

The Real McCoy: Part Three

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“Okay, looks pretty good. Hold it right there,” you say.

You look through the viewfinder, finding your Muse standing before you in a simple white sundress with thin strips leading up and over her shoulders. The slender stalk of a reddish orange flower with a single curly petal that forms something like a cylinder around a stamen (you think it’s called that anyway) and a bit at the top that, along with the color, makes you think of a elegant tongue of flame.

Click!

“That’s good,” you say. “That should make a perfect intro shot for the game. Alright, we can--”

“Mmm, no, let’s do another one or two,” she says. “I have a special request.”

You look up over the camera at her, your Muse becoming your lovely Alice again. She gives you a smile.

“It’s for my blog! You have to admit, it’s been keeping up interest in your game while you take your time writing,” she teases.

“Well, I guess you are right,” you admit. “Alright then, let me know when you are ready.”

You look through the viewfinder again and watch as your Muse places the flower to her lips, pursing them in a kiss against the soft petal. You notice her nod gently and give her a moment to settle into position.

Click!

“Mmm, one more maybe?” she asks, opening her eyes. “You know I always like to do extra credit. Oh, I know ...”

The redheaded girl returns the flower to her face and sticking out her tongue until it is almost touching the stamen of the flower, closing her eyes ...

Click!

You lower the camera and at Alice's urging hand it over. She looks through the last few pictures, eyes dancing, before handing it back.

"These are good ... it's a shame we haven't been able to get any of the sexy stuff to come out this good," she says.

"These are sexy," you object. "They have you in them!"

She laughs, sliding her arms around you and giving you a slow, thoughtful seeming kiss, followed by another. A minute or two later she slowly releases you and settles her hands on your hips, eyes sparkling. Well, she seems to be in a good mood. Maybe now is the time to bring up the topic.

"So about the pictures. I had a request two. Actually, a fairly large number of them," you admit.

"Oh really, what do they want me to do?" Alice asks, eyebrow raised.

"Well, the thing is, it's not something they want you to do. They want ..." you hesitate.

"Well, it came up that you have a sister and, well, you can probably guess the rest. They want to see if your amazing hotness runs in the family."

Alice frowns, as you expected. She does not, however, look as angry as you would have thought. After a few moments she leans forward, placing her forehead against yours.

"Well, I guess I can't say I find it to be a shock," she says after a moment. "Is it a little silly that I feel a little worried by that request though?"

"You mean because I'd have to see your sister undressed?" you ask.

Alice blinks, looking surprised.

"Vince, honey, you zone out so bad when you are doing your pictures you are hardly there," she says. "Do you know how many times I was waiting for you to ravish me during our photo shoots? But there was no ravishing to be had! No, I sort of feel ... jealous, almost. I mean, I thought your readers liked me."

“Wait, what?” you ask, trying to decide what point to address from that particular statement. “You wanted-- well, I mean, they do like you. If anything I think they are annoyed that I haven’t shown you doing more than just posing. I think they are just curious is all. Plus, I mean ... not too many guys will say they want to see *fewer* boobs, right?”

Alice’s face wrinkles in uncertainty before she slowly nods.

“Well, I guess you have a point. I mean, I guess I don’t mind ... showing off an anonymous picture or two isn’t half as bad as her dating that jerk she brought by the diner,” Alice says.

“You think she’d do it?” you ask, curious.

Alice gives a smile.

“I think I can convince her ... no questioning my methods though! Asking for favors from Jazz requires questionable, amoral methods!” Alice says kissing you once more before releasing you. “Also, you owe me a favor for this. I want to invite Arn over for dinner tonight as a thanks for punching Jazz’s newly ex-ed boyfriend. We can invite Jazz along too and I can ask her then, okay?”

“Agreed,” you tell her. “I can spare a Friday night of ineffectually staring at my monitor.”

“Great! I’ll call Jazz and Arn and set everything up,” Alice says. “And I’ll even cook, since I’m off today.”

“I sort of feel like I’m getting the good end of this deal,” you admit. You glance at the clock. “Crap, I gotta run. Do you mind uploading those pictures for me? Just, you know, crop them.”

Alice takes the camera and gives you one last peck on the cheek.

“Will do! See you tonight,” she says cheerfully.

You hear the mild plink of raindrops outside and grab your umbrella before you leave, deciding for once to take your car for once despite the risk of arriving on time. You make it to work only a minute late and hastily rush past your boss’ office, you don’t want him getting any ideas about your opinion of the attendance policy, and head upstairs to your

office. You stow your umbrella and head to the break room to get your morning coffee and bump into a latino man with a full head of stubble in lieu of hair and a pretty, dusky skinned young woman wearing a dress covered in chaotic, brightly colored patterns.

“Roberto, back from vacation?” you ask.

“Too soon man, too soon. I don’t like to talk about it, the pain is still fresh,” Roberto says, clutching his fist and dramatically driving it against his chest.

“Dude, you’ve been out for like three weeks ... some of us don’t even get that much vacay in a year,” Kamini, the dusky skinned girl next to him, says with an eye roll. “Don’t be a dick.”

“Seriously? I thought we treated our office managers better than that,” you comment.

“Keep dreaming, McCoy,” Kamini says. “They spoil you IT guys. Speaking of, I’ve got to get back to my desk for some delightful performance reviews.”

You and Roberto watch as she walks away.

“I will not lie, I would have sex with her,” Roberto says.

“And I ... totally needed to know that,” you respond.

You have to admit Roberto has a good eye though. Kam doesn’t have that classic curvy figure that your lovely Alice does but her long, dark hair that falls in waves down her back, her slender figure and dusky skin ... well, you could see writing a character like that in one of your games certainly. You think about Kam’s challenging, intense eyes and add to that thought; she would be one of those hard to get, challenging girls though.

Your phone buzzes and you glance down at it to see a flurry of fresh comments; looks like Alice must have posted those pictures. You sift through the responses:

BigStripyKitty: Good god, yes! More of this, please!

Gelatinous_dude: RealDeal22, I may be in love with your Muse.

“What going on, booty call from your girl?” Roberto asks.

“No, it’s nothing,” you tell him hastily, putting your phone away. “Gotta go!”

You head back to your desk, plugging in your phone and settling in, banishing the thoughts of your game as you start sifting through your list of projects for the day ...

That evening ...

You pull up to the house and find two cars parked outside, one battered and rusty looking, the other relatively new looking with a decal telling you to save some kind of animal or another, it’s difficult to tell through the gloom. You also notice identical ‘Proud Student of Winthick CC’ stickers on them

You pull into the driveway and head inside to find Alice and your guests waiting in the livingroom. Alice waves, trapped between the coffee table, Arn and Jasmine.

“Hello ... Vince, right?” Arn asks, standing up and shaking your hand.

“Yeah, you got it. How’s it going Arn?” you tell him, wincing as a grip like a vise clamps down on your hand. “Thanks again for the assist the other day.”

“No problem,” he says, a bit sheepish looking. “That guy needed a lesson was all.”

“Totally. Hey Vince, how’s it going?” Jasmine cuts in, an odd look in her eye.

“Good ...” you say hesitantly.

You glance at Alice who simply smiles; seems like the question may have already been popped. You glance down at the table, noticing a few beer bottles and a vaguely reddish hue to everyone’s faces. Seems like even Alice needed a little help getting up that kind of courage ... or she thought her sister wouldn’t agree sober.

Alice pops into the kitchen and returns a few minutes later to declare that dinner is served and you follow your guests into the dining room, unable to keep your eyes from wandering across Jasmine’s curvy little body, wrapped this evening in a tight denim skirt and tattered black tee that shows more skin than it covers (to your eye).

The four of you sit down as Alice brings out plates and sets a casserole dish on the table and begins serving out portions.

“This smells great!” Arn says, inhaling deeply.

“Thank you! It’s nothing special though, just one of those boxed things you mix up and bake mostly ... I did add a few of my own touches though,” Alice says. “I’m not much of a domestic sort.”

“Yeah, same here,” Jasmine says. “Food is for eating, not for making.”

“Don’t let mom hear you say that,” Alice advises. “Though I think she’s resolved to us not being the perfect housewife and mother by this point.”

Arn takes a bite and smiles at you girlfriend.

“Tastes just fine to me,” he says. “I think you’ll make a fine housewife and mother ... err, if that’s what you want to do, of course.”

“Someone has had Ms. Gabriel for Women’s Studies,” Jasmine says teasingly.

Arn looks surprised.

“How did you know? Also, you go to Winthick?” he asks.

Jasmine nods, washing down her meal with a sizable swig of her beer.

“Yeah. Alice went there too, didn’t finish though,” she says, sticking her tongue out at her sister. “Anyway, I never met a boy who went through Gabriel’s class without adding ‘unless the girl really wants to’ at the end of a sentence all the time. I swear, she scares half the guys on campus into wimps.”

“I don’t think it makes me a wimp,” Arn says, frowning. “I just want to be respectful.”

“And I don’t want guys walking on eggshells when they talk to me,” Jasmine counters. “Look, I want to be equal as the next person ... equaller, even. I don’t think having people too freaked out to act natural is equality though.”

You look at Alice, countering her surprised look with one of your own. You weren’t sure what you were expecting from tonight but this wasn’t it.

“That’s actually a good point, maybe I should bring it up in class,” Arn says thoughtfully.

“Oh, no, you don’t want to do that,” Jasmine says matter of factly. “She fails guys who say things like that. I squeaked by with a D, on account of having my double Ds here. She is actually hilariously hypocritical.”

You look back and forth between Alice and her little sister, wondering what the hell their parents fed them to make them so badass.

“So anyway, Arn, what is your major?” Alice asks.

“Business ... I want to help run my family’s farm eventually,” he says after swallowing another bite. “I’m the first one to go to college, so I figured I’d do something that helps get us more money. That way my little brothers can go too and learn what they want without having to worry.”

Holy crap, this guy is either full of it or he makes humanitarians look like a bunch of jerks. You more or less stumbled into your profession after high school and happened to be good enough at it to swing a decent paying job. And here this boyscout is talking about helping his brothers go to school and helping his parents. Maybe you should call your parents more ...

“That was great,” Arn says as the four of you finish up. “Need any help with the dishes?”

“Nah, I’ll get it,” you say hastily, feeling the sudden urge to help. “You just hang out, have another beer if you want.”

“I shouldn’t, I’m driving,” he says, apparently not content with his status as a paragon of virtue. “Do you have a restroom I could use?”

“Sure,” you tell him as you gather the plates. “Head to the living room, hang a left, follow the hall to the end. Can’t miss it.”

You follow Alice into the kitchen and organize the plates and cutlery as she begins running water into a dish tub.

“So ... is it wrong that I feel inadequate after that?” you ask her.

“Not really,” she says, starting on the cutlery. “I told you, Arn is a seriously nice guy. Not that you aren’t but ... well, you are a different kind of nice.”

“Different as in worse though, right?” you ask.

“Yup!” your girlfriend says, sticking out her tongue. “But I love you anyway. Go entertain our guests with your flaws.”

“You make me sound like a clown,” you complain, heading back into the dining room only to find it empty. “Huh, odd ...”

You proceed out into the living room, then hear voices that draw you down the hall ...

“I, uh, I don’t really know--” you hear Arn stammer, his words suddenly cutting off.

You stop at the corner, some instinct telling you to be cautious as you peer around the corner ... and then you see Arn pressed up against the wall by Jasmine. The short girl stands on her tiptoes, pressing her lips up against his, a satisfied purr reaching your ears even from here. You look down and to your surprise you see her taking his hand and leading it up to her chest, pressing it between her breasts as she pulls back.

“That was a little thank you of my own,” Jasmine says softly as you duck back behind the corner. “As is this. You like them, right?”

You hear Arn stammer and Jasmine laugh softly.

“Tell me if you ever want to ... be on a level plane with me, as Mrs. Gabriel would say,” she says softly. “Specifically a bed, alright?”

You quickly retreat to the dining room again before you hear Arn’s answer and find yourself waiting awkwardly for someone to return. Arn shows up first, his face still flushed.

“Uh, sorry to eat and run but I just remembered I have some homework due,” he says. “Would you tell Alice thank you for the lovely meal?”

“Yeah, sure,” you say, feeling perhaps as embarrassed as the poor kid. “Do what you gotta. Thanks for stopping by.”

Arn hastily nods and says goodbye as you follow him out and open the door for him, quickly escaping into the night. You hear footsteps behind you and turn to find Jasmine with a sultry sort of smile on her face.

“Well, that is a shame,” she says. “Still, it does give us a chance to talk about other things. Maybe you should go get Alice.”

The two of you look at each other for a moment before you follow her suggestion, retrieving the fiery haired older sister from the kitchen and returning to the living room. As you do you find Jasmine waiting, her shirt off and in one hand, which she clutches to her sizable bosom in a gesture of false modesty.

“Did you get a chance to talk to him?” Jasmine asks.

“How could I?” Alice responds. “We’ve all been together for most of the time he’s been home.”

“Talk about what?” you ask, feeling vaguely nervous.

The two sisters turn to face you. You fight the urge to step back.

“Jazz agreed to a picture ... one,” Alice says. “She may agree to more. But first we have to resolve a little bet.”

“What bet?” you ask cautiously.

“Well ... I can’t say. But you’re going to need your camera,” Alice tells you.

You find yourself rummaging through your room and return with your camera shortly, only to find Jasmine has surrendered her skirt and has her panties pulled down low enough that your eyes detect a black hair or two against her skin, while Alice has unbuttoned her blouse and taken up a position beside her sister. She leans over to put their faces level, which happens to give you a good view down the unbuttoned V of her shirt.

“I’m .. confused,” you admit.

“That’s fine,” Jasmine responds.

“I can explain later Vince but ... just take the picture for now,” Alice says.

“What’s the matter Alice, never been next to a naked bombshell before?” Jasmine teases.

You slowly raise the viewfinder to your eye and focus for a moment ...

Click!

“Alright then sis, game on,” Jasmine says, grinning.

What the hell is going on ...?

To Be Continued