

The Real McCoy: Part Two

Author: Letwri

Contact info: holetwri@gmail.com

“Alright then, hold it ... there, got it.” you say, the camera making an electronic ‘click’ noise to indicate that the shot was done.

“My arm is getting tired,” Alice says, sighing. “Vince, how do porn stars do this? Are they just in great shape? Am I just in bad shape? How did that one come out?”

You hold up the camera and Alice gives a critical look at the blurry preview picture. Your regrets deepen as her hand releases your dick and she collapses back onto the bed with an exasperated noise.

“That’s like the fiftieth time we tried for that shot,” Alice complains. “And ... I mean, you’re kinda ...”

You give an embarrassed cough, nodding. Your libido has never exactly been lacking; in fact, that’s part of the reason you started with AIF in the first place, despite having a relatively unbroken string of romances all the way through high school. Unfortunately your awkward camerawork was taking enough concentration that you were having a hard time ... appreciating the moment.

“Sorry, it’s just a little hard to focus like this,” you tell her. “Maybe we should try those classes after all?”

Alice makes a face, folding her arms across her chest. She is wearing her pajamas, a flannel pair of shorts and a old, thin tee shirt; the effect helps a little but unfortunately the effect is a little too late to be useful.

“I think we need a cameraman,” she says ruefully. “Sorry honey but you aren’t much of a multitasker.”

You get up and begin loading the pictures you took onto your computer, leafing through and deleting most of them. A few end up making the cut. Alice standing by the dresser in her panties and bra; Alice wearing a towel only, skin still glistening slightly; Alice on the bed, her fingers between her legs and back arched.

All well and good if you are looking for another intro screen but not so much if you want your Muse to play a more active role in the game. You were hoping to get some basic shots, the usual rub/lick tits/pussy (Alice was a little uncomfortable with some of the ass commands) but every time you get behind the camera it's like you cease to be a part of the action ... and then, if you are a part of the action you can't focus enough to take a good shot.

"No good ones, huh?" Alice asks.

"Nothing but you posing. I guess you are just sexier on your own," you respond.

"Not trying to back out of this or anything but do you really need pictures of that stuff? Or maybe we can find something easier?" She asks. "I mean, is that whole rub slash lick thing mandatory or something?"

"It's kinda traditional. And I mean, it really seems like the pictures are a good bit of the draw," you say with a shrug. "Maybe I just need to think a little more outside the box on this one. I should probably figure something out soon though, people are probably going to start losing interest if I can't at least throw them a bone."

"Maybe we should just head to sleep for the night," she says, pulling the covers up over herself. "I think better on a good night's sleep."

"You go ahead, you know what an insomniac I am," you smile back. "I'll be along in a bit."

Alice gives you a smile before turning over, the blankets turning her into a mound at the end of your bed. You sigh and load up some of your more common haunts, glancing through some of the responses to your last game post:

SilverMeringue: Have the lady play some AIF on her own, see what she likes in the field.

Well, you tried that one already at least ... is there a way to use that?

Robert Arctor: Try making a game from the female perspective, for a challenge. Make your stunning Muse your co-author; you might find out things about her you never even imagined!

Interesting but you are already feeling a bit pressured; you need solutions, not challenges!

Anonymouse: Good.

You stare at that one for a while, your brow furrowed. Well, you won't lie and say that you are unhappy with a positive response but it's a little anemic for your current situation.

After a little while of sifting through comments you finally turn off the computer and slip beneath the sheets, sidling up next to the warm body on the other side of the bed and closing your eyes ...

The Next Morning ...

You wake up the next morning and find Alice has already showered and dressed and is sitting at your computer. You watch her for a moment as she quickly taps away at the keyboard, a lurid, reddish glow coming from the screen. You stretch and roll out of bed, shivering slightly in the cool air as you walk up behind her.

"Someone's up early," you say, slipping your arms around her from behind.

"Someone's up late," Alice responds, giving you a light peck on the cheek. "Doesn't your boss get mad if you get in late?"

"I'm a programmer," you say with a shrug. "He doesn't even know what I do for a living, so he's always worried about what will happen if he fires me. One of the advantages of having a new supervisor. What's this?"

You glance at the screen, recognizing the layout for T & A--IF, one of the other little hubs of the AIF community that you occasionally frequent.

"I'm doing blog post," Alice says, looking pleased. "My first as 'The Muse'. Neat, right?"

"I ... suppose so," you say carefully. "Why though?"

"Well, you said it yourself, people wanted you to throw them a bone," she says with a shrug. "I figured maybe they might want to talk to me. Well, not me-me, Muse-me. So I

thought I'd start a blog to try to keep the interest going while we figure out what's going on in your porn game."

That's ... actually kind of smart. You do feel a little uncomfortable with the idea but you can't deny that people will probably like that. You glance through the text on the screen, noticing a few references to your camera woes.

"Wait, what exactly do we want to share here?" you ask, "I mean, how much are you planning to talk about?"

"Worried about me giving us away?" Alice smirks. "Don't worry, I'm going to mix in fake stuff with the real stuff, I'm the Muse on this blog after all, right? No one said it's an autobiography or anything. Don't worry!"

She gives you a sweet, soft kiss on the lips, eyes sparkling. Damn, it is really hard saying know when you see that look in her eyes ...

"I better get ready for work. Maybe we should talk about this later," you tell her, and when she nods you feel a surge of relief.

You rush off to the shower and quickly get changed, finding Alice has made breakfast (well, poured cereal anyway) for you in the kitchen. You gulp it down and rush out the door with Alice in tow, locking it behind you before the two of you set off on a brisk walk past your car and down the block.

You notice your neighbors door open and two figures step out; a middle aged man in a business suit and a gawky looking teenaged boy with slightly darker skin wearing a tee shirt with a local band's name all over it and a pair of baggy jeans. You nod while Alice gives a wave and smile to Mr. Valance and his son Bill, who give a wave back.

"Stop being so cheerful, it's too tiring in the morning," you groan.

"Nope!" she says, grinning. "Besides, the Valances need a little cheer, what with Ms. Valance ... well, you know."

You do. A few weeks ago, after a fairly loud fight, Mrs. Valance had taken one of the family's two cars, filled it with suitcases, and left. It had made quite an impression, they were usually a pretty unassuming bunch. You look at Alice, wondering vaguely if the

two of you could ever be mad enough at each other for something like that to happen. You'd like to think not.

The two of you continue down the road for another couple of blocks before crossing the street into a industrial complex that was purchased by your company a year ago. Honestly, you aren't even entirely sure what your place of business does really, insurance or something maybe. What matters to you is that you can literally walk to work alongside your girlfriend on nice days like this one, and that it is steady (if not extremely good) income. And also, that a certain diner is only a block away.

"See you for lunch?" Alice asks.

"Absolutely, the usual time," you tell her and giving her a kiss goodbye before heading for the entrance.

Your workplace isn't much to look at, but it gets the job done (presumably). You aren't one hundred percent sure what the building used to be, but your previous boss had appropriated an office near the front door with a window that looks out onto the floor, presumably so that she could catch people coming in late. Your current boss looks up as you pass and gives you a vaguely nervous nod to the clock on the wall, which you respond to with your usual apologetic gesturing before heading toward the stairwell.

Two flights of steps up and you find your floor, a large series of cubicles that are mostly occupied by the handful of late shift call center people. You remember requesting this floor specifically; as one of the only tech minded people in the company you had insisted that you needed privacy and quiet to work and your prior boss had agreed without much hesitation.

You swing by to grab some coffee at the repurposed closet that is your break room and head to your desk. You plug in your phone to charge, making sure as you always do that you have an alarm set for lunch (Alice was pretty mad the one time you showed up for lunch at dinnertime) and begin to look through the day's projects.

You look up some time later as your alarm rings and are surprised, as you always are, to find that several hours have flown by and that several items in your to-do list are complete. You pack up and head to the stairwell, down the stairs and out the back exit, stretching your legs a little as the Great Grub Diner (you'll never get who voted on that name) appears in view.

A tinkling bell noise fills the air as you open the door and step inside and the staff, customers and all look up. You give a smile to Alice but hesitate as you notice the short girl occupying the stool across the counter from you girlfriend. Your eyes wander downward, noticing a shapely rear in those clingy black pants that so many girls seem to wear nowadays and back up to a thin green sleeveless shirt that hugs a trim midriff and cups sizable bust, then finally back up to Jasmine's smirking face. Your eyes wander over to Alice, who looks somewhat distracted as well.

Well, that's kind of a relief.

"Hey Vince, you remember my sister Jasmine from yesterday? Jazz, this is my boyfriend Vince," Alice introduces you.

"Nice to meet you," you say, feeling somewhat awkward.

"Same," Jasmine says, still smiling. Well, you can see some resemblance there at least. You suddenly notice the tall, muscular looking guy in a tank top and jeans next to Jasmine. He appears to be looking at you with a mild disinterest and doesn't really respond when you give him a nod.

"This is Roy," Jasmine says, leaving it at that. "Anyway, just stopping by to see my big sister. We haven't seen each other too much since she moved in with you ... busy keeping him all to yourself Alice?"

"Something like that," you girlfriend replies. "Vince, you want to grab a booth? I'll be over as soon as I can get Arn to cover the front."

You head over to grab your usual corner booth way in the back, a nice private area where the front counter can't easily see. As you walk you glance back to see Alice already on her way as a young-ish looking guy with dark hair and a friendly face takes her place at the counter. Then you notice Roy's eyes following your lady's lovely rear as she walks and frown. Well, you suppose you can't really argue but still ...

"How is work?" Alice asks as she takes a seat with you. "I put in your order already by the way."

"The usual, you?" you ask.

“Same. Well, aside from Jazz and her ... “ Alice hesitates. “I want to say boyfriend to be polite but I think ‘bootycall’ is probably more the right word. Mom did say Jazz had been playing the field a little since she started college, bringing home lots of different guys. I didn’t realize she had one for every day of the week though.”

“Well, it is college,” you say, rolling your eyes. “I want to say ‘it’s a phase’ but I think that saying that officially makes me a parent.”

“Mm, maybe let’s not say it just yet then,” Alice says. “How about your game, have you had any ideas? Or any of your friends or whatever?”

You pull out your phone and glance through the new messages.

“Most of the suggestions are very ... action oriented, shall we say,” you sigh. “They want the Muse to be more active this time but I don’t know if we can do that. Like you said, not without another person to take pictures or something. And I could see myself getting camera shy.”

You notice Alice glancing at her own phone, a thoughtful look on her face. She seems like she is about to say something for a moment, then seems to change her mind.

“Maybe the Muse doesn’t need to go too far to start,” she says after a moment. “And we could find some other ways to get those pictures ... Mmm, you know what, want to take a walk and talk about this?”

The two of you get up as the dark haired guy from the counter shows up with a sandwich for you.

“Thanks Arn, we’re going to step outside for some fresh air though,” Alice says with a smile. “Keep an eye on the place for me?”

“Sure,” Arn says, smiling back. “You and your friend take your time.”

“Huh, seems like a nice guy. Maybe get your sister and him to hang out?” you say, smiling as you exit the building and round the corner. “Wait, actually, did he say friend? He knows we’re dating, right?”

“Mm, Arn may not be her type.” Alice says. “Too nice, kind of quiet. He’s a literal farmboy, moved here for his first year of college. And I thought he did but it’s not like I publicly post my relationship status though.”

You digest this, thinking as you round another corner.

“Well, still you never--” you stop as Alice grabs you.

You find yourself thinking that Alice is much stronger than you thought as she pulls you into a small corral-like area behind the diner. You notice a large door and manage to surmise that this must be their loading dock before the redheaded waitress forces you back into a corner and drives all thoughts from your head with her lips.

“Let’s talk about something else,” Alice says, her eyes full of heat.

“Like what?” you manage, your heart beating a little faster.

“Well, like your Muse ... and how lonely she gets at work,” Alice says, pecking your lips between each word. “How she can feel so many eyes on her but never any hands ...”

You feel Alice’s hand take yours, guiding it under her skirt. Her eyes close as your fingers trace their way up her thigh and around the back to squeeze her ass through her panties. Alice gives a little sort of soft chirp as you do.

“And she needs it so badly sometimes ... but no one dares to get close to her,” Alice says softly, her eyes sparkling a little as she looks back into yours. “So she turns to a stranger at work. And you know all she asks?”

“What?” you ask, swallowing.

Alice leans close and whispers.

“Just make sure you don’t wrinkle my outfit.”

You slide your fingers down and between her legs, surprised to find the wetness already waiting for you there. Alice usually started quickly but this was something else! You rub your finger along her wet pussy through the fabric, your excitement growing as she clings to you in response. You slide the fabric aside, sliding two fingers into her tight, wet entrance and shivering as the Muse moans in response.

You awkwardly begin thrusting your fingers, somewhat hindered by the hem of her skirt and the difficult angle you are achieving by reaching around and under her to reach your goal. The girl squeezes her body against yours, shifting slightly to help your reach, her breathing hot against your neck and her nipples hard against your chest even through her bra and shirt

“---!!” Alice shivers suddenly, her body tensing against yours.

And then she sags against you, a little moan escaping her lips as she plants a gentle and very wet kiss on your lips.

“Mm, thank you ... I really needed that,” Alice says.

“Geez, what brought that on?” you ask, breathing hard.

Alice slowly straightens her outfit, looking somewhat embarrassed.

“Well, I just thought it might help you with your ideas for the story.” She says.

You wait for a few moments.

“Well okay, I mean, some of the comments I was seeing on those sites were kind of interesting,” Alice admits. “And I guess I can see part of why you like this kind of stuff now. And I guess that if we do need a cameraman or whatever... I’m okay with that.”

You give her a surprised look, a suspicion forming

“So ... what sort of comments have you been reading,” you ask, curious.

“Well, one guy suggested he’d like to see the Muse jerking off a guy other than the main character,” Alice says, blushing. “And after reading some of your story I kind of felt like you might have been leading up to that, okay?”

You stare at her, stunned. Well, you had originally considered that for the first game, before making Alice the face of your female lead. And you suppose you hadn’t taken out some of those hints afterward ...

“Umm, you know what, I should get back inside,” Alice says, still red faced. “Arn may need some help.”

Your girlfriend disappears around the corner, leaving you to your swirling thoughts. You pull out your phone, glancing through the responses (well over a hundred now) to your original post and notice more than a few hinting that they would like to see the Muse play the field a little. Well shit ... what do you even do now?

You eventually put your phone away and try to dismiss the thoughts swirling around your head and make your way back around to the front door of the diner. As you approach the door you hear an angry voice from inside and look up to see Alice, red faced, saying something to Roy at the counter.

“--Oh come on, you were flashing me some serious ‘do-me’ nipples,” Roy comments.

“That’s a load of crap!” Alice says angrily, crossing her arms ... but not before you notice the evidence of your little encounter earlier still poking through her shirt.

“What the hell happened?” you ask, alarmed.

“Jazz’s jerk boyfriend grabbed my ass!” Alice snaps.

“Dude, what the hell?” You ask, stepping up to him. “Apologize!”

Roy stands up, his head several inches above yours and an unimpressed look on his face.

“Sorry she can’t help but get turned on just by walking by me,” Roy says. “Not my fault though, these Walker girls all seem to be friggen nymphos.”

“Alright asshole, time to ge-” you begin. Somehow or another the floor interrupts you, as it collides with your back.

You hear a roar and as you struggle to your feet you see Arn leap over the counter and throw a vicious looking hook that sends Roy staggering back. Alice grabs her coworker’s arm, pulling him back and yelling something as you struggle to your feet and raise your fists, blood boiling.

“Come on then, pipsqueak,” Roy says. “I’m gonna-”

Roy makes a strange, squeaking sort of noise and leans forward, his face purple. You look down to see a leg covered in tight fitting black fabric between Roy's.

"Who's a nympho, pencil dick!" You hear Jasmine shout.

You hesitate for a moment, surprised, then shrug and throw a punch directly into Roy's unguarded, purpling face. Roy hits the ground a moment later and makes no move to stand up, much to your disappointment.

A few minutes later you and Arn are sitting in a nearby booth as Jasmine and Alice look the two of you over and declare you having a fit bill of health. Arn looks somewhat embarrassed as the girls lean over him and quickly excuses himself to go and usher the still dazed Roy out the door and man the counter once again.

"Sorry about that," Jasmine says, for once no trace of a grin on her face. "I only met him a few times ... parties, that kind of stuff. Thought he was kinda hot, didn't realize he was a shithead."

"Do you always bring guys you barely know to meet family?" Alice says, her tone a little harsh.

Jasmine winces.

"Well ... maybe I was trying to show off a little. Roy was one of the the hottest guys in my stable," the short girl admits.

"Show off?" Alice asks.

"Stable?" you ask.

"Oh, come on," Jasmine says, waving her hand. "Don't be all 'Hi, I'm Alice, I have a cute boyfriend who isn't a loser and I'm totally unaware of it' with me. You're showing off too."

"Cute?" you ask.

Alice's lips slowly turn to a smile as she glances at you.

“Well ... maybe a little,” she says.

“I’m a little confused,” you admit.

“Stop being befuddled, you’re just making yourself cuter,” Jasmine tells you. “Anyway, sorry again.”

Alice sighs but eventually nods.

“Just try not to bring guys like him around again. Anyway, I need to get back to work you two,” Alice says.

“Oh shit, right,” you say, suddenly remembering. “I’m on lunch right now.”

“I’ll pack it to go,” Alice says.

“Hmm, that Arn guy though ... he’s not so bad, right?” Jasmine muses to you.

“I, uh ... guess?” you say.

“Maybe he needs a little reward. Sort of a public service really,” Jasmine comments, then looks at her phone and frowns. “Damn, going to have to be later though. See you around?”

You nod, grabbing your lunch when Alice slides it across the counter and starting your trek back to the office. Weird day already, though you suppose that little walk with Alice earlier has given you some food for thought. Maybe it’s time to really get started on that next game ...

To be continued ...