

## Part 1: Intro

It was an exhausted Peter Parker who let himself into his Chinatown apartment through the window. Really, what was it about Halloween that made every two-bit goon and wannabe criminal mastermind in the city think that they'd found the perfect opportunity to make a big score? Wearing a Halloween costume was *not* a foolproof way to get away with a crime in plain sight just because you had an excuse to conceal your identity while out in public, but many of the less intelligent criminals in New York hadn't seemed to realize this, if the sheer stupidity of tonight's crimes were anything to go by. Seriously, did the dude who'd been dressed as a big hamburger with eyes think that he'd be able to disappear amid the rest of the people on the subway after he'd held up a convenience store while in full costume? All Peter had to do was follow the giant bun!

The low-rent and even lower-imagination criminal activity seemed to have finally dried up for the night though, so he was going to relax in his apartment, pig out on some of the cheap clearance candy he'd bought earlier that day, and do his best not to think about pretty redheaded journalists, playful cat burglars in tight black spandex, or the general lack of either in his life for months now. Sure, he was going to spend his Halloween night alone in an apartment he could barely afford—but he'd grabbed the last two bags of peppermint patties off of the shelf for half-off! They weren't his favorite Halloween candy, but a clearance sale was a clearance sale, and he was more than prepared to eat his loneliness away as he entered his apartment through the window.

"Hiya, spider," a familiar voice purred as soon as he'd closed the window behind him. "Welcome back." Peter froze. He recognized that voice, though at first he wasn't sure if he was actually hearing it, or if his attempts not to mope over the lack of ladies in his life had conjured her up like one of Mysterio's illusions. But then he looked over in the direction that her voice had come from, and there she was. Felicia Hardy was in his apartment. She was sitting on his bed, and she looked as mouth-watering as ever in her tight black spandex catsuit. Seriously, had that thing gotten even tighter since he'd last seen her? Or was that just his horniness shining through?

"Uh, hi, Felicia," he said awkwardly. He pulled his mask off; not like there was any point in trying to hide his identity with her. "I guess there's not much point in me asking how you got in, huh?" She laughed.

"What do you think, Peter?" she teased.

"Right," he mumbled, nodding while doing his best not to stare at her too obviously. "You, uh, you look good." Felicia smiled.

"I can't see enough of you to be able to say the same," she said. "You still seem to fill out your suit well enough though, so I guess you haven't let yourself go since I last saw you."

"Nope," Peter said. "Definitely not." He saw one of the bags of peppermint patties sitting on the floor, peeking out from under the bed, and he nudged it fully under the bed with his foot as casually as he could. "So, maybe it'd be stupid to ask you how you got in, but I really don't know *why* you're here. You're not here to try and steal anything, are you? Because, I mean..." He looked around at his tiny apartment, and the complete lack of anything with any monetary value. Hell, ownership of the apartment itself would've been less valuable than the Black Cat's usual targets. Felicia seemed to think the same, because she laughed while mimicking his look around the apartment.

“No, spider,” she said, shaking her head and smirking at him. “I didn’t come here to steal anything.” She stood up from his bed and made a show of stretching her arms out behind her back. Peter’s eyes betrayed him by drifting down to her chest as she stretched, and her smirk had widened by the time he looked back into her eyes. Damn it!

“So, what did you come here for, then?” Peter asked, trying to play it cool and pretend he hadn’t just been ogling his ex’s boobs. “I’m afraid I don’t have much to offer as far as food goes. There might be some leftover pizza or something in the fridge.”

“Not anymore,” Felicia said as she slowly started walking towards him. “You were out later than I expected. I got hungry.”

*Well, there goes the next two days of lunch,* Peter thought to himself, before focusing on the much more important fact that Felicia kept getting closer to him. He still wasn’t sure if her catsuit really was tighter on her body now than it used to be, but she looked amazing either way. Not for the first time, he kicked himself for letting their relationship fall apart. Even knowing that it had been more her doing than his, and there were complications there, what with the whole ‘superhero and cat burglar’ thing, it was hard to feel like he hadn’t fucked up big time now that she was in his apartment and looking all sexy.

“Okay, no pizza,” he said. “What can I do for you then, Felicia?” She was standing right in front of him now, looking more amazing than ever. And she *knew* it, too. She knew he was staring, and that she had him right where she wanted him. He recognized that smile on her face all too well. It meant that the cat was ready to play.

“You can answer that age-old question,” she said. Her tongue slid out of her mouth to trace her lips, and Peter’s eyes followed it like it was a hypnotist’s watch. “Trick or treat?” It took him a few seconds to stop thinking about the various things she could do with that tongue and contemplate what she’d actually asked. But once he was thinking about it, he didn’t feel any less confused.

“Uh, sorry, what?” he said. Did she want him to give her one of the peppermint patties? Was that what this was? If so, why hadn’t she just helped herself before he got back?

“You heard me, Peter,” Felicia said. One of her gloved hands came up to rest on his face, and her fingers caressed his cheek. Even though he’d much rather have her hand somewhere else, her touching his face intimately like this still made his dick start to come to life inside of his Spider-Man suit. Fuck, he needed to get laid bad! “It’s the only question worth asking on Halloween. Trick or treat?”

“Trick or treat?” Peter repeated dumbly, staring into Felicia’s eyes, and then back at her hand cupping his face.

“That’s right, Peter,” she said quietly, before licking her lips again. “You can only pick one.” Her hand left his face and slid down his body, stopping around his belly and resting there. “And your answer will determine how the rest of your night goes, so choose wisely.” Her hand went lower, and Peter’s eyes bulged when it stopped right on his groin, resting on his dick through his suit. He was getting hard fast now, and she could probably feel it.

“Let’s hear it, spider,” Black Cat purred, slowly rubbing his dick through his suit. “Trick or treat?”

## Part 2: Treat It Is

It wasn't easy to think straight while Felicia's hand was stroking his dick through his suit, but Peter somehow managed it.

*Trick or treat?* The answer seemed obvious, but was anything ever as obvious as it seemed with Felicia? She would undoubtedly have lots of fun playing whatever trick she had in mind. But Peter had learned by now that the Black Cat playing around ultimately ended in a great deal of fun for him too, particularly when his dick was involved in any way. Still, would the *treat* be for him, or for her? Peter debated the issue in his mind, trying to work out what was hiding behind that beautiful smirk. In the end, though, there was still only one answer he could think to give.

"Between the two, I guess I'd have to choose treat," he managed to say. "At least, assuming you'd be giving the treat?" Felicia laughed, and her hand gave his balls a light rub that made him groan.

"I will be involved in giving you the threat, yes," she answered. Peter frowned, trying to work out her meaning. That sounded like an odd way to put it, and he was sure that it hadn't been a case of Felicia misspeaking. There was no doubt in his mind that she had chosen to phrase it that way deliberately, and he was instantly curious as to what she had up her sleeve. But she didn't give him much time to consider the matter, because his train of thought was interrupted when he saw her reach behind her body and produce an object as if out of thin air.

"Guess that means we won't be needing these," Felicia said, dangling a pair of handcuffs around with her finger. Peter stared at those handcuffs, thoroughly distracted.

"Those were going to be part of the trick?" he asked. She laughed and nodded her head.

"Oh, yes," she purred. "They were going to be an integral part of the trick." She stopped spinning the handcuffs around and tossed them over her shoulder to land on the apartment floor with a clang. "But they're out now. It's time to prepare you for your treat."

Peter had just been thinking that those cuffs might have actually been part of a pretty damn good treat themselves, depending on who they'd been put on and how they were used. But he couldn't really say he regretted his choice; not when Felicia put her arms around his shoulders and kissed him on the lips. Peter hadn't kissed anyone in months, at least on the lips, and he closed his eyes and prayed he wasn't too out of practice as he did his best to return her kiss. He must have done well enough at it, because she moaned into his mouth, pressed her sexy body against his chest and deepened the kiss.

When he felt Felicia's body wiggling and squirming slightly against him, Peter brought his hands up from his sides and chanced putting them on her back. Granted, it had been quite some time since he'd had Felicia Hardy in his arms, but he could still remember how much she liked it when he got a little handsy while they were kissing. His hands slowly slid down her back, and she groaned and put her right hand in his hair while sliding her tongue against his. Taking that as a show of approval, Peter let his hands drift down to her ass and gave her round cheeks a squeeze through her tight catsuit. Felicia gave his hair a little tug, and Peter squeezed harder. Fuck, it had been way too long since he'd gotten a couple of handfuls of an ass as nice as Felicia's!

“Not bad, Pete.” Felicia panted slightly as she pulled back and broke the kiss. Her cheeks were flushed, and her tongue slowly licked her lips. His cock had already been hard, but it was basically begging to be let out once he saw that lick. He knew it, and what it meant. It hadn’t been so long that he’d forgotten how well Felicia could use that tongue. He held his breath and watched her slowly drop to her knees in front of him.

“I think we’d both have more fun if I put my mouth somewhere else, though,” she said while grabbing the waistband of his suit with both hands. “Don’t you?”

“Yes,” he said instantly. He could hear how eager he sounded, and he didn’t care. Let her hear. Wasn’t like she didn’t already know. “Yes, please.” Felicia laughed.

“So polite,” she said, just before yanking his bottoms and underwear both down around his ankles. Her smile widened as she saw his erection right in front of her face. “I’ve missed this guy. Time to say hello to him.”

Felicia’s greeting was about as warm as you could ever hope for. True to the promise of her licking her lips, her tongue was all over him. She started by licking along the head of his cock, and then started licking her way down his shaft. Felicia was *fantastic* with her mouth, and Peter would have enjoyed it a great deal even if it hadn’t been so long since he’d been with her or anyone. Given his dry spell, though, he damn near came just from Felicia’s tongue saying hello to his cock by licking him all over, from tip to base and then back up. Her tongue touched every inch of his dick, saying hello to all of him before she made it back to the tip of his cock.

“There,” she said, nodding her head with satisfaction. “I’ve said hello. Now it’s time for us to become properly reacquainted.” She parted her lips and took his tip into her mouth.

Peter’s hands clenched into fists as she started suckling his head. Back when they were together, Felicia would often make a game out of trying to control his orgasm with her mouth. She had incredible skill in general, but it also hadn’t taken her long to accumulate knowledge specific to him, like how he liked to be sucked and what his moans and groans sounded like when he was about to cum. It didn’t take long for her to show him that she hadn’t forgotten all of his likes and dislikes. Felicia’s fingers tickled his balls for a bit while she slowly sucked his cock and slid her lips up and down the top half of it, but that was merely the beginning.

When her lips started sliding along his cock faster, and her hand grabbed onto his balls and gave them a light squeeze, he knew he was in trouble. She was about to stop playing around and start truly demonstrating her cocksucking skills as well as her knowledge of him, and he didn’t know if he would be able to take it. Sure enough, she hadn’t forgotten a thing. That talented tongue of hers started twirling around his dick while she sucked him, moving in the spirals he loved so much. Her head moved in circles at the same time as she dedicated herself fully to sucking Peter’s cock in the tried-and-true method that she’d used to make him moan, squirm, fall apart and fill her mouth with cum too many times to count back when they’d been dating.

But did she realize just how pent-up he was? Did she realize that after a dry spell this long, he was going to be more susceptible than ever to her soft lips, spiraling tongue and twisting head? Maybe she did, and maybe she didn’t. Did she hear his moans and his heavy breathing, and see how tightly his fists were clenched and how he squirmed as she sucked him and looked up at him from her knees? He didn’t know what she had in mind for this or if she recognized how close he was, but if her treat was

going to be sneaking into his apartment so she could swallow his cum, he was about to receive that treat. (Or maybe he should say that *she* was about to receive it.)

Just before he could shoot his cum all over her tongue, though, Felicia let go of his balls, pulled her mouth off of his cock and smiled up at him. Peter groaned at having come so close to release, but Felicia offered no stimulation whatsoever, and thus he had no hope of getting that release. Not unless he tried to grab his cock and finish the job himself, but he knew Felicia too well to try that. She would surely put a stop to it if he did.

“Sorry, Peter,” she said, though her smirk outed her as a liar. “But I could hear how needy those moans were, and I saw how much you were squirming. If I’d let that go on any longer, you would’ve had to wait for your treat!”

“So that *wasn’t* the treat?” Peter somehow managed to ask. Felicia laughed and shook her head.

“Of course not!” she said. “Your treat’s on its way.” At that very moment, there was a knock on his apartment door. Peter’s head jerked towards the door, but Felicia smiled. “Come in!” she said loudly. “It’s unlocked.” Peter had locked the door before he left, but he didn’t bother disagreeing. If Felicia said the door was unlocked, it was unlocked. And sure enough, the door to his apartment was pulled open from the other side without incident, and the knocker stepped inside. Peter didn’t have time to even think about grabbing for his pants or covering his dick, but once he saw the look on the new arrival’s face, he didn’t think he would need to.

“Hello, tiger,” Mary Jane Watson said, grinning at him. “Trick or treat?”

### Part 3: MJ Drops In

Peter didn't say a word. He couldn't. How could he? Felicia had just been sucking his dick, and his mind was still dwelling on how good that blowjob had been and how fucking badly he needed to cum. Now Mary Jane Watson was standing in his apartment, looking even sexier than he remembered once she took off the overcoat she'd been wearing. Seriously, how tight was that sexy cheerleader top she was wearing? Her tits were basically bursting out of it! And the matching skirt was so short that he could peek at her little red panties when it flipped up, which seemed to be happening often as she stood there and swung her hips from side to side. Had she said something to him? He honestly couldn't remember.

"He chose treat," Felicia said, answering on his behalf.

"Right, right," MJ said, nodding. "I can see his hands aren't cuffed, so he obviously didn't go with trick." She pouted. "Too bad. Making him watch us make out on his bed while his hands were cuffed would have been lots of fun."

"*That* was going to be the trick?" Peter said, eyes widening. He was beginning to think he might have made the wrong choice after all.

"Yep," Felicia said. "You missed out, spider."

"Oh, I think he's still going to be just fine with the way his night turns out," MJ said, grinning as she walked towards him. Walk wasn't really a great way to describe it though. It might be better to say she was strutting. Peter could remember seeing her swing her hips like that and smile at him with this same look in her eyes before, but it was something he hadn't seen in a long time, even beyond the months it had been since they'd been together. She'd never looked at him like this during the last couple of months of their relationship either, as her burgeoning acting opportunities and his webslinging work pulled them in different directions.

This was the way she looked at him when she was preparing to blow his fucking mind. He never thought he'd see her look at him like this again, and he definitely never imagined her looking at him this way while his cock was still wet and hard thanks to Felicia's incredible cocksucking skills. MJ and Felicia knew of each other, and had crossed paths a few times, but they hadn't been anything approaching friends, last he looked. Actually, they generally treated each other warily, probably since their main connection was the complicated relationships they'd both shared with him. And now they were both standing in his apartment, apparently conspiring to do...whatever this was. What in the hell was even happening here?!

"Uh, I feel like there's probably a thing or two I'm out of the loop on if you two are on good enough terms to set all this up," he mumbled. MJ laughed.

"Yeah, I'd say that's a safe bet, Peter," she said. She was standing in front of him now, and her hand caressed his cheek. He could remember the last time they'd stood this close to each other. It had been right before she walked out the door to pursue her dreams on the other side of the country, but despite it being the right move for her professionally, she'd looked as miserable as he felt. It had taken everything he had not to grab her and beg her to stay, and at the time, he hadn't known if he would ever be this close to her again. But here she was, and with not a hint of misery in her eyes. This was the

playful MJ, the saucy redhead who'd given him some of the best times of his life, and she looked ready to blow his mind all over again.

She leaned her head in, and Peter couldn't stop himself from leaning in the rest of the way to kiss her on the lips. She was wearing new lipstick, he noticed, but the kiss itself was familiar. It was like coming home, and he couldn't get enough of it. He put his arms around her and deepened the kiss, and then groaned into her mouth when he felt Felicia's lips on the side of his neck. A hand suddenly grabbed his cock and gave it a squeeze, and Peter closed his eyes at the pleasure. He was pretty sure that was MJ's hand, but it could very well have been Felicia reaching around to cop a feel while she kissed his neck. Either way, while the hand was soft and it felt good to have it sliding up and down his dick, he didn't want to give in to it. He still didn't really understand what was happening here, but it seemed like there was at least a decent chance of this going well beyond kissing and touching with MJ and Felicia. If he was right about that, wasting his cum on their fingers would've been a huge mistake.

A second hand started tickling the underside of his balls, and the giggling from his side had him convinced that those tickling fingers belonged to Felicia. It must've been MJ giving him a good jerk while she made out with him then, Peter decided. He also decided that it was past time for his hands to have some fun of their own. He slid his left hand down MJ's back, went underneath that ridiculously short cheerleader skirt and groped her ass. Those skimpy red panties he'd caught several glimpses of already didn't fully cover MJ's fat ass, so he had the pleasure of squeezing, pinching and lightly slapping bare, thick buttcheek. MJ groaned in response, and the hand that had to be hers started stroking up and down his cock faster.

He had to stretch his other arm out a bit to grab Felicia, but that wasn't going to stop him. He started at her belly, and she laughed and quickly took his arm by the wrist and guided his hand into the open crotch of her suit. Wait—when had opened it? And had she taken her panties off without him noticing either, or had she been naked underneath the suit the whole time? Either way, his fingers were touching her outer pussy lips with nothing to get in the way. Holy shit, she was so wet!

“Fuck, that's it,” Felicia said. Taking the initiative, Peter slid a finger inside of her and pushed it in deeper the way he knew she liked. “Yes, Peter! Keep going!” He turned his hand a bit so he could brush against her clit with his thumb, and she groaned and squeezed his wrist. “Ohh, you haven't forgotten how I like to be touched, have you?” Since MJ had broken their kiss and was now tugging at the top half of his Spider-Man suit and kissing his bare skin as she got to it, he answered Felicia.

“I could never forget something as important as that,” he said. She laughed, and MJ snorted.

“Did you become a charmer when I was away, Peter?” the redhead asked.

“I was *miserable* while you were away,” he said. Apparently the arousal and the confusion of all of this had removed any filter and brought out his honesty. He saw MJ's smile slip slightly, and her face started to resemble the expression he'd seen just before she left. But he didn't see it for long before Felicia let go of his wrist and stopped tickling his balls in order to turn his head towards her.

“None of that, Peter,” she said firmly. “Tonight's not about dwelling on how damn difficult relationships are, for all of us. This is a Halloween celebration!” She smirked. “And you chose *treat*, as I remember.”

“So I did,” he said, nodding. Then he looked over at MJ and smiled. “I’m not going to ask how long you’re going to be back, or what happens next. I’m just really glad you’re here tonight.” She smiled back in relief.

“Me too,” she said. Her hand, which was still on his cock, gave it a squeeze. “And I’m really looking forward to having this big fucker inside of me again.” She glanced over at Felicia. “Do you mind if I go first? I flew a long way to be reunited with this cock.” Felicia laughed.

“I don’t mind,” she said. “But why don’t we leave it up to Peter to decide where things go from here?”

“Sure, that sounds good to me,” MJ said. “If he’d chosen trick, he’d have had to accept whatever we decided to give him. But he chose treat.” She brought her mouth to his ear and nibbled on the lobe while her thumb rubbed his cockhead. “We’re all yours tonight, Peter. What’re you gonna do with us?”



#### Part 4: Feline on All Fours

When the question was posed to him, Peter very nearly took MJ up on her request. He almost pushed her down on the bed, reached under her skirt to pull those little panties down and started fucking her. But then he thought of Felicia waiting for him in his bed and waiting for MJ to arrive too. He still didn't really understand how this had all come together between Felicia and MJ, but the plan itself had Felicia's fingerprints all over it. She had always delighted in springing surprises on him during their relationship, and while there had never been a second girl involved in any of them back then, this was otherwise exactly the kind of thing she would have done for him when she was his girlfriend. The more he thought about how his night had gone, the more evident it became that it had to be the Black Cat who'd put it all together and brought MJ in on it.

"Sorry, MJ," he said, reaching out to grab Felicia's ass. "But I've gotta fuck this scheming cat before I do anything else." Felicia giggled and happily assisted Peter as he hurried to pull her catsuit the rest of the way off, while MJ sighed.

"I guess I can't blame you," MJ said, shrugging her shoulders. "She's sexy as fuck—and this was all her idea, which I'm sure you've already figured out." She did sound a little bit disappointed, but she seemed to accept his decision readily enough. "And hey, there's still going to be plenty of time for me to get everything I want from you." Something about the way she smiled at him made him think that she wasn't just talking about tonight. She might not even be talking just about sex.

"You're going to get plenty now, too," Peter said to her. He wasn't going to get distracted by thoughts of just how long MJ was back, and what she was back for. They could have that talk another time. Tonight was about having fun, and he was going to make sure MJ had plenty of it too even if he wasn't fucking her. He'd gotten Felicia naked aside from her boots, and he squeezed her bare ass with both hands and turned her to face him directly.

"You won't mind taking care of MJ while I fuck you, will you, cat?" he asked her. Felicia grinned at him, and then turned her head to grin at MJ too.

"It would be my pleasure," Felicia said. She licked her lips suggestively, and MJ laughed a little bit.

"It will be," Peter agreed. "She tastes *good*."

"Oh, shut up!" MJ said through her giggles, turning her blushing face away.

"It's the truth," Peter said. "So why don't you pull those panties off and get down on my bed? Let Felicia can get a taste for herself."

"Yes, sir!" MJ said. She reached under her skirt to pull her panties off, and she did a little twirl after kicking them aside that flashed them her bare ass briefly. After she got down on the bed, Peter put his arm around Felicia's waist and brought her over towards it.

"Get on your hands and knees, Felicia," he said, giving her butt a little slap.

"Doggy style for the Black *Cat*?" she said. "That seems a little backwards, doesn't it?" It didn't stop her from climbing onto the bed and getting down on all fours though, and she obviously positioned herself so her head was above MJ's spread legs so she could do what Peter had promised.

“If you’d named yourself Cowgirl, you’d be able to call the shots,” Peter quipped as he climbed onto the bed behind her. “Now shut up and make MJ feel good. She came all this way because you invited her, so you owe her that much.”

“Oh, don’t you worry about that, Pete,” Felicia said. “I’ll make sure she gets what she *came* for.” Peter rolled his eyes at the euphemism and gave Felicia’s ass a little smack, delighting in the way it jiggled. Fuck, how he’d missed that, and everything else that came when he had the Black Cat down on all fours. But he wasn’t about to lament what he’d lost, particularly since he had her right there in front of him, waiting to be fucked. What came after this remained to be seen, but this was going to be one hell of a Halloween. He grabbed his cock, moved it into position and pushed forward, entering Felicia’s pussy for the first time in way too fucking long.

“Ohh, *fuck* yes!” Felicia moaned right after penetration. “That’s what I’ve been missing, Peter! There’s just nothing that fills me quite like that spider-cock!” Peter chuckled roughly while bringing his hands to Felicia’s hips and pushing deeper inside of her. He knew what she meant. It hadn’t just been sex itself that he’d been missing, but sex that felt as good as it did with her. The differences between his do-good nature and the opportunistic cat burglar had pulled them apart, but the sex had always been incredible, and it felt even more incredible now.

“Oh, will you shut up and put that mouth to work?” MJ said. She grabbed Felicia’s head and gave it a little tug, and Felicia seemed to remember her assignment after that. Black Cat buried her face between MJ’s legs and quickly went to work. Even while enjoying the feeling of fucking Felicia, Peter pulled his attention away from the pleasant sight of her jiggling ass to watch her go down on his other ex-girlfriend. While Peter knew full well how great Felicia was at sucking cock, this was his first chance to see her go down on another woman. Before he’d made the suggestion, he hadn’t known if she actually had any skill in that area.

It didn’t take long for him to see and hear that Felicia had oral skill aplenty with other women as well. He saw her head move around as she licked, and it was clear that she wasn’t shy about getting in close and putting that mouth to work where it was needed most. But the clearest indication of how well Felicia was doing came from MJ, of course. She had always been loud and enthusiastic in expressing her pleasure; it was one of Peter’s favorite parts about going down on her. She reacted in a very familiar way as Felicia went down on her. MJ was grabbing her hair, rolling her hips and moaning loudly in approval of the Black Cat’s early tongue work, and she only humped harder and moaned louder as time went on. Felicia was clearly great at licking other women, and Peter was glad that he’d tossed this idea out there. Even though she wasn’t getting fucked, MJ was definitely still having a great time.

Peter was having a great time too. Actually, he was having the time of his life. Sex with Felicia had always been amazing. Fucking her after so long made it feel even sweeter to hold her hips and thrust into her from behind. But doing all of that while her head was up MJ’s short skirt, and he listened to his beautiful ex moan and pull on her hair? This was like something straight out of a porno. Seriously, in one night, Peter’s sex life had gone from nonexistent to having a threesome with *both* of his sexy former lovers. It was enough to make him want to jump for joy—and Peter could jump a very long way.

He felt like an out-of-control train as his hips kept snapping forward to bury his cock deep inside of Felicia’s pussy as quickly as he could. Frankly, he didn’t know how he hadn’t cum a long time ago, but

he was able to keep fucking Felicia long enough that he heard MJ scream and watched her throw her head back and pull Felicia's head in as she came. Just how good a pussy eater was Felicia if she'd gotten MJ off before he lost his battle with his pleasure?

He didn't have much time to ponder that, because MJ's screams were still sounding out when he felt Felicia's pussy contract as she came on his cock. He closed his eyes, knowing that he had a decision to make, and not much time left with which to make it.

## Part 5: What a Treat

No more than a second or two after MJ's screams died down, her head snapped forward again as she looked directly at Peter. Her gaze burned into his, reminding him of the heat and raw passion that had defined their sex life when it was at its best. Until tonight, he'd thought there was a distinct chance he would never see that look or get that feeling again. Having MJ staring at him with that look in her eyes again was enough to make him groan.

"Finish inside of me, Peter," she said. The same urgency that used to be there when MJ was incredibly horny and impatient to be with him was readily apparent in her voice. Fuck, how he'd missed this!

"I'm not going to be last long," he warned her. Being back inside of MJ sounded wonderful to him, but the last thing he wanted was to disappoint her or make her think that he was in any position to give her the kind of sex that she deserved after so long apart.

"Don't care," she said. "Inside of me, Peter! I need it!"

It was a plea that he could not ignore. Peter pulled out of Felicia carefully so as not to finish in her or on her after all, and as soon as he was free, she rolled over onto her side to give him and MJ more room. MJ was already on her back with her legs spread, so Peter just had to crawl forward, move on top of her and slide inside of her. She was there to welcome him, wrapping her legs around his waist and holding her arms up, encouraging him to come in closer and kiss her. It was an invitation he was more than happy to take.

"Fuck," he groaned as he pushed back inside of Mary Jane Watson for the first time in way too damn long. She somehow felt even tighter than he remembered. "Not gonna be long, MJ." He wanted to welcome her back properly. He wanted to spend hours fucking MJ, touching and kissing every inch of her body the way he used to, and making her moan his name in pleasure as she came multiple times before he hit his release. But there was just no way that was going to happen.

"Don't need it to be," she mumbled. Her legs held his waist tighter, and her arms went around his shoulders. "Not tonight. Just need to feel you again, Peter."

Peter groaned and started to fuck her, moving his hips back and forth quickly, determined to at least take her hard for however long this lasted. His first fuck with MJ since their split was going to be incredibly short, but in that all too brief time, he wanted her to feel how much he wanted her. Feeling her kiss him hard and hold him tight, it felt like she did know. It felt like she knew, and like she felt the same way.

While it wouldn't last long, he did feel like he was getting his message across and showing MJ how happy he was to have her beneath him again after all this time. The bed was shaking beneath them as he threw everything he had into each thrust, and he could feel her hold him even tighter the harder he went, like she was afraid he might slow down or stop fucking her if she didn't keep squeezing him. There was obvious desperation as he rutted MJ, but feeling how tightly she was holding onto him, he started thinking that she might have been just as desperate for this as he had been. He'd missed having her in his bed, and it felt pretty obvious now that he wasn't the only one.

Hopefully he would have a chance to fuck her properly soon and give her all the time and satisfaction she deserved. But for now, as he'd warned her, he just didn't have enough left to accomplish that. It had

been too long. and she and Felicia had made him feel too fucking good for him to be able to last any longer, however much he would have loved to keep going well into the morning.

He groaned as he surrendered to the overwhelming need to release. Their passionate kiss made it impossible for him to tell her what was coming, but it wasn't as if she wasn't already well aware. Even without his previous warnings, he'd groaned into her mouth and gone still while deep inside of her right at the end often enough during their relationship for him to recognize it. She'd mentioned that she wanted him to finish inside of her, and she showed how serious she was about that by holding onto him as tightly as she could when she felt him starting to fill her with his cum. Her arms held onto his shoulders and upper back with more strength than he remembered her possessing, and the heels of her feet pressed against his ass. She didn't show any intention of letting go of him while he pumped what felt like months' worth of semen inside of her. Even after the eruption stopped, she still held on tight enough that he would have had to struggle to break free of her.

Struggling to escape MJ's grasp would have been the height of stupidity, and while Peter had certainly made his mistakes along the way in his relationships with her and Felicia, he wasn't an idiot. For as long as MJ wanted to hold onto him, he would stay right where he was.

While she held onto him and embraced him, he felt another hand run along his back, and another pair of lips kiss his neck around the ear. He knew that touch well, and even if she hadn't been there every step of the way, even if she hadn't been the one who had set all of this up, he still felt like he would have recognized Felicia's touch and her kiss sight unseen.

"Happy Halloween, spider," Felicia whispered into his ear. "Hope you enjoyed your treat, because there's plenty more of it coming."

Peter couldn't be sure of what that meant. He knew what he *hoped* it meant, of course, but time would tell what the future held for him, MJ and Felicia. The one thing he could say for sure was that this had been the best fucking Halloween of his life, and he hadn't even needed to take a bite of the peppermint patties.