

Commission 4.1

Caught in Her Web Side Stories: A Full Welcome Home

Fandom: Spider-Man/Caught in her Web

Tags: Caught in her Web, DvP, M/F/M, Threesome, Huge Cocks, Bondage, Voyeurism, Hotwife, Gaping, Creampie, Implied Creampie Cleanup

The Hudson glowed orange under the setting sun, its surface scattered into a thousand glittering stars. Gwen swung high above Hoboken, mask dissolved, the wind tearing through her hair. Her long bang whipped across her cheek with every arc, stinging but nostalgic.

There were countless ways she could have used to get around, to return home, far more quickly. But not tonight.

Tonight, she wanted to swing.

After two weeks chasing multiversal tears with Strange and Wong—visiting realities where the geometries of the landscape folded over themselves like paper in mind-bending displays—she craved something simple. The wind whipping at her face, her muscles straining, defying gravity the way God intended...

Just pure *fun*.

She landed lightly in a perch on the arm of a traffic light by the waterfront, the aluminium swaying as it absorbed the impact. From here, Manhattan rose like a wall of glass and steel, Hudson Yards gleaming at the waterfront on the other side of the river.

Gwen exhaled, closed her eyes and sighed in content. Her muscles relaxed as she let the briny, familiar smell of the Hudson consume her. She let the evening wrap itself around her—the soft lap of waves against the shore, the distant calls of gulls, the muffled thrum of a ferry gliding past, and the gentle hum of voices carrying along the promenade. Together, they soothed her, a balm as restorative as a deep night's rest.

She was home. Almost.

‘Ghost Spider!’

The shout snapped her out of her reverie and pulled her gaze down. A pack of teenagers had gathered near the park path below, school jackets loose around their waists, their phones already aimed up at her. Mostly girls, fifteen, sixteen—faces wide with the kind of joy Gwen remembered once feeling herself when heroes were untouchable shapes in the sky.

As much as she loved them all, she really didn’t have the energy to deal with her fans. She needed to get home, to fall into her husband’s arms, and sleep for a *week*. Normally she’d wave, give a quick grin, maybe pose for a photo, then vanish.

Not this time.

There was something about the look of excitement and joy in their eyes that pulled at her heart strings, something that made her question how she’d done this for so long while hiding her true self from the countless kids that idolised her.

She dropped down to the pavement, landing easy on the balls of her feet. The kids surged forward in a squealing rush. Gwen laughed, signed the shirts thrust at her, leaned in for selfies, answered their breathless questions with quick jokes. She let them braid a lock of her hair for a picture, then laughed at their gasp as she used her nanites to dye the ends of her hair pink.

Gwen listened with a wide smile as she let them chatter about her *suit*, about her music, about Pete and their relationship. And the whole time, she couldn’t stop smiling. This little pit stop before sailing across the Hudson to see her husband had been *important*. It reminded Gwen why she still did all this even though the *Spiders* made her patrolling almost redundant.

The Ghost Spider *meant* something to these girls. To *her*.

Not sure I’ll ever get used to random strangers having an opinion and parasocial interest in our sex life though...

While hanging out and chatting with her fan girls, Gwen noticed more spotting her and starting to drift closer.

The thrum of excitement in the air spiked, voices rising, phones angling her way. What had been a small, easy circle was about to tip into something bigger, noisier, less personal. Gwen sighed through her nose, shoulders sinking, and offered the group an exaggerated wince before shrugging with a crooked grin.

‘Sorry, guys—I haven’t seen Pete in *ages*.’ She threw in a wink, voice dropping just enough to make them lean in. ‘He’s already gonna give me a spanking for being away so long. I better not push my luck.’

The girls erupted, half shocked, half delighted, their faces blazing red in embarrassment and surprise as Gwen directly hinted at the *elephant* in the room—hers and Pete’s nontrad relationship. Getting over their shock and realising this little get-together was about to end, they screamed their love not just for the Ghost Spider, but for *Gwen Stacy* too—that *one* would forever take getting used to.

Gwen laughed, vaulted up to the trees at the park’s edge, and fired webs into two sturdy oaks. The branches bent back and creaked ominously under the weight of her immense strength, like bows drawn to breaking.

She let them snap taut and the world hurled itself upward before she could be swarmed. The rush of air tore at her, and Gwen threw her head back and laughed—loud, wild, maniacal—as the Hudson streaked beneath her in molten ribbons of fire. Spray burst in glittering arcs where the waves caught the sunset, scattering sparks of gold into the wind.

Then came the pause. Her arc crested, momentum thinning, and the world seemed to come to a still around her. For a heartbeat she floated, suspended between river and sky, drinking in the sight, marvelling at the beauty.

As always, the nanites flowed when she willed them, burgundy sails growing and stretching between her arms and legs. The wind seized her again, and Gwen angled herself toward the far shore, cutting across the last stretch of the river while basking in the gorgeous, unmatched view.

She landed on the riverwalk in a roll and sprang up without breaking stride, her eyes flicking toward the bronze monument at the base of her building—a towering likeness of both her and Pete—she in her suit and him in a lab coat. She flushed and grimaced, still embarrassed by it,

but flung herself towards it nonetheless and used her own head as a launch point, her webs snapping her toward the glass façade of the apartment tower.

Up she went, sprinting vertically, hands and feet finding purchase where none should exist. Each burst of webbing slingshotted her higher, faster, until the building's crown drew near. With one final swing she flung herself upward into the twilight, twisting in the air before landing in a perfect crouch on the slim railing of her penthouse balcony.

A part of her wished Pete had seen her landing. She *dared* him to give her a poor score.

The spa gurgled beside her, steam clouds swirling upward in invitation. Her aching muscles cried out for it. But when she looked past the glass doors into the living room and saw Pete sitting on the couch, his attention drawn to whatever was on the screen, something far deeper in her cried out even louder.

Crawling along the balcony rail, Gwen let out an amused giggle-snort when she finally got an angle on the huge TV and saw just what Pete was watching. It wasn't the Jets, it wasn't anime or video games. No. On the huge, hundred-inch screen in their living room, Pete had the video of her bachelorette party playing.

Again.

He's obsessed.

She had no issues with Pete watching porn—especially when she was one of the stars. No, what drove her exasperation was the fact that it was always the *same* video. Gwen had an *extensive* library documenting her sexploits, and they often sat down and watched them together when feeling frisky. No matter how many times he beat off to it though, Pete would always circle back to her bachelorette party.

Or rather, a specific six minutes and forty seven seconds of it. On loop.

Her horny husband lounged back on the couch, feet propped on the ottoman, hand moving lazily at his cock while the hundred-inch screen washed him in flickering light. From her perch

on the balcony rail, Gwen could only see the back of his head—but she didn't need to see his face to know where his attention was locked.

Not on Jane Foster, though the camera loved her. Even in her forties, Jane was stunning, her body graceful, her movements almost regal—a woman who carried herself with quiet dignity even while her tits bounced under the grip of two eager men. That juxtaposition, elegance tangled in sheer debauchery, made Gwen's own thighs clench every time she rewatched the scene.

Not on Gloria either, though Gwen's eyes lingered on her friend anyway. The bassist's cool-girl mask had been utterly shattered in those minutes—dark skin glistening, oversized tits slipping free with every desperate arch of her back, her sharp, aloof attitude drowned out by guttural cries she couldn't bite back. Watching her lose control like that had been intoxicating, and it still stung that Gloria, beautiful as sin, was so firmly, stubbornly anti-bi.

No—Pete wasn't focused on the two stunning beauties getting the fucking of their lifetime in the foreground, but rather the deranged slut with two huge cocks crammed into her pussy in the background.

On the bachelorette.

On *her*.

Blurry and out of focus behind it all, sandwiched between two oiled-up strippers whose rippling bodies blotted out half her body. Gwen's toned ass gleamed under the lights as their thick cocks disappeared into her in tandem, stretching her obscenely, her pussy swallowing them both. The camera had barely caught her, but Pete never seemed to care. It was always this. Always the sight of her stuffed full that transfixed him.

Gwen rolled her eyes, lips quirking in fond exasperation.

She didn't resent it—if anything, it made her laugh. She'd spent years recording herself, chasing thrills and memorializing her promiscuity long before she and Pete had ever crossed that line. Her *library* had been hers first, a record of her conquests and the wild shit she often got up to with her slutty friends.

Now though, the library had become *theirs*. Pete's drones had added just as many videos to the collection as their phones had, and Gwen very much enjoyed taking strolls down memory lane with him—though his fixation on that night, on watching her getting her cunt completely stuffed always made her laugh.

And damn it if the memory didn't stir something in her too. Gwen's thighs pressed together as she remembered the ache of being stretched, the way her body had sung under the intense pressure, how addictive that fullness had been. She sighed as the memory caused warmth to blossom in her belly, an intense arousal that couldn't just be explained away by her recent bout of enforced abstinence.

A glance at her HUD pinged the time back at her. Almost 7pm.

Her grin spread wicked and slow. A naughty idea was already percolating.

Because 7pm usually meant one thing.

Her *friend* should be finishing up with his workout right about now...

Maybe, before reuniting with her husband, she had enough time to make one *final* pitstop...

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The sauna was so dense with steam it was like she was in a dream, the wooden walls slick with condensation. Gwen stepped in, the door clicking shut behind her. Unsurprisingly, Gabriel had finished with his regular workout and was getting his sweat on, just as she'd suspected. Strolling forward like she owned the place, Gwen relished the look of surprise on her fuck buddy's face and crossed her arms over her chest, shooting the hunky man a cocky grin. She was completely without shame, drinking in the sight of him with naked hunger.

The firefighter looked like a walking wet dream, every muscle rounded and full in that ridiculous way only black dudes managed, as if someone had stuck a bike pump in each individual muscle and inflated. His eyes were closed and his breath steady as he relaxed, but at the feel of the cool air on his skin, Gabriel's eyes snapped open and he sucked in an excited breath at the

sight of her. Gwen's gaze trailed lower, landing squarely on his absurd cock, thick, heavy and hanging off the edge of the bench.

This time, it was her breath that caught. In her defence, she had already been primed from seeing the snippet of video from her bachelorette party. She bit her lip, remembering how those strippers had stretched her, how they had filled her so completely she'd been sore on her *wedding day*.

Gabriel was special, his cock even bigger. He stretched her to her limit on his own—when she took a buddy of his in there too...?

His brows rose and he grinned at the no-doubt *filthy* look in her eyes. 'Gwen? When'd you get back, girl?' He greeted her with a fist bump she returned automatically. 'Haven't seen you around in a while—doing superhero stuff?'

'Something like that, yeah.' Her grin was wide, wolfish. *Hungry*. 'And I'm horny as *fuck*. You free tonight, big guy?'

Gabriel perked up instantly—both him and his huge cock.

But before he could push up from the bench and take her right there, Gwen lifted a finger, stopping him in his tracks.

'One condition.'

Her hands slid slowly down her body, nanites peeling away like smoke as her suit dissolved back into her skin. Naked now, she stood tall, letting her palms trail along her toned curves until they cupped her bare pussy. Her voice dropped into a sultry purr.

'You need to bring a friend. I want both of you. In here. At the same time.'

For a beat Gabriel only blinked, his mind turning the absurd words slowly around in his mind. 'Damn, always knew you were a *freak*,' he joked. Then his face screwed up, recoiling, as the implication of what she wanted finally clicked. 'Aw, hell no. Na-ah, Gwen, I don't—'

A polite cough echoed from behind her. Gwen spun in shock and almost flinched as she found another guy in the sauna with them. How the hell had she missed him?

Especially someone this fine...

Steam curled away to reveal another man seated in the corner. Leaner than Gabriel, but cut, model-pretty, his dark eyes glinting with sinful mischief. Not as absurdly hung, but still *big*—thick enough to make Gwen's thighs press unconsciously together.

She could already feel the delicious ache throbbing inside her.

'If you're offering what I think you're offering,' he said smoothly, his accent alone making her pussy gush, 'I'd be more than happy to step in. And I've got friends who'd be even happier to, err, *fulfill* your conditions.'

Gwen's eyes swept him head to toe. Gorgeous didn't even begin to cover it. His cock wasn't Gabriel-tier, but paired with that face, that smile, those eyes, that easy confidence... yeah, she could work with that.

She was sure Pete would enjoy the show...

Well, if Gabi's gonna be a little bitch about it...

Speaking of... a low, strangled sound deep in his throat—half protest, half desperation—had Gwen turning back to Gabriel with a shit-eating grin on her lips. He had a conflicted look on his face, as if the thought of missing out was finally hitting him.

Gwen caught it instantly. She turned, lips curling, and gave him a slow, wicked wink. 'You snooze, you lose, Gabi. I need two cocks in my cunt tonight. If you're too squeamish, *fine*, I'll find someone who isn't.'

The words dropped like a bomb in the sauna, steam swirling in the silence that followed. Gabriel grimaced, caught between lust and a hilarious gay-panic that reminded her of Gloria, but before he could answer—

The stranger stood. His jaw slack, cock stiff, and eyes blown wide with shock. That sexy swagger that had initially drawn Gwen to him was replaced by incredulity as he maybe realised this was *actually* happening. ‘No way...’ he whispered, then actually crossed himself like he’d just been blessed by the Virgin Mary. ‘*Gracias a Dios.*’

Gwen barked out a laugh, the booming sound echoing in the enclosed space. ‘Keep praying like that and I’m gonna start feeling like Make-A-Wish here, *Romeo.*’

He shook his head rapidly, still dazed. ‘No, no, just—holy shit! I’m about to fuck Ghost Spider. Do you have *any* idea how long I’ve fantasized about this?’

His voice cracked with a mixture of awe and disbelief, and Gwen felt heat spark low in her belly at just how sincere it was. The raw excitement in his tone, like he’d stumbled into the wildest dream of his life, tickled her ego in all the right ways.

She laughed, but this time it sounded less mocking, mirroring his sincerity. ‘Trust me, I have *some* ideas. You should see my DMs...

It wasn’t just young women that loved her iconic, skintight suit...

She turned back toward Gabriel, who was still glaring at the floor like it had personally offended him. ‘Well? You in, or do I let Church Boy here call a friend?’

Gabriel’s jaw and fists clenched, but his throbbing cock betrayed his intense arousal. With a reluctant sigh, his shoulders sagged and he nodded in defeat. Gwen grinned wide, already feeling the delicious phantom ache in her pussy as she imagined these two hung stallions trying to force their way inside her.

‘Chin up, bud. It’s not gay if you’re in *me.*’

He glared, though the look lacked any heat. 'You're *not* helping.'

She winked cheekily. 'Why would I want to do *that*?' Invading his personal space, Gwen bit her lip as Gabriel's eyes crossed and his breath hitched. She raked her teeth over his chin before nipping playfully. 'Imagine how good it'll feel to make me *scream* for Pete as he watches you two *destroying* his wife's pussy. Can you think of a better welcome home present?'

She smiled cheekily as Gabriel audibly swallowed, beads of sweat running down his face that Gwen liked to think had nothing to do with the suffocating heat of the sauna.

What she didn't say out loud for fear of scaring him off was how much she was looking forward to the heat of two cocks unloading inside her, their cum spilling and mixing deep in her cunt.

Fuck, that's so hot. Pete's gonna love this...

'Good boy.' Gwen grinned like a cat with cream. With a final wink, she turned, reached out and clasped the stranger's hand. An absurdly formal gesture for a decidedly informal moment. 'Figure we should know each other's names before you stick that gorgeous thing in me...*Papi*.'

'Javi,' he blurted, his knees nearly giving out at the sultry tone. His whole body quivered when she whispered the epithet in his ear.

Gwen bit her lip, amused. In her experience, Hispanic guys went weak for that word every time. She wasn't sure why, but she wasn't about to complain about having an *I win* button that made her lovers fall all over themselves.

'Well, Javi—welcome to the party.'

She pulled up her HUD and checked the time before grinning saucily at her sexy co-conspirators. 'It's game time boys.' She turned to Gabriel and gave his cock an encouraging stroke and playful squeeze, her hand unable to close around his ridiculous girth. 'Give me ten minutes, then bring your new best friend upstairs. *Don't* keep me waiting...'

Gabriel grunted, still fighting his own hang-ups, but his cock flexing like a live cobra in her hand gave the game away and she grinned knowingly. If he were able, Gwen was sure his face would be flushed crimson in embarrassment.

Javi, meanwhile, looked like he might literally levitate with joy.

'Good boys,' Gwen purred, giving her hung playthings a flirty smile before prancing out of the sauna. As the cool, refreshing air replaced the oppressive heat, she didn't even pay the others in the changing rooms any mind, letting her nanites flow back into place and wrap her in a teasingly casual gym outfit.

Show time...

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Pete had looked confused when she came home via the elevator, but he quickly got over it at the sight of her. Giggling as he wrapped her up in a hug, she leapt into his embrace and wrapped her powerful legs around his waist.

'Miss me, Stud?'

'Mm,' he grunted in the affirmative, his face buried in the crook of her neck. 'Don't like it when you're not here...'

Before she could speak, Pete stole her breath, capturing her lips in a soul-searing, passionate kiss. Gwen melted against her husband, her fingers threading through his scruffy hair as she all-but mauled him back.

Unlike her deviant better half, she'd had *no* release over the past weeks and she was *pent-up*. Ready to explode.

Especially with the surprise she had ready for Pete firmly in her mind.

Without another word, Pete started to carry her towards the bedroom—no doubt an entire night of reunion sex firmly on his mind. As much as she hated to dash his hopes, she figured her husband would very much approve of her alternate plans.

As they crossed the wide-open entertainment area and past the elevator lobby, Gwen hopped out of Pete's arms, uncaring for his groaning protests. Before he could so much as put voice to any complaints, her hands blurred faster than his eyes could track. Black webbing shot from her wrists in precise arcs, lashing around his wrists and ankles and snapping taut against the far walls. In seconds he was strung up in a perfect Vitruvian sprawl, suspended a few feet off the floor with the couch squarely in his line of sight.

He huffed out a laugh after regaining his bearings. '*Heh*, kinky...'

You've got no idea...

She cocked her head, admiring her handiwork, then stalked forward. With a casual flex of her fingers, her smouldering eyes never leaving his, she seized the fabric of his clothes and tore them away like they were tissue paper, the rips sharp and effortless in the quiet of the room. His chest rose and fell, muscles taut as the webs held him suspended, cock already hard and leaking in excitement. Gwen audibly groaned, biting her lip as her eyes devoured him, her grin turning wicked.

'Ugh... *fuck*, you're so sexy like this. I could eat you alive.'

Pete laughed awkwardly—awkward not because he was uncomfortable by the turn of events, but because of how much it turned him on. 'Easy on the eating talk, crazy spider lady...'

Gwen ignored her husband and instead focused on the far more modest, yet *oh-so* perfect cock she'd so desperately missed over the past few weeks.

It wasn't anywhere near the size of Gabriel or Javi's monsters, but that didn't bother her. If anything, it thrilled her. Because after her pussy was done being destroyed by those freaks of nature, she knew she'd eagerly welcome Pete back into her gaping, abused, overflowing cunt with relish. Welcome it because nobody on earth knew her body like he did.

‘You’re gonna have to be a little more patient, Stud,’ Gwen whispered, leaning close enough for her breath to tickle his ear. ‘We’ll get to the main course soon enough...’

She straightened with an excited grin, eyes flicking toward the soft chime of the elevator lobby. ‘First, I need to deal with the entrée...’

She nearly creamed herself as she heard Pete gasp audibly behind her, that gasp turning into a needy groan when both Gabriel and Javi strolled into their penthouse, their clothes flying off before a word had even escaped from her lips.

Gwen turned back to her startled husband and smiled wickedly before whispering in a sultry tone.

‘Don’t look so shocked, Stud. I know you’ve been running that bachelorette clip on loop—figured it’s about time we give you a sequel before you wear the damn file out.’

Pete’s whole body shuddered as the meaning behind her words sank in, his eyes widening when he realised she’d not only caught him jacking-off earlier, but she was going to re-enact his favourite scene from her bachelorette party. His body twitched and flailed helplessly against the webbing as his wife leaned close, her lips brushing his ear.

‘*Enjoooooy*,’ she whispered, her voice an amused, teasing sing-song.

She turned just in time for Gabriel to seize her, his massive hands engulfing her waist as he dragged her into a kiss that was all aggression, as if he was pre-emptively paying her back for what she was about to make him do. Gwen melted into him, her pale, compact frame dwarfed by the firefighter’s dark, broad, sculpted bulk. She clawed at his shoulders, lips parting eagerly as his tongue snaked past, already groaning in lust at the sheer ferocity of his embrace.

Javi froze for several moments, his eyes going wide at the sight of the world-famous and respected Doctor Parker, naked and trussed up like game while eagerly watching his wife be devoured by another man.

It was one thing to follow the tales of their sordid sex-life in the gossip rags, it was quite another to have the salacious whispers all brutally confirmed to be *true*.

As Gwen moaned into Gabriel's mouth, small and strong and impossibly delicate in that giant's arms, the shock slowly burned away. He swallowed, cock stiffening, and stepped forward, sliding in behind her.

The gorgeous man she'd only just met pressed himself to her back, lips trailing along the nape of her neck before dragging lower, worshipping her spine with open-mouthed kisses. Gwen arched against the onslaught, a guttural groan vibrating against Gabriel's lips as Javi's warm presence bracketed her from behind, his passion like a roaring flame.

Pinned between two hung stallions, her body ignited. The threesome had barely begun, but the rush of it—her husband bound and watching, Gabriel's hands gripping tight, Javi's mouth tracing fire down her back—already had Gwen's cunt clenching with raw anticipation.

Gabriel's mouth claimed hers again, domineering and eager, while Javi pressed close from behind, lips trailing down her spine. Gwen moaned into the firefighter's kiss, but her impatience quickly won out and she groaned with frustration. Her fingers dug into Gabriel's bulging shoulders, nails almost breaking skin as she broke away with a breathless laugh.

'I didn't invite you boys up here to play *kissy-face*,' she panted, eyes flashing mischievously. 'I want to get fucked. *Now*.'

They almost stumbled over each other in their rush to obey, hands hastily palming their heavy, swaying cocks, their eyes wide with eager excitement. Gwen held up a finger, halting them with a grin sharp enough to draw blood.

'Not here. Take me to Pete.'

Awkward but eager, the two men hoisted her up, each hand slipping under the back of a knee until Gwen dangled between them like an offering. Carried across the room, she was presented to her husband—trussed in black webs, spread wide, eyes blazing with lust. Gwen arched in their grip, her toned, powerful body completely bared, and smirked down at him.

'How do I look, Stud?'

Pete's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. Hard. His entire body shuddered before he managed to rasp out, 'Like you're somehow more excited by this than I am.'

'Oh, I *doubt* that,' she teased, her foot arching out to brush against his angry, throbbing cock, her toe coming away dripping with his excitement. Then, her grin softened into something serene, beautiful and totally at odds with his crazy situation. She cupped his face tenderly, thumb brushing his cheek.

'I missed you, you crazy slut,' he whispered, pride and longing tangled in his voice as he gazed up at her with an almost feverish devotion..

Gwen's chest ached, her lips parting to answer—but Javi cut her off with a muttered, 'Sorry, this is all very weird and heartwarming, but if I don't put my dick in you right now, I think I'm gonna explode.'

The line drew a husky laugh straight out of her throat, cut short when his cock pressed deep into her, stretching her walls with a blissful sting. 'Ohhh—*fuck!*' she gasped, her grip tightening around each man's shoulders as she held herself aloft in their grasp. She looked down at her husband through wild eyes and moaned, 'I—*mmnh*—I *like* this one. Can I keep him?'

Pete's nostrils flared and he inhaled sharp and deep, halfway between laughing and groaning, but Gwen didn't wait for an answer. Her gaze snapped to Gabriel, lips curling into a feral grin. She cuffed him behind the ear with the arm wrapped around his neck, then motioned at her already stuffed pussy.

'Come on, big guy. Don't bitch out now.'

Gabriel's jaw clenched, his cock twitching against her thigh. With a low growl, he angled himself and pushed forward. Gwen's lips parted—first in shock, then in helpless pleasure—as her folds stretched wider, slowly, almost reluctantly giving way.

The burn was instant, sharp, nearly too much. Her cunt screamed as it was forced open beyond its limits, walls clamping desperately around Javi even as Gabriel's thick head bullied its way inside and spread her impossibly more. Gwen's breath hitched, stars flaring behind her eyes, every nerve firing at once. Pain and ecstasy braided together, setting off fireworks in her mind.

So full... too much... oh fucking Christ, it's perfect...

Gwen's nails bit into the napes of their necks as Javi's cock drove deep inside her, his every thrust setting her nerves alight. Her head lolled back, a cry spilling from her lips—but she forced herself to look down at Pete, bound and watching, his chest heaving.

'F-fuck... Stud,' she panted, voice ragged, every word dragged out through clenched teeth. 'It burns *so good*, they're so big, so *tight*... *ohhh*—' Her eyes rolled, then snapped back to his. 'Holy shit, it feels insane,' she continued to narrate for her gaping husband, the words sending an excited, wicked thrill through her that had nothing to do with her impalement and everything to do with the look in Pete's eyes, 'they're grinding against every spot in me at once—rubbing me raw and I... I *can't...fuck!*'

Her words broke into another moan as Gabriel shifted beneath her. His cock, thick and unrelenting, pressed harder, the wide head bullying against her already stretched entrance. Her walls spasmed and clenched, gripping her boys like a vice even as they quivered under the assault of Gabriel's absurd size. Gwen gasped out an almost hysterical laugh as the firefighter forced himself in another inch deeper, clutching both men tighter.

'P-Pete—he's... *ngghh*, forcing it—deeper, *so deep...fuck—*' Her voice cracked, high and guttural. She tried to keep speaking, desperate to share it with him, to make him feel it through her words, but every inch Gabriel sank stole more breath from her lungs.

Then, with a final, brutal thrust, Gabriel bottomed out, his cock slamming flush to her cervix. The shockwave tore through her like lightning. Gwen's entire body jolted, her back arching violently between them. She tried—and spectacularly failed—to say something wicked and dirty that would drive Pete crazy, something like "they're so huge Stud and they're headbutting my cervix," but the words broke into a garbled scream as her orgasm ripped free, wet heat gushing down their shafts.

Her head snapped forward, hair whipping across her face, eyes wild and glassy as she choked out a laugh through her erotic wails.

'F-fuck, Stud—I'm... I'm cumming already—'

Her whole body convulsed, every muscle in her slick, powerful frame quivering as the orgasm ripped through her. Gwen's fingers raked over sweaty skin, clinging to both men for dear life as her cunt clamped down like a vice around them. She gasped out a laugh, eyes rolling, then forced herself to look at Pete through her pleasure-induced haze.

'F-fuck—Stud—' she gasped, her voice broken, wild. 'You're... you're missing out, one of these cocks should be *yours*—' Her head snapped back with another guttural cry as Gabriel bottomed out again, her body shuddering violently. She pushed through the quake of her climax, desperate to make him hear it. 'It's so much better with two—everything's... heightened—I feel like I'm gonna cum every time they thrust—I can't—ohhh, *fuck*—'

But Pete didn't answer. Didn't even blink.

His eyes were glued to the mess between her thighs—the way her lips were stretched obscenely around the two massive cocks stuffed inside her, how her pussy spasmed and milked them as her orgasm ran rampant. His breath heaved in and out of his chest in laboured grunts, his cock so painfully hard it twitched with each rapid pulse of his heart, but he looked almost entranced, hypnotized by the sight.

Gwen's laugh cracked into a moan as her body shook again, her words failing her this time as pleasure swallowed her whole. She grinned down at him anyway, her face wicked and glowing with sweat and pride. As much as she was enjoying this fucking of a lifetime, she loved that she could do this for Pete, to so eagerly bring his fantasies into reality.

She couldn't wait to be on the receiving end of his *gratitude*.

The world dissolved into one long, debauched high. Gwen couldn't tell where one climax ended and the next began—her body was locked in a trance, wracked with endless ripples of pleasure as the two men used her, their cocks grinding every inch of her stretched walls raw, hitting sensitive places with such intensity and pressure that she struggled to breathe let alone keep her eyes open and locked with her husband. She hung there suspended, helpless in their grip, eyes glassy with lust, every moan spilling from her lips a testament to hedonistic excess.

It might have lasted seconds. It might have been an eternity.

Her haze broke only when Javi gasped into her ear, voice strangled, desperate. 'I—*shit*, I'm gonna—'

Gabriel's low grunt joined Javi's, his hips and quads pistoning up with brutal force, sweat dripping down his temples in heavy beads. 'Me too—*fuck*—'

Gwen's head snapped forward, teeth bared, her voice a ragged growl. 'If you fucks pull out, I swear to *God*, I'm throwing you both off this building.'

Javi nearly sobbed in relief, his voice straining as his orgasm drew near. 'Wasn't—wasn't planning on it!'

Her fiery glare snapped to Gabriel. He scowled, annoyed at being called out, but his thrusts never faltered—if anything, they drove deeper, harder, as if trying to punish her—Gwen respected the attempt—until his head flung back and he let out a mighty groan.

And then, they both gave in.

Javi stiffened, shuddering, spilling hot and thick inside her. Gabriel followed a heartbeat later, roaring, pumping her full with brutal, punishing strokes until he emptied the last of himself into her.

Each load on its own would've been enough to stuff her completely. Together, they were ruinous. Gwen's body convulsed as the heat surged like a flood into her womb, her pussy clenching tight before gushing helplessly around them, overfilled and overflowing. The thick, messy mix sloshed out around their buried cocks, trailing down her thighs, dripping onto the floor below.

When Gabriel and Javi finally withdrew, Gwen slumped back against their broad chests, panting, her body trembling from overstimulation. Her pussy hung open, raw and ruined, lips swollen and glistening, stretched wide in a gape that looked obscene even to her own eyes. Cum welled inside, thick and heavy, oozing out in lazy ropes with every little twitch of her hips.

She laughed breathlessly, trailing her fingers between her thighs, circling the wreckage of her cunt as more cream spilled past her fingers in messy rivulets. She hummed low in her throat,

spreading her lips apart for Pete to show off the damage, the ache only making her shudder harder.

He can probably see what I ate for breakfast.

The silly, nonsensical thought had her giggling hysterically as she admired her gaping, used womanhood with pride and a sense of accomplishment.

She couldn't see the drones, but she knew the video they had no doubt captured would be an *all-timer*.

Pete was transfixed. His cock, throbbing and twitching angrily, stood rigid and pointing at the ceiling, his excitement leaking steadily down his shaft as he stared at his wife's ruined hole. His mouth worked, but no words came—just a ragged exhale, hungry and reverent.

That hunger was all Gwen needed. With a wicked grin she peeled herself out of the men's grasp, stumbled forward, and crawled straight onto Pete. She straddled him easily, wrapping her arms around his neck and her strong legs tight around his waist, their wet, sweat-slicked bodies grinding together. His cock was trapped, sandwiched between their abdomens, twitching against her belly as she leaned in to swallow his lips in a hungry kiss.

Gwen moaned into his mouth, savoring the taste of her husband as she devoured him, every ounce of pent-up need finally funneling into the one man she'd *really* been aching for the whole time. When she finally broke the kiss, breathless and glowing, she turned her head back toward the others with a feral grin.

'Thanks for the fuck, boys. Can't wait for next time. Now—' she squeezed Pete's waist with her thighs possessively, '—if you'll kindly see yourselves out...'

Gabriel and Javi froze, dumbstruck. They looked at each other, cum-covered cocks still half-hard and swaying heavily between muscular thighs, faces stunned at being dismissed so casually after what they'd just done.

Gwen raised an eyebrow, playful but sharp.

‘Chop chop. I wasn’t kidding about throwing you off the building. It’s Mr. and Mrs. Parker time now.’

That snapped them out of it. Grumbling under their breath, still dazed and covered in each other’s filth, they gathered themselves and their clothes up and made for the elevator, hopping on one foot as they hurriedly dressed.

Gwen turned back to Pete, her grin softening into something far more intimate, more needy, as she ground down against him again.

As soon as the elevator doors pinged shut, Gwen shifted her grip and, with a slow, deliberate roll of her hips, guided Pete into her ruined hole. Awkward with him still trussed up in her webs, but the very awkwardness of it—the vulnerability of her husband spread out, hers to play with—only thrilled her more. He was like a meal she’d saved for last, her *prey*. It called at something in her nature that felt downright wicked and almost spiritual.

She gasped as his cock slid inside, her body quivering at the contrast. Loose, overstretched walls squeezed weakly around him, the slippery heat of Gabriel and Javi’s release coating him instantly.

‘How’s that feel, Stud?’ Gwen purred against his ear, her voice low and husky. ‘How’s your wife’s used, gaping cunt feel? I can barely feel you in there... Can you feel their cum? Is it warm...?’

Pete bit down on her neck, muffling his groan. Gwen cackled, triumphant at his predictability, and rode him slow.

They didn’t rush. Not now. They had no schedule to keep, nowhere to be. The world could wait. Their bodies moved together with aching sensuality, each kiss lingering, each caress rediscovering skin and muscle they already knew by heart. Gwen pressed her forehead to his, savoring the familiar scruff of his jaw, the warmth of his breath, the way he clung to her as though she were the only thing in the universe.

By the time Pete’s orgasm claimed him, his whole body tensed and shuddered in her grip, his muffled groan vibrating against her throat. Gwen sighed, boneless with satisfaction, and at last

let the webs dissolve. They collapsed gently to the ground in a heap of limbs and sweat, tangled together.

Gwen shifted, peering down between her thighs with a low whistle.

‘Holy shit... I’ve seen some creampiees in my time, this one takes the cake...’ She glanced up at him with a grin wicked enough to cut glass. ‘Hope you’re hungry, babe, because I sure as shit ain’t going to sleep with this mess inside me...’

Pete exhaled, equal parts weary and amused, shaking his head at her. His smile was fond, helpless. ‘You’re insatiable.’

She beamed, wide and proud, then wrapped her arms around his bicep and rested her head against his heart. ‘You love it.’

At his suspicious silence, Gwen rotated her head and looked up into her husband’s blank face with narrowed eyes.

‘Motherfuck—are you *already* watching the video?!’

An unrepentant giggle was her only response.