

# The Real McCoy: Part Eight

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You stay in the bathroom for a few minutes after making your post on your blog, using the toilet and washing up a little before staring at yourself (or perhaps selves, given how drunk you are) in the mirror for a moment. You reach down for your phone and pull up your blog, not surprised to see that there are a number of responses to your little poll already. You glance them over, one in particular catching your eye:

*dicktator: Sounds like a good trust-building exercise to me. I'd hit it.*

Your mind drifts back to those slender legs of Kamini's and you swallow, scrolling down through the comments, catching a lot of fairly simple responses all indicating a very similar idea. You breathe heavily for a moment, trying to convince your booze addled mind to think about this ... and then a faint rhythmic thumping noise catches your ear. You think you can just barely hear a feminine voice mixed in as well ... and then you find yourself opening the door and walking back into the bedroom.

Kamini is leaning against Roberto slightly and you notice his hand has drifted next to her thigh. The two look up at you, Roberto looking perhaps slightly disappointed as he pulls away from her.

"I was hoping you hadn't died in there, McCoy," Kamini smirks. "I think I'd have to fill out paperwork for that."

You respond with a snort, though your attention is drawn once again to the noises coming from next door. You blink for a moment, the image of a red haired beauty lying on a bed very similar to yours, her body slick with sweat and her legs wrapped around a muscular frame above her ...

"So ... Roberto mentioned something about my hobby?" you ask as you sit down.

"I would never do that to you, my friend!" he objects, straightening up and wobbling slightly.

"Oh yeah, big time," Kamini says, the light of mischief entering her eyes. "Kinky stuff you are into there McCoy ... your girlfriend too. He even showed me your blogs."

“I would never do that to you, my friend, unless it was at the request of our lovely office manager,” Roberto amends.

“No, he totally blabbed about it as soon as he found out. I didn’t even have time to ask him to stop,” Kamini says, sighing dramatically.

You take a seat on the bed next to Kamini, leaving her flanked between you and your apparently discretion-less coworker.

“So ... there’s not a rule against that, is there?” you ask.

Kamini’s lips curve in a slight smile.

“Not that I know of ... besides, I guess I can’t blame you for wanting to show off that sexy girlfriend of yours. Just curious, how did you get her to do it?” she asks.

“It took a bit of convincing at first,” you admit. “But she seems to actually sort of like the attention now. I guess it’s one thing to have your boyfriend say how amazingly hot you are, another for a huge group of people online to agree.”

“I would have been glad to tell her as well,” Roberto comments.

“Anyone would; well, except some of us jealous gals,” Kamini says, interrupting you before you can respond. “I admit, I can sort of see the appeal ...”

Something in the way she says that catches your attention and you find yourself looking into her eyes and finding an odd light filling them. The two of you stare for a moment longer before Kamini snorts and stands up, walking over to the curtained window and drawing back the curtain to reveal the shifting darkness of the tide glistening in the light of a silvery full moon.

“Fuck it, McCoy, just say it already,” she says, glancing over her shoulder.

“Did you want to make an appearance in my game too?” you ask after a moment, once the surprise fades.

“Well, it could use a splash of color,” she says. “I mean, it’s not just white people that have sex you know ... hell, my ancestors literally wrote the book on it.”

You find yourself breathing heavily as you walk over to your bag and pull out a camera, turning to find Kamini sliding a shoulder strap off of one delicate shoulder. You hastily take a picture as she slides off the other, clutching the front of her dress for a moment and turning to look at the dark ocean outside for a moment before letting it drop to the floor. Silvery moonlight caresses her dark skin and modest curves, filtering through the waves of her long dark hair. The darkness and her black hair conceal her face somewhat as she turns toward you, a smokey look managing to filter through as she slides off a pair of simple, pale blue panties. Her hand drifts across her body to block your view somewhat but not before you catch sight of a neatly trimmed thatch of black hair down below.

*Click!*

“What do you think ... will your readers like this?” The slender, smokey skinned nymph asks, her voice somehow different to your ear.

“...” Roberto makes a noise that doesn’t appear to be any word in English that you know.

“Definitely,” you say after a moment, distracted as noises from the next room once again catch your attention. “But, uh, I would imagine they would like to see more ...”

“No fucking way they aren’t going to,” the moon dappled beauty in front of you says, the words strangely at odds with her appearance. She stalks forward to the bed, turning off the light on the nightstand as she does, leaving the room lit by pale moonlight. “This is my vacation after all, and who knows when I’ll get another ...”

You feel yourself almost wanting to take a step back as the short, slender girl advances toward the two of you. You never would have expected this delicate girl nearly half a foot shorter than you would seem so ... intense.

Kamini catches your arm with one hand and draws you to the bed, sliding down between you and Roberto. Her hand runs along your thigh and from the sound that Roberto makes you suspect he is seeing something similar on his side of her. You let the camera slip from your hand onto the bed and reach out for her, hesitating for a moment before a loud female moan from next door drives away your doubts.

Your hand slides along Kamini’s slender leg, slowly working it’s way up to her thigh. She gives a murmur of approval as your fingers drift upward, finding coarse hair before

sliding back down to find a warm wetness waiting for them. A smacking sound draws your eye up to find Roberto leaning over, his face up against Kamini's chest. The young woman shudders slightly, putting one hand on the back of your coworker's head, guiding him as his tongue and lips find her nipples. You are distracted as you feel your fly being opened by a set of delicate, nimble fingers, fingers soon are wrapped tightly around your prick, slowly and carefully working back and forth.

"Shit ..." you groan. "There has to be a rule against this ...."

"There is ... now shut up," Kamini says softly, inhaling softly as your fingers slide inside her once again. "Fuck the rules right now ... I just want to have some fun ..."

You hear the sound of a zipper being drawn again and Roberto groans, leaving you in no doubt that Kamini's other hand has migrated downward. For a minute or two you enjoy the feeling of her hot tightness constricting on your fingers, her tiny hand working at your cock so thoroughly, and then Kamini draws away, breathing heavily.

"Time for the main event," she says. "You guys have condoms, right?"

You wince, shaking your head. You and Alice have been going bareback a lot more often, so you've stopped carrying them.

"I have one," Roberto says quickly.

Kamini gives the two of you appraising looks, finally turning to Roberto and taking his proffered prophylactic and stripping off the packaging and sliding it onto Roberto's length, the white rubber and the moonlight making you feel someone inadequate. She strokes him for moment, brushing her hair out of the way with her other hand before diving down and, with some effort, taking Roberto's cock into her mouth.

*Click!*

Your camera captures the image of the little indian woman the thick member between her lips, feeling more turned on than is perhaps okay. You circle around her, snapping another shot from behind her her blowing your coworker and finding yourself at her small but shapely rear, mesmerized as it bobs in front of you ... and then you are surprised when she shifts, pressing back up against you, your pale prick cushioned on either side by dark, perfect globes ...

“What are you waiting for, McCoy?” Kamini asks, breathing heavily as she comes up for air, her hand stroking Roberto’s length.

“I don’t have a ...” you begin, stopping as she interrupts you.

“Screw it! No, literally!” She says harshly. “I don’t care anymore, just fuck me!”

You find yourself staring through the viewfinder for a moment as your tip presses against dark, glistening lips, your hips slowly moving forward ...

*Click!*

“Ugh!” Kamini gives a raw, wild sounding noise as you slide inside her.

You struggle for a moment as she tightens down on you, her little body squeezing your member for all it’s worth as you first enter her. You clench your teeth, shocked by the incredible tightness and for a moment you find yourself struggling to hold on ... and then, thankfully, she relaxes somewhat, giving you the ability to pull back a little.

“Holy shit ...” you gasp as you thrust forward again, feeling her tighten.

“How do you like that?” Kamini says, her voice harsh but proud sounding. “Bet even your hot girlfriend doesn’t have a pussy like this ...”

You don’t answer as you slowly begin thrusting into her, all your concentration necessary as she clamps down on you at the end of every thrust, as if she was struggling to hold you inside her. You hear the sound of Roberto groaning again and you look up to find Kamini once again slurping at his cock. You grab her slender hip with one hand and begin thrusting a little faster, watching as her dark hair flows back and forth against her back with each movement.

You hear her moaning louder and louder as you pound the cute little office manager, her breathing growing faster and faster ... and then suddenly the muscles in her back tense before your eyes and you find yourself struggling to hold on as she clenches down on you harder than ever.

“MMNN!!” you feel her body tremble as she moans, your resolve faltering as she relaxes before suddenly tensing again, her little body milking you as she cums.

“Kamini ... me too...!” Roberto groans.

You are surprised as she pulls away and rolls over onto her back, assisted by Roberto, who quickly strips off his condom, his hand jerking furiously ... and then a gout of white spurts forth, splattering across her modest breasts and trailing down along her belly as she pants. Roberto sinks back but wobbles slightly, looking confused for a moment before falling backward off the bed.

You blink in confusion for a moment, struggling your way over and find him on the ground, his eyes slowly drifting closed as the exertion and the alcohol finally get the better of him. He rolls over onto his side, his eyes closing and a low snore escaping as sleep claims him ...

“Ah-hem ...” you hear Kamini clear her throat.

You look to find the sultry little nymph looking at you expectantly, and after a moment you realize that she is looking in the direction of the camera in your hand. She arches her back to give you a better view and you swallow as you look at her dark skin, shining with moonlight and glistening spunk, and raise your camera.

*Click!*

She seems satisfied, reaching for a box of tissues and cleaning herself up, tossing them and Roberto’s discarded condom in the trash can. She seems to drift across the room, her movements oddly certain considering how woozy you yourself still feel, and suddenly you feel her hands on you again. She slides off your shirt and, somehow, manages to remove your pants without you falling over. You feel her lips and hands dancing across your body, a mischievous smile visible for a moment when the moonlight strikes just right, and you feel yourself growing harder as she touches you, easily dancing out of reach when you reach for her in turn .. until you find her looking up at you, her back to the wall.

You find yourself suddenly strangely aware of the silence as her hand jerks at your manhood gently, her fingers lubricated by her own fluids ... and then, somehow, she manages to raise a leg to your hip, her hands grasping your shoulders and pulling you forward as she hops up and wraps herself around you. You stumble and find your hands braced up against the wall, staring into her dark eyes. You feel her muscles tense, her body drawing closer to yours ... and then you feel something warm and wet surround your member.

Kamini's warm breath tickles your lips as she moans, her slender legs surprisingly strong as she pulls herself back and forth against you, spearing herself on your cock. You breath hard, surprised as you find soft lips touching yours now and again, your arms beginning to burn as you brace yourself against the wall, your hips moving in time with hers. That rhythmic thumping sound returns and it takes you a minute to realize that it is following the pace of your own thrusts, your body pinning the cute little office manager's against the wall as she clamps down on you ....

"AAHH!" you give something approximating a shout despite your lack of breath, thrusting into her one final time.

You are surprised to find Kamini's lips quickly cutting you off, her body tightening around you in every possible manner as she follows you over the edge. Your prick twitches inside her once, twice, three times ... and then, and she tenses in your arms, you feel something hot and thick escape from you, gushing deep inside her tiny body over and over. The two of you are silent for long moments, your bodies entwined in the pale moonlight as you unload inside her ...

### ***The next day ...***

You awaken from a strange dream, your head feeling vaguely rotten and overripe, and wince at the streaming sunlight coming in through your window. You close your eyes, sitting for a moment as you try to gather yourself. You suddenly become aware of the sound of running water. A shower ... yours? You look up and notice the bathroom door is closed.

You stagger out of bed and close the curtains, noticing only after a moment that you are naked. Did Alice stop by last night? You don't recall ...

"Oh crap," you say, your eyes widening.

You dash over to the side of the bed, relieved when you fail to find Roberto there. It must have been a weird dream is all. Nothing to worry abo--

"Ah shit," you say, noticing your camera on the floor, your worries returning.

You pick up the camera, looking through the most recent photos and feeling your stomach drop out. The door to the bathroom opens suddenly and you see Kamini emerge, wearing her dress from yesterday and casually toweling her damp hair.

“Shit, shit, shit ...” you mutter.

“Good morning to you too, McCoy,” she says, rolling her eyes. Somehow she doesn’t look any worse for wear despite the night of heavy drinking.

“We ... “ you hesitate, memories gradually filtering in.

One of Kamini up against the wall, another of her waist up against yours as you held her rear, her hair pooling on the floor as she bobbed upside down and a handful more that you are deeply worried were not dreams.

“Did nothing, I’m sure,” she says pointedly. “Though it was rather fun nothing, I’ll admit. Roberto left sometime earlier this morning.”

You sit on the bed, groaning. Well, if you didn’t have a headache before ...

“What is your problem?” Kamini asks, looking strangely surprised. “I thought you and your girlfriend were ... I don’t know, open to this kind of thing.”

“It’s complicated,” you say. “But usually we discuss this kind of stuff beforehand.”

For a moment, Kamini’s expression changes ... or does it? It lasts only for a second and disappears so fast that you aren’t entirely sure it changed at all.

“Well ... shit, sorry,” she says slowly.

“Not your fault really,” you say. “I guess I’d better tell her ... “

Kamini looks a little uncertain for a moment, a rare thing, but seems to rally.

“Well, look, you guys have done this tons of times, I’m sure it’s not a big deal,” she says.

“Actually, I mean ... we’ve only really done things like this with her sister and her sister’s boyfriend, up until now. And we talked that out ahead of time,” you say.



“I love how you say that like it’s totally normal,” she says, rolling her eyes. “Look, you guys seem pretty cool about things, I’m sure she’ll understand. Besides, I’m sure she doesn’t mind you having fun while she is busy ... her sister’s boyfriend, Arn? He probably is going to be sore for a month after this weekend is over.”

You raise your head, puzzled.

“Wait, what do you mean? Arn isn’t Jasmine’s boyfriend ... I mean, not that one,” you say slowly.

Kamini is silent for a moment. If you didn’t know any better you’d say she is embarrassed.

“So ... that was a different guy, the one at the cabin?” she asks carefully.

“Yes,” you say. “Why are you asking?”

Kamini seems to think for a moment, then sighs. She tosses her still damp hair over her shoulder and looks for a moment before finding her phone. After a moment she holds it up.

“So ... you said in your blog that you don’t read your girlfriend’s posts, right?” she says. “Well ... maybe you might want to revisit that.”

You stare at the screen, making out a selfie of two girls, a redhead and a dark haired girl, their eyes clipped out of the image, naked and making out. Kamini’s fingers flick across the screen and you find another of them in a dark room, the redhead’s tongue in mid lick of a cock while the dark haired girl sucks at the tip. Another picture scrolls by and you see the redhead squeezing her partner-in-crime’s boobs as a cock drives it’s way inside her. And finally ...

You swallow as you recognize Alice from behind, her skin slick looking, as Jasmine smiles into the camera, spreading her sister’s ass as their male partner thrusts.

“This is from this morning,” Kamini says, taking the phone away after a moment. “And you can see they may have a little sunburn, if you look closely. So ... maybe your relationship is a bit more open than you thought.”

You realize after a moment that you are holding your breath and slowly exhale. Memories of yesterday just before your trip to the bar slowly begin to surface and you once again find yourself feeling a strong need for a drink ...

**To Be Continued ...**