

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.