

Date and Switch



TOMMY LINARCOS

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Story #11 in the ***Cutting School and Playing Games*** series.

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Rory

"We're in Veterans Park and you're completely naked. Now that your panties are off, you're completely naked. And I've put your clothes under the picnic blanket, so you can't get them."

"I don't want them," Mia told me.

"You might... But you can't have them. Everyone can see you, you know. Look — there's Riverside Drive, and over there is Ash Street. We're here in the middle of this field, not a stitch on, and everyone on the sidewalk — that boy on his skateboard, that mom pushing the stroller, those two girls in the trees who think we can't see them — everyone can see your beautiful, beautiful tits and this so fuckin' cute furry pussy..."

"If they can see me, they can see you, too..."

"I want them to see me. I want them to see my cock." I held my cock, pointing right at her.

"You have such a nice cock..."

"They can look all they want. I'm proud of my cock, stickin' out right over you."

"I love stroking your cock stickin' out right over me..." Mia breathed. "Are you going to cum for me? Show everyone how much you can cum? That first big shot to hit my chin, then coating my tits with the rest..."

"Maybe. But I really want them to watch me fuckin' you. So... they better look at my cock while they can still see it, 'cause in a second, I'm gonna bury it in your pussy."

"My pussy is so wet, waiting for your cock..."

"I'll bet it is."

"You want to check?" Mia smiled, and ran a hand through her thick landing strip, dipping a finger inside herself.

"Of course, I do. I want everyone to see me eating your cute, fuckin' pussy. But I need to fuck. I haven't cum in three days because I knew I'd have you out here, in the middle of Veterans Park, on the blanket on the grass, in the sunshine. I need to fuckin' cum in you..."

"Rory, get that cock inside me, then!" She pulled me down to her. Then she whispered in my ear, "But don't really cum in me."

"I know," I whispered back. I knew that. I was just hoping neither of us would break the scene to say it.

I took Mia's hands off my cock and, taking a wrist in each of my fists, pushed her hands and arms down above her head, and slammed my cock inside her with the momentum.

"Ohh, fuck!" we both said at the same time. Being inside Mia's pussy is the best feeling in the world.

I pounded that pussy for all I was worth, stretched out in an arc, holding her wrists captive. I hadn't fucked Mia since last Saturday. I jerked off to her photo Sunday through Tuesday, but I'd been holding it together since then for this very moment.

Mia started her whining, her *"oh-oh-oh-oh-oh"* with each thrust. This was going to be a fast one, I could tell.

"Louder, Mia. I want everyone to hear you. I want them to hear you down at the beach, up in the mountains, and over at the dance hall."

"Oh, fuck me, Rory. Fuck me with that beautiful golden cock!"

"Come on, louder! That boy's not skateboarding, anymore. He's right there. He's coming closer. He wants to see your tits. He wants to see all your pussy juice leaking out of your cunt."

That got Mia. Her eyes flashed up at me and I could feel the fire in her boiling.

"He can see my pussy?"

"He's right behind us. He's watching my ass, but he can see my cock sliding deep into your furry pussy. And when I cum in you and pull out, he's gonna see my load pouring out of your cunt with all your juices..."

"Ohhhhhh! Faster, Rory! Fuck me! Fuck me! Faster! Harder! Harder!"

I slammed into Mia as hard and fast as I could, then. *"I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum, Mia."* It was as much of a warning as I could give that I would be pulling out any second.

"Ohhh, fuuuuuuccckkkkkk..." Mia moaned and started shaking. My cock was swimming inside her now, she was cumming so hard. Good, because that was all I could take.

I pulled back when her feet slammed into my ass and she pulled me tight to her. *"Mia? I can't..."*

"Cum in me. You can cum in me. It's okay. Cum in me. I want it. I want to feel it, again..."

It made no difference whether she said it was okay or not. By the time she said 'Cum in' I was shooting my load deep inside her pussy. My body flinched and went into odd spasms because of how tight she had her arms around me. Her feet had dropped off my ass, but she just kept pulling my chest harder into hers and, I have to admit, it got a little hard to breathe. But that was kind of cool. I got a little lightheaded, and the cumming felt that much better, like

sparkles all around my head better. I swear I passed out, but only temporarily. Mia was still shaking a little when I figured out where I was. She released me and I slid to her side.

"That kid's jerking off, Rory..."

"I told him he could. Now he can see your pussy. He's gonna jerk that boycock and cum all over your pussy and add his cum on top of mine, spilling out of you."

"Oh, fuck...." Her hand went down to her clit and kept her orgasm going.

I scooted up. "Hey." She looked up at me. *"You're not done. Suck my cock clean. Fuckin' clean me off."*

Mia groaned and her eyes lit up, again. She guided my cock to her mouth with her left hand while her right flew over her clit. I wanted to suck those titties, but I was holding myself upright and could only caress them.

"The girls in the trees are doing each other. You see that?"

"Mm-hmm..."

"One behind the other, her hand inside the other's panties. Look, you can see her pussy hair, just that little bit at the top of her slit..."

"Mmmmmnnnnm...."

"That soccer mom is gone. She had to get home and put her little girl down for a nap so she could flick the bean. She's gonna fuck her husband so hard tonight..."

"Mmm...."

"Or her son, when he gets home from school..."

"Mnnnn-ahhhhh!" That was it for Mia. My cock popped out of her mouth, clean as a whistle, as she fell back, her pelvis waving like she was on a water bed.

I dropped down next to her and took her left tit in my mouth.

When we were lucid — five minutes later? ten? fifteen? — I opened the picnic basket, took out two Capri-Suns and asked, "Do you want a sandwich?"

Mia laughed as she woke up. "Yeah. Actually, yeah. What'd you make?" I made two ham-n-Swiss, cut in halves diagonal. We ate them and a yellow peach, each, sitting on the bed in Lyla's guest room. They didn't get many guests, so it was really a spare room, used for storage; it smelled like cardboard, but the bed was nice and useful.

"How do you think the others are faring?" I asked.

"I don't care. I just need you to fuck me, again. This is the best date ever!"

Mia

The plan was — and there *was* a plan — to set up Johnny so he'd be happy. Lyla and I discussed it, and we thought setting Johnny up with his old crush Akiko Tanaka would be a perfect solution to the whole Johnny-Lyla-Conor problem.

We'd set up a date for us all to get together — Black Friday, the day after Thanksgiving. We all had off of school — no need to cut class. Our parents all had the day off of work, of course, but Lyla's mom was going to be out shopping all day, and her sister out with her friends.

A perfect day to play a game of *Mystery Date*!

Mystery Date is an old game, going back to the 1960s, I think, but I actually had gotten a new one back in 6th Grade — a sparkly modern version, not the “vintage” style. Lyla and I had played it more than a few times, together, with friends, and even with her sister, Tori. The game is pretty simple. You go around the board, collecting outfit pieces for particular dates you could go on — picnic, snowboarding, prom, or beach — and when you get all three pieces for one outfit and land on an ‘open the door’ space, you twist the little knob and open the “front door” in the middle of the gameboard. If there is a hot guy in the coordinating outfit for your date, then you win! If it's not, then you have to go back and try again another time. Or if it's the “nerd” or “dud,” then you lose your pieces and have to try again.

So, Lyla and me were inviting over Akiko and Ava, and going to play the sexy version of the game we'd devised — with real, live boys on the other side of the door! Obviously, my Rory would play, and Lyla's Conor, and Rory would get Johnny to buy in, and then we invited over Rory's friend Lucas from their soccer team. Originally, we thought about Costa and our exchange student friend Silke, but she was too hyped to go shopping American-style with her host family.

The results of who-gets-who were not supposed to be a real mystery, at least not to me, Lyla, and Rory, though I never told Rory who the other two girls were, to keep some surprise. I mean, playing *completely* random would be a lot of fun, but Rory and I needed to stay together right now, especially after all that's occurred recently.

You know, I'm pretty good at cheating at *Mystery Date*. When you turn the doorknob on the front door, you can feel the photo cards of the dates dropping one-by-one off the spiral-thing on the inside and when it resets to the top, and I've gotten real good at feeling the reset while turning the knob quickly, so no one thinks I'm counting the cards! So... to make sure I got Rory, I also pocketed all the third picnic date cards.

Rory

Alright. I suppose it was my fault. Or partly my fault.

It was my understanding that the *Mystery Date* party was going to set up Johnny with Lyla, and Conor with someone new to put an end to the Conor-Lyla-Johnny thing, and that's how I sold it to him. The way the sexy version *should* work would be that whoever answered the door would be the pairing, and they'd go off into a selected bedroom for their "date." Kind of a random hook-up — supposed to be surprising and fun! Only, I knew that Mia was fixing it so that she and I would be a pair, and she was supposed to fix it so that Johnny was Lyla's date.

But I guess we didn't *communicate effectively*, as my teacher would say.

On Wednesday after school, Mia came over to my place and helped me find some props for each of the guy dates. For the skiing date: my winter coat and a knit cap, and a couple mugs with powdered hot chocolate. For the prom date: my blue suit coat and a red tie (which I hadn't worn since 8th Grade graduation), and she found some fake flowers. For the beach date: my yellow swim trunks, a red tank top, sunglasses, and a beach towel. And for the picnic date: a pair of shorts, a short-sleeved camp shirt, a hat to be worn at a jaunty angle, and a picnic basket that I had no idea I owned (my mom volunteered that we had one after Mia and I spoke aloud about it).

Even though I was going to be the guy on the picnic date, I still had to bring the clothes so it didn't look like we had this all planned. If everything went well, Mia and I would be on the picnic in the spare room, Lyla and Johnny would be in her parents' room, Conor and Girl #3 would come back in Tori's room, and Lucas and Girl #4 would stay in Lyla's room. But even that I got wrong.

Conor came over to my house and helped me carry the stuff to Lyla's, and he convinced me to bring my old Playstation to play while we waited because Lyla's house was boring, he said. Johnny didn't pick up Lucas, but they met on the way, walking over. Mia was there with Lyla, but we had to wait for the other two girls to get there, whoever they were going to be.

"Obviously, you two are possible dates," Lucas surmised, talking to Mia and Lyla, "because you're here. But who are the other two?"

"That's the mystery," Mia told all of us. "Now, I'm sure you wouldn't be upset if you wound up on a date with me or Lyla, would you?"

"I don't suppose I would," Lucas smiled.

"I wouldn't, either," Mia smiled back. I know she was making him feel comfortable about it, but Lucas is a good-looking guy. If the game were really going to be random, I don't think she *would* mind. He's got sandy hair — a little darker than mine, and those eyes that look like they're half-closed, a little sleepy and a lot sexy. Okay, and I'll admit, he looked hot in the Soccer team showers. Now, I'm not saying I'd jump into bed with him, but if I crashed over at his house one night, and the opportunity was there... Or if a game like this one led me to a dare with him, or something, I wouldn't balk.

"But you're going out with Rory, and..." Lucas kind of pointed at Conor; he wasn't sure if Conor and Lyla were really together.

“Don’t worry,” I told him. “Normal ‘relationship’ rules don’t apply today. If you do get Mia, have some fun. It’s a game, and we’re not going to break up or anything. I don’t know who I’m gonna get, but I intend to have fun, too!”

Lucas gave me a look like ‘Really? Okay,’ and looked at Mia and Lyla a little differently.

The doorbell rang, and Lyla shoved us all up the stairs. We all tried to get a look out the window to see who was there, but Mia had closed the big curtain. So, we went up, and I guarded the door as I had my orders to keep the guys from peeking.

Mia

“Okay, Lyla, you can let them in,” I called from the stairs when I knew Rory had the door shut.

“Welcome, girls, welcome,” Lyla greeted our guests. “Come on in, but be quiet,” she loud-whispered. “We don’t want the boys to know who’s here!”

“We don’t even know who’s here!” Ava laughed, taking off her coat. She had a really cute top on. I’m kind of jealous of her; she has such nice features and cheekbones and she doesn’t have to use any makeup. She does, but doesn’t have to. And she doesn’t have an ounce of fat on her. Some girls gossip that she’s too skinny, but that’s just them being seriously jealous.

“How’s this supposed to work?” Akiko asked, as Lyla took their coats and they pushed off their shoes.

“Come on in, we’ll talk when we get upstairs,” I tried to calm her.

“I mean, Rory’s here, right? Or did you two...?” Akiko asked me. She was too nervous, and I didn’t want her to back out.

“No, he’s here, but he’s up for grabs as far as the game goes,” I lied. “You’ve played *Mystery Date*, before, right?” I led Ava and Akiko up the stairs while Lyla got us some Diet Cokes.

Ava loud-whispered back, “Of course, but not with real boys!”

“That’s the fun. Real boys, real ‘dates,’” I giggled for effect. Lyla’s was the first room at the top of the stairs, so we didn’t have to pass the boys in Tori’s room, and I noted there was no one peeking through a cracked door, anyway.

We settled about Lyla’s room and the girls saw the game already set up on her fuzzy white carpet.

“We’re getting right to it, huh?” Ava observed.

“Oh, we just set it up because... because we set it up,” I shrugged. “The boys are in the room next door playing video games. We don’t have to start right away. Sit down.”

Lyla came in with four Diet Cokes and a tube of Pringles. Ava relaxed, taking a seat on Lyla's nicely made bed. Akiko, still nervous, pulled out the desk chair.

We took a good amount of time *not* playing the game, just talking and gossiping, making our guests comfortable. Lyla showed off some of her clothes, and Ava wanted to try on the dress Lyla wore to Homecoming, which she had laid out for the game. I've seen Ava in her underwear before. I've seen Ava naked before, changing at Milner Pool. She's another one I'd gladly do, but I've never been in a close-enough situation to find out if she'd play. We've done homework together, but never a sleepover. Same with Akiko. We've been in classes together since middle school, and I watched Akiko *not* develop until we were almost out of 7th Grade. When I saw her in the showers in PE last year, I saw that her cute little breasts hadn't grown much more, and she still has those feathery black pubes.

We could hear a lot of noise from the boys in the room next door.

"What the heck is going on over there?" Kiki asked.

Then there was a banging on the shared wall.

"Someone getting impatient?" Ava laughed.

"Sounds like more than video games. Go talk to them," Lyla ordered me while she and Ava were careful taking the dress back off. I wanted to touch Ava, but I shook that feeling off. That was not for today, but maybe someday. I took a sly look at the curve of Ava's ass in her cute blue panties as I passed her. She had dressed for the occasion. Good.

Briefly, at the boys' door, I advised Rory that we'd just started the game, to have a little patience, and they should make sure they got dressed. I noticed there were some hard stares between them; I didn't ask, but it looked like something between Johnny and Conor. I checked who was wearing what — it wasn't exactly what I thought, but I could make it work — and got back to Lyla's room. All three girls were now seated on the floor around the game board.

"You're okay with this, right?" Lyla asked them both, but mostly Aki. I knew from Johnny that Akiko was still a virgin — and you could kind of tell, anyway — but I was pretty sure Ava had given it away to Cal Siefert this summer. They'd been very familiar with each other's bodies at the pool.

"There's still the..." Akiko began. "I mean, what do the boys expect?"

"That's up to the two of you," Lyla said. "All four are nice boys. No one's gonna get raped, or anything!" Lyla laughed, though I could still see some worry on Aki's face. "But I would imagine there might be a little more than middle school making out in the closet." Lyla held Aki's eyes to make sure she got her meaning.

"How far you go..." I trailed off. Then I added, just to get a feel for things, "Would you? Are you ready?"

Akiko thought on it. "Maybe. It depends on the boy."

“Are you waiting for true love?” Ava asked, thankfully on our side. Aki shrugged. “Can I tell you something? Girl-to-girl? If you wait for Prom night, you’re probably going to be very disappointed. I’m not saying you have to, but getting it over with, with a nice boy who knows what he’s doing, has its benefits.”

It was then that I knew for sure that Ava had fucked Cal Siefert.

Cal was cute. Is cute. But he’s no Rory or Johnny. Or Lucas.

We got ourselves situated for the game and chose pieces. When we’ve played before, Lyla was the little blonde on the phone and I was the brunette with the hairspray, but Ava and Aki took those, so Lyla was the girl doing her makeup and I was the one with the hairdryer.

And we played the game. I’m not going to go over how we went around the board or what we giggled about, collecting the outfit pieces, but it was fun playing with all four of us, like we were young but with a little more worldly knowledge than when we were eleven.

Lyla added to the play by bringing out some clothes that matched the ones we could collect in the game. When Aki got the swim suit card, Lyla handed her a blue polka-dot bikini. Aki held the top up to her own chest and said, “Okay, this definitely won’t fit me!” and laughed. True, Lyla’s got the largest boobs here. I tried to get Aki to try it on, anyway, but she was a little too bashful, thinking I was kidding.

When Ava got a winter cap from Lyla, she went, “I don’t think so! I want either the swim date or the picnic.” But no one was going to get all three of the picnic pieces but me.

Rory

“Is this place pink enough?” Lucas asked as we settled in Lyla’s sister Tori’s room. Yeah, there’s a lot of pink, but much of the walls was hidden by band posters, and nearly-naked Olympic swimmers, and Disney princesses, including a big Anna from *Frozen* poster.

And we waited.

Conor helped me hook-up my old Playstation to Tori’s monitor. (I wasn’t going to bring my new one, just in case we dropped it, or something.) And it was fun playing a few old games I’d brought. Me and Lucas were beating the crap out of each other in *Star Wars: Masters of Teräs Käsi*, and I knew Johnny was waiting to kick my butt at *Crash Team Racing*. Again.

But the thing that mattered was our supposed choice of date costume for the game. I gave each of them a shopping bag with their date attire and props. I kept the picnic stuff bag, gave the winter gear to Johnny, the Prom suit to Conor, and the beach wear to Lucas.

“Hey, why can’t I have the swim stuff?” Conor whined when he saw Lucas’ bag. “I want to show off my bod to the mystery girl.”

Lucas looked at me. “Does it matter? It’s random, right?” Lucas had taken off his shirt, and I had to actually make myself look up at his eyes.

“Don’t start mixing things up,” I said, trying to keep the phony random quality intact. “It’s just the roll of the dice, right? That’s what makes things fun. I gave you a random bag, that’s your fate.”

Johnny looked at me, and I caught that he almost winked, believing that I, at least, had given him the costume that would lead to Lyla. Mia told me who got what outfit, so I made sure I handed them out that way. I didn’t know who the girls had gotten for the other two, but I had a suspicion that they were match-making for Lucas, and maybe finding someone for Conor to be passed off to. That was my understanding, anyway.

All three of us watched, from a side view or corner of our eye, Lucas put on my red tank top, then drop his shorts and bend over to put on my yellow swim trunks. There was no noise except for the start-up screen of the *Star Wars* game, and I think each of us knew we were looking at Lucas’ ass or cock, depending on our angle. But we were not here to try and see if Lucas was open to any bi-play. It’s weird to say that I wouldn’t mind giving Lucas a blow job and checking out how his body feels under me. But I had that with Johnny, now, and it was good, and I had gotten away from that with Conor. I didn’t need to freak Lucas out for nothing.

But then Conor surprised us all. “Hey, Lucas, you got a nice cock. Want a blow job?”

Lucas pulled the trunks up fully, and laughed at Conor. “Get out of here, fag!”

Conor shrugged. “Your loss.” But he was obviously still watching Lucas intently.

“Wait, are you serious?” Lucas asked, tying the waist strings. Then he looked to me and Johnny. “This is messed up.” He had come to a full-stop. I could tell he was thinking about leaving.

“Don’t pay any attention to that idiot, Luc,” Johnny intervened. “He’s just horny.”

“Hey,” Conor said, moving around Tori’s bed toward Johnny. “This horny idiot owes you a punch in the nose.”

Johnny was ready, unfortunately. “You want to try it, asshole?” Johnny pulled his fist back and was about to launch it at Conor when I got in the middle. Johnny didn’t hit me, but Conor did, and I shoved him back onto the bed. The bed moved and Lucas had to jump back, knocking into the desk chair.

“Calm the fuck down!” I shouted, rubbing my chest and staying in front of Johnny. Conor had hit me off-center in the chest when I stopped his fist. “Luc, there’s a girl waiting for you on the other side of that wall. Don’t worry about Conor. Just get dressed. You all put your other clothes into the bag and take it with you when you go.”

Johnny was still itching to hit Conor, I could tell. I had to get this plan moving, and pounded on the wall.

Mia must have understood, because she showed up at our door. “What’s going on over here? Can’t wait?”

“Temper,” I told her, and kind of kicked my head at Conor and Johnny. “Will it be much longer so I can split them up?”

“We just started playing,” she advised me. “Can’t just jump into it. That’s why you brought the Playstation, right? Make sure everyone gets their costume on and brings everything else with.” She looked at how the four of us were dressed. “Hey, guys, remember the code. To keep the mystery, I’m gonna knock on your wall. One knock for picnic, two for skiing, three for the beach, and four for the Prom.”

When she left, I pulled out a ribbon of Trojans. “Everyone got their rubbers?” I asked, and split the ribbon of twelve into three apiece. That seemed to lighten the mood.

Mia

We were having fun playing the game for real! Aki got a set, but didn’t match the guy in the plastic door. Same for Lyla. Ava was behind. I miraculously got all three of my pieces and landed on the space where you open the fake plastic door in the game board to reveal your “date.” I showed my dexterity at manipulating the doorknob and — lo and behold! — the picnic boy was revealed!

“So, you win?” Aki asked.

“Well, we’re playing the sexy version, *so we’re all going to win the game today...!*” I knocked on the wall once. Half a moment later, Rory knocked on Lyla’s door. I opened it and...

“Oh, it’s you...” Rory said with a big smile.

I sighed like I was hoping for someone else. “What the heck? I guess it’s fate.” I gave him a big kiss. “Hey, since it’s you, go on back and make sure they don’t fight, anymore, and I’ll keep running the game. Meet you in a few and don’t forget to bring your rubbers!”

Rory waved at the girls, and showed off his picnic basket. “I got sandwiches, too!” Then he left.

Lyla got her cards, next. My cheating didn’t quite go as planned. Though I was able to make sure I got the picnic date and Rory, I couldn’t control what pieces the others collected. And I’d wanted our guests to be “served” their dates first, but it wouldn’t hurt to see that Conor was out of the running, if they were assuming he was one of the boys.

I had to think fast. I knocked four times on the wall. Lyla had actually gotten the winter outfit cards, and matched the door-date, but was going to get whatever Conor was wearing, anyway, which I’d noticed was the Prom suit. “Time to find out who your date is and where you’re going!” No one questioned it.

Then the door opened.

Rory

With four knocks, we sent Conor out the door with his fake flowers, which made us all happy. But with our door still open, we heard the interaction next door.

“Hey! You’re going to the Prom! What? oh.... Oh, come on, I already fucked three of you. What about the Chinese chick, I haven’t done her, yet?” Conor was fighting the selection. Something had gone wrong. My stomach dropped, and I had to stop Johnny from running out there.

“*Chinese* chick? Don’t tell me they brought Kiki here?” he demanded.

I was honestly confused. “I don’t know. I have no idea who the other two are.”

“No idea...” he grumbled, thinking I was lying.

Lucas was concerned, but didn’t know what we were talking about, specifically. We saw Lyla take Conor away, down to her mother’s bedroom, her Homecoming dress over her elbow.

“Okay, come on...” Conor groused as they went down the stairs.

Lyla looked back at us and then she was gone. Johnny, I could tell, was doing a slow burn.

Both Johnny and I ran it around in our heads. I told them I got Mia. Conor got Lyla. Conor was wrong about Kiki — she’s not Chinese. I mean, her grandfather is Japanese, but even her Dad was born here, so that’s not a thing, it was just Conor being an ass. But Conor had said he’d fucked three girls in that room. I know Silke wasn’t coming, so... it must be Ava. Or maybe Molly?

“Come on, who else is in there?” Johnny demanded to know.

“I honestly have no idea,” I told him and Lucas. I had to calm Johnny down. “Okay, so it’s the game. What if it is Kiki? And what if you get her?” I asked Johnny.

Johnny took a deep breath and let it out. I watched his eyes. Later, he would tell me he had considered walking out, or finding Conor and beating him up, but settled on being a good boy. “I guess I can play nice. I still know what I liked about her.” He zipped up the winter coat, and put on the knit hat, lowering it over his whole face.

The next was three knocks. Lucas readied himself, put my shades on, took his shopping bag with his own clothes in it, and grabbed my beach towel. He headed over.

Mia

When Lucas and Ava saw each other, you'd have thought the sky opened up and God shit rainbows all over. Lucas was all, "Hi! I'm Lucas and I'm here to take... Ava! ... to the beach..." *Sparklies, sparklies, sparklies...!*

And Ava was all, "Lucas! Oh, my god! I've wanted to... go to the beach... with you for so..." *Sparklies, sparklies, sparklies...!*

And Ava looked so cute. During the game, she'd traded-in her jeans and top for the shorts and a blue cami that Lyla displayed for the picnic date. She didn't take the bikini as her bra and panties matched.

I told them to hang on and I would show them where their date would take place. I knocked twice on the wall for Johnny to show up. There was no need to keep playing the game just for Aki; it was time to go to our rooms.

A boy bundled inside Rory's brown winter coat and a blue knit hat pulled over his face came to the door.

"Aki, meet your skiing date!" I said, and Johnny pulled off his hat.

"Hi, Kiki," Johnny simply said, looking at his old crush for the first time in a while. Was he pleased? I couldn't tell, but at least I saw that he wasn't upset and was seeing this through.

"Hi, Johnny..." Aki said, kind of stunned.

Johnny composed himself and reached into his shopping bag. "I brought this for you," he said and showed her two mugs and two packets of hot chocolate powder with tiny marshmallows.

"I like hot chocolate," Aki told him.

There were too many people here. I took Johnny's mugs and gave them to Rory. "Go to the kitchen, use the hot water thingy, and get back here with these before anything goes south." He understood me.

Then I escorted Ava and Lucas — who looked damn nice in the tank top and swim trunks — back into Tori's room. "Lucas, Ava, this is your beach!"

"Just came from here," Lucas joked. He turned to Ava. "The weather's nice today."

Ava was still fighting for words. "How's... how's the water?"

"Warm. Like a bathtub. We can swim or surf. Your choice."

"Maybe just lay out and get a tan?" Her voice was doing the swimming.

These two were all goo-goo eyes for each other. Score one for me! I could tell they didn't need me around any longer. "The room is yours. So is the bed, if you like. Use your beach towel if it's gonna get..."

I headed out and Ava shut the door before I could finish my sentence with a bad pun.

I came back to Lyla's room. "Aki, Johnny, these are the snowy hills of Arendelle," I told them, which wasn't too hard to believe with the white carpet and Lyla's poster of Elsa on the wall. "Enjoy the room as you will for the next few hours."

Rory arrived with two mugs of hot chocolate and a couple paper towels, and set them on Lyla's nightstand. He picked up his picnic basket and shopping bag and waited for me to close the door.

"You think they'll be okay?" I asked him.

"You set this up, didn't you?" he put right back to me.

I walked him down the stairs. We were given the guest room, for our date. It was a guest room that doubled as a storage room; there were a lot of boxes in there, but a nice bed. Lyla was going to have to do some sneaky laundry. But that's why she took the responsibility of her mother's room — she'd put down a spare comforter on her mother's bed so she wouldn't have to deal with the sheets.

"Lyla and me set it up," I finally admitted. "After the whole *Clue* thing, and then the card play, and the fight... We thought it might be best to get Lyla off Johnny's mind by getting him together with his old crush." I recalled that Lyla actually had collected the winter date cards, and Johnny was in the winter coat. Maybe the universe was trying to tell me something, but it was too late.

Rory opened the picnic basket. "You want a sandwich?" he asked me.

"I want you to take my clothes off and fuck me, is what I want!" I told him.

Rory put the basket aside and got about removing my clothes. "You could have told me the plan, you know."

"If you knew, you would have told him," I said, helping to lose my panties.

"I had him thinking this was finally when Lyla was going to ditch Conor and be with *him*," Rory told me, taking off his own clothes. "That's what I thought was going to happen. That Lyla came to her senses and this was the 'easy way out.'"

"We should have talked about it."

"Yeah."

Naked, we just looked at each other.

“Well, we’ll find out what happened in a little bit...” I said.

“Little bit?” Rory wondered, letting go of any worry and taking me in his arms. “We’ve got three hours for me to fuck you senseless!”

Ava

I wasn’t sure what to expect from this whole *Mystery Date* game, honestly. But it had been a while since my last real boyfriend, having broken up with Cal right after school started. I rebounded a little with a couple guys on a couple dates, went to Homecoming with one, and did something regrettable right after Halloween with Conor. I only mention him because he was a possibility in the game that day. But I hadn’t found anyone really special.

But when I opened that door and saw Lucas standing there... Oh, my god! I had been thinking about him, lately. He’s in our combined PE class, and I get to look at him in his shorts, and see his legs, and cute ass, and he’s got nice arms, and his whole body in motion during the games... To be honest, I’d been thinking about a few guys. I guess I’m ready to have a boyfriend, again. Ready to care about someone, again.

And when I saw Lucas in a tank top and swim trunks, I was ready to have a boy between my legs, again, too.

I couldn’t get rid of Mia fast enough. We might’ve been playing a game, but I wanted to talk to this boy and find out where he was at, and at least do some serious making out and feel his body. Those arms. I just wanna...

“So, um... It’s a beautiful day,” he said, kind of nervous. “Don’tchya think?”

“It’s a *glorious* day,” I told him. The window in the room showed the late November gray sky outside, but I was fine imagining the beach and the ocean and a yellow sun. If the easiest way to calm our nerves was to keep pretending we were on a beach date, then I was going to continue that fantasy. “I have to change into my suit. Why don’t you spread out the beach towel so we don’t get sand all over the place.”

The smile on Lucas’ face grew and I wish I had pulled out my phone and took a picture. I have some now, of course, but I wish I had that one. He is so fucking good-looking, and he looks even better when he smiles. He dropped his shopping bag on the floor and it struck with a *thunk*. Then he tossed and straightened the big towel over the pink bed.

“What’s in the bag?” I asked as I popped open the button on my shorts.

“Hmm?” He was distracted. He was watching me shimmy the shorts down off my hips. “Oh, um, the rest of my clothes. Then I can... change back when... Are you okay with me like this?”

“You are perfect,” I told him, pulling the shorts off my feet. I considered leaving my light blue cami on, like tying the bottom of it into a knot and letting my belly show. But it’s funny how restrictive my clothes suddenly felt, even a cami. I wanted to get rid of Luc’s shirt, too.

I pulled off my top and tossed it on the little pile of clothing I’d started, including the clothes I’d worn here. I was so glad Mia had told me this “date” was going to be like a big girl’s game of Seven Minutes in Heaven, so long as I wanted it to be, so I’d worn matching bra and panties.

“That’s a nice suit,” Lucas said, all eyes on me. Of course, that was the idea. It’s not like I was hiding my body.

I climbed onto the bed, taking a position on the colorful beach towel. It was cute — with penguins on it. “Gonna join me?”

Lucas visibly swallowed, then crossed his arms and drew off his tank top over his head. He added it my pile. He had a nice chest. A *really* nice chest. We haven’t had swimming, yet, in PE this year, and we haven’t had any sport where the boys play shirts-and-skins, so I haven’t really seen him shirtless, but this made up for it. And his abs. I love six-packs. And his fuzzy treasure trail leading down inside the yellow trunks.

He climbed on the bed and lay down beside me, propped up on his elbow, just gazing at my eyes.

“I was... um... I was on Soccer this year, you know, and I saw you at one of the games,” he told me. I could catch him taking quick peeks down my body, but he held my eyes.

“I know. If I remember right, you were caked with mud by the end!” I ran my finger along his shoulder. I couldn’t help it.

“You wrote up a story about that game. In the school newspaper. It was the first time I’d made the paper,” he almost coughed.

“You stopped the other team from scoring. Johnny and Rory and Esteban may have made the three goals, but you stopped, like, eight or ten shots-on-goal. Goalie is the hero, I think I said.” I know exactly what I wrote. “Lucas Swietek is the MVP on this year’s team.”

“You even spelled my name right,” he laughed. I laughed, too; it broke a little tension, in a good way. I wanted to keep the other tension going, though, and let my hand fall from his arm and trace his pecs.

“You’re going to burn,” I said, trying to keep the beach thing going. “Good thing I have this sunscreen.” I pretended to squirt lotion on him and let my hand roam across his chest and down his abs. He let me and made sure I had access.

“Hey, you want to learn how to surf?” he asked, not entirely out of the blue. We were on the beach, still, after all.

“Can you teach me? Or just going to throw me in the water with a board, because I’ve done *that* with a boogie board, and wiped out spectacularly.” I dragged up a memory, in case I needed details.

“No,” he smiled. That smile. “No *grubbing*. Here, get up.” He held out his hand. I really wanted to keep lying there, but keeping it interesting was fun.

We stood on the bed, pretending the towel was a surfboard. It was a little wobbly, so it substituted for the ocean just fine.

“I’ve been surfing in Florida a few times. Daytona, when we weren’t playing on the boardwalk. I have a friend there,” he said, a little shyly so I think it might have been a girl. That’s okay. If she exists, she’s twelve-hundred miles away. “So, show me your stance,” he prompted.

I made like I was some mad surfer, posturing with my feet and arms out wide. I gave him my best Jim Carrey. “Surfs up, Big Kahuna!”

Lucas held me around my waist, pressing his body into mine from behind. I closed my eyes and just breathed. His hands slid down to my legs. “Hmm, keep your feet apart about as wide as your shoulders, not so far out. There you go. And stay in the middle of the board.”

He squatted down and stroked my right foot as he told me, “Turn your back foot sideways, and bend your knees.” He gently ran a finger behind my left knee until I was at the right height and angle, I guess. Then he stood and molded himself into me, again, checking my stance. “Keep your body relaxed, and your arms about as far as the edges of the board until you’re finding balance on a wave. You’re not dancing.”

“You *do* know, huh?” I said, kind of impressed. “So, like a cave girl,” I realized, hunching properly with him behind me. “Not like I’m gonna take a —“

“Yeah, not like that.”

We just surfed for a bit, his hands releasing my waist and gliding up and down my sides.

“Did you wax?”

“Did I... what?” Did he just ask if I waxed my vagina? I was hoping he’d just find out, but...

“Your board. Did you wax your board?”

Oh. “No. Just rented it and took it out,” I made up.

“Got to wax. I like how you popped up, but your feet will get a better grip on the board if you wax it. There’s a few kinds. I use Sticky Bumps. I’d avoid Sex Wax,” he said.

“That sounds unfortunate. But so long as we avoid Sex Bumps...” I teased. Lucas just groaned. Hey, I thought it was a decent pun, seeing as it was my first surfing pun ever.

“Here comes a wave. Get it!”

We rocked a little, putting pressure on each side of the “board” and then Lucas grabbed me and toppled us both over. “Oh, no, we’ve wiped out!”

We wound up with him above me, his eyes looking down into mine with that spark of fun. We both were laughing when I said, “Hey, I thought you said there’d be no *grubbing*!” I’d barely said ‘*grub*’ when I saw his eyes change. I guess he couldn’t take any more because he just shut me up with a kiss. It didn’t stop, and I didn’t want it to. I honestly don’t know how long we made out. Our hands roamed, but he didn’t push under my bra, yet; with his tank top off, I didn’t have to worry about that and let my hands explore his back muscles and shoulders all I wanted. When we finally broke the kiss, we just stared into each other’s eyes, like ‘Why did it take so long to find you?’

He swallowed and smiled. “Hey, give me that bottle of sunscreen,” he said. I gave him my pretend bottle and he switched about to sitting up. I flipped onto my front, offering my back. Hey, I’m not *that* easy.

I watched him behind me straddle my butt, just below my butt. He pretend-shook the bottle and pretend-squirted the pretend stuff on my back, with a coordinating pretend noise. I giggled at that and declared, “Hey, that’s cold!”

“I’ll warm you up.” He began massaging my shoulders and back.

“You do have warm hands...” His hands felt wonderful, making me melt inside. They were a little rough, like he’d been doing some work in his yard and didn’t bother with hand lotion to soften them up. A man’s hands.

And I could feel another part that belonged to a man, down below. *Oh... yes.* As he leaned forward to grab more of my shoulders, he let his hard, hard cock push between my ass cheeks. God, I could hardly wait.

Then I felt my bra fall loose. He undid the hooks so easily, I didn’t even know he was doing it. “Don’t want tan lines...”

“No, I sure don’t.” I braced myself up on my elbows and quietly drew my arms out of my bra straps. I don’t even know if he noticed because his hands had moved lower onto the small of my back, and he shifted his seat, and his hands played at the hem of my panties. I didn’t protest. There’s the old saying that “Silence Gives Consent,” but I didn’t want him to have to guess. I rolled my pelvis and his hands found my curve, sliding down and then back up inside my panties.

“I really need it there,” I moaned as his thumbs worked toward my core.

Then he tore my panties down. I didn’t hear them tear — and I hope not because I really like these — but they came down so quickly. “Damn thing’s in the way,” he muttered.

I was naked, but he wasn’t.

He was already kneeling by my side when I turned and pushed him off the bed to standing. I didn't say a word, just yanked those yellow trunks down to his knees — he could get them the rest of the way down, himself.

Then I saw it. His cock. Hard and pointing at me after the bounce from being released. "Damn, that's a nice cock," I breathed. I haven't seen too many, but I knew that his was a nice cock. His pubes were a little darker than his sandy hair, his balls hanging well, and a nice, long shaft with a light ring from being cut. The head was a nice arrow shape — not flat or too round — and it looked so inviting that I forgot all about displaying myself properly for him and just dove onto that cock, taking it into my mouth and going to town.

"*Oh, fuck...*" Luc moaned. "*Ava....*"

I had one hand on his ass and the other holding his cock and playing with his pubes. I was on my side, still, propped on an elbow and could barely hold myself upright, and I think he felt that. His hands had gone to my head, to my hair, but I was losing altitude and sliding forward. He backed out of my mouth and helped me up, but I decided to show him what he was getting, and rolled onto my back.

Lucas just stood there, his hands still out from holding me like he forgot they were there, staring at my naked bod. At my breasts. At my pussy.

He climbed back onto the bed and found his height laying down, and kissed me. "Ava, you're beautiful. I mean, normally you are — god, you're so beautiful — and I don't know if I deserve to see you like this."

"Have you done something wrong?" I asked.

"Not yet."

A cold shiver hit me suddenly. "Do you have a girlfriend, right now, or...?"

"No. I'm free. I just... I've liked you for..." He was searching for the right words, but it didn't stop his hands from searching for my nipples. "We were in World History last year, but nobody talked in that class. And in PE, now... And when I agreed to play the game... When you agreed to play, did you...?"

"I thought it might be fun, meet someone, maybe do a little..." I admitted. "But when I saw you at the door, Lucas... this is a dream come true."

We both let that sink in.

Lucas is such a genuinely nice guy. And not one that gets walked all over. If you got in a fight with him, you'd probably lose. And even now, when we're naked, in bed, he cares about my reputation. I think his friend Johnny is like that, too. Lyla is lucky to have him. I don't know why he let her play Mia's game. How do you watch her walk off with Conor? For me and Lucas, I know he had a girlfriend last year, and I think this summer, but I didn't really keep tabs on him. I had a boyfriend or two, as well. I've just liked Lucas from afar, from the other side of

the classroom or the gym. A cute boy I'd like to be with. Somehow, the forces of the universe aligned and here we are.

"I don't..." I started, searching for the right words, like he had been. "I don't do this all the time, first date. First *mystery* date. But god, Lucas, I want to now."

We started making out again. "You okay out here on the beach?" he asked between kisses. He brought the edge of the sister's comforter up. "Want to go in a cabana or...?"

I pushed his arm and comforter back down. "I like the sand. Got a good beach towel."

He broke the kiss and moved down my body, kissing my neck and my chest, stopping to caress and suck on my breasts. Eventually, his left hand explored downward and found my pubes while I did my best to keep holding onto and stroking his cock. Then his fingers found their way inside me, inside my trim little pussy. Do I wax it? Maybe... but just downtown. I like to keep the big labia clean. And... *Oh, the tease!* He had a light touch but knew what he was doing, flicking my clit and entering me, drawing out my juices.

He was going to bring me off. Yes, he was. But I wanted to hold him. I wanted him to fuck me. I needed to feel him on top of me and to put that cock inside me.

I held him, and moved his body between my open legs. He still didn't take position to fuck me, though. He slid down my body, instead. "Want to head down the beach?" he asked. "I want to play in the surf for a bit, okay?"

And... *oh my god...* Luc's fucking tongue was magic. I'd wanted him in my arms, but now I locked him in-place with my ankles. Time went... *time...* I don't fucking know how long Luc was down there. I think the sister had an alarm clock nearby but I didn't fucking care! Cal, my old boyfriend, tried this with me, but it just never did it for me. And that oaf Conor lapped at my pussy like a dog then jumped on me. Lucas was taking his time and had my juices flowing. I was about to cum.

I tried to think of some beach pun, something about the tide or the surf, but had nothing. And it's just as well — I couldn't speak.

But I could scream, and I did scream and I wailed and cooed, just like Mia down somewhere else in this house, we could all hear. I did think of waves, though, as my orgasm pulsed through me and my body shook. I thought of waves, and I knew I couldn't let this one go.

Lucas gave me a break and allowed me to recover, to breathe, but just stayed below, playing with my pubes. I opened my eyes and caught his smile.

"Sun's in my eyes, though, Lucas. And yeah, too many people around," I groaned as I floated. "How about the boardwalk? Can I go under the boardwalk? Can you be my boardwalk?" I put out my hands to him. I wanted to pull him on top of me.

Lucas got up and wiped his chin, then left the bed. I wondered where to, and I saw him getting something from the shopping bag he brought. He held up a strip of three condoms. *Good. Good.* We didn't need to have a conversation. I beckoned him over toward me. Laying on his

front had made him a little softer than he needed to be, so I stroked his nice cock back to full, and helped put the condom on him.

Lucas climbed back on the bed, got between my legs, and finally placed his body over me. “Tide’s starting to come in. Very wet down where we were. Have to move to higher ground under the pier.” His arms above to either side of me. Strong pilings to hold up his pier. My pier. Fuck it. He’s mine.

Lucas mounted me and slowly, *oh-so-slowly*, let that cock slide inside me. I cried an “*Ohhhh!*” and then we fucked. I think I’d been waiting to feel this since I saw him at the bedroom door. No mistake. He felt *so good* — in my arms, in my mouth, in my... in *me*. This was meant to be.

He started slow. Slow and long. All the way in, all the way out (almost), then back in, and again and again. Then he got faster. Faster and, little by little, harder. Faster and harder. He wanted to fuck me as much as I wanted to be fucked.

All I could do was moan and make little screams as he thrust inside me. I wanted to call out to him, tell him how much I loved what he was doing, how he was making me feel, talk dirty and tell him to *fuck me!* But I couldn’t. *Me* — an articulate newspaper reporter, the entire English language at my command and some Spanish, and I couldn’t come up with anything but, “*Ahhh... ahhh-AHHH!... Ah-uh-ah-ahhh!*” and you won’t even be able to hear the musicality of how I sang those “*ahs.*” And, “*Lucas... oh, Luc...*” *That* I said about a hundred times.

Lucas was fairly quiet, but very intense with his moans and his breathing. But I’ll say one thing he might be embarrassed about but I loved... *he growled!* He’d been fucking me upright — on his knees pulling me into him when he dropped forward on top of me, again. His head was on my shoulder, on my neck and in my hair, when he growled while fucking me, and then he bit my shoulder a few times. Not hard, just grabbed me with his teeth. No marks. That really turned me on!

And then Lucas came. He came before I did, and he deserved it, but I came right after he did. It was one of those that as I felt him go stiff and convulse, his cock kicking inside me, the feeling just sent me over the edge. I had never cummed at the same time as anyone, before.

I don’t want to make any more cute jokes about making love with Lucas, but like the lady says in that movie *Thelma and Louise*, I’d been fucked proper. If I didn’t think it might scare him away, I might’ve told Lucas that I was already in love with him. I supposed I should go out on a real date with him, first, though. A couple-few. Then I still might wait for him to say it to me, first. But I’ll be waiting. It would be Christmas in a month’s time.

Afterwards, as we laid there in our sweat and Lucas took off his condom, I told him, “Luc, we’re gonna need all three of those things!”

He bundled the thing up in some tissue on the sister’s nightstand, then came back to me. Came back to holding me.

“Ava, this was the best, ever. But, are we...? Can we be together? Will you go out with me? Be mine?” He looked at me so honest, so... earnest.

I wanted to laugh for the right reason, but didn't want to send the absolute wrong message. "Lucas, I am yours. You're not getting rid of me anytime soon, mister."

He kissed me, there on the pretend beach, long and hard and tender, and we kissed until the tide came in and I waxed my board and popped up and I rode his wave this time.

Johnny

Okay, I have to say I didn't wake up this morning thinking I'd be drinking hot chocolate with my old crush in Lyla's bedroom, pretending to be on a skiing date. This past summer, I'd asked Kiki out, and she was all happy and giggly and... and she ran away. I had no idea why. And then the next day when I saw her, she told me she couldn't go out with me because I was fucking her sister.

Well, that much was true, at least. Long story short, Kiki's sister Kari wandered into my bedroom during a party and fucked my brains out. And vice versa. And she came back a few more times. But I liked her sister, Akiko, who I have always called Kiki.

So, that was that. She wouldn't go out with me, we had a little dustup, and I moved on. I met this one girl I was with for a little while, we went out, I took her to Homecoming, but it wasn't love and we didn't go to bed. You know, just a good month and had fun but no thunderbolt. Then I became closer with Lyla and Mia and Rory. Well, I'd known each of them from classes last year, and Soccer, obviously, but we became good friends this year.

And I am nuts for Lyla. Head over heels. And I'd do anything for Mia, we get along so well. But Mia's with Rory, and I nearly fucked that up for them. And Lyla's with that shithead, Conor, and she keeps giving him chance after chance to be a standup guy.

So, we're playing this *Mystery Date* game, and I'm thinking I'm going to be set-up with Lyla but instead I'm looking at my old crush, Kiki. Maybe this is a sign.

"So, you've finally accepted a date with me!" I said to Kiki as Mia shut the bedroom door on us. I'm wearing a winter coat and knit cap and it's warm in this house, but I'll play the scene. "We're going skiing!"

"We're not *really* going skiing," she shook her head and spoke to me as if I were being silly.

I went over to the nightstand and got the two mugs of hot chocolate Rory made up. I kept trying to make this work. "Ah, yes, you're right. We've already been skiing, and this is our... um... *apreez*-ski time." I gave her one of the mugs. "So now we get to sit here by the fire and warm ourselves up after wiping out in the snow all afternoon."

I sat down on the white rug, not the bed. I knew Kiki was a virgin. I wasn't going to force her to fuck me, or anything. She looked cute, still. Had on a yellow print shirt or shirt-sweater thing, blue pants, left her shoes at the front door, lost her socks somewhere, if she even wore socks. Yeah, she's still cute. Long black hair, blue eyes. I'd still like to make out with her, I

was thinking. That's what this was, right? Like our *Clue* game was 20 Minutes in Heaven while we went from room to room pretending to investigate, this *Mystery Date* game was Three Hours in Heaven, and we'd already blown a good part of an hour.

"This is the fireplace?" Kiki pointed at Lyla's bookshelves.

"Sure. There's some red and yellow books there. We can pretend it's a fire, right?" I tried. "Come on, don't you want to play?"

"Was this a set-up?" she asked. "Did you plan this?"

"I honestly had no idea who was going to be here — other than Mia and Lyla. Though, when Conor made an ass of himself, I started to wonder. I heard what he said. But it is nice to see you, again, Kiki."

"Yeah, it's nice to see you, too," she admitted. "We don't have any classes together this year."

"It's a big school." I took another sip of my chocolate. "Mmm, the good stuff. Stephens Dark Chocolate."

"Is this Stephens?" Kiki finally took a sip. "I like their Mexican Chocolate."

"I have a can of that at home," I said.

Kiki looked at the white rug, the white walls, Lyla's comforter that was white and grey like a cloud, and the *Frozen* poster on the wall. "Well, we're in the right room for a skiing date, I guess."

"The date we never went out on." We had to address the past. "You know what that thing with your sister was, right? She jumped my bones. I'm a teenage boy — I'm not gonna say no. But it's not like... I didn't go after her, you know. It's not her I liked. I liked you."

"But I couldn't go out with you if you were still doing her," she told me.

"I wasn't. Until you said 'no' and pushed me away. Then your sister came back, and I said 'Fine. What the hell.'" I pulled off the hat and shucked off the coat. "I didn't see you for the rest of the summer. Not until the hallways of school and Orchestra. I didn't come after you because I thought you didn't want to see me."

"Do you still like me?" she asked. She wouldn't meet my eyes, always looking at the floor or her toes or my socks. "Or do you like Lyla, now?"

I looked up at the wall. The *Frozen* poster. It was Elsa. Blond hair. Like Lyla. I turned to face Lyla's *Harry Potter* poster. She even had a Harley Quinn one. There were pictures of Lyla and Mia taped up on the wall, too. I couldn't win.

"It's been a while, but I still like the things I used to like about you," I told her. I put her mug on the nightstand and took her hand. "We used to have fun in Algebra and Biology. We'd share jokes in Orchestra. I still love your eyes. And you let your hair grow, which is nice."

She was quiet. I leaned in and stole a kiss, but she kissed me back. It was a little awkward. I suddenly wondered if it was her first kiss. I didn't ask.

She broke the kiss and composed herself. "Have you ever been skiing, for real?"

I didn't push her. "Yeah. Once before. But we're — me, Rory, Mia, and a few others — joined Ski Club this year, and we're going out to Villa Olivia next Saturday. Fake snow, but we'll get some practice in. Later, right after mid-terms, we signed-up for the weekend trip to Wisconsin."

"My sister is in Ski Club," Kiki told me.

"I didn't know that," I said, which was true. "I really don't talk to her, anymore. You could come with, too, you know. Join up."

"I think I'd like to." She took my hand, and started pulling a thread on my sleeve.

I pulled her in to me. "Kiki, we were all cold out in the snow. My face is still red, I'll bet, from the wind. It's nice getting warm with you, here, don'tcha think?" I lifted her chin and we kissed, again. She started breathing deeper and we turned it into a make-out. Finally.

Alright. Don't think of me as an animal. I'm fifteen. I'm a teenage boy who wants to get laid, making out with a cute girl who's still into me. I won't force her, but I'm going to do everything I can to make it happen. If it doesn't happen, it doesn't happen, but I'm gonna get some tit, at least, and introduce her to Little Johnny. She agreed to this *Mystery Date* game, after all, so she must've known what was up. Again, I'm not an ass, like Conor, but this is what it's all about, right?

I let my hands roam over her shirt. This was more than we'd ever done together, with the exception of playing in Milner Pool a couple times. So, I've seen her in her one-piece suit, handled her bod throwing her around the pool in fun, but I really haven't felt her up. That's what I was doing now. Finally. I've wanted to hold this body since Freshman year. This was the time.

I stood and lifted her to standing with me, and brought us onto Lyla's bed. "Much more comfortable up here," I mumbled, trying to maintain our lip-lock. She climbed on with me, so either she was being brave or she wanted me. Or both.

I took it slow. My left hand found her breast, and she didn't complain. Then I went under her shirt, over the bra. Not a lacy one, felt kind of standard, but it also felt too large on her. I'm no size expert, but there was a gap when I dipped inside for her nipple. There were no gaps in Lyla's bra when I took hers off, before.

Then, pushing up the bra, cupping her entire right tit. She was letting me. So, I had to figure out the timing for just taking the whole thing off. I rolled over a bit to get both hands into her shirt, pushing it up, when she sat up. I thought the whole thing might be over, but instead she pulled off her yellow shirt and undid the clasp on her bra. I took the straps off her shoulders and her breasts were mine.

It occurred to me, then, that the girl was on a mission. In that case, I could move faster, but I'd have to make it good for her. I was going to lick that pussy and make her cum so she'd have no recourse but to fuck me three times. Actually, I had two condoms with me plus the three Rory gave me, but I thought her pussy would be sore enough getting poked for the first time plus two.

I had set on sucking her left breast, but left that to take off my shirt and undershirt. I stood off the bed and made a show off pulling them off. She'd seen my bod at the pool, but not after this fall's Soccer workouts had added some definition. And this view was private for her.

I didn't stop after my chest was bare. I jumped the gun in teenage clothing progression and just took off my jeans and socks. I stopped there. I didn't want to scare her. But I saw that she was watching carefully, wondering, I bet, if I was going to take off my boxer briefs. I would, but held off, yet.

But she knew I was going to go after her pants. She helped, lifting her butt as I took them down. This girl knew she was going to get fucked.

With her pants off, I put my hands on her waist and kept them there, not quite tugging on the hem of her panties. She looked at me. A little worry, maybe?, in her eyes. Expectation?

I took advantage of whatever it was and pulled her panties down. Slowly. She could've stopped me if she wanted to. She didn't. Revealed her pussy. Her feathery black pubes. So cute. Down to her knees. Down to her ankles. She pulled her feet out, pointing her toes as the material passed by. Kiki was naked.

She curled, a little uncomfortable being exposed like this, but not hiding her pubes or her cute little titties with the deep red nips. She was watching me. Waiting.

I took off my boxers, and she stared at my cock. A look in her eye that was probably similar to my own each time I took off a girl's clothes: *finally*. I stood in presentation, letting her see me like I was seeing her. She didn't reach out for my cock, but couldn't stop watching it.

I was climbing back onto the bed when she whispered (though she didn't need to whisper), "Can we get under?"

I understood and helped her off as we pulled back Lyla's comforter and we crawled inside Lyla's bed.

Fuck! I wanted to be here with Lyla. When we were together in my house, doing the quickie in the closet during our time in *Clue*, she'd said 'the next time we do this, it's going to be in a bed.' And here I was in her bed with someone else!

But I had a job to do. And I wanted to do it.

I didn't just jump right on Kiki. I'm not Conor. If I was going to take this girl's virginity, I'd try to make it memorable. After all, you never forget your first. We cuddled. I warmed her up. Stroked her sides and found her breasts, again. I moved her so she was kind of on top of me.

I guided her to my cock and she wrapped her little hand around it like it was automatic. Kiki has dainty little hands, and I have to say it made me feel like my cock was bigger than it was, with her able to glide up and down further than, say, Mia or Kari. Or Lyla.

She played in my pubes and felt my balls, but she loved stroking me up and down and again. Her other hand loved my pecs and abs.

I loved sucking on her tits, and biting at her nipples — so pointy! I think I nipped too hard once, and I got a yelp out of her. Not intentional. In fact, we were being really quiet. No “Oh, Kiki, fuck me! Stroke my cock!” talk. Though I did purposely breathe roughly, and growled some, letting her know it’d be okay to ‘let go’ a little more. But she didn’t. Not yet.

Then I flipped her onto her back in a quick move, making her gasp. She spread her legs open for me, like she thought I was going to fuck her, then. There was a look in her eyes of ‘I guess this is it, here it comes.’ But I told her, “No. Not yet. I want to taste you,” and I slid completely under the comforter.

There wasn’t much light, but I knew what I was looking for. I brushed her pubes — very soft. I said ‘feathery’ before, and that was the truth. I let my finger follow the hair into her cleft and explored her labia. Very tight, almost compact. When this girl got herself off, it wasn’t with a lot of tugging, and her pussy had never even seen a toy. Fingers, yes. Maybe a Sharpie, at best.

I let my tongue take over the exploring and you’d think I’d shocked her with an electrode, she flinched so hard. I let my hands stroke her thighs and on down to her toes to calm her down while I pulled at her labia with my lips, ran my tongue up and down their length, and then coaxed out her little clit and sucked on that until it was as stiff as a prick.

Kiki was a whimperer. Little high-pitched whines, little whimpers, breathing fast. “*Mm-mmh-mff-mmf-hm...*” One hand finally found my hair and I had to let my hands wander up above the comforter to find her other hand on her own breast. I cradled her ass, got a finger inside her up to the first knuckle, and she wasn’t expecting that. She really wasn’t! So, I removed that and let her relax. I wanted her to cum. It took a bit longer for her to completely let go, but she did, and I got a lengthier “*Ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh!*” out of her as she climaxed. Her hips bucked so hard, so sharply, I either had to move with her or get hit in the face! Her feet were on my back, shaking against my spine.

She tasted like her sister. But there was no way I would ever tell her that. Who would want to know that?

I didn’t push her for two, like I did Mia. Like I wanted to with Lyla. I let her relax and float. I realized we were going to have to wash this sheet from Kiki’s fluids. When I extricated myself (what a word!), I went to look around Lyla’s room for a towel or something. Beyond fluids, I thought there might be a little blood, this time.

Lyla had cleaned her room for having guests over. No loose items. I could use Rory’s winter coat, I thought, but then saw Lyla’s hamper. The top items inside were a light blue nightshirt, and then yesterday’s bra and panties. I took out the nightshirt. It smelled like Lyla. I dug further and found a Caribbean blue bath towel. I took that and put the shirt back.

Kiki figured out what I wanted the towel for and helped with placement. I still stood by the bedside, though, and didn't crawl back in. "Can you help me, some?" I asked.

Kiki looked at my cock. It was still half-hard, but was out-of-action while I was nuzzling her pussy, so needed some stimulation. She knew what I was asking for. "I... I don't know if I can do that..."

"Sure, you can," I said softly but confidently. "Just put your mouth on it. Like a popsicle. Like a Tootsie pop. Even I've done it." I guess I didn't really mean to give out that information, but it slipped out while I was trying to convince her. But her response almost made me chuckle.

"You can reach that far?" she wondered. Sure. Sure, I can. That's exactly what I meant.

"Just try it." And she did. She hesitated, but she took the head of my cock in her mouth and a little more. She got into it, the licking, and I told her how she was doing a good job. And I did get harder. It was a beautiful sight, watching Kiki suck on my cock. But I let her off early and climbed inside the sheets with her.

Again, she spread her legs for me to fuck her. And she was right, this time, I was going to fuck her, and she knew it when I got into position.

She bit her lip. Cute.

I ran my cock up and down her slit. I was glad, almost proud, that she didn't ask about it hurting the first time. If she was this far, she knew it would. And she wouldn't relax enough to combat that.

As I pushed my crown inside, she did ask, though, "Are you going to use a condom?" She'd been studying, or talking to someone.

"Soon," I told her. "First, you need to know how it feels for your first time, but I won't cum in you. Then I'll put one on. And when we do it again, I'll wear one then, too. And the third time."

I might have been pushing it with the expectation of fucking her three times, but the answer satisfied her.

I went slow. She was tight, I probably don't even have to say that. I did ask, "You doin' okay?" and she nodded very quickly. I made it all the way in, and never really felt any pop. She was my first virgin, and I think my expectations were as hers, that there'd be a breaking of a barrier of some kind and some pain. Later, she told me there was a sharp pain, then a dull one like a soreness, but that went away, and the tough part was dealing with how big my cock was to her. *Aw, shucks, thanks, Kiki!*

When I was in, I leaned over and kissed her. I wasn't going to tell her I loved her, or anything, but I couldn't let that moment go by. But then I started drawing out and pushing back in. I know I said I would wrap it up after I got all the way in, but this felt good! I propped myself up and watched the reactions of my beauty with the long black hair and cute, pointy little titties.

If I were with Mia or Lyla, I would have started with the dirty talk, but that wasn't going to work, here. I kept it to warm "Mmmm..." sounds and breathing, saying, "*Oh, Kiki,*" now and then. And she started getting wet. Cool!

Then I did the smart thing and snagged a condom from the nightstand. I made the switch as quickly as I could, then went back inside. The little extra lube on the condom helped, a bit.

She did not cum before I did, but I let myself go when I climaxed and let her see what a boy's body does when it hits. I think she was proud that she'd made it through it and had made me cum.

I did the nice thing and held her close for a time before I had her ride me and control the depth and rate and stuff. I don't know if she came, but she did get very wet. Maybe a small orgasm. She was still holding back, I could feel.

And we did do it a third time. I told her we would, so she was expecting it. And this time, I did get her to open up, say my name, and swear.

"Kiki," I'd say, *"Oh, Kiki, you feel so good... I love being inside you... I love fucking you, Kiki..."*

She was, *"Mnnn... mhhnnnn...."* then *"Yes... ffff... ffff... Johnny!... Johnny, fff..."*

"Say it... say it, Kiki... what do you want?"

"Ffff..."

"Tell me what to do or I'll stop..."

"Ffff... fuck me..." So quiet!

That was all I needed, and I made that girl cum right before mine.

As we lay together, I had to think about what to do. If I got together with Kiki, would that be so bad? If Lyla was going to keep going with Jughead, then I couldn't just hang around waiting. God, I wanted Lyla. But she's not available. She's still my friend, though, and I've done enough to let her know how I feel. I hate losing to Conor, but that's Lyla's choice.

And here I was in a room filled with Lyla, doing the exact thing to never be with Lyla again.

Fuck, I could smell her hair on the pillow case.

That's not fair. To me... or Kiki.

I guess I only have one choice.

Lyla

It was a mistake. The whole thing. How do you...?

Conor and I made our way downstairs and into my mom's bedroom. I figured I had to be the one responsible for using this room and I'd trust the others, giving mine and Tori's comfortable beds to the new couples. I knew Mia and Rory would be fine wherever they were, even the basement.

But Conor... We closed the door. I was thinking I'd put on the Homecoming dress. He pulled off his tie and threw the flowers onto the bed. "Okay, let's fuck." That's how he put it. *Okay, let's fuck.* Like it was something he had to do and get it over with.

I'm an idiot.

Mia told me. Johnny told me. Johnny told me a couple times and in a couple different ways... Why am I not with Johnny? And now, I've set him up with Aki, and they're going to be happy, and I'm with fucking Conor!

I heard him when he saw who all the girls were in the room. When he came to the door and said something like, "Hey, I'm taking someone to the prom! Who is it?" Something like that. And then he saw it was me. Oh, it was *just me*.

And he tried to trade me in! "Can't I have that Chinese girl?" *Fucker.*

And then there was the kicker: "I've fucked three of these girls already." Me — obviously. Mia — that first day when we swapped. I know he was with Silke that first day, too, because that's how the game played out (and I was with Costa). But Ava? He was with her? When? Not before me. I'll have to ask her. Sometime. Find out how that happened. I figure it was my Conor feeling like some sex god, now that he'd lost his virginity and made it with three girls in a single day.

There are those girls and guys who couldn't believe I was with Conor. "You're kidding?" they'd say. "How does he rate a girl like you?"

What can I say? He made me laugh. There is a lot of good in him. Was. Sure, he's goofy, but he was nice to me. Was. Sometimes, I thought we could fall in love, that he adored me. There was good in him.

But that's past.

Thinking about this, I'm sure Rory tried to give me some signal, but couldn't tell me about Conor because he's his friend. Or gave whatever he knew about Conor to Mia to tell me, but I didn't want to hear it.

He's high on edibles so much now, I don't know how he does schoolwork.

"So... what? We're not gonna do it?" he'd asked me in my mother's bedroom. "Then what was this all for, then?"

Different ways of arguing zoomed through my head. I thought about which things in my mother's room that I could whip at his head and get away with it. Not by which would cause the least or most damage, but which thing I wouldn't get in trouble for breaking. I wanted to shout all I knew or thought I knew about him. I wanted him to tell me about every time he saw Ava, about every time he saw Silke, about every time he saw... whoever else. I just wanted to scream at him and I wanted him to take it.

I wanted him to tell me he was sorry. I wanted him to tell me twelve times. He'd ask how many times he had to apologize, and each time he said it, I'd say, "Say it again, anyway!"

I'd ask him if he ever really liked me or if it was all about sex, if it was just all about the fun of cutting school and playing these games with the sexy rules. And he'd say 'no,' and he'd beg me to listen to him and he'd explain everything and not to break up with him and he really did like me and he was sorry for Silke and he was sorry for Ava and he was sorry for Molly and he was sorry for Jazmín.

And he'd say he'd let me think about what we had together and he'd give me some space and by the time we went on the Ski Club trip next weekend, we'd be fine. And by the time we took that overnight trip to Wisconsin with the Ski Club, all of this would be forgotten.

And he'd kiss me, and I'd remember why I liked him to begin with.

Some of that happened.

Most of it didn't.

All I'll ever remember, though, is...

All I'll *fucking* ever remember...

All I'll ever remember is Conor standing up, taking off the blue suit jacket, and saying, "Then fuck it."

And him leaving. And the sound of him finding his coat and shoes and the front door opening and the front door closing.

Mia

I looked at the Target brand alarm clock on the dusty nightstand in the guest room and knew our safety time to get our act together, clean up, and either get out or look presentable was at hand.

Rory and I kissed and consciously stopped ourselves from going another round. We got dressed. Rory put on the clothes he'd arrived in, but kept the hat on.

There was the big question hanging in the air between us. We'd made some talk about it while we lay with each other, but it was nervous dialogue.

"You didn't let me pull out."

"I know."

"I probably really could have, but I would have had to hurt you, and I could never do that. Especially when I was about to... you know... cum."

"Yeah."

"What should we name it?"

I'd considered a funny answer, but just smiled. "It was a good day. I should be fine. We should be fine."

"I hope so. Third month in a row that we'll be on edge until you get your period."

"That should be any day, now."

When I'd wrapped my arms around him and tied my legs behind him, I'd done some quick math. Could I let him? It felt so damn good, in my body and my brain, I wanted to feel it again, like that first day, but better. I wasn't sure. You can never be sure. But I took a chance that it would be okay.

"This was a great date, though, mister!" I told him, wrapping my arms around him and giving him another kiss. "I love picnicking you."

"I will picnic you anytime, anywhere, beautiful." Rory swung me around and knocked my legs into some cardboard boxes.

It was time to straighten up the bed, and Rory opened the window to clear out all the picnic smell.

It was time for us to rouse the others. I took Ava and Lucas, and Rory took Johnny and Akiko. We both knocked on their doors at the same time. Rory went inside and, from the brief conversation I heard, it sounded like Johnny and Kiki were dressed and ready. I got no answer at my door and cautiously opened it and went in.

Two beautiful bodies lay naked on Tori's bed. Ava was sleeping on top of Lucas, showing me her ass and the backside of her pussy. Lucas' bare cock was still half-hard pointing to his left. It looked wet like he'd just pulled off a condom.

There was a part of me that wanted to go down and taste him, but I didn't. I just enjoyed the thrill of looking at the naked Lucas. I was happy with Rory. I hoped Ava would be happy with Lucas. I was right about these two, and I wasn't going to try and get involved in the middle with them. Unless they wanted to do a double-date or play a game... No. Let them be, I told myself.

But I couldn't let them be. I had to wake them up, that's why I came there. "Ava..." I whispered, though I didn't need to. "Ava. Time to wake up." I lightly shook her shoulder.

Ava opened her eyes, saw me, and smiled. She tightened her arms around Lucas, and I interpreted the look in her smile as "Mine." I just smiled back and nodded.

They had used Rory's penguin beach towel underneath them, and never pulled back Tori's comforter, so I knew we wouldn't have to wash any sheets, but I'd still need to fix the bed. I went and opened the window, as Rory had done in the guest room.

The late November air was chilly enough to rouse Lucas.

"Time for us to go, Luc," Ava told her guy. She lifted herself and I got a flash of her boobs. Eh, I'd seen them before.

Lucas reacted to my presence and tried to flip the towel over himself, but it didn't make it past his hip because of how they were lying.

"Don't worry," I laughed. "I have one at home."

"You only get one free sample," he said, his voice still a little thick. He swung his legs down and sat up.

I left the room so they could dress and met Rory in the hall.

"They okay?" I asked about Johnny and Aki.

Rory shrugged. "I guess. Not a lot of swooning. I'll find out, later."

"These two," I pointed at the door I'd just closed, "are all goo-goo eyes!"

Rory pulled me to him. "I love you," he told me.

"I love you, Rory." I squeezed him and dropped my head into his chest. "I talked to my mom. She's not real happy about my request, but she knows all about reality."

"The patch?" Rory guessed.

"Yeah. I'm still wary of the side effects, but we're going to my gynie."

"Is it retro-active?" he tried to laugh. I didn't answer. "Will I be able to look your folks in the eyes ever again? Do they hate me?"

"They like you better than me," I said, trying to be funny. "But you probably shouldn't come over next week, just to be safe."

We headed down the stairs to find the door to Lyla's mother's room wide open. "They must be up and around," Rory said, but we looked inside, anyway, and saw Lyla, just sitting there,

staring into the corner. No Conor in sight, and he wasn't in the washroom or the kitchen. Lyla's dress, Rory's blue suit coat, the red tie, and fake flowers were scattered on the bed.

"Lyla?" I went to her.

"You all knew," she said when she noticed me. "You told me."

And then we knew. It had finally happened. Two months, but not two good months. Not like mine and Rory's two good months.

We didn't need the story. I'd get it later, and I'd tell Rory what he needed to know. He'd talk to Conor later, probably, and tell me what I needed to know. Later, I'll say now, I'd asked Ava about Conor. She said she didn't think Lyla was with Conor or she never would have gone out with him that one time. Conor was funny, she said. He made her laugh. And when he asked her out, she said okay, and they went drinking with some other friends, and went further than she thought she would, and afterwards she knew it was a mistake, and that was that.

Lyla had been crying, but not from a broken heart. More like frustration. Disappointment. Resignation. We dried her eyes, and I walked her out of the room.

Then she saw Johnny and Akiko together, and I could feel her crumble all over again.

Rory

Johnny dropped his head when he saw Lyla, and the air was so thick, I think he wanted to punch a hole in the wall.