### A Sticky Situation

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### Summary

Everything’s favorite web slinger encounters some of the most beautiful women in the Marvel Universe and beyond. Not suitable for children.
Hanging By a Strand (Gwen Stacy/Spider-Woman).

Fancy Dan didn't look so fancy after getting knocked over by a swinging kick. The heroine dressed in white and black dropped down and nailed one of her adversaries in the fact with one more shot with good measure. She smiled and raised a hand into the air in triumph.

"Hey, watch your backside, Spider-Woman!"

Ox rushed towards Spider-Woman from behind. Her male counterpart, dressed in blue and red, took Ox down. He flipped over onto the ground and smashed down. Spider-Man flipped over the top of his head and nailed Ox with more punches, before landing on top of him with both feet being drilled into the back of his head.

"Isn't that what you're for?" she asked in a very cheeky tone.

Spider-Man, better known as Peter Parker, had been fighting some of the most colorful villains in the city for years. Everyone knew the Spider-Man backstory, it was a tale worthy of Shakespeare, boy visits exhibit, gets bitten by genetically altered spider, and gains super powers. He learns an unfortunate lesson about power and responsibility, when his uncle dies.

"Very funny."

The story continued when he found out he wasn't the only who had been bitten by the spider. A classmate of his, Gwen Stacy, who worked at as an intern at OsCorp, also got bit by a spider, and had been in the hospital for several months, lapsing in and out of a coma, until a scientist named Nathaniel Essex captured her and experimented on her, until Spider-Man and his new friends, the X-Men, saved the day.

Now, the mental exposition had been wrapped up, it was time to wrap up Fancy Dan, the lady's man, and leave him stuffed in a garbage can, along with Ox and Montana. The three of them had collectively been known as the Enforcers.

"I thought I'm hilarious actually," Spider-Woman said. "And you're not too bad yourself when you're motivated enough.....so....guess these losers are wrapped up."

Spider-Woman checked her work and moved to the exit. The heroine looked over her shoulder.

"Race you back."

Gwen latched a line of webbing to the building across the street and started to swing. Peter moved on for to go after her, flying after her as she laughed.

"Can't keep up with me? The girl who spent nine months in a coma cause she had an allergic reaction to a spider bite?"

"You just had a head start, I'll get you!" Peter yelled.

"Catch me, and you can do anything you want to with me!"

They played this game before, with varying results between the two of them. There were times
where Peter caught up to Gwen and there were times where Gwen managed to slip away at Peter, leaving him hanging. Really bad spider pun was totally kind of intended as well.

Spider-Man moved around to try and catch her. He took a short cut and saw Gwen swinging closer towards him. All he had to do was move in and he would have her.

'Got to make my move.'

Spider-Woman kept moving across the city and thought she just lost Spider-Man.

"Hey, going my way?"

Gwen had been surprised, her spider sense didn't work on Peter for some reason. This Spider Sense thing not working worked nicely the other way around when Gwen could get the drop on him. She had been caught to Peter, and the two of them swung onto the building.

Peter wrapped his arms around Gwen. Her curvy body pressed against his. Peter tried to resist the temptation to run his hands down to her round ass, which was the perfect shape. He caught himself lagging behind just to watch it when she swung through New York.

"Looks like I got you, Gwendolyn."

Gwen shuddered and tried to play it cool even though Peter had her in close. They were on a rooftop, with no witnesses. Peter backed her up against the wall. She had no desire to fight this. Gwen tugged the bottom of her mask and pulled it up, to show Peter she was smiling.

"Well, you've got me, or do you?" Gwen asked. "After all, who has who is a matter of perspective."

Gwen reached in and gripped the bottom of Peter's mask and pulled it off to reveal his mouth. She smiled and leaned in closer to Peter to kiss him. Peter returned the kiss without any protests. The two of them engaged in a heavy make-out session the roof.

A few spurts of webbing, and Peter pulled away, to see his arms and legs were hooked against a wall. Gwen stepped back from him with a smile.

"Like I said, it really is a matter of perspective who has who."

Peter decided to enlighten her on one very obvious fact. "You do realize I can get out of this at any time?"

"Maybe," Gwen said in a sweet voice. "But, we both know you want to see how this plays out as much as the next person?"

Gwen started to rub Peter's crotch through his pants. He groaned and also grew when her soft fingers rubbed against his bulging pants. Gwen's fingers rubbed against Peter and smiled when she kept rubbing him, teasing him.

"That looks pretty tight," Gwen said. "I think your web shooter might discharge in there. It's going to be pretty messy if it does."

Peter convinced himself he would let Gwen have her fun for a little bit. It wasn't like he wasn't going to have any fun either. Gwen grabbed the bottom half of Peter's uniform bottoms and slid them down to his ankles. His throbbing cock pushed out.

Gwen smiled and gripped him before stroking him. The spider themed heroine had a mischievous
smile on her face when rubbing on Peter's cock, feeling it stretch in her. The blood rose to him and made him really hard. Gwen stepped towards him and mounted him before grinding up against him.

The young man could feel Gwen's warm thighs rubbing against him. He tried to regain control. All he wanted to do was taking her and make sure she felt every inch of him inside of her.

Gwen turned around and grinded her ass against Peter. She knew full well how many men looked at her ass, and couldn't wait to have Peter get thrilled with her.

"I bet you'd like this, wouldn't you?" Gwen asked. "I'm running out of webbing, I think I should make some more."

Gwen dropped down to one knee and engulfed Peter's cock inside her mouth. She looked up with a naughty expression in her eyes and sucked on him hard.

One of Peter's hands burst free and grabbed the back of Gwen's hair to guide his cock inside of her wet, moist mouth. Gwen engulfed Peter's throbbing prick inside of her mouth and suckled him hard.

Gwen now increased the suction on his cock. Her hands rubbed against his thighs and fondled his balls. Gwen made sure to show Peter walls weren't the only surface she could stick to, by playing with his balls. They swelled up free with the essence she had craved.

Biology gave Gwen an insight of how much she wanted this. Spider powers or not, she would have wanted this eventually. Her mouth wrapped tightly around Peter's massive tool and she sucked him hard. She wanted more of this.

"Keep sucking," Peter said.

Peter worked himself into her mouth with gentle rocking down in her throat. His balls came very close to wanting the release this young man craved very much. He held the back of Gwen's head and started to pump his way further into her throat.

Gwen brought her hot lips around Peter and continued to suck him harder and faster. She wanted this pleasure even more. The warm fluids would soon burst out and flood the back of her throat. Gwen came down onto him, working down onto him.

Peter's balls released and sent their juices into her. He grunted and fired inside Gwen.

The pheromones from their mutual arousal caused both of them to grow numb with pleasure. Gwen pulled herself up and Peter freed himself. He shoved her against the wall, and started to pull her top off.

Her round breasts came freely. So perky, and so squeezable, and Peter had to squeeze it. He stuck Gwen's nipple in between two fingers and pulled her nipple, twisting it harder. He pushed those fingers against Gwen, making her nipple grow harder.

Peter's free cock slapped Gwen's bare stomach which had been freed. The cool flesh of her belly ground against Peter's cock. He wanted to be inside her in the worst way possible, but knew he just had to hold himself back. Good things came to those who waited, after all.

"I need you inside me, now."

Peter pulled Gwen's pants down. Her round ass bounced out. Peter turned Gwen around and webbed her hands against the wall and spread her legs. This juicy, perfect ass was out in the open and Peter could do any number of things to it. All he could do was grab her ass and squeeze it.
Gwen's moaning showed him how much she enjoyed Peter playing with her ass.

"You've been a very bad girl, Ms. Stacy."

"Oh, and what do you do to bad girls, Mr. Parker?" Gwen asked saucily.

Peter smiled and squeezed her ass. He didn't know how long it would take before he would lose it and slip inside her. His throbbing cock brushed against Gwen's molten hot slit in addition to running a finger up and down her ass. His finger rubbed against her and he slapped hr.

Gwen thought she would lose it if Peter didn't make his move. Fortunately, she didn't have to wait too long to find out. Peter gripped onto her tightly by the hips and pushed his throbbing cock against her entrance.

The scream coming from her encouraged Peter to just bury himself further with a few more thrusts. Gwen encouraged him to bury inside her. His throbbing balls slapped against her wet cunt.

Gwen closed her eyes. Peter's sticky fingers ran down her front and gripped her nipples. He showed how much they could pleasure them. Gwen experienced the lovely feeling of a hard throbbing cock being pushed between her thighs. Every time Peter slammed into her, she tingled with pleasure. Peter ran his fingers back and cupped her breasts, squeezing them.

"More, faster, more, more," Gwen begged him.

Peter wasn't going to hold back, not even for a second. He kept rocking inside her.

"Do, I need to web your mouth shut so the entire city doesn't hear you scream?"

Gwen bit down on her lip trying to hold back her inhibitions for a moment. Peter's roaming hands cupped her flesh and kept working into her. She hit a peak and fell down to Earth every time Peter buried his length inside her. Those balls nailed Gwen hard.

Every time Peter entered this blonde goddess, he could feel something about to burst. Hands greedily gripped Gwen when he brought her up against the wall on the roof top. Gwen spread herself wide for him, wanting more of Peter inside her.

The climax came and hit Gwen very hard. Her wet walls clenched Peter when he held on for a deep thrust. The thrusts got deeper and her pleasure accelerated. Peter’s hands rubbed down her body and caused the right pleasure points to be hit.

"Peter, right there," Gwen moaned.

Peter smiled and leaned in to catch Gwen's sensitive spot. He worked her into a fever. Her tight body wrapped around Peter and brought him beyond the edge.

"We're getting close, almost there, are you ready?"

Gwen answered with a nod. She was beyond ready to receive Peter's throbbing hard cock inside her body and his cum. Her body sized up around him. The tingling showed her Peter was close and she already had been launched beyond.

She milked Peter dry when he shoved himself into her. Peter's balls slapped against her and started to shoot the cum inside her. Gwen worked back and forth down him, making sure all of his cum spilled into her insides.
Peter shuddered in response. Her warm, wet, pussy milked Peter completely dry. He continued to keep those hands firmly locked on Gwen and rock inside her. Another burst of cum fired inside her.

Seconds later, Peter pulled out of Gwen. She pulled herself off of the wall, and bit down on her lip. Gwen reached down to catch a strand of cum on her mouth. She slowly slipped a finger between her lips to taste the combined juices. The sultry look on her masked face made Peter smile.

Gwen grabbed Peter's stiff cock and slowly backed off the edge of the building. Peter was surprised when she slipped back and hung over the side of the building, swinging back and forth by a web line.

Peter saw her hanging upside down, her pussy bared for him.

"Come on, haven't you thought about what it might be like to fuck hundreds of feet above the city?"

To be honest, Peter did think about it, although he wondered if there was going to be a risk to it. Regardless he swung down and positioned himself. Gwen swung towards him and wrapped her legs around his body. The web lines connected their position from the building. Peter hung straight while Gwen wrapped her legs around him and pulled herself close towards him.

Gwen's adrenaline started to pump the more she hung above the pavement. Her lover's hard manhood was about ready to slip inside of her. She closed her eyes and the two of the them met together, swinging back and forth when they used the fiction to pleasure each other. Peter held onto Gwen and pulled her closer into him.

"Hit me, right there," Gwen begged him.

Peter felt the warmth wrap around him. The more than swung, the more intense this little coupling had become. Gwen's breasts kept smacking him the face. He managed to catch them with his free hand and fondled them which caused Gwen to give a pleasurable shriek the more Peter pleasured her.

Gwen closed her eyes. Her juices dripped down Peter's tool when the penetration grew even deeper. Thrusting back and forth against each other made this encounter heat up. Speaking of heating up, Gwen's dripping hot pussy grabbed Peter's hard rod and pushed it further inside her. The two of them connected with each other, swinging back and forth in mid-air when they gained an insane amount of momentum against one and another.

"Yes, this is so good, more, deeper, harder, please!" Gwen begged Peter.

Peter held Gwen in tight to him and pushed his hard rod inside her perfect body. Her wet center drew him in, sucking his hard cock inside of her. The web line remained steady, very strong. Gwen's mask almost slipped, but she pushed it back up.

The two squeezed against each other, their lips entangled with each other. Peter didn't know what was more insane, the fact someone might look up or the fact he was excited about the thought of someone looking up. He pushed deeper inside Gwen, spreading out her warm thighs.

Gwen took Peter's hard cock inside of her again. They were so high above the ground, it was amazing. She turned herself and practically used the momentum of the air to ride Peter. Her hips crashed down against Peter's when the two of them continued to speed up.

Peter groaned when feeling the squeeze of Gwen's pussy.

"You're so insatiable, you know that."
"Yep, but that's why you like it."

Gwen squeezed him hard with her hips and rocked back against the building. Peter held her against the building and started to ease against her. Gwen's back pressed against the cold steel of the building which allowed Peter the perfect opening to thrust inside her.

So many times, Gwen came, and she couldn't get enough. She needed more, wanted more, and would get more. Peter filled and expanded her so many times it was like a drug. He was her drug, and Gwen needed to get a fix regularly.

Peter could feel a jolt for a second and almost had his heart jump. He gripped Gwen as hard as possible to hold onto them.

"Keep it up."

Gwen leaned towards him and bit down on Peter's ear lobe, giving it a playful lick. Her hands ran down his muscular back and she encouraged him to bury inside her.

Peter thought Gwen would be the death of him someday. What a death it would be though with Peter rocking away at Gwen. Her tight wet walls closed around Peter and engulfed him. Her hot, wet cunt squeezed him with multiple thrusts working her into submission.

"Yeah, right there, please," Gwen begged him. "My pussy wants you….it wants you so bad."

Peter brought his hard rod inside her with another hard thrust. His balls slapped against Gwen and he pulled out of her. He did it a couple more times before slowing down at least for a moment.

Gwen could feel her lust burning for him, the need to be filled with Peter. He kept on going, keep on scratching those itches. And he continued to fulfill her burning lust. The strand started to give when and Gwen whipped behind her to latch onto the building.

Peter thought they were living dangerously right now. Gwen's strong thighs wrapped around Peter when he dangled up. She engulfed his hard rod with her heat and pounded him, trying to work Peter up to an orgasm. Peter held onto her, clutching her breasts.

"I don't think….are you sure….."

Gwen made him question her sanity, not for the first time. Her walls closed around Peter and buried down onto him. This was so hot, getting ridden in mid air. Peter's feet stuck to the building to give him some more levity. The two of them kept rocking back and forth in an attempt to bring each other to a state of fulfillment.

Peter could feel himself reaching the edge. And he knew Gwen could feel him. Her inner walls stretched around him. The two spiders fulfilled a need whilst making love in mid-air. Peter dangled before her thighs and could feel himself throb.

'Just no one look up, and we'll be good.'

He pushed deeper inside Gwen with a few long thrusts. Gwen felt him inside and she squeezed him. She grabbed onto Peter's arm just in case her legs slipped loose. It would be going out with a bang, but she would like to keep Peter around for various reasons.

The force of Peter's orgasm came full force and splattered inside of Gwen. Gwen worked her hips up and down of Peter's tool to milk his orgasm all the way until completion.
Peter closed his eyes and the tight constriction of her inner thigh muscles milking Peter down to the very last drop made him feel so good. Their shared orgasm lasted a long time and they wished it could last longer when holding each other through shared release.

The two of them rested for a minute. The sound of police cars nearby made them wonder if their little show attracted the wrong kind of attention.

Thankfully, they went the other direction, but better safe than sorry after all. Peter's head slid off of Gwen's breast when she nudged him.

"That was amazing."

"You can say that again."

The two spiders swung up to the roof and found the tattered articles of their clothing on the roof top.

"Make sure you get everything, unless you want your sticky clothes on Ebay tomorrow," Gwen said. She looked over and smiled. "So, my place or yours?"

"Yours is closer.

They were only catching their breath when swinging off towards Gwen's place.

End.
I should point out this is like Breeding Ground, only instead of Harry Potter, this is obviously staring everyone's favorite Web Slinger. And obviously, it's skewed more towards Marvel Girls in this one.

Peter Parker's head pounded when he made his way down and landed on the ground. Despite the fact he appeared to have flown directly through a vortex and smashed down onto the ground, the young man actually turned out to be okay. Sure, his body had been rattled, but he was more than fine.

The latest encounter caused him to be thrown about. Energy portals opened up all over New York, it was sheer chaos. Then, Peter disabled the tricky little device and suddenly all hell broke loose.

"You'll find your way back soon. We need to talk."

Peter's eyes shifted over. It took him a few seconds to realize his Spider-Man costume slipped off and had been exchanged for a casual silk top and a pair of sweat pants. It looked he was going to head to sleep, rather than head out to fight crime.

The red mist surrounded Peter and it took him a second to see what happened. A redhead beauty stepped from the shadows. A pair of red glasses fit over the bridge of her nose and she moved in a skin tight black and red body suit which fit to her mature curves. Anyone who saw her walk by appreciated the beauty of this woman.

"Peter, welcome…it's been too long."

She moved towards him and smiled. Peter managed to keep himself focused on the matter at hand.

"Julia….hello….is there a problem?" Peter asked.

Julia Carpenter, the current oracle of the web, leaned towards Peter and approached him.

"Yes, there is a problem, everything has been compromised," Julia said. "The entire web may be coming closer to being unraveled, and I'm going to have to need your help to stabilize it."

The two of them moved closer together. Peter knew if there was a problem, he would have wanted to help.

"Well, if there's something I can do, anything, just ask," Peter said. "How did I get here?"

"You were here, because you needed to mentally be here," Julia said. "Your body is still presently adrift in time and space, waiting for an opportunity to return back. You will be perfectly safe, your mind is stabilized here until your body has healed."

Peter didn't know about the mind over matter situation, but Julia had a grasp of it. The two of them moved closer towards each other. Julia's gloved hand grasped onto Peter's and steered him forward.
They walked towards the bed chambers.

"So, how can I help you?" Peter asked.

"Oh, there's a lot you can do to help me," Julia responded.

Julia licked her lips, and Peter wondered if her sanity should be in question. The two of them pulled away from each other.

"Chaos has greeted the web," Julia said. "All the strands are becoming unraveled, and you being the center of the web, we're going to have to stabilize it. It can be done, although it will require a little work. Certain needs to be stabilized before we can more forward with the restoration efforts of the web."

Peter realized something with the way Julia sized him up and also the fact she slowly began to unbutton his shirt.

"We need to make love, don't we?"

"Make love, sleep together, mate, fornicate, fuck, whatever you wish to call it, the energies must be exchanged to bring the strands together, Julia said. "I'm not adverse to this, but I do wish to have your one hundred percent consent, if you would like to give it."

Peter took her sale's pitch and smiled. He moved closer towards her. A mystic force dragged both of them together. The strands tugged them together. He looked and the skin tight body suit Julia wore drew even tighter around her hips and thighs. Magnificence didn't even begin to describe her.

"Of course, I will."

Julia smiled and leaned in to touch the side of Peter's face. She leaned closer towards him and gave him a passionate kiss. Peter didn't have any choice to return it. His hands grabbed onto the back of her head and held in Julia straight for an amazing kiss. The energy surrounding the two of them made thing shot and heavy.

The sexy older woman drew her hands down Peter and slowly removed his shirt the rest of the way. Peter's toned body revealed for her. Julia wanted to give the object of her affection more pleasure. One hand rubbed down Peter's front, while the other reached behind her and gave him a saucy squeeze of his backside. Peter pushed against her, their hips working together.

Julia kept kissing away at Peter, giving him hungry pecks on the lips. The two pulled apart, and she left her lipstick marks down his neck and the side of his face.

"Have a seat, and I'll show you what I can do for you."

Peter wasn't about ready to deny her. Julia kissed down the front of his body and worshiped every inch of his frame. Her smooth hands also teased his body and rubbed his muscles. The constriction in Peter's pants grew even harder. Julia worked down further.

"This is just happening in my head," Peter said.

"Yes and no."

Julia saved herself from having to explain what fully was happening by distracting both herself and Peter by sucking his cock, hard. The redhead temptress lavished every inch of Peter's pulsing prick with her hungry mouth. She worked further down on his manhood and sucked him back into the
back of her throat.

The spider enhanced hero grabbed the back of Julia's head and worked into her. Her hot mouth and talented tongue worked him completely over.

A cupping of Peter's balls increased the pleasure. Julia's slender fingers rubbed his balls and squeezed him. She squeezed him almost testing the consumption of the balls. She rubbed them hard.

"You're going to be the end of me."

Julia continued to give her amazing oral pleasure. She ran her tongue down him and popped back up at him again. Soon, all of the cum would be splashing into her mouth. His young, potent cum, the seed women would fight after to get a piece of. The children made from his powers would be beautiful and strong.

Her daughter always did want a younger sibling, but business before pleasure, there was time later.

The hotness of Julia's mouth made Peter throb really hard. Amazing didn't even begin to describe how good she felt with her warm little mouth wrapped around his throbbing hard cock. Peter reached down and gripped the back of Julia's head, thrusting deeper inside her mouth.

"Yes, that's really good, I want...more of this," Peter murmured.

Julia went down onto his cock hard and fast, slurping more of him. She wanted to pleasure her younger lover, making him really want to shoot his load down her throat. It made her recall her college days quite fondly. Her hands rubbed Peter and tried to coax him to that one big explosion to shoot his thick, virile seed into her mouth.

Peter held onto her and worked into her mouth. The more she sucked on him, the harder and hornier Peter came to be. She was a temptation, a sexy older woman who had his way with her.

The ministrations of this MILF goddess proved to be the undoing of Spider-Man. His spider sense tingled maybe about three seconds before his balls ruptured and shot their entire load down Julia's waiting throat. She tilted back and accepted a constant, never ending stream of warm juices.

Julia kept sucking him, working her tongue around his cock. He came hard, and the sexy MILF responded by licking him. She made his cock feel even more amazing post blowjob.

Peter fell back on the back. Julia pulled herself up and slowly undid the front of her bodysuit. She revealed more of her round orbs, the size of beach balls when they came out into the open. Peter reached in, fingers pushing against them. He touched the soft, warm flesh which made his cock throb.

"Can't have enough, can you?" Julia asked. "Just go with your instincts, your wild instincts, feel them, do what you want?"

Julia pulled down the rest of her body suit. Her stomach looked rather toned and she worked hard to get herself back into shape. Her wide stuck out. Peter saw a strip of red pubic hair in the shape of the spider web on her pussy.

"Don't you think you're taking this entire web thing too far, Julia?" Peter asked.

"Oh, you have a mouth on you, still," Julia said. "Why don't we see if we can put your nice mouth to work?"
Julia crawled on top of Peter and grinded her naked body against his. Her sharp nipples crushed against him when grinding against him. No matter how much she wanted to ram her pussy down on Peter's stiff staff, she must not, not yet anyway.

One handful of sweet breast shoved in Peter's hand and he shoved Julia's nipple in his mouth. The redhead responded with a sultry smile when feeling her younger lover suck on her nipple.

"Oh, not what… I had in mind, but good enough."

The Seer caressed Peter's hair and made sure his mouth latched onto her nipple nice and tight. She let him have his fun. Julia gasped when his tongue and teeth put on the right kind of friction.

Peter would not argue with the thought of sucking Julia's glorious breasts all day long and all night as well. There were so much more to her, to cherish, to hold. His hands grabbed onto an ass so nice a quarter could bounce off of it.

"Time to return the favor."

Julia switched her position and crawled backwards onto Peter's chest. Peter grabbed her hips and moved her closer towards him. Her pussy pumped a delicious heat. Peter had to rub her thighs and also squeeze her ass.

The point of Peter's tongue slipped inside Julia. Julia worked her hips against Peter's mouth. It parted her thighs and pushed further into her. Julia gasped.

"And how," Julia mewled.

Peter grabbed her delicious rump for leverage and ate her out. Julia closed her eyes and started to lean in to lick Peter's abs, taking in the sweaty test. She managed to grab onto his cock and push it closer towards her. Julia's warm, moist lips parted and slipped twelve inches of thick, juicy meat between her lips.

She loved sucking on a nice, big cock, she wasn't going to lie. And Peter had perhaps the biggest she had between her lips. Spider powers did have some interesting side effects. His hands grabbing her rear and eating her out made Julia even more intense.

'Finish me, and fuck me,' she thought.

Julia wanted him inside her, no matter what it took. The gloriously long rod pushing inside her, stretching her out, until she couldn't last any longer, it's what she really wanted. Then she wanted her pussy rammed until she couldn't last any longer, it's what she really wanted. Then she wanted her pussy rammed until she could hardly take any more.

The redheaded vixen would get what she wanted, no question about it. It really didn't matter what it took, all she wanted was pleasure and tons of it.

Peter inhaled and slurped down her juices like a dying man in the desert. They were hot and spicy just like she was, and Peter had to have even more. His tongue penetrated her more.

The shrieking orgasm coming from Julia sent pleasure shooting down every single inch of her body. She rubbed her pussy against Peter's mouth to make sure he finished licking her out. She wasn't about to deny his fun, well not too quickly anyway.

The moment Julia came down from her high, she pulled away. Her breasts brushed against Peter's throbbing hard rod when she grabbed him.
"I want this," Julia said. "We need to…keep it up, don't stop…until I'm ready. Think you can hold on?"

Julia rubbed up against Peter and brought his manhood closer towards the center hole. The dripping sheath of womanhood came seconds away from penetrating Peter. He could hardly hold back, a trembling feeling went through him.

"I can….and I will," Peter said, gasping for breath.

Julia smiled, glad he was such a good sport. Her walls opened in preparation to take Peter's engorged tool. She spread out and lowered down on him. Her wet pussy slid around Peter and then dropped down onto him, deep inside of her body.

The strength of Julia's cunt muscles caused Peter to come undone, very nearly at least. He managed to reinforce his will. Julia bent down and gave him a messy kiss while pushing her breasts against his body. The woman had a small moment of dominance by pinning Peter's hands down behind his head.

Julia's tongue explored the insides of Peter's mouth. She drank in the remaining essence of herself like there was no tomorrow.

The two of them pushed against each other. Julia walls clamped down onto him, pushing deeper inside of her. She could feel the two of them go against each other.

Julia's orgasm hit hard, with Peter's hand touching some of the pleasurable areas down her back. She melted into Peter's embrace, rubbing her hands up and down.

The moment she came down from the embrace, Peter slipped out of her and flipped Julia over onto the bed. He watched when her legs spread out. She was pretty flexible, arching back on the bed to show Peter all she had to offer.

"Help yourself," Julia said.

Peter decided to have a little fun with the situation while they were here. He rubbed Julia's nipples, running down her body. He indulged in this delicious flesh. Every single inch of this goddess was a wonder. Peter's fingers rubbed against Julia and worked her pussy lips.

Julia indulged herself in the sensations, the very feeling of his fingers working on her. He worked her vaginal canal open and was ready to slid inside of her. His body pressing against hers. Peter's thick, throbbing tool came an inch away from pushing inside her.

Several inches shoved inside Julia. She balanced one of her legs up at Peter's shoulder and gave him an encouraging nudge to his shoulder blade. Peter pushed almost out of her and pumped back inside of her. His hard cock slammed inside her body.

Peter groaned when pushing inside Julia's wet insides. She sucked his rod further inside her depths. Unbelievable, how tight she was. Then again, if this was a matter of the mind, Julia could make her everything she could be.

"You don't know how long I've had dreams about it."

"I'm a seer, I can tell you when the dreams started, the number of dreams, and each detail," Julia said. "But what would the fun of that be?"

Peter was still full of surprises just how he pleasured her body. Sticky, strong hands clamped Julia's
breasts and squeezed them. Peter rose up almost all the way and lowered inside of her tight body. Julia came down onto him, wrapping his thick manhood into her lovely sheath of flesh.

"Yes, more, more," Julia begged him.

Peter gave her more than she could manage. He could feel a feeling of pleasure going through him when pushing down into her. She moved up and encouraged him to keep exploring her body.

'Too bad I don't have the extra arms. They really could come in handy right now.'

Julia smiled when working inside of her with more fluid motions. The energy drawing inside her was about to be released. Peter's fingers danced against her body and caused several miniature orgasms to load through her body.

The two of them exchanged the pleasure of this dance with each other. Peter pushed inside of Julia and worked into her.

"Are you still with us?" Peter joked.

Julia gave him a sultry smile, her hair being undone. Her glasses had been knocked off in the battle which revealed her glowing eyes. They looked eerie, but also a bit enchanting.

"Yes."

She bit down before releasing a scream out. A shake of pleasure exploded through Julia's body. She sucked Peter's hard cock inside of her.

Peter explored Julia's firm legs. She was perfect, and it took Peter a lot of self control not to expel every drop of semen inside of her womb straight away. Groping hands touched Julia's breasts, clinging to them like walls. He pushed her nipples inside his fingers and clipped them.

"Keep doing that….should have….done this a long time ago."

"What fixed the web?" Peter asked. "That's what you get for procrastination."

Julia couldn't even roll her eyes at the snarky quip. Her body rushed high with pleasure and sucked him inside her. Peter rocked back and forth with a solid series of thrusts. More of Julia's tight body sucked Peter deeper inside her.

"Mmm, right there, just like that, just right there, just like that," Julia mewed when running a finger down the back of Peter's neck. "Fill me up, stretch me far……harder….harder!"

The woman's insatiable nature, and boy was she ever a woman, made Peter work further inside of her. He stretched out Julia's hot center and she squeezed him with more thrusts.

"Fuck my pussy like you own it….drill….me….harder!"

Peter slammed inside Julia so hard she could feel really good. His hand's tingled and pleasured more areas of her body. Julia rocked her hips up to take more of Peter inside of her. Every single inch of him had been caressed with her warm body.

"Yes, that's the spot, here, more, please," Julia said.

The two of them worked against each other. Julia tightened around Peter and milked him with orgasms flowing through her body at a more rapid rate.
Peter's balls swelled up for release. He tried to hold back long enough to savor the moment.

"Just let go."

Julia watched Peter with some of his past lovers and knew he had more than enough to go several rounds. More than several rounds, with Peter pushing inside her with a rapid fire flurry, reaching his edge and she just sailed into another mind-racking, nerve-tingling climax of her own. Julia sensed it, the Tantric energy in the air spiked to its very highest point.

Peter tapped out to the feelings of his own lust and shoved himself into Julia. She wrapped tightly around him, with Peter's head resting on her breasts when he pumped inside of her.

The first blasts of warm cum sent a discharge of energy around both of them. The energy ensnared and started to repair the damage it caused.

The two lovers showered to a stop on the bed. Julia watched when Peter rolled over in amusement. She crawled between his legs and began sucking, and playing with them.

"Good, you're reloading," Julia said. "We have to do this at least a dozen more times before the web is complete."

Peter closed his eyes. "A dozen?"

"Give or take," Julia said. "I wouldn't have asked you for the help if I knew you weren't good for it."

End.
Everyone at the Daily Bugle enjoyed the rare and very slow News Day. Hell, J. Jonah Jameson remained quiet, well for him anyway, and it just drove home how quiet the day was.

Betty Brant made her way into the back room, followed by Peter Parker, who carried stacks of boxes in his arms. Betty moved up in the Daily Bugle over the years, starting as Jameson's secretary, and then becoming one of the Bugle's star reporters. She worked hard to get where she was, in a profession which tended to run a lot of people out by the time they had a chance to get anything done.

Peter stared during high school as a photographer, and he made his name by getting photos of Spider-Man, where no one else in the city. Betty amused herself with all of the explanations of how Peter could have gotten these pictures, pictures of Spider-Man. She didn't want to press Peter, and tell him what to do.

The two of them found their way into the back room.

"Just set those on the desk, and hand them up," Betty said.

Betty moved over to grab a step ladder and climb up. Peter watched as Betty moved up the ladder. The two of them worked together in the past, and they also dated a very long time ago, although it was the past. Betty focused on her career, and Peter focused on being Spider-Man. Both respected their ability to move apart, and they parted friends.

Still, Peter got a good look at the back of Betty's legs when she climbed up the step ladder. The stockings clung to her legs like a second skin and drew Peter's eyes towards her legs. Her skirt rolled up when walking to show Peter more of a view of her nice, firm thigh.

'Whoa, easy there, Parker,' Peter thought.

Peter moved over before Betty could notice him ogling her legs. And when he moved over, Peter could see up her skirt and see what she was wearing, or rather what she was wearing underneath. It was hard to tell in the office. With Peter's positioning though, he could see up there.

He handed Betty the box and turned to grab the other. Peter felt his pants starting to stretch and it was hard for him to concentrate.

'Okay, stop, just stop.'

Peter walked over and handed two more of the boxes. Betty put them on the shelf. He caught another couple of tantalizing glimpses at her.

"So, how many more do we have?" Betty asked, just barely looking over her shoulder.

"Just one more."

Peter snatched up the box and suddenly his spider sense went off. He realized why when Betty's foot
turned out from underneath her when the rung of the step ladder buckled. Peter dropped the box and caught Betty before she could land on the ground.

Betty breathed, her entire life flashed ahead of her. Peter thankfully caught her before she hit the ground.

"Are you alright?" Peter asked her.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Betty managed. She landed on the ground and winced. "Think I hurt my ankle...."

Peter helped Betty over and moved her towards the desk. She sat down on the now empty desk, and Betty closed her eyes when leaning, her knees pressed together.

"I keep telling Mr. Jameson he needs to buy a new stepladder, look what happened," Betty said.

"I'll go get some ice, just sit tight."

Betty smiled and tried to sit tight the best she could. Her ankle still was pretty sore from her position. Betty rubbed her ankle and the pain shooting down it improved, just a little bit. It still wasn't absolutely perfect, but it would do, for now.

Peter returned and watched Betty kicked off her shoes. She leaned closer towards Peter.

"It's swelling, do you think you can help me out of my stockings?" Betty asked.

Peter grabbed onto the stocking, sliding underneath to unhook it. He realized where his fingers lingered closer. The fire was almost there, Peter knew he would burn his fingers if he touched it, but it was so very tempting.

"Damn, I'm....this is pretty awkward, isn't this?" Betty asked.

Peter removed the stocking from her leg. Her ankle looked pretty swollen. Peter took the ice and started to rub it over Betty's ankle. She could feel Peter rubbing the ice up and down her ankle and for some reason, it was affecting her. Peter stabilized her ankle with his hand and rubbed it.

"Peter, I....." Betty said.

Betty leaned back and her legs spread unintentionally. Her pussy ached suddenly, she had no idea rubbing ice all over her ankle could feel so stimulating. She took one look at Peter and could see his pants stretch for her.

Even though she broke up with Peter to focus on her career, and because he kept missing their dates, still she remembered how big his cock was. And also how much she had to convince him to partake in certain activities, but she eventually did so.

"Peter, finger me!" Betty whispered in his ear urgently.

"What?" Peter asked.

"It will keep my mind off of the pain, trust me."

Peter rolled up her skirt to reveal her pussy. It was wet and it showed how much she wanted this, and to be honest, Peter wanted a piece of her as well. He slipped a finger inside of her moist center and rubbed her insides, trying to give her pleasure.
Betty's mind had been taken off of the sprained ankle with Peter working a finger inside of her. The reporter enjoyed Peter's finger, how it always seemed to grip her insides. Her nipples grew harder underneath her blouse. Betty reached up and unbuttoned her blouse to allow her bra to come out to play. A black bra exposed to Peter, and she could see his eyes traveling, looking at her cleavage.

'Good, I'm glad.'

Peter worked inside of her, Betty's center gripping onto him, nice and tight. He pushed his hand against her and ran those fingers down her opposite sight. Betty gripped and released him, moaning even more.

"You always could make me cum so good, I've missed this," Betty said.

Betty knew none of the reasons why she broke up with Peter were physical. He was a good guy, providing she didn't have to worry about him showing up on time in a date. And he could scratch her itches, working inside of her.

Peter released Betty and she came hard, gushing all over the desk. Her thighs spread later and she rolled her head back.

"Peter, how are you going to go back to the office with this?"

Betty grabbed Peter's crotch and squeezed it through his pants. She exerted herself over Peter, and grabbed his cock through his pants, before pulling it down. Betty licked her lips and could see his throbbing hard cock.

"I missed this cock," Betty responded. "I missed how big it was, how much it throbbed, how thing it was. Oh, how veiny it was and how these big balls, they held an obscene amount of cum for me."

The reporter swirled her tongue around Peter's head and ran it up and down his shaft. She squeezed Peter's hard and kept playing with him.

Peter closed his eyes and savored the feeling of Betty's hot mouth sliding down his tool and working herself around his throbbing hard cock. It felt really good to be lavished and worshipped by her warm mouth. Peter arched back to accept more of Betty's questing mouth going around his cock.

"Right there, that's the spot," Peter breathed.

Betty went down further on Peter and engulfed his hard cock inside her mouth. She needed a full spot. Peter stroked her hair and it only made Betty want to go down on him even further. She gave him a very sloppy blowjob.

Peter could not believe this was happening, but he was glad it was. The tension in his balls swelled to a new level with Betty playing with them, and making them hers. She squeezed him and slurped down his cock.

The exchange of passionate actions increased, with Betty increasing her deep-throat action on Peter. The two of them worked against each other. Peter leaned into to Betty, straddling her face while standing on the desk. His hair scrapped the ceiling.

Betty grabbed Peter's firm ass, driving more of his immense length in her mouth. She licked and drew Peter's hard, throbbing cock inside her mouth, sucking him down. Peter grabbed the back of Betty's hair and worked into her.

The encouragement of her slurping increased and Peter worked inside her tight mouth. Her throat
opened up for him when he shoved inside her. He rocked further and faster down her throat.

"I'm getting close, you're going to…"

Betty squeezed Peter's balls and encouraged him to drive deeper into her. The slurping increased with Betty working Peter to the edge. She took Peter deep into the depths of her warm throat.

A blast of cum fired into the back of Betty's waiting throat. She gulped Peter down, holding onto his hips and shoving more of his hard cock into her mouth. She hungrily slurped down every drop of cum from him, allowing it to drain into her mouth.

The second Betty finished, she pulled away from Peter. Her lips puckered when looking towards him. Betty turned around on the desk.

"Why don't you relax?" Peter asked. "And I'll keep your mind off of your injury."

Peter slid off of the desk, and Betty lifted her legs, before drawing them around Peter.

"it's feeling a little bit better," Betty admitted. "I could use some more therapy to make sure everything is fine."

Peter smiled.

"I'm sure you do."

Her pussy lips looked primed and ready to take his huge cock inside of her. Peter moved closer towards Betty when she was on the desk. She wanted him, and Peter wanted her, so this was good. They would sort out the long-term implications later.

Betty looked up to see Peter's throbbing hard cock edging towards her dripping womanhood. It was almost time for it to slide inside her.

"Peter, I need this," Betty said.

"I know you do."

Peter plunged his throbbing manhood inside of Betty. The first few inches entered paradise, and Betty looked like she wasn't going to settle for just a few inches of Peter's long cock inside her. She reached up and grabbed Peter's back before pulling him down into her.

Betty closed her eyes. Her pussy stretched around Peter's engorged cock, when it shoved inside her body. Betty reached up and grabbed Peter's hips, squeezing them together. She could feel the length of Peter drive into her body. The two of them matched each other stroke for stroke.

"Right there, that's good, very good," Betty breathed.

Peter rose up out of Betty's clutching womanhood and pushed into her. He was slowly bringing her to a climax. Every time Peter slid into her, she grew wetter. Peter couldn't help, but bury himself into her sheath. He also moved, seeing her breasts falling out of her bra. Her round, juicy, firm orbs, along with erect nipples. Peter pumped inside her.

"Here, let me help."

Betty guided Peter's face in between her breasts to suck them. His mouth sticking to her nipples increased the pleasure. He also massaged the side of her legs while driving inside of her.
The hot moans Peter earned only resulted in him wanting to hear them more. Betty's body pressed against him when he worked against her inside of the office. Their hips met together, and soon, Peter would have her. He couldn't hold back.

Betty couldn't hold back any more either. Her loins stretched for Peter, when he drove the throbbing cock inside of her. He buried deeper inside of her body with multiple thrusts. He rocked and rode inside of her.

"More," Betty encouraged him. "You make me feel so good."

Peter sought out the pleasure spots, touching every inch of Betty. Her legs wrapped around him and she encouraged Peter to work his way inside of her.

The young man pushed his cock inside of the wet center of the hot reporter. Her scorching hot center spread out.

"You've come a long way," Betty breathed.

Peter was glad he met her standards. He pushed inside her unbelievable tight pussy which contracted around them. Betty breathed in his ear.

"I wish I could bounce on that big cock, but it might injure my ankle further. I guess we're going to have to make do with what we have here."

He guessed about as much. Peter caressed her juice orbs, squeezing them. Betty moaned underneath Peter and he leaned closer, nibbling the side of the brunette woman's neck. Betty pushed her hips up further to meet Peter when he buried his stiffing rod inside of her body.

Betty thought the two of them should have fucked in the back room a long time ago. The thought of anyone walking in on them, if they needed a pencil or some staples, well it made Betty really excited. She stretched around Peter's hard cock when he pounded inside of her.

"I can take you all day, just harder, please."

Peter's greedy hands rubbed over Betty's body. Desire swam through his body, and he reached forward to rub her clit when driving down into her. Betty breathed in to take more of Peter's long throbbing manhood in between her thighs.

"Feel them, feel my soft thighs, feel how wet I am for you. And I know can feel how hard you are for me."

One long throbbing cock shoved deep inside of Betty. She moved up, with Peter gripping her leg and playing with the soft gams. Betty panted underneath Peter's probing prick.

Multiple orgasms flooded over Betty the deeper Peter slammed into her. She thought he was the gift which kept on giving. Peter buried deeper inside of her.

Every single thrust inside of Betty's warm sheath made Peter twitch. He held back, wanting to feel her convulse around him. Betty sat up so he could get access to her breasts. Peter jack hammered her tight pussy, and Betty kept caressing his hair, making sure he sucked on her nipples.

"You know what I like," Betty said. "Come on, baby, give me some of your warm juicy batter."

"I'm going to fill you up with so much, you won't know what to do with it," Peter said.
Betty could hardly wait Peter's heavy swollen balls to release their load inside of her. She was more than ready to receive the full bounty inside her. Betty lifted her hips up off the bed and took more of Peter inside, stretching her inner muscles. Her core squeezed him.

"They have more than enough," Betty said. "You won't mind sharing some, would you, please?"

Peter groaned at how dead sexy she look with her bangs draped over like that. Betty biting down on her lip made Peter just penetrate her depths deeper.

All good things would come to an end, and Betty enjoyed these last few pumps, as she sure Peter did.

"You're so hot, I can't help but cum," Peter said.

"I know, I'm pretty good, but you're sexy as well," Betty said. "Why don't we make something great, Peter, cum inside me….pull out, and I'll be upset."

Peter had no intention of pulling out of her constricting cunt and not just because she held onto him. The young man sawed his way deeper inside Betty, feeling the moisture of a stretching cunt grabbing around him. Peter breathed heavily and hungrily, gripping Betty's large breasts in hand and clenching them.

"Yes, right there, perfect spot," Betty murmured.

Peter nibbled Betty's neck as well, before moving down to suck on her heathy orbs. They bounced as perky as they did ten years ago, and they were even better than age.

The two of them exchanged their fluid passions. Peter grabbed Betty and slammed into her. His balls were about ready to release their seed inside of her. He worked inside her for a few more minutes.

Betty gripped Peter, and moaned hungrily in his ear.

"More, baby, more," Betty said. "Give me your seed….fill me full of your sweet, juicy….cum!"

Peter held Betty tight and slammed his thick prick inside of her pussy. She engulfed and released Peter numerous times, before he pumped his seed into her body.

The feeling of being drained in such a sheath of womanhood was a feeling. Peter's body tingled and Betty kept feeling up his muscles. She squeezed his hips with those gorgeous thighs to pump him.

"Every last drop," Betty said. "Good, very good."

The two shuddered on the desk when Peter finished emptying his load into Betty. He pulled away from her. Betty sat up on the desk and smiled. She brushed Peter's hair out of his eyes and leaned in to give him one more passionate kiss.

"My place after work for…coffee."

Betty squeezed his package one more time. Her ankle felt much better, but there was always a chance for a relapse.

"I won't turn down…coffee," Peter said, winking at that last word.
End.
Peter Parker crashed early the previous night, which caused him to get up later in the morning and move around. He thought he might get some breakfast, but first, it was time to see what the gym of Avengers Tower had to offer. He was the newest recruit of the Avengers, although on a trial basis for both he and the team. Peter figured it would be a good time to get some perks and benefits.

The moment he made his way into the room, he came face to….nearly ass, with Natasha Romanova, better known as the Black Widow. She bent over, doing her stretches, and Peter found it borderline difficult not to focus on a certain part of her body as those skin tight black pants stretched over her ample ass. The white top clung to her breasts, slightly worn with sweat.

Peter tried to throw himself away from Natasha's workout, namely her ass stretched nice and tight in those stretching pants. He wondered what she wore underneath, although Natasha really didn't seem like the type of woman who wore anything underneath, unless it was lingerie for seduction.

His eyes followed Natasha's progress, and she seemed to be so into her workout. Natasha did some squats on the ground, her legs spread. These actions caused Peter's mind to go on a trip where he imagined being underneath Natasha when she did her squats.

'Okay, she's going to kill you, so you better….'

"Come in."

Natasha turned around to face Peter while doing her squats. The fact Peter could now see her cleavage down the tight top was not helping him, not to mention his slightly diminishing real estate inside his own pants.

"I'm not going to bite."

His spider sense didn't go off, which was a relief. Nothing else went off either, which was even more of a relief. Peter took a step and Natasha looked him over for a moment.

"Sorry."

"No, you have nothing to be sorry about."

Was it just Peter's wishful thinking, or was she staring at his hardening cock through his pants? Natasha looked him up and down before going back to her workout. She did pushups, going up and going down. Her toned body showed how much she worked out.

"I'm glad you're here, actually."

Peter almost was surprised by what she said. Natasha finished her work out routine and turned over onto her back sliding on the mat. She expanded her legs, spreading them wide before closing them. She did a few more stretching exercises.

"I need someone to hold my feet down why I do sit ups….just…..sit between my legs, and hold
them down."

Peter walked forward. Natasha also kicked her shoes and socks during the workout. He leaned down and was surprised by how soft her feet and toes felt. The arches were elegant as well.

Natasha hit the smirk very well. She started to do her sit ups.

Peter watched as Natasha counted out the sit ups. Her toned abs crunched when going up and down. Every ten or so sit ups, Natasha brushed up against Peter's crotch for a split second which caused a tingle. She acted like nothing was the matter when doing so.

Natasha kept working forward, and she casually slipped her top down a little bit, giving Peter a hint of her breast. She watched his eyes when her breast slipped from her top.

Five hundred sit ups, and Peter's pants were really constricted. On the count of five hundred, Natasha rose up from her bag, grabbed Peter's pants and slid them down to expose his throbbing hard cock. Without any warning, Natasha started to lick around the head of Peter's tool.

Peter could not believe what happened, this was the Black Widow, and she started to lick his cock.

"Guess, the rumors were true," Natasha said, when she slowly trailed a finger down his cock.

What rumors, who was talking about him, who was talking about his cock? Peter didn't really know the answers, when he could feel Natasha's lips part and they slowly slipped his throbbing prick in between her soft lips.

Peter leaned back and allowed this wonderful thing to happen. Natasha drew her mouth around him and stimulated every inch of his cock around inside her mouth. Not a motion had been wasted, each motion had showed him.

Natasha finally thought Peter got the hint and gripped the side of her face. The young man drove his hard cock inside of Natasha's warm, hot throat. She raked her fingers over Peter's throbbing balls the more he shoved his cock into her mouth.

"Damn, I guess the rumors about you were true…"

Peter blurted this out before thinking about it. Natasha didn't stop sucking him off, rather she sucked him faster, and harder. Her warm fingers caressed Peter's balls and she really knew how to stimulate his nerve endings.

It wasn't too long before Natasha was rewarded with a nice, warm load of cum inside of her mouth. She squeezed in and milked Peter's balls. She took him down, several mouths full of seed, smiling when it poured down her through. Natasha pulled away, licking her lips.

"I'd like to think I'm just a little bit better," Natasha said.

Natasha reached for her top and pulled her top off. Her nice round tits popped out. She grabbed one of Peter's hands and put them on her breast.

Peter didn't need to be asked twice. He squeezed the succulent orb of fleshy goodness. Natasha rocked up, feeling Peter's nice strong hand caressing her breast, and squeezing it. Natasha closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of how hard and how strong he could grip her breast.

"So good," Natasha remarked.
Peter was glad it was so good. He kept squeezing Natasha's supple breast, making the flesh mold within his hand when doing so. His fingers twisted her nipple and she smiled when he played with those round breasts. His hands stroked the wonderful tit flesh, making his cock harden.

Natasha almost had been surprised about how quick he rose to the occasion. She could only think one thing.

'Good, I'm glad.'

The Black Widow took ahold of the juicy, thick prick and pumped it a few times. She positioned herself on her back, legs spread.

"I just was about to do my chest workout when you interrupted," Natasha. "Why don't you show me how hard you can work a woman's chest?"

Peter realized what Natasha requested. She held out her large breasts, ready for the taking. Peter climbed on top of Natasha and slid his throbbing hard manhood between her warm tits. She engulfed Peter in one fell swoop between her breasts.

Pure heaven, her breasts squeezing him. Natasha rose up, to slide more of Peter's thick juicy prick in between her large melons and squeezed them. Her firm body, without an ounce of fat, was ripe for the taking.

Natasha enjoyed his cock pumping between her. She leaned up and swirled her tongue around his cock to taste the sweaty heat, with pre-cum trickling out. She pulled back and licked Peter again, tasting him for everything he was worth.

'I need more,' she managed, tasting Peter a little bit more.

Natasha leaned in and took Peter's hard cock between her lips, sucking on the head. A smile crossed over the face of the devious woman when going further down on him.

Peter gained a bit of momentum and drove the point home. Her warm tits wrapped around him and she was about to coax the second load of the evening. She squeezed them together while Peter pushed into them. Her flesh bounced and showed they were one hundred percent natural.

"I'm sure you have plenty more, just cum over my face and my tits," Natasha said.

She burned with excitement about the thought of having her face covered the juicy, gooey spunk, along with her breasts.

Peter tried to hold back, but the temptation of this red-haired goddess beneath him made it very hard to. He grabbed her breasts and started to hammer them. He clenched them when working inside.

Natasha could not believe how into this he was getting to it, and the more he got into it, the more she got into it. She craved rough sex. Granted, a little gentle love making could be nice every now and again, but what really got her motor running was a man who could pin her down and take her sideways.

Peter grunted, he might have burned himself up. He shot his load. The amount of cum coming from his balls looked like they came from three men, maybe more, as opposed to one. Not Natasha minded, as she moaned and lapped his cum up like a starving animal.

Natasha collected some of the dripping seed from her breasts and stuck them into her mouth, sucking on the digits. Her eyes glazed over with pleasure when sucking those finger tips dry.
"Turn around."

Natasha had been surprised, but coincided. She was down on her hands and knees once again. Peter grabbed her pants and pulled them down slowly.

Peter wasn't surprised she didn't wear any panties. The fact her pussy dripped very well showed they would have been moving. Peter traced one finger down her pink wet lip and another finger down her asshole. It was tight, the ultimate forbidden fruit.

"If you have enough left over after you fuck my pussy raw, I'll let you have it," Natasha told him.

Peter cupped her breasts and closed in behind her. He leaned in about as close as possible. One of her strands of hair needed to brushed away so he could talk to her properly.

"Well, I see that as an offer I'd be pretty dense to refuse."

First, Peter lined up his throbbing cock along side Natasha's pussy. He slowly worked her muscles, running down her body. His throbbing cock almost had been sucked inside of her moist womanhood. Peter moved closer to her about ready to get in.

The first inch inside of her made Natasha feel intense. It really put in perspective how big it was inside of her. His cock shoved deep inside of her.

"Damn, you're tighter than I thought you'd be!" Peter groaned.

Natasha smiled, she got that a lot. Her workouts left her in pretty good shape. His cock was a pretty tight fit and stuffed Natasha completely full.

Peter didn't want to come undone at the first volley, even though it was very tempting. Her warm velvety walls caressed his throbbing hard manhood, pushing deeper inside of her. Peter gripped the side of Natasha's backside and worked into her.

Natasha closed her eyes.

"Harder, don't slow down for anything."

The force of Peter's cock buried inside of her warm, willing pussy made Natasha very nearly lose it. His hands now were off of her hips and all over her body. He started to rock inside of her. Those swollen balls, filled with yet another load, caressed inside of her.

Peter knew his stamina was top notch. The Black Widow tested him even more than the Black Cat did during their frequent chases. Then there was the threesome with Mary-Jane and Gwen which was exciting, and his "tutoring" sessions with Liz Allan. Regardless, no matter how lovely those women were, the Black Widow should and would be put in a class.

The first orgasm Natasha felt in a very long time of another man's cock inside her cascaded through her body. Peter found her G-Spot and assaulted it with a force. Natasha's warmth caressed Peter when he pushed inside of her, rocking inside of her. Every time he bottomed out, Natasha had been reminded how much cum would be in those balls, and there might be more to come.

SHIELD wanted to test his capabilities, and Natasha may have to recommend to Maria and Daisy about how this was the most optimal way of doing so.

Right after she conducted some tests of her own. He latest in her pussy already longer than any in living memory, and he hammered inside of her.
Peter could not believe the force which Natasha gripped him. Her silky walls rubbed him. He could feel her stretch.

"Baby, so good, fuck me all night," Natasha said, looking back at her.

Her bedroom eyes combined with biting down on her lip made his cock twitch.

"You're driving me nuts," Peter said. "If you can't walk later, it's your fault!"

"I'd accept full responsibility," Natasha commented.

Her warm insides stretched and worked Peter's hardening love muscle inside of her. He pushed in and plunged out of her. His balls throbbed with desire the deeper he pushed inside of Natasha.

Peter knew many wouldn't survive an encounter with the Black Widow. She would have worn out a normal man, but Peter thanked himself for his enhanced ability. He pushed into her when stretching her pussy on his hard cock. He reached in and caressed her body.

Natasha appreciated Peter paying extra attention to the different parts of her body. Most men just hammered her and maybe groped her breasts. Peter's fingers stuck to her body with a fluid motion. Tingles kept firing down Natasha's spine just as his manhood penetrated her.

'Yes, he's a keeper,' she thought. 'And naturally, we're going to have to assess his full...potential.'

Natasha's thoughts became less coherent when an orgasm won the day. She started to shout out in frantic Russian, not realizing she did so because of being in the moment.

Peter would have to admit, while he didn't understand a word coming out of Natasha's mouth, it sounded pretty hot. He drove himself further into her. Every time he went into her, Natasha squeezed his manhood. He pulled almost out of her and slammed into her again.

Every single time, Peter's balls twitched. Natasha flexed her inner muscles on his throbbing hard manhood. He ran his fingers up her, squeezing her, while also nibbling on the side of her neck. The light bites on the side of her neck caused Natasha to pant in pleasure.

"Is it possible I found the Black Widow's weakness?" Peter asked.

Natasha didn't even bother to answer. The state of her answered all of Peter's answers. He plunged deeper into Natasha. Her smoldering wet sheath clamped down on him.

The end would come, when Peter kept working over Natasha. Her moist center squeezed him hard and intended to milk all of the seed from his balls. Why would Peter be rude enough to deny the beauty what she wanted?

His balls contracted and released their seed inside of her. Natasha closed her eyes. The warm rush of seed spilling inside her made the Black Widow's breathing heighten. Peter didn't finish after a couple of thrusts, no, there were at least a couple of dozen.

Peter rode out both his orgasm and Natasha. The pleasure of releasing his seed inside of Natasha's warm pussy made Peter release.

He would be remiss though if he neglected one more part of her body. Peter slid out of Natasha and slipped a finger deep inside of her tight rectum.

Natasha barely came down from her orgasm. Peter flickered her ass and stuck his finger to her clit,
stimulating the nerve endings better than she should have hoped. Natasha's body shook.

"You didn't think I would forget about your ass, did you?"

"No," Natasha managed.

She wouldn't beg, although her ass did sway while in his grip for the encouragement needed. Peter swatted her rear and leaned in. His tongue slid inside of her tender rose bud and lubricated it nice. It would feel so nice to be buried inside of Natasha's toned ass. Her muscles looked like they could bend steel.

Natasha smiled when shifting backwards towards Peter. She ensured her ass had been lined up, so Peter's thick cock was in position for her. Natasha ran her asshole against Peter's thick, throbbing cock.

"Get ready," Natasha said.

"I am,"

Natasha's cheeks spread, when Peter grabbed a hold of her breast with one hand and her ass with the other hand. She lined him up for her tight asshole. The redhead worked her asshole against Peter's throbbing hard cock.

His cock stretched her tightest hole better than anything else. Peter groped her, trying to grab every inch of her toned body. The sweat drilling down Natasha increased when her ass slid down Peter's love muscle and pushed him deep inside of her ass.

Peter closed his eyes. Damn, her ass felt so good. It was a heat which was ten times more intense than her pussy, and it was ten times tighter. Therefore, it felt ten times better than normal. Natasha rose up and pushed her asshole down onto his throbbing hard cock.

Natasha worked Peter inside of her hole, going up and down on him. She wanted to make sure those throbbing hot balls spilled their fluids inside of her. Natasha took a hold of her nipple and pinched it, before running her finger down.

"Fuck my ass."

Every time Natasha sat down, she wanted to think of Peter. She planted her hands on the ground and allowed Peter full access to her ass. He spanked it while fucking it.

Natasha loved the feeling of a huge cock rammed in her ass, splitting it open. She flexed her ass cheeks to encourage him to go into her.

Peter rose up, barely able to hold himself up and down. Twelve inches pushed into the hot ass of the Black Widow. Peter grabbed onto her flesh rear entry to give him momentum. He slid almost all the way from Natasha's back entrance only to feel Peter pumping inside of her one more time.

Natasha's nipples hardened even more. Peter found them soon enough. She could not give enough of Peter's fingers sticking and releasing them. The young man slammed into her ass.

"I could fuck this ass all day," Peter said.

"Maybe, if you're lucky," Natasha said. "But, even you have your limits."

Peter wanted to hold on. He stimulated Natasha's pussy when also pounding her ass. It was so tight,
sliding inside of her molten hot hole. It almost was like it tightened around him every time.

'She trained her ass muscles to drive men nuts, it's the only way,' Peter thought. 'Not that I'm complaining, who would complain, when something feels this good.'

It felt good, it felt beyond good to feel Natasha work her way up and down Peter, pumping his throbbing hard cock deeper inside of her ass. Peter knew sooner or later, something would have to give.

Natasha could feel the edge coming, but those balls, despite being drained by her pussy earlier, carried a huge load. She wanted to feel it in her ass.

"Do it, shove your big cock in my ass and spill your seed in it," Natasha said. "You have enough for a big huge load, so do it?"

Peter wanted to release the huge load inside of Natasha. He slipped in and out of her ass, riding all the way to the end. Peter's fingers pushed against her nipples and squeezed them.

"You just know how to rile a guy up."

Natasha smiled. She liked her ass work outs as well, and it was a big piece of equipment. Their bodies combined with sweat and the musk of sex showed this would be a pretty good work out indeed. Peter's cock throbbed and Natasha could feel the veiny goodness about ready to explode inside of her tight, hole.

Peter knew it would be the end soon. He rose up, slamming inside of her, and then almost pulled out, before pushing back in. His balls twitched, and would soon release their warm juices inside her. Natasha clamped down on him and he knew the end would be here.

"I can't hold back any more."

Natasha didn't really care. His fingers dug into her cunt and she came, very hard. His sticky fingers coated with Natasha's trickling juices.

Peter pumped her ass a few more times, before spilling his seed inside her. Natasha's ass stretched around him, to milk in his seed. He just kept riding her round, firm rear, digging his fingers into the plump flesh.

Natasha slipped away from Peter, and he splattered more cum on her round ass. The thick fluids just dripped from it, with Natasha catching the falling cum on her finger. It wrapped around her finger like a treat.

The seductress slipped a finger inside her mouth and sucked it. Natasha maintained eye contact.

"My room tonight….as a senior member of this team, it's my job to perform a full assessment of the other members of the group."

Natasha roughly squeezed Peter's package and pulled away from him.

Tonight could not come soon enough.

End.
Peter Parker hunched over the desk making up a new and fresh batch of webbing which would cause him to be able to secure the criminals for much longer until the police got there. Two criminals managed to slip out of his webbing in the last couple of months, and in Peter's mind, it was about two criminals too many.

He looked over towards the wall, frowning. He thought he saw something behind him.

'Okay, you're working way too hard, Pete,' he thought. 'Maybe you should just sit down, relax for a little bit. After you get this last batch of webbing done, you should take a break.'

Peter's spider sense left him alone which showed him there was not anyone who threatened him. Yet, he sensed there was someone there right close to him. The question was not only who, but the question was why and how. Peter turned his attention towards the wall and frowned.

He turned back to the webbing and adjusted the mirror on his desk. He noticed a flicker of brown hair moving through the wall on the other side.

"Okay, Kitty, you can come out now."

The surprise caused the girl to stagger and fall to the ground outside of the wall. Kitty almost fell down on the ground. She just barely managed to avoid anything embarrassing. She shook her head for a second.

The brunette girl wore a black tank top which rode up an inch to show her toned midsection. Her jean shorts came up to a little bit past her knees. She had one shoe on and one shoe off. Kitty shook her head.

"How did you know it was me?" Kitty asked.

Peter rose to his feet and walked over towards the brunette mutant. She looked down to realize one of her shoes fell off when climbing up the tree and going into Peter's room the long way.

"How many brunettes do I know who can shift through walls?" Peter asked. "Why are you here? Did you ever hear of the front door?"

Kitty put her hands on her hips and smiled before moving close towards Peter. "What, can't a girl visit her boyfriend whenever she wants?"

The mutant wrapped her arms around Peter. Peter leaned in and kissed her on the lips. The two of them parted away from each other. Peter raised his eyebrow.

"Any time you want, you can," Peter said. "Although most normal people use the front door."

"Hey, I'm not normal," Kitty said.

Peter was going to let this one pass without a comment. Kitty made her way over to the chair next to Peter, and casually made herself at home.
"Okay, the truth is, remember those Friends of Humanity assholes?" Kitty asked. "They're pretty hard to forget, but at the same time, I ran into one of their peaceful protests."

The way Kitty said this indicated their protest was anything but peaceful, and Peter doubted she was anything but vocal in stating her opinions.

"And would you believe the cops were after me, instead of the jackass Friends of Humanity," Kitty said. "Not all of the cops are bad, granted, but…you know, I've run into some pretty bad ones today. They must have been Creed's poker buddies."

"Yeah, that could be a problem," Peter said. "Sorry, I'm working on an extra-sticky batch of webbing."

Peter put a wooden handle into the vial and pulled it out. A glop of webbing stuck to it. It took Peter some effort to tear it up.

"Careful, don't want to get any of that in my hair," Kitty said. "Although, I wouldn't say no to having something else sticky in my hair."

Peter took the suggestive comment, and watched when Kitty slipped back outside for a moment, likely to get her shoe which dropped down to the ground. She showed up just in time. The two of them made tentative plans to go to the movies, but given Kitty's escapades with the Friends of Humanity, Peter somehow doubted it was going to quite happen like this.

Kitty slipped back inside, and Peter noticed her attire changed ever so slightly. She had her hair clipped up and wore a pair of glasses balanced on the bridge of her nose. She wore a white lab coat which flipped a little bit to show she was wearing not much else underneath.

"Okay, you've got my full attention," Peter said.

The mutant smiled and practically melted into Peter's arms. He had now been put away, and could use some time to unwind. And given how Kitty had to deal with those jerks yet again, she could use some time to unwind either.

Kitty moaned underneath the attention of Peter. His strong hands felt up her slender body. He reached down to cup her ass through her panties.

"Mr. Parker, it appears your pants are getting rather constricted," Kitty said. "For the purpose of promoting good circulation, I think it would be best to get these pants off of you."

Kitty slowly pulled Peter's pants down and then worked his boxer shorts down. Her slender fingers wrapped around the base of his throbbing hard cock, pulling up and down on it. It swelled up underneath Kitty's attentions, growing even larger.

Peter leaned in for her warm tongue to gain further access. Kitty swirled her tongue around the head, and slowly worked down to the base. She paid close attention to every inch of his cock. Her tongue drifted every now and then, becoming half-intangible which allowed her to stimulate the nerve endings like no other woman could.

She looked up with a sultry smile, looking rather hot in those glasses. Peter looked down just in time to see the lovely vision of Kitty's warm lips wrapping around his pulsing shaft. He held onto the back of her head.

"I think we should continue this little experiment to reach optimal performance," Peter said.
Peter leaned in closer, with the brunette vixen sucking on him. She playfully rubbed what little bit couldn't go in her throat. Then Kitty moved down to caress Peter's throbbing hard balls.

The warmth of her mouth wrapping around his hardening prick made it very hard to hold back from the pleasure. Peter held onto her head and rocked back into her mouth. Her brown eyes on the other side of those glasses made Peter become very close to becoming undone.

Kitty's fingers brushed against Peter's hard balls and she wanted the cum stored inside of them. She showed her neck strength by deep throating Peter extremely hard.

"Kitty, I'm close."

Peter didn't hold up in fucking Kitty's tight little mouth, and Kitty didn't respond other than twirling her tongue around Peter's hardening tool. She brought more of Peter inside of her mouth, leaning back all the way to take him.

'This is so good,' Kitty thought in a haze. 'I need to have more, so much more. I'll die without.....'

His balls sized up and released their load into her. Kitty dug her hands into Peter's balls and stroked them in a feverish manner. Peter held onto Kitty and plunged his thick length into the back of her throat. He just held on, further burying more of his thick load inside her throat.

Kitty kept sucking Peter's delicious seed down like there was no tomorrow. She held onto his thighs, working her tongue down his length when going down on him.

She pulled away from Peter and showed cum on her tongue. Kitty swallowed it front of Peter and gave him a wicked little smile. She slipped out of the lab coat, letting it drop down to the ground.

Peter looked at his girlfriend's body. She had a pair of nice perky breasts with erect nipples. Her smooth skin made Peter long to touch it and so he did, running his hands down to her trim stomach. Her pussy lips were very smooth and dripping for Peter. He grabbed onto her firm ass, before running down towards her shapely legs and elegant feet.

"Peter, I need you to take me," Kitty said. "Show me what you got.....fuck me through the floor."

"Hopefully not literally this time," Peter teased.

Kitty shook her head, grinning. "I swear, I'm not going to ever live it down."

It was only a rare bit of good luck on Peter's part was the encounter occurred when Aunt May was out working. Otherwise, it would have been extremely awkward to try and explain what happened, and raise way too many questions.

Peter guided Kitty over towards the bed. The beautiful brunette closed her eyes and just felt Peter's fingers dance all over her body. He drummed up against her rib cage, brushing down.

"Leave the glasses," Peter told her. "They make you look hot."

"You mean I don't look hot already?" Kitty asked him.

"More so than usual."

Kitty smiled and could only have a second to register what Peter said when he started to kiss the side of her neck. His hand ran down her front, slowly edging towards her. Her pussy lips pulsed when Peter worked his way down her. Those skilled fingers were made for pleasing, and now they pleased
Peter smiled, it wasn't his sticky fingers which held him into place in Kitty's pussy. She clenched him hard, almost afraid what might happened if Peter pulled out. Peter slid his digit down into her very moist canal, burying himself finger first down into he.

"I wonder what happens if I pulled out," Peter said. "Would you lose your mind?"

"You better not pull out," Kitty warned him.

"Oh, don't worry, I won't, just testing to see how you would react."

Peter kissed all the way down Kitty, exploring every glorious inch of flesh. Her nipple stood erect and needed attention. What kind of boyfriend would Peter be if he didn't give her the proper attention.

Kitty's body buzzed. She had gotten a lot better at control, so the smallest orgasm didn't cause her to be driven through the bed. Peter's fingers dug into her to caress her insides. She squeezed him, releasing an orgasm. Kitty softly moaned at the pleasure.

Peter decided to continue his tour down Kitty's body. He stopped at her navel for a moment.

"Peter, that's….unfair!"

He knew her navel was a sensitive spot! Peter knew it and tormented her. He was secretly an evil mastermind.

Peter found his next tour between Kitty's warm thighs. He went down on the beautiful mutant, hopefully this time, they wouldn't literally go down.

Kitty squeezed and released Peter. The build-up increased through her body. She was cumming and cumming hard. Peter rubbed her thighs in time with going down. His tongue pushed deeper inside of her before pulling away and then licking her belly button one more time.

Peter drank in the trickle of sweat going down her before going back down between Kitty. He drank in her sweet nectar. The honey coming down her thighs encouraged Peter to dive down for more.

"You're….I need you….badly!" Kitty moaned.

Peter smiled when pulling up from Kitty. He planted one more kiss on her nether lips and slowly nibbled it. Kitty gasped the second Peter pulled himself up.

"If you want me to, I'll be there," Peter said.

He climbed up towards Kitty to straddle her body. Kitty could feel Peter's long cock tickle her body. It always stuffed her so full and made her feel so good.

"I want you to fuck me, fuck me so hard I'll lose control," Kitty said.

Peter leaned in closer towards Kitty's hot, smoldering snatch, brushing his length against her wet lips. It coaxed him inside. Her soft, but at the same time deceptively strong thighs, toned because of her Danger Room sessions, brushed up against Peter's ribs. She pushed him closer to her insides.

His cock touched Kitty's warm lips and slid closer in to her. Her central core pushed him in. Kitty rose her hips up off of the bed, but Peter stopped her.
"No," Peter said. "Good things come to those who wait."

Kitty bit down on her lip, upping the hotness factor by tenfold. "I don't want to!"

Peter smiled and each brush at her entrance got Kitty slightly more excited with what would happen for him. Hell, it got him excited.

He eased more of his throbbing length in and Kitty managed not to drop through the bed this time. She held onto Peter to encourage his thrusts to bury slowly into her body. His hard balls slapped against Kitty's warm thighs. He rose almost all the way up and slapped down into her moist, gripping pussy.

"Good," Kitty mewled.

Peter smiled when feeling Kitty grip him tightly with her warm pussy. He hung onto the legs of the brunette beneath him and rose up before pushing his manhood deeper into her. The two of them met each other, stroke by stroke with Peter gaining a significant amount of momentum.

Kitty almost lost it with Peter nibble on the side of her neck. She held him close to her, her warm pussy grinding against his intruding cock. The two of them met each other, going hip to hip with each other. Kitty let out a pleasurable scream when Peter rose up and dropped down onto her.

Those throbbing hard balls struck Kitty in her wet core. She grabbed onto the back of Peter and he worked into even harder. Their warm bodies connected together with a passionate display. Peter held onto her hips and kept working his way inside of her tight body.

"Yes," Kitty said.

He could feel her orgasm rise up and squeeze him. Peter worked into her, feeling up her body. How soft it felt underneath his hand. Her perky breasts reacted to his touch. Every time Peter squeezed her nipples, Kitty looked to be coming close to losing it. Peter rose almost all the way up and rocked his hard cock down into her moist center.

Kitty arched onto the bed and scissored her legs around Peter. Peter responded by massaging them which sent Kitty into a fit of passion. Her latest orgasm hit her hard. Peter rose up and dropped into her. Every time those throbbing balls struck her, Kitty wrapped her tight walls around him. She milked Peter's incoming thrusts.

"More, please, more," Kitty said.

Her body shook underneath Peter from the latest orgasm. Peter kicked up the pace and dropped his hard cock inside of Kitty's gripping body. She took him inside of her. Her legs wrapped tighter around Peter, the deeper he pushed himself into her body.

"Yes, right there, baby, hit me hard," Kitty breathed.

Peter could tell she received a hell of an orgasm. He down and kissed her. Kitty returned the kiss, working her tongue around Peter's gums and them sticking it down his throat. She tried to fuck his tonsils with her tongue just like Peter rammed into her.

He pulled out of Kitty and she whined.

"Pete!"

Peter motioned for Kitty to roll over onto the bed. The tantalizing beauty settled herself hands and
knees down on the bed. She put them down on the bed, smiling when setting herself up. Her wet cunt opened for Peter's consumption. All he could do was push his hard cock into her.

He did, slipping his massive rod inside Kitty's clenching womanhood. Peter grabbed Kitty's hips and started to work back and forth against her. Kitty held onto the bed, closing her eyes. The more Peter worked into her, the better she felt. It was so amazing to be hit so hard with such a great feeling.

"Just say with me, and be careful."

Kitty realized her hands started to slid underneath the bed. Flushing, Kitty pulled back out, just in time for Peter to test her resolve by slamming back into her with a huge thrust. His long cock shoved deep inside of her.

Peter rode Kitty's wet pussy a little bit longer, before stopping. He ran his hands down Kitty's back and made her shiver. He acted like he was going to reach for her breasts, but he decided not to. Instead, he pulled back and cupped Kitty's ass, squeezing it.

"Damn!" Kitty breathed.

She could feel a finger slip inside of her tight rectum. Peter pumped her in time with slamming himself into Kitty. His throbbing cock buried deeper inside of her and with it, his finger slipped all around the sensitive surface of her rosebud. Peter pushed into her and pulled out of her with a fluid series of motions.

"Peter, Peter, yes," Kitty breathed at the top of her lungs.

Peter just worked her over with a faster sped. He could tell the end would come sooner or later, just hopefully Kitty would be in one piece when it did.

The brunette's hair came undone and Peter slowly stroked it before pulling on it. He pushed up and through into Kitty's quivering cunt. He rocked himself inside of her with a series of fluid thrusts, each of them burying more of his hard rod inside of her body.

"Go ahead," Peter told her. "Cum for me, cum for me hard."

Kitty wasn't going to argue. Her body betrayed her and almost sank through the bed. She had been drilled through the mattress, quite literally. She stopped herself with Peter still driving his cock through her. He rapidly picked up the pace.

"I thought you had better control," Peter told her.

"I can't help it, you make me feel so good!"

Kitty didn't even bother to try and get out, because likely an attempt to extract herself from the mattress while in the state of an orgasm would not be a good idea. Peter could reach her, and to Kitty, that was all that mattered to her. His hard manhood shoved into her.

Peter rode her out to one huge climax and chained it together with another. He was almost done.

"Try not to fall through the floor."

Kitty had been excited by the possibility, and at the same time, very scared. Some people broke the bed, she just merely slipped through the sheets and had been half trapped in the mattress. Thankfully, Peter didn't have a spring mattress, otherwise it would have been more uncomfortable.
Peter enjoyed the warm gripping of Kitty around him. He pushed back and forth against her, ramming himself into her warm, gripping depths. Kitty squeezed Peter hard.

Kitty thought she was going to die of so much pleasure. Peter worked her tight body out. And they might just be warming up.

"Don't hold back," Kitty said.

"Just try and hold back," Peter joked.

Peter sped up the thrusts until he reached his final climax. Kitty screamed and Peter just barely grabbed onto her before she slipped all the way through.

Kitty found herself back on the bed, dripping with sweat. Peter still injected his fluids inside her wet pussy. He held onto Kitty, shoving more of himself into her womanly depths.

Seconds passed before Peter pulled away from Kitty, smiling in the process. He allowed her to drop on the bed.

"How was that?" Peter asked.

Kitty managed to sit up, wrapping her arms around Peter and kissed him.

"Great," Kitty said. "I really needed it….but I hope you're ready for more."

The beautiful brunette mutant writhed on Peter's lap and his engorged prick showed Kitty how much more he wanted. She smiled and shifted closer towards him.

"What do you think?" Peter asked.

She grinned and grabbed him before pinning him down on the bed and kissed the daylights out of him. Peter grabbed the back of her head and the two had a feverish makeout session, while caressing each other's body.

Kitty found Peter's love muscle and prepared to get it to full mast. Their kissing continued a moment later, before Kitty pulled away from him and kissed down his muscular body.

Her warm lips really were a treat coming down his body, and she edged closer towards his engorged rod. After kissing all over his rod, Kitty pulled completely up and prepared to mount him.

'Round two.'

This time, Kitty would be on top, and would hopefully have a little bit more control. She lowered herself down onto Peter.

Peter leaned back to enjoy the feeling of her tight pussy wrapping around his hard rod. Kitty started to ride up and down, slow at first, and gaining momentum.

Without another word, Peter grabbed Kitty and the fun continued throughout this afternoon.

Thankfully, nothing interrupted them until they were finished. Peter spent the afternoon balls deep in his girlfriend as she rode him like there was no tomorrow.

'Sure beats fighting Shocker.'
End.
Peter Parker took a very deep breath when sitting down in front of a large amount of notes. He recalled how he got here on this night. It was during the latest scheme of Doctor Michael Morbius, known simply as Morbius the Living Vampire, who tried to release a plague into New York, for reasons which were lost on Peter. Peter thought Morbius's time spent as a blood-sucking creature of the night twisted his mind and the man lost the plot a very long time ago.

He sighed, the plague created several vampires, and sent them on a rampage through New York City. SHIELD rounded up most of the vampires, but there was no cure. Peter went through Morbius's research in an attempt to reverse the curse. He knew Morbius was a brilliant man, so it wasn't going to be easy.

Peter thumbed through pages and pages of notes.

"Well, you can tell Morbius flunked Pensmanship classes."

The prodigy would have to redefine the term "burning the midnight oil." He flipped through the papers and saw something moving in the shadows. What alarmed Peter most of all was not the fact something moved in the shadows. His spider sense didn't go off.

"Peter."

A very familiar voice called out to him and sent chills. Peter looked over towards the window and then looked around the room. So far, no one was around, which really didn't mean anything. The hairs on the back of Peter's neck prickled.

"Okay, why do I feel like I'm an extra out of a horror movie?"

Peter turned around just in time to see a very familiar figure sitting at the edge of his bed. He stepped back in surprise.

"MJ?"

Peter's heart sank somewhere into the pit of his stomach. Mary-Jane Watson sat on the bed with a smile on her face. Her red hair hung down over her pale face with glowing red eyes, her lips coated with black lipstick, and a small black choker containing a small bat tightened around the neck of her. She wore a black top which only came down to slightly below her breasts. The top showed off a lot of cleavage and also put Mary-Jane's trim stomach on display. She worked for her body. Hell, even her navel was beautiful, and Peter wanted to lean in to lick and kiss it. A pair of hip-hugging black pants covered her lower body. They melded to Mary-Jane like a second skin. She wore no shoes, her feet bare, with perfect elegant arches, and beautiful toes with black nail polish on them.


She smiled and got off the bed. Peter saw the hungry, predatory look in her eyes and took a half of a
一步后。

"放松，我不会咬你，只是..."

考虑到她所感染的病原体，彼得觉得她的声明并没有多少幽默感。他退后一步，玛丽-简飞到房间的尽头，双手环住彼得。吸血鬼女巫脱掉彼得的衬衫，慢慢地将它捋下，同时在他的身上拿捏着。玛丽-简让她的圆润乳房贴在彼得的背上。

"嗯，你真性感，"玛丽-简说。"我可以把你吃掉。"

这正是彼得所害怕的，如果他完全诚实的话。他让玛丽-简的手从他身上移开，转身。他们的手指锁在了一起。

'要坚定，但温柔地对待她。'

"你被吸血鬼病毒感染了，"彼得对她说。

"哦，是的，不过...我认为这对我们都好，"玛丽-简说。"大多数人都因为没有一个好身材而变得疯狂，因为他们没有一个结实的身材来保持温暖。"

玛丽-简松开他的手，感到彼得的身体。彼得享受着玛丽-简的手的柔软。她似乎知道什么部位让他发疯，从外表看来。她的手指在她的腹部滑动。

红发吸血鬼笑了，她原始的欲望需要交配，而彼得是她的伴侣。因此，她会得到她的。

"不是所有的吸血鬼都渴望血液，"玛丽-简说。"其他的...带来生命的液体一样能行。"

玛丽-简解开了彼得的裤子，并将它们拉下。

"你在做什么？"

彼得知道她在做什么，但他无法抑制自己不问。玛丽-简在他面前坐下，面带微笑。她几乎要揭开他，但没有。

"帮助推进进化过程。"

她靠过去，她的舌头缠绕在彼得的头上。她的服侍让彼得感到非常舒服，他没有撒谎。她的嘴和舌头沿着彼得疼痛的阳具滑动。

彼得向后倾，让她用她的嘴包住他。她的喉咙出奇地温暖，这让他阴茎伸得更长，好让他进入她的喉咙。他紧紧地抓住玛丽-简红头发的后脑勺，将他的阳具插入她的嘴里。

玛丽-简用力地吸着他的阳具。她将他全部吞入口中。她用她的嘴唇紧紧包住了他。

彼得在想他们不应该这样做，但也不完全知道为什么。玛丽-简为他做了这一切，虽然他并不完全明白为什么。玛丽-简向他走来，像一个冠军一样。他将他的手搭在玛丽-简的头的后面。

这口交继续，每个吸吮都给彼得和玛丽-简带来更多的快乐。玛丽-简
rocked her mouth to the base of his cock, pulled him slowly up, tasting his manhood with each lick. Her tongue wrapped around him, before sliding back down on the engorged length. The cycle continued anew.

"MJ, I won’t last much longer if you keep doing…"

Mary-Jane didn't even bother to let up on her deep-throating. Peter's aching rod shoved deep inside Mary-Jane's moist throat hole. She leaned back a fraction of an inch to take Peter inside her mouth.

She wanted Peter to cum inside of her. Those balls would release, to shoot loads of cum into her, where Mary-Jane would drain them completely dry.

A squeeze brought Peter even further to the edge. The aggressive fondling of his balls made Peter increasingly go closer to the edge. Only a few more thrusts, and Mary-Jane would have Peter right where she wanted him.

Mary-Jane drew Peter deeper into her mouth with a long, hungry, and passionate suck. Her lips encircled him before pulling completely away from him.

"Too much, going to….."

Peter shoved as much of his cock into Mary-Jane's mouth as he could. She didn't even complain about it, sucking Peter down all the way. His manhood spurted a rush of fluids into the back of her throat. A never ending barrage fired deep into the back of her throat.

Mary-Jane's energetic sucking continued. She pulled back from him, cleaned him off, and smiled. The next move indicated her to scoot back.

"Relax, we're going to both have some fun."

The redhead's hips swayed back and forth to an imaginary beat. She moved closer towards Peter, straddled him, and grinded up and down against him. Mary-Jane bared her fangs with a wicked smile.

Mary-Jane slipped her top off to bare a pair of round breasts. The nice, round breasts bounced out into Peter's face. They rested firmly on her chest.

"Feel those," Mary-Jane said. "Go, ahead, Tiger, feel them. Feel how soft and warm they are. Feel them like you want to feel them!"

Peter wasn't going to argue. He clutched Mary-Jane's generous chest pillows in his hand and squeezed them. Peter rested his face down on them to feel the soft warmth.

Mary-Jane bounced on his lap, guided his face into her breasts, and reared back. His mouth came close to engulfing her nipples. Mary-Jane didn't really mind, in fact her moans encouraged it.

The redhead pulled back away from Peter and swayed back and forth. She pealed the black pants off of her, exposed more of her tight ass when she bent over. Her panty clad body exposed towards him. The lacy black undergarment made Peter want to touch them.

"Touch me," Mary-Jane breathed in a sultry voice.

Her round ass bounced off of his lap a couple of times to drive home the point. Peter reached towards her and slowly pulled down her panties. He clenched her ass, squeezed it hard in his hands. Mary-Jane looked over her shoulder, biting down on her lips.
"You want me?" Mary-Jane asked. "I'm all yours, Tiger."

Mary-Jane wanted to please her mate in every way possible. He was a true Alpha, and she hoped to be the beginning of a new pack which would show his strength. Speaking of strength, he gripped her waist and pulled her towards him.

She fell back on the bed.

"It's your fault I'm being driven insane," Peter said.

"Yes, I'm so hot," Mary-Jane said. "I bet you want to fuck me all day and all night long….make me yours…..you're the only man who can do it."

Peter kissed the side of her neck, moved down slowly to capture her breasts, and started to suck those too. His mouth against the warm tips made Mary-Jane come undone. He moved closer down her body, ran a finger down her, and then kissed down her.

Mary-Jane smiled, knowing Peter could not resist her navel. He stared at it often enough. Mary-Jane guided the back of Peter's head further down her body so he could make love to her belly button with his tongue. Her body tingled when Peter got ever so closer towards her pussy.

"Right there."

The sexy vampire wrapped her warm thighs around Peter's head.

"We're going to have so much fun together, I know it. Just think, your face buried between my wet thighs, eating me out. It feels so good, doesn't it, honey?"

Peter only answered by drinking in Mary-Jane's juices. The womanly thighs wrapped around Peter. He leaned closer into her, sucking on her womanhood.

"Baby, so good," Mary-Jane breathed in. "Eat my pussy, make it feel really good. I want your mouth, oh suck my cunt. Lick it fast, lick it hard."

Peter drove his tongue into her to the spot where he knew it would drive Mary-Jane the most insane. He ate her out. The further he licked into her, the more the sultry vixen held onto the back of Peter's head.

Constant orgasms rattled the vampire vixen. She knew he would be amazing, but what Peter did defied all pleasure. Mary-Jane wrapped her legs around him, pumping him.

She wondered if this gift should be shared with some of the other girls. Liz, Gwen, maybe she could make Felicia her personal pet. Slap a lash and a collar on her and everything, although that kinky slut would get off on it.

"Please, I need you inside me."

Peter decided now he was in control to relish the moment. He licked her inner lips a few more times. Mary-Jane's moisture exploded into his mouth. He sucked her womanly juices down, drinking up every single last drop of them.

He pulled away from her and climbed on top of the vampire. Her skin burned up underneath his. Peter leaned in, captured Mary-Jane's neck, and bit her.

Mary-Jane was about ready to make a comment about how she was supposed to be the one who was
going to do the biting. Her thoughts faded when the pleasure increased. Peter leaned in to her neck and sucked the side of it. Mary-Jane leaned in and grabbed the back of his head.

Now, he moved in for the kill. Her warm thighs opened up for Peter. All he had to do was push himself into her.

"Don't hold back," Mary-Jane said.

Her durable body underneath him felt so nice. Peter wasn't going to hold back. He held onto her hips, rose up, and jammed his entire length inside of Mary-Jane's body.

Peter Parker filled up Mary-Jane so much, stretching her fully. Mary-Jane reached up and dug her black panted nails in the back of his head.

MJ sank her fangs into the side of Peter's neck when he drilled into her. It wasn't for any malicious reason, she just wanted to increase the pleasure for both of them. And since he was her mate, it wouldn't turn them.

She drew a little blood, and pulse of energy spread through Mary-Jane. Peter was surprised to see Mary-Jane flexing her vaginal walls against him. Her pussy pumped him with a force similar to his spider strength.

"Guess, that blood had some interesting side effects."

She worked him over with several tight squeezes. Peter held back and buried himself balls deep inside of Mary-Jane. The clenching of her pussy grew even better the more Peter buried himself balls deep into the sexy redhead beneath him. Mary-Jane reached up and pushed more of Peter inside of her.

"Make me feel really good," Mary-Jane begged him. "Please, don't hold back on me, don't hold back."

Peter had a bit of control, which he always thought was a good thing. Vampire or not, Mary-Jane succumbed to his tender passions and she shifted underneath him.

Mary-Jane burned with more pleasure than she could ever describe. Peter rose up and drove himself down into her. Her wet pussy closed around Peter and released him with a fluid motion. Peter held onto Mary-Jane and drove him down into her one more time. The ritual repeated every time Peter drove his throbbing hard cock inside her.

"You're making me feel whole again," Mary-Jane said.

Peter could feel her grabbing into him, almost afraid to let Peter go. Peter pushed deep into her body and leaned up down onto her. He kissed the side of the sultry redhead's neck. Mary-Jane held Peter into place and encouraged him to keep up the pace.

"So good, I'm so good, and so whole," Mary-Jane breathed.

The moisture coming through her loins made Mary-Jane feel better than great. Peter held onto her and slammed his hard rod in between her moist, waiting walls. She clenched and released Peter when he picked up the pace. He was inside her, just like she wanted it.

"Yes, you're welcome," Peter told her.

Mary-Jane pushed herself to the brink. The latest orgasm inspired her, to say the very least. She
wanted more, needed more, and wanted to go for another angle.

Her enhanced strength pulled her body away from Peter. Peter sliding out of her was almost as hard as removing a part from her body. It was all part of the plan, as far as Mary-Jane had been concerned. She flipped him over onto the bed.

"Don't worry, just relax," Mary-Jane said. "Let me make you feel really good.'

Peter relaxed already, and the warmth of Mary-Jane guided him in. Harry held her lower back and pushed Mary-Jane closer down onto him. Her moist center closed around Peter when riding down on him.

Mary-Jane bounced on the protruding member. Every time the thick fleshy organ spread her out, Mary-Jane felt blown away because of the pleasure. She encouraged Peter's hands to roam aimlessly, and boy did they ever. They touched, teased her breasts. It only lit up Mary-Jane in excitement.

Pure, unbridled warmth spread around Peter's thick manhood. Mary-Jane kept rocking her body down onto Peter. Her thighs smacked against Peter's. The redhead rose completely up and sank completely down. Her timing increased, and increased nicely.

Their limbs entangled in each other. Mary-Jane grew even more heated the more she pushed down onto Peter. Their thighs clamped together harder and harder. She could feel his balls filling up.

Despite how much Peter wanted to stay buried inside her a little bit longer, it would be borderline impossible to hold back when Mary-Jane's moist center caressed him so good. Her tight, juicy walls rubbed down on Peter, encasing his manhood deep inside her.

"Baby, you treat me so good," Mary-Jane said. "But, I think it's time for you to get your release. Go ahead..."

Mary-Jane smiled and closed her eyes.

"Face it, Tiger, I just hit the jackpot."

No sooner than those words pass out of Mary-Jane's mouth, Peter's release was pretty much at hand. The sexy vampire pumped herself down onto Peter and milked him completely.

Those balls shot their load inside of her body. Mary-Jane drew the life fluids from Peter, they replenished, but it left him in a state of bliss. She bent down and gave Peter an aggressive kiss while at the same time, pumping his rod deeper between her smoldering hot thighs.

Mary-Jane rose and fell, looking dead sexy when she finished draining Peter of his seed. The redhead temptress pulled away from Peter and turned around on the bed, situating herself in position for Peter. Her ass stuck up in the air, ready for Peter.

Despite being drained, Peter was harder than ever before. Mary-Jane's beautiful body, her legs spread and ass exposed, and Peter just had to dive into it. He grabbed her cheeks and sank into her one more time from behind.

Bliss filled the bodies of both young lovers. Peter worked over Mary-Jane.

"You're impossible, insatiable," Peter groaned.

The vampire's moist walls caressed Peter's rock hard manhood. His fingers ran over Mary-Jane's hardening nipples, and squeezed them. He pushed into her.
Mary-Jane closed her eyes. All parts of her, human and supernatural, appreciated Peter doing this with her, and driving himself into her until they both could not take no more.

"I'm going to drive into you, until you scream my name in pleasure, and keep cumming over my cock," he said. "Then, I'm going to shoot my seed in you until you're dripping full of it."

"Sounds like a plan."

The large cock shoved deeper inside Mary-Jane's warm and inviting snatch. Peter kept working over her body, touching, feeling how soft and firm she was. He could be buried balls deep inside her for a very long time.

The sex kept her docile, which hopefully made her helpful to get anything he needed for a cure. Thankfully, Mary-Jane left no shortage of bodily fluids which Peter could use to help him finish up an antidote.

Mary-Jane rocked herself back against Peter.

"PETER, OH, GOD…..SO STRETCHED!" Mary-Jane yelled.

She ripped up Peter's bedding, not caring about the consequences. Peter punished her by hammering her pussy very hard, although she doubted it was much of a punishment.

The feeling of her warm pussy wrapped around Peter made it very hard for him to concentrate. Peter continuously worked over her while also feeling every inch of Mary-Jane's deliciously sexy body.

"You keep this up, and I'll have no choice but to cum inside you."

Mary-Jane smiled and flexed her inner muscles. She brought an increased amount of pleasure around Peter. Peter held onto her and sawed away inside of her.

'Well, I really liked those sheets,' Peter thought.

Mary-Jane was like a wild animal, craving for more sex. Peter had to give it to her, his balls reached their full mass and it wouldn't be too long now before he released himself.

"Used me, any way you want to," Mary-Jane said. "Cum in me."

Peter speared into her one more time, sending the contents of his balls splashing inside of her. Peter took his hard cock into Mary-Jane and rode her out to the finish. Multiple orgasms on her end occurred before Peter finished off completely inside of her.

He pulled out of Mary-Jane and left her down on the bed. No sooner did he try and move around the head, Mary-Jane's mouth latched around his cock and sucked it back to full strength. Her eyes glowed with passion when bringing her mouth.

'No problem, just have to outlast her.'

End.
Felicia's pulse quickened, her blood pumped, and just general excitement went through her body. Tonight, she pulled off of the heist of the century, or at least the best heist anyone ever did in city for a very long time. She snatched a priceless gold statue from a very eccentric millionaire. The millionaire claimed his security was foolproof and no one could get around it.

Anyone who thought their security was foolproof was constantly and completely proven to be nothing other than a fool. Felicia picked up the pace and looked over her shoulder, just in time to see the person who pursued her. It wasn't the police, the man's security, or even an army of ninja assassins out to collect a bounty someone put on her head. Well, not this time at least.

No, Spider-Man followed Felicia and he was catching up past. No doubt he was out doing his nightly patrol when he saw Felicia had just came out with a bag over her shoulder, of a supposedly secure location.

Felicia Hardy, the Black Cat, grew more excited. Either she was going to get away with this theft or she would get caught by Spider-Man. She had a lot of fun every time Spider-Man caught up to her.

The platinum blonde moved, her spine tingling. The black mask came over her face, covering it. Her black bodysuit left little the imagination and poured into her immense amount of curves. Spider-Man closed in on her, and he got a pretty good view of her ass when closing in.

She slapped her ass before making an attempt to ditch him. Okay, it was not the most subtle way to get a man's attention. She both meant it to be a taunt and also a way to entice him at the same time. Felicia slowed down to slowly work down the zipper of her costume a little bit. She watched when Spider-Man closed on her.

'Oh, he looks so yummy tonight,' Felicia thought. 'Time for the real score.'

Felicia turned around and waited for the web slinger to come up to her. She moved back and landed against a wall. Spider-Man dropped down to the ground in front of Black Cat.

"End of the line, Cat."

"Hey, Spider, fancy meeting you out here tonight?"

The bag had been set down on the ground. Felicia bent over to pick up the bag.

Spider-Man stepped back and realized Felicia put her cleavage on display. It deserved to be on display. Peter saw a hint of her breast almost falling out of her suit, before she casually slipped it back in.

'Whoa easy there, Spider-Man...just....got to keep it calm....don't let her trick you again. You remember what happened the last time.'

Felicia put her hands down on her hips and smiled.
"He was all over the news, telling everyone how no one could break through his state of the art security system," Felicia said. "I just showed him how he had a few holes which needed to be filled."

Felicia move closer towards Peter. The beautiful criminal put her hands on the back of Peter's head and smiled before moving closer towards him.

"But, he wasn't the only one who needs a few holes which need filled," Felicia said.

"Cat, we've been through this…"

"Oh, you're mad about the time I left you hanging," Felicia said. "Literally and figuratively…..I've been a very bad girl, maybe, I deserve a spanking?"

Peter thought it was very tempting to bend Felicia over her knee and spank her ass until raw. Tempting, but he held back from his very real desire to do so. Felicia stepped closer towards him and put a hand on his crotch.

"So, tell me, Spider, do you have a Mrs. Spider-Man you go home too?" Felicia asked.

"I think that's a personal question…"

"Well, sorry, but I can get very personal," Felicia said. "The thing is, there's a lot of men out there who…can't handle all of this."

Felicia stepped back and ran her hands over her skin-tight catsuit. Peter's eyes had been drawn to her cleavage, crotch, and ass. Most men, and many women would be in a similar situation.

"I know you can. I know you can handle all of this."

She stepped closer towards them, smiling. She placed the back down on the ground. One of her hands ran down Peter's front while the other took a handful of his ass. Peter could feel her warm hands caressing him and his spider suit tightened a little bit.

"Oh, sorry, my hot body, poured in this nice tight latex suit which is like a second skin might have made you hard," Felicia said. "My beautiful face, my gorgeous hair…..my large, round breasts which are firm and very real."

"Are they?" he asked.

She unzipped her suit a little bit more and pushed one of the breasts out. She grabbed the web slinger's hand and placed it on the front of her breast. Peter squeezed it, and Felicia closed her eyes, breathing in pleasure. He rubbed her nipple a few seconds later.

"Very real," Felicia said. "But, the proof is in the pudding. And you're distracted by the way my tight suit wraps around my hips, my real curvy hips, which were made to be squeezed around her waist. My nice plump thighs, which fit a nice juicy cock."

Felicia slid down Peter's pants and exposed his erection to the spring air. The beautiful woman wrapped her fingertips about Peter's length Peter closed his eyes at the feeling of Felicia working her fingertips around him.

"My long legs, they're very nice as well, and….you can see the outline of my pussy lips. See them…..see them right here…that's where you want to be?"

Felicia ran her thumb down the crotch of her suit. Her hand held onto Peter and stroked him. The
swelling increased with Felicia bringing her grip up and down, several times. She put Peter in the palm of her hand, in more ways than one.

"It's where you want to be," Felicia said. "It's where you need to be, Spider."

Felicia dipped down a fraction of an inch and looked head long into his cock. Such a nice cock throbbed in front of her lips. Felicia knew where she wanted her mouth.

"I can suck on it, if you want," Felicia said.

"Do it," Peter said.

"Let's make a deal," Felicia said. "You give me what I want, and I'll let you take the statue back."

Peter gripped on the back of her head. Felicia opened her mouth wide and flicked her tongue against his long rod.

"I'm going to make sure you don't try anything," Peter said.

Felicia gave a "who me?" type smile. The web slinger wasn't going to buy it for a minute.

"Hands on your head."

Felicia smiled when placing her hands on the top of her head. Spider-Man made some make-shift handcuffs with webbing.

"Hope that comes out," Felicia said. "Not that I mind getting some of my goop in your hair, just not this goop."

"Dissolves in about an hour," Peter said.

"Which I hope you'll still be fucking me raw,' Felicia said.

"Just open your mouth wide."

Felicia opened her mouth and accept Peter's long throbbing cock. He grabbed onto her face and pushed himself into the back of her throat.

Finally, all of those months are teasing were over, and Peter was going to finally get the frustration. It had been a game of cat and mouse, no pun intended, and the web slinger finally got his hands on the Black Bat. And she really could suck a cock. She sucked him like a pro.

The taste of his long throbbing cock in her mouth made Felicia all light up with pleasure. Being a good sport and allowing him to web her hands to the back of her head might have backfired for her. Peter held the side of Felicia's face and rocked into her mouth.

'He's good,' Felicia thought. 'Worth the wait.'

Felicia's tongue reached as much as Peter it could. She licked Peter's length and pushed it deeper into her mouth. Felicia bent down.

"Oh you want to go deeper," Peter said. "Well, I've never been one to turn down a later."

Peter held the back of Felicia's head and pushed her down on his crotch. His rod filled the back of her throat. She backed off and came down around him.
'And they say chivalry is dead,' she thought.

Felicia inhaled Peter's throbbing member. Every moment it buried into the back of her throat, she just became more wound up. She wanted his cum and would go to lengths.

Peter marveled at her neck strength and the rate Felicia deep throated him. He held onto the back of the woman's head and plowed into her mouth. His balls sized up and were getting very close to injecting their load inside of her.

"I'm getting close, and this is all your fault," Peter said.

Felicia was pleased with the fact she was responsible for it. Those balls cradling against her chin gave Felicia a thought of what was to come. The horniness spread through her body all the way. Peter grabbed Felicia's head and slammed inside of her.

His balls released and sent a blast of cum into her waiting mouth. Peter gripped the side of Felicia's face and shot into her, injecting the back of her throat with a never ending rush of seed.

The dust settled, and Felicia stuck out her tongue for Peter. She swallowed his cum.

"Now, you're mine."

Peter undid Felicia the rest of the way and unveiled her sexy body to the world. Her nice slender neck and a body with a great deal of muscle tone was exposed. Her round breasts popped out in front of Peter and they were so gorgeous, Peter ran his hands down them and squeezed them. He grabbed and released them several times.

"Don't tease me…"

"Oh, that's really rich coming from you."

He sampled the delights of Felicia's warm and bountiful chest. He took a nipple into his mouth and kissed it.

Felicia could not believe, she had almost outsmarted herself. He managed to have her in a compromising position, where Felicia couldn't escape even if her life depended on it.

One of Peter's hands along with his mouth sucked Felicia's nipple, making it harder. He worked the bottom of the cat suit down over her slender hips. Just as Peter expected, she didn't wear a single article of underwear underneath her cat suit, which made things a bit more enticing.

Peter slowly rubbed Felicia's moist lips and smiled. He shifted a finger inside Felicia and pumped deeper into her body. Felicia gasped when he moved down, going between her thighs.

"I bet you want me here, don't you?"

Peter pumped inside of her. She gripped Peter hard. His finger had been ensnared in her womanhood, it was almost like she would lose it if Peter slid out of her.

"I want you wherever you'd take me, Spider," Felicia panted. "Don't hold back on me, never hold back on me."

Peter slipped a second finger inside her and a third followed. He pushed deep into Felicia and
manipulated the centers of her walls.

Felicia's eyes rolled back and she didn't even bother to disguise the moans of pleasure. No man ever made her feel this good. A few women came close. Felicia wasn't sure what point she made, other than Peter fingering her to a constant state of orgasm.

"Stand up."

Peter released Felicia. Felicia stood to her feet on shaky legs and turned around to face the wall. Her pump ass stuck out. Peter gripped one of his hands on her ass.

It was almost too easy. Peter never thought a situation like this would happen. Yet, he had the Black Cat pressed against the wall. His cock pushed against her lower back and came dangerously close to come down.

"Tell me what you want."

Felicia breathed heavily when she could feel her lover's cock against her entrance. It tapped on the door, but pulled away before it slipped inside.

"You know what I want."

Peter leaned in and nibbled on Felicia's neck. He slowly made his way up closer towards her and kissed the side of her ear.

"Maybe, but I want to hear it. Sexily as only the Black Cat can say it. Go ahead, say it, tell me what you want."

Slowly, Peter tormented every inch of her body. Every one of those glorious curves molded into Peter's hands, so much he could see her panting, sounding more like a dog, amusedly enough. Peter reached up and caressed her breasts, slowing working his way down.

The point of this throbbing long cock pushed against Felicia's lower back. She rose up, eyes closed shut in pleasure. Peter's hands caressed her womanhood a little bit.

"I want you to fuck me," Felicia whispered.

"Louder," Peter said.

He got off on tormenting her much more than he would have thought before. Her wet thighs rubbed against Peter's extended cock and it came an inch. He moved his hands all over her bod. It was obvious how much she wanted this, she wanted it so much, Peter thought Felicia would lose her mind.

"I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME!" Felicia screamed. "I want you to take your long, throbbing cock, and batter my tight pussy until I can't take any more. I want you to push me against the wall, and batter my slutty cunt until I can take no more, and I want you to fill me completely up."

Peter's strong hands clamped Felicia's ass, and spread her apart. The tip of his cock edged ever so close to Felicia's wet womanhood. Her wet lips ground against him, with Peter slipping his lengthy rod inside her tightening womanhood. The feeling of his cock being surrounded by such a wonderful sheath of warm female flesh made Peter throb even more. He slid a little bit back and shoved deeper into her.

Pleasure shot through Felicia's body and had been centered all the way down through her loins. He
leaned in, twisting Felicia's nipple. He stuck it between his fingers. And rocked her against the wall.

"More, deeper, more, please, more!" Felicia yelled.

Peter held onto her, squeezing her delicious body in his hands. The way her curves molded in his hands made him just want to fuck her even harder.

"I bet when you give me the slip, you return to your lair, and get off," Peter said.

It wasn't a lair as much as a penthouse, but Felicia would be lying if she said she didn't return to home to masturbate raw to the thought of Spider-Man catching up on her and treating her as his personal sex slave. The very thought made her cunt gush.

"And now, I have you, and I'm not going to let you go," Peter said. "And you're going to be coming back for more, aren't you? You've been teasing me for months, and now I finally have you."

"Teasing makes things more fun," Felicia breathed.

Peter pulled out of her and denied her an orgasm. He turned the blonde beauty around. Her tits smashed against his muscular chest when pushing her against the rod. The length of his cock tickled her wet lips. The pure warmth came a few inches away from sucking Peter inside of her cavern.

"Don't hold back," Felicia said.

"Don't worry, I won't," Peter said.

He grabbed the hips of the goddess who begged for him, craved him. If this little encounter didn't give anyone a boot of confidence, Peter didn't know what would. He pushed his cock in between her waiting pussy lips. Felicia rolled closer towards her, her wet lips kissing his lengthy cop.

The two of them joined together one more time. Felicia's soft legs wrapped around Peter's body, with the two of them working back and forth against each other. He just had to play with those soft legs, even more so when they caused Felicia to grow wild.

"Baby, you're the best," Felicia said. "You make me feel so good....."

Peter held onto her and plowed into her body. Her breasts bounced with every thrust. Peter told them in hand, squeezed them together, and buried his face. Peter attacked Felicia's juicy nipples with his mouth. His tongue turned around, twisting closer.

The webbing on the back of her hands gave way, which showed how long they had been at this with each other. The Black Cat slowly, casually slipped her now free hands down, Felicia grabbed the back of his head.

The eager sucking and worshipping of her breasts increased. Spider-Man closed his eyes, and sucked her. Spider-Man sucked the tits of the Black Cat and it felt fucking amazing to her. Felicia tapped a gusher with his warm, powerful mouth working her over.

"Yes, oh baby, hit right a spot....."

Peter buried his face between Felicia's tits while another part buried inside of her tight cunt. The woman's walls closed and released him. Every time those balls hit her, he wanted to lose it, but he couldn't, not just yet. He held on to slam inside of Felicia's warm, willing depths.

"You're amazing....." Felicia said. "Simply amazing, I can't even.....mmmm, it's so good."
Felicia pushed her lovers face deeper between her chest pillows. She released him enough to get some air, not wanting him to smother to death.

'What a way to go.'

The web slinger increased his burst of adrenaline, pushing deeper inside of the Black Cat's amazingly tight pussy. She fit nicely around his manhood. She squeezed his hips and encouraged him to go in.

"I wonder how much you can last," Felicia said. "There's no place like home, and there's no place like home, than a nice, warm, tight, pussy."

Felicia pumped her lover's rod. He looked up in a daze. The webbing around her hands dissolved, which showed Peter how long they went at it. Perhaps he should have realized so. He had been a tad bit of reoccupied, with everything. Tits, ass, legs, everything. Her plump lips which now kissed his and sucked sexily on his lower lip.

"You want to cum, Spider?"

The hot blonde temptress flexed her inner thigh muscles around Peter. She gave his love muscle an intense workout. Peter tried to regain some level of control and pounded her pussy harder.

This type of pleasure, the hard pounding, it was exactly what Felicia craved. Her warm body sized up, and sent a cascading amount of cum down Peter's invading rod. He held onto her tightly, and planted himself deep inside her.

"I know you want to cum so badly," Felicia said. "I've cum so many times, it would be unfair if you had been denied the pleasure of shooting your seed into me, spurting it inside me until I can't take any more."

Felicia clamped her core down on Peter and milked his incoming rod for everything it was worth. Peter held onto her hips and slowly worked his way between her gorgeous thighs.

"This kitty's going to get a lot of milk," Felicia said. "And who knows, maybe someday, you can get a lot of milk from this kitty."

The long throbbing length jammed into Felicia. She felt him buried inside her womb. While, she had been on the pill, just in case, taunting him with the possibility made her hot. Felicia wrapped her legs around her sexy love, making him go into her.

"It will be your own fault if it happens," Peter said. "Maybe I should….."

"No," Felicia said.

A small voice in the back of Peter's head told him he could pull out. The lust spreading through her loins increased the deeper Peter buried himself into the Black Cat's moist body, feeling her pussy clamp down onto him.

Felicia rolled her head back, realizing she was going to be feeling this one all the way home. Good though, her pussy deserved a good, hard pounding, all the way to the end.

The two connected with each other. Peter buried himself inside her warm, inviting pussy numerous times. She worked his love muscle all the way.

Peter's balls twitched and released the seed into her body. The flood of cum rushed into Felicia's
body. She held them tightly against each other, making sure Peter pushed inside of her.

The two of them connected with each other. The loins of Spider-Man and the Black Cat connected with each other, a huge amount of cum spilled into her.

The two of them pulled away from each other. Felicia picked up her cat suit and slipped it back on, cum dripping to the ground when she did. She looked at her lover, who was slipping his tights back on.

The bag had been left on the rooftop, as their agreement. Felicia limped off to the edge of the roof, blew her lover a kiss, and jumped elsewhere.

Peter decided it would be best to discreetly drop this off where the police could find it, before heading on home. What a night tonight had been.

End.
Angelica Jones waited in the staff room of the Emma Frost Academy to meet up with an old friend, who just gave a lecture to the students. The twenty-two-year-old former student, now current student teacher, leaned back against the wall. She dressed in a button up red blouse which covered her ample breasts, a nice skirt which fit around her hips, and with the slightest shift, she could see her lacy red panties. She topped off the outfit with a pair of stockings. Angelica put her hair up, so her face could be on display.

The door opened, and Angelica turned to Peter Parker. He looked delicious, Angelica wasn't going to lie. She teamed up with him several years ago, and she always had a thing for him, but really didn't make a move on him.

"Peter, hey," Angelica said. "It's really good to see you ago."

Angelica threw her arms around Peter's waist and pulled him into a hug. Peter wrapped his arms around Angelica's waist and pulled her in closer.

The feeling of her warm body pushing against Peter's body made him smile. Peter realized his hand slipped to the small of Angelica's back, and he slowly slipped away from her.

"It's good to see you as well," Peter said. "So, you got a spot at the Frost Academy? You must have impressed Emma, and she's very hard to impress."

"Well, you must have impressed her enough to invite you to give a lecture," Angelica said. "So, what did you do?"

"Emma's a rather savvy woman, and she made it worth my while," Peter said. "So, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing well, thank you," Angelica said. "It's been a long time since we've had a chance to get together, and you're…well, you're looking good, have you been working out?"

Angelica leaned to Peter and placed a hand on his bicep, giving it a nice squeeze. Peter turned his attention towards Angelica a few seconds later.

"A little bit, I have to keep in good shape," Peter said. "I'm running all over the city, fighting…last week, I had to take on the Juggernaut."

Angelica cringed, oh boy, she never wanted to deal with the Juggernaut.

"And you beat him?" Angelica asked.

"Well, I'm not sure if I beat him, as much as outlasted him, at least long enough for the X-Men to show up, and Jean to shut down his mind," Peter said. "And he's currently in a government cell, which hopefully he would stay there."

"Yeah," Angelica said. "I'm glad to see you again…and….I hope you're not mad at me. There's something I wanted to do a long time ago, and since you're here…"
'Do it,' a voice said in Angelica's head.

It sounded like her, but it was a lot bolder than she did. Angelica finally leaned closer towards Peter and took his face in her hands. The young woman leaned closer towards Peter and kissed him on the lips completely.

Peter had been surprised by the kiss. He grabbed the back of Angelica's head and returned the kiss with as much fire in response. He reached behind the woman and kissed her. The two of them exchanged some tongue action, before the two of them moved away from each other.

"Wow, I didn't have any idea....."

"Really?" Angelica asked. "You really didn't notice? All of the times I flirted with you?"

Angelica leaned closer towards Peter, and slowly undid the buttons of his shirt before pushing him back. The redhead slowly rubbed her fingers down Peter's chest and started to stroke his abdomen. She undid Peter's pants and pulled them down.

Peter closed his eyes, with Angelica squeezed his manhood. She could feel it growing on the inside of his boxer shorts. The redhead's tongue delved into his mouth, and started to kiss the side of Peter's neck. She moved down and kissed down his body.

The web slinger ended up on the couch, and Angelica had Peter's long cock out. It throbbed in her hands.

"Angelica," Peter groaned.

Angelica slowly swirled her tongue around the throbbing head from her. She leaned closer towards Peter and maneuvered the throbbing head closer to the edge of her mouth. Angelica ran her hands up and down Peter, and slowly made him grow.

One swift motion resulted in Peter entering the hot mouth of the beauty above his cock. She grabbed the edge of his thighs and slowly brought her mouth down onto him. Angelica leaned further down and engulfed Peter's cock, before releasing it, in one fluid motion. She sucked and released Peter, bobbing her head up and down.

Peter held onto the back of Angelica's head and the warmth surrounding him made him feel really good. He could hardly hold back. Every time she moved down on him, Peter wanted to take the back of her tight throat even more.

Angelica cupped Peter's balls to feel the heavy load in them. She rubbed the balls, fondling them with great skill. Angelica came down onto Peter.

"You keep that up, and I don't know how long I can hold out."

Angelica just pulled back long enough to grip, dove forward, and sucked Peter's throbbing length within her manhood. She needed more of him, needed the seed flowing freely down her throat.

Peter held onto the back of Angelica's head. Her mouth was a nice home for his throbbing manhood. Peter closed his eyes, feeling the warmth wrapping constantly around his cock. She pushed in and released Peter with a fluid motion. Peter grabbed Angelica's head and slammed more of his length down her throat.

The spewing of cum followed to give Peter the release he craved. The warm sticky juices shot down Angelica's throat. Peter pushed his rod down her throat and caused the cum to flow down Angelica's
throat. Angelica tilted back and sucked his manhood deeper down her throat.

Angelica took his cum down her throat like a pro, and climbed up to a standing position. She flashed Peter a sultry little smile, and in response, Peter lifted her up and threw her down on the couch.

Peter now wanted her, she was so hot, in more ways than one. Angelica's blouse buttons came undone, and Peter saw the lacy red bra revealed to him. Her gorgeous breasts were more than a handful for Peter to take, and he took them in hand, slowly squeezing them.

Angelica rolled her eyes back with a soft moan. Peter kept squeezing away at her breasts. She moved back and unclipped her bra to give him more access to those soft mounds. Peter did as she thought he might, burying his face between her gorgeous orbs.

"Yes, yes, oh god, Peter, right there!"

Peter kissed down Angelica's body, slowly licking her sweaty belly button all the way down to the edge of her panties. He put his fingers down at the edge of her lacy panties and pulled them off. The womanhood exposed, with a strip of red-hair. Peter continued to lavish every inch of the body of the beautiful woman.

The mutant's nipples grew harder the more Peter pleasured her all the way down. His tongue reached closer towards her womanhood. Angelica spread her thighs for Peter, inviting him to go down between them. Peter wasn't going to deny Angelica any kind of pleasure.

Angelica rolled her hips back, and closed her eyes. A soft moan escaped from the back of her throat. Another moan and Peter went down on her all the way. He pleasured her pussy and got it all nice and wet.

The delicious taste coming from Angelica's body made Peter rock hard. He rewarded her with one more orgasm.

"Tell, me, did you dream want this for years?"

The mutant gasped in pleasure. Peter climbed on top of Angelica and held her hips. He slowly ran his hands down her legs. Angelica lifted herself off of the bed. Peter brushed his head against the side of her pussy walls. She wanted this bad, his hands were everywhere, and caused her a fit of pleasure. She needed Peter's cock inside of her in the worst way.

"You're going to torment me, aren't you?"

Peter smiled and leaned down. He captured one of those nipples in his mouth and gave them a hungry little suck. Angelica rose up off of the bed, accepting Peter's talented mouth wrapped around them. He alternated between nipples.

Then, when Angelica had been put in a heightened state of arousal, Peter slowly spread her thighs. Her pussy invited him inside, and Peter would be rude not to accept. He pushed his manhood inside of her tight body.

Angelica's dreams came true all at once. Peter filled her up so much. She cooed in delight the second Peter entered her body. Angelica rose her hips off of the bed to take Peter deep inside of her womanly depths. She rose almost all the way up off of the bed, and pulled Peter deeper inside of her.

"You're amazing," Angelica said. "You're really amazing."

"And really, I thought I was spectacular."
Angelica forgave the quip form Peter due to pleasure cascading through her body. The pleasure inhaled her loins. Peter rose up and pushed himself down into Angelica. The feeling of his cock made her walls drip with pleasure. All she could do was push him deep inside of her.

Peter slid into her with ease. Her pussy formed a hot, tight seal around him. Every time Peter rose up out of her, his balls slapped down onto her. Angelica scissored a leg around Peter's back and encouraged him to keep going. Those soft, delicious moans made Peter feel really good.

"We're getting closer, aren't we?" Peter asked. "Don't hold back."

Angelica didn't hold back. Her pleasure hit the wall instantly. Peter pushed deep inside, with those balls slapping her tight pussy on the way. They filled with so much seed for her.

Peter worshipped her body, starting on the side of her neck, and moving towards her breast. He pumped inside of Angelica's tight vice of a center even deeper. Angelica rose up off of the bed, legs wrapped around Peter. His fingers danced all over her legs.

Angelica could feel Peter sticking to her when pumping inside of her. His hands gripped her breasts about as tightly as they would grip a wall. It sent pleasurable blasts of pleasure through her body. Peter leaned closer towards her and bit the side of her neck to send a never ending flow of pleasure through her body. Angelica grabbed Peter's back and worked herself around his tool.

"You don't....you make me feel so good," Angelica said.

"I'm glad," Peter said. "Just keep going, you're almost there"

Peter dragged Angelica over the edge with the latest and greatest orgasm ever. He rode out the orgasm and guided Angelica to the next one. His fingers kept caressing her legs, so amazing, so soft, he had to feel them up. The fact feeling them up left Angelica panting, and scratching at his back, wanting more, increased his desire.

"Yes, give me more."

One large breast pushed into Peter's mouth and he sucked on it. Angelica's eyes glazed over when he sucked from her nipple. The increased worshipping brought more pleasure through Angelica's body.

Peter sped up his thrusts to lead Angelica all the way to the next orgasm. Her body lifted off of the bed, and shoved more of Peter inside of her. Peter took a nipple and sucked it hard. Angelica lifted herself halfway off of the bed, and wanted more.

Constant, never-ending orgasms flooded through Angelica. Peter pushed himself deep inside of her. Her thighs clenched around him when she had been released.

Angelica's dreams all came true in one night. She was glad something gave her a nudge of encouragement. Peter worked himself into her body and made all of her pleasure points. Her body rose up off of the bed and took him.

"How does this make you feel?"

Peter attacked a spot behind her ear and the side of the neck. Some whim caused Peter to attack these spots. He pushed up and down into her, sucking on her neck.

"You're going to make me lose it!" Angelica yelled.

Peter thought it was the idea to make her lose it. The beautiful redhead beneath him started to gush.
Her walls clamped down onto him. He picked up the pace, and worked inside of her.

"Yes, I think it's the idea, if I made you lose it."

Angelica's intense feelings reached a fever pitch the second Peter came down into her. Their loins met together with a fiery meeting. He worked inside her with a never ending temper.

The warmth of her willing walls rubbed against Peter. She lifted off of the couch and gave Peter access to her firm ass. He squeezed it hard. Angelica worked her walls around Peter's massive tool rod.

The moments ticked up, and Angelica lost count of the number of orgasms she experienced. Which, she considered a good thing, because if you could keep track, she wasn't getting fooled harder enough.

"You want to come again," Peter said.

"Do you?" Angelica asked.

"Are you getting tired?" Peter asked.

Angelica shook her head furiously, and with a renewed vigor worked over Peter's love organ with her inner walls. She felt him inside her body, buried to the absolute depths. Angelica wanted him deeper inside of her, all the way inside her.

Peter smiled, he managed to show how much stamina he had. His balls reached mass, but he wanted to ride this sweet, warm, pussy for all of its worth. Angelica wasn't the only one who had their share of fantasy during their team up days. The wet womanhood slid around Peter's mighty rode when he rose almost all the way up and slammed all the way down on her.

"I can see you still want more," Peter said. "Your wet enough to flood a desert."

Angelica took his comments as a compliment. Her body heated up in more ways than one. The sexy mutant wrapped her body around Peter, and pulled him into her tighter. They joined each other in a rather excellent dance of pleasure.

Peter thought his durability was a good thing in these cases. It did give a more pleasurable experience when driving his cock inside of the pussy of the beautiful redhead. Most would have broken by now. Peter would continue the dance. He grabbed her by the hips and slowly elevated her off of the couch. His hands gripped her and descended back on the couch.

Angelica didn't know what Peter was doing with her, only it felt so good, and she was so wet because of it. Her hands gripped any part of body it could. She got a hold of Peter's firm ass. The young man pushed deeper inside of her womanhood, which stretched around him.

Her heart beat faster, with Peter's hard thrusting inside of her. He reached the edge, big balls pushing against the edge of her entrance.

"Cum, please, I'm dying without your seeds."

'Never patient,' the voice in Angelica's head said.

Suddenly, something tripped all of her pleasure centers at once. Angelica's womanhood gushed the second Peter buried himself inside of her. Angelica leaned up, her body tripping over with so much pleasure she could barely even hold onto him. Peter made her feel good, better than good.
Peter slid into her gushing core, with a few more thrusts. Angelica held onto him, moaning in his ear. She made it beyond impossible to hold on, for too much longer. Peter held himself back and then shoved himself into her depths one more time.

The final orgasm Peter rode out made his cock throb. His balls tightened, and released a hell of load inside of Angelica's body.

Angelica closed her eyes, thanking whatever force compelled her for the pleasure. The never ending flood of cum fired into her body. Angelica rose up off of the bed and took Peter inside of her.

Peter unloaded inside of her body. The warmth of her walls clamped down and released him in a very fluid and never ending motion. Peter pulled back, and took in a deep breath.

Angelica smiled, pulling Peter close to her. The two snuggled together on the office couch for a moment.

"Thank God I finally summoned up the nerve," Angelica said.

'Oh, don't be thanking him, thank the White Queen,' Emma's telepathically stated to her protégé.

Emma Frost had done her one selfless deed for the year in hooking those two up. Now it was back to business as usual.

End.
Peter Parker prepared himself for a long, relaxing night, and a rare night of downtime. One really had to enjoy these moments of downtime whenever he could, especially when this particular person was everyone's favorite neighborhood web slinger, the spectacular, the amazing, the one and only Spider-Man. He had the entire run in the place, with Aunt May out shopping with Anna Watson.

He thought about a couple of things he might do in the night. However, any plans this night were thrown completely out the window. He moved over, and opened the door open to see Liz Allan standing on the door. The beautiful, Latina cheerleader stood on the doorstep, dressed in a black button up top and a nice skirt which came down to just a little bit beneath her knees. She wore a pair of stockings which drew Peter's attention towards her legs.

"Hey, Petey!" Liz cheered. "I'm so happy to see you, and I can't thank you enough."

"Right, you took the test today, and how did they go….." 

"Great, thanks to you," Liz said. "I've done better than I ever have in class, thanks to your tutoring. I mean, at first, I didn't think it was a good idea, but it's….it was a very good idea."

Liz threw herself Peter's neck and gave him a warm hug. Peter felt her sexy body press against him, and he just had to return the hug.

"It wasn't a problem," Peter responded.

"Oh, I'm sure it wasn't a problem for someone brilliant like you," Liz said. "But…..I guess I've always had a little bit of trouble focusing on school. Guess I'm not as smart as you, or Gwen…." 

Peter shook his head and looked towards her.

"You're pretty smart, don't sell yourself short," Peter told her. "You just need to find a way to focus, and have things explained to you a bit better."

"Yeah, I guess, and you're just the guy to do it," Liz said. "You're amazing, I can't even thank you enough."

Liz realized she had her arms wrapped around Peter's body. She never realized how firm he was, and it made her smile. Liz pulled him away.

"Are you going to invite me in?" Liz asked.

"You want to come in, to my house?" Peter asked. "You, Liz Allan, want to come in my house, Peter Parker…the resident nerd of Midtown high?"

"Yes, I do," Liz said. "I'll be honest, tonight's been pretty boring….one of those down nights, and I hope to spice it up…besides just because you're a nerd, it doesn't mean you don't have any redeeming qualities."

Peter gave her a raised eyebrow at the way she said it.
"Oh, I didn't mean it like that," Liz said. "It's just, nerds can be pretty sexy sometimes."

A few seconds passed when Peter didn't really know what to say about this. He led Liz inside the living room. She looked around and smiled.

"Pretty much place you have here," Liz said.

"It's just me and Aunt May, so it's nothing too extraordinary," Peter responded. "After Uncle Ben…..."

"Oh right, I….sorry about that," Liz said, frowning. "I think we forget sometimes you lost him, what, about six months ago now?"

"Yes," Peter responded.

Liz couldn't imagine how it was like. Peter stood strong, stronger than she might have been, had she lost a loved one. Peter moved over to the fridge, to get them a soda. Liz took it, frowning when she looked at it.

"I can get you something else, if you don't like it," Peter said.

"No, it's fine," Liz said. "I'm just thinking how weird it is, I'm here, with you, having a drink."

"Yeah, I think you would be out with Flash and his friends, or something…you know with the popular social crowd……"

Liz frowned when looking towards Peter. Peter wondered if he said something wrong.

"Liz, is there something wrong?"

"No, nothing you did wrong," Liz said. "Flash and I…well we called it off. We just wanted different things in life…and I guess it was better we just parted ways right now, while we were still mostly friends. It's not…well…we're over…and I'm ready to move on with my life."

"You two have been together forever, and it was just over like that," Peter said.

"Guess, I grew up, and Flash…well he still has some growing to do," Liz said, with a shrug. "Anyway, I think I can move on…maybe trade on for something better. The field's wide open, but….I have to be careful."

Liz smiled and shook her head in response. She moved closer towards Peter, looking in his hand. She balanced the soda in one hand and also slipped the other hand subconsciously on his lap. She smiled.

"I really do want to thank you for helping me out," Liz said. "I'm now going to pass my classes, and I might graduate high school, do something with my life. Also, my mother won't cut off my credit cards like she threatened, if I didn't do well in school."

Peter almost inhaled a nostril full of soda at the way she said that casual statement.

To be honest, Liz was glad Peter helped her out. She might have went the way of her brother, who had gambling debts, and also several other petty crimes. He dropped out of high school before his junior year, and it had just been one misfortune after the other for him.

"I really can't thank you enough," Liz said. "I really need to thank you….."
"There's no need to thank me, I'm just doing what any decent guy would have done."

"Oh, there aren't too many decent guys out there these days, some…but most are too soft," Liz said. "It's hard to find the happy medium these days. But, I think there's a need, I think there's a need."

Liz put her hand on Peter's bulge and started to feel it. Peter looked at her.

"Just let me thank you, Petey," Liz said in a breathy voice. "Let me thank you nice and hard."

She moved over onto Peter's lap. Peter never thought this could happen. Even though his confidence spiked thanks to a close encounter with a spider, having a cheerleader, the head cheerleader, straddle his lap in the middle of his living room, was something entirely new.

Liz leaned closer towards Peter and kissed her on the lips. She gripped the back of Peter's head and kissed deeper into his mouth. She attacked him, returning the kiss with hunger. Peter's hand roamed, Liz encouraged further roaming, so Peter roamed further. He cupped her from behind. Liz rocked her hips up and down about Peter's crotch.

The two pulled away, and Liz slowly undid Peter's shirt, running her nail down his chest. She leaned in closer and started to kiss the side of his neck, before moving down his chest.

"I want your cock."

Peter swelled at these words, from such a beautiful, attractive, and a girl he thought was out of his range. Liz dropped down onto the ground and pulled Peter's pants down. The beauty studied his cock.

Liz wrapped her mouth around Peter's throbbing head, sucking him. She used her hand to stroke the base of his cock. Down to the base and then she pumped the length. She eased more of his manhood into her mouth. Liz rocked her head back and force on them.

The young man closed his eyes, and could feel Liz's mouth down onto him. Liz released him with a smile. She kissed a couple of times around the head of his cock, and flicked her tongue down onto his cock head.

"First, I'm going to suck your cock," Liz said. "And then, I'm going to ride you all night long, baby."

Liz wanted this so bad, she could taste it. He tasted so good and the scent made her wonderful. Peter held his hands on the back of Liz's head and guided her mouth further down onto the base. Liz pushed her mouth around him.

"Damn, Liz, you're so great," Peter said.

Peter held on the back of Liz's head and pumped deeper into her throat. The two of them connected with each other. Peter's manhood pushed deep inside of Liz's warm, willing mouth. Her throat clenched and released him a few times. She gagged for a moment, and decided to take a more manageable length of his cock.

She stroked Peter's balls, wanting his load so badly, fired into her throat. Liz swirled her tongue around the length and brought it down to the base. She sucked him hard, and released Peter. A few more sucks before Liz kept bringing the manhood deep inside of her mouth.

"Yes, oh, Liz, yes," Peter breathed, holding onto the back of her head.

Peter pumped his manhood into her warm and wet mouth. Liz released his cock.
"You've made me so hot, Petey," Liz said. "I need your cock inside me, right now."

Liz slowly unbuttoned her blouse and showed her bra clad breasts at Peter. Peter saw her dark breasts revealed, with a pair of nipples. He extended a hand and squeezed Liz's breast.

"Touch them, baby," Liz breathed. "They're yours, they all belong to you."

Peter kept working his fingers against her stiff nipples, pushing it between his fingers. Liz pulled her skirt back, and dropped it to the ground.

"Leave the stockings," Peter said. "They make your legs look great."

"Thank you," Liz responded. She leaned closer towards Peter and slipped her panties down. "Is this your first time?"

"Yes," Peter said.

"Mine, too," Liz said. "Although it wasn't for any lack of trying…"

Liz decided to leave her words hanging. She moved closer towards Peter's extended cock. Her warm lips pushed down against him. She took his cock closer to her slit which dripped, it dripped ever since she sucked Peter off.

"Easy," Peter said.

"Good thing I'm flexible," Liz joked.

Liz pushed her womanhood down around the objection of her lust. A cock entered her body the first time. Her hymen already broke thanks to her activities, but she was still extremely tight, and Peter was bigger, and thick.

'Guess they're right, nerds do it better.'

She pushed her womanhood down onto him.

"Damn, Liz, I like your pussy, it feels so tight," Peter said.

"It's the first one you ever had," Liz said.

"True, but…"

Liz pushed her womanhood down onto Peter's throbbing cock. She pushed her hands onto Peter and rose almost up off of his hips and then slid all the way down onto him. Liz's legs wrapped around Peter's waist.

"Touch them, you like my legs so much."

Peter thought Liz's legs were amazing, smooth, and ready to touch. He had been watching them when she walked around in her cheerleader skirt, and they looked beautiful. He now hand his hands all over him, with Liz using her inner muscles to work him over.

Liz bent back to slide her cunt all the way down onto Peter. Her legs scissored around him. Peter bottomed his way out inside Liz's side.

"Peter, this is great," Liz breathed. "It's so good…I think I'm going to cum."
Peter ran his hands over her beautiful legs. Liz breathed heavily. Her ample chest rose and fell. Peter leaned in and buried his face to her chest.

"My nipples, they're really sensitive."

Peter thought this was handy information to have. His mouth wrapped around the nipple, sucking them hard. Liz brought the point of her hips down onto him, quickly bouncing up and down onto him.

Sexual bliss spread through Liz’s body. Peter cupped the underside of her breast when he sucked. His fingers started to rub down Liz's stocking clad leg. He pushed the leg around Peter's lower back and shoved more of him inside of her. Liz breathed heavily and released Peter with a few more pumps. She was still feeling good, amazing, beyond amazing in fact.

"Peter, baby, it's so good!" Liz yelled. "You're making me cum so much!"

Liz’s gushing pushing ensnared Peter. Peter held onto her hips and allowed them to sink down onto him. Liz clenched and released him with a couple more pumps. Liz slid almost all the way down onto him, and then released him several more times.

A clear amount of cum lubricated his cock, and opened the way for Peter to bury himself further inside of her. Liz closed her eyes, grabbing onto him. Peter heard the sounds of pleasure coming through them.

The cheerleader impaled herself down onto the throbbing cock a couple more times. Her womanhood clenched Peter as hard as possible and released him. She did it several more times, wrapping around Peter, and then releasing him. Her womanhood slapped against Peter's hard balls.

'They're so full, I can't wait to have them inside m.'

Peter attacked her breasts with a feverish fury. Liz extended herself back, bending so Peter could have the full access of her breasts. He clutched Liz's ass and then ran down her legs.

"Damn," Liz breathed.

"You like that?" Peter asked.

"Yes, keep doing it," Liz said.

He gripped her breast and released them to send waves of pleasure through Liz's body. He licked around her nipples and more clear juices dribbled on her. Peter extended his manhood up to bury into the depths of Liz, and her depths were very warm and very nice. She came down around his body.

"Yes, keep doing it," Liz encouraged him. "You're making me cum, so hard…..it feels so good."

Every time a burst of pleasure cascaded through her body, Liz felt good. Her thighs turned pretty sore and her insides were stretched out every time from Peter.

"You want a break, you want me to take over?"

Liz slid away from Peter. The moment her pussy left his cock, it felt really empty. Liz doubted she would feel the same again, without having it inside of her.

She crawled over onto the crouch, on her hands and knees. Her tight ass and dripping pussy showed, ready for the taking for Peter.
The nerd entered the cheerleader swift and fast. He worked inside of her tight pussy which was so very well. Liz's warmth took him deep inside of her. Every time Peter pushed into her, her body clamped down onto him. Peter held onto Liz's hips and slammed into her.

"Baby, it's so good," Liz breathed. "Baby, I want more, please, baby."

Peter held onto her hips and hammered inside her tight body one more time. Liz was mewling hotly, craving his cock. It just made him throb even more.

Every time he entered her, pleasure increased through Liz. Peter leaned closer and grabbed Liz's nice breasts, squeezing them. His hands ran up towards Liz's body and grabbed her hips. He spanked her tight ass and slammed into her.

"I like that, I really like that," Liz said. "Take charge of me, Petey!"

Peter smiled, his confidence increased the second a sexy cheerleader, one of the popular students, started screaming about how much she wanted his cock.

"You're addicted to me, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," Liz said. "I'm really good....I want your cock....we need more tutoring sessions....and then...you can reward me for doing good in them, and I can...thank you!"

Liz's hot body was drilled away with Peter. Peter grabbed onto the side of her hips and rode her into submission. His cock throbbed and swelled inside of her body.

"Do you want me to....."

"No," Liz said. "It's safe, don't worry."

Peter trusted she was smart enough to prepare for this, because it was obvious she came here, intentionally wanting to have sex with him. So, she prepared to deal with all of the consequences. Peter held his hands on Liz's hips. He pulled halfway away from her and then spiked inside of her.

"Here it comes."

More pleasure cascaded through Liz when Peter slammed into her. He rode her pussy as much as possible. Liz buried her face into the pillow on the couch, screaming into it.

Liz never thought she would feel this much pleasure again. His throbbing hard cock entered her warm body, and had been released from her. Peter pumped his way inside of her tight body, being rammed into her deeper and faster.

"Please, I need it," Liz said. "My body can't take it anymore, it needs your cum!"

Peter's cock twitched at the cheerleader's words. He was about to burying a load of cum inside of Liz Allan of all people. No one would believe this happened, hell he didn't believe it happened. Peter gripped the side of her hips and worked his manhood into her.

His balls clenched and released, firing a nice load inside of Liz's body. His balls discharged several long ropes of cum inside of her body. Peter held onto Liz and unloaded inside of her body.

Peter pulled away from her, and Liz smiled, her pussy filled with so much cum. Liz rolled over, and rubbed her pussy, it was still tender. She sat up on the couch, wrapped her arms around Peter's neck and kissed him on the cheek.
"That was great, you really taught me something again tonight," Liz said. "So….my parents are gone tomorrow night. How about you come to my house for a little bit more…tutoring?"

Peter had been surprised she had invited him over and this was going to be a regular event.

"If you want to, and if you're not busy, if you can't make it, I understand," Liz said.

"I'll check my calendar, and let you know," Peter said. "But, I think we can work something out."

"Great, I can show you around," Liz said.

'And you can fuck me in every room of my house,' Liz thought, with a wicked grin.

She realized Peter's cock wasn't completely deflated, and she looked over her shoulder.

"So, Petey, is your Aunt coming back any time soon?"

End.
Ava pushed herself to the limits. If you weren't sweating, you weren't working. She reared back and hammered away at a bag with a series of punches. Her hair, which she clipped back, threatened to come undone when walking. Ava reared back and nailed the side of the bag with a series of rapid fire punches. She pulled back and hammered the edge of the bag, before stepping back. She reared back and nailed it with a huge roundhouse kick which rocked the bag from its position.

"Still, in there?"

Peter wasn't the only one to call it a day, although he did leave to get a drink of water. Ava smiled, catching a glimpse of him in a tank top. She dressed in a tank top of her own and a pair of tight spandex shorts.

"I have to push myself to the limit."

"As long as you don't push yourself into heat exhaustion."

Ava let this particular comment slide. She worked over and did a series of exercises. She could feel the burn and the muscles. Peter moved off to do his own thing. It had been a quiet last couple of days, which made Ava very anxious. She wanted some actions, any action she could get.

Another twenty more minutes of a workout, Ava turned the wrong way. Something shot up from her leg all the way from her back. Ava leaned back a couple of seconds later.

"Is there a problem?"

"I'm fine," Ava said. "I just….little back spasm."

"You pushed yourself too hard, didn't you?"

Ava Ayala turned around to look Peter in the eyes. No, she didn't push herself too far. If anything, she didn't push herself far enough. Ava leaned back a fraction of an inch and stretched out. She leaned back and could feel a little bit of pain.

"Yeah, you must have pulled something."

Ava closed her eyes, hating it when he was right, but he was right. Peter guided her over towards the bench and allowed her to sit down. Ava turned over onto the bench.

"I learned a technique which might help….."

"Yes, please," Ava said.

Peter looked at Ava, her ass arched at the mid-way point. He justified he was helping a teammate and not trying to feel up an attractive girl. Who looked really good in a pair of tight shorts and a tank top. Peter moved closer towards her and placed his hand on the small of her back.

Ava closed her eyes a couple of seconds later. She could feel his hands gently work over her back.
In an instant, the pain slowly began to fade.

"Whatever, you're doing, it's working," Ava said.

The animal instincts rooted deep inside of Ava had a very naughty thought of what those hands could do. She tried to keep it together. Her breathing became a bit more heavier when Peter's hands moved towards her lower back. They were just a centimeter away from cupping her ass, but it didn't make it.

"Just a little bit lower," Ava muttered.

"Beg your pardon?"

"Lower," Ava said more forcefully. "Just pull down my shorts if need to."

Peter had been surprised by the boldness coming from her. He pulled down Ava's shorts. The Latina beauty's curved ass had been on display in nothing other than a thong. Peter moved down as low as he could, rubbing her. He thought about what laid underneath the thong.

Was it his imagination? Or was Ava breathing even more intensely?

It wasn't Peter Parker's imagination, Ava was getting turned on by his fingers brushing close. Ava mentally schemed to try and get those fingers inside of her.

"There's...a shooting on my thighs," Ava said.

Peter started to rub Ava's thighs and just barely stopped short from brushing his fingers onto the crotch the panties. For a brief second, Peter's fingers stuck to the edge of her panties. He pulled them away pretty quickly, not ripping them completely off. He started to rub Ava and her moans were increasing.

"Take off my panties, if you need to."

He thought he was going to pass out at the wonders. He slid Ava's panties gently down her legs and revealed her shaven, dripping pussy towards him. Those lips looked so inviting, and Peter could barely stand up straight. He imagined ripping off of his pants and ramming himself deep inside of her. He didn't do so right now though, but it was very tempting. He tried to ignore the rush of blood going from his head.

'Okay, down, Peter, it's just...a team building exercise.'

"Rub my inner thighs," Ava moaned. "Rub them...harder....a little bit further in...don't you dare pull your fingers away, that's perfect."

The finger inched closer towards Ava's dripping entrance to suck his finger inside of her. Ava's wet pussy lips stroked against Peter's finger. Peter started to slowly circle around her. Ava screamed in pleasure and Peter slowly pulled away, until she clenched her thighs around his hand to prevent him from pulling out.

"Oh no, I didn't tell you to stop," Ava said.

"You can be bossy sometimes," Peter said.

"I don't think I'm bossy, I'm more like assertive..."

Peter pushed a finger inside of Ava and stroked her. Her wet thighs closed around Peter and released
it. She squeezed and released his finger with a series of pumps. Peter worked deeper inside of her and was starting to grow even more pleasure. His other hand moved to stroke her lover leg. All three fingers slipped down into them.

Ava's nipples hardened the more Peter pushed his fingers inside of her. Finally, and it was about time, if she was perfectly honest. Peter worked his fingers deeper inside of the dark skinned goddess. He pushed into her and shoved out of her. Every single time his fingers touched her insides, Ava clenched him harder. Her wet pussy squirted him and it throbbed with desire.

"Almost there," Ava said. "Don't stop, don't you dare stop!"

The web slinger didn't dare stop, although his pants were pretty tight. Her warm, inviting snatch squeezed him. Her pussy was like a furnace, pumping out so much heat it was hard. Peter gripped her womanhood and shoved inside of her womanhood. His fingers shoved deeper inside of her and rode out a constant orgasm from her body.

The sweet sensation of release struck the White Tiger very nicely. Peter pulled his fingers away from her when she shuddered to stop. He dared taste the juices from her. Her sweet taste made Peter tempted to dive more into the source.

Ava sat up with a smile, and grabbed Peter's pants. She pulled them off with one tug, almost ripping them. The White Tiger's animal instincts wanted him and wanted him bad.

"You relieved my tension," Ava told him. "It's only fair I return the favor."

Peter didn't have much time to argue, not that he would want to. Ava leaned closer towards Peter and wrapped her warm mouth around Peter's throbbing hard cock. Her mouth encircled Peter's hard cock and sucked him completely in. Her hands reached behind Peter and pushed more of his rod inside of her.

"Fuck me," Peter groaned.

Ava pushed her lips around him. She created a vacuum tight seal around his cock and sucked the hardest, thickest piece of meat she ever had between her lips. Ava reached behind him and squeezed his hips. She shoved more of Peter's manhood deep inside of her mouth and released it with a couple of long pumps.

"Damn, right there, it feels so good.

She was so sure it felt good, it tasted very good as well. Ava grabbed onto Peter and shoved more of his manhood into the depths of her mouth. Her mouth gripped and released Peter. She attacked his manhood with everything she could. His hands gripping the back of her head made her feel really good.

Peter leaned back a few seconds. His balls dribbled against Ava's chin. Peter held onto the back of her head to pump inside of her. Ava slurped him deep into her throat.

"I'm almost there."

Ava sucked his cock very hard and fast. She worked her mouth around Peter's throbbing hard length and brought him deeper inside of her. Peter leaned in closer, his balls slapping against Ava's waiting chin. She slurped him down with hunger dancing in her eyes.

"Yes, right there, come on Ava, we're so close," Peter breathed. "Suck my cock, I'm going to cum inside of your mouth."
The beautiful heroine drew her tongue around him and fondled his balls to encourage Peter. Peter held onto her and shot his load down Ava's waiting throat. She drank up his cum like it was the lifeblood she needed.

Ava swallowed his cum and rose up, with a dirty smile and a smoldering hot look. She took her tank top off and brought her round chocolate orbs out. Her nipples stuck out, tempting. Peter leaned in to hold one of Ava's nipples between his fingers. He squeezed it and Ava threw her head back.

"I want you badly," Ava said. "I hope you know that….I hope you know how badly I want you."

Peter leaned towards her neck and kissed the side of her neck. Ava leaned back and enjoyed the feeling of Peter's mouth lavishing her. Ava's finger pushed down against the back of Peter's head and just encouraged him to keep sucking on the back of her neck.

"Don't worry, I know," Peter said. "How do you like that?"

The dark haired woman's breathing continued, and she smiled. Ava crawled onto Peter's lap and straddled the top of him. His extending cock brushed against the edge of her stomach. Ava wrapped her legs around Peter's thighs and slid closer towards going around him.

"I like it," Ava said. "I want it. And I need it."

The last it had been empathized by Ava bringing her dripping hot pussy down onto Peter's manhood. He grabbed her and squeezed her ass. Ava shifted herself going up and sliding down onto him. It took a couple of minutes for her to establish some sort of momentum.

Ava grabbed the back of Peter's head and squeezed his shoulder. She dug her fingernails into his shoulder and practically purred in his ear.

"Peter, feels so good, I don't think I want…..I don't…..I can't handle it," Ava breathed. "Give me more, give me your cock."

Peter gave her his cock, and it buried further inside of her. Their loins pushed together in a very heated and passionate encounter. Peter picked up closer inside of her, his rod rocking inside of her. Ava gripped him and released her a second later.

The warm grip around his manhood made Peter hungrily work into her. Ava allowed him access to her neck and breasts. He squeezed and nibbled on them. Ava panted in response and rode him.

Pleasure cascaded through every inch of Ava's body. She slammed her hips down onto him. Her moist pussy slip down his aching rod.

"You're going to make me cum," Ava said.

She really didn't have any description of the pleasure. Ava's legs scissored him, she rocked her body up and down of his manhood. His throbbing hard balls slapped against Ava's moist pussy. Harry held her back, and he pushed deep inside of her body.

"I hope I make you cum, I hope you cum harder than you've ever come before," Peter said.

Ava milked his rod through her latest orgasm. Peter's hands brushed down to her.

The pain she felt after overdoing her workout was very good. Peter plowed Ava underneath her. Her wet womanhood squeezed around him. Every single second added to the momentum. Ava clamped down and released him with a couple of pleasurable pumps. Her moisture lubricated him on the way
Peter got a hell of a workout, but he was going to hold on. He pushed into her. She came down onto his throbbing hard rod. His balls clenched for a second. Peter held out and redoubled his pleasure.

"You know you want to, and I'm going to get your cum."

"Oh, you think you can," Peter said. "Bring it on."

Peter challenged Ava in response. Ava's walls slid down onto Peter's hard cock. She clamped down onto him hard, flexing her inner muscles around him.

The web slinger wasn't about to break, at least not yet. Peter grabbed Ava's back and shoved her down onto him. He pushed further inside of her womanhood and hammered it. They matched each other, with growing pleasure. Ava arched herself back as possible.

Peter dove into her chest one more time and took the sweaty orbs with a few pleasurable sucks. Ava closed her eyes and panted heavily. Ava rocked her hips down onto him with a couple of fluid pumps. Peter grabbed onto her hips and guided her down onto him.

"More, baby, more, it feels so good," Ava breathed. "You're going to make me cum again, so hard."

Ava came unloaded all over Peter's mighty rod. He pushed deep inside of Ava and pushed into her.

"I can feel you in my womb," Ava said. "Breed me, Peter, make me yours."

Peter tried to pull a bit away from her. Ava was not going to have any of it. She wanted to ride this one out, no matter how many orgasms.

"I guess your back pain's finally gone away."

"Oh, I'm not going to be able to walk right, anyway, but it's so worth it," Ava said.

Ava took a pleasurable pounding with her. The two of them matched each other. Her walls wrapped down around Peter and clamped down onto him. She clamped and released him. Peter tightened his grip and spanked her ass. Ava gave a gasp.

Peter squeezed and spanked her ass one more time. He always wanted to do it, and now Ava was letting him down it. She moaned in his ear when riding Peter's cock.

"I think you've worked up more of a sweat here than your entire workout."

The White Tiger took a second to close her eyes and gave a hearty moan in confirmation. Peter's fingers twisted around her and worked her nipple between his fingers.

"If you're not sweating...you're not working out."

Peter wasn't going to argue with her for a second. Ava pumped herself down onto him. Peter held onto her, leaning into her. His kisses grew more frantic, and she responded by kissing him fully on the lips and shoving her tongue down his throat.

Ava slammed down onto Peter's rod hard cock. The moisture lubricate him inside of her.

"Time for you to cum," Ava said. "You're not getting away without giving me your seed."

She demanded to finish this to this logical conclusion. She kept riding him, slowly down a little bit.
Peter held Ava in close to him and kissed her nipple. He sucked it and licked her.

"No, I don't think I'm going to let you get away," Peter said. "But, even you have your limits."

Ava thought it would remain to be seen where her limits were. If she had it. Peter tested them and she appreciated it as much. Her body faded from the pain and received an unlimited amount of pleasure.

Both connected with each other at the loins. Ava scissored her way around Peter and squeezed him deep inside of her body.

"Mmm, give these kitty her cream," Ava breathed.

Peter hoped she and Felicia never got together. No matter how enticing it would seem. He grabbed Ava's hips and buried his manhood deep inside of her. His balls slapped against her, and batted around her center. They were so ful land they were going to be released.

"One more time. Lady's first."

Ava's comment about chivalry faded in the back of her throat, giving way to a moan. She held onto Peter's shoulder and bounced down onto his rod. She clenched around Peter and released him a couple of times. Her wet walls held onto him with a pumping pleasurable motion. Peter pushed deep inside of her.

"Yes, oh, yes, oh more," Ava breathed. "Give me your seed, I need want it, I want you to bury your nasty seed in my womb.....web me on the inside, Spider-Man."

She must have been bound with so much lust. Ava rode his cock and used her strengthen muscles to give him a workout. Peter held onto her and buried himself into her. He tried to slow down, but something drew him deeper inside of her. And inside her much faster, Peter pushing deeper inside of her body. Her moist lips touched on on the inside.

"I'm going to break, Ava, I can't hold on, are you sure you're ready?"

"I've been dreaming about this for a long time," she admitted.

Ava felt Peter's sizeable balls against her. She came again at the thought of the big load inside of her body. She slid down onto his tool and squeezed him. She worked him slowly, sensually, and could feel the constraining coming inside of her.

"Yes, I'm sure you've been waiting for this one for a very long time," Peter agreed.

Peter slid inside of Ava's wet center and impacted his seed inside of her body. He buried a constant barrage of warm, sticky seed inside Ava's center. He tightened and released, impacting inside of her.

The two of them mutually pleasured each other with a shared orgasm. Their bodies tangled with each other the second Ava worked Peter all of the way to a sticky conclusion.

Ava pulled away from Peter, and smiled. Her pussy oozed with cum, both hers and Peters. She leaned down and kissed his still twitching cock. Ava licked her lips and placed a hand on Peter's lap.

"So, shower?" Ava asked. "Fury's always getting on us about using too much water. I think we should do our part to conserve SHIELD's resources."

Ava swayed her hips when moving towards the shower.
"Well, it would be rude to say no."

Peter followed her to the shadow, and he had a feeling they might end up using as much water with a share shower, than with two separate showers. It was just a funny feeling he had.

End.
Peter waked up and the second he woke up, he felt a curvy body pressed up against him. His mind had been distracted from remembering exactly how he got here in bed with Carol Danvers. His hands roamed and touched her breasts in his sleep. Peter tried to discreetly pull them away in the middle of sleep. It took him a moment to realize the tent he pitched in his pants and where it was pushing.

‘Oh, this could get awkward pretty soon.’

He remembered the day before, a battle against the Vulture, who upgraded his tech, and gave Peter the hell of a runaround. Including Peter nearly taking a nasty spill into the concrete from several stories above, which would have been one of the most awful things he could imagine. Thankfully, Carol plucked him from the sky, and saved them. Peter's injuries were strong, but the two of them teamed up and took down the Vulture.

Carol returned Peter to her apartment to patch him up, and they must have fallen asleep. Peter didn't quite remember how he ended up with Carol's bed, and his body pressed against her firm body. He tried to completely pull away from her.

A nice hand grabbed Peter by the shoulder. Carol turned over her shoulder, eyes opening with a smile on her face.

"Good morning," Carol said.

"Good morning," Peter said.

Carol shifted a little bit. It was obvious Peter got excited during the course of the night, but she didn't say anything, at least not now. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling fine."

A mischievous thought entered Carol's mind. "Are you sure? Don't you feel a little stiff after last night?"

Carol rolled away from Peter. She wore a nightshirt which flipped up to show her panties. Her black panties covered her firm ass and made something rise from Peter.

"Um….."

The blonde woman decided to take the plunge and see what happened. To be honest, she had her eye on Peter for a long time. Sure, he was younger than her by about five or six years, or so, but still, the men closer to her age did not light Carol's world on fire.

Carol pulled back the covers and saw Peter wearing nothing but a pair of boxer shorts from the waist up. She leaned in and put a hand on the side of Peter's face.

"Sorry about that," Peter said.
Carol leaned closer towards him. Her breath was in his face. "No problem, it happens. It's perfectly normal, and trust me, I'm flattered."

She cupped Peter's face with one hand and kissed him. Peter had been shocked at this hot, older woman kissing him, but he returned the kiss. Carol's hand drifted down Peter.

Her hand slowly reached the area towards Peter's crotch. She cupped him and squeezed Peter a few seconds later. His bulge throbbed in his pants. Carol rubbed through his pants and rolled him down. His hard cock popped out for the air.

"Carol," Peter said.

"Just relax, you deserve some fun after all you've been through," Carol said. "And I think it's a shame a guy doesn't get nearly the respect you deserved."

Peter laid back on the bed to allow Carol to kiss his body. Her warm lips coursed all the way down his body, and reached the area of his crotch. Her warm mouth approached closer towards him. Peter's massive rod stretched further and came very close to reaching the edge of her lips. Carol gripped his length and squeezed it hard. His cock swelled in her hand.

Carol leaned forward, heart beating in response. Her mouth reached the edge of Peter's cock. It touched her lips and Carol swirled her tongue around him. She brushed her tongue around him, encircling his entire length with her tongue.

"Damn, Carol."

"Let's see how much better I can make you feel."

Carol reached on the underside of her shirt and pulled it up. Her bra clad breasts had been exposed for Peter. Carol reached behind her and pulled her bra strap off. Her round, juicy breasts came out. They were beautiful pillowy goodness, well beyond DD-Cups, resting high on her chest. They were large and firm. Peter looked at those juicy nipples and his blood boiled.

"Don't worry, baby, I'll take really good care of you," Carol said.

Her breasts encircled Peter's throbbing hard cock. Carol slid all the way down to the base of his cock and squeezed him. Peter grabbed Carol's breasts and squeezed it.

She gasped at the sensation of Peter's hands squeezing her breasts. His long, throbbing hard cock pushed between her breasts. Carol rose all the way up and brought herself down.

Peter entered pure, glorious heaven. His fingers pushed against Carol's nipples. The manhood worked deep inside of her. Carol's warm breasts encased him.

"I love your breasts," Peter said. "They're so soft, and nice…and very big."

"I know, I know you love them, I can feel how much you love them, baby," Carol said. "And I know you like your big cock squeezed between my big tits. Do you feel how much this is…do you feel how good it is?"

Carol slid her breasts down to the base of Peter's cock and reached underneath to squeeze Peter's balls. She squeezed Peter a couple times and weighed the glorious weight inside of her balls. She stroked him a couple of times.

The grip around Peter had been released. Carol smiled and kissed the head of his cock, swirling her
tongue around him. She pulled up and watched Peter twitch.

The sensation of her mouth around him made Peter almost burst inside of her mouth. Carol stroked him from the base all the way to the head of his cock. She squeezed him hard and pushed deep around her mouth. Carol slurped him extremely hard and sucked him for a couple more minutes.

"Want a taste?"

Carol slid her panties off and exposed her beautiful, shaven pussy. She stood up on the bed, her pussy lowering towards Peter. He reached up to grab her.

The moist womanhood of the Kree-empowered superheroine pushed over Peter's mouth. He nibbled on her lower lips. He was doing something right given how much the older woman moaned around him. Peter shifted his tongue in her inner lips, and swirled around him.

Carol wrapped her hand around the base of Peter's cock and jerked him. She bounced up and down on Peter's face. His hands grabbed her ass which sent sparks of pleasure spreading through her body. His tongue touched every part of the inside of her.

She reached up and cupped her breasts with her hands. Carol squeezed her breasts, threw her head back and gave a passionate moan. He really touched every part on the inside of her.

Peter drank up the juices dripping down from between Carol's legs. He rubbed her from behind with Peter sending his tongue deeper inside of her. Peter licked her insides, hungrily munching on her pussy. Carol shifted her womanhood down onto him.

"Mmm, Peter, it's so good, I can't wait to have this nice big cock inside of my warm wet pussy."

He throbbed in her hand. Carol rubbed him, careful not to bring him too soon. She gripped the base of his cock lightly. The warm tongue of the busty blonde sucked Peter.

She squirted her juices all over his face. Carol bucked her hips down onto him and ground down onto him.

Peter fell back on the bed, watching Carol's firm ass pull away from him. He gave it a parting squeeze and spank. Carol turned around with a sultry smile on her face.

"I want you so bad."

"I do too," Carol said. "But, good things come to those who wait."

Carol climbed on top of Peter and mounted his hips. Her womanhood touched the edge of his throbbing cock. Her slit dragged down the manhood and shoved a little bit of him inside of her. Her pussy lips came close to pushing into her.

Peter closed his eyes, feeling Carol's hands gripping his face by the side. She kissed Peter furiously, madly, passionately. Her mouth slurped the edge of Peter's mouth and sucked him. Carol leaned closer towards him and kissed him hard on the edge of the mouth. Her tongue touched the edge of Peter's mouth and went inside of his mouth.

The moment their loins connected, pure electricity flowed through the bodies of the both of the soon to be lowerers. Carol wrapped a hand around Peter's hard cock and guided it towards her.

The warm, lustful grip of Carol ensnared Peter all of the way. The two powerful lovers.
"Don't hold back."

Peter smiled, he was glad she didn't hold back. His fingers pushed against her. His hips bucked and slammed his hard manhood into her wet pussy. Carol gripped him and rubbed her womanhood down onto him. Peter reached up and cupped Carol's firm breasts. He grabbed them, released them.

The sensations rushing through Carol's body made her feel really good. Peter plowed his manhood deep inside of her body. He rose almost all the way out of her and stuck his cock inside her warm depths. The smoldering womanhood took Peter inside of her. Carol rose up and pushed deep inside of her with a few more shoves.

"Yes, yes, Peter, please," Carol mewled in pleasure. Her nails dug into his back. "Take them, squeeze them, use them any way you want."

Peter leaned into her chest and lavished it. Those nipples stuck inside of Peter's mouth when he stuck them in and released them. He sucked and licked Carol's aching nipples. Carol pushed more of her womanhood down onto Peter's hard manhood with a few more pushes.

"Mmm, baby, harder," Carol breathed. "Pound my pussy, pound it very hard!"

Peter held onto her with a few more thrusts, working her body. Her hips clamped down onto Peter and released it. Carol clenched around him a few times and released it. She wanted every inch of his love organ into her.

The pleasure coursing through the body of Peter made him feel excitement. Her hips clenched onto him.

"Does it feel good?" Carol asked.

"Good?" Peter asked. "It feels marvelous!"

Carol seductively sucked his fingers after they had been pulled from her breasts. It was a good thing he was a good lay, otherwise she would have been annoyed by such a pun. Her hips clamped around Peter's and milked him. She took him deep inside of her body.

The rush of pleasure coursed through Carol's body. She slammed down onto him and rode out her orgasm. Her body shook in pleasure.

Peter didn't know how much it was better. The blonde goddess rose up and down onto him. His hands found her breasts again. The more he squeezed them, the more Carol brought herself down onto him. She slowed down her tempo just enough to ensure Peter didn't cum too soon.

He put his hand on the back of Carol's neck and rubbed it. She threw her head back and moaned. Peter touched a very sensitive spot on the back of her neck. Coupled with his fingers pushing against Carol's nipples, she panted and moaned in pleasure.

"Fuck," Carol said. "You're so amazing."

The beautiful superheroine guided Peter's head deep into her cleavage. His hands pushed around Carol's breasts and he lavished on her. Carol's fingers pushed deep against the back of his head.

Peter lavished her breasts the more she rode down into him. Her breasts pushed against his face. A brief moment to come up with air followed with Peter shoving his face back between Carol's glorious chest mountains. Her womanhood slid down onto him.
"Yes, it's so amazing, better than amazing, it's so great," Carol panted. "Are you going to cum for me…"

The sticky fingers gripping her nipples and the sides of her breasts sent a series of miniature orgasms over Carol's being. These little orgasms all lead up to the big one.

"Getting close."

Carol smiled and felt Peter's engorged organ thrusting into her. He brought so much pleasure through her body, it was time for her to bring pleasure. Carol pumped her warm love box down his organ. She needed to give him the best orgasm of his life and drain those balls until they were fucked raw. Carol slipped down on Peter's hard cock.

The web slinger leaned back for a second and then buried his face back into Carol's breasts one more time. His hands touched her ass as well, when it had been brought down onto Peter. The moist center squeezed and released Peter a few more times.

He splattered inside of her womanhood. Peter unleashed a steady supply of wet cum into her body. He shoved more of his rod inside of her with every second of the way.

"Mmm," Carol said.

Carol pulled away from Peter on the bed. The marvelous heroine spanked her rear. She dragged her finger into her mouth and sucked it. Carol pushed her finger into her asshole and fingered herself, making sure her eyes were Peter.

"I know your eyes and hands won't leave it…but do you think your cock can handle it?" Carol asked.

"You want me…"

Carol pushed herself onto Peter's hand, and took his fingers into her mouth. She lustfully sucked them. Carol's ass grinded on Peter's hard cock when it brushed against her tight, back entrance.

"I want you to fuck my ass and fuck it hard."

Peter's cock strengthened to full strength. Carol's lubricated hole pushed against his cock, and slowly slipped it inside of her. The unbelievable tightness of Carol's ass made Peter almost come undone. He managed to hold it together when he guided himself inside of her. His fingers touched her clit and had been rewarded with moans of pleasure.

Carol bit down on her lip. So much cock extended her tight asshole and made her feel marvelous, no pun intended. Okay, maybe a little bit of a pun intended. Peter's strong hands held onto Carol's hips. He shifted inside of her with his balls pushing deep against her. He bounced back and forth against her.

The two of them met together. Peter steadied himself with a bit of momentum to go into her back entrance. His fingers touched the side of Carol's hips and she worked down onto him. Carol's breasts bounced each time she came down onto his cock. He touched, squeezed, fondled, twisted those juicy nipples. Hunger spread over Carol's tight ass a few seconds later.

"Mmmm, right there, right in my ass!"

Peter could feel the lust burning through her. His hands cupped and released her breasts several times before moving down. He kissed the side of Carol's neck and she gave him a dirty smile. She turned
her head so her lustful expression reflected in the mirror right where Peter could feel it.

The sensation of his hard balls slapping against her ass made him want this even more. Carol was one of the most beautiful women he knew, and that was saying something, given he knew a lot of beautiful women. He lived his dream and the dream of many others by slamming her ass. He lavished further attention on her, squeezing Carol's firm ass and giving it a nice little spank. He pushed deep into her with a fluid series of pumps.

The feeling of having Carol's tight ass squeezing down on Peter almost made him come undone at him. Peter squeezed her all of the way.

"Feel my wet pussy," Carol said. "How wet I am with your cock in my ass?"

"Very wet."

Peter rubbed his fingers over Carol. He clenched her clit and squeezed her. The nerve endings came over her body. Carol shifted her ass down onto him with a few fluid pumps.

"Going to make you cum soon, you can't hold out forever," Carol said. "Feel how nice….this is a booty that can stop traffic, isn't it?"

She did have a nice, round, perfectly firm butt. Peter's hands quested on it when he drilled his rod inside of it. Carol lusted for him and the sensation of his balls ached even harder. He knew she was right, and he knew there wasn't much longer. He enjoyed every single moment of her ass.

The Kree empowered heroine's lust levels increased. She needed to do this more often, Peter touched her in all of the right spots. He gave her enough of a taste to set Carol's pleasure levels to a new degree. His fingers touched Carol's nipples and squeezed them very hard. Carol's mouth dripped with drool. Her hunger increased.

"Getting close."

His balls throbbed and the sensation of a good release brought a pleasurable sensation through Peter's body. He injected his burning hot seed inside of Carol's taboo hole.

Carol rubbed herself raw at the feeling of this man, this beautiful, strong, man, pounding her ass into submission and filling him with his seed. Both of her holes were dribbling now, and the fact Peter made her feel this good turned her on any more.

"Oh, you're a keeper," Carol breathed.

"Good to see you think so."

Peter's balls strained and released a thick load of cum inside of her. This little encounter would not be a one-time event and Peter was perfectly happy, beyond perfectly happy in fact. He filled Carol's warm hole with his seed, dribbling inside of her back entrance.

"Yes, I do."

He finished up in her ass and left both of them with the sweet pleasure of a release. Carol rubbed herself through the last few seconds of an orgasm before coming back down to Earth.

The two of them settled down on the bed. Carol sat herself over, and draped her head lazily on Peter's shoulder. She closed her eyes, thinking this would be the beginning of a very fulfilling relationship.
"Well, I should get almost killed by the Vulture more often," Peter said. "If it leads to this."

"Oh, I think you don't have to go that drastic to get my attention."

Carol gave Peter a very passionate kiss, and the two hot blooded heroes decided to go for one more round with each other on this very marvelous morning.

End.
Peter Parker returned to his apartment after a nice night of doing his friendly neighborhood Spider-Man thing. Some people may have speculated he returned to a secret lair of some sort, maybe a Spider-Cave, or something. However, unless one counted the storage room across from the living room area as a secret lair, no it wasn't a real secret lair.

Sandman's last plot to steal some priceless artwork had been stopped cold by Spider-Man, quite literally given he used the museum's air vents to bombard Sandman with cold air and freeze him in place. Spider-Man didn't see Flint Marko as the most cultured type in the world, but he supposed if the price was right, then he would be willing to steal some art work.

Peter thought tonight would be a TV dinner night, perhaps binge watch some things on Netflix. However, he heard a knock on the door which made him very curious. He made his way to the door. No spider sense went off, always a good sign.

A super hero always had to wonder about the potential for one of their many enemies following them back to their secret lair, even though said secret lair wasn't really much of a lair. He opened the door and the sight on the other side of the door blew him away.

Jessica Drew stood on the other end of the door and she looked stunning. His fellow spider-themed super hero stood dressed in the classic red dress which snug her hips. Sheer stockings covered her legs and she wore a pair of high-heel shoes which made her legs extended several feet up and make her look really stunning.

"Are you just going to gawk, or are you going to invite me in?" Jessica asked.

"Right, come in, wow, you look beautiful....."

"Thanks, you look pretty nice yourself," Jessica said.

"So, whose the lucky guy?"

"Oh, you know him," Jessica said with a smile. "I've decided to stay in to eat tonight, instead of going out because I see something that I like on the menu."

Peter opened his mouth to ask her what she liked. Jessica shut him up by attacking him with a kiss. Peter had been surprised, but much appreciated. Her pheromones drove any questions out of his mind about returning the kiss. Not that Jessica coming in here and shoving her tongue down his throat didn't drive any sense. And her hands, her hands were very grabby, and her crotch ground against Peter's.

Jessica attack the mouth of her soon to be lover. Her tongue shifted deeper inside Peter's mouth. She decided tonight was the night to take the plunge. She didn't think about it, she just put on her best dress, and drove over to Peter's apartment. Whatever happened, happened, at least in her mind.

"Someone's excited," Jessica said.
"How...what...what..."

"Don't think, and you're ruin the moment," Jessica said.

Jessica dropped down onto her knees, pulled Peter's cock out. She waited a long time of this, and Carol gave her blessing to take a crack at Peter. Jessica's warm hand wrapped out Peter's thick shaft and she squeezed him.

"Your cock is so big," Jessica said. "I just have to put it in my mouth. May I?"

"Help yourself."

Was he going to say no, now a raven-haired goddess kissed the hell out of him and then came into his apartment, ready and willing to suck his cock. She swirled her tongue around the head and then worked down the base. Jessica traveled down his manhood a couple of times before she kissed the tip of his head.

Warmth engulfed Peter Parker in a blink of an eye. He held the back of Jessica's head. Her tongue shifted and rotated on the underside of Peter's manhood. The engorged prick filled him up. Peter held onto the back of her head and pushed into her mouth. Those green eyes burned with passion when looking up at him. Peter's throbbing manhood inched to the back of her throat.

"Yes, Jess, it feels so good," Peter said.

Jessica stroked him with the part of cock not jammed into her mouth. She dreamed about how his cum would taste. The animal instincts rooted deep inside of her body longed to mate with Peter for a long time. She made all of the excuses not to, but now she had him, she wasn't going to let go.

Peter pushed his fingers down onto the back of Jessica's head and sawed his way into her mouth. The warmth of her mouth engulfed and released him.

"Damn it, I'm going to cum if you keep it up."

Jessica smiled, and just pushed back onto him. Her cheeks bulged, filling up with so much of his cock. Peter ran his fingers down across the back of her head. The young man shoved more of his engorged cock inside Jessica's willing, tight, and very wet throat. The raven-haired goddess slurped him and brought his cock out.

Peter shoved himself inside Jessica's throat and unleashed a flood of cum. The sticky seed spilled into the back of her throat, and coated it. Peter held onto Jessica's cheeks and drilled her until her mouth filled up with more cum than she could handle.

The moment Peter filled her mouth, Jess slowly slid away. She rose up to a standing position and stuck her tongue out. Slowly, the cum stood on Jessica's tongue before she made a production out of swallowing it. Her hands moved towards the straps of her dress and she slowly slid them down.

"No bra?"

Jessica smiled and cupped her large breasts in hand, showing Peter how they looked. She passed them off to her fellow spider-themed hero. Those strong hands cupped her big juicy melons in hand.

"I was feeling naughty," Jessica said.

Peter smiled when squeezing them. She did have a pair of panties on, but they were barely qualified as such. The thin strip of fabric just barely covered Jessica's pussy lips and a small strip went up
behind her.

Jess turned around, never once allowing Peter's grip from her chest to break. Peter leaned closer towards Jessica and kissed the back of her neck. She smiled and shivered.

"I guess this is what they call a booty call," Peter said.

"Why, is my booty calling for you?" Jessica saucily asked. "Go ahead and touch it, you know you want to."

Peter did touch it. His finger detached away from Jessica's breast. The sultry moan she gave made Peter harden even more. The only thing which separated Jessica's pussy from his cock was a very small strip of fabric. Dental floss may have had more fabric. Peter touched her, squeezing Jess's firm bum. It melded nicely in his hands, and Peter squeezed her thick rear end one more time.

"Yes, I do want to, and I will, as many times as you want me to."

"And if you want to fuck me, then take that big cock, and show me what you got."

Jessica's tone dripped with pure sex. Peter's questing fingers made their way near her womanhood, her thighs spreading to invite Peter inside of her. He felt how wet it was, and tried to line her up for the intrusion.

Every time Peter touched the side of Jessica, her horniness accelerated to a new level. Peter's fingers brushed against her toned stomach, sending a moan of the deepest most delicate passion, and desire coming from her. Peter inched very much closer towards her, his hard cock almost up against her entrance.

"Inside me," Jessica said.

She closed her eyes, curling her fingers against the wall where Peter had her right where he wanted her, and she was in a pretty good position, at least in her mind. Peter filled her all the way to the brim with his huge cock and then pulled almost all the way out of her. His balls slapped against Jessica. He filled her up once again.

Peter enjoyed the strength of Jessica's inner walls squeezing him. He responded by doing some squeezing of her own. Breasts, hips, everything Peter could get. He situated against her and rammed into her.

Jessica's toes curled with each succession thrust. Peter had her pinned against the wall, without anywhere to go. Peter picked up the pace and drilled her further inside. Her nails dug against the wall with each thrust.

"There goes my new paint job," Peter said

"Oh, you can make up for it by giving my womb a fresh coat of paint," Jessica answered.

Peter smiled and ran his fingers down the side of her neck. Her sultry, sexy, body intoxicated Peter. He stuck his hands to her nipples and then released them. Every time he performed this ritual, Jessica's hot pussy tightened around him and released his rod.

"I just might," Peter said. "Hang on, you're almost done."

Jessica's lips pressed together with each other. She hummed, hungrily. Peter squeezed her ass and spanked it one more time.
"Go ahead, cum for me, Jess. Cum for me hard….what's a little webbing between two spiders?"

Her wet pussy squeezed down. Jessica's feet pressed against the wall along with her hands. Peter was directly underneath her, thrusting his cock into her tight cavern. Each thrust brought more pleasure from her body.

The friendly neighborhood Spider-Man took his cock inside of Jessica's inviting snatch. Every time she tightened the grip. The position they were in made it very hard to gain some kind of grip. She tightened around him.

"Just cum," Jessica said.

She came one more time. Her pheromones mixed in the bodily fluids coming in the air. Peter tightened his grip and started to slam into her pussy so hard. He rammed into her so hard, with a concussive force. Jess didn't bother to tell him to stop, she just moaned heavily and loudly.

"I need it….my body craves it, I can't hold back any more," Jessica said. "Oh, your cum, oh I want it, so bad….sooooo bad…..SO BAD!"

Peter slammed into her, the feeling of his balls clenching grew with more prominence. She milked Peter deep inside of her center. The biological impulse ruled Peter, his spider side needed to breed this sexy beauty beneath him. His balls slapped against her.

The constriction of his balls happened, and no matter what, Peter could not hold back for much longer.

The beautiful bombshell underneath Peter closed her eyes, and felt the strength of his large cock going deep inside of her tight body. Peter slammed inside of her and started to fill her up with cum. Jessica's body sized up with pleasure with the juices shoved into her body.

The two of them exchanged their juices and then a second later, Peter turned around a second later. Jessica turned off of the wall and shoved Peter back. Peter landed on the edge of the couch and just avoided dropping down to the ground.

"Not done?" Peter asked.

"No, I'm just getting warmed up," Jessica said.

She decided to help Peter back to full strength by dropping down to the ground. Her warm breasts encased Peter's long throbbing cock. Jessica slid herself all the way down Peter's shaft. Peter held his hands on either side of her breasts.

"Yes," Jessica said. "Fuck my big tits, fuck them hard!"

Peter didn't really have any argument with her. Her breasts squeezed and released him several times. His cock swelled to full strength the second he enjoyed having his cock buried deep inside of her. Jessica pulled away from him.

"Nice and hard, just like I love it."

Jess's warm lips touched his cock. She tasted the combination of fluids coating Peter's cock. She licked him and rose to a standing position. Jessica stretched herself out and showed her flexibility. Her warmth surrounded Peter's hard cock and pushed down onto him.

The warmth of her tight cunt pushed up and down on Peter. She stretched around him with Peter's
hands gripping Jessica's firm rear end. He squeezed it. Jessica bounced up and down on his engorged rod.

"You're making me so hot!" Jessica moaned.

Peter pushed his hands against her and squeezed her. The raven-haired beauty dropping up and down on his throbbing hard cock made Peter push his way deep inside of her. His rod swelled every second of the way. He buried deep inside of her.

The young man leaned in and she engulfed his head with a tight hug. Peter pressed his face into Jessica's warm cleavage. She leaned back to enjoy him sucking her chest.

"You're going to make me cum, oh right there, honey, there's a good spot!"

Jessica worked her hips up and down on Peter. Every single second her womanhood squeezed up and down on him. She milked the engorged manhood.

Peter felt her warm mouth latched on the side of his neck. Jessica marked his neck with a series of love bites. She rubbed the back of his neck and guided more of his neck into her mouth. Jessica leaned back a second later and Peter's suction increased around her nipple.

"You have such nice tits."

"I know I do," Jessica said. "Worship them….show me how much you love them."

Jessica also kissed Peter on the top of the head, the side of his neck, and behind his ear. She suckled his ear lobe, and shoved her womanhood down around Peter's hard cock. Her wet pussy tightened up and around Peter's massive rod. It pushed deep inside of her.

The two of them connected with each other in a passionate dance. Their lust refilled with each motion into each other. Jessica's pussy throbbed and sent a pleasurable rush of sticky warm juices onto her. Peter reached behind her and pinched Jessica's pleasantly juicy ass. His hands rubbed all over her and touched her legs.

Miniature electrical shocks spread deep inside of her body. Jessica rose halfway up, dropping down onto her. Jessica bounced her breasts against Peter's face. He took them and kissed them. He leaned closer towards her face and sucked it.

"Fuck," Jessica moaned. "Keep it up….cum for me, Spider-Man, cum for me."

"You first, Spider-Woman."

Jess squeezed and released him. Her rushing cum spilled all the way down Peter's aching rod, with Jessica sliding down his manhood. The two of them rocked each other, their hips coming down against each other.

Every last minute, Peter filled Jessica. Her snatch released him and then allowed him to fill her once again. His balls threatened to burst with pleasure. Peter's fingers groped her legs and pinched the tanned firm flesh. Peter leaned closer into her and sucked her aching nipples.

"Suck my tits!" Jessica yelled. "Suck those big….juicy….tits!

The sweet sensation of lust made Jessica size up and drive down onto Peter. Those thick balls came closer to reach them.
"Go ahead, stud, let it go," Jessica said.

"Yes," Peter murmured. "I'm not going to hold back….I hope you're ready."

She gave him an encouraging smile. Peter picked up with multiple thrusts inside of her body. He worked her sticky insides to the point of her cumming all over his hard rod. Peter slid himself into her. Those balls contracted and fired inside of her.

Jessica growled in pleasure and pushing those nails into his back. The sticky barrage of cum spilled deep inside of her body. Jessica had been filled up for the second time, leaving her pussy sticky, battered, and sacrificed.

"That was amazing," Peter said.

"And spectacular?" Jessica asked. "Don't worry, I've got all night, and I think you do as well."

Jessica kissed Peter's body from his face, to his lips, his neck, chest, and then she made her way down to his pole which grew erect for one more round.

Peter appreciated how much a rather mundane night spiced up in a hurry. And he wasn't complaining in the slightest.

End.
In Peter's Pants (Janet Van Dyne)

Peter Parker got changed out of his costume as the Amazing Spider-Man, after a nice night on the town. He stripped off his spider man costume. Nothing, but your usual run of the mill thugs tonight, so it was a rather quiet night. Peter stripped off his costume, leaving nothing but his under clothes on and entered the changing room at Avenger's Tower.

He paused and frowned. He heard a buzzing sound and there was something in his pants. Peter looked down and saw, Janet Van Dyne, better known as the superheroine the Wasp, who had literally gotten into his pants. Why she literally got into his pants, well it was a mystery to Peter.

"Peter!" Jan squeaked.

"Jan," Peter said.

"Okay, there's a perfectly good reason why I am trying to get into your pants."

Peter smiled and Jan floated up and rested in the palm of his hand. The smaller woman looked towards him. She had shrunk down to the size of the Wasp. Peter amused himself to think she had the perfect powers to be a voyeur, just shrinking down and hiding behind something.

Well, it was either her or Susan Storm, who could turn invisible.

"I'm pretty sure it is," Peter said. "And normally, I wouldn't object to a pretty lady trying to get in my pants, but at the same time, I'm pretty curious to what you're doing here."

"Right, you're curious, fair enough," Jan said. Her head bobbed about in excitement. "The truth is, I'm looking for a stray Pym particle, and it floated somewhere in here….and I hoped it didn't land in your pants. Otherwise, you'd get a surprise when it…well when it causes you to shrink."

Peter blinked a half of a second later. Jan's tiny shoulders responded with a shrug.

"Or I guess it causes you to grow…but either wouldn't be good for different reasons," Jan said. "Unstable Pym Particles aren't a good thing though….and after Hank….left….."

Jan shook her head. That was in the past though, and she had moved on with what happened. She tried to keep an upbeat attitude. The Ultron thing really did affect him.

"After he's gone, he left a few of his pieces of equipment behind in a hurry, and there was some Pym Particles," Jan said. "I encountered all of them, except one and….well, I think I lost the trail."

Jan really had no choice but to grow to be honest. However, the moment she activated the growth part of her powers, something very interesting happened. Her body grew, but her suit shrunk.

Peter's eyes widened when he saw Janet Van Dyne standing before him in all of her glory. Her silky dark hair and beautiful face were always known. She had a toned body, with large breasts which stood firm and proud. She was fit and tanned as well, with the perfect hour glass shaped body, wide hips, and a nice pussy with a small strip of black hair down it. She had long perfectly formed legs as
well to go with her body.

"Shit, I think I found it!" Jan yelled. "Peter could you…"

Peter saw the Pym particle and webbed it out of thin air, before he placed it into a vial. It should be held.

Jan flushed when she realized she stood naked in front of Peter. She looked over at him and was about to mutter an apology. However, Jan's mind faded and had been distracted very a certain part of his body. Peter dressed in nothing but his boxer shorts and undershirt and said boxer shorts formed a tent.

It took Peter a moment to realize where Jan's eager eyes were looking.

"I had no idea," Jan muttered.

"Jan, I'm…"

"No, it's my fault," Jan said. "And we're part of the Avengers, we're a team, and we should help each other."

Jan had been pretty stressed out to be honest. The woman's eyes traveled down Peter's body.

"Jan, I don't know."

His words had been cut off by Jan's fingers working their way down his boxer shorts. She leaned in and kissed Peter on the lips. Their tongues tangled together and met with a passionate kiss, which increased. Peter could feel her large breasts press against his chest.

"Sometimes, sex is just sex, Peter," Jan said. "Two friends, two teammates, helping each other out. And it's better to go to someone I trust…than to try and hook up with some random asshole at a club, isn't it?"

"Of course," Peter said. "If you're sure….."

"I wouldn't be groping you if I wasn't sure."

Peter laughed, fair enough. He leaned in and this time he kissed Jan. Her hungry moans increased with Peter pushing himself onto her mouth. Jan's mouth opened wide to accept Peter's tongue going deep inside of her mouth, to the point where it pushed into the back of her throat.

He backed Jan up against the lockers and kissed her fiercely some more. One of her legs wrapped firmly around him. Peter decided to feel her leg and marveled how soft it was. Jan's legs were smooth. She was beautiful enough to model her own clothing she designed as well.

Jan closed her eyes. She didn't intend to have sex with Peter today, but she would be lying if she didn't think it. Hell, most of the women in the Avengers thought about it. Jen did, Jessica did, Carol did, hell, even Natasha did. And now she was pinned against the lower, feeling his boxer clothed erect pressed up against her.

"Let me take your friend out, he seems cooped up."

Jan pushed Peter back a couple of inches and tugged down his boxer shorts to reveal his throbbing, long cock. It looked thick and juicy to her. Jan bent down and kissed Peter on the tip of his head. She pulled back, but not before swirling her tongue around it.
She turned around and pressed her hands to the lockers. Peter made his way behind her and started to feel her up. Jan's breathing continued when Peter's hands clutched her breasts and gave Jan a nice little squeeze. Her heart picked up, racing even faster.

Jan's eyes glazed over with a smile and a blast of pleasure. Peter squeezed Jan's beautiful globes in response. Jan panted at the pleasure. He gripped and released Jan's breasts before pulling away from her and running down her body.

"Don't tease me, I need to get fucked, and fucked badly."

One feel of Jan's dripping wet pussy showed Peter pretty much all he needed to know. Jan's hungry pussy lips came very close to gobbling Peter's fingers up. He smiled and almost pulled away from them.

"Yes, I can tell. Your pussy is hungry….so wet as well. I bet it's tight."

Jan smiled and spread her thighs in response, as far as they could go. Peter's throbbing cock danced at the edge of Jan's door. His hands balanced preciously on Jan's hips and he reared back before pushing himself deep inside of her. He stuck his cock inside of Jan's warm body.

Peter held himself back from slamming into Jan's willing and wet pussy. Her warm body pumped around Peter a few inches. He pushed deep inside of her and then pulled out of her all of the way. Peter pushed into her one more time and stretched her out.

'She's so tight.'

The breasts of the brunette beauty bounced and Peter cupped them. He pounded inside of her from behind. Jan closed her eyes in pleasure. Her lip bit down, nipple hardening. Peter gripped her nipple and squeezed it to cause her to come undone.

"Mmm, yes, mmm…ah…..yes!"

The first of what Jan hoped to be many orgasms passed through her body. Peter buried his cock hard between her clenching walls. Those balls slapped against her body. Peter rested his hands on either side of Jan's hips and pushed into her.

"You really must have wanted this for a long time, didn't you?"

Jan answered with a feverish nod. Was she that blatant to be honest? Peter almost pulled out of Jan and drove deep inside of her body hard. Jan's breasts bounced when he plowed her into the wall of the Avengers' dressing room.

The thought anyone could walk in at any time and see Jan being drilled hard excited her. Peter's fingers danced all over her body.

"You're a gift….if all of the other women thought…."

Jan faded away with Peter pounded her center hard. Her gushing center clamped down around Peter's love muscle.

Peter worked himself hard inside of Jan. He bounced hard against her. The beautiful Wasp squirmed underneath his manhood. He ran his hands down her upper head.

"Are you feeling good?" Peter asked.
Jan bit down on her lip and nodded in response. Peter's hands grabbed Jan's nipples and twisted them. Her body tensed up and released a flood of cum around Peter's engorged prick. She pushed her hips all the way down Peter's hard rod and released a gushing amount of cum down on his rod.

"Yes," Jan said. "Pound me, fuck me harder."

Her juicy ass stuck out enticingly for Peter's hands. He grabbed the ass of Jan and squeezed them. The engorged rod pushed deep inside of her clenching womanhood. Peter pushed his rod inside of her body and almost pulled out of her. He pushed inside of her, stretching her out.

Jan's body tensed up with more pleasure. Peter bottomed out deep inside of her. Jan really wanted him to push himself into her. Her body shook and Peter held himself against her. He pushed into her body and buried himself into her. His balls tensed up about ready to give and Jan was ready to receive.

"Put that juicy cum in me," Jan breathed.

Peter really tried to hold on, and tried not to lose himself inside of Jan. Her sweet pussy was such a temptation though he couldn't hold himself back. He closed his eyes and drilled deep inside of Jan's body. The first blast of cum fired inside of her body. More cum flooded inside of her body.

The two heroes achieved mutual release together with each other. Peter injected his burning seed into Jan's wet pussy, and filled her completely up.

Peter pulled away from Jan and dropped down onto the bench. Jan turned around a few seconds later, and smiled.

"Oh, we're not done yet, Petey."

Jan gave a wicked grin which made Peter wonder if she ever moonlighted as supervillain. The Wasp closed her eyes and shrank down to the size of a few inches tall.

She fluttered over against Peter's cock and wrapped her feet around the base of his cock, before grabbing onto the top of his head. Jan rubbed tiny body up and down Peter's hard cock. She leaned up and batted her tongue over his cock.

Peter groaned. He couldn't believe how much pleasure Jan's tiny body gave him when she ran herself against his cock. She could get in deep, and simulate the nerve endings better. Jan's finger's pushed around the tip of his head. Her tongue licked his body.

"Damn, Jan."

His cock looked particularly massive from Jan's point of view and kept dropping down to the ground. Jan went between legs and went in deep to suck on his balls. Her lips kissed and sucked his manhood.

Jan shimmied up the pole a second later and sat on the tip of Peter's cock. It pushed against her tiny pussy and Jan spread her legs.

Peter saw Jan's body grow even more. The more she grew, the further her tight pussy took his cock into her. Jan's body returned to full size, although her breasts might have been a little larger. And breasted in Peter's face. Peter reached around and took her ass.

"I'm going to ride you and drain your balls," Jan said. "They needed to be emptied for a long time, didn't they?"
The answer didn't come when Peter had his mouth wrapped firmly around Jan's aching nipple. Jan pushed her nipple deeper inside Peter's mouth and sucked them hard.

It was true, Peter needed his balls drained. Especially when such a pinnacle of womanhood rode his cock, and worshipped his manhood with her tight, gripping pussy, it was very good. Jan rose up and dropped down on Peter's throbbing cock. Her body pushed down into his.

Jan closed her eyes and leaned back to ensure Peter's face buried into her breasts. He sucked her chest, and she smiled the further she drove herself up and down. Jan's wet pussy clamped down on Peter's throbbing hard cock.

"Oh, Peter, I want more," Jan breathed.

The Wasp drove herself down onto the engorged cock of the web slinger. Her pussy ached with the thought of being filled up with so much of his cum. Her ass bounced and connected with Peter's thighs. Peter reached underneath her and gripped her ass.

The web slinger's mouth stuck to Jan's breasts. He buried his face in between the large mountains of breasts. After numerous scientific analysis, Peter realized Jan made her tits larger. Not he complained, more soft, firm flesh to bury his face in and sucked.

Jan dropped her tanned body down onto Peter's encouraged cock. The hands stuck towards Jan's ass and released the pole.

She came so hard and her pussy grew even tighter around Peter. The milking of his love muscle shove deep inside of Jan's dripping hot pussy. The woman planted herself deep down onto Peter and dropped him deep inside of her body.

Peter closed his eyes and found more of Jan's breasts pushed deep into her face. Those breasts were so wonderful, Peter wanted to bury himself into her. She bounced onto him harder. An aching feeling spread through Peter's hard cock when pushing them into his body.

"It's coming, I'm getting close," Jan said. "And you're getting close as well….I can't wait to drain your balls."

A few more pumps and Jan came undone in response. Jan's wet pussy dropped down onto Peter's engorged cock and filled her completely up and then released him. She dropped down onto him and released him with a few more pumps of her pussy going down on them.

"I can't wait either," Peter responded to her. "It's going to feel so good."

Jan nodded in confirmation; it was going to feel beyond good. His head resting on her breasts, worshipped them, it made her feel really good.

Her tight vice squeezed him. Peter held onto her hips and shoved deep inside of her body. The manhood clenched and fired deep inside of her body. The warm seed spewed into her body and splattered her insides. Jan clenched him hard and released him.

Peter enjoyed her warm pussy sliding all the way down on his cock. She drained every single drop of his cock.

"Wonderful," Jan said. "You're amazing…..and spectacular as well."

Jan pulled away from Peter and kissed him in response.
"So, feel free to come by my penthouse for coffee in the morning," Jan said, winking at him.

Peter wasn't about to say no to an invitation like that. It was obvious she wanted more, and Peter wasn't about to turn her down.

End.
"Are you sure about this?"

Peter Parker had been led up a set of stairs up to a very expensive hotel suite by Bobbi Morse, better known as the superheroine, Mockingbird. The blonde wore a smile on her face, along with a tank top and a casual pair of blue jeans when she lead him up the stairs.

"Hey, you helped me take down HYDRA," Bobbi responded. "Well, a part of HYDRA, you know, the entire one head go off, two more grow back thing which has been happening as long as HYDRA has been around. But, still, we really kicked Strucker's ass and stopped his doomsday plan."

The night started so innocently, Bobbi and Peter went out for a drink after defeating HYDRA. The night went on, and she got a bit touchy feely, until she invited him upstairs, to a hotel suite she was staying in while on the West Coast.

"I just don't want Barton to come after me and use me to test his new trick arrows," Peter said.

"You don't have to worry about, Clint," Bobbi said. "We've both moved on."

Bobbi guided Peter into the room with a smile on her face.

"Just let me change, and if you still want to say no, then I'll let you leave," Bobbi said. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable…but just give me a chance to rock your world."

She offered Peter a seat in a little area next to the bedroom, and Bobbi draped her bag over her shoulder before disappearing into the next room. Peter smiled.

'Well, you have to give the girl credit for trying to get what she wants. Although, I can't help, but think I'm a glorified rebound after that messy divorce she went through.'

Peter wondered if that was entirely a bad thing. Tension relief was very important in his line of work, and he spent a lot of his nights relieving the tension by beating on the bad guys, webbing them up, and leaving them for the police. Despite it working to relieve his stress most nights, there was only so many times where you could beat up Shocker, Rhino, Electro, and the rest of his colorful rogues gallery before things got boring.

"Hello, here comes the Spider-Man."

Bobbi was slightly drunk, but more functional than most would be with the number of drinks she knocked back tonight. Bobbi stepped into the room, dressed in a very lacy black teddy with white trip. The lingerie did a good job in showcasing her large breasts and firm body. The material bunched up against her crotch and ass. She wore a nice pair of thigh high stockings as well, and a pair of fingerless black gloves. She had a choker on her neck, and Peter blinked.

'Is she wearing a choker with a leash on it?'

The Avenger, and part time SHIELD agent, walked towards Peter.
"So, tell me, web slinger?" Bobbi asked. "Are you still going to say no, because my ex-husband, or are you going to tap this?"

Bobbi turned around and slapped herself on the ass. She turned back towards Peter, and smiled.

"Maybe I should give you further incentive."

Bobbi motioned Peter towards her, and the two wrapped their arms around her. Peter was the first to kiss Bobbi, which surprised the blonde. His hands reached around to grab her ass and squeeze it. Bobbi pulled away from the kiss, smiled.

"So the Amazing Spider-Man is really the Amazing Ass Man? Who knew?"

"Hey, you have one worthy of worshipping," Peter said, pulling her in for another kiss, what little reluctance he had, failing. The hot blonde grinding her body against his and pushing her breasts in his face making it hard.

"I can't deny that, and it gets me excited to see you were watching it when we were in the air vent tonight," Bobbi responded.

Their tongues met in the middle with each other. Peter moved her towards the bed, their embrace becoming entangled, their passions becoming more heated. Both of them stuck their tongues into each other's throat, both of them trying to gain some level of an advantage over each other.

Peter Parker parted the smooth thighs of the blonde beauty underneath him.

"Just rip the crotch if you need to," Bobbi said. "That would be sexy."

He stuck his fingers to the crotch of Bobbi's lingerie and ripped it off. She gasped when Peter removed it, and exposed her dripping lips. Peter's fingers raked over Bobbi's gorgeous slit and he marveled at how wet it was.

Peter kissed down her body, marveling at how toned and firmed those thighs are, how flat her stomach was. Bobbi worked out, achieving the perfection of an Amazonian beauty, and it really showed. Those large breasts, tight ass, and rocking body made Peter extremely hard.

"So, am I about to see that mouth of yours is not just for cracking wise?"

A smile spread across the web slinger's face when he leaned down and planted a series of kisses all over Bobbi's thighs. His finally destination came between her thighs, on that sweet little peach located between the legs. His tongue shoved deep inside of Bobbi's wet slit.

"Damn," Bobbi breathed at the top of her lungs.

Her thighs shifted apart and squeezed Peter's neck the second he pushed into her. His tongue danced against her insides, and almost extended. His hands gripped her legs and the sensation given with his fingers sticking to all parts of her leg made Bobbi's heart skip several beats.

Bobbi shifted her hips up and met Peter's tongue. He pulled away from her and nibbled on Bobbi's lips before shifting deep into her again.

"It's so good. It's good….really good!"

The Avenger's body shifted up and down. Peter grabbed every inch of her lower body, feeling up on her legs. He tasted her pussy, and it tasted good.
Bobbi could not believe it.

'No man has ever gone done on me this good before. Oooh, and it's really good....and he's going to make me lose my mind.'

A few pushes of her hips up. Bobbi shifted herself up against him. She grabbed Peter's scalp and shuffled his face in between her legs. Peter went further down on her and sucked the juices deep inside his mouth. Bobbi's hips grinded back and up in response.

"Fuck, fuck me!"

Bobbi exploded into a lustful moan. Peter's fingers reached underneath her and played with her ass as well. Bobbi shifted up again, allowing Peter to access her pussy with his mouth, and ass with his fingers. Peter shifted a finger inside of Bobbi's tight asshole and fingered her, increasing the pleasure.

"I love it how you're so naughty!"

The young man pulled away from Bobbi and smiled. He pulled himself up, and she saw a bulge in his pants. Bobbi's mouth dripped with drool.

"Why don't I return the favor?"

Bobbi tugged down Peter's pants and revealed his large cock to her. The fact he went commando underneath his pants just made Bobbi smile. Bobbi leaned closer towards him.

"I want your cock, I want it in my mouth."

Peter wasn't going to argue with it. Bobbi's lustful eyes looked up at him and she took twelve inches of thick, throbbing meat into her mouth. Bobbi reached behind Peter to squeeze on his hips. The throbbing cock shoved deeper between her lips. Bobbi hummed hungrily around him and sucked him very hard.

"Oh, that's really good," Peter murmured. "You suck such a good cock."

Bobbi was glad her skills were enough to please such a brilliant hero. She grabbed onto his ass, and smiled.

"Looks like I'm not the only one who has an ass fetish," Peter said.

She grabbed onto Peter's firm rear for leverage when sucking his cock down her throat. The series of pops around Peter's throbbing hard pole made him feel really good. The series of lewd sounds she made, resulted in Peter's hard cock inside of her mouth.

"Damn, Bobbi, you're going to make me explode."

Bobbi pulled away from his throbbing cock. She tugged on his cock and licked the underside of his cock, tasting every single inch of it. Bobbi kissed down on Peter's cock and sucked down his cock one more time.

It was almost too much. Peter grabbed onto the back of Bobbi's hair, and pushed him into her mouth. The young man shoved his thick meat into the back of her throat and it released a steady amount of cum inside of her body.

The blonde drank up of the cum from his balls, squeezing them, and making sure they were milked dry of every single last drop. She sucked him down to the base and didn't stop sucking on his cock.
even though it had deflated.

Bobbi pushed back from him with a smile. She licked her lips, and then dropped down on her bed. Her legs spread for Peter.

"You know where to put that big cock, don't you?" Bobbi asked. "You wouldn't want to let me down?"

The wet finger pushing in her slit and showing Peter how tight it was made his cock grow hard. It stuck out and brushed against Bobbi's trim stomach. Bobbi smiled and shifted a little bit, making sure their crotches were lined completely up.

Peter pushed deep inside of Bobbi and filled her up with the first few inches. Bobbi put her heels on the small of Peter's back and pushed her deep inside of her.

"Please, Peter," Bobbi breathed. "Put in all inside me….I need every single inch of your big cock inside of me."

The goddess beneath him took his cock inside of her tight body without little protest.

"I can't believe how tight you are."

"Thanks, I try," Bobbi said.

Her pussy muscles flexed in and took Peter's hard cock inside of her. Now she sucked him dry, he was nice and warmed up, and ready to give her this hard cock. She reached up to dig her nails onto the back of his neck.

"Peter, suck my tits."

One of her breasts were out for Peter. The bronzed, delicious skin with Bobbi's thick juicy nipple made Peter groan. He pushed into her depths, bringing his hard cock inside of her body. Peter pushed almost out of her body and shoved into her.

Then, he dove down to attack her sweaty chest. Peter grabbed underneath Bobbi's breast and pushed it into her body. He sucked Bobbi's nipple and sucked it hard. Bobbi's breathing increased when her wet pussy walls clamped around his body.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck me!"

Peter smiled. She was so horny, he could feel how dripping wet she was. He alternated between breasts and caused her pleasure to increase. The beautiful blonde beneath him clenched and released his rod. The length of his rod sliding inside of her body stretched Bobbi out.

Bobbi entered an amazing orgasm with Peter inside of her. Her body shook underneath him. Her walls clenched around him, with her legs also wrapping around his body. They shifted up, and balanced on Peter's shoulders.

The leverage allowed Peter to slam into Bobbi even harder. Bobbi's wet center clenched around Peter and released him with a steady amount. Bobbi's wet walls slid down around Peter and took each inch of him inside of her warm body.

"Are you still with me?" Peter asked.

"Yes, you just…you're so good."
"Thanks, I try."

Peter held a tight grip on her right breast, releasing the juicy globe and squeezing it. He applied the suction on the breast. Bobbi moved her hand up to the back of his head and encouraged him to suck, lick, and bite on her nipple.

The two of them increased their pleasure with each other. Their loins met together in a passion with each other. Bobbi's wet vice lubricated Peter all the way to her core. Bobbi shifted up over him.

"You're doing so good, baby, so good at stretching me out," Bobbi said. "Fuck me cross-eyed."

Bobbi moaned deep inside of Peter's ear. The temptress underneath him made Peter's balls throb even harder. He tried to enjoy the tightness of her center the most he could. His hands tried not to feel up her body, but Bobbi would have none of that. She took a hand into hers and sucks Peter's fingers with her dripping digits in response.

Peter pulled her up off of the bed and drove himself deep into her. His pleasure increased, with a solid tingling erupting through his balls. He was almost close to coming undone, just one more thrust, and he would have her.

Another orgasm coming from Bobbi followed.

"Don't hold out on me, I know there's more, just cum in me now," Bobbi said.

Peter shifted his hard rod inside of the blonde underneath the bed. She shifted all the way up towards him, and squeezed her waist. Peter's throbbing cock slammed inside of her body.

"I'm close, but one more time, I want to feel you cum one more times."

"How sweet," Bobbi muttered.

She enjoyed the feeling of pleasure doubling through her body. Peter picked himself up and planted his rod into her body. The two of them melded together with each other. Their hips pushed back and forth against each other.

The orgasm fired through Bobbi. She milked Peter's engorged rod all through the orgasm. Peter pushed deep inside of Bobbi and bottomed out inside of her.

The sensation of his balls clenching and releasing brought the warm cum inside of Bobbi's body. The two of them joined each other with Peter emptying every blast of seed inside of her.

Bobbi smiled and pulled away from Peter. She rolled over onto the bed, making sure Peter saw her toned ass and her pussy, which dripped with the contents of their shared orgasms. Bobbi wrapped her fist around the chain which still dangled from her.

The eyes of the web slinger looked towards Bobbi. She spanked her own bottom with the chain. Her moans got louder when Bobbi spanked herself over and over again. His cock was hard.

"Peter, I can't last much longer, I need you in me, one more time."

Peter wondered what he started, but sure enough, his cock was harder once more. And there was only one place where he could put it which would give him any kind of relief.

The two of them connected with each other. Peter's long hard cock slid inside of her body, and she clenched him even harder the second time. He pushed inside her and drove himself down into her.
Those hard balls throbbed in response. Peter leaned towards Bobbi and squeezed the underside of her breast.

"Pull my chain."

Peter looked towards Bobbi, almost stopping fucking her at the thought.

"You heard me."

Peter held her chain and pulled on it, while driving it onto her. Bobbi screamed in a passionate orgasm. He was careful not to pull it too hard, the last thing he needed was a death of an Avenger on his hand.

"Oh, I'm such a bitch, you're going to have to keep me on a leash!" Bobbi screamed.

He pounded her, doggy style, oddly enough. Those wet pussy lips squeezed around Peter's hard cock and clenched her. Peter pulled himself almost away from her and shoved deep inside her. He pounded her tight pussy, while also pleasuring her ass with his fingers.

Bobbi's nipples grew harder. He lightly pulled the chain from behind her while fucking her. It turned her on, because she loved being dominated like this. That long throbbing cock entered her for the second time tonight.

"Well, I'm sure you could use some obedience training."

She twitched at Peter's words.

"You're going to have to correct me," Bobbi said. "You should see some of the tricks I've learned though."

The saucy smile made Peter want to drill her even harder. He pushed inside of Bobbi, and felt her tighten around her. Bobbi held onto the bed and mewled in pleasure. The sexy wonderful woman underneath him was taking Peter's hard cock inside of her.

"But, let's see how well you take commands," Peter said. "Cum for me."

He tugged the chain for emphasis, unable to believe Bobbi talked him into this. But, to be fair, he was enjoying it. Her walls clenched around Peter's intruding manhood.

"Good, girl."

Bobbi's tongue hung out in a cheeky manner, before she clutched onto the bed. She breathed heavily when Peter buried into her all of the way. He knew the end would be coming, but he was going to ride her all the way to the end, and then beyond the end.

"Here you go, cum for me again."

Bobbi came one more time. His cock slid into her, and buried deep inside of her body. The feeling of his balls slapping her made Bobbi become very horny, she could feel how full they were, hell they were even fuller than they were the first time.

'This is going to be good.'

The balls drove into Bobbi and emptied the contents inside of her body. He splashed inside of her body, and filled her completely up. She came two more times before Peter was completely done pouring his cum inside of her body.
Bobbi dropped down onto the bed. Peter pulled out of her body and rolled over onto the bed. She
crawled over on top of her, and pressed her body against Peter's body.

"We should do the team up thing more often."

"That we should."

Bobbi's expression told Peter this team up aftermath was far from over.

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End.
Peter Parker returned from a day of web slinging activities to find a very interesting surprise reclining on his bed. It didn't make his spider sense tingle, but rather, it made other things tingle.

Jennifer Walters, the super heroine known as the She-Hulk, was casually waiting for Peter when he got home. She dressed purple bra and a pair of see-through purple panties which covered her green frame nicely. The beautiful woman sat up and looked towards him with a smile.

The web slinger took a second to try and recover from the sight of She-Hulk waiting for him, with barely more clothes on than the day she was born. Peter didn't know what god or goddess he pleased for once in his life, but he would thank him or her every single day.

"Hey, Jen."

Jen smiled and rose to her feet before inviting Peter close towards the bed. "Hey, yourself. I've been waiting for you all day."

"So, what can I do for you?" Peter asked.

"All sorts," Jen said. "You can start by bringing your big cock over here, and making my day by fucking my brains out.

Jen bounced off of the bed and attacked Peter with a huge kiss. She forced her tongue down Peter's throat and ran up his arms with those fingers. She caressed his body. Despite her strength, Jen's ministrations were gentle, although almost forceful. She was assertive when she needed to be, but not too much where it would scare her partner away and cause some problems.

The manhood stuck outside of Peter's uniform. She wrapped a hand around Peter's throbbing cock and slowly squeezed it. The gorgeous green vixen dropped down to her knees and took Peter's head into her mouth. Jen sucking it made Peter grab the back of her head, exerting the force he needed. He couldn't hold back from the very obvious face-fucking like situation.

Jen swirled her tongue around Peter's hard manhood. He was taking her mouth, and Jen couldn't be happier. The back of her head had been grabbed. She looked up at him with a sultry look dancing in her eyes. Peter held onto the back of her head.

Peter groaned when he drove himself into the tight mouth of the woman on her knees before him. He groaned when almost pulling out of her and then sliding into Jen's mouth. Her wet mouth enveloped him all of the way inside of her mouth.

"Damn, you're going to make me lose it."

Jen's mischief increased when her hand cupped Peter's balls and squeezed it. The heavy amount of cum stored in those swollen balls excited her. She looked up towards Peter, taunting him, and encouraging him to keep it going.

Would Peter let a lady down? No, absolutely not. He shoved a length of rod inside of Jen's gripping
mouth. She released Peter and then sucked him down into her mouth. Peter picked up the pace and shoved more of his long, impressive rod inside of Jen's waiting mouth.

"Oh, I'm going to lose it now," Peter groaned. "Right in your tight, perfect mouth. How do you like that, Jenny? Would you like to drink the cum from my balls?"

The Sensational She-Hulk squeezed Peter's hard balls and brought his rod deeper down her throat. The feeling of Peter tensing up made Jen grow very excited, he was growing close, and it wouldn't be too long before he sent the cum firing down her throat.

"Mmm," Jen breathed. "Mmm, mmm, mmm!"

The sounds she made encouraged Peter to drill her deeper and faster. The young man switched his tactics and kept driving inside of her.

"Oh, you're about to get your treat," Peter said. "I hope you're ready for it."

Jen opened her mouth wide and received a heavy blast of cum deep inside of her mouth. Peter held onto the back of Jen's head and emptied his rod into her. The splattering of cum in her throat was intense, even more intense though was the goddess sucking down his manhood.

The She-Hulk pulled herself up. Now, she had some cock sucking under her belt, Jen wanted to move to the next level. She ripped off her panties, and showed Peter her swollen womanhood. She made sure the web slinger could see it from this particular position.

"I need you, badly," Jen breathed.

Peter cupped Jen's tight ass and gave it a nice little squeeze. His fingers shifted down between Jen's legs and massaged her heat. Jen's breathing increased the further Peter shifted one finger down in her.

"Don't worry," Peter said. "You're going to get nice and warmed up. And then and only then…"

The prodigal young man trailed off and pushed his finger deep inside of Jen. Her wet womanhood stretched around Peter's probing finger. He pumped inside of her and gave her ass a delicious little squeeze. He spanked Jen and slid all the way out of her.

"You're going to get what you really want," Peter said. "How do you like that?"

Jen wasn't going to lie, she was excited about the potential fact of Peter fingering her into submission. His finger shifted inside of her. The sticky finger stuck to Jen's insides and further manipulated her. Her breasts ached, demanding attention for Peter.

The attention had to be given by Peter squeezing them and releasing the large green melons. He wanted to drive his cock in between those large breasts, feeling her green skin wrapped around his pulsing too. Cooler heads prevailed, and Peter decided to tease Jen some more.

The teasing increased with Peter pushing a finger inside of Jen's wet vice. She closed her thighs against Peter's finger and released him. Peter rubbed her womanhood and spanked her.

"I bet you'd like my cock?"

Jen barely held back from rolling her eyes. Of course, she wanted his cock.

"Yes, Swinger, I need your cock bad," Jen said
Jen wanted to take Peter Parker's amazing cock inside of her. She knew it wouldn't be that easy, but it not being that easy was half of the fun.

"Good things come to those who wait….even She-Hulks have to be patient sometimes."

Jen didn't know what to make of what Peter was doing to her, she only could have clamped her thighs down around him and pushed Peter deep inside of her.

"Yes, it appears so," Jen breathed.

Her patience was going to be running out soon. Peter pumped her pussy to a conclusion, well near to a conclusion. He pulled back.

Peter smiled, he could tell Jen was about ten seconds way from ripping his fingers from her cunt, shoving him down onto the bed, and riding his cock until his balls were completely empty. Enticing as it may seem, Peter wanted to gain control of the sex.

'Besides, how many people end up getting the better of She-Hulk?'

Peter could think of the people on one hand who could get the better of the woman underneath him, and still have a few fingers to spare.

"Today's your lucky day, because I'm ready."

Jen pushed her thighs apart and received Peter inside of her. The first few inches of his manhood penetrated her. The two of them joined together.

"Damn, you're so tight!" Peter grunted.

Jen smiled, she would take it as praise. Not to mention Peter's hands exploring all over her body, one of the places he explored was the underside of her breasts. Jen tried to keep herself from exploding, even though Peter buried himself deep into her body.

"All for you," Jen breathed. "Good, keep it up!"

That tight ass was tempting. Peter decided to only give it a passing amount of attention, at least not yet. He could hear Jen's breathing every time his fingers cupped her ass and knew it was good.

"Let's see how hard I can make you cum."

The green woman's inhibitions just faded away underneath the throbbing hard cock. He pushed deeper inside of Jen with a series of hard pumps inside of her. Peter held onto the side of Jen's hips and rocked deep inside of her. The long manhood slammed deep inside of her!

"Harder, harder than anyone's ever made me cum before."

The tight womanhood closing around Peter's exploring rod showed him how tight Jen was and how horny she was. Peter picked up the pace and rammed inside of her, burying his rod inside of her womanhood.

Jen flashed through more pleasurable motions. Peter's fingers touched the back of her neck and danced down her back. All of those actions made Jen feel extremely horny with Peter driving his cock inside of her. Those balls slapped against Jen's wet pussy with a long push inside of her.

"Fuck," Peter groaned. "You're going to cum again?"
The green skinned bombshell's body tensed up around Peter's throbbing hard rod and milked him. Peter pushed deeper into her.

"I think it's about your turn. Isn't it?"

Peter could not deny it was about his turn to finish inside of the beautiful woman who was beneath him. He tried as he might to finish u inside of the lovely green skinned woman. He tried to pull it back.

"You can't deny what you want!" Jen yelled. "Once you go green, you never go back."

Peter smiled at the quip and pushed his rod inside of Jen's gripping hot pussy. She squeezed around Peter with a couple more pumps inside of her. The green skinned bombshell underneath him gripped and released Peter's hard cock. He rode her out all the way to the end.

Jen's hands digging into the bed showed her how much she wanted Peter to push his hard throbbing cock inside of her body. The young man slid almost all the way out of her and then shoved deep inside of her.

"Here it comes," Peter breathed. "I hope you're ready."

One hand cupped the underside of Jen's breast and squeezed it. She responded with a very hungry moan the second Peter buried his cock inside of her.

"Oh, I'm more than ready for you!" Jen yelled. "Cum inside me, Peter, fill up my pussy with your thick cum. I want to be swimming in it!"

Peter held his hands on Jen's ass and gave himself some momentum while burying his hard cock inside of the tight green-skinned woman underneath him. He knew the end would be coming sooner than later. All he could do was sit back and enjoy the ride.

The first orgasm came from the She-Hulk, and she held onto Peter. Peter buried his throbbing cock inside of Jen. Her wet walls milked his rod and eventually, Peter came undone. He fired a steady amount of cum deep inside of her womanhood and buried his seed completely inside of her!

Here came Spider-Man and he buried his seed inside of Jen's body. The green skinned beauty writhed and screamed with the impact of Peter driving his hard cock inside of her. He pulled almost all the way out of her and shoved his throbbing hard rod into her one more time.

Peter rolled over onto the bed. His cock wilted a little bit, but still throbbed. Jen's sexy green body climbing on top of Peter and straddling him at the race made it very hard for Peter to hold his concentration. Peter reached up and gripped the back of Jen's head, smiling when he cupped her ass for him.

"Did you really think we were done?"

Both lovers doubted they were done to be perfectly honest. Jen spread her legs and worked her way down against Peter. Her warm lips brought Peter inside of her.

The slow descent on Peter's rod caused Jen to tease both herself and Peter. A sultry gaze danced in Jen's eye when she leaned closer towards Peter. Her lips puckered together.

"No, we weren't done," Peter said.

Jen pushed herself down onto Peter and bottomed out on his cock. Her wet pussy slid all the way
down on Peter and enveloped him inside of her.

"I figured about as much," Jen said. "Oh, you're not done. And I can feel your cock inside of me. I enjoy feeling how much it stretches me in new ways."

She descended down on Peter and slowly teased him with her wet womanhood. Peter cupped Jen's breasts to gave her more encouragement.

"I can't help myself. Once I get a taste, I need to get it all. I need to ride you to the end, and drain your balls."

The Green Amazon pushed down onto Peter's throbbing rod. Her pulsing womanhood dropping down on Peter made him hunger for even more. Those bouncing breasts came very close to lingering in front of Peter's face. He lifted up and cupped them, giving them a squeeze.

"I'm going to drain them, drain your thick balls," Jen said. "They're going to feel so good when I put your warm, sticky cum between my legs!"

Jen rocked herself up and down on Peter. She looked as good as she promised. Peter couldn't do anything other than lay back and enjoy the ride. He was pretty certain Jen enjoyed the ride to be honest.

"You're having fun."

"Always have to have fun," Jen said. "It's the only way to deal with this crazy world."

The spider empowered heroes eyes drifted towards Jen's bouncing breasts. They enchanted him and made Peter want to bury his face between them. Those juicy, milky orbs were really good looking. He leaned up towards Jen and took a mouth full of her nipple. Jen locked a hand on the back of Peter's head, and guided her into him.

"And we're having a lot of fun now, aren't we?"

Peter couldn't have enough of her breasts. The green skin made Jen even more delicious, and encouraged Peter to bury his face in between her. Those heaving breasts came into Peter's mouth. He squeezed them and sucked down on those nipples.

"Yes, a lot of fun," Peter responded. "Are you about ready to cum?"

The tight gripping cunt showed Peter all he needed to know. Jen had the time of her life. As promised, she rode Peter and as promised, she intended to drain those thick, throbbing balls with everything they were worth.

Jen promised herself the ride of her life, and both herself and Peter delivered. The burst of pleasure slammed through her body the second Je bounced on top of Peter. Her moist womanhood clenched Peter and released him numerous times. She could feel the tingling.

"No, not yet," Jen said.

The green skinned beauty leaned down and planted multiple kisses on Peter. Her breasts bumped against his chest and those lips, they attacked the side of Peter's face. Her questing tongue pushed deep inside of Peter's mouth. Peter returned the kiss.

Lips met parts of Peter's body in more way than one. Jen came, boy did she ever come very hard. She bounced down on Peter and drove him into her.
"Are you feeling good?" Jen asked. "Because, I can make you feel better."

Jen took advantage of Peter's own sticky powers to clamp her cunt down hard onto him. She squeezed Peter and released him. Her warm center slid pretty much all the way down onto Peter.

"Yes, it's so much better," Peter said.

The suction around her nipple only resulted in Jen riding Peter even harder and faster. She hoped for both of their sake, the bed could take the punishment. Otherwise, it would be pretty embarrassing all things considered. Jen rose almost all the way up and pumped her womanhood down on him.

Jen smiled when impaling herself down onto him. Another miniature orgasm shot through her body. She clenched Peter and made sure he didn't cum, just yet.

The teasing this beauty gave him nearly drove Peter over the edge. He needed to drive his thick, throbbing cock inside of her perfect womanhood. Jen's pussy tightened around Peter and released him with a series of fluid movements. She ascended and descended down onto him, going further.

"Damn, Jen, you're too much!"

Jen gifted her chest to the handsome young man which she rode. Peter grabbed her by the back and dove in between her chest. He sucked her nipples and brought further pleasure.

"You're something yourself, as well," Jen said.

The womanhood tightened deep into Peter. Those balls came closer to unleashing inside of her. The exotic look of a green love box tightening around a white love muscle made Peter throat even more. Those nipples begged to be touched.

"Fuck."

Jen shifted her womanhood down onto Peter's hard throbbing cock. Those walls tightened around him, and released him. She knew it would be only a matter of time before the cum would have been pumped inside of her. Jen cradled his balls and felt.

"You have a nice big load for me, stud," Jen murmured. "I like it."

Peter closed his eyes to feel Jen drop down onto him. Her moisture cascading down on Peter and filled him completely up with a few drops.

"Oh, you're too much."

"I think we already established that, honey."

The first few blasts of Peter's balls filled Jen up. The impact of cum splattering inside of her made Jen come harder. As a result, Peter came even harder inside of her.

Peter looked at the temptress riding up and down on him. Jen's beautiful body descended on his cock, milked his balls, and just looked pretty good.

The green skinned beauty pulled Peter off of the bed and drove her pussy down onto him. Jen finished milking him to the end and filled herself up with Peter's cum. The force of the orgasm resulted in both of them seeing stars.

Jen finally pulled off of Peter rod which finally deflated. She knew it would be ready to go where it wanted.
“Thanks for the fuck,” Jen said. “Sometimes, you just really need a good fuck.”

“Anything for a friend,” Peter said.

“Well, you looked like you needed it too,” Jen said.

Jen debated her next move. She could stick around and maybe both of them could recover and they could go into round three.

Another round of sex was very enticing for Jen. Her pussy ached with the thought of Peter taking advantage of her this time, shoving her down on the bed, and riding her womanhood.

“Well, we’ll see what happens.”

End.

Final chapter of this year for this anthology, but I'll be back in more January, with Spider-Man’s adventures with Marvel and DC Comics females.
"Lana, don't talk with your mouth full!"

Lana Baumgartner sucked the large cock of the young man who was resting on the bed in the apartment her and her mother shared. The man dressed in a black and white suit which retracted, to allow her full access to his crotch. She had never seen a cock so big, and she wanted it in her mouth. Unfortunately, Lana didn't have the precision, so she took half of the cock into her mouth and had to stroke the base with her hand.

It was funny how things worked in life sometimes. Lana and her mother, Lori, pulled a job, a nice little bank heist. The cops were about as thick as bricks and dumb as mud in this city, which made outsmarting them easy. Then, they ran into everyone's favorite neighborhood do-gooder, Spider-Man, who chased them out, and tracked them back to the apartment.

Lori managed to convince Spider-Man she was just a poor mother trying to make it in life, and that she was just trying to provide for her daughter. Lana had to struggle not to roll her eyes through the entire act. She managed to convince Spider-Man if he took it easy on them, she would make it worth his while.

Now, Lana had been dragged into this situation, sucking on Spider-Man's hard cock. She didn't think the do-gooder would take advantage of a situation like this. But then again, she thought he wore red and blue, and not a black suit.

Peter Parker, everyone's favorite neighborhood Spider-Man, buried his face between two large pillowy MILF tilts. He sucked on the large nipples, which made him throb with desire. He just happened to throb in desire with the mouth of the woman's daughter. It made the situation very kinky to be perfectly honest.

"Let me show you how to really pleasure a man," Lori said.

Lana rolled her eyes. Obviously, her mother's version of giving her "the talk." Lori pulled Spider-Man gently away from her chest and moved down.

She kissed the man's chest on the way down, the suit opening. The only part of him which was covered down, was his face. Lori felt his firm toned abs, and chest, and kissed down before going between his legs. She took her young lover's balls into her mouth and sucked them very hard.

Peter could not believe it. She performed an air tight seal around his balls when sucking them. Lana, meanwhile, was trying not to be undone by her mother when sucking Peter's throbbing hard cock. She looked at him with an intense glare in his eyes, both challenging and sex. The two women tagged Peter's throbbing hard prick, and ensured he would be feeling very good sooner rather than later.

Lana pulled away from the young man's organ.

"Both of you are good, sucking my cock," Spider-Man said. "Remember, you do the crime, you do the time."
"Oh, believe me, Spider-Man, we'll do the time," Lori said. "We'll do hard times."

Lana released away from Spider-Man's cock and gave her mother a look of absolute disgust. "Seriously, do you really have to talk like a fucking extra from a porno? You're a shameless slut!"

"You shouldn't talk to your mother like that," Spider-Man sternly said.

"You can stay the fuck out of this!" Lana yelled.

Black tendrils retracted from Spider-Man's suit and held Lana into place. It wrapped around her inner thighs and also around her nipples which grew harder despite her best efforts. Her body betrayed her.

"Maybe you should give your daughter the spanking she should have gotten a long time ago, Ms. Baumgartner?"

"Maybe, I should," Lori said with a wicked grin. "And call me, Lori. You'll be banging me later with that huge fucking piece of meat, you've earned the right."

Lana struggled, and realized you couldn't move.

"You son of a bitch, you son of a bitch, this really isn't fucking right," Lana said.

"If it isn't right, why are your nipples as hard as ice?" Spider-Man asked "And why is your pussy wet?"

Spider-Man rubbed his fingers down Lana's slit.

"I didn't give you the consent to do that," Lana said, but she whimpered in pleasure.

"You know," Lori said. "Back in my day, a wet cunt was all the consent a woman needed."

Lori exposed her daughter's round ass and smiled. If she knew her daughter had such a nice ass, she would have spanked her sooner. Lori raised a hand and slapped Lana on her plump ass. She spanked her twice, three times, four times, in succession. She blistered Lana's warm ass.

Every moan coming from Lana hardened Peter's cock. Watching a mother spank her teenage daughter was hotter than he expected. The fact Peter rubbed the tendrils down her body increased the naughty effect. Lana's moans increased.

"You're a bad girl talking to your mother like that," Lori said. "And you're the one who is the naughty slut for having a wet pussy when your mother isspanking you. There's something wrong with you, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mommy," Lana moaned.

Lori smiled and took her eyes on the large throbbing cock of the web slinger. No wonder bitches loved Spider-Man, if he was packing a piece of meat like that. Lori moved over and positioned her moist cunt over his throbbing cock.

"Ah, did me spanking my kinky little girl get you all hard, Spidey?" Lori asked. "Don't worry, Mommy will make it feel all good."

Lori pushed her pussy down on Peter's hard cock and encased him in a sheath which was surprisingly tight. Not that Peter was complaining about it at all. She worked Peter's pole with precision.
The Bombshell drove her hips down on Spider-Man, with the little moans from Lana becoming more obvious. It was obvious those tendrils worked into parts of her body, further between her thighs. Lori busied herself with the cock buried inside of her body.

The woman rose up and bounced on Peter's aching pole. Her lubricated center bounced up and down on Peter's cock and brought his pole deep inside of her. She descended and ascended upon his large pole.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck me hard," Peter breathed when reaching up and grabbing Lori's large breasts, giving them a firm squeeze.

"Oh, don't worry, honey, I'll show you a really good time," Lori said. "It's the least I can do for taking it easy on me and my little girl….even though you're going to give it to us hard a couple of ways."

Peter breathed heavily, and pushed his manhood deep inside of her body. The rod buried deep inside of Lori and stretched her cunt. It was always the naughty ones who could do it better, to be perfectly honest. Lori stretched herself down on Peter's hard pole and released him.

The moans coming from Lana made things even more pleasurable.

It turned out, Lana was really craving his big cock inside of her, splitting her in half like it did her mother. Lana frowned, wondering if she could take his hard cock inside her the same way. Her mother had been properly loosened up.

"Always the naughty ones," Peter said. "Always the bad girls who were the best."

Elektra, Black Cat, Emma Frost, Viper, Mystique were among the beauties which Peter encountered as soon as he had this black suit. It seemed to attract the naughtiest, bad girls, and they were always the most wild in sexy. They were the most naughty.

"Yes," Lori said. "Do you think you can anally violate me with those tendrils?"

Peter smiled, and he decided to give her wish. One of the tendrils reached up and buried its slimy tendril pushing into her. The woman's asshole clenched against the intrusion. The duel force made her breathing pleasure inside of her. Those woman's breathing increased.

She leaned down and allowed Spider-Man to attack her nipples with fever. Those breasts, were always sensitive, and made Lori scream in pleasure when he nibbled, and sucked on the nipples. He drew her to another orgasm which came down onto the web slinger's hard cock. She bounced up and down, slamming her slick walls onto him.

"Damn, it's making me feel so good, so good," Lori said. "Make me cum, and then make me your dirty little cum slut, your dirty, filthy, little cum slut!"

The woman bounced up and down Peter's throbbing cock to push Lori's wet walls around him. She pumped and released him several times. Peter groaned when feeling the woman's tight walls squeezing down onto his hard rod. She bounced up and drove down on him.

"Fill me with your cum," Lori breathed. "You know you want it to. You know you want to fill my naughty, dirty, filthy, slutty pussy with your love juice. Oh, it feels really good….it feels really good to be filled up with seed!"

Peter could feel her ass bounce in the air. He squeezed Lori's tight ass and she bounced onto him one more time. The feeling constricting his balls made him want to push into her. Those balls tightened
up and were about ready to spill his seed inside of her.

The MILF on top of her lover could feel her lover's cock swell. She came one more time at the thought of being filled which so much, young virile cum deep inside her body. Lori squeezed his cock all the way down and waited for her to release it.

"Jesus, Lori, you're way too much. I can't help and cum inside you."

Lori was glad he couldn't help it. She shoved the web slinger's rod inside of her. Those naughty tendrils molesting both her and her daughter all of the way, in a way which inflamed Lori's desires, inflamed them beyond pretty much anything else in her life.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Lori panted. "Right there, bury your cum inside of me."

The tension released and the cum spilled inside of her body. Peter's balls pushed deep inside of Lori's body and filled her completely. Lori bounced up and down on him, taking Peter's hard cock inside of her body.

Lana watched in awe about how shameless her mother was taking his cock and then his cum. And she flushed when realizing how much the very process turned her on. She dropped down as much as possible.

"Fuck, it's really good," Lori breathed.

She slid away from the young man's cock. Lana looked at her mother's pussy, which overflowed which so much white spunk she looked pretty shameless.

The neck thing she knew, Spider-Man went behind her, those tendrils around her nipples squeezing her tightly. He moved closer towards Lana and whispered in her ear.

"Clean her."

Lana couldn't believe he ordered to do this, and how much she complied with doing this. She crawled over towards her mother's pussy. The place which she came from sixteen years ago was underneath her. Lana put her hands on either side of Lori's thighs and licked her.

The gaze of Peter moved from Lana burying her face between Lori's thighs and to her ass and opened up pussy. He wanted nothing better to bury his rod inside of her body and fuck her brains out. But, Peter decided not to do that just yet. He took his hands and ran them over her body. The toned, delightful skin didn't have an ounce of fat on it. Lana's pussy was obviously tighter than her mother.

The young man shifted Lana's lips apart and slowly dragged a finger down the walls.

"Let's see how wet I can get you," Peter said. "And then, it's time for you to take your medicine."

Lana could feel his lips push against her wet pussy, and sucking on the outer lips. Her eyes closed shut with Peter suckling on her nether lips. She breathed in heavily and breathed out. The web slinger proved he could stick to many surfaces, no matter how slick, and not just with his hands either.

The feeling of her daughter eating her out and sucking another man's cum from her womanhood made her feel really good. It brought her and her daughter closer together.

"Eat your mother, make your mother cum," Peter said. "When you make your mother cum nice and
good, I'm going to give you the fucking you deserve."

Lana had been inspired to eat her mother out. Those fingers teased her along with Peter's tongue. She never once broke the strike with attacking her mother's pussy. She stroked Lori's thighs and briefly turned her attention to her mother's clit.

"Baby girl, I've taught you so well," Lori said. "Let's face it, you're a born slut, just like me. You're getting so hot from eating Mommy's nasty cunt out, aren't you?"

The younger Bombshell buried herself into her mother's cunt. The screams had been her own reward. The relationship with her mother had been more like antagonistic sisters most of the time. Lori got herself knocked up when she was fourteen, maybe fifteen, Lana couldn't quite due the math given how she was the midst of an organism.

Lori came hard, and screamed to the heavens. Lana came up, face covered in her mother's seed when Spider-Man came her again.

"Good to see you've cum."

Lana turned around, ready to jump Spider-Man. Only to realize the tendrils pinned her down onto the bed and forced her legs open for intrusion.

"Now I have you," Spider-Man said.

There was something about that black suit that made him Lana's pussy very wet. Peter climbed on top of her and aimed his throbbing hard cock against Lana's wet entrance. Her wet thighs came close to hip. The tip of his cock brushed against her entrance and pushed past Lana's entrance.

"OOOOH, IT'S SO FUCKING BIG!" Lana yelled at the top of her lungs. "IT'S WAY TOO FUCKING BIG!"

"Just take it, and deal with it," Lori said. "I would like to think my daughter could take a real man's cock properly. Unless, you prefer to take little boy dick in you?"

Lana spread her thighs out and tried to woman up, because she would never hear the end of it from her slut of a mother. Her excitement increased and she got wetter and wetter the more Spider-Man pushed his manhood inside of her. She had to have a hardened exterior, trying to convince herself how she didn't want this, but she did want this, and she did need it.

Peter kissed the side of her neck, and her face, and then moved down to kiss the valley between her breasts. Lana was not as big as Lori was, but they were still a respectable size, and more than enough for Peter to take into his hands.

Lana breathed in hunger. She took his hard rod inside of her body. The woman's thighs pumped deep around Peter and shoved his rod inside of her body. The teenager's eyes blazed over.

"Just let it go," Peter said. "You like big bangs? Well you're about to get a really big bang."

That much was for damn sure. Peter rammed his throbbing hard cock inside of Lana's tight body. He pushed inside of her and could feel the orgasm shake Lana's body underneath her. It gave his cock a pleasurable tug and now his cock slid into Lana's well lubricated and broken in center with a series of thrusts.

"Fuck my daughter," Lori breathed when she diddled herself. "Fuck her hard. Fuck her brains out. KNOCK MY DAUGHTER THE FUCK UP AND GIVE ME A GRAND CHILD!"
"No, not that," Lana begged, even though she clenched her lover hard at the thought of being fucked hard. "I'm too young."

"You're older than I was," Lori said simply.

Lana hated to argue with the logic. She was pinned down against the bed and drilled deep inside of her body. Every time Peter's hard cock struck her center, she lifted her hips up a few inches above the bed. The two of them connected with each other.

"I have you, and soon, I'm going to fill you," Peter said.

She had been stuffed full of Peter's hard cock, and she couldn't hold back. His hard cock rammed inside of her body and rode her all the way to the edge. Lana's wet walls tightened around Peter and pushed him deep inside of her with a few hard thrusts which buried deeper inside of her body.

"Yes, you have me, and you're filling me up, you're filling me up good!" Lana breathed. "You're making me feel good…don't just wait, cum in me. Cum in my fucking pussy, you do-gooder! Fill my cunt up with your cum! I want to feel your fucking seed inside me…..make me your bitch!"

"You sure her father wasn't a sailor?" Peter asked.

Lori gave a shrug. She watched the end of the show, which was her daughter being drilled with hard cock and filled up with so much cum it would still be dripping out of her a week later. Lori couldn't wait for the grand finale, for the ultimate climax.

Peter buried himself into Lana and splattered his seed into her vice of a pussy. Lana clamped around him and milked the seed out of his throbbing rod inside of her pussy.

"So much cum," Lana said, practically drooling in more ways than one.

He pinned her down and fucked her to their mutual orgasm. Lana's pussy oozed full of the combination of cum from both of them. Lori also reached an orgasm after playing with her pussy.

Finally, after several minutes, and a couple of really intense orgasms on Lana's part, Peter pulled away from her.

Lana rubbed her swollen belly, breathing heavily from being filled up.

"This is all your fault," Lana moaned, feeling so good, and pretty sure they would have another mouth to feed in about nine months.

"No, you just take after your mother."

End.
A warm and very pleasurable sensation jerked Peter away from his midnight slumber. The sensation centered around the area of the groin and it got more prominent. Soft silky fingernails tickled the feelings underneath his balls and rubbed them.

The web slinger pulled back the cover and saw the dark locks of his wife, Wanda, formerly of the Brotherhood of Evil Mutants, now of the Avengers. He could see the dark haired woman's mouth work hungrily on his rod. Peter smiled when he looked down at her.

"Good morning, love," Peter said.

Wanda popped her mouth off of Peter's rod and smiled. "Good morning, honey."

She pumped his cock a few more times and resumed her blowjob to Peter for a few more minutes. Wanda stimulated his pleasure centers like no one else. Peter took the back of her head, and thought back to how the two of them had met.

Peter escaped to the Savage Land, as the grotesque Man Spider creature, where he was hunted by Kraven the Hunter. Wanda had joined her father, everyone's favorite Master of Magnetism, Magneto, and his team of the Brotherhood of Evil Mutants. She happened upon Peter, and Kraven, and blasted Kraven away, saving Peter from a horrible fate. She realized the spider monster was a human and she helped him return from Man-Spider to Spider-Man.

The two started dating ever since then, with Wanda leaving the Brotherhood, after a conflict of interest with her father, and his goals. She didn't want to join the X-Men, because she didn't full trust Charles Xavier either, so she decided to join up with the Avengers, as did Peter. And then got married about six months ago, and had been together ever since.

The hungry sucking continued as Peter pulled himself out of memory lane. Wanda pushed herself onto Peter and climbed onto his chest, staring lovingly into his eyes.

"Peter, I want you," Wanda said.

Peter looked up at Wanda and she looked like a vision, wearing a lacy red bra which she filled out nicely. Her always smooth stomach was on display with her perfect navel. Peter rolled her over onto the bed and saw she wore a pair of crotchless red panties to show how aroused she was. The thigh high stockings made Wanda's legs look divine.

A few kisses started on Wanda's face, and then on the side of his neck. The beautiful mutant breathed heavily when Peter moved down her body, marking his territory on the side of her neck.

"What, the ring on my finger isn't enough proof to know I'm yours?" Wanda joked.

"Never can hurt to have a little extra insurance."

He stopped short of worshipping her breasts which made Wanda whine. Peter kissed every other inch of flesh, and then stopped short. He pushed a finger into the edge of her belly button and tickled
"You and your sensitive navel," Peter joked. "I always know how to push all of the right buttons, especially when those right buttons is right here, in your belly button."

Wanda answered with another prominent gasp. Peter really did know to make her feel really good. Her heart raced with more prominent with Peter going down, and slowly making his way to kiss her inner thighs.

He was her rock, and made Wanda stable. She didn't know what she would do without Peter.

'Likely go mad, and try and rewrite all of reality, which would be….bad.'

Wanda drew herself away from thoughts of what might have been, and rather towards thoughts of what was, and what was happening was Peter Parker going down between her legs and eating her perfect pussy out. Wanda's shifted out, and he got her nice and wet.

"At least you can put that mouth of yours for use for something a quip," Wanda said.

"I like you playing with my breasts, but I think I need your big cock inside of me," Wanda said. "So, do you want to take me here, or do you want me to ride you? I know how you like to watch my big tits bounce when I drive myself down on your cock."

Wanda playfully squeezed Peter's waist with her legs, and tried to roll him over onto the bed. Peter decided to allow her to do so. The beautiful mutant pressed herself down on Peter, those breasts pushed against his chest. Wanda rose all the way up and stood up on the bed. Her head brushed against the ceiling.

She was gorgeous beyond belief. Her hair came down about her face. Wanda took a few steps ahead and crouched down, moving ever so closer to taking Peter inside of her body.

The tip of Peter's cock teased Wanda's warm slit. She grinded it against her, and then shoved her pussy down inch by inch. Peter filled Wanda completely up.

"Damn, you're really wet," Peter groaned.

"You made me this way."

"No, you're just a naughty witch."
A wicked grin spread over the face of said naughty witch when she rose almost up into the air and came down onto Peter's throbbing hard cock one more time.

"I'm your naughty witch."

Wanda bent down and kissed Peter on the lips, before she rose up from him. The glow coming from around her body enhanced her natural beauty. She pushed herself up and down on Peter's large, throbbing cock.

"Peter, oh Peter, your cock feels bigger every time it enters my body!" Wanda moaned.

"And you are better every time," Peter groaned.

Wanda smiled, she pushed herself up and down onto Peter's magnificent piece of equipment. She buried him into her, making sure her ass bounced down upon his thighs when coming down onto him.

Her ass, Peter almost neglected it when worshipping the rest of her. Wanda's not so subtle hint had been given. Peter took one of those glorious gluts in hand and squeezed it. The dark haired woman breathed when bouncing up and down on him.

"Take my ass, spank that naughty thing!" Wanda yelled.

Peter slapped her ass and it only made Wanda ride his cock more vigorously. Her wet walls pumped his aching rod between her eager thighs. The dark haired beauty kept rising and falling on Peter's engorged cock. She sucked more of Peter into her with each passing drop, lowering almost onto his pelvis.

She always came hard and it was no exception. Wanda released her fluids down on Peter's rod. The two of them joined at the hip.

The view of the beautiful brunette mutant enticed Peter. Her round breasts bounced up and down for Peter. His manhood shoved deep inside Wanda's gripping pussy. Those walls pushed against Peter and released him with several more pushes.

Wanda could feel her husband's eager hands on her breasts.

"Play with them, honey," Wanda said. "Oooh, I love how you rub my nipples like that. You know how they get all sensitive and hard….and you want to put my beautiful tit in your mouth and suckle on it, don't you?"

Peter grabbed Wanda's breast and pushed it into her mouth. There had been many studies which indicated breast size were among one of the highest indictors of power in among superheroines. She-Hulk was the most commonly used example, and with such a citation, it was hard to argue.

Still, Peter would also put his wife's beautiful round breasts. The breasts where he could motorboard them all day long and he did with Wanda's encouragement.

"Some days I think you're a breast man, and other days, you might be an ass man, or a leg man," Wanda said, coming down from her latest orgasm. She wasted little time working herself up for another one. "And I just think you just can't get enough of me."

Peter came up from air briefly, still pawing at the underside of her breasts. He squeezed them and Wanda looked down into his eyes, smiling and licking her crimson lips.
"All of the above?"

Wanda sped up the riding on Peter. The energy surrounding her loins made her crave what Peter had inside of his balls. They had been married for a long time, and they had touched on the subject of children. Money wasn't an issue, Tony Stark started paying the Avengers to avoid the PR nightmare of not paying them, and being branded as a slave master.

Bringing children into the world was a concern both shared, especially with all of the dangerous people, but the world would always be dangerous.

"Good answer," Wanda said. "Peter….I'm.....I want you to cum inside me, please.....I'm very fertile....and I think it's time."

"Are you sure?" Peter asked.

"I wouldn't be riding you like a bull if I wasn't," Wanda said. "And you're my bull, Peter Parker, and it's time for you to come to stud. Just think about how beautiful our children would be."

Children were the missing piece of the puzzle to Wanda's ideal home. And she knew Peter wanted to have them, even though there were though.

Peter grabbed Wanda's hips from above and ran his hands down her thighs, groaning when feeling them up. He would not be lying if he had a case of Scarlet Fever, but the good kind. The kind which made him want to fuck this goddess riding his huge breeding rode until she was good and pregnant with his baby.

"Well, I vowed to make you happy," Peter said.

"Yes, and Aunt May will be thrilled to have some grand-nieces or nephews to spoil rotten," Wanda said.

"Took the words right out of my mouth," Peter said.

Wanda took herself down and pushed her breasts down into Peter's face.

"And now, I'm going to take your cum and put it into my womb," Wanda said. "Oh, Peter, just think about how big my breasts are going to swell when I am pregnant with your baby."

Peter was thinking about it and he pushed himself into Wanda few more times. Her warm center tugged around the edge of Peter's engorged rod. She pressed against him to make sure the rod didn't accidentally slid out of her in the crucial moment. Not that she needed any help with Peter's powers to stick to pretty much any surface. Still, she would rather be safe than sorry.

The gorgeous mutant brought herself to his throbbing hard rod down into her body. Wanda was excited to bring joy into Peter's life as much as hers, to give him a family. After all of the shit he had been given, he deserved a better life. And Wanda was glad to bring it to her.

Peter watched her, she was divine. His balls throbbed when looking up upon Wanda. He indulged into her body, feeling up her curves, which might only grow more prominent. They ran some tests to see if he could have children.

"Give me your baby, Peter, make me a Mommy!" Wanda yelled at the top of her lungs.

The only man she would feel worthy enough to father her children were about ready to give way underneath her. The throbbing balls launched into Wanda and splattered the insides of her with cum.
The first few blasts of cum fire.

Peter's balls reached full release and injected their milky contents into Wanda's womb. It was almost like her womb opened up, her eggs ready to be fertilized with Peter's cum. She worked her walls up and down on Peter, twisting his rod and milking seed into his body.

The two of them finally collapsed on the bed, feeling the pleasure of release, divine as it was. Wanda pulled away from Peter and dropped onto his chest, smiling.

"I could feel myself being impregnated," Wanda said. "And yes, this is what I wanted, and this is what you wanted as well."

"So, are you going to tell your father?" Peter asked.

"Well, I have to, and you know he does like you," Wanda said. "He might not completely understand your methods half of the time, but he respects what you're doing, trust me."

"It took a while though," Peter said.

"My father is guarded for a reason, we….I think our relationship is better now that I'm not working with him," Wanda said, lazily snuggling her head against her husband's shoulder. "Besides, do you think Jonah's jumbo tron flipped into the air on its own accord when he was really railing into you the other day?"

"I thought that was you?"

"No, that was the Master of Magnetism," Wanda said.

"Well, to be fair, the times when we go out together, you end up making one of my villains cry."

Wanda gave her husband a teasing smile. "You know, you might be taking this too seriously if you refer to those nutcases as your villains."

"Look what you did to poor Herman last week," Peter said.

"He started it," Wanda said. She turned to face Peter properly. "And you know….mentioning Shocker gives me an idea."

The wicked grin on Wanda's face brought Peter back to life.

End.
Genetically altered spider themed heroes tended to heal pretty well under even the most dangerous of circumstances. One of the circumstances these heroes did not heal was when they had to take a piece of shrapnel to the thigh when trying to protect two children who the Friends of Humanity were attacking. Two children the friends of humanity thought to be mutants.

Peter detested Creed and the rest of those assholes. His companion, Laura Kinney, the clone-daughter of the legendary Wolverine, escorted him over to the operating table. Peter slumped over Laura's shoulder in an attempt to hold himself up. Laura did her part to make sure he didn't collapse in agony.

"Sit down," Laura said.

Peter gimped over to the table with Laura's assistance. Every single step felt like there was a knife. Healing factors could make sure you didn't spend time on the shelf. All well a good.

'A healing factor is pretty nice. It can't stop you from feeling every single ounce of pain. You know, like the pain I'm feeling now. Oh god.'

"Take off your pants," Laura said.

Peter heard this particular request from Laura and complied with doing so. He didn't even make a wise ass quip about there being much better ways for Laura to get those pants off. Also because he knew Laura would remove Peter's favorite pair of pants with her claws.

'And I really like these pants.'

Laura felt around on the inside of Peter's thigh. Thankfully, the metal did not cut into anything vital. Laura thanked herself for small favors. Fortunately, perhaps so, the metal caught Peter flush on the thigh and made him ride in agony. Laura handed Peter a piece of gauze.

"Bite down on this."

The agonized Spider-Man did as the pretty lady with the sharp metal claws asked him. The sound of one of those claws retracting made Peter ride up nervously. The sound of the piece of metal being ripped out of his thigh could be heard. He thought having his wisdom teeth pulled was the worst pain he ever felt. No, this was the worst pain he ever felt, oh sweet Spider savior, the agony of it all.

"Relax, it's out," Laura said. "Can I get you anything."

"I don't suppose you checking me up in a sexy nurse's uniform would be something you'd mind," Peter said. Laura gave Peter one of those burning glares. "Yeah, pushing it a bit much."

"Nice to see you're feeling better."

Laura slipped into the next room. Peter assumed to get some medical supplies to further clean up his wounds. He doubted it would even scar now to be honest. And now after the ripping solid steel out
of his flesh part finally was over, Peter felt much better and a little bit healthier than he was. He still wanted to put a stop to those Friends of Humanity, but they scurried underneath ground.

'They're cockroaches, always scurrying about. And someone is funding them.'

A long moment passed. Peter leaned back and was about to test his leg, but didn't dare chance it. If he left without Laura's go ahead, he didn't think she would be too thrilled. You could be as strong as the Hulk, as smart as Iron Man, and have great hair like Thor, but you did not piss off a pretty lady who had razor sharp claws. Hell, even without the razor sharp claws, she was pretty dangerous.

'Best in the world at what she does and she looks….pretty good at doing it?'

Laura stepped back into the room. Peter's eyes nearly bulged out when he realized the raven-haired beauty dressed in a tight nurse's uniform. The stethoscope drew extra attention to the valley between her breasts. The skirt rode up to show the very beginning of Laura's lacy white stockings. Every single step she took only further empathized how much Laura poured into the close.

"Um, hello nurse," Peter muttered.

"I need to check to see your temperature," Laura said.

Laura grabbed Peter by the cheeks and made him open up. The next play ended up with Laura sticking her tongue into Peter's mouth. She had been pretty bold, and grabbed Peter's face. He wasn't going to sit there like a bump on a log when he could return the kiss. And Peter returned it without any problems whatsoever. Tongues danced back and forth which each other.

The only piece of clothing Peter wore was his boxer shorts, but not for long. Laura bent down and pulled away from him.

"I need to see if you have any swelling," Laura said.

She cupped Peter's balls and felt around on them. A groan came from the web slinger when she edged closer to stroking Peter. The grip tightened around Peter's long throbbing cock. Laura pushed her hand all the way down onto him and then pulled it all the way up.

Laura barely could hold back a smirk. She wanted a piece of Spider-Man for a long time, and now she had Peter in a position. It might have been like something out of a pornography, but Laura didn't really give a fuck. Her biology mandated to mate with a strong man and there was few people who were stronger and more durable than Peter Parker.

"Swelling will have to go down through constant application of moisture," Laura said.

The wet, slippery tongue of Laura started at Peter's cock head and went down to the base. Peter thought he was going to die. She was so sexy licking his cock and beating the web slinger's meat. The distaff version of Wolverine pushed a hand down to the base of Peter's cock and then squeezed him.

Pre-cum bubbled from the top of the cock head. Laura encased Peter into her mouth.

"Jesus, Laura, are you trying to suck me dry?"

Laura's only response involved swallowing more of Peter's cock. She went down on his manhood with all of the well-practiced nature of someone who really wanted a big cock into her mouth.

"Very good," Laura said.
Peter had been left with a very strong case of blue balls. He didn't know whether or not it would be considered that good.

Breasts in his face, okay, that was good. Laura undid her top and pulled out her perfectly formed breasts. She had the thickest nipples which jutted out for Peter.

"Now, your reflexes."

Laura put two tits on either side of Peter and made a sandwich with his tits and her cock. The feeling of such an enhanced and throbbing pinnacle of flesh could be good. It reacted the moment Laura's flesh bangs surrounded the meat missile.

Death by pleasure, sweet pillowy pleasure awaited the Aroused Spider-Man. Her breasts were so perfect, and Peter throbbed when thinking about how they would always remain perky and firm thanks to the healing factory.

A vigorous tit-fucking continued. Laura canvased every single inch of Peter's cock. The girl smiled at the thought of having Peter's cock buried between her breasts and also the reaction he had to such an arrangement. Reactions of pleasure made Laura even more excited. She slid her breasts down the pole, all the way to the base of his cock, and then released him.

Laura repeated the ritual a few more times before she pulled completely away from Peter. She mounted his hips and shoved her breasts in Peter's face. She grinded on his lap.

"Laura," Peter groaned.

"Inside me," Laura said. "Your staying power."

Her panties pushed aside and Peter could feel her wetness slide against his hard cock. A second passed while Laura pushed her lips down onto the tip of his cock. Said lips caressed Peter's manhood when coming close to entering her. Peter groaned at the pleasurable feeling he felt from the near intrusion inside Laura's body.

"Yes," Peter groaned.

Both sets of loins met in a very pleasurable encounter. Laura dropped down all the way to Peter's base and encased much of his cock inside of her body. Laura rose and dropped onto Peter's throbbing hard tool. She took Peter inside and dropped down onto him. The feeling of pleasure cascaded through both of their bodies.

Waves of pleasure entered Peter's body. He did what any other man in his position would do. He reached in and grabbed Laura's firm, round breasts. He encouraged the stunning mutant to push herself up and drop herself down. Laura did as was respected.

Several rock hard inches of man flesh swelled the second Laura rose and dropped. Peter's hands finally left her breasts and touched other spots of Laura. The little spot at the base of her back, he took note of it. And Laura praised the heavens he did. That particular spot drove her completely wild. It made her bounce high and drive more of Peter's firm flesh rod.

She lost it on Peter. Juices spilled down Peter's throbbing hard pole. Laura tightened her grip around Peter with each pump, wanting him, and needing him even more.

"Peter," Laura said.

A harder grip on her hips allowed Peter to bury his massive rod inside of Laura's tight body. Laura
waited for Peter to fill her completely up. The moment he bottomed out of her body.

"Tightest pussy I've ever fucked," Peter groaned.

Two firm young bodies melded with each other in a never ending combination of lust. Laura rode out her latest orgasm, a thought of how to prologue this reaching the horny mutant's head. Peter's worshipped made it hard to pull away from the latest orgasm. For the good of all things pleasurable, Laura must, she must, pull away and pull away she did.

Peter collapsed, and he was more sexually frustrated. He thought Laura was really going to roll over.

"To test to see how recovered you are."

Laura walked over to the other end of the room, positioned herself on the bed. Legs spread, on her hands and knees, with ass presented firmly in the air, Laura presented a treat. Peter rose to his feet, swollen cock just throbbing to enter this tight, ageless piece of snatch.

Peter walked over towards Laura and put his hands on either side of her hips. He positioned twelve massive inches, ready to piece Laura's walls with his hard breeding rod. Peter inched close and then, with one fluid maneuver, shoved his entire length inside of Laura.

"Oh, yes!" Laura moaned.

Firm flesh pounded against each other. Peter moved his hands all over Laura's body. Those breasts were felt completely up and cupped, cupped hard. Peter buried his full length penis into Laura's waiting, eager, accepting womanhood. His hands pushed around her hips and rocked her body completely. More cock rammed inside of Laura, burying her completely to the hilt.

"Peter, fuck me!"

"Don't worry, I will," Peter said. "I'm going to hammer you so hard, you'll forget your name."

"I sure hope so," Laura said. "Harder, faster, really hammer me until I cum!"

Peter slammed into Laura as hard a she could. Most of his length found itself inside of a sheath of the tightest, wettest, cunt he ever had a pleasure of being inside. Peter hammered home the point, most of the point being his immense cock, inside of Laura's wet, gripping sheath. She pulled on Peter, and he pushed back.

Attempts to rip up the bedding could not be avoided given how horny Laura was with this.

"So, what's your medical diagnosis?"

"You are about to make a firm...a full recovery," Laura panted. "But, I think we need to make sure you're completely healthy by giving me a nice, full sperm sample."

Warm tight pussy muscles flexed around Peter's rod to ensure it would spill all of the contents of the web-slinging male's swollen balls. Those inner walls made it very harder for Peter to reinforce his stamina, but he had to give it the good college effort to do so. He picked up a steadier pace.

"Well, if that's your medical opinion, Nurse Kinney?"

He spanked Laura's ass one time, paused, and when she moaned, did it again. Peter kept hammering away inside of Laura. He wanted inside her sweet pussy for a long time. It felt tight, not that her firm teenage breasts, nice toned buttock, and just overall rocking body didn't feel.
Laura let loose and enjoyed the heavy pounding. Her desires were being fulfilled, and Peter was sure spending a lot of time fulfilling them. And she was hoping this performance would be one which would be repeated.

"I could use that sperm sample, Mr. Parker," Laura said.

Peter groaned, Laura flexing those tight walls around him made it very hard to concentrate, very hard indeed. She slid warm, womanly flesh around Peter's aching hard rod.

"Yes, right inside me," Laura told him.

A nice healthy dose of seed spilled directly into her body was nice.

"I'm getting close."

"Then do it, there's going to be more, much more later," Laura said. "A healthy man such as yourself will have plenty of sperm, more than he can handle."

Warm velvety pleasure enveloped Peter's throbbing cock. The tension in his cock continued to heighten and then he pushed deeper inside of Laura's wet pussy. He spilled the contents of his cock inside of her warm body. Every single blast of seed fired inside Laura very quickly. Peter emptied his balls hard and fast inside of Laura.

Laura slumped down onto the bed when Peter finished pounded her. It did not escape Laura's attention she had at least two full orgasms, and good ones, and was working on a third, before Peter finished at her. Instincts rarely served Laura wrong, and hers were well on the mark.

'I'm not fucking letting this one get away from me.'

The two settled on the bed, and Peter pulled up. Laura climbed up to face Peter.

"It's my professional opinion you should come back in the next couple of days for a follow up, as soon as possible."

"Well, who am I to argue?" Peter asked.

The two kissed each other one more time, and it looked like things were about to get heated in a less than professional manner.

She was the best in the world at what she did. And what Laura did was Peter Parker.

End.
First non Marvel girl to pop up on the randomizer, so we head to the wonderful world of DC Comics for this chapter.

Seducing of a Stunning Siren(Dinah Laurel Lance/Black Canary).

The luscious bed pressed against Peter Parker when he dropped onto the bed. Long hard night of swinging on webs, wrapping up bad guys, and all of the work which went along with it finally passed. Peter was more than ready to get in some good old fashioned rest and relaxation.

Silence lasted only for a moment, when the door opened up. A beautiful sexy blonde stepped her way into the way. Her golden blonde hair came down on her angelic face, with those shining blue eyes. Her body seduced many men to their doom, but also proved she could kick a lot of ass.

Now, she only wore a leather jacket, and a pair of fishnet stockings. Peter's eyes followed when Dinah Laurel Lance, the crime fighter known as the Black Canary, stepped in. They had been dating for a little bit now, when they teamed up to stop a group of smugglers working for a high level crime boss. They went out, fought the bad guys, got a couple of drinks, and returned back to Dinah's apartment.

Dinah crossed the room and an impish smile spread over her face. "So, do you see something you like."

"All of the above?"

A gap closed between the two of them. Dinah climbed on top of the bed next to Peter and kissed him fiercely. Their tongues danced together with Dinah holding the back of Peter's head into place. A nice, wet path had been mapped out.

Dinah sighed when the kissing increased, she longed for these nights. Passion flowed through the body of the fishnet clad crime fighter when pushing Peter back onto the pillows. She got on top of him and kissed him. There were numerous ways to put a much stronger man down, and Dinah knew all of them. Their lips touched together and kissed each other.

They parted ways with Dinah playfully nibbling on Peter's lip. She perched at the end of the bed and put her fishnet clad feet on Peter's crotch. She rubbed through his pants and he could feel his erection throb underneath the glorious ministrations of Dinah's foot. She grinded up and down.

"That seems swollen," Dinah said. "Let's take a good look at it?"

She worked Peter's cock out of his pants. It stood up, tall and proud. Dinah balanced herself on the bed. Her soft toes wrapped Peter's cock in between them. She lifted her leg up and down to jack Peter off with her foot. Not to be outdone, Peter grabbed the back of her leg and started to massage it, feeling the firm tender flesh underneath it.

"Damn, your feet feel so good, so soft," Peter said.

Dinah had been pleased to see Peter approved of the feeling of her foot. It slid down Peter's pole and made his balls tense up. The delicate movement over toes going up and down upon him made more flow in his cock.
"How would you like both my feet?"

"Are you kidding? I'd love to be between your soft, perfect soles."

Dinah smiled and balanced, so Peter could see her pussy through the fishnets bodystocking crotch while jerking him off with her feet. Hips rose to meet the incoming movement of the feet up and down. The Canary had the Spider right where she wanted him. Throbbing hard meat got even harder.

Desire ran through every fiber of Peter. Soon, it could be lost. Soon the pleasure would hit a high point. Soon, he might cum all over her feet, ankles, legs, and any part of it, his cum might reach.

The only thing better was for her to speed up. Dinah did and showed her immense leg strength to pump Peter as far between her feet as possible. He groaned and enjoyed the soft feeling of firm feet and very firm ankles which rubbed down on him. He was almost done, almost there.

"Dinah, I'm….."

The heels of Dinah's feet now pressed down on Peter's balls. He jerked up his crotch and released cum from some very swollen balls. The cum started to splatter up into the air and struck the ceiling with a fluid motion. Dinah jerked Peter all the way to the end of the road, all the way to his completion. Her legs lifted and dropped to take more of Peter in between her soft feet.

"Damn, damn."

"Yes, damn," Dinah said. She relaxed the grip around Peter's cock. She leaned around and slowly undid the zipper of the top. "I got you so hard you hit the ceiling. That's not too bad, is it?"

All Peter could do was stop and stare at the sight of Dinah taking off her jacket. He saw her in that fishnet bodystocking which was the subject of many fantasies. Her toned body poured into it. Peter locked onto Dinah's round, juicy breasts, with a nipple pressing out of the front of the suit. All Peter had to do was reach in, touch it, take it, and it would be his. He couldn't wait a second more, he just had to, he couldn't hold back.

"Yeah, Peter," Dinah moaned heavily. "Take my nipple, take it, pinch it, give it life."

Sticky fingers proved to be able moment. Peter ripped the front of Dinah's body stocking off.

"Don't worry, I got more in the closet," Dinah said. "Help….yourself….."

Peter attacked Dinah's breasts with all of the vigor and fury one expected from someone like him. He moved closer and pulled down the material.

"Now, I have you right where I want you."

Shudders spread from Dinah's body. Peter ran his cock down the front of Dinah's toned and flat stomach, slowly reaching her pussy. Strong powerful thighs had been spread, just waiting to receive what Peter had to offer. Dinah took a hand and pushed Peter closer towards her.

"Peter, fuck me," Dinah begged him.

"Oh, you want inside of her."

Gentle teasing followed and talented fingers danced down the front of Dinah's welcoming, opening slit. She shifted underneath Peter. An inch later, and he would have those fingers jammed inside of
her. Only if Dinah would allow it though.

"Yes, I need you inside me, inside me now!" Dinah yelled.

Peter came close to sliding inside of Dinah. He pulled back and left her hanging, wanting even more from him. A couple more teases where he almost slipped inside of her.

"PETER!" Dinah yelled.

"Relax, we all know you're a screamer."

Time to take the plunge, and what a plunge it was. Peter went into Dinah, with all of his might. His hard cock entered the body of the woman.

"You know how I like something big, powerful and strong between my thighs," Dinah said. "Show me why I fell in love in you all over again."

Peter danced down Dinah's neck with his fingers. A satisfied little smirk spread over his face.

"I don't know, did it have anything to do with something like this?"

One squeeze and one release with Peter allowing her tit to bounce back. Peter lowered down into Dinah's central core as well. Those legs found a home against Peter.

"Some days, I wish I had eight arms," Peter said.

"Oh, you and me both," Dinah joked. "And yes, something like that!"

The web slinger pushed deep inside of Dinah and stretched her completely out. The firmness of the blonde's thighs wrapped around him feel really good. A hand grabbed Dinah's breast and handled them with pleasure. Steady manipulations of her breasts made Dinah's breathing to increase.

Dinah reached the peak with a raging climax going inside of her. Peter rose almost all the way up out of Dinah's moist center and slid inside of her into the depths. The web head pushed deep into Dinah into the body. Balls slapped deep against Dinah's thighs when being rammed into her.

"Time to see how much I can really make you scream."

Peter propped Dinah's legs out by his shoulders and pumped into her with the leverage. Dinah just managed to bite down on her lip. Peter rose almost all the way up and slammed deep inside of her tight body. Her inner muscles squeezed around Peter and pumped him.

Screams of passion filled the air. Peter kissed the back of Dinah's legs, positioned in the perfect position for worship. The stunning golden haired lover in beneath Peter made him am into her. The tightening of the song bird's center muscles around him before Peter rose almost all the way out of her. He shoved deep inside of Dinah's wet vice. She held around Peter's rod.

"YES!" Dinah yelled.

Peter avoided the full blast and the walls cracked, along with the vase on a nearby table exploded. She pushed up against Peter.

"Wow, you're ready to go."

Increased squeezes of Dinah's breasts made her pant even more. She really was going for another, higher, and harder peak. And speaking of hard, Peter drove into her very hard. He stretched out her
body. Slowing down at first, and then pumping into her hard. Every time Dinah hit a point, Peter pulled her back down to Earth. Then the minute she held her breath, Peter returned to pounding her in response.

Peter grinded himself down inside of Dinah. Cum-loaded sacs of flesh slapped down onto Dinah. Her hands moved to Peter's back and she scratched up the man's back. Dinah's hips grabbed Peter's throbbing rod and pushed inside. Deeper and more of a pleasurable drop into her, the grip tightening. She milked Peter's deepening rod.

"Mmm, yeah, baby, make me cum again," Dinah said.

"I wonder if you can last much longer."

Peter slid into the depths of Dinah. The glorious tightness worked Peter's love muscle out. He held onto Dinah, lowered into her, rose out, and lowered back in with a few pushes. All while worshipping the back of the stunning siren's ears.

Black Canary and Spider-Man heightened up a pleasurable encounter. The stunning blonde crime fighter pushed her hands on the back of Peter's head. He touched all of the buttons which drove her nuts, and made Peter to drop down into the depths. Her body all centered into one large G-Spot and heightened the pleasure.

"You're just the gift who keeps on giving," Dinah said.

One full cock shoved into Dinah all of the way. She felt like being split in half. Dinah shifted around Peter's intruding organ. Those balls rocked and dropped inside of her.

"I know, but you haven't gotten your real lift, my pretty bird."

Dinah shifted up around Peter's hard rod. The two of them met at the middle with the dance of pleasure increasing. He returned attention and back to her breasts. Dinah leaned into Peter's eager and grabbing hands.

"You're insatiable," Dinah said.

"Then we match," Peter said.

Dinah didn't argue. All she could do was feel Peter pressed against her. He was deep inside of Dinah, deep inside of her womb. Those swollen balls bounced hard and fast to encourage her. Dinah lifted almost off of the bed to get Peter inside of her.

"Yes, we do."

Another orgasm released through the inner chambers. The sexy Bird of Prey gave a cry, not her Canary cry fortunately, but a cry of passion. Peter drove pleasure through the hottest, sexiest point in her. The sexy siren squeezed down onto Peter. He kissed Dinah's nipples, alternating from the right, to the left.

"Mmm," Dinah breathed. "Take me, take me…..harder…..make me cum!"

Peter's balls throbbed even more. He slowed down the pace, and made Dinah beg for more. He then picked up a heavier pace and bottomed out inside of her. The stunning siren's slick center enveloped Peter in a tight grip. Peter almost pulled almost out of her and then pushed down into her. Dinah stretched around Peter, and allowed him to drive down inside of her.
"Only a little bit longer," Peter said.

Anticipation reached a high amount. Dinah dug her heels into Peter's backside and ensured he would stay very close to her. He answered those attempts by caressing Dinah and feeling her up. He caught the spot underneath her right knee which drove her even more nuts.

"Yes, don't hold out on me," Dinah said.

"I'll let you cum first," Peter said.

"Such a gentleman," Dinah said.

Peter used precision to strike out another orgasm inside his sexy blonde lover. Dinah held onto Peter with the two of them locking up together. The feeling of those balls about ready to discharge set the chain reaction off. Dinah held around Peter and sent Peter inside of her.

The web slinger groaned at the sensation of her tight wet center milking him. Peter buried himself deep inside of Dinah and hammered out the end. He rode out her orgasm and moved closer towards him. Those warm, firm melons also leaned up towards Peter, and begged to be worshipped. He did, he did it so nicely, and so handily.

Everything, no matter how good, tended to draw to an end sooner than later. This very intense coupling increased and Peter pushed deep inside of her. Her slick center milked Peter, and worked through one more orgasm. His balls clenched and he was this close to erupting inside of her.

"Go ahead, lose it, lose yourself," Dinah said.

Peter pushed inside of her and spilled the contents of his balls inside of Dinah's wet center. He pumped into her sticky center. Dinah held around Peter and pushed his massive rod into her tight body. His body reached the peak and injected her insides with his fluids.

Dinah bucked up and appreciated the heavy volume. She twisted around Peter and ensured every single last drop spilled into her insides. Peter picked up the pace and hammered inside of her.

They exchanged fluids, swapping them together when their loins met. Peter picked up the pace, and hammered deep inside of Dinah.

The two of them pulled apart. The second Peter pulled out of Dinah, he could see her sitting up and turning around on her hands and knees in an inviting manner.

"Ready for more?"

She didn't even need to ask the question. Dinah's firm ass shaking in Peter's face prompted him to dive on in for one more round.

Okay, maybe a little bit more than one round.

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End.
Maria Hill flipped through a never ending stack of paperwork on the newest Avenger, Spider-Man. The Black Widow recommended him for the latest round of SHIELD medical tests and put a note down on the piece of paper which caught Maria's eye. She heard rumors about the young man.

"Agent Hill?"

Just on time, the young man in question walked through the door. Maria wasn't going to lie, he looked rather fetching on the eyes. She found herself giving him a very thorough and full visual examination when entering the room. She pulled back, admonishing herself. The rigors of being the number two person in SHIELD was starting to get to her at the worst possible time.

"Yes, Mr. Parker," Maria said. "I do apologize for the long wait. As Agent Romanova may have told you, SHIELD has regular and randomized tests for its field agents."

"And since I'm a member of the Avengers, I'm officially a junior agent of SHIELD," Peter said.

Giving all of the Avengers at the very least Level Three status was the compromise SHIELD reached for them registering their powers with SHIELD's database. Only a select number of agents new the location of the full database, and it required all twelve verification codes to access it. If one or two parties had been compromised, the full database would not have been compromised. In fact, without the verification codes all being input within a fifteen minute period, shutdown protocols would be involved.

"Mr. Parker, do you think you could remove your shirt, and take a seat so we can begin?"

He took off his shirt and revealed a sculpted physique. Maria knew from her files she had the proportional strength of a spider. Maria stepped into the room.

Peter watched as Maria Hill. One could be fooled by her stern demeanor, but that was just the façade she had to put on when babysitting SHIELD agents all day and every day. SHIELD was a well oiled machine, far better than most, but anyone could see how someone could go completely insane.

Regardless, she looked stunning, with her shoulder length brown hair framing a beautiful face and a stunning, if not slightly icy, pair of brown eyes. The standard issued SHIELD uniform stretched nicely around her curves, a decent sized chest, but the best part of her was her firm round ass.

Peter wouldn't lie, he had been catching a look at her ass.

"I'll be conducting this examination," Maria said. "Relax, I'm qualified."

"I don't think no one doubted your qualifications."

Maria made sure everything was in order. SHIELD agents, no matter what level, needed to be in tip-top shape to achieve what they needed to achieve. She did a series of reflex tests, and ensured Peter didn't have any bumps or bruises which could be a problem.
"And now, we go for the lower body work."

An unzipping announced a pair of pants dropping to the ground. Maria slowly ran her hands down Peter and turned him around.

"Bend over as far as you can, Mr. Parker."

Maria watched when Peter bent down and she marveled at the young man's flexibility. The eyes of the SHIELD agent traveled down every inch of his body. She eyed him like a piece of dessert which she would devour.

"Stand tight, and I'll prepare for the next round of the tests."

Maria journeyed over to the other end of the ground and dipped down, bending slightly. Peter caught a glimpse of her tight ass from all the way across the room, pouring into that SHIELD uniform. It was very hard not to take his eyes off of her glorious backside.

She turned around and frowned. A small tent rose on Peter's pants. Actually more than a small tent, a full blown one.

"Sorry…"

"No, don't apologize," Maria said. "A healthy young man like you, you were going to react to certain stimulation. It's part of the test, and I'm glad you've had such a visible reaction. You rank among the top percentage of SHIELD agents."

"Wait, you…you….classify us by endowment?" Peter asked.

"There are certain missions which require seduction," Maria said. "Not on your level, not yet, but you can move up, and I'm sure someone of your level will move up very soon."

Peter made himself well aware of where her hand touched. Maria stepped closer towards Peter and slowly started to close the gap between the two of them. Peter groaned when Maria's hand cupped around his crotch and the warmth of her hand.

"Some of my fellow agents remark, when they think I'm not listening, that I need to get laid," Maria said. "What do you think about that, Peter?"

A tight grip closed around his cock through his pants. Peter closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of her fingers working around him. Every single time her palm pressed against him, Peter thought he was going to rip out of his trousers.

"Is there any way I can answer that question that won't get me in trouble?"

Maria pealed down his pants and took a closer look at the equipment she had to work with. Her hand touched his bare cock, and she smiled. "No, they're right. I could use with a good lay, and as your direct supervisor, I recommend you assist me. It's for the good of SHIELD, and it's for the good of the Avengers."

The web slinger caught the hint and caught the back of Maria's head before pulling her into a kiss. The beautiful, if a bit stern, government agent kissed Peter furiously. Their mouths melted together in a passionate exchange of salvia. Maria bumped her hips against his and slowly brushed up against him.

Maria took her tongue and mapped out the inside of the map. So far, Natasha's recommendation was
working out well. The man could kiss, and he was slowly managing to grip her in the right spots. One of those right spots was her ass, what man wouldn't dare touch her firm, round backside.

"Mmm," Maria said. "Why don't we move over on the table so you can get me ready to get laid?"

Peter held onto Maria Hill's wrists and shoved her back onto the table. He leaned towards her and kissed the woman on the inside of her mouth. Her uniform had been undone with her breasts begging to pop out. Peter assisted her the rest of the way out of the inform.

Two nice round breasts capped off with dark nipples exposed. Peter put his mouth on one of them and sucked one. He lavished Maria's right nipple with enough attention before moving around.

Maria breathed heavily and stroked the back of Peter's head. She made sure to feel his mouth keep going down on her.

"Remember, no good deed goes unpunished."

Peter kissed her flat belly, and moved down. Her uniform slid down past her thighs and revealed a very wet black thong. Peter peeled it off of her and started to nibble on her pussy. He slowly worked his way inside of that sweet, dripping center.

"Eat my pussy," Maria said. "Good, good, you.....you do a good job, and you and I will be spending a lot of time building our working relationship!"

The sweet taste of Maria's dripping pussy encouraged Peter to go further down between her thighs. It wasn't too long before Peter had buried his face between Maria's sweet, sweet thighs. He rubbed those firm inner thighs, and made her moan before delving down to canvas every second inch.

Moans echoed through the room from the beautiful deputy director of SHIELD. Maria pumped herself up and down into the waiting mouth of her lover. She closed her eyes a few seconds later. He was most certainly exceeding all explanations.

All of the right spots as well, and there were many right spots inside of her pussy. Maria exploded into a sultry moan the very second Peter came down inside of her.

Peter didn't just settle for giving her own orgasm. He did want to make a good first impression after all, and wanted to blow the mind of Maria Hill. He had been with several female Avengers, Natasha being the most prominent. His hunger increased every time Maria pushed those lovely hips into his face.

"Keep it up!" she encouraged him. "Don't stop!"

Maria almost cried out those last couple of words with a feverish passion. Her cumming hard made her eyes water. Maria held onto the back of Peter's head. He didn't need much guidance, but Maria didn't care. She wanted him, deep inside of her pussy. A gushing feeling erupted through her.

Peter marveled out how horny she got, and she seemed like the type how the moment they were done, she would jump on his throbbing cock and ride him all the way through several orgasms. Peter decided to make her pussy nice and wet and make it easier for that to happen. He dove between the lips, biting down on them, and releasing them in a fluid motion. Maria bucked up completely, drawing more of Peter's able tongue inside of her body. She panted in pleasure.

"Fuck,' Maria mewled. "You're so good. I can't have enough of you!"

More was on the way in the form of Peter biting down and releasing her nether lips. He slipped her
tongue inside of her, using his fingers to caress the outside as well. Maria screamed in pleasure. The dark haired vixen beneath him writhing and succumbing to his actions just made Peter throb.

Peter pulled himself up. Maria grabbed Peter by the wrist, and pulled him over.

"I can't wait any longer," Maria said. She straddled Peter's lap. Those nice, firm, toned legs wrapped around Peter's waist. All Peter could do was grab them and marvel about how firm they are. "You have a cock which is above average. I need it inside me…..for purposes of testing for SHIELD."

Bless her, she managed to maintain a somewhat professional reasoning, even though lust burned through her eyes. Those ample breasts shoved into Peter's face and all he could do was taste and feel the warmth.

Maria tried not to get too wrapped up in what he was doing to her breasts, even though he was doing a very wonderful thing to her breasts. His hand wrapped around one and kneaded it in time with his mouth sucking on the swollen nipple. All of the pleasures exploded over Maria's mind, and she tried extremely hard not to lose it.

Still, she recalled the reason for the dance. A nice hunk of meat prepared to fill her pussy, and allow her to work out frustrations of a long days work.

"Let's focus on what the other agents say should happen," Maria said. "The me getting laid part…..none of them are up for the task. But I think it's safe to say you are, Spider-Man."

Maria picked herself up and brought her slit down onto Peter's enormous rod. The throbbing meat filled her warm sheath. She felt every single inch of it move inside of her and made tingles go down her body. The fact Peter wasn't idle when this happened, and his hands also felt.

"Damn, Hill, it's been a long time for you, hasn't it?" Peter asked.

"Way too long," Maria said. "But, I think we can have a nice little working relationship….off to the side….it's healthy to have sex….keeps you focused throughout the day."

Peter pushed his hard rod into Maria's body. He was focusing on the tight, lovely body of the Deputy Director of SHIELD. Every few seconds, she bounced on his hard rod and filled him up even further. Peter groaned, and felt the ample backside which pushed on him.

"Just think of my pussy, and think about how good it feels wrapped around your big, cock," Maria told him. She smiled and bounced down on him, before releasing his cock inside of her. "You can't have enough of me, can you, big boy?"

Peter shook his head. He couldn't and shouldn't have enough of Maria Hill who slid down his throbbing hard pole and wrapped herself around him. It felt amazing for her to be wrapped around him, in ways which he couldn't even describe. He leaned back and enjoyed the rush of a nice, warm pussy pumping up and down on his rod. He filled Maria up and emptied her.

"No, I can't," Peter said. "Damn, Agent Hill……"

"Call me, Maria, when you're fucking me!" Maria yelled.

The feeling of such a huge amount of cock filling her made Maria stretch out on his large, meaty cock, and it really slammed inside of her hard.

"Damn, Maria, you're so hot," Peter said.
Maria just smiled at the compliments. Her round ass bounced, and Peter paid attention to the marvel when she drove herself down onto his throbbing hard rod. Maria pushed around him and released Peter with a fluid motion.

The web slinger leaned in and submerged himself in the sweaty chest of the SHIELD agent. His hands moved around her body so fast. She encouraged Peter's behavior, and how much he pushed inside of her tight body. Maria rose up and bounced down onto him.

"That cock can last a long time, can't it?" Maria asked. "We're going to have to run more tests to see how durable, and how many times it can recharge."

Maria would need some help in doing so, but business can wait. Her body sized up and release an orgasm for the ages onto his breeding rod. Her body continued to shake, breasts in time with it. Peter nuzzled into her chest, cupping the underside of it briefly and released it.

The feeling of her inner muscles milking him, and her body just driving down on him made Peter's love organ stretch out inside of her. He buried himself inside of Maria's warm, wet pussy. The feeling of her going up and driving down on her worked his cock over.

"So, hot," Peter breathed.

Maria smiled at the compliment and endeavored to make his orgasm one of the best. She tingled, and received another orgasm, this one even more powerful. The newest recruit worked his cock into the depths of her body.

The sexy older woman riding Peter made his muscles tense up. He knew something tingled inside of him, and it most certainly wasn't his spider sense. His groin felt sensations from her mature body that he didn't feel for a very long time. And the fact she was not done testing him made Peter really excited what she could do with him, and more importantly, what she could do for him.

"I need you to cum with me, Peter" Maria said. "It's our time to cum together."

She purred in his ear, and pushed down onto his hips, grabbing his cock in between her hot thigh muscles and releasing him. She deviously pumped Peter inside of her.

Peter could no longer ignore the beautiful temptress bouncing on his lap. She pushed hard, and Peter had to push back. He buried his cock. Balls deep inside of Maria Hill, he never thought he would see the day.

"Don't worry, this won't be the last time," Maria said. "Now, I believe I need to get a sperm sample to test….how strong you are. And there's only one way to get that."

The wet center of the SHIELD Deputy director drove down on Peter's mighty breeding rod. It pushed into her and filled Maria up to the hilt. Peter shifted underneath Maria and buried his rod into her. The sensation of his muscles clenching followed by the release.

Maria got her sperm sample alright, and then some more. The thick, creamy blasts of man juices drilled inside of her body. The sheer force and volume of what he put inside of her resulted in Maria closing her eyes and moaning in delight. She enjoyed the feeling.

The two of them swapped juices, and also were in the midst of a heated liplock. Maria rode Peter all the way home to the station and drained every drop of cum she could get out of those swollen balls.

Maria pulled away from Peter. She wobbled off of the table, her inner thighs feeling the burn of some very satisfying sex. It took a moment for her to drop back against the wall.
Peter looked towards her, and she smiled. Maria turned and looked at the clock.

'Never enough time in the day to really get laid,' Maria thought. 'Got a briefing in ten minutes.'

She made a brief thought.

"Report to my office tomorrow for a follow up," Maria said.

Maria squeezed his cock and kissed him before leaving. Her ass bouncing allowed Peter quite a nice show when he left.

Peter knew what he wanted to follow up on, but he wondered if Maria would permit him to go that far.

'You don't know unless you try.'

End.
Reed Richards wasn't the only member of the Fantastic Four who could get excited by amazing science. Susan Storm, the Invisible Woman stood in the back of the lab. She pulled on a lab coat, put her hair back, and got to work. She dressed a casual button up blue blouse, with a couple of buttons tastefully undone. She topped off the outfit with a pair of tight pants.

She turned towards The Amazing Spider-Man, who made his way to the Baxter Building, and he had been dressed in a new suit. Sue wasn't going lie, it looked rather fetching on him. Him in a black suit which looked particular skin tight made her appreciate him in an entirely new way.

"So, I found this suit just a couple of weeks ago, and it seems to have bonded to my body," Peter said. "I was going to swing by, to see if Reed could take a look at it."

"Reed's not here right now, he's away on a conference," Sue said. "But, don't worry, he's not the only set of brains in the Fantastic Four who could run a few tests."

Peter smiled, he knew Susan Storm was beautiful, and any red-blooded male would have a crush on the beautiful heroine. She was amazing, smart, and sexy as all hell. The fact she poured into that tight blue uniform made Peter excited to even think about.

"Would really do that?" Peter asked. "Thanks, Sue, I owe you one…it's just, it's odd….it's almost like sometimes the suit has a mind of it's own."

Sue frowned, that was very odd. She wanted to get a closer look at the suit to serve her own scientific curiosity to be honest. Sue pressed a dial on the edge of the console to run a full scan. The brilliant blonde bit down on her lip, waiting for the results of the scans to come on through.

"It's very interesting," Susan said. "Very, very, interesting."

Peter wondered what was very interesting.

"The suit is becoming one with you, it's like a symbiotic relationship," Susan said. "I'd like to try and take a sample of it to study it even further."

She pushed a button and a metal arm retracted. Sue gently tugged off a piece of the suit.

"It creates its own webbing," Peter said. "And it looks like the suit doesn't appreciate you trying to pick a piece off of it."

"Yes, I figured as much," Sue said, watching the tendrils on the suit appear. It brought certain devious thoughts into her mind. Sue shook her head to avoid those thoughts from overwhelming her mind. "So, it's able to create mass? Can you create more than webbing for instance?"

Peter racked his mind.

"I was able to create a miniature wrecking ball to take out Sandman when I fought him the other day," Peter said. "Oh, and I seem to have this strong craving for chocolate every time after I wake up from wearing the suit."
"Might be a side effect," Sue said. "I'm not even sure if this suit is from this world. Where did you find it?"

"It was attached the shuttle, you know the one that crashed last week in the middle of New York?" Peter asked.

"The one with John Jameson on it?" Sue asked. "I might have heard about it a couple of times, yes, Jonah was pretty proud about his son being on that trip."

Peter heard about it more than that.

"I just thought, maybe wrongly, it was just some ordinary gunk which attached to the ship when it landed in the harbor," Peter said. "But, the ship had been struck by a meteor, and I got this suit afterwards. I thinking whatever this thing, this symbiote is, it came from the meteor which crashed into the ship."

Sue nodded in confirmation. "It's very possible."

Her frown deepened when studying the message.

"Is that a good mmm, or a bad mmm?" Peter asked. "Because, seriously, Sue, I don't like the look on your face. You look like you're severely weirded out about something. And I don't want to know what it us."

"Just seeing something interesting, it releases miniature spores," Sue said. "They contain pheromones which are meant to attract mates for the host body."

One of the spores floated in mid-air and broke open. Sue closed her eyes and inhaled the scent, the scent which reminded her of Spider-Man. It reminded her how she spent a few times fantasizing about him, fantasizing what he could do. Being webbed up by him, and having her brains fucked out, oh god, Sue would want it.

Peter looked at her and realized she had been caught with something, some kind of side effect of the symbiote.

"Susan? Sue? Doctor Storm? Are you there?"

Susan took a sultry step forward and unbuttoned her blouse. She revealed a nice set of breasts contained inside of a black bra. She slid the blouse down her shoulders and allowed it to drop down onto the ground, underneath the lab coat.

"Spider-Man, it's my recommendation you have an uptake in your sexual intercourse, for your health and the health of your companion."

Sue took down her pants, slowly showing Peter her panties. She looked very beautiful. Susan Storm had a look of lust burning through your eyes.

"You're becoming unraveled she said."

Peter realized the costume around the symbiote retracted, and left him wearing nothing by a black spider symbol on his chest. Sue walked over towards him, pressing her warm body against Peter's. Several long inches of primed, ready cock stuck out and caught Sue in her lower belly.

"Mmm, you're so hard," Susan said. "I'm going to suck your cock, honey. But, you wanted me. I can tell you wanted me. Every time we team up, I see you watching my ass, my legs, my breasts,
wondering what it would be like to have the Invisible Woman get down on her knees and worship your big, cock."

He dreamed about it, and now it actually happened. Susan worshipped Peter with her mouth and also her hands which stroked at the base and the balls as well. Sue leaned down to take the head between her lips, perfect for cock sucking. Peter didn't know anything to do, other than to grab the back of her head.

Sexual hunger spread through Peter's body. He could feel Sue work her mouth down his enlarged pole. The heat of Sue's warm mouth engulfed him all the way down to the base. The tip of his cock had been held into her throat. She pulled out and released him with a pop.

"Sue," Peter said.

The Invisible Woman's blowjob was anything but invisible. Peter leaned down towards her and watched the second he disappeared into Sue's waiting mouth. He hungered for her. The side of her face had been grabbed, and Peter rammed his massive rod into the back of Sue's waiting throat. Sue leaned back and sucked him into her mouth. Hunger danced through her dazzling blue eyes.

"Fuck, Sue, damn it, Sue, you're so good," Peter breathed. "You're going to make me cum so hard."

The brilliant blonde beauty's cheeks hallowed out and stretched into the back of her throat. Sue pushed down onto Peter and sucked him very hard and fast. The lewd sounds she made resulted in Peter feeling a throbbing sensation. He held the back of Sue's head.

Sue thought she hit the jackpot. Twelve inches of thick meat which seemed to be growing the more she sucked. It was going to be hers. Sue wanted to experiment with how hard and how much of this cock she could get. The parts the Invisible Woman couldn't grab, she pushed down it.

"I'm going to cum," Peter said.

The Invisible Woman tripled her already tense efforts around the throbbing cock underneath her. Her hands cupped Peter's hard balls and pushed her lips deep as possible around him. She formed a vacuum seal around him.

Peter released a huge amount of cum inside of her tight throat. The flood of thick juices spilled inside of Sue's waiting mouth. She sucked Peter down all the way to the edge, draining his balls with her mouth. Sue moaned around Peter's hard tool the very second he shoved himself into her mouth.

"Yes, oh that feels good," Peter said. "Suck me, suck me harder."

Sue shoved his cock inside of her mouth and proceeded to drain every last drop of cum from those balls. They seemed very swollen and what kind of doctor would she be not to drain every single last drop of cum.

An immense amount of cum spilled into Sue's mouth. She swallowed it like the perfect sex goddess she was and ascended to her feet.

A few tendrils shot out and wrapped around Sue's wrists. Sue looked up with a hungry look, which had only been matched by Peter's gaze which looked like he wanted to devour her. More tendrils moved down between her legs, and Peter held her close towards him.

"Kinky."

A sound of shredding panties brought Sue into greater prominence. The tendrils balanced Sue up
into the air and made sure her legs spread. The feeling of the soft, but squish parts of the suit.

"I want to eat your pussy," Peter said.

Sue had no choice but to comply, not she was going to argue. Peter pushed himself closer between Sue's legs and suckled on her womanhood. The first time he touched her, Sue almost came undone. It was like after he came in her mouth, her body grew more sensitive and more responsive to his touch.

Sweet juices urged Peter on. Sue slid her thighs around Peter's head. She balanced in the air, allowing Peter to get full access to her. He needed to grab that sweet ass.

"I like you playing with my ass," Sue said. "Spank me, I've been a bad little bitch! Oh, then I want you to pin me down on Reed's lab table and fuck the ever living daylights out of me."

Peter spanked Sue's tight ass while eating her pussy. His tendril friends worked open her bra and eased their way around Sue's perfect, perky nipples. Sue moaned hungrily underneath what Peter was doing. Peter drove his tongue deep inside of her.

"Fuck me, lick my pussy," Sue begged him. "Oooh, you're making me feel so good. I'm so horny, I can't wait for your cock to be inside of me."

The moans coming from the needy blonde only made Peter want to bury his face between her legs. He could feel the soft, smooth firmness of Sue's delightful legs. Her pussy gushed underneath Peter's attacks. He only could grab her and push his face down into it again.

Sue's erotic enjoyment heightened up. She was being held into place by tentacles and being eaten out by a very skilled young man, one she had several erotic dreams. Neither would dare act on them, but now all social formalities were off. Sue was wet and needed to fuck, and she needed to fuck bad.

Another orgasm allowed Peter to absorb the taste of Sue's nectar. He could feast on her needy pussy all day long and in fact, he was going to do just that. He wasn't going to step down, not for a second.

Peter showed Sue a new meaning to the phrase of going down on someone. The web slinger kneaded her tight ass, an object of his long time lust towards the woman. She released and spread her legs further in the air. Peter shoved a probing tongue deeper inside of her and also stroked her clit with a tendril.

Pleasure beyond everything Sue ever experienced exploded through her body. Her latest orgasm proved to be the most amazing.

The second after Sue came back to Earth, Peter guided her over towards the lab table. A horny, pleased, and ready to go Susan Storm propped herself up against the table. Her womanly thighs pushed apart and were ready for a heavy pounding.

"I'm going to die if I don't get your cock."

Peter smiled when he marveled at the sexy body beneath him. Golden blonde hair, stunning blue eyes, sexy face, a body which could stop traffic, large breasts, a flat tummy, wide hips, and long dazzling legs. Sue Storm was quite the babe, and she only craved one man now.

He couldn't help, but feel a small swell of desire.

"We don't want it to happen."
Sue's pussy called for Peter, and he would be damned if he let her down. Peter closed the gap between both of them. Her soft center pushed closer towards Peter and started to take him inside of her. Peter held onto Sue and then with one fluid punch, shoved down onto her.

A good hard thrust was all Sue needed. Her hands had been tied back when Peter drove her against the lab table. The fact it was a table which Reed conducted many experiments only made her feel wet and naughty.

"Then again, he wouldn't notice me if I danced in here naked, holding up the periodic table," Sue thought to herself.

No time to think about the man she pined after for years, and had ignored her very obvious signals. It was time for Sue to experience the sex god in front of her. The man who would drive his hard cock inside of her.

Peter could feel her vaginal muscles respond to him. Every time he rose up and slammed into Sue, her womanhood tightened around him. Peter held onto her and shoved more of his length inside of her.

"Damn, Sue, you're so good," Peter said. "I think I'll have you after tonight forever."

"You can fuck me as often as you want," Sue said. "I want you, so bad, so bad….pin me down, and fuck my brains out."

"It might take a while," Peter quipped.

Sue smiled and rolled her hips to engulf more of Peter's massive throbbing meat inside of her. The roller coaster ride of pleasure reached the top and crashed all the way to the bottom. He paid attention to her breasts, and every single inch of her body. Lots of touching, lots of sensual touching, and a little of the rough stuff as well, which got Sue's motor running.

She enslaved herself between Peter's cock.

"You're the master, and I'm the pet," Sue said. "And your pet should be on her hands and knees why you fuck her!"

The dark lust spreading through Sue's eyes made Peter lose it. He had a whole lot of stamina. Another minute submerged into Sue's pussy before Peter pulled out and invited her to turn over. It gave him a perfect look at her ass, which he needed to grab and spank.

"Don't worry about my pussy," Sue said. "Just fuck my ass."

Peter didn't want to do anything more in the entire world. Sue's puckered hole had been held open by Peter's new found tendrils. It sent a lubricate down Sue's hole which caused her to twitch and thrash. It opened the door for Peter to enter her back passage.

He wondered if he could create a second cock with this suit, or if that went too far into hentai territory.

"Then again, you're already doing the tentacle thing so much, Doc Ock's likely going to send you a cease and desist."

One of those tendrils shifted into a large, throbbing cock, which was a darker, black carbon copy of Peter's own massive rod.
Susan relaxed and enjoyed the pleasure of Peter burying his massive, pulsing cock inside of her tight asshole. His hands grabbed on her firm, sexy rear as well. The Invisible Woman appreciated the feeling of a nice hard cock inside of her, but then, something brushed against her wet lips. A second cock shoved inside of her.

"Well, that's an interesting…..oh god!" Sue yelled.

She experienced so much swelling pleasure, it was hard to make an informed scientific analysis. Peter fucked her ass and pussy very furiously as well. His hands moved in to cup her ample breasts as well and get a good handle on them. Peter pushed deep inside of her.

"Damn, Sue, you're ass is the best," Peter said. "I don't think you're going to be able to sit down on it."

"It's okay," Sue said. "Don't hold back. Pound that ass! Pound it like it owes you money!"

Sue didn't know how much she enjoyed anal until now. A big cock violated her asshole and stretched her out beyond the pale. Peter pulled almost all the way out of Sue and then pushed into her with another series of huge thrusts.

Peter heard her moans and the double penetration caused more of her juices to flow out. The symbiote sucked out the juices and it seemed to be satisfied with the taste. Peter didn't blame it, he could drink from Sue's pussy as well for days.

The coupling increased, with Peter riding Sue's ass all the way to the station. He joined his second cock with his fingers, and so much sticky juices covered his fingers, it was almost obscene.

Three tendrils broke open inside of the cock and shoved deep inside of Sue's womb.

"It's tickling my womb," Sue screamed.

She had felt so much pleasure, it was almost unbearable. The feeling of those warm tendrils scissoring around her womb made Sue almost lose it completely.

Peter could feel his balls be loaded. The symbiote's cock swelled up in time of his balls, which were about ready to release its juices.

The suit prepared the latest of its new host's mates for injection, her eggs were perfectly fertile, and at the prime for bearing children.

Sue could feel it inside of her, and something was swelling inside of her.

"It feels like your suit is knocking me up, or it's injecting your seed straight into…my womb!" Sue moaned.

The hot fluids sprayed Sue in the inside. She body swelled completely up from her body.

"Mmm, knock me, up, Spider-Man," Sue said. "I'll be yours forever."

Peter drove himself deep inside of her ass, and could feel his balls right about ready to give Sue. He pounded her ass, not focusing on anything other than completing, and assisting the symbiote in its job in completing inside of Sue.

An obscene amount of seed sprayed inside of Sue's legs, but none more was more obscene then the dripping seed spilling in between her ass cheeks. Peter held onto her and plowed inside, emptying
the heavy load inside of Sue's ass.

The two pulled apart from each other. Sue turned around, chewing on her lip in the most sexy manner, and giving Peter those come hitcher eyes which made him throbbed.

"I'm yours, master," Susan said.

Peter could feel a strong feeling of power, control coming through him. He wasn't sure he completely agreed on it, but it did have certain fringe benefits. Namely, the sexy blonde snuggling on his lap was a point in the favor of keeping the suit.

End.
Spider-Man flipped over and crashed onto the ground. Who better than the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man to fight some kind of interdimensional spider demon type creature. Actually, the web slinger could think of a few better people given that the creature rose up on its legs and slammed down onto the ground in an attempt to get after Spider-Man. The web slinger avoided its webbing from wrapping around him.

'Okay, just take a deep breath, and wait for it,' Spider-Man thought.

The web slinger was not alone. A gorgeous, tall, goddess with red hair slammed down onto the ground. She wore a helmet which partially obscured her facial features, which was a shame. She dressed in a golden top which drew attention to her divine chest, and her body curved, very toned. The lower half of the outfit drew attention to the woman's long, dazzling legs, something which Peter paid just as much attention towards.

Angela, the long-lost sister of Thor and Loki who wasn't too long lost at all, joined Spider-Man in fighting these demonic creatures. The redhead woman wielded a glowing sword in her hand.

'It makes me very glad I'm on her side, and not on the wrong side of that sword.'

"Help me herd than through the portal, Spider-Man!" Angela called.

"Don't worry, lady, I don't know if you heard, but herding is what I do the best."

One really bad pun later, Spider-Man moved over. The creature and several of its younger spawn rushed towards him. Spider-Man avoided becoming the next course.

"You know, I don't think you want to eat me," Spider-Man said. He bounced away and led the queen of the demonic spider creatures towards him. "You don't know where I've been, and if you did, I don't think you've want me. Trust me on this one."

The creature charged Spider-Man, the webbing clicking together in an attempt to wrap around the friendly neighborhood web slinger. Spider-Man veered off to one side to avoid the creature from gripping onto him.

"Head's up!"

Spider-Man had to go heads up, otherwise it would have been heads off. Angela shoved her sword through the underside of the belly of the creature. A shower of green blood followed from the red head warrior. She moved forward with a fierceness and a brutality which could not be matched. Said qualities made Spider-Man want to take more of an advisory role to supervise the battle.

'No can do, got to get these things back through the portal.'

"The portal will shut when the queen is through!" Angela yelled.

Spider-Man locked his eyes on the Queen. He herded the miniature spiders over while locking onto
the Queen. It was no surprise the Queen was the biggest, and most dangerous spider demon creature of the all. Peter saw the deadly claws and the fangs on her.

"Hey, Queenie, you want a friendly neighborhood Spider-Man snack for your collection?" Spider-Man asked. "Come on, so close, yet so far. Come on, you can't touch this."

The web slinger avoided the Queen's attempts to ensnare a spider snack for her children. The second Spider-Man had almost been ensnared, Angela came out from underneath the queen. The stabbing of the sword followed with the creature being lifted up into the portal.

Spider-Man almost felt bad because of the creature's agonizing howl. He felt less bad when recalling how the creature tried to eat him. He dropped down on the ground for a second before pulling himself back up. Angela reached over and helped steady him.

"You make good bait."

Spider-Man raised his eyebrow. "Okay, should I take that as a compliment, or should I…."?

The web slinger didn't say anything, he couldn't say anything, on the account of Angela pushing his mask up and giving him one of the most mind blowing kisses he had ever received. He wondered where it came from, but he wasn't about to challenge it, well too much.

"Well, that escalated quick," Peter said.

"You are attracted to me, and I think you may be a good match," Angela said. "And it's customary after a victory to celebrate, or am I getting customs mixed up? I don't want to offend you."

A smile formed on Peter's lips, just where Angela's had been a second later. "No, you didn't offend me. I was just catching my bearings after the battle."

"Yes, I'm sorry, I forget, some of us recover much faster than others," Angela said. "If you would like me to slow down, I'd understand, but….I was hoping that the two of us could…"

Peter decided he felt bad about embarrassing the poor goddess. He grabbed her and gave Angela a kiss. The two of them exchanged that very passionate lip-lock with each other. Angela closed the distance between herself and her lover. The flames shot around them and transported them off.

Both dropped down on the bedroom, and Peter dressed in some elegant silk robes. His spider man uniform rested firmly on the chair. The redhead next to him dressed in nothing other than a transparent silk nightie. Her red hair came down past her face.

"I've had my eye on you a long time, Man of Spiders," Angela said. "And I don't know if you've learned, but when I have my eye on something, I seek it."

She pushed him down on the bed. Angela mounted the top of him and kissed him fiercely. Peter returned with the kiss. Their arms tangled around each other. Angela's sexually aggressive kiss brought fire through Peter's body. She brought no small amounts of pleasure through him.

"And I can feel you're excited about this encounter, nearly as much as I am," Angela said. "Are you ready?"

She knew her lover felt ready, but Angela wasn't about to leave anything to chance. She watched his male endowment stick up in the air. Angela put her finger around the edge of the base and slowly pushed back and forth down on his manhood. The throbbing against her hand pushed the fullness of Peter's length up and lowered it down on the bed.
"Yes, I knew you were ready," Angela said. "Does this excite you, lover?"

Angela latched Peter's cock with her warm mouth. And it was warm alright, Peter could barely even stand the warmth. Eventually though he got used to it, and he loved it. The mouth of the goddess pushed all the way down on Peter. Angela worshipped his divine rod with her mouth.

"Yes!" Peter yelled. "That feels so good. I don't even…"

A popping sound showed Peter's hard cock being released from between her lips. Something a million times better than Angela's mouth wrapped around Peter's hard throbbing cock, and it was her breasts, her breasts took Peter in between them. Peter could not believe the feel of them, but there was no denying how much he was glad to have Angela wrap her breasts of them. 

So soft, so warm, and so very good, and so very skilled with them, Peter enjoyed the good combination. Angela drove down onto the base of his cock and engulfed him in between her supple wonders. Peter held onto her round orbs of fun and squeezed them.

"You're impressive," Angela purred.

"You're not too bad yourself."

Angela slid her orbs all the way down to the base of Peter's cock and engulfed his manhood inside of them. He pushed his cock almost all the way up, filling the insides of her breasts. Peter gained a little bit more momentum, holding into the side of the beautiful round breasts around him.

"Mmm, right there."

The goddess could feel this manhood shoved between her breasts. The swelling of this love organ got her very excited and made her want even more. She wanted more, she needed more, and Angela would have more. She would have far more than she could ever desire. Those throbbing balls danced, ready to release their bounty all over her face and chest. Angela bent down and kissed the tip of Peter's cock the second it would go into her.

The web slinger on the bed groaned at the feeling of the never ending warm wrapped around his hard, throbbing cock. Angela brought her breasts down onto the base and released him. The feeling of energy swelling through his loins felt very good, and it would not be too long before he came.

Came he did, Peter sent a shower of cum all over Angela's perfect, round breasts. The blasts of white hot fluids coated her breasts.

Angela rode out the orgasm all of the way, sliding her breasts down to the base. She pushed all the way down and released Peter's hard cock. The sensation of his cum made her just want more.

"I'm sure there's plenty more where that came from."

Peter appreciated the woman's confidence. Angela turned herself around and got on her hands and knees away from Peter. She scooped up her large, round orbs and licked the juices off of them. Her dripping, hungry slit exposed itself to Peter and tempted him to come over.

No choice really, and it was no surprise Peter's hard throbbing cock came to life. He made his way closer to Angela, just inches away from taking the plunge inside of her. Her depths called to him. There was really no option other than to shove his big cock inside of her.

"I'm ready."
"So, am I," Angela said. "You don't want to know how long I've wanted this."

Peter lined himself up with Angela and pushed his cock inside of her. The tightness of her pussy gripped him the very second he slid into her. It was almost too much for any normal man to bare, never mind a web slinging spider man. He held the edge of Angela’s hips and pushed into the depths of her body.

Twelve inches of thick throbbing meat entered Angela's hot cavern. He pushed almost all the way, and pulled out, before coming in. The balls, rich and full of his seed, slapped against Angela's slit. Peter gained some momentum and drilled into her.

"Mmm, take me, take me hard," Angela said.

Angela gripped onto the side of the head, moaning in pleasure. Peter really was making sure she could feel the point of his cock sliding inside of her. He held onto her hips and pulled almost all the way back, before shoving his length inside of her.

"It's good, it feels so good," Angela said.

"Yeah, you feel good alright," Peter said. "Are you about ready to cum?"

Peter took inventory on the sexy body beneath him. His fingers pushed against Angela's firm, ample backside. Her walls tightened around Peter and released him. Peter gained a bit of a fluid momentum and shoved himself deep inside of Angela.

"Yes, make me cum, make me cum hard," Angela said.

More momentum had been gained. Peter stretched the inner vaginal muscles as hard as he could. Her warmth wrapped around his cock stimulated every inch of Peter. All of those thick, juicy throbbing inches. He buried his length inside of Angela with a few fluid thrusts.

Sticky fingers became to caress the back of Angela, and dance down her ribcage. The goddess sighed at the feeling of Peter burying his huge length inside of her body and then pulling it completely out of her. The thrusting increased with every last second. Angela was feeling him buried inside of her depths all the way. She could also feel those heavy throbbing balls.

Peter held her breasts in hand, cupped them hard, and slowly released them. Angela liked it, judging by the passionate moans. Her climax reached a fever pitch, and slowly gripped Peter hard.

An energy cascaded through Peter, and prompted him to bury more of himself into her. He wanted to be as deep inside of this goddess as possible. The sultry, but devious, redhead underneath him writhing in pleasure only served to make his balls throb with more delight. Peter picked up the pace and rocked her world, rocked into her depths as deep as he could allow himself to go.

"You're so hot," Peter told her.

"Yes, I know you know it," Angela said. "And you're….oooh, you're making me cum even more than I have ever by my own fingers. So thank you, thank you for that."

Peter took this as the compliment it was. His hands rested on Angela's hips and firmly buried his rod inside of her tight body. He worked her up to a fever pitch and allowed her to release all over his cock.

"It's not a problem, you deserved it."
Angela tried not to seem too pleased. Many in Asgard had their eyes on Spider-Man, and many in other realms also had their eye on Spider-Man. She was glad to have gotten a piece of him, and it wasn't like she didn't give a piece of herself up in return. Those handsome hands gripped the underside of her breasts and squeezed them tight.

Another orgasm on the part of the goddess put Peter closer to his own end. He had been hammering away at this pussy for a very long time, for several minutes in fact. Peter shoved twelve throbbing inches of length inside of Angela's body and then almost pulled out of her.

"Don't pull out," Angela begged him. "I want your full essence inside me…..don't worry, nothing will happen of it, unless you want it to."

Those assuring words out of the way made Peter ram his rod inside of Angela's gripping center. He held Angela down on the bed and hammered away at her. His balls swelled and were ready for a release. Her pussy presented itself as a release.

One more sweet release on the part of Angela made Peter bury his rod deep inside of her. His balls danced against her wet entrance and started to fire.

Angela's body prepared itself to receive this gift inside of her. Peter discharged a fair amount of cum inside of her. He buried himself to the hilt and drilled her body with more than she could every anticipation. And it wasn't a bad thing, by any means. Angela accepted the gift of Peter Parker inside of her womb.

He rode out the orgasm all the way to the end, while indulging in her sexy, sweaty, body one more time. The fact Angela came twice more before Peter was finished made him feel really good.

The web slinger pulled out of his lover. Angela rolled over, and draped herself on Peter's waist. She ran one finger down his chest, and the other down the area of his crotch.

"So, do you still have one more round left in you?" Angela asked.

"Well, I'm sure anything is possible with the proper motivation."

Angela straddled Peter and grinded herself against his cock which rose up to attention. The beautiful Asgardian slid her hips down onto Peter and engulfed him with one fluid drop.

'And I'm left with the proper motivation.'
Zatanna Zatara came off of a very long, extremely grueling, thirty-eight day straight tour of magic shows. She loved performing, and this tour put her all over the United States. She ended the night with a big grand finale in New York City which was where she was going to meet up with an old friend of hers.

No matter how many tours she had, no matter how many shows she had, Zatanna always enjoyed the aftermath the most of all. She planned to change up the act slightly. It always amused her how people wondered how she did it, tried to expose her of slight of hand, or find the mirrors, or trick wires. Little did they know the tricks she performed had to do with actual tangible magic.

"I saw the show, you did great!"

Zatanna turned around towards a handsome young man who had dropped down pretty much from the hallway.

"Hey, Peter, glad to see you can make it," Zatanna said. "I know you're busy getting pictures….pictures of Spider-Man!"

Both of them exchanged a smile. Zatanna took Peter by the hand and moved in back up the stairs towards the hotel lobby of the hotel/casino she was performing at.

"So, how did you get inside?" Zatanna asked.

"For once, Jameson didn't want pictures of Spider-Man, he wanted pictures of your grand finale," Peter said. "And I've got a couple of good shots as well."

Zatanna's lips curled into a playful smirk. "So, did you get any shots for your private collection?"

The look on his face was very priceless. Zatanna smiled and the two of them moved further up the stairs. She was excited to see him, and it had been a long time since the two of them had to get together.

"I'm really glad you're here, and I mean that," Zatanna said. "You see, I've had a long, hard tour, and it's been hard for me. I need something to keep my mind off of it, and in about three weeks, I'm back on the road for another death tour, and this one is going to be international."

"Isn't the international community a bit…anxious about magic?"

Zatanna smiled and opened up the motel room she was staying in. Her manager got a private suite, which was nice, and overlooked the balcony. She moved Peter onto the bed.

Peter chuckled, she wasn't being subtle at all with her intentions. Not Peter minded, naturally, he appreciated a nice girl who was completely there. Zatanna bounced down onto the bed in front of Peter. The first few buttons of her uniform came undone.

"So, are you trying to perform a hypnotic charm on me, Zee?"
Zatanna looked up with a smile and leaned closer towards Peter.

"Well, wouldn't you like to know?" Zatanna asked. "Thank you for helping me out a few months ago, and getting that book back."

"Hey, it was no problem," Peter said. "And I think you thanked me pretty explicitly the first time around."

The enchanting magician leaned closer towards Peter. It was obvious by the look of mischief dancing through her eyes, she wanted to thank Peter one more time. Their lips met together with a very hungry, and very passionate kiss. Peter gripped the back of Zatanna's head and slowly slid his tongue into her mouth.

Zatanna tilted back to enjoy Peter's kiss and it had been a long time she received a kiss like this. The kiss set her loins on fire with more passion than she could really describe. The web slinger held the back of Zatanna's head and gave her a long, passionate kiss. Their tongues clashed together, neither backing off from where they were.

"Mmm," Zatanna mewled hungrily.

Peter pushed his lips away from hers. The second he looked up, Zatanna had his pants all the way up, and his cock exposed.

"So, are you going to perform my favorite magic trick?"

"What?" Zatanna asked. "Making your cock disappear into my mouth?"

Peter smiled, that was the one. Zatanna bent down and captured Peter's massive tool in between her plump lips. She slid down Peter's pole and engulfed his manhood into her mouth. Zatanna rose up and shoved more of Peter's meaty tool between her lips.

"Yep, that's the one!" Peter groaned.

Warm joy surrounded Peter's hard cock. He pushed his hands on the back of Zatanna's raven black hair. She pushed further down Peter's mighty rod. She took Peter inside of her mouth and suckled on him very hard. She sucked Peter deep and released him with a few fluid pumps. The heavy rod pushed deep into her mouth.

"Zee, you're going to make me lose it."

The only response she could get was her hands stroking Peter's balls. This temptress really knew how to make him feel really good, and introduced sensations around the area of his groin which he could hardly describe. He grabbed the back of Zee's head and pushed his rod into her.

The sorceress pushed her mouth down to the base of his cock. She decided to briefly release him only to wrap her warm breasts around his tool.

"That's my other magic trick," Zatanna said with a wink.

Peter would have to agree, it was one of her better tricks. The roundness of Zatanna's breasts pushing all the way down Peter Parker's pulsing penis. The soft pillows squeezed and bounced down on him. Peter gripped her round chest orbs and pushed into it.

"Damn, you're going to conjure a whole bunch of cum."
One kiss to the tip of Peter's cock showed him she wanted just that. All Peter could do was lean back and accept the pleasure of her bouncing breasts when it caressed his throbbing manhood. Peter held onto her and shoved more of his pulsing rod between her breasts.

"Fuck," Peter breathed. "I'm going to cum soon."

Zatanna released him from her breasts. Peter couldn't even be disappointed because the goddess before him deep throated him very hard. Peter looked into Zatanna's brilliant eyes with her immense cock-sucking. The witch beneath him sucked his throbbing hard rod.

"Cum hard, and cum for me," Zatanna informed him. "Mmm, I can suck your cock all day long. It feels so good, so hard in my mouth."

Peter once again thought he was going to blow himself if it wasn't hard. She released him only briefly to say these words before bringing it down onto him. Peter held onto the side of her face. Zatanna's eyes burned with lust when shoving more cock into her inviting mouth.

Thick seed spilled down her throat. The witch kept up with the sucking, and the pleasure through her eyes continued to grow. More cum flooded down her gullet the deeper Peter pushed himself into her. Those balls struck her chin at an immense rate. Zatanna was getting hungrier and the only way the hunger could be satisfied, was an immense load being spilled down her throat.

"Mmm," Zatanna mewled.

Zatanna rubbed his balls and made sure they released their bounty into her warm, waiting mouth. The sorceress bombarded his cock with a series of soft, socks and drained him.

Peter drained himself deep and fast into Zatanna's mouth. The final few blasts of cum entered her mouth. No sooner did Peter pull himself away, he ripped the crotch of her panties off and also her fishnets. He shoved three fingers into them.

"Seems like you have a couple of magic tricks of your own, don't you?" Zatanna asked.

The handsome young man in front of her shoved his fingers inside of Zatanna's gushing wet snatch. The beautiful woman underneath Peter received a good, hard, fingering. She breathed heavily with pleasure spreading through her body. Peter shifted one, two, and three fingers, pulled them out and repeated the ritual.

A surprising warmth spread around Peter's cock from Zatanna's touch. He looked at her, after fingering the raven-haired magician to an orgasm.

"It's a surprise, don't worry, it's going to feel really good."

Peter's cock throbbed, and he wanted to be inside of Zatanna. She crawled back on the bed and positioned herself, ready to receive.

The sorceress smiled, it was going to feel really good, for the both of them. Peter attacked Zatanna's ample breasts before slipping inside of her. The length of the cock spread out her walls and submerged himself deep inside of her. Zatanna could feel him enter her, and put her hands on the back of Peter's neck to steer him properly.

Peter Parker was now inside of one of the most beautiful women in the world. And her legs, they couldn't be neglected, wrapped in fishnets.

"Damn, this feels really good," Peter said.
"Oh, you're only just beginning to feel good," Zatanna said. "Just, keep going, keep putting that big cock in me, and see how good you can make me feel, and make yourself feel!"

The encouragement of her soft legs wrapping around his hips only proved to spur Peter on. His balls throbbed and the only release was through her womanhood. He rose up and pushed deep inside of Zatanna. Her soft pussy walls caressed him inside of her, just as much as her fishnet clad legs caressed Peter on the outside of her.

"I'm going to lose it, if you're not careful with me," Peter said. "Do you hear me, Zee? You're going to make me lose it, and it's going to be all your fault?"

"I hope you lose it," Zatanna said. "Just push that big cock inside of me, and ride me hard. You're going to see how this is going to feel good in a minute."

Peter felt the tension rising up from his body. He didn't want to go too far or too fast. Yet, Zatanna's pussy called for him. He just pushed himself inside of the temptress beneath him. Their hips met, clashing in pleasure with each other.

The softness of her thighs clenched around him. Zatanna's round breasts pushed deep inside of Peter's clutching hands. He squeezed her ample mammaries and released them.

"I'm about ready to cum."

Zee's devious smile made Peter wonder what precisely she had in store for him. Those slick womanly walls gripped Peter into her. He bottomed out inside of Zatanna's warm, precious cunt. Then rose up into her and pushed into her, pushing very hard.

He had the sensation of cumming, his balls swelling with it, but nothing came out.

"Seven is the magic number, Mr. Parker," Zatanna said.

Zatanna smiled and used her sensual legs to turn the tables. Peter ended up on his back, on the bed, with Zatanna hovering over him. Her wet pussy grinded over his cock, and the juices dripped onto him. Zatanna bounced herself up high and came down onto the base of Peter's cock.

The hint of what this spell was going to do, made Peter harden even more. He pushed himself inside of the woman underneath him, the second orgasm building up inside of him. It was proving to be more intense than the first. All Peter could do was watch this divine goddess rise into the air and slam down onto his cock. She gave a very interesting glow around her when bouncing up and down.

Another orgasm passed through Zatanna's body and lubricated the pole. She looked down to see the pleasure in his eyes. She worked his meat pole towards another orgasm and leaned down. She kissed the side of Peter's neck and suckled on the side of his ear. She bounced back up and allowed him perfect access to her breasts.

Squeezing those round, succulent orbs gave Peter some measure of relief. His balls swelled up and he realized it was number two, only it just made him swollen. He dropped his hands to Zatanna's hips and grabbed her, before slamming inside of her.

"Holding back will only just make things more frustrating," Zee said. "Really work my pussy, work it hard! Work it like it owes you money!"

Peter was way ahead of her on that particular point. His massive tool pushed between Zatanna's gripping warm thighs. She rose up and slammed down onto him with a few fluid pumps.
Zatanna wasn't going to lie, she had been feeling more pleasure bursts than she expected. The expert manipulation of the woman's round, bouncing breasts had something to do with it, at least she suspected. Zatanna never had been one for rapid speculation.

The second Peter drilled his swelling cock into her, it brought Zatanna back to life. She didn't take everything, she gived. Zatanna closed her eyes and tightened her pussy muscles. They massaged Peter's swollen, aching length.

"Jesus, Zee," Peter breathed.

"You like that?" Zatanna asked.

All Peter could do was laying back and enjoy the soft sensations of her pussy muscles sliding down his mighty pole. The young man's manhood received a good, solid working out.

"Love it, can't get enough of it."

Zatanna gave him more of it. She showed flexibility by taking his cock inside to the depths. It buried into her and Zatanna could feel the semen just building up after three blocked up ejaculations, or was it four from this point.

The temptress kept riding him, and Peter knew seven was the magic number. His stamina may have made this last even longer, but the payoff was going to be amazing. Just like her pussy, always tight and responsive from her. She moaned hungrily.

"You know how sensitive I am," Zatanna said. "And you know how much I want you. You know how much I want this, this big throbbing cock. Why don't you rest your head on my big tits?"

Peter didn't think of a better idea. He did more than rest his head though, he nibbled, sucked, and pretty much worshipped every square inch of Zatanna's aching nipples. The tender flesh stuck in his mouth and Peter sucked on it.

Zatanna drove the point of her hips down onto his massive throbbing cock. She mentally thanked herself for using this spell, because it was a necessity for him, her, and a huge necessity for her pleasure. Zatanna pushed her womanhood up and came down onto the point of Peter's throbbing manhood.

"Keep it up, don't stop."

Zatanna smiled, she had no intention of stopping. She rode Peter like a prized bronco all the way to the station. Those hands were very busy and showed they were better for a lot better than climbing walls. Peter molded those bouncing breasts into whatever he wanted. He gripped and released Zatanna, to release the ample flesh into his hand. She rebounded down on him without any problem whatsoever.

"Yes, mmm, that's really good," Zatanna moaned. "I have to have your big cock, buried inside of my sweet pussy. I have to have it, I have to have it now. Only a couple more times."

Peter thought it was a relief. He didn't know a man's testicles could store this much. He doubted very much standing up would be practical in this situation, which was a good thing Zatanna bounced on him.

"I wonder," Peter said. "How many times I can make you cum before we're done?"

Zatanna smiled when pushing down onto Peter. His hands touched a very sensitive spot on her legs,
and then moved down to trace patterns down her belly button. It was flat and toned right now, but soon it would be filled with so much cum, Zatanna was kind of glad she cast a very powerful contraceptive spell before going here.

'Always be prepared.'

Peter pushed up inside of her tightness. Zatanna clenched and released Peter to establish a momentum. He pushed himself and found her G-Spot once more. He attacked the insides of her, using his spider sense as a guide to really bring pleasure.

The mewling sorceress could feel the end. Peter clenched and released nothing for the sixth time in a row. Six orgasms worth of stored cum rested in his balls.

"You're fit to explode, aren't you?" Zatanna asked.

"Yes, but you're exploding right now," Peter said.

Zatanna didn't dare deny it. All she could do was bring her soft thighs down around Peter. She squeezed and released Peter with a descent and then a fall. Their loins connected together with each other. Zatanna brought herself down onto Peter's hard rod.

The sands of time spun around. Peter observed Zatanna's splendors, breasts which kept bouncing, and calling to him. All he could do was cup those round orbs and give them a nice solid squeeze. Zatanna bounced higher onto him and drove more of his rod.

"Yes, exploding, can't wait any longer," Zatanna breathed. "And I know you can't wait any longer."

The heavy pumping inside of her followed by Zatanna cumming. Peter held on for the ride and knew it would happen, unless he miscounted.

It turned out he didn't. The first orgasm knocked all of the others outside. Zatanna wrapped her legs around Peter and took as much of his cum inside of her. Her warm, gripping central core encouraged Peter to spill as much seed inside of her as those balls could manage.

Zatanna rocked down onto Peter. She got far more than she bargained for. It appeared the spell didn't just store his cum, but slightly amplified it. Many orgasms exploded through Zatanna. Her entire body was set on fire with some pure sexual bliss when bouncing up and down on him.

Peter didn't even think he had that much cum.

"Turns out the spell is more potent than I thought it was."

Anyone figured as much. Peter came and kept cumming for a very long time. And in another twist, he didn't feel fatigued. He wanted to bury his seed into Zatanna's body all the way until she was filled up with it. Peter held Zatanna's bouncing ass cheeks and squeezed their bodies together tightly. A never ending barrage of cum entered her.

Zatanna started the spell, damn she was going to ride it to the conclusion even though she was in danger of looking like a used condom afterwards.

The warmth of her descending down on them never was ending, and Peter liked it. He spent all of his seemingly never ending ejaculation just tempting Zatanna's curves, and himself. Her body was a wonderland to make him cum harder.

The draining concluded about thirty minutes after it started. Now it was Zatanna's turn to be weighed
down.

"Guess that's what they call a grand finale."

Zatanna smiled and pulled herself over to Peter. She nuzzled towards him and gave him a half exasperated smile.

"Cute."

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End.
An attack from Jonathan Crane, better known as the Scarecrow, left Gotham City infected and in a state of paralyzing fear. No one knew what to do when the gas came in and there appeared to have been no cure. With Batman out of town, doing god only knows what, it was the perfect time for the Scarecrow to strike.

Not exactly the most perfect moment though, for Barbara Gordon, better known as Batgirl, jumped onto the scene in an attempt to stop Crane's virus from spreading. She thanked all of the gods above that she had some help, in the form of a young man who happened to be tracking down some stolen chemicals from New York City. Batgirl and Spider-Man worked together to stop the chemicals and make sure Crane's scheme did not work out right.

"So, are you sure this is going to work?"

"Hey, I'm one hundred and ten percent sure," Spider-Man said. "The toxin elevates the adrenaline of the person. We need to reverse course and sedate the person. Therefore, they will be able to calm down and the toxin slowly works out of the body."

Crane might have been taken down and locked up, and the source of the toxin had been found, but it still didn't prevent the people of Gotham City from reaching an infection. Peter had cured people from plagues before, but this had been different somehow.

"I'm just glad you were here," Batgirl said.

"No problem," the web slinger said. "I'm just doing what any normal good guy would do. We all want to help the people in Gotham City."

Batgirl smiled and looked at him. Brilliant as he was brave. This particular combination set Barbara's heart aflutter with thoughts. She could pretty much figure out who was underneath the mask without any problems whatsoever, but what would the fun in that be?

'He is certainly something.'

Peter Parker never knew a simple stolen chemical truck would lead him down the rabbit hole and straight into the madness in Gotham City. He had almost missed the somewhat bland nature of a New York City Night.

He frowned, the air around them appeared to be clean. At least he didn't have to worry about the virus spreading, but wait, something happened.

"What, is there something on my cowl?" Batgirl asked.

"And according to the scanners, you've been infected."

Batgirl's lips curled into a frown. It should have been impossible given how the gas mask on her cowl blocked out many toxins. She couldn't argue though with the young man in front of him.
"I'm not seeing my worst fears come to life," Batgirl argued.

"Well, the toxin effects different people different ways," Spider-Man said. "I'm guessing you've been subjected to one of the Scarecrow's fear toxins before."

Batgirl responded with a nod. She had been unfortunately exposed to that particular trip.

"My adrenaline, when it starts pumping, it's when I see things," Batgirl said. She rolled up the sleeve of her uniform. "So, I guess you need to inject me with the cure."

"Okay, the cure also effects different people in different ways," Spider-Man said. "But, it's just it purging the toxins from your body."

Batgirl gave him a long look and pointed at the side of her arm. Peter decided to press forward.

"Some people, they're pretty happy. While others, they're upset, or depressed, or cold or....."

"Just give me my medicine," Batgirl said. "I don't like shots to begin with, and you talking about what could happen is not going to put me a very happy mood. So prick me, you prick."

The two of them exchanged a smile. Spider-Man injected the counter-agent into her arm. Batgirl responded with a shuddering sound. Several seconds passed, until the very moment where it looked whatever he had done to her, it had worked its way from her body.

The next thing Spider-Man knew, Batgirl started to run her fingers down her sultry body. She moved where the uniform unclipped at the bottom of the cowl. The smoldering look in her eyes made Peter's pants real estate become uncomfortable.

"I guess this is a side effect," Batgirl said. "I wonder if I can do anything about this."

The top half of the uniform came off, and Peter received an unrestricted view of her breasts contained in a black bra. Those round orbs were so succulent, with a small amount of sweat rolling down her body. He moved down to take a look at her sexy abs, toned from hours of working out. She undid her belt and worked her pants down to show Peter her panties as well. A pair of sexy legs had been underneath the uniform, and they stretched on for miles.

"That looks uncomfortable," Batgirl said. "Why don't we get you out of that nice uniform, into something a bit warmer?"

Hominess had not been a side effect Peter prepared for. The sexy crime fighter moved over, dressed in nothing but her bra, panties, gloves, boots, cape, and cowl. She slowly pulled up his mask and revealed his jaw. The feisty redhead planted more kisses onto the side of his mouth.

Barbara Gordon had been frustrated for a very long time and these frustrations finally managed to boil up inside of her. She made quick work of the top of Spider-Man's uniform. The treat revealed of his muscular physique increased Barbara's lust. She pushed her hands over him.

"You're so hot you can melt butter on these abs," Batgirl said.

"Damn, Batgirl, you're pretty sexy yourself."

"Call me, Barbara, no need to be so formal," Barbara said. She squeezed Peter's hard cock.

The stunning beauty dropped down to the ground and was about to blow Peter's mind, without even removing the cowl. Her warm lips found their way around the head and sucked more of Peter into
her mouth. She tasted the treat which was to cum.

"Damn," Peter managed.

The sultry redhead temptress worked a few more inches into her mouth and came down onto him. She sucked him, hard. The sounds of a tight suction made Peter feel really good. He rested those hands on the back of Batgirl's head and guided the path into her warm mouth and throat.

A hungry sucking followed, with Barbara craving every last drop of cum inside of those balls. She kissed the length of his cock, using her tongue and lips to the fullest. A second passed before Barbara pushed the full length into the back of her mouth. She held onto Peter's thighs and sucked him hard, craving more of his cock inside of her mouth.

Peter closed his eyes and leaned back against the desk. The redhead on her knees went to town on him and there was never a better feeling in his life. The slow build up inside of his balls made it feel really good.

She sucked, slurping and making lewd, sexy noises around the base of his cock. Peter held onto her head and shoved more of a length down her waiting mouth and throat. Barbara leaned back slightly to accept more cock into her waiting mouth, hungrily sucking on her charge.

"I'm going to explode."

The cowled crimefighter increased her suction around the throbbing rod of her partner. He reached down and shoved more of his length inside of her waiting mouth. The redhead slid all the way down onto his pole and sucked him about as hard as she could.

The first few blasts of cum fired inside of Barbara's mouth. The redhead stayed the course and sucked him extremely hard. Those balls were full and ready to go. She coaxed all of the cum out of his mouth.

The web slinger had been put at the mercy of her very talented mouth. She sucked him until completion. This action left Peter in a very pleased state.

Batgirl rose to a standing position and licked her lips. She made quite the production of swallowing the cum from the young man.

"Yummy."

The crime fighter balanced herself on the edge of table with ease. She ensured Spider-Man's eyes locked onto her before pulling the next play. She slowly slipped down her lacy black panties and exposed a dripping slit in front of the face of Spider-Man. Batgirl's carpet most certainly matched the drapes. She slowly tickled her slit and brought a pleasurable moan.

Spider-Man looked at her. His mask pulled up and his mouth moistened with desire. Batgirl spread her legs out for him and the web head only could go forward.

"I'm hungry now."

"Don't just stand there," Batgirl said with a sultry smile. "Dig in."

Peter lowered his face in between Batgirl's able thighs and started to suckle on her womanhood. She worked those thighs up to get his face pressed between them. All Peter could do was hold onto those plump thighs and bury his face into them.
"Mmm, right there!" Batgirl yelled.

She had been lit on fire with a lustful feeling through her loins. Spider-Man touched her spots and really caused the pleasure to flow freely through the woman's loins. She held her hips off of the table and made sure the back of his head had been guided inside of those thighs.

Spider-Man captured her nether lips and released them. He wanted to taste the full feeling of those tender, lower lips. The taste coming between them made him just hunger for more. His lust increased and he went down further onto them. His cock, sucked dry, started to rise up.

"Get me nice and wet!" the beautiful redhead screamed. "I want to feel your cock inside me. I want to feel it stretching out my tight, pussy, when you fuck the ever living daylights. Fuck me, make me cum, only as a Spider-Man can."

Spider-Man pulled up from her lips and gave it a small kiss. He started to rub on her love button and caused the redhead nymphomaniac to scream.

"Don't start breaking out into song and we wouldn't have the problem."

He went down on Batgirl one more time and ate her pussy. Those hands clutched the back of his mask, slightly tearing at it. It was a good thing Peter had a few extra masks, not that he could ever prepare for an encounter like this.

Batgirl came and came hard. She thought they would have to do the team up thing more often. Spider-Man's mask and the uncovered part of his face just had been splattered with her juices. The very thought excited Barbara and made her tingle with pleasure.

Spider-Man went down on her. He touched the edge of her lips and retracted his tongue from them. A splattering of juices followed. He drank them up like there was no tomorrow.

Her latest orgasm faded, and Batgirl laid on the bed, legs spread. Spider-Man reached behind her and unclipped her, unleashing her round breasts to the world. The redhead squirmed underneath his hands.

"You want me, don't you?"

Batgirl answered with a feverish nod. Her pussy throbbed in anticipation for him. The crime fighter wanted nothing more than to receive his throbbing cock inside of her.

The web slinger lowered himself at the edge of her entrance. The stunning redhead beneath him put her legs up and scissored them around his hips. She encouraged him to take the plunge, so take the plunge he did. The plunge into so much warm, delicious tightness, he couldn't really even describe how good it felt, other than it felt beyond great to be buried inside of her.

"Yes, mmm, yes," Barbara breathed.

Half of the length had been inside of her, but if Barbara won the day, she would have slightly more than half buried inside of her welcoming sheath. She pushed up and had received the full length of his rod, submerged inside of her body. The two connected with each other, the feverish encounter increasing.

"I hope you're willing to last the distance."

Her hands found their way on Peter's back.
"As far as I'm concerned, I'm going to need a bigger prick to undo the side effects of that little prick you gave me."

The teasing in her eyes and the promise only made Peter drive down into her as far as possible. He expanded her walls and they retracted around him. Peter kept shoving more of his ample length inside of her. Her lovely breasts bouncing every time he slammed down into her was just an excellent bonus. A bonus which he dove forward and savored with every fiber of his being.

Peter kept shoving his immense length deep inside of Barbara's gripping womanhood. She slid halfway up to his intruding phallus and enjoyed the feeling of being brought deep inside of Peter.

"Go ahead, and give it to me," Barbara said to him. "Harder, inside me, please!"

Peter gave it to her, hard and fast as humanly possible. Barbara stretching underneath his rising and falling cock was a beautiful sight to see. This encounter was really reaching a fever pitch. He could feel her expand inside of him.

Deeper he went between Batgirl's warm and willing thighs. He filled her all the way up, and made her passionate moans accelerate like no one ever before. Those breasts pushed up into Peter's hands and he squeezed them, making them his for the most part.

"You're going to make me lose it!" Batgirl yelled.

"Isn't that the idea?"

His easy going demeanor caused Barbara's gushing to increase around his rod. He stuck her with his immense length. He rose up and fell down within her tight vice of a pussy.

"Yes, I suppose so!" Barbara mewled. "Just give it to me, give it to me hard! Give it to me faster!"

Peter wasn't one to deny a beautiful woman what she wanted. Said beautiful woman's tight walls were squeezing him tight and ensuring he didn't stray a second from her body. Peter lifted himself up to a certain point and shoved his throbbing hard cock inside of her. Barbara pushed her hips off of the bed, and took a deep breath, pushing in the pleasure through her loins.

"Yes, mmm, yes," Barbara moaned. "Give it to me, nice and hard! Hard and fast! Make sure I really feel it. I want to really feel what you're giving me, Spider-Man!"

The thrusting increased and he further buried himself into the redhead goddess underneath him. Barbara shifted her hips a certain point off of the bed and took his huge cock into her welcoming body. The beautiful woman clutched onto Peter and received a huge thrust into her body.

"You're really feeling it alright," Peter said.

He danced down her body with those fingers, like a spider trying to find the right point to wrap his webbing around. Barbara shoved more of her tight vice around Peter's incoming, throbbing cock. She hung onto Peter with everything he was worth and in her mind, with the pleasure burning through her eyes, dancing through her body, he was worth more than a lot.

"Yes, I'm feeling it," Barbara said. "Now, drill me harder. Really push that cock into me! I want to feel it, I want to feel it stretch me!"

The hard cock stretched her tight vice. Barbara held her legs against his incoming manhood. The sensation of those thick balls slamming against her made Barbara gush. It made a feeling of pure pleasure just rock throughout her body. Those hips just kept wrapping around Peter and pushing
more of his thick length inside of her body. Barbara squeezed him hard and released him just about as hard.

Peter worked himself over the edge. He molded her tight ass. The encounter excited him just as much as it did her. His cock swelled when entering her body.

"Don't pull out," Barbara begged him.

She wrapped her legs around him. The firm flesh felt good exerting so much force on Peter's waist. He noticed she had gasped extra hard the second Peter's fingers danced down the side of her legs, and made a travel around her thighs. So, Peter did this to really drive Barbara completely mad.

The crime fighter was glad this team up happened. Not only did they succeed in stopping the bad guy's evil plan, but she was getting a pounding the likes of which she hadn't gotten in a very long time. The web-slinger filled the inside of her body, almost emptied her, and filled her up again. The sensations spread out.

"Getting close."

"Don't slow down, now," Barbara begged him. "Keep it up. Keep hammering my pussy. Cum inside me. Please, cum inside of me!"

She practically begged the handsome hero in front of her. The masks might have been still on, but it added to an erotic appeal to this encounter. It just made it that much more hotter. And speaking of hotter, Barbara Gordon's pussy was throbbing hot for his hard cock to be buried inside of her. Those balls, filling up, just as much as they filled her up, made her gush.

Peter rode her all the way to the edge. He indulged in that great body pressed underneath her. Those round succulent breasts were ripe for the squeezing so he squeezed them. The action made her tighten around her.

"Almost there."

Barbara came on the spot with the rapid fire pounding. She maneuvered her muscles around his love organ and squeezed it. She wanted him to have the greatest explosion ever inside of her.

'Only fair for giving me such a good, and satisfying night of sex. Oh, I'm going to be feeling this one in the morning. But, It's going to be worth it.'

The immense length buried inside of Barbara. She milked him to the point where his rod was being tensed up. The feeling of pleasure bursting from those balls followed.

Peter rode out her sweet orgasm and turned it into one of his own. His cum splattered inside of her pussy. His balls drained inside of her.

"More!"

He rode all the way to the end, and could feel her body tense up underneath him. The redhead's sweaty, sexy body made him just hammer her faster until his climax followed out. He clutched her breasts for emphasis when driving into her.

Their orgasms faded, and Peter pulled out of Barbara. Barbara gingerly sat up, her thighs a bit battered, but damn, if it wasn't worth it to feel a good hard fucking.

The cowled crime fighter reached over to the bag, and jotted down something.
"Feel free to swing by whenever you're in Gotham City. I could use a good pick me up."

She handed Spider-Man the piece of paper with an address. Barbara leaned in and gave him one more kiss on the cheek, which slowly delved into something more.

Okay, it turned out the effects of the fear toxin antidote weren't completely worked out. Good thing he was ready to go again.

End.

Next Chapter on 2/25/2017.
Up Close and Personal(Psylocke)

All relationships had to start somewhere. And Betsy Braddock, the X-Men member known as Psylocke, started her relationship with Peter Parker, better known as everyone's favorite Amazing Spider-Man, fighting a group of ninjas. She never thought a team up where she had to fight ninjas over some mystical artifact which could bring about the end of days, would actually lead to a healthy and stable relationship, but there you go. Betsy smiled when thinking about it.

Currently, she dressed in a purple dress clinging to her curves. They had made their way out to the night club. Peter cleaned up just as nicely as well, dressed in a button up shirt, a suit jacket, and a pair of nice dress pants. It suited him nicely. Maybe not the fanciest, most expensive attire, but Betsy oogled the eye candy never the less.

Peter could not believe his luck. He started out on a normal team up, and then boom, ninjas. Ninjas happened without any warning, but Peter had help. Betsy was amazing, and the two of them stopped the ninjas, saved the world, shared a kiss, and they had been going out on dates ever since. And not every single date ended up with them fighting criminals, maybe about every third date.

"You look beautiful," Peter said. "I don't know if I've told you that."

"Every time we go out," Betsy said with a playful smile. "But the thought is appreciated, you know. And you looked like delicious yourself as well."

Betsy ensnared Peter in her grip. Peter looked at every inch of her body. A beautiful woman, with Japanese features thanks to a mind swap. She seemed so much sexy with those features, beyond a British accent. The purple hair also drew Peter's attention to her figure, just as much as her long breasts, sexy legs which could be used to bring an opponent to their doom just as much as entice. The most delicious part of Betsy was that ass, which most of the time had been put into tight leather.

The dress rode up, and Peter could feel she was being daring enough not to wear any panties tonight. The two of them danced for a little bit longer. Betsy smiled.

"Let's hope our date doesn't get cut off prematurely," Betsy said. "Because, when I get going, I don't think either of us are going to want to stop. I rented a private room for us, after we're done having dinner and dancing."

Peter looked at her.

"I know, I'm spoiling you, love," Betsy said. "But, after all the ways you've helped me out, the least I can do is give us a nice night, devoid of any attention."

She swooped down and kissed Peter. Those warm lips meeting his intoxicated the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man. All he could do was kiss back, and their bodies molded together. One of her legs rested on his hip and Peter's fingers danced up of them.

"Mmm, getting a little frisky tonight, aren't we?" Betsy teased him.

"You're the one grinding up against me, you tell me."

Betsy offered him a smile and a shrug in response. "Guilty as charged."
She decided to finish the dance at the very least before taking Peter to the back room and shagging his brains out. And it would take a while given how intelligent he was.

'Brains and looks, you just hit the jackpot,' Betsy thought to herself.

Peter was well aware of Betsy pinching his ass. He found the real estate in his pants to be quite constricted as well. The stunning beauty backed Peter into the next room after the dance had been done.

"Just sit down, and enjoy the show," Betsy said. "We have some much more intimate music back there."

Betsy swayed her hips back and forth. The beat of the music started, and Betsy grabbed the straps on the dress to slowly pull it down. Those dark breasts exposed, capped off by tapped nipples. Nipples which awaited Peter, which begged him to suck them.

There was more skin to be revealed, as Betsy swayed her hips to the dance. The dress slipped down to reveal her very toned abs. Her belly button shined in the night. Betsy slipped down her dress further and showed her pussy, with a strip of purple hair coming down it as well. That caused Peter's eyes to lock onto her center with lust. She turned herself around.

Those round ass cheeks were out there. Peter looked at them bounce when Betsy rose herself up and then she lifted one hand before slapping that ass. Another slap to the ass and Peter twitched in his pants. He tried to keep himself under control.

Betsy turned around, smiling. Her purple hair flipped over her face and she took a half of a step forward. She walked over and straddled Peter. A smile on her face followed. She leaned down and gave him another sizzling kiss. Peter lifted up and put his hands on the back of Betsy's hair to guide the kiss into his mouth.

His suit jacket slipped off, and Betsy slowly unbuttoned his shirt as well. She planted a series of intense kisses on his collarbone, and went down to kiss away at him some more. Spider-Man watched her, keep kissing away at him. She was getting closer, closer, closer.

"That looks pretty tight."

Betsy undid Peter's pants and slid his belt off. Her hands cupped his crotch through his pants. More passionate kisses peppered Peter's body. Betsy slowly slid his pants. Her warm able lips moved closer, closer to the promise land. She slid Peter's boxers down over his ankles and revealed his thick throbbing slab of meat.

"Oh, we are excited," Betsy said.

She let the drool from her mouth lubricate her hand and she slowly rubbed Peter up and down.

"I love stroking your big cock," Betsy said. "The only thing I love more than stroking is licking it. It tastes so good….I have to have it in my mouth."

Betsy slowly kissed the base of Peter's cock. She left purple lipstick marks all the way down his cock. Her wet tongue slowly engulfed Peter and wrapped around the tool. He stretched when Betsy rubbed his vein and slowly licked down it. She went from the base all the way to the head. Betsy swirled her tongue around him and kissed him.

The taste of his cock was so good, Betsy was getting so wet, so warm, and so very hot. She needed to have her lips wrapped around his cock.
"Oh, your mouth feels so good!"

Betsy lowered her lips around Peter's throbbing hard cock. He wrapped his fingers around Betsy's hair and guided his cock into her mouth. He pushed into the back of her throat and she leaned back to accept more of his throbbing hard cock entering her throat.

"Mmm, mmm," Betsy moaned with passion.

Peter guided his cock into the back of her throat. She sucked him down, nice and hard, good and fast, making him feel really good every single time those warm lips wrapped around his throbbing meat. Peter looked down into Betsy's stunning eyes and could feel what she was doing to him.

She went all the way down to the base and sucked Peter as hard as possible. She cupped his balls and gave them a squeeze. Her intense sucking continued for several more minutes.

Loud popping sounds around Peter's prick made him stretch into her mouth. Betsy pulled away from Peter's cock and gave him a parting kiss.

"I can't waste a drop of that cum," Betsy said. "I would have to eat me out, but I need your cock now. I need it buried inside of me."

Betsy rose up to straddle Peter's lap. His cock brushed up against her belly, and it made Peter's loins get set on fire with passion.

"Will you do that for me, Peter?"

Peter gripped her ass for leverage, and because what man wouldn't want to grab that ass. Betsy rose up in position. Her thin, wet lips slowly found their way over the base of Peter's aching cock. She took his manhood inside of her with one fluid drop.

"You're always so tight!" Peter groaned.

Betsy's nerve endings had been set on fire. His big, throbbing cock entered her tight body. She rose up and felt his hands palming and squeezing her ass. The fact he worshipped her ass like this made Betsy feel even good. Her toned legs wrapped around his waist and made sure Peter didn't stray too far.

The web slinger could feel her toned body bounce all about his. Every time his cock pushed inside of her slick center, her felt really good. She pushed herself down on Peter's rod. He returned fire by slamming his thick manhood inside of her body. The combination of the two of them going at it, back and forth, was a loving encounter. Peter could not wait for her to ascend and descend on him just like she was.

"Yes, I'm feeling very good," Betsy said. "Oh, right there, Peter, shove your huge cock deep inside of me….really make me cum."

Peter intended to make this goddess cum. Her tight clenching pussy was a joy and Peter could just bury himself inside it all the day long. He rode her to another orgasm, with Betsy clenching on him. Her tight walls came down onto Peter and milked his prick inside of her.

"Mmm, yes, right there," Betsy panted. "Give it to me….hammer my pussy…..make it really feel your love, Peter! It feels so good, I can't stand it!"

Betsy gripped and released him. Peter decided to reluctantly pull away from her ass and deal with other parts of her body. The legs sounded like a good enough spot as any to feel up. Betsy pushed
down on Peter's throbbing hard cock. It entered her body with a flourish.

"Peter, Peter….."

"You have nice breasts as well," Peter said.

Betsy smiled, they didn't get enough attention with her ass and legs. The point of this hard cock pushed inside of her. The sexy mutant reframed from using her powers to stimulate Peter's pleasure centers. It might have made the sex better, but that sounded like cheating.

Besides, she wanted to do things the old fashioned way. Peter gripped Betsy's breasts and released them. She kept bouncing up and down on his lap. She never once broke her momentum.

Those balls were filling up very fast. All thanks to the warm, snug grip of Betsy's wonderful pussy. He grabbed Betsy's ass and squeezed it, pushing her into his body. Her wet pussy snugly wrapped around him and released him with a few more fluid pumps.

"Are you cumming yet?" Peter asked.

Betsy nodded feverishly when bouncing up and down on him. She wanted that cock buried inside of her wet snatch. Her body thrashed and came down onto Peter's hard cock. She slid all the way down Peter's hard cock and rammed down onto his manhood.

She came down from an amazing orgasm, and Peter held her ample cheeks one more time. He squeezed and slapped them. Betsy's ass bounced even more when driving her wet pussy down onto her.

Pure sexual nirvana entered her body. Along with a second orgasm, and Peter truly was that gift which kept on giving, and what he kept giving her was multiple orgasms.

"Peter, Peter, harder, please!" Betsy moaned.

She wrapped her tight pussy around his pulsing rod. The latest orgasm had been intense, but she felt those balls bouncing against her. Betsy struggled not to use her telekinesis to stroke his balls, but decided, given the circumstances, she should just throw all caution to the wind.

Invisible fingers began to stroke Peter's balls. He could feel some force gripping it with just as much passion as Betsy gripped his intruding cock.

"Feels good," Peter said. "Don't you stop!"

Betsy decided to give him what would be considered a slight mind screw. She entered his mind and felt the passion in it. Her pleasure sensors had been overloaded, and she just kept bouncing on his throbbing hard member. The length pushed deep inside of Betsy's gushing womanhood. She picked up a steadier pace and dropped down onto his hard cock.

His face rested between her ample, bouncing breasts. Peter sucked them into his mouth. Betsy mewled in desire. Every time he pleasured her, he was full of surprises. And he filled her up with his nice, throbbing hard cock as well. He pushed her closer into him, ass bouncing all the way when he did so.

"More, give me more," Betsy begged him.

"Don't worry," Peter said. "I'll give you everything you want, and then just a little bit more. You're dripping for me, you're dripping for my cock."
Betsy could not deny the fact she was dripping. She dropped her pussy down onto Peter and craved his cum. She leaned back and Peter attacked her breasts with his mouth and kneaded her ass with his hands. He squeezed it the longer Peter pushed his hands all over her ass.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Betsy breathed.

Peter smiled having hit all of her pleasure points. He cupped those round breasts and released them. They bounced in hand with a nice squeeze.

"This feels really good," Betsy said. "I think I'm going to cum again!"

"Then cum hard, cum as often as you want."

He spanked her ass and it only made Betsy ride him even further and even faster. Her sexy body bounced up and down on him. She rode herself raw.

Peter just wasn't sitting there, letting her do all of the work either. He held onto the underside of breasts and squeezed them. He moved down to her hips and shoved his length inside of her. He buried his huge cock inside of her womanly depths.

Betsy's eyes clouded over in an unmistakable amount of lust. She could feel the orgasm to end all orgasms cumming. She didn't dare enter Peter's mind. The passion and love he felt was overwhelming to her, but in a good way. Also, his mouth wrapped around her nipple and suckling it.

"Just make me cum," Betsy said. "But, I need your….my pussy is hungry for you. It's hungry for your cum…hungry for what you can do."

She rose up and bounced down on Peter's throbbing hard rod. Betsy drove herself down to the base and then released Peter. She bounced and raised one more time, working his rod into her.

All good things hand to come to an end. No matter how much Peter wanted to be buried inside of her tight sheath all day long, he had to release himself. His balls throbbed with the sensations, with the pleasure. They rested at the edge of Betsy's womanhood. Peter gripped her and pushed into her body.

"Don't wait, cum."

Peter waited for Betsy to feel her latest orgasm. The gushing warmth wrapped around his cock became the catalyst for Peter's explosion. His balls discharged a heavy amount of cum inside of the body of the mutant goddess who rode him every last way.

Betsy wouldn't dare let up on him. She had to milk these balls for everything they were worth. Her body shuddered the very second she had been filled up.

The two pulled away, pure sexual bliss having been reached. Betsy leaned over and kissed him.

"So, my place for dessert?"

She winked at him, and Peter's cock, after being worked every which way, showed signs of life.

"Are you going to be the tray?" Peter asked her.

"Naughty boy," Betsy said with a giggle. "I guess you're going to have to wait and see, won't you, luv?"
End.


Chapters 26 through 30 Girls:

http://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2017/02/a-sticky-situation-chapters-26-through.html
Swinging By(Mari McCabe/Vixen)

Mari McCabe leaned on the balcony, thinking about the night which was. She dressed in a slender transparent black robe which stretched around her ample, curvy body. She sipped on a glass of wine. The African superheroine stretched her legs on the edge of the balcony.

Today, she helped out with Spider-Man against Kraven the Hunter and his army of animal/human hybrids. Her amulet was the key in helping them today. Mari thought about the battle and also meeting Spider-Man for the very first time. She couldn't shake the very real thought she met him before. Exactly where, Mari didn't know.

She could see someone swinging over and dropping down on the balcony in front of Mari. She balanced the glass of wine and downed the rest of it. The crime fighter dressed in blue and red dropped down to the ground.

"Hey," Spider-Man said.

"Hey, yourself," Mari said. "You know, if you wanted to stop by for a visit, you could have tried the elevator. Most people find it a bit more convenient."

Spider-Man walked over towards her. "Hey, you're out here, and there's really no reason for me to disturb the tenants. Although, if they didn't get disturbed after tonight, I don't think there's nothing that will disturb them."

The crime fighter smiled and beckoned Spider-Man to join her on the balcony. She had a couple of drinks of wine and noticed how well he filled that super hero costume. His tight ass was something she watched when he swung away earlier.

"Why don't you come in?" Mari asked. "Unless you have to go for some reason."

"I suppose I have a few minutes to spare," Spider-Man said.

"Great," Mari said. "It's funny…this is the first time we've teamed up, but I swear, I've met you before somewhere. I would have liked to think I would have remembered an encounter with everyone's favorite friendly neighborhood Spider-Man."

"One would think that," Spider-Man responded.

Mari took a second to look at him. She frowned.

"Peter Parker," she muttered.

"What are you talking about the guy who stalks me and takes photos of me for Jameson for?" Spider-Man asked.

Mari put her hands on her hips and looked the web slinger directly in the face. She slowly looked at her. The woman didn't have any time for bullshit, and it was very obvious.

"It's very clever, and it would throw everyone off of the trail," Mari said. "Well, it's going to throw almost everyone off of the trail. You look about the same size as him, you move the same way as
him, and...well, if you're him, then you look as good underneath the mask as you did...you...Peter...took some pictures for Janet Van Dyne and her fashion like a few months ago."

"I was doing a favor for a friend," Peter said.

"Oh, I don't doubt it," Mari said. She moved closer towards him. "But, I do some modeling myself, and I was very impressed with the pictures you took. If you are Peter Parker...are you him? Or did I just accuse you of being some random photographer?"

Mari danced her fingers down Peter's neck and leaned forward towards him. She moved up to grip the bottom of Peter's mask and pulled it up. She kissed away at his jawline and pulled away from him. Mari kissed around the underside of his jawline and kissed him on the lips.

"A good fight always makes me hungry for more action," Mari said. "And if you are who you say you are...we've met before. When I was having lunch with Jan, she introduced me to you."

"Mari McCabe?" Peter asked her.

"Right, that's me," she said. "I'm surprised you didn't remember, but you were blown away by me. I could see where your eyes were going. I've got a sixth sense about these things. Some kind of animal instincts."

Her hands were caressing his crotch and they felt very warm. Peter closed his eyes.

"And you swung all the way over here," Mari said. "I think I would be a rude guest if I didn't thank you?"

Mari shrugged off her robes. Peter's eyes had been drawn to the leopard print number which she was wearing. It was very exotic and empathized her curves. Her shoulder length black hair, cat-eyes, and plump lips offset a beautiful face. Her elegant neck was begging to be caressed. Peter looked down and saw how toned her body was. Her stomach didn't have an ounce of fat. She had legs which went on for days.

She was a goddess, wrapped in human flesh. And speaking of being wrapped in flesh, her hand pushed down Peter's pants and started to stroke him.

"I need someone to help me work through all my aggressions," Mari said. "Oooh, not bad."

She fished out Peter's cock and slowly gripped it between her fingers. Mari rubbed the underside of him, caressing his throbbing piece of meat between her fingers. She leaned closer towards Peter and kissed him on the lips. She pumped and released him.

"Mari, you're going to make me lose it."

Mari nudged Peter closer towards the chair. She allowed his cock to slap against the underside of her belly. A predatory smile pushed on the face of the goddess.

"I wonder if you would permit me to look at the handsome face of the man I'm jerking off," Mari said. "I want to see the look on your face when I stroke your big cock. I want to see how good you look when you're about ready to cum. And I want to see your face when I suck your cock and drain your balls dry."

The slow and steady pumping on his tool ensured Peter's full attention was locked on Mari. He looked at her round orbs, straining against the leopard print top she wore.
Peter reached up and slipped off his mask. Mari looked up at his gorgeous face and slipped in. She pumped his hard cock and it tensed within the palm of her hand. She really jerked it off while kissing Peter.

The goddess was going to have his way with him. Peter didn't argue with it. Mari's plump lips left some kissing marks all over Peter's body. She edged closer towards him. The point of his cock came closer towards her warm lips. She shifted down and sucked him in.

Pure bliss entered Mari's mouth. She enjoyed sucking a big, thick cock. And this was the biggest, thickest, juiciest cock she ever seen in her life. Peter rested his hands on the back of Mari's head.

The sensual blowjob continued. Mari worshipped his cock like something divine to be tasted. Peter had many blowjobs from many beautiful women, but he was going to put her very high in the list. The fact her eyes pushed into a beautiful "fuck me" expression. Mari rolled her tongue down him.

"Damn, I wish I got thank yous like this more often," Peter said.

Mari rubbed his balls and released them. She slurped his engorged rod and released it with another couple of fluid pumps. It had been well lubricated. She shoved his entire length into her mouth and cupped his balls. The deep throating only increased with Mari determined to get the most out of this pleasant encounter.

His balls had been milked, very hard. Mari brought new pleasure into Peter's loins. The sucking increased with the pleasure going through him. He pushed his rod into the gripping mouth of the goddess beneath him. Her mouth sucked him in deep, increasing the suction between the two of them.

"I'm getting close."

Mari did not stop up. Peter held the back of Mari's head and entered her mouth. His balls almost burst from the pleasure. She caressed them, squeezed them, and made them hers. She sucked harder, faster, and hungrily sucked him.

The pleasure finally burst into Peter. He held onto the back of Mari's head and gave him an amazing face fucking. His balls contracted and released the contents in her mouth. She sucked the cum down and squeezed his balls. The young man pushed into her mouth.

She drained his balls and pulled to her feet. Mari swallowed the cum and looked at him. She slipped her bra down and revealed her perfect breasts. Her chocolate nipples stuck out, ready to be tweaked and sucked. Peter reached up and cupped her round orbs. He squeezed and released them.

"That's not all I have to offer," Mari said.

His hands released her breasts and moved down to slide Mari's panties down. Her pussy, shaven and wet, had been revealed to him. His cock extended hard, and he pushed Mari against the wall.

Mari was excited about how the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man was up for some fun. She needed to get fucked and pant. His hard cock smacked her in the clit and caused pleasure through her body. Peter's fingers pushed against Mari's wetness and collected the juices.

"Don't wait, fuck me."

Peter pushed her up against the wall. Mari closed her eyes and spread her thighs for him. Peter rolled his fingers down every sultry inch of her flesh. Her body quivered underneath him.
"You want me," Peter said. "You want me so bad."

"Mmm, hmm," Mari breathed.

Peter inched himself in between her thighs. Her warmness was able to take his hard cock. She wrapped her legs around him and dug her nails into his back. Peter pushed into her tight sheath and hammered into her center.

A steady amount of momentum had been established. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her and caused her to whimper. Peter pushed into her one more time. His balls slapped against her thighs. Peter pulled back out of her and shoved into her. A couple of thrusts brought Mari to the edge. Her fingers dug against his back, scratching him up.

"I want these," Peter said.

He cupped her breasts. Mari looked at him, pleasure coursing through her body. He touched and fondled the beauty's round breasts. They squeezed and released. Peter pushed his manhood deep inside of her body and spread her out. His balls slapped against her tight body.

"Take them, they belong to you," Mari said. "Oh, I'm so glad you swung by. So, good! Fuck me, fuck me raw!"

The strength he gripped her excited Mari. He acted gently as he wanted, and forceful as he needed to be. Mari didn't think there could be a better medium even if she tried. Peter clutched her side and shoved deep inside of her body. A slapping against her pussy increased Mari's pleasure. He pushed her up against the wall and into her.

Peter became buried inside of Mari's pussy. Her legs tightened around Peter and he pushed into her. Her body looked pretty sexy covered in sweat and shining in the light. Peter held onto her hips and slammed into Mari hard from the other side. Her wet pussy clamped up around him and squeezed him hard.

"Mmm, so hot, you're making me cum."

A python style grip grabbed around Peter's pulsing manhood. He pulled almost all the way out of Mari and shoved his hard rod into her tight body. Her pussy clenched around Peter. He picked up the pace and slid into her body. Her wetness clamped around him.

"Good, I'm glad you're cumming," Peter said. "I wonder how much you'd cum if I go a little bit faster."

Peter picked the thrusts inside of her. The woman shoved her clamping hips around Peter. He pushed up and down onto her, riding her to another orgasm.

Mari closed her eyes. Peter caressed her breasts and it sent more pleasure through her body. He squeezed Mari's succulent orbs and made Peter hammer inside of her. His balls slapped against Mari's wet pussy. She could fill how full they were.

He pulled out of her and motioned for Mari to go over to the bed. She sauntered over and crawled on top of the bed. Mari crawled down the bed and swayed her hips in a seductive way.

Peter climbed behind Mari on the bed. His cock lined up with her opening and he aimed it perfectly. He shoved his thick length into her making her scream and shred at the bed.

"It's really been a long time since you've gotten a proper plowing," Peter said to her. "Don't worry,
I'll take care of you, I'll take really good care of you!"

Vixen's breathing increased underneath Peter. His hands tensely rubbed over her body. He pleasured her on the outside with Peter hammering away at her on the inside. His balls danced against Mari's moistened slit. He pulled almost all the way out of her and then buried himself into her. The ritual repeated.

Peter built up an immense load inside of his balls with a few more thrusts. He rolled over Mari's nipples and squeezed them. He heard her moans of pleasure.

"Harder, don't you stop!" Mari yelled.

"I wouldn't dream about it."

The web slinger's thrusting inside of her body stretched her all the way. Her pussy gripping him every time she came made Peter feel really good. He picked up the pace and drove deep into her. His cock was almost a blur when driving into the depths of the woman.

Mari's eyes flooded over. Peter shoved his length into her and then emptied her out. She gripped him, craving his cum inside of her. Her body was sizing up when Peter kept hammering in from behind. He performed a firm grip around her backside and stroked the inside of her asshole.

Peter reached the end of his fucking inside of her. His balls clenched and released their seed inside of Mari's wet pussy. He hammered deep inside of her. She gripped and released him with each thrust.

A shared orgasm ended with Peter shoving his rod inside of her. His hands squeezed against Mari and pushed inside of her.

The second Peter pulled out of her, Mari slipped a finger into her mouth and then slid it deep into her ass. A rapid fingering got her ass nice and lubricated. She moved closer towards Peter and lined up with the crime fighter's erected manhood.

"Jesus, Mari, it looks so good," Peter said.

"Yeah, you know you want to fuck it," Mari said.

Mari's ample cheeks slowly engulfed Peter and took him into her asshole. She settled herself down onto Peter's hard cock and shoved into her body. Mari centered her asshole around Peter's cock and shoved her ample ass down onto him one more time.

The web slinger could feel her bouncing body on him. It felt so good to have his cock jammed into her tight, toned ass. Peter held his fingers against her body and clenched her bouncing breasts. The orbs pushed against his hands. Peter rubbed and clenched her nipples.

The next round of bouncing made both of them feel so good. Mari took Peter's hard cock into her ass from behind. She bounced hard, purring with pleasure when bouncing into her.

Peter looked across from Mari's shoulder and could see her face, sized up with pleasure on the other end of the mirror. He picked up the pace and slammed his hard cock into her gripping asshole. He wanted to pound this ass for all of it was worth.

"You couldn't resist, and I knew your cock would feel good in my ass," Mari said. "Oh, make me feel good. Squeeze my breasts, rub my pussy, pound my ass. Make me feel like a real woman!"

The young man underneath Mari hammered the ass of the beautiful woman. Her dark skinned shined
in the light with sweat, and other bodily fluids. Peter danced down her body and tweaked her womanhood. She breathed and came down onto him.

Mari was glad he offered the right amount of vaginal stimulation in addition to the heavy ass fucking. She thought she was going to lose it. He inspired a series of miniature organisms through her body, each being more potent and more fulfilling than the last one.

"Baby, ooh, yeah baby," Mari breathed. "It feels so good to be fucked so hard!"

"I know it does, and you feel divine."

Mari smiled and clenched around his invading rod. She clenched his cock the very second he slid into her tightening ass. Peter picked up a heavier pace and rammed into her depths. A tight squeeze only made her aching hole feel even better. Peter picked up the pace and jammed into her thick, gripping hot asshole.

The web slinger buried his engorged rod into her welcoming asshole. No matter how many times he entered it, it was so much tighter. Shivers of pleasure came down his body when slipping inside Mari and shoving his massive rod into her depths.

"Yes, oh yes, it feels really good," Mari agreed. "And it's going to feel even better when you fuck me into a stupor. Go ahead and do it….you know you want to."

Peter did in fact want to do that, he wanted to bring her pleasure to a fever pitch. And his was being brought into her.

"I'm getting close," Peter said. "I want to cum in your ass."

That declaration was responded by Mari's wet walls clutching around him. Peter slipped his fingers into her depths and then slid out of her. Mari panted the more Peter jammed his thick fingers into her. She really wanted this cum buried into her ass.

Peter wasn't lying. He was reaching the end. The end inside of her. The temptress came down onto him. Her asshole might have been a little looser after this pounding, but Mari struck him as the adaptable type. And Peter adapted in pounding her ass all the way to the end.

Mari breathed in and out. Her body tensed up with an orgasm. Her entire body shook and came down onto Peter's fingers. He moved up and allowed Mari to taste it.

Seconds later, Peter saw white and pounded Mari all the way to the end. Her ass gripped him nicely, with Peter impacting her all the way to the end. The contraction and release of his balls inside of her filled up Mari's gripping asshole.

The two shuddered to a stop. Mari crawled away from Peter. She propped herself on her thighs like a cat ready to pounce.

"Make sure to swing by when you have a chance. I'd love to have something nice and strong every now and then."

One look at her sultry body and her smile, dripping with lust, told Peter this would be a regular arrangement.

End.
Throughout the wide universe, there are many different worlds. Some of those worlds have the characters we know in our native Marvel Universe who are male, are female. This universe is one such universe. Enjoy the ride.

Okay, we just disable this here, and remove that…and it proves I'm still smarter than AIM's supposed greatest creation…the game's over MODOK….and I couldn't have done it without help from my good friend, everyone's favorite neighborhood Spider-Man!

AIM destroyed her favorite set of armor, and worse, they tried to copy the designs of several others. Natasha Victoria Stark, or Tori as her friends called her (her enemies had several other less polite names to call her), found herself very pleased she crushed AIM. She looked over towards the scene, where several of the bee keepers had been strung up by webbing.

Tori didn't really see eye to eye with SHIELD half of the time, because she was more of an independent spirit. Still, they had their uses, and she could work together. Plus, Peggy Carter was her godmother, so she would have a special connection to SHIELD.

"And I just disabled the last of AIM's bombs. Piece of cake."

Tori turned around and smiled. She stood around the office, dressed in a blouse which her ample chest filled into, and a skirt which had been a bit shorter than normal ware. She had a reputation to uphold, plus these lacy stockings made her legs look fabulous. Her stunning black hair, blue eyes, and gorgeous face, along with her curvy body, made her a sight to see.

She came face to face with a man who made her heart flutter, and that just wasn't because of a power spike in her arc reactor eater. Spider-Man showed up at the office.

"Well, Spidey, you did it," Tori said. "It just goes to show us, the two of us together can't be beat. MODOK and AIM are going to be licking their wounds in a SHIELD holding cell….well at least they find a way out, and they start this all over again…but we can't be beat."

Tori sauntered over towards Spider-Man and gave him a warm smile. The web slinger raised his eyebrow when looking at her.

"And now, we can celebrate," Tori said. "You know, this is the time where we normally have passionate sex because we just teamed together and saved the world."

"Well, you're not one to beat around the bush, are you?" Spider-Man asked.

"You should know by now I don't have much of a bush, I keep that well taken care of," Tori said. "So, how about it, web head? You ready to web me up?"

She reached over and pulled off Spider-Man's mask, revealing his handsome face. Tori smiled, and
pushed him back through the open door through an office. Granted, it was Pepper's office, but Tori still counted it as an office. She edged Peter back towards the desk.

'Pepper always did keep her desk the cleanest...works very well. Although, she walked in on me during that one time with the Black Widow....guess I have a thing for spiders.'

Tori pushed Peter onto the desk and made sure work of his outfit.

"You have way too much experience taking me out of my costume," Peter said.

"Hey, you saved my ass so many times, it practically belongs to you," Tori said. She straddled the top of Peter on the desk.

He could feel she wasn't wearing any panties which excited the web slinger. There was no time to talk, as Tori kissed the side of Peter's jaw and then moved down to kiss his neck. Peter held his hands up to cup the ass of the beautiful woman who was working down his body, slowly and sensually. She kissed his abs a few times, slowly working down towards his throbbing rod.

Tori peeled off his boxer shorts and wrapped one hand around the base of his manhood. She pumped it, and caused it to grow before her very eyes. Tori wasn't going to lie, the feeling of a nice, throbbing cock in her hand got her nice and excited. But, there was nothing else better than her mouth wrapped around it as well... well other than her pussy wrapped around it, but it could wait.

Peter's throbbing hard rod stuck up and met Tori's warm lips. They wrapped around the base of his cock and drew him into her mouth. She sucked him, hard as possible. Her lips came down and smacked on the base of him. Tori rose up one more time and gave him another suck.

The inside of her mouth felt really good. She sucked his cock like a pro. Peter pushed his hands on the back of Tori's head.

"Oh, you're going to finish me off way too soon."

Tori did a full service job around Peter's throbbing tool. She slid down and kissed him all the way to the edge before slowly lifting back up. She kissed the side of his cock and made it twitch up against her mouth. She came down and stroked him some more.

"Mmm, maybe I am," Tori responded. "Or maybe I can just save some of that nice, juicy cum for later."

She squeezed the base of Peter's cock and pulled way. Tori slowly slid back off of Pepper's desk and undid her top. Her round breasts came into further prominence. Tori unclipped her lacy black bra and slid down her short skirt to reveal her smooth snatch to Peter.

Peter reached over, grabbed her by the hips, and shoved her back onto the desk. Tori looked up in surprised, and Peter leaned down to attack her with a series of kisses.

"It's my turn to drive you nuts," Peter said.

Shuddering when Peter traveled down her body, Tori looked up at him through glassy eyes. "Oh, it's much too late for that....I think."

Kisses connected with every single inch of Tori Stark's gorgeous body. Peter took her breasts in hand and gave them a heavy squeeze. The fleshy sacks molded in Peter's hand when he continued to travel all the way down her body. He moved closer, closer.
Then, in one fell swoop, his face buried between Tori's warm thighs. The woman lifted her thighs off of the desk and gasped. Peter really pushed his tongue into the depths of her. Not to mention, he stroked her thighs, squeezed them, and made her feel so good.

"Oh, you've always know how to eat my pussy," Tori breathed. "Eat it up, nice a good…warm me up for my big cock."

Peter intended to do just as Tori requested. He buried his face deep between those inviting thighs and licked the juices coming through her. Tori tasted divine.

"Eat my spoiled rich pussy out!" Tori yelled. "Lick me…..lick my cunt…..oooh….you're making me cum, Spider-Man!"

Tori bucked her hips up to meet Peter's intruding tongue. She pushed her hips up and lowered them down in a very fluid motion.

Seconds passed, and Peter rose out. His cock throbbed and needed relief. The only relief he could find was the relief of the pussy underneath him. Tori stretched out her thighs as far as she could. Peter lined himself up and shoved as much of his cock as he could inside of her in one fell swoop.

Screams of pleasure filled the room and Tori reached up, putting her hands on Peter's lower back. She could feel more of him to be pushed inside so she wanted as much of it as he could get inside of her body. Reaching up, Peter cupped her breasts and made Tori's excitement increase.

"That's it, that's fucking it!" Tori yelled. "Fuck me, right here on Pepper's fucking desk!"

Peter held on for the ride and it was quite a ride. Tori managed to hold her legs in a perfect position. Detaching from her breast allowed Peter to find a position on her leg. Her sexy legs, still wearing those stockings, were a sight to behold. Her breasts bouncing in tune with Peter's thrusts, burying his rod deep inside of her clenching womanhood also was very good.

The Stark heiress pushed her hips off of the desk and took Peter's manhood deeper inside of her. God, he stretched her out so much, and she could not get enough of him. He might have been ten years her junior, but Tori had gotten a lot less out of people who were ten or more years older. Some of the creepy old men who tried to get a taste of her, well, Tori had her standards, despite the world thinking she was a shameless slut.

Only towards women, only towards women, but that was beside the point. Still, for the right man, she was willing to spread her legs, but he had to be more than perfect. And Peter Parker excelled at meeting Tori's extremely high standards.

"Making me cum so much," Tori said. "Oh, I like it when you do that….you know how much I like that."

Peter jumped in to nibble behind her ear lobe. Tori's eyes flushed over with so much pleasure it was hard to really describe what she was feeling.

"Mmm, yes, right there," Tori breathed. "That's a good spot….that's better than good actually…that's fucking amazing!"

Peter was glad he had gotten such hide place. Tori wrapped those sensual legs around her. Her dark hair flipped over and gave her such a sensual, and alluring look.

"Oh, pound this drunken slut silly!" Tori moaned underneath him.
Her pussy gripped him tightly, with the orgasm on the way. She gushed and released a fluid of cum around Peter's intruding rod. Peter picked up the pace and jammed his iron rod deep inside of her warm, inviting pussy. Tori held onto him and accepted his rod deep inside.

"Fuck," Tori said. "Oh, fuck me, fuck me so hard."

"What do you think I’ve been doing?" Peter asked. "You're going to cum harder than you've ever cum more, aren't you?"

"Yes!" Tori yelled.

Release came after, Tori bucked her hips up in time to meet Peter's intruding rod. Her thighs always got a nice workout when Peter swung on buy. Granted, just last night, Black Widow came by for a briefing, which ended with Tori bent over a table and a dildo shoved up her ass, but still, she was craving more action.

"Oh, you feel so good," Peter said. "Are you going to cum again?"

"Yes, and….maybe you should fuck me from behind when I'm done," Tori said. "So you can see my ass?"

"Sounds like a good idea," Peter said. "After all, your ass belongs to me…"

"And Natasha has a time share on the weekends," Tori said.

Peter knew, hell he got dragged into one of Tori's little trysts with the Black Widow, a couple of times. No complaints from him, but it had been very intense. Natasha could get pretty wild in the bedroom, even more so than she normally did in battle.

The latest orgasm shuddered to a stop. Pulling out of her, Peter put Tori into a perfect position to be filled over. He noticed her ass looked a bit raw. Peter put his hands on it and touched it.

"Please….oooh…..son of a bitch, she really overdid it, didn't she?" Tori asked.

"Sure looks like it," Peter said. "Guess, I'll give you a pass….for now."

Peter shoved his rock-hard cock inside of Tori's welcoming sex. He pushed into her from behind, seeing her round, if not slightly blistered, ass, bounce when he pushed into her from behind. Sliding up, Peter cupped the underside of Tori's breasts and squeezed them when he pushed into her body.

The feeling of his throbbing cock entering her body increased Tori's desire. Now, it seemed much bigger from behind. Not as big as it seemed when she was bouncing on top of it, but Tori didn't think she had it within herself to take that kind of control.

"Look, you're cumming," Peter said. "I wonder if you came this hard when the Black Widow fucked your ass raw."

"It was….pretty close," Tori said. "I don't worry about past orgasms….only present….."

She trailed off into babbling incoherence the second Peter drove his hard cock inside of her body. He bounced further into her body, slapping his balls against her warm thighs.

Tori thought she was going to lose every sense of herself. Regardless, it was a hell of a way to get lost. Peter picked up a steadier pace and rode out the latest orgasm.

'Truly, the gift that keeps on giving,' Tori thought. 'And if he keeps on giving me this many orgasms,
Peter pushed his hard rod inside of Tori's gripping warm center. He knew the end would be coming sooner or later. All he had to do was ride out the ways and bury himself further inside of her.

"I'm about ready."

Tori thought they had been going at it for a very long time. A small part of her memory remembered Pepper was coming back to her office shortly, and they should wrap it up, soon enough.

"Oh, I know you're ready, and those balls, they must be getting pretty heavy, right about now," Tori said. "Shoot them inside me….web up my insides, Spider-Man."

If she wasn't so hot, Peter would have really let her have it. He decided to let Tori have it in a different way. Buried inside of her pussy as deep as possible, Peter pounded her. Each pleasurable scream showed more and more how much Tori wanted to be seeded by Peter's thick cum.

Why would he deny her?

"Harder, harder, cum inside me….I need it, I'll die without it….please!"

Tori clenched him one more time. Her orgasm drove Peter's over the edge. His balls finally released their cum inside of Tori, injecting warm seed inside of her body.

The feeling of pleasure released from Tori was really good. Tori received a good pussy full of thick, juicy, cum. He injected the contents of his balls into her. Their bodies met for another couple of minutes, her pussy contracting through another orgasm.

Everything shuddered to a stop at the end. Tori looked up and saw Pepper standing in the doorway. Pepper removed her hand from a certain compromising spot, once she saw her boss had caught her.

"I should get going," Peter said, getting dressed. "Pepper."

"Peter," Pepper said, trying not to look at his crotch even though it was very prominent just a moment ago.

"Well, catch you two later….I think Shocker might be doing something…somewhere."

After getting dressed, Spider-Man excused himself. He did hear a few snatches of conversation when climbing outside of the balcony in Stark Tower.

"Oh, it's nothing, it's just the fact you're using my office as your own personal love nest again."

"You don't seem to mind it when I'm giving you your weekly performance reviews."

"That's not the point…never mind, you don't get it, do you?"

"Are you mad at me? If not, great…..because make-up sex is the best."

"You're incorrigible sometimes Tori Stark, you know that!"

"Okay, fine. I get it, you're mad because you didn't get invited….I'll try and remember to wait for you next time!"

Spider-Man shook his head and swung into New York City.
End.

Peter Parker entered his apartment after dealing with HYDRA’s latest scheme to take over the world. And the scheme involved detonating a weapon which would destroy a preserve which would destroy some of the rarest, plants in the world. That plan by HYDRA incurred the wrath of one Poison Ivy, who intended to make HYDRA pay. It was very amazing how troubled situations lead to some pretty strange bedfellows.

Still, they put a stop to HYDRA’s latest scheme, and now Peter was home for a nice, relaxing evening, where he hoped to get some rest. Only, when he turned on the light, his walls had been covered with vines, and there was a large red rose which was growing up in the center of his bed.

Wondering what this was all about, Peter approached the side of the wall and frowned. The vines rose up and Peter looked around on the bed.

"Careful for the thorns. They can hurt when you prick them."

The pedals of the powers bloomed and Peter's eyes shifted towards a reclining Poison Ivy in the center of the flower. She had leaves covering her female bits, and not much out. Peter drank in every inch of her body. She was dangerous, and beautiful, which was a combination. A beautiful face, juicy plump lips, red hair which shined in the moonlight, and also a curvy hourglass body. Her breasts drew Peter's attention in.

"Peter Parker," Poison Ivy said. "I'm here to thank you for your help tonight. HYDRA is a nuisance on the world, and they are even worse than the white collar businessmen who claim to be doing good for the world, while causing damage to Mother Nature."

Peter would have liked to say those two options were not mutually exclusive. He saw Pamela stand up and the leave just barely covered her center. Her legs were very look. Gorgeous stems, no pun intended, which drew Peter's attention.

"Pamela, you can still do a lot of good for the world," Peter said.

"I have, less HYDRA operatives on the street, much better everything is," Pamela said.

She sauntered closer towards Peter and began to close the distance between the two of them. Her two breasts stuck out in front of Peter's face, just barely contained her in top. Peter wanted to reach forward and touch them.

A vine handed Pamela a syringe and she took it. Pamela pricked Peter's arm with it and it caused him to turn around, eyes widening when he looked at her.

"It's just a little injection to make you immune to the poisons coursing through my body," Pamela said. "A temporary fix…unless you want to make it a more permanent one….you helped me out tonight, and risked life and live to save those poor plants."

Pamela reached closer towards him and ensnared him. The leaves covering her breasts slowly dropped to the ground. Peter looked at her round breasts and Pamela gripped the back of his head.
before guiding it down.

"Some people think I'm a cruel woman, and they might be right," Pamela said. "Most of the time, I
prefer plants over people, but that doesn't mean I don't have my needs."

She needed his face buried between her breasts. Pamela slowly grinded her hips about Peter's hard
crotch, with Peter pushing closer towards him.

"And you have your needs as well," Pamela said. "So, tell me, Spider-Man, are you hard for me?"

Pamela cupped his crotch to answer the rhetorical question.

"I'm sure you wondered how I found you," Pamela said, slowly rubbing his cock. "Well, it was just
a matter of tagging you with one of my pheromones and tracing you back to the source. After that, it
was easy to find what I was looking for."

A tug brought Peter's pants down over his ankle and produced his throbbing cock. Pamela smiled,
she normally didn't prefer meat, but here she would have to make an accept. The seductress ran
down and slipped her finger down his cock.

"Guess that's what I get for trusting a pretty face," Peter groaned.

"Mmm, yes, but you can't help yourself, you're only human," Pamela said. "You can't be perfect…
but you're close enough to do me some good tonight."

She squeezed Peter's balls hard and leaned in. Pam's juicy lips inched closer towards him. His
throbbing cock pushed into her mouth. Pamela took the plunge and took the first several inches
inside of her mouth. Her warm lips pressed around the throbbing hard rod and sucked in him up.

Peter gripped the back of her hair, feeling how soft her red hair was. Her green eyes burned with
passion when going onto him. Peter didn't know what it was, which attracted women to him,
especially the really dangerous ones, but he certainly wasn't complaining. He held onto the back of
Pamela's hair and started to ram his hard cock into the back of her throat.

"Mmm, mmm," Pamela moaned around him.

The truth was, this thick piece of meat tasted really good to her. Pamela couldn't have enough of it in
her mouth. Not all men were worthless, it turned out, and he was certainly proving his worth.
Perhaps it had to do with a fact he wasn't completely a man, and part spider.

And then in other ways, he was very much a man. She looked up and took the point of his cock into
her throat.

"Too much!" Peter groaned.

Pamela only responded by squeezing his thick balls and cupping them in his hand. Peter held onto
the side of her head and slammed himself deep into her mouth. She didn't deny him this pleasure. All
Pamela Isley could do was lean back and accept the point of his cock.

She sucked him, very hard and also brought her soft fingers down him. She stimulated the nerve
endings like no one's business. Peter pushed himself deep into the throat of the sexy villainess.
Pamela held onto him.

The first blast of cum fired down Pamela's throat. The plant controlling woman accepted it, and
smiled. The warmth of the cum filled up her mouth with a rush.
Peter brought himself deep into her gripping mouth. Pamela released Peter and allowed the final few shots of cum to splatter directly into her lips. She slowly licked them up for Peter's benefits.

As she rose, Pamela cupped Peter's cock and edged him back onto the bed. The final leaf bloomed and fell to the ground.

"We're going to have a bountiful harvest this year," Peter said.

Pamela rocked her hips down onto Peter's engorged prick and edged more of towards her. She could see her vines moving around and a particularly naughty idea entered her mind.

"Babies, why don't you help hold Mommy in place?"

Vines wrapped around Pamela's arms and legs and held her out in a spread eagle position. One of the vines slowly caressed her nipple as well and made it nice and hard. And speaking of nice and hard, Peter was hard as well.

"Aren't you going to taste the fruits of your labor?" Pamela asked.

Her sweet loins beckoned for Peter. Peter leaned down and first took her breasts in hand. Never had a girl put herself into bondage, sure Mary-Jane and Felicia loved to be webbed up and have their brains fucked out, but he was the one doing it now. Peter kissed Pamela's navel and moved down, getting closer to her sweet, savory center. Peter held onto her hips and moved closer.

"That's it, right there."

Peter planted his lips onto her and nibbled the center. Her pussy lips puffed up and were able to be captured. She was completely smooth, and she tasted like the sweetest things. Peter ran his hands down her thighs.

He would be between them soon and could hardly wait. Pamela hoisted her hips off of the bed, and gave a pleasurable moan. His tongue kept shoving deeper inside of Pamela, and made her more excited.

"Nice and wet, just like you thought I would be, didn't you?" Pamela asked.

Pamela could feel one of her naughty little vines shoving into her back passage, in time with Peter's tongue shoving deep inside of her pussy. Peter pushed his hands between her thighs and started to rub them. He cupped her moist center.

Peter was feeling rather stiff and in need with relief. One look at Pamela's perfectly primed pussy showed Peter what he needed to do. He slowly rolled his hands up between her thighs.

"I want you," Pamela said.

Her voice dripped with seduction which made Peter harder. Her thighs spread out for him and there was only one place for Peter to be. Peter crawled on top of Pamela and lined his manhood up with her dripping hot pussy. He was pretty close to entering her.

"Damn, you're so tight!" Peter groaned.

Peter entered no man's land, Pamela's tight, gripping pussy. Her wet walls closed around him and started to milk Peter for everything he was worth. He pushed his hands on either side of her legs and started to rock up and down into her.
Once the momentum had been established, Pamela had the time of her life. Never had her insides received such a glorious workout. She could hardly stand what was happening next to her. Pamela lifted her hips to a central point and pushed more of Peter inside of her.

"Right there, give me everything you've got!" Pamela yelled. "DEEPER!"

She gushed and it only encouraged Peter to delve deeper inside of her warm center. Her pussy pushed around him, and Peter reached around. His hands cupped her chest and moved underneath her. Her ass was primed and ready for the squeezing.

Peter took extra notice how much Pamela's pussy soaked his cock with her cum when he played with her ass. She did nothing to discourage this particular behavior, so Peter kept it up. He kept lifting almost out of Pamela's warm center and shoved it inside of her.

"Deeper, oh, deeper!" Pamela mewled at the top of her lungs.

Peter's thick balls slapped against her wet vagina. He kept shoving his rod into her warm body, rising into her and then dropping out of her. Pamela took his cock into her wet warmth and allowed him to stretch her out.

"I can't believe it, you're so wet," Peter said.

"Always for you, honey," Pamela said. "I never thought anything would feel this good. Just….make me feel better! Make me feel so good!"

Peter made her feel better alright. His long cock stretched her insides completely out. The velvety center squeezed Peter. She milked him with all the precision possible, trying to drain his heavy balls into her body. Peter held her close, rose up, and pushed deep inside of her.

Round breasts smashed Peter in the face. All he could do to tame them was to grab ahold of them and keep rocking down inside of Pamela. Peter shoved his hard length inside of her body, stretching her completely out. He then pulled all the way out of her.

Pamela breathed heavily at the loss of his cock out of her body. No, she couldn't stand it any longer. She needed Peter inside of her and in the worst way. Thankfully, Peter rose up and drilled himself into her tight vice of a pussy. He stretched her out and continued to hammer her as hard possible.

"Damn, damn, baby, it feels so good!" Pamela yelled.

Peter smiled and kept working inside of her. Her elastic pussy stretched into him and snapped back around Peter when he sheathed firmly inside of her. His cock strained and it was about ready to drain the contents of his balls inside of her.

Despite his orgasm being at hand, and Pamela could sense it, he showed no signs of slowing down. This made Pamela's excitement reach a brand new fever pitch. He just pounded her and sent fire spreading through her body. Finally, someone to please her and scratch all of those itches that she couldn't scratch.

Poor mousey Pamela Isley before the accident didn't get much action, and all of that repression came out, when she became the stunning seductive Poison Ivy. Her vines slackened and Pamela tightened her grip around his intruding rod. The sensation of her pussy being pummeled caused her to moan.

All good things came to an end eventually, or rather, they cum to an end. Peter buried himself inside of Pam and rode out his orgasm. The moans of pleasure coming from Poison Ivy of all people had given Peter an amazing little ego boost, followed by his cum draining inside of her.
Peter held onto her and emptied his balls into Pamela's waiting pussy. She moaned the very second Peter rose up and emptied himself into her.

Time passed, and Pamela found herself turned over by the plant vines. One of the naughty vines grabbed her ass cheeks and pulled them open, revealing her snug hole. She squirted onto the bed at the thought.

Peter looked up and saw one of the vines pointing invitingly to Pamela's ass. Two other vines wrapped around her nipples and plucked on them.

"Have you lost control of your plants, Ivy?" Peter asked. "Or all they always that naughty?"

Pamela moaned and the thought of having Peter inside of her ass caused her greatly. That was the one hole which was untapped today.

Peter motioned himself behind Pamela and grabbed her ass cheeks. He aimed the tip of his cock against her puckered opening and slowly worked himself between her ass cheeks. Pamela accepted the immense girth splitting through her body and filling her up from behind.

"God," Pamela mewled.

"I didn't know I was that good," Peter said.

The untamed exploration of Pamela's ass continued. He gripped the cheeks and pushed into her center. The vines helped keep her asshole open for penetration. They must have squirted some kind of lubricant inside as her asshole was nice and slick, and clenched around Peter hard.

Peter rocked his rod back and jammed himself into Pamela from behind. Every time his cock buried into her asshole, Pamela's pleasure increased by tenfold, and she became even more receptive to everything he was doing. And everything he was doing was wonderful.

Her tight rear had been pushed to the brink. Peter's thick balls snapped back and pushed against her.

Pamela gripped onto the edge of the bed. The vines tightened their grip around her to make sure there was nowhere she could go. Not that she wanted to go anywhere, given what Peter was doing to her from behind. He pulled almost out of her and shoved his cock into her.

Touches to her vagina lit Pamela on fire. Peter could feel the sweet honey excreting from her womanhood and he made sure to rub her vaginal lips with assistance from her perfect, pretty plants. Peter rose back and jammed his hard rod inside of her tight asshole.

"Good, you're better than good," Pamela said. "You're fucking amazing!"

Peter hoped she was pleased by her.

"Guess this team up worked out pretty well."

She was sure it did. Peter grabbed ahold of her for the leverage to bury himself as far as he could go. The moment the Spectacular Spider-Man bottomed out in her ass, Pamela saw stars.

"So, on your ass? Or in your ass?"

Peter nipped Pamela's ear and she barely kept her attention.

"In it, please."
The lady requested as much, and Peter wasn't going to die her. His balls strained after a very long
time of fucking her ass. Was it a half of an hour by now? Maybe more? With such a great ass, Peter
didn't really keep track. All he did was memorize every single inch of Poison Ivy's sweet backside.

No one would ever believe this story if Peter told them. Hell, he was living it, and Peter wasn't sure
he believed it. He just decided to kick back and enjoy the ride.

"I can't hold it back any longer," Peter said.

"Then don't, there's going to be plenty more when that comes from," Pamela said. "I know it, just
empty your balls into my ass. Fuck me, fuck me tender!"

Peter held two handfuls of Pamela's firm ass and rocked into her. He could feel her pussy grinding as
well, and knew there would be no time like the present to cum. Peter pushed his hard rod inside of
her body and slammed into her very hard.

His balls unleashed their bounty inside of her. Pamela's bouncing ass looked like a treat and it was
milking every single last drop of semen from her. The vine rammed into her ass and finally retracted,
allowing Peter to feel the unrestrained tight squeeze of Pamela's perfect ass.

The vine slipped the drops of semen into Pamela's mouth and she tasted both her ass and Peter's cum.
She pulled away from him.

"See you soon, lover."

Pamela gave him one more squeeze, and disappeared into the night. Peter turned around and saw a
vial of some kind of red dust resting on the bed. A note attached the base of it.

Use in good health. The ladies in your life will thank you for the thrill. A token of my
appreciation, of helping me take HYDRA down. See you soon, P.

He was morbidly curious what she gave him. He would find out soon, he suspected.

'Why do I have a feeling things are about to get interesting around her? And also complicated.'

End.

Next Chapter: 3/18/2017.
New York City's skies shined bright and blue without a cloud in the sky or a sense there was any kind of storm brewing. Peter Parker had to thank his girlfriend for that, and no he was not being hyperbolic this time. He dated Ororo Munroe, better known was Storm of the X-Men, and her powers were able to control the weather. So, thankfully for him and her, no date could be ruined on account of the weather.

Currently, Peter stood on the rooftop in the middle of a bright and sunny day. He dressed in nothing but a pair of swimming trucks. There was a pool on the rooftop of this hotel. It was very lavish, and Peter chuckled, this would be the type of place where you almost got charged to breath the air. The dark haired man got his share of female attention when moving up, wearing nothing but a shirt and a pair of swimming trucks.

He came a long way since Puny Parker, who was the butt of every joke during his time at high school. And not just because of the Spider-Man thing, although that did help him gain a little bit of confidence to be honest. He turned his attention and smiled.

"And just when I thought the view couldn't get any more beautiful."

Ororo stepped out with a saunter to her step and a smile on her face. Her white hair contrasted to her dark skin and it was a beautiful contrast. The tall African goddess stepped in with a swagger and a look of confidence. Her large chest mounds, DD cup breasts by Peter's estimates, had been contained in a red bra where the strips only just barely contained Ororo's ample nipples. Her stomach was very toned, and Peter's eyes traveled down to see her red bikini bottoms. Her legs stretched on for miles, with elegant feet with high arches and sexy toes, which had been painted a nice shade of red which matched her bikini.

"Thank you."

And the view got ever better when Ororo turned around. He saw the string of red fabric on the Bikini bottom just threatening to go up her ass. Peter thought he would pass out. Ororo bent down to the table and took her time picking up the suntan lotion.

"Why don't I do you first?" Ororo asked.

"Gladly," Peter said.

He burned very easily, and this was one of the warmest, sunniest days. He stepped over and tried to will the erection which was building up to go away. Thankfully, Ororo set up the bench where there was a hole in to so Peter could slid into it.

Ororo walked over towards Peter and took extra care to make sure her breasts pressed onto his back. Her hands worked out the tension knots in his shoulders and neck first. She took a handful of the lotions and squirted it, before slowly rubbing Peter.

Her hands were so soft, working over Peter's back. He could feel her breasts press against his back and her crotch, when it ground against his ass. He twitched when feeling Ororo on top of him.
"Just relax, and let me take care of you," Ororo said.

Ororo moved down, her finger lightly brushing against Peter's asshole which had been exposed when his shorts came down. Ororo's fingers danced down his lower back. Then shifted between his legs, and then got very so close. Her fingers almost clasped him briefly.

The weather witch smiled, she was getting very turned on by feeling up Peter's muscular body, almost as much as Peter was getting turned on.

"Turn over."

Peter turned over and the large tent he pitched was obvious. What was even more obvious was Ororo's position. She mounted the top of him, his cock lightly penetrating her through her panties and through his boxer shorts. Ororo rubbed the suntan lotion on the side of Peter's face.

Ororo decided to have some fun by rocking her hips down Peter's pelvis when rubbing the lotion onto him. She could feel how hard he was for her. His size and how gifted he was, never ceased to amaze Ororo. She gushed with delight when running her fingers down him.

His upper body had been pleasured, and now Ororo was working down towards his lower body. Her lips raked him when going down.

"Ororo!" Peter moaned.

The goddess looked up at him with a smile on her face and mischievous intentions in her eyes. She reached between Peter's legs and gave him a squeeze of his balls.

"Now, it's my turn."

Ororo turned around, and unclipped her bra and allowed it to fall to the ground. Peter saw her bare back, but not her breasts. She slid down her panties as well, and got on the bench, crawling backwards. A full view of Ororo's gloriously thick rump had been presented towards Peter and it just made him throb even harder.

Peter grabbed the suntan lotion and took out his aggression by feeling up every single last inch of Ororo's glorious flesh. He moved closer down and judging by Ororo's moans, she was getting very turned on by what he was doing.

'Two can play that game.'

He slid his fingers down Ororo's tight pussy and he could feel her gripping his finger when it entered inside. He pulled it out and rubbed down her inner thighs. She was very smooth down there, and Peter could feel how wet she was getting. He couldn't wait to worship her.

Ororo smiled, everything was feeling very good. Peter winded her up a whole lot. Her pussy hungered for him to be inside of her.

"Peter, finish this, so…"

"So, what?" Peter asked.

He gave her a smile and leaned in. His breath was an inch away from her. His hand slipped to grab onto her breast before pulling away. Ororo whimpered at the feeling of loss, just like Peter hoped. It really was good to have an older woman craving your every touch.
Peter motioned for Ororo to turn over and she did. Her legs were at either side of the bench and her thighs were firmly spread. The weather witch's massive breasts came up to almost push into Peter's face. Peter leaned down and cupped the delicious mound of womanhood and started to rub the suntan lotion all over them.

"Fuck me!" Ororo moaned.

"Wait a minute," Peter teased her.

It was true though, he couldn't hold out any longer. His cock throbbed even harder. Still, Peter had a job to do, and this job was going to be finished, one way or another. His fingers slowly brushed down Ororo's smoldering thighs, and then he pulled back from her.

"We're so close," Peter said.

Ororo nodded. He was down between her legs and for a brief moment, his face buried between them while rubbing suntan lotion all over her legs. Peter proved to be a good multi-tasker, going down on Ororo, while also rubbing suntan lotion all over her legs.

"Peter!" Ororo screamed.

This sexy older babe screaming his name spurred Peter on, going deeper in between her. He tightened his grip around her thighs and shoved his face as far between her legs as he could go. Ororo came up off of the bed and gave a pleasurable pant. Her moans increased the more Peter delved between her thighs.

'I have her right where I want her.'

Ororo watched Peter rise up from between her thighs. Her thighs parted and were ready for sex, ready for an immense pounding. Ororo could not wait to see what Peter had to offer her. He was hard and ready to drive himself deep into her loins.

"Don't hold back on me."

His swimming trunks slid down and Ororo got a full unrestricted view of his immense cock. It throbbed and was in desperate need of relief. Ororo spread her thighs invitingly to give it to her. Peter held his hands and lined himself up with her.

Both lovers connected at the loins with each other. Peter held onto Ororo and pushed himself into her pussy. It was so tight and lovely.

"Oh, I can be in here for hours," Peter said.

"I'm well aware," Ororo said.

Her excitement was at a fever pitch when she realized Peter could in fact be inside her for hours. His heavy balls bounced up against Ororo's womanhood. He rose up and slammed himself deep inside of her multiple times at a rapid fire rate.

Peter pushed himself into her welcoming womanhood as fast as he could. Ororo demanded pleasure, and he was willing to give it to her. Her body shined in the sunlight, and Peter cupped her ample chest for leverage. He pushed into her, feeling the tightness of her warm body.

Ororo closed her eyes heavily and bit down on her lip. Moans increased from her body the deeper Peter delved inside of her. Those thick balls dropped against her body and brought her to the edge.
The edge of what, well Ororo didn't know. It was the edge of something amazing though, if she had to say so herself.

"Fuck…fuck me!" Ororo yelled.

"Already doing that," Peter said.

His balls slapped Ororo's smooth thighs. She reached up and those beautiful long legs wrapped their way around Peter. They made him submerge himself further into her. Not that there was that much coercion needed, not with that. Peter picked up his pace and jammed into her.

Ororo held on for the ride and boy, was it a hell of a ride. Every time Peter entered her, a new blast of electricity shot through her loins. Her first orgasm was intense, but every single other orgasm which followed from it escalated in greater intensity. Peter held onto Ororo tightly and pushed his length inside of her. He rose up and slammed his rod into her gushing center.

A beautiful flash of energy spread through her body. Peter squeezed Ororo's breast and caused her to moan. He worked his way into her warm gushing center.

"Harder, deeper," Ororo said. "Faster, please!"

"Never can have enough, can you?"

The rate she squeezed Peter's invading manhood with her loins showed Peter she could never have enough. He was just getting warmed up and judging by how well her body reacted to his touches, so was she. Peter thought it was fair enough and he rose up before driving down into her. He repeated the ritual several times, feeling her pussy tighten around him. It was like elastic which firmly fit around his manhood.

Ororo's eyes shifted back. Those fingers dancing about her body helped set the stage for the pleasure which was coming through her loins. Peter rose completely up and dropped down into her. His balls slapped against Ororo's womanhood.

"Fuck!" Ororo mewled.

"Yes, that's what we're doing," Peter responded. "Are you ready to cum again?"

Not exactly a question which mandated a negative answer, at least that's what Ororo thought. Her body, craving release, did in fact cum again, and it came again hard. Her legs tightened around Peter, and much to his surprise, she rolled him over. They almost rolled off of the bench.

Quick reflexes made sure this little encounter was not messy and awkward. Ororo hovered over the point of his cock and sheathed his throbbing member inside of her one final time.

"Oh, you're so much bigger when I'm on top," Ororo said. "Not that you weren't very big before but….."

Ororo's explanation had been cut off by her moaning. She bounced up and down on Peter. Peter didn't really complain about this sudden change of venues because Ororo's large breasts were bouncing, perilously close to her face when she bounced up and down and his cock. His manhood had been sheathed in her heated loins. Her velvety hot pussy pushed him deep inside of her body.

Seconds passed leading up to Peter grabbing those bouncing orbs of flesh and squeezing them. Her nipples were always very sensitive, and Peter put his fingers between them, tweaking on them. Ororo shifted her head back and moaned very hungrily the second Peter's fingers danced all over them. Her
aching nipples were taken in hand and played with.

"Right…right there," Ororo breathed.

Peter leaned into her and performed a vacuum tight seal around Ororo's juicy nipple. He cupped the underside of her breast. So much ample flesh to explore, Peter longed for the days he had six arms. He would have to make do with what he had right now. Her ass bounced rather heavily off of him.

Ororo increased the thrill by leaning back and providing Peter with the access he craved to her breasts. He did not disappoint her. Expectations were already at a high point. Peter cupped the underside of Ororo's chest and squeezed them. Ororo bounced up and pushed her hips down onto him. She impaled herself down onto Peter's engorged prick, filling herself up.

"So, close."

The mutant's slick loins clamped down around Peter and released him. She kept bouncing and firmly hugging the back of his head so it was pushed between her breasts. Peter reached behind to hold onto her ass and it only lead to more pleasure.

Peter was in heaven, as he always was with this goddess. She took her loins down around Peter and rammed her hot loins around him. Ororo stretched around him and pushed Peter's massive rod into her body.

Pure heaven entered Peter's loins, and Ororo was feeling the pleasure as well. Her round ass continued to bounce in tune with the rest of her body. Ororo shoved herself down onto them.

"You're making me gush," Ororo said. "Oh, you're amazing….I wonder would ever do without you?"

Ororo pushed her hips down onto Peter's pelvis and engulfed him all the way inside of her. Her loins pumped him at the usual rhythm. Everything was starting to come Ororo's way, and she couldn't wait.

Peter didn't know how much longer he could hold himself back. The bouncing beauty on his manhood was giving him a nice workout. Her legs tightened around his waist, squeezing him. And her pussy squeezed his rod deep inside. She milked him, milked him.

"I want your seed," Ororo said. "Would you honor me in giving it to me?"

The bouncing increased and Peter realized how hopeless he was here. Ororo had him right where she wanted him and where she wanted him was buried inside of her body. Peter leaned back an inch and she took him inside of her, deeper, at a higher, and more intense speed.

"Ororo!" Peter groaned.

Ororo smiled. She felt very blessed with the feelings going through her. Everything paled in comparison to this huge rod being shoved deep into her tight loins. She pressed down onto Peter.

One more time, she had been blessed with an orgasm. Ororo bottomed out and took Peter's cock as far as she could. Her clenching vaginal cavity shoveled Peter inside of her.

Ororo's tight vice milked his cock hard. Peter pushed deeper into Ororo and buried his seed inside of her body. Her womanhood shoved down on his hard cock and allowed herself to be filled up with his seed.
The feeling of her vagina milking him made Peter send an obscene amount of seed into her body. Ororo took every drop of seed from his swollen balls into her. He had been trying to hold back for a long time, and the results were very obvious.

"Oh, I'm going to be full," Ororo said.

Her sensual moans made Peter go the extra mile with Ororo's warm, wet, center snugly fitting around his tool. The engorged manhood made Peter feel like he was about ready to lose it.

Peter shoved his length inside of her and his balls slapped against her womanhood. They emptied, draining in Ororo. He saw stars from an amazing orgasm, and fell back onto the bench. Ororo pumped the last few blasts of cum into him.

The seconds passed with Ororo pulling away from Peter. She turned around and her ass was right in his face when she was on her hands and knees. Peter's cock started to harden again.

Ororo gripped his manhood from behind and gave him a smile.

"So, ready for more?"

As if she needed to ask that question. Peter remained hard and ready to insert into her. Ororo was willing, so they had no problems.

End.

Mutual Release(Thea Queen)

Mutual Release(Thea Queen/Speedy)

Up the fire escape went Peter Parker. Oh boy, the things he did to prevent himself from getting ripped something fierce by J. Jonah Jameson. He tried to find a way into the charity banquet for Queen Industries to get pictures, pictures of Oliver Queen. Okay, that didn't have the same ring to it as getting pictures, pictures of Spider-Man, but Jameson wanted something juicy for the front page of the Daily Bugle. PG, PG-13 tops, but he wanted something, and Spider-Man tried to get into the benefit two nights in a row and had been shut down.

He tried to reason, he tried to beg, hell he even tried to plead, but the guards at the front gate pushed him out. His press credentials were not enough to get him through the front door.

'I bet this sort of thing never happens to Jimmy Olsen,' Peter thought. 'Well, to be fair, it all balances out with the giant turtle man thing.'

Then again, he had no room to talk given he had been bitten by a genetically modified spider. Which actually helped him get up the fire escape. What the spider bite didn't help him with, was his pants tearing slightly when he made his way inside.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Peter thanked his lucky stars that he wasn't wearing his Spider-Man costume underneath his civvies tonight. Otherwise, he might have been exposed, in more ways than one. Peter tried as he might to mend his pants, and took a few seconds to breath.

'Well, these pants are a goner."

He knew the banquet room had to be around her somewhere, although he didn't know how many pictures could be taken if he spent most of the night trying to keep his pants up.

Suddenly, Peter stopped, and heard a moaning sound coming from the hallway. The moaning sounds increased, and it was a woman's voice.

'Okay, someone's involved in something very private, so if I just walk this way then maybe....'

Wrong turn, and Peter saw a woman sitting on the edge of the couch, her legs spread, and her hair matted against her face. One look at the woman realized Peter Parker just walked in on Thea Queen of all people, indulging herself in a moment of self-pleasure.

The brunette woman dressed in a black dress which fit her nicely, and it had been hiked up to expose her thighs. Her stockings made her legs look completely fabulous and had Peter not been distracted by other things, her legs might have precedence.

"What the hell?"

And now she noticed Peter was there. She slowly looked up. The woman's eyes drifted to the camera and she frowned.

"It isn't what it looks like," Thea said.
"What did it look like?" Peter asked.

"It looked like I was...oh for the love of...you're not going to make me say it, are you?" Thea asked.

"Looks to me you were having a private moment," Peter said. "Relax, it happens to the best of us."

Thea put one hand on her hip and she slid her dress down. It still betrayed her and rolled up. Peter tried to focus on her eyes, which had an expression of anger and worry. "Yeah, well, I'd worry a lot less if you weren't carrying that camera...just who are you?"

"Peter Parker, I'm from the Daily Bugle," Peter said. "You're going to have been kicked out, aren't you?"

"Peter Parker," Thea said. "You were the guy who tried to get in here the past two nights and were denied...you're pretty persistent, aren't you?"

"No, well, yes, but no," Peter said. "My boss, you know, J. Jonah Jameson, when I don't do what he says, he tends to get really loud. And I don't want to have to hear him yell at me."

"Yeah, I can see where you're coming from," Thea said. "Does he ever lose his voice going on those rants about Spider-Man? It's just the same thing over and over again, Spider-Man is a threat, Spider-Man is a menace, Spider-Man is responsible for the failing standards of the American educational system!"

Peter smiled at Thea. It was refreshing to always hear someone go off on Jameson.

"But, you...you walked in on me at a bad time, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't say it to anyone," Thea said.

"It's nothing to be ashamed about," Peter said.

"Yeah, I know it's nothing, to be ashamed about," Thea said. "But, at the same time, you know how the tabloids are. They jump on everything. I can just see the headlines no. Queen Heiress is caught diddling herself, disgraced by public masturbation. She's a shameless slut who can't keep her panties on for one night."

Peter sighed. Of course they would go down that road. That's what the tabloids existed to do. TMZ was the cancer of journalism, hell even Jameson thought they were trash. One of the few things Peter and the jolly giant of journalism agreed on.

"So, I'd appreciate if you didn't mention this."

Peter was about ready to say he wouldn't. Thea lifted up a finger and pressed it on Peter's lips to silence him. There was a moment where the two of them looked at each other.

"And you ripped your pants," Thea said.

"Really, that's noticeable?" Peter asked.

Thea nodded and motioned for Peter to follow her. They walked across the hallway into a private suite. Thea made sure to lock the door behind her. She looked around, and plugged something into the wall.

"A friend of mine developed a program to disable all security cameras for an hour," Thea said.
"Trust me, I don't want what we're going to do to end up online tomorrow."

Peter wondered what Thea was talking about. She invited him to sit down on the couch.

"Let's get you out of those ripped pants," Thea said. "And I'll find a way to mend them, if I can."

Thea pulled the pants and saw his boxer shorts. She locked eyes onto the tent which was slowly growing to them. The Queen Heiress would have been lining if she hadn't been licking her lips.

"Are you sure you ripped your pants when going through the fire escape?" she asked. "Because, you know there could be other options."

Thea leaned closer towards him, hand wrapped around his bulge. She leaned and kissed him on the lips. They pulled away from each other after a brief, but passionate kiss.

"I haven't finished getting off," Thea said. "And since you walked in on me, it's only the honorable thing to help me get off, wouldn't you say?"

Thea leaned closer towards him and straddled his lap. She peeled his boxer shorts off and revealed his throbbing cock which stuck up into the air.

"I think I have to taste this first," Thea said. "To see if it's right to me….you know, I don't let just every random guy who crawls up a fire escape fuck me."

Thea took her hand down the base of Peter's cock and slid down with her mouth. Peter could not believe a billionaire heiress wrapped her lips around his cock and sucked him. All Peter could do was sit back and enjoy the ride, and the ride involved her mouth wrapped around his cock.

It was one of the best blowjobs he ever had, and he could see the sexual frustration bouncing in Thea's eyes. She took him deep into her mouth and sucked on him. She pulled out to lick fully around Peter before shoving the length back into her mouth.

"Damn, you're good," Peter said.

"Only for the best," Thea said. She followed up her words by firmly squeezing Peter's balls. "And you are the best cock I've ever had in my mouth. If I would have know you were hiding this, I would have let you in sooner….and you would have gotten the VIP treatment."

Thea pushed her lips around Peter's hard cock and sucked him hard. Peter held the back of her head and guided his mammoth member into her mouth.

She released him when he was to the edge. Thea squeezed the base of his cock and kissed him on the tip. She left a light lipstick mark on his cock and smiled.

"I wouldn't want you to waste your cum already."

Thea shifted Peter's back out of the way and looked at it suddenly.

"Interesting, do you always walk around with a Spider-Man costume in your bag?" Thea asked.

"I'm…..well, I cosplay as him sometimes," Peter said.

Thea raised her eyebrow and shook her head. She didn't quite buy that story, given you would have to have some incredible agility, almost like a spider to get there. Still, she would play his game.

"Right, well, I support everything Spider-Man does," Thea said. "I wonder what he's like underneath
that mask of his? I wonder if he's as handsome as you are?"

She pumped his cock and continued to talk straight into his head. Every now and then, Thea's tongue petted Peter's cock slit.

"I have dreams about him, swinging into my bedroom window, taking me in my bed, making me feel good," Thea said. She continued to pump and lick Peter. "And there are sometimes where he saves me, and I thank him, by wrapping my pussy against his cock. I imagine it to be about as big as yours."

Peter groaned when feeling Thea pumping up and down on him.

"I want that big cock in that pussy," Thea said.

"Mine or his," Peter said.

"Well, consider, he's not here," Thea said. She looked up at him with a smile and not so subtle wink. "I'm going to have to settle for your nice, big cock shoved into my tight pussy. It's not been fucked for a long time, but now it's your time to end the drought."

Thea pulled herself up, and hiked her dress up further. She pulled her panties completely off. Peter got a nice glimpse of her wet pussy. She climbed on top of Peter's cock and lowered her pussy down onto him. The first few inches of his cock pushed inside of her dripping slit.

"Yes, that's going to do nicely!"

The sensation of her stocking clad thighs hooked around his hips made Peter roll his head back. He watched when Thea drove her tight pussy down onto him. His cock throbbed when entering a prime sheath of flesh. All he could do was grab her body, and run his hands over her bare ass.

Thea shoved her pussy down onto his cock. She bounced higher and higher. The billionaire heiress could feel her body shaking underneath Peter's throbbing hard member. Every time he touched the insides of her, more pleasure hit her body. It was just a fever pitch.

"I love riding a big cock," Thea said. "And you're amazing….fuck me….Sp….Peter!"

Her slip of the tongue was not missed. Still, Peter decided to play the game. He had a wet and willing pussy ready to drive itself down onto his rod. She stretched over the top of him and drove down onto Peter's massive rod. Her wet vice drilled down onto him.

"I'm going to make you remember my name is Peter Parker," Peter said. "Do you want my cock?"

"Yes, oh, God, yes!" Thea yelled.

Her screams had been punctuated by an amazing orgasm. Peter slowly pulled her dress down and saw Thea was not wearing a bra. Her breasts were not large, but they were a nice handful, with tanned nipples were erect. Peter squeezed the mounds and suckled on Thea.

Thea was going to lose her mind. Just to think, the only pleasure tonight she thought she might get was going to be from her own fingers. Now, she received a big cock pressed in between her thighs. She clenched Peter and released him with a few steady drops.

"Suck them, make me cum!" Thea breathed.

She soaked Peter's cock. His manhood pushed further inside of her gripping pussy. Thea rode herself
over to another orgasm before deciding to switch the play a little bit. She wasn't done riding his cock, not until she had a load of cum inside of her body, and hopefully a few more orgasms.

An emptiness surrounded Peter's cock. He watched with Thea walking over to the edge of a counter and she pushed her hands against the counter. Peter saw Thea's tantalizing ass.

"Come over here, and fucked my spoiled rich cunt!" Thea called to him.

Did Peter need any more of an invitation than that? No, he didn't. He moved closer towards Thea and edged himself closer towards her. Her wet pussy was inches away from taking Peter inside of it. Peter moved closer and then, with one more fluid push, shoved himself inside of her.

Thea held onto the edge of the counter and received the good hard pounding she thought she deserved for a very long time. Her wet walls closed around Peter and pumped him. It was so good, so much better than her fingers. Peter got all of those pleasure spots which drove her completely nuts.

"I'm glad you caught me!" Thea yelled. "Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to do this!"

Thea's eyes closed shot and she just enjoyed the rush. Peter's fingers danced all over her body. He really brought pleasure cascading through her body.

Heat surrounded Peter's engorged rod. He picked up a steadier pace and plowed Thea something fierce from behind. He held onto the woman and kept drilling his rod inside of her. His balls slapped against Thea's warm pussy. She took him inside of her and then released him.

"Believe me, I'm glad to take that wrong turn as well," Peter said. "I'm going to lose it…you're so hot, I'm going to lose it."

"Oh, yes," Thea breathed. "You are going to lose it….you're going to shoot your webbing inside of me!"

Given she was around people who had lame excuses when trying to lie, Thea saw right through the façade. She just hit the jackpot, so to speak.

Peter didn't really reprimand her this time. Warm, wet, pussy invited him inside. Thea's, Thea's tight body. Her dress cost more money than what Peter would make from Jameson in his entire life time, and yet Peter was fucking her. This was great!

Thea closed her eyes. She could feel the pleasure cascading on through her body. Her inner thigh muscles pinched Peter and drew his rod inside of her.

"Yes, lose it!" Thea yelled. "Lose yourself in me."

Her warm body and tight pussy proved to be the lynchpin for Peter. He held on for as long as he could, but every single man had his weakness, and Thea proved to have found his. She milked him with one more orgasm, and that proved to be all she wrote for Peter.

The first blast of Peter's cum made Thea clench down onto him even harder. Peter held onto her and buried his seed into her pussy. There was so much seed, the new seed was pushing the other out. She enjoyed the sticky mess Peter was making inside of her.

Her legs almost collapsed out from underneath each other. Peter grabbed her waist and pulled her back up. He pulled out of Thea after finishing it.

The two of them turned around, and Thea grabbed Peter for a sexually aggressive kiss. Her fingers
dug into the side of Peter's face when kissing him very hard. The two pulled away from each other.

"We better get dressed, or we'll never get out of there," Thea said.

Thea moved over and moved towards the wardrobe. She pulled out a pair of pants to replace the one's Peter ripped through the fire escape.

"These should fit you," Thea said. "Not really any time to do any sewing, and I'd like to avoid it if I can."

Thea rummaged through her bag and pulled out something, before slapping it into Peter's hand. Peter looked and saw a press pass in his hand. And with the press pass, there was a key in his hand.

"That's for my private motel room, after tonight's over," Thea said. "Don't think I'm done with you. We're just taking a little break."

She was giving him a visual-eye fuck after he finished actually fucking her. Peter figured they weren't done.

"Yeah, I figured as much," Peter said.

"And we better hurry, if you want a picture of my brother doing something embarrassing for charity," Thea said.

Peter laughed and he got dressed. Well, things did work out well tonight after all.

End.


Next Set of Women on Tap: http://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2017/03/a-sticky-situation-chapter-31-through.html
Up in the sky, it was not a bird, it was not a plane, it was Supergirl. The Girl of Steel flew faster than a speeding bullet when she started to go to her destination. She dropped down on the roof of the apartment. A very naught grin appeared on her face when Kara focused her X-Ray vision down through the roof, towards the apartment of her boyfriend, Peter Parker.

Peter was currently sleeping in bed, and she smiled when looking at him. He was in the process of having a very pleasant dream, if the tent he pitched in his pants. Kara's super hearing picked up Peter moaning her name in his sleep. It had been way too long since Kara stopped by for a visit. She had spent the last few weeks in space, and it was long overdue she came by and saw Peter.

And she would have a quick change of clothes. Kara stripped out of her clothing after making sure no one saw her. The last thing she wanted was nude photos of Supergirl surfacing over the Internet. She changed into an alternate costume which was not suitable for the wholesome image she wanted to project.

The blue top stretched and made Kara's breasts more prominent and obvious. It was very transparent in places, at the cleavage, and also where her nipples were. It just barely covered her breasts. Kara smiled when adjusting the cape, which had more of a choker like quality on the clasp than the normal clasp. She dressed in a skirt which could be legally classified as a belt more than anything. Her normal boots had been replaced by knee high red stockings, and a garter belt to match. No panties, because Kara found them rather constrictive.

Kara had a key to get inside, but the window was open, and she didn't want to wake Peter, spoiling the surprise.

The superheroic Kryptonian dropped to the ground and walked over to the room. Peter's Spider-Man costume laid on the chair, it was obvious he crashed tonight. Kara moved back and pulled back the sheets, to reveal his erection in boxer shorts.

Slowly, and carefully, Kara pulled his boxer shorts down. She smiled when looking upon his throbbing cock, nice and thick, and long as well. Kara greeted an old friend with a long and passionate kiss to his cockhead. She inched her fingers around the edge of the base and slowly, started stroking it.

She didn't want to wake Peter up too soon, and spoil the surprise. The fact she had a nice cock on in her hand felt more like a livewire. Kara pushed her hand down to the base, squeezed Peter hard, and then pushed him up. She shoved her fingers down to the base and released his cock.

Kara gained some momentum by stroking Peter's hard manhood. His cock rose up and stretched into Kara's hand. She smiled when feeling it, and she could feel him stir a little bit.

"Kara," Peter breathed in his sleep.

He was still in the state of having a dream. Kara decided to make the dream a reality. Her warm mouth wrapped around Peter's hard cock and she took it into her super powerful throat. Her throat muscles contracted around Peter when sliding down to the base. His balls cupped in her hands.
Peter Parker's eyes flashed open. He had been in the middle of a very pleasant dream, and suddenly, he woke up, to see a familiar blonde head bobbing her way down on his cock.

"Kara," Peter said. "You're back."

Kara smiled and pulled away from him. She licked his cock like a popsicle which caused Peter to groan.

"Yes, just got back, figured I should stop by," Kara said. "And just in time to help you deal with your problem."

Peter took one look at Kara, and he realized she had worn the uniform. He caught sight of that stretch latex top over her breasts. Her blue eyes shined brightly, and lovingly when rolling her tongue down Peter's cock. She made several more passes before shoving Peter's ample prick into her mouth.

The only thing to do was sit back and enjoy the feeling. Peter gripped the back of Kara's hair. He missed the feel of her smooth golden hair. She bobbed up against him, and some of that hair tickled his balls.

"So, you missed me?" Kara asked.

"Of course I did," Peter said. "But, I'm really glad your back."

Kara slowly stroked him one more time, and started to kiss down the edge of his cock. "Yeah, I can tell you miss me, you miss me a lot. And I missed this."

She drew her lips around Peter's engorged prick, sliding more of it into her mouth than most normal people should have been able to fit. Peter gripped the back of Kara's head and tried to guide her the best he could down his hardening pole.

The manhood stretched the inside of Kara's mouth. Her lips wrapped around him, and she sucked him, sucked him hard and fast. Peter could see her mouth move up and down, her head practically a blur when she gave him this amazing blowjob.

"Jesus, Kara, I'm going to blow," Peter breathed.

Kara didn't relax her actions, no on the contrary, she sped them up. Her warm lips wrapped around Peter's hardening prick, sucking him into her mouth with each motion. Peter leaned up to meet her mouth, pumping inside of it with everything he had.

Peter's balls were tensing up. It felt really good to have her. She cupped them hard and milked his balls in time with her blowjob. She was a goddess, a sexual goddess, from the heavens. The Kryptonian's throat pushed further down on Peter's massive prick.

His balls exploded and sent his cum rushing into Kara's throat. Kara sucked him harder, and made sure the cum filled the back of her throat.

Kara pulled back from him and licked her lips. She rested one foot at the base of Peter's cock and started to rub on it. She looked towards them with a smile.

"You like my stockings, lover?" Kara asked.

"You know, I do," Peter said.

The Girl of Steel ground her foot up against Peter. She took his re-hardening cock between her toes,
and jerked him off. Peter could not believe the thrill of being in between Kara's stocking clad feet.

"You missed me, because no girl could make you feel as good as I do," Kara said. "Even if…we
have our friends that we play with…to spice things up."

Kara was out of this world, no pun intended. And her perfect feet now formed an iron tight grip
around Peter's hard pole. She rubbed her soles against him. The silky stockings tickled Peter's
manhood.

"I don't want you to cum again, not yet," Kara said. "I want you to remind me why I love you so
much."

Kara hovered over the bed, her skirt, if it could be called that, flipping up. Peter took one look at her
smoldering thighs and he would have to say he was a few inches away from heaven. And heaven
came between Kara's thighs, very smooth, without one bit of hair on them.

"Well, I'm hungry now," Peter said.

Kara smiled and invited him to dig in. Her pussy wanted to experience his mouth. It was already wet
from the sucking off, but it could get much wetter. Kara beckoned Peter forth and waited for him to
lower himself down. His face rested between Kara's thighs, along with his tongue.

"Mmm, yeah," Kara moaned.

Peter slowly licked the inside of Kara's thighs. Her hips bucked up to meet Peter's tongue when it
pushed inside of her Kara experienced the heat and the thrill of Peter's tongue petting the inside of
her. It delved deeper just as his hands clenched and rubbed her thighs.

Heaven, heaven surrounded Peter's face. Kara's juices tasted very divine and they made him really
hard, he wanted to be inside of her, and in the worst way. Peter clenched her thighs and started to
suckle her womanhood.

"So good, I've missed this, I've missed this a whole bunch!" Kara yelled. "Make me cum good!"

Peter decided to live up to Kara's request and make her cum really good. Her soaked thighs pushed
up against Peter's face. Peter held onto said thighs and munched on Kara's super-heated pussy. He
wanted to get it nice and wet so he could be right inside of her.

Kara had fingered herself raw on several cold hard nights on the ship, wanting to go home and
experience what Peter could do to her. He reached areas where she could only dream about having
made her feel good. Kara's increased pleasure accelerated. She was about to cum hard.

"Peter, Peter, oh Rao, this is amazing!" Kara breathed.

She screamed out something in Kryptonian, Peter wasn't sure what, but he was sure it was hot. The
Girl of Steel's legs squeezed the side of his face. Peter only drove his tongue deeper inside of Kara's
sweet pussy. He craved more of those juices which came out.

Several moments of a tongue lashing later, and Kara, while rubbing her nipples through her tight top,
received one of the best orgasms she had in a long time. And she didn't have any in several weeks.
Her hips bucked up ever harder, and made sure Peter sucked her womanhood something fierce.

Peter pulled away from her, and Kara smiled when seeing his cock, throbbing, and ready to go.

"Just relax, and I'll take care of you."
Kara turned over in the air, and made sure her skirt flipped up. She smiled, seeing Peter's eyes were glued on her firm ass and also her dripping slit. The Girl of Steel held onto her ass, squeezed it, and spanked it, to leave a red mark. The red mark healed, and Kara spanked her ass two more times.

The firm sound of flesh made Peter unbearably hard. He looked at Kara, who slowly stroked her inner slit, teasing Peter. Her foot brushed against his hard length. Kara looked over her shoulder, hair half flipping down in her face. She spanked herself one more time while rubbing her perfect toes down Peter's hard cock.

"That woman is going to be the death of me"

Kara turned around in the air, and leaned over. Peter could see that top about ready to reach its limits. It fit around her breasts like a second skin. Kara teased Peter with her stocking clad feet for a few minutes.

"You want to fuck me?" Kara asked.

"Of course, oh, Kara, I want to fuck you so badly," Peter said.

Kara rubbed her feet down Peter's shaft and teased the head before moving away completely. She positioned herself in the air, head bumping against the ceiling. She looked down at the landing point, and boy, she had a pretty good landing point as well. Lots of a space to aim down. Kara rocked her hips down and came down closer, closer towards Peter's engorged, extended prick.

She wrapped her lips around Peter's cock head and slid down a few inches before pulling herself almost all the way back up. Kara's warm pussy slid down another couple of inches before pulling back up and then she hovered in the air, teasing Peter.

Peter groaned, that woman was going to be the death of him. Wait, didn't he experience a sense of deja-vu? Kara pushed her hips down almost around him. She then pulled completely away from Peter, and kept up the teasing of her.

Kara was smiling, she was pretty sure she should take the plunge sooner rather than later. Her warm pussy lips grinded against Peter's engorged cock.

About three or four more times of this, before Peter grabbed Kara and slammed her down onto his cock. His cock disappeared inside of her pussy, and underneath her alleged skirt.

"Oh, yes!" Kara moaned bouncing up and down on Peter.

She positioned herself so Peter could stand up. Peter grabbed the side of her neck and started to kiss it. His mouth made Kara's loins explode with lust. She could feel his hands moving around, to play with her breasts. Said breasts bounced and strained in Kara's very tight top. Peter tugged at them.

A small hole ripped out of the front of Kara's uniform top. The red "S" had been taken out and revealed a hint of her generous cleavage. Peter now was face to face with a boob window of his own creation.

"Great, now Power Girl's going to get me for trademark infringement," Kara said. "And then, she'll hire She-Hulk to be her lawyer, and they'll both be all up in my ass….."

Kara's rant had been cut off by a hell of an orgasm. She rocked down onto his hips, squeezing him. Peter gave as well as she did, which was good. She knew he didn't have to hold back from her, and Kara was glad how much his spider strength made her feel these orgasms.
Peter indulged himself in his alien lover's ample, round breasts, which seemed to be expanding the more powerful she got. Her breasts bounced into his hands. Peter grabbed the ample round wonders of the universe and squeezed them.

"Well, you're catching up to her."

"Of course, I am, I'm her....kind of," Kara said. "Oh, don't...don't fucking make me have to wrap my head around how the multi-verse works when I'm having an orgasm."

Peter thought that was a fair enough assessment. He had an easy access point to indulge himself into Kara's beautiful cleavage and he did. His face could be buried between her breasts for a long time. The Kryptonian rocked her hips up and down Peter's engorged manhood.

He remembered Kara's ass was also in fine form. He reached down and cupped her firm cheeks.

"About time you remembered I had an ass," Kara said. "I only drew attention to it several times earlier."

Peter smiled from behind Kara's cleavage. She drove herself down onto him numerous times, continuing what was going to be an amazing ride. Kara's warmth surrounded his hard cock all the way.

Every single drop down onto him made Peter feel a thrill beyond everything else. He held Kara into him, and further pushed between her nice round breasts.

"Suck them, make me cum."

Peter now started to play with her stocking clad legs. The sensation of his fingers playing with her legs drove Kara absolutely nuts. And she was cumming, cumming hard. And Peter returned fire.

The tight vice grip of a Kryptonian pussy wrapped around him slowly weakened Peter's resolves. He had more than enough cum to spare though. Kara always inspired him, and made sure there was room for more. He squeezed her ass and she responded with a moan.

"Peter, I know you're close," Kara said. "I know how you breathe when you're close."

Peter smiled, and pulled her breast completely out of her top. He sucked the swollen and erect nipple. Kara's fingers dug into Peter's scalp when he sucked in.

"Just, don't make me wait," Kara said. "Cum inside me...it's been a long time since I've had your cum inside of me.....so...do it!"

Kara bounced down onto the point of Peter's cock and ensnared him inside of her depths. She was getting close, at least for him. Peter held onto her hips and guided her down onto him. Kara's warm hot box slid down to the base of Peter's cock and released him.

"Damn," Peter groaned. "You feel so good."

Kara bounced down onto his rod, squeezing him very tight when driving her pussy down onto him. She enjoyed his compliments, and more importantly, his cock, she enjoyed that very much as well.

"And it will feel even better just to lose that cum inside me," Kara said. "Go ahead, you know you want to."

One more time for Kara, and it brought Peter inside of her. His mind exploded. Kara's tight
clenching gave him one of the most amazing orgasms ever. His balls burst and sent the rush of cum into Kara's waiting quim, burying even more of it inside of her super-powered womb.

Kara milked every single drop of cum she could out of Peter's balls. Pleasure rushed through her body and she came two more times before Peter was all said than done.

"Oh, that was amazing," Kara said. "So, more?"

Kara pulled away from Peter and got on her hands and knees. A string of cum almost broke from her pussy. Kara caught it, wrapping it around her finger. She shoved the combined juices into her mouth and sucked on it, making sure Peter looked at her.

She really did have her ways of getting him hard. And Peter thought he had a couple more good rounds for her. His throbbing cock proved he had not drained himself completely just yet. He pounced on her and shoved inside of her from behind.

End.

Ground Shaking(Daisy Johnson)

Ground Shaking(Daisy Johnson/Quake)

Peter Parker returned to Avengers Tower after joining Earth's mightiest heroes on a mission. It was AIM, this time, last time it was HYDRA, but this time it was AIM and their big headed, short-armed leader. Peter thought about heading to the lunch room, or maybe stopping by the gym for a little bit.

He didn't go that far before he bumped into a figure coming in from the elevator. Peter jumped back, to avoid the figure, his spider sense on point. He caught sight of a dark-haired mixed race beauty with an amazing figure poured into those standard issue SHIELD bodysuits. Peter didn't know why SHIELD had such tight uniforms, but it might serve well as a distraction for the enemy.

"Hey, Daisy," Peter said.

"Oh, hey, Pete," Daisy said with a smile. "I heard the Avengers just got back from stopping MODOK's latest destroy the entire world with science scheme."

Peter laughed and leaned towards her with a smile. "Yeah, that's becoming something that happens about once a week, maybe twice a week. It depends on a couple of things….so, how have you been?"

The beautiful SHIELD agent smiled. "Well, I've drawn the short straw, so I had to deliver the paperwork to Avengers towers. You know standard SHIELD stuff."

"Yeah, I know, top-secret, can't talk about it in polite company," Peter said. "I'm not privy to that kind of stuff."

"Yeah, I forgot, you're just a part-time member," Daisy said. "Funny how the one day you decided to head in to join the team, is the day MODOK tries something."

That really was very funny. Peter looked at Daisy, and her arms folded underneath her chest. This particular action drew Peter's eyes towards her cleavage. Peter flashed a very obvious smile towards the beautiful government agent in front of him.

"So, do you need to go back to SHIELD?" Peter asked.

"No, not unless they need me," Daisy said. "So, I was just thinking….remember that night we had a couple of months ago….where we were stranded out in the middle of nowhere?"

Peter remembered that night very well, how could he forget? It was a very hot night in the desert, in more ways than one. He realized Daisy's hands had been pinned against the wall on either side of him. She was inches away from going up against him. Peter's heart skipped a couple of beats when she moved closer towards him.

"How could I forget?" Peter asked.

"I know, I couldn't get it out of my mind," Daisy said. "I tried to convince myself it was a one night thing, I was frustrated, you were frustrated, but it turns out, we're here now again."

Daisy leaned closer towards Peter and met his lips with a kiss. Peter did appreciate how she didn't waste any time with formalities. He gripped the back of Daisy's head and slowly moved his mouth
against hers. The kiss deepened, with Peter spending a long minute exploring the inside of Daisy's mouth.

The SHIELD agent gasped the very second Peter delved his tongue inside of her mouth. Hunger increased, with Daisy being unable to help herself. She needed Peter's touch, she needed it really bad. Peter increased the kiss and deepened it something fierce. Their mouths melded together.

Daisy moved closer towards him and worked her tongue inside of his mouth. The two broke apart, a strand of salvia breaking up between of them.

"You're hot," Daisy said. "And I need some, really badly....."

Daisy pulled the panel back on the wall and started to punch in some numbers. The wall slid open and revealed a private bedroom with a lavish bed.

"I know all of the security in this place," Daisy said. "And I should, because I helped design it."

Daisy guided Peter back into the room. She made sure the door shut behind them. Daisy pushed Peter back onto the bed and slowly pulled down his pants.

"I didn't think this would happen again," Peter said.

"Oh, I didn't either, but maybe it was meant to happen," Daisy said. "Guess, you have to expect anything in my line.....I forgot how big it was."

Daisy's focus had been lost. She fished Peter's massive rod out of his pants. It stood up, large and throbbing. The size of Peter's cock made drool drip from Daisy's mouth. She cupped her hand and collected the drool. It gave her a nice natural lubricate to start rubbing Peter's cock.

The web slinger closed his eyes the moment Daisy grinded her hand up and down Peter's engorged prick. Her warm hand wrapped around Peter, squeezing him. The sensation of Daisy's hand working up and down Peter's engorged pole was something he couldn't describe.

"Damn, Daisy, it's really good," Peter breathed.

Daisy smiled and kept working her hand around Peter. His cock stretched a little bit more in Daisy's grip. She held onto Peter and continued to fondle his growing rod. It extended and grew harder in her hand.

Now, Peter's rod hardened by a great amount. Daisy leaned down and wrapped her plump lips around Peter's throbbing hard cock. She shoved her mouth down the hole.

Peter almost lost his mind. Her throat practically vibrated around his member and stimulated him. Daisy's fingers stroked his balls, playfully batting at them. She gripped and released him with a nice squeeze. Daisy rocked herself down onto him.

The swollen cock shoved into Daisy's mouth. Daisy wrapped her warm mouth around Peter's engorged prick and sucked him, sucked him very hard. She squeezed Peter's throbbing balls some more.

"Damn, Daisy, you've wanted this again," Peter said.

Daisy rubbed on the part of his shaft which was not in her mouth. She felt one of the most beloved heroes becoming butter in her hands. That thought made her feel just a little bit excited. The sensual woman engulfed more of Peter's cock and then released it. Only the head and a little bit of the length
slipped into her mouth.

Torture and pleasure at the same time, that's what Peter felt when Daisy teased the length. She had been working hard, and used Peter as an outlet for her release. What man would mind getting pleasured by such a warm mouth? Peter certainly wouldn't mind. He gripped Daisy's head and shoved more of his length inside of her gripping warm mouth. He worked Daisy down onto his tool.

"Daisy, Daisy, you're going to make me lose it," Peter breathed.

Funnily enough, the prospect of tasting Peter's cum didn't slow Daisy down. It just made her speed up, and cup his balls. She milked them with her hands just like she milked Peter's rod with her mouth. The heat coming down from her mouth caused him to twitch and stretch to reach back her throat.

Daisy drove herself down face first onto Peter's love muscle and sent vibrations down him. Peter could not hold back much longer. His loins burst into Daisy's mouth. He filled her mouth and throat with far more cum then he ever thought could be in his balls.

Suck, suck, suck, Daisy drained Peter's balls. Another heavy squeeze milked the contents of Peter's swollen testicles inside Daisy's mouth.

Daisy pulled up from her. Cum dribbled out of her mouth and nose. She moved over to the table, grabbed a tissue, and wiped the excess off his face. She licked her lips one more time.

"You want to see this."

Daisy undid the clasp of her uniform and slowly unzipped it. She made sure every single inch of flesh burned Peter's line of sight. Her round breasts, with perfect nipples, and dark areolas leaned out. Her breasts rested on her toned body. Daisy sensually tugged at her nipples, rolling her neck back with a moan.

Peter observed her body being exposed. His cock hardened when looking at Daisy's round breasts. Far more to take in, even though her nice succulent breasts were something Peter longed to grab on and suck. Her body curved up and Peter drew eyes on her belly button. Her midsection didn't have a single ounce of fat, and she looked time. Her bottom lips slowly had been exposed to Peter.

Daisy teased Peter by sliding the body suit back up and then pushing it back down in the front. Her slit blossomed, with a small strand of dark hair. She kept it nice and trimmed, but not completely shaken. She ran her hands down her body, and then took Peter's hands, to lightly put them on her pussy before gently pushing them way.

"Tease."

"Oh, you poor boy," Daisy said. "I haven't even begun to tease you."

With a grin, the Asian-American beauty positioned herself in front of Peter on all fours. She started to unveil her round ass, with two perfect round cheeks which jutted out. Her ass was so firm you could bounce quarters off of it. Daisy reached behind her and slowly slapped herself on the ass.

Her uniform slid off the rest of the way, and Peter saw the backs of her toned legs. His eyes kept drifting back to Daisy's ass. He reached forward and touched her round cheeks before clenching them hard.

"Oooh, you naughty, naughty, boy," Daisy said. "But, I can't say I blame you….I have a nice ass, don't I?"
"Yes," Peter said.

Peter daringly moved forward and pushed his face between Daisy's warm ass cheeks. He could have gotten smothered to death in her ass and Peter wouldn't complain. He slowly eased one tongue into Daisy's backside and slowly began to lick her.

Daisy never thought having her asshole licked would feel so good. She rubbed her rear into Peter's face, making her feel so good. He went down between her legs."

"Worship my ass!" Daisy yelled. "Worship it really good and I might….get it warmed up!"

The feeling of those cheeks pushing against Peter's face only encouraged him to delve deeper. He could feel Daisy rocking back and forth against him. Eventually, though, he had to come up for air, no matter how good these tight ass cheeks felt pushed against his face.

Seconds passed and Daisy pulled herself away from Peter. She got up slightly off of the bed and reached behind her. Her hand touched Peter's cock which was very hard. Daisy wrapped her hand around him and squeezed Peter, rubbing him hard.

"Oh, your cock feels so good," Daisy said. "It feels so hard, I just have to rub it between my thighs."

Daisy placed Peter between her thighs without sliding inside of him. Her thighs pushed around Peter's long hard cock, squeezing him and released his cock. It slapped against her thighs from one side or the other.

"Do you like how they feel?" Daisy asked.

"Yes!" Peter yelled. "I want to fuck you."

"Well, today is your lucky day, because that's what I want too," Daisy said. "I'm going to take your big cock and rock your world."

Daisy looked over her shoulder with a smile at the very bad pun. She spent another minute or two rubbing her warm lips up and down against Peter's throbbing hard cock.

Torture and pleasure, Peter said it before and he would say it again. Her warm lips caressed Peter over the tip of the head. Daisy lowered down onto him and took Peter inside of her.

Daisy bit down on her lip and started to ride Peter's hard cock, reverse cow-girl style. She kept moving, her ass slapping against Peter's thighs when riding onto him. She made sure Peter could see brief glimpses of her face through the wardrobe mirror on the other end of the room, providing he turned around.

Peter's cock squeezed and released, being shoved inside of her body. Daisy wrapped her thigh walls against him. Peter lifted his hands up off of the bed and gripped Daisy's bouncing breasts. He took those erect nipples and twisted them.

"YES!" Daisy yelled.

She impaled herself down on Peter with each bounce. Every single bounce just brought Peter deeper inside of her body. Daisy rose up completely and dropped down onto Peter. Her ass bounced for him. Peter touched it and prodded at it. Daisy's body lit up with pleasure.

Peter rose up off of the bed just in time to feel Daisy's warm pussy ensnaring his rod. Her pussy grabbed his hard cock and squeezed it inside of her. He was going to lose it if she was not careful.
"Lose it," Daisy said. "I know I can get that cock hard in no time if I really wanted to."

Daisy's pussy clenched down on Peter. Despite that, Peter didn't want to go at the first hurdle, or at least until she had a few orgasms. His hands switched gears from the back of Daisy's body until the front. Both sides were very lovely, in different ways. Peter held the underside of Daisy's bouncing breasts and squeezed her nipple. Daisy brought her hips down onto Peter, with each drop.

"Losing it!"

The bed vibrated underneath both of them when Daisy kept riding Peter. She took his cock inside of her tight body with each drop and each rise. It felt really good to be underneath her quivering pussy, although Peter wondered if the bed could handle it.

Daisy rolled her hips back up and then slid off of Peter. She saw his cock still extended up into the air. Daisy positioned herself and coaxed Peter to a sitting position.

Her next play found Daisy on Peter's lap and shoving his hard cock inside of her moist center. Daisy rose completely up off of the bed and dropped down onto Peter. Her bouncing increased with volume. Peter reached behind her and concluded her.

"I'm going to have your cum," Daisy said. "One way or another, I'll have it, Spider-Man!"

"You almost sound like a super villain like that," Peter said.

The method acting she learned at the SHIELD academy was working a little too ever. She hoped Peter would slap her if she started to make long grand standing monologs about her master plan of getting him to cum inside of her. Regardless, Daisy picked up her rising and falling. She wanted the cum.

The next orgasm shook her in more ways than one. The bed frame creaked underneath them. Daisy didn't slow down her dropping and falling him. All she wanted to do was riding him.

Peter held onto Daisy. He was deep inside of Daisy's perfectly tight pussy, and he hoped to have more chances to fuck it.

"Don't worry, this won't be the last time," Daisy said. "I know that right now."

She used Peter's throbbing hard rod to get herself off with another orgasm. What Daisy wanted, what Daisy really needed, was for Peter's balls to burst. She wanted him to send so much cum inside of her, she wouldn't know what to do with it.

"Oh, Peter, your balls are full," Daisy said. "Why don't you be a gentlemen and empty them out?"

"I think it's about time to let you cum again," Peter said.

Peter had been right, more than right. Daisy picked up her pace, shoving Peter's face in between her chest pillows.

"You're going to force me to use my secret weapon on you," Daisy said.

"Not…too….mmmph…secret," Peter moaned, when sucking her breasts.

The bedframe was being rocked, and Peter marveled at how much it was able to stand up. Then again, Daisy hadn't gone full Quake on them like they had been in the middle of the desert.

Peter's fingers grazed over Daisy's backside. The sultry whisper which followed in his ears stirred his
thoughts.

"I bet you want to be inside. Well today's your lucky day...why don't you give my pussy a break, and fuck my nice, big ass?"

He throbbed inside of Daisy. Peter's manhood left one hole and entered another, about as gloriously tight as the one he left. Daisy dropped her ass down onto Peter's engorged tool and took him inside of her.

"Your ass is like a furnace, Daisy," Peter said.

"I know, and you like it like that," Daisy said. "Let's see if my nice, perfect, ass can relieve you of your burden."

Peter marveled at the perfect control Daisy had over her ass muscles. She took them around Peter and milked them something fierce. Her pussy still was exposed, and Peter decided not to let up on that too much. He touched the smooth area between her thighs and rubbed her.

Intensity defined what this was. Daisy tried to hold back, but at the same time she tried to let go. Her loins vibrated, and her hands, which were on the bed, had vibrated of their own. There was a loud crack underneath them, as the bed frame finally gave away, and they slammed to the ground.

Peter fell onto the pile which was once a bed. Daisy looked up at him, smiling. Bodily fluids covered the body of the gorgeous Asian-American agent. Her stunning ability to adapt to any situation caused Peter's motor to run.

And it went without saying her ass adapted to Peter's throbbing hard cock very nicely. Peter would have exploded soon had it not been for his own instincts.

All good things must cum to an end though. Daisy pushed herself down onto Peter and took the full brunt of his invading cock inside of her. Her ass clenched him and milked him. His balls strained. She could feel it and knew Peter's orgasm was very near.

Daisy threw her head back and cried in pleasure. The pleasure increased with Peter slamming his rod inside of Daisy and filling up her backside with an heavy amount of cum. Her pussy exploded, with a gushing feeling as Peter finished up the final few thrusts. His fingers also worked into her in time with his thrusts.

White lights flashed behind Peter's eyes. He picked up a steadier pace, slamming his rod deep inside of Daisy, and stretching her out. Her asshole wrapped around him, tightly gripping him. Peter finished filling her up.

The two parted ways, sticky, and smiling from their share orgasm. Both sat in the wreckage of the bed, flushed, but pleased at what they did. Daisy leaned over towards Peter and crawled on top of his lap. She nuzzled his neck. Daisy lightly kissed Peter before pulling away from him.

"So, ready to find another bed to break?"

End.

Dazzling(Dazzler)

Dazzling Afternoon(Alison Blaire/Dazzler)

Alison Blaire, the pop superstar mutant known as Dazzler, reclined on the couch in a tight silver dress which showed off a few of her curves. It was teasing, but at the same time, it was not scandalous at all. She blew the camera, and more importantly her photographer, a nice little kiss.

"I wouldn't normally do something like this," Alison said. "But, you know, it's a photoshoot for charity, and it would be good public relations."

Alison's fanbase had been pretty supportive of her coming out as a mutant last year. There were a few nutcases who gave her death threats because of what she was. Alison learned to just not let those people get to her. She turned around towards her photographer, who also happened to be her boyfriend.

"I'm sure there are going to be some people who are going to complain about how they're working for a mutant…"

"To be fair, there are some religious groups who say my music is corrupting the children of America," Alison said, shaking her head. "Let's just get one more shot like this, Peter."

Alison leaned back with a friendly smile and a wave towards the camera. Peter Parker, her boyfriend and photographer, clicked another camera. He also happened to be Spider-Man, which was something Alison learned very quickly. She could have laughed. He got all of those great pictures of Spider-Man, which made her a fan of his work, because he was Spider-Man.

She made sure the agency hired him away from the Bugle, and one thing lead to another and they were dating. And Alison would trust no one else to have a photoshoot.

"So, how do you think the shoot came out?" Alison asked.

"Great, Ali," Peter said. "No, I'm serious, you make everything look great. That ugly sweater you wore that one time….."

"Ugh, don't remind me," Alison said. "That wasn't one of my better fashion choices, but they sponsored my concert. That was when I started out, you know, I could not afford to pick and choose then."

Peter nodded in understanding. He looked towards Alison who rose up from the couch she had been doing the poses on.

"So, do you want to go over the pictures later?" Peter asked.

Alison crossed over the room and moved closer towards her boyfriend with a smile. "No, I trust you got some good shots. And it's for a good cause as well."

Peter found out what Alison wanted in a hurry. It amazed him how she was giving him that wanton stare when the camera was off, but when the camera was on, total pro. One wouldn't know how frustrated, and horny this pop star was.

And speaking of frustrating and horny, Alison grabbed Peter around the head and forced her tongue
into his mouth. The hot pop star explored the inside of Peter's mouth. Peter returned the kiss as well. Both of them moved back to the couch.

"It's been a long last couple of weeks," Alison said. "Knowing there's a light at the end of the tunnel got me through this photo shoot."

She tore his shirt open and revealed Peter's muscular chest. It never ceased to get her revving.

"Maybe we can have a private shoot for when I'm on the road next time," Alison said. "Why don't I give you a little preview?"

Peter was all game for that. Ali showed she was as able and graceful as a dancer as she was a singer. Her silvery dress dropped down from her slowly. Peter looked at her lacy black lingerie, which drew attention to her toned body. Alison's breasts, well they were dazzling, along with her curvy body. She had nice long legs.

The beautiful blonde pop star made sure her hair stayed clip back so Peter could look at her beautiful face.

"You're amazing," Peter said.

"Thank you," Alison said.

Alison decided to help Peter out of his pants. He was more than constricted. Alison started to unloop Peter's belt and pull them down over his ankles. His boxer shorts followed next. Alison came face to face with the most gorgeous sexual organ ever. She wrapped her fingers around the base and stroked him.

"Ali, please," Peter said.

The pop star smiled when her handsome boyfriend was growing in her hand. It was hard for her to keep a boyfriend, because of the insane schedule of being a pop star, and also the mutant thing was very stressful for a lot of people. Then there was the fact that some of her fans, they could be a bit fanatical towards any guy who was rumored to have been dating her.

Ali loved her fans and most of them were pretty cool, and supportive, but there were a few bad apples that unfortunately could spoil things for a lot of people. She missed doing regular meet and greets, because of one weirdo ruining for everyone and her agent putting a stop to these up close and personal events.

Things she did love doing was Peter. His hard cock extended towards the edge of her lips. The hot pop star wrapped her lips around Peter and sucked on him very hard.

Peter held the back of Alison's head and looked into her bright blue eyes. She popped Peter's cock and then slurped his cock ever hard. Her hand cupped Peter's balls and squeezed them very hard.

"Oh, Ali, that feels good!" Peter asked. "It feels good to be in your mouth….you're the best…"

Ali used her excellent throat control which made her such a good singer to really stimulate Peter's manhood. She brought him into the back of her throat. She wanted to make Peter blow, but not yet.

"Relax, stud, we've got a while," Ali said. "I'm sure you want a crack of these."

Alison undid her bra and dropped it to the ground. Her naturally large breasts came down onto the ground. Peter looked at her sunkissed skin, where she was completely devoid of any tanlines on her.
The pop sensation lifted her breasts up and wrapped them around Peter.

"I've missed these," Peter said.

"I know you have," Alison said. "I've read people talk about the Internet about how real they are. But….you know what how real they are, don't they?"

Peter grabbed his pop star girlfriend's firm, ample melons and squeezed them. He repeated the ritual a couple more times, before ramming his hard cock between them.

"They feel….pretty really to me," Peter groaned.

And they were very real, and very nice, and warm. Peter thought about spilling his cum all over her chest, and watching Ali eat it off of her chest. That would be so hot.

"Petey, I love your cock!" Alison yelled. "I love how it feels smashed between my nice, big tits. It feels really good….I bet it feels really good to cum, doesn't it?"

Ali pulled away from Peter's hard cock. She grabbed the base of his cock, enclosing around it. Peter groaned, feeling Alison work her fingers up towards him.

"Not yet, baby," Alison said, giving him a not so subtle wink. "Soon, but not yet, trust me."

Peter groaned and watched Alison rise up to her feet. His face drew towards her black panties. The pop sensation slowly slid them down. Her hot pussy exposed towards Peter.

Alison grabbed Peter's hard cock and stroked it. She was having her fun with him, but it would be worth his while soon.

"I know where else you want to me," Alison said. "Oh, these balls are getting pretty swollen….you poor thing. I bet my pussy is going to feel good."

Peter held Alison close towards him, their bodies connecting together. Peter's long cock touched her womanhood and slipped inside of her. He grabbed Alison and lowered her down onto him. Every single inch entering her felt really good.

Alison Blaire's mind had been blown by the thickness of his hard cock entering her body. She had been dazzled to say the very least. Her hot wet walls pushed down on Peter's cock and squeezed him. She had lost her mind and went into deep moans.

"Time for you to hit that high note."

She knew it was coming a mile away. She couldn't help but receive it. All the pop star could do was keep bouncing on Peter. The higher she bounced, the more of his cock driving into her felt good. The handsome man's hands rolled over Ali's body.

Her screams were quite musical. Peter needed to hear them even more. She denied him a couple of times, but now, Peter had the upper hand. And he wasn't going to finish it up, not that easily. He pulled almost out of her body, just when reaching the apex.

"P-P-Peter!" Ali moaned.

He pulled out of her and left the dazzling sensation hanging. She deserved that one. Peter held her back and rolled her over. Alison was on her hands and knees on the couch. Peter climbed behind her. His cock slapped Alison's hips and made her breath heavily.
"Please," Alison said.

"Please, what?"

Was he really going to make her say it? The domination he showed over her, for this brief moment excited Peter. The handsome young man's cock touched her pussy but did not enter inside. That fact alone resulted in the pop star's body combusting with pleasure.

"You're not going to make me say it, are you?" Ali asked. "You're not going to make me tell you how much I want it. You're not going to tell me how much I need it. You're not going to do that, are you?"

Two strong hands caressed every square inch of Ali's body. She breathed heavily with Peter slowly working his fingers down her body. Alison's mewling increased underneath him. His cock danced against her wet walls. Three taps nearly made Ali light up in an explosion of fire.

"You're going to make me beg, aren't you?" Ali asked.

"Maybe a little bit," Peter teased her.

He worked his hard cock inside of her wet vice. Ali could have taken him inside of her with one fell swoop.

"Please, Peter, please, please, I'm sorry for teasing you. Just fuck me, fuck me raw. Make me scream. I need it! I need it really bad!"

His hands cupped the underside of Alison's breasts and slowly worked his manhood towards her. The manhood pushed against her dripping hot opening. Peter came close and pulled out. Not once, not twice, but three times, before taking the plunge.

Peter couldn't deny Alison for very long. Her pussy was like a wonderland and felt rather good wrapped around his cock. His slow thrusts only served to light Ali up. The blonde vixen underneath him gasped.

Ali closed her eyes. She thanked this miracle from above and thanked the orgasm which was about to come soon.

Her hair flipped out of her ponytail from the force of Peter drilling her from behind. His throbbing balls connected against Alison's thighs. He pushed into her, going deeper. Slowly, but sure, the orgasm had been worked up. Alison's nipples begged to be twisted, her ass begged to be spanked.

"You're so hot," Peter said. "I just love seeing your face in that mirror knowing what I'm doing to you."

Alison knew what Peter did to her and had been excited by it. His balls kept slapping her thighs, fluidly working her over. Every time his hands touched her skin, there had been a pure sexual fire exploding through her loins. Peter slowly worked himself into her, working her up to an orgasm.

This time, Peter allowed Alison to cum hard and it had been very amazing. He took Alison's breasts in hand and rammed into her. Her wet walls milked his manhood with each thrust inside of her. He almost pulled out of her and slammed deep inside of her.

Alison dropped down onto the couch, and Peter pulled out of her. The sudden loss of his cock from her body made Alison almost whine. She didn't whine for long the moment Peter flipped her over and crawled between her legs. His long cock pushed against her dripping slit and lit her up. Heat
really exploded through Alison's legs.

Their bodies pushed against each other's bodies. Peter cupped her breasts and caused her to moan in pleasure. The manhood slid into her one more time. Her slick, velvety smooth pussy sucked Peter into her. He rose up and jammed himself into her tightness.

"You just can't get enough of me, can you?" Peter asked.

"No," Ali said.

"Well, I can't get enough of you," Peter said. "I want to drive my cock inside of your pussy, stretch you out. Feel your nice, wet center hugging around my cock. It's going to feel really nice when I'm done fucking your nice, tight pussy!"

Each thrust inside of Alison stretched her out completely. Peter worked her body over something fierce. Her pussy got a very nice work out. Every last thrust made her feel extremely good. Pure, unbridled pleasure followed the second Peter buried himself into her and then slid all the way out of her.

"Give it to me!" Alison yelled. "Make me cum again."

Her wish was Peter's command. He rose up and drive his hard cock into her body. Alison tightened her legs around him. Peter's fingers pressed against her smooth, soft legs. He caressed them.

Alison closed her eyes. So much pleasure made the pop star's loins gush with pleasure. The gushing increased the deeper Peter buried himself inside of her body. Her warm, gripping pussy, was a tight fit. Peter made it work though, he made it work really good.

"Baby, it's good!" Alison yelled. "You're going to make me cum so hard."

She became well aware of the heavy set of balls slapping against her. They threatened to push into her body.

The two of them spent the rest of the afternoon having sex, switching in a couple of different positions. Peter now had Alison smashed against the side of her mirror in the changing room, while smashing his cock inside of her.

"Too bad we can't get a picture of this," Ali said.

Her face and breasts smashed against the mirror. Ali looked into her own pleasure ridden face when Peter pushed against her, rocking his hard cock inside of her.

"Oh, don't worry, a picture is burning in my mind forever."

His balls were feeling pretty swollen. Peter sensed a tingle, and knew it wouldn't be long before even he could not hold back. Alison Blaire's snug snatch worked him over. His hands cupped her nipples and gave Alison another hungry squeeze. His balls slapped back and caught her.

"I'm sure....I'm sure," Alison said.

The pop star became very weak in the knees. Thankfully Peter held her up, her legs hooked in a wheelbarrow type position while fucking her. His swollen cock stretched her and caused more tremors to come from her body. Peter drilled his hard cock inside of her body.

"I'm getting close," Peter said. "I'm going to cum in you....but, ladies first."
How considerate of him. Alison clamped down hard onto Peter, feeling the length stretch her out almost all the way. He pulled almost all the way out of her and then jammed inside of her. Several more hard thrusts made Ali cum multiple times in succession.

"PETER!" Alison yelled at the top of her lungs.

She was so glad she wasn't the Black Canary, because otherwise there would be seven years bad luck with this mirror with how much she screamed her head off from the intense orgasm. Regardless, Peter pounded her all the way to the edge. Alison got off even more on the look of her face. The bubbly pop star melted underneath him.

Time ended with Peter drilling his manhood inside of her. His balls unleashed inside of Alison's body and filled her up with his creamy cum. He slammed inside of her, going faster and faster inside of her. Every last drop of cum fired into her body.

Both lovers came down with a mutual orgasm with each other.

Alison collapsed into a heap. Peter turned around, picked her up off of the ground, and pulled Ali into a kiss. She moaned when Peter held her in close. Both lovers enjoyed the moment. Alison lightly ran her fingers down the back of Peter's neck, played with his hair, and peppered the side of his jaw with several affectionate kisses.

She nuzzled Peter's neck, when holding her close. The inside of her thighs were fucked raw. It was certainly worth it as well. The pop star came to the conclusion what she needed to do.

"So, hot tub?" Alia asked in a daze.

"Hot tub?" Peter asked.

"Perk of the studio," Ali said. "It'd be a shame to let it go to waste."

One sunny smile from Alison Blaire would make Peter go anywhere. And she was right, it would be a shame to let it go to waste.

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End

Every now and then, the stars aligned along with the planets, and Peter Parker's luck was right on point. He was currently on the couch of apartment with his pants pulled beneath his knees. He put his hands in the hair of the dark skinned beauty who now sucked on his balls. Given her Afro, that was a daunting task, but Peter thought that he would do.

Then, there was the Asian beauty who sucked his cock all the way down. She attacked every single inch of his cock. Both women stripped to their undergarments when doing this, and Peter was on the couch, getting his cock serviced by these two women.

Misty Knight was a chocolate skinned bad ass woman, with a thick ass and nice breasts to match. Her fellow Daughter of the Dragon, Coleen Wing, had an amazing body of her own, and she looked very toned and very tight. Their tongues sucked and licked his manhood. Those balls hung, for Misty to suck on.

"Damn," Peter said.

They had just finished up a teamwork, taking down some ninjas working for the Kingpin. And now, the Daughters of the Dragon were performing a team up of their own, all over Peter's cock. The young man on the couch closed his eyes and enjoyed the ride.

Misty had been curious to see what Spider-Man had been hiding underneath those tights for some time. And her expectations had been exceeded. She and Coleen knew an opportunity like this would not come up for a long time.

"Oh, you have every right to say damn, honey," Misty said. "Because, we're going to rock your world…and Colleen would tell you the same thing, if her mouth wasn't full."

The Asian beauty sucked Peter's cock. Her eyes looked up towards Peter, bobbing her head up and down. She took more of his engorged cock inside of her mouth. Peter held onto the back of Colleen's head and bobbed his cock into the back of her throat.

"Yes, I'm sure she would," Peter groaned. "Oh, she feels so good…..I think I'm going to….."

"Blow in her mouth then," Misty said. "Here let me help you!"

She squeezed his balls, very hard. Peter had to love how sexually aggressive she was. The beautiful woman, clad in her red lingerie, looked like a treat. Coleen, clad in white lingerie which clung sensually around her body, looked about as beautiful.

Both women worked together out in battle, and they worked together just as well in the bedroom, taking Peter's cock into their mouths. Misty attacked the balls, Colleen attacked the length, and they both worked Peter to the edge of his orgasm.

Colleen clutched his cock and sucked him down into her mouth. She deep-throated the young man, his balls burst into her mouth. She received a heavy amount of cum into her mouth. She swallowed most of it, even though some of the cum left in her mouth.

Both women climbed up to their feet. Their eyes locked onto Peter, and Coleen kissed Misty on the
lips. Both of them swapped Peter's cum.

Peter realized even after that amazing blowjob and ball sucking, he would be ready to go again. The only thing was, which one was he going to bury his cock in?

'Ah, a decision I wished I could make more often,' he thought.

Misty moved away from Colleen, leaving her in a daze. She removed her thong and bra and moved over towards Peter, making the decision for him.

"Nice big hard cock, I see," Misty said. "Good, good, I can't wait to ride this all night long."

Misty's ass slapped against Peter's thighs.

"Oh, honey, you better grab it, because I would think there's something wrong with you, if you didn't," Misty said.

He had to smile at her sass. Regardless, Misty climbed onto Peter's cock and took it in between her thighs.

"Damn, he's big, Colleen…..we….."

"Remember your muscle control," Coleen responded. "Just take a deep breath and focus…"

Misty took a deep breath because Peter grabbed onto her ample chest. This allowed Misty's thighs to be lubricated even more so and allow her to slide him into her wet center. She pushed herself onto him and drove down onto her.

Colleen licked her lips, watching her close companion's bountiful booty slap down onto Peter's thighs. The web slinging hero grabbed it and squeezed it. The Asian beauty slowly slid her bra down and her panties back. It gave her a simply seductive look.

She slowly pushed her finger into her mouth and sucked on it. Then, Colleen dragged her finger all the way down her body, stroking between her legs.

Peter closed his eyes and felt the feeling of Misty driving herself down onto him. The girl really could get some momentum. Those large, round breasts pushing against Peter's face made him smile. He took one of the color colored nipples into his mouth and suckled on it.

Misty rolled her hips back on Peter and took a deep breath. It was amazing to feel Peter's cock buried inside of her and now he worshipped her breasts. The little moans Colleen gave from the end of the couch also spurred some naughty little thoughts.

"You're going to make me cum," Misty said. "And that girl….she wants your cock as well….so I'm going to play for a little bit longer, before I let you give it to her."

Peter chanced a look at Colleen who pushed her fingers into her, pumping in tune. Lust burned through the eyes of the beautiful woman on the end of the couch when she finger fucked herself to the tunes of Misty driving her hips down onto Peter's long, throbbing manhood.

"Oh, you're doing it, you're making me cum!" Misty yelled.

"Good, I'm glad," Peter said. "Your pussy feels so good."

Misty smiled, she couldn't wait to get this big cock in her ass, but maybe that was moving a bit too fast? She shoved her hips up and down on Peter's long prick, knowing it had several rounds. She
thought it had something to do with stamina or something, but really the only science she gave a
damn about was the science of getting her pussy pounded with a large cock.

Needless to say, it was science which Peter didn't disappoint on. His hips rolled up to meet Misty
when she rolled up and shoved herself down on them.

"I need it!" Colleen yelled.

"Oh, one more minute, baby girl," Misty said. "I need….I need just one more big one, and then this
big cock is all yours!"

Misty shoved her hips down onto Peter's throbbing hard cock. The two of them met each other with
a passionate dance. Misty rocked her hips further down the length and shoved more of Peter inside of
her than one could think possible. It was amazing what was possible when you had the right kind of
motivation.

The screaming of the beauty on top of him made Peter just shove more of himself inside of Misty’s
gripping pussy. It came hard around his hard tool.

She came hard, screaming in Peter's ear and clawing on his shoulder. It was amazing how sexually
aggressive she was, and Peter had been with some girls who were high up in that department.
Regardless, these two hot, mature, babes really brought him to a new level.

Misty relinquished Peter's cock. She wrapped a fist around it and leaned it, almost as if she was
kissing it good bye. The beautiful woman extended one finger, pointing it towards Colleen who was
on the bed, legs spread, and mewling like a kitten in heat.

"There she is," Misty said. "You want to fuck her don't you? Stick your big cock inside of her."

She squeezed Peter's cock as hard as possible to make sure his attention was on what was being said.
A couple more squeezes and Misty leaned towards Peter. She smiled and kissed Peter on the cock
head, making it twitch and meet her lips.

"Her pussy is tighter than mine is."

This enticing word was the catalyst for Misty to release Peter's hard cock. Peter turned around and
saw Colleen just lying on the bed, legs spread. The two of them met together, with Peter brushing his
hard cock against Colleen's dripping center. He pushed his face into her chest.

Colleen's body tingled and was ready, anticipating his huge cock entering her body. Seconds passed
before Peter edged closer towards the edge of her entrance. A second passed with Peter slipping into
the edge of her dripping slit, and then pulling out, before pushing into her womanly entrance.

Her walls spread out, taking the first few inches of his cock inside of her. Colleen screamed, and
threw her head back.

"Thank you, oh this is great, I needed this!" Colleen yelled.

"I told you, girl, all you needed was a nice hard fucking," Misty said with a smile on her face.

Colleen's walls stretched down over Peter's throbbing hard cock. He pushed deep inside of her body,
working into her.

"You're so tight, so beautiful," Peter said.
"Yes, and you're...you're handsome too," Colleen said.

She had thoughts about Spider-Man, it was just the mystery about him. Now, she met the man underneath the mask, Colleen wanted him even more. She preferred a more subtle approach than Misty did, but both of their approaches together did offer a happy medium in fighting, and apparently in the bedroom.

Still, preferring a subtle approach and actually using a subtle approach were too different things. Peter was on top of Colleen and started to ram his cock inside of her body. Her moans increased.

"Fuck, he's better than I thought he would be!" Colleen yelled. His hands moved over her body.

"No need to thank me...actually, something, if you don't mind."

Misty climbed on top of Colleen's face, which was a sight to see. Colleen took a hold of Misty's wide rear and moved closer towards her slit. The gorgeous woman rubbed her face against Misty's slit and inhaled it. Her passions had been inflamed with Spider-Man ramming his throbbing hard cock inside of her.

"It's beautiful," Spider-Man said.

"No, pretty hot, oh she knows how to lick my pussy good!" Misty yelled. "Pound that tight bitch! Pound her good, Spider-Man."

Peter pushed his hard cock inside of Colleen's gripping warm pussy. She stretched around him and then Peter slid all the way out of her. He pushed deep inside of her and rammed deep inside of her tight, gripping pussy. Her walls ensnared him.

"Cumming," Colleen managed underneath Misty's pussy.

Well, Peter didn't need to be told twice. Her walls grabbed Peter and milked him. There was only one thing for him left to do and that was to drive his hard cock into her pussy as hard and fast as humanly possible. Her walls tightened around Peter, gripping him hard and releasing him even harder.

"Oh, I think he's going to blow!" Misty yelled. "You cum one more time like that, and the poor boy won't have any choice, but to cum inside you."

Misty ground herself against Colleen's face. Her big ass bounced when pushing down onto Colleen's face. She watched with hunger as well, seeing Peter drive his throbbing manhood into her tight pussy. Her moisture coated him when he came almost all the way out of her.

Peter could not get enough of Colleen's center. Every time she squeezed him, fire spread through him. And the fire spurred through him, working into Colleen's center.

No matter what Peter tried to do, Misty's declaration he was going to blow proved to be accurate. He couldn't hold back in her even if he wanted to. Coleen gripped him tight with her dripping hot pussy. Peter drilled his hard cock as far and fast into her as possible.

"Oh, he's going to do it!" Misty yelled. "He's going to cum inside you...he's going to blow that nice big load inside of your wet pussy.....are you ready for it?"

Her commentary only spurred Peter on. His balls ached and were in desperate need of release. Colleen came one more time and her pussy grew tighter around Peter's probing cock. It was unbearable, but it was a good kind of unbearable to be perfectly honest. His balls slapped Colleen's
thighs when he massaged and played with her chest.

The beauty underneath the web slinging warrior clenched him hard. She wanted every single last drop of seed sprayed inside of her body. Peter held onto her hips and kept driving himself down into her. The manhood spread her thighs out and he pulled back from her, before drilling himself into her.

Finally, it was too much for Peter to bear. His balls released their tension and shot inside of Colleen's body. Her insides tightened and she came two more times. And judging by the very vocal scream from Misty, she came as well. Misty rode herself silly all over Colleen's face.

The dust settled, and Peter pulled out of Colleen. He buried so much cum inside of her body, that she was dripping with it. And Misty looked at it with interest before slowly crawling off of Colleen's face.

Misty turned around and practically shoved her ass into Peter's face. She really was not being subtle at all. Peter chanced a look at Colleen's face, which had been covered in juices from when Misty

"Oh, he did a pretty good job on you, girl," Misty said with a sultry smile. "We should get you cleaned up a little bit, shouldn't we?"

Colleen closed her eyes and whimpered. Misty's finger caught some of the cum off out of her pussy and edged into her mouth. Misty sucked the finger.

"Oh, I have to have it all, baby."

Misty pushed her lips down onto Colleen's lower lips and sucked on her pussy. The stimulation made Colleen feel really good.

Peter's eyes, glued on that ass, her round, juicy ass, very firm, and very delicious. So delicious when it bounced, going up and down, and it made Peter's cock hard. He daringly put his finger into his mouth and sucked on it, getting it all nice and wet.

He slowly teased a finger inside of Misty's back passage. Misty slowly looked over her shoulder, and Peter had a look on his face like a little boy who got caught stealing from the cookie jar before dinner.

"Oh, I didn't know the Amazing Spider-Man was really the Amazing Ass Man," Misty said. "But, can't say I blame you.....this is a fine, fine, booty, isn't it?"

"Yeah it is."

"And keep that finger back there, and make me nice and ready," Misty said. "And when you want to, you can lick my ass, and can even fuck it."

Peter's cock came back to life and struck Misty on her right cheek because it extended.

She just looked over her shoulder and got back to work on Colleen. Colleen's eyes flushed over with Misty licking her pussy and sucking the cum. She really knew what turned Colleen on and what gave her pleasure.

Meanwhile, Peter fingered Misty's ass for a little bit. The woman bounced her ass in encouragement and Peter just buried his finger deeper inside her. When this wasn't adequate, Peter pulled away from her and returned fire, slipping his tongue inside of Misty's puckered little hole.

Misty closed her eyes, and could feel his tongue back there, his face rubbing against her ass. It only
spurred on her on to suck Colleen's pussy even more. Her nether lips were getting pretty swollen. And that made her really happy to give her main girl such a good time.

Colleen could not believe how much pleasure she got. The Daughter of the Dragon struggled not to pass out, and oh boy, was it hard not to faint with what was happening. Misty lapped her hole up, sliding her tongue inside of it, and then returning to suck on her nethers.

"I can't wait any longer. I'm going in."

Peter's long cock extended, he well lubricated Misty's asshole. He grabbed a hold of those meaty cheeks. Helpfully, the ebony-skinned crime fighter shoved her ass into the air to make sure Peter had the perfect landing for his cock. He stood up on the bed, mounting Misty's ass and getting ready to ride.

Misty closed her eyes for a minute, her pussy eating ceased. It was all the account of several large inches of prime Peter Parker penis penetrating her puckered and primed hole. Her asshole got worked over by Peter's hard cock. The web slinger rose up out of her and pushed it into her tight asshole. Her puckered hole squeezed Peter's massive rod every single time he entered her and exited her.

"Damn, damn, I don't know how long I can last in here," Peter said.

"Oh, do your best…..every second counts!" Misty moaned.

Determined to make the most out of every last second, Peter grabbed Misty's cheeks and drilled into her asshole from the backside. Her asshole wrapped around his hard cock and Peter drilled her from behind. Those balls kept bouncing on her. Peter held onto her and rammed inside of her tight, tight, hole.

"Yes," Misty mewled. "Right there….right there!"

She buried her face inside Colleen's thighs, they were never to be neglected after all. Peter held onto Misty's round, firm ass and buried his cock inside of it.

Every single time he entered that ass, Peter thought his balls were going to erupt. He held back as much as he could, but at the same time, going to town on Misty's thick ass was an obligation he had to fulfill. He had the chance, and he had to go in there, it just seemed like it was right.

Peter brought his throbbing cock into her back entrance. Misty grabbed onto his hard cock when he shoved it inside of her. Deeper it went, further into her he went. Misty took a huge pounding.

All good things came to an end, no matter how spectacular they were. Peter held onto her and squeezed her warm asshole around his hard cock. His balls gave way and shot an immense load of cum inside of her.

All three parties came down, with Peter sending his seed into Misty's bowls. He grabbed onto her and rammed into her, burying inside of her tight ass all the way. He saw stars, just like he was sure she did as well.

Misty did in fact see stars. She got off on having her ass pounded, and having it pounded by Spider-Man, well that was amazing. It was a shame when he finally ran out of steam and seed. Her ass was going to feel this one for a long time, thank God.

The moment Peter pulled out, both girls pounced over to clean up his cock, this time with Misty taking his length, and Colleen attacking his balls. And the cycle continued anew.
End

Next Chapter 4/12/2017.
Cassandra Sandsmark stood at the edge of the temple of Hera on the Amazon nation of Themyscira with a smile on her face. Today had been Cassie's Ascension Day ceremony, the day where she became a full fledged Amazon, and she really overshot her target, having a duel with her hero, Princess Diana, or Wonder Woman as the rest of the world knew her. It didn't end up as badly as Cassie feared, because what she feared was eating the ground after Diana took her down to the ground.

Regardless, Donna prepared her for this ceremony, and it was a passing of the guard so to speak, the current Wonder Girl being guided by the former Wonder Girl. Donna wanted to spend some time away from the superheroine scene, and she said now that Cassie was ready to take the mantle fully to be hers, Donna could relax and try and recharge.

Cassie hoped not to screw it up. She had big shoes to filled, not that she wasn't used to it. Her mother, the world renowned archeologist known as Helena Sandsmark, left Cassie in a position.

Currently, the girl waited for her boyfriend to return. Yeah, men weren't normally allowed on this island, but Cassie went straight to Hera for her blessing to get special permission. Hera said that the young man in question proved valor, and it wouldn't be too much of a concern to allow him to come to the island for a few days. There had been some distrust with the Amazons, but over time, Peter managed to prove he wasn't like some of the other men who they encountered in life.

His charming wit and personality won them over, the same way he won Cassie over and got her to fall in love with her. Hell, he got Artemis to laugh, Artemis, a woman who Cassie swore had her sense of humor, if she ever had one, removed before stepping foot on this island. If that wasn't a victory, well Cassie honestly didn't know what was.

"So, the newest Amazon."

Cassie turned her attention towards Peter. The toga he wore when fitting in on the island caused Cassie to just eat the eye candy up with her eyes. It looked nice on him. It would look a lot nicer when it was on the floor.

"Cassie, you did great, as I know you would," Peter said.

Cassie smiled and pulled Peter into a hug, pulling him into the Temple of Hera. The back of the temple had statues of all of the main goddesses, with Hera being the most prominent. Artemis, not to be confused with the Amazon of the same name, was also there, along with Athena, Aphrodite, Hestia, and Demeter.

"It might have been a bit short with you when I was training, and I'm really sorry."

Cassie wrapped her arms around Peter. He looked into her brilliant blue eyes. The blonde girl looked nice dressed in her black tank top which showed off her toned belly, and a pair of short black shorts which showed her legs. Those legs, Peter spent way too much time focused on them. They felt nice wrapped around her body.

"Hey, don't be," Peter said. "You should see me during exam time."
The Demi-Goddess giggled, which was something she would only do around Peter, and maybe a couple of her friends like Kara or Steph, but mostly around Peter.

"I'm not sure if it's anything like that," Cassie said. "Still, I was kind of a bit of a bitch."

"Hey, it worked against Rhino when you hurled him halfway across Manhattan," Peter responded. Cassie thought her rage being against a villain was good, against her boyfriend less so. Plus, Rhino's thick hide absorbed the blow, even though he had been knocked unconscious. Cassie leaned closer towards him.

"Still, I want to make it up to you," Cassie said.

The two young lovers met with a kiss with each other. Cassie smiled when Peter deepened the kiss, and she pushed him back into the temple. Her hands lightly caressed Peter on the other side of his toga, and started to undo it, almost pushing it down to the ground.

"We're in the Temple of Hera," Peter said.

"Yes, Peter, glad to see you paid attention to Diana," Cassie said. "Maybe not as much as she was paying attention to you when you, but…"

"What are you trying to say?" Peter asked.

"Oh, we'll talk about that later," Cassie said. "But, right now, just focus on making me happy, and letting me make up for the case of raging bitch I've had for the past month."

She did appreciate how Peter was the most patient man in the world dealing with her. Donna had to play middle woman and explain to Peter how Cassie didn't mean to snap at him personally.

"Well, the goddesses sometimes talk to people in this temple," Peter said. He tried not to distract himself with Cassie stroking him in the front. "Well, they could be here watching us."

"They're goddesses, they can watch us at any time. They already have. They're the ultimate voyeurs."

Couldn't really argue with that point, could he? Cassie unclipped the strap of the toga and allowed it to drop down onto the ground. Peter was dressed in a pair of boxer shorts and said shorts expanded to try and feel his cock. Cassie decided to guide Peter down to a bench.

Slowly, Cassie climbed on top of her body. Cassie ground her hips around Peter's hard cock, brushing against her body. Her hips ground up and down on his massive rod.

"That feels uncomfortable? Want me to take care of it?"

Stupid question, she knew. Still, she didn't wait for him to answer it with a quippy remark. Instead, Cassie pulled out his throbbing hard cock. Cassie tightened her fist around his tool and worked it down. The young stud behind her was getting ready.

"You're completely naked," Cassie said. "And I'm standing here in these sweaty clothes. It doesn't seem right, it doesn't seem fair?"

Cassie shoved her hand down to the base of his cock and squeezed it. Peter leaned back and looked at her. It took a few minutes to catch his breath. His throbbing hard cock stretched in Cassie's hand when she pumped up and down on his manhood.
"No, it's not….it's not fair," Peter groaned.

"Well, I'm all about being fair."

The demi-goddess pulled away from him. She pulled the tank top over her large, milky breasts. Those firm breasts bounced out from him. Peter's hands reached up to quest her breasts.

"Well, we're in a temple," Peter said. "It would be unfair if someone didn't be worshipped?"

Cassie nodded, it would be unfair indeed. He grabbed onto her breasts and squeezed it. Cassie dragged her fingers down her flat stomach and reached between her legs to rub herself.

"Why don't you go the rest of the way?"

Peter released her breast. Cassie staggered back a couple of inches. She pushed down her shorts and revealed her neatly trimmed pussy to Peter. Cassie bent over, putting her hands on the edge of the Hera statue with a smile. She looked up towards Hera with a smile on her face.

"Are you serious?"

A slap on her ass and a smile from Cassie caused Peter to twitch and watch to bury his cock inside of her no matter where in the world they were. Her perfectly body had been primed and ready to go. Peter walked closer towards Cassie.

"Very serious," Cassie said. "Why don't you fuck me?"

Peter's throbbing rod edged closer towards her dripping hot slit. He grinded against Cassie. Her toned Amazon thighs spread for Peter. Peter held his hand on her ass, and edged closer towards her. Her slit beckoned for Peter, calling for him.

An inch inside of her set the fire in Cassie. She looked up into the statue of Hera, with a naughty grin on her face. She sensed the goddesses were well aware of what was going on in this temple, and they wanted to see how it would play out.

Cassie also thought of her father, Zeus, and wondered if he had been observing this from afar. Likely not, because he had so many bastard children, the god lost track. There was a lot of rumors, Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades had a bet about who could father the most offspring.

So many more children, with so many issues, Cassie was glad she turned out okay. Well other than the fact she went head long in danger.

"Fuck me, fuck me under the eyes of the goddesses!"

The reminder the goddesses, and maybe a couple of Gods, watched this didn't slow Peter down. On the contrary, it spurred him on. It made him want to bury himself deeper inside of Cassie's willingly tight quim. Each inch of his throbbing cock penetrated her tight body.

The handsome young man pushed his hard cock inside of Cassie's slit from behind. He almost pulled out of Cassie and slammed into her. He rode her dripping hot pussy for everything it was worth. Cassie gripping onto the base of Hera's statue while he drilled her repeatedly from behind, well that just was the icing on top of the cake. And he tapped the newest ascended Amazon.

Peter made her feel better than ever before. Cassie gripped the base of the statue, and enjoyed Peter's thick tool drilling her from behind. His throbbing balls caught Cassie in her body. He explored her body, touching, tempting every single cure. This was the prelude of a rush of pleasure cascading
down Cassie's loins. Peter brought his hard cock inside of the body of the wonderful girl beneath
him.

"Mmm, yeah, mmm, yeah," Cassie chanted underneath her breath.

He took this as encouragement, his balls were swollen. Cassie gripped tight onto the edge and
enjoyed Peter working into her.

For a second, Peter could have sworn he heard some heaving, sensual moans which certainly were
not Cassie's. The second he looked around, he stopped. Frowning, Peter picked up.

"Don't stop, oh Hera, please don't stop," Cassie breathed heavily.

Her tightening muscles clamped down around Peter's hard cock. Peter pulled almost out of her and
drove deep inside of her. Cassie's walls pumped around Peter's engorged cock with a few more
thrusts. He worked her body and drove deep into her.

"Hera won't make you as feel as good as I do," Peter said.

"Pretty bold given you're in her temple," Cassie said.

She flexed her inner muscles around Peter's rock hard manhood. She wanted the first of what she
hoped were many loads of semen. The handsome man behind her rocked Cassie's world, blowing
her mind, and everything else. He held on and shoved in. Over and over again, Peter rocked Cassie
and made her loins cry for pleasure.

Peter sped up the efforts, and grabbed Cassie's breasts, grabbing onto it. Her nipples called for him.
He wished he could see her face.

And there came the moans again. The moment Peter heard them, they stopped. Peter shrugged and
returned to plowing inside of Cassie's tightening quim. He pushed deep inside of her body, drilling
into her as far and fast as he could.

"One more time," Peter said.

Cassie tightened and released him, her juices fired around Peter's tool. His balls, heavy balls were
about to discharge.

Discharge, they did, inside of Cassie's tight body. He pushed inside of Cassie's pussy and buried his
cum deep inside. Slowly, his balls deflated, and pushed inside of Cassie.

Seconds passed, and Cassie sighed, and Peter heard about three more sighs. He knew he was not
going insane. Peter turned around, and saw Cassie turn around. Her pussy dripped with cum. She
smiled and leaned towards Peter. One huge kiss lit Peter's world on fire and shoved him against her
body.

Cassie ground her hips down onto Peter. She felt very particularly naughty and horny, Peter's
throbhing hard cock pushed against her wet pussy. She was directly underneath the statue of
Aphrodite.

The beautiful woman pushed her hips against Peter's throbbing hard cock. The Amazon could feel
his hard cock press against her loins. Her hand went underneath him to give Peter a firm squeeze.
She tugged on his cock and made sure it was nice and big.

"I need to fuck you again right here," Cassie said.
The lust in her eyes was particularly burning, and Peter looked up to see the statue of Aphrodite. The figure which would distract most men, and how could a statue look at Peter with a "fuck-me" look in her eyes. Which, Peter swore to every single god and goddess ever wasn't there.

Cassie looked at him with the same results, and licked her lips. Her breasts crushed against Peter's chest, and her legs pushed around him. Cassie ground against him.

"I need you so badly," Cassie said. "I'm so empty without you."

"I'm….I need you too," Peter said. "I need to be inside of you."

A small part of Peter's mind thought something coming from that Aphrodite statute acted like a particular powerful aphrodisiac, and made him want to shove his cock inside of her body. Peter's hard cock grinded against Cassie's willing opening. He wanted to be inside her, she wanted him inside, there was no reason why to deny each other, what the other wanted.

"Oh, PETER!"

Peter smiled, she didn't scream Hera's nail. Cassie's pussy was so lubricate now and as smooth as velvet. He lifted his hips up, and drove his hard cock inside of her tight body. Cassie drove her warm pussy lips around Peter's throbbing hard manhood and sucked it in.

Cassie grabbed onto Peter. So much unbridled passion, she wanted to make Peter feel really good. She wanted to help share the love he brought her, but for now, Cassandra Sandsmark needed Peter's throbbing hard cock inside of her body.

Both lovers met each other. Cassie drove her hips down onto Peter and released him. Peter held onto Cassie's hips and guided her to the base of his cock. So much love burned through Cassie's eyes the second she bottomed out on Peter.

The sound of firm flesh smacking against each other. Peter held onto her hips and pushed into Cassie's body. The two met each other with a better flurry. Cassie tightened around him and pushed him into her body. Her body rocked up and down her body.

Peter felt his cock released from her tight grip and then Cassie worked herself down onto him. Zeus's bastard daughter worked her walls down onto him. Peter held her body into hers, pushing his cock into her. Something about her pussy seemed tighter, slicker.

For a second, a violet glow appeared in Cassie's eyes, but when Peter looked again, her eyes were back to the normal color. Cassie wiggled her hips down onto him.

"I can't wait for you to cum inside me," Cassie said. "I bet you have enough cum to seed the entire island….wouldn't that be hot?"

Peter didn't know if Cassie was serious, or was just caught up in the moment. The wet walls of the Demi-Goddess drove down onto him and released him.

"That would be something….."

His words cut off with Peter's face landing on Cassie's bouncing breasts. She loved Peter sucking on her firm tits, it made her so excited. It made her loins gush.

"And Kara, we can get her too, we know she has the hots for you," Cassie said. "She's so…salty around me when I talk about you….well, why not let all of her dreams cum true?"
Peter wasn't about to tell his girlfriend about the dream he had, starring her and Kara. His cock betrayed his thoughts, throbbing and twitching. Cassie bounced up and down. Every single bounce pushed Peter deeper inside of her. Her thighs dripped and moved Peter into her center very easily.

"Mmm, first, I'm going to have my fun, and then we can talk about expanding the circle," Cassie said. "And I'm sure some of your friends would like a taste of the old Parker luck."

Peter only could feast upon her breasts and fuck her harder. The thought of being involved in some kind of polygamous relationship appealed to the horny part of Peter's mind. And also, the spider part of him appreciated it very much, even if human inhibitions held him back from doing what he really wanted deep down.

Several more orgasms on Cassie's part coaxed Peter further inside. Her wet pussy worked his hard rod over. Peter could not hold back. His balls throbbed and he was this close.

Cassie closed her eyes. The rush of the temple, and also the wound up feeling she had after Ascension Day made her feel really good. Her wet walls closed down around Peter and released him. She wanted her boyfriend's seed and wanted it badly.

Both lovers exchanged an orgasm with each other. Peter held onto her hips and shot his load inside of her. Several long blasts of cum fired inside of Cassie. For some reason, his balls held a bit more than he was useful for, so several minutes later, he was still hammering her and still cumming.

Cassie enjoyed her lover pouring a lot of seed inside of her tight body. Her well walls dropped down onto Peter's hard cock and shoved it inside of her body.

They collapsed in an embrace.

"It's almost dinner time," Cassie said. "Meet me back in my room for dessert."

Peter didn't think she needed to ask him again. Cassie got dressed and walked off, swaying her ass, and making Peter watch her. The web slinger pulled his way from Cassie's backside, and heard something. Now he knew they weren't alone.

Then there was silence.

He looked up, and got dressed once again. He paused for a minute, and he could hear the wind, which sounded like giggling.

"Come again any time, Peter."

'Cassie has a point, they are the ultimate voyeurs. And world class trolls as well.'

End.

Agonizing pain visited the form of one Peter Parker. He had been in the middle of a battle with the Juggernaut, who decided to run through everything, including himself. Eventually, he assisted the X-Men in taking down the unstoppable force, but not before having more than his fair share of bumps and bruises. Bumps and bruises which quite unfortunately laid him up in this hospital room.

He finally work up in the infirmy of the Xavier Institute, feeling quite infirm, no pun intended. The web slinging hero tried to pull himself out of bed, but he found he was in a small amount of pain. His shoulder looked pretty bruised for a second.

"Hello, Mr. Parker."

A seductive, and sultry voice came from around the corner. Peter looked towards the front entrance and saw Emma Frost saunter towards him. She wore what could only be described as a nurse’s uniform straight out of a porno. The top half of her blouse had been unbuttoned completely to show her large breasts, and the shirt came up to showcase Emma's firm stomach. Her skirt could only be called that in the most charitable way possible, it was about as short as a belt.

Peter's eyes drew towards her thigh high stockings, and her heels which made her legs go on forever. The web slinger amused himself in thinking this attire was a least a fair bit less scandalous than some of the attire she wore during her days as the White Queen in the Hellfire Club.

"How are you feeling?" Emma asked.

Peter really hoped she didn't look him over too thoroughly. At least this proved there was something in him which was not completely out of commission. Peter tried to think of the Blob in his underwear, but his conscious thought kept coming towards Emma.

A stethoscope hung between Emma's breasts and drew Peter's attention towards her cleavage. It was very difficult not to have his attention drawn to those wonderful round orbs of flesh. Emma sat on the bed, her stocking clad thigh this close to Peter.

'Oh, god, the Juggernaut didn't kill me, but I think she's trying to finish the job by giving me a stroke.'

Every single man with a pulse had thoughts about the former White Queen, and what they would have liked to do to her, if they had been allowed.

"I feel a bit sore," Peter said.

"You're tense aren't you?" Emma asked. "Your muscles are sizing up. You feel as light amount of stiffness in certain areas of her body."

She empathized the word stiffness so much. Peter knew she was fully aware what she was doing. And why wouldn't she be? She was Emma Frost, one of the most cunning women he ever had to deal with. She might have moved to the side of heroes, technically speaking, but she was capable of bending the rules more than most, and also getting the information she needed to help stop the villains.

"Let me check your heart rate."
Emma pressed her hand on Peter's chest and slowly ran her hand over it. She put the stethoscope up against Peter's chest to list in for his heart beat. Her hand rested on his abs, but thankfully didn't drift further sound. A long and anxious moment passed when Emma leaned in.

"Your heart beat is a little quick, but it's to be expected," Emma said. "After all, your excitement has been heightened today, hasn't it?"

Emma leaned closer in, and Peter could see the lacy white bra of the top. He longed to touch those round juicy breasts, squeezing them hard, but he must not. They were forbidden.

It was almost like he was Adam, and she was the snake, tempting him with the fruit he knew he shouldn't touch. But he needed to touch it so badly.

"From your battle with the Juggernaut," she said. "Why don't you sit up and I can release some of the tension in your body?"

Peter wondered if this was going to end the way he thought it would. He remembered he was a telepath and knew she heard everything. He tried to recite the periodic table in his head, but he was having trouble remembering it, with Emma leaning against his bare back.

And her breasts pressed against him when her slender hands worked a knot in Peter's neck. Slowly, Emma rubbed the back of Peter's neck. Her breasts smashed against his back when rubbing the back of his neck.

"Work out all of this tension that's been building up inside of you. You haven't had a chance to release it until now, have you?"

Peter closed his eyes. He could almost feel Emma's smile creeping to the back of his neck. The goddess right next to him licked behind his ear briefly. It was so fleeting, Peter almost thought he imagined it.

Emma danced all the way down towards Peter's abs and slipped underneath the covers. Peter remembered he was completely naked underneath the covers. The web slinger closed his eyes.

"You can't deny you have a lot of tension to unleash, don't you?"

"No, I can't," Peter said.

Emma stopped massaging his back, because there was another area which needed a lot of tension. The wicked older woman leaned closer towards Peter and gave him a kiss.

It had been a long time since she played around with a young stud, and blew their mind. Most of the time, it was just that, Emma Frost blowing their mind because they didn't last long. However, she didn't deal with any ordinary man, she dealt with the Amazing Spider-Man.

Beyond amazing in fact, the White Queen's fist gripped around Peter's throbbing tool and she pushed it down to the base of his cock. She slowly, and sensually gave him a hand job.

"It's not wise to let all of this tension be untreated, Mr. Parker," Emma said. "Those silly little girls on this team didn't think to help you out. You think Kitty would have jumped at the opportunity to jump on your cock, but, she doesn't know what to do with a real man."

The antognoistic relationship between Kitty and Emma was something Peter knew all about. His hard cock throbbed inside of the grip of the White Queen. Emma pumped him up and down, making his hard cock expand in her hand. Slowly, she pulled the sheets back.
"And there is a small amount of swelling as well," Emma said.

"No kidding," Peter said.

"Yes, but moisture helps alleviate any swelling," Emma said. "As I will hopefully demonstrate."

Her lips wrapped around Peter's hard cock head, leaving a blue lipstick mark around it when she slid down his pole. Peter hesitated, he didn't want to jump the gun. He could see Emma's icy blue eyes look up towards him. Her hands rested on his abdomen when she sucked his cock very hard.

'Grab my hair and fuck my face,' Emma thought. 'Stop being a gentleman, and treat me like your whore.'

Peter didn't deny her what she wanted. Two hands rested on Emma's golden blonde hair. He pushed his cock deep inside of the mouth of the sexy older woman. He pulled almost out of her mouth and then pushed into her.

"So hot!"

Emma smiled, she certainly hoped so. She had to put in a lot of work to maintain appearances. And she knew exactly what Peter wanted, how he liked his cock sucked, how he liked to be pleasured with a side trip into his mind. Her hands groped Peter's throbbing hard balls and gave them a squeeze.

She wanted his cum, but for now, she settled on teasing him. Emma's fingers danced on the underside of Peter's balls and squeezed them.

Intense, like nothing Peter ever felt in his life. He wanted nothing more than to bury his rod, along with his seed inside of Emma's waiting, warm mouth. She held him back though, squeezing the base of his cock. It was pure torture trying to push his cock into the back of her mouth. Emma's warm throat stretched around Peter's engorged cock.

"Not, yet," Emma said. "We don't want to release it too quickly."

Emma climbed up to a kneeling position on the bed and then crawled on top of Peter. She removed the fabric of her panties from her pussy with one movement. She turned so Peter could see her smooth snatch, and how wet it was. She slowly grinded against Peter's rock hard cock.

"You want to be inside, don't you?" Emma asked. "You want to relieve the tension inside of those thick balls, don't you?"

Both question didn't need an answer. Emma undid the rest of her top and pulled her bra off. Two mouth-watering breasts came out in front of Peter's line of sight. He had been drawn to the fleshy wonders. Hunger danced in his mind and his body. He had to have those round breasts. He needed to squeezed them.

"Touch them, they belong to you."

Peter grabbed one of the succulent orbs and squeezed them. Emma moaned lightly, feeling Peter's hands all over her. She entered his mind briefly and felt the pleasure. The former Hellfire Club member wasn't going to lie, it made her tingle to think he wanted her so much.

Her hot center was prepped and ready to go. Emma wanted to drive her slick walls down onto his rock hard cock and push him into her body. She wanted to ride him to the edge.
"Squeeze them, oh suck them!" Emma moaned into his ears. "Make them yours, right before I fuck you. Right before I slip my naughty cunt all over your big cock. Right before I ride you into submission."

The sultry woman rolled her hips over Peter's engorged manhood. He closed his eyes and could feel himself easing closer towards her center. Emma's wet lips grinded against Peter and slowly, but surely started to coax his throbbing cock inside of her.

"We're so close now," Emma said. "So, close."

Emma pushed her warm lips down onto Peter. Finally, Peter grabbed Emma and held her firmly. She looked towards him, a half-innocent, half devious smile on her face.

"Enough playing around," Peter said. "I'm going to take your pussy, and fuck it now, and there's nothing you can do about it. Do you hear me? There's nothing you can do about it."

Emma lowered her moist center down onto Peter's rock hard cock. She could feel it enter her very fast and fast quick. Her wet walls closed around Peter and rose up. She brought his cock into her body.

"Yes, fuck me, fuck me raw!" Emma breathed.

She bounced up a little bit higher and brought her snug pussy around Peter's engorged cock. His hands rested on her lower back and encouraged her.

"Don't neglect my tits, please," Emma begged him.

The White Queen begging, boy, Peter never thought he would see the day as long as he lived. He accepted her begging by leaning in and grabbing her bouncing chest. Two round breast protruded and found their way into Peter's hands. He squeezed them bouncing, juicy orbs hard.

"Yes!" Emma panted. "Squeeze them hard!"

Peter molded her breasts in his hand and Emma responded by rising up and slamming down onto him. Her body reacted when she vigorously pounded herself.

She came in here, willing to get off, and Emma Frost got more than she bargained for. His hands were very able. Those little girls wouldn't have known what to do with him. Their minds would have been blown, and hell Emma, she leaned back and inhaled him. Her mind had been blown just as well.

Emma drove herself down onto Peter's prick. She did a pretty good job at working the tension both of them shared out. He gripped her hard around the hips and allowed her to lower down onto him.

"You got more than you bargained for, didn't you?"

The beautiful sight of Emma Frost bouncing up and down on Peter's cock spurred him to go deeper inside. This woman was pure sex on two legs, even without her mental abilities. Peter held onto her breasts and squeezed them hard. His hands stuck firmly to them and released them.

Emma closed her eyes and the sensory pleasures inside of her body had been lit on fire. Her wet walls stretched around Peter's cock and dropped down onto the base of his manhood. She nodded in response.

"You're better than I expected," Emma thought. "And we've all dreamed about what it would be like
to get saved, and webbed up by Spider-Man, before he takes his big cock inside of us and drills us."

Emma unloaded a fantasy she had about Spider-Man in Peter's mind. His cock throbbed at the very thought. So sultry, so naughty, and it was wrong on at least a couple of moral levels, but it was very hard. Using his webbing in that way, well Peter had no idea. All he could think about was Emma driving her loins down onto him.

"Maybe on another day though," Emma said. "But, you're better…..I'm yours, any time you want me, or my pussy."

His fingers touched her clit and it set more pleasure through Emma. The busty telepath drove herself on Peter's hard cock. She stretched him down inside of her and then dropped down onto his manhood.

"And I need you deep inside of my pussy!" Emma yelled. "Do you feel that tension going away?"

"A little bit," Peter said.

"Well, there will be more than a little bit gone, when I'm done with you," Emma said. "Why don't we take a load off of your mind?"

Emma slowly caressed Peter's frontal lobe with her telepathic thoughts, and stimulated his pleasure centers. Peter dug his fingers into her hips, leaving scratch marks over him. Emma didn't reprimand him, rather the beauty just kept riding Peter's cock.

'Or a load from somewhere else.'

Her warm pussy proved to be a very tempting spot for Peter to empty his load. He tried to keep his thoughts, tried to enjoy her orgasm. And she gave quite the vocal one.

Emma leaned down and kissed Peter firmly on the lips. Her tongue fucked his tonsils just as much as her body slammed down onto his cock. Two could play that game, as Peter grabbed the back of Emma's hair and jammed his tongue into her mouth.

The tangling of bodies was going to lead to the exchange of fluids. Emma worked Peter's pole with practiced ease. She did several dry runs in her mind, and was feeding off his thoughts about what he wanted to do. Plus, adding a flare of her own. If Emma had her way, and most of the time she did, Peter was going to have the best damn orgasm possible.

Peter dropped onto the bed. Emma rose her hips up and worked them down onto Peter's massive rod. How far did she stretch around him? Peter lost count of how many times she dropped and lowered on him. Every time though, his cock had been hugged.

Minutes passed, maybe even hours. Peter didn't really tend to the time when he could focus on Emma's body. Focus on molding every one of her sensual, womanly curves into his liking.

"Yes, yes, harder!" Emma yelled. "You're almost done, I can feel it."

She could feel the stress in his mind of holding back. Emma put all of herself into her vaginal muscles and squeezed onto Peter.

"You're a man, you're more than a man!" Emma yelled. "Release that tension, let it go. Shoot it into my slutty pussy! It's hungry for your cum!"

No man could resist Emma Frost for very long, not even a Spider-Man. Peter tightened his grip
around Emma's thighs and slammed deep inside of her body. Her pussy stretched and allowed Peter to gain access to her womb. His thick balls slammed against Emma's wet pussy. Her pussy closed down onto Peter and ensnared him, squeezing him as hard as possible.

"Yes, make me feel really good!" Emma begged him. "Cum in me hard!"

Peter wasn't going to hold back for her, not for a second. His balls clenched and released their seed inside of her wet pussy. His cum splattered her insides. Every single spurt of his balls shot more cum inside of Emma's waiting, gripping pussy.

Emma closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation of Peter filling her up. She enjoyed this thick cum coating the insides of her body. The waves of pleasure continued. Every single inch of Emma's body shook in pure erotic passion.

She rose up from Peter, and watched when his cock, deflecting slightly, left her body.

"Get plenty of rest, and I'll return later for a follow up."

Emma got dressed, and turned around, making sure Peter got a nice, long look at her ass in the short skirt before leaving.

"Looking forward to it."

It turned out Emma needed her tension relieved just as much Peter did hers. And she could not wait to sample his huge cock.

And maybe in a few more positions, over a few more surfaces, just to ensure she got the full Spider-Man experienced. She needed a shower.

Get clean and return in a few hours for more wholesome, dirty, sticky fun.

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End.
Volcana made a long trip to New York, to see a fence about a stolen item. She really hoped the asshole didn't stand her up, or what was worse, was some super-secret government agent who was going to arrest her and make her return to them. Cadmus, honestly, they were backed by the government, and they wanted to weaponize people like her. Claire wasn't that fond of that, so she did what she had to make an honest living.

And given how a nine to five wasn't exactly the best idea for someone who was wanted by the government, she settled for stealing items. She stood, quite a sight to behold. Her flame colored red hair came down passed her ass, and both drew attention away from it. She wore a pair of sun glasses to hide her exotic orange eyes. She wore a tight white top and a pair of black leather pants, with a leather jacket to match.

Claire Selton was hot, and she knew it. She heard someone arrive outside, so the next stop was picking up the case and walking towards the door. She opened it, only to see Spider-Man drop down to the ground in front of her.

"Spider-Man?" Claire asked. "You're the fence? Is the super hero economy really bad in New York?"

"No, no, I'm not the fence," Spider-Man said. "I caught him with some stolen goods, webbed him, and now he's currently sitting in a downtown cell in the New York City Police Department. He said he was meeting you here."

"So, you're here to arrest me," Volcana said.

"You're among the list of SHIELD's most wanted," Spider-Man said. "It would my civic Spider-Man duty to bring you in."

"Look, sweetie, I'll level with you," Volcana said. "I want to have a normal life, have a nice picket fence, a steady job, a husband, and two point five children. Nice, quiet, life, but the problem is, when I started setting things on fire, that was the end of any normal life."

She took a step closer towards her. Spider-Man tried to keep his eyes off of her body, but it was beyond difficult. Volcana was extremely beautiful, alluring, and hot, no pun intended. She was also very dangerous.

"And the government cut my parents a deal, to help me control these powers, and allow me to live a normal life," Volcana said. "They wanted to know how I ticked, what made me powerful. They put me through experiments, and decided to make me one of their top operatives. They had be do some really bad things."

Spider-Man stopped. She sounded sincere, but he didn't know.

"Believe it, or not, the government rarely has the best interests of the people in mind." Volcana said. "If they have a small group of super powered mercenaries at their beck and call, then the United States would have weapons which they can point at any country who gets out of line."

She moved a little bit closer towards Spider-Man. The web slinger could not tear his eyes away from
her curves. She was hot, it was a shame she was a criminal.

Volcana stopped, she noticed Spider-Man struggling not to look at her. And she was beginning to appreciate the way he filled out his tights.

"And you know, they'd tag all of you heroes as well, if they can get away with it," Volcana said. "All it takes is one slip up."

A single hand touched Spider-Man's face. He struggled to pull away, but he could not, he just could not. Volcana had him underneath her spell.

"All it takes is one tiny little slip up to give them the excuse," Volcana said. "SHIELD wants me, I'm sure they do. Fury would love to have a couple of metas on call, wouldn't he? I wouldn't trust Nick Fury as far as I could throw the guy."

Volcana stepped back from Spider-Man.

"I never thought you would be the type of person to do SHIELD's dirty work," Volcana said. "I've read the papers about you. You seemed like more of a loner, a free spirit type. Just like me, only on the other side of the law."

"Fury got me out of trouble, and now I owe him a favor," Spider-Man said.

"Oh, poor Spider," Volcana said, tutting. "You owe Fury absolutely nothing. How much of your problems were caused by a mess SHIELD failed to clean up?"

Spider-Man paused, more than a few. This older woman was trying to get her hooks into him, and while Peter tried to resist, it was very hard not to look at her, to think about what she might be capable of.

"For such a Spider-Man, you're young, I can tell," Volcana said. "You want to see the world at face value, because to lose that trust would shatter it."

Volcana slipped her jacket down and allowed it to fall to the ground. She wore a white tank top with her arms exposed and when she leaned forward, Peter got a very prominent glimpse of her large rack.

"It's been a long time since you've gotten any action, haven't you?" Volcana asked. "Fine, I'll make you deal….if you show me a good time, I'll come along with you, for now, and head up to SHIELD. I'll give Fury a chance to prove me wrong and that will clear whatever favor you owe him."

It wasn't like Fury didn't expect his agents to use whatever means possible, even if Spider-Man was more of an indentured servant than an agent.

"You want me to….."

"Yes, I want you to," Volcana said.

"You're, how old?" Spider-Man asked.

"My, that's very forward, asking a woman her age," Volcana said. "Well, for your information, I'm twenty-seven years old, old enough to no better, and young enough not to really care."

She wrapped her hands around Spider-Man and moved her hand towards his crotch. The woman pressed her heated palm against his member and squeezed it hard.
"My, someone's eager," Volcana said.

"I'm…seventeen," Spider-Man managed, but oddly enough, that did not deter her.

"Well, that's legal in many countries," Volcana said. "Plus, what's a little statutory on top of everything else."

Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man, could not believe this was happening. A very sexy, and very dangerous criminal, ripped his pants off and exposed his cock, which betrayed his need. He had been chasing around the Black Cat for a couple of nights, who teased him, and now, he was very frustrated.

Volcana slowly removed her top to reveal her round breasts to Spider-Man. They looked very tanned with a pair of dark nipples which stood out. She slowly removed her pants as well to reveal she wasn't wearing anything underneath him.

"No hair," Spider-Man managed.

"It burns off every time I get excited," Volcana said. "Thankfully, the hair on my head, it's a bit more durable."

She guided Spider-Man's hands onto her body. It only took a second of encouragement before Spider-Man started to explore Volcana's ample curves on his own accord. The sexy criminal moaned when his tender affections rolled over her hand.

Volcana gripped Spider-Man's large hold pole and pumped it. She didn't need much encouragement to be wet and ready. The moment she saw his hard-on through his pants, she had to have it inside of her. The beautiful woman stroked his large cock.

A sexy, seductive female criminal wrapped her hand around his cock, and stroked Peter. He could feel his balls about ready to be released.

Volcana squeezed the base of his cock. Peter looked at her, his desire of cumming having been stopped cold. Volcana worked her hand down further into the base, and stroked him even more.

"We don't want you to lose it before you're ready to ram it in me," Volcana said. "You must have had a lot of cum stored up….chasing all of the bad guys hasn't given you time for casual fucking, has it?"

Spider-Man closed his eyes and didn't answer her question. All he could do was feeling Volcana's warm hand squeezing around him. She was working him up for a moment. Peter decided to return fire, rubbing his fingers over her body. Her soft, warm skin was like a treat to Peter.

Suddenly, Volcana lead Spider-Man over to the bed by his cock and threw him onto the bed. She crawled between his legs and briefly engulfed Spider-Man's cock between her breasts. His massive rod felt so good smashed between her breasts. Volcana hung up and squeezed his manhood.

The web slinger's eyes closed tight when feeling Volcana's warm chesty pillows shove around his throbbing hard cock. Volcana worked up and down on it.

"You have so much of that cum stored up, sweetie," Volcana said. "Your big cock looks angry, I think it needs a nice, tender kiss."

The sultry redhead kissed the tip of Peter's cock when it disappeared out of her. She pulled herself away from him and then positioned herself on top of him.
The redhead mounted the top of Peter's throbbing hard cock. It came close to entering her body. Volcana's wet walls engulfed Peter's massive cock. She slid all the way down onto Peter's hard cock and then pushed it down into his body.

She bounced up and down on him. The taboo cock of this young stud filled her body. She could not believe he was so young. His hands were very attentive, feeling up her body. Claire didn't have much time for casual sex either, being on the run, and most certainly not with any men.

Spider-Man could handle the heat. She guessed his face had been screwed up in pleasure underneath that mask. Having some respect for his secret, Volcana didn't rip it off.

"Volcana, your pussy, it feels really good!" Peter breathed. "It's like being inside of…"

"Ever stick your dick inside a volcano?" Volcana asked. "Well, it's not nearly as hot, but it feels good, doesn't it? Every single inch of your throbbing meat entering my tight snatch."

She paused and allowed her orgasm. The curtains off to the side sparked with a few flashes of fire. Thankfully, Volcana was able to control her desires to set this entire room on fire between them. She did that before when fingering herself. Thankfully, the pryokinetic had control.

Peter felt her pussy caress him. It took him a moment to remember her ass had been bouncing against him as well. How could he forget? Peter didn't know and he wanted to amend his thoughts, grabbing ahold of Claire's tight, round ass and giving it a squeeze.

"Spider-Man!" she yelled out loud.

Claire slid her walls down onto her target and shoved his rod into her body. She rose up and crashed down onto him several more times.

"It's amazing," Spider-Man.

"I know," Claire said. "Just feel my pussy around you!"

He might have been frustrated for reasons which might not have been very obvious. Damn it though, Volcana was very frustrated as well. She had been on the run for months and months, and now she had the cock of a very amazing young man buried inside of her body.

Spider-Man held onto her hips and shoved her down. Her pussy stretched down around his cock and released. He could feel her, her juices coated the length of his cock.

"You're making it hard to hold back!" Spider-Man yelled.

"Mmm, I don't want you to hold back!" Volcana yelled. "I want you to fuck me, hard, until your balls are drained. I want you to sweat…..I want you to really feel the heat."

It felt like a sauna in here, and Spider-Man deduced it had something to do with that minx of pyromaniac currently riding his throbbing hard cock. Her walls slid down his length, stretching it around him. The beautiful woman shoved her walls down onto Peter's throbbing hard cock, and released it with several pumps.

"Volcana, oh….you're so hot!" Spider-Man yelled.

"Duh," she said with a smile. "And call me Claire!"

He couldn't call her anything due to the fact he was feeling the pleasure course through his body.
Claire's tight walls caressed around his throbbing hard cock. Her warm, tight center stretched down him. Her beautiful body bounced higher and took more of his immense length inside of her. His balls throbbed.

"Not, yet, but soon."

The bouncing beautiful woman drove her walls down around him. She had him melting underneath her, hopefully not literally, but in the figurative sense of the world. Claire engulfed Peter's rock-hard rod between her thighs, making sure it came down inside of her. She rose up and dropped down onto him.

"Yes, baby, I know I'm hot," she breathed. "And I know you'd want to touch me, to cum inside of me, so bad."

Again, her warm juices painted Peter's throbbing manhood. He pushed inside of her. The hot woman lifted up and drove down onto his engorged rod. Her moisture coated his cock with so many of her heavenly juices. Peter thought he was going to burst no sooner than he entered her body.

"So, close," Peter groaned. "I'm getting so close."

"I know you are," Claire said. "I know you am, but you're amazing. You're not going to blow just yet. Not until we've had a little bit more fun."

Eager hands roamed and grabbed every single inch of Claire's flesh. Her breasts received extra attention, those nipples juicy, hard and ready to be pulled on. The sultry redhead dropped down on his throbbing hard rod, bringing him deep inside of her body.

The web slinger never thought he would have such pleasure. His teenage fantasies paled in comparison to the dream riding his cock. Her glowing orange eyes looked down at him. Her hair, the color of fire, flipped down. It was like a temptation to touch it, but Peter did not touch it.

Her hot walls slid all the way down Peter to the base. Claire Selton bottomed herself out on him. She was glad she made this trip to New York. She might not have gotten any money, but she got something else better. An itch scratched, one she didn't even know was this intense. At least until the very moment she shoved herself down onto his cock.

"I'm going to ride you all night," Claire said. "But, I want it!"

"Claire, I want you too," Peter groaned.

"Ah, I didn't get away empty handed tonight," Claire said. "I stole your heart, Spider-Man."

She looked extremely beautiful when driving down onto him. Fire surrounded Claire, but at the same time, didn't touch Spider-Man. She burned hot when driving down onto him. The moist juices excreted from her pussy saturated pretty much every single inch of Peter's engorged, stretching length. He was almost inside of her, very deep inside of her in fact.

Every single time, Claire pushed down on him, she felt warmth. The curtains in the room were now on fire, but she honestly couldn't be bothered to put them out. Her nails dug onto the web slinger's hips and drove down onto him. Her warm walls stretched down onto him.

"You're getting close!" she begged. "So, close, I can't wait for you to cum for me!"

Claire had this young man pinned underneath him. Thanks to the many experiments, she had been left sterile. It was sad, but at least she did not have to worry about being in deeper shit being knocked
up by a love child of a man ten years her junior.

This woman would be the death of him, the glorious, burning death. Her pussy pumped him, and Peter could not hold back any longer. He buried inside her walls, and could feel the strain. Her walls pushed down onto Peter's rock hard cock.

"I'm so close, I don't think I can hold back."

"Don't hold back!" she begged him. "I don't want you to hold back! I want you to cum inside me! Cum inside me as hard as you can! As much as you can!"

Claire drove her hips down onto her lover. She milked him in an attempt to feed his seed directly inside of her. The web slinger held onto him.

His balls finally reached their critical point and shoved himself inside of her. He emptied his balls inside of her, firing his cum inside of her willing body.

The pyrokinetic meta's breathing increased the very second Spider-Man emptied his bounty into her. The soreness forming between her thighs from the pounding made it beyond difficult to walk, not that she ever wanted to walk away from something like this!

"YES!" she screamed at the top of her lungs, scratching Peter's shoulder when driving her heated loins down on his tool. "Fill me up!"

Peter emptied all every last drop of cum he stored up inside of her. He dripped with sweat, but it was worth it to bury his seed inside of such a woman.

Claire rolled back, his seed boiling inside of her. She looked down at the web slinger, a smile crossing her face. She almost collapsed. She grabbed onto the side of the bed.

"Kid, you've got some spunk," Claire said. "In more ways than one….so how about one more for the road?"

She ground against his lap making it very hard for Peter to say now.

"You promise to come quietly?" Peter asked.

"Well, later," Claire said. "But, now, I'm going to cum very loudly."

Peter shook his head, at the play on words, he supposed he set himself up for that one.

'And here I thought was I was the one who was supposed to make with the smart ass quips.'

End.

Next Chapter: 4/19/2017.
The early morning light woke Peter Parker up from a fitful sleep. It took him a couple of minutes before he realized something had restrained him to the bed. And not only did something restrain him to his own bed, but it was his own webbing which restrained him to the bed. How the hell did that happen?

Then, Peter's conscious mind kicked in and he realized, not only was someone sitting on his bed, but someone was sitting on his hips on the bed. It took him a minute to adjust to the sunlight and figure out what was going on.

"Wakey, Wakey, eggs and bakey."

The young man's eyes locked on the woman on the bed. Her face painted, and she wore a black and red leather top with cleavage overpouring and almost sticking in Peter's face when she leaned open. The top came down to show her smooth, toned stomach. Peter noticed she had her hair done in pig tails. She wore a tight black skirt and a pair of fishnet stockings over her legs, although she had removed her boots.

"Harley….Quinn!" Peter yelled.

"Winner, winner, chicken dinner!" Harley cheered. "Yeah, it's me, Harley Quinn, and you're…the Amazing, the Spectacular, the Sensational, Spider-Man….although I don't know your real name, just your face, when I stalked…..I mean, I followed you home last night."

Peter tried to break free. He cursed himself for making this particular batch of webbing too strong.

"So, here's the deal, Spidey," Harley said. "I've been talking with someone you had a little encounter with a couple of weeks ago, I believe you know her, the name's Poison Ivy."

Peter recalled that encounter he had a while back. It had been very surprising. He tried to figure out a way out of here, and it was hard to do with Harley currently grinding her crotch against his pants. The fact he was in bed wearing nothing, but a pair of boxer shorts made him feel very exposed.

"Red, I didn't think she was the type to have fun," Harley said. "Well, we've had fun together, we've had lots of fun together, but you know, with men. You know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know what you mean," Peter said.

"So, anyway, Mistuh J and I, we're kind of on the rocks, and a girl has needs," Harley said.
"Therefore, I decided to take a little trip to New York. You know the city that never sleeps….to get those needs taken care of. And I remember, Pam talked to me about you….about how you were amazing in bedroom as you were swinging on those webs and catching villains."

Harley slid back off of him and grabbed his crotch hard through his pants.

"Oh, why is it always the crazy ones?" Peter asked.

"What?" Harley asked. "Oh, you mean, it's always the crazy ones, giving the best head….and let's face it, we're kinky enough to try anything once."
She ripped his boxer shorts off and Harley had been wowed by the thickness and the length of the cock. She spit on her hand and slowly rubbed it. She could get it bigger. The sexy criminal planted a kiss on the tip of this huge cock which caused it to swell.

"I stole some of Pam's special lipstick, figured she wouldn't mind," Harley said. "No, it's not the kind that can kill you….you got to read those labels carefully….but it's the kind that can….well you know."

Harley gifted Peter with a very uncomfortable erection which stretched to the heavens. The girl's hand wrapped around the base of Peter's cock and she slowly stroked him, making him swell underneath her hand.

"Damn!" Peter groaned.

"Oh, we're just starting with our fun, hon," Harley said with a smile on her face. "I'm going to take that big cock of yours…..suck it dry, and then I'm going to ride it. And if you're lucky…"

Harley maintained her grip with one hand, pumping down on Peter. She reached behind her and slapped herself on the ass.

Peter groaned, this girl was crazy, and so hot, so hot. This was more forbidden fruit than Ivy. He did not even begin to understand the relationship between Harley Quinn and Joker, that was for a crack team of doctors to figure out. All he understood was Harley clutching his balls and then wrapping her lips around his cock. She hungrily slid down to the base, sucking Peter deep inside.

She did not just suck his cock, she practically slurped it like she was trying to get an ice cube through a straw. Harley made sure to keep her hand firmly clasped around these big balls in her hand. They swelled up with so much cum, this was going ot be so good.

"Harley!"

Harley decided to remove her mouth from his cock and go down to take one of his swollen testicles into his mouth and suck on it. The chemicals from the lipstick were taking effect, just as the label stated. And Spider-Man's mighty cock hardened even more.

Hard suction pleasured Peter's balls just as Harley stroked his massive cock. She sucked his left ball and his right ball, sucking on it.

"Suck them, suck them hard," Peter groaned. "They're so full, it hurts really bad."

"Ah, that's too bad," Harley said. "Why don't we see if we can get some of that nasty cum out of them?"

Harley wrapped her lips around the engorged prick of the handsome stuck. It looked painful to have a cock this big and this swollen so she was going to see if she could get some of the cum. The output should be increased, if the chemicals worked as intended.

Two eyes glazed over with Peter wishing he could grab the back of Harley's head and ram his cock into the back of her throat. She looked like a vision sucking his cock down into the back of her throat. Peter rocked inside of Harley's mouth by raising his hips up and down.

She squeezed his balls, very hard. Harley wanted the cum inside of her. Her excitement increased when she bounced up and down, sucking his hard cock.

"I'm close!" Peter groaned. "I'm going to blow."
Excitement increased deep inside of Harley. So much cum would be fired in the back of her throat. She could not wait to get her prize. Harley's hands rested on either side of Peter's thighs the deeper she pushed down into him. Her throat squeezed and released him.

She massaged his balls while sucking on his pole. Peter rammed his hips up to try and get as far back into her throat. Harley did not break her strike. Her lips left more marks on Peter's cock, which might extend even further and deeper. Harley's throat felt very stuffed full of his mighty rod.

Peter was going to blow, there was no question about it. He wished to hang on, but he couldn't. One of the web ropes were starting to give way, along with the building lust and tension of Peter's balls.

He fired and sent his cum deep inside of Harley's face. He rammed deep inside of her face. Her lips prematurely released, and Harley had been splattered in the face with his cum. She yelped in surprise, the volume proved to be even more than average.

Harley dabbed her face, and snuck a look at her face. Half of it had been smeared, her makeup dribbling off of it.

"Aww, you smeared my make up," Harley pouted. "Oh well."

Peter shot a massive load of cock inside of her throat. His balls were still swollen, his cock still hard, and he was still bound for lust. His hands moved and broke the webbing.

Harley jumped back with a yelp. The Web Slinger grabbed her vest and ripped it off to expose her breasts.

"Oh, Spider-Man!" she moaned.

Peter didn't answer, he took ahold of her large breasts and squeezed them hard. He buried his frustration and lust into Harley Quinn's chest. His fingers ran down Harley's flat stomach, while he sucked on her breast. He tugged on her skirt and her fishnets, tearing it.

"You're such an animal!" Harley mewled. "I love it.....I love it!"

There was no answers other than his fingers parting her pussy lips and jamming into her. Her moist sex reacted to the penetration. The very able penetration, with her hips rising up off of the bed and into him.

"You think you can just sneak in here, and tie me up with my own webbing, do you?" Peter asked. "Did you really think there wouldn't be consequences?"

Harley fell back on the bed. His fingers brought her to the edge of an orgasm.

"Oh, I've been a bad girl, Spidey," Harley said. "And you know what happens to bad girls, don't you?"

She went on her hands and knees and showed her ass towards Peter. Those nice, round cheeks were pleasant and Peter could not wait to touch them, to spank them. He raised his hand up and spanked Harley on her ass. She yelped and her thighs clutched together.

"You're such a bad girl," Peter said.

He swatted her ass one more time. The first time was not a fluke, Harley really was getting off on getting spanked. Her heart raced a little bit more. Peter raised his hand and slapped Harley on her ass. He grabbed her with his free hand, tugging on her pull tails.
"Yank on my hair and spank my naughty ass!" Harley yelled. "Oh, I love it, I'm such a bad girl, and you're such an animal, Spidey!"

Peter blistered her ass. Whatever Ivy put in that lipstick, it was causing his inhibitions to fade away. His hand spanked her tight ass several more times, and caused it to grow red.

After a long time spanking Harley, Peter drew his attention towards her dripping slit.

"You made me hard," Peter said. "And I think you can agree there's only one thing which can help me with my hard cock, don't you?"

He tugged on Harley's pigtails and made her moan. Twelve throbbing inches of cock touched against Harley's womanhood. His manhood slid against Harley's wet pussy.

"Do it!" Harley yelled. "Fuck me!"

Spider-Man danced his throbbing cock against the edge of her pussy. Her wet walls opened up, ready and willing to receive. After the glowing review Pamela gave him, and that was something considering Pam's impossible standards regarding men, Harley could not wait to have his thick cock inside of her. His cock penetrated her warm lips on the other side and slowly eased inside of her.

Warm tightness engulfed Peter's hard cock. He took a hold of her hips and shoved more of his manhood inside of her tight body. Harley's walls stretched around him and then Peter pulled almost all the way out of her. He drilled his hard cock inside of her.

"Baby, it feels so good!" Harley moaned.

"Yes, it does," Peter said. "Guess, I'm going to get to ride a Harley tonight."

"Hey, that's my line!" Harley pouted.

"Oh, poor baby," Peter said. "Don't worry, I'm going to make it up to you, real soon. I promise."

Peter held onto her hips and slammed himself into her. Her wet walls fit around his cock very nicely. Peter pushed his hard cock inside of her body. Harley relaxed and tightened around him.

"Baby Jesus on a Canoe!" Harley yelled. "Your cock is so big!"

He chuckled in spite himself at the very unusual declaration. Peter drilled himself deeper inside of Harley's warm body. Her pussy became elastic and stretched his cock deeper inside of her. Peter hammered her body with a few hard thrusts, gaining even more member.

Harley thought she redefined the word "cumming" after her lover bottomed out inside of her. Better than advertised, but leave it to Pam to underplay things given her pride. That hard cock pierced Harley's insides. Every thrust brought her new pleasures. Every thrust lit up her body and caused orgasmic fire to explode through her loins.

"Harder, harder!" Harley yelled at the top of her lungs. "Oh, wreck my pussy! Drill my hot, cunt! Ram your big cock inside of me and wreck my shit!"

Peter smiled at her vocal words. He intended to do just that and even more. His hard balls swelled up when he pushed deep inside of her body. Harley stretched around his hard cock and allowed him to enter her center. Peter almost pulled out of her. The visible reaction he got was nice.

He then attacked her breasts, applying enough pressure on her to make her feel it, without really
hurting her.

"Be rough as you want, baby!" Harley yelled. "No pain, no gain!"

Peter buried himself inside of her. His balls, still very swollen, were about ready to reach optimal conditions for release. He picked up his pace and slammed deep inside of her body.

"I'm going to cum inside you, and it's all your fault," Peter said.

"Yeah, it's my fault, what are you going to do about it?"

Her taunts faded with Peter drilling himself as deep inside of Harley as possible. His large, swollen balls battered her center. She clenched around him, and this spurred his orgasm. Peter picked up a heavier pace and jammed his hard cock inside of her body.

"Something like that, maybe?"

Harley thrilled herself with the first burst of his thick, juicy, cum spilling inside of her body. She held onto the edge of the bed, moaning hungrily when he buried himself into her.

"Yes, something like that, I like it!" Harley yelled. "I really like it. Oh yes, pound me, pound me so hard…I want to be pounded so hard I can barely walk!"

Peter intended to give her more than she could bargain for. His thick prick entered her body. His cum continued to spill inside of her body, splattering against her insides.

He pulled outside of her body. Peter's cock was a bit less swollen, his balls were a bit less full. Harley's pigtails came out, causing her blonde hair to cum down. She turned around, smiling, and jumping on top of Peter, roughing pinning him onto the bed.

Harley had now gotten excited. Her hips rolled down Peter's swollen manhood. The nymphomaniac jester leaned closer and whispered in a sultry, although very bad Russian accent.

"In Soviet Russia, Harley rides you!"

Peter did not have any opportunity to fire a quip off. Her loins pushed down onto his hard cock and stretched around him. Harley's walls stretched around his cock and then she sprang all the way up.

Harley gained a momentum. She had been driven mad with the lust, not that it was a very long trip for her to be driven made. What was a long trip was when she rose all the way up on Peter's cock. Harley slid her slippery walls down onto his hard cock and then pumped them.

The sexy blonde bounced her way down on Peter's hard cock. Peter reached up and grabbed Harley's hips. Her body reacted very nicely towards what he was doing to her. Harley rose up and took her hips all the way down onto him. Each time she rose and fell, his cock had been engulfed in her sexy, gripping warm center. Peter leaned back, groaning as Harley pushed herself down on him.

"Just like that," Harley murmured underneath her breath. "Yeah, just like that."

Peter's balls ached despite having deposited several two very large loads of cum inside of her. He wanted her more. Exploring the curves of this sexy criminal just got him bouncing on his cock. He buried his face inside of her chest, and sucked on them.

Harley panted heavily. She came all the way up and drove herself down onto his throbbing hard cock. Every time it passed inside of her body, it stretched her out a little bit more.
They matched each other's motions. Harley drove her hips all the way down on the humongous prick beneath her and pushed him deeper inside of her. Her eyes flushed over. She bit down on her lip hard with the continuous bouncing. The sexy blonde never once gave up on her actions.

She might be able to feel this one in the morning, well technically later this afternoon given it was morning. Boy, wasn't it worth it though? Harley's walls slid down on Peter and took him deeper inside. Her walls bounced down and took more of his engorged prick inside of her. She could feel him stretch inside of her.

"Getting close."

Harley could feel his cock spread out her thighs. Those balls were ready to go, ready to release. She just needed to give them one more nudge over the edge.

Peter closed his eyes and then felt the energy burst through him. Harley clenched him with her own orgasm. This proved to be the trigger point for Peter's orgasm. He spilled an ample amount of seed inside of her clenching loins. Harley dropped further down on Peter to take his huge cock into her womanly depths. She speared down onto his rod and released him. Peter grabbed her bouncing ass for leverage to bury deeper inside of her.

Every single movement continued when the sticky load of seed entered Harley. Her pussy overflowed with his juices, and hers as well. Harley rode herself raw all the way down the pole of the throbbing hard cock beneath her.

He squeezed her chest which brought her down onto him. Harley finished milking his rod which returned to somewhat normal.

At least for the moment, Harley smiled, the proper stimulation would just start him back up. And despite getting pounded raw, she was horny. She wondered if that lipstick caused any kind of effect on her as well.

"Do you have another round in you?" Harley asked.

"I think I can manage," Peter said.

"Great!" Harley chimed in in a very bubbly voice.

Round three, maybe four, depending on what you counted, but regardless, Harley braced herself, ready to ride one more time.

End.

Next Chapter 4/22/2017.
'It's about time my number got called for one of these shameless smut things. I was beginning to think you were going to spurn me.'

The woman in question pushed a rather surprised Spider-Man. If you were blind in one eye, and you couldn't see out of the other, you would assume she was the native Earth version of Deadpool. She had a couple of differences, a couple of big, round differences which currently had been pushed in the face of Spider-Man. The web slinger had to grab onto her round ass.

Wanda Wilson, Deadpool from an alternate Earth, started out this day attempting to kill Spider-Man. Then they teamed up fight those ninjas, always ninjas, it was never plumbers, it always had to be ninjas. Then, she shoved him against the wall, and started to rip his costume off. She groped his crotch, rubbing her hands down it. She could feel something other than his spider sense tingling, namely his huge cock about ready to rip through his costume.

"I think we're both going to enjoy this," Wanda said.

"Wait, wait, what?" Peter asked. "Just a day ago, you were going to kill me, and now….."

"If I didn't want to fuck you, I wouldn't be in this series," Wanda said. "Plus, as you know the old saying goes, bitches love Spider-Man. And since, I'm a bitch, I got to follow my nature, don't I?"

The female version of Deadpool slowly ripped Spider-Man's pants. He would need a brand new costume, but she didn't care. His boxer shorts came off next revealing his huge cock from her body. She slowly stroked his cock up and down.

Peter could not believe this, but at the same time, he could believe this. She was just as bent as the Deadpool he knew from his native universe, although she had a nice rack and an ass to match. Not only did she have those attributes, but she appeared to be a sex hungry nymphomaniac.

"There's no appearing to about it," Wanda said. "I am a sexy crazy nymphomaniac."

The woman undid the front of her mask and slowly pulled it off. Peter looked towards her face. She had a couple of scars on her face, but they weren't too bad. They weren't as bad as the cancerous tumors like on the face of the Deadpool he knew.

"Well, duh, I'm hot," Lady Deadpool said. "I'm a woman from comic books, it's a law we're supposed to be hot. What else are the fan boys going to fap over?"

Wanda grabbed Peter's junk and squeezed it. The beautiful blonde minx dropped to her knees in front of Peter. His cock throbbed hard and she took it into her mouth fast, and sucked him hard.

Peter held onto the wall when this woman was trying to suck him into submission with her mouth. There were no two ways about it, Wanda Wilson, Lady Deadpool, she lusted after his cock. Peter leaned towards Wanda and touched the back of her head.

'And his cock is so big,' Wanda thought. 'Of course it is, he wouldn't be starring in an anthology of
shameless smut if he doesn't have a big cock. No one wants to read about Micro-Penis Man. That would be a hell of a name for a super hero though.'

Wanda grabbed onto the back of Peter's mouth and sucked his big, juicy, cock into her mouth. She made a very vocal production of sucking Peter off.

Peter held onto the back of her head and worked his length inside of her mouth. His balls were about ready to pop if he was not careful. Wanda squeezed them hard.

"Are you trying to make me…"

Wanda thought her intentions were very obvious. The sexy mercenary wrapped her warm lips around Peter and took him deeper into her throat. She sucked him and felt his balls. She gave them a hard squeeze, and started to milk them hard.

'Cum to Mama,' she thought.

The woman's hands clutched her lover's back and sucked him as hard and fast as she could. Peter leaned into her mouth and hammered her even harder. His fingers threaded into the back of her head when he slammed inside of it.

"Fine, you asked for it," Peter said. "You want to jump me, and start sucking my cock, after almost killing me, you're going to get exactly what you deserve."

Those huge balls slammed against Wanda's chin. She really hoped she would get what she deserved. So much cum was inches away from spilling into the back of her throat. Peter slammed inside of her, those balls about ready to give way and they just did.

Peter launched his seed down the throat of the female mercenary. His hands gripped her hard by the hair and filled her throat with so much overflowing seed. Wanda tilted back, and sucked his cum out of his balls, squeezing them.

"We're not done yet," Wanda said. "This escalates from a blowjob…..then to vaginal….sometimes to anal….time permitting. I think we all know the drill by now."

She further mangled the front of her suit and revealed her nice, round breasts. They were ready to be squeezed and ready for Peter to do whatever he wished to them. She slowly ripped open the front of her pants, revealing she was wearing no panties.

"I never found a use for panties," Wanda said. "They got into the way of getting what I really wanted."

She slowly rubbed her pussy. Her crotch and chest of the uniform were now both torn. Peter's eyes glued on her round breasts and her dripping pussy from the other side of the suit, with the web slinger unable to believe how much he had been ruled by his carnage lust. She was gorgeous, with a body which would make many porn starts burn with envy.

"What part of comic book woman don't you seem to understand?"

Peter held onto her wide hips and shoved her against the wall. Her pussy ground against his cock. It hardened against her dripping wet slit. He was an inch or two away from entering her. Wanda put her hands on the back and pushed him close towards his back.

"Hey, fuck me!" Wanda yelled. "Don't just pause…..put that giant cock inside of my slutty, mercenary pussy, and pound me harder than we stomped those ninjas!"
The web slinger tightened his hands against Wanda's hips and squeezed Peter's manhood. Her wet walls clamped down onto him the second he entered inside of her. Her wet walls were too much, caressing his manhood. The web slinger almost pulled out of her and slid inside of her body.

"Yes," Wanda said. "Drill me hard, honey!"

Wanda's hot walls tightened around Peter. He pulled almost out of her and buried his cock deep inside of her one more time. She grabbed onto his shoulder.

The mercenary's sexy body molded against him, with her legs tightening around him. They threatened to squeeze Spider-Man's waist. Spider-Man pushed his rod inside of her. Her slickness gripped him. Peter pulled out of her and pushed into her.

Each burst of energy coursed through Wanda's hot thighs. Wanda could feel his hands maneuver. They were about ready to hit the promise land, that being her round breasts. Peter held onto them, and gave them a nice squeeze. Wanda's mind lit on fire the second Peter touched them.

"Oh, you know how to make a woman feel her best!" Wanda moaned. "It's why bitches love Spider-Man."

This bitch dripped wet for Peter. He held onto her hips and rammed his hardened rod inside of her body. He kept up the pace, and drilled her into the wall.

Peter nibbled Wanda's round, swollen nipple. He suckled on it, sucking it hard. Wanda's hands grabbed Peter's head and guided them into her rising chest. The heaving breasts connected with the front of his face.

Wanda had been driven to one of the most amazing orgasms. It was spectacular as well, if she had to use the obvious cliché to describe what Spider-Man did to her. The intense sex continued with Peter pushing his hard cock inside her.

Spider-Man held Lady Deadpool's hips and drilled her into the wall. Her gripping pussy held onto him and released him. Her body sized up and released Peter's thick tool with each push. He rammed her into the wall so hard, it was in danger of collapsing. Peter's fingers dug into Wanda's leg when she pumped herself into his rod.

"Careful, we don't want to destroy the fourth wall," Wanda said. "Kind of my thing, but I didn't mean we should do it literally."

She cried out in passion at the word literally. Wanda rammed against the wall. Her hips rose up against the wall and felt the stretch of Peter's massive cock sliding inside of her body. The web slinger tightened his grip and pushed into her. His thick balls slapped her again.

"Happy, we are!" Wanda yelled. "You should know we are, baby!"

Wanda rolled her hips up against Peter's intruding cock. Their loins slapped against each other. Wanda pushed herself against him and reversed the positions in one fluid motion.
Now, the tables had been turned, now Spider-Man pressed up against the wall. Wanda held herself against him tight. Her slick walls wrapped tightly around her lover. His cock intruded deep inside of her pussy, clamping down. He stuck to the wall with his hands.

'God bless stick-em powers,' Wanda thought.

She rode Peter's thick cock against the wall. Every bounce of her ass drew Peter's attention even more. His cock swelled up when Wanda drove herself down onto him. Her tightness slowly milked Peter. He closed his eyes, feeling the pleasure of her very tight pussy.

Then, everything struck Wanda hard. The beautiful blonde shoved her walls down onto Peter's thick cock. She milked him for everything she was worth, but he wasn't completely done. His feet hooked the wall, but his hands reached behind and grabbed her ass, before moving in to cup her breasts. The large wonders bounced up and down on him.

"They belong to you, Spider-Man!" Wanda mewled in his ear. "Take my nice round breasts and molest them. Show me what you can really do to a pair of really round breasts!"

Peter tugged and squeezed at her bouncing breasts. His loins ached the more he penetrated her center. Wanda slowly rose up and slid her walls around his throbbing hard cock. The woman clamped her walls down on his cock.

Time just flew by when feeling this length buried inside of her body. Wanda's continued bouncing drew Peter's throbbing rod inside of her body. The Merc's wet walls clenched around him when she bounced up and down on his lap when he crouched against the wall.

Peter lavished her breasts with more attention while reaching over and grabbing ahold of Wanda's tight ass. She bounced even faster. The beautiful blonde bounced up and down on his throbbing hard cock. His fingers rolled over her body.

"I'm getting close," Peter said.

"You can't resist my body any more," Wanda said. "Cum for me. I HAVE BOOBS, YOU MUST OBEY ME!"

She smacked her breasts into Peter's face. He held onto her breasts and tightened the grip into her. Seconds ticked by and Peter touched her. Wanda's wetness closed around Peter's hardening cock. She rose almost all the way up and dropped down on his manhood.

"No, I can't," Peter said. "I want your body. I want to cum inside of you."

"Do it!" Wanda yelled. "Cum inside my pussy. For the love of Stan, shoot your cum inside of my nice tight pussy. You know you want to!"

Wanda spiked her loins down onto Peter's engorged pole. The stretching and the stickiness continued. Wanda's heart raced even faster when she kept driving her pussy down onto him. His rod slid deeper inside of her body. Peter held onto her tightly, grabbing ahold of her hips.

"Right there, that's a good spot, harder," Wanda moaned. "Oh, harder, Peter. Ram your hard cock inside my nice pussy. I have to feel it! I have to feel you buried inside of me, so much! Oh, right there, please, right there!"

Peter's fingers touched the edge of Wanda's thighs and rocked inside of her. He felt her pussy clench down onto his throbbing hard rod. Wanda rose up and dropped down onto the manhood. She stretched down onto him.
It was coming, whether or not Peter tried to hold back. And why would he hold back? His balls gave way and fired inside of Wanda. The first shots of cum splattered. The insides of Peter's eyelids coated with white when he slid his hard cock inside of her body.

Wanda screamed for the heavens and drove him into her. Her body was getting very tense. He kept drilling inside of her and pumped into her tight body.

"Spider-Man, Spider-Man, cums wherever a Spider-Man can!" she sang when bouncing up and down on his thick cool.

If he wasn't so busy indulging himself in her sweet pussy, Peter would have groaned at the cheesiness of her words. He held on and brought his swollen rod inside of her. It finished emptying inside of her.

Wanda finally slowed down when she felt his cum. She pulled herself off of his hard cock, and then turned around. Her finger's cupped the underside of his chin, slowly rubbing his cock.

She stepped back and added a lubricate to her finger, before shoving it into her asshole from behind. Wanda looked over her shoulder just in time to see Peter staring at her. Wanda drew attention to her tightest, most taboo, hole. Her finger pushed into Wanda's tight asshole, and released it.

"My ass is ready, for your big Spider-Cock!" Wanda said. "Rip me apart, sodomize my big, thick ass with your thick rod!"

Peter pushed against Wanda's backside and felt the warmness of a very tight ass press against him. His cock slid into her lubricated hole with ease, filling her up. His balls rested on her thighs. Wanda was on her hands and knees on the ground.

Wanda prepared to have her anal virginity taken by Spider-Man. She could check that one up off of her bucket list. Twelve inches of prime Peter Parker Penis penetrated her puckered hole.

'I dare you to say that one five times fast,' Wanda thought.

The blonde mercenary squirmed every time Peter drilled his hard rod inside of her. Her asshole stretched around his massive cock. Her ripe, toned body was also available for him. Peter ran his hands over her generous curves, and rubbed her breasts. She gasped in pleasure.

Peter knew he might not last as long as he wanted to, given her tight and how amazing Wanda's ass felt. The female counterpart of Deadpool had been driven into the ground.

"Make me your butt sex slut!" Wanda yelled.

'Hey, they can't all be winners,' she thought. This is shameless porn.'

Peter hammered away, unknowing to the door opening and a figure stepped into the room.

Wade Wilson, better known as the Deadpool of this Earth, stopped, stared, and surveyed the situation around him. He saw Spider-Man fucking his alternate universe, opposite sex, counterpart, drilling her in the ass repeatedly when she screamed for him to pound her harder.

A few seconds passed, and Wade slowly turned himself around and walked out the door without a single word. Cameo achievement unlocked.

"Sweet merciful Stan you're splitting me in half!" Wanda yelled at the top of her lungs. "Those balls are big, why don't you cum inside of my big, thick ass?"
Peter wanted to drill her ass so hard. He wanted to drill it like he was mining for oil. Gripping onto Wanda's ass, Peter reared back and pushed himself into her! His balls ached and he knew the time was up. While here, Peter endeavored to enjoy every square inch of Wanda's ass. He took her in the back passage after and faster. His fingers danced against her waiting core as well.

Wanda collapsed to the ground. Drool, sweat, cum, all of the bodily fluids drained from her body. Peter gave her asshole a workout and pummeled her tight bum.

'How very British of you,' Wanda thought in a haze.

All good things had to come to an end and the tour inside Wanda Wilson's thick ass would have to come to an end sooner rather than later. Peter's thick balls released their bounty inside of Wanda and slowly, but surely spurted inside of her.

Wanda's round ass slapped back with Peter hammering her all the way to the edge. Peter finished emptying his seed inside of her tight ass.

The two lovers shuddered to a stop. Their bodies lined with sweat. Wanda turned around, wincing at how her ass hurt. The healing factor had not quite get in.

"Well, that was fun," Wanda said. "Hopefully my number comes up on the randomizer again sometime soon."

Spider-Man shook his head. He would never understand the inner workings of the mind of anyone with the name Deadpool. Perhaps it was not something the sane should even attempt.

End.

A door leading into Peter Parker's bedroom cracked open an inch. A pair of eyes surveyed the area, carefully observing every single inch of the area. The young girl made sure to enter the room very casually, and extremely carefully, without triggering Peter's spider sense. She pressed against the wall, her breathing light.

The woman dressed in a black leather jacket, a nice white top, and a pair of tight black leather pants. The woman had the enticing Eurasian features which drew many people's attention towards it. She lightly blew one dark hair out of her face. She surveyed her target, a smile crossing her face. She stepped completely into the room and lightly flipped the covers back.

Cassandra Cain looked down at the person on the bed with a light smile crossing over her face. She crossed the room and put her hand on the young man's crotch, slowly rubbing it through his boxer shorts. She tested herself and felt his cock strengthen against his pants.

Peter Parker woke up and saw the attractive and skilled woman standing across from him. He looked towards her, and she just responded with a smile. She climbed on top of Peter, and lightly straddled his hips. She slid off her jacket, to reveal the white tank top she was wearing. The tank top came up to the midriff area and exposed a few scars. Reminder of what she went through to get her training.

"Hey, Cass."

"Hello," Cass said.

Cass preferred her actions to speak louder than words. The skilled warrior leaned in and nibbled Peter on the jaw, lightly nipping him. His hand wrapped around her waist firmly and pulled her in. Cass kissed the young man's lips and he responded by putting a hand on the back of her head.

The deepening kiss caused both of them to mewl against each other. Cass could feel a heat coming from her body, and she knew there was only one thing to fulfill it. She slowly rubbed Peter's manhood through his pants. Her hand slid up to tease his abs and went back down. She looped her thumb and forefinger around the bulge which stuck through Peter's pants.

Peter groaned at the touch coming from his skilled girlfriend. She always tried to sneak in to surprise him. It depended on the night he had. She stimulated all of the nerve centers to give pleasure, just as well as she could stimulate all of the nerve centers to give pain.

Cass pulled away from Peter and allowed him to drop down on the bed. A steamy look, with a bit of mischief, spread through the eyes of the young woman. She leaned closer towards him while squeezing his bulge all of the way. Peter groaned when feeling Cass's warm palm press against his groin.

"Horny?" she asked him.

"Yes," Peter groaned, feeling Cass slowly rubbing her fingers through his pants.

Cass only smiled and slowly moved closer towards him. She could feel his cock growing in his
pants. She knew where it belonged, but not yet. It was all about building the anticipation, making him, and her want it even more. The daughter of Lady Shiva rolled Peter's shorts down and exposed his cock to her.

It was hard, that was good. Cass lightly brushed her finger against the length and caused it to twitch. The woman leaned in and touched her lips to the tip of his cock, feeling it enter her mouth slightly. She smiled when Peter drove a bit of his cock inside of her mouth when his hips jumped up. Peter clutched the side of her head and slowly eased his way inside of her gripping mouth.

"Hot!" Peter groaned.

Cass smiled and tasted his manhood. It tasted really good and it perfectly slipped into her mouth. She made sure Peter shoved himself inside of her tight throat. Her eyes locked onto him when almost pulling away from him. Cass then shifted herself down and sucked his throbbing hard cock hard.

"Mmm!" Peter groaned.

Her sensual ministrations dazed Peter. He grabbed ahold of the back of Cass's hair and guided her mouth down onto him. Her warm throat hole worked deep inside of Cass's hot mouth. Peter grabbed onto the back of her head and guided his throbbing cock slid deep inside of her clenching throat.

Peter clutched onto the back of Cass's head. The beautiful assassin worked his groin muscles with her mouth and hands. He could feel a tingle which did not come from his spider sense. He moved up a bit more off of the bed, rocking inside of her mouth. Peter dropped down onto the bed and filled her up with his cock. Her throat expanded and then Peter pulled completely out of her.

Cass could sense he was getting close, and she was not going to back off, not if she could help it anyway. Her hand clench his balls and could feel how heavy they were. They were full of cum for her and Cass tingled at the thought of drinking down his cum.

She jammed mouth first down onto Peter's swollen manhood. She grabbed him around the hips and sucked him very hard. The warmth of Cass's mouth surrounded Peter's engorged prick, taking him deeper into her mouth with each, agonizing suck.

"CASS!" Peter yelled.

He screamed out her name and it was music to Peter's ears. He slowly shifted his manhood inside of her warm mouth and slapped those balls against her chin. She grabbed the small bit of cock she could not fit inside and stroked it, hard, and fast. The sensations coursing down his loins only encouraged Peter to blow his load even faster.

The first blast had been caught by Cass. She reached down to grab his balls tight and squeeze him hard. Each successive blast fired Peter's load inside of her waiting mouth. The very familiar and amazing taste of seed coated the inside of Cass's mouth. She swallowed his load, a hungry glare in her eyes following when sucking every single last drop of seed down in her mouth.

Peter had been driven breathless by the actions of his girlfriend. She kept sucking him down and draining his cock of all of the seed those balls could hold. He slowly deflated in her mouth, but Cass never once broke her smooth, intense temple. The beautiful assassin's skilled mouth and hands made Peter shudder in erotic passion. His hips came up to connect with Cass's jaw before dropping all the way down onto the bed.

A loud pop followed, and Cass released his thick cock. Her finger slowly rubbed his cock and caused it to spring back up. She licked some of the excess off and smiled.
"Yummy."

The heat surrounding Cass's body ensured she knew what to do next. She slowly put her hands on the inside of her shirt and pulled them up over her head. Her toned, delicious, body had been exposed to Peter. Cass slowly undid her leather pants and shoved them down her legs.

She sat at the edge of the bed, wearing nothing but a black bra which pushed her breasts up nicely and gave Peter a look at her delicious cleavage. The bottom half of her had a pair of black boy cut panties on. Cass looked towards Peter and just flashed him an accommodating smile.

One look from her caused Peter to move against the bed to unravel the rest of his beautiful girlfriend. His kisses caused Cass to whimper underneath. Her body shook up with pleasure.

"You're beautiful," Peter said.

"Thank you," Cass said.

Cassandra Cain closed her eyes and could feel Peter unclip her bra. Her firm breasts came out. Nipples grew hardened from arousal. A small gasp followed from Cass when Peter pinched her nipples and then slowly kissed her body, backing Cass on the bed.

Peter indulged himself in her beautiful body. Each touch drove Cass further to the edge of passion. He ran his fingers down her thighs and stroked her from the other side of her panties. One last push and the barrier would be removed.

A light touch brought Cass's hips up so Peter could yank her panties off, exposing her smooth, bare sex. Her tight lips glistened in the dim moonlight shining through Peter's bedroom. She bit down on her lip and watched when Peter started down her neck, and lavished every inch of her body with worship.

Cass's legs pushed together with Peter slowly making his way down her body. He stopped at her breasts and squeezed them together. He came down to her smooth belly button, glistening in chest. Her body came undone underneath Peter's tender affections.

Peter stroked Cass's thighs and caused her thighs to spread. The young girl underneath him twitched and could feel his mouth getting closer towards her. Peter leaned down and lavished attention on her womanhood. Cass lightly dug her nails into the top of his head to encourage him.

Moans increased every time Peter indulged himself inside of her. His hands worked Cass's thighs while licking her insides. The favor had been returned from earlier. Peter buried his tongue so deep inside of her body, she shifted underneath him.

After a couple of minutes, Cass gripped the top of Peter's head and with good grace, pulled him away from her. She laid back on the bed, thighs invitingly spread.


"As the lady wishes."

Cass smiled and presented herself. Peter crawled on top of Cass and slowly grinded his hardening cock against her dripping wet pussy slit. The woman's hips rose up to meet Peter's massive, cock, and it pushed deeper inside of her body.

As always, Cass enjoyed the feeling of her hero filling her pussy with his throbbing cock. She never felt like she could feel anything like this before. Every last inch of his engorged prick filled Cass's
warm body and she held up, tightening against his cock when it pushed inside of her.

"PETER!" Cass howled out in pleasure.

His name being screamed by that beautiful girl was music to his ears. Her firm thighs slowly crept up to wrap around his waist. Peter felt those beautiful legs, running down them. He looked towards Cass. Hair flipped into her face. Peter gently reached in and brushed the hair out of her face.

"I want to see your face when we're doing this."

Cass nodded and worked her hips up to meet him. His engorged length shoved inside of her and went as far deep inside of her as possible. Cass clutched onto him hard and waited for him to meet her insides. The first orgasm crept up inside of her being and caused a warmth to spread.

Connection with their bodies connecting with each other, with Peter picking himself up and drilling deep inside of her body. Her tight center clenched down on him. Peter buried his length inside of her warm, stretching pussy. Cass dropped down onto the bed and felt him inside of her again.

"Deeper, please!" Cass begged him.

"Of course," Peter drilled deep inside of her body.

Her walls stretched around his large cock and Peter buried himself deeper inside of her. He could feel the warmth of Cass's body dropping and lowering on the bed. Peter clutched her tight and felt her tighten even more inside of her. Now she was really gushing for him.

Peter slowly planted kisses on the side of Cass's neck, and moved down. He came down on her body while kissing her every single inch. His mouth touched her nipple and sucked on it. Cass rolled her hips up, and moaned hotly in his ear when pushing up against him.

Both lovers met each other in the center on the bed. Cass stretched her warm walls around the edge of Peter's engorged cock. He rose up almost out of her and filled her in with a huge push. Cass sunk her nails deep into his back and encouraged him to go deep inside of her.

Peter picked up the pace and slammed inside of her tight body. Her loins tightened around Peter and stretched for him. He slid into her body and stretched her completely out.

The pace quickened and Peter slowly ran his fingers down the back of Cass's lifted leg, while penetrating in her body. He leaned down and to kiss some of the scars down on the back of her leg. She shuddered the second Peter pushed himself inside of her warm body.

She gripped Peter very tightly. Cass's warmth increased with Peter drilling deep inside of her. Those balls slapped against her wet center. The sound of balls smacking against her, flesh smacking against flesh caused Cass to lift off of the bed. Her legs tightened around Peter's body and squeezed her.

Every thrust brought Peter closer towards the edge. His balls started to swell when pushed inside her body. Her tight, firm, sensual body came up. Their skins rubbed against each other with Peter drilling his thick prick inside of her warm and clenching center. Peter slipped deep inside of her body and drilled himself into her.

Again, Cass came and again, she held onto him. She gave light, moans, and lightly kissed Peter on the jaw when he leaned up. He responded by playing with her legs, rubbing the back of them. He knew how much these actions riled Cass up.

The tempo increased and Peter's big balls slapped against Cass's warm body. Her heart skipped a
couple of heavy beats the further Peter brought his large rod inside of her moist, gripping tight center. He rose up from Cass and slipped inside of her with a couple more hard thrusts.

"Closer?" Cass asked.

She could tell by his body language the orgasm was near. Cass could feel one rising up from her being, when the two of them became one with each other. Her hips ground against him.

No matter how much Peter tried to hold back, eventually, the tightening grip of his girlfriend's snug pussy proved to be too much even for someone of his caliber. He kept the pace up, quickening the thrusts. Peter bounced inside of her, feeling her warmness caress his manhood. She gripped him like a tight glove and tugged on him hard.

Cassandra Cain's training to work every single muscle in her body worked him. Her inner muscles stretched against Peter's thick rod and he spilled inside of her body. Peter injected her insides with his cum. Her tight muscles caressed and squeezed him.

Both came simultaneously, with Cass's entire body lit up with pleasure. Peter explored every curve of her body, feeling the sensual, muscular form of her body when it rested against him. She smiled, the second her body shuddered to a stop.

"So, good morning," Peter said.

Cass smiled and waited for Peter to roll over, before she climbed on top of him. Cum dribbled between her thighs and landed in a pool on the sheets. She grinned.

"Very good morning."

The look in Cass's eyes signified she wasn't done. Her warrior spirit only could be matched by her sheer libido. And she gave Peter plenty of reasons to match it.

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End.

Spider-Man's anger reached a boiling point tonight. Gwen and Mary-Jane were both currently in the hospital, with injuries sustained in an attack on the Subway system. The gang war between Doctor Octopus and the Kingpin was getting out of hand, and Spider-Man needed to hit the Kingpin where it hurt, that being at his home. The not so friendly neighborhood Spider-Man made his way to a Penthouse he found out Wilson Fisk had been staying at.

Fisk wiggled out of so many tight spots as of late, but Spider-Man would be damned if he let Fisk maneuver his way out of this one. The Kingpin was going to get toppled tonight.

Daredevil told Spider-Man not to let his emotions get the better of him, they would work together, and take the Kingpin, but Spider-Man could not wait. He saw Gwen and Mary-Jane both in his mind's eye, both of them shaken up in that hospital room. Had they been at a different spot in that Subway, they would have been killed like so many other people were?

Spider-Man made his way through the front room, and he stopped in surprise at a frustrated sigh coming from the bedroom. He peered down just in time to see an attractive dark haired woman, dressed in a bathrobe, with sheer black stockings visible. She held onto a bottle of wine which had been delivered to the table. Spider-Man noticed a crumpled up note on the table.

Vanessa Fisk, the wife of the Kingpin, and Spider-Man thought Fisk had really overachieved in some ways by getting a woman like this. Brilliant, beautiful, and also pretty active in several things in New York, at least according to Felicia, whose mother was old friends with Vanessa Fisk.

"You can come down, Spider-Man," Vanessa said. "I know you're up there."

Brilliant, Spider-Man could not say that more than enough. The web slinger dropped down onto the ground and resembled that one little kid who had his hand caught in the cookie jar. The beautiful woman looked at him with red eyes, although her emotion was calm and indifferent.

"If you're looking for my husband, I'm afraid to tell you he's not here," Vanessa said. "And I wish I knew where he was, on our anniversary."

Oh boy, Spider-Man realized he just stepped into something obvious.

"It's your anniversary?" Spider-Man asked.

"Yes, my husband seems to have forgotten we were supposed to spend the night together," Vanessa said. "He sent one of his flunkies up here an hour ago, saying something came up. I don't know what came up."

"Blowing up a subway to send a message to Doctor Octopus, and harming innocent people seems more important to your husband than his wedding anniversary," Spider-Man said.

Vanessa looked at Spider-Man. He seemed miffed for someone reason, and she could guess why just by looking at the web slinging hero.
"There was someone close to you on that subway, wasn't there? "Vanessa asked solemnly. "Did they…"

"No, they didn't, but it was very close," Spider-Man said. "I'm sorry to come here and tell your husband deserves to rot in jail, but…"

Vanessa rose to her feet and put one hand in Spider-Man's face.

"Wilson was a good man, once upon a time," Vanessa said. "I think he can still be a good man, if he really puts his mind to it. The problem is….instead of doing things the right way, he does things the easy way. I've been close to leaving him a few times….but I just can't bring myself to do so. I think…there's still some hope I'm holding him back from being as bad as he could."

Vanessa turned around for a second.

"I don't know where Wilson is," Vanessa said. "I never know where he is, he just said he was on very important business and he'll let me know when he can be back."

Spider-Man sighed, and he took a step back.

"I know you have your duties," Vanessa said. "But, it's boring sitting in a penthouse suite alone, so I was hoping…..I was hoping you could stick around for a drink?"

"A drink?" Spider-Man asked.

The Kingpin's wife was asking him to stick around for a drink, that was not one of the things he expected. Spider-Man looked towards her for a minute.

"Asking my husband's mortal enemy….well one of them, to stick around for a drink," Vanessa said. "You're legal, right?"

"If you mean I'm of drinking age, then yes, barely," Spider-Man said.

"Oh, good," Vanessa said. She patted on the bed.

Spider-Man would have been pretty dense not to notice the beauty of Vanessa Fisk. She might be on the wrong side of Forty, but Forty was the new thirty, and she looked like she took care of herself. Spider-Man sat down, and his attention drew towards her stocking clad legs. She leaned forward, with the top half of her robe giving Spider-Man a glimpse of something else when she poured drink.

"It's vintage," Vanessa said. "The older the wine is, the better it is, be careful though, it could be a bit strong for virgin drinkers."

He took a drink of wine and sure enough it was strong. Vanessa took a drink, amused by his reaction. She could tell Spider-Man was not exactly that experienced in the ways of drinking, which would make her little scheme a bit more easy to pull off.

"So, is the girl close to you?" Vanessa asked.

"I never said….."

"You didn't need to know, you aren't the first person who demanded by husband's blood after someone close to them being killed or severely injured," Vanessa said. "So, does the Amazing Spider-Man have an Amazing Spider-Woman in his life?"

Was it Peter's imagination or did Vanessa just edge a little bit closer towards him? She did, and her
very warm hand touched his thigh while the other hand casually balanced the wine drink. She tipped the drink into her mouth and took a drink.

"No, not anyone just now…..but there are a couple that I have my eye on and….."

Vanessa smiled when easing up his leg and she brushed her hand against his lap. The woman put the glass of wine down on the table and grabbed the side of his mask before gently pulling it up to just above his nose. She still wanted to maintain the fantasy she indulged herself in.

"Well, it looks like only one of us are committing adultery tonight," she said.

"What?" Peter asked. "Are you….."

Attractive older woman who was into him and wanted him, a fantasy, but the fact she was the wife of a very dangerous man made Peter have a couple of reservations about this entire situation. His brain on the top was in agreement, but his other brain, the one which got many men in trouble, the one a bit further down, was agreeing with the possibility. He caught a scent of Vanessa's vanilla scented perfume and found himself in a daze.

"I'm a lonely woman on my anniversary," Vanessa said. "I have needs, just like anyone else, and if my husband can't fulfill them, then why should I just waste my sexual prime when I can have some young stud?"

Vanessa squeezed his crotch and could feel the bulge in his pants.

"Besides, I saw you looking at my legs, and my chest," Vanessa said. "You can't hide your attractive from me, web slinger. I'm a woman of elegant tastes and I get whatever I want."

Her soft lips pressed against the side of Peter's neck and kissed him. Vanessa's nails brushed the side of his head, and she sucked the side of his neck, leaving a mark on it.

"And what I want is you," Vanessa said. "And I know you want me."

Peter looked up, this MILF was going to have him, whether he had any protests or not. And to be perfectly honest, he did not. Despite how dangerous this was, and how the Kingpin would kill him even worse than he wanted to kill him ow, Peter could not help but be excited. What was it about danger which was so exciting?

"I knew you'd be up for it."

Vanessa winked at those words and pulled down Spider-Man's cock.

"Mommy likes," she said.

The beautiful MILF gripped Peter's throbbing hard cock and squeezed it hard. Peter groaned at the sensations of her hand caressing his manhood. Her hand brushed all the way down to the base and then jerked him completely to full length. She looked at his throbbing hard cock.

"Mrs. Fisk, I don't think we should do this," Peter managed.

"Oh, we shouldn't be," Vanessa said. "We really shouldn't be doing this. But, it's Wilson's fault, we're doing this. If he wasn't so involved in his criminal operations, I wouldn't be alone, and if he didn't attack that subway, we wouldn't be here tonight."

Vanessa's red lips kissed Peter's cock head and left a mark. She slowly stroked his cock and made
sure it rose even more. The gorgeous woman's hand tightened around him. Every stroke brought the manhood of the web slinger further up and swelled it more into prominence.

"So, in a way, he brought us together," Vanessa said. "And there's no sweeter revenge than fucking the man's wife who wronged you. Especially when she wants you as well!"

Peter realized Vanessa had a devious streak in her. The way she teased his cock proved about that much. She pumped him and occasionally sucked him.

"Letting this big cock go to waste would be a shame as well," Vanessa said. "I can't wait to have it in my pussy, pumping all of your cum in me. I bet these big balls can swing up, can't they?"

Vanessa clenched his balls and gave them another squeeze. Peter groaned when feeling her warm hand pressed against the underside of his balls. She worked them over nicely and made Peter feel really good. The beautiful woman was going to have her way with the web slinger, one way or another.

"I like how you react to my hand," Vanessa said. "Do you like my hand clutching your balls like that? Squeezing them hard? Do you like it, Spider-Man?"

"Yes!" Spider-Man yelled.

"Well, I've got something I think you'll like even more."

Vanessa stepped back from Spider-Man and ensured the younger man's eyes were on her fully. She took the bathrobe and dropped it down onto the ground. The web slinger's eyes flashed towards Vanessa's body and drank in her beautiful body. She wore a lacy black see through corset which made her ample breasts look even more so. The material parted to show her flat toned stomach. A lacy black thong, stockings, and a garter belt showed Peter how beautiful she was.

The beautiful wife of New York's most notorious crime boss crawled on the bed, in front of Spider-Man. She pulled up the top half of his outfit, leaving only his mask. She slowly rubbed her hands down his muscular chest, while grinding her panty clothed crotch.

Frustration hit Peter very hard, and his cock tried to break through her panties. Vanessa stared at him with a smile when rolling her hips back.

"You want my pussy, don't you?" Vanessa asked. "Well, soon enough, Spider-Man!"

She pulled the corset down and caused Peter's eyes to lock onto her large breasts. They were round and large, marvelous for Vanessa's age. She kept herself in very good shape, her toned, tanned body being the obvious sigh of that.

"Touch them," Vanessa said.

"Mrs. Fisk, your breasts feel so good," Peter said. "They're so nice, I can squeeze them all day long."

"Mommy knows why you like," Vanessa said, puckering her lips. "Why don't you put your face in between those nice big breasts and suck on them?"

Vanessa watched when this young man dove into her breasts with a passion she had not felt in a long time. She had gone into a bit of a dry spell and pleasure had been less and less the more her husband got involved in the underworld scene of New York city.

"Suck on my big round titties!" Vanessa yelled. "Oh, your hands only can't stick to walls! It feels so
good, I'm so wet, and so hot for you, Spider-Man! And you're hard, thinking about how you're going to fuck the Kingpin's hot wife!"

A brief pause of Peter sucking on Vanessa's round orbs, before he pulled away from her. Vanessa stepped back and wrapped her hand around his cock. She pumped him for a long minute very slowly, before then giving him an extremely fast and passionate hand job. His cock jumped in her hand.

"No, no, no, no premature web-shooting today," Vanessa said with a smile.

"I want to cum on your face so badly."

"Mmm, I know baby," Vanessa said, kissing on his cock. "Mommy understands what you want, but what Mommy wants is a big hard cock inside of her, splitting her in half. I want your cock, all of your cum. It would feel good, planted inside of my womb. Would you like that, Spidey? Knocking up the Kingpin's wife?"

Spider-Man groaned at the thought, wondering if she was being serious or if she was just fucking with him. The handjob started up once again and then Vanessa pulled back from him.

Vanessa reached down and slipped her panties off. She threw them on Spider-Man's face, making sure he got a good taste of the arousal which stained them. The MILF goddess climbed atop of Spider-Man and mounted his thick, throbbing cock. It touched her inner lips and demanded penetration. It was so close to entering her, Vanessa could feel it and she was very excited about it.

"No, no more teasing," Peter said.

The beautiful woman ground herself against his erect cock. Spider-Man held onto Vanessa's hips and dragged her warm core against the edge of his cock. The cock throbbed and came within a few inches of slipping inside of her. Vanessa slipped almost all the way down onto a man at least twenty years her junior and engulfed him lips first around his throbbing hard cock.

Peter could not believe it, she was so tight, despite being a mother. Then again, it had been a long time since she had gotten any by how much she went after his cock. And now she was trying to drive more of his thick, juicy cock into her warm sheath. Vanessa hugged him with her hips. All Peter could do was rolling his fingers down her stocking clad legs.

"Mmm!" Vanessa moaned.

This throbbing manhood filled up the beautiful woman and stretched her all the way to the end. It had been way too long since she had an orgasm with another cock inside of her, and she missed the feeling of it stretching out her body. Her underused pussy was being brought to the edge.

Spider-Man's feelings of lust increased when this MILF goddess brought her hips down onto the point of his cock and slammed herself deep down onto him. Her body stretching down onto him and filling herself up with his cock was good. He did not want to waste the moment to work on every single curve she had. She was the perfect woman, large breasts, a toned body, shapely hips, and long legs, legs which squeezed Spider-Man's hips when she brought herself onto him.

And one could not forget that slick pussy which drove Spider-Man deep inside of her. He could feel a tension feeling towards her.

Both indulged in each other, it had been a frustrating night. Vanessa intended to ride Spider-Man for as long as he could go, or maybe as long as she could at this rate. Spider-Man showed a surprising amount of stamina.
'Guess it has to do with his super human abilities,' Vanessa thought.

Her mind lost track of exactly how much time ticked by. Vanessa smiled when realizing she had gotten more than enough satisfaction tonight. She burned years of sexual frustration, and just plain frustration in general, into one gentleman underneath her.

"Thank you for this, Spider-Man," Vanessa said. "I know it's wrong, but aren't you supposed to save people in need?"

Vanessa leaned down and gave him a sloppy kiss, sucking on his lips and invading his mouth with her tongue. Spider-Man's tonsils were getting fucked by the tongue of the older woman, who felt a sexual fire burn through her the likes of which had never been seen before.

"And I'm in need," Vanessa said.

One could not argue with that. Time ticked by on the clock and Spider-Man could feel her body rise and fall on top of him. Her loins stretched around his hard cock and filled him completely up. Peter groaned the very second Vanessa drilled herself down onto him.

"Yes, you are," Peter managed.

So hot, so tight, and Peter was so close. He wondered if he should pull out, but Vanessa gripped him tightly, squeezed him.

"No worries," Vanessa said, lightly brushing her fingernails against him. "It's safe to cum inside me."

Her pregnancy with Richard had been such a high risk one, she had to get herself fixed not to have any more children. It was a pity, but Vanessa still indulged herself in the fantasy of being knocked up by Spider-Man, even if she had to alleviate his fears so much.

Groaning, Spider-Man pushed inside of her. One more orgasm proved to be the powder keg and he spilled his seed inside of the wife of the Kingpin. His balls drained as Vanessa dropped down onto him and sucked every single drop of seed out of him.

The end came, the dust cleared. Vanessa smiled, and wrapped her arms around Spider-Man, laying on top of him. Her fingers lightly brushed against his chest. The phone on the side of the table started ringing, thus killing the moment. It was now in the early morning hours.

Vanessa saw it was her husband.

"I better answer this," Vanessa said.

The last thing she needed was Wilson sending someone up here. She detached herself away from Spider-Man.

"Vanessa, I'm sorry, for not joining you for our anniversary last night," Wilson said. "Matters of business have come up, and they needed to be attended to."

"Of course, I understand," Vanessa said in a solemn voice. "Will you be joining me for breakfast?"

"I actually will be gone for a couple more days," Wilson said. "I will make it up to you."

"It's fine," Vanessa said. "I kept myself entertained while you were gone."

"You're the adaptable sort," Wilson said. "Have a nice day…I need to get back to work."
"Talk to you later," Vanessa said.

Vanessa put down the phone and turned towards Spider-Man on the bed. Conflict appeared on Vanessa's face.

"Should I go?"

"Stay for breakfast," Vanessa said. "And maybe dessert."

"Are you sure we really want to do this?" Spider-Man asked. "This is a slippery slope."

"One more time, then I swear we'll part ways," Vanessa said.

Spider-Man could not say no to a woman in need even if a part of him realized Vanessa was used to manipulating people with far more life experience than he had to get what she wanted.

'What have I gotten myself into?'

End.

Cram Session (MJ and Liz)

Cram Session (Mary-Jane Watson and Liz Allan)

Peter Parker grabbed the back of the red hair of Mary-Jane Watson, who kneeled before him. Her warm mouth wrapped around his throbbing hard cock when she sucked him hard. Peter groaned at the ministrations coming from his neighbor, who had dropped down to her knees and worshipped his endowment.

Pressed off to the side, was Liz Allan, who leaned her neck back. Peter accessed the neck and the breasts of the Latina Cheerleader the best she could. Her moans, grew with every lasting passion. Peter slowly rolled his hands underneath her mounds and could feel his skirt sliding up.

"That's right, suck him!" Liz moaned. "Oh, Pete, right there, that's the best spot….you know all of my…..OOOOH!"

There was no two questions about it, Peter slid a couple of fingers inside of Liz's wet pussy. She stopped wearing panties to their study sessions, because quite frankly, she thought there was no need to ruin a practically good pair of panties. She sat there when Peter helped her through whatever homework she needed help on, with Peter trying not to stare underneath that skirt which seemed to get shorter every day.

Liz felt naughty watching Peter's fingers enter the inside of her, just as Mary-Jane went down on his cock. She knew the redhead was good at taking a cock down her throat. Just as good as Peter was at stretching her pussy out with his fingers. In and out jammed Peter's fingers and it filled Liz with nothing but the best of pleasure. Her hips slowly rolled up to meet him.

"Yes, Petey, it feels good!" she moaned at the top of lungs.

It all started with Mary-Jane coming over to return something her Aunt Anna borrowed from Peter's Aunt May. She caught Peter and Liz in the middle of a very intense cram session. Namely, Peter cramming his hard cock down Liz's tight throat and fucking it for everything it was worth. Mary-Jane froze, not knowing what to do, and she felt very aroused.

And then when she got one thing lead to another, and all of those things lead to Peter's cock slammed into her mouth. Liz looked at her with a devious look. The sexy redhead was determined to show the Cheerleader how to worship Peter's god. She pushed her hands underneath his balls and stroked them.

"Jesus, MJ," Peter said. "I always dreamed of this."

Mary-Jane would be lying if she didn't as well. She looked very flushed. Her red nails dug into Peter's thighs and she moved up to rake his balls. She could feel his cock getting closer, closer, closer to reaching the edge. A threesome was not something she expected to enter just by returning a covered dish.

But, boy was she glad she went on an errand for her Aunt Anna. She was getting something in return, namely Peter's cum firing into the back of her throat. Peter released Liz to lock onto her head.

Mary-Jane looked up with him, eyes blazing and mouth stuffed full of his huge cock. Peter picked up a steadier pace and emptied his balls into her mouth. To her credit, the redhead refused to waver from her goal. Peter gave her his cock and she would suck his cock all the way to the edge.
"She's really good," Peter groaned.

"Yes, she is."

Liz rolled onto the couch and offered Mary-Jane a hand. She pulled her classmate to a feet and leaned in.

It seemed obvious Liz was more than comfortable with kissing another girl. Then again, she was a cheerleader. What went on in the cheerleader lockerroom stayed in the lockerroom, or something like that.

Liz undid Mary-Jane's top and pulled it off. She dressed in an elegant red bra which matched her hair. Liz pushed her hair out of face and then kissed her, before moving down to kiss the side of Mary-Jane's neck.

The redhead moaned. Liz's grabby hands clutched her ass and slowly worked her jeans off to make sure she was wearing nothing other than a red thong and a matching bra. Liz slowly grabbed the string in Mary-Jane's backside and snapped it back which caused her to jump.

Peter observed the situation. It was so hot, and Liz guided Mary-Jane down to the couch. She still dressed in her skirt which flipped up and crawled between Mary-Jane's legs. Liz pulled off the sexy redhead's panties.

"So, is it true what they say about redheads?" Liz asked. "Are you going to scream loud enough to wake the dead when I eat your pussy?"

Mary-Jane gasped when feeling Liz's tongue dance on the edge of her lips. The fiery Latina cheerleader dropped down and captured Mary-Jane's lips with hers, and released on them. Mary-Jane tried to show restraint, but it was becoming increasingly hard.

Liz smiled when tasting the redhead's pussy. She could also feel a pair of strong hands roll her skirt up and expose her sopping wet womanhood. Liz decided to give Peter a bit of help, by spreading her legs and inviting him in between her thighs.

He had to do it. Peter needed to get inside of Liz and drill her from behind. Her moist lips spread for him and her pussy was so inviting. Peter grabbed ahold of her and aimed his re-hardened cock, it shoving into her tight vice from behind. He closed his eyes and pulled back from her before pushing himself back inside of her tight body.

So close, Mary-Jane was so close to having one of the best orgasms in her life. Granted, many of them had been self-inflicted, but still, it was amazing. Liz really showed her amazing skills, her oral talents. She was really passionate and her passion increased.

Peter picked up a steadier pace and pushed himself into Liz's body. He could feel the warmth surrounding his cock. No wasted movement, even few wasted words. Peter Parker settled with taking his immense cock inside of Liz and burying it as far inside of her as possible. Liz stretched far and then Peter pulled completely out of her. His balls slapped her on the side of her thighs.

Liz mentally thanked herself for how she kept herself in shape. She would not be prepared for what Peter Parker hid in the depths of his pants otherwise. He stretched her completely out.

"Oh, every time you slam into her, you make her moan harder, and it feels so good," Mary-Jane said. "Harder, fuck her harder her. Make her really feel the burn."

"Well, you heard the lady, Liz," Peter said. "No pain, no gain."
He stuck Liz with his immense cock, shoving it inside of her warm depths. Liz slowly tightened around his hard cock and released it a couple of times. Her pussy stretched and then snapped back like an elastic band to squeeze him. Peter tried to push as much of himself into her. Liz arched herself up, while eating Mary-Jane out.

Mary-Jane's knuckles whitened when clutching onto the side of the couch. Her hips rose up off of the bed, and slipped to meet Liz's tongue. Liz licked her pussy with practiced ease.

"Show some spirit, girl!" Mary-Jane said. "Really lick my pussy, make it feel really good and wet for Peter later!"

Oh, the redhead tart didn't think she had spirit, did she?" Liz dug her fingernails into Mary-Jane's hips and buried her face into the girl's thighs with as much vigor as Peter did burying his cock inside of her body. Peter slowly pushed his rod inside of her. Her clenching walls hooked onto him.

Peter thought he was going to lose in the deeper he went inside of Liz. He tried to dial it back, but it was too much. Her pussy was just too much. It gushed and squeezed its way around Peter's intruding rod. He picked up a steadier pace and stuck his rod deeper inside of her.

All three parties could feel the pleasure coming from their lustful interplay with each other. Liz made Mary-Jane cum very hard first on the bed. Mary-Jane's warm thighs were coated with juices, which Liz licked clean as much as she could.

Peter grabbed Liz around the waist and rammed his thick cock inside of the cheerleader's welcoming snatch as hard and fast as he could dare. His rod ached, and he knew he was getting close. Liz stretched her walls around him.

"Petey!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

Her sensual moaning made Peter just pick up the pace even more. His cock strained and stretched. He pushed deep inside of Liz and rocked her body. One of her breasts hung within his grasp like ripe fruit on the vine. Peter held onto her round, juicy melon and squeezed it.

The reaction coming from Liz was very intense. He slid his cock into her depths and almost pulled all the way out of her. His throbbing balls slapped against her loins when stretching it.

"You did this to me, you minx," Peter said.

"Mmm, what are you going to do about it, Petey?" Liz asked. "Are you going to cum for me?"

Peter slid his thick manhood deep inside of Liz's welcoming pussy. She clutched him and released him. The pumping from Liz and her miniature orgasms continued up until the point where Peter lost it. And he lost it big time, shoving his manhood inside of her and releasing his seed inside of her welcoming canal.

Twelve inches of throbbing hard meat shoved its way inside of Liz's body and stretched her out. The contents from his balls started to fire their seed and bring every single last drop of cum inside of Liz's tightening loins. She squeezed and milked Peter completely. His thick balls released their load inside of her.

Several pushes inside of her body, and Peter drained the contents of his balls inside of her tight pussy. She squeezed and released him with a couple of intense pushes. He pulled away from Liz and smiled.

Liz rolled away in a daze, her pussy filled with so much of Peter's cum. She looked up and saw a
diabolical smile on the face of Mary-Jane Watson. Mary-Jane crawled on top of Liz, and then slowly rubbed her fingers all over the dazed cheerleader's body.

She was not passing this one up, not by a longshot. Mary-Jane spent some time indulging herself in every square inch of Liz's lower body and stopped between her thighs. She grabbed ahold of Liz's thighs and slowly sucked the cum from between her legs.

"Damn, Red!" Liz yelled at the top of her lungs.

The passionate sucking made Liz tingle all over. Her loins were getting a work out, not that they didn't get a workout before. Mary-Jane was finishing the job Peter started in giving her a trip to coma town.

Slowly, Mary-Jane turned around and locked eyes onto Peter. She dropped the last article of clothing, her bra. Peter's eyes locked onto her round breasts and juicy nipples. She stuck her chest out, giving Peter an encouraging smile. Peter leaned closer towards Mary-Jane and took her round chest in hand. He squeezed her orbs tightly and this resulted in Mary-Jane closing her eyes.

"Again, squeeze them!" Mary-Jane breathed. "They all belong to you, Tiger."

Peter's fingers looped around Mary-Jane's nipples. He took one of the tasty buds in his mouth and sucked on it. The redhead reached over and took Peter's cock. She collected some of the cum on her fingers, and used it as lubricate.

Looking up, Peter saw Mary-Jane slip the cum stained fingers into her mouth and suck them. Those lips were very talented.

"I want you, now," Mary-Jane said.

Peter thought the feeling was mutual. The redhead moved back to the other side of the couch. She spread her legs which dripped with an insane amount of arousal. Peter looked over towards her inviting him. Mary-Jane gave a very compelling argument for him to take the plunge in more ways than one.

"Go for it," Mary-Jane told him in her most sultry tone of voice. "Face it, Tiger, you just hit the Jackpot."

That particular declaration encouraged Peter to position himself between her thighs. Mary-Jane stretched herself out for Peter and accepted his huge length in between her thighs. Gasping, Mary-Jane fell back onto the bed. Her heart sped up at the sensation of this long, hard cock penetrating her insides.

"Yes, I have!" Peter yelled. "And so have you!"

MJ snickered the moment Peter rolled his hips against hers and penetrated her tight pussy. Her walls stretched to accommodate him. She was not most certainly arguing him. She could feel the massive prick stretch her body.

Liz watched at the end of the couch, in a daze. She would have her turn sooner or later, but she preferred to be a third party observer to Peter's cram session with Mary-Jane. And it was a very tight cram session by the looks of things. Liz closed her eyes, and slowly teased her lips. She rubbed her thighs for several minutes before bringing the evidence of her arousal up to her lips and suckling her fingers.

Meanwhile, at the end of the couch, Peter sunk his throbbing pole in between Mary-Jane's thighs. He
amused himself by the fact she practically gobbled him up.

"You feel so nice," Peter said. "I can touch this body all day and all night....."

"Do it, touch me, make me feel everything!" Mary-Jane yelled at the top of her lungs.

Her hands lightly raked his back. She knew he could take a little pain given his enhanced durability. It was purely by accident she saw him swing out the window that one night, but he didn't know she knew. At least, he didn't know right yet.

Mary-Jane worked her hips up and met Peter's intrusion. His thick manhood stretched her walls inside and pumped him inside of her.

"Be careful what you wish for, Red," Peter said.

Her nipples begged for attention and Peter devoured her flesh. He left his mark on her right breast. Those tantalizing legs should not be neglected either. He slowly rubbed his hands down either side of her. Her chest rising and falling though demanded most of attention, his interest, and his groping.

Mary-Jane enjoyed being stuffed full of everything. To think, she was just going to have a boring night tonight. Now, things had picked up and in hurry, entering a threesome with not only her crush, but also the beautiful Liz Allan. Who, if Mary-Jane was telling the truth, she kind of had a bit of a crush on as well. She could go both ways, so to speak.

Every penetration inside of her slick loins made Mary-Jane thankful for this moment. And thankful for the fact she didn't slip out of there when she had a chance. Otherwise, she would have not had a chance for Peter to slip inside of her all of the way.

"She's really something, isn't she?" Liz asked.

"Yes, she is," Peter said. "I think expanding these sessions to group activities is a fruitful...endeavor."

"I agree."

Mary-Jane would have concurred as well had she not been screaming her head off. She wondered how insane Liz and Peter would go. She could think of one possible candidate who would enjoy being part of these sessions, with the right amount of encouragement.

All she needed was one little nudge. Peter pushed his rod into her and gave Mary-Jane that one particular nudge to drive her over the edge. She slid up off of the bed and engulfed him inside of her tightening body. Mary-Jane gripped him and released him each time.

"Getting close?" Mary-Jane asked.

"Almost there," Peter groaned.

He held off on his orgasm until Mary-Jane finished cumming. Her wet walls clamped down on him and made it hard for Peter to hold back. Why would anyone want to hold back in the face of such a nice, warm center? He did not know, and he just had to cum inside of her. Her body craved his seed as well.

"Yes, yes, mmm, yes," Mary-Jane breathed lustfully.

"YES!"
Liz came as well, and Peter followed shortly. He fired his cum inside of her body. A flood of seed filled up Mary-Jane's gripping loins.

Mary-Jane contracted her walls around Peter's hard cock. Damn, he really had a lot in those balls, despite losing two loads tonight. Something to do with organic webbing, maybe, okay, that joke was too cheesy even for MJ.

Peter finished releasing the cum inside of her body and pulled completely out of her. He left Mary-Jane laid out on the couch. Her mouth hung open with drool coming out of it, and an obscene amount of cum dripped from her overstuffed pussy.

"Okay?" Peter asked.

"Just…give me a minute…”

A knock on the door brought them all out of the moment.

"Pete? Are you there?" Gwen asked from the other side of the door.

Liz and Mary-Jane locked eyes and gave knowing smiles to each other.

End.

Pain racked Peter Parker one more time. The latest fight with the Spider Slayers, and this new and improved model, had caused him a lot of pain, blues, and agony. Those damn Smythes never knew when to let it go. Spencer caused him problems for years and years, and now Alistair took on his father's legacy, while also having himself upgraded to some kind of Spider Slayer Terminator style thing.

It was currently over, with Peter with more of his fair share of burns, bruises, and just swelling in general. He found himself on the operating table at a lab. His spider suit current rested in a basket, torn to shreds.

The door opened up, and an attractive woman with blue eyes, dark brown hair with two blonde streaks going through it, wearing a lab coat entered the room. Caitlin Snow surveyed Peter with a frown, and saw her boyfriend/patient was in a state.

She received the name Killer Frost before she made the transition from villain to anti-Hero. Peter managed to help her regulate her powers, at least so she could live a mostly normal life. And she was mostly normal with Peter. He was just a kind of guy which inspired a person to do better.

"Well, Mr. Parker, you've been through the ringer today, haven't you? "Caitlin asked. "As your doctor, it's my personal recommendation not to block shots with your face."

"Very fun, Cait," Peter said.

Caitlin gave him a look and she walked over towards him with a smile. She put her cold finger lightly on his chest and drew it down. Peter shivered. Caitlin leaned over and whispered in her.

"When, we're role playing, it's Doctor Snow," Caitlin said. "Just a friendly reminder."

"And when we are in costume, its Spider-Man and Killer Frost."

Caitlin smiled, she enjoyed playing the bad girl who needed to be punished by the super hero. It caused her a sense of naughtiness, which her suppressed pre-Killer Frost self would waffle it. She had been a lot more liberated than she was before the accident which turned her into Killer Frost.

"So, Doctor Snow, is it bad?" Peter asked.

"Yes, Mr. Parker, although it could be worse," Caitlin said. "The swelling can go down, with the proper application of cold."

Caitlin placed her hands on either side of Peter's face and lightly touched him. She was careful not to apply too much cold, she didn't want to give Peter frost bite after all. It took her a long time to become comfortable of doing this, and she got excited when she moved her hands down Peter's.

"Oh, you have a fat lip as well," Caitlin said. "Well, I'll take care of that as well."

She slowly leaned forward and her lips touched Peter's with hers. Peter reached in and threaded his fingers gently through the back of her hair. He kissed the beautiful woman hard on the lips.
The two lovers kissed each other, with Caitlin's hands lightly stroking the back of Peter's hair. Peter indulged himself in the mouth of the beautiful and brilliant woman. She struggled not to straddle his lap. Instead, she kept a more professional distance.

Her lips tasted of minty ice cream, and Peter had to be careful not to get a brain freeze off of one of her kisses. Caitlin pulled herself away from him.

"It's getting a little hot in here, isn't it?"

Peter could hardly avoid laughing at the irony. Caitlin slowly dropped the lab coat onto the ground. She mostly certainly did not wear standard issue attire for a lab. The tight blouse had a few buttons open and Peter could see she was not wearing a bra. Her nipples shamelessly stuck out.

His attention had been drawn to her skirt, which rode up to just slightly beneath her thighs. Her stocking clad legs drew even more attention towards them. Peter throbbed extremely hard at the thought of the treasure underneath, and he wondered whether or not she even bothered to wear panties as well.

"Focus, Mr. Parker."

Caitlin crawled on top of Peter, pushing him back on the lab table. Now, she was on top of Peter, while he was wearing nothing other than a pair of boxing shorts. The woman slowly kissed Peter's neck, and then made his way down his chest. She planted a few intense kisses on him, slowly worshiping his body like she thought it deserved to be worshipped.

Her hands pinned his back so it did not roam. Peter knew he would have his chance when she was done teasing him. Her body rubbing against his, that blouse about ready to pop open further, that skirt coming close to looking more like a belt, all of these sensations created a swelling deep within Peter's boxer shorts.

"Well, this was unforeseen," Caitlin said. "It appears the swelling has also spread to your groin area. It will need treatment as well."

Caitlin pulled down his boxer shorts and Peter's throbbing cock sprang out. The scientist's blue eyes locked onto the throbbing manhood beneath her. She ensnared his cock with her hand and slowly ground her palm down across it. She leaned in and kissed it.

The paradox of Caitlin Snow's mouth, being both cool and hot at the same time, drove Peter nuts. She lightly touched his cock with her hips and took her into her mouth. His cock twitched and entered between the succulent lips of the transformed scientist.

"Doctor Snow!" Peter groaned.

Caitlin continuously bobbed herself up and down on Peter's engorged rod. She sucked him deep into her mouth, taking him deep inside of her mouth with a couple more long sucks. She enjoyed tasting the warmth coming from his rod, but what she liked more was his warm seed.

She grabbed him by the balls, and Peter groaned. He could feel his pleasure increasing every single action. Caitlin worked his rod inside of her mouth.

"I think it's just making it more swollen," Peter groaned.

Caitlin pulled away and surveyed her handiwork. She studied Peter's cock, putting her hand underneath her chin. She acted in a scholarly manner when looking over every throbbing veiny inch. It just made Peter harder for reasons which he could not figure out.
"Yes, it appears the swelling has gone up," Caitlin said. "We're going to have to take more drastic actions."

She started to unbutton her blouse during these words and dropped it to the ground. Peter's eyes zeroed in on her round, creamy tits, with nipples sticking out. Caitlin took Peter's balls in her hand and squeezed them. He shuddered when she bent down.

For some reason, gaining super powers also meant that she went up a couple of bra sizes, Caitlin wanted to study that little quirk in depth, and compare notes with other women who gained super powers. But, there never seemed to be enough time in the day. She pushed her breasts around Peter's rod and encased him inside of her tit flesh.

The feeling of his cock buried inside of Caitlin's creamy orbs resulted in something other than Peter's spider sense tingling. He pushed his cock deeper in between her round breasts. Every single square inch of her breasts rubbed against Peter's hard cock.

"Doctor Snow, I think this might cause the swelling to go down!"

"Maybe, it will," Caitlin said. "The continuously application of cold normally does. I just needed to cover a larger surface."

Those glorious breasts were more than enough to cover every single inch of Peter's throbbing manhood. He groaned when feeling Caitlin rubbing her breasts down onto him. His aching balls were this close to exploding with what Caitlin was doing to him. He could feel a tingle coming within his balls. They would soon explode.

Caitlin anticipated the warm cum covering her breasts, her face, and everywhere else it would shoot. Her hands clutched Peter's thighs and she ran her tits all the way down to the base. She squeezed his hard cock and released him with a couple of big pumps.

"Closer," Peter groaned. "I think we might have something."

"There might be a milky white discharge when the swelling goes down," Caitlin said. "But, don't worry, and don't hold back. It would hurt yourself, and I wouldn't like to see you hurt yourself."

Peter wouldn't want himself to be hurt either. Her breasts encased him and released him with several long pumps. Peter pushed his fingers on either side of Caitlin's wonders and rocked himself up in between them. Her breasts clenched around Peter and released him a couple more times.

"Yes, don't hold back," Caitlin said. "Release all that tension, Mr. Parker!"

Her encouragement made Peter only that much more ready to bury his throbbing cock in between her squeezing tits. He closed his eyes and allowed the pleasure to be released in his loins.

The first few shots rose up into the air and caught Caitlin directly on the chest and smacked her in the face. The brilliant woman did not miss a beat. She just kept pumping Peter's hard cock in between her creamy melons. She would milk him for every inch.

Peter was in a daze, as Caitlin got the most out of him. His cum splattered all over Caitlin and the table they were on. The woman's breasts wrapping around him and releasing him showed how intense this was. He could not believe the feeling which was coming from this encounter.

He dropped back onto the table, dazed would not be the word for what he felt. A smile crossed over his face when he dropped down onto the table. Release always felt good and Caitlin gave him a release.
Caitlin allowed the drops of cum to fall onto her fingers. She slipped the delicious seed into her mouth. It caused her tingle, giving her the body warmth she needed, she craved. Thanks to the control Peter helped her with, Caitlin didn't go full on energy vampire any more.

The sight of Caitlin feasting off of his cum caused Peter to get extremely hard once again.

"Oh, the swelling has returned," Caitlin said. "It appears we're going to need more drastic treatment."

Caitlin slowly pulled her skirt off and revealed to Peter she wasn't wearing any panties. Her thighs looked rather succulent when she climbed on top of Peter. She rubbed her pussy lips against Peter's throbbing cock.

Peter groaned, the combination of warm and cold coming from Caitlin was very interesting indeed.

"Does this help, Mr. Parker?" Caitlin asked.

"A little bit," Peter admitted.

"Mmm, a little bit," Caitlin said. "I think it will work even more when we take more drastic actions. And I think I know exactly how to take the most drastic action."

She slipped down onto his rod and engulfed him inside of her. Caitlin's body slowly rocked up and down, ensnaring Peter's manhood deep inside of her gushing pussy. Peter groaned, leaning back, and clutching her chest. Those nice breasts swayed back and forth, with Peter holding onto them. He squeezed Caitlin's juicy orbs.

The feeling of his body heat coming into her energized Caitlin. She knew he could replenish it, in fact, she could think of no better way to heal the injuries than by jump-starting his healing factor. Her pussy slammed down onto his rod several more times.

The feeling of his love organ being pumped inside of her only made Peter hold up and grab onto her chest. He squeezed it and Caitlin responded by tightening on him. Those nipples begged for attention and Peter gave them what they deserved. He touched them, tweaked them.

"Mr. Parker, I think we're making progress, you'll be healed in no time!" Caitlin yelled. "They say sex is the best medicine after all."

She closed her eyes and worked herself into her. Caitlin threw her head back and moaned lightly. Her tightening box sheathed Peter's organ and pumped it inside of her. Her body bounced even harder on Peter's cock.

"Yes," Caitlin said, breathing heavily. "Right there, touch me right there."

Peter touched and pulled at her breasts. Caitlin kept rocking herself back and forth on Peter's engorged prick. It filled her body and then she released it. She bit down on her lip and dropped down onto his manhood. She took it inside of her body and released him.

"Yes!" Caitlin yelled. "Take me, right now!"

Peter continued to take her. His rod slammed inside of her warm womanhood and she clenched in in response. Peter pulled completely out of her and then shoved deep inside of her body. Every single push into that tantalizing zone between her thighs made Peter harden even more.

Another orgasm passed through Caitlin.
"HARDER, FUCK ME HARDER!"

"Doctor Snow, we should remain professional," Peter reprimanded her.

"Fuck being professional, and just fuck me!" she screamed.

It was always the brainy ones who got extremely belligerent when they had been denied what they wanted in sex. Caitlin clenched him hard, the orgasm cascading through her body. Her warm thighs continued to work Peter over, taking him inside of her body.

The injuries Peter suffered were pretty much non-existent. His girlfriend really was the best at what she did. He reached behind her and grabbed her round, bouncing ass. Caitlin drove herself down onto him, further. She sucked his cock into her body, bouncing on him.

"Mmm, you're so good, I'm cumming so much!"

She came so hard and so much.

"Show me what you're made of and fuck me until I can't walk!" Caitlin yelled.

Peter tried to keep up with this horny minx riding his cock. He thanked everyone for his super powered endurance, because if he was perfectly honest, there would be no way he was going to be able to keep up with her otherwise. There was going to be no way, no chance, not in a million years.

His balls slapped against Caitlin's thighs when she came down onto him. Her wetness clamped down onto him, and pushed more of Peter inside of her body. She clamped down and released him with a few more pumps.

"How about this?" Peter asked.

"Yeah, right there, like that!"

Caitlin could feel him buried inside of her body. She put her feet on either side of him, legs spread as far as possible. The body heat she absorbed only caused her to impale herself down on his rod even further. The choker collar on her neck kept her from going full Killer Frost.

The last time she did that, was when Mysterio started to sing "Let it Go" to her, and she thought it was warranted. Pure self-defense really.

Every single push inside of Caitlin's thighs caused Peter to groan. He knew no matter what, he could not hold back for much longer. She worked him to submission with her slick thighs. The moisture surrounding him made it very hard.

"I'm getting close."

Caitlin was as well, and this would be a magical moment when both lovers shared an orgasm. She kept working him over, first working herself to her orgasm.

Peter groaned at the feeling of her tightness clamping down on him. His balls finally gave way and shot their load deep inside of the woman. He filled her up completely with his seed, spurting inside of her body.

Both came down from their mutual highs. Caitlin dripped with sweat, surprising given her powers. It proved enough of her humanity lingered, which was always a good side.

"Mr. Parker, I'll be back soon for a follow up."
Caitlin rolled off of the table and winced. She was going to have a bit trouble walking after riding him so long and so hard.

End.

Caught With Sticky Fingers (Ava and Kitty)

Caught With Sticky Fingers (Ava Ayala/White Tiger and Kitty Pryde/Shadowcat)

Kitty Pryde found herself shocked at the sight she saw. Her heart-beat quickened. She took a wrong turn at the SHIELD training academy center, and came across something she should not. She just wanted to pop her head in and check on something. Needless to say, Kitty got a far bit more than she bargained for when trying to pop in from the other end. She observed the situation very casually, with eyes following the progress of the situation right next to her.

Spider-Man was now currently on top of the White Tiger, their clothes torn slightly. Kitty might have been able to answer this away as some kind of sparring session. However, Spider-Man's fingers dipped in between White Tiger's legs and spread her thighs apart. Kitty followed the progress, her mouth growing rather moist at the thought of what might happen.

Her imagination ran wild, thinking about herself in the position White Tiger was in. The web slinger's hands rubbed against her exposed breasts. Kitty's eyes locked onto the round orbs, much bigger than her own. She hit a growth spurt recently, but unfortunately, Kitty found herself second rate compared to a lot of the female super heroes.

Suddenly, Kitty locked eyes onto the prize. White Tiger had the thick cock out of Spider-Man's pants, and she slowly rubbed her hands on it. Kitty ran her hands down, and slipped them in the waist band of her pants. Her hand slipped between her legs, stroking her nether lips. She bit down on her lip hard, to stifle a moan even though it was very hard to do so.

Thankfully, they were too involved in each other to notice. Well, that and White Tiger's moan silenced Kitty's own. She watched that thick throbbing cock enter her body. Kitty wondered about how he hid that in his tight pants, and she wondered exactly how it would fit inside of her.

White Tiger took the cock like a pro between her thighs. Kitty held back the moans, trying not to get them to go too far beyond what White Tiger was moving. She hoped none of them would hear her, even if she was positioned in the back of the room. And Spider-Man's face was currently buried between White Tiger's breasts while he squeezed her thighs. Her eyes screwed shut in passion.

'You know, you should quit while you're ahead. Return to your room, finger one out. Pretend none of this ever happened.'

Kitty tried to pull herself away from herself, but she couldn't. She noticed White Tiger rolling Spider-Man over and mounting his thick cock. The manhood penetrated the moist lips of the woman when she pushed herself down groin first on him. She could have sworn a moan followed when she buried her slick walls down all the way on Peter's tool.

The brunette mutant's imagination ran wild. She carefully steadied herself to ensure falling out into the room through the wall would not happen. She figured it would be kind of embarrassing if she did. Kitty slipped her fingers deep between her thighs and they closed down around her.

'Mmm, yes,' Kitty thought hungrily.

"YES, DEEPER!"

White Tiger most certainly had the right idea, ramming his thick length deep in between her smoldering thighs. Kitty watched, her panties becoming soaked when she watched it.
"Oh, keep it up, don't stop!"

"Don't worry, I'm not going to let you off the hook at easily."

Both of them felt up their toned bodies. Kitty felt up hers, feeling her nipples harden against her top. She rocked a little bit more.

'Okay, you need to really stop right now before you end up getting caught.'

Common sense tried to grip Kitty Pryde, but she failed to listen to that little force in the back of her head. White Tiger's screams of passion increased and Kitty's whimpers grew in more volume.

Silence passed, and for a second, Kitty thought she had been noticed. Then, as if nothing happened, White Tiger pushed herself down onto Spider-Man's hard cock. She filled herself up completely, her loins stretching over his throbbing hard cock.

"Right there, right there!" White Tiger chanted. "I'm getting so close, aren't you?"

Spider-Man was obviously trying not to cum before her. Kitty smiled, he was the perfect gentleman, in addition to be quite yummy. He was the guy of many girl's wet dreams. Then again, what superheroine didn't have Spider-Man dreams? Some might have claimed they did not have any thoughts about the Web Slinger taking them into his arms and offering them some tender loving care, but she knew better.

'OH YES!' Kitty thought.

She hoped she thought that, and did not scream it out loud. Fortunately, the White Tiger's scream of passion dwarfed Kitty's and resulted in her orgasm coming hard. She slammed her thighs down on the web slingers.

"Damn, Ava, I can't hold back."

"Then don't, don't hold back," she said. "You know it's safe….today anyway."

Kitty's walls tightened around her fingers. Her walls milked her own digits like they were a cock, and she dreamed of doing the same to Spider-Man's cock. White Tiger, Ava, was most certainly taking advantage of the ride, pushing herself down on Peter's aching prick.

"YEAH!"

The combination of juices followed. Spider-Man clutched White Tiger and drove her down onto his engorged rod. He filled her up with an explosion of cum, filling her insides with his dripping, warm seed.

The two connected with each other at the loins. Spider-Man picked up a steadier pace and filled her completely up with his seed. He filled her body until her pussy started to overflow with cum.

"May we help you?"

Kitty yelped at White Tiger's words and fell into the room. She realized she left her pants in the other room. Kitty tried to struggle to her feet, saving modest.

'Oh God, strike me down.'

Spider-Man and White Tiger separated and their eyes lingered on the younger mutant. Her cheeks flushed when she looked at them.
"Um, hey," Kitty said. "I'm Shadowcat, you know, one of the X-Men, and I was coming to the SHIELD Academy to drop off something for Professor Xavier, for Nick Fury to look at. And I guess, I must have took a wrong turn and ended up here, and I'm so sorry, so sorry, that I took a wrong turn and ended up here."

"You took a wrong turn?" Spider-Man asked.

Kitty shook her head. At least none of them commented on the fact she wasn't wearing pants because this would make this about ten times more embarrassing than it was now. And it was pretty embarrassing to begin with. Kitty didn't like to say she would like to crawl in a hole lightly.

"And for your shame, you decided to just stand here and watch us, unable to move," White Tiger said. "Watch us engage in a very private moment."

"You won't tell anyone, will you?" Kitty asked. "I know I shouldn't have been doing it, but I couldn't help myself."

It was like forbidden fruit hanging on the vine. Kitty wanted a piece of it, but knew, it would not be a good idea not to touch. No matter how much it tempted her.

"Well, what do you think we should do?" Spider-Man asked. "Maybe she made an honest mistake."

"Yeah, and I'm a Doom-Bot," White Tiger said.

"Well, to be fair, it's always the one's you least expect," Spider-Man said.

Ava had been very curious. The brunette looked rather cute, and she had a nice tight ass which deserved to be fucked. Plus her pussy lips looked very tight. Ava's lust increased when thinking about what Peter might do to her, taking his huge cock and slamming it inside of her tight body.

"You've been caught with sticky fingers."

Ava slowly took the fingers to the edge of her mouth and sucked on them. Kitty grew even redder at the older girl sucking the evidence of her arousal off of her.

"Why don't you taste how wet she was?" White Tiger asked. "And tell me if she tastes pretty guilty to you."

Kitty squirmed, but White Tiger held her with a very tight grip which made it very hard to escape. Her hand tightened around Kitty's and slowly yanked her into position. Kitty grew flushed and frustrated, which was a pretty bad combination form where she was standing.

"Pretty guilty."

Spider-Man tasted her hand. He grabbed Kitty and held her in close to him.

"I wonder what the punishment should be?"

"I think she should suck your cock and eat the cum from my pussy," Ava said. "It's only fair."

"Um, yeah, that seems…"

Kitty realized what she was saying. Ava grabbed her and guided her down to her feet. She saw Spider-Man right before her. She realized his cock was not back in his pants. It was right in front of her, inches away from sliding in between her juice lips. That swollen cock head taunted Kitty. Her heart began to race.
'Oh sweet Jesus.'

The cock head touched the edge of Kitty's lips and Ava gently guided her head forward. Kitty opened her mouth as wide as possible and took his cock into her mouth. She gagged the first couple of passes through.

"I don't think she has had anything this big in her mouth," Spider-Man said. "But, she's willing to learn, and that's the important thing."

"Teach her then," White Tiger said.

Spider-Man gripped the back of Kitty's hair and guided his cock deeper inside of her mouth. It stretched when Peter filled up her eager mouth with his engorged cock. He could feel her lightly, and tentatively touch his balls, feeling them. The moment Kitty's hands were on them, she squeezed them. The brunette's mouth wrapped around him, sucking him hard.

Kitty's embarrassment faded, and had been replaced by a never ending amount of lust. The Web Slinger gripped the back of the head of the beautiful mutant on her knees before him. She sucked him off hard, pushing her mouth down on him. Every now and then, White Tiger guided her mouth down his pole.

"He's going to cum in your throat, and you better swallow it all," White Tiger said.

No question about it, all Kitty needed to do would stay the course and she would have all of the cum she needed, plus some more. Her nails dug into Spider-Man's back when shoving his cock into her mouth. She deep-throated him, well at least tried to.

"Points for effort," Spider-Man said. "I'm almost there, get ready. She'll be disappointed if you don't do a good job, and I might be as well."

Kitty didn't want to disappoint either of the other two superheroes. She slid herself down his pole. Her hands endlessly touched the underside of his balls, feeling the immense volume of cum about ready to fire from them. Almost there, she could feel it. His balls slapped against her chin, getting closer.

"Mmm!" Kitty moaned.

The warm liquids shot into her throat, coating it. Spider-Man held his fingers in the back of Kitty's hair and kept her mouth tight. She maintained a vacuum tight suction around his cock, slurping up every single last drop of cum from his swollen balls. The web slinger picked up his pace and sank his cock deeper into her throat. Kitty stretched around his cock, her throat encasing him hard and fast.

"Good, good," Peter said.

He pulled away from the woman. A little bit of cum dribbled from her nose. Ava leaned down and picked Kitty up off of the ground. She forcefully kissed the younger girl. Kitty squirmed underneath Ava for a second before returning the kiss.

Ava wasn't going to lie, she got off just a little bit with showing a newcomer the ropes. Even if actually using ropes was more advanced stuff than she would want to show one this inexperience. They picked up a new pet along the way.

"Eat my pussy," Ava said. "And if you do a good job, you're going to get a reward."

Kitty dove into Ava's pussy like a child diving into her birthday cake. She licked the folds and tasted
the cum of the web slinger dripping between the White Tiger's thighs. She thought she would die because of the taste. The two combined tastes made Kitty very excited.

Peter watched the sight of Kitty licking out Ava's thighs. She had a lot of passion in those eyes, and her thighs were spreading subconsciously when Peter stood behind her. It was obvious what she wanted, but to give her it right now would defeat the purpose.

"Good girl, you might get your reward after all," Ava said. "Maybe if you knocked, we could have invited you into our fun a lot time ago."

Ava tightened her grip around Kitty's head, never once letting her pull away. She wanted Kitty to keep her eyes and most certainly her mouth on the prize. Seeing the girl's beautiful face buried between her dark thighs made for her.

She could see Peter edging in close. Ava smiled and gave Peter a slight thumbs up to encourage him to take the plunge in more ways than one.

Peter already was reaching up for Kitty. She had a nice, tight ass, and Peter ran his fingers over it, causing the girl beneath him to react in the most visible way possible. Peter slowly dug his fingers deep inside of Kitty and could feel her.

"Take her virginity, Peter!"

Kitty couldn't even argue she was not a virgin. She could feel Peter's thick rod inching against her wet slit, rubbing against her. He came an inch away from penetrating her from behind but then pulled back. He teased her, making sure Kitty wanted it.

She just realized, she learned the first names of both White Tiger and Spider-Man. Not that it would do her any good, because they were just first names, and she was kind of in a compromising position. Besides, if she wanted this to continue, blowing the whistle on their secret identities would not be in her best interest.

Then, when he had his way with her, Spider-Man slipped his cock inside of Kitty's moist walls. She spread her thighs apart, allowing him to invade her warm loins.

"She's really tight!" Spider-Man yelled.

"Not for long, though," White Tiger said, smiling.

Spider-Man laughed at her casual words, and he thought she might have had a point. The web slinger gripped Kitty and pushed himself a bit deeper inside of her.

At first, Kitty experienced pain, but then pleasure followed. She relaxed and just enjoyed the ride. The feelings bubbling through her younger body were much better than the feelings she got earlier. Her dreams were not even this good, and she had more than a few.

"I think she's always wanted this," Spider-Man said. "She's gripping me really tight. I wonder what would happen if I pull it out."

He teased Kitty by retracting from her center. Spider-Man pushed himself closer to her insides, and then jammed his huge cock inside of her warm center. She gripped him hard when he pushed into her.

"Don't forget you're still being punished," Ava said. "If I'm not cumming, then you're not doing your job properly."
Kitty nodded eagerly and couldn’t very well mumble an apology if her mouth was full. And her mouth became very full of Ava’s wet moist pussy. She suckled on the folds, and slowly danced her tongue on the edge. The taste caused her to clench Peter.

Several hard thrusts brought the web slinger balls deep into the brunette on her knees. She really took him. Ava had lightly suggested a threesome a couple of times, and Peter gave it consideration. This was kind of spontaneous, but then again, the first time Ava and Peter had sex was. So, why would this be any different?

’Best not to think things through, best to just do.’

He picked up the pace and drilled Kitty. Her center closed around Peter and stretched around his intruding cock. Peter could feel the warmness of her pick up. So tight, and it just felt like it gripped him even tighter. Peter indulged himself in her body. She might not have had quite the curves a lot of the superheroines did, but she still had a toned, sexy body.

Likely, from countless sessions in the danger room, and from what Spider-Man knew about Wolverine, he took his training way too seriously. And it really showed. Kitty's tight pussy clamped down onto his rod.

"I'm getting close," Peter said.

Kitty almost went intangible and she caught Ava flush with her pussy eating. She dug deeper into the nerve-endings than ever before. Ava clutched onto her.

"I don't know what you did!" she panted. "But, you better figure out how to do it again."

Peter was going to ride out the last few minutes buried inside of Kitty. Her warm walls stretched around him and released him. Peter picked up his pace, knowing his balls were getting this close to reaching their full capacity, and they needed a nice place to empty.

New sensations overwhelmed the inexperienced mind of the young mutant. Her crush pounded her from behind while holding onto her hips. His thick balls slapped Kitty's and he was this close to emptying himself out inside of her.

Peter threw everything into one last jab which prompted Kitty to tighten around him. The tightening sensation made Peter spill the contents of his balls inside of her body. His hands brushed against every inch of Kitty. Long spurts of cum fired their way into Kitty’s moist thighs and filled her up with a very obscene amount of cum. Her thighs tightened together the second Peter injected her with his seed.

Both came hard and fast, three when you counted Ava, from Kitty's sloppy pussy eating. Many juices had been exchanged after Peter planted his load inside the horny mutant.

Now with drained balls, Peter pulled away from Kitty. He followed the progress of cum draining from Kitty's thighs.

Both of the women looked very satisfied, and so was he.

End.

Circe hated having to swallow her pride and admit she might have been mistaken about something. Still, the devil would to be given his due, even if he wasn't that much of a devil. He was a virtuous hero who had proven himself to go above and beyond the call of duty. And she didn't deserve his favor, even though she most certainly received it today.

The purple haired goddess appeared, her matching eyes glowing when she approached the outside of the temple, where Peter Parker currently rested. Strictly speaking, she was not allowed anywhere on this island, by the edict of Queen Hippolyta and by Hera. There was a special exception made though, if Circe needed to repay a debt, she would set foot on this particular island.

Circe hated leaving her debts uncleared. She stepped into the temple where the young man, known to many in the world of mortals as Spider-Man, laid on the bed, in a relaxed state. Circe smiled, if she had her way he would be more relaxed.

"There aren't many times where I'm in a position to say this," Circe said. "But, thank you."

Peter's eyes opened up and he saw Circe standing over him. The young man tensed up, and potentially for good reason. Circe knew her reputation betrayed her at the worst possible times and at other times, destroyed her. She leaned back for a moment and touched her hand on the top of the young man's head.

"I swear, I mean you no harm," Circe responded.

"Yes," Peter said. "It's just…"

"The chaos caused was of my own doing, I'm well aware," Circe said. "But, it was your own doing where you pulled me out of the fire. You could have allowed me to languish, but you chose not to. You saved me from myself, and as Hera reminded me, I should thank you."

Peter stood to his feet, his eyes locked carefully on Circe. The woman stepped closer towards him. Good news was, his spider sense wasn't tingling. The bad news was, he wasn't even sure if a goddess would trigger it. She was divine, in many ways, as Peter found his eyes drawn to her chest.

Circe smiled, folding her arms underneath her chest which drew greater prominence to that particular part of her body. She had some amusement with what Spider-Man was doing and how she struggled to look away from her body.

"Peter, face me," Circe said. "I wish to thank my hero properly. I wish to clear the debt I regret."

The goddess stepped forward and captured Peter's lips in a kiss. Peter returned the kiss, his lips pressing against the goddesses. She tasted of ambrosia and honey, and that was just her upper lips. Peter grabbed onto the back of her head and deepened the kiss. The two lovers swapped their tongues with each other, neither backing down from what was going on.

Peter pulled himself away from Circe.

"This isn't going to end with me turning into a pig, is it?" Peter asked her.
Circe put her hands on her hips and frowned. "You turn someone into a pig one time, and it sticks with you for the rest of her life."

Peter raised an eyebrow and Circe waved her hands.

"Okay, a handful of times," Circe said. "And I turned Diana into one…although it was more like a boar, to compliment her boorish personality. She gets it from her mother."

The web slinger looked towards Circe with a very disapproving look. The goddess stepped forward, the bottom half of her outfit sliding up to reveal she wore absolutely nothing underneath it. Circe stood a couple of inches away from him.

"I've been a bad girl," Circe said. "Maybe, I should be punished, just a little bit. What do you say, Spider-Man? Do you think you can punish me, like a Spider-Man can?"

Spider-Man grabbed her and pulled her into another kiss. Peter Parker's tongue pushed into Circe's mouth and invaded it. The purple haired goddess gasped the deeper Peter pushed his tongue inside of her throat. The two battled for domination, with Peter winning the battle, at least at first. His tongue came deeper into her throat, pushing himself into her waiting mouth.

Now, her toga rolled up to see her enchanting thighs. A small strip of purple hair came between her legs, and Peter leaned in to slowly rub on her dripping pussy. Circe ground her pussy against his invading fingers, groaning when the warm sensation of her cunt lips ground against him. Peter picked up the pace.

The next play ended with Peter reaching up with his free hand and pulling her dress down and revealing her large breasts. They were firm and eternally perky, of the perks of being a goddess. Peter had to squeeze them, and he pulled on her nipples. Her chest shoved more prominently into Peter's clenching hands.

"Squeeze them!" Circe breathed heavily. "They're all for you!"

Peter was going to squeeze them and hold those soft, fleshy wonders in his hands. Circe rolled her neck back and moaned every single time Peter touched her breasts. Her creamy orbs rested in Peter's hands, recipient to several squeezes. Her heart beat faster.

It had been a long time since she received pleasure. Circe wrapped herself up in her own convoluted schemes so much, she had forgotten what pleasure was. His fingers slowly worked between her folds, slipping deep inside of her body. Her walls tightened around him and she breathed. Those fingers pushed into her.

Peter's ego got a huge leap which he realized he made a goddess cum just because of his fingers. The look of pleasure burning over Circe's face showed Peter how much she was into the intrusion of his fingers. He dug them deep inside of her body, the smoldering hot center squeezing around him. Circe pushed his fingers as deep into her as possible.

"Yes, more, deeper!" Circe panted heavily.

Peter kept up the pace, slamming his fingers inside of Circe's wet and hungry womanhood. He slipped two fingers, three fingers, deep inside of her body. Circe grinded them into Peter's invading digits, cumming hard on his hand.

"You really haven't got any in a while, have you?"

Circe smiled and took notice of the large bulge in Peter's pants. She took ahold of it without any
shame and squeezed it. She edged closer towards Peter, still squeezing his crotch, before whispering in his ear.

"No, I haven't baby," Circe said. "I want you to take me, take me harder than anyone has ever taken me before. Take that big cock and ram it into my tight hole!"

Circe rubbed his crotch and slowly removed his pants. She had his pants off and then his boxer shorts underneath. She was a bit disappointed they were not spider-themed, or anything like that, just plain black boxer shorts. She slipped her finger inside of the opening flap and rubbed his crotch.

"I like it nice and hard," Circe said. "Would you like to fuck me? Would you like to fuck me nice and rough? Is this big, strong, throbbing cock all for me?"

Peter grabbed Circe and responded by forcefully kissing her and guiding her down to the bed. The goddess spread her thighs in excitement. Peter slightly rubbed against her, his cock coming out of his pants. It touched her slit which almost sucked him in thanks to her divine power.

The goddess squirmed underneath her soon to be lover. This big cock was going to shove into her body. She wondered if any of the other goddesses conspired to get a piece of it. Aphrodite would love to get it in all of her holes. Hera deserved a good hard fucking after all of the shit Big Z put her through over the years. And Circe clenched at the thought of all of the goddesses lining up to suck Spider-Man's cock, followed by all of the Amazons.

"You want it, don't you?" Peter asked.

"Don't make me beg for it," Circe said, her voice swimming with lust. "Please, for Hera's sake, don't make me beg for it."

"Oh, Hera, isn't the one squirming beneath me," Peter said. "This is for your sake, isn't it, Circe?"

He clenched her round breasts and caused the woman on the bed to thrash. Her moist center slowly worked up, in an attempt to engulf Peter deep inside of her. Her walls came very close to sliding up to meet him, but just missed the target by about that much.

"Please, please!" Circe yelled. "Pin me down on the bed and make me your bitch."

"I think from the moment you got into my debt, you did a good job at doing that yourself."

Peter grabbed her thighs hard and worked his cock inside her tightening vice. Circe rose up off of the bed, lifting her hips to guide a few more inches. The woman's greed was obvious, she wanted about as much of this cock inside her as humanly possible.

"YES!" Circe screamed, digging her nails into Spider-Man's lower back when he shoved his throbbing cock inside of her body.

The web slinger pulled out of her almost all the way. The look of burning lust in Circe's eye caused Peter to smile down at her. He was going to taunt her and enjoy pretty much every single moment of what he was doing. He dove in for the kill, filling her pussy up with so much of his cock, she could barely stand all of it sliding between her legs. The goddess tightened her grip around Peter and then released him. Her hot pumping continued, each shove escalating when he buried himself in between her thighs.

"Yes, yes, more!" Circe begged him.

Peter explored the curves of her heavenly legs. The more he caressed those legs, the deeper and more
passionate Circe's moans became. He really was driving the woman beneath him absolutely insane with lust. The web slinger's hands clung to her legs and released them.

Pleasure danced through the body of Circe. She never received an orgasm which had been inflicted by anyone but herself. So to feel it course through her, and center around her loins to squeeze Peter's mighty rod was very intense. She shoved her hips up and moaned.

The feeling of making a goddess cum only made Peter slide his hard cock deeper inside of her body. Her lubricated center drew him between her thighs and released him. The web slinger's heavy pumping made her body shake underneath him.

"Yes, deeper, more!" Circe begged him.

The web slinger drove his hard rod deeper inside of her body, stretching out her center all the way. Peter almost pulled himself out of her and sunk back down into her smoldering core.

"I can do this all day," Peter said.

Circe hugged his hips into her, squeezing him. She looked up at him, thinly disguised lust dancing through her eyes.

"Please, do," Circe begged him. "I have to have your cock buried inside me all day. There's nothing more in my life than I want more than a nice, big, throbbing cock shoved inside of my nice, tight, needy pussy!"

She pumped his cock with every single word. Peter leaned down and lavished her breasts. They demanded attention, and Peter could not help but giving them the attention they craved, they deserved. He enjoyed the tightness of Circe wrapping around him and squeezing him tight.

"Yes," Circe begged him. "Give me more! MORE!"

She demanded good results and Peter decided to give it to him. He stimulated every inch of her body possible to reach with his hands and mouth. Those little tricks of the trade worked wonders and resulted in Circe thrashing about underneath Peter. Her loins clenched around him and released his hard rod. He filled up her body, burying himself deep inside of her.

Circe held onto her lover, feeling the pleasure of getting her pussy pumped with his huge cock. She could not believe the feeling she received. It was more than a great feeling. It was completely magnificent beyond all belief. Her womanhood tightened around Peter, gripping him very hard. He shoved more of his length inside of her, and speared her core until it stretched out all around his aching hard cock.

"So, close," Circe begged him. "Suck my tits, make me yours!"

Circe got close and her latest orgasm brought Peter closer to the edge as well. He ran his hands on the underside of her legs and felt up her divine body. He grabbed ahold of her ass and squeezed down on it before using it to push himself in and out of it.

Now, Circe's body clenched around him. Her legs wrapped their way around Peter's waste.

"Don't hold back now!" Circe yelled. "I'm a goddess, I can take your hardest, roughest….LIKE THAT!"

The hyper hard fucking stretched Circe out to the max. Peter's fingernails dug into her legs as he gave into the animal instincts within. Circe pulled him deep inside of her. Those throbbing balls
touched her womanhood. Peter rose up and slid down into her, going even deeper than before.

"Spider-Man!" Circe screamed.

She knew the goddesses and perhaps the Amazons could hear her screaming. She hoped they got the message, how much she enjoyed having this stiff cock drilled into her body.

Spider-Man’s love muscle got an intense workout the very second Circe sucked him into her. He had no idea how many orgasms he gave the goddess. The only thing he was somewhat conscious of was how wet, hot, and willing she was to receive more cock inside of her body. His balls bounced on her upper lips when his cock shoved inside of her. He stretched her core completely out with more thrusts.

"Closer, are we?" Peter asked. "I am too."

Circe anticipated what would happen next. Those balls full of so much cum for her. She could not wait until Spider-Man spilled his cum inside of her womb, and drained every single last drop of cum inside of her body. She held onto him tightly.

"Go for it!" Circe begged him. "Batter my pussy! Fill it up with your cum! Drain those balls! DRAIN THEM!"

Peter did as she asked, pushing into her with a rapid-fire fury. His balls constricted and shot his seed into her. She grabbed ahold of him, with both her pussy and legs, squeezing him and draining every single drop of cum inside of her body.

All that warm juice for her made Circe’s body size up and release him. Her walls pumped Peter until his balls completely emptied inside of Circe. The web slinger had every single last drop of seed drained from his testicles after Circe was done with him.

He collapsed her on chest, sliding out of her. Circe pulled out of him and rolled him over. She straddled him, without missing a beat. Some of his cum still drained from her pussy.

"So, I know you have more left in the tank," Circe said. "And I'm not done thanking you."

"Oh, you're quite welcome," Peter groaned.

He had been brought back to life for round two with the goddess.

End.

Most people would be a bundle of nerves standing on a very narrow ledge high above the city above a lot of concrete. Rebecca Grayson, the Gotham City Vigilante formally known as Robin, now known as Nightwing, lived for this kind of excitement though. She was on the Circus High Wire ever since she could walk. Heights really didn't bother her, and danger bothered her even less.

Several lines of webbing shot across from one building to the next, and caused a web bridge leading between the two buildings in the back alleyway. She watched, when seeing everyone's friendly neighborhood Spider-Man standing across the street.

"Are you sure you're up for this?" Spider-Man asked.

"Hey, I have full confidence your webbing is going to hold for this," Nightwing said. "Besides, what's life without a little bit excitement and a little bit of risk?"

The vigilante took a couple of steps onto the webbing. It rocked back and forth when she moved into position, carefully taking each step. The new and improved batch of webbing held. She dressed in a tight leather bodysuit with a blue symbol on it. Her friend, Kara, told her about the legend of the Nightwing on Krypton, which caused her to adopt the superhero name.

Spider-Man stepped onto the webbing and it held their body weight, which meant his calculations were correct. Exactly whether or not it would hold underneath other stresses, when the web slinger did not go. Regardless, he moved to the center, and Nightwing moved closer towards him.

"Wow, this is the most insane thing I've ever done," Nightwing said.

"You're just now coming to this conclusion?" Spider-Man asked.

Rebecca knew it was insane, but it didn't stop her from being so excited. She motioned for Spider-Man to step a couple of inches across the webbing. His mask already slid up, and Rebecca grabbed him by the back of the neck and pulled him into a kiss.

She had Peter Parker right where she wanted him. Roaming hands felt every inch of his body, and Rebecca lightly tugged at Peter's uniform. Her fingers lightly caressed his abdomen area, slowly pushing her fingers down the edge of his pants.

"Seems like I'm not the only one excited," Rebecca teased him.

Spider-Man grabbed her ass ad pulled her into another steamy embrace , with a kiss to match. Their kisses connected with each other, with Spider-Man nibbling on her lower lip. She breathed heavily. Rebecca's fingers wrapped around Peter's throbbing hard cock and it was a very tight fit in his pants.

The girl decided to get his cock out of his pants with a quick, precise movement. His throbbing hard cock had been exposed for her. The beautiful dark-haired woman dropped to her knees to survey what she worked with. The very naughty nature of what she was doing excited the former circus acrobat. Giving a blowjob to someone on a bridge made of spider webbing was most certainly exciting.

"Becca!" Peter groaned.
Rebecca got really hot about hearing his name, especially in relation to the sexual actions she performed. These actions resulted in Rebecca's tongue running down his cock. Rebecca got his cock completely lubricated with her spit, rubbing his cock all the way down.

The moment she worked his cock all the way over, Rebecca Grayson shoved all of the meat she could fit inside. The pulsing meat shoved in the back of her throat, and she groaned, when coming all the way down on his manhood. Peter held onto the back of her hair and slowly worked his massive cock into the back of her throat.

"Mmmm!"

The blowjob kicked up to an intense pace. Rebecca grabbed onto his lower back and shoved more of his manhood deep inside of her throat. She clutched him hard and took him deep and fast.

Peter groaned, she had lips made for sucking cock. You had to love that about a girl, and Peter most certainly did love it. His balls kept throbbing when pushing against the edge of Rebecca's chin. She moaned when coming down on his throbbing pole, sucking him very hard. Peter grabbed the back of her head and worked his pulsing manhood as far deep into her throat.

Rebecca sucked him very hard. He grabbed the back of her head when the two swayed on the bridge high above New York. The bridge held up very nicely. Rebecca still was excited by the fact they were in such a dangerous spot. One wrong move and they could plunge all the way to their doom.

Speaking of plunging, that's what Rebecca did. She plunged a fair amount of this throbbing penis into her mouth. She stretched her throat around the hard pole, sucking him very hard. Those balls were so full of cum. She worked Peter about as far as she wanted to go.

Then, Rebecca pulled away from him. She applied a light amount of pressure to stave off the orgasm, while also giving him a nice lick around the head.

"No, not yet," Rebecca said.

She turned around and Peter got a full glimpse of her amazing ass through that tight, form fitting costume. She rubbed her ass down Peter's hardening cock which got him very excited. Peter held her by the hips and pushed his manhood against her. He ground down against her.

Rebecca turned around and undid the front of her suit, slowly slipping it off. She watched Peter's eyes when she revealed more of her toned, tanned flesh. Her already ample breasts were pushed up by a sports bra. Peter took a full view of her toned lower body, and nice curvy hips, with legs which stretched on forever. She wore a black thong underneath her costume.

"So, are you ready to have some real fun?" Rebecca asked. "I think the state of you answers that enough."

Rebecca slowly unzipped her boot and lifted her leg. She took her toes and ensnared Peter's cock in between them. She jerked his cock up with her soft, elegant foot, teasing him slightly with her foot. Peter lifted his crotch up, within her toes, groaning at the feeling and it was a great feeling to have.

The slow rubbing continued, with Rebecca making sure to stimulate every nerve ending possible she could with the use of her foot. She looked at the expression in Peter's eyes, and pulled back from him for a minute.

Driven mad by the lust, Peter, grabbed her by the hips, and held her up. Her panties ripped off thanks to her sticky fingers. Rebecca just looked him with a smile.
"Eager, aren't we?"

Peter held her hips and guided her dripping wet pussy against his throbbing hard cock. He knew she wanted this just about as much as she did. There's no holding back right now. Peter pushed his hard cock against her willing entrance, slowly lowering himself down on the webbing.

A huge amount of cock sheathed inside of Rebecca's tight body. She unclipped her bra and allowed her breasts to flow free. She pressed down onto Peter, grinding every inch of her toned, well formed body onto his head. The web bridge swayed the second Rebecca started to work him over.

Peter grabbed ahold of her ass to steady her. Rebecca's nice, warm, body pushed down onto his cock. She clutched onto him and released his throbbing cock. Rebecca's wet walls rubbed down onto his massive prick, stretching him inside of her.

"Yes, right there, that's the spot!" Rebecca begged him.

He grabbed onto Rebecca's waist and shoved his throbbing cock inside of her tight body. Her wet center squeezed him and released him. The orgasm tensed up in her body, and Peter could not help, but pushing his cock inside of her a little bit more.

"You bounce much harder, the webbing could give way," Peter answered.

"No, I don't think it will," Rebecca said. "But, I'm sure you'll be quick enough to fix it, won't you, stud?"

The tension of her pussy muscles wrapped around his cock made Peter groan in response. Rebecca slowly worked his cock deep inside of her body. His body worked up and down, pushing deep inside of her with each thrust. His balls, so close to being put over the edge, nearly gave way from what she was doing to him. And she did a lot to him, bouncing up and down all the way.

Rebecca's excitement increased when those strong hands reached up to cup her breasts. She loved it when Peter played with and worshipped her breasts. It caused many tingles to go through her body. The excitement of fucking him high above the New York City streets made her gush.

Peter always expected Rebecca got off on dangerous situations, but she just reminded of him anew of this. Her body pressed down onto his cock, filling him up with her body. She squeezed him tight and released him. She slowly slid off of his pole all of the way.

"Give it to me, really make me gush!" she begged him.

Oh, Peter was going to really make her gush already. He held onto Rebecca and kept burying his rock-hard prick inside of her inviting body. Her womanhood stretched around his cock when rising and lowering down onto it. Peter held himself back on the bed and received a nice, hard fucking with her warm pussy. Peter closed his eyes.

"Touch my breasts, squeeze them!" Rebecca encouraged them. "Oh, twist my nipples, you know how much I like that, baby!"

Peter held her nipples out between his fingers and did as Rebecca asked. He grabbed her nipples, gave them a nice firm twist. Her entire body rocked down onto his thick pole, dropping and lowering without any problems. Peter closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of Rebecca's wet sheath incasing his pole, rubbing it up and down.

Orgasm beyond everything she ever hit, struck Rebecca full on. She kept bouncing on his huge cock, taking it inside of her body. Each rise, each lower, made her feel so good, so intense, so
wonderful. Her pussy juices kept staining his cock with each orgasm.

The web bridge held by some miracle. She didn’t know how it did. Her libido increased. Rebecca pushed herself down onto his manhood and grabbed him hard.

Peter closed his eyes and just felt the sensation of being buried between her smooth thighs, deep inside of her pussy. And boy, she was tight. Speaking of tight, Peter grabbed onto her ass and worshipped it. His squeezing increased and made Rebecca’s heart start beating even faster.

"Mmm, yes, right there!" Rebecca yelled.

"I can’t believe you’re this wet."

"Believe it," Rebecca said. "And it’s not entirely because of the heights, you know."

Rebecca grabbed his cock, showing the muscle control she developed. She pumped it slightly, but not enough for him to cum inside of her. The former circus acrobat did not want cum, at least not just yet. Soon there would be an obscene amount of seed buried inside of her body, but only when the time was right, and not one second before.

The web slinger almost complimented himself on his engineering work. The lines held despite the stress. This new batch of webbing would be perfect to hold super villains. It most certainly held when Becca bounced down onto his cock very hard and very fast.

Rebecca threw her head back and barely even surpassed her moan.

"What happened to being discreet?" Peter asked. "What would they say in Gotham?"

"We’re not in Gotham!" Rebecca yelled at the top of her lungs, driving her pussy down onto his cock with each movement.

Peter tensed underneath her, it was more than fair. They were not in Gotham. The beautiful brunette spread her legs out very far and took as much of Peter inside of her. She showed immense flexibility, bending back all of the way, and allowing her chest to only stick out in greater prominence. A part of her body which Peter reached for and appreciated like none other, squeezing her breasts and allowed him to bounce down on her body.

"So, hot," Peter groaned. "You don’t know how hot you are."

"Oh, I’m well aware of how hot I am," Rebecca said. "And I know how much your cock is throbbing for me, isn’t it?"

She pushed her thighs down onto his throbbing cock and stretched her wet pussy around him. Every single drop of her cunt down onto his hard cock made him throb a little bit more. His balls grew heavy, and he briefly entertained the thought the weight of his balls might be the thing.

Her tight ass bounced down onto him, touching his balls. Peter reached behind her and cupped her ass, squeezing it. Becca looked down at him with a smile and stretched him.

Both of them tested each other’s limits, and the limits of the webbing, to be perfectly honest. It started to wobble.

"Oh, I wonder what’s going to finish first," Rebecca breathed.

"I think you are," Peter said.
He lit a fire underneath her loins. Every single inch of her pussy drilled down onto Peter's hard rod and filled her completely up. Rebecca clamped down onto him, filling her pussy up with his engorged cock. Rebecca dropped down onto his manhood, her breasts bouncing when her pussy lowered onto his hard cock.

"Fair enough, but you're getting close!" Rebecca yelled. "I can feel it. Don't hold back, you know what you want to do!"

Peter did know what he wanted to her. Her sexy body working over every inch of his increased the throbbing inside of his balls. Peter pushed back on the bed, feeling the pleasure going through his balls. Tension could not be described through mere words.

"Yes, I am," Rebecca breathed. "Go ahead, and cum for me. Cum for me hard!"

All Peter could do was hold onto her hips and bury his massive cock inside of her body. Tension from his swollen balls fired into her body. The tension inside of his body just released inside of her into one endless ejaculation.

Rebecca closed her eyes and got her money's worth. Every single last drop of cum spilled inside of her body, and filled her completely up. Rebecca bit down on her lip hard and rode him like a stallion. Everything, he was worth, entered her body.

Both lovers came down from their eye. The webbing sunk down and was about ready to collapse. Rebecca rose up and did a flip, which landed her on the side of the building.

Peter had to enjoy a girl who could still do brilliant acrobatics despite being fucked.

He scooped up her clothes, and swung off, just before the web bridge collapsed to the ground. Both of them stood side by side each other, mostly naked.

"Well, I'd say that's a success," Rebecca said. "So, why don't we swing over to your place for a shower….we're pretty sweaty and sticky."

Peter thought a shower was a good idea now. He slipped on his suit, and Rebecca put on the shirt and jeans she had in the bag she left on the rooftop. They were clothed enough when swinging home, which was needed given the way to Peter's apartment was across a busy city street, and it would not be a good idea to be unclothed.

The last thing they needed was the Fappening Part Two: Superhero Boogalou.

End.

Next Chapter 6/10/2017
Deadly Intentions(Elektra)

Overall, it wasn't a good performance for Elektra tonight. She felt herself shaken a little bit, from the dart entering the side of her neck. She took on a rival for a very high profile contract tonight. The rival and his men got the drop on her and now Elektra found herself woozy. If any number of her other enemies saw her in this state, they could take advantage of her predicament.

Something inside of the toxin made Elektra's body heat up in an almost unbearable manner. The tight outfit she wore stretched against her nipples which became hard in an unbearable way. The front of her costume rubbed against her pussy lips and it was becoming very hard for her to stand upright. Elektra had been torn between killing someone and finding the nearest cock to fuck it.

There were so many cocks, rock-hard and raw, ready to fuck her. She didn't care if they had the stamina.

'No, you got to maintain your focus,' Elektra thought, pulling herself.

Yet, she figured the serum would end up over stimulating her nervous system unless she found a way to sweat it out. Elektra slowly pulled down the front of her top, rubbing her breast underneath it. She could not get any kind of relief with her fingers brushing the edge of her nipples. She bit down on her lip.

Elektra saw him swinging across the city from her position. She caught her sights on Spider-Man. Spider-Man, well, there was a saying among certain parties in New York, and he would do quite nicely. And he was very close. Elektra had to time this exactly right, to make sure his spider sense did not go off.

If she timed it right, something else would go off.

Spider-Man came by, and Elektra aimed a dagger with the pinpoint precision. The web slinger's line snapped, and he swung in the mid-air, making his way on the rooftop.

A confused Spider-Man dropped down to the ground next to her. Spider-Man turned around and saw Elektra knock him to the ground. A Sai was in her hand, and she had Spider-Man pinned down to the ground. Her strong legs wrapped around his thighs.

"Elektra!" Spider-Man yelled. "I thought….there's not…"

"Don't worry, there's not a contract out on you," Elektra said. "But, you're going to help me."

Spider-Man wondered how Elektra expected him to help her with her body down onto his hips. Her beautiful body, lightly grinding against his crotch on the other side of his tops. Her breasts spilled out of her top and round breasts came out with dark nipples. The Greek Ninja on top of him.

"And I'm going to help you."

Elektra ripped Spider-Man's pants off without any shame. The web slinger could feel Elektra's hand grope him.

"I'd rather have a piece of someone I respect, than some random asshole I dragged into the
shadows."

"Something…did something, oh god, did something happen to you."

Elektra didn't answer, she ripped his boxer shorts open and pulled his hard cock out. His thick length stuck up in the air. It was big, and Elektra could not wait until her pussy was wrapped around it. She grabbed Spider-Man around the base of his hard cock and squeezed it. Her fingers tensed up around his manhood, grabbing him hard around the base and releasing him.

Groans came from the web slinger when he received one of the most aggressive handjobs in his entire life. She clutched his manhood hard and released it. Elektra's warm lips came down and sucked him down hard. Spider-Man didn't know what quite spurred this on.

There had to be a reason, and Spider-Man hoped this wasn't some new technique. Death by sex wouldn't be the worst way to go, but still, he really hoped there was a long life ahead of him.

"Lick me!"

Elektra sat down on Spider-Man's face, and felt the web slinger's hands to squeeze her warm thighs. The web slinger pushed against her wet lips. Spider-Man lightly brushed against her hungry lips and sucked them. The tasty treat flowing between the Greek assassin's thighs made Spider-Man only crave more.

The assassin was careful not to smother Spider-Man in between her thighs. The last thing she wanted was a corpse before she was done with him. The web slinger's tongue touched the inside of her dripping pussy. The web slinger grabbed Elektra's ass and squeezed it. The web slinger kept licking her.

"Right there!" Elektra yelled. "Eat my pussy…..oh, I'm cumming so hard!"

The toxin spreading through her body resulted in Elektra's loins clenching and releasing down on his face. The web slinger grabbed her by the thighs and eased her down onto his face. He pushed his tongue deeper inside of her body, sucking the womanly juices from her loins.

Several minutes of pussy eating later, and Elektra finally pulled away from him. Her pussy was nice and moist, just like it should be. She leaned closer towards him and attacked him with a kiss.

Suddenly, Spider-Man rolled her over onto the rooftop and held her against the contract. The assassin experienced a rush of lust through her body when he was on top of her. His cock slowly ground against her opening, threatening to enter her, and split her in half.

"You want me?" Spider-Man asked.

"Yes, that much is obvious," Elektra said.

"If only you tell me why you attacked me."

Spider-Man grabbed onto her legs and now it was Elektra who was in a vulnerable position. And she loved the change of pace. To be dominated excited the woman. She shifted her hips up off of the roof and tried to grab him.

"Fine, it's the toxin," Elektra said. "If I don't have sex, I'm going to die….literally, I'm going to die."

Spider-Man took one look into her eyes and slowly rubbed her thighs. The woman beneath Spider-Man breathed heavily, those fingers touched her womanhood from underneath. The web slinger
slipped a finger inside of her body and pumped her.

"So, you need to sweat it out?" Spider-Man asked. "Well, I think we can work up enough of a sweat to really get you going, wouldn't you agree?"

Elektra agreed, those fingers touched the inside between her thighs. Spider-Man pushed deep inside of her body and then slipped out of her. Her pussy was nice, wet, and ready to go. The web slinger looked down at her and grabbed her breast in his hand.

"Do, whatever you want to me," Elektra said. "I just want a piece of that cock, and soon. If I die, I'm going to take you with me."

Talk about your incentive. Spider-Man grabbed either side of Elektra's thighs and spread them apart. He aimed his throbbing hard cock inside of her pussy. She almost grabbed him and dragged him inside of her.

"You're horny!"

Elektra only responded by grabbing Spider-Man's shoulder and tore at the back of his costume.

"You're going to wreck my suit."

"Send me the bill," she said, suckling on the side of his neck, and biting down on him hard.

Those warm sensations allowed Spider-Man to pick up and spear her insides with his throbbing length. He filled the area between the tanned thighs of this goddess. She lifted her legs up, spread them, and wrapped them around his neck, pushing them inside of her.

"Yes, you bastard, fuck me hard!" Elektra yelled.

Spider-Man could feel the squeeze, both of her pussy wrapped around his cock, and her legs squeezing around his head. She released after a second, with Spider-Man grabbing her ass and squeezing it. She responded to a finger brushing against her asshole.

The web slinger pushed inside of her body. His length pushed into her and rose out of her. Those hard balls slapped against her thighs. Elektra grabbed onto his hard cock and drew it deeper inside of her body. Her bouncing frame came up and down on the tight throbbing cock of Spider-Man.

"Yes, you'll do nicely!" Elektra yelled.

Spider-Man could not help but feel a little used, but if she was in danger of dying, he figured he could give her a hand or a cock as the saying went. He shoved more of his mighty rod inside her body, burying it so far deep inside of her, Elektra stretched around him.

Several times, she buried his length inside of her body. It brought her closer to the edge and caused her to come down onto him. Elektra's nipples stuck out, more than ready to be grabbed and to be squeezed. Spider-Man clutched her warm breasts and clutched them.

Elektra moved her legs around him, and then flipped him over. The web slinger only delivered the most token of protests. Her hot walls slid deep down onto his cock and engaged his cock with a series of deep pumps. His balls slapped up against her walls when she came up on him and drove all the way down on him.

So close, closer than ever before. Elektra never came like this. Spider-Man was full of surprises, and if there was anything that thrilled her, it was the unexpected. The expected got very mundane.
Actually feeling pleasure, beyond what was needed to negate the toxin made her hot.

Spider-Man groaned. She really was riding him. Had he been a normal man and not enhanced by spider abilities, she might have fucked him to death. It would not be the worst way to go, but Spider-Man thanked himself for his enhanced durability.

"Finally, someone who won't collapse."

Her latest tryst with Daredevil ended on a very sour note. Matt had his demons, and Elektra had hers as well, but that was beside the point. Now, she focused on the young, well-endowed man she had underneath him. She focused on taking her walls around his hard cock and stretching her.

"I aim to please."

Spider-Man held onto her thighs and clenched her loins around his thick tool. The web slinger pushed deep inside of her body. His balls slapped against her.

"And you're going to aim to give me something else," Elektra said. "But not yet, it's much too soon. Soon enough, but not this soon."

Pinching the base of his cock staved off his release. She had no idea what kind of stamina Spider-Man had, but she was not going to take any chances. The web slinger groaned, and she grabbed his head, before guiding it in between her breasts. They were sweaty, soft, and ready to be suckled. Elektra's fingers dug into the back of her head.

Those round orbs pushed against the face of the web slinger. Peter Parker found himself engulfed between her woman chest orbs. Every inch of the heated flesh was very good, felt very excellent pressed against his face.

"Oh, I'm going to put you through the paces," Elektra said. "I hope you'll survive this experience."

Elektra, deep down, would have been very disappointed if this was a one-time encounter as well. She reached a fever pitch. Elektra squeezed his cock and milked him inside of her. She managed to control her lower muscles just enough.

"Glad to have run into you."

Spider-Man could not answer with his mouth full of breast. Her warm nipples shoved deep inside of his mouth. He would have said he enjoyed the little meeting. Elektra's warmth spread her loins around his cock.

Elektra bounced onto him and pushed deep inside of her body. The manhood slid inside of her and stretched out her insides. She rose and lowered herself. Each time he entered her, it brought Elektra closer to another climax. She lowered and dropped onto his engorged prick. Each push inside of her brought him a little bit closer. She could feel it.

Two hands gripped onto the underside of Elektra's ass and pulled her closer into her center. Elektra dropped down on him, working his pole. It would only be a matter of time before he exploded.

She was about to stave off of his release, but there was a momentary distraction. His hands gripped the underside of her ass and squeezed it. Every single feeling of those hands touching her ass, it brought Elektra to new realms of pleasure. She responded by squeezing his waist with her legs, and shoved deep down on him.

"Right there, take me right now!" Elektra yelled.
Spider-Man grabbed his hands and squeezed them. The woman's breathing increased with his fingers touching the underside of her nipples. He pulled on them and sucked on her breasts. He reached closer to the end and he wanted to ride out her latest orgasm. He tried to guess what spots drove her the most insane. The intense mewling in his ear proved that Spider-Man hit the jackpot, in more ways than one.

"Right there, do it!" Elektra shouted at the top of her lungs.

Her rising and falling of her sweetening loins pushed more of Spider-Man deep inside of her body. The web slinger shoved more of his hard cock inside of her tight body.

"Go ahead, I'm ready," Elektra said.

Her body dripped with sweat, and she wanted to welcome in his sticky seed. It would find a proper home between her legs. The web slinger rose up, showing signs of life. Elektra rode him harder, grabbing his cock between her walls. It would only be a matter of time before he completely broke.

The fact he didn't excited Elektra. It was never fun when someone sat there and take it. The web slinger buried his hard cock inside of her moist canal, and filled her up with his insanely hard cock.

Finally, all of the pleasures became way too much for Spider-Man to bear. The web slinger shot the contents of his balls inside of her waiting pussy and filled her completely up.

Elektra pushed herself to the brink. She knew the toxin likely had passed through her body, even though the lust did not pass through. Still, she rammed herself deep down onto him. Every drop, every push, stretched out the woman either more. Spider-Man gave as good as she did.

Both parties exchanged juices, drenched in sweat and cum when they were on the rooftop. Elektra released Spider-Man and pulled away from him. She gathered up her clothes, and slipped them back on. Spider-Man looked at her for a second, and she nodded.

"Thanks for the help," Elektra said. "I'm in your debt."

"No problem, happy to help," Spider-Man said. "So, do you need any help in finding the guys who did this to you?"

"No," Elektra said. "But, if I do need any help, I'll be sure to find you."

The suggestive nature in her words caused something other than Peter's Spider Sense to tingle. The moment he blinked, she was gone.

Ninjas tended to do that.

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End.
Earning the D (Jade Nyugen/Cheshire)

Jade Nyugen sat at the edge of a classroom, in the front of the desk, the only person in the desk. A blouse about a size or two too small stretched over her chest. The first couple of buttons had been undone to reveal her immense cleavage and came almost all the way up to expose her toned stomach. She wore a plaid skirt, sliding up to expose her toned legs and this garment wrapped snugly. She wore a pair of thigh high leather boots, a pair of fingerless black gloves, and a choker collar around her neck. Jade coated her lips with green lipstick which she puckered her lips with.

She saw her teacher, Peter Parker, step in front of the classroom. The Vietnamese student locked eyes towards Peter and smiled when seeing him approach towards her. She eyed up her teacher like he was a fresh cut of beef, just ready to devoured.

"Ms. Nyugen, you know why you're here," Peter said.

"Because, you wanted to get me in a classroom alone, with no witnesses," Jade said.

The final touch to the naughty schoolgirl outfit was a lollipop which Jade brought to her lips and sucked on the head of the sucker. It brought Peter's mind to her lips doing other things, and sucking on other areas. His heart kept racing when he locked eyes towards Jade. Her tongue brushed against the edge of the lollipop head and she tilted back a couple of inches, while sucking on it.

"Mmm," Jade remarked casually when suckling on the top of the lollipop head. "Is that generally right, sir?"

"You're here because your grades are failing and your attire is not appropriate for class," Peter said sternly.

"The boys don't seem to mind," Jade responded. "You don't seem to mind as well. I can see you staring at my legs…my tits…my ass….and my lips….you like staring at my lips, thinking about what they can do, can't they, Mr. Parker?"

Jade slowly sucked on the lollipop, and caused Peter to groan.

"Yes, I can see how much you enjoy my lips," Jade breathed excitedly. "And no one else is here, the door's locked. No one would ever know."

The beautiful Vietnamese girl winked at him when sucking on her lollipop. Lust flooded through her eyes as she bobbed her lips up and down on the lollipop like she was sucking….well, Peter shouldn't think about this.

"Ms. Nyugen, you have to realize your behavior is highly inappropriate," Peter said. "I'm going to have to fail you, if you don't pick up for your studies."

"Oh, that's more of a fault of the educational system than me, wouldn't you think?" Jade asked. "Besides, I try hard, but I can't focus. Too many distractions from the hot teacher in front of the classroom, you see, I'm hot for you, Mr. Parker….or would you prefer me to call you, Peter?"

Jade rose up to her feet and sauntered across the classroom. Her hips started to sway in a hypnotic manner when she moved closer towards Peter at the front of the classroom.
"It's not polite to call your teachers by their first name…"

"Oh, Peter, don't be such a stick in the mud," Jade said. "Why don't you stick yourself somewhere else? Somewhere nice and warm?"

Jade reached towards Peter and cupped his crotch through the front of his pants. He tried to pull away, but Jade grabbed his crotch, tight, and squeezed it.

"We really shouldn't be doing this," Peter said. "We could get into a lot of trouble."

"I'm willing to do anything to make sure my grades get raised," Jade said. "I'm not going to be a greedy bitch, who is looking for an A. Rather, I want just enough to pass. Nice average grades, C Plus would be nice, wouldn't it? Let's see if we can't raise those grades."

"Study, and application is important," Peter said, groaning.

"Oh, I'm studying something that I like," Jade said.

Jade moved closer towards him, this sexy schoolgirl had Peter's hips ensnared between her thighs. She was sinister, with the look on her face, but also very seductive. She raked her nails against Peter's face, and studied his face. Jade held up her lollipop and frowned.

"I guess, I'm going to need something big and hard to suck on now," Jade said. "Maybe something with a nice, creamy, juicy, filling."

"Jade, you need to stop!" Peter groaned.

"Why?" Jade asked. "I'm being a good little student, helping her teacher with his problem. And you have a problem, a big problem. And I'm a good little school girl who wants to help her teacher."

Jade kissed Peter on the lips full force, aggressively. He returned the kiss, running his fingers down the back of the student. The sexy Asian schoolgirl was going to have her way with him, the kiss deepened in aggression, and caused Peter to groan when she pushed him back into the desk. The older man kissing her back caused Jade to be triumphant. Her eyes glazed over with pleasure when he kissed her hard.

Jade pulled away from Peter and dropped down onto her knees in front of him. She unbuckled his belt and pulled it down. His boxer shorts came down.

"Oh, I wish I really done this sooner," Jade said. "You have a nice big cock, Mr. Parker. I can't wait to suck it!"

"What's stopping you?" Peter asked. "If you want at least a D, you're going to have to take the D."

Jade smiled, and took his cock in her hand. She slowly wrapped her lips around Peter's hard cock and sucked him. Hard, she licked him and slurped him. Peter's hands rested on the back of her silky hair and worked his cock deeper inside of the tight throat of the beautiful woman on her knees before him.

Pleasure engulfed Peter's hard cock. The hard sucking of the skilled girl on her knees before him resulted in Peter's groaning to increase. He wanted to be inside of her mouth so bad. Jade gave him pretty much everything he craved and more of what he desired. His hands dug into the back of Jade's head and slowly rammed into the back of her throat, fast and hard.
"Suck me, suck me hard," Peter said. "You naughty little slut, you wanted your teacher's cock for a long time."

"Admit it," Jade said. "Everytime I flipped my skirt up, you thought about me. And you wanted to look closer, to see if it was just your imagination, or was I really not wearing panties?"

Groans followed with Jade sucking Peter's throbbing hard cock inside of her mouth. The handsome teacher pushed his cock inside of Jade's mouth and slowly shoved it into her. His balls swelled up when bouncing into the back of Jade's mouth.

Lipstick marks and salvia covered Peter Parker's cock when the woman sucked him off. Her tightening grip wrapped around his balls, squeezing it. Jade slurped his cock into her mouth and released it with a couple more intense passes. She was getting closer, closer, to sucking his hard cock down.

Suddenly, she stopped, and pulled away. Jade pulled up to her feet and undid her blouse, allowing it to fall to the ground. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath. Round breasts came out, for Peter to squeeze. Jade practically shoved her chest into her teacher's waiting hands.

"Squeeze my tits," Jade said. "You know, you can't resist them."

Peter could not resist those round wonders. He squeezed Jade's round breasts. His cock brushed lightly underneath her skirt, which Jade reached around to take off. She wore a pair of black thong panties underneath her very short skirt today.

"You're actually wearing panties?" Peter asked.

"Only so I can watch you take them off."

Peter pushed Jade back onto the desk, his cock throbbing. His mouth found her round breasts and worshipped them. He needed to be inside of her. At the same time, Jade's glorious breasts were mouth-watering and beckoned them. He squeezed her, her tits feeling pretty good in his hands.

"Right there!" Jade moaned at the top of her lungs. "Squeeze those breasts, roughly, rougher! I can take it, Peter!"

Eventually, Peter released her breasts, but not before giving them one less light suck. He started to make his way down her abdomen area. He kissed her navel and sucked on it. The warmth coming between her legs, and her soaked panties was very obvious.

Peter slowly slid down her panties, seeing no tan lines between her legs. Her pussy had a small strip of dark hair down it, and looked very wet, very inviting, and extremely tight. Peter throbbed at the thought. He reached over to take care of something, but Jade grabbed his hand.

"Leave your wedding ring on," Jade said. "It makes me that much more excited."

She practically gushed just at the first place. Peter held her thighs apart and aimed his hard cock against her wet pussy. Jade wrapped her legs around him to ensure there were no second thoughts to what he was doing. He aimed closer towards her wet pussy, getting closer to penetrate her.

"Inside me!" Jade yelled. "Go ahead, I take it!"

Peter worked his cock inside of the barely legal temptress beneath him. Her thighs grabbed him and worked his cock in between her warm walls.
"How are you so tight?" Peter asked.

"Oh, I'm just a tease, I didn't want anyone, until I met you!" Jade yelled. "Give it to me, harder… harder!"

Jade tore into Peter's shirt, ripping it off. Peter supposed he only had himself to blame for this little problem, not removing it before the sex started. And the sex was pretty good as well. Mind-blowing at how tight her pussy was. Jade moaned when Peter pushed himself into her.

"Baby, you're so good!"

The school girl made sure to hold her older lover in tighter to him. Those balls slapped against Jade's thighs, and she was excited about how much cum they could hold for her.

"I'm going to earn my grades the old fashioned way!" Jade yelled.

"On your back and screaming for me," Peter said. "It's a shame we don't give out Os, because you're about ready to get one, aren't you?"

Peter roughly squeezed her thigh and Jade bucked up to take more of his throbbing hard cock inside of her. Her pussy stretched and sure enough, she received one. One huge orgasm which rocked every inch of her body. Peter leaned down against her and rested his head deep in her chest.

The hot and willing school girl underneath Peter really clamped down him hard. Jade's body overflowed with an orgasm. Her heart sped up more when the strong man.

Jade moaned in his ear and this only caused Peter to want to ram his cock into her tight pussy. The woman's pussy stretched around his thick cock when he pushed inside of her. Jade lifted her hips almost all the way off of the bed and then engulfed Peter's cock deep inside of her.

"Baby, harder, hard as you got!" Jade begged him. "I want to feel this one, tomorrow in class. Every time I move in my chair, I want to remember you've been between my legs."

"Oh, don't worry! You're going to remember this for a long time!"

Jade stretched across his cock the second it plunged into her deep body. She closed her eyes, panting heavily. A small amount of sweat dripped down her face the second Peter pushed deep inside of her warm body. Peter pulled completely out of her and then slammed himself deep inside of her one more time.

The constant and never ending state of orgasms she entered was speeding up. At least until Peter pulled completely out of her and caused her to drop onto the desk.

"Why did you stop?"

"Get on your hands and knees," Peter said.

Jade smiled and got on her hands and knees, wondering what would happen next. Peter climbed behind her and positioned his hard cock at her entrance. He shoved deep inside of her, and started to pound her pussy with an unbridled fury from behind.

"You're going to take my married cock from every position I want to give it to you, and you'll like it!" Peter growled.

"Oh, I like it already!"
Peter reached for those breasts and grabbed onto them. The warm wonders squeezed in his hand the second Peter plunged his throbbing hard penis into Jade's willing, tightening walls. She stretched around him and released him. Her pussy expanded as much as possible to allow the huge intruder.

Those big balls slapped on her thighs and left marks. Jade liked it, she liked it when people were rough with her. She dug her fingers in the desk.

"Oh, sir, you have a nice big cock and know how to use it!" Jade yelled. "Stuff me full of your cum!"

Peter intended to do just that. His hard cock penetrated the school girl's core. This taboo encounter, this very taboo pussy tightened up around him, and made him get closer to the edge of cumming.

"You're getting off on the fact we could get caught at any time!" Peter growled.

"Yes!" Jade yelled. "You're a bad teacher for being so sexy, and making your female students act like such sluts. I'm just a poor girl who ever had…"

Jade's words had been lost in the scream of an orgasmic lust. Peter buried so much of his cock inside of Jade, it was almost obscene. He stuffed the full length inside of her, burying more cock inside of her than most normal people could handle in their life.

The woman handled it just as well. Peter's balls ached and he was about to dump his cum inside of her. He almost pulled out, but Jade clamped onto him tight. He had to ride it out all of the way. Peter found himself too burning with his lust to think about any consequences. All he could do was slam his rod inside of her body and wait for whatever to happen.

Lust pushed Jade over the edge with her latest orgasm. Her entire body shook and the pleasure spread to her tightening pussy muscles. Peter worked inside of her with each pump. Each one getting closer and closer to the big finale which was Peter Parker's cum flooding Jade's womb.

Peter clutched her breasts while slamming inside one more time. The contents of his balls fired out and coated the inside of Jade's womb. He pushed deep inside of her, draining his balls inside of the woman on the desk.

"Yes, you bastard, give me your cum!" Jade yelled. "Knock me up with your child! You'll be in so much trouble, I love it!"

Peter could not help but be turned on by the very taboo fact he was knocking up one of his students. He could have pulled out in any time, but he spilled his cum inside of her very fertile womb. He stuck his cock inside of her, spilling of his cum inside of her body.

The dust cleared, the consequences were obvious. Peter pulled out of her.

"So, I've earned my D, I think," Jade said. "Well, that was fun."

Jade crawled over to her husband and kissed him on the lips, which he returned. Both slowly slid out of character.

"So, it's my turn to pick the roleplay next time," Jade said, wrapping her arms around Peter's waist.

"What do you have in mind?" Peter asked. "It's not, the evil assassin Cheshire holds the friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man captive and slowly pumps him for information, is it?"

"Hey, it's a classic," Jade said, shrugging. "Besides, you have to appreciate it, because it's how we
met in the first place."

Peter could not dispute that.

"We're going to have to thank Ororo for allowing us access of this spare classroom for our little fun," Peter said.

"Oh, I know how we can thank her," Jade said, smiling wickedly.

End.

Next Chapter 6/24/2017.
Melissa Gold took a deep breath and sat down on the bench. Currently known as Songbird, formerly known as Screaming Mimi, but now she just felt like a right fool for what she did. Everything appeared to go right at least at first. Then pretty much everything went south, and Melissa could have slapped herself numerous times. Why did she not seeing this coming? How could she have been so blissfully naïve? Hell, how could have everyone been so blissfully naïve?

It was over now, at least, and she had to live with the aftermath of the event. Every single consequence hit her full on. Melissa took a deep breath and looked out towards the window, wondering what would take place next. All she could do was sigh and wait for something to happen.

"I'd ask you if you're okay, but I know better."

Melissa stood up and saw a very friendly face, even if it currently had been covered in a mask. She came face to face with Spider-Man. To be honest, she was both glad he was here, and horrified at the same time he was here. It was a really weird feeling to have.

"Hey," Melissa said. "So, how is everyone doing?"

She almost dreaded asking after the fallout. Spider-Man put a hand on her shoulder which caused Melissa to lightly pull away. He was such a good guy, and she couldn't help but think his sympathy was unwarranted. The web slinger locked eyes onto the woman in question.

"We've had better days," Spider-Man said. "Everyone came out find and more importantly the world didn't end."

The woman known as Songbird closed her eyes. It just seemed like her life had been one misfortune after another to be perfectly honest. The woman's fingers brushed through her hair.

"I know you mean well," Melissa said. "But, at the same time….it's not making me feel better. How could I trust Norman Osborn? How could anyone trust Norman Osborn?"

Finally, they got to the crux of the manner. Spider-Man reached forward and grabbed the top of her hand, lightly squeezing it.

"Norman Osborn is a very shrewd man," Spider-Man informed her. "It's not your fault you got pulled into his games. You weren't the last person who was tricked by him, and the rest of the Thunderbolts…"

"Oh a couple of them willingly followed him," Songbird said. "I thought they would reform."

"Some did," Spider-Man said. "And if you thought there was no chance, you would have given up on them. But you haven't, because you think there's still hope."

Melissa decided to throw all caution to the wind, and throw her arms around Spider-Man's neck. She had been surprised how warm he felt pressed against her body. The woman's smile increased when she pushed closer into his arms. That warm grip around her made her heart race a little bit faster. Melissa tried to push closer towards him.
"Thank you, and I mean that," she said.

"I know you…"

It was an impulse move, but Melissa pulled up his mask and kissed him. He froze for a few seconds, but then, surprisingly, Spider-Man returned the kiss. The emotions, the tensions, of this previous mission were running quite high. Melissa molded in Spider-Man's arms, moaning when the kiss had been enhanced.

The two of them kissed deeper for a second. Melissa pulled away from him.

"Well, Spider-Man, I'm lonely, and you wouldn't want me to be in a vulnerable state tonight, would you?" she asked. "I haven't really thanked you properly for pulling my hind end out of the fire. And it wasn't for the first time either."

Melissa moved closer towards him and she moved closer towards his ear.

"And it won't be the last time, either would it?"

"Your words of thanks are more than enough," Spider-Man said. "Not that the kiss wasn't appreciated, it was very nice."

"Oh, thank you again," Songbird said. "You're just full of compliments, and I think I should compliment you by really thanking you. The old saying goes, actions speak louder than words. And I think you know of a few actions which will speak loudly."

Songbird held onto Spider-Man's shoulders and guided him into the door. The two of them deepened the kiss with each other. Out of respect, Songbird kept the mask on. She tugged at the rest of his pants, and slowly ran her hands down his thighs. She reached between Spider-Man's legs and gave him a firm cup of his crotch. Melissa could feel is hardening pole growing even more in prominence between her fingers.

"Oh, I think you're ready for me, aren't you, honey?" she asked. "I can't wait to taste this."

It wouldn't be the first woman who offered to thank Spider-Man in such away, but Peter thought she was an extremely persistent one. She had his throbbing cock out and touched it onto her moist lips. Songbird's tongue danced around the tip of his head and kept swirling about the edge of his cock. Several inches of Peter's length pushed deep inside of Melissa's warm mouth and sucked him extremely hard.

"Mmm, it feels so good."

Melissa endeavored to show Spider-Man what she could really do with her throat. Her hands grabbed him tight and she pushed his length into her throat. Her mouth expanded to beg more of his girth into her mouth.

Every pass of her warm mouth wrapped around his tool made Peter size up in tension. His hands threatened through her multi-colored hair, red with whitish-blonde streaks. He slowly pushed deep inside of her. Those wide expressive eyes burned with a combination of mischief and lust.

Songbird indulged in Spider-Man's cock for a few more minutes and then rose to her feet. She undid the clasp of her costume and slowly allowed it to drop down to the ground.

The vision of unrestrained beauty had been put before Spider-Man. Round breasts, the perfect waist to hip ratio, a smooth pussy, and long juicy legs awaited for him. Every single inch of Songbird's
body had been exposed. She swayed her hips when going closer towards him.

"I know what you want, Spidey," she breathed. "It's the thing I want as well. That slut Moonstone moans about you webbing her down in her sleep and taking her with your big, throbbing cock."

She couldn't help, but smile at getting the better of Karla. She made her bed, unfortunately, she wasn't going to lie with Spider-Man in it. Thankfully though, Melissa was going to. Her wet pussy rubbed against Peter, her legs tightening the grip around him.

Peter held onto Melissa's waist and slowly pushed her towards his throbbing manhood. The beautiful ex-criminal brushed her womanhood against his throbbing manhood. Her legs slowly tightened around Peter's thick tool and rubbed against him.

"Take me, right there," Peter breathed.

Songbird's wet walls slowly caressed Spider-Man's manhood. She was going to take him between her thighs, hard and fast as she wanted to. She bit down on her lip when trying to keep the length from overwhelming her. Those light touches of the web slinger's sticky fingers made her lift her hips up before dropping down onto his hard cock.

It might be only a one time thing, although Songbird hoped not. She threw her head back and gave a light cry when coming down onto them.

"Oh, I can't believe it," Spider-Man groaned.

"Open your eyes, honey," Songbird breathed. "It's not a dream, this is real, very real."

At least she hoped it was real, this would be the kind of thing which would normally cause her to wake up with sticky sheets. The woman's breathing pushed her thighs deep down onto him. She rode down onto Spider-Man's mighty rod. She submerged it between her thick thighs.

Pleasure surrounded Spider-Man when he could feel this beautiful woman drive herself down at him. It would be a wasted opportunity if he just sat here and gawked at her body, when he could touch, when he could taste, when he could feel. When he could take every single inch of her body in his hands and squeeze those round, juicy, bouncing tits. Boy, they looked pretty succulent.

Songbird's mouth hung open and she moaned. Spider-Man lightly caressed her breasts. She hoped he touched them more.

"Don't just treat them like glass," Songbird said. "Please, pull on my nipples. Squeeze them hard. Twist them! Make them yours, Spider-Man!"

Songbird begged him for more and she received even more. His hard cock pushed between her smoldering walls. Songbird bounced up and down on Spider-Man's length, taking as much of him inside of her as her tight pussy could sustain. He stretched her out something fierce.

The more Spider-Man cupped her breasts and gave them a nice, firm squeeze, the more her thighs slid all the way down the base of his cock. It was something Spider-Man kept him mind the further she pushed down onto his rod. His balls connected with her warm thighs when she pushed up and dropped down with repeated actions. Her heart sped up when dropping down onto him.

"That's it, right there!" Songbird yelled. "Really give it to me!" Harder, harder, harder!"

Spider-Man realized she had been trying to shut out the pain of what happened today. Who was he to stop her? They could deal with what happened today after the healing. Spider-Man allowed her to
bury his sorrows, about as deep as he buried his cock in her.

Several minutes passed, stretching even further down the clock. He could see Songbird lose a little bit of her fever. Spider-Man tried to lift her up and drop her down onto his cock. This action was only a momentary reprise. Her thighs were getting a bit tired, and her legs buckled out from underneath her.

Despite the tired nature of her actions, Songbird hated when his cock had been pulled out of her. She realized what he wanted, and did what he asked, without telling. The beautiful woman got on her hands and knees, and her thighs opened very invitingly.

Spider-Man clung to her back, and showed how his hands stuck to surfaces well beyond the walls he was normally known to crawl. Songbird spread her legs and showed the web head exactly where she wanted the cock. He pushed down her back and grabbed her ass, giving it a squeeze.

"I'm going to die here," Songbird begged him.

"Well, we wouldn't want that, would we?"

Spider-Man aimed his heat seeking missile of a rod between Songbird's thighs and stuck the landing. He slipped his length in between her legs. She stretched down around him and then sprung back around him. Spider-Man held onto Songbird's ass and brought his cock inside of her body.

The feeling of his hard cock entering her tight body caused Songbird to sing a lovely tune. His manhood struck the body. Melissa Gold's mind went completely insane every single time Spider-Man connected with her tightening loins. The web slinger took his hard cock inside of her and pulled all the way out of her.

Spider-Man figured she would be a Screamer, but here, he had no idea. He indulged in her beautiful, curvy, body. Every single inch stuck to his fingers at one point or another. Peter pushed his hard cock inside of her body and spread her thighs out. He pulled almost all the way out and pushed his thick manhood inside of her. Several more pumps stretched her pussy completely out.

"Getting close, aren't you?" Peter asked her.

"Mmm, yes," Melissa breathed. "How about you?"

"Well, this is worth holding back a little bit for."

She sighed, and her body shuddered. Spider-Man's stamina made her wonder if this was the reason why he was sought out by so many women. Not, that she gossiped about the various sexual prowess of superheroes and superheroines. Okay, maybe she had her thoughts, but that was neither her nor there.

What was here, on the other hand, was her orgasm. The web slinger pushed into her body. He found a way to pleasure every inch of her body. The end game resulted in Melissa's nipples being squeezed between his fingers. Spider-Man rammed himself deep into her depths.

Now, Melissa came harder, and Spider-Man ensured he rode that orgasm out all of the way. The web slinger switched his tactics and lightly ran his fingers down her nipples. He slowly rubbed those nipples and made her scream out in pleasure.

"So, close, but so far," Spider-Man said.

Her thighs spread deeper to allow him more coverage. Boy, Songbird thought he struck a high note,
feeling his balls slapping against her thighs. Spider-Man held onto her and squeezed her ass when shoving more of his engorged prick. Every single inch of her warm thighs squeezed against him and made him feel really good. The web slinger picked up the pace and shoved as much cock as he could get inside of her body.

Songbird's eyes glazed over, heart beating even faster. Spider-Man caressed the curves of her body and made her very excited. He could go for a long time and that was a great quality to have. The web slinger sped up and kept slamming deep inside of her body.

"Yes," Songbird yelled. "Yes!"

Oh, god, she came again and Songbird thought her entire body was on fire. The fire in Spider-Man most certainly was not put out. He kept riding her orgasm. This made her feel even better than should be mandated by law. The beautiful woman's thighs gripped onto him tightly and tried to coax his seed out of her.

Spider-Man held out, but every time he entered this warm wonderland of moisture, it made him want to bust his nuts inside of her. The web slinger tried to hold back as much as he could. It was very hard to hold back from the pleasure. The web slinger shoved his hard cock inside of her warm body.

"Now, I'm getting close, do you want me to....."

"No, don't hold back," Songbird said. "I want to see this though ,to the end."

Her body tensed up around Spider-Man's probing hard cock. He shoved deep inside of her loins. The orgasm exploded deep around his cock and just made him push even further. The feeling of those hard, throbbing balls, ready to cum, were about ready to spill inside of her body.

Spider-Man grabbed onto her ample ass and slammed deep inside of her tight body. His thick cock spread her thighs and jammed deep inside of her thighs. His balls ached and they were about ready to explode. Cum slowly started to trickle when the pleasure churned up. Then an explosion of pleasure blasted through Spider-Man's loins and he connected with her.

The shared orgasm from both of the lovers accelerated the pleasure. Spider-Man slid into her body and hammered inside. Her loins squeezed Spider-Man's hard cock and then took every single blast of cum inside of her body.

Songbird collapsed onto the bed, the shared force from their orgasms having really worked them over. The very second Spider-Man pulled himself from Songbird, she rolled over onto the bed, legs spread. The beautiful sight of this woman laying on the bed, legs spread caused it very hard to keep control.

"Tonight isn't over," Songbird said. "Lie down, and you never know, we could have some more fun."

It had been a long time since she had indulged in something so wonderful. Perhaps there was hope yet. Spider-Man joined her on the bed, and Songbird wrapped her arms around the Spectacular hero, burying her head into his shoulder.

She intended a night of bemoaning most recent actions. Now, there were fewer regrets.

End.

The time after when Sentinels ran rough shot on Earth was time where you had a lot of time to think, in a most depressing manner possible. Hope stood, peering outside of the windows, eyes widening when she looked at the city streets of New York City. She could only piece together what the world had been like in the before times though numerous Newspaper accounts. None of them really painted that much of a vivid picture.

"How did the world turn into this?"

Her guest, Peter Parker, was not from this time period. He had been sent far into the future by a freak accident. Now, he was here with here, stuck in this time period, at least for now. Hope leaned closer towards Peter and put a hand on his shoulder, smiling when leaning closer towards him.

"It happened so gradually the people didn't understand what happened until it's too late," Hope said. "I think I can send you back though…..send you back armed with knowledge of how to prevent this world."

"But, if I change the past, you might not exist?" Peter asked.

Hope leaned in and lightly touched the side of Peter's face. She closed in the gap between two of them slightly, but not completely. "This is no existence, Peter. There is no world, no hope….really bad pun intended."

"Hey, leave the bad puns to the professionals," Peter said.

Hope smiled and looked at him. He was one of the most sought after heroes out there, so handsome. Her heart fluttered when staring into those brilliant eyes. There was no question about it, Hope hoped for a better future and she believed he was the one who is going to bring it.

"The point is, it's worth it, to see many other people who died tragically," Hope said. "I think I can send you back, but I'm going to need your help. My powers need a certain spark to breach time and space. And….this is almost embarrassing to ask, but we really have no other options."

"Hey, you saved me from those Sentinels back there," Peter said. "If, it's the only way I can return home, then that's what we're going to have to do."

"We're going to have to have sex."

Needless to say, this statement floored Peter. He looked over the girl, it was remarkable how much she looked like a younger, teenage version of Jean Grey. The same red hair, the same green eyes, and more than likely, the same fiery personality. She also held the Phoenix Force, something which Jean held. And her last name was Summers as well, although Peter wondered if this was an alias, to pay tribute to Jean's fallen team mate, Scott Summers, better known as Cyclops.

"I know it's a bit sudden," Hope said. "And I understand…"

"No, you're beautiful," Peter said. "You just caught me off guard…you've never…"

"Well, running for your life in a world where humanity is nearly extinct hasn't given me many
opportunities,” Hope said.

Peter smiled, so true. He looked at Hope, who nervously looked into his eyes. She was very inexperienced with this, despite having all of the cosmic power of the world at her fingertips. Peter had to be the one to guide her into his arms. He wrapped tightly around her neck and pulled her into a kiss.

She reached up and cupped Peter's face. He sat down on the bed and allowed the young girl to straddle his lap. Her fingers explored lightly, unbuttoning the shirt of the older man. Hope leaned in and slowly kissed Peter on the side of his neck, releasing his mouth with a few more kisses. She lightly kissed down the side of his neck even more.

"You're hot," Hope said.

"Coming from the girl who shares her soul with the cosmic bird of fire, I'll take that as a compliment."

Hope smirked and slowly leaned towards Peter. Their lips touched each other and then pulled apart from each other. They came nose to nose with each other, smiling. Their kisses deepened with Hope pulling away from him.

"Not remotely what I meant."

Hope nervously pulled off the top half of her garments. Her firm teenage breasts came out. Peter reached in and grabbed the succulent looking orbs, squeezing them. Hope's breath hitched in.

"They're beautiful," Peter said. "Just relax, and let me suck them."

Hope ground herself down upon Peter's crotch. It rose inside of his pants, stretching out on the underside of his pants. He reached behind Hope and lightly gripped her ass.

Latching his mouth firmly on her nipple, Peter started to suck. Hope responded by gripping the back of Peter's head and guiding in between her large breasts. They were so firm, so warm, so perky, and she enjoyed being sucked, and sucked hard. The girl tried not to go all Phoenix Fire on Peter in this position. His hands gripped onto her pants and slipped them off.

Now, Hope was completely bare. Peter guided her back onto the bed to get a crossing look at him. Her red pubic hair formed the shape of the phoenix, fitting given the situation. Peter touched her like she never been touched before, judging by her reactions.

"I want to see you too," Hope begged him.

Peter lightly rotated his finger against Hope's opening. Hope shifted underneath Peter's probing finger and lightly touched the inside of her walls. He stroked her, rubbing her nether lips. Hope grinded her pussy against him. Peter slipped into her briefly and caused her to feel new sensations, the likes of which never visited her mind in her life.

"Of course, help yourself."

Hope sat up on the bed and grabbed Peter's pants, tearing them off. She saw his boxer shorts, the one last barrier for his nudity. Hope lightly touched his manhood through his pants, and cupped his balls through them. Her smile deepened when playing with him.

'Finally.'
Many inches of throbbing meat came out. Hope couldn't be bothered to guess the length, all she had to do was get her mouth around it and suck it. She was being driven mad through her lust, and she needed as much of that prime Peter Parker phallus in her mouth as possible.

"Take your time."

Hope pouted, but readjusted her stance. She grabbed Peter's balls and squeezed them. The moist lips slid around his throbbing cock head. She could only fit a little bit of it into her mouth, but it really didn't matter. Hope passionately sucked about as much as she could.

Peter leaned back against the bed and allowed the younger girl to experiment with her first ever cock. The awkward teenage attempts to wrap her lips around his cock caused Peter to take hold of the back of her head and keep guiding himself into her throat.

"Suck on that as hard as you want to," Peter groaned. "Your mouth feels so good. I can't help, but keep pushing my cock inside of it. Oh, it feels really good. I want your mouth around my cock!"

Hope slurped Peter's cock into her mouth. Her warm lips kept parting around him. The more she sucked on him, the more she wanted that big cock inside of her. The energy surrounding around her body increased. She groped his balls and squeezed them as hard as possible.

Suddenly, Hope pulled away from his cock and rubbed her jaw. It was a hard harder to keep up a constant barrage of cock-sucking, well more so than she thought. Hope crawled back on the bed and spread her thighs, parting them, and made them nice and ready for Peter.

"Take my innocence," Hope begged him.

She laid prone for him on the bed, thighs spread. Peter crawled on top of her and slowly caressed every inch of her hot body. Those nipples begged for more attention and Peter leaned towards them. He latched his mouth around one of them and sucked her nipple hard. Hope grabbed onto the back of Peter's head, rolling her hips up.

The moment he was ready, Peter slid on top of her and slid inside of her for the first time. Hope closed her eyes, feeling her virgin opening being penetrated for the first time.

"Just relax," Peter said.

"I don't want you to stop," Hope begged him.

Peter didn't really want to stop either. He pushed himself into her. Hope clutched onto his back and raked her fingers down it. It took a couple of minutes before her body calmed down just enough for Peter to be all the way inside of her. His balls sprung up and dropped down on Hope's hips when he rose up and down into her body.

"I'm not going to stop, don't worry," Peter told her.

Hope sure hoped so. Her walls clamped around Peter's engorged rod and then released it. Peter rose up further and slammed himself into her.

"It feels so good!" Hope mewled underneath him.

She never thought an orgasm this good would spread through her body. Peter grabbed onto her and shoved as much of his cock inside of her. His balls slapped against Hope's wet pussy.

Every single thrust brought new sensations to the young, powerful, woman underneath him. Peter
held onto her and ran his hands down her body. He could not wait to touch her curvy body even more. Hope responded by raising her hips up, pushing her legs down his body. Peter grabbed onto her body, rubbing her thighs and pushing deep inside of her tightening pussy.

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" Peter asked. "I'm going to pound you until you can't take any more!"

"I can take a lot though," Hope said.

She gushed though at the thought of Peter taking her in every which way possible. Hope rose up off of the bed, her hips rising up. Fire surrounded both of their bodies, briefly. It added an interesting sheen to things. Peter looked at her shockingly.

"It's more…of an effect….than anything!" Hope moaned underneath her body.

Peter held onto her hips and plunged into her tight vice of a cunt. The web slinger dropped down into her and pushed more of his hard cock inside her body.

Hope could not believe it, it was like a wet dream come true. She was being fucked, fucked by Spider-Man. His big, strong cock pushed into her. His hands touched her body, caressing every last nook and cranny of it and made her feel really good. Hope's tightening walls grabbed onto him and released her.

"OOOOOHHH!"

It was really an accomplishment to give a woman with great cosmic power her first orgasm. Peter would remember this one for a very long time. He picked up the pace and slammed his hard cock inside of her tight loins. The vice clamped around his intruding cock.

Hope's entire body felt a barrage of sensations like she never felt before in her life. She grabbed onto Peter and allowed him to slam down into her body. Her breaths continued the more Peter slammed into her. Drool spilled from her mouth the second Peter bottomed out inside of her.

The thrusts slowed down. Peter leaned towards her.

"Still with me?"

Hope nodded in response. Peter rammed his throbbing cock inside of her body, her pussy stretched around him. Peter worked his cock inside of her body with a rapid-fire pace. Her thighs spread as far as possible to get as much of Peter inside of her. And there was a whole lot of the handsome young man to go around. Hope received a heavy pounding, the likes of which she had never felt in her life.

"Always, with you!" Hope moaned at the top of her lungs.

Peter thought it was pretty good. He started to roll his hips down into Hope's. She pushed up to meet Peter's intruding cock. They joined each other with a pleasurable exchange.

Orgasm number two somehow became more intense. Peter pressed down onto Hope, shoving his massive length between her warm thighs. He kissed her on the neck, and the ear, and then down her collarbone. Her body thrashed underneath him.

Hope feared for the state of the bed after they were done. Things were getting warmed up. But, if Peter was going to change the past, the state of the bed would be the least of her worries.

"If I'm going out, I'm going out with a bang.'
She encouraged Peter with more moans. She felt up the muscular back of the man burying his rod into her repeatedly and quickly. Every single time he entered her, Hope experienced sensations beyond her greatest expectations. Hope's walls clamped down onto him, and released Peter with a couple of very fluid thrusts. Her hips rose up off of the bed and met Peter's hard cock when it pressed down in her body.

"More, please!" Hope begged him.

Peter could feel the warmth of this tight, teenage pussy underneath him. The sinful, warm desires of Hope's pussy, combined with the cosmic power, only encouraged him to slam into her body even further and even deeper. His balls slapped her.

"That's all for me," Hope breathed.

"When you earn it." Peter said.

Hope closed her eyes and enjoyed the thrill of the moment. Oh boy, she wanted to earn it, earn every single last drop of that warm cum stored currently in Peter's balls. Her heart raced a little bit more when Peter rose up off of the bed to take him deeper inside of her body.

"Mmm, am I earning it," Hope begged him.

Peter just smiled and kept working his length between Hope's clenching thighs. The beautiful woman kept pumping herself off of the bed. She tightened hard around Peter and squeezed him. Her body tensed up around him and released his cock.

Every single thrust brought both of them closer towards a climax. Peter could feel her trying to make him feel as good as he made her feel. Give and take proved to be a good benefit for any relationship, and their building relationship was one of these circumstances where Peter pushed inside of her body.

"Peter, please!" Hope breathed.

Those words and that nice, polite gesture, was music to Peter's ears. He heard the sweat song of the Phoenix Force increased, with his throbbing cock deep inside of her tight body. Her loins stretched around Peter and released him with each pump. Those balls slapped against her thighs.

Peter groaned, he could feel the warmth of Hope's beautiful loins caressing down his thick, throbbing cock. Peter had to hold onto her and had to bury more of himself inside of her womanly center. She grabbed down around him and released him.

Another orgasm and Hope thought she was going to pass out for the pleasure. She could feel the power building, and soon, as she reached her peak, it would be enough to send Peter home.

She didn't want this to end, ever, but understood the necessity. Hope could not allow her own selfish emotions get the better of her. She rose up off of the bed, which started to heat up even more.

The warmth surrounding Peter's engorged prick made it harder for him to hold back. He buried his length deeper inside of Hope, and took every single moment inside of her.

"I'm close again!"

Hope released the orgasm around Peter's mighty pole. She slid almost all the way up and engulfed his hard rod in between her thighs. The stiff feeling of that rod burying between her thighs made Hope feel beyond good. She couldn't even describe how wonderful she felt.
Peter was getting close as well. The contents straining through his balls bounced against her warm thighs. He could feel her very being tense up around him. Hope worked her nails into the back of Peter's neck and felt him buried inside of her body.

She was so close, to cumming hard. Her body sized up and released her tension in a gushing flood of warm juices. She sunk down nails first into Peter's back.

"I'm getting close too," Peter groaned. "I can't hold back. Your pussy feels so good. I want to fuck it forever."

"I know," Hope moaned in his ear. "I know it feels so good, and I want you in me for longer too, but we can't...we can't let ourselves get lost in these...moments."

They were such great position though sharing these heated encounter, which got heated in more ways than one. Peter sped up and allowed his emotions to get the better of him. He drilled the sexy redhead underneath him, her walls tensed up around him.

Hope screamed in passionate fury. If she had to be erased to preserve a better future, this would be among her last memories. The man she loved, the man she worshipped, drilling his manhood inside of her. Each orgasm wrapped around her very essence. The cosmic energy increased when her core grew super-heated. Peter didn't slow down, he just made her come constantly and rapidly.

All good things had to come to an end though. Peter buried his rod inside of Hope's clenching vice. She closed down onto him and released his tool with a couple of fluid pumps. Peter pushed deeper inside of her and Hope released him. Every single time, the two of them connected with each other, it was very hot and heavy with each other.

"Mmm, yes!"

Hope came harder than ever before. She knew Peter's orgasm would follow inside of her. She took his cum in between her thighs. Her womb sucked in his spurting seed. Hope lifted up and down, closing her eyes. Her fingers dug into the back of Peter's neck.

A couple of more thrusts finished Peter. The energy surrounded both of them.

"Peter, you have to leave," Hope breathed.

He finished up inside of her, and pulled away from her body. The two kissed, before Peter pulled away.

"Wish me luck."

"Good luck."

Hope closed her eyes, her last possible moments were going to be spent remember tonight's encounter in detail. She focused on these memories while preparing for the time shift.

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End.

Next Chapter 7/5/2017.
On my blog, there has been a bonus chapter posted featuring Spider-Man with Tara Markov/Terra. Head to the "List of Very Important Links" on my profile, and to the Web of Chaos Archives. Then you can access it through either the Blog Exclusive content archive or the Sticky Situation archive.

Now on with your regularly scheduled shameless smut.

Spider-Man rolled over and groaned. He pieced together the last few minutes in the mind. The web slinger ended up on a ship with some smugglers, and the ship ended up in space. The next thing he knew, someone, or something knocked him out. The web slinger took a few seconds to breath in and breath out with a deep breath.

'What do I have to work with?' Spider-Man mentally asked himself. 'A clear wall, that's not that bad, could have been much worse….and that's why it's clear.'

The energy repelled Spider-Man back a couple of steps and the energy buzzed his body. He somehow knew, based on his spider sense humming at this particular moment, the wall would have knocked him out. The web slinger took a look around and saw someone coming up the hallway. The web slinger took a few seconds to prepare himself, but nothing could prepare for himself for the woman coming down the hallway.

A beautiful blue skinned woman showed up at the edge of the hallway, although her beauty somewhat faded to the intense look in her eyes. She wore battle armor over the top of a skin tight suit. The web slinger locked eyes onto some amazing curves at the other end of this bodysuit which resulted in his heart beating a little bit faster. Spider-Man could not believe what he laid eyes on. Beautiful and deadly, which ended up being a very potent conversation.

"Okay, listen, I was in the wrong place at the wrong time," Spider-Man.

"Do you know who I am?"

Spider-Man took a second to look at her.

"Well, no, we haven't been formally introduced," Spider-Man said a few seconds later. "But, if you could just tell me who you are, that would be great. You know, I think if we get to know each other, everything would be….""

"My name is Nebula," she informed Spider-Man. "And you decided to hop about my ship. Are you a spy sent by one of my competitors?"

"A spy?" Spider-Man asked. "No, just your neighborhood friendly Spider-Man who had been swinging by the save the day."

The clear wall of the cell opened and Nebula pointed a gun at Spider-Man. The web slinger looked up at her, and contemplated fighting her off. This woman, Nebula, looked like the type of woman who could eat him for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and he had encountered some very badass women.
"If you're not a spy, than why are you wearing a mask?"

Fair enough point, Spider-Man guessed. He didn't answer, and Nebula grabbed him by the face by one hand and pulled on his mask. The mask stuck to his face and Nebula had to work for it to get off. She tore at the mask instead of simply pulling it off, revealing the face of the web slinging hero.

"A human?" Nebula asked. "My competitors must be getting desperate to use a lowly human as a spy."

"Hey, that's racist," Spider-Man joked.

Nebula looked at the unmasked human, who was not too bad looking towards her. She looked at his body, for the first time, and smiled. She noticed him checking out her form as well, and Nebula thought about how to best leverage this situation to get her something she craved. It would be a waste to kill him, even if he did stumble upon her ship.

"Tell me your name," Nebula said.

"I'm telling you, my name is Spider-Man," he responded.

"Spider-Man, do you find me attractive?"

Spider-Man had been taken completely off guard by this question. He did not hesitate to answer, mostly because of the very deadly laser weapon had been pointed at him when she said it.

"Yes, you're beautiful, and not just because you'd shoot me if I said otherwise."

Did a small smile creep over Nebula's face, Spider-Man did not know. The gorgeous woman smiled and turned around. "Come with me, Spider-Man."

Spider-Man followed her down the hallway. Amazing how she lead the way. That particular fact showed a boatload of confidence, for certain. The web slinger followed Nebula all the way down the hallway and a second later, they arrived at a doorway. Nebula unlocked the door and she pushed it on through.

"Inside, now."

She was not a lady to argue with. Nebula already undid her battle armor and revealed a very sleek looking suit which fit into her body like a second layer of skin. She looked very fit and very nice, and Spider-Man could easily imagine her naked, just by looking at how the material hugged her body.

Something other than his spider sense started to tingle. Nebula watched Spider-Man, with a smile on her face. Interest burned through her eyes when she looked over the friendly neighborhood web slinger.

"Remove your clothes, all of them."

Spider-Man nodded in response. She didn't have the gun, but she did not need the gun to get him to strip off. Besides, this costume could get very uncomfortable with an erection. The web slinger pulled off his costume, to reveal his muscled body. He had gone a long way from the days of Puny geek Peter Parker, even though some of the awkwardness remained.

"Not bad for an Earth boy," Nebula said.
"Thanks, I think."

Nebula reached in to trace a finger on Spider-Man's chest and reached down to caress his stomach. The beautiful space vixen decided to move down a little bit and take his cock in her hand. She squeezed it and slowly jerked it up and down, feeling it grow in her hand.

"You're going to perform any number of carnal acts to me, Spider-Man," Nebula said. "And don't disappoint me."

Nebula squeezed his package very firmly and then gave him a very forceful kiss when she stroked him. Spider-Man grabbed onto Nebula's hair and guided his tongue into her mouth. Both of the soon to be lovers locked eyes with each other.

After the kiss broke, Nebula let go of Spider-Man's cock. He could still feel the impression of her fist wrapped around it. Spider-Man watched as Nebula slowly undid her suit, revealing more of the space vixen's glorious skin to him. A pair of round breasts came out, and a very flat, firm stomach, trim as everything Spider-Man ever laid his eyes on. She had no trace of body hair on her, and her pussy looked aroused. A wide ass and dazzling long legs which stretched on for miles topped off the outfit.

Nebula motioned for Spider-Man to come towards her.

Spider-Man crawled on top of Nebula, their bodies pressing together. He kissed her body, worshipping her, starting at the side of her face.


She almost gasped in pleasure when Spider-Man's fingers stuck to her hardened nipples and squeezed them. The nub between the digits of this hero grew thick. She could feel his eager cock brushing against her smooth thighs, ready to join with her in only sole constant through the known universe.

Spider-Man buried his face in Nebula's chest and sucked her delirious tits. The beautiful woman gave a few moans, subtle as they may be. Spider-Man picked up on the fact she enjoyed this, and craved pleasure about as much as a next move.

'You know, if you rock her world, you might be able to get out of this alive,' Spider-Man thought herself.

The web slinger moved his attentions from her breast down to her flat stomach. He skipped her pussy for a moment, and spent some time worshipping the woman's beautiful legs. His fingers danced down the legs, making Nebula gasped in thinly veiled pleasure.

"That's it, keep it up," Nebula breathed in heavily. "Don't…don't stop, please, don't stop."

Spider-Man had zero intentions of stopping, especially when the iron was hot. He kept delving his tongue further into Nebula's warm pussy lips. Every time he touched her, Nebula's hips jumped up a slight bit to meet Spider-Man's very eager tongue. The hot beauty thrashing about on the bed only encouraged Spider-Man to lick her even more. Nebula closed her eyes.

The pussy dripped juices, making Spider-Man harder at the taste of her. He buried his face between Nebula's thighs, and she wrapped her legs around his head. The feeling of her very beautiful legs wrapped around his head made Spider-Man only hunger for more of her. She tasted divine, beyond much of anything Spider-Man ever indulged himself in, during his life.
Nebula's hips bucked up and her juices came out. This Spider-Man brought her to a climax with simply his mouth. She might have to reevaluate her priorities, although she found herself rather glad she did not kill him at the first glimpse.

"Now, it's my turn."

Not even given him a chance to recover from the rush of eating out the beautiful woman's pussy, Nebula flipped Spider-Man over onto the bed. His cock stood up in the air, primed and ready to go. Nebula grabbed Spider-Man's shoulders, digging her fingernails into them. She attacked his mouth, to taste her own juices, and then kiss down his chest, biting down on him.

"OOOH," Spider-Man groaned.

This vixen ground up against him, in addition to biting and scratching him. He wondered when the last time it was that Nebula got any. Not that was a polite question to ask a lady, especially with one who had a laser blaster she could easily grab from a bed side table.

Nebula pulled away from Spider-Man and watched his cock stand up. She put her finger at the tip of the cock and slowly ran it down, to the hanging sac between her legs. It stored his mating fluids, from what Nebula knew about human biology. Then again, that wasn't that different, men were men, in about eighty percent of the multiverse as well.

The web slinger though he would explode just for Nebula playing with his cock and balls. She made sure he looked straight into her eyes, burning with lust. Those dark lips parted and took Spider-Man's cock into her mouth without any problems.

Those dark lips sealed up Peter's cock and she sucked him very hard. Nebula's eyes watched Peter, when she slickened his cock with her salvia. His manhood only swelled in her mouth. Nebula reached down to the base and squeezed it, while sucking him off at the head.

Peter thrashed up off of the bed. Nebula denied him release for the moment, only swelling him even further, bringing him full of even more carnal desire. His body relaxed on the bed.

"It's time for me to finish you off."

Nebula just pulled away from him, her hand still clenching him at the base. Her warm tongue swirled around Peter's cock which caused his hips to jump up.

"These are going to fill up nice and big so I can drain them," Nebula said. "What's the human term… fuck your brains out, isn't it?"

"Yes," Peter said.

"Good boy," Nebula said.

She squeezed his hard cock, making Peter swell with even further need. Nebula climbed up and stood on the bed. She stood over Peter's body, cock standing in the air.

Nebula resembled someone who had won a battle, standing over the top of her fallen opponent. Now, she was going to get her prize, and her prize stood up. Nebula stood above him, spreading her legs. She started to crouch down, the arousal from her pussy dripping down when she lowered.

The drippings caught Peter's hard cock and made him want to enter Nebula from this position. Nebula situated herself over the top of Peter. Her pussy lips ground against Peter's aching prick. Nebula smiled and rolled her hips over the top of him.
"Oh…god."

Nebula's tight pussy took Peter inside of her and squeezed his very engorged prick. Peter Parker felt the pressure and the pleasure of Nebula's warm lips wrapping around him. He reached up to grab her ass to squeeze it, and Nebula allowed him to do so.

The space pirate took more of this engorged male organ inside of her. It did a good job in stretching her out and making her tingle. She never took something this large inside of her body, even some of the toys she obtained from the most exotic corners of the universe did not compare to this.

"Spider-Man," she breathed. "I'm glad I didn't kill you."


Nebula grabbed him, her slick surfaces giving a velvety tight grip around Peter's engorged prick. The web slinger groaned at the feeling of Nebula going down on his rod, pressing his length inside of her. Peter Parker grunted the very second Nebula came up on him and then dropped down onto him.

"Yes, I'm very glad," Nebula said, chewing down on her lip in thinly veiled excitement.

She managed to position herself where she rode Peter's hard cock with reckless abandon. Nebula rose up all the way off of the bed and sank down onto Peter. She stretched her smooth pussy around Peter's rock hard rod, making him feel her around him.

The tightness of this woman made Peter almost lose his mind with pleasure. Nebula rode his cock like he was a prized bull. Her beautiful blue-skinned body bounced up and down onto his throbbing hard cock. Peter's manhood speared inside of her.

Both lovers matched each other. Nebula threw her head back and she gave a scream. She wildly speared herself down onto the manhood underneath her. Her warm walls stretched around him and then tightened around him. The feeling of a very satisfied climax would be about ready.

"Your pussy, it's just too much," Peter groaned.

Nebula smiled and looked at her captive lover. She really enjoyed using this cock to work out some long-term frustrations, but the fact she gave someone else that much pleasure gave her a satisfying feeling. The woman pushed herself deep down onto the breeding rod of this young man. She could feel his testicles swelling underneath her. Nebula pushed herself deeper down onto Peter.

Those breasts connected with Peter's chest and caused his hips to move up. Nebula held his hips down onto the bed and impaled herself down onto him. Each feeling of her tight pussy clamping down on Peter's throbbing rod made him feel really good.

"Suck on them again."

Peter received a mouth full of nipple and sucked on it like a nursing babe. He realized now how much Nebula enjoyed having her breasts sucked at the rate she squeezed him and came down onto Peter's hard prick.

The two matched their actions for a very long time. Spider-Man guided Nebula through several more orgasms, making the blue-skinned beauty to scream out in pleasure. Her nipples only ached in her prisoner's mouth.

Just the gift that kept on giving, Nebula thought. She rode him, driven by nothing but carnal passion and lust. Her warm vice grabbed around the young man and pushed herself up before sliding all the
way down onto him. Nebula moaned softly, working her thighs down onto the engorged prick of the man beneath her.

Nebula soaked the prime specimen's rod underneath her. She could feel his arousal building. Nebula channeled all of the strength into her inner muscles and started to grab his rod even harder, squeezing him with much more urgency.

"Damn, woman," Spider-Man groaned.

"I want your seed," Nebula told him.

Nebula gripped and released Spider-Man. Each push of those scorching walls made Spider-Man's balls throb even more. He pushed up into her, the woman's body pressing against his when she descended down onto him. Their flesh molded together for the closing moments of their coupling.

Holding him close at hand, using every inch of her body to pleasure his, might have been considered a dirty tactic. Nebula didn't care, she wanted something, and as always, she would go to any lengths whatsoever to get it.

"I can't hold.....ARGH."

Those words followed up with Spider-Man rocking his rod in between Nebula's gripping thighs. Nebula squeezed and released Spider-Man, sending several blasts of cum deep inside of Nebula.

Nebula pushed herself to newer heights, pumping Spider-Man with her thighs when driving herself down onto his hard rod. She drained every last drop of cum she could manage out of him.

Spider-Man descended down on the bed, and Nebula pulled away from him. She could not even stand, because of what Spider-Man did to her.

"After that performance, I'm going to have to keep you my sex slave, for the rest of your life."

Spider-Man's eyes widened. Nebula just smiled when looking at him.

"The look on your face was priceless," Nebula said. "You're free to go...on the condition that if I call on you, you will come and sate my needs...any time, no matter when. Is that acceptable?"

"No problems," Spider-Man said.

He was pretty sure if he disagreed, she would have just thrown him back into that cell anyway. And having a hot alien booty call on call was not the worst thing that ever happened to Peter.

End.

Trouble came in the form of a green-skinned woman who was one of the deadliest women around, although Peter Parker would not dare say she might be one of the most dangerous women around. She was in fact one of the most dangerous women around and likely up there with She-Hulk as one of the bad ass, beautiful green skinned women he ever knew.

Which Peter would say with definite proof, after seeing her in action. Gamora dropped down to the ground and knocked the alien enemy back down to the ground. The member of the Guardians of the Galaxy rarely ended up in Earth. Things changed when she chased a very deadly space fugitive.

"You've got him."

These words coming from Spider-Man caused Gamora to turn around. Beautiful as she was deadly, and given how Gamora was quite gorgeous, Spider-Man knew she could be the type of woman to hand his ass to him. She looked him over for a moment, making sure the prisoner had been secured.

"Not that I should be surprised."

Gamora secured her prisoner in a containment field. It should hold him until the rest of the team would have been able to show up. Gamora looked at Spider-Man and crossed the room. The web slinger had no clue what might happen next.

"Relax, I'm not going to hurt you," Gamora told him. "You aren't as bad as I thought. In fact, you handled yourself pretty well out there and you didn't get in my way. And you kept the civilians out of the way, so I could grab him. You put them first, and that's something I could appreciate."

"Just doing my job as the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man….."

Gamora put a finger up on Spider-Man's chin and surprised him. The web slinger watched the woman, who could very easily break him if she intended. She got a very good look at him for a few seconds, and smiled when moving back towards him.

"You did save me," Gamora said. "And I always did think you weren't too bad. You do have your annoying moments, but overall, you're good."

"Not too bad?" Spider-Man asked. Gamora smiled and nodded. "Hey, I'll take it."

Spider-Man wondered where this one was going. Never in his wildest dreams did he know what would happen next. Namely, Gamora grabbing his shoulders and pushing him against the wall, to pull his mask up and kiss the ever living daylights out of him.

Those hands cupped the underside of Spider-Man's face and he had been surprised by the kiss. Only one thing to do though, and that was return the kiss. The beautiful space babe pushed her tongue inside of his mouth. Peter enjoyed the feeling of Gamora exploring the inside of his mouth. All Peter could do was exchange another kiss with her. His fingers grabbed the back of Gamora's head and pinned her in place.

"Mmm," Gamora moaned hungrily.
She nibbled on the exposed lip of the web slinger. Her hands tore at the upper half of the outfit, the lower half as well.

"Are you sure you didn't get blasted with something….."

Gamora grabbed Spider-Man's crotch and cut him off in mid-quip. She looked at him, holding his balls and then releasing them.

"Sometimes, you really need someone to scratch an itch," Gamora said. "Long days, traveling the universe…fighting everyone who wants to destroy it, enslave it, you need someone to give you some pleasure. And to give a little bit of pleasure….we've been on a few missions, you know how stressful the job is."

Yes, Spider-Man got dragged on a couple of misadventures with the Guardians of the Galaxy. He thought Gamora enjoyed the job, and maybe she did.

Still, Spider-Man would not be an idle party. He grabbed the top of Gamora's attire and pulled down the straps. Two bountiful breasts sprung out with the web slinger grabbing the underside of them. Spider-Man pushed his fingers on them and squeezed them.

"Touch me," Gamora said. "Don't hold back."

Spider-Man now backed Gamora up and she landed on a large crate which had been put out. The web slinger's fingers lightly brushed down between Gamora's thighs and made them lift up. He teased her, showing Gamora those sticky fingers were not just climbing onto walls.

A jolt of pleasure spread over Gamora's heated loins. The web slinger's able fingers caressed the outer surface of her walls and then dipped between her thighs. Gamora closed her eyes with Spider-Man attacking the inner core with those very able, very skilled fingers. Gamora tightened her grip on the fingers and took in a very deep breath the very second those fingers dipped inside of her.

One more move and Spider-Man leaned down. He captured Gamora's warm lips between his, and kissed her. Gamora rocked her hips halfway up off of the bed, taking as much of Peter's tongue inside of her as humanly possible. Spider-Man tasted the lemony juices trickling out of Gamora.

"Get me wet," Gamora breathed. "I need you inside me."

Gamora grabbed onto the back of his head, both as a suggestion and a warning. To his credit, Spider-Man continued to prove he was more than up for the task of eating Gamora out. His able mouth and tongue attacked her damp womanhood. Gamora pushed herself up.

One orgasm followed by a series of smaller ones. Spider-Man lapped up the juices and dragged Gamora over. He considered it a point of pride that this woman, of all people, thrashed on him.

Spider-Man pulled up and Gamora sprawled out on the crate. Her things spread for Spider-Man invitingly. She caught sight of the manhood the web slinger packed in his tights and nearly creamed herself in delight.

"Good things come to those who wait."

Gamora tried to tell him she did not enjoy being denied something. Unfortunately, she had been cut off by a very powerful and very forceful kiss. The web slinger's happy go lucky demeanor lured her into a false sense of security. She realized his tendency to make wise-cracks was just to keep himself from going insane.
Nibbling continued to pleasure Gamora's erect nipples. Her fingers touched the back of the web slinger's head and guided his mouth to her ample chest. He kissed down her body, teasing every last inch of Gamora. The Deadliest Woman Alive was simply just a woman, no wanting or needing anything.

Gamora's eyes glazed over when Spider-Man teased her belly button. He moved himself between her thighs one more time, ramping up the agony. A slow process started with him teasing her outer lips. The tongue slipped inside at random intervals, making Gamora shift herself up and down. Her hips bumped up and took Spider-Man between her thighs.

"Yes," Gamora breathed at the top of her lungs. "Please, yes!"

Gamora tightened herself around Spider-Man's head and started to breath. The web slinger's tongue and mouth pleased the green-skinned beauty.

Each taste of Gamora's juice made Spider-Man want to plunge into her being. He did not want to do it just yet. Any small measure of control, Spider-Man needed to take for once.

"Don't make me beg you!" Gamora yelled.

Those screams sounded pretty desperate, like someone wanted something. The web slinger touched her, and then went back. He only lightly touched her clit, and sent pleasure spiraling up and down her loins. Slow and steady eating of her pussy followed, with Gamora shifting her hips up to meet the Web Slinger when he munched her out.

"Beg me for what?"

Gamora thought there was something innocent about his voice, and at the same time, something very devious. She wanted to scream in frustration. She was way too horny to argue against him, at least not right yet. Spider-Man dragged his finger up against her.

"I want you, inside me, now you bastard!" Gamora yelled.

Spider-Man teased her a little bit more and Gamora felt her hips rise up to react to him. Her own body was Spider-Man's accomplice in the torture of Gamora's mind. He gave her these small inklings of pleasure.

"You won't tame me," Gamora warned him.

"No, but I can make you wish I could."

Gamora's foggy lust did not process it. Spider-Man pinched her clit with the right amount of force to get her going. The beautiful and deadly woman thrashed her hips off of the crate. She came dangerously close to splintering it when she pushed up and down. Spider-Man touched her inner core, very lightly working his finger inside of her. It teased Gamora and forced her to come up.

"How do….."

"You're about ready to cum."

Spider-Man played with a little more fire, denying Gamora an orgasm. Gamora looked at him, with half anger, and half disappointment. The disappointment ended up being much worse than the anger. Gamora wrapped her legs around Spider-Man the first chance she got and yanked him forward.

"Playtime's over," Gamora said. "Cock inside me, now."
Gamora pulled at Spider-Man's costume and dug her hands into his back. The feeling of the fingernails gave Spider-Man a nice warning. Gamora's pussy lubricated the tip of Peter's engorged cock and threatened to push him inside. The web slinger rubbed up against her.

"It's mine now," Gamora said. "It's mine, just like it should be."

Her thighs parted and accepted Peter inside of her. The web slinger's hard cock parted inside of Gamora's slick center. She clamped down onto him, squeezing Peter as hard as possible. Gamora rolled her hips up to meet Peter and push him into her.

The web slinger's mind went completely wild. Spider-Man pushed himself down, running his fingers down Gamora's thighs. His head dropped to her breasts, to suck on them. The web slinger licked and sucked at the heaving mounds when they rose up into his mouth.

"Suck on them, suck on them hard," Gamora said. "Suck on them like it's your job, Spider-Man!"

Gamora moved her grip from Peter's back to the back of his head. The web slinger did not hasten to indulge himself. Mostly because the constant attack on Gamora's nipples made her hips rise up and meet Peter's incoming thrusts. Every time he buried himself inside of her, her insides tightened around Peter and pushed him further inside of her.

The Deadliest Woman Alive could feel this mighty rod spear inside of her body. Her flesh tightened deep around the invading manhood. The two rocked each other back and forth.

Another orgasm brought waves of pleasure through Gamora and challenged it through the staff of her lover. The web slinger tightened his grip on Gamora's thighs and pounded inside of her. He rode out the orgasm and channeled the power into the next, and Gamora appreciated it.

The crate beneath then finally gave away, only slowing down Spider-Man a fraction of a second. The web slinger retained his momentum and slammed into Gamora. Each time he dropped down onto her, their hips clashed together with the most pleasurable friction imaginable.

"Keep it up," she encouraged him. "Don't slow down, don't stop, not at all, for the love of….."

Peter did not slow down, he did not stop, and he did keep going on. He kept going on and drilling his powerful rod into Gamora to bring another orgasm through her body. Gamora shifted her hips up to meet him. She threw her head back with a passionate scream going through her.

"You really wanted this badly, didn't you?" Peter asked Gamora.

Gamora did not say a single word. All she did was lift her hips up to meet the powerful lover beneath her. Her body received a thrilling workout the likes of which she never had, at least in a very long time. Gamora's thighs closed around Spider-Man and milked him.

The state of Gamora showed Peter more of what she wanted than any single word did. Every time they met together, Peter submerged himself in a very heated center. The spider-themed hero pushed his manhood deep inside of Gamora's tightening vice.

White splashes of light came on the inside of Gamora's eye lids. She found herself being rocked by the web slinger's incoming thrusts. Spider-Man took himself against her and buried more of his rod inside of her. He rode out the latest orgasm, pushing deep inside of her.

Suddenly, after the orgasm, Spider-Man pulled out. He grabbed Gamora and rolled her over. Much to his surprise, and partially hers as well, Gamora presented herself on her hands and knees for him. Peter ran his hands over her and felt her tight ass, slowly easing a thumb into it.
"Don't hold back."

These words became a mantra for Gamora and something Peter took to heart when easing himself against her slit. It almost sucked him inside of her. Resting his hands on her hips gave Peter the edge and pushed inside of Gamora.

Gamora eagerly took in her lover one more time. The throbbing prick speared inside of Gamora and pumped inside of her. Those balls loaded up with cum and kept slapping over and over against Gamora's thighs. Spider-Man pushed against her down onto the ground.

Amazing sensations passed through Gamora when her lover kept taking her from behind with everything he could give her. Gamora only jumped on a whim.

"You want your release, don't you?"

More touches nearly drove Gamora over the edge. Erotic desire spread through her body. She closed around the young man against him and took more inside of her. The intruder parted Gamora's walls, picking up a very steady pace the deeper Spider-Man pushed inside of her. His balls kept slapping against Gamora's very inviting and very succulent thighs. Each time Spider-Man bounced against Gamora, those thick balls slapping Gamora when the web slinger gained that all important momentum.

"You really must want this, don't you?"

Gamora did not say anything. She wanted everything Spider-Man could give her and just that much more. The web slinger took her repeatedly from behind and perhaps a few other ways. The containment field still held across the room, holding the prisoner, not that was a primary concern.

The web slinger felt up Gamora's tight, toned body. Her womanly figure made Peter only wish to slam into her even more. A body like this was built for both a lovely combination of kicking someone's ass and seducing them, so you could kick their ass later.

"Cum for me, Gamora. You know you want me to. Your pussy can't take my cock, can it?"

Gamora shook her head and let out a very passionate moan. She could not take the sensation of this iron hard prick inside of her. It beat a path inside of her and made her cum again and again.

With each orgasm, Gamora milked the cock of the wall crawler just a little bit harder. Even Spider-Men had their limits, but damn if Peter was not going to get the most out of it. This chance meeting turned out very well, almost too well to be honest.

Something this good, always came with a catch. Exactly what that catch was, Peter would worry about it when he finished up inside of her.

"Don't pull out," Gamora said.

Peter accepted this, mostly due to the fact Gamora tightened her tight grip on him. His prick slid into Gamora and pushed her warm thighs apart. Gamora grabbed onto the ground, ass extended in the air for Peter to grab onto and for him to plunge deep inside. Gamora took more than she could bargain for when taking Spider-Man's big cock inside repeatedly.

"You better be sure."

"I am sure."
Gamora grabbed onto the ground, ass up in the air when Spider-Man plowed into her from behind. Spider-Man held onto said ass and gave her a very elegant and very potent pounding, slamming his way inside of her from the backside. Gamora closed her eyes, taking as much inside of her as possible.

All good things came to a climax eventually. Two very bloated balls splashed their contents inside of the pussy of the Gorgeous Guardian underneath him.

Release granted to Spider-Man resulted in an extreme amount of cum splashing inside Gamora. Gamora suck him completely up, milking Spider-Man down to the very least drop. He submerged inside of her warmth every single time he rammed inside of her.

Shuddering to a stop, Spider-Man finished inside of Gamora, leaving the inside of her completely saturated with his cum. Spider-Man pulled out and allowed Gamora to drop onto the ground. She rolled over and pulled herself up to her feet, cleaning herself off.

"Thanks for your help."

Gamora cleaned herself up, got dressed, and stopped for a second. She gave Spider-Man one more look over before disappearing into the night.

Likely not the last time they would meet like this, not if Gamora had her way.

End.

Next Chapter: 7/15/2017.
Parker Industries boasted of one of the most sophisticated security systems on the entire planet. With that kind of hype behind it, anyone who could must together a simple thought could have figured out the security system was going to attract some of the most sophisticated thieves on the entire planet.

A second passed when a hissing sound came from the elevator. Two scientists exited the elevator, not knowing of a figure creeping behind them. More time passed when the figure moved in the shadows. A second passed when she waited for the security doors to be brought open.

The figure hitched a ride on the back of the coat of one of the scientists. Nothing more than a brief moment where she slipped inside of the doors, with seconds passing. She dripped down on the ground and waited for the lights to turn off. They did just as scheduled, just as her benefactor suggested they might have.

A hand pressed on the palm print. She shape shifted to match the imprint left behind from the scientist who stepped through the door. Only a second passed when the skilled infiltrator made her way through the lab. Each security system process needed to be bypassed.

Inque stepped into the shadows and made her way through a glass case. The mysterious tablet in the center of the slab caught the interest of the thief. She took greater form to get a closer look at it, the form she much preferred because it caused her adversaries to let their guard down. A very attractive dark haired woman dressed in sleek black. The material from her covering hugged her hips and chest. She extended one finger and tapped it at the edge of the lock. A jolt caused her to repel back.

She could have been more careful because one wrong move could splatter her all over the wall. Inque drew in a deep breath and pressed her finger on the edge of the lock one final time. She tried to maneuver around the circuits to release the lock inside of the case.

Something went wrong completely and she found herself sucked inside of the case. The thief let out a scream which had been mostly muffled. The good news was she was inside the case with the tablet. The bad news was she had been inside the case with a the object with no way out.

Inque shifted against the case and knocked against it. She screamed out loud. Whoever trapped her in the case would be very sorry.

"I would like to say you've done a good job in doing a lot further than I thought you would get."

Inque looked up a few seconds later. The top of the case opened and she sprung up out of it. A field surrounded the room and caused her to maintain a solid form. She had no idea about the science around it. Parker Industries had several scientific achievements.

She looked at the figure standing in the background dressed in a sleek black and white outfit. How long had he been there, Inque wondered?

"Spider-Man," Inque said. "So, this is how Parker repays you for allowing him to take pictures of him when he's a teenager trying to get through school. He pays you to guard his inventions."

"Parker hired you," Spider-Man said.
"Parker hired me?" Inque asked. "He hired me to steal his own invention."

"He hired you to see if the case would have any security flaws," Spider-Man said. "We had a problem with a couple of thieves over the past couple of months. None as slick or competent as you. If you want to keep the best security, then you have to hire one of the best thieves to break into it."

"Trust me, I'm flattered," Inque said.

Her tone sounded dry. Spider-Man moved over towards her. She always heard of his exploits.

"You should be, you will be getting paid very nicely from Parker for your services."

"Well, it's an honest work," Inque said. "Now could you let me out of that containment field?"

The things Inque wanted to do to Spider-Man when she got out of here. She did not like being duped and she did not like being trapped. She waited, very impatiently for Spider-Man to come across the way. The closer he got, the more Inque wondered if the rumors were true about him. If he could drive a woman wild, just by a simple touch, just by a single gesture.

'No!' Inque snapped. 'You don't want to go down that road.'

"I'll let you out," Spider-Man said. "If you ask me one question. Why did you agree to be experimented on to get those powers?"

"It's…you wouldn't understand," Inque said.

"You would be surprised with what I could understand. I've been through a whole lot during my life. I've seen a lot of motivations. Sometimes it's just enough as losing someone close to you which drives you. Sometimes, it is something else."

Inque nodded in response. She realized she could move at will. Something prevented her from doing so, she did not know what, but something prevented her from doing so. Inque's gaze passed across the room and still fixed on her would-be captor.

"I thought about providing the best life for my daughter," Inque said. "I don't know if I would have made a different choice if I had known about the complications. I don't want to have to think about it."

"It's understandable," Spider-Man said. "The real question is, when has the last time someone touched you."

"That's even more personal than the first question," Inque said.

"Actually, that wasn't really a question. It was just me thinking out loud."

Inque imagined Spider-Man touching her in the back of her mind. She could not wait another second.

"Things would have gotten very messy if someone touched me. This power, it would be hard to keep it together in an intimate situation. I have control, but I'm afraid that I would lose control."

Spider-Man moved across the room. Inque had ever opportunity in the world to slip away. She decided not to. It just left her beyond speechless. Her eyes opened up wide and then shut up.

"Are you sure you would mind losing control?"
Spider-Man pressed against her. Inque leaned into him and the bottom of his mask retracted. Those lips taunted Inque and they would do much more to taunt her. The two kissed each other. Inque's body squirmed the very second Spider-Man touched it.

The thief could not believe this hero, this pinnacle of virtue, kissed her. The woman leaned back from him and broke the kiss.

"Everyone has needs."

Inque touched his chest and felt up the muscles. Each bump, each swell of those muscles rose underneath the palm of Inque's hand. She touched Spider-Man through the surface of the outfit. She kissed him and kissed him hard one more time.

Spider-Man grabbed the back of Inque's head and swirled his tongue into her mouth. The top of her outfit came down to reveal two very well formed breasts. Pale with dark nipples standing out for Spider-Man. The web slinger rubbed down to touch them.

The touches drove Inque completely beyond the bend. Spider-Man played with her nipples and got them very hard underneath his grip. Inque felt her body heat up with desire.

"I need you, badly."

Spider-Man said nothing, and acted without another word. The gentlemen pushed Inque back onto the top of the same case he trapped her in previously. The web slinger's very able hands rolled over Inque's body. A couple of kisses came down, and more followed.

"You have what you need."

A solo finger slipped inside. Inque felt the touch of another for the first time. Her body did not squish underneath her. Something made Inque feel whole again. It made her hips jerk up and down. Spider-Man pushed inside of her and fingered her as deep as possible.

"Yes!"

So much pleasure coursed by Spider's single action. He fingered the woman a couple of times. Those hips bumped up and came down onto the bed. She tightened around him and gripped him hard.

Spider-Man could not believe how tight Inque felt around his finger. She wondered how tight she would feel around another part of his body. He saw the curvy shape-shifting beauty. Her body thrashed up and down just in time for Spider-Man to add a second finger. Both fingers slid deep inside of her and jerked her hips up. Inque squirmed again and thrashed up again.

"One more?"

"YES!"

Inque's shriek showed how much she desired having a third finger slipped inside of her tight vice. All three fingers slid inside of Inque and bumped inside of her. Her cunt oozed something other than the body. The first time in a long time, she received pleasure which was not because of her own self.

Spider-Man released Inque and she descended back down to earth from the amazing actions from the web slinger. He followed the progress of her body coming down to Earth. The web slinger put his hands on his hips and viewed her body. Each curve stuck out in it's abundance.

"Take me."
Spider-Man's suit material retracted even more. Inque almost lost it at the sight of the swollen cock. She had no words. Inque only spread her legs at the anticipation of the pleasure. The beautiful beauty started to ooze in the best possible way.

Several minutes spent indulging Inque's beautiful body made Spider-Man feel very confident. He was in the driver's seat. Age came with experience, and Spider-Man engaged in several passionate encounters with women, some of them on the wrong side of the law. Of course, they had rough lives which lead them to a life of crime, and they only needed the right motivation.

Anyone could change with the right push. Spider-Man took his time. He felt Inque squirm underneath. The tip of his cock touched the edge of Inque's overflowing slit. Every time Spider-Man came closer towards her, Inque lifted her hips up a little bit more to meet him.

"Yes," Inque told him. "YES"

Spider-Man aimed himself at her and slid between her greedy thighs. The web slinger eased inside of her and took himself inside, inch by inch. Every single inch entered her very slick surface. One very long leg almost extending so it could wrap around Spider-Man's hips.

The slow, torturous entering of her made Inque inhale and exhale. His muscular chest bumped her rising chest. Nipples extended out for the grabbing. Spider-Man took them and gave her a couple of hearty squeezes. Inque threw her hips up to meet Spider-Man thrusting inside of her.

Their loins bumped together. Spider-Man stretched the tight pussy of the beauty. She released him with a couple more attacks. Inque wrapped herself around Spider-Man. Her arms stretched to encircle his entire back. The beauty oozed, underneath him.

"I knew you'd be good," Spider-Man said. "I just didn't expect you to be as tight."

Inque gripped him. Her shape shifting abilities allowed her numerous luxuries. Inque slid up to engulf the invading organ in question.

Very talented hands pushed against Inque's warm body. Every time he touched her, she imagined her very being pleasured by him. Jolts shot down her nerve endings every single time Spider-Man rose up out of her. He crashed down out of her body. His hard cock slid deep inside of her body.

"Fuck."

Inque used her nails to dig into the back of the web slinger. Spider-Man pushed deep inside to feel the warmth surround him. She surrounded Spider-Man with multiple lifts up and another descent deep inside of her. The two joined each other. Spider-Man touched her breasts and kept squeezing them.

"Cum for me again. Let out all of that pent up frustration. Just let it all go."

The web slinger plunged inside of her. Inque took him up on the offer. The veiny cock stretched her insides which in turn tightened back against him. The most pleasurable encounter Inque ever felt in her life followed just mere moments later. The two pushed against each other.

More warmth pumped from Inque's juicy center. Spider-Man plunged inside and rode her out. Several long drops and falls put more of Spider-Man inside of the curvy beauty underneath him. She stretched out to take Spider-Man inside without a care in the world.

"One more time."
Inque hoped it would be more than one more time. She realized how swollen he got inside of her. It was her doing this to him. It gave her confidence which nothing other than stealing from rich douchebags had given her. The two pumped against each other.

Every curve, every inch of curious flesh, Spider-Man took full control of the mutant. He slid inside of her warm canal and rode all the way up. He got very close to her.

"I'm not going to hold back any more. You better be ready."

Inque nodded and arched back to give him the invitation he needed to wrap things up. If that invitation was not enough, tightening her legs around him was more than enough.

"I am."

Spider-Man decided to bring things to the next level. He would allow Inque to be just a dripping, oozing mess by the time he was done with her. He planted his hard rod into her. Inque stretched out and took as much of Peter inside of her. He rose up and planted into her.

Their bodies melded together. The black material from Spider-Man's suit almost melded into Inque and held her into place. This very twisted form of bondage just heated up Inque's loins. The evening's desire increased with both of them indulging in each other.

Spider-Man reached his climax and fired deep inside of Inque. Inque took his cock inside of her and accepted the bounty of cum inside. The web slinger rode out their mutual orgasm all the way to the end.

Inque collapsed down onto the table. She almost failed to hold it together, almost. Thankfully, Spider-Man held onto her and rode her all the way to the edge of a climax. He filled her up with his juices. Inque absorbed his cum into her essence. Every blast of cum soaked her completely through.

"Excellent."

Spider-Man pulled away from and allowed Inque to descend down onto the table. She looked up in bleary eyes.

"So, Parker still has my number if he needs any more testing?"

"I do as well," Spider-Man said.

"You just screwed a bad girl," Inque said.

"Not bad, just bad choices," Spider-Man said. "We all make them."

Spider-Man made his at the age of fifteen. Inque sat up and wrapped her arms around Spider-Man's neck. She kissed him before looking towards the exit.

"I'll show you out."

She agreed to join him. Hope sprung internal Inque would get more of Spider-Man sometime soon.

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End.

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Next Chapter: 7/19/2017.
While We Wait(Mistress Death)

So, I'm sure you're asking if you can make a suggestion. While it's true I'm currently on break from writing A Sticky Situation, although there are obviously many more chapters in the can to be posted over the coming months(up to Chapter 120), there is a way. You can go to the one and only Sticky Situation request topic on my page of important links. Please follow the rules and don't constantly spam the same girl. I know I sound like a meanie asking people not to do a very annoying thing, but request whoring is a good way not to get your girl done any time soon. So don't send review after review on the same girl chapter after chapter, please. It's truthfully less than a handful of people, but this is why people can't have nice things.

There are many girls that people have requested in a polite and dignified manner that are coming, although you are at the mercy of a random selection Don't be afraid to request, but don't over I ask is for a little common sense(even though that term is funny because sadly sense becomes less common each passing year).

Requesting is fine. Requesting different girls on different posts or reviews is fine. Requesting the same girl over and over again is not fine. Thank you.

Very Important Links on the profile page and the Sticky Situation Request page is what you want. And now on with our regularly shameless smut.

While We Wait(Death)

Spider-Man's entire body felt like it had been set ablaze. The latest battle with the Green Goblin was one which Spider-Man would not forget as long as he lived. Any time he battled Norman Osborn, Spider-Man neglected to forget the confrontation with the man. Norman always managed to get inside of Spider-Man's head like no other criminal. Very few criminals knew Peter Parker on a personal level than Norman. The only one close had been Venom, and even then, it was not as personal as Norman Osborn.

Peter found himself in the middle of a bright white room. The brightness in the room faded to something a bit more somber. A strange type of music played in the background, funeral music of some sort. Peter hated to think something happened. He got nailed hard by the Goblin in his latest reign of terror in New York City. Norman appeared to have reformed, but it was just a front.

Now Peter looked at the markings on the wall. The web slinger took a look at the figure approaching him. Said figure wore a large black robe covering every inch of their body. Over the person's head, a hood pulled up. Spider-Man already did not like where this was going. The wooden object with a sharp metal end held in the person's hand made Spider-Man uneasy.

'Scythe.'

Spider-Man viewed everything uneasily when the figure approached him. The Grim Reaper, for lack of a better term, hovered. A gloved hand wrapped around the wooden object.

"Peter Parker."

The voice sounded very crisp to be honest. Cat was out of the bag. Spider-Man was going to be sent along and he was going to have to own up to the fact he lead to his own death. He looked up
towards the figure in the distance and nodded at her.

"We meet at last. This has been a long time overcome."

"Yeah, I've cheated Death since I was fifteen," Spider-Man said. "And you took my Uncle Ben from me to prove a point, a lesson which I don't think I've properly....."

Death reached out and put a finger on Peter's mouth. It silenced him. He felt like Death could drag him to wherever, and there was absolutely nothing for him to do about it.

"I expected the man you were fighting," Death said. "Norman Osborn should have come to me at least three times. Your infamous fight on the bridge, he was supposed to die that night. Instead, that Goblin Formula swept me out of his hands."

"Well, you got me," Spider-Man said.

"You're not dead," Death said.

Spider-Man blinked suddenly. The bluntness of Death's statement caused Spider-Man to wonder what the hell was going on if he was not dead then. He most certainly felt dead, he felt like his entire body had been rocked by something big. Goblin took his worst shot at him, and he was not dead. If he was not dead, what is he?

"I'm not dead?" Spider-Man asked.

"You're not dead," Death confirmed.

Spider-Man just whistled very carefully. So, he wasn't dead. If he wasn't dead, then what exactly was going on here? Spider-Man found himself baffled with the number of questions he had. Death shifted for a second.

"Maybe I should speak to you, face to face."

The hood came down. The person underneath the hood was not anything like Spider-Man expected. A beautiful dark haired women with elegant features and violet eyes looked down at Spider-Man. Her lips pursed together with a smile. Dark hair hung against her face like a seductive curtain. She looked Latina as well, or maybe it was just Spider-Man's imagination.

"Not what you expected?"

"Well, no, I didn't expect you….well....."

"To look attractive," Death said. "There are many depictions of Death out there. I am, what I wish to be, and this is how I wish to speak to you. I do prefer taking on this form, because it's the least threatening. If I want to threaten someone and make them want to fight less when going onto the afterlife than I'll take on another form."

Death sat at the edge of the bed. Spider-Man wondered what laid underneath his robes.

'Whoa there, Pete, calm down. She likely knows everything you're thinking as well, if she's an omniscient...'

"Yes, I do," Death said. "But, don't worry, I'm flattered. And it's just fair because I know what is underneath your clothes, Mr. Parker."

Peter swallowed for a moment. Death reached over and touched his face. Her touch was surprisingly
warm, to the point where it caught Peter off guard. The two edged together closer on the bed. Spider-Man could feel the warm heat coming from her, and briefly, he wondered if it was a ploy on her part to lure him into a false sense of security before dragging him into the afterlife.

"Relax, you have nothing to worry about. And you have even less to be shamed about."

It took Peter a few seconds to realize now he was completely naked before Death who looked over his body like it was a tasty treat. Peter could not help, but feel a little bit confident that a very attractive woman oogled his body in such a way, drawing it in with hunger.

"Your body is currently resting, in the physical world," Death said. "Your healing abilities have not properly kicked in, which has brought you here. For us to talk and for me to tell you that your Uncle Ben could not be more pleased with you. He understands you've had to make some tough choices, and he also tells me to quit beating yourself up about the mistakes you've made. Nothing is your fault. You don't need to shoulder the burden."

"He said this?"

"I swear, I'm not lying to you," Death said. "Your Uncle and your parents, both of them could not have been more proud of you. And while their deaths are tragic, they are part in shaping you who you are. I'm glad you have come here so I can tell you not to wallow in your own self-pity."

"I've gotten a gold medal in that before," Peter said.

Death shrugged off her robes, and Spider-Man's eyes widened at the look of her. She wore a very tight black bodysuit underneath the robe which clung to her curves like a second skin. Death slipped her gloves off to reveal hands which were soft to the touch. She put a hand on Peter's upper thigh and closed him on him.

"It's not the only reason why I'm here."

Death reached underneath and cupped Peter's balls, feeling them. Her hand moved up to brush against the base of his cock. The organ swelled in the hand maneuvered down to work Peter's engorged tool. The touch of Death made Spider-Man's hips lift up to a certain point and drop down. Death wrapped her hand around the base of Peter's tool and kept stroking him.

"This will be delightful," Death breathed in Peter's ear.

She wrapped her lips around Peter's swollen manhood. The surprisingly warmth in her mouth made Peter buck up off of the bed. She looked up at them with those alluring eyes, the same type of eyes which might have been the downfall of many men who came before Peter Parker.

Peter grabbed onto Death's head and worked himself into the mouth of the wonderful woman underneath him. He could not believe a near death experience had been so good.

He slowly reached his climax. Death used her right hand to block it off.

"Now, we don't want you ending our little game too soon," Death said. "Because, when you finish, you're going to wake up. And I think we both agree there's much more fun to be had."

Death shrugged off the body suit and Peter locked eyes with her body. She looked like a vision of lust straight out of the wet dreams of many perverted men and some perverted women as well. Two round breasts popped up with juicy looking nipples standing up. Her stomach looked flat without an ounce of fat. Her hips were wide, perfect for grabbing on to do any number of things. Her legs stretched out long for miles. The Latina looking wet dream form Death took on made Peter gawk at
her for a long time.

"Well, are going to look at me, or are you going to touch me?"

The web slinger showed the adept reflexes which made him one of the greatest heroes in the world. He took Death's succulent orbs in his hand and gave them a couple of squeezes. Death breathed in, feeling the pleasure coming from Peter's hands wrapped around the underside of her breasts. Every time he touched her, Death grew a little more flushed with pleasure.

"That's it," Death encouraged him.

He moved in to her and kissed on the side of Death's neck. He rolled his hands, reminding her that his hands could stick to more surfaces under than walls. They pulled and tugged on her nipples. With one nipple standing out, Peter dove in and buried himself into the generous chest of the guardian of the afterlife, sucking her nipples.

"Peter!" she breathed in.

Peter's hands rolled over her body, touching every inch. Every curve represented a new glorious treasure for him to touch. Death pushed herself halfway up off of the bed, meeting his touches.

She turned away from him and took extra care to make sure Spider-Man caught a healthy sight of her nice ass. Spider-Man's cock throbbed when looking at Death's very round, very juicy ass. He could not help himself from reaching out and touch it. He grabbed Death's ass and caused her to moan in response.

"Inside me, or I just might..."

"Oh, you want me inside you?" Peter asked. "I want to taste your pussy first. See if it's as sweet as the rest of you."

Peter teased her thighs with some very soft love bites. Every time he touched Death in this matter, she squirmed underneath his hands, underneath his mouth, and fingers. He moved closer towards her thin lips. She looked very tight.

Death spread her thighs and Spider-Man delved himself tongue first into her waiting loins. The web slinger took his tongue between Death's lips and munched on her tasty pussy. The woman's body flushed with even greater pleasure when Peter ate her out.

He sure was talented in many ways other than fighting crime. Death figured this much out with Spider-Man eating her out. Every time he touched her outer lips, Death could feel a rush the likes of which she had never felt before in her entire life. Spider-Man tasted her, tasted her with vigor. She could not believe such a talented tongue touched every single part of her body.

"Spider-Man!"

The web slinger continued his exploration of the sweet pussy underneath him. He inhaled her juices and drove himself tongue first inside of her. Death grabbed onto the edge of the bed and started to moan with Spider-Man picking up the pace. He ate Death out and made her feel amazing in doing so.

Each tongue push into her made Death accelerate her pleasure even more. Spider-Man licked around her pussy and drove himself deep inside of her. More tasting of the sweet pussy of Death made her throw her hips back.
The final nerve rattling orgasm ended with Death coming hard on Peter's face. Peter showed some very amazing skills by lapping up her juices when they came out of her.

"I'm ready for the main event."

Death smiled when she looked up. Peter made sure to keep those talented hands feeling up her body. Each touch resulted in another jarring feeling from Death. He touched her, squeezing her breasts in hand. He moved up to touch the underside of her body.

"I'm sure you are," Death said. "Give me something to remember you by."

Spider-Man lined up himself up to enter Death. He could not believe he was saying this right now. The woman's pussy dripped and the first bits of lubrication touched Peter's engorged manhood.

"Fuck me to me!"

Death's screams echoed the very second Peter entered her. Half of his length pushed inside of her. The tightness surrounded Peter was nearly unbelievable. He could not believe having his cock wrapped around such a thing would even happen. Spider-Man chewed on his lip when slowly pushing himself into Death. Death took him inside of her without any problem whatsoever.

"You're…so…tight."

Spider-Man grunted these words when pushing balls deep into Death. Her pussy grabbed a hold of his cock and milked it for everything it was worth.

Death knew Peter Parker had some amazing staying power. She had this discussion with a couple of his past girlfriends. She witnessed it up close and personal herself a couple of times when she peeked in on Peter. The "glad we survived dying" shag was one of the best possible, and Death always could tell when it was happening, because she felt a certain pull to the people who just got away from having a close and personal meeting with her.

Peter plunged inside of the woman underneath her. His balls slapped against Death's waiting thighs. Every time he touched her, he thought he was going to explode. Her body writhed underneath his and made Peter only want to go deeper inside of her.

"Damn, I don't know how much longer I can hold out," Peter said.

"As long as possible," Death said.

Peter held onto Death's hips and he pushed deep inside of her. Those balls slapped against Death's waiting thighs. The warmth of her sucked Spider-Man in. Each thrust brought him closer to completion.

Speaking of completion, Death saw all of human history flash before her when she came hard. Each moment, from the big bang all the way to now popped through her. And Spider-Man continued to ride out her orgasm. Being a deity, she could take his worst, and come back for more.

Her muscles flexed even tighter if possible. The hardest thrusts were milked even harder in return through Death's actions. Turnabout was in fact fair play in this situation. She held Peter's cock inside of her. The juices dripping off of him pooled onto the better.

"Closer, getting closer," Peter said. "You're so hot, I don't know how much….."

Death ripped the bed sheets and screamed out loud. The web slinger brushed against a particular
sensitive spot on her and it made her entire body size up in orgasmic pleasure. The web slinger continued the ride all the way through to the end. His balls kept smacking against Death's loins the further he pushed inside of her. Those hard balls would reach their conclusion sooner rather than later.

Each moment, she savored, drinking them in. Her pussy opened up to see his cock.

"Goodbye, Peter. It's a shame I can't keep you."

Peter pushed into Death. No matter how much he tried to hold himself back, his orgasm was here. His balls tightened up and started to fire inside of Death. His cum splashed inside of the beautiful Latina woman underneath him. Each blast of cum made Peter feel light headed than before.

He finished inside of Death and he could feel his body returning back to life in the physical world. Once his balls emptied completely, he was gone.

Death rolled over, and closed her eyes, slowly playing with her cunt. It was an amazing climax, and she hoped to have another piece of Peter Parker the next time he was caught between the living world and the afterlife.

And somewhere, even though he didn't know why, Wade Wilson got the sudden compulsion to kick Spider-Man's ass.

End.

Next Chapter: 7/22/2017.
The island of Themyscira paid host to some of the most skilled, confident, and beautiful women in the entire world. The Amazons fought hard, trained hard, and showed they were not a force to mess with. Contrary to popular belief, most of them were not man haters. They regarded some men though with caution. You never knew what trouble could be brought to the island when a man showed up.

It was not out of the realm of possibility for the Amazons to assist a man in need, and send them on their way. They would not bring him to the island, unless under the most extreme cases possible. They would patch up the man and send him on his way.

Artemis made her way to the pavilion. The General of the Amazon armies arrived at this island for a long time. She saw many women flourish and more than a few women break underneath the pressure. She trained several women who stood tall and triumphed over some great heights.

A rare sight of a man on the island caused Artemis to step closer, for a closer look. She frowned when looking at him. Princess Diana and Queen Hippolyta both vouched for him, and Artemis had no doubt he was somewhat decent. But was he worthy to allow stay on the island? Was he skilled and strong enough to stay on the island? The Amazon trainer stepped forward to see him.

"Good morning, Artemis, right?"

"Correct."

He spoke with manners, and Artemis respected him more than enough for that. He moved with a flourish which impressed Artemis. Still, she tried not to allow herself to get too impressed. Artemis intended to see what he was truly capable of. To see if he was able to find and stand with the Amazons, or if he was just another individual who pretended he was something great.

She wanted a fight with him. Either she would expose him or Artemis would have a worthy adversary to fight.

"Queen Hippolyta wants me to assess you in your skills," Artemis said. "Mr. Parker join me in the middle of the arena."

Peter Parker did not question the woman. He looked at the beautiful Amazon dressed in her toga. The material clung to her body. She had her red hair hooked back in a hair clip. The fierce warrior woman stepped into the middle of the arena. She inclined a hand towards the weapons.

"Choose your weapon," Artemis said. "We will fight until one cannot take no more, or this battle is stopped at divine intervention. Or if you forfeit the battle."

Peter took a sword in hand along with a shield. Artemis smiled and took a sword and shield of her own. Armor appeared around both of the fighters.

"Ready when you are."

Artemis motioned for the web slinger to enter the center of the room. Both circled each other in battle. They jumped into the center of the arena. Swords clashed with battle. Spider-Man jumped back to avoid a swinging attack. Artemis moved the sword against Spider-Man. She decided to
deliver what passed as a warning shot. Not designed to kill, but rather to warn the web slinger what he messed with.

Spider-Man avoided the point of the blade cutting into his shoulder. He jumped back a couple of feet and looked up just in time to see Artemis coming at him one more time. The web slinger flipped out of the way and took the legs of Artemis out from underneath her.

"More than just weapons," Spider-Man said. "Your body can be a weapon."

Artemis felt the shield ripped from her hands. The Amazon moved in for an attack. The web slinger caught her arm and wrestled her down to the ground. Both of them rolled around on the ground. Spider-Man pushed her back onto the ground.

The Amazon struggled underneath the grip of Spider-Man. He might be strong, but no man pinned her down. Most frustrating that Spider-Man stepped back up and let her up.

"One more time," Artemis said.

Peter motioned for her to come into the center of the room. The Amazon flipped her hair back and rushed into the center of the room. The two of them went blade to blade with each other. The blade inched closer to underneath Spider-Man's arm. The web slinger blocked her, and pushed her back down onto the ground one more time.

Each attack blocked made Artemis feel good. Finally, she met with a worthy opponent, who tried to make her think his fight. Artemis jumped high into the air and tried to catch Spider-Man. Spider-Man caught her off guard and wrestled the Amazon down to the ground one more time.

The handsome young man pushed Artemis down to the ground. She let out her breath in a very frustrated gasp. She tried to grab onto his arm to dig her nails into the side of his arm. Spider-Man pushed up out of the hold and knocked Artemis back a couple of feet.

The two of them met in the center of the room. Much to Peter's surprise, Artemis wrapped her arms around Peter's head and kissed him.

'Wonder if this is some new tactic to catch me off guard?'

The two of them rolled onto the ground. Artemis admittedly started this as an attempt to catch her adversary off guard. The moment the kiss deepened, she found herself thrown into him. Her tongue pushed against his lips, seeking further entrance. Peter's mouth opened and allowed the feisty redhead to enter his mouth with her tongue.

Clothes ripped at their very feverish grabbing of each other. Spider-Man grabbed the straps of Artemis's toga and pulled them down. He rolled her over and kissed the side of her neck. Each kiss brought a light moan from Artemis.

Artemis threw her head back. She submitted to him in battle and now submitted to him in other ways. His able hands caressed her body. The tender actions had been surprising to her, but perhaps they should not have been. It was almost like he knew exactly what crevice of her body to touch to get her going wild.

Peter ran his fingers over the supple body of the strong woman underneath him. Every single time he touched her body, Artemis rose her hips up off of the ground. He tormented her with his fingers, making her breath with pleasure. More taut flesh exposed for consumption for the web slinger.

The web slinger lightly kissed down her body. Artemis enjoyed the feeling of his warm mouth edge
closer towards her. Her womanhood, never touched by any man, was getting preciously closer.

"I wonder how you taste."

The first time he spoke jolted Artemis out of her dazed thoughts. He brushed a finger against Artemis's smooth, hungry opening. A light nibble on the outside of her lips resulted in Artemis lifting her hips and rocking them down onto the ground. Steady motions followed with Peter kissing and sucking on the outer lips of the woman.

"Yes!"

Artemis moaned out one of the simplest words possible. Peter knew for certain he had her. He caressed Artemis's inner thighs and dipped down. Tongue danced around her insides. Artemis reached up to lightly guide the back of his head. Her strong legs rested on his shoulder. Hips rolled to allow better access to her pussy.

The tongue delved deep inside of her. Artemis never thought one could give her the eating she really wanted. Her hands grabbed onto the back of the head.

"Finish me."

There was any number of quips Peter could make. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he kept lapping up the juices coming from Artemis's womanhood. The Amazon writhed up and down upon the ground. Her hips rose and fell down onto the ground.

Artemis screamed the second he finished eating her up. He licked her a few more times and rose up.

The Amazon Warrior rose to her feet and smiled. She grabbed him by the shirt and tore it off.

"Too overdressed."

She pressed her bare breasts against his muscular chest and kissed him. The kiss returned once again with fire. The two of them moved against each other. Artemis danced her fingers down his back, rubbing it hard. She pushed herself against him, her hips rolled against him. She stained the front of his pants with warm juices.

The Amazon pulled down his pants and dropped them down to the ground. A pulsing organ came out. Artemis heard of the male sexual organ and the pleasure it could in theory give. She never had been shown with one up close. Artemis grabbed it in her hand and explored the hard organ. Every time she squeezed it, Peter gasped.

"I'm not hurting you?" Artemis asked.

"No," Peter said. "Would you like to put it in your mouth? That would feel good. You have nice lips."

Artemis took it as a complement. She took his manhood in hand and squeezed onto it. Red hair flipped back when the Amazon stuck his cock between her lips and gave it a very hard suck. Her fingers brushed on the underside of his balls, squeezing them when pushing his hardened organ into her mouth.

The beautiful Amazon shoved as much cock into her mouth as possible. Peter appreciated it for it. Her face pushed all the way down to his pelvic bone. Spider-Man held onto the back of Artemis's head and guided her inside of his mouth. She sucked him, harder, and very elegantly as well. The beautiful Amazon's sucking increased with each passing moment.
Artemis squeezed the heavy balls and made sure to get some of him inside of her mouth. For a second, she gagged on him, but never one to back down from a challenge, Artemis slowed down just enough to readjust. She was determined to take on the young warrior's mighty spear.

"I'm getting close," Peter said.

Close to defeating him, well Artemis might not have been able to beat him in the battle field. She intended to beat him in other ways. Artemis smacked her lips down onto his pelvic bone. More cock slid into her mouth and stretched out her throat. The Amazon's sucking increased with each rise and each drop. She enjoyed the feeling of this manhood inside of her, stretching out her mouth.

"Mmm!" Artemis moaned hungrily.

Peter held onto the Amazon's head and kept guiding himself into her mouth. She sucked him, constantly, and on a repeated loop. The Amazon's hot lips worked over Peter. His balls sized up and released.

The blast of warm liquid in the back of Artemis's throat caused her to jerk back. Blasts of hot fluid nailed her in the face and got her in the air. She did not deny the taste was good, it was just the caliber was unexpected.

Artemis wiped the thick cream from her face. She sucked her fingers dry of it. Peter looked at her with a very sheepish look, resembling someone who looked like they had their hand trapped in the sweet jar.

"Maybe I should have warned you first," he said.

"Maybe you should have."

Artemis straddled him and rubbed her tight body over his cock. It did not take too long to extend. She wanted to cross that final frontier, between man and woman. Her body, repressed for all of this time, longed to accept in his thick tool. Artemis decided to go for broke, at least the best she could.

"I want this," Artemis said. "I want this a lot."

"Take what you want," Peter said. "Isn't that what you've learned on this island? If you want something, you're going to have to take it."

Artemis smiled. She did not deny what she wanted, not now. Her warm lips came an inch away from bringing Peter down inside of her. The Amazon mounted the top of his cock and eased it inch by inch inside of her. It only took one long drop before his entire length pushed inside of her.

Warmth surrounded Peter. Artemis grabbed his waist with her legs and rode up and down onto him. Her bouncing toned body in front of him made Peter throb instantly. The Amazons were beautiful women, who could give pleasure to a man, or break them, depending if the circumstances called for it. He watched the redhead ascend and spike all the way down onto his manhood.

"Yes!" Artemis yelled.

She threw her head back and started to softly yell "yes" almost on a loop. She opened up her chest for consumption, and Peter took it, squeezing her succulent orbs in his hands. Peter felt the softness, the firmness of her. Every inch of her chest, he just had to reach out and grab from her. Her skin molded underneath his hands.

Artemis rose and lowered herself on a very constant loop. She brought herself down onto the thick
prick when it speared inside of her. Artemis locked her hips around him and squeezed him. She saw stars when coming down onto him.

"Stay with me."

The Amazon used her inner muscles to flex down on Peter. The prodigal man enjoyed the feeling of her insides grabbing around her. Her toned, gorgeous body rubbed against him every step of the web. Peter moved on pure instincts to grab the flesh. He touched, tormented, played with every inch of the beauty when she rose up and spiked down onto the top of him.

Artemis took the full length inside of her. Her body sized up and liquid splattered down onto him. It did not slow her down. The lubricated added made her push into him. She took his full length inside with each rise and each drop.

Flesh smacked together, and Peter caught her ass and gave it a daring squeeze. She made no intention to correct the course, so she did it again. More squeezes brought her all the way down onto him. Artemis lifted up, the tip of his cock against her opening slit once again.

Both shared another orgasm on the part of the Amazon. Artemis worked Peter Parker's pulsing penis with each movement. She bumped down onto him. The ride accelerated with each moment.

Artemis almost leaned back and slid off of her lover. Peter held her back to prevent her from landing to the ground. He rose his hips up and buried himself inside of her. Their loins connected together with the sexual cling the two of them felt. Peter dropped down and Artemis retired back to drop herself down.

"Inside me, please," Artemis begged him.

Peter only stopped his indulging of her flesh for one simple response. "Certainly."

Two more pumps brought him as far deep into her as he could manage. The tension in Peter's balls became to give way and he launched his juices inside of her.

Fluids splattering in her hole made Artemis grab onto him. She milked him all the way to the edge. The Amazon won a prize more worthy than most when the milky white fluids drained into her.

A dark haired woman stood in the distance, watching with a smile.

'Another one down.'

Artemis, too dazed to care, collapsed on her lovers shoulders. The last few spurts of cum painted her insides white.

Peter pulled out, rather pleased at the woman he had some fun with. Many more beautiful women lined up to be educated in certain matters. And if anything, Peter was a teacher at heart.

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End.

Peter Parker always found the Savage Land a very interesting place for a few reasons. For one, it had been far removed from the evolution of the rest of the Earth. This resulted in the Savage Land being a scientist's wet dream, providing they could stay around long enough to survive the harsher elements. Some of the natives were not among the friendly type.

A trip into the Savage Land resulted in the clothes of any of the visitors being shredded. Not to nothing, but enough to make you hope you were not too attached to your clothing. Spider-Man sat with a half ripped mask, and a half ripped tops. The pant legs of his costume turned into shorts as well.

You did fare a little bit better in the ripped clothes department, if you were a male as opposed to the a woman. Spider-Man looked over in the distance and saw a beautiful woman approaching. One of the people who crashed here with him stepped over.

Rogue moved over, the gorgeous Southern Belle of the X-Men. Her long dark hair with a white strip in the middle of it hung down very wildly. The beautiful woman sauntered forward, her face shining like a beacon of life, eyes always full of life, with very well formed cheek bones, and nice juicy looking lips. A good part of her outfit had been salvaged, but enough caused Peter to see a very enticing amount of skin.

The two strips of yellow fabric covered some of her breasts. The tattered remains would give out at the first possible opportunity, to release her round chest globes to the entire world. Rogue's firm fit stomach was uncovered. She wore enough material to qualify as a belt, very loosely. Her tightened uniform covered the lower half of her body, and she turned slightly, her ass cheeks hanging out of the material. Her boots survived the crash. Rogue sauntered forward with a smile on her face, carrying a fish in her hand.

"Dinner is served," Rogue said. "Well, providing it's edible enough to eat….it is edible enough to eat, isn't it?"

"Yes," Peter confirmed. "Yes it is. It didn't trigger my spider sense which is a good thing."

Rogue nodded in a surprise. "That still works. I thought for sure your powers didn't work in the Savage Land…mine sure don't."

"Yes," Spider-Man said. "My spider sense is about the only thing that works. Guess I should be thankful for that. It's good for finding something to eat, and prevent getting eaten."

Spider-Man locked his eyes on Rogue when she sat down in front of him to cut the fish. The material strained against her sizeable chest. Spider-Man was very much certain one wrong move would bring the strips of material loose and they would snap off. The web slinger tried to cross his legs.

Rogue smiled, she noticed the looks Spider-Man were giving her. She looked up every now and then to smile. Peter was a very handsome man underneath that mask, but she did like how he filled out that Spider-Man uniform. The thought of the man visited any number of Rogue wet dreams. She took a deep breath when lining her eyes up against him.

The two ate in silence. They could figure out how to best get out of the Savage Land once they had a
full belly. That was always good. They made up this makeshift hut and even fashioned together some comfortable enough sleeping quarters. Food was not scarce in the Savage Land.

Peter looked up at Rogue, who licked her lips when looking at him.

"Good meal."

Peter shook his head when watching her mouth. Those lips were forbidden fruit to him. So close to reaching out to touch him, and so agonizing far away.

"It was good," Peter said. "And you were amazing for catching it and cooking it."

"Well, you have to learn a few tricks like that if you want to survive out there, Sugah," Rogue said. Her voice dripped with pure sexiness, that Southern accent must have some kind of hypnotic effect on him. At least, Peter assumed it might. He watched Rogue when she stretched up. The little material threatened to give through on her breasts.

"I wish I would have packed an extra change of clothes," Rogue said. "Of course, knowing my luck, those would have been shredded too. I don't know about you, but I'm beginning to think the Savage Land doesn't like clothes."

"Give our clothes were ripped up about ten minutes after we got here," Spider-Man said. "Hopefully we can fix the jet...or at least the radio equipment."

"Mmm, hopefully you're right," Rogue said. "Of course a smart fellow like you, you would be able to figure out something. Something to pass the time."

Rogue unzipped her boots and stretched out her long legs, not to mention her toes. Peter looked at her sexy body, pretty much barely contained in two tattered strips of fabric. The material of his costume remnants stretched apart. Rogue looked up at the sky and slowly looked down at his erection.

"We should keep warm tonight," Rogue said. "First, we're going to need some nice wood."

Peter twitched when Rogue slid closer towards him. Her chest practically threatened to spill out of her makeshift top. Rogue made no attempt to rearrange it for purposes of modest. She slid closer towards him and put her hand on Peter's stomach. Her hand moved down and grabbed Peter's hardened crotch through the other side of her costume.

"I think I found something."

His cock jumped up in Rogue's hand. Rogue pealed down his pants and revealed Peter's hardened manhood. The web slinger groaned when Rogue wrapped her fingers around the base and pulled on it. He only hardened when the Southern beauty played with his cock.

"Sugah, I wanted this for a long time," Rogue said. "I wanted this for a very long time."

Rogue leaned in and kissed him on the tip of his cock. The manhood stretched to meet her lips. Rogue slowly dragged her tongue down the cock of one of the most prominent heroes in New York. She dreamed about Spider-Man for a very long and now she had him at the mercy of her hands and mouth.

Peter groaned. Rogue practically made out with his cock with her mouth. The first couple of inches slid between Rogue's lips and she sucked on the head. Rogue stroked his manhood. It grew in her
hand, and Rogue could not be more pleased with the reaction she received from this handsome
young man underneath her grip. His cock hardened even further in her hand.

"Yes, I know you wanted this," Peter groaned. "I want this. So badly."

Rogue swirled her tongue around the tip of Peter's cock and smiled.

"I want to see all of you."

The fabric on Rogue's chest finally gave way. Her round breasts popped out to allow Spider-Man
full access to them. He reached over and grabbed the woman's ample chest. Every soft contour of
Rogue's generous chest molded in Spider-Man's hand. He kissed the side of her neck and moved into
her chest to suck on those nipples.

"Fuck, that's a good spot!" Rogue breathed.

Peter sucked and nibbled on every square each of tit flesh he could fine. Every movement caused
Rogue to feel pleasure. The web slinger kept up his attacks, also using his fingers on Rogue's back.
He touched several sensitive spots.

Rogue's loins ached with pleasure. She enjoyed the feeling of Spider-Man covering her body with
kisses. The pleasure had been denied for her for so long, and now, her body craved it. She pulled the
strip of fabric off of her pussy.

"Beautiful. I have to taste you."

"Help yourself, handsome," Rogue said in a husky voice.

Peter kissed down and moved to the promise land. Rogue's tender loins begged to be sucked and
licked. Peter was never one to turn down a beautiful lady, especially one who was so hot for him.
Her loins rose up to meet Peter's mouth. Peter sucked on her warm lips and tasted her. He tasted
everything he could reach with his mouth and made Rogue rise up off of the ground. Her legs lifted
up and wrapped around the side of Peter's head.

Rogue thrashed on the ground. Her words almost failed her. She just grabbed onto Peter's hair and
made sure he stayed inside of her. He ate her out. The web slinger's tongue stuck to her dripping
core. Rogue slid her hips up and then rocked them down.

"PETER!"

The name screamed was about the only word of coherence Peter heard during the time. He took
himself down into her wet loins. Rogue threw her hips up and then dropped them down to the
ground. Her entire body rose up and dropped down in passion.

Peter pulled up, his face dripping with juices. Rogue sat up, just in time to give him a very sloppy
kiss. She attacked every square inch of his mouth. Their lips almost pressed together, with Rogue
demanding entry with her tongue. She scooped out her own essence, loins boiling at the taste.

The friendly neighborhood Spider-Man ran his hands over Rogue's fit form. The body pressed
against his, those round breasts begged to be played with. Spider-Man took them in hand and
touched them.

Rogue enjoyed the touching, the feeling. She wanted much more than that. She pulled away from
Spider-Man and her ass swung around to nearly smack Spider-Man in the face.
"You have a nice ass," Spider-Man said.

"Thanks," Rogue said. "Why don't you be a darling, and reach out and touch it?"

Peter grabbed a handful of Rogue's ass. The touches caused Rogue to feel pleasure. Those warm hands touched and toyed with Rogue's round ass. He moved down to feel her pussy. The pleasure she had been denied thanks to her abilities for the longest time made Rogue hunger for sex. Her loins prepared to take any means possible to satisfy her itch.

Eventually, she rose up onto the ground. Rogue's sweet ass still swayed in Peter's face.

"You're going to be the death of me," Peter said.

"Ah, just having a little fun, Sugah. Nothing too harmful about that, is there?"

Rogue ground her ass against Peter's face and then moved up against his chest. Peter took her tight glutes in hand and shoved his tongue into her warm asshole. Rogue gasped when Peter licked her most taboo area possible.

She needed him inside her. So badly, that words failed Rogue. The web slinger took his fingers against Rogue's gushing slit and made her gasp when he touched her.

"Inside me."

Rogue slid down, and reached behind her. She grabbed onto Peter Parker's pulsing prick. The manhood of the web slinger slid against Rogue's moist pussy. The gorgeous woman dropped all the way down onto his lap and came back up to meet him.

He entered Rogue. And boy did he enter her. Her walls closed him around on him. The slick velvety center squeezed Peter. Rogue wanted his cock. Her body bounced up and down on Peter's protruding pole. Rogue took him inside. Her inner muscles squeezed Peter.

"Fuck me!"

"Yes, Sugah, I'm doing that right now," Rogue said. "Don't I feel so good?"

Good was right, good and tight. Peter held onto Rogue's ass and made sure she dropped all the way down onto him. The warmth of the sexy mutant dropped down onto him. Rogue used his cock as a means to relieve herself of some pent up sexual relief.

Rogue filled herself up with a cock which was as good as she expected it to be. The X-Women knew why bitches loved Spider-Man. He was able to push all of her buttons. Fingers rolled over Rogue's front half when she bounced up and down on him. She slid up just enough for him to smack her own ass.

Spider-Man nibbled on Rogue's neck while cupping her breasts. The duel sensations resulted in liquid spilling down to coat Peter's organ. The web slinger pushed deep inside of her body. Rogue stretched around him and milked him with every single thrust.

"Looks like I'm going to drain you, Darlin'."

She might not be able to drain him of powers anymore. Rogue made up for it by draining him of something else.

The web slinger grabbed onto Rogue's hips and guided her down all the way. Her pussy formed a
tight seal around Peter. His balls ached with the need to release.

Rogue timed her actions just right. She did not want Peter to pop straight away and ruin the moment. She pushed down onto him and rose up with each thrust. Her loins enveloped Peter with a very prominent squeeze. Rogue thrust all the way down onto him.

"Rogue!" Peter groaned at the top of his lungs. "ROGUE!"

"Yes, Sugah?" Rogue asked. "You want to finish inside me, don't you?"

Peter thought it was made very clear how much he wanted to finish inside of Rogue. His balls really came very close to giving away. She pumped him, teasing in her with her sexy body. The Southern Belle bounced on his cock. Primed and ready to drain it dry.

"I told you, I'm going to drain, ya," Rogue said.

Peter knew it right away. All he could do was touch Rogue, and feel up her flesh. The woman was built for sin. Peter was sure he committed quite a few in his life. This one was worth it to feel his cock rubbed against her bare walls. Rogue stretched around him just enjoy so he could enter her properly. She released him.

"YES!"

Two more drops resulted in a very happy Rogue. She bottomed him out inside of her. His cock pushed through her and was now kissing the edge of her womb. The Southern Mutant's horniness knew no bounds. She enjoyed every single moment she would have with Peter's very hard cock.

"Rogue, I don't know….if I can….

"Don't you dare hold back!" Rogue yelled. "It isn't proper to pull out of a lady when she doesn't want you too!"

Peter smiled, people from the South really did have etiquette lessons on everything. Perhaps he overthought it too much. Maybe, he was thinking it a little too much. All he should care about was this very tight pussy working his cock every single inch of the way.

"ROGUE!" Peter yelled at the top of his lungs. "I'm going to….

Peter blew and sent ropes of cum inside of Rogue. The woman tightened around him. True to her word, Rogue began to drain Peter. His balls shot inside and painted the inside of Rogue's womb white.

The two joined each other, with Rogue only slowly down as she felt those swollen balls underneath her deflate. He never once let go of her body when she rode him out and kept touching her. She rewarded that behavior by driving herself down onto him.

Both lovers finished, and Rogue pulled out. She stood up and almost collapsed. Peter caught her in his arms. Rogue looked up at him. The smile on her face showed how much she enjoyed what just happened.

"Well at least we won't be bored here," Rogue said.

"Never," Peter said.
End.

Next Chapter: 8/2/2017.
Seal the Deal(Power Girl)

Starrwave generated a significant amount of revenue over the past three years. Over the past quarter, Karen Starr thought they hit a bit of a slump. Businesswoman by day, and the superheroine known as Power Girl outside of the office, Karen always hated when her business dropped a little bit over the past couple of months. Investors always grew nervous. Karen grew nervous. She wanted to reinvent the wheel whenever possible.

A new deal dropped in Karen's lap just two weeks ago. She worked with another up and coming technological company. She was relatively new having been established five years ago. This company made some strides over the past year. Parker Industries put out some of the technological advances like Starrwave. After Karen made some calls and got in touch with some people, she got something amazing going on.

"The prototype is a success," Karen said.

The handsome young man in front of her smiled.

"We did it," Peter said.

"You gave me the new idea I needed to get the prototype out there," Karen said. "I'm pretty sure we can communicate with this phone in space. The signal has been boosted. And the drones are capable of boosting the signal several times beyond their normal capacity."

Karen leaned in on her desk. Peter soaked in the looks of this woman. Brilliant and beautiful showed Peter what a dangerous combination she could be. Karen smiled when showing him the prototype of the drones.

"These things really could be abused for nefarious purposes," Karen said. "We're going to try and keep this private. I've got some friends in SHIELD who will prevent this from getting out. I'm afraid someone is going to get their hands on them."

Peter sighed and reached across the table. His fingertips lightly brushed against Karen's hand. Karen looked up. She appreciated the gesture. She was not repulsed by it at the very least. "It's always a concern. Good technology can be twisted for bad purposes."

"Sucks, doesn't it?" Karen asked. "That's why I think bio-locking it is going to be a worthy investment. Only a select few can get in and mess with the technology. Even if HIVE or AIM or HYDRA or one of those evil groups gets their hands on it, it will take an act of God to get in."

"You bio-lock yourself?" Peter asked.

"Yeah," Karen said. "Don't you?"

"Thought I was the only one," Peter said.

Karen grinned and leaned closer towards the young man. The top button of her blouse came open. It was not on purpose. She just did it. "You're not the only one who was paranoid enough. We have to protect our investment. And I'm very curious to see your methods."
"Well, since we've got a year contract when we're working with each other," Peter said. "We can learn a lot about each other and what makes either of us tick."

Karen dangled her shoe against her dark stocking clad leg. The beautiful blonde businesswoman stood up and swung her feet up off of the desk. She swayed her hips a little bit when looking over out in New York City. She saw very few differences from Metropolis on the surface. The biggest difference would be New York had some more colorful criminals, many of them enemy's of Spider-Man.

"Drink?" Karen asked.

Peter had been caught off guard by her inquiry. "Beg your pardon?"

"I always enjoy celebrating a deal well done with a drink," Karen said. "And we've done a good deal today. I've got something special packed away from a really good deal."

Karen sauntered over a little bit to the cabinet and bent over. Her skirt rode up a little bit. Karen reached behind her and slipped it up so she could properly pull it down. Peter was almost certain she flashed him her panties. The woman spent a good portion of her meeting flirting with him. And Peter tried to hold back by thinking about baseball. Hard as it might be, he succeeded most of the time.

She spun around to face him, two glasses and a bottle of wine in her hand. More than a solo button unbuttoned on her shirt, exposing the top of her lacy black bra and Karen's very generous chest. Peter would have been blind not to notice it. It was just she was more than a pair of breasts, she was brilliant as well.

The nice breasts just added an added pleasure. Peter wanted to test them to see how real they were. He shook his head and cleared down. He looked at her face. The gorgeous face which blinded Peter, with her dazzling blue eyes, her nicely formed nose stood out underneath her glasses. Her cheeks held up well define, adding to her features. The lips always curled into a smile which seemed knowing.

"A toast?" Karen asked. "To future business success and our future partnership."

The drinks poured in front of him. Peter decided to indulge for the first time in a long time. He figured it was a special occasion, so why not. The brilliant gentleman drank the wine and a buzz came through his body. Super-enhanced body or not, Peter could feel the buzz.

"That's some good shit, isn't it?" Karen asked. "Spider-Man?"

"Spider…what?" Peter asked.

"I figured it out a while ago," Karen said. "If you were a normal guy, you wouldn't have been able to take that drink, much less three. Not unless you're an experienced drinker anyway. And even then, half of a glass would make you stagger."

Karen smiled and reached over to touch Peter's shoulder. She moved up to caress his face. His handsome face made her stomach flutter with butterflies. She slid a little bit across the desk. Karen's skirt slid a little bit up to expose her panties underneath her skirt.

"I see," Peter said. "Well, guess we both know who we are. Don't we, Power Girl?"

"What gave me away?" Karen asked. "My breasts?"

Peter almost spat out the drink. Karen calmly reached over to dab the front of his pants. Her warm
hand caressed the front of his pants. She smiled sweetly when inching closer to Peter. Peter reached up to slid her glasses off and put them on the desk.

"Your eyes."

Karen jumped with a start and her skirt almost slid all the way up. The skirt moved a little bit up to showcase the sexy panties underneath the heroine's skirt.

"Beautiful blue eyes, and I've got more than a few pictures of Power Girl to know what they looked like….not for that purpose, you dirty minded woman."

Karen laughed like a madwoman. She moved over closer to Peter and put his hand on her lower back. The two moved into the center of the desk.

"That's nice," Karen said. "Really, I'm not being sarcastic. That's being nice. You like my eyes. But, I'm sure there's a few more parts of me that you'll find very enjoyable. Like my lips."

Karen swooped in to kiss Peter. Peter held up on the back of her hair and stroked it. The back of her neck had been grabbed, and Peter released her lips, only to kiss her again. Over and over again, Peter gave her quick kisses. Their lips locked after a moment of this, and Peter pushed her back onto the desk.

He straddled the top of Karen. Her buttons threatened to burst. Karen's breasts almost called to him. Peter wanted to touch them. He also wanted to her to beg for it. He dipped down to touch the underside of her breasts and pulled the shirt open.

Peter did not go straight for her breasts. He kissed the side of Karen's neck. Karen gasped when Peter found a certain point on her neck and sucked on it. He zeroed in on her own personal pleasure zones. He moved down and kissed the side of her neck. The back of her earlobe had been sucked.

"Peter," Karen breathed. "Oh, Peter!"

The web slinger kissed the side of her face, her neck, and moved down to tempt her collarbone. Karen lifted up off of the desk to allow Peter access to her bra. Peter unclipped it and allowed her breasts to come out. He pulled back to survey her glorious globes.

Two boulder sized spheres stood firmly on her chest. They bounced perkily in front of Peter. They defied gravity.

"How do…how do you handle them?" Peter asked.

"Super strength?" Karen asked. "It doesn't matter how I handle them. It matters how you handle them. Go ahead, touch them. Make them yours."

Peter leaned down and cupped Karen's chest in his hand. Her sufficiently large chest molded in Peter's hands with each touch. Her body swayed up and down.

"Get out of those clothes and let me see you," Karen said. "I know those pants can't be comfortable by now. I want to tit fuck your brains out."

The brilliant young man removed his pants instantly. Karen sat up to study his cock and wrapped her hand around it.

"How do you not trip over that thing?" Karen asked.
She studied the cock in thinly veiled awe. Karen massaged every inch of Peter's mighty rod. She leaned in and greeted him with a very slow kiss. She milked the head with her lips while milking his base with her hands. Karen's hands moved a little bit faster. Super speed rubbed up and down on him.

Peter closed his eyes. Karen's very talented hands worked him over from the base all the way to the tip of his head. She stroked him and lavished him with salvia. Karen swirled her tongue and made him very wet. The lubrication covered Peter's cock.

"Get ready to ride them," Karen said.

The busty blonde rose up off of the desk and took her breasts up. She submerged Peter's long rod in the middle of them. Karen lifted up her breasts and squeezed him. She released Peter from the pillowy pleasure. The busty blonde pushed her breasts up and squeezed his hard prick in her cleavage.

Peter held onto her breasts. He pumped in between the slick valley. Peter could feel his balls building up. He grabbed onto the underside of her to push himself inside. He bounced up and down on him.

"Do they feel real to you?" Karen asked.

"Yes, very real."

The generous solar tanks on Karen's body wrapped around him and squeezed them. She lifted them up with super strength and grabbed him hard. She released and squeezed him on a constant basis. Peter returned fire by holding onto her.

"Cum on them," Karen said. "I know there's plenty more where that cum from. Web my breasts, swinger."

Peter really hoped Karen and Felicia never met. Both of them together would be the death of him. He slowly grabbed onto her round chest and slammed him inside of her. His balls slapped onto her chest. The ample orbs lifted up and released him.

"Fuck, I will."

The swollen testicles bouncing against Karen constricted and released against her. He shot his spunk all over her breasts and also all over her face. Peter splattered an obscene amount of cum on Karen.

"I bet I look like something out of a hentai," Karen said.

"All that's missing is the tentacles," Peter quipped. "That's more Doc Ock's territory than mine."

Karen shook her head. She did not need to think about that. She decided to rid her mind of that visual image. The sexy superheroine scooped up as much cum off of her face. One of the strings of cum hung from her nipples. Karen pushed her breast up and slurped the cum off of it.

"That's hot," Peter said.

The busty beauty rolled over onto the desk. Her hands rolled over her body and collected more of the juices. Karen drank in the spunk off of her body.

"Want a taste?"

Karen's panties flew off and her smooth shaven twat revealed to him. Peter moved over and pushed
his nose against Karen's slit. He sucked her warm juices out of her body. Karen rolled her hips when Peter went down on her. Her juicy center oozed the tasty treat into Peter's mouth.

The beautiful blonde felt the pleasure of the young man's mouth. His tongue eased inside and explored her. Every inch of Peter's tongue canvased Karen. She gasped with her entire body shaking from the point where Peter touched her with his tongue.

Her cunt reacted very nicely to the pleasure of Peter easing his tongue in and out. He lapped up the juices. Pleasure exploded through every last inch of Karen's sticky, snug twat. She wanted him inside of her, he could tell it, and Peter wanted to be inside.

Peter moved his way up and put his hands on Karen's sweaty, sexy back. He rolled over her body and pressed their loins together. He kissed the side of Karen's face and moved down to the back of her neck and to her spine. Karen could feel him moving closer towards her pleasure zone.

"Make me yours," Karen said. "Make me yours."

"You don't need to tell me twice."

"I just did."

Peter smiled and rose up to position himself directly against her entrance. His manhood brushed against her. Karen sucked him inside. Peter grunted at the very feel of Karen's dragging him into her heat. He slid his hard manhood into her and brought his rod inside of her.

His balls swelled with each push back inside of her. Peter worked her hole over. Her walls wrapped around Peter and released him. Over and over again, Peter pushed inside of her. He buried inside of her body with multiple thrusts. The balls slapped against Karen's warm thighs the deeper he pushed into her.

"PETER!"

Karen screamed his name out loud. She scratched up the finish of her desk. Her tight walls grabbed onto Peter and released him. Each time she milked his organ with her snugness, it felt really good. Peter plunged inside of her and worked her. Every single inch of her body pressed against him.

Peter sped up as much as possible. He touched Karen's body. His fingers found the spots which drove Karen up. She worked up to the latest orgasm very slowly. Peter eased it into her. She begged with light whimpers. His sexy business partner moaned underneath Peter.

"Again," Peter said.

The young man reached underneath her to take full mastery of the breasts of the powerful heroine. Peter worked her insides. His balls kept loading up with each drive inside of her. The web slinger took his fingers underneath Karen's nipples and rubbed them.

Karen thrashed underneath him. Peter pounded her into. He guided her orgasm, this time more intense. This time, she felt her entire body explode with never ending pleasure. She never wanted this to end.

The super powered did have their limits. Peter rode her out to another spectacular climax.

"My turn," Peter said. "One more for the road?"

Peter touched Karen as her body recharged. The yellow solar radiation pumping through her body
recharged her. The heat pumped obscenely through her loins. Peter rolled back against her and drilled his hard cock deep as far as possible. He slapped his balls against her thighs with each thrust.

Scorching intensity filled Karen from head to toe. Heat vision almost popped through her eyes. Karen held on and counted to ten. She wanted to lose control. The repairs on her offices from rapid fire heat vision would be some pretty bad news.

She came one more time around him. The feeling of those bared walls tugging on his cock made the cum churn up. Peter only needed one more push. His balls strained to release the pleasure inside of her.

Peter planted his cum inside of the beauty. The first few blasts rocked Karen and the second few made her grab onto her desk. She refused to slide out of place and miss a deep blast of cum inside of her body. She felt her body filled up and swell with the amount of cum splattering inside.

The pleasure finished with Peter shuddering to a stop. He emptied every drop from him and pulled out to admire his handiwork.

Karen turned around and smiled at him.

"I think today was productive," Karen said. "How about you swing by my place Friday after work? We can have coffee and look at everything from a couple more angles."

Peter thought about it for only a second.

"I don't think there's any problem with that," Peter said.

"I thought not."

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End.

A figure shifted in the shadows when reaching a modest apartment on the outskirts of New York City. She could hardly believe this had been the location of one of the great and well known heroes known as Spider-Man. Yet, she thought it reflected well on him in hindsight. He could have used his powers for other purposes. Instead, he lived among the people, as a man of the people.

This quality put him more in tune with the problems of the people. The redhead moved around. Her face had a severe look on it, always screwed up in intensity. It only just slightly took away from the beauty, the very natural beauty the woman boasted of. Her very long red hair hung to her lower back area. Her blue eyes screwed up, with very high cheek bones as well.

Her orange top barely qualified as a sports bra and held up her very ample breasts. The cleavage pushed up in this one. Her very toned stomach, trained in a way that many women only hoped to reach, showed up very brightly. Tight orange pants clung greedily to her body like a second skin. Leather black boots topped off the outfit. The final component added was a trenchcoat and numerous weapons hooked to several pockets within it.

Elsa Bloodstone moved with catlike quickness and precision to head up to the apartment of her target. She could see he was up and eating breakfast. What she wanted to do would have been a little bit awkward had he been asleep. Elsa knew what she wanted after their previous encounter.

Peter thought about one of his rare days off from work and how he intended to make the most of it while it lasted. The responsibility which came with the great power of him being Spider-Man did not afford him to take a day off from crime fighting. He kept his ears to any news where people would cause trouble.

'Knowing my luck, Doc Ock has some kind of master plan today, again. Or Scorpion? Or Kraven decided that it's Spider-Man season.'

Any number of those possibilities could in fact happen. Spider-Man frowned and noticed a tingle coming down his spine. His spider sense warned him of something coming here. He jumped up ready to fight.

"Relax."

A very attractive redhead woman stepped into the room to face Spider-Man. Spider-Man did not drop his guard. Common sense dictated he would not. The woman wielded several weapons. The stunning redhead almost distracted Spider-Man from keeping his guard up. The enhanced man looked up and down at her body. Every inch of the glorious flesh sang out on him.

"We've met in passing in the past," she said. "My name is Elsa Bloodstone. The vampire outbreak a couple of months ago? Do you recall it?"

"Yes," Spider-Man said. "You're the hot redhead with the attitude who helped me deal with Moribus's little science experiment. And afterwards, you said I owed you."

Elsa smiled. "Yes. And you know why I'm here."

"You want my help," he replied. "Let me get my web shooters and....."
Elsa grabbed Peter's arm and gave him a very light squeeze. The web slinger watched the woman's eyes and they looked him over like lust.

"I don't want that kind of help," Elsa said. "I want the kind of help that only a true man can give me. Every now and then, I have certain cravings. I'm a woman, you're a man. I think we can both come to terms with these cravings."

Elsa leaned in and cupped Spider-Man around the crotch. She squeezed him hard.

"You're being very bold, Ms. Bloodstone," Peter said.

"Call me, Elsa, because we're about to get intimate, and I'll call you Peter," Elsa said. "And yes, I've done my homework. And yes, I'm very bold."

She squeezed his package one more time. He could feel the imprint of her palm over his crotch the second Elsa withdrew her hand from him.

"I'm not one of those simpering little girls who play hard to get and send mixed signals," Elsa said. "I'm very clear of what I want. I've wanted a piece of you for a long time. And I intend to take the biggest piece."

Elsa dropped her trench coat to the ground. Peter got a pretty good glimpse of her body. He ran around several beautiful women. Which meant he had to have a lot of self-control, so something other than his spider sense would not tingle. Beautiful women dressed in the tight clothing many superheroines favored gave him a lot of practice. The monopoly on beautiful desirable features also made Peter have a lot of practice with trying to keep back his greater impulses.

"Kiss me."

Peter did just that. He kissed Elsa on the lips. His hands roamed endlessly over the curves of the body of the beautiful redhead. Her body was very firmed and toned. Peter could not help, but want to grab onto her chest as well, which currently pressed up against his.

Elsa smiled through the kiss. Her tongue danced on the edge of Peter's mouth to seek entry. She used her tongue to make love to the young man's tonsils as well. She was going to have so much fun with him. She could feel the fun pressing against her thigh.

The table cleared off, and Elsa pinned Peter down on the table. The two kissed, not bothering to quiet each other down. The animalistic passion buried deep inside of this noble young man made Elsa very hot for him. Her fingernails clutched the back of the young man, trying to remove his garments with her fingers. A light moan followed the more Elsa tried to get a piece of her lover. She would get a very big piece if everything worked out well.

She pulled back his top and ran her hands over his muscular torso.

"I knew you filled up that uniform nicely," Elsa said.

"Damn," Peter groaned.

Elsa just smiled and kissed him. The hot kisses planted on every inch of Peter's body. Elsa moved down and tugged his pants bringing it down. The tent he pitched made Elsa lick her lips. She decided to tease him a little bit more before removing her top.

The top dropped down onto the ground. Peter caught sight of a very beautiful pair of breasts which made his member twitch. Elsa pressed a hand on Peter's crotch and gave him a very nice little
squeeze. He jumped up into her hand.

She released Peter from his confinement. Twelve inches of very well formed meat came out. Else marveled at how thick and veiny it was.

Peter's eyes fixed on her succulent lips. She gave him a naughty little smile and reached underneath him to fondle his balls. Peter closed his eyes and thought he most certainly died and went to heaven. There was no two ways about this. Heaven and her mouth was going to be his guide. Elsa dropped down and engulfed Peter into her mouth. Those warm succulent lips drew Peter between them and sucked on his prick very hard. Peter closed his eyes and threw his head back in pure unbridled lust.

"You feel so good!" Peter yelled out.

Elsa dropped her mouth down onto the base of her lover's cock and sucked him again. She sucked him very hard. His balls throbbed every time Elsa came down onto him.

The redhead vixen worshipped the throbbing hard cock. He could watch her breasts bounce when she bobbed her head up and down on him. The tightness of her pants made Peter wonder would it would feel like to be inside of her. He grabbed the back of her head and held it down.

The length slid into the back of Elsa's throat. Elsa gasped and moaned when her mouth filled with the perfectly formed penis. She sucked her lover as hard as possible. Slobber formed around the base of Peter's pulsing prick. Every moment was pure intensity. Lust burned through Elsa's eyes. The delirious pleasure increased when she went all the way down on Peter and came all the way up from the base of his cock.

The suction around him became very unbearable. Peter stroked the back of Elsa's hair and guided her mouth. It engulfed the full length of Peter's prick. His balls ached. Release would be needed so.

"No, not yet."

Peter groaned at the very obvious denial Elsa had given him. She cupped the edge of his balls and gave them another squeeze. She leaned in to kiss Peter on the tip of his cock and it twitched in her mouth.

The stunning woman moved over. She took the edge of her tight pants and slowly slid it over her. Peter watched as her beautiful pussy came into view. He wanted to come out and taste it for a little bit.

"Maybe another time," Elsa said. She smiled and cupped him again. "I need your cock inside of your body. I'm going to die without it. You wouldn't want to be responsible for a woman dying because she didn't have her needs fulfilled?"

"Never," Peter said.

Elsa dragged her wet pussy over his rock-hard cock. Those warm lips almost sucked him in straight away. Elsa enjoyed teasing both the young man and herself. She took his hands when they lifted up and placed them on top of her breasts.

Peter gripped onto the breasts. The warm softness molded in his hands. Each touch caused him to groan in very unrestrained pleasure. The lust continued to rise along with another part of Peter. He slid in between her walls. The first couple of inches of his pulsing manhood slid into Elsa.

She bit down on her lip. Juices trickled out of her, pooling around the base of Peter's phallus. Some of them came down onto the base of it. Regardless, it allowed Elsa to make her descent with ease.
"Your pussy feels good," Peter groaned.

"It's pretty tight. It's pretty hot. And you can tell how wet I am for you."

Each time she finished a sentence she rose and slid back down onto him. The ride started very slow at first. Then, the intensity picked up. Each time she fell, she took Peter inside of her deeper. Peter groaned when the wetness of her center rubbed against his bared cock.

"Yes!" Peter groaned.

Elsa smiled. She went up and down. She did not hold back with her desire. She had something she wanted. It throbbed underneath her. Every inch of his cock pushed inside of her body. Those balls would be filled up with their essence. Elsa already appreciated the decision she made to make this handsome young man into her cover.

Judging by the size of his balls, a very virile young man as well. Else rode up and down on his cock. The hands of her lover roamed and touched her. They rested on her breasts and squeezed them. He also made an occasional journey to other parts of her body.

Peter buried his face into the warm cleavage of the beautiful redhead riding him. Her hips squeezed around his when she bounced up and down on him. Elsa just got tighter and tighter every time her orgasm milked him. Peter needed to taste her nice breasts. Suck on those big nipples and make her scream. Elsa was quite the screamer by the looks of things. She threw her head back with a passionate mewl. Every rise and every drop pushed more of Peter's cock inside of her waiting body.

"Mmm, oh, I'm glad I sought you out."

Had he been able to speak, and not have his mouth full at the moment, Peter would have responded. It was rude to talk with your mouth fully, as Aunt May taught him.

'Something tells me this wasn't quite what Aunt May had in mind when she taught me that.'

The two of them joined each other one more time. Elsa built up the pleasure in her body. Peter sucked her nipples which begged for attention. The temptation of this handsome young man working her over made Elsa ride in pleasure. She dropped down and then rose up several times. Her pussy squeezed his hard cock with everything it was worth.

The warm loins of the beautiful redhead saturated him with her clear fluids. Peter felt his cock swell at the coating. He moved his hands to her lower back and cupped her magnificent ass. Elsa dropped down onto Peter with repeated pushes inside of her.

"Fuck!" Elsa yelled.

Peter drilled her hard and fast with his massive prick. The manhood of the spider-themed hero punished Elsa with everything he could muster. His balls sized up when she pressed up against him. Her warm walls tugged at his manhood.

Elsa clenched onto him. She could feel like he was reaching the edge. He held back, ever the gentleman, to make sure Elsa came first. His touches, his prods, his sucks, they made Elsa Bloodstone's loins burn with never ending desire. Her eyes flashed over.

She came and came hard. Juices splattered down on Peter's base. She went buck wild on him, riding him through the orgasm. Elsa dropped and lowered on him. Every time her walls slid down onto him, she tightened around him. She pumped Peter as hard as humanly possible.
"Damn!" Peter groaned.

Peter slammed Elsa down onto his hard cock. She stretched out to the base. The warm fluids pumped into her body. Every time her pussy squeezed him more cum than what Peter knew he had shot into the gorgeous redhead. The warmth of her squeezing and releasing him made his orgasm feel among the most intense he ever had in his life.

Elsa slid down to the base of his cock and pumped more of him inside of her. She closed her eyes, breathing heavily at what Peter gave her. So much cum, so much pleasure, with burning lust going through her body, Elsa could hardly even stand it all. She planted her walls down onto him, riding Peter all the way down to the last drop.

She came at least twice more, and Peter groaned. Elsa pushed off of him, and then dropped down onto the table. She left splatters on Peter's dining room table.

"I'm in the mood for dessert," Elsa said.

The insatiable sexual appetite of this woman would be one which would keep Peter on his toes. She licked his neck and chest, and in no time, Peter rose to the occasion. Elsa turning around on her hands and knees to smack her ass got him going the rest of the way.

Peter rose up and moved in for seconds, or dessert, depending on your perspective.

End.

There's a blog exclusive chapter at my blog with Spider-Man and Kim Possible. Yes, a non-Marvel, non-DC character. Which may happen at the blog from time to time, although it won't be happening inside of this story any time soon. Head to the Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos, and either the Sticky Situation or Blog Exclusive Chapter archives. And enjoy.

Getting Lucky (Domino)

Three cans lined up on a fence several hundred feet away from where the pale skinned beauty stood. The black half-tank top stretched over her ample chest. Her toned stomach showed how healthy she was. She dressed in a pair of very tight pants which formed around her legs like a second set of skin. Very few got a close enough look at her face which looked beautiful enough to stop traffic.

The eyes of Neena Thurman focused on the cans on the edge of the fence. She aimed her weapon and prepared to fire them. Many people debated whether or not the shot could be made. Neena, or Domino as she was known by most, knew she could make the shot. Domino pulled a trigger of the gun and fired at the can. The bullet connected with the first can.

She moved around while the iron was hot. She fired a second shot at the can and a third shot against the can. All of them dropped down to the ground. Neena took a long look at the fallen cans. Three tin cans, three perfect shots, and the mutant looked very pleased with her handiwork.

A sound of someone clapping prompted Neena to turn around. A brunette gentleman made his way in. He dressed in a pair of jeans and no shirt. Medical tape wrapped against the chest and upper right arm of him.

"You approve?" she asked.

A smile popped against the young man's face. "I bet you could have taken the shots blindfolded. You're that good. Those mercenaries leaned that the entire way."

Domino nodded. A small part of her ego had been casually stroked by the words of this young man. You did not necessarily show off if you could back it off. Every time Neena got the shot on point. She looked towards the young man next to her.

"It's a good think you weren't out here," Neena said. "You might have distracted me from taking the shot."

"A skilled shot like you?" he asked. "Never."

Peter Parker stepped a little bit closer. The bruises all over his chest nearly healed completely up. Neena was glad because he took of a hell of a shot on her account. She turned the attack back around on the mercenary who attacked Peter.

'Who would have thought that he would be Spider-Man?' she thought. 'Then again, that's the idea.'

"You're okay, right?" Neena asked. "You shouldn't be taking bullets for people like that."

"Was more than a bullet," Peter said. "And I figured the alternative was having both of us get blown up. Don't you agree that things could have been worse?"
Domino never disputed things could have been worse. Things always could be worse when someone did the type of work she did. Her lips pursed together and she sighed very deeply. She reached over towards a box.

Peter watched her bend over. He was just watching her movements at first. His eyes drifted over to the pair of tight leather pants. Anyone would agree they fit over her body nicely and showed off her round ass. Peter tried to look up to avoid looking at her.

She pulled a knife out of the box. The last thing Peter wanted to do was have one of the knives thrown between his eyes for an inappropriate stare.

Neena turned around and looked straight at Peter. A smile flashed over her face. She hurled the knife and it flew over Peter's shoulder the Blade connected to the target directly behind him.

"What do you think?"

Peter answered her question with a smile. "Glad, I'm not the target."

"You actually thought I was going to hit you," Domino said. "You must really think so little of me to think I would miss my aim. I always hit my target, always."

Domino stepped a little bit closer to Peter. She brushed against him very slightly when reaching over and pulling the knife out of the tree. She moved back a couple of steps and aimed the knife at the tree. Domino flung the knife at the tree and it connected for a second time against the target.

"You never cease to amaze me," Peter said.

"My reflexes are always pretty good."

Neena reached over to grab the knife. She shifted weight and grabbed Peter by the crotch. He jumped up in surprise at the sudden, and not entirely unwelcomed touch. Domino pulled her hand away from him.

"You've actually hidden that from me this entire time," Domino said.

"Why, were you staring at my crotch?" Peter asked.

Domino grabbed him by said crotch for a moment and squeezed him. "Well, you can't blame me for being a little bit curious at what you have underneath those pants. You be around certain people long enough and they hear rumors. And you took a shot for me. I think it's time I take a shot for you."

Peter could not believe this pale beauty. She had him by the balls, literally speaking, and could do pretty much anything she wanted with him. Neena crept a little bit closer and kissed him on the lips. Their mouths connected with each other. Neena kissed him deeper and slowly eased his tongue into her.

The web slinger backed up against the side of the safe house he rested in after he survived the shot. Neena's fingers eased down the front of his pants and pulled back to slowly fish his hard cock out of his pants.

Domino lowered down to the ground to come eye level with the pulsing penis of this amazing young man. Her finger's snugly wrapped around the base. She pulled on it and grinned when looking at him.

"My hands are skilled for a long more than using weapons."
Peter groaned when the hands of the raven-haired vixen underneath him worked over his cock. She added an occasional lick over his head and length to really mix things up. Her right hand touched the underside of Peter's balls and fondled them. She squeezed him.

Domino enjoyed the feeling of his cock swelling in her hand. She wondered what it would be like to have his cum all over her face. She would have to find out sooner rather than later as the manhood swelled in hand. Domino wrapped a fist tighter around his hard cock and released him.

"Getting closer," Domino said. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," Peter said. "Neena, your hands feel so good."

She jerked on him and manipulated the pressure building up in Peter's balls. Domino perfectly lined up the cock head against her face. Cum churned in the swollen prick when she pumped down onto it. Domino slowly, sensually pumped him through her hands.

"Jesus!"

Neena stuck out her tongue. She fired an even more impressive gun than anything else she could handle. The splatters of white gooey sperm spattered on her face. They oozed out in strings and continued to fire out as massive ropes. Neena slid her hand all the way down to the base to jerk him off. Peter continued to discharge himself all over her face and groaned.

The skilled mutant finished jerking him off. She stuck out her tongue to show Peter the cum and then swallowed it with hunger.

"I always make my shot."

Neena bounced up to her feet. She slid her tank top off and threw it down onto the ground. Neena lifted her right breast and sucked. One hardened nipple pushed against the lips of the mutant when she suckled herself. Her free hand edged her pants down.

Peter's eyes followed the progress of Neena sliding her tight pants down. More and more of her pussy came to him. The beautiful dripping hot mound with a strip of black hair flashed out in front of Peter. He hungered to taste it. Neena crawled back onto the stump which she used as a makeshift seating place. She balanced herself with legs spread and beckoned Spider-Man over.

"Help yourself," Neena mewled in delight.

Help himself Peter did. He started at the side of her neck and kissed on it. That very talented mouth on her throat made Neena moan out in pleasure. The web slinger took his hands down and caressed the lovely flesh. He moved his hands around to feel up her milky spheres. He squeezed them.

The mutant known as Domino entered a world of never ending pleasure. Every time the powerful young man on top of her kissed her, it only caused her hips to lift up and drop down. A repeated series of pushes brought her hips up and down. Tender juices oozed out from Domino to coat her thighs.

Peter dove at the slit and dragged his tongue against her. Domino grabbed onto the young man's hair and pushed him deep between her thighs. Domino rocked her hips up off of the stump. The breathing increased. Peter went down onto her. He really enjoyed the taste. The warmth spilled into his mouth when he sucked up her juices.

Domino closed her eyes and allowed her hips to come up. She rose and fell several times. Peter serviced her womanhood and made her lose it almost. Her nipples stuck up in a rather pleasant way.
Domino rolled her fingers over the top of the harden tips. She squeezed the nipples, caressed them, and made the standing buttons even harder.

The oral assault ended with Peter eating Neena to an amazing orgasm. Her hips threw up and dropped down onto the stump. Peter pulled away from her. He took her juices into his mouth and drank them up like they were god's gift to everything.

He grabbed Neena and flipped her over. She pressed down chest first onto the stump. The vixen spread her thighs in need. She needed Peter inside her. Peter edged his hands against Neena's body and rubbed her lips. Her hips bucked into the palm of his hand. Peter continued to make circular motions around her.

"Just do it already."

Peter leaned in and kissed the pale skinned beauty on the back of the neck. Multiple kisses came down to her back. Each time he could feel Neena shifted a little bit. He returned up her back and went to the back of the neck. He moved up and down on her body.

Neena thought she would black out from the pleasure. Peter tempted her with each touch. A second later his hard cock touched the outer edge of her lips. Neena dug her nails into the edge of the wood.

"Please!" she begged him.

"Are you begging for me?" Peter asked.

"I'll do anything if you just fuck me," she growled. "Fuck me now!"

Peter lined himself up with her open hole. She wanted him so badly. The feel of Neena's curvy frame pressed against his made lust rise from his loins. The tip of his manhood touched against her ready to enter. Neena spread out and pushed herself back. Peter touched the underside of her body.

Each time he came close to her, Neena jumped back. Her hips groaned at the thought of having Peter inside of her. She needed him, very badly. Neena could hardly hold back from the thought of having Peter pumping himself inside of her. His manhood eased into her.

"Finally!"

Neena almost cheered when he entered her. It took a couple of inches at first. She stretched to accommodate him and burst the dam of pleasure open. The gushing rush spilled over and allowed him to slide inside of her. Peter held onto Neena and drove himself into her.

The snugness got even snugger the more Peter went into her. Neena moved back so her hands only pressed on the stop. This allowed Peter to gain access to her breasts even more easily. He touched them and held them in with very firm grips. Neena tensed and squeezed him.

Each contraction milked Peter inside of her. She wondered if Peter was going to make his shot. Lust filled her body. Peter sensed the lust when taking control of her nipples. Each touch brought Neena just one step closer. It built and built until it exploded.

"Shit….Spidey!"

The blasts of pleasure from her loins fired around Peter. Peter grabbed onto Domino and shoved himself deep into her gripping sheath of flesh. She tightened her walls around him. The feeling of her orgasm grew very intense. Peter leaned in and pressed against her body.
Domino almost had been weak in the knees because of the rush of pleasure.

"Still with me?"

"Yes," Domino said. "Keep that up. Keep it...."

Peter cut off her words with another thrust which put Domino back under the pleasure she felt. Those hands, they were just something that was an amazing all over her body. Domino wished she had a chance to be with Spider-Man during the time he grew four arms. Still, he was amazing with the two he had right now.

The warm feeling of a nice pussy grabbed onto Peter. He took his hard cock into her wet center. Each thrust pumped more of Peter inside of Domino's snug center. He held onto her and planted his hard rod into her. Repeated thrusts buried more of Peter inside of her.

"Peter, keep it up," Domino breathed. "I'm going to lose my mind."

"We wouldn't want that to happen," Peter said.

More touches, and Peter traveled all over her body. He caught Domino with that one sweet spot underneath her right breast. Tremors fired through Domino's loins. She coated him when he pushed inside of her.

Two swollen balls slapped against Domino from behind. Peter moved against her in a very intense daze. His muscles tightened with each slid into her. Domino's warm body egged him up. Peter could not pull back. Not when he wanted to plow this minx's pussy and fill it up.

"Cum in me," Domino panted. "I NEED IT FUCKING NOW!

Peter gave her everything he could and then just a little bit more. His balls danced, swollen very tight with desire. Peter picked up a very fast pace towards the last few minutes of this coupling. His testicles dropped down and smacked Domino on the back of her leg. Peter planted himself into her from behind and stretched her warm center completely out.

The final orgasm from Domino squeezed Peter very hard. The release coming from the young man followed. He pushed inside of her and splattered inside of her. He painted her completely white with thrusts. Each thrust caused his balls to get a little less heavy.

He finished emptying his load inside of the mutant. A few final touches of Domino's tight body finished him off.

Peter pulled away from Domino. She pulled herself back up, staggering a little bit. Domino would not forget this one for a long time.

"Looks like I'm the one in need for a rest now," Domino said. "Guess that makes us even."

Domino fell against Peter's shoulder. He smiled and wrapped an arm around before guiding the mutant back to the safehouse. The way her hand drifted to his ass told Peter she had more fun in mind for later.

**End.**

**Next Chapter: 8/16/2017.**
Chapter 60: Rite of Passage (Anya Corazon/Spider-Girl)

Anya Corazon sat down on her bed, biting down on her lip and kept watching the clock. She knew he would be here in time. He always showed up and today was a very special day. The heroine even dropped her cell phone down onto the bed and stopped tweeting. She was too nervous to tweet. The anxiety built up as she was going to do something very daring.

She focused on a spot on the blue wall around her to try and take a very deep breath. She laid eyes on the tack board of the various articles she collected. Some from actual physical media and some on the Internet, they all had to do with her exploits as Spider-Girl and yes her blunders.

She stretched out, the tight white tank to she wore stretched over her firm teenage breasts. It showed her stomach, flat and toned from a fair amount of immense working out. Said stomach rose and fell with breathing. Her jean shorts exposed a fair bit of leg. Anya liked how her legs looked, and hoped he would as do.

A knock on the window caused Anya to rise up from her bed. She wondered if she should greet him in costume to do this properly. Anya decided not to. The teenager crossed the room and opened the window.

"Hey, Anya, what's up?"

Spider-Man came into the room. She looked at him and enjoyed how the stitches of the costume stretched over his very muscular frame. Anya held herself back from running her hands over. The heat started at her cheeks and spread over her body.

"I need to talk to you," Anya said. "Remember the conversation we had about five, six months ago, wasn't it now?"

"I remember," Spider-Man said. "You said you had a crush on me and you wanted…you wanted to ask me to do something for you. To make sure your first time was memorable, and I told you, you were too young."

"I was then," Anya said. "Now, today's my eighteenth birthday."

"Today?" Spider-Man asked. "I'm sorry, Anya. I forgot about your birthday. I was just….."

Anya put her fingers on the edge of his mask. Spider-Man shivered at the touch of the young girl. She pressed her hips against his. Spider-Man tried to think about something other than the temptation in front of him.

"You're a busy man, Spider-Man," Anya said. "Rhino, Sandman, Shocker, all of them, you had to deal with them in the past week, and I'm pretty sure that only just scraps the surface."

The tempting teenage stepped back from Spider-Man and adjusted her shirt. It snapped back over the top of her breasts. Spider-Man tried not to look to see whether or not Anya wore a bra underneath the shirt. Her hips moved a little bit when she looked at him.

"Don't be sorry you didn't get me anything for my birthday," Anya said. "You brought me the greatest gift of all. You brought me you. You brought me this."
Anya reached in to squeeze Spider-Man's crotch which caused the web slinger to jump back a little bit.

"Anya, is there...is there...what's gotten into you?" Spider-Man asked.

"You, hopefully," Anya said. "I've been feeling it for months. My first time, it needs to be with someone I can trust. It needs to be with you. It needs to be with my hero, with Spider-Man."

Anya backed Spider-Man against the wall and smiled at him.

"You should be with someone closer to your age," Spider-Man said.

Anya heaved in with a sigh and threw her hands back. "But, I don't want to be with someone closer to my age. I want to be with you. I don't want to be with someone who would fumble his way through my first time. I want to be with someone who knows his way around a woman."

She reached in put her hands on his way. Spider-Man made no motion to correct him. The perfume she wore intoxicated his senses. She was a bit young.

"I'm old enough....."

"I can do math, Peter," Anya said. "You're not old enough to be my father. You were not having children when you were eight."

Anya leaned in to him and grabbed onto his ass. Spider-Man pulled her hands back from him and held them. She looked at him with burning desire in her eyes. Spider-Man realized how much desire blasted through those eyes towards him.

"If you're good enough for Black Cat, Ms. Marvel, Black Widow, and Spider-Woman, then just think about how much you'd rock my world," Anya said. "Please, Peter...don't leave me hanging on my birthday."

Anya stepped back from him and made her way on the bed. She leaned back on the bed, the material of her shirt stretching one more time over her perky bosom. Peter looked at her. Nice perky breasts, a beautiful face, flat tummy, nice hips, and long legs, Anya stunned him with her beauty. She pushed a finger into her mouth and Peter watched her lips.

"You do think I'm good looking, don't you?" Anya asked.

"You're very beautiful, Anya," Peter said. "I feel like we could..."

"We're both two adults of consent," Anya said. "You shouldn't feel guilty about this. You didn't seduce me into your web like some super spider predator. I'm the one who is trying to entice you. Please, Spider-Man, kiss me one time, please, pretty please with sugar on top."

Peter looked at her and saw she pouted. The web slinger moved over onto the bed and scooped Anya into his arms. Her body felt very nice pressed against his. He reached in and gave Anya a very passionate kiss which made all of the teenager's dreams come true at once.

The eighteen year old, barely legal as of a few hours ago, woman breathed in excitement from the kiss. He could really kiss her and really rock her world. Her loins heated up with Spider-Man pushing her onto the bed. The kiss continued when Spider-Man explored her body, Anya's body. She thought she could just die right here and be pleasure.

The warm body underneath Peter felt good. Her nipples stuck out from underneath her shirt.
"You're not recording this on your cell phone, are you?" Peter asked. "Because, the last thing either of us want to be is part of some kind of super hero fappening."

"Relax, I'm young, but I'm not stupid," Anya said.

Anya tugged on the top half of Spider-Man's costume and revealed his muscled chest. She touched the edge of the muscles and played with them. A nice smile popped over Anya's face the more she rubbed her hands over him. She pulled down his pants and almost gasped when she saw him.

"So, disappointed?" Peter teased her.

A large cock beyond all of Anya's naughtiest dreams came out. The girl nervously ran her hands over the piece of meat. She could feel it pulse in her hand. Anya leaned in and stuck out her tongue, and tasted the waters. She found she enjoyed the taste of him.

"Just take your time," Peter said. "We've got all afternoon."

Anya took a couple of inches into his mouth. She dared herself to push more cock into her throat, but gagged on it. Taking that much at once was not a good idea to be honest.

Peter gently guided the back of her head and she sucked on half of his length. The other she rubbed with her hands. She could feel it pulsing.

"Sorry," Anya said. "I can't….I don't know how people find this easily."

"Practice makes perfect," Peter said. "I want to taste you."

Anya bounced up almost falling over. Peter grabbed her, and she blushed. The barely legal heroine pulled her shirt over her head. Her perky B-Cup chest came out in front of Spider-Man. Obviously not the largest breasts in the world of the costumed heroines, but they were very respectable for her frame. She slowly pulled down her shorts to reveal a pair of white panties underneath.

"Allow me."

The heroine nodded, her body just begging to be touched by him some more. He pulled down her panties. Anya shaved beforehand, preparing for this. Her pussy only had a small strip of hair down it. The teenager came down on the bed, with Spider-Man on top of her. The older man teased her young body with kisses.

Peter wanted to taste Anya. The tempting teenager from underneath him writhed about on the bed. Peter got closer to her and kissed her flat belly button. Anya's body sized up underneath him when Peter kissed her a couple more times. The web slinger reached closer and pushed his tongue against her slit, lapping up her juices.

Anya reached up to hold Peter around the head. Her thighs kept pumping around his head. He lapped up the juices. A dam burst in Anya, and she squirted juices all over his face. The teenage gasped and rose her hips up before crashing them down on the bed. Her entire body swam with molten heat. The more he touched her, tasted her, the more she wanted.

'Spider-Man is eating my pussy!' she cheered in her mind.

The only thing which came out of Anya's mouth were some very soft, very whimpering moans. Peter worked his magic with his tongue against her. It caused her juices to squirt out and be sucked up by Peter.
Peter pulled back from Anya, and she breathed on the bed. Anya could hardly believe she felt so good. Her thighs lightly spread apart as she knew only one thing could be better than being eaten out by Spider-Man.

"I want you," Anya said to him, shyly, but firmly.

Peter looked at the young girl underneath him. He wondered if he should cross the final frontier with this young woman. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Anya said. "I'm sure."

"Once I take your virginity, there's no going back," Peter said. "Therefore, this is something you should be really something you want or…"

Anya lifted her hips up off of the bed and stroked her body. Her hands handed up on her pussy. Peter viewed how wet and tight it was. His cock throbbed at the thought of taking her virgin pussy, giving her the very first sexual experience with a cock inside of her.

"Please, Spidey, I'm so horny," Anya begged him.

Peter's hard cock slapped against her firm stomach flesh. He moved down against the wet opening. The web slinger adjusted him, pushing his muscular body against her nubile frame. Anya spread out as far as possible to allow him to intrude for her.

"This can hurt," Peter warned her.

"Do it, quick," Anya said.

She hated the stalling tactics. Peter parted her lips and slid inside of her. He struck and pushed through her barrier. On instinct, Anya threw her head up and caught Peter's shoulder with her teeth to bite down onto it. Peter eased into her and pulled all the way out of her.

Two slow thrusts followed, with Peter gouging the reaction of the sexy young heroine underneath him. Her hips pumped him to take more of Peter inside of her.

"Peter, please," Anya begged him. "Please."

Their warm bodies connected together with Peter pushing down onto Anya on the bed. Anya shifted her hips all the way up. A very longing moan came out of her body when Peter slowly stretched out her pussy. His thrusts grew a little bit steadier and quickened just a little bit. She lifted her legs up, draping one over his thighs to encourage him. The two tilted to the side.

Peter forgot how tight teenagers could be. It had been a very long time since he had been inside a teenage pussy. Those warm walls fit around Peter like a slick glove. Now the initial pain was over, Anya rolled her hips up, nervously experimenting. Peter pushed as much of himself as he would dare into uncharted grounds. He slowly brushed over Anya's body, making sure her young mind registered and appreciated every touch he gave her through this experiment.

"Does that feel good?"

He kissed her on the side of the ear and sucked the earlobe. Anya's eyes faded over with a heart stopping gasp of delight. Peter picked up the pace a little bit. Their loins pushed together, meeting as if they always should have been.

The warm teenage body underneath him felt really good. Peter gently guided the girl through the first
orgasm she ever felt, at least with a cock inside of her. Anya grabbed onto his back for the encouragement as her loins sized up and milked Peter's incoming manhood.

Her pussy was so tight it stuffed Anya completely full. Every pulsing inch of Peter touched. His bare penis sliding in between her wet walls made Anya feel very good. Her entire body shook from an orgasm. Pleasure continued to roll over her body as Peter continued to build the enjoyment. She saw stars from the pleasure.

Instincts brought the two together. Peter plunged into the soft depths of the woman underneath him. Anya pushed herself all the way up from this position. The heart stopping pleasure between the two lovers continued. Peter could feel her size up once again and squeeze him.

Anya gasped when she enjoyed the next orgasm. Peter really tormented her body in such a very good way. Anya tensed back and forth against him. Her walls pushed against his cock. She gasped when those heavy balls touched her and left marks all over her thighs.

"Anya, you feel so good," Peter said. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Very…much," Anya gasped. "OOH, PETER!"

She screamed out the name of her hero when he buried most of his rod inside of her. Only a portion of his cock was inside of her. Anya hoped with much practice the whole thing would come much easier. She tightened herself around him and pumped him.

Anya closed her eyes and breathed in and out. Spider-Man enjoyed the juices flowing against the intrusion in Anya's tight hole. It made his travels between her so much the better. The gasps she made from every touch made Spider-Man only plant his hard rod into her tightening hole even more.

"I'm getting close," Spider-Man said. "Do you want me to…?"

"Safe, inside me, trust me," Anya said.

She took every single step necessary to make sure there were no accidents today. Anya gave Spider-Man an encouraging smile. His fingers pushed against her lower back when the two met each other. Hip to hip, stroke for stroke, both of the lovers connected with each other.

"Yes, baby, I trust you," Peter said. "I'm not going to hold up once longer."

"With me, please," Anya said.

She did not have to wait too much longer for her pussy to size up and squeeze him. The body rattling orgasm filled Anya. She thrust herself off of the bed and took as much of Peter inside of her as humanly possible with it. Her walls stretched and then snapped back around him.

Peter's loins tensed up. He knew from the clenching his orgasm was here. He shoved himself as far into Anya as possible and fired his essence into her.

White hot cum splattered against the bare walls. Anya pumped him and felt more cum than her pussy could handle. She thanked herself for having the foresight to get some really good contraceptives. Anya pushed her walls against him when milking the cream inside of her.

The sticky cum overflowed from Anya's pussy. Spider-Man held onto her and pushed inside of her. Each fall and each drop shot more cum into gushing center until he finally drained himself.

The two pulled away and Anya fell down onto the bed. She would have to clean these sheets once
she recovered. Still, one thing fell through her mind.

"Best birthday ever."

End.

Next Chapter: 8/19/2017.
A hellacious storm began to brew outside. Lightning, thunder, huge winds came down in a chaotic manner. This type of storm would have caused massive property damage. The only good thing was the hail did not come down, at least not yet. The winds blew even heavier and struck against the windows. Several people rushed to the nearest shelter in their desperate attempt to avoid being swept up.

Peter Parker had the misfortune of being caught out into the ring. Swinging webs was not exactly the easiest thing in the world in a storm. To add to the fun and carnage, Spider-Man was not swinging on the webs. He was on both of his feet and completely soaked through. He took in a deep breath. The water splattered against his face. A large blast of mud smacked him in the face when a crazed cab driver flew by.

'I can't believe it,' Peter thought.

Peter stopped and wondered what he could not believe about it. It was just the typical New York city traffic. The web slinger walked into the building. He knew of a friend who could take him in, providing she was in. Peter resembled a sight for sore eyes when he walked down the hallway.

Another figure made her way down the hallway. Speaking of his friend, here she came down the hallway. The beautiful woman walked down the hallway with hair soaked and stuck against her alluring face. The entire white blouse she wore for business purposes soaked through, and the glasses on her face looked very smudged. Her boots dripped with mud. Her stocking and skirt covered body was about the only thing about her that was not completely wet, at least of those clothes which Peter could see.

Princess Diana of Themyscira ambled down the hallway. She reached up to grab a towel off of the table to dry off her towel.

"Peter?" she asked suddenly.

"Yeah, I was hoping you would be in," Peter said. "It looks like both of us had been caught out in this storm. It's brutal out there."

Diana answered with a very obvious nod. "The gods are enraged tonight."

That was one way of putting it. Diana reached into her bag and pulled out some keys. The Princess, despite being dripping wet and slightly muddy, removed the keys from her bag and worked open the lock with a surprising amount of grace.

"You should get out of those clothes."

Diana spoke in a matter of fact manner. Thankfully, Peter kept an extra change of clothes in his bag which was not too soaked through. He did not ruin another Spider-Man costume by being out in the rain either. Those things did not just grow in trees.

"Don't worry about the carpet."

"Thanks," Peter said.
"It's not a problem at all," Diana said. "You should be more concerned with getting yourself out of those wet clothes. My carpet can get cleaned."

Peter pulled off the soaking wet shirt. He shivered. Diana watched him and took the shirt into her hand.

"Thanks," Peter said.

"Again, don't mention it," Diana said. "After all that we've been through it's the least I can do. You should take a warm shower. You really look like you need it."

Peter removed the rest of his very damp clothes. He stepped into the shower and started the water. The warm water was a very good change from the freezing rain. The feeling of the coldness from the rain soaked through Peter's body. He shivered one more time.

'At least I'm not going to catch a cold. Hopefully, Diana's nice enough to let me crash for the evening. It wouldn't be the first time she let me do it either.'

A shudder came through Peter's body. It reminded him how much he really needed to warm up underneath the shower head. Peter allowed the warm water to cascade over his body. The mud washed off of his body when Peter enjoyed the shower.

The door swinging open caused Peter to tense up. No spider sense, no sign of danger, so Peter turned himself back around for a minute. A figure stepped into the shower behind him. Peter looked in the mirror. The reflection of a nude Diana shined out from underneath him. Peter almost jumped up in the air in surprise.

"I figured I'd join you," Diana said. "You looked rather banged up and looked like you could use help. And you know what helps? A nice relaxing massage, and a nice warm shoulder. Just like this."

Diana rolled her hands over Peter's shoulders. The web slinging hero took in a deep breath with Diana moving her hands over every single last inch of his body. The spider-empowered hero felt the warm hands down his body. She brushed against his chest and the lower part of his abs. Diana teased him a little bit. Her hands reached down to tease him.

Her breasts brushed against his back and caused Peter to jump up in the air.

"Why are you….."

Diana pushed against her. Her crotch rubbed up against his ass, her hands touched his crotch, and those wonderful breasts touched his lower back. The Princess ran her fingers all over Peter's body.

"What's a little shower amongst friends?"

Peter thought there was more than a little shower. His body tensed up and made it very hard to hide the obvious arousal. Diana pulled away from him and spun Peter around. She dropped down to rub the soap all over his body. She leaned in and pressed into him to make sure his upper back had been rubbed. The warmth of the soap caressed every square inch of Peter's body.

"But, you're not getting clean."

"Yes, that's true," Diana said. "Why don't you get my breasts?"

Peter took the soap and rubbed all over Diana's ample breasts. Her soapy breasts stood up for attention and ready to be grabbed. The Amazon's eyes glazed over when she breathed in and out.
Peter decided to test his luck by taking those round wonders into his hands.

Diana tilted her head back. She thought about having a little fun to get up some pent-up frustration she had. It helped that Peter was both handsome and a good man, two very endearing qualities to both the eyes and the mind. Diana enjoyed the feeling of his hands touching every part of her body. She enjoyed it about as well as she was positively certain his hands joined her.

"We should take care of that."

The two edged out of the shower so they had proper room to move. Diana lowered Peter down onto the bench and took his huge cock into her hand. She squeezed it with a very ample touch. Peter lifted his hips up and thrust his crotch into Diana's hand. Diana squeezed around his tool.

"Diana!"

His yelling of her name just made Diana smile. She leaned closer towards him and touched her lips to him. She planted a warm kiss on the tip of his head. A few more kisses followed before the flood gates opened. Diana slowly went to town and worked him up to slipping her cock between her lips.

Diana's warm lips wrapped around Peter's cock made him feel very good. She reached down and cradled his balls to add to the flavor of what she was doing. The warm and wet blowjob started and reached a fever pitch. Diana bobbed her head up and dropped it down. Her warm lips sealed around Peter and released him.

"Princess, you give some good head," Peter quipped.

The Amazon just gave him a smoldering smile on the other end. She tortured around the tip of his cock. The length pushed further into her mouth. She sucked on him hard and released him from her mouth. Diana dove down all the way and engulfed her web-slinging hero into her mouth. She touched the base and rubbed him.

Peter was about ready to release himself into Diana's mouth. Diana deep-throated him nice and fast. The lewd sound of her lips closing around him and releasing him. She grabbed his balls and gave them a firm squeeze.

The first hints of the warm essence from Peter's throbbing balls shot into Diana's mouth. She took him into her mouth as far as possible. She drained the fluids from Peter's balls. The warm and powerful sucking hit a fever pitch with Diana blowing him.

Peter saw stars from the world class blowjob from the Amazon Princess. Diana pulled herself to her feet and turned around. She took a towel and smacked herself on her rear end. The towel bounced off of Diana's world class ass. Peter throbbed when looking her over.

"Diana," Peter said.

"Go ahead," Diana said. "I would be offended if you didn't take me like this."

Peter wanted to take her like this. He also wanted to enjoy the moment. His hands started on the back of Diana's neck and caressed her. He started the tour down her body. Diana's ample breasts found their way into Peter's hands where he gripped them tight and released them.

He moved around her body and touched her ass. Each touch coming from Peter lit Diana up. It ignited more desire into her body. Her legs spread for the inevitable intrusion. Peter kept her guessing by teasing the edge of her hole.
"Just think, after we got clean, we're going to get nice and dirty again."

Diana rubbed herself against Peter to try and entice him. The Amazon embraced the need to have him inside of her. Her hero pressed against her back and teased her.

"Just go ahead and do it," Diana said. "I know you've wanted me for a long time. Maybe almost as long as I wanted you."

Her voice released with a breathy moan just as Peter lined up for her scorching slit. He took himself back an inch and then plunged into her most of the way. The web slinger grabbed Diana's hips and shoved most of himself into her tight pussy. Her inner walls grabbed onto him hard. The moment Diana sufficiently finished working him over.

"I've wanted this for a long time," Peter said. "I wanted to feel you cum around me for a very long time, too. Do you know…how long I've waited for this? Do you want to even know how long I've waited to feel these warm walls wrapped around me?"

"A long…time!"

Diana let out her passion in a moan. She could feel Peter pressed against her just as she pressed into the wall. Peter buried himself into the Amazon Princess. Every inch of him pushed into her. Diana flexed against him and then grabbed him. The hard pumping caused the heat into her body to rise and released. Diana grabbed onto the walls and closed her eye.

"Hera!"

"I'm sure she's watching every minute of this," Peter said.

Peter tempted Diana with more hands. He buried himself into the Amazon from behind. Her fine ass bounced. Peter observed Diana grinding back against him in response to the very powerful fucking from behind. Her loins clamped down onto him.

"Hope so!" Diana moaned. "Peter, Peter….mmmm….PETER!"

He plunged into the sexy Princess underneath his thrusting crotch. The Amazon grabbed onto the wall. The delicious feeling of his huge cock inside of her stretched her out all the way to the edge. Peter pulled almost all the way back. His head brushed against her wall.

One long tease opened the door for one plunge. Diana sucked her lover into her thighs. The Amazon grabbed the wall and groaned. She could feel the release coming to her.

"Please, give me everything."

Peter lifted Diana up and drilled inside of her. Their powerful thighs clashed together. Peter pulled back and brought himself into the depths of Diana. The Amazon almost pulled a chunk of tile out from her wall.

Her pussy squeezed him so tightly that Peter thought he was going to lose it. He teased her asshole which got a more vocal response out of her. He lived the dream of many people to be inside of this wonderful pussy.

Diana's eyes glazed over. Her grip tightened against the wall. Peter held onto her waist to plant himself into her. His balls touched her walls and kept slapping against her. Those round balls almost swelled against Diana, and were ready to give.
Blasts of white hot semen spilled from Peter's loins and impacted the inside of Diana. Diana continued to tug onto the wall and rip her way into it. Peter finished emptying his load inside of Diana.

The aftermath left Diana really wanting even more from him. She pulled herself away from the wall and turned around. The Amazon's hand gripped the underside of Peter and squeezed him.

"I want more," Diana said.

The pleasure she denied herself for so long had finally be given. The Amazon gave a deep breath when she touched Peter's cock and squeezed him as hard as possible. He hardened and Diana pushed him back against the wall. She turned herself and pointed her ass in his face.

"This is where I want you."

Diana looked over her shoulder and pushed her finger into her mouth. She moistened the tip of her finger and ran it down her lower back. The Amazon Princess shoved her digit into her back passage and made sure her hole had been nice and lubricated. Peter gave a deep breath in response. Diana teased her hole and made sure Peter's eyes lingered on it.

"Right in my ass."

Peter did not even need to be told twice. He lined up his meet against Diana when she straddled his lap, facing the mirror. The mirror where Peter could get a glimpse of Diana's naughty face if he so inclined to look over his shoulder.

Also, he could see the look of anticipating on his face. Diana's tight hole opened for him. Peter grabbed onto the Amazon's hips and guided his meat into her back passage. Her warm buns clamped around him. The tightness of Diana almost made Peter explode straight away.

Diana grabbed onto Peter and released his tool with her warm ass cheeks. She grabbed onto Peter and held him. His balls throbbed the moment he went deep into her ass.

"Feel wet you're making me."

Peter ran his fingers down Diana's firm stomach. She did not have an ounce of fat on her belly and her toned abs were as hot as melted butter underneath his fingers. And speaking of melted body, his prick felt like that shoved inside of Diana's ass. She faced away from him, and made sure her ass was in great prominence. Peter held onto the sexy rear with one hand.

He took Diana up on her invitation to feel the moisture.

"You're dripping."

"All because of you."

Peter could not argue this was the best place to be. A sexy raven-haired Amazon impaling her tight back passage down onto his cock was just what the doctored ordered for him. It ailed the feeling of chills Peter received earlier. The only thing which hit him was pure warmth. Diana flexed her asshole down against him and released him. Each touch made Peter groan.

"You're getting close for me," Diana said. "Keep it up. My ass belongs to you. Worship it like it does."

The scientifically minded young man paid to the idle in front of him. He sculpted Diana's ample bust
like an artist working with a particularly fine bit of clay. Which, was very amusing given one of Diana's rumored origins. His balls boiled with need.

Diana flexed her asshole around Peter's invading member. The thought of him spilling his essence into her tight back passage got the Amazon off. And she was preparing to get her off. His hands roamed freely, touching every bit of the body. He touched her nipples to open up the flood gates.

The breathing hit a fever pitch. Peter slammed his cock into Diana's waiting asshole. Her tight hole grabbed Peter as hard as possible. Peter picked up with a further thrust inside of her. His balls slapped against Diana's thighs. The warmth of her tightest hole made Peter rise and fall as he went into her.

"Closer. I can't get enough of this."

Peter worked a little bit faster against her tight hole. The warmth of her tightest opening squeezed him. Diana trained her ass to look good. It felt even better when it canvased every inch of Peter. Peter rose up and closed his eyes. He could feel the end coming. He really wanted to enjoy every last second of it.

Warm juices spilled into Diana. He filled her third hole of the evening with his cum. The volume his balls held was almost obscene. There was a dirty joke about how to get webbing from the source, but he would leave that to a professional.

Diana grabbed onto Peter's thigh when bringing her hole down onto him. She squeezed it and milked every last drop of cum from his balls. Peter finished spilling his clenching balls into the demi-goddess. The release was one of the best feelings he could muster.

Finally, Peter dropped back. Diana smiled and pulled back from Peter.

"Let's get you cleaned up again."

Diana's swaying hips lead the way. The two made it back to the shower. Peter had a feeling they were going to get stuck in an endless cycle for this evening. Given the storm raging outside, neither had anything better to do right now other than each other.

End.

Terms of Repayment (Medusa)

There's a new blog exclusive chapter featuring Dani Moonstar. Head to the Page of Very Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either a Sticky Situation or Blog Exclusive Chapter Archives to check it out.

Terms of Repayment (Medusa)

Peter Parker, of course known as everyone's favorite Neighborhood Spider-Man, decided to sit down and wait for the long haul for her return. He had been helping trying to figure out one of the greatest mysteries which had plagued the hidden society of Inhumans for a very long time.

These hidden people received their powers through the process of Terragensis. From what Peter learned of the process, it could be slightly painful and it would change a person. Peter found himself more than grateful, for the first time, that his powers had been received through a genetically altered spider bite. However, there were many good people, and a few bad eggs among these people. Much like any race, you had to take the good and the bad. They were anxious about exposure and also about outsiders.

Yet, a fear gripped them, as a virus killed several of their number. More than enough for the Inhuman Royal Family to take notice after one of their own had been gripped its way. Peter had been recruited thanks to his unique genetic properties to try and formulate an antidote to the virus.

He waited to see if it would work. Peter closed his eyes. Too many good people died. A lot of people read the Inhumans very wrong.

Peter looked around the lab and it accommodated him very nicely. He did not sit on a sterile lab table which gave him points. He had been inside of some mad scientist's lab often enough. He sat on a cushioned elevated platform where he dangled.

He dressed in nothing other than his underwear and his mask. A bandage covered his right shoulder as well where the blood had been drawn.

The door opened and the stunningly beautiful Inhuman Queen stepped inside. Medusa, and she did have the monopoly on beautiful features while also carrying herself with a certain amount of poise and a great deal of elegance. She dressed in an elegant purple garment which covered her body and also clung to it. Not in an obscene way, but in a fashion where she showed herself.

"Spider-Man, I cannot thank you enough."

"Hey, anything to help you out," Spider-Man said. "So, did you have any idea who created this virus in the first place?"

Medusa closed her eyes and sighed. She consulted the clipboard, the notes her scientists made along with Peter.

"I'm afraid not," Medusa said. "We have investigated several leads. All of them have turned to nothing. And I'm afraid...he will not make it."

"Black Bolt?" Spider-Man asked.
"He…implied he wanted me to prepare for the worse," Medusa replied. "And he also left his last message for me to move on. And he….I think that if he was able to, he would have wanted me to…say thanks for what you have done."

Medusa took a deep breath when breathing in and breathing out. Peter rose up and consoled her with a hug. He tried to distract himself from the fact that her supple body pressed against his. Or how soft her hair felt, and boy did it feel soft. He could run his fingers through it all day.

'She needs comfort, not you perving on her,' the mature part of his mind reprimanded.

"I've got to give it together and rule through strength during these trying times."

Medusa took a deep breath and kept herself in check. There would be plenty of time to mourn when the inevitable passed, if it passed. Her husband left in writing his instructions on what he wanted to do.

"I've exposed you to the virus," Medusa said.

"Wait?" Spider-Man asked. "I thought you said….."

He looked around in anger. He did not feel any different. On the contrary, Peter never felt better in his life. He did not know what to make of this to be perfectly honest. Medusa leaned in and touched his bandaged shoulder.

"You did say you would do anything to help us," Medusa said. "And I appreciate your help. I also have to give you some good news. It has worked. You have created the anti-bodies we need for a cure which will protect the Inhumans from future exposure."

"Then it may not be too late for your husband," Spider-Man said.

Medusa smiled. "No, and for several others. And I fear this virus may have mutated in due time and had been exposed to humans and others. I'm not sure what pumps through your veins. I'm just glad it does, and I would like to thank you. I would like to face the man who made this all possible."

Peter hesitated at this request. She really wanted Peter to remove his mask. Medusa leaned in to touch a hand to Spider-Man's shoulder and cause him to rise up.

"It's fine. I won't tell a soul who you are underneath that mask. I might not be able to pick your face out from a crowd anyway."

Hard to argue with that kind of logic, as far as Spider-Man was concerned anyway, so he had no choice other than to slip off his mask and reveal his face. Medusa locked eyes with him and looked at the young man underneath the mask. She smiled, he looked to be in his early to mid-twenties.

"Thank you for trusting me."

Without any warning, Medusa leaned in and kissed Peter firmly on the lips. Peter pulled away from Medusa.

"I'm not that terrible, am I?"

The quip almost caused Spider-Man to smile. He shook his head and looked at the woman. "You're married. And your husband is currently upstairs in his bed. I don't think any of this is right."

"Yes, by human standards, it's not right," Medusa said. "The Inhuman Royal family both has
different traditions regarding marriage that allow for the payment of certain debts. Black Bolt both understands and respects the fact I'm going to have to pay those debts. You saved us, and the burden falls to me, to thank you."

"I didn't do it to be rewarded," Spider-Man said. "I did it because it was the right thing to do."

Medusa lifted a single finger up and touched the underside of Peter's lips to keep him from talking any more. The Queen smiled when moving back a couple of steps from the web slinger.

"I know you did it because it's the right thing to do. And it's the right thing to do to allow me to balance the debt we have."

The alluring redhead reached behind the clasp of her royal garment and unhooked it at once. Spider-Man observed it fall to the ground. Medusa stood there and she looked stunning. In addition to her beautiful face and stunning hair, her body was just firm and curvy all around. She dressed in nothing other than a very expensive looking purple bra and underwear with lacy patterns. Spider-Man's eyes traveled all over, from her large breasts, to her flat stomach, directly to her very wide hips which showcased a very ample backside to grab onto. Those legs looked very well-toned as well.

"You're a man just like everyone else," Medusa said. "You should allow me to thank you."

Medusa kissed Spider-Man a second time. Their bodies melded together in a very intense kiss. Their lips pressed and parted, before they moved in a second time. Medusa wrapped her arms around the web swinging hero. She smiled at the feeling of something pressing against her thigh. She suspected he was gifted.

The adrenaline pumping through his body made Peter feel rather daring. His hands cupped on Medusa's ample backside and squeezed it. She gasped into his mouth, as his hands pulled off of her backside and then went down to the back of her legs.

The cushioned platform Peter sat on doubled as a perfect crash pad. Medusa unclipped her bra and freed her breasts. They squashed against Peter's muscular chest. Peter sighed when feeling Medusa's hands travel over his face and cup it when kissing him. The kisses increased in increasing passion, each one getting better than the last. Medusa took Peter's mouth in her lips and bit down on it. She released him with a constant amount of kisses.

Medusa rolled her hands over his firm body, feeling him. He took very good care of himself. Super powers could not account for one hundred percent of these hard muscles even though they helped. Medusa leaned back to allow him to touch her breasts.

"Feel how soft they are," Medusa breathed.

The Inhuman Royal squeezed Peter through his boxer shorts. She wrapped her fingers around his gift and squeezed him. Medusa rolled her palm over the growing eagerness in him.

Medusa pulled away to have her breasts out of reach. She took Peter's long rod out of his pants. It stuck up in the air. Medusa leaned down and kissed the tip of his cock. The warm lips of the Inhuman Queen teased the tip of Peter's head. She slowly swirled her tongue against the edge of it and then pulled back from it. Medusa grabbed Peter's balls and gave them a very firm squeeze.

"I need this," Medusa said.

Medusa stood up and slowly pulled down her panties. Peter looked up at her very gorgeous looking pussy which appeared. She was wet for him and needed him. Peter did not know what it was about him which effected women.
"I can never repay you enough for what you've done for my people," Medusa said. "We can make a start. A nice start."

Medusa crouched down to meet the tip with her womanhood. She slowly ground her dripping hole up and down on Peter's engorging rod. Peter groaned at the feeling of Medusa rubbing herself against his erect member. She teased him with her pussy in a way which made Peter grow very excited.

"Please."

The Inhuman Queen smiled and leaned down to touch Peter's chest. She positioned herself over the top of Peter's rod and allowed it to slide into her. It parted her walls and touched them in such a way she almost lost it the second he entered her. His rod seemed to mold to where she wanted to go. Medusa bit down on her lip when rising up on him and then dropping down.

Peter felt her clench down onto him. Her tightening walls grabbed onto Peter's engorged rod and squeezed him as much as possible. Peter groaned at the feeling of Medusa squeezing him. Her warmth rose up and slid down onto him squeezing him.

Those large round spheres dancing above Peter's face made him harden with desire. The web slinger reached for Medusa and touched her breasts. Those round breasts came into Peter's hands. He squeezed them as much as possible and it caused Medusa to moan when she dropped down groin first onto his crotch.

"Spider-Man!" Medusa breathed. "That's it! Right there!"

The web slinger grabbed onto her ample chest and squeezed her dancing orbs as hard as he could manage with his hands. They molded into his grip when she rose and dropped down onto his crotch. Drops of juices filled over his crotch.

Peter hoisted himself off of the bed and filled the body of this royalty. She grabbed onto his tool and worked it out. Medusa wanted to make sure he stayed welcomed here and what was the best way to do that, than with her body. Her hands grabbed the back of his head and forced them into her chest. The orbs smashed in Peter's face demanded to be licked, sucked, and grabbed. Peter did all of those things and more.

Medusa closed her eyes and felt the rush going through her body. She bounced up and down on him. Their firm thighs slapped up against each other. She received one of the most spectacular orgasms ever. He really knew where to touch her body just as Medusa hit her peak. Several pleasurable motions plunged Medusa down onto his thick rod.

The first orgasm passed through Medusa. The Queen gripped the pulsing rod inside of her and released it. She rose all the way up and descended down onto him, making sure to keep his head locked into place between her breasts. He sucked them and brought unbridled pressure.

Medusa's body rocked back against Peters. The Queen worshiped him with every inch of her body, peppering some kisses in there. Her inner walls tightened around Peter when rising and falling against him. Peter could not speak. The pleasure showed how much he was feeling.

"Spider…Spider….SPIDER-MAN!"

This scream followed by one of the best orgasms Medusa ever had the pleasure of having flow through her body put her in a dazed state of pleasure. Those powerful hands gripped onto her. They moved down her back and the all the way to her ass when Medusa rode him like there was no
tomorrow.

Her spider stallion beneath her loins was about ready to give Medusa an amazing orgasm. She could not wait to let it fill her one more time.

Peter groaned at the feeling of Medusa dropping all the way down onto him. The Inhuman woman took control of his cock. Not exactly the worst feeling in the world to be perfectly honest. Peter closed his eyes and allowed Medusa to drop down onto him. This throbbing cock passed between her lips and into her. He could feel his balls swell up. His face smashed between the tits of her.

"Do not pull out."

Medusa would not let Spider-Man part without receiving his divine essence inside of her womb. It would have been an insult and an improper repayment of their debt. She found herself rising and falling almost on automation to fill herself up with him.

A death grip squeezed around Peter when she milked his hard cock in her hole. Medusa rode him with fury, her long red hair brushing against his body. Her hair came down and tickled his balls as well. Peter almost came undone just because of that very simple fact. His hips rose up and fell down in a repeated rises and drops. Medusa slid down onto Peter and squeezed his tool between her very inviting thighs.

"Getting close," Medusa gasped.

Her nails dug into Peter's shoulder with each rise and each drop onto him. The feeling of her warm walls caressing Peter made things go very smoothly to be perfectly honest. Peter's aching balls pushed against Medusa when she rose and dropped in a repeated series of maneuvers.

"Cum for me," Medusa whispered. "Please. Bless me with your divine gift."

Each push around him made it harder to reinforce his will. Peter's loins tightened and it would only be a matter of time before they betrayed him. The web slinger groaned and his cock slammed into her.

His balls shot their contents into her. Medusa drove herself down onto him one more time. Their flesh smacking together made a delightful sound and only made Peter hold onto her to shoot his seed into the regal pussy of the Queen of the Inhumans.

"SPIDER-MAN!"

His codename only caused Peter's balls to clench and fire. Immense amounts of seed fire into her. Rope after rope splattered inside of Medusa's walls. Peter grabbed Medusa and kept emptying himself inside of her. His balls drained all of their fluid inside of the Royal without another word.

The web slinger descended down onto the platform and smiled. Medusa pulled away from him. The amount of cum spilling from her pussy made Peter and the sultry look on her face made Peter's loins ache once again.

"We'll discuss further terms of repayment," Medusa said.

"Why do I think you're milking this for everything that it's worth?"

Medusa reached between his legs and fondled his balls.

"Well, something is being milked."
End.

Next Chapter: 8/30/2017.
Caitlin Fairchild hurried to the elevator. Her bag almost flung from her shoulder and snapped back onto the ground. The sheer force of good luck prevented the brilliant woman from being able to hold onto the bag. The bag rocked against her arm when she just slipped into the elevator.

A beautiful tall stunning Amazon of a woman, Caitlin currently dressed in attire which was conservative and professional. A button up black blouse covered her upper body, a white lab coat added to the attire. Her skirt came down to past her knees and showed a small amount of stocking clad legs. She dressed in a pair of professional looking high heels. The scientist clipped back her hair. The glasses she wore offset her stunning face which was more than enough to stop me. Her brilliant looking eyes, full cheekbones, cute nose, and juicy lips caught the attention of many men.

"So, running late this morning?"

"A little bit…"

Caitlin stopped for a second when she realized the person who she shared the elevator was her boss, Peter Parker. Peter looked at her and stepped to the side to allow Caitlin to step back.

"It happens to the best of us," Peter said. "I've had a couple of meetings which ran late yesterday."

"But, there's no excuse for me not leaving enough time to get here on time," Caitlin said. "I should have accounted for the traffic and all that."

"Maybe," Peter admitted.

Caitlin stole a nice little look at her boss. He looked absolutely gorgeous. And she would have been attracted to him even though he was not her boss. Peter's good looks caught the attention of pretty much everyone. He carried himself with a certain confidence, but it was not too overly cocky. He was more laid back.

Peter looked at her with a smile.

"Sorry," Caitlin said. "It's just a pleasure to finally meet you in person, sir."

"Please, no need to be formal, Ms. Fairchild," Peter said. "I was once like you trying to work my way up in the world. Just because I have a nice office which overlooks the entire city doesn't make me better than you are. Call me Peter."

"Right, sorry about that si….I mean Peter," Caitlin said.

The elevator hit a rough patch and Caitlin almost fell over in surprise. The second jarring motion of the elevator resulted in Caitlin following backwards and landing on the ground.

Peter leaned down to look at his employee who dropped down to the ground. She was extremely qualified at her job. She worked hard to get through some college courses faster than it should have been recommended. Peter appreciated such hard work.

The fact she looked absolutely beautiful, especially in that long lab coat and glasses, caught Peter's
attention. Now, he had been caught completely off guard by the jarring of the elevator. She dropped
to the ground with her skirt sliding up. Caitlin moved a bit to spread her legs and gave Peter a very
inadvertent flash of her panties.

"Not again," Peter said. "I thought I told the repair people to get that fixed."

He leaned down to help Caitlin up to her feet. Caitlin pulled herself up and almost dropped back.
The scientist felt herself shaken when her arms wrapped around the neck of her boss. He smelled so
nice up close and persona. Caitlin winced when she moved.

"I think I twisted my ankle."

"I'm really sorry about that," Peter said. "Just hold on and I'll see what I can do."

Caitlin leaned against his shoulder, heat rising from her cheeks. The gorgeous scientist tried not to
think about her boss in anything other than a professional manner. His arm wrapped around her
waist.

Peter struggled not to think about one of his employees in a less than professional manner. Caitlin's
soft breathing came in the back of his ear. Her hand drifted down to his lower back and a little bit
more. Her hands felt so nice moving on his back when she tried to pull him up.

"Elevator B19 is out again," Peter said.

"Yes, sir, we are aware of it," the operator said. "Please stand by. We will get it fixed."

"How long?" Peter asked. "Because, I told you guys it needed to be fixed about a week ago."

Peter did not want to take a hardline stance with these people. If he had to take a hardline stance with
these people, he would have to. No question about it, Peter would have to be very touch. He looked
at the woman against him who needed medical attention.

"Look, there's a woman in the elevator with me, she twisted her ankle," Peter said.

"I'm sorry, sir," the operator said in his usual tone of voice. "The elevator will be operational within
the next half of an hour to forty-five minutes at the very earliest. I'm completely sorry."

Peter wanted to scream at the incompetent staff who worked on the elevator. They could put the
entire world at someone's finger tips in a device which could fit in the palm of their hand. Yet,
despite these advances, they could not make a working elevator. Frustration only brushed the tip of
the iceberg.

"On the bright side, I'll excuse you for being late," Peter said.

Caitlin smiled and winced a little bit. She stumbled with Peter when she tried to put some weight on
her ankle. She pushed Peter against the wall and pressed against him.

Peter closed his eyes, trapped against this redhead beauty grinding against his crotch. He tried not to
think about it. How nice she felt, how good she smelt, how he wanted to have her in a lab coat, those
glasses, and absolutely nothing else in beneath. Now nice her ass felt molding in his hands when he
tried to pull her away of them.

"I'm completely sorry," Caitlin said. "Sorry, damn, if I hadn't been a klutz, none of this would have
happen....."
Caitlin stopped and felt something strain against her. She moved back from Peter and rolled her hand down his crotch. Caitlin stopped and cupped his cock through his paints. Peter groaned the second Caitlin touched him to slowly toy with his manhood.

"I can explain….."

The redhead cupped his crotch through astonishment. She looked him over and her lips smacked together. "Oh, I'm a scientist. I know what the problem is. You're a man, I'm a woman, and you're attracted to me. And I don't necessarily mind, because I'm attracted to you."

Caitlin kept cupping him and Peter groaned the second her fingers touched him. His throbbing cock strained against his very tight pants. They demanded to escape. Caitlin dropped down to her knees to both get off her bum ankle and also to help him out. The stunning scientist undid his pants and pulled them down to his ankles. His underwear dropped to the ground next.

A look of stunned astonishment followed Caitlin's gaze. She cupped onto the underside of Peter's mighty rod and ran her hand down it. Caitlin leaned in and slid her tongue down the length several times. Caitlin tasted him and played with his growing erection. Swelling increased the more Caitlin played with him.

Peter grunted the second Caitlin leaned in to touch him even more. Her lips touched the tip of his cock. She looked really beautiful sliding his cock between her lips. Peter cupped the back of her head to guide more. More of his length pushed into Caitlin's mouth. The stunning redhead sucked him as hard as possible.

"Caitlin," Peter groaned.

Her name being said in such a manner by her boss made all of Caitlin's dreams come true. She wasn't going down on the elevator, but she made up for it by going down on him. Her hands trailed towards the muscular thighs with grabbing Peter's and clutched onto his ass.

The tight hole of the back of her throat made Peter lifted his hips up. Caitlin blew him and made his cock throb more and more. Peter groaned when feeling Caitlin's mouth close around him. It was amazing. Her strong hand gave him a firm cradle of his balls. Peter pushed his rod into the back of Caitlin's mouth. His balls slapped against her chin with Peter thrusting his way into the back of her throat.

"CAITLIN!"

Caitlin Fairchild only redoubled her efforts and sucked her lover harder. Her hands kept toying with the young man's swollen balls. She sucked him and released him on multiple occasions. Caitlin pressed her mouth down onto the edge of Peter's hard cock. She pulled back from him and released him before going down. Her face pressed against the edge of his crotch.

Peter discharged himself into her. His balls spilled down her throat. The moaning she gave around his cock, while bobbing her head up and down onto him, made Peter release. She looked up at him, those glasses dangling down very slightly. Peter wanted to release his cum further into the back of her throat.

"CAITLIN!"

The young man finished emptying his balls into her. Caitlin pulled herself up and licked her lips. She allowed the cum to be swallowed. Caitlin pulled herself up and hung onto Peter. Her hand rested on the underside of his balls.
"Why don't you help me out of these stuffy clones, sir?" Caitlin asked.

Peter had no objections to her calling him sir, now. It just added to the nice and taboo office fantasy he was living. He unbuttoned Caitlin's blouse and slid it off of her. Her round breasts came up smashed into a lacy purple bra. Her heaving chest was very amazing to him. Peter grabbed the edge of her skirt and slid it down past her. Her purple panties stretched around her crotch like a second skin.

"I want you so badly," Peter said.

"Well, take what you want," Caitlin said. "I need this cock in me. I need it me nice and hard."

The two lovers indulged in an embrace and kissed each other. The hot kissing increased between the two of them. Caitlin moaned and held onto Peter's shoulder. Peter moved over to caress every inch of her body. His nice hands cradled her backside when Caitlin kicked her shoes off. She wore nothing underneath her lab coat other than her bra, panties, and stockings.

Soon the panties would come. Peter pulled her panties down and took a trip down between her legs. He reached between her legs and caressed her. Caitlin gave a moan of consent when feeling Peter reach in and held her by the pussy. He caressed her outer lips to get her nice and wet.

Caitlin's mind drove wild for pleasure. The fact his throbbing cock called for her made Caitlin only want him even more. She wanted to mount Peter and take his cock into her in every single way. The beautiful woman dripped wet. Peter grabbed onto her and hoisted her up.

Those two powerful legs wrapped around Peter's torso. Caitlin allowed herself to come up and line up for intrusion. The first few inches of Peter slipped inside of Caitlin's warm hole. Her tight walls fastened around him and released him.

The beautiful redhead wrapped her legs around Peter while he stood and she rode his cock. Caitlin had the time of her life sliding up on his pole.

"God, you're so beautiful," Peter said.

"Thank you," Caitlin said in between passionate breaths.

Peter removed her bra to cause full access to her breasts. He kissed the side of the redhead's neck and hooked onto her long hair. Her eyes glazed over from behind those glasses. More kisses came down onto the side of Caitlin's neck. Peter sucked on her neck and then moved down to attack her breasts.

The love bites Peter put on the top of her chest almost made Caitlin lose her mind from him. The powerful young man cupped Caitlin's ass and gave it a very powerful squeeze. Caitlin spilled her juices down Peter's long rod. She squeezed and released him.

Their bodies molded together. Caitlin clung to Peter and would not allow herself to let go. He slid almost out of her to make Caitlin feel a fair amount of loss. Peter jammed himself into Caitlin's tightening hole. Her warm insides clenched around Peter and released him. Caitlin chewed down on her lip with hunger dancing in her eyes.

Heat radiating off of Caitlin's body only encouraged Peter to become more ravenous. His hands touched every inch of scorching flesh he could manage to get his hands on. Caitlin rocked her hips all the way down onto Peter and took him inside of her. A long fall and an even longer drop put Peter's hard cock inside of Caitlin's warm hole. Caitlin squeezed him with her legs.

Peter returned to sucking on Caitlin's breasts.
"You drive me crazy," Caitlin breathed. "Thank you, sir."

The orgasm had been her reward by taking her boss's cock into the depths of her body. The beautiful redhead stuck herself down onto Peter and pushed her out. The strong man held onto Caitlin's lower back when causing her to rise up and crash down. He stood the full source of her body.

Peter marveled about how much this woman was pure sex on two legs. She tightened the grip around him and milked Peter for as much as she could. His balls slapped down and slapped her on the thighs. He could feel himself filling up form Caitlin's warm gripping of him.

"Damn, you're a little nympho," Peter said.

"It's been a long since I had real sex," Caitlin said. "A very long time."

Another gushing orgasm fired through Caitlin's body. Caitlin coated his long cock and came down onto him. Their thighs connected together with each rise and each fall. Caitlin finished milking his manhood.

"I can tell."

Peter kissed the side of her neck one more time. His balls almost weighed him down. Only a matter of time before Peter came and came hard inside of the clenching center of this brainy beauty. She really was the total package, but Peter knew that when he recruited her. And he knew her qualifications before he knew how stunning Caitlin was.

'You sure know how to pick them, Parker.'

Another orgasm rocked Caitlin's senses. She grabbed onto him and pogoed herself down onto Peter. She pressed against him with her milking walls. Each push made her feel how much his balls sized up. Caitlin dripped at the notion he would send his cum.

"Show me how much of a good employee I've been," Caitlin whispered hotly in his ear.

She wiggled herself down the pole and tensed around him. Peter jammed his cock inside of her and allowed her to milk him. His balls sized up and fired inside of Caitlin.

Peter held onto her hips and stood solid. Caitlin grabbed and released his cock numerous times with numerous sensual pumps. Peter spilled his essence into her.

The two descended to the elevator down onto the ground. Caitlin pumped down onto him a few more times. The pain in her ankle had been blocked out by even more pleasure. Caitlin rode him all the way until he softened inside of her. Her body felt the thrill.

Caitlin pulled back from him and the elevator started to move again.

"So, that happened," Caitlin said.

"Yes, it did," Peter said. "The question is, do we keep this a one time thing or do we….."

Caitlin shut up Peter with a kiss. The redhead wanted this. She worked her way up and now she could use a little bit fun on the side. She knew Peter was an honest guy who wouldn't give her any special treatment.

"I've wanted some feedback on my job performance as of late," Caitlin said. "I was wondering if you…had any time to look at how well I was performing."
Peter mulled it over for a few seconds. "How about after lunch? I'll clear off an hour in my office."

"Great."

Caitlin found her clothes and quickly slid them back on. Thoughts of being ravished by her handsome boss would get Caitlin Fairchild through the evening better than a cup of coffee.

End.

Next Chapter: 9/2/2017.
Throbbing came through Spider-Man's head when he tried to shake himself awake. The last thing he remembered was the Rhino's latest rampage. Boy was Rhino ever in rare form today. Rhino broke into a storage facility. He knew someone pulled the man's strings. No two ways about it someone pulled his strings because the web slinger did not think Rhino had in him to steal some very impressive technological equipment.

"Damn," Spider-Man groaned.

His eyes opened to look towards the figure standing in the edge of the room. She moved closer towards him. An Amazon Beauty with red skin and dark hair came closer towards Spider-Man. He was reminded of She-Hulk only more red, actually now Spider-Man recalled hearing there was a red She Hulk.

"What happened?" Spider-Man asked. "How did I get here?"

"You took a beating from Rhino. And I carried you here."

The woman on the other end of the room moved forward. Every step brought her nice breasts and long muscular legs into greater prominence. Her very tight black one piece suit made Spider-Man stare at her. The woman stood tall and could crush him just as the original.

"You need to be more careful," she said. "You got ran over by one of your C-Listers."

The web slinger pushed up and dropped down onto the bed. He saw Rhino as more of a B-List either. He decided not to argue with the beautiful red-skinned woman next to him.

"I'm fine," Spider-Man said. "I just need to take care of Rhino. I've got to figure out what he's….ouch!"

Red She-Hulk put a hand down on the shoulder of Spider-Man. Her touch felt surprisingly soft. The web slinger drew in a very deep breath.

"He's taken care of," Red She-Hulk replied. "He's been knocked out and hauled off to go wherever your enemies go. I think the government is after him. They want a look at that suit he's using. He could be used for the super soldier program."

The web slinger just nodded. She dropped down onto the bed next to him. Spider-Man inhaled one breath and exhaled the breath. Red She-Hulk cupped the web slinger's hand and pulled it up to allow it to drop on her hand.

"You're a little tense," Red She-Hulk said. "It's fine. I'm not going to hurt you. And neither is...well it doesn't really matter. I want to ask you a question if you don't mind asking it."

Spider-Man decided there was no harm in telling the woman anything. He really did not want to argue with someone like her either. The firm stare from a woman who towered over him made Spider-Man shiver just a little bit. She intimidated him even more than the original flavor of She-Hulk.
"Yeah, sure, what do you want to ask me?"

"Is it true that you had sex with Walters?"

Spider-Man jumped up. Yes, it was true he had an encounter with She-Hulk once or twice which ended very steamy. The question caught him off guard. The Red She-Hulk looked at him firmly. She could have used a pair of glasses to survey him over.

"Yes," Spider-Man said. "Once. I swear it was only once. Maybe a couple other times....."

"Must have not been that memorable if you were not sure how many times it's been."

The tone of teasing from her voice made Spider-Man frown. Red She-Hulk gently wrapped her arms around him. Spider-Man could not move. He had more questions to be honest.

"Just who are you anyway?" Spider-Man asked. "I mean, you just came out of nowhere. And you're asking me all of these personal questions. I don't even know who I'm talking to you."

The gorgeous Amazon before him smiled. Spider-Man shivered, and he wondered if he caught a cold by the amount of times he shivered. Red She-Hulk leaned over towards him.

"Bit personal, isn't it?" she asked. "It's just as well. We're going to get personal. Really, really, personal, if I have my way with you tonight. And I think you'll enjoy it when I have my way with you."

Spider-Man took her word for it. She reached in to cup the side of his face and almost worked his mask up. He thought for a second this different flavor of She-Hulk would rip off his mask, the rest of his costume, and have her very wicked way with him. She toyed with him a little bit.

'What is it about Gamma radiation and women?' Spider-Man asked for himself.

"You really want to know who I am?" she asked. "Trust me. I'm not sure if you really want to know and if I told you, I don't think you would believe me if I told you."

"Mmm," Spider-Man said. "I'm not sure you know me as well as you think they do. There's a lot of things that I would believe."

"I was Betty Ross," the Red She-Hulk replied.

Shock filled Spider-Man. His throat could not work. He knew who Betty Ross was and he had about two reasons why this encounter was not going to go well if certain people found out. She flashed him one of those smiles which made it hard not to keep focused on her. She was the type of woman who demanded attention and focus.

"As in the former girlfriend of Bruce Banner and the daughter of Thunderbolt Ross," Spider-Man said. "Two guys which I don't want mad at me, for different reasons."

"Relax, no one is going to find out that I'm here," Betty said. "And I admit I might have been fascinated by you for a long time."

Peter frowned until her hand cupped the underside of his hand and pulled his mask off. The web slinger tried to protest how this was not going to end well. Unfortunately, arguing with a She-Hulk never ended up well for him. Betty kissed him on the lips with a surprising amount of flurry.

She gripped the back of Peter's head and deepened the kiss. Their mouths pushed against each other
with Betty's warm mouth sucking his lower lip. She swirled around the inside of his mouth and made sweet love to his tonsils with her tongue. Betty grabbed onto his top and pulled it off.

"Guess those muscles aren't just for show."

The hands of the red Amazon above him pushed deep into him and felt up his body. Peter figured that turnabout was in fact fair play and he kissed her back. She gave a moan from appreciation with the web slinger grabbing her on the back of the head and kissing her.

The two kissed each other very noisily and engaged in a mutual squeezing of flesh. Red She-Hulk pushed back with Spider-Man taking control of the side of her neck and kissed her cleavage in her suit. Betty grabbed him underneath his chin and lightly pushed him back.

"So, what do you think?"

Betty pulled down her straps to reveal two round breasts which capped off with nipples that were a darker shade of red then her skin. Spider-Man could not turn away from those nipples.

"What do you say? Red or green?"

Peter stalled answering this question. His quick thinking managed to come up with a question which would not get him in a lot of trouble. "Why not have both? Then you can have Christmas whenever you want to."

Betty grabbed his head and buried his face between her breasts. Her eager lover sucked on her chest. The alternate She-Hulk pushed Spider-Man head first into her chest. His mouth grabbed onto her breasts, his hands cupped the underside of them. The firm squeezes resulted in Betty rising and falling. Her chest received an ample amount of attention from the web swinger.

"Interesting answer," Betty said. "It's really unfair to ask you without being able to test your theory up close and personal."

She pushed him down on the bed and reached for his pants. One firm tug ripped Spider-Man's pants off. A great amount of man-meat stuck up in the air. Betty leaned down and wrapped her lips around the tip of the head. She sucked on it.

Peter groaned at her rosy lips slipping around him. Betty took him down her throat with an amazing fluid action. She reached underneath him and cupped his balls. She gave a full service job to every inch of him. Her face buried into his crotch and sucked him hard.

"Oh, this feels so good for being so wrong!"

Betty did not answer the question. She just kept going to town on Peter's engorged pole with several deep sucks. Each suck showed how much she wanted him. Her nails dug into his thighs to give her the leverage when she sucked him. She finally moved down to grab his balls and give him a squeeze.

Peter did not know if Jen or Betty were better at this particular act. He would have to experiment. It was for science and for a noble purpose after all.

"BETTY!" Peter groaned.

She jammed herself throat down on his swelling cock and took a full load of cum down her throat. Betty slurped his manhood as hard and fast as possible. His balls clenched and discharged with repeated actions. Betty finished sucking.
Peter shuddered on the bed with Betty finishing her blow job. The woman pulled up and a huge pair of red breasts wrapped around Peter's deflated member.

"You think it's going to be that easy?" Betty asked.

Betty squeezed Peter's cock between her large chest orbs. She lifted it up, slid down to his cock, and dropped it down onto him. His manhood swelled between her breasts from the delicious friction. Each stroke of her breasts sliding down his cock made Peter feel really good.

"Not easy," Peter said. "Never with a She-Hulk."

"Reds do it better," Betty said with a smile.

Jen might disagree if she was in the house. However, she was not, and Betty engulfed Peter's throbbing prick between her very perfect breasts. She pulled away from him.

"Watch me, Spider-Man."

Betty rolled her outfit off of her body. Her entire naked body in all of its muscular glory appeared. Every single inch of her body stood out, ready to be played with. Betty made sure Spider-Man got a good look at her body while she stood up over him.

A She-Hulk, any She-Hulk, standing over a man like she conquered a prize would be very intimidating. Betty moved over and grabbed onto the underside of his cock. She lined herself up for Peter's pulsing pole. Peter groaned the second Betty slid her warm lips down onto him.

"Spider-Man!" Betty yelled.

Peter grabbed her hips and guided her down onto him. Those powerful vaginal muscles clamped around Spider-Man. He watched Betty rise up off of him and drive herself down onto him. Her slick hole engulfed Peter and released him with several drops.

Betty rolled her hips down onto her lover. The writhing of this young man underneath her made Betty feel really good. The web slinger beneath her made Betty's climax rush to a fever pitch. She slammed herself down onto his throbbing member to fill her loins with pleasure.

"Touch me," Betty whispered.

She kept bouncing up and down on his manhood. The beauty drove herself down and released Peter's cock with a few hard pumps. Betty squeezed him and released several times in succession. Peter finally reached up and took Betty's jiggling tits in his hand. Flesh molded into the hands of Spider-Man.

Juices lubricated when Betty worked herself for the first orgasm of many tonight. She dropped and lowered onto Spider-Man. His balls swelled up with Betty holding onto him. She worked him closer to the edge with her own inner muscles.

"Going to cum for me?" Betty asked. "Don't hold back on me."

The young man groaned underneath of the Gamma-Empowered vixen who rode down onto his rod. Her walls tightened around him and grabbed him. Her thighs smacked down onto him. The web slinger held onto her and pushed into her. His balls tightened in need.

She came one more time. Spider-Man followed by shooting his cum inside of her. He pumped up and she drove down onto him. Each stroke drove a steady amount of cum into her.
Betty Ross's body released all of the passion she withheld into orgasm. The large cock of the superhero underneath him and pumped her full of his cum.

The two lovers parted each other. Betty turned around on the bed and made sure her round ass came up in front of Spider-Man. Peter scrambled behind her, and brushed his hands down her body. He could not hold himself back.

"Oh, you have some fire in you after all," Betty said.

Grabby hands cupped every inch of her body. Spider-Man moved underneath her and put pressure on her clit. Betty closed her eyes and spread her thighs for him. His hard cock touched her slit which parted ways for him. Peter around to move his hands over her body.

"I think those extra four arms would have come in handy now," Spider-Man groaned.

"You're not the only one," Betty screamed.

The web slinger pushed deep inside of Betty as hard as possible. He gained a second wind and fucked her behind with a few deep thrusts. His balls slapped against her when he sped up. Now, Spider-Man took advantage of her and dominated the woman underneath him.

Betty got off from driving his hard cock inside of her depths. Peter pulled back and rammed deep inside of her body. Every time those heavy balls hit her. Peter sped up the thrusts at her encouragement.

"Fuck fuck…fuck me!" Betty yelled. "Fucking smash my cunt!"

Peter drove deep inside of Betty's clenching pussy. Her warm walls held his hard cock and then released them with each thrust. His balls sized up. He slapped her ass very daringly.

"Fuck me harder than you fucked that other gamma infected whore!" Betty yelled at the top of her lungs.

Again, Peter wondered what gamma radiation did to normally even tempered woman. Betty didn't seem that way before, at least what little Spider-Man read about her. She was rather mild-mannered. Still, he found it so hot she became unchained. He sped up harder and harder. The web slinger tightened his grip and plowed into her tightening cunt.

Betty enjoyed how this normally tranquil young man had become completely undone. He slammed into her and fed into her desire to be treated like a red piece of meat. She grabbed onto the bed and ripped through the sheets, ripped through the mattress. Spider-Man slammed into her even harder.

"You wanted this?" Spider-Man asked.

"Yes," Betty said. "HARDER! SPIDER-MAN DAMN IT!"

Peter planted his cock into her. Her round red ass slapped against his hands. He grabbed the object of interest and slapped it one more time. His balls struck her thighs with a few more thrusts. Peter reached underneath her to squeeze her nipple and made her body size up.

Betty grabbed onto the bed, biting down on the sheets. Swollen balls smacked against Betty's thighs and grabbed onto the bed. His balls swelled a little bit more. Each thrust brought her closer before pulling it back. Peter hammered her depths with repeated thrusts.

Each moment of this coupling, Betty cherished it completely. One of the most famous super heroes
in the world drilled her pussy from behind. He pounded her walls raw. She could take a good hard pounding which thrilled her completely. Those balls tightened up and swelled before firing.

Peter groaned. Each clamp of her pussy milked every drop of seed into her body. Peter splashed her walls with cum painting them completely white. His balls drained as a compliment to the warmth of Peter squeezing him.

The dust cleared, literally given the state of the bed. Betty pressed chest first down on the bed with a smile.

"Better than advertised," Betty said. "But, which one of us are better?"

The red skinned woman pulled herself up and bit down on her lip to ask him. Peter had been saved having to answer by the cell phone on the table ringing.

"Looks like I better get that."

"PARKER! WHERE THE DEVIL ARE YOU?"

Never had the voice of J. Jonah Jameson been so liberating.

End.

Lois Lane dropped onto the couch of her apartment. The couch was a very ugly brown color, bought second hand, but to be honest, it served the purpose of her crashing after a long day of hard work. Lois leaned back against the back of the couch looking around the living room quarters of her apartment. The wood paneling on the walls held a trophy shelf which contained some of her awards as a reporter. A television screen stood in the front of the room and a coffee table in front of it which had some clutter of the various notes Lois had for upcoming stories. A wooden desk, a chair, and a computer occupied the largest corner of the apartment.

The rest of her apartment was pretty practical as well, a decent sized kitchen with a table set for two, a nice bedroom with a pretty lavish bed, and also a bathroom built onto the bedroom. Lois stepped out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her hair. She slipped on a nightdress over the top of her underwear. Lacy and black which conformed to the reporters assets.

'What a day.'

Lois cemented almost as big of a reputation of being in danger as she did of being a top-notch reporter. Actually, bigger in some cases, as people often joked the extent Lois had to go to get her stories. It would not feel right as a good story without a little bit of danger.

A transfer of New York from Metropolis after some tragic events in Lois's life around a year ago made her realize she could change towns, but she could not change her mindset. Lois wondered if a small part of her got off on danger and got off in being rescued by heroic men who wore blue and red.

She did miss him, but it was time to move on and move forward. Lois hoped her other savior would turn up at the apartment. He made a habit of showing up numerous times to check up on her. Today, after Lois had been in the claws, or rather the robotic tentacles, of Doctor Octopus, she hoped for a more up close and personal meeting.

Her window opened up and Lois turned her attention to everyone's favorite friendly neighborhood Spider-Man who turned up.

"Hey," Lois said. "We meet again."

"Yes, we do," Spider-Man said. "Why did you think going after Doc Ock was a good idea?"

"The same reason why I thought trying to expose Wilson Fisk was a good idea," Lois said. "It makes for some good news. And his plan was stopped, all things to you, the Spectacular Spider-Man."

Spider-Man chuckled in amusement. Lois wondered who was underneath that mask. She motioned for him to come inside. The transparent night gown clinging to her body obviously caught his attention.

"Well, I think you might not get lucky one day," Spider-Man said.

"Maybe not," Lois said. "But, I'm going to get lucky tonight. You copped a feel when we were swinging out of there from the explosion."
The web slinger found himself taken completely aback by Lois's words. She pretty much always said what was on her mind, a good quality to have in a woman. That particular quality did put Spider-Man on the edge a tiny bit. Lois walked over to Spider-Man with a very obvious smile crossing over her face.

"Yes," Lois breathed. "Very, very lucky."

"Have you been drinking?" Spider-Man asked.

Lois just smiled and walked towards Spider-Man.

"No, not today," Lois admitted. "But, I've been curious about something. That skin tight fabric around you doesn't really leave much room when you get excited, doesn't it? And when you go against someone like the Black Cat, you must have had moments where you got excited. Haven't you, Spider-Man?"

The reporter place a hand down on Spider-Man's crotch and felt his growing eagerness.

"Lois, we should keep things...."

"I took no for an answer for too long," Lois said. "Besides, you seem like you could use some stress relief. And the hero should get thanked for his heroics every now and then."

The reporter's smile grew even more in prominence. She slipped the night gown off of herself and it dropped to the floor. Spider-Man tried not to look at her. His eyes had been drawn in to Lois's amazing figure. Her gorgeous jet-black hair came down to frame her soft looking full face. Her alluring violet eyes drew Spider-Man in and stunned him. He looked down towards her slender neck and shoulders, to focus on her chest. Her chest squeezed into a lacy black bra which was stunning. He moved down to her flat stomach and slender waist, heading down to her wide hips with a perfectly well formed ass and long legs. Spider-Man gulped when looking over the body of the sexy older woman in front of him.

Lois looked over Spider-Man and smiled at his reaction. The reporter stepped back and ran her hands over her body.

"If you can still look me in the eye," Lois said. "Tell me you don't want some of this."

She ran her hands all over her body, touching to cup her breasts and allowing them to jiggle. Lois felt up her own body and got all excited with Spider-Man watching her. She turned slightly and spanked her ass which caused Spider-Man to grown.

"Here, let me help you."

Lois pulled down Spider-Man's pants and reached down to grab his rigid manhood. The hard pole stretched in Lois's hands as her fingers found a way to wrap around him.

Spider-Man closed his eyes and enjoyed Lois stroking his manhood. She slowly eased him, and taunted him, with a grin on her face before pulling back.

Not able to take it anymore, Spider-Man backed Lois into the wall. His hard cock touched the edge of her panties and caused her to moan. Lois closed her eyes and juices pooled against her thighs at Spider-Man taking such a dominant stance for her.

Spider-Man's mask pulled halfway up and he attacked Lois with a kiss. He made her mouth open to accept his tongue. His strong hands clenched Lois's side and ran down to grab her ass. Lois helped him by wrapping her lovely legs around his waist. The two kissed with Spider-Man feeling up every single inch of the horny reporter's sexy frame.

"You want to flaunt yourself at me, Ms. Lane?" Spider-Man asked. "I think I've saved you enough times to get a little piece of you in return. I think you put yourself in danger because you get off on the thought of having rescue sex with strong men."

"Yes," Lois breathed excitedly. "Yes, you've got me figured out, big boy. I want rescue sex. I want some big stud to stick his huge throbbing cock inside of my body and wreck my pussy. I want you to do that, Spider-Man. I want you to do everything to me that a Spider-Man can."

The web slinger scooped up Lois and marched her straight into the bedroom. He threw Lois down onto the bed. Lois shivered in excitement. Her thighs spread apart in need. Spider-Man reached down and pulled her panties down off of her legs to expose Lois's pussy.

"Look at how wet you are," Spider-Man said.

"I get wet every time you swing me out in your strong arms," Lois breathed.

He touched her pussy with those sticky fingers. Those fingers clung to the inside of Lois's walls just like they clung to the edge of a building. Spider-Man pushed into her.

"I don't know how you stay so tight," Spider-Man said. "But, I'm sure as hell glad you do. I'm glad you'll be very tight when you receive my huge cock inside of your tight pussy."

"Give it to me!" Lois growled.

Spider-Man motioned for her to sit up. Lois obeyed the command of her new lover. Spider-Man unclipped the bra to release the girls into a wild. Two beautiful, round perky breasts stuck out. Her pink nipples just begged to be sucked and begged to be played with.

"Spidey!" Lois begged him.

He grabbed both tits in his hand and gave them a squeeze. Lois shook in the feeling. He kneaded her breasts, playing with them. His hands stuck to and released them. Lois closed her eyes and could still feel the imprint of his hands on her.

"Turn around so I can see that beautiful ass of yours."

Lois obeyed, getting on her knees. More juices spilled at the thought of Spider-Man penetrating her in any way he chose to do so. The brunette reporter breathed heavy when she felt the hard-cocked web slinging man climb between her.

Peter Parker smiled as he relished this particular moment. He thought Lois was particularly beautiful, and the way she carried herself with such a no-nonsense confidence made her even sexier. The more submissive side of her personality made Peter more appreciatively.

"Why don't you take that big cock and fuck my brains out?" Lois asked.

"A surprisingly soft question from you, Ms. Lane," the web slinger quipped. "One might think you're beginning to slip just a little bit."

Peter pushed his hard cock head against the dripping slit of the needy reporter underneath him. She
reacted to his movement by trying to push back into him. Peter firmly gripped her ass from behind and almost took him closer towards him. The web slinger inched a little bit further into her, the tip of his cock pushing into her slit.

Lois wished he would get inside of her. She was going to die of anticipation waiting for Spider-Man's huge cock to penetrate her needy core. She closed her eyes and gave a moan of pleasure. The first few inches of this throbbing cock touched inside of her body. He pulled away from her slowly, causing Lois to experience a feeling of loss.

"Come on!"

Hot kisses connected to the back of Lois's neck. The reporter squirmed underneath the actions of her hero on the other side. Lois thought she would pass out from the pleasure. Spider-Man working all of those sensitive trigger spots on her made her feel really good.

The web slinger took his hard cock and entered Lois's scorching slit. The reporter's pussy gushed the second the web slinger is.

"Lois you feel so good," Peter said.

"Better than Black Cat?" Lois asked. "Or Black Widow? Or Ms. Marvel? Or…"

Lois's attempts to name off every single woman of note Spider-Man had been rumored to sleep with had been cut off by the web slinger pushing into her. The feeling of his bare cock spreading out her warm lips made Lois let out a passionate scream.

Those warm walls squeezed Spider-Man and only let off so he could slide his cock deeper into Lois. Spider-Man also touched her body, and sought out her clit. The web slinger stuck his finger to her clit and rubbed around it while pounding Lois.

The greatest feeling of Lois's life started with the orgasm spreading through her body at a fever pitch. It was like she had reached the top of a really high roller coaster, hitting her peak, and then going down in the ultimate rush. Lois's body squirmed and creamed around Spider-Man's cock.

He gave her enough time to recover.

"I said I wanted a hard fucking," Lois said. "So fuck me hard."

"Of course, Ms. Lane."

Spider-Man teased her with a few strokes of her body. Her wet pussy clenched him every time he touched certain parts of her body. Spider-Man needed to work harder to penetrate the woman underneath him. His balls slapped against her several times. He touched the underside of Lois's breasts and gave them the squeeze they needed. Such wonders deserved attention and deserved to be played with.

"Harder," Lois begged him.

The web slinger was not going to let up on Lois no matter how much. He pushed down into the bed and worked her to another orgasm. Lois clutched down onto the sheets as she screamed.

"You've been a naughty reporter wanting to get fucked like this," Spider-Man groaned. "But, I can't blame you. Your pussy feels so good. I think I can fuck it all day long. And I will fuck it all day long."
Lois whimpered at the feeling of Spider-Man sticking his big long prick inside of her gushing slit. She rose up to allow Spider-Man to spank her ass while fucking her from behind. It was a target you could not miss. Every fourth or fifth smack brought Lois's loins to a peak. She clutched Spider-Man.

Then he pulled out of her. Lois wondered what the hell happened. She found herself guided off of the bed and against the wall. Two blasts of web fluid hooded her hands to the wall and another two blasts of web fluid hood her legs to the wall.

"Let's play a game," Spider-Man said. 'Can your sweet pussy finish me off before the web fluid dissolves?"

The web slinger's meat shoved into Lois's tight hole one more time. He pressed against her body where he fucked her against the wall. Hands pushed without any warning to touch the underside of the breast of the reporter. Her reactions told him a whole lot of where she loved being touched.


Her loins clenched him and released more fluids than ever before. He pushed the reporter against the wall and shoved his throbbing hard prick inside of her with repeated actions. His hard pounding grew even more at the feeling of Lois's orgasm.

The woman's molten pussy closed Spider-Man. He shoved deep inside of her. The slick warmth of her velvety feeling surface made Spider-Man's balls throb even more with each thrust. The web slinger's determination outweighed his carnal desire. He wanted the webbing to finish.

Lois would have collapsed down if her feet had not been overwise fastened to the wall. Spider-Man grabbed her waist and pushed inside of her. She tried to squeeze him to finish him off before the webbing did. Those thick balls kept dancing against Lois's thighs.

"Web me up, Spidey," she breathed.

"Black Cat ran that one into the ground," Spider-Man groaned when pushing into her.

"So, is my pussy better….."

Peter sped up his thrusts and did not allow Lois an opportunity to answer. He filled up the sexy reporter with his lengthy rod. Every time Peter pushed into Lois, she gave a whimper of pleasure.

"Cum for me again, Ms. Lane."

Lois's body betrayed her lover. The web slinger made her cum as hard as possible. She lubricated his invading too which caused him to thrust into her.

The race remained very tight, almost as tight as Lois's pussy, between Spider-Man finishing and the webbing finishing it. He held on just enough to see the webbing wrapped around Lois's hand give out completely. He pumped deep inside of her several more times until his muscles clenched and released the contents stored in his balls.

Lois really hoped that wasn't how Spider-Man made his webbing. Although it did feel nice and warm when spilling inside of her, with each burst shooting more cum inside of her boy the second. The web slinger's blasting balls coated the inside of Lois's walls.

Spider-Man rode all the way to the end of Lois when he kept spilling his essence inside of her body. He drained inside of her with a few more fluid pumps before pulling out.
The brunette reporter slid gracefully to her knees. She would have to clean her carpet thanks to the mess which was being made but it was more than worth it.

By the moment she recovered, Spider-Man dressed and swung off into the distance. Lois pulled herself up and was able to stumble to the bed. She fell face down on it with a content smile.

'I hope all my rescues end like that. Although that doesn't encourage me to get into less trouble.'

End.

Next Chapter 9/6/2017.
Heightened senses visited Peter Parker with every single breath he took. He could not really tell
where he had been sent in time. All he knew, and he could say this with certainty, was he had been
a long way from home. Every single breath made Peter feel like an iron pressed against his lungs. He
looked around through the other side of the clear containment tank.

The web slinger tried to open his mouth to speak. His vocal cords strained to work. The last thing he
remembered was a battle with Doctor Octopus and then everything went black. This did not look
like one of Ock's labs. Far from it, no this lab looked like something else. Peter tried to piece together
some logical explanation as to why he ended up here where he did.

"Hello."

It burned his vocal cords to speak no matter how liberating it was to have his voice heard. Spider-
Man lifted a hand to try and knock on the other side. The jelly like surface of the containment tank
burned against his knuckles and resulted in a tiny amount of friction rubbing against them. Just when
Spider-Man thought things got more complicated, something else came up.

"Where am I?"

"I think the better question is when are you?"

The web slinger took a moment to wonder if the voice in his head came from his own fractured
psyche or something else entirely. He tried to move against the containment bubble. The very
obvious friction of the bubble kept the web slinger into his firm place. He could not move no matter
how much he wanted to.

"That's a good question," Spider-Man whispered. Every time he spoke, it felt like his lungs filled
with fluid. "Because, I don't think I'm where I was. It was the year 2017."

"Then, this is a problem because you're currently in the year 3084."

These words hit Spider-Man like a well-placed head. He got knocked out and woke up one thousand
years into the future. He could feel a pricking sensation coming through his lungs and his mouth
opened. He hacked something out. A large metallic ball dropped down onto the ground with a solid
splatter. Spider-Man had no idea what came out of him. He had no idea how he landed here. Any
idea he might have had was lost to the fabric of time.

"Just let it all out," the voice said. "You're at the headquarters of the Legion of Superheroes."

"Wait, you're Kara's friends?" Peter asked.

"Yes, we're friends of Supergirl," one of the voices responded. "You should relax though. The
nannites almost ate through your lungs. Had you not been sent here you would have died instantly."

Always reassuring how you almost died, at least that's what Peter believed. He felt both stronger than
ever and yet unable to really move. The paradox of Peter Parker's life reared its ugly head.

"I'm going to need to test the antidote to make sure it will work the rest of the way," she said. "Please
don't struggle against me. It will only hurt you and make things much worse."

Spider-Man spread his arms and showed the person speaking to him that he meant no one any harm. The front of the containment bubble opened. A few traces of bright light caused Spider-Man some mild irritation. The bubble sealed up behind the person, or maybe she walked through the bubble.

Actually, if she walked through the bubble, that really meant something strange. Peter focused on the woman who entered the bubble to join him. An attractive women moved closer towards him. Her dark as midnight hair stretched past her shoulders while tied into a ponytail, and framed her face in the most alluring manner possible. A pair of nice lips curled into what was an accommodating smile. It made Peter relax just a tiny bit.

The beautiful smile set off a very beautiful face. She moved with stunning grace when approaching Peter. The white material of her costume stretched over her ample chest. A small window for cleavage poked out from the other end and Peter's eyes drew to it.

"Whatever will keep your mind off what I'm about to do."

Peter shook his hand and moved down to look at the rest of her. Her tight pants stretched her pleasantly round backside. Overall this woman was extremely attractive and caused Peter's heart to pump blood even faster. The blood would end up ending in all parts of his body.

"My name is Tinya," the girl said. "And this will only sting a little bit."

Tinya Wazoo wondered when he would realize that he had been stripped naked. The trip through time destroyed his costume. They managed to acquire enough of the fabric to rebuild it after decontamination which was a good thing for him and a bad thing. He was very cute and very well-endowed given how his body reacted to her.

"You know best."

"Nothing to fear from a little prick," Tinya said.

"No, you just have to worry about the big ones," Peter said. "Those can hurt."

Tinya leaned to him and steadied his arm. The rash on his arm disappeared from the first round of medical treatment. Tinya slid the needle into her hand and injected the contents of the syringe into him. She kept holding his hand and waited for him to feel it.

"Not…too bad," Peter said. "But, I feel a bit hot."

The superheroine responded with a smile. "It's understandable, it's just….mmmm!"

The web slinger wrapped his arms around the beautiful woman and gave her a very hungry kiss. He did not know what got into it. Tinya did not fight back from the kiss though. She wrapped her arms around Peter and kissed him. Her curves pressed against him and speaking of curves, Spider-Man just had to grab onto every inch of her fit young body he could get his sticky fingers on.

Tinya opened her mouth further to allow Spider-Man to invade the inside of her mouth with her tongue. She took in a deep breath with Spider-Man kissing her. She knew this would happen. The bed inside the bubble was the next place she landed ono.

"You're so hot," Spider-Man said.

"Yes," Tinya said. "It's unhealthy to hold back. Just give me everything you can."
The eyes of the midnight-haired superheroine fell to the throbbing cock ahead of her. Her lips opened up just in time for Peter to aim his cock at her lips and shove it inside of her mouth. He grabbed the back of Tinya's head and started to fuck her mouth hole without any abandon whatsoever.

The warm heat pumping around Peter's prick made him groan. It satisfied his desires. His throbbing balls clenched instantly. He had the feeling of a man who did not have sex for a thousand years. Peter took out his aggression on Tinya's warm mouth.

A thick load of warm cum spilled into Tinya's mouth and shot down her throat. Rapid fire spurts coated the inside of the mouth of the beautiful raven-haired vixen. She took the full load inside of her mouth with hunger.

Now, the taste of his cum spurred Tinya on. She rose up off of the bed, and grabbed Spider-Man to hurl him down onto the cot. His cock did not take too long to rise up to full prominence.

"You like my body, don't you?"

Tinya slowly slipped out of her costume to show Peter more of her flesh. Her round, perfectly formed breasts came out of the costume. Those round nipples popped out and begged to be sucked. She grabbed Peter around the back of the head and forced him face first down onto her ample chest.

Her costume slid off even more. Spider-Man put his hands on her shapely rear end to feel it up while sucking on her breasts. He motor-boarded Tinya and sucked on her very plentiful and very round breasts. He could not have enough of those mouth watering orbs just shoving deep into his mouth.

"Oh, Spider-Man," Tinya moaned in reckless abandonment. "It feels so good."

Having her tits sucked like he did, having those hands work the underside of them, it thrilled Tinya a whole lot. She wanted far more though. She wanted so much that her loins heated up in firm desire. She wanted what rested between the legs of the web slinging hero. Tinya slipped her costume the rest of the way.


She pulled back for Spider-Man to get a nice look at all of her body. Her toned sexy body and alluring flesh caused Spider-Man to take a deep breath. The object which Spider-Man most wanted was her perfect pussy. The glistening hole shined out for him.

"Come here," Spider-Man said. "I need you. I want you so badly."

"I want you too," Tinya said.

Her hips swayed when she moved over and straddled Spider-Man. The web slinger landed back on the cot. Tinya held onto Spider-Man's lower torso and held herself up. She lined her tight hole up for the throbbing spear which stood up in the air.

Spider-Man groaned when he slid inside of Tinya's pussy. She lowered herself down onto him, slowly working his cock inside of her. The only thing he could do was allow his hands to roam freely over every inch of her sexy, sultry body. The web slinger closed his eyes and felt the rush of her loins close down on him. Tinya tightened her walls around him and released his cock with some solid pumps.

The web slinger had been curious to what she wanted. Her nipples sticking out gave Peter a nice hint of what she wanted. He took the breast in hand and sucked on her right nipple hard. After spending a few minutes lavishing an ample amount of attention on her ample breast, Spider-Man switched to her left nipple.

Tinya threw her head back and moaned when sending herself crashing down on Spider-Man's pelvis. The other members of the team could not watch. She could feel that Spider-Man had been cured. In fact, he was better than ever.

The slick walls of the girl held onto his cock as tight as possible. Peter nestled himself in between her cleave and ran his hands down her sexy back before he landed on an object of lust. Tinya's beautiful ass squeezed underneath him.

Phantom Girl slid down the pole of Spider-Man. Her warm core pumped down onto Peter and his aching rod. Their loins both burned with friction. She closed her eyes and released her climax all over Peter's pulsing rod.

The repeated pumps of cum down onto Peter's hard cock made him just want to drive himself further into Tinya. Her pussy dropped down onto him. She lowered herself all the way down to the base of his cock, filling herself up with this mighty rod and then pulled up. She dropped back down onto him again.

The friction of their loins pumping together only made Tinya more blind with desire. The stiffness of her nipples had been somehow alleviated by his mouth. Her loins bumped down and took more of Spider-Man inside of her than she thought humanly possible.

"I love this," Tinya breathed.

"So, do I," Peter groaned. "You feel so good. You have no idea how good you feel. How good your walls feel just wrapped down against mine. Just pumping your tight pussy down around my….damn."

Tinya smacked down onto Spider-Man and filled herself up. Her continued rising and falling pushed more of Spider-Man inside of her. The two lovers reached an amazing height with each other and crashed all the way down onto the ground.

She threw her head back to showcase how good this was making her feel. Another orgasm hit the superheroine from the 31st century. Her entire body sized up in pleasure and released her juices down onto his cock. She almost fell over from the pure outburst of pleasure.

Tinya decided to hold on to finish Peter off. She started a job, she would have to finish it. Finishing it would also make sure the cure would go through the body. Her aching loins slid down and crashed down onto the web slinger's crotch. He rose up to meet her and dropped down with a repeated number of thrusts.

"Tinya, oh damn, that feels so good," Peter groaned.

"Yes, you feel…you're amazing," Tinya gasped.

That throbbing meat strained underneath her. Tinya refused to back down from this task. She just kept riding him. Tinya slid up and down, feeling his hands all over her body. Those light touches made Tinya rock her hips back in delight. Her loins tightened around him and released his cock in a couple of very fluid pumps. Tinya shook in pleasure when she finished this round with another orgasm.
Peter closed his eyes, and could feel her warm body pressing against his. Juices pooled against his crotch from hers. He slid into Tinya's center with a few fluid pumps. His balls sized up when she clamped down onto him and then released him with another couple of pumps.

"Spectacular too."

The scorching slit took as much of Spider-Man inside of her body as Tinya could muster. She already drove down onto his manhood with a few more hard drops. Every time he entered her, Spider-Man could feel a very warm sensation surround his loins. He pushed himself to the brink and held onto Tinya's waist.

Her latest orgasm ended up being the catalyst. His balls discharged and pumped their warm fluids into Tinya's greedy center. Her walls grabbed him and pumped all of the seed into her body.

Many thick ropes of cum spilled inside of Tinya. The black-haired beauty bounced up and down on Peter's engorged rod and filled herself up with so much cum it was almost obscene. She took herself down to the edge of his cock and then released him with another couple pumps.

Peter held onto her to empty his overstuffed balls into her waiting womb. Tinya descended down onto him.

"We will need to run a few more tests," Tinya said. "And a couple more of my teammates will have to check my work."

"Well, I wouldn't want to leave without a clean bill of health."

Tinya winced when she felt the after effects of his monster of a prick. Her fellow teammates would have wanted a shot at that.

Naturally, they would all need to verify Supergirl's claims of Spider-Man's prowess. Historical records would need to be very accurate, to avoid misinterpretation for future generations.

"Just get some rest, and someone will return for further tests."

Tinya decided to collapse against Peter and snuggle up against his body. Maybe she would perform some more tests herself after taking a few minutes to recoup. His arm wrapped around her and Tinya sighed when she drifted off with a pleasant smile on her face.

End.

Life resulted in some very fascinating moments where it was very hard to tell where certain things came to pass. One of the things Darcy Lewis thought had been fascinating was the fact she started to date a remarkable young man named Peter Parker. He was younger than her, just barely out of high school, but he was so smart he could tutor a lot of people much older than him. As much as Darcy enjoyed the fact he was smart and handsome as well, not to mention the fact he had a wonderful personality, those were not the things that were the most interesting about him.

He was Spider-Man. Darcy figured this out pretty quickly that she dated Spider-Man, a hero who had been active in New York over the past couple of years. He fought several dangerous criminals and was a part of the Avengers, at least a probationary basis.

She currently laid in bed, arms lazily wrapped around him when her breasts pressed against Spider-Man's back. The brunette did not want to pull herself out of bed or from this position. The early morning trickling sunlight came into the room over her face.

It should be a crime to have to get out of bed just early on a Saturday, Darcy mentally mused to herself. Her hand reached down from Peter's bare abs and moved down to his boxer covered crotch. The tent rising against it pumped against the fabric. Darcy would have to admit, this inspired her to not only get up, but get very active on this morning.

"Peter," Darcy whispered.

"Morning, Darcy."

He slid back from her and turned around. The two exchanged a very short, but extremely heated, kiss. Peter grabbed the back of Darcy's hair for a moment and kissed her. He was tentative at first, but Darcy would not put up with that. Those kisses showed the fire which could be inside of this heroic young man.

"Yes, it's going to be a very good morning," Darcy said. "You know why it's going to be a good morning?"

Darcy wrapped her arms around Spider-Man's neck and started to kiss him up and down. Her warm lips touched the side of his neck, his ear, and his upper collarbone. Her fingers touched his abs as well and teased something else a bit further down.

"Saturday," Peter said.

"And I see you're ready to have some early morning fun," Darcy said.

She crawled back on the bed and grabbed the throbbing crotch of her hero. Peter turned to look at the beautiful creature before her. A smiling face with brunette hair, and he moved down to lock eyes on her transparent negligee top which contained a very round pair of breasts. Nipples poked out from the other side of the transparent top. Spider-Man followed the progress of the nipples, his eyes pretty
much zeroed in on them from the other side. He rolled over her tight toned stomach and all of her shapely curves. The black panties clung to her hips and Spider-Man could make the outline of her sex from underneath.

"Yes, a lot of fun."

Darcy smiled and planted some kisses down the abs of her lover. She thought last night was pretty wild. Once he got going, he did not stop until all of their sexual itches had been finished. Darcy grabbed Spider-Man's boxer shorts and slowly slipped them down to reveal him.

"I think this will be fun," Darcy said.

A light kiss on the tip of his cock caused him to twitch. Darcy's fingers twisted around the throbbing member and she slowly pumped him down. The heat of the palm of her hand pressed against him. She gave him a slow, but very pleasant, handjob.

Darcy enjoyed the feeling of this pinnacle of manhood, this work of art, shoving up.

"You just can't get enough of me, can you?" Darcy asked. "Well, guess what, my not so little stud, I can't get enough of you. I want your cock inside of me as you pin me down and treat me like your own personal fuck puppet. Would you like that, Pete?"

She grabbed his balls with her free hand and squeezed them. Darcy leaned down and touched the tip of his tool, pushing it between her very able lips. Those dick sucking lips wrapped around Peter's pole and gave him several hard sucks.

Darcy pulled away from Spider-Man and he grabbed her wrist to pull him away from him. He turned position and pinned her on the bed.

Her top tugged off to allow her huge chest pillows to pop into the air. Those round breasts stuck out for Peter to grab and to touch. Peter took a handful, as much tit flesh as he grabbed.

"I want these."

Darcy's eyes flooded over in pleasure. Peter slapped his cock over her hardened nipple which caused her to twitch on the bed. Her loins rushed with an overflow with wetness dripping down from them. Peter took his cock and aimed it at her cleavage before shoving inside of them.

The brunette on the bed's loins twitched at these rising sensations. Peter pushed himself down into Darcy's firm cleavage and allowed his cock to be sucked in between those juicy orbs. Every time she touched him, Peter enjoyed the feeling of generous tit flesh just pumping around his huge cock.

"Darcy, you feel so good," Peter groaned.

"So do you," Darcy said. "Fuck those tits. Paint them white."

Her large natural breasts squeezed Peter's pulsing pole each time he shoved in between them. She leaned up to get a taste of his cock. Darcy's eyes flooded over with pure lust the second Peter planted his rod in between them. He squeezed those round tits and released them with each pump.

"Yes, oh yes, baby, right there," Darcy breathed hungrily. "Fuck my tits. FUCK THEM!"

Peter could not hold back with Darcy's generous spheres clenching his rod. His balls sized up and started to discharge his sticky semen all over her hardened nipples. Darcy's chest and face became coated with the burning white spunk discharging from the walls of Spider-Man. She had been
A strand of cum hung from her nipple. Darcy waited for Peter to pull away from her. He gave her a 
smile and motioned for her to get to work. Darcy captured the cum on her finger and pushed it into 
her mouth. She sucked the creamy treat off of her finger. Darcy closed her eyes and took a deep 
breath. Her pussy throbbed when she tasted Peter's cum.

Peter observed Darcy eating his cum just like it was the last meal on Earth. His balls throbbed with 
need as Darcy kneaded her own breast. Pleasure danced on the eyes of the chesty woman when 
sucking the juices off of her nipples and her aching breasts.

"So hot," Peter groaned.

"Yes, you like it when I eat your cum, don't you?" Darcy asked. "You like. You dirty boy. You 
really like that. You like how much that makes your big balls throb. You like it a whole lot."

Darcy viewed Peter with thinly disguised hunger through her eyes. Peter grabbed Darcy and spread 
her legs. His fingers danced down the front of her body. He put his fingers on the waistband of her 
panties and slid them down. Darcy's pussy exposed. The small strip of brunette hair showcased her 
beautiful slit, very tight, and Peter could not wait to be inside of it. He lightly brushed his finger 
down the edge of it.

"It amazes me how wet you can get from being treated like such a shameless, dirty, girl," Peter said.

"I'm not just a dirty girl. I'm your dirty girl."

The brunette bucked her thighs up to push his fingers deep inside of her. The web slinger touched 
her womanhood with a couple of strokes. The brilliant young man strokes Darcy's slit all the way to 
the edge. He captured some of her molten juices on her fingers.

Now the tables had been turned and Darcy watched Peter eat her own juices. Every time he slurped 
her womanly delights off of his fingers, Darcy's hips bucked up a little bit. She wanted him so badly. 
That cock was hard once again.

"Don't tease me."

"Isn't that half of the fun?" Peter asked. "Besides, you tease me all the time sitting across from me in 
lunch wearing those low cut tops."

Darcy was not one hundred percent intentionally teasing Peter. She wore those tops for a very 
practical reason. Peter held a hand up and it was almost on cue Darcy rolled over onto the bed.

"Put your hands up above the back of your head.

The sound of Peter rustling through the doors could be heard. A couple of splatters webbed up 
Darcy's hands behind her head.

Peter looked at the vixen on the bed with her ass pointed firmly up in the air. It was prime for perfect 
spanking. The web slinger smiled when looking over Darcy and reached down to squeeze those 
round cheeks. He slowly edged down and slipped a finger into her gushing hole.

"I bet you want something else in there."

The web slinger rolled his free hand all over Darcy's body when fingering her. Darcy tightened her 
wet walls and released them. The gasping from the horny woman continued when Peter teased every
inch of her body. His finger slipped out and then the head of his cock slipped into her dripping hole.

"PETE!" Darcy yelled. "I need you to fuck me. So badly. I can't hold back any more. I need that big cock jammed in my hole and fucking me like the slutty bitch that I am. You can't say you don't want to pound that slutty body."

Peter teased every inch of her sexy body. Her sex parted for Peter. All he needed to do was slide inside that scorching hole. He pressed against her back to gain the added leverage.

Darcy bit down on her lip for a minute until deciding to screw it and scream out loud. Peter buried only half of his length inside of her hole. He pulled back and Darcy responded to him. He stretched her out with his throbbing meat missile seeking her heat.

"You're so hot," Peter groaned. "I can do this all day long."

The way her body reacted to that particular declaration Peter could tell Darcy wanted to do this all day long. Her body pressed up against his. Long thrusts filled Darcy, and then they slowed down. Her body reacted to Peter's constant intrusion.

Peter could feel the contractions of her walls going against him. He pulled almost all the way back from her and plunged deep inside of her scorching loins. Peter grabbed onto Darcy and plowed her sweet pussy from behind. Each time he buried inside of her, everything felt so wonderful.

The height of the orgasm lifted Darcy up to the point where she crashed down to Earth. Her entire body begged for Peter. She did not mind a little bit of pain that came with rough fucking. Peter obliged her as much as she wanted. His thrusts were slow and steady at first. The more Darcy begged for her, the harder and the faster he became. His balls constantly slapped down on Darcy's warm thighs.

Peter piggy backed her orgasms. He buried deep inside of her body.

"Stay with me," Peter said. "Oh, damn it Darcy."

His balls sized up when he pushed into her. The webbing around her wrists finally dissolved. Spider-Man took ahold of her hands and clenched them. He pulled back his arms and slammed deep inside of her. Her loins stretched and clenched him. Each thrust deep inside of Darcy pushed Peter inside of her.

"Damn!" Darcy mewled at the top of her lungs. "Harder! Fuck my pussy raw! LIKE THAT!"

She screamed at the top of her lungs when Peter buried his throbbing tool inside of her loins. The silken walls stretched and snapped back to keep milking her lover as hard as possible. Peter planted himself firmly into Darcy's center. Each time he hit a different spot inside of her, Darcy thought she would black out from the pleasure.

Much to Darcy's frustration, Peter pulled out. He did not stay out of her for very long. Peter rolled Darcy over onto the bed and parted her thighs. The woman's scorching slit opened up. Peter waited for her sensual legs to hold him into place.

Darcy wrapped her arms around Peter's back and held onto the upper back digging her nails. Her hot breath stuck in the back of his ear.

"I'm not letting you go until you finish. So fuck me, fuck me until my pussy just explodes"

Peter delved inside of Darcy one more time. She clenched him even harder than ever before. The
feeling of such pleasurable tightness wrapping around him made Peter just more hungry for more of the sensual vixen underneath him. Darcy lifted up to roll her hands over Peter's back.

The mutual groping of flesh followed by Peter's hard fucking made Darcy very wet and ready to receive him more. She tightened her grip around him. Her breasts heaved into the air with Peter lightly pushing his head between then and then pulling himself back.

Darcy tightened her grip around Peter's shoulder. The only encouragement coming from him was soft, passionate moans. Every now and then, her hips pushed up to grab him hard around his aching cock. Peter pushed himself into the tight hole of the goddess underneath him.

"PETER!" Darcy managed.

The cascading feeling of pleasure shot over Darcy's body. Her entire body entered a state of unadulterated bliss with Peter penetrating her tight opening with his hard cock. Darcy rose up off of the bed and took as much of Peter inside of her with her tightness.

Peter grunted with a few pushes into Darcy. He could feel her body reacting to even the slightest of touches. The woman had a very high sex drive and given that she had a body built for sin, Peter appreciated that. And he committed many sinful actions to the delicious body from underneath him.

The two shared their mutual release with each other. Darcy came first and fast. Her gripping loins sucked Peter deep into her sopping wet hole. Peter slammed his throbbing rod into Darcy with multiple hard thrusts.

The discharge resulted in a sticky mess being made. Peter groaned at the feeling of release. Darcy's slick and tight insides milked every single last drop of cum to spill inside of her hole.

Darcy bucked her hips off of the bed to accept the outpouring of cum. She thanked Peter without words for the gift which had been presented to her. A constant never ending stream of cum fired into Darcy's moist hole to fill her up.

He stopped, head resting on her chest. Darcy smiled and lightly played with Peter's hair. The satisfied woman was in no rush to move from this position, although if Peter wanted to get into another she was game for it. They had all day after all to explore several different positions, potentially in several different rooms.

End.

A thunderous rattling filled the back of the head of Peter Parker. He had no idea what happened to him. The smell of brimstone and the eerie chanting made Peter figure out he ended up somewhere that he shouldn't. The young man rose up where he stood on a pedestal. Red walls surrounded Peter on all sides with symbols carved to them. The symbols might have been of some ancient language which had been lost to the annals of time. Peter attempted to push himself back up, but he dropped down onto the pedestal.

He had not been fastened or secured in anyway way. Peter just simply could not move. And his Spider-Man costume had not been on. Instead, he dressed in a very simple black tank top and a pair of boxer shorts. The web slinger reached up and felt the top of his face. He sensed something wrong. Peter pulled himself to a standing position again. The thumping continued and followed the eerie chanting. Spider-Man needed to make his way to the edge of the room one way or another.

"Spider-Man," a voice whispered excitedly from the distance. "Oh, Spider-Man."

That particular voice caught Peter completely off guard. The web slinger turned his head off to the side. A pit made of molten fire appeared. The figure inside of the pit rose up. Peter watched as he came face to face with a very alluring looking woman. Her red hair stretched all the way down to the ground. Her green eyes locked onto Peter when staring him down, almost licking her lips. Said lips were moist, plump, and distracted Peter.

Her attire only were made up of three components. The first component was a top which stretched over her large pulsing breasts. Her breasts bounced with each walk. The immense cleavage stunned Spider-Man. He moved down to look at her very toned body. Her stomach looked completely flat without a single ounce of fat. Spider-Man's mouth grew dry when smacking his lips. He moved down to the slender bottom of her outfit.

Boy, that just barely qualified as a belt if Spider-Man was generous. The pair of thigh high leather boots made her look very alluring indeed.

"You know who I am, Spider-Man?"

Peter made a motion to see that he didn't. The woman reached over to grab his arm firmly and push Peter over towards her. The two of them moved closer to each other. The woman in question looked at Peter with amusement dancing in her eyes.

"My name is Satana," she said. "And you have been sent to my domain where you will remain for all eternity."

"I've got to get out."

Satana smiled, that's what they all said. She looked over the young man's state of very light dress. The demon watched his reaction to her body with amusement and hunger. The succubus sensed a high drive within this one. In fact, he would only get stronger the more sex he have.

"Well, I don't see anything like you that often," Satana said. "Perhaps the two of us can play, and maybe I'll show you the way out."
"Play?"

Peter looked at the woman who gulped. The woman was sinfully beautiful. He could sense an aura which increased her already natural beauty. It forced him not to listen to his spider sense.

"Humans and their sexual hang-ups," Satana said with a smile. "I want you in the carnal sense. If you please me, we might have to do something about letting you leave."

Satana reached in and put her hand on Peter's shoulder. The fingernail lightly dug a pattern into Peter's shoulder. The two of them flashed the place into a lavish bedroom. A very elegant looking bed with red sheets awaited them. Candles lit all the way around the room.

"If you disappoint me, then I'll rip you apart and feed you to the nether demons," Satana said. 

"So, all I have to do is....."

"Sex, Spider-Man," Satana said. "I don't ask for much. I just ask for you to fuck me and please my body. And that's the price out of here."

The succubus leaned back to allow Spider-Man to see all of him. That top had to be held up by magic because Peter could think of no scientific explanation. Did her breasts expand even more since the first time he laid eyes on them? Peter moved closer towards her. The honey trap moved him in.

"Give me a kiss web slinger," Satana breathed in a very seductive voice.

The two of them met with one of the most passionate kisses possible. Satana cupped Spider-Man's face and pushed him in. Their tongues joined together, with Satana pulling back. She then pushed her tongue into Spider-Man's mouth. The young man wrapped his arms around her and slowly ran his hands over her body.

The seductive succubus rolled her hips against Peter's crotch. She encouraged him to explore without any inhibition. He reached behind her and cupped her ample backside. A couple of squeezes made the fleshy backside his and only his. Peter pushed her back onto the bed.

Lust burned through Peter. He wanted do anything to please this seductress.

"You please me and I will give you pleasure in return," Satana said. "This is not a one way street. First...yes...right there."

The pleasure cascaded over the body of the woman in question. Peter pressed his lips against the neck of Satana. Satana grabbed the back of Peter's head to encourage his mouth to go further down her neck. The web slinger suckled the side of the neck of the woman in question. His mouth captured her neck and released it instantly.

Those breasts spilled out of the very tight top. The two round orbs stuck up with two very erect nipples. The attention they begged for just made Peter attack them. He took one of her breasts into his mouth and sucked as hard as possible on the nipple. Satana closed her eyes to feel Peter work his warm lips against her. She reached behind the back of his head and guided his mouth over her cleavage.

"Give me everything you have, Spider-Man," Satana begged him.

The succubus's body shifted underneath his eager attentions. His mouth sucked her nipples very hard. He felt up the skin and paid special attention to the things which turned her body on. Satana gave him encouragement when needed and corrected his behavior as well.
"Worship my body," Satana said. "Kiss every inch you can reach."

Peter obeyed her commands. His mouth touched her belly button. The sweet feeling coming from it resulted in a blinding heat. Peter kept kissing every single inch of Satana. Her bottoms practically dissolved in hell fire to reveal the most delicious looking pussy possible.

Her lips parted in a very enticing manner. Satana oozed lust and Peter just buried himself between Satana's thighs. He ate her out like he was a man going for his last meal. And given Satana's warning of what would happen if he did not please the seductress, Peter took that warning completely to heart. Strong hands gripped over Satana's thighs when driving himself deep into her body.

Satana took many lovers and only a handful of them had been just barely above adequate. She did not want anything adequate though. She forced looked down with a content smile with the handsome face of this very young man buried between her thighs. The fact he was a pinnacle of virtue indulged in one of Satana's major kinks as well.

"Make me finish, and you can put your cock inside of me," Satana said. "If you think you can handle my pussy."

Peter only shifted his tongue into Satana's pulsing core a little bit more. The redhead pushed her hips off of the bed and then dropped them. Her warm juices spilled out for Peter to grab.

Satana pulled away from him, and grabbed her lover's face. She gave him a very powerful kiss. Satana tasted the sexual energy just coming off of the young man. Her lust was unfiltered, and so was his. She rolled him onto the bed and tore off of his clothes.

The sexually aggressive nature of this woman caused Peter's cock to stiffen. Satana wrapped her hand around the base and squeezed him.

"Such a big boy," she purred. "Would the big boy like to put his big throbbing cock inside of my nice tight pussy?"

Satana squeezed his throbbing cock as hard as possible. The redhead pulled herself up to a standing position. The heat pumping through her loins felt rather intense. Peter groaned with the demon grabbing his throbbing manhood. Satana squeezed him as hard as possible.

"Fuck, yes," Peter groaned.

She leaned down and kissed the tip of his thick manhood. Satana swirled her tongue around his cock for a brief moment. She rose up and lowered down onto Peter's spear. The thickness parted her walls when she rose up and lowered down.

The feeling of firm flesh slapping against each other started to cause Satana to rise and fall. Her warm loins stretched around Peter's stiff pole. He closed his eyes to feel Satana rising up high from him and dropping down onto him. The wetness of her pussy coated his manhood.

"Such a big penis."

The few pumps of his cock shoved deep in between her gripping walls. Peter reached up to cup her bouncing breasts. He took them in hand and squeezed them. She gave him a smoldering smile when rising up and picking up her pace. She dug her nails down onto his shoulders when rising up and bouncing back down. The slick womanhood grabbed Peter's hard manhood and released it.

"Such a big cock."

Peter thought he was going to die because of this glorious heat pumping against his manhood. The web slinger pushed up against him with Satana rising and falling on him with a repeated number of
pumps. Satana tightened around him and released.

"You feel so good."

"Yes, my pussy is made perfect for you," Satana said. "That's one of the perks of being a Succubus. I fulfill every one of your desires. You give something in return and I'll give you everything I need."

The elastic center stretched about him and snapped back. Peter's balls throbbed. It took a lot of self control not to spill his entire load inside of her. Peter closed his eyes and took a moment to reinforce his will. The young man reached up to take Satana's nipples in hand to squeeze them.

All of the right spots received the proper amount of attention. Satana slid her wet walls down onto Peter's engorged cock. She could feel the first orgasm filling her body. Heat saturated his cock the further she rose and the harder she dropped.

"You're making me cum," Satana whimpered.

"Are you surprised?" he asked.

Peter held onto her and pushed her loins down onto his throbbing cock. Satana let out her breathing with a pleasurable whimper. Satana did not know what more to say. Her loins stretched around Peter and pumped him deep inside of her. The pressure offered in those balls threatened to give way. Satana slid down the pole and released him with a couple more drops.

"A little bit," Satana said. "But my expectations will be….."

Peter sunk his mouth down into the top of her breast. Satana stopped and shoved her more her encouraged breast into his mouth. The fingers of the smoldering seductress kept working Peter over. Her loins slid even further down on his rigid pole and dropped down onto him. The smoldering heat of the center grabbed him and released him.

The juices coating his cock caused it to swell even more. Peter felt up every single inches of her beautiful body. The redhead drove herself up and down on the rigid member. He pleasured her body and received a reward by Satana to grab onto his manhood.

His balls swelled at the grip of Satana's vaginal walls. She pulled herself almost all the way up and dropped down onto the base of his cock. All of his throbbing manhood slid into Satana's body. Peter decided not to remain idle, using his hands to feel up Satana's body.

Satana closed her eyes. The succubus could not believe the opportunity which had essentially fallen into her lap. Most mortals who had been brought here had not have been worth her time. Her legs tightened around the body and then dropped all the way down. The throbbing cock shoved deeper inside of her body.

Each pump dragged Peter's orgasm closer to completion. The heat burning through his body matched the desire throbbing through his balls. He wanted nothing better than to complete in this beautiful creature over the top of him who continued to pump her way down onto his massive prick. Peter groaned he second Satana slid all the way down to the base of his cock and released him. Peter wanted more of this, he wanted a whole lot more of her. Satana's nipples stuck out to demand to be squeezed. Peter took her up on that demand and squeezed those very fine nipples in his hand.

Another mind-shattering orgasm rocked Satana's body.

"Good, better than I hoped," Satana said. "I almost don't want to let you go now."
Her walls rubbed against Peter's prick as it stiffened and worked its way into her body. Satana's magic healed her core so she could ride him with even more reckless abandon. Those hands moved at such a pace which kept her mind going just enough.

"That should be taken as a compliment," Satana said.

"A deal's…a deal right," Peter groaned.

"Yes, I've been honor-bound to honor all deals," Satana said. "When you receive your receive, you will be released."

If Satana fancied being a bit of a bitch, she would perform some magic to prevent him from climaxing any time soon. She could ride this stiff prick for all eternity and use it as a means to work herself into an orgasm. She did not do so because the feeling of his cum firing inside of her on all sides was just too tantalizing of a prospect to pass up. Satana kept bouncing on him until the orgasm would come.

Two heavy balls sized up underneath Satana and started to fire an immense load of cum inside of her. She pushed down onto him all of the way and squeezed his prick before offering him a feeling of release. The splatters of ropes drove into her.

"I'll see you in your wet dreams, Spider-Man."

Her snug heat kept milking Peter's balls of everything they held. Something told Peter that being a succubus she could do just that. His body sized up when moving back into the real world from this realm.

Satana sighed at having to let him go, but at least she would have something to remember him by long after he left. A wicked smile spread over the woman's face as she fell back onto the bed, taking extra care to stop the cum from spilling out of her pussy.

End.

Chapter Sixty-Nine: Giving In(Rachel Roth/Raven)

Rachel Roth, known to most of the world as the Teen Titan known as Raven, bit her lip, closed her eyes, and resolved to muster up enough nerve to do what she had to do. Well, she did not have to do it. Raven wanted to do it. For the longest time, she feared interpersonal relationships because of her powers. Raven appeared outside of the apartment of the young man she appeared.

The half-demon closed her eyes. Being the daughter of one of the most feared demons in history, Trigon, it did not cause Raven to have an easy life. Ever since the moment Raven was born, Trigon's shadow marked her. Every time Raven came close to losing control of her emotions, Trigon would be lurking around on the surface.

Raven kept herself shrouded in mystery, only just somewhat opening up to her teammates, but not going in too deep. She dressed underneath a purple cloak which did a nice job of hiding her figure to not attract too much attention which could be problematic, to put things mildly. Underneath the cloak, Raven had a beautiful face, piercing purple eyes, soft luscious lips, and a body to die for. A full set of breasts, a toned stomach, a slender waist, a nice round pair of hips, and a pair of gorgeous legs, all of it fastened into a tight leotard.

'Do this or don't.'

The half-demon knocked on the door. The door opened and the handsome young man entered the door.

"Rachel?" Peter asked. "Hi, what can I do for you?"

Raven dropped her hood so she could seriously look at Peter.

"I have a problem, and it's entirely your fault," Rachel said to the man in front of him.

"What?" Peter asked. "Look, Rachel, I'm sorry, I don't even know what…"

Raven grabbed Peter and took the first taste of a very forbidden fruit by kissing him fully on the lips. Peter almost jumped up in surprise from Raven's actions. Those lips felt surprisingly warm on top of his. Raven grabbed the back of his head to guide the young into the kiss.

The young half-demon witch could not believe she took such an eager plunge. Her tongue pushed as far into Peter's throat as she could dare, and she dared a whole lot. The tongue kept guiding itself into a space of prominence when kissing him.

The two broke apart from each other and Raven shifted her shoulders almost as if trying to debate whether or not it had been a good idea that she kissed Peter.

"I'm in love with you," Rachel said. "And I hate myself for it. Especially since I can't concentrate when I think about you. You cloud my emotions, and I have this itch…this itch to do something that I know I'm going to regret, and I don't know….."

"Rachel, I like you too," Peter said stopping her. "It's just…well, you didn't seem to be the type who would be into a relationship."
She shrugged her shoulders. "I really wasn't. Not until I met you...and I was afraid...."

Peter grabbed her hand and the two of them stepped further into the apartment. Rachel did not care whether or not the apartment was in a slight state of disarray. It just added to the character of the apartment.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Peter said.

"That's not my problem," Rachel said. "I know you feel obligated to protect people. And that's great, I'm glad you have that quality. That makes you, you, and that's what makes you trick. With great power, there must also come great responsibility."

Rachel smiled, remembering those words that Peter's uncle gave to him also did a wonderful job of keeping her from going too far.

"I'm afraid that if we get too far in deep, I may hurt you," Rachel said. "And...I don't think I could live with myself."

"Rachel, you don't have to be afraid of living," Peter said to her. "It might be a good idea for once in your life if you would give in and feel...it might actually feel good."

Rachel smiled at him. She dropped her cloak down to the ground to allow Peter to see her full figure stretched into the leotard. Peter's eyes tried to remain on her face. Rachel smiled and cupped his face.

"I'm not denying it would feel good," Rachel said. "If you're sure about this, then we can give this a try. And I...I need to deal with this problem I've been having. I don't know what the hell caused it, but every time I'm around you, I get horny as fuck."

Peter changed a look at Rachel and her nipples stuck out of the front of her costume. Those breasts strained, begging to get out, begging for attention. He looked over her alluring grey skinned body, each curve more inviting than the last.

"I need this."

Rachel ripped off Peter's pants with one wave of her hand and left him completely naked from the waist down. Rachel moved over and wrapped her legs around Peter, hovering in the air. She leaned down and kissed him on the lips, to grind his crotch.

The heat coming from Rachel's crotch even through the fabric of her tight costume made Peter groaned. He held onto her ass. Peter froze when touching it, almost fearing he overstepped some kind of invisible bounds which would make things very complicated for them.

"I don't mind," Rachel muttered in his ear. "I prefer you held onto it, tight when you fucked me in fact."

Rachel led Peter over to the bed and the next thing he knew, he was completely naked. The clothing Rachel wore melted completely off of her body leaving her all of her glory. Rachel climbed onto the bed next to him, wrapping her arm around her and kissed him, while feeling up his muscular body.

Peter thought he was living some kind of absurd dream. A beautiful woman knocked on his door, said she was hot for him, and then jumped him. Now they were making out and feeling up each other's naked bodies. With Peter's cock pressing against her soft thigh all of the way when they were doing so, something he could not believe happened. Peter would die a very happy man if he had been struck down right now.
"I would like to suck on it," Rachel said. "I would like to put it between my tits and rub it until cum shoots all over my face."

The firm squeezes of Peter's prick made him groan, with Rachel working his solid throbbing member up and down to a certain point. He could hardly hold back his excitement with what Rachel was doing to him.

"Your hand…"

"I want you inside of me now," Rachel said. "I didn't come all of this way to be left hanging."

She came here with a nice wet pussy just begging her to be fucked. Rachel squeezed Peter's cock and gave him a very aggressive hand-job. His manhood rose up as hard as possible. Rachel slowly pushed her lips around him to speed up the process. She tasted the small bits of pre-cum trickling out of his head, knowing that this would be very good.

Those perfect dick sucking lips wrapped around Peter's head caused him to groan. Rachel took mastery of his balls and gave them a nice fondling. The purple-haired woman squeezed them and played with them when his cock slid a little bit into Rachel's mouth.

She stopped. Peter's loins protested the loss of intense stimulation.

The feeling of Peter's loss made Rachel only more resolved to take him inside of her and ride him until he could take no more. The woman climbed up top of Peter. Her very wet pussy ground against him.

"Damn, Rachel, I want you so bad," Peter groaned.

"I know you do," Rachel said. "The hornier you get…the hornier I get, and the more I want to fuck you until neither of us can stand."

Peter took her inviting breasts in hand and gave them a firm squeeze. Rachel's nipples stood out as a very fine offering for Peter. Peter took them in hand and squeezed them a couple more times. Rachel's eyes flooded over when slowly rolling down on Peter's hard prick. She took his cock inside of her waiting body and then pulled almost all the way up before dropping back down.

"Peter," Rachel groaned when sliding herself halfway down the pole.

Peter grabbed onto Rachel to guide her all the way down. He slid into her gushing hole. Every inch of her pussy felt slicker than the last inch. Peter wished he had more arms.

Rachel smiled and suddenly, four extra arms grew from Peter's torso. He had been surprised, but oddly pleased at Rachel sensing what he wanted. The beautiful Teen Titan rode herself down his pole, sending her warm thighs down onto them.

"You have what you need," Rachel said. "Now show me a good time."

The six armed Spider-Man took two of those arms to squeeze her ass. Two hands grabbed onto Rachel's breasts, and the other two hands caressed on her hair. They moved about her body.

Having four extra points of stimulation caused the heat in Rachel to rise. Her loins pumped an intense amount of heat. Years of repression flowed out in one gushing orgasm which saturated both Peter's crotch and the bed underneath him. All of those hands rolling over her body.

Peter had been driven completely mad by all of the extra flesh he could grab one go. What could one
man do with six arms? Well, six arms meant six hands, and he could explore Rachel's body three times as fast. The bountiful curves of the bouncing Teen Titan made Peter groan in delight.

"PETER!"

The screaming of his name punctuated the second orgasm of the time. His cock only grew harder when Rachel rode over the top of it. She leaned down to kiss on and suck on his neck, lips, and everything else she could reach. Her hips kept pumping down on them with Peter's many hands running down her body.

The heated loins dropped down onto Peter's thick rod. She rose up almost all the way and dropped herself down onto his crotch with several solid pumps. Peter reached behind her and grabbed her.

Rachel felt the combined lust between the two of them. Her loins essentially rose up in pleasure and dropped down onto Peter's thick cock. She kept riding him all the way to another end on her part. Rachel could feel the pleasure building up in his loins.

Peter thought that he never had felt something this good. Rachel's body just grew more responsive the harder her got, and the more he wanted her. This fact made perfect sense thanks to her abilities.

Each drop of her pussy brought Peter closer to the edge. Rachel tried to make sure Peter had a hell of an orgasm after all of the pleasure she gave her. Rachel took Peter deep inside of her pussy.

"Damn, I don't know how much longer I can…"

Rachel clenched the base of his cock with her mind to prevent him from spilling his essence inside of her. It was almost greedy to deny him his release, but Rachel could not hold back any longer. She rose and dropped onto him. Each warm pump sent her closer to another orgasm. The juices oozed out of her.

Her long purple hair being thrown back and a look of sheer pleasure dancing on her face only made Peter want to fuck her even harder. He drove his cock inside of her from above. Rachel met each one of his strokes. The two heroes indulged themselves in sweaty, sinful passions.

Peter's aching balls demanded release, but Rachel would not give up.

"In a minute," Rachel said.

All six hands grabbed all of the flesh they could, pinching at it hard. Rachel clenched him and then released another orgasm. He shoved a nipple into his mouth and sucked on it. The half-demon groaned with Peter sucking on her nipple. Magically, warm milk came from Rachel's nipple which he sucked completely out, only swelling his cock even more.

His balls grew unbearable and heavy the deeper he shoved his length inside of Rachel's warm core. Rachel tensed around Peter and released him with her walls. She moved herself to the edge.

Peter closed his eyes and made sure to indulge himself all of Rachel's body. He could feel some of the vice being released from his cock. The churning pressure made Peter's need for release even more. He grabbed her well-formed backside and shoved himself into her as much as possible.

The throbbing balls clenched and started to fire the seed inside of Rachel's body. The warmth of his release made Peter feel really good. He held Rachel into him when shooting his load inside of her body. Rachel grabbed him and milked as much cum from his balls as she could grab onto. Her scorching loins sucked a steady amount of seed out of Peter's aching balls.
The magical backup shot as much cum as possible into the Teen Titan as she rode Peter all the way to completion and also another orgasm on her part.

Rachel gave an content sigh. The pleasure he felt from the release triggered a feedback loop in Rachel's body.

The two dropped down onto the bed with Rachel restoring Peter’s body to its normal state, and also healing some of the cuts and scratches she made during her exploration.

The two would figure out a couple of things, but Rachel knew she did not make a mistake coming here. And she could tell Peter was very happy she came here as well.

End.

Next Chapter: 9/16/2017.
Curing Boredom (Jessica Jones)

Sounds of raindrops splattered against the window with a downpour not once stopping. It was days like this which put people in a state of never ending boredom. Rainy days made people so tired they knew they should do something, but they did not have it within them to really do anything. The sounds of raindrops made a person just slowly lull to sleep without a care in the world.

Jessica Jones propped her hands behind the back of her head and sighed. This day quite frankly was one which she could not muster up the passion to do much of anything. Day turned into night and Jessica had less passion. She could not even bother to lift a finger up to grab the remote and see what was on television.

The dark haired woman rested back on the couch and yawned. Her blue eyes followed the progress around the room. She returned back to one particular spot on the wall. If only it changed enough where something exciting would have happened. Jessica doubted it very much.

She dropped her finger on the side of the table and sighed. Something drummed against the window in response. Jessica realized the drumming came from outside. Someone stood outside of her window on the ledge. Her bare legs swung off of the couch.

Jessica dressed in nothing other than a white tank top and a pair of panties when she crashed down on her off days. Someone hovered on the outside of the window. Jessica looked through the window and smiled at the someone. She reached in and opened the window for him to come inside.

The blowing of freezing cold rain saturated the floor the very second Jessica noticed the party coming into the room. Spider-Man took a few tentative steps inside. Jessica quickly grabbed Spider-Man and pulled him into the room. He groaned when coming into the room and dropped down onto the couch.

"What happened?" Jessica asked.

"Vulture happened," Spider-Man groaned. "You said you owed me one, so I figured I'd swing by your place a little bit to….

The web slinger grimaced a little bit more. Jessica reached for the cabinet on the wall and pulled out the first aid kit. She had been no stranger to a few bumps and bruises so she would need to get Spider-Man patched up as soon as possible. Jessica pulled his shirt off. She had seen men without shirts before.

"He nailed you pretty hard," Jessica said.

"Just get the vulture feathers out of my stomach," Peter groaned.

Each feather contained a razor sharp tip which currently impeded into Peter. Jessica removed a pair of tweezers from her first aide kit. She handed a piece of gauze to Peter. The dark-haired private agent looked up at the young man, her former classmate, and dare she say it, crush.

"You might want to bite down on this."

Peter accepted it by biting down on it. Jessica dug the few pieces of feathers out of Spider-Man's
stomach. The web slinger closed his eyes. Jessica poured the ointment down on the web slinger's stomach and cleaned up the cuts the best she could.

"They didn't go too deep," Jessica said.

Two soft, but firm hands, felt around on the inside of Peter's thighs. She checked to see if anything got driven into the leg. Jessica's hand accidentally brushed on a certain part of Peter. Peter looked down at her. Jessica matched his gaze and shook her head.

"I'm sorry," Jessica said. "I just want to make sure you're fine."

"Thank you," Peter said.

Jessica tried to tell Peter not to mention it. She felt all over the inner thigh and there had been nothing. She smiled when raising up. Already the cuts on his chest and stomach started to heal. Jessica motioned for him to lean forward and she straddled the top of his legs.

A groan came from Peter, as she accidentally, or perhaps intentionally, rubbed her crotch down onto his. Peter could not believe the feeling of Jessica's hands rolling over his back. She always shifted into the background when they went to high school together, being more socially awkward.

"I'm glad you turned up," Jessica said. "Not because you got hurt, but because I was bored. I know you have to get Vulture…"

Peter stopped her for a minute. "NYPD has Vulture in custody. And they wanted to bring me in. I guess they are anti Spider-Man this month."

"It comes and goes with you," Jessica said. She leaned closer to him to check him over. "It's been a long time since I've had a chance to see you...but I've read the papers. You've been very busy."

Despite being done checking him over, Jessica did not end the position she was in on Peter's lap. Peter did not correct the dark-haired babe's position either. Her alluring eyes looked into him.

"Makes you wonder how you have time for a social life."

"My social life is pretty dead," Peter said. "Just, going through a couple of rough patches in my life. You know something, I'm...."

Jessica smiled when putting her finger on the top of Peter's lips.

"Peter, I've always liked you," Jessica said. "And...you've contracted some unfortunate swelling?"

The young man underneath her blinked several times. His mouth hung open before he found the ability to speak. "Swelling? Where would the swelling be?"

A naughty little smile spread over the face of one Jessica Jones. Her fingers ran down Peter's toned abs before she went down and squeezed his crotch. Peter groaned at her very daring action.

Jessica thought she took a very calculated risk. They would have some awkwardness if this little gambit did not work, but Peter would like to forget and likely blame himself for the fact he had a very human reaction. What if it worked? Jessica smiled as she thought of the answer to that question.

"I could get some ice," Jessica teased him. "Or, I could help you deal with that swelling in another way?"

He did not even fight her pulling down his pants. Jessica pulled up with a tight grip around Peter's
member. The swelling rose up in the air. Jessica smiled when slowly easing a tight grip around him. She moved down to the base. Peter groaned the very second Jessica's tight hand ensnared his manhood. She closed her fist around it to pump him up and down.

Jessica slid down onto her knees to the carpeted floor. She looked at the manhood in front of her. Jessica smiled and found the perfect alleviate her boredom. First, she wanted to do something for a long time. Jessica rose up, hand clasping his manhood. She leaned in and kissed Peter on the mouth with hunger in her eyes.

The Private Investigator attacked the lips of her old classmate with lust burning through her eyes. Peter grabbed onto the back of Jessica's head to clench her in tight. Her mouth opened to receive a full tongue jammed between those lips. His cock rubbed against her, Jessica's shirt rising up to trap the manhood against her firm stomach. Jessica pulled away from him and smiled.

"You're so hot," Jessica breathed. "I've wanted to do this for a long time."

"We should have…really…".

A strong grip made Peter's cock jump up. Jessica came down to the base of his cock and swirled her tongue around it. She moved up to lick Peter's head and travel around the length in front of her. Jessica slipped a couple of inches in between her lips and sucked on Peter to cup his balls.

The beautiful woman sucked on Peter's stiff prick, taking as much of him inside of her mouth as she would dare to. Her hand reached to cradle his balls with great firmness and urgency. Peter closed his eyes and held onto the top of her head. His hard cock drove into her wet mouth again.

"Jess," Peter grunted.

The fingers of the young man swiped through Jessica's hair. He played with every inch of Jessica's luscious raven-locks that he could grab onto. The sexy lady took him into her mouth and into the back of her throat. Skilled hands kept working over Peter's balls.

Jessica only redoubled her efforts when Peter groaned. She brought her mouth down to the point of his cock and shoved more of it into the back of her throat. Peter's stiff prick reached the back of her throat. Jessica sucked him a few times, feeling him push into her mouth.

The tension in Peter's balls released in a fever pitch, with Jessica blowing him to completion. She made sure to maintain eye contact for the last few minutes of a very sloppy blowjob. Spit covered Peter as she pulled off. The little bit of cum dribbled from her chin, which Jessica rubbed off. The small droplets of cum shoved into her mouth with Jessica sucking them off.

"I want more," Jessica said. "I want you inside of me."

She added to the point by grabbing Peter's crotch. Jessica moved against him. Her panties only just blocked Peter from going inside of her. Peter reached around Jessica and pulled him close. Their groins rubbed together the second Jessica closed in on her lover to be.

"I want to see all of you," Peter said.

Jessica leaned back so Peter could slid off her tank top. Two extremely perky breasts came out with cute little nipples ready to be sucked. Peter ran his hands over her, and pushed Jessica back onto the couch. He got on top of Jessica to continue the exploration of his gorgeous forearm classmate.

Every pinch of her skin drew Jessica further down. Peter started kissing her collarbone and came down to worship her breasts. A couple of minutes were spent worshipping her breasts. Jessica
gasped when Peter took a nipple into his mouth and kept coming down. He licked Jessica's firm belly button and moved down to the promise land.

The promise of more of her lovely skin enticed Peter. He pulled down Jessica's panties to reveal her pussy. Wet, shaven, and primed to go, Peter tasted it. She was wet and ready. Peter needed to feel all of her.

Then, Peter shifted focus by pulling up on her. Jessica lifted her legs and spread them. The scorching wet slit of a hole opened for him.

"I need you," she whispered to him.

Peter felt those legs and marveled how soft they were. His throbbing manhood eased closer to the promise land. Jessica lifted her hips a few inches off of the bed to meet Peter and coax the well-endowed young man into sliding down. Peter fastened his grip and took the plunge.

The first few inches made it hard for Jessica to adjust. Her hips rocked back when Peter worked inside of her. His hands rolled down through her thighs when his cock spiked into her pussy. Jessica's legs kicked up into the air with the increasing thrusts.

"Damn it, Jess, you have such a nice pussy," Peter said.

"You like how nice it is for you, don't you?" Jessica asked. "How warm…how tight…oh Peter, more, please! I need more of you….I NEED ALL OF IT!"

Peter pushed a little bit deeper into the sweet woman underneath him. Jessica rolled her hips up off of the bed to meet Peter when he pushed down inside of her. Heavy balls slapped down across Jessica every second Peter rose up and dropped down onto her.

"You have me," Peter groaned. "Jess, I think I'm going to lose it if I'm not careful."

"Lose it," Jessica begged him. "Lose it with me!"

Jessica pushed her nails into his back and caused the two of them to meet each other. Peter never remained idle, never just thrust into her. His hands moved all over her body. Jessica's body, firm from her workouts, was a perfect canvas for exploration. Peter nudged her flesh.

Every time Peter dropped into the raven-haired vixen, she hugged his invading rod between scorching hot walls. Her scorching hot walls tugged on Peter and made him rise up. Peter slapped down onto her with his balls coming down on her thighs. He dragged Jessica up to her orgasm.

Jessica panted heavily the further Peter went inside of her. Every thrust only increased the lust Jessica felt. Years of pent up frustration towards Peter Parker built up to an edge. Now, he was fucking her on the couch and doing wonders in allievating her boredom.

"Stay with me," Peter groaned.

"Always," Jessica said. "Let's see if we can get that swelling down just a little bit."

Jessica tightened her grip around Peter. Another rise and fall of her loins taking Peter deep inside made Jessica feel so very good. Her heart stammered a couple of beats when coming down back to Earth. A deep thrust jolted her up and made Jessica feel really good.

She came again, from Peter. Peter was getting closer to the end. Their bodies pressed together. The injuries Peter received healed, with his adrenaline jumpstarted to fucking Jessica Jones into the bed.
The woman left a few more marks.

"Heal a few cuts, add a few more," Peter said. "I think you're going to end up hurting me more than Vulture said."

Jessica just gave him a sultry smile which he only could respond by plowing the Private Investigator to her depths. Jet-black hair stuck to Jessica's face when Peter drove into her tight body. Jessica encouraged Peter to go deeper. The rising and falling of two strong bodies led both of them to their peaks.

Clenching, tight clenching, only encouraged Peter to send himself deeper inside of Jessica's warm holes. Liquids encircled Jessica's warm loins and lubricated the path for Peter to drive into her. The cushions on the couch got messed up from Jessica's feet flying around.

"I'm getting close," Peter breathed in her. "But, I can't stop, I can't stop…"

"It's okay, cum inside," Jessica said.

She wanted to fulfill every delicious fantasy by having Peter's cum buried inside. Peter pulled almost all the way out and drove himself hard inside of Jessica. Jessica arched her back to open the path for Peter to go balls deep inside. And said balls were clenching, grinding against Jessica's thighs when Peter invaded the sexy woman underneath him.

The first couple of blasts of cum caused Jessica's hips to jolt up. She tightened around Peter and drained everything she could. More warm liquids flooded into Jessica to make her see stars.

Peter pushed into her, nothing other than white being seen in his eyes. He pushed into Jessica, thrusts growing a bit less fluid before finishing up inside of the woman underneath him. Jessica refused to allow Peter away until the last drop drained inside of her.

The climax ended with Peter spilling his essence inside of Jessica. Peter pulled away from her and let Jessica fall back onto the couch. A satisfied smile on her face showed things had been good.

Peter did not leave quite jet. Jessica propped herself up and dropped head first onto the shoulder of her long time crush.

"Swing by any time," Jessica murmured.

"Any time," Peter said.

The two lovers kissed and enjoyed each other's company while the rain continued to pour down.

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End.

So, for those who haven't noticed, for the chapter titles on the index list, I've added the girls in each chapter to it. Didn't take too long, but it is a lot of busy work to get everything in order. Although, this did have a hundred less chapters than Breeding Ground. So it didn't take as long to do that here. So, anyway, here's the next chapter.

Peter returned from a long day of web-slinging. He stepped into the bedroom, to find two beautiful women indulged into each other. Both women indulged into each other with a tender embrace on the bed, feeling up each other's partially clothed bodies. The dark-haired woman, Laura, dressed in transparent black panties which covered every inch of her body. The blonde, Gwen, favored some sexy red panties. The two lovely ladies kissed each other, with Laura slowly working Gwen's bra off, and causing her nipple to come into prominence.

Laura sucked on the tip of it and Gwen moaned when feeling the mouth of her talented lover.

"Peter's….home," Gwen breathed.

The sucking on Gwen's nipple continued for a couple more seconds. Laura slowly turned around with a smoldering smile on her face. "Why don't you join us?"

Laura gave Peter a very inviting smile, and how could he turn down something like that? He crossed the room to meet Laura who sat up from the bed and gave him a kiss. Gwen rose up off of the bed in her state of undress and greeted their mutual boyfriend as well. A kiss followed, with the two women stripping Peter of his clothes, until he was completely naked and ready.

"I see he's up for it after a long day of swinging on those webs," Gwen said.

His erect cock stuck out to be sucked. Laura came down and worked her way down the shaft with her talented tongue. Peter groaned as each inch of his cock had been canvased. Gwen dropped down further and took his balls into hand and cupped them hard. Gwen squeezed his testicles before diving in and sucking on Peter's swollen balls as much as humanly possible.

"You girls are too much!" Peter groaned.

Gwen responded with a sultry grin when she sucked on those heavy balls, giving them a squeeze. She gave them the attention they deserved. She moved up to help Laura lick pretty much every single inch of that cock. Both girls spent a few minutes worshipping Peter's stiff member, before they stopped.

The loss of both warm mouths on his cock only had been a moment. Gwen and Laura removed each other's panties. Their fingers rolled over the two gushing slits, with the two moving in for a hungry kiss with each other. Laura held the back of Gwen's head, and stuck her tongue down Gwen's throat for a kiss.

Both girls parted from each other and climbed onto the bed. Their legs have been spread. Peter could have the pick of both of them. He walked over and gave Laura a kiss, before guiding his hand over Gwen's body. His fingers edged down and teased her slit.
"I want you, Peter," Gwen breathed. "I want you so badly."

The heat rose from her loins before Peter jammed his fingers deep inside of Gwen's clutching pussy. Her walls tightened around him to suck his fingers in. She wanted something more, but Gwen would take the heavy, the very intense finger fucking. Her hips rose and fell with Peter burying himself inside of her.

Peter took his free hand and unclipped Laura's bra to reveal her perfect breasts for consumption. He kissed down her body, sucking on her right tit. Laura grabbed onto the back of Peter's head and caused him to suck on her left tit as well. Laura rolled her hips up when Peter rolled a hand all over her body.

He finger-fucked Gwen to completion, with Gwen falling back onto the bed. Her entire body sized up in pleasure with Gwen taking Peter's fingers inside of her. She squeezed him, body begging for more. The pleasure released from Gwen when her loins sucked as much of Peter's fingers into her as possible.

Laura closed her eyes when receiving the same treatment.

"I wonder what one of my girls is going to cum first," Peter said.

Two women thrust their hips up off of the bed, driving his fingers deep into them. The heat reached an apex and their thrill ride ended with a mind-shattering orgasm. Their hips pushed up and down off of the bed, causing them to breathe in pleasure.

Both women turned around and presented themselves for Peter to look at. Gwen's perfectly round ass stuck in the air, and begged to be touched, begged to be groped while Peter fucked her. He locked eyes onto Laura's slit to see how wet she was. Both girls turned towards each other and kissed each other while still kneeling on the bed, preparing to be fucked. It stiffened Peter's cock. He closed his eyes and sought out the first pussy he could reach.

Gwen's familiar grip squeezed around Peter's cock when he invaded her. He steadied himself and pumped deep as possible into Gwen's slick walls. Each push into her surrounded his cock with some warm, dripping goodness. He felt up every inch of Gwen's very soft skin when pounding her.

"YES!"

The huge cock spiked into Gwen's tightening walls. The slickness of Gwen's center wrapped around Peter and squeezed him hard.

Laura rolled over to the side, and watched as Peter rammed into Gwen from behind. The heat rising from her pussy almost made viewing this situation unbearable for Laura. She reached up to play with her slit, rubbing her finger up and down.

"Fuck her," Laura breathed. "Fuck her hard."

Peter re-familiarized himself with Gwen's body. Ass, breasts, legs, clit, back, everything Peter could get his hands on when plowing Gwen, he decided to get his hands on. The sensitivity in certain parts of Gwen's body allowed Peter to push himself deeper inside of the horny blonde on the bed. His balls slapped against her, filling up when he plunged deeper inside of her.

The thrill ride in Gwen's pussy continued when Peter pushed into her on the bed. He rode her slick center to a steady, completion. The sound of Laura fingering her cunt off to the side only made Gwen clench even more. Peter touched her ass and slapped it while fucking her from behind.
"Spank my ass!" Gwen growled.

Peter obliged the sexy blonde on kneeling on the bed by slapping her ass. The latest of many orgasms rolled through Gwen. Peter plowed into her heated center. Every inch of her body could be grabbed, with Peter pumping his throbbing pole into her gushing hot hole. He pulled almost all the way out and plunged into Gwen's tightening pussy. Her wet walls tightened around him.

Every push into her made Peter get closer to an orgasm. He wanted to drive himself into Gwen. He looked over where Laura laid on the bed next to them. Her fingers jammed inside the beautiful mutant with her hips rocking up and down off of the bed, shoving deeper inside of her. Laura closed her eyes when pushing up and down off of the bed with repeated thrusts.

"Oooh, Peter," Laura moaned. "Fuck that bitch…fuck her so hard, so you can fuck me even harder!"

Laura's body sized up with the thought of Peter throwing her against the wall of the bedroom and driving his cock into her until she sized up. Then Peter sized up as well, but kept fucking her into so much hot cum splashed into Laura. Her tight pussy closed around her fingers at the feeling of a very nice finger-fucking.

The thought of being inside of Laura made Peter groan. His balls throbbed when pushing into Gwen. He reached back to thread his fingers through Gwen's gorgeous blonde hair and pull on it. She screamed when Peter used her hair for leverage to fuck her. Peter dropped his grip down from Gwen's hair.

Every single inch of Gwen's hair had been played with my Peter, and then her body. A second set of hands came over and rolled over Gwen's body. A finger eased into Gwen's tight hole.

Gwen could not believe that Laura fucked Gwen's asshole with her finger when Peter pushed into her from behind. He continued his steady momentum with those throbbing balls aching, almost ready to explode inside of her. Peter held onto Gwen by the waist and pushed himself as far inside of Gwen as humanly possible. His hard cock shoved into Gwen's very willing and waiting walls.

"Fuck me raw!" Gwen groaned.

Peter obliged Gwen by slamming himself deep into her depths. His balls kept dancing against Gwen's aching thighs. He pushed over her body to grope every inch of flesh he could reach. Those round nipples stuck between Peter's fingers the second he slammed his way inside of her. His balls tensed up when plunging inside of Gwen. Every time he spiked into her, something amazing rose through his body.

Everything crashed down with Peter sending his cock into the warm depths of his lover. His release had been at hand. The first few pumps of cum were steady and flowed nicely into Gwen. Eventually, Peter held onto her and emptied his load into her. Her warm vagina squeezed his hard cock as much as possible.

Gwen collapsed onto the bed, drool dribbling down from chin and Peter's seed spewing from her center. The very second Peter left her, Laura pounced. Her able tongue twisted and worked over Gwen's warm pussy. Each lick caused more pleasure on top of the pleasure Gwen already felt. She almost blacked out from getting licked over and over again like that.

Peter watched as Laura finished eating the combined juices out of Gwen's pussy. The dark-haired beauty slowly pulled away. She grabbed Peter's bicep with one hand and used the other hand to slowly stroke down to Peter's abs. Her fingers teased him from behind.
"Put me up against the wall, and fuck the daylights out of me," Laura said. "I want you to fuck me like the animal I am."

Her hand moved behind Peter and squeezed his ass, before feeling his cock go up against her. Laura pulled away from Peter. The great thing about a healing factor was that she could get fucked as hard as she wanted, and there would be no problems. Laura put her hands on the wall.

Peter dove behind Laura, the instincts in his body overriding his normally calm demeanor. He edged towards Laura's gushing slit and lined up with her. He pushed his hard cock into Laura from behind.

The snug tightness caused Peter to groan the second he pushed into Laura. He held onto her tightly and slammed her against the wall while his cock pushed into her. Laura grabbed onto the wall, the evidence of her arousal dripping down her thighs. Peter reinforced his grip around her and pushed deeper inside of Laura. His balls stuck Laura on the thighs when nailing her from behind. He picked up the pace, working into her as far as possible.

Laura closed her eyes and could feel a thousand little fingers gripping all of the points of her which made her feel good. Laura almost lost her mind in never ending passion. Peter had her, right where he wanted her. He could do anything to make Laura feel good. And anything involved driving his cock into her repeatedly. Laura received a hell of a workout when her pussy stretched and then slowly returned to its originally tightness.

Peter pulled out of Laura and turned her around. He pressed his muscular chest against her stiff nipples. Laura reached behind him and pushed onto his back in encouragement. He slipped into Laura one more time and stretched out the warm pussy of the hot mutant pressed against the wall. Her hips pushed out to meet Peter as he thrust into her. The thrusts increased in depth.

"Laura, oh, you're so good," Peter groaned.

Snug vaginal walls clamped down onto Peter to reward him for the workout he gave. Peter pulled back and nailed Laura with the full force of his cock inside of her. Laura only tightened her grip around him with both arms and legs. Peter's hard balls struck against Laura's pussy. They hung so far, and were so fat with cum, that Laura leaked all over his cock.

Laura whimpered when Peter went inside of her. He took masterly of Laura's breasts and grabbed onto them hard. Peter cupped and released them a few times, giving her nipples an intense workout. Peter plunged himself into Laura with repeated thrusts. She threw her hips up to meet Peter, when he filled her up completely.

"PETE!" Laura mewled in barely restrained pleasure.

He held Laura and slammed himself into her in the wall. She responded by holding onto his cock and working it out. The pleasure churned up in Peter's balls the second when he pushed inside of her. Laura grabbed onto Peter, to encourage him to drive himself deeper into him.

Pleasure shot through Peter's nerve endings when he went into Laura.

"Fuck me!" Laura growled in his ear. "HARDER! Wreck my tight cunt!"

The harder Peter fucked Laura, the more she got into the sex. The wetter she got, and Peter just fucked her even harder. This was a co-dependence which worked nicely for both of them. Laura worked her tight walls around Peter to squeeze him as much as humanly possible.

Peter clung to Laura's sweaty, delicious body. He cupped onto her ass when pulling her off of the wall. A hard slam brought Laura back into the wall. She just gave him a passionate moan in agony as
Peter drove her into the wall as hard as he could dare. Laura's body healed up quite nicely, and she got off from some pretty rough fucking. Peter held onto Laura and slammed into her body.

Some signs of light could be heard on the bed. Laura made sure the focus was on her by training her muscles to cling to Peter's cock and milk him into her center. Laura could feel him, his balls swelling almost to capacity. She knew there was a big load for her.

Laura came one more time at the thought of Peter spilling his seed into her womb. The distaff counterpart of the legendary Wolverine took her hips up and then dropped them down onto the bed. She worked down Peter's body, breathing in his ear.

No matter how many times Peter reinforced his will, he needed to cum inside of her.

"Jesus, Laura, I can't hold back," Peter groaned.

She did not want him to hold back. She made sure his cock did not even think about sliding out of her pussy. Laura tightened her grip around Peter and allowed his first blasts of cum to fire out of his balls. He fired inside of her, releasing an insane amount of cum inside of her gushing center.

The very minute Peter finished inside of Gwen, he could see Gwen crawling seductively on the floor. Laura slumped against the wall with so much seed dripping out of her pussy. Like a good girlfriend, Gwen moved over, planting a few kisses on Laura's toned abs before going down between her legs.

The suction sound of Gwen sucking the combined juices from Laura got Peter nice and hard in very little time at all. She turned around, smiling when looking at Peter. Gwen rose up and threw herself at Peter, wrapping her arms around him.

Peter held onto the dresser for leverage while Gwen dropped down onto his pole. The fun was just beginning again, and would keep going, with both of his wonderful girlfriends taking turns with his cock.

End.

Next Chapter: 9/20/2017.
Spider-Man swung outside of his apartment. Tonight's, the criminals of this city left him alone and allowed Spider-Man to get through the night without a minimal of injury. Sure, Peter ran into your average thugs and lowlifes, but it was really no one too out of the ordinary.

The web slinger found himself growing very comfortable with this new dark suit. It had been a gift from above and turned a lot of heads. Spider-Man fiddled with the lock to allow himself entry to the apartment. The first couple of steps brought him in. Suddenly, he could feel something when approaching the apartment. Something was off and something caused Spider-Man to stand straight up to look in. He leaned in and pressed his hand against the wall before finding the light switch.

A very beautiful woman sat on the couch, very beautiful and extremely dangerous. Spider-Man caught eyes of the blue skinned vixen on his couch. Her face could be anything it wanted to thanks to her shape-shifting abilities, but it was pretty stunning to look at. Gorgeous lips and stunning looking eyes, along with soft cheek bones come down to draw Spider-Man's gaze down on him. She dressed black sports bra which did nothing to hide her enticing curves. Her flat stomach came down to a point and showcased some wide hips poured into a pair of pants which fit the woman like a second skin.

"Welcome home, Spider-Man."

"Mystique," Spider-Man said.

"Yes," she said. "You don't know how difficult it was to get a hold of you. As much as I hate to admit it, I almost gave up."

The shape-shifting mutant rose up off of the couch.

"I've been impressed with you as of late," Mystique said. "You aren't what I thought you were. I think the new suit speaks favorable on that new attitude of yours. And I think that you would be a good fit in the Brotherhood."

"The Brotherhood?" Spider-Man asked. "Are you expecting me to be another flunkey like Avalanche, Blob, and Toad? And in case you haven't caught the news flash, the new suit doesn't mean I necessarily support people like the Brotherhood. Unless you can convince me that things have change skipped out of town."

Mystique smiled and enjoyed the challenge. She approached her conquest with a smile.

"I wouldn't dream of putting you on the same level as the hired help," Mystique said. "They have their purpose, muscle, to advance our cause. And our cause is ensuring that mutants get a fair shake. You can't deny that there's a problem there. People fear what they can't understand."

"Yes, I understand that."

The woman put a hand on Spider-Man's shoulder. The web slinger did not necessarily do anything to correct this action, mostly because he was pretty curious to see where they were going. Mystique's smile brightened and grew even deeper when drawing her eyes over Spider-Man.
"You understand," Mystique said. "They call the Brotherhood terrorists, but we have done nothing to anyone who hasn't showed aggression against us first. Besides, people like Trask, Hodge, Kelly, do you really think that they are the people who you should put yourself behind?"

"They just represent a different extreme."

Mystique offered Spider-Man a seat, very rich considering it was his own couch in his own house. The web slinger decided to oblige her by sitting down on the couch. Those eyes told so many stories, and there was something deeper that Mystique hid within the bravado.

"Yes," Mystique said. "There are numerous extremes, Spider-Man. And you don't think you're going to be a target. An old enemy of yours is working with the MRD. You may remember him. Norman Osborn."

Spider-Man's expression darkened. Mystique ran her finger up and touched the side of his mask before shifting downwards to cup the web slinger's cheek.

"Osborn will attack you out of petty revenge," Mystique said. "They say he's cured of the Green Goblin. But, is any man cured like that?"

Mystique slipped a bit closer to Spider-Man. The hand which was not on his cheek rested on his knee. The woman really wanted Spider-Man and a couple of others to be a part of the team. Mystique refused to leave here without taking no for an answer.

"I can give you anything you want," Mystique said. "I can be anything that you want me to be...just tell me, and I can make your wildest dreams come true."

The blue-skinned mutant eased a little bit closer towards them. That soft alluring face, those eyes burning with seduction, and the body, with the curves which seemed to shift a little bit more prominently with Mystique easting closer to Spider-Man. His heart was beating fast. Mystique smiled and cupped the bottom of his face with a knowing smile on her face.

"Let me show you the benefits of joining me," Mystique said. "We don't have to be enemies. This could be good for both of us."

The web slinger found himself hardly disagreeing with Mystique. She moved closer towards him and pressed her lips onto his with a tantalizing kiss. The web slinger grabbed the back of Mystique's hair and guided his tongue a slight amount inside.

So, she wanted to give herself to him, in an attempt to entice him to join the Brotherhood.

"I can be anything you want," Mystique said. "Anyone I want, your deepest, most taboo fantasies, they can be yours."

Spider-Man thought for a minute before offering the first off the cuff response he could think of.

"Jennifer Lawrence."

He threw out the name of the actress out a whim, really it was just the first name that popped into his mind. Mystique gave him a smile and her body shifted to an exact copy of the actress. The attire she wore clung to her body.

"You did that way too easily," Spider-Man said. "One would think you've had practice in being disguised as Ms. Lawrence."
"Maybe," Mystique said mysteriously. "Between you and me, I change into the bodies of other people, before engage in self pleasure. It's like an entirely new experience. And yes, most of them are women."

"I'm pretty sure someone would say that's a violation of consent," Spider-Man said.

The shape-shifter did not even say anything, she just responded by kissing Spider-Man. If someone burst into the apartment right now, all they would see was Spider-Man kissing Jennifer Lawrence in Peter Parker's apartment. Talk about a turn for the surreal.

One beautiful, writhing woman on his lap showed how hot this was going to get in a hurry. Mystique wrapped her hands around the back of the head of the younger man and kissed him, kissed him hard. The heat coming from this woman showed how much she did want it. It wasn't just a means to entice him.

Spider-Man ran his hands over the firm morphed body of the woman underneath him. Blonde hair entangled in Spider-Man's hands with kissing her. He quickly shifted his attention from kissing her lips, to kissing the side of her neck. Those hands reached around to undo her bra and drop it down.

Two very firm breasts came out. Spider-Man saw how large and how perky they were.

"These will do nicely," Spider-Man said.

"Touch them," Mystique encouraged her soon to be lover. "They're yours. They're all yours, Spider-Man."

Peter would be touching so much more than her breasts, but it was a pretty good start. Those nipples stuck up, ready to be squeezed and played with. The web-slinger slowly guided his fingers as far down over her nipples as humanly possible. They stuck between his fingers.

Mystique rolled her head back with a soft moan. The web-slinger received a mouth full of breast and knew what to do with it. His fingers danced down the toned abdomen of the woman underneath him and reached to slip off her panties to reveal the rest of her.

The beautiful woman was now naked on his lap and kissing Peter even more fiercely. The body of Jennifer Lawrence, with the mind of Mystique, crawled over the top of Peter. A series of hot kisses connected to the side of his mouth. Spider-Man grabbed onto her sexy back and then cupped her backside. The woman smiled when worshipping the handsome man.

"Easy access," Mystique purred. "I'm approving of this costume more and more. I wonder how many more interesting features it has for me. Guess, we're going to find out, aren't we? One way or another."

Mystique slowly guided her hand down to each the underside of Peter's crotch and gave his swelling member a very steady squeeze. He groaned the second Mystique rolled the palm of her hand over him and pulled his throbbing hard cock out.

"I knew you were gifted," Mystique said. "I didn't know how gifted you were."

Peter savored this moment at the sight of Jennifer Lawrence's face looking up at him when those rosy lips wrapped around Peter's extended pole. It stretched her mouth. A coo followed with Mystique sucking his hard cock to make sure it was nice and stiff.

As much as Raven enjoyed sucking cock, the shape-shifter wanted this cock inside of her body. She felt the heaviness of his balls which swelled. Parts of the costume rose up to caress her body.
"Suck it like it's your job," Peter groaned.

Bright blue-eyes shifted in pleasure with the sloppy blowjob finishing. "Jennifer" turned around to show herself up. She looked over her shoulder towards Spider-Man with a sultry smile on her face. She blew a lock of hair away with a smile.

"Wouldn't you like some of this?"

She stuck her finger in the dripping hole and pulled it out. Two hands seductively rolled over the body, taking inventory of all of her delightful flesh. The hands of the mutant shapeshifted into an actress rose up and cupped her ass. She squeezed her rump and slapped it.

"I want all of it."

Peter moved behind the woman, his hard cock demanding entry into her scorching slit. The web slinger knew there was one place he wanted to be above all others. Buried deep inside of Mystique's dripping hot pussy for the entire world to see. He lined himself up for her and situated himself. The web slinger came close to slipping his way into Mystique, stopping short of entering the woman.

The web slinger pulled back and slammed his cock into the body of Jennifer Lawrence underneath him. He never thought that sentence would ever leave his brain. But, a shape-shifting mutant made it possible. Spider-Man worked a steady tempo into her, driving his cock hard into her scorching slit.

The feeling of loss Raven had was being fulfilled. She wasn't prepared to go this far, but she would overlook that oversight to receive the steady fucking a woman like her demanded. Spider-Man kept a steady tempo, working his hard cock inside of her body.

"Cum for me," Spider-Man demanded.

"Yes, oh…"

Using someone else's body to get fucked, especially someone famous, made Raven as horny as all fuck. The throbbing hard cock spiked the slick vice over and over again. His balls smacked against her thighs. Raven encouraged him with moans, grabbing onto the bed.

"YES!" came another moan. "YES!"

The apex of a well-earned orgasm rolled over Raven's body. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her and slid inside as much as possible. Two balls slapped against her thighs the further Spider-Man went into her. He wondered how much he could stretch this one out.

The recruitment drive could have been a failure, but at this point, Mystique didn't care whether or not Spider-Man joined the Brotherhood. All she cared about was getting pummeled repeatedly. Raven's entire body had been taken on a thrill ride with something good cascading through her body.

Peter daringly dragged things to the next level by biting Mystique's neck. Mystique tightened around him like a vice and milked his prick like there was no tomorrow.

The web slinger steadied his thrusts into the beautiful woman on her knees before him. The responsive nature of her milking center only fortified Peter's desire to bury his manhood inside of the woman's slick center. He pulled all the way out of her and then plunged back into her. Every moment ticked by with thrusts. Peter explored her body while pressing into her from behind. Those balls dangling against her.

The shape-shifter received more than she bargained for, which was not necessarily a bad thing to be
perfectly honest. It was beyond a bad thing, it was a very good thing to feel Spider-Man against her, going in hard from behind in such an enticing, such a skilled manner.

"One more time," Peter whispered in her ear.

Mystique conceded to her own passions. Her body almost gushed with a steadier passion. Peter sped up the thrusts to ride her orgasm all the way to the edge. Mystique squeezed around Peter in time with his thrusts. He slapped his balls against her firm thighs when they were about ready to go.

"All take and no give," Mystique breathed. "Please."

She manipulated the inner muscles to form a nice slick vice on Spider-Man. The web slinger plowed into the morphed woman behind. Peter caressed the soft skin of the shape-changer, feeling those nipples stiffen underneath his fingers. Peter pulled out of her and plunged as far back inside as possible.

"One of the deadliest women in the world reduced to this. I should take this as a compliment."

Mystique was now the sex-pet of the hero plunging inside of her. She could be anything he wanted her to be. Right now, Peter experienced the body of the woman she changed into. The famous actress's face pointed to the mirror and opened her mouth with an orgasmic expression of pure, never ending bliss. Peter grabbed her stiffening nipples and slid his rod into her body.

"Yes…you…should!"

She released everything around Peter's cock in a gushing rush. Peter planted his thick tool into the gushing womanhood beneath him. Every time her sex clenched his, feelings of smooth silk guided him inside of her. Peter touched her ass and plowed the woman.

Everything would give away sooner or later. Peter spend some time riding the body of "Jennifer Lawrence", plowing his cock into her from behind. The morphed woman managed to hold her form through all of the orgasms, and that showed how talented she was.

Finally, after some time, Peter released his gift inside of Mystique's gushing core. His seed spilled inside of Mystique's dripping hole. Peter pulled back and slid his rod into her, spilling the contents of his balls inside this sultry vixen. She came along with him to milk his rod to the end.

Peter pulled back and the shape-shifter dropped down onto the bed. Mystique had a smile on her face and cum leaking out of her pussy.

"We're going to have to discuss what you know about Osborn's plans. If you tell me the truth, you'll be rewarded. If you lie to me, you'll be punished."

Mystique's pussy throbbed at the dirty fantasy of being tied down and punished by such a strong hero.

"Your move."

End.

Making Good Memories (Rachel Grey)

Thinking about your future kind of was a rough proposition when it all came down to it. Especially when you have been displaced in time, and the future you knew was pretty grim. Giant mutant hunting robots roamed the Earth and turned it into their own personal playground. Humans were enslaved just as much as mutants, as the dangerous Master Mold came to the conclusion that mutants evolved from humans. Therefore, to protect humans, they needed to be imprisoned just as much as mutants.

Rachel had been one of the last to be born in that world before Master Mold had created a nano-tech device which sterilized every organic person on Earth. Everything just spun around in Rachel's mind. She managed to go back in time, to see whether or not she could fix the future, the only cruel world she knew.

She went back to a golden age of super heroes, an age which all of the most prominent legends that were whispered about in her time had been in their prime. The X-Men, the Avengers, the Fantastic Four, many of the World's Greatest Heroes, they all got their starts during this time.

Rachel hoped to help save the world. What she did not think about doing was fall in love with one of the people from this time. Needless to say, this was a complicated relationship, and there was another complication which she thought about.

Should she succeed in fixing the future, she might never be born. Maybe, but there were alternate timeline theories where the moment she stepped through that portal, history had started to change. She hoped for the better, she could not think it would be much worse.

Rachel was far more cynical about the world than most people her age. The nineteen year old girl shifted on the couch, against the man she fell in love with. He had been another hero who stories had been told. Yet, nothing could be more extraordinary than the original.

Peter Parker, Spider-Man, he had saved her from the MRD, after they tried to bring her in. He had his own problems with that particular group, and Rachel was glad to have met him. She was very glad to have met him.

"So, what's on your mind?" Peter asked her.

The pretty redhead smiled. The scars on her face could not mar the beauty too much. After getting a few square meals, compliments of Peter's Aunt May, Rachel filled out from the scrawny beanpole she was in the future. She had nice full breasts, a firm toned stomach, and her hips redefined a little bit. Her hair still had been cut short, but that was so people did not mistake her for her mother. Well, the scars helped with that, she supposed.

"Just thinking about the future," Rachel said.

"We will figure out where everything went wrong," Peter said.

"Is it selfish to think that I could end up wiping myself from history?" Rachel asked. "And maybe… that's causing me to have second thoughts of doing the right thing?"

Peter reached over and touched the top of Rachel's hand. She took in a deep breath and hated how
lucky she was for having him.

"It makes you human," Peter said. "It might not be so bad. It might not be a problem unless you return to that future."

Rachel tried to say she would not return to the future, not even for a curious little peak from it. Her heart raced a little bit more when leaning in to face Peter. The young man in front of her just smiled and parted Rachel's hair to properly look in the face of the pretty girl in front of him.

"I don't…maybe I should start focusing on the present," Rachel said. "And make some memories right now."

One of the memories she intended to make was right now.

"I want you, Peter Parker."

The two of them met with each other with a very tender kiss. Peter always made Rachel feel special. His tongue guided inside of her mouth, making its way to her throat. Rachel crawled on top of Peter's lap, smiling when she kissed him deeper and deeper.

Peter put his hand on Rachel's lower back and lightly traced over the scars which had been forced over a life time of hard work. He kissed her deeply, and reached underneath her shirt. Rachel ground over his lap to cause him to harden underneath her tender affections.

"Peter," Rachel breathed.

He felt up her firm breasts underneath her shirt. They were delightfully perky and fit in his hand nicely. The two of them kissed each other with Rachel enjoying Peter kissing her. Peter let go of her and scooped Rachel up before bringing her across the hallway.

The bedroom door had thankfully been opened. Peter dropped Rachel down on the bed. Rachel looked up at Peter with a very accommodating smile and waited for him to approach her. The two lovers joined each other in a very intense kiss, which Rachel enjoyed being a part of. Her mouth opened up to accept Peter's tongue in full when it started to dance across her lips.

"Mmm," Rachel moaned.

Peter gripped her hair and kissed her even harder than ever before. Their tongues worked against each other, with a certain fire and a certain flare which could hardly been matched. Peter decided to slowly strip Rachel of her clothes to reveal her body to him.

He looked at the beautiful mutant down on the bed. Her toned body was revealed to him. Nice perky breasts, delicious looking abs, nice hips, and a pair of long legs. She whipped herself into shape from the future after the six months she was here. Dedication and good home cooked meals went a long way.

"You seem overdressed," Rachel said. "Why don't we fix that?"

Rachel used her telekinesis to pull Peter's clothes off of him. It took her a while to get used to using her powers, because of the simple fact of the negative reinforcement of getting hunted down for power use. Peter's clothes dropped down to the floor.

The redhead telepath pulled out the object of affection from Peter's pants. His long cock stood out and demanded attention. The young redhead caused his cock to throb by the sheer force of his mind.
Peter groaned, her mind was stimulating every nerve ending of his body. Rachel pushed up and down his cock and released him. He watched Rachel spread her legs on the bed. She focused on her clit and stimulated that as well, causing a heat to rise between her legs.

"Don't bother holding out," Rachel said.

Peter recalled the sad truth that Rachel came from a world where all humans and mutants had been sterilized. The inviting sight on the bed distracted Peter from these thoughts.

The two climbed over the top of each other on the bed and met each other with a very intense kiss. Rachel ran her hands over Peter to spread his legs. His cock guided and slipped inside of the tight hole between her thighs. He groaned when Rachel held onto him.

The two joined each other, with Peter holding Rachel's legs apart while thrusting down into her body. The slow thrusts caused Rachel to throw her hips up off of the bed. She needed even more. Peter bent down and kissed Rachel on the lips, feeling up her body.

Rachel shuddered at what Peter was doing to her. Her entire body felt pleasure which she never felt thanks to Peter. If she did wipe herself out, at least she would be wiped out with some very happy memories.

Peter kissed her neck and came down to cup Rachel's right breast. The stiff pink nipple demanded some extra attention and Peter gave it to her, sucking on it. Rachel bucked her hips up.

The flow coming from Rachel's core grew even hotter. She was pleased the Sentinels did not attack everyone in such a way where they could no longer feel pleasure. Rachel would have just died if she could not enjoy this moment. Not enjoy Peter caressing her body. She felt up his body in return, and had grown increasingly hot at the very firm muscles all over in more places than Rachel could reach.

Peter drove down into Rachel's invading heat. Her legs grabbed onto Peter with the young man pushing deep inside of her body. The young man pulled out and shoved into her. Her ran his hands over her sexy legs, coming down to touch on her clit.

"Touch me," Rachel said. "Oh, that feels so good!"

Her entire body wrinkled under the attention Peter gave it. Rachel thrust her hips up to meet Peter as he buried his hard cock inside of her warm pussy. Rachel closed her eyes and enjoyed the rush. It was a hell of a feeling to have this thick cock buried inside of her warm body.

Peter sunk into Rachel. The snugness of her warm walls grabbing onto him made Peter smile. The sensations coming from spearing into her tight pussy caused Peter to groan. He lifted himself almost all the way off of the bed and then crashed down into Rachel. He pushed himself down into her waiting loins.

The redhead pushed off of the bed, breathing in pleasure. Those tight pussy walls clamped down onto him. The thrill ride Peter took her on was really good. Peter rubbed the side of her leg, and made her hips buck up in intense pleasure.

"Fuck!"

Peter speared his cock inside of her tight body. Rachel was so nice, felt so good. He squeezed down onto the body of the mutant and allowed her to cum more time. The intensity the two of them shared increased with more thrusts into her.

Rachel kept her eyes locked firmly on Peter and followed the progress of his hands all over her body.
She watched his cock sliding in and out of her dripping hot slit. They met together, matching each other with their motions. Rachel closed her eyes, with great instincts, and opened them back up in time to feel her entire body shake.

Her legs kicked up into the air the instant she came hard. Peter held her legs out spread eagled and used the leverage to drive himself into Rachel's body. His hard balls slapped against Rachel when rising up and slamming down into her. The softness of her wet pussy guided him inside of her.

"Thank you."

The steady pumping of her walls against his invading cock made Peter groan. He looked down and saw her beautiful body writhing underneath him. The smile on Rachel's face could light up an entire room. Peter continued to push deeper inside of Rachel, burying his huge cock into her smoldering hot depths. He lifted up and dropped down into her, balls slapping against her.

"Peter," Rachel breathed in a heated tone of voice.

"Oh, Rachel, you feel so good," Peter groaned as he speared himself into her wet core. Rachel stretched around his cock and released him. "I don't think I can hold back...much longer."

"Then don't," Rachel said. "I want to feel your cum inside of me."

Peter took one last look at her body and sunk his cock inside of her warm center. He wanted to feel her cum one more time. Watching the pleasure going over her face, as her body sized up, it made Peter feel really good.

"Give me some really happy memories," Rachel said.

She bit down on her lip, and smiled. She watched Peter appear and disappear inside her body. Rachel grew more tense and her own release was at hand. The heat from Rachel's body centered around one central point of her body. He slammed inside of her tight core, stretching out her body.

The release came moments later. Peter ran down on her legs and shoved himself as deep as possible inside of her waiting center. Rachel tensed up around him and allowed Peter to fire his cum inside of the woman. His balls tightened and discharged to send so much cum inside of her body.

The two shared in their mutual release. Peter buried himself inside of Rachel and pumped the splattering of seed from his balls into her tight, waiting pussy. Rachel held onto Peter's might cock, squeezing him as tight as possible when the few drops of cum spilled inside of her core.

The two finally collapsed on the bed next to each other, with Peter sliding out. Rachel rolled over and rested her head on Peter's chest.

"Thank you for the happy memories."

"There's going to be plenty more to hold on forever," Peter said.

Rachel smiled, perhaps she could find a way where everyone would win. Perhaps, in time, with this wonderful man by her side.

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Tingles filled the body of Felicity Smoak and nerves rocked the blonde. She enjoyed the feeling of danger, perhaps a little bit too much to be honest. Being in a dangerous situation got her blood rushing rather hot. The hacker realized someone had caught onto what she was doing.

It was nothing malicious, at least she did not intend for the hacking to be malicious. It was all in good fun as far as Felicity had been concerned. She came face to face with a man who many women dreamed of these days. Felicity's heart sped up when she surveyed the young man over the side of her glasses. She dressed in a shorter skirt than normal and a bit of a tighter blouse than normal.

"Ms. Smoak," Spider-Man said. "We're going to have to have a discussion about you being a naughty girl."

"Oh, you think I'm naughty?" she asked.

Felicity gave him one of those smiles. Spider-Man moved over closer towards her. Felicity purposely backed against the wall. His hands touched on either side of the woman, causing her to go in.

"What you're doing is a federal offense," Spider-Man said. "Hacking into government buildings for sensitive information, and a SHIELD owned building at that. Did you have any point? Or were you just seeing how far you could get?"

"I actually cracked SHIELD?" Felicity asked. "I didn't know I was that good, but you...."

"Yes, you are good," Spider-Man said. "Which makes you very dangerous."

Felicity wanted to reach out and touch his muscular chest and abs to feel them up on the other side of that costume. The firmness of his body burned Felicity up mentally. She really wanted a piece of him, a big piece if she could manage it. Her lips stuck together when looking at him, and doubted it would be permitted.

"I should bring you in," Spider-Man said.

"Can you let me off with a warning?" Felicity asked. "If anything, I did you a huge favor. I found a couple of glaring security holes."

Felicity could see the hero's eyes on her body. She realized where he was looking. Felicity reached down and tugged her skirt up to allow him to see more of her leg.

"Maybe we can make a deal?" Felicity asked. "Going after bad guys every night, that must be very stressful. And I can just feel where the stress is coming from."

Spider-Man reacted to Felicity's touches. Her hands felt so soft on the other side of his costume. Her fingers gently ran over his abdomen and lingered as close as possible down to his crotch. The web slinger let out a deep breath with Felicity playing with him.

"Don't you want to make a deal with me?" Felicity asked.

"This is highly inappropriate," Spider-Man said. "And I shouldn't be collaborating with criminals."
Felicity started to rub against his crotch through her pants. The computer hacker just smiled.

"I can do you an even bigger favor," Felicity said. "I can tell you're thinking about it. You want to bend me over that counter and fuck me. The last two or three times you've been over here, you've wanted to fuck me. Why did you think I waited up for you tonight with a skirt a few inches too short? Or a blouse about a size two small with the buttons opened."

Felicity smiled at Spider-Man over the top of his pants. The web slinger hardened at the touch of the beautiful blonde hacker. She rubbed through him.

"Just let me have some fun," Felicity said. "And if you're not satisfied with what I do, then I guess you can just web me up and drag me off."

She smiled and tugged on Spider-Man's pants. She allowed his cock to spring free from his pants and rub against her stocking clad leg. Felicity flashed a smile at him and dropped down to worship the cock of the web slinger.

"I'm going to need both of my hands for this one," Felicity said. "How do you swing around the city packing this thing in? You're going to put someone's eye out….mine if you're not careful?"

Felicity used her tongue to worship the swollen head. Her hand grabbed the underside of his balls and cupped him as hard as possible. The web slinger stretched his cock out and touched the inside of her lips, rubbing against it. He grabbed Felicity by her ponytail and tugged on it.

"We're going to do this properly, or not at all, Ms. Smoak."

The web swinger aimed his cock at her waiting mouth and shoved it inside. He grabbed Felicity's hair and face-fucked the blonde as hard as possible. He made several passes into her waiting and very hungry mouth. Felicity's perfect dick sucking lips ensnared Peter and released him.

"Mmm,", Felicity moaned in hunger the further Peter jammed his engorged prick into her perfectly warm and tight mouth.

"You like that, don't you?" Peter asked. "You're going to get off with having my cock inside of your beautiful mouth. I like it as well, feeling those perfect lips tightened around me. Suck me off. Convince me that I shouldn't take you in!"

The blonde on her knees shoved more of Peter's engorged manhood into her mouth. Every single inch of him worshipped with her tongue. His hard body molded underneath her fingers. His length hallowed out the inside of her cheeks when he fucked her.

Spider-Man grabbed the girl's head and continued to hammer her mouth. He didn't care whether or not her jaw was sore. The sexy hacker wanted to give herself to Spider-Man, well he was going to take her, starting with her mouth. His balls slapped into her chin several times.

"Don't waste a drop."

Felicity would have made a quip about being all for the conservation of precious fluids. Unfortunately, or fortunately, her mouth was full and nothing other than a big throbbing prick crammed into her tight oral hole. Two throbbing balls tensed up and started to spill his load inside of Felicity's waiting and very accepting mouth. His balls tightened and kept releasing his fluids in a very steady stream.

The skilled hacker proved she was skilled by using her hands to do other things other than to hack a computer network. Felicity's hand cupped the underside of her captor's balls and gave him a firm
squeeze. The dribbling of cum fired from Peter and coated the inside of Felicity's mouth which allowed her to suck him up.

She pulled herself up, and the web slinger motioned for her to turn around. Felicity turned around to assume the position. He reached up and pulled her skirt all the way up to reveal a pair of thong panties. He looked at how her ass invited him to be touched.

"You know, you're just asking for it wearing those panties," Spider-Man said.

"You know, that might not entirely be accidentally."

For her quippage, Spider-Man swatted Felicity on her rear. She allowed a soft moan to come out. He spanked Felicity's ass a few more times. Every now and then, he received a very visible reaction from the horny blond.

Having been forced against the wall and spanked turned Felicity on. He reared back and spanked her. The teasing continued with Felicity allowing a soft moan to escape her lips. Spider-Man reared back and gave her another solid slap on the ass, stinging her rear end as hard as possible.

"You're getting off on this."

The wall crawler pulled down the panties of the horny blonde. His fingers stroked down her body. Felicity parted her thighs a little bit.

"You're wet and horny, "Peter said. "But, I want to see all of you."

He grabbed Felicity and pulled her over to the bed. Excitement reached a fever pitch in the mind and body of one Felicity Smoak. He pushed her down onto the bed and pinned her down. Her blouse came undone to expose her flat stomach.

Spider-Man smiled at her soft stomach rubbing up against his hard prick. He carefully did not go any further than maybe a few inches from her. His hands grabbed hers and pinned them behind Felicity's head. Her glasses became askew.

Felicity shivered with the realization that dawned upon her. This powerful young man could easily break her, and she only could like it. The thought of being sexually dominated turned Felicity on. She waited for the web slinger to undo the buttons of her blouse and slowly expose her green bra. He took his time unraveling her.

"You're torturing me," Felicity said.

"Given you could be in a SHIELD lock up right now, I think we can both agree you would prefer what I'm doing to that," Spider-Man said.

Felicity did not argue with him. Those strong hands rolled over Felicity's bare flesh. They turned up and made her long for every single touch he gave to her body. The woman pumped her hips up and dropped them down onto the bed. He straddled the top of the girl with his huge prick lined up with her warm, scorching hot entrance. His hands moved down to stroke her thighs and got Felicity all excited.

"Maybe I am," Peter whispered in her ear. "You can't tell me you don't enjoy it."

He bit down on the side of her neck. Felicity thought she would pass out in a moment. Her loins called for the young man, this strong young man to ravish her in every way. Felicity took her hips up and tried to lock onto him.
Peter took completely mastery of her stocking clad legs. He leaned in and kissed Felicity on the side of the neck, and then all over her collarbone. Her chest was kissed, as Peter held her legs out. He came down to kiss her belly button, and cause her to breath out.

"If I gave you what you wanted right away, then you wouldn't be punished at all."

Those fingers caressed down and snapped back Felicity's stockings against her legs after digging inside. Her body had been taken on a roller coaster ride with Spider-Man slamming on the breaks and allow her to just settle. She looked up just in time to see his swollen head brush against her.

Felicity tried to rise off of the bed to slip him inside of her. The torture continued for a few minutes. The head touched her dripping slit.

"It's calling for you," Felicity said.

"One minute," Peter said.

He enjoyed watching her squirm, and Felicity enjoyed the hunger in his eyes. She got off on being denied and dominated even more. The web slinger came down onto her and pulled out from her.

"Please, fuck me!" Felicity yelled. "Make me your personal cock sleeve, I don't care. Just please, drive your cock inside me until I cum all over it. Pound me until you….

Peter cupped her mouth and caused her to whimper. She could taste her own arousal all over his fingers and that just made the excitement grow ever more. The young man on top of her spread Felicity's thighs and took the plunge into her.

Her pussy stretched up just enough for Peter to enter her. The tightness of her loins massaged the veiny pole which rose and fell into her. Felicity reached up and touched the back of Peter's head. Her moaning and writhing increased while on the bed.

"Yes," Felicity begged him. "Yes, more please! I want more. I want your big cock, I want it inside me, stretching me out! Oh please, please, fuck me hard!"

Peter established a very strong tempo of rising and falling into her gushing slit. This lovely sheath of female flesh grabbed onto him and released him. The steady rising and the dropping inside of her made Peter just want even more. Her soft center grabbed onto him.

Even if this ended with her getting carted off to be thrown into some deep dark hole, Felicity thought it might have been worth it to say that she got fucked by Spider-Man. The roller coaster ride he took her body on caused her to come up to a fever pitch. Felicity rose up to meet his meat.

A feeling of pleasure coursed through Spider-Man's loins. He could feel Felicity's climax reaching a fever pitch. His fingers dancing all over body and sticky to the very firm skin in some places resulted in Felicity pushing her hips up almost all the way off of the bed and dropping down onto the bed. Peter pushed his hard cock inside of Felicity's waiting loins.

She stretched around Peter the harder and the faster he moved inside of her. He indulged himself and enjoyed the way her beautiful body squirmed underneath her. He just fucked her harder, and Felicity held onto him. Her eyes had been screwed shut as her lips pursed in pleasure.

"Well, you feel nice," Peter said. "You are more than holding your end of the deal, aren't you?"

She nodded in response. Her body shivered underneath the touch of the young man pistoning his cock inside of her body. Felicity held her hips up almost all the way off of the bed and dropped them
down. She absorbed his mighty rod inside of her.

All good things must come to an end, although Peter wanted to drag her final orgasm of the evening out as much as possible. He teased her just as much as he teased himself. The whimpers coming from the naughty blonde underneath him made him smile. He pushed inside of Felicity's warm pussy when driving deep inside of the pushing loins of the woman underneath him.

Felicity let out her breath the very second never ending pleasure just exploded through her. More juices oozed out of her center the moment the man above her, the man of her dreams rose and then sank into her. Those balls slapping against her pussy teased Felicity. She knew what was to come. Her body prepared herself to be injected with that warm seed.

"Make me your cum doll," Felicity breathed to him. "Make me your personal bitch."

"No wonder you get yourself into so much trouble," Peter said.

Peter pushed his cock inside of Felicity as hard and fast as possible. Her pussy snapped back and squeezed his thick tool. Her walls milking him made Peter groan. He came close to losing himself inside of her, but pulled back out. Peter would not give in to her just yet.

"Yes, I'm a lot of trouble," Felicity whispered. Her tone turned from surprisingly quiet to about as loud as you expected. Their loins joined together one more time. "Make me yours!"

The two joined together in the age old dance of passion. Peter allowed himself one more look at Felicity's body. She accommodated him, grabbing his body with her arms, legs and whatever else she could use to reach them. His muscular chest pressed down against the perky tits of the talented hacker underneath him.

The two of them climaxed together. Felicity milked the gushing rush of seed into her. Every blast of cum shooting inside of her resulted in her walls reinforcing their grip onto them. Her eyes rolled back, biting down on her lip with so much pleasure.

Peter pushed inside of her. She would not allow him to leave the sanctuary of her orifice until Peter spilled every sticky drop of seed inside of her. Felicity ran her nails down on the back of his head, grabbing onto her man's upper back in the process.

"Amazing," Felicity breathed. "And Spectacular…and a few other adjectives….so….when do I get to be the good girl?"

"When you stop acting like a horny minx," Peter said.

"So never," Felicity said. "Good to know."

She wrapped an arm around her boyfriend's waist and then rested her chin.

"Remember, Ms. Smoak," Peter said. "I'll keep getting you off, as long as you keep getting me off."

The double meaning made Felicity smile. She really enjoyed the games they played.


End.

Floating on air had been a very surprising feeling to one Peter Parker. He would not say it was completely unwelcomed, but it caught him off guard. He fell asleep after a very long day of swinging on webs and chasing down bad guys. Then, suddenly, he entered this realm.

Normally when this happened, some cosmic force interfered with things. So, Peter found himself put on a very steady guard when floating deeper into the vortex. He hitched in a deep breath as the energy flowed around him. Peter stopped short of where he needed to be.

"Hello, Peter."

The voice sounded very familiar. Peter found himself surrounded by fire and not wearing a stitch of clothing on. His muscular, toned, body had been put on full display the very second he turned up. The young man came face to face with a woman of exceeding beauty. He soaked in the view of the woman who drew him closer into her.

Gorgeous red hair, green eyes, a beautiful face, and a rocking body, the perfect attributes for any woman. Every curve poured into that sheer white outfit more than the last. It fit her like a second layer of skin. Peter found himself completely spell bound by the beauty who drew her into him, drew him into her web so to speak. A smile cropped up on the woman's face.

"It's been a long time."

Peter got a look at this woman's face and he almost had been struck dumb by the beauty of this woman. She smiled and grabbed him on the face to caress the side of it. Every single touch brought shivers down Peter's body. The fake he was completely naked and she sized him up with a smile on her face, made this an even more erotic experience. Peter's heart skipped a couple more beats the moment he had been drawn ever so closer towards her.

"A long...you're...you're...Jean Grey."

Jean smiled when looking towards the handsome young man who she had brought here. The man who she found perfect in every way, and the man set to help her accomplish her goals.

"Took you long enough," Jean said. "Then again, I couldn't blame you for being stunned. You have been brought here in a very unconventional way."

"You...you died," Peter said.

"Well, I prefer the term ascended," Jean said. "The Phoenix will always be report. Death is merely just a means to recharge and be back, stronger than ever."

Peter answered with a nod. The sexy redhead moved closer towards Peter. The heat coming from her body caused certain parts of Peter to react in a very favorable manner. And it was not he could hide it. Especially since Jean held his arms to the side.

"I see you're interested," Jean said. "Every now and then, the Phoenix Force needs a new spark. New life would be brought to it...and you're going to help me bring that new life."
Jean moved her hand from Peter's to rub down his chest. She reached the young man's abs and then cupped onto his crotch which started to react to her. His long cock stretched out into Jean's hand. The sultry redhead smiled when stroking him.

"This will do nicely," Jean said.

"You brought me...you brought me to this place just to have sex with me," Peter managed.

"No, not just sex," Jean said. "I brought you to this place, because I need you to spark some new fire within the Phoenix Force. And you are the perfect man for the job, considering what you lost recently. And if you help me, I can help you get it back."

"Lost?" Peter groaned.

She started to tug on his cock very hardly. That soft warm hand wrapping around him and releasing him caused Peter's cock to throb something fierce. Jean really knew how to stimulate every single nerve ending on his manhood with one fluid pump.

"Your former life, your marriage," Jean said. "You really don't have any idea at all, do you?"

Obviously not, judging by the look on Peter's face, but Jean knew she could fix this, if she got the power she needed from Peter. And the power she needed from Peter would be brought in by pleasuring his loins. She looked at the handsome young man.

"I don't think it's fair that I'm standing here naked and you're dressed," Peter groaned.

Jean gave his cock another squeeze and then proceeded to jerk it off. Her right hand slid down to the base and then up to the head. Her thumb encircled his throbbing hand, and her left hand reached down to feel Peter's balls, completely full with cum for her.

"You're right."

Fire surrounded Jean's body and slowly, burned off her clothes inch by inch. It was a very unique striptease, as Peter saw more of her bare flesh. Her lovely looking neck, her generous looking cleavage came to pass. Jean leaned back so Peter could see her two gorgeous spheres be released, followed by her perfectly toned belly, and then her nice well shaped hips, with a very round ass. Her gorgeously long gams came out. And then her pussy, her pussy was the thing that was covered by the last strip of clothing.

A nice long strip of red hair came down between her legs, and Peter laid eyes on her soft thighs, her thin lips, and his cock hardened in her hand.

"Kiss me."

Peter wanted to do nothing better than to press his lips on those juicy ones of Jean's. His mouth planted on Jean and the two of them kissed each other. Peter put his hand on the back of Jean's head and gave her a very intense, a very enjoyable kiss.

A flash of fire brought them into a bedroom. Jean nibbled on Peter's lip and ran her hands all over his body. She pushed Peter down onto the bed, and climbed up top of him. Their bodies molded together, when Jean kissed him, running her hands down his body. She let go of his cock for a moment, causing Peter to groan at the loss of her hand wrapped around him.

Jean came back around and kissed Peter on the side of the neck. More kisses delivered to his neck, to his ear, making Peter groan when Jean worked him over. Her lips lingered on his abs and then at his
waist for a little bit. She slowly moved up.

The warm hands of this goddess stroked Peter's throbbing balls. He wanted nothing better than to be in her mouth. Every nerve ending of his body sang with the pleasure coming from her touch Jean slowly lowered, and made sure to maintain eye contact with Peter. Her mouth touched Peter's swollen cock head and slurped on it. That caused Peter to rise his hips up.

Jean smiled, teasing both herself and Peter, by descending mouth first down onto his cock.

"You're so good," Peter groaned.

She blew the sexy stud's mind. Peter's cock's reach expanded to go into the back of Jean's throat. Her descent continued, working her throat down onto Peter's mighty prick.

"JEAN!"

The sound of her name being screamed did Jean's heart proud. She put her hands on Peter's lower torso and drove his cock down on her throat. The feeling of such a generous prick driving into the back of her throat made Jean feel really good.

He put his hands on the back of her neck, followed by a trip to Jean's hair. Jean slowly ran her tongue all the way down Harry's base, and then up to the top of his head. Jean swirled her tongue around him and then kept licking his cock until Peter pushed up to meet her mouth.

"Fuck," Peter groaned. "Oh, fuck, Jean, you feel so good. I can't keep enough of you….I'm going to….."

Jean grabbed the base of his cock and firmly squeezed it between her fingers. She pulled up and kissed Peter on the tip of the head, lightly sucking on his cock. She tasted a few small spurts of pre-cum, but nothing too major. She prevented his release from happening.

"Not yet," Jean said.

Jean crawled on top of Peter, straddling his hips. She maintained the grip of his cock. The redhead threw her hair back and looked at Peter with a smile.

His hands came up to touch Jean's body. She allowed these actions because she would be having the time of her life soon enough. Jean could hardly wait to bring Peter inside of her body. Her loins sang for him. The redhead rose up about as much as possible and prepared for a slow descent down onto the long cock.

Jean, Jean drove herself down onto his hard cock. Peter groaned at the feeling of Jean pushing down on top of him. Their hips met each other with Jean raising almost all the way up off of him and then slowly crashing down onto him. His cock pushed inside of her walls.

Very tight, very hot, and the juices which floated caused every inch of Peter's body to become envigored. He felt a very intense massage starting at his cock. Jean bounced up and down to pleasure him, to work his manhood. Her walls slid down, gripping Peter and releasing him with a few more drops.

Peter decided instead of being an observer, he would grab onto Jean. He grabbed the side of her face, and ran down her body. Jean threw her head back and encouraged Peter, encouraged him to explore. He slid his hands down to find Jean's bouncing breasts. Perfectly soft, they were so perfectly soft. Peter squeezed them, to cause a moan from Jean. Her loins reacted to his touching just as much.
Slowly, Peter leaned in and took one of Jean's very inviting nipples into his mouth. He sucked on it, bringing her more pleasure. Jean threw her head back and reached down, putting one hand on the back of Peter's head. She made sure he latched into place, sucking onto his nipples.

Peter's cock swelled every time it parted into Jean. Jean pushed down onto him. Her mind also worked over his nerve endings in a never ending massage. She kept him building up as well, by bringing him to the edge of the orgasm, and then slowing him down.

Jean reinforced Peter's will with her own mind. She wanted him to have the orgasm to end them all. No matter how much Jean craved him injecting his essence inside of her body. No matter how much their union would bring about new, powerful life. There was a process to this.

Back to back orgasms hit Jean suddenly. Peter groaned at the woman riding him with reckless abandon. Her warm walls grabbed onto him.

"You're going to be the death of me," Peter groaned.

Jean smiled at the irony of the statement. She kept working him over, making sure his face found its way back between her breasts. Jean made sure Peter saw all of her lovely body, her inviting asshole, and her wet pussy.

"You'll be ready soon," Jean said. "It's nearly time...but first...."

Jean pulled away from Peter. The wind had been taken out of his sales by Jean leaving his manhood. She turned around and put herself on her hands and knees away. Jean made sure Peter saw all of her lovely body, her inviting asshole, and her wet pussy.

Peter pulled himself up and moved into Jean. His cock groaned for release, and he could do nothing other than to slam his hard cock into Jean. Her pussy seemed much tighter the second time around. He stuffed her completely full, and made him groan.

The vessel for the Phoenix Force received a rush of satisfaction at Peter giving into his more animalistic side and driving his cock into her from behind. Every time Peter drove himself into her, Jean felt the burn of his huge cock just spiking into her from behind. Each thrust brought her to an edge. She could feel the orgasm building up, reaching a fever pitch inside her body.

She grabbed onto the bedsheets when he plunged into her. The fire surrounding both of them signified how hot things had gotten. Peter worked himself into her numerous time.

Peter could feel the result of several rounds worth of build up about ready to go off at once. Jean lightened the reigns on his balls. Peter's orgasm rapidly approached. He held onto Jean's waist while nailing the goddess on her hands and knees. Peter plunged his thick rod inside of Jean's inviting body time and time again. His balls looked to about to give way.

"It's time," Jean breathed.

Not quite yet, as Peter enjoyed the feeling of Jean's own climax building within her. She tightened around his invading rod with Peter plunging his manhood deep inside of Jean's gushing, waiting
hole. The young man pulled back from her and then plunged inside of her. His balls throbbed with a not so subtle desire when taking the plunge inside of Jean's warm slit. She gripped Peter and released him with a couple of nice pumps of her loins.

"Peter!" Jean mewled at the top of her lungs.

Peter held onto Jean and spiked his rod deep inside of the gorgeous vixen on her hands. Jean's ass stuck out, ready to be played with, and taken in pretty much every single way possible. Peter grabbed Jean and slammed his hard rod inside of her waiting loins.

"Jean, it's coming," Peter breathed.

Her walls rubbed against him to make Peter's loins ache. The hero knew it would be the end. All of this build up would cum inside of Jean. His virile cum started to splatter inside of her body.

Jean could feel him rush inside of her. His cum shut into her fertile womb, several rounds of it in fact. The build up coated Jean's insides and made her feel a buzz beyond everything else. Peter kept hanging on and kept driving himself into Jean as fast as possible. His balls drained all the way into Jean.

The two enjoyed the mutual orgasm from each other. Peter pulled Jean, the cum settling in her pussy. Jean rolled over and came down onto the bed. She invited Peter to join her, to lay with her in bed. The two lightly felt each other up.

Jean would not be opposed to another round of this, even after the Phoenix Force had been re-sparked with new life and neither would Peter.

End.

Next Chapter: 9/30/2017.
Every single time Peter Parker thought he saw everything, something proved Peter wrong. Time and time again it happened to the point where Peter figured he should have stopped making those claims he had been through everything. The web slinger found himself surprised far too often, at least during those early years as Spider-Man.

Now, certain strange events shocked Spider-Man on a less regular basis. Every single time he went into it, he ran across some extraordinary people and events. What happened to him on this day really took the cake to be honest. He woke up in the middle of a cell after being kidnapped by a group of beautiful women and dragged to what appeared to be another planet.

Peter frowned, as he tried to make sense of it. He heard rumors about a group of women known as the Star Sapphire Corps. Their mission was to promote love throughout the universe. The only problem Peter heard was their mission statement was skewed to the point where their opinion of love twisted and turned to the point of obsession. Boy, had Peter encountered a few people who were obsessed as him and had friends who were obsessed with him.

Touching his face, Peter came to the conclusion that they stripped him of his costume and his web shooters as well. He looked across the cell and noticed the web shooters, the costume, they all had been neatly placed in the case. Peter put his hands on the bars. He wore a tank top and a pair of boxer shorts, and had a sense of being insecure.

The Star Sapphire Corps did not place Peter in an awful place all things considered. No, they placed him in a place which gave him plenty of room to maneuver. Nice bed, a table with a chair, and some food on the table. He moved over towards the table which was still hot. When briefly touching the food, Peter got no sense his spider sense had started to go off at all.

"You're awake, perfect."

A stunning woman dressed in pretty much next to nothing appeared. Peter drank in the gorgeous features of the woman. Silky dark hair hung seductively to her face and a pair of blue eyes. A small strip of fabric came across the neck collar of the costume and gave her an alluring absolute cleavage style look. Peter's eyes progressed to the woman. His mouth dried up and then he kept looking at the woman in front of him. Her belly-button enticed him as well, perfectly smooth. All tanned flesh on displayed, and she wore thigh high boots. The woman maintained a balance.

"You might be just what we need, Peter Parker."

"I need…you're a member of the Star Sapphire Corps."

She stepped through a field in the cell and walked up against Peter. Peter's breath came in and out when looking on the vixen staring him down.

"Yes," she confirmed. "I am."

The woman stood against him. Peter only came up to her chest. Not the worst view possible. Those nice round breasts almost spilled out of that very loose outfit. The only thing keeping her from having a wardrobe malfunction of some sort was the sheer force of will. Peter tried to keep his sense as much as humanly possible. He looked up and then dropped down to her.
"My name is Carol Ferris," she said. "And I've been chosen to ask you for help. Help to fix the damage to the power battery which is causing mental instability in the minds of my Star Sapphire sisters."

"Instability?" Peter asked. "Wait, Carol Ferris? As in the CEO of Ferris Aircraft? That Carol Ferris?"

"Yes," she said. "But, it was a long time ago. Now you're here I really need your help I'll do anything to get it."

Carol stepped towards him. Her body gave off an alluring scent. The perfume she wore made her feel like fresh flowers in the spring time and every alluring step made Peter stiffen.

"We're going to make love," Carol said.

"You…you kidnap me," Peter said.

"Yes, my sisters may have been a bit…rough on you."

Carol's statement caused Peter to snort. She put it very mildly. Regardless, she put her hands on the straps and slowly eased them down. Peter looked at her ripe melons about ready to burst out.

"I'll do anything to make it up for you. Anything."

They slid down and Peter saw two well-formed globes in front of his face. He took a long look at Carol, his heart skipping a couple of beats when locking onto him. Two very perfect nipples stuck out for Peter to grab onto and do pretty much anything that he wanted to.

"Touch them."

Peter raised his hands and took those breasts.

"They're so soft," Peter groaned. "They're so nice…why does the evil ones have to be…"

"No, not evil, just misguided," Carol said. "But, I can be a bad girl if you really want me to."

She leaned in and whispered in his ear.

"Touch my breasts, Spider-Man."

The encouragement was all he needed to start feeling up Carol's chest. The woman swooped down and kissed him on the chest. She gave him light pecks on the lip and some nibbles on it as well. Every time he felt up her breasts, Carol swooped in with a kiss to dazzle him.

Carol rotated her hips a little bit more to cause Peter to groan. She slid down more of her costume and allowed him to access more of her body. His hands were guided down, running from her breasts, down to her flat stomach.

The Star Sapphire dropped down onto the bed. She wore nothing other than a pair of thigh high boots and tiara. Peter feasted on a body built for sin. Who would have known that Carol Ferris, who was known for her conservative clothing, would have been rocking such a brilliant and beautiful body underneath those professional attires? He throbbed with desire when looking over at her.

"I like you looking," Carol said. "But, I want your hands on me more than your eyes."

"Well, it would be rude to deny the lady what she wanted."
Peter dropped onto the bed next to Carol. He crawled over to her to run his hands over her body. The two of them met in a very intense kiss. Both of them tried to get the better of the other. Greedy hands felt up the body of the other, their hands ending up cupping those tantalizing parts of their body.

The feeling of Peter poking against her thigh when he kissed and felt her up made Carol's nipples stiffen ever more. The powerful young man's muscular chest came onto her tits, when slowly rubbing against her. He slowly kissed from her lips, down to the side of her neck. The travels continued down to her cleavage.

"Stop teasing me," Carol whimpered.

Peter covered her body with more kisses. Her belly-button received a little bit extra attention. It was so delicious that Peter needed to kiss it and lick it. His tongue made its way a little bit further down.

Carol never expected this. That handsome face buried between her thighs and eating her out. His tongue delved into the sopping wet folds. The dark-haired woman thrashed her hips up off of the bed, when an orgasm built up inside of her body. He drew out the torture just enough to make her want it. It did not get drawn out too much for her to lose her mind.

And she lost her mind very much. Peter kissed her outer lips and sucked on them. Hunger danced in the eyes of the handsome young man when going down on Carol. Carol shifted her hands across the back of his head. The warmth of her thighs squeezing his face and releasing it made him dive down into her.

Carol could not believe how well he was getting her off. This perfect mouth kept sucking her outer lips, and caused Carol's hips to thrust up. Peter went deep between the warm lips to taste her and kept sucking on Carol's heavenly juices.

Eventually, she dropped down onto the bed. Peter climbed on top of her and cupped her breasts before leaning into a kiss. Carol reached around to find his cock and slowly guide it into her.

The heat pumping from her insides made Peter stiffen up a little bit. The young man pushed his hard cock inside of Carol's warm moist hole. He dropped down and then entered her fully. Those moist walls hugged Peter when he slid inside of her inch by inch.

"Carol, oh, I didn't image…."

"Deeper," Carol breathed. "Take my pussy, make it yours."

Carol traced patterns on his back when he slowly pumped inside of her body. Her encouragement caused Peter to bring himself into her. His face pressed down against her breasts. Carol was getting very hot about the young man sucking on her nipples and kissing them.

It was like a dream come true. All of the Star Sapphires were beautiful even if their methods were questioned. Carol pushed Peter inside of her. That hard cock shifted inside of her with numerous pushes. She rose and fell deep inside of Carol.

Carol grabbed onto Peter's back and pushed him inside of her. Those balls dropped onto her thighs and left a mark on it. Carol panted the further Peter drove his prick inside of her waiting pussy. The young man beneath her thrust his huge cock up inside of her.

"Yes!" Carol breathed in his ear. "Yes, yes….YES!"

She kept screaming and kept pushing her nails into the back of the web slinger the deeper he pushed
inside of her. He rose up and dropped his throbbing balls onto her wanton thighs. Peter really went to
town on her and Carol wanted so much more of him as well.

"Let me cum," Carol breathed.

"In a minute," Peter said. "True love is drawn out…it makes you feel really good…makes you want
it even more. Doesn't it, Ms. Ferris?"

Carol nodded with Peter rising up and dropping down the throbbing length inside of her body. Carol
shifted her hips up and took as much of Peter inside as she could. Her nails grabbed Peter and held
the young man to her body.

Pulsing heat caressed every inch of Peter's invading rod. He dropped up and rose down. He sped up
and brought Carol to the edge of one of the most amazing orgasms possible. Her insides grabbed
onto Peter and buried more of his throbbing cock inside of her body.

"Yes!" Carol yelled. "Oh, harder….oh you're such a stud."

Peter smiled at the compliment. His cock strained underneath her walls. Despite the friction Carol
built up within her loins, Peter was not going to let himself go just yet. He just pushed inside Carol,
rising up from her and dropping down onto her with constant thrusts of his huge cock inside of her
welcoming body.

"PETER!" Carol gasped underneath his invading tool.

No matter how much Peter wanted to hold off, every man had his limits. He bottomed out into Carol.
The straining of his balls followed, and the friction brought him to the edge. His balls drained inside
of Carol's soft perfect pussy. He felt up the raven-haired temptress underneath him the entire way
with his balls. They squeezed and discharged into her body.

Carol's beautiful body soaked in sweat after the tongue man gave her a workout. She rolled him off
of him and kissed his lips. The temptress went to straddle Peter's body and work her pussy up and
down against his flaccid rod. The stroking of her womanhood woke Peter up. He groaned the instant
his tool came back to life.

The rising cock underneath him scorched Carol's loins. There was only one thing to dampen the fire,
and that was to impale herself down onto his hard cock. Peter's hands reached up hungrily at her
breasts. She smiled at every touch, every look from him. Her pussy sized up and dropped down onto
his cock.

The scorching heat of her slit dropping down on him caused Peter to thrust his cock up into her
womanhood. Carol smiled when rising and falling onto Peter. Her warm pussy closed around Peter
when rising and falling onto him. Every time Carol sent her wet walls down onto him, Peter groaned.
The feeling of this goddess just going to town on his cock was way too much.

She had a way of getting the most out of it. The wicked smile on Carol's face, her large breasts
bouncing, that hair just flying, it all made Peter hard as a rock. He pierced her beautiful pussy every
time. His hands went all over her body, showing her how much he loved what she was doing to him.

"I didn't think I could ever have a cock this nice," Carol said. "They're going to be jealous of me…
but I'm sure you can help spread the wealth…and you can tap this every night."

Carol drove herself all the way down to the base of his cock. Her abdomen stuffed with Peter's
amazingly engorged prick. His balls held, but Carol used a pink light to clamp the base of his cock.
"Now, don't want to stop this fun too soon," Carol teased him.

Peter touched her nipples and released them with his sticky fingers. Carol sent her head rocking backward with the ride of her life. Her moist hole tugged on Peter's engorged manhood. Her hips rose and dropped onto him to cause a smack of firm flesh on firm flesh.

Carol enjoyed every single moment and knew she chose the right man. The energy coming off of his body, it melded well with the Star Sapphire power source. Her hips grinded up against him and brought her pussy all the way down off the base.

"Good," Carol breathed at the top of her lungs. "I want….I want all of this."

"I do too," Peter said. "You're so hot. I don't know how I lived without this…beautiful pussy. It's nice and…you're just so wet it's insane."

"Mmm, baby, you won't have to live without my pussy again. Or my tits, or my ass. Just pledge yourself to the Star Sapphire corps and all this and more would be yours."

Peter grunted underneath Carol's warm pussy. She smiled when feeling how her new lover took her inside and made them his own.

"You don't ever have to be lonely again, Peter," Carol said. "Just cum with me."

She took over the Star Sapphire Corps as their Queen, but they missed something to stabilize the power. They missed a king, and Peter would be the perfect person for the job. The love and adoration in his eyes, and the fact he could attract women like no one's business proved to be nicely.

"Cum with me."

Carol released Peter's balls from the vice like grip. He spent the next few minutes exploring Carol's body just as the goddess bounced on his tool with reckless abandon. Her head rolled back and she gave a whimpering moan when driving herself down onto his hardening tool with a couple more drops.

"Yes!"

The two of them joined together. Their union sealed, and Peter's cum firing inside of Carol's quivering quim. Each drop of cum was thicker than the last.

"Beautiful," Carol said with a shiver and smile. "Thank you, my king."

"Thank you, my queen."

Both Peter and Carol wrapped their arms into each other. The purplish-pink light bathed when they made out with each other.

The End.

The training facilities on Oa were some of the most amazing in the entire universe. Peter Parker, the newest Green Lantern of Sector 2814, looked around them with a smile on his face. He found it extremely amazing how they were able to accommodate so many alien races and there workout styles. Some of them were strong enough to lift cars, at least they would be if they were on Earth.

Peter stepped into one of the more mundane parts of the training facility. He came across one of the most amazing visuals in any planet no matter what the universe. A beautiful woman in yoga pants stretching over in front of him. The pink skinned beauty stretched over, taking a deep breath when going up and down. Peter caught a nice glimpse of the tantalizing flesh on her back and then down to her ass and firm legs sculpted in those pants.

Slowly, the woman turned around to reveal a gorgeous woman with short shoulder length hair which spiked up in place and luscious looking lips curling into a delightful smile. She sauntered a little bit closer towards the man in front of her, with a very knowing smile on her face. The black sports bra she wore barely contained her round rests.

"So, fresh meat," she said.

"Yes, I'm Peter Parker….

"The new Green Lantern of Sector 2814, I know," she said. "My name is Soranik Natu, and you're just in time."

She smiled, he looked pretty appeasing to her, and she always got worked up after a workout. Soranik beckoned him to come forward for him.

"Look, if that's about me staring, you….

"Yes, I know you were attracted to me," Soranik said. "Simple biology for one attractive person to be attracted to another attractive person. This is the one constant we can share in the universe, and… it is so hard to find someone willing to engage in what I want to do."

Soranik dropped down on a workout ball. It bounced and it was not the only thing that bounced. Peter had been drawn in to her cleavage in her pants. She kicked off her shoes for the workout which drew Peter's eyes to her sweet, gorgeous feet with perfectly formed toes and nice elegant arches.

"Have a seat."

Peter looked at the Green Lantern and sat down. The moment he sat down on the bouncing second bouncing ball, he could feel something run against her leg. It was her foot, which Peter groaned. Her foot moved up to slowly stroke against his cock on the outside of his pants.

"This is….."

"It feels good," Soranik said. "It feels good for my feet to have a nice workout, along with my hands, my mouth, and other parts of my body."

Soranik grabbed her breasts and then squeezed them to draw home her point. Then she dragged her
hands down her firm body, and then touched everything she could reach. Peter groaned as those toes tortured him, and she tortured him underneath his pants with her stroking foot.

"You should get out of those pants before they rip," Soranik said. "Let me help you."

The Green Lantern pulled her foot off of his cock. Peter felt a very obvious loss. She pulled down Peter's pants and his huge cock came out.

"It must be torture to walk around with that thing."

The reach torture was when her hand firmly gripped the base of his cock. Peter groaned, with her hand pulling up and down on him. Soranik leaned in and kissed Peter aggressively on the list.

The beautiful pink-skinned woman buried her tongue into Peter's mouth while stroking his huge cock. The groan coming from Peter was something else with her hand sliding down to the base of his cock. She worked up and then dropped down with a few hard pumps. His cock hardened in her hand.

"I've never worked with a piece of equipment so good," Soranik said. "I bet you didn't expect to get a workout like this when you can here."

The steel rod in Soranik's hand stretched and pulled when she kept pumping away at his manhood. It engorged and stretched in her hand every time she pumped on it. Peter received another kiss, as she worked his shirt open as well. His muscular chest had been revealed to her. She smiled when releasing his cock for a minute to run her hands all over her soon to be lovers firm body.

Peter reached in and grabbed her by the waist before pulling her over onto his lap. The alien beauty straddled his lap, with Peter reaching to the back of her head and kissing her on the side of the mouth. Her entire body heated up, and Peter decided to help alleviate some of the heat by pulling off her top.

Her round pink breasts came out, topped off with some darker colored nipples which stood up. Peter played with her chest which got some moans coming from the alien who ground against him. His hard cock brushed against her firm abs as well. How toned she was made Peter harden even more.

"You're tormenting me," Soranik breathed.

He kept touching those breasts and getting the alien on top of his lap all hot and bothered. The ball rolled back a slight amount which caused their momentum to stall.

"Turnabout is fair play."

Peter took those nipples and squeezed them. He trailed his hands down every part of her wonderful body he could reach. Soranik closed her eyes to feel the exploration from Peter. Every time his hands touched her, she thought the pleasure would explode from her body. She could not believe how nice these hands felt caressing her body, just making her his.

"Yes, yes, it is," Soranik breathed. "Touch me, feel my breasts. But, I'm not letting this go to the waste."

She grabbed his cock and rubbed it against the slit. Her yoga pants stuck to her lower body. Peter groaned the second that Soranik ground herself up against him. The woman wanted him so badly. Peter decided to help her out of those pants and expose a beautiful pussy.

"I'm not going to hold back once I start," Soranik said. "I hope you can last otherwise I will be
disappointed."

"No worries."

Soranik dropped down onto his cock. Peter entered a very tight pussy, her walls holding down against him. The workout continued with Soranik rising and falling. Her breasts bounced in his face. Peter stuck his face in and sucked on those nice bouncing titties. His hands grabbed the underside of them and caused her to moan when his cock slid inside of her.

"Mmm, you're...good," Soranik said.

She thought about tormenting him for a little bit, just a little fun at the expense of the newbie. Now that he was balls deep inside of her, Soranik would have to change her plans. His cock spiked deep inside of the woman. Her walls kept stretching around his cock. She came up and dropped down onto the stiff prick when it entered her body.

Peter touched every inch of this lovely skin which burned him up. Soranik rose and dropped onto his cock several times. Unless Peter missed his guess, she was about ready to cum. He had brought the gorgeous Green Lantern past the edge and ready to cum.

"Mmm," Soranik breathed. "That's...that's it!"

She hit a peak and dropped down, stretching her loins around his mighty rod. Every rise, every drop, filled her body up with such an immense piece of work. Soranik rode herself all the way to the edge and then just a little bit beyond. Her bouncing increased.

Gushing loins spilled her juices all over Peter's engorged rod. He stuck his might staff inside of her pussy, allowing her to rise and drop onto him with each motion.

The orgasm slowed down, and Peter stopped Soranik from bouncing up and down on him. He pulled out of her and caused her body to groan at the loss.

"Why isn't your penis inside me?"

"Go over to that bench and bend over," Peter said. "I've come here to work out, and that's what I'm going to do."

Soranik did not argue with him at least too much. The gorgeous woman stepped over and spread her legs at the edge of the bench. Peter took his hands and ran them all over her body. He spent a couple of minutes feeling up her round ass, and then went down to her firm legs.

Once he got Soranik particularly riled up and ready to receive, Peter lined up his hard cock for Soranik's slick passage. He guided himself inside of her body and shoved as much of his massive girth into her as possible.

Now, Peter was in control, Soranik knew it, but she did not mind. He pulled almost out of her before plunging inside of her body. Those thick balls kept smacking Soranik on her warm thighs, pushing deep inside of her body. The warmness of the tight pussy of the Green Lantern made Peter groan.

"You feel so good," Peter said. "I can just do this all day. Let's have a nice, long, workout. Building up to a climax, or have you tapped out?"

The Green Lantern looked over her shoulder, having been challenged by him. "Give me your best shot. You know you want to...pound me....HARDER!"
Peter held onto her hips and drilled himself into her waiting slit. Soranik took ahold of him, grabbing onto Peter's long hard cock when it filled her body. The constant pushing inside of her body riled Soranik up something fierce. Peter rocked the inside of her body with multiple hard thrusts. Each time his balls slapped against her, Soranik tightened a little bit harder around him.

"Never, never going to give up," Soranik said with a hungry breath coming from her.

It was the sort of thing that Peter Parker liked to hear. He kept slamming his rod into her. Her pussy closed around him and milked him. He grabbed her legs and spread them further before hooking them in a wheelbarrow like motion. He pounded Soranik from this particular position.

Soranik's entire body sang from one nerve ending to the next. Peter plowed her tightness, working up and down inside of her. She thought that the end had passed, but no, she felt everything he gave her. His cock drove down inside of her warm pussy with constant thrusting inside of her.

The feeling of his balls became heavy. Peter took his hardness and plunged into her constantly. He pushed her against the workout bench with a hard series of thrusts. He pulled back from her, only with his swollen head against her slit. Soranik looked over her shoulders, imploring eyes digging into his face.

Peter dug his fingers into her lower back and took another hard plunge inside of her. His balls kept snapping against Soranik's womanhood. Every thrust worked deep inside of her warm slit. Peter groaned when pushing back and then driving down into her moist hole. His balls kept brushing against her, filling up with the sensation of release.

Soranik realized that she could share with him something special if she just channeled enough strength inside of her pussy. Peter pulled back and plunged inside of her.

"Harder," Soranik breathed. "I want to feel this."

Peter kept trouncing the underside of her body and pushed deep inside of her body. She rose up off of the bench to allow Peter access to her breasts. He kept touching them and kept bringing new sensations through her body. Peter picked up a very hard pace and drove deep inside of her squeezing loins.

"You're going to feel the burn by the time we're done with this."

Peter's balls snapped back and hit her pussy. The vibrations kept going against her tight pussy and his balls grew harder the deeper he plowed into Soranik. The further he plunged into her, the closer he got to his orgasm.

Soranik enjoyed everything he did to her. She did not mind him treating her a little roughly. Those strong hands touched every inch of her body and started to set her loins on fire. Every time he plowed inside of her, with Peter ramming his hard cock inside of her nice warm loins. He stretched her out, and she felt like a fire inside of her was being put out by his pistoning manhood.

"Don't hold back," she breathed. "Keep it up…harder….keep it up. Pound me harder."

Peter plunged inside of her warm center and took the manhood as hard as possible inside of her snug center. She grabbed onto him, the feeling of an orgasm clamping down against him. Her pussy clutched him hard when slamming inside of her body.

"Yes, "Soranik moaned.

"I'm ready."
So was she, her body had been prepared for the entrance of his seed. Peter pushed his cock inside of her smoldering depths. Every ripple of her womanhood was amazing when it clamped down onto his invading cock. He pushed inside of her and pulled out of her. His balls tightened against her with rapid fire thrusts.

Peter released his seed inside of her body, with a heaving grunt. His balls shot his load inside of her body. He squeezed her backside and released even more cum inside of her warm, inviting loins. Peter rode her all the way through the end and pushed deep inside of her.

Soranik slid down on the floor, a smile on her face. This was one workout she would not be forgetting for a long time and she doubted he would either.

End.

No matter how bright the light, the person could be corrupted by many hardships. It just took the right amount of hardships to bring them to their breaking point. And on one knew more about suffering countless hardships than Peter Benjamin Parker, better known as Spider-Man.

The beautiful blonde woman approached the young man who lay broken and defeated at her feet. The latest battle with the Green Goblin mentally and physically wrecked him. The web slinger took a deep breath when looking up at the woman who approached her. The princess, Yabbott Ummon Tarru, of a destroyed Earth, who had turned twisted, as the Black Swan.

"What…what…"

"Osborn again," she said. "It always seems to be Norman Osborn. The world has forsaken the man who has saved them numerous times. And yet, they go behind Norman Osborn, a man who destroyed the lives of many, including his own son. If he could do what he's done to his own flesh and blood, who he cares about, then the world is blind. It is why world's die, they are woefully blind to the evil men do."

The Black Swan pulled Spider-Man up to his feet. She looked at the man. Broken from the loss, the Goblin's latest rampage destroyed half of Manhattan.

"You have something in you," Black Swan said. "What will it take to release the darkness within you?"

"There's always hope," Spider-Man said.

"Never hope, not now, not ever," Black Swan said. "Those who woefully are ignorant to hope are among the first to die. And you will perish for that reason Spider-Man."

The Black Swan ripped his mask from his face and exposed the gaunt face of Peter Parker. Without the mask, he was just another victim of a world which did not care.

"I'm here to offer the one comfort which men and women bury themselves when all has betrayed them," she said. "And know, I will not hurt you, for I've been down that road."

The Princess kissed him as hard. Her lips dominated Peter's. Peter reached up, his hands almost pushing her away. Then he stopped, grabbed onto the back of his head. He needed something, an outlet to bury the anger which built inside his body.

The Black Swan opened her mouth to allow him to force that tongue down her throat. She took in a deep breath the more that Spider-Man edged his tongue inside of her mouth. She knew despite all else, he was hers. Wrapped around her finger without any question in the world.

"It will be alright for now," Black Swan said. "Give in to your inhibitions."

Spider-Man wrapped a hand around her waist. The tempting blonde ground her hips around him. Spider-Man knew, Peter Parker knew, he should not be giving into her. She took advantage of him, for some sinister purpose on one of his darkest days.
Tongue buried into the Black Swan's mouth drove all thoughts of logic after Peter's mind. The inside of her mouth tasted like a forbidden candy. A sweet Peter knew was bad for him, but was too tantalizing to pass up. Speaking of tantalizing, his hands rolled over her body as well. The Black Swan pushed Peter through an open doorway, and both of them landed on a bed.

"It's the only thing that can bring you happiness," the Black Swan said. "Even if it's for a few minutes."

She had his pants off and his cock out. Peter knew this was all kinds of wrong. Yet the mouth of the seductive, and slightly evil woman, caressed the edge of his cock. Her warm mouth found his throbbing length. Her hands grabbed his balls.

The Black Swan could tell slowly she corrupted the light within this young man by this sinful action. And she was not entirely repulsed with what she had to do with him. In fact, she felt his cock bobbing into her mouth to be a quite enjoyable action.

"Oh, Princess," Peter groaned. "You're amazing."

The sultry lady's warm lips tightened around Peter and slid down to his pole. She sucked him, as hard as possible, and then came down onto him. Peter grabbed the back of the Black Swan's head to drive his engorged manhood into her mouth.

"You shouldn't receive all of the pleasure."

Those tight black pants shimmied off of the Black Swan's body. She turned herself completely around and lowered her very juicy thighs down onto the face of her lover. Her pussy smelled wonderful. Peter pushed his tongue against her hole and buried his sorrow alongside his tongue inside of her.

The two lovers engaged in mutual pleasure with each other. The burning desire Black Swan felt for her lover increased. Her mouth worked down his cock and hummed on him. She received just as much pleasure from his hands and his mouth as well.

An extremely sweet and very forbidden taste continued to spill into Spider-Man's mouth. Peter could not believe he gave in so nicely, but damn, it tasted so good. Her lips sealed around his cock was also making a very excellent argument to the reason why he should keep this up.

The Black Swan continued to ease her way down. Every brush of his tongue against her thighs made the Black Swan drip. She rewarded him with a very hungry suck, working down to the base of his cock. She engulfed him inside of her mouth and released him. The sucking continued to escalate with every single gesture being more hungry than the last. She really wanted him to feel the pleasure that her mouth could bring.

Peter held onto her hips and buried his tongue as deep as possible inside of her. He tasted the tantalizing juices which continued to spill down onto his lips.

Just seconds before his orgasm came, the Black Swan gripped the base of his cock to stop his release. She pulled away from him. The feeling of her thighs lost.

"You want more," she said. "Your body craves more. Your cock craves more."

These words received the added appeal of having Peter's hard cock against her. Peter reached up and grabbed her top pulling it off. Two ripe looking breasts came out. The term forbidden fruit came to mind straight away. His hands caressed those luscious spheres. Peter pulled on them, squeezed on him, when his cock had been trapped between their bodies.
"We really shouldn't be doing this."

"And yet we are," the Black Swan said. "Because, we need to. Because we have to…and there's a small part of us who want to."

The heat pulsing from her pussy showed Peter the Black Swan really wanted to do this. He really wanted to do this as well. Every tantalizing curve of her body burned him up. Peter slid, he could have pulled back just as easily, and walked off.

"You were doomed from the moment," Black Swan said. "Embrace being broken…embrace that nothing matters other than this."

She slammed herself down onto Peter's throbbing hard rod. The moment Peter entered her, the former Princess knew she had him. His hands grabbed her lower back and made sure she did not leave. The Black swan had no intention of leaving at all.

"More," she breathed.

Peter took the erect nipple and sucked on it. Sensual moans escaped the throat of the woman. She drove herself down onto his cock.

Never had a good feeling been so wrong. Yabbot wiggled her hips down and slipped further down onto him. Their flesh connected to each other. The smacks reached a fever pitch with Peter taking his cock inside of her body. He mastered her insides. He mastered her. Everything she ever wanted would be give right now. She pushed a nipple into his mouth and gave him what he wanted.

"I thought….you feel better than I thought," Black Swan said.

"Enough talking."

Peter pulled out of her and the Black Swan panicked for a second. She readjusted her resolve, but the tension of his cock leaving her body left her very vulnerable. The web slinger came on top of her and pushed his hands onto her shoulders to pin her back onto the bed. His cock ground against her opening.

"You don't need me to fuck you, "Peter said. "You want me to fuck you. Despite your act, you're just hungry for my cock. And I don't mind that…but you should be honest."

The Black Swan closed her eyes. Every time Peter came close to her, she tried to lift her opening up to meet him. However, Peter pulled away from her and did not slip between her eager lips. He could have gotten her at any time and taken her without any problem. Peter wanted to draw out the torment for her.

"Yes!" she begged him. "I want you."

Spider-Man took the plunge and slid inside of her scorching hole. Her nails reached up dig into his back. His cock rose up and drove himself down into her pussy. The woman's heart raced when her walls slid up and snagged his manhood inside of her.

The former Princess found herself thrown into a state she never thought she would. Spider-Man was the pinnacle of everything. Something about him, she could not put her mind on it. The way he touched her body, and made the vixen feel amazing, she hated it and loved it at the same time.

"Damn it, fuck me!" she yelled. "That's what you want to wreck my pussy! You want to pound me until I can't think straight."
"Yes," Peter groaned.

The handsome hero rose up and dropped his hard cock into the slick center of the woman underneath him. Her loins stretched around him the second Peter rose up out of her and dropped down onto her. His balls slammed against the woman's tender pussy.

Moans came from the woman. She hated it, hated how her climax reached up to an edge. Those nails pushed into Peter's back with her hips rising and falling off of the bed. Peter slid his mighty prick inside of her body and then drove it out of her. The whimpering beauty knew she was feeling good. The rush inside of her body made her feel so alive.

Peter Parker gave into himself. Nothing else mattered other than his hard cock shoving into her body. He stretched her out, rising and falling into her. His balls snapped back and dropped onto her tender womanhood. The Black Swan pushed her up off of the bed and took more of his cock inside of her body than ever before. Her warm womanhood took him inside of her body.

"Mmm," she breathed hungrily.

Those legs tightened their grip around them. He ran his hands over the soft feminine flesh, and made her whimper underneath his thrusts. He rose and lowered, driving his hard cock deep and far inside of the woman. The woman's loins stretched out around his throbbing hard rod and then pushed against him. Peter rose up and slammed down inside of her body as hard as possible.

The Black Swan's back arched and her hips rose. She took him inside of her body. Pleasure like she never felt hit her body. The ripples of lust only rose the more his fingers touched her body.

"It feels so good to give in."

That whisper in his ear was one final attempt to try and regain control of this situation.

"Don't know," Peter said in a low voice. "You tell me."

The Black Swan hated how he manipulated her body just in the right places. She hoped that this would be the beginning of a very sinful union. The way she manipulated her body, well, it brought several conflicting emotions into the body of the Princess underneath him.

Peter loved this beauty and how she reacted. Her abdomen extended when his hard cock stuffed into it. He buried deep inside of her very snug pussy. He slid almost out and then dropped down inside of her. Those walls snapped back around him and gave Peter a very good workout the deeper he pushed his rod inside of her.

"YES!" the Black Swan mewled. "It's so good….POUND ME RAW!"

The web slinger had no regrets when he drove his cock inside of the body of this very willing, and slightly broken, woman. Those nails dug into his flesh which healed thanks to his power. She matched his power by lifting her loins to meet him. Peter shoved himself balls deep into the very willing woman. She tugged on his manhood, straining his loins to no end degree.

Something had to give, sooner rather than later. Peter pushed himself inside of her. He groaned when he felt it.

"Remember what I said about letting it go," she moaned in his ear. "I want you to let it go….I want you to let it go inside me now….don't you ever hold back for me!"

The Black Swan's warm walls grabbed Peter and pushed him inside of her gushing depths. His balls
gave way and filled her womanhood with his sticky seed. She responded by gushing and cumming for him. Peter slammed deep inside of her body.

The flow of juices between the two of them happened. Any regrets would have to wait until later, with Peter driving the point of his rod inside of the Black Swan's pussy. They shared one of the most mind-blowing orgasms possible, neither of them stopping as their bodies reached a steady climax.

Peter finished draining his stored up load inside of the Black Swan's warm walls. She finished milking him with a soft smile crossing her face.

"Oh, we're going to have so much fun together."

Peter draped his arm around the woman as she laid on top of him. She was delightfully twisted, but why was that oddly attractive to him? She snuggled up against his body when the two drifted to sleep.

What happened after that, well only time would tell.

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End.

Two doors swung open at a beach house, and Peter Parker stepped out of the house. He finally decided to get away for a few days for a vacation. It helped that a pretty blonde female inspired him to do so. The web slinger stepped into the picture and looked down at the figure who laid chest down on a chair. The straps of her swimsuit top were on and showcased a very nice red, white, and blue patriotic bra. The panties covering her upturned and very shapely ass only caused Peter one thought.

'God bless America.'

Shannon Carter, the young superheroine known as the American Dream, the niece of the legendary Peggy Carter, currently laid out working on her tan and allowing the sun rays to soak into her body. She took in a deep breath and smiled. The air was very relaxing. She could hear someone coming out of the beach house.

"While you're here, put some suntan lotion on me, please, Peter."

The web slinger just smiled and nodded. Granted, this was one of the oldest fantasies in the world, rubbing suntan lotion on the body of a pretty and nubile blonde. Each curve beckoned for Peter's touch more than the last. He tried to keep his wits about him.

'Hey, clichés are only cliché because they work time and time ago.'

Shannon smiled at the older man going behind her. She enjoyed mature men, more than the young boys around her age group. Nineteen years old, she thought she could turn the attention of any man, but her dating life had come to a halt a long time ago.

Now, she had one of the most handsome man, who she had a crush on for years, even before it wasn't permitted by law for him to do anything to her. He cupped the suntan lotion on his hand and prepared to rub it onto him.

Those hands, those hands just rubbed down Shannon's back, starting at her neck and working its way down. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of the more mature man working over her lower back with the constant application of suntan lotion. His fingers danced down her lower back and kept going down.

"Pull them down if you need to," Shannon told him.

The sensual and sinful young blonde really wanted Peter to pull down her bottoms where she was naked. Peter found very few reasons to argue against it. He slowly pulled down her bottoms. The temptation to push his finger inside of that tender young hole visited the web slinging hero.

'Keep it in order, and focus,' Peter thought.

The web slinger pushed his hands around her body and had to move in, straddling her. Shannon's butt grinded against his crotch when she moved so he could get better access. Or maybe she could get better access to him, Peter had no idea.

Shannon smiled when she felt what was poking into her backside. That naughty, naughty, boy, he
was getting off with excitement at her. The young man kept touching her body and making Shannon breath in deeply and breath out the more that she had been touched.

"That's...perfect," Shannon said with a deep breath.

Peter was sure it was, and so was she. Her thighs parted and Peter ran the suntan lotion on the back of her legs. The web slinger moved between her thighs. The allure of her perfectly pink pussy almost drew his fingers in the taboo zone. Peter tried to avoid touching her, but he could not. He was being taunted by this womanly sheath of flesh which kept sucking him in.

"Spider-Man," Shannon breathed. "Turn me over, get my front."

To get her front, Peter would have to see all of her. He grabbed the girl and turned her over. Her breasts came up off of the deck chair she laid on. Peter laid eyes on those round wonders, and looked at the rest of her body. She folded her arms underneath her breasts and pushed them out to greater prominence. That angel face, curly blonde hair, with pouty lips, and a slender neck was the benefit of Peter's visual scope.

"Okay, you've got it."

Peter cupped his hands and smeared the lotion all over Shannon's breasts. The girl thrust her chest into his hands and Peter rubbed on those perfect teenage tits. He never felt a pair so nice and so squeezable, not to mention how big they were.

'Then again, judging by the archival photos of Peggy Carter....'

That was the furthest Peter was going to go with that particular train of thought regarding Agent Carter and her assets. Peggy Carter was the type of woman who would somehow come through time and kick his ass. His hands cupped Shannon's ample chest with her nipple extending out to be gripped as hard as possible.

The flat stomach and the smooth thighs were next. Shannon was excited, and ready to take things up to the next level. She watched Peter rise up from her. The bulge in his shorts drew the young heroine's attention and caused her lips to smack together in excitement.

'I want that. I need that."

"Those look uncomfortable," Shannon said. "Why don't you get some air?"

Shannon slid Peter's pants down and his huge cock came out. She got more than she bargained for by looking down this massive member. Her fingers wrapped around Peter's throbbing hard rod and she held onto it. She pumped him and made his hard cock expand a little bit more. Shannon put her warm lips on the tip of his cock and gave him a suck.

"Oh, damn, we shouldn't.....OOOH!" Peter groaned.

The wet mouth of the sultry blonde wrapped around Peter's hard cock and took any argument out of his hands. Shannon grabbed Peter's lower back and sank her lips all the way down onto the base of his cock. She took him into her mouth and down her throat with a hard suck.

Shannon never let herself go with such reckless abandon. Yet, this was something that she just had to let go. Shannon sucked him harder than ever before.

Peter did not quite figure out what spurred this on, but he enjoyed it. Enjoyed the warm sensation pumping around his cock with Peter driving his hard cock into her mouth. Shannon's mouth
stretched out and took as much of Peter's cock inside of her mouth. The deliciously beautiful woman drew him out of her mouth, wrapped her tongue around him, and shoved his cock into her mouth one more time.

"So, good," Peter groaned.

Shannon smiled through the blowjob and the continued sucking would bring Peter to the edge and beyond, if she had anything to say about it. Her fingers caressed Peter's balls to get him going.

The younger woman brought Peter to the edge. She either had some practice, or was a natural. It was not the sort of thing a gentleman asked of a lady. Peter grabbed the back of her head, and speared his cock into her tight oral hole. His balls clenched.

Shannon tilted her head back and showcased her beautiful neck strength with a constant driving. The young man pushed his hard cock into Shannon's warm mouth and fired away at her.

The thick and juicy cum spilled inside of Shannon's warm mouth. She sucked him down and pulled away from him. The cum strands hung from her tongue. The blonde swirled them on her tongue and tilted her head back before gulping down his cum with one steady motion.

Peter wondered what was going to happen next. Shannon pushed back onto the chair, and her pussy spread apart. Those gorgeous lips parted for Peter. She lifted her legs into the air and put her feet on Peter's shoulder. She smiled at him and dropped her legs down onto the chair.

"Looks like you're saluting me again, Spidey," she said in a teasing voice.

Peter put his fingers on the underside of her cleavage and took mastery of her generous looking teenage breasts. Shannon gasped the very second Peter touched her and played her. He played with her round breasts and got her all excited. The web slinger touched her firm abs and made her breath.

"I want this," Shannon said. "Put your cock in me."

"Now, where would be in life if we got what we wanted all of the time?"

Peter danced against Shannon's dripping hot slit. He could feel the heating pulsing from the body of the woman. Each touch brought her hips up to make sure more touches could be delivered. Peter drove his finger almost into her insides, but pulled back at the last second to leave Shannon absolutely breathless from what he was doing. Peter pushed a finger inside and then pulled it out.

He struck the proper nerve when sliding his finger inside of the body of the beautiful woman. He took her slick breasts into his right hand while pleasuring the feisty blonde with his left hand. The vaginal passage became loosened just enough for Peter to put his cock inside of her willing and waiting body.

"Oh God!" Shannon yelled at the top of her lungs.

He buried his fingers deep inside of the gushing cunt of the younger woman underneath him. Shannon's hips rose up off of the bench and fell down instantly. Peter pushed his fingers inside of that gorgeous, slick slit.

"You want my cock now?"

"YES!"

That scream of affirmation had been added with a clenching of her insides. Peter pulled his fingers
out from her and climbed on top of Shannon. Their toned bodies pushed against each other. Her legs spread for him. The inviting nature of her thighs spread apart was more than enough to really get Peter excited. He aimed his huge cock against Shannon's very inviting slit.

Shannon wanted to really get his cock inside of her in the worst possible way. She clenched at him and then stretched out just as much as possible.

The tightness of barely tapped teenage pussy was a feeling Peter did not have for a long time. This All-American blonde underneath him allowed Peter's hard cock to shove inside of her body. Shannon parted for him and took Peter inside of her.

The two joined each other, with Peter rocking his huge cock inside of Shannon's very inviting slit. His fingers grabbed her on the side and pushed inside of the beautiful woman. His balls snapped back against her warm thighs. A deep push inside of her body made Shannon rise up.

"Go ahead," Peter told her. "Just let it go!"

Shannon's entire body rose up and met Peter the second he drove his hard cock inside of her inviting hole. She clenched onto him and released him. Peter slid his fingers down the inviting legs of the beautiful woman. His mighty rod rose up and dropped down inside her dripping pussy.

"I will!" she moaned at the top of her lungs.

Those nails dug into his back and pushed deep inside of her. Those vaginal walls stretched for Peter the more he rose up and dropped down inside of her. His hard balls slapped against the thighs of the mewling vixen underneath him. She stretched and released around him.

Peter could feel the orgasm building up inside of her, as his cock pushed further inside of her. He spread her thighs out and worked deep inside of her. The web-slinging hero rocked her body through another orgasm. They continued to chain together every time he drilled himself into her.

"Getting close?" he asked.

"Mmm, you know it," she whispered hotly in his ear.

Shannon tightened her grip around him. Every thrust of the mighty rod inside of her brought a new feeling of excitement through her. Her legs held onto him and took Peter into her horny depths. Peter drove his cock inside of her womanly core.

Reaching her peak drove Shannon completely nuts. The powerful young man knew how to reach those pleasure spots to thrill her loins. He thrust into her and held the motion before pulling out almost all the way. He drove himself back into her. Peter rose and fell completely several times to pound her silly.

Shannon held tight around him. The sensational heroine dripped with sweat when Peter drove his hard rod into her needy slit. Peter pulled back from her and built in the tension. He slowed down just enough for Shannon to recover. He did not slow down that much with Shannon tightening her pulsing core around his cock.

"Give it to me," Shannon said. "I don't want you to slow down until we're both cumming."

Both bodies molded together, with the mature man thrusting into the barely legal teen being an exciting feeling. Shannon rubbed her warm walls deep against Peter to encourage him to lose it inside of her. Peter cupped her skin and kept slamming inside of her magnificent slit.
"PETER!"

Shannon's hungry moaning in his ear made Peter's cock twitch. It twitched a couple more times when a rush of delight from his loins increased. Peter spiked his manhood inside of her body. Her loins tightened around him. He reached his apex, and he knew it was going to cum.

Loins met together in a flurry of passion. Shannon clenched him, her nails digging into him. Peter responded by grabbing onto every inch of her body to the point where Shannon wished her lover had a few extra hands to hold onto her. She would take his cock as much as possible inside of her.

"YES!"

Peter reinforced his cock inside of her. The tightening of her slick walls made Peter's hard cock to drive down inside of her body. His balls throbbed and released himself into her.

Shannon arched back to accept the gift cumming from his balls. His raging rod kept slamming inside of her body. The two joined each other while rising and falling. Shannon milked him to the point where his balls drained.

The two stopped with each other. Peter rested his head on the ample chest of his younger lover. She smiled and looked towards him.

"I like a man who has a nice cock and knows what to do with it," she whispered. "Especially one which never is too far from getting hard."

Shannon rolled Peter over and mounted the top of him. She teased both of them for a minute before taking the plunge.

Peter laid back and allowed the younger, horny, blonde woman to ride him while touching her bouncing breasts and making her moan underneath his touches.

The beach would only heat up.

End.

Next Chapter: 10/14/2017.
The Teen Titan known as Bumblebee looked from the right to the left and then right in front her. The dark skinned beauty filled into a nice tight suit which caused her generous curves to fill in. Every time she moved, the suit pressed against her body. It allowed her to be comfortable when fighting crime.

She shrunk down when hearing something coming. Karen's eyes narrowed when looking back and forth at someone. She could see something coming at her. A line of webbing caught her by the arm. A flash caused the Teen Titan to reappear and come face to face with Spider-Man.

Time to go on the attack because she might not have another chance to come after him, at least from what she figured. Bumblebee brought a stinging punch through the air directly at her adversary. Said adversary blocked the punch and flipped up into the air away from Karen.

"Alright, time for you to go down!" Bumblebee yelled.

She blasted him with a stinger blast. The web slinger was out of the way as quickly and behind her. The line of webbing shot from his wrist. She just narrowly avoided the first webbing line. The second time the web lining came out, it snagged her. The dark-skinned crime fighter had been pulled in to go face to face with the web slinger.

Karen tried to struggle out of the position. The ebony beauty locked her eyes on him, and could not help and be a little bit excited to feel the line of webbing tightened around her body in such a way. It made her think of something very naughty. Perhaps it was just her.

"Looks like I snagged a little bumblebee into my web," Spider-Man said. "I wonder what I should do with you?"

Bumblebee took a deep breath with the web line tightening around her body. She kept her eyes on the web slinger and noticed how every stitch of clothing just stretched around his athletic, muscular body. It was a very nice sight to see and Karen wanted to look on it every day.

"Careful, I sting," she said.

"I believe the deal was whoever got the person got anything that they wanted," Spider-Man said. "Within reason, technically, but I think we can make it so we both win."

The sultry smile crossing over Bumblebee's face and a sway of her hips moved her closer towards her. The webbing was still wrapped around her. "How, do you propose we do that?"

The web slinger's mask slipped up and he moved in towards her. He held the web line around her and pulled the beauty into him. They pushed together, chest to chest, groin to groin, and lip to lip.

Kissing Peter dragged Karen to a new excited level. She really wished her hands had not been pinned so the body of this handsome hero was open for plenty of exploration. The web slinger touched the inside of her lips and worked into her mouth.

Two warm tongues intertwined together. Grabbing hands touched Karen's ample backside. She worked herself against Peter and rotated against him.
The web slinger pushed Karen against the wall, and slowly undid the zipper on her costume. Her chocolate cleavage came out for Peter to look at her.

"You're too much."

Peter did not say anything. He worked her costume down so she was wearing only a black bra from the waist up. His hands steadied themselves against Karen's nice breasts. He touched the woman's chest and caused to shove his chest.

One hand took turn caressing Karen's juicy breasts. Her body was a delicious sight, and Peter could not wait to have some fun. She responded with his touches.

Rushes of cool air came down between Karen's thighs when Peter rolled the top of her pants down to reveal her black thong underneath it. He slowly pealed the thong away from Karen's body to touch her scorching slit. The woman lifted her hips to meet Peter's intrusion.

"Fuck me now," Karen begged him. "Please, baby, I need that huge cock inside of me."

The ebony-skinned goddess tried to encourage him by rubbing against his body. Her breasts stuck out, her thighs spread, but Peter remained just teasing her body while pushing her against the wall. Karen's thighs spread for him even more when he drove a finger into her, followed by a second finger.

"That's what you want," Peter said. "But, I believe the deal was that I would get what I want first. And seeing this pretty little Bumblebee squirming in my web is more than enough."

Her pussy clenched at the thought of being taken by the man of her dreams. Karen rotated her hips back and up. She wanted that cock the second she saw the outline of it sticking out from the other side of those tights. Her body felt a rush of energy coming through it.

"Time for you to let it go," Peter said.

Karen thrust her hips up to meet Peter's thrusting fingers. The cum coated Peter's thrusting fingers. He held on for a few minutes and then pulled out of her. He touched the cum-soaked fingers up to Karen's mouth for her to get a taste of them.

"Mmmm," she said with a sharp breath.

"Clean my fingers, and you'll get a reward."

The feeling of his hard cock touching her slit, even with his pants in the way, caused her to almost lose her mind. Karen sucked on his fingers which caused his cock to grow harder.

"Looks like you get the prize you sought after all."

Karen closed her eyes and felt his fingers leave her mouth. Her dark thighs parted, and her handsome lover reinforced the hold on the wall. Karen held herself onto the wall with her thighs completely spread and ready for Peter to drive himself inside of her.

"Want this so badly," Karen begged him.

"You want it?" Peter asked. "You got it."

That long cock slowly disappeared between her dark thighs and ended in the sexy girl's pussy. His groin pushed against hers and drove his cock inside of her.
Peter felt up the well-toned leg of the stunning Teen Titan when pushing her into the wall. Her body was completely gorgeous from head to toe, and speaking of toes, Peter massaged all the way down to her foot when going against her body. Karen's bucking hips showed how much she liked having her feet played with and tormented.

"Kinky little girl likes her feet played with, doesn't she?" Peter asked.

Karen closed her eyes. The balls slapping against her jerked her back to life. Peter was all over her when he fucked her into the wall. She responded by grabbing onto his body. She squeezed his ass with her legs and he responded by driving into it.

"You're simply amazing, hon," Karen breathed in his ear.

"Thanks, you're pretty sexy yourself."

Peter plowed his mighty rod inside of Karen's very eager womanhood. He thrust into her as fast as possible. The body he indulged in was not enough. He needed to touch more, have more, have his way with her. He sucked on those caramel colored nipples sticking out of him.

The heroine underneath Peter's thrusting enjoyed everything he did to her. The orgasm slowly built up within her, and she was getting closer to losing her mind. Peter spiked inside of her and as a result, her walls came around him. He slid almost all the way back and reinforced his spiking into her.

"Mmmm, mmm, oooh!" Karen breathed.

Her tits pretty much were his to take and Peter took them along with the rest of her body. His balls grew rigid, but will-power came into place. The web slinger drove his cock inside the lover. Her curvy frame pressed against his and took as much cock inside as possible. Peter grunted and worked himself into her.

Dazed, Karen could describe what was happening to her as nothing. Stars blasted in her mind from the feeling of this hard cock driving deep inside of her body. Karen kept shoving her hips as far back to meet Peter's incoming thrust. His balls snapped against her when he plunged deeply.

The end almost came, with Peter pulling out of her at the last second. Peter cupped the inside of her thighs and squeezed her which caused Karen to quiver.

The next thing Karen knew, he spun her around. The webbing dislodged from around her wrists. He had her pinned against the wall. A feeling of intense pleasure came down the body of the young woman the second that Peter ground his hard cock down the small of her back and teased her hole from behind.

"Please, I need you bad," Karen said.

"Oh, I can tell you got it bad," Peter said. "I wonder if I should pay tribute to another beautiful hole."

Peter flicked his finger inside of Karen's snug back passage. He decided against it for now. Perhaps another time, he would be buried inside of that perfectly formed ass. Now, her pussy called for him. Peter worked his cock inside of her with one huge plunge stuffed into her body.

He filled Karen with his hard cock. The young man pushed inside Karen's warm gushing pussy. Peter almost pulled all the way out of her body and then plunged himself inside of her warmth. The familiar feeling of Karen's gushing walls squeezing on him made Peter only want to fill her harder and faster from behind.
"Peter," Karen panted.

Those hands cupped Karen's round tits and released them. A steady rhythm established with Peter driving his manhood into her and then pulling all the way out of her. His cock head pushed against her heated womanhood and then shoved inside of her one more time.

All the way he pushed into her, her nice body pressed in his hand. Peter cupped the underside of her breasts and squeezed them. He created an immense amount of friction against her nipples when rising and dropping against her. His balls slapped against her thighs every time he buried inside of her.

"Again."

The feeling of his mouth against her made Karen almost lose it. It was a good thing he was holding her up and pushing her against the wall. She might have collapsed down onto the ground otherwise. He pushed into her and worked his thick rod inside of her body as much as possible.

So much warmth, so much pleasure, so many good feelings came through Karen's body. Peter buried his cock into the depths and shoved his way inside of her. His manhood slid into her and then out of her. Steady momentum increased with his heat-seeking missile finding her scorching heat. The touches of her body lighting her on fire.

Peter's loins tightened. He slowed down just enough. His lover's core beckoned him with Peter plunging inside of her. He touched Karen's nipples, taking completely mastery of them. She bit down on her lip and let out a very intense looking moan from her body.

"You're making it hard to hold back."

"I don't…don't!"

Peter got the message loud and clear from her whisper, and her body. The ride would continue with Peter sliding into her body and then out of her. Twelve inches of mighty rod speared into her welcoming body.

The young man entered pure heaven inside of her body. Those balls were about ready to rush into her. Karen milked his rod when it penetrated.

"I don't have to hold it back…good to know."

Two steady hands worked over her round breasts and then traveled to other parts of her body. Karen's walls slid all the way down onto him. He buried himself into her when the milking continued. Every inch of those perfectly tight walls made Peter grunt, and grope her.

The slow and subtle torture of her body turned into something else entirely. Karen came again with Peter plunging deep inside of her body. Those balls strained and prepared to launch. Those strong hands resting on her ass and playing with her tight asshole only made her.

"Are you sure you're the only one that stings?"

Peter drove his point home inside Karen's eager pussy and then pulled all the way out of her. He plunged inside Karen's tightening walls. Karen released him, for him to slide into her again. This time she hung on until the very second his balls bubbled to the service.

The two met in the center with Peter discharging his seed into her. The first splash weakened Karen's knees. The second drove an intense wave through her body. Peter kept driving himself into her,
emptying his seed. Her walls clutched him and squeezed the cum from his pulsing balls.

A loud grunt followed with Peter pushing his cum loaded balls against Karen and draining his seed inside of her warm, and willing body. He touched her nipples, tempting her breasts when finishing inside of her. His balls finished the steady discharge inside Karen.

The release both achieved were good. Peter caught Karen in his arms and kissed the stunning vixen, who smiled.

"So, my place?" Karen asked.

"I'll swing us over."

Spider-Man and Bumblebee went to the night. Bumblebee figured she needed to be caught in Spider-Man’s web more often.

End.

Next Chapter: 10/18/2017.
Settling in for a nice and relaxing weekend, Peter Parker stirred around in his bed. Something else stirred in the bed. A warm seal created a suction feeling around his stiff cock. The young man put his fingers up to grab the red hair belonging to the head which bobbed up and down of his throbbing manhood. He groaned at the feeling of that very tight mouth.

He looked down to the beautiful face belonging to Princess Koriand'r of the Planet Tamaran, also known as the Teen Titans member known as Starfire. Her wide and expressive eyes bugged out when the length of Peter's hard cock shoving into the warm throat of the woman bobbing up and down on him. Peter groaned with Kori bobbing her head up and down on him. The worship of his throbbing cock made Peter buck his hips up and groan when she kept going to town on him.

Kori's mouth opened wide and slid down to the base of the throbbing cock of the man underneath him. The first signs of life only inspired a spark when she went down onto his manhood. Her hand cupped Peter's balls felt the growing tension in them. The squeeze tightened with Peter driving his manhood into her warm and willing mouth. Her lips kept popping and releasing the throbbing cock into her mouth.

"Kori," Peter grunted in a half asleep state.

She smiled and released Peter's cock to swirl around the head of the young man's cock. Her lips parted his massive rod and then dropped down onto him. His balls slapped up and down off of the bed with each sensational suck. His cock released from her mouth and slapped against Kori's very moist lips.

Kori dropped down onto Peter's hard cock when it stretched into her mouth. She sucked him and played with his throbbing balls. The stunning alien princess brought her lover to an orgasm. The first blasts of cum started to fire into her mouth.

Peter grabbed Kori's hair and thrust up into her mouth. Those balls squeezed and launched cum into her mouth. The orange-skinned babe worked his cock into her throat. The flood of cum driven into Kori's warm throat with a few more blasts.

"Morning!" Kori cheered in a chipper voice, with a bright smile on her face. "It's nice to see you up and alert."

The material of her lingerie slipped open and revealed Kori's round breasts. The young man pushed closer towards her and smiled. He touched Kori's round breasts and gave them a very firm squeeze. Her body reacted to him along with her mouth.

"I'm always alert with you," Peter said. "And I hope you're having a very good morning."

Already, Peter's hard cock brushed against Kori's firm thigh. She giggled in response and rolled him over onto the bed. Kori suckled the side of his neck, kissing down on his chest. Peter worked his fingers down Kori's back and caused her to breath.

"Yes," she agreed. "It's a very good day with you. Now we can have some fun."

Kori's breasts pushed into Peter's hands and he squeezed them. She rolled over and Peter was on top.
of her. He teased her breasts and rubbed his hard cock between her legs. A tease of him slipping in made Kori gasp at the attention played to her. Her body pushed up to allow a warm heat to pulse between her legs. Another gasp came in when Peter started to rub up against her.

"I want you," she said.

"In due time," Peter said.

Several black tendrils shot through Peter's fingers. He touched Kori's juicy nipples and pulled on them from the tendrils coming from Peter's suit. Every touch shot fire through her body. Kori worked her hips up and down off of the bed, trying to push herself up towards Peter.

"PLEASE!" she begged him.

Peter smiled and moved his hands down to her side. He touched the gorgeous body of the alien princess. Each touch brought her.

"Are you sure you want me?" Peter asked. "Are you sure you want my hands all over your nice tits? Are you sure you want your hard cock into me?"

The young man touched Kori's bouncing breasts and they sprung back. A mewling scream came from the Princess the second Peter latched his mouth onto her nipple and sucked her hungrily. Kori pushed more of her orange breasts into Peter's mouth. His cock kept grinding against her, with the tendrils from the alien suit wrapping around her.

Finally, Peter stopped teasing her and took the plunge inside of Kori's scorching loins. The alien princess grabbed onto his body and floated up off of the bed by about six inches. This allowed Peter to wrap the tendrils from his alien suit around Kori and rise up to jam down into her.

Two thrusts into Kori's body rocked her and slowly worked her. A third thrust drove into Kori's womanhood, pushing almost all the way down into her body. Peter picked up the tempo and worked Kori slowly. He denied her for as long as possible.

Peter could feel the warmth spreading through the loins underneath him. He spiked Kori's womanhood and caused her pussy to start gushing. Peter leaned down and sucked on her tits. Kori thrashed up and down to took Peter's cock inside.

"OOOOHHH!" Kori screamed.

One stiff spear struck Kori down. The slimy black tendrils rubbed over Kori's sensitive clit and teased the inside of her asshole at the same time. Peter pushed himself against her. His hands pinched and prodded at Kori's firm legs. The gorgeous vixen came up. Their hips met together with a series of huge thrusts.

"Let it go."

Peter buried his raging manhood into the sexy woman underneath him. Those hands grabbed the back of his head with Peter burying his face in her chest. He sucked on those gorgeous globes which brought Kori to the edge. He nibbled on the nipples, the cleavage, and the underside of her breasts. The love bites marking all over her breasts. Peter slid his manhood into Kori's sheath.

"You're just too much," Peter groaned.

"Oh, you like it, don't you?" Kori asked.
"Well, to be fair, I can be too much as well."

The tendrils pushed their bodies together as much as possible. Peter buried inside Kori's slick slit. He pulled almost all the way out and drove his hard cock inside of Kori's warm body. Kori tightened the grip around Peter's waist and pulled him into her.

She descended down to the bed just in time for Peter to hammer down inside Kori's body. Kori rose her hips up and dropped them down onto the bed. Peter hammered her to another orgasm and then a third orgasm. His balls snapped back against her eager pussy.

"Getting closer, are we?" Kori asked him.

A hard grunt followed by a hard cock with Peter thrusting into her. Peter pushed down into her loins with Kori driving her walls around him. Kori milked his rod through her orgasm. Soon, Peter would finish inside of her.

A discharge followed from Peter's end. He slid into Kori's warm hole to inject her full of his essence. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her and dropped down into her body. Kori worked her hips up and down from her gripping loins. Another moan come from her with the tension releasing from her.

Kori's discharge covered Peter. Peter felt up her beautiful body when sending the last few drops of cum down into her. He pulled out of her.

"We're not done," Peter said.

A bright smile spread over Kori's face when she rolled over onto the bed. She positioned on her hands and knees, with her ass sticking up in the air ready to go. Peter closed his eyes and the black material formed on his cock. His cock stretched out and pointed at Kori's ass.

"Put it in me," Kori said. "Please."

Peter felt up Kori's sweaty back. He knew all of the spots which would drive her completely insane. Peter touched her asshole and pumped himself into her. Peter's manhood rubbed against her tight back hole.

"You better be ready to take this cock," Peter said.

Kori put her hands on her ass and then pushed her back passage apart. The narrow hole pushed apart. Those tendrils coming from Peter's crotch caressed her on all sides and touched all her holes. The young man put himself behind her and worked his hard cock inside of her tight asshole. He rubbed the throbbing manhood against her tightening asshole.

"Peter, please," Kori said.

That really big cock slid into her asshole. Peter pushed inside of her tight hole to feel the warm asshole around his hard cock. Peter pushed into Kori's asshole and gained a steady tempo. The warm touches of Kori's body made her excited the deeper when Peter pushing in and out of her tight hole.

"Yes, it feels good, feels good to have my cock rammed into your tight ass, doesn't it?" Peter asked her.

"YES!" Kori yelled.

"You're so amazing," Peter said. "You're so talented, taking a nice big swollen cock into your perfect ass."
Peter spanked Kori's ass while pounding it. Her pussy gushed the harder Peter drilled himself into her ass. He watched the girl's body relax. Her ass relaxed to take as much of Peter's long cock into her warm asshole. He pulled back out of Kori's warm hole and planted it inside of her tight and gripping hole.

The slamming of her lover's cock inside of her hole resulted in Kori losing her mind. She could feel the thrill of a throbbing cock slamming into her warm asshole. Peter pulled back against Kori's tightening asshole and pushed it inside of her. His balls slapped against Kori with repeated thrusts inside.

"Cum for my, my beautiful princess."

Those tendrils touched her body. The tentacles coming from Peter's suit worked into Kori. She got excited with the touches. The slimy feeling of it touching inside and ramming deep inside resulted Kori gush all over him. Peter slid into her asshole and then pulled almost all the way out of her. He pushed in and out of her with repeated thrusts.

"Cum for me all day," Peter said. "Cum for me every day, Princess."

"Yes," she whimpered.

Peter pumped his rod inside of Kori's tightening asshole. The tight feeling of her grabbing him and then releasing him made Peter push the Princess to her lips. Those balls prepared to unload. The symbiote only held Peter back just enough for him to explore Kori's anal muscles.

A few seconds later, and Peter let up. Kori was not going to be denied. He shifted where Kori sat on his lap and then bounced up and down to drive herself ass first onto his hard cock. Peter's balls clenched when Kori came up and down on his hard cock. She moaned hotly with Peter touching Kori's nice breasts when she bounced.

"Mmm, ah...harder," Kori breathed.

Peter bit down on the side of Kori's neck and sucked on the lovely flesh. She got excited when Peter marked her. The suit made two extra hands to grab her ass and drive it down. This allowed his normal hands to cup her bouncing globes. A couple of squeezes made Kori just drive her ass all the way down.

"YES!" Kori shrieked.

She gushed harder than ever before. Peter drove himself into her. Kori's warm asshole caressed his manhood. He oozed even more. The feeling of an orgasm bubbled up.

Peter held himself back to feel as long as possible. Kori's breasts dropped into Peter's squeezing hands with Peter guiding herself down to another conclusion. His loins burned for the friction and the need for a release.

The symbiote had its limits. He touched Kori's pleasure centers and absorbed the juices from her depths. The further Peter spiked inside of her warm asshole, wanting for him. Peter rocked up and down on him. Those balls swelled up.

"My turn."

Kori waited for the first blasts of cum to enter her. The cum spilled inside of her waiting ass. Kori clenched him and milked his rod with her waiting asshole. Kori held onto him and squeezed his cock to drain every single drop of cum from his raging, throbbing balls.
Peter finished inside of her ass. The warm rush of cum and the feeling of his release finishing up, inside of such a prime piece of ass made Peter finish up inside of her. He kept plowing Kori all the way to the end, sending cum splashing inside of her warm ass.

He finished inside of her and pulled out of Kori. Kori collapsed back with a smile passing over her face. She rested against her lover.

"Always nice to get a workout before breakfast," Kori said.

"Hope you left room for dessert," Peter whispered in Kori's ear.

Her thighs clenched and Peter held Kori against him, feeling her warm body pushed against Peter for the next several minutes. Something told both of them they were not going to get much done outside of the bedroom today.

End.

Next Chapter: 10/21/2017.
Peter Parker drew in his breath at the figure who stood over the top of him. He found himself trapped without anywhere to go as he rose up at the floor. He gave the woman standing over him a once over and boy, was stunning a pretty good way to describe her. The beauty was so elegant and so perfect, it almost hurt him to even think about it. Peter looked up at her as she gave him one of the most calculating smiles possible.

Stunning, in a white costume which stretched in every curve, with a hole in the front to show her immense cleavage which shined out like a beacon. It did not draw as much attention away from her face which currently contorted into a smirk when she viewed him through those blueish-green eyes. Shoulder length blonde hair framed her beautiful face with a smile popping over her face.

"Looks like someone did not keep his eye on the ball he said."

The clone designated as Galatea was cloned from Supergirl. Peter found her after her former handlers left her for dead. Galatea decided to stick around and have some fun at the expense of Peter in the process. Peter had more of his fair share of fun with the Kryptonian clone as well. She lifted him off of the ground and wrapped her arms around him. Peter found himself smashed against her chest which was not a bad way to go.

"Well, you won this little game," Peter said. "Looks like you're the one who is going to get what she wants."

"I know what I want," Galatea said in an excited voice. "But, I can tell what you want as well."

She worked the top open to reveal a nice round pair of breasts. They were large and perky at the same time. Thanks to her abilities, they defined all gravity. Peter realized for a second she had his arms pinned and it would be impossible for him to reach up to touch those bouncing wonders.

"What's the matter?"

Peter sighed and knew Tea knew exactly what the matter was. She took him down onto the ground until finally Peter got the advantage. He kissed Galatea and rolled her onto the ground. His mouth found hers. Peter sought entry into her mouth with his tongue. The warm oral cavity opened up just in time for Peter to wiggle his tongue in between her lips and directly down into her throat.

Galatea took hold of the back of Peter's head and kept guiding his tongue inside of her mouth. His hands found their way on Galatea's nice round breasts. The firm tit flesh squeezed underneath Peter's hands when toying with them. He toyed with those warm nipples which stretched up and dropped down onto the ground.

"Oooh, Peter," Galatea said. "And here I thought I was the one who was going to get what I want."

Peter looked up from his teasing of the round Kryptonian breasts smashing underneath his hands. "Are you trying to tell me this isn't what you want?"

A solo hand alternated between Galatea's breasts. He squeezed the right for a couple of seconds and switch the left. Every now and then, he returned to the same breast he attacked to mix things up and keep the clone underneath him guessing.
While Peter's right hand worked over her breasts, his left hand pushed down past her stomach into the crotch. Warmth pulsed over the top of Galatea's crotch and showed how much she wanted him. She closed her eyes for a second and felt his fingers dancing around him.

"Enough teasing," Galatea said.

"You don't have patience?"

Galatea gritted down on her teeth and stared down the young man. Her eyes raked down the pants and could see a bulge forming.

"I can see your cock through your pants," Galatea said. "And now, I can see how tight of a fit it is."

"No fair using X-Ray vision."

Galatea popped up, regretfully pulling him away from his teasing fingers. She flew over two round breasts hovering just an inch away from his face, but somehow out of reach. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled Peter into his chest.

"All fair in love and war."

The busty Kryptonian clone pulled Peter's face into her chest and caused him to motorboard her generous breasts. Galatea pushed her breasts up and shoved Peter face-first inside of her warm cleavage. While she did this with one hand, her hands worked down.

"Let's free your not so little buddy."

Galatea cupped his manhood through his pants and slowly rolled it down to the ground. Peter responded with a very obvious groan the more she slipped him down. His hard cock sprung out for Galatea to touch and pretty much do anything she wanted to.

The length slid against Galatea's very firm thigh. She lifted herself up into the air and covered over Peter. Peter sank down onto the bed when Galatea teased him by rubbing against his cock when floating up in mid-air. The manhood pushed against her slit for a moment and threatened to slip inside. Galatea pushed her hand on the underside and stroked him.

"I'm sure you're ready for my pussy," Galatea said. "And you better believe I'm ready for this."

The final word had been added with Galatea shoving her pussy down onto Peter's rigid pole. He pushed her down onto his large cock. Galatea rose up and dropped almost all the way down to push his cock inside of her moist, very welcoming hole. Peter groaned the second Galatea rose up and sank down onto him with a repeated series of drops and falls.

"That's it, right there!"

Peter braced himself on her lower back. Galatea lifted him off of the air. Her tight muscles grabbed Peter and pumped him inside of her. The young man gave a gasp the second Galatea pushed down onto his manhood. She slid all the way down and then submerged on him.

"You having fun? "Peter asked.

"Yes," Galatea said. "Why don't you put that nice mouth to a better use?"

Peter grabbed as much tit-flesh as possible to squeeze them. Galatea gasped the moment with those wet walls sliding up and down on his throbbing rod. Peter pushed up inside her body and then
dropped down. Her hands touched Galatea's back when working her up and down on him.

Galatea threw back her head and screamed as loudly as possible. Peter touched all of those spots which his mouth which made Galatea only desire him even more. Her legs tightened around Peter's waist. Galatea rose up and pushed down onto his pole.

Her juices reached a fever pitch when driving down to the tip. The well lubricated woman rose up and sank down onto Peter with a couple of pumps. Her womanhood stretched around Peter when bouncing up and down on him. Peter touched her breasts.

"I think things are going to get hot," Galatea murmured.

"They aren't, already?"

She smiled at the quip and pushed Peter facedown in Marshmallow hell. Or heaven, depending on your perspective. He The grunt made Galatea smile when she brought her full weight down on his lap. His cock stretched out inside of her, pushing inside of her warm pussy.

"Peter," Galatea groaned. "More, I'm about ready to cum."

Peter drove deep into Galatea's warm depths. She pleasured him with her slick walls. Galatea squeezed him as hard as possible, pumping him deep inside of her.

The orgasm built up inside of him, but Peter wanted Galatea to start gushing all over him. He enjoyed the sounds the mature blonde woman made when driving her pussy down onto him. Every ripple of that body pushing down onto him made him feel good. Peter really wished that he had a mirror because that would show Galatea dropping her ass down onto his aching balls.

"Peter," Galatea groaned. "That's...too much."

Twisting her nipples and releasing them with a steady tug made Galatea kept rolling up and down on his mighty rod. Galatea squeezed Peter and released him with a couple of steady pumps. Juices oozed down the length of Peter's stiff pull when Galatea pulled off of him.

The grin crossing Galatea's face after she pulled away from Peter showed how deliciously naughty this woman could be. He looked at Galatea who turned away from him. She floated on her front while in mid-air, thighs tantalizing spread at Peter. Peter watched as her ass looked as inviting as the rest of her. Every single one of these curves dragged Peter in like a magnet.

"You're a really bad girl, Tea," Peter said.

"Oh, I was even worse before you got a hold of me," Galatea said. "Now that cock has set me straight."

Galatea slapped her own ass which caused ripples to draw Peter completely over. His cock throbbed the closer it reached Galatea's warm opening. He used his webbing to pull himself up so he could climb on top of her.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" Galatea yelled. "Fucking me when I'm floating in the air. Careful, we might crash."

"We'll heal," Peter said.

Peter pushed his rod inside Galatea. The warm walls drew Peter in. The immense heat surrounding his cock inspired Peter to push as far inside of her as humanly possible with his balls slapping against
Galatea's warm pussy. He touched every inch he could reach.

The sensation of Peter's mighty rod sliding into her made Galatea explode in pleasure. He pushed almost all the way back to tease her with the loss. Then, when Galatea lowered her guard, Peter turned around and slammed his throbbing rod inside of her slick center one more time. Galatea's warm walls grabbed onto him and pumped Peter inside of her waiting body.

"That's…good," Peter groaned. "That's really good."

"I'm glad," Galatea said. "I'm glad to have your big, throbbing cock inside of my nice, slick pussy!"

Peter smiled, he was glad as well. He drove his hard rod inside of Galatea. Her insides stretched and then melded back around him. He reached underneath and touched Galatea's divine breasts. She breathed in and out. The touches made her feel really good as Peter drove into her from behind.

Galatea feeling the rush of the wind from his cock between her legs was an intense feeling. Sounds of flesh connecting together with Peter's rapid-fire thrusting made Galatea breath in and breathe out. Peter touched as much flesh as he could. Galatea lost her sense with Peter striking all of the right spots inside of her.

The feeling of the first orgasm in mid-air rose through Galatea. Peter worked inside of Galatea with a huge and powerful thrust. He struck the inside of her warm hole with a huge rise and then dropped inside of Galatea's very welcoming slit. Peter buried himself inside of her welcoming body and rode out the orgasm.

"I wonder how many you can take," Peter grunted.

"As many as you can give, big boy."

That sounded like a challenge and one that Peter rose to the occasion with, those fingers touching Galatea's nice nipples. Peter caressed inch by inch down Galatea's shapely body. Peter pulled almost the way out of her and plunged into Galatea's snug womanhood.

Peter rose to the occasion as always. Galatea enjoyed pushing him to see how much he could give her. He gave her just as much and kept pounding a deep series of thrusts in between her thighs.

"As many as I can?" Peter asked her. "That's some dangerous words?"

"I live dangerously…..OH FUCK!"

Peter drove the cockiness out of Galatea with his huge cock. He pulled as far out of her as possible and then plunged back inside. Galatea grasped at the air, and turned over. She pressed onto the ceiling with Peter clinging his hands. He fucked Galatea on the ceiling with his big balls bouncing the deeper he thrust inside of her.

Galatea enjoyed being dominated and enjoyed being drilled into the ceiling. They would test to see how the structural integrity of this building held. If it did not hold, they would give new meaning to the phrase bringing the roof down. Tea's warm thighs opened up for Peter to push himself inside of her.

Every time those balls struck that beautiful pussy, a twitch inside of Peter's loins grew. He made sure Galatea pressed against the ceiling. She gave enough space for Peter to clutch into her glorious spheres with the hand which did not clutch onto the ceiling. He pushed as far into the Kryptonian beauty and rocked his hard cock into her in the ceiling.
"Fuck," Galatea breathed.

Her nails dug into the top of the ceiling when Peter kept pounding on her. The clone saw some stars the instant Peter buried drove his rod inside of her body. Peter pulled almost all the way out, teased Galatea, and pushed into her. Over and over, Peter pumping inside of her body.

"Yes," Peter said. "Yes, indeed."

Galatea tightened her grip around Peter's invading rod. Every time Peter plunged inside, she held onto him tightly. Her pussy relaxed just enough for him to pull out and push back inside of him. The ritual repeated constantly, with Peter driving his rod into her as hard as possible. His hands touched her ass. Galatea turned and floated on her hands and knees.

The sexy young man behind her drove his hard cock into her body at a repeated basis. He quickly drove Galatea to an orgasm constantly with hard and fast thrusts. The warm juices, coated his cock, and caused him to expand and twitch inside of Galatea. Peter reared back to slam himself inside of her body.

"Your turn," she begged him.

"One more for the road."

Peter manipulated the woman's beautiful body to an ear-splitting scream. He kept filling her warm walls with a constant amount of thrusting. Back and forth inside of her body until Galatea lost all sense of her own emotions, and also crashed down onto the ground.

The last second, Galatea stopped from slamming onto the ground. Something slammed into her, Peter's hard cock, followed by the explosive rush of cum with shot into every inch of her waiting pussy.

The two lovers shared an orgasm which Galatea was going to feel for a very long time. Peter's cum spilled into her pussy and rocked Galatea to two more high impact orgasms.

Several miles later in Kansas, a girl of about eighteen years of age sat bolt up out of her bead. Her body started to shake, and stickiness soaked her sheets and stained her panties.

'Damn it, not again.'

Kara felt very frustrated and horny at this wet dream. The third time this week, she had been left with a throbbing pussy and ruined bed sheets. She realized where her fingers had been and how soaked they were as well.

She vowed to get to the bottom of this. Or maybe on top, she wasn't necessarily picky.

End.

The same dream the past few nights caused Peter to be extremely frustrated. The temptation of her body visiting him in his dreams, seeing every soft and elegant curve on her body made Peter throb. The promise of her mouth pleasuring him, the touch of her body on his, just everything about her, it made Peter delirious from desire. He could not get it out of his head.

Finally, he came to one conclusion. Peter really needed to do something to scratch this itch. He smelled the breakfast cooking in the kitchen. Peter walked over and noticed the beautiful dark-haired temptress dressed in nothing other than an apron wrapped around every inch of her body. The olive-color skinned shined brightly in the sunlight. She moved towards him, the apron coming up to show smooth thighs. Those legs came down to the ground with mouth-watering looking bare feet.

The straps of the apron coming down would show a pair of nice breasts for him. Peter approached the woman who sauntered closer towards him. He tried hard not to rip off that apron, bend her over the counter, and bang the hell out of her tight pussy.

"Good morning, Peter," she said.

Cindy Moon walked over towards him. She felt a strong connection towards the man. It took every bit of self-control from Cindy not to rip his shorts off and pull her apron up before mounting his raging erection. Her eyes stuck onto it for a second.

"You had the dream again."

She leaned in and touched his abdomen. The fire boiled through Peter's loins the moment she touched him. Every second Cindy rested her fingers on him, his resolve threatened to drop.

"You know, I've been having them true," Cindy said. "And my fingers just aren't good enough. This is a sign, a sign that we have to do this. Or we'll be driven mad with the frustration."

Cindy stepped closer towards him and ran her hand down. Peter could not believe that her hand just touched his crotch. One more shift and she would be squeezing him.

"Cindy, I...we....."

"You can't tell me you don't want some of this!"

In a blink of an eye, Cindy store the only fabric covering her body. Her hair flipped back and Peter looked at her own body. It was like candy. Candy that he knew he should not have before dinner given this beautiful woman standing before him. Her face, her breasts, her flat stomach, her hips, her legs, and everything, everything, it just blinded Peter. He had been drawn to this beautiful creature in front of him.

"It's...you're making it very hard to control this," Peter said.

"If it's making it hard to control, that means you do want this," Cindy said.

"Pheromones," Peter said for a second.
Cindy put her hands on either side of Peter and trapped him up against the counter. Her bare pussy rubbed against his crotch which stretched on the other side of the boxer shorts. His manhood threatened to stretch through just so it could touch her pussy. Cindy reached down and touched Peter's shoulder with a soft smile on her face.

"The only amplify any attraction that was there," Cindy said. "I spent months studying them. I can't make anyone as hard as a rock who isn't at least interested….besides, you can just step away. And have another day of frustration. Or you can take care of this frustration?"

A nail touched the side of Peter's ear. She leaned in and whispered in his ear.

"It's what nature has intended. Two powerful, and beautiful creatures to mate together….and if we're attracted to each other, I don't see a problem."

Peter put his hands on either side of Cindy and shoved her off. For a brief second, she felt disappointment, disappointed that he once again denied the true nature of the spider within him. No matter how much he wanted this.

"Maybe I should."

Suddenly Peter grabbed Cindy's face and pulled her into a very intense kiss. Cindy could not believe this young man practically engulfed her mouth with one of the most physically intensive kisses she ever felt in her young life. Her nipples grew hardened with excitement.

Dishes went flying onto the table and forgotten as Peter climbed on top of the beautiful woman. Cindy gasped when Peter bit down hard on her skin, sucking on her neck. Cindy wanted him so badly, her loins burned, and there was only one thing that could feel it.

"You're such a sexy woman," Peter said. "And I'd say that even if you weren't giving off pheromones every time I got in breathing distance of you."

Cindy smiled, she was honestly flattered. There was something here other than some predetermined connection, even though said connection enhanced the attraction and made it stronger. And speaking of things being stronger, a big cock throbbed against Cindy's gates and came very close to entering her body.

"Thank you," Cindy said. "But, I'd thank you even more if you just fucked my brains out on this kitchen table."

Peter tried to maintain some semblance of control, no matter how much how fire shot through his loins. His balls kept throbbing, the thought of him burying his cock inside Cindy increased. His manhood pulsed at once and he reached down to caress her warm thighs.

"Oh, get those damn boxers off already before you wreck them."

"Help yourself."

Cindy reached over and yanked Peter's cock out. Instantly, his cock smacked her in the face and smeared the first few doses of pre-cum. Peter held onto the back of Cindy's head and shoved his cock past her moist lips into the back of her throat.

"Damn, you really are made for me, aren't you?" Peter asked. "You have the perfect throat to suck my cock!"

The moans coming from around Peter's cock on all ends showed the passion involved. Peter slipped
his fingers against the back of Cindy's head and thrust his cock in between her lips all of the way. He pulled almost all the way out of her lips and then drove his cock straight down her throat.

"Mmmmph!" she groaned.

"It's rude to talk with your mouth full," Peter sternly said.

His cock left Cindy's mouth and was completely sloppy with her spit and lipstick. Her makeup had been smudged leaving her with the slightly well worn look.

"Hands and knees," Peter said.

Like the obedient mate she was, Cindy obeyed and put herself on the table. Peter raised his hand and slapped Cindy's tight little ass. The skin ripped underneath Peter's hand. He spanked her a couple more times to draw red marks on her very tight and very sexy looking ass.

"Maybe someday," Peter said. "Right now, I don't think you need to wait much longer."

"Please, I'm dying," Cindy breathed.

She spread her thighs apart for her man's huge cock to pushed into it. Peter eased the tension inside of her very slightly by pumping a thick finger inside of her gripping loins. Her body practically protested the moment Peter exited her with a finger. He slammed two inside to feel the warm slickness permeating from Cindy's tight loins.

"Well, that would be a felony."

Peter slammed his cock against her waiting opening. No matter how much he wanted to tease Cindy, he needed to be inside of her in an instant. He could feel the heat pumping from her loins and knew there was only one way to fulfill the aching coming from his own loins.

He lined up and slid his hard cock into Cindy's slick center. Her womanhood sucked him completely in. Peter groaned at the feeling of her pussy clamping down on him. Her pussy was so tight, it felt good to be inside of her. That warm sheath hugged his bare cock when Peter pushed deep inside of her. His balls slapped Cindy's pussy when pushing into her.

Cindy closed her eyes to allow herself to be plowed by Peter. She already had an orgasm working up every inch in her. The pleasure centered around her loins with Peter rising out of her and driving his hard cock inside of her. His balls smacked against Cindy's wet pussy the deeper the young man rocked inside of her.

"Peter!" Cindy moaned.

He lifted her up slightly off of the table before pushing back down into her. His hands cupped every inch of this body he could find. Peter found each of her curves. The two spider-powered lovers enjoyed what was going on with each other. Peter brought his hard cock inside of Cindy's loins which hugged him. Peter slipped almost all the way out and rocked his cock back inside of her. His balls slapped her with each thrust. Her body dragged Peter inside as much as possible with the hard thrusts.

Cindy gripped Peter as tight as possible with her walls and milked him. Peter held onto her curved ass and drove his cock deep inside of her. Her tight pussy grabbed onto him as he rode her through the orgasm.

The desire built up for a long time spread through Peter when he spiked inside of Cindy's body. His
hard cock shoved inside of her.

"Please," Cindy breathed.

"Are you getting tired?" Peter asked. "I thought you wanted this."

Cindy did want this and wanted him to plow her loins as hard as possible. She wanted him to plant his seed inside her fertile garden. Her pussy hugged him tightly the harder he plowed into her. Each thrust brought Peter closer to the edge. He pushed back towards Cindy and rammed his throbbing hard cock inside. He touched Cindy all the way.

"Don't…don't…hold back."

Peter drove inside of her against the table. The table rocked with Peter driving his manhood repeatedly and constantly inside of Cindy. Cindy stretched over his hard rod when he pulled almost all the way out and then buried inside of her. His balls slapped Cindy's thighs the further Peter pumped inside of her. He could feel the warmth gripping him every time he drove inside of her.

"Not going to hold back," Peter told her. "Don't worry. I'm not going to hold back."

He slammed inside one more time and brought Cindy to the peak. Then, suddenly, Peter pulled out of her. He grabbed Cindy and turned her over onto the table. Her spread legs dangled over the table. Peter climbed on top of her. He looked down in those eyes which burned in lust.

"Want to see your face."

"Yes," Cindy breathed. "Please, I don't think I can….."

Peter lowered his cock inside Cindy's slit. He stretched her out as far as possible when rocking up and then driving himself all the way down. Peter grunted at the feeling of Cindy's smooth pussy walls taking him inside of her as far as possible. Peter rose up and fell down into her with repeated and never ending thrusts.

"Please, don't," she begged him.

Never would Peter dare to hold back, not when he dragged Cindy to the edge like this. He pushed inside of her moist canal and filled her completely up. Cindy's juices drenched Peter when he pushed into her. It caused him to want to only fuck her harder to get her to cum again.

Cindy sent her hips flying up and then dropping down onto the table. The legs buckled slightly when Peter drilled her pussy. He was about ready to give in to his instincts. Those balls slapped against her, heavy for cum. Cindy felt up his muscles to encourage him.

Two bodies melded together with each other. Peter kept riding Cindy. He took out the frustration of her body, digging his nails into her legs as they wrapped around his body. Peter pumped his rod deeper and further inside of Cindy than any other time.

"Almost there."

The warning caused even more excitement to spread over Cindy's face. Her pussy clenched him the very second Peter rose and dropped inside of her. He buried himself balls deep inside of her.

The roaring feeling of cum about ready to shoot through his balls grew ever so closer. Peter held onto Cindy as much as possible. He dropped and lowered onto her. His manhood tensed up and was about ready to release. He could feel every inch of her flesh brushing against him, begging to be
touched. Begging to be injected with Peter's burning hot semen, which bubbled in balls so tight he
could not bare to hold back any longer.

Cindy felt him inside of her, his cock brushing against her fertile and very hungry womb. Peter
sucked her tits, grabbed her waist, and shoved his rock hard cock deep into Cindy. His balls snapped
and started to fire so much inside of her.

Several hot ropes of cum flowed inside of Cindy's pussy. A tightening grip sucked the cum from
Peter's balls when they started to churn and release so much sticky seed inside of Cindy. He bathed
her womb with the contents of his balls.

Cindy hungrily moaned when Peter saturated her womb. She could feel so good, feeling good as he
fucked her, as the final stages of the mating process reached a conclusion.

Peter pulled out of Cindy. She sat up, smiling, and stuffed full of his cum. She did not give him an
inch. Rather, Cindy crawled onto his lap and straddled him.

"You're still hard," Cindy whispered hotly in his ear. "How many dreams have you had?"

The answer would have to wait as Cindy dropped down onto Peter's spear. The cum dripped from
her pussy, as a fire spread through Cindy's body. The charge coming through both of their bodies
made them realize that once they started, they would not stop until their desires had been satisfied.

It was a good thing this was a long weekend. Peter grabbed Cindy's ass and kept holding her into
place as she vigorously rode him straight towards a mutual climax.

End.

For eight years of her life, Barbara Gordon lost something that most people took for granted. The ability to walk, thanks in part to the madman known as the Joker. One of the most galling things about this sadistic psychopath was how many times he cheated death and how little people knew about his backstory. Barbara was not so certain the Joker even remembered where he was. And while she was not about to buy into the very insane conspiracy theories about there being more than one of him, Barbara found them interesting to say the least.

Six months ago, Barbara regained the ability to walk. And it was by pure accident. Barbara thought she was about to wake up from a dream and return back to reality. Barbara never believed in miracles, although once again having the ability to walk was what could be defined as a miracle.

It was all thanks to a virus created by a man named Michael Morbius, which transformed all who had been infected into what could be pretty much described as vampires. And Barbara had been unlucky enough to be infected. It strengthened her body to return the ability to walk to it, while having the unfortunate drawback of giving her in insatiable bloodlust.

Barbara, as her sanity slipped, sought out a man who fought Morbius in the past. Spider-Man, or Peter Parker, as Barbara discovered, came to Gotham City to assist her and her fellow members of the Birds of Prey in taking down Morbius.

The cure cured Barbara's bloodlust, but by some miracle, it also kept her ability to walk. Barbara did not even know how to explain how that happened other than it did happen. And she was fortunate every day.

"So, busy night?"

Speaking of someone who swung by every time he had a chance, Spider-Man stopped by. Barbara never could thank him enough. She rose from her chair, as weird it was.

"Yes, Black Canary is just wrapping up tracking down a source on that smuggling ring," Barbara said. "And I'm...well I'm just waiting for her to check in."

One of the most boring parts of working mission support was the very long downtime in between calls. Barbara had been pretty confident that Dinah would check in soon.

"Why don't you come in and entertain me for a spell?" Barbara asked.

Barbara threw her arms around the web slinging hero and pulled his mask off no sooner than he stepped into arm's width. Barbara sunk her tongue into the mouth of her...well, not exactly a boyfriend. More like a good friend who was an occasional fuck buddy. Barbara did not know what she wanted out of a relationship, and he did not as well.

Casual sex had a few uses as a coping mechanism in their line of work. Barbara could feel those hands all over her body. She felt the tingles going down her spine. Ever since having the ability to walk returned, there were certain parts of her body which was very responsive.

Peter knew this obviously, as every time he grabbed onto Barbara's very toned ass, a smile popped onto his face. She moved him over to the chair and sat down.
"Well, not many people get to sit in this big chair," Barbara said.

"Well, to be fair, it would be kind of wrong for anyone other than Oracle to sit in the famous Oracle chair."

Occasionally, Barbara had a couple of others she trusted working the mission role. Still, no one knew how to make this clocktower work as well as she did. That was the reason why she did not go back in as Batgirl despite itching to do so.

Plus, Cass did an admirable job at the role, so Barbara didn't want to fix what was not broken. And speaking of admirable, Barbara pulled out Peter's hard cock.

Peter twitched at the look she was giving him over the eye glasses she wore. It was very much a naughty librarian look. Barbara opened her mouth wide and engulfed Peter inside of her throat.

Barbara enjoyed the feeling of Peter's cock inside of her mouth. She allowed him to touch the back of her head to continue to submerge himself inside of her mouth.

"Oh," Peter groaned. "Damn it, Babs, you're so good."

She engulfed his cock and made sure to pleasure every single inch which went past her lips and into her very heated oral cavity. Barbara squeezed his balls which made Peter jump up inside of her mouth.

"Barbara, call," Peter groaned.

With regret, Barbara took her mouth off of Peter. Her left hand rested on Peter's balls and worked up to clutch the base of his cock. She slowly worked him up and down, causing him to grunt.

"Oracle here," Barbara said.

"Black Canary, I got the information," she said. "You want me to bring it over?"

Seconds passed with Barbara vigorously sliding her hand up and down Peter's cock. His muscles tightened as she manipulated him with a very skilled handjob.

"Yes, take it over to the Clocktower," Barbara said. "I'll be waiting."

The tension in Peter's loins reached their fever pitch. His cock spurted all over Barbara's face and hit her full up with the money shot. Barbara kept jerking Peter off and causing more cum to splatter all over her face, her hair, and her glasses. Her tongue caught some of the dribbling cock.

Slowly, Barbara rose to her feet. She slipped her skirt up to show Peter the skimpy panties she wore underneath. Those panties dropped to the ground. Barbara locked eyes with Peter and took her glasses off. Barbara licked the cum off of her glasses.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Peter asked. "With Black Canary on her way here?"

"It's the best fucking idea I've had in a while," Barbara said.

She pulled her shirt open and any other arguments had been lost inside of Barbara Gordon's generous cleavage. Peter inhaled the beautiful breasts which worked against his mouth. Her bra dropped to the ground and caused Peter full access to them.

Already, Peter's cock hardened, which made Barbara more intent to not let him slip away. Granted, she was also not a greedy bitch. So, she intended to share the wealth with her friends. Barbara
pushed her dripping slit down onto Peter's rock hard cock.

Barbara dropped herself down onto him. The feelings going through her body nearly caused Barbara to explode in a gushing rush.

"Damn, Babs," Peter groaned.

Barbara slid down onto him with a smile on her face. She rose up as far as possible and then dropped down onto Peter's engorged prick. Her womanhood ensnared Peter's hard rod when bouncing up and down onto it.

The delightful friction of Barbara's tight sheath made Peter groan underneath her body. Barbara worked herself up and down onto Peter to take him inside of her. She kept up a very elegant speed, pushing more of his rod inside of her with each passing drop.

"Yes!" Barbara moaned. "YES!"

Peter took her breasts in hand and mouth. Barbara enjoyed having her full array feelings back, and it was not a feeling that got old even after six months. Peter touched her body and caused delight to spread through her loins.

The sound of the elevator door opening only made Barbara hold Peter tighter into her. She grabbed his head and threw her head back when she motorboarded it.

Dinah stepped into the room, the mouth of the stunning blonde in black leather open wide. She never thought she would walk into such an obscene sight. The crotch of her uninformed constrained, and Dinah felt a heat rising starting from her cheeks, but also spreading through other parts of her body.

"Dinah," Barbara breathed. "Set it down on the table…please."

'Just….get through this, 'Dinah thought.

There had been a lot of times where Dinah just brushed off of some of what Barbara said as her recovering from the vampire virus which reclaimed the ability to walk. The times Barbara hit on Dinah and Helena…of course Helena hit on her back, were way too many to count.

She was a devious minx, and now riding the cock of her friend, Peter. They were just friends, friends with a whole hell of a lot of benefits as well. And speaking of benefits, Dinah watched as Barbara benefitted from that rock hard cock smashing her insides.

"Won't you care for a cup of coffee?” Barbara asked. "Or would you prefer something stronger? Something a bit….HARDER!"

Barbara yelped out the moment she spoke the word "harder". It really showcased what Peter's cock was, harder, when she bounced up and down on his manhood. The horny redhead stopped and could see a look from the sexually-frustrated blonde.

"That's a nice cock isn't it?"

Dinah could not believe Barbara asked this question. She pulled off and saw Peter's throbbing red cock. It pulsed and Dinah never once take her eyes off of it. It was the perfect size, the perfect shape, and she wanted that cock inside of her.

"She's speechless," Peter said.
"That's….I want that," Dinah said.

Barbara stepped behind Dinah and slid the jacket off of her body. It fell to the floor showing Dinah's toned shoulders.

"I know, honey," Barbara said. "I can feel how much you want it."

The latest obscene act from the horny redhead started. Barbara rubbed her fingers against Dinah to feel the heat rising from the other side of her loins. Dinah pushed her hips up and could feel Barbara touching her from the other side of her uniform.

"Yes," Dinah whispered in Barbara's ear.

Instantly, Peter climbed up and Barbara passed Dinah into his arms. The handsome man who Dinah harbored a small crush on wrapped his arms around her. The woman whimpered underneath the touch of the handsome young man. They both kissed with Peter shifting his tongue in between her lips.

Barbara stepped back to allow Peter to have some fun with Dinah. The two of them engaged in a very sizzling make-out session with things getting more than hot the further the two of them kissed each other. Dinah sought entry into Peter's mouth. Peter opened his mouth for Dinah with the two of them matching each other in a very intense kiss with each other.

"Peter," Dinah breathed in his ear. "More."

Peter indulged the sexy blonde by swinging her around in his hands. He found his way in the chair once again with Dinah straddling his lap. He pulled down the top of her outfit to show those nice round breasts for him. They were a pinnacle of beauty. Peter leaned in and nibbled her breast which caused Dinah to gasp.

"Get me all the way out of this outfit so you can fuck me," Dinah said. "I want it. I need it. I crave it."

She was hungry for his cock. Peter pulled down Dinah's outfit the rest of the way, leaving her in nothing other than a pair of panties, fishnet stockings, and a pair of thigh high boots. Peter pulled her panties off and ripped at her fishnets

"Shove her down on the table!"

The strong hero complied with Barbara's submission by moving Dinah over and pushing her back onto the cleared off table. The sultry blonde's thighs parted in preparation for penetration. Blonde curls hung messily from her face, with the beautiful blonde smiling.

"I need you, badly," Dinah said.

Barbara climbed on top of Dinah's face. Dinah had been surprised, but entirely not displeased with Barbara's warm thighs surrounding either side of her face. Her warm pussy met in the center. Dinah reached in and grabbed Barbara to lower the sexy redhead onto her tongue.

Dinah did a back arch to show her flexibility. Her legs stretched out. Peter positioned his aching cock for Dinah, getting ready to take her in any way he could.

"Fuck her brains out!" Barbara shrieked.

Peter balanced himself on Dinah's firm stomach before sliding himself into her accommodating open.
"Her pussy feels really good," Peter said.

"Of course it does, she's a tight little bitch in need for a good, hard fucking," Barbara moaned as she bounced on Dinah's tongue. "And you're going to give it to her."

No need to answer the question, because Peter needed to be inside of Dinah. The tightness of her pussy grabbed ahold of Peter. He rose up and then lowered his aching rod inside of her with numerous rises and even more numerous drops. His balls kept slapping her thighs when dropping down inside of her.

"Yes, she deserves this!"

Dinah would have to agree if she had not been too occupied. Barbara's pussy called for Dinah's attention. The stunning siren lapped up the juices of her best friend. Barbara drove herself constantly down onto Dinah's very accommodating tongue.

A huge grunt came from Peter. His eyes traveled from the feisty redhead to the beautiful blonde. Dinah's pussy worked his cock over every time he submerged inside of her warm depths. Peter rose almost all the way up and dropped down inside of her body.

"Fucking hell, she's amazing."

Peter took any breast he could get his hands on, moving from Dinah to Barbara and back again. It was one of those times where he really missed the extra arms. They could come in handy in a threesome like this with so much firm female flesh to grab.

"I don't think I can hold back much longer."

Judging by the reaction Dinah gave by holding onto his hard cock and pumping him inside of her, something told Peter that he doubted she wanted him to hold back. Peter grabbed her lower torso and jammed his thick rod inside of her. He rose and fell with a constant motion inside of her. The cock ripped inside of her clenching loins.

Finally, something had to give and it was Peter. His balls released the cum and splattered inside of Dinah's waiting body. His muscles contracted and released the cum. The draining of his balls took several minutes with Dinah holding onto the invading organ all of the way.

After a moment, Peter detached from Dinah. And Barbara finally detached her pussy from Dinah's mouth after she stopped eating.

A river of cum trickled from between Dinah's legs and down onto the table. Barbara smiled and came between Dinah's thighs. She nibbled down and slowly licked her way up towards the opened pussy.

Barbara swayed her backside invitingly. Peter reached over and felt how hot and wet Barbara's slit was. He ran his hand down her spine which caused her to quiver.

"Time to finish what I started earlier."

Back to full hardness Peter went and inside of Barbara's scorching loins he went as well. Peter started with a slow series of strokes. The louder Barbara's pussy eating became, the harder and faster Peter plunged inside of the redhead's depths.

Dinah went numb from Peter's hard fucking, but slowly returned back to life. Barbara licked the combination of juices oozing out from between Dinah's thighs. The blonde woman lowered to meet
the tasting of the sensational redhead. Several small moans vibrated through Dinah's pussy.

The scream had been blocked by a pair of panties shoved in her mouth. It happened so suddenly that Dinah did not even know Barbara did it.

Peter groaned when he pushed himself into Barbara. Every time the wall crawler entered the redhead's hungry pussy, it was like heaven on Earth. He pulled almost out and then pushed inside with a constant series of thrusts. Peter's balls ached when slapping against Barbara's thighs.

"Fuck," Peter grunted. "You can't...you're just too much."

Every one of those curves just melted underneath Peter's aggressive rubbing. So much flesh, between the both of them, Peter could drive his cock inside of either of these beauties every day. Each push brought Peter closer to the end. So tender, it would not take too long.

Barbara munched on Dinah's cunt. Every push made the blonde moan through the soaked gag in her mouth. Not to mention Peter's stiff rod submerged inside of Barbara's pussy.

Something had to give eventually. Step by step, thrust by thrust, Peter took ahold of Barbara's tight pussy and rammed his rod inside. He pulled almost all the way out and slid it inside of the stunning redhead. Peter's balls gave one more lurch before firing inside of her.

Peter finished spilling a constant barrage of seed inside of Barbara. The warmth had been rode out all the way to the end. Peter's constant thrusting, constantly working inside Barbara's scorching hot walls.

The moment the man fell down, the adrenaline wore off. He collapsed back on the nearest seat. Time stood still, but not for long.

Two heads, one of blonde hair, and one of red moved over towards his lap. Tonight's fun just kicked into place.

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End.

Just because Peter Parker received the abilities of a spider, it did not mean he would not keep his abilities up to par. He always enjoyed going hand to hand with some of the best and most skilled warriors in the world. And a woman who had been trained by no less than the daughter of the great Ra's al Ghul himself proved to be a very impressive challenge for the web slinger.

The woman dressed in tight black leather also proved to be a challenge of a different type. The distraction of the woman coming at him from all angles made Spider-Man appreciate what she did. The web slinger watched as she threw some curves at him. Sara Lance without any questions amazed the amazing Spider-Man.

No pun intended, to be honest, with Sara moving in towards him. The two of them traded strikes. Nothing too damaging, just a friendly sparring session, and much to his credit, Peter held his own against her. Sara made sure not to become too much of a threat to trigger his spider sense. The fit blonde assassin moved in and took him down to the ground. Peter grabbed her by the waist and wrestled her on top of the ground.

"Not bad," Sara said. "You've improved with your staying power."

Peter caught her firm leg when kicking Sara. Sara flipped down onto the ground in front of Peter. Both of them moved into position for each other. Peter held Sara's arms. She turned a little bit away from the takedown and bounced back up.

A glimpse of Sara's cleavage drew Peter's attention away from matters other than fighting. The two engaged each other again, with Peter slipping behind Sara. She stopped for a second and felt something press against her backside when Peter pushed her down.

"Well, that escalated," Sara said. "But, I'm glad that I got that reaction out of you."

Sara moved away from Peter. Her hand found his crotch and cupped him. This action caught Peter completely for a loop. The next action caught Peter even more for a loop when Sara kissed him on the lips. Her warm tongue shoved deep inside of Peter's mouth cavity.

The aggressive kiss and crotch hold caused Peter's focus to waver. A second before Sara pushed him down onto the ground. Her foot brushed against his crotch to cause an even more obvious hardening. Sara teased unzipping her boot to allow Peter contact with her bare foot.

"No fair," Peter groaned.

"All is fair in battle," Sara said. "If you would have started fingering me out there to take me down, then I wouldn't have complained."

Sara had Peter at her mercy. She pulled his pants down to reveal a very large cock. Lust flashed in Sara's eyes. The warmth coming from her body already started to build more. Sara squeezed his extending prick hard and leaned closer towards him. Her mouth opened with a slight drop of drool coming out of it to coat his cock.

"When you hand me a weapon, I just have to take it."
The soft hand caressed Peter's manhood. She alternated between squeezing him hard and giving him gentle, slow pumps. Peter's loins raged at the attention when stretching to Sara's mouth. She let his cock go with a smile on her face. The scratches on it caused Sara to look on.

"Sorry," Sara said. "I can get a little bit carried away when I'm horny. You want me to kiss it and make it feel better?"

"You better."

Sara gave Peter some tender kisses on the tip of his aching cock. The young woman planted those lips slowly around the head of Peter's cock.

She left herself open for this one, for Peter to grab the back of Sara's head. Sara had been pushed throat first down on Peter. Her skilled throat recovered quickly from the surprised intrusion. Sara rested her hands on Peter's thighs and started to rub them.

Peter groaned at Sara stretching her throat against his rock-hard rod. The brilliant blue eyes of this blonde shined with lust the deeper Sara shoved throat first down onto him. Peter grabbed Sara's hair and guided his rock-hard rod into her very welcoming mouth.

Deep sucking brought more of Peter's hard cock into Sara's mouth. She took the mighty rod into his mouth several times. Peter grabbed Sara's hair and worked his rod into her. Sara enjoyed her mouth being used as Peter's own personal fuck hole, but there were other holes which demanded her attention.

Sara pulled away from Peter. She pulled down her top. Two very round breasts cropped up with cute little erect pink nipples were up. Those mouth-watering breasts fit Sara's very athletic frame.

"Touch them."

Peter touched them and made Sara's entire body sing the more he touched them. Sara moved in to rub her pussy through her pants. Peter, however, moved in to pull her pants down for her, down to her ankles.

Stunning could be the word to describe Sara, with Peter looking at those very juicy thighs which begged to be played with. Sara pulled her panties down. A shaven pussy came out in front of Peter's line of sight. Blown away described Peter's emotions when coming eye to eye with Sara's delicious slit.

"Taste me," Sara encouraged him.

Peter slipped in between Sara's legs like it was a second home and began to eat out the gorgeous blonde like there was no tomorrow. The taste of honey coming from Sara's very warm pussy only encouraged Peter even more.

Sara put two hands down on the scalp of Peter. The web slinger slid his tongue down the slit and kept working circular motions inside the stunning woman. Sara showed why her sister was not the only screamer in the family. Passionate moans followed as Peter kneeled at Sara's alter.

Then in a blink of an eye, Peter had Sara down completely on her back on the ground. Sara only had maybe three seconds to recover from Peter's tongue being out of her. Now the strong man somehow overpowered Sara. Sara grabbed onto Peter's waist and yanked her closer towards him.

"I really walked into that one, didn't I?" Sara asked.
"All's fair," Peter said. "And now, I'm going to take my prize."

Peter wondered how much taking there was when Sara's legs slowly spread to receive. Regardless, Peter wanted to be inside of her tight body for a very long time. His cock throbbed in desire and Peter inched closer to Sara. The moment of truth arrived with Peter aiming his cock down and filling Sara up completely.

An immense piece of male endowment spread through Sara's body and filled her up. Peter gripped Sara's outer thighs for some leverage before pushing into her.

"Oh, you're so fucking big," Sara said.

She would not be as bitchy to say bigger was better in bed. However, a big cock and a man who knew how to touch all of the right spots with it was a rare delicacy which brought desire to Sara's loins. Peter held onto her and pushed deep inside of her. The feeling of his cock distending her abdomen caused Sara to moan.

"Fuck me!" Sara yelled.

The heat rising from Sara made Peter push her deeper into the mouth. Peter lingered with his touches on certain parts of her body. He speared Sara's gripping loins. His hard balls kept smacking against Sara and left some marks on her thighs.

"Sorry if that hurt."

"No, don't…it turns me on to feel a man who could really handle…OOHHH FUCK!"

Sara's words trailed off into screams of pleasure. Peter touched a very sensitive spot inside of her. Her loins burned the deeper Peter pushed his manhood inside of her body. Peter really took her to the edge and then a little bit further with constant thrusting.

Now, with a little bit more momentum on his side, Peter continued to accelerate his cock being buried inside of Sara's warm, hungry loins. Peter lifted up out of her and plunged back inside. Repeated thrusting drove Sara to the brink and a couple of steps beyond.

"Oh, damn it, Sara," Peter groaned.

He spiked Sara's scorching loins with a constant thrust. Sara marked his back with several scratches. The girl wasn't kidding about how wild and vicious she could get when hungry. The lioness came for blood when Peter drilled her body. His balls ached with each thrust inside of Sara.

Sara's animistic desire to be held down and fucked had been satisfied. Peter made the warrior woman experience emotions which she did not know were possible for a long time. Sara grabbed Peter's shoulder and grinded her nails into him.

"Sara, damn it," Peter said.

The fact any man said that showed how good this was to both of them. Sara's scorching walls worked Peter's equipment, determined to have the load his balls carried resting inside of her in due time. Sara stretched around Peter's hard cock and grabbed onto his pulsing rod the deeper it went inside of Sara.

Sara nibbled on Peter's ear to encourage him. She moaned in his ear and licked the inside of it. Peter rose almost all the way up and drove into Sara's moist center. Sara grabbed onto Peter's back and kept encouraging Peter to bury inside of her.
"Peter, I need this," Sara said. "I need your cum."

Peter looked down at Sara. Why would he not want to cum inside of Sara? Sara's velvety center pushed against Peter's rod. Her skin rubbing against his bare walls made Peter want to rise up and drop down into Sara repeatedly.

Those balls loaded made Sara tremble. Peter grabbed onto the side of her legs and pushed himself down into her. His balls clenched and fired several times inside of Sara.

Sara milked Peter's white hot cum inside of her very greedy pussy. Every time Peter pushed deeper into her resulted in Sara clinging onto Peter tightly. She would not let him go no matter what. Those balls launched their sweet load inside all the way to the very last pump.

Peter shuddered to a stop and pulled out of Sara. Instantly, Sara rolled over, dressed in nothing other than a pair of thigh high black leather boots. Peter's attention drew to something else, another unexplored hole. Also, Sara's round, firm ass checks bounced when she shifted in position.

A single digit slipped into Sara's mouth. Moisture surrounded the digit from Sara's sucking mouth. Then, in a blink of an eye, Sara ran her fingernail down her back and positioned it directly at her asshole. Sara pushed the slickening finger in her asshole.

"You want to be in here?" Sara asked. "You think that big aching cock can handle my ass?"

Peter drew towards Sara and put his hands on Sara's meaty cheeks. The fine booty pushing against his palms made the blood rush form Peter's head

"It's all yours, baby," Sara said. "All yours, if you think you can handle it. Hopefully you don't lose it before you get completely inside."

Sara never experienced the hard pleasure of a skilled cock inside of her ass from a man. Women, yes, a couple had been back there, namely Nyssa, but never had another man been.

Peter Parker lined his cock up against Sara's asshole and slipped straight inside to no man's land. Sara's inviting back passage beckoned Peter.

"Right, there, oh put your big throbbing cock right there!" Sara yelled. "Spank that fucking ass!"

Palm struck Sara's flesh a couple of time. Peter Parker's hard palm slapped Sara in the ass a couple of times in tune with the thrusting. He reached down to catch the juices dripping from her pussy. Peter appreciated that warm abundant buttocks by grabbing her, squeezing her. He left fingernail indents in Sara's ass cheeks before pulling back and spanking Sara with a constant flourish of attacks.

"Oh, this ass is so nice," Peter said. "That might be your most deadly weapon."

"You know it, stud! You fucking know it. Mmm…rip my ass apart with that big powerful cock!"

Peter fucked Sara's asshole. She liked it a bit rougher than Peter was comfortable to give it to her to be perfectly honest. Still, Sara complained very little. The only reaction she gave to Peter's very steady temple was several lusty growls the further Peter pushed inside of her.

Stars shot through Sara's eyes. His fingers stuck to her clit and released a very warm rush. Peter pushed his rod into her, and the tension of his groin was about ready to release.

"Don't pull out," Sara begged him. "Just keep it up until you're…done!"
Not wanting to hold back or deny a woman what she wanted, Peter slammed balls deep into the delicious rear. Grabbing hands touched and manipulated Sara's rump. One twitch broke open the dam for Peter making a mess inside of Sara's tight asshole.

A few discharges of Peter's cum spilled into Sara's anal depths. He finished emptying inside of Sara's smoldering hot bowls.

The moment Peter pulled out of Sara prompted her to collapse down onto the ground. Sara's ass looked raw and was a bit sore. Worth it!

Sara crawled over and crawled onto Peter's lap. She winced but dropped her head onto Peter's shoulder. Peter wrapped an arm around Sara and snuggled against her.

"Bring that Gwen girl next time," Sara said. "I'm sure we can have a lot of fun together."

Peter just smiled. The idea of a threesome with two enticing blondes with spectacular asses brought the blood back to his crotch.

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End.

One of the throne rooms in the Inhuman Palace had very little activity in it. During peak hers, the royal family would have been here, particularly Medusa and Black Bolt, to hold court to the rest of the Inhumans. The number of those who came into their powers grew over the past couple of years.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Peter Parker spent the past couple of weeks as the guest of the Inhumans. He did not mean to intrude on their hospitality for some long. They welcomed him with open arms mostly out of gratitude of his royal of saving three young children who had been exposed to the process of Terrigensis by everyone's favorite madman, Norman Osborn, and had been used as test subjects. The most horrific part which caused Peter to feel a sickening feeling rising in his stomach was these experiments had been officially sanctioned by the government.

The young man dressed in a nice shirt and a pair of pants. He had been here as Peter Parker, a scientific expert on several super-powerful abilities. Only the Inhuman Royal Family knew of his duel-royal as the one and only friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.

"I don't think I've properly thanked you for saving them and saving me as well."

His interest locked on the stunning redhead who practically backed him into the temple. Her soft heart shape faced shined with light, with dazzling looking eyes, and red hair-clipped back. Her lips curled into a smile, with a tiny bit of mischief. The tight yellow body suit drew in to her body to showcase each curve the woman had to offer. Each step brought a more tantalizing view than the last.

Crystal was the younger sister of the Queen of the Inhumans Medusa. And she had dated a couple men from the outside world who had super powers. She had her eye one remarkable man so far. Spider-Man caught her attention through his heroics. The man underneath the mask grabbed her interest even tighter. Crystal tried to do this properly, to allow him to court her like things should be.

Something about Peter drew Crystal in.

"It's what heroes do," Peter said.

"I know," Crystal said. "Still you should be thanked and celebrated more. And not be judged as a menace and hunted down by people who fear what they don't understand."

Crystal could not help but sympathize with a fair amount of what Spider-Man went through. The Inhumans went through several challenges with people fearing what they do not understand. Unfortunately, prejudice ran both ways. Some Inhumans shielded themselves and prepared to think the worst of all humans. Some of them responded with actions of aggression.

"I really like you," Crystal said. "I really want to thank you. And if it doesn't work, hey we can part friends. There's no shame in trying."

"Things won't be awkward if this doesn't work?" Peter asked.

"No," Crystal said. "If we're going to be mature adults like this, then we should try and take the next
step in our relationship."

The two met in the middle with a kiss. Crystal threw her arms around Peter's neck and pulled the brilliant young man into a sensual makeout session. Her hands could feel his body. Greedily, the Inhuman found herself watching Spider-Man when swinging. She loved the way the man moved.

The fiery redhead laid one on Peter and demanded further entry into his mouth. Peter turned the tables and grabbed the back of Crystal's head to give her a very heated tongue kiss. Peter lightly rolled his hand down to Crystal's back. The tight bodysuit she favored already grew even more constrained.

"Why don't I slip into something more comfortable?" Crystal breathed in Peter's ear.

She gave his package a tight squeeze. Something more comfortable looked to be nothing at all. Crystal smiled and felt heat rise through her body the more Peter's eyes went onto her. She touched his hands and allowed them to drop on her body.

The curves of this Inhuman beauty burned in Peter's hands. She stood before him clad in an elegant bra, a pair of sexy panties, and her boots as well. Said attire made Crystal look sexy and desirable.

"You want me," Peter said. "Be careful what you wish for."

Peter continued to explore her body and push her back onto one of the thrones. Crystal's thighs parted with Peter leaned in and kissing her on the lips. She gasped when Peter increased some already passionate affections on her. Crystal grabbed onto Peter's shirt and started to tug it off.

"You have way too many clothes," Crystal said. "I'm afraid this section of the palace has a strict dresscode."

"Oh?" Peter asked with a squeeze of her right breast as it spilled from the regal woman's top. "Do tell?"

"Why tell, when I can show?"

Crystal pinched Peter firmly on the ass and then worked his pants off. The shorts followed and the well endowed manhood of Spider-Man came out into the open. Crystal's silken fingers caressed the manhood and caused it to rise up. The woman's hand rose and fell when the pumping increased.

"Take me and make me yours," Crystal said. "We should have done this a long time ago. Let me show how appreciated you are."

Peter pushed Crystal back on the throne. The feisty royal looked pretty much ready to receive. Nipples stuck out for the plucking. Peter lightened them to ripe fruit hanging on the vine which demanded to be picked. Peter cupped Crystal's generous globes and squeezed them. Crystal threw her head back and moaned at the attention her boyfriend paid to her.

The tour continued, with Peter's cock brushing against the smooth stomach of the sexy princess. The toned nature of Crystal's abs with the lack of bodyfat got Peter going. The hero teased both himself and Crystal before slowly guiding down to reach Crystal's warm entrance.

"Open for the right man," Crystal said with a firm squeeze of Peter's bicep.

Peter hoped he was the right man. The young man lowered himself into Crystal's dripping slit. The heat just pumping from her pussy rose up and took Peter deep inside of her. Crystal moaned hungrily the second Peter rose up and then drove his hard cock inside her body.
"Mmm, that feels so good."

His cock filled her up so nicely. Crystal rose her hips up the chair to meet him. He slipped a little bit deeper inside of her. Crystal put her hands on his back and encouraged him to go forward.

Peter leaned in to push his manhood deep inside of the goddess beneath him. She looked so beautiful bending back like that. Those very heavenly breasts sticking up to meet Peter's hands when he cupped around them with a very firm squeeze. Her breasts pushed into Peter's hand with another squeeze.

The manipulations of Peter caused a warm heat to rise form Crystal's very tantalizing loins. She pushed up to take as much of Peter inside of her.

"Are you feeling that?" Peter asked.

"Yes, baby," Crystal said. "A little bit harder…take your reward, hero. Take it nice and hard, oooh, just like that. Yes, just like that!"

Peter planted his thick rod inside of Crystal's juicy center with a series of hard thrusts. He rose up and dropped down into Crystal's body. She contorted around him taking his full cock.

Eventually, she let out all of her untapped passions in a very ear-splitting scream. Crystal put her nails on Peter's back and slowly worked them down into his shoulder. Crystal dug her nails as far back into Peter's shoulder as humanly possible when he rose up and crashed down into her loins.

Peter pulled out of Crystal, at her urging. The redhead turned over and bent over the throat. Peter watched as her body drenched in sweat prostrated itself for him. The sun glimmering of Crystal's heavenly skin made her look extremely appealing.

"I want more," Crystal breathed.

She popped a finger inside and made a wet and sticky sound when pushing the finger in and out. Crystal slipped the finger out of her gushing slit and into her mouth. Crystal lightly slipped the finger inside of her and sucked it. Crystal then moved her free hand out and slapped her ass.

Devious intentions flashed through the eyes of Crystal when she peered over her shoulder. Red hair flipped about when she showed her smooth slit towards Peter. Peter touched Crystal's warm thighs and started to part them for intrusion. The more Peter closed in on her, the better this action was going to feel.

"Yes, I want you as well."

"Take me!" Crystal shrieked. "Please! Take me! Oh! Take me with that big cock!"

Peter lined himself up for intrusion and shoved deep inside of Crystal. Her tightness only increased the more the sultry lover spread out for Peter's hard fucking. The web slinger clung to her amazing body with repeated and very deep thrusts. Peter almost pulled all the way out and slapped his balls against Crystal's wet center.

Crystal threw her head back and turned to look at the intense look on her boyfriend's face when driving himself inside of her. Sensitive areas being touched accelerated Crystal's orgasm. The sexy lady's toes curled the deeper Peter planted inside of her.

"Damn, so hot," Peter groaned. "I can't believe I'm so lucky."
An argument could have been made about which one out of the two of them was the lucky one. Crystal did not care other than to receive a heavy slam of Peter's engorged rod deep inside of her body. Peter pulled almost all the way out of Crystal.

Every touch of Crystal's body made Peter only want to push inside of her. The slick moisture spilled around his cock. The lubrication allowed him to stick his raging rod deep inside of the woman. Peter pulled almost all the way out and rocked her amazing body.

Time stood still before Peter gifted Crystal with a beautiful orgasm. Peter drove himself inside of Crystal with a hard pump. Crystal's walls snapped around him and milked Peter with the intention of drawing as much seed out of him as possible.

Crystal's body never stopped reacting through Peter's touching. Her stunning beauty became even more so the deeper Peter planted himself inside of her. His balls twitched and a feeling of near release started to build up. Peter started to slow down until the point Crystal whined and demanded him speed back up.

The entire process drew out for a long time. Peter repeated the ritual of bringing himself as close to the edge as possible. Crystal's velvety walls grabbed him hard. No matter how hot they felt brushing against his bare cock, Peter would not break. He had more stamina than that.

Only Peter's strong arms held Crystal up when he fucked her from behind while bending her over the chair. Crystal's lip received a heart indent. He left marks all over Crystals body by nibbling on the back of her neck. Peter sent tremors down her body. Every step of the way, Peter guided Crystal down her thrill ride of sexual pleasure.

Heat pumped around his cock. It became harder and harder to reinforce his will. Crystal's walls grew tighter when her climax, the big one, reached a fever pitch. Peter touched underneath Crystal's body and made her cum undone.

"Peter!"

The sound of his name screaming out in her voice felt like music. Peter increased penetration in Crystal's depths and brought her into a state of unbridled bliss. Crystal's warm snatch squeezed Peter to take him into the depths of her body.

"Oh! Damn it!" Peter yelled. "You're going to make me lose it."

Crystal sure hoped so. She sure hoped Peter would lose it. The Inhuman's excitement peaked to have Peter make a huge mess inside of her body. Crystal took his cock inside of her smoldering depths.

"We really should have done this a long time ago."

Peter's big balls tightened and the orgasm neared ever closer. He could not hold back for much longer. Every time Peter plunged inside of Crystal he grew a little bit more ready to cum. Like the gentleman he was, Peter held back enough for Crystal to go first.

A scream followed Crystal losing it. Her gushing cunt clamped down onto the cock stuck inside of her. This friction served as the catalyst for Peter to spill his cum inside of Crystal's waiting womb. Peter pulled almost all the way back and stuck her warm pussy with his cock constantly, rapidly sending what he built up inside of her.

Peter grunted when filling up Crystal's body with his cum. The insides of her body would be saturated by his thick seed. Her gripping walls squeezed his cock so hard to drain the brainy gentleman's balls dried.
Marveling at Peter's output and stamina, Crystal felt the final few blasts of seed firing inside of her body. Peter stuck her repeatedly with his cock and finished painting her walls completely white.

Peter released himself from Crystal with a smile on his face. The second Peter pulled himself onto the bench, Crystal climbed on top of him. Her warm body pressed into his when the two snuggled together. Peter enjoyed the feeling of every inch of her bare flesh touching his.

"Well, you've passed," Crystal said. "I hope this isn't a one time thing."

"If you don't want it to be, it won't," Peter said.

Crystal's face lit up with a smile. "Good."

End.

User Friendly(Platinum)

User-Friendly(Platinum of the Metal Men)

The missing Doctor Will Magnus abandoned his lab a very long time ago. No one knew where the good doctor had gone off to. Yet, through his research, Spider-Man heard whispers of an invention he would need to stop Doctor Otto Octavius which currently had been located at the lab of Doctor Will Magnus. Doctor Octopus's latest plan to take control of the city, the country, and the world, and also squash Spider-Man left the web slinger frustrated.

Agitation bubbled over from the people who had been put in the crossfire. Spider-Man needed something to turn the tides as well.

The web slinger stepped into the lab of the long departed scientist to try and have a look around. He had been surprised the lights in this building still worked. The web slinging hero frowned and kept his head above the cobwebs in the building. He would have thought for sure that someone would have shut off Magnus about a year ago. Unless, Magnus created some kind of generator, or the company running the power had been generous.

'I'm banking on the first one myself.'

The web slinger searched around the lab. He had one thing entering his mind.

'Okay. If I was a piece of high-tech equipment where would I hide?'

Spider-Man had no answer to this very pressing question. He moved around the area of the lab and noticed a door halfway open. The web slinger took a few seconds to adjust to the surprising light in the lab. He stepped into the room and noticed several cases. They contained robots made of different elements like gold, tin, lead, and other elements. The web slinger had been surprised.

The legend of the famous Metal Men was true. Spider-Man looked at the cases and had been taken aback by the very simple fact that one of them were not in the case.

"Can I help you with something?"

Spider-Man turned around to engage whoever came from the shadows. A figure stood in the shadows and into the darkness. One of the lamps flickered a couple of times.

"I'm here, I'm looking for Doctor Magnus," Spider-Man said. "I'm hoping that he would help me."

A momentary gasp came from the shadows. The figure in the background shifted in a very uncomfortable manner.

"I'm sorry, but Doctor Magnus is helping anyone these days. He's gone."

The woman stepped out of the shadows to properly face the web slinger. Spider-Man looked at her and she had the body of a gorgeous woman dressed in nothing other than a white lab coat. Her platinum skinned shined in the light as well. She had a bright smile, expression eyes, soft looking lips, and a very full figure. She was well put together, and not just because she was a robot as well.

"I…I heard the rumors," Spider-Man said. "And you are…."
"I am officially designated as Platinum of the Metal Men or at least I used to be," she said. "Those days are long over. You may call me Tina though."

She flashed the web slinger a smile and shifted over. The fact it became plainly obvious she was completely naked underneath that lab coat did not help with Peter's concentration.

"Can I do anything for you?"

The question had been among one of the most loaded Peter had ever given. He could see the beautiful woman standing next to him. Peter managed to reign in his thoughts before they went to so many not so appropriate places. He drew in a deep breath and kept his eyes locked on Tina.

"Unless you can point me to a de-scrambler satellite, then….

"Right this way."

The rumors were true and Magnus did have one at his lab. The two made their way over towards the lab. For a second, Peter could have sworn that Tina swayed her ass. And he really did wonder what Magnus was thinking when he built Tina like that. Maybe he was just imagining things, perhaps it had been a long time since he was laid.

"You want to de-scramble the satellite, don't you?" Tina asked. "You want to stop Doctor Octavius from taking over the network."

Peter wondered how she knew. Tina smiled at him and answered the unasked question.

"It was very difficult not to hear him. He did broadcast his message through the network after all."

Ock's vanity proved to have caught the wrong kind of attention yet again. He started as a man who intended to protect the world. Unfortunately, the best laid intentions and a lab accident messed with his mind. Peter brought his attention out of the past and to the present.

Tina took out a box and some satellite parts. She efficiently assembled them to the point where Peter could not help but whistle about being very impressed.

"It will take a couple of minutes to power completely up," Tina said. "Some of these parts need a charge to get working and then we need to track down the frequency of the satellite that Doctor Octopus is using."

"Right," Peter said. "Can you…"

"Yes, it should not be too much of a problem from this lab," Tina said. "The current time is one hour, forty-seven minutes and nineteen seconds to be completely precise."

Accurate, and Peter supposed he had no real choice other than to wait. Tina smiled and walked towards him. Her hand scanned over him for a second before dropping down to the side. Tina's mouth opened into an "O" shape and then she moved over.

"In the meantime, we should get to know each other," Tina said. "After all a healthy working relationship is one which has a lot of communication and an intimate level of trust."

Peter wondered what she implied at. Suddenly, the platinum skinned robot pushed her finger against Peter's chest and slowly started to stroke down his chest. He had been surprised when her hand moved over to try and disengage his cock from his pants.
"My sensors indicate you have a fair amount of built up which demands repeated release to satisfy your urges," Tina said. "I see that you are reacting to my form."

"It's just…you're…well you look nice," Spider-Man said. "I'm sorry if I….well, I'm here to….I just wasn't expecting you."

"Don't apologize for your biology," Tina said. "It's a common human desire to have intercourse with an attractive person. And give that I have been built for certain functions, it is only logical that I can help. I will want to help you, if you allow me to do so."

Peter's huge cock came up and Tina eyed it with a smile.

"Statistically, you are above average," Tina said. "So, there is nothing to be ashamed about. You have a very nice penis, Spider-Man. May I taste it?"

"I guess…this won't…."

"As I said, I am built to achieve functions like a normal human woman," Tina said. "I can tell you there are parts of my body which were built to adapt to standard functions."

Peter wondered if she….what was Magnus thinking when he built Tina? Actually, Peter could have a good idea. Regardless, Tina dropped to her knees and opened her mouth wide. Peter's cock slipped into her mouth which formed the perfect shape for his cock to slide inside.

"Damn!" Peter groaned.

Tina adapted her mouth to the perfect tightness and perfect level of heat. Her hands came up to caress Peter's balls. Peter closed his eyes and tried not to lose it into the mouth of this sexy robot. Tina's mouth shovelled all the way down onto his cock.

She did not have any of the problems women had sometimes with a gag reflex. And why the hell would she? She was a robot, a very sexy robot who was currently pleasuring Peter's hard cock making him push as far into it as possible. A rush came from his balls.

Tina looked up with those eyes, shifted to look like innocent. Innocent, but at the same time very naughty, a combination causing a stirring to come from Peter's loins. Tina sucked him constantly.

"Tina, I'm….I'm going to cum in your….."

Peter exploded into the waiting mouth of the android. The woman sucked Peter's cum into her throat. She bobbed up and down to draw his cum inside of her waiting mouth with a constant flow of cum. Tina grabbed onto his ass and shoved more of the cock into her mouth.

Tina pulled away and smiled. Her finger lightly caressed against Peter's body. The eyes glowed at Peter with Tina grabbing his still throbbing cock and squeezing it even more.

The lab coat came on and just as Peter expected, she wore not a thing on her. Full breasts, flat stomach, wide hips, and long legs. Along with a slit which looked to be made of a softer material on her suit. Tina turned herself around to show Peter a round hole in her perfectly shaped ass.

"Feel me," Tina said. "Feel how nice, I feel."

Temptation struck Peter completely. He reached in and touched Tina's breasts. The warmth coming off of her body showed how human she was, how real this vixen was. Tina gave a gasp when Peter moved down to caress her body. He came down to her pussy.
It stretched against his finger when Peter pushed it in. A sexy android, well this was one of the science-fiction geek wet dreams, along with the green skinned space babe. Peter would have been doing everyone a disservice not to go all the way. All the way inside of her with that finger, that finger working in and out inside. Peter slipped a finger inside and out of her.

"I want you," Tina begged him.

A couple of fingers pumped inside of Tina's warm pussy. The young man shoved his fingers deep inside of Tina's warm pussy. He felt up the sexy woman and caused her to thrust her hips up. The fluids coming out of her body were surprisingly realistic and warm.

Peter touched her breasts with his free hand when fingering Tina. His cock grew hard and pushed against her. It demanded entrance and Tina leaned back to demand entrance inside of her. The web slinger took his fingers all the way down Tina's smooth body. Each touch caused her hips to rise up.

"Spider-Man, join me," Tina said.

Tina turned around ever so slightly to give Peter a nice glimpse of her tight platinum colored ass. Peter briefly stopped touching her pussy to grope her ass. Tina allowed a moan to come from her body.

Seconds passed before both of them positioned themselves. Peter had been behind Tina with his cock jutting out and ready to intrude. Peter lightly ran his fingers over Tina's slit and could feel her. She reacted to his touches and soon would react to his cock.

Hardness penetrated Tina's wet pussy in an instant push. Peter pushed against her and worked back before working his hard cock inside of her with another perfect thrust. The web slinger pulled almost all the way out of her and then pushed into her.

Tina adjusted and increased the receptors for feeling in herself. Spider-Man grabbed onto her back and shoved himself into her. Tina could feel the web slinger penetrate her body. Those hands touched every inch of Tina. Her nipples grew hard underneath Peter's fingers.

"You are full of surprises," Peter said.

Any comment coming from her would have to wait. Peter pulled almost all the way out and plunged inside of Tina's warm pussy. Pumping heat grabbed Peter's hard cock warm cock with a few rapid fire thrusts.

The sexy android reacted to Peter's touches. She gave him a few moans. Those moans increased with her deep breathing.

"Thank you…for making me feel this!" Tina yelled.

"No…problem," Peter said. "You're tight….oh….."

"The tightest I can be so…you can…still fit!"

Tina experienced new sensations that her programming had not been accustomed to just yet. She could feel Peter's bare cock against her walls. It touched into the depths of her core which increased with heat. Peter's touches increased her pleasure receptors.

This final test proved that Tina could feel everything a human woman could. The only part of her which was not like a normal human woman would be the inability to give birth.
Peter pushed himself into that very warm and willing pussy which just molded around him. He grunted when feeling the tightness clamp around his hard and very throbbing cock. Peter almost pulled all the way out. Tina accommodated to his length and he shoved himself deep inside of the woman with a couple more thrusts.

The web slinger pushed inside of Tina's body. She screamed out in pleasure when Peter ran his hands all over her body. All roads lead back to her breasts.

"Shove your hardware into my port," Tina said.

Peter almost had to laugh at that one. Still nothing could distract him from the snug tightness the surviving member of the metal main gave him. She slowly and efficiently worked Peter's cock and dragged him to one of the greatest orgasms he would ever see.

The first churning of Peter's balls started. His cum fired up from those balls and shoved deep inside of Tina's warm and gushing hole. Her core tensed around Peter and formed a very firm seal around him. The steady and sensual manipulation buried the contents of Peter's balls inside of Tina's waiting core.

Tina felt a tingling inside of her body when Peter buried the cum in where her womb would be if she was an organic woman.

"Insertion succession," Tina said. "One hundred percent completed."

Peter fell back, dazed. Never had he felt a nice release. His seed dripped from Tina, who carefully took a rag from the table to clean the semen from her. A few strands stuck to her fingers. Tina locked eyes with Peter and sucked the cooling cum from her finger. Peter observed the android's actions with a twitching coming from his cock and balls.

"Twenty three minutes," Tina reported. "Perhaps you would like to kill some more time?"

"Come over her," Peter said.

Tina smiled and sat on Peter's lap. His stamina rose up to a more efficient and higher statistical level. That huge cock would be inside of her in no time once more.

"Make me feel like a woman again," Tina said

Peter smiled and cupped her ass before pulling Tina close to him. Peter's cock begged for entrance and Tina's opened her legs to allow Peter all the room he needed to slip inside.

End.

Fulfilling a Fantasy(Kamala Khan)

So, before we get to this chapter, I feel that I should remind everyone of the Sticky Situations Request post at my blog. Where you can request women from Marvel and DC for a Sticky Situation chapter. I will be writing another batch of chapters in early 2018 to take me through the rest of the next year. If you want to make a request, hit up the Page of Very Important Links on my profile and go to the One and Only Sticky Situations Requests Post on that page. And then those girls will be slotted into the randomizer as needed and luck of the draw wins.

Fulfilling a Fantasy(Kamala Khan)

Slight discomfort shot through the body of the teenager who laid face down onto the bed. Her brown skin had a few smudges on it, a couple of scratches, but overall she was alright. And after today, Kamala Khan thought she did not deserve to be. The barely legal girl rolled out of bed and took a deep breath. It took a few seconds for her to remember where she was and why she screwed up so badly.

Kamala brushed a finger on the bandages covering her upper right arm. A white tank top fit over her upper body to show a small amount of her developed breasts. She dressed in a pair of tight shorts, an outfit which would cause her mother to have nothing short of a stroke if she saw Kamala in it. Kamala rose up to a standing position and then dropped down.

She recognized something on the table. Her laptop, and Kamala's heart started to flutter. Hopefully, no one read the documents she left on that laptop.

'Damn, just….just don't get upset,' Kamala thought to herself. 'Don't get flustered. You don't know if they read anything.'

"You're awake."

Kamala held back the very fangirl squeal when she came face to face with the one and only Spider-Man. The living legend stood in this apartment right in front of her. Now Kamala remembered.

"And you seem in pretty good health," Peter said. "And in pretty good spirits by the looks of things."

Good spirits, oh she was in more than good spirits. Kamala's lips curled into a brilliant smile. Had she thought tnot it was ill-advised thanks to her injuries, Kamala would have jumped up and down on the bed.

"Are you kidding? This is the best? I could be in some bad guy lair? But instead, I'm right here! Here! With Spider-Man! One of the most amazing heroes ever! The most spectacular hero as well! And you're pretty hot as well!"

The web slinger looked at the teenage as she bounced up and down on the bed. Her breasts in the tank top threatened to spill out. Kamala realized what she was doing and what kind of vibe she was giving off. Her hands touched the top and pulled it up over her.

"Well, maybe, you're not, because I've never seen you without your mask," Kamala said. "Not saying that you're ugly or something, because I'm pretty sure you're not that either. It's just, wow, you're Spider-Man, and you're just wow, I can't believe it."
"Hey, I'm just a normal guy like everyone else."

Kamala would have to disagree had the awe not completely set in. She gave in a visual undressing for a second before pulling away.

"I've checked out your laptop, and everything seems to be okay."

Kamala snapped back and a small amount of trepidation hit the young girl. He checked out her laptop. Kamala flushed a little bit at the thought of what he might have found on the website.

'What if he found some of my self-insert fanfiction? It starts me, with him…and some of it can get a little bit…um…not family friendly.'

The thought of some of the things she wrote even more than a few years ago caused a bit of embarrassment to come through Kamala's body. She looked up at Spider-Man for a few seconds. Whether or not he knew about the shameless smut she wrote staring herself and Spider-Man, he gave no visual indication.

'Well, at least it isn't as prolific as the ones with you and Captain Marvel,' Kamala thought.

Kamala flushed at the thought of how awkward she was writing during those days. It could be hard to translate fantasy onto written paper.

"So, you haven't seen anything…out of the ordinary?" Kamala asked him.

"Well, you're quite the writer," Spider-Man said in a casual tone of voice.

Kamala wanted to crawl into a whole. He read it, some of it at the very least, or at least got the gist of it. The teenager's throat sized up. She wanted to stammer and apologize because that was never meant for Spider-Man to see. Sure, she posted some of it on her blog, but she doubted Spider-Man scoured the internet to read fanfiction about himself.

'That would be weird.'

"And you have a very vivid imagination," Spider-Man said. "And I'm very flattered at the compliment. I'm astonished though, someone would spend time to write something about me."

"Oh, you'd be surprised," Kamala said. "And thanks…thanks about that. If you're cool with it, I haven't done that since I was younger, at least in a few months, maybe about a year now that I think about it."

She tried not to be too embarrassed by tripping over her words.

"How old are you now?" Spider-Man asked her.

"Eighteen, I just turned eighteen last week," Kamala said.

"Well, happy late birthday," Spider-Man said. "So, what was your favorite one?"

One question Kamala did not expect to be asked. Then again, she did not really expect to have a conversation with Spider-Man anyway. He just seemed so larger than life, okay maybe not Captain America or Iron Man or Thor levels of larger than life.

"My favorite?" Kamala asked. "Oh, well…it's not as good as I thought it was. And I'm pretty sure if I read a lot of my past work I'd end up hating it, but there is one that I'm very fond of…and this is kind of embarrassing because I don't think it would happen in real life."
"Go on," Spider-Man said.

"Well, there's this story where I am saved by Spider-Man, and it is against the Sinister Six, the original Sinister Six, because nothing beats the classics," Kamala said. "Anyway, you saved me, and we went back…and you took my virginity and….well it was really nice. You were reluctant at first, talking about how I was too young."

"I don't remember seeing that one," Spider-Man said. "Do you think you can tell me what you proceeded to do to convince me?"

Kamala wondered if she got bonked on the head harder than previously thought. Still, after everything else that happened, it might be time to go for broke.

"Show, not tell, Spidey," Kamala said.

The teenager decided to make her move and climb to her feet. She walked up towards Spider-Man and wrapped her arms around his body. Her toned body pressed against the body of the web slinger. Spider-Man grabbed her around her waist and held her up.

"Thank you for saving me," Kamala said. "I really want to thank you for this…you must be tired swinging around every day saving silly little girls who get themselves in so much trouble."

"We really shouldn't be doing this?"

"Oh," Kamala said. "You mean this?"

Her hand cupped the web slinger's crotch and gave it a squeeze. The feeling of a bulge stretching against the material made Kamala very excited. His throbbing erection was going to tear those pants if they are not careful.

"You're much too young," Spider-Man said. "And I'm…."

"You're a healthy man, I'm a healthy woman," Kamala said. "Besides, you can't tell me you don't want some of this."

Kamala reached up and pulled her tank top to reveal her round breasts. Her brown orbs stuck out with a pair of stiff nipples. Kamala reached and grabbed Spider-Man's hands to put them on her body. They fell onto her breasts. The web slinger clutched her breasts and squeezed them.

"Fuck," Spider-Man groaned.

"Oh, you're so big. Bigger than I thought."

Writing about a big cock was one thing, actually having one clasped in her hand was another thing entirely. Kamala wrapped her hand around Peter's engorged prick. The friction coming from the palm of her hand made Peter's hard cock rise and swell.

The web slinger grunted at the feeling of the soft, young, hand, stroking him up and down. She experimented with the use of his cock. Kamala leaned down and looked at his cock. The manhood stuck up demanding to be sucked. Kamala's lips smacked together with desire flooding over her eyes.

"I have to have that."

Kamala leaned in and dropped her mouth against the erect manhood. She took him into her mouth.
and sucked him. Spider-Man placed his hands on the back of Kamala's head and shoved more of his manhood into the back of her throat.

Her throat expanded and released Kamala's throat. She sucked him a few times before pulling away from him.

"I have to have you," Kamala said. "Please, take me with that nice, big cock."

Kamala dragged her nail down the long cock of the web slinger. The manhood swayed back up and dropped down. Kamala wrapped her hand around the manhood and pumped him a couple more times before stepping back. Kamala put her hands on her shorts to pull them down.

"Allow me," her hero said.

Kamala bit down on her lip and nodded, allowing Spider-Man to pull her shorts down. She could not believe this was actually happening. His hands gripping her wet pussy and making Kamala breath. She might be dreaming this for all she knew. But if this was a dream, it was a damn good dream, and she was not waking up.

Spider-Man looked at the pussy of the tight teen. His fingers touched her slit. In response to the touching, Kamala's juices lingered to his fingers. The web slinger pushed her back onto the bed, causing her to gasp. He crawled over the top of her.

First, Spider-Man's able hands clutched Kamala's aching breasts. The dark-skinned girl chewed down on her lip. Those nice and able fingers kept drumming down and touching Kamala's tender and firm flesh. He knew all of the right buttons to push. Kamala breathed heavily.

'You have a nice body," Spider-Man said. "You're beautiful, and if you want me to make you a woman, I'm your man."

Kamala squeezed her thighs together to allow the drippings to roll down her thighs. Instantly, Spider-Man's throbbing cock head danced at her entrance and came an inch away from pushing inside. Kamala grabbed onto the web slinger and tried to push her hips up to meet his hard cock. Spider-Man pulled away from her and then took the plunge inside of the woman.

The wet walls of Kamala parted the second Spider-Man rammed his huge cock inside of her tight body. The feeling of discomfort faded away to a feeling of pleasure. Spider-Man thrust his hard cock inside of Kamala's tightening pussy. The web slinger grabbed onto her hips and then pushed into her body.

The tightness of a tempting teenage wrapped around the intruding cock of Spider-Man. The hero pushed his rod deep inside of Kamala's slick insides. Her walls contracted and released around the intruding young man. He responded by touching her body and kissing the girl.

Kamala gasped and lips parted to allow her lovers tongue inside of her mouth. She reached up to touch every part of his body the deeper the young man plunged into her body. Those thick balls slapped against her thighs and made her feel really good.

"Are you still with me?" he asked.

The teenager nodded, her dreams becoming a reality. Or at least real enough. The web slinger's might rod pierced her insides constantly. His hands touched her body and made the girl slide her walls up. Kamala felt his hand brush against her inner thigh. Those touches only brought Kamala to a higher peak.
The web slinger rose up and drove his mighty staff into the gripping insides of his lover. Kamala touched him with her inner walls and milked her lover with everything she had. Kamala threw her head back and whimpered a little bit. Spider-Man pulled back and then plunged inside of the slick sheath a few more times. Every time made Peter rise and drop inside of Kamala's tightening loins.

"Yes, oh, yes!" Kamala moaned. "Oh!"

Kamala dragged her nails against him. She held him in close with strength. He rose up and slammed down into her. Her tight body worked his manhood inside of her. So much pleasure built through the body of the woman. He grabbed on her legs, breasts, and everything.

"Feel everything build up," Spider-Man said. "This is what you want, isn't it?"

Kamala found herself dazed. He touched the spot behind her right ear. It was written in several of her stories how she was sensitive behind her right ear. Kamala's legs wrapped around the hips of the talented lover just driving repeatedly inside. Wet flesh smacked together on a constant tempo. Her body sized up and almost came completely undone.

"Yes, it's…it's everything!" she moaned.

Up to the top of everything else, Kamala's nipples grew so stiff it was almost obscene. The web slinger's mask pulled up and his mouth wrapped around her aching nipples. He bit down on them to prompt a clenching of Kamala's loins. She pushed up off of the bed and dropped down to feel the hard cock slamming into her body repeatedly.

Kamala came as hard as possible. To the point she almost blacked out from cumming so hard. No, she needed to remain awake for this. She needed to keep her wits about herself.

Spider-Man slowed himself down to make sure the woman underneath him recovered. The sensitive attentions offered on the woman's legs made her squirm underneath the web slinger. He rose up almost off of the bed and then plunged his engorged prick inside of her tightening sheath.

Erotic enjoyment struck Kamala. Spider-Man screwed her senseless on the bed. Her drooling, dripping body would never forget this night. This encounter proved to be better than her dreams. His hand rolled underneath her leg and caused the tension to build. A throbbing clit received ample attention. Kamala rose up to feel the iron bar manipulating her pussy sawing into it.

"Spider-Man!"

Kamala moaned in his ear and nibbled on the side of his face, at least the bit uncovered by his mask. Her younger body melted underneath the intense passions of the much more mature man. Her loins twitched at the increased friction of the web slinger.

Both went on for quite some time later. Their bodies molded together, with Spider-Man bottoming out inside of her center. He hit a touchy spot and made Kamala start gushing.

She almost blacked out. Determination forced Kamala to hold on all the way to the end. The web slinger pushed his cock inside of her. His massive rod spiked inside her body. His groin tightened and was about ready to send the rush of seed from his aching loins inside her.

Both joined together in a climax with each other. Kamala jolted back up to grab onto Spider-Man's back and push him inside of her. His balls discharged their ample bounty inside Kamala's gripping womanhood. The continuously milking brought Spider-Man to the edge.

Those big balls held a lot. Kamala found herself appreciative of it. Hoping this was real, and she
wasn't in some HYDRA lab high on some mind-altering drug as she imagined this. Those balls grew lighter and lighter when Spider-Man filled up Kamala with his seed.

She passed out, an aching feeling going through her pussy. Where she would wake back up, Kamala did not know.

Something told her that this was real though. Kamala had to have faith in that much. The alternative would be disappointing and frustrating.

End.

The sythazoid daughter of the long-term Avenger, the Vision, looked on with wide-eyed curiosity. Her programming indicated she would feel some of the same things that girls her age would go. It was perfect, and at the same times rather confusing. If she was born human, Viv would be seventeen-years-old. She had the feelings of a teenager, and also the desires. A want burned deep inside of her and the desire to be satisfied increased through the body of the young woman.

Viv took a couple of steps. She dressed in a loose white tank top which fit around her perky looking breasts. The shorts pushed over her body fit a bit snugger with beautiful long legs stretching out all the way. Viv thought about all of the potential candidates to satisfy this human desire.

She moved towards the office door at the academy and knocked on three times.

"Come in."

The door opened and Viv came across of the handsome young man across the desk. Viv looked at the young man and made her move. She stepped across the room, the nice carpet squashing underneath her feet. She smiled at the desk being cleaned off. Only a stack of documents were on the edge of the desk.

Peter looked up at Viv and raised his eyebrow. The girl bit down on her lip cutely and looked very nervous shifting against the office. Her greenish skin shined with the golden eyes fixed on Peter's body. If he did not know better, Peter would think that one of his students was sizing him up. Still, the teacher decided to regard the nervous looking girl with a smile.

"What can I do for you, Viv?"

"I was wondering if you could help me with something, Mr. Parker," Viv said. "Actually, I'm kind of nervous to ask you, but I've been having these feelings. And since you're my teacher, I wonder if you could help me."

Peter gave his student a smile. The girl's face looked pretty flushed for a few seconds. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Viv looked in front at her handsome older teacher.

"I wanted to know what it felt like to have an orgasm."

Peter Parker thought it was a good thing he put his coffee down when Viv entered his office. He would have either spit the coffee out or choked on it. Did her skirt just go a little bit higher than the standard issue at the academy? Peter tried not to look out curiosity.

"That's….well, it's hard to explain," Peter said. "It's a wonderful feeling allowing all of your pent up frustrations to come out in one rush. It's just…well unless you've experienced it, it's hard to explain it."

Viv just gave him a smile and dropped her skirt to the ground. Peter tried to look away from her bare pussy.

"Viv, this is highly inappropriate and we can both get in trouble," Peter said.
"Aren't you the one who told me the best way to explain things is to give a practical demonstration?" Viv asked. "I'm uncertain how to properly stimulate myself towards climax. I feel like you're the one who can help me. Please, Mr. Parker, no one will know."

Viv crawled onto his desk. Peter should have said no, but the girl bit down on her lip. One movement caused Viv to cup her teenage tits. Her synthetic body was very accurate and moved very nicely.

"Please, sir," Viv said. "I don't know how to get myself off. It's an important part of my education."

Peter would have made a quip about how the Internet would have likely pointed her in the right direction.

He leaned in and kissed Viv on the lips. After pinning his student's head in place, Peter rolled down her body. Viv closed her eyes and gasped when Peter's fingers pulled down her body.

"It is better when someone does it for you the first time," Peter said. "Someone with experience so you know what to expect when you're doing it right."

"Yes, sir, I figured as much," Viv said.

Peter's trousers strained at both her calling him "sir" in such a sultry manner and the just absurdity of this situation. The web slinger pushed his fingers against Viv's opening and educated himself just as much with how she was put together as Peter educated Viv in the fine art of pleasure. The web slinger lightly manipulated her folds and gained a little bit more intensity.

Viv closed her eyes and felt the fingers of her teacher inside of her. Skilled fingers pumped their way inside of Viv's tightening center. She clamped down onto him and felt Peter push into her.

"Fingers are one thing," Peter said. "Your partner might also go down on you when they use your mouth and tongue to stimulate your body like this."

Peter kissed all the way down Viv's warm thighs. He nibbled on her surprisingly soft flesh. The taste coming from her loins was very pleasurable. Vision put together a very nice daughter, not that he would be telling Vision of this seedy little encounter.

Viv threw her head back the moment Peter's tongue tickled her inside. She felt a tingling inside with a deep breathing coming out. Viv tugged on her nipples. Peter's hands worked on the underside of her legs and caused Viv to rise up and down.

She could feel something going through her. Peter buried his tongue inside of her and then switched to using his fingers.

"You will feel a slow build up when it comes," Peter said. "It will be a slow rise, but the fall will be intense. And you will feel like you're on top of the world when it happens."

Viv had to agree, as Peter kept fingering her pussy. The web slinger pushed deep inside of her wet pussy. It clenched around his fingers and releases them.

"It feels so good, sir,' Viv breathed. "Thank you, sir."

The orgasm rushed through Viv's body. Her deep breathing escalated to a fever pitch as new sensations filled her body. Peter worked his finger inside of her and then licked her. The juices trickling out of the tempting teenager made things even hotter.
Peter stood up and drew Viv's eyes towards his crotch. Fabric stretched and looked about ready to pull out. She pulled over and grabbed Peter's pants to pull them off.

"It's part of a healthy relationship to return the favor to your partner, isn't it?"

Peter was not going to argue. Viv eyes his thickening cock and rested it in the palm of her hand. She added some lubricant to her hand to rub him up and down. It just got bigger and bigger in her hand. Viv played with the member and the more she played with it, the bigger he grew.

"I like that," Viv said while smacking her lips together. "I like that a whole lot? Am I doing it right, sir?"

"Yes, you're doing it right," Peter groaned. "But, why don't you suck it a little bit so you can give it the love it needs?"

Viv wrapped her hot mouth around Peter's throbbing hard cock. The handsome teacher grabbed the back of the head of the student. The innocent, but seductive, teenager, slobbered all over Peter's aching pole. Peter grabbed the back of Viv's head and shoved more of it inside of her mouth.

The hunger in Viv's eyes continued to build. She reached over to weigh his balls. They throbbed and Viv gently squeezed them in a way which she thought would bring her lover more pleasure. Peter's fingers brushed down on Viv's head. Her eyes fell onto his face with a mouth full of so much throbbing hard cock.

"Viv!" Peter yelled. "You're such a good student! Such a good little eager student, willing to please her teacher. You're going to get perfect marks!"

Peter rammed his cock inside of Viv's warm throat. The more Peter rocked his way inside of Viv's warm throat, the further he got. Peter grabbed Viv's head and started to rock against her. His balls slapped against Viv's chin and swelled, going even thicker.

"I'm going to cum," Peter told her. "You're doing so good that you're going to make me cum. You're going to taste my….ughgh, damn it."

Viv swirled her tongue around his head and took his cock into her mouth as hard as possible. The seventeen year old deep throated her mature teacher. The web slinger grabbed her hands and spilled a fair amount of seed into the back of her throat. The web slinger kept firing a constant barrage of seed into the back of Viv's waiting throat.

He finished up a few minutes later. Viv kept sucking him and licking him. Some of the cum dribbled off of her chin and onto her shirt.

"I think I got my shirt messed up," Viv said. "It should dry in a little bit, if I put it over by the heater."

Viv pulled her shirt off and exposed her perfectly sculpted breasts. They bounced and caused Peter's attention to draw onto them. Her flat stomach, perfect pussy, and cute little ass also drew in Peter. Any wrongness of this situation drew out of Peter's mind. His loins ached and there was only one thing to do to cure his desire.

"Ms. Vision," Peter said.

"Yes, sir," Viv said.

"You still have one more test before I can pass you out of this lesson," Peter said. "We need to take extra care to make sure you can take a cock inside of your pussy."
"I've been built to perform many biological human functions," Viv said. "Although, I'm afraid I cannot….."

Peter leaned over and motioned for her to lean back. Viv leaned back on the desk and spread her warm thighs towards him. Peter crawled over towards the temptation that was this teenager and her barely legal pussy. A small voice in the back of Peter's head told him that he was in a position of authority over her and this might be one step too far.

The little devil on Peter's shoulder egged him on. Viv rolled her hands down her body and teased Peter. Her thighs pushed up and down with Peter keeping his gaze on the object of his desire. His cock stretched out and touched Viv on the lips. She gave him a sultry little smile and pushed her thighs apart for Peter to ram his hard cock inside of her. Peter held onto Liv's body and leaned down to give her some kisses on the side of the neck. Viv closed her eyes and rolled her hips up to meet Peter's intrusion.

"It feels good!" Viv moaned.

"You've barely felt anything yet."

Her super snug pussy clamped around Peter's long cock. He steadied against her and worked up and down. Liv's warm walls squeezed Peter as tight as humanly possible. His aching rod filled up the woman almost all the way and then he pulled completely back. Peter pushed down inside of her and stretched out her out.

The accommodation of Viv's stretching loins took Peter's hard cock inside of her welcoming body. Peter held onto her and pushed into her pussy. The feeling of her warm womanhood stretching up and down on Peter was really good. She wanted his hard cock inside of her body.

"And now, you're going to cum for the first time with a cock inside of you."

'Oh, sir, it feels so good to have your big cock inside of my body," Viv said. "Please, make me a woman. Make me a real woman with your huge cock."

Peter touched her nipples and they responded all of the way. The heat working up and down into Viv's body made her warm pussy contract and expand around him. Peter held his hands on Viv's soft body and the hot teenage pushed up to meet his throbbing cock.

Those huge balls contracted as Peter moved up and down. Viv's body shook the moment he started to stroke her sensitive young breasts. Her nipples ached for attention and Peter gave her the ride of her life.

"And now, it's my turn," Peter said. "It's better to give just as way as receive."

Viv would have to agree. She received his cock and it gave her the thrill of her life. Peter's hands stroked all the way over Viv's gorgeous legs. He pushed deeper inside of the woman underneath him. Those balls kept slapping up and down on her thighs. The warmness pumped Peter deep inside of her body.

"Fuck me, oh give me your cock, sir," Viv said. "I want to feel your warm cum inside of my body. Please, sir."

Peter made the girl cum all over his cock by jamming himself inside of her warm body. He pushed deep inside of Viv's warm body and stretched her completely out on his cock. She squeezed around him and released Peter's hard cock so he could hammer it inside of her again.
"I'm getting close," Viv whimpered. "Closer, sir, I can't…I can't hold out."

A deeper push of his cock resulted in Viv squeezing him and releasing him. Peter grunted and drained his cum inside of her wet pussy. Peter pushed deep inside of her and drained his hot cum inside of her waiting womb.

Viv enjoyed the thrill ride when his hard cock deflated inside of her. The girl moved her hips up to meet her lover when he drove his cock inside of her repeatedly and endlessly until they both finished.

"So, do you understand now?"

"Yes, sir," Viv said. "If I have any more questions though, I know where to find you."

End.

Next Chapter: 12/2/2017.
An Old Tradition (Sif)


'Never again.

One rattled and confused thought moved through the head of Spider-Man. With some effort, and some straining on his damaged head, the web slinger managed to piece together a good enough narrative of what happened the previous ending. He teamed up with Thor, Sif, and several other warriors of Asgard to stop Loki's latest plan to enslave the realms. Loki pulled off this plan at least every time Odin entered the Odin sleep. Somehow, Spider-Man got sucked into things this time after fighting the Green Goblin, who got his hands on a mystic artifact which transported them into Asgard.

'Speaking of which, what did happen to Norman?'

Peter knew for certain in the back of his addled mind. Which was the other thing he remembered, after the victory, Spider-Man joined the Asgardians with a celebration at Loki's latest defeat and banishment. Spider-Man considered just heading back to Earth, but he decided to stay for just one drink.

In Asgard, no one ever had one drink at a celebration feast, and the rest of the night was something that Peter could not remember. He could feel something brushing against him. Something warm, someone warm and soft, in his bed. The web slinger woke up to feel Lady Sif of Asgard with her arms wrapped around him. Sif snuggled against his chest with a dazed and quite content smile on her face.

'This might be a bit of a problem,' Spider-Man thought.

"Good morning," Sif purred in his ear. "Last night was amazing."

Was it? Peter could not remember it. Sif looked to be very comfortable pressed against him and on the list of things he should do, upsetting a skilled warrior woman when she was comfortable ranked pretty low at the bottom of the list. Sif nuzzled against him and lightly kissed at his jaw. The raven-haired Asgardian kept nibbling at his jaw and smiling when looking into his eyes.

"And you do not recall what we shared last night," Sif said. "You recall how I said I owed you one after you assisted me and the Valkyrie against Loki, do you not?"

Peter really wished he could remember what happened on this night. Sif gently placed a hand on his shoulder to gain his attention.

"And unfortunately, given how you do not recall payment of debt, then by ancient Asgardian tradition, it's invalid."

Perhaps Peter's mind had been completely screwed, but did Sif just implied she had sex with him last night. And worst of all, he did not remember having sex with the stunning warrior goddess? Sif rose up and allowed the silk bed sheets to fall out of her. Her very perfect and tanned body was out in front of him. The leggy goddess stood a few inches back with her nice round breasts shoving out in front of him. Peter's eyes traveled down her body and could see the dried up bits of cum all over her thighs.
"One could say that my state is sufficient enough," Sif said. "But, I disagree. And I think we should both share this when we are awake."

Sif motioned for Peter to stand from the bed. He stood and his cock stood at attention. Sif reached in and touched Peter's throbbing penis in her hand. The web slinger closed his eyes in anticipation for Sif's warm hand sliding down his manhood and all the way to the base of his cock.

"It's nice to see you're awake and ready."

The warrior goddess crouched down to get a better look at his throbbing hard cock. Those warm lips sent hot breath on the tip of his penis.

"And it's as able as I remember as well."

The cock hardened as Sif leaned down and took him inside her mouth. The goddess leaned down and took Peter, first sucking on his head. Her mouth eased up a little bit more to take the shaft and suck on him. She stroked the based even more.

Sif dreamed of having another attempt at his cock. The two snuck off to discuss terms of the debt being paid and one thing lead to another. Sif only vaguely remembered some of it, although as his cock continued to fill her warm mouth, she remembered more of it.

"Oh, Sif, fuck, I remember this now," Peter said. "I remember how good your mouth feels."

She gave him a divine treatment of the blowjob. Sif bent down and looked into him. She released his cock from her mouth and rose up to a standing position.

"So, what do you want to do now?"

She threw the ball back into his court. Peter grabbed Sif and pushed her back onto the bed. The two lovers kissed each other and stroked their firm flesh. Peter could not get enough of Sif's body. Those warm curves kept pushing into the palm of his hand the deeper and more fluid Peter got with touching her.

"Peter," Sif moaned hungrily.

Peter sucked the side of her neck and it resulted in Sif throwing her head back in response. Those able hands went between Sif's thighs and started to rub her. Her warm pussy pushed up to meet Peter's very able strokes. The continued pleasuring of her thighs increased with each intense motion. Peter buried his finger inside and almost pulled it completely out before shoving it inside of Sif one more time.

"Peter!" Sif let out in a pure. "Oh, Peter!"

The young man kept fingering her. Hearing his real name coming out of the mouth of a goddess in a favorable way made Peter's cock harden. He knew there was only one place where it could be where it would feel good. The best was yet to come.

"Roll over," Peter said.

Sif rolled over and Peter smiled before climbing on top of her. Her round ass poked into the air. Peter stroked Sif's body. Each roll of his hands over her body resulted in a new gasp coming from the goddess.

"By the Allfather that feels so good!" Sif mewled.
No sooner did Sif let out this declaration, Peter found Sif's succulent breasts one more time. He leaned in to touch them and worship them like the divine pillar they should be. Sif's round breasts pressed into the hands of her lover. The more the web slinger touched them, the deeper and more sensual her moans turned.

"Yes," Peter told her. "It's going to feel even better when I'm done with you."

Sif anticipated what he was doing. His cock knocked on the edge of her warm gates. The web slinger edged closer towards her. The warmth almost sucked him in. Sif really wanted the throbbing hard manhood deep inside of her pussy. She wanted him so bad.

Peter humped Sif's wet pussy, but did not quite slip inside of her. The feeling of his long cock dancing into her divine gates brought further intensity. He did not quite remember how it was to be inside of her. Peter imagined her to be very wet and very tight, grabbing his hard cock.

Several kisses and nibbles pleased the back of Sif's neck and her ear lobe as well. The goddess whimpered underneath the touches of her lover. Peter caressed her glorious globes and gave them a nice squeeze. The two breasts pushed into his hand even harder the more Peter played with them.

"Get ready," Peter told her. "I hope you're ready for this."

"Yes, I'm ready," Sif said to him.

Sif's ass swayed from her position. Peter spanked it and caused a light smile to flash over the face of Sif. She did not mind it a little rough. She could take the pain being a brilliant warrior. And she was going to take something else, his hard cock inside of her.

The two joined with a very intense feeling. Peter imagined how Sif's pussy would be wrapped around his cock. Everything slowly tapered back after the evening. Sif gave her body to Peter who returned the favor by burying as much of himself into her as he could.

Sif closed her eyes, the soft sheets rubbing against her body. Peter's hands grasped her sweaty back and rolled down them. Each one of her curves melted against the sheet. Their groins pushed together when Peter rocked back and then forth inside of her. His balls slapped Sif's warm pussy.

The goddess took his engorged prick inside of her. Those warm and wet walls shoved deep inside of Peter's throbbing hard cock. Peter almost slipped out of Sif's warm pussy and then back inside of her. His balls jerked and gave a nice twitch. Peter grabbed her hair and pushed through them.

Closer, Sif got ever so closer to an amazing climax. Her wet walls grabbed Peter's throbbing hard prick and pulled him inside her. Her loins rubbed against Peter and got the friction. The twitching in his balls grew more intense.

Peter decided to throw himself into Sif with reckless abandon. She took him at full strength and moaned louder the harder Peter plunged his hard cock inside of her slick insides. His balls ached the further Peter pushed his aching rod inside of her body.

The web slinger touched her body with his hands. He grabbed Sif's round breasts and allowed them to bounce. The web slinger rose back out of her and plunged inside. Peter's thick balls continued to slap inside of her. The next orgasm grabbed his aching cock and intensified the feeling he had.

"Just don't hold back," Sif said. "Give me everything you have. Give it all to me."

Peter buried his cock in Sif's warm pussy with a couple of hard thrusts. His balls were about ready to give out from the pleasure. Sif milked his thick rod with practiced strength. Each thrust came into the
slick depths of the warrior goddess. Peter held onto her and pushed a little bit further inside of her.

The web slinger slammed his rod into Sif when pushing her down onto the bed. Peter held onto Sif and pumped his thick load inside of her body. The web slinger slid into her and almost all the way out of her. His mighty cock started to discharge a fair amount of cum inside of her accepting womb.

Peter spilled his load inside Sif. She tugged on him when pushing in and out of her. Twelve inches of hard cock pushed deep inside of Sif's warm body. The web slinger touched inside of her walls and started to spill seed into the warm and gripping depths.

Release, and it never felt so good. Peter slid back and Sif turned around. Sif took the combined juices and allowed them to drip on her fingers. Sif took the cum up to her mouth and ate it with those blue eyes locked onto Peter.

Peter rose up and watched her. He pulled Sif onto him. The sensual lady pulled herself onto Peter's lap and slowly rolled her scorching slit against his cock. Sif stopped her from entering her.

"You want to take it," Sif said. "We did not quite get to it last night."

Question burned on the tip of Peter's tongue to exactly what Sif was talking about. She moved so his hands dropped to the lower back and then further down. Sif's very tantalizing ass shoved into the palm of his hands. Peter realized what she meant instantly.

"Oh God."

"Goddess actually, "Sif said. "But it doesn't matter. Take that big cock and rip my divine asshole apart."

Peter's cock rubbed against Sif's tight pink asshole. He built up with intensity. A feeling like nothing ever before rose from his balls and came inches away from slipping inside Sif's taboo passage. Peter grabbed her and pulled her up. Her breasts smacked him in the face.

The empowered cock slid into Sif's tight hole. She split her asshole on his cock and it felt so good to have him. Ten fingers danced down the front of her body, before one grabbed her ass cheek and guided him. The other fingers caressed Sif's breasts, moved down to her stomach, and then slowly stroked her clit.

Sif threw her head back with a feverish moan spreading through her body. Those talented hands made her feel so alive. That really large and talented cock buried deeper inside of Sif's warm asshole. The warrior woman had been plowed harder and harder with each thrust.

Peter groaned at the feeling of Sif's warm asshole grabbing onto him. Her cheeks clenched together and took as much of Peter inside as humanly possible. His balls throbbed at the thought of being buried deeper inside of her. Her warm asshole kept pumping and down.

"Mmmm!" Sif moaned.

"Oh, you taste so good," Peter said. "I can suck these all day long."

"Please do."

Peter took her right breast in hand and sucked on Sif's eager nipple. The powerful warrior grabbed onto the back of Peter's head and guided it into her chest. The heavenly moans kept coming in with Peter rising up and driving down into his hard cock.
"Fuck me!" Sif moaned. "Suck my tits, and fuck my ass harder than you've ever fucked anything else in your life."

Peter battered her warm asshole with a series of rapid fire thrusts. The web slinger almost pulled all the way out of her tight asshole and shoved his massive cock inside of her body. Sif's warm asshole grabbed on tight with Peter pulling almost all the way out and burying himself into her.

He repeated the process several times and started to alternate between Sif's tits. Those balls rested up against her. Sif anticipated the load building. Warm and steady pumping with her asshole made Peter groan and shove his rod inside of her tightening hole.


"Yes," Peter said. "I'm going to make sure you feel this one."

Sif just smiled at him. She really did hope so. His hands grabbed and plunged his way inside her tightening hole. Peter pulled a little bit out. The warm prison between her cheeks grabbed him.

A rush spread over Peter's balls. No matter how much he wanted to bury his rod inside for days and days, Peter had his limits. Peter could feel the tension rising from his balls. Sif's cheeks gobbled up his cock with each rising thrust into her perfectly shaped ass.

Peter buried his face in Sif's warm chest and kept driving the point home. Sif clenched him. The roaring rush of cum readied to fire inside of Sif's warm asshole. Peter grabbed onto her and sank his hard cock inside of her warm pussy with repeated and constant thrusts.

Sif came all over Peter's exploring fingers as they jammed into her pussy. His cock drove into her ass and her body shook. The Asgardian took Peter's cock inside of her.

The final few thrusts were hard and fast, with Peter spending time taking all of Sif's hot body into memory. If this was his last action before he died, Peter Parker died very happily buried balls deep in the perfect ass of a goddess.

Sif's ass finally defeated the mighty rod which penetrated it. Her entire body shook in anticipation to receive a healthy bounty in her ass. The valiant hero took his prize and gave Sif one in return.

Warm fluids splashed inside Sif's asshole. The goddess drained his balls with her clenching asshole.

Peter felt the fleshy posterior of the sensual Asgardian. Her breasts kept swaying back and forth. Hair stuck to her face with Sif smiling when finishing him off.

"I trust you will remember this?"

"Of course," Peter said.

Sif rolled over, and allowed Peter to wrap his arms around her. His hands lightly played with her breasts.

"And remember, no deed should go unrewarded," Sif said. "And I will also warn you that there will be others who may seek you out when word of your prowess spreads through the realms."

Peter did not whether to anticipate this or be terrified beyond belief. A combination of both sounded pretty good.
End.

Next Chapter: 1/2/2018.
Worthiness(Nyssa al Ghul)

Over the holidays, there was a new blog exclusive chapter, which stars Spider-Man, Scarlet Witch, and Polaris. Head to the Page of Important Links on my profile, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either Sticky Situation Archives or Blog Exclusive chapter archive. It's titled "Unwrapped."

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Peter Parker stepped across the floor in the temple belonging to the League of Assassins. Several of the skilled warriors had been taken out. Peter knew of different ways where he could kill them, but that would be a waste of good manpower. He instead made them pay for their sloppiness by taking them down in the most painful way possible. He did not kill them, but Peter certainly made them wish he did.

"You allowed them to live to understand their error," the voice of the one and only Ra's al Ghul said. "It would have been kinder to kill them, but you showed your desire to make them suffer. I approve young 'Ukāša."

The warrior, the fabled and feared Dark Spider, one of the most notorious members of the League of Assassins, acknowledged his soon to be former master with a bow. Ra's time on this Earth ran short, as the Lazarus Pits only gave him weeks longer, as opposed to the months and years longer previously.

"And now, the rest of the night is yours," Ra's said. "I believe your betrothed intends to make the most of your company."

The two parted ways. Peter thought about how the last three years took a turn. His aunt and uncle perished in an attack on New York City by the criminal organization known as HIVE, just after Peter had been bitten by an enhanced spider at a field trip to OsCorp labs. Peter entered a very dark place until he had been offered an opportunity to hone his skills. The world believed him to be dead in the same attack which caused countless to be killed in Queens.

Peter looked around the door with a woman looking around the corner. She smiled at Peter. Midnight black hair came over her stunning looking face. She had a fair amount of elegance and exotic features dancing in her eyes, along with a brilliant smile. She dressed in a slender green kimono which only hid the treasures underneath. Her long and well-formed legs were coming out from underneath her outfit.

"Beloved," Nyssa said. "Did my father decide to grant you time away?"

"Yes," Peter said. "So, it's just going to be the two of us this evening?"

Nyssa nodded and guided Peter into her bedroom. The door shut and Nyssa's guard knew to keep everyone out. She held the hand of her future husband and leaned towards them.

"I figured it should be just the two of us on this evening," Nyssa said. "This might be the last night we have together before our wedding and your rising of as the head to the League of Assassins."

The raven-haired temptress slowly stroked Peter through his pants. She could feel his hardening cock underneath her hand. A smile crossed over Nyssa's face the more she caressed him.
"But, something else is arising tonight."

Peter just smiled and kissed her on the lips. The taste on her lips inspired Peter to delve his tongue deeper into the mouth of the tempting woman. His hands ran over her lower back and brought a moan deep into Nyssa's mouth. Peter slowly rolled off the kimono.

Nyssa stepped back to allow Peter to get a good look at her. Not a stitch of clothing covered her very firm and very fit body, with Peter looking at her nice round breasts which stood high. Her flat stomach, and toned legs followed, along with a wet pussy which she shaved. It dripped wet with arousal. Peter leaned in and grabbed Nyssa and pulled her into another kiss.

The two explored each other's bodies as Nyssa fumbled with the clips. She pulled off his top and ran her hands over Peter's back to cause his cock to harden even more.

"Let's free you."

Nyssa freed Peter's cock from his containments. The pinnacle of male endowment came out. Nyssa enjoyed the look of his huge cock in front of her face. Twelve throbbing inches of hard cock came out for Nyssa to have all to herself tonight.

The soft hand of the Daughter of the Demon gripped Peter's hard cock and pulled on it. Nyssa leaned down and lavished Peter's hard cock with her warm tongue. She licked around it and made it harden when sliding it very briefly between her lips.

The soft mouth slid onto Peter with Nyssa putting a hand on his lower back. She sucked his cock for a few seconds until Peter confirmed her to stop.

"Lie on the bed," Peter said.

Nyssa walked towards the bed with her hips swaying. Her tantalizing ass swayed back and forth in front of Peter's eyes. The web slinger locked his eyes on Nyssa's firm backside when his betrothed dropped to her hands and knees. Then she rolled over onto the bed. Nyssa's firm thighs parted for Peter and allowed him to get a good look at her pussy.

The two lovers joined on the bed in a steamy embrace. Nyssa's leg raised up to drop onto Peter's hip. Peter ran his hands down Nyssa's body and pleasured her in a way that pretty much no other man ever did. She moaned without any abandon with Peter's hands all over her body. Those skilled hands caressed every inch of Nyssa's body and resulted in her nipples getting harder.

Peter cupped Nyssa's breasts and put one nipple into his mouth. Nyssa threw her head back with Peter giving her a light tease. His mouth left some marks on her breasts. He buried himself face first into the valley of Nyssa's cleavage and kept sucking her scrumptious orbs.


Two powerful hands squeezed Nyssa's round breasts and made them mold. He dragged his cock against Nyssa's warm slit and was about ready to enter her. She parted ways.

Peter pushed into Nyssa's accommodating pussy. His touch always tempted Nyssa's legs apart for Peter to push himself inside of her soft, warm body. The warmth surrounding his cock made Nyssa grab onto his back and encourage him.

Slow and measured thrusts resulted in Peter rising up and plunging down into the warm pussy of his lover. Nyssa threw her hips back up and grabbed Peter's back. The two met each other with Peter pushing himself in and pulling himself out. Those throbbing balls slapped Nyssa.
Nyssa's back arched to take more of Peter's cock deep inside of her accommodating body. Peter held her legs out and ran his fingers down it. He pushed inside and pulled out. The tip was the only thing touching Nyssa. Her entire body shook and complained against the loss.

The web slinger took his huge cock inside of Nyssa's wet slit with one more rise and one more fluid drop. Peter almost pulled out of Nyssa and then dropped down into her one more time. Peter gained momentum and also mapped out a plan of when to touch certain spots on Nyssa's body.

"Beloved!" Nyssa moaned at the top of her lungs.

Peter plunged his cock inside of the body of the woman underneath him. Her cunt grabbed Peter's hard cock and milked him in time. Peter reached underneath to run his hands down the back of her firm legs. The skilled gentleman enjoyed feeling up Nyssa's very silky smooth flesh. His fingers kept dancing on the back of her legs to cause a moan to come from the back of her throat. Peter rose up and plunged himself deep inside of her tightening vice of a pussy. Nyssa rose up to meet his thrusts with a constant and never ending barrage.

The first orgasm coming through Nyssa made her entire body light up. Peter worked her nicely. He was gentle, but firm in his attempts. He took great care to manipulate her body, his hands where they were needed to be.

"So wet, and so lovely," Peter groaned. "Go ahead, my beloved, let it all out."

Nyssa lightly touched her fingernails on Peter's shoulder and encouraged him to take a hard plunge into her. The first orgasm coming through her body of this evening rocked Nyssa. Peter stayed with her every step of the way.

Peter submerged himself into the woman and soaked in the reaction. Her pussy molded towards his intrusion. Nyssa hugged him like a warm velvety glove and twitched around his manhood. Peter rose up even harder took a plunge inside her.

The dark-haired vixen focused on the orgasm which just blasted through her body. It tingled her from the head all the way down to the tips of her toes. Peter plowed his huge cock inside of Nyssa's slick center. He pushed his rod inside and then pulled it almost all the way out. He drove his mighty rod inside of Nyssa's tightening service.

Nyssa finished milking her beloved and could feel her entire body on fire. Her legs lifted up to show Peter she still had some signs of life. Peter stroked her legs. Nyssa threw her head back, enjoying the feeling of having her legs felt with.

"Round two."

This time, Peter threw himself inside of Nyssa with reckless abandon. He pounded her ever more. Each time Peter drove himself into her, he could feel the warmth of his lover pressing against her. Each inch of scorching flesh burned up Peter's body. It just gave him the encouragement.

Nyssa ensnared Peter's raging rod into her body. He pumped his rod deep inside of her warm body. Nyssa held herself up and dropped down onto the bed. Her nails grabbed Peter's back and ran down them.

"Oh, that's...that's perfect," she breathed.

Perfect did not even begin to describe Peter Parker's big thick cock which slid inside her body. Wet flesh smacked together in a very sinful desire with Peter rising back and putting his huge cock inside of Nyssa's warm body. Her tight hole squeezed around Peter and released him. Peter almost pulled
all the way out of her and plunged inside of her slick center.

"Yes," Peter grunted. "Perfect."

Slowing down was not something Nyssa wanted; she wanted him to slam into her body. Peter had different plants and he pulled out of her. He motioned for Nyssa to rise up.

"You want to see me bounce on your big cock?"

Like the obedient wife to be, Nyssa moved over to greet Peter. Peter's pheromones ensnared her senses and increased her desire for him. The big throbbing cock helped make Nyssa's mind to mount him and ride him until the edge of pleasure. The Daughter of the Demon climbed on top of his massive rod which slowly worked inside of her body.

Nyssa crouched down and held her breasts firmly out. They jiggled at each rise and drop with Nyssa sliding her wet walls down onto Peter's hard cock. The devious dark-haired vixen pulled herself almost all the way up on Peter and lowered herself onto him. She filled her pussy up with his cock with a nice steady rise and an even steadier drop where she filled Peter up.

"Nyssa," Peter groaned. "You feel so good."

She aimed to please the handsome lover underneath him. Nyssa dropped down on Peter's mighty rod and shoved about as much cock inside of herself as possible. She gave him simpler access to her breasts which he squeezed and twisted.

Nyssa's nipples reacted to Peter's touch. He alternated between them with his left hand. He took his right hand and allowed himself access to Nyssa's round ass. Nyssa continued to rise and drop on Peter's engorged prick and shoved more of him inside of her slick and very accommodating pussy. Peter held Nyssa and pumped his huge rod inside her tightening pussy.

"Yes, yes, harder, beloved," Nyssa breathed. "Really stretch my pussy out! Make it scream for your cock, beloved."

She slipped down and filled more of her aching cunt with Peter's engorged cock. Up and down when Nyssa as she kept riding Peter.

Nyssa had many talents with Peter indulging himself in her body. The rising and falling of the beautiful woman was something to see. The web slinger touched Nyssa's breasts and she leaned in to indulge him just as much as he indulged her.

The two shared this moment for tonight, a night where nothing else in the world mattered. Every time Peter pushed his hard cock inside of Nyssa's warm pussy, pleasure exploded through Peter's loins. Which came close to just simply exploding the deeper Nyssa drove her warm pussy down on Peter's agonizingly thick cock, with Nyssa rising and dropping on his huge cock.

Nyssa pushed her warm walls down on Peter's stiffening prick with it swelling inside of her moist walls. She dropped up and down on him with repeated rises and falls onto his hard cock.

"Oh, I think I can make you cum a couple more times before I'm ready."

Normally, Nyssa would challenge the bravado of this statement. The web slinger tormented Nyssa's body and prodded the woman into bouncing up and down on his huge cock when it filled her body.

"Do it," Nyssa encouraged him. "Do it!"
Peter did it and made Nyssa start gushing onto his hardening cock. Two powerful hands cupped Nyssa and touched her skin. He brought her emotions into hyper drive when pushing his massive cock into Nyssa's tightening womanhood. Nyssa closed around Peter's cock and released it with another fluid pump. The young man drove the point of his mighty rod inside of her slick surface which squeezed Peter.

Nyssa worked up and down on Peter's aching rod as she speared down onto his massive rod. The dampness pooled around his cock when Nyssa rammed down onto Peter's base and then released him. Nyssa milked her lovers shaft the harder Peter pushed into her.

Finally, it became too much for Peter to bear. The cock started to churn and push inside Nyssa. He held onto Nyssa's hips and shoved her down onto him. Nyssa worked him over until the end.

The two melded together with Peter injecting his white hot cum into Nyssa's accepting and very willing womb. Peter plunged Nyssa's warm pussy with a series of hard thrusts in her body. The web slinger pulled back and finished emptying the load inside of her.

Nyssa allowed Peter's softening cock to slip out of her. The two indulged in each other, feeling up their sweaty bodies. Nyssa planted some kisses to the side of Peter's mouth and jawline while Peter slid fingers through Nyssa's hair. They enjoyed the moment they had for each other.

"Tomorrow, I want to watch you dominate all of my Elite guard one at a time," Nyssa said with a smile.

End.

Finally, Ana Kravinoff had her prey right where she wanted him. This had been something which was a long time coming and the sixteen-year-old hunter was going to enjoy this. Her dirty-blonde hair hung messily against her face when she looked down at Spider-Man as he had been tied to the ground. Four stakes held thick chains, and the drug negating his spider strength burned through his veins. Ana could do whatever she wanted to him.

"Wake up, Spider-Man!"

Ana nudged the killer of her father in the ribs hard. For years, she prepared for this hunt. To gain revenge on Spider-Man for driving her father to suicide after the mad obsession Sergei Kravinoff developed. Sergei blew his brains out when due to the web slinger, leaving Ana without a father, and with a mother who had grown twisted through grief. Sasha trained Ana for this moment and now, after manipulating one of Spider-Man's enemies to use as bait, Ana had him.

"What the…where's Mysterio?" Spider-Man asked.

"He play his part," Ana said. "My name is Anastasia Kravinoff. You killed my father. Prepare to die!"

Spider-Man could not resist despite a large butcher knife dangling in the hands of the girl. "Princess Bride, much?"

Ana did not understand what he prattled on about. She looked down at the man, who had stepped into a trap. It was poetic, nearly, Spider-Man's own obsession looked towards capturing his criminals mirrored her father's obsession of hunting Spider-Man. And she used the obsession of this Mysterio to lure Spider-Man in position to gain revenge and balance the scales.

"You didn't kill him, did you?"

"Imprisoned," Ana said. "I'll kill him when I'm done with you. And you will suffer. The serum I drugged you with, has removed your powers. You are worthless, Spider-Man."

The web slinger managed to get a good look at the younger girl and had been taken aback by how gorgeous she looked. Maybe not super-model gorgeous, but Spider-man was not going to be superficial. She still had a firm and fit body. Black leather hugged against her skin very tightly. Round C-Cup breasts and a fair amount of cleavage could be shown through the vest. Her stomach was tight and toned without an ounce of fat. The dirty-blonde hair hung in messy curls about her face with blue eyes. She would have had quite the beautiful looking face, had Ana's lips not been curled in a constant frown.

"We just met," Spider-Man said. "And your father was no prize either. I hate to say this, but someone who hunts other people for the purpose of mounting than as trophies is not exactly healthy."

"Silence!" Ana shouted when she kicked the web slinger in the ribs.

The pain shot through Spider-Man's body from that leather boot hitting him in the ribs. The web slinger took a deep breath with Ana leaning down towards him. The knife came close to ripping
"I'm going to humiliate you," Ana said. "I'm going to show the entire world how worthless you really are."

The web slinger's mask ripped off suddenly. Ana stepped back for a second and blinked. His face was perfectly handsome, with strong looking features, healthy dark hair, and vibrant looking eyes, which had a look of pain.

Ana recovered quickly and ripped off the top half of his costume and the undershirt from underneath it. The girl's hands grabbed his muscular body, and had been surprised to see how firm he was. Ana had never seen another man in this state of undress so it was starting to throw her off.

'It doesn't matter.'

She shredded his pants next and left one article of clothing.

"What's that?"

Ana pointed at the huge bulge which rose from his pants. The young man on the ground flashed her a small smile in response.

"Do you have some kind of weapon that I've missed?"

"You better check," Spider-Man said.

Ana took the fabric of his boxer shorts and yanked it down his body. A huge fleshy object smacked her in the face. The pulsing hard penis caught Ana off guard and made her look down at him. She looked at it, blinking.

"That's…that's…that's…that's huge," Ana said.

She could not take her eyes off of the huge throbbing penis. Ana took the large cock in hand and tugged on it. She experimented with the rod, although did not quite know how to handle it.

"You should use both of your hands," Spider-Man said.

Peter figured, a teenage girl jerking him off was preferable to being hacked to ribbons. Ana's hands wrapped around his cock, and fumbled with it. She saw some videos of the act and tried to take his cock into her mouth.

The cock only slid about a fourth of the way in before Ana started to gag on his cock. It was way too much for her to handle.

"Ah, the mighty huntress can't handle a cock in her mouth."

Ana pulled herself away from him. She slid seconds away from a retort, but the huge cock in front of her distracted Ana. The teenager's eyes opened.

"Free me, and I can show how worthy I am," Spider-Man said.

The daughter of Kraven struggled back and forth. She freed him, and there was a chance everything she worked years to achieve had been wasted. Yet, Ana wanted him, wanted him to pleasure her so bad.

"If you disappoint me, I will kill you."
"It's fine," Spider-Man said. "I'll make you feel so good."

Ana's calculated risk started with the chains being undone. The web slinger's hands and legs were freed from this particular position. He stood up for her and walked over towards her. The web slinger grabbed her hair and pushed his lips into her with a kiss.

The aggressive kiss of the Alpha Male scorched Ana's loins. She got off on being dominated by unrestrained animalistic fury. Those hands rolled down Ana's back and started to cup her backside in his hands. The web slinger held onto Ana's tight ass and gave it a squeeze through the leather.

Ana moaned in delight the second Spider-Man had her vest off. He placed his mouth one her neck and nibbled it. Ana's sensitive teenage breasts received the full attention of his stroking. Ana gasped and panted, getting off on the love-making efforts of her enemy.

Suddenly, he pealed her tight pants off of her body. Ana wore nothing other than a very lacy pair of thong panties. Spider-Man kissed her again, and crushed her teenage tits against his firm muscular chest. The web slinger hooked a finger against Ana's thong and snapped the fabric against her firm ass.

The next movement brought Ana's thong off and down to her knees. The web slinger pulled his hand back and brushed his fingers against Ana's firm abdomen area. Her shaven pussy surprised Spider-Man, but did not displease him. The dripping hot lips rose up.

Ana never knew these feelings could happen. Yet, they did, with Spider-Man working a finger against her scorching warm loins. Ana felt her nipples and tender young breasts when he teased her opening.

"Sit down."

It did not even cross Ana's mind to disagree with him. The teenager dropped down onto the tree stump. She closed her eyes and spread her thighs at Spider-Man's silent urging. He kissed down her neck and slowly eased down all the way until he reached her honey pot.

Peter Parker tasted Ana Kravinoff's virgin pussy. The untainted pussy of this tempted teenager gave an enticing aroma and tasted just like candy. Ana's eyes flooded over the deeper Peter pumped his tongue inside of her warm pussy. The web slinger turned his tongue inside and then pulled it out of her. He licked Ana and gave her the full taste.

"Get up," Spider-Man said. "Turn around and put your hands against the stump as you bend over."

A small part of Ana's mind thought he really should have been in no place to give demands. Ana's inexperienced mind lost to the strength of personality and the talented hands of the more experienced man. The man who drove her father complete nuts caused Ana to lose her mind in an entirely different way. Each touch brought a new thrill.

Peter's cock throbbed at the thought of some fresh pussy. Ana's warm lips beckoned him. Peter held his cock at her entrance and was about ready to slide into her. Her warm pussy stretched and pushed inside of her.

Her hymen already had been broken due to her physical level of activity. Peter barely had any room to spare regardless. His cock filled her up.

"Oh, fuck me, fuck me or I'll kill you!" Ana yelled.

"You know how to sweet talk a guy," Peter said.
He explored Ana's fit teenage body. The web slinger pulled almost all the way out of her and plunged his agonizingly hard rod inside of her slick center. The web slinger could feel Ana's warm pussy grab grip him. His hands felt her body when it warmed up.

Ana closed her eyes. She hated how good this was feeling. The length burying inside of her body lit Ana up. Spider-Man fucked her hard against the tree stump with a constant series of thrusts. The web slinger almost pulled out of her body and rammed his huge cock inside her.

"Spider-Man!" Ana yelled. "Fuck me! Fuck me like your fucking life depends on it, you pussy!"

"The only pussy here is the one I'm drilling."

Her words about fucking her like his life depended on it were not idle. The web slinger pulled almost all the way out and then buried his cock deep inside of Ana. She screamed with the thick rod pushing in and almost sliding all the way out. Peter almost pulled out of Ana and then shoved deep inside. Ana's warm pussy grabbed him and released him.

Peter brought her to the edge. He bit in the back of Ana's neck which caused the younger girl's loins to squeeze around him. Peter planted his hard cock inside of Ana's body and then pulled almost all the way out. He shoved his mighty rod inside of her again.

Ana's legs almost crumpled out from behind her. The web slinger held her up by the waist and slammed inside of her. His length filled her up.

"Stay with me," Spider-Man said. "Or has the mighty huntress met the one weapon that even she can't handle?"

The dignity Ana had earlier had lost. She howled in pleasure, wanting Spider-Man to bury his manly rod inside her tightening loins. Ana took a few hard pumps with Spider-Man almost sliding back out of her and ramming his thick prick inside.

"One more time."

Ana wondered what he met. His fingers pinched her body and triggered a rush inside of her body. Her hated enemy rode Ana's squishing cunt. She took the full extent of his hard cock inside of her nubile young body. Peter worked his hips back and sank them down into Ana with repeated thrusts.

The girl's blue eyes screwed up shut. Her mouth hung open in a manner which was not becoming of one of her upbringing. Yet, Spider-Man met her desires and plunged deep inside. The web slinger pushed deep into Ana's body and pulled completely out.

Spider-Man manipulated the young pussy underneath him. He buried cock first into the sheath of sexy and young female flesh around him. The web slinger kept working back and forth against Ana. His hard cock slipped inside of Ana's womanhood and kept hammering her moist opening. Every time Peter entered Ana's body, it felt like pure bliss surrounded his cock.

'Taboo bliss,' Peter responded.

Ana grabbed onto the edge of the tree stump, and could not understand what happened. Most men would have broken inside of a nice, tight, and warm pussy like hers, or so she heard. Ana did not have any experience with a real cock inside of her until now.

Each time Peter hammered Ana, he could feel a little twitch coming on. His balls filled up and sooner or later, he would have to give in to temptation. He tried to block with how good it would feel to spill his load inside of the warm pussy of the daughter of one of his most persistent enemies.
Ana's rage turned into burning lust. She wanted him to take that cock and drive her to a constant chain of orgasms. More importantly, Ana wanted to Spider-Man to finish and launch his sick, virile seed deep inside of her womb.

"You've never had pleasure like this," Spider-Man said. "And just think if you killed me, you never would."

The confidence in his tone made Ana wet despite the fact she should hate Spider-Man. She hated him, but loved his cock and his hands and mouth. It was a very weird relationship, and it twisted Ana's desire to receive more than she bargained for.

"Yes," Ana whimpered with her toes curling on with each thrust.

She also was glad the first impulse to castrate him did not come true. It would have been such a waste. Ana gushed at the reminder that a man she hated made her feel so good.

Over and over again, Spider-Man made the young girl cream herself all over his cock. She had no expectations, and Spider-Man played no small part in raising them to a higher height. An unachievable height almost, but it was getting time to finish it. And finish her off with a deep and powerful thrust. The web slinger buried his huge cock inside of her repeatedly.

Ana's entire mind almost collapsed underneath the constant pleasure. Had it not been for Spider-Man holding her up to fuck her against the tree stump, Ana would have long since dropped to the ground. The web slinger took himself almost all the way back and plowed himself into her.

"My turn."

Spider-Man took note of how much her body reacted to the promise of being filled with cum. She wanted it so badly. Any bravado had been fucked straight out of Ana. She went from preparing to humiliate and kill her to getting her brains fucked out.

Ana really was glad she did not kill him, no matter how much she wanted to. She was weak, vulnerable to his cock, but it was worth it. His loins pulsed when sliding into her. Amazing how good it felt to have his cock brush against her bare walls.

Spider-Man's balls throbbed the harder he pushed into Ana. He wanted to spill his load inside of Ana.

"And the beast tames the huntress."

With those final words, Ana passed out from the pleasure. Her last waking feeling ended up being Spider-Man shoving his cock inside of her body and filling her needy pussy with as much cum as he could.

Spider-Man fucked Ana into a state of unconsciousness. It might not have been the most conventional ways to defeat a threat, but it worked in turning around certain death. He pulled out and allowed Ana to drop to the ground.

Now, Spider-Man needed to see if he could piece together his tattered costume and find a way back to civilization. It was going to be rough until the serum completely wore off, although his adrenaline caused some of his powers to return.

End.
M'gann decked out in a casual black tank top and a pair of short jean shorts. Her hair being tied in a ponytail topped up the outfit. She walked around without any shoes on. M'gann's bare feet and toes wiggled when she leaned against the young man who wrapped around her.

"Nice day?" M'gann asked.

The Martian bit down on her lip and turned to see the handsome face of Peter Parker looking M'Gann directly in the eyes. He turned her slightly so she could face him. M'gann straddled his lap and flushed a little bit. The two of them had some fun a while back, and it reminded her of the fun they had.

"Any day I spend with you."

Peter placed his hand on M'gann's back. Her soft bare flesh flattened underneath his fingers, with Peter running his right hand around her back. He then moved his left hand up to cup M'gann's cheek. Her juicy lips beckoned to him, with M'gann leaning in to kiss him on the lips.

The kiss always sent electricity through M'gann's body. The more Peter kissed her, the more thrilled M'gann felt. His nice hands felt up her body, starting at her face and working their way down. M'gann pushed herself as close into Peter and could feel something press up against her.

"I don't need to read your mind to tell what you're thinking."

Peter fired back with a smile. "Careful, M'gann about reading a mind of a teenage boy. You might not like what you find in there."

M'Gann smiled and laughed. She pulled Peter's shirt over his head. His hair got slightly unruly after removing the shirt. M'gann did not mind given how much character it added. The soft fingers of the Martian traced patterns down Peter's muscular chest and toned abs. Peter slowly rose up to allow M'gann's soft fingers to dip down.

She started to caress Peter's hardening organ. It rose and M'gann shifted her hand through the pants. They slipped up and exposed Peter's hard cock into the open air. M'gann gently pushed her hand down to the base and caressed him. He grew even harder.

"You want to see me, don't you?" M'gann asked. "All of me."

M'gann closed her eyes and the clothes shifted off of her body. She slowly revealed a tiny bit of flesh. Peter's adoring eyes tracing over her body caused a fluttering of butterflies to come from M'gann's stomach. M'gann's cleavage grew more prominent with a pair of perky teenage breasts coming out. Two nipples which were a darker shade of green from the rest of her stuck out.

Peter's eyes fell on the breasts and followed as the clothes faded from M'gann's body. Her soft skin
was delicious looking. She had a cute little belly button which exposed her flat stomach. He watched and M'gann's shorts vanished to reveal her nice firm ass which Peter's hands grabbed. M'gann moved back and paused.

"Hair or no hair?"

"Just a small strip," Peter said.

M'gann closed her eyes and controlled the hair growth. Peter cupped her pussy and felt the soft hairs which stained with arousal pushing against him. His hard cock brushed against the fit Martian. M'gann shifted herself up, and teased Peter by expanding the size of her breasts.

The next thing Peter knew, his face had been smashed in between M'gann's luscious and round breasts. He grabbed the round orbs of the beautiful Martian and squashed them in his hands. Those nipples stuck out and demanded to be sucked. Peter sucked them and inspired a whimpering moan from M'gann.

"So sensitive when they're being sucked," M'gann moaned.

She encouraged him with Peter shoving his mouth onto the round breasts. His hands grabbed M'gann and stroked those glamorous green spheres. With their size, they wiggled around his face. Peter would take some time to canvas and kiss every inch of those beautiful breasts.

M'gann could not be believe her daring, but she felt his hardened cock against her stomach and knew where it had to be. She had to have it inside of her.

"Peter, I need you."

The Martian rose up and her breasts left Peter, but only for a moment. She held onto his cock and guided it against her opening. M'gann pushed Peter back so she could drop down onto his cock.

Slick and warm pussy walls grabbed onto Peter with M'gann rising up and down. She rubbed onto his cock to cause Peter a rough groan. So much pussy wrapped around Peter's pole it was very hard for him to concentrate where he was. M'gann pushed almost all the way up and dropped down onto his aching hard cock.

"M'gann!"

M'gann used her shape-shifting abilities to make her pussy the perfect fit for her lover. She tried not to enter his mind too much while riding him, to see what he wanted. That would spoil the fun, no matter how good the experience would be.

"Peter, it feels good!" M'gann yelled.

Peter slapped her ass which encouraged M'gann to ride him. His hands moved all over her body. M'gann tilted back and allowed herself to go with reckless abandon. She kept riding Peter until the first orgasm came into her. His hard cock pushed into her body and M'gann opened up just enough so he could get inside while keeping the tightness.

M'gann's perfect pussy added the right amount of smoothness, lubrication, and tightness to take Peter's cock. She worked the love muscle within her box with the rises and falls. Peter lifted his hips up to join M'gann. His manhood throbbed inside of her pussy as she worked him.

"You're just too much."
She took those words as a compliment and took Peter's cock as hard as possible inside of her slick center. M'gann rose up as high and dropped herself down onto him. His huge cock filled her slick womanhood. M'gann closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Peter deep inside of her.

Peter enjoyed the feeling of her warm pussy grabbing onto his hardening cock. Every inch of her slick center pushed down onto his base and then released him. Peter groaned the second she pulled up onto him. His tip danced on her slit before M'gann slipped onto it.

"You're going to cum."

M'gann would have quipped about how Peter didn't need mind-reading abilities to go it. Those hands rubbing her breasts caused M'gann's eyes to glaze over. He could bring more pleasure through her body without too much effort. M'gann rose and dropped constantly on his big manhood.

Heaven enveloped Peter's hard cock. M'gann's perfectly smooth walls grabbed onto Peter and then rose up before dropping down onto the ground. M'gann filled her pussy up with his cock and then dropped down. Peter could feel the tension rising to a certain point as she continued her ride. She drove her warm pussy down on Peter's throbbing cock and then dropped down onto him.

Her entire body sized up and released a decent amount of cum onto Peter's hard rod. He pushed inside and then pulled completely out. Peter's hard balls ached the further he pushed into M'gann.

"M'gann," Peter breathed.

M'gann pulled off of him and showed Peter her wet pussy. Peter thought his cock would ache so much it hurt. M'gann turned around and faced away from Peter. She dropped down onto her knees. M'gann sat on her hands and knees, her wet pussy and tight asshole beckoning him.

She looked over her shoulder with the most adorable look. Innocence, with a tiny bit of seductive burning through her eyes, made Peter come towards her. His cock ached the closer he got to M'gann. His manhood rubbed against M'gann's dripping warm hole the second he slid himself inside of her. M'gann's tight walls slipped him inside.

"Mmmmm!"

She rose up and tightened her walls against Peter. Peter shoved his huge cock deep inside M'gann's warm pussy. Every thrust brought him deeper inside of her. He worked back and jammed his cock inside. His balls ached when slapping against M'gann's moist pussy.

M'gann tightened up a little bit more to take her lover deep inside. She enjoyed the feeling of Peter's manhood burying inside of her.

Peter enjoyed the feeling just as much. He felt up M'gann's gorgeous green skin and cupped those ample breasts which bounced in hand. He grabbed M'gann and squeezed them. M'gann's slick womanhood tightened and released him with a fluid pump.

He pulled almost out of M'gann and shoved his rod inside. Peter felt up her body and caused her to breathe heavily. Her breasts pushed against the ground, before she rose up on her knees to allow Peter access. Peter cupped M'gann's swinging tits and jammed deep into her from behind.

"Peter, I'm ready!"

M'gann's pleasure increased and took Peter's hard cock inside of her warm body. The web slinger shoved back and forth into her. Her wet walls held Peter in tight and pumped him. Those juices spilled and allowed Peter to go into her very wet and lubricated center. He kept sticking M'gann with
his hard cock and plunged inside her from behind with repeated thrusts.

"Go ahead. No holding back."

She allowed all inhibitions to be released. M'gann sucked Peter's huge cock into her. The warm walls of the cock-hungry Martian took as much of Peter inside of her as humanly possible. Peter pulled back almost all the way and then shoved his huge cock inside of her body. His thick balls slapped against M'gann's warm slit.

"YES!" M'gann screamed at the top of her lungs. "Give it to me! Give me your big cock!"

Her pussy stretched out just enough where Peter pushed into her from behind. Eager, grabby hands, reached every inch of M'gann with each thrust. Peter pulled back almost all the way and plunged his rod inside of M'gann's tightening center.

M'gann closed her eyes and absorbed the full intensity of what they shared. Peter's hardening cock shoved deep inside of M'gann. Her walls pushed back around him and grabbed Peter hard. She released Peter with her warm walls clamping down onto him.

"Peter!" M'gann screamed.

"That's my name. Don't wear it out."

Speaking of being worn out, Peter was giving it a good go at wearing out M'gann's durable pussy. Her slick walls grabbed Peter and pulled him inside of her. Peter almost pulled out and plunged his rod into M'gann's moist hole. He was getting very close to losing it.

'Not yet.'

Spider-Man strengthened his resolve and pulled his cock out of M'gann. M'gann looked over her shoulder, half in disappointed, and half in some kind of rage.

Peter pulled up the Martian and pushed her body against his. The two of them kissed each other, with Peter dragging M'gann over. He pushed her against the tree.

The next thing M'gann knew, Peter webbed her arms and legs to the tree. It left her in the perfect position for penetration. Peter's hard cock stood at full mast and demanded entry inside of M'gann's very moist and accommodating hole.

She could break out, but Peter's strong hands feeling up her body while pushing her back against this tree made it very hard. M'gann let out a breath which caused her breasts to expand. Peter held her nipples in hand and gave them a very firm squeeze. His fingers brushed against M'gann's stiffening nipples and made her give a breath of excitement. Peter rubbed his fingers against her and increased the friction.

"Take me."

Those words sounded like a delight. Peter ran his cock down the firmness of her stomach and into the slickness of her opening hole. M'gann whimpered in delight and the heat rising from her loins made Peter aim his cock towards her. His hard cock pushed as much into her pussy as humanly possible.

Peter filled M'gann up completely. Her wet pussy grabbed onto his hard cock. Peter slid his hard cock deep inside of M'gann's moist hole with a solid shove.
The two lovers joined each other. Peter's cock, aching for release, shoved into M'gann's organ. She pushed herself forward to allow Peter to take her chest into his hands, when said hands were not resting on her hips. Peter's talented mount kept M'gann dazzled the rest of the way.

He worked her pussy like a well oiled machine. M'gann's slick center rose up to meet Peter's incoming train of a cock the harder it pushed inside of her. Her well trained slit rose up and took as much of Peter inside as possible. The two joined each other with each thrust.

Every afternoon of fun reached its boiling point.

"You're getting close, aren't you?" M'gann purred. "Please, baby, shoot that cum in my pussy."

Peter groaned as M'gann's pussy became impossibly tight, and wetter than normal. He rammed himself into her tight and willing box. The indulgence on her perfect body, that green skin shining beautifully with a shimmer of sweat made Peter groan the harder he rammed M'gann.

M'gann really wished she could wrap her arms and legs around Peter. Granted, she could easily. Still, it was hard to concentrate with the hard cock of her lover drilling inside of her wet pussy. M'gann held on to Peter the harder he slammed inside of her.

"Peter!" M'gann breathed. "Give me your cock. Time for you to cum."

The heat rising from her made Peter's balls twitch. He grasped M'gann firmly and slammed inside of the Martian. His balls shot their load inside of M'gann's perfect pussy.

Several long ropes of cum splattered all inside M'gann, with him pulling almost all the way out and spilling his cum into her warm pussy. Peter grunted when filling her up, and M'gann closed her eyes.

"That's so good."

He finished filling M'gann up with a few more spurts. Measured heat pumped Peter's hard cock until he filled her pussy completely up with his seed.

Peter pulled out and M'gann slipped out of the webbing. Both fell onto the grass from the coupling, in the afterglow of what they just shared.

End.

"If everything goes right, our team will be able to storm the enemy base tomorrow. Inside, may be the ticket to send you home. And if it's true, then I cannot under good conscience leave you here. Especially given that you're needed back in your present time. But, despite us getting off on the wrong foot, it has truly been an honor to work alongside you."

These words showed how much things changed over the past six months. Peggy Carter's beautiful face shined over the face of the man who was a few years her junior technically speaking, but given certain circumstances, she was a fair few decades older them him. This entire war questioned everything Peggy knew. She needed to press on, even after Captain America made a noble sacrifice to stop the Red Skull. A few HYDRA leaders were out there.

"Given the first time we met, you thought I was a HYDRA experiment gone completely wrong."

Peggy allowed herself a very slight shadow of a smile. She moved closer towards the young man. He grew on you, occasionally. He could be brash at times granted, but Peggy considered his heart and his desire to the right thing to be too things.

"You can't blame me for being careful," Peggy said. "After you've seen a lot during this war, you're going to start seeing HYDRA everywhere you go."

"Yes," Peter told her. "I understand."

Peter kept the secret that no matter what they did, HYDRA would still be around in the 21st century when he returned. He did not want to destroy the morale of all of the people here. There were moments of peace where HYDRA became inactive.

"And I'm confident that you come from a time where you don't have to worry about the specter of an organization like HYDRA and the evil men who run it."

Now, Peter struggled not to say something which would compromise the future. He knew from experience that knowing your future was one of the worst things to do. The web slinger held himself with confidence when locking eyes on the beautiful woman in front of him.

"We're going to go in there and HYDRA will fall," Peter said.

"Yes," Peggy said. "And you won't die in this miserable place."

"There are some perks," Peter said.

"Yes," Peggy said. "Perhaps, perhaps not, but it's been an honor. And in case we don't get out of there alive...."

Peggy leaned down and kissed Peter on the lips. She was so insistent, that Peter really did not know what to say or do other than return the kiss. Peggy's mouth opened to take his tongue inside.

"Should we really be doing this?"

Peter decided to be the one to voice this, be the reasonable one, even though Peggy, the woman who
laid the foundation for SHIELD, should have been the one to be reasonable.

"No," Peggy said. "There's a fine line between should and want in this war, and I've crossed the point of no return years ago. I want this. It will be a lot better if we go in there with a clear head."

Peggy unbuttoned her top to reveal a nice pair of breasts which showcased cleavage which drew Peter's attention.

"Nice assets," Peter told her.

Peggy just smiled and allowed his hands to call on her chest. She rolled her hands down the pants of the time-traveler. She might have known his grandparents, his parents, or she might not have at all. It was hard to say, or maybe they never crossed paths.

That hard cock was out completely. Peggy motioned Peter to sit back on her desk when she stroked him until hard.

Her bra unclipped and released Peggy's bountiful chest for Peter's eyes. He ran his hands down her body and pulled her into a kiss. Her hands stroked his cock and caused Peter to swell. She moved down and took her breasts. A look of intensity danced in Peggy's eyes when she put her breasts on either side of his cock.

Peter's cock disappeared in between Peggy's breasts. Every now and then, a small part of his head rose out of Peggy's abundant cleavage. She rose up and grabbed his cock before releasing it. Peter groaned when feeling Peggy slowly work him up.

"That's good," Peter groaned. "That's completely perfectly."

"I'm glad you enjoy it."

Peggy released his cock and then slid her skirt off to reveal nothing other than a pair of lacy black panties. Peter reached in to cup Peggy's warm pussy through her panties. His fingers stroked Peggy through the fabric and caused her to close her eyes.

"Do you want me?" Peggy asked.

"Get on your desk, Agent Carter," Peter said.

Normally she would not have taken orders given in such a matter, even in jest. Still, Peggy slid onto the desk and turned around. Her ass pointed up to the air for her young, time-displayed lover to see. Peter's fingers brushed against Peggy's slit and teased her hole.

It had been too long since Peggy received a vigorous fingering like the one Peter gave her now. His skilled finger slid into her depths and then almost pulled all the way out. Peggy's inner walls clamped down on Peter and released him as he timed his finger pushes.

"Show me how good that tongue of yours is," Peggy suggested to him.

Peggy spread her thighs and Peter leaned in. His hands cupped the ample ass of the curvy government agent. Peter's tongue delved inside of Peggy's warm and inviting hole. He tasted the delightful scene, which was much like sweet cherries coming out of Peggy's loins.

Deep breathing as this man knew how to perform the oral arts. The skilled tongue worked deep inside and then slid almost all the way out. Peggy clutched the desk when he hit her pleasure spot with his tongue.
"If he's this good with his tongue, I need him inside me.'

Peter ate her pussy out and caused a beautiful moan to come from the mouth of the government agent. She tasted so good, and this was so wrong in many ways. Peter ate Peggy's delightfully warm pussy out and kept going deeper inside of her.

Another orgasm, and Peggy could hardly believe the lad made her cum with just his mouth and tongue. The working of her pussy drove Peggy to another rush.

Seconds passed before Peter released her pussy from his oral attentions. He grabbed Peggy's warm pussy and started to rub it. He made her lose her mind with how much he was rubbing his fingers inside of her. Peggy's warm walls closed around Peter while positioning a finger inside of her body.

"I think you're ready."

Peter's hard cock jolted Peggy out of the pleasure coma she entered. More pleasure was going to come when he slid his hard cock inside of the very well pussy of the government agent. His cock slowly entered the British beauty inch by inch when sliding almost all the way out.

Peggy closed her eyes and spread her thighs out. His cock only was halfway inside her. Strong hands rested on Peggy's back and also on her firm ass.

"Deeper," Peggy begged him.

Maybe, she sounded greedy at the desire to have more cock. Peggy Carter did not give a damn. The only thing she wanted, the only thing she craved was this big hard hunk of male endowment pushing its way inside of her moist gates. Peter pulled almost all the way out and then slid inside of her again.

Peter gained some momentum when hammering away at the pussy of the woman. He could feel the inside of her body. So tight, and so fit, Peter also craved the chance to touch her womanly frame. He would never have this opportunity again, to fuck the legendary Peggy Carter, so needless to say he made the most of it.

An elevation of pleasure coursed through the body of Peggy. Peter rolled his hands back and forth on her body to manipulate her into giving an explosive orgasm over his invading cock. Peter almost pulled all the way out of her and slammed his hard cock into Peggy's waiting pussy.

"Harder, faster!" Peggy breathed.

"Of course, Agent Carter," Peter said. "Are you sure those are those orders?"

Peggy was about to call him a smart arse. The words did not quite leave her mouth. Instead a scream of carnal bliss left the mouth of the agent. It came to her if they saw her now, they would not believe it. She heard the whispers about how she just needed a good man to take her into hand.

Well, the right man was so hard to find. This skilled time-traveler who pushed all of her buttons made Peggy excited. He worked her to the edge and then dragged her off. She came all over his big cock, just by the fact he pushed all of Peggy's buttons.

The confidence of Peter rose, and his cock swelled the deeper he pushed into Peggy. He tempted the legendary Peggy Carter and made her cum all over his cock. There was no question about it, it felt good to be him at the moment. Peter stuck his rod inside Peggy and almost pulled out before plunging inside with one more solid slam of his cock.

"Cum for me any time."
Peggy's eyes glazed over. She grabbed Peter and milked his meat spear the deeper it shoved inside her. Peter's balls kept rocking against her moist pussy when sliding in all the way. He then pulled out to tease Peggy. Peggy clutched the desk and clutched at the few inches of his cock which slowly slid out of her. Then the entire length pushed into her and drove Peggy.

The erotic notion that this man from the distant future fucked her, and took her as hard, or as gently as she wanted, made Peggy lose her mind. She lost all sense of herself.

"Hey, are you with me?"

Peter pulled out of Peggy and that caused her to jolt up in response. She rolled over with her lips dripping. She laid back, her elbows pressed against the desk. Peter enjoyed following the process of Peggy's glorious chest which rose and fell.

The touches of Peggy's rising chest jolted her back to life. Peggy leaned in and whispered hotly in Peter's ear.

"You better get that cock back inside of me or I'll be upset."

Peter smiled and looked at Peggy's eyes burning so full of lust.

"We won't want that, will we?"

Her toned and fit body was explored for another minute more before Peter got on top of Peggy. Her busty frame pressed against Peter's muscular one. They joined at the center with Peter putting his cock inside of Peggy. She sucked him into her and would not let go without a fight.

Peggy closed her legs around Peter to keep him close to her. She just opened herself up for Peter to play with her flesh in the areas which they were most sensitive.

"Damn you, Parker!"

The web slinger just smiled, if he had a dollar for every time someone said that, about either Peter Parker or his alter-ego, he would be a very rich man. Although, the context was slightly different with Peter rising up and dropping down to rock his hard cock deep inside of Peggy's hungry sheath of flesh. He groaned when rising up and dropping down into her constantly.

The second further momentum had been established, Peggy almost lost all senses of her being. He worked her like a well-oiled machine. No wasted movement came from him. He slowed down when the need came to register the moments and sped up.

"I hope your head is going to be cleared."

Peggy did not want to even think about the mission.

"HYDRA is what we deal with in the morning. Now, suck my breasts like it's your job...yes, like that."

She half-thought that he had some kind of venom thanks to his powers which upped the pleasure factor. No way to verify it. Peggy exploded with a more intense orgasm thanks to the combined assault of her breasts and pussy. Peter massaging her legs and playing with her toes was also a bonus.

Peter could tell she was enjoying the ride. And he enjoyed the ride. His groin muscles ached, but Peter could hold himself back. He wanted to feel her cum. Her abdomen distended slightly when his
cock buried inside of her. He lived a dream, a bit of a geek fantasy by pummeling the pussy of Peggy Carter.

"Mmm…ah…mmm…oooh….you….AHHH!"

The next orgasm ended up being more vocal than the last one. Peter kept burying his aching rod in Peggy, and made her rise up from the position on the desk.

'At least it's sturdy.'

Peter slowed down just enough to allow Peggy to snap back. The moment he was certain she came back, Peter went back to work in fucking her. He took her up to the top and then brought her back down one more time. Then another pause, while Peggy recovered from a mind blowing orgasm.

"Still conscious."

He wondered if Peggy really wanted him to screw her into a sexual coma. Peter rose up and dropped his cock into Peggy's slick sheath. His balls throbbed the harder he pushed himself into Peggy's warm pussy. He grunted when pulling all the way out and dropping himself inside of her.


She wanted more and Peter would give her more than she could handle. He rose up and drove his hard cock inside of Peggy's moist center. She took Peter inside with a nice tug of her warm walls. Peter groaned when feeling her.

Time ticked by with Peter constantly driving himself into her. Their bodies met together in the age old dance. Peggy rose her hips up and down to take Peter inside of her.

Finally, it became too much for Peter to hold back. He slammed his huge cock inside Peggy and worked against her slick loins. She grabbed ahold of him and tugged on Peter's hard shaft to cause his cum to spill inside of her waiting womb.

Peggy worried about the consequences if they survived tomorrow. Right now, she lapsed into a state of bliss on the back of Peter emptying his balls into her.

'Perfect. It's a pity I'm going to have to let him go.'

There was a sad running theme of Peggy's life about losing these men too soon.

______________________________________________

End Chapter.

Next Chapter: 1/16/2018.
The windows of the museum cracked open which was always a red flag for Spider-Man. The scratches on the windows from someone trying to figure out the weak spot in it caused him to think this was something very familiar. This museum had all kinds of priceless artifacts which would be enticing to a cat burglar, and the state of the art security system which would be an enticing challenge for some woman.

'And here we go,' the web slinger thought.

He stepped slid into the window and crawled on the ceiling. The web slinger clicked the eye piece into place inside of his mouth to take a careful look at the floor. Security lines covered the floor and one wrong move could mean there would be some problems.

Spider-Man noticed someone moving around in the room about three across from the entrance. The web slinger caught a glimpse of a figure dressed in tight black leather moving around the room. Spider-Man crawled into further prominence and noticed a round ass bent over the case as a clawed hand fiddled with the gas. Two cat statues made out of solid jade flashed on the other side of the case.

The web slinger deftly dropped to the ground.

"Felicia, I thought we had a talk about your sticky fingers."

The woman bent over the case turned around with a raised eyebrow. The front of the cat suit had been unzipped to entice and distract anyone who came across it. One look at her face showed that she was not Felicia. She was a couple of years old, although it was really hard to tell. This particular woman kept herself in good shape. She had green eyes and dark hair, which was only barely visible in front of the cat-eared themed hood of her body.

"Are you confusing me for someone else?" she asked. "Because, I have to tell you, you've got the wrong girl. Although, I think I've got the right kind of guy."

Peter remembered who this was out.

"The infamous Catwoman," Spider-Man said. "You're a long way away from Gotham City, aren't you?"

Catwoman sauntered over a step and walked with confidence few women held. She managed to move in those high heel boots as simple as if she wore tennis shoes. They made her legs look fabulous. The cat suit clung to her like a second skin.

It would be hard to compare Black Cat and Catwoman without the two standing next to each other. Something Peter wished would happen, for purposes of science naturally.

"Yeah, heat was on me hard, so I had to skip town and come over to New York," Catwoman said. "And you're different than my usual guy who interrupts my front. I like the red and the blue, instead of the black and well more black to be perfectly honest."

Catwoman cleared her throat and pointed to her face while also sliding her zipper down a slight
amount to expose that generous cleavage to Spider-Man's line of sight. It gave him some mixed messages.

"You might not be Black Cat, but you're still stealing," Spider-Man said.

"I prefer the term liberating," Catwoman said. "The guy who owns these things really isn't taking much of a loss. He doesn't know their real value beyond a tax write off."

Spider-Man moved closer towards her and grabbed her by the arm. Catwoman gave a startled gasp, but then wrapped her arms around Spider-Man. She ground her hips against her crotch.

"Oh, you might be younger, but you make up for it in…personality."

The beautiful woman slid her hands up over Peter's body and started to feel him up. The web slinger tried to hold himself back and tried not to get sucked into her tricks. He had the same problem with Felicia about half of the time he was out there.

He would say though that the end of the night where he chased Felicia down, webbed her down, and had his way with her, that was a good way to end the chase. Spider-Man stopped thinking about one leather clad cat burglar and started thinking of another as this sexy older lady slowly worked her hand down to hold tight around the web slinger's crotch.

Catwoman simultaneously stroked Spider-Man's crotch and kicked his leg out from underneath him. The dark-haired temptress landed firmly and took the cat statues before making her way out of the exit. She slapped her ass in a taunt the moment she left.

Spider-Man followed through the exit. He looked up on the ledge of the building across the street where she blew him a mocking kiss.

"Catch me, and I'll let you have all the booty."

The web slinger swung up, but Catwoman already moved very quickly. The web slinger took off after Catwoman and chased her over the New York City streets. Pigeons went flying as Spider-Man went after Catwoman. He kept the chase on when she moved around.

'She's really pushing it."

The web slinger knew Catwoman was trying to bait him and tease him. He also knew a little bit more about the New York city rooftops and the best points to cut her off than she did. If this was Gotham City, there would be more problems for Spider-Man.

The web slinger moved around to one side, and just waited for the right moment to strike.

Catwoman kept rushing as far as possible off to one side. She was about ready to make it to the borrowed pent house apartment, when suddenly, Spider-Man came up. The web slinger caught Catwoman with a line of webbing which wrapped up her legs. Catwoman reached for her whip.

The webslinger blocked the wing and used it to tie Catwoman's own hands behind her back. The vixen fell down to the ground, almost in surprise, and almost in awe.

"Not bad," Catwoman said. "A deals a deal."

She leaned in and grabbed the edge of his pants with her teeth surprisingly Spider-Man. Despite her arms and legs being tied, Spider-Man prepared himself for a trick. His hard cock came out and nailed Catwoman in the face, slightly smearing her makeup in the process.
"Oh, you do have a wonderful personality," Catwoman cooed.

She leaned in to look at his throbbing hard cock. Catwoman's lips watered the closer she inched in. Her hood came back to reveal her dark hair underneath. It had been slightly put in disarray.

"Looks like I'm going to live up to my end of the bargain and you're going to live up to yours.

In a flash of an eye, Peter buried his cock between Selina's gorgeous lips. Her warm, wet mouth took his huge cock inside without any effort whatsoever. Her throat opened up for Peter as he pushed down. Her inner muscles worked with ease and her tongue bathed around the edge of his cock.

"Yes," Peter groaned as he rose back and slammed his cock inside of Selina's wet mouth.

Her warm lips smacked hard around Peter's cock when pulling almost all the way out and then driving his cock deep inside her. The crafty thief took Peter hard and fast into her throat. The whip holding her hands came loosened.

Either Spider-Man did not tie it well, or she had far more experience of getting out of being tied up. Regardless, Selina Kyle's roaming hands rolled over the firm body of the man. His hard cock shoved deeper inside of Selina's mouth. She grabbed Peter's throbbing balls in one hand and came around to cup his ass with the other out. Her warm mouth sucked him off.

Spider-Man almost came undone because of her wide eyes and bulging mouth. She worked his cock with her mouth and balls with a soft hand rubbing up and around him. She sucked him as hard as possible. Those wide eyes pointed up towards the web slinger. He pushed deeper inside of the mouth until her lips fully pulled out.

"I wouldn't want you to cum only in my mouth, " Catwoman said. "Why don't you help me assume the position? After all, you wouldn't want me to be hiding some dangerous weapons, would you?"

Spider-Man yanked the woman up to a standing position and pulled the zipper down. He fondled the woman's delicious body and smiled when coming to a pair of breasts which was perky as they were large.

"I'm going to have to test these to make sure they aren't dangerous weapons."

Talented hands cupped Selina's very delicious melons and he squeezed them. She closed her eyes and felt the pleasure of the web slinger's strong hands cupping and releasing her flesh. His huge cock pushed against her. It demanded to rip through the fabric and shove into Selina's waiting pussy.

"Take me," she begged hotly.

Peter's fingers brushed the strand of hair back and then pulled the zipper. Her outfit came down to allow Spider-Man to feel up the taut flesh of her belly. Her moist womanhood rubbed back trying to take his cock inside of her. The web slinger's hands drifted down to cup the pussy of the beautiful woman underneath his fingertips. He touched her and caused a small mewling sound to come up in the body of Selina.

"Yes," Selina said. "You should take extra care to make sure….oh right there!"

She screamed when the web slinger's talented fingers touched her insides. Selina closed her thighs around him and released his fingers. Juices trickled out when Spider-Man fingered her and got her pussy nice and wet. He bent down to lick her.

"You taste good."
"Better than Black Cat?"

Spider-Man responded to her inquiry by sticking his huge cock into the pussy from behind. His hands rested on her bare and beautiful back. He moved around to grab her tasty looking cheeks when pulling almost out and slamming into her.

"Well, I told you could take the booty if you caught me."

Spider-Man's fingers came up to brush over Catwoman's lovely face. He ran fingers down the face of Catwoman and then dropped down to cup the tantalizing breast of the woman in question. A light brush against her nipples caused Catwoman to twitch. He stuck Catwoman with his throbbing meet.

The web slinger's balls twitched the further he pushed into Selina's warm pussy. He pulled almost all the way out of her and then shoved deep inside of her body. The web slinger hammered Selina's pussy from behind with a constant series of strokes. His cock swelled the further it pushed inside of Selina.

His finger came down to tempt Catwoman asshole. He fingered Selina's perfectly warm bum. The duel assault of his cock and finger in two different holes made Catwoman breathed.

After hearing that Black Cat bitch brag about how she always got the better heist and the better cock, Selina wanted to verify what Spider-Man had for herself. She was the type of tacky bitch who would settle for less, but in men, she managed to exceed all of Selina's expectations.

'Time to blow his mind.'

The attempt to blow his mind had gone the opposite way of what Selina intended. Her warm pussy gripped the man, who pushed his hands against her. He drove his hard cock inside of Selina's scorching insides. The tight sheath grabbed onto the man.

"I think you're about to lose it."

The web slinger nibbled on the back of the neck of the thief. His fingers ran down her body and touched every inch of her delicious flesh. He cupped the breasts of the woman and rubbed on the nipples.

"Fuck my pussy! Fuck my pussy until I can't stand."

The web slinger took his hard cock inside of the woman. He grabbed her plump and juicy ass. His cock pulled out of her pussy and teased her asshole for a brief second. He could see the very visual reaction of the raven-haired beauty before situating his hard cock against her.

One more time it jammed into the scorching depths of the woman. A rapid fire series of thrusts pushed Selina up against the wall. The web slinger touched the juicy nipples and felt how erect they got. The web slinger touched Selina's round breasts and released them.

"Oh, you're going to cum again," Peter said. "Is it curling your toes? Are you enjoying the fact I caught you and am taking your pussy? Just as hard as I'd take your ass?"

The warm clenching continued, and Peter buried his hard cock inside the woman. His hands stuck to every inch of her body as possible. His hard cock pumped inside of the sexy thief and slid in between her wet and accommodating walls. It was a very able piston effect going inside of her.

"Fuck. Fuck me."
Selina closed her eyes and another orgasm came through her body. Her leg bent up and the web slinger grabbed onto it. The tanned flesh was rolled up. Spider-Man stimulated the right kind of pleasure against Selina's very sensitive clit the deeper he pushed into her.

"SPIDER-MAN!"
"CATWOMAN!"

Spider-Man slammed his hard cock into her and took her orgasm around his cock. Warm juices lubricated Spider-Man and allowed him to ram into her center. His balls gave a lurch with the thrusting deepening inside of her. The web slinger kept pulling almost out and then all the way back in.

The discharge came from Spider-Man's balls. He splattered his thick and abundant cum deep into Catwoman. He pushed her against the wall, ramming his cock deep inside of her. Spider-Man drilled her against the wall with an unbridled abandon.

Spider-Man grunted and pulled out of Catwoman. She slid down to the ground, cum oozing from her pussy. Spider-Man's cock twitched when Catwoman kneeled on the ground. She presented her firm ass towards Spider-Man and slipped the fingers into her mouth. Catwoman slowly sucked the juices off of her fingers and gave a sultry purr.

"If you wanted to condemn me by a death by orgasm, I'm afraid I still have a few more lives."

Catwoman opened up her asshole, and Spider-Man lifted her up by the waist. He positioned the beautiful woman on his hands and slid her asshole in position.

"Fuck my ass."
"Gladly."

Spider-Man's hardened cock shoved into the tight and round ass. His hands grabbed the firm cheeks when pushing into the tight hole. Spider-Man pulled almost out of her, and almost came undone right away. He had to reinforce his will to prevent from cumming straight away.

Catwoman enjoyed the feeling of a big cock drilled into her ass. She rubbed herself raw and caused bits of cum still hanging out of her pussy to fly against the wall. The woman caught the few strands of juices against her fingers the deeper the web slinger buried his huge cock inside of her slick asshole. His throbbing cock pushed into her ass and pulled almost all the way out before jamming back inside of her.

"Spider-Man, oh this is so good!" Catwoman mewled.

He would have to agree. The more he pushed deep inside of Catwoman, the more his cock swelled. His throbbing member had been trapped between Catwoman's juicy cheeks. He entered the warm and very taboo hole. His cock swelled the more he pulled out.

Catwoman threw her head back and moaned. She really hoped tonight would be a night both of them would remember for a long time. One hand held her up and the other pawed at her chest. Spider-Man's hands were of abundance. She heard a story regarding the fact he grew extra arms. A real pity he did not have them now. Selina closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of the web slinger rolling his skilled hands all over her body. He more than made up for her disappointment with the two arms he had.
Spider-Man wished to move into her ass full time. Unfortunately, for Peter Parker, his balls reached a point where it was hard for him to hold on. The web slinger almost pulled all the way out and plunged his huge cock inside of Selina's warm and inviting ass.

His balls clenched and started to release as much cum as possible deep in Catwoman's clenching asshole. Peter pulled out and plunged completely. Her ass took on a life its own and drained Peter completely dry.

Peter allowed Selina to slide off. She managed to show the grace not to land on her ass. Cum drained from both holes, her ass more so after receiving the fresh load.

A pair of widened blue eyes watched the scene. She rubbed her pussy and felt angry about the fact she had been aroused.

'So, that bitch wants to take something out from underneath my nose. Just because she's been around since like the nineteen thirties, doesn't mean she'll get my Spider.'

Felicia Hardy could not pull herself back from watching the next act of debauchery. Her nipples hardened, pussy flared with arousal, and Felicia hated herself for being turned on.

'Slut.'

Despite that declaration, Felicia was masturbating in a very public area to two people having sex.

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End.

Next Chapter: 1/18/2018.
"I hope you're enjoying the view."

Spider-Man stood on the balcony at a penthouse overlooking the rest of a beautiful city. Buildings stood about as far as the eye could see. On the ground below, a nice pool shined bright on the ground. It was large, almost the side of the average person's yard. He moved back from the balcony towards the beautiful silver-haired woman standing next to him.

Silver Sablenova, better known as Silver Sable, invited Spider-Man to this penthouse for a chance to get away from it all for a few days. She owed him a moment of leisure after the web slinger pulled Silver out of the line of fire. The woman's heart-shaped face, with soft looking cheeks, and luscious lips, framed by her trademark silver hair, studied the web slinger.

She might have been older than him, but Silver always found herself enamored by the young man in front of her. Something about him drew her in and after the latest mission with him, Silver made a split second decision. She half-expected him to say no.

"Yes, very much so."

His attention fully dropped onto Silver Sable. Her gorgeous face which was normally burning with such intensity showed a very shimmering smile. Peter looked up and down at the woman. That tight bodysuit stretched against every curve of her body. And he could have sworn that her breasts strained against the outfit.

'EASY does it,' Spider-Man thought.

"I'm glad you enjoy it," Silver said. "Over the years, I have a few places where I can relax in between missions. Where no one can disturb me until the next call."

Spider-Man ran into Silver the first time years ago because of the bounty that one of his enemies placed on his head. It was funny, five years later, Spider-Man still could not figure out who did it. He had suspicions, of course, but no more than that.

"As nice as the view is, there's more to this place."

Silver took Spider-Man's arm very firmly and escorted him elsewhere into the Penthouse. Perhaps it was Spider-Man's imagination which got overactive at times, but he could feel Silver pressing against his body at certain points as she moved him around the penthouse. They moved up into a very lavish game room. A pool table sat in the middle of room in great prominence and a couple of pinball machines. Spider-Man snorted when he saw she had a Spider-Man pinball machine. Silver looked towards Spider-Man with a raised eyebrow.

"Sorry," Spider-Man said. "It's just you don't seem the type. And someone made a pinball game with me in it."

"I figure you would have known," Silver said. "After all, don't you get royalties?"

Spider-Man could not help, but break out into laughter. It was the only thing which kept him from going insane to be perfectly honest. Silver raised an eyebrow. Spider-Man waved off her look and
kept breathing in. He tried not to bust a gut struggling not to laugh. It was very hard for him to
remain as calm as possible.

"Sorry," Spider-Man said. "Actually, no, I don't get royalties. I actually was curious one time, but I
would have to reveal my real identity and…you can tell how that would be a problem."

Jen explained the issue to him after one of their encounters. He turned off to Silver who nodded.

"Fair enough," she said. "Let me show you the most elegant part of the house."

Silver escorted Spider-Man up until they received the bedroom. It had two doors and a large bed
with soft satin sheets. Red carpet, perfectly shampooed, squashed underneath Spider-Man's feet. The
walls contained black and dark blue patterns. A door halfway opened leading to a lavish master
bathroom from the other side of the bedroom.

"So, what do you think?" Silver asked.

"It's very nice."

"Why don't you get closer to the bed?" Silver asked him. "Feel how soft the sheets are."

Spider-Man walked over and put his hands over the sheets. They felt very soft to the touch. The web
slinger ran his hands up over the bed and caught a glimpse of something out of the other end of the
mirror. His heart skipped a couple of beats when he turned around.

Silver stood a few inches away from him. Her hips swayed. Nice breasts bounced when she moved
out. Silver's flat stomach and nicely trimmed pubic hair came into place. She reached in and pulled
Spider-Man into her. The taller woman bent down, pulled his mask up, and kissed his lips.

Spider-Man stood shocked at this sexy older woman having practically driven her tongue down his
throat. Only for a few seconds, before Spider-Man's hands dropped down onto her back. He could
feel the very toned skin and muscles on her lower back. The web slinger kissed Silver even more
deeply.

"Mmm, you're amazing," Silver said. "I want to see what those strong hands could really do."

The web slinger decided to take control and sweep Silver down onto the bed. He pinned her down
onto the bed. His cock strained against his costume at the sensations brought upon Silver's gorgeous
body. Every swell of womanly flesh hardened the web slinger. He picked up his hands and cupped
Silver's round breasts to give them a squeeze.

"Well, I think I can help you," Spider-Man said.

The web slinger kissed the back of Silver's ear and sucked on her earlobe. He sucked on her face and
neck, while biting down behind her ear. The web slinger's hands roamed with curiously, feeling
every inch of Silver's flesh. She kept herself in pretty amazing shape without an ounce of fat on her
gorgeous frame. This pleased the web slinger to no end.

"Spider-Man," Silver said with a sharp breath.

Spider-Man leaned in to kiss and nibble on the side of Silver's neck. She closed her eyes to feel the
web slinger's never ending attack on the side of her neck. Her loins grew hotter. Silver reached up
and cupped the web slinger's crotch through his pants. She rubbed his hard penis on the other side
and made him grow even harder. Spider-Man groaned the more Silver played with him through his
pants.
"Damn," Spider-man groaned.

Silver undid Spider-Man's pants and sat up off of the bed. She noticed his large cock come out. Silver studied the veiny, throbbing monster with an excited feeling in her eyes.

"Spider-Man indeed."

She added an extra flare to the world man. Silver's tongue stretched out to slowly explore Peter's cock. The warmth of her tongue caused the desire of the empowered man to increase. His hardening cock stretched out to meet the lips of the temptress. Her tongue danced against his throbbing head when edging slowly, but surely around him. Peter groaned the very second Silver slipped his cock briefly into her mouth.

Silver could have sucked him until he popped. Still, she gave him a few measured pumps with her lips working his throbbing hard member.

"Silver, damn, you're so good."

"It's been a while since I've gotten to use this particular skill," Silver said. She pumped his cock a few times and leaned in to speak to the head. "I hope you approve."

The web slinger laid back on the bed and watched as Silver's lips parted. She sucked twelve inches of hard cock into her mouth and down her throat with one fell swoop. The very skilled actions of the mercenary caused the web slinger to groan and grab on the head of the woman.

"Silver!" Spider-Man groaned.

Silver looked up with her eyes shining with pleasure. She leaned almost all the way up and dropped her warm mouth down against the throbbing hard cock of the web slinger. Spider-Man held onto the back of Silver's head and pumped his hardening cock inside her very skilled mouth.

She popped her warm lips around his hard cock when it slid deep into her throat. Silver rested her hand on Spider-Man's balls and gave them a very skilled squeeze. Her hand cupped and released them several times. She caused the web slinger's tension to increase.

The loss of Silver's mouth after that intense blowjob was something felt by Spider-Man. The woman turned around and presented her round ass for the taking. The silver-haired mercenary spread her thighs and showed the web slinger what she had to offer. Spider-Man's eyes zeroed in on the dripping slit which called for him and more importantly called for his hard cock.

"You know you want it," Silver whispered to him.

The web slinger did want it. He needed to indulge in every single inch of the woman's body. The hard cock shoved deep inside of her one push. Her walls stretched to accommodate the web slinger.

Spider-Man held his hands around her waist and pushed into her as hard as possible. His bouncing balls slapped against her, striking against her most sensitive bits. Silver grabbed onto the bed sheets.

She did not care if those fancy bedsheets would be torn up. All she wanted was this hard, young, cock inside of her. The way it touched her insides, Silver could feel it throb against her moist walls. The web slinger held onto Silver and pulled back before sticking another hard shot into her. His balls slapped against her with each push.

"Damn, I never thought this would happen," Spider-Man groaned.
"Me either," Silver said. "It's far better than I imagined."

So, she imagined this, well that was something very interesting. Spider-Man did not want to ask any questions. He had his cock shoved deep inside of Silver's warm and willing pussy. Those walls clamped down onto Spider-Man when squeezing and releasing him with a series of hard thrusts.

"Yes," Spider-Man said. "It's so good!"

Silver came from Spider-Man's constant stimulations of her body. Her hanging nipples pressed against the roaming hands of her lover. The web slinger almost pulled all the way out of her and left Silver hanging. Only for so long as the second Silver's body felt any sort of loss, he pushed into her hot slit from behind.

The web slinger rolled his hands over the body of Silver. Silver closed her eyes the second time he moved in. A few measured strokes caused the body of the vixen underneath him to tense up. Spider-Man slapped her round ass when thrusting into her from behind. The thrusts gained a bit more momentum the further Spider-Man buried inside of her.

"I can feel you're getting close," Spider-Man whispered in her ear.

Silver could not disagree with the fact she was getting close. Her warm loins tensed up around the throbbing cock of the lover behind her. The web slinger lifted his cock and plunged it deep inside of the waiting loins of Silver from behind. His balls kept slapping a steady path against her dripping slit.

"Yes!" Silver yelled. "Harder. Make me cum all over your big cock. I can make it feel so good, if you can make me good in return."

Spider-Man could hardly disagree. His hard cock picked up the pace and rocked Silver's warm body. His balls slapped against her. He guided Silver to an orgasm.

"I never pegged you for a screamer."

The web slinger kept pushing his hard rod inside of Silver. Her body pushed onto the bed, with Spider-Man riding her until well done from behind. He throbbed with each touch, and could feel the edge.

Still, Silver's warm walls and the desire to keep feeling them pushing around his cock caused Spider-Man to have the proper motivation. He rode her very soaked pussy from behind. The web slinger kept driving his hard cock repeatedly inside of her from behind.

"Closer," Spider-Man whispered in her ear. "Go ahead, I'm ready. I'm ready to fuck you until you can't stand."

Silver's eyes screwed shut at the feeling of Spider-Man rocking his hard rod inside of her body. Those thick balls slapped against her entrance. She could feel how much cum they were full with. Spider-Man gave her body a workout and tested her to the very limits.

"It's your turn," Silver breathed.

It turned out Silver got an extra go around. Her climax reached a fever pitch and came crashing down to stimulate every last inch of her body when it rocked. Spider-Man rolled his hard cock inside of Silver's warm walls. His balls slapped against Silver's soft entrance. He pulled back almost all the way and plunged his massive rod inside of Silver with constant thrusts inside of her body.

Silver closed her eyes and felt the point of a very hard cock pushed inside of her body. His balls
throbbed against her. Silver summoned all of the strength inside of her inner muscles.

"Almost."

All good things had to come to an end. And Spider-Man came to a very messy end inside of Silver's warm snatch. The web slinger pushed his hard cock inside of Silver's warm pussy, grabbing onto her firm buttocks when shoving his mighty rod inside of Silver's wet pussy. She grabbed onto him with each pump. Peter spilled his cum inside of Silver's warm pussy.

The web slinger pulled out from a nice climax. His cock softened, but the smile on the face of one Silver Sablenova showed that it would not stay. The look on her beautiful face coupled with the erect nipples which begged to be sucked showed Spider-Man more.

"Well, you're the gift that keeps on giving."

Silver wrapped her hand around his big cock and turned around. Her ass stuck in Spider-Man's face. The web slinger grabbed onto it and squeezed Silver's meaty cheeks.

"Yes, you're just a gift."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," Silver said.

She sunk down onto that big throbbing cock. Her pussy still ached from the hard pounding earlier, but Silver's adrenaline made her push through. She pushed herself up and down on Peter's hard cock the harder it penetrated her slick center.

Silver rode him reverse-cowgirl style, bouncing up and down on him. Peter fell back onto him to allow Silver to use his cock. She really knew how to work him. Peter reached up to grab onto that toned body. Every time he grabbed Silver's skin and released it she screamed even louder.

"I'm going to cum all over again!" Silver moaned.

She pushed her walls all the way down onto Peter's hardened member with a steady rise and an even steadier drop. She squeezed his manhood as hard as possible when continuing a hell of a ride on him.

"Please…do," Peter groaned.

Silver did as she promised. Her wet walls slid down onto Peter's hardening and twitching cock. She kept riding him and would keep doing so until she was so sore. The soreness between her thighs would be felt for a long time and Silver did not give a fuck, as long as she fucked him and fucked him hard.

Everything reached a fever pitch. Spider-Man grabbed onto Silver and pushed her wet pussy down onto his hardening cock.

"Closer again."

Silver lost track of the time she spent riding him. Her pussy welcomed the thought of having Peter driving his hard cock inside of her. She kept riding him and pumping Peter's rigid penis in between her welcoming walls. Silver closed her eyes.

"Cum for me," Silver pleaded for him. "Cum for me. I'm ready."

Spider-Man held his control up for a few more minutes. He kept working Silver's pussy and worked every inch of her body. He knew how to push the buttons on this sexy silver-haired mercenary. Her
body clenched and grabbed onto Peter.

His balls erupted inside of Silver's warm pussy. She kept bouncing on him. Ass swaying, so Peter
her hard and pushed her pussy onto his engorged and straining member.

The two lovers came together. Silver saw stars in particular as Spider-Man buried deep inside of her.
He hit her G-Spot with precision and launched the contents from his balls inside of her slick center.

Silver rode out Spider-Man's orgasm and resulted in her dropping up. She did not release Spider-
Man from her insides which served the web slinger fine. He just ran his hands over Silver's body to
pass the time as he finished inside the beautiful woman.

Both parties exchanged a smile in the bliss. Silver pushed back up against Spider-Man with him
wrapping an arm around her.

"You know. I haven't shown you my spacious shower."

"No time like the present," Spider-Man said.

Something told Spider-Man they might not be getting too clean in that shower. He watched as Silver
moved off of the bed, walking a bit gingerly.

He would gladly follow her anywhere, especially with such a pleasant view.

End.

The first hints of Peter Parker's body waking up processed in his mind. While his body reacted to the stimulation around him, it took Peter a little bit longer to realize what was going around him. And also realize the warm sensations around the area of his crotch.

The lips connected to the sensations sent spikes of pleasure though Peter's aching loins. Someone gave him a very heart greeting this morning. The web slinger leaned up and pulled back the bed sheets a few seconds later. He looked in to see the beautiful face of Julia Carpenter.

Peter only barely remembered how she ended up in his bed. And now was now the time to question it. Her strawberry colored hair formed a very seductive curtain when bobbing up and down on him.

He always thought Julia was quite attractive and had dreams about her. Dreams which ended very amazingly, but this was the realest it ever felt. If Peter dreamed, he hoped that something did not wake him up any time soon. He looked in and Julia increased her efforts.

"Julia," Peter grunted.

Julia increased the level of suction around his cock. She took him deep inside of her mouth and cupped Peter's aching balls in her hand. She slowly brought him deeper into her warm mouth. The long and potent sucking made Peter groan the deeper she pushed around him.

The pressure in his loins burst and sent a rush of warm fluids inside of Julia's mouth. The MILF goddess pleasuring Peter's cock did not let up. She kept sucking the cum down until Peter's balls and cock deflated a little bit.

Peter felt the pressure of release. The second she finished blowing him, Julia rose up from the bed. He could see her dressed in a night dress. Her breasts threatened to pop out with the slightest of moments. Her very soft looking hand rested on Peter's thigh and with the slightest movement could go up to his crotch. The warmth coming from Julia's hand brought an aching feeling to Peter's balls even though she just blew him.

"It's not a dream," Julia said. "It's not a fantasy. It's not even an alternate reality."

"Why do you sound like a comic book from the silver age?" Peter asked.

"Today, I woke up, and I knew this had to happen," Julia said. "And I don't think it is wise to deny the signs. Wouldn't you agree?"

Julia jerked Peter off to get his attention. The web slinger responded with a twitch as she gripped and released him. Julia milked his cock until it was completely hot again.

"Come and get your prize, hero," Julia purred.

Driven mad for lust, Peter took her invitation. He reached in and tore off her night dress. Julia's milky tits came into picture. Spider-Man grabbed the tits of the ravishing woman in front of him and proceeded to ravish her. His hands roamed on her body, feeling the flat tight stomach and the wide hips of the delicious MILF.
Julia got visions of some of the thoughts that Spider-Man had of her. She wanted all of those dreams to come true. His face buried between her tits and sucked them hard. Julia's toes curled from the spots he was able to touch. The powerful mouth of the web slinger kept sucking on her.

Peter's cock hardened with the thought of where it might be. He moved down and brushed against Julia's pussy. She was not as tight as some of the girls he had been with, given she was a mother. Still, she was pretty tight with Peter brushing his fingers against her wet pussy.

"Inside me," Julia breathed hungrily in his ear. "Please, please me."

Sticky fingers found their way inside of the sticky cunt in front of him. Peter drove his digits inside of the willing pussy of the woman in front of him. He fingered her pussy when sucking on her standing nipples.

"Yes! That's great! More! More!"

Julia's addiction to his touch grew with each moment they spent together. She rose up so his right hand could grab onto her juicy ass. The seer threw back her head to allow a moan to come from her body. Peter touched her nipples with his mouth and suckled on them.

The MILF underneath his touch threw her hips back and released a loud moan. Peter pumped his fingers as far into her as humanly possible. Julia rocked her hips up and down to ride out his thrusts.

Removing his fingers, Peter licked the sweet juices from them. The taste of honey on his fingers made Peter throb. He motioned for Julia to turn around.

Julia did just as Peter asked. She pulled her legs apart and made sure her ass stuck into the air. Her pussy opened and presented for him. Peter buried his face against Julia's firm rump, his tongue going down to taste her sweet pussy.

"OOOH!" Julia screamed at the top of the lungs. "You're so good. No wonder bitches love Spider-Man!"

Peter did not respond straight away. He just kept licking and sucking on Julia's warm pussy. The juices came out with a trickling into Peter's very able mouth. The web slinger continued to go down on Julia and make her breath in and out.

"I'm glad you approve," Peter said. "I wonder how much you would approve with my cock inside your slutty MILF pussy."

"Please, Mr. Parker," Julia said. "I see the orgasm you're about to give me and it feels so good. Please take your big cock and ram it deep inside of my pussy. I need it worse than anything else."

Not content to give her what she wanted straight away, Peter held Julia's ass in his hand and spanked it a few times. Julia reacted to Peter slapping her ass. His hands stuck to her ass when striking it. Then Peter pulled it away and spanked it all over again.

"You're a pretty kinky mother," Peter said. "I wonder what Rachel would say if she knew her dear mother was like this."

"Much too young for her to think about what I want you to do to me," Julia said. "Maybe when she's eighteen."

Rachel already had a crush on Peter, but to be honest, Julia could not blame her daughter for her good taste. Speaking of good taste, the man of her dreams tasted her pussy. It brought Julia to a mind
blowing orgasm.

No matter how many times she saw this pleasurable end coming, it was the best sensation ever. Peter kept munching on her and eating Julia out.

"Well, I like to focus on the present," Peter said. "Maybe a few minutes in the future. And we all know what comes next."

Peter's hard cock slapped against her scorching hot slit. Julia's pussy sang for him. The web slinger put his hands on her hips and aimed towards her warm pussy. The web slinger shoved his hard cock inside of her pussy.

Julia took his cock inside of her, most of the way at least. She grabbed onto the bed with Spider-Man pulling all the way out of her. Her legs stretched to take more of his cock inside of her.

"So flexible," Peter grunted. "Then again, that's what I've always liked about you."

She did not say anything. The web slinger pounded her pussy as hard as possible. Peter slid almost all the way out of her and rammed deep inside. He could feel her body. Each glorious curve was more tantalizing than the last one. Peter held onto her round breasts and gave them a very steady squeeze.

"YES!"

Julia gave a passionate moan the moment Peter's hard cock spiked inside of her body. He touched every part he could reach with her.

Peter reared back and almost pulled his cock completely out of Julia. Her inviting pussy enticed Peter not to stray for too long. He slipped inside and was back wedged home between her accommodating walls. The web slinger pushed his hands against her body and cupped Julia's breasts.

Julia closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth coming from the thrusts of her lover. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her and drilled his huge cock inside of her warm pussy. She stretched around his hard cock and released it with a solid pump.

The next orgasm escalated with the joining of the two lovers. Peter pushed his mighty rod inside Julia's center and stretched it out. His balls kept slapping against her repeatedly with every pump. The web slinger kept his efforts forward when he pumped deeper inside of Julia's loins.

"Closer," Peter whispered in Julia's ear.

Julia hung on for an amazing thrill ride. The moment Peter bottomed out inside of her, every last nerve ending in her body sang tight. The deeper Peter pressed against her body. His balls kept slapping against Julia's warm pussy the further he buried inside of her.

"Yes," Julia agreed.

Peter pumped deeper and deeper. He pressed against Julia's sexy back and cupped her ass. He gave it a very potent squeeze and slapped it again. His balls slapped in tune of his thrusts when going into her. The web slinger pushed deep inside of her body.

"Fuck," Julia panted in pleasure. "That feels so good. I can't believe this."

The web slinger kept driving his mighty cock inside of her body. He was glad she felt as good as he did. His cock was about to become unhinged inside of her body. He almost slipped out of her before
pulling completely out and spiking his mighty rod inside of her.

"Believe it," Peter whispered in her ear. "Believe it."

Julia started to become a true believer on what this rod could do to her. The web slinger pushed inside Julia. The seer might have seen this one coming. She just could not see the magnitude of the orgasm.

Peter watched her ass bounce when he moved into her. It was so delightful that Peter could not have enough of him. His strong hands kept cupping and squeezing her warm ass. He spanked Julia as hard as possible, with his finger touching her warm and very taboo hole.

"That's so dirty," Julia breathed.

"Then why are you so wet?"

No comeback could be made for that one. Peter pushed his throbbing rod inside of Julia's tightening hole. She kept gripping and releasing his massive rod as far as Peter could go inside of her. His balls popped against her warm slit with the continuously pumping he delivered inside of her.

"No comment," Peter teased her with a smile on his face. "Fair enough."

Peter pushed his engorged rod inside of Julia's tightening womanhood. He rode her to yet another orgasm. Clinging to her back gave all the leverage Peter needed. He moved up to cup her breasts which jiggled enticingly. Peter cupped her.

"I bet you didn't see all of this coming."

Julia did not even respond. Her entire mind flew over the edge on a very nice thrill ride. Peter almost pulled out of Julia and then rammed back into her. He repeatedly drilled inside of Julia's warm and inviting hole. Julia clamped down on his hard rod.

Peter knew the end would be coming soon. He wanted to spend as much time as possible. His fingers slowed their crawl down Julia's body. He wanted to commit every single nook and cranny of Julia's very warm form to memory. His fingers lingered the longest at Julia's stiffening nipples. He applied enough pleasure to get her squealing.

Sweat dropped down onto the bed from the face of the lovely seer. Peter touched all of the buttons. He inspired an unprecedented warmth to explode through Julia's body. Peter pushed inside of her and touched her body. He made Julia lose her mind.


Peter pumped his hard rod inside of Julia's scorching slit. Every time he buried inside of her, he experienced Julia's warm pussy around him. She grabbed him and released him.

"I wonder if your body will just collapse."

Julia rose up to her knees and Peter pushed into her from behind. He mounted her from behind and screwed her brains out. She had been driven completely mad with an increased amount of lust. The younger man pushed all of her buttons.

The fact his stamina could not be beaten by anyone just increased Julia's desire. He could go on for days, and Julia appreciated what he could do.
"Peter, mmm, yes, Peter," Julia encouraged him. "Harder. Fuck me into a coma."

Peter smiled and thrust deeper inside Julia's warm pussy. He kept rising up and pushing deep inside of the woman. Julia's warm pussy held onto him as hard as possible. Her tightening walls grabbed Peter and allowed him to enter her.

He sped up through the next orgasm. Julia's body reacted and an aching feeling spread through Peter's loins. He kept pushing into her. He rose up and continued to feel her body. Julia's soft and sexy skin brought tension to Peter's balls to a certain point.

Julia half sensed what would come next. It only made her body reacted more feverishly to what Peter did to her. She tensed up and prepared the end for come.

Over time, Peter succumbed to the tender affections of Julia's warm pussy. He pushed deep inside of her body. A throbbing and full set of balls touched Julia. Every time he hit her warm flesh, Peter swelled a little bit more. He came closer, closer to cumming inside of the woman behind him.

"PETER!"

"JULIA!"

Peter pushed inside of Julia and discharged his load. He had no concept of how much time passed. Peter finally reached his limit and released his seed inside of Julia's waiting pussy. Peter pulled back from her and spilled his cum inside of her body.

She knew it was going to be amazing. What Julia had no concept of was how much cum would be cumming inside of her. The web slinger kept pumping his sticky load inside of the amazing woman underneath him.

The two reached their peak. Peter pulled back and allowed Julia to sink onto the bed. They both felt relieved.

"Can you see us doing this again?" Peter asked.

"Sooner than you think," Julia murmured.

She would not be able to walk straight for the next week. Damn if it wasn't worth it though.

End.

Sooraya Qadir sat at the edge of the bed. The dark-skinned girl's eyes widened as the shock of today replayed through her mind constantly. She could scarcely believe what happened, no matter times she went through it in her mind. The Friends of Humanity's ruthless attack, the fact some people who shared her faith were involved with it, and the screams of those children. Screams which Sooraya could not repel from her mind, no matter how much she thought it to be necessary.

The girl sat with the hijab she normally wore resting on her lap. Today was a horrific wakeup call. The wakeup call started when Sooraya's powers had been awakened. Her parents considered her abilities to be particularly demonic and prepared to have her stoned to get the devil out of her.

Thankfully, she escaped, and Sooraya found her way to the United States with a group of others trying to escape to find a brand new life away from the hell they lived in on the other side of the planet.

Thankfully, Sooraya had been taken in by Emma Frost and brought to the Massachusetts Academy for the gifted. She kept her head down, was polite to the other girls, and terrified of speaking to the other boys without permission. She started to come out of her shell, despite the fear that she would be sent back to that place. Even though Headmistress Frost assured her she was legally inside of the country.

Today happened, the Friends of Humanity happened. Eight children died, seven more were injured severely and now were in critical condition. They claimed it because they were related to known mutants who were forced to register to the government. Sooraya, and her classmates helped out, but she heard them, the screams, and nothing ever made her more terrified.

A knock on her door caused Sooraya to jump up. She moved up to answer the door and had been taken aback. She came face to face with Spider-Man, who just rescued her, and a couple of the other members of the Academy today.

She came face to face with Spider-Man with her face uncovered as well. Sooraya opened her mouth.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she asked in a quiet voice.

"I'm just making sure you're fine," Spider-Man said. "Headmistress Frost mentioned you might have been a little shook up and I understand."

"I'll be fine," she said, avoiding his eyes.

Spider-Man gently cupped the chin of her. She did not deserve this, deserve the pity of such a great and valiant man who risked his life today. Sooraya looked at him for a few seconds and sighed. Her body and her face betrayed her, the face which should not have been uncovered in the presence of a man.

"I'm not fine," Sooraya said. "I have shamed you and I am sorry for doing so."

"It's fine," Spider-Man said. "You did what you could do. And many more would have been lost if it wasn't for you and your team. Angelica told me all about what you did."

"It's not that. It is that, but it's not that. It's….I'm not allowed to be in the presence of a male without
my Hijab."

Spider-Man took a few seconds to realize what she just said. He reached behind him and prepared to pull his mask off.

"I won't tell anyone that you….I have to admit, I'm not quite up to date with religious traditions," Spider-Man said. "If I'm not mistaken, you're required to wear that my religious law."

"Yes," Sooraya confirmed. "To put it simply, you're correct, sir."

Spider-Man slipped his mask completely off. She shielded her eyes to prevent herself from seeing his face.

"No, I appreciate the gesture," Sooraya said. "But, your mask is a symbol of hope, and to remove it….

"It shows how much trust I have for you, and you can trust me not to mention that you violated your religion's law," the hero said.

Gently, he pulled Sooraya's hands away from her face. Her wide eyes fell onto the face of the young man, a very familiar face of the young man.

"Mr. Parker," Sooraya said in a gasp. "You're Spider-Man?"

Shell-shock ended up being a very accurate word to describe everything Sooraya felt when looking up into the face of the man in front of her. She stared into the face of a man who had given lectures at least once a month to Sooraya and her class-mates. She respected him as an authority figure, and it was inappropriate to have such feelings towards an authority figure.

"Yes," Peter said. "Are you shocked?"

"Yes, and no," she said. "I do not mean any disrespect to think you're not capable of saving the day. It's just, you seem like such…well, I guess every man has his own secrets, and his own surprises and….

Peter wrapped his arms around the younger girl and caused her to stop short. She thought his arms felt nice around her. He was maybe a good seven or eight years older, but back home, it was not uncommon for younger women to be obligated to be married to much older men. And he was not that much older.

"You're beautiful," Peter said. "You don't mind me saying it."

"I know you're trying to lift my spirits," Sooraya said. "But, I'm not beautiful…I'm….."

The web slinger touched one finger to her face. He looked over her thick dark hair, her soft looking brown eyes, with a cute little button nose, and elegant looking cheek bones. She had thick luscious lips which had been put together in a look of uncertainty.

"The mirror and my own eyes both disagree," Peter said. "And you're something else. A hero for standing up to what you believe in. My uncle once told me that with great power there must come great responsibility."

"Your uncle is a noble man, then," Sooraya said.

Her fingers moved up instinctively to the man and she could feel his warm body.
'Kiss him,' a strong thought echoed in the back of Sooraya's head.

Despite the strong voice entering the back of her mind, Sooraya had not been fully convinced. Peter's strong hands cupped her face and he moved in quickly to kiss her. Kiss her with something she had never felt before, with passion and intensity. Peter's hands ran down the back of Sooraya's hair.

Her lips tasted of sweet spice, and Peter could not get enough of the uncertain teenager. The seventeen-year-old returned fire, reluctantly, pushing her tongue as far into Peter's mouth as she could manage. His hands roamed against her body.

Sooraya tried to convey the fact that this was not a good idea. Her body felt so good with his fingers brushing on the other side of her thick attire. The mutant's skin burned at the thought of having Peter make her day more than complete. She closed her eyes deeply and gave a very passionate breath.

Peter unwrapped Sooraya's body, slowly revealing more caramel colored skin. Her perky breasts stuck out and they were more than a handful. Her smooth stomach showed a nice toned girl with perfect hips, and long legs, with sexy toes on the other end.

"This….I can't believe this," Sooraya said.

She reached up to pull herself off of the bed. Sooraya moved her hand and stopped at Peter's crotch. Something shoved through the fabric. Sooraya's mind went completely wild with the thought. Her mouth hung open and a bit of drool shamelessly came out of her mouth.

"Is that…"

"You did that," Peter said. "You're a very attractive woman, Sooraya. If you want to touch it, I give you my blessing."

The emotions ran high and Sooraya knew she might regret what happened. Regardless, she pushed Peter's hard cock out of his pants. She wrapped a hand around the pulsing prick of the man. The more she touched Peter's veiny throbbing cock, the more Soorya felt a damp, warm feeling inside of her body.

"I need this inside me."

Sooraya leaned in to give Peter a nice little kiss on the tip of his cock. She could not believe her own daring. Peter pulled back from her and smiled.

"I'm sorry if I offended you," Sooraya said.

"You didn't," Peter said. "Just get back on the bed and relax. I'll take really good care of you."

Finally, she relaxed and let the older man take care on her. His hands stuck to her skin and made her tingle all over. She could feel his mighty tool slowly push against her. Sooraya's entire world spun at the thought of these pleasures which had previously been so taboo and forbidden to her.

Why were they so excited?

"Are you sure you want to go through with this?" Peter asked. "You're a virgin, aren't you?"

Sooraya's expression turned into a scowl. "Yes. I have not given myself to another man. But, I don't want to allow just any man to take my purity. I want someone who deserves it."

She convinced herself that this was the right thing to do.
"Mr. Parker, sir, please, I've shamed you," Sooraya said. "Please accept this as my gift to make amends."

"I'm going to give you what you want, but not out of shame," Spider-Man said. "I'm going to be your first because you're a beautiful girl with a noble spirit who deserves the best."

"Then, you're more than I deserve," Sooraya said with a shy smile.

It was her last chance to say no, to tell Spider-Man no.

"I want you to do this," she firmly said. "I don't think I can wait much longer."

His thick cock head lightly bumped Sooraya's entrance. It was her last chance to pull out, a final chance to say no. Sooraya could have warned against what was about to happen next. She could not quite manage to do it though. His manhood pushed against Sooraya innocence.

Sooraya threw her head back and his cock slowly pushed into her.

"This may hurt a little bit at first."

Peter entered her and took the virginity of the dark-skinned mutant underneath him. The tight and slick walls wrapped around his bare cock made Peter groan. He pushed his veiny rod deep inside of Sooraya. The sounds of surprised delight she made only made Peter rock into her very lightly.

She closed her eyes, and enjoyed a feeling the likes of which never passed through her own body. Sooraya's breath increased the deeper Peter pushed deep inside of the woman. Sooraya took a couple more inches than she ever thought would fix inside of her.

Peter spread Sooraya's legs apart and ran them over her legs. They were pretty smooth as silk and felt good underneath his grasp. She kept herself shaven, or maybe turning into sand negated the hair on certain parts of her body. Mutant powers tended to have strange quirks.

"Feel that coming up in your," Peter said. "Are you ready to have your first orgasm?"

"Yes," Sooraya breathed. "It feels so good. I can't....oooh yes!"

The musical sound of her cries of astonishment made Peter bring his hard cock deep inside of her. Her warm walls hugged and tugged on him. Peter rose up and bounced down to send his throbbing balls as hard onto Sooraya's wet pussy as humanly possible.

"I'm glad you feel so good," Peter said.

He slowed down for a moment. Sooraya anticipated the depths where his big, throbbing penis would go when it buried inside of her. She closed her eyes and could feel the friction of their coupling increase. Sooraya rose up off of the bed and took more of him inside of her.

"I'm glad you feel good," Peter told her. "I'm here to make you feel really good."

The young man pushed deep inside of Sooraya and filled up her juicy pussy with his manhood. Sooraya tightened around Peter and released him. The older man brought her to greater feelings.

Sooraya daringly ran her hands over his body. His muscular body felt so good underneath her hands. His fingers returned the favor roaming up. Her sensitive nipples being squeezed resulted in Sooraya's hips jumping straight up. Hips connected together, with her legs moving up.

"Yes!" Sooraya yelled. "Thank you. Thank you!"
She felt his cock touch every inch of her mostly untapped pussy. Sooraya hoped that this would not be a one time event.

'Don't be greedy. He might be a man among men, but don't push your luck.'

Peter buried himself into the pussy of the woman underneath him. They connected with each other. Peter's balls lurched when he could feel the young girl about ready to become unrestrained. All sense of decency having been thrown out of the window. The only thing which mattered to her was a huge cock pushing into her body and repeatedly driving the point home.

Sooraya blacked out just in time. Warm fluids splattered all over her stomach, which she was conscious of. She did not really register it. She gave herself to Spider-Man, something she never thought would happen.

And despite the wrongness of it, Sooraya found herself a bit less unapologetic for being more open with herself and how she truly felt about the world around her. Perhaps, she could take his example and become a beacon of hope to others, to keep them from going down the wrong path.

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End.

Next Chapter: 1/30/2018.
"Who would have thought that the weak spot of an Amazon Warrior was her ticklish ribcage?"

Donna Troy growled when trying to rise up to her feet after a nice sparring session with her partner. The man who stood across from her dressed in a black tank top and a pair of pants, which allowed Donna's eyes to constantly roam over her body. Artemis always railed on her about needing to block out distractions and this was a pretty good distraction.

"That really was a dirty trick," Donna said.

"Doesn't a true warrior take any advantage they could get?"

Peter's words caught Donna. She did say that after she took him down with a particular rough move in one of those sparring sessions. Now he turned those words around on Donna in the worst possible way. The young Amazon Princess looked at the man of her dreams. Not she would admit it out loud, but Peter had been visiting her dreams with increased regularity over time.

"Yes, they do," Donna said. "Well, I'm going to find your weak spot and take you down."

The intensity flashing in the eyes of Donna made Peter anticipate what was going to happen next. She stood a vision of beauty in a tight black sports bra which showed off her ample cleavage. Her dark hair tied back and showed her face. It had been created to be a stunning image of beauty. Her cute little nose, dazzling eyes, and well formed, feminine cheekbones showed about as much. She had a firm enough jaw as well, and lips which now curled into a smile.

Donna was drop-dead gorgeous, and Peter found himself thinking about her. They had been friends, teammates, and Peter also worked together with Donna's sister, who had been gorgeous. Beauty ran in the family as well. Peter's eyes locked onto Donna's fit stomach and nice well-formed booty. The leather pants she stretched into added to that point.

"Are you now?" Peter asked. "Well, give me your best shot."

The challenge had been thrown down and Donna was not going to back down from the fight, not for a moment. She rushed in to engage Peter. The two came eye to eye with each other. Donna blocked Peter's punch and pulled him back.

A daring thought came from the mind of Donna. She held Peter and surprisingly, kissed him on the lips. The Amazon's attack on his lips, with her tongue jammed deep inside of the mouth of Peter, completely caught him off guard.

Donna's warm body pushed against Peter. He reached around and grabbed onto Donna's firm ass to encourage her to deepen the kiss. Donna backed him off into the wall and kept kissing him. Her eyes closed when the kiss increased. Peter reached around and felt over her body.

His hands were everywhere at once, with Donna losing all sense of her feelings. Her nipples hardened with Peter's hands running all over her body. Peter pulled down her sports bra.

"I bet you wanted this for a long time."
Donna realized her bare breast now slipped into Peter's hand. She thought about correcting his action, but could not. Donna's eyes closed and she softly moaned. Peter cupped her right breast and squeezed on it.

The large, perky tit in his hand caused Peter's cock to harden through his tight leather pants. The soft fingers of the Amazon traced down through his shirts and reached to his pants.

"Oh, is that for me?"

Peter pulled away from her chest and allowed Donna to pull down his pants.

"Well, you wield a mighty spear, Mr. Parker," Donna said.

Donna turned herself around and rubbed her ass down Peter's front as a tease. His hardening cock touched the other side of Donna's tight leather pants. He groaned at the feeling of Donna grinding up and down against him. His thick cock slapped against the crack of Donna's ass.

"Oh, damn it, Donna."

"Mmm, do you like my ass touching your cock?" Donna asked. "Would you like me to grind it up against your cock?"

The leather left no room for the imagination. Donna ground her ass up and down Peter's length. He groaned at the feeling of her sexy ass making its motions around his hard cock. Peter thought he was going to lose it all thanks to what Donna was doing.

"Damn!" Peter yelled.

"So hard," Donna said. "And it's so big. I can't wait to have this cock in my mouth."

Donna jerked on Peter and made sure his throbbing cock rose up to the occasion. The Amazon wanted the massive rod to be pushed deep between her lips and inside of her mouth. Her warm lips slid down to the base of Peter and took him inside of her mouth.

"Your mouth is so good!" Peter groaned. "I've always wanted you to...suck my cock."

It would be nothing other than a lie if Donna did not want to suck this huge cock. She made her nice and hard. She felt his cock in her throat and it tasted so good. The Amazon knew Peter was amazing. She overheard Diana and Artemis talking about him, and she knew something was up. And now, Donna would experience it firsthand.

Peter gripped the back of Donna's silky smooth hair. His fingers ran against Donna's hair. The curtain formed against her face made things even more intense. Peter grunted when rising up and filling Donna's throat with his massive cock. Every time Peter pushed into her throat, the warmthness of it closed around Peter.

She worked him like a well trained pussy. The Amazon knew how to suck a cock.

"Guess Artemis taught you a few other things."

Donna pulled away from him. Her strong, but soft, hand pumped Peter. She gave his head a very sensual lick before looking him in the eye.

"No, Artemis didn't teach me this. I learned this all on my own, big boy."

The Amazon Princess dropped her mouth down onto Peter's stiffening prick and inhaled him in one
fluid go. Donna's warm mouth surrounded Peter's hard cock. The young man threw his head back, enjoying the sensation of Donna pushing his cock deep into her throat.

"I see!" Peter groaned.

Donna released him from her mouth and swirled her tongue. The Amazon took her firm breasts in hand and used them to pleasure the cock of her dream man. Peter's cock swelled every time Donna pushed her tits up and down his pole. She brought him closer to a potentially spectacular end.

"Don't want to get too close, do we?"

The Amazon smiled and stood on her feet. She pulled up Peter's shirt and leaned in to kiss him. She allowed Peter to enjoy the sensation of her nice breasts pressing against Peter's muscular chest. The young man pushed his hands against Donna's body.

His hard cock brushed against her. Peter wanted to pull those pants off, push Donna into the wall, and drill the ever living hell out of her. Donna ran her fingers all over Peter's body.

"You want me," Donna said. "Get me out of these pants, and you can take me."

The web slinger grabbed onto Donna's pants and pulled them off of her. It was a struggle to get the Amazon out of those tight pants. The Amazon slid out, to reveal her nice pussy and her tight ass. Peter's hands rested on Donna's ass, and he turned her around. He had her pinned against the wall.

"Are you sure I found my weakness?"

The web slinger's hard cock pushed against Donna's flattening stomach. The Amazon's eyes closed shut with her partner tightening the hold.

"I'm sure I found yours."

Peter continued to grind his hard cock against Donna's moist slip. The Amazon's legs found their way around Peter's waist. Peter pulled away from her.

"Don't tease me like this," Donna said.

"Why not?"

No chance for her to respond, with Peter grabbing Donna's nice breasts. He squeezed them and made the Amazon throw her head back. Peter kissed her on the side of the neck and made her take another deep breath. Peter brushed down and touched her pussy.

He wanted to push his cock inside her. Causing the proud princess to squirm, and want his cock, made Peter smile. His hard cock slapped against Donna's warm thighs. It caused a yelp to come from her. Peter alternated between rubbing her slit and rubbing her clit.

Donna's eyes closed over with her nipples begging for attention. Her pussy hungered for his cock. The slight teases of Peter's fingers against her made the Amazon lose her sense. Peter pushed a finger deep inside of Donna and flickered against her.

A couple more minutes of hard teasing on Peter's behalf came seconds away from making Donna cum. Her body flinched and Peter eased his hard cock into her hole, slipping only the first couple of inches.

"Hera, be praised!" Donna screamed.
Peter pushed his thick slab of meat between Donna's legs. Her pussy had been filled the deeper Peter pushed inside of her hole. Donna's strong legs wrapped around Peter's waist, to encourage him to keep pushing forward. He pulled almost out of her and slammed inside of Donna's warm pussy.

Every inch of Donna's velvety pussy hugged his thick veiny cock. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her. The tip of his cock rested against Donna's wet pussy. Peter reared back and drove deep inside of Donna's core. He pushed in and out of her.

The first feelings an orgasm rose through Donna's loins. Donna grabbed onto Peter's hard bicep. The web slinger plunged his hard cock deep inside of the Amazon's wet loins. His hard cock kept pushing in and out of Donna at a rapid fire pace.

"Oh, yes!" Donna yelled. "Right there!"

She wanted to cum all over Peter's big cock. Her lover ensured that it was going to happen.

"You feel really good," Peter said. "I'm glad I'm making you feel good. I wonder if you can last longer than your sister did?"

Donna's mind went completely wild. She resolved to be the best that she could. Donna really could feel the burn with Peter's hard cock inside of her. The web slinger pulled out of her. Donna's wet pussy squeezed him. His balls slapped against Donna's warm thighs. Her tender pussy wrapped around Peter and squeezed him tightly.

"I will!" Donna breathed. "Oh, I will! I'll show you!"

"Please do."

The first hints of the orgasm flew through Donna's body. The Amazon's pussy grabbed onto Peter's stiff prick. The web slinger pushed as far into her. His cock slid into Donna's wet pussy and almost pulled the way out. Peter drove the point of his cock into her. His balls rattled against her with each push.

The swelling of his cock increased the deeper Peter pushed inside of her warm body. The web slinger drove his hard prick inside of the woman. Peter pulled completely out of her as much. Donna's walls clenched the small part of his cock which had been left inside of her.

"Take it all."

Donna spread her legs out, perched firmly against the wall. Peter shoved his massive cock inside of her slick body. The web slinger's huge balls continued to slap against Donna's wet thighs. Peter ran his hands down her body and kept taking her up against the wall.

The pleasure spreading through the body of the Princess was something she could not describe from words. Two swollen balls slapped against her clit and caused Donna to yelp in pleasure. The web slinger took his cock inside of the point of her pussy.

"Give it to me," Donna said. "Give it to me. PETER!"

She screamed her words out when tightening against him. The second orgasm managed to blow her mind more than the first. The web slinger pushed deeper inside of Donna's wet pussy. Her walls clutched him hard and pumped his thick cock inside of her.

The clutching of her pussy walls around Peter's hard cock made him push in and out of her. His throbbing balls continued to smack Donna up against her wet pussy. The web slinger slid back out of
her and pushed back inside of her warm body. Her moist center grabbed onto Peter's hard cock and milked him.

The look on Donna's face made Peter throw his hips back and drove deep inside of her. He reached to cup her breasts. The attention paid on Donna's nice nipples made her screaming continue. Peter felt up every centimeter of Donna's body his questing fingers could reach. The Amazon closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Peter's strong hands all over her body. He cupped her breasts and released them very steadily and very swiftly.

"Yes," Peter said. "You're taking it just as hard as your sister."

"Harder," Donna said. "I WANT IT HARDER!"

Her words came halfway between begging and demanding. Peter tempted Donna with a few shoves into her body. The web slinger rammed deep inside of Donna's warm pussy. The warmness of her snapped around him. Peter grabbed her and shoved her against the wall.

The harder he fucked her, the wetter Donna really got. Peter really took her to town with the hard fucking. Donna was getting brought to the fast track to her latest orgasm.

Peter's balls strained the deeper he pushed inside of her body. The web slinger almost pulled out of her and shoved his hard cock inside of Donna's stretching sheath. She milked him with her muscles. His balls ached to signify the end of his thrusting.

"One more time."

Donna succumbed to Peter's affections. She gushed and allowed Peter to drive inside of her. She lubricated him with her juices and allowed Peter to drive deep inside of her center. The web slinger drove his point and the two of them connected with each other.

The binding of Peter's balls broke and fired his cum inside of Donna's pussy. The Amazon grabbed onto Peter's rod and felt his juices splatter inside of her body. The Amazon grabbed onto him and pumped his hard cock with each push inside of her.

Peter felt good cumming inside of Donna's very slick box. Her walls tightened around him while milking him all the way to the end.

"Peter!"

Peter finished cumming inside of Donna. He pulled his cock away from Donna and allowed her to descend down onto the ground. Peter gently guided Donna instead of allowing her to fall. Cum splattered against her pussy.

She tried to get the better of him, and it turned out to be much more than she bargained for. Peter knew things could get heated between the two of them in future training sessions.

End.

Next Chapter: 2/6/2018.
Gwen's mind entered a dazed. She had been stripped of her pants and panties, with the red hair of Mary-Jane Watson just barely visible when she shoved her tongue deep inside of Gwen's gushing pussy. Her hips jumped up to meet Mary-Jane's eager tongue. It caressed every part of her.

From off to the side on the couch, Liz's dark thighs slid down to meet Peter's. The Latina Cheerleader showed an amazing amount of energy when bouncing up and down on Peter's hard cock. The hands of their friend grabbed Liz's warm tight ass.

"She tastes good, doesn't she?" Liz asked. "I wonder if she tastes as good as you."

The spicy Latina cheerleader slipped her fingers inside of Mary-Jane's dripping warm pussy. She shoved them deep inside and fingered Mary-Jane in time to her licking her out.

Peter could barely see anything else other than Liz's bouncing ass. He pulled himself up to take her dancing tits. Those dark nipples begged for attention and Peter squeezed them. He heard Liz whimper, Gwen scream, and Mary-Jane's slight slurping sounds channeled through some very passionate moans.

"I bet she tastes that good," Liz said. "You having fun back there, Petey? You want to fuck Gwen's tight pussy?"

Peter thought about how tight Gwen would be. His cock twitched when pushing deep inside of Liz's slick sheath. Her womanhood grabbed onto him with Peter shoved deep inside of her.

"Yes," Peter groaned. "After I'm done with you, I'll take you."

"Well take your time," Liz said. "You feel so good in my pussy….I bet Mary-Jane would like you to fuck her against pretty soon. She's built to fuck, with that ass, and that pussy."

Liz slapped Mary-Jane's ass, which resulted in Peter groaning. And Gwen's hips threw up off the edge of the bed. She moaned in hunger.

The thought of having Peter's cock driving deep inside of her was something which Gwen dreamed about. She wanted Peter to take her and push her down on the bed before fucking her brains out. She focused on Mary-Jane's very skilled tongue touching every inch of her pussy. Gwen's eyes glazed over when she threw her hips repeatedly up and down off of the bed.

"Yes!" Gwen yelled.

Liz threw her head back and allowed Peter's strong hands to fell up her body. He knew all of the places to touch Liz and it made her feel so good. She threw her head back and bounced up and down on Peter. Every single inch of his cock pressed against her walls.

Squeezing down on her tits made Liz drop down onto Peter's hard cock. Liz reached over to touch Mary-Jane's pussy. She saturated her fingers with Mary-Jane's pussy juices and dragged them over.

Peter was still going at it hard, with no chance of stopping any time soon. His manhood throbbed at the sounds Liz was making. Lewd sounds echoing through the room. Soft and passionate moans
with Liz's inner walls gripping and releasing him made Peter rise up into her.

"PETER!" Liz screamed at the top of her lungs.

The woman's wet walls tightened around Peter and squeezed his huge prick in between her walls. Peter's thick balls shoved against her and fired inside of her. Sticky cum shot inside of Liz and the essence stuck inside of her body. Peter's warm hands grabbed her with Peter shooting his thick cum inside of Liz's body. Her walls grabbed him and tightened around him.

After Liz received the load inside of her body, she smiled and crawled over. She moved over to straddle Gwen's face.

'Oh, God,' Gwen thought.

The warm juices spilled from Liz's center into Gwen's mouth. She almost mentally shut down. Not only did Mary-Jane's talented mouth and warm tongue pleasure her pussy, she received the honor of tasting the combined juices of Peter and Liz. Gwen's pussy flared with desire.

Peter rose up and noticed Gwen's face buried between Liz's thighs. The cheerleader rode the face of the brainy blonde and made her eat her pussy.

"She's got a good mouth," Liz said. "She's so good! Such a good girl."

Mary-Jane swayed her hips. Peter noticed her thighs parting, almost on cue. He touched Mary-Jane's gushing slit and worked his fingers deep inside of her. The redhead's walls tightened around Peter's fingers when he pushed inside of her.

"I'm glad you're nice and wet for me," Peter told her. "Because, if you are, you're the one who is going to hit the jackpot."

He bounced his cock against Mary-Jane's pussy. The wet and warm slit beckoned for him. Peter had been in it before today, and could not wait to be inside of her again. His cock, brought back to life by the sexy debauchery, slid into Mary-Jane.

Throbbing hard cock meat on behalf of Peter Parker stretched out Mary-Jane's wet pussy. His hard cock pulled out of the redhead with Peter rising deep out of her pussy and plunging deep inside of her woman. Peter groaned when shoving his hard meat inside of Mary-Jane.

"Oh, take that cock inside of her pussy," Liz begged him.

Liz got hot at the thought of Peter pleasuring Mary-Jane's body with his throbbing hard cock. He pulled out of Mary-Jane and shoved cock first inside her body. Liz watched it greedily.

"I want you to see that cock," Liz said. "So, you can see what your future brings."

The dark-haired woman pulled away from Gwen and made her sit up. Gwen's eyes flashed open just in time to see Peter's thick cock drive hard into Mary-Jane from behind. She watched it, and felt a tingle, which increased from Mary-Jane still eating her pussy out.

"Peter, please fuck me," Gwen said.

"Patience," Liz said. "Good things come to those who wait."

She fondled Gwen's breasts through her top and touched her erect nipples. The brainy blonde closed her eyes and longed for Peter's huge cock to shove inside of her.
"And speaking of good things coming."

On cue, Mary-Jane's lust for Peter triggered. Her smoldering honey pot milked Peter's engorged shaft every time he pushed inside of her. His balls swelled with desire when feeling up the body of the redhead. Every time Peter buried his hard cock inside of her warm body, it felt really good.

Peter slid deeper inside of Mary-Jane. She closed her eyes. She managed to hold onto Gwen and continue to eat out the sweet tender pussy her friend. Gwen's breathing increased when Liz pulled away from her.

Things got even harder, when Liz wrapped an arm around Gwen and pulled her into a steaming kiss. Liz worked her tongue against Gwen's lips and pushed inside of her. The two lovers matched each other with a very sizzling kiss. Neither one intended to back down.

Gwen felt the vibrations of Mary-Jane's moans coming from her. She sucked on Liz's tongue just as much as Liz tasted both herself and Peter inside of Gwen's drooling mouth. The blonde thought she would pass out from so much pleasure.

The web slinger plunged his cock inside of her. Mary-Jane's warm walls grabbed onto Peter as hard as possible. He plunged it and slammed out of her. He could feel her wetness close around him with each thrust. Peter groaned the harder he pushed into her.

The two other members of this little party locked lips with each other. Liz's tongue overwhelmed Gwen. Her breasts pushed against Gwen's, dark nipples rubbing against pale nipples. The two lovely ladies made out intensely, while Mary-Jane kept licking Gwen's pussy and Peter kept driving his hard cock inside of the redhead.

"Peter!" Mary-Jane managed.

"Oh, Mary-Jane!"

His balls strained the further he pushed into Mary-Jane. The lovely stimulation on the other end between Gwen and Liz ached Peter's balls. He knew there was only so much more for him to go. He slowly pulled back out of her and drove his stiff cock inside of her welcoming body.

The lewd makeout session, with Liz dominating Gwen's tongue and mouth made Peter groan. His cock was aching, even more so to slide inside of his third delightful pussy of the evening. His hands endlessly groped as much of Mary-Jane's sweet and sexy body as he could reach.

The slick folds engulfed his cock when going all the way down to the core. Peter's balls throbbed the very second he pushed out and launched so much cum inside of her body. He kept planting, riding Mary-Jane through her latest orgasm and finishing him.

The two lovers shared their end. Mary-Jane fell onto Gwen's hand, her licking stopping. She had been driven past the edge by the hard cock of the man shoving his length inside of her.

The second Peter pulled out of Mary-Jane, both Gwen and Liz turned their attention towards her. His cock twitched, still showing some signs of life. Gwen reached over and cupped Peter's balls. She leaned closer, drool dripping from her mouth.

"Here."

Liz grabbed Peter by the base and slipped his manhood in past Gwen's lips. She had the perfect mouth, nice warm lips, to fit around his big cock. Every single inch of his manhood slid inside. Liz helped Gwen ease the cock slowly into her mouth with her right hand while Liz used her left hand to
start caressing all the way down Gwen's tight body.

"The trick is to get it in your mouth slowly," Liz said. "You don't want to choke your first time. How does her mouth feel?"

"Good," Peter said. "She's such a good little cocksucker."

Liz smiled and caressed Gwen's body which soaked with arousal even before Peter entered the brainy blonde. She thought there would be so much fun. Her hands moved over Gwen's body. Her fingers slid into Gwen's pussy.

"I should get it nice and wet," Liz said in a low and sultry voice. "You don't want your first time to be anything in the best after Peter pushes his nice big cock inside of you. And fucks your brains out."

Slowly, Liz teased Gwen, pumping her fingers deep inside of Gwen's warm pussy. Gwen clenched Liz the deeper she pushed inside.

"And there's a lot of brains for him to fuck out," Liz continued. "So, we'll be here a long time."

Liz leaned in and cradled Peter's balls. She shifted to allow herself to help Gwen pleasure Peter's loins. The two of them worked in tandem on Peter's cock and balls. Each time Peter pushed up in Gwen's warm mouth, everything swirled around him.

"Oh, I can't wait to be inside of you."

Gwen pulled away from Peter. She canvased his cock with her tongue for a few more seconds. She slurped him a tiny bit more.

"I'm ready."

Despite biting down on her lip a bit nervously, Gwen spread her thighs for intrusion all of the same. Peter was going to be inside of her, and she could not wait for it to happen. Liz scooted back to allow Gwen and Peter to have some room.

"Look at this pussy," Liz said. "It wants you."

"Gwen, I want you," Peter said.

"Please, I've wanted you for a long time," Gwen said.

Liz shook her head and smiled. It was always the brainiest ones that were the kinkiest. They should have done this one sooner. She moved elsewhere, dragging Mary-Jane to the other end of the couch to give Peter and Gwen all of the room that they needed.

The two lovers locked licks before Peter brought his huge cock inside of Gwen's body. He parted her moist lips and shoved as far inside of her as possible. Peter rose up from his position and dropped down inside of Gwen to allow her to take him.

"Ooooh," Gwen moaned.

Her nails reached up to grab Peter. Peter only slid half of his cock inside of her pussy. The length almost caused Gwen to pass out. She had no idea what Peter packed underneath his pants. The sheer size and skill he wielded that large piece of meat made Gwen regret not feeling it sooner.

"Just relax," Peter said. "Let me make you feel good."
Feeling good was something that came second nature to what Peter was doing with her. Peter pushed his hard cock inside of Gwen's snug sheath. She felt herself stretch out the very instant Peter pushed inside of her. He pushed in and pulled out of her.

Gwen felt the burn coming in. She had been worked over like nothing more. She only could imagine how Peter's cock felt after hearing the moans of Mary-Jane and Liz after Peter had his way with them. Both of them indulged each other in a steamy embrace.

Not content to worry about anyone else other than herself, Gwen threw her hips up to meet Peter when he dropped down into her. His balls slapped constantly against her body. Gwen could feel the first rush in pleasure.

"Cum for me, Gwen," Peter said.

"Always," Gwen breathed.

Peter felt up her soft legs when driving his cock inside of her. His stamina really reached its limit tonight. Peter did not want to let Gwen down after all of what they have been through. He touched her erect nipples which shot her pleasure all the way to the top. Peter leaned in and nibbled on her nipple. Gwen again lost her mind and all impulse control.


Her heated walls grabbed onto Peter as he constantly pushed inside of her. The web slinger took his cock deep inside of her with constant rises and constant falls. Her slick walls massaged his hardening member.

Gwen smashed into the ceiling of her arousal as Peter smashed into her. Their loins met together. She would be feeling his hard cock inside of her tight body for a very long time.

'As it should be?'

Liz turned Mary-Jane over and rammed her fingers into the dripping snatch of the redhead.

"Mmm, Mary-Jane, Peter fucked your pussy pretty good didn't he?" Liz asked. "I wonder how you would like fucking that tight little ass. I bet you would like that, wouldn't you?"

The Cheerleader spanked the party girl hard to leave marks on her ass. Liz could not help herself.

Gwen gripped onto Peter and pulled him inside of her. They were so close, or rather she was.

"Pete, don't stop."

Peter had no intention of stopping. Not when Gwen was so close, he edged her over to her orgasm. Her wet walls took Peter inside of her warm and very hungry pussy. The web slinger shoved as much of his cock inside of her as humanly possible. His balls rose and dropped onto Gwen, to leave marks all over her thighs. Gwen slowly ground her nails against Peter's shoulder.

"Let it go."

Gwen screamed as loud as she would dare. The entire neighborhood must have heard Gwen. Gwen's entire body took on an endless ride of turbulence. Peter stretched her out and then rose up out of her. His hard balls came down onto Gwen and rocked her entire body.

Slowing down for a minute brought Gwen up to a sense of need. Peter dropped down into her with a
repeated and hard thrust. Their bodies merged together with Peter rising and dropping inside of her. They enjoyed the connection the two of them had.

Gwen held on for more. Peter stopped, slowed down, and really gave her body a good going over with his hands. Her moist center held onto Peter to milk his rod the deeper he pushed inside of her body. Peter rose almost all the way up and drove himself inside of her.

"Mmmm! Oooh! Ahhh!"

He hit that one sensitive spot which rocked Gwen's entire world. She saw stars with Peter planting himself further into her. His hard cock kept dropping down inside of her.

Peter rode Gwen out to her orgasm. His balls twitched and were about ready to be released. The loud and lewd sounds accompanying Liz’s finger-fucking of Mary-Jane only made Peter drive his point home into Gwen harder. Her warm sheath grabbed Peter and released him.

"Gwen, I'm getting close."

"Just hold on," Gwen said. "I am too."

Gwen's next peak came up and Peter tempered his thrusts. The two of them came down into each other. Peter slid as far into Gwen's warm sheath as possible and then released himself. He dropped down inside of her again with some very hard thrusts.

"Good," Gwen told him. "It's very good."

Peter plowed his manhood deep inside of Gwen as she came. His balls twitched and fired their payload. The inside of Gwen's walls were painted white the second Peter rose up and kept burying himself inside of her. Peter finished up inside of her.

Gwen collapsed down onto the couch with a smile on her face. Peter pulled away from her.

"Thank you."

"Any time," Peter said. "And that goes for all of you."

End.

The sun shined brightly. Peter Parker loved a good day at the beach. The sound of the waves crashing over the rocks just brought a smile to his face. The only thing which brought a smile to his face even more was the beautiful woman who rose up out of the sea.

The redhead woman stepped forward moving with grace. She wore a yellow bikini top stretching over her breasts. Said breasts jiggled with each step and the material grew transparent thanks to being splashed with water. Her toned stomach drew his eyes towards all of her. Her hips moved with a seductive sway when closing in on the web slinger. The bikini bottom was very short when stretching over her bottom. Her feet were uncovered.

Tula stepped over towards Peter with a smile on his face. She enjoyed the reaction he gave her, because she dripped completely wet. The material stretched over her nice breasts with the nipples sticking up.

"Nice swim?" Peter asked.

"Well, it's relaxing," Tula said. "You better be careful though. The material of your shorts is going to rip cleanly through."

Tula's eyes locked on Peter's member as it started to throb on the other end of his shorts. The sultry redhead leaned down and cupped him through his shorts. Peter groaned a few seconds later. Tula teased him with a slight grip of her hand and retracted it a blink of an eye later.

"It's a beautiful day though," Tula said.

Tula moved over to the icebox. She was on her hands and knees. Speaking of material about ready to give away, Peter did not know how that material would stay up where it was. Perhaps through the force of faith, or something else. Regardless, Peter's eyes lingered on Tula's round backside.

Women, it seemed, had a sixth sense about when a man looked at their ass. How else would Peter explain the fact Tula swayed her ass from one side to the other, jiggling it in front of Peter's face, causing him a slight groan. It passed through his body before Tula pulled completely away from him.

"You look like you could drink something," Tula said.

Tula moved back and rested her feet firmly on Peter's lap. The soft nature of her feet made Peter groan and made sitting still be a very laborious exercise. Tula's lips curled into a smile.

She was quite aware of the best way to rile Peter up. Her feet shifted rather purposely against his body. She made sure Peter swelled enough.

"We should take care of that before it rips," Tula said. "You sure you didn't get stung by something?"

Tula moved over and grabbed Peter's pants and pulled it down. She almost got too close for comfort as Peter's thick cock came up and almost smacked her in the face. Tula leaned down and put her hand down onto it.
"Well, not sure if being stung by something accounts for this swelling," Tula said. "Maybe, I should see if the swelling could go down."

Peter's cock extended a little bit more. They were on secluded area on the beach. Not too many people here, but someone could walk by and see what was going on. See the fact Tula's warm lips just parted and shoved as much of Peter inside of her mouth as possible.

"Damn!" Peter grunted.

The feeling of Tula's warm mouth wrapping around his cock resulted in Peter jumping up. His manhood swelled inside of the mouth of the sexy redhead woman. She pulled all the way out of him and gave him a kiss on the tip of his cock. It caused him to groan a few seconds later.

Tula canvased every single inch of Peter's manhood. She left her mark on him with salvia. The work out art of Peter's cock extended even further to reach Tula's lips. She grabbed him by the base and slid down to a certain point. Peter's balls ached the further Tula worked him over.

"That's...that's good," Peter groaned.

"Yes," Tula said. "Very good."

She kissed him on the tip of his cock. It only extended further to reach her mouth. Tula took her lips around his tool and sucked on him as hard as humanly possible. Tula worked up and down on his manhood. She sucked him, and then released him as hard as humanly possible.

Peter was growing rather stiff in the mouth of the woman. He swelled even more.

Tula smiled and reached down to cup his balls. She cradled them in her hand and then released them. The redhead spread her love all over him. Her mouth kept going down and blowing Peter. She blew his cock and proceeded to blow his mind with a couple of steady rises and an even steadier drop.

Peter grabbed the back of Tula's head and further pushed his cock inside of her waiting mouth. Her warm throat closed around him. The tickling of his balls by soft fingers only spurred Peter on.

"I think it's working."

Tula knew what she was doing was working. She kept it up. The manhood swelled, with her hand pumping the part of it she could not fit in her mouth. Tula waited for the explosion which was to follow.

Peter lightly gripped Tula by the back of the head. He encouraged the sucking to continue. Warmth enveloped and released around him. His loins felt a stirring and a buzzing. His balls came close to losing all sense of themselves inside of Tula's warm mouth. Paradise would be a pretty good descriptor of how this would feel after the end.

He shot, blowing his load inside of Tula's waiting mouth. Tula worked down onto the base of his cock and continued to suck him as hard as possible. Every time her throat enveloped him, things felt better.

Prematurely, Tula released his cock. It still spurt and shot some cum on her face and all over her chest. The cum stained against her bra and started to drip down onto the rug.

"That's unfortunate," Tula said. "I'm going to have to take off my bra and let it dry."

Tula unhooked the straps of her bra and allowed it to drop down onto the ground. Her perfectly
rounded breasts came out to play. Peter's gaze would not come off of them.

"Touch them," Tula said. "Play with them."

It was time for Peter to play and to touch Tula's gorgeous breasts. He reached over and gave them a very firm squeeze. Tula threw her head back and moaned a little bit for him. Another touch and it brought Tula further to the throes of passion.

"Right there," Tula encouraged him. "Play with my nipples. Oh just like that baby. I want you to play with them just like that!"

Peter squeezed his fingers around Tula's nipples. His cock hardened even more. One of the small nipples hardened and Peter leaned in. He felt up her soft tit flesh when sucking on her nipple. The moaning coming from the redhead was very intense.

That mouth worked down her body. Tula shifted the bottoms off of her body and jammed her fingers inside of her pussy while Peter sucked her breasts. His mouth canvased every inch it could reach. Tula threw her head back while grinding her fingers inside of her.

"Do you need any help?"

Peter just removed Tula's hand from her dripping pussy. She looked at him with imploring eyes. The lust dancing in Tula's eyes could not be matched by any means. Her pussy lips spread, eager, willing, and very much ready to receive. His lips moved in and kissed her all over her body.

Every time those warm lips touched Tula, sparks got sent shooting through her body. His lips moved down her eager breasts, to her flat stomach, while his hands moved down the lower half of her body.

"Take me," Tula said. "I'm wet."

Peter just smiled and ran his hands down those swollen wet lips Tula favored. She bit down on her lip a few seconds later. Peter's hard cock wanted to be inside of her. At the same time, he showed plenty of restraint towards her. His cock ached very much, but if he could hold back, he could be inside of Tula in a few seconds.

And she tasted really good. The sweet taste of honey entered Peter's mouth. He spent the next couple of minutes tasting Tula's warm pussy.

The tease had become almost too much for Tula. Every time Peter dipped his strong tongue inside of her eager pussy, she came undone just a little bit more. Tula's hands grabbed the back of Peter's head and guided him inside of her. His tongue finished taste testing her pussy.

As much fun as it was to eat Tula out, Peter wanted something else.

"I think I have something else that will help with that swelling," Tula remarked in a sultry whisper. "Why don't you come in and see it works."

Peter crawled on top of Tula. His hard cock brushed against her smoldering warm entrance. The right shift would bring him balls deep into Tula.

Tula closed her eyes and could feel her lover's body this close to her. They were in a semi-public place where the sense of excitement kept her body completely going. Tula's warm hands grabbed onto Peter and pulled him completely towards her. His hard cock brushed against her warm opening.

"Get ready," Peter said.
Twelve inches of male endowment slipped inside of Tula's warm pussy. Tula grabbed onto the back of Peter's head and then moved down his back. Her soft moans increased the more Peter rose up and plunged into her.

Squishing sounds occurred as Tula's very wet pussy devoured Peter's manhood inside of her. She closed her eyes with Peter running his hands over Tula's sexy body. Those juicy nipples suck up and Tula almost demanded for them to get attention.

No need to demand as Peter was more than willing to give Tula precisely what she wanted. Fire came on through Tula's very slick loins. The two of them connected with each other. Peter's hard prick entered Tula as much as possible. He slid back out of her and jammed his rod inside of her body.

"Good, good," Tula begged him. "It's perfect. It's wonderful."

Peter was glad she thought so much of this little encounter. He could not get enough of being buried inside of the redhead. Her hips jumped up just as Peter drove his down. The two met in the middle with Peter going balls deep inside of Tula's wet pussy.

"YES!"

She grabbed Peter by the shoulder hard. The two of them joined together. Chest to chest they moved, feeling and kiss on each other. Tula's pants grew even more eager when her walls closed around him.

Peter needed to reinforce his will not to cum just yet inside of her. Even though Tula was proving to challenge his resolve one hundred percent of the way. Peter rose up completely and drove his full force inside of Tula's inviting chambers.

The two enjoyed the moment. Tula released Peter from her walls and wrapped her legs around him before turning him over. The heroine looked down at his tool with lust. His hard cock, primed perfectly, made Tula hungry to drive herself down onto it.

"Oh, I'm going to ride you until those balls just burst."

Tula cupped her breasts and allowed them to jiggle enticingly in Peter's face. The look of burning lust dancing in her eyes made Peter almost cum right then and there. Tula dropped her full weight onto him and her walls crashed around him.

The sexy redhead bounced herself up and down on his cock. Each time Peter pushed into her, he lurched a little bit further inside of her. Tula had him right where she wanted him. Right at her mercy, right about ready to explode inside of her. All Peter had to do was keep up the pace and Tula would have driven the point home. Her warm walls closed around Peter and released him.

"Fuck," Tula said. "You're so good. You're so good, I can't…I can't hold back any more. I need to cum."

She came very hard right over Peter's hard cock. Peter reached and grabbed her. He guided her to continue the bouncing up and down on him. She pleasured every single inch of cock she could reach with her warm and gripping sheath. Peter threw himself forward and cupped her nipples. They stuck out to be grabbed, to be pulled on, and indeed, to be sucked.

"I'm cumming again," Tula breathed out loud.

That hunger just increased the deeper Tula drove her warm pussy down onto Peter's hard and aching
cock. She pushed almost all the way up and then dropped down onto him. Those wet walls grabbed onto him.

"And I'm close."

"Cum with me, baby," Tula said. "Please. I need to feel that sticky cum inside of my pussy! Please, Peter….PLEASE!"

She screamed and drove her pussy down onto him. The base of her wet loins grabbed onto Peter and squeezed him. The web slinger's hands cupped Tula's nipples and pulled her down. The two kissed with added passion the second Tula drove herself repeatedly up and down on them.

Tula saw stars first from the latest orgasm. She screamed in response with driving her pussy down on his hard cock.

"YES!"

Peter's mind exploded alongside his balls. Tula sucked his warm cum into her, taking as much of it from his balls. She pumped him completely dry and made Peter feel better than great after his balls had been drained.

Finally, Peter deflated at least for now. Tula pulled back away from him. The small smile crept over her face when leaning in and giving his cock a light kiss. It lurched up.

"I think the lifeguard might have heard that last scream," Tula whispered. "She's pretty cute though, isn't she? I wonder when she gets off."

The implied double-meaning hit Peter's mind. He focused on the lifeguard moving over, and she was a cute little number, with a pretty face, a nice rack, and a killer ass to match. Tula's hand stimulating his cock did not help Peter's dirty thoughts regarding this girl. The wicked glint in his girlfriend's eyes meant she was feeling really daring.

Peter just hoped it would not get them in too much trouble.

End.

Next Chapter: 2/13/2018.
Penetration(Armor)

There's another Blog Exclusive Sticky Situation chapter featuring Shuri, the sister of T'Challa/The Black Panther, alongside Spider-Man. Head to the Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and the Blog Exclusive Chapters or the Sticky Situation Archives. It's titled "A Pleasant Experience."

And now on with our shameless smut.

Penetration(Hisako Ichiki/Armor)

A young Japanese girl stretched out on the bed. She dressed in nothing other than a black tank top and a pair of panties. Her slender, sensual body laid on the bed. Hisako had been very tired after a long day of training at the Xavier Institute. Something smelled good in the mansion. It was almost like a scented candle. It caused the girl to throw her head back against the pillow.

Hisako tried not to get too relaxed though. The young Xavier Institute student knew that someone was coming to visit her on this night. She relaxed back on the pillow with a soft smile coming over her face. Each tick of the clock brought him closer to that moment where he would finally visit her. Hisako's toes curled up.

A light knock on the door appeared. Hisako moved over to answer the door. The handsome dark-haired man dressed in black stepped into the room. Hisako gave the taller, older, handsome man a smile. Her head only barely came up to his chest. Her arms wrapped around him.

"I know you would come," Hisako said.

"It's your turn," the man said.

Peter Parker bonded completely with the symbiote. He realized his place in this world had been to join with as many beautiful and talented women as possible. The Xavier Institute had been a fertile breeding ground for his and his other's plans. He bonded with Jean Grey, the Headmistress of the school and the holder of the Phoenix Force. Each of the new female recruits eagerly awaited their turn.

The most amazing thing was, Peter did not need to coerce them at all. He played the slow game, winning them over. Some of them developed crushes on him, which turned into infatuation. He played it calm and spent more time with them.

Hisako looked at him eagerly. Peter looked at her tight and untouched body. From the tip of her head down to her toes, Hisako was gorgeous.

"Why don't you kiss me?"

The mutant needed to stand up on her tiptoes. Peter helped her up a little bit and bent down. They kissed each other. A particularly potent venom excreted through Hisako's lips to enhance the seeds of desire which were already inside of her. The two kissed each other with their tongues meeting in the middle of their mouths. They wrapped against each other and they kissed back and forth.

"Yes," Hisako breathed. "Mr. Parker, I need you."
"It's time for me to teach you an important lesson. How to please your lover? Your mouth is one of the most important tools you're going to need, along with your hands. And you're going to have to memorize every single inch of this."

His hard cock came out. The teenage mutant looked flushed and dropped down to her knees. Hisako's mouth opened up and she took the throbbing hard cock of the man of her dream's between her lips. She struggled for a minute to get it past your lips.

"Why don't you taste it first? Explore it with your tongue? Make art with your tongue all over my cock?"

Hisako agreed to his request. Her wet mouth moved into position. She licked the massive cock of her lover. Every inch it passed between her lips, things increased. Her passion would get even more intense the closer those lips got to her. Hisako's tongue traveled around the point of his cock. She swirled around his mighty manhood, licking on him. Hisako felt spellbound by such an engorged piece of meat.

"Now slowly put it in your mouth. Right there…you have the perfect mouth, use it."

The hard cock penetrated her mouth. Hisako closed her eyes as she could feel her perfect lips touch around him. The tendrils from Peter's legs came up and explored Hisako's body.

Hisako soaked her panties as these miniature tentacles teased her body while she orally serviced the older man in front of her. She was getting very excited as her body was being felt up. The girl kept sucking his cock. He gently put his hands on the back of her head and guided it.

"You're a good learner," Peter said. "Such a good cock-sucker. And a good cock-sucker needs her reward."

Those balls fired cum inside of her throat. The taste of the cum spellbound Hisako. She grabbed onto the back of Peter and pushed as much of his cock into her mouth as possible. The thick and throbbing member spilled its contents into her mouth.

The Japanese girl moved over. Those tendrils coming through Peter felt through her body. The teased her nipples and also dipped between her legs.

"You like that, don't you? The innocent ones are always the naughtiest?"

Her juices soaked through the symbiote which caused a swelling. Peter's hard cock jutted out and smacked Hisako in the thigh.

"Mr. Parker, I have to have that inside me," Hisako begged him.

"In due time."

Peter climbed up top of the horny mutant and felt up her body. Hisako closed her eyes the second Peter moved in. He felt up every inch of her. Her scorching body needed pleasure right now. After tasting his liquid, Hisako wanted even more inside of her.

The clothes slowly shredded off of her. Hisako's perky B-Cup breasts came out. He wrapped the symbiote tendril around her right breast. Her aching nipple got even more. Peter leaned in and wrapped his warm mouth around her nipple while slowly biting down onto it

Hisako could feel something between her legs as well. Her panties slowly yanked off down her legs. They were ripped apart in the process. A particularly slimy tentacle slipped between the legs of the
tight woman and played her.

"No, you're losing that to my cock."

The tendril pushed away from Hisako. She breathed in and out on the bed. Her body entered a constant and frustrated state of arousal. The young man mounted the top of Hisako. Her face contorted into a look of animalistic lust.

"Please, take me," she begged him.

Peter's long cock stretched and pushed inside of her warm lips. Twelve hard inches of cock drove inside of Hisako's tight pussy and took her innocence. The pain only was for seconds before Peter pushed inside of her slick center. She reached up and rose up off of the bed. She moaned the second Peter rose up inside and then drove deep inside of her.

Her entire body was pleasure in every moment. The pain faded, and more pleasure came through. Her entire body felt like it was on fire. And the fire could be only stopped by one mean. This hard cock plunging in and out of her slick center, every time he entered her, Hisako could feel it.

She felt stuffed and also felt something slimy wrap around her waist. Those tendrils danced closely towards her tight anus. They released a lubricant in the edge of her asshole.

"We'll get to that in a minute," Peter said.

"Oooh!"

Hisako threw her head back against the bed. Her nails stuck to the back of the neck of her lover. Their bodies melted together the further Hisako threw her hips completely off of the bed. She could not take much more of this. The only thing which mattered is getting the cock of this well hung stud deep inside of her.

"So, good!" Hisako murmured underneath her breath.

Peter groaned and pushed into her. Her walls closed around him. The tight pussy wrapping around him touched every inch of his cock. There was not much room of him to maneuver. Peter simply ran his hands over the delicate body of her. He leaned down and kissed her neck, her collarbone, and down to meet her breasts.

Every time Peter caught her with a kiss, Hisako could feel a pleasurable sensation shot through her body. The desire of the man pushing into her made her loins just gush with pleasure. His mighty cock stuffed into her body while the tendrils pushed into her. Their bodies pressed together as the two kissed each other. Two of the tendrils held Hisako's mouth open so Peter could kiss her even more.

A soft and pleasurable moan rolled over the body of the woman underneath him. The web slinger stuck his hard cock inside of her moist center. Her pussy stretched out against him with the web slinger plunging his massive prick inside of her.

His balls, thick and swollen, pushed against her. The creamy rush filling up her body both satisfied her and left her craving more. It was a very weird combination as her lover kept pushing inside of her.

Peter rode Hisako's wet, tight pussy. It felt so hot around his cock. The juices lubricated his cock to allow Peter to plant his seed inside of Hisako's insides. The beautiful teenager's toes curled from being drilled so hard.
"Take a breath. We're not done yet."

The younger girl looked up in a dazed. Pleasure danced through her body the very second the web slinger turned her around on the bed. Her tight ass stuck firmly up in the air and prepared for its next round of penetration. Peter looked at Hisako's tight hole. The taboo hole stuck out and was ready to receive him one more time.

"I have to have this."

Peter ground his finger inside of Hisako's hole which had been well lubricated. Her cute little ass presented for him made Peter throb.

Hisako closed her body. She enjoyed the feel of those hands pushing against her butt and swollen end grinding up against the back entrance. Tentacles moved from his body and lightly touched every inch of her body. Slowly, Peter leaned in and kissed her on the back of the neck. The slight nibbling of her neck made Hisako take a deep breath the further he licked her.

"Please," Hisako begged him. "Please."

His hard cock slipped against Hisako's warm hole. It was taboo and very naughty to put his cock back there. Peter held onto her tight ass and plunged inside of it. Hisako squealed in pleasure the moment he pushed into her.

"You're a dirty girl. You like me molesting your body with my tentacles. And you love my big cock just pushed inside of her asshole, stretching it out! You want to sit down and think about what's been back here."

Hisako nodded eagerly with his hands, his tentacles, all of them moving around her body. His thick balls loaded when he pushed into her hole, the only one which had not been taken just yet. The hands of her skilled lover moved down the back of her legs. Hisako closed her eyes the deeper her lover plunged inside. That hard cock pushed into her tightening hole far and deep as humanly possible.

"A dirty, dirty girl," Peter grunted. "And you like what I'm doing to do, don't you? Scream for me, my dirty little girl. Cum for me!"

The suit shifted into a second cock to penetrate Hisako's damp, oozing pussy as well. The girl almost passed out from the pleasure of being double stuffed. Those hands also worked their magic on her body.

Peter grunted as he worked inside of her. His hands stuck to her cute little butt after smacking it. That tight asshole stretched out a little more around his cock. He pushed Hisako back on the bed. He could feel her addiction confirmed with another mind racking orgasm.

"It doesn't take that much, does it?"

"No, sir," Hisako said.

She bit down on her lip. Peter's tendril worked into her mouth and forced her to stop biting her lip. Hisako closed her eyes and let out a scream as she was stuffed. The tendril pushed into her mouth and lubricated its sweet juices inside of her mouth before lovingly caressing her face.

"Oh, I love this!" she moaned.

"I can tell with how wet you are. You're going to wake the day with your screams. And I know
you're going to wake the dead when I do this."

Peter rested his hands on Hisako's pleasantly firm backside. He shoved as deep inside of her as humanly possible. His thick cock smacked inside of her tightening asshole the further he pushed into her. He edged closer to cumming inside of her.

"Fuck, we're close!"

The web slinger could not wait to cum inside of her asshole. He savored the pleasurable moments of it. The tentacles reached every part of Hisako's body as possible.

She felt herself penetrated and worked over by the man in front of her. Hisako loved what was happening to her in every single way imaginable. The young man behind her grabbed her ass and squeezed it before driving the point of his cock inside of her warm hole.

"Closer," Peter grunted. "I'm going to cum in that sweet ass. You better be ready. I'm not holding back. Do you hear me?"

"Yes!" Hisako yelled. "I hear you! Don't hold back!"

Those balls unleashed a steady stream of warm cum inside of Hisako's warm asshole. The web slinger pushed into her. The girl collapsed onto the bed and finally reached her limit. Peter rode her asshole to the end of the orgasm and filled her up with cum.

Peter pulled back and admired his handwork. Another one marked off of the list. She really got into that one. It helped that she had been choking for it for months as well.

"See you soon."

End.

Next Chapter: 2/15/2018.
Aches and pains came with the territory of being everyone's favorite neighborhood Spider-Man. Peter Parker stripped to a black tank top and his boxer shorts before dropping down into the room he was saying. After tonight's battle, he would have to be alright after a fashion.

'Just got wrecked a bit more than normal out there,' Peter thought to himself. 'It does seem to come with the territory anymore, doesn't it?'

A light knock on the door caught Peter's attention. The young man shifted on the bed and wondered who could have been calling on him at this time. "It's opening."

The door opened up and a beautiful female came into the room. Her chocolate-colored skin shined in the light. Her short black hair came down to shoulder length. She dressed in a tight white tank top to showcase how stacked she was upstairs. Two perfectly shaped breasts strained through the shirt. The top slid down to allow Peter a glimpse of the dark deep cleavage inside. The bottom half ended up being nothing to sneeze at either. She wore a pair of tight black shorts which showed up her immensely perfectly shaped booty. Peter's eyes moved down to her gorgeous legs and her perfect toes and feet.

Another couple of steps brought Raquel Ervin, better known as Rocket, in position. She sat down on the bed, and wrapped an arm around Peter's shoulder.

"Hey, Raquel," Peter said.

"Peter," Raquel said. "Are you okay? You too a hell of a hit today…I think that I better make sure nothing had been damaged."

It had been only second nature to see women around his age group or even older to show interest in him. Raquel did not wait for any confirmation. Her soft hands brushed over Peter's strong frame. Her fingers ran down around Peter's shoulder. She moved up to brush her fingers against his abdomen and then up to his chest. He flinched a little bit.

"Ribs a bit tender?" Raquel asked him.

"Just a little bit," Peter said. "But, they'll get better."

"That's good to know," Raquel said. "I wanted to make sure you feel welcomed here. I know you're a long way from home, but I think you'll fit in with the rest of the team very nicely."

Raquel slipped behind him a little bit more. Her hands wrapped around his waist when pushing forward against him. Her hot breath closed in on the back of his ear.

"You know what's relaxing?" Raquel asked him.

"A hot girl pushing her breasts against my back as she feels me up?"

"Yes," Raquel said. "I saw you looking at me earlier. Especially when I was bent over."

Raquel's hand rested on Peter's crotch. It was hard to hide his erection from her as it grew in
prominence.

"Are you thinking of my ass right now?" Raquel asked. "Are you thinking of how big it is?"

Raquel slowly slipped Peter's cock out of his pants. He did not fear much. His long cock extended into the air. Raquel's grip shifted to the base and she stroked him while leaning against him.

"I know you like my ass, and my breasts, and my legs…but how about my lips?" Raquel asked him. "Is it perfect for sucking cock?"

"It….this is getting a bit….."

"Shh, it's okay," Raquel said. "We're teammates. We should be able to trust each other. And sex is one of the oldest trust building exercises isn't there?"

Raquel slowly made Peter face her. The moment he turned around, Raquel's ass stuck completely up his face. Those tight shorts she wore left nothing to the imagination. Peter turned around and noticed Raquel moving around. He reached in and grabbed her by the hair.

Their lips joined in a very deep and passionate kiss. Raquel pulled back from him and pulled the shirt off of her. His eyes followed those breasts being revealed to the world. The chocolate colored globes with nipples darker than the rest her stuck out.

Peter dove in suddenly, all inhibition having been lost. Raquel reached behind the back of his head and guided his head into her mountainous cleavage. He gave them a few hard sucks and took one of the breasts in his mouth. Raquel threw her head back the second Peter sucked on it.

"Babe, you're amazing," Raquel said. "But, you want to see what I can do. Don't you?"

"Sorry, I got carried away."

Raquel shook her head at this poor boy. She pulled his long cock out. Raquel never would have guessed he was so gifted where it counted. She was very pleased to see this huge gift jut in the air in front of her. Raquel's warm hand snaked around the man's hard cock when sliding down on it and then pulling up. The web slinger's cock grew into her mouth.

"I want to suck this cock. May I, baby?"

"Yes," Peter said.

The dark-skinned goddess went down on his cock. She took his cock into her mouth like a pro without any trouble whatsoever. The heat engulfing Peter's cock almost made him lose it right now. He had to be inside of that warm mouth as much as possible.

Raquel's wet heat bobbed down on him. Peter wondered how good her pussy would feel if her mouth felt this good. Raquel sucked him down into her throat. Her brown eyes met his all through the blowjob, making sure he followed the progress.

The sounds of sloppy sucks made Peter groan. Raquel only redoubled her efforts around this cock. It filled the back of her throat and made her think it would be even better to be inside of her now. Raquel grabbed onto his balls and gave them a squeeze.

"I like it when women squeeze my balls, it feels so…good."

Raquel would not want to deny the well-hung hero of his exploits. His manhood pushed down into
Raquel's warm mouth. She sucked him as hard as possible and released his manhood from her lips. Raquel dropped almost all the way down on him and sucked on his hard cock again.

Peter's loins clenched and fired inside of the waiting mouth of the woman who went to town on his manhood. His swollen manhood shot the full contents of his balls deep and fast into Raquel's mouth.

A loud pop from Raquel's lips detaching from him.

"Yummy."

"Get on your hands and knees so I can see my ass when I fuck you."

Raquel smiled and did as her man requested. She sunk on her hands and knees. A finger slipped inside of her mouth and she sucked on it getting it nice a wet. Her eyes shifted over as she watched in greed. Watched as Peter's cock only strengthened from what she was doing.

"You want to see my ass?" Raquel asked. "Well, maybe…if you're lucky….."

Raquel dragged her finger down her back and stuck it into her back passage. The instant she did, Peter grabbed onto her firm ass cheeks. He grabbed the fleshy backside while dragging the point of his cock into her very willing and very needy slit.

She opened up for him and Peter drove himself into her. Just as expected, her pussy felt even better than her mouth. Wet warmth engulfed every last inch of Peter's hard rod. He groaned the second he pushed inside of Raquel. His hands touched her backside when pulling almost out and jamming into her.

A rushing feeling filled the web slinger the deeper and faster he plunged deep inside of Raquel's warm body. Her legs spread to allow Peter to delve deep inside of her.

The superheroine known as Rocket could feel all of him inside of her. She never felt something this good pushed inside of her. His cock pushed inside of her body and stretched her in different ways. Those talented hands just combed over every inch of her body.

The web slinger pushed his hands against her breasts and gave them a very nice squeeze. Those swinging melons felt really good in his hand. He moved back up and felt every curve more delicious than the last. He rose up on his feet when shoving deep inside of her body.

"Spider-Man!" Raquel yelled.

"Oh, you're so good," Peter said. "How do you stay so fit?"

"Hard work and working out," Raquel said.

"Well, it's really working out."

The web slinger pushed his throbbing cock as far into her pussy as possible. He almost pulled completely out of her body and shoved deep inside of her. Two swollen balls continued to play against Raquel's body. The web slinger slipped back out of her and pushed himself back into her. His hard cock continued its path inside of her body with a constant level of thrusting.

He slowed down just enough to allow her to feel the burn around him. Moist walls created enough of a slide to allow Peter to drive his huge cock inside of her. The web slinger continued to pump his hard cock deep inside of her body. A finger brushed against Raquel's backside.
"Dirty boy."

"Oh, you're a dirty girl for enjoying it."

No arguments there. Raquel allowed herself to enjoy the full pleasure his hands brought to her. The web slinger cupped and caressed Raquel's breasts. Those nipples extended out the deeper Peter pulled on them. His massive cock shoved inside of her warm and wet pussy.

Peter plunged inside of Raquel. He pressed against the sexy back of the beauty. His nibbled on every inch of flesh possible, with the web slinger pulled back and plunged out of him. Thick balls kept dancing against her moist canal. The web slinger pulled completely out of her and plunged into her warm body.

Raquel bit down on the sheets as they had been pulled off of the bed. Her lover shoved his rod inside of her and spanked her ass even harder. Every time his hand struck her ass, Raquel could feel a jolt. Then every so often, he timed his hand and his cock in perfect harmony. His might rod plowed deep inside of her body.

"YES!"

Peter plunged himself as far into Raquel as possible. His balls tensed up. So many more thrusts in this very slick pussy would feel really good. Peter ran his hands back over her legs. He felt up, enjoying how muscular and how sensual they felt inside of him.

One huge plunge launched the contents of Peter's balls inside of her. Raquel tightened her walls against him. The web slinger pulled back out of her and kept pushing his cum inside of her. The inside of her body filled with his cum.

The thick volume of cum made Peter drove his cock deep inside of her body on a constant basis. He grabbed her ass to give it the proper base to drive deep inside of her body. The web slinger filled her pussy with warm seed.

"So good!" Raquel moaned.

Peter finished cumming inside of her. He pulled away from the beauty who rolled over on the bed. Raquel ran a hand over her body and cupped her backside before giving it a slap. She pushed a finger inside of her asshole and pulled it open.

The look at her puckered asshole opened hardened Peter. Desire burned over his body. He had to be inside of that nice tight asshole, no question about it.

"Ready for more, stud? Ready to tap this?"

Raquel slapped her ass and pulled herself up. She dropped her shapely booty on Peter's cock. It touched her hole and almost slipped inside. Peter held her asscheeks apart with his hand and guided himself inside of her.

The first few inches of cock pushed deep inside of her body. Raquel's warm asshole dropped down onto Peter's hard cock. Those hands cupped her breasts. He squeezed them and they jigged in his hands.

Peter's hands alternated between playing with Raquel's ass and also her breasts. She rose up and dropped her butt down, slipping his hard cock inside. He dropped a hand to her right cheek and encouraged.
"Time for my work out."

"Oh, yes, work those glutes!"

Raquel flexed her tight asshole around Peter's massive rod. Peter thought he was going to die. His balls ached at being inside of the asshole of this chocolate skinned goddess. She took his rod completely and deep inside of her ass without any problem whatsoever.


Her playful song made Peter groan. A sexy girl with a sense of humor was something to fulfill. And he fulfilled his desire to plunge deep inside of her warm body. Peter pumped back and forth against her, feeling the friction at her squeezing and ample ass grabbing onto his rod.

Peter took her ass for everything it was worth. He needed to be buried inside of her ass. His hands moved as well to grab the rest of her body. The leaking down her pussy showed Peter how turned on she got with a huge cock rammed into her ass.

To be honest, Peter had been turned on as well.

"So….good!"

He rammed his thick prick into Raquel's inviting ass. Her warm asshole tightened around Peter's throbbing hard prick. Raquel jammed herself as hard as possible down on him. The web slinger grabbed Raquel's bouncing breasts as well. He squeezed them.

Raquel felt so good. She squirted at Peter's attention to her round backside. His hands hung onto her and kept pumping their way inside of her.

"It's great!" Raquel yelled at the top of her lungs. "It's so….it's so good!"

The web slinger planted his hard rod inside of her body. The warm asshole tightened and released around him. His balls clenched and released inside of her body.

Three thick fingers slammed into her pussy and pumped it, feeling her juices oozing around it. Peter sprayed his load as deep into Raquel's warm ass. He pushed deep into her and pounded her ass. Each squeeze her tight asshole made a little bit more cum firing into her body.

Raquel pulled away from him and gave a dirty smile on her face. Her ass and pussy both had been filled with a warm load. She laid back against his body. Peter pulled an arm around her and slowly played with Raquel's hair.

"Just give me a few minutes to recover. You're more fun than advertised."

"Glad to see I exceeded your expectations."

End.

Next Chapter 2/20/2018.
The legends of Camelot always fascinated Spider-Man. He thought at any instances how fantasy might have been a bit stranger than any reality. He could not have been further from the truth. There had been some strange things in the world which was rich coming from a man who had been bitten by a genetically altered spider.

"You have saved us all brave Spider. And I thank you."

The woman dressed in white appeared in the room. She dressed in white robes which hung over her amazing body. Her skin looked dark with an exotic looking face, dark-hair, and blue eyes. The woman known only as Roma claimed by the daughter of Merlin, or Merlyn rather, but she was of an alluring beauty.

"It was all in a day's work," Spider-Man said.

Roma raised a hand and then placed it upon the shoulder of Spider-Man. "It was not just in a day's work for you, great hero. You crossed through to another realm and helped fight a grave threat. And for that, you deserve thanks and a reward as a hero should."

Suddenly, the woman started to pull up Spider-Man's mask. Before he could properly protest what happened, Roma leaned in and kissed the young man underneath the mask. The web slinger had been surprised, but returned the kiss. He tightened his grip around Roma's body. He could feel every one of her soft curves.

Roma explored without any inhibition at what she had to work with. Her hand rested at one place and tensed up. A small smile popped over her face through the kiss. The web slinger kissed her deeper, with those fingers pushed against the back of her head.

"I think it's time for us to retire to my bed chambers."

This caused Spider-Man to lean back a moment. The woman was beautiful, but he could not help this was just a tiny bit sudden.

"Trust me, it's not," Roma said. "A hero's reward is never too sudden. It's always well earned. And trust me when I say this one is going to be well earned as well."

The curtains around the bed chambers opened up. Roma stripped off of her attire. She made certain Spider-Man's eyes followed her, ensuring that his eyes were on every inch of her glorious body. Her round breasts slowly spilled out. The web slinger reached over to touch them.

"Feel how soft they are," Roma said. "And realize they are all for you…as I'm sure this is."

Roma stopped for a moment from undressing herself to feel up the hardening bulge in the web slinger's pants. She thought a great hero like this would be very gifted. Her soft hand squeezed him and slowly pulled towards her.

"Yes, you deserve your reward."

Twelve throbbing inches of male endowment shot up into the air. Roma caught the hard cock in a
tight grip and slowly worked him over. She wanted to savor every moment, knowing it could be the last moment. That hard cock pushed as far inside of Roma's hand as humanly possible.

While she stroked the cock of the skilled young man in front of her, it felt really good. Roma slid close around the hard throbbing cock of the young man.

"I want a taste," she said. "May I?"

"Help yourself."

He caught one look at those lips as perfect as they were. They were preparing to take his manhood in her mouth. Roma's warm hand slid around to clasp his balls and give them a squeeze.

"Oh, that's good," Spider-Man groaned. "You're so good, it's…it's just great!"

The web slinger threw his head back and grabbed Roma's head. His hard cock plunged into the throat of the woman. The dark-haired vixen sucked cock like it was her job. She slowly worked down his cock and traveled all the way off of it.

"We don't want this to end too soon, do we?"

Peter's cock snapped back and up. Salvia splashed from the manhood as Roma pulled herself away. She lightly brushed a fingertip down the edge of Peter's massively hard cock. The woman's eyes locked onto him when allowing his cock to brush up and down on her stomach.

"No, we don't," Peter groaned. "I want this to go for a very long time."

Roma turned around and pulled down the rest of her garment. The woman's nice ass came out into the full picture. Peter leaned in to touch Roma's ass and gave it a very ample squeeze. His hard cock pushed against the edge of Roma's ass the closer he got to go inside of her.

"No, we don't," Peter agreed. "I want to fuck you though."

She moved closer towards the dresser and bent over. The daughter of Merlyn gave her body as an offering to the web slinger. Spider-Man moved closer to her and put his hands on her breasts to give them a squeeze. The web slinger's hands continued their exploration.

His hard cock pushed against Roma's dripping slit. He was this close to entering inside of the body of the glorious woman in front of him. And she had a glorious body.

"Take me," Roma said. "Take me. I'm all yours on this day."

The web slinger took her encouragement as the cue to push his cock inside of the woman. His manhood entered her slick walls. She did not have any resistance inside of her, but she was tight.

Roma closed her eyes and felt the full length of her lover's manhood inside of her. The young man in front of her kept pumping his hard cock inside of her body. The web slinger pulled almost all the way out and then plunged inside of her. Repeated thrusts brought him inside of her.

It took Peter a few minutes to get used to the tightness and the warmth. He knew what worked after a while and what made her feel so good. His hard cock pumped inside of her.

The tight grip Roma made on the dresser made Peter only drive himself into her. His balls swelled up when he worked his hard rod inside of the body of the gloriously hot woman in front of him. His hands held onto her back.
"Closer," Roma mewled at the top of her lungs.

That hard cock driving into her body made Roma feel the burn more than anything ever had before. Her skilled lover touched the woman's body at every inch. He pulled her away and then drove her back into the edge of the wall. Roma's hands grabbed onto anything she wanted to.

Suddenly, Peter lifted Roma's legs off of the ground and spread them out.

"Yes," Roma breathed.

The web slinger made sure to keep Roma's legs perfectly balanced in the air. He drove his hard cock inside of her slick body as deep as humanly possible. The web slinger plunged his hard cock deep inside of Roma and then going to town on her.

Roma's eyes glazed over. Her body shook and her palms pushed down on the edge of the dresser. Everything deep inside of her was being felt the deeper and faster she got filled by him. Roma reached her peak and was glad he held her legs up. She figured there would be no way for her to stand.

"Go ahead," Peter groaned.

The web slinger plunged his massive rod inside of Roma's slick center. She snapped back around him and squeezed the young man as tight as possible. He pulled completely back out of her and then buried his huge cock inside of her body. Those balls kept bouncing against her.

A moment of pause before Spider-Man started up again. Their loins connected with each heated shove. Everything between them seared at the instant of penetration. Roma grasped onto the air. He held her completely up and walked her over to the bed.

Despite walking over towards the bed, he still thrust inside of her. Roma's juices pooled around the intruding organ pushed deeper inside of the woman. He pulled completely back and then drove his hard cock as far inside as humanly possible.

They were not on the bed. And he slipped away from her which gave Roma a very obvious sense of loss. He pulled from Roma's body and stepped back. His throbbing cock touched Roma and tried to open her up for intrusion. Roma begged for him to enter her.

"Make me feel your manhood inside my body," Roma begged him. "I want to feel it stretch me out when you pound me numb, please."

Roma shoved a finger inside her scorching slit and slowly teased both herself and the man behind her. The web slinger grabbed her hand and pulled it away. The able mouth of the young man sucked on her finger while another hand moved down her body to pleasure every inch.

Simple math showed what spots Roma had been driven wild on and how he could keep up with pleasuring them. The web slinger's strong hands cupped her round right breast and felt it up. She reacted very well to his touch. Another switch and he cupped the left breast with about as much fever as he did the right breast.

The web slinger's mighty cock came inches away from slipping inside of Roma's warm pussy. He touched the lips of the delightful woman with his swollen hard cock. Peter felt up her body all of the way and tormented her body with the slightest touches. He leaned in and nibbled on the side of Roma's neck.

"Do it," Roma said. "Enter me. Please."
It was hard to say no to this beauty. Peter lined it up after taking her to the edge and then shoved inside of her. Her warm walls accommodated him once more. He grunted when pushing inside of her.

"You really want all of me?" Peter asked.

"Yes," Roma said to him. "Everything you can give me. I want it. I need all of it. Don't hold back and give me every little bit of your hard cock!"

Peter plunged his way inside of Roma's warm and inviting hole. His cock pushed in and pulled out of her. Roma's wet walls closed around him and released him. Peter shoved as much of his cock inside of her body as possible. His hard balls continued to smack their way against her.

"Just like that?" Peter asked. "Oh, you're so sexy."

"Thank you," Roma said. "You're very handsome as well."

Peter realized his mask had been off for some time and his face looked out in the mirror. He pushed as far inside of Roma as possible. Every push wrapped delicious knew pleasures around Peter's intruding rod. He pushed as far inside of her as possible and then pulled out again.

The web slinger grunted when bringing his hard cock inside of her. He pulled in and pushed completely out with a few hard pumps. He could feel Roma's ass grinding up as he slipped out. Peter positioned himself and slapped back inside of her. He took the nice ass of the Daughter of Merlyn in his hands and squeezed it.

Roma's entire body flared up very nicely. His huge cock pumped as deep inside of her body as humanly possible. The web slinger pulled completely out of her warm sheath and for a second, she lost all of the pleasure. Then, it returned with Peter pumping his way inside of her one more time.

"Closer," Roma said.

A steady slow down made Roma hunger for him even more. The web slinger continued the hard pumping inside of her and then pulled back suddenly. He pushed inside of Roma's warm body. He touched the lovely woman's body a little more and inspired her to lose it all over him.

One of the most vocal climaxes Peter ever heard happened. Her screams got a little bit louder and more sultry the deeper Peter into her.

"Now, it's your…turn," Roma breathed.

Her inner walls grew even tighter around Peter's massive rod. The web slinger pulled back from her and drove himself into her. He kept riding her wet pussy for everything it was worth.

Roma grabbed onto the edge of the bed and set the sheets into disarray. She honestly did not care what happened to the bed sheets, as long as he kept driving his mighty cock inside of her. The constant slamming of his cock inside of her made Roma's eyes water. She held onto the bed.

"Yes! Soon enough!"

The feeling of someone trying to suck his balls dry only made Peter slide into her even harder and even faster. The accelerated speed made Peter grown the further he pushed inside of her body. The web slinger drove his hard cock inside of her very perfect and very accommodating body the deeper he shoved inside of her.
"Oh, Roma. I'm close."

Roma edged the spear her hero put inside a little bit closer. Those swollen testicles swelled a bit more and were about ready to erupt. Roma did precisely everything possible to move him the rest of the way. His cock swelled and fired inside of her warm slit.

The web slinger finished his load inside of Roma. He was responsible for a heavy mess which continued to splatter inside of her. Her pussy overflowed and leaked the deeper the web slinger pushed into her. His balls discharged as much as possible before finishing up inside of her.

Roma turned around and put her hands on the web slinger's legs. Instantly, she leaned in and kissed the tip of his head before slowly drawing his mighty rod inside of her mouth. She sucked the cream off of his cock, and leaned down to engulf his head into the back of her throat.

Mighty indeed, and Roma intended to worship him until all of her holes could not take any more.

End.

Next Chapter: 2/22/2018.
The fruits of a good hard day's work laid out in front of him. Peter Parker finished a matter transporter object. All you needed to do is punch in the coordinates to a certain location and you can transport any object or yourself, to any location. It would change the way people traveled.

Peter spent some time considering the potential darker implications such a device could have.

"Your modifications work well enough to ensure no one can just transport bombs into the center of a planet or a center if that's what you're wondering. Trust me, that's not my intention."

Peter turned himself around to see a tall attractive woman step out of the room. She dressed in a black coat, a button up blouse, and a nice skirt which went down to her knees. Stockings clung to legs which stretched a mile along. Her official designation was Indigo or Brainiac Drone Number Eight. Her skin matched the name of her color. She had violet eyes and a pinkish hair cover coming down to her shoulders to match. The woman stepped forward and put her hands on Peter's shoulders.

"You did it."

The beautiful android's fingers pushed down to Peter's back and held him in a tight embrace. Her warm body pressed against it. Thanks to the upgrades she made, every inch of her felt as real as any other women. Peter could hold her in his arms and if he did not know better, she was like any other women.

"I owe your work to curing my problem," Peter said.

"The radioactive particles in your bloodstream would have resulted in your demise by the time you were thirty," Indy said. "I don't think such a brilliant and bright mind such as yourself would have to be wasted like this. Wouldn't you agree?"

The scientific prodigy smiled. At first, he had been a bit gunshy about Indy injecting the nanites into his bloodstream to cure him. It just seemed to be solving one problem with the other. Still, his strength, his stamina, his energy, and his overall intelligence increased one hundred percent of the way.

"You've taught me so much about science which is forgotten."

Indy turned herself around and closed her eyes. Those words, unintentionally speaking, had been a very painful reminder of the havoc that her ancestor caused. The original Brainiac killed so many worlds. The logical flaw in his programming stated that knowledge should be preserved at all costs. Indy doubted very much that the costs would be worth it as far as she was concerned.

"It would not have been forgotten if it was not for him."

Strong arms wrapped around Indy. Peter knew he had triggered a response in her database which made her think of her origins.

"The BrainInteractive Construct destroyed many brilliant lives," Indy said. "He claimed it was done to preserve the knowledge so it would not die with those worlds. One could argue he did the right thing in the case of Krypton, for the planet was at the end. But other worlds, they still had
opportunities."
The two melded into each other's embrace. Peter's strong arms wrapped their way around Indy for a couple of seconds. Indy closed her eyes and took a deep breath the deeper Peter pushed his arms tighter around her. She enjoyed the feeling of those arms wrapped around her.

"I guess I'm making up for it."

"You are."

Peter reached over and cupped underneath Indy's chin. He kissed her and she returned the kiss. He made her feel things which were beyond the scope of her programming. Peter pushed his tongue between her lips and worked his way inside of the back of her throat.

The kiss increased, with Peter enjoying the wonderful taste of the inside of Indy's mouth. Her curvy frame pressed against his. Peter moved in and cupped her synthetic ass between his hands. She created an ample amount of friction between the two of them.

"You are the missing component to make sure I fulfill my true potential."

Indy threw her arms around Peter's shoulders and smiled. She stepped them back onto the teleportation device and punched the coordinates in.

The coordinates brought them into a bedroom. Their clothes were burned off upon arrival. Peter stepped back as Indy looked at his body with a smile.

"Well, there's still a few bugs which need to be worked out."

Peter nodded in response. His eyes traced the body of the deep-blue skinned beauty. Her round breasts moved just as fluidly as a human woman. They bounced with each step. Indy threw her arms around him and pressed her generous flesh against his chest.

"Do you enjoy my upgrades, Peter?"

It would be rude not to cup those fleshy globes in his hand. Peter reached over and cupped his partner's breasts. She inhaled a breath despite not needing oxygen to live. It was a sexy intake Peter appreciated never the less.

"I enjoy them very much."

Indy felt Peter's cock press against her taut stomach. The android rolled her hand down and cupped Peter around his throbbing hard rod. She closed her fist around him and gave him a light pump. Peter's hard cock pushed up into Indy's hand.

"Perfect," Indy said with a smile. "It's absolutely perfect."

That hard cock pushed into the palm of her hand and she made sure Peter was sat down on the bed.

"We need to make sure your equipment functions as it should."

Indigo turned him over onto the bed and made sure he laid back. Peter found his face between her warm thighs. Her honey pot and the delightful scent which came with it poked against his face.

"Proper lubrication is important."

Peter would have to agree. He enjoyed the taste of melons dripping from Indigo's snatch. Her
upgrades were very advanced and very appreciated. Peter thought about as much when grabbing onto Indy's meaty ass cheeks and flipping his tongue into her pussy.

It would be rude not to return such a generous favor. Indy bent down and opened her mouth to lower it down closer towards a hard and throbbing cock which reached her lips very closely. Indy leaned down and kissed the tip of his head to suck her lover into her mouth.

Peter flicked his tongue against Indy's warm and inviting slit. His hands ran over the backs of her legs and buttock while digging into her pussy. Indy responded by slipping his cock into her mouth.

Some small adjustment of the inside of her oral cavity made this the perfect fit for the man's engorged pole. Indy sucked her man off with a loud pop between her generously plump lips. Her hands grabbed onto the man's balls and gave them a heavy stroke as well.

The deep and passionate sucking of this large cock pushed into her mouth continued. Indy really wanted to shove as much of this heavy chunk of meat into her mouth as possible. She also knew that she should temper her actions.

Indy reached a state of heightened arousal. His hands sticking to the android's inner thighs and feeling her soft flesh only increased Peter's swirling of his tongue deep inside of her body.

"Fuck me!"

Those words flowed through her eyes the very second that Peter shoved his tongue inside of her. Indigo released his cock and allowed his mouth to leave her pussy.

The android turned her body around so they laid chest to face, face to face, with each other. Peter wrapped his hands around her. Indy's tongue extended out and slurped the juices from Peter's face. Peter groaned the more Indy played with him. His hard cock pushed against Indy's very damp entrance. It would only take a few minutes for Peter to move into position and more importantly be inside of her body.

He could hardly wait. His balls ached the closer he reached her wet womanhood. The web-slinger closed his eyes and pushed his fingers against Indy's back the deeper he reached her. His hard cock came an inch away from passing towards her warm pussy lips.

"Time for a data insertion, Mr. Parker."

Indy pulled herself up and spread her legs. She bent back with a sexy and seductive amount of flexibility. She threw herself down cunt first on Peter's engorged cock. He groaned the very second Indy pressed her groin against his. Her wet pussy stretched around his hard cock the second she rose up and dropped down onto him.

It took a couple of seconds, but Indy adjusted just enough. This cock swelled even more when she lubricated the sweet fluids all over it. Indy bit down on her lip. Her memories of Peter's joy when he saw her bounce up and down on his cock as Indy bit down on her lip only encouraged her to do it more.

The material inside of her stretched and squeezed around him. The perfect fit for Peter's cock. Every time he pushed into her, there was only enough room to maneuver. His hard cock pushed deep inside of the pussy of the woman who rose up and dropped down onto him.

"Stimulation should not be overlooked, Peter," Indy breathed.

Peter came face to nipple with Indy's chest. Those nipples looked hard as a rock. Peter stuck his
finger onto one of the hard nipples and slowly turned it which caused Indy to scream out in pleasure. She bounced even faster on Peter and took as much of his manhood inside of her body.

"That's really good," Indy breathed.

The web-slinger reached closer towards her and sucked on Indy's nice, round nipple. It excreted a milky substance inside Peter's sucking mouth. Every time the nipple pushed into his body, he groaned the deeper he sucked on it. He licked around the edge of her nipple the more it sucked into his mouth.

Peter groaned around her breast and squeezed it. Indy closed her eyes and dropped her groin down onto him. She stretched her pussy around Peter's mighty rod when rising and falling onto him.

"It's really good," Indy mewling. "I'm getting close."

Indy pushed down onto his rod. Her body reached a state of heightened arousal. Indy manually adjusted the sensitivity triggers in her programming to make every touch of Peter sent what amounted to lightning through her body. She closed her eyes and screamed. Her fluids spilled from her loins onto his cock.

Peter reached around to cup Indy's ample bouncing ass and make sure she slid all the way down. Peter bridged himself up into her as his cock shoved completely and utterly into her body. He could feel the warm heat from the woman of his dreams into her.

"So hot," Peter said.

"I'll turn down the core temperature if it's uncomfortable," Indy said.

"No, it's perfect."

Face first Peter's head buried in Indy's chest. Indy threw her head back the more Peter drove his hard cock inside of the body.

Indy thought she was going to have a system crash because of all of the pleasure she been brought. Brainiac made her too organic in an attempt to easily infiltrate the planets she collected data for. She was an experience which had been a failure.

Well, in Brainiac's mind, she had been a failure. Pleasure rooting deep into Indy's mind showed she felt that this entire situation was a success and pretty much nothing more.

"Thank you! Thank you!"

Indy thanked herself for deciding to reach Peter. It had been a mutually beneficial relationship between the two of them. His cock swelled inside of her and he was getting close.

She made sure to flex her inner core against him. The pumping grew more intense as she milked his thrusts. Indy's entire body flared with the surge of power going through her. His hard cock pushed deep inside of Indy's warm body. She flexed her pussy walls around him and released him with one long drop.

"Close," Peter said.

"Let me adjust for the end."

Indy's upgrades were not completely finished. There was one thing she could not give Peter just yet.
She could synthetic life, but it was not the same in her mind. Indy realized that was a flaw she would have to fix in her program.

"Don't hold back," Indy said.

She supposed there would be a way to alter his semen through the nanites to allow him to create new life inside of her. But would the new life survive full term? There were so many variables Indy did not want to chance it.

"Please, I need what you have for me."

Peter's balls ached and they swelled very hard. He wanted to enjoy the comforts of this beautiful creature bouncing up and down on his cock. The perfect world was completely at hand. Peter drove his aching rod inside of Indy's slick canal and made his way closer to her. He was almost there, he could feel his balls about ready to burst the second he exploded inside of her body.

Everything Peter had exploded inside of Indy's wet pussy. He pushed his hard cock inside of her and fired as much as he could inside of her. Her warm walls tightened around him and squeezed him all the way to the end of their little encounter.

Indy's eyes glazed over. She dropped down to Peter. Her walls loosened and allowed herself to slip into a position where she was curled against him.

"Need a moment to reboot?"

She just smiled and made sure to move Peter's hand so it rested on her ass. Being content was not a feeling associated with her programming, but Indy felt it in spades when with Peter.

End.

Distraction from Rage (Laura Kinney/X-23)

A door ripped apart thanks to some swinging claws on the part of a crazed young woman. Laura Kinney's eyes grew very wide and very manic. There was a sense of being lost in those eyes, and a sense of terror dancing in her eyes as well. Terror, she could not handle the rage which was going through her body.

Laura thought she had this under control. The fact she fought an entire team of X-Men and beat them up showed she did not get this under control. It took every ounce of control not to attack them and not to kill them. Laura dropped to her knees, hoping that they would just leave her alone so she could get herself back under control.

Control was merely an illusion in the mind of Laura Kinney. The hormones of a teenage combined with Wolverine's destructive rage made her very dangerous. Laura waited for them to arrive. Her little fit might have attracted the attention of the MRD.

"Laura?"

Laura snapped up to her feet and popped her claws. She came face to face with Spider-Man. Someone who she would have been normally glad to see under any circumstances. Today, however, everyone set her off just by being in the same air place. Laura clenched her fist and popped her claws out as a warning to him.

"Go."

"I'm not leaving," Spider-Man said. "I know you're upset. And believe me, after what happened, after what they made you do in the past, I don't blame you. But there's no reason to take this out on your friends. They're not the ones who caused this."

Laura's eyes narrowed when looking at the man. She could see him getting closer and not further away.

"GO!"

The word echoed throughout the room. It fell on deaf ears when Laura stepped a few inches closer towards her. Her entire body almost collapsed down onto the ground. Spider-Man leaned down and wrapped the arms around Laura before pulling her back up to a standing position.

"You need to stay calm," Spider-Man said. "Just relax, take a deep breath. Take a deep breath, and calm down."

Spider-Man's warm body pressed against hers. Laura could feel his hands resting on her lower back and for some reason, the action calmed her just a little bit. Those hands lifted up and touched the underside of the web slinger's mask. She wondered what the hell just happened.
"I'm not as calm as I should be," Laura said. "I could have hurt Kitty badly, and the others but….."

"You didn't," Peter said. "And they understand, and…well they think I can bring you down for some reason. I don't know why, but….."

Laura tore through Spider-Man's face with her claws and exposed the face of Peter Parker. She was going to calm down in the oldest way possible. Laura's tongue buried itself deep into Peter's waiting mouth. Peter held his hand on the back of her head and drove himself tongue first into her mouth.

She always had a crush for Spider-Man. Spider-Man pushed her back against the wall and pulled back from the kiss. He kissed her again, this time on the side of the neck. Spider-Man's arms ran over her body completely.

"Fuck me until I calm down."

Peter Parker knew many things in life and he knew such a request from a woman could not be denied especially since the woman in question had claws. Her top pulled off and revealed Laura's nice supple breasts. They stood firm and big on her chest. Peter leaned in and grabbed them in his hand. His mouth found Laura's extended nipple.

Laura closed her eyes and enjoyed Peter sucking on her breast. His hand brushed Laura's firm stomach as well and moved down to slide the tight leather pants. The web slinger's sticky fingers moved towards Laura's pussy which already started to heat up.

Mindless rage didn't work in calming her nerves. Perhaps animalistic sex would do the trick. Peter pushed his fingers into Laura and forced them inside of her body. Laura's thighs trapped his hand when he worked back and forth with her in a very fast motion.

"Keep it up," Laura said.

Keep it up, Peter did. He shoved his fingers into Laura and vigorously finger fucked her. While pleasing her wet pussy, Peter moved from her right nipple and then to her left nipple. He sucked on both of them and caused Laura's eyes to flood over in so much pleasure.

"Make me cum all over your fingers," Laura said.

Laura bit down on her lip the deeper Peter pushed his fingers into her. She was feeling so good. The rush of a well-earned orgasm exploded over her body. Peter pumped his fingers as deep into Laura as possible and pushed her deep against the wall.

"Good," Peter told her. "Very good."

Laura flashed him one of the most devious smiles possible and grabbed Peter. She brought Peter out of his pants and then wrapped her hand around his cock. She jerked it off as hard as possible. Laura closed her eyes and could feel Peter's member swell in her hand.

"You better get this thing inside me before I relapse."

Without any worthier warning, Laura jumped Peter. Her arms wrapped around Peter's neck and his legs around his waist. Her pussy aimed very close towards Peter's hardening rod. Laura's body pressed further against Peter's. The web-slinger grabbed onto her back and pushed his fingers against her body.

She positioned herself in perfect position. Laura's wet pussy came an inch or two away from dropping it down onto Peter. She pushed herself onto his cock.
Her healing factor made herself as tight as possible. Every time a man entered her, her virginity would be taken. But this is the first time Laura counted her virginity officially being taken in her mind. Peter touched her in all spaces.

"Jesus, Laura," Peter breathed.

Laura took it as a compliment as she trained her inner vaginal walls against Peter's hard cock. The dark-haired mutant threw herself into the air and dropped back down onto the hardened prick when it went inside of her body. The web-slinger grabbed onto the wall and allowed Laura to continue to ride him. She bounced up and down on Peter's aching long tool.

"Fuck!"

The web-slinger grabbed onto Laura's nice breasts and squeezed them. The dark-haired girl threw her head back and enjoyed the playing he did. Her breasts were nice and soft, and he enjoyed grabbing them.

"Suck on them."

Laura did not wait for Peter to respond. She took his head and buried his face first into her chest. The web-slinger recovered from the surprise. Laura rode Peter's cock with her legs wrapped around him. His hand pressed to her chest. He mastered what spots on her breasts caused the most enjoyment on Laura's part. Laura threw her head back and dropped down pussy first on his big cock.

Peter thought things could not get any better. He reached around and grabbed onto Laura's ass. His finger brushed against the hole and he could hear one of the most passionate screams ever. Peter filed that away from later. He moved his hands back around to continue to map a course over Laura's body.

The horny mutant impaled herself pussy first down on Peter's large cock. She rose up completely and dropped down onto the male's endowment. That hard erection pushed into her body and pumped its way deeper into her smoldering walls. Laura closed her eyes and could feel his hard cock pushing further and faster into her body. Every time it went inside of her, Laura felt a stir of pleasure cascading through her loins.

Peter grew closer to losing himself inside of Laura. Thankfully, it seemed to work, as her rage had been distracted by something else. Peter grabbed onto her and pushed into her body.

"If you pull out, you're going to lose it."

He had no idea whether or not Laura was kidding or not. In her current state, Peter couldn't be so certain and so secure with it. He pushed his rod deep inside of her moist canal. The web-slinger pushed himself as far into her as possible and pulled almost completely out.

Laura came first and opened up the door for Peter to cum inside of Laura as well. The two joined each other, with Laura grinding herself against his cock all the way.

The sex-crazed daughter of Wolverine drove her pussy down onto the hard cock in a constant basis. Her warm walls tugged on Peter's agonizingly hard prick. The web-slinger put his hands on Laura's round breasts and squeezed them to make sure she drove herself down the rest of the way.

Cum flooded from Laura's pussy. He buried his cum inside of her womb. Laura dropped down to the ground and took a deep breath. She could feel herself calming down and she felt so much better

"You know you want to do it. So do it."
"Do what?"

Laura growled and turned herself around. She cupped her ass and squeezed it. The mutant repeatedly spanked her ass before slipping a finger into her mouth. Laura shoved the lubricated digit into her puckered hole and fingered herself. Desire flooded through her eyes as she imagined Peter's hard cock back in here.

"Take my ass," Laura said. "It's the only way to make sure I don't have a relapse."

The brunette mutant looked over her shoulder at Peter. Burning lust went through her deep blue eyes. Laura pressed her ass into Peter's hands. Peter's cock responded and struck the back of Laura's thigh. She bent herself over, touching the ground with her fingers.

Laura showed how flexible she was and her ass presented itself. To see a woman willingly present her ass towards her.

"Tap my ass, Spider-Man. It's all yours. Take it."

Laura shifted her finger into her asshole and pointed towards it. Spider-Man could not help but follow the progress of Laura's most forbidden passage. His hard cock extended and touched Laura's warm asshole. Spider-Man groaned as he approached the nice perfect asshole which was ready to accept his cock.

One push brought Spider-Man deep into Laura's warm asshole. He shoved balls deep inside of the beauty, groaning when the tight rectum squeezed around him.

Laura looked between her legs, just in time to see Spider-Man enter her ass from behind. There was something oddly liberating of having a big thick cock in her tight firm ass. Spider-Man reached underneath her and cupped her right breast before shoving himself into her.

"I should have done this a long time ago."

"Well, make up for lost time now."

Laura's sardonic response and challenging smile made Spider-Man only more intent on driving his cock into her asshole. The web-slinger kept up his passage inside Laura's thick and very inviting asshole. He groaned when driving himself deep inside of her.

His balls ached a slight amount more when pushing back and forth against Laura. Laura's warm asshole tensed around Peter the deeper he pulled out. And he plunged back inside of Laura at a very constant and never ending rate. He was very close to losing it inside of her warm and very snug asshole. Peter could not hold himself back too much longer. He was about ready to explode. He could feel something building up in his balls.

Laura enjoyed every second of his long cock pushing into her tight hole. The web-slinger pulled completely out of her and drove his hard cock inside of her tight asshole. She grabbed onto the ground to maintain her balance.

Peter knew he could only hold out for so long. He planted his rod inside of Laura's delicious looking ass. Every time he drove himself cock first, he felt a lurch in his balls. They grew even more throbbing the deeper Peter pushed inside of Laura's warm and willing asshole.

"Time."

Those balls were getting heavy and Laura could not wait to have the contents of them buried in her
ass. Peter grabbed onto her back and pushed. Laura collapsed down onto the ground. Peter lost a bit of his balance as well, but maintained his grip and drove back inside of her upturned ass like nothing happened.

Laura's warning was right. His balls were long past time to explode. He groaned when pushing himself deep inside of her ass. The warmth invited him to just hammer her constantly. No matter how much Peter wanted to slow down his thrusts, there was no question about it, he was about ready to give in to her.

The second hole had been filled with a warm shower of cum. Peter grabbed Laura and planted himself deep into her stretched out asshole. It would be tight the moment he pulled out and her healing factor kicked in. And if the opportunity presented itself, he could take Laura's anal virginity all over again.

Now, Peter's cock deflated. Laura turned over. Peter waited and a smile crossed her face.

"The next time I lose it, just stick your cock in my ass. That seems to work just fine."

Of course, Laura summarized Peter's hard cock made her lose it in a different way.

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Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter a week from today on Tuesday. Thanks for Reading.

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End.

Why yes, this chapter is a day earlier because I forgot I changed Sticky Situation to Monday-Thursday for the next couple of months. Until everything shifts around again come May. But we'll get to that when we get to it.

A brand new Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive Archive features Spider-Man, Wonder Woman, and Lara Croft. Yes, a non-DC, and Non-Marvel woman, which happens in this series occasionally, but only on the blog. Check it out through the Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Sticky Situation or Blog Exclusive Chapter archives. It is titled "Drawn In."

Combinations of pink, purple, and blue light swam around the head of Peter Benjamin Parker. The Spectacular Spider-Man did not have the slightest idea what just happened to him. One minute he was swinging on webs, hunting down bad guys, and smacking them down with some of his famous quips. Then, something blasted him and Spider-Man ended up here.

Wherever there was? Spider-Man closed his eyes and took a half of a step forward. His clothing started to unravel with each step which caused him to stop and move back a couple of inches. The clothes remained unraveled slightly which made him wonder what the hell was going on.

"Hello?"

No answer. Why did he even expect one? The web slinger's clothes would have been shredded if he took another step from this particular position. A nervous feeling spread over his body the closer he stood rigidly still back against the wall.

"Hello?"

This time someone answered and answered with a musical set of giggling. The web-slinger did not know what happened. He looked from the left and to the right and then all around the room. The web-slinger's eyes locked onto the archway in front of him.

His best threads ripped and left him dressed in nothing other than a mask, an undershirt, and a pair of boxer shorts. Exposed as he might have been, Spider-Man moved through the doorway. The web-slinger entered a room surrounded by nothing but scented candles. The walls had stones carved into it. Some of them resembled spiders of different breeds, others were made like webbing as well.

"I'm glad you found me."

Spider-Man turned his attention to see a beautiful woman dressed in slinky green lingerie on the bed. The dark hair cascaded down her face and formed a very seductive curtain over her eyes. One green eye fixated on Spider-Man. The woman's tongue curled around her lip when the web-slinger approached the situation. He took a couple of steps into the picture, the web-slinger moving just closer to her yet.

The Enchantress, and not the Asgardian one either. She laid on her side on the bed, face propped up on her head. Her ankles crossed to show a pair of lacy green stockings which clung to her body.
"I found you?" Spider-Man asked. "You were the one who brought me here. I know who you are....."

The woman is known in her civilian life as June Moon climbed to her feet. She allowed Spider-Man to get a nice look at her flat stomach, ample breasts, and perfectly formed hips. She wore a corset which brought her breasts into further prominence.

"So much power," the Enchantress said. "I'm going to enjoy it all. You're going to help me. There's an itch I can't scratch on my own."

There went the boxers in a flare of light. The Enchantress slid the corset down as well to expose her nice firm breasts to the web-slinger. Her hands cupped them and gave them a squeeze. The jiggling spheres caused Peter to groan the very second he came face to face with those wonders. The Enchantress beckoned the web-slinger to come closer towards her. The Enchantress smiled and leaned up to take Peter over towards her.

"Why don't you come to play with me?" Enchantress asked him. "I think you will like play time."

The woman's alluring scent drew Peter into her arms. He pulled back for a very close start.

"You're a very tempting woman."

"I know," Enchantress said. "The evidence is right there."

June touched his elongated cock to send chills down Peter's spine.

"You like my soft hand stroking your big penis, and you....."

Peter grabbed her by the hair and kissed the woman as hard as possible. June gave a gasp of surprise of how to dominate he was with her. She was not necessarily displeased with this action. His cock only extended and brushed against her panty clad center.

The web-slinger tightened his grip on the back of the head of the woman. So she wanted him? Well, Peter was here in this bedroom with her, and he was going to make the most of this particular situation. The woman's curves pressed against his.

The lip kiss broke and aggressions were now focused on June's neck. The web-slinger grabbed her by the back of the head. The two did the dance of tongue passion together. The hero pulled back her corset and ripped it off completely exposing June's perfectly round breasts.

They were so soft and they bounced with each squeeze. The web-slinger could not hold himself back from grabbing them and forcing her down on the bed. His hand found her panties and tore them open to expose her dripping cunt. The web-slinger shoved his fingers inside of her.

June approved of this action. Her Spider-Man let himself go with such reckless abandon it was very exciting. The web-slinger shoved his fingers deep inside of the warm and willing pussy of the woman right next to him. The web-slinger pumped his fingers inside as deep as possible and pulled them completely out.

The magical lady writhed her hips up and down to meet Spider-Man's probing. The web-slinger had her melt underneath the palm of his hand as much as possible. June's eyes glazed over the deeper Peter pushed his fingers inside of her and then dragged them out of her.

The web-slinger slammed his thick digits into the wet and very willing pussy of this woman. The Enchantress closed her eyes tightly and accepted the endless pleasure of his probing digits driving

...
deep inside of her.

"You want more?"

Peter could not believe he had become this unrestrained. He pushed June back onto the bed. Her legs kicked up in the air. The web-slinger climbed on top of her and pressed his body against hers. The heat of her aching nipples pushed up deep against his chest. Peter reached underneath her face and gave her a very passionate kiss.

June returned in and sloppy sounds of kissing continued between both of them. June's hands wrapped tighter around Peter and pulled them both closer to each other. Her aching nipples grew even stiffer the more Peter rolled his thumbs over them.

"Yes," June begged him. "I want more! I need more! Give me more!"

The web-slinger shoved his fingers on either side of June's nipples and gave them a tense squeeze. He sucked them while rubbing his elongated member against her smoldering warm entrance. June lifted up and rested her stocking-clad leg against his waist.

Peter lightly felt up the stocking underneath his hand. June closed her eyes and could feel his cock edge just as close to her wet pussy. The web-slinger almost pulled back from her and then worked himself closer into her warm hole. The web-slinger teased her a couple more times.

"Don't tease me."

Sharp nails dug into the back of the web slinger's shoulder. Peter ground himself into her warm pussy and came this close to entering her body. He pulled back from her and then lowered himself deep inside of her warm body. June's walls tightened around him the second Spider-Man went inside of her.

"That's what I wanted."

He was not going to give her everything she wanted just yet. Peter sensed it from each touch, she wanted him to drive himself into her fast and make all of her deviant dreams come true. Peter pushed himself inside of her and almost pulled out of her.

The Enchantress lost her lover's long prick. It almost departed from her warm sheath. June's legs frantically wrapped their way around Peter's waist and came closer. She needed him inside of her and to never leave the warm sheath of her body. The web-slinger pulled back as far as possible from her and drove his hard cock deep inside of her willing body. The web-slinger pulled completely away from her and then drove himself deep into her body.

"Is that what you really wanted?" Peter asked.

The web-slinger touched his swollen head against June's very warm and willing slit. The woman tightened her grip on him. Her pussy came close to dragging Peter's hard cock inside of her.

"Patience."

June did not have the proper patience. She needed the web slinger's hard cock inside of her and she needed it inside of her now. The web-slinger plunged his mighty rod deep inside of June's warm pussy. June pushed her walls against him and released them. She threw her head back against the bed with the most reckless abandon possible. She screamed the second Peter drove his hard cock inside of her body.
"Running out," June said.

The power of the Enchantress demanded herself to be fed and fed soon. The web-slinger pulled almost all the way back from her. Their scorching loins met when he pushed deep inside of her.

The allure of her pussy had been too much for Peter to deny her for long. He grunted when bending down to meet her luscious body. Those curves, each more bountiful than the last, pushed against Peter's well-trained and very muscular body. The two met each other thrust for thrust. Peter pulled almost out of June and slid inside her wet cavern one more time.

Enchantress knew the potential of this young man. He caused sexual energy to go through the air which energized the woman. Technically, she had pretty much everything she needed, but not everything the mischievous magic-user wanted. No, not completely, and not at all.

The two switched positions, almost like by magic. The very tight walls grabbed onto Peter's hard cock. She threw herself up and down on his rod. Every time June rose and dropped, more of the thick penis flesh sunk into her body. June grabbed onto his shoulder and continued her very eloquent ride all the way down his thick pole. June's eyes closed shut and she threw her head back with a soft moan of obvious delight.


The bouncing beauty pushed as much cock as possible inside of her. Peter grabbed June's bouncing breasts and gave them a very firm squeeze. She rose and dropped onto him to take as much cock as possible inside of her body. June's moaning increased the deeper she pushed her warm walls down onto Peter's thick and throbbing cock.

"Yes," Peter said. "I can tell."

The two lovers met with each other. Spider-Man matched Enchantress's frantic energy when pushing as deep inside of her as possible. The web-slinger grabbed June's ample ass and pushed her body down onto his hard rod. She filled herself up with his aching manhood when rising and dropping repeatedly on him. June's eyes screwed shut at the lovely ride she experienced.

"SPIDER-MAN!"

She screamed his name when driving her pussy down onto the base. She bottomed out on the web slinger's thick rod. Enchantress felt a toe-curling desire when grabbing onto him.

"Guess this works out for us…doesn't it?"

"YES!"

Enchantress drove herself up and down on the web slinger's massive prick as hard and far as humanly possible. She took him deep inside of her with a never-ending flourish of pleasure. Spider-Man's very able hands stayed on the spots where they wanted to be. The spots where Enchantress needed his hands to be, they always were. They always were touching her.

Two hard balls strained underneath the warm weight of this woman. She held him back as much as possible. Peter's own self-control held him back the rest of the way. With his face buried in her supple chest and hands resting on her shapely posterior, Peter knew he could not hold himself back for much longer.

"It's building up," Enchantress said. "Closer!"
The dark-haired beauty came and shoved her wet walls down onto Spider-Man's engorged prick. She enjoyed the feeling of those warm walls clenching on his prick and then she released her juices all over his engorged manhood. Spider-Man pushed his hard cock deep inside of her body and had to just let it go.

The rush of cum coated the sorceress's body and kept coming in as fast and hard as Peter wanted. She pumped him and milked his balls completely driven. They grew a little less swollen as their juices inside of him reached their final destination.

Enchantress pulled herself off of him and dropped down onto the bed. Peter turned his attention towards her. She was on her hands and knees. Her inviting backside pretty much called for him. It enchanted him so to speak.

His libido, combined with the energy in the air, hardened Peter and made him move towards her. Enchantress gave him a "come hither" look which only made him close in behind her and sink his engorged prick inside of her wet pussy from behind.

This night was not over just yet. While Enchantress had everything she needed, want and need did not often line up together.

And she wanted this pinnacle of manhood to slam into her until neither could take it anymore.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Thursday. Thanks for Reading.

End.
It was true what they said when they said bad girls had more fun. Peter Parker realized this about as much as anyone else. One sensual redhead leaned closer towards him and kissed on his lips. The pheromones between the two parties mixed through the air and lead to a very passionate makeout session between the two of them.

"Oh, he's amazing, wouldn't you say, Harley?"

Poison Ivy kissed and caressed every inch of Peter Parker's body. The web slinger's hard cock stuck in the air and had been the beneficiary of some warm attention and affections on the part of Harley Quinn. Harley pushed her lips around his cock.

"She has a very good mouth!" Peter groaned.

Poison Ivy slowly dragged her fingernail down Peter's side. She pressed her breasts against him. They spilled out of the top and allowed Peter to grab onto them. He cupped those nice warm breasts and gave them a very firm squeeze. Peter held his hands against Poison Ivy's very bountiful chest.

"Good for sucking cock," Poison Ivy said.

The friendly neighborhood hero made good use of his mouth. Ivy's warm breasts pressed against his face. Peter grabbed onto the underside of Pamela's perfect breasts and sucked on them. His hard cock pushed deep inside of Harley's waiting mouth.

Harley hummed happily when bobbing her head up and down. She enjoyed sucking on this big cock and squeezing those balls. The lust in the air drove her completely made. Harley ran her hands down her body and started to play with herself.

"Looks like you need a little help."

A vine shot out from underneath the floor and grabbed onto Harley's shorts before pulling them down her body. The vine tore through the panties and inserted itself in between Harley's legs. Harley has a gasp but kept sucking Peter's cock with another flurry.

"She's such a naughty bitch…keep sucking my tits, baby. Suck them, they're good for you. Eat your greens."

Peter nibbled on Ivy's chest. She tasted good. Those long red fingernails braced itself. Poison Ivy closed her eyes and enjoyed the mouth of this wonderful man. She never thought such pleasures could be given to her. Pamela was more than wrong.

"Fuck," Pamela breathed. "Oh, fuck. It feels so good."

A heated exchanged between the two of them as Harley brought her lips down onto Peter's hard cock. She engulfed him inside of her mouth. Peter pushed himself off of the bed and buried as much of his iron hard rod as he could into the mouth of the gorgeous woman who was blowing him.

Peter most certainly got pretty close thanks to Harley's continued aggression and attention. She canvased every single inch of Peter's prick and brought it deep inside of her warm mouth. Peter
groaned and pushed up off of the bed the deeper Harley pressed her warm lips around his aching cock.

She sucked him long and fast, quick and hard, making her lips bob up and down in a repeated fashion. Peter's balls ached and they felt about ready to unload.

Harley closed her eyes and brought her mouth down onto the base of his cock. She suctioned around him and released him. She sensed the cum building up in his balls. She sucked him faster as one of Ivy's plant vines pushed its way inside of her body.

A blast of warm fluid filled Harley's mouth. Peter slammed her way into her tight mouth. His balls released a flood of cum.

Harley tilted her head back and accepted the cum. The naughty blonde criminal sucked up all of the juices from his balls.

"Oh, time for us to really have some fun."

Several more vines shot out and wrapped around Harley's arms and legs, holding her in a very alluring position. Two vines slunk up and wrapped around her breasts and squeezed her nipples. Harley gave a gasp as one vine inserted itself into her mouth. And another vine joined the fine in Harley's pussy at lubricating her ass before sliding inside of her.

Peter watched the situation behind him. The glorified hentai scene of Harley Quinn getting attacked by many vines.

"She's a naughty bitch, isn't she?" Pamela asked. "Spank her."

Harley's round ass stuck out for Peter. Poison Ivy came behind the young man and wrapped her soft hand around his cock. She kissed Peter on the back of the head. Her warm hand brought Peter's stiff cock up to a full mast and it would soon be inside of her body.

Peter reached up and smacked Harley's firm ass. The mark left on her ass was very nice. Peter raised his hand and spanked Harley's ass a few more times. The sound of a hand pushing against Harley's firm and perfect ass echoed with Harley spanking her several more times.

"Fuck, she has such a nice ass."

Pamela nodded and kept stroking Peter's hard cock. She grabbed onto the base and then slunk around the other side. She lifted herself up with help from her vines.

The sexy form of Poison Ivy presented herself for Peter. Peter watched as her legs spread, presented, and ready to be fucked. Peter's cock lurched up. He closed his eyes and grabbed Ivy. Ivy rose up just enough for Peter to slide underneath her.

He got in the crab position off of the bed so his hard cock could enter Poison Ivy's warm body. He pulled himself up from her and held onto her breasts with his hands.

Poison Ivy's adrenaline shot through the room the moment Peter pushed deep inside of her. He filled up her pussy with his immense length. Poison Ivy closed her eyes to enjoy all twelve inches of his cock.

A moan of frustration and pleasure echoed from the other side of the bed. Harley wanted nothing better than to have Peter's big cock jammed inside every orifice it could get to. Now, she settled with Pamela's vines shoving into each hole possible.
Pamela swung in mid-air on the plant vine. Her walls clamped down on him. She moaned as loud as possible. The mewling cries of pleasure increased the deeper she pushed down onto him. The villainess lubricated from her and allowed Peter to push against her slick center.

A groan came from the spider-empowered hero. She caressed him, caressed him nicely with those warm walls. Each warm push brought Peter deeper inside of her. The two came together in the middle and matched each other stroke for stroke.

"Don't stop," she warned him.

Peter had no intention to stop. He pushed up and down on her. Her smoldering hot walls caressed his manhood. Peter pushed up and down on her. Her wet pussy grabbed him and squeezed him tightly. Peter leaned up and grabbed Pamela's bouncing chest. He squeezed it and only caused her to rock back and forth.

The vines suspending Pamela in the air drove her down onto his hard cock. Her wetness grabbed onto Peter as hard as possible and released him. Pamela's mind went wild controlling the vines.

Harley shrieked as the vine drove deep inside of her tight hole. It buried deeper than anything she ever experienced, although it was a rough and an unrefined way. It was not as perfect as Peter's engorged cock filling her up in every possible way. Harley's eyes flooded over with pleasure the deeper that Pamela pushed the vine deep inside of her wet pussy.

"Yes," Pamela breathed. "That feels really good, doesn't it?"

No one could tell whether or not the seductress spoke to the web-slinger or to her friend who was currently acting out a scene in a Hentai as the vines had their way from her. Regardless, Peter grunted in response. His hands ran all over Ivy's delicious body and took pretty much every spot they could all the way to the end.

His loins ached and were about ready to release inside of Ivy. He pushed into her with his balls about ready to give out.

"Don't hold back. We know there's plenty more where that came from."

Ivy clutched around Peter's hard cock and prepped to drain him completely dry. She slid all the way down to the base of his cock. She wrapped around the hardening manhood and pressed down against him. Their bodies melted together in a passionate dance. The fire in Ivy's loins stirred up the deeper she dropped down onto the web-slinger. She pulled herself almost all the way up from this position and dropped down onto the man.

Now that his cock buried completely inside of Ivy, Peter could not hold back a second longer. He closed his eyes and took in a very deep breath. His balls ached and were this close to being drained inside of Pamela's slick and waiting body. He pushed his cock inside and pulled it almost all the way out. Peter repeatedly plunged inside Pamela, never once backing off from his position.

"Yes," Peter groaned. "It feels...so good!"

Peter drove his massive cock inside Pamela's slick hole until she proceeded to drive herself down onto him. The wet walls caressed Peter's hard cock the further she dropped down onto him. He came close to pushing his cock into her and unloading everything he had stored in his balls.

An explosion happened. Peter splattered the inside of Pamela's walls with her. He held her and pumped into her until his balls completely drained.
"Bring her to me."

Harley had been pulled off of the bed and carried her. Her mouth had been released and positioned in front of Ivy's slick pussy. Harley could hardly stand back and stop drooling at the sight of combined juices. They dripped from her loins.

"I have to have it."

"It's yours. Take it."

Harley felt dragged in and pushed between Pamela's legs. Pamela's legs only had been released enough to rest on Harley's shoulders. Harley moved closer and closer until she reached the promise land. Her talented tongue shoved stuck out and touched Pamela on her warm slit. Pamela threw her hips back and grabbed Harley around the back of the head. She shoved as much of her willing and waiting pussy into Harley's mouth as possible.

The vine retracted from Harley's slit and left her wide open for Peter. Peter climbed into position and stood up on the bed. Harley looked wet and very aroused. She was primed for his cock, now hardened more than ever.

Peter took Harley from behind as fast and hard as possible. She responded to his thrusts with her walls shifting around him. Peter pushed the women as she swung on the vines. The vines pulled on her nipples and made them more erect. Peter grabbed them.

"She's leaking," Peter said.

"Of course, she is," Ivy said.

'And so I am,' she thought.

Harley lapped up the warm juices dripping from Ivy's pussy. Her tongue kept diving in in time with Peter plowing her from behind. She could feel him. He was the gift that kept on giving and Harley could not get enough of him. Not now and now ever. Her warm walls tugged on him the deeper Peter pulled out and then pushed back into her. He rested his hands on Harley's very ample chest when throwing himself back and plowing back into her.

Wet wonders followed Peter the further he slammed into Harley. The vine in front of him rested on her back. The naughty plant slipped deep into Harley's ass as if giving Peter a hint. Peter decided to push his sticky fingers into Harley's backside.

Now the party had been started. Harley received more pleasure than her mind could handle. Peter's talented fingers stimulated her anus just at the same time as Peter's hard cock rammed into the warm depths of her body. He pulled as far away back from her and drove his cock inside of her warm pussy. Peter pulled back and drove his cock into her on a repeated and never-ending basis.

"Make me cum," Pamela said.

Harley did not even need to be asked. That fact was just assumed. She circled her tongue and hit all of the spots which she knew drove Pam absolutely beyond madness.

"Oh, you're going to be gushing by the time I'm done with you, Red."

For Harley's sake, Pamela hoped so. She hoped that her pussy exploded and flooded the entire room. One of the vines pushed her forward to make sure there was no room for slack. Harley's tongue was right where it needed to be.
"Oh, baby, you're cumming again," Peter said.

Harley figured about as much. Her walls tightened around the pinnacle of manhood driving deep inside of her. His balls dribbled against Harley's warm wall as much as possible.

All good things must come closing to an end. Peter enjoyed the moment. His balls ached even more. The pheromones in the air made him swell faster and also expand even more. He pounded Harley to alleviate the tension in his balls. Harley took every thrust with a smile and without any complaint whatsoever. Peter pulled back from her and drove his hard cock inside of her wet vice of a pussy.

"Close," Peter groaned.

"Fill that hot slut with your seed," Ivy said. "I bet her pussy is getting wetter at being pumped full of your big load until she's pregnant with your spider-babies."

Harley would have protested. Those words just made her clench Peter. Being knocked up by him was a very taboo feeling. Harley wondered if it could happen. He pushed deep inside of her from behind and buried her completely full of his cock.

Ivy came before either Harley or Peter did. Her head rocked back and forth. Her entire body sized up with pleasure and her loins practically gave way. Harley's tongue tasted the drippings coming from Ivy.

One mighty grunt followed and Peter brought his hard cock deep inside of Harley. Harley grabbed him tight to milk his very hard and very willing rod.

Peter connected with her and splashed his essence inside of the woman. His balls drove back in and released themselves into a flood. His cum spilled as deep into Harley as humanly possible. He grunted when filling her up with his essence.

The lovers pause after this encounter. Harley swung in the air, her pussy stuffed full of cum. She had a glassy-eyed and drooling look on her face. Pamela leaned over and kissed Harley on the lips.

"Signs of life still."

Pamela turned and noticed their heroic fuck-buddy's cock was still hard.

"In more ways than one."

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Monday. Thanks for Reading.

End.

Next Chapter: 3/12/2018.
Royal Treatment(Mera)

The latest blog exclusive chapter features Peter hooking up with Grail, the Daughter of Darkseid. Hit up the Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Blog Exclusive or Web of Chaos Archives. It's titled "Aggression."

And now, let your shameless smut commence.

Royal Treatment(Mera)

Peter Parker walked down the stone hallways of the royal palace of Atlantis. He had been in a place where many people would give their right arm to even look at. The architecture which stood under water for thousands of years amazed Peter. Two eyes could not enough for Peter to properly look around this area. He turned his head from the left, all the way to the right, and rotated himself back around.

He returned from the medical bay after saving the city of Atlantis from attackers. It had been a funny story how Spider-Man had been involved, but that was beside the point. The web-slinger moved his way over and noticed a woman walking towards him.

Perfect red hair, a gorgeous face, and a killer body, along with a poise fit for royalty, perfectly described Mera. Every one of the woman's bountiful curves spilled into the tight green outfit she wore. She walked over and Peter could have sworn she started to give her hips a little bit sway.

"You're not leaving too soon, I hope?"

Peter shook his head when looking over towards Mera. The Queen of Atlantis reached down to put a hand on Peter's shoulder and steer him around. She pointed down the end of the hallway. Peter followed Mera all the way down the hallway. Her swaying ass caught Peter's eyes. It almost magnetized his look.

"My daughter thinks you're the greatest hero in land and sea after saving her."

"It's all in a day's work."

"You're more modest than we're used to down here," Mera said. "My daughter is already planning the wedding for her and her hero when she grows up. It took a lot for me to convince her she's too young to deal with such details. Although, I'm certain she would lose it if she knew you were down here."

Peter realized Mera lead them into a lavish bedroom. The quarters looked quite stunning, almost as stunning as the woman in front of him. Peter really could not say much of anything, other than smile when Mera gave him the once over look.

"And I'm glad you are here," Mera said. "My daughter might be much too young to thank you in the way she wants to. But, I'm not."

The Queen of Atlantis bent down and kissed Peter on the lips. The softness of her lips pushed against Peter. Peter enjoyed the feeling, they felt so moist as well. Peter could not help but put his hand on Mera's back and move it down a little bit.
The redhead ruler opened her eyes just in time to feel Spider-Man's hands resting on her back. Mera moved in a little bit and pressed his body against hers. The Queen pushed him back onto the bed.

"You appear to be burning up," Mera said. "It would be unwise to leave you in those clothes with how hot you are."

And he was very hot, as Mera noted. The wall-crawler looked at her for a minute and just shrugged. The shirt had to go first. Mera moved completely over to the hero who saved Atlantis. She rested her hands on his chest and eased them down to his abs.

"You might want to take those pants off as well…actually, allow me…"

Mera had to restrain herself not to rip the handsome male's pants off. The Queen pulled off the belt and tugged them down revealing his boxer shorts underneath. His hard cock stretched against the fabric. Mera reached down and placed her palm on his cock through the other side of his shorts.

Peter closed his eyes and felt so good to feel Mera's hand gripping him from the other side of his shorts. He looked at Mera. Her deep cleavage drew him in. Peter had to grab them, no matter what.

"Those look nice," Peter said. "You're…you're hot as well."

"Yes," Mera said. "Why don't you help me out of this suit and into something more comfortable?"

Peter reached in and grabbed Mera's suit and peeled it off of her body. It became abundantly clear that she did not have a stitch of clothing on underneath. Two luscious bouncing breasts came out and Peter put his hands on them. He squeezed the chesty orbs and made Mera breathe excitedly.

The web-slinger slowly rolled his finger down and touched on her firm tummy. He moved down and revealed her shaven pussy. The wetness dripped from her loins with Peter touching her. Mera purred in his ear the second Peter's fingers skimmed deep inside of her pussy.

Mera moved closer towards him. Her wetness stained the front of his boxer shorts.

"I've wanted to fuck you since the moment I've met you," Mera said. "I haven't...had a man since my husband died. Not for any lack of trying on their part, but...they don't have what you have."

Mera pulled down Peter's shorts and unleashed his massive cock.

"I'm sure a woman of your stature knows how to do something like this," Peter said. "And royalty deserves a royal fucking."

Peter scooped up Mera and threw her down onto the bed. The two lovers climbed on top of each other and started to kiss each other. Their hands explored each other's body without discrimination and without sheer determination. Peter rolled his hands down, getting closer to a certain point on Mera, which might, in fact, have driven her wild when given the opportunity.

"Yes, we do," Mera said. "Yes, we do. Please do it."

Peter lightly touched Mera's pussy. Her hips jerked up. Peter moved closer, his hard rod ground against Mera's body. The softness of her flesh begged to be grabbed. Her hips lifted off of the bed for Peter to position himself right across from her entrance.

The powerful young man took the plunge and drove himself into Mera's body. Mera reached up and grabbed him.
Mera's chest heaved when her lover entered her. His hands rested on her torso to give him the initial momentum of driving inside Mera. The hard plunging did not last for long. Peter moved himself up and cupped Mera's fleshy breasts. He moved down and buried his face in her chest.

Hunger danced in Peter's eyes when he took control of those two gorgeous breasts. They were large, firm, and extremely perky at the same time. They defied all gravity when pushing into his hands and mouth. His manhood delved into Mera's depths. Her tightness, despite being a mother, made Peter's cock throb. The moisture enveloping his cock felt so good.

Mera's moved her body to match the strokes of her younger lover. He was a bit too old to be her son, but close enough for Mera to feel happy.

"Oh, I don't regret this!" Mera yelled. "Don't leave me hanging!"

Peter would have answered this was no problem had he not had his mouth full. And his Aunt May raised him to not talk with his mouth full. Granted, he was sure this was not a situation his Aunt May envisioned, but still, the point stood. The large tit pushed into Peter's mouth.

The thick throbbing piece of meat between her legs made Mera melt with desire. Quick hands rubbed all over Mera's body. Her hips rose up and with Peter, he drove down cock first into her body.

"No regrets!" Mera yelled. "None at all!

"Good, I'm glad to hear it."

Peter rose up completely and buried himself into her again. He held the position and moved around inside of her tight pussy. The warmth spilling from her womanhood made Peter ache the deeper he pushed his way into her. He almost pulled out of her.

The Queen wondered if anything could feel much better. His hands were all over her. It was almost like he had more than two arms with how quick they were moving. Several miniature orgasms rocked Mera's body the deeper he pushed into her.

"That feel good?"

Mera's inhibitions became detached and she became to scream like a woman unchained the deeper the web-slinger brought his hard cock inside of her body. He pulled almost all the way out of her and then plunged himself back inside of her.

"YES!" Mera yelled. "YES! OH FUCK ME! FUCK ME UNDERNEATH MY DAUGHTER'S ROOM!"

The paneling would block out most of the sounds, but the naughty nature of this appeased Mera greatly. All sense of logic left her mind. The only thing which mattered was the good, hard, and very intense fucking she was getting. The throbbing long cock pushed as deep inside of Mera as possible and then pulled out of her before driving deep into her one more time.

Peter lifted her legs up into the air and slammed down into her, using the leverage needed. He grabbed tight to her legs and allowed the soft skin to press underneath her fingers. The touching of the curvature of Mera's legs made Peter's loins swell. He had to slow down to avoid losing himself inside of her just yet.

One look at the Queen's face screwed up with pleasure made him almost ram into her again. Discretion finally worked on Peter's behalf as he slowly pulled out of her.
"I want to watch your ass bounce as I fuck you."

Mera gave him a smile. "Well, you can't take your eyes off of it ever since you got here. Why don't you drop the pretext and put your large cock in my ass already?"

The Queen turned around and swayed her ass at Peter. Peter watched the nice round amount of feminine flesh bounce in his face. Those meaty cheeks looked perfect and Peter struggled not to bury his cock inside her.

He used Mera's only lubrication to slick his cock up and also stick a finger into her hole from behind. Mera bit down on her lip and threw her hair back.

"Use my ass. Use it like you used my pussy."

Peter never took his eyes off of Mera's inviting hole. His manhood swelled and edged ever so closer to Mera the second he moved towards her. That asshole called to him. Peter grabbed onto either side of her ass and then aimed his cock.

The two lovers both cried out in pleasure the second Peter shoved his cock inside of Mera's taboo passage. She tightened her way around him, not once backing down from the pleasure. Peter grabbed onto her hips and drove his cock deep into Mera's tight ass.

Mera flexed her ass cheeks around the cock of her very endowed lover. His manhood pushed into her body and his hands were everywhere on her. Mera closed her eyes and enjoyed the nice big cock just pounding her asshole. It had been a bit of a secret fantasy on her part to feel something like this.

"Keep it up," Mera breathed. "Keep it up! Keep fucking my ass!"

"I don't think that I'm going to want to pull out anytime soon."

Mera would have made a comment about how that was good to here. Her peak had been reached and she moaned. His hand grabbed her right breast and squeezed it making her pleasure just increase.

The tight ass of this curvy redhead bounced upon Peter's member. He could feel her pussy oozing underneath his hand. The web-slinger groaned when pushing into her. Her ass contorted around his hard cock. Peter pushed deep inside of her and felt the delicious heat increase around his massive rod.

"Oh, I'm going to fuck your ass….I don't think I can hold out forever."

Mera threw her head back and gave a sensual, almost musical moan. Her ass cheeks grabbed her man's throbbing erection and pushed it inside of her very tight hole. She pushed down and then rose up with a constant barrage of movements.

"Make me cum all over your fingers…and cum in my ass."

Three digits shoved deep into Mera's soaked honeypot. He shoved them deep inside of the redhead temptress who kept riding her way around his fingers. Mera closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Peter shifting deep inside of her. His cock moved deep inside of her ass as well.

"Keep it up," Mera said.

Peter timed his fingers inside Mera's pussy with his cock inside of the Queen's ass. The redhead drove herself down onto him. Peter could really feel the pressure. He was almost going to lose himself inside of that sweet ass. He could feel it as Mera dropped down onto him.
It was reaching a peak. No matter how much Peter reinforced his will, to lose himself into Mera's tempting and bouncing ass was too much. His fingers squeezed her warm pussy the deeper Mera pushed her asshole down on his hard cock.

"Oooh, yes," Peter groaned.

Mera felt it, she felt her orgasm come through her body.

"My hero!" she cried out in pleasure.

His balls released their bounty inside of Mera just the moment where she came all over his fisting hand. The sticky cum fired deep inside of Mera's clenching asshole. The deeper Peter pushed into her, the more his cum released into her very eager and very accepting asshole.

Mera closed her eyes and enjoyed the rush. She wanted to savor this moment as well. She pulled away and noticed the mess left on Peter's cock. She smiled.

"Let me get you cleaned up."

Much to Spider-Man's delight, she used her mouth to accomplish this task and it was off to the races one more time.

Mera stuck his cock into her mouth and wondered if he would be willing to become an official consort for the Queen of Atlantis.

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Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and reviews, and I will see you for a new chapter on Thursday.

End.

Next Chapter: 3/15/2018.
Verification Process (Melinda May)

Peter Parker finished giving a lecture to the new students at the SHIELD academy. He had been surprised and almost terrified to receive a message from the legendary Melinda May. Peter hung around the SHIELD academy long enough to hear some stories about the formidable SHIELD agent. And now she wanted to see him, Peter Parker, of all people.

The truth was, Peter had crossed paths with the one a couple of times as Spider-Man when he ran into SHIELD as they were cleaning up. They exchanged some sentences, a few words here and there, but this would be the first time that Peter would have to meet her.

He moved over and knocked on the door. The attractive older woman opened the door. She dressed in the standard SHIELD attire which flattered her body. Melinda beckoned him inside.

"Mr. Parker," she said. "Have a seat."

Melinda motioned for Peter to sit down. She sat on the desk in front of him, with her legs crossed. Peter could see how toned those legs were. She worked hard to keep that body and Peter closed his eyes when he realized where his eyes were going.

If the SHIELD agent noticed, she did not call him out on it. Or maybe she had been so used to it that she did not care. Or maybe she was so stoic that nothing, not even a man half of her age checking her out rattled her. Or maybe it was some combination of the three.

"I've been going over your SHIELD medical assessment," Melinda said. "And I've noticed something…that we should discuss."

"I'm not going through another mutation disease again," Peter said before he could help himself.

"No," Melinda said. "Your powers are stable and in fact, they are stronger than ever. But that's not the point. The rigorous round of medical tests you've been had some of our professionals take your measures. And there's one measurement in particular that….stands to me."

Perhaps stands out was not the best word. Melinda leaned over and Peter got a glimpse of her chest as the suit retracted. Something else other than Peter's medical report would stand out if she continued to hold this position where he could see every inch of the SHIELD mandated bodysuit stretch against her.

"It does?" Peter asked her.

"Mmm, yes, it does," Melinda said. "Your measurement here, twelve inches does seem a bit far-fetched if I may say so myself. I think it may have been an error on the part of whoever is recording this."

"Well, if you might want to ask Agent Hill about it," Peter said. "And Agent Johnson, Agent Romanova, and Agent Morse all clarified her work to be accurate as well…you can ask any of them."

Melinda May just gave him one of those looks. She looked up at him.
"I'm going to have to verify it myself," Melinda said. "One more account won't hurt. Remove your pants and I'll see if they were accurate."

Peter looked at the woman in surprise. She would most certainly see the staff he had been displaying if he pulled those pants down. The woman's stern gaze locked onto his eyes.

"It's not anything I haven't seen through the security cameras at the SHIELD dressing room."

To be honest, it was not surprising that SHIELD had security cameras and likely footage of every SHIELD agent in their most natural state. Peter looked at her and he decided to unbuckle his pants to pull them down. Melinda watched him remove those pants without any emotion crossing her face.

"The shorts as well, Mr. Parker."

The shorts came down and so did Peter's hardening cock. Melinda reached to the base of his cock and put her hand on it. Her soft skin pressing against his prick caused it to expand even more. She grasped against the base of the cock and pumped it up and down, bringing it further to its full length.

"We need to know whether or not you're properly stimulated."

Melinda did not take her eyes off of his large cock. She used her hand and then both hands to stimulate it. She was careful not to set him off because it would ruin the assessment. His big cock grew even harder.

"Don't touch it."

She pulled away from him and moved over to her desk. Melinda bent over in front of Peter's line of sight with her nice ass being displayed in front of him. Peter groaned when watching Melinda's firm ass sway in front of him. His cock pulsed and ached.

Melinda turned around and grabbed the measuring tool. She slowly double checked to make sure the measurements were accurate.

"Twelve inches," Melinda said. "Well, we've had that confirmed."

Melinda moved over to the desk and put the tape measure away. She stood and looked at the cock.

"Well, it would be a security risk to have you walk around the Academy with that," Melinda said.

She dropped to her knees without any wasted movement. Melinda crawled over and took his cock in hand. The hand wrapped around the base with it stretching up completely. Melinda leaned in with her warm lips slowly working around Peter's hard head.

"Damn!" Peter groaned.

Those words always proved to be music in Melinda May's ears. She took the cock of this powerful man into her mouth. The SHIELD Agent was pleased she could reduce someone of his power level practically to putty by sucking on him with her perfect, moist lips.

Peter could feel it, feel her hands cupping everything they could reach. They rubbed his thighs. One of her hands moved up to cup his balls. The sexy older woman cradled Peter's sac in her hand and deep-throated him. She took her free hand and held onto his leg for leverage.

Melinda enjoyed having such a young cock into her mouth. Most of the newer recruits, well they did not satisfy her tastes just now. She needed to unwind and the best way to do it would be with Peter
Parker's massive cock spearing into her throat.

"You're as sexy as you are dangerous," Peter groaned.

"I'll take that as a compliment."

Melinda only paused for a minute. She gave Peter a handjob to make sure his cock did not get a rest of being worked. Then she pushed her mouth back down onto his throbbing cock.

Peter would have grabbed the back of her head but knew this might be a dangerous idea with someone like Melinda May. She seemed like the type of woman who would kick his ass if he tried anything cute, no matter how good the blowjob felt.

"I'm getting close."

Melinda used her tongue on the underside of his manhood to really work him over. Her nose pressed down against his pelvic bone. He rose back up and then came back down onto Peter's throbbing cock. Melinda pushed her warm throat against him and released him.

The first blasts of warm cum filled Melinda's mouth. She grabbed Peter and milked his balls with her gripping hand. She threw herself back and then came down to him.

She finished sucking his cock. Melinda pulled herself up and licked her lips before climbing back onto the desk She undid her bodysuit and dropped it to the ground.

Peter's lust and his hardening cock resurfaced. The hot older woman sprayed on the desk. She wore nothing other than her bra, panties, and boots. The black silken panties and bra caressed her body the second Agent May ran her hands over them. She closed her eyes and started to feel the lust burning through every single inch of her body.

"Come over here and bring that cock over."

Peter was not going to ask twice. His hands moved over and skimmed her body. Her very firm breasts, nice flat stomach, and long legs made Peter ache in excitement. He put his finger on the edge of the strap of her panties and slowly moved it down her body. Peter wanted to unveil all of May for his line of sight. He could not help but stare at her perfect pussy on the other side.

"It would be rude if I didn't return the favor."

The government agent did not say anything due to the fact Peter focused his oral aggressions on Melinda May's dripping slit. His tongue canvased every inch of her insides. Melinda closed her eyes and could feel Peter's tongue probing into her.

"You are your mother's son."

Peter did not really know what to make about that comment coming from the mouth of the SHIELD agent. All he could do was bury his tongue deep inside of her dripping slit and suck the honey out. She gripped onto the back of the head and guided her.

Melinda reached a point of pleasure which only a huge cock could be sufficient enough to make her happy. The web slinger's tongue canvased every inch of her inner pussy lips. She closed her eyes and could feel the pleasure driving through her body.

She came, and Peter sucked up those juices coming out of her. He drank them up and made Melinda May thrust her hips up and down, coating the inside of his mouth with more of her delightful
essence. Peter pulled himself back from her and smiled down at the woman.

"We're not done."

Peter climbed onto the desk. Melinda wrapped her legs around him and threw him over into the desk. She enjoyed the fact that the web-slinger had been pinned underneath her thighs.

"We've tasted each other," Melinda said. "Now, I have to feel whether or not this cock is as good as it tastes. I want it inside me. I will have it inside of me."

There was not a shadow of a doubt on Peter's mind someone like Melinda May was used to taking what she wanted, no matter what the circumstances. Her wet pussy lined up with the edge of Peter's hardening cock and pooled those juices down onto him.

Melinda bit down on her lip. This was going to be a tight fit. She stretched her legs out as much as possible before spearing the cock inside of her.

"So damn tight!" Peter yelled.

"Compliment appreciated," Melinda said.

She closed her eyes and took as much of Peter's hard cock inside of her warm body as possible. Melinda threw herself down onto Peter's hard prick. She pulled up almost all the way off of him and then drove herself down onto him. Her repeated rises.

Peter touched her, a few light touches at first. Melinda May's eyes blazed with passion as she looked down at this man underneath her. Her wet walls grabbed onto him.

"Touch me like you mean it," Melinda said. "If it's good enough for Johnson, Hill, or Romanova, then it's good enough for me."

"You forgot Morse," Peter said.

"Well, we could name all of your past partners, or you could just fuck my brains out."

Peter grabbed onto her hips and kept guiding Melinda back and forth down onto his cock. The friction of her juicy walls closed around him. Peter lurched in and filled up her pussy with as much cock as possible. He almost slid all the way out of her.

"Yes," Melinda said. "Keep it up. Don't you dare fucking stop!"

He was going to make her regret those words. He drove his cock deep into the woman who rode him. Her warm thighs pushed against him and then spread apart to get as much of his cock as possible. Peter spent some time exploring Melinda's body.

You could not appreciate how sensual every inch of her body was until exploring it properly. Peter held onto her ass and guided her down. Her snug center grabbed onto Peter and Melinda May threw her head back. She bit down on her lip and gave a passionate scream which grew even louder the more she threw herself down onto the hard cock underneath her.

"Don't…stop!" Melinda yelled. "Never stop…never stop fucking me!"

She bounced higher and higher and hit another orgasm. Those hands were very dangerous when touching every inch of the woman. Melinda bit down on her lip and then let out a scream.

"And here I thought that you weren't capable of emoting."
"You shouldn't listen to the Academy students," Melinda said. "They have me fighting dragons with toothpicks."

Melinda milked the hard cock of the man underneath her. She kept driving her warm honeypot down onto the massive prick of the man underneath her. She could feel it build into her body and more importantly, something builds into him.

Peter groaned as she milked him with expert tenacity. She simulated him so good that Peter was sure the climax was going to be the best. She drew it out, but not enough for it to be painful. Peter felt it moving in his body. He felt her walls close in on him.

Both lovers enjoyed the thrill riding crashing to the close. The mature beauty bouncing on top of his cock came first. She crashed down onto the base of his pelvis and caused her loins to explode all over him. Melinda grabbed onto and clenched him very hard.

Peter spilled his seed inside of Melinda. Her walls tugged at him and greedily drank up every last drop of the precious fluids. She drained Peter's balls with experience.

Once Melinda ensured she worked him over well enough, she collapsed on him. The two enjoyed the moment before Melinda pulled herself up and cleaned herself off. She moved in to get dressed, as did he. The two looked at each other and Melinda May went back into Melinda May mode.

"Thank you for your assistance, Mr. Parker. I'll see you next week.

For an instance, Peter could have sworn he saw her wink.

Thanks to everyone for all of the hits/favorites/follows/kudos/comments and I'll see you for the next chapter on Monday. Thanks for Reading.

End.

Next Chapter: 3/19/2018.
A long day of fighting crime as part of the extended team of Avengers gave Peter Parker certain comforts. One of the comforts had been soaking in the hot tub at Avengers Tower. It was a pretty nice hot tub as well with several of the jets hitting his body on a constant basis.

"Mind if we join you?"

Peter looked up at the two lovely women walking towards him. Jessica drew dressed in a very skimpy red bikini. The strips of fabric just snapped over her nipples and also over her vagina and her ass. It barely concealed what needed to be concealed. Carol Danvers walked over in a black bikini as well. The slightest motion would allow her large tits to spill out for Peter's consumption.

"I'm sure not going to complain," Peter said. "Why don't you two ladies hop in? It's been a long day."

The two lovely ladies smiled and climbed in next to Peter. Jessica leaned against the edge of the hot top and relaxed her legs against Peter's crotch. Peter allowed the feeling of her lovely legs to run up and down the edge of his crotch. His manhood started to each.

"You seem tense," Carol said.

Carol leaned against Peter. It took him a moment to realize that he did not rest against the hot top. Rather he rested against her very ample chest. The warmth of her perfect DD-Cup breasts pressing against back made the web-slinger groan.

Not to be outdone, Jessica moved her leg around. Her soft foot ground against Peter's crotch. His erection bulged thanks to the lovely attentions of Jess's perfect foot.

"We should relax you," Jessica said. "It's what teammates do for each other, isn't it, Carol?"

"I…won't say no," Peter said.

"We know," Carol said.

She started to kiss the back of Peter's neck. She sucked on Peter's earlobe from behind. Carol kissed him and rubbed his abs with her hands.

Jessica grabbed Peter's pants and pulled them down. His hard cock stuck out from underneath the warm water. Jessica used the friction of her feet against his cock. Her succulent toes grabbed onto Peter's long cock and tugged on it. She ran the sole of her foot all the way down Peter's hard cock.

"Oh, you two," Peter groaned.

Overcome with lust, Peter grabbed his hands on Jessica's top. It did not take much to rip them off. A pair of bountiful breasts, tanned and perky came out. The delicious D-Cups of Jessica Drew came out. Her dark nipples stuck out in a constant state of arousal. Peter leaned in and cupped them in his hand. Jessica leaned in while still playing with Peter's hard cock with her feet.

"You're both topless," Carol said. "It would seem to be a waste not to join you."
Carol threw her bikini top on the edge of the hot top. She pressed her breasts against Peter's back. Hands lightly ran down Peter's chiseled abs and chest. She edged further down his body.

Jessica sped up her footjob. She teased Peter with her feet. The woman rose up and allowed Peter to slip his fingers down her body. The burning sensation of his touch made Jessica grow with a constant state of excitement and an even more excellent state of arousal. Peter danced his fingers down Jessica's thigh and moved closer towards her. Jessica's thighs opened up and prepared themselves for some kind of intrusion on Peter's behalf.

"Take me," Jessica said.

The web-slinger stroked Jessica's pussy from the other side of her thin fabric. The fabric came off and Peter ran his fingers down Jessica's very slick pussy.

"I think we can make this a bit more enjoyable," Carol said.

She hovered over Peter, her top almost off. The flying blonde spread her legs in mid-air to show Peter her pussy. Carol jammed her fingers into her wet cunt and pleasured herself in front of Peter's face.

"Damn, Carol, that's so hot," Peter groaned.

Jessica dragged her feet all the way down Peter's hard cock which grew even harder. He fingered her furiously underneath the water of the hot top. She threw her head back as an orgasm built. His fingers clung to Jessica's insides and really stimulated her body.

Carol took out her fingers from her pussy and shoved them into Peter's mouth. Peter sucked on her fingers and tasted the divine juices of the woman in front of him. She then moved closer towards him.

One hand grabbed Carol's ass, the one which did not finger Jessica underneath the water. Peter moved in to bury his face between Carol's very warm thighs. She threw her head back and hovered spread legged in mid-air.

The screams of both women made Peter's cock throb. Jessica continued her attention with her feet until a build up in Peter's balls were just too much. Jessica ground her feet against him and the pleasure in Peter's loins burst.

Jessica twitched with Peter slamming his fingers deep into her juicy cunt while he late Carol out.

"Yes, cum all over my pretty soles!" Jessica yelled at the top of her lungs.

Peter did so, his balls draining so much cum all over Jessica's perfect feet. The web slinger's cock churned and kept launching its creamy reward all over Jessica's perfect soft soles.

Carol dropped down back into the tub. Jessica held her feet up to allow her to see Peter's cum dripping off of her foot. Carol leaned in and licked the foot of her best friend dry. It was done in front of Peter's face.

The young man's hard cock returned back to life as he watched Carol lick his cum off of Jessica's right foot. She made sure to suck Jessica's toes as well, slowly taking each one of them into her mouth. Peter groaned when watching Carol's shameless act of foot worship.

Jessica played with herself, with Peter soon helping out. She reached underneath the water and returned the favor to stroke his cock. Carol kept sucking her feet and toes. Making sure they were
completely clean. Jessica thought she would receive another orgasm.

"MMMMMM!"

A shriek at the top of Jessica's lungs followed with Peter bringing his warm fingers into the dripping wet cunt of the woman in question. The web-slinger brought his fingers deep inside of her and licked them to taste Jessica's honey. It did taste like honey, while Carol tasted of lemons.

"So good," Carol said. "And I think we need to relieve more of that tension."

Carol climbed over on top of Peter's lap. His hard cock stuck out and pushed against Carol's flat stomach. The busty blonde rose up and made sure her breasts caught Peter in the face.

"Suck them," Carol said. "You know you want to."

What man did not want to have his face buried in between Carol's luscious breasts? Peter could not think of a straight man with a pulse who did not. Hell, he could think of several women. He grabbed onto Carol's titanic mummies and dug into them.

The moment Peter went to town on her breasts, Carol rewarded him and herself by dropping down onto his massive spear. It pushed past her gates and into her body.

Twelve inches of male meat pushed deep into Carol's waiting center. She closed tightened her grip on him and made sure his face never strayed too far from being buried in her ample chest. Carol threw herself up and down to ride the manhood underneath her body.

"Yes," Carol begged him. "Right here. You know you want to give me your cock!"

Peter would have to agree the deeper Carol drove inside of her wet pussy. He did not want to come up with these nice round breasts. Each push of his hand against them felt greater than his last touch. Peter sucked her warm breasts with one of the nipples popping into his mouth.

A naughty smile spread across Jess's face. Jess pulled herself up and held her hands to the edge of the hot tub. She bent over the hot tub and swayed her ass.

"You're really asking for that."

A smack of Carol's hand against her ass only caused Jess to eagerly spread her legs even more. Carol reached out and took the hand she did not place on the back of Peter's head. She guided her swift fingers deep inside of Jessica's sticky core. Her fingers touched a certain point and made sure to enter her from behind.

Something very naughty went over to Peter's right. Carol held onto the back of his hand and stroked his hair while making him motorboat her breasts. Carol tilted herself back as a toe-curling orgasm cascaded through her body. She bit down on her lip with a sensual purr coming from her.

"Just keep doing what you're doing, baby," Carol mewled. "Just keep doing...what you're doing."

Carol continued the very steady momentum of having a large cock driven inside of her gushing center. She could feel the length pushed up into her as she rose back down. She reached a peak and grabbed onto the male endowment juts pressing its way into her slick center.

"Yes! YES!"

The screams of Jessica almost made Peter very curious. He could hear a muffled sound of a hand
smacking against some very ample flesh off to the other side. Peter put his hands on Carol's back and continued to guide her down. The friction of her loins caused Peter to ach.

Stars shot behind Carol's eyes. Carol leaned back and enjoyed the feeling of this cock touching her in ways which she could only dream about. The busty blonde continued her rising and dropping on the throbbing hard endowment. She pushed it inside of her body and released it with one delicious pump. She enveloped the man firmly and then released him. Carol thought she was getting closer to the edge.

"Keep it up," Carol encouraged him. "Please…don't…stop!"

Carol drove her wetness down onto the iron hard tool. It pressed inside of her core and stretched the woman out completely. Carol rose back up and dropped down onto him.

Peter could feel it reaching a fever pitch. He wanted to make Carol have the time of her life.

Speaking of having the time of her life, Carol alternated between spanking and fingering Jessica as she leaned over the edge of the hot tub. Jessica loved every single moment of her friend's strong hand blasting her ass. The feeling increased with Carol fisted Jessica's warm pussy and got her nice and ready for what was to come next.

It was Carol who came next. She grabbed onto the edge of the wall and threw herself back with reckless abandon. She slammed onto Peter's cock and pumped it inside of her body.

All men had their limits and Peter reached his. Carol's warm walls grabbing onto hi made Peter only force his cock deeper inside of her slick channel.

"I can't hold back," Peter said.

"It's okay. Cum inside me! Shoot that thick cum inside my pussy!"

Peter baptized Carol's womb with his powerful and potent seed. Carol, in a fit of lust, drove her warm pussy as deep down onto his cock as possible. She refused to let go until every last drop of semen discharged from Peter and entered her insides.

A few more light sucks of Carol's aching nipples. She pulled away from him and allowed him to see Jessica leaning against the edge of the hot tub with a red ass and a wet pussy. Her legs spread. Peter watched as her tits hung out shameless and the nipples were exposed and rigid as well.

"I have to fuck you," Peter said.

"You should," Jessica said. "Please, I can't take it anymore. Fuck me until I pass out."

Peter's cock leads him to the beautiful form of Jessica drew who laid bent over the edge of the hot tub. Peter approached her and prepared himself to bury deep inside of the beautiful woman who had given herself so willingly for him.

The two lovers joined together. Peter held onto Jessica's lower back and plunged his thick, meaty cock inside of her willing chambers. He pulled back from her and drove himself into her.

Carol took a breath and kicked back to enjoy the show. Peter's mighty rod appeared outside of Jessica and took it inside of her.

"Give her your cock," Carol said. "I think she's wanted it even longer than I have. Make her appreciate the way!"
"Will do!"

As always when she was extremely aroused, Jessica's pheromones kicked into overdrive. Peter's hands shamelessly moved over every fraction of an inch on her body. He slid back from her and drove into her.

Those pheromones spurred Peter to hammer Jessica's pussy over the edge of the hot tub. His cock pushed its way past her wet gates and into her warm and very accepting pussy. Peter pulled back from her and plunged himself cock-first into Jessica's wonderful center.

"Time to cum, Spider-Woman," Peter whispered.

"Yes, my Spider-Man," Jessica breathed. "Fuck me like the whore I am!"

She got hornier with his cock just battering her. The pheromones just caused Peter to slam himself into Jessica. Her body molded against his as the loop of lust continued between them.

Carol threw her hand underneath the water and masturbated furiously at the scene. Peter would almost knock Jessica over the wall or at least collapse it if he was not careful.

'Well, it's not like Stark can't afford a new hot tub,' Carol thought.

Jessica grabbed onto the edge of the hot tub to feel the long drive of her handsome lover deep inside of her body. Peter pulled almost out of her and drove his huge cock into her warm vice. Peter pulled almost all the way out and drilled deep inside of her once more.

One of the most vocal orgasms Peter ever heard from a woman came from Jessica. He pushed his cock into her tight pussy and pulled out before driving himself into her one more time. Jessica's warm walls contracted around the throbbing hard manhood entering her body.

Intense feelings of lust burned through Jessica. She knew it would soon happen. Peter would soon lose herself inside of the woman in front of her. Jessica wanted to enjoy every single last minute of it before she lost it. She clung to the edge for dear life.

Peter made sure to hold her so Jessica could not fall and hit her head as he fucked her.

'There's a mood killer right there.'

The web-slinger entered Jessica hard. She gobbled onto his manhood and would not let go. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her and then drove himself into her again.

Carol could tell things were getting close. Jessica was almost done and not a moment too soon. Carol licked her fingers as she waited.

"Yes, that's it! Fuck her slutty pussy! Fill it with your cum! Make her scream as your cum soaks her pussy and her womb. Make her swell up with your seed. Oh, fuck, Spider-Man, fuck that bitch until her knees collapse.

The only thing which held Jessica up was Peter. He had fucked her cross-eyed. Carol's not so subtle encouragement made Peter drive deeper inside Jessica's slick pussy. She grabbed him tight and then released him. Peter pulled out of her and then drove his cock inside of her one more time.

"OOOH, JESS!" Peter groaned.

She came and he came along with her. Peter's balls shot their heavenly load against her. His body
turned into a blur when driving himself with a constant and vigorous pace inside Jessica's perfectly slick depths.

Peter finished up inside of Jessica. A white stream of fluids came from Jessica's pussy. He turned around and caused Jessica to ease herself back into the hot tub. Jessica closed her eyes.

"Okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Jessica said. "Just need to soak."

Her thighs were very sorry and her pussy had been beaten raw. Boy, it was very much worth it to feel this moment.

"My turn."

Carol adopted Jessica's former place as being leaned to the edge of the hot tub. She slapped her ass and sucked on a finger which she slowly traced over her body to finger her asshole. She moved her left hand over to open up her pussy and allow Peter to show how death it was.

"You girls will be the death of me."

The willing and able body of the buxom blonde bent over made Peter ready to fuck her just like he did Jessica moments ago.

The relaxing evening would turn into the morning at the rate they were going.

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Thank you for all the views, comments, favorites, follows, and kudos, and I will see you for the next chapter on Thursday.

Next Chapter: 3/22/2018.
Helena Bertinelli stepped into the side door of Roulette's club looking dressed to entice. She dressed in a hip hugging red dress which formed a tight seal out of every one of her bountiful curves. Her braless tits practically spilled out of the dress as she moved, with deep cleavage visible to anyone who looked. The only thing she wore underneath the dress was a skimpy purple G-String. Thigh high "fuck me" boots topped off the outfit. Helena's lips coated with some purple lipstick and she painted her nails. The woman turned more than a few heads.

She had to get in as part of this undercover mission to see what Roulette's latest scheme was. The gossip on the street pointed to her running a fight club, with mutants being the star attraction. Mutants who had run after the Mutant Registration Act had been put on them, had very few options. They signed up to be a part of Roulette's fight club, or so the innuendo on the street went.

Helena charmed her way past the security guard and into the entrance. She moved her way up a set of stairs towards where she thought the control room was.

'**So far, so good.'**

The woman broke out into a smile and then heard footsteps coming. She braced herself for trouble. Helena did not need to fight. The outfit she wore served as enough of a distraction to some red-blooded men and some women.

Someone crept into the shadows. He looked about eighteen or nineteen years of age, old enough where Helena felt zero guilt in checking him out and seeing how he was. He had something in his hand, a camera. He might have been taking pictures.

Helena stepped across the hallway towards him.

"Hey, kid."

The young man turned around and almost stepped back. He stopped for a moment to look at Helena who stood in front of him with a very calculating smile on her face.

"Um, hey," he said. "I'm lost on the way to the bathroom….I don't suppose you know…."

"What's the deal with the camera?" she asked. "Didn't you read the sign out on the fight club door? It said no cameras were allowed."

Helena admitted this boy, no this young man, was very clever in sneaking a camera past Roulette's security. Then again, she wondered if he got in through a conventional way. One look at his ragged clothes with a few smudges of dirt on his face showed he did not get here the easy way.

"I'm…I can explain."

"Well, you don't have to worry about explaining to me. I'm not security. I don't even work here. A friend of mine went missing three days ago after visiting this club. I'm seeing if anyone knows anything."

It was a half-truth at best, but Helena needed to establish there was a reason why she was here.
"Oh, well…hope you find your friend," he said.

"Hang on," Helena said. "Maybe you saw something. What's your name anyway?"

"Peter," he said. "Peter Parker."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Peter," Helena said. "My name is Helena. And I was wondering if you could let me have a look at that camera."

Peter tensed up. She claimed not to have worked for Roulette. Still, Peter had been very reluctant to part with the camera. He was supposed to get these pictures back to Jameson who would have his head. He would have the story of the century.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Peter said.

Helena put her hand on Peter's shoulder and started to rub it. Peter had to lean back to avoid her breasts smacking him into the face. One of them almost popped out of the top.

"You can tell me," Helena said. "I'll let you have it back. Please, let me see your camera."

The hands of the former mob princess rolled over Peter when she backed him against the wall. A hint of an enticing floral aroma coming from her perfume made Peter dazed. A part of him wondered if she wore any panties. Helena most certainly was not wearing a bra either.

"I'll make it worth your while if you let me see that camera," Helena said. "I'll show you something I know you'll like if you let me take a look at that camera."

Helena moved Peter back into a side room. It functioned as some kind of utility room. The young man looked at Helena who pulled her dress down and showed her gorgeous tits. Peter almost had been struck numb with how beautiful and firm they looked. This Italian beauty smiled when reaching her hand and pulling on her nipple.

"You want to touch them too?" Helena asked. "I'll let you touch them too."

She was desperate to get that camera. It would attract too much attention to just yank the damn thing away from him. Helena picked up Peter's hand. Peter dropped them onto her right breast and squeezed it. Helena closed her eyes and gave a moan.

"I want to kiss you," Peter said.

"Do it," Helena demanded.

Helena tried to reaffirm her control. Peter grabbed the back of her head and gave her a kiss. He kissed very nicely as well. Helena closed her eyes and enjoyed his tongue going into her mouth. He caressed her breasts while kissing her lips.

Peter tried not to let this woman dominate him. Just in case she got ahold of that camera somehow. He needed to distract her somehow. A naughty thought entered Peter's mind and made his pants somewhat tighter.

"I'll let you have a look at the camera under one condition."

She almost forgot about the camera after being lost in that deep kiss. Helena pulled back to them with her eyes shadowed over. Her heart raced even faster when looking back at the handsome young man in front of her. Her moist lips puckered together and released themselves.
"Name it," Helena said.

"Suck my dick."

Peter been surprised at his own daring, and almost expected this to be a step too far. The dark-haired woman stood in front of him, eyes wide, and mouth opened. She reached towards him to undo his pants and pull them down over his ankle.

Regardless, he braced himself because he half-expected her to strike him where it counted and make off with the camera. Peter felt her soft hands roll over his stomach and then to his boxer shorts which pulled them down past his ankles. His cock, restrained in its confinement, popped out.

Helena almost staggered back at his cock smacking her in the face. She looked at the cock and had no idea he was packing such an impressive piece of equipment. Helena wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and stroked it until it was hard.

"I love your cock," Helena said. "And I love sucking on big cocks. And you know what the only thing I love more than sucking on a big cock?"

"What?" Peter groaned.

Helena planted a long kiss on the tip of Peter's swollen head and pulled back. She left a purple lipstick mark where she landed. "Riding them. Fucking them! Having them jammed so deep inside me that I feel them for days."

First, she had to suck this big cock. Helena descended down onto the fold concrete floor. Her mouth opened up and took his cock inside of her mouth. The rigid member pushed deep inside. The woman's moist lips formed a vacuum seal around his mouth.

Peter grabbed the back of the mouth of this sexy older woman and started to drive his cock deep inside of her mouth. She looked up at him with anticipation the deeper this mighty rod speared down into her throat. Peter grabbed Helena's head and sank his huge cock inside of her warm and waiting mouth. Her lips closed down onto him the deeper Peter pushed his rock-hard cock into her mouth.

Helena moaned in appreciation. She almost forgot about the camera. Helena could suck on his cock all day. It pumped into the back of her throat and almost made her gag. This made Helena's nipples painfully erect and soaked her G-String. Helena slid her hand underneath her leg and pushed her fingers deep inside.

"Damn, close!" Peter groaned.

A very long and steadied assault on his cock made Peter's balls ache as much as humanly possible. He twitched when almost driving his cock deep inside of Helena's mouth. Helena opened her throat up just in time to receive a heavy pounding in the back of her throat.

Helena popped his cock out, swirled her tongue around it, and popped his cock back into her mouth again. She deep-throated him without any shame whatsoever. Her lipstick and salvia smeared over the rock-hard manhood shoving deep into her mouth.

"OOOH!" Peter grimaced.

He fired his load inside of Helena's waiting mouth. The warm and savory cum shot deep into Helena's throat. She tilted back and accepted the rush of cream shooting in the back of her throat.

Helena pulled herself up and pulled down her dress the rest of the way. Peter caught a sight of her
lips on the other end of the fabric. Her G-String came down to reveal Helena's pussy, damp. She approached him and wrapped one leg around his hip. Those boots made her look very alluring and she wore nothing other than them.

"I just want to make sure you're not going to go back on your promise to give me to have me look at that camera," Helena said. "I think we need a little bit extra incentive."

Helena wrapped her legs around Peter who pressed himself against the wall. The dark-haired temptress lined herself up with him. She rose up and dropped down to fill herself with his hard cock.

"Helena, damn!" Peter groaned.

She was so tight Peter almost could have collapsed to the floor. Helena's wet pussy grabbed onto him and shoved almost all the way down onto his rigid rod. She rose up and dropped down onto him with repeated attempts to engulf his hard rod into her tight body.

Helena closed her eyes and enjoyed him rammed deep inside of her. Her toes curled inside of her boots. Helena shifted so his hands could reach her lower back. He leaned down and nibbled on her sensitive nipples. Helena grabbed the side of his neck and left her mark by scratching down onto it.

She worked him, worked his hard and stiff rod inside of her body. Helena threw herself up and down on the massive rod beneath her. Helena bit down on her lip just enough to take the huge cock inside of her smoldering depths. She groaned when feeling his hard cock go in and out of her.

"Oh, baby, that's good," Helena said. "I'm going to enjoy fucking your big cock until it cums! Don't you want to cum in my nice tight pussy?"

Peter would have loved to. He knew it was too soon. Until he had Helena begging for his cum and his cock, Peter resolved to hold back. He pushed his fingers against her. They danced up the body of the woman. Those soft whimpering moans encouraged Peter to persist.

The crime-fighter and former mafia princess dropped herself down on the hard pole of the young man in front of her. Their thighs slapped together with Peter reaching behind her and guiding her pussy down on his cock. She threw herself back down onto him with a very soft and savory moan.

"Fuck!" Helena yelled at the top of her lungs. "Oh, fuck! Fuck me hard!"

"As you wish," Peter groaned.

He steadied his pace and drove his huge cock deep inside Helena. Her wet walls contracted and milked his thrusts. Peter's cock hardened the further he pushed inside of her.

The dark-haired beauty rode her stallion. Her toes continued to curl up in her boots. She took a deep breath when rising and dropping down onto him. Her pussy received a nice stretching as it demanded. He paid attention to every part of her body.

They both reached a peak. Helena had been shoved over the edge first. Her wet pussy clamped down on Peter. She pressed against him and milked Peter's rod all the way to the edge.

Peter grabbed onto her hips and shoved his cock into her body. They both came together. Peter shot his cream into Helena's willing pussy! He drilled her as hard as possible. His balls unleashed a very prominent flood of sticky fluids inside of her body.

Helena dripped after having Peter cum inside of her. The photographer finished driving his hard cock inside of her body and released it from her.
"So, about those pictures?"

"Meet me at this address," Helena said.

She found her crumpled up dress and gave a smile.

"We'll look them over there."

The seductive look on Helena's face made Peter realize that looking at some pictures were not the only thing that they intended to do.

Helena made sure she was out of earshot of him. The security guards thankfully did not hear the ruckus, which Helena chalked up as some good luck on her part.

"Canary, meet me over at the Suite."

Black Canary's voice came over the earpiece. "Did you find something?"

"Oh, trust me, I found something big," Helena said. "Just meet me at the usual place."

End.

Thank you for all of the favorites, follows, reviews, views, and kudos, and I'll see you Monday for the next chapter.

Before you read this current chapter, I'd like to tell you about some upcoming stories. Let the shameless smut er I mean shilling, commence.

Contact, an eight-chapter mini-series, starring Supergirl and Nightwing as the leads, written between Season Two and Three of Supergirl, is scheduled to drop on Wednesday March 28th. It takes place several years after Season Two and it has some bits that are contradicted by Season Three of Supergirl, but consider it an AU. Not a multi-pairing and believe it not no lemons.

From the same author that brought you the Breeding Ground, a series of smut one shots, starring Harry Potter, and a Sticky Situation, a series of smut one shots starring Spider-Man, it's Hit the Mark. A shameless smut series starring the fine women of Flash, Arrow, Supergirl, and Legends. There's going to be a mix of strictly female/female lemons and male/female lemons, although the ladies will rule this one. Sara, Thea, Laurel(both of them), Caitlin, Iris, Alex, Kara, and more take center stage in this series of smutty one shots. DC, Marvel, and other things that I decide to include will be a part of this series. May 7th is the day we see the first chapter.

But, there's more. Adaption, a story starring Barry Allen. Many of you requested it and I intended to get around to it eventually. It's an actual story with a mixture of plot and smut, featuring Barry with multiple women. I call it a collective, but most people call it a harem. Regardless of what you're going to call it, we have Barry with several lovely ladies. Monday June 4th is the day for this story.

And finally, finally, Spider-Man returns to a story that's not a shameless smut anthology. It's been a long time that I've posted an actual Spider-Man story and this actually features an established web slinger, so we will not be returning to the same old origin story again. You're welcome. Spider-Man and his collective of amazing women take center stage on Tuesday June 26th.

And now that that is over, you can get on with your regularly scheduled chapter.

Shades of Purple(Kara Killgrave/Persuasion.)

Kara Killgrave stepped into her dimly lit apartment with a wallet clasp in the palm of her hand. Her silky black hair hung past her shoulders. Her pretty feminine face, expressive violet eyes, and rosy lips reflected back from her on the mirror. She wore a black half-shirt which it showing a nice amount of cleavage along with her taut stomach and a pierced navel. A pair of low riding jeans with a slightly visible thong topped off the outfit. Her exotic purple flesh shined in the mirror.

She dressed to entice which got her what she wanted. To be fair, it did not take much to get what she wanted with her powers. But, Kara wanted the challenge of getting her score the old fashion way. She could bump into some man on the street, chat him up, and take his wallet.

Tonight had been mostly a bust as all she got were twenty bucks, an expired credit card, and a picture of a guy's dog. It did not seem even worth the trouble especially considering she had almost run into Spider-Man. No matter how dreamy he looked in that new black suit, Kara was not really in the mood to deal with the do-gooder right now.
"Pickpocketing is a serious crime."

'You've got to be fucking kidding me.'

Kara spun around and came face to face with Spider-Man. She took a step back and he reached out to grab her by the arm.

"You're stronger than I thought you were," Kara said in a breathy voice. "I like when a man is dominant with me."

It sure beat the many men who would trip over their feet to open doors. She stepped over the top of them and got on with her day. Kara tried to keep her pheromone output to a minimum, but she couldn't do it. Her deadbeat father, he had no such problems and used his pheromones to perform some rather horrifying things.

"You've stolen from a man," Spider-Man said.

"Yes," Kara said. "But, I'll make sure he gets the picture of his dog back, and the expired credit card and the twenty-bucks, and….

Tendrils came from Spider-Man's suit and caused Kara to squeal in surprise when they held her into place. The petty thief and daughter of a right bastard squirmed as the tendrils wrapped around her body.

"This isn't the first time we've had this conversation, Miss Killgrave," Spider-Man said. "And I'm afraid, you're going to have to suffer the consequences this time."

Kara shivered at that look of assertion. Her adrenaline pumped in excitement when she realized Spider-Man could do pretty much anything he wanted to do her. And she would allow most of it.

"I'll do anything for you," Kara said. "You're Spider-Man, you can get me off."

Those words combined with Kara's unintentional pheromone output caused Spider-Man to look at her. The suit already lessened some of his inhibitions. It retracted to reveal his mouth and then he grabbed Kara roughly by the face before kissing the purple-skinned beauty.

Kara closed her eyes and opened her mouth willingly. She hoped to get him to back off, but this was the opposite of backing off. His tongue violated Kara's tonsils and she loved pretty much every second of it. She had been held against the wall and felt something press against her body.

Peter Parker pushed his tongue into the mouth of this beautiful girl and felt the inside of her mouth. The taste of her saliva coating his caused a warm feeling to spread through Peter's body. He kissed the girl harder and harder, grabbing her face to deepen his kiss.

He pulled away from her and hoisted Kara up off of the ground with the tendrils of his black suit. He pushed her onto the bed.

The suit slowly retracted and Kara got a nice long look at the sculpted body from underneath. Kara dropped down onto the bed and took a deep breath when causing him to walk over towards him. He reached over and ripped off her tongue to reveal her nice round bouncing purple breasts.

"You have some nice tits," Spider-Man commented.

He grabbed them and squeezed them hard. Kara's mouth hung open as Spider-Man did whatever he needed to her large, sensitive breasts. The girl's entire body sized up with pleasure as he roughly
kissed her one more time. His tongue seemed to extend deep into the back of her throat. Her nipples got harder at the thought of Spider-Man dominating her.

"This…you can't…." Kara breathed.

Kara closed her eyes tightly to feel those naughty tentacles reaching underneath her jeans and going up her leg. They slowly moved to her inner thighs. The purple-skinned girl parted her legs from them to go deep inside between her legs. She closed her eyes feeling the pleasure increase through her body.

"You're ours now."

He attached his lips to her nipple and sucked it. The women released more pheromones when aroused, which did not help what Spider-Man was doing to her. He bit down on her nipple and caused a squeeze. He sensed her arousal going even deeper.

Kara thrashed on the bed as he stimulated her body. Her nipples grew harder in his mouth and made her feel like she was on the thrill ride of a lifetime. Spider-Man brought her completely up to the top and sent her crashing down without any problem whatsoever.

He released her and she came hard all over the bed. She still wore her jeans which would soon be peeled off of her body. Spider-Man did the deep and revealed Kara Killgrave as wearing nothing other than a thong.

"I'm going to turn you over and fuck you until you can't take any more. And I'm still going to fuck your nice tight pussy until I'm finished."

Spider-Man jammed his finger deep inside of Kara's overheated canal. She threw her hips up to meet the incoming thrust of the finger. The web-slinger rotated himself inside of her and could feel her walls close down onto him.

"Call me your dirty little slut when you're fucking me," Kara begged him.

"We'll see."

He pulled a finger out from Kara's insides and turned her over. Her nice round ass stood up and just begged for attention. The purple skinned girl packed quite the booty to go with the rest of her.

"So tell me, Miss Killgrave, how do you feel about anal?"

"I love it," she said. "I love a nice big cock going into my ass."

"Good," he said. "It's going to make things a lot easier."

The web-slinger touched her pussy lips through her thong. He grabbed her ass as a means to hold onto her. Kara lifted up the bed and he snapped her thong against her. The feeling of domination sent Kara spiraling into a never-ending wave of pleasure.

"You're going to love this, Miss Killgrave," Peter informed her. "I know I'm going to love it."

Peter lined up his thick manhood with Kara's very slick pussy slit. He jammed deep inside of Kara's warm womanhood and filled her completely out with his cock.

Kara did not see his cock before feeling it into her body. She thought it was done piercing her insides. Then a little more slid inside of her to further split her insides open, with this huge cock
impaling into her sweet pussy. He pushed deep in and then almost pulled out making her lose it completely.

The feeling of her pussy enveloping and releasing him in such a fashion made Peter really feel good. Her wetness closed around him the deeper Peter impacted his cock into her body. He pulled almost all the way out and drove himself deep into her.

"Cum for me, Miss Killgrave. Show how much of a dirty little slut you are by coming to me."

Peter's hand smacked her ass. Several of the naughty tendrils slapped her ass and snaked up Kara's body to make her feel a burning pleasure deep inside. Peter grabbed her breasts and squeezed them.

"OOOH, FUCK!" Kara screamed.

She came like never before. Nothing would ever pale what Spider-Man did to her. He treated her like his own personal fuck toy. Kara could not believe the feeling of this cock piercing her warm body and then it pulled completely out of her body.

Peter grabbed onto Kara's meaty cheeks and slammed his way into her. Her exotic body shook underneath him with a never-ending amount of pleasure. Peter pulled completely out of her and then pushed back inside of her one more time. His hard balls throbbed as they smacked Kara's warm pussy. He slid back out of her and then drove his cock deep inside of her on a constant basis.

"Again."

Much like a puppet on strings, Kara's body reacted and came on cue for her powerful lover. Spider-Man jammed his cock into her wet pussy as it enveloped him. He slowed down for a moment long enough to let her catch her with a huge cock ramming deep inside of her warm pussy.

She could not help and cum constantly. Peter watched as her body conditioned itself for the dark desires of her new master. The symbiote fed into the deep-rooted emotions in Peter where he longed for control. This woman, a woman who had the ability to make anyone bend to her will, made Peter feel really good.

Getting revenge on Killgrave by proxy after what he did to Jessica by making his daughter his own personal cum dump also enticed growing darkness deep within Peter. His growing darkness combined with his growing dick made him push into Kara.

"If you had more control, this wouldn't be a problem."

The most frustrating thing was no matter how much she hated to admit it, Kara did not have control. The control only had been grabbed by one man. This one man constantly pushed his hard cock inside of her tightening sheath and stretched it out.

She came one more time and swelled Peter with desire. He pushed into her and felt the inside of her nice, fertile womb. She opened up to prepare to be bathed in his seed.

"You should…pull out," Kara said in a half-hearted voice.

A large part of Kara hoped that he wouldn't. She felt like voicing this concern would add something to this though. The hero forced her down on the bed, dominated her, and then impregnated her.

"No, I'm going to cum inside you. And you're going to take my seed."

The symbiote encouraged Peter to spread his powerful genetics towards women who could handle it.
He would have a particularly powerful daughter with Kara. His massive cock tensed up inside of her canal. She grabbed onto the side of the bed.

"No, you can't make me pregnant!" Kara yelled. "Please, don't shoot your cum in my womb. Don't knock me up with your child!"

Peter drove his hard cock into Kara and tensed up inside of her. Her begging of him not to impregnate her made it feel just that much more right. Especially considering her body reacted contrary to what her mouth was saying hen driving into her.

"NO, YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU CAN'T IMPREGNATE ME!"

Kara closed her eyes and she forced more pheromones out to encourage him to practically rape her. At least from his perspective, from hers, she was allowing him to do this. Peter drove himself into her pussy and fucked it nice and raw. His nice large cock pierced her.

'That's right, Spidey, keep it up,' Kara said. 'Oh, you bad boy, I knew you had it in you.'

"You are a slut, and now you're going to be a nice pregnant slut carrying my child. Maybe that will teach you a lesson."

Peter's balls clenched and sprayed his nice thick seed deep inside of Kara's womb. His virile cum splashed into her fertile eggs and caused Kara to close her eyes. She ached with desire as he rammed deep inside of her.

"You are a bastard," Kara told him.

"Maybe," Peter said. "But, you're a slut. And I'm taking this."

Peter rammed his tentacle into Kara's anus and pulled out of her. He pushed his cock up and the heat emitting from her ass.

"Be gentle."

"Oh, I thought you liked anal sex," Peter said. "Are you telling me you lied about that to me?"

"Please, I thought that you would be done," Kara said. "After you came the first time. Most men are."

"I'm not like most men."

The deepened and darker voice caused Kara's lust to spiral completely out of control. Her ass would be taken and she would like it. His hard cock pushed against her anus and jammed deep into the back entrance.

"Oh, you are lying, this is your first time," Peter said.

The web-slinger could feel the tightness of Kara's ass inviting him deeper into her bowels. He pushed into the thick purple ass in front of him. He spanked it several times.

Kara screamed out in pleasure, but she could feel something else climbing up her body. She watched as two of those tendrils from the suit came up. One of them went between her legs and the other one went between her mouth. Two more came up off to the other side.

The tendril nearest to her face turned into a cock and shoved deep into Kara's mouth. Kara choked on the phallus and tilted her head back. Her gag reflex increased the deeper the phallus pumped
inside of her mouth.

She took two cocks in her hand and one more in her pussy. The real cock of Peter Parker rammed deep inside of Kara's ass.

"Oh, you…oh this feels so good!" Peter groaned.

The sensations of Kara stroking two cocks, sucking a third, and getting her pussy plowed by a fourth fired through Peter's body. Peter rocked down into her asshole and stretched it out before pulling out. He had five times the pleasure from this woman.

Kara's body sized up even more at being the center of a one-man gang bang of all of her holes. She had been drilled constantly from all ends. The cocks in her hands sized up and released a creamy fluid which coated her face. She could not moan in delight due to the cock in her mouth.

Peter hung on and felt the inside of her ass. Her flesh molded to the touch and Kara's warm tight hole pressed against Peter's large cock. He groaned when pulling almost out of her and then sliding himself deep inside of her very tight and very inviting hole.

"Mmm," Kara moaned around the large cock.

She came as hard as possible. The invisible pheromones coated the air. Peter breathed them in and threw himself into Kara's pussy with a huge thrust. His large balls smacked Kara's warm pussy.

Peter could not hold it back and he released his cum deep inside of Kara's inviting back hole. He came in her ass which caused her pussy to gush as well. The suit absorbed Kara's juices which made Peter feel more empowered than ever before.

He watched Kara collapse on the bed and pull back from her. Only a shallow breath showed signs of life. Her body resembled a used condom after Peter came all over her and inside both of her holes.

'Another one down.'

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Thank you for all of the favorites, follows, reviews, kudos, and hits, and I will see you on Thursday for the next chapter.

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End.

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Cindy Moon pushed her tongue deep into the throat of her lover. Both of the lovers were completely nude and kissing each other. Cindy's hands worked down Peter's shoulders and down his back. The young man pushed back against Cindy with a very passionate kiss. The kiss became even more passionate as their lips pressed together and released each other.

Peter felt the soft hand of his girlfriend on his hard member which had been trapped between both of their bodies. Cindy rubbed his manhood within her soft hand and gave him a firm tug to bring him back to life. Peter groaned at what Cindy was doing to him.

The girl at the end of the bed watched this scene play out before her very eyes. She knew she should look away, but Anya Corazon just could not help but follow the glorious and taboo nature of the scene before her. Her lips moistened when eating up the scene. Both Cindy and Peter made her skin flush with desire. They were both so hot, and Anya's inexperienced mind succumbed to these strange emotions.

"So, have you ever kissed another girl?"

Cindy pulled away from Peter and gave a predatory smile towards the girl. Anya very much felt like prey which was going to be stalked and devoured. Anya swallowed the lump in her throat and shook her head. Cindy crawled across the bed and grabbed Anya by the back of her head.

"You have to learn sooner or later."

Both girls met at the center point of their mouth with a very erotic kiss. Cindy dominated the mouth of the much younger girl. She felt up Anya's nice and tight body while also delving her tongue inside of the mouth of the woman. Anya closed her eyes and breathed in with pleasure dancing through her body. That tongue shifted a little bit further into the back of Anya's mouth.

"Oh, god!" Anya breathed. "That feels so good."

No words could ever describe the good Anya was feeling. Cindy only released her to see the vocalization of her words.

"And it's hot too."

She got a good look at Peter's long veiny cock when he stood up on the bed. Anya's body flushed when looking at the piece of manhood in question. Her mouth moistened with desire at the thought entering her mind. She needed to have her lips around that tool in the worst possible way.

"You want it, don't you?" Peter asked her. "It can be yours soon enough."

Cindy released Anya's mouth and made sure it remained open for Peter to push his hard cock into her. The younger girl succumbed to her own lust. Her lips wrapped around Peter's throbbing member as it pushed deep inside of her.

"Oh, she's getting wet just by tasting it," Cindy said.

The older woman teased her pussy lips. Anya closed her eyes and tried to protest. However, Peter
firmly grabbed the back of her head.

"Oh, I love your mouth," Peter said. "It's perfect for sucking cock. I wonder if your pussy is just as perfect as taking it nice and hard."

Anya's eyes widened as her mouth bulged just as well. Peter impacted her mouth with a couple of long thrusts. He pulled completely out of her and shoved deep inside of her mouth. Anya's warm lips tightened around his massive prick. He pulled away from her and she pushed back inside of her mouth.

"Mmm."

Cindy groped Peter's throbbing balls.

"Oh, these a nice and full of cum. Don't worry, honey. It tastes good and it's good for you."

No argument could be made. Anya lost herself to her inexperienced emotions and a good cock driving down her tight teenage throat. Peter grabbed onto her jaw and worked his manhood deep inside of her throat. His fingers pressed against the edge of her jaw.

"Closer," Peter said. "Don't waste a drop."

"It's rude to."

The Asian beauty pushed her fingers into the squirming Latina teenager as she sucked Peter's hard fat cock. She pushed deep against him. Her warm lips engulfed and released Peter. Peter held onto the back of Anya's head and threw her head completely back.

"Yes!" Peter said.

Cum discharged into Anya's throat. Cindy grabbed her and made sure she did not full away until she got a full mouth and throat full of cum. Anya gagged from the amount of cum firing into her mouth. Peter's balls slapped against her chin and they still were somewhat swollen.

Watering eyes showed themselves to be a pretty good look on Anya. He held onto the head of the woman and finished emptying his cum into her mouth.

Anya pulled back onto the bed. Cindy cupped her pussy and kissed her once again. The two girls shared the cum in between each other.

The older girl tormented the younger girl by rubbing her pussy. She was leaking and nice and tight as well. Cindy thought Anya's state to be a pretty good combination. Perky little nipples sticking out from the other side of her shirt also proved to be a pretty good combination.

"OHHH!"

Bliss cascaded over Anya's tight young body. It buzzed in excitement. She fell back on the bed, legs spread in an accommodating way. She looked up just in time to see Peter over the top of her. The intimidating sight of his huge cock ready to push into her body.

"Your first time is going to be one you're not going to forget."

Peter pulled her shirt off and revealed her perky B-Cup breasts. They fit her frame very nicely. Peter gave them a squeeze and made Anya whimper. He teased the body of the sexy girl underneath him, while Cindy leaned next to them. She pulled Anya's head up and made her suck on her nipples.
Anya closed her eyes.

"Your pussy is going to be his forever," Cindy murmured in Anya's ear. "That's it, baby, suck on Mommy's tits. And prepare to take Daddy's big cock."

The web-slinger lined himself up with Anya's wonderfully tight looking snatch. He pressed the swollen head at her entrance and delved inside of her. The two joined together with Peter pushing himself into her. His entire length just came inside of Anya and filled her completely up.

"Damn!" Anya screamed at the top of her lungs. "FUCK ME!"

"Oh, fuck, you're so tight," Peter groaned.

The web-slinger could not even describe how tight this teenage pussy felt. It had been a while he been in one this tight.

Anya threw her hips up off of the bed. She took as much of his cock as her tight little body could allow. Cindy kissed her for a minute and stroked her air. Anya's warm walls tugged on Peter. She tried to pull herself past the breaking point. Her legs spread and slowly moved up to the side of the bed.

The flexibility she showed made Peter only more encouraged to savage her pussy. Animal instincts boiled up to the rational part of his brain. He slid his cock inside Anya and speared inside of her body. Her wet walls grabbed onto his hard cock and flexed around his mighty intruding tool.

"Cum for me, Anya," Peter said.

Anya threw herself back on the bed. Her back arched and accepted her new lord's cock inside of her tight body. The web-slinger rose up and brought Peter's massive staff into her wet and perfectly accepting sheath. Her womanhood tensed and released around Peter every time he drove himself inside of her. Anya closed her hand around his bicep and gave it a squeeze.

"Mmm," Anya breathed hungrily. "More, I want more."

"Always the same," Cindy said. "When they want a taste, they can't help beg for more."

The moist pussy tightened around Peter's cock. He pushed inside of the tempting twat of the lovely woman in front of him. He held himself back from losing it inside of her warm pussy. Peter grabbed her hips and drove himself into her repeatedly.

Each intrusion inside of her made Anya feel like it was deeper than the last one. Her warm walls tugged on Peter's hard shaft when it pushed inside of her. His large balls slapped against Anya's slick center with each pump inside of her.

"Yes!" Anya yelled. "YES!"

Peter grabbed and speared down into her tight body. Anya's warmness tugged on his manhood. His balls lurched forward and felt the friction passing between them. Her tight empowered pussy came close to making Peter's balls discharge their load.

He held on for a little bit more. Peter did not want to lose the feeling of being inside of this tight body. He leaned down and sucked on Anya's neck. Anya threw her hips up off of the bed and took him inside of her.

Anya milked him. Her body begged for the next step of their coupling. The fiery teenage could see
him getting close to cumming inside of her. His large balls kept drilling against her pussy and were about ready to unleash so much cum into her it was almost obscene. Anya grabbed Peter's shoulder and dug a fingernail into it the deeper he pushed inside of her. The constant state of Peter pressed against her made Anya throw her hips up off of the bed.

"Ready," Peter said. "Here it cums."

Here he came ready. Peter drove his hard cock inside of her warm pussy and ended up draining the contents of his balls inside of her body. His cock pumped for a very long time and bathed the inside of her womb with his sticky seed.

"You're part of us now," Cindy said.

Another member of Peter's collective of the spider empowered woman had been secured. Gwen currently traveled the multi-verse with help from Julia, to locate more extraordinary women to grab into his web. His power and ability to be the protector would increase with each woman bonded to him.

Anya fell back on the bed and watched Peter detach his cock from her warm pussy. She looked back up off of the bed and sighed in a half-contented tone. A smile came over her face with Peter edging back from her.

"My turn," Cindy said.

She moved across the room and crawled up the ceiling. Peter followed her up the ceiling and moved over towards Cindy. Peter and Cindy moved closer to each other. Their lips met each other in a passionate exchange of salvia. Both lovers positioned themselves on the season.

Cindy's slick thighs parted for Peter. They hung directly over Anya's head so she could watch this from the bed. Peter pushed his spear inside of Cindy's warm pussy. Her tightness grabbed him. The tight pussy enveloping him felt good. The moment Cindy's arousal engulfed his cock it was off to the races. Pete pushed into her pussy, pressing her body against the ceiling when he fucked her form this positon. Her nipples stuck and grounded to his chest. She shifted up so they were now hanging upside down by their feet from the ceiling.

A normal person would have long since had the blood rush to his head. Of course, Peter did not have that problem with the blood rushing someone else.

"Fuck me upside down!" Cindy yelled. "There's nothing better to fuck you above someone's prone body on the bed, knowing that they can do nothing about it other than watch!"

Peter swung a little bit and pulled almost out of her. The tip of his cock taunted Cindy's warm pussy lips. Peter grabbed onto Cindy's back and shoved his lengthy rod inside of her. Her tight body grabbed onto Peter's throbbing hard cock as he slid out and pulled out of her.

"Oh, Peter!" Cindy yelled. "Oh, Peter!"

"Cindy, shit," Peter groaned.

She came hard upon him. Cindy arched herself back to see Anya's hand rubbing her pussy raw. She continued to move forward, pull back to make sure Anya saw the hard cock exit her pussy, and then slip the hard cock inside of her pussy. Peter's hands grabbed her and cupped her firm backside.

The obscene spectacle above Anya forced the girl's fingers inside of her wet snatch. She buried it
into her at the feeling of the sounds of sex above her head. Peter made Cindy scream out, beg for more. His large balls slapped against her clit. The sound made Anya rub hers. Anya thrashed her hips up off of the bed and tweaked her nipples. She moaned and bit down on her lip.

"Closer!" Anya yelled. "Closer!"

Cindy would have to agree she was getting closer. Peter drove his hard cock inside of her. She wrapped herself around Peter. Her lovely legs ensnared him. Her pussy pumped his growing manhood inside. They were both getting close. Peter leaned in to grab her breasts and released them.

Every reaction from Cindy's warm pussy grabbing onto his hard cock only inspired Peter to drive himself into her. Her dripping pussy hugged his manhood. The smooth velvety insides rubbed onto him and rubbed him to a pleasurable end.

"Oh, here it comes."

Cindy threw herself back and took Peter's hard cock inside of her tight pussy. He fired into Cindy's pussy. Long, thick, ropes of thick seed sprayed inside of her body.

The two lovers joined together on the top of the ceiling rocking back and forth. Cindy ensured her pussy milked every single drop from Peter's hard cock. He pulled away from her warm pussy.

Drops of cum dripped from above Anya's head and splashed her face. She looked up with the wicked grin from Cindy. Anya put her finger on her face and savored the combined taste. Just as both of her older lovers eased their way back down to the ground and closed in on the younger girl from either side of the bed.

Anticipation and a little fear brimmed over Anya's body.

End.

Thank you for all of the favorites, follows, hits, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Monday for the next chapter.

Undercover(Black Widow)

Two figures stepped through the front entrance of a hotel in Los Angeles. There had been a couple of rumors that high ranking HYDRA officials had been sighted in the area. SHIELD wanted to verify if those rumors were true. The redhead woman dressed in a sophisticated business suit. She had her red hair pinned back while wearing a blue blouse buttoned up over her chest. She wore a suit jacket and a skirt coming down past her knees. One could see the stocking clad legs shine out. The man in the front desk looked at the woman.

He barely saw the man behind him. His brown hair had been cut nicely and he wore a very nice three piece suit. A briefcase held from his hand, dangling back and forth.

"We have a reservation," the woman said.

"Right, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer isn't it?" the desk manager said. "You've picked the top floor suite. An excellent choice for a young couple such as yourself. It should give you both privacy and a nice balcony view….let's see, everything is in order."

Natasha Romanova smiled and turned around to her partner, Peter Parker, who just happened to be the web slinging, wise-cracking hero known as Spider-Man. But, there was no need to go over that because everyone at the highest ranks of SHIELD knew this by heart.

"Everything is in order. Davis, get this fine young couple's bags."

The men in the shadows moved over to grab the bag and to lead him up the steps. The two followed him. Natasha wrapped her arm around Peter's waist. The man in the shadow did not say any word until they got up to the suite.

"Here," the man in question said.

"And here's a little something for your trouble."

Natasha reached out and put a wad of bills in the man's hand. The man answered with a nod before stepping back a couple of steps to give Peter and Natasha the room they needed to breath. Peter looked over his shoulder and looked towards Natasha.

"He's gone."

"Yes," Natasha said. "Let's go."

The two of them stepped inside of the room. It had been decked out with the most lavish of decorations. A nice luxurious bed held the centerpiece in the middle of the bedroom. Some carved the dressers into a very intricate design as well. Natasha moved over and start putting her things in the dresser drawer.

Peter wondered what she was checking for. She had been more of the most accomplished spies in the world and knew how to look for secret hidden cameras and microphones. Natasha bent over the dresser which gave Peter a nice look at her ass while it bent over. No man with a pulse could get enough of Natasha's ass as it had been bent over on the edge of the dresser.
The redhead spy turned around and smiled. She moved across the room without any wasted movement. Her arms threw around Peter's neck and kissed him.

Peter had been surprised, but not entirely displeased at this entire gesture. He wondered what the reason was for and he doubted very much he would get straight answers out of Natasha as she entered in character. The dedicated SHIELD agent worked her tongue deeper into Peter's mouth. Peter returned the kiss with an equal amount of passion.

"Let your wife relax you, honey. You seem so tense.'

"Yes, I'm very tense," Peter said.

Natasha unbuckled his pants and pulled it down. His shirt flipped up to reveal Peter's very toned abdomen area. She leaned in and kissed Peter on his abs. She took down his boxer shorts to reveal Peter's hard cock in front of her. It was well beyond the average size with what Natasha had to deal with.

The super spy leaned in and touched her warm lips against the throbbing head. Peter groaned at the sensation of Natasha's warm mouth slowly closing in around him. Peter grabbed the back of her head and began to guide his cock into her wonderful mouth.

The throbbing cock worked deep inside of Natasha's warm mouth. She engulfed Peter's hard cock and moved all the way down. Natasha pushed down his hard cock and then pulled it out of her mouth. She sucked him a couple more times before pulling back and swirling her tongue around the area of his hard cock.

"Oh, suck my cock, baby.'

Peter held the back of the head of Natasha. He did not have many chances to dominate a sexy woman like the Black Widow and he was going to take every minute of it. He pushed his cock into her mouth and moved deep into her throat. Peter grabbed the back of Natasha's head and threw his cock as deep into her mouth. Natasha opened her throat up and Peter pulled out.

"Fuck!" Peter said. "Your mouth feels so good."

The spy on her knees took the cock of her lover. Despite Natasha playing a character, she was starting to enjoy the feeling of Peter's cock growing deep into her throat. Natasha put her hands on Peter's lower back and leaned in to inhale him. She pulled almost all the way out from him. Her warm lips ensnared Peter's manhood and took him deep into the back of her throat.

Natasha clenched Peter's balls and gave them a very firm squeeze. Peter pumped his thick cock in between her juicy lips and drove it down into her throat. She deep-throated him.

Peter almost lost all sense of himself. Natasha really put her full effort in this very sloppy blowjob.

"Natasha, oh damn it, baby!' Peter held his hands on the back of her head.

The redhead woman inhaled his hard cock and sucked him deep inside. His balls slapped against her chin when pushing deep into her mouth. Peter buried his hard cock deep inside of her warm throat.

The first blasts of cum fired deep in Natasha's warm mouth. Natasha tilted her neck back and slurped down the flood of cum spilling into her mouth.

Natasha pulled her mouth off of him. She licked the cum off of her lips and pulled up her skirt before unbuttoning her blouse. Peter's eyes traveled on her black panties and her matching bra. The web
slinger moved over and put his hand on her thigh and started to rub it.

"What kind of husband would I be if I didn't return the favor?"

"An inconsiderate one?" Natasha asked.

Peter peeled her panties off and revealed Natasha's willing pussy. He nibbled at the edge of her slit and sucked the juices from her. Natasha pushed her hips off of the bed.

A second passed before Peter buried his tongue deep inside of her wet pussy lips. Peter dragged himself back and forth against her. He put his hands underneath Natasha's ass and pushed it up off of the bed. Her eyes flooded over with an unbridled tone of lust.

"Fuck!"

The web slinger shoved his tongue deep inside of Natasha's wet pussy. Her womanhood jumped up just in time for the web slinger's tongue cascading down her wet pussy slit. Peter pulled back from her and then slipped deep inside of her pussy.

"Yes, my husband, eat my pussy!"

Peter drove his tongue inside of Natasha. He slowly licked her out and made the woman's hips throw up. He ate her completely out caused Natasha's hips to throw up as Peter continued to drive himself as deep inside of her as possible. Natasha put her hands on the back of her husband's head and kept throwing her hips up to meet Peter's intruding thrusts.

"Ooooh, Peter!" Natasha yelled at the top of her lungs. "YES! PETER!"

He hit a very sensitive spot deep inside of her core. The gorgeous woman continued to move up and down with her hip thrusts until Peter got a full blast of her juices in his face. He licked up the woman and pulled back from her. He lapped up the warm juices from Natasha's pussy.

The web slinger pulled back from her. Natasha pulled off her blouse all of the way. Her large breasts practically shoved in Peter's face. Peter pulled off her bra and Natasha's perfect breast pushed out. The web slinger leaned in and touched Natasha's nice round breasts in his hands.

"Yes," Natasha moaned. "I have to have your cock inside me. I need it in me right now."

Natasha climbed over Peter's hard cock and then pulled up. The spy spread her legs over his thick cock. The web slinger's hard cock stuck in the air underneath Natasha's waiting pussy.

"Take me," Natasha begged him.

Peter put his hands on Natasha's very shapely ass and guided her pussy down onto him. She was trained for seduction and to make her various partners feel very good. The moment Natasha lowered her pussy down on Peter, his manhood slid inside of her without any problem.

"Yes!" Natasha mewed. "YES!"

Natasha pushed herself up and edged her warm pussy over his hard cock. She took her pussy around him and pumped Peter inside of her.

Peter groaned as he could feel his partner wrap her pussy around him. Her legs found their way wrapped around Peter as well. The soft stocking clad legs made Peter blind with lust. He needed to do one thing and one thing only. He needed to put his hands on Natasha's soft legs and run his hands
all over them. The gorgeous woman pushed her hips down onto his hard cock and filled up her body.

"Damn, you're just begging for a good fucking," Peter said.

Natasha gave him a very intense kiss on the lips. She gnawed on his lip the second her pussy came down onto his hard cock. It filled her body completely. She grabbed his face tighter and guided it down.

The allure of Natasha's magnificent bouncing breasts drew Peter in for the pleasurable action of sucking on those round nipples. He took one of them into his mouth and inhaled the stiffening nipple. Natasha encouraged him to keep up his actions. She moaned as Peter tempted and licked her cleavage.

"Baby, you feel the best," Natasha said.

Natasha knew she had to remain in character, but she also enjoyed the feeling of his cock piercing her smoldering insides. His mouth also worshipping her breasts in time with his hands feeling up her back made things really good.

The redhead pulled away from Peter and positioned herself in a reverse cowgirl style. Peter laid back to watched the show. Natasha's juicy ass bounced as she lowered down onto him. Her sexy bare back and vibrant red hair flashed its way over Peter's shoulder. Peter could do nothing other than groin.

She bounced harder on his cock and used it as a means to stimulate her own orgasm. Natasha enjoyed the fact his groin built up the tension underneath her. She manipulated his muscles, careful not to set him up off too soon. He responded by groping every part of her body his hands could reach.

"You're making me cum!"

Those words were genuine coming from Natasha because Peter did in fact make her cum. He buried his thick cock inside of her willing pussy. He spread out her moist lips and pushed inside of her. Peter repeatedly hammered away at her moist cunt.

"Yes, make me cum, baby," Natasha said. "Make me cum hard!"

Natasha threw her hips down onto his throbbing hard manhood and filled up her body all the way with that big cock. Peter grabbed Natasha's bouncing ass and paid for it.

"Maybe if you're lucky."

Peter was not going to lie. The thought of having anal sex with the Black Widow made his balls throb. He kept playing with her ass and stimulation all over her body. He paid attention to the areas which drove her nuts. Her right shoulder blade happened to be an area which allowed for increased stimulation.

A pleasurable explosion of lust came through the Black Widow's loins. She kept riding his cock and bouncing up and down on him. She engulfed his tool in wet lust. Natasha drove her pussy down onto him and pulled almost all the way out. Her taunting slit came inches away from diving down and then pushing onto her body.

"YES!"
Peter enjoyed the feeling of moist warmth around him. His cock ached with the need of release being very real. He cupped Natasha's breasts to encourage her to bounce higher and higher.

Sensational feelings spread through Natasha's body as she rode her lover reverse cowgirl style. His hands kept touching her in the most wonderful places. She gave him his just reward by taking him deep inside of her body. His balls cradled against her and slowly filled up with their semen.

Every man had their breaking point eventually. Natasha ensnared her womanhood around Peter's hard cock and released him. His hips jumped up and his balls released their cum into her waiting loins.

Natasha took a look at Peter's face screwed up in pleasure as he shot the cum inside of her body. Giving some a good man so much pleasure made Natasha feel good about herself. Her moist walls clamped down and released Peter to send his seed rushing inside of her body.

The spy fell back and pulled out of him.

"I've made you a promise, love."

Natasha popped her finger into her mouth and made sure it was nice and moist with salvia. She rolled it down her back and eased closer towards her asshole. The tight, pink, and very taboo hole stuck out for Natasha to pop her finger inside and draw it out. She moved it to her lips and sucked on her finger.

Peter eased back against her. His hard cock returned back to full strength. Natasha reached behind her and wrapped her hand around Peter's phallus.

"This is going to be so good," Natasha said.

The woman smacked her lips together. Peter would have to agree with it. The woman's pushed Peter's swollen head against her smoldering hot back passage. Natasha rose up completely and eased his hard cock into her asshole. Peter entered her from behind.

"NATASHA!" Peter groaned.

The thick cock penetrated Natasha's hole. Peter grabbed her tight ass and made his hard cock penetrate her deep and far as well. The web slinger drove his hard cock inside of Natasha's warm and very willing asshole. She rose up and dropped herself down onto him.

Peter's hands grabbed onto her body. Every touch brought Natasha to a shriek of pleasure. She rose up and dropped down ass first onto his hard cock. His fingers grabbed her nipples and squeezed them.

Natasha threw her head back with a smile on her face. She made sure Peter could see her face inside of the mirror. The bouncing on his hard cock buried Peter deeper inside of her warm asshole. He groaned at the feeling of her asshole squeezing onto him very tightly.

"Fuck!" Natasha yelled. "That feels so good!"

Peter would have to concur with her words. He wanted to savor the pleasure of Black Widow's perfect ass for as long as possible. It would only be a matter of time before his thick and throbbing balls exploded inside of her. Peter held on for the ride and pumped as much of him inside of her tight hole as humanly possible.

"Yes," Peter groaned. "Yes, it does."
Peter planted his thick rod inside Natasha's warm asshole. She closed around Peter and pumped him inside of her. Peter held back and thrust himself deep inside of her. He buried his cock repeatedly without any loss of momentum.

A rush of pleasure spiraled through Natasha. She slammed her asshole down onto his cock and took the big throbbing cock deeper into her ass. Peter took her breasts and cupped them to feel them up. Natasha waited for his hand to shift down and start to rub her slick womanhood.

"Can't..hold…..."

"Don't worry," Natasha said. "I understand."

Peter thought it was good that a woman understood the power her ass held over other men. Then again, Peter was pretty certain most women understood that key fact. He grabbed onto her ass with a free hand and alternated between squeezing her breasts and rubbing her pussy.

The last few minutes made Natasha leak. Her pussy ached more than ever. Natasha drove Peter inside of her back passage.

Never in his wildest dreams had Peter ever thought his fantasy of taking the Black Widow in the ass would be real. He made the most of this opportunity to maintain their cover by burying himself deep inside of her ass. Peter pushed up and down. His cock lurched and fired.

His balls discharged their seed inside Black Widow's tightening hole. The web slinger constantly drilled his cock inside of Natasha's warm back passage.

Natasha closed her eyes. Her ass ached for a minute at the cock buried inside of it. She forced Peter's fingers inside of her to make him feel what he was doing to her by drilling her ass. Natasha rocked back and forth to take more of his hard cock inside of her tight ass.

"Oh, I knew your cock would always feel good in my ass."

Those words could have a double meaning. Peter pushed his cock inside of her and then deflated a little bit. Her asshole still rubbed against him.

"Showers are through that door," Natasha said. "We should get cleaned up."

"Why don't you lead the way?"

Natasha gave her ass a sway and some of the cum spilled out onto the carpet.

"Naturally."

End.

Thanks for the Favorites, Follows, Views, Kudos, and Comments and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.

A Quick Moment(Jesse Quick)

The doors of an apartment opened up. A figure shot in in the blink of an eye. She dressed from head to toe in a red outfit with small shadings of black around it. The red outfit hugged the skin of the speedster very tightly like a second skin. A white lightning hold came down across her chest. She looked from the other side of her mask with adoring eyes.

Jesse Quick finally had him right here. It took long enough, but she had her crush all alone. Spider-Man stepped into the room in all of his red and blue web spinning glory. She visually imagined him underneath that costume. Jesse found herself slowly down when they were tonight to get a brief look at that tight ass.

"Mirror Master and Mysterio are both locked away tight," Spider-Man said. "I couldn't have done it without you. Thank you."

"Hey, that's not a problem," Jesse said.

It was not a problem. Jesse patted on the bed and invited Spider-Man to sit down next to her. Spider-Man caught a look at her sexy legs which pressed against the legging. They rested on his lap.

"I've wanted to thank you for your help," Jesse said. "Because, if it wasn't for your little trick to negate the Mirror Master's powers, we would have been screwed."

"No problem, it's....."

Jesse relieved Spider-Man of his mask to reveal a handsome young man with dark hair. Peter put his hands to his face and looked on in shock. This girl with her quick hands just removed his mask.

"You're hotter than I thought," Jesse said. "Oh, this is going to be fun."

Super powered, superfast hormones were engaged as Jesse kissed Peter on the lips. Peter reached over to grab onto the back of her head. Their tongues danced together with Jesse trying to gain domination. Peter was going to show her, despite getting the drop on him once, he could control this little dance.

Jesse opened her mouth wide to accept the tongue of her soon to be lover in her mouth. Spider-Man's hands moved over her back. She closed her eyes and felt them stick to her body. Jesse opened her mouth and sucked on his tongue when it entered her mouth deeper. It pushed into the back of her throat and pulled out.

"You do have a cute little ass," Spider-Man said. He squeezed it with desire dancing in his eyes.

Jesse returned fire with a grin and a squeeze of Peter's bum. "You're not half bad yourself you know."

Her tongue jammed into Peter's throat and the two entered a very steamy makeout session with one and other. Peter held Jesse's face firmly and worked his tongue into her mouth. He pulled out from her mouth and pushed back into her one more time.

Jesse grabbed Peter's bottoms and pulled them down. His hard cock came out and pressed against
her flat stomach through her suit.

"Oooh, that's so big," Jesse cooed. "I have to touch it. May I touch it?"

"Of course," Peter said.

Jesse wrapped both hands around Peter's hard cock and started to jack it off. Peter groaned at the feeling of the soft hands of this sexy speedster working him up and down. Peter threw his cock up into Jesse's waiting hands as she squeezed him.

"Baby, that's good," Jesse said.

"You're pretty good yourself," Peter said with a groan leaving his mouth.

Jesse just had to taste him like it was no one's business. She leaned in and touched her warm lips to the tip of Peter's cock head. The manhood slipped a little bit inside of her lips. Jesse leaned up and suckled his manhood. His hard cock passed between her lips.

Warmth surrounding Peter's long cock made him jump up. The stimulation of Jesse's able mouth made Peter groan. He put his hands through her dark hair when she kept sucking him. Peter jumped up and down into her hot mouth.

"Jesse, Jesse, mmm, you're going to make me….."

Jesse did not slow down. She craved the excitement or to be more accurate, she craved his cum deep inside of her mouth. Jesse vibrated all the way down to the base of his cock. His cock sized up to show it would not be too long before the explosion inside of her mouth happened.

"JESSE!" Peter yelled to her.

Jesse continued her deep sucking and blew Peter like it was no one's business. His hard cock pushed into her with a rapid-fire rate of thrusts.

"Mmmm!" Jesse moaned.

She braced herself for the rush of cum which was going to follow. Jesse dug her nails into Spider-Man's's thigh and sucked on his nice big cock. It pushed into the back of her mouth and lurched up to shoot into her mouth.

The heavy amount of cum firing into her mouth made Peter wonder how someone could be this sinfully good at giving someone head. He never got sucked off by a speedster though. His balls discharged their very creamy fluids in the back of Jesse's throat.

Jesse pulled herself back from him. Peter put his hand at the crotch of her pants. He tugged and ripped off to reveal her wet pussy to him. She dripped with very loosely disguised arousal for him.

"Oh, you made me so wet," Jesse said.

"I want to see you on your hands and knees."

Jesse smiled and knew what he really wanted to see. Peter's hand touched her ass without regret. His hands cupped on Jesse's very firm and delicious bum. He gave it a squeeze and a spank.

"I know you like my ass. But don't forget my pussy."

Peter leaned in towards her warm pussy. Her wet lips had been attacked by Peter's very eager and
able mouth. He latched them into his mouth and sucked on the warm lips. He nibbled on Jesse's very warm and very sexually aroused pussy. He kept going down on the girl and sucking her juices from him.

The speedster grabbed onto the bed and she thought she was going to be struck dumb by feeling so much pleasure. The tongue of this skilled young man just reached her insides and prepared her pussy.

The more Peter tasted Jesse's juices, the harder he got. He wanted to be buried inside of her and soon. He could feel an ache coming from his loins.

"You taste so good."

Jesse smiled and playfully pushed him back on the bed. His hard cock stuck up in the air. Jesse put her hand on the base of his cock and jerked him completely up. Jesse made sure his cock stood firmly in the air.

"Ready to ride," Jesse teased him.

Her pussy vibrated slightly and came against the tip of his cock. Peter lurched up to meet Jesse the second she dragged her very moist slit over his throbbing hard erection. Peter really could not do anything else other than wait for Jesse to mount his hard cock.

"Yes," Peter said. "I am."

Jesse dropped down on his hard cock and he filled her up with one swift motion. The brunette rose up and slid down onto his hard cock. The first few inches filled her body.

Peter reached up to grab the bouncing chest of the woman above him. Jesse ground her pussy slit over the top of Peter's engorged and ready cock. Jesse rose up a little bit more and dropped her slit a little bit closer to the end. She almost filled herself with Peter's hard cock.

"More," Jesse said. "I have to have more."

Two hands grabbed Jesse's ass and guided her. The huge cock pushing into her body resulted in Jesse throwing her head back and screaming. Peter grabbed her chest and squeezed it. He slid deep inside Jesse's wet pussy as she rose up and dropped down onto him.

"SPIDER-MAN!" Jesse shouted.

He found ways to manipulate her body that Jesse did not know what was popular. Her own super-powered lust only forced her to drive down pussy first onto his hard cock. She rose up a little bit more and dropped down onto him. Her wet walls close around him and released her hero's mighty cock.

"You're really a little minx, aren't you?" Peter asked.

"Yes, baby, yes," Jesse said. "I'm your horny little minx. I love your cock. I love how it feels in my pussy. Fuck me, fuck my tender pussy. Drive your big cock inside of me, please, drill it inside of me! I want it so bad!"

Peter slammed his huge cock inside of her wet pussy. She stretched out onto him. Jesse reached a peak which shot up far higher. Sinful desires spread through her body just as Peter drove his hard cock inside of her very tight sheath.
The two matched each other's motions for a little bit longer. Jesse milked Peter's huge prick and shoved him deeper inside of her. She rose up and dropped down onto him repeatedly.

The seductive sounds of flesh driving against each other made Peter groan. He knew underneath this woman's pussy, there was only a matter of time before his balls gave way. He pushed his cock inside of Jesse and allowed her walls to tug on him.

"We're closer!"

Peter touched her nipples through the top. He pulled the top off to reveal Jesse's deliciously perky breasts with her nipples which stood out. They called to Peter. They begged to be sucked. Peter was not going to turn down such a treat. His mouth wrapped around Jesse's stiff nipple.

Orgasmic bliss fired through Jesse's body. Her loins formed a very tight seal around the manhood which pushed inside of her. She rose up and dropped down in a repeated fashion on Peter. She drove her pussy down onto him constantly and without any abandon.

"Close!" Jesse yelled. "So close. So close I can feel it!"

Jesse bottomed herself out on Peter. His balls pressed against her loins. His hands cupped her ass and made sure Jesse stayed as closer to possible to the base of Peter's hard cock.

The two lovers joined together. Jesse put her hands on the back of Peter's head and ran her hands down his hair. His mouth did not stray too far from her hard nipples just as his hands did not stray from her backside. The two merged together.

"Mmm," Jesse breathed.

She nibbled on his ear quite naughtily which made Peter's hard cock lurch up into her. Jesse's nice legs wrapped around Peter's waist and pulled him inside of her.

Peter grunted when pushing himself into Jesse. His repeated thrusts inside of her wet pussy milked him. Peter drove deep inside of her body.

"Fuck, fuck me!"

The spider-powered hero pushed into the sexy speedster as she bounced on his cock. The friction between them made his hard cock even harder. He grunted and lurched forward. He could not hold out on her for that much longer. Peter's cock grew even more rigid.

He wanted to be buried inside of her slick vice all of this time. Jesse released him and then squeezed him. She worked her pussy muscles against him.

"Cum," Jesse mewled. "Please."

Her nails ran down Peter's back. He slammed into her. His veiny cock throbbed inside of her sexy body. Jesse grabbed onto him and pushed down onto the base of his cock.

Peter buried his face into her sweaty chest. His cock pushed as far into Jesse as humanly possible. His balls lurched when driving into Jesse's slick center. She grabbed him and pumped her pussy around his cock. The two joined each other.

Peter gave a groan and slammed himself into Jesse deeper than ever before. His balls lurched and started to spill their fluids into Jesse's waiting hole.
Jesse arched back and spread her legs. She bounced quicker on Peter to draw the essence from his balls. Each pump inside of her body worked the cum inside of her body. His hands moved over her vibrating body to hold her straight.

The web slinger pushed deep inside of Jesse's wet pussy. She squeezed him and held in tight. Her lovely legs ensnared his body to make Peter's hard cock inside of her body. Jesse grabbed onto Peter and sucked his manhood deep inside her wet hole.

Jesse crawled backwards from Peter and positioned her legs together. She put her hands on her slit and collected the dripping juices from it. She sucked the combined juices.

"Come here," Jesse said. "Ready, stud?"

She rubbed her hot slit. Peter moved in and ensnared her in an embrace. His hard cock entered her pussy of round two of many.

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End.

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Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Monday for the next chapter.

Jocasta stood outside of the door of one of the many bedrooms of Avengers Tower and contemplated very carefully about what she needed to do next. There were a couple of variables she needed to consider before deciding whether or not to make this move.

Her mind had been processed off of that of Janet Van Dyne's, thanks to the android gone wrong known as Ultron. Jocasta refused to allow Ultron to shape her life and her experiences though. She moved away from his plans and became one with the Avengers. It had been awkward to be around her twin at times, but Jocasta managed. She looked like a dead ringer of Janet, the only difference was the silver skin which made it impossible to blend in to society.

So, naturally, she fit right in as part of the Avengers. With Jan's memories, came a lot of her feelings, and one were feelings she suppressed deep down from a young man named Peter Parker, better known as Spider-Man. Jan would deny it up and down. It was not logical how she denied herself pleasure from a man who would be willing to give it.

Jocasta decided Janet's loss was her gain. She stepped in front of the door and knocked on it. Either he would accept her or deny her, either way there was nothing truly to lose from trying.

The door opened up and Peter Parker stepped out on the other side. He dressed in a tight tank top and a pair of boxer shorts. Jocasta could not get a look at his body as she wanted to. Sure, she could scan through his clothes, but what would the fun in that be?

"Jocasta?" Peter asked.

"I wanted to see if you were okay after tonight," Jocasta said.

"Yes," Peter said. "I'm not sure what I don't believe more. The Green Goblin joining the Masters of Evil, or Zemo not expecting the Goblin to turn on him."

"Both outcomes seemed implausible. But it's... well we can't really judge everything on what seems more likely."

One could almost hear the nervousness on Jocasta's processors.

"Jocasta, is... is there something wrong?" Peter asked.

"Call me, Jo, it's much less formal," she said.

Jo tried to give him an encouraging smile. She was not sure it was done right. There were a few things she could do here, but there were some many variables that Jo feared many of them going wrong. Fear, it was funny how these emotions were learned as Jo tried to become more human.

"Is there something wrong?" Peter asked.

The young man reached in and touched Jo's cheek. She practically shivered underneath the fingers cupping her cheek. Jo nodded anxiously. Something was very wrong to be perfectly honest. Jo closed in a little bit closer towards the web slinger.
"A little bit," she admitted. "I….well I like you."

"Oh," Peter said. "Well…that's…"

"I understand if you might not feel the same," Jo said. "But, I figured by getting this off my chest, I can be finally set free. And I can just be my own person. You know, I can be all that I can be."

Peter reached over and wrapped his arm around Jo. The two of them lingered closer to each other. Peter looked over her body. It looked as sensual as any other woman. And her skin was surprisingly soft. It was interesting how Ultron made her look like a robot but made her feel like an actual woman, with all of the soft curves. It raised a lot of questions about Ultron and raised a lot more about the subconscious of Hank Pym.

"Please, kiss me," Jo said. "Just once, just to know…what it feels like to be kissed by a good man."

"Of course."

The kiss happened and Jo felt a tingling feeling in inside of her. She opened her mouth and put her hands over Peter's body. She adjusted her sensors so every time he touched her, it made her feel sensations beyond her wildest expectations.

Jo could feel something hard press against her from the other side of his boxer shorts. She pulled away from the kiss and saw his hard cock.

"I did that to you," Jo said. "It's only fair that I help you take care of it."

"Help yourself," Peter said. "I wonder if your mouth feels good around it."

"Only one way to find out."

Jo pulled his boxer shorts down and watched as a statistically larger than average cock came out. She moved down his base and felt it. Every single inch of his throbbing erection rose up. Jo put her fingers around Peter and tugged him to ensure he grew in her hand.

"I have to have this," Jo said. "Give it to me."

She put out a nice silver tongue which extended and wrapped around his cock. It felt as wet and normal as a regular tongue. Peter pushed his fingers up.

The web slinging hero was about to enter the mouth of a sexy robotic woman. All he needed was a green skinned space babe here and he would be inside of a science fiction geek's wet dream.

'Too bad She-Hulk's not here…granted she's not from space, but still who would kick her out of bed?'

The thought of any other woman passed Peter's mind as Jo made her mouth and throat the perfect fit. She made it tight enough to give Peter pleasure and loose enough to make sure his cock slid effortlessly into her mouth.

"Mmm," Jo moaned around his cock. She rose up and left his cock hanging. "But, that's only one thing we can do. I've got a better idea."

Jo's chest plate shifted into a pair of breasts which put most of the women on the team to shame. Large breasts which were perky and defined all kinds of gravity. Jo moved closer to Peter and slid her warm breasts around his hard cock. She ensnared him inside of her generous tit flesh and slowly
worked him up and then moved down to the base of his cock.

"FUCK!"

The feeling of those round wonders pressed on all sides of his cock made Peter itch. His cock appeared and disappeared into between her mountainous orbs. The surprisingly soft robotic flesh created the right amount of friction to make Peter lurch up even farther.

"Your cock is great," Jo said. "It's perfect. It's everything that we've both wanted.

"Both?" Peter asked.

"I have Janet's memories, remember?"

So, she did have a crush on him, Peter was not surprised. Her "younger sister" was just more adventurous with certain things. Peter groaned the second his hard cock pushed inside of Jo's deep cleavage.

"Fuck!" Peter groaned. "You're going to make me cum."

"We wouldn't want that just yet."

She pulled her warm breasts back from Peter and denied him the release he craved. It was kind of an underhanded thing to do. Jo had an ulterior motive. She sprawled on the bed and showed Peter how much her pussy dripped.

"I want to taste it."

"I do want you to taste it," Jo said.

The web slinger pushed his tongue into her. The lubricate coming from between Jo's soaking hole tasted like honey and lemons. It was a nice combination. Peter rolled his fingers down her pussy and found she had a clit as well, or at least a robotic representation of one.

It was kind of interesting how well Ultron built her, and raised even more questions. Question Peter did not want to even think about when he was buried between Jo's legs.

"Don't forget to fuck me!" Jo yelled.

She increased the pleasure centers ever so slightly. Jo did not want to have her body break down in sex, which would be a mood killer. At the same time, she did not want to have anything other than the very best pleasure. And this very good pleasure could only be received when feeling Peter's tongue driving deep inside of her.

Peter pulled himself away from her and climbed on top of Jo's body. The two of them kissed with Peter's hands rolling down her sexy frame. Jo spread her legs to make sure Peter aimed for her. She prepared to adjust her pussy for the proper fit, making it as elastic as it needed to be. The two joined together at the loins. Peter pushed his hard cock into Jo's waiting pussy. It squeezed him in a way that very few women could manage. She could adjust her insides to be what they needed to be. Peter growled when feeling her pussy open up to take his hard cock.

"We've both waited for this!" Jo yelled at the top of her lungs.

Jo put her hands on Peter's lower back and guided him inside of her. His hard cock shoved deep into Jo's smoldering hot pussy. He rose up from her and drove himself inside of her. The feeling of his
balls building up made Peter's pleasure build up.

"Touch me all over."

Peter's fingers stroked Jo's nipples. He saw how hot and bothered she became when touching them. Jo thrust her hips up to meet Peter's intruding cock. The two pushed against each other with Peter driving his thick cock inside of her wet pussy and pulling out almost all the way.

"Yes, baby," Jo breathed in his ear.

She was so sensitive in certain placed. It made Peter rise up and drop down into her. The friendly neighborhood hero pushed his cock deep inside of Jo's stretching pussy. He pulled almost all the way out of her and drove his massive prick inside of her very wet center.

"Fuck me," Jo said. "Fuck my tender, fuck me all night long!"

Peter repeatedly drove his massive prick into Jo's stretching pussy. He groaned every time he passed deep inside of the woman.

His cock lurched a little bit inside of her. Jo tightened herself around him. The warmth of her pussy closed around Peter's prick the deeper he buried inside of it.

"I don't think I can hold on much longer.

Jo only responded by wrapping her legs around Peter and dragging his big cock inside of her slick womanhood. The two lovers came back and forth against each other. Peter's thick balls repeatedly slapped Jo's thighs while he buried himself deep inside of her very desirable pussy.

"GOD!" Peter groaned.

He filled Jo completely out with a rushing amount of seed. Peter pulled nearly out of Jo and slid his hard cock inside of her. His balls released so much cum inside of her, he thought he would collapse from the pleasure.

Jo grabbed Peter and rolled him over. Her breasts pressed against his upper body as the two of them kissed each other. Jo grabbed Peter's head and deeply kissed her new lover. Her tongue dragged down Peter's lip and felt up all over his body. She straddled his hips and eased his re-hardening cock against her.

She was filled full of one load of seed. One load was not enough for Jo. She was horny as hell thanks to the sensors on her body being turned up.

"I want more," Jo said. "I'm not finished with you."

"Did you get this from Jan?" Peter asked. "Being a nympo….ARGH!"

Jo did not answer and did not give Peter a chance to finish her question. Her walls were tighter than ever wrapped around his cock. She adjusted her position and drove down onto the point of his cock. Jo dropped almost down to the base and pulled out from him. Her juices lubricated him all the way to the bottom point of his hard cock. He filled her completely up and dropped down.

Her large breasts bounced up and down. Her well lubricated center made Peter's cock rise up. Jo jammed her pussy down onto him and rode him up. The friction of her warm pussy made Peter ache.

Jo pulled almost all the way off of him and slammed down onto him. She adjusted herself and made
certain her breasts hung in perfection position. Peter grabbed those round wonders and squeezed them.

One hand moved down Jo's sexy back and reached to cup her nice bubble butt. He squeezed the soft silvery flesh in his hand when driving his cock inside of her warm body.

"Yes," Jo breathed. "Yes!"

She jammed herself down onto him and took Peter's full length inside of her.

"YES!"

Jo chanted those words and made her soft center work Peter over. Every inch of his mighty rod drove as deep into her hot pussy as humanly possible. She ran her pussy down onto his hard cock and released him. Jo dropped down onto his cock.

"It feels so good!"

She knew what good loving felt like now and wanted to take Peter inside of her as much and as deep as humanly possible.

Peter pushed deep inside of her. Every time he entered her pussy, it was like a brand new fresh pleasure. Her fleshy surface grabbed onto his hard cock and pushed as deep inside of her as humanly possible. Peter groaned the second he pushed out of her and filled her completely up again.

"Damn," Peter groaned. "Oh, cum for me, Jo, please. I want to feel your pussy cum all over my cock."

"You shall."

Jo saw stars for a moment and feared her system just crashed. She was still able to process what Peter was doing to her. It was just a hyper-sensitive feeling from her sensors when feeling Peter drive his huge cock inside of her warm pussy. He pulled nearly out of her and drove inside of her body on a repeated and never ending basis.

"DAMN!"

Peter could feel her pussy grab onto him and milk his engorged prick as deep as possible inside of her body. He really was taking his cock inside of her warm body. Every time Peter plunged into her, it was more amazing than ever before. He pulled out from Jo and drove his hard cock inside of her warm body.

"Jo," Peter groaned. "Oh, fuck, Jo!"

Peter slammed his cock inside of Jo's dripping hot center. He felt his balls size up with the tell-tale signs of an orgasm which was come to through.

Both lovers were about to meet their peaks together. The mutual buildup happened. Jo bounced up and down. Her inner core worked away at Peter's cock. It stretched and tightened around him with a never ending ritual of pleasure.

The first lurch brought Jo's moist center down onto the tip of Peter's cock. She squeezed him and entered a lengthy state of orgasm.

Then, it was Peter's turn. He shoved his cock deep inside and discharged as much as his cum as his
balls could blast into her. Jo held and pushed around Peter's hard prick.

The two collapsed together at the feeling of mutual release spreading through their bodies. Jo pulled away from Peter and left his cock to deflate. She pressed against him. The two rested on the bed in an embrace of the aftermath.

"Well, Janet obviously has no idea what she missed."

End.

Thank you for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I will see you on Thursday for the next chapter.

Next Chapter: 4/12/2018.
Spider-Man sank down onto the ground on his handsand knees. It took a hell of a hit to bring him here. The Spot's portals combined with the explosion of the reactor caused him to be knocked through the portal. The web slinger took a couple of minutes to realize one thing.

He had been stripped completely naked because of whatever attack had brought him here. And wherever her was, it was hotter than hell. The web slinger closed his eyes. Whispers in the darkness put him on edge. Wherever he was, Peter Benjamin Parker was not meant to be here. His heart skipped a steady beat when moving closer to the edge of wherever he was.

'Okay, keep it together, Parker. No matter what, don't panic. Just find the exit, get out of here, and you're going to be fine.'

Someone watched him from afar. Peter's spider sense did not go off which meant one of two things. Either this person involved was not an active threat or something from the explosion resulted in his spider sense going completely numb. Either thought did not really feel Spider-Man with anything beyond discomfort.

"Show yourself!"

"You are in no place to make demands. Especially when I rule this realm."

A tall blonde woman approached the young man in front of her. Her blonde hair shined in the fire with blue eyes which glowed. She wore a tight black half-top tugging against her breasts. Nice, big, round breasts, and Peter guided his gaze down her body to see her flat toned stomach. It looked tight when moving with every single step of the way. The web slinger could hardly believe the vision. She dressed in black pants which fit her like a second skin. The look at her youthful face, and Peter would not have pegged her as more than sixteen or seventeen years old.

The glowing sword hanging from her belt caused Peter's attention to go at her.

"I am Illyana Rasputin. I am the Queen of Limbo. And you will do well to remember that."

Her body moved and swayed dangerous. She put a nice little sway in her hips. Peter's mind clicked suddenly when he looked at her.

"You're the sister of one of the X-Men, aren't you?"

"Yes," Illyana said. "And you should not be here, Peter Parker. Especially with the deal you've made out of your own selfishness. Out of your own recklessness!"

Peter had been completely confused. The crazed blonde in tight black leather now brandished a sword at him. Peter could feel like something was about to happen. He did not know what. The sword lashed out and caught him flush on the shoulder which made him scream out in agony.

Illyana's eyes flashed wide, with those eyes flaring in sympathy for what she forced him to remember.

"I did that….just to save Aunt May…she never would have wanted that….what was I thinking?"
"I'll give you some credit," Illyana said. "You were manipulated like a puppet on a string. What he took from you serves him no purpose other than to satisfy his own greed by ruining two more good lives."

The Limbo Queen's eyes locked onto Peter's. They were full of anger and also full of something else. Was it sympathy? Peter passed the point of really knowing what was going in the mind of the woman in front of him. All he could do was nod, his jaw painfully set in the process.

"He's too powerful," Illyana said. "Soon, he will grow and overtake this realm. That cannot be allowed to happen….I refuse to allow it to happen."

"What…what can you do?" Peter asked.

"I'll give you what you hold dear the most back," Illyana said. "But, I must have payment. Such rituals require power."

Peter wondered what she meant by power. The sexy blonde slunk around Peter and wrapped her arms around him. Two breasts pushed against Peter's chest and distracted him for a minute.

"Tantric energy," Illyana said.

Without another word, and before Peter could have a chance to protest, Illyana wrapped her arms and legs around the trapped her. He had to grab onto her when she kissed the ever living hell out of him. Their tongues met together with a fiery and never ending passion.

A flash of light ended with both of them on the bed. Peter's hard cock rose up. Illyana forced her tongue deeper into the mouth of her soon to be lover. Peter responded by kissing her back and running his hands down to a certain point on her lower back.

"Mmm," Illyana moaned. "I'm glad we could do this."

She squeezed Peter's hard cock to make it feel good. He reached up and pulled off her top. Illyana smiled as her breasts had been freed out into the open. The web slinger touched them and gave them a squeeze. His strong hands continued their aggressions on Illyana.

Peter could not help himself. Those were some nice, soft breasts. Illyana hissed and tilted her head back. A tail wrapped around Peter's body to pull him in to her tighter. Her hands rested on the top of Peter's head and guided them inside her immense cleavage.

"More," Illyana breathed for him. "Give me everything you have. I want to feel that magnificent mouth all over my tits. Suck on my hard nipples."

Illyana grabbed onto Peter's hardening pole and gave him a very rough squeeze. The two of them made their way on the bed. Peter's arm wrapped around Illyana feeling up her body.

Her skin was so soft, so delicious. Peter needed to indulge himself in every inch of her he could find. Illyana dragged her tail down his back and moved in. She wrapped the extra appendage around his balls and gave them a tug.

"They're going to be so full," Illyana said. "I'm glad you're here. You don't want to know how long I've been waiting for…THIS!"

Illyana yelped out that final word. His fingers really touched a sensitive spot on the woman. She grew very excited the more Peter pressed against her skin.
To be honest, Illyana had a bit of a crush on Spider-Man, even when she was a little girl. Before she had been aged and took over limbo. So there was a bit of a selfish personal quality to his. Peter's fingers danced all over her body.

Peter closed his eyes and four extra arms grew from his body. Illyana gave him a wicked smile in response.

"We were both thinking it."

Peter's topmost arms caressed Illyana's face, the second set of hands grabbed her breasts, and the bottom set of arms took control of Illyana's lower body. Sixty different fingers worked their magic over every inch of Illyana's warm body. Her nipples were caressed, stomach, and ass touched.

"I have to have you," Illyana said. "And that's cock so hard for me. I can't wait to have it inside me."

Peter could not wait as well. His balls throbbed when he moved closer to entering Illyana's warm pussy. The beautiful blonde slid up to take Peter inside of her as swiftly and quickly as possible.

Her warm pussy enveloped Peter's hardening cock. Illyana threw her hips up and down onto him. She bounced on Peter. Her tail wrapped around Peter's torso to hold him down.

The warmth of Illyana's box sliding down on Peter made him groan. She was impossibly tight and that was just the way Peter liked it. Her moisture saturated all twelve inches of Peter's pole when it pulsed into her. The only thing he could do was take her nipples and squeeze them between his fingers.

Illyana threw herself down and took as much of his cock as possible. She bit down on her lip to go that extra inch or two. The magic surrounding her body pushed her on. She pulled herself up.

"You are better than I expected."

Peter grabbed Illyana and squeezed her tight ass to encourage her to keep rising and falling onto her. Her slick sheath grabbed around Peter's hardening pole. He pushed into her and could feel a warmth spreading through his body.

Something clutched the base of his cock which made Peter drive deep inside of her. His balls ached at the release being denied. Illyana ran her fingernails down the side of Peter's neck and smiled at him.

"Not yet."

A growing warmth filled Peter's body as his arousal continued to grow. His hard cock pushed its way deeper inside of Illyana's warm body. Her pussy pressed against Peter's long cock and then squeezed around him. Illyana rose up and dropped down onto his hard cock. She repeated her actions when dropping up and sinking down on his hard cock.

"Illyana!"

He dove into her breasts and sank his teeth into it.

"Let it go," Illyana said. "Embrace your inner beast. Take me like that. Suck my nipples….just like that!"

She squealed at Peter's mouth working over her nipples. The strong mouth and the even stronger hands of Spider-Man kept working over her. Her nipples pushed into the mouth of the web slinger.
He sucked on them and caused Illyana to throw her head back. A moan came through her.

Peter's balls ached the harder he slid into her. Their loins continued together. Illyana rose up and down on him. Her wet pussy enveloped him with each drop. Her pussy tightened around him just a little bit more with every fall and every drop. Peter held her nice breasts in hand and felt them jiggle in his hands. He groaned the further Illyana rose and dropped onto him.

She screamed the deeper he pushed inside of her body. Illyana rose up and dropped down onto her. Her entire body burned with lust.

"That's so good!" Illyana yelled.

Her hair flung back wildly. Peter grabbed her body and made sure she did not stray from her too far. She encouraged the rough efforts of his hands and mouth which touched every inch of Illyana's sultry body. She just threw her head back and moaned very hotly when rising and dropping on his cock. It entered her body in a hot moment. Peter pushed up inside of her.

Peter's groin throbbed the deeper Illyana rose and dropped onto him. His fingers grabbed Illyana and pushed her down onto him. His groin lurched up with his balls were almost about ready to burst.

Illyana wrapped her tail around the base of Peter's cock and staved off his release. It felt both frustrating and oddly really good. Illyana slid down on his cock, while clenching the base of his cock with her tail.

The loss of Illyana's pussy ended up even more frustrating than his lack for release. Illyana dropped to her hands. That blonde hair slapped into the hair of the tempting Russian vixen. She bit down on her lip hotly and swayed her ass back and forth. The woman's pussy lips opened up.

"Take me."

Peter rose up from behind her and lined up his cock for Illyana's entrance. Her warm pussy drew him in. He sunk into her as hard as possible. His extra arms did not leave an inch of her body untouched. He wrapped them all around Illyana's body as she raised up against the bed.

The web slinger had added leverage before pulling back from her and slamming his hard cock inside of her slick cavern. The web slinger drove his hard cock inside of her repeatedly from behind.

"Pull on my tail!" Illyana begged him.

Peter held the tail of the supernatural woman and pushed inside of her. Her warm walls grabbed him. She stimulated every single inch of Peter's body. His hands ran down Illyana's tail and caused shivers to come to her. He moved down her body and hit the pleasure spot right where he wanted to.

"FUCK!" Illyana screamed out loud.

He hit the spot underneath where the tail connected to her body which was a very sweet spot for her. The oozing of juices allowed Peter to drive deep inside of her. Peter picked up the pace and drove his hard cock deeper inside of her. The web slinger pushed inside of her body with each thrust.

Spider-Man felt up the body of the temptress. Every single moment he buried deep inside of her, his balls ached something fierce. He almost pulled all the way out of her. Illyana's wet walls snugly fit around him. His balls smacked her wet pussy the deeper he pushed inside of her.

"Take me!"
Peter sped up thrusts. He pushed her into the bed and drilled her pussy. His aching cock, after having two releases staved off, made him feel very frustrated. His balls ached the further he shoved inside of Illyana's wet pussy.

The web slinger drove deep inside of her wet loins. Those hands touched every inch of her body. Illyana's nipples ached even more. He touched them and made Illyana gasp out.

"I'm going to take it out on your pussy," Peter said. "I bet you'd like that. My huge cock just rammed into your sweet little pussy. Don't you like that? I bet you like that!"

"YES!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. "I do like that. I want you to cum…just not yet."

Illyana dragged her nails into the bed. She started in control. The more Peter drove her body to pleasures long since denied the more control Illyana lost. The web slinger threw his hips back and drove his hard cock into her. He took out the aggressions on her pussy.

A twitch of her body made Peter rise back and slam his cock into her body. He used Illyana's wet cunt like his own personal cocksleeve. Her pussy caressed every inch of his aching cock. Peter pulled back outside of her and drove his hard cock inside of her body. His balls were about ready to burst.

They built up the necessary amount of energy. Peter's balls burned with the need to release. Illyana's pussy tugged on him and caressed him. He was getting close.

Illyana's mind broke out into a fit of ecstasy from the touches. Peter had three times the arms, three times the fingers, and thus three times the opportunity to touch all of Illyana's hot spots just like that. Her nipples pressed underneath the young man's fingers.

"Getting close," Peter groaned. "Will I get to cum?"

She only could answer with a scream of desire. His hard cock drove deep inside of Illyana's warm pussy. The web slinger took his huge cock deeper inside of her warm body. Every time they connected to each other a flare of energy flashed.

"Almost done," Illyana managed.

She had to put a stamina spell on herself to ensure that she could take Peter's hard pounding of her pussy. His balls continued to batter her warm pussy every time Peter drove himself deep inside of her.

A heavy load in his balls made it ache. The web slinger pushed his hard cock inside of the wet pussy of the woman in front of him. Peter pushed deep inside of her and drove deeper inside of her.

Many hands tempted Illyana's body. He kept attacking the spot where her tail connected to her body. It was a particularly sensitive spot. Illyana threw her head back, with Peter holding onto her hair and tail at the same time while ramming inside of her.

His balls clenched and injected Illyana with his full bounty. His cum splattered deep inside of Illyana's waiting womb. Peter injected his sticky essence inside of her wet body.

Peter pulled away from her and allowed Illyana to drop down onto the bed.

"It's done," Illyana said. "Do you feel better?"

He only responded by wrapping his arms around Illyana and burying his face into her chest. She
could feel his hard cock poking against her.

"More?" Illyana asked. "Fine."

Peter slid back inside of her warm pussy I response. The two settled in for another round.

End.

Next Chapter: 4/16/2018.

Thanks for the Favorites, Follows, Kudos, Views, and Comments and I'll see you on Monday for the next chapter.
Mind Games (Jean Grey and Betsy Braddock)

There's another blog exclusive chapter featuring Kara Danvers along with Peter called "Comforting Arms." Check it out through the Page of Important Links, heading to the Web of Chaos Archives, and going through to the Blog Exclusive lemon and Sticky Situation.

Mind Games (Betsy Braddock/Psylocke and Jean Grey/Phoenix)

Jean relaxed against the boxer clad form of her mate, wearing nothing other than a slinky black negligee, a black thong, and thigh high stockings. She leaned to the side and absent-mindedly played with Peter's abs. It tempted her to stray those fingers down a little bit further. Jean resisted her primal impulses, at least until her guest arrived.

"So, when is she coming?"

Jean turned to Peter with a light smile on her face. She moved up to nuzzle the neck of her beloved. "Several times tonight, if you're up to your normal standards."

Peter flashed her one of those grins. Jean just responded by smiling and pressing her lips firmly upon Peter's with a nice long kiss. Her tongue delved deep into Peter's mouth and pulled out of it. Jean and Peter spent a minute feeling each other's bodies up. Peter rested his hand on the small of Jean's back and she flashed him a smile.

"I mean to ask when is Betsy arriving."

A smile flashed over Jean's face. She moved her finger into position and lightly played with Peter's hair. Her playful demeanor increased when edging closer towards him. "If I couldn't miss my guess, she should be arriving some time."

Betsy Braddock opened the door and wondered why Jean insisted on her wearing such a scandalous dress code for a private meeting for her. She did not bother to argue, just went along with it. Betsy wore a nice long overcoat as instructed to cover what was underneath and noticed the Headmistress of the Xavier Academy and one of her top teachers, nuzzling on the couch in a state of undress.

"Miss Braddock," Jean said. "Have a seat."

The woman sat down on the chair across from them. She looked at Peter's hot body and started to drool.

"I'm glad you find my boyfriend so hot," Jean said.

'Honey, it's plastered all over your thoughts,' Jean thought.

Betsy was a good telepath, but Jean found a way into her mind. She still had no idea what happened to Emma Frost last week, although the students around the school speculated as Emma walked around looking rather bow-legged and sore.

"Sorry, he's just...well you're both....."

Jean nudged Peter away and Peter swept Betsy up into his arms. He gave her a very intense kiss which made the British telepath squirm in Peter's arms. His hands rested on her back and pulled
Betsy in tight to him. She could not believe the feeling which visited her body.

"We are, and we know," Jean replied. "We're going to make you feel really good as well."

Peter finished kissing Betsy. Betsy grabbed onto the back of the skilled young man's head and kissed him even deeper. Their tongues pushed together with Peter pulling out of her mouth.

"Why don't you show Peter what you're wearing for him this evening?"

Betsy dropped her overcoat to reveal she was wearing nothing other than a sexy black thong and a pair of thigh high boots. Her round perky tits bounced freely in front of Peter's face. He looked over his shoulder to see Jean slipping her clothing off to reveal her bountiful breasts.

Jean cupped Betsy's breasts and jigged them in her hands. Betsy thought about stepping back. She remained rooted on the spot with Jean feeling up Betsy's round breasts. The tits rubbed against the palm of Jean's hand as she felt them up.

'Oh, poor baby,' Jean projected.

Peter felt his boxers being tugged at by Jean's mind and then her mental grip slowly pushing out his cock. She turned Betsy to show her his cock being slowly revealed. Betsy watched more and more of Peter's engorged manhood revealed for the entire world.

"Bloody hell!" Betsy swore.

"Why don't you do something about that?"

Betsy descended to her knees to get a better look at the merchandise. Her hand pushed against Peter's hard and throbbing cock.

"At once, love."

Jean snickered at the inclination in Betsy's voice. Her mouth opened and took Peter in between her lips. The first few inches worked into Betsy's mouth. She opened a bit wider to accommodate him before taking Peter as far into her deep and warm mouth as possible.

"Suck his cock like you were always meant to," Jean said.

Jean closed her eyes and worked her way into Betsy's mind to stir up the primal lust in her mind. Peter grabbed the back of Betsy's head in response and drove his huge cock into her throat. His manhood spiked back and forth with each thrust going a little bit deeper than the last.

Betsy worked her tongue around Peter's engorged prick with desire burning through her body. She needed to have him buried constantly in the back of her throat. Her salvia moistened his prick.

Jean climbed down to Betsy, who crouched down to give Jean perfect access to her pussy. The naughty redhead stuck her fingers into the pussy of the Euroasian Telepath. The perfect beauty drove her fingers down against Jean's slit.

"Oh, keep it up, and I'm going to cum in her mouth," Peter said.

"Then you can watch me suck the cum out of her mouth and make your dick hard again to fuck her," Jean said. "Don't hold back. I know what you're capable of. Make her choke on your big cock."

Peter's balls experienced a telekinetic tug thanks to Jean. He groaned the further he pushed into Betsy's mouth. She made slurping sounds which made him lurch a little bit into her mouth.
Betsy took Peter's cock into her mouth as hard and fast as possible. She sucked him like a champ. Betsy's warm mouth was sucking him hard. He could hardly hold back from shooting his load into her mouth. Betsy knew it just by a few surface thoughts she managed to grab him.

The slinky telepath redoubled her effort with Peter driving his hard cock into Betsy's waiting mouth. Her throat opened and closed for Peter to go deeper and faster to spill his load. His balls lurched and white-hot cum exploded to coat Betsy's oral hole.

She took a huge load of cum into her mouth. Betsy kept her lips around Peter's deflating member and caused her not to waste a single drop of cum as it kept spilling into her warm mouth. Betsy pushed her hands on Peter and sucked him completely of everything her mouth and lips could reach.

"Up."

Betsy rose up to meet Jean. Jean grabbed Betsy's face and aggressively kissed her. Nails dug deep into Betsy's cheeks and Jean's tongue pushed into the back of her throat. She made a production of sucking all of the cum out of Betsy's mouth and deep into her throat while rubbing her hardened nipples against Betsy's in the process.

Jean maintained eye contact with Peter when performing these sensual actions. She reached in and grabbed Peter's cock through Betsy's spread legs and squeezed it. Peter moved forward and rubbed his prick against Betsy's ample ass cheeks.

"Oh, Betsy, your ass is so fucking nice."

And there were some nice asses on this team, Ororo, Rogue, and Emma in particular, but Betsy really ran away from the prize. Peter pushed his prick against Betsy and she rubbed her ass against him.

The couch folded into a bed with a few thoughts from Jean. Jean motioned for Peter to lay back on the bed.

'Just relax, love.'

Peter's hard cock stuck up ready to ride. Jean released Betsy from her oral obligations and pointed over towards Peter. She locked eyes onto Peter's thick prick as it rose confidentially in the air. Betsy walked over to prepare to have her fun to mount the thick stick next to her. She grabbed onto the base of the cock and ran her fingers down onto him.

"Climb aboard."

Betsy grinned. She was ready to ride. Peter sat up to grip her waist and position her perfectly over his cock. Betsy's dripping box lowered itself over Peter's engorged manhood.

"Betsy you're really fucking tight!" Peter groaned.

"I know," Betsy said. "And you won't believe how tight I can make this pussy. I'm going to have that nice big cock spewing in no time."

Jean started behind Betsy and gave her a few kisses. She moved down Betsy's bouncing body. Peter locked his eyes on this visual stimulation of Jean kissing the same beauty who rode him with expert skill. She moved down to lavish her pleasure on Peter's body as well.

The redhead really did know how to have her fun with Peter. Jean's naughty mind blocked out Betsy's pain sensors and made her drive down onto Peter's hard prick. Her well lubricated center
grabbed onto him. Jean leaned in and kissed Peter's jawline.

"Want to feel how wet my pussy is?"

Jean wiggled out of her thong and Peter caught the aroma of her pussy. His cock jumped up a little bit when slamming inside of Betsy. Jean crawled her way onto Peter and kissed his abs and chest while practically shoving her ass into Peter's face. Peter grabbed onto Jean's supple rear and squeezed it.

"I have to taste it," Peter said.

The web slinger touched his tongue against her wet pussy and ground his tongue around her. Jean's warm juices trickled and made Peter as hard as a rock when going inside of Betsy.

Betsy, stretched beyond all reason, rode up and down. She could feel someone tugging of her nipples. No hands were president so the very obvious culprit could be proven. Betsy rested her hands on Peter's torso and rose up to bounce down on him. She received more attention from her nipples.

"I'm going to…MMMM"

She came far harder than any other time in her long life. Betsy's wet walls clamped down onto Peter when driving herself down deeper onto him. Her wetness enveloped him and released him with several very potent pumps. His hard cock slammed its way into Betsy's very tight pussy.

"Oooh, yes" Betsy yelled.

"Feel that burn," Jean said. "And cum as many times as you can handle."

Peter grabbed onto Jean and went deep inside of her. He needed to taste this pussy. Her intoxicating aura blinded Peter. His cock lurched up as he kept tasting Jean.

Betsy did not want to be neglected for very long. Her warm vice closed around Peter's hard cock. It pumped into her body constantly as the hours ticked up.

The number of orgasms long since passed the double digits. Jean kept Betsy's mind very alert, using her own powers. Soon, she would have the orgasm to end all orgasms.

'Please let me feel his seed before I pass out.'

Those pleading words reached Jean's mind. She jumped a little bit when Peter touched a particular sensitive spot on her with his roaming hands. His tongue extended up and around to brush Jean's g-spot with all of it's might.

Betsy screamed as she came one more time around him. Her body shook with the feeling of a very electric orgasm. Her nipples hardened thanks in part to Jean giving them a nice telekinetic tug and also because of Peter burying his rod deep inside of her body. He stuck to her insides and stretched it out.

The warm pleasure became way too much for Peter to withstand. He lurched up and his balls finally gave way.

Both lovers came together. Peter buried his hard cock against her wet pussy. She drained the contents of his balls with a rising and falling bounce.

Betsy withdrew from around him. Her pussy overflowed of its warm gift. She crawled back onto the
bed and panted.

Jean crawled over the top of Peter, making sure to rub her body against his cock. She waited at the edge of the bed. Her toes danced against Peter's flaccid cock and rubbed down on it.

The sultry redhead moved in to get a second taste of her mate's gift. The cum trickled down for Jean to go in perfect position to lick and suck from her.

While she sucked the cum from Betsy's overflowing pussy, Jean wrapped her toes around Peter's cock and jerked him off. The slow, and steady footjob brought Peter all the way back to life. He watched with Jean teasingly spread her thighs out.

"Oh, you're just asking for it now."

Jean wrapped her warm soles around Peter's member and gave him a very prominent tug. He rose up between Jean's soft feet as she continued to work his member. The warmth wrapped around his cock just made Peter rise and drop the further Jean worked him over.

'Are you ready to give me what I'm asking for.'

Peter watched her body prone. He could see all of Jean's sexy curves. Her sexy body shined in front of him. Peter ached and needed to be inside of her now.

Her feet dropped to the bed and Peter stood up behind her. He pushed his hands all over Jean's body and felt her up. He teased her, her breasts, her belly, her legs, and everything, other than the hole in the center which craved his cock.

Turnabout had been fair play, at least as far as Jean had been concerned. She made sure to spend some time in between Betsy's thighs, a place where many men and women would have liked to move in for the foreseeable future. Jean danced up and down Betsy's wet pussy and sucked as much of her as possible from her.

Peter massaged Jean's sexy form. He wanted to be inside of her very badly. His hard cock ached at the thought of driving into Jean's warm pussy.

'Peter, I need you.'

'And the mighty Phoenix reduced to begging for cock.'

The heat pumping between Jean's thighs were going to get very intense in a hurry. It was almost like some invisible force drew Peter closer. His cock needed relief in a hurry and Jean's pussy was one of the best places for Peter to find his relief in a hurry.

He aimed his aching prick towards Jean's welcoming hole. Peter lined himself up to the edge of her hole and pushed past her lips inside of her. Peter rose back and drove his hard cock inside of Jean's very wet pussy.

"Yes, right there, baby!"

Jean stopped eating out Betsy just enough to feel Peter's cock submerge inside of her. The web slinger pushed himself back and forth into Jean's warm pussy. He pushed in and out of her with Jean clinging onto him and releasing him. Peter pulled almost all the way out from her. He then drove deep inside of her one more time.

Her pussy grabbed onto Peter's engorged prick. Every single time Peter pushed his way inside of
Jean it felt like his cock was being enveloped by something very hot and amazing. He groaned while feeling Jean's warm twat grab onto him. Peter pulled almost all the way out of Jean and slid his hard rod into her again.

"You're going to cum for me."

Peter gained Jean's full and undivided attention by grabbing her breasts. Peter plunged his way inside of Jean at a constant and never ending rate. His balls slapped Jean on the thighs firmly the deeper he pushed inside of her. Peter pulled from Jean and shoved his aching prick inside of Jean's wet hole. He groaned when feeling Jean tighten around him.

Warm juices soaked Peter from the tip to the base as he pushed into Jean. He slowed down the temp of his thrusts and sped it back up to make Jean scream.

Her lover could go as fast and slow as he wanted, as gentle as rough as she needed, and Jean would be there right next to him every single step of the way. Her nails ground into Betsy's thighs when she continued to eat out the beautiful woman.

"Lick my dirty twat, love."

Betsy saw stars thanks to Jean's very able tongue. She could hear the constant moans and the sounds of unbridled fucking going on behind her. It was getting to be very frustrating for Betsy to see and feel something like this going on. She watched Peter plant his thick rod inside of Jean's snug twat.

'I need a second helping.'

'Patience, good things come to those who wait. And speaking of.'

Every single one of Betsy's nerve centers struck a cord thanks to Jean pushing the right switches in her mind. Betsy tried to regain control of her own mind. This failure drove home one very obvious point. She was Jean Grey's bitch and perfectly okay with this fact.

Peter slammed his cock into Jean's receiving pussy. Every time he pulled back from her, his tip brushed against Jean's wet pussy slit. He edged back from her and drove his huge cock inside of her body one more time. She stretched around him.

"Good things come to those who wait," Peter agreed. "Just like I'm about ready to cum for you."

Jean waited long enough to get another load of Peter's hot cum inside of her. Her womb awaited to be baptized in Peter's warm semen. He shoved his rod into her and pulled out before driving his cock inside of her waiting and willing pussy.

"Yes," Jean encouraged him. "Yes, they do!"

The two joined each other with Jean's next orgasm being the thing that triggered Peter. His hard cock lurched and spilled his seed inside of Jean. The first few blasts of cum fired into her. Peter buried his rod inside of Jean and painted her insides with his sperm.

Peter finished pushing into Jean. He came, Jean came, and Betsy came. Peter dropped down onto Jean's sweaty back and slid out of her.

All three parties rested on the couch with Jean and Betsy crawled next to him on either side and wrapped their curvy forms around Peter's muscular body.

He just had to smile.
End.

Next Chapter: 4/19/2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Kara Zor-El bounced up and down like an overinflated ball of excitement. She had every right in the world to be excited. It was her eighteenth birthday, well the eighteenth birthday of the ones she lived. Her aging had been frozen just before the age of sixteen after the explosion of Krypton knocked her pod off course and activated the stasis lock. There was a twenty year period before her cousin found her.

"Where is my present?" Kara asked.

The red tank top rode up to show Kara's trim stomach when she bounced off. The material stretched around her breasts which had slowly grown within the past year. They might not have been Power Girl levels. Kara still had time before her solar tanks reached that particular level. She topped off the outfit with a pair of jean shorts to show up her nice legs and a pair of flip-flop shoes to show her amazing feet.

Cassie Sandsmark, the second girl to hold the moniker of Wondergirl, just responded with a smile. She leaned closer towards Kara and put her hand on the back of the girl's head to force her to look up. Cassie leaned closer to Kara's ear and smiled.

"Patience," Cassie said.

Kara folded her arm and pouted. She hated having to wait around for anything. Being faster than a speeding bullet made Kara could be pretty much anywhere in the world before anyone could blink. Cassie, dressed in a black tank top and a pair of jean shorts with no shoes on, wrapped her arm around Kara.

"It's this way," Cassie said. "Are you excited?"

Kara shook her head. Of course she was excited. Didn't the insane bouncing up and down clue Cassie in on how excited Kara was? The two blonde heroines made their way into a nice lavish palace. Amazons trained on the island on all sides. Kara found herself fighting alongside of the Amazons and learned a lot about both defending herself and self-control.

"Happy birthday, Kara."

The Girl of Steel came face to face with Peter Parker who dressed in a nice tight toga. She oogled his body through the thin fabric. It was bad form to eat the eye candy, especially when the eye candy happened to be the boyfriend of the girl she was standing next to. Still, it was her birthday, Rao damn it, and Kara had to be allowed to make some exceptions, she guessed anyway.

"Hey, Peter."

Peter wrapped his arm around Kara with a warm hug. It was not the first time Kara felt very envious of Cassie, about how strong Peter felt against her. She tried to reason with herself that she should focus on being Supergirl and not worry about sex. However, she heard Peter and Cassie in the next room one night and wore out several sex toys before she was somewhat satisfied.

"So, do you know where my birthday present is?"
"It's closer than you think," Peter said.

Kara smiled at him. The wink caused Kara to feel a flustered series of emotions going through her.

"Well, show it to me, Cassie," Kara said. "Do you have to make me get down on my knees and beg you for my present?"

Cassie gave Kara one of the most devious grins the Demi-God ever gave. She pulled completely away from Peter's warm embrace and looked at Cassie.

"You'll be on your knees soon, and who knows, you might be begging. I think you should be able to figure out what your birthday present is if you really think hard about it."

Kara put her hands on her hips and gave Cassie a very obvious scowl. She hated playing these word games, friend or not. It frustrated Kara to no small degree to get the runaround from Cassie. Cassie reached over and gripped Kara's shoulder very firmly.

"Just stop and think about it," Cassie said. "Remember what we discussed about a month back?"

The Maid of Might spent a couple moments racking her brain and her mouth hung open.

"You mean during the Red K incident? About how you promised to share Peter with me if I came quietly. And…I said that if I was with Peter, I would come anything but quietly."

"Yes," Cassie said. "I'm a lady of my word. I know you weren't in your right mind, but I think that it's time for Peter and I to expand our relationship."

"Yes," Peter said. "And you're not the only girl we have eyes on, but since it's your birthday, you get top priority."

Kara did not know what to say. Peter decided to take the matter of saying anything out of her hand by coming in front of Kara and giving her one of the more intense kisses possible. Kara enjoyed the blistering sensation of Peter's tongue pushing against hers. The Girl of Steel opened her mouth wide just in time to feel a very pleasurable encounter as the two of them went mouth to mouth with each other.

She felt Peter lift her up and put her back on the bed. Kara pawed at his back and tried to get his clothing off. Peter pulled away from Kara and kissed her one more time. He sucked his neck.

"Get my clothes off, please," Kara said. "I'm burning up. I want you so badly."

Peter could feel how badly Kara wanted him. Her nipples stuck from the other side of her shirt. Cassie dropped down on the bed and both lovers worked in tandem to help Kara out of her shirt. Her gorgeous, sun-kissed breasts, came out. Her nipples perked up at the thought of attention.

"Oh, she's hot," Cassie said. "And to think of all the times we showered together, and how hard it was not to touch these."

"You two showered together?" Peter asked. "I wasn't invited?"

"Before I met you, honey."

Cassie would have to do it one more time for old time's set. Now, Kara's nipples stuck out in front of her, ready to be grabbed and taken in any way possible. Cassie did it.

Peter took the right nipple as Cassie lavished attention on her left nipple. Both of them sucked Kara's
firm tits. The Girl of Steel breathed in heavily with their hands all caressing her body. She felt a rising feeling of lust in her loins. She needed something, whether it be fingers, tongue, or even cock inside of her.

Both Cassie and Peter worked over Kara's body. They did not do this before with anyone else in their bed.

"I need you!"

Cassie dipped her hand down Kara's pants and felt her pussy.

"No panties?" Cassie asked. "I wonder how many times you fly out without your panties on, when you're wearing that short skirt. Did you give some poor citizen an eyeful?"

Kara shook her head. She always wore panties when up in the sky, patrolling over Metropolis. She thought about one day going out without them, when she was feeling particularly naughty, but decided against it. Wearing a short skirt was a handy distraction tactic. It was easy to get the bad guys that way. Not that she needed it, given she was bullet proof.

The next few minutes had been spent for Cassie working her tongue into Kara's wet pussy. She shifted in and out of her before pulling back and giving Peter a smile.

"You're going to have to try this tasty pussy."

Peter kissed down Kara's firm belly and moved closer towards her moistened slit. She was nice and ready for him. Peter kissed her warm lips and sucked on her heavenly juices. Kara thrust her hips all the way off of the bed and made sure Peter ate her out.

"Turn over."

She flipped over onto her hands and knees. Kara's gloriously fit ass stuck up for Peter to grab his hands onto. He could do nothing other than put his hands on her ass and squeeze Kara. He constantly grabbed and released her, before spanking her tight ass.

"Fuck me!"

"I think you deserve your birthday spankings first," Cassie said.

Peter spanked Kara's tight ass. It jiggled underneath his hand. He watched as every second or third slap, Kara dripped out. Peter spanked her ass eighteen times in succession.

"Don't forget your best friend."

Cassie spanked Kara another eighteen times. The Girl of Steel thought she would lose it from her friend's firm hand driving back and forth onto Kara's tantalizing rear end. She keptspanking Kara until she got hot herself.

"Peter, it's your turn."

The daughter of Zeus bent down to take Peter's hard prick into her warm mouth and make sure the web slinger was nice and hard. Kara deserved nothing less other than a big stiff cock inside of her tight body on her birthday. Cassie put her hands on Peter's back and sucked him off harder than ever before.

"Cassie!" Peter groaned.
Cassie smiled and rubbed Peter's hard cock. The tip of it had been lubricated with her spit and he moved around to push himself into Kara.

The very tight Kryptonian pussy wrapped around Peter's hard. Her strong walls pressing on his bare cock forced Peter to re-double his efforts. He took it nice and slow to feel Kara's perfect body. He exerted as much strength as possible to make Peter feel it.

Cassie moved over so she could see the look of pleasure dancing in Kara's eyes. It was so fucking hot, Cassie could not even describe it. She shoved her fingers inside of her tight pussy and drove them further into her. She bucked up and down, feeling her warmth spreading out.

"Yes," Cassie breathed. "Fuck her tender."

Peter did all of what Cassie wanted him to do and so much more. Kara's eyes started to flare with the passion and also with the hints of heat vision.

"Control," Cassie said. "Remember what Diana taught you."

Oh yes, Kara remembered all of those lessons with Diana. All of the lessons which left her sweaty, satisfied and dripping, when wanting even more. She wanted all of Peter inside of her. His strong body molded up against his.

"Damn, it's…I'm….I'm cumming!" Kara let out in a passionate cry.

The web slinger drove his hard cock into her and rode out her orgasm. He pushed deep inside of Kara and then pulled completely out of her. Her warm pussy clamped down on Peter's thick prick and milked him inside of her. The web slinger held deep onto Kara and kept planting himself inside of her.

Stroke after stroke, Peter got deeper inside of Kara. Her warm pussy clasped him hard and released his prick. He drove back into her. Her solar powered core drove him to newer heights. His balls ached.

"Oh, give her a birthday present she'll never forget," Cassie breathed.

She grabbed one of the toys on the dresser. It was one of Diana's which Cassie borrowed. It was also built to last. She shoved the large black dildo into her cunt and shoved her hips up. The woman's tight walls closed down around the dildo as it pushed into her body.

Peter did not intend to let Kara forget this night. He spent some time playing with Kara's body. He touched her in spots which got her crying out in pleasure. Kara's entire body shook from one of the best orgasms. She levitated off of the bed, instantly.

Kara felt lighter than air, literally speaking, when she lifted off of the bed. He drove his hard cock inside of Kara's extremely warm sheath. Her walls grabbed him and pumped more of Peter deep inside of her body.

Her hands gripped the wisps of air over her. Peter constantly and without any hesitation, drove his big thick cock into Kara's waiting pussy. He grabbed onto her and pumped deeper inside of her. Her pussy closed around Peter's engorged prick and milked him.

"Getting closer," Peter said.

Peter gave one final grunt and drove his hard cock into Kara. His balls finally discharged and sent Kara crashing down onto the bed. Peter held onto her upturned ass and drained the contents of his
balls into her warm pussy. Peter pulled out of her wet pussy and then drove his hard cock into her.

"The Girl of Steel enjoyed the moment of release. Peter rode her out all the way to the end of a great
gasm. Her pussy gushed until he was ready to push his cock inside of her.

Kara looked up and saw that Cassie leaned back in the chair next to them. Her wet lips parted for the
big cock inside of her.

The Girl of Steel recovered very quickly from her hard fucking and noticed Cassie's lasso down on
the chair. She smiled and grabbed Cassie.

Cassie yelped and Kara pushed her down on the bed. Kara kissed the hell out of Cassie, and a
second later, Cassie was now bound to the bed.

"Want to thank you for my birthday present. It was just the right size and fit me nice."

Cassie thrust up her hips to meet Kara's teasing of her. Her fingers stroked Cassie's overhead pussy
and made her thrash on the bed up and bed.

Kara reached behind her and grabbed Peter by the base of her cock. She was kind of glad that she
did not track down Peter under RedK, tie him to the bed, and have her way with his cock. Sure it
would be fun, but Kara would have hated herself in the morning, and would have betrayed Cassie
and Peter.

"Oh, is your cock ready to fuck this wonderful cunt?" Kara asked.

Kara pulled the bound Cassie up and reached into the drawer. The Girl of Steel had a strap on which
she lubricated with Cassie's juices and her own as well. She pushed the tip of the cock.

Peter's cock throbbed at the sight of Kara with her breasts pressing against Cassie's bare back and
also a cock in her ass. Kara pried Cassie's legs open for Peter.

"Thank you," Kara said. "It's my turn to make you feel good as well."

Peter moved in and grabbed Cassie's breasts to squeeze them. Kara positioned her cock at the edge
of Cassie's puckered asshole. The Girl of Steel ground up and down against Cassie.

"Please," Cassie whimpered.

She could not hold back any longer. Cassandra Sandsmark wanted both of her holes fucked in the
most shameless way. She did not care if the entire island heard her cries of pleasure either. Cassie
would have been happy if they all joined in for the fun.

Peter took the plunge into very familiar territory. He pressed himself up against Cassie while fucking
her, as Kara pushed the cock into her.

Both of her lovers filled Cassie's holes. She entered a daze when being double-stuffed on either
sides.

"Under the eyes of the goddesses, you're going to be fucked and good," Kara said. "How do you
like that, Cassie?"

Peter liked seeing Kara play with Cassie's hair. He did not know why, it was just a beautiful sight.
Kara planting devious little kisses on the back of Cassie's neck also was a sight which excited Peter.
He drove his hard cock inside of her warm body.
"I bet you like it," Kara said with a subtle little smirk. "You like it a whole lot, don't you? Don't you like it, you naughty little minx?"

"Oooh, yes," Cassie agreed.

Both cocks plunged into her. Cassie's walls tightened around Peter and pushed him inside of her. Their bodies melded together. Cassie did not know how much they were going to make.

Kara and Peter sandwiched Cassie's beautiful body in between their firm bodies. The Girl of Steel ran her hands over Cassie's divine bum and slapped her a couple of times. Kara felt her cock plunge deeper inside her warm asshole. The wonderful girl received a heart fucking.

"Cassie," Peter said. "Oh, how do you stay so tight?"

"Practice," Cassie said.

She wondered herself with Peter's cock stretching her out. She was going to sit down and think about these two cocks buried inside of each hole of their bodies.

Peter rammed deep into Cassie. Her stretching loins enveloped Peter hard and fast. He groaned the second her pussy grabbed onto him. He wanted to be deep inside of Cassie and never stop driving into her. His balls ached and more cum built up.

"This might be it."

"Oh, great Hera!"

Cassie screamed out the name of the chosen goddess. Her sweaty body continued to be taken by both of these strong lovers and multiple orgasms shot through her body.

Peter could not hold back much longer. His cock twitched when driving himself into Cassie's warm depths. Her pussy closed around him.

Kara drove herself into Cassie's ass from behind. She could see Peter's eyes and smiled. His orgasm was near, Cassie reached another one, as did Kara.

The three lovers came together in perfect harmony with one and another. Peter discharged a heavy amount of cum from his throbbing hard balls.

Cassie threw her head back against Kara's sweaty chest and smiled. Peter pulled out of her and Kara retracted from her. Cassie had to lay on her side because of her front and back being both tender at the moment.

"Best birthday present ever," Kara said.

"Glad you liked it," Cassie said.

Her asshole stung from Kara driving into it so hard, but it was worth it. She could scratch that particular threesome off of the bucket list.

"So, I believe you two mentioned something about showering together earlier?"

End.

Thanks for favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you on Monday for the next chapter.
In the Middle (Black Canary and Mockingbird)

In the Middle (Dinah Laurel Lance/Black Canary and Bobbi Morse/Mockingbird)

Deep breathing comes from Dinah Laurel Lance the second she moves into position. Her sparring partner stands across the room. Bobbi Morse, better known as Mockingbird, rushes across the way. Dinah, the Black Canary, circles around her opponent.

Both women circle around each other. Dinah swings a kick to Bobbi. It flies over the head of Bobbi. Dinah fires another kick towards Bobbi. Bobbi goes behind and gets behind Dinah. The two tussel each other to the ground with Dinah slipping out of Bobbi's grip.

"Good! Again!"

Black Canary responds with a crisp smile and motions for Mockingbird to come out her. Mockingbird holds out a staff and charges Black Canary. Black Canary dodges the swing and claims the staff of her own. The two staffs smash together with both women holding each other back and forth. Black Canary sweeps Mockingbird's legs out from underneath her.

A second later gives Black Canary the opening to straddle Mockingbird's hips. "Do you yield?"

A struggle comes from Bobbi. She feels Dinah's curving body pushing down against her. A couple more breaths follow with Mockingbird's gaze sharpening with each progressive look.

"You're a lucky bitch."

The two women break ranks from each other. Dinah assists Bobbi to her feet and the two women walk across the room. The door of the sparring room open up and their eyes fall onto the person who walks in. Dinah traces her tongue against her lips the second her eyes fall upon Spider-Man.

"Spidey! How nice to see you."

The web slinger's gaze falls onto both of the women. The sweaty black workout clothes cling to their bodies in a very enticing way. Peter Parker closes his eyes the second when Bobbi and Dinah approach him like a couple of hungry predators.

"I'm sure."

Dinah slips herself from behind Peter and hugs him from behind. She's so glad he's here as there's nothing more than a great workout which gets her excited.

"I'm really hoping that you could get into both of us pretty soon."

Bobbi sticks out a finger and traces a slight pattern from his collarbone to his chest and then moves to stroke his abs. "I'm really hoping that you could get into both of us pretty soon."

The hint does not fall short on Peter. He leans in with the mask rolling up. A kiss joins both himself and Bobbi at the lips. Their tongues ease towards the other with Bobbi kissing him more deeply.

Another kiss to the side of his neck causes Peter's hunger to increase. Dinah swoops behind him and
strokes his abs through him. She slowly shifts a finger into the waistband of his suit and eases the bottom half of it down. She comes an inch away from touching his cock.

Peter's hard cock springs out and connects with Bobbi's firm thigh. She just smiles and works her hand closer. Both naughty vixens close in on Peter in an attempt to make him feel really good.

A breathy voice hits Peter firmly in the ear with Dinah's stroking increasing. "I'm glad that you're up to this. We could use a workout of a different time."

She wraps a hand around his cock and strokes it. Peter's pleasure centers get stimulated the further Dinah works him over. The blood pumps into his cock in time with her hand pumping it.

The growth of Peter in her hand excites Dinah. She moves a free hand down to her thigh and slips a finger against her slit. A warm pulse rises between her legs.

Bobbi releases the kiss finally. "You know what these lips can do better than many. Don't you, Pete?"

A long kiss to the side of Peter's neck strengthens his desire. He puts a finger on the back of Bobbi's neck. "Go ahead then. Use those lips and suck my cock. You know you want to."

A wicked grin pops over the face. Bobbi most certainly does do so. She drops down with Dinah helping guide Peter's cock towards her mouth. Her partner in crime drops down onto the ground. The two ladies close in on Peter's cock and take turns licking him on both sides. Tongues keep swirling against his cock and make him swell completely up.

"Teamwork, the best thing….ever!"

Two juicy sets of lips map a course around his cock. They really make them throb. Bobbi takes twelve inches of throbbing meat into her mouth. Dinah goes between his legs and sucks his balls. The double combination of having his balls sucked and deep throated maneuvers Peter over the edge.

A loud pop follows and Bobbi moves away. She shrugs her top off to reveal two round breasts. Dinah does the same and both ladies inch closer right in front of Peter's cock. They make out on their knees while Bobbi pumps his cock with her.

"Damn it! You're going to make me pop!"

Both women pull away with a wicked smile on each other's face. Dinah and Bobbi use Peter's cock as a glorified popsicle and lubricate it nicely. The second they pull away, they grin and maneuver their breasts in. Peter slides in between tits with both crime fighters giving him a double tit-fuck.

Bobbi and Dinah send Peter crashing into heaven. The sensual movements these women feel really nice. Peter holds onto their chests and sticks his fingers to them. These actions thrill the women.

"Go ahead, stud! Blow your fucking load! You know you can't resist our nice full breasts working over your cock! I can't wait until you spurt it all over us."

Several moments of strained holding on follows a second before Peter spills his seed all over their round breasts. He keeps rising up and dropping down with his balls shooting seed up into the air and all over their breasts and faces.

The two parties break apart from Peter and allow the cum to trickle down. Bobbi reaches over and tugs on the back of Dinah's hair. They move in with a sensational kiss. Bobbi's warm mouth attacks
Dinah in a sizzling lip lock. Dinah squirms the further Bobbi pushes against her.

Peter observes both women drinking the seed from their faces and chests. Their hands roam everywhere and feel up their bodies. The two rise to their feet and then strip the remaining clothes off of each other. They are completely naked.

A second passes with Peter pulling them into him. He pushes them back onto an elevated mat and climbs on top of them. He spends some time torturing their bodies.

"You two like putting me through agony! Don't you?"

The eyes of both beauties widen when Peter slips his fingers from each hand against their wet pussies. He pushes himself into them and then pulls back.

Bobbi's words fail her. The only thing which matters is the pleasure Peter's probing fingers bring to her. She rises up and crashes down with a lustful groan following.

More of the same comes from Dinah. Dinah bites down her lip to prevent the screen. She's gotten better at blocking the scream, however there are times where she loses all inhibition and lets it out. Dinah does not want this state of the art training facility to come down on their heads.

The second passes with Peter pulling himself away from them. Both Dinah and Peter collapse down on the bed and draw breaths from each other. Peter climbs on top of them and alternates between kissing them. Their full breasts, toned bodies, long shapely legs, and rounds asses give Peter a buffet of flesh to work on.

Dinah's eyes widen when Peter joins the two of them together.

"I need you! Please!"

A nice and soft squeeze of her breasts teases Dinah. Her hips move up and then fall onto the bed. Peter eyes her. "It always helps to say please."

Finally, Peter slips inside of Dinah. He does it one inch at a time and gives her body a full going over in between each inch. Dinah's eyes shift back and she opens her mouth.

Bobbi rolls over and pushes her on the bed. One swift moment plants Bobbi onto Dinah's face. Her lips smash against Bobbi's wet pussy the further Bobbi rises and drops onto her. "She's a real screamer, you know."

"I know!"

The sound of balls cracking against hips brings Peter deep inside of her. The sheath Dinah puts him in feels so good it's really obscene. Standing nipples allow Peter to put a finger on them and run his fingers over them. He clings to Dinah like he does a wall and gives her sweaty chest a good working over.

Dinah's sounds of delight are muffled by Bobbi sitting on her face. The firm thighs and juicy ass of her fellow crime fighter rams up her lust. The pleasures spreading through her body only increase. Bobbi gyrates onto her and encourages Dinah to slip a tongue in.

"She does have a good fucking mouth! She's going to get me nice and wet so that cock slides into me! Providing that greedy ass bitch does not drain you dry!"

Holding on for the ride ensures Peter's pleasure only increases. Peter holds Dinah's hips down onto
the bed and smashes his balls against her. The feeling of his balls slapping her thighs increases the lust both sides feel for each other. Peter pulls almost all the way out of her before reentering her.

Dinah's lovely legs prove to be a joy.

"I love how you have such sexy legs! With or without fishnets."

Next time, Dinah resolves to wear fishnets for Peter and nothing else. Any future plans head out the window when Dinah's body tenses up. The delicious touching and working of her tight center makes her hold tight pussy around his massive cock.

"Damn, Dinah!" he grunts. "You're so fucking sexy! I can't wait to cum inside of you!"

Dinah concurs even though she cannot say anything on the account of Bobbi forcing her juicy twat onto Dinah's mouth and tongue. Far worse ways to go and the tension only spreads through her body. The fact Peter's strong body engulfs her causes a great buzz to go through her.

A tingle in him indicates he's close. Dinah clutches onto him and makes sure he does not leave her center any time soon. Peter pushes his cock in and pulls it almost completely out. His balls slap hard against her flesh before they tighten and discharge.

Thick juicy enhanced cum spills into Dinah's body. Peter fills his fellow meta-human up with the reward she craves. Dinah holds onto him and pumps him dry.

"That feels good. I bet it feels good for you as well!"

Bobbi releases herself from Dinah's mouth. She waits as patiently as possible for Peter to slide out of Dinah. The last few strands of cum drip out and coat Dinah's firm stomach with seed. Bobbi pounces with greed and licks Dinah's stomach clean.

Every second Bobbi laps Peter's seed off of Dinah's stomach like a starving kitten, she ensures that her eyes lock onto Peter. Peter's cock rises with the production Bobbi makes on Dinah. She grins when rising up and crosses the room.

"Spider-Man! Spider-Man! Cums whenever a Spider Can!"

Bobbi slides across the bed and mounts Peter's hips. Peter holds her ass in his hands and guides her to the point where she drops down. Their toned and fit bodies meet in the center when Peter guides his still hard cock straight into Bobbi. Bobbi sucks him into her with an immense amount of greed.

The warmth of Bobbi's pussy grabs onto Peter and keeps working him into her. Peter holds onto her body and guides her up and down.

"I don't know how you stay so tight."

"Secrets of a good workout!"

Bobbi's eyes close shut to close herself off of all sensations other than the sticky fingers of Spider-Man going over her body. The warmth spreads all over with each touch. Bobbi grinds against Peter before sinking back down. Loud slaps of flesh continues.

A tight and firm body makes things feel beyond good. Peter reaches around and grabs Bobbi's cheeks. A couple of squeezes inspires Bobbi to ride him even faster.

The next play makes Bobbi guide Peter's face into two bouncing breasts. The alternating of sucks
drives Bobbi to fits of pleasure which spreads through her body. Peter holds onto Bobbi to further guide the receptive woman all the way down his pole.

Bobbi nibbles Peter's ear and fires back with a sultry whisper. "I have you now."

Disagreement comes between the two of who precisely has who. Peter's fingernails brush against Bobbi's thick rear end and gives her tight firm buttocks from his grip. Bobbi holds onto Peter and shoves as much of his cock as possible into her tight pussy.

Dinah plays with herself at the nice view of Peter's throbbing cock entering Bobbi and pulling almost all the way out of her. Bobbi biting down on her lip when impaling down onto Peter's cock makes Dinah's pussy drip. She'll have her moment in a minute.

"Keep it up! I want to feel you all inside me when I cum! And when I'm finished it will be your turn!"

A pinch of Bobbi's nipples causes her to release a primal growl. Peter milks the hardened buds in a way which drives her down with excitement. Bobbi pushes down onto Peter the deeper he rams into her body.

Peter ensures he works her over to the end. Their firm thighs keep smacking together. Peter holds onto Bobbi and enjoys the ride of the fit woman bouncing onto her body. Bobbi's tight and toned body becomes a hell of a show as Peter dives in and makes her lustfully groan with pleasure.

A release of tension sends Bobbi spraying her sweet honey down Peter's cock. Bobbi pulls herself almost all the way off of him and drops completely down onto him. Peter holds her lower back.

"My turn. I hope you're ready."

Bobbi shows how much she's ready by tightening her inner muscles around Peter and releasing him. Several pumps of his cock shows Peter how much Bobbi Morse wants his cum.

"Feel my toned body! My breasts, my ass, my legs, my tight pussy! It all makes you want to cum! Doesn't it! Cum for me, Spidey!"

Every delicious part of Bobbi, every nook and cranny worthy of exploration, calls to Peter. And her pussy calls most of all to his cock. Peter rams himself deep inside of Bobbi. The warm and tight depths of her stretches out on his cock. Bobbi holds herself down onto him and pumps him.

The two lovers hit their peak of release at the same time. Peter fills up Bobbi with spurts of seed. Each one buries itself deeper inside of her body.

Bobbi almost drops down off of the elevated mat. She clutches the side of it. One more kiss follows with Bobbi releasing herself from him. She collapses down with a dazed smile.

Peter turns into a soft foot brushing against his cock. He turns where Dinah lifts her leg and rolls her toes against Peter's length.

"You're feet are so soft!"

"I know," she tells him with a smile. "And I bet you'd love to be between my toes, wouldn't you?"

A slide of Dinah's toes down his hard cock makes Peter almost jump up and grow harder. Dinah tugs on his cock to make it nice and hard and ready for her. She turns to the side and makes sure Peter sees a full view of her ass. A vigorous footjob follows while Dinah's firm ass bounces up and down.
A swelling in his loins makes Peter want to stare at Dinah's ass and imagine sliding inside of it. She's always had a nice round ass and Peter's indulged himself in fantasies of screwing her in it. Things go even further, when Dinah pops her finger into her mouth and then goes behind her to slip a finger into her tight ass and lubricate it.

Dinah fingers her ass in time with the footjob. Peter wants it more and more, she can tell by the swelling and the groaning of his cock.

"Go for it!"

Peter releases himself from between Dinah's soles and dives in between her cheeks face first. Dinah's tender ass becomes the full benefit of the worship it deserves. Peter holds onto her ass and slips a tongue inside. He rims Dinah out on her asshole before pulling away from her.

The next thing Dinah knows, Peter climbs up behind her. The tip of his cock grinds against her. He leans in and smiles with a grab of her round tit. "I want you to beg me. I want you to beg me to fuck your ass!"

"Fuck my ass! Fuck it like it's your job!"

Peter molds the object of affection with a couple of firm squeezes and a hard grab. Dinah's loud cooes reward Peter for his deviant behavior. He slides in a tiny bit closer to Dinah and holds his cock head against her opening. He dives in. The snug and vigorous warmth of Dinah pumping around him makes Peter go into a daze.

"Fuck! My! Ass! Grab it and spank it! Make it yours! I'll be your little anal slut any time!"

The feeling of her ass and the spanking which comes along with it only makes Peter want her even more. He takes Dinah's shapely booty in hand and drives himself into her. He pulls completely out of her and then drives deep inside of her.

Bobbi's eyes grow in interest when she watches Dinah take Peter's cock in her ass. A small smattering of jealously enters Bobbi as she's never been able to take as much of this monster manhood in her ass. Also determination spreads over her body as well.

The exploration of Dinah's sultry body continues. He pulls her up to grab all of Dinah. Every single inch becomes the canvas for Peter to dominate and to play with. She moans and enjoys the hands on nature of what Peter's doing. It all makes sure he edges down. Fingers ram deep into Dinah's glistening honey pot and pull out after riding her out.

"Taste how wet this is!"

Juice stained fingers swipe Dinah's mouth. She opens wide and takes Peter in. Dinah's eyes cloud over while tasting her own juices. Peter fills up Dinah with a constant barrage of hard fucking and sends her just that much closer over the edge.

"That's what I'm doing to you!"

Bobbi dives into Dinah's chest and starts sucking her breasts as well. The actions by the third part of this three way only encourage Peter to take his cock into her ass.

"I'm going to take her ass! Is it turning you on to see another woman take my cock into her tight asshole!"

It does turn Bobbi on! Peter keeps drilling Dinah's back entrance like he wants to strike oil. Dinah's
tightening buns clamp around him.

Bobbi pulls back to properly feel how wet Dinah is. A comment comes out of Bobbi.

"The bitch is soaked."

Peter leans in and kisses Bobbi on the lips. The two pull away from each other. "Just like you will be when I take your ass later."

Bobbi can hardly wait. She tastes Dinah's savory honey and then collects more of it. She spends some time finger fucking her tender back passage and preparing for Peter's inevitable onslaught.

One look at the face of Bobbi only inspires Peter to go even deeper. He webs Dinah's mouth shot to prevent her from crying out. The reinforced webbing only ensures to ramp up Dinah's desire. He plows Dinah's ass and the shifts of movement only inspires Peter to go in deeper.

Balls aching with desire signal how much Peter is going to pop inside of her if he's not careful.

"I'm ready!"

Dinah nods and braces herself to get a cream pie in her ass. Peter holds back onto her and blows his load into her ass. The release triggers an explosion of Peter's cream deep into Dinah's ass.

Peter holds on all the way and keeps pushing into Dinah. His balls release their enhanced cum and it dribbles down Dinah's cheeks and all over the back of her leg.

The second Peter releases himself, Bobbi moves in. She rims Dinah out and tastes the sweet cum just oozing from Dinah's backside. A small smile spreads over Bobbi's face.

Bobbi sits on Peter's lap. She rotates her firm ass against his cock and ensures it grows against her back entrance. Clinging hands find erect nipples.

"All I want for Christmas is your cock in my ass! Make it happy, Spidey Claus."

"Amusing."

This dry statement only punctuates Peter's actions. His clinging hands squeeze and release Bobbi's chest in his hands. Her asshole opens to receive Peter's large cock. He pushes into her with a slide and allows himself to enjoy her tight back entrance.

Bobbi's ass reacts to Peter. Her pussy oozes the second Peter enters her in the back entrance. Clinging hands bring Bobbi closer to her peak. Touches in all of the spots makes her roll her neck back and moan in pleasure. Wetness stains the mat with Bobbi's pussy dripping down onto the ground.

A warm tongue slips into Bobbi. Bobbi's eyes look down just in time to see Dinah's beautiful face disappear deep in between her thighs. She pulled the webbing off and decided to celebrate by indulging in Bobbi's sweet pussy Dinah eating Bobbi out in time to Peter's cock ramming deep in between her ass sparks a lustful moan. Bobbi reaches down and clutches Dinah's hair to guide the motions deep inside of her.

"So hot! Both of you."

The warm lapping Dinah offers to Bobbi's dripping cunt only inspires Peter's deeper plunge. Every time he enters Bobbi, the warmth closes around and releases him. Peter clings on and nibbles at
Bobbi's neck. The soft moans coming from the woman only brings Peter deeper inside of her. Both of these lovely ladies drip with sweat from the working over Peter's done to them.

The moans coming from Bobbi spur Dinah on with the deep tongue lashing. Dinah pulls almost all the way out of Bobbi and sticks the tongue deeper inside.

"I'm sure she's wet as you were when I fucked your ass. Isn't she?"

Dinah releases Bobbi's pussy lips with a huge pop. "You know it honey. She's fucking dripping wet. And she's going to drip even more when you nut in her slutty ass!"

The grabbing of Bobbi's thick hips drives the woman down further. Denial does not even come close to happening. Bobbi just holds on and pumps Peter's cock into her.

The web slinging hero keeps planting his thick throbbing cock inside of Bobbi's tightening asshole. The web's breathing increases the further Peter pushes inside of there.

"Oh, I think I'm getting close to breaking her."

Fresh determination spreads through every inch of Bobbi the second Peter's cock buries deeper in her ass. "I'm not finished yet! I want this cock to cream in my asshole! Push it in! PUSH IT YOU BASTARD!"

Bravado gets the best of Bobbi Morse the deeper Peter plows her inner hole. Peter pulls almost out and then spears deeper inside. His balls keep smacking Bobbi against the back of her leg. Peter pulls almost all the way out and drives inside her tightening asshole.

All good things reach their end. Peter holds on for as long as humanly possible. The stamina of Spider-Man reaches a boiling point as Bobbi closes around Peter and releases him. The pumping inside of her reaches the end with Peter sliding inside and then driving inside of her.

The end comes with Peter spilling his load into Bobbi's ass. Coherence brings way to Peter ramming deep inside of her. Every push slaps his balls against the back of Bobbi's thighs. The cum overflows from Bobbi the further and harder Peter rams into her.

Bobbi collapses back. She'll have trouble sitting after the pounding. Nothing is more worth it after the pleasure. Dinah does not quite finish lapping up Bobbi's overflowing pussy.

Peter pulls away from both of the women. They smile and spend a couple of minutes resting their naked bodies against Peter. He tightens the grip around him.

"So, hit the showers?"

A cocky smirk spreads over Bobbi's face. "And you mean hit this in the shower, right?"

Bobbi canvases her body for emphasis and Dinah just shakes her head. It would be a miracle if they got clean any time soon.

Then again, it would not be the worst thing.

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End.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you on Thursday for the next chapter.
Deep breathing follows from a young woman. She reflects on the battle with all of the turns taken throughout the day. A very interesting and strange warrior helps her defeat the shadow warriors. A smile crosses the woman's face despite trying to be calm and cool and devoid of any emotions. She reflects on the ways the strong and powerful warrior moves and all of the ways he is able to move around. And somehow, he keeps good humor and a charming personality all throughout the battle.

Daniella Rand draws in her breath and grins widely. The warrior known as Iron Fist cannot help but think some kind of connection draws her and the warrior known as Spider-Man closer. And it invades her thought process and compromises her concentration something fierce. Daniella throws her neck back and mutters to clear a thought.

"Is this a bad time?"

Blue eyes flutter open. Daniella stretches her neck up as curls of blonde hair fall. The evidence of her mixed heritage shows with her face contorting into a smile. A line of web lowers the object of her recent thoughts down on the ground.

"I should thank you for your assistance. Today could have gone different, but our energies aligning helped us move together."

Dani springs up to her feet. Many ideas of what this gentleman looks like underneath his mask enters Dani's mind. She runs wild with some possibilities. A steadier heartbeat, stronger and faster than one happening during any battle, results in her stepping closer towards him.

The web slinging warrior puts a hand on hers. "It's nothing. I'm just glad to have been in the neighborhood. You've fought well. They are everything they say they are."

A small moment causes Dani to close her eyes. "And yet, not everything I could be. I must always prepare for the next battle. I must always train. And I must always be vigilante."

A chuckle comes from Spider-Man. "I've been there before. Okay, maybe not as serene as you are right now."

"Serenity is a mask, Spider Warrior."

The two stand across from each other. The gentle breeze normally relaxes Daniella at least most of the time it does. Tonight, it puts her to a greater amount of unease. She shifts a bit closer towards Spider-Man and an impulse strikes her.

"I'm not properly centered. There's a debt between us that needs to be balanced for me to truly move forth to the next level."

Spider-Man responds with a wave of his hand. "I wouldn't worry about it. I mean, I did what anyone would do. So consider it paid and cleared and we're all cool now, right."

A small frown pops over the face of the warrior. She struggles to reconcile the best way to politely explain this. She wishes not to offend the great warrior. Daniella recalls learning from experience how words have a greater scarring meaning than anything else.
"Your charity is much appreciated. But, I'm afraid it's not a debt you can simply call off. We need to join together at the soul for the balance to occur."

Daniella bites down on her lip in hesitation. Fresh emotions greet her and haunt the mind of the great warrior. Daniella closes a bit closer towards the web slinger and puts a hand on his face. She hesitates.

"May I lift your mask. Only just enough to see your mouth. I respect your privacy otherwise, I just wish to offer one small token."

She shifts a bit and Spider-Man decides to do what he can to help her out.

"Go for it."

Daniella lifts his mask and reveals his mouth. She decides hesitation will not do any good. Daniella lurches in and kisses the web slinger on the mouth. He looks surprised by the action. She almost pulls back to apologize for any offense.

At least until Spider-Man wraps his arm around Daniella and deepens the kiss. Any thought of pulling away escapes out of Daniella's mind and instead she deepens the kiss. The two lock tongue to tongue with each other. Spider-Man's hands move down to clutch her back.

To be honest, Spider-Man's taken off guard for only a second. A desire, a need, to enjoy a moment with the lovely young lady in his arms hits him. They deepen their kiss with each other with her breasts brushing his chest. Every inch of her perfect body burns his up through the Spider-Man suit.

Daniella pulls away from him. She looks down at the reaction Spider-Man offers. A large tent stretches the fabric of his costume. Dani lowers a hand and strokes him through his out. She senses a base need to give him pleasure and to receive pleasure of her own.

"We should strip. You can leave the mask or remove it."

The two help each other out of each other's clothes. Daniella's body is fit and toned and Spider-Man pushes her back against the wall of the temple they're in. They kiss each other and keep feeling each other's bodies up. Their bare skin brushes against each other.

The mask comes off on Spider-Man's own accord. Daniella smiles as she gazes upon his handsome face and leans in to press her bare chest against his muscular one. Her round breast squash against his.

Spider-Man lifts her up and drops her down on the bed at the edge of the room. The web slinger climbs on top of her and the two of them make out. She does not ask his name, seeing his face is more than enough. Dani lifts a leg for Spider-Man to rub across the back of it.

The two break away with a heavy breath. Dani spreads her thighs far and wide. Spider-Man locks eyes onto it with a smile on his face.

"I want to see this debt repaid in full. I believe you're familiar with what comes next."

Spider-Man rubs her opening and marvels at how tight she is. "Is this your first time…Dani?"

The pet name causes a smile to pop over her face. "Regretfully, yes, but at the same time, I'm relieved that I share this special moment with a warrior of your caliber."

Spider-Man strokes her dripping hot slit and makes her ready. Her tight, virgin, pussy begs to be
penetrated. The web slinging hero pushes his cock against Dani's opening and shoves inside of her.

Dani closes her eyes. The monks warned her that this first exchange of carnal action will bring great pain. She withdraws herself and holds on to her more experienced lover. Spider-Man plants his cock deep inside of her wet sheath and starts pumping against her.

A second passes with Spider-Man pulling almost all the way out of Daniella and grinding his cock head against her. An encouraging smile spreads over her face.

"Proceed."

Spider-Man pushes deep inside of her. "Let me know if I'm going too hard."

"On the contrary, I'd prefer you go harder. It will ensure a more solid exchange."

A tighter grip allows Spider-Man to drive deep into Dani's tight center. If she requests him to do such a thing, who is Spider-Man to question her? He pulls almost out of Daniella and drives his hard cock inside of her. The feeling of flesh smacking together signifies the pleasure.

Daniella lifts her legs and does the best to lead him into her center so she can be properly centered. Legs tightening around his back ensure Spider-Man's not going to leave any time soon. And it's the way Daniella wants it. Daniella arches back off of the bed and shoves as much cock as possible inside of her.

The tightness of this fit woman almost makes Spider-man lose it. He slows down just enough and makes sure Daniella reaches her climax first. The further tightening of the woman's walls ensure Spider-Man speed up a little bit more. The web slinger holds on for the right.

A feeling much greater than any enlightenment spreads over every fiber of Daniella with tingles going to every single last inch of her. The web slinger holds on and pushes a bit further into Daniella. He cracks balls first down onto her wet thighs and pulls almost all the way out. The web slinger drives deep inside and keeps pumping as hard and fast as possible.

Daniella throws her hips completely up off of the bed so Spider-Man drills into her.

"Please! Don't you dare stop! SPIDER-MAN!"

His mouth and hands lower down to play with Dani's chest. The tugs of his hands all over makes Dani rise up and breath in with pleasure. The web slinger descends and drives into her. Dani's legs tighten their grip around Spider-Man's waist and hold him closer towards her.

"Call me Peter."

The level of trust to allow her his real name, at least a part of it, brings a smile to Dani's face. "Please, Peter! Keep it up! I'm almost there. I'm almost done!"

Daniella Rand achieves total fulfillment with the deep plunging of Spider-Man. He keeps driving inside and filling her up with his length. She breaths in and breaths out a couple of seconds later.

The scales tilt a bit closer to the side of balance. Daniella's clutches onto his hips to drive the web slinger down. They touch bodies and become as close as possible. The rush of energies spill over her body. Dani's entire world spins into a multitude of colors as the carnal activities enrapture her.

Spider-Man works himself like a well-oiled piston. Their bodies linger closer together. Warm and sultry flesh brushes together. Spider-Man holds his hands up and cups Daniella's nice round breasts
before giving them a squeeze. He releases them and makes another moan pass through her lips.

She closes in on him with a hard clamping feeling. Spider-Man holds down and works her into the bed until both parties reach a close mutual peak.

"Let your release meet mine, S…Peter!"

"It would be an insult…otherwise!"

He grunts one more time and drives balls deep into Daniella. Their bodies meet together. Their auras center completely as the age old dance breathe new life into the world. Each thrust brings a fresh ache to Peter's loins as he rocks back against her.

The feeling of her climax building spirals Daniella to push up. A part of her marvels at the fact Peter is able to hold back so much. He's truly shows skill at many aspects. However, the fact she's not able to make him feel the same release at the same time also draws Daniella into frustration.

"You don't have to hold back on my account. I want you to release inside me."

"Are you sure?"

Daniella tightens around Peter and milks him. The feeling of her walls clenching and releasing him make it extremely hard for Spider-Man to deny what's about to happen. His hands busy themselves with Dani's nubile and fit body to ensure her pleasure doubles.

"I'm certain! I want you to feel as good or better as you're making feel better!"

The normally Zen composure Dani holds breaks when she exchanges those words. Clutching him tight, Dani realizes her climax rises up to another level. Everything she holds dear is about to crash down. Dani moans in his ear and starts to grab onto him.

Peter feels her tug and pull. This only causes him to ride Dani even faster. Their bodies meet together in the intense passions they're feeling. One may cite some enchanting energies drawing both of them together. Peter disagrees, it's just a simple need for them to meet together.

The need climaxes with both of them exploding. Peter holds onto Dani and drives his load inside of her. She clings up and ensures that Peter does not, either accidentally or intentionally, slip out. The web slinger's desire grows hotter towards this skilled and scorching hot warrior.

The exchange of bodily juices bring their joining to a new level. Daniella pushes up to meet her partner in this affair. Every single moment the two exchange their passions is a moment she judges to be well spent. The pleasure rushes through her body along with the satisfaction of a debt repaid.

The last few spurts paints the insides of Daniella. Peter's gaze looks up and she responds with a very satisfied smile.

"Are we squared then?"

"Yes," she comments. "Until we meet again then."

"And we will."

Peter slides away from her. Daniella reaches in and cups his face to give him another kiss, to show that it was not exactly a debt that compelled her.

The unspoken promise of another meeting between the two passes to explore this encounter further.
Any future meetings will be another story for another time.

End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments, and I'll be back on Saturday for a new chapter.
"There, we're finished. I hope."

Alex Danvers leans over the desk of her dorm room at Empire State University. The middle daughter of Jeremiah and Eliza Danvers, Alex finds herself sometimes at a loss to find her own identity. Her older sister, Carol, she's this ace who is the best at everything and gives Alex a slight inferiority complex. Carol's recruited for NASA straight out of college. NASA! And Kara, her younger sister, is just as amazing in her own right.

She finds herself looking over a school project with her best friend Peter Parker. Back when Alex was in high school, Peter and his Aunt May moved into the house next door to the Danvers Residence. Peter went to high school in the same grade as Alex and they became good friends. Then, Alex is privy to Peter's other activities at night and helps him out there while at possible. They grow very close and feel like they can tell each other everything.

"It looks good. Way better than the time you tried to modify my web shooters."

A sullen look spreads over Alex's face. She turns around, crossing her arms, and sticking out her lip in the most adorable pout possible.

"You will never let me live that down, will you?"

On her knees, on the floor, after his web shooters exploded in her face. Sticky white fluid all over Alex's face and not in the fun way either. Someone who came in that point might get the wrong impression on her.

"Well, it was the thought that counted."

Alex takes a deep breath and sighs. She moves around to her bed and is about ready to crash for a second. She walks around her dorm room wearing a long night shirt with her underwear underneath it. She does not care, because it's Peter.

"I really want to thank you. And I've been thinking about something."

It takes her a very long time to muster up the courage. Alex decides now's the time strike, mostly because Carol's also made her interest in Peter perfectly known and Alex's ego cannot take another hit. Especially if she allows him to slip away.

"Yes."

"Peter….I think I like you. More as a friend. And I want...I want to be with you...more as a friend."

"You...what are you trying to get out?"

"Well, you're amazing, smart, brave, sexy as hell...and well, I don't think I've ever felt this way for another guy. But at the same time, I can't...I know that if I don't take my chance right now, I'm going to miss it. And I understand if this makes you feel uncomfortable, but I want...I want this to all be out on the table...to know where we stand...where I stand."
Alex realizes she sounds about as nervous as Kara sometimes. She takes a deep breath and Peter wraps his arms around her.

"I like you too. So what are we going to do?"

"Well most people kiss when they like each other, right?"

Peter leans down and kisses Alex hard. She returns the kiss with vigor and feels Peter's hands roaming. She does nothing to discourage his touch, but rather encourages it.

About five years of knowing Peter builds up to this moment. Normally when she kisses Peter, the alarm goes off before things get really juicy. Alex hopes to whatever divine entity will listen this is real. It feels real, but at the same time, she just does not know. Peter kisses her more deeply, and makes Alex take a deep breath.

Without even knowing it, Alex unbuttons Peter's shirt and starts to feel up his chest after breaking the kiss. She feels him up and kisses his chest and his abs before moving down.

"Is that for me?"

"Alex, you're a beautiful woman. Who else can it be for?"

Her ego gets a nice little boost. Alex does not really mind sharing Peter with her sisters if the opportunity presented itself, but damn it, she wants to get here first.

"I thought that Carol or maybe Kara would beat me to you."

"Are they interested?"

Peter looks at Alex and she just shakes her head.

"Oh, maybe they are. But I think that you're more interested in what I can do with my mouth at the moment."

To be fair, Alex never once does anything with a man. She hopes that she can please Peter. There's a lot of girls who would want to stake their claim and Alex thinks many of them are attracted.

Maybe just a bit bisexual, but a woman like Mary-Jane Watson, Felicia Hardy, or Gwen Stacy tends to make a girl a bit curious to be honest.

Without any warning, Alex takes Peter's manhood into her mouth. She chokes on it.

"Nice and slow. You don't want to take more than you can handle at once."

Alex realizes she's likely not Peter's first. But, as long as it's not her sisters who got to Peter first, she's willing to take that bitter pill. Peter's strong hands guide her and make her go down on him.

"This is going to be like the web shooters again if you're not careful."

She disagrees about the fact that this is going to be like the web shooters. Peter's balls contains fluids that she would rather have all over her face than whatever concoction he uses to make his web shooters. Alex pushes her lips down and tenses around him.

Alex's mouth feels amazing. Her perfect juicy lips wrapping around his manhood and her hand moving up to fondle his balls. This might be the first time for her, but Alex is really getting into it. Peter watches her beautiful face light up and her soft lips keep working him.
"Alex. Oh, damn it, Alex."

The middle child of the Danvers family sucks Peter's long rod, feeling it swell up and make her throat gag. Alex coughs on his manhood, but keeps working away. She wants to taste him inside of her mouth.

A warm rush of fluids spill down Alex's throat. The invigorating rush makes Alex want to slide a finger between her thighs. Unfortunately, one hand strokes Peter's balls and the other squeezes his ass. Alex longs for her to be like Peter during that one incident where he grew extra arms during their senior year of high school.

Alex kicks herself for not taking the plunge with him while he had the extra arms. Live, learn, to keep from sucking at life.

The warmth of Alex's perfect mouth drains every single last drop of Peter's seed down her throat. Peter hammers away at his long-time friend.

The next thing Peter knows, Alex releases him from her mouth.

"That was good. I'm going to have to do that more often."

A small amount of semen trickles from the corner of her mouth. With grace, Alex pops it into her mouth and sucks it down.

The buzz in her body increases. Alex strips off her nightshirt and stands before the man of her dreams in nothing other than a black bra and black panties. Every last single inch of Alex's fit and athletic body shows off for Peter.

"You look good."

All of her intense workouts pay off, and likely prepare her for the cardio session Alex intends to be with Peter. She moves closer to him and rolls him over to straddle his hips and rub his hardening cock.

"Maybe we're going a bit too fast?"

"Given how I've been going in reverse with you for a few years, I need to make up for lost time."

Alex takes off her bra and her perky breasts come out for Peter to enjoy. He reaches up and as Alex expects, he clings to more than walls with his hands. The feeling of Peter releasing and squeezing her breasts makes Alex just grip with delight and thinly supressed desire.

She decides to take herself to the next level.

"I want to eat you."

"Flattered, but maybe next time. I'm dripping wet for you."

Alex brushes her pussy lips over his cock after removing her panties. It's so wet, and Alex cannot wait to ride him. She bites down on her lip and sinks down onto him, filling up with his cock.

So tight, Alex feels so tight, and so wonderful. Her snug walls takes his cock into her body. Her tight stomach muscles ripple and her perky breasts bounce. Alex gives him a sultry smile when rising up and down. Her hands press against Peter's torso when she rides him.

"And to think, I didn't really like riding horses."
His endowment presses deeper into her. Alex tilts her head back and gives a passionate moan. So good, so good, he goes so deep into Alex. Pressing her warmth against his manhood and then releasing it. Alex clings down onto him and releases his cock.

She's really working him over and pumping him. Watching Alex's sexy body ride him and pleasure him in every single way possible is a pretty good feeling. She clings onto him tightly. Peter reaches up slightly and grabs her.

Alex lets out a moan when impaling himself on his cock. Peter marvels at how much his sexy friend works herself up and down on his cock.

Her stamina is amazing as well. She rides him with just as much vigor as possible. Obviously, Alex wants this for a long time and keeps riding Peter's pole. She tightens down around him and makes a flare of energy cascade around Peter's tool. He shoves deep into her and makes Alex's wet walls snap back against him.

Peter shoves deeper and deeper inside of her, with Alex stretching out on him.

"Mmmm! Give me that cock, big boy!"

Feeling Peter's hard rod stretching her out, makes Alex drip with delight. The feeling of her thighs just getting a pounding from his balls when he sinks into her, it makes Alex just want to ride him. The sexy co-ed drops down onto him and makes Peter go deeper inside of her.

Alex reaches a raging climax and clamps down onto Peter's hard boner. She stretches himself into her and then bounces down onto him.

"Alex, I'm close…"

Alex squeezes the base of his cock.

"Not yet."

She pulls off of him. Her pussy leaving juices on him. Alex gives him a slightly slow handjob, making sure not to let him cum just yet. She's getting into this and just letting her instincts take hold.

Alex crawls over to the edge of the bed. She clutches the bed post hard as possible. Alex wiggles her ass and calls Peter over towards her.

Peter's erection rages and is stiff as hell. He sinks himself into Alex. Every thrust puts Peter in perfect position to feel up her body. Alex's deep and hungry moans encourages him. The deeper Peter plows into her, the more Alex is about ready to tip over the breaking point.

He slides into Alex and pulls almost all the way out of her. His manhood rests on her lips and then he shoves himself into her one more time. He smacks down onto Alex and rocks her entire body. Alex clutches onto the bed, mouth hanging open from the very obvious excitement spreading over her.

"Oh, those balls are getting heavy? Do you want to cum, baby?"

"You know...I do!"

Peter grabs ahold of Alex and plunges deep inside of her. Her warm walls close around Peter and releases a blast of clear fluids all the way down on him. Peter holds onto her and keeps planting his thick rod inside of her. He repeatedly and endlessly drives himself into her. His balls slap Alex's thighs and make a rise of pleasure just come out of her. The deeper Peter goes inside of Alex, the
more she calls for him.

The more she calls for him, the harder and faster he pounds away at Alex. The friction of their loins builds Peter pretty much up to something. He holds onto her and then without any warning, he lets his balls erupt and shoot up Alex with his seed.

Alex cums just as he does. Their mutual orgasm is a hell of a moment. Peter slams deeper and deeper inside of her, riding out her wet pussy. Every single moment, every single thrust just makes Alex see stars. A long awaited release occurs the more that Peter rams into her.

Peter groans and the tension in his muscles feels great with the release going inside of him. They really go from first gear to about tenth in their relationship, with Peter planting load after load of seed in Alex’s pussy.

Alex closes her eyes. Well, she may have to tell her mother she should be expecting a grandchild in nine months, but she's not sorry about that. Then again, she does want children and who better to be the father of them than Peter. It's just a bit sooner than she expects.

The second Peter pulls out of her, Alex rolls over under her back. Peter wraps his arms around her in the spooning position. Hands touches her chest and he squeezes her breasts.

Alex rubs against Peter from this position.

"Did you think we were done yet?"

"Not in the slightest."

Peter sinks into her one more time. She's amazing and fit to keep up from him. They should have been doing this a long time ago instead of dancing around each other.

The depths Peter goes makes Alex feel like a million dollars and ready to take on the entire world. She lays in for another round of very stiff love making, with Peter's arms wrapping around her and touching her when he drills in hard.

Perfect. Just perfect.

End.

Next Chapter: 4/30/2018.

Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you Monday for the next chapter.
A small thump on the bedroom window brings Jean DeWolff's attacking towards them. The attractive New York City police detective flips her strawberry blonde hair away to see properly. She grabs onto the latch of the window and opens it to reveal a gentleman wearing a black suit with a white mark on it.

"I was worried that you wouldn't show up."

Jean DeWolff smiles when a man she suspects is a good number of years young than her enters. She's on the other side of forty. No one knows it due to the fit and attractive look she has. And she's fallen hard for this young man who happens to be one of the most polarizing figures in New York City, Spider-Man.

His body language indicates he's apologetic. "I got tied up. It seems like whenever I need to be somewhere, something comes up."

Jean just smiles. "That's criminal."

She steps over wearing a black silk robe which comes down to her mid-thighs. Silky stockings remain visible on the other side of the robe. Spider-Man moves behind her for a second and places his hands on her waist. A small shiver comes over Jean the second they touch.

"I'm concerned you're guilty of a crime, Detective."

Another touch causes Jean's attention to divert from the conversation. A second passes with Spider-Man's hot breath hitting Jean. His fingers dip down to the sash on her robe. "And prey tell what are the charges."

A nibble on Jean's neck causes tingles to spread down her spine. "Robbing the cradle."

Jean pulls away from Spider-Man and smiles down at her younger lover. "Guilty as charged."

His mask already is up from his earlier activities with gives Jean ample opportunity to lock lips with him. The predatory kiss Jean delivers causes Spider-Man's hands to move over the waist of the New York City police detective. It causes her to shift ever so slightly in Spider-Man's grip.

The next play results on Jean's robes coming completely open and revealing her breasts contained in a lacy black teddy, along with a black thong, garter belt, and stockings. Jean shoves her younger lover onto the bed and jumps on top of him with the agility of a woman half her age.

Jean attacks her younger lover with a constant barrage of kisses. Each of them lights up Spider-Man's body. She rubs his chest and kisses him. The top half of his costume works off on its own accord and leaves Spider-Man's chest open for Jean to attack with numerous kisses which burn him up.

Spider-Man closes his eyes and enjoys the fun. Jean really attack his body and makes sure to leave no inch unworshipped from her talented mount. Jean's fingers dip down low and cup Spider-Man's crotch though his pants.

"Damn, you're amazing."
Jean just smiles and undoes his pants. They come off and Jean rips off his boxer shorts with her teeth. Spider-Man's lengthy cock springs up and hits the older woman in the face. She grabs onto the sizeable organ with a smile.

"I'm going to use both hands to jerk this big cock. I love milking a nice young stud dry of his cum, and then a little bit more."

The hard pumping brings tingles through Spider-Man's body. He feels the pleasure coursing through his nerve endings. Jean works him down with measure motions and jerks on his rock hard cock. Every time Jean slides down to the edge it brings Peter with a flesh dosage of pleasure.

Jean soaks her panties at the feeling of this cock in her hands. She keeps pumping Peter until his cock rises up just a tiny bit higher. Jean wraps her lips around him and takes him deep into her throat.

"Jesus! Your mouth is amazing. You suck my cock like…oh god!"

The younger man's mind completely blows into a whole range of emotion. Jean most certainly feels a vindication of pleasure to have Spider-Man at the mercy of her mouth. Jean gropes his balls while sucking him off. The sounds and grunts of pleasure coming from the spectacular hero makes Jean feel really good about herself right now.

Spider-Man pumps his hips up to really drive deep into Jean's mouth. Her talented mouth sucks him with precision and makes sure Spider-Man's balls start to ache ever so slightly. He holds down and drops down with a couple of deep fluid breaths coming in. The web slinger reaches over and tries to grab onto the back of Jean's head. His hands flop down on the back of Jean's neck.

Jean releases Spider-Man from a mouth and slowly strokes his cock with her right hand while taking his balls into the left to squeeze them. "Why don't you shoot me a nice big web all over my face, Spider-Man?"

Muscles tighten with Jean working over Spider-Man. He cannot hold back from the creamy explosion which is to come. And he gives a grunt of pleasure as it blasts Jean directly in the face.

Jean takes a cum shot directly in the face. The juices of the younger man make Jean feel like she's back in college at the very earliest. She keeps pumping on Spider-Man's cock and making sure all of the cum drains out. Jean catches several droplets on her tongue like it's a snow flake.

She releases him and turns ever so slightly to give Spider-Man a nice view of her thong clad ass and the fact the thong slips off to show her pussy. Jean collects the deposit he make on her face with her fingers and locks his eyes.

"Hope you're watching closely, big boy."

"Very."

Jean smiles and takes one finger at a time into her mouth to suck the seed off. Spider-Man's cock finds new life especially when the pussy and ass of this mature woman calls for him.

It comes too much to bare and Spider-Man dives it to rip her thong off. Spider-Man goes deep inside of her and starts eating Jean out. His tongue moves in measured swirls and causes Jean to breath out in pleasure.

Jean pops a breast out of her lingerie to play with the nipple. The web slinger munches on her pussy, attacking the outer lips and going on the inside with equal vigor. His fingers sticking to her ass also brings Jean to a pleasurable breathing. She pushes and turns a nipple to breath.
That's right! Eat my fucking pussy! Show me how you please a woman! Do it! Fucking lick me until I spurt all over your fucking face!

The spicy taste proves to be an addiction for Spider-Man. He buries deep between Jean's thighs and works her over. Her gushing pussy makes Spider-Man's cock rock hard as well. The feeling and the need to be inside reaches a boiling point and he cannot hold out much longer.

Jean turns around with a saucy smile on her face. She grabs Spider-Man's hard cock and squeezes it hard.

"Is it so hard it hurts?"

Spider-Man nods as the older woman manipulates his cock. "Yes."

"Mmm! Maybe Mommy should do something about that."

Jean pushes herself onto him and mounts his lap. His cock grows harder than ever and primed to slip between her lips and balls deep inside of her. Her wetness stains the tip and allows the web slinger an easy entrance.

The warm and snug walls of the fit Jean DeWolff wrap around Spider-Man when he slides into her. The friction brings a new pleasure. Jean wraps her legs around his waist and starts pumping him inside. A groan comes from Spider-Man the further and faster Jean rises and drops upon his cock.

"It feels good! I make you feel good!"

Two round breasts pop completely out. Spider-Man leans in and nibbles on Jean's fleshy orbs. She leans back and moans in her young lover's ear.

"That's it! Make me feel good! Use your mouth and make me scream! You know that's what you want! You know that's what I want!"

Jean pumps up and down on him to cause the tension to rise. She slows down just enough and reaches down to pinch the base of his cock. Spider-Man's eyes widen when she staves off the coming orgasm. A predatory smile comes over her face.

"Not yet, Mommy still wants to play."

"Just wait."

The two meet once again as Jean pushes down onto him. She encases Spider-Man deep inside and makes sure every inch of him passes inside of her wet warm walls. The web slinger groans when Jean milks him for everything that he's worth.

The delicious bouncing makes a fresh stir come from below. Spider-Man holds back and works her breasts the way he knows that drives her inside.

"You know something? I love riding a young stud and making him groan, especially one so powerful. Are you even old enough to drink? Can you even vote? Are you going to make me feel like a dirty old woman by riding someone who hasn't even left high school?"

Spider-Man neither confirms or denies her thoughts. The relationship most certainly is one who many will frown up for various reasons. Spider-Man cares little about societal taboos when such a hot babe rides him and milks his balls close to completion.
Then, Jean pulls away and staves off his orgasm. A predatory smile goes over her face. Exactly what predator she resembles, the word cougar most certainly comes to mind. Jean turns herself around and her wet pussy lines up with his cock.

A smile pops over Spider-Man's face when he reaches to grab onto Jean's ample breasts and squeezes them. The sexy detective slides down onto his long pole and pushes it deep inside of her. Spider-Man clings onto her body.

Jean throws her head back with Spider-Man hitting all of the spots which drive her completely nuts. He zeroes in on the side on her right shoulder which drives Jean completely nuts. The older woman's heat only increases when teasing the young man beneath her wet pussy.

He teases her just as much. Every time Jean sees him it takes every bit of self control not to drag him behind an alleyway for some private interrogation. Jean rocks back on Spider-Man at this thought. Every movement brings her young lover deeper inside.

"It looks like you're going to lose it too."

No comment could be made other the saucy smile coming from Jean. She just keeps pumping away and keeps working Spider-Man inside of her warm body. The wetness caresses every single inch of Spider-Man until the moment where he fills her up and releases her. Spider-Man holds onto her chest and she moans with pleasure.

The younger man proves to break some of her resolve. Jean finds herself on a roller coaster ride of pleasure and since Spider-Man makes her feel so good, it's only time for her to finish.

Spider-Man holds Jean's hips. In his experience, Spider-Man judges older women to be many things. Assertive, aggressive, and holding to the strong ability to know what they want and how to make their partners give it to them. And at the same time, they're all so satisfying. The sizzling sound of their flesh beating together proves this point. Spider-Man holds on and buries himself deep inside of her.

Stars shoot from behind Jean's eyes the further she slides down on Spider-Man. The web slinger holds on for the ride and works her over the edge.

"I want you...I want you to finish!"

A reach to her right breast and squeeze almost causes Jean's emotions to unglue. She holds it together. Spider-Man teases her just as much as she teases him. "Are you sure?"

Jean flexes her inner muscles against the organ intruding her to answer the question. Spider-Man responds by hammering her and making this feel so good. Jean's desire for her young lover bubbles to the service. He makes her feel so good and the feel appears to be mutual.

Finally, everything comes crashing down. Spider-Man bursts and drives his cock deep inside of Jean's waiting and wet pussy. He holds on and keeps pumping away until completely finished. The feeling of a long-awaited release brings great joy to her body.

The cream pie filling Jean causes the Detective's boy to size up. She exercises responsibility by taking birth control. Still, the thought of maybe forgetting one time adds a certain danger to this little liaison. Jean milks him the rest of the way with taboo thoughts dancing in her mind.

Spider-Man pulls out with his cock giving one more shuddering spurt and staining her stocking clad thighs. A smile crosses his face as he slinks back onto the bed.
Jean crawls over to Spider-Man and snuggles into his chest. Lazy patterns trace into his chest. Jean
smiles at him. "Are you staying for a while?"

"If you want."

She eases closer down south to his abs and looks not wanting to stop. "Perfect."

End.


Thanks for the Favorites, Follows, Views, Kudos, and Comments.
Spider-Man stands over the downed body of Kraven the Hunter after their latest battle. The mighty hunter groans from the impact from Spider-Man. The web slinger cannot help and swoop down to look Kraven dead on in the eye. The menacing man grumbles when trying to get up.

"Maybe this will teach you not to hunt people. No matter how much of an animal motif they have."

The web slinger slams his adversary into the ground with a boot stop and picks Kraven up. The hunter slams into the wall and Spider-Man webs him up against the wall. Kraven collapses down with the webbing holding him up at least until the proper authorities get here.

Spider-Man exits the room to come across a cage. The torches of the room flicker on to give Spider-Man a clear view of the occupant inside of the cage. The web slinger steps back a couple of inches and looks on with thinly disguised shock. He moves in to take a closer look.

Red hair comes down past the woman's shoulders. Yellow cat eyes look at Spider-Man and that is not the only part of her body which gives off those features. Soft looking fur covers her sensual body and a tail hangs down behind her. She's obviously not wearing any clothing although very much a woman. Spider-Man realizes the person he's dealing with.

"You're...you're.....Cheetah!"

Cheetah's eyes open up. "Yes! I'm her! And I was hunted by that madman for three months. And when he finally captured me, he drugged me and put me in the cage like an animal."

Once a brilliant scientist and explorer, Barbara Anne Minerva's life turned upside down when a mysterious artifact came into her possession. The artifact transformed her into the cat creature before her.

"I'm going to let you out of this cage. I don't want you to try anything."

Spider-Man figures he takes a huge gamble letting this woman out of her cage. On the one hand, no one deserves being the victim of one of Kraven's hunts. On the other hand, Spider-Man knows her transformation left the woman very much twisted in the past.

The web slinger opens the lock of the cage. Cheetah springs up to her feet and knocks Spider-Man down onto the ground. The web slinger struggles against her grip. Her warm, soft, fur, and shapely female body brushing against him makes it harder to concentrate. Spider-Man fully makes himself aware of her large ground breasts and thick ass along with her long legs.

Cheetah digs her claws into Spider-Man with a predatory smile on her face. Her tail wraps around his waist to hold him tight and the mask slips off to reveal the web slinger's lips. Cheetah leans down and kisses Spider-Man roughly on the lips. Their raw and wild kiss heats up when the web slinger gives into his own instincts and kisses Cheetah back with everything he has.

Those nails rip into the top half of Spider-Man's suit. Cheetah wants to sink her claws into this powerful man in more than one ways. She moves from his lips and attacks the side of his neck. Cheetah nibbles on Spider-Man's neck while her hands rub all over his chest.
Both the animal and woman inside desire what he has. She moves down to plant several more kisses over Spider-Man's strong abs. She makes quick work of the bottom half of his costume.

"I'll send you the bill for that…one!"

Cheetah wraps her hand around Spider-Man's pulsing cock and squeezes it hard. She moves over to cup his balls and smiles when grabbing them. They are large and full of cum which makes Cheetah really happy about what she has to work with.

Spider-Man locks onto those gorgeous cat eyes. Cheetah's dark lips open up and slowly Spider-Man's cock slides in between them. She takes his cock into her mouth.

"You're mouth feels so warm," he grunts.

The throat muscle control Cheetah boasts of allows the feisty feline to take more of his cock deep inside of her throat. She wraps a hand around his balls to weigh them. They can't even fit in her hand given how large and thick they are which pleases her.

A loud pop brings Cheetah face first down onto Spider-Man's lap. The tip of his cock strikes the back of her throat. The rush of pleasure to his loins and throughout his body ensures Spider-Man has a good idea. He grabs the back of Cheetah's head, perhaps daringly.

"You really must want to suck my cock! Go ahead, baby! Take everything that I want it. You look so sexy doing that."

Cheetah obliges him by bobbing her sexy mouth up and down on his throbbing hard cock. Each time he enters the back of her throat, Cheetah's desire only increases. She wants nothing more than that cock to seed her nicely, but first tasting it might be a good idea.

Her mouth gets sore for a minute so Cheetah switches tactics. Cheetah hoists up her large full breasts and wraps them around Spider-Man's cock. She pushes up and down onto them to encase his cock in such pleasure and warmth.

"Damn, that feels so good!"

The furry breasts brushing against his sensitive cock rises a tingle which has nothing to do with his Spider sense. Cheetah smiles at him with a predatory smile and rubs her breasts down against his cock. The web slinger pushes up and grabs her breasts to ram into it.

Cheetah purrs when his fingers dig into her tits. It feels so good with him molding her. She closes her eyes and enjoys the pounding while working over his cock for several more minutes. His balls look to be throbbing and almost to full capacity. Cheetah switches to her mouth.

She takes Spider-Man into her mouth and sucks him hard. The loud slurping sound of his cock almost makes Spider-Man forget how much he misses being in between Cheetah's large furry breasts.

"I'm going to explode if you're not careful."

Funnily enough, this does not deter Cheetah. It only makes her suck harder and faster along with milking Spider-Man's balls in time with the sucking. Cheetah takes him into the warmth of her throat and blows him hard until Spider-Man's stamina reaches a breaking point.

Spider-Man grabs onto her head and spears her throat. An explosion of cum fires into Cheetah's mouth. He keeps bucking and shooting into her mouth. His muscles untense just enough to release
the every dose of cum which continue to fire up and down into the back of her throat.

Cheetah wipes her tongue around the edge of his prick and keeps drinking him up. She makes it certain not missing a drop is the highest priority possible. Hunger dances in Cheetah's eyes the longer she worships Spider-Man's large and meaty cock. She pulls back and sucks him even harder.

She releases Spider-Man and he drops down onto the ground. Cheetah puts a hand on his thigh and squeezes it hard. "I got a small taste of you. I want the rest."

Cheetah crawls back and lies down on the ground. Her legs spread together to show Spider-Man a warm slit ready and able for penetration. Spider-Man crawls on top of her. His chest presses against hers when the two move down.

She opens up and wraps a leg around Spider-Man's back. His cock, now hard and throbbing once again, guides into her pussy. He holds down and pushes into her. Cheetah sinks her claws into his back the deeper Spider-Man pushes into her.

"So tight!" he grunts.

Spider-Man fills Cheetah up inch by inch. She mewls hard in his ear with her tail tickling his balls between her legs as she rises up the ground. This action feels really good and only prompts Spider-Man to drive himself deeper inside of her pussy. Their thighs grind together with Spider-Man working his way deep inside of her body.

A tight clutch around his manhood makes sure Cheetah feels every single inch into her body. It's a mutually beneficial situation between the two of them and scratches an itch she most certainly cannot in that cage. His powerful muscles press all over her body as the most important one slides deep inside. Cheetah tenses up and releases her orgasm onto his cock.

"Keep it up! Don't stop!"

Spider-Man smiles and plants a couple of kisses on her neck and shoulder. He moves in and whispers into her ear. "I don't intend to stop. Until that tight little pussy can take no more."

Cheetah's rippling muscles close around his hard cock and makes Spider-Man drive deeper inside of her. She really wants to feel every single last inch just bury its way inside of her. He moves with a flurry of thrusts and makes Cheetah enjoy every single last movement.

She cums again and Spider-Man lowers his head down to meet her breasts. He nibbles on the fur covered flesh and makes Cheetah growl and mewl underneath him. Spider-Man's hands rest on her hips to pump himself inside and then pulls out before going back inside again.

Every single stroke brings pure nirvana to Cheetah. She rolls up to meet Spider-Man's deep thrusts. The blessing from her transformation allows Cheetah to take every inch he has to give, despite still being so tight. And she will remain gloriously so, one of the many perks from her powers.

"I want you to make me cum again. Make me feel really good."

Her purrs in his ear encourages Spider-Man drive deep inside of her. Cheetah's tail continues to tease his balls when she has a chance. This adds to the erotic encounter both of them enjoy.

The sweat spills between both of them as a heavy amount of liquid pumps out from between Cheetah's legs. Spider-Man keeps working away at her. Every single moment he enters her, his cock receives a good workout from her inner walls. It brings him closer to the edge.
"Don't pull out when you finish. I want all of you."

In all of his days, Spider-Man cannot recall a voice sounding both alluring and so dangerous at the same time. Spider-Man drives deeper inside of her. The scorching heat between the two continues to grow as they drive themselves further to the edge of a spectacular orgasm.

Cheetah gushes all over Spider-Man's intruding cock first. She throws her hips up to stuff Spider-Man inside of her tightening pussy. Spider-Man returns fire by driving deeper inside. The tension in his cock and balls inflame his desire to ram balls deep inside of the gorgeous woman underneath him. Cheetah hangs on with a breathy moan the further Spider-Man drives deep inside of her.

"Yes! Yes! Deeper! YES! FUCK ME!"

Spider-Man hangs on for the rest of the ride and keeps slamming balls deep inside of Cheetah. Cheetah holds onto Spider-Man and breaths deeply in his ear. The further he drives in, the more Cheetah takes his cock inside of her body. She twitches up to take more inside until it becomes apparent Spider-Man reaches his breaking point.

Giving into his own lust allows Spider-Man to shoot his cum directly into Cheetah's womb. She holds on to make sure Spider-Man fires every last drop of cum inside of her.

The dust settles and the feeling of release hits Spider-Man full on. He pulls completely out of Cheetah to allow her to drop down onto the ground. Cheetah places a hand on her pussy and collects the combination of cum. She lifts said hand to mouth and slowly licks it making sure she looks directly at the web slinger. A throbbing comes to his loins one more time.

Cheetah turns around with her tail wrapping around Spider-Man's throbbing cock. The soft tail caresses every inch of his manhood as it wraps around it. Cheetah stretches to rub a finger between her legs and stops at her tight looking asshole.

"You know you want to. It's the only hole you haven't."

Spider-Man focuses on the inviting back passage with Cheetah tugging on his cock with her tail. The mystical powers allow it to stretch and encase Spider-Man's cock with all of its furry goodness. She rises up and moves closer to grind her butt against Spider-Man's stomach with a soft and sensual growl following.

"I want to...I must."

Her asshole opens up so nicely for Spider-Man to fill. Spider-Man works his fingers against Cheetah's meaty ass and rubs his fingers against her. Her accommodating hole opens perfectly for Spider-Man to line up and enter. His heart pumps along with the blood rushing to his loins and then throbbing hard.

"You will. As if there was any doubt."

Spider-Man's left hand closes around her breast to squeeze it. Cheetah's eyes glaze over. This is more than she bargains for and she likes it like this. It's the type of raw sexual encounter without any human inhibitions attached few appreciation. The web slinger's hands roll deep against her nipples and make her deeply breathing in pleasure.

Twelve inches of thick super-powered cock slides into Cheetah's warm asshole. Spider-Man grunts as a hole much tighter than the previous one he's in claims his cock. Spider-Man holds himself back a tiny bit and rolls against her from behind with the pleasure only increasing the deeper he buries inside of her.
"Cheetah," Spider-Man groans in the back of her ear. "Oh…Cheetah!"

Spider-Man's fingers clutch against Cheetah's nipples and make he feel really good the deeper he goes. And Spider-Man goes very deep inside of Cheetah's smoldering back passage. He pulls her up and feels every single inch of that delicious body. Fur drips with sweat and cum and the intoxicating smell coming from her body makes Spider-Man only drive deeper.

"Go ahead lover. Drive that cock into my ass! Make those balls throb until they shoot their load into my slutty ass. You can't resist me! I can give take your cock in my ass all day….."

Spider-Man slaps her hind quarters and drives further inside. The web slinger brings his hard balls as fast and quick against her ass as humanly possible. Spider-Man pushing just a bit further to see how much he can take and it turns out to be a whole lot the further he goes in.

"All day? We'll see."

The web slinger's balls ache the deeper he pushes into Cheetah's warm and closing hole. He knows there's a breaking point to reach, he just hasn't reached it. Spider-Man makes her feel really good judging by the sounds she make. She purrs like a cat in heat and maybe that's the case.

Spider-Man keeps going to work on Cheetah's ass with her devious encouragement spurring him on. The web slinger's entire body sizes up with pleasure. He presses against Cheetah, the fury on her back grinding up against her chest. Soft tail wraps around Spider-Man's balls and gives it a squeeze.

The two enjoy their movements with each other. They barely hear the sounds of helicopters coming in from above on the island. Spider-Man buries himself balls deep inside of Cheetah's warm ass and is about ready to lose it inside of her. Spider-Man pulls almost completely out of her and then goes back down inside of her one more time. He rubs all over her body.

Cheetah's toes curl as the depths drive her to another orgasm.

"Spider-Man, I'm here!"

Jessica Drew's voice cuts in through Spider-Man. He grunts even more when driving deep inside of her. "I'm in here, Spider Woman. I'm deep inside and I'm almost finished."

Another grunt and another push follows with Spider-Man busting his nut in Cheetah's warm asshole. His balls discharge heavily as he hammers her ass all the way to the finish. Her pussy creams as well with Spider-Man gripping and releasing it with each push.

The moment Spider-Man pulls out, the door opens. Cheetah drops to the ground, both holes dripping with his cum.

In the doorway stands Jessica Drew, better known as Spider Woman, who eyes the situation. She is about to tell Spider-Man that Kraven's been taken into custody, but the situation loses herself when she sees Barbara Anne Minerva, Cheetah, kneeling on the ground. Cum dribbles out both of her holes and she sensually licks the additional cum off of the ground as well.

Jessica tries to force herself to think about anything other than her base desires. Her body heats up when catching a glimpse of Spider-Man's cock, his big cock, out in the open.

"Hey, Jess. What do you need?"

She tries not to answer with the obvious. His rippling muscles and throbbing cock paint a visible interest in Jessica's mind. The fact Cheetah now rubs up against her leg with a naughty glint in her
eye makes it very hard for Jessica to think of anything else other than the obvious.

End.


Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you on Sunday for the next chapter.
Receiving an invitation to join a beautiful woman piques Peter Parker's interest. His interest heightens even more when she suggests to come in nothing other than a bathrobe to an area on the beaches of Nova-Roma. Peter touches down wearing the bathrobe and comes across one of the most alluring sights ever.

Amara Aquilla, better known as Magma of the New Mutants and the Princess of Nova-Roma, props herself down on a towel. Her vibrant tan skin glistens in the sunlight. Blonde curls frame her angelic face. Peter's drawn to her flawless body with every single inch of it visible. The only thing she wears is a very skimpy black thong which covers her shapely ass. She turns over to the side and gives Peter a hint of her breasts.

"Welcome, Spider-Man. I'm glad to see you can make it. Why don't you sit down next to me?"

Peter sits down next to Amara. She rises up completely to allow Peter to get a full view of her front side. Large round breasts, a flat tight stomach, and long shapely legs show Peter what she offers him. The visual buffet of skin before him stuns Peter for a second. She positively glows in radiant light. Amara blows a hair out of her face and gives him a soft smile. She uncrosses her legs.

"So, what..."

"You look tense. Let me help you."

A gentle squeeze of his shoulders causes Peter's attention to shift to the sultry woman. Amara leans in and kisses Peter on the lips hard and fluidly. Their tongues meet together in the center with the hunger coursing through their bodies. Amara's fingers stroke Peter's bicep and squeezes it through the robe.

"I've got some special oil which will loosen up the tension. Let me get this robe off."

A compulsion to warn Amara hits Peter. "I'm not wearing anything underneath this robe."

She grins at him. "I know."

Amara slips the robe off and gets a good view of Spider-Man's toned body. Her eyes only give a casual glimpse of his large cock and smile puckers her lips together. Amara traces the muscles on his body. His reaction and movements is very pleasing to her. She comes down between his legs and only comes inches away from brushing his balls.

She finishes running her hands over his body without the oil. Then she pulls a small bottle and smears her hands in the oil. The oils rub against Peter's body and soak into his skin. A pleasurable and warm sensation spreads over him. It allows him greater control in the tension of his muscles. She presses up against him to rub the oil in deeper.

Round breasts push against Peter's chest. He gives a deep breath. Amara kisses him lightly on the side of the face. Peter loops his hand against the back of her neck and pulls the Princess in for another kiss. Amara's groin rubs against his leg and the friction increases.

Amara slips away from Peter and makes sure to brush against his cock. He groans. "Let me get your
back as well."

She slips behind him and Peter's feelings of lust only build. Her breasts drip with the oil now and she grinds them into Peter's back. Her hands slip against Peter's waist and causes him to smile. Amara's fingers caress him and make sure he's feeling really good.

Peter's feeling good with his cock expanding in size. All of the blood rushes from his head and his cock stretches out. Amara's slippery fingers loop around the head and give him a tug. Amara pushes herself against his back. Her hot breath hits the back of Peter's ear.

"For this massage to work, I'm going to relax all of your muscles. Including this big stiff one right here."

Amara's fingers caress down to the base of Peter's cock and she squeezes the base. Her hand slides up and down to give Peter an amazing handjob. The lack on of inhibitions in her body make things go.

"Go...go for it! This feels so good! I think I'm going to erupt."

"I'm good at making things erupt."

Amara's hand closes around the base of his cock. She uses both her hands to milk Peter Parker's pulsing penis. She works over the veiny cock with everything she has.

The tension in Peter is about to ready is about ready to break free. Amara's breasts rubbing against his back and soft lips kissing the back of his neck only increase the feelings Peter's going to feel. And his balls tighten up with Amara squeezing and milking them along with his prick.

Peter's cock shoots a massive load of seed into the air. Amara squeezes the base and releases it. She ensures to milk every single last drop. Peter's erupting cock coats her fingers. She continues the very intense and very warm handjob, her hands slipping up and down easily because of the oil coating Peter's cock.

Amara lets go of his cock and it finishes sputtering to a stop just as she finishes jerking on it. She pulls away and allows Peter some room to breath.

"That was very nice."

Amara slips away from Peter and slowly pops her fingers into her mouth. She sucks them dry one at a time and makes Peter extremely hard once again.

Something inside Peter Parker breaks. He slides halfway across the towel and grabs Amara by the hips before forcing her down to the ground. The thong covering her sex comes off and reveals the glistening and bare womanhood. Peter rubs his fingers against her and causes her to moan.

"It's my turn to have some fun."

Amara bucks up to meet Peter's probing fingers. A small amount of sweat coats from the beautiful Princess. Peter leans down and licks her firm stomach before going deep deep inside of her slit. He laps up the juices and makes Amara keep breathing.

Her pussy calls to him and tastes wonderful. The warm juice flowing between her legs prompts Peter to drive his face deeper in to eat out his lover. Peter pulls out after a well-earned orgasm on Amara's part.
Amara pulls up to her feet and decides to straddle Peter. She traps his large cock between their bodies. Peter reaches between them and grabs her oiled up breasts before giving her a squeeze.

"I need to fuck you."

A knowing smile comes over Amara's face the second she lines up directly over Peter's hard cock. He holds her hips down and then slides inside of her. The first few inches of the cock of her hero slides into her body. Amara holds on and sees what she can do of getting the rest of him inside of her.

The hottest, tightest, and wettest pussy Peter's been inside for a long time makes him feel really good. Her body gives up enough heat to increase his lust to an entirely new level. Amara's breasts jiggle across from Peter. They shine very brightly to the oil.

"We should have...we should have..."

Amara's words fail her. Peter holds her ass and makes sure to help her get as much cock inside of her as possible. The tight warmth of her inner walls hugging Peter makes a tingle spread through his oiled up prick. "We should have done this before. I couldn't agree more. And you're about to have an eruption of your own."

She cannot deny that. All of Peter's cock rubbing her insides makes Amara hot and hornier than hell. There's nothing really better than this great feeling of having a huge cock just burying inside of her like this.

Sinking down on his cock makes Amara's entire day. She holds on to keep dropping and rolling down on her. The smack of oily flesh upon oily flesh only makes Amara feel good. Her body heats up, in more ways than one.

The pleasurable sensations coming from her warm flesh makes Peter lurch up. She closes around him and refuses to relinquish his manhood. Peter enjoys it and grabs onto one of her nipples to double the pleasure. Amara's eyes glass over while Peter sticks his fingers against her nipple and releases it.

"Do...it...again!"

Peter repeats his actions a couple of times. Amara rolls down onto his hard prick and makes everything just increase in a never ending wave of pleasure. Her nipples stand up and Peter takes one of her supple tits in hand before sucking on it. The squeal and discharge of liquids illustrates how much Amara likes it.

"You're the best...more! Give me more!"

He intends to give Amara even more. Her hips keep rolling up and down. She grips around Peter and releases them. Peter holds Amara down. His cock slides deep inside of her wet pussy. Balls keep slapping against her and build up the necessary momentum leading up to her release.

"That's it! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Fuck me until I can't fucking stand it any more."

Amara's skin glows with Peter's fingers caressing her nipples. He alternates between sucking and fondling her breasts before giving a grin towards her.

"Such language is unbecoming of a Princess."

A roll of her eyes cuts off with Peter slamming inside of her body. Amara squashes up against him with a few rises and drops. Peter squeezes her tits and makes her moan out loud.
Peter works deeper and deeper into Amara. She squeezes down onto his cock and brings him closer to the edge. Peter holds back, wanting to give her the pleasure. Amara's warm walls caresses him and bring him closer and closer to the edge.

They speed up with Amara and Peter matching each other's strokes. Time stands still and the only thing which matters is what they share with each other.

"More! Give me more!"

Amara tightens her grip around him. Peter slams his cock into her and his hips buckle. A small amount of cum leaks out of his cock and inside of her body. She wraps around him and squeezes him with a moan. She wants everything other than the small amount of cum leaking inside of her.

"Go ahead, Spidey. Cum for me!"

Her wet pussy closes around Peter's throbbing cock and brings him deeper inside of her body. Amara moans out loud and bottoms out on his cock.

"You first, Princess."

Amara screams in pleasure. Peter and Amara meet each other with their glistening and beautiful bodies hitting each other on all notes. Peter rolls his fingers against Amara's back and touches her to drive her completely over the edge.

She cums first and Peter cums next. His balls discharge his fluids inside of her warm hole and coat the inside of it. Peter pounds her until her pussy overflows with cum.

The two lovers break apart from each other. Amara cups her pussy and sighs. The juices overflow it coats on her hand and she turns around. She slurps the combination of juices with desire in her eyes.

Peter's view glues to Amara's tight ass which is bent over. He picks up the bottle of oil and pours it against Amara's ass to lubricate it. His fingers work her over.

"Go ahead. You know you want to do it."

"It's beautiful."

Peter squeezes Amara's beautiful cheeks and pulls her up. He balances her onto his hands with her asshole about ready to close in. His prick remains wet and oiled up about ready to slide into her tight back entrance. His cock head brushing against her asshole makes him jump up.

Amara braces herself for Peter to slide into her ass. He roams over he chest and drives Amara completely over the edge with pleasure. She drops down and fills up with Amara's ass up with his cock.

"I like your ass."

"It likes you."

The round cheeks grab onto his hard cock and pushes deep around him. Amara breaths in and breathes out while pushing more of Peter's oiled up cock into her tight ass. Each pump drives Amara completely over the edge. It makes her feel really good with Peter's hands reaching around and cupping her breasts.

Amara bites down on her lower lip and takes as much cock inside of her ashsole as humanly
possible. Her pussy leaks from the pleasure of Peter attacking every single one of her nerve endings with his hard and throbbing cock. Amara's keeps brushing against him and driving deep onto him.

The inside of her ass makes it the most glorious fit today. Peter's muscles tense up. He keeps up fucking Amara's ass. Each drive inside of her brings a pleasurable moan towards her. He squeezes Amara's chest and makes her breathing. Fingers dance all over her body.

A small crackle echoes and the volcano on the edge of the island bubbles. Amara closes her eyes and tries to reign it in.

"Not the eruption you were hoping for."

Things warm up between them with Amara's cheeks receiving a good working over. Every squeeze makes her pant with pleasure. His balls touch her and hit her in the most pleasurable way. She's already got two huge loads of his cum today and going for a third one.

"I'm ready."

"Go for it! I want your cum in my ass!"

Peter jams his fingers in her sticky pussy and cock deep inside of her ass at the same time. Their bodies join together with a pleasurable interaction. He keeps shoving more of his cock inside of her body until his balls come very close to seizing up inside of her.

Finally, the eruption Amara and Peter both want happens. Amara's tight ass receives his cock and load deep inside of it. Peter presses himself against her and fondles every inch of her body he can grab. Amara screams out in passion the further Peter buries inside of her.

His balls tighten and keep releasing a constant barrage of cum. He holds on tight and finishes up inside of her.

Peter leaves Amara's ass with cum flowing out of it. She collapses down onto the ground and then turns over with a slight wince.

"You okay?"

"Sorry, I haven't had anything that big in my ass. I'll be better prepared for the future."

Amara gives Peter a smile and then leans over to kiss him. There's a promise for some more steamy fun between the two later. And Peter Parker will be more than up for it.

End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments, and be back on Tuesday for another Sticky Situation.
"I have you now, Spider-Man. I wonder what I'm going to do with my prize."

The sexy body of Catwoman pins Spider-Man against the wall. Their hips grind together in a warm and delicious friction which makes Spider-Man groan the deeper Catwoman pushes her loins against his. His hands reach around Catwoman and cups her ass through the tight suit.

"I can think of a few things you might want to do."

Catwoman traces the outline of his sexy body. Each ripple of his muscles causes her to become hot at this young man before her. There's only one thing she really needs to do and that's pull this throbbing cock cock out of his pants.

The cock hits the open air and Catwoman descends to her knees. Her talented hands start stroking Spider-Man and makes him even harder. She unzips her cat suit to allow her breasts to spill out a little bit. Catwoman parts her lips and takes the first few inches of his cock deep inside of her warm mouth.

"OOOHHH!"

The sound of pleasure coursing through Spider-Man starts and does not end with Catwoman wrapping her lips around his throbbing hard tool. She slips her tongue around the head in a rotating and sensual motion. Each touch of his cock makes him feel beyond great.

Piercing green eyes look up from below. Catwoman performs a full service job of his cock with her mouth and tongue. Spider-Man strings his fingers against the back of her head and drives his throbbing cock into her mouth. She gags on his cock and makes the entire encounter more sexy.

Spider-Man's cock leaves her mouth and Catwoman slips her tongue against the head. She gives him a long kiss and then coats his cock. She squeezes his balls and makes him twitch. "I'm going to have a lot of fun. I'm going to see that you cum and give this kitty her cream."

Twelve inches of man meat slides in between Catwoman's warm mouth. Her tits bounce out of her top and Spider-Man's view of them increases his own lust through the sensual thief. She takes what she wants and it makes his loins burn with desire. Spider-Man holds the back of her head and keeps pumping his length deeper inside of her warm and wet mouth.

"Keep sucking my cock. I'm going to...ooh keep doing that, and I'm going..."

Spider-Man's balls burst and send the flood of seed deep inside of Catwoman's waiting through. He holds the back of her head and continues to pump away on her. Catwoman's eyes glaze with pleasure when she takes the cum of the young man down her throat.

The second Catwoman's mouth leaves the handsome hero's cock she senses someone on the rooftop.

"So, you really think that this relic is better than I am too?"

The vision of beauty which is the Black Cat descends and stares down Catwoman with a predatory smile on her face. Platinum blonde hair whips in her face and the skin tight black suit she wears
squeezes those curves. One shift sends Felicia's breasts spilling out of her top.

"Relic, little girl? I've just made your precious little Spider cum in my mouth."

Catwoman slips behind the Black Cat and puts her hand on the back of Felicia's neck. "If you're lucky, I might keep you as a pet."

Black Cat spins around and goes nose to nose and chest to chest with Catwoman. "You really think that you can please Spider any more than I can you old hag."

"That's cute. What else is cute is the fact you think that you can handle a real man behind all of that bravado."

"Ladies there's no need to..."

Black Cat's breasts come out of her suit and she attacks Spider-Man with a lip crushing kiss. Her mouth engulfs Spider-Man's lips and her legs wrap around him. The heat of her warm cleavage pushes against her.

"I'm going to show you who the top cat is. Why don't you step back and try not to break a hip?"

Spider-Man cannot really tell who will win at this point. The only cue is that he's going to be the beneficiary of some attention between two very devious women.

"Why don't I bet the judge of which one of you are better?"

"Wouldn't have it any other way."

A huge pop releases Spider-Man's lips from Black Cat's. She drops down to the ground and grabs his cock, still dripping wet with Catwoman's spit. She starts licking at the head and canvases the base. Her large tits wrap around him as Felicia leans down and pays tribute to the head of the object of her lust.

"I bet she didn't use these on you. And mine are real. I bet she had work done to them."

Spider-Man's cock pushes between Black Cat's tits and he groans. Catwoman slinks over with a smile and watches the younger girl on her knees wrapping those breasts around his cock and jerking him off with her nice tits.

"Why don't we let the Spider judge how real I am?"

Catwoman's round breasts, darker than Felicia's creamy flesh, spill out of her costume. The lack of tanlines on her body interest Spider-Man. Catwoman grabs the hand which Spider-Man pulls away from Black Cat's breasts and drops it on her chest so he can squeeze her round mounds.

"I don't know, they feel pretty damn real to be. And pretty firm."

Determination floods over Black Cat's eyes as she pushes her tits around the object sliding behind him. "I'm going to make you cum much sooner and much more. Look at my pretty face! Look at my big tits! You want to cum all over them, Spider? Do you want to cover your slutty Black Cat with your cream?"

The aggressive jerking off of Spider-Man's cock between her tits gets the Black Cat dripping wet and in desperate need to be fucked. She wants the cum all over her tits. Catwoman steps to the side and allows Black Cat to perform her work on Spider-Man.
The tension rises up in his balls and fires a huge load all over Black Cat's round tits. Spider-Man clutches onto her and keeps pumping between her tits. The cum coats her chest, neck, and face, some of it clinging in her hair. He clutches the underside of her breasts and continues to work his balls to the edge.

The next thing Spider-Man knows, Black Cat rises to her feet. She pulls off a glove to allow the cum to drip onto her bare hand. Locking eyes with Spider-Man shows she has his full attention while slurping the seed from her hand. A warm buzz flows between Spider-Mans bodies.

Catwoman strips out of her suit the rest of the way to reveal her tight body, wet shaven pussy, thick ass, and long legs. She gives Black Cat a smile. "Now that amateur hour is over, time for the grownups to have their fun."

Black Cat strips off the rest of her costume, leaving only her boots on. Her tits and rocking body comes out. She moves over and grabs Catwoman by the face. The two of them enter an aggressive liplock with their tongues attempting to overwhelm each other. They pull at each other's hair and claw at their sexy bodies with the pent up aggression hitting them.

The view is most certainly attractive. All the firm female flesh on display makes Spider-Man throb. He notices his web shooters down on the ground and an idea comes to mind. A spank from Black Cat to Catwoman and Catwoman firing in turn only gives the naughty idea more wings.

Both women pull away from each other and end up on their hands and knees with their asses in the air. Several splatters of webbing bind their hands and feet in position. Spider-Man leans over both of them.

"If you two aren't going to behave yourselves then I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you."

Black Cat clenches at the thought of being punished by Spider-Man. A strong slap to her hind quarters follows. Spider-Man spansks Black Cat's thick ass. Every slap makes her even hornier and the desperate need to be filled by his throbbing hard cock visits Black Cat.

Spider-Man slaps Catwoman on the rear in time as well. She breaths in heavily and enjoys the attention, the firm hand prints manifesting on her ass.

"Yes, Spider! Show this bad kitty who her Daddy is!"

It's almost unbearable to stand there with a throbbing cock as he looks down at the red asses of both of them. They writhe in the webbing, each of their sensual curves. Black Cat is younger, but age most certainly does not make a fool out of Catwoman. She has more of a MILF quality towards her, with a beautifully mature body in contrast to Black Cat's younger body. He rubs his hands over their flesh and makes them moans.

The moment Black Cat's been waiting for all time is when Spider-Man slides his cock inside of her pussy. As it should be as her tight walls close down around Spider-Man. He pulls back a fraction of an inch and then drives his cock down into her gushing slit.

Catwoman hears the screams of Black Cat. She cannot quite see what happen. Thankfully, she enjoys having a pretty good imagination and also the screams and the yelps coming from Black Cat soaks her completely through.

"When you're done breaking in the new model, have your fun with a classic."

Spider-Man cups Black Cat's round tits and gives them a fondle. She moans deeply as the orgasm travels up her body and is about ready to make her gush all over Spider-Man. Spider-Man works
himself back and forth inside of her.

The second she cums, Spider-Man pulls out. His cock slaps Catwoman on the ass when he moves towards her. She spreads her legs as much as possible to see that beautiful and tight slit against her. Spider-Man reaches around her waist and sticks his hands to her chest like he's clinging to the wall.

Catwoman cannot help it. "I need you...I need you..."

Another squeeze and a spank of her ass makes Catwoman lose it almost. "Yes?"

"FUCK ME ALREADY YOU SEXY BASTARD!"

Spider-Man rams his cock into Catwoman. Her walls tighten around him with the energy of a young woman. Despite being old enough to be Felicia's mother, Spider-Man cannot deny how drop dead sexy she is. Spider-Man rolls his hands over more mature and experienced of the two thieves.

Young studs satisfy every deep desire Selina Kyle feels. Those big throbbing balls hold enough cum to keep her properly sated and those hands really show how much she can enjoy being touched and toyed with. Spider-Man holds onto her waist and spears her a couple more times.

She loses it and cums all over Spider-Man's big cock. He punishes her wet pussy with numerous rises and drops to fill her up with him.

Then, Spider-Man switches and returns to an old home. He shoves deep into Black Cat's warm pussy and works away at her with a rapid fire series of thrusts.

Spider-Man switches between both Black Cat and Catwoman, driving his huge cock inside of their warm and snug centers. His big cock stuffs them full and makes them both scream for him. He feels a twitch and knows that the end is here.

A small amount of snug satisfaction hits Black Cat with Spider-Man cumming deep inside of her. His hands roll over her body and makes her scream out loud in pleasure.

"Good! You're always good for taking a big load of cum. Aren't you?"

Felicia nods and takes him deeper and deeper. Spider-Man's big balls keep slapping against her and keeps discharging inside of her body. Spider-Man clutches his hands against her and pumps inside of her body. His balls keep launching inside of her and fills her completely up.

The minute Spider-Man leaves, Catwoman pulls herself free and takes Spider-Man's cock into her mouth one more time.

"You two...will be the death of me."

Felicia breaks free and joins Catwoman in sucking his cock. Both of the delicious women take Spider-Man's cock in their mouths and alternate sucking him off. Their warm mouths keep canvassing every inch of Spider-Man's cock and works up and down with several long sucks and slurps. His cock jumps up into their mouths and makes him groan in pleasure the deeper both ladies take him.

A loud slurp to his balls and a long suck to his cock builds up the pleasure of Spider-Man. His hands tangle in the mess of platinum hair and dark hair. Those eyes look up with naughtiness when sucking him and licking him. They pull away with a loud pop.
"I don't think that I got what I really wanted."

Catwoman mounts Spider-Man's cock and slides down onto him. She bounces up and down onto him in no time flat. Her round ass bounces against him. Spider-Man clutches behind her ass and spanks it with a hard movement.

"Fuck him! Fuck that big cock!"

All sense of decency hits Black Cat. She shoves fingers deep inside and masturbates to the visual of Catwoman's mature body. She did have a bit of an attraction to her, despite Black Cat's frustration at Catwoman taking Spider-Man. His face disappears between Catwoman's heaving cleavage just as quickly as his cock disappears into her dripping hot cunt.

Catwoman's body warms up even more at the thought of even more of this cock burying inside of her. She keeps rising and dropping. A small kiss from Black Cat sets more fire from her loins.

"You're so good."

"Better then her," Catwoman whispers.

Spider-Man locks onto the sight of Black Cat's fingers slippery inside of her overflowing pussy. It gives him a reminder of how tight and snug her pussy is. Catwoman squeezes him with her walls to get his attention.

"It's too...close...to call."

Catwoman just squeezes him between her walls and keeps working him deeper inside with each push. And the pushes go deeper with Spider-Man getting closer and closer to the edge. His hands work over her back and slide her down his throbbing hard prick. His balls slap against her and she moans.

"Let me help you decide them."

She squeezes around Spider-Man and drives down onto him. A warm sensation spreads through Spider-Man's loins before he spills his seed into Catwoman's pussy. She cums along with him to milk him completely dry of his seed. They join together in a pleasurable orgasm.

Felicia's eyes follow Spider-Man leavning Catwoman. She notices the older woman sliding back with Black Cat dropping down onto the ground. The first swipe of her tongue drives her attention towards Black Cat. Then Black Cat dives between Catwoman's legs and starts eating the cum out of her pussy.

Spider-Man watches with interest with Black Cat munching down on Catwoman's pussy. Her wiggling ass entices Spider-Man and fuels the web slinger's stamina. There's only one thing left to do and that's take the plunge inside of Black Cat's snug pussy.

Black Cat pauses just enough to accommodate him.

"I swear, the two of you are going to get me in trouble."

Catwoman breaths in and breaths out to take advantage of the slight break Black Cat gives her. "But, it's the kind of trouble you...LIKE!"

That final word purrs out from Catwoman's lips. Black Cat drives down and eats her. Her muscles tense up as the younger girl feasts on her womanly folds. It makes her feel so alive, so good, and
there's a thought of what can be done with them.

A small glimpse at the clock indicates that it's about ready for the sun to come up. It's a miracle no one sees them so far, although they kind have their fun in a blind spot in the city.

The web slinger holds onto the Black Cat and feels up her sweaty and sexy body. His muscles tighten with the feeling of yet another orgasm. He minds the time and knows that he might have to wrap this up sooner or later. First though, he wants Felicia to have her orgasm before he really lets it go.

"It's time for you to cum for me."

Felicia's groan follows and the desire fills her body. She wants nothing better and nothing more to cum. Spider-Man dips his hands underneath her chest and a small squeeze makes her feel good. Catwoman's hands guide her and make sure Felicia takes full advantage as well.

The chain of orgasms hits the three lovers on the room. Spider-Man spears his cock deep inside of Black Cat. The rippling effects in their body causes her muscles to tighten and a moan to spread through her body. Catwoman screams and clutches the back of Black Cat's hand.

For the second time this evening, Spider-Man fills Black Cat with a huge load of his seed. He looks down at the two thrashing thieves which makes him keep cumming.

"The death! I swear! You'll be the death of me!"

Spider-Man wraps up his little encounter with his balls unleashing their bounty deep inside of Black Cat. He finishes inside within a matter of minutes before pulling completely out of her.

Catwoman looks at the clock. "Somehow, I don't think this has been quite settled. Especially if we're still coherent...another night."

"Of course."

Black Cat finds her outfit dangling from the rooftop. A strand of cum breaks from her and splashes on the ground. A small smile flickers over her face as she turns around. Her tight ass ripples as she leaves the rooftop.

"Hope you can catch us on another night, Spider."

Catwoman slinks into the night. Spider-Man gets his costume back on as well and web slings into the night. The next encounter will be interesting as well.

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End.

Next Chapter: 5/10/2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments. See you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
Amazing Encounters(Dagger)

There's a blog exclusive chapter featuring Stephanie Brown called "Dream Come True." Go to my profile, hit the Page of Important Links, the Web of Chaos Archives, and either the Blog Exclusive Chapters or the Sticky Situation archive to find it.

Amazing Encounters(Tandy Bowen/Dagger)

A young blonde woman collapses on the bed. Her curls hang over her face much like an alluring curtain and a deep breath follows when her mind keeps drifting towards a run in towards an amazing man which sets her heart raising and her palms pounding. The last few weeks result in some frustrating times for Tandy Bowen, the Superheroine known as Dagger. However, there is one name which tinges on her lips and her thoughts.

Spider-Man, it keeps hitting her hard and making her just race with excitement. The web slinging hero swoops down in the night and takes her into his strong arms and makes her feel beyond great. Tandy's mouth moistens at the thought of being with him. Her breasts rise and fall against the transparent undergarment she wears.

"I had to come and make sure you're okay."

Bright blue eyes open and through the open window comes Spider-Man. Tandy's entire breath leaves her body in one fell swoop. This is how many of her dreams start starring the web slinging hero. Tandy rises up to her feet and looks over Spider-Man.

"You're here. You're really here. In my room."

Spider-Man's finds himself assaulted by the curvy woman's long hug. Tandy wraps around him and causes him to stagger back a moment.

She feels the muscles through the spider suit. Another tingle enters Tandy's being. She tries to hold back the desire to do what needs to be done, what she feels. A small, somewhat innocent look goes over the face of the girl.

"You wouldn't think badly of me if I kissed you, would you?"

"Of course not."

Spider-Man's mask slides up to allow Tandy to get full access to his mouth which she kisses. The web slinger wraps his arms around Tandy and keeps kissing her with hunger and desire spreading through her eyes. Tandy's fingers rub the back of Spider-Man's scalp and make him return the kiss.

The straps of her garment come open and show a tantalizing hint of Tandy's breasts through it. Spider-Man decides to pull it off of the rest of the way to leave enjoy the beauty of her. Tandy takes a step back and allows Spider-Man to get a few view of her body.

The fact he eats her up like a piece of candy with his eyes makes Tandy really good.

Spider-Man approaches her with a smile. He can sense Dagger holds a strong desire for him for a long time. The web slinger reaches behind and grabs a full handful of her ass. Tandy jumps up and moans loudly at the touch from Spider-Man. The web slinger keeps rotating his fingers around her
firm backside.

Tandy takes a deep breath and pulls up the front half of his costume. His strong muscles become a canvas for her to work fingers over. Tandy pulls away from him and gives a sheepish grin before running fingers over him.

"I want to see you. I want to see all of you."

"Help yourself."

Another encouraging kiss lights Tandy's loins on fire and also gives her the desire to need. She feels his bulge through his pants. Her eyes widen in wonder and a smile crosses her face.

"That's all for you. If you want to take it."

Tandy drops down to get a better look and works Spider-Man's hard cock out of his pants. It pops out to strike her on the lips. She coos loud when the cock brushes against her cheek. Tandy wraps her hand around the cock and feels it up. The taboo feeling of such a big cock in her hand brings desire in her eyes.

Then she slips it deep into her mouth. Spider-Man enjoys the feeling of Tandy's mouth wrapping around his cock. He leans down in looks her in those shining eyes.

"You're such a natural cock sucker. You're going to have me blow in no..time...!"

Choking down on his cock only makes things much more alluring. Spider-Man pistons his cock deeper into Tandy's throat. He holds onto the back of her hair and keeps working her over.

Tandy squeezes his dangling balls. The heavy weight in her hand only makes her desire what's going to come out of his cock even more. He can hold a lot of cum in these balls and she keeps playing with them.

"Good. You're doing good! I'm almost there, you're getting close."

Despite a sore jaw, Tandy persists on with blowing her hero. His cock buries into the back of her throat and almost causes her to cough. Spider-Man holds the back of her head and bottoms out in her throat. With the bottoming out comes the explosion of cum.

Spider-Man releases his seed into her mouth. The constant and never ending amount spilling down her throat throws Tandy off a little bit. The minute his cock slips from her mouth, the excess of seed strikes her on the cheek.

Tandy gives a squeeze of surprise. She takes a strand of cum off of her face and slowly feasts on it. It tastes better after Spider-Man paints her face with his seed.

The next thing she knows, Tandy's on the bed. She drops down with thighs spreading and pussy open. Spider-Man's hands stick all over her body and bring pulses of excitement. He next covers her body with kisses and shows it the reverence she only can dream about.

Spider-Man comes up from her body. His hands rest close to her molten hot core and make Tandy lose herself in pleasure.

"You pleasured me. It would be unfair if I didn't return the favor? Wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes. It would really not be right."
Spider-Man plants a kiss on her nethers and this sends Tandy spiraling out of control for pleasure. She already drips wet from giving the web slinger a blowjob earlier. Now he's currently going deep between her lips and s*pping on her pussy. Tandy closes her eyes and breaths out.

The sweet taste of Dagger's pussy encourages Spider-Man to go down on her. The willingness to join together only encourages Spider-Man to explore and taste every single nook and cranny of her. His fingers caress and squeeze at her silky flesh.

An entire mess of emotions hit Tandy all at once. Her hero, her savior, he's going down on her and it makes her feel beyong good. The butterflies course all over her stomach from Tandy's hips rising up and down at a rapid fire rate. Spider-Man brushes her thighs and she yelps in pleasure, growing and building from every inch of her body becoming a canvas for his lustful actions.

He triggers the moment she cums. Tandy throws her hips up and down, bucking them off the bed. Spider-Man pulls up with her, his face dripping with her honey.

"I feel so good."

The deep moan coming from the girl makes Peter Parker smile beneath the Spider-Man mask. He engulfs her delicious body with his own. His fingers dig into every bit of her body.

"And you know what will make this feeling even better? Don't you?"

Spider-Man's throbbing cock head pushes against the firm flesh of Tandy's belly. She takes a deep breath and realizes that all of her best wet dreams come close to coming true. She locks firmly on Spider-Man and pulls him just a fraction of an inch closer to moan out in desire.

"I want you. I want you badly. Give me your cock, Spider-Man!"

The web slinging hero pushes his cock between her warm lips and makes Tandy mewl out in pleasure. A shift puts him into her tight pussy. Spider-Man buries himself inside of her and makes Tandy explode with lust the further he buries into her.

"You're so tight! I like it!"

"It's because you're so big."

Tandy eyes her hero with love and burning passion through every fiber of her body. She wants Spider-Man burying back and forth, deep inside of her tight pussy. Their flesh burns together with a sizzling feeling. Tandy never feels so full as when Spider-Man shoves his cock into her body.

The writhing Tandy performs underneath him only makes her knockout body that much more alluring. Spider-Man just does not thrust into her, he plays with and caresses every inch of Tandy's body. He has more experience in pleasuring the female form than she has feeling true pleasure from a man.

"You have a warm feeling in you, right now?"

"YES!"

"Feel it and release it!

A warm clamp around Peter's cock makes him feeling just as good as he makes Tandy feel. He pushes inside of her. Their skin smacks together with the warm feeling. A canvasing of Tandy's body causes deeper moans to come through her and makes her explode all over his cock.
"You're beautiful. I like how your body moves. It's perfect. Do you feel great?"

"Yes!"

"Good."

Spider-Man speeds up his thrusts. The web slinger rotates his hands down against her hips and makes Tandy jump almost all the way off of the bed. She keeps panting with the pleasure of the web slinger deep inside of her. His balls smack her at a rapid fire rate and drive her completely beyond the edge.

"It's time for you to cum for me! Can you do that for me?"

"Mmm! Don't stop, Spider-Man!"

Their bodies touch when Tandy flies over the edge with a roller coaster ride of emotions. Her legs cross against Spider-Man's strong back and allow him the leverage to fill her full of his cock. His bloating balls smack down onto her warm thighs and send her spilling over the edge.

"I'm not going to stop. I'm not going to slow down. Because I know how much you can to cum. How you want to feel your body discharge. How you want to feel me when I explode inside of your tight, barely touched, pussy!"

Tandy thrashes up at the sexy man above her. He makes her feel so alive and so excited. The position of her legs slip to the back of his neck when he drives down into her.

"YES! MORE! RIGHT THERE! INSIDE ME!"

Spider-Man toys with her clit when fucking the sexy woman underneath him. Her body spills over with sweat and arousal. Spider-Man enjoys leaving her hole to leave her wanting more only to shove deep inside of her. The soft, feminine flesh becomes a constant source of Spider-Man's pleasure. He keeps driving fingers down against her body and making her gush over.

"We're so close! Stay with me!"

"I am!"

Tandy holds onto him with her legs and breaths in with passion dancing in her eyes. She becomes so close to flying over the edge it's almost explosive what he does with her.

"Stay with me all night and all day long!"

Spider-Man strikes the right note to make her cum. She feels so good, but she wants more.

"It would be unfair...if I felt good and you didn't. Let me make you feel good, Spider-Man. Let you feel really good!"

The silky grip of her wet walls slide up and down around Spider-Man. He grunts when pushing into her. The thought everything will come crashing down eventually hits him. Spider-Man squeezes her chest and receives the proper sounds from her. Tandy clutches onto him tight.

Their bodies meld together as one with the pleasure building. Their muscles size up. It is one of the best feelings of their life. And one of the best feelings is Tandy releasing all of her pent up emotions in one screaming orgasm. Her juices squirt and give Spider-Man the opportunity to bury deeper inside.
She releases all over his cock. The web slinger tightens his grip onto her legs. Their bodies meet together all the way to the end. Their shared orgasm trickles a little bit nearer the deeper Spider-Man plunges into her.

His balls tighten and Spider-Man grunts before burying himself into Tandy with more thrust. She holds onto him and moans deeply into his ear. Her hot breath and hot body combines the further Spider-Man buries inside. The web slinger cracks his balls against her thighs and causes an explosion of pleasure in her.

He cums inside of her body. The warm discharges fills up her hole with constant bursts of seed. Spider-Man holds on and rides her all the way to the end of both of their orgasms.

Tandy's eyes gaze over. It feels so good to have so much pleasure. Her body tingles when the object of her affection finishes making her cum. She holds on all the way to the edge from Spider-Man pounding her all the way to the end. She throws up and moans with his cock finishes filling her.

The two pull away from each other. Spent, Tandy fades into a loopy smile on the bed. She opens her eyes just in time to see Spider-Man step back.

"So, will you be back?"

"I will."

Tandy smiles and cannot really do more other than watch her hero leave. Her hand caresses her worn out body and the buzz of a good roll in the sheets makes her feel more alive.

'I can't wait.'

End.

Next Chapter: 5/15/2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, comments, and kudos and I'll see you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
Nature draws two people together under certain circumstances. Jessica Drew moves against the strong man on the bed. The woman known as Spider Woman finds the body of the young man known as Peter Parker, Spider-Man, to be very alluring. Their sensation of skin going on skin makes things extremely alluring for both of them.

Something very enticing sticks out from the sheets. Jessica pulls the sheets of the bed back to get a good look at Peter's erection. It throbs and pretty much calls for her. Jessica smiles when she moves a thumb around the head. It twitches and causes Jessica's excitement to balloon to a completely different level.

She climbs on top of Peter's body. Her breasts press against his muscular chest. Jessica reaches underneath them both and picks up Peter's arms before dropping them all. They land upon her ass. Jessica uses her body to worship him.

Her nipples grind against his strong chest with Jessica getting ever so closer to meeting Peter in the center. Her lips kiss his. Peter wraps his arms around her, and starts to stir in his sleep. He does not wake up.

His erection pushes against Jessica's thigh and slowly eases its way inwards. Some kind of magnetic pull pushes them both. Jessica pulls her hands up and pushes Peter's hair back. She plants a series of kisses on his face as her legs find their way around his waist.

"Jess!"

The sound of Peter's moaning of her name, even slurring, makes Jessica smile. It sends wonderful shocks to her body. She grabs the base of Peter's cock and squeezes it. She leans in in and kisses him on the tip of his cock. Peter's hips jump up as the pheromones swirling between both of them increases the excitement.

"Time to wake you up."

Jessica's lips part and she slides his cock into her mouth. She slides it up and swirls it around the head like she's licking a tootsie pop. Only, there's something else in the center she wants in her mouth. Jessica swipes around the head and goes down to the base while squeezing his balls.

Then, Jessica takes the plunge and takes Peter deep into her mouth with a long and hard suck. Her lips form a tight seal around his cock. They tangle against his balls and give them a very steady and firm squeeze the deeper she drives down onto him.

It takes a minute before Jessica Drew gains the necessary momentum to suck Peter's cock. She's slurping and going to town on them. The feeling of his hands on her head and the more conscious participation spurs Jessica into further action.

"Damn it, Jess...oh that feels goooddd!"

Being woken up to a very intense blowjob is one of the best feelings of the world. Jess does more than pleasure Peter with her mouth. Her hands move up and her breasts slap against her chest. The curtain of black hair brushing against Peter's cock also entices him to do a bit more.
Peter's strokes the back of her neck and keeps working his cock into her mouth. The bouncing of his thick balls shows how much he has to hold. Jessica spears down onto him and takes him deep into her throat. He groans and pushes up into her. Her throat becomes Peter's own personal fuck hole.

Everything breaks eventually and Peter's balls discharge their contents into Jessica's waiting mouth. She grabs him and strokes them with hunger flashing over her eyes.

Jessica slowly rises up, eyes burning onto Peter. The hunger dancing in her eyes shows how much she's into this. She swallows a load of cum into her mouth. A hand pushes underneath Peter's hard cock and smiles.

"Still ready."

Jessica turns around and allows Peter a nice view of her ass and tight body. She's utterly perfect in many ways and Peter wants to indulge himself in the sexy Spider Woman.

"I'm always ready for a beautiful woman."

She grins at him and encourages Peter to push himself against her. His arms wrap around her body and the exploration sends Jessica completely over the edge with a burning and fiery passion. His hands grab the underside of her breasts and gives them a huge squeeze.

"Get yourself ready to fuck me then."

His hard cock brushes against her lips. Jess spreads her thighs apart to tease him. Peter moves ever so closer towards her and kisses the back of her neck. Peter holds a finger against her nipple and gives it a firm grab. The nipple hardens and Peter runs a hand down her back.

Jessica growls at his actions.

"Enough teasing! Fuck me!"

"Patience!"

"Feel how wet my pussy is! Do you think that I can really afford to be patient?"

Peter smiles and opens up her warm lips for intrusion. A finger brushes against her and drives Jessica completely over the edge. His cock comes close to penetration but he pulls out before entering her. The game continues for another minute before he finds his way inside of Jessica. Her tight inner core clamps down onto him and the release of pheremones inspires Peter ot dig into her body.

Finally, Peter pushes himself deep inside Jessica and stretches her out. His swollen balls repeatedly dance against Jessica from behind. Those hands roll over her body and bring Jessica a great deal of pleasure. More pleasure than most can even describe.

"Keep it up! Don't stop! Don't you dare slow down."

No intention to do anything other than explore the full wonders of Jessica's body. She rises up off of the bed so Peter can reach underneath her. His hands move in so many places. To be fair, there's so much skin he needs to grab. The right combination of soft silkiness and well toned firmness pushes against him. He leans in and sucks the back of Jessica's neck. She tightens her grip around him.

Peter stabilizes himself not to bring his orgasm to a premature end. The alluring feeling of this sex goddess makes it very hard.
A loud and prolonged moan comes out.

"I swear, we just did this the other day. And you sound like you've been sex-starved for a year."

"Never too much...of a good...thing!"

Peter's sticky fingers massaging her nipples sends Jessica spiraling over the edge and completely out of control. His big balls smack down onto her thighs the further he pushes into her. He tempers his movements and holds back his explosion for just long enough to make Jessica feel it.

The time he spends grabbing onto Jessica's thick backside gives Peter the leverage to push deep into her depths. Jessica holds his cock firmly between her thighs and allows a moan to escape her throat. Peter rotates a finger around her nipple and releases her from his grip.

"No, it's never too much of a good thing. Nothing like this I swear. I can't wait for you to cum for me!"

Peter's not out of it just yet. He keeps sending his cock into her depths and making sure Jessica gets a workout. The insides of her body slicken and allow him to touch her to the very depths. His hands spend just as much time tracing the contours of her fit body.

She squirts all over Peter and allows the passageway to her womb to be opened up. Jessica grows hotter and more hungry with the desire of having him inside of her. Deep and hard, driving inside of her with a constant stream of thrusts. The thought of having his seed burying inside of her body and swelling her up excites her.

Peter's desire to fill up Jessica until she's bursting makes him only drive deeper inside of her. His balls slap her clit and make her scream. The tightness of her walls ensure that Peter will not be able to slow down no matter if he wants to.

"I'm closer! I'm so close!"

"Baby, put that cum in me! Knock me up! That would be so hot!"

The nature to breed strong children spur both Jessica and Peter along.

"I'll make a MILF out of you."

Jessica smiles and grabs onto him. She grabs onto Peter's dick with her tight walls and ensures that he's inside of her all the way. The last thing she wants is to squander any of his potent seed before she has her way with him completely and utterly. She tightens around him and he groans.

Muscles tighten and Peter loses himself deep inside of Jessica. His balls splatter her insides and make her feel beyond good. Spider-Man clutches her chest and works his way up and down her body until he finishes.

Jessica pulls away from Peter. The seed drips from her thighs. She turns around just in time to see Peter's smiling face. The two move into the bed and kiss. The two perform a flip and land on the floor. Spider-Man backs his Spider Woman into the wall when they kiss each other.

He turns Jessica around and strokes her ample chest. She practically lets out a breath of passion with his hands going down underneath and squeezing her tits. Peter reaches between Jessica's legs and gives her pussy a stroke.

"I have a naughty idea."
"I'm for it."

It comes to Jessica how he wears nothing other than his web shooters. They lock hands and Peter walks them both up of the wall. The next thing Jessica knows, she's on the ceiling with Peter's body closing in on her. The webbing hooks Jessica to the ceiling.

"Hopefully that's the super strong version that lasts for more than an hour."

"Don't worry, you'll be up there until I'm done with you."

Jessica aches at the thought of him taking charge of her and fucking her on the ceiling. She breathes in with more hunger and more pleasurable pulses dancing over her body. Jessica's nipples ache even more and Peter cups them. Her pussy hangs right above his cock.

Peter hooks his feet to the ceiling and drives into Jessica. He holds his grip against her tightly and drives himself into her. Jessica moans in his ear as Spider-Man spends up his thrusts with the ceiling rocking from the force of both of their strong bodies going at it.

The excitement of having sex in an unconventional place drives Jessica completely over the edge. Not as deep as Spider-Man drives his cock inside of her, but it's exciting. He's also all over her body and worshiping every inch, every beautiful curve. Jessica pants in pleasure as she moves her hips just as much as the webbing allows her.

"You're deep...you're really deep, you know that."

"Yes, honey, I know that."

He sticks into her with his cock encased inside of her wet sheath. The warmth rubbing against him makes Peter feel really good. Jessica's back rubs against the ceiling. Some of the paint chips off, but to be honest, they really intent to do a better paint job on it anyway.

They meet in the middle with a very intense and passionate kiss. Spider-Man holds her against the wall and buries deep inside of her. The meeting of flesh and Peter particularly having his way with her body while she dangles from his webbing on the ceiling makes Jessica a dripping pot of sex.

Spider-Man and Spider Woman engage in a mating dance, high above the ground, over the same bed which they earlier indulge in their early morning activities. Spider-Man clutches the breast of the willing and receptive Spider Woman. Jessica encourages him to keep going it.

"I want to make sure!"

He intends to make sure and holds on. The actions on the ceiling escalate to an entirely new level. Spider-Man holds Jessica in place and puts his full force into her pussy with constant thrusts. Jessica's legs come free as they dangle on the ceiling. They wrap around Spider-Man and ensnare him tightly.

Spider-Man holds a hand against the side of Jessica's leg and drives her over the edge. The two meet each other with the passion and desire. Jessica's moans lose a bit of coherency. Spider-Man can feel it coming. He wants her to finish first completely and finish her in the best way.

Jessica slides a bit deep against him. Her man buries as far into her, until their bodies touch and fuse together. Spider-Man puts a hand on the back of her leg and rubs it. She moans out loud in excitement and burning lust. They keep joining each other in the fusion of juices and bodies.

The time passes from Peter's constant pressing against Jessica. She strikes the ceiling with multiple
measuring thrusts. Spider-Man clamps his hands against her and slides ever so closer into her.

She cums first and Peter is not too far behind. He makes sure to hold onto Jessica and reattach her to the ceiling in the prefect position to slide into her. White-hot blasts spill into Jessica's insides and stretch her out. Jessica clutches him and a moan only passes over her entire body.

A few more pumps follow before Spider-Man finishes up inside of her. The rippling of their bodies joining together on the ceiling follow with Spider-Man holding her tightly against him. He achieves release inside of Jessica who opens up to accept everything.

Several pumps later and the two of them drop down onto the bed. Their roaming hands only show there's much more to come between them today. It only is fitting for them to join again and again until their desires settle completely.

End.

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Next Chapter: 5/19/2018:

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you Saturday for the next chapter
Peter enters a state of the art gym and comes across a very alluring sight indeed. The lovely archer known as Artemis Crock crouches down on the ground and bends over. She dresses in a pair of skin tight yoga pants and a sports bra which shows off her rocking body. A lovely biracial girl, half caucasian and half Vietnamese, Artemis is the pinnacle of health and wellness. Between her tight stomach muscles, nice perky breasts, long legs, and thick ass, Peter finds himself staring for a bit too long. He pulls himself out of looking at her perfect body.

"Hey, Artemis. Finishing up a work out."

Artemis turns around and looks Peter over. Peter Parker, better known as Spider-Man. Artemis makes sure no one is around before she saunters over to Peter. She puts a little added sway into her hips and an added bounce into her steps, which makes her tits jiggle for him.

"Just warming up. But i'm glad that you brought some equipment so I can really work out."

Artemis puts her hand on Peter's chest. To be fair, she's been working out for a very long time. That being said, there's just something about having a nice long workout which gets her excited and in the mood for something more.

Her warm hand brushes down and lightly pulls up his shirt to stroke his abs. Artemis eases down a little bit lower.

"A nice long iron bar...and pretty flexible to."

The alluring archer attacks Peter with an alluring french kiss. Peter returns the favor, grabbing Artemis's ponytail and deepening the kiss just a little bit further.

Artemis nudges Peter so he drops down onto the bench. She has his pants off in no time and pulls his cock out of his boxer shorts. The thick manhood pushes up and Artemis looks at it, with lust burning through her eyes.

"A nice big iron bar...and pretty flexible to."

She grabs Peter's cock and lightly tugs on it to make him swell just a little bit more. Peter gets a good look at those perfect lips and he stretches another inch in an attempt to get that much closer to them.

"Time for me to work my neck muscles. Got to keep them nice and strong so I can turn around and fire those arrows after all."

Peter's not about to argue. He leans back and allows Artemis to slide her mouth all the way down onto his cock. Sealing his manhood in between her perfect lips and giving him a very passionate suck. Peter holds onto the back of her head and eases his thick manhood a little bit deeper between
her lips. He groans at the feeling of Artemis sliding her warm lips down onto him and releasing him with a pop.

The next thing she does is simply amazing. Artemis drops down and takes Peter's balls into her mouth and sucks them. She maintains her grip on his cock and gives him a very steamy handjob while sucking on his balls. Having this beautiful woman stroke his cock while sucking his balls brings it.

Artemis finds herself quite glad that Peter stopped by. Because she was looking for an excuse to jump his cock for a while. This is just going to speed up the time table. She covers his balls with salvia and then puts her hand on them to cup them. She leans down and gives him a very messy blowjob.

"Artemis...you're a good cock sucker...damn it girl, how can you get it so deep in your throat without choking?"

She's very glad she's able to please this man. Very glad indeed. And very glad to be sucking on his cock. Making it swell and bringing it a few inches away from explosion. She allows Peter to put the hands on the back of her head and pull at her ponytail. The band clipping her hair into place comes very close to coming out.

"I'm getting close. Artemis, I'm going to….if you're not careful."

Artemis does not want to be careful. She rather doubles down on sucking him. Feeling Peter's hand on the back of her head and easing his cock down her throat gets Artemis closer and closer to where she wants to be. His balls slap her on the chin and then come back to hit her a couple more times. Peter's just this close to losing himself down her throat and Artemis wants to be there to slurp every last drop of seed down her throat.

The explosion happens and just as he warms, Peter fires his load into her mouth. Artemis does not release, in fact she takes him even deeper and rides out his orgasm. These sultry actions causes Peter to groan and push himself, riding out the last few drops of seed until he shudders to a stop in Artemis's throat.

The web slinger pulls back and Artemis just smiles. She puts a thumb on his cock and smiles at him.

"I bet you're going to be ready to go for round two in no time...but here's a little incentive."

Artemis pulls her sports bra off and reveals her tanned, round breasts to Peter. She reaches over to a cooler and pulls out an eye cube. Artemis smile sat Peter, making eye contact with him while brushing the ice cube against her nipple. There's a big smile on her face when she watches Peter to grow life.

She straddles him and allows his cock to brush against her taut belly. Artemis grinds and grinds herself on him. First grinding his cock against her yoga pant clad pussy.

"Just think. All that's stopping you from being inside of me is this tight pair of pants."

"Let's fix it."

Peter grabs her ass and Artemis just smiles. He grabs onto the pants and pulls them down. Revealing Artemis's dripping hot pussy. Her pink, shaven lips, look so inviting that Peter throats. Artemis leans down and pushes herself against him. She makes sure Peter dangles over the top of the bence while straddling him.
"Time for some more squats, I think."

Artemis lowers herself down onto his cock, hands pressed against Peter's torso. His manhood slides into her, stretching her out. The twelve inches of throbbing man meat makes Artemis wet. She pulls up and teases herself and Peter with her lips kissing the tip of his cock. Then Artemis demonstrates how strong her thighs are by dropping down onto him.

With every rise and every drop brings Artemis' bouncing breasts closer and closer to Peter's line of vision. He hungers for another touch or two. Artemis folds her arms and just lets her breasts dance for Peter. Up and down she goes, pushing more and more of his throbbing cock inside of her tight box.

"I wonder if you'll let me break my record before I break you."

Her thick ass hits him and makes Peter really imagine what it would be like to screw the archer's brains out from behind, while spanking her ass. Her hair comes out of the ponytail and gives it a more erotic look with her bouncing up and down on his cock. Hair flying everywhere and a big smile on her face.

Artemis is hornier than hell and she cannot wait to keep taking his big cock into her. The further she pushes down, the more her nerve endings start to sing. She clutches him and then leans down to brush her breasts against his chest. Artemis tries to stretch herself a little bit further and nibble on his neck.

"Damn it, girl...you're drippping.

"Mmm...you know it...I'm dripping because my hero is fucking my pussy. And you can't get enough of this tight pussy...can you? I'm really working you now...pumping that cock. I bet you're going to cum inside me. You would like that...filling my body up with your thick juices."

Artemis plays with her nipples and causes Peter to hold on tight for the ride. He slides a bit further into her and then pulls out of her with his balls hitting her hard when he rises up.

"You can't get enough of me. You're going to lose it."

She lets out a breathing moan at this as Peter grabs her hips and bolts up to smack his balls against her pussy. The sensation strikes Artemis very hard and makes her clench down onto him.

Peter pulls himself away from her and then pulls Artemis over. He yanks her off of the bench and onto the floor.

"Put your hands and knees on the bench if you want a real workout."

Artemis complies with his statement. The fact he's caressing her body and rubbing it at every single angle make her feel so good. His fingers push against her nipples and release them.

His ability to cling works well beyond walls. And speaking of clinging, Peter's hand runs down her body and then sticks to her ass.

The minute it clings to her ass, Artemis waits in anticipation for what he's going to do. Slowly, like torture, he pulls his hand off of her ass and then slaps onto it. Artemis gives a pleasurable moan.

"Do it again! Spank me again!"

Peter spanks Artemis again and lets her moans only increase. Several more slaps to her firm ass sets
up Artemis's wet lips for Peter's finger to slide inside. A first finger follows a second finger, and then a third finger slides inside of her at all angles. He gets her pussy ready for another round.

Then the second his fingers leave, his cock drives into her. Artemis clings onto the work bench and howls. Peter comes up from underneath and rams his cock into her.

She's being filled with so much cock. Now her thigh muscles get a workout. Not to mention muscles deeper into her.

"I figure we both should get a workout."

He holds up Artemis by the legs as she clings onto the workout bench. He stuffs his stiff pole into her body and makes Artemis just break out into a deep breath. His thick balls hit Artemis on the thighs and then he pulls out of her. He leaves her hanging.

"Oh! You bastard! I need that cock! Now."

"Patience."

He sticks the palm to her ass before spanking it again a couple of times. Red marks appear on Artemis's ass and Peter lines himself up for another intrusion. His balls rub against her and make Artemis whimper with desire dancing in her body. He's so close to being inside of her one more time.

Peter knows he's caused this woman to hit a gusher. He rears back and slams the cock deep into Artemis's wet pussy. Artemis clamps down and then releases drives deeper into her and gives Artemis really cooing. The pleasure building between both of them is very stunning.

Artemis hangs on for the ride. Peter holds onto her tight as well and buries his thick rod as far into her as possible. A hint of the explosion to come brushes up against her thighs. Balls thick and ready to spill inside of her. Artemis can barely even keep her head above the water for long enough.

A face appears in the door and Artemis looks up with a smile.

"Hello, Megan."

The Young Justice member, known as Miss Martian, steps back, obviously unprepared for what she just saw. And now that she saw it, she starts focusing on their thoughts. Thoughts she cannot unthink and that frustrate her.

Artemis smiling at her does not help.

"S-s-s-orry, I should have knocked."

With M'gann's frantic apology and her potentially turning from green to red, especially after getting a full telepathic blast of Artemis's very dirty thought process, she scrambles to the edge. Peter looks up from Artemis, seeing the tail end of M'gann disappearing down the hallway.

Artemis just growls in response. This puts Peter's attention back on her.

"Problem?"

"That you're not fucking me hard enough?"

Fair enough, Peter believes. He holds on for the ride and repeatedly drives his meat spear deeper into Artemis. His balls come closer and closer to the explosion point.
The fact Peter does not fuck her hard enough reverses course as he slams into her. He wrecks Artemis's tight pussy, spoiling it for anyone else in the future. She clenches down onto Peter and releases him. The two edge closer to the finishing point or at least the point where Peter finishes inside of her.

His balls tighten up and shoots his load into her. Peter, despite his strong will, cannot resist Artemis's wet walls gripping him like this a second longer. He rides her until her pussy is filled up with his overflow of seed.

The last few blasts inside of her makes Artemis almost lose her grip. Thankfully Peter holds her up and rides out their mutual orgasm.

She turns over, him leaving her for just a second. Artemis wraps her legs around Peter and is pleased to see that there's still signs of life.

She thinks about helping educate M'gann on some of the finer things Earth has to offer later. Right now, she just wants Peter to work on fucking her brains out.

Once Artemis Crock gets one taste of something she likes, she needs even more. And Peter's cock is something she's simply addicted to. Peter puts grabs her hips and forces himself down into her again.

The tight pussy grabs Peter for another round. Who knows how many more they will go before one of them burns out? Their fit and strong bodies are built for the long haul, as opposed to short term. Even without any powers, Artemis is in great shape and can last the distance.

End.


Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you on Tuesday for the next chapter.
A small smile crosses Peter Parker's face when he lays on a nice lavish bed with two beautiful women leaning against his chest on either side. Both of the women show exceptionable beauty and strength, with silky dark hair, blue eyes, beautiful faces, and strong bodies, with large breasts, flat stomachs, wide hips, and long legs. Beautiful and muscular, with one shorter than the other.

The younger sister, Donna, brushes a finger against Peter's chin with a smile. She plants a couple of light kisses against him. The white toga she wears squeezes her body, empathizing a rounded ass. She's shorter than the other girl with breasts not quite as large, but still quite a handful. She boasts of an ass to die for, about as much of her sister who is potentially one of the most beautiful women in the world.

Diana, the older of the two sister, strokes Peter's abs. She smiles and plants a kiss on him. The smile only widens the further Diana eases up the bed and eases up Peter's leg. She reaches between said legs and gives him a moment where he shifts on the bed.

"I think it's time for our hero to get his reward? Why don't you agree, Donna?"

The purple toga she wears slips to show a nice amount of cleavage which gives Peter a very visible showing of what Diana has to offer. Diana holds her hand against his lap and brushes her fingers up against him. She finds the object of her desire and squeezes Peter.

"I would agree, sister."

"I think my vote also counts for something."

Donna just smiles and starts sliding her toga down her body. Each shimmy of cloth exposes more of her body. More kisses follow.

"I doubt very much you would vote against such a meeting, lover."

Donna and Diana shift against Peter and the two ladies strip to reveal their bodies. A small strip of black hair is visible on Diana's pussy, while Donna shaves herself completely bare. Peter stands right before the two Amazons and they take turns kissing him and stroking his flesh.

Diana slips behind Peter and cups his chest while kissing him. Two large breasts press against Peter's back. Not to be outdone, Donna does the same from the front. The two Amazons sandwich their mutual lover. They prepare to show him the admiration someone of his caliber deserves.

Down go Peter's shorts and the two naked Amazons drop to their knees. Their flawless bodies present themselves before Peter and his cock twitches ever so slightly. Diana grips the phallus in her hand and gives him a nice squeeze. She kissed the tip of his head.

"Diana, you're amazing."

"And to think I've just barely got started."

Diana traces her tongue against Peter's head in a way that Aphrodite herself would approve of. Donna moves down to the base and plants light kisses on it. The two Amazons on their knees show
just how much they want to have their fun with Peter's groin region. They draw back and forth to plant more kisses on him.

The next thing Peter knows, Diana's mouth opens and takes his cock in with one long swallow. The divine actions of the Princess, her hair flipping about to show her beautiful and expressive eyes make Peter grunt. He reaches down to stroke Diana's hair.

Donna tightens the grip from Peter's hands around Diana's head and causes him to grab his cock down her throat. Peter pulls back and Diana gives a gasp of pleasure. The younger sister crouches down to collect the juices from between the legs of the elder one.

"Taste how much she likes this."

Peter leans in and tastes Diana's juices from Donna's fingers. A smile crosses over his face and he grabs the back of her head before shoving his cock deep into her mouth.

"You like having my cock rammed down your throat."

A secretly submissive part of Diana enjoys the fact he grabs onto the back of her head and face fucks her into submission. Sure, she's going to get the better of Donna after what happened, but still. The cock stretches and pushes into the back of her throat.

Diana taking his cock and everything which comes along with it makes Peter groan. She pushes forward and presses her face against his pelvis taking his cock down her throat in a way that very few women could manage. But then again, Diana's just one of a kind.

"Oh, she's really taking that cock. I bet she can't wait to take that seed down her throat and choke out on it. That's right, choke out my older sister with your seed. Oh, this is so hot."

Rubbing her pussy causes Donna to really wish that Peter's large cock was between her legs. Diana being on her knees, even for another person, gets Donna all hot and bothered. She recalls how many times Diana dropped her to her knees in battle and now with the tables turning, things get hot.

Peter drives himself into her.

"Get ready. I'm not going to hold back."

Diana grabs his balls and squeezes them hard to encourage him not to hold back. The sticky fingers against the back of her head coupled with the huge face fucking causes Diana to soak the ground where she kneels. His balls strike her chin in a sign of how full of seed they are.

Another push and Peter spills down Diana's throat. He keeps a hold of her hair with constant pumping down her throat. Seed shoots down her throat and Diana swallows it all, sucking him completely dry.

The dust clears and Diana comes up to her feet. She moves in to Donna and pulls Donna in. Donna's face smashes into Diana's breasts for a second. Diana tilts the head of her younger sister up and plants a scorching kiss on her lips. Donna's body presses against the bed where they came off of.

The two sisters sharing his seed bring a buzz to Peter's loins. He eyes both of them as they swap tongues and then in one fluid motion, Diana pushes Donna onto her front and then ties her up in her lasso.

"Hey!"
"Turn about is fair play, sister."

Diana jams her finger deep inside of Donna's dripping pussy. She roughly finger fucks her sister. A grab of her pussy makes Donna moan when trashing about on the bed.

Peter walks a bit closer to Diana, almost spellbound by the beautiful sight before him. She reaches behind her and grabs Peter's cock and balls before giving it a squeeze. She spreads her legs and ensures that Peter gets the hint.

Seconds later, Diana receives a huge cock in between her legs. She presses one hand on the bed for leverage and the other hand roots into Donna's pussy to get her wound completely up.

A grunt follows with Peter burying his cock inside of Diana from behind just as she plays with her sister's exposed pussy. The frustrated moans coming from Donna ensure that Peter pushes just a bit harder inside of Diana. A couple more thrusts before Diana clamps down onto him.

"So hot!"

Diana just smiles with Peter's fingers clutching her breasts and then releasing them. Peter keeps pushing against her warm center with a few more thrusts just working her up into a fever.

A panting moan follows from Donna. Every movement Diana makes to roughly push her fingers inside of her pussy makes things really intense for her. She's closer, almost there, almost pushing over the top into an explosion of never ending pleasure and lust.

Instantly, Diana pulls her fingers out Donna and leaves her on the bed panting and whining for her. Diana just grins and releases Peter from her.

"I think we can have a bit more fun here."

Diana backs Peter against the wall. The touch of skin upon skin makes Peter shiver. Diana really has a way with her hands and then her mouth. She presses it against Peter's neck and drapes a leg over his. The touch of his hand against her thigh makes Peter stiffen and push just a bit closer.

The two close into each other. Diana mounts Peter on the wall. His hands sticking to the wall allow them to hold up. The meeting of their most intimate parts send a sizzling feeling through her. Diana mentally thanks the goddesses for the blessing that she feels when going inside of her.

"Oh,, Diana."

"Great Hera! You're amazing!"

A rod primed for intrusion and prime to push into her body fills Diana up something nicely. She tightens the grip around her lover when rocking up and down onto him. She slides up and down. The tension spreading over her body makes Diana really feel good.

Diana holds against the wall and breath in pleasure. Peter keeps sliding deep inside of her body. Each push sends her walls ensnaring around him. She breaths down and grabs his shoulder to sink just ever so much down. Their bodies touch and hands tangle into each other.

"I've got an idea."

A grin passes over Diana's face when Peter speaks his idea. She feels a combination of curiosity and excitement building towards her.
Nothing matches the frustration building over Donna when she lays on the bed. She longs to break free and longs even more to have Peter inside of her.

A hand flips Donna over so she stares at the ceiling. Minutes pass as she wonders what in the name of Hera is going on here.

She finds out her answer when Diana is now hanging from the ceiling in Spider-Man's webbing. And the wall crawler moves towards her. Donna can see Peter's large cock brushing against Diana's body. A tingle of frustration spreads through the Amazon.

Diana's neck bends back to grin at Donna. Donna cannot even bother to make a retort other than a glare at her sister. A throbbing through her pussy makes this just about as hard. Time slows down to a crawl just seconds before Peter and Diana meet.

A breath comes out Diana's body when her talented and agile lover drives into her. Diana's body dangling from the ceiling above her sister's head most certainly fuels her naughtiness. And also her arousal. Which Peter fuels even more by burying his cock inside of her and feeling up her body.

"You are blessed! Never have I been so full. Never have I felt so alive. Never have I felt so good."

"A woman of your caliber deserves to feel this good."

Diana smiles with a mask of modesty in place. Pride damns many great warriors and Diana attempts not to drive down that rabbit hole. Rather she drives Peter down her own hole the further they push together.

Peter clings against Diana's beautiful body. Each stunning roll of flesh makes sure Peter gets the most out of this encounter. And he wants to make Diana feel beyond good as far as he's concerned. They join each other at the hip with Peter never once slowing down his actions.

The growling coming from Donna on the bed only serve to inspire both of the lovers. She is their muse and Peter fully buries himself into Diana. He pulls almost all the way out and then back into her again.

"Further! Harder! Faster!"

The lady knows what she wants and Peter gives it to her. He bottoms out inside of Diana. Diana accommodates the large intruder very well. She's tight, but at the same time flexible enough where Peter can work into her with ease. As a demi-goddess of her caliber should in fact be.

Donna thrashes against the restraints and almost curses her luck. A rain of juices comes down from the heavens. Donna licks the side of her face. Her sister always has to be so perfect, hell she tastes perfect as well.

The only thing Donna can do is watch Diana's royal fucking above her head on the ceiling of the temple, before her eyes and the eyes of the goddesses. Hope burns eternal she will have some fun sooner rather than later.

Peter brings himself further inside the Princess on the ceiling. She closes around him and releases Peter with a hungry moan. He buries just a bit further inside before pulling almost completely out. He goes into Diana back and forth with a constant barrage of thrusts.

Diana's hand loosens just enough to squeeze Spider-Man's back and then run down. She encourages his deeper penetration as they both close in on their mutual orgasm.
"Closer!"

"Me as well...don't hold back and just let things...play out!"

They indulge for several more minutes until Peter's hips buck completely into her. He spills his seed into Diana. Diana shrieks with delight just as her legs come loose. She dangles in the air with grace and pumps him into her. Each thrust earns him a moan and Peter responds by squeezing her chest.

The two finish up in a matter of minutes. Peter keeps working Diana all the way over the edge until they release from each other. They both drop down onto the bed.

A transfixed and quite horny Donna sits out on the bed. There's not really anything which she can say. Her mouth hangs open ever so slightly and closes in a blink of an eye. Diana slides against the bed and squeezes her thigh.

"So, are you ready to be fucked?"

Diana motions for Peter to pull Donna up by the hair. Peter does so a bit more gently than Diana would in a situation like this. His hands brush against Donna's nipples which remain as hard as possible both from the sex up above and also from being tied up.

She goes face first down into Diana's pussy. She tastes Peter's juices dripping out along with Diana's own. The taste envigores Donna.

"That's right, sister. Use your tongue for pleasure. Show me how much you love me."

Peter loves the feeling of Donna's body underneath his. He waits a minute and feels her gushing slit underneath his fingers.

"Yes! I think she's ready! You know what to do!"

"I do."

The invitation on Donna's end becomes painfully obvious the second her legs spread and she prepares herself or Peter's intrusion. He pulls back an inch or two away before sliding his cock head against her wet pussy. Peter lines up for her and takes the plunge.

Donna cannot spread out her exclamation due to the fact Diana's legs squeeze her head. She keeps making Donna taste her pussy to earn the hard fucking the Princess wants. Peter holds himself back against her and rolls his fingers against Donna's nipples. An even harder squeeze drives Donna over the edge and just a couple more steps beyond.

"He knows what to do! He knows what you want. And you do get it...when you earn it. Just like when you cum, you will have earned it, my sister. Now keep working for it!"

Diana's bossy demeanor sometimes rubs Donna the wrong way. But her hands rubs Donna in all of the right ways. She goes to town on Diana.

The moments grind by with Peter easing Donna through their encounter. Every touch sends a growing spark through Donna. She wants it, she wants it so bad.

Diana closes her eyes. The licking of the younger sister makes the older one enter a cascading wave of pleasure. Diana puts her her breast and gives it a squeeze. She allows a breath to leave her body from where Donna digs her tongue all around.
"She's earned her reward. I think you know by now how to make a woman feel really good."

Peter just smiles and runs his hands down to Donna's chest. He cups her tits and feels them up. Her body responds his touch. He can feel her almost ready to lose it.

Losing it pretty much is a very loose attribute to what Donna is. She's finally getting that pent up lust after what seems like hours of teasing of her. Peter refuses to slow down. It's the exact opposite of denial. It's making her orgasm just go to a very natural conclusion.

"Yes, she earned it. And she's getting everything she learns like a good girl. She's a very good girl. And she deserves a nice good fuck."

Peter fills Donna up with a couple more thrusts inside of her. He pulls almost all the way out of her and then drives into her. Her clenching walls hold onto him the deeper Peter rams inside of her.

"Good. Very good. You're close, aren't you? This is making you feel very good, isn't it, Princess?"

Donna gasps and grabs onto Peter the further he slides inside of her. Spider-Man buries inside of her with a couple more thrusts. She finally reaches her end and it's really amazing.

"Thank you!"

Donna's words of gratitude fill her body. Diana moves and decides to be an observer and not an active participant. Her time will come. Right now, Diana's eyes greedily follow the progress of Peter working his touch all over Donna's body. Peter keeps working her over.

"A reward earned is the best of all. Remember that."

There's no chance for Donna to give a flippant response. Rather, she just decides to increase her indulgence into Peter. The deeper he goes, the more she fills up.

Peter feels himself inching closer to his own release. He inhales the scent from the Amazon. It smells as sweet as a summer day and really gets Peter going hard into her. He rides out Donna and pulls her up to her knees to feel up the underside of her body. Each touch results in a new delightful sound coming from her body.

"My turn now."

Donna squeals at the thought of Peter filling her up. She's ever so closer to being dripping to the brim from him. Peter closes his fingers against Donna's nipples and twists them between her sticky fingers.

It becomes apparent how much Peter wants to unload into her. Several more slaps of his balls against her signal the bounty which is about to happen. Then, with one more long thrust it happens. Peter clamps down onto her breasts and gives them a squeeze.

"PETER!"

She cries his name out as they cum together. Donna milks him until completion while also earning two more orgasms and the start of a third.

The very second Peter pulls away, Diana's on top of him. The time for watching is over and the time for action.

She offers a very convincing argument about Peter to go forward. His batteries recharge and this wonderful afternoon continues the second Peter drives deep inside Diana.
Once again, she mentally thanks the goddesses for the ability to sample this blessing. And smiles when she realizes said goddesses may want a chance to do so as well.

End.


Thanks for favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you next Tuesday for the next chapter.
A deep breath comes from the nineteen-year-old Mary Batson, better known as the superheroine Mary Marvel. She looks up to the sky and waits for him to swing by. There's any number of things which may happen to delay him and she understands it, unfortunately. Mary drums her fingers against the side of the balcony. One prominent thought passes through her mind.

'He's coming, he's coming.'

Mary rattles a finger against the edge of the balcony. The familiar bright red and blue comes into the picture. Mary cheerfully waves at him from the balcony.

"Hey, Spidey!"

He drops down onto the balcony. The smile on Mary's face makes it hard for Peter to be dour at this time or any other time.

"Well, hey yourself. How are you doing?"

"It's a bit chilly out here. It wouldn't be too much trouble if you swung in here to have a cup of hot chocolate, would you?"

He lands on the balcony and sees Mary standing outside. One can tell by the simplest look of her how over the years she matches up with her super hero form. Spider-Man smiles and figures out what to do.

"Sure. Hot chocolate would be pretty good right now."

Mary takes Spider-Man by the hand and the two of them make their way into the apartment. A soft looking couch is Spider-Man's next destination. The web head drops down as Mary moves over. Spider-Man gets a nice glimpse of how much of a beautiful young woman Mary Batson grows into when she bends over to fix him some hot chocolate.

With a refreshing amount of innocence dancing through her brown eyes, Mary walks across the room and almost sets down the cup of hot chocolate. She trips over the rug and Spider-Man bounces off to catch him.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! You must...I'm really, really sorry!"

"It's fine, it's okay. Just take a deep breath and calm down."

Mary takes a deep breath and calms down with Spider-Man holding her up. The two lock eye to eye with each other a few seconds later. Spider-Man manages to save the hot chocolate, one of his most heroic moves of today. Both of them sit down on the couch and just enjoy the company with each other.

"You've done so much for this city. And it's given you so little."

"It's not about the credit. It's about using the great power I have. After with great power..."

Mary touches the side of his face and breaks out into a smile. She slides a little bit closer towards her
with a twinkle in her eye.

"I know. And you've done great. There's a lot more people who should to the right thing like you. It just isn't right when people use their power for themselves. I...became a better hero because of you, Spidey. And I'm glad...I'm glad that I met you. And I really want to thank you."

The closeness grows between the two. Mary puts both hands on the side of his face and slowly pulls off his mask. She pulls away and claps hands to her mouth. Mary almost gasps in horror.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't...that was a breach of privacy! I shouldn't have tried to remove your mask. Oh, I swear sometimes my brain doesn't think and it gets me in a lot of trouble, it's just...I don't know, I'm sorry."

Spider-Man smiles and pulls off his mask the rest of the way. Mary gets the first glimpse of his handsome face and the butterflies popping into her stomach only grow bigger. Spider-Man reaches behind her head and leans a bit closer towards Mary with a growing smile.

"It's fine. You just were excited."

She bobs her head up and down and smiles. A reddening grows in her cheeks when she realizes how much she gets lost in Peter's eyes.

"Can I kiss you?"

The words come out of Mary's mouth much quicker than she thought that they would. A flush appearing her her cheeks only grows the closer she closes in on the young man in front of her.

"Of course."

The consent Spider-Man gives her causes Mary to rush forward and kiss him on the lips. Her maturing body presses against Spider-Man's strong body. She did not even think too much. All she did is react and do and deepen the kiss. The hand of the web slinger brushes against her.

Having Mary pressing against him makes him realize how delightful her body is. He moves between then and unbuttons her top.

Mary smiles when feeling his hands cupping her breasts and touching them in a way no man ever touches them for the very first time. Her shirt comes off and her ample chest comes into the light, only in a black bra.

"What do you think of them?"

A biting down on her lip makes things very alluring. Spider-Man puts a hand on her back and guides Mary ever so closer to him. His hand touches the back strap of her bra and almost unleashes her breasts. He stops.

"They're beautiful. I want to see them untamed though."

Mary nods eagerly. Spider-Man unties the bra strap and releases Mary's round breasts. A touch against Mary's breast causes friction to her body.

These round breasts look so beautiful, so bouncy, and keep molding in Peter's hands. The soft moans with Peter playing with Mary's nipples draw some pleasure exploding over her. Peter touches a finger to her belly button and drives Mary completely over the edge with building pleasure going through her loins.
"Touch them again. Please! Touch them as much as you want to."

The next play is to get Mary out of her pants. She lays on the bed in a pair of lacy black panties. Her hips rise and fall with Peter covering her body with kisses and caresses. Mary strokes the back of his head and starts to breath in pleasure. His lips move up and down her body.

The panties slide down her wet pussy. The puffy lips stand out in arousal. Spider-Man touches her nether lips and leans down with a couple of kisses down her. He plants a kiss into her wet pussy and slides his tongue around the edge of the surface. Mary crosses her legs against the back of his head.

The sweet honey trickling from her inspires Spider-Man. His fingers grasp the back of Mary's legs and caress them. She thrashes up and down with a soft moan. Spider-Man pulls back and drives into her.

Mary closes her eyes. She feels really good and Spider-Man knows how to make her feel really better. He's a true hero, putting her needs above his own, although she wants to return the favor later. Spider-Man licking and sucking her drives Mary completely over the edge with the thrill ride of pleasure.

She squirts against Spider-Man's face. Fingers brushing against her thighs sends Mary further over the edge. He looks up with a smile and climbs on top of Mary.

The two enter a steamy liplock with each other. Mary feels a naughty tremor down her body. Fingers dig into the back and causes a breath to her. Mary's leg drags against him and Spider-Man touches her in a way which a woman feels they should be touched. The way she dreams about Spider-Man touching her.

"I want to see you."

Mary removes his top and sees the muscles of his bare chest. The drooling lust continues with Mary rolling down his pants to a very amazing part of his body.

"Golly! It's as...thick as my wrist and about a foot long...does it hurt?"

"No, but you can make it feel really good."

Mary smiles and grabs Spider-Man's big cock in her hand and jerks him. She can feel him swelling and growing even more. Mary wraps both hands around him and leans in. She daringly plants a kiss on his cock.

Watching the somewhat innocent woman explore her sexual journey hardens Spider-Man. Mary leans down and wraps her mouth around his cock. The divine ensnaring of lips against his cock makes Spider-Man jump a little bit up against into the back of her throat.

"That's good. That's really good. Why don't you put your hand on my balls and squeeze them?"

Mary obeys his words and squeezes his balls. She finally goes to town. Mary slides down with her hair brushing him. She pulls out and engages him in a messy blowjob. Confidence builds as she feels the cum building in his balls. She knows the favor from earlier is being returned and Mary holds against him.

"Keep it up! Don't stop! Don't...don't stop!"

Mary clutches his balls and gives them a very soft squeeze. Fingers push against the back of her head. The warmth between the two of them spreads just seconds before the tasty liquid in Peter's
balls start spurt their contents deep into her throat.

She sucks on his cock for a couple more minutes. The warm liquid spills down her throat the deeper Spider-Man pushes down into her mouth. The web slinger clutches her for a few more thrusts before pulling back out.

The taste of the seed in her mouth makes Mary pull away. She samples the taste for a short time and swallows it. Mary's eyes glaze over and she looks at the web slinger with a grin.

"Yummy."

Mary leans ever so closer towards him. The two move ever so closer to each other. Spider-Man brushes against her thigh and causes Mary to take a breath.

"You're still hard?"

"Yes."

"I want you..."

Mary grabs his cock and crushes her breasts against his chest. The twin wonders pushing against Peter's muscular chest sends pleasure through their bodies.

"So, badly!"

Those hands touching her back lights a fire in Mary's belly. Her toes curl the second Spider-Man lifts her up and guides her ever so closer towards his cock. Mary bites down on her lip with a nervous chew. She comes a bit closer to dropping down on the manhood of Spider-Man. The cock pressing against her lips threatens to break in her untouched pussy.

The power swelling through her body and the gift of the gods powering Mary Marvel inspires her to take this cock like a divine woman. She slides down and takes him inside of her with one fell swoop. She shatters the proof of her innocence and while the pain is momentary, the pleasure is everlasting.

The tightness of Mary clamps down onto Spider-Man. He groans and touches her. He's been inside of some tight pussies before, but Mary's walls just hold onto him and milk him at an entirely new level. She rises up to trap his cock between her soft walls and drops down onto him.

"Baby. So badly..."

"You're just too much. And so wet. How badly have you wanted this?"

The sultry whisper is one which Spider-Man is shocked to hear. Mary leans in and smiles when whispering in his ear.

"Very badly! And I mean that. I told you what I mean and I always mean what I say."

Mary drives down onto him. Every inch of Spider-Man pushes against her and fills up her tight body. She tries very hard not to burn out when riding this mighty piece of man meat before her. Mary closes her eyes and feels the energy inside of her. A clamping down on his cock sends the pleasure through her body.

"I know. And you love it. You love every bit of this. Don't you?"

Mary bites down on her lip and nods in eagerness. Spider-Man keeps drilling Mary from underneath. The tightness of her pussy makes it a very amazing exchange of their bodies. He can tell her
momentum tapers off a tiny bit the more they go after this.

"Don't worry."

The next thing she knows, Mary's hands press on the edge of her couch. Her legs elevate in the air and wrap around Spider-Man's waist for leverage. Brushes against her breast sends Mary completely over the edge. Lust only builds up to a brand new level the more he touches her.

The thought of begging for him leaves Mary's mind as soon enough, Spider-Man enters her body. Stars flash before the eyes of the marvelous heroine when Spider-Man grabs onto her and drives into her.

She clenches him tighter and gives every inch of him an amazing workout. Mary's wet pussy clamps down even harder and makes Spider-Man slow down just enough to reinforce his self-control. Something other than his spider sense starts to tingle when hammering Mary from behind.

The two lovers explore a number of positions. Mary's personal favorite is when her hands touch the wall. Spider-Man holds one hand on her breast and the other on her butt while thrusting into her. The feeling of his balls just striking her at a constant level of precision drives Mary ever so closer to her explosion.

Spider-Man puts Mary down on the ground and fucks her hard. He reaches down and cups her breasts when riding the heroine into the ground. The fact he takes her innocence only barely registers with Peter as he feels how good it is. And those strong legs keep pushing against him and holding him down.

"DAMN!"

For Mary, it's pretty spicy language coming out her lips. Spider-Man holds down onto her and touches her body all over. She gets really close and he can tell he gets really close.

"I'm about ready."

"Mmm...please, I want to...I want to feel all of you...don't worry...powers...can...prevent...just...do it!"

She lets out these words in a strangled series of breaths. Spider-Man clutches her breast and releases it in a couple of fluid punches. Mary's body squirms underneath him. He yanks her up and then puts her back on the couch without missing a beat or a thrust.

Mary's pupils dilate with the pleasure coursing through her body. Spider-Man drives himself into her body with a couple more thrusts and then almost pulls out of her. He then drives into her with balls slapping against her hard.

The release both of them share is very intense. Their limbs wrap around each other when they climax at the same time. The coursing of their own mutual release.

Peter collapses on Mary's rising chest. She puts a hand on the top of his head and caresses it with a grin.

"We should do that again sometime."

"Any time."
End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, comments, and kudos and I'll see you on Saturday for the next chapter.
"What a day?"

Peter Parker's entire body aches from a hell of a battle. The latest incarnation of the Masters of Evil and the latest Sinister Six pretty much back to back. He most certainly thinks today is one of the more busier ones. The good news is a lot of really bad people are off the street. The bad news is, well Peter gets more of his fair share of knocks to compensate.

It's all part of being Spider-Man. And it's just one of those things which comes along with being the job. Spider-Man strips out of his costume and into his boxer shorts. He looks at the mirror where the scratch of Ock clamping onto him a bit tighter shows up on camera.

"You really look like you took it rough. And not in the good way."

Spider-Man's attention turns to a very alluring sight. Greer Grant steps in. Soft looking fur covers a feminine frame of the super heroine and Avenger known as Tigra. Every inch of her curves tease exploring themselves from the two. Her tail, ears, and cat eyes makes Peter feel she's one of the gateway drug to a lot of followers of the Avengers going full blown furry.

"It's just part of being the territory. I did not expect Avenger business and personal Spider-Man business to mix."

A smile crosses Tigra's face as she puts a hand on his chest.

"To be fair, Avengers business is Spider-Man business or perhaps the other way around. And I'm sure that after a day that tense, we both need a way to unwind."

His heart rate speeds up. Spider-Man looks at a woman who obviously looks at him with a hunger and a great appeal dancing in her eyes. Tigra licks her lips when closing towards him.

"How serious do you want to get?"

"Only as serious as you want to. And relieving tension doesn't have to be serious. It can be pretty damn fun."

As it to demonstrate this fact, Tigra closes the gap between the two of them with a very intense kiss. The web slinger puts his hand on her upper back and guides his tongue in against hers. The kiss deepens and it becomes obvious with the state of both of them, it will not take too long.

Tigra smiles. She spends a lot of time thinking about Spider-Man. She's far from the only woman on the team who dreams about him, although given certain gossip, some people in the team do more than dream. Jessica, Carol, and Natasha, if the latest gossip in the Avengers prove true, have slept with Spider-Man in the past.

She pounces on top of Spider-Man and drops the towel to reveal two round breasts. She looks at him with a seductive glare through the eyes on the other side of her hair.

"You want some of this, don't you? Why don't you feel them?"
Spider-Man holds onto Tigra's breast and feels their softness and firmness all rolled up into one. Tigra throws her hips back and responds with a very soft purr. The web slinger clutches onto her nipple and releases it. The two kiss even more until something brushes against Tigra.

"Someone is ready to go."

They back into another room, with a soft lavish bed waiting for them. Tigra wraps her tail around Spider-Man's waist and then slowly eases it around him. Her tail grasp the head of his cock and brushes against it which causes him to jump up in the air.

"For you, I am."

Spider-Man rolls Tigra over on the bed and straddles over top of her. The sexy cat lady squirming underneath him makes Spider-Man a bit harder. The web slinger pushes his hands against her chest and causes her to practically purr at this touch. He brushes a finger down between her legs and it marvels him how soaked she gets.

"I'm ready for you! And I know you're ready for me. So..."

Her legs wrap around him and she pulls him close so his head rests on her soft chest. Tigra's warm mouth comes up to his ear.

"Let's fuck, baby."

The invitation is so alluring there's no question in Spider-Man's mind that's what's going to come next. Tigra opens her legs and looks ready to go for the intrusion.

Spider-Man holds her hips and jams himself down into her. Tigra grabs onto him and holds her lover into him. Spider-Man adjusts for her tightness and works into her pussy. His hands mold into her furry chest the deeper he moves down into her.

A rush of energy causes Spider-Man to drive deep inside of her. His balls slap against her thighs the deeper Spider-Man drives himself into her. The web slinger drives his cock deeper inside with a few more deep thrusts. Tigra holds the back of Spider-Man's waist and a powerful purr comes from her body.

"RIGHT THERE! RIGHT NOW!"

Spider-Man cannot believe how good this feels. Her soft thighs wrapping around him with numerous hard pumps. Spider-Man buries deep into her pussy and also against her chest. Those nipples standing up at attention require a lot of attention and Spider-Man gives her.

"When's the last time, you've got...anything."

No answer comes from Tigra. The inspiration to bury his large cock inside of her tight pussy comes just naturally. Spider-Man holds onto the side of her legs while spreading them and pounds into her. The tightness around her and the warmth of Tigra's rising body makes things feel really good.

Spider-Man holds the top of her legs and pushes inside of her. The web slinger cracks his balls against her thighs. It makes it feel really good and the fact she squeezes his cock this hard makes him almost ready to pop. Almost, although not quite. He holds on despite the tension rising through his body.

Every one of Greer's dreams come true in a flash and then some more. Spider-Man holds her nipple and gives it a nice little squeeze. Greer thrashes her hips up to meet Spider-Man and his incoming
thrusts. The two lovers join each other in a frantic push of them going back and forth.

She explodes underneath him. Spider-Man keeps up driving into her. He feels the soreness from earlier escaping to just another wave of lust. Spider-Man folds a hand underneath her chest and slides it into position. Greer bucks her hips up to take Spider-Man in one inch at a time.

"Perfect."

She says these words with a purring inflection. Spider-Man slaps his balls down onto her and makes her just squirm underneath.

"I'm going to get close..."

"Not yet..."

A squeeze of the base of his cock stops Spider-Man. Tigra guides him out of her. Spider-Man skids back on the bed just in time for the predatory and sexy woman to crawl across the bed. Her hands wrap around Spider-Man's bicep and squeeze it very tightly.

"I want to relish this moment. Every single moment, I want to hold this in my hand."

Tigra brushes up against his balls. She moves and touches Spider-Man fur to skin. The two of them drive their tongues against each other with Spider-Man reaching around to cup her ass. She responds with a delightful little purr and a flash of her hand against him.

The next position they find themselves in is Tigra mounting Spider-Man in the reverse cowgirl style. Her tail wraps around his waist and holds him into position. The tightness of her pussy prepares to envelope him again.

"You...how do you..."

"No, it's you're so big that any pussy will feel tight.

Inch by inch an entire foot of meaty organ slides into Tigra's wet sheath. She feels her stomach stick out a little bit as he stuffs her so full. It takes a bit of work to get Spider-Man completely in her. A cock this large deserves a pussy which can give it all of the love and affection.

The divine cat woman bounces on his throbbing hard cock. The web slinger marvels about how nice this feels and how lucky he feels along with it. Tigra clutches him between her walls and releases him. The warmth around him makes him jump up completely.

"Just sit back and enjoy it."

The tight asshole waving in front of his eyes makes the show very enjoyable. Spider-Man slips a finger into it, very daringly. She does not correct the behavior. Rather her tightness engulfs him and bounces up and down. Tigra throws her head back.

"It's what team mates do for each other...make sure we're there for each other. Isn't that right, Spider-Man?"

"Oh, I don't disagree."

She bents back to show a small amount of flexibility. Spider-Man clutches her chest and makes her just sink onto it. Spider-Man pulls back and enjoys the bouncing of her onto him.

"You want to cum? I bet those balls are getting pretty heavy."
The sexiness of her back rippling due to the fact she drops down onto him blinds Spider-Man for a minute. The truth hits him very hard, almost as hard as his bloated and swollen balls. There's nothing more in his life than he wants more to cum and to do it inside of her, it would be amazing.

"Very much so!"

Spider-Man clutches her ass and sinks up into her. She keeps going on with the ride. The view of Tigra in the mirror fuels Spider-Man's lust. The image of her playing with her hardening nipples gets him a bit closer to the edge. Spider-Man slams into her as hard as possible with his balls getting close to unloading.

"Closer. Closer. Just a little bit closer. You can do it. I know you can."

"Yes! I know I can. And I know that I will."

The last squeeze proves to be Spider-Man's undoing. He sinks into her from behind and the discharge sends essence splattering into Tigra's pussy.

The breathing of Tigra only increases the further Spider-Man plants himself into her body. Each burst of cum shooting into her only fuels Tigra's lust and more importantly fuels her desire for even more. She milks him down to the last drop and judging by his grunts, he enjoys it. Tigra knows she does anyway.

Sure enough, Spider-Man enjoys it and the release feels really good. The softness of the fur on her thighs brushing against his balls makes him cum even more. He grabs onto Tigra and finishes filling her up.

The release of Spider-Man from her folds causes his softening cock to come out. His cock does not stay soft for long as Tigra dips a hand between her thighs and collects the combination of juices. She licks the thick cum from her hand, or maybe paw would be more accurate. The look makes Spider-Man hard especially when he notices the glimpse of her asshole in front of him.

Tight, pink, and inviting, with Tigra's tail just swinging against it as if pointing to the fact where she wants Peter to go. All of the blood rushes from Peter's head and he dives in.

"Ready for more?"

Her teasing tone comes out and Spider-Man pulls Tigra over to position himself. She prepares to take his cock inside one more time only it becomes obvious he has a different hole in mind.

"I think the real question is, are you ready for more?"

The lubrication of her asshole just opens up the path for his cock ot slide in between her firm cheeks. Tigra's puckered hole opens up wide. The two line up and it's only a matter of time before they meet. Electricity explodes through Tigra's body with Spider-Man inside.

"Good! Go deeper! Deep as you can go."

Her ass tightens around his cock even more so than her pussy does. Spider-Man has little idea how long he's going to last, but he's certainly going to make every single second count. Her entire body becomes a lightning rod for pleasure and Spider-Man conducts a delicious symphony over her body.

Every turn, every twist, the dance remains the same. Spider-Man starts to rub all over her body. He touches Tigra in the ways which only causes the most delightful sounds to come out of her body. Arms wrapping tightly ensnares her body. Tigra clenches him tightly.
She bounces up and down to drive her tight ass around the edge of his cock. The feeling of Spider-Man burying another load inside of her sets her loins on fire and then even more. His rubbing fingers sends her just a little bit further over the edge.

Time ticks by with Spider-Man exploring the contours and the curves of the woman driving down onto his cock. The web slinger wraps his hands around her waist and balances her tight asshole around his cock. Each tick sends them a bit closer. The brushing of her tail against his balls makes things feel that much better.

"You know you're getting close."

Spider-Man knows he gets even closer. He just has to hold out just enough. His fingers touch Tigra in the most intimate ways possible. The sounds she makes really makes things feel really good. Spider-Man holds a hand against her chest and rotates a nipple to make a deep breath come from her body.

Everything finally comes forward. The tightness becomes too much for Spider-Man. He grabs onto her breasts in one hand and sinks Tigra ass first down into the invading organ. She grabs onto his wrist so tight.

"SPIDER-MAN!"

His name tingles on her lips with pleasure with Tigra clamping down onto him with a few more slides down on her body. The web slinger holds on tight and finishes emptying the contents of his balls. She cums all over the place from the sheer force of his cock driving into her ass from behind.

She lets out a pant of pleasure. Spider-Man makes sure to keep touching her while pumping his load in between her smoldering hot cheeks. A kiss on the side of Tigra's neck causes her to rub up against the web slinger. His fingers shift down and jam into her pussy.

A couple more grunts follow prior to Spider-Man sending him over the edge. His balls keep slapping her thighs until finishing up inside of her.

The dust settles and the aftermath of sex concludes. Tigra pulls away from Spider-Man with smile on her face. He lays back on the bed and she climbs on top of him.

"That was amazing!"

"I'm glad you agree so."

"And we'll do this again sometime."

Spider-Man's body flares up because of the brushing of Tigra's form against him. The thought they will do this all too soon builds up in his mind.

End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you in the next chapter.
A long day of fighting bad guys passes into the ether and Spider-Man returns. The gang members he
took down were right where he thought they would be or rather right where his lead told him where
the gang members would be. After going a few rounds with an old enemy, the man known as
Hammerhead, Spider-Man wraps it up and is home in plenty of time to have dinner. He decides to
stop by to catch a glimpse of the person who helps him out.

It turns out that the minute he makes his way into the entrance, she's already waiting for him by the
window in a robe. Patty Spivot, a Crime Scene Investigator who moved in from Central City to New
York, smiles at him. She wears a lacy black bath robe which does little to hide her assets.

"Busy day?"

"Your lead panned out. I got Hammerhead and I don't think he's going to get out of this one."

Patty responds with a smile and grabs Spider-Man's hand before pulling him inside. The two of them
walk across the room. Patty stops and gives him the once over. Spider-Man feels like she's
undressing his body with her eyes and it's not exactly the worst feeling in the world to have.

The sexy CSI moves closer to Peter and puts her hands on his back. A small smile flickers over her
face the closer she moves.

"You know, I always like you in this uniform...of course, I like you better when the uniform is lying
beside my bed."

Patty wraps her arms around him, lifting a hand just long enough to pull his mask open. She kisses
the young man on the lips and Peter returns with a kiss of his own.

Their tongues tangle and their hands move against their bodies. It does not take too long before Peter
discovers how Patty's wearing some extremely lacy lingerie underneath her robe. He moves his hand
into position and squeezes her between the legs making her softly sigh in response.

"Let's get you out of this costume...it feels very tight."

To demonstrate, Patty squeezes the bulge through his pants and shows just how much the heat rises.
She helps Spider-Man out of his costume, until he's wearing nothing other than a pair of boxer shorts
and a mask, which is pulled up. Patty shoves him onto the bed and he lands.

"How long have you been waiting for me?"

"Long enough to think about all of the things that I want do to you."

Patty pulls her partner's member out of his pants. It stiffens in her touch. Her soft palm rolls up and
down. She moves down with her free hand and squeezes his inner thigh. The slow and leisurely
handjob she performs builds up an intake of blood through Peter's loins and causes him to groan.

She leans down and kisses the tip of his manhood, folding her tongue against it. Peter hisses through
his teeth and Patty rolls her tongue over his length to make it grow even more.
"Something like this, I believe."

She makes a believer out of Peter the second. Patty slides her warm mouth down onto Peter and takes his cock into her mouth. She sucks on him, hard and faster. The pointed suction of her lips makes Patty's cheeks hallow out and she looks like a goddess going down on his pole.

The only thing Peter is able to do is guide Patty. Guide her perfectly succulent lips around his iron pole. It stretches a little bit more inside of her. Peter folds his hands against her head and keeps massaging her scalp, working her to a fever.

He raises up and down with a rather hard breath.

"I want to taste you."

Patty pulls away from him just enough so Peter can properly lie on the bed. She undoes the front of her ropes to reveal her black thong panties and bra. Patty shifts the panties to the side and puts her finger on her mound. She stretches and touches her juices to Peter's lips. He closes his eyes.

"That taste good, baby?"

"Mmm….I want more."

Patty's not going to give up the chance to get Peter's tongue inside of her. She climbs onto him and takes his iron hard cock at her lips. Her mouth opens to engulf him and suck Peter inside of her.

Now, Peter grabs her ass and squeezes it. His fingers stick to the succulent flesh behind her. Patty's rear sticks out in the delightful way and makes Peter just want to grab onto it. Sticking into her ass hard the second Peter eats her out. His tongue swirls into her and makes Patty just sigh around his cock.

The warm and leisurely slurping Patty delivers onto im makes his balls ache. He wants to dive into her, eating her pussy out and making her drip even more. His nails keep digging into her and making Patty just sigh. He goes into her center and munches on her hard. The more he eats her out, the more juices she rewards him with. Being between her thighs makes it a hell of a feeling and Peter does not want it to stop.

His cock just keeps getting bigger and bigger inside of her mouth. Patty finds herself drawn in through some sort of addiction. Her mouth snaps around him and releases his big manhood from her warm mouth. Patty grinds her thumb against him and feels Peter just swell a tiny bit more inside of her. She's almost there, she can feel it.

Speaking of almost being there, Peter's rotating tongue drives her. He makes her lips nice and puffy, wet, and it will be good for the eventual moment where he shoves his big cock into her tight pussy. It's going to come and Patty's eyes just water from what he's doing.

Finally, she comes and comes hard over his face. Seconds later, a jerk comes through and Peter's balls finally give way. He finally begins to spurt in Patty's throat, coating her with the never ending rush of seed. Patty drives down all the way to drink Peter's gift to her. Forming a tight seal around his balls allows Patty to milk just that much more of the young stud beneath her.

Peter closes his eyes and repeatedly drives his massive prick deep inside of her. Patty's warm lips repeatedly seal themselves shut and then open just enough to take his seed. It blasts the inside of her throat prior to Patty pulling away from him. She gives his cock head a parting kiss and a lick making Peter twitch.
Patty turns around and pulls herself into position. Peter looks up to see the gorgeous CSI straddling him. She leans down and pulls Peter up.

"I'm going to ride you, stud."

Peter puts his hand around her backside and gives her the encouragement. The delirious blonde smiles and rubs her inviting lips against Peter. Every stroke is more sensual than the last and makes him as hard as a rock. Peter finds it hard to keep his erection at bay and at anything else other than throbbing. He finds it even more difficult to resist her body.

Those hips Peter puts his hands on feel very nice. The inside of her is just as nice as the outside. The slick, warm surface engulfs Peter into her. The tip guides into Patty just seconds before the rest of him does as well. They go hip to hip, building up a lot of momentum. Peter responds with a very involved sigh, and Patty pulls up completely before dropping her full weight onto him, leading to a heavy smack.

"All night...like that...that big throbbing cock just pushing all of my buttons. How do you like that, baby?"

"I like it...a lot."

Peter groans when from what Patty's doing to him. She has him right where she wants him, at a very perfect position. She clutches onto him tightly and releases him. Peter jerks up and drives himself as deep into Patty as possible.

It's no time at all with Patty driving Peter into her one of her snug holes and having the best time of her life. Peter leans in and unclips her bra to release her chest into the world. Her perky nipples beg for attention and Peter gives her a full court attack, sucking on them.

Patty closes ranks on him and bites down on her lip. There's something about this that feels so good that it's hard to describe. The only thing she can do is experience the sexual release which comes with having this big cock driving into her body. Patty presses herself up against him.

The warm lips keep sucking on the side of Peter's neck and make him jerk up a tiny bit off of the bed. Their hips crack together with Peter rising and falling. Patty rotates on him and sucks his big cock between her warm lips. Repeatedly taking him inside of her.

"Keep going...don't stop...don't ever stop…."

"Never will."

Patty grinds down onto him and sucks his manhood into her warm core. The ride continues with Peter driving himself further and faster into Patty until their bodies just mold together. He clutches her tight ass and makes her leak all over him. The sweet warm release caresses Peter's manhood from all angles and makes him just break into a groan.

As good as he makes her feel, Patty wants to make him feel good as well. A massage of his muscles makes a nice sound come from him. Patty does some more massaging, this time of one special muscle. She clutches him tight and releases her juices in an endless flow when working him over.

Peter pumps deeper inside of Patty. He holds onto her, almost falling back onto the bed. His fingers cling to her soft stomach muscles, and pull him up. Patty leans in and nibbles him on the chest.

"You're so sexy. And making me so wet."
"You are...sexy too...oh, I'm so hard, I can't stand it."

Patty gets him a little bit harder.

"Right here...deeper...DEEPER! Oh, get as deep in me as you can go! You know that's something you want...fucking driving that cock into me."

"I'm going to make you so wet you will be able to shove steel in your tight little pussy."

"Aren't we...already?"

Patty's sultry smile follows from Peter pumping his way inside of her. His skin connects with hers. The flush feeling of sweat and sweat, body on body comes. Peter edges himself a little bit closer. Feeling the ripples of Patty's strong thigh muscle come down on his. He's close, so close he can almost feel it.

The edging of being so close that it hurts hits Peter. Patty decides to edge him a little bit closer, teasing him. She squeezes his manhood between her silken walls and releases him. Peter puts a hand on the back of her neck and then guides her almost all the way down. Her damp center closes into him and releases Peter. He goes a tiny bit closer, steadying himself until he's almost completely and utterly burying himself inside of her.

"Getting close...me too."

Patty throws her neck back and this allows Peter to bite down it. The soft fingers of the web slinger hit all of the pleasure points and make Patty leak all over his member. She drops her box down onto him and engulfs him.

The flood of juices coat Peter from the tip to the base. Patty bounces up and down onto him before slowing down. Her hand reaches and pinches Peter's cock base before looking into his eyes.

"Not yet, baby...I don't want you to shoot your webbing."

Patty pulls off of him.

"Let's have some more fun, webs."

She turns around and puts her warm pussy hole onto him. She briefly teases him with her ass cheeks, gripping and squeezing him. The denial puts Peter on a trigger.

It's always the brainy ones who are the most naughty and Patty's no exception to this rule. She drives herself down onto him, riding Peter reverse-cowgirl style. The building of an orgasm through him makes this feel beyond perfect. Patty knows exactly what triggers she can push to make this the best in the world.

Patty bites down on her lip in time to the ride. Her thighs pound down onto Peter's. His hips rising with her is very stunning and makes things more than alluring. The web slinger holds on tight, sticking his fingers against her hips and making Patty mewl like a kitten in heat.

She bends down and grabs his hands. The two lock fingers and there's even more leverage.

After being drawn to completion for having it pulled away from him earlier, Peter most certainly feels the need to do something, anything to reach that tipping point. He rises up and then drives just as fast inside of her. His balls slap against her and then send a tremor through their bodies. Patty grinds down onto him and makes him fill up her body.
The deeper he goes into her, the more Patty tingles with excitement. Her orgasm draws a little bit nearer and then grabs his stiff cock, grinding against her wet pussy. He slips deep inside with Patty's warm core massaging him to the point where Peter's about ready to pop.

He shoves as deep into her as humanly possible, grinding him deep inside of her. She squeezes and releases him with a few more sighs.

Peter edges himself closer to the climax, enjoying the feeling of Patty's inside. She drives down onto him and feels her clenching pussy around him. He gets ever so closer with Patty dropping down onto him as fast as possible.

"So close…"

"Yes...you magnificent...fucker...cum in me!"

Finally, it's just too much for Peter to withstand. He slams into her body and releases his juices into her. Repeatedly filling up her gushing hole with everything he has stored in his big, bloated balls.

Patty bites down on her lip before giving way and taking Peter deep inside of her body. His balls slap down onto her, and dose her with a series of releases. Each splatter drives his seed into her body.

"It's good...good...mmm..you always make me feel so good."

A squeeze of her ass signals Patty's final release when she sputters to a stop. Peter wraps his arms around Patty and pulls her off of him. Both of them rest on the bed.

"Well, I did owe you for that tip."

Peter strokes Patty's hair and makes her just shudder. He kisses and nibbles her shoulder. Patty spreads her legs when Peter wraps his arms around her. His cock swelling back to life.

"That's really my secret power, right here."

"I'm sure it is."

The insertion of his stiff cock into her wet pussy makes Patty's mouth open wide. He stuffs her full of his hard meat, driving himself just a tiny bit deeper inside of her body.

Pleasure builds as Peter builds his thrusts until Patty comes repeatedly.

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End.

Next Chapter: 6/9/2018:

Thanks for all of the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you for the next chapter.
Highs and Lows (Olivia Queen)

Somehow, Peter Parker finds himself on a balcony with one of the richest women in the world, although her fortune is a bit less these days due to a couple of poor choices. Regardless, Olivia Queen stands on the balcony in a tight green dress which empathizes the curves of her fit body. Her ponytail sticks down past her shoulders and shows how toned they are. Her legs boast of equally amazing features.

"I bet I could make it."

"Make what?"

She looks over her shoulder to Peter. Olivia, Liv as her friends call her, just gives him a big grin.

"I bet I could make the shot from up here. That bullseye, it's at a bit of a crooked angle. I bet that I could make it."

A smile pops over Peter's face. He cannot help and rile Liv up, mostly because it is one of the easiest things in the world to do.

"I'm pretty sure Barton can make the shot."

This causes a frown to pass over Liv's face. It obviously triggers her although she takes a moment to take a deep and calming breath.

"Barton is a rank amateur. Well actually...never mind. I can make the shot if Barton can. You can really take that one to the bank."

Liv bends over to line up the shot in her mind. Peter's eyes line up to see the fact that Liv's not wearing panties. It's a good thing Peter's not making the shot. Otherwise, he may have a tiny bit of trouble concentrating with this fit archer next to him.

The shot lines up with the bow and arrow. A few drinks in Liv's system does not stop her from hitting the shot right on the bullseye. The arrow lines up perfectly and she turns around to look Peter in the eye.

"See, I told you I can make the shot...and I think that tonight I'm going to score in an entirely different way."

Liv turns around and gives Peter a long enough stare. The cleavage in her dress is amazing and catches Peter's eyes flush on. Liv moves over and puts a hand on his crotch without any hesitation and squeezes it.

"Is that an arrow in your pants or are you just happy to see me? It doesn't matter because I'm going to fire it off."

A grin shows how much Liv wants this. There's no more words between the two of them, only actions. She pushes onto Peter with a kiss which Peter returns. He backs Liv against the wall and gives her a deep feeling over. His hands cup Liv's immense chest through her top. She returns by feeling up his body.
Peter pulls away from her and pulls up her dress to reveal her pussy. It drips wet with pleasure. Spider-Man holds a finger against her and makes her moan. Her nipples stand out.

"You wanted this to happen? Didn't you?"

"I wanted to...didn't the fact I'm not wearing panties clue you in?"

Her grin is pretty infectious. A hand brushes against Peter's crotch and makes him jump up. She quickly removes Peter from his pants and allows his cock to stand up in the air. Her pussy is already wet and he's hard. There's really no time for formalities.

"Are you..."

"Sure about fucking you? Well, given the circumstances I can't be more than sure. I mean, I'm wet, you're hard as a rock, let's go right now!"

Liv sinks his cock into her tight pussy. The feeling of the girth building up inside of her makes Liv burst with pleasure. She wraps around him against the wall. One hand clutches onto the wall for leverage. The other hand, the right hand, finds its way over her body. He touches Liv in a way that no man ever has. A few women, they've come close, but it will be unfair to lead to comparisons happening right now.

The feeling of Liv's tight pussy collapsing around his manhood causes a groan to pass through Peter's body. Her loins tug on him and it feels very amazing to be inside of her. Deep inside of her, like this. Peter pushes a finger against her lower back and sends Liv spiraling over the edge to pleasure.

"We should have done this a long time ago."

Given her breasts fly in front of his face and demand for him to suck them, Peter finds it hard to disagree. He reaches over and takes one breast in his hand. The other his lips come out. The warmth of her cleavage draws Peter in like a siren song.

"Too bad you didn't keep those extra four arms?"

She's far from the only woman to make this particular statement. Peter works with the arms he have as she bounces up and down. He shifts over to drop on a padded bench on the balcony. Liv extends back and smiles.

"You know if you bent me over that balcony and fucked the shit out of me, I'd so let you do that. And that would be completely hot."

It's very tempting to do just that. In his minds eye, Peter visualizes Liv bent over the edge of the balcony with his hands on her ass and him pumping inside of her. The touch of Liv's constricting walls make it a very deep push. Peter pulls almost all the way out and slides into her with a fierce push.

The building up inside of her body grows even more intense. Liv digs a nail against the side of his shoulder. She keeps pumping up and down on him. Her well-toned thighs smack down onto his hips. Peter leans her back and dives into Liv's chest to nibble on her. The moans increase as she knows what's going to happen next.

The build up for the ride strikes Liv at all the points that matter. Her body arches back and she waits for the explosion to come. She knows with this prime piece of man meat inside it's going to happen sooner or later. His hands move down her back and then cause tingles to her body.
"No fair, that's a weak spot."

A nibble on the side of Liv's neck makes the encounter only that much more erotic. Liv slides her moist walls down onto him and squeezes him.

"I know. Why do you think I hit it?"

Fair enough, she guesses. Liv curls a finger against the back of his neck and keeps riding him. Her thighs bounce up and down to smack hard against his. Her peak reaches and goes just another step behind. A squeeze of her chest spirals Liv out of control.

"Fair...enough!"

A few more pumps inside of her gets Liv's pleasure building. She pulls up almost all of the way and drops down onto Peter's thighs. His balls rise up to smack her clit and send tremors through her body. The web slinger clutches her nipples and sends another shiver through her body.

Close, so close, and yet at the same time, with Liv tightening her hold around them. She pushes down onto him and keeps bouncing up and down on his cock.

Peter buries deep inside of her with Liv's nails grabbing onto the back of his neck. A scream echoes through her body when Liv drives down onto on and cums hard. The splashes keep coating him from the tip of the cock down onto the base and allows Peter to slide into her.

The web slinger puts a hand on her back and sends Liv over the edge. She coats his cock while bouncing up and down. Her breasts smash into his face. Peter grabs onto them and sends more pleasure all over every point in Liv's body. Her toes curl and lust dances through her horny body.

"Right there! Like that! YES!"

She's really getting into this as his cock gets into her. Liv rides him like there's no tomorrow and keeps up the movements.

"I like that big cock inside of me. Do you like this? Do you like being in of my nice tight pussy?"

"YES! VERY MUCH!"

A grunt follows with twelve inches of thick manhood pushing into her. Liv's walls part the deeper Spider-Man goes into it. He pulls almost all the way out and then buries himself ever so much more deeply inside of her. His balls keep smacking her and swelling, getting closer to popping inside of her.

It feels very good to be inside of her. Liv ensnares his cock and squeezes it tight. Peter's trying to hold back. The woman bouncing on his lap will not be denied. Her breathing whispers only increase in frequency.

"If you like it so much, maybe you should cum in me? That would be so hot. Your thick cum spilling inside of my tight pussy!"

The groans only continue the deeper he shoves inside of her. She's so tight and wet it's very hard for him not to hold back. Her walls keep driving down onto him and start to milk his pole. Peter puts a hand on her back and slides Liv down onto him. She rises up and drops down onto him with a smack.

She knows what she likes and most importantly knows how Peter wants his cock to be worked.
Peter pushes her nipples with his fingers and then moves down to her hips in a few swift motions. Peter pounds her and knows that it's going to come sooner or later. Liv traps him and keeps bouncing onto him. Her firm thighs keep hitting him at the best possible angle to open the door for his orgasm.

The thickness of Peter's cock demonstrates why many women go insane for him. His sticky fingers send Liv over the edge and the warm fluids pumping inside of her greedy pussy makes things even better. Liv showcasing her greater nymphomaniac qualities only add to the fever the two of them share.

The next moment passes with Liv emptying Peter out into her. A buzz follows her body and she gets up. The cum dripping from her thighs brings a fresh amount of excitement over her. She turns around and bends at the railing. A hand touches the edge of the railing and a small smile pops over her face.

Peter catches a glimpse of Liv bent over the railing. He moves over and wraps arms around him. He kisses the back of the neck of his lover and feels up her chest. The rest of her body follows soon. Her thighs spread when Peter pushes her against the edge of the balcony railing. They hold up with great balance.

"It's time to make all of your dreams come true."

The hunk of a man brushing against her sends Liv crashing down. It's hard to stand up straight. Both the railing and the able hands of her lover help her along.

"More ways than one?"

These words just result in a grin coming over Peter's face. He holds onto Liv's breasts and gives them a very firm squeeze. Her thighs slide together and come very close to welcoming his manhood in it's proper home. It slides against her lips and then inside of her.

The deep push of his cock drives her almost over the balcony. Liv's fingers drive against the edge of the railing. She breathes in pleasure the further Peter rams inside of her. She fills up just as fast as he empties her. His balls slap against Liv's warm thighs.

Rush is a pretty good descriptor of what Liv feels and not because of the juices rushing from her body and soon into it. Peter rams her up against the railing. The good news is the bolts hold up pretty well. The architect of the balcony is more than worth Liv's money.

And speaking of things which cannot even have a value of it, Peter drives his cock inside of her tight pussy. He pulls almost out of Liv and drives into her. He keeps smacking her body and also giving her the touches. An almost lunge over the railing makes Liv's pulse pound before he pulls her back in and keeps sinking himself into her tight body.

"Don't worry. I'm in control now."

He pounds her hard and fast. Spider-Man rears back against her body and keeps slamming inside of her. The depths he goes inside of her just sends her a bit further over the edge.

"I know...that you're in control. I hope that you stay...that way!"

The end comes for her when Liv's knees go week. The tension around his cock shows just how much her body reacts to his touch.

The deeper Peter goes, the more good this feels. He positions Liv in a pretty good position. The sexy blonde billionaire's body keeps pushing against him. His hands explore every inch of soft and inviting flesh. Her hair firmly pushes against the tips of his fingers the deeper he pushes in.
"I'm in control. And I know how to control you, Ms. Queen. Do you enjoy that?"

Liv cannot lie, she enjoys the touches building up a peak on her body. His fingers dance over her and touch her in the places which mean to be touched.

"YES!"

"Very good then. We're getting a bit closer. I hope that you're ready because I'm holding back. And when I don't hold back..."

She knows exactly what happens and braces herself. Those balls edge closer to depositing their payload. Her body turns into a lightning rod for unbridled pleasure. The kind which sends a woman like her completely over the edge with a growing lust. The lust blinds her and increases the lust going through her body.

The end reaches with Peter slapping his balls against Liv's firm thigh. A constant brush sends her over the edge and he goes along with her.

Liv almost flips over the balcony. He pulls her back at the last second and finishes spilling inside of her. The second load of the night coats her body and as her body hits a trigger, Liv cannot be more thankful from what just happened.

The end comes with Peter making sure Liv's footing is stepping. She drops down on the bench outside with a breath.

"I should really get back inside. People might wonder. Although given my reputation they should be able to figure it out."

To be fair, ninety-five percent of her spontaneous encounters have to do with women, up to and including her own sister, but that's neither here nor there.

Peter just smiles and finds her dress and heels on the balcony. Thankfully, they do not fall over the top.

'Just another spectacular evening.'

End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you for the next chapter.
Blood runs warm in the body of Kara Zor-El. She drops down onto the ledge of the Daily Bugle building and overlooks all of New York City. She changes into a different look today. An extremely short black skirt shows off the lacy thong panties she's wearing. The thigh high black boots cling to her skin. There's also the extremely tight and small black top which shows the underside of her breasts and toned and tight stomach. There's barely enough room for the "S" shield.

A run in with some Red Kryptonite leads to a more liberated Supergirl. She knows what she wants and will do anything, anything, possible to take it. She licks her lips when a figure wearing black moves in. A black costume with a white spider symbol on it. She views the ripples of his muscular body.

"About time you showed up. I thought you would just ignore a girl in need. Some hero you turned out to be."

Kara puts a hand on his chest when he drops down to the ledge. Spider-Man just smiles at her through the mask. He looks over her body like it's a piece of meat and this causes a tingle to go through Kara's mind. She's found Spider-Man's new black suit to really suit him and the new attitude has matches her own.

"What do you need?"

"I have many needs. And I think that you can fulfill each and every one of them. Like this!"

Kara smashes her lips against Spider-Man's mouth and her body against his. His mask opens up to allow Kara's full on onslaught of tongue kissing to hit him. The back of her head receives a firm grab and the tongue only opens itself up for more making out.

A nail drags down the side of his face. Spider-Man reaches underneath her shirt while backing up against the window. One of the legs push up and Spider-Man slides a hand up her leg. He starts feeling up her firm thighs. He pulls away with a smile on his face.

"You won't be needing these any more."

Spider-Man's sticky fingers cling onto her panties and yank them off. A rush of cool air spreads between Kara's legs. She grabs onto the suit and tries to pull on it. Despite her super strength, the barrier between his cock and her refuses to budge.

Amusement flickers through Spider-Man's mind. The extremely horny woman attempts to rip off. No matter how hard she tries to remove his pants, Supergirl has problems.

"Damn it! This suit's too well made."

He slowly retracts the crotch of his pants to reveal his rock hard cock. Supergirl jumps at him and sends him flying over the edge of the building with her legs tightening around him.

The rush of both of them flying over the edge causes their adrenaline to hit up to an entirely new level. Spider-Man grabs her waist and shoots a line of webbing out. She swings on in with him and mounts his cock when his back hits the edge of the building.
The super snug tightness of her pussy tighten around him. The rush he feels increases the pleasure. Her nipples poke out from that barely there top.

"Enough of that!"

Spider-Man tears the top off and allows it to flutter down to the streets. Some lucky sucker got a souvenir, not that either of them care. Spider-Man dives down into her chest and starts to suck her standing nipples. Supergirl puts her hands on the back of his head and pushes him a bit further.

"YES!"

Never does something fill her like this. Supergirl clings onto his throbbing hard rod the deeper he shoves into her. Their hips connect together with a huge explosion. She grabs him and they swing on the line. Spider-Man lands into the building when she impales down onto him.

Her tightening walls grab onto him. The mutual pleasure both of them feel and the coming release makes their bodies tingle. The fact they fuck high above the New York City streets only multiply the lust towards each other. Kara's breasts, growing dangerously close to Power Girl level thanks to the Kryptonite, smash into Peter's face. He worships them like the divine pinnacle of womanhood they should be.

"Don't...you dare...stop this! I don't want you to...I don't...I won't...you can't...YOU CAN'T!"

A shriek out of pleasure follows with Spider-Man clinging onto her tracts of land. A couple more tugs force her nipples in a state hardness. Spider-Man wraps his lips around them and sucks on them. His cock keeps burying inside of her, with them swinging back and forth.

Supergirl clings on for dear life. Each brush of the cool air against her body and the fact they swing back and forth between two points as they fuck, it excites her. The excitement builds to a rapidly accelerating point. Supergirl holds onto the back of his neck and moans more deeply into his ear.

"I'm never going to stop! Don't you worry! I'm never going to stop fucking you!"

"Good! It's really good! You shouldn't! I don't want you to! Oh, you're hitting me. Ram me into the side of the buidling! Make the ground shake when you fuck me! Give me your big cock and work me like I always needed!"

She's glad for the Red Kryptonite due to the fact that Kara never will muster up the nerve to do something like this. Supergirl's supposed to be a good girl, someone who is a role model to aspiring girls, a girl scout. All of those things disgust Kara at the core. Sometimes you just need a good hard fuck and the fact it's public drives her completely over the edge. She clings onto Spider-Man!

"HARDER! FUCK ME! HARDER!"

She keeps screaming for him to take her high above the ground. Spider-Man deepens his thrusts inside of her. His balls smack against her thighs. Supergirl holds onto her and deeply breaths the further he crams himself inside of her.

Spider-Man enjoys the feeling of this beauty and all of the ways she gives him pleasure. His balls grow heavier and heavier the deeper he buries inside of her. He clutches her breasts and releases them.

"After you! I want to feel you cum like you've never been before."

"You got it, big boy!"
Supergirl clenches his cock when she's the one who finds herself up against the building. He works over her tight canal like a well oiled machine. Her fingers keep drancing against the back of his neck. Her screams, her cries, they become evidence of how good she's feeling.

If this is wrong, then Kara never wants to be right ever again.

The build up in his own body increases with the suit encouraging him on. The suit ensnares Kara in several tendrils which results in a squeal of surprise coming from her.

The grabs of her body, the touches with both his hands and the tendrils of his suit causes Kara's motor running. His fingers keep sweeping over every inch of her sexy frame. They make out in a very aggressive way with their lips turning very red and puffy.

Spider-Man keeps up driving himself into her. His balls slapping against her and come closer towards her. Supergirl clutches onto him with a moan escaping through her throat. He keeps going to town on her and she responds by pumping up against him.

Supergirl kisses Spider-Man even harder. Their bodies keep working up to a fever against each other. Their tongues keep dancing with each other. Spider-Man brushes a finger down the side of her leg and causes her breathing to to only increase.

"Fill me up with your seed. I need it! Badly!"

She needs it badly and Spider-Man's willing to give it to her in more ways than one. Spider-Man smashes her wet pussy several times. He holds onto her tightly and she returns the favor. Their bodies exchange a hot motion with each other. A grab of her ass causes Supergirl to moan his ear.

She cums rather first. Spider-Man drives deeper inside in her. Her tightening cunt clamps down onto him as he gets so much closer to the edge.

They cum together one more time. Spider-Man injects her body with hot and sticky seed. Supergirl clutches his waist and moans in his ear. They become a blur while Spider-Man finishes up inside of her.

Supergirl pulls herself up and floats to the top of the building. She presses her palms on the edge and sticks her ass out. Spider-Man pulls himself up and lines himself for her.

"You know you want to. And you know I want it."

The tendril sticks into her asshole and lubricates it with a dripping hot liquid. It keeps working her asshole into perfect position. Spider-Man rubs his cock against the back of her leg. Her beautiful leg rubbing up against his cock makes it hard as his tendril opens her asshole up.

"I think you want it just as much!"

"YES!"

Spider-Man clutches her breast in time with her scream. A couple of nibbles to the back of Supergirl drives her completely over the edge. Spider-Man pulls on her nipple and causes her to take a deep breath. Her legs open up and cause a small drop of cum to spill down.

"I think you want it just as much!"

"YES!"

The tendril finishes it's work. Several more spread over to the side and latch onto Supergirl's body on the ground. Her body explodes into a sexual rush. The thrill only increases. A nibble on the back of Supergirl's neck sends her completely over the edge. A couple of squeezes sends even more pleasure through her body from the top of her head down to the tip of her toes.
Spider-Man sticks the swollen head of hiscockagainst her asshole. Her warm, tight, and very snug hole calls for him and prepares to be entered. Spider-Man rolls over her breasts and sends pleasure through her. His skin tingles and he wants to fill her asshole with more of his seed.

Twelve inches split her asshole completely over. Supergirl curls toes up with a couple more breaths coming from her body. Spider-Man pulls almost all the way out of her and then drives into her from behind.

"Deeper!"

Her cry of pleasure accelerates the deeper Spider-Man drives inside of her body. He pulls almost all the way out of her and drives his cock into her tight body. A few more pushes drive him deeper and deeper inside of her. A spank of her causes her to moan.

"You like that?"

Spider-Man smacks his balls against her firm cheeks. He pulls almost out of her, teases her asshole, and buries deep inside of her. She grabs onto the top of the building while he fucks her against it. One hand clings to the wall, the other to her ass, and more tendrils rush up her body.

The building of seed inside of his balls only increases and build the deeper he goes inside of her. Spider-Man pulls almost all the way out of her and drives deep inside of her.

"Love...keep it going baby! Stretch out my asshole! Bury all of that seed inside of me just like you did earlier!"

He obliges her request. Smack, smack, smack, he swats her firm cheeks while fucking her. Hands keep caressing her body. One of the tendrils slips into Kara's mouth and she sucks it like a cock which sends a couple of tremors in her body. Spider-Man pulls almost all the way out and then back inside of her.

The train of orgasms send Kara flying down the tracks. She tightens around his cock and breaths in deeply. Spider-Man pulls out and slams into her. A spank on her ass drives her in pleasure.

She drips wet and Spider-Man moves his hand from her ass and between her thighs. She opens up just in time for Spider-Man to ram his fingers deep inside. Her dripping hot pussy opens up for his deepening thrusts. He pulls out and the tendril morphs into a cock.

The double penetration of her holes makes Kara feel good. The Red Kryptonite sweats out of her system by this point. Still, the desire, and the pleasure just builds up at a peak. Spider-Man pulls back and jams into her. Both of them go into her.

"Spidey! Don't slow down! You're making me feel so good."

"I know I am. And I'm feeling just as good!"

He can do this all night and she can as well. Spider-Man pulls on Kara's nipples and sends her over the edge with a pleasure cascading from her from head to toe.

"Cum for me, Supergirl. That would feel so good, wouldn' t it?"

"Mmm hmmmm!"

The suit penetrates her just as deeply as Peter does herself. The tendril slips into her mouth one more time after leaving it. Her mouth, ass, and pussy receives a triple penetration all at once. Not to
mention the other tendrils rubbing all over her body. It almost overwhelms Kara as the backed up pleasure.

The build up inside of Spider-Man grows a bit more intense. He cracks up against the back of her thigh and pulls out of her even more.

"We're almost there."

She's drooling in more ways than one as the sexy black-suited Spider-Man works her over in many ways. Kara holds onto the ride. The pleasures just dance all over her in more ways than one. She takes in a couple of deep breaths the harder he pounds her harder and faster.

"Closer."

Those words send a rush through her body. She clutches his hard cock between her ass cheeks, the cock from the costume burying inside of her tight pussy, and deep inside of her mouth, another tendril works its way in. Both look fit to burst as much as the very real cock pushing into Kara's ass.

"Almost there. Just a little bit closer."

Kara gasps out her next moan of content. Almost there and she cannot hold back from her pleasure. It cascades down her body from her head down to her toes in repeated waves. Spider-Man tugs on her nipples and makes her just leak between her thighs.


Each smack hits Supergirl from behind. The muffled chants of these words only burn with hunger only accelerating through her body. Spider-Man clutches her chest and keeps pounding her. She clings onto the building. The triple penetration effect in her body sends it completely over the edge.

"Cum for me. Cum for me, Supergirl."

She cums harder than ever before. Spider-Man finishes her off with his fingers digging inside of her to soak the cum into the costume. It causes the tendrils to grow wilder the deeper he pushes into her.

Theorgasm to end all orgasms strikes Kara's pleasure points. He follows by shooting a load into her ass. A smack against her backside forces Spider-Man inside of her until he's finished.

The slip off of the building causes Supergirl to almost lose it. She falls to the ground like a shooting star.

At second, Spider-Man catches her and the two descend to the ground. Spider-Man lowers himself to the ground with his legs buckling on top of him.

A homeless man's eyes widen when he sees the spectacle before him. He looks at the paper bag and throws it into the trash before slowly backing up in astonishment.

"Come on. Let's get us to some place more private."

A smile pops over Kara's face.

"Oh, I don't mind things being public."

Spider-Man wraps his arms around her and shoots a web line. She grins with the legs ensnaring his body. They swing off into the distance to continue their night of untamed debauchery.
End.


Thanks for your favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you for the next chapter.
Jubilee parked herself in front of the mirror and made sure her hair was just right. She thought about growing it out just a little bit more, but it seemed to be too much trouble. Plus, no one could mistake her for a boy anymore, thanks to the growth in her chest and also in the area of her hips. She waited at the window, perhaps picturing the handsome man who would come through the window.

Today had been a usual day for the X-Men. A bunch of Friends of Humanity nutcases claimed that they would eradicate the mutant menace somehow got their hands on an explosive device to blow up an entire city block with a school that mutants had been allowed to attend. Never mind the countless human children who went there who would be killed. That seemed to not bother the people who claimed to be Friends of Humanity.

Jubilee took her lumps as did the other X-Men. Thankfully, they had some help, in the form of Spider-Man and he was just as amazing as Jubilee always knew. Spectacular and sensational as well, and Jubilee is pretty certain she's not the first one to make that joke.

She looked up and saw Spider-Man perched in the windowsill.

"Wrong wrong, webs?" Jubilee asked trying to play it cool, even though her inner fangirl squealed with delight to see him.

"No, I just wanted to check up on you, I got pretty banged up."

"Oh, well I'm fine, it's going to take a lot more than those jerkasses to put me down," Jubilee commented with a smile. "Why don't you come in so I can properly thank you?"

Jubilee smiled and knew that she would never get this chance again. Spider-Man entered her room and she looked at him. Casually, Jubilee started to undo the sash on her night dress.

"And when I say that I want to thank you, I really want to thank you," Jubilee breathed. "Will you let me?"

"It would be rude not to."

He helped her pull up his mask so the two of them can kiss. The two pulled out.

"So, are you…."

"Relax, Chris Hansen's not around the corner," Jubilee responded, getting his question. "Oh, and I'm eighteen...you want to see my driver's license or do you trust me?"

Exactly how she got a driver's license, well that was fun. Logan swore to never get in a car with her again, but Jubilee managed to stay cool long enough to make sure to get her license.

"I trust you," Spider-Man commented. "You're not tripping my Spider-Man."

"This is not a trap either," Jubilee commented in a coy voice. "You want to see?"

She takes off her panties to reveal a tight looking pussy. Jubilee put Spider-Man's hand on it and allowed him to touch her heated mound. The two of them lean in to each other with Spider-Man
approaching this encounter in a very casual nature. He put his firm hand on Jubilee's backside and squeezed her nice thick ass. She moaned into his mouth the closer they got to the kiss.

"I want you, so badly," she whispered with a few kisses down his neck. "You realize that you're the top super hero that I masturbated to when I wanted to get off."

"Um, thanks," Spider-Man commented.

"Hey, consider in a compliment, big boy," Jubilee breathed in his ear as she cupped his crotch through his straining tights. "Really big as it turned out."

She took his cock out of it, having watched another porrnography to get the general hint. Jubilee sunk down to her knees to worship her Spider God and his thick, throbbing manhood. She zig-zagged her tongue against the the edge of his manhood and then moved down between his legs to suck his balls.

Teenagers, so eager to please, Spider-Man thought as Jubilee spent an entire minute sucking on his balls. The minute she finished there, she slipped Spider-Man into her mouth and began to suck him off, nice and hard. The web slinger grabbed the back of the head of the sexy mutant and pushed his cock into her mouth.

Warmth spread against Spider-Man's manhood. Jubilee looked up at him with wide and expressive eyes. The web slinger grabbed the back of Jubilee's head and pumped into her mouth even deeper. The sweet sounds the younger mutant makes, made Spider-Man rise up into her mouth.

He had his cock sucked and then so much more by a fair few female mutants. Jubilee seemed willing to experiment and then she gagged on his cock, which felt rather delicious to be honest. Spider-Man grabbed the back of her head and pumped his big throbbing prick as deep into her throat as humanly possible.

"Mmmmm!" Jubilee moaned around his cock.

The web slinger slid as deep into her throat as possible and enjoyed her actions.

"You're going to make me cum," Spider-Man warned her.

Funnily enough, that did not deter Jubilee. She only sucked him harder and also stroked his balls. She pushed his fingers deep against his balls and cupped them. She milked them while her deep sucks continued to pleasure the web slinger. He planted deeper and faster down Jubilee's throat.

Jubilee tilted her neck back and received a huge dousing of cum down her throat. Blast after blast of seed plants down her throat and coats the inside of it. She takes about as much cum as possible before Jubilee pulled out and kissed the tip of his prick which shook from underneath her lips.

She smacked her lips and rose up completely. His cock quivers underneath Jubilee's hand. She licks her lips as well to get the full taste and realizes that he's not hard.

"So," Jubilee said in a low tone. "You want to see my secondary mutation?"

Jubilee pulled off her shirt and revealed her bouncing breasts. Not the biggest in the X-Men, and given that there are people like Emma and Ororo around that would be unfair to compare anyone to them, they are still a pretty nice set. Spider-Man puts his hands on Jubilee's tits and squeezed them.

The young mutant kept her head above the water when her mature lover squeezed her tits and milked at them. She was getting better at control. The first time her powers flared up, is when she masturbated, so naturally sex was a pretty good feeling.
"Oh, you're making me feel so hot," Jubilee breathed. "I can thank you in so many more ways...thank you long and thank you hard...all throughout the night."

Jubilee humps Spider-Man's erect cock. She ground her wetness up and down and made Spider-Man stretch up in an attempt to locate her warm slit. Her warm pussy edged just a little bit closer to taking Spider-Man inside of her. She wanted him and wanted him so badly, in all of the worst way.

"Oh, that feels good," Spider-Man grabbed.

"My pussy wants your cock so badly," Jubilee breathed. "Can you feel how wet it is?"

Oh, he felt how wet the young mutant was alright and had pretty much no choice other than to take his cock deep inside of Jubilee and rock her world. By the time he was done with her, she was going to get good and wrecked. Spider-Man put his hands on the back of her hips and guided her down onto his cock. The web slinger pushed deeper into Jubilee and stretched out her warm womanhood one.

So big and so good when it rammed into her tight cavern. Jubilee did not know how all of it was going to fit in her. However, she made sure to give it the good college try. Spider-Man squeezed her tits and then moved around to grab her ass.

Her tight ass was pretty good and she could not blame Spider-Man for wanting a piece of it. Hell, Jubilee wanted a piece of her own ass, a really big piece of it. The web slinger guided himself down into her and a deep moan followed the very second Spider-Man speared his way inside of her.

Jubilee felt so full and she could tell that Spider-Man was having the time of his life.

"Why don't you lay back on my bed?" she advised him. "It's so comfy."

"Don't mind if I do."

Spider-Man laid back and enjoyed the show of the young mutant as she bounced up and down on his cock. She took the web slinger further into her body and the moans, the moans grew louder and more prominent. One can see just how much Jubilee got into riding Spider-Man. The smacking of warm flesh erupted the further she took him inside of her. Jubilee clamped down onto him and moaned to the heavens.

"Yes!" she yelled. "YES!"

Jubilee chanted these words the faster she rode Spider-Man. Her wet pussy walls clamped down onto him and released Spider-Man from her warm opening. She needed to milk every drop of cum out of him than humanly possible.

She rode Spider-man like a pony. Jubilee did not care if the entire Institute heard her. All she cared about was getting this cock inside of her. It stretched her body and made her feel so good.

Spider-Man held onto her legs and rubbed on them. Jubilee bit down on her lip and released it with a cry of delight. She kept planting herself on and off of him. Spider-Man felt a churning feeling go up his balls. He slowed down his thrusts inside of her and allowed Jubilee to finish.

Boy did she ever finish. Jubilee cupped her chest and made her entire body shake over. The web slinger's manhood really hit all of the spots which made her giddy and wet. Her walls leaked all over him and made Spider-Man continue to go to work on her. All day and all night long, Spider-man slammed into her body. Her pussy received a good and heavy battering. Her wet walls clamped down onto him and Jubilee let out a hell of a cry the second his balls struck her.
All of the right places, all of the places where a pounding like this mattered. Jubilee clutched her
nipples and let out another very passionate cry. Spider-Man knew all of the ways to take her through
the paces and more importantly make her feel the best she could be.

"Cumming," she manages with a deep breath of pleasure. "Oh, damn it...you're making me...."

She squirted her pussy juices all over his cock.

Spider-Man thrusted up inside of her without relenting. He knew Jubilee was about ready to cum all
over his big prick and he needed to smash her even harder. Jubilee rode him like there was no
tomorrow and her pretty face screwed up in pleasure made Spider-Man about ready to release inside
of her.

"I'm getting closer," Spider-Man breathed.

"I know, baby," Jubilee said. "Oh, those balls are so big. It's a good thing that Emma...makes
sure...we're all on Birth...control."

Jubilee tightened her walls around him and released is cock. It slickened and slammed deeper into
her. He became an unrelenting sex machine and just drilled her until there's no more. There's no
tomorrow with something like this. Jubilee bit down on her lip and let out a very passionate scream.

"Get ready," Peter warned her. "I'm not going to hold back. Not for you."

"No, honey, I know you won't," Jubilee agreed with a soft sight coming out of her. "Cum inside me,
please. Cum in me all night long!"

Spider-Man slammed her tight box down on his iron hard pole and got ready to inject a warm load
inside of her. Jubilee rocked herself back and forth, biting on her lip. She thrashed and moaned, the
deeper she took his cock inside of her body. She blasted his cock with her wet walls, so much of her
cum over him.

Then, it happened, Spider-Man unleashed his load deep inside of Jubilee. She clamped down onto
him and allowed him to paint the inside of her walls right.

Jubilee rode him as far as she could go. The web slinger sat up more so he could suck on her hard
nipples the rest of the way. She bounced up and down on his cock. Jubilee clamped down on him
and milked him completely dry down to the very last drop.

She fell down and hit Spider-Man's shoulder. To say this felt so good would be the understatement to
end all understatements. To be perfectly honest, Jubilee felt like a million dollars and her body just
sang in excitement. She pulled away from Spider-Man, with a bit of a rocky feeling going through
her body.

Jubilee collapsed at the edge of the headboard. She managed not to slide off of the bed and
embarrass herself.

The sight of Jubilee bent over the headboard, thighs spread, and pussy presented caught Spider-
Man's attention. He grabs her by the hips and leaned over towards him.

"Oh, stud, you want to give me more," she moaned.

Jubilee's entire body went on auto-polite with Spider-Man performing the type of touches which
made her feel really good. The web slinger leaned in and sucked her shoulders, her neck, and then
moved down to kiss her back. He cupped Jubilee's swinging breasts and made her just burn with
lust. Spider-Man stuck the tip of his cock at her entrance and almost entered her.

"Are you ready for more?"

"YES! FUCK YES!"

Those are the words that Spider-Man needed to hear right before he slammed into Jubilee. Her tight walls took Spider-Man in hard and fast. The web slinger rocked her entire body and made her scream the very second he hammered her. Her pussy closed in on him.

"Oh, it's so good!" Jubilee moaned. "So, good...fuck me so hard, webs! Fuck that tight pussy!"

Spider-Man bent her over the headboard and went to town on her. Her pussy felt tighter despite the fact Jubilee rode it earlier until both of them came.

"Damn, girl, you really must want this."

"For years...now fuck me!"

Spider-Man grabbed onto her hips and slammed deeper into Jubilee. The sexy young mutant grabbed onto the pillows and her more more mature lover put her through the paces. She dripped in sweat, which only served to make her a little bit sexier. Spider-Man pulled her up to tease her body and then pushed her down.

His hands pressed on her lower back for leverage. Spider-Man thrusted into her. Each thrust brought him inside of her tight pussy, which repeatedly milked way at him.

Jubilee bit down on her pillow for a second, but decided to say screw it. She screamed so loud that it almost hurt. The web slinger really knew just how much he could give Jubilee and he gave her a heavy, heavy pounding. His thick balls smacked her wet slit.

"It's good...perfect....I need you to fuck me hard!" Jubilee yelled.

Her pussy called for him and Spider-Man would not be one to turn her down in a state like this. He slid into her body and rocked her until she screamed even more. Spider-Man tormented her body in all of the best ways possible and made her tighten down on him.

"Harder, harder," she chanted. "Slam those thick balls into me and really make me feel this!"

"Oh, you're going to feel this. But, first, I want you to feel your orgasm about ready to overtake your body. No one has ever made you feel this good, haven't you?"

"No, and they never will!"

Jubilee expressed such confidence in this fact that Spider-Man wanted to live up to her words. He railed away at Jubilee and brought her to an amazing finish just as his latest climax edged a bit closer.

She squirmed underneath Spider-Man and enticed him so much that he just could not hold back any more. A second later, his balls throbbed and became very close to going off.

And speaking of going off, fireworks went off in Jubilee's room. Thankfully this time, it did not sacrifice her DVD player, but it was a near miss. She just could not help coming so hard.

Then, Spider-Man followed and planted his seed deep inside of her body. It's not just a few spurts, but rather ropes. And after she made him cum buckets, she came again herself.
Jubilee faded into a pleasurable sigh and dropped down onto the bed. A few more touches and Spider-Man pulled out of her.

An amazing orgasm, the third being the best, Spider-Man slipped back.

"Sorry to run, but I've got to be on my way," Spider-Man responded.

"Hey, after that, I can skip the cuddles," Jubilee said. "But, hey, if you're in the neighborhood and want to drop by...my window is always open."

A smile on Jubilee's face showed Spider-Man her window would not be the only thing open to him.

Spider-Man left, allowing Jubilee to lay back on her sheets. A goofy grin and a puddle of cum oozing from between her legs made her smile.

With a soft sigh, Jubilee played with herself and dreamed of the next time Spider-Man swung into her bedroom window.

To Be Continued on June 23rd, 2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments and I'll see you for the next chapter.
I have a couple of announcements if I may before this latest offering of shameless smut begins.

So, I can confirm that Chapter 200 will be the end of publication of Sticky Situation. Whether that's for a time, like many months or whatever, or just the finale all together, it's one of those things that I can't say. I suspect there's going to be a lengthy hiatus after 200 at the very least. Which, to be fair, isn't going to be until around a year from now or so, but I do plan ahead. And it's a whole lot for you, although a fair bit less for me given how far ahead I am.

So, if you want to request chapters, and add to the large (although not as large as Breeding Ground) list of potential chapter ideas, head to the Page of Important Links in my profile. And then the One and Only Sticky Situation thread. And then post them all. I will be closing all requests off on July 28th, 2018. So, now or never time.

And we've got for the first time since the end of Side Effect (which I believe ended in August of 2016, I want to say), we have a Spider-Man centric story with some plot due to drop tomorrow, entitled "Tangled Webs." I know, real original. I mention that, because this chapter is kind of a tie in to that one.

And now, since I've rambled on long enough, let's get on with the shameless smut.

"So, here we are."

These words from Daisy Johnson break the silence. She sits on the bed in an apartment she and her husband share. Her husband, Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man, sits next to her. Daisy wears a tight white tank top and a pair of shorts which showcase all of her assets. Peter wears a black tank top and a pair of boxer shorts. Daisy raises an eyebrow when looking at her husband.

The two team up to defeat AIM, the organization which they had been a part of for several months. Daisy's infiltration mission goes very wrong as AIM captures her and brain washes her into thinking she's one of them. Peter joins sometime later, them not knowing he's Spider-Man, rather both of them knowing that he's a scientific prodigy. Daisy and Peter work up through the organization, find each other, and the next they know, they marry each other, becoming the power couple of AIM.

"Yeah we are. I have to tell you that...

Peter stops talking at Daisy's behest. She puts a hand on his shoulders.

"We got married, but I don't think we got married because AIM forced us into doing that. It was not their directive. We make a hell of a team in more ways then one. And I know that your luck with relationships is...well I don't even need to bring that up again, do I?"

"No, not really...although I've had my moments."

A smile crosses over Daisy's face.

"You having moments is a lot more than what I've had, which is pretty much nothing extraordinary.
To be honest, I can't believe this happened, but...the ball's in your court. We have every legal cause
to terminate this marriage given the shady consent which might have been involved. But...I don't
know if I could force you to do it. Mostly because I don't want to do it. There's something there
between us."

Peter swallows the lump in his throat and moves closer to his wife.

"AIM didn't force us to get married. They forced us to do unspeakable things, and I know...we
can...make this work, if you want to and if we work to in."

"Yeah, a stable relationship might be a difference for me. Even though there are a lot of women
gunning for you...but it might add some spice to our life, if you catch my drift and if they're willing to
play ball."

Peter raises an eyebrow. There's so many question he has right now. No time to answer them
because Daisy kisses Peter on the lips. The two share the first kiss that does not come with them
working for an evil criminal organization for science. Peter moves to steady the back of Daisy's head.

The two break apart after a long and intense kiss where time passes. Plenty of time which stirs up
some raw emotions between the two of them. Daisy licks her lips.

"You can't deny there's not anything there."

"Not denying it at all."

The two move in for another kiss with unbridled passion coming to life between the two of them.
Daisy breaks apart just in time to remove Peter's shirt and reveal his strong chest and abs. Her hands
stroke him all over and Peter encourages her with his grunts for her hands to explore his body even
more.

"Not denying it...at all."

"Good. I'm glad you're not denying it at all."

Daisy swoops in and gives him another kiss on the side of the neck. These kisses grow in intensity
and bring Peter to a point where he grows hard in his pants. Daisy pulls back and strokes his abs.
One shift downward causes Daisy to stroke something else. She grabs the pants and pulls it down to
reveal a throbbing hard cock.

The first real look Daisy gets at what her husband is packing and it drives her wild. Daisy decides to
give him some more visual stimulation by taking off her top. Her tanned breasts come out. Her body
is very fit from her training and the biracial heritage she boasts of gives Daisy an exotic beauty. She
wraps a hand around the base of Peter's cock and slowly works it up.

"You know something, as much as I want this between my lips, I'm soaking wet for you right now.
You want to feel what that cock's doing to me?"

"Yes."

Peter's groan only causes Daisy to rotate her hand ever so slightly. Daisy pushes down onto him, and
then slips her shorts off to reveal a black g-string just barely covering what needs to be covered. She
climbs over to straddle him and in one fluid motion, slides the thong off to to reveal her pussy,
dripping.

His big cock slaps against Daisy's clit and lights up her body. She coos and allows his hands to roam
free, to touch her nipples. Daisy rocks back and gets ever so closer for the meeting between the two of them.

She teases both herself and Peter. Staining the tip of his cock with her arousal seems to be a pretty good thing. Daisy feels alive, more so than ever before. Now her mind is completely clear, she can appreciate this wonderful man. She turns around and sees him lying on the bed, watching him with awe.

Then, Daisy spikes herself down onto her husband's cock. Inch by inch spears into her tight pussy. Peter puts a hand on her back to guide her. Daisy takes a moment to adjust to the sheer size of the length pushing into her.

"It's...perfect!"

Peter agrees when feeling his wife drive down onto her. Her ass slaps him on the leg when she rises up and drops down. Daisy's beautiful eyes cloud over in pleasure the further Daisy works onto him. She keeps dropping up and down on him. The momentum Daisy gains causes a rush to build in Peter's body.

The view he gets is not half bad either. Daisy leans down with her bouncing tits on his face.

"You want them, come take them. They belong to you, my husband!"

Shooting in to grab Daisy's breasts becomes priority number one in Peter's mind. He holds the round jugs in hand and squeezes them. A shift of her hips drives more of Peter inside of her. And Peter takes more of Daisy's amazing jugs in his mouth. He kisses them and sucks on them leaving little love bites on them.

"Just too much!"

The warmth of her cleavage calls Peter in to play. He disagrees that he's too much. In fact, Peter thinks it's just enough to indulge in some kind of pleasure. He cups Daisy's breasts and releases them. The moans coming in her ear increases.

She bounces faster the more Peter plays with her body. He really guides her to a certain point. And Peter holds her hips down to allow Daisy to drop down even further. The rise and the fall of Daisy's body shows just how much she wants a part of this. And Peter gives her a huge part of this, his cock repeatedly drives into Daisy's gushing hole.

The tightening around his cock follows. Peter holds on and redoubles his emotion. Daisy's body gives a slight tremor and sends a pleasurable vibration all the way down his cock.

Daisy cannot control the lust building in her body. Every single inch of her just burns with passion. The more Peter touches Daisy, the more it riles her up. And the more this riles her up, the more she continues to bounce. The feat of pleasure just cascading through Daisy's body increases with each passing moment.

"I can't...I can't...OH FUCK ME HARDER!"

She only cries out for one thing and that is the big meaty spear which she drops down onto. Daisy bites down on her lip and decides to let it go by releasing the spear. Sweat rolls down her shoulder blades. Peter sucks on her right nipple and it causes Daisy the need to grip his shoulder hard to steady herself.

The last thing she needs is to split their apartment open because of a quake attack. Daisy keeps things
under control. It took years to master this level of control and a person in her position needs control. Control not to lose everything when the man among men gifts her body with the orgasm to end all orgasms.

"Peter...I swear you're gong to make me lose it. You're going to make me shake all over."

Peter slows down. Daisy has none of that. Her legs grip his hips, hard, and pull the invading rod deep inside of her body. Her husband rewards Daisy's actions by spearing her tight pussy on a constant loop. Every single time Peter enters her body, it becomes evident how much Daisy wants this.

Her latest orgasm gives Daisy a wicked idea. She pulls away from Peter and lives a river of juices spilling from the tip of his cock down to the base and all the way to the bed. Daisy turns around and makes sure her ass sticks in Peter's face. Her dripping pussy slit calls for him just as much as anything else.

"Come and get me."

Peter stands up behind her and feels up Daisy's body. His sticky fingers caress all over her body. Daisy encourages her husband to keep going with some moans.

"That's what you want to do, isn't it? Feel my breasts, feel how soft and big they are. Feel my tight body, where your cock will be going. Feel my ass, feel my nice toned ass...oh don't you love how it goes underneath your fingers? Feel me...fuck me!"

Not one to back down from a lady's request, Peter lines up with her and spears his hard rod inside of her body. Daisy clamps down onto him and lets out a very passionate moan the very instant Peter buries inside of her. Peter pulls back from Daisy and then drives into her body one more time to really rock her senseless.

"That's right! That's what I need! FUCK ME HARD!"

Daisy screams out her words in a very blinding and obvious passion. Peter reaches underneath and clutches her swinging breast to send a moan coming from her.

"You got what you asked for, didn't you?"

"Yes, baby! Keep pulling on my tits. Keep fucking me from behind!"

A ram sends Peter deep into his wife's pussy. The warmth and the tightness, not to mention how wet she gets, draws Peter in like a bear to honey. He keeps repeating his actions while also cupping Daisy's ass and giving in a few playful spanks. The purely sexual growl she responds with shows much she wants it to.

She cums around his cock so hard. Peter holds himself back to prevent an explosion. It's very hard especially when you go in this deep to such a nice and powerful pussy like this one.

"P-Peter!"

She screams when her body receives a good working over in more ways then one. Peter keeps clutching her in all of the right places. She responds by clutching onto and milking him in the one place that matters.

Balls striking Daisy's clit causes a mini-tremor to erupt from her body. Daisy holds onto the bed sheets and causes them to go into disarray. Her nerve endings call for more pleasure to really give her
a feeling greater than the greatest high. No drug brings anyone this much pleasure.

Then again, many make the argument sex is the ultimate drug. Daisy finds herself unable to argue given her addiction to the cock sliding inside of her body. Peter pulls almost out of her, the tip of his cock rubbing on her hot entrance before driving inside. A hand clutches Daisy's breast and jolts her back into life.

"Fuck, you're making me cum again! I can't...I can't believe this! This is better than all of the other times."

Proof manifests there's something deep down even through all of the brain washing which ties the two of them together. Peter holds onto her breast and gives it a squeeze. Daisy wiggles her ass in encouragement and Peter plows her deeply. She needs this, in the worst way. Someone who is on call to satisfy all of her sexual urges and give her a nice hard cock to play with.

Who better than her husband?

"Are you getting close? Those balls have to be getting pretty heavy right now."

"Closer...but I want to feel you cum one more time first."

"Won't...have...long."

Peter senses the tension building. He wants to ride this train for as long as humanly possible. Peter works Daisy over for a long time. Every inch of her body needs attention. She's perfect and beautiful and Peter cannot believe how his luck turns around for the worst.

He half expects the world to end tomorrow given how Peter Parker should not be this lucky. But maybe after nearly a decade of web slinging, someone decides to throw him a bone.

Right now, he throws himself deeper into Daisy and makes her feel all over. The tension rising up in her body shows just how much she wants this. Peter gives her pretty much everything she wants and then some more.

The final piece of the puzzle comes with the tension building in him.

"You better cum inside me. I want to feel this...our first time when we are whole needs to end like this."

Both reach their final moment together with their bodies warming up and a sweat pleasure engulfing them. Nothing feels better than where Peter is right now.

He finishes by expelling a huge build up inside of Daisy. Daisy's hands slide from underneath her. Peter stays the momentum and finishes emptying the contents of his bloated balls in her body.

Peter pulls away from Daisy. The moment she turns around, a smile crosses her face. She slides over onto Peters lap and drapes her head against his chest.

"So, Spiderquake is a go?"

"I think we can make this work."

The two move in for another kiss. Exactly where their relationship will go and the plans Daisy has will wait for another time. Right now it's the two of them with Peter and Daisy both ready for another round with each other.
But, that, true believers, is another story for another time.

End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, views, kudos, and comments, and I'll see you the next chapter.
The sun shines bright at the beach in sunny Florida. Peter Parker finds himself on the first real vacation in years. He steps out of the beach house with a pair of swimming trunks on and a pair of sunglasses. He allows the beautiful Carol Danvers to lead the way. She dresses in a very skimpy black thong and a black bikini top which barely keeps her breasts at bay. Carol walks with a sway as every single inch of her seductive body is on display. Peter cannot help drink in the fact of the strong and beautiful woman.

"So, this looks like a perfect spot?"

Peter responds with a nod.

"Yeah, perfect."

Carol bends down to show that her swimwear leaves very little to the imagination. She's feeling particularly naughty. She takes her time in spreading out the towel over this more private area of the beach. She reaches down and makes sure the edges smooth themselves out.

"Does this look good?"

"Great."

Carol smiles and moves over to grab the basket. She brushes against the side of Peter's leg which makes him jump. She takes out a bottle of suntan lotion and hands it to Peter.

"We have a nice private chunk of the beach. It's perfect to work on my tan...wouldn't you say?"

"Yeah, it is."

Carol reaches behind her and unclips her bikini top. She turns around with an arm against her bare breasts. Carol pops her lips with a brilliant smile over her face. She kneels down and slips her bikini bottoms down. Carol reaches behind her with the breasts pressing down on the ground.

"Do you mind getting my back and my legs?"

Did he mind? Peter jumps to the opportunity and smears the lotion all over Carol's back. He rubs the lotion into Carol's strong and beautiful back. His hands run down her spine and results in a very passionate hum coming from Carol's direction. Peter keeps working her over.

The power of these hands make Carol breath heavily. Her thighs spread apart with Peter running a hand between them. Her ass cheeks present themselves to him. Peter presses down on her cheeks and sends Carol into a fit of pleasure. He slowly rotates a hand down her backside and then gives her a light tap on that.

"Really work it in! Work it in nice and good."

There's something else other than the lotion Peter wishes to work in. He keeps his wits about himself and explores Carol's marvelous body to make sure every drop of lotion. Peter rubs her and causes her to breath.
"Do you think that's good enough?"

"Yep. Now get my front."

Carol rolls over onto her back and bares her breasts without any problems. A dryness which has nothing to do with the weather enters Peter's mind. He tries to focus anything other than the breasts. Spider-Man leans down and starts to apply the lotion on her breasts.

"You...missed a spot!"

Peter corrects his actions and grabs the lotion body to get more. He automatically sprays the lotion a bit harder and showers Carol's breasts with a heavy amount of lotion. Carol looks at him with a smile and also keeps her eyes firmly on his crotch without any shame.

"That's a shame. You got to be careful with those lotion bottles. They pack a punch when you grab them hard. They just explode all over the place when you squeeze them just right."

Speaking of squeezing just right, Carol sits up and grabs his crotch through Peter's trunks. His long cock stretches the fabric and almost pops out. Carol helps him out and allows his huge cock to come out. The busty blonde beauty looks over with a smile.

"Looks like I should help you with your all over tan. We wouldn't want any part of you to burn in this sun."

Without another word, Carol lifts her breasts up and wraps them around Peter's throbbing cock. The excessive lotion rubbing up and down his cock results in Peter groaning. He grabs onto her chest and keeps pumping a bit further in between those breasts.

"No, we wouldn't...work it all in!"

Carol hauls up her large breasts and keeps working Peter over. He keeps holding onto her amazing breasts and gives it another couple of squeezes. The web slinger holds on and enjoys the feeling of her breasts pumping him up and down. Peter holds onto her.

The right pressure will make him explode. Peter grunts and drives his cock deeper in between her cleavage. Those tits swallow him up and keep rubbing him all the way to the end.

Carol speeds up her pumping. Spider-Man grabs onto her breasts and pounds into her breasts as hard as possible. His balls swell and come closer to reaching the end. The lotion sinking into his cock only allow him to slide in with ease.

"Looks like you're going to coat me of a cream of a different kind!"

Peter bucks his cock forward and then cums all over Carol's breasts. The rapid fire explosions paint her breasts. Carol pushes up and jerks his cock up with her breasts even hard. He feels a rush going through his body. Peter clutches Carol's chest and squeezes them apart until he finishes off all over her chest.

"Yes! Yes I am! Yes I will!"

Another couple of splatters over Carol's chest. Peter squeezes onto her chest and rides out the orgasm with the last few splatters of cum painting her chest.

Carol pulls away from him. A hand still wraps around his cock which is half-hard from her touche. Carol's next action makes it even harder. She squeezes her tit and pushes it into her mouth to suck
some of the cum off of it.

"Damn, Carol."

Another couple of grins before Carol keeps sucking the cream from her tit. Her tongue swirls around the edge and makes Peter watch her with a combination of glee and thinly restrained lust. He wants nothing better than to sink his cock inside of her and have his way with her.

The tease continues with Carol looking at Peter with those bold eyes. Finally, something breaks, and Peter grabs Carol. His arms press against her back and his crotch presses against hers. His mouth attacks the side of her neck and Carol throws her head back with a very hungry moan coming from her.

"Someone...really wants this!"

"Who wouldn't?"

A grab of Carol's ass results in her body just rushing with pleasure. She backs Peter off until the two of them descend very slowly onto the beach blanket. She tightens a grip on Peter's cock and starts jerking it off. Sounds of flesh smacking together happens.

The build up in Peter's loins increases the difficulty to speak. Somehow, he does it and flips Carol over. His cock breaks free from her hand and hits her in her face. Her mouth opens up and for a very brief second Peter consider sliding his cock in between those very marvelous lips. It temps him, but there's something else he would rather do. He pulls back from Carol and puts a hand between her legs.

"PETER!"

He teases her with another swipe of his palm. This results in Carol's body rising and falling in a fit of pleasure. Peter holds against her pussy lips and slides his fingers against her dripping wet lips. He teases the opening and causes her to thrash up against him.

"How bad do you want this?"

Her long blonde locks frame Carol's face in a seductive way. Her blue eyes shine at him with a mixture of lust and a tiny bit of frustration. She keeps spreading her legs.

"Badly! Very badly!"

Peter spends the next few moments riling up Carol. He drags her to the edge of an orgasm and teases her for a bit. Then he pulls away. Peter performs this act three times. And each act, he sees the desperation and desire just build in Carol's eyes. The look from her shows how much she wants this encounter and Peter will be a liar if he doesn't want it too. And he doesn't desire a moment with Carol.

"You get what you want now, baby."

A finger dips between Carol's thighs and sends her thighs up. She opens her legs for her hunky lover to move in for the kill. They meet body on body with Carol's slick breasts pushing against his muscular chest. A second passes with Peter sinking his cock down into her wet pussy.

They finally connect with each other in the best way possible. Peter pulls out of the tightening hole and slides deeper inside of her. Their bodies just meld together.
Finally, Peter's inside of her, and Carol cannot be happier. She pumps his cock into her body. Each inch of Peter's massive cock spears into her body. It sends Carol over the top in a roller coaster ride of emotions. He touches her. Peter works a hair through Carol's hair and she shivers.

"You like me touching your hair?"

"Mmm, hmmm!"

"I wonder if you'd like to so much if I'd pull on it a little bit."

Being held down, fucked, and dominated while someone pulled her hair is a secret kink in Carol. She holds herself back to try not to betray how much this outcome is a desirable one. Peter picks up on her body language and smiles. His thrusts measure and keep driving inside of her pussy.

The balls fill up when smacking up against Carol's tender flesh. Carol clutches the back of the neck of her lover and clamps down onto him. He fills her just a little bit more and pulls out. He comes ever so much closer to sliding out of her pussy. Peter picks up the pace.

"I'm really close."

"Let me help you."

Peter spreads her legs and balances them above his shoulders. This movement allows him to spear into Carol. Carol's large breasts shake from the impact of him driving into her. Peter reaches in and grabs onto her shaking breast. He squeezes them a couple more times to really send her over the top.

She screams very loudly when Peter buries his length inside of her. She feels full and satisfied. This trip is a good idea and riling Peter up ends up being better idea. Each ripple of Peter's muscular body sends Carol in an extremely spent feeling. She clutches onto him and hugs Peter deep down onto her.

"Perfect. You're perfect."

"Thank...thank you!"

Carol bends her back to take more of Peter inside of her. He keeps working inside of her until he finally pulls out from her. This leaves Carol to drop down on the ground. Her pussy leaks from the arousal. Despite the good hard pounding and the amazing orgasm she feels, she wants more.

Peter flips Carol over onto her front and pushes her down onto the ground. He rubs his cock against her ass and then moves in.

"You really think you can tease me and get away with it?"

A loud smack to her ass makes Carol jump up. She thinks for a minute Peter is going to take her ass and she willingly offers it up to him. Another crack of hand against flesh makes Carol just shudder. He keeps spanking her a few more times.

"And you're getting off on being spanked. Because secretly deep down, you're a naughty girl who longs to be punished."

"Yes, sir. I'm very naughty. Spank me again!"

Peter spanks Carol out in pleasure. The web slinger holds a finger against her opening. He grabs Carol's hair and sinks his cock inside of her with two fluid motions.

Finally, Peter buries himself deep inside of Carol and drills her into the ground while burying inside
of her. It's the kind of rough sex Peter never thought he would see himself indulging in. After several relationships with several sexually adventurous woman with open-minds, Peter opens his mind in return.

The fact is, unlike some of his past partners, Carol can take it. And she takes it very hard. Takes his cock deep inside of her tightening pussy. Each push sends him into her very hot and wet pussy. Peter grabs onto her hair for leverage while sinking inside of her. His balls crack against her which cause Carol to yelp in a combination of pleasure and pain.

"Yes! Punish me! Break my cunt! Show me what you can do to me, Peter Parker! Oh, grab my tits! SQUEEZE THEM YOU WONDERFULLY AWFUL MAN!"

His hands clutch onto Carol when she rises up. He paws at her chest and gives her ample melons a good working over. A drop of drool comes form Carol's mouth. He slams into her with a couple more deep thrusts.

The momentum results in Peter's orgasm approaching. He holds back just enough to allow Carol to come. She tenses around his cock and tries to manipulate it into coming. Peter shows who rules this dance by driving deeper inside of her pussy and allowing her to feel his balls.

"Get ready."

Peter pumps her breast and this sends Carol over the top. She clutches him like she fears his cock will leave her body. The mutual stress relief the two share make this an amazing moment. And the amazing moment is about to finish.

The size of his balls become a bit less when the first spurt spills into Carol. Another few shots drive his cum into Carol's womb. The cum bloats her and makes Carol cling onto the beach towel wanting a bit more.

Peter keeps holding onto her. It's really a wonder no one's come over to investigate the source of the sounds, privacy area or not. He finishes up sending his load into Carol. The sweet sensation of release brings Peter to a very happy mood.

The second he pulls out of her, he allows Carol to drop down. She rolls over and spreads her legs to show the river of cum splattering out of it.

"I think this trip is long overdue. So much pent up aggression."

Carol sits up to face him and she pulls him into her chest with an embrace. The two prove to be unable to keep their hands off each other now the dam breaks.

One of the better vacations Peter's been on for some time, although it's still young. For now, he indulges himself in relaxation along with the marvelous woman in his arms.

End.

Next Chapter: 7/7/2018.

Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you for the next chapter.
A long day of web swinging and wrapping up bad guys passes. Peter Parker changes back into his civilian clothes to check out on a couple of things at Parker Industries. His secretary mostly handles things although Peter wishes to be directly involved to make certain things run white.

He opens the office door to quite the fetching sight. Jennifer Walters, in all of her She-Hulk glory, sprawling out on the desk on the office. She wears a blouse which almost protests at her ample bosom. The skirt even more so and Peter stops short of the desk to notice Jen's come to the decision how underwear's most certainly an optional thing. Her legs cross on the desk and she peers over his head.

"Mr. Parker. I'm glad you could come back. I had some legal briefings for you to take a look at. But, first before I fill you in, I think that you should fill me in."

Peter steps a bit closer into the office. Jen beckons him forward with imploring bedroom eyes. What man can say "no" to She-Hulk of all people looking at him like that.

"The sooner you step into your office, the sooner you can get into my orifice, Mr. Parker."

A nipple on Jen's lips sends Peter into overdrive. Before he can step over and join her, another figure steps into the room. Just as beautiful, busty, and powerful as Jen, with the biggest difference being the red skin as opposed to the green skin. Jen offers an innocent look as Betty Ross steps into the room.

"How dare you start without me?"

"Well, you were late. And I wasn't going to wait too much longer."

Betty wraps her arms around Peter and backs him forward. Peter turns around and grabs her by the arm. The look in her eyes indicate that she's thinking the same thing Peter and Jen both are.

"So, what can I do for..."

A hand reaches to his crotch and squeezes it to cause Peter's neck to roll back. A couple of breaths follow with Betty lightly caressing his cock through the edge of his pants. She peers into his eyes with a knowing smile forming over on her face. She leans a bit closer towards him.

"That. You can do that for us."

Jen and Betty help Peter out of the clothes he just changed into not even five minutes only. Their clothes finally give way to their rippling bodies and tear to shreds. Peter takes a long look at their gorgeous bodies and leans in to grab onto both of them. The two tall, strong, and beautiful women surround him either side. Jen's breasts smash against his chest while she kisses him. Betty rubs her breasts against his back and hands loop in to touch his stomach. She sucks on Peter's neck.

Peter groans at the feeling of both of these super strong babes working him over. There's one thought that enters his mind.

"It's beginning to feel a lot like Christmas."
Red and green drop down to their knees and Peter leans back on his desk. Jen captures his cock into her mouth and swallows him on one deep throated push. Peter holds the fingers down onto the back of Jen's head while she sucks him. Betty moves in and kisses him. Peter extends his hand to cup Betty's ass while also working Jen forward.

Jen drives herself with a simple primal need to suck his cock and suck it hard. Her warm lips repeat their smacks around the edge of his tool. Peter leans on it and touches the back of her throat with his cock. He groans when Jen's spit forms a nice ring around his cock.

"Let me see if we can't speed this up a little bit."

Betty drops to her knees and squeezes his balls. She leans in and sucks on the right ball and then the left ball. The delightful alternation from one side to the other really bring Peter forward into Jen's mouth.

Things switch up with both women sucking Peter hard and fast for a minute a piece. They switch off with Jen taking Peter into her mouth and then Betty switching off to take him into her mouth. Their hands clutch his balls and his thighs. The pleasure mounts in Peter's body.

Finally, in between switches, his cock erupts in Jen's hand. He covers Jen's face with spunk. She-Hulk maintains her composure despite getting a full on blast of cum in her face. She keeps the erupting organ in her hand and puts it into her mouth to capture the few more drops.

She pulls out with a look of mock agitation in her eyes.

"Damn it, Parker. Always getting your goop in a woman's face. What's wrong with you?"

She can't help and smile despite this fact. She squeezes his balls and leans in to paint her tongue around the head of his cock. She pulls back and forth to cover Spider-Man with her spit before moving out.

Betty pounces and kisses Jen. They move face to face and chest to chest. The display between the two savage She-Hulks causes Peter's erection to return in no time flat.

Jen senses this and decides to position Betty down where she lands on Peter's lap. Peter leans back and wraps a hand around Betty's large bouncing red breast. He swirls a finger around it.

His cock slides between Betty's thighs. She helps him along and sticks the appendage in between her legs. Betty holds herself back with a very hungry moan when dropping down onto him. Her thighs impact his balls. Betty rises a little bit further up and drops down onto him. She rocks back with her neck turning from the bouncing.

"Peter! That's the spot. Right there! Don't you dare slow down!"

Peter intends not to slow down no matter what. He holds onto her breast and gives it a squeeze. Jen pushes her chest against her in the meantime. She kisses Peter over Betty's shoulder.

Betty Ross throws her head back with those hands working their magic all over her chest. Sticky fingers send further excitement over her body. His hands continue to work her over and pump her up to a level which Betty cannot describe through mere words. She just keeps bouncing and riding him all the way to the finish line.

Thankfully not his finish line. Peter restraints himself. Her really tight pussy makes it very hard to have any self control. Still, Peter's been inside some of the most powerful pussies in the world. Far too many to name here, and Peter feels unfair to name them off at the risk of making a glaring
Both flavors of She-Hulk, Red and Green, rank towards the top of the list. Betty grabs onto his strong cock with a crushing motion.

"I love that inside me! Fuck me deep! FUCK ME!"

Peter holds onto Betty and squeezes her chest. Jen leans down and licks the juices tricking down from Betty when the opening presents itself. And it presents itself fairly nicely and fairly often.

Deeper goes Peter Parker and his cock receives a hell of a workout all the way through. He pushes deep inside of the sensational Red She-Hulk. Her body ripples up and down. Peter puts his hands all over her strong and sensual body to allow the moans to keep going through.

The sounds Betty makes shows that she enjoys him just as put as Peter enjoys her. His balls smack hard against her from behind. The lengthy rod fills up her tight body. Every now and then, Jen nibbles on her nipple and shoots pleasure all over Betty's body.

"That's the spot! That's the perfect spot!"

Jen grins a bit deeper when diving down into Betty's chest. She longs for a good hard pounding from her favorite web slinger. Even though the competition is pretty tight with Spider-Gwen swinging onto town. And not just because of her tight ass. Jen forces herself not to wander from one particular threesome fantasy to the fantasy right in front of her.

A groan follows with Peter filling up with a huge helping of his cock inside of tight pussy. She oozes out all over him. Peter reaches on in and clutches her chest. Betty's increasing moans of pleasure show how much she wants him inside of her.

"I'm going to squeeze all the cum of you."

She leans in for Spider-Man to grab her legs in a wheelbarrow motion. The position switches for Spider-Man to go in deep. And deep inside her pussy means the type of snug tightness which hugs him. Each smack against her thighs drives Spider-Man closer and closer.

The glimpses he catches of Jen fingering herself with nothing but a pair of glasses and a smile do very little other than rile Spider-Man up. He keeps drilling her from behind. Each push rocks Betty's body with each hard push. The powerful orgasms clutch his cock and threaten to squeeze the seed out of his throbbing balls.

One more grunt and Peter Parker bottoms out in Betty's tight pussy. The sexy woman's red skin shines with sweat and arousal which proves to be the harbinger of Peter's end. And quite an end as well with him resting his hands on her thick ass. He spansk her a couple more times before filling her up on cock and then pulling almost completely out.

Closer, closer yet, before Spider-Man explodes inside of her body. His balls lose their contents inside of her tight pussy. She clamps down and milks him. Peter keeps hammering away at her. The sensual joining of Spider-Man and Red She-Hulk feels really good.

"Shit! That's good stuff!"

Betty tries not to rip the desk in half from her arousal. She makes no promises of the amount of control she keeps. Those swinging balls beat her into submission and shake her body. She breathes in and breathes out when he sends the cum inside of her to fill her up completely.
"YEAH! DO IT! DEEPER! DO IT DEEPER! FUCK ME RAW!"

Betty clutches the side of his desk the deeper he pounds into her. His thick balls swinging back and forth against her gives her a treat. She soaks in all of his cum inside of her body. Red She-Hulk's stomach swells.

The original She-Hulk throws back her head. Her fingers soak with evident arousal. Her impatience does not really do anything.

"She-Hulk needs big cocked Spider now!"

The very savage tone in her voice shows the lust in Jen's eyes. The second Peter leaves Betty's overflowing pussy, Jen mounts him. Her strong legs wrap around him in a vice like grip and gives him a lusty kiss with tongue and all. Peter's hands comb her body to hit all of the points.

The skin on skin contact between the two powerful individuals send Peter about ready to slip inside of her pussy. She-Hulk's tight walls wrap around him as Peter disappears between her thick green thighs. Her muscular body and large bouncing breasts ripple up and down. Said breasts smack him into the face until Spider-Man reaches in and grabs Jen's breast to squeeze it tightly.

"Go for it, big guy!"

Jen ripples her hips forward to send more of Spider-Man inside of her. She squeezes around his cock and releases him. A deep breath follows with another rippling push down on his cock. Jen clutches the back of his neck and continues with her ride. She breaths deeper into his ear.

"Go for it! Go and fuck me all night long, baby! Take me all the way to the end!"

She keeps spearing down onto his large cock. Spider-Man holds the underside of her ass and makes sure Jen rocks down onto his lap. She grins the second Spider-Man holds onto her breasts and tugs on them. Jen rotates onto his lap to stuff more cock inside of her tight pussy.

"All the way down in me!"

"You've got it!"

The sexy green babe rides out her own frustration on the handsome hunk of a man. Jen's breasts keep smacking up and down. Peter takes complete control and devours her flesh. His mouth and hands working over her spikes Jen into complete fits of pleasure.

Betty recovers from the pounding to watch the show. It's most certainly a hell of a show by her estimates. Her pussy throbs at the visual before her. Jen takes Peter's cock inside of her. It gives her a proper amount of scale of how big it is and how deep Peter goes into her snug hole. Jen throws her head back to moan after Peter gains access to her breasts. It turns very clear how Peter holds Jen right where he wants her.

"Jesus."

"Has nothing on him."

Jen cannot help and quip. Every nerve ending of her body throws into a fit. Peter and she switch positions so Jen can lay down on the desk. He climbs on top of her. They go body on body before Peter spreads Jen's legs. He mounts her and slides back inside of her.

"Oh, I can never get sick of this!"
Peter grins with each thrust inside of her. Jen tests how sturdy the desk is by how roughly she grabs it. Her hips bucking up and down causes the desk to wobble.

"I won't either. Why don't you cum? I can tell you want to."

The right touch sends Jen over the top. She kicks the side of the desk to dent it. No apologies come to not ruin the mood. Only the pleasure of Peter's continuing assault on her dripping pussy.

"Are you fucking sure you weren't bitten by a motherfucking radioactive horse?"

All of the right spots hit Jen at a rapid fire series of thrusts. She thrashes and moans to take the big cock inside of her.

"That's right! You like how wet and tight my pussy is! You can't help but ramming that hard cock inside of me. Slapping those big balls against my nice thick thighs! Grabbing my ass, my tits and everything else you can grab! Until you shoot your cum inside of me and make me stuffed full! That's right you bastard! Keep fucking me until I go numb! SMASH ME! SMASH ME SMA... MMMPH!"

The stream of dirty-talk cuts off from Betty crouching down on Jen's face and rubbing her pussy against Jen's mouth. Jen's tongue angrily pushes into her.

"Let's put that tongue to a much better...use..."

Jen attacks Betty's pussy with anger vigor. The sight of what goes on before him only encourages Peter to ram into her even harder. His cock between her tight pussy walls makes it very intense. He feels all over her. Those thick and wonderful thighs just stroke in the palm of his hands.

"The two of you are going...I think I got side tracked."

"It happens! Hard to blame you with the two of us."

He alternates between both sets of jiggling breasts. Jen and Betty continue their passionate moaning from Peter going to one side and the other. His hands snake around the back of Jen's leg when it kicks up and starts rubbing on her. He feels her leak around his cock. He shoves himself deep inside of her.

Jen resolves to eat Betty into a dripping submission. She savors and sucks in the combined taste of Red She-Hulk and Spider-Man. All things considered, not entirely bad, although she prefers herself along with Spider-Man.

Time ticks on by with Peter reaching in to slip a finger inside of Betty's rising pussy while Jen stops licking her. He pulls the finger out and shoved it into Betty's mouth. She sucks on him while Peter holds onto Jen with his other hand and rocks his cock inside of her.

All three of them look about ready to pop at once. Peter drills deeper and deeper. The overflow of Jen and the subsequent clutch onto him drives Peter a bit closer.

"She's close, isn't she?"

"Aren't you?"

Betty's only responds results in her grinding her hips down. Peter holds onto Jen and keeps ramming into her. The orgasm grows ever so closer and Peter can feel it creeping on in. His balls grow heavy with the desire to release his load inside of her. He pulls almost all the way out and slams into Jen to rattle her body.
"Yes. I'm very close."

The big finish follows next with Peter sending his seed spilling into Jen. She sucks him in hard with the assurance not a single drop will be wasted. Jen's legs rise up for Peter to leverage for deeper pumping. The intense feeling over Jen's beautiful and muscular legs sends Peter to the edge.

No sooner does he pull out he notices the look of hunger in Betty's eyes. She slides back to leave Jen's face as soaking wet as her pussy oozes. Betty leans off the desk in a seductive pose with her grin widening as much as her legs.

"And you're just the gift that keeps on giving."

"You two really don't have much room to talk."

"Oh, once you're back in, not going to be too much room here."

On point Peter slides into Betty and buries his cock inside her tight canal.

End.

Next Chapter: 7/14/2018.

Thanks for the Favorites, Follows, Views, Kudos, and Comments and I'll see you in the next chapter.
Nighttime Visit(Dream Girl)

Nightime Visit(Nura Nal/Dream Girl)

Peter Parker's trip to the future to help fill in the blanks in the historical records most certainly is an interesting one for him. He greatly helps up the members of the Legion of Super Heroes fill in the blanks of their archives. Granted, certain elements in the past, Peter declines to share them.

Really, do people in the thirty-first century need to known about the Kardashians? Peter feels there's certainly information which needs to be lost to the annals of time for the sake of everyone's insanity.

He rests in the very lavish quarters. Peter is about to drift off to sleep onto to feel a soft hand on his shoulders. The lights flicker on to allow Peter to see the visitor at the foot of his bed. Vibrant platinum blonde hair shines in the nightlight along with vibrant blue eyes and curves as far as the eye can see. She slips herself into a night dress.

Nura Nal is the member of the Legion of Superheroes with the codename of Dream Girl. One look at her body confirms it's most certainly an accurate assessment.

"Good evening, Peter."

"Good evening, Nura. Is there a problem with the archiving?"

"No, I had...a flicker in my mind. And it's keeping me up at night. And it needs to happen for me to get any rest."

"What needs to happen?"

The answer to the question turns very obvious as Nura pulls back the bed covers so she can climb on top of Peter. A glimpse of her amazing cleavage rocks Peter senseless. Nura leans in and places a hand on the face of the man against him.

"This."

Nura slips across him and kisses him on the lips. The kiss is amazing and Peter takes it as his opening to feel her body. Nura's mouth engulfs his. Every part of the future heroine's body is perfect when against his. Nura's night dress comes open slightly to show her bountiful cleavage under Peter's eyes. She pulls away from the kiss with a grin.

"Do you like what you see?"

"Yes. Everything."

Nura's hand already works into his boxer shorts. The image of the future, the image of him fucking her into a dripping heap is about ready to come true. She feels the iron hard rod in his pants.

"Everything is going as planned. As I saw."

Down come his boxer shorts and his large cock pops up. Nura wraps her fingers around the base and applies enough pleasure to send Peter's hips jump up into the palm of her hand. The sexy lady leans down and touches her lips to Peter's cock head. Peter groans underneath her.

The warmth of her mouth wrapping around his cock shoot Peter's arousal to another level. His cock
stretches to invade past her lips and down to her throat. A grasp onto her hair and Nura slams her mouth against him.

Finally, Nura hates to think that Phantom Girl, Saturn Girl, and Supergirl hog all the fun with the guest. Oh, and Triplicate Girl as well, who is a built in foursome. Nura looks at the man across from her and reaches between his legs to grasp Peter's balls to get a hint of what is in store for her.

The deep sucks causes pleasure to shoot through every inch of Peter. Nura works around his thighs and balls with her hands. All he can do is grab onto the back of her head and work his cock into her mouth. She keeps sucking him with a hum vibrating in the back of her throat.

"Is this...everything you thought it was?"

There's only one thing which comes from Nura and a big grin. She grabs onto Peter's balls and squeezes them. The immense weight inside of them just shoot up and touch her chin. Nura flickers her finger down against his balls and allows Peter to keep driving inside of her deep and hard.

"I'm getting closer."

Nura realizes this and doubles her actions down onto her. The loud smack of mouth against crotch continues to accelerate her lust. Nura grabs onto Peter and squeezes him in the most pleasurable way possible. Peter sinks his way into her mouth going in deep and pulling out at the same time.

Finally, it happens and Peter hits the point of no return. He shoots his seed into Nura's mouth. She just holds on for the ride not even breaking. Looking like a particularly debauched angel when she finishes him off, Peter sinks his fingers against the back of her head.

"Close! Very close!"

He spears down her throat with the tip of his cock brushing against her. Nura finishes him off with a deep suck and then licks his balls.

A pleasurable jolt hits Peter and he cannot handle himself. He grabs Nura and shoves her back onto the bed. He climbs on top of the sexy woman and pins her on the bed.

"Tell me, did your vision tell you what's going to happen against?"

He reaches in to grab a handful of Nura's ample chest. They result in more of a handful, not that Spider-Man is a stranger to nice large breasts. A few flickers against Nura's breasts cause her breathing to only increase the deeper Peter works her over.

He's all over her body and the sizzling sensations of lust burn her. The meeting she anticipates drags out and makes her long for what is going to happen next. She gives a beautiful mewl into his ear and pulls Spider-Man ever so closer to her. He's almost up against her wet entrance.

"I want you to take me. Take me like you own me, baby."

Nura shifts her hips into the perfection position to ease Peter inside of her. The web slinger clutches onto her chest and sinks down into her body.

"Oh, this is better because this is real!"

Nura recalls how she fingers herself raw to the thought of Spider-Man pinning her down with his strong hands and drilling her into submission. The sight of him ramming her above him in the flesh, it's much better than any bit of precognition.
"Reality is always better then dreams. Even though dreams can get pretty intense sometimes."

The mewls come out of Nura send Peter into a sexual aggression and her pussy is the best outlet for it. Especially when she so willingly offers it up.

Willing is pretty much the word to use. Nura braces herself to take the well-endowed manhood of Spider-Man inside of her. Given the legendary stories of the women who practically throw themselves at them, Nura and her fellow Legion members feel the blessing of the reports and the legends being true.

Spider-Man holds onto her and cups her chest in his hands. She loses it in pleasure. She writhes up and down on the bed with a whimper coming to her. A sleek shine of sweat rolls down her shoulder. Peter dives in and nibbles her shoulder and then moves down to engulf her chest with his mouth. Nura experiences a rush beyond all pleasure. Her loins receive a good working over from him.

She wants to cum harder than ever. The nirvana she experiences supersedes all description. Peter holds onto her and drives his cock inside of her tightening core. She breaths in pleasure and tightens around him.

"It feels so good!"

The screams coming from her body only inspire Peter to drive deeper inside of her. His balls smack down onto her clit and it causes her to cry out in pleasure. Peter's all over her body and pulls out of her. Nura gets the hint and rises to her hands and needs right beside him.

Spider-Man skims her side and the back of her neck. More kisses follow with Nura thrashing underneath the strong hands of her lover.

"Take me. I'm yours."

Spider-Man reaches underneath her and takes her breasts before squeezing them. The sounds of musical squealing makes Spider-Man feel really good. He holds his palms against Nura's hand and gives her breasts another fantastic squeeze. She locks her pussy lips around his manhood seconds before he slides into her.

Back inside of Nura and she feels the burn of him. Clinging fingers shoot pleasurable jolts through her body. Her walls tighten up with the handsome young man leaning against her neck and sucking on it. She clutches the elegant bedsheets very tightly.

"Oh, I don't know how much more I can take. You're so tight and so hot."

"Mmm, I'm burning up for you. Why don't you give me your gift? I'm sure there's plenty more where that came from."

Inch by inch Peter sinks into her until he buries as much of him as she can fit. Alien biology allows her to take a lot more than human women might in this situation and for that, Peter feels really good. He pulls back and rubs her nipple to send another jolt down her body.

"There's plenty more. There's more than you can handle."

"I'll be the judge of...that!"

He hits the high point and makes her squeal from the blast. Peter bottoms out inside of the sexy babe across from him. His cock repeatedly drives into her and his balls dance ever so closer against her thighs. He pulls back and cups her breast which gets her up and motivated.
Spider-Man pulls Nura to a kneeling position. His cock juts up into her. Touching Nura's perfect body makes a feeling bubble deep within his balls. Her skin presses underneath his fingers and is reactive to his touch. So sensitive and so soft, Peter can run his fingers over it for days.

Another grunt and Peter loses it inside of Nura. She cannot even restrain her glee for this development. The sticky discharge fills her up in every conceivable way and makes Nura just cream all over him. Peter buries inside of her and pulls almost out before going inside.

The depths he penetrates makes his body size up. Nura rubs his forearm to encourage him to touch her breasts and every inch of her body as he can. Peter touches her while unloading inside of the vision of beauty who keeps bouncing on his lap and drives his cock ever so deeper inside of her.

"You have so much to give...tonight I'm going to take everything that I can."

A nibble of her neck sends delight through her. Nura refuses to hold back until the point she's done milking every single last drop of cum out of his balls.

She turns around and rubs her wet pussy lips against him. Peter rises to attention once again. She climbs to the top and mounts her wet pussy down onto his stiff manhood. The two lovers meet one more time.

"Oh, you're amazing."

A wiggle of her hips brings Peter deep into her tight body. Peter leans in and sucks on her bouncing breasts. Nura clamps down on the back of his head and takes a couple more deep breaths. A finger brushes against the back of Peter's head and she continues to encourage his deeper penetration.

"Give me it all! Give me it all!"

This particular chant encourages Peter to push inside of her deeper than before. He feels everything around her. He grabs Nura's ass and squeezes it tightly. The action prompts a tightening of her warm box around his hard manhood. The honey drips from the hole and allows Peter to keep sliding inside.

The deeper he pushes, the more their bodies just merge together. Sexual fission occurs at the best. Nura grips Peter's neck and guides it to where she wants to go. The indulgence of her chest rocks Nura senseless and results in the pleasure cascading down her body.

"I want...want more of this."

"You're getting it. Trust me."

He's all over her body. Nura rides him until she cannot go any more. She breaths in and takes the length deeper inside. Her thighs smack down and her body inflames with pleasure. They reach the level of mutual release. It eases up.

Dreams amaze Nura, but reality is just something else entirely. She reminds herself of this when coming down onto him. Peter's fingers dance down her body.

Every inch of her sensual body calls to Peter to touch and to toy with. A couple squeezes bring her down and Nura holds on right until the end.

The moment they share burn into her memories and will fuel thoughts of future meetings. Meetings which Nura intends to make happen until the time where they have no choice to send Peter back into the twenty-first century.
Until they do that, Peter will repeatedly send the lovely ladies into the Legion into fits of pleasure. He slides deep into Nura and causes her flesh to burn with constant pleasure.

They finish together with Nura bouncing herself further down on Peter's engorged tool. She fills herself up on so much cock it's very hard for her to even concentrate right at this moment.

They break apart from each other. Nura pushes Peter's hair away to see his eyes and more importantly his lips to kiss again. Peter wraps an arm around her and smiles when they pull away.

"Don't hesitate to see me if you have another powerful vision."

"Well, I'm not leaving just yet."

Both smile and meet in the center for another kiss. Nura pulls away from him with a pensive expression. She looks over her shoulder with Peter feeling her up.

"Uranus is beautiful tonight."

His hand cups her from behind with causes the juices to flow once again. A squeeze of her tight ass breaks open the flood gates even further. Peter leans closer to her and whispers in her ear.

"Yes, it is."

END.

A push back against the wall brings Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man, in perfect position for the lovely assassin on her knees to suck his cock. Jade Nyugen, better known as Cheshire, wraps her juicy lips around his rod and blows him. Peter leans in and braces the back of her head. One look at her beautiful eyes with those perfect lips wrapping around him cause tingles of pleasure to erupt in every inch of Spider-Man's body.

Spider-Man, Cheshire, and Domino finish off a battle with the ground of assassins known as the Hand. It's a partnership of convenience on the part of Cheshire after she enters a very deep situation which she cannot escape from without help. They win the day and stave off another attack from the Hand.

Now, Cheshire decides to thank Spider-Man by jumping him, pulling his cock out of his pants, and sucking on his cock. And boy can she suck on his cock. Her lips pop around him forming a tight seal which makes Spider-Man moan and groan while pushing his hips up and his cock into her mouth.

"You really can suck a cock."

This groan follows with Cheshire only popping her warm mouth up and down his cock. A swirl of her tongue makes Spider-Man jump a bit further down her throat. Her nails dig against his sides and make Spider-Man repeatedly shove himself deep into her mouth. The web slinger pops her lips around his cock and releases him from the tight vacuum seal of her mouth.

"Mmmm!"

She moans out loud nice and loud before releasing him. A dirty expression flashes against Jade's eyes when she bends down and starts sucking on his balls. The suction of her warm mouth all over his swollen testicles riles Spider-Man up.

"Getting started without me?"

Domino slips back into the room. Domino, real name, Neena Nurman, saunters into the room. Spider-Man's eyes shift through the skin tight body suit which calls attention to all of her lovely curves. Dark jet black hair, a beautiful face, and milky white skin showcase the woman's beauty. Domino unzips the front of the suit all the way to her navel.

"Damn."

"You're damn right."

She crosses the room with her breasts spilling out. Spider-Man takes the hand which does not maneuver Cheshire's mouth onto his cock and grabs a handful of Domino's breast before squeezing it. Domino rolls her hips back and breaths in very deeply. The touch of hand against Domino's breast makes her completely enjoy what Spider-Man has to offer for her. The web slinger pinches her nipple and releases it with a fluid action.

"Give me some more of that, Spider-Man."

The cock-sucking grows even more intense. Spider-Man is not going to say no to playing with
Domino's nice breasts. He moves his hand over them and she leans in to shove them into his face. Spider-Man takes advantage of it by shoving his face deep into her immense cleavage and sucking on her big round tits. Each push into his mouth sends Spider-Man a bit further over the edge with an increasing amount of lust.

"Go ahead. Suck on them...you know you want to."

Speaking of sucking, Cheshire doubles her motions. She takes Spider-Man very deep into her throat and the feeling of his hands clutching against her feel really good.

Some time spent on her breasts makes Domino drip wet with desire. She wants Spider-Man's big cock between her legs and making her scream her lungs off. The rumors of the web slinger's prowess comes far and wide. Mostly because Kitty Pryde is such a mouthy drunk, but that's another story for another time.

A couple more long sucks before Cheshire releases Spider-Man's cock from the prison of her mouth. She then licks his cock from the head all the way down to the base and then goes after his balls.

"I like these. I like how full of cum they are. I wonder how many times I can drain you."

"I'll have...something to say about that."

Domino guides Spider-Man's able mouth back into his chest. His hand rubs her lower back before going more north. She shucks more of her body suit off and allows Spider-Man's fingers to roam between her legs. It sends a pleasurable jolt all over Domino's body and makes her burst to life in pure enjoyment.

"You just might, Spider-Man."

Suddenly, Domino breaks free and joins Cheshire on her knees to worship Spider-Man. The two lovely ladies take their turns in playing with Spider-Man's cock and balls, licking and jerking on him.

The tension in his muscles is about ready to release. Cheshire and Domino take turns sucking on his cock while the other licks his balls. They want to see, in some kind of informal competition, who can make Spider-Man explode first in their mouths. The web slinger pulls out of Cheshire's mouth and slaps her cheek with his cock before sliding back in.

Cheshire doubles her efforts. A hum to the back of her throat makes Spider-Man lurch forward until the time where his cock explodes into her mouth. Satisfaction spreads through Cheshire as she takes her prize with a smug look directed towards Domino in the process.

A groan follows with Cheshire refusing to let go of his cock until it's completely satisfied. The horny assassin draining his balls feels really good the deeper Spider-Man holds onto the back of her head and the more he fills her up. Cheshire just grins through her cock-sucking at Spider-Man.

The second Cheshire breaks free, Domino grabs the side of her head and attacks Cheshire with an open mouthed kiss. Tongue and all shoves into Cheshire's mouth. Like a ravenous creature, Domino's determination to get her taste of Spider-Man only doubles. She licks the side of her mouth and then backs Cheshire against the wall.

A burst of pleasure comes over Cheshire with Domino opening her mouth up and sucking on her tongue. She reaches down and picks up the web shooter and smiles while pulling away.

"So, how does this work?"
A blast of the webbing splatters all over Cheshire's face and chest and makes her look like she has been in the middle of a bukkake. The second blast of webbing fastens her arms and legs to the wall and forces her to watch what's going on. Domino puts a hand on her thigh and squeezes it. Cheshire tries to open her mouth, but a gag in it prevents her from retorting.

Domino turns to Spider-Man and eyes his cock with an expression of pleasure darting in her eyes.

"Mama likes."

She grabs Spider-Man by his cock and pulls him in. The web slinger's tool slaps against her thigh and brushes against Domino's clit to bring a rush of pleasure through her body. Spider-Man leans in and backs her up against the wall. Domino lifts a leg so Spider-Man can hold it for leverage before taking aim.

Perfect shot, right in the hole, and it pleases Domino to be filled up so much. The web slinger holds his fingers down against her lower back and keeps pumping inside of her.

"F-fuck me!"

Spider-Man is not going to hold back on her, for any reason. He pushes Domino against the wall right where Cheshire can see it. He indulges in every inch of her body.

"So, you want me badly, don't you?"

"Kitty wouldn't shut up about you, and I'm pretty sure Rogue, Jean, and Psylocke got their own piece as well, among others. So, it's my turn now! Give it to me until I can't feel my fucking legs!"

A tight grip squeezes Spider-Man's ass with Domino's legs. He feels up the lovely, toned, legs and it only inspires him to drive into Domino even more. He leans over and gets reacquainted with Domino's breasts. Dark nipples shove into Spider-Man's mouth when sucking on them. He rolls a finger underneath her breast and pulls completely away to leave her breathing in pleasure.

Lust, unbridled lust, and also the feeling of getting something her body craves for a long time hits Domino. Not as hard as his cock does, jamming into her in every single way possible. He spreads Domino's pussy lips and spears inside of her. Domino holds on for what she thinks is a hell of a ride. Every push of Spider-Man's cock inside of her body spears his cock inside and makes her breath in and out.

It feels so good and the look of frustration on Cheshire's face only causes Domino to get off even further. She makes a production of taking Spider-Man's cock inside of her body and screwing up her face in pleasure.

"SOOOOO AMAZING!"

"And spectacular as well."

No time to retort due to the fact she's much too busy cumming hard around his cock. Spider-Man spears his very large cock inside of her body and pulls completely out of her. He teases her lips before spearing back inside. The feeling of his balls cracking against her thighs makes Domino jump up to meet him.

Across the room, Cheshire closes her eyes. Domino positions her in such a way Cheshire cannot even rub her thighs together to get off. She hates it. Hates it so much it causes her body sizes up in pleasure. Her nipples can cut glass with how hard they were. The sounds of moaning and flesh slapping across flesh do very little to ease Cheshire's pain. She forgets how to free herself.
Each push into Domino's tight box makes Spider-Man groan in pleasure. The web slinger almost slides out of her and then back into her with his balls smacking against her thighs. Domino clutches him from underneath and squeezes his cock in the most pleasurable way possible. Spider-Man is almost all the way out of her.

"Getting close."

Domino cannot help and moan at the thought of Spider-Man filling her up. His balls repeatedly dancing against her thighs makes Domino just dig her nails into his back and causes Spider-Man to spear deeper inside. The web slinger pulls almost all the way out of her and goes deeper into her with a few hard pushes.

"Closer. CLOSER!"

Spider-Man pulls pretty much all the way out of her body and rams his throbbing cock inside of Domino's warm box. She squeezes him with accelerating pleasure.

"Go as far as you want! Cum in me! I need this! I need this cum!"

Domino grabs onto Spider-Man and he hammers her hard. Going in deep as possible is the first thing on Spider-Man's mind. It is the only thing on Spider-Man's mind. His balls smack against Domino's thigh and causes her to jolt up to meet his throbbing hard cock. They meet in the middle before his balls tingle even harder than his spider sense does.

A splatter of seed fills Domino up. She holds onto Spider-Man and makes sure his face goes into her breasts for maximum pleasure. He pleasures Domino's bouncing breasts in time with shooting his seed deep inside of her warm cavern. His balls clench and release to fill Domino up. Two more orgasms hit and the beginning rise of a third before she's finished.

She is very good at milking his hard cock until it's a bit less hard. Spider-Man holds Domino against the wall and spears her tight box several more times until he's done.

The dust settles and Domino walks across the room. A small strand of cum breaks from her and drops onto the floor. Domino leans down and pulls out a knife before cutting Cheshire free.

"To your knees."

Domino grabs Cheshire's hair and forces the woman down onto her knees. Cheshire's face lines up with Domino's dripping hot pussy. She cannot help and stare at it with hunger, the lust burning into her eyes.

The nice visual of Cheshire's beautiful face going between Domino's legs and eating Spider-Man's cum from her dripping pussy brings Peter back to life. Domino lowers down to the ground so she can lay on her back, on the pile of clothes down on the otherwise hard concrete. Jade's talented tongue loops around.

Spider-Man realizes that Jade's robes flip open and her panties reveal to him. He pushes her panties back to reveal Jade's tight, wet pussy. He navigates into the hole with his finger. Jade wiggles her hips as if to tell Spider-Man to do something about her current state. Spider-Man teases her enough to rub his cock down her leg. She groans.

"Let me show you why they call me Dom."

Domino pushes Cheshire's face deep into her pussy and forces her to eat her out. Cheshire breathes in and sucks the wet pussy juices and Spider-powered cum out of Domino's pussy. Her able mouth and
lips gives Domino a good working out.

"Pleasure my pussy with your dirty little mouth while Spider-Man here breaks your cunt with his nice big cock. Mmm, I think that's your cue, stud."

Not one to miss his cue, Spider-Man leans and feels up Cheshire's back and goes between her legs. Her arousal can flood the Sahara. Spider-Man plugs her leak by jamming his cock into her.

"Damn! When's the last time you've had...something inside of you."

Cheshire cannot answer due to Domino forcing the continued pussy eating. She clamps down on Spider-Man's massive rod. She cannot see it, but what she feels is amazing. It's so big with balls so large and full of cum despite them being drained twice. If this is a part of spider powers, then Cheshire approves very much.

Spider-Man holds his hand against Cheshire's body and touches her in all of the spots. The silkiness of her tight walls grabbing onto him makes Spider-Man hold on and ram tightly inside of her. His balls crack against Cheshire and appear to inflame her lust. The moisture dripping down her makes Spider-Man go deeper inside of her.

"Mmm, that's the spot!"

Jolts of pleasure hit such that Domino almost collapses down onto the ground. She wraps her legs around the back of Cheshire's head and squeezes her lightly to give the encouragement.

The whirl of Cheshire's fingers and tongue try to find a weak spot to break Domino and make sure she's more than happy. Cheshire senses something and goes in for the kill. She tries to block out the feeling of Spider-Man filling her so fully. The tingles and tremors going through her body make it very hard.

Easier said than done as the saying went.

A loud grunt follows with Spider-Man holding onto Cheshire. One look at Domino's pleasure eraptured face only puts Spider-Man this much closer over the edge. He tries to hold back to enjoy this moment even though it's very hard to do so.

Domino collapses and Cheshire grins before grabbing the web shooter and fastening her on the floor.

"Turn about is fair play."

She reluctantly releases Spider-Man from her pussy. Turning around causes Cheshire to come around and place her hands on Spider-Man's thighs before mounting him.

"I'm going to ride you and milk you dry, you Spider-Stud."

Cheshire slides her wet pussy against his cock. Once more, Spider-Man finds himself inside of her tight and scorching pussy. Cheshire bounces on his cock like it can cure everything that ails the world. His fingers turn around and hold Cheshire down even more. Cheshire throws her head back and moans before spiking down onto his cock.

"Baby...this is the best! You're better than the rest!"

Spider-Man just smiles at her words. Cheshire's eyes grow smoky with lust.

"I knew you would have a big cock! A nice big cock, that can straighten out a bad girl like myself!
And that cock, it needs somebody who knows how to hit all of the pressure points...or the pleasure...points!"

Attacking her breasts causes Cheshire to scream. Spider-Man can feel her squeezing in tightly against him. Her pussy muscles drive a heavy amount of pleasure against his cock. Cheshire makes sure to bounce in such a way that Domino can see it.

The pleasure shoots through Spider-Man. Her juices keep leaking all over Spider-Man's hard cock with a squeeze of her nipples and Cheshire screaming out loud.

The sounds of pleasure end up being the only thing which comes out as the dance reaches its logical conclusion. Spider-Man hangs onto Cheshire tight with her vice like grip returning the favor. Every inch of her delightful body is his to grab. The muscular, and yet still soft somehow, body repeatedly descending on his cock causes Spider-Man to lose it rather quickly.

The two lovers lose it together with Spider-Man spilling his seed into Cheshire's body. His cock keeps firing at a repeated look until he fills her up completely.

Cheshire pulls away from him and pushes her fingers in slightly to feel how much cum Spider-Man just showers her pussy in. Some of it still drips from his cock as it deflates. She leans down and gives him a parting kiss and a lick.

A smile happens when Cheshire turns around. She makes sure her ass hits Spider-Man in the chest and he has to put a hand on it to steady her. Cheshire's predatory gaze locks on Domino.

"For the record, when I'm through with you, they won't be calling you Dom. They'll be calling you something else entirely."

Turnabout is in fact fair play with Cheshire sinking her pussy down on Domino's face. Her ass bounces which calls Spider-Man to the dance one more time.

End.


Thanks for the favorites, follows, kudos, views, and comments and I'll see you for the next chapter.
The events of the last few days replay in Loki’s mind to the point where certain details come to light without her thinking about it. Yes, her, because Loki’s female self broke free from Loki’s male self and became it’s own separate entity. The male half, well Lady Loki is not too certain where he went, all she cares about is that he’s out of her hair. Quite the petulant child as well, and Lady Loki left her male half with some of more least desirable personality qualities.

That being said, she steps out onto the town at the night club. A few alterations allows Lady Loki to blend into the ground. Blonde hair comes down past her shoulders with her green eyes shifting into a stunning blue. She wears a vibrant blue dress hugging her newly developed curves. Long legs stick out from underneath the dress and those high-heel shoes make her legs look even longer.

She slips past the manager of the club. Despite some of the more negative traits being left behind with her male half, Lady Loki still seeks out some kind of trouble. She looks around and finds it in the corner.

"Well, what do we have here?"

Certainly, he may not be in uniform, but the fact is, he cannot hide from her no matter what. Lady Loki crosses the room and comes face to face with the handsome man.

"Hello, handsome. It seems like a shame for such a cute little thing like yourself to be just alone in this corner, when he can be in a nice warm bed with a pretty lady."

The gentleman's attention towards to the lady. Peter Parker looks over the woman who looks like the world's best Elsa cosplayer. The woman smiles at him and takes his hand. A spark of something hits Peter when she pulls him in.

"I haven't seen you around this place. Although, there's something familiar about you..."

"Well, honey, there's something very familiar about you. But, I can't quite place your name..."

"It's Peter."

"It's...Leah."

"And to think I would have guessed Elsa."

Something about the way she says her name causes Peter to put on high alert. She asserts herself and for a second, Peter thinks she's going to drag him onto the dance floor. However, the mysterious Leah drags Peter on past the dance floor and past the doors leading through the back of the room and up the set of stairs.

"Where are you taking..."

Leah silences Peter with an aggressive kiss on the lips. This results in Peter's entire body to tingle and she puts more than her lips into the kiss, Breasts, hips, and legs as well, her entire body just engulfs Peter. She's a very tall woman, not that Peter minds. There’s just more for him to admire.

There's something still familiar about her, like Peter's seen her before. His thoughts turn to lust when
Leah slips a hand down his stomach and then between his legs. She captures his cock into her hand and gives it a very rough squeeze.

"Mmm, this looks promising. Wouldn't you agree, baby?"

All Peter can do is nod. Leah gives him a very measured stroke which hits all of nerve pulses in his body. She leans in and kisses him on the neck. Her hot breath hits Peter's ear as the trembles of pleasure get inside of her body.

"I intended to drag you to the nearest bedroom and fuck your brains out. But considering we haven't gotten that far, I think that it's just prudent we do this now."

Leah, Lady Loki, smiles and now has a pretty good idea why bitches love Spider-Man. Well, she's almost certain his wonderful personality has something to do with it. For some cosmic reason the words "wonderful personality" causes her to automatically shudder. Leah holds onto the underside of her man's cock and starts pumping it up and down. She releases it to allow it slap down the legs.

The look of pleasure and the power she wields over him makes Leah feel good. Also, the moment she untaps something primal in him and he holds her down to fuck her brains out will be a good time for all.

Good thing panties is still not a requirement. She pulls up her dress to reveal her shaven pussy. It drips well for him. Peter's eyes drift between her legs and once can see him.

"Your cock is hard. My pussy is wet. It's an equation is simple as one versus one."

Leah jumps on his cock and mounts it with one solid go. The wetness of her tight cunt clamps against Peter and she feels his big cock enter her tight body. Leah's eyes shift over and she feels pleasure behind everything.

"My word, you're a big boy!"

Her legs clamp even harder around Peter's body and keep sliding him inside of her. The sheer length of his cock just burying itself inside of her makes Leah feel very good. And the fact his hands move onto her dress and almost tears it off makes things only getting more exciting from him. His hands move over her breasts and grab them.

"That's right! Squeeze my breasts! Do it! DO IT!"

The hands of the web slinger zip all over Leah's chest and make her entire body just rise up with pleasure. She sinks down onto the massive cock and slams her hips down onto him.

Peter cannot believe his luck. Today, he's just stopping by the club for a drink and perhaps to relax after a long day of swinging on webs and now, this beautiful goddess of a woman impales herself. Leah's bouncing breasts call to him as the tension ramps up in Peter's body. He leans in and goes deep into her chest.

"All for you, Spider-Man!"

These words cause Peter to almost free. Leah gives him no time to say anything other than jamming pussy first down onto his cock and giving it a hard squeeze. His face slips between her tits and sucks on them hard. The hard tit sucking distracts Peter from the revelation.

It's almost like her breasts just expand just a little bit more as he sucks on them. It has to be some kind of imagination though for Peter. Peter clutches on the underside and squeezes them even harder.
Leah's moaning only gets louder the deeper he sinks into her and the more pleasure which spreads through his body.

"Keep it up! Don't stop! Don't you dare stop! I want you to keep fucking me! I want you to keep fucking me all night long until I can barely remember my name!"

The tightening around his cock makes things get even more tense then they already are. Spider-Man spears into her and feels the dripping of her pussy. He clings to the wall just barely when she drives down onto him.

Leah's intentions become clear, to milk his balls dry. Her legs keep sliding up and down his body.

"That's right! You're going to cum for me! And you're going to cum for me so fucking hard! You can't hold back because my body just drives you completely wild, doesn't it?"

A hand balancing her ass makes Leah's ride just that much more intense. She feels the tension as well. The handsome hero spikes her pussy and makes Leah only keep bouncing up and down on his cock.

Finally, the tension hits him. She performs a tight seal on his balls with a small magical attention and then causes the eruption of cum to fill her body. Each blast of life bringing seed sends Leah spiraling over the edge into a fit of pleasure. His mouth keeps attacking her nipples.

The final few splatters trigger an orgasm of epic proportions. Leah's nerves feel like something lights them on fire. She takes a deep breath and tries not to lose control of this form. His fingers dancing all over Leah's body make it very hard. Spider-Man gives her the best orgasm of the nine realms and causes Leah to lose it completely.

The next few seconds pass when she pulls away from him. Peter stands up and Leah just smiles. A glop of cum runs down her leg from the impact. Se pushes a finger against it and collects the cum. The next stop allows Leah to wrap her amazing lips around her finger and suck the cum off of it.

Locking eyes with the stud in front of her shows the lust building in Peter's eye. The lust in his eye sparks feelings of deep rooted desire and there's only one thought, one primal thought entering Lady Loki's mind which overrides all sense and more importantly all reason.

"You know who I am."

Those words hit Leah extremely hard. She just smiles at him.

"Yes. The question is what are you going to do about it?"

He backs her up against the wall and rams his cock into her one more time. No pretext of it, not that Leah gives a damn. The kind of raw, animistic sex is what she's looking for and Peter repeatedly spearing her pussy with his cock just increases the pleasure building over her body. Leah clutches his waist and moans the deeper he drives inside of him.

Something hits Peter and he has to drive his cock into the very willing woman against the wall. Something about her expression eggs him on as well and Peter's not going to question it. Not when he can spend time ramming deep into her very willing and very wet pussy. The way she clutches him so utterly.

"Fuck me raw!"

Those words only encourage Peter rather than discourage him.
"You won't break me like those human girls."

Now other thoughts enter Peter's mind. He takes Leah's word for it. Truth be told, there's just something more sturdy about her than most of his sexual partners. Her legs wrap around him and Peter enjoys how soft they are when fucking her. The feeling of those two beautiful legs squeezing him only makes Peter want to delve in deeper.

The tension of her pussy tightens around his cock. Despite his cock being a good size and beating her pussy raw, there's something about it which seems tighter. Leah's hotness caresses his pole and makes him want to go in deeper to her. The weight of his balls become very harder to move the deeper he pushes inside of her.

Leah's all into him and Peter's deep inside of her. Thoughts about where she came from and why she sought him out and how she knows he's Spider-Man only become second nature. Second nature to how hard and fast Peter fucks this babe. The deeper he rams, the more her tits smack into his face and the more her tits smack into his face, the deeper Spider-Man wants to go inside of her.

"Yes. You're taking me so hard! Take me harder! Take me...TAKE ME!"

A warm clamp of her pussy around his tool makes Peter only go so much deeper inside. Peter pulls his cock out of her and then goes deep inside of Leah once again.

Each movement brings them closer to the grand finale. Leah tries to draw this out as long as possible. The weight of his large balls slapping her clit makes it hard to think of anything else other than the pure sex which happens between the two of them. The desire, the unbridled and physical desire she wants to unfold, the thought of cumming very hard over his massive cock.

"I can't...hold on much longer!"

"Then, don't. The cum never bothered me anyway."

The little reference to her cosplay only serves to drive Peter inside of her. He goes ever so deeper into her tight body and then pulls out before driving into her deeper, harder, and faster. Leah grabs a nail down his body and moans in his ear.

"I can't believe this his happening. Finally. You don't know how long I've waited to repay you."

She decides to save the revelation until they are both finished. It could kill the mood after all. Nothing pleases her more than Peter ramming his hard cock into her.

The first sensations of Leah's final orgasm for this encounter hits her. It's the sum effect of everything she feels tonight. It takes every minimal amount of self-control she has not to give him the six arms and really have him go to down on her. The two arms he uses right now does an amazing enough job to drive her completely beyond crazy with pleasure.

Then, finally, his balls give way and shoot another load inside of her tight body. Leah clenches him and starts milking the seed inside of her womb. Splatter, after splatter hits her when she holds onto him.

The sweet sensation of release and his muscles releasing pent up aggression hits Peter even harder. He finishes off inside of her and pulls out of her.

The dust settles and both parties smile at each other. Leah brushes a finger against him.

"So, who are you really? You know who I am..."
"You saved my daughter a while back."

"That doesn't necessarily narrow it down."

Leah just grins and puts a hand on his chest.

"Well, know this, consider this a downpayment for our debt. I'll be back for more."

The wheels start turning in Peter's head. He goes to ask the mysterious woman more questions only to find she's gone as quickly as she appeared. Thus, leaving Peter completely at a loss.

End.


Thanks for your support and I'll see you for the next chapter.
Fit to Plunder (Sara Lance and Gwen Stacy)

One of the best visual sights on the planet greets Peter Parker the moment he arrives at his basement gym. Two beautiful blondes wearing tight sports bras, yoga pants, and no shoes. They both tie their hair back in ponytails and the outfits show off their tight firm bodies with the pants stretching over their ample asses.

One of the ladies is Sara Lance, a beautiful woman who Peter knows quite well over the past couple of months in more ways than one. He recalls their team ups and the after team up activities with each other. Sara's sex on legs and Peter enjoys having his fun with her, as she's more than willing to go the distance with him in the bedroom.

The second lady is naturally Peter's best friend, Gwen Stacy, who he's also been intimate with. They explore with each other and have plenty of fun in the process. To see both of these women in such a state, and bending over when they stretch.

Sara turns around to briefly lock eyes with Peter. She looks away either share any words. Then, she grabs Gwen's chin. Gwen leans in and kisses Sara on the lips. Both of them kiss each other and it is during this process, they notice Peter. Peter watches the very sensual kiss between the two of them, the stirring in his loins becoming both present and prominent. Sara locks her steamy gaze on him and beckons him over. Peter comes over to join them, almost in a trance.

The two girls smile when they break apart. Gwen puts a hand on his chest and grins. Sara slips behind him with her hands roaming freely and shamelessly over his body. One hand cups his crotch and squeezes in time with Gwen unbuttoning his shirt and feeling up his chest while kissing him.

Finally, the silence between the trio breaks.

"You're a bit late as usual. We thought we might want to get started without you."

Gwen leans in and kisses Peter on the lips. Peter loops an arm around her and returns the kiss. The taste of her lips always drives Peter into a fit of passion. Not nearly as much as two lovely and fit blondes on either side of him driving him into passion.

Kisses, aggressive kisses, on the back of his neck, and the side of his face remind Peter Sara's here and she's ready to go. The sound of clothes crumpling behind him pant an impressive picture of what's going on.

"And we're going to have our fun with you. Not that you won't have any fun yourself."

Down go Peter's pants and out come his cock. Sara grabs onto it and squeezes it to make Peter groan. Her soft hand rubs him up and down to hit the right points. Her stroking always brings Peter great join and pleasure.

"I'm sure...I will..."

"Mmm. Glad you could bring this nice long iron bar to our workout as well."

Now Gwen's in front of him. She turns around and slides her ass against his hard cock. The ripples of Gwen's perfect ass stir up some emotions in Spider-Man. He reaches on in and grabs her breast through her top. She responds with a very excited mewl of pleasure the second Peter grabs onto her
and plays with her nipple through her shirt.

"I want you to touch me, in any way."

Sara squeezes Spider-Man's balls and then rubs them without any shame. She positions Peter so he can rub up against Gwen's tight ass. The friction of his cock against her ass makes it really exciting.

A shift of their position brings Gwen a bit forward, and Sara a bit in front. She holds pressure on Peter's cock and she slips her pants down ever so slightly to tease him. A slipped nipple out of Sara's top gives Peter more stimulation as his cock lurches forward. She grasps him at the base to prevent any premature discharge.

Sara's pumps become slow, torture racking, and they also feel really good. She makes sure Peter watches her pull Gwen's pants down to reveal her thong clad ass. The thong sucks in between Gwen's firm cheeks. Peter's cock pumps up and down with his hand reaching in and grabbing Gwen's ass.

Gwen moans and Peter squeezes her ass one more time.

"Do that again. Squeeze my ass! Slap it!"

Sara uses Peter's cock to slap Gwen on the ass. Not exactly what she intends by the looks of things. She turns and twists the cock to manipulate every single nerve ending. Sara leans down and applies the barest amount of suction. Peter sees stars with Sara's perfect lips sucking on his cock and bringing about pleasure. Her free hand reaches around to grasp his balls and squeeze them hard.

Gwen presses against the wall a second later. Peter's eyes lock firmly on her ass and his cock just shifts. Sara draws out and edges him ever so slowly to the orgasm. Her free hand dips in some oil on the bench and slips a finger into Gwen's tight asshole. The visual stimulation of Sara fingering Gwen's tight asshole along with the slow jerking off Sara gives him makes every single inch of Peter's body just size up. More pleasure hits him hard and fast.

"So, you want this ass, don't you?"

A rough cup from Sara causes Gwen's pleasant booty to shake. He wants both of their asses. Sara turns around and sits him down on the bench. She rubs her ass down onto his cock while it's on the bench. Peter holds himself back and tries not to blow. Sara refuses to let him anyway.

"Or do you want this ass?"

Peter pushes his hands up underneath Sara's sports bra and takes it off. Her perky breasts come out for Peter to grab onto and squeeze. The cling of his fingers results in some very passionate moans. Sara keeps rubbing her ass against his cock and teases him, teases him for the buildup.

A turn around brings Sara into position in front of Peter. She grabs the base of Peter's cock and squeezes him very hard. Peter reaches behind Sara and grabs her ass in response with a squeeze. Sara just smiles and her eyes locking on Peter's throbbing cock makes him twitch.

"I can't...both of them are nice."

"I want to fuck her ass too. Don't worry. And she wants to fuck mine, doesn't she?"

Gwen turns around against the wall and faces Sara. Sara's pants go down to reveal her bare pussy and ass. Peter's eyes focus on Sara's slit which oozes pussy. Her tight pussy really calls to him even though her ass fuels his obsession.
A crooked finger sends Gwen down to her knees. Sara spreads her legs and Gwen buries her face between Sara's ass cheeks and starts to go to town. The beautiful sight of one woman eating another one's asshole most certainly fuels something primal within Peter. The view of Sara rolling her free hand down her body.

"Such a beautiful cock."

Sara squeezes him around the cock and keeps edging him a bit closer. Her game becomes very evident from pump one. Peter feels her building up an excessive amount of seed in his balls and teasing him. His cock swells and groans the further Sara plays him.

"Keep licking me."

A reminder of Gwen between Sara's ass cheeks and worshiping her makes Peter jump a little bit in the devious blonde's hand. Another groan follows with Sara working him over to the climax.

She squeezes him again and this time Peter groans. He wants it so bad, and Sara's teasing him. She's really a wicked woman sometimes and the smile on her face shows how much she knows it.

"Gwen's got my asshole nice and wet, and your cock is nice and hard and mmm, I can't wait to have it between my cheeks. I bet you would like that, pumping your big hard cock into my tight ass until you spewed your big load. I like how big these balls can get, I can't wait to have them slapping against him.

Sara shifts her weight just in time. Peter groans, very much fit to explode, and he wonders how long he lasts in Sara's ass before popping with the amount of teasing going on. Sara's enticing asshole opens up right over the tip of his cock. Peter grabs Sara by the waist and guides her snug back entrance inside of her.

Anal, one of the more taboo pleasures, greets Peter in time. He cannot help and groan because of her ass. Sara shifts to kiss Peter when she bounces her ass down onto his cock. He rises up to enter Sara with repeating thrusts. His hands move all over her body in a stunning amount of regularity. He squeezes her.

Gwen sits on the floor and with one look, Peter tells Gwen notices another opening. She smiles and then moves in to go between Sara's legs and lap up the juices which drip from them. Gwen on her knees eating Sara out only serves to drive Peter ever so deeper inside of Sara's tight, warm, asshole.

"Fuck! I knew the two of you would be fun together! Keep pounding that ass like it owes you money!"

The groans of pleasure on Sara cause Peter to delve in just a bit deeper. He rolls a hand over Sara's fit body and makes her shiver and shake over him. His cock goes in deep and pulls almost out of her tightest, most taboo hole. Peter takes the plunge, going in about as deep as possible, and pulls completely out of her.

Every touch brings him ever so closer to a sticky end. Peter keeps working Sara over and she keeps tensing around his cock. Sara slides her warm asshole around his cock and releases it. It brings him closer and closer. Sara's firm cheeks fit into his hand and Peter grabs ahold of them before driving inside of her.

"You make me...feel...so...good!"

Another mewling cry fuels Peter's desire to take Sara in the ass. She's just built for that and it will be a shame for Peter not to take all of the advantage of plunging deep into her firm ass. A squeeze and a
slap and Sara's panting with pleasure. Peter holds on for a hell of a nice ride and keeps hammering her from underneath.

"YES!"

Gwen hits a certain point in Sara. She pulls away to reveal Sara's juices coat her face. Peter hammers Sara in the backside at the visual view of his best friend coated with the juices of his fuck-buddy. Those touches send Sara further and further to the edge when he's on her body. Peter jams his fingers into her pussy and feels her convulsing.

This one action triggers Peter. He gives a grunt and explodes to send the backup Sara's been teasing directly into her ass. Peter moves deep inside of her and keeps hammering her tight ass as long and far as he could.

"Damn, Sara, I can fuck this ass all night."

"Yes, I know. But another one wants your attention...so you should...get in there!"

Peter finishes up inside of Sara and instantly, Gwen pounces on top of him. His cock barely has any room to recover before Gwen attacks him with fierceness and kisses him even more deeply. Her tongue slides deeper into Peter's mouth and runs a hand over his forearm. They kiss, harder, and faster, with Gwen then pulling away at it.

"I know she has an ass that can stop traffic. But, I see you watching mine all of the time. One might think you're an assman, Mr. Parker."

"Well, I should really go all pirate because I'm all about the booty."

Gwen calls for him and Peter uses the cum from Sara on his fingers to lubricate her tight opening. Speaking of Sara, she's not done yet, and Peter sees her attack Gwen with an electrifying kiss. This kiss does a pretty good job in stirring up Peter's loins and making him want that much more out of the two lovely ladies.

Peter can tell Gwen calls for him and he wants her. His cock brushes against her tight ass which he comes into contact with earlier tonight. Now, Peter's going to do more than come into contact with.

At the very last minute, Sara releases Gwen's lips so Peter can fully hear the moan going from her body. Inch by inch Peter's cock goes into her tight ass. It feels really good around him.

"So...who is better?"

Peter holds Gwen's ass firm and she rocks down onto him. Her firm cheeks strike his balls when Peter enters her tight ass. He keeps roaming down her body.

"Too close to call?"

"Well, a scientist should experiment."

Sara kisses Peter over Gwen's shoulder before getting to work on Gwen. It's some amazing work when she touches Gwen in every single way possible. The feelings of pleasure just spark a brand new light in Gwen. A tug of her nipple makes things even more exciting with Gwen's lovely shifting and writhing body.

A kiss sucks the back of her neck and makes Gwen feel a sharp rush all over her body. Peter holds on tight and indulges in Gwen. Her warm asshole pleasures him from so many different angles and
in turn, Peter takes the time to pleasure Gwen all over. Her body just becomes an outlet for everything wonderful in the world.

After the load Sara milked from him earlier, one may think Peter is down. One of the perks of his spider powers which he loves is the extreme regenerative abilities. Repeating pumps allows Peter to explore the benefits of Gwen's tight passage.

Gwen's eyes cloud over for one simple reason. Sara spreads her legs while watching Peter spear her ass. She briefly kisses Peter's balls and then moves on to Gwen's slit. One thought comes out of Gwen in an instant.

"Shit, girl, you can really eat pussy!"

It is obvious Sara prides herself in, being the nymphomaniac bisexual ninja she is. Her zig-zagging tongue moves over Gwen's slit while Peter goes in very much deep inside. Rushes and jolts of pleasure follows from pretty much every single corner.

Peter knows there's only so much time before holding back becomes a problem. The object of his lust bouncing on his cock and taking him deep inside of her makes Peter desire to hold on for so much longer. So much longer and a whole lot deeper, Peter plows himself into Gwen.

Each turn, each push, it becomes an amazing ride. Peter watches the visual show of Sara going down on Gwen and the very audible moans. He pushes a finger into Gwen's mouth and she sucks it with unprecedented hunger.

"I think it's time."

Gwen's ass muscles tense up and makes sure Peter stays in for the duration of the ride. He keeps working forward and hammers her. A feeling of pleasure cascades over the woman in more ways then one.

One more time, Peter nuts hard in the ass of a brilliant blonde beauty. Something he finds himself leaning towards a whole lot these days, not that he discriminated against anyone. Many beautiful women out there after all, who seem to throw themselves at him to the point where Peter wonders if that spider who bit him comes with an aphrodisiac.

These thoughts leave Peter when his cum enters Gwen's thick ass. He pumps his way inside of her and fills her tight hole up as far and fast as possible. His balls finish expelling their load inside of her.

He pulls out of Gwen and Peter feels himself be left breathless.

"That was amazing."

A squeeze of his cock shows Sara going in to taste the fruits of this encounter. She pauses just enough.

"And we're just getting started, big boy."

End.


Thanks for all of the support and see you next chapter.
There is shameless smut, and there's chapters like this which make what I normally call shameless smut not see so shameless.

A groan caught Spider-Man's attention. He listened closely and realized the groan came from the room of Rachel Roth, or Raven as she's more commonly known.

"Raven, are you okay?"

Spider-Man's light knock on the door did not have any answers. He debates on what he wanted to do just next, because Raven did not like people coming inside of her room without permission. Still, in this particular case, there's an emergency which is needed.

"Raven, either tell me you're okay, or I'm coming in."

She moaned from inside of the room and then there was a pained sound coming from her.

"Help me."

Spider-Man imagined what could have happened. For some reason, an image of something involving tentacles entered his mind. A spell gone wrong and now Raven was in trouble. The web slinger swung in and knocked down the door to come into the room.

The smell of sex entering the room did not naturally dispel the tentacle theory. He came across Raven and stopped in shock. Her tight leotard grew tighter by the second as her breasts swelled. Raven tried to push them back, but the pressure only caused them to moan.

"Spider-Man!" she yelled. "I need your help...it went wrong."

"What went wrong?"

"A protection spell, I…the person who wrote this book mislabeled," Raven breathed.

Her ass swayed when she walked over them. And while Raven was blessed with booty before, her ass stuck out so wide that Peter wondered if it could fit through the door. Her waist was narrower, or maybe seemed narrower, on the sight of those large chest balloon.

The next step rips the remaining strands of fabric away and exposed Raven in all of her glory. Two large bouncing watermelon sized breasts came out of her. They stood perky, despite her size. Her stomach was flat without an ounce of fat on it, her waist narrow, her hips wide as can be, and her pussy, damp with pure hairs. Also, Raven shot up in height and most of the height went to her legs, which were not about forty two inches of shapely flesh. She looked like the wet dream of a hormonal boy.

"I need your help Spider-Man," Raven breathed.

She cannot do anything to make her voice not sound seductive and not get the "fuck-me" look out her of eyes. Raven also found it impossible to walk with nothing a hypnotic sway.

Spider-Man cannot stare anywhere but her and his pants strain underneath his big cock. Raven
grabbed his hands and put them on her breasts. Her nipples shake underneath them.

"You need to milk them!" Raven yelled. "This might be the only way."

"You want me to…"

"NOW!"

Her sexy eyes glow red for a second. Then they turn back into the exotic violet pools which blind
Spider-Man and make him grab onto her nipples. He twists them a little bit.

"Milk my cow tits, Spider-Man," Raven breathed. "They're only good for producing milk."

Spider-Man squeezed Raven's perfect tits and made her scream. He milked her tits and caused
Raven's pussy to secrete juices which blinded him. His cock swelled a lot more in his pants,
stretching himself to the brim. The web slinger groaned the second his pants almost split from his
hard cock trying to rip free.

Raven rolled her head back. Spider-Man milked her tits and it felt so good. She could feel something
warming up in her body.

"It's working," she panted. "It's working."

Spider-Man just milked her harder. His fingers clung to her and released. It felt good to be grabbed
and released like this. Raven felt the build up as her tits swelled even more from what Spider-Man
was doing to her.

"Harder, harder, we're almost there!" Raven encouraged him. "It feels like a baseball bat just hit me
in the thigh."

That was Peter's cock straining to get out. Raven helped him out and saw the swollen member. It
begged for attention and she stroked Peter. She milked Peter while he milked her.

Peter continued to go to town on Raven's milk jugs. He buried his face between her cleavage and
then sucked on her nipples. Raven thrust her hips up and moaned out loud in pleasure. She never
stopped gripping his cock. More moans followed the faster and faster she ground on him.

"Almost there," she encouraged him.

Raven cannot help and feel extremely aroused at the fact that Spider-Man attacked her breasts like
this. She always felt attracted to him, and she always wondered what it would be like to have him.
But now that she has him, it's one of the best feelings of her life.

"Almost there," Raven encouraged him some more. "Suck my tits! Suck them good!"

Peter sucked those tits and sucked them very hard. Raven put her hands on the back of Spider-Man's
head and dug into his scalp. She knew there would not be too much time before he came. She
needed to be ready for it.

The blast of warm milk fired in Spider-Man's mouth. He sucked them down and Raven got all
excited when he drank milk from her breasts like a starving baby.

"Oh, do you like some of Mama Raven's milk," she breathed sexily in his ear.

She's turned into a complete bimbo thanks to the backfired spell and Raven is not too sorry about it at
all.
It takes her a second to realize that by consuming the milk, his hard cock swelled up well past its normal limits. From a solid twelve inches, to a pulsing fifteen and Raven jerked on it to get it close to a foot and a half long.

The half demon looked at her endowed powered.

Peter pulled himself back and saw the cock which he gave. Eighteen inches of manmeat. Raven held around it and leaned down to speak to the head. Her hot breath might have added another inch on it.

The amount of blood going from Peter's brain to his suddenly enhanced penis caused him to struggle to stay away.

"What can I say? Milk does the body good."

"But, they're still…"

"Mmm, I know," Raven told him. "But, why not put them to good use."

Her tits, still big as ever, wrapped around Peter's cock. It was an amazing sight to see her obscenely huge breasts wrapped around his throbbing cock. Raven pushed her warm fun bags around Peter and started to pump his cock. His balls swelled up with energy.

"You like your tit job?"

"Who wouldn't?"

"With tits like this, you must not be breathing," Raven told him. "Oh, your nice big cock, between my nice soft breasts. I alway wondered how it felt like."

She squirted more milk and it landed on Peter's stomach. Raven extends her tongue to drink her own breast milk off of Peter's stomach.

"I didn't know….you could...oh god," Peter groaned.

Not only did Raven pleasure Spider-Man with her tits, but she also worked her tongue around, stretching it long and making it wet. She licked the underside of Spider-Man's balls and then pushed him him between her cleavage. She kissed his cock and made him good.

"You tasted some of my milk," Raven told him with a wicked smile on her face. "It's only fair that you get to taste some of my milk."

She spent the next several minutes pleasuring his cock. Spider-Man groaned in pleasure, trapped between her tits. They felt so good, so warm, and they wrapped tightly around his cock. The web slinger could not accomplish anything, other than fucking Raven's large breasts. She rocked back and forth on him and kissed he head of his cock. Her lips sealed around him and them released him.

"Delicious," she told him. "Simply delicious…but I want you to cum all over them. Imagine how much cum you can fit on these puppies."

Peter imagined and the thought excited him. He went to town on Raven's breasts. His balls felt heavy and he wondered if the exposure to her would increase his sperm output as well.

A canon went off and Spider-Man drenched Raven's tits with his thick, juicy seed. He showered them as well with Raven smiling all of the way. He clung on and more of her milk mixed with the cum.
Raven is drenched by his seed and smile took some of it in her mouth and rubbed some of it on her face and hair. Her body glowed from the seed drenching it.

The second Spider-Man pulled away, he got the nice view of Raven scooping up her tits. She took her time feasting his cum from her wonderful breasts and this did the exact opposite of making Spider-Man's cock deflate.

Raven spent her time teasing her lover. She should have done this a long time ago, and to think that she got the best sex possible because some idiot mislabeled a charm in the book.

A protection spell may have done the exact opposite of protection, if Raven read things right. Her pussy throbbed at the thought of what would happen if this went to its logical conclusion.

Of course, it's impossible to find out, unless her well endowed lover came inside of her. Raven conjured a mattress out of thin air and crawled onto it.

She made sure her ass stuck up proudly in the air when crawling on the mattress. A second later, four tentacles sprung out of the mattress and wrapped Raven up tight onto it.

"Oh, no, I'm trapped on the bed, with my pussy wide open. I really hope someone doesn't take their big cock and break my cunt!"

A whack of Peter's cock stimulated even single inch of Raven. Her pussy opened up for him and Spider-Man put his hands on the back of her. He aimed his thick head against her cock.

His head, now swollen to the size of the average full penis, brought Raven enjoyment. She opened up her pussy wider. Magic made a lot of wonderful things possible and she opened up to swallow this cock, as much as she can manage. Inch by inch it shoved into her and stuffed Raven completely full, even with her enhanced capacity to take cock.

She was able to stretch to take his full length and thickness. And yet, the minute Peter entered her body, she felt so amazingly tight.

"Oh, are you balls bigger this time?"

Spider-Man rocked back and slammed himself into her. His swinging balls struck Raven's clit and brought a squeal of desire through her body. Spider-Man did whatever a Spider-Man could and what a Spider-Man could do was fuck Raven relentlessly. He drove himself faster and harder into her. His manhood turns into a blur when he stuck Raven completely full of it. She moaned out loud the faster he tentered her.

"Damn, you're tighter...and so warm...I can't believe this."

"Believe it stud. This tight pussy is for you and no one else."

A fifth tentacle sprung out of the mattress and drew attention to Raven's ass by spanking it. Spider-Man held on tight to her and rocked her body. His fingers molded her tight ass cheeks and made Raven just moan in pleasure. He rocked into her body and slid his big throbbing cock into her cavernous depths.

Raven pumped him so far and so fast. Her wet walls caressed him. Spider-Man could not do anything other than grab that ass right now. That perfect ass which bounced. He spanked the ass and Raven rewarded him with a squeal. He ran his hands over her ass and then touched her in all of the ways possible.
He also felt up the back of Raven's legs. These endlessly and beautiful legs mold underneath Spider-Man's fingers. She cooed and moaned and thrashed about on the bed. The web slinger took his fingers and stuck them to her. She sprang up, with her tits swinging underneath her.

The tentacles kept her on all fours and unable to move. Spider-Man stretched forward and cupped Raven's breasts. The sexy woman moaned when he kept attacking her sensitive tits. She breathed in pleasure.

"Oh, so good, so good. Keep touching them, keep touching those tits! Milk them again while you fuck me."

Spider-Man does milk her tits. His cock remained in place with her wet pussy. She milked him while he milked her. More of her juicy milk sprayed out and coated his hands. Spider-Man pulled Raven up off of the bed. Two of the tentacles extended to allow him to stick his fingers into her mouth.

"Suck on them."

Raven did as she was asked by the dominating man and drank her milk off of him. The horniness of the half demon reached another entire leve. She knew that sooner or later, the deeper he slid into her, the harder and more relentless he would be when fucking her.

"Oh, I need you," Raven howled. "I need this. Please...please...fuck me."

Spider-Man managed to flip her over. Her tits smacked him in the face when he leaned down. He wanted those beautiful long legs wrapped around him when he speared her pussy. Raven obliged him.

They felt so soft, perfect, smooth, and hot as hell. Raven's long legs went on forever when they rubbed against his waist. Spider-Man leaned in to her and rocked her entire world. Raven's mouth hung open, but no sounds other than a constant wave of pleasure came out of her.

She closed in on another amazing orgasm. Her breasts heaved with each breath she made. She's not the least bit worn down, rather the harder that he fucked her, the more she felt.

Raven wondered briefly if this misfired spell fed off of Tantric Energy. Something that Spider-Man gave off a lot of when he had sex. If that was the case, they would be in for a long night.

She focused on his balls, full of virile seed, ready to bathe her fertile cum. Raven's walls clamped down on him tighter at the thought of Spider-Man knocking her up with his love children. Children as in plural, because Raven doubted that one was even possible.

Spider-Man grabbed onto her tightly and pushed into her. No matter how hard he slammed Raven's pussy with his enhanced cock, it really felt like it would not get any looser. If anything, it felt warmer and tighter around him. Threatening to squeeze every drop of cum from his testicles.

"I'm almost there," Spider-Man warned her.

Raven gushed at this statement. Her warm juices did little the ease the burden of Spider-Man. His obscenely large balls made a cracking noise against Raven's thick, juicy thighs. Spider-Man and Raven entered a primal dance, where the only objective was to mate and then breed.

The two reached their next climax at the same time. Upon Raven's orgasm, every single muscle in Spider-Man's body sized up. He drenched Raven's womb with buckets full of cum.

Raven closed her eyes to feel the race of spider sperm racing into her body to enhance her eggs. The
cum started and never stopped. Spider-Man held her hips and worked as far into her and as long into her as humanly possible.

The web slinger pulled out of her and left Raven lying on the bed. Raven had so much cum pumped inside of her that she looked nine months pregnant with a very swollen belly. And yet, there's a small part of Raven, actually a really big part of her who wants more.

Raven sprung up to take Spider-Man into her warm mouth. She sucked his warm juices off of his cock.

Her soft purple hair tickled his balls when she sucked him. The unanswered question of whether or not Spider-Man wanted to go again got answered by Spider-Man grabbing onto her hair and relentlessly face-fucking Raven.

He would want to go, again and again and again and again and again and...well as many times as possible.

End.


Thanks for the support and I'll see you during the next chapter.
Peter Parker walks out from the beach house and comes eye to eye with a very eye-popping sight. Ava Ayala and Mary-Jane Watson reclining in a beach towel and getting a bit touchy feely with each other. They wear nothing but bikinis, Ava's a white color which contrasts nicely to her darker skin tone. Mary-Jane opts for a blue and red combination. Ava puts her hand on the back of Mary-Jane and is about to remove her top.

She pulls away with a smile and eyes Peter with a predator grin.

"Come and join both of us. There's plenty of room."

Now, Peter's made his fair share of mistakes in his life. However, turning down an invitation to join two women is not one of them. He moves down onto the beach towel and finds himself in the middle.

"Hey, Tiger...looks like you've been working out."

Mary-Jane starts rubbing on Peter's chest without any pause.

"So, are we really going to do this?"

Ava smiles and puts her hands on Peter's chest.

"Mary-Jane and I were about to have some fun before you walked out. And you know what they say...the more the merrier...especially given there's a whole lot of man who is present."

The White Tiger slides her hand down Peter's shorts and grabs onto his cock. The web slinger groans from the fist of the White Tiger clenching around his manhood. She pulls him out of his confinement and allows his manhood to stand up tall in the air.

Mary-Jane licks her lips.

"Better than the popsicle we shared earlier...and no, that's not a euphemism."

Peter just grins out into a smile.

"Hey, I agree with...you...."

Ava attacks his cock, making Peter wonder if she's in heat. It would not be very surprising. She wraps her warm lips around Peter's head and drives down onto his cock.

Mary-Jane favors his balls, squeezing them, and then licking and sucking on them. Both Ava and MJ, being very attractive and fit women, attract Peter's fancy and pleasure his loins. The concentrated assault on his manhood.

For the longest time, Ava wants to take Peter's big cock down into her throat and suck the life out of him. Now she has the chance to do so, it's like a dream come true. Ava wraps her warm lips around his manhood and then releases him with a very prominent hum. She squeezes his length and then pushes him down her throat even further.

Twelve inches of his cock shove into Ava's mouth.
"Damn it, Ava. I love your mouth."

She's glad, because her mouth can get used to him and sucking him. A hand cups the underside of his balls and gives it a very firm squeeze. Ava pulls back all the way and encircles her tongue against him. A strand of salvia comes from her mouth.

Not to be outdone, Mary-Jane gives Peter's manhood a long lick. Her tongue swirls around him. She and Ava share his cock and takes turns licking it. They enjoy the fun and Peter does as well.

His manhood springs out and Mary-Jane deep throats him. The groan coming from her oldest friend makes Mary-Jane more bound and determined to take his cock deep into her throat.

Ava's now between her legs and the thong bikini bottoms come down. Mary-Jane spreads her legs so Ava is in perfect position to rub her thighs and also to eat her out.

Peter holds his grip onto the back of Mary-Jane's head in the firmest manner possible. His entire body rocks with pleasure.

"Damn it...oh fuck."

She milks his prostate while sucking on his cock. Peter rams his manhood deeper and further into Mary-Jane's welcoming mouth. He cannot get enough of the sweet young mouth of this vixen and more importantly everything she offers him. Peter holds onto the back of her head and keeps hammering away, never once breaking up from where he is.

Ava, Ava eating out Mary-Jane, well that's just icy on the cake. Peter bucks up. Every image of Ava going down on Mary-Jane makes his cock just stretch further and reach its completion.

Not to mention Mary-Jane humming on his manhood gets him ever so closer. Mary-Jane clutches his balls and releases him. She keeps humming, sucking, and slurping on him.

"Getting closer, MJ. I'm almost there….we're almost ready."

Peter slips his cock deeper and deeper into Mary-Jane's warm mouth. She sucks on his manhood and makes sure it's all the way into her warm mouth.

She pulls away and leaves Peter dripping with a lot of salvia. Mary-Jane puts her hand on the underside of his cock and strokes the length.

"Not, yet."

Mary-Jane smiles and pins Peter down onto the beach towel. She removes her bra and releases her breasts out into the wild. Those round spears make Peter smile. Mary-Jane leans down and smacks Peter down across the face.

The lovely young woman grinds against his cock and allows it to slip into her tight pussy. Inch by inch it pushes into her and Mary-Jane cannot be happier.

"Fuck, your pussy is so tight."

"Only because your cock is so big…I can ride this forever, it's splitting me in half, but I can't quit it. I can't stop riding it...no matter how deep you shove it inside me."

Mary-Jane slides her womanhood down onto his throbbing cock and fills herself up completely on him. She pulls almost all the way from him and drops down onto him. The loud smack of flesh
against flesh echoes the deeper Mary-Jane shoves her warm pussy down onto Peter's massive rod.

She pulls away and drops down onto him. Mary-Jane works her womanhood deeper and deeper onto him.

"You didn't forget about me?"

Peter looks up to the sight of Ava standing above him. Her pussy completely bare and wet. Peter shifts up with a smile and awaits Ava dropping down onto him. He needs her pussy in the worst way.

The sweet juices coming out of Ava is a delightful treat. He eats her out and Ava rewards him by pushing her thighs around his face.

Ava matches Mary-Jane's motions while riding Peter's face. She leans in and takes a handful of the succulent bouncing breasts of the attractive redhead. Mary-Jane moans from Ava's touch.

"And I'm getting you off just as much as he does."

"You've always known how to touch me just right, Ava...but he's pretty good as well."

"Damn right he is."

The high note comes from Ava. Peter wiggles his tongue into her womanhood and sticks his hands to her ass to grind her down onto him. The sultry Latina superheroine curses in a couple of different languages when Peter hits her right in the right spot. She almost slides onto him and hangs on.

Two beautiful pussies working him over in different ways. Peter finds himself glad his mind is powerful enough to focus, otherwise, he would be in trouble. Still the blood rushing to his head and into his loins as they only harden between Mary-Jane's smooth walls.

She pumps him most vigorously and the hunger in Peter's mind increases. Her jiggling breasts dance the second Ava raises up.

Ava smashes her ass cheeks into Peter's face. Fair enough, he guesses. He grabs onto Ava's firm glutes and buries his face into his ass.

"That's right you amazing motherfucker. Eat my ass out! Eat it real fucking good!"

Mary-Jane wraps her arms around Ava's head and buries the Latina's face in her chest. Her dark face entering Mary-Jane's creamy, jiggling tits makes it a hell of a good feeling. She hungers for even more, and cannot help and squeal in desire.

"Damn it...both of you...I'm so...horny right now."

She clamps down and releases a flood. This only eases Peter's ample endowment deeper into her body. Mary-Jane rides down onto his pole, slapping her thighs down onto him. She fills up on Peter and releases him with several more long and deep pumps. His body just raises with another peak the second he drops down onto the bed.

Closer, closer, he edges ever so closer. No way to vocalize this, as he sticks his tongue in Ava's delicious ass while fingering her pussy. The White Tiger purring before him makes him only hunger for more.

Peter wishes he has one of those extra sets of arms to grab onto Mary-Jane's hips and drive her down
onto him for the last few rounds.

He pushes up and the discharge splashes into Mary-Jane's warm pussy. She tightens around him and allows him to plant blast after blast of seed.

"Mmm...mmm...good job! I love all of your cum in my body...I've wanted it inside me for a long time...a very long time."

Peter finishes inside of Mary-Jane. The hot fluids just blasting into her walls makes her nice and horny. Mary-Jane cannot help and keep riding Peter until the very end. And the end is very good in every single way.

She pulls away from Mary-Jane and collapses down onto the beach towel.

Ava smiles with lust and pulls away from Peter. She dives between Mary-Jane's legs and starts eating her out. Mary-Jane squeals underneath her tongue.

The White Tiger holds onto Mary Jane's legs, spreads them apart, and goes down to her. Those soft moans coming from the sultry redhead end up being music to Ava's ears. She cannot help and keep going down on her lover. Each touch, each slurp, makes her hunger for more.

Ava stretches her leg out and rubs up and down Peter's massive tool with her foot. It springs back to life ,rising even more. The blood pumping through Peter's loins only increases the swelling.

Peter joins them seconds later. Ava invites him.

"You don't know how long I wanted to fuck that nice tight pussy.'

He puts his hands on Ava and rams into her body. Instantly, the second he's inside, Ava tightens down onto him and makes him groan in pleasure.

She's so tight, so tight, Peter buries in and out of her. Her sexy ass just dances in front of him the deeper Peter rams into her. Her slick walls grab onto him.

The fact of the matter is, Peter always feels a sexual tension between him and Ava. The fact Mary-Jane's here and getting her pussy eaten out by the White Tiger only ensures that another one of his deep, dark kinks gets fulfilled. A threesome between two super babes, is there anything better in life? He thinks not.

Peter plows Ava from behind. Every inch of his manhood drives into her body and stretches her completely out. He slaps her firm buttocks and pounds away at her. Her wet, tight crevice closes in on him and clamps down around him.

"I have to feel these."

The encouragement for Peter to grab her tits and squeeze them hard comes from Ava. She wants him to do anything he wishes with her body. She likes it and needs to take it. Needs to feel him burrying inside of her on a constant and never ending loop. His balls repeat their intense, hard, and rough slapping down on her body.

"I have to feel everything...especially that ass."

Ava wiggles said body part in front of Peter's line of sight. He grabs on tight and hammers her hard. His balls slap against her sensitive flesh.
Mary-Jane, despite getting a load of Peter inside of her, wants even more. At the moment, Ava slurping Peter's gift from her fulfills enough of MJ's kinks to be perfectly acceptable. The talented heroine knows how to go down on someone and to eat her pussy.

"I love both of you."

"Oh, we love you too, MJ and I'm sure Ava would agree...if her mouth wasn't so full. But I'm sure she shows her love in different ways."

The sweet interracial act of love behind her sends a jolt through Mary-Jane's loins. Peter driving himself repeatedly and quickly into Ava's tight, snug pussy causes her loins to gush.

Speaking of loins, Ava attacks Mary-Jane's with far more vigor than ever before. She does show her love in all of the best ways possible. Going down on Mary-Jane sends spirals of lust through the redhead's loins. Hunger just spreads over her the deeper Ava slides into her and pulls out of her.

She cannot ignore Peter and all of the wonderful ways he touches her. His strong body makes her feel very good. His touch makes her feel good.

"And I love you Ava. We might have had our differences...but it's made us stronger."

She mumbles her declaration through Peter's rapid fire thrusts. The fact of the matter is, she's only so hard on Peter some of the time because someone of his intelligence, she expects so much more.

It takes her time to realize that some of his antics are just a way to get through some high stress situations. Every gets through their stress in their own unique ways and Ava can hardly fault him for doing so in this way.

"Closer. I'm not going to be able to hold back for much longer."

And Ava does not want him to hold back. As hard as she is on him, he's even harder on her. Pushing her to the top and making her a better heroine and person all together.

The webhead keeps working into Ava. He rides her sweet, tight pussy all the way to the end. He cannot hold back for much longer and he means it.

The good news is, he's able to replenish quickly. Then again, when the very nice incentive of two gorgeous women present themselves to him, there might be something wrong with him.

Peter hammers her all the way to the end. Something tingles deep into him and it's not his spider sense, not by a long shot. A roaring feeling spreads through his loins the further and faster he drives deeper into Ava.

"Get ready."

She squeezes him. Ava's next orgasm milks on him. Peter pulls almost all the way out and then smashes her tightening hole all of the way to the end.

The tension inside of Peter finally releases. He sends buckets load of seed into Ava. He rams deeper into her tight body and fills her up.

Ava squeals and comes hard herself. The warm juices pumping their way into her body feels really good. Peter hangs on for the ride and sends a warmth of pleasure. She cannot help and squeal into Mary-Jane. Who comes along with them to make this little encounter sweet.
Peter fills her up, leaving her overflow with his essence. It's like a dream come true for Ava Ayala and having her face coated in Mary-Jane's juices is just the best.

He pulls from her and rolls over onto the beach towel. Ava breaths in pleasure. Mary-Jane and Peter smile at her.

"I love both of you."

They put their hands on thighs and make her shiver. Peter locks eyes with Mary-Jane with a smile.

"Face it White Tiger, you just hit the jackpot."

Mary-Jane cannot help and be amused at that statement. And angry at herself for not beating Peter to the punch. Regardless, Peter and Mary-Jane attack her girlfriend with more kisses and get ready for another round of fun.

With many more to come.

End.

Next Chapter: 8/18/2018.

Thanks for the support and I'll see you during the next chapter.
Livewire slips away from the New York City Police Department and into a rundown warehouse. The meta-human criminal breaks out into a big grin. Getting away from Metropolis is one of the best career choices she ever decides to make in her life. Now, she's about five or six steps ahead and no Big Blue Boy Scout to stop her.

The case of money brings a smile to Livewire's face. She gets a charge at stealing right from under some rich asshole's nose.

A thump comes from above and Livewire's head snaps up.

"Come out and play."

"You didn't think that you would get away with this."

"Oh! Let me think about that. Yeah, I kind of did."

Livewire finds Spider-Man dropping down from the ceiling right next to her. The slick black suit he wears fits his body very nicely. So nicely that Livewire almost forgets what she's about ready to do. Her heart starts thumping against the back of her chest.

"Nice suit."

"It suits me. And you've been a bad girl."

A blast of lightning shoots from her fingertips as a warning shot. Spider-Man disappears in a way which puts Livewire on the edge. She rubs her fingertips together and takes in a couple more deep breaths.

"Ah! You think I've been a bad girl now. Just wait until we really get going! Things are going to get juicy before the big boom!"

The web slinger's webbing connects to Livewire's wrists. She tries to discharge back only for the webbing to block the electrical discharge. Spider-Man drops down from the ceiling and slams down onto the back of Livewire's neck. She lands on the ground with a solid oof.

Spider-Man webs her up and slaps a power dampening collar on her neck.

"Okay! Fine! You win this round Spider-Man."

A smile crops up. Spider-Man takes a couple of minutes to look at Livewire. The skintight black body suit clings to her curvy rear end and her decent sized bust. The fact Livewire's squirming to try and get free from the webbing most certainly takes him.

"What should I do to you?"

"Oh, like you can handle me. You couldn't handle all of this."

The web slinger breaks into a smile.

"You've really been a bad girl, Livewire."
"Yeah, I know. Born this way. Going to die this way. What are you going to do about it, do gooder?"

A loud slap echoes to her firm ass. Livewire howls in surprise and also in a bit of arousal.

"Did you just smack my ass?"

Surely, Spider-Man would not have done such a thing. After all, she supposes he should be a role model for the youth of America and all that good stuff.

"Hmm. What do you think?"

He's mocking in his words before rearing back and slapping her ass once again. A tremor appears through Livewire's body.

"Maybe I'll just give you the spanking that you should have got a long time ago. Maybe that would teach you a lesson."

Several more spanks strikes Livewire. She wriths against the webbing. There's really nowhere for her to go.

"Do you call that a spank? Come on, you bug! Hit me harder! Spank that ass! SPANK IT!"

Spider-Man blisters her ass over the next several minutes. The sound of his hand smacking against her firm flesh is just the prelude for Livewire moaning. The web slinger rears back a hand and drills her on the backside a couple more times. Livewire wriths in her webbing.

"Maybe that's cushioning the blow."

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Just making sure you keep in line."

Spider-Man tears the back of Livewire's suit off to reveal her juicy and pale ass. He decides to scope out her pussy, bare of any hair and dripping wet. She looks pretty tight as well and Spider-Man smacks his lips together.

A shuddering breath comes over Livewire. She's most certainly getting a whole lot more than she bargains for. Spider-Man pushes his fingers against her slick slit for the next couple of seconds and pulls out completely. Livewire's hips buck back to get enough of Spider-Man.

"You don't have the guts do that."

"Good thing I shut your powers off. Because I'd hate to see what happens next. I hear you short out when you get a bit too wet."

The fingers once again push their way between Livewire's thighs and make her eyes glaze over. Her tongue hangs out almost and results in her drooling.

"Maybe, we should find out. Maybe you would like for me to find out."

A slap on her ass and Livewire cannot help and moan out in pleasure. He reaches over and pulls off the rest of her body suit.

"Nice breasts. You're really underrated."
Anyone would be when compared to some of the heavy hitters. Spider-Man clings onto her breasts and Livewire cannot help and lose it thanks to his touch. Her legs spread apart.

Livewire is doing everything she can to entice Spider-Man to fuck her. Without actually saying it. Unfortunately for her, he touches her body. His hands move from her breasts, to her hips, and then work over her slit.

The surprisingly soft and sexy body of Livewire causes a dark desire to spread through Spider-Man. She wants to be a bitch, well Spider-Man can make her one. Most likely his own bitch. The black suit comes apart and allows his cock to come out of the air.

A push against the back of Livewire's leg makes her scream.

"Fuck, are sure you didn't get bit by a radioactive horse?"

"You're not the first person to ask me that. And now, I'm sure you want my cock. The question is how badly."

"Tell me."

Spider-Man smiles and puts the first couple of inches into her. Livewire almost screams.

"And good thing again your powers are gone. I would hate to see you black out."

Livewire tries to voice the fact that even without her powers, there's a chance she can black out. The next few inches slide deep into Livewire and clamp down onto him. He holds onto her hips and works a bit inside of her.

"That's not even a third. Are you sure you can handle it?"

"Bet you're just all show...once you're inside my tight pussy, I'll squeeze it all out of you."

Spider-Man holds onto Livewire. The sparks flying between the two of them have nothing to do with their powers. The web slinger lines up his manhood as close as humanly possible right before rearing back with her and shoving as much cock as humanly possible inside of her.

A scream comes out from Livewire getting a huge amount of Spider-Man's throbbing hard cock into her. It splits her in half and causes her pussy to close down onto him.

Spider-Man grunts and pushes deeper into Livewire. The firmness and sexiness of her warm body makes Spider-Man speed up. The faster and quicker he buries into her, the better this feels.

"Get ready."

A couple more smashes into her makes Livewire close down into him. He wonders when the last time she's received a cock, never mind as big as his. Likely been since she got her powers at the very least. Spider-Man pistons her body and gropes her ample chest.

"Let it go."

Livewire lets a whole lot of go. Spider-Man spears her womanhood with each push. Her orgasm causes her walls to clamp around his cock.

"It's really good."

The web slinger slides further into her body and starts slapping his balls against her firm thighs from...
behind. Spider-Man grabs onto her chest and grinds up against her. The tightness of her body explodes.

"You fucker! Bastard! Fuck me harder! Ram that big cock into my body and take me! You fucking do-gooder, you really think you can take advantage of us bad girls...and leave us hanging like that. I bet when you blow, you're not going to be able to last much longer."

"I don't think you'd win that bet."

Spider-Man plows Livewire and handles her body. She loves the fact he gropes her and fondles her body. He treats her like a piece of meat and this is what she needs right now.

It's been a while since someone is able to touch her thanks to her powers. It's not advised you stick your tongue or any part of their body in a light socket.

He gropes her swinging tits and makes Livewire scream. Spider-Man trashes her body, going in and out at a rapid fire rate. He slams into her body and makes her moan even louder.

The web slinger feels her walls tense around him. Her pussy is so wet and so nice around him. Livewire's jiggling ass pushes against him and he gropes it. He spanks Livewire while thrusting in her from behind.

The harder he pounds her pussy, the more she's screaming for his cock. The rough sex does nothing other than make Livewire feel so good. Spider-Man tightens his grip around her and keeps going to town on her.

Livewire's mouth hangs open halfway. It is a better feeling than ever before. She cannot do more other than moan.

The sexual energy is far greater than any high she gets right now. It's something she does not know she quite needs. Or maybe she does, but the thought pushes in the back of her mind. The web slinger pulls on her tits, explores her body, and spanks her ass.

Each touch drives her a bit closer.

"Feel that surge."

"Yes! Oh that's so good...let's turn up the juice!"

Spider-Man tightens his grip upon her ass and roughly plants his thrusts deeper into Livewire. Each push requires a pull to discharge himself from Livewire's tight walls. The soft and supple body he rams drenches with sweat.

The power dampening collar prevents her from suffering any consequences from being drenched in her own sweat and also Spider-Man's. The web slinger's tendrils wrap around her and pull his body closer to Livewire's.

The deeper he sinks inside, the more Livewire decides to give herself into him. So much power, and so much lust all at the same time. Spider-Man is not about to let up and she's not about to let him go.

He edges a bit closer, she senses it. Livewire tightens the grip around her strong lover's invading tool. She wants to feel all of him. She needs to feel all of him.

"Turns out I need this! I am a bad fucking bitch!"
"Yes, you are."

One of the tendrils from Spider-Man’s black suit rubs behind Livewire's ear. It sends her into further fits of passion. He hammers her from behind until she almost blacks out from the endless pleasure he gets her. And it's more than sufficient the harder he drives into her.

"But, that's the way we love you."

If Livewire had been coherent, she may have made a witty quip about how the first sign of insanity is referring to yourself as "we." She's getting pounded too hard to really care.

Spider-Man touches Livewire in all of the ways. The lack of sexual attention her body receives from another partner makes her just happier than ever before. Finally, it's about time.

The attention Livewire craves is given to her. Spider-Man explores every corner of her soft and sensual body. She's most certainly not the first villainess he's cornered and fucked. They all learn their lessons and they subvert from life of crime to a life of taking his cock.

The new black suit is a godsend for Spider-Man. As he edges closer, he wraps his tendrils around Livewire. One slips between her cheeks and allows Spider-Man to feel the inside of her asshole at the same time as he feels her tight box. Another slips into her mouth.

The tentacles most certainly add an additional spice to the encounter both of them share. Spider-Man holds his hands at Livewire's rear end and keeps fucking her until he closes in for the grand finale.

"One more time."

Livewire's not about to turn around. The heat in her body releases and a wave of pleasure greater than anything ever before hits her hard. Spider-Man plants his rod into her body and works her body. Her tight walls close ranks onto him and release him from her center.

One more time, several more times, does it really matter? No, it does not matter. What truthfully matters is getting fucked and well. Spider-Man handles Livewire's body and gives her the animalistic pounding she long since craves.

Finally, finally, finally, the end comes and the tipping point is here. Spider-Man speeds up his thrusts until the pleasure in his loins burst and an explosion of her.

Spider-Man gets Livewire wetter than wet when spilling his seed inside her. The full blasts fill Livewire up and make her pussy overflow with the river of semen.

He rides Livewire the rest of the way and finishes up inside of her. Both of them cumming together results in a big finish.

"I hope you learned your lesson."

"Well, you might have to reinforce it."

"Of course. With you women it's the same."

He turns Livewire over and crawls on top of her. His dick is hard as a rock one more time and both of them are pretty happy to indulge in each other.

End.

Thanks for the support and I'll see you during the next chapter.
Two lovely heroines lean against the water cooler of the watchtower and are casual. One, a beautiful green eyed woman with gorgeous green hair breaks out into a smile. The beautiful Brazilian woman's killer body pours into a green sports bra and a tight pair of yoga pants. She rocks up on her bare feet. Beatriz da Costa, better known as Fire, is a beautiful woman, brimming with confidence and poise.

The other woman, a white-haired Norwegian beauty, Tora Olafsdotter, Ice, dresses in a pair of jean shorts and a white tank top. Her nipples stick out on the other end of the shirt and with each movement, her shirt rides up to show up her navel. She's more pale while Beatriz's skin is bronzed. They look gorgeous.

"You know you want to do it."

Tora blushes at Bea's words.

"I don't know if I can face him. What if I lose my nerve?"

"You just have to go in there and take what you want. You're a beautiful woman. Anyone would want to have you...I want to have you right now."

Bea flashes a smile and Tora flushes. Fire puts her hand on the side of Tora's face and shifts to rub the side of her hair. She leans in and teases kissing Tora on the lips right before pulling ut.

"So, what's up?"

Spider-Man steps into the room. Both Beatriz and Tora turns their attention to him. Tora gives him a shy little smile and Bea is brighter.

"You, I hope."

Tora's eyes widen at the sight before her. Bea grabs Spider-Man and pulls him into an embrace. She pulls up his mask and kisses him on the mouth.

Surprising does not even begin to describe what Spider-Man feels. The warm kiss Bea gives him brings a greater hunger and lust through his body. She wastes little time getting his cock out of his pants.

Then again, her body makes him rock hard in record time. Bea squeezes his manhood and causes a groan to go through him.

"Is that for me?"

"Yes...if you...."

"I'm going to suck you off. It's going to taste so good."

Without any preamble, Bea slips his cock between her lips. The warm feeling of the heroine's mouth
makes Peter harden even more. Lust burns through his body until he positions his hands on the back of her head and starts to rock his way into her mouth.

Peter puts a finger on the back of Bea's head. She looks up at him and looks pretty damn sexy blowing him. He groans and persists in leaning in to allow her to blow him.

Tongue, teeth, lips, all of them work in tandem. The web slinger puts his hands on the back of her head. Her beautiful green hair brushing about, touching his thighs looks really nice. Peter puts a hand on her neck and brings it into her.

Tora watches and her cheeks redden. A flare comes out of her body. Her nipples harden just a little bit more and a pleasant buzz comes from between her legs. She needs to feel it again. A hand slips down her shorts and Tora plays with herself.

"Suck his cock. Harder! It's so hot!"

"You're welcomed to join us."

A tentative step forward brings Tora into the web slinger's arms. He wraps his strong arms around her and the hunger dances when the two of the kiss.

Peter puts his hand down onto Tora's lower back and squeezes her firm ass. She squeals into his mouth with the kiss.

The loud sucking pop brings Peter's attention firmly on Bea's mouth. Her thick, full, lips do a pretty good job at pleasuring his cock. She looks up with hunger when swallowing and releasing him. The swirl of her tongue sends another warm shoot of desire down Peter's spine.

The deeper Spider-Man goes into her mouth, the hornier Bea feels. She wants a full dose of his thick seed and doubles her efforts to receive it. She makes several loud, noisy, sounds. Her eyes burn with pleasure. His cock swells and strains, getting closer and closer.

"Almost there."

Bea doubles down and keeps sucking away. Her juicy lips wrap a bit tighter around Peter's thick pole and keeps blowing him. His hands rest on the back of her head the deeper and faster he drives into her mouth. He is almost there. Closing in on the explosion.

His balls give one more ache. Bea cups them in his hands and her warm hand brushing against his balls is the tipping point necessary to trigger Peter's release.

The rush of hot fluids pouring into Bea's mouth is like a warm release. Ice pulls away to get a good show of Bea slurping down his seed without squandering a drop.

The minute she finishes, Bea turns her attention to Tora. Tora looks on in awe. Her mouth almost opens up halfway and closes. There's really nothing that can be said right away. A sultry little sway of her hips brings Bea completely to her.

"And this is how we share this experience."

Beatriz kisses Tora full on the mouth. A sight which would cause many fanboys to blackout plays right before Peter's eyes. Fire and Ice entering an intense makeout session.

He pulls them in and the three end up in a bedroom on the other side of the rec room. Bea makes sure to lock the door. She shoves Peter down on the bed.
"So, you ready for more?"

As if Bea needs an answer, given how she shamelessly stares at Peter's cock. She and Tora exchange another hot kiss and slowly remove their clothes.

The contrast of their bodies makes this a very alluring sight. Tora's is paler, although she does have nice perky breasts and a shapely ass. Beatriz is sin on two legs, with her all over tan, large breasts, thick ass, and long juicy legs. Not to mention her pubic hair is completely waxed to leave her bare. Tora does have a nice landing strip to show how the curtain matches the drapes.

"Just sit back and let us have our fun."

Beatriz and Tora crawl on the bed and stroke Peter's muscular body. They cannot get enough of him. His rock hard abs and his rock hard cock put them in a horny daze.

The warm and soft lips of the two lovely ladies worships every inch of Peter's body. He strokes their hair while they kiss him. His cock twitches at least until Tora reaches over and brushes against her inner thigh.

"Touch it...there you go."

Tora squeezes him and daringly licks the head of his cock. This makes her feel so hot and horny. She wonders, or perhaps worries, how much this cock will fit inside of her. She tries to block those thoughts out of her mind by swirling and tasting him all over. The growth of his manhood pushes between her legs.

"I know you'd like my sweet taste, Spider-Man."

Spider-Man fails to argue. Beatriz climbs onto his face and her warm thighs rub against him. Peter grabs her ass and eats her out. It sends a warm jolt through her body.

Every swipe of his tongue sets her loins on fire, no pun intended of course. Still, Peter Parker is an amazing and spectacular lover, and Bea kicks herself for not sampling his talents any time soon.

"Get me nice and wet, so I can show Tora how to take a real man's cock. You want to fuck me when you watch, don't you? And then, you want to hold her down and fuck her sweet little pussy. It's so tight, right?"

There's no response other than Peter's tongue working it's magic on Bea. Her warm thighs clench around him and a warm rush of juices spills out.

She slides out and then Bea and Tora kiss him all over. Their mouths and tongues working over his body sends a tingling rush through his loins. The hardening feeling against his cock makes this feel even better.

"I can't believe how lucky we are."

"I disagree."

Peter leans in and kisses Tora's sweet lips. She tastes Bea's leftover juices.

"I'm the lucky one."

"We're all lucky."

Bea's entire mind goes wild as his big thick cock sticks in the air. He's ready to be ridden and she's
ready to ride. It's pretty much a no brainer what happens next.

She climbs atop and curses out the size of him. His immense girth comes closer to driving into the fiery Brazilian's gushing box. She pushes down onto him and inch after inch pushes nito her.

Peter reaches in to grab Bea's perfectly juicy ass. He cannot help and feel up all that he can reach, wishing he can touch even more. In the meantime, Bea slides down onto him and groans when taking him inside of her.

"You're so big! I can't believe….I can't believe how good this feels! It feels….it feels amazing!"

"I would say spectacular as well."

The sexy woman bounces up and down. Her bronzed breasts sway and call to Spider-Man. The web slinger sits up and clings onto them. He kneads the flesh, making sure not to spend too much time on one breast or another. He gets Bea going.

The harder he pumps and works into her, the more her loins tighten around his. Things heat up between Fire and Spider-Man while Ice's fingers extend into a slight icicle. She jams it deep into her slick walls and fucks herself relentlessly with her addition.

This only encourages Spider-Man to go deeper into Bea. Bea's warm, tight walls close around him and cause a flare of energy to raise through Spider-Man.

"Come here...so I can taste your pussy. I bet it tastes like ice cream."

Spider-Man drops onto the bed and Bea continues to relentlessly ride him. She takes as much of Spider-Man as possible inside of her body. She clamps down and releases him.

Tora climbs onto his face and crouches down. The second he's inside of her, Tora arches herself back. She hangs on for dear life to get the pussy eating of the century. He explores the softness of her legs and ass as well as eating her out.

"My...god!"

"He really is one, is he not?"

Bea smashes down onto him. She feels determined to make him cum before he burns out.

"Mmm...how about another kiss, baby!"

Bea presses her chest against Tora's and her lips as well. Tora returns the kiss with unbridled lust. The two lovers work themselves to a fever.

Two sweet pussies work on Peter from the top and the bottom. Tora's pussy tastes like delicious ice cream. It may be the first time where Peter runs the risk of receiving a brain freeze from going down on someone.

Tora collapses and pants on the bed. The lingering taste left on Peter's mouth shows just how deeper he drives into her.

Bea refuses to take anything other than the center stage for long. The bombshell drives herself up and down on him. Peter sits up to face her.

She tightens her legs around him and squeezes his cock.
"I'm going to leave just enough to make Tora's day left in you. But, I think that it's time we get this big cock to cum for me. Go ahead, Spider-Man, shoot your webbing."

"I can't believe you went there."

A rough kneading of her ass results in Bea screaming delightful sounds in his ear.

"Honey, I believe you went there...what man wouldn't want to go there?"

He clutches onto her ass tight and forces Fire's warm box down onto him. He rises up and keeps going to town on her. The rush of his loins tightening brings him ever so closer.

"You want to lose it. I'll be here with you. I'm close."

"Oh, you're so hot."

"There would be something wrong with me if I wasn't."

Peter does not have the wit in him. He attacks the sweaty body of his lower. Her head tilts back and reveals her face screwed up in such an intense orgasm it makes his loins tighten. He edges closer and closer, getting near enough to losing all of his wits and then so much more.

Close enough to count, Peter blows his load into her. The force of his climax causes her to wrap around him and start milking his throbbing cock.

Tora fingers herself at the view of this. She watches Peter's love muscle send Bea into so much pleasure, it should be almost illegal to feel this good. Tora clips her nipple between her fingers and releases it. Her entire body becomes a trigger and there's only one thing which matters.

She needs to be fucked now. Right now, held down onto the bed, and drilled by the object of her affection. Every thought indicates a void.

Bea hangs onto to her powerful lover for all she can until finally the two of them break apart.

The working over his cock receives is the type which brings normal men. The prowess of his powers and the eye candy he sees before him causes Peter to rise to the occasion once again.

Tora reclines with her legs spread. He likens her look to a beautiful princess, an ice princess if that. She's a taboo fruit which makes him feel almost bad he wants to fuck her.

"Don't you want me?"

Tora's thin slit glistens in the light. The thought of being inside of that tight pussy.

"I know I don't have the sinful body Bea does...but surely you want to be in my nice tight pussy. I want your cock in there, pounding me. Pinning me down and forcing me to take you until I break."

Tora bites down on her lips and releases it with a soft pop.

Bea looks up with a smile as if to say "that's my girl." She sits back and enjoys the show.

"Who wouldn't want to tap this?"

A touch makes Tora shiver. Peter climbs up to straddle her hips. His manhood touches her opening, but does not take the plunge the rest of the way in. Peter elects for walking his fingers up Tora's body and making sure she feels the touch before the two of them kiss.
Her skin's so smooth and so lovely, Peter can just stroke it all day. Her perky nipples grind against his chest.

Peter pulls away from her with a smile crossing his face.

"Well, after getting burned by Fire, time to cool down with a little bit of Ice."

"Yes, baby, come at me."

Lining himself up for her tight pussy takes a bit of work. Getting inside of her works both of them. Peter holds onto Tora and plunges almost all the way inside of her.

Tora bites down on her lip before she really lets it out. They can hear her all the way down to Earth from the Watchtower given how loud she screams. It's so good though, so good to receive his cock into her.

Being between Tora's soft legs makes Peter enjoy the pleasure. He feels up her sensitive skin. Each touch brings a more delightful moan from him. He's going to mark her for sure and bruise her thighs by the force his balls crack against her.

"Don't hold back! I don't want you to hold back. I'm really full...but I want you to try and go deeper until I can't take it anything more."

Peter's gentle, but firm in driving himself into her. Tora's silken walls feels as delightful as the rest of her. It sends a tingle down his skin.

Bea plays with herself at this visual. Tora spreads her legs as far as she can go and takes his cock. Bea shoves her fingers deep inside and imagines what would happen. The soft moans of her friend fuel Bea's desire. She slides in to make sure both of them see her.

One of her tanned breasts push up and Bea sucks on them. A curtain of green air puts her gorgeous eyes in a seductive frame. She makes eye contact with Spider-Man who only hammers away at Ice.

Ice is beyond words. He's making her feel like a million dollars. No, ten million dollars. He's really good.

"You having a lot of fun?"

"Yes! We're be having more fun, won't we?"

Bea just grins and nods. Peter smiles at her and cups one of her delicious breasts in his hand. He squeeze her nipple and indulges in the beautiful woman even more.

"If you want to and as often as you want to."

"You're going to end up spoiling me."

Bea's sure he is. Hell, she wonders how long he can last without breaking. As much as she enjoys sharing him with Tora, because they're practically sisters and sisters share, she does want some alone time with Spider-Man.

Her and every single woman on the team to be fair. Even if some have too much pride to admit so. Spider-Man speeds up his thrusts. He works himself closer and closer.

"See what a little confidence gets you?"
She's a believer alright. Believing the thickness of his manhood as it goes deeper and further into stretching out her warm body. Tora closes ranks on him and gets ever so closer to the end.

"Yes! It goes a really long way. Doesn't it?"

"YES!"

Tora screams these words and manages to lock her legs around his hips. He really hammers away at her. Getting closer, closer, closer, she can feel him and wants him to continue on this long and winding road. His balls smack down hard and send a flare through her body.

Spider-Man knows his limits and can sense a tingle. He makes sure to allow Tora to finish first because it will feel better for both of them.

Then, right away, Spider-Man hammers her all the way to the finish. His organ swells up and shoots his juices into her. Tora closes him on him and milks his orgasm through with hers.

Spider-Man rides her to the end and Tora finds herself a dripping wreck. Despite normally being cool under pressure, she sweats and is pretty much okay with that.

The second Spider-Man pulls out of her, Bea is over to him and cupping the underside of his cock.

"You did not think that we were done?"

Her hot breath against him makes him smile.

"I knew we weren't somehow."

"Yes, babe, you knew right."

Back inside of Fire's hot mouth does wonders in restoring him to full hardness. The fun is beginning as these two beautiful heroines intend to have Peter all throughout the night.

End.

Next Chapter: 9/8/2018:

Thanks for the support and I'll see you during the next chapter.
Lana Baumgartner straddles the hips of Peter Parker and the lips of the two young lovers smash together. It is extremely interesting how a tutoring session turns into a steamy makeout session at the drop of the hat. Lana shoves tongue first into Peter's mouth. The handsome young man returns the kiss from as much vigor as the feisty woman gives it.

A swelling appears and the bulge in Peter's pants becomes more obvious. Lana explores the joins of making out with her tutor for the next several minutes. Each kiss becomes more lustful and more prominent. The position they find themselves in turns Lana on about as much as it turns Peter on.

Lana pulls away from Peter. A strand of salvia passes between their lips. Lana raises an eyebrow and casts a hungry eye towards Peter.

"You're hard from just that?"

A swift hand reaches down and grabs Peter's cock roughly through the pants. Peter groans at Lana's touch. This feisty woman knows exactly how to get the motor running.

"You're making out on the couch with a woman and your cock is fucking throbbing. I can't believe this."

Now only is Peter's cock throbbing, the piece of meat is so big that it makes Lana's nipples harden underneath her top. Which draws attention to the point Lana does not wear a bra underneath said top. A tank top with straps sliding from each motion exposes a hint of cleavage. Also said tank top comes up to reveal Lana's pierced navel. The outfit tops off with a black skirt, short enough to almost qualify as a belt and fishnet stockings, along with a pair of skimpy thong panties which leave very little to the imagination.

Dressing like this, Lana concedes it's likely a good reason why Peter gets hard. The naughty teenager's nipples stand firm at attention almost begging to be sucked through her top. And there's no bra, only a very flimsy tank top to hold them back.

"I can't help it. Lana, you're hot."

"And you're practically my teacher, you bastard."

A sweet smile pops over Lana's face before undoing Peter's belt. A tease comes over Lana.

"Alright, you perverted dork, whip out that cock and show me what you fucking got."

Peter wastes little time in freeing said cock from the prison of pants. Twelve inches of manhood comes out and Lana almost jolts back in surprise. Feeling it through Peter's pants is one thing. Actually seeing that hunk of manhood, that piece of art in person is another thing entirely. It spellbounds Lana and causes her mouth to hang open for the next several seconds. To say it sends her to a loss of words.

"Fuck. That's big. How do you not get any with that?"

"Oh, I get plenty."
"Yeah, right. But I doubt that you know how to use it."

Lana grinds her panty covered vagina over Peter's throbbing manhood. The thought that one wrong move tears away the fabric and drives into Lana sends a jolt down the horny teenager's spine. It brings a tingle towards her nipples as well. The peaks almost push through the top.

Peter grabs Lana's chest through her shirt. This gets Lana's attention. Peter squeezes Lana's delicious breasts and feels how firm and perky they are.

"I wonder if I'm making you cream yourself through your panties."

"You cock sucking fuck. That's exactly what's happening."

Lana squirming on Peter's lap and losing it causes the brilliant prodigy to break into a smile. Peter cups the chest of the gorgeous woman and squeezes the breasts a couple more times.

"Don't you want to be the cocksucker? You have the perfect mouth for it."

"Maybe later...right now, I want to take your big fucking cock out and fuck your brains out."

"Hope you didn't have any plans."

"No...hardly....but...get me out of these panties! Now!"

Peter teases taking Lana's panties off. The moisture pooling down her thighs makes it even more obvious how wet this horny teenager's getting. Peter brushes a teasing hand against Lana's navel piercing. The movement sends shockwaves down Lana, if the look on the bombshell's face is any indication.

The second Peter relieves Lana from her panties is the second the woman pounces. Lana lines up and impales herself down onto Peter's cock. The warm and gushing hole surrounds Peter and makes him groan in pleasure.

"Fuck! You're so fucking big! You're filling me up so much. You big cocked motherfucker."

"That's something I didn't do to be fair."

"You're about the only one."

Regardless, Lana shuts up just enough to savor the moment. Every inch of this prime hunk of meat driving into her tight hole makes Lana feel so alive. The girl pounds away, working more of Peter inside. The searing pleasure through Lana's warm pussy makes this activity a hell of a ride.

Much more stimulating than trying to wrap her head around complex science. No, Lana would rather wrap her cunt around Peter Parker's big cock. Their bodies slowly become one as they return to the previous makeout session. This time, Lana and Peter attack each other with more vigor.

The juices start to flow in more ways than one. Lana rams down hard onto Peter. The handsome tutor's mouth moves from Lana's lips straight to the neck. Peter sucks on Lana's neck and makes Lana's eyes dart back. Foggy with so much pleasure, Lana can barely think.

Peter slides Lana's wet box down allowing it to engulf every inch the young man gives her. Lana's lets out a soft moan, with more moans to follow. Several minutes of hard and vigorous thrusting pass before Lana becomes about as subtle as a porn star. The web slinger grabs onto Lana's rear and keeps planting deep inside. Lana's wet thighs slap down.
Deciding to make this much better, Peter removes Lana's top. Two round, perfect, teenage breasts come out.

"Nipple piercings. I'm not surprised somehow."

Peter squeezes Lana's sensitive nipples and causes a howl of pleasure to come through the firecracker. A bouncing motion brings Lana deep and faster down onto Peter's throbbing hard manhood. Every inch passes between Lana's legs until the point where Peter fills her completely up.

They press against each other with the intense body on body, skin on skin contact. Lana's legs wrap around Peter and add to the pleasure. Peter dances a finger down the firecracker's fishnet clad legs. Lana breathes in and breathes out.

A squeeze of Lana's ass sends the sex-hungry teenager into fits.

"You're making me cum so much. But, I'm going to make that big cock cum sooner or later. You're not going to fucking break me."

Peter alternates between kneading Lana's ass and then switching between both breasts. The darting and sticking fingers clenching and releasing Lana's sensual flesh makes the woman bounce faster and faster. A few smacks drives Lana down onto Peter.

The web slinger nears a release. He slows down just enough.

"Oh, no, you keep fucking me hard. You hear me, you bastard! You keep taking that whore cock of yours and fuck me until I pass out or until you cum. I'm not about to have you go all pussy on me now before you finish off this pussy."

Peter responds by tightening his grip on Lana's chest. The rough squeezing makes Lana clamp down and receive one of the most nerve-racking orgasms possible. The slickness of the walls of Peter's lover make the handsome young man go in deeper and deeper with the balls slapping Lana's flesh harder and faster.

A finger pops into Lana's mouth. Lana sucks it, wanting any part of Peter inside any part of her. Tension ramps up as Lana wonders what's going to happen next. A soft moan fires from Lana the deeper and faster Peter goes into her.

Peter removes the finger from Lana's mouth and inserts it into her anus. Lana closes her eyes.

"You filthy fucking bastard. Do you want to fuck my ass too?"

"Maybe, I do...the question is are you scared?"

The duel pumping of Peter's finger and manhood makes Lana spill all over the handsome man.

"Or are you scared?"

Those words send a further tremoring moan all over Lana. Lana cannot even begin to fathom what's going on around her. The only thing she wants to focus on is the pleasure Peter gives and he gives a whole hell of a lot of pleasure. Peter sinks his finger further into Lana's rear and loosens it up for the inevitable.

Peter edges closer and closer. Lana's beautiful, tight, body is something he cannot hold out for much longer. Rocking to the finish allow him allows a tension ro rise up. Something tinges inside of Peter that's most certainly not a spider sense. A few more thrusts before a groan follows and the explosion
happens.

It's a hell of an explosion to be honest. Gush after gush of seed spills into Lana.

Lana cannot believe she allows Peter to cum in her unprotected pussy. That being said, Lana makes no effort to make him pull out, even too late. Doing the exact opposite in fact, clamping down on Peter and milking every single drop out of him and into her womb.

"You bastard. I can't believe I let you do that."

"And you're really not going to believe what you're going to let me do."

The last few blasts go off inside of Lana like a fire hose. The second Peter finishes, pulling out allows him to turn Lana around and bend her over at the edge of the couch.

Peter stands up and grabs Lana's tight butt cheeks and squeezes the woman. The breath coming out of Lana.

"You wouldn't last….you can't handle fucking this ass. You're nothing but a limp dick pussy who can't go more than a round in my cunt, never mind in my ass."

Needless to say, Peter rises to the occasion and rubs his cock head over Lana's fishnet clad legs. A squeeze of Lana's thigh makes Lana lose it instantly. Peter moves in closer, almost ready to sink inside and take Lana to task. Several inches of manhood ease closer to Lana and almost enter. Peter pulls back at the very last second and causes a drool bubble to almost break on Lana's mouth.

"I'm going to take your ass. And you're going to like it you slutty little girl."

The dirty talk makes Lana leak all over the couch. Peter's now at her back passage and it takes very little time before Peter goes balls deep into Lana's ass.

"You mother fucker! You're much too big."

"That's the second time you called me that. Hidden kink maybe?"

"Fuck you!"

"No, it's the other way around."

Peter grabs Lana's ass and plows into it. The grip he holds on the girls meaty rump allows Peter to go in as deep as possible and grind into Lana. Lana's tight back hole makes Peter throb all over. He may not be able to spend as much time in the girl's ass as her pussy, but determination to make this ride last fills Peter.

Just about as much as Peter fills Lana's ass with twelve inches of prime meat. The web slinger clutches on and hammers away.

"You're sopping wet."

Lana growls in response. Peter's only response to this is to just drive deeper into her ass. Every motion brings Peter further and further inside. Sending Lana over the top with so much pleasure it almost hurts. It almost hurts to have Peter's thick and throbbing cock hammering down into her tight asshole.

A spank to Lana's ass sends the girl over the top. Clutching the edge of the couch allows Peter to almost fuck her into it. The anal pounding continues with a hearty spanking. The domination allows
Peter to slam deeper and deeper into Lana, working her anus over with his big fat cock.

"I'm not done just yet. But, I wonder how wet you are."

Peter jams a finger into Lana's pussy. Lana clutches the fabric of the couch. There's no hiding how fucking turned having anal sex makes her. The evidence is all gushing between Lana's legs. Peter feels it and scoops up some of the juices.

Despite Peter's stamina and will-power, there's only so much longer Peter can go at it. The web slinger pulls almost all the way out and makes Lana scream in pleasure.

It only takes a few more well measured thrusts before Peter's balls clench and release the outrush of seed into Lana's tight asshole.

Lana relishes the thrill of Peter's strong hands grabbing onto her ass while pistoning and spilling a heavy amount of cum. It indulges the bad girl inside of her, to get her ass fucked by such a strong man. Lana sees stars from the following climax and Peter hangs on for a very long time.

After Peter pulls out, Lana slides back and lands bottom first on the couch. This proves to be an error as Lana jumps up and screams in agony.

"Fucker! I won't be able to sit down for a week."

"So, you regret this?"

Lana only responds by grabbing Peter's cock and pulling on it.

"Does it look like I regret it?"

They exchange another passionate kiss before seeing what other naughty fun the two can get up to. The school books lie somewhere on the floor, forgotten in their waves of passion.

End.

Next Chapter: 9/15/2018.

Thanks for the support and I'll see you in the next chapter.
Susan Storm stands alongside Carol Ferris, the leader of the Star Sapphire Corps, and Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man. The three work in tandem to close a dimensional rift which threatens to spill some strange interdimensional energy into the world. Given all of the problems with the strange interdimensional energy in the past, neither Sue or Carol fancy taking any chances.

"Do you?"

That statement comes from Carol. She closes the rift with help from Sue. Seconds pass as Carol wonders if stopping holding her breath is an option.

"We've got it. It's good...providing the energy did not effect anyone."

This statement comes from Spider-Man who blocks the rift completely up. He turns to the two lovely ladies who smile at him a second later. Sue closes the gap and wraps her arms around him.

"You did it....you're amazing."

Suddenly, as if on cue, a trigger enters Sue's mind. A call to mate manifests inside of the brilliant blonde Fantastic four member. Sue's eyes tint slightly purple when looking at him.

"Sue...is everything...."

Suddenly, Sue grabs Spider-Man by the mask and kisses him through it. The web slinger cannot stave off the assault of the hungry kisses of the Invisible Woman. The fabric being in the way and blocking his mouth is just a minor inconvenience all things considered.

Sue reaches between Peter's legs and squeezes his crotch.

"It appears...that the energy may have...affected Sue."

Peter would thank Carol for the theory, late as it was. That being, if Sue did not pull his mask off and start molesting the young man's tonsils with her tongue. Feeling Sue's fantastic body pressing against his most certainly gets a rise out of the hero.

"Someone wants to come out and play."

Sue yanks Spider-Man's tights down and brings his well endowed cock out. The Fantastic babe wraps a hand around Peter's pulsing penis and strokes the length of his erection. Sue's hot breath closes in when she reaches the tip and plants a couple of kisses on it.

Carol's nipples harden from the other side of her suit. A suit which leaves very little to the imagination. Carol tries to slide a hand down to the crotch of her pants and attempts, perhaps with increasing futility, to make sure her frustration and burden eases up a little bit.

Twelve inches of prime cock comes out for Sue to gobble onto.

"Ready to have a good time, stud?"
There's no words, only actions. The actions of Spider-Man gripping the Invisible Woman on the back of her head and guiding his throbbing manhood into her mouth.

The actions of peering down in Sue's eyes and watching her bob up and down. She looks so elegant and yet so sexy.

"It's hot."

Sue works him a bit deeper and decides to really blow the young man's mind by clutching her throat against his cock. The web slinger rises to the occasion and stuffs Sue's gullet completely full.

Carol eyes the beautiful picture of Sue worshipping Peter's endowment. There's only one thing which goes through her mind, as Carol absent-mindedly pinches a nipple.

'When in Rome.'

The midnight-haired beauty drops down to join the brilliant blonde. Carol cups Peter's balls and blows on them. She offers elegant suction and takes Peter's swollen testicles into her mouth.

It's a dream come true, having these two brilliant and beautiful women, pleasure him in this position. For the first time in a very long time, they strike Spider-Man very numb and extremely speechless. Sue sucks on his cock and Carol goes to town on the balls.

Two warm mouths working in harmony, showing that the team work between the two lovely ladies extends further beyond the field and also the work they do professionally. Peter puts a hand on the back of both heads.

"I'm going to lose it if you're not careful."

Sue performs the precise opposite action of being careful. She hums around Peter's manhood, sucking, slurping, hungering for every last drop of seed about ready to bubble from his big thick balls.

As Peter warns, he grabs Sue by the back of her head and hammers straight into the willing mouth of the woman. The sight of Spider-Man throat-fucking the Invisible Woman is enough to stir the imagination of any superhero fan out there. Spider-Man holds on for the ride, grinding the big cock deeper and faster into Sue's mouth.

Spider-Man's warning becomes reality. Thick strings of cum fire and hit the back of Sue's throat. The talented woman hangs on, with Carol helping Sue milk Peter's testicles. It allows about as much seed as humanly possible to come out.

Sue rises up, licking her lips. The fabric from her bodysuit slips down to reveal Sue wearing a lacy blue bra and a thong. Carol stands next to her and grabs Sue's ass cheeks.

"I want some of that."

Carol pulls Sue in. The bodies of these brilliant women press together with a hungry and extremely passionate kiss. Sue slides the tongue deep to share the Spider-Man's seed with the Star Sapphire.

The view of these beautiful women groping and kissing each other causes the blood to rush from Spider-Man's head. The only thing which rules the web slinger is twelve inches, throbbing, and longing to be in one, hopefully both, of these women. The web slinger decides to move himself in.

Carol and Sue turn around and push Spider-Man down upon one of the tables in the lab. It's not the
most comfortable drop in the world. It's going to do nicely.

The two luscious ladies climb over Spider-Man and feel up his muscular body and kiss on him. Peter lays back and enjoys the touches of these women, removing more clothes. All three are down to pretty much nothing, although it Carol's case with her Star Sapphire uniform, it's not as long as a trip ever.

"I have to have that."

Carol's eyes glaze over with hunger. She straddles Peter and nibbles his neck and then goes down to suck on the empowered male's nipples. A couple neck bites sends Peter throbbing and this close to entering her body.

Sue leans down and puts her lips onto Spider-Man's neck on the other side. Each kiss brings the Invisible Woman closer to the ear lobe which a hungry suck follows. Sue swirls her tongue into Spider-Man's ear and makes him shiver.

The hot breath of Sue comes against his ear and makes him twitch.

"How about you return the favor and eat me out while Carol rides your big cock?"

It's an amazing idea to be honest. Carol presses herself down onto him. The manhood rising up and sliding against Carol's navel. Carol grips and grinds her ass against him as well before positioning in perfect position.

"I guess you'd have my boat. How about you, swinger?"

A grind of her wet pussy juices makes Peter groan. Getting very close to sliding into Carol.

"Of course."

Sue disappears for a second to add to the excitement. The feeling of Sue sitting down on his face, even when invisible, causes Peter to groan in excitement. His hands brush in the general area over the back of Sue's fine legs and squeezes her shapely ass. Spider-Man's tongue quests for the general area of Sue's pussy. Moans come from the invisible form of the Invisible Woman.

A couple inches slide into Carol's wet hole. It's been a long time since anything other than a toy or fingers pleasures the Star Sapphire Corp leader. Naturally, she makes the most of it by driving down on Spider-Man and stretching out on his manhood. Carol closes ranks around Spider-Man and releases him from her grab.

"He's so big! I can barely fit him all...but I can try."

Carol fucks herself silly on Peter's massive manhood. Every pass of his mighty spear into her body makes it good.

Peter's tongue and fingers pleasure Sue to an obscene degree. It's so hot to have someone be in tune with her so much that he can eat her out when invisible. This is a thrill beyond all life.

The only thing which becomes visible is the outlines of Sue's breasts. Her nipples stick out to grab and pull onto. Another moan comes out.

"Damn it, Spider-Man. Use that tongue! Use that tongue to break me! I want....I want to cum all over your sexy face, you big dicked bastard!"
"He does have...a pretty good one."

Carol tightens around Peter's manhood. The feeling of her orgasm only encourages Spider-Man to thrust up. The slick crevice makes Peter hold back to enjoy it very every moment.

She keeps riding Peter's manhood with more urgency. The two ease closer to a potential orgasm. Peter puts a hand on Carol's back and guides down onto the woman's body. Her tight walls close around and release Peter a couple more times.

The taste of Sue's dripping hot center also encourages Peter to go the distance just that much more. He laps up all of Sue's juices and goes back in for more. The constant give and take gets her closer to oozing all over his face.

Sue's body slowly becomes visible the more intense the orgasm goes. The sultry babe tilts back and fondles her body while taking Peter's tongue as deep as humanly possible. The image out of the corner of Sue's eye of Carol taking Peter into her body just as nicely with a different part makes Sue's hunger escalate to a further level.

"I'm going to make that big cock cum inside me. You're going to break before I do, Spider-Man. No man can withstand the power of the Star Sapphire Corps!"

Carol slipping into villain mode for a second causes a throbbing feeling to erupt from Peter. He stops from erupting full stop from Carol clamping down and squeezing his manhood into submission. Spider-Man holds on to her back and keeps up the constant thrusting.

So close, despite Spider-Man's best efforts. There's nothing, nothing which can keep him from erupting for too long. Carol's wet walls wait for him and tighten just a bit more around Peter's throbbing hard tool. Another groan before Peter sinks into Carol and pretty much loses all sense.

An endless explosion of thick seed empties into Carol's wet pussy. She clamps down and gets about as much seed as humanly possible. Carol rides herself silly and completely over the edge.

Before he wraps up, Carol cums about two or three more times. Her wet, stretched out pussy squeezes Peter one more time before good luck before sliding off of him.

Sue turns around and leans down to kiss Peter's lips. She switches to lapping her own juices off. Peter's arm wraps around her and returns the favor by feeling up Sue's lovely body.

The touches make Sue want him so much more. However, she needs to play the game nicely. Several teasing kisses plant down Peter's body. Face, chest, shoulders, abs, legs, and Sue stops short from kissing Peter right on his once again hardening penis.

Sue playfully blows on his cock head and makes him groan. She winks in him and turns around. Everyone's friendly neighborhood Spider-Man gets a full view of Sue's Fantastic ass while the woman crawls between Carol's legs.

Carol jolts up as Sue goes down and eats Peter's gift out of her pussy. Many beautiful women eat her pussy out. Sue finds herself in a top notch spot in Carol's heart by going between her legs.

The sensual sucking of Carol's pussy lips causes a tingle to come through Sue's body. She spreads her legs and hopes that Spider-Man fills the void between her legs sooner rather than later.

Thankfully, being the top-notch hero he is, Spider-Man's already into perfect position. Peter aims himself and slides into Sue's tight pussy.
Dreams do in fact come true in more ways than one. The Invisible Woman was one of Peter's first crushes as a super hero and despite countless other beautiful women coming into his life, she's always held a special place for him.

"You're as hot as ever...better than ever really."

Sue's like a fine wine and Peter cannot help indulge in her womanly curves. Each touch sparks a blast of desire through Sue the deeper and deeper Peter rams into her. His big thick meaty spear works faster and faster into Sue's body. A steady amount of momentum picks up.

The depths Spider-Man goes causes a tingle. The energy effects disappear long ago. But, it unlocks a deep and subconscious need to fuck a man who is able to give Sue everything she wants.

A man who can pleasure two women ticks all of those boxes which drives her into a horny wave of lust. Spider-Man is extremely perfect in more ways than one. Spider-Man fills the area between her legs with a constant barrage of thrusts. Going deeper and faster into Sue until she howls in pleasure. Spider-Man rests his hands on her firm ass.

A hazy expression flashes through the beautiful eyes of Carol Ferris. Sue really works that tongue inside. That's not what entices Carol though. The sounds of Spider-Man fucking Susan Storm from behind. It's obviously to Carol, Sue's been craving Spider-Man's cock for a very long time.

Now, Carol imagines Spider-Man throwing her down on the bed after a nice dinner, ripping off her clothes, and fucking the daylights out of her. This thought makes a deeper and hungrier arousal hit Carol full on.

Spider-Man is all over Susan Storm and judging by the hunger he senses from Carol, the two will be all over each other again. Right now, Peter moves to touch all of Sue's sexy and sweaty body. Several kisses line Sue's back before Spider-Man speeds up. The pressure building in his loins brings Spider-Man closer and closer to the edge.

"I can't...hold it."

Sue's reaction to that statement is only to squeeze Peter. The tightness of Sue's inner walls ring the dinner bell and make Peter push into her body. Several swipes against her nipples later and Peter's almost all the way to the edge.

Something tingles, and sends a blast of warm seed spilling into Sue. Peter buries himself deep into the Invisible Woman's orifice, fucking her until every single drop empties from her balls.

"You're beautiful...two of the most beautiful women on any planet."

There's some pretty stiff competition out there to be sure, but Sue happily takes Peter's compliment about as well as she takes her lover's big cock. Riding him out to an amazing conclusion is top on Sue. He creeps Sue's insides until finally pulling out.

Peter pulls away from Sue. Both women crawl over and put their hands on Peter and start feeling him up again.

"Hopefully you're not burned out now, stud."

The two lean in and start kissing away at Peter. Carol and Sue worship his body one more time, with their mouths easing lower and lower until they bring more self pleasure.

End.
After the Shoot(Dazzler and Wasp)

Spending the better part of a day shooting photos of an attractive pop star in various lingerie, bikinis, and dresses was one of the better gigs Peter Parker got in some time. His friend and fellow Avenger, Janet Van Dyne, got him the job, and he thrived at it, getting the best job possible.

Alison Blaire stood wearing a tight silver dress which snugly fit her body. Each one of her alluring curves stuck out, her deep and rich cleavage visible in the dress. Her blond hair tied back in a side ponytail showed her beautiful face. She crossed her legs and playfully stuck out her tongue.

"Make sure you get the boots into the shot," Janet told him.

"Of course, I wouldn't want to miss them," Peter commented.

A couple more shots and Peter got Allison's beautiful body in all of it's glory in the shot. Jan snapped her fingers.

"That was good. Why don't we take a lunch break and we'll get a few more shots after months?"

The summer season came around the corner.

"So, how was it?" Peter asked.

"Oh, pretty good," Alison said. "You're an amazing photographer. You should make a lot more money than you do."

She bounced up to him and wrapped her arms around Peter to give him a hug and a playful kiss on the cheek. Peter pulled back in surprise and watched Allison retreat into the changing room. Her swaying ass in the dress caused Peter's attention to drift a little bit.

'Whoa, easy there. I'm pretty sure she's just happy with your hard work.'

Peter moved in to make sure his equipment was in working order after spending so much time in the presence of the lovely Ms. Blaire.

"Peter! I need help!"

Peter rushed in the dressing room and saw Alison struggling against the zipper. Her body squirmed and breasts heaved.

"I don't know…"

"Here let me help you."

Peter unzips Alison's dress and allows her to shimmy it off of her body. She pulled herself to her feet and revealed her nice and creamy back, with her sexy ass in a pair of purple panties. She turned around and the matching bra caught Peter's eyes. Alison smiled and looked at him.

"You know, sitting there all afternoon and wearing those bikinis and that lingerie and those dresses, it made me excited," Alison said. "Does it make you excited?"

Alison's arms crossed underneath her breasts. She moved in and put her hand on Peter's crotch and
then moved over. She unbuttoned his shirt and revealed his toned chest and abs.

"You're cute," Alison said. "Why don't we have some fun?"

"I think I'll be done for it," Peter told her with his hand moving to her lower back. "Or up for it?"

Alison giggled and reached down Peter's pants to touch his cock. The manhood stretched with Alison touching it and fondling his manhood a little bit more.

"Oh, I think that you're up for it," Alison breathed with a sultry smile on her face. "You're up for a whole lot, aren't you?"

She pulled down Peter's pants and underwear. His throbbing manhood stuck out and Alison stroked him slowly. Her soft, well lotioned hand, jerked the handsome young man. The super hero's manhood stretched further and Alison dipped down and put her mouth on his cock.

"Yummy," Alison said.

Her mouth opened and took his manhood in. She took a couple of seconds before sucking Peter's big cock. If she knew that he was that big, she would have played with him far sooner.

A horny pop star being down on her knees and sucking Peter's manhood made him groan. Alison's perfect mouth slurping his manhood made him jerk back a little bit. Peter's fingers drape over the back of Alison's head and feels up her soft hair. He jerked forward and moaned.

"Oh, I'm going to cum soon if you're not careful."

Alison released his cock with a pop. Her blue eyes gazed up expressively at him.

"And what if I don't want to be careful? What if I want to taste you?"

A few more sucks brought Peter's cock to full mast. Allison slurped on him. She intended to taste him, sucking and pleasuring his rod.

Peter held onto the back of Alison's head and rocked her throat. The seal around Peter's cock clamped and released him. The web slinger wanted to ride Alison's tight mouth all night long. His big balls slapped her on the chin.

She made the sweetest sounds and brought Peter to the edge very quickly. Peter held onto her.

"Alison," Peter groaned.

The sound of her name coming out of the mouth of the handsome man made Alison just want to go down onto him harder. His hips went faster and faster into her mouth and stuffed her throat. His thick juices spilled down Alison's throat and painted her tonsils with his seed.

"Oooh," Peter groaned one more time. He rocked against her, a few more pushes.

Peter's manhood slid into her throat to unleash as much of his cream into her. The sexy pop princess rubbed his balls and got as much cum out of her. The pleasure explodes through his loins and kept working into her throat.

Alison popped her lips around his base and drank the rest of his cum. The minute she pulled away, Alison licked his dribbling cock head dry.

"So hot," Peter said.
"I couldn't agree more."

Janet appeared at the dressing room door and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. Peter watched the sway of her hips and the predatory expression dancing in her eyes. Jan touched his chest and smiled widely and wickedly at him.

"Jan...I...I can explain."

"Oh, there's no need to explain what this is."

Jan squeezed his cock. The stunning brunette moved in close and kissed Peter with aggression and lust. Peter put his arm around the waist of his fellow Avenger. It did not take him long to feel that she removed her panties already before going in.

"Go ahead, and put that cock where it counts," Jan said with a grind of her hips.

Peter runs his finger up Jan's expensive stockings and guides his big cock inside of her tight pussy. The two meet together, with the sins of the flesh coming to light.

For the longest time, Jan dreamed about what it would be like to have Peter screw her. She just waited for the right opportunity. There's no time like the present as it turned out.

Peter dialed up the sexual encounter to a completely new level by undoing her blouse and then removing her bra. Jan's perfect breasts come out.

"Go ahead. Take them! TAKE THEM! NOW!"

Peter teases Jan for a couple of minutes. He knows how to push the woman's buttons. Her soft flesh molded in his hands, and Peter worked her over. He got Jan's motor revving the faster he fucked her. The faster her fucked her, the more she wanted him to take her. Those hands cupped onto the back of his neck and she moaned even louder the faster he jammed into her.

"Take me all night long."

"Of course."

Alison's eyes go wider from Peter and Jan going at it. To say she's getting hot would be the understatement to end all understatements. A pleasant buzz ripples through the body of the young popstartlet. She rubbed her breasts and let a very passionate moan come out. She shoves a finger into her moist womanhood and breaks out with a very passionate murmur. The heat only increases the faster she drives inside of her.

The visual of Peter's hard cock ramming into Jan makes it very easy for Alison to put herself in that position. Peter pulling out does nothing to stave the fire. Because he spins Janet around, hikes her skirt further up to reveal her plump ass cheeks, and grabs ahold of them before he slams back inside.

The feeling of Jan's snug warm walls wrapping around him brings Peter's lust up to another level. He can hear Jan moaning and Peter wanted to give her everything she wanted. He took her from behind and felt up her body while pressing against her in the wall.

The rippling affect of the pleasure continued. Peter's hands on approach to pleasuring her body, using both hands and mouth to be fair, rocked her entire world.

"Faster, deeper, harder!"
"YES!"

The little moan coming from Alison made Peter's attention stray from Jan. His hands wrap around the sexy woman's body and kisses her a couple of times.

"Seems like that we're leaving Alison out."

Peter beckoned Alison to come over and she dropped her bra and panties to the ground. The minute Peter pulled out of Jan, Alison wrapped her legs around him and allowed Peter to push her hard into the wall. Peter folded his fingers against her nipples and pulled on them to make her moan.

"Oh, I can't believe how deep you're inside me," Alison mewled in his ear.

She needed cock, his cock. A long day of riling up Peter paid off when he rammed deeper and faster into Alison. Her silken walls clamped down onto him and tried to pump his massive rod. The web slinger's roaming fingers rocked Alison's entire body and her mind.

"Oh, get in so deep right now!" she breathed.

"Oh, I'm deep," Peter told her. Each thrust brought more beautiful sounds.

"Why don't you see if we can't get the pop princess to hit that high note?"

Jan shrinks down and dives between Alison and Peter. Every time Peter left Alison completely, Jan gave Alison an up close and personal licking. The feeling of her juices almost drowning Jan's Wasp form makes this just that much more amazing.

Alison wrapped her arms and legs around her lover to pull him in tighter. She knew Jan was the Wasp, but it did not occur to Alison that her powers could be used for that. A small strike of her clit showed just how devious Jan is.

The overflow of her juices allowed Peter to rock back and forth. His hips moved faster and his dick rammed in completely far. Alison put her hands on his neck and broke out with a very sultry moan.

Peter worked his way deep into Alison's clenching quim. He spent the next few minutes allowing the pop Princess to ride his cock. She screamed in his ear and showed Peter just how much she loved this. And Peter loved giving this to her as well. He kneaded her ass cheeks and got more of that lovely moan.

She came again and Peter got into her deep. He sank down onto the changing bench. Alison's banging body rose and descended down on her.

Jan swayed her hips back and forth in mid-air, and Peter looked at her tiny body drenched in Alison's cum. She flew over and spread her legs in mid-air. Her tiny, tight pussy, drips with both her juices and the juices of another one.

No question about it, Peter needed to lick Jan completely dry. He treated Jan's juice soaked body like a popsicle. His tongue hit the small, but still very sensitive parts of her body. Jan writhing in the palm of his hands was a sight that Peter failed to take his eyes off of.

Another sight caught Peter's attention. Alison bounced up and down on him. The erotic look in her eyes put Peter's free hand on her chin and made her look in his eyes. She moaned.

"Closer!"
"Yeah, I am as well."

He set Jan down on the changing bench next to them. This action freed both Spider-Man's hand to spear Alison's sweet cunt down onto him. The dazzling pop star rocked up and down on him until she came hard.

Peter's fingers dug into her fleshy and firm backside. Alison rocked back and Jan rose up to suck on her nipples in her form. This sight broke Peter mentally and physically. He rammed into Alison a couple more times until the dam burst and his orgasm hit.

The tension of his loins bursting inside of the sexy and famous pop start was an erotic sight to say the very least. Peter dug his hands into her firm backside and speared Alison down all the way onto him. She rocked back and forth until the two finished their mutual orgasms together.

The second they pulled apart, Jan dove in with the buffet of juices She licked the tasty seed and smiled wickedly when feasting on the run off.

Alison crawled to the end of the bench and wrapped her arms around Peter's neck to nuzzle him. The kiss of the lovely woman distracted Peter long enough for a second lovely woman to crawl on top of him.

Jan's tiny body mounted his cock. She worked his cock like a stripper pole and caused the feeling to rise through him.

"Oh, you're just too much, Ms. Van Dyne," Peter groaned.

Jan grinned and stuck out her tongue to stroke Peter's manhood with it. She climbed the top of him and slowly grew to her regular size, taking his cock into her pussy inch by inch.

"Oh, I think this mandates a bit more coverage."

Her breasts were a bit more larger than normal, not that Peter complains. He grabs Jan's warm chest in his hands as she sinks down on his cock and rides him hard on the changing bench.

Jan spent the next few minutes getting the feel of Peter's cock into her body. His hands always are a welcome addition all over her body. Touching her tender flesh and making her drip with desire. Jan sank down onto him and moaned.

"Oh, deeper, deeper, baby!" Jan breathed.

She rode him to a very spectacular finish. Jan locked her nails around the neck of her lover, bouncing up and down on his cock. Jan took him closer to the limit and then stopped.

"Come over here, honey."

Alison raised an eyebrow, but did as she was told. Jan situated herself so she sat on Peter's lap in a modified reverse cowgirl style. She dropped down completely far and took Peter's thick, fat, rod into her while making out with Alison.

Peter leaned back to enjoy the show. Jan's wicked tongue got to work on Alison's mouth as she rode his cock. The growing tightness of her pussy got Peter closer to the edge. He held back for a minute to readjust and then rammed Jan a bit harder from behind.

Alison breathed in and out a couple more times.
"Jan!" she called for the older woman.

Jan brushed her finger against Alison's dripping open and fingered her in time to her rises and falls on Peter.

"Are you going to cry if I remove that finger? Mmm."

Alison bit down her lip and nodded. Jan wiggled her finger all about Alison's molten hot hole and made her lose it completely and utterly.

Not that Jan was not losing it herself. She worked Peter's long rod into her body. His mouth against her neck sent a tingle and a tremor down Jan's spine. She turned up and down, rocking Peter's manhood deeper inside of her body.

"Get closer," Peter breathed.

Jan rubbed her walls against him to show just how close she was. She rode Peter to his edge, her edge, and fingered Alison to an edge as well. The beautiful young pop starlet twitched all over Jan's finger and let the juices come out. Jan removed her finger only to let Alison feast on her own sticky juices.

"Feel how wet you are...how wet you are...."

"You should feel how wet you are."

Jan knew how wet she was. The heat kept rocking her pussy, the deeper she shoved Peter inside of her slick canal. The meeting of her box and Peter's thick rod was about ready to pay off in the most spectacular and messy way.

Hanging on for a long time showed just how much Peter had in the tank despite Jan working him to a fever. She squeezed him hard and Alison's moans coming from Jan's rapid fire fingering did little to stave off the eruption which was about ready to come.

"Close," Peter groaned.

"Yes, I know," Jan told him with a sultry smile.

She hits the peak too and Peter clutched her body tight. His loins brush against her. Jan did everything in her body to get him to have the greatest and most satisfying orgasm imaginable. It was about ready to pay off.

"Oh, give it to me, big boy."

Alison came again all over her finger. Jan's hand soaked with the younger woman's pussy juices and this caused a trickle effect to cause her to cum all over Peter's cock.

Peter speared into Jan's extremely tight and warm pussy a couple more times. He moved as fast as possible over Jan, touching everything from her face, to her chest, to her legs, and ass, along with all parts in between. He lost all inhibition before rocking her hard.

He finished inside of Jan and did so very hard. Peter hung on for the ride until finished. Each push into Jan bringing him a further release than the last one.

Jan finished draining him. Their sticky situation wrapped up to a very erotic conclusion the moment Jan stopped pumping him.
The end came with Peter leaning back. He turned with both Alison and Jan staring him down. They licked their lips.

"So, how about the shoot?"

Jan draped herself over Peter's right leg and started to kiss him. Alison did the same with his left leg. The two lovely women worshipped every inch of Peter.

"Tomorrow...there's another shoot that we're interested in right now," Jan said. "Namely how many shots does this…"

Jan squeezed him.

"Get off before it deflates," she finished.

"Let's find out," Alison said directly to his cock head.

A second later and both women aimed their sultry mouths down upon his cock and balls. Peter just decided to let them do whatever they pleased until Jan and Alison both got it out of their systems.

'What is it about tight enclosed spaces which make pheremones go nuts?'

End.

Next Chapter 9/22/2018.
Struck Silent(Siobhan Smythe/Silver Banshee)

Darkness hits Siobhan Smythe, better known as the Silver Banshee. Her curse makes her a very vengeance woman and that vengeance is mostly directed towards Kara Zor-El, better known as Supergirl. Her blood starts racing when thinking about Kara.

Seconds pass when Siobhan realizes she's not in full Banshee mode now. The pale skin and dead looking hair, along with the black lips, disappear into the night. Bright, olive, healthy looking skin shines in the light. Gorgeous dark hair comes down past her shoulders. Juicy lips pucker together, wet and moist. Not to mention, the one piece garment she wears does a pretty good job in showing off her ass, legs, and chest, all three parts the peak of physical perfection.

It takes Siobhan a moment to realize the choker device on her neck. The reason she reverses back into human form is very obvious from the get go.

"How are you doing?"

Siobhan's eyes open and comes face to face with Spider-Man. She recalls it now, how Spider-Man, swinging into town, helps Supergirl take down Silver Banshee. Yes, she remembers it, remembers every single moment of it.

"Where I am?"

"You're in a safe place. Your powers went out of control and caused a building to fall on top of you. I just barely got you out of there and healed your injuries."

Now she remembers. It's Spider-Man who saves her. Siobhan gets to her feet and finds the door open up in surprise. This makes Siobhan kind of shocked and a little bit suspicious at the very fact she is allowed to leave so easily.

"So, I'm free to go?"

"As long as you keep the inhibitor. It will keep your curse from coming out."

The echoes in the back of Siobhan's mind tell a different story.

"I will be haunted until I settle the debt I owe to you. Collar or no collar...and there's only one thing to do now."

Without any warning, Siobhan throws herself at Spider-Man and kisses him. Spider-Man steps back for a second and Siobhan's eyes flare with a moment of anger.

"What? I'm not good enough for you. Are you with her? I bet you're with her. You know, with Supergirl..."

"No, it's not that. It's just I don't want to take advantage of you."

Siobhan finds herself frowning in response. She rips off Spider-Man's pants and allows his cock to come out to play.

"Does that look like you're taking advantage of me?"
The warm hand of the empowered woman wraps around Spider-Man's manhood and she jerks him furiously. The swell of warmth passes from her hand to Peter's loins. Another groan follows the very second Siobhan rubs him up and down. The warm and steady friction makes this feel very good.

"You like it. You like me stroking your big fat cock? Would you like me to suck on it?"

"First, I want to kiss you...properly this time."

His mask comes up just enough to meet Siobhan's soft, wet lips. Tongues involve themselves in the battle next with Siobhan showing how loving she can be by stroking Spider-Man's body.

Seconds pass before Siobhan drops down to her knees and worships her savior. The first few inches of Spider-Man's cock passes between her lips. The sweet taste around his cock makes Spider-Man groan.

"You have a good mouth and the perfect throat for sucking cock."

Siobhan tilts back and shows Spider-Man how he's felt nothing yet. A hand cups the underside of the web slingers balls and squeezes them tight. Another groan comes the deeper Spider-Man plunges into her warm mouth. Several inches of thick, throbbing cock ends up in the back of Siobhan's mouth. Spider-Man holds onto her head and keeps working his way back there, stuffing his cock down her throat with fury and gutso.

The cock drilling into the back of Siobhan's throat just shows how much she wants him. Just how much she wants this heavy piece of manhood sliding further and further down her throat. Stretching out to the point where Siobhan chokes on his cock and releases him from her warm mouth.

Spider-Man puts his hands on the back of her head and keeps rocking away at Siobhan. Her wide eyes peer up at Spider-Man. Another few inches of his throbbing manhood rams deep down the woman's throat to the point where Spider-Man can barely hold himself together. The only thing which matters is to find a nice warm throat to fuck while she sucks him off.

"I'm going to lose it."

She doubles down on the cock sucking and licks the tip of his head. Siobhan seals his manhood in her lips and rocks back to give him another powerful suck. A warm hand caresses the edge of Peter's balls and squeezes them one more time right before he goes to town on Siobhan's perfect mouth.

The last few sucks opens up the door for the web slinger to blow his fluids down the throat of the cock-sucking beauty. Spider-Man holds the back of her head tight and keeps rocking to the point where a rush of seed coats Siobhan's tonsils and makes her moan on his cock.

Instantly, Siobhan pulls herself to her feet.

"So, do we find a bed, or do we fuck right here?"

She pulls across the piece of fabric and reveals her pussy. Dripping wet and ready. Spider-Man takes charge and pushes her against the wall. A couple of blasts of webbing secures Siobhan to the wall by her hands. Her legs remain free to wrap around Spider-Man's waist for optimal pumping.

"I knew you'd use that webbing for other reasons...you know you want to."

Two perfect and round breasts come out for Spider-Man to consume and to touch. Each touch sets Siobhan on fire. His warm lips wrap around her hardening peaks and sucks on them. Siobhan breathes in pleasure the very second Spider-Man goes down on her nipple and takes it into his mouth.
A hand also travels up her leg and continues to drive Siobhan completely nuts with an endless amount of pleasure. Spider-Man really knows how to touch her in all of the best ways possible. Yet, the one part of his body she wants to touch most of all lingers outside of her gates.

"I know you want to take me and fuck me until I'm cross eyed. Go ahead and do it, Spider-Man. Put that big cock in my tight pussy and wreck me! Come on! Come on!"

Spider-Man grinds at her. Her wet pussy feels so tight even going a couple of inches away. Gripping onto Siobhan's hips allows him to drive into her tight pussy. A loud and sensual moan follows the second he's inside of her.

Siobhan's eyes glaze over and it's a sexy look on her as far as Spider-Man's concerned. The depowered Silver Banshee, an extremely beautiful woman, takes as much of Peter's manhood inside of her tight walls as possible. She clamps down onto Spider-Man and releases him, causing a groan to come through the web slinger.

"S-spider-Man!"

That loud moan follows the deeper Spider-Man spears her warm hole. He cannot hold back. Lifting her legs up gives Spider-Man more leverage to pound the Silver Banshee cross eyed.

The tight pussy wrapping around the web slingers throbbing hard cock makes him hungry and he goes in deeper inside of her. Spider-Man pulls almost all the way out and stretches her warm hole as far as humanly possible. Spider-Man keeps working her over and sends her body into fits of pleasure the deeper he drives into her.

"I want...I want this! I want your big cock in me....Spider-Man! Pound me!"

The web slinger hangs onto Siobhan's legs and keeps driving into her body from above. The sound of flesh smacking upon flesh echoes throughout the room.

"That's right...fuck my pussy harder than you fucked that cunt Supergirl's. She can't take your cock like I can. She's nothing but a little brat who likely cries when she has a real man."

Spider-Man respectfully disagrees with that assessment. Not that he's going to tell her that. Rather, he's going to hang on, feeling up every inch of Siobhan's body.

"And you're spoiling my cunt! Oh you bastard! Pound me cross eyed! Fuck my brains out! Fuck them really good. Fuck them hard, baby! Don't hold back. Don't...don't hold back at all!"

Spider-Man slides deeper into Siobhan and meets her hips. Her quivering womanhood closes around Spider-Man's length when he pulls almost all the way out of her and then goes into her.

"I won't. Trust me on that one."

Siobhan clamps down on his wrist and cries bloody murder in his ear. Spider-Man really knows all the ways to stretch her.

Suddenly, he stops, and now Sioban wonders exactly what is next. He turns her around, and reapplyes the webbing. A blindfold appears to mask her vision.

Getting her vision masked like this only increases the sensitivity receptors in Siobhan. Every touch increases intensity. She breathes in and out heavily. Spider-Man's all over her and it's hard to tell when his next move comes. Given the fact she cannot really see where his hands go.
"I hope you'll be in me soon."

The confidence shakes a little bit. Spider-Man rubs the side of Siobhan's neck and more kisses follow to make her lovely body quiver in delight. Spider-Man grinds against her and makes her moan. Several kisses, several touches, and she's about ready to take him in the best possible way.

"Good things come to those who wait."

A frustrated cry comes from Siobhan. Spider-Man notices she's most sensitive on the back of her neck and on her side. This allows Spider-Man to exploit her pleasure centers to really get the juices flowing. The massive throbbing between his legs bring Spider-Man closer to entering the lovely woman.

"And you're going to cum inside me. Just you wait."

Spider-Man cups her chest and squeezes down. Siobhan's musical moans continue to go off. Peter Parker closes in on her and gets ever so closer to sliding in between her warm thighs. The moisture pooling between her legs makes it irresistible to slip inside of her.

One push brings Spider-Man balls deep into the lovely woman. The shine of her olive skin in the light of the hallway and sweat dripping down on it makes Spider-Man only want to move further, faster, and deeper. The web slinger rams down into her and stretches her warm pussy out.

Siobhan stifles a moan. It's a good thing her powers become dampened when they're here because she does not want another building to drop down on her and Spider-Man. Spider-Man's rapid fire thrusts sends more waves of pleasure through her the deeper Spider-Man goes.

The size and swollen nature of his balls shows Siobhan one thing. He's got to be getting close. Siobhan clamps her walls around Spider-Man's probing tool and works in between her legs. The slickness of her wet walls grind up and down on him, to make Spider-Man get ever so closer to his conclusion.

Spider-Man holds onto Siobhan and keeps working his hips against her. His body prepares for the potential release. Spider-Man repeats the slapping of his balls down on her thighs and gears Siobhan up for the climax. Spider-Man pulls away from her and slides his big cock into her warm and inviting hole.

"You'll get it in due time."

The fact the woman seems impatient is very obvious to Spider-Man right about now. She clamps down on the web slinger and tightens her hold around his cock. Spider-Man rapidly holds on and keeps slamming deeper into Siobhan. Her warm hole tightens around him and pumps him even more.

"I want it now! Give it to me! Now!"

Spider-Man gives her a slower pounding. To make sure every nerve ending in her body just overflows with lust. The web slinger measures the pace and the tempo making sure Siobhan drips around the tip of his cock.

"Deeper! Deeper!"

Spider-Man goes as deep into her as humanly possible. The length stretches her walls out and leaves a warm seal around his manhood. Spider-Man holds on for a hell of a ride and keeps pumping into Siobhan, sending tremors down her body. Both of them reach the breaking point, getting so close
they can feel it. Spider-Man keeps pumping harder and faster into Silver Banshee.

Peter and Siobhan become one. The heat emitting between their loins is intense. Her walls greedily and hungrily clamps down to try and drag every single last drop of seed from his balls and into her body. Peter squeezes her ample chest and hammers into her a little deeper than before.

"I'm almost there. Get ready."

There's no comment to be made. Spider-Man shoves his endowment as deep into Siobhan as it can go. It's a feeling which will not go away any time soon. Seering muscles sing the further and faster Siobhan receives a good hard pounding from her lover.

Her body is ready, and willing to receive. The first warm blast hits Siobhan and thrills her. She closes down and milks the rest of it out. Getting some kind of control over her vaginal muscles is perfect at this time.

The two join together with Spider-Man hanging onto Siobhan's hips and pounding his way into her tight body. The crevice of her warm pussy closes down and releases Spider-Man. His throbbing balls release a few more blasts inside of Siobhan. Hanging on is perhaps the perfect thing at this particular point in time.

Both lovers ride each other's orgasms out. Peter finishes with a good feeling coming from him.

The second he leaves, Siobhan's web shackles dissolve and she pulls off the blindfold. Siobhan drops down and takes Spider-Man's cock back into her mouth and sucks it.

"You just can't get enough. Love tasting your juices on my cock, you naughty girl?"

Siobhan just grins. Despite the demons of the Silver Banshee being at bay, a more seductive presence rings true. She needs several itches scratched and who better to scratch those itches than your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.

End.

Next Chapter 9/26/2018.
Firm Hand(Emma Frost)

Firm Hand Needed(Emma Frost/The White Queen)

Emma Frost sat at the front of the class. She dressed in an all too short plaid skirt, sheer white stockings with heels, and a tight blouse with the first few buttons undone. She wore her hair in pigtails which maintained an illusion of innocence although with Emma, it was merely an illusion. She popped a bubble with the gum in her mouth.

"Mr. Parker, you wanted to see me."

Peter Parker gave Emma a stern look.

"Yes, Ms. Frost, I did. Your conduct in this classroom is deplorable. You continuously make lewd comments, you flaunt your body at the expense of the school dress code, and you are very late in turning in your homework."

"Well, I have a lot of late nights, Mr. Parker," Emma commented with a smile.

"The point is, I've let your behavior slide for far too long," Peter said. "I've tried to impart on you that you do have a future you need to be concerned about. But, despite my best efforts, you are not helping."

"Well maybe you're not exploring things from the right position, sir," Emma told him. "Or perhaps I just keep throwing you curves which throw you off of your game"

She stuck out her chest and another button popped out to reveal more skin. Emma's bountiful breasts turn into a distraction for the teacher. Peter shook his head to clear his thoughts.

"Punishment is in order," Peter said. "And also, I told you not to chew something in my classroom."

"Sorry, sir, but I can't stand the thought of having something in my mouth," Emma told him. "So, are you going to ruin another one of my Saturdays by putting me in detention?"

"Oh, we're well past that, Ms. Frost," Peter told her. "I believe a firmer hand is needed to deal with your disobedient behavior."

Emma just gave him a smile of false innocence. No one who knew Emma really bought such a smile at face value.

"Put the gum away," Peter told her. "And come over to my desk."

Emma placed her gum in the trash can and walked over to the desk.

"Hands on the desk and bend over."

"Are you going to punish me, sir?"

Peter walked over and hiked up Emma's skirt.

"And it figures you weren't wearing any underwear," Peter whispered in her ear. He felt a swelling in his pants as he looked at Emma's sensational ass and bare pussy from her rolled up skirt.

"Of course, sir, why would I bother? I know it gets you excited when you're there forced to teach us
"The crap the state mandates. You can't truly believe that it will get us anywhere in life, can you?"

"That is irrelevant," Peter said. "I'm going to punish you, Ms. Frost."

He slapped Emma on her ass cheeks and caused them to jiggle. A couple more spanks and Emma allowed a soft moan to slip out of her body.

"It appears that this is not working as I intended, given that you seem to be getting off on it, Ms. Frost," Peter told her.

Peter slapped her on the ass harder again. He grabbed her cheeks and spanked her a couple more times. Emma thrashed on the desk and just made his pants even tighter.

"Maybe you should use the ruler to really make your mark, sir?"

"Well, it's worth a try."

Peter picked the ruler off of the desk and reared it back before he smacked Emma on her ass. He tagged her ass with the ruler repeatedly. The red marks appearing on Emma's jiggling ass tantalized him. Her legs spread a bit more and teased him with her pussy while he spanked her.

"Mr. Parker...maybe you should try the other ruler."

"What other ruler?"

"The one in your pants."

Emma turned around without warning and grabbed Peter's crotch through his pants. She looked him in his eye and smiled.

"This ruler, sir."

Peter grabbed her by the hair and forced Emma to look her in the eye.

"If you want to act like a slut, Ms. Frost, then we should treat you like a slut."

Emma's eyes widened as Peter forced her onto knees.

"Unbuckle my pants!" he ordered.

Emma made quick work of Peter's pants, getting them off. His cock threatened to spring out and smack her in the face. And then Peter grabbed Emma's hair and slapped her in the face with his cock. His juicy hunk of manhood repeatedly smacked her in the face.

"You're smearing my makeup, sir," Emma breathed.

"Oh, I'll do more than smear it when I'm done," Peter told her. "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

Emma did as she was told and Peter slapped his cock down on her tongue. The eyes of the beautiful women go wide when Peter teased her with his cock slapping down on her tongue. She moaned when Peter smacked her on the tongue one more time.

"You said you can't stand the thought of not having anything in your mouth. I would hate to disappoint you."
The teacher's big throbbing cock pointed at her mouth made Emma's mouth open a little bit. Peter grabbed the back of the student's hair and forced his cock past her lips and into her throat.

Emma gagged on the big cock slamming into her mouth. Peter pushed his manhood deep into her mouth, dominating Emma's throat with a constant series of thrusts.

"You want to be a dirty little slut in my class? Then I'll treat you like a dirty little slut, after hours."

Peter rammed his hard throbbing cock as far into Emma's throat as it can go. He stuffed her throat full of his massive rod and made Emma gag on his thick manhood. Her eyes water the further Peter rammed himself into her body. He rocked her a bit further, going back and forth inside of her body.

She sucked his cock, like it was her job to do so. Like it was her calling in life to take his big throbbing cock deep into her throat and make it her personal toy. Emma put her hands on Peter's back and swallowed his manhood the further it stuck down her throat.

Peter enjoyed the feeling of her mouth and her tongue. Emma knew how to hit all of the right spots. She was a good and obedient little slut. He could not wait to fill more than her mouth with his cock. She looked up at him, with a wicked expression dancing in this beautiful eyes.

The cock sucking student pleasured her teacher. Finally, she had been on her knees before the powerful man, as it should be. Emma appreciated the control she had over her teacher's cock and the fact he controlled her mouth as well. It was an immense round of give and take, with Peter working himself faster into Emma, picking up the pace.

She grabbed his balls and he let her. Which Emma felt grateful for. Because, otherwise, she would not be able to cup these full wonders and show just how much seed was built in them.

"Closer."

Emma wanted her teach to get even closer. She rapidly milked his bit swollen balls and made Peter rock back on her. Emma worked his cock with all of the precision one would expect a woman like her to do so.

Peter closed his eyes. His beautiful, but troubled student, sucked him off. Her brilliant eyes locked onto his and Peter can do nothing other than to fuck her throat and then fill her mouth with his cum. Which Peter did when he rammed deep into her throat and forced his cum to spill down Emma's perfectly tight throat.

The explosion of seed spills down the throat of the beautiful schoogirl. Emma tilted her head back and took every inch. She sucked Peter's cum completely out of his balls, humming with pleasure. There's no question about it, by the time she's done, she gets her bounty.

Emma pulled back and gave his still half-hard cock a few little kisses before smiling.

"Having cum in my mouth is always better than having gum any day, sir."

Peter's cock twitched as Emma looked him in the eye before swallowing his seed. The gorgeous vixen rose to a standing position and sauntered a little bit closer to Peter. She unbuttoned the rest of her blouse and allowed it to drop to the ground showing Peter her bare, ample tits.

"I know you want a piece of these," Emma told him.

"Oh, more than a piece, Ms. Frost."
Peter responded by grabbing Emma's breasts and causing her to moan in pleasure. Those hands brush against her nipples and made her moan. Peter worked over the ample tracts of flesh while her hand moves over to stroke his cock. Peter molds those breasts which hang for him to grab like some overripe fruit. Just waiting to be plucked off of the vine and Peter plucks her nipples alright.

"Good, very good," Emma breathed in his ear. "I don't think that you have that long before I….that's the best touch possible...right there."

Peter rubbed her nipple and made Emma's excitement just grow. The heat burns from her. It will not be too long before Peter throws her on that desk and takes out his aggression her.

As if on cue, Peter hurls her onto his desk. He knocks folders, books, and papers out of the way. Emma rose to her hands and knees in time for Peter to molest her body.

"There's no one in the school building other than us," Peter said.

"Then, I'm disappointed that no one can hear my screams," Emma said. "For when that big cock violates my wet little pussy."

"Oh, I'm not after your pussy," Peter told her. "Not today."

He went into his desk drawer and pulled out some lubricate.

"And you just happen to keep lube in your desk?"

"I confiscated it from you a month ago."

"Oh, yes, of course. I thought it looked familiar, sir."

Peter added the needed lubricate, while also molding her ass. He got her asshole warmed up, and ready to penetrate. He prepared to sodomize his student and make her humble, humble for his cock.

"You did say you wanted to use what was in my pants on your ass," Peter said.

"Yes, sir, I did," Emma agreed.

Peter fondled her and made Emma explode in never ending pleasure. His hands all over her cheeks proved to be something that drove Emma beyond the edge. His thick throbbing cock edged against her asshole. The head pushing in it alone was as thick as anything before.

"For a slut, you have a tight ass, Ms. Frost."

"Sir, I have not used that hole up at all. It's for you to break in."

That was music to Peter's ears. He held his hands onto Emma's ass and plunged down into her hole. He filled her with so much of his cock, it was almost obscene. Peter buried himself deep into Emma's tightening back hole and made her moan until the cows came open.

Peter sank in and out of Emma. He slapped her firm ass a couple of times and made her moan even louder. Peter molded her cheeks together, making them wiggle. Her tight back hole burned a warm ring around him and the warmth, Peter could do nothing other than sink in there and have his way with Emma.

Emma pressed down face first onto the desk. Peter reached over and grabbed her by the hair with the hand that did not grab her ass.
"How did you know, sir?"

"How did you know what?"

"That I loved having my hair pulled when I got fucked."

Peter went in deep and faster, hammering Emma's ass. He released her hair just to feel between her legs. Yes, she's dripping wet alright.

"I didn't, but that's useful information to know. Along with the fact you go off like a geyser when someone fucks you in the ass. That's useful to know as well."

"Yes, sir, I agree!" Emma yelled.

Peter happily complies with pounding away at her ass. He slaps down onto it and made her moan, wiggle, and squirm on him. Emma worked those sweet cheeks around him. And Peter made sure to work in her ass, pounding deeper and faster into her body.

Each inch of his cock worked her ass over with perfection. Emma never came as hard as did with a cock in her ass. Her body feels like it ran an entire marathon. Every step, every thrust, just everything going off in her. Peter just beat into her ass with his throbbing hard balls.

"And now, you're going to cum again, aren't you?"

Emma's smoldering smile told the story. It told the entire story. Peter had her in this position, face-down and ready to receive his big throbbing cock into her ass over and over until she came.

"Looks like you're going to do it too, sir. Those big balls must be getting heavy."

"They are."

Peter pushed deeper and deeper inside of her. His big balls slapped down onto her wet thighs from behind. She moaned in pleasure the faster Peter drilled her. He got so close, thanks to Emma thrashing about underneath him. He knew it would not be too long before something had to give and what had to give was his massive, swollen balls. About ready to pop off and send their juices spilling into Emma from behind.

The handsome teacher held onto Emma tightly and speared her from behind. His balls repeatedly slapped down on her and made Emma moan.

"Yes!" Emma yelled. "YES! RIGHT IN MY ASS! CUM RIGHT THERE!"

The web slinger pushed deeper and deeper inside of her body. His balls could not take her ass for that much longer. The naughty student just begged him to cum in her ass. Peter bottomed out and climaxed, harder than ever before. His seed spilled into her ass from behind.

Emma screamed out loud when Peter finished in her ass. The sheer volume of cum forced Emma to stain his desk with the eruption from her pussy. Peter rode her all the way down, spanking her ass until it was raw red as he fucked it.

The White Queen breathed out in pleasure when Peter pulled out of her. She turned around and smiled.

"Well, it would hate not to clean up my mess," Emma said.

She took his cock into her mouth with glee one more time. Peter peered down at the seductive
student and smiled.

X-X-X

"Training simulation number sixty-nine complete."

In the real world, Emma and Peter unplugged themselves from the very advanced and enhanced virtual reality they entered. They did not only play their characters, but they became their characters.

"Really, Emma, sixty-nine?"

Emma offers no apologies with her smile. "Well, at least we know it works."

She put her hand on Peter's crotch and squeezed it.

"So, do you want to do it for real?" Emma asked her.

Peter just smiled and leaned in to kiss her. They aggressively tongue kissed each other before pulling apart.

"Let's find a classroom," Peter told her.

The two moved down to the elevator in the Xavier Institute. They would have to tell Kitty that it worked well, once she and Illyana returned from fighting interdimensional demons.

Hopefully they brought back a succubus or two. For science, naturally.

End.

Simple Release(Alex and Kara Danvers)

Simple Release(Kara and Alex Danvers)

The arms of two lovers tighten around each other with clothes rumbling. Peter Parker pushes the tongue into the mouth of his long time girlfriend, Alex Danvers. The two met when Peter and his aunt moved next story to the Danvers family and became friends, and then more throughout college.

She and Alex's sister has been there for Peter all of the way. Like now, with Alex pulling away from him and then kissing her handsome boyfriend several more times. First boy she ever kissed, first boy she did other fun things with. Despite Alex also having a fond spot in her heart for women as well, it just helps their relationship and helps spice things up in the bedroom.

"I'm ready to go right now."

Peter slides Alex's top off and moves in to devour her breasts. The feeling of Peter's mouth and hands squeezing and gripping over her chest draws another moan from Alex. She cannot get enough of Peter touching her in pretty much all of the spots which causes pleasure.

Speaking of a spot which causes pleasure, Peter slips a hand down the front of Alex's shorts and starts to play with her pussy. A deep breath comes from Alex.

"I love when you touch me. Keep doing it. Don't stop."

Peter assures her without words there's no intention for him to stop. He strips the rest of the clothing off of Alex to leave him with her beautiful body. He touches Alex all over, feeling the firmness and the toned nature of her skin. Hands rub between Alex's thighs and release causing her breath to only increase.

"Don't you dare...stop."

The gentleman of this part turns around and Alex slips down his pants to reveal his cock. She prepares to suck him off while he eats her out. It's a give and take which makes their relationship wonderful. Alex slides Peter inside of her mouth while he pleasures her pussy.

Those strong hands do a wonderful job in stroking her thighs and bringing Alex's body over the edge. Fits of pleasure spike through Alex from every corner of her body. A few strokes sends Alex over the top and make her moan around his cock.

Feeling his girlfriend's wonderful mouth around him only makes Peter want to give her more pleasure. Licking her sweet folds sends a pleasure down their bodies. Hands and mouths move in tandem to pleasure each other. The two enter this sixty-nine position.

The mutual oral sex both sides give each other increases the intensity of this encounter. Peter buries his tongue as deep as it will go. As deep as it can go to consume every last dripping motion of Alex's sweet snatch. The overflow of juices only make Peter hungry for more.

"Mmm."

Alex hungers for something as well. Peter's swollen testicles show how much he's going to give her. The web slinger stroking her thighs only burns some flurry in Alex. She repeatedly and endlessly sucks on her man's swollen prick, making sure it passes between her lips.
Closer, he gets closer, and Alex can only long for more. The pleasure increases the deeper Alex takes his manhood into the chambers of her throat. Several more pops brings Peter closer and closer.

The breaking point reaches and Peter rushes forward to slam deep into the throat of his lover. The first few blasts of seed hit the back of Alex's throat. Peter holds on for what is a hell of a ride, driving into her mouth on a constant and never ending basis.

Alex slurps the seed from his balls, hungering for more. It makes her eyes water to feel such a well endowed man fill her throat with his gift.

She responds by squirting all over Peter's face. Knowing full well how he cannot resist devouring her sweet folds and making Alex moan in delight. A swipe of his tongue brings more joy through Alex. Her thighs clamp down and release on Peter the further he goes into her.

Alex releases his cock between her lips with a soft pop. Moistening lips show how much she wants of this. Alex turns around and straddles the hips of her man.

"I'm ready to ride."

Her sex grinds against Peter and makes him groan. The tightening feeling over his loins makes him want to enter Alex and ram himself deep inside of her. His beautiful girlfriend is on top of him and Peter's not going to deny her.

"Of course. Let's do this."

A satisfied smile passes over Alex as Peter reaches to grab her hips and brings Alex down onto Peter's throbbing hard cock. The fulfillment of having Peter's large organ push its way past her gates makes Alex let out a victorious few pushes and now Peter's almost all the way inside of her.

She's loving this, loving this exact moment when Peter's deep inside of her and taking her body in pretty much every single way possible. Alex wiggles all over him and leans down to start playing with the chest and abs of Peter when riding him.

The tight box ensnares Peter and causes him to groan out in pleasure. He can feel Alex going up and down on him. Rapidly riding him and making sure his balls tingle. The feeling Peter receives from Alex milking him with her walls is beyond great. Watching her sensual body rise and drop in time, slapping her warm thighs down onto him. Yes, it's a pretty good feeling and one that Peter cannot deny is the very best.

"Touch my tits! They all belong to you."

He does more than touch them. Peter kneads and clings onto them. Making Alex's nipples stand out in attention. One pops into his mouth a second later while Peter plays with the other one.

The double sensations of having her nipples being pleasured, one by mouth and one by hand, shoots raw energy down Alex's body. The raw energy cascades all the way down her loins and tightens around Peter in response. She clamps down onto Peter and releases him.

"Mmm...mmm."

Alex rides him like it's no one's business. Her tight walls continue to clamp down onto him and squeeze him. Each orgasm milks Peter close to his finish.

Peter wants to look up in Alex's face and see the expression when she comes. It's the most beautiful thing in the world to see Alex just rising up and dropping down with endless pleasure. Her wet walls
clamp down and release Peter several times over until she comes again.

"It's going to be your turn soon."

A hand reaches onto Alex and squeezes her firm cheeks in response. His hands grind against Alex when she groans and grinds back onto him. She takes her lover deeper inside, about ready to finish alongside with him. The explosion the two of them share is going to be among the best, at least in her opinion.

Alex repeatedly milks her man until hitting another orgasm.

"Alex, I'm getting close."

"Hold on and keep going until you spurt. I want to feel your seed inside of me."

A few clamps brings Alex's pleasure to a rapid fire pace. She cannot do more than hold on to the rod which is spreading out her lips and pleasuring her body in different ways. Peter's hands are all over her as well, taking an approach which makes Alex shake over.

The two finish together, with Peter enjoying the tightening of Alex around his tool. The first few pushes and Peter enters a very evident daze. He squeezes Alex's tight cheeks and makes sure to get enough leverage to pump inside of her. The roaring rush of his seed spewing into Alex's tight box results in a pretty damn good feeling. One that Peter cannot describe through mere words, but he just has to do so.

Peter holds onto Alex, and keeps ramming into her tight box. The feeling of the stretching against him makes Peter groan the deeper and harder he goes into her, sending seed into her all of the way.

The warm rush of Peter's gift baptizes Alex's womb. This makes her remember about how once they get married, they might try for children. There's no more perfect time. For now, Alex religiously takes protection, and allows her to take more and more of Peter inside.

Peter pulls himself out of Alex and leaves her pussy still throbbing from being stuffed full. Alex slides backwards off of bed and then takes Peter into her mouth to suck on him. The taste of womanly juices, whether her own or another, and his cock always stirs up hot emotions.

"Kara...you can come in right now."

Alex only barely acknowledges the fact that her younger sister comes in, in full Supergirl attire. Kara stands up, looking like a naughty little girl who got caught sneaking sweets before dinner time.

"I swear...I just flew by...."

The look of Kara's slightly messed up hair, sweaty face, stiff nipples, ruppled up skirt, and sticky fingers, show Alex evidence to the contrary. She stops sucking Peter's manhood and goes to face Kara.

"I think we established long time ago if you want to join in, then join in."

Kara nods, she's joined in with Alex and Peter many times, as has her girlfriend, Lena. Those wild times always leaves Kara in handcuffs and the thought makes her go a bit red in the face. Regardless, Alex takes Kara's hand and sticks the juice soaked fingers into her mouth.

Alex sucks on Kara's fingers and makes her moan. Feeling the warm hand against her inner thigh makes Kara breath in good.
Peter stands up and takes notice. It's not the first time both sisters play with each other for his benefit. Alex grabs Kara on the back of the head and kisses her deeply. The hunger increases with Kara's tongue driving faster and further into Alex's mouth in response.

Smoldering eyes lock onto each other with passion and pleasure. Kara wraps her legs around Alex's waist and Alex marches her over to the bed.

Alex climbs on top of Kara and makes out with her some more. Her friend hand wraps around Peter's manhood and pumps him up even more.

The kiss breaks and Alex just smiles.

"Keep the uniform, but lose the panties."

It's always a kink for Alex to fuck Supergirl and to have her way with the Last Daughter of Krypton. Sometimes, they play mad scientist and captured superheroine. Alex relieve's Kara of her panties and then kisses her right on the shield, sending a further tingle on her.

"And you're being rude. Say hello to Peter."

The double meaning of Alex's words become apparent when she swings the cock and smacks Kara on the lips.

"Hello, Peter."

Kara's warm breath hits his cock and she briefly takes Peter down her throat. It's brief and intense, with the tightness of Kara's sexy throat making sure Peter feels it. The perfect lung control Kara has allows her to take Peter deeper without choking.

Alex fingers herself to Kara sucking her boyfriend and future husband off. Curiosity makes her wonder what Spider Powered Kryptonian babies would be like, but that's another thought for another time.

The intense blowjob Kara gives him leaves Peter with a longing ache in his loins. Kara wraps a hand around him and gives him a super fast handjob as well.

"Well, future brother-in-law, do you want your naughty future sister-in-law to ride your big cock?"

"I'm pretty sure Alex would love to see that."

In full Supergirl costume, sans one pair of panties, Kara climbs on top of Peter's manhood. His cock rubs against her lips and sends a searing feeling through her. She cannot help and tease a little bit before taking the plunge.

No matter how many times Peter enters Kara, she's as tight as ever. The clamping of Kara's wet walls around him bring a growing pleasure through his cock.

Peter Parker fulfills the dream of many of fanboys. His huge throbbing cock slides deep between Supergirl's thighs and entering her pussy. That skirt enticingly flipping when Peter disappears underneath it and inside of her. Feeling Kara clamp down onto him and release it.

"It's been way too long!"

It's actually only been a couple of weeks, but why let a little insignificant thing like the facts get in the way of pleasure? And Peter's giving his lover so much pleasure. Feeling her tightness close down
around him and release him makes this a pretty good moment.

Kara closes her eyes to properly focus on Peter. His touch, his intrusion into her. It feels beyond good. Her nipples poke out hard on the other side of Kara's uniform top. A free hand, belong to Alex, squeezes Kara's hardening nipples through her shirt and makes her moan out in pleasure.

She reaches the edge and a tight grip around Peter sends him closer into her. His balls throb, although given he already came inside of Alex's mouth and pussy, Kara knows she can take a long amount of time indulging in the endless pleasure of Peter's large prick.

Alex pulls out a dildo and rubs it against her body. The final destination ends with the phallus driving into her pussy and making Alex's muscles flare up with sexual energy. It's not as good as Peter being inside of her and touching her in all of the places which drive her wild. It's going to have to do for right now, for numerous reasons.

"Yes!"

The sound of her sister letting out this one word followed by an orgasm only makes this more encouraging for Alex to drive deeper into her gushing pussy.

Kara lifts up and drops down all the way. Peter stretches her pussy completely out. There's no need for him to hold back his enhanced strength because Kara can take anything he can give and so much more. A few more strokes on the back of her legs right before Peter edges closer and closer.

The length pushes deeper inside of Kara's tight, warm, box. It always feels like a treat to be between the warm thighs of Supergirl. She squeezes him. Peter rides out her tight wet hole to an orgasm and makes sure to have her feel every single last moment.

Fingers clinging to Kara's ass underneath her skirt also allows the web slinger to bury further inside. Upon the back of Kara's orgasm, Peter comes ever so closer to reaching his own.

"Oh, I want to see you cum inside of my sister, so I can eat your gift out of her sweet pussy. That would be so...fucking...hot!"

Alex repeatedly jams her dildo inside of herself. Her vocal words doing sex is a contrast to Kara's soft and understated demeanor. That being said, Kara's moans spur a fire on Alex. She knows how to get Kara to moan like she is very easily and to get those beautiful eyes burning with lust.

Lust is the word of the day as Kara takes her future brother-in-law inside. She knows Alex will let this continue, along with the double dates she and Lena go on with Peter and Alex. Right now, Kara is intent to feeling the warmth of Peter. Kara does not deny having a huge crush on Peter, but always found him unattainable being in Alex's age group and being so much more mature. Being allowed to be a part of this relationship, is a pretty damn great feeling.

And speaking of great feelings, Peter continues to bury his way into Kara and slaps his balls down onto her soft thighs. He reaches the edge.

All three of them reach an edge, with Alex's own self pleasure and Kara riding Peter reverse-cowgirl style. Peter holds onto Kara and smashes her wet box around him. Feeling the tightening around his manhood sends Peter ever so closer to the tipping point. He almost goes over the edge and hangs on seconds before spurting.

Being the true gentleman, Peter lets Kara finish first. Her walls squeezing hard and tight around his rock hard staff sends a warm rush through Peter. He hangs on for a couple more minutes before finally losing it inside Kara.
Kara squeezes his hand and allows her warm walls to milk him until Peter finishes bursting inside of her. A constant rush of seed fills her body and makes Kara hold on tight for what can be a very intense ride.

The next thing he knows, Kara collapses on the bed. And Alex, as promised, climbs between Kara's legs and sucks Peter's gift out as it drips between her thighs.

Sisterly love is such a beautiful thing. Peter intends to slip himself into the situation in due time. Watching Alex's face disappear underneath Kara's skirt and Kara's beautiful eyes wide open with burning love gives him plenty of fuel to get ready for another round.

At full length, Peter makes his move and takes the plunge. Alex's welcoming moan, despite muffled by Kara's thighs, shows how much she appreciates him being back inside.

The person who came up three day weekends is a genius. Barring any alien invasions, Peter, Alex, and Kara know they have much time to bond with each other.

End.

Next Chapter: 10/6/2018.
Internship(Max Gibson)

The nice view overlooking the city captures the attention of Maxine Gibson. There's only one thing which she can say and that's to say, wow. She's standing on the office floor of the Horizon Labs branch of Gotham City, ready to meet with the man himself, the one and only Peter Parker.

His accomplishments speak for themselves and yet, he's a bit of enigma. He appears to be ageless as well, which shows how good he takes care of himself. Then again, modern medicine in this year is a pretty good thing. It does not hurt that Max crushes on him just a little bit. What red-blooded woman would not have an interest for him?

She dresses in the standard business attire, button up blouse, a suit jacket, a skirt, and sheer stockings, along with nice shoes as well. The chocolate-skinned woman waits for him and wonders if she is going to get the job. Working underneath Peter Parker in an internship is like a dream come true for her.

The footsteps of the arrival of the man in question heightens Maxine's expectations. He's in the office and just that much more handsome in person.

Max bounces up to a standing position.

"Mr. Parker, it's an honor to meet you, sir."

"It is an honor to meet you as well, Miss Gibson. And I have been looking over your resume and your grades and I have to say, I'm quite impressed."

Peter looks over the resume. Maxine taps her fingers. She watches him look over the resume.

"I want you to know, sir, that I'm someone who is willing to do anything to get the job done. Anything you need, I'll do. And if I don't know how to do it, I can learn."

"Yes, that's a great attitude to have. And just by glancing at your qualifications, you back up what you say very easily. I don't think that there's going to be many problems."

Perhaps it's just Maxine's imagination, but she's sensing a but in the statement.

"I'm not completely confident you have the ability to be a team player."

"What do you mean?"

"This is a vigorous job and the team of Horizon needs to be able to work together. I need to make sure you are ready to give it your all, no matter what to get the job done, no matter how it takes. Can you last or will you fall?"

Max keeps her eyes firmly onto her boss.

"Sir, I'm completely serious. I'll do anything that you want for this job. I don't care what it takes."

Max realizes her skirt slides up a little bit to show her bare leg. She notices Peter glance at her smooth dark thigh for a second and a bit of an idea comes through Max's mind.

"And I'm not kidding. When I mean anything, I seriously mean anything."
She leans in and puts the hands on Peter's thighs and leans in. The first couple of buttons on her blouse come open. Max reaches over and undoes one of the bottom to reveal her deep, dark cleavage to him. Her breasts sway in her shirt.

"Are you trying to seduce me, Ms. Gibson?"

"I'm just showing you that I have what it takes."

Max sits down on Peter's lap facing him. She pulls her bra off the rest of the way and reveals her large breasts with rich looking nipples. Nipples which call to Peter the second his eyes lock onto them. He cannot help and lean in to cup the chest and squeeze it.

"Yes, I know that you do."

Peter folds his hands underneath Max's chest and squeezes them. They feel so warm in his hands. Peter cannot resist grabbing and squeezing her chest. The fact he's getting a woman young enough to be his daughter off makes him harden even more. He cannot wait to throw her down on the desk.

Max makes sure her chest is in perfect position. Watching Peter's lighter color face burying itself in her cleavage makes it really good. She puts a hand on his head and guides hi min.

The animalistic fury Peter gives to this tit attacking is almost too much for Max to withstand. She cannot help and lean back to enjoy the feeling of this warm mouth all over her body. He sucks her and makes Max want even more. A hand dives down and moves to her ass.

"You like playing with my ass. I bet you were checking it out earlier, weren't you? Along with my legs and tits...well it's all for you, honey. It's all for you."

Max dry humps his crotch. She rubs against him at the same time Peter attacks her breasts. It's a very good feeling.

The feeling is about to get even better when Peter scoops her up and pulls off her panties. The pink hair on Max's pussy exposes itself to him. Peter shoves a finger inside of her.

"How do you like that?"

The coo coming from Max's sexy mouth indicates she likes that a whole lot and cannot hold back for more. Peter gives it to her, stuffing a second finger, and then a third into her. His fingers work her warm and wet pussy over.

Peter finds himself enjoying this sweet young thing squirming all over the desk. Her wet pussy just beckons for him. The prison in his pants becomes unbearable. Yet, he need to keep enjoying Max's tight hole to know that he will be inside of her soon enough.

Max's face coats with sweat. His fingers work inside of her and manipulate her folds. Fire burns through every inch of her body when the deep fingering continues to grow. Her mouth drips with a further amount of drool.

"Want me to help you with that?"

Max spreads her legs and points a finger to his crotch. Peter finally releases Max from his grip.

Fire burns through Maxine Gibson's eyes the second she removes Peter's belt and then pulls down his pants the rest of the way.
Max's eyes shift to the piece of manhood in front of her. She intently studies it over the next few minutes and takes it all in.

"It looks like you're larger than life in more than your personality."

Max rubs his manhood against her face. Peter stops her from doing so.

"How would you like me? On my back? On my hands and knees? Or straddling you, ready to ride you like the stallion that you are."

She squeezes and fondles his cock as she says this. Peter leans to her.

"What do you think is the best for us to complete the task?"

Max thinks about it for a second. She turns around and gets on her hands and knees. Her opening is right at the edge of the desk, about ready for Peter Parker to take the plunge inside. His hands move against her body and touches her in all of the ways which makes Max just wild with pleasure.

"I think you made a pretty good choice."

His hands explore her greedy body. They want his touch and do not want to let up. Peter clutches Max's firm ass and spanks it a couple of times.

The jiggling firm flesh makes Peter smile. A slight red mark rising from her chocolate posterior only makes Peter want to rear back and do it again, so he does.

Peter puts his hand underneath her slit before spanking her again. The evidence of Max's arousal comes up.

"At least you're nice and wet. Perfect for what we're going to do."

"Of course, sir. Always want to be a team player. And I need to be ready to finish the job, no matter how long it takes."

His arms slide around Max's waist and lines up for the intrusion. Her pussy lips call for him. The second Peter touches her wet outer lips, it's almost like she tries to suck him completely in. The web slinger pushes his manhood deep into Max's wet pussy.

"Well, you're very good...at making this feel good."

"Just get that thing deeper and we'll see how good you will feel."

"Oooh, hopefully you back them up."

Peter's all over her body and he listens intently to how she reacts. Inch by inch, his throbbing hard manhood drives deeper into Max from behind until he's completely balls deep into the lovely young woman. His balls slap against her wet thighs, leaving a mark on her. Peter pulls completely out of her and then drives into her body.

He's now inside of her and working an established pattern. Maxine Gibson's warm and moist folds work him over. Peter feels the swelling go over his body. His big balls keep spanking Maxine's thigh from behind and bring her further to the top.

Peter reaches underneath Maxine and runs his fingers down her lower back. Her belly button is sensitive given how much she just lights up for the touch. He's all over body.
Today, Maxine comes in hoping for an internship and she gets so much more. It's almost hard to hold out long enough. Yet, Maxine Gibson is not about to hold out on this living legend. The experienced and skilled man knows how to push all of the buttons to get her gushing.

The more Maxine gushes the further he can go with her. Rapid swings of thick juicy balls slap down Maxine's firm thighs. He holds onto her chest and gives her nipples a handy squeeze, making Maxine scream out in another cry. Peter buries himself into her on a rapid fire pace until he's very much deep inside of her and never once letting up on what he's doing.

Smack after smack against her firm flesh makes this a pretty good ride. Peter can feel her ass every time he pushes forward into her. Also, her pussy tenses around him.

"I think you'll be the perfect team player. Always ready to take on any challenges no matter how intimidating they are."

He stuffs Maxine's box deep with his meat. He speeds up more and makes Maxine let out those soft moans of pleasure underneath him. Her wet pussy massages every inch of his shaft and makes him feel good the deeper and faster he's stuffing her.

"I bet you didn't think your job interview would go anything like this."

"No, sir."

"But, you're glad."

"Yes, sir."

She would never pass up an opportunity to sleep with her dream man. Aged like a fine wine, Peter repeatedly thrusts into her, and hits all of her nerve endings. The constant bombardment of pleasure hits her.

Her pussy slurps his cock up and appears to be determined to get every single last drop out of those balls. Peter holds onto her tight rear and grinds into her, humming.

"I love how that greedy little pussy of yours can't get of this cock. I guess that means that we're going to have a nice...long...personal relationship."

Each thrust drives Maxine almost breathless. She cannot help and think she may have bitten off more than she can chew. Her skin shines with sweat and arousal.

Watching the ebony teenager quiver underneath the prowess of his manhood gives Peter a sense of enjoyment. The fact he's making her feel so good is even better.

Peter stalls for just a minute to feel the moment. Once the moment has been completely felt, he plunges back into Max and explores her body one more time. He wraps a hand around her hips and squeezes them which makes Maxine just clamp down onto him.

"You want to feel good too...don't you, sir."

"Yes, Ms. Gibson....I want you to feel this first. Get ready. Just focus on what I'm doing and get ready."

Max closes her nails around the desk. Trying hard not to scratch the finish of the desk, it's something that is hard to do in the moment. Especially when Peter's just ramming his way inside of her and making sure Maxine gets the full dose of his cock inside of her body.
Her wet cavern becomes the home for a long hard pounding. Sexy energy pulses all over Max's quim. Every inch of his manhood just ruts inside of her. His hands move over her thighs and makes her breath in. It's so good to be touched and to be rammed so utterly.

Maxine hopes not to pass out because that might make an unfavorable expression. Given how many women he's likely bedded, her passing out is not going to hit her well.

Determination builds and bubbles all over Max. Not to mention her pussy bubbling and allowing his cock to ram deeper and faster inside of her body. The friction burns through them and Max senses he's about ready to finish. She wants to bring him along the rest of the way and make him gush.

Peter rides her firm body all the way to the end. The young woman shows stamina and the energy not to fold too soon. He makes all of her dreams so far.

The lucky woman takes the cock from the much older and experienced man. Exactly how old, well does it really matter when someone can go like this, like a machine? Her eighteen year old pussy quivers one more time when Peter rams into her.

"My turn. Hope you're ready."

Peter bottoms out in Maxine's gushing pussy and takes her in several long thrusts. His balls repeatedly pound Maxine and leave red marks all over the underside of her thighs. Peter slides out almost all the way and goes back into her, stuffing her pussy full of his big cock.

The tension of his balls raises and Peter can feel it. His muscles tense up and then with one more push, he rams deep into Max and coats her wet hole with a rush of seed.

Maxine takes his load without any problems or questions. Peter rides out her pussy in time with the strokes. It feels really amazing to feel Maxine's soft walls just milking his engorged prick. Every single drop sprays from his balls.

Peter spraying her hole deep with his seed makes Maxine just tighten on him. So many thoughts daze her, and it's just the feeling of satisfaction which hits her.

"This is like a dream."

"Well, at Horizon we make dreams come true."

Those words finish off and Peter pulls out of her. This allows Maxine to roll over on the desk. A river of cum flows from between her warm thighs. Maxine sweetly bites down on her lip. A leg rises and her foot brushes against Peter's cock when it hovers over her.

"I'm ready to see what other positions you'd like me to explore this problem. Are you ready to see as well?"

Maxine rubs his erection until it's pumping hard with blood. Peter pulls back and puts his hands on the back of her legs. He elevates them up into the air before sliding into her.

"I think this is a start of a very close and intimate partnership between you and Horizon, Ms. Gibson."

"Oh, you have no idea."

He's balls deep inside of Max's sweet pussy again and pounding her until she can't think straight.
End.

Next Chapter: 10/13/2018.
Anniversaries of the death of a loved ones always tend to be moments where people look back of sorrow and a thought of what might have been. Especially when the wounds are only a year fresh, as it is in the case of Jemma Simmons. And when someone's death comes upon a wedding anniversary, well that just twists the knife into the ribs even more.

Jemma only looks out and sips on the cup of wine. She already had a good cry this morning, and now that she dries her eyes, she's left alone with bitterness at the fact that the monster who is responsible for the events of a year ago is still out there. A monster who would slowly kill her.

She likes to think that she's done a good enough job in putting her life back together. Living a lie is much more preferred to living the most harsh and stone cold reality. Jemma folds her arms together and brings out another deep sigh. Arms and legs both together in harmony.

"Hey."

Peter Parker, someone who has been a close and dear friend to her in these trying months, show up. He comes over and wraps his arms around Jemma with a hug.

"I needed that."

"I know. Last year…"

"Yes, Fitz. I'm still sorry."

"You don't need to blame yourself. I'm shouldering enough of the blame for both of us together."

"Yeah, I know, but Osborn is…"

"He's a monster that you thought was long gone, right before the evil Goblin cult brought him back to life."

Peter stands behind Jemma and puts his arms around her. It's true. It was not the first time the Green Goblin cheated death. His rampage on New York before Spider-Man brought him down caused many good people to lose their lives on that day.

"I want him dead."

"I'm sorry."

"And I'm not going to ask you to compromise your values to make him that. What kind of friend would I be if I asked you to do that? With great power there must also come great responsibility."

If more people lived by that fact, the world would be a lot better place. Jemma sits down the glass of wine and stands up. She considers Peter good long minute. She stumbles until Peter catches her.

"I think you need a good lie down."

"Yes...would you help me into bed?"

Jemma presses her body against Peter's. She feels how muscular he is. And to be honest, even
though it's all kinds of wrong on today of all days, Jemma cannot help and admire her attraction to the handsome young man. The hero who risks his life, and does not do it for the accolades or the fame, no Peter does it because it's the right thing to do.

She admires this, and wishes more people would be selfless like him.

They move into the bedroom area. Jemma collapses on the bed and pulls Peter down right next to her. The two take a bit of a tumble. She alternates between laughing and crying before breathing in deeply and sobering up.

"Sorry, bit smashed right now."

"It's okay...you have a reason."

"It's taken me a year to process...and I should remember today...but today….I want to forget."

Without another word, all impulse control gone, Jemma shoves her lips on Peter's and kisses him. Peter pulls away respectfully.

"Bad breath that bad?"

"No, we shouldn't be doing this…""

"You're not going to leave me when I'm at my lowest, are you? I think...that it's your responsibility to help someone like me heal and move on….you wouldn't want to disappoint me, would you?"

Jemma strokes Peter's chest and breaths in his ear. The two of them move closer and closer. The top couple of buttons of her top open up and her skirt rides up.

"Please, just...this once....I feel so lonely."

"That's the alcohol talking."

Jemma grabs Peter's crotch and is glad to feel he's at least interested enough to consider this. Given what she overheard involving Peter and Daisy a few weeks ago, well, there's something which has been lurking in the resources of Jemma's mind, a demon just ready to get out.

And she wants to feel loved again and who better than Peter to do it.

"A drunk woman's words are a sober woman's taughts...and I can see that someone wants to play."

Jemma squeezes his manhood a couple more times. Peter leans in and puts his hand on her back. He leans in and kisses Jemma on the lips one more time. Their tongues meet together, with Jemma working her tongue down into the throat of the younger man in front of her.

Her hands brush against his biceps and she squeezes it. Jemma runs a finger down his body and reaches to undo his pants.

Peter pulls away.

"I'm going to help you...this isn't about me."

"Well, helping you would make me feel good but…."

Without another word, Peter flips up her skirt and reveals Jemma's lacy black panties. He pulls them back and brings her pussy out into the open. The evidence of arousal splash on Jemma's puffy pink
lips right prior to Peter diving down on them and eating her out.

Jemma's mind goes completely wild. He knows how to eat a woman out. And she's getting eaten out by Spider-Man. His hands and tongue work in tandem to charge Jemma's libido up even more. Not that it needs much charging. For the first time in an extremely long time, Jemma focuses on her pleasure and not her guilt.

He's a pussy eating machine as well.

"You're good...how did...how did you get this good?"

Jemma fondles one of her breasts and lets out a whimpering sigh.

Peter's not about to reveal his trade secret. Let's just say, he learns a lot from his meetings with a certain Black Cat and leave it at that. He dives in and laps up Jemma's tasty juices. He can feel she's about ready to come and Peter doubles down on her, working her pussy completely over his tongue.

"Bloody hell!"

Jemma's eyes glaze completely over and she starts breathing heavily. Peter is really going to town on her pussy. She can feel herself heat up with a burning desire and it's not going to be too much longer before her pussy starts to release those warm juices all over his face.

She closes her legs onto the back of his head and leans in, breathing in pleasure. Peter rubs the back of her legs and sends Jemma into further fits. She's getting closer and he's edging her that much more closer.

Jemma explodes, squirting her warm juices all over Peter's face. Peter buries himself deep into her womanhood and goes down on her, sucking her juices out. She loves every minute, especially when Peter starts playing with her clit. Jemma takes a deep breath and allows her entire body to shudder to a stop.

Good, so good, and Jemma just smiles. It's about time she's gotten some long overdue attention. Peter rises up from her with a smile on his face. He reaches over and undoes Jemma's blouse the rest of the way. He pulls off her bra and starts playing with her firm tits.

"You're beautiful."

Jemma smiles when Peter worships her body with numerous kisses. It has gone untouched for a year and now Jemma's receiving a full court treatment of Peter exploring every nook and cranny. She makes many sensual noises and moans the more Peter's all over you.

"Mr. Parker, I think you're...a bit overdressed."

Peter smiles and Jemma sits up to help Peter out of his clothes. She oogles his muscular body, drool coming out of her. And there's already one set of lips which drools this entire time.

Jemma savors the moment, even if she wants to tear into his clothes like a kid on Christmas morning. Belt, pants, and then boxing shorts which reveals Peter's big beautiful cock. It's long, thick, and throbbing, and all for her. Jemma puts it in the palm of her hands.

"I need this inside me, right now."

Jemma slides back and spreads her legs. Peter takes the hint and moves over to Jemma. He lands inside of her body and pushes inside of her body.
The first couple of inches split Jemma in half like a pole being shoved inside. Jemma bites down on her lips.

No pain, no gain after all, and once she accommodates to this, she will get a hole lot of gain. Jemma rests back and tries to make sure Peter shoves his way into her tightening box.

Peter feels Jemma's wet lips part for him more and more. Her pussy is really wet and slick and makes him feel so good. Not to mention tight, tight, obviously she's not slept with anyone since Fitz's death a year ago at the hands of the Green Goblin. That gives Peter a brief amount of pause, but Jemma's inviting body entices him.

"It's...it's not even half, is it?"

"No, it isn't."

"Deeper! I really want you in me! I can take it! I'm a big girl."

"Well, I hope you can back it up."

Peter puts his hands on Jemma's waist and moves to her hips to give it a squeeze. Jemma gives a sexy sound when he edges a bit closer into her.

It takes Peter several minutes before he's completely inside of Jemma and rocking his cock inside of her body. She looks at him with a burning desire in her eyes. With Peter's hands ghosting over her chest and tugging on her nipples. Jemma moans hotly in his ear and moves her hands to grip his back.

"You're inside me...this is amazing."

Peter pushes his manhood into her and splits her completely down the middle. Jemma spreads her legs and allows for Peter's touch to go inside of her.

Her pussy bubbles over with molten desire. Peter's inside of her deep and hard. She cannot believe how long it takes. It allows Jemma to ease the pain and finally get some pleasure. Finally get a chance to move on, the deeper and faster Peter drives into her body.

The web slinger puts his hands on the back of her legs and elevates them into the air. This allows Peter to gain more leverage and smash Jemma.

"Getting smashed in a good way."

That cheeky smile only makes her loins moisten. Peter's inside of her and really going to town on her now. Every inch of him is inside of her and there's really no room to fit much of anything other than his manhood. Jemma tightens, tighter, tighter, until she pops.

A warm blast of juices comes all over Peter's manhood. He slams down into Jemma and works her to a rapid fire conclusion. Jemma moans and holds on for a hell of a ride. Making sure Peter's inside of her as deep as humanly possible, and riding her warm hole out until she loses it completely.

Peter closes around her thighs and pounds away at Jemma. He rides her again and again. Jemma clutches onto the bed and looks sexy as hell. The brainy woman gives herself up to her.

"Harder! I really want you to feel it. Pull my hair when you ram into me."

"Are you sure?"
"Yes, you wanker!"

It's always the brainy ones who are the most naughty. Peter rams into her and grabs onto Jemma's hair. The two of them smash their mouths onto each other as Peter smashes her. Their frantic make out and screwing session increases.

Peter slows down just enough to allow Jemma to savor the moment. His fingers release their grip from her hair.

"Sometimes, you need to make love. And sometimes you just need a good hard….

Peter understands and appreciates that fact. He's all over Jemma once more and the sounds she makes shows much she craves his touch. He can sense her release coming about in her body.

Jemma's legs tighten around him and she can feel the build up just about ready to burn through her body. A few more pushes send Peter deeper and deeper inside of her. Every inch of her lover makes Jemma appreciate him. Her body calls for his touch and craves it.

Up until the point of release, where Jemma feels like she's in heaven. He slows down, making sure Jemma feels every single moment, right before speeding back up.

The release comes and she feels more alive than ever before. The size of Peter's balls slapping against her jolting her up.

"You deserve to release as well...and inside me. Please...inside me."

Jemma holds onto Peter and he gets one look at her face. The adorable lip bite she does almost makes Peter come undone instantly. He rapidly holds onto her and smashes her warm hole up until the point where the friction builds up in him and Peter's about ready to pop.

He repeatedly works into her at a measured pace. Every single inche, Jemma feels and Peter feels her grinding against him, in anticipation for the final climax.

"Last chance."

"Do it. Web my pussy."

A bit corny, but sometimes humor between science nerds doesn't quite hit the mark. So, Peter will allow it.

The tension in his muscles rise up and something way beyond Spider Sense tingles. A tightening of his loins is the set off for his exploison. He plants his manhood further and further inside of her, slapping against her warm thighs and building up momentum for the end.

The end comes a few second with Peter shooting a stream of his essence into Jemma. Jemma clamps down onto him and joins him in their orgasm. Her arms and legs lock around him to bring Peter close.

While one does not get over what happened easily, Jemma feels a lot better now that she's been with someone that she trusts and cares about on this day. She's glad Peter came over and she's just glad he's come at all. The feeling of his balls slapping against her as they empty makes Jemma edge closer and closer, her nails digging into his shoulder. The moans coming out of her throat only increase.

Then, Peter detaches from her body and allows her to shudder to a stop.
"Stay with me tonight?"

"Anything."

Peter leans in and kisses Jemma one more time. She smiles and returns the kiss.

End.

Next Chapter: 10/20/2018.
A new blog exclusive chapter has dropped, featuring Spider-Man with Sombra and Brigitte from Overwatch. It's titled "Spidey Does Brigitte and Sombra" and you can check that out through my blog exclusive archive page. https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2018/10/spidey-does-brigitte-and-sombrasticky.html

Forbidden Tango(Aunt May(MCU/Homecoming Version))

Everything started so innocently in the best of Peter's recollections. Bitten by a spider and also the death of his uncle, it's been a rough last couple of months. Yet, things began to get even more insane, when Peter's hormones shot up to an entire new level and the struggle to keep it in his pants among some of the most beautiful women out there just begin. Peter's heart beats even faster just thinking about it.

Then, summer vacation happens, and Peter's alone for several hours a day with his Aunt May, a beautiful mature woman, who seems to tempt him, without even knowing about it. May Parker is like a fine wine and there's almost a small part of Peter who thinks she seems younger.

It all starts innocently, with the touches, with the caresses, and then with the general comforting after Ben's death. Then, suddenly, it starts, he kisses her and she kisses him back. Then they make love to each other, and not only do they do it once, but they keep doing it.

Now, May's in the kitchen, wearing nothing other than an apron which does little to cover her fantastic body. Her nice sized breasts, flat stomach, wide hips, and tanned complexion, not to mention her juicy lips, dark hair, and beautiful face. Those lips, the things May did to him.

The angel on Peter's shoulder long since gave up telling him how wrong this is.

"Here's your wheat cakes, Peter. Finish them all and I might have a nice surprise."

She leans onto the counter briefly and lifts her leg, wiggling her bare toes at him. Peter swallows and takes a long drink of orange juice before diving into his breakfast.

May sits down at the table and casually drinks a cup of coffee. Also, casually, she runs her foot down the edge of Peter's leg from across the table. He groans at the touch of his lovely aunt, toying with him underneath the table for everything he's worth. Peter groans the second May's foot comes up to rest on his lap.

"So, are you ready to go back to school?"

"Yeah...hoping for a good year."

"Are there any girls that you might have your eye on?"

May teases his erection. She feels very naughty around her nephew right now. There's a part of her who admits that this is all wrong, but there's another part of her who gets off on this. Causing some arousal from a young man, that gives her ego a boost. And even at her age, May is confident she has what it takes to please her man. Even if said man happens to be her nephew.

Frankly, given how the schools do such a sub-standard job at teaching sexual education, May feels that she needs to fill in the blanks anyway and make sure Peter's well aware.
"A few...but they have...a lot to live up to."

"You're sweet, Peter."

She has his cock out of his pants right now and is pleasuring him with his feet. She uses lotion on her feet on this morning to make them nice and soft so they can slip up and down around Peter's manhood. May grinds up against him and casually drinks the coffee.

Peter tries to focus on the wheat cakes and not the fact his aunt's giving him an amazing footjob from underneath the table. And that's likely a tip from the eyeburg. The term cougar comes to mind, with the predatory look in May's eyes when she rubs Peter up and down and causes his manhood to keep rising up against the table.

His cock knocks against the table and May just smiles. Her toes work their magic over him. May slowly, but surely edges Peter all the way to the end and then stops short. She leans in and allows Peter to see the tops of her breasts as her apron slips down.

"I think I need to check to make sure there's enough food in the fridge. I wouldn't want to let my nephew to go hungry. After all, he's a growing boy."

May reaches underneath the table to squeeze Peter's manhood and he closes his eyes. Tugging on his rod in a tease, May slips away to go check on the food. Bending over and allowing the apron to slide up to reveal her ass and pussy to Peter. This makes his cock, already out of his pants, throb. The blood rushing from his head and to his loins makes Peter grab onto the table and let out a couple of deep breaths in frustration.

Peter rises up, after finishing his meal. He moves in and grabs May from behind, grinding his cock against her back.

"Mmm! Peter. I'm happy to finished breakfast."

Peter pulls off May's apron all of the way and reveals her naked body to him. He turns her around and presses her back first against the fridge. Her legs spread in position for his cock.

"Are you ready for your desert?"

A smile passes over Peter's face and he kisses May on the lips. She returns the kiss, ramming her tongue into her nephew's throat.

May feels younger than she has in a long time, making out with her nephew like she's a high school girl on prom night. She runs her hands over Peter's shoulders and back, feeling up his muscular and strong body. A body which she wants to have her legs wrapped around while Peter rams the daylights out of her.

Peter enjoys his aunt's mature body pressing against his. Her breasts remain fairly perky, not even sagging due to age. She's the model of aging gracefully and Peter cannot help and grab her breasts before causing her to moan.

"I want you. I want you inside me. Can you do that for dear Aunt, Peter?"

Peter grinds his manhood against Aunt May's beautiful pussy. She shaves her hair down to a small strip for him and he appreciates this. Her soft legs wrap around Peter and he guides himself inside of her.

Any awkwardness long since leaves their relationship. It becomes a practiced and excellent dance for
Peter to shove his manhood into Aunt Many and start driving into her. His thick balls repeatedly slap against her thighs the further and faster he's in her.

May closes her eyes and feels her nephew touching her all over, burying his face in her chest. The kiss only increases with Peter holding onto her hips and repeatedly driving inside of her. He fucks her into the fridge, pressing her back against it and making her moan in pleasure.

"Deeper! I want you deeper! I want you all the way inside me! You don't want to let me down."

Most certainly he does not. And he's not let down, not that Peter can ever be let down by May's slick and warm walls clamping down around him. She pumps his manhood into her body and he holds back before driving deeper and faster into her. His thick balls crack up against May's thighs and make her scream in pleasure.

The deeper Peter drives into her, the more May's loins burn with desire. Peter shoves as much of his cock as can go into her and is riding her into the fridge. Her hands grind up.

He pulls out of her, only to spin May around and press her chest against the fridge. Her nipples harden from the coolness and Peter touches her and makes her moan in pleasure.

"Don't hold back for long, dear."

Peter slides his cock deep into Aunt May. Her dark hair comes askew from Spider-Man and his intense ramming into her. His thick prick spikes deep into her body. His balls repeatedly and endlessly slap down onto her, sending May into fits of screaming pleasure.

The web slinger is into May and then completely out of May. His balls crack against her and he's back inside of her. Riding her and pleasuring her body.

"You're beautiful. Amazing."

"Thank you."

Peter works himself into his lovely aunt. Feeling her wet walls clamping down onto him means that Peter's very close to popping inside of her as well. He holds himself out.

May wonders if pregnancy is even a concern. Years ago, she and Ben could not have children of her own, no matter how hard they tried. Whether it was Ben or May, they never really found out. All May concerns herself with is her studly nephew stretching out her pussy and making May his own personal cock sleeve.

It's not exactly what she ever dreams of, having her teenage nephew driving faster and faster into her. But, May feels that despite society judging what they are doing as wrong, it just feels so good that it has to be right.

Taboos would not be taboos if they were not exciting after all.

Peter breaks and cums inside of May. Feeling his juices just blast the inside of his Aunt's pussy feels so right. She's so warm and wet, and Peter cannot help and keep touching her as he fucks her. Peter holds onto May and squeezes her breasts moaning in pleasure.

The sensation of achieving release inside of his mature aunt makes Peter high.

The second they break apart, May cups the underside of Peter's cock and pulls him into a kiss. She backs her nephew off into the living room, before setting him on the couch.
The cougar drops to her knees with a predatory smile on her face. May pushes her warm lips around Peter and starts vigorously sucking her nephew off. Peter's eyes widening as his Aunt gives him an amazing blowjob is a sight to behold.

No matter how much May wants to taste his cum in her mouth, she just wants to get him hard because she's not quite spent. May's in the sexual prime of her life, thank you very much, and she wants to feel the vigor of having him inside of her body, when she rides him.

May grabs Peter's cock.

"It's a shame that you're going to be back to school. I'll miss having this all to myself, all day and every day."

"Oh, we'll make up for it during holidays and weekends."

"Good."

The sexy older woman mounts Peter's manhood and slides his throbbing cock inside of her hole to stretch her out again. May's breasts become eye level with Peter when she drops down. It does not take a genius to realize Peter should pay them some attention.

And given he is a genius, Peter picks it up. Feeling May's soft and firm breasts in his hands. Squeezing them and making May just breath out in pleasure. May closes her walls around him and encourages his behavior by moaning in his ear.

"Auntie loves her Peter touching her all over. And she wants her nephew's cock, deep inside of her pussy."

The hot breathing from May only encourages Peter to touch her all over. He squeezes May's nipples and releases them. May drips on his cock head and down to the base of said cock as well. May repeats her rising and descent to push as much of Peter inside of her as possible.

She rides her nephew like there's no tomorrow. Peter's balls throb underneath the tightening of May's box. Peter resumes his touching and fondling of May's chest. May moans and rides him some more, making sure his balls repeatedly slap her on the thighs.

May Parker drips at the reminder this young man she rides is her nephew. Their relationship must be behind closed doors given the circumstances of it. Feeling his hard cock push deeper and faster into her makes May realize just how great it is to be with her handsome nephew.

She shifts so he lies back on the couch and she lies on top of him. The two make out when May works her pussy down onto him. Peter's hands move all over her back and rub it to release some of the tension. May cannot believe just how long Peter can go and he does a good job fulfilling her sexual appetite.

May just hopes she did not spoil Peter for younger women who might not be as adept. Of course, she'll be happy to help guide any girl who catches Peter's fancy. A girlish giggle comes from May, stifled by her lips over Peter. Her other set of lips swallows it.

Feeling Aunt May's greedy pussy gobble on his cock charges Peter and makes sure he works those lips. May and Peter become a tangled mess of limbs and bodily fluids. Rutting on the couch on this Sunday morning like two animals in heat. His fingers put their way on May's backside and squeezes it.

The clear blast of juices goes down to his cock.
"I hope we can do keep doing this on weekends."

"Don't worry! We will."

May gives her nephew some encouragement. Deep down, she wants Peter to find some girl closer to his age, but damn it, May's having so much fun that she can't help being selfish for Peter and more importantly his mahnood. Going deep, going long, and going fast into her body.

"Are you close, baby?"

"Yes."

"I am too...let's finish together."

"Oh, I don't know if I can be ever finished with you."

May smiles and she enjoys this quality. Despite her vigor and energy, May does have her limits and Peter is dangerously close to reaching them. She'll be sore like after every one of their sessions, but it's worth it.

Peter holds on to May tight and fills her warm hole with his cock. Repeatedly and endlessly, May milks him with her own orgasm until Peter's about ready to finish.

It's hard to tell when Peter ends up on top and working into May. Regardless, he pushes his toned body down onto her beautiful mature body. His balls tense up and shoot streams of seed into her. May clamps down onto Peter's engorged cock and drains pretty much every last drop.

Peter rests his head on Aunt May's chest and sucks her nipples. His cock softens, but will not stay soft for long being closet o May's sweet hole.

"Peter, that was wonderful."

"Always worth it with you."

The taboo lovers kiss each other and wonder how to spend the rest of their Sunday, before Peter's first day back to school on after the summer break.

End.

Double Shot(Black Canary and Huntress)


Double Shot(Dinah Laurel Lance/Black Canary and Helena Bertinelli/Huntress)

Earlier in the day, Peter receives a message to meet Helena Bertinelli at this particular hotel suit, and to wear nothing other than a robe and his underwear when he did so. He decided to climb up the side of the building and change into said underwear before moving his way to the door to knock on it.

The door opens and Helena answers the door. She is waiting for him in an eye popping set of purple lingerie, with stockings, a garter belt, panties, and a bra. Helena flashes him one of those smiles.

“Peter. So glad for you have made it….you can lose the robe.”

Peter steps into the room and notices an attractive blonde woman sitting in wait. She dresses in a skimpy black bra, a black thong, and fishnet stockings which show up her amazing legs. Said legs appear to stretch on forever.

“This is Dinah.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Dinah smiles and moves up to her feet. She motions for Peter to come closer towards her.

“The pleasure’s all mine.”

“You can lose the robe by the way.”

Peter drops the robe to the ground and stands before them wearing nothing other than a pair of boxer shorts. Given the sight of both of them, the shorts show off a bulge which both women stare at. Their mouths water.

Seconds later, both Dinah and Helena move in to him. Dinah decides to strike first and pull Peter in for a long kiss. Feeling Dinah’s soft, warm, lips against his makes this a very good feeling. She touches his body and squeezes his bicep. Then, she hums in his mouth.

Helena runs her hands down his body. Peter hears the sound of something dropping to the floor. It’s apparent now what it is given how Helena’s bare breasts press against his back. She rubs his neck and kisses it several times. The warm mouths of both of these beauties cause Peter pleasure and the fun is just ramping up on both sides.

Dinah loses her bra and pulls back to allow Peter to cup her breasts. She mewls in excitement when Peter squeezes her round breasts and releases them from his fingers. A finger wraps around Dinah’s nipple and tugs it to cause her to moan.

“Go ahead and suck it baby.”

Peter leans in to her chest and sucks on Dinah’s nipple. She moans in pleasure. She caresses Peter’s
hair and encourages him to go down on her chest, sucking and licking her.

“You’re still overdressed as far as I’m concerned.”

Helena’s grip cups his cock and balls through his pants. A firm squeeze later before Helena shifts to pull Peter’s boxer’s off. His cock pops out and she wraps a hand around it to squeeze it. Another hand rubs the back of Peter’s leg before reaching in and fondling his balls. Peter groans from the touch of Helena coming on both ends.

Dinah falls back on the bed and Peter joins her. Helena joins them both, crawling across the bed with a seductive smile on her face. She takes the tip of Peter’s manhood and licks it.

“That looks nice. I want to join you.”

Helena and Dinah take turns licking Peter’s cock and this causes Peter’s pleasure sensors to go into overload. These two beautiful women taking turns with his cock is a very wonderful feeling. Dinah licks him from the head all the way down to the base and comes back on to leave a lingering kiss on his cock head. Helena goes and does the same, instantly sucking on his manhood and pulling back from him.

Then, Dinah slips Peter deep into her warm mouth. The soft popping of lips against loins causes Peter’s nerve endings to shoot up with pleasure fire. He looks into the loving eyes of Dinah Laurel Lance and she keeps sucking him, instantly. Her powerful throat comes down onto it.

“Oh, I think we can really get you going.”

Helena goes between his legs and sucks his balls. Peter feels so much more pleasure over than that.

“You two girls are great.”

Both women work in tandem to pleasure Peter’s nether regions. The sensations going on down beneath his belt are beyond anything else Peter’s ever felt or seen in his life. His eyes just glaze over, with increasing hunger at pretty much every single angle.

Peter pushes a hand down the back of Dinah’s head and guides her. Dinah sucks on his cock, and makes a pleasurable jolt come through his loins.

Dinah can have this piece of meat in her mouth all way. She loves the way it feels, burying into the back of her throat. Her body warms up at the thought of it being inside of her and riding Peter all the way to the orgasm.

She speeds up, wanting to taste his cum.

Helena, in the meantime, applies a heavy section on those balls and fondles them a little bit. She drips due to the evidence of how full Peter’s swollen balls are. She wants to make sure every single moment for him is nothing other than pleasure. The pleasure increases the more Helena goes to town, the more she sucks his balls, and releases them from her warm mouth.

“Ladies….oh damn it!”

Dinah and Helena do not back off on what they’re doing. No, they merely double down. Peter pulses and knows that the end is going to come sooner rather than later. Peter cannot hold back for
too long longer. The throbbing feeling grows in prominence the deeper and faster he buries himself into Dinah’s mouth.

“Can’t hold….”

A pleasurable hum from Dinah sets Peter off and he cums in her mouth. A rocket full of seed blasts off in the warm mouth of this beautiful blonde woman. Dinah does not back off, rather she keeps sucking him off until his cock softens in her mouth.

The warm blast of cum is like a cool and refreshing drink. Dinah and Helena both get on their knees and then slide forward. Their breasts touch, hardened nipple upon hardened nipple right before the two lovely women start making out. Their touches caressing their warm, toned flesh.

Peter’s manhood stands straight in the air. Helena reaches off to the side and teases his cock with a slow stroke. This makes Peter groan and make him feel the pleasure just building through him.

She lets go and leaves Peter’s cock throbbing. The two women pull away from each other. The strand of salvia lays between their lips right before it breaks.

The two ladies play a silent game of rock, paper, scissors. Dinah just smiles.

“Don’t worry. I’ll pick up the slack after you burn off.”

Dinah crawls over onto Peter and straddles him with a smile on her face. She pushes the fabric of her thong out and reveals her wet pussy. Peter sits up just enough to grab Dinah and then to pull her onto him.

“Fuck, you’re so big!”

Inch after inch of Peter’s endowment spears into Dinah. Sweat and tears roll down her cheeks when Peter works it into her. She’s not by any means suffering. On the contrary, the pleasure builds through her loins the deeper Peter goes into her.

Being inside of this warm snug pussy makes Peter’s loins ache with pleasure. He resolves not to pop any time soon, rather to enjoy this pussy in all of it’s glory. His hands rest down on her fishnet covered legs. They look so sexy.

About as sexy as Dinah riding his cock. The way her hair flies about, the way she bites down on her lip, the loving look in her eyes, it’s just amazing all over. Watching those round breasts of hers bounce up and down causes Peter to jar up and to drive faster into her.

Helena decides to take a nice view of the action and imagine what would happen when Peter’s inside of her. Every now and then she reaches forward and steals a kiss from one or both of the partners.

The visual of Peter in front of her, stuffing Black Canary with his cock, well it causes Helena to flare up.

Dinah rides her partner with all of the vigor one would expect. Her energy knows no ends and she keeps driving down onto Peter’s manhood, shoving him as deep into her body as humanly possible. Flesh smacks over flesh the deeper Peter gets into her until he’s all the way inside of her.

“Mmm...mmm...mmm!”
Those sounds of delight come out from Dinah the faster she rides Peter into the bed. She can feel his massive cock coming up to meet her, to stretch her completely out. The friction of her pussy closing in around him and releasing him, it’s just one of the best moments possible.

She reaches a peak and then juices cascade down on his manhood. This just allows Dinah to slip into her.

“You’re still going. Oh, you’re going to make me scream...you’re going to make me scream.”

The next thing Dinah knows, Peter switches the position. Dinah’s on her back with her legs in the bed and Peter spearing himself into her body. The only thing she can do is wrap her wonderful legs around him and encourage him to keep pounding away at it.

Dinah’s lovely fishnet clad legs wrapping around him while he fucked her is a pretty good feeling. Peter can feel the presence of Helena, pressing against him and fondling his muscular body. She squeezes his balls when he rises up completely.

“Show her a good time so you can fuck me senseless later.”

Peter intends to do both of those things in due course. He rams himself deeper and faster into Dinah. Getting her really going. The moisture caressing his manhood allows Peter to go in deep. Being balls deep in such a lovely woman is an exciting feeling and one which Peter intends to indulge in much more, as much as possible. Peter hangs on for what feels like a hell of a ride, feeling up Dinah’s legs and repeatedly ramming inside of her until her entire body shakes and shudders.

Dinah closes her eyes and enjoys the ride. He’s touching her in all the ways which no one else can manage. It’s a very intense feeling to have him inside of her and going to town on her. The strong flesh slaps repeatedly against her and the Peter pulls almost all the way out of her right before smashing her into the bed.

Knowing that Dinah’s almost to scream, Helena removes her panties and stuffs them in Dinah’s mouth. There’s a wide eye stare.

Seeing this woman on her back, writhing in silent screams and with another woman’s panties almost shoved down her throat only encourages Peter. She tightens around him and releases his stiff muscle several times. Those legs, those beautiful legs which Peter cannot touch and rub enough, keep dragging him in.

He’s as deep inside of Dinah with his muscles pulsing. Dinah squeezes his ass with her legs and this only makes things more exciting the faster and further he goes into her. His balls repeatedly bounce off of Dinah and leave marks all over her things the faster and faster he goes inside of her.

“Mmmm...mmmm!”

“She’s cumming harder than ever.”

“Yes….I’ve noticed.”

Dinah’s warm walls clamp down onto Peter the faster he goes into her. Their bodies become one. Greedy for the sinful display of flesh and to keep it going. Peter hammers away at Dinah’s snug box and upon her orgasm, his approaches near. Every single nerve ending in his body sings with
pleasure.

Breathing increases the harder Peter fucks her. It’s like she’s running a marathon, but thankfully, Dinah’s not one to shy away from physical exertion. She keeps herself in peak physical condition and one would need to be, to keep up with a stud like Peter Parker. She clamps down onto him, craving only one thing.

A primal, burning desire to be worked over just builds further and further. Peter’s inside of her, balls deep, ramming Dinah’s pussy up until the point where it’s very difficult for her to take anymore. She does not want to take anymore, not at all. Peter just rams as far into her as possible and rides Dinah out until she’s about ready to reach the breaking point.

She climaxes and hard. The fabric manages to block out the worst of her screams, although vibrates hit the room. Repeatedly, Peter rams himself into her and Dinah cannot help and enjoy this. Those big balls smack against her pussy when he enters her and shows her just how much he has in there.

Dinah braces herself for a nice, big load inside of her body. She tightens up on him and releases his manhood. A couple of long pushes drives Peter faster and faster into her up until the point where he breaks. And boy does he break.

Peter grunts and without warning, with Dinah pulling him tighter so he does not slide out, Peter lets her have it. He explodes inside of her pussy. Seeding a massive amount of seed into Dinah’s pussy.

Whether or not she’s protected from the oncoming onslaught, is something Peter does not consider until much after the fact. Pure animal instinct rules with Peter slamming deep inside of her body. His balls repeatedly contract and fire, repeating the movements until he fills Dinah completely up with a pussy load of seed.

The second Peter pulls from Dinah, Helena moves over. The river of seed flowing out of Dinah and her sweaty, dazed face are more than enough for Helena to pounce on top of Dinah and start making out with her. The panties in her mouth do not stall Helena anyway in the slightest.

She moves a bit further down, sucking on Dinah’s chest and making her whimper in pleasure through the panties. Helena teases both Dinah and herself by planting kiss after kiss. Neck, collarbone, breasts, Dinah’s sexy as hell flat stomach and belly button. Every lovely inch of this woman turns into a lightly rod for pleasure.

Then, in an instant, Helena reaches Dinah’s thighs. Those lovely thighs, those amazing legs, Helena buries her face between them and eats Dinah out.

The erotic sight plays out before Peter of Helena’s dark hair only visible when she goes face down. Her bare pussy, oozing wet from the arousal calls to Peter. It almost summons him. The drums of war beat in Peter’s head as his cock throbs.

He moves over and rubs his hands over Helena’s body. As if on cue, her thighs spread apart. Her pussy practically opens up and calls for Peter, summoning him inside.

Stiffer and more throbbing than ever before, Peter cannot resist this sinful beauty. He buries himself balls deep into the sweet pussy of Helena Bertinelli.

“Oh, I’ve missed your pussy.”
The one time they had a tryst left an impression on the young man and Helena’s glad in the role she plays in corrupting him. The mob princess goes down on the daughter of a respected police detective while a handsome young man fucks her. While Helena eats Dinah pussy until she breaths pleasure.

She does spend a fair amount of time focusing on Peter and how deep he drives himself into her. The repeated and endless thrusts of his manhood send Helena spiraling over the top with an endless wave of pleasure. He’s all over her in every single way possible.

Peter grunts and slaps his balls down onto Helena. Her body raises and Peter grabs ahold of her breasts, cupping them and kissing the back of Helena’s neck. He sucks on it and makes her moan and groan. Peter repeats his actions from earlier, thrusting in Helena.

The first orgasm grips Peter hard and sends a jolt of energy through him. He pulses when planting himself into Helena.

Dinah’s eyes shift over. First he gets a good hard pounding, long overdue. And now Helena reminds her just how good of a tongue the mob princess has. Her fellow Bird of Prey works her tongue in a measured pattern and gives Dinah dripping rather severely.

The sounds of hard fucking behind her only make Dinah ooze more. Helena being there every step of the way. She constantly offers Dinah relief, in the tongue sense. This is something that Helena appreciates.

“Oh, I can do this...all night.”

The tightening of Helena’s pussy around him shows she wants him to cum sooner rather than later. Peter resolves not to give in to temptation despite the fact that Helena’s one of the most tempting woman out there. He can just stretch her out and fuck her senseless for hours on end.

Peter holds back a little bit. Helena gives an impatient sound and wiggles her ass. This is more tempting for Peter. He grabs onto Helena’s ass and spanks it.

A clench of her pussy around his cock.

“She’s a naughty girl who gets off on getting her ass spanked. Just like this!”

Peter slaps Helena’s hind quarters one more time. He alternates between spanking and thrusting, making Helena’s pussy gush around him the faster he goes into her.

Being treated roughly in bed is a turn on for Helena. She just enjoys a strong hand from a strong man. Given her many unresolved issues, it’s actually one of her more harmless kinks. Peter is right there for her, the sexual stamina of this younger man just turns Helena completely on and he is relentless with fucking her.

Peter’s swinging balls just show how much he has in the tank, but Helena wants to make sure she gets every single drop from those balls by any means necessary.

The web slinger holds back as much as possible. Helena refuses to let him to do it. She refuses to allow him to hold back. She keeps taking his manhood as far and fast into her as humanly possible. Getting stretched out like this, getting his full cock inside of her body is an amazing feeling and one that Helena wants to make last.
“Damn it, you really don’t make this easy.”

That’s the entire, not to make it easy at all. Peter rams himself repeatedly into her and rides Helena all the way to the end. The tension releases and the second she cums, he does as well.

Helena’s strong inner muscles milk Peter’s pulsing prick. He grabs onto her tight. A rush of bliss spreads over his body the deeper and harder Peter rams his stiff rod inside of her body. Repeatedly driving his cock deeper and faster into her body, plowing Helena all the way, his seed bubbling out to the very last drop.

A soft sigh indicates the pleasure of release with Peter pulling himself out of Helena and allowing her to drop down on the bed. He slides back.

A second later, both women turn around and stalk him with smiles. They are just getting started and their warm mouths and able hands gets Peter starting.

They work together, fight together, and more importantly play together.

End.

Blog Exclusive Chapter has been posted, featuring Spider-Man and the greek goddess Aphrodite. Check it out at: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2018/10/spidey-does-aphroditesticky-situation.html

A rush of adrenaline spills over Spider-Man. He just foils about two bank robberies, a car jacking, and the Enforcers attempting to steal a shipment for the Kingpin. Tonight’s been a busy night and Spider-Man thinks about packing it in tonight.

A buzz comes into the back of the head and Spider-Man releases from his web line just long enough to drop down to the rooftop below. A dagger comes up and hits the wall behind him.

A figure wearing black drops down and throws two more daggers at Spider-Man. Spider-Man webs the daggers and sends them back at the attacker. The web slinger jumps up into the air and flips behind the attacker. Said attacker turns around and withdraws a sword.

Spider-Man blocks the sword and then pushes the attacker down to a kneeling position. One disarming motion takes the sword out of her hand and another removes the mask to reveal the beautiful face of an extremely dangerous women. Talia al Ghul looks up at him with a devious smile crossing over her lips. She stands up and puts her hands on his waist. Spider-Man braces himself for an attack.

“Good to see your senses have not dulled despite the fact that we have been intimate.”

She puts her hands on his face. Spider-Man grabs the hands and then pulls them back, pinning them behind Talia’s head with a bit of webbing.

“Indeed they have. I guess it just shows how good my spider sense is when it registers you as a threat. And you’re not a threat now, are you?”

Talia drops down to her knees and presses against his leg. The webbing still pins her hands into place behind her back.

“Now you’ve captured me. You should remember your training and do with what you wish with your captive enemy.”

Peter feels her body pressing against his and this causes a rise to emit. His loins stretch and come dangerously close to ripping through his pants. Talia decides to help him out a little bit by pulling his throbbing cock out of his pants and releasing Peter into the air. Her mouth opens up, with a small amount of drool coming from her lips. Instantly, Talia comes down onto the tip of his cock and then works her lips around Peter to suck him off.

In an instant, Talia’s mouth works around him. She deep throats his pole and shows just how skilled of a woman she is. Peter puts a hand on the back of her head to guide her down. Not that she needs any guiding. Talia slavishly worships him with her tongue, mouth, and nips playfully on him with her teeth.
The intensity in this beautiful woman just shows how much she wants him. She enjoys testing him, getting captured by him, and then Peter having his way with her mouth. Her warm lips close around him and swallow as much of Peter’s endowment as possible. His throbbing balls slap against her.

“I missed your mouth.”

Talia gives him a burning gaze which tells him how much her mouth missed wrapping itself around his cock as well. Spider-Man pushes his hands against the back of her head and repeatedly works as far into her mouth. His balls slap against her and make Talia just hum. Her eyes shine brightly the deeper and faster Peter buries himself into her mouth. Her slobbering mouth releases his cock and then pushes it back in.

Peter frees one of Talia’s hands so she can reach between his legs and fondle his balls with amazing skill. He pumps away at her and gets closer.

“Get ready. I’m not going to hold back.”

She squeezes his testicles, hard, and milks them. Talia’s loud slurping becomes even more such. Peter finds his knees getting weak from this amazing blowjob from this sensual woman. She’s looking at him the entire time through it and it just makes his loins tingle right.

Prior to the point Peter releases himself and pastes the back of Talia’s throat with the oncoming rush. Seed sprays into her throat, covering every single inch of it. Peter holds onto her and repeatedly slides his manhood down between her lips. The continued mouth fucking continues until every last drop empties from Peter’s.

Talia wishes her other hand is free so she can reach between her legs and alleviate the pleasure. She just settles from tasting her beloved’s thick seed when it sprays down her throat.

The second Talia rises to her feet, she can barely stand. Her lips fire into a smile when moving closer to him. Peter grabs her and backs her against the wall.

“How much do you want this?”

Talia grinds her hips back against his erection.

“Get me out of my uniform, and we’ll find out.”

Peter slowly strips the assassin of her covering. Talia’s large round breasts come out of the top, in a nice black bra, which just barely prevents her from spilling out. Her flat stomach and narrow waist comes out. Peter gets a good shot at her muscular stomach and arms, showing the pinnacle of her workout. He takes down her pants and reveals her pussy, dripping wet.

“No underwear.”

“I never wear them when I’m out on a hit.”

Peter smiles and pushes his fingers against her mound to feel the heat. Her bra is the last article of clothing on her and Peter removes that. Talia takes off his clothes, leaving the mask on.

It’s not that she minds Peter’s secret identity, it’s just that she feels the mask gives him power over her and being taken by a man with such control gets Talia’s loins dripping. They move in, pressing
their bodies against each other. Talia’s firm legs wrap around him and pulls him in.

“Take me above the city, beloved.”

The fact a helicopter or a plane could fly by and get an eyeful of what they’re doing makes this a very exciting feeling. Peter pushes his manhood into Talia’s depths and the instant he enters her, her tight pussy grabs onto him. She’s in fit shape and Peter sets in to indulge himself into her for a the long hall.

Peter does not only thrust into Talia, but he pleasures her body. Touching her face, neck, chest, stomach, hips, legs, ass, and everything else. Some kisses follow and Talia admires this quality in a lover. Someone who stimulates every part of her body, just just the part between her thighs.

Despite that fact, Peter is now ramming into her hard. Talia wraps her arms tightly around his neck and his legs around his ass. She squeezes him and enjoys how he embraces the animal inside. He leaves love bites all over her firm breasts. Talia breaths in and breaths out the more he pushes inside of her.

The excitement of reducing this experienced older woman to jelly makes Peter’s balls throb the deeper he pushes inside of her. He cannot hold back for too long longer, just relentlessly going to town on Talia. Talia holds onto his bicep and squeezes it tightly to allow him to plunge deeper inside of her.

Their bodies just meld together in sexual lust. Everything builds up to a very intense point. The deeper Peter’s inside of her, the more amazing this feels at this particular point. Talia’s grabbing onto him, clawing on his back, moaning in his ear.

Peter rides out her first of many climaxes. Talia’s warm walls pumping against him makes Peter only want to work into her. Feeling her tight, warm walls grab onto him and release him, pumping him all the way makes Peter’s entire body just flare up with pleasure.

He holds his hand and pulls her up slightly. The second she finishes, Peter pulls out of her.

Talia begins to form a protest at losing her beloved’s cock. This protest turns to join when he turns her around and presses her against the wall. His hands dance their patterns on her firm stomach and then the second later, Peter lines himself up right for her to drive inside of her.

The two lovers meet together once again with Peter relentlessly thrusting into Talia from behind. Her perfect ass calls for Peter and Peter grabs onto those heaveningly cheeks, fondling them. He pays Talia a firm amount of attention on her thick rear and drives into her.

She is built for killing and sex, two things which Talia al Ghul prides herself in being the best at what she does. Peter plants himself faster and faster into Talia. Making her entire body just sizzle with pleasure. A finger pushes against her anus which causes Talia’s entire body to pleasure.

“You want it, beloved?”

“I want it.”

Peter puts his finger up and Talia gets it nice and wet to allow Peter to slide the finger back into her ass and get her loosened upon. Talia wants her beloved to finish inside of her, but having him finish inside of all of her holes tonight is a great feeling. It’s a step which they have not taken in their
relationship.

The web slinger pushes his hand against her body and makes Talia just moan out in pleasure. He’s all over her body and sending Talia into a fit of endless pleasure. He repeatedly rams into her body, taking her further and fast, until the point where he reaches the end.

The call of being inside of her ass later on makes Peter want to finish off her pussy. He holds back just long enough to allow Talia to finish. He finishes inside of her seconds later.

The two lovers finish together. Peter feels the feeling of release when he finishes off inside of the mature assassin. Working her body over.

The energy of youth is something which Talia hopes Peter can hold on for a long time. She intends to make him a very happy and powerful man if all of the plans fall into order. The repeated reminder of his many attributes shoots Talia up with a constant amount of pleasure.

Peter finishes filling Talia up. The second he’s out of her, Talia pulls herself from the wall and then grinds her ass onto Peter as if a reminder.

“One final hole, beloved. If you think you’re up for the challenge.”

Talia reaches into her garment, bending over to show her ass. Watching the muscular mounds flex causes a friction. She produces a bottle of lubricant, used to trip up enemies. Naturally, it has other uses. She applies it to her hand before giving Peter a very slick handjob to make his cock nice and slick for its final destination.

Now her other hand is free, Talia makes Peter watch her suck her fingers before she fingers her ass in time of giving Peter an amazing handjob. The blood boils through his body the stronger and thicker his cock goes. He cannot resist Talia for much longer.

“Are you ready to go where no man or woman has ever gone before?”

Talia never offers her ass up for anyone until this moment. Her lubricated hole and Peter’s throbbing cock make the perfect match. He grabs the underside of her legs and lifts her up with his strength. Talia marvels at how strong this man is just seconds before his cock enters her.

The tightness and warmth of Talia’s most underused hole becomes evident. Every inch sinks into her and Talia moans out loud. Peter spreads her cheeks apart, grinding inside of her, making sure to stretch puckered entrance with Peter enters.

It’s amazing to feel and to work himself in. Talia al Ghul helps put the ass in assassin and now that Peter’s back there, he cannot help and be in deep.

“You’re in me, beloved. Oh, I can feel you in my ass. And it feels amazing.”

Peter rubs the front of her body, cupping Talia’s sensitive breasts and causing her to moan. He runs his fingers down her abs, something which he can for days. A movement down south shows Peter just how sopping wet Talia is and how ready she is for him. A finger slips into her and a second and third finger pushes into her.

The web slinger slides as far into her as humanly possible. The web slinger pushes his hard cock against her and feels her cheeks grinding against him.
Talia feels the breeze hitting her body and his balls hitting her when penetrating her anus. The amazing Spider-Man shows he’s more amazing than his spirit of the warrior. He’s able to drive deeper and deeper inside of her. The faster he drives into her, the more Talia drips with lust.

Her entire body becomes a lightning rod for the type of pleasure which dreams are made of. He makes every single one of Talia’s delicious dreams come true. Peter buries inside of her, making Talia squirt due to the fact he’s in her ass.

“You really enjoy this.”

“Don’t you.”

“Yes.”

Peter hisses out that last letter to the point where he wonders if he got bit by a radioactive snake as well. Regardless, Petre rams himself into her, repeatedly sending his ock into her. Repeatedly slamming inside of her and repeatedly until he’s about ready to pop.

Talia can feel his balls sizing up against her. It will not be too much longer before Peter finishes it. She squeezes his fingers with her walls and his manhood with her ass. Getting both holes stimulated at the same time, along with the back of her neck being sucked on sends Talia into an overwhelming amount of pleasure.

Her body ends up releasing its juices. Peter brings them up and allows Talia to feast on her own orgasmic aftermath. He’s getting closer to her own.

Talia is about to encourage him to finish, but she cannot on the account of being her mouth so full.

The Amazing Spider-Man takes the Daughter of the Demon up the ass. Repeatedly driving inside of her body until the point where he finally, finally, loses all semblance of himself.

The incoming explosion and anal cream pie is the best. Finishing inside of a woman’s ass after finishing in her mouth and pussy is an intense feeling. Peter repeatedly rams himself into Talia and drives into her. Filling her up and pasting the inside of her ass.

Talia closes her eyes and enjoys her beloved riding her to a finish. He spanks her ass, so hard and so fast, repeatedly ramming her in it.

They finish, riding their highs out. Talia descends to the ground with Peter pulling out of her.

Talia pulls herself up to her feet. She walks a bit funny, but smiles.

“Keep your eyes opened, beloved.”

She squeezes his cock one more time, kisses him, and then slips into the shadows.

Peter eagerly awaits the next time he runs into Talia on patrol and wonders what other fun they can get up to.

End.

Next Chapter: 11/10/2018.
Hitting the Limit (Jane Foster)


Hitting the Limit (Jane Foster)

Jane Foster found today’s adventure to be quite liberating. Ever since she was privileged enough to pick up the hammer, every single moment showed her she had a hell of a legacy to fill. Despite being deemed worthy by Mjolnir, there were many stumbling blocks along the way.

Thankfully, Jane was able to get by with the help of her friends and sitting behind her at the bar was a fellow warrior, in the Amazing Spider-Man. Or Peter, as Jane began to know him. Both were in their civilian attire, with Peter wearing a nice shirt and a pair of blue jeans. Jane dressed in a nice black button up shirt and a black skirt along with stockings and thigh high boots.

Thor and Spider-Man walking in a bar would draw a lot more attention than Jane Foster and Peter Parker. No matter how much of an epic punchline would it be for the throat.

“That wasn’t the biggest trolls I ever forgot,” Peter murmured as the bartender left to get their drinks. “And for once, I’m not referring the ones that I ran into on Internet forums.”

Jane broke out into a small smirk at his easy going nature. There’s just something which relaxed her. She moved against the stool.

“Of course, you weren’t,” Jane said. “But, truly today was perfect. Thank you for backing me up.”

“Hey, next time Rhino’s trying to wreck my day, I’m sure that you’ll return the favor,” Peter said.

Jane nodded in response. She wanted to be involved after years of being on the inside. She took a long drink. Not exactly too strong, but it really relaxed her nerves a little bit. Jane sipped on her drink and started to find herself visited by thoughts out of how strong and handsome Spider-Man was, with or without the mask. With the mask, he carried himself with bravery and courage. Without the mask, he was an easy-going person. A bit different from the web-slinging hero that Jane got to know.

“I will,” Jane said. “But, there are other favors that I can return.”

The woman stopped and could not believe that came out of her mouth. To his credit, and to her relief, Peter decided not to call her out on that. Jane slide a bit off of her stool and came close to climbing onto Peter. Just merely to test the waters to see if there’s something there.

“I doubt this much could cause you to stumble,” Peter said.

“Right!” Jane yelled. “Hey, Bartender, get us the strongest drink on the house.”

She smiled and adjusted her skirt while turning to face Peter. Peter managed to catch the slightest, the smallest glimpse of her lacy panties poking out and taunting at him.

The bartender returned and Peter could use a very long drink. Jane rested her hand on his lap.
"You look pretty tense," Jane said.

Two men at the end of the bar got into a scuffle after a card game. The bar tender rushed over to break them up.

"While he’s away."

Brazenly, Jane unbuttoned Peter’s jeans and pulled his cock out of them. Jane wrapped his hand around the base and smiled.

"Well, you’re full of surprises."

"Are you sure that you want to do this here where everyone can see it?"

Her firm grip around his cock felt good, but Peter needed to think with his upstairs brain and realize there could be consequences. Jane flickered her tongue out of her mouth.

"Maybe we should, adjust...turn our chairs a bit so no one can see us from behind the bar."

Jane covered the preturding organ with her hand. Her soft flesh rubbed against him as the bartender returned to the drink, none the wiser. He moved over to tend to other people as Jane and Peter rested in her corner.

To an outside observer, Jane just casually worked on her drink.

Peter knew exactly what was happening and more importantly what she was doing to him. Her swift and powerful handjob made Peter swell. He took a long drink, hand clutching against the glass. All Peter could do was bury his face down and down the drink.

"Hanging in there, Pete?" she asked him with a smile.

"Yes, Jane, I’m hanging on just fine," he groaned in one breath.

"Good, I would hate that you would hit your limit already," Jane said. "Good to think your tolerance is pretty high."

Another drink delivered, with the bartender somehow not noticing what was going on the side of his bar. Peter noticed it, noticed it very good as well. Jane’s hand came off of his cock and it made him groan at the release.

Seconds later, Jane reached down and cupped his balls. Her top came open a couple of times and she briefly flashed her tits at him while squeezing his balls. Then covered again as Jane turned back to the bar. Just casually watching the sports game on television.

"Well, I’m pretty sure they have the ball well handled," Jane commented idly.

The fear of getting caught with his dick out in public and likely all over social media, made Peter both fearful and excited. The only saving grace was he was not in Spider-Man garb when this was happening.

"And...I think I lost a contact."
Peter wondered if Jane lost her mind. She sank down onto the ground and then suddenly, Peter felt a warm mouth wrapped around him.

“Did you find it honey?” Peter casually asked her, his voice going just a tiny bit higher.

Jane took him into her mouth and shook her head. She squeezed his balls to warn him that he should look forward not to arouse attention.

“Keep looking, it might be under the clothe….”

Now Jane pulled the cloth and Peter’s lap. Providing no one looked too closely at the cloth which moved when Jane sucked him off, they should be okay. Peter needed another drink.

He was going to blow his load in Jane Foster’s mouth while she sucked him off under the bar. And he couldn’t really register his appreciation of it without setting off an alarm bell.

Peter wished he could grab onto her head, but in this position that would raise another red flag. Thankfully, the chatter in the bar, the chatter of the television, and everything else made Jane’s hungry slurping less obvious. Well, to everyone, but Peter, who heard it.

He closed his eyes and counted to ten.

“I found my contact.”

And Peter did not cum. He groaned, being blue balled by his drinking partner.

“Glad to see you found it.”

“Oh, I think that your seat is a lot higher,” Jane said with a smile. “Don’t move…it will hold the both of us.”

The lack of panties hit Peter with all the subtle force of a wrecking ball. He resisted grabbing onto Jane’s hips to make this even more obvious.

Another drink as Jane dropped down onto him. His cock disappeared underneath her skirt and inside of her. It was torture not being able to touch her, despite wanting to so much. Jane kept a straight face while looking forward at the sports game.

“Looks like the game’s reaching the climax,” Jane told him with a smile.

Despite her straight face, Jane’s insides screamed for more. She screamed for Peter’s monstrous cock touching her in all of the places which needed to be touched. Jane chewed down on her lip and released her moans through several cycles over several minutes.

She clenched onto him and felt his balls rubbing up against her. The fact it killed Peter not to be able to touch her without arousing suspicion, made her hot and heavy. Jane bit down on her lip and released her arousal out in an extremely pleasurable moan. Her wetness coated him all the way.

Jane used her muscles to clench him and knew by Peter’s grunting in her ear that he felt really good. The fact she was able to arouse something like that.
“We should do this more often,” Peter told her.

“Yes,” Jane agreed. “We should.”

Her eyes faded over for a second. Everyone was distracted by the game. This allowed Jane to pick up Peter’s arms and drop his hands on her breasts. She almost dared him to squeeze them while no one was looking. Peter took her up on the dare and molded her perfect breasts through her opening top.

The time he spent with her breasts were fleeting. He moved down to a less visible area, her hips and rocked down Jane down onto her his crotch. Jane bit down on her lip, deciding to take another drink to disguise what was going through her body. Her moisture coated him.

“Close to heading home?” Jane asked.

“Are we?” Peter asked her.

Bravado, and Jane had a lot of it, was not something that Peter feared. He was turned on by it. However, he had a bit of that bravado in him as well and he wanted to make Jane cum first. He worked her insides, spearing her wet pussy over and over again on a constant basis.

Jane let out a light moan, masked by the loud cheers of the crowd. This little gambit of hers paid off well, as Peter fucked her wet hole faster and faster. The sounds of flesh molding against each other showed just how much, how far they had gone. Jane put her hand on Peter’s and encouraged him to go even further.

“Ready?”

“Yes, soon we’ll be able to take it home.”

Another loud cheer and Jane let out a cheer of her own, although for different reasons that what was going on when they were watching the television. Her cunt sheathed his cock all the way inside and pleasure churned up her sultry body. Jane Foster let out a couple more whimpering cries prior to her pussy soaking him.

“Take it home, now,” Jane encouraged him.

Peter pumped faster and faster than previously. After two denials and feeling her cum hard, he was about ready to finish off Jane’s sweet cunt. Knowing that she’s wet as can be and allowing him to slide deep into her wet pussy, Peter kept holding on for the end.

Much to his surprise, she came one more time and this triggered Peter’s near release. He held back to allow her to enjoy as much of the orgasm as possible prior to Peter slamming deep into her body.

The final play, in both the game on the television and their own private game, was the most spectacular. Jane squeezed his penis and milked it. Milked every last drop of fluid out of those thick balls and into her body. Not caring about anything other than the moment of having her cunt filled with his seed.

Warm, gushing seed filled Jane’s womb and she managed to hold it inside of her, despite the danger of it dripping all over the bar stool they both sat in and having it ruin their mood. Peter wrapped his arms tighter around her, and they had been lost in the moment.
“Damn straight!”

The yell from one of the men in the bar showed that he was pretty happy with the result of the sports game and to be honest, Peter was pretty happy with the results of being inside of Jane’s pussy. She gave him a few fond squeezes and allowed him to be released.

With a pretty damn good sleight of hand, Jane’s panties returned to their proper place, her skirt rolled back into position, and she sat back on her bar stool before anyone was the wiser.

“You reached your limit?” Peter asked.

“Hardly,” Jane said. “Was a noble effort, but maybe we can explore this arrangement further at my place.”

Jane squeezed his package with a twinkle in her devious eyes.

“Mmm, I think that I’ll be game,” Peter said.

“I wonder what else you can do with that webbing,” Jane whispered in his ear.

The two stood up to pay their tab. All while Jane squeezed his ass and winked at him. The two moved to the side entrance to take Jane’s car.

The feeling up they were doing on each other indicated that both might not make it back to Jane’s place. Although, they would try and show some restraint.

Jane thought tonight was a perfect night. She took a risk and it paid off. And it would continue to pay off well into the morning and maybe past lunch as well.

End.

Next Chapter: 11/14/2018.
Tempting Test(Hera)

When one gets summoned to the temple of the Goddesses on Themyscira, they drop everything they’re doing and go there. Peter Parker walks to the temple. Being about ready to marry Princess Diana of Themyscira, he’s one of the few exceptions of the no man allowed on the island room. It took him a while, but he won over the Amazons, mostly Diana’s mother and younger sister, with Diana’s blessing naturally.

Peter wonders why someone summons him. He finds himself face to face with a beautiful woman wearing a very thin purple toga, showing off her legs. Her dark hair clips back into a ponytail to allow Peter a look at her beautiful face, lips, and dazzling hazel eyes. It takes him a minute to realize and Peter cannot resist the exclamation which comes next.

“Great Hera!”

Hera, the Queen the Goddesses, Goddess of all women, and long suffering wife of Zeus, just smiles at him. Peter gives her a sheepish grin.

“Thank you. You’re here because you’re set to marry Diana in a week. And I feel….I feel that it would be wise for me to test to see how you’re worthy for her. After all, Diana holds a special place in my heart...especially considering her parentage.”

Peter wonders about that. Diana’s not sure about her origins. It’s either she had been sculpted by clay, or she and her sister were the bastard daughters of Zeus. Hippolyta is rather vague on that point.

“And I want to make sure she’s happy. And I need to see what you have to offer...so get out of those clothes and show me.”

She orders him to do such in such a bossy and commanding voice that it compels Peter to take off his clothes. He removes them, his shirt, his pants, his underwear, only to stand right next to Hera. She looks over him and steps over him.

Hera spends some time analyzing Peter’s body. First, she runs her eyes over Peter, taking in every inch of his muscular body. There’s not an ounce of fat on it and that causes Hera to lick her lips. She moves down to the object of many woman’s desires.

She steps closer to him and now is feeling up his body.

“Very good, nice and firm. Perfect to withstand the affections of an Amazon Princess.”

“I’ve withstood the affections of several Amazons at once.”

Hera just smiles and reaches down to cup Peter’s swelling manhood. She tugs it and makes sure it’s nice and hard for her.
“And you are equipped for the bedroom as well. But, I need to test your staying power.”

Before Peter’s eyes, Hera, Queen of Goddesses, drops down to her knees.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had a real man.”

Hera pushes her lips around Peter and starts sucking on his mighty tool. She cups his balls, fondling them.

The hunger and eagerness in Hera’s oral attentions makes Peter realize how backed up this goddess may be. He puts a hand on the back of her head to guide her down Peter’s pole. Her hands rub his body. One squeezes Peter’s ass and the other cups his balls, squeezing and milking them.

It’s not the first set of divine lips wrapping around Peter’s manhood by any means. However, Hera’s showing that she has what it takes to make her man feel good. There’s almost like she has something to prove. And whatever it is, she’s doing good.

“You’re such a good cocksucker.”

Hera pulls her lips away from him and then plants more kisses down his length. She takes him into the back of her throat. The taste of this manhood stretching her throat out drives Hera completely wild. She cannot resist Peter’s phallus shoving deeper and harder into her throat, stretching her out.

The hunger dances in her eyes with Hera cupping his balls and releasing them. She wants the seed and the fact he lasts this long in her mouth is a very promising feeling. She keeps sucking away and making her mouth just moist with desire. She wants Peter, in all of the worst ways possible. She lavishes his cock with attention, slurping it down into her mouth. The hunger only builds the deeper and deeper she goes down his rigid pole.

“Hera. Damn. You feel so good.”

Hera knows she feels good and has what it takes. She slurps Peter’s cock from her lips and twirls her tongue around the head, the base, and then takes more of his manhood into her warm mouth. Peter slides his manhood further and faster into her mouth. His balls repeatedly slap Hera in the face and send her moaning with increasing waves of pleasure.

She knows how to give her man pleasure. Knows how to go down on him and to suck him to the point where he’s about ready to explode. Hera keeps going down on his pole and edging him closer. He cannot last much longer. Peter looks down at this beautiful face. The sexual frustration Hera is feeling, Peter cannot resist giving her the pleasure and pounding her mouth all the way to the final moment. Hera squeezes his balls and this becomes the setup for Peter to shoot his load down Hera’s throat.

Peter holds onto the back of Hera’s head and pastes the back of her throat. He sends blast after blast of warm seed shooting down her throat. The sweet sensation of release hits Peter hard when Hera takes his manhood down her throat and makes him feel really good.

Hera’s not holding back for a second. She swallows all of it. A smile passes her face when she rises up to her feet. Her arms wrap around Peter and her breasts slowly slip out of her outfit.

“Why don’t we take somewhere else?”

“Afraid your husband is watching.”
Hera cracks a smile.

“I hope he is.”

The vindictive smile over Hera’s face causes Peter’s to raise an eyebrow. Hera and Peter drop down into a bedroom. She nudges Peter so he falls onto a nice big bed with many pillows and soft satin sheets.

Hera steps back, biting down on her lip with the most seductive smile possible. She pulls down the straps of her toga and reveals her body to Peter. His eyes glue onto her and make her feel more confident than her husband has over the past several centuries.

Peter’s eyes follow Hera’s reveal and see she has nothing to be shamed of. It’s not the first time a goddess invites Peter into their bed chambers. Hera’s breasts remain perky and firm as a teenage girl’s not to mention more than a handful. She’s smaller than Aphrodite or Athena, but still on the larger end of the scale of mortal women. Her flat stomach and shaven pussy reveals itself from her. There’s not a single hair on her other than her hair. Her pussy drips wet and her long legs part ready for him.

“You’re beautiful.”

The young man’s erection makes Hera’s lips drip. She’s about ready to take him, but Peter stops her.

“Why don’t I return the favor from earlier?”

Hera smiles. He wins points from the frustrated goddess by offering to eat her out. She moves over and drops down onto the bed, spreading her legs.

“Help yourself, stud.”

Peter does help himself to the juicy flesh between Hera’s lovely legs. He cannot help and suck on her thighs and her clt. The fact this gets Hera moaning and thrashing on the bed makes him feel so alive. He wonders when the last time someone ate her out.

Hera feels the pleasure of a man eating her out and quite vigorously as well, sucking her juices. During the few times her and Zeus engaged in carnal pursuits, he always bypassed eating her out, saying that such an activity was beneath the King of Gods.

The handsome young man between her legs now brings Hera a pleasure. She will have to convince Diana to borrow him several times a week at the rate this is going. But given how Diana worships her and already shares Peter with several of her sisters and super friends, like Supergirl, Power Girl, and Black Canary, it’s really not going to be too much of a problem.

She’s glad she let Aphrodite talk her into this one. Then again, Hera realizes that Aphrodite knew because she was likely the first in line to get a piece of Peter. That slut.

And Peter’s making her feel so alive. Those fingers dance against Hera’s thighs and cause her to start gushing all over him. Peter sucks the juices down and makes her juices overflow onto his face. He keeps going down on her with such vigor, Hera thinks she’s going to lose it.

“You’re making me so wet right now. I need you inside me.”

Peter’s not quite done tasting the goddess and getting her juices just pumping in his face. His fingers dance down Hera’s fine thighs, smooth as silk and more than ready to come under the fire of Peter’s roaming hands.
He keeps eating her out until getting a mouth full of the sweet juices of this goddess. He leaves her panting and thrashing on the bed.

Despite the taste of her, his manhood is hard. Hera springs out off of the bed the minute he gets up and then throws herself out of her. Her eyes burn into Peter’s when she assaults his mouth, face, and neck with kisses. A sexual minx awakens in the Queen of the Goddesses. She moves closer to him, feeling his manhood rubbing against her flat stomach.

“I can’t wait anymore.”

“Neither can I.”

Hera guides Peter’s meat into her womanhood, ready to finally get a hard pounding which is long overdue. The first few inches stretch out her underused pussy. Finally, finally, Hera feels a rush in her.

“Great Hera, you’re so big!”

“Did you just...use your own name in vain?”

Hera does not answer, rather working her tight box around Peter’s engorged manhood. Inch after inch passes inside of her. It feels so good. Especially when Peter does not remain idle, touching her body. His hands cling to her hips like he does to the walls. Pushing Hera’s box down onto him.

The tightness and snug warmth of Hera really brings a rush through Peter’s loins. He holds onto her back and guides himself into her. His manhood slides deeper and faster between her thighs. He really rocks her way into Hera’s perfect body, balls slapping against her the deeper he shoves into her. Peter clings onto her back and grabs ahold of her nipples, squeezing them. Hera slides down onto him and a huge smack of female flesh comes down onto his manhood.

The Queen of the Goddesses rides Peter and the juices flowing shows how good it is. Her breasts jiggle in front of Peter’s line of sight. He switches position from grabbing her hips to cupping her ample chest. Squeezing it and sending moans through it. Peter dives face down and goes to town on her.

“You’re gifted. You’re perfect! You have my blessing. How could you not with how blessed you...are?”

Peter biting down on her erect right nipple sends pleasure jolts through her. His fingers are all over her body and Hera’s pussy pumps him. His thick balls repeatedly smack her thighs and send a tremor of pleasure down Hera’s spine. She’s turning and bending back to take as much of his cock into her as humanly possible. Stretching her makes this a very good and enlivening feeling to say the very least.

The web slinger cups her chest and releases them before sucking on them. He feels Hera cumming all over him and her silken walls grabbing his throbbing manhood is one of the best feelings ever. She rides him to the point where it feels like his balls ache.

Hera pulls away from him and stands up. She drops to her hands and knees and allows Peter a perfect few of her nice round ass.

“Fuck me from behind.”

Peter gets a chance to stall his upcoming rush and gets a nice view of her dripping pussy and her tight asshole. He wonders if he’s going to push his luck. Granted, if there’s one thing he learns, is the
Amazons love anal. And Aphrodite enjoys it as well, but Aphrodite, being the goddess of love, is going to be someone who is up for anything. Never one to kink shame that woman.

Maybe another time. He does not want to offend Hera right now.

The web slinger puts his hands on her waist and then guides himself into her pussy. It gobbles up his manhood. Peter relishes the feeling of Hera’s greedy lips.

The brush of Peter’s hand against her cheeks makes Hera think about the possibility. Not now, she’s not ready now to take that step, but maybe in the future. Zeus went on a rant about how women who take it up the ass are disgusting, and Hera rolls her eyes. As if her husband, given his attitude, has any right to judge what women do in the bedroom. Given he’s an in and out type of guy, only staying long enough to impregnate women, leaving Hera and the others to deal with the demi-god bastards who have daddy issues.

Regardless of this point, Peter hangs on and keeps pounding her. The reminder of Zeus and the fact that Peter pounds her in this one session more expertly than the King of Gods did over thousands and thousands of years of marriage.

And the worst part is, Zeus is not incapable, just merely lazy and only caring about his own quick release.

“Ohh! Pound my married pussy into jelly! I can feel how big those balls are. They’re about ready to explode. Shoot so much of that thick, potent seed into me. You amazing man! You’re fucking me so good.”

A small part of Hera wants Peter to knock her up. It would be sweet justice. However, it’s unfair to Diana, as the goddesses agree long ago that Diana will carry Peter’s first child.

The fantasy though, despite their promise, makes Hera wet and almost wants her to go off script. She can feel Peter on her ass and squeezing it, tempting her.

Peter pushes deeper into Hera. He feels himself getting closer.

“Don’t you dare pull out.”

He does not even have to ask the question. Aphrodite tells him that the goddesses watch over him and the Amazons and their lovers to prevent accidents. Diana will carry his child when the time is right and any others will follow. Right now, Peter just enjoys the feeling of raw sex without consequences with the Queen of Goddesses. About ready to explode at the mere thought he can satisfy her more than Zeus can.

Peter finishes plowing Hera from behind. His balls start tingling and he’s about ready to.

“Do it! Shoot your load inside of me! Seed my married womb! Help me finish this infidelity right!”

The web slinger pushes deeper and faster into Hera. He’s getting more turned on than he should, morally speaking. Then again, taboo and all that.

Regardless, his balls start to twitch and then with one more shove, Peter fires inside of her body. His erupting manhood paints Hera’s walls wet with his seed. He cannot resist her and he keeps hammering away at Hera.

Hera clutches onto the bed sheets and gets another hell of an orgasm by Peter pushing deep inside of her and burying loads and loads of cum inside of her body.
The next thing Hera knows, Peter pulls out of her and leaves Hera collapsing on the bed. They turn slightly and Peter wraps his arms around her.

“Next time we should invite your bride to bed.”

“Oh, I’m sure Diana would love that.”

Hera smiles. Yes, because Diana would cream herself if she got to worship her in a more conventional way. Devoted followers always were the best. Diana regularly worships her altar, but now Hera intends to take that to a brand new level.

End.

Captive Audience(Gwenpool)

There's a new blog exclusive Sticky Situation Chapter featuring Tamara Fox, the daughter of Lucius Fox with Spidey. Check it out at: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2018/11/spidey-does-tamara-fox-sticky-situation.html

Captive Audience(Gwenpool)

The head of Peter Parker throbs when he slowly comes too. He feels a rush of blood coming from his head to his loins. He realizes that he’s been stripped naked, other than his mask and web shooters. And there’s a pair of stocking clad feet rubbing his crotch and causing his manhood to swell even more.

The Amazing Spider-Man’s eyes fall onto a very long and firm set of legs, with juicy thighs. A plaid skirt comes down to show off her juicy thighs and a sexy black g-string underneath it. A button up shirt, too tight for her large breasts, shows off an immense amount of flesh. She wears a white mask covering her face and mouth curls into a smile.

The woman continues her footjob on him. Every time her soft soles or delicious looking toes rub against him, Spider-Man swells against him.

“I swear, this is what a girl has to do to get involved in this anthology of debauchery. Where she has to kidnap the main character and force the issue. Hey, there, big boy, glad to see that you're awake.”

She strokes his manhood some more and Spider-Man is at a loss for words at the brazen nature of this woman. The continued stroking of his manhood gets him going. She gives him a hell of an aggressive footjob which sends Peter’s mind spiraling into waves of pleasure.

“I’m glad to have met your acquaintance and this big cock, which I’m now rubbing my soft stocking clad feet down. You love that, don’t you? Oh, and by the way. My name is Gwen Poole, better known as Gwenpool. I’m here to take your loins Spider-Man.”

This woman may be a bit nuts. She rubs his manhood and then switches positions to take Spider-Man’s cock into her mouth in one fell slurp. She deep throats Spider-Man with a sloppy blowjob. Salvia splatters on every inch as she takes his cock without any question and without any abandon.

Gwenpool’s hand cups his balls and causes Spider-Man to groan in pleasure. His manhood shoots up and nails her in the back of the throat. She hums. Spider-Man’s twitching hips sends his cock into her mouth.

“What...ooh this is good.”

Spider-Man thinks he should really not encourage what she’s doing. But, at the same time, he cannot help it. She gives him some really good head and causes the very best and most amazing sensations to come down his loins. Spider-Man wishes his hands were not tied.
The woman slides her mouth off of his cock. Those juicy red lips linger before kissing him. Electrical shocks send down Spider-Man’s body.

Gwenpool pulls herself up and straddles him. Rubbing her cloth clad pussy across his cock. Seconds later, she climbs up the bed and aggressively attacks his body, kissing and sucking on his flesh. Leaving multiple lovebites.

“T’m so excited. I’ve been wanting to do this forever. I’ve written fan fiction about this. How meta, I know. And now, I’m self-inserting myself into your life and you’re going to self-insert yourself into my pussy.”

An aggressive kiss follows with Gwenpool molesting Spider-Man’s tonsils with her tongue. Spider-Man groans as she shows sexual aggressive. She’s a bit crazy, but it’s always the craziest.

Gwenpool climbs onto his face and puts her thighs at the edge of his face before pulling her panties down. She feels Spider-Man’s tongue come out to tease her pussy.

“That’s it. Eat me out! Eat me the fuck out!”

She moves over to the table, with Spider-Man sucking on her pussy. He goes down on her and makes her feel amazing to say the least. Her toes curl. Gwenpool leans over to grab her phone and take a selfie while Spider-Man licks her pussy out.

“Hashtag Bitches Love Spider-Man.”

Gwenpool closes her eyes the very instant Spider-Man goes down on her. His tongue shows an amazing path between her legs, licking her out. She thinks about untying his hands and allowing him to grab her ass, but not right now.

Maybe later.

Gwenpool’s face coats with sweat. She teases herself with the tongue of her favorite hero over and over again. She leaks all over him, cumming all over his face.

Then, Gwenpool leans forward to take his cock and sucks him off while he eats her pussy. Their mouths work their loins, showing just how much pent up sexual aggression there is in the room. Gwenpool rubs herself up and down Spider-Man’s face. The web slinger curls is tongue in and then pulls almost all the way out of her before smashing his tongue inside of her body.

After a time of them indulging each other, Gwenpool pulls away from him and then moves down. She hikes up her skirt and shows Spider-Man her g-string covered ass. She sways it and spanks it causing Spider-Man to gulp. His cock twitches.

“I’m going to fuck you. I’m going to ride this big cock until it’s spewing cum into my pussy.”

Spider-Man’s excitement swells when feeling Gwenpool mount him in the reverse cowgirl position. Watching her ass, but not being able to touch it is pure torture. Warmth spreads through his body as a boiling feeling escalates over his loins. Spider-Man cannot help himself. He needs to be inside of Gwenpool in the worst way possible.

Gwenpool grinds and teases against him. Her wetness covers Spider-Man’s cock. Finally, she mounts him and begins to ride him in the reverse cowgirl position. She squeezes his manhood in her
pussy.

“You have such a big cock. But naturally, you wouldn’t be starring in this story if you didn’t!”

She slides almost all the way down on his manhood and releases him. Her wet walls clamp down onto him and start to milk him. Being inside of her pussy is intense.

They say it’s not a good idea to stick your dick in crazy. But damn if crazy does not give the best sex. Gwenpool rides him and pleasures every single inch of his loins. Bouncing and grinding on him until the precise point where Spider-Man is about ready to groan.

“Damn it. I wish I could touch that ass. It’s so hot watching you bounce on my cock.”

“Didn’t take too long to want it? And I know….dat ass.”

Gwenpool spanks her ass in time with riding the web slinger. She clamps down onto the manhood and releases him with a groan going through his body. His big balls keep slapping against her. They’re nice and full of seed for Gwenpool. She loves how he appears to be thristing for her ass and wanting to touch it.

“Oh, so you’re lusting for the woman who knocked you out, tied you up, and started to molest you. Maybe you’re a kinky bastard after all, web slinger? What will all the children say?”

Gwenpool smiles while slamming down onto his engorged manhood and taking it deeper inside of her wet pussy. Her body continues to work him over.

“I’d say you just ruined my childhood, but you know something. You’re making my life just so much better right now. Fucking me so deep! And so hard….oh….I can’t…."

A loud crack echoes and one of Spider-Man’s hands shoot out to grab Gwenpool’s ass and squeezes it hard. She sinks down onto him and keeps riding him reverse cowgirl style. Now that his hands free themselves and he’s fondling her ass, it’s really getting her pussy dripping wet for him.

“Oooh, yes, grab that ass you dirty boy. Why don’t you stick one of your fingers up there? That’s what you want. The fanboys really are into the butt stuff, aren’t they? I bet they’re getting off at the thought of you fucking my ass. I’m sure they’re picking me as Emma Stone right now….or whatever else floats their fancy. I’d tap that for the record.”

Gwenpool shoves her wet box down onto him and she gets off at the thought of Spider-Man grabbing her, bending over over the end of the bed and plowing her ass until it’s raw. Right now, she wants to take a full load of his cum into her pussy. She wants her belly swollen with his seed, making her look like she’s pregnant.

‘I wonder if I have fan fiction immunity from getting pregnant despite the fact I should be. Guess I’ll find out in a minute.’

“I’m going to cum in your pussy, and it’s all your fault.”

“Oh, sure, blame the women who kidnapped you, tied you up, molested you, and forced herself off on your cock. Typical patriarchy.”

A wicked grin passes over her face when Gwenpool drops down on his manhood and then feels
Spider-Man jamming himself into her. He’s deep inside of her and she feels her womb is about ready to get blasted with his thick seed. His hands grip her ass with a finger sliding into her back passage.

“Oooh, fuck me...fuck me...pound my pussy Spider-Man! You magnificent bastard, give me all of your seed. Breed me like a common whore! Oh, you know you can fuck me like an animal.”

Spider-Man groans and cannot hold back from Gwenpool’s sweet pussy. He’s about ready to finish off inside of her. His thick balls strain and finally shoot his seed inside of her body.

The insides of Gwerpool’s body become blasted with his seed. After all of the time she spent teasing he earlier, he gives her a pretty big bounty. Those big balls keep slapping and hitting her at a rapid fire rate. Spider-Man hangs onto her ass for leverage and fills up her body.

Gwenpool’s stomach bulges and her pussy overflows given how much seed he spills into her with his massively big cock pounding her.

“Got to love that hentai logic. People who want realistic sex in their fanfiction are bores.”

She drops down onto him and fills up on his cock, making sure to drain Spider-Man’s balls.

“Damn it, Parker, always running out of web fluid at the worst possible time.”

She pulls off of it and removes her mask to reveal a beautiful blonde woman with a cute face underneath the mask.

“Oh, I know I look like Gwen Stacy, don’t I?”

“Actually, you look like Emma Stone.”

“Well, maybe I am Emma Stone from an alternate reality, driven mad by the pressures of Hollywood, and adopting an alternate personality to cope with it. Wouldn’t that be an interesting kink in my backstory?”

Gwenpool mounts Spider-Man’s cock and rubs her ass all over his cock. Her warm cheeks grinds against him and causes a swelling feeling to erupt through his loins.

“And it’s nice and big for me. Either you’ve got a celebrity crush or you just really like my big thick ass rubbing all over your throbbing hard cock. You want to bend me over and take this ass. Tap this ass, make this ass yours. Don’t you?”

She crawls over to the edge of the bed and releases Spider-Man’s legs, freeing him completely. Now Spider-Man is up and he pushes her down on the bed, opening up her puckered hole and getting it nice and loose.

“I’m a catholic schoolgirl. Why don’t you make like the crucifixion and nail my ass?”

Spider-Man pushes his cock against her entrance and Gwenpool howls in pleasure. The well hung web slinger comes close to stuffing his hard manhood deep inside of her ass. Inch by inch, his thick prick slides into her, grinding against her warm hole. He cups her cheeks and releases it, with a groan when he works into her.

He’s inside of the ass of this beautiful, but completely unhinged woman. She takes him up the ass
like it’s no big deal at all. Feeling his hands grind against her and spank her.

“Damn it, you have such a nice ass.”

“Mmm, baby, I know I do! And if there’s anything that really makes a girl these days, it’s nice piece of booty to grab onto when you fuck her! I could get on a CW show with this ass, baby! Move over Felicity, there’s a new queen in town.”

Spider-Man plants his rod deep into Gwenpool’s juicy booty. He cannot help and indulge in anal with Gwenpool. Her moans encourage him. He deeply ruts against her, his balls filling up once more.

Gwenpool loves it, loves it that her hero pounds her in the ass.

“Bugger me.”

The terrible British accent is somehow hot with Peter pounding her in the ass. He pulls her up and feels up her sexy body while fucking her. Her tits pop out of her top and Spider-Man gropes them.

“Face, legs, and ass like Emma Stone, tits like Kate Upton. Pretty good fantasy, wouldn’t you say, swinger?”

“Yes...yes...indeed!”

Spider-Man mauls her chest and goes to town.

“I’m going to punish you for being such a dirty girl to kidnap me. You’re not going to be able to sit for a week.”

“Make it two, and we’re in business.”

Spider-Man pounds Gwenpool’s ass as hard as possible. Squeezing her ass and then releasing it. Spider-Man rams her harder and harder. He cannot have enough of her ass. She has a pretty fine and delicious booty, one where he cannot resist pounding until the very point his balls swell up. He’s deep inside and about ready to explode.

Gwenpool’s pussy drips even more when he pounds her in the ass. She loves it rough. The fact he grabs her hair and pulls it.

“Next time, six arms, symbiotic suit, or six arms with the symbiote suit please...also Raven and Starfire. They seem to get requested a lot.”

Spider-Man pushes deeper and deeper into her anal passage, hanging on and hammering away at her. He cannot resist this tempting woman for too much longer. Slamming deep into her ass, he works himself almost over the edge. His fingers clutch her tits before driving her down on the bed and riding her.

He cannot wait too much longer. Spider-Man grabs one cheek in each hand and pushes down into her. The web slinger holds on and smashes her ass like it owes her money. He spanks her a couple more times, and her moaning like a porn star underneath his throbbing cock.

Sweat rolls down Gwenpool’s eyes, as she feels all of her fantasies come true at once. Spider-Man is
in her ass.

“Shit, I’m almost there Gwe….”

“Call me, Emma when you cum.”

“Yes, Emma, I’m going to cum in your ass.”

“Do it, do it. Fill my ass with your cum just like you did my womb. I’m going to lose it for you, I swear to...mmmm baby, pound that ass. Pound it like it’s yours.”

“Shit, Emma, I can’t resist this ass for much longer.”

The tension in his muscles break and Spider-Man fires his load into Gwenpool’s ass, leaving both of them. The beautiful woman’s ass clenches him and milks him. He slips into her pussy with his fingers just in time to see how much she’s gushing all over the bed.

Spider-Man pounds her on the bed, spanking her slutty ass and leaving Gwenpool in a daze.

The web slinger pulls out of her and leaves her collapsing on the bed. Her body twitches, cum oozing out of both of her holes when she shakes.

Spider-Man looks at her and now their little roleplay concludes, he does wonder about something.

“Are you really Emma Stone from an alternate universe?”

“Mmm, according to the FanfictionDotNet terms of use about using real life people in stories, no. Otherwise...wouldn’t you like to know, big boy?”

She wiggles her ass and Spider-Man smacks it again. She rolls over onto her back, spreading her legs, and sticking out her lip with an adorable pout.

“I’m ready to be fucked again, Spidey. And slide into me as we slowly fade to black.”

End.

Next Chapter: 11/20/2018:
On Top(Rose Wilson)

There's another blog exclusive Sticky Situation Chapter featuring Spider-Man with Cassandra Cain. Check it out at: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2018/11/spidey-does-cassandra-cainsticky.html

On Top(Rose Wilson/Ravager)

Deep breaths followed from Spider-Man holding her down against the wall. Her attempts to take out the web slinger did not work as planned, but she got an excellent bonus. His strong body pushing against hers and making Rose Wilson all excited. He was strong, powerful, the perfect warrior. Her desire to have him only increased the closer in proximity. Her mask slipped off in the battle, her beautiful face, covered by a single silver eyepatch stared him down. Rose popped her sultry lips, her hair swaying in the breeze.

“Do you give up?” Spider-Man asked her.


Her sole blue eye lingers on Spider-Man and she put her hand between his legs. He braced himself for some kind of attack, but instead, she squeezed his cock and balls through his tights. Her sultry breath popped up and hit Spider-Man’s ear. Rose’s hungry gaze followed and Spider-Man could do no more other than to push forward into the palm of her hand. The web slinger found himself wondering how this happened.

Rose pushed him back, but instead of going on the attack, she turned around. Her shapely backside rubbed itself against Spider-Man’s body. Every instinct to push her off faded as her perfectly round booty rubbed up against him.

“Is this some kind of trick?” Spider-Man grumbled.

“Oh, no, here….”

Rose picked up her swords and threw them over the edge of the alleyway behind her. Her belt slipped off and onto the fire escape out of reach. She pulled open the front of her suit.

“Maybe, I’ll show you that I don’t have any concealed weapons.”

Rose unzipped her bodysuit and Spider-Man drank in the flesh. She enjoyed his eyes following the movement of the suit slipping down, past her ample chest, down past her flat and toned stomach. Revealing more and more of her tanned and very muscular flesh. Revealing that she wore nothing other than a thong underneath that body suit. Her long legs came out, and she imagined them wrapped around Spider-Man when he plunged that big cock into her body, threatening to taint her womb with his seed.

She touched herself at the thought. Rose’s hands moved up to cup her breasts.

“Okay, maybe these.”
Rose jiggled her breasts and allowed Spider-Man to get a good and long view at her twins.

A sudden feeling of dry mouth along with all of the blood rushing from his head to his loins hit. This woman was sex on two legs. And she sauntered over to him, pulling down his pants without any hesitation. Freeing his hard cock out into the New York air. Peter swelled with desire when she put her hand on it.

“I’m going to suck your cock,” Rose told him. “I’m going to lick it, kiss it, put it in my mouth, and then I’m going to deep throat it. And then you’re going to cum into my mouth...but first....”

Rose ripped open the bottom of his mask.

“Hey, those things don’t come cheap,” Spider-Man quipped.

“Take it out of my ass,” Rose told him with a wink.

She leaned in and kissed Spider-Man’s lips. She then shoved her tongue in and molested his tonsils while stroking his cock. Her breasts pushed against his chest as well. She realized that top would have to go as well.

Rose pulled off his spider top, leaving him in nothing other than a half ripped mask and his web shooters. Rose ground her body against his and kissed him again and again.

Her body just dared to be touched, dared to be taken. Spider-Man felt a warm heat emitting from his loins and he knew how it would only be a matter of time before he was between her legs and fucking the daylights out of her.

“I’m dangerous, honey, and that turns you on,” Rose said. “And as promised.”

Rose descended to her knees on the rooftop, using her uniform and Peter’s, as a cushion. She pulled up his cock which stretched to the side. She started at his balls and licked all the way to the base, up the shaft, and swirled around the head. It grew a little bit more, swelling with lust. Rose felt lustful as well.

She kissed the tip of his cock.

“That feel good, baby?” she asked the tip of his cock. “Because, I know this does.”

Peter felt her pleasant lips ensnare him. They were perfect, perfect cock sucking lips. And Peter’s cock found a new home inside of Rose’s lovely mouth. Her luscious lips kept working on him. Her tongue swirled around and took every single inch of Peter inside of her, that she could reach.

Then her hand, oh her hand, roughly cupped his balls. It made Peter jump and his cock slide into her mouth. That one eye, that beautiful eye, looking at him. The goddess pushed her lips around him and took his cock in with one long slurp. She sucked Peter’s cock and made him groan.

“Ravager!” he yelled.

Hearing her name screamed like that did not make Rose slow down in the slightest. She continued to suck the web slinger off, her warm lips clamping down onto him. Rose wrapped her hand around him and fondled his testicles. She could feel the big balls loading up with cum, about ready to paint
the inside of her throat. Rose throated herself on her lover, humming harder and faster the deeper she took him inside of her mouth.

Peter could not hold back for mouth longer. The implication of Rose’s gaze was prominent. She lifted up his arm and dropped his hand on the side of her face.

Spider-Man hammered Ravager’s face and rammed deeper and deeper inside of her warm mouth. The sounds she made showed just how much she enjoyed the face-fucking session and enjoyed slurping Spider-Man off. He pulled back and pushed into her.

“I’m going to….”

With little warning, Spider-Man launched his seed down Ravager’s perfect throat. She did not miss a beat and kept sucking him, practically drinking from his balls. Rose speared down on his cock, sealing the manhood as deep into her mouth as humanly possible. She moaned around his cock.

The web slinger pulled away and let Rose drop down onto the ground. She let out a passionate breath and licked her lips.

“Yummy,” Rose told him.

She rose up from her standing position and licked her lips, savoring the taste of his cum. She bent over and pulled down her thong to reveal her pussy, shaved completely. Rose pushed her finger into her wet hole.

“It’s so wet, isn’t it?” Rose asked. “It’s almost like it wants a big throbbing cock to stuff it in my tight hole.”

Peter’s hands fell on the ass of the woman who tried to kill him not even twenty minutes ago. It was funny how life took these turns. But, her pussy called for him and made Peter work closer towards his destination. The destination of his cock going deep inside of her tight pussy.

Rose clamped her wet pussy down onto him and moaned. Every inch of Peter pushed into her and she worked her muscles around him.

Every time he went deep inside of her, it hit Ravager with ruthless efficiently. Her body sung with pleasure, the faster Spider-Man drove himself into her. He went in, his hips like a blur.

“Oh, I’m glad I didn’t kill you! I would have never felt this big dick inside of my body if I succeeded!”

Truthfully, Rose had never been as happy to fail as she was now. And she never had been as happy to take that big throbbing cock inside of her tight and warm box. The web slinger plunged himself faster and harder into her. Taking Rose for everything and making her moan, thrash and squirm. Rose wrapped her warm pussy lips around him and Peter pulled almost all the way out, before driving deeper and faster inside of her body.

“Oh, thankfully, thankfully, that never happened!” Rose yelled. “Because, I don’t know how this would have happened, if I had killed you.”

“Would be kind of hard.”
“Thankfully, you’re very hard,” Rose told him with a smile, her fingertips pressing against the roof.

Spider-Man felt up her breasts and they were all open for him to be touched. His mouth pressed over her body. Rose was being fucked hard. His dick filled her up without any problems. It was not just a penis, that word was too mundane for such a work of hard. It was a throbbing hard, woman taming piece of fuck meat. The deeper he smashed into her, the more Rose felt.

Peter could not have enough of this sweet young pussy and also, he had almost forgot about how good rooftop sex could be. Just the feeling of being out in the open, but at the same time, slightly hidden. It made his balls tingle and he smashed into Rose, making her wet pussy clamp down onto him.

“I’m getting close.”

“Cum inside me! It’s safe.”

At least she thought it was. Rose cannot remember if she remembered to be on any sort of pill lately. She was feeling too very good to think too much. Her web slinging warriors her in all of the right spots and made her feel like a million dollars. More than she ever got paid for killing anyone.

The feeling of his balls reaching their full capacity hit Spider-Man. He very much desired the need to empty himself inside of Rose. He slapped her backside and pushed into her, going further, faster, deeper, harder. Each movement brought him closer to the end.

Finally, too much, her sweet, gripping, tight walls were just too much. Spider-Man drove into her so hard, he caused Ravager to collapse on her hands and knees. Not that she minded judging by the screams that she made.

So loud that some people might be able to hear her in New Jersey. Not that Spider-Man cared, when he fucked this sweet young thing to her completion and than his. Her warm walls closed around him, and made Spider-Man just groan in pleasure, the faster he worked himself to the end.

The web slinger pulled out of her and caused her to drop down onto the rough top.

“Are you still with us?”

Rose rubbed her pussy with several more moans. She rose up and put her hand on Spider-Man’s crotch and smiled.

“I still need your cock up my ass.”

“Are you serious?”

To be fair, Spider-Man was no stranger to anal. Anyone who had been in a relationship with the Black Cat would not be a stranger to anal and there were a few other partners who enjoyed. But the blunt way she said this, gave Felicia said.

Rose stroked his cock and then turned around. She rubbed the head against her ass cheeks.

“Yes, I want your big throbbing cock to take my final hole,” Rose said. “Don’t you want to be inside of my nice tight asshole?”
Ravager’s words invite Peter to grab her ass and squeeze her firm cheeks. To say this feels good would be the understatement to end all understatements. It feels really great. Spider-Man knows just how good her perfect ass feels. He needed to spank it and feel it move underneath his hand.

“Go ahead, and give me it however you want to,” Rose told him in a firm tone. “You know you want to take my ass. And you know that I’ll let you.”

Rose ground her warm hole up against his cock. Spider-Man took the plunge in more ways than one.

For a second, Rose felt fearful at what a cock like his actually being her ass would do. But, it would make her look like a punk if she backed out now, so she would have to take her medicine and his cock, directly in her sweet ass. Rose grabbed onto the rooftop and took him, took the plunge of his cock just burying inside of her ass.

“YES!” Rose howled out in pleasure. “THAT’S WHAT I WANTED!”

“Oh, damn, you’re tighter than I expected.”

“Only because you’re so big.”

Spider-Man lifted Ravager up to bounce her perfect ass down onto his cock. It was toned, perfect, and tight. Perfect for his cock. He knew he might not last as long in this warm back hole then he did in Ravager’s other holes. Still, he would feel the most of it. One hand balanced her up and allowed her to drop.

The other explored Ravager’s body. Her perfect, sexy, sweat dripping body. The young woman yelled out in excitement the faster Spider-Man plunged into her. Her really got her going with a finger cling to Ravager’s clit. She was extremely sensitive and loving it.

Rose entered a state of satisfaction the faster Spider-Man plunged into her body. His thick balls slapped down onto her, and worked inside of her anus. His cock was inside of her and really working her body. His fingers also delved between her legs and worked her pussy as well. The duel penetration caused Rose’s pores to excrete sweat just as fast as the arousal came in her body.

The web slinger slammed as fast into her as humanly possible. He neared his release, and wanted to savor the moment. But at the same time, Ravager’s perfect ass demanded to be smashed. He moved his slick hand from her pussy so he can grab her ass cheeks on both end and explore her fantastic rear end.

She was built for hard fucking and hard battle. And Ravager looked to be pretty good at both, although Peter was getting more out of her lovely body for sex than he did when Ravager tried to kill him. That was just a personal preference.

“I need you to cum inside of my ass,” Ravager hissed. “And I know you need to as well...so do it...do it!”

Rose’s endless chants of do it ramped up Spider-Man’s endless lust for her. Her perfect ass found a way to milk his cock and take in the pure feeling of his balls just slapping against her. Rose bit down on her lip and let out another passionate moan, when he reached his final destination.

Her anal muscles clamped down onto him. No matter what, Spider-Man’s amazing orgasm was here, and he pushed Rose down all the way, to allow his cock to stretch inside of her ass.

She thought it was extremely perfect as well. His seed churned out and spilled inside of her ass. His grip only tightened to make sure he stayed in her ass.

“Guess, I did take it out of your ass.”

The web slinger saw stars after cumming inside of Ravager’s tightening hole. She dropped down, tongue hanging out, and holes dripping with seed. His cock twitched at the look of her.

“I better be going,” Ravager said wincing. “Might have trouble sitting, but it comes with the job.”

Ravager scooped up her clothes and left. It took Spider-Man a second to realize she left the scene completely naked.

Fortunately, she was not far away for him not to get a good look at her ass, still dripping with his cum. Ravager stopped at the edge of the rooftop, looked over her shoulder with a knowing smile.

She slapped her ass and blew Spider-Man a kiss before disappearing completely.

Somehow, Spider-Man knew that this would not be the last time they would meet.

End.

Spreading More Than Wings (Hawkgirl)


Spread More Than Wings (Shayera Hol/Hawkgirl)

The battle with the Vulture almost does not end well for Peter Parker. Almost, but not quite, thankfully, he has a guardian angel watching over him. It’s fortunate that Hawkgirl flew by and helped him to deal with his enemy. Even though he’s currently lying on a bed, looking over some bumps and bruises. He lies in a tank top and shorts, with his mask still firmly on. His web shooters lie on a bedside table.

“You alright?”

The attractive redhead warrior woman sits at the edge of the bed right next to him. Peter gets a good look at her attractive and fit body. Nice breasts pouring into a tight green top, flat stomach muscles, thick curvy hips, beautiful wings, and long legs in a pair of red and green pants. Hawkgirl long since lost the mask, to show her beautiful face, thick juicy lips, green eyes, and long gorgeous red hair.

“Yeah. Thanks for...knocking him around a little bit. I guess the upgrade to his suit put me off balance.”

“You really need to learn to be more careful. Lucky I was in the neighborhood flying by.”

Spider-Man sits up in the bed and smiles at Hawkgirl. She’s completely beautiful.

“Of course, given all you’ve done, it’s the least I can do to help out. I mean, you’re a true hero. Don’t let anyone tell you any different.”

Hawkgirl moves closer to him on the bed and puts her hand on his thigh. This does not help ease Peter’s tension around her. She gives him a predatory smile and leans closer.

“After a battle, sometimes it’s customary to celebrate a successful victory. And sure, I knocked him away from you, but you disabled his jet pack and webbed his wings. So it was a team effort. Therefore….”

Without any other words, Hawkgirl pulls Peter’s manhood out of his shorts. She looks at it appraisingly with a smile.

“What are….damn it!”

Hawkgirl’s warm mouth kisses the tip of his cock and then licks him. The web slinger pushes back on the bed. The beautiful warrior woman is going to take his cock into her mouth and give him a blowjob.

She’s as fierce in the bedroom as she is on the battlefield. Every inch of her sensual lips rolls down to Peter’s cock head and then drops down to the base. She seals him into her mouth, with a very solid hum coming out. Hawkgirl cups the underside of his balls and squeezes them.

The beautiful Thanagarian drives her mouth up and down on Peter’s pole, taking more and more of it
into her warm and wonderous mouth. His cock keeps throbbing the deeper Peter rams deeper grinds into her mouth. The sloppy suction of her mouth on his cock makes Peter just drive his hips further and faster down her throat. He becomes a blur suddenly.

Shayera craves a prime piece of a meat. She squeezes his balls and tingles at the thought of all he has to offer. She sucks him down, her eyes widening. She locks eyes onto his.

“If you’re not careful you’re going to…."

She realizes the young man is at the mercy of her beautiful mouth. Shayera engulfs him and deep throats him a couple more times. She wants to feel his cock pop into her mouth and send an insane amount of cum just blowing down her throat. Shayera speeds up the dropping, grabbing his balls and roughly squeezing them.

Peter’s entire body pulses with pleasure from what this woman does to him. The gorgeous vixen drops almost down to a certain point and then comes back up. Her lips engulf a tiny bit of Peter’s cock head and then drops down all the way to suck him. She cups those balls and releases them, causing him to groan and moan, thrusting up to meet her mouth.

Suddenly, he bursts and shoots the motherload. Spider-Man cums inside of Hawkgirl’s mouth. The fierce warrior works over the web slinger and makes his balls just keep throbbing and gushing.

She pulls away from Spider-Man and leaves him breathing. A grin comes over her face as Shayera sticks out her tongue, before swallowing his cum. Instantly, she pushes him down on the bed.

“That’s good, but I want more.”

“Hawkgirl.”

“Call me Shayera...we’re intimate enough...it’s been a long time for me...but now that you’re here...it’s going to feel good.”

Sucking his cock gets Shayera in the perfect mood to fuck him. She rubs over the top of him, reaching to her vest and pulling it off. She smiles when Spider-Man gazes at her C-Cup breasts. They are more than a handful and she puts Spider-Man’s hands on them to squeeze.

Shayera’s wings spread and that’s not going to be the only thing which is going to spread. Spider-Man’s endless milking of her breasts sends Shayera into a fit of pleasure. He touches and releases her breasts, sending Shayera almost over the top and screaming with pleasure.

The web slinger moves his grip down her waist and then works over her pants. They come down to reveal that Shayera’s not wearing anything underneath it. Her pussy, with a small strip of red hair drips. His cock hardens underneath her.

“I need you inside me.”

Shayera descends down onto him. She bites down on her lip when dropping down. Inch by inch of Peter’s engorged rod shoves into her body and causes her to flare up in pleasure and energy. Shayera’s nipples harden the very second she has Peter pretty much all the way inside of her.

She takes Peter’s manhood deep inside of her and Peter Parker cannot be more happy about this very beautiful woman riding him. Her warm thighs repeatedly slap down on his body. She pulls almost all the way out, rocks down on him, and then drops down. Peter lies back and enjoys the ride and it’s a hell of a ride.
“Oh, I’ve wanted this for a long time. You don’t know how long. I heard...rumors. And now they’re all true.”

Hawkgirl assists Spider-Man in sitting up and putting his face into her chest. He sucks on her breasts and grabs onto Shayera’s hips to drive her down. The added appeal of having sex with a Thanagarian becomes obvious. Her wings wrap around Spider-Man’s back and drops down onto him. She squeezes his manhood and releases it with a moan echoing from her body the deeper and deeper she drives down onto him.

Shayera tilts her head back and enjoys the long sucking of her breasts. The web slinger really knows how to make her feel good and really knows how to hit pretty much all of the pleasure points necessary. Shayera closes her thighs around Spider-Man.

Being between the strong thighs of this goddess of a warrior woman and endlessly fucking her makes Spider-Man groan with pleasure. He rises pretty much all the way up off of the bed and drills deeper into her. His repeated and endless thrusts bury Spider-Man inside of her. Slapping his balls on her meaty thighs gets a reaction.

Shayera closes her eyes and nudges her lover away. She relentlessly rides him on the bed, fueling her upcoming orgasm. Her walls tighten around him.

She screams out in pleasure.

“You really must...need this bad.”

Peter pushes deeper inside of the woman and enjoys the feeling of her tightening pussy. She clamps down hard onto him and releases his tool with vigor. Spider-Man’s almost balls deep into Shayera at this point. His thick testicles repeat their slapping down on her thighs until she pulls away from him.

Leaving the warm paradise of Shayera’s tight box only ends for a second. He gets a good look at the tight ass of this fierce woman before she sinks down onto him. Shayera rides him reverse cowgirl style, almost lifting him off of the bed before dropping down on Peter’s throbbing rod. Her wings spread the deeper and deeper she takes him inside of her.

Every inch of her center stimulates by this thick and throbbing cock. Shayera lets out a moan, playing with her tits, and then rubbing her hands all over her body. She spares a dirty look to Spider-Man before going back and pounding him. Hawkgirl rises up and down, milking his thrusting manhood between her walls. She feels those balls just filling up, about ready to seed her.

Shayera continues her ride reverse cowgirl style. She milks Spider-Man’s engorged love muscle, clamping almost all the way down on him and releasing him. She draws down onto him, his balls repeatedly and endlessly slapping down on him. Another orgasm fills over Shayera and shakes her to the very core.

The second she starts cumming, it’s very intense. She rams down onto him, moaning out loud. Spider-Man can only lie back on the bed and enjoy the beautiful hawk woman dropping down onto him. Her wings retracting and clenching together, mirroring what’s going on inside of her body.

She’s so gorgeous, Spider-Man can be with her for days. Repeatedly and endlessly, Spider-Man drives deep inside of her body, his balls smacking her.

Then, he pulls out of her and grabs Shayera before shoving her onto the bed. Her ass sticks in the air for Peter to grab, squeeze, and spank. Shayera lets out a sexual growl when Spider-Man grabs a hold of her ass. His hands moving into perfect position. She rises up so Spider-Man can also reach over to
fondle her breasts. He touches her body all over.

Shayera hovers up off of the bed enough.

“I love a woman who can fly to get fucked.”

Spider-Man jams his cock inside of her one more time and fucks her, with Shayera hovering over the air. Her bouncing ass jiggles the second Spider-Man rams into her. He spanks her endlessly and Shayera does nothing to discourage his behavior. The more he spanks her, the wetter she gets, and the harder Spider-Man drills her. This makes Shayera a very happy woman, with his cock just ramming into her at a rapid fire rate. Sizing up and driving into her at a repeated and endless basis, making her cry out for more.

The feeling of being hit by someone who can make her feel it makes Shayera’s body just gush with pleasure. He leaves her body just clenching and releasing him at a very rapid rate. Spider-Man rams faster and faster into her body until the point where he’s throbbing balls show just how full they were.

Fucking her in a few different positions leaves Spider-Man with a nice large load in his balls. He grabs onto Shayera’s hips, perfect for thrusting. He does it, thrusting into her. Feeling her warm walls, feeling how much she comes for him. The friction just builds the further he goes into her.

Intensity describes a sex with a Thangarian. No matter how many times Spider-Man makes her come, she wants to give her more. And Spider-Man is more than willing to give her even more. The web slinger pushes deep inside of her and slaps his hand on her hind quarters to cause her to explode.

“Yes. Yes. Mmm...yes!”

Shayera is really feeling it now and she wants him. She wants those big balls to keep striking her. It feels so good to have her flesh abused like this from this strong man.

“I wonder what would happen if I did this.”

A single finger runs down Shayera’s wing and this causes endless pleasure to cascade through her body. She screams when Spider-Man strokes her wings while fucking her. The wings connect to the base of her spine and send pleasure through it. Pleasure which makes her walls close and open, repeatedly milking Spider-Man for everything he’s worth. His hands grab onto her tight ass and ram his way deep inside of her, repeatedly and endlessly filling her with his long cock. Making Shayera just bite down on her lip and scream in endless pleasure the deeper Spider-Man buries himself inside of her.

“That’s the spot...right there….that’s always the fucking spot!”

Spider-Man knows he hits a pleasure point while stroking her wings. The web slinger repeatedly and endlessly drives into her. Working her over and edging himself closer to the end. Spider-Man groans and pushes repeatedly driving himself into her. Repeatedly working her over.

His own loins feel fit to burst. The swelling of his manhood shows just how much he wants.

“Keep going….pound me until the end.”

Shayera’s nerve endings call for him to seed her and potentially breed her. Her inner nature burns with fire the faster Spider-Man rams deeper and deeper into her body. Those thick balls become closer and closer to losing their bounty. Shayera does everything in her power to squeeze every
single last drop of juice out of his manhood and into her wet pussy. She grows tighter and tighter
around him, whining in pleasure.

Finally, it happens, Spider-Man lets loose and shoots his seed into her. He rams her and spansks
Shayera a couple more times. He cannot get enough of slapping her nice, firm ass, and judging by
the sounds she makes, neither can shee. White pleasure burns through Spider-Man’s frame, the
deeper and deeper he drives into her.

The two lovers shudder to a stop, with Spider-Man giving one last thrust before pulling out of
Shayera’s body and leaving her to collapse on the bed. Shayera drops down, breathing heavily and
rolling over. Her legs spread and shows Spider-Man just how much cum dribbles out of it.

She looks up in time to see his cock hardening once more. He grins at her and she smiles.

“I like a man who doesn’t crash after the first flight. Come here.”

Shayera wraps her wings around Spider-Man and pulls him in, allowing him to sink inside of her
tight pussy for another round of love making. The intense love making begins anew for both of them.

It’s going to be a long night of sweaty passion for Spider-Man and Hawkgirl.

End.

Next Chapter: 12/15/2018.

Burning Embers(Jean Grey/Phoenix)

A hungry moan shows the pleasure being given by the dark-suited hero, running his hands over the chest of the sultry redhead just writhing and moving on the bed. His fingers lightly dance down her waist and put a hand down between her thighs. Spider-Man puts his hand at her womanhood and rubs it, casually pushing his finger up and down against her.

Jean Grey finds herself in heaven with the handsome man above her. Her hips thrust up constantly to meet his fingers. He pushes down onto her. Kisses cover her body as he fingers her. He stirs the flames inside of her. The Phoenix cries in pleasure for her mate.

Peter Parker knows exactly how to get all of the right spots. Jean Grey is one of the most gorgeous women in the entire universe, just brimming bright with sexuality. His biology calls for one of the most powerful women to mate with. He kisses her firm stomach, paying attention to her lovely belly button. He moves down to stroke her thighs. Getting closer and closer to eating her out.

Jean’s eyes shift back and she moans.

“Do it already.”

Spider-Man just smiles and extends his tongue. He goes in, deep, and licking her pussy out. Jean’s breathing and moaning only sends her into a daze.

The beautiful telepath thrashes on the bed. Jean throws a hand up and cups her chest. Moaning and writhing on the bed, with Jean closing her eyes and releasing herself in several passionate moans. She images Spider-Man slipping his tongue between her legs and having his way with her moist womanhood. It’s like a dream come true for Jean Grey. She needs him, in the worst possible way.

The driving of the tongue sends Jean spiraling over the edge. Her entire body flares up in an endless amount of pleasure. Jean puts her hand down onto the back of his head and starts stroking his hair. Jean shifts up and down, working her hips at a certain point at him. Her juices keep flowing until they practically ooze out between her legs. It’s very good, it feels amazing to have Spider-Man dive face down between her legs and eat her out.

Spider-Man cannot help and indulge himself in this beautiful woman. Her juicy thighs and wet, warm box makes Spider-Man just hunger for even more. The web slinger caresses his fingers down and releases them. He massages Jean’s thighs and constantly, on a never ending loop, eats her out.

Jean Grey thrashes up and down on the bed. Feeding him her pussy. She has no words. Saying anything would just ruin the mood at the moment. Instead, she enjoys the pleasure building through her body. The pleasure which Spider-Man gives her as the Phoenix and the Spider enter an intense mating process.
The tendrils of the black suit rubbing against areas which he might not be able to reach with his hands as he pleasures her gives Jean all of the excitement in the world. She shoots her hips up completely off of the bed and then drives herself into fits of pleasure. Her warm juices gush out of her.

Satisfaction hits Spider-Man the moment he makes Jean cum. The taste of her warm honey just oozing out of her mouth into his, makes Spider-Man hunger for more. He goes down onto her, completely and utterly making Jean shake in increasing pleasure. His hands worm their way into the perfect position and release Jean from his grip. The horned redhead keeps bucking her hips up and down, to the very point where Spider-Man has her right where he wants her.

Right where he wants her is right underneath his tongue. Spider-Man ends with a very deep dive of his tongue going into her body and sliding out of it. Constantly lapping up her womanhood and making her thrash up on the bed. Spider-Man eats Jean through her orgasm and makes her entire body shake.

Spider-Man looks up and devours Jean with a strong gaze. Jean just smiles, allowing a heavy breath to escape her body. Spider-Man pushes himself up to meet her, and covers her body. The web slinger puts his lips onto hers and deepens what appears to be a very intense kiss.

Jean enjoys tasting her own juices from the web slinger’s mouth. Her hands rub down his back, feeling his muscles. Of course, the one muscle Jean really wants to enjoy is the one poking between her legs.

The suit allows Spider-Man to grow extra arms without the benefit of the mutation. Jean appreciates the extra coverage of her body, if one judges by the sounds she makes. Spider-Man strokes and fondles the skin of the beautiful mutant. Getting her going and making her just moan out loud in pleasure. Jean thrashes her hips pretty much all the way off of the beds and encourages him.

“Are you ready for me?”

“Yes. Do it.”

Jean cannot help and encourage him. Her juicy thighs spread apart. The red hanging wildly against her face, her lips half open, and her green eyes burning, this is a combination which makes Spider-Man want to take her.

“I can’t help myself. You’re beautiful.”

“Yes...let us be together. You’re my beloved mate, Peter.”

Peter takes the plunge deep inside of Jean and enters her warm cavern. He stretches every single last inch of her pussy, making Jean hungry for his plunging cock. He can hear from her moans just how much she enjoys it. He starts with slow thrusting to really sink in the fact that he’s going in deep. His balls repeatedly smack down onto Jean.

The roaming hands all over her legs send Jean right into pleasure. Tendrils shoot out and wrap around her nipples, squeezing them. Then then loop around the back of her legs to hold her in tight. Spider-Man goes a little bit deeper inside of the Phoenix, rocking his hips back and forth. Their skin repeatedly smacks together on an endless loop.

Spider-Man feels the warmth of her body. He spreads the pleasure just as much as he spreads her
legs and buries in deeply inside of her. This loud smack of flesh upon flesh allows Spider-Man to speed up, going in deeper and deeper inside of her. Her wet walls clamp down onto him and release Spider-Man’s throbbing cock with some very fluid pumping. Jean moans and slides him deeper inside of her.

“Yes. That’s the spot. You know how to treat a woman right.”

The pleasure coursing through Jean’s body never feels so good. Spider-Man does not make her climax too soon. Rather, he allows her to feel it every step of the way. Her body edges so much closer to an orgasm, that Jean thinks she’s about ready to explode. She tightens her grip around him and milks his tool the faster and further he drops into her.

Then it happens, Jean sees not only stars, but entire constellations. The most beautiful thing in the universe when Peter slides into her. It feels like thousands of tiny fingers caress her body thanks to the suits naughty tendrils. It’s like something about of Kitty’s hentai collection.

Jean may have watched a bit of it, for educational purposes, of course.

Spider-Man groans and works over her tight box.

“Are you with me?”

“Always.”

“Good….I can’t get enough of you.”

Spider-Man shifts his position so he can lean forward and kiss her. Jean’s legs extend in the air to give him the optimal leverage to fuck her. His balls smack in and make her breasts jiggle immensely. Spider-Man cups her chest and releases it from his grip to make Jean shiver with delight. Spider-Man gets balls deep inside of her.

This is the best, and Jean cannot help and rub her hands down him, greedily grabbing every bit of his body. The Phoenix inside of her enjoys it.

“Take me. Take me. Oh, I can’t get enough of that. It’s so deep inside of me….my stomach’s practically bulging.”

“You’re so tight….”

She is really tight. Despite the fact Spider-Man plunges his manhood repeatedly in her, on an endless loop, Jean does not let go of his manhood for a single reason. She keeps pumping up and down on it, allowing him to slide deeper and faster into her body. Jean’s entire body flares the faster and faster Spider-Man drops down onto it. His balls repeatedly smack down onto her and fill her with such burning desire.

It fills him with the same level of burning desire. The two indulge in each other, with Spider-Man leaning in and attacking Jean’s chest. He worships her like a goddess deserves to be. Jean rubs her hands in the back of his head and takes every inch of him inside of her body.

Spider-Man collapses down onto her for a minute and then pulls himself all the way up. He grabs the back of Jean’s legs for optimal power thrusting. He can feel her orgasm edging ever so closer. Spider-Man wants to be with her pretty much every single step of the way.
Orgasm number two is far more intense than the first one. Jean grabs onto his iron hard prick and allows it to slide into her. She wants to milk him. Those balls bloat so much and are full of so much seed. Repeatedly and endlessly they smack off of Jean’s thighs and increase her desire.

Peter closes ranks around her and fondles Jean’s chest. He milks her large tits while she milks his cock.

“You’re so hot when you’re cumming.”

“Yes! And I’m cumming hard. Are you going to cum with me?”

She’s extremely tight and hot and Peter almost wants to lose it. His balls come very close to popping and releasing their payload inside of her. He repeatedly and endlessly drops down all the way inside of her. Working Jean over as much as humanly possible, and stretching her warm pussy to the brink of where it might just pump his seed into her if he’s not careful.

Spider-Man slows his thrusts to a teasing crawl. Jean moves her legs to pull him in deep. Slow and steady is just not going to do. The primal power of the Phoenix screams to be fucked by her chosen mate. He drives into her, those balls bouncing. The promise of bringing about new life awakens the Phoenix and the aura burning from Jean’s body makes it more than desirable for Spider-Man.

Another grunt follows with Spider-Man ramming himself into Jean. Her walls become super tight and very hot. She rubs him and shows the pleasure. Every inch of her flesh burns against his. Jean’s body drips with sex and he cannot slow down. He just speeds up.

Torn between wanting to make this last forever and achieving his receive, Spider-Man does not really know what to do. He shoves himself into Jean. His balls ache.

“Oh, I’m going to…”

“YES! LET IT GO!”

The Phoenix makes Jean highly fertile and prepares to receive Spider-Man’s potent seed into her waiting womb. He’s the perfect man to create her offspring. Jean grabs onto him tight and hugs him into her body when he fucks her. They shift into a tangled mess of limbs and lust. Spider-Man drives down and holds on for as much as possible.

He really wants to make it last, but she calls for him. Calls for him to seed her and Peter cannot resist her for a minute longer. A rumbling comes into his balls. Then the explosion follows.

A tight grab upon Jean’s hips allows Peter to vigorously fuck her all the way through his orgasm. His balls tense up and release an immense explosion into her. Peter groans and slides as deep into her as possible. Those balls repeatedly bounce off of Jean’s thighs and show how much they have to empty.

Release is one of the best feelings in the world. He slides into her and Jean takes him. She reaches her peak and the two of them finish together. It’s amazing feeling. Peter rams himself, drilling his cock into her wet hole and endlessly splashing his seed inside of her.

Each push causes his balls to expand and contract, working his seed inside of her. Jean hums and pumps him all of the way.
“Mmm, so sexy.”

Jean closes her eyes and allows a deep breath to come out of her. She feels new life just breeding inside of her. The man of her dreams keeps pounding her and making her stomach nice and swollen with his seed. The Phoenix tightens the grip around Spider-Man as not to squander a single drop from him.

Release reaches both of them. Peter tapers off after some time, deflating, but not entirely softening. His head drops down onto Jean’s ample chest, sweaty, and sensitive to his hair brushing against him.

“That was amazing.”

“It was pretty spectacular.”

Jean just smiles and brushes Peter’s hair. Feeling him on top of her causes a primal desire to rise through Jean. Just a quick moment to catch their breaths before they do it all over again.

Given their strong bodies and enhanced libidios, Jean and Peter both find it glad they have plenty time to cement this mating with each other.

End.

Switch(Miss Martian and Artemis)

For Those Who Haven't Heard About the New Method of Posting Chapters, Check It Out Here: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2018/12/new-chapter-posting-method-coming-in.html

Switch(M'Gann M'orzz/Miss Martian and Artemis Crock/Artemis)

A perfect set of lips wrapped around the big throbbing cock of Peter Parker. The set of lips belonged to Artemis Crock and the beautiful young archer knew how to put those lips to work. She knew how to put them to good use, sucking and slurping on his throbbing hard cock.

“Oh, damn it, Artemis. I’m getting close.”

Artemis wrapped her hand around Peter’s balls and pumped them in time with her cock sucking. This made Peter just bury more and more of his length into Artemis’s perfectly tight mouth. He could not wait to face-fuck her until the end. Artemis’s lovely eyes, looking up into his, made for a very amazing encounter.

Finally, Peter lost all sense of himself and came into Artemis’s mouth. Artemis kept sucking him off, working her tongue all over him and making sure she got every single last drop of cum from his thick, juicy balls.

Another long kiss followed, to the underside of his testicles. She sucked on him, slurping his manhood without any hesitation whatsoever. She planted further kisses down to the base of his cock.

“That was hot.”

In the doorway, staring down Artemis was Artemis. Artemis Crock slipped into the room, wearing a lacy green bra and a thong to match. She smiled at the Artemis on the ground.

Artemis One and Artemis Two moved into position and entered a steamy makeout session. The Artemis who just joined them, dug her tongue into the mouth of the Artemis who pleasured Peter’s cock.

The sight of both of the identical archers sharing his cum made Peter harder than a rock. Seconds passed before the form of the Artemis who was on the ground sucking him off shifted into a green skinned beauty with red hair. M’gann M’orzz, better known as Miss Martian, took the tongue train down Artems’s throat. She shared the cum that she got form Peter.

“No,” Peter commented. “That’s hot.”

Both of the heroines smiled and moved over to pleasure the body of their man. Their hands stroked his flesh and brought Peter’s crotch up.

“Oh, no, you already had your turn,” Artemis said. “This ride’s mine.

She unclipped her bra and wrapped her breasts around Peter’s hardening pole. The feeling of her soft, yet firm, flesh easing up around him made Spider-Man groan. Artemis knew precisely what to do with him.
M’gann slipped over his face and sat down on it. Peter faced forward into her glorious Martian snatch. Beautiful and tight, Peter really had no recourse other than to stick his tongue inside and begin to eat M’gann out. The sounds that the sweet girl made, made Peter only attacker her.

“You’re right...he’s too good!” M’gann yelled.

“I know, right?” Artemis asked. “No one licks a pussy quite like him. Quite like a Spider-Man can.”

Artemis rubbed her ample breasts up and down on Peter’s pole, pleasuring him with her body. He bucked up to meet her and Artemis stroked him, long, hard, and fast, with her ample tits. Peter grabbed onto her and made Artemis moan something fierce, the very moment he touched her.

“Oooh, I’m losing it, thanks to him,” Artemis called out. “I can’t wait to have that cock inside of me. It’s so fucking hard right now.”

Artemis decided to release Peter’s cock and remove her panties. They were in the process of getting ruined thanks to how wet she was.

“You heard it,” Artemis said breathing at his cock head. “You want my nice tight pussy wrapped around your big thick cock, don’t you?”

M’gann furiously rammed herself down onto Peter’s tongue and watched as Artemis took the other end. The two women faced each other, with Artemis slipping Peter’s cock inside of her body.

“Oh, that’s so big,” M’gann breathed. “Don’t know how you can naturally make it fit.”

Of course, being a shape shifter, M’gann did not have that problem. She just took Peter’s extremely skilled tongue inside of her. It danced its way between her soft thighs and then inside of her core.

One pussy on his face and another ramming down onto him. There were few things in life which could beat the sensation that Peter was about ready to feel. The web slinger put his hands on Megan’s thighs and wiggled her tight pussy down onto his face. He tasted her glorious Martian snatch, with several long movements and moments. She moaned and Peter kept up with the pleasure.

Artemis rammed her box down onto the thick cock of her lover.

“This is my addiction,” Artemis told M’gann.

“I can see that,” M’gann panted. “Oh, I don’t think I’ve ever...mmmmm.”

She lost all self control. Her entire body rocked back and forth, with M’gann slapping her thick thicks down on the face of her handsome lover. Never once breaking her moment.

“You never have,” Artemis agreed. “You’ve never came quite like this. And neither have I!”

Artemis clamped her way down onto Peter. M’gann almost slipped off of his face from the sheer force. Artemis grabbed onto her friend and steadied her to continue the ride. Their mouths and breasts touched together, their pussies received pleasure on Peter’s heads.

The swelling in Peter’s loins continued to build up. He found himself succumbing and quickly to Artemis’s tight pussy. Every time she clamped down onto him, it brought a fresh feeling of arousal in
Peter. One which he could seldom back off from and he found it very difficult, almost beyond impossible to fight off.

M’gann cumming all over his face made Peter only thrust up even further. His cock entered Artemis’s box and it became his new prison. His pleasure prison, with every last ounce of her loins clamping down around him. The two bodies met each other, with Artemis cracking down onto him, stroking his big thick cock between her legs.

Artemis toyed with herself and predicted her orgasm was almost at hand. Given that she knew her body better than anyone else, this proved to be a very accurate prediction. Her loins slid all the way down onto Peter, cramming deep inside of her body and it made her moan.

“I’m so fucking close,” Artemis said. “And I know you are too, baby.”

Peter slammed into Artemis in response. M’gann clinging on for dear life while she rode Peter’s tongue only added to what was already an amazing and exotic encounter. Watching the sweet Martian girl lose herself to debauched fun only served to get Artemis hotter and hornier. Her wet walls closed down onto him and put Peter’s thick, throbbing cock to the breaking point. He’s almost there, almost close to breaking.

And Artemis came again, hard around him. She ensnared Peter’s big cock into her tight snatch. The faster he rammed into her, the better his throbbing cock felt. She knew it was almost too close, almost too close for both of them.

“I don’t want you holding back on me,” Artemis said. “Just let it go, and feel the end. I want to feel it! I want to feel your cum inside me!”

Artemis yelled out these final words, cumming completely on Peter’s cock. This twist of his cock between her walls was the trigger, the trigger to launch Peter deep and fast into her. His big balls rocked into her body and shot so much seed into her that it was almost amazing.

She chewed down on her lip, taking the full blast of seed inside of her needy pussy. Artemis clamped and worked his cock.

Peter saw stars and barely registered the fact that M’gann left his face and it allowed him to grab Artemis’s hips. To bounce her up and down on his cock several more minutes, twisting her body to a very passionate edge.

It happened, they both came and for both of them, it could not be better than how it was. Artemis slid off of Peter, with her pussy full of his seed.

Instantly, M’gann dove down and attacked Artemis’s lips. She could get in deep, thanks to her shape-shifting abilities. Her perfect Martian tongue allowed Artemis to get that aftermath orgasm from a sex session rather quickly.

“Didn’t….have enough...earlier...did you?” Artemis asked.

M’gann extended her tongue and got all of the cum out of Artemis. She liked Peter’s taste alright and she liked Artemis’s taste when combined side by side with Peter. She sealed her pussy lips and pulled back completely, folding a finger against her warm snatch.

“Never enough,” M’gann panted and she turned around. Her legs spread for the man in front of her.
“Well, are you ready for me?”

Peter pulled over the top of her and M’gann smiled. Her green breasts engorged and were more than a handful for Peter. Her green nipples pushed out and Peter sucked them.

“Between you and She-Hulk, I swear I’m getting a green fetish,” Peter said while squeezing M’gann’s ripe melons.

“I could turn into her if you would like,” M’gann offered.

“Maybe later,” Peter said. “Right now, I really want to fuck Miss Martian.”

M’gann nodded in response and prepared to take Peter’s cock inside of her. She made her pussy about as loose as it needed be to take the invader, but extremely tight. Peter spread her legs and took his plunge inside of her.

“Tight, as could be!” Peter yelled.

“But, the perfect fit!” M’gann squealed. “Oh, Peter, you’re filling me up so fast! I can take this cock all day.”

“Maybe you will,” Peter said. “Although Artemis might have something to say about that.”

M’gann responded with a challenging smile and wrapped her silky legs around him. Peter felt up her green legs, stroking away at her. The horniness of her form just molding underneath him makes Peter just want to ram into her. He goes faster and faster into her.

Her body was a wonderland for Peter to do everything and anything he wanted to. His Martian lover reacted to his every touch. M’gann’s body shifted a shapely as it needed to be, just enough for Peter to grab onto her hips, to ram into her. And her pussy became as tight as possible.

Peter smiled as M’gann shifted her body even further, but nothing can shift the naughty grin off of her face. She shifted practically into a Martian version of Jessica Rabbit and Peter just railed away at her harder and harder. With M’gann almost shifting through the bed before Peter pulled her up.

Artemis decided to do something about her lack of involvement. She climbed onto M’gann’s face.

“Since you like the taste so much,” Artemis said. “How about I give you another free sample?”

M’gann opened up her mouth nice and wide for the penetration to follow. She took Artemis’s pussy on her face.

Peter did not slow down from this addition to their little coupling. As a matter of fact, he only sped up and rammed his cock into her more vigorously.

M’gann breathed heavily. She could shift her insides into a human womb for Peter to impregnate with his baby, if she really wanted to. Granted, it was a bit of a challenge in this state, so maybe when she had a bit more practice. Right now, she took his cock, faster and faster, with several long pushes inside of her.

The closer she edged, the more she grew tighter. She sealed Peter up tight in a hot seal. Wanting to get his cum, all for herself. Perhaps it’s selfish, although M’gann didn’t think so. What some people
called selfish, she would call destiny. The destiny to take him, repeatedly and endlessly inside of her body.

How much Peter wanted to cum could not defined by words. But, first, he wanted to feel M’gann’s tight box clench around him in orgasm one more time. Peter slammed his way deeper and harder into M’gann. Her warm snatch easing up around him and releasing Peter in a couple of steady pushes made him get closer.

Artemis threw her head back. The closer M’gann got, the more intensely she ate Artemis out. That spelled a win for the archier.

Envy spread through her eyes as she watched Peter stuff M’gann with his cock. Every single moment Artemis spent without Peter inside of her, seemed like a waste of time. Even though it was her idea to let M’gann join them in the first place, Artemis still thirsted for Peter’s throbbing hard manhood.

“Close!” Peter groaned.

“Drown her pussy with your seed, so I can lick it out,” Artemis advised him.

Peter thought that sounded like a capital idea and a pretty hot one. He held onto M’gann’s wide hips, perfect for fucking. He plowed her warm box, getting ready to plant his seed into it. His thick throbbing balls danced against her body, and made M’gann shoot her hips up completely. She closed onto him, moaning out loud.

“Mmmm,” M’gann breathed. “Oooh, yes!”

M’gann slammed her warm box up against Spider-Man before busying herself with Artemis. The end was going to come soon, for all of them.

First, Artemis came over M’gann’s face. M’gann took about as much of Artemis’s juices as her tongue can reach.

Then, M’gann took her turn. The pleasure building up in her body for the next several minutes finally hit a fever pitch and allowed her body to explode in pleasure. Her pleasure bolts up through her body. M’gann thrust up further.

Finally, the pressure of her clamping walls became way too much for Peter to bare. He slammed into M’gann and cracked his thick cock against her body. Each push drove deeper and deeper inside of her. Rocking her body and making her feel really good. Beyond great in fact, with M’gann twisting, turning, and breathing heavily from what he was doing to her.

And he was doing something great to her, and she to him. Peter drained his balls into M’gann’s sweet, sweet pussy. He made sure to get the full ride on her. The Martian’s sultry body shuddered to a stop when Peter finished up inside of her.

Artemis crawled over M’gann and rubbed her skin against hers. She was down between M’gann’s legs to return the favor from earlier and to eat a load of Peter’s cum out of her warm snatch. The hot and horny behavior of the archer obviously would not cause Peter to remain soft for long.

Peter dove onto Artemis and enjoyed her sweaty body. He rubbed his cock against the curve of her back.
“Tell me how much you want me,” Peter told her.

Artemis spread her legs far and wide and showed that she wanted Peter, a whole hell of a lot. She spread her thighs, horniness hitting her extremely hard. Peter drove himself into Artemis’s body and filled her up completely. Her tight pussy clamped down onto him and made Peter feel so amazing.

She wanted Peter badly and she got Peter. Peter in all of his glory. He got hard very quickly and Artemis loved his stamina. How he would get hard in a couple of minutes, despite having a long hard love-making session with that Martian wet dream on the bed. With Artemis slurping her tongue.

Her sexy body and somewhat innocence made Artemis just want her.

“I wondered how your lips would feel in another way,” M’gann asked in a soft voice.

Artemis looked up, curiosity hitting her. M’gann smiled and closed her eyes.

A big thick green cock appeared between M’gann’s legs. She could not help and rub it. No wonder why there were some boys who cannot kept their hands off of her penis.

Focus, she needed to focus, on Artemis’s lips and how perfect they would look wrapped around her cock. Artemis opened her mouth before M’gann grabbed her jaw and speared her cock down Artemis’s throat. The massive endowment pushed deeper into Artemis and almost caused her to choke on this cock, this big throbbing cock, ramming down into her perfectly tight and very tight jaw.

“Ooooh!” Artemis moaned around her cock. “Mmmm!”

Okay, Peter could not deny this was hot. Especially given it made Artemis wetter than hell and more than ready to receive. He spend some time admiring the view of M’gann face-fucking Artemis’s mouth. One hand was on Artemis’s head and the other switched between those perfect breasts that Peter got to know so well.

The web slinger hammered Artemis deep and could feel her very tight pussy. No matter how many times Peter drilled her tight box, she could go on for days, taking him in every way humanly possible. The web slinger rocked her body, slamming into her repeatedly from underneath. His warm fingers brushed around her body.

“She’s cumming soon, isn’t she?” M’gann asked. “I don’t know...how you can ever hold back.”

“Practice,” Peter said with a smile.

M’gann felt the need to explode and she could barely hold herself in this form. Especially with Artemis working her magic with those perfectly formed lips. They made everything just that much better and made M’gann just that much more aroused.

She focused on the climax, and the need to burst her juices into Artemis’s mouth. M’gann slowed down with multiple thrusts, savoring the moment.

Artemis would not allow M’gann to savor it for long. Now that she got a taste, the archer wanted everything. She wanted to taste M’gann’s juices when they came out of a cock.
Peter slammed his way into Artemis, knowing that she was close. The time he spent inside of her pussy was always a fantastic journey, but Peter could not deny, no matter how hard he tried. He needed to cum and soon.

“Artemis,” Peter groaned.

She tightened around him and Peter worked off of the back of her orgasm to coax one of his own. His throbbing balls started to send the first few bursts of seed until Artemis milked the rest of them out of it. Peter’s endlessly supply of seed fired out of him, rope after rope splashing into her body.

M’gann threw her hips back and came into Artemis’s mouth around the same time Peter came inside of her. The trio of lovers hit their peaks all in one, their bodies hitting that one heavy and intense feeling.

“Mmm.”

Artemis said this, after collapsing. She was drenched in juices, bodily fluids, and did not care. Because she felt really amazing. M’gann’s sweet taste lingered in her mouth for several minutes.

She sat up as Peter rested on the sheets. Artemis joined M’gann in pressing her body against Peter’s strong form, kissing and caressing him.

“Good afternoon?” Artemis asked.

“The best,” M’gann said. “But, are we going to have an even better night?”

“I’m sure we can,” Peter said.

Both women kissed Peter with smiles on their faces. They could get up to much more after they basked in the afterglow.

End.

Next Chapters(Chapter 167 and 168) to be posted on January 8th, 2019.
The latest Blog Exclusive chapter features Spider-Man with Jenny Knight, otherwise known as Phantom Lady. Check It Out Here: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/01/spidey-does-phantom-ladysticky.html

The last thing Spider-Man felt was a huge explosion which knocked him for a loop. He faded to black rather quickly after that.

Then, the next thing he knew, he felt something warm beneath his waist. A second thought put the warmth around the area of his loins. A pair of lips wrapped around him and sucked him, sucked his cock.

Spider-Man pushed himself back awake and looked up to see the face of the Red She-Hulk, Betty Ross, sucking his manhood. Which throbbed and felt even harder than ever. His balls felt even fuller than before and Spider-Man was not improving his feeling with this leather clad, red skinned beauty sucking on his cock.

“Oooh, what the hell is going on?” Spider-Man groaned.

Red She-Hulk pulled his cock out of her mouth. It throbbed hard and she put her hand on the base and stroked it to keep it under control.

“That’s the first question you ask?” Red asked with a few more strokes of his hard cock.

“Just...wondering, really,” Spider-Man groaned in response.

Red She-Hulk pumped his throbbing hard cock in her hand and made it stand up into the air. She kissed the tip of the head.

“The Gamma Radiator exploded and you were caught in the blast,” Red She-Hulk said. “Thankfully, it has not effected you, at least not yet. But to make sure, I’m sucking the Gamma Radiation out of you.”

“Through my….”

“It’s the best way,” Red She-Hulk said.

Which Spider-Man registered as the fact that there were other ways, but Betty just wanted an excuse to suck his cock. Which she went back through. Her mouth, tongue, lips, and throat worked in harmony to give him the best pleasure sequence. Her hand dipped between his legs and fondled his balls. Spider-Man shoved his manhood deep down Betty’s throat and allowed himself to break out into a very pleasurable groan.

“Oh, if you say so,” Spider-Man breathed. “The best way...the very best way.”
Red She-Hulk went to work on his cock and made him feel beyond great. Her horny little mouth touched Spider-Man at pretty much every single angle. She slurped him and made Spider-Man groan. He put his hands on the back of her hair to guide her.

Having this cock in her mouth to get the Gamma Radiation out of him before it mutated Spider-Man further, it was a damn good idea. The swelling would go down, and when it did, Red She-Hulk knew that he would be cured. In the meantime, she prepared to swallow a meal of his gamma irradiated cum, knowing that she was one of a handful of women that this would not poison.

The web slinger slid his hands against her head.

“Guess, you don’t want me to turn into some kind of Spider-Hulk,” Spider-Man groaned. “That doesn’t even sound right.”

Red sucked him until Spider-Man came in her mouth. It was a very hot feeling, with cum shooting down her throat. Passionately coating the inside of it, as Spider-Man launched drop after drop of his sticky seed. Spilling it down Red’s tight throat.

Red She-Hulk popped up and Spider-Man’s cock was as hard as it ever was, despite cumming.

“Well, obviously that didn’t work,” Red said. “We’re just going to have to try harder next time.”

Red She-Hulk climbed on top of Spider-Man’s waist and stripped off her clothing. Spider-Man marveled at her magnificent body. Her bouncing red breasts stood high and proud, as large as boulders. Her toned stomach rippled with an amazing amount of strength. Her thick hips and wide ass were a marvel and one that Spider-Man could not take his mind or eyes off of. And finally, her pussy, her pussy was so tight. Not to mention she had some long legs.

“Ready for my ride, stud,” Red said with a wiggle of her hips. “Let’s see if I can squeeze the cum out of her.”

Red She-Hulk drove her warm pussy down onto his big, throbbing cock. The web slinger pushed his thick cock into her and she got filled up.

Her pussy closed ranks onto him. She knew there would be at least several times when he came in her hole. Red She-Hulk put her hands on his torso for leverage and rammed up and down. She rode Spider-Man with all of the flurry of a cowgirl. Her heated center slid all the way down onto him and she moaned, moaned with so much passion.

“Spider, it feels so good!” Red She-Hulk breathed. “Feels so good to have your cock in my tight pussy.”

Oh, her tight pussy was the best. The way it squeezed his gamma engorged cock, made Spider-Man thrust deeper and deeper inside of her. She squeezed his thick cock and made him push deeper inside of her body. Their hips connected with each other.

Spider-Man could not wait to unload in Red’s tight pussy. But, at the same time, he wanted to savor this moment. Savor this once in a life time opportunity. Watching her big round tits just bounce in his face.

“Touch them! It might help with the process.”
Spider-Man did not know how touching a woman’s tits would help with draining gamma radiation, but who was he to argue? He reached in and cupped Red’s round wonders, giving them a very firm squeeze and pinching them. Red broke out into a fit of pleasure, her sexy body smashing down on Spider-Man’s crotch. She rose up and moaned one more time before slamming down onto him.

“Does that help baby?” Red asked. “I bet that does. I bet that helps a whole lot.”

Spider-Man clutched her tits and then tugged on them. Her nipples rubbed underneath his hands and added the needed friction.

Pure fire burned through Red’s loins as she took that big cock inside of her. It was a big cock all for her and she would be damned if she would have to call in reinforcements. The woman’s skin shined with sweat and arousal. More bodily fluids than one can imagine shined from her body. She peered down at Spider-Man and she bounced a little bit more.

Her tits jiggled underneath Spider-Man’s gaze and he went back to feeling them up. Then, he milked them and that really got Red She-Hulk going.

She took his engorged cock, almost fifteen inches in length thanks to the added radiation, deep inside of her body. It was a pretty good size without it, but it was a monster. Something that women would both learn to fear and hate. Thankfully, their bodies close in on each other, with Spider-Man moving his hands to her ass as well. He sits up and they move face to face either.

Red wanted to kiss him, but she did not want to put the gamma radiation she took out of him through her mouth, back into her body.

“Make me cum, swinger!” she breathed.

Red’s legs crushed Spider-Man’s waist and he pushed deeper inside of her. His thick balls slapped against her thighs and made her moan.

“YES!” Red She-Hulk screamed at the top of her lungs. “POUND MY PUSSY!”

Spider-Man obeyed the woman, wrecking her wet cunt with everything that he had. His balls grew about as heavy as a pair of bowling balls and he could not believe how much cum they were swelling with. The need for release became even more prominent the more he railed away on Red.

He was about ready to explode. He grabbed her hips and jammed her all the way down. Her enhanced body took his overly sized cock with everything. The woman’s wet box clamped down onto her and she released so many juices down onto him.

Spider-Man plunged his thick cock against her wet entrance and pumped Red with his seed. Spider-Man never once broke ranks, instead he kept launching blast after blast of warm thick seed directly into her body. Her warm hips dropped down onto him, squeezing him until the point where he was going to explode.

The second passed with Spider-Man pulling himself out of Red She-Hulk and allowing her to drop down onto his shoulder.

“Good fuck,” Red said.

She spun around and she felt something push against her ass. Red just smiled over her shoulder.
“Guess, we can try out that last hole,” Red said. “Might as well...it went down a little bit.”

“Not for long,” Spider-Man said.

Sure enough, her ass grinding over him put Spider-Man right back where he started. Namely, the desire to plunge into her from behind and take her ass for everything that it’s worth.

Red’s asshole opened up. She licked her fingers, getting them wet before shoving said fingers into her back hole. She worked the hole open and made Spider-Man realize just how close he was to entering her. His thick balls brushed against her warm opening.

“And now, I need a big cock in this ass,” Red said with a smirk as she rubbed against Spider-Man. “I hope you can help me, bug boy.”

Spider-Man decided not to go over the inaccuracy of classifying a Spider as an insect. That was far from his mind, but rather, Red’s thick ample booty was. He put his hands on it and plunged inside of her. A few long doses of pleasure, and Spider-Man impacts her back entrance.

The sliding of Spider-Man in her most taboo passage got Red She-Hulk’s blood boiling, along with her loins. The wetness danced from her pussy as Spider-Man hammered her from behind. The web slinger took her completely in the ass, ramming as far into her as possible. His hand slapped her firm ass and pulled out before spanking her again a couple of times.

“Oh, do it again!” Red called. “Slap my ass again!”

Another couple of spanks and Spider-Man jammed into her again. He took his big, hard, fuck-stick as deep into her body as humanly possible. All while touching her chest and making her moan in pleasure. Spider-Man sucked on on her shoulderblades.

The honey just oozed from Red’s pussy. Spider-Man slid himself as far into her as he could manage. He went balls deep into the woman underneath him. His throbbing hard cock and loaded balls threatened to unload inside of Red’s tight asshole. He pulled back from her almost and slammed down inside her one more time.

“Mmm,” Red moaned in response. “Mmm.”

Spider-Man pushed his hand against her chest as well as her ass. He’s all over her and fucking her up the ass like it was his job. And he took his job very seriously, slapping his balls against her warm entrance from behind. Spider-Man slid his cock deeper inside of her tight asshole.

“I’m going to lose it if you keep making those noises.”

Only more lovely noises come from Red and it was obvious that she wanted Spider-Man to lose it. Spider-Man stuffed her asshole full of his cock, hammering her from underneath. Red squeezed her cheeks against him and formed him in a very tight seal which made him want even more.

“Again!”

The sweet siren song of the thick beauty bouncing on his cock, sending him into her ass, only made Spider-Man want to fuck her in that particular hole even harder. His hands clasped Red’s perfect breasts and squeezed them. The horny woman seemed more intent on getting herself out than helping
Spider-Man. 

Spider-Man felt a little less hard and full than last time, closer to his normal, pretty good, standards. So perhaps things were working out just nicely, at least he thought as much. Spider-Man closed his hands against Red’s chest and milked her nipples extremely hard.

“Yes!” Red yelled at the top of her lungs. “Right...in my ass!”

There was no other place in the world which Spider-Man wished to be. He squeezed Red’s firm cheeks and took her like it was nobody’s business. Fucking her ass like it was no tomorrow. Slapping the tender flesh until she rose up and dropped down onto him.

“Closer,” Spider-Man told her. “Get closer.”

She came first and Spider-Man rammed his fingers into her. He mused that if the radiation caused him to grow a second cock, that would not be too bad. Of course, it could be a problem in real life, outside of the bedroom.

The things one thought about when they were balls deep in a She-Hulk’s ass. Spider-Man enjoyed the ride, his muscles tensing up.

Red does not say anything, just screaming at the top of her lungs. The immense heat closing in on their bodies proved to be a very good feeling.

Spider-Man pushed his cock into her and filled her anal cavity up with seed. His cock broke free after a good six or seven pumps and unloaded the rest of it on Red’s ass.

Red came hard from the force of the seed, shooting out of Spider-Man’s loins like a cannon. It pasted her, and dribbled down her lower back and ass cheeks. She swiftly scooped some of it up, because such a precious resource came to waste.

Spider-Man went down halfway, before rising back up at Red She-Hulk’s sultry gaze as she ate his cum. She smiled and put a hand on his thigh.

“The good news is, we’re making some headway,” Red She-Hulk said. “But, we need to go all the way.”

And with those words, Red She-Hulk deep throated Spider-Man. Spider-Man held up with the suction affect being in full prominence.

The best feeling he could imagine indeed.

End.
The fact his enemy wore inhibitor cuffs and a matching collar only gave Spider-Man the slightest of relief. The fact his enemy was Selene Gallio, the Black Queen, and dressed in pretty much next to nothing other than said cuffs and collar almost distracted Spider-Man. She was as beautiful as she was deadly which proved to be a dangerous combination.

“Perhaps I had underestimated your appeal,” Selene commented. “Perhaps you are worthy of being worshipped as the new Black King.”

“Wouldn’t Shaw have something to say about that?” Spider-Man asked.

Selene offered her soon to be lover a soft and sultry smile. It was very obvious in that gaze what she hungered for.

“He has a lot to say about many things,” Selene said. “Many of them I don’t pay him any mind. But you are capable of so much more. I can see your potential.”

Selene stretched a hand out and put on his crotch. Despite her powers being drained, Peter felt apprehensive. It did not help that from his position, he could see down her shirt. The pale dark-haired woman had a body built for sin which made her just that much more dangerous.

“We shouldn’t be doing this?” Peter asked.

“Your mouth tells one story,” Selene said. “Your body tells something else.”

The Black Queen tugged down the bottom half of Spider-Man’s uniform. She came face to face with the particular reason why so many bitches loved Spider-Man. Selene’s mouth curved into a soft smile when analyzing his manhood. It twitched, throbbet, and pretty much waved closer to her face. Selene could not do anything other than put her hand on the underside of his crotch and begin to pump.

Every thought in Spider-Man’s head screamed to stop her from doing what she was doing. Every thought from below his brain indicatd he wanted Selene to continue. She was like a forbidden fruit. Sweet, but perhaps potentially poisonous. He never knew until he indulged.

Selene’s dark lipstick looked amazing when pressed against his thick cock head. The Black Queen took him without any feel. Spider-Man groaned in agony when being sealed inside of the mouth of his lover. Something primal entered his mind with Selene.

She put her hands on his balls and stroked them. Cupped them extremely hard. Selene fondled his balls, milking them back and forth. With her tongue doing rotation motions the faster she went down
on him. She could not resist the taste of this handsome young man. The deeper she went down onto
him, the further he went into her mouth.

Peter Parker could not resist what this deliciously diablocial woman was doing to her. She introduced
sensations to his loins which defied all imagination. She knew the exact way to manipulate the
bloodflow to get him throbbing and go deeper inside of her mouth.

“Your mouth...oh damn, we really shouldn’t be doing this.”

Selene inhaled him and her warm breath made Peter tingle. She was a succubus wrapped in mortal
flesh. Slowly sucking Peter, slowly bring his balls forward. His swinging balls kept dancing back
and forth. Selene pushed her hand against him and stroked him.

“We shouldn’t….”

Selene pulled away from him and left lipstick marks all the way down his length. Her tongue danced
up on, carving strange symbols in it. His balls swelled up even harder. Selene moved down between
her legs, and looked like a cum-guzzling slut when sucking his balls.

She knew exactly what she was doing. She knew exactly all the ways to put Peter through the paces.
Selene rose up and softened her beautiful lips around him and sucked him hard. Selene went down
onto him and took him deep into her throat one more time.

He was going to burst and she was going to be right there to taste him when he did. Selene pressed
her hands against his firm ass and squeezed it. The Black Queen pushed her face all the way down
onto his crotch.

Peter felt his lower regions practically disappear into the back of the throat of Selene. The visual of
the deadly, ageless woman sucking Spider-Man off leaned towards the more exotic. Spider-Man
threaded his fingers against Selene’s head and repeatedly pumped into her.

He couldn’t hold on another minute. He grunted and filled her with seed.

Selene’s entire body shook. She got the first taste of the spider-empowered stud’s cum and needed to
get even more of it. She drank it up like it was an exotic commodity, eyes latched onto his. Every
shift his body made indicated that he melted like butter in her hands.

The Black Queen pulled away and guzzled his cum with a soft smile.

“The White Queen has nothing on you,” Spider-Man said.

“Emma’s more of a tease,” Selene said. “She flaunts it, but she has no sense of what it’s like to get
down and dirty for the cause.”

Selene rose up and her stocking clad legs wrapped around Spider-man. She pulled him in tight. The
corset material gave when and her bountiful breasts squeezed out.

“Go ahead,” Selene purred lustfully. “I know how much you’re going to like my breasts. I know
how you like how soft and beautiful they are. You can’t stand not touching them. I want you to
touch them. I want you to take them in your greedy little hands until you can’t take any more.”

The groping of her chest showed just how much she drew this handsome young man into her web.
Selene smiled, feeling lust. And also almost soaking in the Tantric energy coming off of him. This would be delightful, for both of them. Her pussy got wetter and wetter thinking of this big tool inside of her.

Peter kept touching Selene’s perfect breasts. He squeezed them and got a sultry moan which made the blood rush to his loins. He imagined Selene being on the bed, on all fours. While he wrecked her, until she begged for him to stop, but at the same time looked at Peter like the Black Queen wanted more.

“Oh, honey, I’m going to ride you and put you away worn out,” Selene said. “But, I think you could just wear me out a little bit...with these cuffs and this collar on. After all, that’s what you do to a whore when you take them. You cuff and collar them.”

Selene rubbed her crotch against Spider-Man’s and the most folds makes his dick rise strong and powerful.

“Let’s face it, you came here because you thought that you would fuck the Black Queen,” Selene purred. “Don’t deny it, you naughty little arcanid. You get off on having these women in your web, before you devour them, and make them scream for your big powerful fuck.”

“I love how these hot women throw themselves at me,” Peter admitted.

“I know, because you’re a shameless man whore,” Selene purred. “And now, I’m going to take your cum, all of it.”

Selene pushed him onto the bed. Despite her attempts to mount him, Peter stretched out and blocked her. He rolled Selene over onto her back. She yelped when his cock touched her through the fabric of her corset.

“I’m sorry, but you’re mine,” Peter said. “Those collars and those cuffs...they’re not for decoration...so those legs are going to be spread for me.”

“And what if I refuse?” Selene asked.

Peter just smiled and activated a switch on his web shooters. A small shock went through Selene’s nervous system. She could not believe this do-gooder did that to her.

Damn if it made her so wet though. So wet to think that he would do such a thing. Always the brainy ones, they are the most naughty.

“Does it do anything else other than cause your captives pain?” Selene asked.

“Wait, and we might find out,” Peter said. “Now, let me see that beautiful pussy of yours.”

Spider-Man tore open her corset and revealed her wet pussy. Selene looked up at him, biting down on her lip. She beckoned him to come onto her. To crawl on top of her, to meet skin for skin. Selene locked her legs against the hips. The charge between both of their bodies.

“It’s been a long time,” Selene said. “It would be a shame if you hurt me with that big cock.”

Spider-Man just gave her a smile and shoved deep inside of her. He had no idea why, but the Black Queen brought out more of his inner dark side then the alien suit ever did. He rammed into this
woman, thinking that he could ride her all night long. The web slinger pushed into her, thinking that Selene was the type of woman that he could ride until he was good and stretched out.

Selene’s breathing increased. She intended to mind-fuck him a little bit, but this was much better. Peter rammed as deep inside of her, stretching her out. Selene pushed against him. Her stocking’s being ripped slightly as he grabbed her legs. To her, this was just perfect. Driving the do-gooder crusader of truth and justice to nothing more than a primal animal who thought of nothing but sex.

The fact she could get a nice hard fuck on the way, well that was icy on the cake. Her juicy pussy dripped from the deeper he went inside of her. He pushed harder and harder into her. Making her body just size up. He froze, stopped thrusting, and decided to molest her body.

Selene added her pleasure by clutching his thick prick with her warm, snug walls. He pulled out of her and made her drop down onto the bed.

“I’m sorry,” Peter told her. “Did you want to cum?”

He lightly cupped her breast and Selene looked up at him, panting in pleasure. Yes, she wanted to cum, but Spider-Man denied her that fact. She tried to push up to get his cock back inside of her where it belonged. The web slinger looked at her, pushing her chest and giving her a good push down onto the bed.

His spider strength pinned her down. Selene realized just how much he could have his way with her, especially in this vulnerable position. Another tingle went down her spine.

“Yes,” Selene said. “Oh, yes...make me your cock sleeve. My pussy is good for getting fucked. Fucked by a superior man.”

Selene breathed in and out with more lust dancing through her body.

Feeling the Black Queen of the Hellfire Club squirming underneath him gave Spider-Man’s ego a job. Not to mention his cock throbbed. He needed to be back inside of her and this time, they would both finish.

He slipped inside of Selene. Once again, her walls tightened around him. Her warm tight hole clutched him and made him moan extremely hard.

“Oooh, I want...I want this!” Selene yelled.

The web slinger grabbed Selene by the ass and pulled her off of the bed before smashing her down. He repeated the ritual two more times and fucked her vigorously into the bed. The sound of springing mattress swayed back and forth. Peter clutched her chest and milked her swinging swelling jugs. Selene moaned even louder.

Peter pulled out of her again and rolled her over on the bed. Her ass stuck up in the air, and her pussy was primed to get fucked from behind. She got onto her hands and knees and wiggled her ass.

“There’s a whip in the drawer if you want to use it,” Selene said.

Peter smacked her ass in response. Selene could feel it, thanks to his strong hand hitting her.

“I prefer a more personal touch,” Spider-Man said.
“I don’t blame you,” Selene said while looking over her shoulder. “Now take that big cock and stick it where it belongs, hero.”

Spider-Man lined up for her and shoved his stiff cock inside of her tight pussy. She squeezed Peter and the web slinger pushed deeper inside of her.

She clutched him, so warm and so hot. A tingle erupted from his balls. Peter pulled almost all the way out and slapped her ass. Selene looked over her shoulder, smiling in response.

“Faster,” Selene said. “I’m so hot for you.”

“I always love an older woman,” Peter said. “Always knows what she wants.”

The ageless beauty just smiled. She loved the touch of a younger man with so much energy. And Spider-Man was young and wild, and willing to go the distance. Those thrusts buried inside of her and made Selene break out into an extremely soft sigh.

Her release finally hit hard and fast. The rush sent her sweet juices onto him.

Peter absorbed the scent of this seductress. He could feel a tingle inside of his body. His muscles tightened. Selene remained so tight, to squeeze him. He leaned closer towards her and tugged on Selene’s hair. The web slinger pushed as fast and far into her hole as possible.

“Cum for me,” Selene said. “Let me drain those balls. All that nasty cum, it needs a new home.”

Selene’s experience in draining men was slowly bringing Spider-Man to the edge. He pushed inside, wrapping his hands around her ass and pushed into her as hard as possible.

Spider-Man edged closer, nestled inside of her pussy walls. The web slinger squeezed her nice ass, her ample chest, and all over. Just feeling her, the need hitting her.

Finally, one more push, and Spider-Man burst inside of her. He started to drain himself into Selene.

Selene decided not to stifle her screams. The entire mansion could hear her and hear just how hard she was being railed by Spider-Man. What belonged as a simple attempt of a power play turned into something much more. His cum-loaded balls drained into her from behind.

Finally, he rested his hands on her waist and dragged himself against her. Selene started to crawl away until Peter pulled her back.

“So told you we were done?”

“My mistake. Why don’t you punish this bad girl?”

Peter opted to spank her instead of shocking Selene. It was much more intimate. Her bouncing ass made Peter rock hard.

It was obvious neither were going to be done until one or both passed out. And it was going to be a true clash of wills.

Which just made it that much more exciting in Spider-Man’s book. That was the last thought he did
before sinking inside of Selene’s molten hot box.

End.

Two More Chapters(Chapter 169 and 170) to be posted on 1/15/2019.

Tension Bust(Jennifer-Lynn Hayden/Jade)

Jennifer-Lynn Hayden was half asleep and therefore her brain could not properly register what was going on around her. She shifted and moved in the bed when a warm feeling spread through her body. The green skinned woman thrashed on the bed. Her breasts straining against the tight top she wore in her bed. Her pussy lips felt like they had been parted by some kind of force.

“Peter,” she breathed in her sleep.

Then, the Green Lantern known as Jade realized she was not dreaming. She could feel a face buried between her thighs and eating her out. She made a movement to see what was up, wondering who had snuck into her room and started to eat her pussy.

Then, she realized that it was her boyfriend, Peter Parker, better known as the Amazing Spider-Man, who serviced her like it was his job. And what a fine job he was doing as well. The tension building through Jade’s body rose up and came out in just one flood from her loins.

Finding herself quite happy to wake up in time to feel this orgasm, Jade responded with a very hungry sigh. The woman’s body rose up and crashed down on the bed. Her hips shooting forward and then blasts of hot and warm juices flooding all over the bed.

Peter pulled himself up to a standing position, face dripping in her juices. Jade sat up on the bed and crawled closer to him. She was practically falling out of her top, something that the green-skinned babe did not correct. Regardless, she put her hand on Peter’s shoulder and leaned closer towards him.

“So, what’s the occasion?” Jade asked.

“All the times you woke me up with your mouth?” Peter asked. “And you want to know why?”

Jade just smiled and leaned towards him. It was true, she took care of Peter’s morning wood more times than the Green Lantern could count. But, regardless, she was in and she was kissing the daylights out of her man. Their tongues push close to each other, with their hunger only increasing.

She tasted herself on Peter’s mouth and that was more than exciting.

“I can’t believe you snuck in on me,” Jade said. “That was poor form.”

Peter just gave her a smile.

“You did have a long hard night,” Peter answered.
“And we’re about to have an even harder morning now that you got me worked up,” Jade said.

The kisses continued, with the happy couple exploring each others bodies. Their relationship had been sexually charged. Jade could feel tantric power course off of Peter’s body. To be fair though, there were other ways to see how much he was up for some early morning fun.

As if getting woken up by his wicked tongue being put to good use did not clue in Jade enough. Jade pressed her palm against her man’s crotch and very expertly worked his pants down. The treasure inside was more than worth the wait.

“And you’re nice and hard,” Jade said. “Beautiful.”

“Why don’t you greet him now that he’s woken up?” Peter asked with a cheeky smile.

Jade happily kissed the tip of Peter’s length. The large piece of meat twitched and almost came inside of her mouth. Jade pushed down a bit further, humming when easing into him. She took him into her mouth and slowly pleasured him. Deliberate in her actions.

Despite the fact that Jade wanted nothing better than to give Peter the same pleasure that he gave her, her body sent her some wild signals. Signals which could not be ignored, no matter how many times Jade tried to push them into the back of her head. She sprung up, eyes wide and lust just sizzling from them. She placed her hands on either side of Peter’s shoulders and leaned closered towards him.

“I’m here for you,” Jade whispered. “And I’m going to take you.”

His cock was out and sticking up in the air. Her pussy was wet and ready. Jade could not do anything other than shove him down to the bed.

The Green Lantern energy she summoned tied Peter down onto the bed. Peter appreciated how much of a wildcat his girlfriend was, where she would tie him down to the bed and fuck him for hours on end. Still, she allowed him to return the favor and they used his extra strength webbing to great use.

“It’s ready,” Jade said. “And I’m ready. There seems to be no reason to wait.”

She stood up and extended her leg to tease Peter some more. Peter thought he was going to pass out from the blood loss to his head with his erection standing straight up in the air like this. Jade knew precisely what she was doing and precisely all the ways which she intended to torment and taunt Peter.

“No reason at all.”

Jade positioned her succulent ass almost in Peter’s face. She mounted him in the reverse-cowgirl position. Peter did not know whose choice it was to design a mirror on the ceiling for this room, but he would forever thank the arcetect for this one. The moment he slid down inside of Jade, her tight walls pressed against him and she moaned.

Inch by inch of this succulent piece of meat was Jade’s and Jade’s alone. She needed to worship it and take it in between her soft, succulent walls. She pressed down onto him and moaned in pleasure. Jade rose up and dropped down. Her soft thighs bounced up and down onto him.

“Deep, get a bit deeper.”
Jade bounced her ass and Peter just swelled. He struggled to stay conscious for this.

“Have to make up for the fact you started without me,” Jade said with a saucy wink.

The woman rose up and down. The momentum of her succulent form putting pressure down on Peter’s pelvis just made him groan. He had to have this dream of a woman and have her now. Jade’s ass kept bouncing for him and drew his attention towards her.

It was a constant effort to get up inside in her. Peter did not know how much it would take to tip him over the edge. Jade looked intent to test that theory out and edge her lover closer to some kind of breaking point.

Of course, by doing this, it was Jade who had been sent to a very spectacular breaking point. She rode her lover like there was no tomorrow, pushing his throbbing hard length just a bit deeper inside of her tight body. Jade opened her eyes and shut them, breathing in very heavily. Her heaving chest bounced several times over. She begged to be touched, but at the same time, she recalled that she pinned Peter down on the bed.

Peter closed his eyes and redoubled his will, not to lose out to Jade. She tightened around him and made Peter feel so good, so amazing. His hips pushed up against her, almost driving deep into her womanly depths. His throbbing hard balls cracked up against her.

“Need to see you.”

Jade pulled away from him to leave Peter in a lurch and leave him groaning in frustrating.

“Oh, you little minx,” he groaned.

Jennifer-Lynn Hayden broke out into a smile. She would more than make it up for him by mounting the tip of his cock and pushing it deep inside of her soft, warm body. She could feel herself pressing down onto him, his throbbing erection pushing into her. He was almost on the inside of her and filling her up like it was no one’s business.

The cupping of her breasts drew Peter’s entire view to the body part in question. Jade lifted one of her breasts up and shoved the nipple into her mouth to suck onto it. Peter’s muscles tensing over her caused her to drip wet. Her entire resolve weakened the faster Peter drove into her body.

His thrusts drove deeper and deeper into her. Peter rose up and slammed down into her body. Her insides turned completely molten the more he rocked into her. Jade pressed against him, hip to hip, movement to movement, motion to motion. They were this close.

Jade clamped down onto his base and prevented him from cumming. A wicked grin crossed over her face.

“You just know how to leave a guy hanging.”

“Turn about is fair play,” Jade said with a saucy smile.

The powerful restraints almost flickered out of existence from Jade being more focused on riding Peter towards an orgasm then anything. Peter waited out, waited for his moment. He would wait for this naughty minx before he would punish her. He would really make her pay, if it was the last thing
that he did. He wanted to bend her over and spank her before fucking her brains out.

That thought excited Peter. He pushed ever so deeper into Jade and allowed her walls to tighten against him. She allowed him to fill her up, their bodies ruled by one thing. The need for release and the desire both of them had.

“You love it,” Jade said. “Don’t deny that you love it.”

Her tight pussy clamped down onto him and the challenge in her eyes was one that Peter was unable to meet. The dare to say that he did not love what Jade was doing to him. Yet, he also would love what he was about to do to her. As Jade approached her orgasm, Peter made his move.

Now with freed hands, Peter groped her chest. Jade only revelized that Peter broke free from those restraints in a matter of seconds. It was too late to stop him from capturing her chest and squeezing it. Not that Jade wanted him to stop. Why on Earth would she ever want him to stop doing this? Jade softly moaned into his ear from Peter’s questing hands groping down onto her breasts.

“They belong to you, lover boy,” Jade said. “Touch me. Oooh, Peter, you know exactly how to make a girl feel everything that she ever dreamed about.”

She was a dream with all of that succulent flesh just beating around him. Peter held onto her tits and gave them another hearty squeeze. He pushed his fingers against her and stroked her nipples. Warm and poking towards him, Peter could do nothing more than keep thrusting away at Jade. He knew that the end would come.

Peter just had to have her, had to mold Jade.

“Time for you to lose it,” Peter said. “I wonder if I should return the favor.”

He pulled out before Jade could come.

“After all, as a beautiful woman once said, turn about is fair play.”

Jade growled at her own words being used against her. Peter turned her around and bent her against the headboard. The green skinned woman spread her legs and allowed Peter to go in deep. He touched her and got the heat pumping through her body.

Webbing bound her hands to the edge of the headboard. With Jade trapped and with nowhere to go, Peter rubbed his sopping wet length against her body. It going down the curve of her spine sent a rapid fire amount of shivers down it. Peter eased himself ever so closer.

“Tell me what you want.”

Using her hair as the reigns to hold him into place did little to deter Jade. She wanted to egg him on. She needed him.

“My pussy is so empty without you,” she begged. “I think it’s about time for both of us to finish. Together.”

“Long overdue.”

Peter agreed with her and demonstrated this by taking a plunge deep into Jade. Her walls clamped
down tight. Peter worked extra hard to control the speed of the thrusts and hold back just enough. Despite the determination in her eyes, reflected in the mirror behind the headboard.

Of course, her eyes were not the focus of Peter. Her perfect rounded ass was the pinnacle of everything Peter wanted to give and take. He squeezed Jade’s succulent rear and allowed it to spring back into his hands. A couple of hard spanks made it jiggle even more.

They were both so close. Peter wanted to enjoy this even more. Enjoy every square inch of Jade’s body which practically melted underneath her boyfriend’s skilled hands.

Jade squirmed and squirted, a good feeling rising through her body. The pleasure built to a fever pitch and she knew that despite everything, she was going to finish hard.

“Give it to me,” she begged him. “Give it to me good.”

Spider-Man groaned the very second he shoved himself into Jade’s tight body. She enveloped him and released him a couple of times. It was a very alluring feeling, the moment her silken walls clamped down onto him. Peter held on tight and rode her all the way to the perfect conclusion. He was closer, getting closer, just edging to the point where he was about ready to explode. Jade closed her walls down onto him and moaned softly, hungrily.

“Damn, Jade, you’re so perfect,” Peter groaned. “So, close.”

It was perfect, Peter mused. Perfect the second her tight walls clamped down onto him. Peter pushed into her and indulged in her perfect body. Everything was nice and lovely. Jade closed her walls around him and started to coax the seed from him. Peter could only grab on tight and ride their mutual orgasm out.

Said orgasm fired blast after blast of sticky juices into Jade’s wet cavern. Spider-Man clamped his fingers down onto her ass and sped up his thrusting. He rocked back about a foot and jammed himself into her. His warm and powerful hand smacked her on the rear when he finished up inside of her. Jade looked over her shoulder, lust burning through her eyes.

Both finished at the same time. Both enjoying this early morning romp with each other. Peter pulled out the second he was finished and freed her from the webbing on the bed.

Jade pulled Peter down and allowed him to rest on her heaving green breasts. They knew it was only a moment or two before they got back into position for more.

And judging by where Peter’s hand went, it would be sooner rather than later. End.
The lights of the kitchen at the Legion of Superhero Headquarters flipped on. Peter Parker slipped out of his bedroom to get a sandwich, not bothering to throw a shirt on. He just moved around in his boxer shorts and did not meet anyway on the way. Although, he would not mind having a meeting with any of the Legion’s lovely ladies to be perfectly honest.

Just as Peter had been about to make himself a sandwich, footsteps could be heard. He turned around to see a sexy blonde wearing a transparent black nightie enter the room. Her long and elegant legs displayed themselves and Peter’s mind started to wander when thinking about them, thinking about them wrapping around his strong torso as he thrust into her. Thinking about her begging for more. Her perfect chest and beautiful face, with succulent looking lips caught Peter’s attention as well and he knew for a fact she had a nice tight looking ass that Peter begged to touch.

Imra Ardeen, better known as Saturn Girl stopped.

“Hello, Peter,” she commented.

“Just here making a snack,” Peter said.

‘And hoping that you don’t notice the boner that I’m getting from you coming into the kitchen wearing that,’ Peter thought. ‘Oh, damn, telepath.’

Imra gave him a slight smile before moving over. She moved over towards the kitchen and bent over after opening the fridge. That allowed Peter to see her panties. It was almost like women had a sixth sense when you were staring at their ass and they did nothing to help curb that behavior when they had you hooked.

“Just making a snack myself,” Imra said.

She took out a pastry from the fridge and slowly ate it. The cream on her lips brought certain other thoughts to Peter’s mind. Especially, when she slowly licked the cream off of her lips. The blood flow to Peter’s head stopped cold and he wondered if this was some kind of punishment for something he did.

“She’s beautiful.”

“You’re very handsome as well,” Imra practically purred. “And I don’t necessarily mind...and I’m certainly flattered because of this.”

“Wait, you were reading my mind?” Peter asked.
“Not consciously, but you were projecting,” Imra said. “People do that when they’re emotional and one of the highest emotions is lust.”

Imra grabbed Peter’s crotch through his pants and kissed him. Peter returned the kiss. This was not the first Legion babe who had decided to engage Peter into a rousing game of tonsil hockey.

Peter grabbed the ass that had been taunting him and he could squeeze those cheeks all day. Imra’s eyes clouded over with lust, when she continued her very passionate makeout session with the spider themed hero. Her fingers danced down his neck and she kissed him for several more times.

Imra pulled away from him and dropped her nightdress to the ground. She was not wearing a bra underneath it and her luscious pillows popped out. They were so soft looking. Peter wanted to touch them.

“You really should,” Imra said. “They’re all yours tonight.”

Taking her up on the invitation, Peter squeezed Imra’s chest. She cooed in his ear. He knew all of the right spots to touch this woman or learned them rather quickly. While Imra slowly eased down his boxer shorts and revealed his stiff cock to the entire world.

“You have a very nice penis,” Imra told him in a matter of fact. “You are statistically above average for the men of your time.”

“That’s nice to hear,” Peter groaned.

She decided to get hands on with his very nice penis by stroking and squeezing the male organ in question. Desire burned through Peter as all of the heat spread through his body. The sweet Legion member kissed him even more when she stroked his cock.

“I’d say you should get me wet,” Imra said. “But, I don’t think that I have that problem.”

Imra pushed her panties to the side and touched herself. The moisture collected on her fingers and she moved up. Her juices had a sweet taste to them with Peter could not really get enough of. Imra knew she was pushing all of the right buttons, judging by the look in her eyes.

“Do you want to bend me over the counter first?” she asked. “Or do you want me to push you on our table and ride you reverse cowgirl so you can see my ass bounce when I drive down on your big stiff cock?”

Repeated strokes brought Peter’s mind into a daze. She instantly knew where to touch him and when. Damn telepaths ended up cheating, but damn if it did not make for some good sex. Imra bit down on her lip, which made her seductive.

“Oh do you want me to wrap my legs around you and mount you right here?” Imra asked. “I hope you give me a hint soon, because I’m wet and I need you badly. Inside me...just like you wanted.”

Peter found her body to be irresistible in so many tantalizing ways. He cupped Imra’s juicy ass and squeezed it, making her break out into a soft cry. No matter how much he could not resist her, she could not resist him just as much. Peter grabbed her and closed the fridge before pushing her against it.

“We’re right here,” Peter said.
“Oh, it feels cold on my back,” Imra said.

Peter spun Imra around and shoved her against the cool fridge. Her nipples brushed up against it and Peter just rubbed her body down. Imra closed her eyes the more Peter touched her. Her nipples were getting harder and not because of the coldness of the fridge.

Of course, the other thing that drove Imra completely nuts was between Peter’s legs. Kara projected some very interesting thoughts to Imra one time, about what Peter could do that fueled her fantasies. And now those were about to come true.

In hindsight, Kara likely did it on purpose. Not that Imra minded, because she needed him. Needed a cock inside of her in the worst way, just pushing into her body.

After spending some time exploring every inch of Imra’s hot body, Peter moved in for the kill. His balls slapped down onto Imra’s thighs the very second it slid himself into her body. He could feel her, so tight, about as tight as he imagined. Peter needed to adjust himself before going away.

“Finally!” Imra yelled.

“You want to know how long I’ve been waiting for this?”

“Long enough,” Imra panted. “Oh, this is feeling so good. You’re stretching me out so much. I can hardly even think.”

“Don’t think then, just feel.”

Imra took Peter up on his offer and felt, felt the depths he would go inside of her. He thrust a little bit further into her, rocking her body something fierce. The movement of his hips increased the further he pushed into Imra. His hands slapped against her and made Imra just jolt out in pleasure. She knew this was going to be the best. Everything was leading up to this moment, this exciting moment where she could feel Peter deep inside of her.

She could feel her pussy oozing and clutching down onto him. It was not going to be too long before he rode her out to an amazing orgasm. Imra bit down on her lip and just let the juices flow as much as possible. His hands slapped down onto her and sent shockwaves just spilling all over her body. He was deeper into her, balls deep then before.

It was finally happening, she was cumming extremely hard. Peter pulled almost all the way out of her and then when she protested, he was back into her. Touching Imra in all of the right spots.

She was everything that Peter imagined and so much more. The sexy woman was a very willing sexual partner and able to get his dick wet when he pushed into her. He pulled her back a little bit from the fridge. Irma held onto the side of the fridge and allowed Peter to pump into her faster than before.

“You ready?” he asked her.

“Always,” she moaned. “Take me...take my pussy....like this!”

Peter groaned and pushed deeper into her. He rode her all the way to the edge and then beyond before pulling out of her.
Imra broke out into a very frustrated sigh. She did not want Peter to leave her. It turned out though that Peter was just picking her up to set her up onto the counter. Her legs spread, fingers clutched against the shelves. Peter positioned himself against Imra’s opening and shoved into her.

Saturn Girl and Spider-Man joined together in a hot passionate session. The juices flowed and so much more. She closed her eyes, being filled and almost emptied before being filled again. It was a never ending ride of endless passion. Peter pushed deeper and deeper into her. The ride continued to make Imra feel so alive. She tightened around Spider-Man and released him, the heat from his loins brushing against hers.

Never to be neglected, Peter took hold of Imra’s breasts and worshipped them. Her perky nipples were hard and stiff from being rammed against the cold fridge. Peter took them into her mouth and sucked them. Her legs wrapped around him tighter and her arms around his head when he pushed into Imra’s soft and savory chest. The juicy melons popped into her mouth and sent electricity through him.

Having his face buried in Imra’s chest was just as good as being buried inside of her in general. The heat pumping through both of their bodies as they felt the passion.

Imra found herself being blinded by her lust, not able to keep her thoughts straight. She did pick up exactly how how she was making Peter feel and that made her hotter than ever. That made her want to slide into him.

“Oh, Peter!” she breathed. “We should have done this a long time ago….so many fantasies unfilled.”

Peter would have made a comment about them making up for lost time. Still, Aunt May taught him not to talk with his mouth full. Although, Peter was not certain this is what his loving aunt had in mind. Regardless, he pushed against Imra’s tits and sucked on them, sucked on them so hard.

“Ohoh, yes,” Imra breathed. “Get in there...fuck me until I can’t take any more.”

Peter intended to so. Imra’s body called for him to thrust into her. No matter how many times Peter was inside of her, he could feel the friction just build up. He pushed further and further into her. Her tightness just wrapping around her.

Despite the desire building in Peter, he must not cum, not yet. Not until she was done. It was just the right thing to do. He pushed into her.

Imra could feel him pulling back. She did not want any of that. She jammed his face deep into her creamy cleavage and whispered in his ear.

“You want to cum in me, don’t you? Don’t you like how tight I am? Don’t you want to cum in this sweet pussy? It’s so warm ad all for you.”

Okay, maybe she thought that she watched a few too many 21st century Earth pornos. It was done for historical research, Imra assured herself. Regardless she moaned deeper as Peter thrust into her. The sounds she made were driving him further inside.

Peter throbbed when closing in on his orgasm. Imra practically coaxed the seed out of his balls. Peter was a man, he could only take so much and she had managed to find his breaking point.
“Cum for me,” she told him. “Please.”

Peter would not deny Imra what she wanted. His body slammed forward, hitting hers with all of the force possible. It was like a runaway train, no way to stop. Except he would not crash, far from it.

Imra let it go herself with one more explosive orgasm. Her juices saturated Peter’s invading rod and the final few pumps were the harbinger of what was to come. Naturally, Peter lost himself inside of her, spilling his immense seed down into her sweet cavern. Repeatedly losing himself inside of her, spilling his immense seed down into her sweet cavern. Repeatedly driving into her until the point where his balls ached.

The two met each other in the middle, their mutual release fueling each other on.

The second Peter pulled away, with a smile, Imra pushed him back and he landed on the table.

“I know you wanted me to do this,” Imra said. “And I want to do this.”

She crawled onto the table. Peter was stiff as a board in more ways than one. She crawled across his legs. Every inch of her succulent flesh burned against his. Those breasts, perfect and bouncy, came ever so closer towards him. Imra took the underside of his cock and pushed it between her mountainous breasts.

Imra gave him a very aggressive, but extremely hot, tit fuck. Peter’s hips rammed up and down, sliding between the sultry blonde’s cleavage.

Another thing that was true was Peter could recharge time and time again. And there were certain cycles on the planets where women from Titan were driven by their bodies and craved powerful mates to mate with. Tonight had been one of those cycles, and Imra’s body completely glowed with pleasure.

She hoped no one would disturb them.

“That feels good,” Peter said. “I’m getting….”

Imra squeezed the base of his cock and removed her tits from him. She gave Peter’s throbbing prick a very wet passionate kiss. He had no idea how her lips stayed so wet, but he was glad for it. The tongue dancing over his cock sent more waves of pleasure through Peter.

She blocked the impulse to cum with her mind.

“I’m going to ride you,” Imra said. “This is what you wanted….me riding you like this?”

Imra turned around and mounted Peter’s stiff prick. Her ass bounced in a very lovely manner which blinded Peter with intense desire. She knew what he wanted and Peter was not going to claim that it was unfair, given how good it felt. How good it felt to feel her soft walls close down onto him and make the web slinger groan.

Watching her ride him reverse cowgirl style meant that Peter had to watch her ass bounce. And Peter would watch Imra’s ass bounce everyday. His arms were still weighed down by her, as she looked over her shoulder. The teasing minx smiled at him when rising and dropping onto him. Their soft bodies connected with each other, the faster Imra drove down onto him. Her soft and wet pussy closed down onto him.
“Don’t worry, you’re cum soon.”

Peter was edged a bit closer and stopped. Imra wiggled her ass and drove down onto him. Her hands teasingly moved to the front of her body. And while Peter could not see her, it was painfully obvious, to his painfully hard cock, exactly what she was doing. She teased her breasts and made her entire body just saturate with pleasure. She clamped down onto him hard and released Peter from her perfectly tight loins.

“It feels really good,” Imra breathed. “Inside me, I want to feel your balls fill up. Until I empty them into me...I bet I’m going to be swollen with your seed by the time I’m...finished...with...you.”

She drew out every one of those words in a sultry breath, which matched the movements of her sultry body Peter sped up his motions inside of her.

Reverse cowgirl turned into regular cowgirl so Peter could get a show of Imra touching her breasts. Imra breathed deeper and released Peter’s arms just as she bent down.

It was as predicted, and she did not have to be a mind reader to gauge Peter’s intentions. He grabbed onto her chest and drove Imra spare with pleasure.

Intense eruptions and orgasms flowed through her. Imra pressed her body down onto Peter’s when pleasuring him. She sprang up and pinned his hands down again. Riding him slowly but surely down.

Every movement of Imra’s sexy body made Peter edge ever so closer. She must have came four or five times, while stopping is at least that many.

It turned out, with each movement, Peter could feel his muscles ache.

“Don’t worry, love, it will be worth the wait.”

She gave him a reassuring kiss, and then worshipped his body with hers. Her tightness edged Peter ever so closer and then stopped him before pulling him back.

Seven, seven was the magic number for both of them. Imra plugged her pussy down onto his throbbing beast. He pushed a bit further and groaned the faster he plunged into her.

They both came and it was amazing. Simply amazing, with Peter’s entire body just releasing several denied orgasms of pent up seed into her. Imra tilted back, her body shaking when she came several more times before Peter was done. Each of her orgasms allowed her slick walls to grip her and it felt so good.

Peter grabbed her breasts and milked them with his ability to stick to any surface. Imra’s looks of appreciation and worship were more than enough to coax the remainder of his eruption out of him.

The two pleasured each other to the very end. With their loins never far from each other when the pleasure increased. Imra dropped down hard and smacked him.

Imra pulled away and collapsed on his chest. She rolled over onto the table, on her hands and knees.

Peter was brought back to life by Imra crawling against the table, with a trail of cum oozing from her.
“I hope you’re not tired.”

Imra reached behind her and grabbed him by his groin before guiding it towards her.

“Do, I look like I’m tired?”

She cast him a very aggressive look and Peter took the plunge inside of Imra one more time. The tantric energy both created fueled each others bodies.

The sandwich he made, laid forgotten on the kitchen counter.

End.

Two New Chapters(Chapters 171 and 172) to be posted on January 22nd, 2019.
A grumble came from Peter Parker, wanting to kick himself for forgetting something very obvious from his classroom. He could not believe it, not in the slightest. His case, containing his spare Spider-Man uniform, was left behind. Thankfully, perhaps so, there was no one who took this class during the last period.

Peter opened the classroom door and what he came across caused him to almost stop short of the desk.

“Courtney!”

One of his senior students, a week away from graduation, perched on his desk in the most exotic way possible. Peter’s eyes fell onto her body, what she was wearing did not leave very much to the imagination. Strips of webbing covered her perky nipples and her center. Otherwise, every single inch of Courtney Whitmore’s body was on display. She really blossomed in the last year, and Peter knew it. She lost her braces, grew her hair out a little bit. The bright blue eyes, sexy face, breasts which were a nice handjob, and flat tummy caught Peter’s attention. What caught his attention even more was the grin that was on her face. And also, she turned so slightly, to be on her hands and knees on his desk.

“Mr. Parker, so glad for you to come back to class...I hoped to run into you for a little bit of extra credit,” Courtney said.

“And where are you clothes?”

“Oh,” Courtney said with a half shrug. “Somewhere on the floor, I think. I didn’t really pay much attention when I threw them off.”

Courtney slid off the desk a little bit and made Peter come face to face with his web shooters. There was any number of explanations running through Peter’s mind while he kicked himself hard. How could Peter be so careless to leave them where Courtney could find them?

“These are fun, I suppose,” Courtney said. “But, I think that I would like to play with something else that goes off and covers me with something sticky.”

The kinky blonde schoolgirl rubbed her body and drew Peter’s attention to every last inch of it.

“Wouldn’t you like if I showed you my oral talents for my extra credit?” Courtney asked. “Or are you going to be a bit...anal...about how much credit you give me?”

Courtney once again flipped to her hands and knees and spanked her ass. To say this stirred Peter’s interest, would be saying something. He tried to think of something anything to distract him. Courtney turned her attention towards him and put a hand on his crotch.
“Are you going to be punish me for being a bad girl?” Courtney asked. “Because, you really are keeping a ruler in your pants, aren’t you?”

Teasingly, the taunting teenager rubbed Peter Parker’s pulsing penis through his pants. They grew tighter and if Courtney’s soft and silky fingers felt this good against the fabric, then Peter could not even imagine how good they could feel wrapped around his cock and tugging away at him.

Peter sputtered this thought out of his mind. Great power, there came great...oh, she did clamp down onto him hard and her fingers edged through the waistband of her face. She blew a bubble with the gum she chewed and it made Peter just throb even more.

“We shouldn’t be...doing this,” Peter grunted.

“I hear what you’re saying,” Courtney said in a sing-song voice. “What I don’t see is you doing anything to stop me?”

The naughty teenager rubbed Peter through his pants and made him grow even more. There was a part of him who wanted to lose control and give into his greatest inhibitions. What would be the harm of letting his student have her fun?

“I won’t tell anyone,” Courtney said. “Why would I screw up such a good thing by being a snitch?”

Courtney worked the belt buckle of Peter’s pants. It was a two for one special as far as she was concerned. Not only was this the teacher that Courtney had the hots for all semester, but he was Spider-Man. It was a really BOGO type deal for her, but he wondered if he knew she was Stargirl.

“How about I get that big prick out of your pants and give it some love?” Courtney asked. “I bet you want my soft fingers rubbing your shaft up and down and stroking your head. I bet you want my hot breath all over your pulsing prick, as it edges closer. And it goes in between my lips. And I bet you want to feel your blood boiling when I suck this big fat cock and made your sticky cum spurt down my throat.”

Peter’s cock almost ripped from his pants. Courtney pried him out.

“Cum like this is otherwise wasted,” Courtney said. “How about it, Mr. Parker? Do you think that I can earn some extra credit?”

“If you can handle it, Ms. Whitmore,” Peter told her.

Courtney pursed her lips with a smile. It was a good thing she was used to handling a big staff, although nothing as fun as this. She moved in to worship her god, to appreciate the stroking hands moving around her blonde hair. Courtney pressed her lips against him.

“Kiss it, worship it, treat it like it’s something special,” Peter said. “Use that wicked little tongue, Courtney. Make sure that you cover it all….if you want this extra credit, you’re going to work hard.”

A slobbery mess left all over Peter’s engorged rod just show how much she wanted this. Courtney left lip marks over his prick, the closer she slid down onto him. The bit she could not stuff into her throat, she stroked. Her soft hands rubbed up and down against him.

Teenagers, so eager to please, Peter almost missed it. Of course, she only knew partially what she
was doing, but Peter took his responsibility as Courtney’s teacher seriously.

“Stroke my balls, it will get your extra credit faster,” Peter told her. “That’s it….take those soft hands, stroke them. Those fingers, they were made to caress my balls. Go to it, Courtney…rub them…do you feel that…do you feel my cock in the back of your throat?”

Courtney made a lewd sound when popping down onto him. The second her lips passed around his prick, it eased into the back of her throat. Courtney clutched onto him, rubbing his balls and hungering for even more of his seed. She imagined it spewing down her throat in a flood.

The thought of him spurring down her throat only forced Courtney to go down onto him faster. She wanted to taste his delicious seed and sped up even faster.

Now that she was getting into the blowjob, Peter could feel Courtney’s lust burn through her. She would be a fun one. Sometimes, luck turned around for the better and this was one of those times where it in fact did. Peter clutched her hair and slammed into her mouth, constantly riding her to a very amazing conclusion.

“Get ready,” Peter ordered her.

Courtney looked as if she wanted to make some kind of quip. Having her mouth stuffed full of Peter’s love muscle and it going all the way down her throat prevented any wise talk. While it was not the ideal way to silence a student who would talk back, in this case, Peter could not deny it was handy.

A squeeze of his balls and a constant milking motion made Peter shoot his seed inside of her mouth. Courtney tilted her neck back and allowed her mouth to be filled up.

To say Courtney was very glad she worked up to the nerve to do this, would be an understanding. She was very glad she did, having broke into her teachers off, sucked him off, and swallowed his cum. His tasty cum which Courtney could find herself acquiring a taste for.

‘Guess they aren’t kidding when they say bitches love Spider-Man,’ Courtney managed with a bright grin. ‘And this is the reason why?’

Courtney pulled back and lay onto his desk. She slurped the cum in her mouth down all the way.

“My webbing is not meant to be used that way, Ms. Whitmore,” Peter told her. “I’m afraid I’m going to have to remove that.”

Peter pealed the webbing off of it. It caused some of her pubic hair to come off and Courtney grimaced a little bit.

“Let me make you feel better.”

“Yes, kiss my pussy!” Courtney howled before she could say anything.

Peter was up close to the aroused woman. Yes, she practically threw herself at them when they were both in costume. Granted, that was a year ago and the attempts were about as awkward as Courtney was at the time. And Peter intended to blow her mind and ease her through the final descent towards womanhood.
He put his lips on her nether lips and nibbled away. Courtney’s soft whimpers hit the spot, just as much as her sweet pussy juices did.

“How would you like me to eat you until you’re almost ready to climax?” Peter asked with a teasing stroke of her lips. “And then, at the last minute, pull out and leave you winded. And then eat you over and over again, until you can’t think straight.”

“Mmm, that would be so evil, sir,” Courtney said. “I’m just getting hot thinking about it… but not as hot as when I think of how you’re going to try and fit that big beautiful cock into my virgin pussy. It’s just ready for you, to take... why don’t you prepare it?”

Peter nuzzled against Courtney’s sex and sent her into convulsions of lust. He really worked her pussy and made her feel so good. The heat spreading through her loins was immense. Several thoughts, most of them of burning lust, hit Courtney as his talented tongue delved deep into her warm womanhood. Her fingers grabbed ahold of the back of his head and kept digging away until he was tongue deep into her nice, warm, pussy. Courtney’s leg wrapped around the back of his head and she broke out into a sigh.

No question about it, Peter wanted to get Courtney nice and wet. He throbbed at the thought of being inside of this tight pussy. Her soft moans spurred Peter on. He leaned into her, nibbling her warm pussy, making sure the juices continued to flow at a rapid rate. Courtney threw herself on the bed, her back arching and moaning in primal lust.

The explosion of juices coated Peter’s face. She squirted for several minutes with Peter making the most honest attempt to drink all of the juices, and lead her through one final chain of orgasms just to make sure. The depths his tongue went and the motions of his finger sent her to cry out in pleasure.

Until Courtney’s pussy was sopping wet and ready to receive, Peter did not stop eating her out. He rose up off of her face and she sat up with a smile. Peter helped Courtney up to a sitting position and put her onto his lap. Her soft, smooth, legs wrapped around him and gave Peter the opportunity to massage them.

Courtney realized when loved when a man played with her legs. But, Peter playing with her legs only was a small thing, compared to the very big thing rubbing against her tight abs. It was hard and Courtney had certain anticipation towards it trying to enter her, and she was almost terrified.

“Just take a deep breath and I’ll take care of you,” Peter said. “If you’re sure that is.”

“Yes,” Courtney confirmed. “I’m sure.”

She wanted this more than anything every. Courtney pressed her nails against Peter’s shoulder. Her body called for him, she wanted Peter inside of her, in every single way possible. Being filled was something that brought her so much excitement. The tip of his cock edged towards her entrance and made Courtney break out into a cry of pleasure the second he slipped inside of her warm pussy.

Yes, he was in her, and it was pure magic beyond anything Courtney ever realized into her life. She shut out the moment of pain because in the end it did not matter, what mattered was the constant waves of pleasure her handsome older lover gave the heroine. Now, Courtney felt all grown up in every single way possible, her walls clamping down onto him and feeling her first orgasm with a cock inside approach.

Oh, her toes curled so much, and he did not back up. Peter pressed against her and bounced
Courtney onto him.

Being inside of her tight pussy was a snug fit. Peter managed it and rose up and down, thrusting into her body. It felt good to feel this pussy in her body, clamping against her bare walls. He reached out and rubbed her body. Her nice legs, flat stomach, and perky bouncing breasts, the webbing on them already dissolved and left them bare. Her nipples stuck out and Peter leaned into them.

“Suck my tits, Spider-Man,” Courtney moaned in his ear.

Through dozens of wet dreams, Courtney screamed that phrase, along with several other variations of which. She always woke up, with sticky sheets and messy clothes in the aftermath. This time, however, it was real. So very real leaning into him and experiencing the rush of this energy through her.

Courtney’s body flared up with touches helping her, guiding her all the way to that peak. She threw her head back and let loose of everything, everything, with a constant pulse of warm juices just spilling over her. Courtney closed her wet walls down onto him.

Peter groaned and redoubled his resslove. No matter what though, Courtney threatened to bring him to an early release. This seductive young woman knew how to hammer all of Peter’s buttons in a firm and wonderful way. He picked up the pace, sliding and bouncing into her.

“Peter,” Courtney breathed in his ear. “Fuck me hard!”

Peter was not going to hold back in the slightest from what he was doing to her. Instead, he kept ramming into her, his thick balls striking Courtney where it counted, on her nice thighs. Courtney pressed down onto him and moaned intensely in his ear, bringing herself up and down, rising to the depths and sinking all the way down onto him.

“That’s good, baby,” Courtney cooed in his ear. “I want you to keep touching me like this.”

Peter did that and so much more, squeezing Courtney’s perky nipples and sending her to the breaking point. She flooded his crotch with her juices. Being saturated by her clear liquids made Peter just push into her. He was balls deep in this barely legal pussy and that caused him to tingle. He grabbed ahold of her ass and bounced up and down, before kissing whatever he could reach. Courtney tilted her head back and moaned to the heavens.

Oh, it was almost like her insides had been liquified and reacted only to his touch. Courtney knew from overhearing Karen, Dinah, and Diana how good he was, but hearing the stories second hand and feeling them up close and personal, it was another thing entirely. And then, Peter cupped her ass and gave it a very firm squeeze, sending her body convulsing with endless waves of pleasure.

“I’m getting close,” Peter groaned.

Courtney’s excitement reached a fever pitch. She wanted him to get close, close as humanly possible. She tensed around him and released his throbbing cock from between her walls. Another couple of pumps followed with Peter really getting into this, his balls hitting Courtney firmly on the thighs and sending her into fits of pleasure.

The two of them were going to cum together and that would be a hell of a feeling. Courtney wrapped herself around her lover and held on for the ride. She squeezed him and Peter slammed into her so deep his balls struck her at the right point. Courtney dug her nails into him, allowing him to
thrust up, further, faster, and deeper, sending her over the edge.

The first spurts of seed inside of her signaled Peter’s release. Courtney held onto him and pumped every last bit of seed she could into her body. The seed was more than enough to give a nice fill for all of the women of the League and the Avengers, at the very least.

Peter groaned at how nice Courtney was when she milked him. It was like a silky hand grabbed him and pumped him expertly in almost painfully tight fist. Yet, it felt so good.

He ended up finishing inside of Courtney, leaving her with a trickle of seed coming out of her hole. Courtney crawled back and sunk on the desk.

“So good,” Courtney said. “I’m glad to have graduated with you, sir...and such the generous extra credit.”

Courtney bent over on the desk and Peter’s thick prick pressed out to hit her in the ass. His fingers slid over the back of her legs.

“One more time for good measure?” Peter asked.

“I am a hard worker, sir,” Courtney said.

Karen was right, he was a stud. And despite the battering Courtney just got, she was open to be fucked from behind until she could barely remember her own phone number. And it took only seconds before Peter got in position to do just that.

End.
For a few seconds, Peter Parker found himself alone after a long day of fighting barbarian forces and liberating an entire village. He had been trapped outside of his own time without any way to get back. However, Peter decided to make the most of it and with any luck, one of his brilliant super hero friends would track him down. All he had to do is wait for Reed Richards or someone to find out he was gone, follow the trail, and make an overly complicated time machine out of a bathtub and get to this time.

For a alone, but not for long. He found himself face to face with a beautiful leggy Amazon of a woman. The chainmail armor fit the body of the redhead nicely, to the point where she almost should be wearing absolutely nothing at all. And in a flash, Red Sonja wore nothing at all moving with strides as she dropped the armor onto the bed. Her entire body caused Peter’s hormones to stir. He was always a sucker for a redhead, and this one in particular sized him up.

It was not the first time they met, as Red Sonja spent some time trapped in Mary Jane Watson’s body, until Peter found a way to return her back to the time period.

“Your Mary Jane thought the most of you,” Red Sonja said. “And I admit, it has sparked my curiosity...if you were as equipped as she said she was. And after today, I think that we should celebrate.”

Red Sonja stood naked in the room. Breasts, hips, thighs, flat stomach, wet pussy, and a very sensual ass, all of it was on display. It made Peter surprised to see that Red Sonja’s pubic hair was not the wild bush he imagined it was, but rather a neatly trimmed landing strip of red hair. He had no idea how she got the tools to trim her pubic hair.

“I’m up for a little celebration,” Peter said.

Who would tell a woman like this no? Red Sonja smiled and crawled onto the bed next to Peter. She pounced on Peter like the sexual huntress she was. Peter decided it was useless to tell a woman of her caliber to slow down, not when she was able to strike and kiss the ever living daylights out of the web slinger. Red Sonja’s powerful tongue pushed down his throat and he returned the kiss.

Only a pair of boxer shorts prevented them from meeting skin to skin with each other. Red Sonja leaned towards him and kissed the ever living hell out of him. Her breasts smashed against his chest and they were so large, but so soft and perky as well. Peter could hardly keep his hands off of the warrior woman.

She stripped off the only remaining article of clothing and Peter’s large cock stood up. Sonja put her hand on it and felt it with a growing smile on her face.

“You are as equipped,” Sonja said. “Men like you normally rule...and no one would question your
Sonja rapidly pumped Peter’s member and caused the blood flow to rise up. It took only seconds before she engulfed Peter in her wet mouth. He grew what seemed like another few inches. This skilled warrior was very adept with both her hands and mouth and also drew all of Peter’s blowflow straight to his loins. His body got numb, but at the same time, it was a very exciting experience that he would not trade for anything in the world.

“Mmmph,” Sonja moaned with a long drag of her tongue down his member.

The twitch continued the faster Peter pushed into her warm mouth. Her tongue scraped his manhood all the way around, and caused him to rise into Red Sonja’s mouth. She was pretty damn good at giving some excellent head and made Peter just groan the faster he pushed up and down into her mouth.

Sonja wished to sample the seed that she knew had been stored in those big bloated balls of his. The memories she got when she possessed Mary Jane Watson kept burning into her memory. She kept going down on him, determined to taste him to drain him of every single drop of his seed.

“Oooh, you can’t…..oooh!”

She was good at giving good head as she was chopping heads off. That was the very foggy thought that entered Peter’s mind. And he knew that Sonja would not lay with just anyone, so he impressed her enough to give the web slinger this thrill ride. The powerful Spider-empowered hero grabbed her red locks and daringly smashed his way into her mouth. Her lips released him and opened up a little more before releasing him again.

“Damn it, I’m so close,” he groaned.

Sonja knew that and she intended to lead him the rest of the way. Her warm hand cupped his balls and felt how full they were. The thought of emptying them crossed her mind and a more devious smile popped in the further she went down onto him.

The first splatters of seed going into her mouth envigored Sonja like a refreshign drink of water after a trek into the desert. She pushed down, breasts slapping against his upper thighs and squeezed the balls of the powerful warrior. Manipulating his spurting spear into her mouth and sucking down every last drop of seed was the top of what Sonja was doing.

Sonja slid her tongue down to the tip of his cock and swirled all the way down to the base, licking the oozing semen off of it. She made sure not to squander any drop.

A second passed and Sonja crawled on top of her man and pressed her body down onto him. Peter’s hands wrapped around her and squeezed the firm ass of one of the fiercest women in history. He flipped her over onto the bed and pinned her down. He sucked on her neck and then her shoulder. Sonja closed her eyes.

“Oh, you...you….I need you,” Sonja said. “Take me anyway you want! You’ve earned that right. You’ve proven yourself to be good enough to lay with me.”

If a man was good enough to fight alongside with her, then he was good enough to lay with her. Spider-Man dug his fingers deep into her chest and milked her bouncing breasts. It sent Sonja into a wave of pleasure, and she moaned even more hotly the faster he mauled her breasts. Spider-Man
knew exactly what she wanted.

“I’ve always wanted to sleep you with,” Harry said. “How aggressive you were, when you were in MJ’s body....”

“Yes, your Mary Jane was a wild one, but she was domesticated,” Sonja said. “I want you to take me, and I’m going to drain you over and over again.”

“Not if I wear you out first,” Peter said.

Sonja’s hips shoved up more and came close to engulfing Spider-Man inside of her. Her pussy lips opened up. She was very hot and very tight. The web slinger pushed himself down into her and he could feel her strong walls. He had laid with some hot womes with some very snug pussies, but Sonja’s body was made for two things. Hard fucking and fierce fighting, and today, Spider-Man did both of them.

His hands crawled up her thighs and sent a rush of hot energy through her. Red Sonja moaned and tightened her grip around Spider-Man. The web slinger rose up and down, smacking his balls down onto her. She grabbed onto his lower back and pulled him down into her.

“I can take anything,” Red Sonja said. “Don’t hold back. Show me your true power.”

Peter grabbed her legs for leverage to plow Red Sonja into the bed and got her screaming. The fierce and attractive warrior dripped with sweat and lust. She squeezed Peter’s waist hard and his cock even harder. Spider-Man wondered how many thrusts he could hit her with per minute and decided to make some kind of competition out of it.

Watching the strong and powerful warrior practically scream for him to fuck her into the bed, well that strengthened Peter’s confidence more than anything. He grabbed on tight and rammed her into the bed. The deep and powerful thrusts came at a rapid tempo. The fact Sonja wanted even more, well that stirred a lot in Peter and made his libido grow even stronger the faster he plowed her into the bed.

“Yes!” Sonja yelled. “HARDER! RAM ME HARDER!”

She was demanding, but one had to respect a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. At least, Peter Parker enjoyed this fact. Enjoyed the tightness of her snug core wrapping around him as well, releasing him in a pumping motion and grabbing onto him again. Peter rubbed all over her powerful legs which pulled him in. Allowing Peter to sink in far enough, the thrill of his loins being stimulated hitting him. Peter grabbed Sonja’s tits and mauled them to the point where she was moaning.

The fact Spider-Man lasted this long without breaking, well that spoke in a very favorable way for him. Sonja’s nerve endings exploded in pleasure with each thrust, riding her straight to a climax, and several steps beyond. She pressed up against him and their skin touched.

White hot fired spread through their body and their loins. Spider-Man was all the way inside of her, up and down with a constant wave of thrusts. He pulled almost all the way out. Sonja locked onto his hips and pushed him back inside of her. A few seconds later, the two of them rammed into each other.

Sonja thrust her perfect body up and down. She could feel her insides just turn into molten fire, the faster Peter pumped into her. Sonja pressed against his body and moaned, the harder he worked her
over. The more those fingers pressed against his chest, the more Sonja kept rising up and falling completely down.


Peter groaned underneath the weight of his own swollen balls. Yes, he was getting pretty close. He moved in to this sexual huntress and rocked her tight pussy. Sonja squeezed him harder and tested his super powerful stamina. Despite wanting to enjoy her for a little more, Peter could not hold back longer.

Just enough for Sonja’s wet inner walls to clamp onto him and to squeeze all of the fluids from him. Peter burned with pleasure when sliding into her, up and down, pumping his load into her raw, unprotected womb. Sonja did not pull away, not concerned whether or not Peter would pull out any time soon.

Until Peter finished, the warrior woman continued her milking motions on his prick. Spider-Man held onto her, and pushed deeper into her, his body thrashing and moving against his body.

They finished, the aftermath of the climax on them. Peter rested on Sonja’s chest for a second before Sonja nudged him off of him.

“Perfect,” Sonja said. “You’ve heard the ride to take me every way.”

Surely, she could not be meaning what Peter thought she meant? Sonja rolled over onto the bed, on her hands and knees, and broke out into a soft smile. One of her fingers eased up and fingered her own ass. This visual caused Peter to swell up once again and he stood in front of Sonja’s ass cheeks. He grabbed onto them, her ass as firm and perfect as the rest of them.

“Take your prize, warrior,” Sonja said. “Show me what you can really do with that spear.”

Peter made sure her asshole was nice and primed for him. Then, when her entrance was slick, Peter slid into her. It took him an adjustment to shove into her. The visual of her startling red hair draped over her back made Peter just groan ever so slightly when pushing into her.

“Oh, I can’t believe it...you have a nice.....”

Sonja was taken in her final hole by the web slinger and she squeezed him, encouraging him to go that much deeper into her. She rose up onto her hands and opened up her breasts for attention. Of course, Sonja’s ass remained the star of the show, perfectly able to be squeezed. Peter worked it like dough and made her moan when shoving into her.

He grabbed on tight and pushed into Sonja’s ass. Peter taken the proud warrior in her ass and not only that, but Sonja willingly gave up that hole for him to take. And practically enjoyed him to do it. Never in a million years, did Spider-Man expect this to happen, not the least bit sorry it did happen.

The fierce warrior ripped up the bedding when her spider-empowered savior plowed her tight back passage from behind. Those hands worked magic all over her body. She experienced the pleasures of anal sex. Sonja never thought she would find a man worthy enough to give this most forbidden hole too.

“Oh, I love your ass,” Peter groaned. “It feels so good....I can take it all day.”
“A bold promise,” Sonja said. “We’ll see.”

They did in fact see with Peter hammering her. Her constant moans and grunts encouraged Peter to rear back as hard as humanly possible and keep taking Sonja as firmly as possible. He knew there would only be a matter of time before Sonja finished him off.

“Keep it up, hero,” Sonja panted for him. “You’re almost there.”

Peter did not want to go too fast, he wanted to spend plenty of time inside of her. Still, all men had their limits, even Spider-Man. He worked Sonja’s pussy to get an added feeling of pleasure. She appreciated it, rewarding him with the hungriest moans possible. Spider-Man rubbed her all over, striking her clit.

Regardless, Spider-Man knew that there was one hole where his seed was being buried in. Sonja knew it as well and squeezed him.

“Mark me as yours,” Sonja said. “I want more of your gift! Go it...deeper...prove me your a great warrior who always rises to an occasion again and again.”

With each again, Spider-Man thrust her and rode her ass all the way to his own finish. It was so incredibly tight that Peter was glad he enjoyed it for as long as it was. Her firm ass muscles squeezed together against Peter’s hands and he released them.

“I can’t....”

“Then don’t.”

The tension in his loins burst and fired a payload repeatedly in Sonja’s tight ass. Peter hung onto her, rocking himself back and forth, splashing her full of his seed. The release, constantly firing into her made Peter groan and the added senstaion of her pussy squirting over his hand added to the fun and games.

Sonja came all over his hand and could not help and ooze. She had been bested in more ways than one. It would be a shame to let him go when he had to return to his own time.

But, one thought crossed her mind. He was not gone yet, and they were far from finished.

Peter slid back on the bed and Sonja pounced on top of him, to suck the same cock which had been in her ass.

As expected, he was able to rise to the occasion as many times as Sonja wished. And that proved his worth even more.

End

To Be Continued on 1/29/2019 With Two New Chapters(Chapter 173 and 174)
Well Trained (Felicia Hardy/Black Cat and Mary Jane Watson)

Felicia Hardy laid on the bed, only rising up on her hands and knees upon a loud clapping of the hands behind her. She wore a modified black catsuit with the arms and legs cut out onto it. The cat ears and the tail were added, and her bare ass, other than the tail, was out. A hand reached out and stroked her inner lips.

“Have you been a good kitty or have you been a bad kitty? Judging by how wet your pussy is, you’ve been a bad kitty. A very bad kitty.”

The sultry voice of Mary-Jane Watson came from the other end of the room, with Felicia breathing. A snap of the fingers and Felicia laid on the bed, breathing heavily. Mary Jane stood on the bed, wearing thigh high red boots, a thong, a corset, and brandishing a whip. She placed the whip down and put the chain that was hooked to the collar around Felicia’s neck in her hand. Mary Jane pulled Felicia up prior to leaning down. One could see the devious smile crossing down over the face of the delicious redhead.

“Wouldn’t you say that you’ve been a bad kitty?” Mary Jane asked her.

“Mmm, yes,” Felicia said.

“Well, you should make it up to your mistress,” Mary Jane said. “Kiss my panties.”

Felicia obeyed that order. The lace material pressed into her mouth. Mary Jane tugged onto the chain to get Felicia the hint that she should pick up the pace and start to lick her. She slid the fabric back a tiny bit to get the treasure inside. Mary Jane stopped her and tugged her chain.

“Now, now, that won’t do,” Mary Jane said. “You haven’t earned the right to eat my bare pussy...not yet.”

Mary Jane picked up a tin of milk and splashed it over her legs. She beckoned her finger and Felicia just smiled. She licked the milk off of Mary Jane’s legs and the grin on the redhead’s face grew even wider. Mary Jane stroked Felicia on her ears, the fake ones, before brushing a finger against her. She rubbed her nose against Mary Jane’s leg in a very affection manner.

“Lick it up, and I’ll let you bury that pretty face in my pussy,” Mary Jane said.

Felicia purred and make sure to do a good job to cleaning her. The bad kitty proved how good she could be when working up Mary Jane and up to her pussy. The closer she got, the more Mary Jane revealed her dripping wet pussy. The desire Felicia felt exploded through every inch of her.

“Good girl, there you go,” Mary Jane said. “Lick my pussy nice and good.”
The treat in front of her was something that was accepted by Felicia. She worked her face between Mary Jane’s warm thighs and sucked her juices. Mary Jane rubbed the back of her head and encouraged Felicia to continue. The sweet juices flowing out were a wonderful, delicious, delightful treat, and one that Felicia could not really have enough of. She slurped down all of the juices possible.

“Lick me, there you go,” Mary Jane breathed in her ear. “Just a little bit more and then stop.”

She tossed her hair and the door opened. Peter stepped into the room, wearing a bathrobe. Felicia peaked up at the bed, her eyes locked onto the bulge in front of his pants.

“Well, looks like someone has come to play,” Felicia said.

“Bad kitty!” Mary Jane reprimanded. “Maybe, if you’re good later, I’ll let you play with Peter...but for right now...you’re just going to have to chill.”

Mary Jane hooked Felicia to the side of the bed, chain and all. She looked up with an agitated expression.

Peter slipped in between where Mary Jane sat and where Felicia was, just putting himself out of reach. Mary Jane grabbed his arm and started to stroke it. Her fingers worked open the front of his robe to show that there was nothing underneath other than a big throbbing cock.

“Did that make you hard, Tiger?” Mary Jane asked.

“What do you think?”

“Mmm, I think it did,” Mary Jane said. “Well, don’t worry, a little Mary Jane makes everything a bit more mellow.”

She winked at him and shoved her wet mouth around his tool. The very familiar and tight sensation brought on by Mary Jane’s mouth made Peter throw his hips up towards her. He could hear Felicia mewing in frustration and to be honest, that made him jump up even more, when he deepened his thrusts into the sexy redhead’s mouth.

Mary Jane made sure to keep her eyes on Felicia when deep-throating Peter. Showing her a hint of what she could have, but not yet. Not yet, because Mary Jane wanted to torture Felicia after breaking her and making the reformed thief into her pet.

The manhood pushed deeper into Mary Jane’s perfect mouth and caused Peter to groan in pleasure. He could not get enough of the sultry redhead. Especially given how nuts she seemed to be driving the normally confident Black Cat. Mary Jane locked eyes with her while playing with Peter’s balls, as if to tell her “I bet you wish you could be doing this.”

After a few seconds, Mary Jane pulled off of him and gave his manhood another long and sultry lick. She moved in to suck his balls before pumping him.

Peter watched as Mary Jane rose up, her wet pussy lining up with his erection already. She wrapped her arms around him and lightly kissed him on the neck. Peter removed the straps of the corset and revealed Mary Jane’s succulent breasts. He could verify how natural they were by putting his palms on them and stroking them hard.
“I’m not going to hold back much longer,” Peter said. “I need you.”

“And I need you too,” Mary Jane said. “It’s only fair we get what we both want...so we can show her what she might get if she’s a good kitty.”

Mary Jane fired another sultry smile over her shoulder and then turned to Peter. The sultry redhead biting down on her lip made her extremely fuckable. Peter put his hand on her ass and guided her all the way down. She sank down and took Peter as deep into her as humanly possible. Her wet pussy clenched him and a moan followed. Mary Jane wrapped her arms and legs around Peter and started to rock herself back and forth. Her moist canal struck him in the best possible ways.

“Oooh, this is the perfect ride!” Mary Jane yelled. “Just think, I get to ride this big cock night after night..”

Peter just smiled and squeezed her ass. She cooed in his ear in response before his attentions shifted to her breasts and squeezing them. Mary Jane’s perfectly perky and juicy nipples stuck out. Peter leaned in towards her and sucked her chest. This earned him the cries of pleasure along with Mary Jane losing herself all over him.

The two lovers joined each other, things getting more heated. Peter rolled his hand up Mary Jane’s thigh and started to stroke it. She exploded for him and pressed her hot body against hers. Their passion burned hotter and hotter, the closer Mary Jane brought Peter.

She slowed down and released him. Not wanting this to end too soon, Mary Jane turned away where she could be on her hands and knees. She pointed her face right towards Felicia’s and locked eyes with her. She wiggled her ass and encouraged Peter to do with her what he wanted to.

What Peter wanted to do with the stunning supermodel were too many things. He throbbed and needed to reenter her body. Thankfully, Peter learned all of the spots to drive Mary Jane wild a long time and knew how to make her purr like a kitten. Which was amusing given the circumstances.

“Oh, you just know how to drive a girl nuts.”

“You taught me,” Peter said.

“Yes, and now I’m getting my own lessons turned against me,” Mary Jane quipped. “Well, don’t let me hang too long, come here and give me that big beautiful cock. There’s nothing better than having it in my tight pussy. The only pussy that’s going to get that cock for now.”

She grinned at Felicia and Peter pushed into her hard from behind. Mary Jane let out her screams in the most primal and aggressive manner. Peter wrapped his arms around her and squeezed the luscious bouncing tits of this sexy redhead.

“My god,” Felicia groaned.

“He will be soon,” Mary Jane said with a wicked smile. “Keep going...make me so wet that you really have to hang on! Oooh, fuck yeah, you amazing...you sexy....you...you....mmmm!”

Peter drove all of the coherence out of Mary Jane’s body. He slowed down just enough to let her appreciate it. She softly moaned when he picked her up to nibble on her neck. When he marked her up, Peter lowered Mary Jane down onto the bed and rode her from behind again.
A slap on her ass stirred her back to life. The friction of her tight pussy built up Peter for the end. He could not do anything else, could not resist the ride which edged him all that much closer. And Mary Jane would not let him go, no matter how hard he pumped her and squeezed her bouncing ass.

“Not going to be much longer.”

“YES!” Mary Jane yelled. “CUM IN ME!”

Peter prepared to make a mess inside of her.

“Oh, you better fill me up with so much cum, that even I won’t know to do with it,” Mary Jane said. “I want to be cleaning it out of my dirty pussy next time...this time...next week!”

Two hand fulls of Mary Jane’s sexy redhair allowed Peter to ride her all the the edge and several steps behind. His balls ached and released their payload upon her next clench. He was pretty sure Felicia let a content sigh the second Peter blasted Mary Jane’s walls with his spider seed.

Mary Jane milked him to completion and boy did it feel so good to achieve his release inside of this redhead bombshell. Peter took one last express tour of her body to hit all of the highlights. Her moans got even louder when he reached that one sweet spot on the back of her neck.

Finally, Peter finished and already, Mary Jane missed him. As she often did, when Peter pulled out of her. Still, she had something else to look forward to.

“Peter, could you be a dear and unhook our pet from the bed?”

Never one to turn a beautiful woman down, Peter did as he was asked and released Felicia from her chain. Felicia’s eyes glazed over and she hungrily stared at Peter’s cock, licking her lips.

“Maybe if you do a good job in cleaning me out,” Mary Jane said. “You get a special treat, being able to eat your master’s cum from my pussy. Maybe you should get to it and do a good job at it.”

Felicia crawled on all fours towards Mary Jane and sank herself between the wet pussy of her mistress. Felicia would do a good job, and maybe, just maybe, she would get Mary Jane into a position where Felicia could be on top some day. Right now, she settled for tasting the combination of two lovely tasting juices. She inhaled the scent and Mary Jane dug her fingers against the scalp.

The view was nice as Peter almost perched himself on the headboard. His throbbing cock began to ache as one beautiful women went down another beautiful women. Felicia was eating Mary Jane’s sweet pussy and Peter could not get enough of the look.

“Is she doing a good job?” Peter asked.

“Yes, so good that you can touch her...pet her body, she is our pet after all.”

A smile came over Peter’s face when he walked over and petted down Felicia’s body. She practically purred when Peter touched her over.

“Go ahead, Tiger, see how naughty of a kitty she’s been. Has she been a naughty kitty craving her master’s cock?”

Peter put his fingers between Felicia’s legs and rubbed her. She was wet and judging by the sounds
she made, in heat. So this made a very erotic encounter even more so. Peter dipped his fingers faster into her, and made Felicia break out into a very passionate cry.

“Keep eating her or I’ll stop,” Peter warned her.

“Tough, but fair,” Mary Jane commented. “That’s what makes you the perfect master. Rub her pussy, rub it really good. Feel how wet that’s making her.”

Peter felt her alright, feeling her soft lips just caress against him. The web slinger lightly rubbed against her body and made her break out into more pleasure. Peter dipped into her a few inches and then pulled out to rub his fingers all over her perfect body. Every time he touched her, it sent electricity through her body.

“Grab her tail and spank her!” Mary Jane encouraged him.

It sounded like a pretty good idea. Peter grabbed onto Felicia’s tail and spanked her tight ass. It caused red marks to rise on it and Peter spanked her a couple more times.

Felicia hungered for that big cock inside of her. The one that she craved so many times. And it brushed against the back of her thigh when Peter tagged her ass. That seemed very unfair.

“Good job, but you shouldn’t waste your milk,” Mary Jane said in a firm voice. “Get it all... get it all.... lick my pussy.”

She mouthed “now” to Peter and he got the hint. Lining himself up with Felicia’s very tight and accommodating hole, he could do nothing other than slam himself into her. Taking her perfect body in several tight strides, rocking back and forth. He squeezed Felicia’s ass and pushed into her, rocking himself back and forth. Peter pulled on her tail and rammed deeper and deeper inside of her body, riding her all the way to the end.

Peter pushed deeper and deeper into her, and her inner muscles tensed. He could feel how much Felicia wanted this and to be honest, he was willing to give it to her. He lightly tugged on her tail to remind her that just because Peter was pushing inside, did not mean that Felicia should give up her duties in eating Mary Jane out.

Speaking of Mary Jane Watson, she pawed her breasts and rubbed them. Making Felicia submit to her, and it took months to train her properly, was the hottest thing ever. If she wanted to dress like a slut, act like a slut, and be a slut, well Mary Jane was not going to stop her. But, she was going to get something out that slutty behavior and what she got was a very willing pet to eat her out when she wanted to.

“Good kitty, very good kitty,” Mary Jane said. “I think you’ve earned a little bit more cream.”

She squirted herself all over Felicia’s face. She left a mess, but she was sure that Felicia would be able to clean it up right now.

Besides, that was nothing compared to the mess that Peter was about to leave in Felicia. His hands gripped her butt and he plowed into her, constantly riding her all the way to the end.

“You’re close, aren’t you?” Mary Jane asked. “She’s about ready to hit the jackpot, isn’t she?”

“Oh, yes, but....I want to get her off one more time.”
“Such a considerate master you are.”

They needed to train the pet well and then they needed to keep the pet. Peter took to this a lot slower than Mary Jane did, but when he did, there was no real stopping him. He yanked on Felicia’s chain for added leverage. Seeing her collared. The tag that read “If Found Returned to Mary Jane and Peter Parker” on it jangled from when Peter plunged deeper into it.

Felicia wanted his cock, she craved his cock, and she was getting it, getting it hard. He was deep into her, pressing into her womb when he rode her from behind. Those swollen balls cracked hard against her and they came close. She wanted him to cum inside of her and breed her, breed her like the animal she was.

“Closer,” Peter said.

The chain inadvertently whipped against Felicia’s ass when he pulled it. Mary Jane just grinned.

“I think she liked it. Naughty kitty.”

Peter spanked her with the chain again while thrusting the rest of the way. The movement of Peter going into her was causing the tension to build. Mary Jane and Felicia both making sounds that would make a corpse hard did not help Peter any. When these women were around, they demanded his potent seed by the gallon full and who would Peter be one to deny them what they wanted?

Another grunt and Peter buried himself into her body. His cum repeatedly spurted out, splashing into Felicia’s tight pussy like a fire hose. A constant endless flow brought his seed further and further into her body, with Peter clutching onto her and releasing her ass.

“Good kitty.”

Yes, Felicia thought she was a very good kitty, taking her master’s cum. She almost collapsed down to the bed, nuzzling against Mary Jane’s thigh and giving a purr.

“Oooh, that’s a lot of cream,” she breathed.

Her stomach was good and swollen by the time that Peter finished planting his seed in her fertile womb. The second he was out, Mary Jane was back on him and giving him an amazing blowjob from what Felicia could see in her hazed vision. Mary Jane put one hand on Peter’s balls and grabbed Felicia’s chain with the other hand, to hold her at bay.

Not that Felicia was going anywhere, with how rough she had been fucked. And it was worth it. \textit{End.}

A Good Drilling(Jenna Duffy/The Carpenter)

The last few minutes flashed through the mind of Jenna Duffy, better known as the Carpenter. She could barely think straight or come up with any logical explanation regarding what happened. She tried though, she really did. Jenna sucked in her breath constantly. Spider-Man foiled the plans of the Wonderland Gang, and beat Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum severely. The Mad Hatter grew faint and blacked out. Jenna’s eyes widened a second later when she came face to face with the web slinger.

“Well, the carpenter.”

She felt her entire mind go numb at the look of Spider-Man poured into that black suit. A suit which seemed to shift and become more arrive every passing moment. Jenna pressed her palm against his leg, absent mindedly when looking at him.

“Please, is there anything that I can convince you to go easy on me?” she asked.

“Well, I won’t promise that I’ll go easy on you,” Spider-Man said. “But, I will guarentee you that you will like what I have planned better than the thrashing that I have.”

The scent caused Jenna’s mind to go completely numb. No idea exactly what was doing to her. It did not help, that her coveralls had been ripped in an attempt to get away. And they tore, to reveal her lacy black panties underneath them. Something which Spider-Man, in all of his handsome dark suit glory, looked at and made her flushed.

“As a Carpenter, you would understood all about having the right tools for the job, right?”

“Yes,” Jenna agreed, her body hitting a fever pitch with another pulse.

“And you know that I have the perfect tool for the job to make punish you for your crimes.”

Jenna noticed the front of the suit stretching and the material of it slowly edging out, revealing the swollen head of a thick throbbing tool. And not a kind that was used in Carpentry work either. Jenna reached over and put her warm hand against his thighs and found his balls.

“What do you think? In your professional opinion? Do you think I have the proper tool for the job of doing you?”

Jenna pressed her warm palm against his manhood and it jumped up forward into her hand. She clutched it and pulled on it, the heat from her fingers emitting a nice tight pull around him. Jenna could barely keep her head above the water to begin with and now she was touching the thick throbing piece of meat. It was no wonder why so many women dropped their panties at the mere mention of Spider-Man.
“Yes, you have the perfect tool for the job.”

The Carpenter tugged on Spider-Man’s massive rod and felt it.

“And the most important thing in Carpentry, more so than the tools, is your wood is of good quality.”

“So, did I bring you some good quality wood?”

An impish smile goes over Jenna’s face and she touched her warm lips against his head.

“Yes. Very good quality wood.”

Spider-Man guided the eager criminal down onto his tool and without another pause, she sucked him down. The tip of his prick hit the back of her throat, and Spider-Man guided her further down, enjoying the feeling of being sucked good and hard.

“Very good,” Spider-Man groaned. “Use that mouth on me. Show me how good you think my wood is. How much you appreciate the tool I’ve brought you for...hammering later?”

His fingers brushed down her silky dark hair. Despite being on her knees on the concrete, Jenna did not miss a beat.

“Make sure you take proper care of your tool, Ms. Duffy. My tool, that is...because you want it to be able to work for the hammering later?”

Jenna slurped his manhood, the use of her real name adding a bit of spice. She did not know those. Yes, the web slinger was much funner than the Bat, because the Bat would just give her that brooding stare, before slapping the cuffs on her and send her back to Arkham. Not that place helped, because Jenna swore, the doctors were more qualified to be in there than some of the patients.

And she stroked the web head’s thick, juicy balls. She really wanted to suck on them and decided to take a chance.

Spider-Man closed his eyes.

“It seems like you’ve brought the perfect tool as well,” Spider-Man groaned. “That nice, warm mouth...I wonder if your holes will be the same.

A soft content along with a long and powerful stroke of Spider-Man’s manhood followed. Yes, he was feeling the tension rising up. He enjoyed Jenna worshipping his balls. Her hair stuck out, and her beautiful eyes shifted over. She attacked him with a fury, as if she had something to prove, something to prove.

Jenna did have something to prove. People talked about Catwoman and Harley and Ivy and all them, and yet she was not in the consideration. She stroked Spider-Man’s balls. Hell, she was beneath Magpie...MAGPIE! That thought stirred Jenna up some more, alternating between squeezing his balls and sucking on them.

“I think we need some plaster for this project,” she breathed. “And I just know how to get it.”

A humming motion followed with the Carpenter showing how seriously she took her work, by
fondling the long rod and sucking on him. She pressed her face against him, with the heat spreading through his loins.

Spider-Man gripped on her dark hair and rammed faster into Jenna’s sweet mouth. There was a hunger in her eyes, and a fire, and a desire, and just everything that went along with it. Jenna knew exactly how to hit all of his buttons and she was going to get a very nice load down her throat.

“I’d be disappointed if you waste it.”

The Carpenter took in a deep breath and took in an immense load down her throat. Spider-Man face-fucked her to the end. Sweat rolled down her face and it was slightly red. She sucked in breaths through her nose, moaning and that suit, she swore it was alive because something reached down between her legs. And it wasn’t him or her.

Still, she was good and sucked every last drop. All while squeezing those balls. It did not seem like they were emptying at first, but slowly, but surely, more of his essence spilled into her body.

The taste Spider-Man gave the Carpenter would make her addicted to him. She was far from the only criminal who had gotten a taste of him and would be coming back for more. None of them had broken out of prison just for this cock yet, but Spider-Man was sure it was coming.

“Stand up.”

The Carpenter did, albeit on slightly shaky legs. Spider-Man reached for her and tore her coveralls from her. Her undershirt came next and left Jenna in a black bra and her matching panties.

“I want you to slowly take them off,” Spider-Man said. “Play with yourself when you do so.”

A shy smile crossed over Jenna’s face. She had some body issues when she was younger, before she had been adopted into the Wonderland gang and the Mad Hatter gave her what she had thought was a purpose. To see Spider-Man gazing at her body like he just wanted to devour her made Jenna tingle in all the way. She removed her bra and rubbed her breasts.

“I want you to touch your pussy and think about how it would feel for me to nail you….first through the panties and then without them.”

The Carpenter touched her body and thought about getting the object of her desire and the desire of many other women. She wanted, she needed, to be nailed by Spider-Man. Her pussy oozed naughty juices over and she could see Spider-Man.

“Lay back on the table.”

Jenna dropped onto a table, the tarp on it softing her. She spread her legs and kept playing with herself. Then, Spider-Man stroked her body, starting at Jenna’s face, moving down the side of her neck, and then down to her breasts which he fondled.

Maybe not as big as Catwoman’s or any of the other most notorious of Gotham City, but it was still more than a handful. Spider-Man pushed his hands against her chest and squeezed it, with Jenna moaning in response. Those warm hands caught the tips of her.

“And they said I had sticky fingers,” Jenna purred.
“Oh, you have no idea.”

He stroked her pussy with one hand and alternated between her breasts with the other. The tendrils of his suit came down and stroked her all over. Jenna Duffy broke out into several soft cries, the passion building. She knew, sooner rather than later, this was going to hit her. Spider-Man was going to be inside of her, driving his big thick cock into her perfect body from above.

“Take me!” she begged me.

“How badly do you want me?”

Spider-Man knew the answer. She was soaking wet. Depraved of the touch of a real man all of her life, Jenna Duffy was getting into this. It did not take much for Spider-Man to get her inexperienced body to squirm and move above on the desk.

“Badly….really…badly,” Jenna pleaded with him. “Touch me...fuck me...hard!”

Spider-Man rubbed against her warm opening and caused Jenna to break out into a very soft groan of pleasure. The web slinger lowered himself until the point where he slid between her legs.

“You’re so big!” Carpenter yelled.

“Make it fit.”

Jenna was determined and spread her legs. The thick, juicy meat sliding between her legs from Spider-Man sent jolts of electricity coursing through her body. Said body shoved up and took Spider-Man deeper into her. Jenna moaned, the faster the web slinger went deeper into her. His big throbbing balls connected with her thighs and sent another jolt of energy through her body.

“Spider-Man!”

The web slinger appreciated the irony of being the one doing the hammering with the Carpenter in the room. He felt her soft legs and deliciously fit body. Her work had put her in very good shape. Jenna’s walls tightened around him.

It was so good, and the suit almost was content with the juices that it soaked up. However, just because his other was content, it did not mean that Peter was. Peter pushed himself a tiny bit further into the Carpenter’s perfect pussy and made her just break out into pleasure.

“Come for me.”

For the first time ever, Jenna came with the manhood sliding into her. It was amazing, the ride of a lifetime started and would not stop. Jenna pushed him down into her, rising up and dropping down. His big bloated balls hit her at the right point.

“You feel so good.”

“That’s nothing yet.”

Spider-Man was all over her and touching the Carpenter in all of the spots that she wanted to be touch. Alive, for the very first time, and cumming extremely hard. Jenna sucked in an extremely passionate breath and he kissed her neck.
The web slinger guided his inexperienced partner through the orgasm. Jenna’s walls clamped down onto him harder and milked his big throbbing prick. The web slinger held onto her tight and rose up almost all the way before dropping down into it.

“You’ve seen nothing yet,” Spider-Man told her. “And you’ve felt even less.”

“Mmm,” Jenna breathed in his ear. “Take me and make yours….those balls are getting heavy. We better...relax some of that.”

Spider-Man pulled out of her, flipped Jenna onto her hands and knees. Jenna stood up from Spider-Man caressing her. It was almost like he had six arms, instead of the normal two. She just shut down her mind to any logic, and Jenna was used to that with the company she kept, and enjoyed the ride. Enjoyed Spider-Man touching her.

“I need you again,” Jenna purred for him. “Will you?”

“I will.”

The next time Spider-Man slipped inside her body, he felt so much bigger and harder. And also had the ability to set her loins aflame like it was no one’s business. Spider-Man rocked himself back and forth, riding her, and making Jenna think that she could not live without his thick manhood inside of her.

“So good, you’re doing so good,” Spider-Man said.

“Are you going to come to visit me in Arkham?” Jenna asked.

“Well, I’ve got a few people I check up on already,” Spider-Man said.

Having sex in the insane asylum with a superhero, that made the Carpenter hot to the point where she really did think she belonged in Arkham. Granted, it seemed like his manhood was a prized comedy around Gotham’s most notorious females. But Jenna was determined to get her.

“I’m sure you can do something better with your life.”

“No one ever believed in me like that,” Jenna managed as her body heated up again.

“That’s all that it takes,” Spider-Man said.

Her father did not approve of her being a carpenter, saying that it was man’s work. Her mother was equally disappointed and an alcoholic. Jenna tried hard not to focus on either of these things, and instead focus on the man who might have given her a ray of sunshine in the dark and dismal world she lived in.

“Cum for me again. Just let it. It feels good to just let go.”

Yes, it feels good to just let go. Spider-Man toyed with her body, not that she minded. To be touched in any way, Jenna would take it, just as much as he took her.

“And it’s my turn.”
The thrusts got deeper and Spider-Man was not holding back on her. Not that Jenna wanted him to. No, not at all, she wanted him to keep groping her body and keep pounding her insides. They were as warm as could be and heated up even more.

“Well, think of how much more fun we can have later on...if you work hard.”

It was a better incentive than all of the speeches in the world. Spider-Man took her body on a joyride and not the normal one she went onto.

All good things came to an end and Spider-Man’s thick cum splattered into the Carpenter. It sealed their bond together, filling her up with so much goodness that it caused her to bloat. Spider-Man enjoyed the tension shooting through his loins, the faster he plunged into her.

Her silken caresses were twice as nice as after he started and now she was more daring in using her inner muscles to gripping him, gaining more of a foothold of what she was. Jenna was versatile in her work after all.

Spider-Man emptied his balls inside of another one of Gotham’s notorious females. He pulled out of Jenna and left her to drop on the table.

“Well, one more time?”

Jenna bit down on her lip and Spider-Man was not about to say no.

“Well, once...and then you can send me off to Arkham...but I want to go there with a smile on my face that makes Joker’s looks subdued.”

Spider-Man crawled between her legs and drove into her one more time. The ride continued for a little bit longer.

End.

Two New Chapters To Be Posted on 2/5/2019(Chapters 175 and 176)
Taken Away(Kate Bishop)(2/5/2019 Update 1 of 2)

Spider-Man has a brush with Death of the Endless in the latest Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive
Content: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/02/brush-with-deathsticky-situation-blog.html

Taken Away(Kate Bishop/Hawkeye)

Timing had been everything and had been something that Kate Bishop had down for a science. She
might only be nineteen years old as of this moment, having just celebrated her birthday two weeks
ago. But, Kate’s been through more than enough to understand what she wanted out of her life. And
what she wanted out of her life, was a handsome hero, who might be ten years older than her at the
very least, but experience is everything. And she does not want to waste her time with a simpering
little boy, she wants a real man.

She wanted Spider-Man and Kate licked her lips. She invited Spider-Man off to a private island
retreat to spend some time with them, after they teamed up to stop AIM’s latest plan. She slipped into
a very form fitting purple dress which she knew would catch his attention.

Peter Parker, Spider-Man’s civilian identity, slipped behind her. Kate poured him a glass of
champange and one herself.

“Aren’t you a bit too young to drink?” Peter asked.

“Not in this country,” Kate said. “And besides, I helped you stop some demented bee keepers from
taking over the world.”

“They are really a persistant thorn.”

Peter’s attention drew directly towards Kate’s ass, looking very fetching in that dress which pulled
up ever so slightly. He was pretty sure that she wanted to draw his attention to that part of her body.
Not that the rest of her body was anything to sneeze at. Her strong fit legs, her stoned flat stomach,
nice firm breasts, and muscular, firm arms, she was a teenage wet dream. Just barely legal, but that
did not keep Peter’s interest away. He could tell that she wanted him.

And after today, Peter did not think of a reason why they should not celebrate.

“Yes,” Kate said. “Although they are much easier to wear down than you. I’ve been wanting to get
you alone for ever, but something always comes up.”

Kate moved closer towards them. She only had half of a glass of champange and only that much
made her just that much more daring. She crossed the room and put her arms around Peter, pulling
him in very tight and very snug. They moved ever so closer to each other, their lips almost meeting
each other. They pull apart a second later.

“And what are you going to do, now you have me?” Peter asked her.

It was a challenge and being the woman she was, Kate was not going to back down. She took
Peter’s hands and placed them upon her hips to entice them even more.
“Now that I’ve got my claws into you, I’m not about to let go,” Kate said. “So, we have this entire penthouse to ourselves. The question is, are we going to make it to the bed?”

“Why don’t we find out?”

Peter leaned in and kissed Kate on the lips. It was the kiss of her dreams, from a much older man, who knew what he was doing. Kate pushed her hand down onto the back of his neck and leaned in, kissing her, sucking on his lower lip.

Peter just smiled through the kiss. She demanded entry and well, Peter was going to give it to her. He just wanted to make Kate work for a it a little bit.

“Let me get you out of those pants and into something more comfortable,” Kate said.

“You’re moving fast, aren’t you?” Peter asked.

Kate unbuckled his pants.

“I’ve been waiting for this for way too long,” Kate said. “Fuck going slow.”

She squeezed his crotch through his pants for added emphasis. Peter groaned when feeling her soft, firm fingers stroking him through the pants. She caused the heat to rise through his crotch.

“You look like you have a nice big arrow for me,” Kate said. “Maybe I can bend over and you can put it in my quiver.”

Peter could not believe she said something along those lines. Unfortunately, he could not say too much given the fact that Kate’s soft palm rubbed him heatedly and worked some very nice magic on him. The heat emitting from his crotch and the swell of his manhood popped through his underwear.

Kate had a lot of fun teasing him, now that she had him right where she wanted him. The archer pulled him out and she stared at his cock like it was a prize that she had been wanting to win for a long time, but just fell short.

“Get me out of this dress,” Kate said to him.

Peter took his time slipping Kate out of her dress. He marveled at her fit and toned body. He could not get enough of this very delicious woman. He ran his hands down her body and kissed her several times. She responded by feeling up his body in response. Their hands moved in a very greedy pattern with Kate rubbing herself up and down on Peter’s crotch and adding some immense heat between the two of them. She lifted her leg and pulled him in.

“And you didn’t even wear panties.”

“Of course,” Kate said. “I wanted to pull out all of the stops.”

Peter spun her around and bent Kate over close to the railing. She was not concerned, prideful of the good balance she had. And besides, Peter would be able to catch her before she plummeted over the edge as well. His fingers danced against the back of her leg and sent Kate into a convulsion of pleasure. He was so good in pushing all of the right buttons. Kate bit down on her lip and let out a very passionate cry, the energy spreading through her loins intense.
“Are you going to do it?” Kate asked.

Only responding with a very soft smile, Peter ground something that was not soft. He enjoyed the feeling of his cock brushing against Kate’s tight teenage ass. He spanked it.

“Oh, give me the spanking that I should have gotten years ago!” Kate begged him. “Maybe I wouldn’t be such a spoiled brat if you could spank me...like this...right now!”

Peter smacked Kate on her rear and her ass jiggled very enticingly for him. The web slinger knew he had Kate in his line of sight and the only thing he could do now was push into her. He wanted to taunt and toy with the girl, just she toyed with him.

“Oh, you better fuck me soon,” Kate begged him.

“For the moment, I’ll just fuck with you.”

Peter’s sticky fingers clung to Kate’s nether regions. He switched positions and stuck against her clit, making Kate break out into very passionate cry. The lust burned through her body the faster Peter rubbed her. He knew how to hit all of the right buttons.

“We’re not going to make it to the bedroom.”

“NO!” Kate howled. “Take me right now. I’m wet….I need a cock...your cock!”

Peter teased her with the head. To be honest though, her wet pussy enticed him, especially when he thought about how tight it must be. The thought of it just taking in his massive rod and stretching over him, well it was beyond amazing to think about.

Tired of being teasing, Kate tried to speed up the enticement of Peter by rubbing her perfect pussy against him. Peter grabbed her firmly and ran his hands up her body. He was all over and now he sucked the back of her neck. Kate closed her eyes, letting her body heat up. Her fingers curled and her toes curled. She grew extremely numb.

“Take me,” Kate breathed. “Take me, and own my pussy. Take your big super hero cock and break me in….I’ve been dreaming about this for so long.”

“Oh, you’re tight.”

“Not for much longer when you destroy me with that thing.”

Peter worked himself deep into Kate’s perfectly snug hole. She closed down onto him, clutching onto the side of the railing when he did. He worked back and forth into her, pumping her pussy. His balls swung as fast as possible, striking her at all of the right motions. Peter knew exactly what he was doing and he knew how to hit all of the right buttons to make Kate just break out into a fit of pleasure.

“Yes,” Kate moaned while she clutched the railing. “You can give me more of that...shove as much of that inside me as you.”

Her tight walls hugged onto him and greedily gobbled up his meat. Peter traced a hand down Kate’s back, feeling how firm it was. He could touch her sexy back and then obviously rubbing her back lead to her backside. Peter grabbed onto her firm cheeks for leverage and drove all the way into her.
Kate thought it was a mission accomplished. She had brought him here, trying to seduce him into fucking her. And now, he was the one in control, making her show why Spider-Man was one of the most popular male heros on the planet among women. Everyone wanted a piece of him and Kate could see why. She could feel why as well. Those hands engulfed her breasts.

Those breasts of Kate’s were more than a handful, and just another part of her fit and healthy body that Peter needed to explore handily. He thrust faster into her, her tight walls closing in on him and releasing him. Peter pushed in and nimbled on Kate’s neck, to make her moan.

“Yes,” Kate breathed hard.

“Are you getting close?” Peter asked.

“Mmm...make me cum....make me yours,” Kate said.

Peter pulled out of Kate and left her hanging, almost literally over the side of the balcony. He spun Kate around and Kate’s legs shot up to wrap around him. Peter could not help and touch those firm legs, strong from all of the workout. Peter did love a nice fit girl to wrap her body around his and Kate was extremely flexible as well, which pushed more buttons them before.

“Wanted to look into my eyes when you owned my slutty pussy?” Kate asked. “I don’t blame you.”

The two made out, with Kate finding herself overwhelmed by just how much the older man owned her body. Her wet dreams starring Spider-Man and his amazing cock did not stack up to the very real reality. The only thing that would have made this better was if he had the six arms again.

Very common fantasy among women, that and the suit, and Kate’s pussy throbbed at the thought of Spider-Man engaging in some shameless hentai using the suit and her body. She clamped down onto him and allowed him to drive into her.

Those beautiful legs hooked around his body made Peter just more aggressive in plowing Kate. The railing stood steady. Her sensual eyes locked onto his, burning with so much lust. The web slinger knew how to hit all of the right buttons to make her dripping wet for him and long for his manhood. It slid deeper into her, his balls slapping against her.

“It won’t be too long now,” Spider-Man said. “But, after you.”

Hawkeye just smiled, and pushed her hips against Spider-Man. Their bodies melded together, like it was meant to be. She fulfilled a dream and she was pretty sure Spider-Man enjoyed being balls deep inside of her as well, if the sounds he was making.

It was the perfect way to celebrate the world from being taken over or destroyed. The orgasm Kate had been denied earlier came back, worth the wait in her opinion. Every inch of her body sung and Peter managed to dive in to touch all of the weak spots, making Kate hum extremely hotly. Peter’s fingers pushed against her body, those fingers touching her all over and making her just moan. Her legs clutched him and she purred in his ear.

“I know you want to cum for me,” Kate said. “Why don’t you just let it go?”

Peter groaned. He did want nothing better than to bust one in this tight hole. But he wanted to make sure Kate was going to feel the pleasure before he finished off.
“And I want you to cum inside me,” Kate said. “It’s perfectly safe.”

And even if it wasn’t, Kate was not sure she was going to have him pull out. Still, she can afford the best contraceptives money could buy. If she did have a kid, she would like to carry Spider-Man’s, but with this point in her life, she did not.

Those balls slapped against her thick thighs and Kate pulled him in, ever more tighter. She moaned in his ear, humming with a horniness dancing in her eyes.

“Oh, damn it, Kate, you’re so good,” Peter said. “We should have done this sooner.”

“I’ve been trying to get in your pants for at least two years,” Kate said. “But, better to come later than never.”

She winked at him and this made Spider-Man ram deep inside of her. Peter could not hold back, underneath this sexy nineteen-year-old archer. Kate squeezed him and made the first blasts of cum fire into her body. Kate pressed herself against him and milked him, his balls slapping hard against her when he filled her up.

The sensation of release inside of the nineteen year old and her moaning, crying for his cum, that was the very best indeed. Kate crushed her nails against her lover’s back the faster he plunged into her. Their hips cracked together, with Spider-Man ramming Kate further and faster until the friction had been picked up. Kate let out another hard moan, lust just building through her body.

“So good!” Kate purred in his ear. “Fill me all the way up….oooh, I want to feel you when I walk around for the next week.”

Peter emptied his balls inside of Kate Bishop’s tight pussy. The archer smiled when dropping down onto the ground from him.

“Are we going to make it to the bedroom?” Peter asked her.

Kate responded by licking the dripping cum off of his softening rod, ensuring it was not going to stay too soft for too long. The moment Peter swelled up, is the moment she spent some time sucking him off.

She released him with a pop and licked her lips.

“If you think you can’t shove me against the wall between then and there.”

Kate rose to her feet, her swaying hips and bubbly ass making it very hard not to take her. While Peter prided himself on self control, everyone had their limits. And this nineteen year old already caused him to feel very dizzy.

Still he would make an effort.

End.
Spider-Man has a brush with Death of the Endless in the latest Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive Content: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/02/brush-with-deathsticky-situation-blog.html

Staff Play(Tatsu Yamashiro/Katana)

When presented with an attractive woman in yoga pants and a sports bra, with a rocking body, they just had to enjoy the show. And Peter enjoyed the show, with Tatsu Yamashiro’s legs stretching out. The skilled warrior moved around, a soft smile pressing up on her face. The sexy Samurai caught a glimpse of Peter’s wandering eye.

“I’m glad you’re here,” she told him.

“You are?”

“Yes,” Tatsu commented. “Come over here.”

She beckoned Peter who walked to her. It was almost like some hypnotic force guided him forward. Peter dressed in a button up shirt and a pair of sweatpants. Tatsu leaned closer towards him and put a finger on his nose.

“You’ve been watching me for so long,” Tatsu said. “When we’re out there, fighting them… I could feel your eyes on me. And you know where they were.”

Tatsu deftly grabbed Peter’s hands and put them on her shapely butt. The Samurai just broke out into a smile when leaning towards the handsome man. If he was skilled with his hands, as he was in battle, or with his mouth, this would be fun. The flustered web swinger trying to rationalize what he was doing was extremely adorable for her.

“I...well I’ve been caught red handed.”

Peter froze, not wanting to take his hands off of that delicious ass. On the other hand, he paused for a second. Boy, it was very tempting to squeeze it and take control of her, to bend her over and take Tatsu for everything that she was worth.

“And you can help me with something,” Tatsu said. “You know how good I am with a sword.”

For a brief second, Tatsu brushed her fingers against the bulge forming against Peter’s pants. They felt so soft, despite a thick line of fabric being between him and the paradise of the sexy Samurai’s fingers. She cupped him through his pants, smiling at him.

“But, I’m out of practice with dealing with a staff.”

Her movements put Tatsu behind him. She rubbed up against him. Peter groaned when realizing that Tatsu was just as aroused as he was. Her lovely little nipples pushed up against his back and her hand, skilled and swift, pushed down his pants.

Tatsu planted a very casual kiss on the side of his neck and she smiled when he shifted. A slip down
Peter’s pants showed Tatsu what she was working with. The size pleased the woman. She had not been with a man in a very long time and there were many more worse options that Spider-Man. Besides, she did need to relax a bit, so she could focus on battle.

And what a way to focus on something else, the swell of Peter’s prominent manhood pushing against her fingers. Tatsu made a tight fist around him and was pleased to hear him groan. She wondered how much he could be pushed before the spider-empowered hero snapped back. Tatsu decided to test those limits, pressing and releasing her fingers.

“How about it?” Tatsu asked. “Are you going to help me with my staff play?”

“I don’t know if you need to...you can work it pretty well,” Peter groaned.

“We’ll see,” Tatsu said helping Peter out of his pants.

The dark haired warrior dropped down to her knees and looked over his stiff manhood. Tatsu rubbed his thick pole, it extending up into the air.

“Why don’t you use your mouth?” Peter groaned. “Oh, it would be so good if you......argh!”

Tatsu worked her mouth around him. She moved in with a suction that would put many whores to shame. And yet, she looked so extremely elegant to do so. Peter pushed a finger down onto the back of Tatsu’s head and used her mouth. His big balls cracked against her jaw, the faster Peter drove into her, the more she sucked him.

Swift hands, skilled to harm, were now bringing Peter pleasure. Tatsu wrapped her silky fingers around his swinging balls and pumping them. She slapped them one time which brought him a surprising amount of pleasure. She moved out of him and tweaked his staff, licking him all the way. The minute Tatsu finished licking him, she aggressively jerked up.

Never in his life did Peter think he would cum on Tatsu’s beautiful face. Yet the thought of splattering his seed in her silky hair, beautiful face, and soft lips until it dribbled down her elegant neck and all the way over the Samurai’s perky tits, it excited her. Tatsu swirled her tongue around him after every six or so pumps before leaning into him.

“How much?” Peter warned her.

Tatsu tugged on him and this was the final push that Peter needed. The seed blasted all over her face. Tatsu caught some of the explosion into her mouth, but most of it covered her face. Not that she minded. The rush of seed, the thick juicy spunk fired all over her face. Tatsu stuck out her tongue to catch it and pulled back. Her mouth sucked his cock head and got the last few seconds of cum dribbling off of it.

It was refreshing to taste him.

Peter had been surprised and the look on Tatsu’s face indicated that she was not done. He could not take his eyes off of the fit woman when she slurped seed, Peter’s seed, off of her fingers. Tatsu bent over for a second and the Yoga pants which caught Peter’s attention caught them again.

All restraint flew out the window, when Peter wrapped his arms around Tatsu and ground up against her ass.
“Bold,” Tatsu told him. “I approve. Get me out of these pants and we can see just how far you can press your luck.”

Peter enjoyed her curvy ass and tight feeling pussy. He pulled it down and left with nothing other than a black thong which blew his mind. He could rub the tip of his cock up against Tatsu’s ass forever and did so for a while.

“Ooh, as good as that feels…” the samurai managed as the spider’s thick tool rubbed against her body. “It would feel so much better if you stick that big beautiful cock inside my pussy...don’t you like how tight it is...feel it...put your fingers inside.”

Peter obliged and sure enough, her pussy was tight. Given how pent up she was, Tatsu had all of the signs of a woman who had not gotten any in a while and Peter wanted her.

“I don’t want to disappoint a pretty lady,” Peter said. “Especially one who is so proficient with a sword.”

Despite herself, Tatsu smiled. Peter hung onto her body, causing a deep breath to come from her. She wanted to see and feel what Peter would do to her. He ground up against her, his stiff manhood pressing against her opening hole. Peter cupped Tatsu’s chest and made her mewl in pleasure the faster that Peter rolled his fingers over her body.

“Are you ready? Peter asked her.

“Go for it.”

Without any further pause, Peter slipped into Tatsu. It was like a velvet glove curled into a fist and stroked his throbbing manhood when he pushed into her body. He pulled her sports bra off and felt up her perky tits upon each thrust. His balls swung and hit Tatsu on the back of her firm legs which made her gasp out in pleasure. Peter groaned and really felt the pleasure just building up, with her tight walls closing in and releasing him, with each passing moment.

Tatsu closed her eyes. Finally, finally, she got this man inside of her and it could not be better. Every time he pumped inside of her, it felt like pure heaven. She did not want the ride to end and now his fingers clasped her nipples before sliding down all over the skilled warrior’s body. Tatsu sucked in several hungry breaths, the faster Peter planted his firm rod inside of her tight pussy. He edged her to the end.

The build up towards the orgasm was intense. Especially when Peter touched all of the right spots to get Tatsu’s body completely humming. His finger dipped between her legs and made Tatsu just squirm onto it. She dripped all over him, hungrily sucking in several breaths. Peter knew how to bury into her, digging himself deep inside of her body.

“Almost there, aren’t I?” Peter asked.

“YES!” Tatsu screamed out in pleasure.

Those swinging balls cracked down on the back of her leg and made Tatsu just gush all over him. She knew it would come soon where she was about ready to leak all over him. Every slide of Peter’s hands over her body sent Tatsu swirling over the edge. He touched and tormented her, getting her so hot and horny that it was not even funny.
“Looks like you’re going to cum for me again,” Peter offered her.

Tatsu did not argue with him. She just tightened up on him, stroking his mighty manhood with her walls. Releasing and pumping it. She wanted him inside of her while the climax hit the beautiful samurai. Sweat splashed off of the warrior’s body when the spider-powered hero pushed into her. She could feel this, feel this moment. Feel those big bloated balls swinging against her and hitting her body nice, hard, and fast. Peter pinched her nipples and released them.

“And again,” Peter told her with a very rough groan.

Tatsu’s moist center flexed against him. Those walls were so tight, and so snug, and Peter relished feeling the inside of them. He took a few more thrusts inside of her. Her lovely ass swayed when he planted inside of her. Peter made sure to speed up, thrust harder, and get Tatsu’s moans to increase to an insane level. Having this woman of all women cry out for Peter’s cock made the web slinger just hungry.

And then, Peter pulled out. Tatsu whipped around and Peter pressed her against the wall. Her body smashed against his. Peter ran a leg up over soft, silky leg, and then said legs tightened a vice like grip around Peter’s waist to ensure that he was not going anywhere.

Right back where he should be, stroking Tatsu’s erect nipple in the process. Tatsu’s lust filled gaze enticed him to drive into her. His big balls slapped against her thigh, gaining speed and momentum the further Peter hammered inside of her.

“Oooh, baby, yes,” Tatsu breathed dragging her nails into the back of his neck.

She knew that the pounding that was about to happen, it would be as intense as everything. Peter’s skilled touch and plowing of all of the right places sent Tatsu into a fit of endless lust. She grabbed his shoulder and nudged him inside of her. His balls swung down and cracked her on the thighs, the loud moan coming out from Peter touching her and tormenting her.

“I want….I want this,” Tatsu breathed. “I want you….”

Peter just kissed her neck and then moved down to worship her breasts. They called out to be sucked and Peter rose to the occasion. Hanging onto her, pushing into her, feeling her silky hair brush the top of his head, was a never ending push inside of her. Peter’s swinging balls cracked deep against Tatsu’s thighs and then pulled almost out of her.

He was so hard, and Tatsu sensed he was getting closer to the edge. She pressed her feet against the web slinger’s ass, marveling out how toned it was, along with the rest of his. He had a body built for combat or hard fucking. Not that Tatsu had anything to complain about there, because she was very skilled.

Tatsu flexed her inner muscles against his rod and caused pleasure to shoot through the web slinger. Peter grunted the faster he slid into Tatsu, rocking her entire body and making her just quiver in excitement underneath him. Peter knew that it would not be too long before he exploded, but he wanted to slow down and really feel this moment on her.

“You’re going to break soon,” Tatsu purred in his ear. “But, a big strong man like you...he has much more than one shot in the tank….and I’m horny...for your cum.”

Tatsu tightened the grip around him, not wanting any chance of her lover to pull away. Spider-Man
repeatedly hammered his spear into Katana’s tight sheath, making her eyes cloud over in lust. Fingernails dug into the back of Spider-Man’s neck, as the hammering continued. Tatsu slid up on him, taking his cock repeatedly inside of her, his balls swinging at an intense angle prior to reaching their payload.

“Just a little bit closer, my love,” Tatsu breathed in his ear.

Peter edged so much closer than before. There was no chance he was going to break, not now and not ever. Not underneath Tatsu’s sweet, tightening pussy. With all of the ways that it closed ranks onto him and neared him to the edge and then several times beyond. Peter rubbed her leg and she breathed in heavily.

Of course, the repeatedly tightening around him, with Tatsu squeezing Peter and her body thrashing, it made Peter get so close. He pumped inside of her, ruled by only the craving of his cock and the need to release. He did not hold up on Tatsu, not in the slightest.

Tatsu encouraged him, encouraged his thrustings. She knew, oh boy did she ever know how close Peter was to exploding. Tatsu clamped down onto him, breathing lustfully in his ear. Knowing exactly how many more pumps he would need before shooting an immense amount of seed down into her warm cavern. Tatsu closed ranks around him and made sure Peter edged ever so closer to that breaking point.

“I’m close….”

Tatsu moaned loudly in his ear, practically begging for his cock to slide into her. She pushed him deeper inside of her. Those balls pushed against her and Tatsu squeezed him, anticipating the big load that was to fire out of them and bry inside of her body.

“All the way, all the way inside me,” she breathed. “I know you’re not going to let me down.”

After that statement, Peter decided to make the last few thrusts the most pleasurable that Tatsu ever felt. She clutched onto him tight, grabbing his head and lowering it down onto her chest. Tatsu tightened her grip and edged him ever so closer.

The second Peter made Tatsu came, he came alongside of her. The built-up seed buried in the web slinger’s balls shot deep into Tatsu, coating her with his thick, juicy spunk. The fit warrior practically screamed his ear off in the joy of being filled up so expertly with Peter holding his hands onto her. He cupped her ass from more pushing power.

Two more orgasms on Tatsu’s part later, and Peter finished his unloading on her.

Seconds passed and Tatsu slumped down against the wall. She had a smile on her face, a strand of drool that matched the big rope of cum.

Peter came back too, feeling the burn after that nice workout. He was about ready to ask of Tatsu was okay, but she grasped his balls and began to lightly suck on them. Peter leaned back lazily and Tatsu prepared to pleasure him once again.

Judging by the fit shape she was in and his stamina, this would be a long night. Not that Peter had any complaints.

End.
Two New Chapters (177 and 178) drop live on February 12th, 2019.
Succumbing to Nature (Mayday Parker/Spider-Girl)

Each passing day they entered this dangerous dance with each other, Mayday came up with fewer reasons to justify what she was doing with her father. She just wanted him and wanted him badly. All of him, no matter what. Peter was the only one who could touch her and make her feel good. Feeling his strong arms wrap around her as they kissed was amazing.

The teenage heroine squirmed in her father’s lap during their steamy makeout session. It all started a bit simple between the two of them and turned into something more heated than ever before. Peter knew all of the right spots to touch her. He brushed a hand through her auburn hair and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She breathed in heavily.

“You realize how wrong it is for us to be doing this, right?” Peter asked.

Mayday responded with a shifty smile.

“I haven’t forgotten,” she told him. “And the fact is that I don’t care….you’re the only man I trust to give me what I need. Your my father, but at the same time, I know that you won’t let me down, when I need you the most. And you want to make your little girl happy.”

Peter tried to reconcile with the fact that she was not his little girl anymore. She was a grown and extremely attractive woman, who rubbed up and down on his lap. The tip of his manhood almost slid between her legs. Mayday pulled back and stroked him for the next couple of seconds, lightly pushing it against her.

“And I want to make my Daddy feel just as good,” she said.

Mayday looked like an angel, but there was something more devious. She kissed the tip of Peter’s swollen head.

“Oh, is Daddy nice and hard for his little slut?” she breathed on his cock.

“You shouldn’t...you shouldn’t use those words,” Peter said. “And to think, you kiss your mother with that mouth.”

“You know, she could join us too sometime….the three of us,” Mayday said with a small sigh. “I’m just saying....”

Mayday slipped her father’s cock into the warm cavern of her mouth. It was so hot and so warm and so wet that Peter just lazily laid back. Every now and again, he brushed his fingers through Mayday’s pretty locks, bright and shining.

His delicious daughter put her mouth all the way down to the base of his crotch. Despite everything
telling Peter how he should be ashamed of this, he just couldn’t. If anything, how wrong this was just caused his cock to stretch further and deeper into the back of Mayday’s throat. She looked at him, smoldering desire dancing through her vibrant eyes.

Mayday stroked his balls and made Peter just groan.

“You keep it up, and you’re going to make Daddy cum,” Peter growled in her ear.

The teenager pushed her warm lips down onto Peter’s manhood and sucked him. She squeezed his balls, her ability to cling to walls becoming pretty good for other things. Namely pumping his balls and releasing them, groaning when sucking him. She moved over briefly to tease his balls with her mouth, and then lick all the way up to his head.

“Oooh, am I going to make you explode, Daddy?” Mayday purred when kissing him. “Maybe I should make you explode all over my face...and then I can walk out that door and show the people how much my father loves me...and how he’ll do anything to make his baby girl happy.”

Her hands stuck to his throbbing manhood, cranking him harder and faster. It was hard for Peter to concentrate on anything other than cumming, with Mayday’s lovely mouth potentially calling for him. He wanted to cum all over those succulent lips and so much more.

“Shower me with your love, Daddy,” Mayday said, her hot breath tickling him.

Peter groaned as she tortured his cock and balls. His naughty daughter knew all the ways to make him groan and suddenly, the first few blasts shot up into the air. He splashed his webbing all over Mayday’s face. The look of her face being splattered was hot as hell.

Mayday dropped down onto his base and sucked him off a little more, trying to drain him the old fashion way. She just could not resist that cum in her mouth.

Groans came from Peter, when Mayday sucked the seed straight from his balls. The fact his lovely daughter was nothing other than a cum hungry slut turned him on and made him throb. Mayday’s bright eyes flashed down onto him when she made her way down.

“That was good, Daddy,” she breathed. “But, I want more...and you won’t turn me down.”

Mayday was gifted in the backside much like her mother and that was a good thing. Then again, Peter always had a weak spot for nice asses, he wasn’t going to lie. And the fact his daughter had been gifted with booty was not fair to him and he struggled to control himself several times, until she was old enough.

Then again, she was the one who jumped him first, so Peter did not feel any gift. He brushed his hands against his daughter’s ass.

“Maybe I should spank you like the naughty girl you are,” Peter growled.

“Oh, yes, Daddy, spank me!”

Peter slapped his hand down onto Mayday’s ass and caused it to jiggle. He could play with his sexy daughter’s fine booty all day long. It was nice, wide, and he could grab onto it. He rubbed his cock against her and she purred.
“Look at what you’re doing to me?”

“Oh, it looks like I’m making you hard,” Mayday said. “Oh, that must hurt...having your cock throb so hard...I wonder what you’re going to do with it.”

She got up on all fours, presenting herself in a doggy style position. Peter could not resist Mayday, he could not resist her, and even after already cumming at once.

He slid into her, deep and hard. Mayday clung onto the bedsheets, her auburn hair flipping against her face. Peter grabbed her and pushed down into her body. He made sure to touch her, caressing her body. He wanted her to feel really good.

“Such a caring Daddy,” Mayday breathed. “But, I want to make you feel good...I want to take some of the burden on that nice big cock....”

His spider empowered daughter showed just how tight her vaginal muscles could hit. Peter groaned when pushing deeper inside of her. His balls swung down onto her, slapping her on the side of her leg. He pulled back, with the moans coming from her body. Peter leaned into her, thrusting deeper and faster into her, allowing Mayday to just drip all over the bed.

“Oooh, honey, you’re making me so hard,” Peter told her. “But, I know that you’re going to cum for me soon.”

Peter thought turnabout was fairplay. He clung onto her ass and pushed into her. The jiggling flesh of his daughter’s fine booty made Peter groan. Any thoughts of this being wrong left, or if there were any there, it only made Peter throb even more.

It was exciting, exciting to be balls deep inside of his teenage daughter. She moaned, encouraging him on.

She started something the first time she woke Peter up by sucking his cock. On father’s day of all days. But, it was a moment which changed their relationship into something more intimate, and Peter thought about it, all of the times where his daughter would walk around in nothing but a transparent bra and a thong to get his attention.

“YES!” Mayday moaned. “Oh, you have to be close to exploding.”

“You’d be surprised,” Peter said.

The number of women he left dripping, Mayday’s mother included, and panting for more, before he was done, it was staggering. There was a reason why bitches loved Spider-Man and he was going to illustrate that this daughter.

Her father was a machine, thrusting away as fast and climbing up her body with his hands, causing it to stick to her breasts, her neck, her stomach, and more importantly her ass. Her father had an ass fixation, and Mayday could not blame her. She looked at the asses of some of the girls in her class with appreciation.

Okay, she was proudly bisexual, or maybe she was just a deviant. Regardless, Mayday thought if two constening people loved each other, then they should go for it. And if she wanted her young tight pussy constantly railed by her father, that was her business.
“Oh, sweetie, I think I’m getting close.”

“I know you are, Daddy,” she said. “Oooh, those balls are nice and big and heavy...and whatever is in them, it would feel so good swimming around in my nice tight body, wouldn’t it?”

Peter groaned when feeling Mayday clasp down onto him. She released him with more fluid pumps than ever before. Peter clutched her ass and slammed down into her body. She breathed in and tightened down around him.

“I’m not going to stop once I get going.”

“And I don’t want you too,” Mayday breathed.

She drew a finger up to her asshole and teased it, pumping it inside while her father pumped her. It was difficult to hold herself up on one hand, but her father helped out.

Peter groaned, his daughter finger-banging her tightest, most taboo hole was too much. They always danced around the subject of anal, not wanting to cross that final frontier. But nothing was appealing to Peter’s devious nature more than the thought about being balls deep in his precious daughter’s ass.

“Cum for me, Daddy,” she breathed. “Oooh, fill me up with your spider spunk! I want to feel it inside of me...inside of me….I’m so horny for your cum.”

She breathed in, sounding like the most depraved porn star. Peter could not stop fucking his daughter if he tried. What man could resist her tight pussy calling for him. Peter pressed his hands on her ass and slammed into her, deepening his thrusts with a constant rush inside of her.

“Closer, baby,” Peter breathed.

“Yes,” Mayday told him. “Right there….inside of me….let me have it.”

Peter grunted and enjoyed the tightness of his daughter’s cunt closing down onto him. He could not resist her, not even for the slightest minute. He rode her ass all the way to the end, his balls slapping down onto her and Mayday moaned heavily.

He filled his delicious daughter with a nice helping of seed. Peter groaned when he blasted deeper inside of her unprotected womb.

“Oh, you make me so hot,” Mayday breathed. “So, hot.”

Peter drove deeper into Mayday, his balls rocking against her and stinging her thighs. He sped up a tiny amount and rocked deeper inside of her. He held back onto her, pressing his groin against her body and making her just shoot up in pleasure.

“I know I do, baby girl,” Peter told her.

“Yes, you really do, Daddy,” Mayday said. “But, there’s still one place where you haven’t been.”

“Are you sure?”

“Oh, you ask that question like I won’t let you do anything you want to me,” Mayday said. “And I know that you’re too much of a gentleman to ask to fuck my ass. So I’m telling to you to get that big
cock ready and stick it up my ass.”

Peter just broke out into a smile and pulled Mayday into position. They had crossed so many barriers, one more. He rose up just as quick as being finished off, the thought of being buried between his daughter’s firm cheeks being too much for him.

“Put it where it counts, Daddy.”

Every time she called him that, it made Peter throb. He pushed hard into Mayday’s already lubricated ass and pushed in deep. She closed her eyes, grabbing onto the bed.

“Are you hurting?” Peter asked her.

“No….keep going,” Mayday said, breaking out into a soft smile.

Peter kissed her neck and nuzzled up against her. Mayday positioned herself onto Peter’s lap, so he could slide into the ass. She fingered herself rapidly through his deep and probing thrusts, his balls cracking up against her. Mayday just broke out into a fit of passionate desire, the second he rammed into her.

Then, Peter joined her, joined her with his fingers touching her warm slit. She gushed and squirted so hot that Peter could not believe it. It was all from having his cock buried into her ass.

“Good thing you wanted this because I wanted your ass forever,” Peter told her. “And when I have it, I’m not going to hold back.”

Mayday knew and did not want her father to do so. When she wanted him, she wanted the entire thing, the entire Peter Parker package. And quite a package, those balls were so hot. And his hands, they worked so hard. One of them rubbed her clit and sent tingles through her. Every inch of Mayday’s body reacted so intensely to her father, that no other man could please her. And she doubted that only a select number of women could come close as well.

Her mother for one, but that was another story for another time. Peter pressed deep inside of her, rocking deeper and deeper inside of her body. His balls swung back and cracked her.

“Push me to my limits, aren’t you?” Peter told her.

“Always,” she breathed for him. “Always….but you can’t last much longer.”

“Oh, you’d be surprised,” he teased her.

Her father was full of surprises and the young spider-empowered teenager had her ass full of her father’s big throbbing manhood. He pushed deeper into her and stretched her out. Every time she would sit down for the next week, Mayday Parker would feel his manhood deep inside of her. And she could not resist the thought of it being inside of her for this long.

Peter’s bravado faded when he worked over Mayday for the next few thrusts. He knew that he had her at the edge and he knew that he would cum inside of her ass sooner rather than later. He brushed his fingers against her tight butt and slammed inside of her, rocking her entire body.

“Cum for me,” Mayday breathed. “Oooh, you know you can’t hold back.”
“After you, my dear daughter.”

“Such a giving Daddy,” Mayday purred.

Peter slammed inside of her, rocking her snug and tight asshole. He knew all of the ways that would make her scream in pleasure.

Despite everything, after crossing the taboo of anal sex with his daughter, Peter was going to cross another one, by spilling inside of her. He clung tightly onto her body, feeling her soft, sweaty flesh. Her hands clasped against his, encouraging him to pull forward.

They both lost it, Peter more so than his daughter. He spilled his seed deep inside of her tight back hole, and groaned when filling her up.

It was amazing, perfect even. Peter did not miss a beat, thrusting away at Mayday and filling her tight back hole with his seed.

The messy creampie left in his daughter’s snug asshole was more proof in what they did. And Peter pulled away from her.

“Alright, baby?”

“Yes. Thanks, Daddy.”

She lovingly kissed him on the cheek, wincing slightly as she slide. The two enveloped each other into an embrace and dropped down, with a nice long sleep. Peter spooned Mayday, knowing full well that her body in close proximity to his might be a temptation.

But, he could not leave his daughter alone, especially after tonight.

End.
Day of Play(Donna Troy and Cassie Sandsmark)(2/12/2019 Update 2 of 2)

Kinetix of the Legion of Superheroes gets a Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive Chapter at: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/02/spidery-does-kinetixsticky-situation.html

Day of Play(Donna Troy and Cassie Sandsmark)

A tingle spread through the body of Cassandra Sandsmark, or Cassie as most of everyone called her. She could not help and feel like this was a dream come true, to come face to face with the original Wondergirl. Face to face quite literally, as Donna smashed her lips against Cassie’s with a passionate kiss. The Amazon knew exactly how to touch a woman and Cassie was a bit inexperienced. Sure, she’s had a little bit of fun, with Kara, and others, but still, this felt like she was taking an entirely new step.

“You were brave out there,” Donna breathed in her ear. “You’re going to get a reward.”

“A reward?” Cassie asked, almost tingling in excitement.

“Yes,” Donna agreed. “Just hold tight now, and good things come to good girls.”

The younger Amazon princess slipped her hand down Cassie’s panties and make her break out into a very pleasurable moan. Donna knew precisely how to touch all of the right buttons. She pulled out, but only to get Cassie’s jeans off and be able to rub her panty clad pussy. Cassie really wished she wore better panties than this, but given that Donna would soon have them out of her.

Then her shirt came off, revealing Cassie’s plain white, and a bit boring bra. However, Donna was not fixated on the design, but rather the breasts inside of them. Having Donna gaze upon her cleavage made Cassie flush. She had been a bit body conscious, despite everyone telling her to be happy for who she was. Still, to have this gorgeous Amazon eat her up like a piece of fine meat with her eyes, that made Cassie extremely happy and very much horny.

“Baby, I’m going to make you mine,” Donna commented as she stripped off Cassie’s bra and panties.

And then, Donna took off her tank top and shorts to reveal a beautiful body, tanned, and toned, devoid of any lines. She was like a goddess, wrapped in mortal flesh.

“Go ahead, touch me, kiss me,” Donna breathed. “It’s okay.”

Cassie leaned in and passionately kissed Donna’s lips. Donna tilted her head back, as if looking towards the ceiling for something. Cassie paid her no mind, only deepening the kiss. Donna rubbed the back of Cassie’s head and moved in closer.

Donna laid Cassie down onto a lavish bed and climbed on top of them. This goddess of an Amazon straddling her made her so hot. Donna worshipped Cassie’s young, inexperienced body with kisses. The sixteen year old girl flushed underneath the touch of the ageless Amazon. Donna knew exactly how to kiss her, precisely how to touch her, and all Cassie did was lay back and hope that she could learn something from this living goddess in front of her.
“Oh yes,” Donna breathed. “Ready for the first part of your reward.”

Donna sank her lips down onto Cassie. She did not need ropes or restraints to have the young girl at her mercy. Donna tasted demi-god and it was very good, her juices flowing and eagerly feeding into Donna’s greedy mouth when she gobbled on Cassie’s peach.

She hoped that their other guest would enjoy the show and she would call him down. Right now, Donna rubbed Cassie’s thighs and buried deep down into her pussy. The tongue flickered in and out until Cassie was breathing heavily.

Donna wormed her tongue deep inside of her younger partner’s pussy. She knew all of what needed to happen to get those juices flowing out of Cassie. Donna buried her face deep into Cassie’s warm womanhood, sucking away at her.

“Mmm,” Cassie moaned. “Oooh, yes,”

She daringly put her hands on the back of Donna’s hair. She could run her fingers through that hair for a very long time, days even. Donna got Cassie nice and wet, in a way which Cassie never thought were possible. Then again, why would Amazons not be a master of pleasuring other women. Donna hungrily slurped at her lips and made Cassie break out into a pleasurable scream.

Cassie came like she never came before. Kara was good, although just about as experienced as Cassie was, perhaps a little bit more. Compared to Donna on the other hand, well Donna was a master of eating pussy. She drew herself back up, a smile crossing over her face.

“Hello, honey,” Donna purred in her ear. “Have you come down yet?”

Cassie’s flushed face showed the example. Donna crawled over her body, and every time any bit of Donna’s skin brushed against Cassie, it was like pure electricity just rocked through her body. She knew that Donna knew as well.

“And you can come down as well.”

The sixteen year old was very confused, and then someone dropped from the ceiling.

“Great Hera, it’s Spider-Man!”

Donna commented with a smile on her face.

“Are you ready for the second part of your reward?”

Cassie was going haywire. Spider-Man was her favorite male hero, although Wonder Woman obviously took the reward, with Donna coming in second, Captain Marvel coming in third, and She-Hulk being up there as well, and Black Canary was somewhere in there. Oh, and Kara would kill her if she did not mention Supergirl, and Power Girl technically as well. Still as far as the men were, Cassie had a few wet dreams about Spider-Man swinging down to save her, taking her into his strong arms.

“So, did you enjoy the show?” Donna asked with a saucy wink and squeeze of Spider-Man’s package.
That caused something deep within Cassie to stir. How big was Spider-Man really?

“You’re holding the proof in your hand that I did,” Spider-Man told her in a low growl.

“Mmm, yes, I guess I am,” Donna told him. “How about I relieve you...a little bit?”

Donna pulled down Spider-Man’s bottoms and his underwear to reveal something that almost made Cassie get a nosebleed. It was huge, thick, long, anything you can say about it. Throbbing and almost intimidating to say the very least. And yet, Cassie needed to touch it, but was too paralyzed to even try.

Surely, Donna...of course she could. She was an Amazon, they could do anything, they could tame anything. Really when you thought about that, that brought up a lot of implications, most of which made Cassie’s nipples stiffen.

Spider-Man peered down at the gorgeous sight of a beautiful Amazon descending to her knees, the ultimate sign of trust for another person as far as they were concerned. Donna put her lips onto the tip of this well engorged pole and pushed almost all the way down onto him. She locked eyes with Cassie ever so briefly and then made her movement.

“Great, Hera, she took the entire thing!” Cassie cried without any restraint whatsoever.

“She’s that talented,” Spider-Man said. “Want to take a closer look?”

Donna humming her way from the tip of Spider-Man’s cock all the way down to the base of his crotch, well that was more than enough to make Cassie almost black out from excitement and pleasure. She tried not to lose it, even though it was hard not to do.

She moved off of the bed and eyed Spider-Man’s swinging balls. They looked ready to grab, like some kind of fruit off of the vine. Cassie put her fingers on the underside and stroked them, looking at the web slinger with increasing hunger.

“Oooh, you’re so good,” Spider-Man groaned at her.

Cassie just smiled and leaned in, getting more daring. She put her lips on his balls and kissed them, making her tingle in excitement. Then she was doing more than kissing them. Cassie sucked on Spider-Man’s swollen testicles and made him groan.

“Both of you make a pretty damn good team,” Spider-Man groaned.

Donna pulled away and hinted to Cassie what she wanted to do next. Both wonderful girls worked their lips and tongue down Spider-Man’s shaft like it was a popsicle. One head full of dark black hair and one head of vibrant blonde hair came up when they kissed up him, meeting on the tip. They slobbered all over his manhood and met with a very aggressive lesbian kiss.

Right over the tip of his manhood, and Peter Parker did not know how much more he was going to last without spurting his webbing all over their pretty faces. Especially with Cassie and Donna taking turns milking his big bloated balls, humming against him, with their beautiful lips moving against him. There were a couple of thoughts that broke into Peter’s mind, when he guided them.

Donna then drove back him back into her mouth and hungrily and messily sucked on him. Cassie watched with awe, playing with her pussy on the way. Her nipples grew harder and then, to her
surprise, Spider-Man reached to her and twisted her nipple. His fingers stuck to walls.

“So, can any part of your body stick to any part of mine?” Cassie asked with a shy smile.

“Not the first person to ask that question,” Peter said.

Donna got so much of Peter in her mouth, that he thought that she was going to choke. To the Amazon’s credit, she maintained her sucking, and slurping down onto him, with her hand cupped around his balls and giving it a firm squeeze.

“So, hot,” Peter groaned. “For you….but I’m getting close.”

Donna tilted her head back and her hair brushed against his crotch which sent tingles going through him. Something tingled inside of Spider-Man and it was not his spider sense. He grabbed the hair of the Amazon Princess and used her mouth like a pussy.

The widened eyes from the sixteen year old demi-goddess was equal parts scandalized and aroused. She could not believe that an Amazon Princess allowed a man to use her mouth like that, and she also wished that Spider-Man used her mouth like that. Cassie tingled all over, and her eyes followed his big balls. They were almost hypontic.

‘They could breed all of Themyscira,” Cassie thought whilst fingering herself hard.

Spider-Man grunted and flooded the inside of Donna’s mouth with his tasty treat. Donna pushed down onto his firm ass, rocking back onto him. Donna lavished his manhood with her spit, taking him faster and harder into her mouth all the way.

“Mmm,” Donna moaned, lapping up his seed like it was some kind of tasty beverage.

And for her, it might as well have been. Donna rose up from him and kissed the tip of his manhood, causing it to twitch. Then she turned to Cassie with a smile on her face.

Donna and Cassie entered another passionate makeout session, with Donna sharing Spider-Man’s tasty spunk with Cassie. And now Cassie was going to be full of spunk, in more ways than one. Donna stroked Cassie’s hair and leaned in.

“How would you like your first cock?” Donna asked.


“I’m for it, if you are,” Spider-Man said. “Don’t worry, I wont’ bite. Unless you ask me nicely.”

Cassie retired to the bed along with Spider-Man. His muscular body, strong from beating up bad guys and swinging on webs caused her to breathe out.

“Jameson’s right, you are a menace,” Donna said. “All of the times you steal women’s hearts.”

“Better lock me up,” Spider-Man said with a grin.

Cassie tried not to pass out because that would ruin this moment. Her first time, with a man, she never thought it would happen. Many men were intimidated because of the Wonder Woman factor, but...well there were rumors and innuendo that Spider-Man and Wonder Woman had slept together.
So, if he was good enough for Diana, then, Cassie wanted him so badly. And she could feel his manhood dragging against her thin slit. Cassie was wet from the play with Donna and playing with herself, but would he fit inside of her. Despite the second thoughts she had, Cassie wanted him so badly, that she would bare the pain and get him inside of her. The web slinger pushed himself as close into her as possible, scraping his manhood against her entrance.

“I want you, Spider-Man,” Cassie said.

Her strong legs pressing against Spider-Man gave him all of the encouragement possible to rear back and drive into her tight body from underneath. His thick balls slapped down onto her and made Cassie break out into pleasure the moment he slid inside of her.

“Oh!” Cassie yelled.

“That feel good?” Spider-Man asked. “I'm not hurting you….”

He was only a few inches inside and yet it felt like he was stuffing her so full. Cassie closed her eyes, as the web slinger pushed deeper inside of her. All while Donna was stroking her hair and making Cassie just flush with excitement.

She needed that inside of her and deep inside of her, in the worst possible way. Spider-Man’s big balls pushed deep against her and that caused Cassie almost to lose it. She held it together just enough and felt her body just burst into pleasure.

Donna thought about sitting on Cassie’s face and make the younger girl eat her pussy out, but that might be too much for her level of experience. It was much more important. She wondered if Cassie would last long enough. Her body already convulsed and shook. Peter kissing her neck and nibbling on it slightly was more than enough.

“Careful, you're going to break her,” Donna warned him.

“Not trying to,” Spider-Man said. “She’s tighter than you.”

“Well, that’s something,” Donna said. “Then again, this is her first time with a real cock...I bet she hasn’t gotten any more than tongues and fingers, has she?”

Cassie shook her head. She had not been brave enough to try any toys….for fear that her mother would walk in. Oh, boy if her mother saw Cassie when she was pleasuring herself, she just might die in embarrassment. Although her mother was too high strung sometimes, really needed to get laid.

Why was she thinking about her mother being drilled by the same cock that she was? Cassie shook her head and broke out into a tearful moan. The web slinger rubbed her nipples and made her hot and horny. It was something special.

“Closer, baby?” Spider-Man asked her, gently caressing her body.

His balls stuck to her pussy, allowing her to really answer that question from earlier. Cassie only grabbed onto his wrist and squeezed it, letting out her moans even more loudly. Spider-Man pumped his way deeper inside of her, rocking her body something fierce.
“I want you,” Cassie said. “Please…let me finish.”

Peter was pretty sure that this next orgasm was going to finish her off, and he was nowhere close to coming. However, he knew that Donna would take care of him if that came to that. He pressed Cassie into the bed, holding her legs up and plunging into her tight body.

“Feels so good!” Cassie purred.

“You’re getting close, honey,” Donna said. “I hope you’re enjoying your first cock…because it won’t be the last time I give you this gift…if you’re working hard…maybe Diana can join us next time.”

The thought of that made Cassie almost black out in pleasure. Her legs balanced high into the air. Every now and then, Donna touched her and then also she stroked Spider-Man’s big balls. She hoped that this did not end with her waking up with sticky bedsheets and ruined panties like all of her Spider-Man dreams did.

No, this had to be real, this just had to be real, and Cassie could not think of anything else. Spider-Man plunged faster and faster into her body. His balls swung against Cassie’s warm thighs and made her breath heavily. She was getting it, the big one, the one that she had been waiting for.

Spider-Man thrusted further inside of her body, rocking Cassie and her snug cunt with everything he could. He pushed his finger up the length of her leg and slammed down into her body. Cassie breathed in lust, getting plunged inside of her.

Finally, she came and came hard. To the point where Cassie almost blacked out from the pleasure. Cassie grabbed onto him, riding out her orgasm all the way from him.

Spider-Man pulled her, leaving Cassie to drift into a stupor. The second he left her, Donna’s mouth was on him.

“You can’t resist having another taste of her, can you?” Spider-Man teased the Amazon.

Donna’s mouth left him with a plunging sound. She danced her fingers up his abs with a smirk.

“Trust me, you wouldn’t want to miss up the chance either,” Donna said. “Especially when she’s smeared all over this bad boy.”

The pumping hand of the Amazon brought Peter’s lust to a new level. His erection pressed between their bodies, rubbing against Donna’s firm stomach. She broke out into a very passionate scream, the second that Peter eased his head into her warm slit.

“I’m going to ride you until I get my reward,” Donna said. “Don’t you think I get a reward? For giving you fresh pussy?”

“You know, if you were a man, you would get in trouble.”

“I’ll never get your world and their hangups,” Donna said. “Shouldn’t people speak freely?”

“Not in the current year, unless you want the social media outrage mob jumping down your throat,” Spider-Man grimly said. “But, let’s not focus on that….let’s focus on this.”
Spider-Man pushed his fingers against Donna’s perfect ass and lowered her down onto him. It would not take too much longer, before her warm box sucked him in. Donna closed around on him, and released him with a groan, squeezing his tool.

Donna rode him, rode him like he was a stallion. The Amazon’s bouncing breasts pressed against his face and Spider-Man buried himself into them.

“Well, your mouth sticks to my breasts,” Donna said with a saucy smile. “So, that would answer Cassie’s...question....”

And his hands cupped her ass. Spider-Man played with her, feeling the Amazon’s hot and perfect body rising up and smashing down onto him. Their strong bodies could take a lot, so Peter did not have to hold back to her and Donna could not hold back with him.

The web slinger pressed his fingers against Donna’s tempted ass. He spent so many nice hours, playing with that ass, and Donna’s continued moans were hot as hell and twice as tempting. He grabbed onto her and squeezed her butt, making her just moan.

She was dripping just as hot and fast as Cassie. And Peter, spent a lot of time working Cassie’s tight pussy, so he was not going to be able to spend as much as he wanted with Donna. But damn was he going to make the most of the time he had.

The Amazon Princess tightened around him. She always enjoyed the time spent with Peter and the time that he was deep inside of her. Rushing faster and faster inside of her body, and she could feel him about ready to expel that huge load inside of her.

“In time, you’ll be able to keep up with him,” Donna said to Cassie’s half conscious form. “But, for now, he’s going to cum with me.”

Donna collapsed her walls down onto him and made Spider-Man groan in pleasure. She knew all of the tricks to make him expel his webbing inside of her. Peter pressed his hands against her firm ass and took her to work, slamming inside of her.

Finally, the two of them came together. The muscle tension released as they entangled in each other. Their bodies became one through the end. Peter grabbed as much as Donna’s lovely body as he could, her breasts, her waist, her ass, her legs, her sexy as hell face, and her beautiful hair, all of it was under his faster fingers when she milked him of his seed, draining his swollen balls.

Donna pulled away from Peter, with a soft smile on her face. She crawled over Cassie’s face and allowed some of the juices to drop onto her. Cassie shivered in her sleep.

“Oh, you want some more, don’t you?” Donna asked. “Come here and take it.”

With precision, Peter dove at Donna, grabbing her body and sinking deep inside of her.

Cassie was fully awake out and she watched, enjoying the view of Spider-Man’s cute ass when he plunged his rod into Donna. She took the whole thing without protest. Which would normally be a slutty act, but Donna somehow made it look elegant, although not was much as Cassie imagined Diana doing so.

Now, the teenager struggled to insert herself into this situation, hoping that either the Amazon or the Spider took her in hand. Because, she needed a good strong hand or several right now.
Cassie fingered herself, waiting for her turn. Now with a second wind, the sky was the limit.

End.

Two More Chapters (179 and 180) to be posted on February 19th, 2019.
It had been a long day and Peter Parker wondered if he could finally get some rest and relaxation. The visual he saw when he entered his bedroom improved his mood ever so slightly. He came face to face with the vision of beauty known as Theresa Cassidy, or Siryn. The Irish redhead dressed in a transparent green gown which showed her ample assets, and her panties were barely there.

“You looked like you were down,” she commented a smile. “And after you’ve done for all of us lasses in the X-Men, I felt like I should return some of the favor.”

“You didn’t have to,” Spider-Man commented.

“I know I didn’t have to,” Theresa said with a smile. “But, you can’t deny that there’s a line of willing women about this long who want to get a piece of you...and I’ve decided to cut in the line.”

She moved across the room with surprising speed. The stunning redhead wrapped her legs around Spider-Man by practically leaping into his arms. Spider-Man grabbed a handful of Theresa’s ass and walked her over to the ground. He put her down onto the bed.

“Why don’t you get out of that costume and come to bed?” she asked him.

Her accent was extremely thick right down and also sexy as hell. However, Theresa seemed impatient and did not want to wait for Peter to get out of his costume. Instead, the sexy Irish mutant removed his clothes, while caressing his toned muscles and then rubbed down to get between his legs. Where she found one muscle in particular to be very interesting.

‘Redheads,’ Spider-Man thought. ‘They’re my Kryptonite.’

“Oh, no wonder you’re so tense,” Theresa said as she casually pumped his manhood. “Maybe I should help you relieve some of that tension, hmmm.”

“Go for it.”

Oh, you better believe that Theresa went for it Alright. She leaned in closer to the tip of his manhood which stretched out to meet her lips. Theresa inhaled his manhood into her tight and warm mouth. She sucked him extremely hard, her lips moving back and forth, weaving back and forth. One could see the hunger just burning through her eyes the moment she pleasured the web slinger.

“Mmm!”

She enjoyed sucking a nice big cock and this one was pretty nice. The fiery redhead bobbed her mouth up and down on on the object of desire. A reach between his legs resulted in Theresa palming a huge set of balls which could seed every woman in the X-Men.
She was in heaven and she could not wait to have this nice huge piece of manhood.

After today, a series of crimes, which also had Black Cat blue-balling him, Spider-Man was happy to get some relief. And the vibrations coming from the back of Siryn’s throat, oh they were just too much. They thrilled his loins like nothing else. Her humming was something else and it took Peter everything not to grab her hair and face-fuck her with reckless abandon.

Theresa hung on for the ride, deep-throating her man. Just thinking that she had this moment alone with Spider-Man, it made her horny as hell. She wanted him to touch her all over. The grip he had on her flaming red hair was amazing and the force which he jammed himself down her throat, well it was beyond anything she’s ever seen or felt.

“Oooh, yes,” Peter groaned. “You’re going to make me cum, you little mutant minx.”

Theresa intended to live up to her fantasy and make it a reality. No matter how much times she stroked Peter’s balls it never amazed her to see how full they felt. The first taste of his thick, juicy cum spurted out through her tongue and made Theresa hum ever so lightly. She pushed down onto him, rocking her face back and forth until it pressed onto his crotch.

There were no more words, only decisive action. Once the flood gates sprung open, Spider-Man pounded Siryn’s very perfect mouth with his throbbing erection. He grabbed onto her cheeks and repeatedly slid down her throat, almost choking her out with his massive rod. It sent a blast of warm and juicy cum just spiraling down her throat.

Theresa bent her head back and showed an amazing amount of flexibility. Not to mention she remained sucking on him, slurping him harder all the way to the very last drop. Theresa groped Peter’s thick balls and pumped even more of his seed down her throat.

A second passed and Theresa pulled herself up. She ripped off her gown, which left little to the imagination already. However, Peter saw her and he drooled practically. From her tight fit body, to her juicy breasts, to her long legs, and shapely ass. Oh, and her pussy, covered in red hair, as fiery as the rest of her. Theresa extended her leg and got Peter’s attention by stroking his manhood.

“Come and get me, stud,” she breathed at him, her accent dripping with sexy.

Peter walked over towards the bed and crawled on top of Theresa. The two of them enjoyed the touch of each other and their bodies. Theresa wrapped her legs around Peter’s strong waist and pulled him in. It was almost as if some kind of magnetic pull dragged their bodies together.

The web slinger squeezed Theresa’s luscious breasts and caused them to bounce. She pulled him in closer and sat up before whispering in his ear.

“I have to warn you, I’m a wee bit of a screamer,” she said with a smile.

“Yes, I figured as much,” Peter said.

“But, things shouldn’t be too bad, unless you make me lose control,” Theresa said.

She rubbed her warm slit all over his erection and Peter struggled to resist the impulse to just drive into her and ride her into the bed. Theresa knew exactly how to hammer on his buttons. Right or wrong, that was what she was doing. Theresa put a hand on his back and guided ever so closer
towards his body. They were almost there, so close, but yet so very far from connecting to each other. Their loins practically burned with pleasure.

“Take me, I’m here and I’m yours,” Theresa whispered in his ear.

“Yes,” Spider-Man groaned when dragging his tool against her entrance.

It was wet and hot and ready for him. The web slinger positioned himself at her and came close to slipping inside of Theresa. Theresa locked her legs around the web slinger and pulled him closer towards her. Their bodies almost connected together.

Then there was no almost amount it. Peter grabbed ahold of her hips and drove himself into Theresa. She bit down on her lip to avoid screaming too loud. Those moans came out when Peter worshipped her hot body. The fiery redhead thrashed underneath him, her hips moving up.

“Take me hard, wreck me!” she cried out.

Redheads, you always went to bed with a redhead, but you never truly slept with one. At least that was how Peter thought the saying went. Regardless, he held onto Theresa, her legs cranking into his body. Her soft body pushing against his.

Peter knew he needed to take her and make her feel like a million dollars. The heat of Theresa’s loins tightening around him made Peter groan out in pleasure. His groin pushed down against hers and he sped up, with multiple thrusts. He edged his way ever so closer in Theresa’s body, her legs wrapping tighter around him. She moaned and he rolled himself into her.

“Closer, so much closer,” Theresa begged him.

She reached a peak. Theresa very much wanted to roll her partner over on the bed and ride him all night long. Cowgirl style and reverse cowgirl style and thought of him unable to tear his eyes away from her perfect ass aroused her.

And it also brought Theresa to the tipping point. Her handsome partner and one of the most beloved superheroes among women slammed her into the bed. She eyed him, hunger dancing in her eyes.

“Why don’t you take a rest, luv, and let me ride?” she asked him in a sultry voice.

Theresa flipped Peter over onto his back, and was pleased to know that he let her. The moment she got positioned from the right angle, she leaned back and rubbed all over him. Her juices stained the tip of his cock and she cupped her breasts.

“You’re so hot.”

“I’m practically on fire,” she said with a grin.

Theresa pushed all the way down onto him and shoved Peter deep inside of her body. Their loins connected together, with Theresa rocking back and forth on him. The web slinger’s body groaned and thrashed underneath the fiery redhead’s descents and raises. She rocked herself onto him, going for a hell of a ride.

And oh boy, could she ride him, all night long. Theresa found him, squeezing his love muscle with her tight box. She smiled when seeing the look on his face.
“Let’s so down, we wouldn’t want you to shoot your webbing just yet.”

Theresa squeezed the base of Spider-Man’s throbbing cock. He groaned when she teased him, first by stroking him and then by sliding her womanly hole up and down on him. Spider-Man knew there was only seconds away before she dropped down onto him and took him deep inside of her body. He groaned with the touch and the torment, everything getting hotter.

“No, not yet,” Theresa breathed. “Why don’t we explore this from a different angle?”

Theresa turned around and Spider-Man caught shape of her perfect ass the second she descended down onto him. It was enticing and made Spider-Man just almost burst in pleasure. He held onto her tight rear and pushed deep into her. His balls slapped off of her, and caused Theresa to just peak over her shoulder. She broke out into a smile and rocked up and down onto him.

Peter sat up a little bit. He needed to grab ahold of Theresa’s ass. He envisioned bending her over the edge of the bed when playing with it. It was a good thought, but for now, Peter enjoyed her bouncing up and down. The light brushed against her ass.

“Oh, you’re a feisty one, aren’t you?” she told him.

“Takes one to know one.”

“Don’t I know it.”

Theresa milked him for everything that he was worth, edging him, and then slowing down. She grasped the base and staved off his orgasm. Hoping, perhaps that some kind of primal nature would kick in and Spider-Man would make her pay for this teasing.

After a couple more times, Spider-Man pulled himself away from Theresa and slid her up the bed. The mutant breathed in heavily when Spider-Man bent her over the edge.

“You’ve been a bad girl.”

“Yeah, I’m a bad bitch,” she told him, her accent sexier than before.

Spider-Man cracked her on the rear, spanking her several times. Theresa groaned every time that Spider-Man spanked her tight ass. She really wished that he slipped back inside of her, but a spanking was getting her very hard. Spider-Man fingered her hard from behind.

“Yes,” Theresa breathed. “Oh, yes….but surely, that’s getting nice and big…and it’s going to need some relief sometime soon.”

“You tell me.”

Theresa moaned when Spider-Man rubbed his very stiff penis against her back and then against her backside. He grabbed onto her ass and practically dry humped her.

“Oh, are you going to stuff it back there?” Theresa asked him, voice dripping with lust. “Not sure if it will fit, but I swear if you put it back there, I’m going to bring down the entire room.”

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” Peter asked. “To put my cock up your slutty ass and fuck you
until you can’t remember your own name.”

“Oh, we’re about half way there.”

Spider-Man pushed himself against her, his manhood slipping against her crack ever so briefly. He reached for his web shooters and gagged Theresa with some webbing.

Theresa’s moans could be heard through the web gag. Now well lubricated, and Theresa’s screams muffled thanks to his strongest webbing, Peter was able to slide balls deep into her perfect ass. He left red marks all over her pale, luscious ass, slapping down onto it. Theresa moaned on the bed.

“Oh, no comeback?” Peter asked. “You’ve been teasing me with this ass...asking for it....every time we pass in the hallway, you sway your hips when you leave....well guess what, I’m now going to take out all of my stress on this ass.”

Without words, Theresa communicated that’s what she wanted to him to do. Oh, she was such a cock slut, and having one up her ass, it was the best. Peter’s hands probed her ass, rubbing her cheeks and swatting her on the butt.

Peter groaned when entering this tight hole. Her pussy was amazing, but it did not compare to this ass. There were many women at this mansion that had asses made for fucking, but Theresa was overlooked. Something that Peter was going to have to reverse course on. He plunged deep into Theresa, taking her hard in the rear passage and pulling back before slamming down into her one more time.

He balanced her on his lap and grabbed her breasts. He could tell by Theresa’s body language how hot she was. And how much she was about ready to cum. The juices flowed from her and stained Peter’s legs. Peter responded by bouncing her on his crotch even more, analy pleasing the stunning woman. He milked her tits, and treated them like the precious they were before pushing his hands down. One hand moved to her hip for more pumping power.

The other moved to her pussy and Theresa could barely be heard through the gag. It was amazing to be honest. Kisses down her neck and Peter bit down on her neck which caused her more lust and passion than ever before. He rubbed her, getting her all hot and bothered.

“My turn,” Peter groaned.

He could cum inside of her ass all night long and Theresa would not mind. He folded his fingers against her, lightly pumping against her, slapping her rear end hard and fast. His balls brushed against her anus and Theresa knew that he was close.

Finally, Theresa could feel it, his balls emptying their bounty into her tight rear. The few blasts of seed coated her and made Theresa just leak all over the bed. She never had the pleasure of a man fucking her in the ass and cumming inside of it, and now she could check that little advantage. It would be something that she would have to do it again, although she knew that Peter would be the only man.

Peter eased up a little bit, finishing her. He wore out Theresa’s ass, feeling in better spirits from the release. He pulled from her and left her panting in thinly disguised pleasure.

“Thank you,” Peter said.
The web gag came off and Theresa looked at him with a smile.

“No problem…..are you going to stick around?”

Peter pulled her into an embrace and the two entered a post-sex cuddle, knowing full well that their bodies being in such close proximity would set something off again.

End.

Spider-Man swung around the edge of the rooftop and came face to face with the lovely Ms. Thea Queen, better known as Speedy. The brunette archer in red smiled. Her tight body caught the interest of Spider-Man and her strong arms, perfect for shooting arrows, were on full disposal. Not to mention the rest of her tight body, along with her legs and her thick ass which Spider-Man caught himself looking at.

“Thanks for the help,” Speedy told him.

“No, problem,” Spider-Man said. “You’ve helped me more than once….”

“I got in over my head,” Speedy told him. “That’s happened more than once, especially when I overestimate my skills.”

A soft smile appeared underneath Spider-Man’s mask, even though the brunette archer could not get a good look at it. Spider-Man closed the gap between the two of them and placed a hand on her shoulder. Her skin was soft, and he resisted the urge to stroke it.

“Don’t worry, it happens to the best of us.”

“I know,” Speedy said. “But, I really want to thank you. The truth is, I’ve always been attracted to you and I know that you’re attracted to me.”

Speedy pulled off her hooded shirt and exposed her tight stomach to Spider-Man, with a sports bra showing off her perky breasts. Combined with the tight leather pants she wore, which she adjusted ever so slightly. She slipped a finger into her pants and showed Spider-Man the thong she had underneath, before snapping it back underneath. The sound of thong against flesh made Spider-Man dry in the mouth.

Thankfully, thankfully, he remembered to swallow, just in time. Thea put her hand on his chest and lightly stroked his face underneath his mask before stroking him.

“May I?” she asked.

“I would be rude if I didn’t….”

She pulled up his mask and leaned towards him. Their mouths pushed together, with Spider-Man putting his hand on the back of Thea’s head and deepening the kiss. A loud pop of lip on lip action occurred and then, Spider-Man leaned in to feel her body against his. Her legs wrapped around his waist and Spider-Man walked her back, pushing her against the wall.

Their tongues clashed for domination, with Thea pulling back and nibbling on his lips. She moved
down, opening the clasp between his top and bottom and pushing her hand down his pants to grab his thick throbbing manhood.

“That looks promising,” Thea purred lightly in his ear.

“Oooh, you know...it does,” Spider-Man groaned with Thea pressing her fingers against his throbbing manhood and tugging on it.

“May I see it?”

“Oh, of course,” Spider-Man groaned when she formed a ring around his cock head with her forefinger and pinky.

Thea tugged on him, until the moment she decided to fish him out of his pants.

“No wonder they call you Spider-Man,” she said with a cheeky grin. “How about you rub that big bad thing against my ass? You know you want to.”

Oh, he did, believe Spider-Man, he did. Speedy turned around and Spider-Man wrapped his arms around her, grinding his big piece of meat up and down her ass, causing Thea to groan in pleasure. His finger slipped down her toned stomach. She was hot as hell, even her belly button looked good enough to fuck. And Spider-Man now was dry humping the ass of this sexy nineteen year old archer.

“Get me out of these pants,” Thea purred. “And we can have some real fun.”

She reached between her legs and teased him, tugging on his manhood. She stroked him up and down, making sure it was hard as a rock and ready to penetrate her. She held onto him tight, pumping his crotch, and the heat that emitted from her hand made him hot as hell.

Thea’s pants slipped down and Spider-Man groaned when grinding against her. His bare cock brushed against her tight and wet pussy, almost slipping inside of her. His hands skimmed all over her body, hitting her in all of the right spots.

“Oh, you’re asking for it, “Thea breathed.

“So are you?”

Thea put her hands on the wall and spread her legs. Spider-Man caressed her body and the heat almost drew him in. His balls throbbed and his stiff rod hit her on the lips. Spider-Man ground up against her, coming very close to slipping inside of her and then pulling out of her. He teased her once, twice, and three more times right before sliding between her legs and inside of her.

“YES!”

Thea closed her eyes and clutched onto the wall. He spanked her ass and ground up against him. Spider-Man held onto her body and drove deep into her. He was balls deep in this hot young archer and loving every single last minute of it. He stroked her supple flesh and squeezed her rear end. He leaned back and pushed into her.

She stretched, spread legged as far as she could go. Spider-Man ran his hand down her back and lightly rubbed her, slapping her rear end. Several deep and tight thrusts followed, with Spider-Man driving deep into the sultry archer from behind.
“Yes,” Thea breathed for him. “OOOH YES!”


“Not yet,” she told him.

She nudged him away and Spider-Man pulled out of her. She took his dripping wet pole and rubbed it, electricity coursing through her fingers when pumping him hard. Thea leaned down and worshipped his pole with her mouth. Her naughty little tongue danced up and down him, getting him nice and wet.

“Stick to the wall, so we can have some fun,” Thea said. “Back to it...and face me...please.”

She rubbed so enticingly against him that Spider-Man could not do anything other than think about what it would be like to enter her again. Thea squeezed his thick balls and he backed against the wall. The archer walked with a sexy sway of her hips. She remained in a sports bra, but Spider-Man’s attention drew to her tight abs, wet pussy, and toned legs. Legs which now pressed up against his hips and was grinding against him, allowing the heat to ease slowly, but surely towards her entrance.

The two met each other, Thea’s legs tightening around Peter’s waist. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the depths which he plunged inside of her. Feeling her body rub up against his was extremely amazing and hot. Peter grabbed ahold of her nipple and squeezed it to make her moan.

Oh, this was the best, having Spider-Man buried inside of her. She was riding the hell out of him, just like it was already met to be. And Spider-Man slid into her with ease, mostly because of how wet she was. How tight she clamped down onto him, hunger dancing through her eyes. Spider-Man clutched her ass and spanked it a couple of times.

“Oh, you’re so daring,” Thea breathed in his ear.

“I can’t help it, it’s so nice,” Spider-Man said, putting the hand back on the wall.

“Maybe if we make it home, I can ride you so you can watch it bounce,” Thea told him in a husky tone.

The tightness of her walls squeezed around Spider-Man. The web slinger groaned every time Thea tightened around him, splashing her juices all the way down his aching rod. Yes, this felt amazing, better than good in fact. Thea rocked herself back and forth, going almost all the way down on him. His fingers pinched her nipples and sent a jolt of electricity all over her.

Spider-Man could feel him rushing to the edge, but Thea slowed down. She held the position, squeezing the base with her hand. She leaned down and kissed Spider-Man on the side of the face. She peppered him with more kisses, and ended up at his ear.

“Not yet, babe,” she whispered hotly in his ear. “I want to enjoy you for a little while longer.”

Thea winked and worked her walls up and down on him, pumping his manhood so deep into her pussy that it almost hurt. She clenched him when riding him, knowing that this made him get driven mad with pleasure.
The two switch positions after a minute. Thea’s legs still wrap around Peter’s waist, but now he’s the one pushing her into the wall. He cupped her ass and spanked it while thrusting into her. The sounds the sultry archer makes showed Peter just how much she enjoyed it. Spider-Man held on for the ride and cranked himself deeper and harder into Thea, burying himself into her tight pussy. He groaned the second her walls closed down onto him and released him. He was getting closer to the peak, all he needed to do was edge a little bit further.

“Oooh, you don’t want to leave this party too soon,” Thea said. “If you hold out for another couple of minutes, I’ll let you put it...where I know you want to put it.”

Thea slid a finger into her mouth and sucked on it, getting nice and wet. Spider-Man groaned at the movement of her tight body, and she was tempting him. The temptation grew even stronger, when Thea pushed a finger up in her ass and fingered it nice and hard when Peter slipped deeper inside of her.

The archer’s eyes glazed over with pleasure. She had one of the strongest heros in the world, deep inside of her, fucking her. Oooh, yes, this was perfect. The very best, simply better than the rest. His big balls cracked down against her body, and left marks all over her thighs. Peter squeezed her nipples and made Thea break out into pleasurable moans. She knew exactly how much she wanted this, and how deep she wanted him to go.

“Yes, baby, more,” Thea purred in his ear. “Almost there....you’ll going to get my ass in a minute. Wouldn’t you like that? Bending me over? And shoving that big cock into my perfect, tight ass? Squeezing my cheeks until you cum inside of it?”

The prospect of having anal with this fit young archer caused Peter to throb. He thrust fast enough to get Thea to cum, but not fast enough to have him shoot his webbing. Peter dialed back the minute that he sensed the tension rising, doing everything in his power to keep himself at bay. Then thrusting back in, as the tension rised.

The look and the idea of Spider-Man trying not to bust a nut inside of her caused Thea to grow hornier than hell. He crawled up her leg as well, the only time a spider doing so would be a good thing. The faster Spider-Man planted inside of her, the closer she got. She squeezed his tight ass with her feet, willing him inside. Those bloated balls bounced against her, hitting her at all of the right angles. Thea breathed in, reading herself for the incoming explosion.

“More,” Thea breathed hotly.

“Yes,” Peter groaned. “Yes.”

Peter palmed her ass and released it a couple more times. He pushed as far into her as possible, her walls clamping him tightly. She came and not a moment too soon. She gave Peter the added lubrication with this explosion.

He pulled out of Thea and gave himself a deep breath, to recover from his encounter. Most enticingly, Thea turned around and assumed the position. Peter explored the muscles of her back, and then the tightness, the tautness of her backside. He squeezed her cheeks and slipped a finger into her ass.

“You’re pretty tight,” Peter groaned.

“Yes,” Thea told him. “Imagine what it was like when you put your big hard dick back there. Will
you blow a load in there, Spider-Man?"

Thea clenched her ass against Spider-Man’s probing finger and the heat just riled up a couple more inches. She slid her ass cheeks deeper against him and then Spider-Man pulled out of her ass. He pushed up against her entrance, her rear entrance, and pushed a finger against her dripping pussy. The second he reared back, Spider-Man had full access to Thea Queen’s beautiful ass.

He plunged into it, going slow at first. Savoring the moment, squeezing those fine cheeks as he entered. The hot warmth engulfed Peter, as she flexed her anal muscles.

“Oooh, you’re ripping me apart!” Thea groaned.

But, it was in a good way, she was wet as hell from Spider-Man driving as far inside of her as humanly possible. Spider-Man grabbed her ass, and shoved himself all the way inside of her. His balls rocked her body, slapping onto her thighs nice and hard.

“Fuck me!” Thea yelled. “Oh, bugger my bum!”

Okay, she had a few friends that were British and thus Thea picked up some of the language. But in a good way, and the differences between British English and American English were fascinating. Although perhaps not something that she would think about too much with Spider-Man sticking her repeatedly in her most taboo hole. His big balls swung repeatedly inside of her.

Spider-Man wondered how long he could last. Thea edged him a couple of times already tonight and his balls were inflamed. He thought about just going to town on that ass and bust a nut in it. However, Spider-Man realized that he wanted to savor every moment.

He inhaled Thea’s hair and it smelled beautiful, especially when she was aroused. He pumped faster into her, his strong body pushing against into hers. He stroked her flesh and then nibbled her neck, all while squeezing away on the same body part which he planted deep inside of.

Thea’s toes curled up and she could feel his heavy balls. Oh, how she wanted this seed deep inside of her ass, and really any part. Thea thanked herself for her workouts, being able to take such a burn. Her ass was in fit shape and Spider-Man tested how fit it was by what he was doing. Oh, he worshipped it, as it damn well should have been.

“Such an ass man.”

“Given some of the circles that I hang around in, are you surprised?” Spider-Man asked.

Oh no, Thea could not be surprised at all. Instead, she felt his fingers all over her, squeezing her ass. A loud slap against her rear end echoed throughout the room. Spider-Man knew precisely what he needed to do and how deep he needed to go, to thrill her body. Not to mention his sticky fingers pumped her clit, which inflamed Thea’s lust even more.

All good things came to an end and Spider-Man felt a rush far stronger than his spider sense. He rode out his orgasm this time, while gifting Thea with one of his own. He spilled his seed into her ass, milking her perfect cheeks all the way to the edge.

“Oooh, yes,” Thea breathed. “Paint me!”

Spider-Man wrapped his arms around her body and fired off as much seed as possible. Needless to
say, this kind of organic webbing was what the women around him craved. He spent time with Thea’s ass and also diddled her dripping front hole as well. Every time he slammed into her, it was hot.

Oh, Thea was on fire, and that fire could only be put out by more sex. He smashed her ass all the way, filling it with seed, some of it splattering on the rooftop. Not the most dirty thing to ever happen, because this was New York City, but still.

Spider-Man pulled away from Thea, feeling the satisfaction of losing his load. Thea spun around and put her hand on his chest.

“So, how about coffee at my place?” she asked him.

“Do, you think we can make it there?” Spider-Man asked.

Thea’s gathered up her clothes in a bag, and wrapped herself around Spider-Man’s waist, so he can web sling them back across town to the Penthouse she was staying in.

And they only got sidetracked three times along the way.

End.

Two New Chapters (Chapter 181 and 182) to be posted on February 26th, 2019.
Cassandra Lang thought over the fantasy multiple times in her mind. Never in her wildest dreams did she ever think that it would happen. She was face to face with Spider-Man, in nothing other than her underwear. The web slinger moved closer her.

“You okay?” Spider-Man asked.

Oh, that question, she was beyond okay. Cassie thought about doing something extremely daring though.

“I’m fine, it will take a lot more than that to put me down!” Cassie said, almost too excited for her own good.

Spider-Man caught a glimpse of her sexy teenage body and it caused something to stir deep with him. She was extremely tempting and was excited to get a chance to team up with him. Cassie just broke out into a soft smile when noticing something shifting inside of Spider-Man’s pants.

“Is that because of me?” she asked.

“Cassie, I….”

Cassie gently cupped his package and was in wonder that any man could get this hard for her.

“I think that you’re….” Spider-Man groaned.

“Hot, by the looks of things,” Cassie said. “Spider-Man’s attracted to me….”

“You’re….”


Cassie tugged down Spider-Man’s pants and he groaned. It seemed like these young heroines, who had no shame in prancing around their rooms in their underwear, would be the death of him more than any green goblin. Cassie held his manhood in her hand with awe and seeing someone. Despite being a good ten years her senior, she was staring at him with hunger.

“I have no time for little boys,” Cassie said. “I want man...and I want my Spider-Man, to take me into his strong arms and have his way with me. You know, I’ve dreamed about this for a long time...a very long time, you know.”

Cassie wrapped her fingers around him and tugged on his manhood. He wrapped his arms around her tightly and leaned down to kiss her. Cassie almost came unglued by the fact that Spider-Man was kissing her extremely hard. His hand moved down down to cup her ass through her panties,
squeezing it.

She thanked the Yoga gods for being gifted with such a firm and squeezable ass. Spider-Man’s sticky fingers clung to it and made her moan.

“You know what one of my fantasies is,” Cassie breathed as she casually played with Spider-Man’s package.

“What?” Spider-Man asked.

The Young Avenger known as Stature broke out into a soft smile.

“I dreamed about you swooping down and taking me onto my own bed,” Cassie said with another stroke of Spider-Man’s erect member. “And kissing me all over, touching every part of my body. And then when you were done, you webbed me to the bed and taunted me some more. Making me cream underneath your experienced, mature, body.”

Cassie stroked him even faster, her breathing getting even more experienced. Spider-Man closed his eyes and tried to stave off the incoming explosion all over her.

“And then, you took that big cock out and fucked me,” Cassie said. “Although, I didn’t imagine this cock being this big...and this beautiful...and this wonderful.”

Cassie pumped him in her tight fist and caused a groan to filter through Spider-Man’s body. She repeatedly jacked him, making his hips just push forward with several thrusts. She tightened her fist around him even more and made him just explode.

A shower of seed spilled out all over Cassie’s tight stomach. One glimpse of that and her thighs just made Spider-Man blast his webbing. She tugged on it, jerking all of the cum out, splattering it all over her stomach, legs, and she bent down at the end to catch some of it on her sweet little tongue.

“I know I didn’t empty your web shooters that easily,” Cassie purred with another few strokes of his manhood.

Her fist tightened around him, making Spider-Man groan. Cassie knew all of the ways to make him just swell in pleasure and her hand tightening around him proved this point, without any problems whatsoever.

Suddenly, Spider-Man swept Cassie off of her feet, and marched her over to the bed, pinning her down onto it. He scooped his seed off of her stomach and fed it to the younger girl. Cassie slurped it down, like a woman on death row eating her last meal.

“Yes, baby,” Cassie breathed. “Make my dreams come true.”

Spider-Man intended to make Cassie’s sweet dreams a reality, kissing her body all over. He slowly stripped her underwear off, revealing juicy looking tits and a smooth and tight looking pussy. Spider-Man avoided kissing those parts, but he made Cassie more than excited what he was doing for her.

“Oh, you’re just too much, Spidey,” Cassie practically purred, her loins burning the further Spider-Man made his way down her, kissing between her legs.

“Yes, I am, aren’t I?” Spider-Man asked her.
Cassie bit down on her lip and let out a breath. He got closer and closer to her pussy which ached and needed him. The burning desire passing through her body made it such that Cassie was almost ready to overflow. Spider-Man nibbled on her clit and sucked it extremely hard, making her just shift up several times, allowing her juices to flow out.

Spider-Man pulled away and claimed his web shooters. He webbed Cassie down to her bed. The tempting teenager squirmed against the tight webbing. It made her look extremely delictable, with Spider-Man stroking her tender womanhood and lathering her with more kisses.

“Remind me what happened next.”

Breaking out of her stupor, Cassie looked at him with a big grin, showing all of her perfect white teeth. Locks of blonde hair draping over her face and made her just gasp in pleasure. Spider-Man stroked her body and played with her firm tits, which seemed to just swell in his hands.

“You’re going to take that big hard cock and fuck the daylights out of my young cunt,” Cassie breathed sexily.

Spider-Man rubbed his manhood against her entrance. He spread apart Cassie’s legs, enjoying the smooth feeling of her thighs. Her wet pussy almost gobbled him up, the second he pushed closer towards her. The two of them neared each other, with Spider-Man this close to spiking inside of her. He pulled back, grinding over Cassie’s hole and pushed almost all the way inside of her again.

She was so tight, and it had been a long time since Spider-Man enjoyed a pussy this this tight and this eager to take him into her. Spider-Man rubbed her thighs and made her just groan the further he plunged into her body. His thick balls slapped down onto her thighs and made Cassie just break out into an intense moan, the deeper he plunged into her body.

“Cassie, you’re so good,” Spider-Man said.

“You’re pretty amazing yourself.”

Spider-Man mastered control over Cassie’s young body. She shifted up and down, cranking on his large tool the faster he plunged into her. Cassie’s eyes glazed over, and one could see the hunger, the absolute hunger, burning deep into her body.

The web slinger pushed deeper inside of her body, his hands pressed down onto Cassie’s legs and made her moan extremely intensely. Spider-Man planted deeper and deeper into her body, his thick swollen balls cracking up against her wet thighs.

Cassie wanted more, wanted more of her dream man just drilling the utter daylights out of her. She wished she had not been webbed to the bed, so she could wrap her legs around Spider-Man and encourage him to drive to deeper depths.

The tightening her insides around his large tool made Cassie just breath. He was all over her body, touching her in ways which Cassie only dreamed about. And ways that were beyond her wildest, most erotic dreams. Spider-Man rubbed her nipples, squeezing them ever so tightly, rubbing them and making her moan. He knew exactly all of the right buttons to push and more importantly how to push it.

“Spider-Man,” Cassie breathed in his ear.
She was cumming harder this time. His big bloated balls slapped down onto her warm thighs and made Cassie just crank him inside of her. Spider-Man slowed down to make her enjoy the moment and made her enjoy this orgasm. She eyes him with intensity and with lust.

Spider-Man ran a finger down her leg and caused her to quiver underneath him. This was beyond hot, beyond anything she ever felt in her entire life.

“Getting close, aren’t you?” Spider-Man asked Cassie.

Cassie chewed down on her lip and nodded in response. He was really deep inside of her and stretching her pussy out in ways that she could only imagine. He also pleasured her body and sent her on tingles, feelings of lust, sensations, it just made her explode all over his pulsing groin.

Spider-Man pulled out of her, his cock wet with her juices. He rubbed the length down her body, teasing Cassie. He stopped and then released her from the webbing. Only to flip her over onto the bed and then rub Cassie’s body down. First, Spider-Man used his hands and then he used his swollen head to smear her body with the first trickles of juices. Her legs spread, and then Spider-Man lifted Cassie up to her hands and knees.

He paid plenty of attention to her ass, touching it and squeezing it hard. Cassie knew exactly all of the ways which Spider-Man wanted to pleasure her and she wanted to give him pleasure like this as well. A trio of fingers slipped in between her wet slit and fingered her something fierce, rapidly shifting back and forth to the point where Cassie almost squealed underneath his attack.

“What kind of question was that. Cassie squeezed his fingers, sending warm juices all over them. She wanted even more of this. She wanted him buried inside of her, taking her in every single way possible.

A finger brushing up against her tight back hole sent more feelings deep within Cassie. She rubbed against him, attempting to entice him. The web slinger almost slipped inside of her, almost buried his thick member inside of her tight body.

“I need you!”

“And you have me.”

Spider-Man pushed deep inside of her, fucking her from behind. Her swaying ass danced and tempted Spider-Man. He did not want to overwhelm the inexperienced girl on her first day, but naturally, he still plunged deep inside of her.

Cassie closed her eyes, her molten insides gobbling onto his manhood, the deeper he shoved inside of her. The deeper he shoved in, the more she grew excited. Cassie squeezed down onto him, moaning. He palmed her breasts.

“How does it feel to have me inside of you?”

“Amazing!” Cassie howled.

It really was simply amazing. Electricity coursed through her body, which came out of tune with her
mind. Spider-Man latched onto her breasts, while thrusting inside of her. Cassie thought she would lose it already, and hoped that he would lose it as well, painting her walls with that thick, juicy seed.

“Yes,” Cassie moaned getting even hotter the faster he shoved into her.

“Oh, you’re pretty good yourself, Cassie,” Spider-Man groaned. “Oh, I think you’re going to get what you wanted….I think we both know how your dream ended.”

Cassie smiled, it ended with them cumming together. Granted, the aftermath with the sticky sheets was not that fun, but still, Cassie could not focus on that. The thought of this being a dream and then waking up, no closer to really sleeping with Spider-Man, it was almost too much for her to bear.

Something told her that this was reality, her greatest fantasy coming true. The deeper Spider-Man slammed into her, the more better she felt. Her tightening walls clamped down onto him, threatening to milk every last drop of seed from him.

Spider-Man planted himself as far into Cassie as possible, lingering onto her. He had a lot of self control. Running into the Black Cat twice a week and trying not to let her dupe him led into that. Granted, by now, it was just foreplay to her and Spider-Man most times.

Regardless, Spider-Man had his limits and Cassie’s wet, squeezing, tight pussy threatened to squeeze every last drop of seed from him inside of her.

The two enjoyed this moment, and Cassie really enjoyed Spider-Man working over her body. She was never going to feel the same again. Most young heroines adored Spider-Man, because he seemed like he was worth a shot. They would not say he was attainable, but Cassie gave it her best shot and was not disappointed, with his thrusts going deeper inside of her.

Her mind turned to endless and burning lust, the faster Spider-Man rammed into her body. He was getting closer to the end, edging himself all the way along. She wanted those balls to go into her.

Spider-Man drove down, enjoying the feel of Cassie’s luscious young body. He stroked her hair and then nibbled on her neck, kissing down her lower back. The harmonious working of his hands, cupping her breasts added another layer to what they were doing. Spider-Man thrusted away, slapping his big balls down against her and making Cassie stir, shift, clench him, clench him so tight that it almost hurt.

“Are you almost there?” Cassie asked.

“Closer.”

They were going to cum together and it was going end the night perfectly. Cassie could feel him all over her, burying inside of her body. The power, but at the same time the gentle touches, made Cassie squirm all over. She really hoped that they would be doing this again, and next time, Cassie hoped to fulfill some of her other Spider-Man fantasy.

Cassandra Lang clamped down onto his tool hard and Spider-Man groaned. He could feel it, and knew that there was not too much time before he would join her in having an orgasm. His big balls cracked against her body, and made Cassie just quiver hot and hard.

“I’m there.”
The flood of his seed spilling inside of her young womb followed. Spider-Man knew from Kate that all of the young women in the Young Avengers were on birth control, and Carol confirmed it for him. Discouraging teenagers from sex never worked, educating them on how to have safe sex seemed to be the most ideal circumstance.

Spider-Man finished draining his balls into Cassie. Her soft sigh of content followed his explosion and made Spider-Man just finish off in her.

She came twice and was working on a third climax when he finished. Satisfied that she drained his organic web shooters, Cassie relaxed and just basked in the afterglow.

Content, Cassie realized the webbing dissolved long ago. She turned around, a full load dripping from her pussy. She looked Spider-Man in the eyes.

“Good, this wasn’t a dream,” Cassie said.

She wrapped her arms around Spider-Man and kissed him madly. Spider-Man showed her how it was to truly be kissed, running his hands down her body. He was going to trigger that desire in her one more time.

At least one more time. Spider-Man kissing her neck and shoulder blade, made Cassie realize that she was a puppet on a string, to be used as he wanted. And she was perfectly okay with that.

End.
A warm and extremely soft feeling visited the groin region of Peter Parker when he jerked himself up out of a fitful rest. And the reason for this feeling became very obvious, due to the nice soft breasts of Nina Dowd, the catgirl known as Mighty Endowed, brushed up against his length. She looked at him, with mischief going through her cat eyes when rubbing up and down. Her cute tail brushed against his leg as well when rising up and down, engulfing his pole within her gigantic tits.

Peter Parker grunted in pleasure, the more Nina pleasured his groin, and the rush which spread through his body only increased. Nina leaned in and lightly tongued the tip of his cock, hungering for even more. She knew exactly all of the right buttons to push.

He always had been a bit of a cat person, and now, he appreciated them even more. Nina rubbed her warm, powerful breasts against his tool, threatening to drain him of his load. Peter, despite his very good self control, had no control over this. She tongued him like a cat licking bowl from the cream.

Nina’s mighty endowment proved to be an early end for Peter, as he burst like a geyser. The cum splashing against her soft fur lead to an extremely alluring situation, Nina running her hands down his length and repeatedly pumping him deeper and faster inside of her cleavage. She groaned when crushing his cock with her breasts.

After torturing his cock and draining his balls of all of their fluids, Nina put her soft hand on his manhood and gave him a long, vigorous stroke. He stood up at attention, groaning with each push down onto him. Nina leaned down, a soft smile emitting over her face. The shifty smile on her, with cum dangling off of her tits, made her look extremely alluring.

“So, did you enjoy your wakeup call, stud?” Nina asked him. “Look at that, you’re ready to go again.”

Peter sprung up out of bed, her soft hand still massaging his length. He grabbed Nina around the neck and forcefully kissed her, lust overriding everything else. Nina sunk her tongue deep into her mouth. Peter’s hands petted down her back and pulled Nina onto his lap. Her sizeable breasts brushed hard against his chest.

He turned her around and then molested those big tits in his hands. There was more than enough for Peter to squeeze for a good long time and not hit the same spot twice over. Nina’s sensitive nipples began to squirt all over the bed and Peter rubbed her constantly.

“One would think you’re in heat,” Peter said in her ear. “Because, you’ve been such a bad kitty.”

“Yes, I’m a bad kitty, waking my master like that,” Nina agreed.

Peter forcefully rubbed her ears and those were sensitive as much as anything. He ran a hand down Nina’s back and stroked her all over. Her fur was so amazing, and soft, and Peter could pet her for
days. The sounds she made when Nina purred were extremely hot as well and made Peter stand at
attention.

He gripped onto her tail and lightly ran his finger down it. The added pleasure points on her tail,
thanks to her transformation, made the busty catgirl just breath in lust. They leaned in, a heavenly
kiss rocking their minds and their bodies. Nina put her hand on Peter’s head and deepened the kiss.
Their noisy makeout session continued, with Nina wrapping her tail around Peter’s waist to pull him
in close.

The two drew away from each other and Peter laid Nina out on the bed. Her amazing breasts came
up in attention and Peter ran his hands up and down them, squeezing them extremely hard. Nina let
out a very sharp breath, knowing all of the spots which Peter could touch her, that would bring her
closer to the edge. Peter pinched down on her nipple, twisting it extremely hard.

“Let me know how that makes you feel,” Peter said.

“Good.”

Peter stroked the pussy, in more ways than one. His warm fingers moved down towards Nina’s pink
slit and the heat just demanded for him to give her loads of attention. His strokes continued in a
feverish and endless manner with Nina egging him on with more moans.

Oh, his hands, his hands, they were simply amazing and brought Nina so many feelings of pure
pleasure. The warmth increased, but Nina wished for more than his hands. She wished for so much
more inside of her. Those fingers ghosted against her warm opening and sent Nina spiraling a couple
of steps beyond the edge. Spider-Man dug his hands into her and made Nina shift up and down,
repeatedly driving Peter’s digits inside of her body.


“Me too,” Nina breathed.

She wanted mount Peter’s cock and fuck him silly. However, Nina realized that she could not get
everything out of her life.

“You’re so wet, pet,” Peter groaned. “I wonder what I could do with you.”

“Master, I need it, please,” Nina breathed.

Every time she called him master, Peter throbbed with lust and wanted to reward her for such
obedient behavior. It was strange how normal cats tended to have some kind of control of the
humans they lived with or at least seemed fiercely independent. Yet, Nina was extremely obedient
and willing to serve him, and make all of his deepest, most depraved fantasies come true.

The again, she had an enchanted hold over his manhood, so perhaps Peter had been a bit too
premature in judging her. One thing that he was not premature with, was rubbing his length against
her and making her be teased. His thick tool repeatedly brushed against Nina’s hot opening. Nina
spread her legs as far out as possible, calling for him. Her body demanded him inside of her and
Peter was only too willing to give it to the busty catgirl.

He grabbed onto said chest, using it for leverage. Nina’s eyes flashed open and looked as hot as hell
as she silently called for him. Peter stuffed his length deep into Nina, the fur from her thighs rubbing
against him. Peter pressed his muscular chest against her soft fur and her gorgeous cat tits. He stood beside several gifted women, but for some reason, Nina more than stacked up to them at all.

Peter pressed the underside of her tits, rubbing them fiercely. Nina’s eyes cracked open and breathing only increased with each touch. The sounds she made, they encouraged Peter to get on with this and to fuck her soundly into the bed. The slaps of flesh echoed throughout the room, the deeper Peter plowed into her. Nina pressed her legs against his backside and threatened to drive Peter as far into her as humanly possible. The sounds continued to increase, the faster Peter plunged his way into Nina.

“Oooh, baby!” Nina yelled. “You know how to touch all of my buttons! You know how to make your pet feel so good.”

Her tail tightened the grip around Peter’s waist, practically pinning him into place for each thrust. Not that Peter intended to go anywhere, rather his big bloated balls just slammed hard against Nina’s thighs and sent electricity coursing through her body.

She tightened against him, the warm heat, and the soft feeling of her fury, edging Peter along. He already busted one load this morning and if Peter Parker did not slow down, he would bust another. However, he could not stop, because Nina was just so fuckable.

And so fuck her he did, ramming deep into her. The consequences would be damned, because her tight warm walls were just too much. Peter grunted the deeper he shoved into Nina and she clenched him extremely hard. The immense heat almost brought him to an early conclusion. However, Peter eased up a little bit, not wanting to make it that easy.

“Still with me.”

“YES!” Nina yelled practically scratching his back up.

Peter thanked the spider gods for a healing factor. He plunged as fast into Nina, his big swinging balls hitting her at all of the right spots. He was careful to speed up when necessary and to slow down when needed, to make this feeling last. Nina’s arms, legs, and tail all massaged his back. The very talented tail of the catgirl stoked his balls.

Spider-Man balls deep inside of her, and Nina never would have had the guts to approach him before the transformation. They did have something in common, being so awkward before the transformation that it was almost insane. Spider-Man pressed his hand against Nina’s chest and squeezed her firm breast which caused her to break out into a fit of insane lust.

He twisted her nipples which sent more tremors. Oh, yes, Nina could be with him, she could lay with him every day and every night. The faster he drove into her, the more electricity which coursed through her body. Nina pressed in tight against him, breathing heavily and lustfully against him. Her heaving chest rose up and down, the faster Spider-Man drove into her. She was almost nailed cross-eyed by the deep thrusts he performed on her, and they only got hotter and heavier, the faster he drove himself into her.

“Closer,” Nina whispered with a squeeze of his backside. “I need you closer….don’t you dare stop now, not when we’re doing so good.”

She wrapped her walls around him and juices just spilled out of her. Nina purred in his ear and Spider-Man busied himself in her chest, not that she could blame them. A busty catgirl hit so many
fetish buttons for so many people, and only a handful would admit it. Peter pumped her massive tits, driving faster and harder into her. His thick balls slapped down onto her, and made Nina just ooze all over him intense pleasure. She closed her wet walls around him and released him.

“Closer,” Nina breathed in his ear. “Give it all to me, big boy.”

Spider-Man pumped his way into her, not wanting to lose it completely inside of Nina just yet. Her tight walls and soft fur, not to mention sexy as hell tail rubbing his balls, threatened to bring Spider-Man to an early release. Sweat coated his body and he looked down at her messed up fur, still covered with his dried up cum. Those eyes burned, because she had literal cat eyes and they were as sexy as hell.

“I don’t know how much longer I can hold out,” Spider-Man warned her.

“Don’t!”

She squeezed Peter around the balls with that amazing tail and as a result, it caused several bursts of his seed to come out of her. Peter decided to throw all caution in the wind and batter Nina’s tight pussy with multiple thrusts, going several miles a minute.

Nina closed her eyes, arched her back, and gave a growl, trying to encourage him to drive deeper into her. Her tits smacked him in the face when rising up to meet Peter’s thrusts. To his credit, Peter filled her body, his deep thrusts burying inside of her body.

“Yes!” Nina moaned. “OH YES!”

Peter plunged deeper and deeper inside of her, and finally, the big one, the one that he had been waiting for, happened. He busted his nuts inside of Nina, who squeezed him tight. Her warm, savory pussy clamped down onto him and drained every single last drop of Peter’s seed out of him.

Another push sent Peter deep inside of Nina, grunting hard the faster he pushed into her. His balls slapped down onto her, the discharge of warm fluids spilling inside of her. Nina tightened her grip around him, moaning hotly the more he poured into her.

He collapsed for a second. Thankfully, he had something big and soft to land on. Peter leaned himself into Nina’s tits and she smiled, running a finger down the back of his head.

“That was so good,” she breathed. “But, I want more.”

Nina rolled her master onto the bed and playfully pinned him down. She licked his ears, showing a light of affection. Peter groaned when Nina’s soft furry body rubbed down him, doing the exact opposite of easing the tension within his loins. It only increased it.

The sultry catgirl crawled off of him, noticing his manhood pointing high to the sky and ready to lick. Nina touched the edge of it with her lips, sucking on him hard. Peter groaned, the eyes shifting into the back of his head. Nina cupped his balls and squeezed them.

“You just didn’t have enough cream?”

A brief but extremely intense blowjob followed. Nina stroked his manhood, squeezing his balls in the process. Peter’s pride threatened to take a plunge as he threatened to just explode in Nina’s mouth. However, she relaxed and squeezed the base with her tail to stave off any orgasm.
This made him grunt and Nina pulled all the way back from him. Nina breathed on his head and it twitched underneath him.

“Oh, baby, this is the best,” Nina purred with a finger stroking down his manhood. “I have to have this in my mouth...and other parts....how would you like to fuck my ass?”

That caused Peter interest and if that was any question. Nina’s perfect back passageway threatened to suck him into her world and milk every last inch. The Catgirl’s tail pumping his manhood and easy it closer to the entrance in question made Peter grow dizzier and dizzier with desire. He reached out and rubbed her soft ass, just as hot as the rest of her.

“Oh, master wants to put the last of his cream into kitty’s special hole,” Nina purred.

This got Peter harder, and ready to go inside of her. Nina’s finger slipped into her ass and Peter appreciated how tight it was by the look. The busty catgirl rubbing her asshole made Peter hotter, hotter than every because no matter how hard he tried, he could not keep his hands on his tasty cheeks.

He strengthened and preserved before slamming deep into Nina Dowd’s perfect ass. It was overlooked in the face of her more prominent assets, but never the less, she did have a nice ass. And it was warmer and tighter than anything else. Peter could not do anything other than stroke her tail while using it for leverage to slam inside of her.

Nina yelped in pleasure from each and every thrust. He was deep inside of her ass and this was another one of her kinks. Milk squirted out of the catgirl’s large tits, as it often did when she got really excited. Peter planted himself as deep into her as humanly possible.

Oh, being so deep in this ass, it almost hurt. Then again, Nina was so beautiful it hurt. Every pump and every squeeze of her plump ass threatened Peter from blowing his load. He resolved to enjoy this nice, warm, tight hole for as long as humanly possible, slamming deep inside of her body and stretching her completely out.

“Don’t know how much longer I can take,” Peter groaned. “Your ass is just too perfect.”

“I know, right?” Nina asked him with a wide grin. “But, I’m sure you can hold out...just long enough for me to cum first.”

It did not take too long for Nina to cum extremely hard. Peter shoved his fingers deep inside of her wet womanhood, riding her out, while also using his other hand to plant himself into her ass. He was getting extremely close, and extremely close to just busting another load in her ass.

It did not help that Nina was rubbing against him, that damn fur pleasuring him in every way possible. And that tail, it was so amazing with how flexible it was and how it coaxed his balls better than any hand or foot would.

Peter dared anyone not to be a cat person after being in the company of Mighty Endowed. She broke out into another pleasurable moan, the faster and harder Peter drove into her, the more his balls threatened to give way to the pleasure of her very hot ass.

And then, with another push, Peter busted everything in Nina’s ass. He gave her a load to match the one he put in her womb just moments ago. It might not have been as long as an encounter, but Peter
did enjoy every last minute of her ass.

Nina closed her eyes, addicted to the cum which flowed through her two entrances. Peter’s strong hands clung to her backside and that triggered a thought to let her tail pump the last few inches of seed into her. She saw white blasts of light against her eyes the moment Peter finished emptying inside of her.

They basked in the afterglow, their orgasms having left them breathless. Pure satisfaction hit both of them after their vigorous early morning routine.

“Perfect,” Nina breathed.

“I know.”

Nina rested against his shoulder, her tail lazily brushing against him. She knew that it would not be too long before they found themselves in each other again.

Peter just smiled as well. Having a kinky catgirl girlfriend who was up for anything did have its advantages.

End.
Boredom visited the life of Kamala Khan and threatened to bring her to a level of frustration never seen before. Determined to do something about it, Kamala decided to head to the apartment of her mentor, Carol Danvers, or Captain Marvel as the world better knew her, in an attempt to see if she was needed something. She did not care if it was saving cats from trees at this point, but she wanted to do something.

Kamala decided to take the balcony entrance to the apartment, having a nice flight there. She opened the door and heard a moan which sounded like Carol. What if Carol was being attacked? What if Kamala had a chance to save Captain Marvel? She might be a full time Avenger as opposed to a reserve. The thought of that made Kamala giddy and she pushed open the windows and prepared to enter the apartment.

Any heroic lines had been sucked out of Kamala, when her eyes gazed upon Carol rising and falling on the bed. Her large breasts bounced in a pattern which enticed and almost blinded Kamala with lust. She popped her lips apart, almost sucking in the saliva that was coming from her mouth. She happened across Carol in a very private moment.

Her throat suddenly did not work, and Kamala swallowed, she should just turn, fly, and potentially bury herself alive in shame. Or at least pretend that this did not happen. She could not tear her eyes off of Carol’s alluring body, built for sex and for battle. Kamala found the heat center around her loins, even more so than her cheeks which burned like an inferno.

Kamala closed her eyes, and then opened them, squinting slightly. She threw all caution to the wind, and watched as Carol dropped down on her partner in the reverse cowgirl position. Her lip was bitten down, obvious to the fact that Kamala was there. If Carol turned her head about a fraction of an inch to the side, she would be looking Kamala straight in the eye.

That fact more than anything screamed to Kamala that she could be go.

“Closer.”

Kamala thought that voice sounded familiar and she had been so fixated on Carol and what she was doing, that she did not notice the male companion in the room. And yet, Carol was riding his well endowed manhood with such lust, that Kamala watched in eye.

How did that fit? How did that fit inside of her? Kamala rubbed herself subconsciously through the front of her uniform and tried not to scream in pleasure. She was certain that Carol’s own screams would mask that, but at the same time, she did not want to risk it.
Then, Carol’s partner pulled her back by the arms and rocked her body. Kamala ran a hand underneath her shirt and found her sensitive nipples to play with. She thought that this would get her in less trouble than shoving a hand down her pants and rubbing one out, but she was wrong. The taboo nature of what she was seeing hit all of Kamala’s buttons.

“Cum with me, web head!”

Kamala’s eyes widened, Spider-Man, Captain Marvel was fucking Spider-Man! Oh, granted there were rumors that the two of them were involved, but hearing rumors and seeing action, that was too different things. She marveled at what she could see of Spider-Man’s body, and wondered, with reddening cheeks, if he could use that webbing for anything.

Regardless, Carol cranked his manhood and the blast of seed inside of her was immense. It was like a volcano erupting and it bubbled inside of Carol. Kamala’s mouth grew dry again, hearing the moans and groans of two Avengers that she admired. If Captain Marvel was her favorite Avenger, than Spider-Man was close to the top, both in terms of heroics and the sticky bedsheets department.

“Fuck!” Carol moaned.

Kamala let out a yelp and she made her way to the door before either could notice them. She would just finish the job back home and no one would be the wiser.

“Hello, Kamala.”

Kamala felt Carol up against her body when she tried and backed up to the door. She could not understand how fast Carol got there, after she came alongside Spider-Man.

“Um, I think I lost a contact here somewhere,” Kamala murmured.

“Honey, you have perfect vision,” Carol said.

“Well, maybe I thought they looked cool,” Kamala lamely protested

“Or, maybe, you were getting off to watching two people have sex and liked what you saw.”

Carol’s arms wrapped around Kamala and she squirmed, unable to free herself. Not that she wanted to free herself, but it was the principle of the matter. She looked forward, trying not to look at Spider-Man’s junk. He was wearing just the mask, pulled up to reveal his jaw, his strong kissable job, and the web shooters.

“Hey, webs,” Kamala said.

“Ms. Marvel,” Spider-Man said. “I have to give you some credit...you didn’t set off my spider sense.”

“Well, you don’t normally go off at just anything, do you?” Kamala asked.

Kamala stopped and realized that the words “go off” might have put certain thoughts in her head.

“It’s rude being a voyeur, you know.”

She started to apologize, but Spider-Man just smiled at her. He locked eyes at Carol, who had
slipped her hands down a little bit lower. Not low enough to be obscene, but low enough to make Kamala want to pass out from the thought of what her mentor could do.

“You should apologize to Spider-Man,” Carol said.

“Right, sorry,” Kamala said.

“Not with words, with your mouth,” Carol said.

Confusion reigned through Kamala and she realized what her mentor meant instantly. Here, Kamala sputtered like a dysfunctional car engine, as she eyed his big and beautiful cock. She had not seen one that big outside of the Internet, and that was because Tony Stark’s private pictures were leaked all over the Internet. To be fair, she would put Spider-Man higher than Iron Man, because...why was Kamala trying to think about this?”

“Go ahead, Kamala, give him a kiss.”

Kamala leaned in and gave Spider-Man the type of kiss that she would give her grandmother.

“Not what I meant,” Carol said. “Maybe, I should show you.”

Carol turned Kamala around, her massive tits almost smacking Kamala in the face. That caused Kamala to almost want to crawl in a hole and die, but she stood firm and tall. And Carol sunk her mouth down onto Kamala’s, kissing the ever living daylights out of the woman. A loud sucking sound echoed, with Carol making sure to shove her tongue into Kamala’s mouth.

This made Spider-Man hard, something that Kamala felt when Carol lowered her onto his lap. The two broke apart and Kamala’s swollen lips glistened brightly. She could only say one thing.

“Wow.”

“Do that,” Carol said.

She was a good mentor, educating her charge. Kamala kissed Spider-Man and this time, it was closer to what Carol did to her, then what she would do with her grandmother.

The kiss deepened and now both Spider-Man and Captain Marvel were feeling up her young body. Kamala did not expect her first time to be with two of the greatest heroes in the entire world, in her own biased opinion. Even she wouldn’t write a self-insert fanfiction this shameless.

Spider-Man pulled away from her and Kamala took a deep breath.

“I believe you still owe me that apology.”

Kamala nervously eyed him. Carol just gave her a reassuring smile and took Spidey’s engorged prick into her mouth, showing her how it was done. Kamala had a sense that Carol could likely throat him just that much easier, but she wanted to show Kamala how to do it.

“Remember to breathe through your nose,” Carol advised her.

The intimidating piece of meat before her sent Kamala’s emotions into overdrive. She lightly stroked him and then worked into into her mouth. His musk made Kamala dizzy with desire. He tasted so
good, and Kamala realized that Carol’s juices stained his penis, which made her hotter than ever before. Kamala put a hand on Peter’s balls, stroking it lightly.

“She’s a pretty good learner, wouldn’t you say?” Peter asked.

“She’s been taught by the best.”

Carol pulled down Kamala’s uniform bottom, and rubbed her pussy. Her brown skin glistened with wet juices, the further that she stroked her. She wanted more than to plunge into Kamala’s nice tight virgin pussy, but she was saving it for Peter. Besides, there was more fun to be had.

“You want Spider-Man to fuck you, don’t you?”

Kamala let out a moan which vibrated around the groin of one of her heroes. His big bloated balls nestled against her chin, giving her a pretty solid idea of what was to come and oh, it was as hot as hell to feel this. She cupped his balls, and made sure that Spider-Man thrust as deep into her as humanly possible.

“That’s enough apology,” Carol said.

“This is your first time,” Spider-Man said.

“Yeah,” Kamala said.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of you,” Spider-Man said, flipping Kamala on the bed.

His sexy muscular body pressed against his. The tone of his skin contrasted very alluring to her. Spider-Man kissed Kamala’s skin, it staining with arousal. He cupped her perky breasts, having removed her top. They were pretty large for her age, but obviously small compared to Carol’s. Then again, perhaps if Kamala wanted to stack up to some of the more gifted Avengers, like Carol, Jen, Wanda, Natasha, and the like, she would be losing out all of the time.

Spider-Man ground his hands down onto her and then his manhood pushed through her body. This handsome man was about ready to take her cherry, and Kamala just closed her eyes. She did not have any barrier, thanks to her powers, but still, she was tight and untouched, unless you counted her own fingers. And Kamala honestly did not, especially given they did not pale to Spider-Man’s amazing penis.

Spider-Man kissed Kamala gently, and ran his hands down her legs, while spreading it. Ms. Marvel could only have one thought screaming in her head.

‘Spider-Man is putting his cock inside me!’ Kamala mentally cheered.

That was the ultimate thought, which made Kamala just almost break underneath him. She wrapped her legs ever so tightly around him, his rising balls slapping her firmly on the thighs. Kamala moaned when he went deeper inside of her.

“You’re in me!” Kamala cried.

“I know,” Spider-Man said with his usual good natured smile. “How does it feel?”

“Really, really, good!” Kamala yelled.
The web slinger pushed up and down in Kamala, making her breasts bounce up and down. He explored her body and she did his as well.

Carol just smiled, her lover screwing her protege’s brains out, it was so hot right about now. Carol traced a pattern down through her nipples, hovering against the air. She shoved a finger deep inside of her pussy, and then watched, matching Peter’s thrusts.

Kamala rested her legs against Spider-Man’s hips. The web slinger knew precisely all of the right spots and she knew she lost her virginity to the right person. Her hips pumped up and met his meaty pole, grabbing onto him.

“OOOH!” Kamala screamed in his ear. “That’s so good.”

Her hands brushed against his muscular back, amazed at how firm he was. Spider-Man’s strong body was making hers turn to jelly underneath him. It was true, Kamala Khan was as hot as hell and extremely horny. The numerous times he slammed into her, made her just stretch for him. Her powers allowed Kamala to adapt, taking him in as deep as possible as the two pressed into her.

“I feel you touching my womb!” Kamala screamed.

“Here,” Carol said while sticking a patch on Kamala’s neck.

“What is...that?”

“Birth control patches, lasts up to twelve hours,” Carol said. “My brilliant boyfriend invented them, and they are more reliable than the pill.”

Kamala grew even wetter, and yes, this was good. But, why was her body that much more sensitive and receptive to his touch, then it was before getting the patch? Those thoughts dominated Kamala’s mind. Right when she looked up and noticed Carol hovering over her head.

She drooled at the thought of her wet pussy. Carol leaned down and smiled.

“The trade off for birth control is heightened arousal,” Carol said.

She dripped all over Kamala’s face and to be honest, she would take it. Especially given this felt so good, and Spider-Man slammed his balls down onto her, with intense shoves inside of her body. Kamala tightened around his backside, moaning in increased lust the deeper that he buried inside of her.

“I can tell she had a particular vigorous reaction to the patch,” Peter said. “Maybe it’s stronger when you don’t have the necessary control.”

He slowed down, but that did not stop Kamala from firing off at least one orgasm a minute. Even Peter’s breath down upon her body caused her intense sexual release. She thought for sure she was going to get a nosebleed from how thought she was.

“It’s good for you, Kamala.”

Carol’s juicy thighs droved down upon Kamala’s face and gave her a sample of more of Captain Marvel and Spider-Man, combined together in one taste. Kamala just went with it, sucking in the
a aroma of Carol and using her tongue to demand to be fed more.

Spider-Man just enjoyed this moment, reaching in to grab ahold of Carol’s lovely ass when slamming into Kamala on the bed. Kamala worshipped her mentor and it threatened to make Spider-Man achieve an early release inside of her.

“Oooh, good girl!” Carol moaned. “She’s such a good student….I could have not mentored anyone better!”

“I can see that,” Spider-Man grunted.

He was getting closer to losing his load in this lovely young heroine. Kamala tightened around him and made sure to torture his entire rod with the warmth around her. Not to mention the added simulation of Carol’s ass bouncing when she rode Kamala’s face, that was a sight that Spider-Man needed to see.

At least Kamala did not pass out just yet, normally Spider-Man intended for that to happen after the sexy. He drove deep inside of her body, lifting Kamala’s legs up so he could kiss him. He had a soft spot for the girl, being so beautiful, and yet so innocent. Such a great body, and at the same time, extremely adorkable, that was a good quality.

“I’m going to cum, Kamala,” Spider-Man said.

Kamala said something muffled, buried inside of Carol’s folds and unable to properly articulate what needed to be said. Carol peered over her shoulder and smiled.

“She’s ready for it,” Carol said. “And I’m ready for it too….I can’t wait to eat your cum out of her sweet, sweet, pussy.”

Peter slammed deep inside of her body, stretching Kamala out to her limits. The throbbing feeling in his loins threatened to unleash his seed into her. He plunged into Kamala, taking her deeper and faster until he could not take any more.

The web slinger exploded inside of the wet pussy of the marvelous young heroine. She tightened around him, letting a passionate moan, clamping down onto him very hard. Spider-Man repeatedly thrust down inside of her body, his big bloated balls threatening to drown her pussy in his seed. Kamala pressed down onto him, one final moan before she shuddered and collapsed underneath Spider-Man.

He finished inside of her and made her a happy girl. It was a dream come true, and Kamala really hoped this is not the point where she woke up, having to do some emergency laundry for about the third time this week.

She eyed Carol hovering over her. Damn, Carol’s gorgeous body just threatened to burn hers up. Kamala gazed into her mentor’s lovely eyes, the taboo nature of this bisexual threesome really heating up her body. Carol kissed her neck and then moved down to caress Kamala’s stiff nipples, making her as horny as hell.

Every smooch down her body made Kamala just sing with desire. The patch was making her already more sensitive and she knew precisely what Carol was going to down. She was going to go down on Kamala, and made her just break out into fits of enhanced lust.
Peter waited to insert himself into this situation, in more ways than one. He watched when Carol rewarded her charge for some good work and Kamala’s highly aroused and sexual body thrashing underneath Carol. Every inch of her dripped in sex and want and Peter throbbed at the thought of spending some more time with barely legal heroine.

“Looks like you’re ready for more,” Peter said.

Carol spread her legs in invitation. Peter pressed his hands against her backside and taunted her firm flesh, rubbing it up and down. He spread her open and stuck his thick cock against her body, almost ready to slide inside of it.

He found himself submerged in the tight prison of Carol’s fold.

Kamala just smiled, she could check getting eaten out by a woman while someone fucks said woman behind off of the bucket list. Not that she was keeping track of such things. This was the last coherent thought Kamala Khan had for some time before she almost blacked out.

The fun was only getting started and their team ups might be more interesting, as their relationship enhanced to a different level.

End.
Becoming the Mask (Amora)(3/5/2019 Update 2 of 2)

Some Blog Exclusive Smut featuring Carol Danvers, Jessica Drew, and Daisy Johnson. Check Out the Action Here: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/03/the-long-weekend-sticky-situation-blog.html

Becoming the Mask (Amora the Enchantress)

It all started so simply, that Amora was honestly astonished that her plan went so off the rails. She intended to seduce Spider-Man and gain entrance into the Avengers Headquarters to enact her plan. She thought it would take days, maybe weeks at best to enact the plan, to make him her humble little servant.

However, Amora had underestimated Spider-Man and he had not been the humble little servant that she believed that he was. He had been something else entirely, and Amora realized just how much of a challenge he had been. Nothing got her juices flowing than a challenge, and she been working on him for some time. The days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months.

And then, something happened, despite her best efforts, Amora had fallen for Spider-Man. It was unthinkable, and a year ago, Amora would not believe such a thing to be possible.

Yet, she tried to remember the original plan, and perhaps tonight would be the night where she could convince Spider-Man to allow her into the headquarters of the Avengers. Or at the very least, she could have a lot of fun trying to do so.

Amora dressed in silky green lingerie with drew attention to her breasts and hips, and every inch of her creamy delicious skin. Her lips coated in a green sheen of exotic lipstick. The fingerless gloves, choker, and thigh high green stockings added to the appeal that she hoped to give to the web slinger when he stepped into her room. Amora crossed her legs in the most sensual way possible, waiting eagerly for Spider-Man to come to her.

Spider-Man, or Peter Parker as he was known in his civilian life, turned up to feast upon Amora.

“You look amazing,” Peter said.

“Which is high praise given that’s an adjective used to describe your heroics,” Amora said. “But, I’ve noticed that it’s described so much more about you. Your lips for instance.”

Amora pulled Peter into a very deep and passionate kiss. She poured a lot of emotions into those kiss, not quite understanding what love was until slipping into this relationship with Spider-Man. The mask on her was very good, and Amora hoped that he would not think poorly of her, with what she was going to do. Hence, why she was giving every excuse possible.

The two of them deepened the kiss, and Peter could not keep his hands off of Amora. For the longest time, he resisted her charms, and that actually made her want him more. It grew boring to have men throw themselves at her feet time and time again. Peter pushed his hand against Amora’s backside and squeezed it. She cooed softly and looked at him.
Peter had been very distrustful of Amora, and Thor gave him several warnings that nothing she did was in good faith. Amora actually pulled him out of a very dangerous situation involving the voodoo witch Calypso, gaining a small amount of Peter’s trust. However, it took several more months.

He watched her vigilantly in an attempt to see her slip up, to her old habits. However, Amora had actually seemed sincere of changing her ways. She helped him out of a few tight spots and as their relationship grew, helped him into one extremely tight spot.

The Asgardian goddess peeled Peter’s clothes off of him and worshipped his body. He sighed when feeling her lips, they were so soft and wonderful, and good over his skin. She left several marks over his chest and abs, moving down to brush her hand against his crotch.

“Why don’t we let our mutual friend out to play?” Amora asked him.

“That sounds like a capital idea.”

Amora pulled Peter’s pants down and revealed that piece of meat that she desired to have in her mouth so much. Amora pushed her lips down, suckling on it extremely hard. Her fingers brushed against the underside of Peter’s balls and cupped it, the hunger dancing in her eyes obvious.

She looked like an angel, but Peter knew that there was something devilishly kinky just burning from underneath Amora’s innocent facade. She took him into her mouth, with love and respect, pleasuring every inch of him. The Enchantress engulfed his manhood deep inside, with Peter’s fingers brushing through her lovely blonde hair, and groaning.

“Amora, you’re the best!” Peter groaned.

Given all of the women that Peter laid with in the past, Amora considered this to be the highest of praise. She always intended to secure a place in his heart before shattering it. Now, Amora could not bother to go through with the plan, despite having worked so hard.

She squeezed Peter’s balls and had been happy to feel how heavy they were. The nymphomaniac goddess did not want to have him spurt too soon, but at the same time, she craved Peter’s enhanced seed. The tantric energy just flowing through him from sex intoxicated her. And made her feel really good, stroking his big bloated balls, pumping the back and forth in fluid motions.

“Mmmm!” Amora moaned around his hard tool.

“That’s it, right there,” Peter groaned in her ear. “I’m getting close.”

Amora pressed her pretty face down onto his crotch and sent an electrical wave through Spider-Man’s loins. She released him with a loud and passionate suck, popping her perfect lips around his tool and then pulling all the way out from him.

She wanted to taste him, and was determined to get the most out of this. Amora grabbed his heavy testicles and stroked them hard, milking them like it was nobody’s business. Peter pressed himself deep against her throat, shoving further and faster into her mouth. The loud smack of balls upon Amora’s chin echoed throughout the room, when she fondled him hard.

“I’m going to cum!” Peter warned her.

That was the idea, Amora believed, to make him explode in her mouth. She made several loud
sounds, extremely lewd and not so subtle at all. Peter enjoyed them, so she persisted, and it got her hot at the thought of earning his orgasm with that hard work. She was using her natural beauty, not any charms, which somehow made this more satisfying than it would normally be.

That was another element that Amora never would have thought would be true. Things had changed and she kept sucking him off until getting a sample of his tasty seed. It blasted down her throat, with Peter grabbing her face and vigorously fucking her tight mouth all the way to the end.

Amora pulled away from him, licking her lips and making sure to suck the seed down.

Peter had been driven completely breathless by Amora. She teased him by sliding her panty covered pussy down onto his manhood, causing it to be erect. Her legs draped over his and Peter grabbed the straps of her lingerie before pulling them down. Two very nice breasts came out and Peter sank his mouth down onto it, sucking it.

“Go ahead, baby, suck Mommy’s tits,” Amora breathed.

She could not help and indulge that kink, and he could not help and be hard. Peter started to drink milk from Amora’s nipples as she lactated in his mouth. Normally, her squirting milk in a mortal’s mouth would make him her slave. But, Amora thought that would be boring.

“Oh, you’re such a bad influence on me,” Amora cooed in his ear.

Peter wondered what that was all about. He savored her breasts and the feeling of the milk coming out of them. Amora’s legs trapped him into position and she was more than ready to mount his cock, to take him inside of her. The pleasurable moan coming from the Enchantress flowed through the room the very second that she almost drove down onto him.

Her pussy ached for him to be inside of her one more time. If this was going to be their last night together, than damn if Amora was not going to get everything that she wanted to out of it. Peter’s hands cupping her ass caused her to inhale and exhale, inadvertently firing more of her milk into Peter’s mouth.

Amora pushed down onto his manhood, and squeezed him as hard as possible. Her wet, warm, walls clamped down onto him, squeezing him extremely hard. Amora breathed in pleasure, the deeper that Peter pushed into her, the more electricity she felt just pulsing through her loins. Yes, this was a great moment, an amazing moment as well.

“Oh, you’re in me, so deep!” Amora moaned.

She bit down onto his shoulder, sexy as hell when doing so. Peter rocked himself back and forth, stuffing Amora’s wet pussy and slamming himself into her. She was amazingly tight and always so every time, but then again, she was divine.

Her skin glowed as well when riding Peter on the bed. The bedsprings creaked up and down, with Peter pushing into her.

“Let Mommy make you feel so good,” Amora breathed.

His throbbing cock inside of her made Amora lose sight of the plot. She channeled strength into her pussy muscles, lightly grabbing onto him and releasing him.
“I bet your puddy tat doesn’t make you feel this good,” Amora teased him.

Oh, Felicia might be one of the few that would match up to Amora, due to being a nympho, but Peter thought there to be a good chance that Amora would spank Felicia and put her to bed. Something that he would like to see, literally, in front of his face. Those green eyes locked onto his. She stole his heart and also made his cock throb, going deeper into her.

“Well, I’m focusing on the lovely woman I have on me right now,” Peter said. “Fair enough?”

“More than fair,” Amora agreed.

Amora clamped down onto him and could not resist coming hard. She cast one tiny little charm, but not to enslave him. Rather, it was to give him those other four arms back, so he can explore more of her body. That got Amora’s juices flowing, with his hands fondling her ass, breasts, and stroking her legs all at once. All while aggressively kissing her neck.

A groan came from Peter when all six of his hands busily fondled Amora’s bouncing body, causing her to break out into a sigh. The first time they tried this, there was that voice that sounded a lot like Thor’s, warning him that after Amora drained him, she would turn him into a Man-Spider once again to complete the transformation.

But, that turned out to be unjustifiable paranoia.

To think, Amora considered turning him into a man-spider the first time she pulled this trick. But, that would be a waste, and that would undermine his trust greatly. Not to mention his perfect hands, all six of them, clinging to her body and pleasuring her in so many great ways. Oh, Amora thought he was a treat, and she just had to, she just had to clamp down onto him.

“Baby, keep it up!” Amora yelled. “Don’t stop...don’t you dare...stop!”

Peter pressed his hands against her firm rear, and dropped her down onto it. The loud sounds of their flesh smacking together continued to escalate throughout the room.

Eventually, they switched positions, with Amora now on her hands and knees and leaning over the bed. Unfortunately, Spider-Man slipped out of her. Those hands, those addition hands just stroked her body and made Amora just lose her mind. He could grab so much of her tempting flesh.

“Oooh, this is perfect!” Amora moaned in pleasure. “Perfect”

“Just like you, babe,” Peter groaned when squeezing down on Amora’s perfect ass and milking the silky flesh causing her to groan. “How would you like me inside of you?”

“Nice and hard,” Amora told him.

“Done.”

Peter plunged deep inside of her and slowly began to smash her deeper and deeper inside, rocking her body completely and utterly. He could not get enough of her super snug walls squeezing him and making him feel extremely good.

“I don’t know what I’d do without you,” Amora said.
That made what she had to do tonight harder than it was. Peter sped up, the thickness of his bloated balls causing her to crave being seeded by him. She tried to reduce the potency of his seed whenever it spurted into her womb, although the thought of carrying some demi-god child of Spider-Man got Amora hotter than she had ever been.

“How close are you?” Peter asked.

“Oh, I’m always at the edge with you, luv,” Amora breathed. “Let’s see how much closer you can get me before I completely lose it all.”

Peter thrust away at Amora, the tension in his loins becoming obvious. Her walls closed around him and he kept up with the exploration of her body. Amora broke out into a soft and pleasurable sigh, the more he stroked her body. Peter squeezed Amora’s juicy tits and released them, making her shiver in delight the more that he touched them.

She liked it, liked being touched and pleasured in every single way possible. And Spider-Man loved putting his hands all over her. Their bodies sizzled, as their loins kept meeting together. Peter kept pressing into her body.

“I want to look you in the eye when we cum,” Amora said.

Peter removed himself from her wet slit and then flipped Amora onto the bed, on her back. She laid underneath him, his tool brushing against the front of her body. Amora eyed him, an intense gaze locking onto him. Peter rubbed against her, knocking that it would not be too long before he was inside of her again.

He spread her legs far and reared back, slamming into her tight body. Amora wrapped her legs around him, moaning very intensely the moment he slipped deep into her. Amora clamped herself down around him, and he gave several powerful thrusts, and she squeezed him hard.

“Go for it,” Amora said. “Cum inside me….you must have a lot built up.”

Her beautiful feet stroked down the back of Peter’s leg and added some stimulation. Amora tightened her grip around him, and he performed several powerful thrusts into her. Peter’s warm gaze and smile melted Amora’s heart, and made her feel just the smallest bit guilty.

And then, her insides melted with an very intense orgasm. She squeezed down on Peter, his balls dropping onto her hard. Multiple hands squeezed and kneaded every bit of flesh they could find and Amora greedily wondered if she should have given him more arms.

“Now, it’s your turn!” Amora breathed.

Peter could not hold back, despite his best efforts to let this moment last. He busted his nut inside of Amora’s nice, warm pussy. She closed down onto him and drained every last drop of seed out of those bloated balls, allowing him to spill inside of her body.

Amora closed her eyes, letting the end of their orgasm ride out. She felt his cum splatter into her insides, and his warm body rest on hers. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him on the head, as a lover should.

Tonight was not the night. Maybe, she would go through with it in a couple of days.
But, the Enchantress swore that she was not getting addicted to Spider-Man. She could stop having sex with him at any time. She did not become her mask and really fallen in love with him.

Okay, she could see why bitches loved Spider-Man. And she rolled him over and mounted him to ride him cowgirl style until they both came, but Amora could stop at any time. 

End.
Princess Koriand’r, known commonly as the Teen Titan, Starfire, hitched in several deep breaths, her body burning all over from desire and need. She was sex on two legs, with gorgeous orange skin, flaming red hair, juicy lips, a sexy face, and a curvy body fit into a tight one piece suit that showed off her breasts, legs, and ass. All of which ached to be touched despite Kori fighting every second. She was in heat and she wanted something, she wanted him.

The sexy dark-suited Spider-Man swung down in front of her. Kori practically drooled at the muscles pulsing underneath her suit and imagined how big he would be. She hoped he would be really big, because Kori could not resist thinking about him and everything that he could do to her, that she wanted done to her. Kori just barely remembered to swallow, to prevent drool from slobbering all over the mouth.

“You want this,” Spider-Man said. “I can smell it. Why do you run?”

“I….I’m afraid that I won’t be able to stop when I start,” Kori commented with a deep breath.

“Or are you not afraid what I might do to you?” Spider-Man asked. “Rather, you’re afraid of what, you’re going to let me do to you.”

Those tentacles poking out of the suit were shaped like, well they were shaped like, no need for Kori to beat around the bush. They were shaped like many throbbing hard black cocks, threatening to snake up her body and pleasure her. Kori closed her eyes, her pussy oozing through her top. The tentacle cocks brushed against the fabric covering her crotch which clung to her tight. The material snapped back and Kori let out a very shuddering and pleasurable breath.

“I might not be able to stop,” Kori warned him.

“I don’t want you to,” Spider-Man said. “I want you all.”

Spider-Man wrapped her arms and legs up in the trails leading from the black suit and pulled Kori up to face him. Her amazing chest pressed against his body, and the heat emitting from her body was extremely intense. Spider-Man pulled her closer, the front part of his mask opened up, and then the two met each other, with a very intense French Kiss.

Their tongues wrestled, with Kori attempting to aggressively push her tongue down his throat and pry open the bottoms of his suit to reveal his cock. She could feel it underneath the slinky material, which oozed against her hand. Kori aggressively palmed him and kissed him as well, the hunger dancing through them. Spider-Man grabbed her ass and squeezed it tight, making Kori just moan.

“I want you!” Kori breathed.

Spider-Man went behind Kori and ripped open her uniform to cause her large breasts to bounce out. The tendrils tightened around Kori’s bouncing orange breasts, the nipples poking out extremely hard. Spider-Man ground his symbiote covered cock against Kori’s ass, with the material stretching his
erection to make it so much bigger. All while more trailed between her legs. She was so gorgeous and so hot, not to mention horny, that Spider-Man just had to take her.

“You’re mine now,” Spider-Man said.

“Yes, I’m yours!” Kori moaned. “Take me.”

Spider-Man humped Kori’s perfect ass while two of the tendrils rubbed her opening and her clit. Two more wrapped around her nipples and pushed her breasts together before springing them back. The suit tendrils latched tighter onto Kori. Hard pumping motions encouraged Kori’s sultry behavior and the screams grew even more intense. Spider-Man dry-humping her perfect ass and slapping it got her juices flowing. There was more heat cumming from her.

“You want it,” Spider-Man said. “I want to see you down on your knees and showing me how much you want my cock.”

He released her and Kori obediently dropped to her knees, opening her mouth. Her breasts pressed against Spider-Man’s legs, feeling how strong and muscular she was. Kori worshipped them, rubbing her legs against his firm thighs and nuzzling her face tightly against his crotch. She inhaled the scent, in an honest attempt to work open the front of his costume.

“You’re an eager one, aren’t you?” Spider-Man asked.

“Yes, I just really want your cock,” Kori said. “Would you please give it to me?”

“Since you asked me nicely,” Spider-Man told her.

Kori squealed as Spider-Man’s massive tool sprung out and struck Kori firmly in the side of the cheek. She wrapped both of her hands greedily around Spider-Man’s engorged breeding rod, twisting and milking away at it. Kori’s warm mouth pressed against the tip of his tool and started to suck that thick head, hungering for even more. She lowered down onto him, engulfing the tip with a loud suck, before pulling back all the way. She lingered on his manhood and sucked him a little bit more.

She earnestly got into the blowjob, with Spider-Man rewarding her with the tendrils from the suit, those synthetic cocks rubbing down all over her curves and covering Kori’s body with slick juices. All while Spider-Man tightening around his hands around her head and jamming himself into her mouth, making Kori suck in hard, like a Hoover gone completely mad. She furiously stroked his balls, demanding to taste his cum.

“Feel my balls,” Spider-Man said.

Kori obeyed him, running her warm hands down on his balls. All while throating his cock, waiting for him to dump that seed all the way down her throat.

“Look how full they are,” Spider-Man grunted. “Are you sure that you want all of my cum dumped down your perfect throat? I bet you do. I bet you want to choke on it. Don’t you?”

The eager nodding continued, the faster Kori milked his balls, and hungered for him. Oh, those balls could seed her so nicely, and Kori wanted to taste his seed. Then he wanted him to drain his balls repeatedly into her body, fertilizing her womb until she was good and pregnant with all of his spider babies. The thought drove Starfire beyond mad with lust, when sucking him down, in an attempt to
drain the cum from the balls of the web slinger.

Spider-Man edged close, fucking Starfire’s pretty face. The eyes of the woman widening was more than hot and he came closer. His tentacles went wild the moment they stroked her and touched every single ounce of Starfire, making her breath.

“Good, Kori, you’re such a good little cocksucker,” Spider-Man said. “We’re almost there….keep going.”

Another thrust and Spider-Man busted his nuts, firing his thick creamy seed into Kori’s waiting mouth. The rush of warm seed splattered down her throat, in a constant flow, of two, three, four, five spikes of flowing seed. Spider-Man threaded his hands through her hair and fed her his cum until she was good and ready.

Starfire sucked down his cum like a baby sucking down its mother’s milk. It was the lifeblood the Alien Princess needed to survive and thrive. She blew his manhood, stroking his big balls until he was completely and utterly drained of all seed. Then and only then, could Kori pull herself away from him.

“Do you want me?” Kori asked.

Spider-Man pulled the sexy alien vixen to her feet and squeezed her ass, making her break out into a breathy moan. He rubbed her body, making it squirm underneath his grip. Already, his cock grew hard and pushed Starfire against him.

“I can’t wait to have it inside me!” Kori yelled, forcefully grabbing him around the neck.

“Behave.”

Spider-Man sent Kori around and forced her to her knees, ass sticking up in the air. The web slinger reared back with one of the tendrils and whipped her ass with a cracking sound. Spider-Man whipped back again and made Kori just ooze from between her legs more and more.

“You like me punishing you.”

“I like anything that you can do to me,” Kori told him.

One of the tendrils shot from Spider-Man’s suit and tightened around her throat. Spider-Man relaxed his suit so it did not choke Kori out. At least so she could still breath her nose. The suit tendril wrapped around her neck opened up and shoved a big throbbing synthetic cock into oral hole, fucking her.

More tendrils wrapped around Kori’s arms and legs to reveal the wet opening which made Spider-Man tingle hard. His inflamed loins demanded to shove deep inside of her tight body. She practically sucked him in, demanded to be fucked.

One of the fiercest heroines on the planet had been laid out on the rooftop, restrained by his tentacles, like a piece of meat, and she beloved to Spider-Man. He could fuck her in any way he wanted, and he was sure Kori would not mind. He cupped her ass cheeks and dug into them, making Kori thrash in lust.

“I need your cock,” Kori said. “Would you put it inside me? I need to be fucked, hard! Please!”
Well, with such a beauty like this, just practically begging to have his cock inside of her, how on Earth could Spider-Man deny her? He teased her body, it tensing in every single way possible. Kori broke out in an extremely loud moan, with Spider-Man drawing out the torment of her body and making her thirst for him to drive inside of her. He cupped her perfect ass and much like every other touch, that drove Kori into fits of energetic passion. He rubbed up against her, making her hunger for him. Her breaths increased.

“Please!”

Not wanting to deny the beautiful alien princess any longer, Spider-Man reared back and took the plunge, slamming his thick hard rod inside of her tight and amazing body. Kori tightened around him, the moan only increasing the deeper Spider-Man drove inside of her. His hands rolled up to touch her ass and give it a very firm squeeze.

He slapped her on the butt and Kori’s head jerked back, breathing in and breathing out. Spider-Man plunged as deep inside of her as he could go, his balls slapping down onto her thighs with increased thrusts, driving himself into her depths the further he went. Spider-Man went inside of her, making Kori moan louder and louder the faster he hammered her tight pussy.

“How do you like that?”

Spider-Man milked the alien beauty’s heaving breasts with his tendrils while slamming into her. His balls filled up, with a larger than average quantity of cum inside of them. Kori gasped in pleasure, the faster that Spider-Man rammed deeper and deeper inside of her. He held tight to her, molesting her perfect body and making her just get into what he was doing, how hard he thrusted inside of her. His meaty balls tensed around her, speeding up with multiple thrusts inside of her body.

“Oooh!” Kori moaned in pleasure. “OOOOOH!”

The web slinger crashed deeper inside of Kori, his warm balls striking her several times on her wet pussy. Spider-Man held onto her tight, pushing into her. The rush of his seed threatening to spurt out of her with the slightest movement. Kori’s tight walls, eagerly pumped him and threatened to drain the web slinger of every last drop of the cream located in his balls.

“Spider-Man!” Kori shouted. “You’re making me feel so good.”

A naughty tentacle slid against her asshole and lubricated it. Another wrapped tightly around her jaw and edged into her mouth. And several more massaged her body, with Spider-Man’s hands being joined onto the body. The nymphomaniac alien entered a state of pure erotic pleasure, allowing him to be jammed deep inside of her tight, wet pussy. The loud slap of balls echoed throughout the room, with Spider-Man sliding himself as deep into his lover as humanly possible. He squeezed her all over.

Spider-Man slid the tentacle deep into Kori’s perfect back passage and got her screaming. His balls ached with the double pleasure of both of Kori’s tight warm holes.

“You’re mine,” Spider-Man said. “You would be my little cock sleeve...wouldn’t you?”

“YES!” Kori screamed out loud. “OOOH YES! MAKE ME YOUR PERFECT LITTLE WHORE! I WANT TO BE YOUR COCK SLUT!”
Kori bounced faster yet, her body racing to the edge. It was perfect harmony what she was feeling, entering an endless wave of pleasure. Yes, he made her pussy feel so amazing, it was almost like it was on fire. Spider-Man grabbed the underside of her hips and pushed into her, sending the molten fire just erupting from her body. Kori grabbed onto the roof, almost being pushed over the edge. She hovered, hanging over the roof, with Spider-Man stuffing her pussy and asshole completely full.

Intense moaning followed with Spider-Man stuffing another cock from the symbiote down her throat. Kori’s holes got pleasure in harmony, along with her breasts and her hands hovered to greedily pump on two hanging tentacles from the suit as well.

She was simply amazing, one of the best lovers, so warm and so tight, that Spider-Man could barely hold on for the ride. He pumped into her, trying to avoid losing himself inside of her. It was hard though, it was very hard not to lose himself.

“Are you ready to lose yourself completely?” Spider-Man asked.

The way he took Kori’s perfect body, preparing her to be the vessel for his seed, it was going to be hot. She got off at being dominated, being so wet that Spider-Man had no difficulty at all pushing into her. Every time her warm muscles flexed against his manhood, needing to milk it dry, is a time that Spider-Man knew that he was going to have a good time.

Exactly how good, well words lacked the proper description. Spider-Man leaned into his lover, making sure she had been well-fucked, those big bloated balls slapping off of her at a furious rate. Spider-Man grabbed onto Kori’s ass, edging her closer to the end. Spider-Man groaned, pushing deeper into her, more thrusts building up something inside of both of them.

Kori came first, and her hot liquids sprayed out to lubricate Spider-Man’s cock. The suit received a heavy amount of nourishment from draining her juices. The symbiote went wild in pleasuring Kori’s body which got her wild. Although, as much as the tentacles pleasuring every inch of her got Kori’s motor running, the fact remained that the very real and hard piece of meat connecting to Spider-Man was the thing that got her off. She wanted it buried inside of her until she had all of his seed.

Spider-Man pulled her up and several more powerful thrusts gave way to Spider-Man busting his nut inside of Kori. The flow resulting to the orgasm was more prolific, as the suit appeared to ramp up both his sperm count and sex drive, along with how virile the sperm was.

He shot his seed into Kori’s waiting cavern, pressing hard against her.

“I hope you’re ready to mother my children,” Spider-Man said.

“OOOH YES!” Kori yelled. “Breed me, Spider-Man! Breed me!”

She cranked him hard, to make sure those large swollen balls shot their load inside of her. Kori’s stomach ballooned and her breasts ached. She could feel herself being impregnated by Spider-Man, and also enslaved to his cock.

The end came with both of them crashing onto through the roof, breathing extremely heavily.

When the dust settled, Spider-Man pulled away from her and then Kori turned around. She climbed onto his lap and mounted him. The proximity of their bodies to each other made it obvious that Kori was going to ensure that she got everything she wanted.
“Imagine these big titties filled up with milk for you to drink,” Kori breathed with a grind up against him.

End.
Commonly, there had always been someone who wanted to take a shot at Spider-Man. However, the latest person to target him both surprised and horrified the friendly neighborhood web slinger. The one and only Lady Shiva stalked him through the night, and made her move.

She was so good, that Shiva barely triggered his Spider-Sense, which seemed to be impossible. One of the reasons why Spider-Man hated ninjas, especially ones good enough to fool his extra senses. He blocked the blade from coming inches to driving into his heart and web yanked it out of her hand.

“What’s your problem?” Spider-Man asked.

He did not expect an answer. Shiva caught him with a glancing blow and a nearly fatal shot to the side of the head. Spider-Man watched her move in that skin tight black bodysuit, and it was hard not to admire how fit she was. Although it would be the thing to cause him to lose his head while other parts of his body ruled his thinking process.

Shiva smiled when she surveyed Spider-Man. She noticed he seemed to be attracted to him and the bulge in his shorts caught Shiva’s interest. She could kill him at any time, and it would just be a bore. She had something more interested in mind that could spice up this assassination attempt.

She came from behind Spider-Man, who spun around. She wrapped her legs around his waist, wrapping her arms around his neck in an attempt to put him to sleep. Spider-Man’s knees crumpled, as Shiva applied a rear naked choke to him, complete with bodyscissors.

Spider-Man tried to shrug her off. Her hands slipped down, and slid down his front. She was trying to find the right pressure point, obviously, although Spider-Man did not know what she had in mind. All he knew was the Deadliest Woman Alive had that name for very good reason.

Lady Shiva performed a move that Spider-Man did not expect in her next attack. She pulled down her pants and pulled out his very erect cock. She grasped it and instead of twisting it or doing anything which caused Spider-Man to lose all sensation, she stroked him up and down.

“That’s very promising...the longer we keep this up, the longer that you live.”

Having a sexy assassin give him an aggressive handjob was not what Spider-Man expected for this battle. Yet, her warm and skilled hand stimulated him. The threat of being finished when he finished rang true as a warning bell in Spider-Man’s mind, but yet, he remained stiff as a pole. Making him wonder exactly what kind of kink he was, when he got rock hard at a woman who was not shy in stating her intentions to kill him.

She stimulated him so nicely that Spider-Man had to spend extra time trying not to explode in her hand. Points to cause pain was obviously not the only thing Lady Shiva was skilled with. Points to cause pleasure was another one of her skills, and a skill which Spider-Man much preferred other than the killing.
“Does that feel good, Spider?” Shiva asked him.

“YES!” Spider-Man groaned.

“Good,” Shiva said. “It’s the best you’ll ever feel and a mercy when I kill you. Because, you won’t ever get pleasured this nicely ever again. So best to leave on a high note.”

Shiva only intended to distract him for a short time, but those plans were stalled when his girth and size distracted Shiva herself. She got wetter and wetter, the more she played with Spider-Man’s rod. Her thumb tortured his swollen, reddened head, while her palm grinded up against the base, squeezing him extremely hard.

The aggressive motions proved that Shiva was as deadly with her hands in the art of lovemaking as she was in the art of battle. Spider-Man could hardly do anything other than breath hard, from how much Lady Shiva was making him feel really good. The tension in his loins, they were coming close to exploding.

Closer, and he tried to hold back, but Spider-Man could not help himself. The need to release himself, consequences be damned ruled his body.

Webbing of a different time splattered all over the stone walls. Spider-Man gushed like a overflowing geyser, as Shiva aggressively drained his balls. Her breasts pressing against his back with every movement caused Spider-Man’s tension to get released completely.

She let go of him and Spider-Man’s knees gave way, crashing down to the ground. For at least ten seconds, he lost all feeling in his body from what Shiva did to him. And yet, the rush he felt afterwards was only just barely beat out by a fear of what was going to happen next.

Shiva stepped over towards him, taking her time with him. He was at her mercy after all.

A glimpse of Lady Shiva’s perfect ass when she bent over to reclaim her blade brought Spider-Man back to full strength. His erection screamed to be inside of her, and the throbbing just grew even more intense when viewing Shiva.

‘I wonder if I can...well she’s going to kill you anyway.’

It was daring, but if it worked, it could protect his ass for a little bit longer. And speaking of asses, Shiva’s called for him. Spider-Man came up, fully loaded and ready to go. He pressed the tip of his cock against her ass and ground against him.

“Very bold of you, Spider,” Shiva said. “But, I don’t like wasting a resource...so you’ve bought yourself a few more moments of breath.”

“More than a few,” Spider-Man said.

“If you think that you can last inside my pussy,” Shiva said.

Spider-Man ripped open the crotch of her pants and jammed his fingers deep inside of her. Shiva’s screams just inflamed him as he continued rub against the back of her leg while pumping inside of her. His fingers worked into her pussy, and pulled out, causing a flood of juices to spill down all over the rooftop. He repeated this ritual a couple of times.
Now, Shiva got into it, and hoped he more than lived up to his reputation.

“Give me more!” Shiva demanded. “More….make me cum harder! Your life depends on it.”

So, she wanted more, did she? Spider-Man cupped her ass with his free hand before driving into her. He fingered her to a very obvious orgasm. Shiva did not offer any vocal signs that she was cumming, but how much she soaked Spider-Man’s hand was all of the hint that he needed that she did.

Shiva turned around, her crotch ripped, her pussy wet. She pulled off her shirt and revealed her perfect breasts and tight stomach to Spider-Man. Extremely hot and deadly enough to kill him.

“Come to me, Spider,” Shiva said. “Leave me hanging and you’ll die.”

Spider-Man now could not resist any of her. He jammed deep inside of her pussy. It squeezed back into him, and Shiva’s arms wrapped around him tightly. Her fingers pressed against the back of his neck, to the point where it was a labor to breath. The only thing that kept Spider-Man going was his thrusts going deeper inside of her.

Lady Shiva tightened her grip around Spider-Man, almost threatening to cut off the circulation to his brain if he did not fuck her hard. Thankfully, Spider-Man was able to plow into the sexy assassin, to drive her harder and harder into the wall. Her hands tightened a little bit more around his neck, but that only added to Spider-Man’s motivation.

It had been a long time since Shiva experienced such a vigorous partner. She could feel him stretching her pussy in ways which it had never been stretched in a very long time. She forced his head down to her breasts and made him suck them, worship them, like they deserved to be.

“Yes your life depends on it, Spider-Man,” Shiva said. “Your life depends on how long you can keep this up. And if you outlast me… I will let you go.”

If this would save his life, than Spider-Man just had to put in his all. Of course, having a chance to fuck such a beautiful woman was it’s own reward, but with his life on the line, Spider-Man pushed himself to the limit. Burying himself against Shiva’s pussy who threatened to squeeze the life out of him even more than the arms around his neck once again.

He went in so deep, that Shiva needed to wrap her legs around him to get even more leverage. Spider-Man put his hands on those legs, soft, yet strong, and also part of the reason why so many men and women dropped dead at the hands of Lady Shiva.

Spider-Man lifted up his hands, torturing her body as much as Shiva would allow him. Now that she knew he could bring the goods, Shiva allowed Spider-Man a bit more license. He clutched her breasts in his hand and squeezed the nipples.

Causing the fierce warrior to mewl like little more than an amateur porn star escalated Spider-Man’s ears. Oh, she was quite the screamer when she wanted to be. Spider-Man sped up his actions, with her legs rising up, and then resting on his neck. Spider-Man realized the position he was in.

‘Far worse ways to go really,’ he thought.

Shiva’s tightening legs around his neck made Spider-Man drive faster inside of her, precisely close to reaching their mutual peaks. Spider-Man spend up his touches, trying to make Shiva finish a couple of times, thinking that that would buy him some sufficient credit.
Maybe, he could do this, maybe he could save his life. By not any smarts or spider strength, but perhaps by the oldest method devised by mankind. Shiva clamped down onto him harder.

“Soon, I’ll have you.”

Spider-Man hoped that she would have him in the good way, and not in the, “Shiva’s going to murder him so hard that they will never find the body” way.” Despite that threat, Spider-Man pounded her more vigorously, blocking out the need to cum inside of her body.

The web slinger’s talented hands molded her body into anything he chose to, and Shiva pushed closer towards him, sliding the web slinger’s iron hard rod inside her body. She could feel the tension inside of him, his spider seed. If she would end up killing him, there was a high chance that any child they would create would be a strong warrior.

“I have you right where I want you, and I’m not going to let you go.”

She was so tight, even her inner muscles were trained to make men to submit. The clamp around Spider-Man made him groan, and it took him everything that he had, not to just lose himself all at once into her, despite the fact that Shiva was milking him so fiercely.

The two lovers vigorously worked each other over, the entire world slowing down. Their fight had been thrown off to the side for the moment, the only thing that mattered was fulfilling their carnal desires.

“I’m almost there,” Spider-Man said.

Shiva sensed the end was here, and she helped Spider-Man along most of the way. She worked his cock with several pumps, milking it quite vigorously. The ride had ended and Shiva could not complain, due to the fact that Spider-Man made her cum at least a half a dozen times in their process.

The thick fluids he drained into her body made Shiva drip even more. The two of them came together, with Shiva running her hand down his back, like a lover. She moved her legs down to his ass and squeezed it, making sure every last drop in his balls had been drained down inside of her.

“You aren’t a disappointment,” Shiva said.

The fact his life depended on him pleasing Shiva caused Spider-Man to be more satisfied than ever before. Especially when she gave him a compliment. Spider-Man dropped down, to rest, after taking her for what seemed like a long time.

Shiva sunk down to her hands and knees as well. Spider-Man wondered what was going to happen next. Shiva slipped a knife into her hand, and Spider-Man braced himself for a fight.

She was on top of him once again, the knife in her hand. Two luscious breasts pressed extremely hard against his chest. Shiva put the knife behind his ear and then kissed Spider-Man aggressively. She took advantage of his predicament, by rubbing up against him, humping onto his cock when it stretched up to the end.

“And you’re ready to go again,” Shiva said. “Perhaps you can finish me this time.”

Obviously, telling her no would be hazardous to her health, and Spider-Man wanted nothing better
than to fuck her all over again. Shiva climbed on top of him, about ready to mount him. He slipped between her warm folds, the heat of them closing down onto him.

Shiva closed her eyes, feeling so full, and not the least bit tired. Spider-Man grabbed onto everything he could as she rode him slowly, but surely, making sure to work things up to her next orgasm.

This ended up being one of Spider-Man’s favorite assassination attempts. It did help that it was a sexy, but deadly, MILF who had gone after him. Not that Spider-Man would say that particular acronym out loud.

Besides, it would not be accurate, because there was no “I like to fuck” about it, because Spider-Man was fucking her. Or rather she was fucking him, if Spider-Man was completely honest about things. Still, Shiva was more than intent to use Spider-Man, and despite her actions, it appeared that he was in the clear.

Providing of course Shiva was not setting him up for the kill when she got bored. This deadly cougar gave the impression that she enjoyed playing with her prey, devouring it nice and slowly. Much like her pussy gobbled his hard prick nice, slowly, and surely, threatening to coax the third load of the evening out of it.

‘Still, if you have to go, go out with a bang.’

End.
Few things were honestly better than someone’s girlfriend waking them up using their mouth. That was the pleasure that Peter Parker felt. He woke up from a slumber, with his cock throbbing hard and Laura’s mouth wrapped around his throbbing manhood. Her bobbing face showcased one of the beautiful and most natural sights one could even imagine. Her fingers stroked his throbbing balls in circular motions and caused a very hungry grunt to come Peter.

Actually, there was one thing better than someone’s girlfriend waking them up. And that was said girlfriend bringing one of her friends to bed with her to help with the pleasuring. That was the case when Peter saw a very familiar face sliding between his legs and kissing up his thighs.

Jubilation Lee, or Jubilee, joined Laura with her feverish worship of Peter’s manhood. It stuck high in the air. She licked his shaft while Laura took the head. Their warm mouths stirred up Peter a little bit more. His loins were on fire with the desire to release everything into their mouth.

Laura knew exactly what she wanted and took Peter as deep into her throat as possible to suck him off. Peter’s hands locked onto position on the back of Laura’s head and guided her mouth up and down. She pogoed her mouth down the length of his cock and backup to swirl around the stiff head. Over and over again, Laura went. In tandem with Jubilee joining by using her mouth on Peter’s balls. Having one girl suck his balls and the other suck his cock, well Peter could hardly describe it. The word “heaven” had been overused constantly. However, this was heaven, the feel of Laura and Jubilee taking their turns worshipping him and taking Peter with increasing depths into their warm and perfect mouths.

“I might just...lose it,” Peter warned them.

Laura just grinned through the blowjob and kept working him. She was primal and craved one thing. The taste of Peter’s thick seed. It was a delicious treat to her and one which Laura intended to drink up every single last drop of, if it was the last thing she did.

She doubled her efforts, going in deeper. Pressing her face against Peter’s crotch, he jerked up into the back of her throat and pulled out of her. Peter repeatedly and endlessly drove his cock down her perfect throat. The warm and wet seal of a good set of lips around his cock made Peter throb even harder the faster he rammed his way down Laura’s throat.

Lost it, lost it just like he intended. The blast of cum, helped along by Jubilee’s soft fingers stroking his balls, shot into Laura’s mouth. She lapped up every single drop possible, looking beyond divine as she did so. Laura lingered and sucked him, sucked him hard. Her cheeks sealed him up and she broke out into a pleasurable moan.

“Oooh, baby,” Jubilee said. “How bad have you been denying him?”

Laura flashed a dirty smile to her partner in climb and leaned over Peter’s still twitching cock. The two babes kissed each other. They were well comfortable with making out and sharing Peter’s cum
between them. Laura cupped the length beneath her and stroked him, up, down, and slowly. Peter kept twitching the faster she worked him.

The two lovely ladies finished the kissed and covered Peter’s body with several passionate kisses of their own. They kissed his chest, his abs, his arms, and moved in to suck his nipples. All while stroking whatever flesh they could grab. The greedy girls left no amount of flesh unturned.

“Rock hard again,” Laura said. “What are we going to do with him?”

“Have him fuck my tight pussy while he eats you out?” Jubilee asked.

“Good suggestion,” Laura said. “What do you think Peter?”

“Go for it.”

Jubilee smiled and straddled Peter’s hips. She rubbed her wet pussy against his throbbing tool and felt really good when he pressed against her moist open. Jubilee pushed down onto him a little bit, the stiff end of his prick almost slipping inside of her. She pulled back a little bit more.

Peter’s attention, as nice it was to be on Jubilee’s tight pussy, focused on Laura dripping hot center and her nice, tight ass. He grabbed ahold of it and pulled Laura onto his face and began to eat her out. Laura threw her head back and broke out into a very sensual moan.

“Always know how to hit the right spots,” Laura said.

“He really does!” Jubilee cried in pleasure the second she bottomed out on him.

Peter filled Jubilee up like nothing else ever. Inch by glorious inch, it pressed deep into her body. She bit down on her lip for a second, to tease herself. It would not look right to moan right away, not until she fully appreciated this magnificent tool pressing into her body.

And speaking of appreciation, Jubilee registered hers on Laura’s moving ass. Every bounce showcased how tight it was. If she was not so focused on rocking her body up and down Peter’s length, then she would reach out and grab ahold of it. Her tightness enveloped around her lover though.

“Peter!”

The yells of both girls cut through the room at the same time. Peter decided to focus on Laura, at least for the moment. He bounced her sexy body on his tongue and enjoyed the juices which spurted out of her. He was more than at home nestled between her luscious thighs, and his body throbbed every single inch of the way.

It was the perfect amount of throbbing for Jubilee to milk his thrusts and send those tingles down Peter’s body. One women fed his lips and the other dropped down onto a head of another kind. Juices from both of these lovely women endlessly flowed. The deeper Peter crammed into Jubilee, the tighter she felt.

Laura bounced her ass and Jubilee could not resist giving it a smack when she was close enough. She almost fell off of her stallion. Jubilee righted herself in the correct position and sent herself bouncing even faster and more furious up and down on her lover. Her tight box closed around Peter and released him. She hummed in pleasure, barely able to do anything other than bite down on her
“That’s perfect,” Jubilee purred with another delicious couple of bounces. Her flesh connected to Peter, repeatedly rising and dropping on him until she really got him going. “He’s making me cum.”

“I can tell,” Laura said.

The toes of the dark-haired mutant curled the faster that Peter edged his toe inside of her. He edged her to the finish, and made Laura clamp onto the bed. She hoped that he would let her finish, because if he did not, well Laura did not know what to do. The only thing she knew was it would not be good.

Fortunately for Laura, she finished and good. Her juices rained down onto Peter’s face. The arousal built up in her body sent a never ending cascading wave of warm honey just endlessly spurting over Peter. Laura chewed on her lip and continued her ride all the way to the end.

“Baby, I can tell,” Laura breathed with a sultry nibble down on her lips.

Peter slammed Laura down onto his tongue and rode her orgasm out the rest of the way.

The second Laura detached herself, Jubilee dove down onto Peter and made out with him. She palmed the back of the handsome man’s hair and tasted her best friend’s juices all over her face.

“So hot,” Jubilee said.

Seriously, his face covered with Laura’s juices brought more tingles through Jubilee. She reached her peak the faster he drove into her. Peter was able to hold out longer, despite her tight pussy closing and opening down on his cock. Jubilee squeezed her nipples and rocked back with a couple of bounces on him.

She came and squirted her sweet juices over him. Jubilee kept rocking and continued her orgasm, riding Peter all the way to the edge. She almost fell over in the process. Keen reflexes allowed Peter to hold Jubilee up so she did not fall flat on her face, just in the nick of time. Jubilee broke out into the softest cry of pleasure when Peter held her back up.

“Good, girl,” Peter told her.

“Thank you,” she said.

The minute Jubilee pulled away from Peter, Laura was on him to taste the juices Jubilee left behind. Peter grew another inch, beyond all probable belief, to hit the back of Laura’s throat. Laura stroked his thighs, ignoring the whine coming from Jubilee after getting left out of this little encounter.

“Bend over at the end of the bed.”

Jubilee scrambled over to the end of the bed instantly. She half expected Peter to run over and shoved his big cock into her from behind. Instead, Laura grabbed Jubilee around the hips and shoved her tongue into her. Laura’s nose burying in Jubilee’s back passage and her tongue dancing against her sweet opening made her whimper in pleasure. Laura dug in and made Jubilee juice over her face.

“Laura!”
Peter decided to give his girlfriend plenty of attention. He stroked Laura’s perfect body for the next few minutes and he was rewarded with her legs opening. Her warm opening practically sucked Peter. The web slinger pulled back.

“Keep eating that pussy when I fuck you,” Peter said.

He stretched past Laura for a second to stroke Jubilee’s thighs before returning his position to Laura. Two hands full of ass allowed Peter to get the perfect handle to shove his cock into Laura’s extremely tight pussy from behind. The walls closed down onto him and made Peter groan the deeper he pushed in.

The next few minutes were spent with Peter exploring every inch of Laura’s luscious body. He pushed a little bit deeper into her, his bloated balls repeatedly pushing against her. Peter’s fingers danced against her body.

“Oh, did I rile you up?” Peter asked. “Would you like me to keep touching you when you eat Jubilee’s sweet pussy out?”

Obviously, Laura’s answer was made with the tightening of her walls. Peter put a vivid picture in her mind, rubbing her lower back. He stopped at her ass and squeezed it. Peter clutched onto Laura’s juicy ass for the next few seconds before pulling back and slapping her on the ass. Several more slaps on the ass and Laura twitched underneath Peter’s touch.

He rode her all the way to the orgasm and rubbed against Laura’s slit before pushing back into her. His balls slapped against her and sent her flying.

Jubilee closed her eyes to appreciate the train she was a part of. First, vivid images of Laura lapping up her gushing juices spread through her. Then, she imagined Peter ramming into Laura and constantly making her scream for his cock. Only the screams had been muffled thanks to Jubilee. She bit down on the bed sheets to stifle the scream. Laura pinpointed the pressure point of her clit. Jubilee rocked up and back, with Laura squeezing her ass.

“Oh, yes! YES!”

Laura smiled through eating Jubilee. She could eat her up and drink from her for a long time. She flicked her tongue inside and hit Jubilee at all of the right points. A finger stuck in Jubilee’s ass, with Laura grinning very widely.

“Having fun?”

Peter pulled out of Laura and caused her to get lost. Laura turned around and threw her legs around Peter. She would not let him get away very easily. Peter put his hand on Laura’s lower back and moved down to touch her ass.

“Relax, we have all day,” Peter said.

“But, I want this now,” Laura said.

Laura slipped around Peter’s waist and guided his familiar cock inside of her body. It really hit her at all of the right parts. Peter grabbed onto her chest and released it with a few squeezes. Laura bounced up and down with a few bounces on him. She moaned in him.
Peter enjoyed her snug walls wrapping around him. Always so tight, and Peter always enjoyed the moment. He slipped a finger up Laura’s leg and caused her body to keep driving down onto him.

“Slow down.”

Laura’s eyebrow raised and Peter pulled out of her. He positioned Laura onto his lap and grabbed her arms before pulling them back. He pulled until driving Laura down onto his stiff pick. It speared into her body and rocked Laura back. Her breasts danced in the air.

“Are you feeling that?”

“YES!”

The tests of her healing factor continued. Peter held onto her shoulder and bit on her neck. Laura sighed happily the deeper he moved into her. She wanted those balls to empty their way into her.

“Don’t worry, I’ll get to you in a minute.”

Jubilee looked up with a slightly guilty, but slightly greedy smile at the same time. She was fingers deep into her and riding her pussy out through the orgasm. Sparks started to rise from her athletic body. Peter sliding deeper Laura and moving his hands over her body, which painted a pretty picture of how good Laura was feeling. And how good Jubilee wanted to feel.

“POUND THAT PUSSY!”

A chuckle came from Peter. He rose up, slammed down, worked Laura something fierce with a constant escalating series of thrusts. He started slow and rode her to the orgasm to edge her bit by bit until slowing down and continuing the cycle again. Peter’s hand cupped Laura’s chest and released it to milk those bouncing tits. She screamed in pleasure with Peter holding onto her chest.

Peter rocked her body and blew her senses, but Laura did not want to be the only one to enjoy the ride. She craved Peter’s cum, so she got straight to work to clamp down and release him. Clamp and release on a constant basis with Laura holding on tight to him.

“I’m going to blow if you’re not careful.”

“Good,” Laura told him.

His balls slapped against Laura’s thighs and she enjoyed how far they were, how they were about to burst from her constant squeezing. Peter held her down to cause Laura’s orgasm to hit once again and to ease him into his. Her milking walls squeeze his cock up until the point where Peter buried inside with one more trust, to start spurting inside of her.

The held back orgasm was more satisfying. He released inside of Laura and kept pumping inside of her. He held her down and rocked deeper and faster into her. Peter was all over Laura’s body, massaging her legs, squeezing her ass, and with the last few pumps, putting one hand on her ass and the other hand. The firm, but soft body, accelerated Peter’s lust and allowed him to empty the contents of his balls as fast into her.

He stopped with a shuddering moan and sucked the back of Laura’s neck. Laura just broke out into a smile as he pulled out and sent a splash of cum out of her. Which Jubilee caught like a snowflake.
She broke out in a smile and crawled over Laura’s body to bury her face into Peter’s lap.

The horny mutant stuck his cock down to her throat and applied a very passionate suction affect on him to cause the blood flow to direct from Peter’s head. He pinned his fingers to Jubilee’s face to hold her bobbing mouth into place and give her the proper opportunity to taste Laura’s juices from it. Jubilee bobbed her mouth up and down, getting Peter nice and hard, and added a squeeze of his balls for good flavor.

The loud pop followed and Jubilee crawled onto Peter and rubbed her athletic body onto his. She got on all fours on the bed to give Peter the perfect position to slam into her. It helped that she was inches away from Laura’s tasty pussy for the scent of their combined juices.

“Come on, Spider-Man, time to come to me, like a Spider-Man can.”

“Cute,” Peter said with a squeeze of her rear. “Much like this ass of yours.”

The web slinger lined up towards Jubilee to plant firmly into her and start thrusting away. The momentum caused his already swelling balls to bounce off of the sexy mutant who cooed in delight each time Peter entered her. He eased up the thrusts to build her anticipation and went all in for a short amount of time. The alternation between slow, deep thrusts, and short, fast, thrusts kept Jubilee on her curled toes.

“Don’t forget about me.”

“Never.”

Laura’s legs spread in the perfect position for Jubilee to bury her face in them. Loud sucks came across the room, with Jubilee making a production of going down Laura. This enticed Peter to go deeper into her with each thrust even though Laura just squeezed the cum out of him.

Peter eased up his speed, wanting to spend as much time with Jubilee’s pussy was possible. Each thrust brought him into further paradise with the clamps increasing the faster he slipped deep into the bubbly gymnast while she ate out her best friend. That was a picture which would fuel may nights, but the real thing would always be top in his visual image. He clung onto Jubilee the faster to edge her all the way to the end and closer to his own.

Being Spider-Man sometime had the hazard of drowning in mutant pussy. And he would not have it any other way.

End.
Several lights flipped on, when Barbara Gordon, better known as Batgirl, had been hung out from the ceiling. She had been caught, red handed, getting information. The crime fighter could have slapped herself for being so unfortunately sloppy.

“Batgirl.”

The lights came on even more and Batgirl found herself face to face with a beautiful woman dressed in a skintight black bodysuit. Batgirl could not tear her eyes off of the cleavage of this extremely beautiful and deadly woman. The Black Widow, one of the most feared agents of SHIELD, and a founding member of the Avengers. The Russian Super Spy was not someone who Barbara particularly liked being at the mercy of.

“Are you going to tell me what I need to know?” Black Widow asked. “Or am I going to have to squeeze the information out of you?”

A half of a second passed with Black Widow eying her up. The lack of answer told Black Widow all she needed to know. She swooped down and began to knead on Batgirl’s ass, breasts, and thighs.

“We have ways of making you talk, Miss Gordon,” Natasha said with a soft smile.

Barbara squirmed underneath the skilled hands of the Black Widow. Her fingers drifted down, closer to the heat of Barbara’s crotch. Where her belt had been removed earlier and she had been exposed. She was dripping extremely hot underneath her uniform.

She tried, she tried not to lose it, no matter how much Natasha made her do so. Natasha stroked her warm crotch and smiled.

Natasha smiled with the younger redhead shifting against her. The attempts for Barbara to fight her touch were extremely amusing. However, she knew exactly how to work those kinks and made her gasp in pleasure. Natasha stroked her about the thigh and locked eyes onto her.

“Are you willing to talk?”

There was no answer, and Natasha moved her hand over to cup Barbara’s firm tit through her uniform.

“So be it,” she said.

She alternated between squeezing Barbara’s perfect breasts and brushing her pussy through her outfit. The heat spread through Barbara’s legs and caused her to breath in and out. She could feel the younger redhead to near it. Barbara’s tights slipped down ever so slightly, and Natasha brushed her fingers deep into her, about ready to slip into the gushing cunt before her.

Barbara tried to block out the pleasure that came from Natasha’s forced fingering. It was very hard
for her to block it out. Natasha pushed in for at least a minute straight, let her take a breath for about twenty seconds, and then returned to fingering her for another minute. Barbara clutched onto her, and released her.

Then, Natasha pulled out and seductively licked the finger. She tasted the young crime fighter on her, smiling.

Then, the smokey and seductive eyes of the Black Widow turned towards the shadows

“You can come out now.”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

Spider-Man joined the party with Black Widow kissing him extremely hard the second she turned around the corner. She wasted little time pulling down the front of Spider-Man’s tights and seeing his cock spring out of his tights.

Barbara’s eyes widened when she noticed the well endowed web swinger poke out. She really wanted it, needed it as well. She smacked her lips together, horny as hell and ready to receive. She rubbed her thighs together, hotter than fuck and ready to receive.

Then, Natasha locked eyes with Barbara and stuffed Spider-Man’s throbbing hard cock down her throat. She opened her throat and closed it, humming around him with multiple slurps down onto him. She made a pretty good production on the blowjob, ensuring that Barbara would not even look away.

“Oh, you haven’t changed a bit,” Spider-Man groaned. “It’s always good to have my cock sucked.”

Barbara’s mouth watered even more from the visual of Natasha taking the hard cock down her throat. She squeezed Spider-Man’s tool between her throat. Natasha grabbed Spider-Man’s ball sac and squeezed it, milking him nicely.

Then, Natasha reached over and decided to relieve the pretty little bat by fingering her, all while sucking Spider-Man off. She pulled up and rose up, jerking Spider-Man off.

“She would really like that hand on your cock, wouldn’t she?” Natasha breathed.

“Oh, I don’t doubt that at all,” Spider-Man groaned.

A handful of cock and another handful of pussy was the perfect balance as full as the Black Widow had been concerned. She made a production out of both of them, keeping her attention on Spider-Man more than she did with Batgirl.

Barbara moaned, trying not to lose it. However, the grasp of the Black Widow, there was no holding back. She broke out into a very passionate cry from Natasha’s rapid fire diddling of her.

She edged Barbara, leaving her hanging and frustrated. Literally in the same point. She used Spider-Man’s cock as a means to take Barbara.

“You know, if you’re going to use my cock, the least you can do is…..mmmm”

Natasha sank to her knees, maintained eye contact with Barbara, and began to worship Spider-Man’s
thick rod. She had it deep inside of her mouth. Spider-Man grabbed onto the back of her head, working in. He was going face-fuck her just like she wanted it.

The look in the Black Widow’s eyes could not have been more plain. She wanted Spider-Man to use her mouth like a cocksleeve, until he could do no more. Spider-Man leaned back, with her perfect mouth working into her.

Spider-Man clutched onto the back of the head, very aware of the other redhead losing her mind at what she was watching from the pair of them. He was close to losing his mind as well. All Spider-Man needed to do was hold back, keep things under control. He would lose control.

Easier said than done with a world class cock sucker on her knees. Natasha knew how to break men and women alike. It was just good that Spider-Man knew all of her kinks. One of the biggest was Natasha loved getting her throat stuffed by a big cock while choking on it.

Close to the edge, The Black Widow stopped Spider-Man from cumming inside her mouth, at least for the moment. She gave him a smile.

“Mmm, maybe I’ll taste your cum later,” she told him with a lustful smile. “But, right now, I have something else in mind.”

She slipped behind Spider-Man. Her breasts popped out of her top and pressed on his back. Natasha squeezed his prick and gave him a very slow handjob. Stimulating all of the nerve endings to their breaking point without allowing him to finish in her hand or all over Batgirl’s exposed thighs.

“What do you have in mind?”

Black Widow made sure his cock was nice and rigid, pointing it towards Batgirl. The redhead before them blinked and she broke out into a very soft sigh.

“Something nice and hard inside of her tight pussy,” Natasha said. “She needs a nice big dick inside of her, to completely break her. Do you think that you’re up for that, Spider?”

Sure, she was going to be a touch one to break, but Spider-Man would be right inside of her. Natasha sliced the crotch of Barbara’s suit completely open. Her red hair stuck out, with exposed thighs dancing, calling for Spider-Man. He closed his eyes, but Natasha rotated her hand all the way around the base of his cock, giving him a nice twist.

“She wants this big cock inside of her,” Natasha said.

The ripped crotch of her suit and wet pussy beckoned Spider-Man closer towards her. Natasha released his cock so he could stand in front of her. Spider-Man stood hip to hip with Batgirl, enjoying how stunning she looked.

“Do it!” Barbara shouted. “Fuck me. I can’t live without you….oooh I can’t stand not having you inside of me.”

“You heard the lady,” Black Widow said.

She was the final call that Spider-Man needed before he plunged deep inside of her. Those wet pussy lips just gobbled Spider-Man up. The Spider joined the Bat, pounding her silly.
It was the right call. His throbbing cock needed something wet and tight to go into. Her wet pussy needed something long and hard to pummel inside of her. Spider-Man held onto her tight ass, and groaned.

Batgirl swung back and forth from her restraints, longing for her legs to get freed. Oh, what she would not give to be free. To wrap her legs around Spider-Man and squeeze his ass, until he came inside of her. She would love that indeed.

Spider-Man put his hands on her suit, sticking it to them. Batgirl’s smoldering gaze gave him all of the encouragement he need for the next play.

“Do it,” she breathed. “DO IT!”

The front of her suit came open to expose her breasts, all for Spider-Man’s eager consumption. Two luscious mounds of female flesh, all his. Spider-Man leaned in, sucking on her nipple. Batgirl pressed her hand onto the back of his head, to urge Spider-Man on.

“That’s all for you, baby, that’s all for you,” Batgirl said. “Mmm fuck me until I’m good and full of your big, strong cock.”

He’s now buried inside of her, working away at her with deep and long thrusts. Oh, there’s not one place inside of Barbara Gordon which is not being stretched. She’s this close to cumming, this close to clamping down onto him.

Suddenly, the chains came free, and Barbara was pulled off of the restraints. Not that she did anything other than tightening her arms and legs around Spider-Man being roughly fucked.

She came, hard from Spider-Man burying deep inside of her. Much too soon for her liking, Spider-Man pulled out of her. The last unclipping of her wrists showed that she was completely free.

Spider-Man released Batgirl, just in time for her to turn around to face off against a strap-on wearing Black Widow. Black Widow grabbed the back of Batgirl’s hair as it stuck out of her cowl. No other words were needed when Black Widow slammed Batgirl mouth first down onto her cock, purposely mouthfucking the delicious young heroine.

The glorious sight of one smoking hot redhead mouth-fucking another smoking hot redhead left Spider-Man fit to burst. He throbbed, and now Natasha was stroking him, teasing him. She squeezed the base of his cock to stave off his orgasm.

Barbara’s eyes watered from what Black Widow did to her. The fact that Spider-Man was getting jerked off next to her made Barbara just as exciting.

“She’s still ready for you,” Natasha said. “You know what to do.”

“Yes,” Spider-Man agreed.

He slipped behind Barbara, standing beside her. The web slinger placed his hands on Batgirl’s hips and guided himself into her. Her wet pussy opened up, and allowed Spider-Man to slip on through, taking her extremely deep with a powerful thrust.

Her wish of being trapped between the two spiders came true with one deep push. The Black Widow mouth fucked her, while Spider-Man rammed himself deep into her welcoming cavern. All
while both of her lovers pleasured Batgirl’s body. The pleasure she was experiencing was beyond all compare.

Natasha closed her eyes to relish what was happening. She pumped forward, filling Barbara’s mouth. She smiled.

“Fill her, break her pussy!” Natasha breathed. “Oh, show her what a real man can do to a sneaky woman like her.”

The web slinging hero was pretty quick in stuffing Barbara full on Natasha’s encouragement. The fruits of her fit body proved to be very nice. She was so nice and snug that Spider-Man needed to slow down not to lose himself inside of her all at once. He prodded her tight butt and pulled away from the woman.

“Damn, she’d scream bloody murder if I pull out of her,” Spider-Man said.

“I know, darling, I know,” Natasha said. “She feels nice and warm.”

The sexy crimefighter was so amazing to feel wrapped around him on a constant basis. Heaven was not an adequate term to describe it.

“She’s a kinky little slut isn’t she?” Natasha asked. “But, she’s going to learn the lesson that spiders dominate bats on the food chain any day.”

Spider-Man gripped Batgirl’s juicy ass, which was red from his hands. The reddening on her pale flesh caused Spider-Man to smile. The only thing better than one gorgeous redhead was two gorgeous redheads, and he could get this one dripping very hard.

A loud crack and Barbara moaned around her. Spider-Man spanked her ass all while working away. He stopped to grope her chest hard.

“She likes it, the kinky little slut,” Natasha hissed.

She liked the slap of her ass alright. Not as much as Spider-Man’s thick, juicy balls threatening to seed her. But, it was pretty high up there, that’s for certain. She moaned even more loudly, from Spider-Man owning her, Black Widow owning her. They spitroasted her with their cocks forcing into Barbara’s mouth and pussy.

The realization dawned on Barbara that she could pulled away at any time. But, why would she want to escape this?

Barbara could not believe just how much she had been dominated. It was extremely perfect to feel and to see what they’re going to do.

“I’m going to cum inside of you if you’re not careful.”

The warning of those balls bursting inside of her did not deter Barbara from attempting to drain him completely dry. He could not deter her, she wanted him to drain every last drop into her, until she was fit to drip. Those balls slapped into her and Barbara tingled with the thought of how virile he must be.

Spider-Man wished he had a chance to enjoy this fit redhead before now. Most certainly, making up
Black Widow’s dirty talk ended up being the final tipping point to allow him to bust inside of Batgirl. Spider-Man drained his seed inside of her wet pussy, clutching onto Barbara’s hips and releasing it.

Finally, finally, the release made Spider-Man pull back with a smile.

One sexually satisfied redhead dropped down to the ground, drooling, with a pussy overflowing with so many juices that it was almost obscene. It became clear that Natasha edged him so many times, that he had been backed up a lot. The thick creampie oozing out of Batgirl made him smile.

“I really hope she didn’t finish you off completely.”

The Black Widow threw the strap on to the side and walked closer towards her. Natasha placed a hand on the back of Spider-Man’s head and smiled.

“Mmm, Peter, I want you so badly,” Natasha said. “You fucking her got me hot.”

Natasha pressed her succulent body against Peter’s and kissed him extremely hard. His revived erection against her thigh made this extremely promising. Natasha tightened her hand around him, tugging on him, and releasing him back with a snap.

The sexy super spy mounted the handsome spider hero and dropped down onto him. Their thighs connected to him. The ravishing Russian redhead, with all of her buxom curves, pressed down onto Spider-Man with each bounce. Her tight wet pussy grabbing onto him.

Nothing else in the world mattered with Spider-Man driving deep into Black Widow and smashing her hard. So, he did, clutching tight around her ass and sliding into her. Natasha closed down onto him, moaning sexually in his ear. She nibbled on him, smiling when Spider-Man rammed into her.

“I could have you all day,” Spider-Man groaned.

“And I wouldn’t fight you on that one,” Black Widow said. “Do you like how my pussy drains you? You can’t get enough of it, I’m your addiction.”

Natasha’s breasts pushing out, her lips pursing in sinful desire, her legs wrapping around him hard, all of it was too much to bare. Spider-Man had to touch her, touch her all over. Just worship this bouncing goddess until he was barely fit to breath.

The web slinger worshipped her body, kissing her succulent lips, and her neck before shifting down to explore other parts of her body. Massive round breasts engulfed his face in Marshmallow heaven. It was as good since the first time they had fun together, and it would be as good all the other times.

The next play caused Natasha to smile. Spider-Man pulled out of her and motioned for Barbara to come over.

“Eat her when I’m ready.”
Spider-Man spun Black Widow and rammed her asshole down onto his stiff cock. Black Widow grabs onto Spider-Man’s legs, rocking up and down. Spider-Man pushed deep inside of her, ramming inside of her body so fast.

Barbara drooled and could not get enough of this. She needed to be right there, and needed to be between Natasha’s legs. She dove it and Batgirl smothered her face between the Black Widow’s thighs.

Batgirl munched on Black Widow while Spider-Man anally pleasured her. The combination of actions made her feel so good. Natasha flexed her ass cheeks against Spider-Man, wanting to pleasure him.

Spider-Man knew what she wanted to do, and tried to hold off, another it was hard. The Black Widow’s world class ass meant the downfall of men far more experienced. He tried to cling onto her, making Black Widow breath heavily.

This got extremely hot, as those thick ass cheeks clamped down onto him. He resisted her for a little bit longer, but damn it, it was hard.

“I know you want to cum in me,” Black Widow said. “Why fight it? Why fight this ass?”

Oh damn, Spider-Man could not resist her, but he wanted to bring her to an orgasm. She flexed her tight cheeks around him. Spider-Man found this hard, especially given Batgirl between Natasha’s legs and munching on her hard.

Oh believe him, Spider-Man wanted this to last. His fingers pressed against her tight ass cheeks, squeezing and releasing them, groaning. Natasha just smiled when casting a look over her shoulder.

All good things were going to come to an end sooner or later. And Spider-Man came to a particular messy end deep inside of the Black Widow’s clenching asshole.

Spider-Man filled Black Widow up with a very prolific release following one last flex around his throbbing pole. The web swinger squeezed her ass tight and splattered a thick volume of seed deep inside of her smoldering cheeks.

The release caused Spider-Man to break out. Natasha ground up against him, and Spider-Man found it very hard to resist her. Especially when Natasha kept throwing him wanton looks over her shoulder, which made him smile.

The minute he finished, Spider-Man played with her body, which got her moving again. Natasha turned around and locked her eyes off of him and then onto Batgirl.

“Join me.”

“Gladly.”

Black Widow and Batgirl locked lips with each other, heatedly making out. Black Widow dominated Batgirl even though to her credit, she hung on well.

And then, they moved over, lightly kissing over the top Spider-Man’s rigid tool. They moved lower, lower, and lower until they latched lips down onto his thick swollen head.
The lips pressed over Spider-Man’s swollen head and sucked on him hard. Batgirl and Black Widow took turns pleasuring him. And there was not a single doubt in his mind how these two brought the pleasure for him.

Oh, this was the best, having not one, but two hot redheads, taking turns orally pleasuring him. Batgirl was sucking him off while Black Widow pleasured his balls, sucking them. And then the two switched, going back and forth.

It would be only a matter of time before Spider-Man was so hard that he had to fuck either or both of the lovely ladies again.

“Don’t think you’re going to get off nearly as easy next time when you get caught,” Black Widow warned her.

“Mmm, I don’t think you got me off that easily,” Batgirl said.

A certain muscle of Spider-Man’s, the most important one in their minds, drew themselves away from the banter. Batgirl scrambled onto him to mount him and drive down onto him.

Black Widow sat on the floor, eyes glued on Batgirl’s ass when the caped cutie filled her box with the web slinger. Just waiting for her moment and it was going to be delightful when she reached it. Much like it would be delightful to reach another climax.

End.
The Savage Land was one of the most dangerous places on Earth, and not one where people would want to be trapped. And yet, it was a common location where people had been trapped. And also seemed to lose several layers of clothes.

Lorna Dane dressed in two strips of clothing which looked like they could rip off at a strong wind. The green-haired mutant’s breasts and ass were on full display here, not that she minded. Given her fit body, Lorna honestly had nothing to be ashamed about.

Spider-Man fared a little bit better, which made Lorna think that the plants that ripped apart her clothes were only attracted to females. Still, the arms and part of the chest of his suit was exposed. The exposed muscles could not help but make Lorna realize just how hot he was and how much she licked her lips, wanting a piece of the web slinger.

“I fashioned a radio signal,” Spider-Man told her. “I sent for help...with any luck, SHIELD, the Fantastic Four, the Avengers, the X-Men, someone on our side would have got it.”

“Well, better than then other people,” Lorna said. “Do you think that it escaped the Savage Land?”

“I think so,” Spider-Man commented.

Lorna just smiled and thought about Spider-Man. Perhaps it was the pollen in the air, but Lorna thought more about what she would like to do with Spider-Man. He was so hot right now and she was so hot for them. And they were alone in the Savage Land, where the wild threats could kill him at any moment.

‘Well, you might make things awkward, but...what the hell, you only live once.’

Lorna threw herself at Spider-Man, kissing the hell out of him. Spider-Man had been surprised by the hot green-haired mutant’s aggressive and sensual actions, tearing at his clothing even more and revealing his muscular chest. Which her barely covered breasts pressed hard into.

There’s only one, there’s only one thing for Spider-Man to do, and that was to kill her back. Spider-Man and Polaris locked lips in the middle of the Savage Land, the heat of their bodies and the call of the land rulling them.

She used the metal of his web shooters to pin him up against the stone wall and broke out into a smile. Spider-Man closed his eyes as Lorna pretty much had her way with him. She dipped a hand down the front of his pants and felt his rigid pole.

“Mmm, this is pretty promising,” Lorna commented. “But, maybe we should pull back a little bit.”

“What, no!” Spider-Man yelled.

“Oh, yes,” Lorna said with a magnetic twinkle in her eye.
The green-haired beauty teased him and squeezed him through his ragged costume, kneading his crotch and making his erection pulse. If it had not been for those web shooters and the metal inside of them, then Spider-Man would have shoved her back onto the rocks, and fuck her until she screamed loud and hard for this cock.

“Mmm, you’re so hard for me, aren’t you?” Lorna asked. “Such an eager one?”

The web slinger pushed forward, with Lorna’s teasing only increasing. She dipped her hand into his pants every few squeezes and tugged on his cock, brushing a finger down the length. She loved how it throbbed, extremely veiny and extremely nice. Lorna popped her lips together.

She ripped off the remaining tattered pieces of her uniform, the wildness and the lust burning through her body. She needed to have him right now. Lorna placed her hands on his face and smashed her breasts against his chest. She removed the few tattered bits of clothing. Spider-Man practically drooled when peering at Lorna’s body. The strip of green hair between her legs showed him that the carpet matched the drapes and that was hot.

He only wore a half torn mask, exposing his jawline and his web shooters, along with his boots, but Lorna did not care. He looked sexy as hell and she just had to fuck him all night long. Like her life depended on it, and it did.

“I bet you wish I would let you grab my perfect ass and squeeze my big tits,” Lorna said. “They feel good pressed up against you, don’t they?”

Lorna kissed the hell out of Spider-Man, positioning herself to mount him. No need for an answer, the state of Spider-Man told her plenty. Lorna broke out into a soft breath, setting herself up to mount the web swing and drive herself down onto him.

She popped her hand and the web shooters came off the rock. His arms wrapped around her, rubbing down her back and neck while kissing her. Spider-Man’s lips popped constantly against the side of her neck and went to suck down on her breasts.

Spider-Man’s now free arms wrapped around Lorna and squeezed her extremely hard around her juicy ass. Lorna embraced this, pushing down onto this. The deeper he slid into her, the deeper he dug his fingers into her, the better this was.

“Mmm, I love this,” Lorna said. “You’re a very talented man, Spidey. I wish we didn’t have to wait to be stranded in the Savage Land to have fun like this.”

The lust dancing in Lorna’s eyes made Spider-Man just grope her even harder. Ass, breasts, thighs, every single thing Spider-Man could grab, he was right there with her. He buried deep into Lorna’s wet canal, the tightening of her making him groan.

“You’re so warm,” Spider-Man groaned. “And tight...when’s the last time you’ve had….”

“Nothing like you has ever been inside me,” Lorna purred in his ear. “That’s why I feel so tight, because my pussy isn’t used to a real man stuffing inside of me. Oooh, that’s the spot, pound me. Squeeze my ass....you know how I like that.”

The stunning call of the siren caused Spider-Man to squeeze her harder. Spider-Man could play with Lorna’s juicy body all day long, and her booty as well, and not get tired. Spider-Man thrusted away,
his big balls slapping down onto her.

“Closer, baby,” Lorna breathed. “I want your…your baby batter so badly. Mmm, fill me full of your Spider Spunk.”

A bit cheesy, but Spider-Man was not one to stick his nose up at the cheese. Spider-Man clenched her breasts and smiled when he sucked on them. She loved having her tits played with, if the sounds of her rapid moans were any indication. Oh, Spider-Man could play with them all day long.

“Mmmm, keep it up! Don’t you dare stop.”

She wanted it so much; so he was going to give it to her hard. Spider-Man rode her to a near orgasm and then at the last second pulled out of her.

Lorna breathed when Spider-Man pushed her back.

“Turn around.”

Lorna did as she was told. She could feel his pulsing erection dance down her thighs, threatening to stick into her. She wondered what was going to happen. She needed that cock, wanted it so badly. Now that Lorna had a taste of Spider-Man, she wanted the entire package.

The web slinger bent Lorna over, the rocks, overlooking the stream. The scene of the wildlife drove Lorna further down the line, with Spider-Man teasing her. Oh, damn, he was such a tease, Lorna could not even begin to imagine.

“Go ahead and fuck me then,” Lorna begged him. “My pussy is wet! I need you….mmm, I need you, Spidey!”

At Lorna’s scream, Spider-Man drove deep inside of her from behind. He filled up her tight hole, cramming deep inside of her. His tight fingers grabbed around her tight butt. His fingers danced up the front of her body, exposed when she just pressed her hands firmly on the rock.

Spider-Man milked Lorna’s breasts and caused the warmth to spread through her body. Finally, finally, she reached the peak she dreamed about and came extremely hard.

He tightened the grip around her breasts, twisting her nipples which left her breathing hard. Then, Spider-Man moved his hands to her ass and pushed into her. She received one orgasm, well the tightness inside of her made Spider-Man want to ride her to another one.

Something primal shot through the mind of Peter Parker, the faster he slammed deeper into her from behind. His balls cracked against her thigh from behind, and Spider-Man groaned the faster he went into her.

Spider-Man paused long enough for Lorna to protest him leaving her. He smiled when seeing her body shaking, and the small bits of metal clattering around them, restless. Including Spider-Man’s web shooters which he discarded in the process of the battle.

“I wonder how badly you want this.”

“OOOH, JUST GIVE IT TO ME!”
“You got it.”

He buried himself inside of her harder, riding her hard from behind. The bounce of her perfect ass every time Spider-Man dove deep into Polaris was very hot. He pulled her up off the rock, pulled out, and then pushed her back, this time on her back on the rock.

Spider-Man drove himself deep into the horny mutant, her wet hole closing down onto him. Those legs rubbing up and down against his body caused Spider-Man to groan. They were so soft, that Spider-Man just needed to touch them. He slapped down onto her, his balls striking her.

The sexy mutant screamed, grabbing his hand, and pressing it onto her tits. Spider-Man groped her chest, and allowed it to bounce up and down underneath the palm of his hand. Spider-Man slipped deep inside of her, burying himself balls deep into her.

“Mmm, yeah, baby!” Lorna said. “FUCK ME HARDER”

The next thing she knew, Lorna received several powerful, deep thrusts which constantly battered her body. They were going to smash the rocks if they were not careful, and maybe go sliding down that hill. Spider-Man grabbed onto her so hard.

“You must be pent up,” Spider-Man said. “Or have you never gotten fucked hard?”

Never, never not as nature intended, and Lorna’s hot walls closed down onto him. Oh, she needed him now more than ever. She closed down onto him, moaning from the orgasm. Crying out in pure bliss from Spider-Man grabbing her breasts. Oh, those hands were all over Lorna and making her day, with all of the spots that it touched, all the ways he pleasured her.

The only way that this could be better as if Spider-Man had the six arms. Thankfully, Spider-Man was able to keep her more than off balance with two arms. She came and hard.

Lorna could milk him with her orgasm all day. Oh, this throbbing pole stuffing between her legs caused Lorna to drool. Spider-Man kissed her a couple of times, sucking on her neck.

Oh, did Lorna hope that those marks were left on her a long time.

Spider-Man alternated between milking her tits, pausing long enough to let Lorna beg for more with her wanton stare. Looks burned more brightly then any stare, and Spider-Man groaned. He could not get enough of her, and she could not get enough of him. Something was going to have to give soon.

She looked positively stunning, green hair framing her face. Those perfect lips, which Spider-Man did not have the pleasure wrapped around a certain part of his point yet, opened up. Oh, she was completely sexy, overlooked in the sea of scorching hot ladies which made up the X-Men over the years.

Spider-Man groaned, when she tightened around him. He did not want this to end. Despite all reason and logic, Spider-Man did not pull out.

“Good,” Lorna said. “When I said I wanted all of you...I wanted all of you.”

Spider-Man held the edge, but she was not going for it. Lorna tightened her walls around him, with a vice like grip. The smell of her arousal just made Spider-Man pound her pussy into jelly. Several
deep thrusts, with his balls bouncing them.

The land was starting to unleash something in both of them, and Spider-Man loved it. He balanced Lorna’s legs up into the air and drove deep into her with several power thrusts. He could break her pussy and would keep fucking her broken pussy until he filled it with his seed.

“YES!”

The savage smells around them drove them into intense animalistic lust. Spider-Man pushed down and licked Lorna’s nipples, which tasted nice. They would taste even nicer when they filled with milk.

“Breed me, Spider-Man!” Lorna called for him. “I know my purpose...to drain every drop of your seed into my nice fertile womb....”

Lorna did all she could to coax every single last drop of seed out of him. Her lust reached insane levels, to the point where Lorna seemed almost obsessed.

“Oh, I can’t pull out.”

“Because I don’t want you too,” Lorna said. “And you don’t want to either.”

Spider-Man grunted, acknowledging that much to be true.

“So, knock me up then, impregnate me with your cum.”

Dreams did come true and Lorna came hard along with them. She squeezed Spider-Man’s big thick tool, making him thrust further into her. It was going to be his turn soon.

Spider-Man’s last chance to pull out of Polaris and avoid the risk of pregnancy did not happen. Her beautiful body shined, and Spider-Man analyzed every curve for it. Prime for breeding and hotter than hell, Spider-Man slammed himself into her.

“Cumming,” he groaned.

Lorna gushed even harder at the promise of being inside of her. One final twitch and her greatest dream came true in an instant.

Upon her orgasm, Spider-Man drained himself into her body with multiple rough thrusts. Several long sticky ropes of thick cum spilled into her, shooting into her womb to drown Lorna’s eggs with his semen. The hot mutant moaned when pushing him down onto him.

She got him to do this, and not Ororo or Jean or Rogue even that bitch Emma Frost. That brought Lorna to a satisfied smirk. She drained all of the cum, until Lorna was sure she was good and pregnant with his child or children.

There was so much cum, that Lorna was not sure. She sat up, and cupped his face, smiling at him.

“Guess, they didn’t get our message,” Lorna said.

“Mmm, we better get moving,” Spider-Man said.
“What’s the rush?”

Lorna kissed him, his member lightly twitching against his swollen stomach.

The finally ran out of steam for now, but nature demanded the two seek each other constantly throughout the night.

Someone would rescue them, and Lorna hoped that it would be some of her female teammates. She grinned evilly as a devious plan entered her mind.

End.
Ninjas, oh Spider-Man had the bumps and bruises dealing with the latest attack from ninjas. At least he prevented them from stealing the shipment, although what they wanted with it, that would remain a mystery for another time. Now that it was safely under the custody of SHIELD, Peter could relax a little bit more. And strip down and take a nice warm shower to wash the grime off of him.

The cuts were not as bad as they could have been and healed nicely. He cleaned his body, just deep in thought. Peter was grateful for a long weekend because otherwise he would be going into work in the morning extremely sore.

Suddenly, a pair of very femine, but skilled hands grabbed him from behind. They did not trigger his spider sense, but Peter jumped all of the same. He turned around to see the naked form of the assassin known as Elektra. Despite the fact that she could very easily kill him, Elektra was smiling at him and her attention drew downwards to a certain part of Peter’s body.

“Um, Elektra, what are you doing here?” he asked.

“I followed you,” Elektra said. “You were impressive tonight, and I’ve always found you to be extremely interesting, and attractive. A man that I could have some fun with...in between contracts.”

“You were with them tonight?”

“No, they didn’t contract me tonight,” Elektra said. “Although you must have seen one of them fall from his perch point.”

“So, that was you?”

“Figured, I’d come clean,” Elektra said. “And speaking of coming clean.”

Elektra slipped behind Peter and rubbed his back. She added the shower gel to her had and massaged Peter’s body. Suds rose up off of his abs and chest from what Elektra was doing to him. Oh, her hands, they were so heaveningly, and he could barely even, he could barely even think straight without leaning into her grasp. Elektra touched him with the palm of her hand, smiling.

She moved down lover, rubbing in between his thighs. Something very inviting stuck out, and obviously, Elektra had to get it clean as well of the rest of him. Even an assassin like herself appreciated the benefits of proper hygiene. The skilled Greek Assassin ran her hands down.

Every inch of her lovely, toned body pushed against him. Spider-Man groaned, the further she situated her hand. Elektra just smiled against his shoulder.

“Relax.”
Elektra made her next move, grabbing onto his crotch hard under the pretext of helping him clean it up. Then, she did more than clean him up. Elektra groped his balls and slowly, but surely, began to jerk him up and down, the hunger dancing in her eyes increasing.

“Relax,” Elektra breathed. “It feels so good, doesn’t it?”

“Mmm, hmm,” Peter groaned. “Oh, baby...fuck!”

The skilled fingers of the assassin were good for more than killing, they were good at pleasuring him. Elektra wrapped two fingers around his pulsing manhood and stroked him up and down. The wetness of her their bodies slapped together with Elektra moving down.

She tightened the grip around Peter’s pulsing manhood, getting the reaction that she wanted, when pumping up and down on him.

Peter’s blood pumped completely to his groin as he struggled to remain steady. Yet, Elektra was going to have her way with him, and he was going to have to like it. And oh, he did like it, he liked it very much. Her soft, tight hand gripping around him, slick from the suds and the water from the shower.

The water continued to splash off of both of their bodies, and Spider-Man was certain the steam to rose was not completely from the shower. Elektra jerking him off caused him to see stars as his orgasm approached as fast as it could go.

“Mmm,” Elektra breathed. “I can feel you straining in my hand. Don’t hold back on me.”

The explosion of cum fired off, sticking to the shower wall. Elektra drained his balls with each pump and Spider-Man made a hell of a mess on the shower curtain.

The deep breaths he made, tapered off from Elektra’s long and not so subtle strokes. She turned him around, removing the strand of cum from his stiff head and smearing it sensually between her legs.

Elektra and Spider-Man stood chest to chest with each other. Those succulent breasts pushed against Peter’s bare chest, and she rubbed up against him. He grabbed her around the back of the head, daringly, and moved in.

Peter kissed her extremely hard, running his hands down her gorgeous Greek body. Every succulent muscle, Peter rolled his hands over, massaging. Elektra did not do anything to stop him, in fact, she encouraged his behavior. She deepened the kiss, hungering for him even more. Oh, Elektra could, she could lose it in his mouth. She shifted her tongue back a tiny amount, sucking on it before pulling out of Peter’s mouth and smiling.

The handsome man had over plans, his hand squeezing Elektra’s back passage.

A finger dipped into Elektra’s tight back passage, and she arched back, her soapy breasts sticking out.

“Do it,” Elektra hissed through her teeth.

She bent over, presenting herself with an ass that just demanded to be fucked. The handsome hero rubbed against the alluring assassin, grinding against her wet pussy in time of fingering that
tantalizing tight ass. Spider-Man pinched her clit.

Spider-Man teased her with a rapid fire massage of her clit, sticking and unsticking it between his fingers. She moaned out louder, so Spider-Man kept him up, not discouraged by this, in fact encouraged to do more with his shower lover.

“You like this,” Spider-Man said. “The feared Elektra, she has a weakness.”

Elektra liked this, but she wanted more, she wanted his cock between her ass cheeks. Oh, he opened up her asshole, lubricating it with a slick and soapy finger. His thick tool brushed up against her, and threatened to go inside of her ass.

“Do it!” Elektra cried. “I want you to fuck my ass! Fuck it like you mean it.”

Dreams did in fact come true, when Spider-Man slid himself slowly into her ass. Elektra closed her eyes, and cried out in pleasure. Oh, this monster stuffed itself deep into her tight hole, making her scream out in pleasure. Spider-Man held on for the ride and pushed her backwards.

The stereotetypes of Greeks were true, especially this particular one. He slid deep into Elektra’s ass, pounding her as hard as humanly possible.

Elektra showed great balance when taking a cock in her ass, one of the skills that was overlooked of a lady of her caliber. She made sounds which encouraged Spider-Man to go in just a little bit deep, pummeling her tight ass from behind. She breathed out, moaning, and tightening around him.

Oh, being inside of this ass, Spider-Man could not even begin to describe how much of a dream. Peter Parker never thought that he would anally fuck a beautiful and deadly assassin in the shower of his apartment. But, maybe it’s wise not to question these things.

“Hope you’re not slowing down,” Elektra panted.

“I’m not.”

Spider-Man rocked back and forth, until he was balls deep inside of her ass, feeling it clench down around him. He was all in, regardless of how tight and how warm she was. And oh boy, did Elektra know how to hit all of the right buttons and make Spider-Man groan.

He stroked her body, and made Elektra just break out into a cry of lust, the more he touched her.

“Fuck me harder!” Elektra yelled. “Take my ass! Be a man and really drill me!”

At her call, Spider-Man shoved himself harder into her. Elektra cried out even louder, in shrieks of arousal. Peter slapped her ass hard, causing it to jiggle in the shower. Oh, he closed his eyes, and made sure to burn in the moment.

Elektra closed her eyes, fingering herself with her right hand and maintaining the balance with another hand. All while experiencing the joy of all of her lover. She wanted to mess with him a little bit, but now, that he was deep inside of her, Elektra wondered how far he would go.

Who knew the web slinging crusader would have such an anal fetish. Lucky for her, very lucky for her indeed, and that was the thought that burned through Elektra’s mind. Right when his cock buried deeper into her ass.
Being such an attentive lover, Peter was there to help Elektra finger herself the rest of the way. She put both of her hands on the ground and allowed him to do all of the work, all of the fingering. Elektra tightened around him.

It was not too long before Spider-Man fed Elektra a helping of her own juices. The hunger blazing in her eyes increased when she squirted all over the place. He just was able to catch her delicious juices in his hand and allow Elektra to lick them up.

“Pent up without anywhere to go,” Spider-Man groaned. “Don’t worry, I know exactly what to do with someone like you”

Despite everything, Spider-Man had to take extra care not to have this end too soon. Although Elektra was almost too good to pass out. The thought of busting a nut deep into her tight ass, inflamed Spider-Man’s desires, along with her cries.

The snug warmth of her clenching back hole made Spider-Man hold back, not wanting to finish too soon. It was hard, especially when pounded her back passage vigorously. Clenching her tight cheeks in his hands and releasing them several times over.

“Go ahead, fuck me harder,” Elektra said. “No….no…you’re not stopping….not now.”

Elektra would not be denied her prize, closing down tight on Spider-Man until he had been trapped deep between her smoldering cheeks. She milked him, showing an admirable amount of control over her anal cavity. She squeezed Spider-Man.

“Damn it, Elektra,” Peter groaned.

“Don’t deny you can’t resist my ass, and you know the power it has over men,” Elektra said.

Spider-Man groaned with another fantastically deep thrust inside of her. Oh, he would be fool to deny that, or rather to deny her. Deny the pleasure she had given her and deny the sensual breasts that he put his hands all over. That body, that body was made for sin and for assassination.

Elektra turned out to be a master of mouth, and thankfully she was here to have sinful fun, and not slice Peter’s throat open. The intelligent hero thanked himself for this.

He groped her breasts and milked them alongside of his thrusts. Try as he might to slow down, Spider-Man raced ever so closer to the finish line.

“Do it,” Elektra said.

Finally, Spider-Man lost himself and came inside of Elektra’s ass. The orgasm was at least twice as intense as the one she milked out of him earlier. Spider-Man hung on, working her ass over.

The sheer force of him shooting his seed into her ass made Elektra climax extremely hard. It did not hurt that Spider-Man jammed three fingers into her and allowed her to grind all over them. It took everything to remain upright.

The second Spider-Man finished in her, Elektra collapsed to her knees on the shower floor. She breathed heavily, the water splashing off of her sexy body. She did not, could not think straight. Elektra rubbed her raw ass, thinking about everything happened.
So good.

“Are you okay?”

Peter helped her off of the shower floor and Elektra wrapped her arms around him. She launched herself at his body, kissing him. She pulled back from him and kissed down his shoulders, his chest, and moved down briefly to worship his abs.

She stopped short of kissing his cock. Instead, she picked up the bottle of soap and sprayed it all over her breasts. The wet soapy breasts took Peter between them and started to rub his cock, cleaning it up after being in her ass for so long.

“Elektra!” Peter groaned.

It rose up again, and Elektra smiled, kissing the tip of his head. The sex drive of the Spider made her wet, and made her wonder what other fun they can get up today.

Two perfect breasts lathered Peter’s body with soap, to get him clean enough so he could get dirty again. Both of them dripped wet, and Elektra placed her hand on his inner thigh before rising up. She kissed him, while feeling up his organ.

The stimulation and the rise of his prize organ caused Elektra to smile. They both closed in to continue the dance. Elektra wrapped her legs around Peter, and pushed him into the shower wall.

Good thing, he could stick to walls. And now, she was going to show just how sticky she could be. Elektra lowered herself down onto him, this time taking his swollen member inside of her tight pusy.

The water bill would be murder with how much time they spent in the shower. But, oh would it be ever so worth it, especially to fuck a hot piece of ass like Elektra.

She eyed him, and it was obvious to Peter her intentions were to milk him until he had empty balls and a sore cock, that would not rise up.

For Elektra’s sake, Peter hoped that the stunning Greek assassin did not have any plans. Because, it would be a long weekend if that was her intention.

End.
One could argue what the pinnacle of achievement was. But, to be fair, Monica Rappaccini thought they achieved a lot when they took AIM. They no longer lagged behind in scientific achievement, rather they drove it. And they left many others in the dust.

Monica always thought this organization had plenty of potential. It just never had been fulfilled properly, thanks to one man. Thanks to Peter Benjamin Parker, the individual who she married about a year ago, and together, the couple took AIM to many heights.

“You should be happy.”

Speak of the devil and he should arrive. Peter moved behind Monica. The dark haired temptress turned her attention to the handsome man, breaking out in a very crisp smile.

“I’m very happy,” Monica said. “Especially with what we’ve done together.”

She did not waste any time to register her excitement, wrapping her arms tightly around Peter and kissing the hell out of him. Peter, always an eager man, returned. His fingers brushed through the tight green dress that she was wearing.

Every inch of Monica’s luscious ass, and lovely legs, were grabbed on by Peter. Peter kissed her down the side of her neck, and then down her shoulders, before putting his hands on the strap of the dress.

“This calls for a celebration,” Peter told her.

“Well, if you’re up for it, beloved,” Monica said.

A firm grip allowed Monica’s hand to drop down onto it. Warmth cascaded through her body as she lightly unbuttoned Peter’s shirt and unbuckled his pants. She moved down to feel the promising rise from the other side of his pants. Monica pressed against him, kissing him with even more heat.

“I’m up for it, as you can tell,” Peter said.

The bright smile on Monica’s face widened, when she saw that Peter was up for celebration. She and her husband enjoyed each other’s bodies, the clothing being the only barrier. Precisely how long was unknown, but if Monica had her way, not more.

Then, she found Peter’s kiss, with sudden and very explosive fury. Their hands found their clothes, tugging on them. Peter won the race, stripping Monica down. Monica, determined and brilliant lady she was, was able to press down onto him.

The two lovers kissed each other, stripping down until they were in their undergarments. Monica teased Peter through his shorts, his erection pulsing excitedly.

“Yes, up for it indeed,” Monica breathed. “I can’t wait to have it in me.”
No matter how much Monica could not wait, anticipation as the key to everything. She wanted to ramp up Peter’s excitement along with her own. Monica cupped and released him several times, enjoying the grunts and the moans of pleasure she caused on his behalf.

Monica lowered down to her knees and kissed him through the front of his shorts. The swell almost tore Peter through the fabric. She licked him through it and made Peter tingle.

“Let’s free your friend, shall we?” Monica asked him.

“Yes,” Peter hissed. “Let’s.”

She pulled down Peter’s shorts, to reveal his stiff organ. Twelve inches, throbbing, and ready for Monica to take whenever she wanted. She grabbed her hand and wrapped her hand around it.

“Such a beautiful cock,” she said. “Perfect...for the future....I just have to taste it.”

“Help yourself,” Peter grunted.

Monica finished stroking it and moved in to taste it. Her eyes widened a fraction of an inch in mock surprise, before shoving Peter down into her mouth. She popped around him, making a sensational and sexual sound. It took a while to get momentum before she was honestly and eagerly doing it. She pushed deeper around his organ, sealing him up and releasing him.

Oh, the taste of him, it was enough to drive a sane woman nuts. Monica sucked him, harder, feeling up the muscles on his legs. Right before wrapping a hand around his balls and pumping them, achingness flashing through her eyes.

“Oh, damn, you’re so hot,” Peter breathed.

The look on Monica’s beautiful face caused Peter to swell deep inside of her mouth. She knew of all of the ways to make him feel extremely good. She knew of all of the ways to make him swell and get close to exploding. Monica shifted her mouth around him, her brilliant tongue dancing.

“Monica, fuck, you’re such a sexy bitch!”

The beautiful and brilliant woman bobbed her mouth down onto Peter’s swollen organ, making him break out into a hot groan. She wanted him all the way in and Peter intended to bury himself all the way inside of her perfect mouth. Her hair, smooth as silk, rubbed up against him.

Being inside of her mouth was a treat that Peter did not want to end any time soon. Open, close, open close, with lips just sealing around him. Monica squeezed his balls extremely hard.

Closer, closer, oh, Monica brought him closer. Peter wanted to do more than hold onto the back of her head. The faux innocence dancing in Monica’s eyes showed just how much she was getting into this. Her fingers pressed against his balls and released him.

Almost to the edge, and Monica sucked him even faster. Vigorously working his pole, until the point where it was dripping wet with her salvia. Something which caused Monica to shiftly grin when pulling away from him. She cupped and released him.

After Peter nearly reached his edge, Monica pulled away, denying him. Monica just smiled and
kissed his tip, which threatened to burst.

Monica clenched onto his tool and pulled back from her.

She slipped out of her lingerie and was completely bare for him. Monica now pressed herself against Peter, smiling at his throbbing cock. She lightly tapped a finger down onto it, pushing down onto it.

“It looks angry,” Monica commented to him.

“Only because you denied it,” Peter told her.

“Oooh, poor thing,” Monica cooed lightly, pressing a palm against him. “Well, it’s time to make up for it.”

The naked beauty pressed her groin against Peter’s and sent a jolt through his body. She ground against him, the heat and the dripping from her almost driving Peter completely nuts.

This teasing minx knew precisely what she was doing to him. Monica pressed against him, kissing his jawline and moving up to him.

“I want you”

Monica hugged Peter against her body so she could properly slid in and take him inside of her. The previously denied cock sank into her body. Oh, Monica could feel it stretching her inside and could feel her husband’s groan the second this brilliant and sexy man slipped into her nice tight pussy.

“Worth the wait.”

A few fluid moments, before Monica gained momentum, bouncing up and down on his hard rod.

She whipped her head back extremely hard, almost biting down on his shoulder, moaning in delight when dropping down onto him. Peter cupped her chest and released him, causing Monica to let out an extremely brilliant moan when riding his body.

Oh, the Scientist Supreme wanted this, she wanted this so badly. Out of all the men she chose, she decided to go with the brilliant, younger, Peter.

Monica looked in the eyes of her handsome partner, knowing that she chose well. Both in stamina and also in intelligence, oh being so handsome with such a brilliant mind. That just blew Monica away that someone could be like that.

Thinking of Peter’s brilliance caused Monica to clench in response. Peter grabbed her ass and pushed her down, allowing her to bounce higher and faster.

“I swear, you’re in heat,” Peter groaned. “Well, I’m going to make sure you’re nice and fucked.”

“Please...do,” Monica said. “It’s what nature intended.”

Peter groaned, Monica really clamped down onto him tight, working him over. She seemed to be working over Peter, wanting his seed. Peter pressed a hand onto her ass, pushing down onto him. Her tight loins released and gripped him hard.
“Grab me tighter,” Monica pleaded with him.

Upon her encouragement, Peter grabbed Monica a bit tighter and impaled him down onto his rod. Every time he drove down into her, it felt as if Peter was splitting her in half. Burying his long length into her body and making her scream out in pleasure.

Oh, Peter could watch her rid him all day. For some many reasons, and not because it felt amazing to be inside of her.

“You’re gorgeous,” Peter said. “Brilliant and smart...and a sexy older woman as well.”

“I prefer timeless,” Monica said.

“Well, you are,” Peter said. “And you just get better...but blindingly gorgeous as well.

She was extremely gorgeous, and Monica, oh she pressed her lips against his, smiling in response when bouncing down onto him. Peter’s fingers brushed against her body, touching her all over. All the ways he touched her, she got her to cry out.

Monica encouraged him in her own ways, enjoying the feeling of his muscles against him. And just just the love muscle which pushed into her body, filling her up. Monica’s eyes snapped back, digging her nails down into his shoulder.

“You complete me!” she moaned. “Harder...harder.”

The moan in his ear caused Peter to leak ever so slightly. Peter dialed it back just a little bit. The aggressive sexual huntress obviously smelled something and wanted to get all of it. She closed around Peter, clutching him tight.

“Don’t you dare slow down on me.”

Now that Monica had a small taste of him, she wanted even more. The power of an older woman, who knew what these younger men wanted, it was extremely obvious. The Scientist Supreme smiled when his fingers danced up Monica’s body.

She was getting so close, Peter could feel it all building up in Monica’s tight, succulent body. He pushed down onto her, before pulling back and denying her.

Monica could have screamed in frustration, but to be perfectly honest, she really had it done.

The favor of Monica edging Peter from earlier had been returned by Peter denying Monica what she craved. The release she wanted was pulled back at them.

“Now, we’re even,” Peter said.

“Oh, that was dirty,” Monica said. “You brilliant man...I like the way you think.”

With that, Monica took ahold of his stiff rod and pumped it up and down. The muscles in Peter’s groin got a workout from the sexy older woman bouncing down onto him. He cupped her chest and made her moan, while also rising up to meet her.

The two got into it, knowing that this time there would be no slowing down when their mutual, ang
long denied releases had been reached.

The two sped up, primal need ruling their bodies and minds. Never in his life had Peter been so excited, so driven, so ruled by the needs of his own loins. Yet, Monica opened up so many doors of possibilities. His sexy wife made a convincing argument that sex was the way to life.

Monica closed down onto his tool, and released it, moaning deeply into his ear. Oh, she could be with him forever, but the tension rising in their bodies gave Monica a hint that they were both suddenly racing to the edge.

“Go for it,” Monica said. “Cum inside me….give it to me….cum inside of womb...raw!”

Finally, finally, it was too much for Peter to bare. His wife clutched down onto him, making him shift. The challenge to keep from exploding inside of her lead to nothing other than failure. Burying face first into Monica’s tits eased the burden ever so lightly.

A twitch, and Peter sped up, edging ever so closer. Monica moaned, clamping down onto him, and enjoying just how deep he went inside of her.

“Cum in me,” she repeated. “Handsome, I want you.”

The thought of Spider-Man blasting a load into her fertile pussy made Monica tingle on his lap. She rose up and then the first blasts of warm semen splattered into her. It made Monica feel reborn. This would be the proper time to further cement her union with Spider-Man.

Their child together would build the foundation for a greater tomorrow, something that the new and improved AIM strove at. Those were the thoughts that entered Monica’s mind when she smashed down onto him, milking every single last drop out of him.

Peter shuddered, Monica wrapping her arms around him. She leaned in, with Peter’s arms around her.

“Magnificent,” Monica said. “You are my addiction.”

The two rested, with Monica enjoying the time spent in the arms of this man. The man she would spend the rest of her days with. She kissed him lightly on the neck and the jaw, smiling when pressing against him.

“I can’t get enough of you either, baby,” Peter said.

The fire in his eyes made her loins dampen. She pulled away from him and peered over her shoulder. Cum trickled from her pussy and rolled down Monica’s sexy legs.

“Come, let us retire for the evening,” Monica said. “I want you all night until I can’t stand any more.

She beckoned Peter to the bedroom with swaying hips. Peter zeroed in on his wife’s ass, something that he did not spend nearly enough time with. An oversight Peter wanted to correct.

“Don’t you….”

“I can make my own schedule,” Monica said with a seductive smile which got Peter to follow her.
Running AIM did have its perks, and one of them was making her own schedule. Given Monica an ample amount of time to have Peter screw her brains out on a regular basis.

Peter could not resist his lovely wife, and all of the pleasures of she promised the younger man. Life could work out strangely, but pretty good sometimes.

End.
Lockdown, due to the attack, and to maintain appearance, Peter had been forced to be on the inside. The web slinger paced back and forth in a panic room. Which Peter did not panic in because of how worrisome the situation is, rather Peter panicked in due to the fact that there were people downstairs who might have been left outside of the lockdown.

“I don’t think they’re going to get past the first level of security.”

Peter’s bodyguard, Diana, a beautiful Amazon woman with dark hair, blue eyes, a large bust, a firm ass, and long legs, an overall fit woman, stood behind him. Diana placed a gentle hand on Peter’s shoulder while he watched.

Sure enough, the AIM goons were having fits getting out of the basement. And the gas triggered brought them down to their knees, causing some to have to duck and run.

“Guess, you’re right,” Peter said. “But, I won’t be able to deal with this for an hour.”

Peter built the lockdown protocols, but the board insisted on improving them. Given that Peter was a very important person, they gave him a bodyguard, which happened to be Diana. And such a lovely woman to guard his body as well.

“It’s just the two of us here, you know,” Diana told him. “We’re all alone.”

“All alone,” Peter said.

“Yes,” Diana said. “And….I hope you don’t mind me for saying this, but I’ve always said that you were handsome as well...and since you’re stressed out, I want to help you.”

Diana pressed against Peter’s chest and Peter found himself not offended at all that Diana thought he was handsome. Oh, he thought that Diana was extremely beautiful as well and the scent of this lovely women approaching Peter, ready to move.

Taking advantage of the tense situation, Diana cupped Peter’s face and pulled him into a long kiss. The long kiss, made Peter just tense all over, but Diana did a good job in helping him out. And she started to slowly help Peter out of his clothes as well.

Common sense kicked Peter in the rear at the weirdest times, as did some doubt. Diana’s hungry looks cast at his physique only deterred Peter for a minute.

“Should we be doing this?” Peter asked.

“This?” Diana asked.
A soft, but firm squeeze of his crotch caused Peter’s blood to rush to the young man’s groin. Diana leaned in, kissing Peter several times.

“We should...because I take care of your physically well being...but being mentally healthy is important to keep you physically safe. And sex is an important aspect of being mentally healthy. Therefore, it’s my job to take care of you in all ways.”

With logic like that, how could Peter say no to her? Diana kissed him as well, finishing the job that she started earlier. Her body, covered in those clothes, taunted Peter. Peter daringly wrapped his hands around Diana’s firm backside, squeezing it tightly.

Diana stripped off Peter’s clothes while kissing him. Article by article of clothing came off. Diana smiled when taking a good gaze at Peter’s healthy body, along with erection. Diana put a hand down to his crotch and squeezed it softly.

“You’ve been blessed,” Diana said. “A lover worthy of Aphrodite.”

Peter’s ego took a bit of a boost. Diana played with his crotch with her right hand. The left hand of the sexy Amazon moved up Peter’s body, tracing patterns against the young man’s chest. All while Diana’s pretty lips moved in, kissing Peter several times over, to the point where electricity spilled over the young man’s body.

Each kiss rocked Peter’s body and got him excited. Diana pressed the erection into the palm of her hand and squeezed Peter tightly, causing to shift like it. He jumped into her hand and Diana smiled.

Such a beautiful woman like Diana taking interest in Peter like this made him just smile. Each gesture from the sexy Amazon sent him down.

“I have a surprise for you, Mr. Parker,” Diana said to him with a sexy smile.

Diana pushed Peter onto the chair and did a slow striptease for him. She slowly dropped her jacket, and then each button came undone, exposing more of Diana’s deep, tanned cleavage to Peter. He struggled to swallow, feeling a very powerful twitch of his bare cock.

The Amazon shimmied the skirt down to the ground and bent over, wearing a nice black thong, in addition to the black bra, stockings, and garter belt, along with a pair of glasses. Diana removed her lingerie, piece by piece, exposing her perfect breasts, tight pussy with a black strip of hair, and an ass tighter than a snare drum. Diana struck a sexy pose and walked with confidence.

The gorgeous fit woman standing before him nude in all of her glory made Peter smile and trhobe as well. Diana pushed down to squeeze Peter’s thigh. She daringly stroked close to the young man’s balls, looking deep into his eyes.

“I want you, Peter,” Diana said. “I want you badly.”

Diana took Peter’s tool in her hand and slid in between the caverns of her breasts. After a moment’s notice, Diana took her nice perfect breasts and worked Peter over with them. The depths which Peter’s thick and veiny cock pushed between them.

It was through sheer force of will that Peter stayed conscious through all of this. The blood flow simply was not there and Diana made sure Peter felt at home between her nice, pillowy breasts.
So soft and so nice, Peter did what was necessary to make Diana feel welcome as well, palming on her gorgeous globes as well. Diana cooed when Peter touched her all over.

“Such a giving man,” Diana said. “It’s time to give you something in return, something that you love.”

Diana rocked back and forth, pushing even more of Peter between her heavenly globes, rocking his mind. Control applied on a constant state only caused Peter to just barely hold back.

“I want you to give it your all,” Diana said. “Come on, that’s it...we’re getting so close...you’re getting so close.”

“I am… I’m going to cum,” Peter said.

“Then give me your gift, my wonderful man,” Diana said.

Peter could not hold back and Diana did not want him to. Adding the warm pleasure of Diana’s perfect tits was her hot tongue, encircling Peter’s head. He rocked back and forth, sliding between Diana’s chest. The tension started to knot up, and Peter groaned when pushing a bit more.

Diana opened her mouth wide, to catch some of the spurting seed.

The spurting rush of cream shot up into the air and coated Diana’s chest, covering her like a geyser just had gone off. The creamy rush covered Diana’s chest pillows, and made Peter grow progressively weaker, when more and more of his fountain of seed spilled Diana.

Diana pulled away from Peter and smiled. Locking eyes with Peter, Diana scooped up one of the breast and brought it to her mouth. Then, slowly, Diana latched her mouth around the nipple and sucked on it, savoring every last drop.

The loud slurps Diana made brought Peter completely back up to full strength. Diana maintained eye contact with all times.

Oh, Diana sucking the seed off of her breasts engorged Peter even more. He was throbbing extremely hard, and reached to Diana who beckoned with him for a smile.

Peter rose up and Diana pressed against his body, the heat of their groins sending an eruption of fire. The grasp of Diana’s body, all of it a wide open canvas for Peter to touch, to explore. Peter inhaled the Amazon’s beautiful scent and planted kisses on her neck. He nibbled Diana’s shoulder and the side of neck, marking his lover. Peter finally reached what he intended to.

A tight grab of Diana’s succulent ass brought her into position. Diana locked eyes with Peter, humming hotly in his ear. Diana hoisted a leg up and Peter grabbed onto it. Stroking Diana along the back of the leg, as desire and need flashed through the eyes of the horny woman.

Everything flashed before them, with Peter leaning back on the table. Peter lined up directly for Diana. It would not take that much for her to take the plunge and to take Peter inside of her body. Diana pressed a hand on the back of Peter’s head and kissed him more aggressively.

Then, Diana dropped down onto Peter, the two meeting even more intensely. Diana flexed her muscles around the tool of her lover, rising up and dropping down. A hot squeeze and an quick
release set up Diana to quickly reclaim the tool. All while Peter touched her body all over.

Diana tightened the grip around him, enjoying the delight of Peter’s hard cock deep inside of Diana. Every inch of it pulsed inside of the Amazon Princess, with Peter taking control, and burying himself into her with several very deep thrusts into her.

“Oh, this is like a dream come true,” Peter said.

“For me as well,” Diana said.

Oh, those legs, those beautiful legs, Peter stroked them. So soft, and so firm, pulling him in tightly. Diana’s gorgeous legs kept Peter close so he could keep ramming into her pussy. Peter did not want this to end, slowly down to a very uneven crawl with each movement of Diana.

Peter never thought it would happen, but yet it happened, and Diana thrilled him all the way. Diana knew all of the ways to push those buttons. Peter happily allowed Diana to push those buttons.

Mostly because Peter started to learn all of the ways that Diana’s buttons could be pushed as well. A light touch thrilled her, a small stroke seduced Diana, a light nibble drove the Amazon completely wild. Diana closed her eyes, mewling loudly at the gift that was Peter.

Those fingers danced down onto Diana’s body and slowly made her rise up. Much like an angel, Diana rose and descended, taking Peter as deep into her as possible. Peter pushed all Diana’s buttons greatly, teasing her with several small spikes.

Then, Peter held onto Diana and pushed into the Amazon’s smoldering depths with a large push. Every inch of Diana’s perfect body writhed over him.

“Cum for me, Diana,” Peter said.

Oh, Diana redefined what it was like to cum for someone. What started as a simple way to relieve stress, in a very long day, it lasted a lot longer. Diana’s eyes shifted back, she leaned back, from Peter devouring her perfect tits.

The explosion made Diana soak Peter’s tool all over, after those tiny orgasms just rocked her perfect Amazon body. Peter squeezed and released Diana’s ass, making her just break out into a very lustful cry of pleasure. She was exploding all over Peter, losing it all over him.

“So perfect,” Diana breathed in Peter’s ear.

“I know,” Peter told her. “You are.”

“I’m still ready for more,” Diana said. “I’m waiting for you, and I want you.”

The flexing of Diana’s snug muscles told Peter to pick things up, and he did, moving in and out of her wet hole, with it clamping down onto him. The web slinger pressed against Diana’s groin, the heat of the moment sending a rush of pleasure through him.

Peter pushed further into Diana, rocking back and forth to the point of no return. The two hungry lovers rode the wave. With Diana wrapping her arms around in addition to her legs. The firm grip made sure Peter did not leave Diana’s center at any moment of time, not that Peter wanted to leave anyway.
Diana grabbed Peter’s head and forced him down into her chest. Which Peter took advantage of by sucking Diana’s breasts. The continued moans made Diana rock up and down, tensing and releasing Peter, working his love organ several times over.

“You can finish at any time,” Diana said. “Don’t pull out, I want to feel you all.”

Oh, Peter could just explode, and Diana was not doing anything to help his self control. Warm snug walls wrapped around Peter, squeezing. Diana pressed down onto him, with Peter gazing from Diana’s breasts ever so briefly. At least until the point where Diana put Peter’s head back into her bosom.

Two amazing people sought each other out, as nature intended.

Finally, it became too much for them both to bare. Diana’s climax came first. A tensing and releasing of Diana’s pussy around Peter set the motion for what was to come. First, Peter’s muscles tensed up, and then it was all downhill from there.

Peter erupted, about as subtle as a firehose as he coated Diana’s inside with a thick and very juicy gift. Diana praised her lover’s bounty, slapping down onto him.

This should never end, Diana was sure it would never end. Diana kissed Peter heavily, while squeezing him.

“Don’t want to waste a drop,” Diana purred in Peter’s ear.

Another squeeze and Peter had been worked up to the brim. Not complaining about it at all, just making an oversation.

Diana allowed Peter to drain himself down to the very last drop. The well endowed young man gifted Diana with two more orgasms before he finished up completely.

The dust settled, with Peter falling back onto the desk. Diana remained straddled on him, basking in the afterglow before the Amazon rolled away and then rolled back on top.

She rested on Peter, humming in distinct pleasure. Peter pushed a hand down on the back of Diana’s head, stroking her hair. Diana answered his ball by stroking his abs, hand daringly dipping a bit lower a few more strokes.

“Still have time before the lockdown ends,” Peter told her.

The two kissed each other and waited out the lockdown, with Peter now flipping Diana over. Her back pressed against the table, with Peter climbing into position.

Who said people should not mix business with pleasure? And it was Diana’s business to make sure that Peter felt a lot of pleasure.

Peter pushed inside, and more fun was on the way, long after the lockdown let up.

End.
Some Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive Smut featuring Angelica Jones/Firestar and Emma Frost getting sticky with our web slinger: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/04/hands-on-educationsticky-situation-blog.html

Getting Some Tail(Doreen Green/Squirrel Girl)

Somehow, fighting some heavy hitters like Thanos or Doctor Doom paled in comparison to helping Spider-Man take down a symbiotic infection over the city. Having one city, one cult, underneath the power of Carnage, well it caused Doreen Green to shudder just a tiny bit. That got had some issues, serious issues, and one could argue that Cleatus corrupted the symbiote, more so than the symbiote corrupted him.

Regardless, Doreen Green, better known as Squirrel Girl, sat in the medical lobby of Avengers tower. She dressed in a pair of tight yellow pants and a tight top as well. Doreen brushed a finger nervously through her auburn hair when it twitched.

“Good work out there.”

Doreen smiled when Spider-Man turned up.

“Carnage….do you think we’ve seen the last of him?” Doreen asked.

“Well, I think that he’ll be out of commission,” Spider-Man said. “Your little friends made sure that he would…he would be out for the count.”

Doreen’s lips twitched in fond remembrance of the incident. Yeah, that was certainly something, wasn’t it? Doreen pressed her fingers against the palm of her hand.

“Happy to help out a fellow hero,” Doreen said.

“Oh, the honor is all mine,” Spider-Man said with a smile. “Among some, you’re the Chuck Norris of superheroes.”

“Come on, I’m not that bad ass,” Doreen said, flushing.

Still, she could find herself a bit flummoxed sometimes. Doreen could not explain exactly how she won some of those more dangerous battles. She supposed that it was due to sheer determination, villains overlooking her, or maybe some higher entity took a liking to her. Regardless, Doreen rose up and Spider-Man put a hand down onto her face, stroking Doreen’s cheek lightly.

“I want to thank you for all you’ve done,” Spider-Man replied.

The handsome hero before her caused Doreen’s breath to escalate and palms to sweat. She tried to say that it did not matter, but such accolades from Spider-Man mattered. Doreen could feel something, a rush of warmth through her body the second Spider-Man closed it and planted his lips upon hers.
Needless to say, Doreen’s mind almost shut down from what happened next.

A kiss, a kiss from Spider-Man, Doreen closes her eyes and tries to reconcile with the fact this is not a dream at the slightest. The web slinger’s skilled and experienced hands worked their way over Doreen’s body and drove her completely breathless.

‘This really is happening,’ Doreen thought to herself giddily.

Spider-Man touched Doreen all over and made her breath in. Touches over the bare part of her skin, touches over the clothed part, everything just drove Doreen with a smile. Spider-Man reached down and cupped the flesh on the back of her leg.

All Doreen could do was deepen the kiss and hope she did not slobber all over the more experienced hero, because that would be extremely embarrassing to say the least.

Something pressing against Doreen’s right thigh made her cheek go red. She pulled away and observed the tent growing in Spider-Man’s pants. Doreen lightly cupped it, a smile spreading over her face.

“Is that for me?” Doreen asked him.

“If you want it to be,” Spider-Man said.

Stupid question, as Doreen lightly pressed against Spider-Man’s huge bulge. Oh, she heard whispers about it, but Doreen never dreamed to be actually touching it.

Doreen smiled, gaining a bit more confidence, and bold request.

“Can I see it?”

Spider-Man smiled and nodded. This allowed Doreen to pull down Spider-Man’s pants and expose him to the world. What Doreen laid eyes on, blew the woman away, and almost made her breath in pleasure.

Twelve inches, just everything Doreen ever imagined and so much more. Doreen decided to touch it, running a finger down Spider-Man’s manhood. The organ twitched in Doreen’s hand, causing her to smile. Doreen closed her eyes, rubbing it up and down.

The more Doreen played with Spider-Man’s throbbing pole, the more confidence the woman gained. The more Doreen wanted to play with it. Doreen cupped his balls while stroking his manhood. They weighed so heavy in her hand, that Doreen wondered the treasures they might hold. She pumped away at Spider-Man.

Doreen’s soft fingers did a good job in stimulating all of the nerve endings of his manhood. Spider-Man eyed her.

“Doreen, you’re going to make me…."

In a trance, Doreen pumped Spider-Man a little bit faster. She wanted to see, she wanted to feel, Doreen just wanted, wanted to see what would happen. The thought of Spider-Man exploding in her hand made Doreen’s nipples erect.
Spider-Man thrust forward, fucking Doreen’s hand for lack of a better term. Doreen smiled and sped up the handjob until Spider-Man’s muscles grew even tighter.

“Oh, Spidey, I think you’re about to shoot your webbing,” she said.

A squeeze and Peter spurted out all over Doreen’s hand. Some of Spider-Man’s essence rocketed out and hit Doreen on the stomach and splattered all over her top as well.

Doreen smeared the cum on her face, like a really sexy version of war paint.

“Looks like some of it got on your clothes,” Spider-Man said.

Not once taking a hand off of Spider-Man’s half flaccid penis, Doreen smiled. She decided to take the plunge, pulling her shirt off to reveal a pair of perky B-Cup breasts. She was in good shape, although perhaps a bit less defined than some of the more famous females in the Avengers, like Black Widow or Captain Marvel.

Perhaps too high of a standard to hold herself too, admittedly speaking.

Doreen slipped off her clothes, nervously smiling when showing Spider-Man her body. Yet, her tight body, perky breasts, nice cute little ass, with a bushy tail swaying back and forth, tight pussy, and pretty thick legs exposed themselves to Spider-Man.

“You’re beautiful,” Spider-Man said. “Come here and we can have some fun.”

Obviously, Doreen’s own standards shot too high when comparing to some of the more experienced women Spider-Man ran around with. Still, she took Spider-Man’s hand so he could march them across the room to the bed.

Doreen’s eyes fluttered shut, uncertain of what would happen next. The only thing she knew was it excited her. Spider-Man leaned down and kissed Doreen. Then, Spider-Man started to move from her lips towards Doreen’s neck, and then it was off to the races.

Oh, so good, Spider-Man was so good, kissing away at Doreen like this. She could feel flushed with what Spider-Man was doing to her. Every touch, every movement, those warm lips just made Doreen squirm.

Spider-Man’s kisses covered Doreen’s body. He learned all of the hot spots which made Doreen breath out. Closer, and closer, Spider-Man got. Sensing the woman’s arousal, Peter Parker could just smile, with how he edged closer to Doreen’s wet pussy.

“Ooooh!”

The tip of Spider-Man’s nose touched her warm slit and made Doreen throw her hips up completely. Spider-Man lapped her up, tongue turning inside. Doreen pressed a hand on the back of Spider-Man’s head, and pushed him down, to have Spider-Man do what he did best.

And boy, did Spider-Man really go to town when he wanted to.

Now, Spider-Man ate Doreen out. Really, eating her out, the tongue licked the outer lips, nibbling on them, and then diving inside, going for the deep and sweet taste. Spider-Man closed his eyes, and
savored Doreen, slurping on the woman’s tasty pussy, everything bringing a hunger for Spider-Man.

The sweet taste of the young woman was nothing like Spider-Man expected, but that was not a bad thing. It was an extremely good thing, and now Doreen’s tail wrapped around him, in an attempt to push Spider-Man closer. The web slinger did not break any momentum.

Spider-Man dove all in, munching Doreen’s sweet pussy. Squirrel Girl moaned underneath Spider-Man from each lick.

Then something happened which surprised Spider-Man and also surprised Doreen because of her daring.

For a second, Doreen’s bushy tail stroked Peter’s balls. Spider-Man groaned at the added stimulation, and finished Doreen off, making Doreen hit the peak.

Doreen launched wet juices all over Spider-Man’s face. Spider-Man climbed all over Doreen and pressed the woman down onto the bed.

“Ready to go?” Spider-Man asked.

The encouragement caused Doreen’s thighs to part, so wet, and so ready for him. Spider-Man pressed his erection against her stomach and eased closer, closer. Doreen burned up in excitement, wanting Spider-Man inside of her body, wanting the web slinger to stuff her pussy deep and hard with his big throbbing cock.

The two met, everything before this lead up to this one moment. Spider-Man moved closer towards her and prepared to take the plunge.

Everything stopped, with Doreen hooking her legs around Spider-Man. The two were about to meet, in the oldest way that nature intended.

Then, Spider-Man broke through, shoving into Doreen’s tight pussy.

Doreen’s emotions went haywire with Spider-Man pushing as far into the woman as possible. Spider-Man ran a finger up Doreen’s leg and pushed deep into her hard. Doreen closed her eyes, and breathed in. Spider-Man adjusted to the snugness of Squirrel Girl’s twat with a few more hard thrusts.

“That’s so tight,” Spider-Man groaned.

Oh, the tightness was not going to be that tight for long, if Spider-Man kept using that monster invader on her. Spider-Man thrusted away harder and harder. Touching her body, until Doreen’s body crept up to the point of no return and the point of extremely heavy release.

The release spiked Doreen’s mind with so much happy emotions. She clasped onto Spider-Man tightly and drove down into Doreen, making her scream for more.

After a brief pause, Spider-Man shifted position. He spread Doreen’s legs and lifted them high up. Spider-Man’s fingers danced down onto them, and sent her just breathing into pleasure.

Peter propped Doreen’s legs up high and stuffed deep inside with multiple thrusts. Each thrust buried Spider-Man deeper into Squirrel Girl’s tight pussy, the loud sounds of Spider-Man’s thick testicles
cracking down onto her. Up and down, several times until Spider-Man neared the edge.

Spider-Man hit the edge and held it, making sure not to pop. Doreen’s snug walls cranking him made it extremely difficult to really hold back right about now.

Slowly, Spider-Man eased himself, keeping control of himself. Doreen looked up at him.

“Please pull out, I… I wasn’t ready,” Doreen said.

Spider-Man’s balls tightened just as he pulled out of Doreen.

The second Spider-Man pulled out, Doreen felt bad for making the request. Regardless, Spider-Man yanked his pole through the last few moments, jerking off all over Doreen and splashing some cum onto her stomach. The warmth just sizzled through Doreen’s body the second Spider-Man left a thick and healthy deposit all over her flat stomach.

Still, the amount of cum Spider-Man left on Doreen’s stomach caused something to stir deep inside of her. Doreen felt up the gourmet meal left on her stomach and then thought about what to do.

Casually, Doreen scooped up the seed and ate it. All while locking eyes with Spider-Man and then staring straight at his manhood which was getting more engorged by the moment. Oh, Doreen wanted some of that, she wanted all of that.

Doreen finished her meal and smiled. Spider-Man back to full length and she could not have been more pleased with that.

“Mmm, ready for more?”

Spider-Man nodded and Squirrel Girl smiled, before sucking her fingers dry.

Doreen rolled over onto her front, pussy dripping wet, and tail sticking into the air. The cute young heroine could not have done more than to present herself. Spider-Man grabbed onto her tail, something that Doreen would normally scream and cry bloody murder out.

She did not mind it, when Spider-Man did it. Because, Spider-Man touched it very nicely, making Doreen squirm and squirt almost all over the bed. Oh, this was perfect, the ways he touched her.

Those fingers touched all of the right places to make heat rise from Doreen’s tight body. Spider-Man stuffed deep into her wet hole, pushing deep into her. While holding onto Squirrel Girl’s tail, Spider-Man thrusted away, balls slapping down onto her wet thighs.

Squirrel Girl moaned extremely loudly, being stuffed by a thick prick that kept lining up and smashing into her wet pussy from behind.

Spider-Man lined up and stuffed Squirrel Girl’s pussy once again, enjoying the heat of her bare walls clamping down onto his tool. Oh, the soft feeling of her walls closing it, it was beyond great.

“This time, you don’t have to pull out,” Squirrel Girl said. “Unless you want to.”

“Are you… sure about that?” Spider-Man grunted.

Yes, Doreen was certain what she wanted. Exactly what Spider-Man would do, remained a mystery,
although now Doreen wanted his seed, completely.

Squirrels and spiders, who knew they could be such a fascinating combination. That was the last coherent thought Doreen had before her mind took a one way trip to O-Town.

End.
Always in the mood to kick some ass, Domino jumped on the chance to team up with Spider-Man to take down some traffickers who were harvesting mutant organs. They freed some innocent people, mostly children. Given how hard of a time that mutants had under normal circumstances, they really did not need assholes like that.

Regardless, Neena Thurman found it liberating to kick some of those people hard, and it was a good feeling. A very good feeling, and she felt the rush that went along with it.

After the fact, she and Spider-Man met back at a motel room which they had been using in the mission. Domino did not have a chance to change out of her tight black leather and Spider-Man showed up in that dark suit, which caused Domino to break out into a smile.

“I must say...the suit really suits you,” Domino comments with a smile.

“Thanks, yours doesn’t look too bad on you,” Spider-Man said. “So, thank you for your help,”

“Oh, it wasn’t a problem, it was very rewarding to punch out those smug as hell bastards,” Domino said. “We should really do it again sometime.”

“We really should,” Spider-Man said. “But, I could not help but notice you checking me out in the suit.”

Domino did not say anything, she just put a hand on Spider-Man’s shoulder. A view of her cleavage was extremely obvious from this position and there was not a man who would turn down a glimpse of it, never mind any kind of Spider-Man.

“Oh, I couldn’t help myself,” Domino said after a minute. “And I can’t help myself from doing this either?”

Throwing all diplomacy and tact out of the door, Domino moved in for a kiss. The bottom half of Spider-Man’s mask retracted. So, the suit was alive. Not that Domino was shy about threesomes. Regardless, they smashed lips and praised a rousing game of tonsil hockey.

Domino pressed her nails down onto Spider-Man’s bicep and stroked it. Oh, Domino could stroke those biceps, all day and all night. She moaned, sighed, and hungered, nibbling on Spider-Man’s jaw for a minute and then going onto those arms, and just stroking him.

He was hot as hell and Domino felt his body underneath the suit.

“Having fun?”

Some Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive Smut featuring Angelica Jones/Firestar and Emma Frost getting sticky with our web slinger: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/04/hands-on-educationsticky-situation-blog.html
That sexy black suit, oh Neena longed to touch Spider-Man in it for days. Yes, Domino had fun, she had loads of fun, more fun than anyone could ever dream of. Domino touched Spider-Man all over, moving down to cup him through the suit and then retracting her fingers, softly pressing up against him.

“My mouth is not the only thing this suit exposes to a pretty lady,” Spider-Man told her.

The suit offered Neena easy access to a part of Spider-Man which blew her mind. The already ready erection popped out. Domino could do no more than stare upon it at awe. The hand wrapped tightly around and tugged on Spider-Man’s manhood. She felt every single pulsing vein, with Domino’s lips moistening from the touch.

Who knew that hero was packing such a nice gun? So very nice, Domino could not resist playing with the tool and allowing it to pulse in her hand.

“I have to have that,” Domino said.

“Help yourself.”

Neena dropped to her knees in front of Spider-Man and prepared to worship her new god. Spider-Man placed a hand on the back of Neena’s slicky black hair. She slowly lowered down onto him, taking Spider-Man’s engorged pole into her mouth.

Oh, every inch stretched the back of her throat. Neena stared up at Spider-Man, without any fear, grabbing onto the back of ass, and squeezing it extremely hard. The moan followed with Neena going back in, licking Spider-Man all over his big, engorged cock.

She slobbered all over Spider-Man’s aching pole, eyes widened, and Neena bobbed back and forth. She really went to work on him.

“I always thought you were such a sexy slut,” Spider-Man said.

Then again, mutant ladies gave some of the best head.

The aggressive and slowly dick sucking really riled up Spider-Man. Spider-Man ran his hands down, with Domino making her mark on him. The mutant’s sexy face pressing against his pelvis caused a flare to spread through Spider-Man’s body.

He tightened the grip around Domino, rocking back, and stuffing her throat completely full of cock. So much cock that Domino could barely stand it being rammed down her throat. Yet, she held on for the ride, squeezing Spider-Man’s ass.

Spider-Man grabbed the back of Domino’s head and kept aggressively face-fucking her. It was going to be a short and intense ride at the rate he was going, but Domino did not care. All she wanted and all she longed for was Spider-Man to blow his load deep inside of her mouth.

Neena needed to taste Spider-Man. Wanted to taste Spider-Man, Neena wanted and needed this more than life itself.

“Ready.”
An explosion filled her mouth full of bursting seed. Neena guzzled down Spider-Man’s thick seed like an alcoholic drinking down a beer. Her fingers cupped him hard and milked his throbbing balls, releasing and squeezing them on a constant basis from the filling of her mouth.

The minute Spider-Man finished inside of Neena’s mouth, he pulled the woman up. The suit offered many gifts and one was thick, pulsing tentacles that latched onto her. Neena’s eyes shot open, and she moaned in delight. Spider-Man ripping at her suit sent chills and thrills down her spine.

Spider-Man tore Neena’s suit open at the crotch and roughly attacked her pussy. The tentacles stroked Neena’s wet lips, with Spider-Man’s hands moving, squeezing her pale flesh from underneath the suit. Domino broke out into a soft cry.

“Oh, fuck yes!” Domino howled as her suit came open and breasts spilled out.

Oh, if Domino loved anything, it was a man who knew how to handle a woman. Spider-Man handled her, handled her so well. The suit pressed over Domino’s body, working the woman over. Oh, Domino dripped just with lust the more times Spider-Man squeezed her. His flesh had been bared, that cock now hard once again.

Said hard cock rubbed against Domino’s leg and made her break out into a soft breath. Peter pressed hands on her tits and squeezed them.

“Love how soft these are,” Spider-Man growled. “Tits like this are meant to be squeezed.”

“Yes, they are,” Domino agreed. “You know...what you’re doing...so you don’t need for me to tell you anything.”

Spider-Man’s pushed against every inch of Domino’s body with the extensions of his suit, sending a flare of lust through the woman. Her loins fired off like a geyser. However, despite this, Spider-Man pulled back to prevent Domino from truly cumming.

He did leave the woman slumped against the wall, breathing in heavily. Wanton and wanting more, Spider-Man scooped Domino up to a standing position. Domino knew precisely what she was getting herself into, the minute she face off against the web slinger.

“Ohoh, yes,” Domino purred. “Give it all to me, baby.”

Domino pressed against the wall, hands pressed in, ass sticking out. Spider Man slapped against her ass and ground up against her, teasing Domino.

She was so fit to drip, it was almost insane. Spider-Man knew precisely what buttons to push. He knew exactly how long to rile her up and Domino did not think that she would hold out for much longer. Spider-Man hung onto her from behind and kissed down the back of her neck.

The second Domino had been riled up, Spider-Man lined up for her and slammed deep into her tight pussy from behind. Every inch of his thick pole pushed into her, driving deep into Domino’s body. The momentum got even faster from Spider-Man rocking back inside of her.

“Such a nice pussy,” Spider-Man groaned. “And you’re so fucking wet...you’ve been lusting after my cock all day.”

“YES! YES! Fuck me baby!”
Oh, that was so fucking good, that Domino almost could have screamed out in pleasure. The black suited Spider-Man and how he indulged in all of her kinks, it riled Domino up something fierce. Those fingers pressed against Domino from behind and made her cry out in pleasure when stuffing her.

Spider-Man groped every inch of Domino, the suit extending his reach. The woman’s nipples squeezed tight and juices flowed all over. Oh, Spider-Man enjoyed the feeling of her warm honey coating every last inch of his throbbing manhood.

A slap on Domino’s ass made Spider-Man smile. This woman was sexually adventurous, and Spider-Man would like to go on an adventure with her, all day and all night long.

The slut loved Spider-Manspanking her tight ass, so he continued to do so. Every three or four thrusts, Spider-Man tagged her tight ass with a slap. The pale flesh jiggled and added an enticing thing.

“Oh, you’re splitting me in half so good!” Domino howled.

“You’ve felt nothing yet,” Spider-Man groaned when picking up the pace.

Spider-Man pumped deeper into Domino, increasing lust burning through him. The cries of the woman, the calling of her lustful body, made Spider-Man just hammer into her as hard as possible. He kept working Domino, making her cry out in so much pleasure when driving her into the wall. Spider-Man thrust deep inside of her body.

The deadly, but beautiful mutant clamped down harder. Which only served to entice Spider-Man to let his tentacles run wild over her luscious body, sending Neena into fits of intense pleasure.

Domino pushed against the wall hard, with Spider-Man pinning her down with the suit. Thrusting deep inside of her, making Domino cry out in passionate lust. Spider-Man knew exactly how to push all of the right buttons, while stuffing Domino completely full.

“OOOH!”

Spider-Man banged away at Domino like he owned her pussy. The aching of Spider-Man’s loins increased, the faster that he drove into her. He could feel it, the rush of energy spreading. The call to release his load into Domino, causing her to squeeze down onto him.

There was no way to stop the inevitable, with Spider-Man shoving deep into Domino, His balls flared up it was now time. Spider-Man clutched onto Domino to enjoy her luscious body, or more likely her booty, one more time before driving deep into her.

A flood of seed spilled into Domino’s pussy from behind. She tightened and released Spider-Man, fully aware of what his hands were doing.

Spider-Man pulled away, the wild tendrils on his suit lubricating Domino’s ass, and making it open for intrusion. Moisture made Domino’s ass shined.

“Oh, you’re going to fuck me in the ass?” Domino asked.

“Yes.”
“I want you too, I really what you too,” Domino said.

Spider-Man just smiled, well Neena wanting him to would make this a lot easier. However, the suit fueled Spider-Man’s desire to take her anally. And after watching her ass in tight leather all day, Spider-Man knew that this could only end in one way.

Prepped and ready, Spider-Man shoved his cock into Domino anally. The lubrication allowed Spider-Man to go in deep on her, shoving constantly into her tight anus. He filled her up and then pulled almost all the way out, before jamming deep into her.

“Son of a bitch, that feels so good!” Domino cried. “Oh, you know how to use a cock to make me feel so good!”

Oh, the web slinger knew precisely all of the right buttons to push, to drive Domino absolutely mad. Spider-Man poured it on, slapping down onto Domino. His swinging balls connected to Domino’s thighs from behind, slapping down onto her.

He turned Domino around and lifted her up. The two came eye to eye, when Spider-Man buried himself into Domino’s ass. It was so sexy to watch the enjoyment of his lover’s eyes. Spider-Man could fuck Domino like this all day long.

The sexy woman bouncing on his cock sent Spider-Man over the edge, a warm feeling rushing through his loins when he sped up. Domino appeared to challenge him to keep his cum at bay, and admittedly, this nice warm ass was a tight one to break. Spider-Man shoved himself into her tight anus, repeatedly ramming into her from beneath.

Domino could take his cock in her ass all day. The tentacles rolled down her body, and started to attack other paths of entry in Domino’s body. Not that she minded, oh no, Neena Thurman embraced the kinky and the sexually debauched.

A tentacle shoved down her throat, and one in her pussy, with more grabbing Domino’s lips sent her body into a high state of simulation. Drool and cum fired out of her, with Domino shaking all over. Spider-Man held back just long enough for her orgasm to ride on through.

All good things came to an end. And this was a very good thing.

The minute Domino came, Spider-Man finished rocking her up and down on his tool. Spider-Man planted so deep into Domino’s ass, before his balls tightened and the end of the road hit, hit Spider-Man extremely hard.

Spider-Man’s ultimate release in Domino’s ass thrilled him. Several jets of white hot seed rocketed, and emptied, with Domino’s pulsing cheeks doing a very amazing job in busting deep into her.

Not removing a hand from his ass reminded Domino who owned it. Spider-Man owned her ass and took it all night long.

The two finished off and Spider-Man released Domino. Domino offered a gasp, hitting the ground. It only ached for a minute because something caught her eye.

The second Domino fell to the ground, the sight of Spider-Man’s penis drove her completely mad. It had hardened, almost by magic.
Domino threw herself in and began to aggressive suck away at her man.

Spider-Man grabbed the back of her head and guided her. She first cleaned her cock, the kinky woman appeared to enjoy the taste of her own anus over his cock.

Domino messily sucked his cock, and encouraged him to continue the fun and games over and over again. Something that Spider-Man could not argue with especially when a lovely lady made such a prolific and amazing argument.

End.
Some Blog Exclusive Smut featuring Shadowcat and Miss Martian. Check it out: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/04/through-floorsticky-situation-blog.html

Early Release(Kara Zor-El/Supergirl)

Today could have been a very rough day for Supergirl. Kara had the latest back and forth with Metallo, and boy, that bastard caused her blood to boil. Had it not been for the timely intervention of a handsome photographer, then Kara would not be standing here recounting the days events.

“And what did you say your name was?” Kara asked.

“Peter….Peter Parker,” Peter said.

“Oh, you’re the photographer that takes pictures of Spider-Man,” Kara said. “I really love your work.”

“It’s nothing special, just trying to pay the bills,” Peter said.

“Oh, I disagree, you have a talent,” Kara said. “Many good talents, given that you helped me take care of Metallo.”

Peter nodded, the tear in Kara’s top showed a hint of her cleavage. And also her tight stomach muscles rippled, giving Peter a momentary distraction. No matter how many times he breathed in, Peter Parker could not help and feel captivated at Supergirl. One of the most beautiful women in the world and it was hard to believe she was only a teenager.

“Well, you saved my life,” Kara said. “And that deserves a reward...and I think that you’re pretty cute.”

“You think I’m cute?” Peter asked.

“Mmm, hmm,” Kara said. “And you don’t know how hard it is to meet men who I’m not beating up or are not utter jerks...so, have you ever thought about having some fun with a superheroine?”

Oh, one could say Peter Parker was a heroine addict, but that was another story for another time. Kara crossed the room and took Peter into her arms, before leaning in and kissing him on the lips. The Girl of Steel kissed the young man as hard as she dared. And to be fair, Peter really leaned into the kiss, surprising Kara with how much and how hard he kissed her.

A real kiss caused Kara to pull back with a smile, after she felt something grow in Peter’s pants. Kara ran a hand down onto him.

First, Supergirl kissed Peter, and now Supergirl felt him up. Oh, he was lying with a concussion after the Juggernaut threw him through a wall again, of course. Nothing like this could really be happening, oh she squeezed him gently, but firmly.
“Don’t worry, I’m eighteen,” Kara said.

“Same here,” Peter said.

“Mmm, I know, I saw your ID,” Kara said. “How about we have some fun and get to know each other really well...stud.”

Calling him a stud caused Peter to harden in his pants. Kara swooped down and rubbed him. Oh, her soft fingers moving against him were almost too much for Peter to bare.

Kara flashed a smile at the handsome photographer and started to unbuckle his pants. Seeing the outline of this nice piece of meat against his pants was one thing. Seeing it stick out through them and into Kara’s hands, it was another thing entirely.

“You have a very nice penis,” Kara said. “Peter’s an appropriate name.”

The soft cooing continued when she tugged at Peter’s manhood. Kara tightened her grip around it and yanked it in hard. The soft squeeze followed with the Girl of Steel slowly, but swiftly, jerking Peter’s peter off. The young man groaned at the softness and the strength her hand gave.

Peter Parker could not believe his good fortune with what was happening to him. Then, Peter got something much more amazing and spectacular than a handjob.

Namely, Supergirl dropping to her knees before him and sucking his cock. Oh, her face pressed against Peter’s pelvis and made him groan. Peter leaned in and touched the back of her head.

“That feels amazing.”

The loud and hungry sucks followed, with Peter easing his hands back against the back of the head of the Girl of Steel. Peter enjoyed the soft lips and her powerful throat. Supergirl took him in with a force of a vacuum cleaner, sucking on him hard. Peter did not deny that it was the best feeling, to have her going up and down on him, lavishing his pole with so much love.

It took several minutes before Peter adjusted his hands on the back of her head and went to town on her mouth. Supergirl moaned, as the young man pushed deeper, and fucked her throat. The two made eye contact and Kara looking him right in the eye while she sucked Peter off made the young man fit to explode.

Peter leaned in, thrusting harder and harder, almost trying to ram deep into her. The warmth of her mouth closed around Peter and released him with a loud, succulent pop which rattled his entire world. Peter slid deep into Kara’s throat and stuffed her completely.

Exploding in the mouth of the sexy woman happened sooner rather than later. Peter lost all control and fired, wrapping his fingers tightly against Kara’s hair and pumping inside. It did not take too long for Peter almost collapse.

Supergirl milked Peter’s swollen balls to make sure every single last drop came out of him. The bubbly blonde pulled away with a loud pop and an extremely loud slurp.

Kara stuck out her tongue to show her hunky love the seed on it. Peter’s eyes darkened several shades of lust when Kara swallowed the cum. She tilted her head back and moaned, savoring the taste. Nipples stuck out, with Peter almost hypnotized.
It did not take too long for Peter to rise back to prominence, despite Supergirl sucking him long and hard. Oh, he wanted more, needed more, and would have so much more.

Then, Supergirl hiked up her skirt and showed Peter the lacy black panties underneath it. She leaned back against the table, legs spread.

“Come here, honey,” Supergirl said. “Mmmm, I can’t wait to feel what you can do to make a girl really wet. Kiss me through my panties.”

The web slinger did more than kiss Supergirl through her panties. Peter yanked them off to one side and went down on her, devouring the Girl of Steel’s womanhood. Oh, Supergirl screamed for the heavens, when Peter went down on her.

He could really eat pussy and make Kara feel it. Kara’s eyes closed, those strong fingers massaging her inner thighs while Peter ate out the center. Kara rolled up her shirt and toyed with the underside of her breasts with each deep and long swipe inside of her.

Today turned out to be far better than anything Kara expected going in. Peter’s handsome face disappeared into her core and now devoured her like an inmate on death row. Both munching on and at the same time, savoring the last meal.

Kara lost herself in fits of pleasure at the amazing tongue of this handsome photographer. He really knew how to make a girl feel her best. Kara stroked his brunette hair and cooed, hoping that the handsome young man would get the hint.

“How badly do you want me?”

“You can feel me throbbing,” Peter said. “You tell me.”
A slow, swift tease of his length, all while rubbing it against her pussy lips, made Kara just smile. It teased her just as much as it teased Peter. The handsome photographer was going to get his reward, and Kara was going to have so much fun.

Given how thick and hard he was, Kara reminded herself to take extra care not to break this beautiful cock when climbing upon it.

Kara climbed onto Peter’s throbbing manhood and sank down onto him. The warmth of her pussy rubbed up and down Peter’s length, stretching her all over. Kara bit down on her lip, moaning hungrily when rising and dropping down onto him.

“That’s what I need from you, Peter!” Kara cried out in thinly disguised lust.

The woman continued to cry out in pleasure when bouncing up and down on Peter. All while slapping her ass with every few drops, which did wonders in riling up her lover. Hell, it riled up Kara just as much.

“Damn that’s so hot.”

Never in his wildest dreams did Peter imagine Supergirl riding him reverse cowgirl style. Yet, here she rode the handsome man. Peter went with this, despite it being a concussion induced fever dream.

If he would wake up to Deadpool giving him mouth to mouth again while the crazy Merc babbled on about how this one was for the fangirls, Spider-Man would be upset. Right now though, he held on for the ride, wondering how close the sexy woman riding him was.

Not hard to tell when the Girl of Steel came, due to how loud and vocal she was upon the orgasm. The tightening of those inner muscles pressed onto Peter and made him groan. Each drop sent Kara’s juices onto him.

Kara pulled away for a second, smiling, with her pussy dripping. Peter eyed her and knew that they were going to be closer than ever before.

Peter sat up, and Kara pulled him into a heated embrace. The two made out with each other and touched their bodies. Nothing like the friction of two beautiful lovers, about ready to indulge themselves in what was going to come.

Kara’s arms tightened around Peter’s neck, squeezing him as hard as she could dare before sinking down. The wetness pushed down onto him, and filled up Kara as well. The two enjoyed getting into the tempo.

Peter’s hands traveled over her body, touching Kara, who was still half in her damaged Supergirl attire. Not that Peter particularly minded this fact because it just added to the fantasy scenario come to life. Peter grabbed onto Kara’s chest which almost spilled out of her damaged top.

Maybe not to Power Girl levels, but give her five years or so.

What started as simple teasing ended up being an encounter that blew Kara’s mind. She intended to give him a thank you blowjob at most, but now Kara rode Peter’s big pulsing organ and loved every single moment of it. And he did not deflate with two pumps, which made Kara excited.

Not that she was a size queen by any means, but the size of Peter pleased her. Or rather, it was what
“You love fucking my nice tight pussy, don’t you?” Kara asked. “Because, I love it too….I love when you do that...when you touch me...I want you to keep touching me.”

The strength in which Peter took her body surprised Kara. Oh, the hands just moving over Kara’s body, pleasuring her all ways. The kisses covered her neck and the bare part of her right shoulder. All while Peter drove deep into her, and made her clench down hard during the ride.

Oh, Kara closed her eyes and opened her mind to so many more pleasures. This encounter with the handsome young man exceeded her wildest expectations.

The found each other’s lips again, fingers dancing. Kara’s moving through Peter’s brown hair, and Peter tugging on Kara’s blonde locks to deepen the kiss. Their bodies shifted in perfect harmony.

Oh, Peter could be in the arms of this lovely woman all day long. Every inch of her, felt like pure silky heaven underneath his hands. And then, there was the rate which Kara pumped him inside of her.

The intense makeout session increased to add to the friction the two lustful partners were feeling. Both always tingled on the edge of cumming. Kara leaned in and closed her eyes.

“Getting closer, are we?” Kara asked. “This is really exciting.”

“It sure is,” Peter groaned.

Kara bounced up and down, squeezing Peter tight and releasing his love muscle. Despite that, despite her attempts to drain Peter inside of her, Kara really was going to the edge.

Sensing her incoming explosion, Peter pressed his hand on the small of Kara’s back and kissed up to her, before whispering in her ear.

“Gentlemen let ladies finish first,” Peter said. “So cum for me, Supergirl.”

Oh, she came very hard, and Peter slammed into her. They met each other with extremely powerful thrusts, which continued to rippled through their bodies. Peter increased the intensity of the fingers pushing against her.

Then, Kara’s top tore open in Peter’s hands. Peter clutched her sunkissed breasts and began to milk them. Sticking to them extremely hard and fondling them to make Kara moan in her ear.

The sticking of Peter’s fingers against her nipples reminded Kara of someone clinging to the wall. Everything dawned on Kara slowly, suddenly, and quite sexily. This made plenty of sense.

Oh, now Kara knew who she was fucking. She pulled away and looked at him with a knowing smile.

“Well, I had a little fantasy of fucking Spider-Man,” Kara said. “And having him shoot his webbing deep inside me...guess it’s going to come true.”

Somehow, Kara knew no normal human could hold onto her like that. And now Peter was no longer holding back, now that she knew. Really slamming into her so fast, that her tight insides clamped
down onto Peter, making her scream.

“Spider-Man, Spider-Man, cum for me like a Spider-Man can,” Kara sang while bouncing on him.

The reveal of Peter’s identity caused him to speed up and blast Kara’s insides with thick, wet juices. He kept driving down onto Kara, injecting his load into her perfect body. All while squeezing her breasts and then moving to cup Kara’s ass.

“Well bless your heart, I had to get that one out of the way.” Peter said.

“Really wish you still had those six arms,” Kara said.

“I hear that one a lot,” Peter said.

The two came with each other, racing to the finish line. Both of them, even though Kara did not know it right away, fulfilled a bit of a fantasy.

Supergirl and Spider-Man fell into a heated embrace after their mutual climax. Glowing in the aftermath, with their bodies moving closer toward. They kissed each other extremely hard, with Kara going in deep with her tongue, molesting Peter’s tonsils.

Not that he minded being tongue-fucked, especially by Supergirl. That just got him excited even more.

Kara pulled away from Peter, a luscious smile on her face.

“Ready to go again.”

As if that was any question, given the state of Peter’s engorged namesake.

Kara turned over, biting her lip when beckoning Peter over for more. Her wiggling ass made Peter wrap his arms around her and sink in balls deep into her.

End.
Spider-Man stepped into the cave and hoped that he would be able to hunt down Samantha before it was too late. Samantha, under the alter-ego of Reign, she and caused a lot of havoc. And put Kara out of commission, but now it was up to Spider-Man, the only hope left.

Granted, he had one secret weapon. Granted, breaking into the DEO vault to reclaim the symbiote might not have been his best idea, but Spider-Man needed something extra. Plus, Spider-Man liked to think that he would have grown a lot.

“You’re a fool coming here.”

That voice, a bit more harsher than normal, came out. Spider-Man had heard this tone used on him, so many times, by so many people. Regardless, wiping a bead of sweat away from his brow, put Spider-Man into position to face her.

“Yes, I’m a fool,” Spider-Man said. “Reign….let her go.”

“She was only an illusion to preserve me until I was ready,” Reign said.

Reign dropped down and Spider-Man whipped around, catching her fist. The two struggled for position, with the suit allowing Spider-Man more even footing on the world killer.

“You can’t even fight me without that,” Reign said. “You have failed people time and time again...you are part of the problem.”

“You really think that slaughtering people in cold blood is justice?” Spider-Man asked.

“The only kind of justice that will stick!” Reign yelled.

Reign pushed Spider-Man off. The last minute, Spider-Man put the breaks on, flipped onto the ground and shot six lines of webbing at Reign. The super strong suit material held Reign as she struggled. Spider-Man pulled Reign into him.

“I will rip that suit off of you and rip you in half,” Reign growled at him.

“No, you won’t.”

Spider-Man did the one thing that Reign did not expect him to do. He kissed her on the lips, which surprised the Worldkiller.

What surprised the Worldkiller even more is that instead of crushing his skull, she put a hand on the back of Spider-Man’s head and kissed him back, eagerly and intimately. Their lips molded together.
in one passionate combination, with Reign closing her hand down onto the back of Spider-Man’s head and sucking his mouth into hers.

The minute Spider-Man touched her intimately is the moment that Reign succumbed to the web slinger. Those hands were all over his body, and something darkened in Spider-Man’s eyes. He moved from Reign’s lips, kissing the side of her neck. Spider-Man cupped Reign’s breasts through her top and she closed her eyes.

Then back to the kiss, one more time, sending Reign over the edge. Spider-Man clutched her ass and Reign moaned into the kiss, with those strong fingers touching her in all of the places that drove Reign nuts. Reign should not be feeling this.

But, Samantha did in the past, and Reign succumbed to the same things she did.

The aggressive kiss continued with the Dark Spider running his hands down the back of Reign. He stirred up so many raw emotions in the woman. Spider-Man pulled away with a pop.

“I have you now.”

Spider-Man laid Reign down onto the stone. Slowly, but surely, Spider-Man stripped Reign bare, and allowed her. One of the women he loved stared back at him, the rage in her eye succumbing. She was not quite Sam just yet, but not quite Reign.

Then, the touching and the kissing followed, Spider-Man’s fingers working their precious magic all over Reign. She broke out into a sigh.

It seemed like an impossibility that she succumbed to someone like this, someone that Reign should easily break. Yet, Spider-Man found Reign’s breaking point, hitting all of the right points. She shifted and stared into the stream of water that fed into the cave.

The reflection in the water showed Reign the face of the mortal shell of Samantha Arias. That feeling shook her, more than any kisses.

Not that Spider-Man let up on Reign. The web slinger kissed the Worldkiller’s breasts, sucking on them, and then biting down on them. He moved lover, kissing the dangerous woman down her body, extremely intimately, brushing against her.

Her weak points were the same as Sam’s. Spider-Man nuzzled up against Reign’s belly button, while using the suit to massage her body.

“You like that, don’t you, babe?” Spider-Man asked her.

Reign should have ripped his head off by calling her that. But, a pool of juices splashed between her legs. Spider-Man teased her, getting progressively lower and progressively closer towards Reign’s wet core. The man’s hot breath against her clit sent Reign.

“You still have a clit, and it still makes you feel good when I do this.”

Two fingers stuck to Reign’s clit and pinched it tight, when he released it. Juices exploded from Reign, her body raising and falling. Reign cupped her aching breasts and rubbed them to get some kind of relief.
Spider-Man smiled and dipped lover between the legs of the lustful brunette. The web slinger moved into position, between Reign’s slick thighs. A smile etched on Spider-Man’s face followed, before he went down on Reign.

Now, Spider-Man reminded Reign of his skillsets, and ones which would make the dangerous woman succumb to him. Namely, a wicked tongue which Spider-Man found more uses for than firing off his one-liners. The wicked tongue sent Reign spiraling closer, to some kind of erotic and intense feeling.

Reign’s emotions went haywire from what Spider-Man did to her. She lightly massaged Spider-Man’s hair, not putting any force.

Then, Reign spurted and Spider-Man sucked the juices from between Reign’s legs. He drank from her, like a fountain giving life bringing juices.

Reign’s rage faded, breaths ragged, and pussy throbbing. It seemed impossible, that Spider-Man made her focus on something other than her objective.

He came up, smiling, and crawling up her body. Reign just let out one ragged breath, the second Spider-Man lowered on top of her. Spider-Man touched Reign completely and made her just quiver underneath. Spider-Man leaned in and kissed several times.

“You want me, don’t you?” Spider-Man asked.

There’s not a question in Reign’s mind that Spider-Man owned her body right now and her mind. The web slinger touched her face, and kisses rained down on Reign. Her lips parted eagerly for Spider-Man’s tongue.

On the contrary, another set of lips parted eagerly for another part of Spider-Man. The suit retracted and Spider-Man’s engorged cock lined up with Reign’s pussy. Reign touched the back of Spider-Man’s head and pushed the web slinger down onto him.

“Show me what you’re truly capable of,” Reign said.

The two joined together, their powerful bodies molding together as one. Spider-Man slid completely and utterly inside of the Worldkiller, stretching her pussy out. Reign closed her eyes and braced for something, braced for a sweet and sexual impact.

The suit went haywire as well, touching Reign in all of the spots she longed to be touched, deserved to be touched. Want and need, hit Reign so completely and utterly it was almost stunning.

The black suit oozing against her legs, wrapping her in tightly made Reign shiver. Spider-Man pumped his way into her, working her body with precision into the stone.

The feelings of the mortal woman towards Peter Parker made it very easy for Reign to succumb to his touch and temptation. Regardless, it was as nature intended. The alpha nature of the web slinger only increased the moment that he put on the black suit and became who he needed to be.

The web slinger pulled out and flipped Reign over. More intimate touches followed, with Spider-Man paying extra attention on Reign’s ass. She could not do anything more that cry out, with the pleasure just accelerating by every moment.
Spider-Man planted deep inside of Reign from behind, her pussy walls expanding just enough to take him, and she took him, deep and hard and fast.

The second Spider-Man pounded her from behind, Reign was completely lost to pleasure she never thought possible. Spider-Man wrapped his arms around her, while the suit took a tour around her body. Spider-Man pulled back just a little bit.

The tip Spider-Man’s manhood pressed against Reign’s wet slit, dancing against her body. Spider-Man rubbed her breasts, sending Reign into fits of pleasure. Breasts, ass, legs, back, pussy, all of them received a good going over by Spider-Man and his extremely talented hands and fingers.

The massaging of the body got Reign riled up instantly. Her inner core practically opened up for Spider-Man to touch and to take. It all belonged to him and Spider-Man knew precisely how to get Reign going.

The second she came, Spider-Man plunged back into her one more time. Sending another fit of pleasure cascading through Reign’s body.

Oh, Reign clutched him, so warm, so wet, so eager to receive Spider-Man’s love.

“This is what we were meant to do,” Spider-Man said. “Face the world together...not destroy it.”

The warmth pressing against him made Spider-Man just more intent in drilling Reign extremely hard. More of the familiar cries that Spider-Man loved broke through Reign. Spider-Man would not be premature in saying that he healed Sam completely, but well Spider-Man knew of a way to break through.

Who said unconventional medicine did not work?

With a little help from the black suit, Spider-Man pulled in Reign tight as possible. All while pleasuring her body, with intense worship. Reign, now on her knees, maneuvered into the perfect position for Spider-Man to push up into her. All while Spider-Man clutched Reign’s breasts and send the Worldkiller into a tizzy.

“Keep touching me!”

Reign let out a passionate cry at the touch. Spider-Man loved to make her scream.

“PETER!” Samantha yelled out. “Oooh, this is...the best!”

The hold Reign had over Samantha Arias broke completely and let the woman out to play, with the man of her dreams pleasuring her in every single way. Oh, how deep he could go and how nicely Peter could touch her.

Samantha, Reign, the lines blurred between the two, succumbing to Peter. Sam’s eyes screwed shut and Spider-Man touched her.

“Welcome back, honey,” Spider-Man said.

“Not quite there...but she’s...as addicted to your touch as I am,” Sam said.

The shock of the orgasm allowed Sam to reclaim control of the body for now. The web slinger
milked Sam’s breasts and caused her to orgasm.

The web slinger dropped Sam to catch her breath. Peter smiled and Sam rolled over onto her back.

“I’m not done yet,” she said. “And she isn’t either.”

The two faced each other for a moment, with Sam laying back, legs spread, and ready to be taken by Spider-Man. And the web slinger obliged, sinking into her.

Sam retained her stronger body with her refreshed mind, which served to be a good thing for Spider-Man. She clutched Spider-Man in tight, moaning intensely at him.

The man of both of their dreams slammed into Sam’s tight pussy. Oh, Sam could just lose herself to him all day. The emotions grew hotter, more intense, and more...vigorously in all of the ways Spider-Man worked her over, stretching her wet pussy completely out.

Spider-Man felt up the lovely young mother, touching her all over. Sam gasped, moaned, and begged for Spider-Man to keep up the lovely assault on her body.

“I think we’ve come to an understanding,” Sam said. “As long as you keep making us both feel so good.”

Absolutely, Reign could agree with Sam, longing to have his body. Longing to touch it, feel it press against her. Sam’s hands wrapped tighter around Spider-Man, taking him as close as humanly possible into her.

Spider-Man edged closer, but stopped. Sam’s eyes flashed open, abject confusion washing over them. She wondered why Spider-Man stopped.

Oh, no, Sam was not going to have that. She pulled Peter in close, legs forming a tight, almost painful grip around Spider-Man’s ass. Spider-Man dropped down and speared deep into Sam from high above.

Sam’s legs wrapped around Spider-Man’s neck to give more force when he pushed down. Oh, this was so hot, Spider-Man touching those lovely legs. The closer he got, the more intense tightening he felt deep into his body. So close, so close.

Those fingers knew how to make Sam feel so good. The brunette’s hair stuck to her face and her eyes and moans were completely loud to the point that it would make a porn star blush. The stone Spider-Man laid them on had been ground down, but Sam could not deny.

“I want you, all of you,” Sam said. “Oh, Peter, please, don’t stop….not when we’re so close!”

Peter and Sam came together, with the lovely women cumming first underneath. Sam’s tightening walls grabbed Spider-Man with an intense force. And Spider-Man had been no stranger to fucking pussies that could crush the cock of a normal human being.

Thankfully, having the strength of a spider did have it’s advantages. One of them was being to hold on until he was ready.

Then Spider-Man sped up for the climax. Stroking Sam’s thighs repeatedly, the band in Spider-Man’s body released and launched a load of seed into her body.
The rippling feeling spreading through Spider-Man’s loins send loads just spilling into Samantha’s super tight pussy. Spider-Man painted the inside of her walls completely white with pleasure. Sam’s lovely face and eyes locked onto his was just purely erotic.

Oh, Sam always drained him down to the very last drop, more so that she had her full power now. The black suit went wild, pleasuring Sam’s body to every inch.

The minute the two pull apart from each other, Sam pulls him back down and slams Spider-Man onto the stone. Sam sunk her nails into Spider-Man’s face and kissed him.

“Oh, I think that we’re going to have a lot of fun together,” Sam said. “And I can kick some serious ass beside my lovers now.”

She still owed Kara an apology, but the time would come later.

Sam and Peter, Reign and Spider-Man, the names did not matter with the electricity coursing through them. The two met together, with Sam riding Peter like a prized race-horse. And to be honest, he was hung like one.

The two would stand strong together and face the world no matter what. Sam thought about the possibilities, and squeezed on Spider-Man. Her murderous urges turned into burning lust. **End.**
In the Sheets(Storm)(4/23/2019 Update 1 of 2)

A Sticky Situation Blog Exclusive Archive Chapter featuring the White Tiger and Shuri.

In the Sheets(Ororo Munroe/Storm)

Nothing beat waking up in bed with an extremely beautiful woman. And one could not deny that Ororo Munroe was one of the most extremely beautiful women Peter knew. Peter felt completely blessed to be in her presence, never mind in a relationship.

Although, Ororo often claimed to be blessed, with the relationship that she had with Peter as well. The web slinger knew precisely all of the right ways to push her bottoms. They laid, wrapped in silken sheets. Ororo turned her attention to Peter, managing to look beautiful first thing in the morning.

Then again, there were very few times where Peter did not see Ororo as anything other than beautiful. She leaned in closer towards Peter and planted a very light, but at the same time, extremely hungry kiss upon his lips. Ororo parted his hair and deepened the kiss several times over, making sure to cover Peter’s lips in hers, with an endless lip upon lip attack.

Oh, Peter knew exactly what Ororo wanted, even without words. He tightened the grip around Ororo. Several kisses followed with Peter moving his way up to Ororo’s ear. Peter nibbled on said ear, knowing that it was an extremely sensitive part on her.

“You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” Peter said.

Peter laid on top of Ororo who responded with a radiant smile. He planted kisses on her body, and made Ororo smile, lightly guiding Peter’s head down her body.

The kisses Peter planted down Ororo’s body made her shudder. This handsome hero most certainly had a way with his mouth, just as much as he had a way with words. And those hands repeatedly worked Ororo over, making her moan even more.

“So talented,” Ororo said.

Ororo and Peter, Storm, and Spider-Man, whatever the name was, their chemistry is there. Peter worshipped Ororo’s body and she loved how he managed to give all parts of her skin equal attention. Although, Ororo longed for Peter to linger at the parts which sent even more chilling electricity through her.

Peter traced patterns down Ororo’s beautiful skin, kissing her hard. Talented man paused at Ororo’s standing nipples, taking one of them into his mouth and sucking down on it hard. The chocolate peak poking into his mouth was delicious.

A light clamp down onto Ororo’s free nipple added to the stimulation. Ororo encouraged Peter to continue. Maybe not through words, but most certainly through body language. It made things so much hotter, and Peter covered her body, going further and further down.
“Lower,” Ororo said.

Oh, the scent of arousal brought Peter to the promised land, which was Ororo’s spreading thighs. He pressed a hand down between those legs, the soft feeling of flesh squishing down against Peter’s palm. Peter could lick his lips the closer he got down.

“I always have to taste you,” Peter said.

The web slinger found his way between Ororo’s legs and started eating her out. And ate her out good, making sure to get all of the sweet pleasure flowing. Ororo grabbed onto the back of Peter’s head, and pushed his face deeper between her hot, molten thighs.

“Peter,” Ororo told him. “Keep doing that.”

Spider-Man’s gifted tongue sent Ororo into fits of endless pleasure. He lapped up the endless honey which spilled from Ororo. The taste intoxicated Peter and made him willing, able, to go down onto her. He leaned in, sucking as many of the juices in as humanly possible

Ororo’s taste drove Peter absolutely nuts. And just made him lick her more vigorously. Ororo’s nails scraped against the back of Peter’s head and she moaned endlessly, from what his tongue was doing to her. It was so

The silky thighs, the tight feeling of Ororo’s ass, and the taste of her pussy made Peter hot. He came up a little bit and squeezed her thighs. And then moved underneath her to cup her ass.

Of course, the visual of Ororo’s bouncing breasts called Peter. And made him throb, throb harder than ever before. Oh, Peter did have to have a piece of that, a huge piece of Ororo’s nice breasts.

Peter dove on top of Ororo and practically devoured her chest with glee. Ororo clutched the back of Peter’s hair and rubbed her fingers down on Peter’s head, with Ororo groaning when Peter managed to take her chest, her heavenly chest, and make it his own, squeezing those succulent globes and sucking on them.

“More, more, they are yours,” Ororo said.

Ororo repeatedly encouraged Peter to go down into her chest. The gifted man knew all of the right ways to touch Ororo and to bring her to a fit. The further that Peter ravished her chest, the more the juices flowed endless. Ororo’s eyes shut.

Then her legs spread to answer the call of Peter’s length rubbing down her leg. Ororo clamped down onto the side of Peter’s head and pushes him further down. Oh, the heat was almost too intense, almost too unbearable. And yet, Ororo wanted Peter inside of her, in every single way possible.

“It’s time for us to join, my love,” Ororo said.

Peter could not hold back. Teasing Ororo had been one thing. However, when her pussy was so willing and ready for him, the scent of it just drawing Peter down closer, he had to do only one thing.

The web slinger spread Ororo’s thighs and sunk down into her. Ororo gobbled him up. Each squeeze of Ororo’s wet pussy sent Peter’s nerve endings. Peter ran a hand down one of her legs. He stroked Ororo’s legs up and down. Something that Peter could do for days.
“Is there any part of you that’s not perfect?” Peter asked with some more kisses down her chest.

A smile spreads over Ororo’s face the faster Peter drills into her. Oh, those balls feel so very heavy slapping down onto her. Ororo could do nothing other than squeeze Peter into her and make him just nice and hot for her. Just like she was hot for him.

The two lovers melded together, heat, pleasurable heat danced over both of their bodies. The loud sounds of fleshy lips releasing a long hard pole and then reclaiming it added to this sizzling encounter.

“You always do a good job at making me feel good,” Ororo said. “Deeper...deeper...oooh...touch me all over!”

Peter did just that, obeying Ororo and making her just lose it completely. Tight fingers rubbed against Ororo’s body, as he answered the call of her.

Ororo tightened her legs around him to encourage Peter’s deep plunges into her. And Peter went in as deep as possible. The rise of Ororo’s incoming orgasm made him just intent to drive down into this perfect woman and make her cum.

Peter slowed down and enjoyed it. Every shift of Ororo’s beautiful, goddess, body made a twitch of his cock. Her rich chocolate skin shined with sweat. Brilliantly white hair, practically platinum blonde, framed Ororo’s face, and made her look stunning.

Those legs wrap around him, making Peter weak in the knees. Just like he is always weak and ready to serve this goddess with a ready and willing cock.

The deep hot plunges drive of the ebony-skinned goddess mad for desire. Peter knew all of the right ways to rile her up and push Ororo’s buttons. Oh, fuck, Ororo thought that she would just lose it all together the more that Peter touched her.

“Oooh, yes!” Ororo shouted at the top of her lungs. “Give me more...give me everything that you have.”

Peter gave her everything, pinching Ororo’s nipples. That made her cry out in endless waves of pleasure, the faster Peter sunk into her perfectly tight body. He pulled out almost and dropped into her, his balls slapping hard against her body.

“Perfect, you’re so perfect,” Ororo managed with a soft, heavenly breath.

“Perfection is right here,” Peter said. “Right beneath me.”

Peter’s fingers cupped Ororo’s tits and pulled them, rubbing them hard. A loud coo of desire followed with Peter stroking and milking Ororo’s tits. They felt so warm and soft in Peter’s hands. He could cup that all day, and kiss it, making her shake.

Ororo clamped down, creaming all over Peter. Her back arched, and body threw into convulsions of endless and physical pleasure.

The hot creaming of this goddess sent spirals of lust all over Peter. She cranked down onto him and moaned all over, trying to drain his seed as well. Something that Ororo craved.
Also, something Peter would not so willingly give up for her and that just made Ororo hotter and more...needy of him. Peter brushed a finger down her leg and rocked her back and forth, riding her orgasm.

Peter pounded Ororo until she is driven completely over the edge with desire. Ororo clamped down onto him, and came, showering his manhood with so much juice. Peter sunk down into her, wrapping his arms around her and pushed deep into her.

The second Ororo finished is when Peter pulled out. Ororo sat up, wrapping her arms around Peter. So much burning desire spread through her eyes.

“Oh, this is a perfect position,” Ororo said.

Ororo climbed onto Peter’s lap and sunk down onto him. Heaven sounded like a pretty adequate word to describe Ororo’s insides. Her bouncing body, breasts swaying and ass jiggling. Peter grabbed said ass and tightened around it, to make Ororo bounce even harder. Her moans continued, with an intense escalation following and Peter twisting her nipples.

Those beautiful breasts bouncing with each plunge drove Peter completely wild. And made him drive into Ororo, while also burying his face into her chest. Ororo lightly nudged the back of his head, allowing Peter to devour her breasts.

“You make me drip when you play with my breasts,” Ororo said, “No other man or woman can touch them...just like you.”

Shuri came the closest, but she was at best second place to Peter. Regardless, she could feel Peter’s hands wrap around her, pushing deep into her. The weight of those testicles rile Ororo up completely.

The depths Peter worked into her tight body made Ororo’s loins flare up. She started to come again, and Peter hung on for the ride.

Again, Ororo came and Peter could not resist her. Peter sped up, to ride Ororo’s orgasm. She bounced up and down, to meet Peter’s strokes. Ororo’s goddess body beckoned and called for Peter.

Then, Ororo pulled away, leaving Peter at the edge of release. Ororo crawled away from Peter, hands pressed firmly on the edge of the bed. The very visual stood Peter up.

“You just know how to make a man run to you,” Peter said.

“Well, it matters that I can make you run to me,” Ororo told him.

Watching Ororo on her hands and knees made Peter weak with desire. Not to mention the throbbing of his cock. The only medicine Peter thought of off hand was Ororo’s tight, wet pussy. Which was something that he rammed into hard from behind.

Peter’s ramming brought Ororo to the edge of the bed. He squeezed Ororo’s ass and then pushed down into her. Those balls ached, and needed a release, and Ororo hoped to bring one.

The beautiful woman bending over encouraged Peter to deepen the thrusts. Peter plowed into Ororo, going balls deep. Every single flare of his body, oh it lit up.
Peter could hardly resist Ororo even in the best circumstances. And now, being this hot and this close to exploding, it sapped Peter’s reserves not to bust a nut inside of Ororo. However, he hung on to enjoy Ororo and enjoy her body.

And the sounds Ororo made indicated that she enjoyed Peter just as much. In more ways than one. Peter’s balls grew heavier when he smashed into her.

“You’re getting close,” Ororo said.

Spider-Man pressed against Ororo’s fleshy ass and drove completely down into her. Bottoming out inside of Ororo, all while feeling her wet pussy close out him, oh, it was the best feeling in the world. Spider-Man felt that rush.

A hell of a storm kicked up outside. Which always happened when Ororo reached a particular high point of arousal. He touched Ororo’s luscious body, and made her cry out in pleasure. Knowing what would happen the minute they reached the end together.

Always a compliment when Peter made a woman so aroused that the weather had been effected.

The two heroes reached their peak together. Peter pushed faster and faster into Ororo, riding her. Oh, his cock was fit to burst, and he could barely hold back.

Peter crammed Ororo’s pussy with deeper plunges then before. Her clencing, orgasmic walls, brought Peter closer and closer to a peak. Then, the pressure in Peter burst and it was time to cum.

The tension in Peter’s balls launched floods of seed into her. Peter emptied his load deep into Ororo, making her practically moan from the endless release.

The second Peter pulled out, he pulled Ororo into his chest. Peter tightened his arms and kissed the African woman’s neck. The afterglow was amazing.

“We can enjoy this moment but I’ll be ready to go again at any time,” Peter said. “You always make a convincing argument, and...well gives me a chance to rise to the occasion whenever.”

Ororo smiled at the confident tone in Peter’s voice. And she appreciated the compliment. Ororo shifted to the side and kissed him, before turning off and allowing herself to press up against him. And allowing Peter to spoon her from behind.

She pressed against Peter. To be honest, Ororo just needed a few minutes to catch her bearings, and then then it would be back off to the races.

Never too far from getting plunged, Ororo anticipated her lover’s next move. Peter’s fingers danced down her body and lightly stimulated certain areas of her.

“Ready, when you are,” Ororo said.

Peter smiled, it was hard to resist this gorgeous goddess. And her lips beckoned him. Despite being stuffed full of cum, Ororo was always in the market for another helping.

And it’s a good thing that Peter’s there and willing to give Ororo everything that they want. Their bodies beckoned each other and the molten love the two felt burned even brighter.

End.
In the dead of night, Peter stirred awake. Although a part of his body had been woken up before the rest of his body, namely his groin. Someone pressed a foot against Peter’s groin to send a rush of blood all through him. Peter groaned and thrashed in the bed, unable to do anything other than breath deeply.

It took a second for Peter to realize that Helena Wayne sat at the edge of the bed and wore something that made him swallow hard. A skin tight purple fishnet bodystocking and not anything underneath it. If the late night footjob did not make Peter hard, the fishnet bodystocking did.

Helena did not pull Peter from his pants just yet. The gorgeous heiress did not need to, with what she did to him. A mischievous smile popped over the woman’s face while stroking Peter up and down. The tension in his groin built and built.

Then, Helena released him and Peter released a groin.

“Good, you’re up,” Helena said.

“Oh, I think I’ve been up for a while now,” Peter said.

Helena just smiled and stood at the edge of the bed, allowing Peter to see all of her. Oh, that bodystocking clung to her curves, with juicy nipples poking out of it. Helena spun around and bent slightly to allow Peter a nice view of her perfect ass. An ass which commanded worship. Peter said it once, and he would likely say it every single time he laid eyes on it.

The real estate in Peter’s shorts grew extremely hot. The web slinger knew Helena held him under her tender mercies. Every touch, Peter would milk like butter on a hot stove for her.

Especially the second Helena started crawling towards him. And then up his body. Oh, her skin felt extremely nice, through the fishnets which covered every inch. Especially when brushing up his legs, oh Peter loved that.

“Helena, you tease,” Peter said.

Helena resembled a goddess when crawling up Peter’s body, wearing nothing other than a fishnet bodystocking. She stopped and cupped Peter’s crotch. Helena maintained eye contact with her lover, teasing him with her fingers, almost daring him to do something to stop her massaging him through his pants. However, Peter could not, or would not do anything to stop this. Helena knew all of the right points to push Peter’s buttons and she sent a flare of energy up through his loins to him.

“Mmm,” Helena breathed with a light stroke of his manhood. “I think that I’m going to enjoy this.”
Peter most certainly did enjoy this and enjoyed everything Helena did to him. She owned his cock and the woman knew it. Nothing made Peter hotter than a woman who spelled such confidence.

Then again, given Helena’s mother, perhaps Peter should not be surprised. The apple did not fall far from the tree in this case. Oh, the hard throbbing almost became too intense for Peter to muster. Helena maintained eye contact with each stroke.

Helena fished Spider-Man’s throbbing hard cock out of his pants and started to suck on it. Oh, damn it, the blood rushed from Peter’s head. The only thing which kept him awake and coherent enough to enjoy having his manhood worshipped is sheer force of will.

Of course, Helena slowly and sensually pleasured his rod. She traced patterns down Peter’s long rod with her tongue, shoving him how much she enjoyed this.

“You are a tease,” Peter groaned.

Helena came up with a smile on her face. She smiled and took the material of her fishnet bodystocking and ripped it off her. Helena’s unchained body revealed itself and she climbed up on Peter’s throbbing rod, ready to mount him.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” Helena asked.

After tearing off her bodystocking, Helena slammed down onto Peter’s engorged pole before he could properly answer the question. The throbbing hard manhood filled Helena’s body and caused her to moan. She knew precisely all of the right points to hit.

Helena bit down on her lip, enjoying the depths of which she took Peter. Having this powerful young man groaning and thrashing underneath her perfect pussy only served to hit most of Helena’s buttons. Helena toyed with herself just as much as she did him.

The ride slowed down just enough for Helena to savor the moment. The heiress leaned down and kissed Peter’s abs, and then kissed up to suck the man’s nipples. That perfect spider empowered body always made Helena hot,
“Helena, fuck, I can’t have enough of your pussy,” Peter said.

“Oh, you can’t?” she asked. “Well, time to make all of your dreams come true.”

With each word of that last second, Helena rocked once. Speeding up with each rock and taking Peter as far deep inside her body in possible. Until, the momentum escalated for what Helena was doing.

She rode Peter as fast as possible, the loud slaps of flesh hitting him. Talk about the ride, talk about a hell of a ride. Helena edged Peter and then pulled back.

The short and intense ride stopped, and Helena turned herself around, sinking her hands onto the bed. Her wet pussy ground up against Peter, who tried not hold back from groaning. Helena knew she owned him, but it did not mean Peter did not make it easier.

Helena now rode him reverse cowgirl style which gave Peter a tantalizing glimpse of her ass. The woman rocking up and down, with that firm, tight, wide booty bouncing almost caused Peter to get a nose bleed. Girl got back, and got it from her mother. Peter’s mind went wild at the thought of having both mother and daughter in the future.

Right now, he focused on handling the pussy. Helena grew completely wild, buck wild almost, slapping her succulent thighs up and down onto Peter’s own.

Peter rammed deep into her, feeling the heat press against him. The feeling of Helena tightening and succumbing to her own orgasm gave Peter a very bold idea. He wondered if it could have been pulled off.

The positions reversed, with Helena on her hands and knees. Helena’s only response was to encourage Peter inside by spreading her legs. Peter obliged her, sinking his manhood deep into her pussy.

The second Peter positioned himself, he drove Helena straight into the bed. All while touching her, and squeezing Helena’s shapely butt. Peter enjoyed her heavenly ass and could enjoy it for days. Slapping it and driving down onto Helena.

The hands all over her ass made Helena cry in pleasure. Peter understood all of the right spots to touch.

“You’re making me cum,” Helena said. “And soon, you’ll follow.”

The tightening of her pussy made it very hard for Peter to hold back. The denials caused Peter to build up a lot of seed in his sacs. He pressed down into her.

The faster Peter rammed into her, the greater depths Helena’s warm pussy took him. The lovely women knew precisely how to hit all of Peter’s right buttons, and Peter rocked into her body.

Peter spilled his seed deep into Helena’s waiting pussy. The waves and waves of thick, juicy cum fired into Helena, upon her clenchy pussy.

Helena breathed in slightly, and enjoyed Peter filling her up. The second passed and Peter pulled out of Helena, leaving her sink down onto the bed.
It took Peter a second to recollect his bearings and a few seconds longer to realize the warmth he felt was not Helena.

Power Girl appeared at the edge of the bed to lick Peter’s cock like a candy cane. Karen’s warm mouth proved to be a wonderous experience, not that the other parts of her. The facts he was in full costume only hardened Peter’s cock.

“Hey, Karen,” Helena said.

“ Heard you scream from across town,” Karen said. “And I figured that I could help you...slay this monster.”

A long kiss with Karen’s rosy red lips upon Peter’s cock made him twitch.

Karen and Helena locked eyes with their faces. Then, the two friends, and sometimes lovers, moved in. They shared a lot, and sometimes shared Peter. In every sense of the world. Karen put her hand on the back of Helena’s head and made out with her.

The vigorous kissing session started. Karen’s breasts almost spilled out of her outfit, and Helena decided to help speed up the inevitable.

Helena slowly stripped her friend out of her uniform. All while eyeballing Peter, as she slowly removed every article of clothing until Power Girl stood in her birthday suit. She struck a heroic pose, breasts bouncing and pussy out in the open.

The naked form of the busty Kryptonian would be enough to raise the dead. And it was more than enough to raise Peter’s erection back to almost mind numbing levels. Karen placed one finger on it and it twitched.

“Oh, someone’s on a trigger tonight,” Karen said. “Well, hang on big boy, because you’ve seen nothing yet.”

Peter swallowed, wondering what the hell was going to come. Regardless, the naked Power Girl and the equally naked Huntress faced off each other. With Huntress reaching into the drawer and pulling out a bottle. She cupped the contents into her hands, and brought her gaze to Peter with a smile.

Helena smeared hot oil all over Karen’s breasts. The lovely breasts just glistened, the more that Helena rubbed Karen down. Making a show out it and the fact Karen moaned so loud that they could hear her on the moon did not help Peter’s self control any.

The beautiful brunette rubbing down the tits of the busty blonde were more than enough to cause all of the blood to rush from Peter’s head. Straight into his erection, which kept stretching to the ceiling. Peter never knew himself to grow this long and this hard.

These two wicked women knew precisely what they were doing with him. Helena pulled away and allowed Karen’s oiled up tits to jiggle.

Karen sauntered over him. A smile on her face.

“You want these, don’t you, honey?” Karen asked.

Taking Karen’s tits as an offering, Peter drove down in between her cleavage. The sensation of his
rock hard cock pressing between Karen’s succulent pillows, beyond wonderful. It was so great to feel this moment. Oh, Peter just had to fuck them, fuck them hard.

Peter dug the nails into Karen’s breasts and rammed into her cleavage deeper. The crevice between these breasts were nice and warm, good and tight, and Peter could feel something flare up within him. The oil rubbing against him stimulated Peter even more.

Then, Karen took things to the next level, as only she could.

Karen’s ruby red lips sucked him off hard. Those blue eyes blazed, daring Peter to keep his orgasm at bay, in the wave of this tit job. And Helena masturbating herself on the chair from across the room and vocalizing her enjoyment.

It is a challenge Peter happily says he loses. The tension of his balls releases and starts firing high into the air.

Not too long before showers of cum exploded all over Karen’s chest. Karen pumped him, draining all of the cum she could and having it shower her breasts. Karen caught some of the spurting seed onto her tongue and smiled, swallowing it down.

Hot, hot, oh Peter felt like his loins were on fire from how hot this was. And Karen’s gaze came down onto him, as if to say that this has just begun.

Karen rubbed her tits, to smear Peter’s seed over her aching tits. The fact Karen used his seed to rub her tits down made Peter spring back to life despite having a draining orgasm.

“Guess these tits are your Kryptonite,” Karen purred. “Helena, could you please help me?

Helena walked over and pushed her face onto Karen’s chest, sucking the cream off. Karen made her best friend motorboat her.

Peter decided not to be left out. The friendly neighborhood Spider-Man inserted himself in between both of them and inserted his fingers in between both of them, stroking their wet loins, before jamming his fingers down.

The fast fingering drove both of the women completely nuts. Peter finished edging them, and pulled back. The taste of their warm juices on his fingers.

“A meal fit for a king, wouldn’t you say?” Karen asked. “But, don’t go anywhere with that big hard cock, there’s more.”

Karen’s underrated, but very nice ass, rubbed up against Peter for a moment. Peter almost lost it right there.

Helena laid back on the bed with Karen lavishing her lover’s body with kisses. Until the point where Karen bent down and vigorously ate out Helena, to the point where it was a very erotic show.

Now, Karen’s beautiful face disappeared between Helena’s legs just as quickly before Peter rammed into her. Peter did not waste any time, and the way Karen took him into her warm body, it appeared that she appreciated that.

That ass demanded attention, and Peter intended to give it to her. Overlooked in the face of Power
Girl’s more prominent assets, really.

Peter grabbed down onto Karen’s tight ass and pounded her. The sliding deep into Karen’s body made her squirm and stretch out.

“She likes her ass spanked when you fuck her,” Helena offered. “Fucking spank that tight ass for me! Blister it...go ahead, Peter, she likes it!”

The encouraging screams made Peter spank Karen’s ass tightly, making it nice and red. Sure enough, Karen liked it, although it distracted Karen from what she needed to do and she could not have that. Therefore, Karen proceeded to take proper actions.

As revenge for encouraging Peter’s bad-behavior, Karen licked Helena into a sex coma. Karen’s tongue worked its way deep into Helena, much like a raging inferno. It made every inch of her body flare up and almost come undone. Karen leaned in, sucking the juices out, before pulling back and going back in with another loud and vigorous round of sucking.

Helena collapsed onto the bed, after hitting her peak. And then, Karen released Peter from his warm prison.

Needless to say, Peter could not help and be disappointed. However, he did want to see what Karen had up her devious sleeve.

Karen turned around and laid back on her elbows, breasts popping up into the air. Those fleshy wonders called out for Peter as he climbed into position. Oh, the energy the two shared was intense. Peter did not slide into her just yet, just teasing Karen with lightly tugging onto her nipples.

The intensity blasting from Karen’s vibrant blue eyes made it extremely hard not to slam into her.

“She should have known you like having your tits milked like that,” Peter said. “Given you have them out in the open.”

“Got it, flaunt it!” Karen yelled.

“Oh, these tits are mine now!”

Screams of pleasure followed from Peter’s vigorous milking of Karen’s bouncing tits. He knew precisely all of the buttons to push inside of her. Peter rubbed Karen’s nipple and sent her into a tizzy of pleasure. Oh, the moan came from her body.

She wanted Peter deep inside of her, so bad. So bad that Karen could taste it. She clung onto Peter, and the moans continued to call for him.

“Fuck it, I want you,” Karen said.

“I know.”

After getting Karen riled up, Peter slammed into her. Oh, finally, the perfect meeting. His perfectly engorged cock sunk into her body. Now that Peter had the leverage he needed, the brilliant young man milked it for all of it was worth. Not as much as Peter milked Karen’s tits, and pushed them into his warm hands.
Karen closed her eyes, enjoying the ride. Every time Peter pressed down onto her, Karen’s pussy throbbed and she wanted to lose it completely.

Peter’s muscular chest pressed against Karen’s body, nipples rubbing against it. Those breasts, no man could get enough of them. And many women could not get enough of them either. Peter worked Karen over, getting her closer.

“Fuck me!”

“Yes, we are,” Peter told her. With a smile. “Oh, you’re getting close….have you ever came these hard?”

“Not in a while,” Karen admitted.

The electricity spread all over them from Karen’s loins tightening and releasing Peter’s pumps into her. Oh, his swollen balls most certainly came very close to coming ondone. But, Peter held back, denying Karen the treat she wanted.

Karen gushed like a fountain from the latest orgasm. The faster Peter plowed into her, the more she cried out for more. Peter knew precisely what she wanted and gave her everything.

Every few thrusts, Peter played with Karen’s breasts. Karen pressed his head down and smashed into ther breasts.

“Suck those nice titties!” Karen breathed. “Oh, they were so nice and slutty...they were made for studs like you. Studs with big balls full of cum...that’s going to be inside of me. Oh, you want to cum in my tight, warm pussy, don’t you? While sucking my tits...tits that look like some hormonal teenager drew them.”

The dirty talking heroine sent the hero’s cum churning up his balls. Karen’s constant stimulation of his scalp and his face pressing in marshmallow heaven helped things along. Peter enjoyed her and wanted to feel Karen finish one more time before Peter did.

Easier said then done as Karen whispered dirty things in his ear, some of them in alien languages Peter did not quite recognize. However, it sounded pretty hot.

Peter groaned and worked faster into Karen with balls slapping down onto the blonde woman’s pussy. She tightened around him, almost making Peter lose it completely. He held out just for Karen’s orgasm to reach the peak.

The powerful lovers came together, in a searing feeling of lust. Karen milked him, and the blasts of warm hot love spilled into her body. Peter clutched onto her thighs, slamming into her.

Peter emptied his balls into Karen. What a rush, what a feeling. Peter’s face collapsed deep into Karen’s cleavage, still dripping cum into her. Another twitch and then Peter felt that he had to cum up from air and leave Karen to regain her bearings.

The moment Peter pulled out, Helena took him into her mouth. Recovered quite nicely and making sure Peter did as well, with the dirty blowjob she gave him.

“Looks like fun,” Karen said.
Karen joined Helena, licking Peter’s balls while she sucked Peter off. Despite Peter being spent from that last round with Helena and Karen, he dug deeper into the tank for more.

Two super babes worshipping him made Peter feel really good. They knew how to use their mouths to work him and so much more.

“Mmm, he’s just the gift that keeps on giving,” Karen said.

“That’s why we didn’t exchange him,” Helena said with a smile.

So many possibilities and fun to have, so little time. And Power Girl, Huntress, and Spider-Man prepared to have loads of fun. As Power Girl and Huntress took loads from Spider-Man, until he had been left drained and spent.

Spider Stamina came in handy.

End.
To Rule(Hela)

For the first time in a long time, Spider-Man allowed himself to be more freerer than ever before. Being the King of the Asgardian Afterlife had its perks. As for how, Peter Parker ascended to that particular position, long story. It had to do with being in Hela’s debt and being drafted into being her lover. Over time, Peter charmed his lovely wife.

He stood at the edge of the realm, another world effecting disaster averted. Despite the Spider-Man’s ascension, the web slinger’s joy peaked whenever he had a chance to save the entire world. The gaze of Hela did however thrill Peter just as much.

Especially, when Hela sized up Spider-Man like he was a particularly delicious piece of meat. She beckoned Spider-Man over towards her and allowed Spider-Man to get a look at his goddess. The robe she wore, green in color, left just enough to the imagination to tease Spider-Man. Spider-Man looked forward to unwrapping this present.

“And now we celebrate,” Hela said. “Your mask...my king.”

Spider-Man removed the mask. Hela would get the honor of removing the rest of his clothing. She placed a hand gently on Spider-Man’s abs and started to stroke them. The second Hela’s hand dipped down, she found a part of Spider-Man she really liked.

“Not yet,” Hela said.

“Once a tease, always a tease,” Spider-Man said.

“Because, you know you enjoy it,” Hela told him with glee dancing in her voice.

Hela pulled Spider-Man into an embrace. It just felt right for their bodies to enter this deep embrace. Hela traced down Spider-Man’s body, each inch of it more tantalizing then the previous in. Hela pulled Spider-Man in completely, to her.

Then they kissed, and Spider-Man’s tongue passed through Hela’s lips. The softness of Hela’s nice lips, pressed down onto his, made the web slinger groan and thrash. Hela knew precisely how to hit all of these buttons. It was so wonderful, to feel her.

As much as Hela wished to tear Spider-Man’s clothes off, she must ease into it. Hela rubbed Spider-Man’s bicep and squeezed it, a hunger dancing in Hela’s eyes.

Sensual fire erupted through their bodies the second the kiss deepened. Hela knew what she wanted and the scorching sensation deep in her loins did not fade. She brushed up against Spider-Man and
kissed him so hard that it was almost blinding, almost scorching.

Hela undid Spider-Man’s pants and sank down to worship her king. The object of Hela’s affection came out, and she stroked the organ.

“You always look good enough to taste,” Hela said.

“Why don’t you get to work, my Queen?” Peter asked.

Hela obliged her husband by sliding her warm lips down onto his organ. The swell of it going down her throat made Hela just smile. Peter put a hand on the back of Hela’s head and tugged it it, lightly pushing down her throat with hunger, her mouth sealing around Peter.

Oh, Peter could get used to having Hela’s perfect mouth around him. Or rather, he did get used to it. The goddess took Peter in deep. Spider-Man brushed his hands through Hela’s dark hair to encourage the web slinger to go down deeper.

The loud slurps showed just how much Hela craved him. Another loud pop echoed with Hela working him completely over. Hela pressed fingers against Spider-Man’s balls and stroked them, stroked them hard. The warmth continued to escalate with Hela going all the way down on Spider-Man’s manhood.

Her talented hands whirled around the area of Spider-Man’s throbbing balls. Hela milked them, the delicious hanging sacs filled with the object which Hela craved most of all.

“You’re just amazing,” Spider-Man groaned.

Those soft fingers and equally succulent mouth worked their magic on Spider-Man. She slowed down, wanting to savor the taste, and allow Spider-Man to savor the sensation.

For a second, Hela switched up plays. She grasped the end of Spider-Man’s manhood and stroked all the way down. A hot pump erupted through Spider-Man’s loins, but it was not time for him to explode, not yet. Hela milked this one for as long as she could.

Hele stroked Spider-Man’s long length. Her talented hand worked. Hela leaned in between Spider-Man’s legs and licked his balls. Her naughty eyes locked onto Spider-Man, knowing precisely what the young man wanted. Every now and then, Hela fingered his ass, just briefly and Spider-Man leaped into her mouth.

“Oh, you will be mine,” Hela said. “Or your seed will be.”

The combination of hand and mouth on Spider-Man sent him closer to the edge and closer to spurting. There’s no question about it in Spider-Man’s mind. The eruption in his loins draws in closer. Hela leans in, jerking him off with one hand and pumping his balls with the other.

It turns into too much for Spider-Man to bear. A flare of lust spreads through Peter’s chest and spreads down through his loins until the minute where he pastes Hela’s face with an endless explosion of seed.

Cum soaked Hela’s face with the explosion. Hela’s cum glazed face looked to be a dish. She made sure every last drop sprayed onto it, some of it dribbling onto her clothes.
“Well, you made a mess of things, didn’t you?” Hela asked. “I wonder what we’re going to do?”

Slowly, Hela undid the slash of her robe. The woman’s deep cleavage revealed for Spider-Man’s enjoyment and Hela smiled when her man throbbed to life. Hela knew precisely all of the ways to push these delightful buttons. She stripped down, dropping the robe down to the ground off of her shoulders, breaking out into a smile.

The beautiful woman stripped off her clothes and left Spider-Man stunned. The twitching feeling emitting through his cock made Hela just break into a soft smile. She leaned in and squeezed Spider-Man’s engorged package a couple of times, feeling the pleasure building up.

Hela and Peter disappeared and ended up in a very nice bedroom. The soft sheets made Hela sigh as she climbed onto them. She motioned for Peter to climb onto her and he did.

A long round of kissing worshipped every single last inch of Hela’s delightful body. Peter leaned in, sucking Hela’s neck, teasing her breasts, and attacking Hela’s trim stomach with everything he could. The only hair on her perfect body, other than the head, was a small black strip between her legs. The hair glistened with arousal.

Briefly, but aggressively, Peter dove into Hela’s snatch and ate her up. His goddess Queen cried when Peter got her off repeatedly. Two times, three times, until Peter came up.

“I’m all yours, my love,” Hela said to him.

Peter climbed between Hela’s legs. The minute Peter met this slit, there was no question about it. He would have to drive down into Hela. The manhood danced inches away from her warm pussy lips and Hela just groaned.

“Fuck me,” Hela moaned towards him.

“Yes, we are,” Peter said.

King and Queen combined together with heat building through their bodies. The warmth of their groins pressing together and Peter rocking back and forth into Hela was a hell of an experience. Repeatedly, Peter plunged into Hela’s body.

All of the love, all of the love, Hela felt it all. She tightened around Peter, and groaned the second his throbbing hard manhood pressed into her, going so deep, and so fast. Hela rose up, hips crashing up against the web slingers. Oh, this felt extremely good, and Hela could hardly hold herself back.

“Keep it up,” Hela cooed.

Hela tightened her legs around the strong waist of her man. Spider-Man leaned in from this. She chose well, and every time Spider-Man touched Hela, he reminded her of this. Just how well that she had been chosen. Back and forth Spider-Man goes, with each tantalizing touch riling up her body.

“OOOOH YES!” Hela yelled.

“I know you like this,” Spider-Man told her.

Strong strokes of her breasts made Hela explode all over. Spider-Man pinched and milked away at Hela’s nipples. They had always been so sensitive, but now Hela gushed because of Spider-Man’s
constant attack on them. She moaned even harder, the faster he drilled her.

The tightening of her pussy around his inflamed organ made Hela thank anyone who would listen
for this glorious gift. The very instant Peter’s swollen balls slap down, she almost loses the plot. And
loses her mind thanks to this big, engorged, pulsing cock.

Hela’s tightening walls grabbed Peter and released him several times. The orgasm did not drain Hela.
It empowered her.

After the orgasm, Hela flipped Spider-Man over onto his back. Hela pulled away from Spider-Man
and leaned down, worshipping his body with her own. She removed what little clothes Spider-Man
had on, leaving Peter completely bare.

Every single glorious action of his Queen made Spider-Man rock hard. Hela’s warm pussy came
away from him. Scorching, almost lighting a fire into the web slinging warrior. A fire which could
be only put out with something extremely warm and extremely wet.

“Am I spoiling you, my King?” Hela asked. “Because, you haven’t felt anything yet, have you?”

“No,” Spider-Man groaned.

“Good, my King,” Hela said. “But, I know you want my pussy. So here it is!”

Hela mounted his swollen tip, rubbing up against the engorged spider with a wicked smile etched on
her face. Twelve inches, deep inside of her, with no problem whatsoever. The goddess bounced
higher, with those breasts swaying.

Hunger, hunger and excitement danced in Hela’s eyes as the ride kicked up into high gear. Peter’s
body reacted very nicely to hers. Hela reacted to him just as much.

Hela’s tightening inner muscles threatened to milk Spider-Man completely and utterly. Not that it
would be the worst thing in the world. Hela came down to him and Spider-Man grasped onto her.

That skin was so soft, and so nice, Spider-Man could indulge himself. He leaned on in and sucked
Hela’s nipples which made her moan softly in Spider-Man’s ear. Another tightening of her insides
showed just how good of a job Hela was to doing so.

Spider-Man worshipped his goddess’s descended body. She rose up again and mounted him even
more greatly. Spider-Man’s eyes traced over Hela’s body, imaging his hands taking the same
trajectory. That pale and beautiful body dripping with sweat made Spider-Man throb even more.

The tightening around Spider-Man’s pole threatened to squeeze every single last drop out of him.
Spider-Man held back, groaning and grabbing Hela’s ass and pushing her down.

“After you.”

Hela did not necessarily mind, the need to cum with her husband’s meat pole deep inside of her,
overwhelming and very overpowering. She closed and opened around Peter and released him.

The minute Hela reached her peak, Spider-Man groaned as muscles tightened. No question about it,
he was going to do it.
“You shouldn’t hold back on your Queen,” Hela said with another milking queeze.

The two came together, electricity spreading through their bodies. Hela pumped all of Spider-Man’s batter into her womb. She smiled with each rise and each fall milking every last drop form Spider-Man.

They basked in the afterglow of a shared orgasm. Hela detached Spider-Man’s groin from hers and laid down onto him body. A whiff of Spider-Man’s musk and Hela broke out into a soft smile, kissing his neck lightly and stroking his abs and chest. Oh, Hela could mold this body underneath her fingers for days on end and not be the slightest bit board by it.

Hela leaned down and kissed Spider-Man’s neck. The twitching web slinger made Hela break out into a grander smile. The deeper her lips pressed, the more excitement spread through her body.

After worshipping Spider-Man for a long time, Hela crawled to the end. Her juicy ass beckoned towards Spider-Man. And he hardened even more at Hela’s swaying retreat.

The vision of beauty on her knees spurred Spider-Man into action. Despite the blood rushing completely from his head, Spider-Man leaned in and grabbed Hela’s cheeks, squeezing them.

“Oh, my love, you’re so full of surprises today, aren’t you?” Hela asked.

“Always looking to keep you on your toes,” Peter said.

That warm mouth and tongue between her cheeks caused Hela’s nails to dig into the bed from Peter’s expert attack on her ass.

Spider-Man tasted the sweetness of Hela’s rear passage. It was nothing like he would expect, but then again, as a goddess, every part of them tasted divine. Spider-Man’s manhood throbbed, longing to be inside of Hela.

“It’s wet enough,” Hela said. “You know what you want to do. And I know that I want as well.”

The minute her wet asshole opened up, Spider-Man slid into position. His brain might as well have gone completely down south, as Spider-Man’s erection did all of the thinking. And the thought it would go deep into Hela’s puckered back passage was the clearest and most concise thing he could think of.

The minute Spider-Man pushed into her ass, he had to hold onto Hela’s waist to keep him from slipping down into nothingness.

Never in Peter’s wildest dreams could be ever envision himself doing something like this with Hela. Yet, here he was, burying deep inside of her, rocking Hela’s body.

The softness of Hela’s firm cheeks made Spider-Man groan. They squeezed him, and Spider-Man did not know how long he could last.

The web warrior understood one thing. He would make every last second of this glorious ass count. Spider-Man pushed into Hela, his fingers dancing against her pussy. The friction of Spider-Man’s sliding fingers did Hela in completely.

Hela squirted juices all over the invading fingers of her lover. Oh, Hela had been beyond words.
“Damn, you must really like anal,” Spider-Man said.

“We’re learning new things about ourselves today, aren’t we?” Hela asked. “Never thought a cock in my ass would feel this good...and if you said that you would be so bold a year ago….I would think that you were just trying to play yourself up.”

But, truly, Peter managed to fill her astonishment just as well as he filled Hela’s tightening back hole with his cock. Hela squeezed Spider-Man hard.

“Can’t hold on much longer,” Spider-Man said.

Spider-Man topped Hela off with another finger banging session and orgasm and not a moment too soon.

The tightening made it certain that Spider-Man would burst. And he did, splashing his cum into Hela’s inviting and clenching ass. With Spider-Man enjoying all the time spent with his Queen’s luscious body.

“Thank you, my King.”

The hot pale skinned woman being left with a very large anal creampie caused Spider-Man to break out into a smile. He left his mark on Hela. And given Hela tasted the cum trickling from her own ass, the goddess thought so as well.

Hela pulled Peter into her, and leaned in to give her king all of the love. Pillowy breasts pressed against a muscular chest, which led to more electricity and warmth than before.

It was good to be King.

End.
Admittedly, Felicia Hardy had a bit of a thrill of looting high security places and taking their most valuable treasures. She had not gotten done so for financial gain, but rather satisfaction Felicia could do the things that people said were impossible.

Plus, the chances Felicia would run into her favorite web slinging warrior was too much to pass up. She moved towards the front of the case. The Black Cat nimbly avoided the security array before turning it off on the other side of the room. Then, Felicia edged towards her prize.

A line of webbing shot through the air and latched on the edge of the case. Felicia turned around and prepared to get in Spider-Man in all of his glory.

“Well, that’s not the spider that I expected,” Black Cat said. “But, you will do very nicely.”

This spider did not wear the classic red and blue, or Black Cat’s personal favorite alternate, the black and the white. Rather she wore white, black, and red, and yes, she because this spider was female and had a very nice booty for Felicia to gawk at. Felicia always appreciated a lady with a nice ass, being one herself.

“You do realize that this is not a lending library,” the lady spider said.

“And are you going to stop me, Spider-Girl?” Felicia asked.

“Spider-Woman!” she said.

“Isn’t there about six of those by now?” Black Cat asked.

She flipped into the air with a death defying move and grapeled towards the ceiling. Suddenly, the classic flavor came up to engage her.

“Well, you sent in the new girl to play with me for a bit,” Black Cat said. “And here I thought you didn’t want me anymore.”

“Oh, Cat, I always have time for you,” Spider-Man said. “And I think that you need another lesson in manners.”

“Catch me if you can, Spider,” Black Cat said before she ammended her next statement. “Spiders”
Spider Woman, or Gwen Stacy, and Spider-Man, Peter Parker, followed the Black Cat. She enjoyed the game of cat and mouse across the city.

“Oh, she just loves riling you up, doesn’t she?” Spider-Woman asked.

“Yeah, pretty much,” Spider-Man said. “But, I can rile her up just as much.”

Spider-Woman smiled, having a devious play in her mind. They followed the Black Cat across the city, bouncing from building to building until she tried to give them the slip.

Black Cat arched herself back, only to find lines of webbing hit her from all directions. Spider Woman and Spider-Man whipped her down.

Felicia found herself trapped between the two spiders. Two Spiders who suddenly suspended her from the ceiling, by her hands and also created makeshift web shackles to hook her feet to the wall.

“Well, guess I’m stuck her for the next...hour isn’t it?” Black Cat asked.

“Webbed up, and nowhere to go,” Spider Woman said. “We can do anything to you, and you’re going to like it.”

“Oh, honey, I like the sound of that,” Black Cat said.

The lady spider already was feeling up Felicia’s body and making her squirm in anticipation. The male of the species did so as well.

Webbed up and nowhere to go with four very strong and very sticky hands teasing Felicia all over. They tied up Felicia, molested her, and damn if she did not love every single minute of it.

“The teasing bitch wanted some of this,” Spider Woman said with a squeeze of Spider-Man’s package. “I say we show her what she’s not going to get...at least not yet.”

Spider Woman pulled down Spider-Man’s pants to reveal the object of Felicia’s affection. Too long since Felicia got a glimpse of what Spider-Man packed underneath those tights. Reasons like this is why Felicia is anti-gun control, because banning a gun like that would be a shame.

Oh, Peter thought he was going to enjoy this. One beautiful blonde playing with his package, while another one had been forced to watch. Gwen’s lovely fingers clenched around Peter and released his package, causing him to groan.

She slipped the mask off, revealing her gorgeous face, and Peter could almost groan looking at it. Gwen tugged his manhood, getting it nicely inflamed.

Gwen locked her eyes on Peter and Felicia equally while sinking down to her knees. The hot breath hit Peter and he thrusted up.

“Remember, we’re supposed to be teasing her,” Peter said.

“I know,” Gwen said. “I’m a good multi-tasker.....good at a lot of things.”

The warmth of Gwen’s mouth against his tool caused Peter to groan. Those lips, those perfect lips,
primed to suck a dick like Peter’s, pushed down onto him. Gwen’s beautiful eyes widened with wonder as she took her man inside to suck him up.

Peter pressed his fingers against Gwen’s hair with several pushes into her mouth. It did not take too long before Gwen sucked off Peter in earnest and was extremely loud. Those slurps were almost ear popping, with Gwen’s luscious lips working their way over him.

Gwen made a production out of sucking Peter, ensuring that Felicia squirmed and groaned. It should be Felicia on her knees. Not that the girl was doing a bad job. In fact, the more time Felicia spent watching, the more she imagined how the spider’s lips would feel on her pussy, sucking the juices which now oozed out.

Felicia burned for the touch of her spider. Both of her spiders, but that selfish blonde on her knees seemed to be more concerned with inhaling as much cock as humanly possible. All while taunting Felicia over the one prize which she would take night after night. The one which Felicia would not get.

Spider Woman monopolized every single inch of Spider-Man’s rigid pole. The taste sizzled underneath her tongue. And the sounds of Peter groaning most certainly fueled lust in her body.

“You keep doing that, I’m not going to last.”

If Peter thought he deterred Gwen, wrong thought. Wrong thought indeed, as Gwen just vigorously sucked him even more, her cheeks bulging underneath the throbbing hard pole. She hummed, louder, and louder until the point where Peter was nearly about ready to blow.

Felicia drooled in more ways than one. Damn, she was so sticky, and the costume felt so warm against her. Felicia longed for anything, a tongue, a finger, anything. And yet, she just swung on the webbing, forced to watch this shameless display of oral sex, brought by the sexy lady spider.

Spider-Man groaned and smashed Gwen’s mouth all the way to the end. Peter warned Gwen. The lovely lady spider sucked on Spider-Man’s tool until finally, the tension burst and Peter’s loins lost the battle to Gwen’s perfect oral hole.

So much sticky, delicious cum fires down Gwen’s throat. She swallowed some of it, but not all of it. Gwen decided to take this to the next level.

Gwen rose up with a smile and sauntered over to Felicia.

Felicia could hardly believe she succumbed to something like this. She had a perfect point of view perspective of how men reacted to her, when the Black Cat did that walk. Now Spider Woman did the same thing, and that perfect ass, those nice hips, flat stomach, and she had a nice set of knockers as well. Which pressed against the snug fabric and demanded to be worshipped.

The Black Cat’s eyes widened when Spider-Woman force fed her a dose of cum. Not much forcing to be fair, because Black Cat welcomed the intrusion of the sticky liquid.

“Come over her and tease her,” Spider Woman said.

Spider-Man took Gwen’s suggestion very eagerly. He walked behind Black Cat and wrapped her. Many times during their escapes, Black Cat tied up Peter, edged him, and then left him hanging. Oh, now the tables have turned.
Now, Spider-Man relentlessly attacked Black Cat’s body, teasing her. He unzipped the front slightly to press against Black Cat’s firm flesh. That body along with the sounds she made, made Peter think that Felicia missed her calling as a porn star. No question about it, the Black Cat would be one of the best.

“This is just too much,” Black Cat said.

“Little girl can dish it, but she sure can’t take it,” Spider-Man said.

Oh, that hard cock against her ass made Felicia groan. Oh she wished the latex barrier vanished, and Spider-Man buried his big throbbing cock into her.

It took Felicia a second to remember Spider-Woman was still there. And Spider-Man now started to remove that barrier on Felicia, stripping her down.

Gwen stripped Felicia completely bare. All while kissing away at Felicia. Gwen’s tongue and mouth owned Felicia and more importantly owned her pussy. Oh, it was nearly too much for her to bare.

Every inch of Felicia’s delicious form opened and become ready for Peter to plunder. Peter danced his fingers against Felicia’s warm pussy and caused her to breath. He moved around to the ground and ground against them.

Then, Peter took the plunge and sank his cock deep into Felicia’s warm pussy. Oh, he had missed this pussy and judging by the tightening, Felicia missed him even more.

“You stud,” Felicia said. “That’s the prize that I was after...and you’re sure going to get your prize, aren’t you?”

Felicia’s legs freed themselves to wrap around Spider-Man with multiple plunges. Those beautiful, athletic legs tightened around Spider-Man and allowed him to go deep into Felicia, his balls cracking against her flesh. The heat of her pussy, it made Peter submerge inside of her deeper.

Oh, now Spider Woman teased her and doubled the pleasure. The dildo brushed against her anal passage. Felicia’s body begged for it, begged for the intrusion. The teasing became almost too much.

“Fuck me already!” Felicia screamed in pleasure.

“So impatient,” Gwen said.

Gwen took the plunge, the heat sensors of her dildo reacting to Felicia’s ass. One of the tightest asses she had been in before. Although, she would have to stack Mary Jane and Felicia side by side to perform research. But, that could wait for the future.

The cries of the Black Cat, her loud mewling, made everything just white hot.

Getting double penetrated by two spiders drove Felicia completely nuts. They made her cry out, sexy noises coming her mouth.

“Stuff me spider,” Felicia breathed.

Spider-Man failed to resist the call of this vision of sex on two legs. The bloated feeling in his balls
made it harder to do anything more than just plunge into her hole. A hole which clamped down
tighter. Those inner muscles grabbed onto Peter and slowly started to threaten to drain him.

She threatened to drain every single drop of him. However, Peter had something up his sleeve. Once
bringing Felicia to the edge of an orgasm, he made his move.

Peter pulled out for a second to leave Felicia hanging. Felicia’s drenched body laid out in front of
him, her breathing even more aggressive. Those eyes burned onto him.

“Turnabout is fairplay,” Spider-Man said.

“Fair enough,” Black Cat said.

Yet, even Spider Woman slowed down and Black Cat could not have any of that. She wanted both
of them, she wanted her holes so rigorously fucked, that it was almost obscene how she wanted this
cum spilled into her.

After reclaiming his strength, Spider-Man hammered Black Cat. He did not let up on Felicia this
time. Those balls ached, with want and need.

Felicia really wished she could wrap her arms around Spider-Man and pull him in. The only recourse
was to tighten her legs against his ass. Spider-Man grabbed onto Felicia, working back and forth into
her, like a piston, like a wave of lightning against her.

No matter how much Peter enjoyed Felicia, every man had his breaking point and Felicia threatened
to drag Peter straight to his.

The warm pussy walls clamped down to extract a bounty of webbing. The long sizing up and release
of his balls fired so much cum into Felicia, Peter almost collapsed from the pleasure.

Spider-Man pulled out, almost spent from what it did. He cupped Felicia’s breasts, quite lazily, while
grinding up against her warm thighs.

“I have an idea,” Gwen said. “Why don’t you sit down?”

Peter did and once again, Felicia had been cut out of the fun. Gwen stuffed the strap on cock into
Felicia’s mouth for safe keeping, forcing the woman to breath through her nose.

Then Gwen started to sway her ass and spanked it. She moved down and rubbed Peter’s cock in
between her plump, juicy cheeks. Peter groaned the further Gwen worked him, the flow of blood
getting into his loins. The more Gwen worked him, the further Peter stretched to full strength.

Gwen’s ass showed not so secret powers which restored Peter to life. Damn, that ass was so perfect,
and now Gwen sat down onto his lap, and rose up, to line up against his bare cock.

“See, I told you,” Gwen said.

The bare cheeks of this gorgeous woman sucked Peter in. Peter ripped open her top, the only part
which had been left on and grabbed Gwen’s ass.

Suddenly, Felicia’s webbing melted and she dropped to her knees. The Black Cat slowly crawled on
her knees. The strap on pulled from her mouth.
Peter noticed Felicia sauntering over out of the corner of his eye. The woman’s mouth opened and line of sight directed at Gwen’s pussy. Gwen’s eyes currently screwed shut in pleasure from getting plugged in the ass.

The hot breath of the Black Cat brought Gwen back to life. Suddenly, Felicia leaned in and gave into all of her lustful intentions.

Felicia lowering between Gwen’s legs while Peter anally fucked Gwen brought a jolt of pleasure to all three. Peter grabbed onto Gwen’s tits and squeezed them hard. Gwen let out several moans of pleasure, endlessly enjoying the ride when she bounced up and down on Peter.

First Felicia’s tongue got Gwen gushing. While using the dildo to fuck her pussy with a free hand. The other hand stroked Gwen’s thighs, softly going into her.

Gwen let out several gasps. Next level pleasure here, really it was. Both Felicia and Gwen hit all of the right buttons and turned Gwen’s body into a towering inferno of pleasure.

Felicia and Peter double stuffed Gwen’s holes to make her hot. They timed their movements just perfectly. It made Gwen wonder if they had done this with another woman before, or if it just came naturally.

Best not to question these sorts of things. Not under the pleasure which was being felt. Gwen’s eyes glazed back and coherency long since left the scene. The slap of Gwen’s tight ass brought her back into the fray, with Peter knowing exactly how many ways to stuff Gwen.

Despite Peter vigorously pumping away, it took every ounce of self control not to lose it inside of her again.

Peter tried to hold back underneath the weight of Gwen’s clenching ass. She tightened around him. Felicia making a sloppy mess of Gwen’s pussy did not help keep Peter’s libido at bay either. He increased, with faster and faster trusts yet.

Gwen came multiple times, each time more intense than the last one. With Felicia slurping up Gwen like a milkshake on a hot summer day.

“Oh, you fucking bitch, you know how to make me cum,” Gwen said. “Then again, a whore like you, the way you dress. You’re asking for it.”

“Oh, like you have any room to talk,” Felicia said. “I bet every night when you go out with Spider-Man you fuck in a dirty alleyway….I bet sometimes, you both swing across town, with your legs wrapped around him, and him fucking you.”

“Oh, like you wouldn’t do the same thing, “Gwen said. “You are a filthy little kitty...now keep licking my pussy...oooh use that tongue.”

Felicia and Gwen tried to outdo the other in dirty talk. Every now and then, they tapered off. Felicia made her movements, sucking on Gwen’s lips and inflamed her libido.

“That’s right, gush because I know you’re a slut who can’t live without being touched or fucked,” Felicia said.
To be blunt, Peter thought he won this one. Although, his body tensed hard, and it was only a matter of time before Peter sank his seed deep into Gwen’s ass. He worked her hole over until finally, Peter could take no more. Gwen defeated him.

The constant spurts of seed in Gwen’s ass signaled she had gotten a prize. A hell of a prize as it turned out, with Peter’s warm seed rushing into her.

Gwen refused to relinquish Peter from her anus until she was able to drain the last drop from him. And given how bloated Peter’s balls get, they were good.

“Fuck, you took way too much cum up your ass to be anything then a slut,” Felicia said.

“You’re just jealous that you can’t take that much more,” Gwen said. “I bet you break after ten minutes of this amazing cock in your ass, you dirty whore.”

“Oh, skank, you’re asking for it now,” Felicia said.

“Go ahead and lick his cum out of my ass, you know you want to,” Gwen said.

Denial was no use, as Felicia smashed her face between Gwen’s cheeks and licked her out, while also fingering her pussy.

“I knew you were a dirty little kitty,” Gwen said. “You’d get your cream anywhere...no matter what.”

Felicia and Gwen knew how to get a man going again. The sexy scene before Peter inflamed his cock. To the point where he needed to relieve himself in some way.

The minute Peter could, he pulled Gwen and Felicia apart and hurled them on the couch. Reminding them who they belonged to and who their bodies craved. He brushed all over them, making Felicia and Gwen cry in constant pleasure.

Peter laid the two naughty blondes into position to finger them. Their tight, wet cunts spurted juices all over the place.

“Oh, he’s going to fuck me first,” Felicia said.

“I bet you’d get off on taking that cock into your cunt, after it’s already been in my ass,” Gwen said.

“I don’t care….I need it now!” Felicia mewled.

Two great options, so little time to fulfill them. However, Peter thought Felicia was getting to be a bit too demanding. Spider-Man allowed both Spider-Woman and Black Cat to suck him and to clean his cock before deciding his next move.

“Gwen, it’s only fair that I take your pussy,” Peter said. “After all, I haven’t had it tonight yet.”

“But, you haven’t had my ass yet, Spider,” Felicia said in her most husky voice.

“If you’re good, I’ll take it later,” Peter said.

“But, I’m such a bad kitty, and you like it,” Felicia said.
Despite Felicia’s enticing ass shaking and grinding against him, Spider-Man managed to resist the temptation of the Black Cat. Despite his cock being inflamed.

Peter grabbed Gwen’s hips and slammed into her. The tightening of her pussy around him felt so good.

Disappointed, Felicia decided to get a consolation prize. Remembering her thoughts on Spider Woman’s tongue earlier, Felicia dove in.

Peter buried his lust into Gwen just as Felicia rode the Spider Woman’s tongue. It only tipped the iceberg of how much naughty fun they could get to.

End.
Carol Danvers hovered over the rooftop, dressed in a very vintage costume. The old Ms. Marvel, black costume, which fit her a bit more snugly than it did back in the day, although Carol did not mind it. The back of it rode up to show Carol’s nice ass and legs, and the top had been modified, to expose Carol’s nice toned abs and her ample bosom heaved in and out. Carol grew her hair out and tied it back into a ponytail.

To own who she was, Carol really had to look her best, and she wanted to go for a more vintage look. The sound of someone coming down behind her made Carol smile. Spider-Man’s appreciative gaze got Carol the reaction she wanted.

“So, that’s new?” Spider-Man asked.

“Actually, it’s pretty vintage,” Carol said. “So, what do you think?”

“Very nice,” Spider-Man said. “It suits you well. Anything suits you well.”

Carol just smiled and went closer towards him. Only to see they were not alone. A lovely woman with a tight outfit arrived, a red, white, and blue top, a tiara, bracelets, and a very tight pair of red, white, and blue bottoms which barely covered her world class ass, along with boots and a lasso dangling from her side.

Princess Diana of Themyscira, better known as Wonder Woman, arrived and Carol just whistled. Speaking of a woman who owned it. Every inch of Diana’s bronzed body looked juicer than the last. Carol stepped a little bit closer to drink in the woman before her and smile even more deeply than before.

“We had the same idea, didn’t we?” Carol asked.

“It seems so,” Diana said.

“Well, are we going to fight it out over him?” Carol asked.

Spider-Man got the message clearly. He tried to tell the women there would be no need for them to fight. Diana stretched forward and cupped Carol on the cheek.

“No, I have a much more pleasant idea,” Diana said.

The Amazon Princess leaned in and planted her lips on those of the Kree-Empowered hero. Spider-Man watched in awe when the two lovely and powerful women exchanged a deep, and potent kiss. Their mouths working against each other. Tongues dancing for control with each other. Carol repeatedly dug her tongue deep into Diana’s mouth and Diana responded by kissing her back
extremely hard.

“Mmmph!” Diana moaned. “Mmmph!”

They turned their attention to Spider-Man. Carol just smiled and stared shamelessly at the bulge in Spider-Man’s tights. She leaned in and squeezed him softly.

“You want us to help you with that?”

“Yes,” Spider-Man said.

Captain Marvel and Wonder Woman pulled down Spider-Man’s pants and released his throbbing hard cock. The two powerful women licked their lips. Diana pushed Spider-Man’s mask up slightly so she could kiss him on the mouth. Carol nuzzled him against the side and stroked his big cock.

Oh, Peter Parker had most certainly hit the jackpot. These two babes came to him tonight, intending to get fucked, and now he was going to get it. They exposed his abs and Diana and Carol kissed up and down him. Oh, Spider-Man wanted nothing more to grab them and face-fuck both of these women in turn.

Peter realized he could do just that. He grabbed Carol and her brilliant blue eyes locked onto him. Lining up his thick cock for Carol’s mouth, Peter plunged all the way inside. The weight of his balls, slapping down onto Carol’s chin, felt very good. Peter stroked Carol’s hair and humped his way all the way inside of her mouth. She smacked her lips down, slurping Peter with long and hard motions. Her eyes, widened with pleasure, only increased the deeper Peter drove down into Carol’s mouth and stretched out her throat.

Diana cupped Spider-Man’s balls and got his attention. Spider-Man turned his attention to Diana and opened her mouth. Diana opened up wide and received the cock down into her back.

“Oh, these are nice and full,” Carol breathed while cupping Peter’s balls with each push into Diana’s mouth. “Nice and big enough to seed both of us, wouldn’t you agree?”

Yes, Peter would have to agree. He slammed deep into Diana and stuffed her throat with his cock. Carol appeared to be doing something and she tied Diana up in her own lasso.

Pulling back, Carol pried Peter’s cock away from Diana’s mouth and slapped it.

“How would you like to be tied up with nowhere to go why I ride Spider-Man’s cock?” Carol asked.

“YES!” Diana cried out.

The lasso bound Diana to honesty and she would like nothing more than to sit there, hopelessly, while Carol rode Spider-Man’s cock. And Carol was doing just that, sliding the bottom half of her costume to the side. Spider-Man’s hands roamed down Carol’s body and he played with her tits through the nice fabric of the outfit.

Carol dropped down and engulfed Spider-Man’s cock into her tight pussy. The web slinger wrapped around her so tightly. Carol kissed him hard and licked the side of his neck, making him groan with Carol pushing herself back and forth onto him.

Each push sucked Peter deep into Carol. Her legs wrapped around him and arms even more so.
Carol bounced up and down while Peter pressed his back against the wall. The brilliant blonde woman was more than enough for Spider-Man to handle and Spider-Man put his hands all over her body.

“Why don’t we give Diana a taste of what she can have later?”

Carol pulled away and Peter turned his attention to Diana. Diana opened her mouth wide open and Peter slid his cock inside of her.

“Damn it, Diana,” Peter breathed.

Diana practically inhaled Peter’s cock. The scent of his musk combined with Carol’s juices drove her completely cock wild. The deeper Diana pushed down, the harder she sucked his cock.

Eventually, Carol decided to hover in mid air behind Peter.

“How about this, big boy?” Carol asked.

Carol shook her ass at Spider-Man.

“You’re asking for it.”

“Pretty explicitly, yes,” Carol agreed. “So, why don’t you take my pussy for everything it’s worth and wear it the fuck out?”

Carol pushed back and ground herself into Peter. Spider-Man grabbed Captain Marvel and shoved her hard into the wall before fucking the hell out of her pussy. Carol’s cries and her pumping loins only enticed the web slinger to go in deep.

The heavy breathing coming from the Amazon showed one thing. She really wanted to masturbate herself, but had no way to do so. All she could do was wait to see whether or not Peter’s cock could ever grace her presence yet again. Diana practically humped the air to get any deserve.

The moans coming from Diana only enticed Spider-Man on. He moved, forcing Carol back. Carol turned herself about after pulling away and once again impaled herself down onto Spider-Man. The two lovers made out very aggressively, with Carol’s top coming off and her large breasts pressing down onto Spider-Man’s strong chests.

“Oh, god, you’re so sexy,” Peter moaned.

“I know,” Carol said. “Show me how hot I make you.”

Spider-Man clung onto Carol’s breasts and gave them a very tight squeeze. He grabbed and released them to make her moan even more loudly. Carol’s tongue, pressed against Peter’s, threatened to combine with his. Peter leaned into her and rammed Carol nice, hard, and tight.

She came around Peter Parker’s pulsing prick. The web slinger and the kree-empowered heroine did this dance until Carol finally collapsed, dripping wet and spent.

Spider-Man turned to Wonder Woman. Diana’s face flushed and her eyes stared at the web slinger’s cock. Wonder Woman dragged herself over the best she could. Spider-Man put the breaks on her, stopping Wonder Woman from coming over.
“So, where do you want my cock?” Spider-Man asked.

“In my ass.”

Wonder Woman said it, could not take it back, and did not want to take it back. Spider-Man lubricated Diana’s back passage and then sat on the ledge of the room, with Diana grinding her ass against him. Spider-Man took the lasso in one hand and Diana’s ass cheeks in the other hand. He spread them and slipped deep into Diana’s back passage.

Spider-Man had been a lot of firsts for Diana. The first blowjob, the first handjob, the first to cum all over her face, the first to hold her down and fuck the hell out of her, to name a few. But now, Spider-Man took the Amazon Warrior’s most sacred hole and slid all the way into her. He stretched his hands all the way down onto Diana’s ass and grabbed it tight before pushing her back up.

Diana speared herself down onto Spider-Man’s pulsing prick. Oh, it felt so good to have this cock buried inside of her ass and pounding the hell out of her. Diana could not even concentrate on anything else other than Spider-Man’s cock. Even the fact they fucked on a very narrow ledge overlooking New York City, on a very tall building only increased Diana’s adrenaline.

“How long did you want this?” Spider-Man asked.

“Your cock in my ass?” Diana asked. “For ages.”

Since the day Diana first laid eyes on what Peter Parker packed beneath his pants. And now Peter Parker’s probing prick penetrated Diana’s puckered anus. The web slinger knew all of the ways to drive her completely insane.

And speaking of knowing what buttons to push, Carol dove in and lapped up the juices coming from Diana’s wet pussy. The Amazon found herself trapped between two very vigorous lovers. Her holes getting assaulted and Diana loving it all of the way.

Diana came all over Carol’s face and offered no apologies for it whatsoever. And Carol sucked the juices down until she got a pretty good dose of Diana’s nectar.

Spider-Man’s balls came so close to erupting inside of Diana’s ass. She clutched in with her tight anus muscles and then released him with Carol playing with his balls while eating out Diana. The combined sensations made Peter rear back and slam into Diana releasing his cream pie into her ass.

The web slinger emptied his big, bloated balls into Diana’s asshole and filled her up from behind. Her tight anus, stretching and releasing him got the desired reaction.

Pulling back up onto the room, Spider-Man gave Diana one more parting squeeze before retracting from her. Carol dove in, her mouth sucking on Peter and then she turned around to eat Diana’s asshole out.

The show ended with Carol drinking Peter’s cum down to the last drop. She pulled out and bent against Peter. Not that Peter needed any help getting hard again, but he was not going to argue with Carol grinding her ass against him and offering her tight hole up so nicely.

“My turn.”

End.
Some Peter/Gwen smut to celebrate the 10th anniversary of my Spider-Man Chronicles trilogy is here: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/06/as-time-comessticky-situation-blog.html

All in a Day’s Work(Artemis the Amazon and Brunnhilde/Valkyrie)

The general of the Amazon Warriors, Artemis found herself well matched by the Asgardian Warrior, Brunnhilde, or Valkyrie as she had been known to many people. Despite being knocked down a couple of times during their sparring session, Artemis was not displeased by the entire situation. As a matter of act, she had been very pleased with the entire situation and rose to her feet to face her.

“We are evenly matched,” Artemis said. “Unless you can think of a way which we can see who can come out on top?”

Valkyrie offered a nice little smile. Oh she had a couple of ideas on how to come out on top, if she could manage it. Her gaze fell upon the web slinging hero known as Spider-Man who had just come back.

“Spider-Man!” Valkyrie said.

Artemis turned to the wall crawling crusader with a smile. Oh, Diana had spoken most highly of him and with a large smile on her face as well. She could not help and feel the intrigue that the wall crawling warrior offered. She locked her eyes onto Spider-Man and looked him over.

“Valkyrie, Artemis, what can I do for you two lovely ladies?” Spider-Man asked.

Valkyrie crossed the room and placed her hand on Spider-Man’s shoulder.

“Artemis and I have been undergoing a contest to see who the more skilled of us is,” Valkyrie said. “I was hoping you would assist us...in seeing who would be more worthy.”

Spider-Man felt the presence of the very beautiful Asgardian warrior. Valkyrie stepped closer, smiling at the web slinger and putting her hand on his abdomen. She stroked Spider-Man through his pants.

“What are you doing?” Artemis asked.

“You asked if there is something I could beat you at,” Valkyrie said. “And if there is one thing an Amazon cannot do as well as Asgardian woman, it is to please a man. And I believe Spider-Man will prove it.”

“Don’t I get a say in this?” Spider-Man asked.

“Well, are you going to say no?” Valkyrie asked.

Spider-Man smiled and leaned in to kiss Valkyrie. He grabbed a handful of Valkyrie’s ass while she
worked Spider-Man’s pants down and exposed his thick, thick, juicy cock to the entire world. Valkyrie pulled back and traced her hand down to feel every throbbing vein down it.

“You will do nicely, Spider-Man,” Valkyrie said while popping her warm lips around the head of his cock. “Very...very nicely.”

Valkyrie leaned in and sucked on Spider-Man’s juicy hard cock head and pushed it into her mouth. She grabbed his balls by the handful and squeezed them tightly. Making Spider-Man edge into Valkyrie’s mouth and enjoy the warmth of it.

Artemis watched, in awe, unable to believe how Valkyrie could and would take such a big piece of manmeat down her throat. Spider-Man grabbed the side of her head and Artemis viewed the entire show with such interest. Namely the deep thrusts of Spider-Man vigorously and endlessly mouthfucking the Asgardian warrior on her knees.

With a large pop, leaving Spider-Man’s cock throbbing and wet, Valkyrie just smiled.

“Can you do it?” Valkyrie asked.

“Yes,” Artemis said.

With grace, Artemis descended to her knees and touched her warm lips onto Spider-Man’s head. The musk coming from the web slinger, mixed with some very powerful pheremones clouded Artemis’s eyes and not to mention her judgement. She cupped the web slinger’s big juicy balls and squeezed them tight to make them bounce. Artemis leaned into him and sucked Peter almost all the way down her throat, making a loud and succulent sound when her lips popped nicely around him.

“Yes,” Peter leaned in to Artemis. “Oh, you Amazon’s have some nice mouths. Nice and perfect for sucking cock!”

Peter grabbed Artemis by the hair. She normally would have been disgusted with anyone, man or woman, using her mouth as a fuck hole. However, the thrill of the moment and the strong desire not to lose face in front of Valkyrie made Artemis move in a little bit deeper.

Of course, someone as prideful as Artemis, it would be only a matter of time before she overextended herself. The loud pop of her lips around Peter and she gagged on his cock. She pulled back and took a deep breath before moving all the way deep into her until Artemis wore herself out.

“Oh, practice makes perfect, and you’re getting off to a good start.”

Valkyrie stripped down completely naked and Spider-Man caught a good glimpse of her luscious body. She mounted him and ground on to of him.

“I believe there is a saying among the people on Midgard about you, Spider-Man,” Valkyrie.

Spider-Man barely looked up from Valkyrie’s heaving chest long enough to acknowledge her.

“And that is, bitches love Spider-Man,” Valkyrie said with glee in her eyes.

Oh, Spider-Man closed his hands around Valkyrie's tight ass and sucked on her breasts. She pushed down onto him and took Spider-Man deep inside of her tight walls.
“When you really get ahold of a man, you can get him moaning and throbbing,” Valkyrie said.

Artemis stripped down a little bit and touched her naked body to the hot sight. She moved forward, to insert herself into it. She kissed Valkyrie. Valkyrie moaned into Artemis’s mouth while the ride on Spider-Man’s throbbing hard cock continued.

“Oh, the two of you are beautiful,” Spider-Man said. “You don’t mind if I touch….”

Artemis answered his question by grabbing Spider-Man’s hand and placing it on her thigh. The web slinger dragged his fingers up and touched Artemis’s heated loins. Artemis practically humped Spider-Man’s hand and released juices onto it.

Valkyrie gently pulled Spider-Man’s hand away and softly licked the juices off of it. The Asgardian arched her back and her chest bounced firmly into Spider-Man’s line of sight. Spider-Man grabbed her juicy globes and clung onto them with strength. Since Valkyrie was a goddess, Spider-Man did not have to hold back on her and he did not hold back. Grabbing her ass tight and sucking her breasts, the web slinger pounded Valkyrie.

The Asgardian Warrior released her juices in pumps all over Spider-Man’s throbbing hard manhood. She pushed down and squeezed him trying to get Spider-Man’s nuts to burst and flood her body with virile life bringing seed. No matter how hard she pounded away, Valkyrie did not get it.

Artemis turned around and positioned herself on the bench. She had been on all fours and she waved her ass back and forth. The hypnotic movements of the Amazon before him made Spider-Man leave Valkyrie breathing and him wanting to push his cock into Artemis.

“The Asgardian couldn’t finish you off,’ Artemis said. ‘Let’s see what I can do.”

Spider-Man walked over to Artemis and grabbed her by the hips. The thickness of his tool speared deep into Artemis’s tight cunt and fill her up so deep.

For years, the Amazons had a superstition as if they laid with a man, they would lose their strength. Only a few in the know realized this was not true, although it was if they laid with a man who was not worthy of them then they might lose the blessing of the goddesses.

It was prudent to maintain this illusion though, due to the simple fact it kept the Amazons more focused on their skills, and not getting their pussies stuffed.

Now, Artemis thought, perhaps a bit arrogantly, she had been among the best, therefore she deserved a world class cock. Diana and Hippolyta, at the very least, did spend a lot of time enjoying the company of Spider-Man. And now Artemis felt his touches, she knew why.

All Artemis knew now was to not black out. Spider-Man pulled away and Artemis turned around. She straddled Spider-Man and faced him. She grabbed his super strong body and speared down onto it.

“Do you enjoy this?” Artemis asked.

“Feels good, Artemis,” Spider-Man said. “Hips like yours are perfect for grabbing...for…..”

“Fucking, for breeding,” Valkyrie helpfully supplied with a wet finger going deep inside of her.
Artemis bit down on Spider-Man’s shoulder and cried out in intense pleasure. Every time Spider-Man sunk deep into her body, the weight of his balls slapped down on warm thighs. Spider-Man leaned in and gave her another deep and hard thrust to keep the vigorous pounding on and hard.

“Almost there,” Spider-Man said.

Artemis squeezed Spider-Man one more time. A rumble within his balls showed his orgasm was at hand and Artemis could not wait to give it to him. She clung on tight and rode Spider-Man to push his throbbing cock into her air tight cunt and made her moan louder in response.

“Closer, closer,” Artemis said whilst clawing Spider-Man’s back.

“Mmmm!”

The two of them came together and hard. Spider-Man filled Artemis’s pussy up and caused her stomach to expand with the heavy amount of cum he spilled into her fertile body. Grabbing Artemis tight, Spider-Man ensured he spilled every single drop inside of her.

Valkyrie slid in and pressed her face against Spider-Man’s balls and sucked them hard.

“I made him finish,” Artemis said.

“But, I set him up,’ Valkyrie said. “So, call it a tie.”

They did come to some common ground and how by descending to their knees and wrapping their breasts around Spider-Man’s rod which made him grunt in thinly disguised pleasure. The double tit fuck from these two gorgeous and powerful warriors brought a rush through Spider-Man’s loins.

He would cum over their faces and then even further until they were done. And the enchanced libido and competitive spirits of these women showed they would not be done for a long time.

End.
Some Peter/Gwen smut to celebrate the 10th anniversary of my Spider-Man Chronicles trilogy is here: https://webofchaos.blogspot.com/2019/06/as-time-comesticky-situation-blog.html

Somehow, in her mind, Yuri Watanabe tried to justify that what was happening between her and her younger lover, was merely just physical. This justification in her mind happened when Yuri straddled Spider-Man and had his body exposed. His young, fit body, and Yuri practically drooled. She had his mask halfway off, just enough to expose Spider-Man’s mouth and kiss him.

Yuri kissed Spider-Man on the lips. Whether or not she knew the man behind the mask, that did not matter. And finding out would make this less physical, and more personal. More intimate, and intimacy, had been the one thing Yuri wanted to avoid full stop.

Spider-Man unbuttoned the first few buttons of Yuri’s blouse and the older woman’s breasts came out of a black bra. Spider-Man pinched her nipple hard.

“Oooh, you’re so sexy,” Spider-Man said. “But, one might think you’re taking advantage...of me....using your authority.....”

“Well, you’re the one packing this concealed weapon,” Yuri said with a squeeze of Spider-Man’s crotch.

The New York City Police Captain grabbed ahold of Spider-Man’s package and felt the large, throbbing hard weapon he concealed. A weapon which was powerful enough to bring even the most hardened of women to their knees. The dark-haired woman fished Spider-Man’s cock out of his pants and caused it to stick high into the air. Yuri leaned in and planted several kisses down his tip before giving him one solid lick around the length.

“Yuri!” Spider-Man groaned.

Yuri looked up at Spider-Man, almost regretting making eye contact. But, regardless, what was done was done. She put her lips around Spider-Man’s throbbing hard length, sucking him into her mouth, deep, hard, and fast with a very loud pop which echoed throughout the room.

Oh, damn, she really inhaled his cock. Yuri’s wide eyes locked onto Spider-Man. It had not been the first time Spider-Man had been underneath the mercy of a cock-hungry woman, although he never, ever thought it would be Yuri. He grabbed the back of the woman’s head and sunk a little bit further down her throat, with Yuri giving him an amazing blowjob.

Yuri cupped his full balls and aggressively massaged them. Spider-Man pushed further, deeper, harder into the back of her throat. Yuri almost choked on Spider-Man’s thick, throbbing hard cock as it buried deep inside of her. It was almost to the point of no return, almost to the breaking point. Yuri’s sucks, her slurps, did not stop. She just hammered Spider-Man with her mouth until he edged
Spider-Man flooded Yuri’s mouth with his seed. The Captain drank the seed from Spider-Man’s balls and ensured he was left on the bed, twitching madly.

“Not bad,” Yuri said. “But now you’ve got me frustrated. What are you going to do about that?”

Yuri took off her pants and revealed her dark panties, with a wet spot on them towards Spider-Man. Spider-Man pulled them off to the side, and Yuri’s neatly trimmed pussy made his mouth water. Grabbing Spider-Man’s head, Yuri drove him face down into her pussy.

“You have the right to eat my pussy,” Yuri whispered. “Anything you can and do will be used to make me cum. You have the right to use your tongue, your fingers, and anything else to make me gush.”

Oh, Spider-Man never thought having his rights read to him would be so hot. He was throbbing. Yuri put his hands on his face. She might stain his mask a little bit and in fact, Spider-Man reached for him.

“No.”

Yuri stopped Spider-Man from removing his mask. This was not what she wanted. Spider-Man just went back to sucking on the juices and making Yuri see stars. She put her hands on the back of Spider-Man’s head to keep him in place to eat her out. Until finally Yuri lost it all over his face.

She saw stars and rose up to meet Spider-Man. His exposed half of his face covered in her juices. It dripped down his neck. Yuri smiled, grabbed Spider-Man and kissed him hard. Their bodies pushed together as Yuri mounted Spider-Man on top of the bed.

His cock pushed against her entrance, just demanding to be let inside. With the web slinger knocking at the door, Yuri just had to let him in. Biting down on her lip, Yuri drove herself down onto Spider-Man’s cock and allowed it to slide deep inside of her body.

“Yuri!” Spider-Man grunted.

Yuri’s walls clamped down hard onto him tight. She milked his prick with each bounce of her body. Spider-Man had to touch her and Yuri leaned back to allow Spider-Man to get full access. She bounced up and down on Spider-Man and filled his body.

No words came out from Yuri’s mouth, no time with the moans. The pleasure increased. She cupped Spider-Man’s face and planted numerous kisses over the side of his mouth. Nibbling the side of Spider-Man’s mouth and moaning when driving her tongue down his throat, Yuri really got into it. She got hotter, hornier, and more inclined to ride the hell out of Spider-Man all night long.

“Spider-Man,” Yuri groaned when sending her hips crashing down upon his and stuffing her body with his cock. “Keep it up. Don’t...stop...ever!”

Spider-Man could not even stop. Yuri’s pussy wrapped tightly around his cock, in a warm, velvety seal. Every time she moved, Spider-Man could feel a tingle about ready to erupt from deep inside of him. He had his hands on Yuri’s breasts and he squeezed them.

Yuri never came like this, at least not for a long time. Spider-Man knew precisely where he needed
to be and allowed Yuri to work off the stress she needed to be do.

Not personal, just physical, Yuri kept reminding herself. Even when Yuri rode Spider-Man like a stallion, bouncing up and down on him, and putting her warm juicy hips down onto his balls while she bounced, higher and more intensely than ever before.

Yuri came one more time and took a deep breath. She placed hands down on Spider-Man’s chest and speared down onto his cock one more time.

She needed a breath. Pulling away from Spider-Man, Yuri found his arms wrapping around her. Kisses rained down her neck, shoulder, and bare back with his hands working her pussy open. And also brushing against her ass.

“I’m….not sure about this one,” Yuri said.

“Well, if you’re not sure.”

Despite what she said, Yuri ground her ass against Spider-Man’s crotch. The more he played with her tight ass, the more comfortable Yuri got with the ideal of anal sex. Besides, she could think of nothing more physical in this physical encounter.

“I’ve always wanted to fuck your ass,” Spider-Man admitted.

The statement made Yuri shiver. The fact she was so desired by someone such as Spider-Man, who had no shortage of younger woman throwing themselves at him, made Yuri’s ego and confidence get a bit of a boost. Spider-Man put a finger into her back entrance.

“Shame you don’t want that.”

“Oh, shut up and stick your cock in my ass!” Yuri yelled at him.

Spider-Man soothed The New York City Police Captain with a few kisses down Yuri’s neck and jawline. He leaned in, unable to believe he had been this close to penetrate Yuri’s tight back passage. Her cheeks spread and Spider-Man slipped deep into her anus. She squeezed Spider-Man and he ended up almost all the way inside of her. Balls deep as a matter of fact, stretching out Yuri’s tight asshole from how deep he was going inside of her.

“Damn, you have such a hot ass, I can feel it squeezing me,” Spider-Man said.

Yuri leaned back and moaned. His cock wedged in her ass like this made Yuri feel like she was back in college. Bolder, and more prone to do some rather daring things. Spider-Man played with her body. Damned if his focus did not return to one part.

Spider-Man grunted with each push. He should be careful because he would not be lasting long in here, if Yuri had her way with him. Yuri kept flashing him lustful gazes and those gazes only made Spider-Man sink into very hot and very tight anal passageway while also fingering her.

Three fingers inside Yuri at once almost made her think a second cock entered her body, this time through the vaginal hole. The cock and fingers, working in a perfect harmony, got Yuri cumming all over the place. Spider-Man worked her insides.

Spider-Man could only hold back for so long. He pushed into Yuri and felt her gush into himm.
“I’m getting close, should I…."

“Cum in my ass,” Yuri told him trying to keep calm but shuddering at the thought.

Oh, those balls just packed in a lot and Yuri wanted it all inside of her ass. She felt as giddy as a
schoolgirl at the thought of having Spider-Man’s super powerful spunk packed deep into her anus.

Spider-Man bottomed out in Yuri’s ass and finally the tension in his loins became too much to bare.
Spider-Man held onto her tight and fired a rapid fire stream of seed into her ass while hugging Yuri
from behind and fingering her pussy to another orgasm.

The result left both of the partners breathing heavily and covered in sweat as if just running a
marathon. Turning around, Yuri put her hand on Spider-Man’s cheek and leaned into him for a light
kiss, nuzzling up against him.

Yuri kept telling herself the lie this was purely physical. But, as she and Spider-Man spent a little
more time spooning in the aftermath in each passing physical encounter and enjoying each other’s
company, with some cuddles and caresses, Yuri could not help but think she tricked herself into
making this something more than physical.

All his fault, Yuri reasoned.

End.
Kate Kane leaned back lazily and stroked the abs of her partner. She made her move and had kissed the handsome young man on the lips. Peter Parker, better known as Spider-Man, moved his crotch into the hands of the red-haired beauty. Kate pumped him, first casually, and then vigorously.

Peter’s entire body sized up with pleasure. Kate licked her lips when looking at his cock in her pumping hand. This made Peter groan.

“Oh, why did we not do this forever?” Peter asked.

“Because, you were too scared I’d knock your head off if you made a move,” Kate said. “But, to be honest, I’m more concerned about another head of yours right now. And I won’t knock that one off.”

Kate’s red lipstick stained Peter’s manhood while she planted kisses all the way down onto it. The look of a very cock-hungry woman caused Peter to twitch and try and grow so he could properly meet her mouth. He got so big when getting excited and Kate lavished the tip of his cock with her mouth and sucked him, deep and kind of lazily.

Oh, she could suck a cock for sure. Peter put his hands on the back of Kate’s head and pushed deep into her mouth. A loud and passionate slurp followed from this gorgeous woman just going to town on him and pleasuring his manhood with several very lavish movements. Kate knew how to hit all of the buttons just right and make Peter groan with each passing motion.

She pulled away from him. As much as Kate wanted to taste his cum, she really wanted to make Peter want it just that much more. She tensed a hand around his base and stroked it. Peter’s groaning only made Kate smile and she reached into her shorts to stroke herself.

Pulling off her tap top and pants, Kate’s delicious pale, athletic body climbed into position on Peter. Kate lightly kissed his neck and moved down onto her.

“Well, well, you want me badly, don’t you?” Kate asked.
“Don’t you feel that poking against your thigh?” Peter asked.

“Very, well, thanks.”

Kate pushed back and slid her warm lips against Peter’s erection. A nice little tease, to open the door for something else to come. Kate tilted back and one of her pierced nipples danced in Peter’s line of sight. Peter grabbed ahold of it and pushed it into his mouth to give in a very prominent and extremely passionate suck.

“That’s it, babe, take it in your mouth and suck it like you mean it,” Kate said.

No more words, only actions came. Every time Peter sucked on her, Kate could feel a little bit of a trickle coming from her. Peter leaned into her and sucked hard on Kate’s lovely nipples to increase the lust coming through her body. A hot rupture of pleasure through her body came as she ground up against him.

The final frontier Kate longed to cross. His cock. Her pussy. The perfect match. Peter stood up on the air, big and intimidating.

“Surely, the big bad bat’s not afraid of that?” Peter asked.

“Oh, shut up.”

Kate would show him, she really would show him. She climbed onto Peter with Kate’s chest bouncing into Peter’s hands. Peter took her and squeezed her breasts. He shifted from her breasts to her backside and pushed Kate down a slight amount until her warm pussy lips dropped down onto Peter.

The slick walls enveloped Peter’s tool and took her inside. Peter watched as Kate’s face contorted in obvious pleasure while taking his big hard cock inside of her body. Kate threw her arms around Peter and rose up and down.

“You’re mine now,” Kate said with a devilish smile.
She leaned in, caressing Peter’s length with her walls. Every motion sent Kate crashing down onto him. Peter’s hands, knowing where to be at all times, sent a very pleasurable jolt through Kate’s body. She leaned in and sucked him deep inside of her body.

Perfect inner muscle control. Peter decided to do some control of her own and stuck his hands to Kate’s ass and squeezed it in a way which made her look Peter deep in the eye with a growing, simmering, intense amount of lust. The web slinger knew all of the buttons which needed to be pushed, but damn if Kate did not have the capabilities to slam on a few of his own.

Kate threw her head back and let out a passionate moan. Spider-Man leaned in and touched her body. Making her just drip with desire and hunger. Everything hit Kate in cascading waves and she, despite her best efforts, broke first. Throwing all caution to the wind, Kate slammed down onto him and came all over him.

She came, before Peter did. And he was still hard and now he was on top of her, on the bed. Kate locked her legs around Peter. Peter nuzzled her chest and sent a shockwave of pleasure.

“If you’re going to fuck me, then fuck me,” Kate said.

“You forgot the magic word,” Peter said.

Kate sunk her nails into Peter’s back. He grabbed Kate down by the lips and slammed deep into the woman on the bed. Watching her breasts jiggle when fucking the redhead hard and tight.

Too bad one of the Batgirls could not join them, or hell all three. Still, Peter had a Batwoman underneath him. Her inner walls forming a very tight grip around Peter and releasing him. She wanted this as badly as he did and would not stop at anything.

Kate groaned and came hard, again. And harder than the first time. Peter lifted her leg up and planted kisses down it. First with the right leg, and then with the left leg and then he elevated both legs around his head. Peter rode the hell out of Kate Kane and slapped his balls down onto her body.

Those balls were so big. So heavy. And Kate wanted what was in them, swimming inside of her.
Peter could see the look in Kate’s eyes. Lust had been a new one. Stoic indifference had been her default look or at least intense determination. Never had Peter Parker saw such passion in this woman’s eyes and it made her quite stunning the faster he worked into her.

He let Kate loose with a hell of an orgasm. Kate clutched onto Peter, sinking her nails into his back while cumming as hard as possible around him.

“Really, a third time, Ms. Kane?” Peter asked.

Kate just looked into his eyes and pumped her hips up. Locking tight onto Peter and pressing his muscular body down. Kate could feel the pleasure course through her and more importantly, his big, throbbing cock hitting all of the right parts and stretching her out.

Peter could feel it, the edge was going to hit him. Kate looked him in the eye and there had been not a single doubt in his mind what Kate wanted to do.

“It’s your turn,” Kate said.

Those words were spoken very succulently, as if there was no doubt about it. Peter pushed down into her body and rocked her back and forth. Curling up Kate like a ball, Peter endlessly slammed into her body. She cried for more. Tightened around him.

Despite Peter’s attempt to hold back just long enough, the next time Kate Kane came, Peter came alongside of her.

Rope, after rope of sticky cum splashed into Kate’s warm, stretched out hole. She grabbed onto Peter, getting her body filled up. Her stomach swelled from the amount of cum Peter poured into her body.

Pressing against Peter and cradling his head against her breasts, Kate ensured Peter would suck on them. While her inner walls sucked on him and drained every single last drop from his balls into her body.

Kate’s back arched back and her hips moved to get him to the very last drop. Her body contorting made Kate look as sexy as hell when Peter finished inside of her.
The end came with Peter pulling away from Kate. Only for Kate to grab Peter by the crotch and pull him into a long kiss. The two made out for a long minute with Kate tracing patterns down Peter’s strong and muscular frame. Kissing, sucking on his lip, Kate stroked his cock until it pressed against her belly. Cum from earlier splashing out of it.

“We’re not finished yet.”

Kate crawled back from Peter teasingly. Peter grabbed her and pulled Kate back so he could sink into her from behind.

“No, we’re not.”

Peter grabbed her tight and fucked Kate as vigorously as possible to make her scream as loud as humanly possible. Oh they were not done and Peter would make her body just gush until one or both of them passed out.

No regrets, not at all, for Kate giving into her temptation.

End.
“Oh, I’m sure you’ll tell me everything, won’t you, Peter?”

Lois Lane’s tight grip around Peter Parker’s cock increased when she stroked the young man, hand buried deep into her pants. Ten years Peter’s senior, Lois still had what it took to get the job done. She leaned in close to Peter and kissed him on the lips.

Betty Brant arched back, torn between amusement and agitation. She fiddled with the collar of her shirt and hiked up her skirt.

“You, please,” Betty said. “Peter and I go way back, we were the first...well for a lot of things.”

“Exactly,” Lois said. “Which is why he knows all of your tricks, and you won’t be able to pump the information out of him properly.”

Lois added a bit of spark to the word “pump” and did it to Peter’s thrusting groin. Lois’s breasts came out and she could see Peter’s eyes glued on them.

“Want a closer look?” Lois asked.

“Who wouldn’t,” Peter grunted.

“I’ll let you, I’ll even let you touch them, look,” Lois said.

Lois pulled her blouse off and then took her bra off. Her nice, supple, breasts, perfectly formed and bouncing above her flat stomach fed Peter. Peter leaned in and grabbed onto Lois’s breast before squeezing it very hard. The reporter just smiled.

Betty lightly tutted.

“Here, Peter, mine are much better,” Betty said. “Remember how you touched them? How you loved burying your face into them? How you really enjoyed sucking on them? We can do that, we can do that right now, if you really want to. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

Betty undid her blouse and threw it to the ground. The moment it hit the ground, Peter’s line of sight locked onto Betty Brant’s gorgeous breasts. Nothing beat an eyeful of those round wonders. Peter eased a little bit closer towards her and put his mouth on them to suck them.

Lois pulled Peter away and buried his face into her chest. Lois heaved back and forth. With one motion, Lois allowed Peter’s hand to slide underneath her skirt. Peter touched Lois. The heat of her pussy succumbing it.

A deep breath made Lois’s chest rise and fall. She forgot while she was here, and the length pressing against her thigh gave Lois a brilliant idea. She leaned back and wrapped tightly around Peter to pump him as hard as humanly possible until he almost rose up to the ceiling.
Betty already stripped naked and Peter’s eyes locked onto her. Sitting on the desk, spreading her legs.

“Remember when we did this?” Betty asked. “On Jameson’s desk when he was out? What do you think he would have done if he ever caught us? I bet he would have busted a blood vessel worse than one Spider-Man webbed his mouth shut.”

Lois had to admit, having sex on J. Jonah Jameson’s workdesk was inspired. She never had sex at the workplace, although to be fair, the person she had been sending signals to did not pick up on them and might not, even if Lois danced around wearing nothing but a neon sign which said “please fuck me.”

Peter moved towards Betty. The competitive edge both of these reporters had ensured only one person would win this competition between the two of them. Peter was fixed to win. He pushed against Betty and her warm lips gobbled down on Peter the second he speared inside of her.

“Oooh, yes, baby, that’s the spot, right here!” Betty cooed out in Peter’s ear. “Fuck me like you mean it. Fuck me like you were always meant to fuck me.”

Lois looked out on Peter who slammed into Betty’s body. The size of his length only enticed Lois.

“Oh, Betty, it’s been too long.”

“It has,” Betty breathed. “Oh, you’re making me cum already.”

“You have no self control,” Lois said.

Lois bet she could do better. Hell, she knew she could do better. Because she was Lois Lane. If Lois could focus and not be preoccupied by Peter slamming into his once girlfriend, and now occasional fuck buddy, made Lois’s pussy hot as hell. She was going to lose it just by slamming three fingers into her.

The moment Peter pulled out, Lois recovered. She slung a leg over Peter and smiled. Like a cowgirl, Lois mounted Peter and sank down onto him. She loved him, such the perfect size inside of her body and filling her up in one of the best ways possible.

“OOOH, LOIS!” Peter groaned.

Lois Lane was always someone who Peter found to be extremely gorgeous and a bit out of his depth. And now, the world class reporter riding the hell out of Peter as he touched her all over. Lois’s breasts pushed into Peter’s hands and he fondled them.

“All for you, babe,” Lois said. “Take them, taste them, suck on them...do anything you want with them.”

Lois pushed all the way down on Peter. While off to the side, Betty laid by Peter’s side and ran a finger down his chest. All while reaching up and playing with Lois’s ass while she rode him. Lois threw herself back and threw all caution to the wind with the hell of a great ride.

“And look who has no self control now.”
Lois closed her eyes and just bit back a few choice words, none of them would be fit to be published in the Daily Planet or the Daily Bugle. She exploded all over Peter’s tool and almost fell over when he slid from her slick walls.

Betty leaned in and nibbled on Lois’s nether lips to taste her. She then spun around and put her warm mouth onto Peter’s manhood and sucked on him so hard.

For some reason, Lois could not help and think this was not the first time Betty did this. Just how comfortable she by taking Peter’s long and hard tool into her mouth, ride after it had been inside Lois. Right after Lois had been riding the hell out of it and moaning loudly.

“Take my ass,” Betty said. “I bet she wouldn’t dare give you that.”

Peter leaned in and wrapped his arm around Betty. Her nice tight asshole shined invitely, and Peter would not turn down anal sex. Especially when it’s been so given. Betty hung over the side of the desk and gave Lois a look of triumph before the triumph faded to explosive pleasure the second Peter buried into her ass.

Once again, Peter thought he won this one. He could see Lois’s watching him, and eying him. Eying Peter with hunger while he pushed deep into Betty’s backside. The brunette reporter closed her eyes and cried out for pleasure.

“Giving you a hand so you can fuck her into a coma,” Lois murmured in Peter’s ear. “And then you can go ahead and fuck a real woman’s ass.”

Grinding her hips against Peter from behind, Lois pushed Peter back and forth into Betty. The thickness of his cock penetrated Betty and Lois also kissed him while rubbing her breasts against his back. Lois got Peter hotter and hotter and also the loud slaps of Lois spanking her own ass made Peter want it.

Lois knew Peter wanted this, he wanted it a whole lot. His balls were hard and throbbing for her ass. And Lois pressed herself against him and pushed him, deeper and faster into Betty’s ass from behind. All while reaching forward and giving Betty a three-finger deep push towards an orgasm.

Betty Brant, Lois Lane, and Peter Parker all reached points of pleasure at the same time. Their bodies hit the tipping point. Peter held back, the promise of Lois’s ass only encouraging him.

Betty on the other hand, she lost all sense of herself. Cumming all over Lois’s hand before Lois pulled away and fed her fingers to Betty to have her suck it.

Lois pulled Peter around and crawled over onto his ass. The sexy older reporter ground her ass against Peter in circles. A smile crossed over Lois’s face when Peter poked her asshole with his length. She could feel how eager he was and Peter rubbed against her, toying with Lois as well.

Sinking down onto his cock, Lois had her ass stuffed with the biggest thing she ever had up in. The joys of anal sex along with Peter’s strong hands pumping her breasts followed. Lois threw her head back.

“Time for me to get to the bottom of this,” Lois said.

Ah journalism lingo which could be interpreted as sexual innuendo, always a treat. Peter groaned and pushed as deep inside of Lois’s very tight hole as possible. Bringing himself to the breaking
point and a couple of steps beyond. He leaned all the way into her until finally, finally, Peter Parker came close to popping.

Lois gave him no room for hesitation. He creamed of Lois’s asshole which caused her to explode. Betty dove in and lapped up Lois juices along with the cum dribbling from her ass. It had been a tantalizing treat and one which Betty succumbed to enjoying.

“Perfect,” Betty said after releasing her.

“I’ll say,” Peter said. “So, maybe the two of you…..”

“Oh, if you think I’m done after that, then I don’t know what to tell you,” Lois said with a cocky little smirk.

Pulling away from them, Betty and Lois eyed Peter’s manhood. Dripping and messy, both of them leaned in and licked him up like an ice cream cone. The older reporter and the younger reporter found some kind of common ground to work together to suck on him.

To be honest, by the time Peter was done fucking their brains out, both Lois and Betty forgot the real reason why they cornered him.

Oh, well, if it was important, it would come to them, Lois mused. As she came again while bouncing on top of Peter’s thick meaty spear while she and Peter took turns fingering Betty into half-catatonic state.

Again, with each squeeze of these women around his pole, Peter knew he was the true winner of this one.

End.
“You really got into this one, didn’t you?”

Anita Fife, the heroine known as Empress, frowned, when she looked over Spider-Man, who came to her for help. And also with a very uncomfortable looking bulge in his pants which Anita tried to stare away from it.

“Calypso, she hit me with something, and was smiling about it before she disappeared,” Spider-Man said. “Every time I go out there, all I think about is as sex, more so than the average person. That’s not normal to get a boner just by hearing someone’s voice isn’t it?”

“No, she put some kind of spell on you,” Anita said. “She’s...well she’s hoping your stubbornness will cause all of the blood rush from your head and cause you to go into a coma so you are easy pickings for whatever scheme she’s up to.”

Anita poured a fluid into a bowl. Spider-Man watched her as Anita stirred it three times, counter clockwise. The caramel skinned woman hummed from the fluids bubbling about in the bowl, waiting for them to hit a certain point.

“So, do I have drink it?” Spider-Man asked.

“No, not for drinking,” Anita said. “I can help you, but first I need you to take off your pants.”

Anita said this with such seriousness, Spider-Man did not question it twice. Spider-Man took off his pants and caused his long, stiff cock to come out into the opening. Anita Fife, with an eying of his manhood, smiled and leaned in, touching the young man around his stiff prick and lightly stroking it.

“Oh, I can work with this,” Anita said.

Anita stripped down completely naked which did not smooth Spider-Man’s erection. It fueled it. Her rich dark-colored skin, long hair, nice round breasts, flat stomach, shaved pussy, and round bubble ass, off set with a nice long set of legs most certain caused Spider-Man to reach for the sky.

“God,” Spider-Man managed.

Her hand dipped in the liquid, giving her plenty of lubrication, and hopefully inducing the required amount of orgasms to expel the curse. Anita pulled it off, and slid it down Spider-Man’s manhood.

A groan followed, as Spider-Man’s loins felt like they burst into flames from the touch. Then a pleasure, a pleasure coursed through him. Spider-Man had many lovely women give him handjobs and so much more in the past. However, never had Spider-Man craved something more, craved it more than a man stranded in the desert needed that one drink of water, just enough to keep himself alive.

Anita clasped his cock, leaning down with her tongue and tracing certain patterns with it against the
tip. She did the same to his shaft and then his balls. Prior to returning to the handjob, jerking the hell out of Spider-Man’s massive prick and making him groan in pleasure.

Not a matter of if he will cum, but when. And Anita sped up her jerking motions until finally, Spider-Man’s came. And boy did he ever came, not with a trickle, but with a flood. An explosion which spilled all over Anita’s pumping hand and then all over her face. Anita jerked away on Spider-Man and more of the cum spilled all over her body.

Anita had a shower of cum all over her body. She smiled and leaned in to lick the tip of Spider-Man’s head, to enjoy the seed just spurting all over her.

Really glad she took off her clothes to not get them stained.

Spider-Man still throbbed, hard, almost like Anita did not even jack him off at all. Anita just smiled and pulled off Spider-Man’s clothes, with the exception of his mask. She respected boundaries after all.

“Guess it didn’t work,” Anita said. “We’re going to have to...fuck.”

“That sounds so elegant coming out of your mouth,” Spider-Man said.

Empress mounted Spider-Man with the intention to ride. Her pussy felt really wet, especially after she rubbed her lips with the same liquid Anita used on his cock to give him the handjob to end all handjobs. Anita perched herself at the edge of Spider-Man’s entrance and slid the first few inches of his manhood inside of her body. Stretching her out, Anita pressed down onto Spider-Man and groaned down into him, filling her pussy up with as much cock as she could manage.

Anita Fife closed her eyes and rode Spider-Man. It was almost like a dream come true, feeling Spider-Man fill her up and go deep inside of her. Each motion pressed Spider-Man a little bit deeper inside of her, filling her pussy and causing it to stretch a tiny bit more.

Oh, fuck and fuck they did. Spider-Man’s throbbing manhood stretched deep into Anita’s warm and splendidly tight depths to clamp down onto him. She really knew all of the buttons to push and hammer hard, while she also hammered her pussy down onto Spider-Man’s impressive cock.

Anita pushed her breasts into Spider-Man’s hands and Spider-Man grabbed them. He was like an animal, just rutting around with her. Anita could feel her toes curl in excitement, pussy tighten, and large, dark breasts bounce in desire. Spider-Man squeezed then and stuck to them, milking her tits very intensely.

She came, harder than before and soaked Spider-Man’s length.

“Maybe I wasn’t the only one backed up.”

Maybe, he was not. Anita never got sex this intense, ever. Spider-Man hit all of her weak spots.

Spider-Man could have fucked a rock today with how backed up he was. Fortunately, he had a partner who had been very willing to help him reverse the curse in the most efficient way possible. Thankfully, he did not hold out for too much longer before coming to Anita.

“I’m…..”
“DON’T PULL OUT!”

Anita looked primal while sinking her fingers deep into the side of Spider-Man’s neck. Riding the ever living hell out of it, her tightening walls wrapped and released Spider-Man. To the point where Spider-Man reached the breaking point and shot as much of his cum into Anita as possible.

Blast, after blast, of warm and piping hot seed spilled into Anita’s body. Anita clutched around Spider-Man and moaned very hungrily when she got filled up with all of the seed possible.

Finally, finally, Spider-Man tapered off. Anita breathed heavily, her breasts bouncing, and stomach looking about ready to burst from many months of pregnancy with the amount of cum Spider-Man spilled inside of her body. Oh, she was overflowing for sure with the amount of cum Spider-Man just piped into her.

Despite the fact he came hard into Anita, Spider-Man was still as hard as a rock. Anita flashed him a devious little smile over her shoulder and wiggled her ass towards him. Spider-Man, putting his hands on Anita’s ass, dug his fingers inside.

“Fuck my ass!”

Spider-Man did not even need her to say pleasure. He came all over Anita, inside Anita, and now he was going to cum inside of her nice ass. The fine booty pushed into Spider-Man’s hands when he reared back and slammed into her. The juices on his cock made sure he slid into her.

Anita ripped through the bed sheets with an animalistic fury. She wanted her handsome lover to pound her ass until it was raw. Until she could not sit down and think of anything else.

The tightening of Anita’s most taboo hole made Spider-Man close his eyes. Oh, she was exquisite. His balls felt a little less full than the past two times he ejaculated, so perhaps the system was working. Anita’s breasts leaked milk when Spider-Man grabbed them.

Turning the position, Spider-Man pounded Anita’s ass while he could suck and grope onto her swollen, lactating breasts. The web slinger pushed all the way into her ass as hard as possible, almost pulled out, and slammed all the way into her one more time, his balls swinging and heavy.

Anita soaked in sweat. She felt like a woman about ready to cross the finish line. And this time, Spider-Man would finish alongside with her, harder than ever before. His hands were everywhere and grabbing her.

Who needed an extra four arms anyway? Spider-Man pressed against Anita’s body, slamming, thrusting, and grunting inside of the woman. Those heavy balls, slapping down onto Anita sent her flying backwards into the grip of Spider-Man.

“Too perfect,” Spider-Man said.

Anita Fife should be renamed to Anita Fine, although Spider-Man stopped himself from saying that out loud, not to ruin his witty reputation. To be fair, the lack of blood to the brain made quipping hard, about as hard as he was in Anita’s ass right at the time.

Spider-Man grunted and the pressure in his balls burst. Releasing an endless flood into Anita. Spider-Man gulped down Anita’s breasts and drank her very savory breast milk like a man while he pumped a load of cum.
A deep sigh came from Empress, after the ejacaculation completed inside of her ass. Spider-Man softened, at least for the most part. And not a moment too soon, for Anita laid on the bed, shuddering while his hands roamed in her body in the post-coitious cuddle.

“Thanks,” Spider-Man said.

“Any...time,” Anita said. “And not just when you’ve been voodoo hexed by some mad African witch either.”

The two spooned on top of the mangled, sticky sheets. Anita resolved to recharge and double check to make sure all of the negative tantric energy had been expelled from Spider-Man.

Can never be too careful.

End.

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