

The Real McCoy: Part Six

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“Hey, this seat taken?”

You look up from the beer sitting in front of you on the kitchen table and find Jasmine standing over you, a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a pair of glasses in the other.

“I guess not?” you say.

The girl takes a seat and pours herself a healthy dose of whiskey, shrugging when you hold up a hand to keep her from doing the same for you. The last thing you want is a hangover tomorrow morning, and you’ve had a good couple beers now. Not that you don’t kind of want to be utterly smashed of course, you did just watch Roy fuck your girlfriend and ...

“So, guessing you’re still getting used to some things,” Jasmine says, interrupting your thoughts. “You’ve never done the swinger thing before, have you?”

“No. I mean, I’ve had pretty normal relationships before this. Hell, I had one with Alice before this,” you say, downing a good portion of your remaining beer.

“You mean you don’t think swinging is normal? Gotta say, wonder-boyfriend, I thought you were smart,” the busty girl says, downing half her glass. “Everyone’s got their fetishes; banging other people is pretty tame. Everyone gets a little bored from time to time.”

“So you are saying we should be sleeping with other people more often then?” you ask, a trace of sarcasm creeping into your voice.

“I’m saying it’s not a bad thing, as long as everyone’s cool with it,” Jasmine says, twirling her finger around through the end of her ponytail for a moment before letting it fall across her shoulder to trail down her chest a ways. “Are you angry at Alice for it?”

“What? No!” you say. “Hell, this was all my stupid idea.”

“Cool. You may not be super smart about this, but at least you aren’t being dumb,” Jasmine says. “I’m not angry at Roy; I don’t think Roy and Alice are angry at each other. Are you angry at me?”

You look at the dark haired girl in surprise. She gives you an appraising look and it takes you a moment to realize she is honestly waiting for a response. She waits silently while you think, looking satisfied when you finally shake your head.

“I am pretty angry with Roy though,” you admit. “And me.”

“You mean ‘myself’,” Jasmine corrects. “And that’s pretty natural, he’s sort of a dick. And the first time you do something like this, well ... there’s some emotions going on there. Though really, what did you expect? Actually, don’t answer, I got this.”

Jasmine downs the rest of her glass, clearing her throat.

“You were expecting to have a hot threesome with your girlfriend and her smoking goddamn hot sister while Roy fumed, right?” she asks. “I mean, that’s pretty much what every guy imagines for these kinds of things. But when you think about it that’s super unlikely; for one thing, why do guys think sisters want to do each other? I mean, I’m okay with it myself but ... “

She trails off, pouring herself some more whiskey. You watch, wondering how the hell she is drinking like that ... were you like that as a college student?

“That actually makes a lot of sense,” you admit. “Weird really, there’s plenty of games I’ve played where that can happen now that I think of it.”

The two of you sit in silence for a while as you mull over some of what she has said. You suppose, when it comes down to it, you can’t really get too angry about all this. You just sort of wish it hadn’t been Roy. Although ... you find yourself thinking back, Alice’s beautiful body gleaming faintly with sweat in the firelight, the shadows masking Roy’s face so that all you can see is a muscular body pounding up against her ...

“So, have you told Alice that you aren’t mad?” Jasmine asks, breaking you out of your thoughts.

“What? No ... why?” you ask.

The girl slaps her forehead gently, groaning.

“Seriously Vince? Emotions run a little high for things like this. And not necessarily sensible ones,” Jasmine tells you. “Dude, she all but ran away after it was done. And trust me, running is hard once Roy is done with you ...”

You look away, feeling a little ashamed. As much as you hate to admit it, you weren't exactly in a hurry to talk after all that. Jasmine sighs after a moment.

“Alright, she's in the bedroom ... I'm going to go talk to her. You can come in after a few minutes,” she says. “Actually, scratch that. You are *going* to come in after a few minutes. No arguments.”

And with that she flicks her ponytail back over her shoulder and downs the remaining booze in front of her before walking across the living room, hips swaying as she goes, to the short hall that leads to the bedrooms. You stare at your beer, slowly drinking it and trying not to think too much. Eventually the bottle runs dry and you toss it in the improvised recycling bin (a metal pail you found outside and filled with a trash bag that is way too large for it).

You head to the bathroom for a quick rest stop and splash your face with cold water, staring at yourself in the mirror for a moment before drying off and making your way to the master bedroom. You slowly open the door and find Alice sitting on the bed next to Jasmine.

Your lovely redheaded girlfriend looks up with an uncertain look in her eyes as you approach and take a seat next to her.

“Uh, Alice, so ... sorry,” you say. “I guess things got a little out of hand there. And that's my fault.”

“You're sorry?” Alice asks, looking surprised. “But I thought ...”

“God, you two are both so simple,” Jasmine groans. “Alice, you feel guilty about fucking Roy; Vince, you feel bad because you made Alice feel bad about fucking Roy. Boom, done. I charge \$200 an hour as a boning counselor; an hour is the shortest amount of time I sell, by the way.”

Your eyes meet Alice's and after a moment you both laugh, unable to help yourselves.

“Thanks, Jazz, but I don’t know if I have that much on me,” Alice says. “Besides, saying we both feel guilty about something doesn’t fix the problem; we both still feel guilty!”

Jasmine slowly smiles.

“Oh really ... well then. I think I have a fix for that,” Jasmine says.

She pushes you aside, leaning close to her sister and whispering something for a few moments. You see Alice’s eyes widen for a moment, then look over in your direction.

“I... guess ...” Alice says.

“What are you two talking about?” you ask, feeling mildly nervous.

Jasmine gives you a smile, then pushes you back onto the bed before crawling over her sister to pin you to it. You look up at her, a distinctly predatory look in her eye ... and then your eyes are drawn to the low cut front of her shirt and the generous view of her cleavage that it presents.

“I proposed a little makeup gift for you,” Jasmine says slowly. “We’re already neck deep, so I say we call it a swingers week and just have a little fun ... starting with a little two on one action. What do you say, Vince? It’ll make Alice feel a whole lot better ...”

You give Alice a look as she appears over her sister’s shoulder and she slowly nods, an odd look in her eyes.

“I ... guess ...” you say.

“Hell yeah,” Jasmine says, grinning. “Alright then, sister dear ... why don’t we start here ...”

Jasmine rolls to the side, unzipping your pants and sliding them down. She gestures to Alice who looks up at you for a moment before leaning down, taking your cock into her mouth. You feel Jasmine’s hand stroking your chest through your shirt, a look of excitement on her face that causing your own heart to begin pounding.

“Yeah, that’s right, suck it you slut!” Jasmine says, a bit of glee making it into her voice.

“Wait, what?” You ask, distracted momentarily as Jasmine peels off her top, forcing her bare breasts into your face.

“You too,” Jasmine says, grabbing the back of your head and pushing your face into her tits. “MMm ... yeah ... like that ...”

You find yourself tentatively licking her breasts, your efforts somewhat hampered by the distracting feeling down below and your general confusion.

“This is a punishment for both of you being so bad,” Jasmine groans softly.

You hear the sound of fabric on skin and Jasmine grinds against you a little as she struggles with something, and you look up to see her tossing her pants off to the side of the bed before shifting her position to put her now bared pussy by your face and her head down right next to Alice’s.

“Now Vince, was this more of what you wanted?” Jasmine asks, smiling up at you. “Sister-slave, give me a little kiss ...”

Alice looks a little startled as her sister leans close. She hesitates for a long moment, her hand still stroking your cock as she does, before slowly, hesitantly leaning forward. Jasmine grabs the back of your girlfriend’s head and pulls her forward, kissing her deeply for a moment, her tongue sliding into her sister’s mouth. Alice makes a startled sound, struggling for a moment before slowly giving into the kiss.

Jasmine pulls away, giving you a heated look before planting a kiss on her sister’s collarbone than gradually turns into her licking her way up Alice’s pale throat.

“Very good ... now let’s give Vince the real show,” Jasmine says. “Help me suck his cock, slave ...”

“Y-yes ...” Alice says.

“Yes what?” Jasmine asks, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes ... mistress,” Alice says, looking a little uncertain.

“That’s better ... proceed,” Jasmine says,

Alice runs her tongue from the base of your cock up to the tip, planting a gentle kiss on it as Jasmine plants her lips at the base, giving a wet, sloppy feeling kiss. You sag back, closing your eyes as their tongues begin sliding up and down either side of your member, the feeling made all the more incredible as it sinks in that you are, in fact, getting a blowjob from an unbelievably hot pair of sisters.

“MMnn ... do you like it, Vince?” Alice asks.

“God yes ... “ you groan.

“Silence, slaves!” Jasmine says, a note of amusement in her voice all the same. “Vince, my pussy requires some attention ... let’s feel some fingers!”

You open your eyes just in time to see the dark haired girl capture your girlfriend’s lips once again, guiding them downward until they meet the tip of your cock. You watch as their tongues work around your head, dueling with one another from time to time, and realize that Alice is completely caught up in her role as her sister’s ‘slave’.

A look from Jasmine reminds you of your task and you lift her leg with one hand and begin sliding your fingers back and forth between her folds, unsurprised to find her soaking wet already. You continue your circuit, your one finger occasionally sliding up and around her clit, finding yourself enjoying the little gasp that escapes the busty little girl each time you do so. You drive a pair of fingers inside her finally and the younger sister gives an appreciative noise as you begin pumping with slow but steady rhythm ...

Slllshh ...slllssh ... slllshh ...

The wet noise joins the sound of Jasmine’s soft slurps as she returns the favor. You watch your fingers disappearing into the girl over and over, a stray thought passing through your mind that you and Alice must have absolutely gone crazy ... and then the sensations below stop and Jasmine draws away.

“Time for the main event,” Jasmine says, holding up a condom. “Last one in the house ... lucky me! Hold still, Vince.”

You watch as she reprises her little trick from your first photo shoot, her lips spreading the rubber out across your erection slowly and carefully as Alice watches. To your surprise you notice her sliding down her panties and slipping her hand under her skirt.

“Alice ...?” you say. “Are you really ...?”

She looks embarrassed but nods, giving you a bit of a sheepish look.

“I can’t help it ... but you’re enjoying it too, right?” she asks, smiling as you nod. “I’m glad. Vince, I ...”

“No more time for talk,” Jasmine says. “Sister-slave, time for you to hold up your end of the bargain.”

Jasmine straddles you, facing her sister as she raises her hips over your upthrust prick. You swallow as she begins rubbing her pussy up against you, her little round rear bouncing up and down as your cock slips and just barely misses going inside her ... and then you see Alice’s hand grasp your cock and hold it straight up.

“Jazz ... we’re ready ...” Alice says, her voice sounding odd.

You can hardly imagine the look on her face as Jasmine lowers herself ... and then that cute little ass is mashed against you as she drives herself down, spearing herself on your cock. You stifle a groan as Alice’s face appears in view over her sister’s shoulder. God, how is Jasmine so tight ...!?

“Fuck yeah ... “ Jasmine groans. “How does it feel inside me, Vince?”

You stare at Alice, noticing a little shiver running through her and a faint wet noise ... and suddenly realize she is still playing with herself as she watches her sister slowly lift her hips before slapping down once more.

“Slave?” Jasmine asks again, her voice somewhat more commanding this time.

“It feels good ... god, you are tight ...” You grunt as she begins slowly rocking up and down.

“Damn straight,” Jasmine says, sounding pleased. “Now grab these nice big tits of mine and start pumping, slave!”

Jasmine lies back against you and you find yourself rapidly obeying, cupping those big, soft tits of hers and squeezing. Jasmine squeals, wriggling her hips as you begin

thrusting up inside her. You find your eyes locking with Alice's, her fingers working swiftly beneath her skirt as she watches you fuck her little sister.

"Oh god ... "Alice groans, her eyes half closing. "MMN!"

Her body tenses suddenly and she begins breathing heavily, sagging after a moment. You stare at her in shock as you realize she has just had an orgasm while watching your cock sliding in and out of her sister.

"Hah, nice ..." Jasmine says. "But don't slow down, slave! Drill this pussy!"

You find your hips moving on their own, your thrusts getting fiercer and harder as you notice Alice's eyes focusing on the action one again. Jasmine gives little yelps with each thrust and you feel her little body bouncing up and down on top of you from the urgency of your movements. You grab her tits with one hand and snake the other down to her pussy, your fingers parting her folds and also guiding your cock in and out of her slick hole as you pound her ...

"AAHHH!" Jasmine shudders violently, clamping down on you.

"S-shit ..." you grunt, thrusting yourself into her one final time.

You feel the heat inside you bubble forth and find yourself looking at Alice through the sweaty valley of Jasmine's cleavage, her eyes staring at the connection between you and her sister as your cock pulses out your load inside her.

As the fire inside you begins to dissipate Jasmine rolls off of you. You feel her fingers slide down along your body and a moment later she holds up a condom well filled with your sperm, a pleased look on her face.

"Very nice ... no more need to feel guilty, Alice," Jasmine says. "Now you've both fucked someone else. No big deal, right?"

"Umm, right ... no big deal," Alice says, sheepishly.

You start as you feel a hand stroking your member and look down to see Jasmine skillfully tugging at you, the sensation sparking something hot inside you despite your recent exertions.

“Well, I somehow feel like I’ve done my job ... maybe it’s time for the two of you to kiss and make up,” Jasmine says, a devilish light in her eye as she stands up and begins dressing. “I’ll just leave you two lovebirds alone for a little while, alright?”

The two of you watch her leave and you find Alice taking a seat next to you as you sit up. You look into her eyes, surprised to find something distinctly smokey in them.

“Alice ... look, I’m sorr-” you stop as her lips mash up against yours.

You girlfriend bears your down to the bed, her teeth biting your lip gently before her tongue finds it’s way into your mouth. You a stunned for a moment but find your hands on her ass, squeezing it as she grinds against you.

“God, why am I so turned on ...?” Alice groans. “Vince, let’s leave the talk for later, okay? Just for now ...”

You manage a nod as she pulls off her shirt and removes her bra, your hands finding her breasts for a few moments before you roll her over onto the bed, your cock already hard and pressing up against her thigh. You feel her hand grasp you, directing you as you slam forward with a groan into her waiting wetness.

“Oh god ... fuck me ...” Alice groans. “Vince, fuck me!”

The world seems to grow red and hazy as you begin thrusting, Alice’s legs wrapping around you as you pound against her, her lips meeting yours now, your hands running along her glistening curves moments later, her voice crying out as the bed groans and squeals in protest.

“Oh god ... oh god ...!” Alice groans. “Vince ... Vince I’m cumming!”

You feel her wrap her arms around you, gasping into your ear as you continue to thrust inside her, her folds squeezing you tightly as she gasps and groans. She falls back onto the bed, her legs weakly wrapped around you as she continues thrusting against you, taking you deep inside her as you feel yourself beginning to approach your limit.

“Shit ... I’m close ...” you gasp.

“Do it inside!” Alice begs.

You slow down, surprised, and find yourself struggling to hold on as she begins pushing harder, her eyes burning.

“But I’m not wearing a ...” You say, struggling to keep hold.

“It’s fine, just ... do it. ..” she gasps, her body tensing again.

You begin pounding yourself deep inside her, something primal inside you taking over as you begin to reach your limit. You hear her scream and once again wrap herself around you, her sweat streaked hair clinging to you as you push deep inside ... and then the fire inside you gushes forth deep inside your quivering girlfriend. She coos softly, her body tensing around you as you spurt time and time again inside her pussy.

The two of you fall to the bed gasping, holding each other tightly for long minutes before you roll off of her and slip your fingers through hers.

“So ... that was different ...” you say after a few minutes of silence. “You’re usually pretty adamant about pulling out.”

Alice gives you a smile before kissing you.

“I know, I just ... wanted to feel it inside, this time,” she says, laughing a little. “Actually, I always want to feel it inside. There’s something exciting about it I guess. Maybe I’m just a thrill seeker?”

You laugh a little at that, agreeing readily. The two of you lie there for a while before you finally bring up what is on your minds.

“So ... you don’t need to feel bad. I mean, it’s weird what we did today I guess,” you admit. “But that’s more on me than anything.”

“I think it actually worked pretty well,” Alice admits. “I mean, we haven’t had sex like that in ... well, I don’t know if I’ve ever felt quite that good. Maybe Jazz was right.”

You raise an eyebrow and she turns red.

“Well, she said sometimes things like this can spice things up a little. And it kinda did, right?” she asks. “Maybe she was right when she said we should just consider this a ... ‘swing week’ or whatever.”

“Maybe we could give it some thought,” you say, feeling a little uncertain. “How about we sleep on it?”

“Deal,” she says, smiling.

Some time later you find yourself staring at the ceiling, your eyes drifting closed as you ponder the upcoming week

Several Days Later

You sit on the porch, beer in one hand and your phone in the other as you sift through the responses from your latest batch of pictures. To your surprise you find some conflicting comments here and there. Plenty of people seem pretty happy about Jasmine and Alice together (no surprise) but some seem uncertain about Alice and Roy ... not that they seem to be complaining about the pictures of her having sex though, you notice.

You look up as Jasmine approaches.

“Where’s Alice?” she asks.

“At the store still, I guess,” you tell her.

“Ah. Up for a little walk?” She asks. “I want to stretch my legs a little and Roy’s nowhere to be found. I need someone slower than me in case I run into a bear.”

“Then I’m your guy, I guess,” you tell her, following her as she leads you down a back trail that leads to the nearby lake.

“So ... how are things with you and Alice?” Jasmine asks.

“Good, I guess,” you say cautiously. “I mean, we agreed to it, right?”

The day after your first night here, the two of you had had another talk about your week. She had glanced at her phone a few times during the talk and it occurred to you that you weren’t the only one handling your online persona lately; you wondered vaguely what her ‘Adoring Fans’ were saying after the latest batch of pictures. It was back and forth but in the end she had stated that you at least could have ‘a little fun’ this week and you had agreed that she could as well.

The last few days had been interesting ... once or twice you found yourself pulled aside by Jasmine for a quickie (after a new batch of condoms had been obtained) and more than a few blowjobs and titjobs. You likewise had noticed Roy and Alice in the lake together, Alice's arm moving in a very particular sort of way ... but, to your amusement, she had drifted off leaving him looking rather tense.

"Good, I thought so," Jasmine says, interrupting your reverie. "I mean, you guys certainly don't sound like you are *fighting* at night ... also, I sure as shit know Roy and I didn't use up all the condoms."

You turn red, looking away and coughing. To your surprise, things have been a lot more ... intense since this started. Honestly, between Jasmine's little surprises and nights with Alice you are feeling a little exhausted.

"Wait, you and Roy haven't been ...?" you ask, deciding to change the subject.

"Not once," Jasmine says. "I told you I was punishing him. Though Alice hasn't been exactly nice either I heard; I'd almost feel bad for him if I didn't know he deserved it."

You grin inwardly. Well, you can't say you find that to be bad news.

"He has been good though," Jasmine muses to herself. "Maybe I'll let him off the leash a little sometime soon."

The two of you walk in silence until you reach the lake, staring out over the water as the sun sets.

"So, I guess I've been wondering, why did you agree to this?" you eventually ask her. "I mean, what are you getting out of all this?"

Jasmine looks at you in surprise.

"Dude, I get to have fun with a guy who is actually kind of nice," she says. "I get lots of guys who are all fit and such, by the way maybe do some crunches, but most of them are asses. I make it work but I've never been good with the nice guys."

"Like Arn?" you ask, smirking.

“God, I’d take that boy around the moon,” Jasmine sighs. “I guess I scare guys like him off a little, right?”

“Maybe a little,” you admit. “Still, feel like you’d better spend your time working on him than getting in with me.”

Jasmine flashes you a grin.

“I won’t say it was just for that. I mean, my sister is hot and some part of me kinda likes watching her get rocked,” the busty girl says. “Call me weird if you want.”

“Oh, yeah, that’s like ... done and done,” you say.

“Ass. Well, maybe you aren’t the nice guy I thought,” Jasmine says. “So, how is your game coming along?”

You think about the comments you were reading earlier and sigh.

“Not too great. I feel like I need an ending, but I’m not really sure if it’s here yet or not,” you admit. “I mean, I’ve been working on it for months now.”

“Eh, just slap a ‘they fucked happily ever after’ on it and call it a day,” Jasmine says.

You glance at the short girl in the fading light, a smirk crossing your face as she grins at you.

“Maybe ... but maybe not quite yet,” you tell her. “Every game needs a climax ... or maybe more than one.”

“Goodness, aren’t you the poet,” she says, shaking her head. “Anyway, I’m heading back.”

“I’ll hang out for a bit,” you tell her. “I get better reception here, got some comments to do.”

You take a seat on a log, staring out across the lake as the sun lowers across it. You pull out your phone and begin playing with it for a little while, your thoughts wandering as you ponder your game’s end. Eventually you look up to see the final rays of the sun through the trees and hoist yourself to your feet and walk the trail back as the darkness

closes in. You enter the house and glance around, seeing no one in view. A noise catches your ear, the sound of squeaking bedsprings, and you walk back to find a red ribbon tied to the doorknob of Roy and Jasmine's room.

"Geez, made that decision quick, huh Jasmine?" you mutter, rolling your eyes and walking over to the couch.

You play with your phone for a while, your mind drifting, imagining your redheaded Muse as your players see her, trying to imagine how things will end with her

To Be Continued ...