

The Real McCoy: Part Four

Author: Letwri

Contact info: holetwri@gmail.com

Your room is silent aside from the clatter of keys and glows with the warmth of the rising Sunday sun. Said sunlight is, unfortunately, forcing you to squint now and again against the glare on your glowing computer screen, the gleam obscuring some of the comments on your blog. According to the poll you set up before you seem to be getting fewer responses; on the plus side though, it seems like more people are actually leaving messages though, so that's good, right?

BigStripyKitty: More pictures from the back side. Not everyone is a boob man.

Fair enough. Alice does have a nice ass, after all. Some of the newer uniforms they have at the diner drive you a little crazy, given how short they are. You sort of wish Alice wasn't so attached to some of the older ones ...

Dwarf: Maybe let the Muse take some photo's. Also, have you tried reading the Muse's blog?

You think for a moment. Not a bad idea ... but aside from a selfie or two, there isn't much to take pictures of. Well, aside from you. And who wants to see that? You quickly type out a reply:

RealDeal22: Not a bad idea Dwarf, but I'll need to find her some something worth photographing. Maybe if she actually comes through in getting her sister? And we have an agreement; I don't read her blog, she doesn't read mine. She wants to make sure her fans can say what they want without having to worry about her big bad boyfriend scaring them off. I'm assuming that means she has a boyfriend on the side, cause big and bad doesn't really describe me ...

You read further on seeing a request for Alice and her sister to actually have sex (actually, a fair few) that stops you when you consider the image for a moment. You have to think for a bit on that one before responding:

RealDeal22: @Melody and others. I can't say I'd mind seeing them together myself but I don't know if I have that kind of pull. Heck, I'm relying on her to even

get pictures! Maybe suggest it to her? I don't know what kind of success you will see though ...

You feel a pair of arms slide around you and hastily minimize your browser, turning to find a Cheshire grin beneath red curls waiting for you.

“Responding to our adoring fans?” Alice asks.

“Something like that,” you say. “And I thought you said no spying on each other’s blogs.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I didn’t see anything. Besides, you are going to want to hear this,” Alice says, eyes dancing. “You see, my dear little sister will be stopping by soon. It seems I may have won my little bet. No surprises here of course.”

You raise an eyebrow.

“Really? What was the bet?” you ask. You have your suspicions of course, but it’d be nice to have some confirmation. “And it’s been like ... what, a day and a half? You told me about this Friday night.”

“None of your business,” She says, smirking. “But yes, it did become obvious all too quickly. Poor Jazz ... anyway, make sure your camera is ready when she arrives, okay?”

You end up checking your camera, loading any remaining photos onto your machine before deleting them from the camera, then check to make sure you have a fresh charge on it before hopping out of your pajamas and into the shower. You are just drying your hair and sliding on a pair of battered jeans when the doorbell rings. You hastily pull on a shirt and head out to the living room.

You find Alice inviting her sister inside, nerves twanging slightly as the two both turn and smile at you.

“Hey Vince ...” Jasmine says, hips swaying slightly with each step.

Alice frowns, looking out the window.

“Jazz, why is there a car waiting outside? Did you bring someone else along?” she asks.

“It’s just Roy,” Jasmine says carelessly. “Don’t worry, I left him food and water, and instructions that he is allowed to wind the window down a little.”

“Wait, the guy who grabbed my ass? I thought you broke up with him?” Alice asks.

Jasmine’s smile grows a little wicked.

“Well, for one we aren’t exactly ‘dating,’” She says, giving little air quotes around the word. “You’re so label happy ... and anyway, I wouldn’t let him off the hook so easy even if we were. You think it’s worse for a fish on the hook if you take the hook out and throw him back in the water or if you keep him on the hook?”

“You mean you are still sleeping with him or whatever?” Alice asks, looking annoyed.

“Oh, not exactly. He probably has a little more community service before I let him get that far. But if he wants to make me feel good in a way where he doesn’t, well, who am I to argue?” Jasmine asks.

You look the girl up and down as she turns, taking in her large bust wrapped in a tight green tee and well rounded little rear in black lowrider jeans and find yourself thinking that she may actually have a point. Getting to see and touch her without getting any further must be torture.

“I really don’t know how I feel about that,” Alice says, frowning. “I mean, he’s kind of a dick but ...”

“I dunno, I feel pretty good about it,” the dark haired girl says with a shrug. “And it’s not like he doesn’t have a choice. He may even get parole for good behavior, he’s been a little more gentlemanly after Arn and Vince beat his ass. Anyway, enough about my reform program. We doing this or what?”

“Uh, yeah, I guess,” you say. “Let’s head to the bedroom, I guess?”

The three of you head to the bedroom and you think for a moment as you retrieve your camera, your mind slipping into writer mode as you consider how best to use the opportunity.

“So maybe we should start with a few shots of the both of you? Could make good intro shots or easter eggs or something,” you decide.

“What?” Jasmine asks, raising an eyebrow.

“No questions,” Alice says. “I won fair and square. We get these pictures, what they are for doesn’t matter. That was the deal.”

Jasmine shrugs and you catch Alice’s eye, noticing the little gleam there. You thought that this was going to be a little more transparent but ... well, you did agree not to question how she got you the pictures, right?

“How about the two of you by the computer desk first, facing each other,” you tell them.

Two sisters take their places, posing as you snap an initial picture or two. You coach them through a few variations; one with them holding their palms up to one another, fingers entwined, one where they kneel down and hug (a nice overhead shot, giving how busty both are) and one as if they were leaning forward for a kiss. On the last one Alice looks mildly unsure of herself, particularly when Jasmine leans forward, letting her lips actually make contact with her sister’s. You snap a quick shot of that before they pull away; that will probably be a popular one ...

“Alright, enough of that,” Alice says. “Vince, give me the camera and take a seat.”

“Wait, what?” you ask, though you willingly let the camera slip from your hands as Alice takes it. “Why?”

“Because, Jazz owes me and I’m going to make sure you get the most out of it,” she says, her hair practically glowing with the sun from the window streaming through it.

“Jazz, you brought it?”

You notice the dark haired girl sliding a small parcel from her pocket, a smile crossing her face as she tears open the condom packaging. You look at Alice, mildly alarmed. How far was she planning to go with this?

“We’re going to get a picture of Jaz- or rather, the Succubus, showing off her oral skills,” Alice says, an odd look in her eye.

“The Succubus? I like it,” Jasmine comments as she unzips your jeans.

“Wait, are you sure about this?” You ask, still a little concerned. You really feel like this is the part where you get into massive amounts of trouble for not objecting hard enough, and you are firmly invested in preventing that from happening.

Alice slinks forward and you only now notice that she is wearing a short, tan skirt ... a present from you that is more than slightly for you, given how well it hugs her hips. She leans over, putting her lips to your ear.

“Oh, Vince,” she whispers, her hand sliding into your open fly. “I love that you are actually objecting. Still though, this is what our fans want, right? Besides, with the condom on it’s barely anything ... you technically aren’t even touching her directly, right?”

Any further thoughts that you have on the matter are silenced as her lips press against yours, her hand drawing your hardening prick out and stroking it softly.

“Damn, sis ...” Jasmine says, sounding impressed.

You feel her tongue slip into your mouth, teasing yours forth to duel with it for a few moments before she draws away, her hand giving you a few last strokes before she steps away. You turn to find Jasmine has stripped off her shirt, to reveal a black bra holding back a canyon of cleavage. The dark haired girl gives her sister a smirk before moving between your legs.

“How about we have a little fun here ...” Jasmine says. “Make sure you get a good picture of this sis ...”

You watch as Jasmine takes the tip of the condom in her mouth and leans forward. You watch, transfixed, as she guides the rubber onto the tip of your cock, her lips holding it against you as her tongue teases against the tip through the condom. You notice her looking up at you with a scorching look in her eyes as she slowly begins bobbing her head, slowly using her lips to unroll the condom onto your cock. You struggle not to make a sound, though as you look up you see Alice by the window, snapping pictures with perhaps the slightest of smiles on her lips.

Click!

“Mmn ...” Jasmine moans softly, the vibrations running down your length.

“Guess you enjoy the taste of cock then,” Alice says, surprising you. “What ever would your women’s studies teacher think.”

“Screw her,” Jasmine says, pulling away for a moment and sweeping some of her loose hair back and around her shoulder. “Or, you know, don’t. More cock for me ...”

The girl resumes her work and you feel somewhat dazed as she continues, gradually unrolling the condom halfway ... then three quarters ... and then finally, with a small amount of effort, managing to finish before drawing out with a slight gasp.

Click! Click!

“Need more practicing deepthroating, Jazz?” Alice says, surprising you again.

“Mmm ... well, maybe if Vince is volunteering,” Jasmine says, smiling up at you. “It’s hard finding a man that really requires the effort sometimes.”

“Maybe if you are good,” Alice says as you stay studiously silent. “Now then, we have enough blowjob stuff. What else do you usually need for this kind of thing, Vince?”

You think for a moment, your eyes settling on the dark haired girl’s breasts. Well, since it seems like you’ve got a pass here ...

“Usually a tiffuck is pretty common,” you tell her.

Jasmine simply smiles and undoes her bra, letting it fall. You swallow, feeling mildly guilty as you stare at the girl’s swaying breasts. The little dark haired girl slides up closer, closing her cleavage around your condom clad prick and slowly begins working up and down.

Click!

“How do you like them, Vince,” Jasmine says softly, eyes staring up at you intently.

“They’re ...” you glance at Alice, who simply snaps another picture. “They’re really nice. Big and firm.”

Jasmine chuckles, giving her sister a glance.

"I like yours as well ... I wonder how it would feel inside ..." she says softly, too low for Alice to hear.

Click!

"Alright, I think we have that one," Alice says. "Maybe one last set?"

"Sounds good to me," Jasmine says.

The two girls look at you. It takes you a minute or two to realize that they are waiting for your direction, distracted as you are by the whole situation.

"Uh, well, I mean, the final thing is usually ... you know, actual sex," you tell them.

"Alright then, Vince, lay on the bed," Alice says. "On your back, facing me. Now Jazz, get on top of him ... yeah, cowgirl style ..."

The younger girl strips off her shoes, jeans and panties without so much as a second thought, leaving herself completely naked. You catch Alice's look and try to avert your eyes as much as is feasible given the circumstances.

"Wait, we're not actually going to ...?" you ask.

"No!" Alice says. "I mean, we need to make it look good I guess but ... no."

"Damn," Jasmine says, sticking out her tongue as she climbs on top of you. "Well, we'll still enjoy it as much as we can, right?"

You watch as the busty girl raises her hips, carefully positioning your cock up against her entrance. Oddly, you find yourself noticing that she has left her socks on, which excites you for some inexplicable reason.

Click!

"Good, now ... umm, maybe make it look like ..." Alice says, faltering a bit.

"Like he is fucking me?" Jasmine asks. "Geez, you guys are weird. Most swingers actually want to do the deed ..."

You swallow as she lowers herself, your hardness grinding against her without actually sliding inside, the younger girl's eyes gleaming with amusement as she stares down at you.

Click! Click!

"Umm, alright then, I think that's enough for now," Alice says.

"Alright then," Jasmine says, suddenly aloof as she slides off of you and begins sliding on her panties. A buzz from her jeans sets her searching through her clothing for a moment before retrieving her phone, which she holds up after a moment. "Hold on, I'll be right back."

You slowly get up from the bed, peeling off the rubber from your now rock hard member and tossing it into the garbage. You look over at Alice, still wreathed in sunlight and find yourself approaching her.

"Huh, some of these are pretty good," she says. "Vince, you should take a look whil--"

You find your lips up against Alice's and catch surprise in her eyes that rapidly melts into something else. You hear your camera thud to the ground as her hands reach around your back, her fingernails running along it through your shirt. You pull away, spinning her around and facing her toward the window.

"MM, Vince, I think maybe ..." she begins, gasping as you lift her skirt.

You take a moment to take in that lovely rounded rear of hers clad in pale green panties before nudging the cloth aside and sliding your cock up and under until you find her already slick entrance. With one quick motion you thrust forward, groaning at the feeling of her hot tightness around you.

"Mnn ... Vince, yes ..." Alice says softly. "Do me Hurry!"

You settle your hands on her waist, her skirt bunching up under your palms as you begin slowly thrusting, trying to pace yourself as the lovely redhead begins gasping and moaning. Alice stops moving for just a moment, peeling off her shirt and tossing it to the floor before pressing herself up against the window, her moans rapidly rising to a crescendo ... before suddenly tightening down on you.

You groan, staring down at the rear in front of you as it bounces from your thrusts, something seeming to boil inside you.

“Vince ... don’t forget to pull out ...” Alice gasps softly.

You struggle for a moment before obeying, pulling out and sliding your cock up between her asscheeks, squeezing them together. You find a memory of Jasmine’s tits around your cock forming in your head, the image drawing you closer and closer ... and then you feel the heat inside you surge forth and a gusher of white splatters upward, your spunk running rivulets down her skin and soaking into her skirt and underwear...

“Geez, you two are a real deal lovey-dovey couple,” you hear a voice behind you. “Couldn’t even wait until I was gone, could you?”

You turn, clarity returning with it’s old friend embarrassment as you turn to find Jasmine smirking at the two of you from the doorway. You pull away, already missing the feeling of Alice next to you as you hastily dress. You notice your girlfriend is taking a little more time, slowly righting her clothing before turning around, still missing her shirt and returning her sister’s gaze.

“Well, we figured you’d be a while,” Alice says, somehow managing to not look ashamed. “Anyway, I think we are done here, right Vince?”

“Uh, yeah, I think so,” you say.

Jasmine eyes the two of you for a moment before retrieving the rest of her clothing and slowly dressing, her eyes catching yours more than once as she notices your gaze lingering perhaps a little too much, and a few minutes later she bids her farewells and shows herself out.

You sink to the bed, reaching over the edge and snagging the camera. You glance through the viewfinder, eager not to talk about what just happened. Huh, actually, a lot of these were pretty good.

“So ... I was thinking,” Alice purrs softly. She slides down onto the bed next to you, her body still hot from your little bout of ‘exercise’. “You probably need more pictures than just that, right?”

“Well, probably, yeah,” you say cautiously. “Why?”

“Truthfully? This stuff seems to get you really hot,” Alice says, smiling. “And I can’t say I’m failing to see the appeal now as well so ... what do you say, should we see if we need anything more picture-wise?”

You think for a moment, eyeing a picture of a dark haired girl with her butt held high as a cock spears upward towards her. Well, you may need to think about this a little ...

To Be Continued ...