

The Real McCoy: Part Seven

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You groan as you get out of the car, stretching your arms into the air and wincing as something crackles with great enthusiasm in your back. Roberto is already out of the car, eyes already drawn to the crashing waves, the white sand and presumably the scantily clad bodies strewn across it sunbathing.

“Isn’t this a thing of beauty?” He asks you, arms spread wide.

“After a couple hours in your car, anything that has legroom is a thing of beauty,” you tell, him, eying the red sporty vehicle with distaste.

“Then I have enhanced your view of the world, you should be grateful,” he responds, unphased. “Oh look, there’s our lovely office manager!”

You glance in the direction that he points in and see a pale blue SUV pulling in to the parking lot, parking beside Roberto’s car. Kamini exits the vehicle, which you find covetously staring at for its apparent head and leg room, and circles around to open the back door.

“Hey guys, glad to see you here,” she says, uncharacteristically cheerful looking. “I need you to carry crap.”

“You’re asking us to work on our vacation?” Roberto asks, sighing.

“It’s not a vacation, it’s a retreat,” you tell him, accepting a box that Kamini passes to you. “Which I assume means we’ve been routed in some fashion and are losing.”

“Correction, it means I’ve outmaneuvered the management,” the girl tells you, decorating Roberto with bags that she slings across his muscular chest, more than a little of it exposed by his open button down and white tank top. Is it your imagination that her hands linger a little?

“You are management,” you tell her. “Your literal title is office manager.”

“Upper management. And for that you can carry this crap too McCoy,” she says, dropping another box on top of the one you are already holding, this one apparently filled with steel slabs or something equally heavy. After a moment she gives you a critical look. “Seriously Vince, you don’t have any more interesting clothes than that?”

You look down as well as you can through the boxes in your arms. You are wearing your usual, jeans and a tee. You look at Roberto in his tight jeans, open pink dress shirt and tank top with a handful of chains accenting his dark skin. Your eyes then drift to Kamini with her sundress of various bright colors and spaghetti shoulder straps and straw bonnet. Your eyes linger for just a moment as you notice those thin, lovely legs of hers and your hastily look away as you realize that you are ogling someone that is basically an HR person.

“I, uh, don’t really like showing off my appearance. It’s better if people just like you for who you are inside, you know?” you say.

“With your appearance, my friend, that is probably wise,” Roberto says, grinning.

“Dick,” you grumble.

“Alright, no more of that,” Kamini tells the two of you as she hoists the last box onto her hip and closes the door of her car. “At least not until the trust building crap is over with. It wasn’t easy getting us all there you know.”

The three of you start walking toward the hotel, a bright, airy looking structure with four floors overlooking the beach. The sky is clear and sunny, the air warm, and more than a few people are down by the water taking advantage of the lingering summer weather.

“So, we are going to be doing trust falls or something?” you ask as you walk, struggling more than you would like with the boxes in your hands.

“Among other things. Trust falls, team building exercises, that kind of nonsense, “ Kamini says, getting the door for the two of you as you reach the entrance, then following you inside.

“Your enthusiasm is apparent. Can’t we just skip that stuff?” you ask as you find a table in the portion of the lobby partitioned off for your company and set your boxes down with a relieved sigh.

“If we skip it, we may not get this again,” Kamini says, adding her box next to yours and beginning to divest Roberto of his packages.

“If you don’t like doing this stuff, why do you care though?” you ask, feeling like you are missing something.

“He does have a point, we could always just go and enjoy ourselves on the beach,” Roberto points out. “And then we get a free vacation out of--ugh!”

Kamini snags Roberto’s chains and pulls him closer, an edge to her smile as she looks at the two of you.

“I don’t get very much vacation, and I certainly don’t get vacations where everything is paid for. If I tell you to trust fall, you’re going to ask ‘from how high?’.” the petite indian girl says calmly. “Then later tonight, we are going to drunk on company booze and maybe have more trust falling or other dumb shit tomorrow, then more booze, then we will wake up when this weekend is done and take a slow, hungover ride back home because we were given a day off to recover. Then if we are lucky, we get to do this later again ... got it?”

You look at Roberto, noticing him swallowing nervously before he nods and you quickly follow his example as the girl turns that basilisk stare to you. She releases his chains and suddenly her smile seems more like a regular smile.

“Vince!” you hear a call from across the lobby and look up to see Alice crossing the lobby.

Your lovely girlfriend is clad in a one piece blue bathing suit with a towel wrapped about her shoulders, her damp hair clinging to the sides of her face. You notice Arn behind her, a sleeveless tee and trunks also wet and clinging to his muscular frame and behind him follows Jasmine, a red two piece clinging to her curves.

“Hey!” you say, smiling and hugging her. Your shirt gets a little damp, but you don’t mind. “When did you guys get here?”

“This morning,” Alice says. “Jasmine drove. Um, perhaps a little too fast ...”

You notice Arn nodding in agreement as Jasmine grins.

“We aren’t wasting time. You either work hard or you play hard,” she says, shrugging. You notice her eyes shoot across your coworkers. “Who are your friends?”

“Oh, right,” You say, realizing that none of these people have actually met in person before. You do a quick round of introductions, trying not to notice Jasmine’s eyes straying across Roberto’s body as you do.

“Nice to meet you,” Alice says. “Anyway, I know you are technically working so we won’t bother you ... see you down at the beach later though?”

“Sure,” you say.

Your girlfriend turns and heads toward the stairs with her sister and coworker in tow. Roberto nudges you with his elbow, grinning when you turn to look at him.

“So your girl followed you to a romantic beach getaway? You are a lucky man, my friend,” Roberto says.

“It’s not exactly like that. School isn’t back in session, so Alice usually lets the college kids she works with grab some of her hours while they can,” you say.

“Wait ...” Kamini says, her eyes suspiciously following Arn as he walks up the stairs. “Wait, isn’t your girlfriend a waitress at that diner?”

“Yeah,” you say. “Why?”

“And she can afford to stay here? Are you paying for her?” Kamini asks. “You do know that technically she can’t stay in your room, right?”

“Yeah, I remember the memo,” you tell her, rolling your eyes. “No, Alice paid her own way here. In fact I think she took care of Arn and Jasmine too.”

Your coworkers look at you, apparently waiting for some kind of punchline.

“What? Seriously. Her mom got her a credit card when she was like fifteen or something. She’s been adding to the collection ever since; her credit score is actually way better than mine,” you say. “She actually uses them for most of our bills and I just pay her back. Alice has like a billion miles or points or whatever.”

“I am not sure if I’m impressed or pissed,” Kamini says reflectively. “Anyway, enough of that. Let’s get our stuff up to our rooms, then I’ll meet you down here to set up for later.”

You head to Roberto’s car and retrieve your two bags, one with your laptop and other tech related gear and the other much more modest bag filled with your clothes, then make your way back to the hotel chatting with Roberto. You retrieve your keys from the front desk, Roberto insisting on the two of you carrying your luggage yourselves (“Show the ladies your muscles, my friend!”) and head up to your room on the third floor. You find your door, room 304, and stumble on Arn stepping out of room 305.

“Hey Arn, guess we are neighbors,” you tell him. You frown after a moment. “What’s up? You look a little nervous.”

“I made the mistake of looking out the window,” he says, looking uncomfortable. “I didn’t think it would be that bad, but it’s a lot higher than I thought.”

“Ah, not a big fan of heights?” you ask. The younger guy shakes his head and you nod in sympathy. “Yeah, it’s kinda freaky when you are right up near the window. I always catch myself imagining myself tripping and breaking the wind-”

“Sorry, gotta go,” Arn says, looking pale.

Arn dashes toward the stairs, only slowing down as he reaches the top and gingerly begins walking down. You wince. Maybe you were more than a little tactless there ...

“Was that Arn?” you hear a voice behind you and turn to find Alice approaching from the other side of the hall.

“Yeah, he wasn’t big into the view it seems,” you tell her, giving her a quick kiss. “I thought you were going to be taking the room next to mine. What gives?”

“Arn would have ended up on the fourth floor. Jasmine claimed the room at the end of the hall as her reward for driving and wouldn’t trade. I know he isn’t big on heights so I switched with him,” she tells you.

Privately you suspect that Jasmine may have planned on Alice’s little act of charity. Being on the same floor means a much shorter walk to Roy’s room in the middle of the night, and she’s been hanging around him a lot in the past few weeks.

“Well, that’s nice of you,” you tell her, sliding your arms around her and giving her another kiss. “Anyway, I need to unpack then get back to help with the setup.”

“Any idea when you are going to be done?” she asks. “We found a cool secluded little cove area a mile or two down. You need to see it, it’s beautiful.”

“I think this is going to be a while,” you say, smiling ruefully. “Though not as long as it’s going to feel like.”

“Alright, there’s always tomorrow I guess,” she says. “Anyway, see you later!”

You watch as your girlfriend heads to the stairs. Well, you suppose it’s disappointing but Kamini is right, this is basically a free half-vacation. You may as well look at it from the positive side. You open your door and heft your bags onto the bed, spending a few minutes unpacking before opening up your laptop and taking a few minutes to sign in to the wifi and check on some of the latest emails and comments for your upcoming game.

You see a few requests for her partnering with other guys (you really aren’t sure how to feel about that) and more than a few asking for some threesome action. Two of them catch your eye and you stop to give them a little more of a look over and respond.

Shino24: I want to see you do things with your girlfriend in public

RealDeal22: Hey Shino, I’m not sure how she would feel about that, but hey, we can always talk about it, right? =)

Melody: Would love some more pussy eating. Also perhaps some solo play with toys from the Muse...

RealDeal22: I don’t think she really likes toys too much Melody, but I can definitely test the waters for you on that.

RealDeal22: ... I don’t think she would mind the the pussy eating though. I’m assuming from some of your other posts you want the Succubus doing that, which might require a little convincing. Or at least, I assume it will ...

You close up your laptop, glad to see that people are still holding interest. It’s been a while since you’ve posted any pictures or anything, the week or so after the camping trip had felt a little strange so you decided not to push it. Then with work and all, well, it was

hard to get back into the swing of things. It didn't help that there was a fair amount of call for Alice to 'partner up' with a few other guys, which you still are trying to sort out a little. You hate the guy, but Alice had fun ... right? Or at least she seemed to, you hadn't really worked up the nerve to ask.

To your discomfort an image of that night by the fire flickers through your head and to you feel yourself getting a little turned on. You shake your head, dismissing the image as you shut your laptop down. It was weird, but it was a one time thing with you, her, Jasmine and Roy ... nothing to worry about.

Still trying to put the memories from your mind you head out the door and downstairs, resolving yourself to blotting out these complicated thoughts with some good old fashioned mind numbing HR exercises

A few hours later ...

"Alright then everyone, one last thing before we let everyone go. This last one is about a little something we call trust. Now trust is ..." Your boss drones on from the podium set up in the lobby.

"My god, how is he still talking," you groan softly, drawing smirks from Roberto and Kamini.

"Almost done now," Kamini whispers back. "Suck it up, McCoy!"

"... and so each of you choose a partner!" he announces.

"Alright, let's get this over with Rob," you say. Silence responds in his stead. "Rob? Where are you ...?"

You turn and look to find your coworker talking to a pretty, young intern nearby, who giggles a little before nodding. He gives you a quick thumbs up as she turns, winking.

"I have no idea how you didn't see that coming," Kamini tells you. "Let's just do this then, you and me McCoy. Don't trust in me, trust in my desire to get another trip like this in the future."

“I find it somewhat untrustworthy that your only motivation is personal gain,” you tell her, walking out to find a space as everyone pairs up and spreads out.

“You can trust me. I haven’t even told anyone about your secret,” she says as you turn around to face her.

You frown.

“Wait, what secret?” you ask.

“The fact that you write porn games and have your girlfriend pose for pictures in them,” she says.

You stiffen, eyes widening as her words sink in.

“Wait, what? How the hell .. I mean, what makes you think that?” you ask.

“Roberto reads that stuff, he figured it out a while ago and showed me. You really can’t trust him. Anyway, it’s not that hard for someone who knows you. We’ve seen your girlfriend, you’ve shown us pictures at work and there’s plenty on your blog for the game. And that username of yours?” Kamini says, a sarcastic edge creeping in as she lowers her voice. “RealDeal22? So you’re the real McCoy? Super geeky. But that makes it super you.”

“That doesn’t prove anything,” you protest.

“I can read your HR files, so I know how old you are,” she says. “Fall, ass, we’re supposed to be doing this exercise.”

You fall back, still feeling vaguely numb as her arms wrap around you. After a moment you look up to see your coworker’s dark, intense eyes staring into yours thoughtfully.

“And your posts are timestamped. You were 22 when you started doing this. Like I said, super easy,” she says as she helps you stand again. “Now, my turn.”

The girl turns her back on you and you ready yourself to catch her.

“Should you be doing that?” you ask.

“No,” she says. “But what are you going to do, complain to HR?”

The girl drops back and you are still so stunned that you almost miss catching her. Fortunately she is a good bit shorter to you and rather light so you manage, looking down into those dark eyes as she looks up at you. You find your eyes wandering across her dark, skin, her delicate frame, and swallow as less than reasonable thoughts wander into your head.

“Good job,” she tells you as she stands up. “And no worries about the game thing. I mean, I’ve heard of weirder stuff. And I can appreciate needing to decompress a little. Not any of my business how you do it, right?”

“Sure ... uh, you know what, I gotta run,” you say as you notice the groups breaking up and shifting out of the cordoned off area. “Alice wanted to show me something if we ended early enough. Uh ... bye!”

You walk off quickly, trying to process your last conversation. Your secret is out ... what the hell are you going to do? And seriously, Roberto? Who else has he told?

The thoughts keep running around in your head as you make your way to the beach, squinting against the setting sun and failing to spot your girlfriend. You notice a rock formation not too far away down the beach that sounds like the cove Alice mentioned earlier and set off, thoughts whirling through your head as you find yourself wondering what she will do when you tell her about this.

The rocks are in front of you before you can properly decide on what you are going to say, the crashing sound of the surf silencing for a moment and allowing you to hear the sound of voices from the other side of the rocks. You glance at the water, noticing that it has risen enough that you can’t walk along the beach without getting your feet soaked.

You look around and catch sight of a gap in the rocks. You walk over to it giving it a doubtful look at the size of it before trying to squeeze through. The gap twists and turns a little, narrowing slightly as you turn the corner. The crash of the waves grows silent for a moment and you freeze as a voice rises loud enough for you to hear ...

“Oh fuck, yes!” a female voice calls out.

You push forward, struggling with the tight confines and broken rock beneath your feet and find yourself looking out onto a small, secluded beach. You catch sight of a male

figure lying on his back, his face obscured by the lovely rear sitting on it. You follow the curve of the lovely back, clad in a blue swimsuit, up to a shock of damp red hair and feel something jump inside you as you recognize Alice. Your girlfriend appears to have her lips locked onto those of her sister, who appears to be wearing a blindfold and little else but a rolled up bikini top as she straddles Arn beneath her, bouncing up and down. Alice's hands play with her sister's plump boobs, and you find yourself reaching into your pocket and pulling out your phone despite yourself.

Click!

You stare at the captured image on your phone screen for a moment, unable to think, until you hear Arn's voice call out for a moment. The crashing waves drown out whatever is being said but you see him thrusting upward, lifting the little girl straddling his cock into the air and giving you a good view of their connection for a moment. Alice grasps her sister's ponytail, forcing her into a deep, lengthy looking kiss just before a wave crashes against them, obscuring them for a few moments before the water recedes and leaves the three of them panting on the ground in a loose pile.

You pull away, heart pounding, and you find yourself squeezing your way back out of the rocks. You wander back across the sands, your thoughts from earlier banished ...

"Hey, earth to Vince," you hear a voice and look up to find Roberto and Kamini sitting next to you.

You look around suddenly realizing that you are at the hotel bar. How the hell did you get here? A moment of fuzziness later and you realize that you are taking a pull from a largely empty glass.

"Hey, what's up?" you ask. "Sorry, little tired and out of it."

"Or you've had a few too many," Roberto says.

You frown, unsure of whether that is true. You do feel a little woozy though ... how much have you had to drink while trying to hash out what you saw earlier.

"I think you need to head up to your room, we need you alive for tomorrow," Kamini says.

Your friends slide their arms under yours and heft you up despite your protests. They stumble a little as well, leading you to believe that you aren't the only one taking advantage of the open bar, and carefully lead you to the elevator and escort you to your room. You hesitate as you reach for your key, noticing muffled noises coming from the direction of Arn's room. You finally manage the lock, the three of you stumbling in and collapsing on the bed after closing the door.

"I may need a second," Kamini says. "Man, I am a lightweight nowadays."

"If you feel any better, I think I shortened my lifespan by drinking with you," Roberto admits.

You glance at the girl and smirk at the mental image of her drinking Roberto under the table despite being half his size. You stumble to the bathroom, frowning as you feel your phone vibrate. You manage, after a few tries, to unlock it and feel your eyes widen as you see the picture of Alice, Jasmine and Arn on your blog and a flurry of comments. You stare at it for a moment, grateful that the spray of the surf and the low quality means that it's hard to make out their faces.

...Of course, that hasn't really mattered much, has it? Your coworkers already know. Oddly, they don't seem to mind. You swallow as you detect the muffled noises from next door even here, your mind wandering blurrily.

Was Arn with Jasmine? With Alice? Or even both? But, she hadn't even told you about this, so it's not like it's for a picture for the game, right? Or is this some kind of plot of Jasmine's to finally bag the brawny college guy?

Your mind drifts to Kamini in the next room, smiling for once, her dark legs showing beneath that dress

To Be Continued