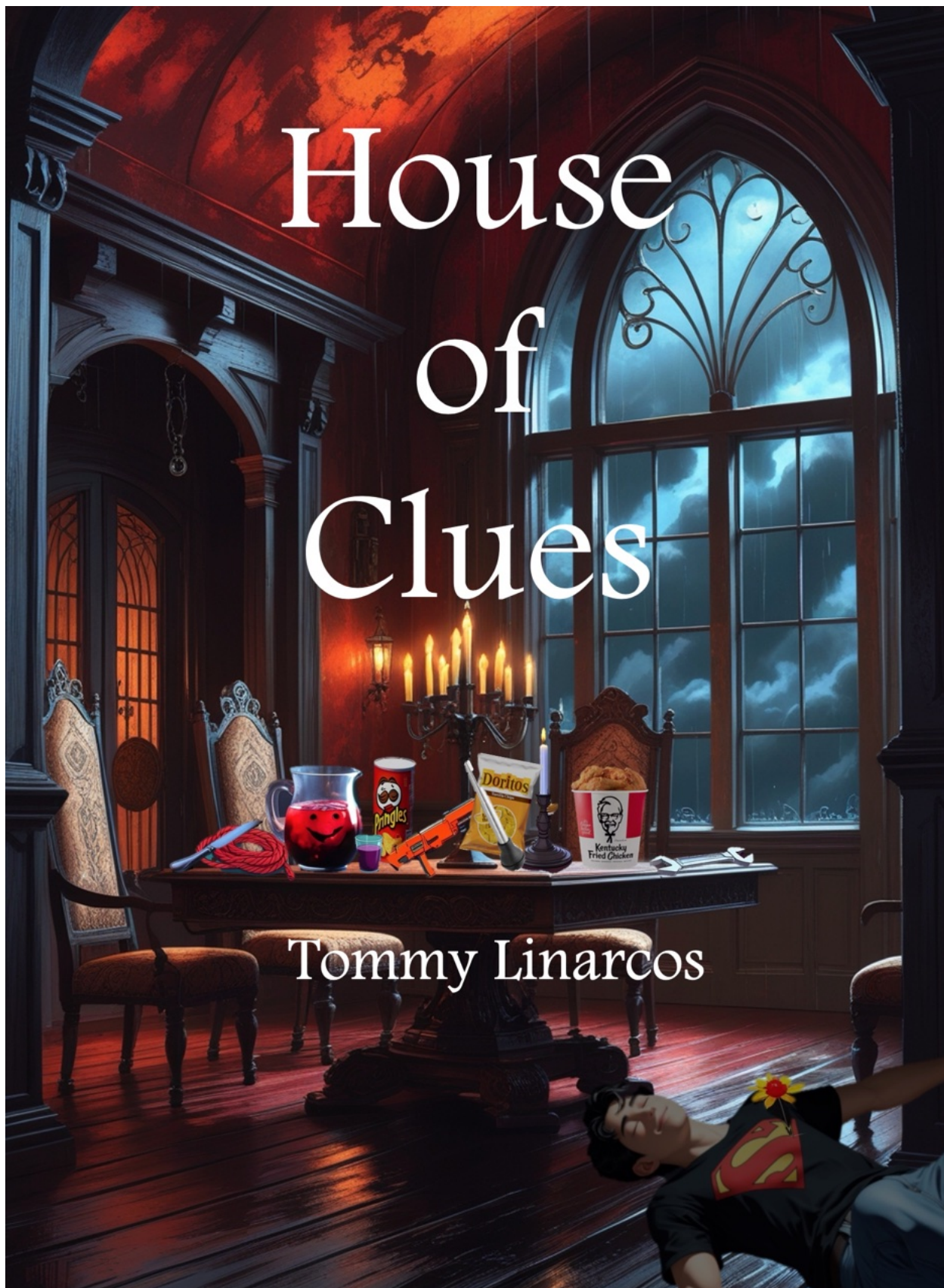


House of Clues

Tommy Linarcos





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Story #8 in the *Cutting School and Playing Games* series.

TOMMY LINARCOS

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It was Veterans' Day — no school for students, but moms and dads still have to go to work. Some of them do, anyway. Rory's mom was home. Mia's mom was home. Conor's dad was home. Lyla's mom said there was no way she was letting Lyla have friends over after she cut school before. So where to spend the day?

"Let me rephrase that question," Rory told Mia over the phone. "Where to spend the day the way we'd like to?"

"Call Johnny," Mia suggested.

Johnny Walker had become one of their best friends. Rory was winger to Johnny's forward on the soccer team for two years, and Mia had been in classes with him. Cutting school one day, recently, and playing naked games in their friend Lyla's bedroom, the Sophomores had realized they should have invited Johnny that day. Since then, they'd made an effort to include him in their daily plans: hanging out, going to the movies, Halloween, and other nonsense — like fucking him in a threesome a couple weeks ago at Mia's house, and again at Lyla's.

Rory texted Johnny.

DUDE, WHAT ARE WE DOING
TODAY?

NO CLUE. WHAT'S UP?

CAN WE COME OVER TO
YOUR PLACE? YOUR FOLKS
AREN'T HOME. RIGHT?

YEAH. I DON'T HAVE PARTY
SUPPLIES OR SNACKS OR
ANYTHING, THO.

IT WON'T BE A PARTY. JUST
SOME 'PRIVATE' TIME. 🙄

Johnny did not reply.

I'M BRINGING MIA. MIA'S
BRINGING LYL. 4 U? 🤔

I'M CLEANING UP NOW!

WORD OF WARNING. SCOTT
AND FIONA WILL BE HERE.

THAT ONLY MAKES MIA AND
LYLA HAPPIER! 😊

SEE YOU SOON!

* * *

Johnny got about cleaning his room. The house was fine. He checked the pantry to see if he had any snacks, and found a new bag of Doritos and one opened canister of Pringles. For beverages, there were only a couple cans of Mountain Dew Baja Blast. He made a pitcher of grape Kool-Aid.

He looked at the clock. There was time for a quick shower. It had been just a lazy morning, so far, so he hadn't bothered. But if Mia and Lyla were coming over, then he wanted to be presentable.

He had just finished combing his brown hair and wrapped a towel around himself when he exited the washroom to find his older brother, Scott, kissing his girlfriend. The blond goddess Fiona had arrived.

"I had to play chauffeur for my brother and his little friend, today," she told Scott as Rory and Conor followed her in. The younger men high-fived the Varsity Soccer player as they passed him. Johnny, Rory, and Conor all played on the JV Soccer team, but they knew Johnny's brother from practice, and just from being a prince of the school.

Fiona noticed Scott's topless little brother leading the boys away. "Your brother's cute. Haven't seen his bod since we went to that pool party. The soccer season has done him well."

"He's a little me," Scott remarked.

"In all ways?" Fiona kidded with a wink, massaging her boyfriend's cock through his sweats.

"Nearly." Scott thought it over. "Pretty close. Except, you know, he plays the cello, not the sax."

In Johnny's bedroom, Rory and Conor fell on the bed. Conscious of their friend's situation of just coming out of the shower, Rory offered, "Sorry we're early, man. Fiona asked for the car, and my mom said she could have it if she drove us over."

"S'okay," Johnny waved that off. He hesitated in taking off his towel, though, and getting dressed in front of his friends. Propriety said they should have waited in the frontroom for him. But they were his friends. And they'd seen him naked in the locker room and showers every day for the past nine weeks. And he'd fucked Rory. So, who cared? He dropped the towel. The boys didn't even react.

"I just didn't know Conor was coming," Johnny said, opening his drawer for socks and underwear.

“Is that okay?” Conor asked, suddenly concerned.

“It’s fine,” Johnny lied. When he’d seen Conor enter his house with Rory, his heart dropped, and if anyone had seen his eyes, they’d have known it, too. Johnny was head-over-heels for Lyla, but for some reason Lyla continued to go out with Conor. The idiot was the bane of Johnny’s existence.

Johnny took a silent breath and told himself it was okay. He was the host, today, so it would be okay. From Rory’s text, he’d hoped that it would be Rory-Mia, and himself-Lyla, and that she’d finally ditched Conor. Now he had to deal with Conor. And the ‘5th wheel’ problem. The last time that happened, Johnny had left his friends and went home, but this was his house. “You’re welcome here,” he told Conor. “I just don’t know if I have enough food in the house to feed *you*!”

“Yeah, we should have brought something,” Rory agreed. Quickly and silently, he texted Mia to grab a bag of snacks on her way.

Before putting clothes on, Johnny found his deodorant on top of his dresser. Rory noticed the brand. “Hey, you’re a Nightpanther man, eh?”

“Why, yes,” Johnny went into manly-mode. “The ladies enjoy my sandalwood and chocolate scent when I’m on the prowl.” He laughed and applied the Old Spice stick to his pits.

“I’m a Krakengard man, myself,” Rory said.

“*Release the Kraken!*” Conor ordered.

Rory was a bit confused. “Here? Now?” ‘Releasing the Kraken’ had become code for whipping his dick out.

“I was just joking, but... you want a blowjob?” Conor shrugged.

Rory kicked his head toward Johnny. “Our host is actually naked, still, you know. You could offer *him* one.”

Johnny had just capped up his pit-stick and was about to put on his boxer briefs, but he delayed that. True, Conor was not his favorite person. Besides his going out with Lyla, the girl Johnny wanted, he’d caused Johnny some consternation on the soccer pitch this season. On their team, Conor was a midfielder, but not too good on defense. Not that they’d lost a match because of anything Conor did, specifically, like kicking the ball in the wrong goal, but if Johnny were on an opposing team, he would recognize Conor as a weakness and attack his position. That happened often. The kid was enthusiastic, though, and knew how to pass. If he offered a blowjob, Johnny would accept.

Conor looked over his naked friend. Johnny’s wet-dry brown hair kind of in a mess; his cute face; his muscled pecs, better than his own; his abs a little sharper than his own; and a nice cock with a good length, getting thicker as he looked at it, with a shock of dark brown hair a little wilder than his own. “You do have a nice cock, Johnny.”

Johnny didn't back away, nor did he put on his underwear. He did turn slightly more toward Conor, though. Conor took that as acceptance and took Johnny's cock in hand, and then he took Johnny's cock in his mouth.

Conor never thought he'd get to do this. He'd blown Rory too many times to count since middle school, and fucked him a countable number of times, but hadn't branched out to do it with any guy other than Rory.

The large cock felt satisfying in his mouth. He sucked on Johnny's head long enough to make sure he was fully hard, then pulled off and licked down the side to his balls. He didn't suck his balls, though — they were too large for him. And they were fuzzy. But he did cradle them, massage them, and give them a good lick before his tongue made his way back up along the vein in a slalom. Johnny had nice balls, he decided. He would show his forward that he was good for something.

As Conor passed over the front side of Johnny's scar, he noted that he flinched. He would remember that. He circled his crown, then took him inside and began a bob that actually made his friend moan.

Rory didn't undo his pants, just shoved his hand down into them. He wasn't sure if he was meant to be a part of this, but he couldn't help reacting.

"And what pit-stick do you use, Conor?" Johnny asked in his haze.

"Um... Fiji?" Conor said when his mouth wasn't full.

"That's one of the 'island' scents. That's like piña colada, or something," Johnny knew. "Got to have an 'animal' scent, like us *men*!"

"Yeah, us *men*!" Rory agreed.

"Hey, I used to use Wolfthorn, but I ran out and my mom got me Fiji," Conor complained.

"His *mom* got it for him," Rory teased.

"We'll give you a break this one time," Johnny snickered. It was fun laying into their friend.

Conor pulled off Johnny, briefly. "Do you want to cum? Or just...?"

"I'd... I'd like to cum..."

Conor went back down to finish the job. He picked up the pace on his bob, but made sure his tongue flicked the knot in Johnny's scar each time.

Johnny gripped Conor's shoulders. He might have held his hair, Conor had a mop of black hair he'd let grow wilder now that the soccer season was over, but running his fingers through it would be too personal, as if he liked the guy. Rory had nice hair, Johnny decided. When

Rory blew him, Johnny liked running his fingers through his blond hair. But only when he blew him.

Johnny held Conor's shoulders tighter and he began to sway, letting Conor know he needed it faster without fucking his mouth. Conor knew the end was coming soon. How would he end it? He wanted to taste Johnny's cum, but he also wanted to see it. But if he watched it, it might get on his shirt and he wanted to stay clean for the girls. He sucked harder.

"Conor..." was all the warning Johnny gave him. Then he came, his body spasming sharply, holding onto Conor's shoulders and doing his best not to shove his cock down his throat. Conor was adept at blowjobs, though, and kept the root of Johnny's cock in his fist so he couldn't get much further inside. He did take all of Johnny's cum, though some leaked out as he pulled away.

"*Tastes like chicken*," Conor said in a Timon from *Lion King* voice. That actually got a laugh from Rory.

Johnny fell back to his bed. It was a good cum. Would he have to reciprocate? He honestly didn't want to. He and Rory had sucked and fucked, recently, but there was no way he'd do Conor.

"Thanks for letting us come over, dude," Rory said, picking up Johnny's towel and handing it to Conor to clean his chin.

"Anytime, if it means getting a quality blowjob." Johnny caught his breath and finally got about getting dressed in his khakis and a black/white polo. He secured a long wrist brace on his right forearm, then they headed out to the frontroom to wait for the girls.

"What you got there?" Rory asked Conor about the little bag he'd produced from his pocket.

"Hmm? Oh, just some Chuckles," Conor said when he finished the piece of jelly candy in his mouth. He then selected the orange one and popped it in his mouth. "Want one? I got... licorice, lemon, and cherry left..."

Rory took the licorice one, but it tasted funny. "Hey, Conor? I don't think these are Chuckles. Let me see the bag again."

"Well, maybe they're not name brand Chuckles, they're like Walgreens brand or something, but..." He showed Rory the package.

"Conor, these aren't Chuckles. These are those edibles things, like mari-ju-wanna," Rory laughed.

"Whoa!" Conor kind of exclaimed, but didn't stop chewing.

"Where'd you get 'em?" Rory asked.

"My dad," Conor said. "There were a few bags on the bureau and I figured they were fair game. Everyone likes candy."

Johnny checked it out. "How many have you had?"

Conor said something like 'toonahaf' and then swallowed. "Three."

Johnny picked up his iPad from the coffee table and did some tapping. "Okay, Conor. Don't panic."

"I wasn't panicking," he said.

"You're going to get high — for a while..."

"Cool!" Conor got comfortable on the couch, even to the point of laying full-out. "I think I am, already..."

"And you'll probably feel nauseous. You're only supposed to eat one, and you've had three."

"Am I going to start tripping?" Conor asked. He didn't really know what 'tripping' meant, but he knew it had to do with getting high.

"Not tripping. That's... acid, I think," Rory told his pal.

"How about horny? I am feeling kind of horny..." He began to rub his hand over his pants, massaging his cock. "Johnny? Will you give me a blowjob?"

"Not likely," Johnny scoffed.

"I gave you one," Conor protested.

Still reading his iPad, Johnny didn't answer, biting his tongue from saying something rude.

"Rory?"

"Just take it easy and enjoy the high," Rory laughed.

"Says... you're best off taking a nap, for now, and letting the effects take their course, otherwise the room is gonna start swimming. Good news is you won't have a hangover, and you'll probably wake up still high." Johnny showed him the page on his iPad, as if seeing it would convince him.

"You know, I woke up early today, and I didn't even need to 'cause of no school. I could do with a nap." He stuck his hand fully under his waistband, and actually yawned with the suggestion. "Hey, wake me when the girls get here."

"In your dreams," Johnny grumbled under his breath. "You got it, Conor," he said aloud, though. Johnny went into his basement and got a bucket to put next to the couch in case Conor threw up.

"One is good, though, right?" Rory asked Johnny.

“Season’s over. No more random drug tests. Enjoy it!” Johnny said.

“Want one?” There were a couple left in Conor’s bag.

Johnny hesitated. “I might, but... I’ll wait to see what the girls want to do.”

“We’re not driving anywhere!” Rory reminded him. He didn’t have to remind him — neither of them had a license, yet.

“Hey, who killed Conor?” Scott said, making his way past the room.

Rory and Johnny looked at each other and laughed. Conor was already snoozing. Johnny went and got a flower from his mom’s plants on the back porch and Rory fixed Conor’s one available hand to hold it upright over the Superman “S” on his black t-shirt. “Sweet dreams, Kon-El,” Rory told his friend.

“Rest in peace,” Johnny snickered. He turned to Scott. “Idiot ate three of those MJ gummies, so we knocked him out.”

Scott noticed the bucket and nodded. “You take any?”

“Not yet. Rory did.”

“Well, season’s over. If you want one, I won’t tell.”

Rory engaged his sister’s boyfriend. “Sucks we didn’t make it past the Regional Finals.”

“Morton was good this year. You had a tough game,” Scott recalled watching Rory and Johnny’s JV soccer match. “Sucks more for me, though.” Scott’s varsity soccer team got to the Sectional Finals and lost.

“Fuckin’ Hinsdale,” Johnny griped, then all three laughed.

Rory held out the bag. “You want one?”

Scott thought it over. “Can’t. I do Swim now through February.”

The doorbell rang and Scott answered the door. It was Mia and Lyla and a bucket of fried chicken. Scott wasn’t certain if Rory and Johnny were more excited to see the girls or the chicken.

“KFC? No way! Mia, you are the best!” Rory exclaimed, kissing his girl and hunting for a leg in the bucket. He took a bite, then turned to Johnny, “*Tastes like chicken!*” he said in a Conor-as-Timon from *Lion King* voice. This time, Johnny broke up.

“What’s up with Conor?” Lyla asked. “I thought he’d be all over this.”

Scott addressed the assembled with solemnity. "I'm afraid... he's dead." Scott kicked Conor's puke bucket just to see if anyone got it.

"Oh, no!" Lyla pretend-cried. "What happened?"

"We're not sure," Johnny joined in before Rory could say anything. He held his brace up as if it were something evil. "We found his body, but we don't know who killed him, or how he died. It's a mystery."

"Whatever killed him sure gave him a hard-on," Lyla noticed.

Johnny took Lyla's hands and gave her a kiss. "It's good to see you."

"You see me every day at school," she teased.

"It's good to see you here," he said to her eyes as he ran his left hand through her golden hair.

"It's November, now. Time to take this off?" she asked about his braced arm.

"It's really been improving," he reported. Johnny's hand and forearm had gotten cleat-stomped on by another player and hyper-extended his fingers. After a round of tests, the doctor had determined there was no nerve damage, but he did have carpal tunnel. "I'm so used to it, now, I don't want to stop too soon."

"Maybe we can finish what we started on the operating table?" Lyla giggled as she moved away. Johnny, Mia, and Lyla had recently played a sexy game of *Operation* at Mia's house that got interrupted.

"Love to," he said to her back.

Lyla joined Mia in greeting Scott. Another flash of jealousy hit Johnny. Conor was mostly out of the way, but now he had to contend with competition from his own brother? He and Scott looked similar, but his brother was older, taller, better built... He knew Scott wouldn't really consider moving in on Lyla or Mia; he had Fiona, and they were in love. Johnny just had to shake off the feeling.

Fiona entered the room and brushed the girls away from Scott. *Good*, Johnny thought. *Thank you.*

Then there was Mia. Beautiful Mia. After Lyla had left on that *Operation* day, he had fucked Mia. And he and Rory fucked each other for his first time. And he fucked Mia, again. And they'd had another brief threesome recently. He wouldn't mind stealing her away from Rory, but could he actually do that to a friend?

Fiona took charge of the food situation. "Hey, bring that chicken into the dining room." She was no stranger to the Walker home, and retrieved some paper plates and a roll of paper towels from the kitchen. Scott helped her pass these out to their friends as they found seats, and Johnny got the pitcher of grape Kool-Aid from the 'fridge and some Solo cups.

Out of nowhere, Rory giggled. He elbowed Johnny. “Hey, Conor kicked the bucket!” He finally got the joke.

“Come on,” Lyla asked, concerned, “what’s up with Conor?”

“He was acting like a goof, so I stabbed him with a big knife in the kitchen,” Scott shrugged. “Now, he’s just a dead body. We’ll figure out what to do with him.”

Something clicked in Mia’s brain. “Body? Knife? Kitchen? We should totally play *Clue*!”

“Haven’t played that in a while,” Fiona said, glancing at Scott to see if he had a reaction. “Do you have that?” Scott nodded a ‘yes’ while taking a bite of breast.

“You mean *Cluedo*?” Rory laughed. “Remember Silke whining that Lyla’s *Clue* game wasn’t called *Cluedo* or whatever that shit was?”

Johnny wiped his hands, and got his iPad. “Wikipedia says *Cluedo* is the British-slash-European name. There used to be some game called *Ludo*, and when they made *Clue*, some English dude at the game company goes: ‘Eh, *pip-pip* and *cheerio*! We have *Ludo*, let’s call this one *Cluedo*! Won’t that be *ripping*! *What-what!*’”

“What the hell’s *Ludo*?” Scott asked.

Johnny showed them a photo. “It’s a rip-off of *Sorry*, but it came first.”

“How could it be a rip...?” Fiona began, but Scott waved off her concern in a silent ‘*don’t bother unless you want the kid to explain the whole history...*’

“Yeah! So, let’s play good ol’ American *Clue*!” Rory cheered. “I call Mr. Green!”

“Fiona is Miss Scarlett,” Scott called preemptively.

“Why?” Lyla asked.

“Because Scarlett is the hot one, and this is my house,” he said, squeezing his girl. He pointed at his brother. “You’re Professor Plum, brainiac. I’m Colonel Mustard.”

“I’ll be Mrs. White,” Mia said before Lyla could.

“So, I’m the old blue lady?” Lyla shook her head. “Then I need a blue shirt.” She looked across the table at Scott, the sexy Scott in a blue pullover, and tried a Lyla-tactic. “Scott, gimme your shirt.”

“Why do you need my shirt?” Scott asked with a smile. This was that girl who couldn’t hide her half-crush on him. She barely knew him, but never failed to smile at him, or try to touch him on the few times they’d spoken. Just like her big sister, Tori, who finally convinced Fiona to share him in a little threesome-action this past summer.

“Because it’s blue, and I have to be Mrs. Peacock, the blue lady,” she explained.

“But that’s the blue piece,” Fiona countered for Scott. “You don’t have to actually wear blue to be Mrs. Peacock.”

“You all don’t get it, yet, do you?” Lyla asked the group. She connected eyes with Mia for support. “When we play a game, we play the sexy version.” She held her hand out to Scott in expectation of his shirt.

Fiona and Scott looked at Rory, Johnny, and Mia. None of them looked surprised. Johnny just kind of nodded at Scott, as in, *Yeah, that’s the way we do it.*

Lyla went further. “This house is now the Boddy Mansion, and we are the suspects.”

Scott stood up at the table and removed his blue shirt, posturing as he could to maintain ‘guy-in-charge’ and ‘bigger and sexier than the rest of you’ dominance. He handed it across the table to Lyla.

Lyla accepted the shirt from the bare-chested Senior and put it on, slowly, over her own pink shirt, pausing to smell it as it passed over her face, then fixed her hair. She did not hide her admiration of Scott’s body. “Go get the game, then.”

Scott told Johnny to get it while he and Fiona went into his bedroom to get him a new shirt.

Johnny took Rory with him back to his bedroom to get the game and switch shirts, themselves. Mia was fine, wearing a white pullover under her cardigan. “You know, us wearing the colors probably isn’t that important...” Johnny said, taking off his polo.

“But it makes it more fun,” Rory said. He was wearing a navy henley. “You don’t have anything green, do you? I have, like three at home, and one cool one from Ireland, but who knew...”

Johnny was rooting in his closet. He had two purple shirts, and chose one with *Batman: The Animated Series* on it. “I do have something here, I think you’ll appreciate it.” He handed Rory a folded green shirt. Rory held it out and it fell open: a short-sleeve t-shirt with thick, alternating light and dark green stripes.

“The Sandman! Cool!” Rory said, and took off his henley.

“Your chest isn’t so bad. And shoulders,” Johnny said, looking his friend over. “I’m sorry I said something like that when we were playing doctor that time with Mia.”

“You said I needed to do more push-ups, and you’re right. But at least I’m not skinny,” Rory shrugged. He didn’t put on the green shirt, yet. He put his hand on Johnny’s chest, instead. “You look fine, though.” He moved in closer and their chests touched. “Can I kiss you?” he whispered.

Johnny didn't pull away, just moved his head toward Rory's ear. "Not yet. I don't know, just doesn't feel right. Maybe if we're in the middle of things, sometime." Then he did pull back. "And my door's open..."

Rory snorted a laugh through his nose. Then he lowered down and licked Johnny's nipple, taking a quick suck at it. "Thanks for the shirt."

"If you want it, you can keep it," Johnny offered, finally putting on his purple t-shirt.

"Cool," Rory nodded. "Hey, sorry about Conor coming along. He just kind of showed up. I really did think that maybe us four could, you know, and you and Lyla might..."

"Don't worry," Johnny said, rubbing Rory's shoulder, then giving it a slap. Rory put on the green shirt and they left the bedroom with the game.

They set up the board on the dining room table by the bucket of chicken. Lyla had found items to be the Weapons. Mia separated the Clue cards and blindly selected a Room, Weapon, and Suspect card and put them in the Solution envelope, then shuffled the remaining cards and dealt out six piles. Rory passed out six Detective sheets and pencils (left with forethought in the game box). Johnny got nine sheets of paper from his backpack, all blank backsides of handouts and tests from his English class. Apparently, he'd gotten an A on his test for *Julius Caesar*.

"What is the big paper for?" Scott asked when he returned, a yellow Soccer t-shirt making him Col. Mustard, officially. Fiona now wore one of Scott's red Swim team sweatshirts hanging low over her black skirt.

"So we know which room is which," Lyla said, as if it were silly that he even asked. She'd written the game's room names on the sheets. "I just need to know where to hang these up."

Mia explained. "In our sexy version, there are ten-minute rounds, and on each turn we go into a room to make our 'suspicions,' and you have to go with someone else. Once you're inside, you each make a suspicion, like 'I suspect Miss Scarlett in the Library with the Candlestick.' Then the other person has to show you one of those cards, if she has one. Then the other person goes."

"What you do for the next nine minutes is up to you!" Lyla said in a sly voice.

Fiona turned to Scott. "*Seven Minutes in Clue Heaven*."

"I need to talk to you, then," Scott said, and the two stepped away for a moment.

Johnny decided where the rooms would be and taped up the signs. Scott's bedroom was the Study; Johnny's bedroom was the Library (because he actually had books); his sister Olivia's bedroom was the Lounge; the kitchen was the Kitchen and the dining room was the Dining Room (*duh*); the bathroom was the Ballroom (kind of funny); the back porch was the

Conservatory (because it had plants in it); the frontroom was the Hall; and the basement was the Billiard Room. The parents' bedroom was off-limits.

"Do we need the weapons? To do what?" Rory asked.

"I'm not sure. I just went and found stuff," Lyla said. "So, use them if you need them, or if they make it more fun."

Fiona picked up the huge, sharp kitchen knife Lyla had pulled. "No, not this one," she said with a shiver and put it back in the kitchen. She replaced it with a butter knife.

In addition, there was a skein of rope, a small wrench, a Nerf gun, a turkey baster standing in for the lead pipe, and a genuine candlestick holder.

"What about Conor?" Rory asked. "Should we wake him up?"

"Leave him be," Johnny almost demanded, then lightened his tone. "I mean, he's wearing his black t-shirt, that's perfect for Mr. Boddy. In the *Cluedo* version, I read, he's even called Mr. Black. So, let him be the dead guy."

"It'd be funny if we had him up here on the dining table, like a wake!" Scott laughed.

"No, let the poor boy be," Lyla said.

Mia set a kitchen timer thing for ten minutes, and it started ticking. "Okay, choose a buddy and a room for Round 1!"

The initial pairings weren't what anyone expected, but no one was judging each other, just figuring out what they would do with their time.

Scott kind of guide-pushed Johnny into his bedroom, the Study; Rory and Fiona went into the bathroom, the Ballroom; and Mia and Lyla took the sister's bedroom, the Lounge.

* * *

In the bathroom/Ballroom, Rory and Fiona had to stifle a giggle. "Good morning, Mr. Green," Fiona said, shaking Rory's hand.

"*Hel-lo* Miss Scarlett," Rory sang. "Scott's right — Scarlett is the hot one."

"Nice shirt," Fiona noticed.

"Johnny gave it to me."

They got straight to business and raised their detective sheets.

“Okay, Fiona, I suspect... myself, Mr. Green, in the Ballroom with the Candlestick. If you got any of those, show me one.”

Fiona fixed her cards and showed Rory her Mr. Green card. Rory made an X on his sheet.

“My turn.” Fiona looked over her notes. “In the Ballroom, I suspect... Mrs. White with the Knife.”

“You’re supposed to suspect her with the knife in the kitchen, because that’s where she works,” Rory said, thinking he was clever. He showed Fiona his Mrs. White card.

“So, this is the sexy version, huh?” Fiona asked, drawing her finger along Rory’s jaw.

“Can be...” he said, putting his items down and running his hands up inside Fiona’s red sweatshirt. She still had her bra on, but Rory pushed that up and felt her tits. He closed his eyes and took a large breath. “Now it is. I love your tits.”

“Mmmm,” Fiona moaned, rubbing her hand over Rory’s cock, hard inside his jeans.

“Can I fuck you, again?” Rory asked quietly, aware of the washroom acoustics.

“Not here. Not now,” Fiona told his ear.

“Why did you, anyway? Not that I mind. Just wondering, is all,” he asked her breasts.

“I knew Mia took your virginity. Suddenly, you were interesting. And there you were, naked on the couch, that day.” She popped the button on his jeans.

“You were always interesting to me,” Rory almost whispered.

She opened Rory’s pants and pulled them and his underwear down to his knees, releasing his blond cock. She sat him against the sink. “How about I just suck you off? You’ll have one in the bank and last longer for Mia?”

Rory didn’t have to say anything more as Fiona took his cock inside her mouth.

Scott wanted to have a conference with Johnny. Johnny didn’t think anything of it, just to play the game. Scott closed the bedroom door and did the game stuff.

“Okay, Johnny, I suspect... Mr. Green, in the Study, with the lead pipe.”

Johnny showed Scott the Study card.

Johnny was ready, too. “In the Study, I suspect... Miss Scarlett with the revolver.”

Scott showed Johnny a photo of Fiona on his phone. “Just kidding!” He then flashed him his real card of Miss Scarlett and Johnny added it to his notes.

“So, that’s it?” he asked his brother with a smirk. “How do *you and me* fill the time?” he laughed.

“We can just talk, ‘cause there is stuff we need to talk about,” Scott laughed back. “Or... I can charge you for information if you want to win the game. You can give me a blowjob and I’ll show you another card. Or I’ll show you a better photo of Miss Scarlett.”

Johnny didn’t get all uncomfortable, but he looked it while he processed that. “You’d want me to give you a blowjob?”

“Blowjob’s a blowjob. Doesn’t matter who gives it.”

Johnny had already been considering the implications of the “seven minutes in heaven” style of the game. “Are you going to do anything with Mia or Lyla?”

“That’s what I wanted to talk about. What’s the current lay of the land out there? With Mia, and Lyla? Are you with either of them?” Scott asked. “Because this game you guys started... it could get dangerous unless you’re good with...?”

Johnny knew what his brother was asking. “I like Lyla. I like Mia, too.” He decided not to explain too much. “Lyla’s kind of with Conor, but that’s... Conor’s an idiot. And Rory and Mia are still going out. I don’t want to break them up, but I want Mia, too.”

“Fiona and I have a permission for when we’re messing around with our friends in group stuff,” Scott admitted. “There’s a time and place, and there’s fairness. Now, Lyla and Mia have done more than hint that they’d like to get me naked, so *something* will probably happen when we get a turn together. I want to know if you’re good with it. These are your friends.”

“Me? Yeah, do whatever,” Johnny waved, realizing the pros and cons of the situation, and trying to hide his jealousy. He looked at his brother and confided, “I’ve fucked Mia.”

Scott just nodded. “Dangerous. I know you’re not a virgin. You did Kari Tanaka at my party.”

“And a couple times after that.”

Scott just gave him a look of mild surprise, and a nod — a ‘good man.’ “Lyla?”

“Almost, but I’m gonna try to make that happen soon.” Then he blurted out, “And I fucked Rory, too.”

Scott snorted a smile. “So have I.”

That was news to Johnny. “So, can I ask you something?”

“We’ve got the time.”

“Are you bi?”

Scott weighed that. “I don’t know. I’ve had sex with guys, but I’m not gay.”

“Um, wouldn’t that mean you are? Or bi, at least?”

Scott got the notion that they were really talking about Johnny’s confusion. “Could. I think who you fall in love with has a lot to do with... whatever you label yourself as, if you have to label yourself, at all. If I was in love with one guy, and no one else, then I’d for sure be gay, or if I’m only attracted to guys. And you know that’s not me.”

Johnny looked deep in thought.

Scott continued. “As far as bi, everyone knows what a good-looking guy looks like to them, it depends if you want to do something with them. If you do, then maybe you’re bi. Or maybe you’re just having fun because sex is fun.”

“What about your friend? Albert?”

Scott knew Johnny had some information. “Alright, maybe, because I do like him a lot and we’ve done a lot more than jerk off. But I’m not attracted to other guys, really. Like, my best friend, Danny? Me and him only used to jerk off. You know, like everyone does. But that’s it. You probably had a friend or two you jerked off with in middle school. Maybe even traded a blowjob.”

“Yeah. You and me even jerked off together how many times?”

“We did.” He had to finish his thought, though. “Hey, even Fiona fools around with her girlfriends, now and then. Everyone does.”

“But what *about* Fiona? You guys are...”

“In love. I’m recklessly in love with Fiona.”

“So, what happens when I get my turn with Fiona in a room?” Johnny asked.

“Today’s just one of those days, Johnny. That’s why I wanted to talk to you. If you do wind up in a room with Fiona, and something happens, that’ll be up to her. I won’t beat you up for it, so have fun. But that’s today. Not tomorrow,” Scott advised.

“Tomorrow you two are back to fucking here, next door to me!”

“We make love.”

“Loudly...”

“You want to see Fiona?” Scott took out his phone and showed Johnny one of Fiona’s nudes. “I’m only showing you her because you’re my brother, and... brothers need to help each other grow up, you know?”

Johnny couldn't take his eyes off the small screen. He was seeing Fiona's tits — finally! — and her pussy! If only he could get Scott to send him a copy, but that might be pushing it.

Then, he realized: Miss Scarlett. "Do I owe you a blowjob for this?"

Scott pushed his sweats down. "Yeah."

Johnny put down his sheet and pencil, and got on his knees. He pulled Scott's sweats down a little lower. It was his first close-up look at his brother's cock in a long time. He'd seen him from time-to-time walking around the bedroom or the washroom, and when they'd changed into their suits at the pool, and after soccer practice in the locker room and showers. But he hadn't held it since they'd messed around, watching good stuff on the internet.

He stroked Scott's cock, getting it hard, getting it bigger than he remembered, then took it in his mouth.

"You've done this before."

"A couple times."

"What do you see in your head when you hear me and Fiona through your wall? Do you imagine the both of us fucking? or just Fiona naked? like she's there waiting for you? Do you see my cock slipping inside her? Or yours?"

Johnny couldn't look at Scott; he'd hit a nerve, a fantasy. "I..." He couldn't say anything.

Scott put his hand to Johnny's face and stopped him, took his cock back, and fixed his sweats. "Don't worry. You're not going to finish me, but thanks for the priming. We're about out of time, here."

Johnny had a lot to contemplate from just the last couple of minutes. There was one thing still on his mind, though. "So, am I bi, then?" Johnny wondered, hoping his brother would assure him, either way. "I mean, I figure it's no one's business... whether I fuck Mia or Rory, or Mia *and* Rory, or Kari Tanaka or her sister Kiki, or Lyla..."

"It really depends how much you want to do with your guy friends." Scott picked up his notes. "Is it just Rory, or...? Anyone else? Do you look at the guys on the team and say, 'Oh, I'd like to do him next,' or... nothing? You say you've got your eye on Mia, out there," Scott cautioned. "You're fifteen, we all of us are still in high school, making use of time. Sex is fun. Just be careful you don't lose a friend. That's the one that will hurt." Scott reached into his sock and underwear drawer and gave Johnny a condom. "And don't knock anybody up."

"Thanks. Can I have two?"

Scott gave him another. He was almost finally out; he and Fiona didn't need them.

"If you do get some time with Mia, you'll love her little landing strip!" Johnny made an airplane with his fingers and "landed" it on his wrist brace.

Scott added that to his imagination. “Here’s a challenge for you, then: fuck one of the girls, then I’ll meet you back here, or one of the other rooms. I’ll suck *you* off, and try to figure out who it was!”

Johnny laughed just as the timer went off out in the dining room.

* * *

Everyone exited their room, some with clothes slightly disheveled. Conor was still passed out.

“No one has an accusation, yet, I assume?” Mia asked. Just smiles all around. Mia picked up the timer.

“Wait!” Lyla stopped her. “We’re all in one of the rooms together. I suspect: Col. Mustard in the Dining Room with the Revolver. Who’s got one?” Lyla was all smiles, finding a loophole.

Fiona flashed the Dining Room card. Everyone marked that off on their sheet, like a freebie.

Big brother Scott addressed the Sophomores in the room. “You know, this ‘ten minutes in heaven’ is a skill. You need to know how to pull off a quickie in case you meet someone at a party or a wedding reception, and the only room available is a closet or the coat room. Think about it...” He winked at Lyla.

Mia reset the timer. “Round Two.”

Johnny took Mia’s hand. She looked a little nervous, and led him into the basement — the Billiard Room. Lyla took Rory into the Kitchen, but when Scott and Fiona entered there, too, Lyla continued onto the back porch — the Conservatory.

Rory asked Lyla about the Conservatory, Mrs. White, and the Candlestick. She showed him her Conservatory card. Lyla didn’t ask a ‘suspicion,’ she just took Rory’s cards and X’d off his info on her sheet.

“Cheat much?” Rory asked, but really didn’t care.

“I’m going to win,” Lyla laughed her little laugh. Then she put her items down and fiddled with one of Johnny’s mom’s plants. “It’s November. Are these things going to die, or will she move them inside?”

“I don’t know. But she has enough plant things and stuff here, so I guess she knows what she’s doing.” Rory caught Lyla’s very civil vibe.

Lyla looked him in the eye. "Mia and I decided to go to neutral places this time, with you boys, not comfy ones," she said, indicating the porch.

"So I won't fuck you?" Rory asked. He realized that Mia went with Johnny this round.

Lyla didn't answer that. "That time... in my bedroom. When Mia and I swapped and you fucked me... hard. I loved that. I want to do it again. But I can't do it to Mia."

Rory just nodded. He understood.

"Maybe if we play... or 'orchestrate'... another game like the *Girl Talk* one, or just... decide we want to do a threesome..." she tried to explain.

"I would love that. But, yeah, I know. I love Mia, too," he said.

"You do? Have you told her?" Lyla asked.

"I've tried to. I don't think she wants to hear it."

Lyla moved up to Rory and kissed him, and kept kissing him, her hands on his ass. "Kissing doesn't count."

Rory moved his hands up inside Lyla's double t-shirts, finding no bra. "Tits don't count either, right?"

"Well, that goes without saying."

Mia took a look around Johnny's mostly unfinished basement, and decided to conduct business at his father's workbench. They made their suspicions, and Mia showed Johnny a card. "Professor Plum, eh? I must not have killed Conor, after all, dang it," he joked and marked his sheet. He showed her the Wrench. He took her items and put them on the workbench. He held her hands and tried to look in her eyes, but she just looked down.

He led Mia away and brought her to a comfy chair next to the TV and Scott's old race track set, which hadn't been plugged in for a couple years. Mia acquiesced and sat on his lap.

Johnny put his arms around her and pulled her down to him. "Rory's not looking," he said, a code phrase from their first time together. He kissed her hard. She kissed back.

"God, Johnny, I want you so much... but we can't..." she moaned while unbuttoning his khakis.

"I know we can't," he said, pushing her bra up and tweaking her nipple.

Mia pulled at his cock, stroking it as best she could while it was still trapped in his boxer briefs. "I want this cock, Johnny."

"Hell, you can have it. You heard my brother: we have to work on our quickies," he said, shifting to standing, and grabbing ahold of her pants waist.

"No, really, we can't," she said, but let him take her pants and underwear off, anyway.

"It's the game. Why can't we?" Johnny asked, taking out a condom and pushing his pants down further.

"Because I think I love Rory."

That stopped Johnny.

He thought for three seconds, then lifted her legs and pulled her forward. She slid onto her back in the chair, looking up at him. Johnny didn't put the condom on, yet, just smacked his cock on her dark landing strip above her clit. "What if I love you?"

"You don't though, do you? Do you?" she pleaded.

He didn't answer.

"You can't, yet. See?" she worried.

"I thought you said you didn't want to be in love," he recalled.

"I don't. But maybe I am."

"But you still want me."

"More than anything. But if you fuck me today, I'm going to cum, and he'll know it on our turn..." Mia reasoned. She didn't move away or try to sit up, though. Her pussy was still open and waiting.

"He's with Lyla right now. You think he's not gonna...?" he asked her.

She shook her head.

Johnny let her legs down, let her relax, a bit, but kneeled down with them, closer to her eye level, across her pussy. "What if you just broke up with him? Just left him?"

"I just don't know if I like you enough to do that, or if I just like fucking you," Mia said too quickly. Johnny picked up that she'd been thinking about that.

"We need a day to find that out, then," he told her.

"A day?"

"We need a day away from Rory. No games, no scams, no best friends. Just you and me," he said, like he'd been thinking about this, too. "A day out, running around together, talking,

maybe. If it's a day in bed, that's fine, too. I think when you're naked... you're more honest, can't lie. I don't just mean you, sorry, but like, that's true about everyone."

"Do we get along without the rest of them, you mean?" she wondered. "Or are we just getting off on quickies in closets?"

"Can we be together for hours and talk about... stuff?" he laughed. "Or will you just think 'I am so hot for this guy's bod, but I really can't stand him'?"

Mia looked at him where she could see him. "I do love your bod. You know that much. I'd love to cut school and take a day in bed with you. Make love over and over..."

"See? You said 'make love,' not 'fuck.' You do feel something."

"Feel? Yes. But... what? I don't know," she tried to shrug.

Johnny looked through her eyes. "You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes."

He ripped open the foil and quick-rolled the condom on. He glided into her pussy, nice and slow. "You *want* me to fuck you."

"All the time."

He fucked her a little bit more, still nice and slow.

"You want me to break you and Rory up."

"Do I?" she wondered.

"I think you do. Then the decision will be made for you," he said.

"That's not fair."

"To him? To me?"

"To me."

Johnny stopped and pulled his cock out. He took a breath in thought, then took off the condom and walked, awkwardly, to the basement trash by the workbench and tossed out the condom and wrapper. He pulled up his pants.

He helped Mia sit up and then pull her pants right-side-out, again. When she had them on, he got their *Clue* stuff, and they headed back upstairs, but he stopped her from opening the basement door.

"You're just so damn beautiful, Mia. I really like how we are together, like always, not just playing doctor or making videos. But you're right. We have to know. Let's find a day. We deserve that," he said. She nodded.

"We should have played *Monopoly* today," she started their usual joke.

"No one likes *Monopoly*," he countered.

"That's what I mean." She tried to smile at him.

He opened the door just before the alarm bell dinged.

* * *

Everyone met in the dining room, again. Scott had brought out the Doritos and Pringles. Everyone took a moment to snack, take a sip, or dig for that last chicken leg.

Mia asked if they were ready, then set the timer for Round 3.

"Hey, can I ask you something?" Rory put to Johnny, but then they both watched the others move around them. Lyla took Fiona into Johnny's bedroom, the Library; Scott saw his opportunity and took Mia into his bedroom, the Study.

"Looks like it's me and you," Johnny said.

Rory looked around at the dining room/Dining Room. "I've got this room already, though," he said and moved them both into the frontroom — the Hall — where Conor was making some noises, but still not awake. "In the Hall, I suspect... Col. Mustard in the Hall with the Wrench."

"Are we really still playing?" Johnny asked.

"Hey, Lyla's cheating. I'm trying to at least give her a run!"

Johnny showed Rory all his cards, so Rory did the same.

"You had a question," Johnny reminded him.

"Yeah," Rory hesitated. "I was..." He shifted, then came out with it. "Did you fuck Mia when you were with her?"

"No." Johnny didn't hesitate, though he was surprised Rory actually asked. Then he went for the semi-honest approach. "Kissed her, and felt her tits, because that's the game, right?"

Rory nodded. "Tits are fun."

Johnny wasn't sure Rory was convinced. He opened his pants and pushed them down. "Taste me."

“What?”

“Taste me. Mia’s pussy juice would still be on me,” he assured him. “You know I hate rubbers.”

Rory waved him off. “That’s okay.”

“Then taste me, anyway, because we have time, Mr. Green?” Johnny asked.

“I think I can accommodate you, Professor Plum,” Rory smiled and dropped to his knees. He took Johnny’s cock into his mouth and started bobbing. Johnny didn’t let him go for too long. He got hard right away, but he was saving his cum for the next round. As a good friend, Johnny dropped and sucked Rory for a time, too.

Thing was, Johnny could tell that Rory had cum sometime in the very recent past. He couldn’t detect any pussy flavor, but he tasted Rory’s cum. Hand job from Lyla?

Conor moaned something from the couch, something akin to, “What’s goin’ on?”

Johnny told him, “Quiet, Conor. You’re dead.”

“No, I’m not...” Conor argued to the ceiling, very confused. One of his hands was stuck in his pants, which was a good thing, he figured, so he played with his balls. *But was he dead? He had a flower in his other hand, so maybe...*

“Yes. Yes, you are, Conor,” Rory assured him.

“Oh. Okay.” And Conor went back to sleep, dreaming of what it was like to be a ghost.

“Mrs. White,” Scott said as he held open the door to his own bedroom for Mia.

“Why, thank you, Colonel Mustard. You are quite the gentleman,” Mia countered, entering The Study.

“Not for much longer,” Scott growled as he closed the door. They played the game quickly; Scott showed Mia the Lead Pipe and Mia showed Scott her Prof. Plum.

Mia was fairly certain Scott wasn’t going to try and fuck her. But maybe she could... “So, Scott, is there any chance I could check out your real lead pipe?”

“Mia, you’ve been making hints like that since you and Rory went on the double-date with me and Fiona,” Scott shook his head. “Every time they have us both over at their house at the same time...”

"I can't help it," Mia shrugged. "You're just so hot."

"And *you're* dangerous," Scott observed.

Mia had a flash that she'd been told that before. *How true was it?* "We're just playing a game."

"Aren't we, though?" Scott looked her over and said, "So, in the spirit of the game, of course you can. But I get to see those titties and that landing strip."

Mia was a little surprised that Scott knew the shape of her pubes, but agreed quickly with a smile. "Timer's running. Let's see who can take 'em off the fastest!"

Shirts came off first, of course, and Mia's bra. Pants were undone and pushed down with underwear.

Mia looked longingly at "sexy" Scott's pecs, abs, and, as his boxer briefs came down, cock. "Oh, yesss..." she breathed. *This isn't a boy, it's a man*, she thought. His pubes were trimmed to a Speedo regulation, but it was evident he didn't shave. His cock was bigger than Johnny's, and she knew how much she wanted Johnny's... "Can you make it hard for me?" she asked.

"Mia, you are as fantastic as Johnny said. Give it a second and my cock will be hard enough to nail hammers for... er, hammer nails for you," Scott gave her back. And it soon was. "We have time for more, you know."

"What about Fiona?" Mia asked.

"We have a game allowance. We discussed this before the first round. I can't fuck her brother's girlfriend," he told her, "but I'd love to feel those titties."

"And I'd love to taste that cock."

He sat and made her join him on his bed. They silently agreed she should be sideways so he could reach her breasts easier as she licked his cock base to crown. Her tits were soft and supple, and her skin was flushed — her whole body was turning pink, making her very red nipples stand out. His hand glided down to her dark landing strip. "This is cute!" he said, pulling on her thick curls, then dipped a finger inside her.

She pulled off his cock. "Don't make me cum. I'm on a hair-trigger and... I don't want to cum until I'm with... I just need to be with Rory today..."

Scott realized there was more at play than just how far he was allowed to go within his and Fiona's guidelines. And he realized it meant bad news for his brother, too. "It's okay."

He withdrew his finger from her snatch, and put it in his mouth while she watched. "It's a shame. I'd love to get down in there and make you cum five times before I fucked you into oblivion."

"*Fuck, don't say that...!*"

Scott smiled in a lost victory. “Just don’t get drunk at one of our parties and wander into my bedroom. You won’t come out until noon the next day.”

Mia breathed in deeply and fell flat on her back.

“You giving up?” he asked as he pulled up his sweats.

“Giving up, not giving in.” She pulled up her pants, too. “But I just have to touch you some more.”

“You’ve got until the bell. Then that’s it, forever.”

“I know.”

In Johnny’s bedroom, Lyla and Fiona actually took the first minute to look around the place — at his book titles, his action figures, his posters, his awards and trophies, some lighting that looked like it came from a *Tron* movie, his cello case shoved in the corner, his guitar more carefully positioned. Lyla noted what was on his desk and that his computer was signed out. The book on his nightstand was Andrew Smith’s *Winger*. They both checked the softness of his bed.

“Never been in here before?” Lyla asked.

“No. First time,” Fiona responded, spinning his globe. “You?”

“First time I’ve been to his house,” Lyla said.

Fiona found a photo of Lyla, and another of her with friends, and another. A couple of Mia, or Mia and Rory, a group shot Johnny was in, but the one of Lyla was prominent. “You’ve made his bulletin board.”

Lyla came over to see. “Halloween,” she grinned. “And the day after...”

“This is a nice shot,” Fiona said of the first photo.

It was Lyla in the school cafeteria, looking off into the distance, a smile on her face, the end of a laugh. Candid. She was talking to Mia and had no idea Johnny was taking her picture.

She had that look on her face right then.

She shook her head and thought about the game. She had a harder time seeing Fiona’s cards than anyone else’s, and only got Mr. Green out of her, so she only gave Col. Mustard.

They sat on the bed. Lyla ran her hands over Johnny’s Batman pillow.

"You and Scott are such a good couple," Lyla observed. "Like the whole school wishes they were you two."

"I don't think it's quite that way," Fiona countered in humility. But aware of the social circles in the school, she knew it was kind of true, though.

"Or wish they could be *between* you two," Lyla hinted. "You're so pretty..." She let her hands run up Fiona's legs and under her skirt. "Would you be open to a threesome? I won't ask if you'd rent Scott out."

"Actually, you might get lucky on that one, today," Fiona hinted back. "When one of us does something with our friends, we have to balance it out, so..." Fiona pulled up her skirt, revealing her pussy.

"So, if I fuck you, someone might get to fuck me?" she asked, inserting herself between Fiona's thighs.

"That's the idea. Now let's see if you're better than your sister at this."

Lyla smiled. "Mine's the same color," she said of Fiona's blond delta. "Just a little curlier. Want to see?"

"You bet I do."

Lyla wasted no time removing her clothing. Fiona helped the situation by removing hers, as well.

"Lyla, you're adorable," Fiona said, immediately appreciating her breasts. She reached out and touched them both and, with a little pressure, drew Lyla to her on the bed.

Lyla tried to speak, but lost her words. She laughed, then fell to holding Fiona, letting her hands roam over her stomach and up to her breasts, as well. "I've only ever seen you like... like even close to this, when we all changed at the pool... or little glimpses here and there when you slept over with Tori."

"Did you ever want to join us?" Fiona asked, one hand on Lyla's breast, the other massaging Lyla's ass.

"Every time, but first for the girl talk and secrets and teenager stuff, you know?" she laughed. "But Tori would never let me hang with you both that long. I could only get what I got when you were watching TV in the frontroom or we made snacks in the kitchen." She looked down Fiona's body, gazing at her pussy and legs down to her feet. "But I never thought I'd actually get to touch you like Tori did. Does? Did?"

Fiona rolled her eyes. "Does. Now and then."

Lyla continued to fondle Fiona's breast, lifting the swell of her breast, then summing at her nipple with a little pinch. "I wish I had your body..."

“You do,” Fiona noted. “Or you do, two years ago. I love how your nipples have spread... all pink and...”

“That’s because it’s warm in here, and I’m incredibly turned on,” Lyla knew. “I want to just hold you.” Her hand slipped down into Fiona’s pubes, all four fingers twirling in them, and then dipped inside her cleft. “And get you off.”

“Only girls know how we need it done,” Fiona said. “Oooh, you found her...!”

“She stood up to meet me,” Lyla smiled, dipping her fingers inside Fiona and running back along her labia. “Are we watching the clock?”

“The boys will want us back, I know, but I think we can be a little late,” Fiona grinned. “But, with that in mind, I’d really like to taste you. Come here...”

Fiona gently but firmly pulled Lyla into position above her. Lyla was no stranger to the position, though she’d been on the bottom more often with Mia. She adjusted her knees’ position with Fiona’s assistance and lowered her pussy to Fiona’s mouth, giving her control. But in front of her was the secret she’d never seen this close, and couldn’t wait to taste, herself. Both tongues met labia at about the same time, and there was a communal “*Um-Mmmmm...*” moan.

Lyla wanted to float as Fiona’s intelligent tongue drew her inside herself, but she knew she had her own intense job to perform. Up and back, inside, swirling and sucking at the clitoris, monitoring the taste of her juices, finding when her cum was building. She inserted one, then two fingers, beginning a finger-fuck, making those juices flow.

Lyla wished she had some of her toys available. Johnny had a sister away at college, and Lyla briefly thought about running over to her bedroom to see if she had any. What she really wished for was more time with Fiona. Now that the “ice” was broken, and Fiona told her she still did it with Tori now and again, perhaps there would be opportunity in the future. She’d love to spend more than ten or fifteen minutes making Fiona cum, and having Fiona make her cum.

She was thinking too much, working on Fiona more than letting Fiona get her off. She knew from playing with Mia that getting off was not selfish — your partner needed you to experience the pleasure they were giving, or hoped they were giving.

She went on auto and just let her tongue play. Fiona’s pelvis was riding the waves as much as hers was, now! *Push it! There it is!*

Fiona fought the battle of letting go and cumming for Lyla, too, while still manipulating her. Lyla had such a cute, pink pussy, lips not too stretched, yet. She tasted like her sister, Fiona determined, but that was a good thing. Could she make Lyla cum like her sister? Could Lyla make her cum like her sister could?

Lyla was picking up speed, double-fingering Fiona’s pussy, pleasuring her g-spot. Fiona’s head was starting to swim, and focused on sucking Lyla’s clit, circling it, and running her hands up to her breasts, pinching and teasing those flat nipples to little points.

And there it goes! Yes! Both of us...!

During their tremors, Fiona was the one who could wrap her arms entirely about the other and press her tightly to her, enjoying that pussy right on her face. Lyla, meanwhile, moaned and floundered between Fiona's legs, moving a thigh to become a pillow as she nearly passed out, still stroking Fiona's labia lightly, so lightly...

They'd be a little late for the bell. The others would understand.

* * *

The timer bell went off, and Rory and Johnny waited to greet the others as they arrived back in the dining room. Then they waited a little more. Johnny smiled at the utterly relaxed expression on Lyla's and Fiona's faces, their clothing looking somehow softer, now. Rory tried to read Mia's and Scott's faces as they arrived, a little blush to them, but Mia did look happy to see him there.

"How we all doing?" Rory asked. "Anyone close to solving who killed Conor?"

"I was disappointed it wasn't me," Johnny shook his head, reaching for some Doritos.

"Really?" Fiona commented with raised eyebrows, then she and Rory both marked Prof. Plum off their lists.

The last of the Kool-Aid was poured into the cups. They'd found detective work to be thirsty business. Scott headed into the kitchen with the empty pitcher.

"You ever notice," Johnny said, looking at the Kool-Aid, "that grape stuff never actually tastes like grapes?"

Lyla grew a big smile. "Yeah, actually, I have! It doesn't taste 'grape,' it tastes 'purple.' Like what purple must taste like if it really was a flavor!"

"Like grape Bubble Yum. I used to love that stuff!" Johnny remembered.

"Do they still sell that?" Lyla asked.

"I don't know. Haven't had it in a long while," he realized. "What would blue taste like?" he wondered aloud, then blushed, realizing that Lyla was wearing a blue shirt. "I didn't..."

"I know," she said. Still, she looked at Mia and Johnny watching them, and then the boy on the couch. "Is Conor okay?" Lyla asked, concerned he hadn't moved.

"Yeah. He came to for a bit, but then he died again," Johnny half-explained.

"What happened? Really?"

“He’s so high, right now,” Rory really explained. “He’d been eating those edibles like they were candy, so he’s going to be high for the whole day. We made him take a nap to burn some of it off, but he’s only been down for about, I don’t know, an hour, maybe two hours, now?”

“He’ll be fine,” Johnny told Lyla, taking her hand, making it clear they were partnering up. Rory caught what Johnny did, and put his arms around Mia from behind while she reset the timer.

“Round 4, then,” Mia called, and moved with Rory into Johnny’s bedroom — the Library.

Fiona headed into the kitchen and kissed the back of Scott’s neck. He’d just cleaned and refilled the pitcher with water and mixed-in some cherry Kool-Aid mix. He was in the process of adding sugar.

“Here, taste this,” he asked Fiona, and had her sip from a big spoon.

“Little more, or add some lemon to it,” she advised.

“Good idea.” He did both, plus ice, and then he put the pitcher in the refrigerator. “Are we paired up again? This is our second time. I’ve already shown you all my cards.”

“Yeah, the others ditched us,” Fiona said. “I think this was supposed to be my turn with Mia.”

Scott dried his hands and wrapped his arms around his girl. “You don’t have much to balance out, but if you really want to, it won’t be difficult. She’s at your house often enough.”

“You’ll have some fun with Lyla. She’s got the family talent,” Fiona giggled.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah...”

“But will this shut her up, or make her want more?” he asked.

“Doesn’t matter. It’s the only chance she’s gonna get,” Fiona said, and kissed her guy. “Hey, I brought over a course catalog from Duke I got in the mail. Take a look at it with me.”

In Johnny’s bedroom, Rory and Mia were still playing the game, but like the others, just traded cards, trying to beat Lyla at her own game. “Ooh, I only need one more to find the room,” Rory declared.

“I only need one more to get the weapon,” Mia added.

“That’s done, then.” Rory pulled off his green Sandman shirt and whipped back the blue-and-white covers on Johnny’s bed. “Now take your clothes off and get in this bed.”

Mia's heart raced with the thrill. "Yes, sir!" She was pulling her white top over her head when Rory stopped her progress, holding her arms steady, keeping the shirt covering the top of her face. He came close enough to kiss her, but licked her lips, instead. She moved like she wanted to bite him, but couldn't find him, couldn't kiss him, as he'd backed his face away.

He released her arms, but trusted them to stay where he'd left them. Mia was turned-on enough to keep them raised, wanting to find out what he was up to. He undid the latch on her bra and lifted the cups so he could nuzzle and suck on her breasts. She let her arms down out of her shirt so she could remove her bra, but kept the shirt over her face, like a mask, like...

"Look up. I'm Spider-Gwen!"

"Careful," Rory said, releasing a nipple. "She's my fantasy girl. I would love to fuck Gwen Stacy."

Mia thought about the girl from the animated movie they'd seen, and shook her head. "I'll fuck you upside-down, but I'm sorry, I can't do that stuff to my hair like she has." She took off her 'mask.'

"No worries," Rory said, opening her pants. "I love my dark-haired beauty." He pulled down her pants and panties, revealing her dark landing strip. "Is it... okay?... if I ask what you've been up to, so far, in the game?"

Mia was ready for that. "Oh, yeah. Not too much. Lyla and I really just made sure we looked good, and talked about what we would do and not do."

"Yeah, I got that from her," Rory said, pulling Mia's pants off her feet.

"Then with Johnny... oh, just messed around a bit. It was the game. He played with my boobs. He knows."

Rory nodded. That lined-up. He looked at the Spider-Man and Batman pillow cases that had been hidden under the mature and stylish comforter, and smiled. He knew he liked Johnny for something. "Then... Scott?"

"You trust me, right?" she asked her boyfriend.

"Of course," he replied right away. "And I know Scott loves Fiona, but it's the game, and I'm just wondering." He took off Mia's socks.

"You took my socks off. We're staying awhile, huh?" she asked, running her foot up his chest as he dropped his pants. He grabbed her ankle and kissed her arch.

"Yeah. I asked Johnny if he minded. He's cool with it," Rory said. He held her foot and played with her toes. "You know, you have some cute little tootsies, but if you were naked, with just Gwen's light-blue Converse sneakers, I would cum so hard..."

"Good to know," she smiled from the bed and made a mental note to find those online, later.

Rory let her foot go and dropped his boxers.

"Release the Kraken..." Mia sang quietly to him, gazing at his cock. Rory then sat to pull off his boxers and pants along with his own socks. Mia got to her answer. "Scott... I couldn't pass up the chance to see him naked."

"Fiona said today was the day, like a hall pass day for both of them, within the limits of the game, or whatever." He reached back for his pants before he forgot something.

"That's right. You were with Fiona, already. So, did you finally get to fuck your sister?" she teased.

"No," Rory shook his head and gave her the eye, "she only gave me a blowjob."

"Sure..."

"So," he re-prompted her, "he saw you naked?" He took a Trojan out of a pocket, then slipped it under the pillow.

"Yeah, and a little touching. Had to. I mean," she sat up and looked Rory in the eye, "you've seen him. I had to touch those pecs. And his cock? I think it's bigger than Johnny's."

"It is." Rory knew this from experience, but he still wasn't sure he wanted to tell Mia that tale.

Mia ran her hands down Rory's body and made him fall back on the bed and join her lengthwise. She took his cock in her hands. It was the best *looking* cock she'd ever encountered. Not as big as Johnny's or Scott's, but very smooth, his scar ring so light it almost wasn't there, and his head got so purple when he was excited, especially when she held the base tightly. His balls were big, but didn't hang ugly. And he had those blond pubes. Honey-colored pubes. For some reason, she just thought that was so cool.

"And yes, I couldn't pass up tasting Scott's cock." She took Rory's cock into her mouth and sucked on his crown, licking around the corona.

"Like that?" Rory asked.

"Yes, but..." she pulled off him, "then I stopped." She licked Rory's cock down his shaft to his balls. "But I don't want to stop on you."

"You're going to have to, because I am dying to fuck you." He ran his hands the length of her hair and pulled her back.

"Rory, I just want you to know," Mia said, very seriously, "that I am going to explode the second your cock penetrates me. Like, I will be dead, after, because I will have actually exploded. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he said, "and I am ready to kill you. Mr. Green in the..." he looked around and saw Johnny's books, "in the Library with the Knife." He stroked his cock for her.

She rubbed her legs together at her crotch. "With Lyla and Johnny and Scott all teasing me, I am just so ready to cum, like... waiting for you... it's... if you just touched my pussy, right now, I would scream."

Rory pulled Mia back down onto her back and flipped on top of her, shoving her shoulders to the sheets. He kicked her legs open with his knees and pressed his cock down on her. "Just a touch?"

"Oh, *fuck*, Rory..."

"Mia..." he got her attention, "I'm going in bare, and you can't stop me."

Mia drew in a quick breath. God, she wanted him bare. They'd been very good about condom use since their pregnancy scare, but she loved how he felt without one. "No, Rory..."

"*Fuckin' yes Rory...*" he muttered and slid his cock into her sopping wet pussy.

"Oh, *ffffuck...! Fuck me!*" she cried and, like she warned, began to convulse. The feeling of being filled by the boy she loved when she was this fucking horny made her cum instantly. She had to tell him. She had to tell him today. He'd waited for her to come around, finally, and give in to love. They understood each other too well. She had to tell him today.

Rory stabbed into her again and again as her flood began, her fluids splashing out of her pussy each time. He figured he was good for a little while or at least a minute or two before he would have to honestly wrap up his cock. Or maybe this first time was one of those when he could just pull out and cum on her tits. *Yeah*.

"*That's my baby. Fuckin' cum for me...*"

"Oh, *fuck*, Rory... *Hold me...*"

"*I'm gonna fuckin' cum inside you.*"

"No, no!" she whined and started to sit up, not sure if it was just dirty talk or if he really was going to.

He pushed her shoulders back down to the sheets. "Yes, *Mia*. Or... *maybe I'll cum on your tits...*"

She lit up at that. Inside, she knew that was his plan, but loved the dirty talk about it. And the thought of it, honestly, made her cum a little more. "Oh, *yeahhhh... cum on my tits, Rory... cum on my tits...*"

Rory fucked her faster, bringing himself to the edge earlier than he wanted, but it would feel so good. He reached that point where he could try to calm down, or just go for it. He pulled his cock out and fired jet after jet of cum all over her body.

“Oh, Rory, oh I fucking *love* that!” Mia moaned, spreading the cum out as it hit her. “Will you clean me off?” she asked.

He wasn’t going to let her take control back, though. “No, you clean *me* off.” He moved around next to her and offered her his cock, which she took inside her mouth without thinking, holding tightly onto his ass.

“Your pussy looks too cute to be left alone, though,” he told her body as he spun a bit and put himself above her, sixty-nining, and licked her clean there, instead.

Johnny took Lyla’s hand. He figured Scott would take Fiona into his own bedroom, and he’d given his bedroom to Rory and Mia. They could take his sister’s room, or they could really try the quickie-in-a-closet thing. There was the front hall coat closet, or the pantry in the kitchen. He headed to the closet for the “classic” feel of Seven Minutes in Heaven. “This way, Mrs. Peacock.”

“Where are we go-...? Oooh! Professor Plum!” Lyla squeaked as Johnny opened the door, pushed back a row of coats, and pulled her inside with him. They kicked some shoes and boots out of their way and Johnny closed the door.

Lyla threw her arms around him — half for passion, half for stability in the dark. “This is cozy. I can smell your leather bomber jacket.”

“You know it’s mine?” He could barely see her eyes in the dark, but there was just enough light leaking through the bottom and cracks in the door to make out her face.

“Yeah. It looks good on you.” She felt along his body. “Hey, I can’t see your cards in here.”

“Study, Wrench, Lounge,” he just flat-out told her hair, letting his hands find her breasts.

Lyla repeated the clues three times, committing them to memory. “Thaaaank you... For that, I’ll give you Revolver,” she said, her hand finding his hard cock.

“I’ll give *you* Revolver...” he groaned, putting his hand over hers and mashing it against him, keeping her there.

“Don’t tease me, Johnny.”

“I’m not teasing,” he whispered in her ear. “Now... where were we? Where’d we leave off?” His hands popped the button on her pants. “Oh, yes... *Operation*... Dr. Lyla... I was naked on Mia’s bed, your wet pussy was humping my leg, and you were sucking on my cock, giving me the best blowjob I’d ever...”

Lyla shut him up with a kiss, tongue snaking toward his throat. She broke for air. “Shut up. We’ve only got nine minutes. I’ve been waiting weeks to feel your cock inside me.” She was working on his pants, too.

Their hands and his wrist brace were getting in each other's way, so he pushed her against the back wall and let her work. He moved up her double t-shirts — her own pink one and Scott's blue one on top of that, though he couldn't see either color in the dark. She was braless, he found, much to his delight. He couldn't see them, but he could imagine the light-light-pinkiness of her nipples. He wanted to suck on them, again, but Lyla was moving, pushing his pants and boxers down.

She stood and finished undoing her own pants, not waiting for Johnny to take over. She pushed them and her panties to her knees, then hesitated. She could just turn and have him take her from behind, or... She pushed them down all the way and stomped her feet out of the legs. She stood, and Johnny's hands went to her ass.

"I want to be able to kiss you," she explained. "I don't want to hit my face on the wall. I wish I could see your eyes, but this way I can... Can we do it this way?"

"Yeah, pretty sure," he said, his hand slipping around to her pussy. He dipped a finger inside, then brought it up to his mouth. "So that's what blue tastes like."

"You're bad," she said, shaking her head.

"Well, blue like your eyes," he said, though he couldn't see the actual color at that point.

"Blue like *your* eyes," Lyla dreamed, then kissed him again.

They were pressed together and Johnny hunched down to get his cock below her and played it along her center, finding her pubes then going south. "You're dripping wet," he wondered aloud.

"Fiona and I sixty-nined. She is sssso good. I've always wanted to fuck Fiona. Now I want to fuck *you*," she said, bouncing her hips, trying to make him move inside her.

Johnny found her entrance easily and speared inside. Both of them moaned some version of "*Oh, fuck...*" He rose up, taking Lyla with him. She went to her tiptoes, giving him as much room as she could as he thrust from below.

Johnny inhaled deeply. He was inside Lyla. He just took a moment to hold onto the feeling. This was the girl he wanted. And not just because she was unavailable, but he knew they were meant to be together. Here they were having sex, kissing, loving each other, but only for ten minutes — then they had to go back to the party and go back to the way things were. He wasn't going to screw things up by declaring love, though. He'd just make this the best ten minutes he could.

He first tried to pick her up, holding her under her ass, but it wasn't working well; he had the strength, and she was light enough, but the room — or lack of it with the pole over their heads — just wasn't helping.

He turned them both, her rear toward the side wall, her head against the softness of his bomber jacket, and held her left leg up under his elbow and arm brace. *"Ah, that's it..."* He was able to get in nice and deep, feeling her golden curls rub against his lower belly.

"Oh, god, yes... I knew it... fuck me, Johnny... I've been... I've wanted... oh, fuck yes!" she moaned as he pounded her against the wall.

"We should have tried this at Mia's Halloween party," he breathed in her ear. Mia's parents had been home, so a closet would have been the only privacy.

"You're so bad..." she said, amid whimpering.

"But Lyla... you feel so good..." Johnny's other hand held her waist, but she was steady, so he happily found her breast, again.

"Hey, I *loved* your video," she said directly in his ear, biting his lobe. *"So hot..."*

"I made that for you," he told her.

"Mia had the camera, though, right?" she asked with a little knowledge.

"But I was talking to *you*," he promised her.

She caught her breath as he went in for that kiss. They were actually at the perfect height.

"Johnny... your cock... oh, my god... keep going... just keep... just like that... yeah..."

Johnny's attention was on kissing Lyla and maintaining that driving rhythm below. Lyla tasted good, he thought, and she really knew how to kiss. They worked well together. Then he had that stray thought, the one about 'do I keep going, 'cause if I do, I'm going to blast cum into this girl...' "Lyla, I'm sorry, baby, I need to get that rubber or I'm gonna cum in you. We went in so fast, I..."

"No, don't you pull out! I'm fine. *Don't stop fucking me!"*

"You sure?"

"Positive!"

I'll take her word for it. With that, Johnny picked up the pace, pounding her ass into the wall, shaking the house. Everyone knew *someone* was getting action. Conor, on the couch, may have incorporated an earthquake into his dream.

"Oh-oh-oh... yes... Johnny," she squeaked, holding onto him tighter around his neck and shoulders as she came. Her one foot on the floor was slipping as her hips quivered, but Johnny was holding her steady against the wall.

Johnny's cock got a whole lot wetter. *"You cumming for me? Lyla? You cumming for me?"*

"Fuck, yes!... I'm cumming I'm cumming... I'm finally cumming for you..." she moaned weakly, giving all her weight to Johnny.

Johnny took that as his cue. *"Then... I'm gonna cum in you..."*

"Yes... cum in me... I want to feel it... I want to feel you cum in me..."

Johnny held her as tightly as she was holding him and clenched his jaw. His orgasm hit and he held his cock still inside her as his body spasmed and pumped out jets of his cum. Around the fourth blast, and after Lyla's *"I feel it... I feel it!"* he needed to fuck, again, and resumed driving his hips into her a little longer.

Then he let her leg down. He stayed inside her, but let her leg rest and massaged her hip. Both of them were breathing heavy. Adjusted to the dark now, he lifted her face and, finding the glint in her eyes, kissed her.

"Johnny, why can't you be my boyfriend?" Lyla laughed in her recovery.

"Because you're going out with Jughead out on the couch," Johnny reminded her.

"Conor can be sweet," she finished laughing.

"Yeah, he's okay," Johnny gave in. "Are you sure you're okay? I mean..." He nodded below, but Lyla really couldn't tell in the dark. "I must've cum a gallon into you. Unless the old story about not being able to get pregnant if you do it standing up is true...!"

"No, I... um... today was my day." She was smiling, and he could tell that she was, his lips were so close. She pulled him tighter and kissed him, again. "After Mia and Rory had that pregnancy scare back in September — you weren't there — I had a talk with my sister, Tori. She took me to her doctor, and I went on the pill. It takes a month for it to be effective, like my monthly to next monthly." She didn't want to use more precise, less sexy words, but wanted him to know. "So, I was debating whether, when you and me were at Mia's, whether I should chance it, but I stuck it out, like the doctor said. And today I'm good. And you are the first boy I've ever had cum inside me!"

She kissed him, again and again, and he joined her. "It's my honor!" he proclaimed.

They pulled away and began to straighten themselves, deciding it would be easier to do outside the closet. Johnny immediately felt the loss, and wondered if she felt the same. *She had to*, he believed. He opened the door and Lyla found her pants. "Can you help me? I don't want to sit on your nice chairs with all our stuff leaking out of me!" Lyla half-joked.

The bell in the dining room dinged.

Johnny pulled a girl's pants right-side-out for the second time that day and presented her panties to her. Conor was silent, no matter whether he was conscious or still pleasantly on another metaphysical plane.

"We good?" Johnny asked.

Lyla assured him she was, but, “Next time, we get a bed!”

Next time, she’d said; Johnny liked the sound of that.

He kissed her again. He decided that kissing her was really his favorite part, even more than the sex they just had. He loved kissing her, and her kissing him back. He led her back to the dining room, holding her hand.

* * *

Scott and Fiona were at the dining table. She sat half in her own chair, her legs across his lap, the college catalog open. He was reading a passage while massaging her right foot. “There they are,” Scott said as Johnny and Lyla entered. “I had to get the toolbox and reattach the chandelier, the place shook so bad!”

“Were you guys here the entire time?” Johnny asked. “You didn’t go in a room?”

“Nah, we have things to discuss. We just talked this round out,” Scott reported.

“Just talk?” Lyla kidded.

“Yeah,” Fiona told her. “You can do that when you really like each other.” She gave her man a kiss, anyway.

“As friends, not just lovers,” he added, and they kissed again.

Lyla got that romantic middle-schooler look on her face and sighed. Johnny wondered if he and Lyla could do that — talk, like he’d proposed to Mia, be alone, be friends beyond sex, beyond the group.

Lyla excused herself to the washroom, telling Johnny she needed to and it was not an invitation for more *Clue*-ing in the Ballroom.

Johnny waved at Scott. “Hey, come here. Got to tell you something.”

Scott excused himself from under Fiona and followed Johnny into his own bedroom. “What’s up?” he asked, closing the door.

Johnny opened his pants. “Did you really want to taste which girl is on me?”

Scott laughed. “It’s kind of obvious, I think.” He was going to turn and head back out, but caught a look on Johnny’s face. “Wait — did you really want me to?”

Johnny shrugged. “Well, you made me suck you...”

Scott sighed inside himself. He'd started the whole thing. He got to his knees and met Johnny's still semi-hard cock, pulling his pants down a little further. He held Johnny's balls and assessed his cock. "You *are* a good size. I'd mentioned to Fiona that you were pretty close to my length, and you are."

He took Johnny's cock into his mouth and ran his tongue along the shaft. He considered something, then sucked twice more, fully. He pulled off. "So that's Lyla?"

"Yeah." Johnny decided not to mention anything about Mia, the same as he hadn't to Rory.

"Tastes like her sister," Scott dropped off-hand.

"You did Tori?" Johnny asked.

"Yeah. Fiona had a threesome fantasy, and I gave in," he laughed. With that, he stood up, and Johnny put himself back together. All set, they went back out to the dining table.

Johnny replenished some salt in his body and finished the Pringles. Scott told him there was more Kool-Aid in the 'fridge. Johnny got the pitcher and brought it back out to the table and poured. He picked up a piece of chicken; the legs and thighs were gone, so he chose a breast. Conor could have all the wings when he woke up.

Soon, Lyla rejoined them, and marked down Johnny's cards on her *Clue* sheet. Johnny tore off a piece of the breast and popped it in Lyla's mouth, then kissed her.

"Still missing one of your cards," Lyla over-hinted to Fiona.

"Oh, here..." Fiona said, and flipped up her Knife card. Lyla clapped her hands with a *he-he!*

"What are we doing with the 'real' weapons?" Fiona asked Lyla about the items on top of the game board. "You brought them. Is there a purpose?"

"They were just for fun. Didn't know if they could come in handy," she remarked, shrugging. She picked up the wrench and turned it over, wondering.

"Fix the curve in Conor's cock?" Johnny guessed. Lyla just rolled her eyes. Johnny picked up the turkey baster / Lead Pipe. He squished the bulb on the end. "Cum getter-outer?"

"Yuck!" Lyla winced.

Fiona groaned, "One of the smartest kids in school, but he's still only fifteen when you get down to it..."

Scott picked up the Nerf gun and shot a suction dart at Johnny's forehead.

"Hey, don't shoo- Oh, wait, I don't have my contacts in," Johnny said, picking up the dart and throwing it.

"Why not?" Scott asked, swatting the dart away.

“Everyone was here after I showered. Just didn’t.”

“Where are your glasses, then?”

Johnny went and got them from a table in the frontroom. “Hey, you look good in those,” Lyla remarked with enthusiasm. “You could wear them more often.”

“No, only when my eyes are tired of wearing the contacts,” Johnny said.

Lyla turned his face toward her and looked into his eyes, studying them. “They’re still so blue. I wondered if the contacts... But no. That’s you.”

Johnny let her keep looking a bit longer.

“Did you have your contacts in when you got tackled and hurt your hand last month?” Scott asked. “You didn’t play blind that day, did you?”

“No, I had them in. That was just that asswipe from LaGrange. That’s healed. I’ve worn this thing religiously,” Johnny said.

“*Su pobre mano*,” Lyla said in bad first-year Spanish, playing with his fingers. “Your handwriting sucks with this thing.”

“My cursive, but my printing’s okay-ish, *mi corazón*,” Johnny noted. “But I have gotten better at jerking off with my left hand...”

Lyla swatted at him. “Did you have that on at Halloween?” she asked.

“Yeah. Under my suit.” His left arm went around her.

“If you’d have told me you were dressing as the Mad Hatter, I could have been Alice, you know,” she said.

“It was the Batman version of Mad Hatter, though. Would you have known which Alice to be?” he asked.

Lyla traced the Batman logo on his purple t-shirt. “I’m sure you would have helped me.”

“Yeah, I would have,” he admitted. “But it was a last-minute decision. I hate too-complex costumes with props, and you can never sit down, or dance. But I had a top hat, found some stupid-looking pants...”

“Last-minute? Were you not going to come to the party?” Lyla asked. “I would have missed you.”

“I was going. Just had too many ideas. James Bond. Malcolm McDowell from *Clockwork Orange*...”

“Who?”

“See? I don’t know if anyone would have known that,” he said, his fingers in her hair. “You were the one keeping her costume secret, remember? You were really cute as Luna Lovegood. I knew you were a Ravenclaw. I could have dressed up as Cedric, maybe.”

“You’re no Hufflepuff. You’re a Ravenclaw, too, aren’t you?” she asked, not looking away from his eyes. “You gotta be.”

“I took the test. Got 50% Ravenclaw, 50% Slytherin, so could’ve gone as Draco, or Albus Potter.” He slipped his fingers in-between hers, interlocking. Her hand was small, delicate, but she had a little callus above the knuckle of her right middle finger, right where she’d hold a pencil. Just like his.

“You know, this one time, in 8th Grade, I was talking about reading the Harry Potter books, and this boy goes, ‘They have *books* about him now?’” she recalled, her face animated. Both of them broke into a long laugh.

“That was a lot of fun, that night! And the next day when we all went out...!” Her face had the sparkle of memory.

Johnny looked at Lyla, still holding her hand, and thought about his desire to see if they could just sit and talk and just ‘be’ together, and realized that *was* their relationship. They had three classes together, though nobody talked in Geometry. When they were together, they shared that gift of curiosity and conversation. He just wanted to add the closeness, the kissing, the partnership to it. Not possession, but dedication. Maybe even love.

“I saw those pictures you took,” she admitted, “on your wall.”

Johnny blushed and shrugged. “How could I not? You looked so...”

Scott and Fiona just watched them. Both knew it was a kiss opportunity, but Johnny missed it.

It got quiet and Scott asked aloud about what they all were waiting on. “Mia and Rory going into overtime?”

“Let ‘em,” Fiona smiled.

“Hey,” Johnny asked Lyla. “That, uh, your *thing*. Is Mia taking it, too?”

Lyla just shook her head. “I wish she would, though.”

Fiona, her antennae up, caught on even without too many words. Rory had confided in her about their pregnancy scare, about what he could do, which was ‘nothing,’ at the time. “Parents are hard to get around when starting those,” she said.

“Tell me about it,” Lyla said. “My mom would freak, if she knew. If it weren’t for my sister helping me...”

"Tori fought that battle *for* you, a couple years ago, actually," Fiona told her. "Got all the arguing out of the way. I'll bet your mom knows, just isn't saying anything. Just trusting you."

Lyla had to consider that.

Johnny thumbed the condom in his pocket, and looked toward his bedroom. "I'm gonna check on them. See if they're okay."

"Leave them be," Lyla requested.

"Don't worry, I'm not gonna mess with them." Johnny came to his own bedroom door and knocked. He didn't wait for a response, just alerted them and went in. "You guys done playing?" he asked.

The shape inside his covers moved, and Rory stuck his head out. "Um... probably?"

Mia's eyes found the edge of the comforter, too, though her leg and butt were very visible in the twist. It was funny; they'd all been quite naked together before, but she was hiding. It was cute.

"Here," Johnny said, tossing the foil packet to Rory. "Thought you could use another. Have fun but stay safe."

All three exchanged smiles, and Johnny left, closing the door behind him. He, too, cleaned up in the washroom before returning to the others. "They've got some more, um, detective work to finish up. So... Round 5?"

Scott and Fiona looked in each other's eyes, shrugged, and gave permission to head off separately. Fiona took Johnny into Scott's bedroom, so Scott took Lyla into his sister's room.

* * *

"This is Olivia's room, that's her name? It's cute," Lyla observed. "I've never met her."

"Not surprised. She graduated before you were a Freshman," Scott said, looking at a fun photo of his sister and her friends taped to the wall. "She's in college, now."

"Mia and I saw those photos in Round 1. Don't worry, we didn't snoop too much," she teased.

"I'm not worried."

"You miss her?"

Scott thought it over. "Yeah, a little. She'll be back for Christmas, if Johnny invites you over. Maybe Thanksgiving, but she might go to her roommate's house."

Lyla went to Olivia's desk. "Okay, give me your suspicion. Got to keep it fair," she said as she marked all of Scott's cards on her sheet.

"Really? Okay, um," Scott looked at his sheet. What was he missing? "How about, I suspect... me, Col. Mustard, here in the Lounge, with the Nerf gun — I mean, Revolver." He had brought the Nerf gun with him, just in case it could be fun.

Lyla showed him both the Col. Mustard and the Revolver cards.

"Two cards?" he said, marking things down. "Col. Mustard. Now I know I didn't do it. Very generous of you."

"You'll pay for the extra card, don't worry."

"Will you be paying for all three of my cards you took?" he asked.

"Oh, yes." She looked at her sheet. It was complete except for one item in each category. She had the solution! "For those cards, I'm going to give you anything you want. We'll start with these. You probably want your shirt back." She put her *Clue* items down, then cross-grasped the hem of her two shirts, and drew them off her body, revealing her breasts to Scott.

"That is so my favorite shirt, now," he sighed. "Keep going."

"I'd rather have you help me with the rest?"

Scott smiled and took off his yellow soccer shirt — a funny one the team had made as spirit wear with a stick figure player and a school-legal pun about balls — and tossed it on the chair, on top of Lyla's shirts. He picked her up by the waist, swung her around slowly, and placed her on the bed. While she watched, he then dropped his sweats and pulled them off, taking his socks with them.

"Royal blue looks nice on you," Lyla said, eyes glued to the cock in his boxers.

"It was supposed to match my blue shirt," he said, "but you stole that, Mrs. Peacock."

"Can I have the yellow one, too?"

"Season's over, but I can't have you advertising that you're my girl," Scott warned.

"It could be Johnny's."

"*You* could be."

"If only..."

There was a quiet moment between them. Scott shook it off and put knees on the bed. "If I don't do this now, it's not gonna happen." He popped her waist open and teasingly pulled her pants off with her panties, and flipped off her little anklets. Lyla was naked before him.

He took in the whole picture, her hair, her face, her breasts and arms and belly, the golden curls of her pussy, those long legs down to her cute toes. *My brother is nuts if he doesn't...* "I do love blonds," Scott remarked, trying to put himself back in the game.

"I wish I looked as gorgeous as Fiona," Lyla said, curling her body.

Scott closed his eyes. "If you want this to happen, don't mention my girlfriend in the other room. This is our one-time gift to each other and — "

"Then, let me unwrap you," Lyla said and sat up, stopping Scott from backing away.

The first thing she did was *not* to pull off his boxers. She did what she'd wanted to do for a year: just touch him. She joined him on her knees and reached up to his neck and let her hands glide over his body, pausing and circling over his pecs and then down his abs. She leaned in and up to press her breasts onto him, and kiss a nipple.

His arms closed lightly around her, and they were back in the realm of possibility. He might be a Senior and Johnny's older brother, but he was still a 17-year-old boy.

Lyla's hands dropped slowly, following Scott's hair trail to the top of his boxers. She didn't pause, just took ahold of the elastic and pulled them down over his cock, then pushed them down to his knees. She let her breasts brush against his cock as she lowered herself to see it and hold it.

Scott stood off the bed to make her examination easier, and to kick his boxers aside. He ran his hands over her hair, and then through her hair as she whispered things to herself, words only she knew, about finally holding her fantasy man naked in her arms.

She ran her fingers through his pubes and stroked his length. He was a little bigger than his brother, the boy she'd just made love to in the closet. Her mind quickly ran through the boy who took her virginity, then the other one she bounced to last year, then Rory and Conor. She couldn't figure about inches, but she could fit both of her slim hands on Scott's shaft, and knew it would feel wonderful inside her. She just had to keep Scott interested and make it happen in the short time they were allotted together. She took him inside her mouth.

Fiona had told Scott that Lyla had a talented tongue, and now he knew it to be true. He didn't want to direct her, though, so he just enjoyed her skills. He rarely came from a blowjob unless he wanted to, and it wasn't going to happen this time, either. She was at a good enough angle and height for him to reach her soft breasts, so he played there while he could. The morning had gotten him horny as all hell, and he knew where he wanted to cum.

"Think you can handle this, Lyla?" he asked, starting to indicate he wanted to move on.

"It's the biggest I've had, but I want this," she said from below. "It's going to feel wonderful, I know."

"Yes, it will," Scott agreed from his side of the equation. He moved his hands back to her hair and slowly moved his body away. He helped her lie down on the bed while pulling his sister's

comforter aside — he figured he could wash the sheets easier than the comforter — then he joined her.

She wrapped her arms around him and looked into his eyes. He looked back and saw her lust, her hero worship, the feel of meeting a celebrity, a fantasy. He didn't want to disappoint her. He let his hands roam, but with purpose. And he kissed her, probably the most intimate thing he would do with her that afternoon. He fully intended to massage her clit and to fuck the life out of her, but a kiss was personal. He liked the girl. Not as much as his brother did, but she was a nice, funny, sexy girl. To not kiss her, though, would be an insult. He had to keep his mind on the idea that he was a celebrity to her, a fantasy, and he played that role because he had to, because the girl he was truly in love with was only several feet and a wall away.

He maintained a very light touch as he caressed her breasts and flicked her clit, saving any rough play for when he got between her legs. "Lyla? Baby? You'll forgive me, but I'm not going to go down on you this time." Not really 'this time,' though, as it was their only time.

"Not enough time?" she asked, thinking of the game.

"No, probably too much Johnny in there, still," he laughed as he brought his finger out from inside her very wet pussy, and she joined him in that when she realized what he meant.

"Will you give me as much as he did?"

"Oh, that's a guarantee. How could I not — with a sexy girl like you?" He kissed her and she began to pull at him, urging him to get on top of her. "You don't want to be on top?" he teased.

"No, I want to feel your weight. I want to feel you driving into me. I want to feel *you*."

Scott found his positioning, and she wrapped her legs around him, locking his thighs as if preventing him from changing his mind.

Scott smiled at that. "Thought I might need a condom, but you're good?"

"Yeah."

"You sure?"

Lyla laughed. "Yes. I better be, because the DNA test won't tell me which brother is the father if I'm not!"

"Now, you know I can't give you the four-hour Scott Walker treatment, right?" he hinted.

"That's okay if I get the edited version, so long as it's not the Cliff's Notes!" she giggled.

Scott was more and more amazed by Lyla. If he were a year younger and didn't have Fiona, he might pursue this girl. "Do you play an instrument?" he asked, kind of out of the blue.

"The piano," she shrugged, "but I'm not in the Band or Orchestra."

Just like his friend Albert, though Scott had finally gotten him to join the school Band. “Does Johnny know?”

“I don’t think so,” she said.

“Tell him.” Scott started gliding his cock head along Lyla’s pussy, pressing at the top of her cleft, and not-quite entering her each time he went south.

“Don’t tease me. We don’t have time.”

“We didn’t set the timer this round,” he admitted.

“Then fuck me.”

He slid his cock inside her. She was so wet from her juices and Johnny’s cum that Scott slid all the way in a single shot.

Lyla breathed an *“Oh, oh, oh, oh my god!”* as she felt the size of Scott’s cock. He was somewhere around seven and a half inches, depending on the day or whatever, but it was longer and thicker than any other Lyla had had. And it belonged to Scott Walker, the boy Lyla had been lusting for since she first saw him competing in a swim meet when she was a Freshman.

Scott began slowly fucking her, in and out, and in and out, and in and out... *“Is this what you wanted, Lyla? Is this what you wanted to know?”*

“Uuuhhn, it feels so good...”

“All the glances, all the peeks, all the touches as you walked by me in the school hallway. All the ‘Hi, Scotts.’ Is this what you wanted?” he quietly teased her.

“Yes, it’s what I wanted... I want it... I want it...”

Scott sped up and started pounding her. Lyla couldn’t form words, anymore, just a loud *“Ah-uh-ah-uh-ah-ah-ah...”* whine that broke with each slam into her pussy.

He paused and pushed fully into her and held his cock at her cervix.

“Oh, oh, Scotty...”

“Don’t call me Scotty,” he warned. He lay forward and pressed against her breasts, then rolled them so Lyla was on top. “Come on, then, bounce on me so I can play with these titties...”

That got a laugh out of her as she found her positioning, on her knees, sliding forward and back, enjoying his hands on her breasts. She found the pleasure of being on top, of rubbing her clit against him, and driving down on his cock as hard as she wanted. *“Oh, this feels... uh-hah... uh-hah... uh-hah...”*

"That's it, Lyla. Fuck me..."

Having Scott say it really did it for her, and she started cumming on her next downstroke. *"Oh, fffffuck..."* She began shaking and fell forward onto him. He helped her, guiding her onto his chest, enjoying her soft breasts as she flopped about. But he wanted to cum, too, and now that he'd done the job of the hero and let her cum first, he held her ass and slammed up into her.

"Oh, oh, oh, Johnny, oh..." she cried falteringly.

Scott picked up on the error, but didn't call her on it. He pressed on hard so he could cum, and in another five or ten slams, he'd hit his wall. *"Lyla? Lyla, I'm going to cum in you..."*

"Yes, yes, cum in me..."

He held her and his body tightened up as he shot jet after jet of heat into her.

Lyla just floated and shuddered on top of him, unconcerned about her weight on him, knowing it was nothing to him. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and rested her head on his chest like a pillow, listening to him breathe. She had no idea or care about what time it was, but she knew it was no ten-minute round they'd just spent together. And she hoped she could lie there for another ten.

Then it hit her. She'd fucked both Walker boys today — in the same day. It could only have been better if she'd had both at the same time.

She lifted her head and found his eyes. "Can I kiss you?"

"Today, yes," he smiled back at her. She scooted up, trying not to let him slip out of her, yet, and tried to start a make-out session, but could feel him holding back.

"You want to get back to Fiona, don't you?" she asked with a sad smile.

Scott actually looked a little bashful as he nodded. "In a bit..."

"Oh, fuck, Rory... fuck me... oh, god... fuck me..." Mia moaned as Rory pounded her from behind.

"Do you want to do the *Clue* stuff?" Johnny asked Fiona, in Scott's bedroom.

"What's the point, Professor Plum? Lyla's gonna win," Fiona laughed.

“She cheats very well, Miss Scarlett.” Johnny looked Fiona up and down with wishing, lustful eyes. “Scott’s right. Scarlett is the hot one.”

There was that pause, the *how-do-we-start-this?* pause. And Fiona was letting Johnny sweat with it.

“Do you want me to pull the shade down, or...?”

“No,” she said. “I want to see your body. Take off your clothes, Johnny.” Fiona sat on Scott’s bed, her arms to either side.

Johnny was a little off-center. He was no virgin but sure felt like one, if just returning to those days where he lacked experience in being with a girl. Here he was with the beautiful Fiona, his brother’s girlfriend, someone probably out of his league, but only because she was a Senior. They were both in the Orchestra, and could have met that way. But there was no denying he’d always been in awe of the girl, and his body was excited that he was finally going to see her naked, and, if all went well, fuck her blue.

He took off his glasses, then pulled off his purple Batman shirt, acting more like Clark Kent than Bruce Wayne.

“There’s what I saw this morning,” she said, noting his chest. “I haven’t seen your new pecs since the pool this summer, except for a couple brief flashes of post-match topless Johnny.”

“You like them?” he tried to be proud. He looked her over, sitting there in Scott’s oversized-for-her red sweatshirt. She was bare-legged in her black skirt, and now barefoot, too. He wondered if she put her bra or panties back on after her time with Lyla.

“Keep going,” she ordered him.

He unbuttoned his khakis and pulled the zipper down over his obvious bulge, and let them drop. His boxer briefs were black, but did not hide his excitement. He took a seat to pull off his pants.

“Lose the socks, too. You’re not going anywhere for a while,” Fiona directed.

He took off his socks.

“Stand up and turn around.”

Johnny felt on-display, but was enjoying it. He hoped she wasn’t going to try and make him do anything stupid, like dance for her. He’d draw the line. The electric current of arousal was running up and down his body, though, and he wanted to get these boxers off.

“Take those off.”

Good, he thought. He bent over and pulled the black boxers down to his feet and kicked them aside. He hadn’t quite stood up, yet, when he felt her hands on his ass. He stayed as he was, letting her cop a feel, but fixed his stance so he wouldn’t fall over.

“Hmmm, nice. Don’t tighten up; relax, let me feel you,” she said, squishing his buns. She ran a finger over his anus, then ran it back and poked inside. He shivered. “Do you like that? Your brother likes that.”

“So does *your* brother,” Johnny teased back.

“Really?” Fiona smiled her surprise. “I didn’t know that.” She ran her hands down his legs to the back of his knees, then back up to his rear, then up his back to his shoulders, which was as high as she could reach from sitting.

She moved her hands and he felt her turning him. He fully stood, turned around, and presented his cock to her.

“There we go,” she breathed. She didn’t immediately grab his cock, her new toy, but again, felt around his body, his thighs and his abs and his pecs. She held his arm, but avoided his wrist brace. “Make a muscle.”

He flexed his left bicep, his good arm. “You comparing me?”

“A little. How can I help it?” she admitted. “You’re so similar. In a good way. A very good way.” She looked him in his eyes. “Johnny, you’re beautiful.”

She sat back, a bit, to look at him. He noticed she’d lost the skirt at some point while his back was turned. It was just her and the big, red sweatshirt. And when she moved, he could see her pussy.

Fiona’s pussy. A blond delta. Like Lyla’s, but fanned out, not curly.

“Johnny, I want to suck your cock.” She leaned forward and took him inside her mouth. She didn’t wait for his permission; it’s not like he’d say ‘no,’ anyway. “Do I detect a little Lyla, here?”

“Sorry,” he said between breaths, “I did a quick clean afterwards, but...”

“It’s okay. You might smell a little Lyla on me, too.” She took Johnny all the way down, impressing him to no end.

“*Oh, Fee...*”

Fiona reacted inside. That was what Scott called her. One of the things, the other being Fifi.

She licked her way back up to his crown, searching out his sweet spot. Was it the skin between his crown and his scar, like Scott? or...?

Johnny flinched in pleasure.

It was the bunch of skin at his scar, Fiona found, then teased it to advantage.

One hand supported himself on her shoulder, the other raked through her golden hair. *"Oh, Fee, don't... don't make me... oh, fuck, Fee... don't make me cum in your mouth..."*

"No? Why not? I'd love to taste your cum..."

"Fuck, Fee..." he whined. "If I only got one chance with you, I want to..."

"What do you want, Johnny?" She wanted him to say it.

"I want to fuck you, Fiona. God, I want to fuck you..."

Fiona pulled off of him, still holding his balls. "Oh, you will."

She moved back on the bed, finding a particular place on it that her body knew — a certain groove in the mattress or the way the comforter twisted, but 'her spot' when she made love to Scott.

Johnny joined her on the bed, but stopped her movement. "Take this off. I need to see your tits."

Fiona just looked at him and raised her arms. "You do it."

Johnny took ahold of the sweatshirt at her wrists and pulled directly up, watching her breasts appear as if a theater curtain had been raised. When the sweatshirt cleared her head, Fiona flung her hair, *Gilda*-style, to get it back to where it belonged, and laughed, giving Johnny a bright smile that melted him even more.

He flung the sweatshirt and looked at her. Her breasts were nice. Bigger than Mia's, a little larger than Lyla's, probably. Dark pink nipples, the same color as her lips. And her body looked so soft. If this was what his brother got to see every time, it was no wonder he was a goner.

Johnny picked up her right leg, making room for himself. He ran his braced fingers along her shin down onto her foot. "Fresh paint?" he asked.

"Yes, actually," she smiled. "Last night." It was the same color as her lips and nipples.

His cock was so hard, and he wanted to just plunge into her pussy, but he needed to see that pussy up close, he needed to taste that pussy. He rested her leg and found his position, opening her flower and letting his tongue dance along her labia.

Fiona immediately reacted. *"Ohhhh, fffff.... Johnny!"* She'd expected him to be a little clumsier, then reminded herself he'd had some training with Miss Tanaka. Then he found and kissed her clit, sucking it in and... She wanted to say that he was a Little Scott, but consciously did not want to compare him; no insult would have been intended, but who wants to be compared to their sibling? She just told him how she felt. *"Oh, fuck, Johnny... yes... justlikethatjustlikethat... you're gonna... already, you're gonna... make me..."*

"That's right. You go first, Fifi."

"Fuck, John-nyyyyy...."

As her thighs locked his head in place and she flooded his mouth, shaking and whimpering, Johnny mentally patted himself on the back. He didn't know if he was that good at it, though both Kari Tanaka and Mia had said so, and it was probably the novelty of being Scott's little brother that made it happen so fast, the anticipation, he figured, but he was proud he'd made her cum, anyway.

And she tasted good. *Damn.*

His hands had been feeling those nice, nice tits, pinching and rolling her nipples, even his hand with the brace and she didn't make any mention of it. Still conscious of the game time, he didn't want to lose his chance to nuzzle and suck those tits. When she relaxed, he kissed his way up her body, spending some time on her pubes and wiping his chin on them, until he found her breasts and spent the next few minutes getting to know them.

She ran her fingers through his hair, then, and slowly let him know she wanted him to move up. He left her breasts and inched higher, found her eyes, and stole a kiss. "Sorry," he said, "I had to."

She took his face and kissed him hard, making no mistake this was not the kiss she gave him on his birthday last spring. "Scotty— Johnny, *Johnny!*" she corrected, mad at herself. "I wanted you to kiss me." She shifted her body, making sure he was in the exact right spot, though she could feel his hard cock on her the entire time he was enjoying her breasts. "Now, I want you to *fuck* me."

"With pleasure."

He'd just been waiting for the signal, the starting gun, and his cock was inside that pussy so fast. And so easily, she was so wet.

"Oh, god, yes!" she moaned.

Johnny propped himself up as he continued to slide into her, then decided to sit up and pull her knees to him. He wanted to watch his cock slide into that feathery, golden pussy. God, he was fucking Fiona Collins and he wanted to see it.

Fiona lifted her head to watch, too. Their eyes met and they both smiled. Johnny fucked her faster.

"That's it, Johnny... that's it... harder... fast and hard..." she moaned. *"Lyla licked me, you licked me... now I need a cock... your cock... so fuck me, Johnny..."*

Johnny almost couldn't take it. He pushed himself to fuck harder and faster, glad his PE teacher and his soccer coach made him do a ton of calisthenics every day. He had to breathe better, though, and raised up, sitting on his heels, lifting her left leg straight, her foot on his shoulder, turning her a little, and fucked that pussy as hard and fast as he could.

He needed a breather, he knew, but that's why God invented different positions, so you could catch your breath while you transitioned. He'd been holding his breath too much, and let out a loud, "*Gah! Fuck, Fee, ohhhh...*" He slowed down and was going to suggest she get on top when...

"No, Johnny, don't stop...! I'm almost there... don't stop!"

He put himself into overdrive, and had to do something. He brought her leg down and curled it, turning her onto her side, pitching a little forward over her again, and truly fucked her pussy sideways, but he could keep going hard, keep going fast.

"Oh, my god! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! fffffff.!" Apparently, Fiona had never been fucked sideways, before. It was a new sensation for her. Johnny didn't know this, so didn't take pride in doing something his brother hadn't done — he just knew Fiona liked it.

Fiona kicked into her orgasm and tried to pull Johnny down further onto her, but interrupted his drive. It didn't matter, anymore, she was in full cum, yellow sparklies spinning around her head. She twisted onto her back and pulled him down.

When he felt her breasts on his chest, her nipples on his, he let loose, too. *"Oh, fuck, Fiona, I'm cumming. I'm cumming in you, Fee!"* And his body went stiff, teeth clenched like a shark bite, and his body shook like (as Mia described it once) he was hit with heart attack paddles as he came inside her.

He whimpered to himself, whispered to himself, *"I'm cumming in Fiona... I'm fucking Fiona and I came inside her..."* Fiona heard this, and, smiling, just held him tighter.

She let him lie on top of her while her haze cleared and he caught his breath. She let her hands roam on his backside as she calmed him. *"Oh, Johnny, that was... really good!"*

He put his face over hers and took a celebratory kiss, then they both smiled a big, goofy smile.

He'd need a few minutes, he knew, but his cock was still half-hard, and he wasn't going to let this opportunity pass by without another try.

He began a nice, slow draw and thrust inside her, again.

* * *

"I wish we could just stay like this," Mia sighed.

"Here?" Rory asked with surprise.

"No, not here... just... somewhere. Stay together overnight. Sleep together. Wake up together. You know?" Mia was staring at one of Johnny's posters, but twirling Rory's hair over his ear.

Rory let it stay quiet, did not respond. He'd been calculating telling her all day. He wanted to do it today. This game, this round, was perfect. But he just needed the timing. He thought he had it, then she started talking, again.

He thought he might do it while they were fucking, but it just seemed wrong, even if he thought about calling it 'making love.' Adding it in the middle of their groans and moans and dirty talk just didn't seem right. Or there was no right opening for it.

"I don't know if my folks are planning to go anywhere for a while. They do, every now and then." Rory recalled Fiona taking advantage of those times, making him sleep over at Conor's house.

"My folks don't go anywhere. 'The Radziwiłł's home is our castle,'" Mia made fun of her father. "Except on vacation, but then I'd be gone, too."

"Scott and Fiona did a whole week together, almost, in Michigan this summer. My folks were more concerned about his driving than them sleeping together," Rory noted.

"So would your parents let me sleep over some night?" she asked.

"I don't know. I think they *know* about us. They don't bother us when you come over and we hide out in my room in the basement, and we try to be quiet," he considered. "But a sleepover would be, like, I don't know, like they 'officially'... Probably not, you know?"

"Same," Mia guessed. "I can't really read them on that, whether they know we are, or figure we might be... But whose parents would let you sleep over, right? Like a 'not under my roof' kind of thing. Unless you climbed in my window? Or hid in my closet?" Mia laughed.

"Does Ski Club do overnights?" Rory asked. "Or just day trips? Because that could be fun. Rearrange the room assignments. Soccer did an overnight downstate for a tournament this year."

"Yeah, I remember. I was so lonely without you," Mia teased him.

"I was, too."

They both got quiet. Now was the time.

"Mia, I lov-..."

"Rory, don't," she quickly stopped him.

"No. Mia, I want to say it. I've felt this way for a long time and —"

"No. I know you do. And... Rory... *I love you.*" She said it quick and hid her face, as if she was embarrassed about it.

Rory was speechless. She'd stopped him so she could say it. But that was good, right? He was hoping for her to come around and give him an 'I love you, too,' but...

“Don’t hate me for making you wait,” she said from Johnny’s Batman pillow.

“Hate you?” Rory asked, confused. “You do know what ‘love’ means, right? Because, god, Mia, I love you. There. I got to say it.” Gently, he coaxed her from the pillow. “And I want to say it again. And again. I love you, Mia. But you know that.”

“I know you hated all the I-u-v luvs I’d write on our texts.” She sniffled. Was she crying? “And that I said I didn’t want to be in love. People in high school go out and break up two weeks later. You think you’re in love but the guy just... I don’t know if I even know what love is...”

Rory turned her face back. “Yes, you do.” He leaned in and kissed her. “Mia, we’ve been going out for about two months now. I’m not breaking up with you. I’m not saying we’re gonna get married, or anything...” They both snorted a laugh. “But I’ve wanted to tell you since we were going out for two weeks. I knew at two days. I could have said it at two hours, even, but that really would have scared you away!”

“Yeah, probably. But not until after I’d seen you naked. I really wanted to do that, after I got you to ask me out after your soccer game!” She rolled into him, relieved that the hard part was over.

“I never want to hear a ‘luv ya’ again, okay?” he chuckled, but meant it.

“What if... Johnny tries to fight you for me, and takes me away?” She said it diabolically humorous, but it was a real fear of her day. *What if we break up and I run off with Johnny?* she was really thinking.

“Then I’ll fight Johnny,” Rory said, simply. “But he won’t.”

“Johnny likes me.”

“He likes me, too. And we like him. But he knows.” Rory held up the condom. “He even gave us this!”

“Can you love me and still... play games, like we do?” she asked. They didn’t have to do the sex games, but it was fun.

“Fiona and Scott make it work, they say. They have some... *extra-curricular*... friends. And they’re probably gonna get married. If they can survive college,” Rory argued. “Like you say, sex is fun.”

All through this, they’d held each other close, but Rory couldn’t help fondling her breast. “So, I love you, and I really love these titties...” He dove down and nuzzled her.

“Where’s that rubber?” Mia asked. A hand went up, holding it above her. “Good. Then show me how much you love this pussy, again...”

Johnny was sucking on Fiona's left breast when the door opened and Scott walked into his own bedroom, carrying his clothes. "And how's everything here?"

Johnny looked up at Fiona. "Are we done?"

"I don't know," she said, stroking his hair. "I didn't hear the bell."

Scott threw his shirt, boxers, and socks on his desk chair, sat on the bed, and pulled off his sweats. "We never set the timer, so the bell you didn't hear probably would have rung about twenty minutes ago." Naked, he crawled to Fiona's other side.

"Where's Lyla?" Johnny asked, no longer sucking but couldn't keep his good hand from stroking Fiona's skin.

"Taking care of Lyla things. Or she might be napping." Scott kissed his girl.

"Is this my cue to leave?" Johnny smiled at the couple.

"I don't know." Scott looked to Fiona. "Is there anything left to do?"

"I can come up with a few things. I have both Walker boys here, naked. How often does that happen?" Fiona joked.

"Once," Scott assured her.

"Your brother's good," she told him. "If you go to college on the other side of the country, I'm going to have to take Johnny with me like a teddy bear."

Scott wanted to laugh, but the bit about not finding a university together, yet, weighed more on his mind.

"Is Lyla all taken care of on the balance sheet?" she asked.

Scott nodded, still a little bashful about it. "She got what she wanted."

Johnny heard that, and it affected him a little, but he shook the feeling by letting his hand dip back into Fiona's pussy, gently tracing her labia.

"What she wants is to be where Johnny is right now," Fiona suggested.

"There's more to what you say, there." Scott took over worshipping Fiona's breasts.

"What about Johnny? Do you need to make things even here, or is that something you've already taken care of and I'm just catching up?" Fiona asked with a smile.

Scott looked up and caught Johnny's eye. Johnny saw evil intent, there. "Uh-oh..."

Scott threw an arm at Johnny, then launched himself over Fiona to land on him. Fiona squealed but then started laughing. Scott wrestled him onto his back, and then had him face down, but Johnny put up a good resistance. "So, fuck my girl and think I'm not gonna get you back? Why, I oughta..."

"Two boys literally fighting over me!" Fiona howled. "I love it! But don't hurt him!"

"You... *erg*... son of a bitch... you fucked Lyla..." Johnny said from Scott's armpit.

"Hey, don't you call Mom names!" Scott laughed.

Both boys relaxed, then.

Scott, on top of the face-down Johnny, went for one more insult and pressed his cock along Johnny's asshole. "I don't know. Maybe I should *even things out*."

"You serious?" Johnny asked from the sheets.

Fiona's eyes got big. "That would be hot to watch, but I don't know..."

"Don't worry." Scott slapped Johnny's back and sat up. "We're good."

Johnny looked up at Fiona, then said over his shoulder, "I can take it."

Scott looked to Fiona, then at Johnny. "Now... are *you* serious?"

"I've taken Rory, I can probably take you," Johnny shrugged.

Scott leaned down. "It's not the same thing. Really."

"Try it."

Fiona was in a better position to reach for some lube in Scott's nightstand, and she handed it to Scott. Scott wasn't too sure of the whole notion, and didn't prime Johnny with a finger or three, just put lube on his cock and swiped it along Johnny's anus, pressing in. "You sure?"

"Let's see..."

Scott made sure Fiona was watching, then pushed forward into Johnny's ass. He'd gotten his head inside when...

"Okay, okay, maybe not. Stop. Please, stop..." Johnny begged off.

"See? That's probably what it was like for Rory," Scott said, and pulled out of Johnny.

"Rory really likes it, though," Johnny breathed, looking at Fiona. "I was half-thinking that, maybe, with you in me, I could fuck Fee again, and we could, like, it would be like... you fucking her through me. You know what I mean?"

“We’ve done that, actually, with a friend,” Fiona said.

“Albert?” Johnny guessed.

Scott just shrugged. “That’s a little more than I would want to do with you, though. I just poked you for, like, fun. I’m not going to rail my brother.”

Johnny thought about letting Scott try again. He thought about trying to fuck Fiona again, too. Then... something they’d said started clicking in his brain. The balance sheet. When one of them did something with a friend, they had to ‘even things out.’ Obviously, Fiona had fucked Scott’s friend Al after Scott did him, or they did it all together. They’d both done Lyla’s sister, Tori, he’d found. Fiona fucked Lyla today, and so Scott fucked Lyla. Scott said he’d fucked Rory... Why would he fuck Rory unless...?

Wow. Johnny decided he wasn’t going to ask. He’d hold onto this one. One: Rory was his friend. Two: if it did happen, he really couldn’t blame him. But, Three: the information could be useful.

Scott slapped Johnny’s butt and went back to holding Fiona. Johnny realized he was becoming a third wheel. He pushed up in the bed, taking a last look at naked Fiona’s breasts, then on down to her pussy, then tried to look at her whole, trying to take that mental picture. He rolled to the edge of the bed.

Then he looked back. “If you guys are gonna...”

“Yes?” Scott asked, guardedly.

“Can I watch? This once?” He added quickly, “Not trying to be a perv, just I always hear you, and I’d like to... Never mind.”

“Stay,” Fiona stopped him. She looked to Scott for permission, but he just gave her ‘the eye’ to see where she was taking this. “But you have to do something more for me.”

“Sure.”

“Jerk off while we’re doing it. I said I wanted to see you cum, before, and taste it.” She turned to Scott. “Then we’d be done.”

Johnny looked to Scott. Scott just nodded.

Scott took up position between Fiona’s legs, but knelt high, pulling the sheet to wipe his knob from the lube. He asked Fiona to suck him a little, and she complied. He put a test finger into her pussy, finding it wet from both Johnny’s cum, still, and from the idea of performing, or just having both boys for her pleasure. He figured they could get right to fucking.

Johnny, meanwhile, found his spot down the bed where Fiona could see him properly, and he would have a direct view of the action. He sat up on his knees and heels, legs spread.

Scott lowered himself and handled his cock, keeping an angle open, leaning more heavily to his left, so Johnny could see his cock entering Fee's pussy. *You want to see how to fuck? I'll show you how to fuck...*

Johnny's cock was already hard. It had stayed that way since his time with Fiona, and only lost some of its strength when he tried handling Scott. And now he began a steady stroke with his left hand, watching Scott's cock slide into Fee's pussy.

Fiona was enjoying the return of her boyfriend's cock, but stared at Johnny, watching him stroke. Watching the boy watch her.

"Fuck her, Scott..." Johnny moaned.

"He listens to us, you know?" Scott told Fiona, with a very even, very wet, in-and-out. *"When he's alone? He can hear us through the wall. He jerks off listening to us fuck..."*

"I want him to," Fiona said, not having blinked, yet.

"I want to fuck you again, Fee..." Johnny breathed.

"Nope," Scott said, starting to thrust faster, losing the voyeur angle.

"He fucked me twice. You know that?" Fiona smiled, still watching Johnny. *"Right here in your bed. Your little brother fucked me..."*

Scott began pounding her harder. Then picked up speed again, making the staccato sound of cock slamming into pussy, reclaiming his girl. He'd only cum once, so far, inside Lyla. He knew he could prolong this if he wanted to, but he didn't want to. It was turning him on more than he'd like to admit, performing for his brother. But he wanted Fiona back for himself.

Johnny adjusted his speed. Fiona could see he was stroking his cock to match each of Scott's thrusts, pretending he was getting that final fuck. He kept talking to himself, quietly, but Fiona could pick up, *"... fffuck... fuck me... wanna... Fifi... fuck me... brother... ffff..."*

Fiona was ready to cum, again, reacting not only to Scott's fierce attack, but watching Johnny's hand become a blur. Jerking off was so personal, usually done alone, and she was watching Johnny share that with her. Share his passion. Share his lust.

She crooked her finger and called Johnny to come to her. He knee-walked up the bed. She wanted him closer. He knee-walked right next to her and she put her arm around his legs, holding onto his foot.

"You close, Johnny? You ready to cum for me?" she asked. Johnny said something, some words that had Fs in them, plus the word 'cum' was in there, and he nodded. His pace got faster. Fiona drew her hand along his leg until she cupped his balls. *"Johnny? I want you to cum on me. Cum on my tits, Johnny..."*

The instant Fiona said the word 'tits,' Johnny shot his first jet, and let all the air out of his lungs. *"Gah!... oh... Fuck!... fuck... me..."* Shots two-through-five just splashed on her breasts. It

was his fifth cum of the day, and probably his last, so he shot less on her than he'd shot inside her. He hoped she understood that. He might have to tell her so, just to make sure she didn't think that was all he was capable of. He wished he could go back in time and take back Conor's blowjob — he was just putting Conor in his place, asserting dominance, he didn't know the day would turn out like this.

Somewhere in his haze, Johnny heard Scott cum inside Fiona. Fiona hadn't stopped moaning since he'd shot all over her nipple. When Johnny finally opened his eyes, Scott was sitting on his heels.

"Clean her up, Johnny," Scott more than suggested.

"No," Fiona belayed that order. She ran her hand over her cummy breasts and scooped a good fingerful, bringing it to her mouth. She went for a second time, making sure she got the taste of it. "Okay, go ahead."

Johnny fell down to her breasts and gladly licked them clean, making the effort as he got his last taste of her tits. He was aware that Scott moved back and let his cock slip out of Fiona's pussy, and he put a hand out on Scott's leg. "Wait." Johnny made a flash decision and took Scott's cock in his mouth, cleaning him off, too.

"You didn't have to do that," Scott told him.

"A last taste of Fifi's pussy," he smiled up at his brother. There was a method to the boy's madness.

"You don't get to call her Fifi," Scott told him seriously. "Fee's okay, though," he allowed.

Fiona shuffled on her back into a sitting position, bringing her pillow up with her. She pulled Johnny's face to her and gave him a final kiss, too. "Remember me... when you're alone on the other side of the wall..."

"Fuck!" Johnny laughed, and blushed.

Scott got comfortable in Fiona's arms as Johnny got up and looked for his boxers. "Hey," Scott called him. "About Lyla and Mia. There's something we gotta talk about..."

"Yeah?" Johnny expected some sort of report on the day's activities and keeping quiet or something.

"Can you leave Mia alone?"

Johnny immediately came to attention, on defense, and his blood ran a little cold. "Like how? All I did was visit them, check on them. I gave Rory another..." What was going on?

Fiona picked this up. They'd both spoken to Lyla about this. "Mia's really confused. She and Rory are really good together. She's in love with Rory. And Rory's told me the same. They deserve a chance," she said.

“And I’m screwing that up?”

“I don’t think you intend to, but...”

“Hey,” Johnny gripped his Batman shirt. “What we did together was... um, *together*. You know? I can’t help it if Mia and I... get along... I mean, if I like Mia, and Mia likes me, you can’t just switch that off.”

“I know what you mean,” Scott nodded.

“Did she ask you to tell me that?” Johnny wanted to know.

“Lyla did. She said you could make them break-up with, like, one word.”

Johnny stewed on that for a moment. “Is it that fragile?”

“She’s confused. But you’re their friend. Be their friend. Let this one go,” Scott counseled.

Johnny sat and breathed for two moments. “And Lyla?”

“Lyla is really into you. You said you like her, too, and I don’t know if you see it, but you were all she could talk about, you know, when we were in the other room,” Scott said.

“The way you two were acting at the dining table, it looked like...” Fiona hinted.

“Yes, I like Lyla, too. I really do. More than Mia, but... Those two...” Johnny put his head in his hands. “They’ve been Betty and Veronica-ing me for a month, now.”

Scott was a little confused. “You mean those chicks from that *Riverdale* show?”

“And eighty years of comics,” Johnny told the floor.

“You’d know,” Scott shrugged. Fiona nodded; she’d watched the show and had a couple issues of *Archie* comics, herself.

“Can you love two people at once?” Johnny asked, looking to their eyes for an answer.

“That’s a question your brother and I have had to answer, ourselves,” Fiona admitted. “I think you love three people out there. Find the one who you want to be ‘in love’ with. The one who loves you back.”

“But she’s going out with fucking Jughead on the couch! So, who am I? Reggie?” Johnny moaned. Scott didn’t know the names, but Fiona knew what he meant.

“Sometimes you’re with someone just because you are. You know they’re not serious, like ‘Archie’ and ‘Veronica’ are,” Fiona pointed at the wall and extended the conceit to Rory and Mia. “Go tell Lyla how you feel.”

“I’ve tried...” He thought of the times he’d had her alone. “She’s stuck on this weird loyalty...”

“You just have to convince her. Make her see it.” Scott and Fiona looked at each other, recalling how they got together, forcing out her rebound.

Johnny thought on it, and he knew they were right. He didn’t have to push Mia’s buttons. Lyla was there for him all along, and just the same. Better, even. When he looked inside himself, he knew they could be happy.

He put on his shirt and went for the door, not worried about his pants. He needed to find where the others were. He opened the door, nodded to Scott and Fiona, and headed out.

It was one moment — could only have been a matter of seconds. There was some talking, some words, and then Johnny came back and slammed his forehead into Scott’s bedroom door. Twice.

“Fuckin’ Jughead...!” he cried, and then disappeared.

Scott and Fiona could only look at each other, mouths hanging open, and got mostly dressed in a hurry. When they exited the bedroom, they could see straight through the dining room into the frontroom, and their stomachs dropped.

Lyla was naked on top of Conor on the couch, riding his cock.

Rory and Mia had come out, too, half-dressed. Conor shouted, all happy, “Hey! Look what happened to me!” His hands were tied with the skein of rope from the table.

“The solution was Mrs. Peacock, in the Hall, with the Rope!” Lyla called to them. “I win!”