

Spider-boi: OK, Let's Cum One More Time

By Neo Mint City

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First Edition: 2023

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Future Problems

Laboratory of the naughty Dr. Octopussii.
“Failed” clone of the notorious Doc Ock.

One vial spun in the air at high speed, the test tube began separating its contents with each rotation. The mechanical tentacle holding the glass tube anchored itself in the air. Its lower half shifted and moved as Dr. Octopussii moved throughout her small laboratory. Two of Alyvia Octavius' tentacle arms manipulated controls. Monitoring other parts of her experiment. She noted test results as they came in on her tablet.

The fourth tentacle arm's girth acted as a stool as its scientific device pistoned between her legs. The triangular claw attachments gripped her Mons pubis and Perineum. The built-in dildo darting in and out of her vagina was monitored by the A.I. in the tentacle's data control center. Located along Alyvia's spine.

The A.I.'s goal with this tentacle was to keep Alyvia on the edge of orgasm as she conducted her scientific research. One arm would occasionally run a beaker up her inner thighs and collect biological samples of ecstasy secretions. Alyvia would label each beaker as the tentacle presented one to her. She then continued her documenting her experiment. All while the fourth tentacle continued fucking her.

The crucial stage was nearing, Dr. Octopussii had been working for four straight days. Her body shook.

“AH MM... AH...” She moaned.

The two tentacles manipulating the controls froze for a second. Jolting back to motion they jumped back to the controls and started halting and powering down different devices.

Alyvia's body shook. The tentacles A.I. register she was over her E.t.O. Limit. Edging to Orgasm Limit.

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“Ah. Kya. Igh. Ohh...” She moaned. “Fuck! Yess, Sweeties! More!” She screamed.

The rush of neural chemicals floods her nucleus accumbens, hippocampus, operculum, and insula. Her anterior and cingulate cortices, paracentral lobule, and cerebellum were flooded next.

Each portion of her brain added to the ecstasy as the tentacle pistoned her faster. The interior of her vagina fluxed and rippled with each movement of the six-inch pink and mint-colored dildo.

A test tube slipped from her hand. The spinning tentacle that was acting as a centrifuge moved to grab the tube, only to send the three test tubes it held flying into a wall across the lab. It missed catching the tube as it had not slowed down enough.

Tentacles Two and Three finished the shutdown of the experiment's control system. Both moved to enhance Subject V.O. aka Dr. Octopussii's biological reproductive reward system. Each of their three claws clamped around Octopussii's breasts. The heated and soft rubber-like pads initiated mammary manipulation and stimulation.

Six claws massaged Alyvia's B-cup breasts. Each twisted and torqued at different strengths, speeds, and angles. They pulled her deeper into the throws of another orgasm. Her cries of pleasure filled the small laboratory.

Drool, snot, and tears ran down her face, dripping over her chest. “Fuucck! Aaahn! Ahhh! Yeee...” She screams as her vagina pulsates and sends ecstasy throughout her body. Her whole body lifts off the ground and three tentacles' girthy stocks loop out along the floor to support her from underneath. Alyvia's arms and legs dangled as she shook from the orgasm's power.

She jerks hard, arms and legs flop. Her back arcs uncontrollably. Tentacles Two and Three inject large needles directly into her nipples. They sample and search for mammary nourishment production, milk.

Finding none, the long needles slowly extract from the erect pink centers of Alyvia's quarter inch long nipples. The metal retracts into the tentacles as the claws continue the pleasure enhancement and manipulation of her breasts.

Tentacle one presents Alyvia with a 1,000 ml beaker overflowing with sticky liquid. Having collected her juices as she orgasmed. Alyvia's hand is instantly soaked as she grabs the glass container. Another tentacle presents her with three test tubes. She selected one and filled it with her own orgasmic sample.

Passing off the test tube, she smiles and sips on the beaker's sweet contents. Her sip turns to a deep thirst. Her juices slip past her lips, washing her mouth and throat in sweet heavenly chemicals. So strong is her desire the juices spill out of each side of the beaker, running down her chin and coating her breasts.

Half of the beaker's contents drained, Dr. Octopussii takes a deep breath and begins surveying her laboratory. She adjusts a dial preparing to resume her experiment.

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Maybe, I should replace the needles with suction pumps to stimulate milk production, Alyvia thinks. She takes a drink of the sweet juices Tentacle One gathered. The hairs on her neck stand up. Alyvia's eyes lock onto Tentacle One. It drops to the ground to the broken test tube that she dropped. Darting up it points to the three smashed tubes and dripping samples on the far wall.

"Fuck."

All four tentacles shrug.

In a second she hovered in front of the refrigerated sample case. The tentacles having carried her. Her hand pulls out the empty test tube rack.

A chill runs down her spine and through the tentacles. They visibly shake.

'I need her.' She whispered. "Samples." She cackles moving to the door. "Alright, Sweeties, let's go find Spider-boi and milk her for samples."

Tentacle Four slides out of her pussy, retracing the dildo into itself as she leaves. Another pulls off her lab coat. The only clothing she had been wearing. The final two tentacles grab her black and hot pink skin-tight latex costume and belt containing sample collection tubs.

Perhaps we can find other specimens on the way, Alyvia smiles at the thought of a wider range of data sets. Dr. Octopussi leaves to hunt down her favorite specimen, the one and only Cumtacular Spider-boi.

The Heist Interrupted

"Alright multiverse readers, my name is Gwen Staci and for the past 18 months, I have been the one and only Spider-boi. I was attacked by a sexy spider, gained spider-

"What's that? How is a spider sexy?" The white hood with pink-webbing interior shadowed Gwen's white face mask with pink highlighted eyes, "Trust me and don't search it online. It jumps between sexy and creepy too fast. The important thing is; the spider bit me and I have superpowers."

The slim figure in her white with pink highlights costume, all black from her small breasts down swings between buildings. **thicc, thicc,** a weblines jets out of her white-pink wrist and sticks to a distant skyscraper.

"Now, I fight crime, web-up criminals, rescue people, have a normal life, and try not to get in the way of the other 20ish spider-people doing the same thing. I hear other dimensions only have a couple of spiders each and that normal life, it never seems to happen."

"And today, today I forgot my compression shorts. Now if my best friend Petey Porkens gets to close with his zoom lens he and the world will know I have a large dick and balls. Right now they think of me as a female trouble-making hooded webhead and that's the way I like it. Don't get me wrong, I like my dick. I was born with it. But I like

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being a woman. Actually, I really like my dick, after the bite it is four times the size and feels amazing. No wait, it feels spectacular.”

“I gotta say, I'm liking the cool breeze on my ball as I fly through the air.”

Spider-boi lands on a window in a deep squat, her large ass jiggling inches away from the glass. Two officer workers drop their documents as she lunges out of the squat. Spider-boi dives into a saute. Toes pointed sharply down, arms bowing, hands hovering over her crotch.

thicc, thicc, she shoots a webline out and begins a long deep swing through the air.

“What? Oh, you want to know about why I'm called Spider-boi? That's frustrating but kinda funny. It was a shadow on one of Petey's photos that made the paper and socials.” She said.

Coming alongside a black glass skyscraper, Spider-boi checks out her slim body and large hips as she swings past. The people inside think she is giving them the thumbs up.

“Don't worry, I changed my costume so it won't happen again. Now there are podcasts and videos debating whether I'm a guy or a girl. I posted about it once and told the world I'm a woman. It went viral, but the name had already stuck. Sorry about the pun, it was that or a quip and I try to save the best quips for villains.”

Vooooopop! Vooooopop! Vooooopop! One of my powers is the ability to sense damage. Unlike the other spider-persons, the tingling is in my balls not my head.

thicc, thicc. Spider-boi swings in the direction her balls tell her to head too.

Releasing the webline, Spider-boi's body arched through the air. Her figure in the shape of a slightly bent 'Y.' She lands gracefully. The toes of her blue near mint colored ballet slippers touch first on the top edge of the parapet wall. Her knees and legs bent and spread as she dropped into a squat to absorb the kinetic energy of her landing. Her pink-web gloves with white fingertips came to rest on the edge of the short wall. Just off center of her body as she did her best to hide the large bulge running between her leg and suit.

Scanning the rooftop, she thinks, *Inside?* Leaning forward she vaulted through the air with a swift jump. Her jump became an in-air pirouette. Landing hands first on the bulkhead's edge she continued moving. Spiders-boi's triangle-shaped body rolled into a somersault, placing her in another deep squat just above the roof's door. Leaning forward, her large hips balanced her as she tapped the door lever.

Always locked, she thought. Her mask's large eyes emoted her frustration. Pulling herself upright she stood with heels together, toes pointed outwards to the side. Under her mask, her left cheek tensed and that side of her mouth raised, as if to say, 'Not Impressed.'

'Fine, the vents again.' She whispered to herself.

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Stepping off the bulkhead she landed in front of the door, her strong black-clad calves easily absorbing the six-foot drop. Hips sway right and left, she walks to the large inverted 'J' shaped rooftop vent. Her gloved hands lay flat over the ventilation grille. One higher than the other.

Narr, Plonk!

Without thinking she sticks to the ventilation grille to access the HVAC ducts. Her spider-enhanced muscles pop it off the vent housing. Tossing the two-foot by two-foot grille at the door Gwen's index and pinky finger point outward. Her middle and ring finger tap the trigger of her web-shooter in one fluid motion. The ventilation grille sticks to the wall just below waist height, safe from damage.

'The guys who installed this better have done a good job. I don't need my suit getting caught on a million screws.' She whispered.

Place a glove on either side of the interior ducting she hopped. Her feet come off the ground as her chest curves into the duct. An echo of a fight below rings through the metal.

Tighter than I thought, she thinks. Her arms pressed into sides. Sliding in she felt her cock brush against the edge. Lifting her hips, her suit provided no protection from the cool surface. Gwen moaned as her cock rubbed along the cool metal.

'Ouu aaah.' 'Ouu aaah.' 'Ouu aaah.' 'Ouu aaah.' Her moan echoes throughout the HVAC system.

She wiggled further in. The cool edge of the vent's metal surface slid along her shaft pressing it hard into her hot muscular thigh with each movement. Wiggling again her hips and ass she moved a few more inches in.

Click, came from her right. *Click*, came from her left.

"NO!"

thicc, thicc, came from her right. **thicc, thicc,** came from her left.

Both web shooters fired. A warm rush of white sticky threading bounced off her hips. A spatter sound rang around her as the webs flooded the entrance to the ventilation shaft. A chill ran down her spine. Her legs swung back and forth as she searched for leverage.

The light blue ballet shoes missed the ground by mere inches and missed the far side of the 'J' vent by a foot as they swung in the air. Five minutes passed before she heard banging on the stairs. It was followed by a loud crash.

Paisley S. Carter aka Sin-Eater, the older one, burst through the roof access door. A large black duffle bag was thrown over one shoulder. Both her nipples poked out of her black long-sleeve shirt and rubbed on the back of her bulletproof vest. She felt a ripple of excitement rush through her. The heist was going perfectly. A cool rush of autumn air slipped behind her vest and her bare midriff. Smiling under the purple ski mask she ran for the rooftop ledge. The bagginess of her green camo pants made each of her enhanced strides fluid and easy.

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Bentley S. Carter aka Sin-Eater, the younger one, ran onto the roof. His clothing matched Paisley's except for his shirt being longer and tucking into his pants. His eyes caught on a familiar ass as he scanned the rooftop for trouble. A large and juicy ass in black spandex stuck out of a ventilation duct. Two similarly clad legs swung just off the ground. A pair of light blue ballet slippers swished inches above the roof's stone pebble surface.

"Pais, take the loot back home. I'm gonna set up a diversion for any nearby do-gooders."

She jumped over the ledge with the duffle bag, without even looking at her brother. "See you at home, Lil' bro!"

Music echoes from a party on an adjacent rooftop. Pulling off his purple mask and vest he sets them on the floor. Flashing a smile to a nearby rooftop, Bentley turns to Spider-boi's ass. He runs both hands through his le pomp haircut, re-fluffing the long portion of black-brown hair crowning his head. Smiling, he enjoys the view. The spectacular spider-ass: cheeks big, juicy, and round shine as the sun touches the suit's black fabric. Her angular athletic legs are clad in the same fabric. Framed by her trademark light-blue ballet slippers.

Is that webbing? He thinks. A gooey white ring coats the entrance to the vent. *Oh my god, she webbed herself.* He holds back laughter.

Gwen doesn't hear him approach or unzip his pants. Halfway in the vent, she struggles to move either forward or backward. Her arms were pinned to her side and her feet were just off the ground. Each foot swung helplessly. Had she been able to see herself, she would have been more frustrated. Three inches was the gap from her toes to the roof. The ballet slippers missing the traction of the roof.

"Trying to stop us?" He said. Bentley unzipped his green camo pants. "I'm gonna enjoy this, Spider-boi." He unbuckled his matching tactical belt. With a practiced flick of his wrist, his cock and balls flopped out. Bentley wasn't sure if it was lucky genetics or the experimental drugs that had turned his father into the original Sin-Eater. But either way, he enjoyed the look and feel of his 11-inch cock.

His shaft was already at half-chub from the excitement of the heist. Seeing the slender, almost angular legs attached to the thicc ass swing back and forth moved him to full mast. *If I had a nickel for every gooseneck vent that caught a superhero or crook,* he thought, shaking his head. *Tease or just fuck her?*

Bentley stepped up behind the trapped hero. He pulled out his Bowie knife, a collector's item from the 80's. The survival knife still had half its original tool crammed into its round handle. The compass in its pommel still pointed North. He lifted the blade high into the sky.

Ssllloopop! Ssllloopop! Ssllloopop! Gwen's balls pulsed with anticipation. *What!?* She thought. Her balls only tingled like that before sex.

Crack!

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Her ass jiggled. A long piece of metal struck her left cheek. The cool metal rested across her ass for a moment.

Fuck, Bentley. Really? She thought.

The metal was gone. She relaxes. Then a point poked her balls from behind. She tensed. A long thin metal strip pressed along her taint and ass. "No! NO! Bentley! Not now!" She shouted.

Bentley lifted the flat of the large knife off Gwen's suit and ass after she stopped jiggling. Licking the back of the blade he then placed it between the stuck hero's legs. Finding just the right placement he pressed the tip into her suit. She squirmed, her shouting muffled by the vent.

"Don't worry Gwen. I'd love to help you get unstuck. With this cool autumn, we are going to have to heat you up. Really get the sweat flowing to lube you up. Then I can pull you free."

"What? What did you say? Ben, don't do what I think-" She felt the cool metal run from her taint, tapping on her anus and running up between her ass cheeks. The cool autumn air rushed over her exposed white buttocks as her suit split apart.

Her balls vibrated. A tongue slid along her ass crack. Precum leaked out of her hardening cock. A goopy warmth spread on her thigh and suit, just above her knee. She felt the suit stretch and tear as her cock filled with excitement. Her cock wanted to escape the black fabric. Gwen was always eight inches, soft or hard. "Fuck."

Her cock split more of the suit open and swung out into freedom. Bobbing in the air as she felt Bentley's tongue play with her asshole.

Mmm. I've missed this ass, he thought. Bending down to his knees, Bentley jammed the large knife into the vent next to them. Both hands spread Spider-boi's ass cheeks apart. His mouth salivated as his tongue slid down the hero's ass. He felt his own cock twitch with desire.

'Ahh ohh ah' Gwen moaned softly. A tongue flicked over her anus.

Dripping with saliva his tongue finished playing with her anus. The tight little starfish had tried to pull him in as he flicked it. He played with her taint just the same. Her smooth balls rested on his chin. Bentley's right hand released her juicy ass and reached for her long shaft. Taking one ball into his mouth his tongue began coating it in warm sticky saliva.

"Oh!! Fuucckkk!" Echoed down the vent. Gwen squirmed more as he played with her.

A rugged hand wrapped around her cock. Bentley's grip was delicate and firm at the same time. He only stroked her four times. Letting her ball slip out he gave her other ball a light kiss. With a fresh coat of slimy saliva on his tongue, he licked her taint and began tracing circles around her bussy's entrance.

'God! Ahh.' She moaned. Doing her best to restrain it from echoing down into the building.

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On his fifth rotation, Bentley attacked. His tongue plunged into Spider-boi. He felt her flinch. The velvet softness of her rectum cinched on him. Pulling him. Her anus coated in his saliva puckered repeatedly as if it was trying to kiss his lips. He swirled his tongue around in her depths.

'Ahh! Fucckk meel!' She stifled her moan by biting her lip. She felt both of his rough hands start kneading her ass cheeks.

Bentley's mouth overflowing with saliva pressed in firm. His tongue licked faster. He wanted to smile. His timing was perfect. Gwen puckered and relaxed, he blew all the saliva into her asshole.

The eyes of Gwen's mask widened as a warm liquid rushed into her. Some of it shot in further than his playful tongue. She held back a moan. The tongue disappeared from her bussy. A second later it slipped up along her crack, leaving a sticky tail.

Ssllloopop! Ssllloopop! Ssllloopop! She felt Bentley stand up. A rock-hard cock slapped her balls friskily. It moved backward.

Bentley looked down at the ruined suit as he stood. His cock slapped into Spider-boi's balls midshaft. The warmth of her sack felt good as it rested on his cock. He slid backward and his shaft dragged along Spider-boi's smooth balls. With his right hand, he cupped his balls and shaft. With a tilt of his head, he began dribbling drool along his eleven-inches. His mushroom tip pressed into the back of Spider-boi's ball sack. His flex slowly. Simulating fucking her balls as saliva coated his cock. Her moans came from the vent, muffled. Smiling, he knew she was excited for the next part.

His hand became soaked with saliva as he slipped along his large cock, evenly spreading the slime. Pressing the tip into her bussy, the tight little starfish puckered. He sunk in. Pausing with just his tip in, he leaned back. Enjoying her puckering along his ridge, trying to pull him back in. Both hands grasped her white ass cheeks. Biting his lower lip Bentley made one long motion. All of his eleven-inches sunk into her hungry ass.

A loud moan escaped the vent. Bentley smiled, figuring people on the first floor probably heard her. He said, "Here we go, Spider. time to get you all sweaty."

Hips pushing back in, his cock slid in and out of the hero's ass. He only paused on the first withdrawal. Just long enough for her anus to pucker around his cockhead.

Gwen's moans alternated between more muffled and less muffled as she was filled with Bentley's hard cock. He had a fast rhythm. Both of her feet bent up and her ballet slippers tried to find purchase on his legs or chest. She manages a frown as he wraps his arms around her legs and grabs her ass. Trapping her more. Her moans came out loud as he slid over her prostate when he entered and soft as he pulled out. She arched her back every time he pulled out lifting her ass to him. Wanting him in her. The side of her face mask was pressed into the metal of the vent as she squirmed with pleasure.

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He worked his hips over her for twenty minutes as she gripped his cock. Whenever he worked up a mouth full of saliva he splashed his shaft with it and playfully smacked her ass. She moaned the loudest each time. His pace quickened as he felt the building pressure in his balls.

Her ass cheeks felt his grip tighter, his hips slammed into her faster. His groans of pleasure came through the vent muffled. She moaned more as he thrust into her.

"Ohh! Fuccc! Ahh Ahh ahhh!" He moaned. Cum rushed from his balls through his long cock. His hips bucked into Spider-boi's ass and held. Pressing hard. The ecstasy of his orgasm ripped through every cell in his body.

She heard the loud moan from outside. His cock slammed into her hard.

"Ahh! Yess! Oh FUCK" She screamed. Her balls pulsed and her cock throbbed. Sticky cum was released from her balls. A deluge of stringy cum shot from her cock. Her boy juices splatter onto the far side of the 'J' vent holding her captive. Gwen felt Bentley's hot cum fill her as his cock twitched deep in her pussy.

"Ahh ahhh!" he moans again. A second ejaculation of cum shoots deep into Spider-boi. Resting on the top edge of the vent he saw a few partiers shouting and waving at him.

The second load of his cum filled Gwen, she let out another loud moan. Her cock twitched and her ball released more cum. Her legs shook wrapped in Bentley's strong arms. Goopy and waify strings of cum hung from her cock. Her breathing had become heavy. As she lay along the curved vent it was the first time she had been thankful for getting stuck.

She felt him lean over her and rest on the vent. His breathing matched hers. Minutes slipped by before either knew it. His cock would twitch every few seconds, causing Gwen's to twitch in response.

Slowly Bentley's cock slips out of her pussy. Two large hands grasp her hips. They dig in mashing and squeezing. Rough, not playful.

"Realy?" She asks with a mix of excitement and frustration.

Hips bump into her cheeks. A log rests along her ass cleavage for a second.

Fucking Bent- Her thought is interrupted by a strong force. The webbing slowly begins to snap, strand by strand. A dozen pop apart; a series of fast snapping, almost crackling noises fill the ductwork. She is whipped free.

Her mask's eye dilated to adjust for the sudden brightness. Her ass smacked back along the log. It twitches as they press together. Gwen spins in a full circle, her back pressed into Bentley's chest. Her knees tucked up to her chest. Her cock and balls freely bounced below her. Toes pointed to the ground.

The spin stops.

"There just like I said. Just need to get you all sweaty and you would slip right out." Bentley says through Gwen's hood as he leans his head next to hers.

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Her ballet slippers touch the ground and Bentley releases her. Spinning, Gwen looks at him. Her cock wiggles and comes to rest on her thigh. He has the grin of a boy who just got away with mischief.

“So you rob the place and then fuck me when I come to stop you?” Gwen asks. Her mask’s eyes begin to un-dilate as she adjusts to the light. She reached one arm back over her head stretching. Her white cock with tiny veins bobs in the air, a slight pink tint to it. Wisps of string white cum float in the breeze, trailing off the tip of her half-hard cock.

“Me? Commit a crime? I’m vaguely on the straight and narrow.” He wiggles his hips. His cock regained some strength. She notices his pants around his ankles. *How did he pull off the spin?*

“You expect me to believe you after Venice?” She tilts her neck to each side and twists her shoulders and hips. Her cock swings back and forth at him.

One arm stretches out. Bentley points to a nearby rooftop. Music wafts from it. Dozens of people were dancing and drinking. “I was at a party. You swung overhead and I watched you get stuck.”

Gwen looked over. A half dozen people cheered and shouted at her.

Bentley waved and they cheered more. His other hand slides down his cock as it briskly grows.

Under her mask, she chews on her lip. *Well, he did get me out of that stupid vent...* She thinks as she watches him continue to pull on his now half-hard cock.

Pulling up her mask she slips it over her button nose, Keeping her identity hidden from Bentley and the partiers. With a swift flex of her calves, she raises onto her toes and kisses his left cheek. Gwen steps back away from him.

“What? That’s all the thanks I get?” His head tilts down to her and an eyebrow raises.

She grabbed his cock with a grip only a spider-person could manage. Gwen places a finger to her lips, she said, “Quiet or that’s all you get, Vent Fucker.”

Stepping behind the vent she pulls Bentley along by his cock. Hiding them both from the partiers.

Boos waft over to them.

Gwen drops into her trademarked squat. Her mask hid the hunger in her eyes. The cock in her hand hardened and returned to its massive full length.

Wetting her lips Gwen slid her tongue over his mushroom tip. It was hot and sticky. He tasted tangy and salty. Not bothering to remove her pink and white gloves she begins using both hands to slide along his shaft. Her tongue flicks around his head as it enters her mouth.

Bentley groans as he strikes Spider-boi’s dangly uvula at the back of her mouth. Her tongue danced under his cock.

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His hot cockhead bumps into her soft palate and pushes into her throat. Gwen's tongue savors the taste of his cock as she flicks it under his shaft.

Moans escaped his mouth, "Ahh fucc ya Spiidderr."

As he slid deeper Gwen dropped a hand to caress and play with his balls. Her natural sticky grip makes him moan more as she pulls and releases one finger at a time. She gets stuck halfway down his shaft. She begins leaning back freeing his cock from her throat. Her hand pumps on his shaft mixing her saliva with his cum and other juices.

His moans grow more intense each time she takes him back into her throat. Her cock leaks precum as it bobs around.

Voooooop! Ssllloopop! Voooooop! Ssllloopop! Both her spider-scene tingle in her balls. Sending mixed signals.

Bentley seizes each side of her hood. With a fierce yank, he shoves his full cock deep into Spider-boi's throat. Pleasure washes over him. His cock twitches repeatedly and cum rushes down to her stomach.

"Oh Ahhh Fuckk! Ohhhah!" He moans.

Gwen's head snaps forward as his cock is driven roughly down her throat. Further than she had ever taken. As her nose is buried in his brown curly hairs, her cock pulses. Ecstasy spreads from her balls and races to her every limb. Her smooth balls eject stringy cum. Two long white tracks of cum arc out spraying into the gravel roofing. Her mind reels as Bentley pumps a second load of cum into her stomach.

It takes him a moment to release his hold. When he does, Gwen tilts her head back and looks up at him. A smile filled with ecstasy covers his face. The spent cock softened as it slid past her lips. A dribble of salty cum is left on her tongue.

Standup she rolls the cum in her mouth enjoying his flavor.

Bentley leaning heavily on the vent, says, "Christ, Spider that was amazing. The way you played with my balls. It was like... It was.. I don't have words. Just fucking amazing."

I might have to train more for this cock, she thought drools and cum running down her face. As drops fall onto her flat chest they blend in with the white fabric of her upper costume. Her cock half-hard rests on her thigh. Leaning next to him she rakes the back of her hand along his cock, she says, "You should rescue more damsels in distress. We like giving out rewards."

Straightening himself Bentley pulls Gwen in and slips his tongue into her mouth. As they kiss he feels his cock rub on hers. His mind jumps to his knife and her torn costume. Letting her go he breaks off the kiss.

She blushes, her mask hides most of it.

Reaching for the hem of his shirt Bentley pulls it off over his head. His tanned muscles glistened in the sunlight. Tufts of chest hair shimmer with sweat. He wraps the black long-sleeve shirt around Gwen's hips, making a cape for her ass.

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Pulling his knife out of the ductwork he bends over slightly and cuts a slit into one sleeve. "There you can tuck in and stay warm on the swing home." Patting her right ass cheek Bentley slips the knife into its holster on his upper thigh.

"Thanks." Gwen awkwardly slips her 8-inch cock into the shirt sleeve just below the knot holding it in place. Her balls slid in afterward to escape the cool breeze.

"You should install a zipper in that suit of yours. I mean how do you even go to the bathroom?" A cocky smile crossed his face as he teased.

She mumbled a reply.

"What?"

"I said, I take the whole thing off." Gwen replied. "Are you happy now?"

"I'd like to see that sometime. If you get a zipper it will be a lot easier to have fun next time we bump into each other." He waves his flaccid cock at her. It was still seven inches soft.

Her hand reached out for a second before pulling it back to her chest. Crossing her arms, Gwen said, "What makes you think there will be a next time?"

He smiled.

It worked, her cock twitched and her balls vibrated with anticipation.

"Next time, Spider-boi." Bentley tucks his cock and balls back into his green camo pants. Grabbing the bulletproof vest off the gravel he runs and jumps off the roof in the opposite direction his sister had. Rolling onto the fire escape of the building he jumps over the rail and hops down to the next level.

Gwen smiles as her cock twitches. Her eyes tracked Bentley's cute ass.

Leaning on the invented 'J' that had caused all of her problems Gwen waited until she was sure Bentley was gone. She switched out her spare web cartridges and then ducked out of sight of the neighboring rooftop party. Slipping off the building away from the party and Bentley's exit, Spider-boi jumped into the air.

thicc, thicc Her web-shooter shot a line of fluid to a distant building and she began a journey across the city to home and a spare costume.

Spider-boi was halfway home. Her swing at its peak, she let go of the webline and flew up into the air. Ass, dick, and balls hanging out as she twists one arm reaching out and readying for the next web-line.

Vooooopop! Vooooopop! Vooooopop!

Gwen looked in the direction her senses indicated. Two blocks out, people ran from a storefront. Her mask hiding her frown, she moves her arm sixty degrees and shoots a web-line downward. With a swift tug, she swings down to investigate. Bentley's shirt flapping behind her, hiding nothing.

Glass windows explode at street level. A tall woman emerges, looking around. She smiles and comes fully out of the shop window. Dark brown hair in a shoulder-length bob with light olive skin. Her ample-sized chest is held by a micro bikini top. Her body changes at her waist into a mobile battle chair. In the form of a tarantula,

Spider-boi: OK, Let's Cum One More Time

dark brown with orange highlights. A half dozen shopping bags spilling over with bikinis and other swimwear in each hand.

Trantulass? I don't have time for you today, Gwen thinks.

Rearing twelve feet up into the air in the middle of the intersection the tarantula-themed villain surveyed the area. Trantulass searched the streets for her best escape route.

Spider-boi switches to full hero mode and swings down behind Trantulass. Tucking her knees to her chest she releases the web-line. Both hands extend ahead of her. Each forms the sign language symbol for 'I Love You.' As luck would have it the hand signs were the same positions she used to tap her web-shooters triggers.

**thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc, thicc,* Click, click, click, click, click, click.* Webs launch from Spider-boi's pink and white wrist.

Halfway through her planned assault, the web-fluid runs out.

White sticky webs coat Trantulass' mechanical legs and bind her arm to her torso. Without the last few shots to stabilize her, the villain teetered in the air.

'AAAAHHHH!' she screams. She begins falling.

The large eyes on Spider-boi's mask widen. Her heart rate jumps. Then Gwen holds back a laugh.

Trantulass' fall is cut short, she slams into a vegetable stand. Heads of cabbage and bikinis fly into the air. Covering the street corner.

Spider-boi lands in front of the villain and the vendor. Shrugging at the yelling vendor she feels Bentley's shirt float down over her ass. Padding her hips she finds no spare web cartridges. Four steps later she is in the street. An NYC bus rushes past her, undeterred by the supercrime of the city streets. With a flex of her calves, the hero hops up two feet and plants a widespread hand onto the bus. Sticking instantly to the Bus Spider-boi slips to safety before someone notices her ripped suit.

Gwen doesn't notice the milk ad on the bus or that her left-hand looks like it is sliding into the MILF's cleavage as she pouts milk for her two smiling kids. The bus sails down the busy street as Gwen throws the villain and the vendor a two-finger salute as she disappears down the street.

"I'll get you Spider-boi!!!" Trantulass shouts. Her body twisting; struggling with the webs binding her every limb. A blanket of cabbage leaves and bikinis cover her.

Paisley dropped to the ground ten blocks from the heist. Standing upright she shifts the duffle bag back up onto her shoulder. Pulling on her shirt down, it had ridden up over the lower inch of her A-cup breasts. She smiled, *Heist complete,* she thought. Her hand reached for the keypad.

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Her eyes blur and four copies of each number spin around each other. The last thing the daughter of the supervillain Sin-eater remembers is falling as the world fades into darkness.

Ana Kravinoff holds up her phone and snaps a picture of her prey behind her. Passed out on the ground. A wicked smile graced her lips. She types the caption, 'Hunter hunts the hunter. I'll play with her tomorrow on a livestream. Cum see the pleasures Sin-Eater offers me.'

Clicking Post, the leather and fur-clad Ultimate Hunter sends her 34 million followers the proof of her successful hunt. Over half of her followers live in and around New York City. Ana walks the line between Influencer and Supervillain. Citizens of NYC find it is always good to know where a villain is. It's also a fun sexy time watching Ana play with her prey. Before she practices catch and release.

Stay tuned lustful readers for the next Cumtacular issue of Spider-boi.

Missing Sister & Doc's Samples

The next day Spider-boi slips out of a fifth-story window and ascends the building's wall. Gwen froze as she climbed over the knee-high parapet wall of her apartment building. Her plan to start an evening patrol was interrupted.

"How did you find me?" She asks.

The purple mask-wearing figure holds out a notebook. It flops open halfway and a map unfurls. The New York City map is covered in hundreds of tiny circles with lines intersecting two at a time.

"I've tracked every sighting of you and checked it against crimes. I just drew lines from sightings to crimes until enough pointed to your starting point. Then it was just camping around until I saw you leave. I've known for months you've been fucking this cop. Smart keeps the other off your back. I need your help." Bentley, aka Sin-Eater, says, "My Sister is missing."

The End.

By Neo Mint City

2023

Spider-boi: OK, Let's Cum One More Time

About the Author

What is Neo Mint City? Neo Mint City is a fictional city on a fictional Earth. NMC enjoys writing fun and provocative stories and sharing them with you.

The city is part of a world of interconnected stories. They happen in... you guessed it, Neo Mint City. You can enjoy each NMC storyline as a stand-alone or as a whole. Plus thrilling tales of supporting characters from the mainlines.

NMC also writes non-canon tales. Molly and Jonny's adventures are non-canon to NMC. We have considered adding them to the canon world and may do so in the future if the right story comes along. For now you can enjoy them in their stand alone series. Jonny's Turn is next up.

Thank you for reading my story. I appreciate you taking the time to read my spicy words. Truly you are awesome!

Sticky regards,
Neo Mint City

Spider-boi: OK, Let's Cum One More Time

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