

# The Real McCoy: Part One

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“Huh,” Alice says, sitting down on the couch, damp hair clinging to her cheeks. She brushes it away with a half hearted gesture, her eyes distant. “So ... you are saying a ton of people have already seen it?”

You glance down at your phone, no longer surprised to see another few posts have accumulated since you last checked. You now have a close to thirty responses. You look back at your pensive girlfriend.

“I mean, it’s not really ... I didn’t actually say that,” you respond. “I’m just saying your picture was, uh, well received.”

Alice looks at you, her eyes focusing on you again as she returns to reality. You notice her look down at the phone in your hand and then she is moving across the room. You hand it to her without comment and she flicks across the screen a few times, her face illuminated by the glow as her eyes scan the comments. To your relief she doesn’t look too upset as her eyes meet yours again.

“Sorry, I wasn’t expecting to get this kind of response,” you say.

Alice stares you in the eyes for a few moments before responding.

“Vince ... thirty people? Seriously? I had more people than that see my boobs in one year of high school,” she says. “When you said the game ‘blew up’ I was expecting something more than the number of people I talk to in the first half hour of breakfast time at the diner.”

“Oh. Okay, so you aren’t upset then?” you say, somewhat thrown by the ease of the conversation. A few moments pass before something strikes you. “Wait, why did so many people see your boobs in high school?”

“It was a party thing,” she says absently. “Seriously though, you really thought thirty people was a big deal?”

"It sort of seemed like the kind of thing someone might be concerned about," you reply cautiously. "I mean, I did say I wasn't even expecting ten. I really don't know what number crosses over into 'too many' when we are talking about people seeing risque photos of you."

"Well, let's see ..." Alice seems to consider for a moment, eyes twinkling. "I mean, we are just talking 'risque' here, not like anything big. So I could probably go up to a couple hundred comfortably."

You find yourself matching her grin and lift her up and kiss her. As her feet return to the ground you notice her looking at your phone again speculatively.

"I do notice, however, that your porn game friends want to see more ... are we going to broach that topic?" she asks, raising an eyebrow.

"I honestly was expecting you to be pissed, so I didn't really plan that far ahead," you admit. "We're moving into improv territory here."

Your redheaded Muse crosses her arms, eyebrow still raised. Silence hold for a few moments. The house creaks for a moment as a particularly strong gust of wind hits, follow by the shotgun blast of water droplets against the kitchen window.

"Alright, in response to your non-question ... yes. I don't mind posing a little." Alice says, rolling her eyes when your arms wrap around her.

"Alice, have I told you lately how chill you are?" you ask.

"It's unspoken," she responds, eyes sparkling. "And , don't get me wrong, I love that intensity you get when you start making one but I really don't get what the big deal is with these these games ..."

"Well, there's a way to fix that I think ..." you tell her. "Let's go get you changed and my computer warmed up."

A few minutes later a bathrobe clad Alice plops down into your chair and stares at the intro screen to one of your personal favorite games. You watch her diligently read through the intro text, amused by the studious streak.

“So this game is about a couple of kids that go camping? Is this some kind of slasher horror thing too?” she asks.

“Nah, though there’s another game involving a summer camp that goes that route. I like this one because you can kind of pick your poison: you can get with your shy girlfriend or with the hot friend,” you tell her.

“Wait, so you can cheat on your girlfriend as part of this? Kinda makes you a jerk ... wait, what guy would bet on this kind of stuff?” she asks absently, her fingers clattering on the keyboard as she works her way through the first few commands. “Do I really need to keep typing ‘North’ or ‘South’ or something every single time I want to move?”

“Nah, you can abbreviate some commands and use autocomplete to speed through some of the more common stuff ... yeah, like that,” you nod, reading over her shoulder.

Minutes pass and you find yourself needing to guide her less and less, an odd feeling growing inside you as you watch her navigate through the game. It’s kind of weirdly hot doing this with her ... you lean over her shoulder and kiss her neck, her red curls tickling your nose for a moment.

“Oh shit, that redhead wants to get down,” Alice says. “Well, let’s get a look under the hood I guess ...mm! Vince, what are you ...?”

You smile, your hand sliding down the front of her robe and unhooking her bra.

“You just used the ‘remove bra’ command,” you say teasingly, kissing her neck again. “I’m just being an obedient boyfriend.”

She gives you a nonplussed smile but returns to the screen in front of her when you nod towards it. Alice hesitates for a moment, looking at you through the corner of her eye, and types again.

*>Rub breasts*

Your hand cups up against a soft handful of flesh, still damp from the storm, your blood quickening as Alice readily responds. You nod toward the screen again, pulling her bathrobe down around her shoulders and squeezing her breasts gently, planting a gentle kiss on her jaw. Alice’s breathing seems to change, a familiar light filling her eyes as she looks at you and begins typing again.

*>lick tits*

“Oh ... yes ... that’s nice ...” Alice murmurs as you circle around and begin planting a trail of kissing down her collarbone until you reach her left nipple, your tongue tracing gentle circles around it. “Let’s try ...”

*>finger pussy*

*I don’t know what you want to do with pussy*

“Wait ... what?” Alice says, furrowing her brow. “Well doesn’t that just figure ...”

Her breath passes her lips in a sudden hiss, her eyes closing as your hand finds it’s way between her legs and under her robe. Your fingers find a warm wetness waiting for them. They slide inside easily and you pump them a few times, enjoying the little quivers they set off in the ever more disheveled girl sitting in your chair.

“I think I know what I want to do with pussy ...” you comment, standing up and moving to the dresser.

You open it up and retrieve a condom, your last one, and quickly tear open the wrapper with your teeth and drop your trousers, your hands almost shaking as you put it on. You return to Alice, helping her up from the chair and lifting her robe to reveal the lovely, round rear of hers. She leans over, settling her hands on the desk and looking back as you take aim ... and then, you hear a clatter of keys and look up to find a simple message waiting for you:

*>Fuck Alice*

*I don’t know what you want to do with Alice*

The two of you moan as one as you slide forward into her pussy, your hands locking on her hips as you begin driving forward full force with no preamble, your fiery goddess matching your stroke by forcing that heart shaped ass of hers back against you, all but growling like some kind of animal. You hear her panting and moaning, but if there are words then you can’t understand them, your mind lost to everything but the feeling of her hot skin against yours ....

... and then, somehow, you find yourself on the bed, a purring, sweaty young woman in your arms, her hair sticking to your chest. Your legs feel oddly numb and as you look

down you find the condom dropping off of your softening member, it's limits looking sorely tested ...

"Well, I guess I do understand something important about those games," Alice murmurs, looking up at you. "They bring out a little bit of an animal in you ... and I think that's enough for me."

She slowly rises, righting her bathrobe around her sweaty body. You notice her frown at the window and follow her gaze to find the curtains open, which she quickly moves to correct. Geez, you really did lose it a little.

"Well then ... shall we play some more games? Or maybe just finish that one at least?" Alice asks, a glint in her eyes.

"I think we're out of condoms, so that may not be a good idea," you say with a sigh, tossing the used one in the trash. "It's getting a little late anyway. Maybe we can swing by and pick some up tomorrow though? I've got a really good game about magical battle maids ..."

### ***The Next Day ...***

"So ... here it is! Crazy right?" You say say, gesturing to the storefront. "Who knew we even had a sex shop around here? Granted, it's in kind of a weird rape alley but it's like five minutes walk away from my house."

Your description was not entirely an exaggeration; what appears to have been a large open lot has been surrounded on all sides by strip malls that have gated or walled off most of the surrounding area. You find it somewhat amusing to note that unlike most of the stores there is ample parking but the narrow path leading to it precludes most vehicles not driven by clowns.

You turn to find Alice giving the barren lot a look over, a doubtful look forming on her face as she notices the small neon sign in front of the only unboarded door in the large building before you. Today she is wearing a simple white sundress with a bonnet over her tightly pinned hair, her look sharply contrasting with the dubious lot. You are struck by the mental image of Little Bo Peep had wandering into a drug den.

“Oh, yeah ... how much is the rent on your house again? I sort of feel like you may be overpaying,” she says. “Why are we here instead of a pharmacy?”

“Well, I was thinking that the next Muse game might use some costumes or props or something,” you admit. “I heard this place has a pretty good stock.”

“Vince, you shouldn’t be associating with people who know about this place,” she tells you, a (mostly) fake expression of grave severity on her face. “I repeat, you should under no circumstances interact with those people.”

“Holy shit, Alice!?” a voice calls out.

The two of you turn to find another couple walking down the claustrophobic walkway towards the store, hand in hand. The guy about your height with pale skin and a mohawk wearing a battered pair of jeans and a worn tee shirt; you’d place him in maybe his late teens to early twenties, maybe a bit younger than Alice. The girl stands only about to your shoulder has jet black hair with bangs and a ponytail that reaches the nape of her neck; below that is mostly a mystery as your eyes stop at the heaving handfuls of cleavage that show through the scoop cut neck of her sleeveless shirt. You manage to quickly get a hold of yourself and look away, telling yourself that with her short stature even Alice’s bust would look pretty big.

“Jasmine, what are you doing here?” Your girlfriend, who you love and are here with and who probably doesn’t want you staring at other girls, asks.

*Wait, Jasmine ...?*

Something suddenly clicks. You remember Alice mentioning a younger sister. You look the girl over, her facial features (previously overlooked) quickly becoming familiar.

“Uh, shopping?” Jasmine gestures to the store. “This is the only store in the area that carries the kind of boots I need.”

“Jas, this doesn’t look like a typical shoe store,” Alice says slowly.

“It isn’t, that’s why I’m here. I need boots that match an outfit I got here a while back; special ordered, they add a couple inches to my height,” she says, hooking a thumb back to the thus far silent mohawk wearing boy. “The height difference is giving him back problems. Anyhow, gotta run, see ya!”

Alice opens her mouth but no words come out and you remain silent for a few moments after she turns to you before the space between words all but draws the comment out of you.

“So ... you’re not the wild one in the family then, I guess?” you say carefully.

“I thought I was after yesterday,” she says, before turning to you. “Also, better watch it if you want those pictures honey. I can be plenty wild ...”

You decline to comment and instead lead the way into the sex shop, the light of day disappearing as you step inside to find a surprisingly large space that is somehow still cramped due to the frankly unbelievable number of shelves packed with erotic items.

You notice that Alice is similarly awestruck, her sister apparently forgotten as she begins to roam around the shelves. The two of you spend several minutes marveling at the strange to the bizarre to the outright improbably items before finding a doorway leading to an another expansive room filling with costumes ranging from anime cosplay to gimp suits.

You notice Alice slipping off through the aisles to look at a section that appears to be various maid outfits when something catches your eye. You smirk, pull it off the rack and head to the changing room to slip it on. You find Alice still browsing and creep up behind her ...

“Holy crap!” Alice gasps, turning around to find you dressed head to toe in a black leather outfit complete with chains and actual spikes. “Vince?”

“Know the safeword, baby?” you ask. “You can’t see it, but I’m raising my eyebrow suggestively.”

She struggles for a moment before giving an unladylike snort, shaking her head. She takes a step closer, eyeing the outfit, a saucy sort of look on her face.

“Careful Mr. McCoy, dress too sexy and Wild Walker here will have to jump you right here and now,” she says, running her hand down along the abdomen of the suit.

“Maybe not a great idea,” you admit. “There are zippers everywhere on this thing, including places I am not really comfortable with.”

“So there are,” she says, looking down. “Anyway, I don’t think we’re buying today, right? I may just browse around for a bit if you want to go get the condoms at least.”

“Fair enough, let me just creak back over to the changing room,” you say. “See you soon, assuming I can find my way back.”

You quickly get changed and wander back out into the main store, eventually finding a counter with a cashier casually flipping through a magazine. You buy a pack of condoms and as you are turning to leave notice a flier on the wall. The employee notices your wandering eyes.

“Interested in the photography classes?” he asks.

“Kind of surprised they offer adult photography classes mostly,” you tell him. “I mean, a picture’s a picture, regardless of whether there’s a cock in it, right?”

“A lot of people think that, some of them are right I guess,” he says. “I took the class once though, gets a bit more involved than that.”

“How so?” you ask, curious.

“Well, it’s harder than people think to hold a pose for some of this stuff, so there’s actually some exercises and tricks there. Plus people get nervous, so the instructor knows a lot about that, he’s a cameraman for adult films,” the cashier tells you. “We actually teach it in the back; if you are interested you can take a look.”

“Well ... hell, why not,” you say.

The cashier sets a bell on the counter and walks down to open the little half door keeping customers out and leads you to a doorway back in the corner. You step through into a dimly lit room with a table, chairs and a large window that appears to look out into another room that appears to be better lit.

“Pretty cool right? This place used to be a police station according to my boss, and they converted the interrogation room into this. The mirror helps with anxiety,” he says. “Speaking of ...”

You watch the door to the other room open and a pair of figures wearing black slip inside. They are fairly well entwined and it is not until they break apart that you can



make out the figure of a man wearing a full body leather suit and mask somewhat similar to what you had found earlier, only with a more medieval look that seemed to involve a prudent use of leather ties instead of zippers. The other person looks to be a woman a bit taller than you with a fairly large bust and generally curvy figure, a fact made apparent by what appears to be a skin tight looking cloth catsuit. Or at least, you assume 'catsuit' is the right term, given that she is wearing what appears to be a cat mask that covers everything but her mouth.

You see the woman put a finger to her lips and then lean forward against her leatherbound partner, her hand running up and down his body.

"Is this ... okay?" you ask, mesmerized despite yourself.

"It's cool, as long as they don't get the outfits messy," he says, shrugging. "Besides, pretty hot, right?"

You stare, nodding, as the woman's fingers tug at the leather ties holding the man's crotch piece on until it drops, dangling in front of him. Her hand quickly finds it's way inside, her arm jerking back and forth a little before drawing out a rapidly hardening prick. She continue stroking him long enough to give him a kiss then kneels down and swiftly takes his length into her mouth.

A clicking sound catches your attention and you turn to find the employee snapping a few shots, an appreciative look on his face.

"Tell you what man, those classes were worth it for me at least," he says, grinning. "I've got a hard drive at home full of shit so hot you can hardly believe it."

You turn back, watching as the man's hips start thrusting, his hands grabbing the woman's head ... and then he stops, his body tensing. The woman stays perfectly still, her lips holding his prick without spilling a drop as she swallows the spunk jetting into her mouth ...

You find yourself excusing yourself from the room, thanking the employee hastily, and then spend a few minutes trying to wander the most deserted seeming aisles until your erection dies down. A while later you happen to catch sight of Alice in an aisle filled primarily with what appear to be either large vibrators or some kind of small jackhammer.

“Hey, you ready?” She asks. “I saw a couple of things but ... I don’t know. Some of it’s a little out there. How about you? See any inspiration.”

Your mind travels back to the dark room and the figures on the other side of the window.

“Well ... maybe something ...”

**To Be Continued ...**