams about Lyla, and is a little heartbroken over her. My choice should be clear, but when I think about either of them, or look in their eyes, I...

When I looked down, I could only see Rory's blond hair. He was so involved in pleasing me. And believe me, I felt it. My head was swimming, and the sensations down below were going to make me cum and pass out soon. Rory took little breaks to let more of my and his fluids leak down to my ass, and he inserted a second finger. One usually feels good; a second — or third — finger has a purpose, though, and I did my best to relax and allow that purpose. It also stalled my cumming, for good or bad.

Johnny could tell I was falling off my blow job, though I still held his cock like it was the Holy Grail from that Indiana Jones movie. I saw him pull off of Rory's cock and watch what Rory was doing to me. He sat up a little, bracing himself with an elbow, while he continued to run his hands along Rory's body. Then he shifted and righted himself, coming parallel with me, latching onto my breasts as he moved up.

Now both of my men were servicing me. I didn't deserve this. Maybe I did. I don't know, but I wanted it. I just wanted to give up any and all control and let them do anything they wanted to me.

But that was part of the plan.

Sadly, I nudged Johnny's face off of my breast so I could ask him, "Do you still have the condoms you won?"

"Is it time, already?" he asked. "I like doing this. I love your body. I..."

I stopped him from saying whatever was going to follow. "I want both my boys. And I want to do it before I chicken out."

Johnny understood, and rolled to the side and off the bed to find his jeans. Rory, meanwhile, had gotten three fingers in me. I brushed at his arm, letting him know that was enough. He disengaged carefully, and kissed my thighs until he was above me, again.

Johnny joined him and offered a condom. "Need one?"

"No, not today," Rory said. We figured at least *he* could go in bare.

Johnny looked at me and Rory, both. “You really want to do this? Have you tried?”

“We’ve... taken it slow, a little at a time, but yeah,” Rory said. “It’s the first time I didn’t get to enjoy hearing her say ‘it’s so big!’”

Johnny shared Rory’s laugh. “Where do you want me, hun?” he asked me.

“On your back. Lie down here.” Rory and I figured this would be easiest. And, it let me get Johnny inside me proper one more time.

Johnny put on his condom. I wish he didn’t have to, but if he were stuck inside me with this effort and couldn’t pull out... I don’t want to go through that again. I’d love to feel it, but I don’t want to go through the worry again. Johnny moved into position and I found myself climbing on top of him with a big smile on my face. I was going to fuck Johnny Walker, again.

Johnny greeted me with a kiss, first. With him — and with Rory — it was never just mechanics, never just the sex. He didn’t kiss me like he did in the spare room, but I could feel his love, all the same. I found my best position while he opened his legs to give Rory room, then I took Johnny Walker’s cock and fit it inside my pussy. And I savored sliding down him, even with the condom, all the way inside me, and shivered one more time.

*“Ohhhhh....”*

I fell forward into his shoulder. I would have, anyway, to give Rory access to me, but it felt so good. Beyond the physical sensation, my body knew it was Johnny inside of me. *“Oh,... Johnny...”*

He whispered, truly whispered in my ear, “I’ve missed this.” I couldn’t help but start to fuck him.

I’d gotten maybe a dozen thrusts onto him when Rory squirted a little lube onto me, adding some insurance. I was so into Johnny, I hadn’t even noticed that Rory went to Tori’s nightstand and found the bottle (and a horde of her toys).

Rory placed the head of his cock at my anus, and I stopped moving on Johnny, waiting. Rory’s head slipped easily inside me. That part I’d gotten used to. Him moving further in has gotten easier, too, but I still had to consciously relax until he was all the way in. I found if I pressed back a little, it felt easier, something that happened by accident when I thought I was pushing him back out, but if it works, it works.

Okay, this is not my favorite thing, but I wanted to do it. I was holding my breath, but remembered to breathe, instead. I focused on holding Johnny, focused on letting my hands roam over his shoulders and his sides, focused on kissing him, focused on lying on top of naked Johnny Walker. And then Rory made it all the way inside me.

Oh, my god, talk about feeling ‘full.’ I’ve had Rory’s and Johnny’s big cocks inside me, and I’ve had Rory’s fully inside my ass twice, now. But with both Johnny’s in my pussy and Rory’s up the other side... it was... .. *weird*. I don’t know. *Full*. I had to let out my breath, and it

came out like I was trying to hit a high note in music class. I hadn't been holding my breath, but it was like these two cocks *made* me exhale.

Both boys asked, "You okay?" at the same time, only Johnny added, "Mia?" and Rory added, "sweetie?" Yes, that's what I focused on. I just bit my lip and nodded quickly. I wasn't going to deny myself this, I wasn't going to demand Rory take it out. I wanted to feel it. I wanted to feel them.

"Dude, I can totally feel you inside there," Johnny told Rory.

"I know," Rory agreed. I pictured him smiling. "It's like real thin between the two. It's like we're rubbing our cocks together." They both moved their members just a little, a little jiggle in each side, getting the sensation again.

"That's so cool..." Johnny said, and I could see his smile.

"Do it," I said. Or breathed. Too quietly. They were waiting for me. "Do it. *Fuck me...*"

Rory drew his cock back slowly but easily. I felt the relief, but also the loss, like I suddenly missed it. And then he pushed back in, and I felt what I lost, and it felt okay. Johnny didn't try to move his cock, yet. He let Rory get a slow pace going, waiting to see if I would decide it was all over.

I looked in Johnny's eyes. They weren't wild with victory, or piercing with the joy of sex. They were worried. Worried for me. "Is it okay?" he asked me quietly.

I whisper-breathed back, "Yeah," and I wrapped my hands under his head and neck and pulled his face up to me and kissed him like I wanted to while I could. Johnny's arms wrapped around my back, and I could feel him grasp one of Rory's hands there. Rory's other hand caressed my back or my side or my ass cheek, letting me know he was there and he cared.

But he still picked up the pace in fucking my ass. That's what we were here to do. That's what I wanted.

Johnny was trying to move inside me, too, but was having difficulty. "It's not too easy when he's doing the... rhythm," he told me. "It's like if I really fuck you, I'm going to get pushed out."

"No, don't fall out," I told him quickly. "Stay in me. Try to fuck, but... but stay in me." I tried, with Rory's help, to get a higher position on my knees so Johnny would have a little more freedom of movement, and that did the trick.

They worked out a pattern in the rhythm of Rory out, Johnny in, and back and forth, and it seemed to work, but then they both got into it and the rhythm fell off. They were both feeling it and fucking me and I, I don't know, I hit that level of momentum where my pussy and my ass were open and they could do what they wanted. I'm not going to pretend it didn't hurt at times, and I made plenty of noise when it did, and not a whole lot of romantic "Fuck me!" dirty talk. My pelvis was flopping in the air between these two while I held tight onto Johnny and while Rory bent forward and held onto me and... and it was the... yielding? submission? that I

wanted. The feeling of letting go of all control and just trusting the two boys who loved me so. Who I loved so.

But that only lasted so long. Not that I demanded control back. With these two athletic men above and below me, I was kind of at their mercy, although I believe they both would have put the brakes on if I'd asked.

And then I did.

"Okay, okay, okay. Rory? Rory? *Johnny*?" I petitioned between thrusts.

"Mia? You okay?" Johnny asked.

"I need to stop," I said. If he didn't hear me, I'd shout, but I saw in his eyes that he understood. I also saw a flash of frustration — neither boy had cum, yet. Not that I had, either, though.

"Ror," Johnny called above me, stopping his side of the thrusting. "Rory." Johnny took Rory's hand and pressed it. Rory understood and began to slow down, not just pulling the plug, so to speak. One final slow in and slow out, and then his cock hung at my anus, just the crown, and then it was out.

I thought about keeping Johnny in me, but decided to withdraw completely and I spilled to the side onto my back. "Fuck..." I said, and then started to laugh.

Neither boy laughed with me. They were doing their own assessment, I guess. Then Rory collapsed, making and filling a space between me and Johnny.

"Well, babe? How was it?" Rory asked.

I thought about it. "Um... what I loved was having both of my men inside me. That's what I loved. I don't think we'll do it again, but... I love having both my men with me." I put my hands on top of Rory's arms and turned enough to kiss him.

Behind us, Johnny said something about tricycle wheels, with a laugh. I was in a daze, yet. Rory answered with something about not being done. I don't quite know what happened while I recovered, but I understood that Johnny had *Tori's* lube, and he started fucking Rory. I could feel that as Rory, still between us, was rocking into me.

I didn't mean to be mean, but I pushed back at him. "Get on top of him, jeez..." I said, joking. But they realigned and did just that. I propped up on my elbow to look, and Rory was on his knees, facing outward, rising and falling, impaling himself on Johnny's cock.

I had watched him and Conor do their painful fuck on *Girl Talk Day*, and I had watched him and Johnny try each other on for size on *Operation Day*, but Rory looked like he was fully enjoying fucking himself on Johnny's cock on this *Scrabble Day*. His cock was still hard. And bouncing. I liked to watch it bounce.

I rolled onto my knees and began to stroke Rory's cock, getting what was left of the lube off. I didn't want to suck a butt-dirty cock, but I wanted to suck his cock for him. I licked and spit in my hand and cleaned his cock as he bounced, then said to hell with it and sucked my Rory's cock.

"Oh, babe..." Rory moaned.

"You like that, Rory?" I asked him, pulling off, but teasing the front of his cock with my tongue tip. I didn't even have to move my tongue.

"Yes," he moaned. *"Both of you."*

I understood. Like me, he was now getting something from both of us.

*"Keep doing that, babe. Keep doing that."*

I wondered what "that" was, then realized I was licking his sweet spot under his corona as he rose and fell. I made sure to keep the tease alive and hit that bit every time.

*"I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum... I'm gonna fuckin' cum, Johnny... Mia, I'm gonna cum..."* Rory told the ceiling.

And he did cum. I have to say, I love watching boys cum, and seeing Rory shoot off in a shower six or seven times was a hell of a lot of fun! It wasn't series of jets, it was a spray because of his bouncing — cum drops flying like rain. Yes, I got some on me. Quite a bit, actually. And we'd forgotten to lay down a towel. There was laundry in our future. But watching that white stuff shoot out of his cock and see his face in ultimate rapture was not an everyday occurrence.

And I saw Johnny's arms around him. I knew how that felt.

Rory pretty much stopped and sagged forward, falling off of Johnny's cock. Johnny sat up with him as Rory collapsed and fell forward, laughing at the pleasure. Johnny slapped his ass.

"And you?" I asked Johnny.

"Doesn't quite do it for me," he said, pulling off the condom with a *smack*. He tossed it at the nightstand, but it didn't quite make it.

"With Rory?" I asked him.

"No, doing it with Rory is fine. Just can't cum inside his ass, it's too tight," he said.

I just looked at him with a face like 'you think you have to tell *me* that?' and we both laughed. Then I knew what I had to do. I spun and lay down next to Rory's body. I reached out my hand. "What would make you cum?"

Johnny looked at me like I was his. Right then, I was. He got to his knees then put himself over me. I spread my legs for him, and locked my ankles behind his butt, pulling him down onto me. And then Johnny Walker fucked me proper.

Yes...

*"Make love to me, Johnny."*

*"I always do,"* he said. "When I... when you guys... invite me..." he corrected. Rory's hand rose up and then fell on Johnny's ass. He patted him several times, and also caressed my ankle and foot before he moved on, stroking Johnny's thigh, still, while he fucked me.

Now my juices were flowing. Having both my boys in me was a dream, but I really enjoy one-on-one. I was so ready to cum.

So was Johnny, though, and I realized he no longer had a condom on.

"Johnny? Johnny? Please. You have to pull out. Or wrap it up. You have to," I begged.

Johnny slowed and sputtered to a halt. His jaw was clenched, I could see, and his eyes shut tight. I touched his cheek, caressed his jaw. "Please."

He reached behind him under the pillow to get one of the rubbers he'd brought out from his trip to his jeans.

"For you," he said while rolling it on. It took us some several thrusts to get back to where we had been, but the peace of mind was worth it.

I really have to get on birth control.

I'm used to condoms, but Rory and I cheat now and then and pull out in good time. And I'd so wanted to feel Johnny's bare cock, again, so I did. But even with the condom, the feeling of just having Johnny inside of me... of fucking Johnny... of having my arms wrapped around him, of feeling his engine running inside, of that cock turning me on, of hearing his little grunts and growls and smelling his musk as we both perspired and stealing a kiss while we both tried to control our breathing and —

*And cumming in a huge wave...*

Even in my fits of rapture, I had to look at Johnny when he came half-a-moment after me to see him do that heart-paddle convulsion as he shot his cum into me. Into the condom, but he was inside me. We shared the orgasm.

I wanted Rory to feel it with us, but that was not possible, was it? Being with my two men... I suppose Rory could fuck Johnny while Johnny fucked me and we could try to... but then I wouldn't feel Rory's cum, and that's what I'd wanted — to feel all three of our shared orgasms. It didn't really work with the double-penetration. Can't get everything I want, I guess.

Johnny lay atop me, comatose, and I took all his weight just to keep his cock inside me for once, to keep *him* inside me. He did wake up and roll off me, and I felt that loss again, that little sadness at his leaving me empty. Sharing room on Tori's full-size bed was easier than on a twin, but it had been kind of creative how we'd been arranging our space. The way Johnny rolled and stopped, it was a kind of comfortable triangle, with Rory trapping Johnny inside his legs, Johnny holding Rory's knee like a teddy bear, his head on his other leg, while I had Johnny's ankle and stroked the hair on his calf and played with his toes, and I had Rory's eyes and Rory's smile and Rory's kiss.

All three of us had a little nap. When we came to, I saw Rory looking at me, still, love in his eyes. I smiled back at him. We'd done our thing. He kissed me, and I was back in his arms. Yes, I was in love. This was the guy.

Then the other guy I was in love with moved and snuggled up to my back and put an arm over both me and Rory. I was with both my boys, again. This was where I wanted to be: between them.

Was I in love with Johnny like I was with Rory? No. But could I be, if... I had to not think like that.

I looked at Rory's eyes. "Hey, I have a present for you. Can you get my phone?" I asked, as I was in the middle on Tori's bed. Rory rolled off and searched our clothes for my phone and brought it back to me.

"Okay, sit up. Watch this." I gave Rory my phone back, and he spun over to sit by the pillows. Johnny's video played.

"Hi," Johnny's voice said. *"I miss you. I've been waiting to get together, again."*

Rory looked over at me. I said, "Don't look at me. Look at the screen. He's talking to *you*."

Rory watched the screen. Johnny's video progressed, and I watched Rory's cock grow back to strength. It's amazing to see that happen. One moment, it's just hanging there, then it moves, and grows fat, and grows long, and gets hard, and points up. Amazing.

"Watch this, watch this!" I said to Johnny, pointing at Rory's cock getting hard.

"I know how it works," Johnny laughed into my hair. "I have one of my own."

Then I watched Rory start to jerk off.

"Oh, *that's it*," Johnny's voice said. *"Keep going."* And Rory did.

Johnny — the real Johnny — caressed my breasts. "You got him riding on the unicycle. I was going to let him fuck me, but if he cums now, he'll be down for another half-hour, maybe," he said.

"Going somewhere?" I asked Johnny. I shouldn't have asked. Now it got him thinking of where he should be.



"There's Soccer practice, and Orchestra rehearsal, I have to choose one, today," Johnny thought out loud.

Johnny on the video said, *"I want you... God, how I want you..."*

"Got a few more condoms, too," I reminded him.

"Yeah," he acknowledged. Then snickered, "And poor old Conor only had one."

"No, Costa gave him his," Rory said in a thick voice while still jerking off. "Silke doesn't need them."

*"Oh, you feel so good..."* video Johnny moaned. *"I wanna fff... oh, yes... I wanna fuck you. You know that, right? I wanna fuck you..."*

Real Johnny dropped his head, and got real quiet. His hand froze in place.

*Damn.*

Now he was thinking of Lyla, just on the other side of that wall.

*"I lov-... I lov-... oh... oh..."* video Johnny told Rory.

In front of us, Rory started stroking faster, breathing loudly through his nose, his eyes down to slits but he still watched the phone screen. Then he gasped and came again. The shot was a little more controlled this time, a short shot, then a rocket, then several short ones that he caught on his chest and stomach. I still loved seeing it.

Rory lay back, covered in his cum, breathing in short bursts, but relaxing.

*"You... are... incredible...! I really need to hold you. I just want to hold you."* Video Johnny and Rory were cuddling.

Real Johnny wasn't holding my body anymore.

"You were going to send that to Lyla, right?" Johnny asked me.

"Yeah."

"Wait until later. Please. Wait until after Conor's gone to practice, okay?" he asked. "I don't want him to see it."

We lay there quietly for another five minutes or so. I didn't mash his face into my breasts, I didn't make any demands. I just held him.

Johnny started to shift. He sat up, stood off the bed, and headed to the door, opening it. "Is there a washroom up here?" he asked me. "We could use a warm washcloth."

I nodded and pointed to the right just as naked Conor walked by, humming some stupid tune. He looked at Johnny, poked him in the chest, and said, "Zoinks!" and moved on.

Johnny didn't move. He just stood at the open door. Then he made a decision, closed the door, and turned around. He picked up his sweatshirt.

*Damn.*

He quietly got dressed. I deliberated trying to stop him, again, but this time Rory's hand was on *my* shoulder, not on Johnny's.

"Hey... I'm gonna skip going to Soccer practice," he told Rory. "Since I missed my Orchestra class today, I'm gonna go to the after school rehearsal."

"But we're heading into the playoffs soon..." Rory sat on the edge of the bed, next to me. I sat up and joined him. He put his arm around me.

"No." Johnny was going to say more, but swallowed his words. Then took a breath. "We're learning... in Orchestra, we're learning this piece for the winter concert. It's... um..." He turned away from us. His voice was faltering. "*Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*. It's really good and I... my cello section is really carrying some weight in this. And we're doing this piece from *Tosca* and there's a cello solo in it I'm trying to get, but I'm just a Sophomore, and I've got this *fuckin' wrist brace!* so I probably won't, but I have to show Stromboli that I have what it takes." He looked right at us. His eyes looked... grey, like a storm. "I have to go."

He opened the door, went down the short hall and the stairs. He found his shoes and brown bomber jacket and his backpack and then Johnny Walker was gone.

A month and a half later, at the winter Orchestra concert, I cried my eyes out when they played that *Fantasia* song, it was so beautiful. I swear I could hear Johnny playing. Just him.