

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hopefully he would have a chance to fuck her properly soon and give her all the time and satisfaction she deserved. But for now, as he'd warned her, he just didn't have enough left to accomplish that. It had been too long. and she and Felicia had made him feel too fucking good for him to be able to last any longer, however much he would have loved to keep going well into the morning.

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

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

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

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

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