

Chapter 14

The awards had been given and the speeches, emotional and inspiring. Afterwards, they'd been directed to the Stockholm City Hall where the Laureates had a banquet held in their honour.

Pete had been forced to smile and schmooze with the royal family while she, Ben and May watched on with pride and amusement. May, looking stunning in her sleek and flattering emerald green gown - Pete's medal hanging proudly in her deliciously ample cleavage - hadn't stopped smiling since they'd picked the two up at the airport, her eyes perpetually glistening with happy tears.

Gwen and Ben - the older man looking just as fine in his perfectly tailored tux, if a little bland in her personal opinion - chuckled whenever Pete would shoot them desperate and pleading glances in between meetings with guests and well-wishers.

He wasn't freed until the orchestra started to play and everyone was invited up to dance. Pete barely had time to collapse into his chair with a weary sigh before he yelped as May - who'd definitely had a few too many glasses of champagne - grabbed his hand and dragged him up to the dancefloor with an excited squeal.

Gwen smiled fondly as she watched them, her eyes widening when she belatedly realised something.

They've never been able to do this before...It hasn't even been that long and I'm already forgetting about Pete's disability...

While watching aunt drag nephew around the dancefloor, Gwen apparently chose a terrible time to take a sip of her champagne.

Clearing his throat, Ben leaned over and spoke in a rather embarrassed, yet amiable tone.

'Apparently I have you to thank for my wife's recent... *adventurousness?*'

How was she even supposed to react to a statement like that? Especially from a man like Ben Parker, who she'd secretly always expected wasn't her biggest fan - regardless of Pete's constant assurances.

Unfortunately, she reacted by choking on her drink, the alcohol somehow finding its way out of her nostrils and leaving a slight burning sensation behind. As she coughed and spluttered, she saw Ben grinning at her out of the corner of her eye and she pouted.

Now I know where Pete gets it...

'E-excuse me?'

Gwen liked to think herself utterly shameless these days. Strip her naked and parade her around in her nipple clamps in a foreign land? Sounds hot. Having *this* conversation though...?

He was her boyfriend's dad in every way that mattered! Someone she secretly suspected disapproved of her...lascivious past.

Ugh, get me out of here!

Ben only snorted in amusement at her reaction, taking a sip of whiskey as he eyed her frantically trying to gather herself over the rim of his glass. She'd always had a bit of a crush on the older man - pretty much all of her friends in highschool had. He was tall, broad, and handsome in a clean-cut soldier-boy way with a chiselled jaw and dark eyes.

All she could think about at that moment though was getting as far away from him as possible.

Pull it together Gwen! This is Ben we're talking about! Calm down!

'Relax,' his deep voice soothed with a chuckle, snapping her out of her near panic attack. Clearing his throat again, he continued. 'I...think I owe you an apology.'

Huh?

Seeing the look of confusion and bafflement on her face, he chuckled and turned to look out at the dancefloor where May was dragging Pete around, her arms wrapped around his neck and her smile wide. Ben continued without taking his eyes off them, a fond smile gracing his chiselled features.

'Pete's always been a genius, we always knew he was destined for great things,' he said with a wistful tone and faraway stare. 'He's been in love with you for as long as I can remember...mostly to his detriment.'

Gwen's eyes widened and she turned to him with an apologetic smile. 'None of that is your fault - you didn't owe him anything. What I *didn't* like was how Pete was around you. His feelings for you were like an anchor weighing down his potential...'

Gwen, finally calm and accepting that this conversation was happening whether she wanted it or not, could only nod. 'We fought about it a lot - especially when he lied to me about not being able to find a job.'

They both chuckled at the sheer absurdity of that statement.

Ben sighed. 'Of course, it didn't help that whenever I turned on the news, I was constantly reminded of what he was *actually* wasting his talent on.'

Ben had at least had the decency to drop that bombshell *before* she was about to take another sip.

'No offence, of course,' he added like it fucking *mattered*. 'I think you do amazing and admirable work, but as we've seen over the past few years, Pete can help so many more people if he's let loose.'

The flute froze against her lips, her eyes wide as the implications of his words sank in. She was so stunned by the sudden and shocking revelation that she didn't even bother trying to hide her slipup and play ignorant, her reaction had been too obvious.

Seeing her stunned look, Ben could only chuckle.

'Give me a *little* credit, I was your father's NCO for eight years.'

Gwen had known the two had served together - that's how she and Pete had first met, after all - but she didn't know they'd been in the same unit, that Ben had been his right hand.

She didn't look up to meet his eyes, instead staring into her half empty champagne flute. 'Yeah, well, maybe *you* should have been the Major - Dad never found out.'

'We all have our blind spots,' he said in a comforting tone after a beat of silence, his large hand coming up to squeeze her shoulder as she was assaulted by memories of her father.

They sank back into a companionable silence again as they watched May twirling Pete around.

'He'd be proud of you, you know,' Ben said with another squeeze of her shoulder. Gwen's head snapped to the side, staring at him with wide, hopeful eyes. The sheer desperate need for affirmation that she felt in her *soul* must have shone through because Ben only smiled kindly at her and nodded. 'You were already the apple of his eye - if he could have seen the woman you'd grow up to be, the quality of man you ended up with -'

Gwen chuckled wetly, her eyes brimming with unshed tears. As her vision blurred, Ben wrapped his arm around her for comfort and pulled her close. Gwen sighed and leaned her head against shoulder, grinning cheekily. 'He would have *broken* Pete.'

'Poor kid wouldn't have even made it through his front door.'

They both laughed as Gwen wiped the traitorous tear that had escaped despite her best efforts. Before they could lapse into another comfortable silence, she mustered up her courage and spoke in a small, vulnerable tone that made her wince in disgust the second it left her lips.

'I've...killed people.'

To his credit, Ben didn't answer straight away, nor did he let her go.

'Always thought the Fisk's passing was... convenient,' he admitted, ignoring the obvious jolt that shot through her body at his immediate, accurate assessment. 'Do you really think he'd be ashamed of you because of that?'

Another tear escaped and her lip quavered. Not trusting her voice, she could only nod.

Again, Ben didn't answer immediately. While she wouldn't say he was a man of few words, he was certainly one that chose them carefully.

'What you have, your abilities...they're *special*. A great burden was put on your shoulders... and at so young too,' he trailed off briefly, a disbelieving note in his tone. 'Before he was a cop, before he was even a father, George Stacy was a *soldier* - we talked about you, you know?'

She started at the seeming non-sequitur and Ben chuckled.

'Well, about Ghost Spider,' he corrected. 'He often told me how much he wanted to catch you - not because what you were doing was wrong, but because he was terrified that you were a kid getting in over their head, that one day he'd wake up to see a kid's dead face plastered over the front pages of the Bugle.'

The irony of that didn't need to be pointed out.

'To have so much power at such a young age - you really are remarkable. It would have been so easy to let all of that get to your head...'

Gwen chuckled, a smile finally finding its way to her lips. 'You can thank Pete for that. He told me a parable a wise man once told him - that with great power comes great responsibility.'

Ben barked out an incredulous laugh and squeezed her tight. 'Way to steal my thunder, I was working my way to that.'

'It's good advice,' she teased with a giggle.

'Alright, since you ruined my punchline, let me tell you a quick story about our time in the army.'

Gwen straightened up. Her father almost never talked about his time serving, it was a part of his life she was woefully ignorant about.

'It's nothing grand. We were investigating a murder and we found our man - the problem was, he was the son of a two-star,' he began, a disgusted sneer on his normally addable

features. 'When he brought his findings to the higher-ups, they told him in no uncertain terms to bury the investigation, that the murder of a prostitute wasn't worth the hassle of stirring up that hornet's nest.'

Gwen pulled away from Ben, staring at him with wide eyes and mouth agape. He nodded sympathetically and let out a weary sigh.

'We both served out our terms and didn't re-enlist.'

'What happened...to that guy?'

'A true tragedy that,' Ben said idly with a tilt of his head. Gwen shivered at the unnatural coldness of his eyes. 'There was a training accident, he didn't make it.'

Gwen's eyes widened in shock, a strange mix of dread and hope roiling in her gut.

Ben stared directly into her eyes with an intensity that took her breath away. 'While that man's death was an accident and, *truly*, a tragedy,' he continued with such sincerity that, if she didn't know the man, she'd have been fooled, 'he will *never* get to hurt anyone ever again.'

Gwen felt herself shivering again at the cold certainty of his words and stare, but a part of her, a larger part than she'd care to admit, felt relief.

'Your father made sure to visit every single widow when Fisk killed one of his own, and each one was like a dagger to the heart. Not only would your father be *proud* of you, he'd have thanked you, from the bottom of his heart.'

She felt her eyes sting and her vision instantly blurred. Her lips quivering, Gwen wrapped her arms around Ben and hugged him tight, a weight she hadn't even known she'd been carrying for *years* lifted from her shoulders as she silently cried into his chest. Ben shielded her from nosy onlookers with his body while rubbing soothing circles into her back until she'd cried herself out.

Materialising a mirror in the palm of her hand to make sure her makeup was okay, ignoring the raised brow from Ben, she composed herself and shot him a warm smile.

'Thanks Ben. It means a lot,' she said with a weary but genuine smile. 'More than you know.'

Ben mirrored her smile, if somewhat sheepishly as her tears got the attention of nearby busybodies. He discreetly handed her his pocket square under the table before continuing, and she nodded thankfully.

'No, seeing the smile on Pete's face these last couple of years means a lot. I used to think you were an anchor around Pete's neck holding him down, now...now I think he wouldn't be the man he is today without you.'

Oh for fuck's sake don't make me cry again!

Dabbing at her eyes, she let out another wet chuckle and bumped the older man with her shoulder.

'Does May know? About...you know...'

'About your side-gig? I don't think so,' he said with an amused chuckle. As the musical performance ended to polite applause, they watched Pete - his face a beet red as May extolled his virtues to everyone within earshot - start dragging his aunt off the dancefloor and back to their table.

'That's good,' Gwen admitted with a relieved sigh, shaking her head as Pete noted her red-rimmed eyes with alarm. 'She'd probably just worry...'

'I dunno,' Ben trailed off in an amused tone, speaking out of the corner of his mouth. 'With the way you two have been lately, she'd probably just ask for pictures of your exploits.'

Gwen flushed at the unintentional double entendre, a mental image of May's gushing womanhood stuffed with Ben's big dick unhelpfully drifting to the forefront of her mind.

Pete's eyebrows rose at that too, he could be annoyingly observant like that. She just patted his thigh under the table and promised to tell him later.

Well, except the parts she knew he didn't want to know. She was the best girlfriend in the world, after all.

-

'What's up?' Pete asked with a worried frown as they finally found a minute to sneak outside the city hall. The building with its towering spire stood at the eastern tip of an island and had a gorgeous, panoramic view of central Stockholm.

Taking his hand, Gwen smiled up at him and relayed the conversation she'd shared with his uncle, his eyebrows raising with every new detail about his de facto father she shared.

Taking his girlfriend in his arms when she was done, Pete rested his chin on her head as she buried her face in his chest. 'That's...pretty cool, right?'

'Yeah,' Gwen answered after a moment of silence. 'I didn't realise how much it was weighing on me until Ben said dad'd be proud...'

'We're *all* proud of you,' Pete assured, rubbing circles in her back. 'Now stop crying about it like a baby - you're making me look bad.'

His girlfriend barked out an incredulous laugh and he giggled as she started tickling his sides. After they stopped behaving like children, they pulled apart, out of breath with big, dopey smiles on their faces.

'I can't believe Ben knows,' Pete realised, circling back to that crucial aspect of Gwen's story. 'I mean... I guess it explains a lot. I just hope May doesn't find out... she'll go crazy.'

Gwen grinned up at him and smirked. 'Your Aunt is cooler than you think, give her some credit.'

Pete narrowed his eyes at her suspiciously. 'Riiiiight.'

She says that with a certainty I don't think I want to interrogate...

Before he could ponder his girlfriend's mysterious grin further, he was dragged out of his thoughts by an excited call from a voice he'd only come to recognize recently. Looking over at the entrance to the building, Pete smiled when he saw Reed Richards smiling and waving at him, his beautiful wife Sue Storm by his side.

Reed was dressed like most of the men that evening, a perfectly tailored black tux. Pete had had enough compliments on his outfit that evening that he'd long since stopped feeling self-conscious about his relatively ostentatious getup.

Even Pepper had approved after spending a tense moment assessing him with a critical eye.

Sue Storm, on the other hand, was anything but generic. She wore a blue, mermaid style evening gown of shimmering, blue silk that hugged her classical, hourglass figure perfectly before flaring out at the knees. His eyes were immediately drawn to her ample cleavage on display and the waist high split that showed off a long, pale leg. She had her blonde hair done up in an elegant bun that showed off and highlighted her slender neck and shoulders while her crystal blue eyes glittered with delight.

He'd apparently been noticeably staring, if his girlfriend's amused snort and playful poke were anything to go by.

Collecting himself, he plastered a genuine smile on his face. As opposed to the politicians and royalty Pepper had been dragging him around to meet all week, he was very eager to get to know the married half of the Fantastic Four - Reed had been an idol of his for as long as he could remember.

'You've been quite the difficult man to get a hold of Doctor Parker,' Mister Fantastic greeted amiably, offering his hand. 'You're the main reason I attended this year's ceremony, I'm quite excited to pick your brain.'

Blushing at the praise, he took the offered hand and shook it with a wide smile. 'Just Peter, please.'

'Then I insist you call me Reed,' he fired back immediately, turning to his wife with a wide smile. 'I'm sure my lovely wife needs no introduction, but I always despise being rude. Peter, Ms Stacy, this is my wife Susan.'

'You can call me Gwen,' his girlfriend said with a smile, accepting his proffered hand as Sue held out her knuckles to him with a cheeky grin.

It took him an embarrassing moment to realise what the stunning older woman wanted, almost making a fool of himself by giving her a fist-bump. Flushing, he cleared his throat

uncomfortably, took her hand and touched his lips to her knuckles, Sue's smile widening as she met his gaze and looked down at him, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

Reed acted like he didn't notice the interaction, instead immediately proceeding to talk shop with him, lamenting the fact that they hadn't had the chance to meet before that day, despite living so close to each other. Pete smiled politely, agreeing and thankful for the distraction.

They stood barely a foot apart from each other as they spoke, Gwen snuggled up to his left and Sue did likewise for Reed. It was a chilly evening and, aside from their breaths misting out of their mouths, they were generally huddled rather close - so much so that Sue's shoulder was also touching his own.

As their conversation progressed, Sue started leaning less into her husband's shoulder and more into his own.

'The potential applications of your nanites for experimenting in vacuum and deep space have me genuinely excited -'

Pete only *just* stopped himself from yelping when he felt Sue's hand slip down his back and grab a handful of his ass. He froze, wondering what the hell was going on and if the man across from him had even noticed. Their bodies were blocking his line-of-sight after all.

If that wasn't distracting enough, Sue's tits were constantly visible out of the corner of his eye. A part of him wondered if she was using the shields she was so famous for to protect her from the cold, the thin gown in no way appropriate for the weather. A larger part of him just wanted to stare at the nipples that were blatantly poking through the sheer, silk material.

He wasn't able to hide his jerk as she squeezed his ass again, her hand not having moved from its apparent new home. This time, Sue quietly giggled and a dusting of pink suffused Reed's cheeks, though the man didn't stop talking shop.

What the fuck is going on?!

Just as he was about to start freaking out, he felt Gwen's hand slip from around his arm and slide down his back to join Sue's at his ass. His girl grabbed the older woman's hand and used it to squeeze his ass *again*, as if giving Sue her permission.

Jesus I hope my boner isn't obvious...

Apparently striking up an instant camaraderie, Sue stepped around his back and joined Gwen on his other side, her hand trailing against his ass right up until the two women were out of reach. They walked off and started a hushed conversation of their own filled with giggles and whispers.

'Sorry,' Reed apologised with an embarrassed flush. 'Sue likes to tease - anyway, does SI have any plans to conduct deep space experiments?'

Finally able to think clearly now that he was no longer being molested by the gorgeous older woman, Pete chuckled.

'My friend would kill me if I spilled the beans, but maybe you should think about keeping your calendar clear at the end of the month,' he teased, thinking of Riri and the Anti-Gravity Well. 'We're working on something...pretty spectacular that I think will change the world as we know it. Forever. I don't think you'll be disappointed.'

'Ooh!' Reed groaned, clenching his fists with equal parts annoyance and excitement. 'You're such a tease! Quite the salesman too, I see. Tony taught you well...'

They both lost themselves talking about their work and how they could link up in the future to do more - they'd have probably talked the night away had Sue not interrupted them with an impatient clearing of her throat.

Reed's cheeks pinked again. 'Oh, right. Maybe we should continue this discussion when we're back home? You should both join us for dinner sometime.'

'We'd *love* that,' Gwen accepted on their behalf, hooking an arm through his as Sue did likewise with Reed. 'It was nice meeting you Sue, Reed.'

'Oh, the pleasure was *all* mine dear,' Sue waved her off with her widest smile yet. 'I can't *wait* until I next see you, it was absolutely *lovely* meeting you both.'

Pete's eyebrows rose at the blatant sensuality just oozing from her tone, a part of him wondering if he were missing something. He turned to Reed, the look of confusion on his face clear and was surprised to see the man blushing harder than before. 'Right, well, I, err, eagerly look forward to speaking with you again Peter.'

Sue held out her hand for him again and he kissed her knuckles almost on reflex. 'It truly is a pleasure to meet someone so *young* and *brilliant* Peter. See you soon.'

As Pete watched them walk away, arm-in-arm, his eyes were glued to the woman's swaying hips.

Hearing his girl snorting in amusement, he turned to her with narrowed eyes. 'What the *fuck* was that?'

'I'll tell you later, I promise,' she teased, her smile wide as she snuggled up to his side again.

As if waiting for them to be alone, Tony and Emma Frost stepped out from around the corner of the building, their hair and clothing tussled as they readjusting their immaculate outfits. The power couple were the only people in attendance that evening that were dressed as flamboyantly as them, though they weren't matching.

Those two are definitely 'on-again,' I guess...

Tony wore a stylish, red velvet suit with a black waistcoat while Emma was dressed, as per usual, all in white. Her elegant and sultry evening gown had a neckline that plunged all the way down to her navel while, on either side, the dress had slits that ran all the way up to her waist, showing off her long legs. She topped off the outfit with an ostentatious white, fur shawl that she'd draped over her shoulders.

Tony eyed the retreating married couple with a shit-eating grin before turning back to his protege. 'Met the Richardses then, did you?'

Gwen and Emma snorted in amusement while Pete just felt more lost than ever.

'Yeah, um, Reed was fascinating and Sue was...interesting.'

Tony and Gwen barked out a laugh while Emma smirked at him knowingly. He felt like there was a joke being made at his expense, but it was going over his head.

At least he hoped it was going over his head. Because the alternative was maybe even more uncomfortable...

Wiping an imaginary tear from his eye, Tony ruffled his hair and smiled at him as if he were a proud father. 'Enjoying yourself?'

'Not in the slightest,' he grumbled, eyeing the door back into the hall with disdain. 'If I have to schmooze with one more ass-kissy politician I think I'm going to hurl.'

Tony laughed again and slapped him on the back. 'Get used to it you freakish little genius. This is your life now unless you drop everything and go live on an island somewhere.'

'Ooh, that doesn't sound like a bad idea - what kind of Evil Genius doesn't have his own volcanic, island lair?' Gwen teased, poking him in the side. 'Can you afford Hawaii yet, moneybags?'

'Even if he can, the Government won't sell - trust me, I've tried,' Tony muttered with an annoyance that was so genuine that Pete suspected the man had actually tried to buy Hawaii.

Of course he would...

Rolling her eyes, Emma graced him with a small smile that was so out of place on her normally crystal cool features that he almost started in surprise.

'Congratulations Peter, hopefully that award is the first of many,' Emma said, her warm, husky tone as alien as her rare smile. Her lips twitched again and she smirked. 'Rude.'

He frowned. 'You telepaths are so annoying.'

This time, her smile morphed into something more predatory and she grinned wickedly at him. 'I've yet to see you and the lovely Ms. Stacy at my club - are you avoiding me, Peter?'

He schooled his features - years spent dealing with the woman and other telepaths like her helping him to effectively clear his mind. The narrowing of her eyes made him suspect he wasn't as successful as he liked.

'Err, clubs aren't really my -'

Gwen pinched his side and smiled genuinely at the stunning woman. 'We'd *love* to come see you - I've wanted to see the Hellfire for *years*.'

Emma's smile turned genuine, but her crystal-blue eyes never left his own. 'You should call my assistant, we're always looking for new talent to play at the Hellfire.'

Pete couldn't help but compare the gorgeous, blue-eyed blonde before him to both Gwen and Sue - he was apparently surrounded by them. He grinned cheekily when he found the two older women...wanting.

The telepath's eyes narrowed.

'That's not very polite,' her voice echoed in his mind in a teasing, amused tone. She *knew* how uncomfortable it made him and she did it anyway - likely as some kind of dominance play.

I really need to find a way to block that shit.

'Watch your language,' Emma said with amusement, her lips twitching as her eyes danced with mirth. 'Good luck with that though. You wouldn't be the first to try.'

Having only heard one half of the exchange, Tony was still able to get the gist of it. 'Uh-oh, you've done it now Em. I've warned you about pushing the kid. See that look in his eyes?'

'I do,' she purred, and Pete stiffened as she ran the back of her cool fingers over his cheek. 'I can't wait to see it shift to despair when he inevitably fails.'

Gwen turned to Tony with a wink. 'Hundred bucks says Pete has her eating her words within six months.'

Pete grinned as Emma's eye subtly twitched in annoyance.

Tony schooled his features when his girlfriend turned to him and arched an eyebrow at his apparent delay in defending her honour. 'I'm sorry, there is no way the *great* Emma Frost

would be bested by a *child* within the *year*. That would be utterly *humiliating*, so it would *never* happen.'

Gwen cackled and Emma narrowed her eyes at Tony. 'You think you're funny?'

Tony wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her close, planting a kiss on her jaw as she turned her head in annoyance - she never really was one for PDAs. 'You love me.'

'We'll see,' she countered disinterestedly before sashaying away. '*Don't* keep me waiting, Peter'

When she was almost out of earshot - if such a thing were even possible for the powerful telepath - she turned and called over her shoulder. '*Come*, we're leaving.'

'Wuh-*psssh*,' Gwen said with a flick of her wrist and a cheeky grin. Pete wrapped an arm around his girl and snorted in amusement.

Tony winked at them, his eyes twinkling with lascivious desire. 'That comes later,' he teased as he hurried off to catch up with his girlfriend.

They watched as Emma and Tony strolled away arm-in-arm until, when they'd created sufficient distance between them and anyone else, they separated and his mentor spread out his arms. In the blink of an eye, blueish-black plates of armour started to materialise out of his regular suit to form the one he was most famously known for.

Well, I don't think anyone's seen the Vibranium version yet. Especially not the Wakandans...

Emma returned to his embrace once Tony had finished suiting up, her skin now a glistening, even paler white. With a sonorous *boom*, they both shoot off into the sky, apparently as done with the festivities as he felt. The sound of Tony's repulsors startled the dozens of other people milling about outside, but when they saw a man rocketing off into the sky in a suit of *iron*, they just shrugged it off.

'Why don't you like Frost?' Gwen asked curiously, after several moments of companionable silence.

Pete tilted his head from side-to-side before looking down at her with a shrug. 'It's not that I don't *like* her, I just don't like the idea of telepaths. Her power creeps me out.'

Gwen frowned cutely. 'You like Professor X though, right? Aren't you two friends?'

'True,' Pete conceded. 'But Xavier is just more...circumspect when using his power, less intrusive, more respectful. Emma...is *not*. She likes messing with people, it's creepy. And annoying.'

'Fair enough,' Gwen said with a chuckle as she threaded her arm through his. 'Let's go back and check on May and Ben, with the way we left them I wouldn't be surprised if we found them getting it on in a shadowy corner somewhere.'

She laughed at his pained expression.

-

Later that night, after having escorted his clearly - uncomfortably - amorous aunt and uncle back to their hotel room, Pete had been attacked by a *ravenous* Gwen the second they'd crossed the threshold into their own room.

In truth, she'd been pawing at him the second they'd dropped off May and Ben, but it was an understandably busy night in Stockholm. While he knew his girl wouldn't have even batted an eye at dropping his slacks and sucking his dick in the middle of a crowded elevator, he *wasn't* so inclined.

This wasn't a forest in the middle of nowhere. They were in one of the most luxurious hotels in Stockholm and couldn't take ten steps without running into a colleague of his either from SI or within his field.

Now that they were back in their room though, the gloves were off. Gwen had dematerialised her dress in the blink of an eye and jumped into his arms. Her kiss was desperate and needy as she groaned into his mouth and ground her core against him.

'What's got you so fired up?' Pete asked with an eager smile as he flipped them around and pinned her against the wall during a natural break in their liplock.

Before she could answer, his head snapped towards their door when he heard a gentle but clear knock.

It was just past midnight, and while it *was* a busy night outside as scientists and dignitaries from all over the world swarmed the city, *no one* should be knocking on their door at this hour.

Slowly, he turned his gaze back to Gwen. She was biting her lip, her eyes blazing with lust, passion but *not* surprise. His eyes narrowed in suspicion.

'What did you do?'

Unwrapping her powerful legs from around his waist, she lowered herself back onto the floor and held his face between her hands, gazing deeply into his eyes.

'I want you to go with the flow tonight,' she said as if in explanation, but only heightening his confusion. 'You have my full and absolute blessing, okay? *Don't* embarrass me. Go wild.'

...what?

He watched as she disengaged from him, her eyes smouldering with passion as she turned with a smirk and sashayed towards the door. His eyes stayed glued to her world-class ass until he realised she was answering the door completely naked.

He felt himself throb uncomfortably in his tight slacks, wondering if his girlfriend was about to expose herself to one of his colleagues or, heaven forbid, Pepper...

When Gwen stepped aside and let the intruder in, however, Pete nearly swallowed his tongue, his eyes wide with disbelief.

Sue Storm, or rather, her floating, disembodied head grinned saucily at him. All of her makeup was still very much in place, her shadow-rimmed eyes gazing at him with hunger while her hair had been let down and fell across her invisible shoulders in golden tresses.

Okay, so I wasn't imagining the crazy, overt flirting, but why is she here?

He watched as the stunning woman's arm - naked, he noticed with a jolt in his underwear - materialised and handed Gwen her phone before turning back to him and stalking in his direction.

'Gwen,' he said cautiously as Sue's body slowly faded back into glorious visibility, 'dressed' in only sexy, white lace lingerie, 'What's going on?'

His mouth seemed to instantly cotton-wool. Her *bra* was more like a lace strap around the underside of her heavy breasts, her hard pink nipples deliciously erect and poking out from a bed of large pink areola. Unable to help himself, his eyes raked down her slim, curvaceous frame to her lace, crotchless panties. Her labia were clearly exposed and he involuntarily licked his lips at the sight of it as she stood before him, a hand on her hips and grinning smugly at his avid attention.

He had to tear his eyes away from her delicious pussy, but, when he tried to look over at his girlfriend, his eyes landed back on her heavy tits again as both Sue and Gwen giggled.

'I guess I'm not the only one that likes 'em big, ey Stud?'

'Your breasts are perfect,' he answered robotically, totally meaning it but still unable to look away from Sue's chest.

'You'd be a lot more convincing if you looked me in the eyes and said that,' she teased and, despite his mind screaming at him for doing so, he turned to Gwen as Sue invaded his personal space.

Gwen was holding Sue's phone up and pointing it at them. *Recording* them. Still looking at his girlfriend's partially obscured grinning face, he gasped and shuddered when Sue put a hand on his chest - her wedding ring glistening in the low light - and pressed her soft, plump lips against his neck.

She kissed her way up his neck, along his jaw and put those salacious lips against his ear. 'Relax Peter,' she purred and he felt his entire body break out in pleasant tingles, overwhelmed by her sense and presence. 'Reed likes to watch - he's a *very* naughty boy, just like *you*.'

A part of him sagged with relief, knowing that Sue wasn't cheating on the man he so respected.

Another, more important part of him stood to attention. Especially when she cupped it through his slacks and hummed in approval.

Looking over at Gwen again, she winked at him and mouthed something that had his member throbbing with desire. *Fuck her.*

'You're so smart,' Sue purred, her body melded against his as she unzipped his slacks with her wedding ring-bedecked hand. 'So young, and already changing the world for the better. Unlike my husband, his head in the stars...'

What?

Looking over at Gwen again, she was making a 'go with it' gesture with her hand while rotating around them for a better angle.

He'd seen enough porn to understand what was going on, but normally, the naughty wife focused on her cuckold's endowment in such situations...not his supposed intellectual inferiority.

He supposed he shouldn't be surprised coming from a pair of world-famous scientists?

Stop questioning it, you utter idiot!

'You're going to leave my *worthless* husband in the *dust*,' Sue purred with delight, her sinful tongue tracing patterns along the side of his neck. 'Forgotten. *Irrelevant.*'

When next he looked up at Gwen, he saw her seated in the armchair by the window, rubbing her glistening pussy as she watched and filmed them. Seeing her so obviously turned on by what was happening obliterated any last vestiges of restraint remaining and, with a grunt, he cupped Sue's ass and lifted her off the ground.

'Ooh,' she moaned, her face nuzzling the crook of his neck. 'So strong, so sexy.'

He thought she was hamming it up a little too much, but who was he to critique others' sex lives? It's not like his and Gwen's relationship was traditional either, or without a little cringe.

He dropped Sue on their bed and he admired how her tits bounced and jiggled from the impact. She propped herself up on her elbows and grinned at him, running her thigh-high stocking-clad foot over the bulge in his pants.

She pouted when, instead of joining her on the bed, he got down on his knees and hooked his arms around her soft thighs. With a quick yank, he had the gorgeous superheroine's ass hanging off the bed, her puffy lips directly in his face. She hummed in approval as she felt his warm breath on her nethers, her own breath hitching when he then ran his tongue along her glistening labia.

'Yessssss,' she hissed, one of her hands reaching down to grip his hair while the other continued supporting her weight. 'Own my pussy Peter - it's *yours* tonight.'

He closed his eyes so Sue wouldn't see them roll at the incredibly cringe, over-the-top dialogue.

I'm seriously going to get turned off if she keeps going - better make it so she just can't speak at all...

Sue squealed when he slipped a finger inside her and hooked it so he was rubbing against her g-spot - a fairly pedestrian move if one knew their way around a woman, but the sensations were heightened by his dextrous tongue poking at and teasing her rosebud.

Gwen loved it when he did this. The physical stimuli aside, she absolutely gushed about how his heavy breathing often added an unexpected, yet extremely welcome bit of spice to his oral game.

'Ooooh *Gooooood*,' Sue groaned, apparently agreeing with Gwen. The older woman's grip on his hair tightened to an almost painful level, but he did his best to ignore it. His muscles bulged as the arm still gripping her thigh strained to stop Sue from bucking off the bed, or breaking his face. 'Yes, yes, yes - you're so much better than Reed! So smart! So talented!'

Pete frowned, an odd expression given his face was filled with the gorgeous woman's nethers.

If Sue still had enough mental faculties to think about Reed and their little cuckolding play while he was going down on her, his oral-game must be slipping.

Time to up the tempo I guess.

As if reading his thoughts, Pete felt something hard hit him on the shoulder. Flicking his eyes to the side, he snorted when he saw Gwen had plopped one of her modest vibrating dildos on his shoulder with a cheeky wink.

She really is enjoying this, huh? Wild. I love her so much...

Mentally thanking Gwen for the assist, and for pre-lubing the dildo, Pete started teasing Sue's rear end with the toy while his lips sealed themselves around her clit. The gorgeous, older woman *howled* and bucked against him.

'I'm nearly there!' she cried, her moans and pants turning long and drawn out when he fully slipped the dildo inside her and switched on the vibrator.

The dildo doing its job wonderfully, Pete returned to focusing on her clit and g-spot. He could feel Sue was close, her orgasm rapidly approaching. He kept a careful eye on her however, making sure he didn't push her too far.

He didn't want her cumming on his lips, after all. He doubted that was what she wanted either.

'Cumming, I'm cumming!' Sue announced and Pete disengaged immediately, pulling out the dildo as he did so. His lover gasped, her eyes wide as she looked down at him in disbelief. He'd been so focused on her nethers that he hadn't seen the state of Sue - her face and chest were flush and her makeup had started to run as perspiration broke out on her skin.

She looked like a hot mess, emphasis on the *hot*.

'What -?'

Before she could do something reckless or bop him with a forcefield, Pete started to disrobe in front of her as she came down from her orgasm, her chest rapidly rising and falling as she gulped in deep lungfuls of air. Whatever annoyance she'd been feeling evaporated as he revealed his naked body to Sue and her eyes glimmered with desire. When he pulled down his underwear to reveal his aching and throbbing member, she bit her lip and groaned.

Pretty great ego boost there - don't think I don't see what you're pulling here Gwen...

He shelved his thoughts regarding his scheming girlfriend and instead focused on the woman before him, desperate and aching - for *him*.

Pete grabbed Sue's ankles and spread her legs wide, her womanhood gushing and fully revealed to him as he ran the tip of his dick up and down her labia, teasing her and causing the gorgeous woman to whimper piteously. She was rubbing her pebbled nipples while staring at his cock with so much hunger he was worried she'd do something drastic if he didn't move things along.

While he didn't really compare in the *dick* department to Gwen's...many lovers, his girl often praised him for having a girthy member that had a noticeable upwards bend to it.

While he didn't split his lover in two when they fucked, his cock was perfect for stimulating and rubbing against the roof of the vagina - right where the g-spot was.

Sue experienced this first hand as he pressed down on her mons and slowly thrust into her. Pete almost swooned, assaulted by vertigo and his knees almost giving out as he came to a sudden, shocking realisation. Sue Storm was now the second woman he'd ever fucked - another man's *wife*.

This is all Gwen.

Thinking of his girlfriend, his head flicked to the side and he saw his girl, her leg hooked over the armrest of the armchair she was sitting in as she continued to record and rub her glistening pussy. Noticing he was staring at her, Gwen peeked out from behind Sue's phone and winked at him, her eyes smouldering with desire and a desperate need to get fucked herself.

You're next, you cheeky slut.

He returned all of his attention to Sue, his cock sliding in and out of her and grinding against her g-spot in a way she *clearly* appreciated - if her gasps and wild moans were anything to go by.

Unable to help himself, Pete reached over and grabbed one of her tantalising, jiggling tits as he fucked her, using it as a handhold as he forcefully ploughed into the superheroine.

Sue tilted her head to the side and looked straight into the lens of her smartphone. 'He's fucking me, hah, so good baby,' she whined, rocking with the motions of his thrusts. 'So much better than - ooooooh!'

Her taunting was cut short by a long, ecstatic moan as Pete started rubbing Sue's clit with his thumb, his fingers pressing down and sandwiching Sue's g-spot between his cock and hand. 'I'm cumming! I'm cumming - oooh *FUCK!*'

Pete watched with satisfaction as Sue's entire body went still before she started convulsing, her climax hitting her like a tidal wave. Sue's juices sprayed out from the tight seal her pussy still held on his throbbing cock, squirting and making a right mess as Pete didn't stop fucking her, hoping to prolong the delightful sensitivity brought about by her orgasm.

He didn't stop, even as Sue started to whimper and plead. Instead, he joined her on the bed and flipped her around so she was facing Gwen and the camera and mounted her from behind. She groaned gutturally when he slipped back into her hyper-sensitive womanhood, his face nuzzling her neck as she stared into the camera.

'Oh R-reed,' Sue stuttered, moaning as he picked up the pace. 'He's fucking me so good,' she purred, her voice deep, husky and absolutely drunk on pleasure. 'It's okay, *nnh*, you can focus on your work from, *hah*, I won't bother you. I'll have Peter take care of me from, *nnh*, from now on.'

Pete spanked her, *hard*, then started driving down into her like a jackhammer. This angle was pretty great for hitting Sue's g-spot too, except this time, he was also nibbling on her neck and playing with her tits as she stared into the camera and taunted her husband.

Years with Gwen and their wild exploits had built up his stamina to a level that even he could be proud of. Sue, a combination of being wildly turned on by cucking her husband and his skills as a lover, came another two times before he could no longer hold his own climax back.

Pete started to gasp and pant. He had Sue in his lap, his hand on her meaty ass and her nipple in his mouth as they both rushed to the finish line.

'Cumming!' Sue announced and Pete gripped her ass with all his might, the fatty flesh seeping out from between his fingers as his vision whited out and he came with a roar. In his pleasure-filled haze, he was still able to feel when Gwen joined them on the bed. Cracking an eye open, he snorted and Gwen shot him another wink as she shot a close-up of Sue's pussy milking his cock for all it was worth.

'Pull off,' Gwen instructed, speaking for the first time since she started recording. 'Give your cuck the money shot.'

Sue laughed a little breathlessly but did as asked. Her legs shaking, she was barely able to lift herself high enough to get off his wilting cock. Pete helped her out, slapping her over-sensitive lips with his cock and earning a pained whine from his exhausted lover.

'Oh that's so hot,' Gwen groaned and Pete slipped out from under Sue to see what his girl was seeing.

His hand automatically found its way to Gwen's gushing, naked pussy as they both watched his thick cum steadily ooze out of Sue's poor, abused womanhood and trickle down her thigh.

Looking up at the blushing and smug Sue, Gwen grinned and stopped the recording. 'I told you he cums a lot.'

Sue laughed breathlessly and patted Gwen on the head like she was a favoured student. 'Thanks again for this - it'll keep Reed fired up and amorous for a short while.'

'Only a short while?' Gwen asked with an arched brow and Sue chuckled again, collapsing onto the bed and rubbing her abused pussy with a sigh. She shot Pete a saucy wink before answering.

'Unfortunately,' she said with a sigh as she sank into the myriad pillows. 'Reed is easily distracted by his work, I need to keep him on his toes. I think I'll give Namor a call next time - it's been a while since I've seen him.'

'Namor?' Pete replied with a puzzled frown, then his eyes widened. 'The King of Atlantis?'

Gwen whistled in appreciation. 'You go girl.'

Sue snorted and shrugged. 'It's not as impressive as it sounds. The man is a talented lover, but he's annoyingly clingy and arrogant beyond belief.'

'And yet you're still going back to him?'

Sue grinned impishly and shrugged again. 'Okay, he's a *very* talented lover,' she amended, holding her hands about a foot apart with a shit-eating grin. She then turned to Gwen and gave her a naughty smile, 'he's also got a *thing* for beautiful blondes.'

'Ooh, maybe send me his...clamshell number?' She squealed and laughed when Pete gave her a stinging spank. He'd meant it as a joke - he hardly had any room to complain at this point - but his thoughts ground to a halt at the sight of her toned, rippling flesh. He spanked her again and he felt himself harden at the sight.

God she has the best ass...

Sue laughed and hopped up off the bed, a glistening shield of energy covering her pussy and stopping any more of his cum from leaking out. Seeing their questioning looks, Sue giggled coquettishly. 'A nightcap for Reed.'

Sue leaned down and planted a soft kiss on his lips before pulling away, biting her lip sexily. 'It was nice to finally meet you Peter - you're an incredibly impressive young man, and a fabulous lover.' She turned to Gwen and hugged his girlfriend appreciatively. 'Thank you for being a good sport, I had an amazing time.'

They bid the striking woman farewell as she took a few steps on still shaking and wobbly legs before turning invisible, the door seemingly opening and closing of its own accord.

They sat in a companionable silence as Gwen curled up against his side and started tracing circles over his chest.

Finally, Pete couldn't take it anymore. He'd just inhaled, ready to ask what *that* had been all about when Gwen beat him to it.

'Don't overthink it, Stud,' Gwen purred, her hand now tracing the lines of his abs. 'Think of it as a thank-you for an amazing first holiday...and for Sven.'

'Sven? Who - oh, the masseuse?' Pete asked with a laugh and a shake of his head. 'His name was *Bob*.'

For some reason, Gwen found this to be the funniest thing in the world. She laughed so uncontrollably that she snorted and Pete almost died from the adorableness of it all.

They lapsed into silence again, Gwen's hands travelling lower and lower as Pete steadily returned to full hardness.

'Go on then - how'd I do?'

'Eh,' Gwen replied with a cheeky shrug. 'Six out of ten.'

'What?!' he sputtered. 'She could barely walk out of here!'

'But she *could* walk out of here. I bet if it had been *Namor*, they would have had to wheel her out on a gurney,' She gripped his cock and balls and put her lips next to his ear. 'Did you hear Sue? Apparently he liked blondes...you think he'd like *me*?'

He knew what she was doing. She gave it away with the mischievous look in her eyes and the smile she tried to hide by biting her lip...

But at the end of the day, for all his apparent brilliance, he was still just a weak-willed man. His cock surged and Gwen squealed when he threw her down on the bed.

He looked down on her, her hair askew, her eyes dancing with glee and triumph, her toned and shredded body utterly awe inspiring and her pussy wet and gushing. For him.

God I love this woman.

Note:

Just to reiterate because people will ask, yes, Gwen will fuck other men. It'll only start happening when Pete asks for it though. In her mind, at that point it'll be because it turns him on, not because he feels forced into it if she initiates.

Everything that seems contrary to that is just teasing to get Pete riled up.

And no, May and Ben will never do anything sexual with Pete and Gwen. May and Gwen will, ah, share stories though. May is not as innocent as Pete likes to think 😊