

The Real McCoy: Prologue

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“Could you turn a little more ... yeah, like that,” you say, holding up your camera and snapping another picture. “I think that might be a good one for the intro ...”

“Oh, but mister photographer, I thought this was just an audition,” Alice says, affecting a worried look. “You see, I have a boyfriend and if anyone ever saw these pictures ...”

You give a snort of laughter as your girlfriend looks demurely at the floor then back up at you, fluttering her eyelashes. She has what looks to your eyes to be a long, white and practically see through bedsheet (a shawl, according to her) that winds loosely about her hips and up along her back and over her shoulder, then down to just barely cover the upper portion of her breasts. She stalks toward you, the innocent look fading as she slides her arms around you.

“Is there anything I can do to convince you not to use them ...?” she says, her breath warm against your lips.

A moment or two passes before the two of you degenerate into laughter and you fall back onto your bed, pulling your diaphanously clad girl down on top of you. You look down at her brown eyes, still sparkling with amusement through a messy mane of red curls and find yourself thinking that whatever you expected when you first asked her to do this, it wasn't like this.

Two nights ago, you were sitting just a few feet away at your desk, wrestling with a 3D modeling program in a futile attempt to have it spit out a model for your newest game. It wasn't absolutely necessary of course, you had done a couple of games already without graphics but there was no denying that the addition of a little visual aid helped draw more interest. And this game felt different. Better than the others by a good sized margin. It deserved a little more attention, even if that meant a little pain.

After several hours of struggling to create your female lead though you had begun to lose hope. You had leaned back, groaning, letting your eyes wander from the screen ... and land on Alice as she changed for bed. It only struck you then that your model was

really nothing more than a pale imitation of something you got to see most nights of the week.

The creamy skin of the model had lacked the little freckles dotted hers; the breasts were large but somehow were too large, not quite matching the comfortable handfuls you were staring at. And of course, there was that short but wild mane of red curls surrounding lovely red lips that spent so much time in a wicked smile. Even if you weren't garbage at this you wouldn't be able to make something half as good as the real thing.

And so, later that night, you had cautiously posed the question ...

"So this will help, right?" Alice asks, breaking you from your train of thought. "You'll get more ... what do you guys measure your popularity in? Digs? Likes? Dongs up?"

"Technically I think it's 'wanks'," you tell her, sitting up and flipping through the pictures on the camera until you find the last one, holding it up for her to see. "Take a look and tell me what you think."

Alice looks down at the camera, admiring the white swathed redhead in the picture. The image shows a girl with a pensive sort of faraway look off to the side, her arm crossed over her chest to conceal what you personally feel is the most tantalizing portion of the shot.

"I think maybe I should have tried acting. You can hardly tell I'm trying not to laugh," she says. "I bet you can't even tell how disappointed I am right now that you don't have a rating system that would result in a game getting 'two dongs up'."

You slowly get up, a process made more difficult by smirking girl whose limbs are entwined with your own, and make your way to your computer, hooking up the camera and loading the images. You pull up the picture in question and set to work cropping it, carefully removing Alice's face from the equation.

"Wait ... why did I need to hold that expression if you were just going to remove my face?" Alice asks, watching over your shoulder.

"You actually want guys, and girls I guess, on the internet to see you mostly naked and later have enough info to identify who you are?" you ask.

“Well ... no. But I thought the girl in your game was supposed to have some personality and character,” Alice comments. “And my tits aren’t exactly projecting ‘thoughtful and well rounded’ ... well, wait, actually that last part kinda-”

You sigh and shake your head, grinning despite yourself. That’s your Alice, waitress/nude model with artistic integrity. You look at the cropped version of the picture again, clicking undo/redo a few times to compare. You have to admit she is right ... and not just because you are slowly dropping out of ‘focused writer’ mode and back into ‘guy with an amazing, scantily clad girl literally on his arm’ mode. The redhead’s expression does oddly make it that much better.

“So what do you suggest? Maybe just crop off the top? It would keep that cute little start of a smile you are making in the shot,” you say.

“That or get better at ‘shopping and draw me some meaningful expressions on those boobs.” she says, snuggling up a little closer.

It only takes a few minutes to finish making the adjustment and add the title (“The Muse”, in a flowery looking font), then add it as your intro screen to the game. You hear a noise behind you and turn to find Alice slipping into her work outfit, a relatively modest blue and white skirt and button down shirt. She takes a few moments to tweak her dark red curls before returning to your side just as you finish uploading the game and posting your announcement and download link on the Anything AIF forums.

“No little hat? I love those little paper hats they used to have waitresses wear,” you complain. “You young people nowadays ...”

“Psh, if you’re too young to be that old,” she says, glancing over your shoulder again. “So, am I an internet sensation yet?”

You glance at your screen:

The Muse, by RealDeal22

One post

“Not quite yet; it will probably take a little while before anyone gets a chance to see it. The AIF community is kinda small. Who knows, maybe some well acted, pensive breasts might fix that though,” you tell her, giving her a kiss. “The most replies I’ve ever gotten was like ... seven people maybe? I’ll be happy if I can top that.”

“You really know how to make a girl feel special,” Alice says, rolling her eyes. “Alright then, I’m heading to work. See you tonight when I’m famous among the three people that make up your sex story writing friends!”

“Until then, my lady!” You call out after her as she leaves.

You stare at your post for a moment before you notice the time. You shut your computer down and go tunneling through your closet for a set of clean clothes; not that your boss ever actually sees you half the time but you suppose you should at least make the effort. As you open the door to leave your phone chimes and you glance at it to find a notification; looks like an early bird actually commented on your post already.

“Well, that’s one seventh of the way to my all time high. Not bad for the first hour,” you say.

You turn off the notifications and head out the door, putting the game to the back of your mind.

Nine Hours Later ...

The storm rages outside, the raindrops doing a vigorous tapdance on your shingles. Outside, the wind gusting, a banshee’s howl followed by the rapping of her fingertips on your window as the wind launches water sideways in an assault against the glass.

Your eyes are locked on your monitor, the apparent end of the world outside failing to distract you from the page in front of you. You blink a few times, trying to make sure you are, in fact reading correctly. There’s your post:

The Muse, by RealDeal22

But beneath it there’s something odd. Almost unrecognizable:

21 posts

You just broke the ceiling on the largest response you’ve ever had for a game ... in less than half a day. You refresh the page, half expecting the obvious glitch to resolve itself to a more reasonable number, and look again:

22 posts

Holy crap!

You click to take a look and scroll down, your eyes landing on a few responses:

Th3Truth: "Decent writing. Couple of bugs, was having a bit of a hard time talking to the Muse. Loved that character, loved the slow buildup, would have liked some actual sex scenes with her though!"

GuyFucksday1105: "Could have used some playtesting but pretty good overall. More pictures like the intro would have been nice..."

XxSephiroth12xX: "Would love to see more! Also, is that really your girlfriend?"

FlopLobster: "Damn, that girl is too hot to be so cool; she have a sister by any chance?"

You continue reading, a few common phrases quickly coming to your attention. You swallow, scrolling back up to your original post and look at the picture. The mysterious redhead stares off into the distance, sheer cloth and her arm ever so slightly eclipsing the swell of her breasts, an oddly modest but unworried sort of pose. You swallow, suddenly struck by the picture as you had not been this morning; it was like the picture had taken time to fully soak in her beauty. You look a little further down:

Curious Jurg: "Goddamn, this is hot. Any chance at a sequel? I'd love to see pics of the Muse getting banged ..."

You hear the door open and quickly close the browser, getting up and heading into the kitchen where a soaking wet Alice stands with what used to be an umbrella.

"Honey, not to be alarmist but this may be the end of days," she says.

You watch as she ditches the umbrella and begins peeling off her shirt, wringing it out over the sink. You find your eyes drawn across her gleaming, damp skin and now practically see through bra, an odd thought that this would make an amazing photo opportunity.

“So, how are my adoring fans?” Alice jokes, turning to face you.

You stay silent for a moment, pulling out your phone and glancing at the notifications to find that it now appears that you have yet another response waiting for you.

“Well,” you begin. “About that ...”

To Be Continued ...