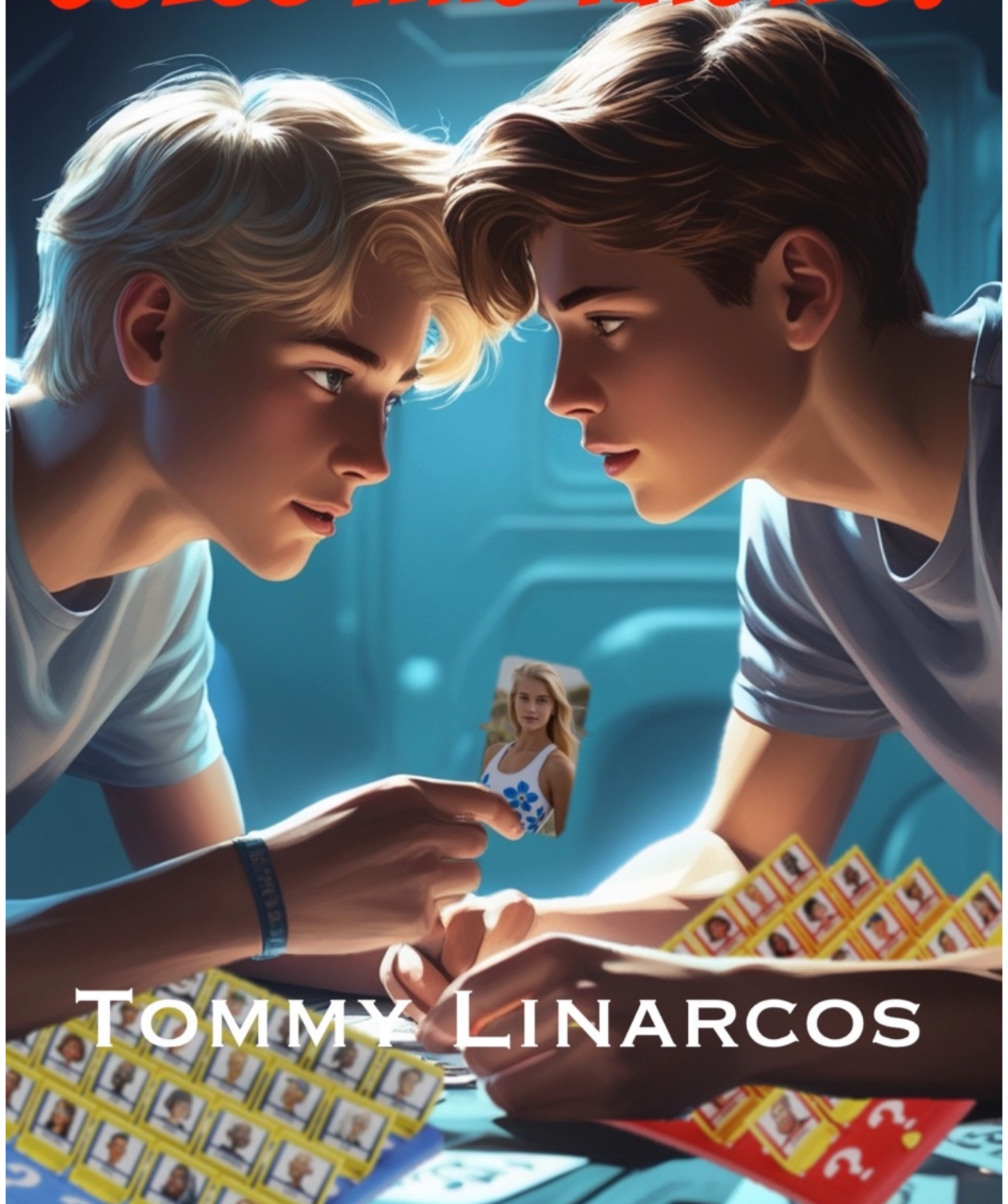


***GUESS WHO KNOWS?***



**TOMMY LINARCOS**

# ***GUESS WHO KNOWS?***

Story #6 in the ***Cutting School and Playing Games*** series.

## **Tommy Linarcos**

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“So, Mia has actually been trying to... suggest... that I share you,” Fiona said, pulling Scott by his belt loops down onto her bed with her.

“Really?” Scott coughed as he landed next to and on top of her.

“Little comments.”

“What, Mia and Rory break up?” Scott had been out of town on a university visit and was still catching up on news of the neighborhood. Fiona’s younger brother, Rory, and his girl, Mia, were hot and heavy last time he’d seen them.

“No, they’re still together...” Fiona growled. “Ever since our ‘double date,’ though, she wants to see your bod.”

“She’s seen my bod.” Scott often took his jersey off after a soccer match, and he did Swim Team in the winter where he was nearly naked.

“She wants to see your dick.”

“She wants to *experience* my dick...”

“Yeah, maybe... but she’s not gonna.”

“I’d have thought her friend Lyla would be the one to... ‘suggest’ something like that,” Scott snickered. “She was all stars in her eyes, last time I saw her.”

“Tori’s sister?” Fiona recognized. “You’re popular. Welcome home.”

They started making out, Fiona rolling on top of him. Then she sat up. She wanted to just rip open his shirt, popping all the buttons off, but was nice and took her time undoing them, one by one, making Scott keep still with her knees.

“Warm weather is far away, but it’d be so nice to go to the beach. Spring Break can’t get here fast enough,” Scott dreamed. “Maybe we can go somewhere for Winter Break. Do Christmas in the Bahamas.” He imagined the lovely blond Fiona in her bathing suit. Naked was nice, but she looked damn sexy in her suit.

“She says she wants to go to the river this summer, or next time we go to the Dunes, they want to come with us,” Fiona reported, licking Scott’s right nipple.

“That’s far-away planning. And the river’s not as private as it used to be.” People used to skinny-dip in the river, now it was a red cup party zone. But Scott recalled their group outing to the Michigan Dunes at the start of last summer. “We had a great time at the Dunes.”

“*Oh, yeah...*” Fee recalled, too. “It was actually pretty private by the beach house. We could have skinny-dipped and no one would have known or cared.” His buttons undone, she released his arms and pulled his sleeves. He leaned forward and helped her remove his shirt. She messed up his dark brown hair, dragging the shirt across his head. His jeans and socks were next to go.

“If we went again...” Scott turned the idea over. “If we *all* went... Us... Danny and Gwen, Al and his boy... and Mia and your brother... Would you be okay with that? Based on what happened last time?”

Fiona thought on it. They were all naked quite a bit of the time, there.

“Seeing your brother naked...” Scott mused.

The image flit through Fiona’s mind. Rory on the beach, in his swimsuit, the lake behind him. Rory not in his swimsuit. Rory naked. Rory’s cock.

“Rory seeing *you* naked...” Scott took the opportunity to flip Fiona on her back.

This time Fiona didn’t picture herself naked, but the look on Rory’s face, checking her out. She shrugged. “Eh, no biggie.”

“Really?” Scott removed her shirt. “Your shirt off.” He removed her shorts. “Your shorts off.”

“Underwear is like a bikini. Sees it all the time. I see him in his boxer briefs all the time.”

Scott worked her bra off. “No bra, your breasts bare... your tits on display... He gets to see these magnificent things, your pink nipples...” Scott nuzzled in, taking her left in his mouth, tonguing the point, pressing it in and sucking it out...

“Yeah, you know... Our house isn’t that big.”

“So, have you seen *him* naked?” Scott switched to her right breast.

Fiona considered while enjoying Scott’s attentions. “Mm-hm.”

Her slight answer got Scott's interest. "Coming out of the shower? Changing for the pool?"

She breathed a quiet laugh, and a whisper of a smile grew on her lips. "Not really."

Scott thought on it as he moved down her body. *How would...?* He stopped and smiled back. "Did you 'catch' him...?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"Last week."

*So, teenage Rory, not kid stuff.* "You come down to his basement bedroom and see him through the window in the door?"

"No. Right out there. Didn't know I was home."

*Ah, Scott thought, family room. TV. Netflix or something on.* "Good view?"

"Pretty good..."

"Yeah?" Scott pulled her panties off, tossing them to the wall. He gazed at her fine golden delta and was about to dive down when something struck him. "Wait, did you see him finish?"

"Mm-hm."

"You saw him? You saw your brother cum?"

"Mm-hm."

"You saw your brother's cum."

"Yeah."

"Shoot out."

"Yeah."

"All over him."

"Yeah." A smile. A memory. Fiona sat up a bit and yanked at Scott's boxers, reminding him that he was not as naked as she was. He helped her take care of that.

“Does he know?” Scott asked.

Fiona hesitated again. “Mm-hm.”

Scott thought on that. “He knew you were watching.”

“Mm-hm.”

“And he kept going.”

“Mm-hm.” Fiona took Scott’s cock in her hand and tried to distract him from the line of questioning.

“Were you hanging on the corner of the little hall?”

Fiona hesitated. “No.”

“You came out to the couch?”

She just bobbed her head in a nod.

“You sat on the couch?”

“Yeah.”

“Front row seat.”

“Yeah.”

“Did you like it?”

A breath. “Yes.”

Guys are visual, Scott knew. He, himself, could jerk off just to Fiona’s face, but could her brother? Was it just the thrill of an audience? Or...? He watched Fiona’s hand rise and fall on his cock while he caressed her breasts. “Did you give him a little help?”

Fiona didn’t answer. Her brows knit.

There were two ways Scott could go with that. He clarified, “Did you flash him your tits?”

“Maybe.” A little smile.

*House isn't that big, she'd said.* "Rory has seen your tits?"

"Mmm, yeah..."

Scott tried to offer a couple possibilities. "Peek in the shower? Loose towel? Swimsuit slip?"

"Nnn... no..."

"You showed him your tits."

"Yeah."

"Guess it's only fair." Scott moved his hand down to her pussy, stroking her labia.

"Mmm."

"You get any splashed on you?"

A little laugh. "Yeah."

"You let him cum on your tits? Or it just hit your arm or leg?"

"My hand."

"Your hand." Scott considered. "All over your hand?"

Fiona hesitated. "Yeah..."

"Did you help him?"

No answer.

"Fee, did you help jerk off your brother?" That was the other way he could've gone, and he'd gotten to it, after all.

She didn't meet his eyes, just stared at the cock in her hand. "Yes."

"You gave your brother a handjob, and got cum all over your hand."

"Yes."

Fiona lost her toy as Scott moved down and began exploring her pussy with his tongue. She could feel him smile as he asked, "Did you taste it?"

A giggle. "Yeah..."

Scott didn't ask about the taste. He pushed a little further, both with his tongue and with his inquiry. "Did you clean him off?"

Fiona didn't answer. She had that confused brow, again.

"Did you suck him clean?"

"Mmrrr..."

"You did." Scott licked up along her labia and found her clit. "Just that, or... did you suck him hard?"

Fiona breathed, sounding like she was about to answer but didn't. Then, "Yeah."

"You blew your brother."

"Yeah." Her hips were rocking.

"You gave Rory a blow job."

She just remained quiet. He'd already gotten the answer.

"He's seen your tits. And your bod in your bikini. Has he seen you naked?"

Fiona was almost going to say 'probably.' She started with "Prob," then admitted, "Yes."

"Rory has seen your pussy."

"Yes."

"Up close?"

"Yes."

*Wasn't just from playing doctor when they were young; she'd said 'last week.'* "This pretty pussy."

"Mm-hm."

"Did he lick you? Like this? Eat your pretty little pussy?"

"No."



“No?”

“Just you.” She pushed her fingers through his hair, making sure he continued doing just that.

Scott pushed ahead. “Got you horny enough to let him play with your pussy, though...”

“Yeah...”

“He find your clit?”

“Yeah...”

“Fiona?” Scott circled her clit.

“Yeah?”

“Fiona?”

“Hm?”

“Did you fuck your brother?”

Fiona didn’t answer, just kind of breathed, groaned. Scott stopped moving his tongue. “Fee?”

“Huh?” She knew he’d stopped.

“Fee, did you fuck your brother?”

Fiona inhaled deeply. Scott pressed back and teased her clit. “Fiona?”

She inhaled again, but audibly, almost saying something. It wasn’t ‘no.’

Scott sucked her clit. “Fiona? Did you fuck your brother?”

“Yes...” she hissed, finally.

“You fucked Rory.”

“Yes.”

Scott continued to drive his tongue as Fiona's hips bucked. Her legs shook and her juices flowed onto his chin, but her usual screams were different, a little constrained. Too many images in her head. What was she cumming to? Scott's actions, or the memory of blond fifteen-year-old Rory fucking her on the couch?

Scott pulled back slightly, cleaned her up, but made sure she was still quite wet. He kissed his way up her body, stopping for a while at her breasts while his cock slipped along her folds, stealing her lubrication.

Then he kissed her. Then he entered her.

They went at it fast and hard, but made it last. Scott drove into her like he was reclaiming her, a little bit of that notion rolling around in his head. But he wasn't upset. Why or why not was rolling around in his head, though.

After their climaxes, laying in each other's arms, Scott brought the topic back. Fiona was kind of hoping he wouldn't, but knew that it was out in the open, now.

"Did you like it?" he asked her.

"It wasn't the best I'd ever had, but it was hot for what it was. You know?"

"Sex is like that. Did you cum?"

She nodded. "Almost as soon as he was in. Not because of anything he did, but because of who it was."

He nodded. "The sex you're not supposed to have. Rory's hormones probably shot through the roof."

"He was nervous. 'Is this really happening?' stuff." She pulled at a hair in the middle of Scott's chest.

"You on top?"

"At first..."

Scott could see the kid underneath Fiona in his mind. *At first*. Then he either got heated and pulled her down or she flipped him around. *Hot*.

"He cum in you?"

"Yeah."

Questions were running out. Scott didn't want all the guilty details, just the hows and whys. He wasn't trying to embarrass or blame Fiona. He was just trying to understand his own reaction.

"You mad?" she asked.

Scott pulled her tighter, closer. "No." He kissed her and let her see his eyes, let her see his honesty. "No. If it were anybody else, then, yeah, maybe. But it's your brother, so..."

"We didn't plan it."

"I figure. But those things kind of brew over time. You're hot as hell, he's finally filled-in..."

Fiona didn't disagree.

"Rory and Mia already have...? Right?" Scott asked.

"I think so. He hasn't said anything, but he's had that proud look on his face for a while, now."

"He's a goner," Scott laughed.

"That happens when you fall in love."

She rolled atop of him and kissed him. Scott kissed her back.

"You're not upset...?" The worry was evident in her voice.

"It's kind of a different situation, isn't it?" Scott said to the ceiling. "Compared to everything that's gone on in our relationship so far, it's not... I mean, you've had a relationship with Rory his entire life. You love him. Like I love Olivia." Scott's older sister. "But it's nothing like the way I love you."

He pulled her down and kissed her. They continued enjoying each other as the clock moved.

"You're very forgiving," Fiona noted later. "Did you ever want to do something with Olivia?"

"Um," Scott put on a silly guilty face, "ask me again sometime when you've got me on the ropes from the best blowjob you've ever given me."

Fiona laughed as she tongued his left nipple. "So, I suppose you're going to want to even this out, huh?"

"You still worried about that? What do you mean?"

"You going to want a turn with Mia now?" she held him. "Let her experience my stallion?"

"No, it don't work like that," he told her. "You fucked your brother. Now I get to fuck him, too."

\* \* \*

It was late Saturday afternoon when Scott came over to pick Fiona up for an evening out.

Fiona was a little surprised when he knocked on the door. "You're early."

"I'm bored." He pulled her into him with a deep hello kiss. "Where are your folks?"

"Shopping for lamps and stuff. But don't get too worked up. I got a visit from my red-headed friend last night," she said, patting his shoulder.

A couple ideas went through Scott's mind of things she could still do for him, but that was selfish, he knew. "Ruin your Girls' Night Friday?"

"No, I was just a little grouchy. They understood. And I was ready for it." She sucked on his neck for a moment. "Hey, I want to take a shower, yet, before I get changed."

"Can I join you?"

Fiona rolled her eyes. "No. I just want to get clean. You okay with the TV? Rory's here, if you want to play a game, or something?"

"I'll be fine." They kissed again and parted, Fiona to her room, and Scott looked around for Rory. He went down the back stairs and found him in his basement bedroom. He knocked on the window in the basement door, though the kid had finally covered it over with a poster for some privacy.

Rory had heard someone on the stairs and had expected a knock. He'd just been reading his book for English, barefoot and still in sweats, before he, too, would go out for the evening. "Yeah?" he called to the door. Scott opened the door and poked his head in; Rory waved Scott inside.

“What’s up, dude?” Rory asked. Besides their connection through Fiona, he and Scott both played on their high school’s Soccer teams, though Scott was Varsity and Rory was JV.

“Ah, your sister’s gonna take a shower. Thought I’d see if you were here.” He closed the door behind him. “Don’t like Foo Fighters anymore?” he asked about the poster that used to be on the back of the door.

“Conor tore it, throwing his shoes at the sink,” Rory replied. “So I’m just putting up old ones to cover the window.” The current poster featured Cristiano Ronaldo and an inspirational quote, but it had been taped twice over at the corners, already. “Mom won’t let me put up a sexy one there because she still does the laundry and would have to see it.”

“Thought you might be up for a game or something,” Scott said, falling backwards to sitting on Rory’s Spider-Man bed, where he noticed the kid’s sexy Spider-Gwen and Ana de Armas posters on his private wall, along with printed photos of Mia and him and his friends. There were a few more photos — he thought maybe they were of Lyla, but a closer look proved they were of Fiona. And there was a shot of a much younger Fiona and little Rory holding hands at Disneyland with mouse ear hats. *Cute*.

“Got these...?” Rory pointed to a small stack of board games nearby. “Mia and I have been on a board game kick recently. And Conor, too. And Lyla. And Johnny.”

Scott realized the kid didn’t have a TV in his room, so all non-laptop video games would be upstairs. He looked at the stack of games. “*Monopoly*?” Scott grimaced. “Nobody likes *Monopoly*.”

“It’s just in the stack. I think everyone owns one, but no one plays it!” Rory laughed.

Scott saw some older games there, too, games from when Rory and Fiona were younger. “Hey...!” He pulled a box out from the stack. “*Guess Who*? I used to love that.”

“Two-player. Fast game,” Rory nodded, smiling.

“Yeah, don’t want to get involved in *Risk*, or anything. You good?” Scott asked.

“Let’s set it up.” Rory marked his spot in his book and dragged over a large cardboard box he used as a table.

“*To Kill a Mockingbird*?” Scott recognized the book. “Spoiler: there are no mockingbirds in this story.”

“Yeah, I kind of figured,” Rory laughed. “I thought ‘Dill’ might have one, but no.”

Rory’s *Guess Who?* wasn’t the card-game version, but the unit-style one, where you flipped all the faces up, and then down one-by-one as you received information about who the other player’s mystery person was. It was a very easy set-up. They chose their mystery characters.

“Guest goes first.”

Scott considered his gallery of faces staring back at him. “Are you bald?”

“No,” Rory answered. Scott flipped three faces down.

“Do you wear glasses?” Rory asked.

“Yes,” Scott answered.

“Hey, I just found out Johnny wears glasses,” Rory said while flipping down quite a few faces. Rory played soccer together with Scott’s younger brother, Johnny, and recently had become better friends, like hanging-out friends.

“Yeah,” Scott nodded, then realized, “You must’ve finally saw him in the morning, before he puts in his contacts.”

“Yeah, he looked cute, just woke up and all,” Rory snickered. Then he realized what he may have divulged. “I mean, you know, he has blue eyes and...” He didn’t know how to finish that, so just threw his hands down and stopped.

“It’s okay,” Scott eased him with a smile. “Do you have blond hair?” he asked.

“Yes.”

Scott flipped down quite a few faces, realizing he could have asked that question first and gotten rid of all the bald people at the same time.

“I mean,” Rory continued. “My character has blond hair, yes. And I have blond hair, too. Not that I was saying that only I have blond hair.”

“I get it. Your sister has blond hair, too.”

“Yes, she does.”

“Very pretty blond hair.”

“I’ll say,” Rory almost sighed.

“You’ll say what?” Scott asked, knowing he was setting Rory up.

“What?”

“What’ll you say?”

“I...?” Rory was confused, now. He ran the progression through his mind. “Fiona has nice hair.”

“Okay,” Scott let him off the hook, for now. “Go.”

Rory looked at his board. “Are you a girl?”

“No.”

Rory flipped down most of the faces he had left. He would win after his next question, probably. Scott was at least two questions from figuring out Rory’s character, so took a shot with a good guess. Scott had a feeling he knew what type of person was on Rory’s mind.

“I think your Mystery Person is Rebecca,” Scott pronounced. The cute blond girl on the board.

“No.” Rory flipped over his character card. “Gail.” The *other* cute blond girl on the board. Rory had won.

“Alright, game goes to you. What’s my penalty?” Scott asked.

“What do you mean? We play again?”

“Yeah, but you get to make me do something, first. So, what’ll it be?”

Rory had been sitting with one leg bent on the bed, the other hanging to the floor. Scott put his hand on Rory’s bare ankle. “Anything. We’ve got time.”

Rory looked at his sister’s boyfriend. Brown hair with a little curl to it in front, brown eyes, solid jaw and chin, some stubble. Kissable lips. And a body he’d seen active on the pitch, and naked in the showers. Rory had only really done bi-sexual stuff with his friends, Conor and Johnny, separately. But he knew — and even Mia and Lyla agreed on this — that Scott was hot. Was Scott offering to...?

“Mia doesn’t even have to know, if you don’t want her to,” Scott said.

“So, if I wanted, you’d...”

Scott ran his hands up to Rory's hips and latched onto his sweats' waistband. It was an easy pull-down, taking his boxers with, and Rory brought his other leg up to help ease them all off.

Scott had seen Rory's cock before, in the showers, in the way that everyone checks out everyone else. It was a decent cock, not huge, but a girlfriend's best friend. He was not hard, not doing anything to make that happen until now, so his ball sack was loose and his shaft only now beginning to fill. Scott ran his left hand over Rory's balls and took his shaft with the right to help them along, running his finger along Rory's very light circumcision ring.

"So, Rory, what's my penalty? A hand job, or...?"

"Suck me off!" Rory said suddenly and quietly, falling back onto his pillow.

Scott smiled, then took Rory into his mouth. His skin was still a little loose, shaft still a little soft, so Scott was able to take him completely inside, at first. He slowly released him, finding him harder as he did so, then licked from bottom to top, finding that bunch of skin below his cock head to tease.

"Aaahh, *fuck...*" Rory sounded pleased.

Then Scott found Rory's pubes. "Hmph," he laughed inside, but then released. "You *said* you had blond hair."

"Mia calls them honey-colored," Rory said from the pillow.

"I'll go with that," Scott agreed. "Same color as your sister's."

"Yeah..." Rory breathed a slight laugh.

"Rory?"

"Hmm?"

"You've seen your sister's pussy?"

"Uh, what?"

"So you've seen your sister's pussy."

"I..." he faltered.

"You've seen Fiona's honey-colored pussy."



"I... I just... you know, like... kind of..." There was some fear in his voice. Scott did want to make him admit it, but didn't want the kid to shut down. He went back down on him, wanted to keep him in the game.

"Swim suit? Dash from the shower?" Scott gave him an out, then bobbed several times more.

"Yeah," Rory sighed some relief.

"In your imagination?" Scott asked with purpose.

"*Oh, yeah...*"

Scott could *hear* Rory smile. "Can you see it? Golden..."

"... little feathers..."

Scott knew that to be a truthful admission, but Rory could try to defend that as imagination. He took another route. "Did you get to lick it?"

"No," Rory breathed. Scott knew he hadn't.

"Still, those tits, though..." he led Rory on.

"*Yeah...*"

"Can you even imagine how soft they are?" Scott's bobs were only going about halfway, now, Rory was so hard. Scott pulled off and went to his balls.

"*So soft...*"

"And those nips..."

"*Yeah, so pink...*"

Scott had him on the ropes, he knew. Rory was starting to shift, his legs starting to move oddly. He had to have that twitch deep inside him. Time to hit him with it.

"Rory..."

"*Yeah...*"

"Rory...?"

“*Fuck...*”

“Have you fucked your sister?”

There was silence this time. Rory was confused. Was Scott talking about his imagination, still, or...?

“Rory, did you fuck your sister?”

“I... you mean...”

“I mean: Did you fuck your sister?”

“... .. I... how...?”

“On the couch. After she jerked you off. After she sucked your cock.” Scott could feel Rory’s erection wane just that little bit.

Rory pulled his elbows back and lifted his head. His blood started to run cold. He looked at Scott with fear and worry about being found out. Was he in trouble? Would he tell anyone? What did it mean for Fiona? Would Scott break up with Fiona? Would he beat him up?

“It’s okay,” Scott told him. “I know.”

“You know?” was all Rory could say, at this point.

“Yeah. It’s okay. You’re her brother. Don’t worry.” Scott went back down on Rory’s cock, trying to assure him the sensations could continue.

“She told you?”

“I kind of got it out of her, like I’m doing to you.”

Rory briefly wondered if that was good or bad.

“Lay back,” Scott said, pushing Rory’s chest. Rory let his arms collapse and fell back on his pillow. “Tell me about it.”

Rory didn’t know how to start. Scott sucked him back to full hardness and gave him a prompt. “So, you were jerking off. What were you watching?”

“This old movie, *Bound*. These two chicks were doing each other’s pussy, and the one... she was cumming... and they showed her toes spreading and her moan... like it was real, not acting... this chick was really cumming,” Rory put himself back into it.

“And that’s when Fiona found you,” Scott said, moving back to Rory’s sweet spot.

“I thought I was dead, but then... she...”

“She jerked you off.”

“Her hands... I couldn’t believe it... and then... *oh, god, she took her top off for me, and I saw those tits, those beautiful tits...*”

“They are beautiful...” Scott pushed at Rory’s t-shirt. Rory helped him and pulled it off, though it was still caught on his left arm.

“And I came! Like as soon as I touched them. I shot all over the place!”

“Can you see her tits now?” Scott bobbed and stroked Rory. He was getting near to it, again.

“*So nice...*”

“And then that pussy...”

“*Oh, god, her pussy, I’ve wanted to... for so long...*”

“And when she climbed on you?”

Rory didn’t even consider how much information Scott had. “She got me hard and... *and she fucked me! Oh, fuck, she was so wet!* I couldn’t help it. I came so fast!” Rory was twitching again. Scott didn’t try to hold him. He wanted him to cum.

“See that pussy, Rory...”

“*Oh, that pussy...*”

That was it. Rory pitched forward, all muscles tight. Scott pulled off of him and let him shoot his first shots at his own chest. He wanted to see it. Then, helping him out, he went back down on him to take the rest.

“*I fucked her! Couldn’t believe it... I got to fuck Fiona...*”

Scott ran his hand up Rory’s abs, spread his cum around. “You want to fuck her again?”

“I did,” Rory breathed, starting to calm down. “The second time, I got on top, and that pussy... just looking at my cock going in... a dream come true...”

Scott recalled Fiona saying she was on top “at first.” He thought they’d just moved, but it made sense the kid would cum quickly. And that they’d go again. Why wouldn’t they?

Scott made his move. He let Rory’s cock fall from his mouth, pulled off his own sweater and undershirt in one pull, and moved down to Rory’s anus.

When Scott had first started with his own “boyfriend,” Albert, he couldn’t even think about licking a guy’s asshole, but it happened eventually, after Al had done it to him. With Rory, it was expedient; he didn’t want to ask Rory if he happened to have any lube around, and didn’t want to take precious minutes to spread him properly. He had to get in him fast.

“Oohhh, *fuck*, Scott, that’s...” Rory reacted. “Even Conor’s never... *fuck*...”

“You liked fucking Fee?” Scott asked.

“You have no idea. No, wait, I guess you do!” Rory realized.

“Oh, yeah.”

“Wait, what about Fee? Is she gonna...?” Rory suddenly became concerned.

“She knows. After she told me, she knew I’d do this. You see, we have to even things out,” Scott let that hang to see if Rory figured it out.

He didn’t. “You love Fiona, though.”

“With all my heart. Nothing will ever change that. But we play around with our friends. Her friends, my friends. And sometimes, we make sure everything is fair.” Scott finished rimming Rory and stood to his knees. He had shoved down his jeans and boxers at some point during the blowjob and was hard and ready, himself.

“Fair?”

“You fucked your sister, Rory. So, I get to fuck you, too.” With that, Scott’s cock head met Rory’s entrance. Scott pushed until the crown was inside.

“Waitwaitwaitwait!” Rory cautioned, putting a hand forward, trying to sit up. Scott looked to him, but did not remove his cock. “Let me... let me suck you... let me suck you, first... make sure you’re wet enough.”

He wasn’t saying not to fuck him, just to let him suck him before he did. Scott let Rory up.

Rory got to his knees and looked over Scott's cock. He, too, had seen him in the showers after practice, he'd even confirmed for Lyla that Scott was a nice size. Now he put his hands on it. He didn't know how big it was, like in inches, but it was bigger than his own, with a good amount of dark brown hair above it, and not too veiny. Cut, like most everyone at school. It was a nice cock. It looked like Johnny's, only a little bigger. He'd only ever sucked off his friends, but put this one in his mouth without a second thought.

Scott knew the blowjob would feel good, but had no intentions of letting Rory take him to term. He let Rory show his technique, and get to know the cock that would soon fuck him. Rory pulled off to take a breath, and smiled up at Scott, proud of his building talent. Scott took this opportunity to put his hands on Rory's shoulders and indicate he should lie down, again.

"Not on my knees? Conor always..." He didn't mention playing with Johnny, just in case Scott didn't know.

"No. On your back. Like we were."

Rory wasn't afraid — he'd been fucked before — but was very interested on how a larger cock would feel.

Then he found out.

\* \* \*

Fiona met Scott in the frontroom. She was dressed casually for their evening out with friends. She took the opportunity to straighten Scott's sweater. "Got to fix your collar." Then she noticed his musk. "You found Rory? Did you guys work out, or something? You smell a little like after a match, or...?"

Scott had borrowed some of Rory's pit stick, but the kid didn't have any cologne he could use. There was a Christmas present idea he could give Fiona for the kid.

"Took care of our thing. You know. Now we're even." Scott gave her a lopsided half-grin.

"Oh," Fiona realized. "Can the kid walk?" she giggled.

Downstairs, Rory was jacking off, again, imagining fucking both Fiona and Scott, thinking about how he could arrange to do it — either of them — again, sometime.