Rachel’s Love Potion 3: Oops, Summoned a Demon

Epilogue

After our return from the other side of the Silver Mirror, it took a while for life to get back to normal. At least, to settle into a routine. What’s “normal,” after all, when you’re a man with a friend slave, a sex slave, and the most adoring familiar a warlock ever had?

“Hurry it up, will you? I can already smell those brats burning from here, and even Jojo the Spunk Goblin can’t subsist on cum alone.” Kammie gestured to get a move on.

Joanna growled. Literally growled. It vibrated right down the core of my cock, lodged in the back of her throat as it was. It was puppy day, after all. Ever since Rachel had told her friend how excited she’d seen me get over her little routine during the rescue operation, Joanna had made it a point to surprise me with it once in a while. Not often – the novelty was central to its appeal – but it had been almost a month since the last time she’d woken me up licking my face, then wriggling and rolling and whimpering for a belly rub, where “belly” really meant “titties” and “rub” really meant “fuck.”

Inspired by some of the fantastical devices I’d seen lying around Mirror Knox’s home, I’d been pushing myself to hone my craft. After a few failed attempts, I’d even managed to fashion a leash for her that was visible only to those connected to it. I walked her on her hind legs, mind you, but she trembled with pleasure every time I paused to praise her for how well she heeled. Before long, she wanted to wear the leash any time I took her out, puppy day or not.

I snapped my fingers. “Down, girl.” Joanna eyed Kammie sharply, but then resumed her sloppy, thirsty blowjob. “And if you’re so eager to get your own throatload of bratwurst, Kammie, you could do something helpful instead of… whatever you’re doing.”

Her look was pure indignation. “I’m just trying to figure out the right outfit for my big debut. I warned you that my shapeshifting would give out before long, but nooo, somebody still wanted their precious little movie starlet. Can’t have the whole neighborhood thinking you’ve kidnapped Scarlett Johansson, guy.”

“Good thing you can still transmogrify between outfits, at least. You’ve been over there flashing through slutwear for half an hour. Everybody’s going to notice you’re smoking hot, OK? You don’t need to rub it in their faces.”

“You know I only like to rub it in your face,” Kammie grinned, spinning giddily across the room, in the process transforming her clingy, hole-ridden house dress into a pink sports bra with an oval for cleavage and a pair of bright blue volleyball shorts that featured cleavage of their own. Top and bottom. She was in a good mood.

Kammie made a lengthy show of how very much she enjoyed rubbing it all in my face.

Incorporating her into my life had been trickier than I’d thought, considering. I was familiar with familiars, of course, but had never seen the utility, and enjoyed my privacy. Who needed some judgy spirit inhabiting a cat or owl or imp, lurking around and experiencing your every emotion secondhand? Because I’d “taken the low road,” as Rachel euphemistically dubbed my decision to harvest Kammie’s pubic hair rather than her cranial, she was horny for me pretty much all the time, and when I fucked her, the echo chamber of our arousal spilling back and forth into one another through our bond got pretty fucking intense. It was exciting, yes, but sometimes a man simply wanted a normal blowjob without the slut providing it quaking in ecstasy the whole time.

With a little time to experiment, we’d found she was mostly satisfied to feed off of my orgasms from Joanna and Rachel. Not unlike a succubus, ironically, though without the pesky addition of an addictive cunt and the looming threat of soul extinction. In the meantime, we made sure to show one another a good amount of casual affection. It was rare for me to walk anywhere without her at my side, my hand resting in her back pocket, squeezing that pillowy tush every step of the way.

At least, I’d done so before her body got stuck in the exaggerated excess of her ScarJo parody; now it was tricky taking her outdoors where anyone could see her. Unlike that trip to the mall, she couldn’t even Asianify it. Everywhere she went, she was the literal poster girl for the MCU. In time, I hoped to find a way to restore the ability to her, but I wanted to wait for all the magic and planar god-knows-what in her to settle before I went tinkering with her DNA. Measure twice, slash once, as Primek always says. Over and over. And over.

Between Kammie twerking against my face and Joanna slobbering over my cock like it was a fresh can of Purina, I came in no time. It was exactly the distraction I needed to keep my dread of the afternoon’s events at bay. I’d suffered from social anxiety for as long as I could remember, one of those irksome mental health conditions that magic was so lousy at fixing. A witch I knew from the academy had tried to fix her depression with happy magic and she’d wind up bimbofying the shit out of herself. So far as I knew, she was still living in the student dormitory bouncing from cock to cock to pay her rent. Cheaper to see a fucking therapist, and more private to boot.

I patted Joanna on the head. “Get dressed, girl.”

After smacking her lips in delight at the aftertaste of my jizz, she pivoted to a petulant whimper, but I doubled down. It was always a little awkward for me, humoring this weird fetish she’d only picked up to humor mine, but I did my best to honor the effort she put into the role. Joanna slunk down off the couch and crawled across the room to where I’d laid out her outfit for her earlier. It was the one I’d gotten her from the pet supply store for our walks, a sweater modeled by a Great Pyrenees that only let a hint of underboob show, and a ballerina style skirt we’d seen by a chihuahua. (I’d ordered it in the biggest size they had. It covered her ass better than the sweater did her tits, if only just. Covered it better than she wanted my little brainwashed fuck slave to, that was for damn sure. If you looked closely, it was just this side of translucent, which she appreciated.)

“Panties, too.”

Her loudest whimper yet followed, but once I threatened to mandate a bra, too, she acquiesced. She would have anyway, but Kammie had trained her to drag her feet occasionally, if only to give me the chance to snuff out the spark of independence. Kammie had been pressuring me to pick up another toy, someone contemptible I could work out my bad attitudes on guilt-free, but I’d yet to consent. I wasn’t Mirror Knox, after all, enslaving everybody he laid eyes on.

Speaking of, he never did seek reprisal. I worried sometimes he might be out there plotting it, but Kammie assured me he’d be just fine. Perhaps he’d really meant it about not wanting to be disappointed by me. I had to hand it to him, he’d dazzled the hell out of me. I’d gotten the best of it, but luck had played no small part in it. Maybe that was all there was to it. We were connected, he and I, and left our meeting with each duly impressed. Besides, if I was here in my world basking in all the pussy a warlock could want, he may be finding replacements of his own. I wished him the best of luck – especially since that meant he’d be less likely to try to vaporize me out of spite.

“Ugh, I still can’t decide,” my modified khamulan grumbled, inspecting herself in a standing mirror she’d summoned out of thin air. It was hazy, immaterial, and would dissipate as soon as she stopped concentrating, but the power still worked well enough. Between that and the shapeshifting, I was disappointed which she’d retained, if only slightly. She was, too. But someday. Familiars were designed to draw upon the power of their warlocks, after all, not the other way around.

“Stay with that,” I commanded, gathering up my own clothes. “There’s going to be a sand volleyball court, Rachel said, so it’s not like it’ll be *that* weird. Less weird than an Avenger showing up at our neighborhood picnic.”

“It’s so… normal,” she grumped. “I look like a normal insanely hot human chick, dressed up to look insanely hot.”

“As opposed to?”

Kammie eyed me like I was an idiot. “As opposed to every man’s most closeted private dirty twisted fantasy slut? Duh. You’ve kept me locked up so long, I’ma die if I don’t get a proper dose of public adulation, guy.”

I stuck a finger into the exposed portion of her ass crack. “I think you’ll turn a few heads nevertheless. Besides, it’s the sort of disguise we agreed you need for this to work, isn’t it?”

Joanna, clothed, crawled back over and made an attempt to get my cock back in her mouth before I could zip it safely away. She jumped up on me with her paws – hands – but I scolded her down. Like usual, she wilted, chastised.

“I guess. You know, you don’t look half bad yourself. Let me gel that hair, and who knows, you might score yourself another besotted babe-next-door this year.”

“I have more Rachels than I can handle as it is,” I assured her.

“Oooh, so you’re saying I’m gonna get handled, are ya?” She grinned toothily. I gave her a placating booby honk (two-handed, to show I was sincere), and slipped on my shoes. With a snap of my fingers, Joanna let the act slip long enough to tie them for me, since she was already down there. I clipped her leash on the back of her sweater, helped her to her feet, and out we went.

Like last year, the whole neighborhood had turned out for the big summer get-together. It was a gorgeous day, sunny and with a sky filled with cheery cumulus clouds, their brightness promising they would save that rain for someone else’s picnic. Kids were running around with giant bubble wands, teen boys playing shirtless basketball for the admiration of teen girls. Poor dudes would have had an easier time of it if I weren’t parading around Joanna, a paltry nine, to say nothing of public fantasy number one.

It took me a while to pick up on the bratwurst scent that had set Kammie’s tummy rumbling earlier, but my mouth watered once it did. Every head turned in our direction to track the pairs of undulating ass cheeks and bobbling boobs at my sides. I waved, smiled, ignored the envious stares and tried to blend in like it was last year all over again.

We stopped by the assembly of grills to pick up food first, where the neighborhood dads had assembled for the mass production of beef, chicken and whatever the hell hotdogs were made of. Joanna balked at accepting an offering of fatty meat wrapped in a bundle of carbs – the presence of the other beautiful buxom redhead in the house made her forever cautious about the competition – but Kammie and I dug in unabashedly. My familiar didn’t eat very often, only every few weeks or so, and so far as I could tell that was usually to induce some sort of gastric distress so she could burp or fart at opportune moments. (Becoming my familiar hadn’t deprived her of *that* horrifying superpower, lamentably.) Still, sometimes food smelled good, and like me, Kammie seldom deprived herself of an available pleasure.

“Hey – Knox, right?” said the fellow carefully turning a trio of chicken breasts with a pair of tongs. “You worked the bar last year. I’m Jose.”

“Guilty,” I said. “On my way to work it this year, in fact, but we were hungry, so I figured a little detour couldn’t hurt.”

He responded to me, though he was clearly having a hard time keeping his eyes off of Kammie. “Oh? I think somebody else already is, actually.”

“Nah, my friend was covering for me while I fed her dog. She really loves that thing,” I answered. Anyone looking would have thought Joanna simply had nervous energy or some kind of itch, but I recognized it for a subtle display of wag. “Great turn-out, looks like.”

“I’ll say.” At last, his curiosity overwhelmed him and he stuck out a hand. “I’m sorry, but you’re… Are you really…? Because I swear…”

“You think I’m Scarlett Johansson,” the woman who’d transformed herself into Scarlett Johansson said with a patient *I-get-this-all-the-time* nod.

“I mean… yeah. Aren’t you? Because… Sorry, but I’ve seen all your movies, and… I’m not going crazy, am I?”

“You’re not going crazy, but believe me, if I were a gazillionaire movie star, would I be hanging out at some random dude’s neighborhood barbecue?”

“I… I mean…” He clearly still didn’t believe it. All around us, every ear was straining to eavesdrop as every eye strained to get a better look inside the hole in her sports bra.

“You have a cell phone, Jose?”

“Uh, yeah.”

Kammie turned around and arched her back. It looked for all the world like she was sticking her ass out for him. I could see his fantasy of giving it a little pinch with those tongs playing out behind his eyes. “Google for me: Scarlett Johansson, back tattoo.”

She had to repeat the instruction to be heard over the sensuality of her own ass, but pic by pic, walking him through the litany of ink she was missing, he finally relented. “It’s downright uncanny, though, Kammie,” he said, tucking his phone away.

“Can I tell you a secret?” He nodded eagerly. “I was one of her stunt doubles, a while back. I can’t talk about it – you know how They are – but it was a solid gig, until it wasn’t. Tore my ACL and had to get out of that racket.”

“Oh damn, that’s too bad.” Jose tried to direct a sympathetic look at her ankles, but his gaze never quite made it that far down. A for effort, though.

“Yeah. But hey, all for the best. Now I’m crashing here at my step-bro’s house, reconnecting, and we’re having the time of our lives!” She nudged me.

Only barely did I manage not to glower. “Chicken’s burning, Jose.” With that, I dragged her away. It would have to do. The story was out now, and would doubtless spread like wildfire until everyone in the neighborhood was starstruck by the exciting Hollywood stunt woman instead of the famous Hollywood actress. Hopefully the appeal of a nifty anecdote would quench their curiosity and keep them from wondering why a stunt double would look like a twin sister who’d taken better care of herself.

“Step-brother?” I said under my breath as we strode away.

“Yeah, so? I mean, I needed a reason why I’d be staying with you, didn’t I?”

“And you couldn’t have said girlfriend? Tenant? Friend from high school? Any of the other connections we discussed, which you told me you’d employ?”

“But how much hotter is it going to be when everybody hears us fucking and thinks we’re straight outta Pornhub, yeah?” She popped the last of her brat into her mouth. “You have fun tending bar, baby bro. I’m gonna go dunk some volleyballs.”

I watched her trot off toward the sand pits. Everyone did. To think, I’d figured magically bonding her to me as an extension of myself would make her *less* of a freak. Still, she was my freak, and the impish glee I felt through our bond was lovable enough that I supposed I could put up with it. She was step-family, after all.

Meanwhile, Joanna had been cornered by another dude. If she retreated from him any farther, her leash would start visibly tugging at her sweater. “Say, I don’t think I recognize you. And I know I’d remember a girl like you. Can I get you a–”

“My pussy belongs to him,” she said curtly. While he was still agog, she took me by the arm and led me away from the cluster. It appeared Kammie wouldn’t be the only one sparking rumors.

I walked with her until we were out of earshot. “Subtle.”

“I don’t like it when men try to fuck me. I only want to fuck *you*. My only want is to fuck you. Always and forever.”

Yeesh. Kammie really had trained her well. “You want to go play volleyball, Joanna?” I asked, gesturing.

“Can I suck you off behind the bar? Please? I’ll be so quiet. Think how hot it will be. Coming in my slut mouth while you serve these nobodies spiked beers.”

“I never should have discussed that in front of you,” I mumbled, mostly to myself. “First off, it’s beer, singular. I’m not Mirror Me; I don’t have an ocean of alchemical reagents at my disposal to waste on every Tom, Dick and Harry on our block. Second, it’s only to get Mr. Flechtner to take down that damn treehouse of his so his creepy kids will quit spying over my fence. I miss being able to fuck you girls in the back yard.”

“I’m proud to be seen servicing you,” she protested.

“Third,” I continued, “much as I enjoy spoiling you, I’m not going to get some Karen calling the cops on me if we get caught. You can suck me off when we get back home, or not at all. Now go on. You have calories to work off.”

Joanna pouted. I tucked the handle of her leash down the back of her dress, into her panties. The cord faded from my sight, as invisible to me as it was to everyone else. With a final needful look at my crotch, she hurried after Kammie, where all four teams playing on the two courts had paused to entreat her to join theirs.

The “bar” was just a table set up under the pavilion at the playground. I hadn’t kept the apparatus I’d constructed when I was duping Rachel last year, so she was making do with a smattering of liquor bottles and a half dozen coolers of assorted beers. She didn’t know the first thing about tending bar, but was glad to have me show her the ropes. When she’d asked me when I’d found the time in all my warlock training for something so pedestrian, I told her I’d only picked it up so I could trick her into drinking that potion.

Rachel had been so moved by the lengths to which I’d gone, she’d cried a little. She’d cuddled me the rest of the night, even when Kammie and Joanna joined us for a tandem blowjob.

Presently, Rachel was not crying. In fact, she was smiling brightly as one of our neighbors chatted her up. He was young, good-looking. The sort of guy she ought to have been with, in a less imperfect world. I was approaching from behind, so she didn’t see me coming and chit-chatted away.

“... still working there?” He was asking.

Rachel shook her head. “Nah, I quit… Man, feels like forever ago. Another life!”

“Oh yeah? Not treating you right, or did you get a better offer?”

“Actually, a friend of mine convinced me they didn’t deserve me,” she said proudly.

“Aw, that’s nice. So what are you doing these days? Similar kind of thing?”

“Nope, whole new field.” She paused as a couple approached, exchanging a few words and handing them a pair of bottles. She finished the thought as they departed. “What were we talking about? Oh right! New job. Yeah, so now I’m a cam girl.”

The man choked on his beer. Rachel rushed around, smacking him on the back until she was sure he could breathe again. She saw me waiting nearby. I waved. She waved, but continued to attend him.

“Sorry,” the man croaked. “Did you say… cam girl…?”

“Yeah! You know, like I get naked or dress slutty on web cams and charge people money to look at me? I make *so* much, it’s honestly embarrassing. My friend helped me set everything up for me – I didn’t have to do a thing but sit back and look cute. I was shy at first, but he decided jumping into the deep end was the way to go, and boy was he ever right. It’s really embarrassing, you know, having thousands and thousands of randos seeing you sitting around in your undies, or doing sex stuff, or using toys on yourself. You’ve been on the internet, so you probably know what kinda stuff I mean. But yeah, I made enough in the past eight months to pay down the house!”

His eyes strayed, if only for a moment. “I… can believe it. Wow, that’s… That’s really something. Good for you, you know? Takes guts.”

“Aw, thanks.”

“So this friend, is that that guy Jim? Are you two still together? I remember meeting him at this thing last year. He was a cool guy.”

She laughed. “No. Actually, he got all jealous and weird about me and my friend, so he had to go. Speaking of…” Rachel had seen me lurking nearby, but finally she shuffled over and play-boxed at my stomach. I feinted left, jabbed right in slow motion. She let it bump her cheek, then reeled back exaggeratedly. “Oh, man, you totally beat me up, nooo, worst friend ever, booo! Cute on cute crime, booo!”

The man watched our greeting with the discomfort it deserved, and as she went on enumerating the abuse she had suffered, he decided it was a fine cover for a retreat. Rachel didn’t notice him leave, or didn’t care. “How’s it going? Business good?”

“Horrible, actually. You would honestly not believe what lousy tippers live in this neighborhood!” She giggled. “No, it’s been so much fun. Ever since you burned all my clothes I could legally wear in public, I’ve hardly seen anybody in what feels like forever! It’s so nice to be out here reconnecting. Did you know widow Sherman got remarried? To a guy she dated in high school like a hundred years ago! Isn’t that adorable?”

“Not as adorable as you,” I assured her, pinching her perfect bubble butt. Of my three, she was the only one who looked halfway dignified in a plaid top, tied up under her breasts and a pair of denim shorts. She wore a ball cap backwards, part of her plan to blend in and dress how normal girls dressed. A failure, but not stupendously so. Her ensemble was revealing, sexy, but within acceptable boundaries. I never tired of seeing her slutted up to the nines for me, but today, she could try to be ordinary. She’d earned that, at least.

“Stop! How am I gonna ever find a boyfriend if you’re over here working that magic tongue of yours?”

Ever since we’d returned from that other world, she’d taken to teasing me about her need to land a new beau. It nettled, sometimes, the reminder that while she loved me, she didn’t *love* me. Only sometimes, though. Rachel was my fucktoy, yes, but she was also more than that. Between Joanna’s unconditional worship and Kammie’s embrace of her status as a glorified sex object, the simple kindness Rachel showed me filled gaps those two never even suspected might exist.

“Didn’t even get a guy’s number? Here, what if we loosen that knot a bit…” She laughed as I gave the plaid fabric a tug, exposing her breasts. She had on a bikini underneath; rather than re-tie her shirt, she shrugged it off and settled her shoulders back to make sure her friend could enjoy one of his favorite hobbies. Namely, ogling her mostly naked tits. I might have let her pick up an outfit for her return to the public eye, but that permission hadn’t extended to underwear or swimwear. The two scraps of fabrics hanging from those strings were mere inches wide. Looking closely, I could see a little of her areolae peeking out on either side of each skinny cheetah-print wedge.

“So how’d it go? Did Kammie plant that little seed, like you planned? Did anybody actually buy it?”

“She did, and they did. They’re commoners, Rachel. They’d rather have an interesting bit of water cooler gossip than engage in any critical thinking.”

“Dang. I figured they’d laugh in her face, but… as always, you were smart and right, and I was a silly little cunt.”

“My cunty who wants me,” I concurred. (Her words.) (Obviously.) “So, has Mr. Flechtner been by yet?”

“Nope. His wife, but I know love potions are person-specific, so I hung onto it.”

I shook my head. “I told you, this isn’t a love potion, per se. Closer to what the other Knox did to Kammie, when she was his. It’ll make him do want to do what I tell him to do and keep him from disrupting my affairs, but no messy emotional attachments. Better yet, it’s a generic, too – no urine samples needed. So if his wife comes back, she’ll work as well as him.”

“Gotcha. I’ve been keeping an eye out for him, but so far he’s been sipping bottled water and playing cornhole all afternoon.”

I gave her ass a little squeeze. “Wouldn’t mind playing with your cornhole.”

“Oh my gawd, that’s the grossest thing you’ve ever said!” The rebuke was cushioned by a laugh, though, and by both of us knowing I’d probably be fucking her in the ass again later that evening. Her expression sobered quickly though, and she looked to the mini cooler containing the special bottle I’d prepared, to keep it safely separated. “Are you sure this is a good idea, though?”

“Why wouldn’t it be OK?”

“You know, because of… us. Them. Everything.”

I arched an eyebrow. (The girls had talked me down from magically embushening them, for now. I was still considering it.) “What are you even saying? Come on, Rach. Talk to me. You know you can tell me anything.”

Even so, it took her a moment to get the words out, long enough that we had to dispense a few more drinks to a few stragglers coming from Birch Street who hadn’t yet found out about the vulgar display on the volleyball courts. Seemed almost everyone was over there now, the whole crowd shifting in mere minutes.

Once we were alone, she sat me down on the picnic bench, settling down beside me. “Don’t get me wrong. I’m so happy with how happy you and Joanna are making each other. I miss being able to have those long talks with her, yeah,” she said, papering over the cock-obsessed slut we’d made of the woman, “but like you said, you can’t put the genie back in the bottle. So if she’s going to be a sex slave, she deserves my love and support to be the best sex slave anybody’s ever had. She couldn’t belong to a less wonderful master.”

“You’re only saying that because I basically made *you* into my sex slave. Right here in this park, in fact.”

She snort-laughed. To think, I’d once been nervous to let her find out what I’d done to her. Now that she knew, she was grateful for it, like my misbegotten potion had cured her of the disease of her old life without me in it. “Yeah, probably. But I’m being serious. I’ve even gotten used to Kammie. It was weird at first, having another me hanging around, and then having you-know-who’s body hanging around, but I saw how perfect you two are for each other. And knowing you trapped her in that body, even despite all the weird attention it could draw to you, just so you could have a fucktoy who’s the top chick on my switching-teams list… that meant a lot. I’d never thought I’d actually meet any of the women on that list, much less have them wanna *Ahem* with me. It was so sweet of you to be that thoughtful for my comfort. I never guessed being with a girl could be so awesome.”

“You’re only saying that because I make sure she eats you out twice a day.”

Rachel giggled. “It doesn’t hurt. Did she tell you I tried doing it on her last week, finally? I felt totes guilty for never reciprocating, so I figured… what the heck, you know? It was actually kinda cool – and even though we couldn’t put her face on camera, our cam feed numbers went positively gaga. Made more tips that stream than I did in the one where you… You know. With the handcuffs, and the licorice.”

“That was a good stream.”

Cries of alarm a ways off drew our eyes. I could just make out a redhead in a pink sports bra and blue shorts bludgeoning a man with a volleyball. He dropped to the sand, clutching his nose. Right as he let go to check for blood on his hands, she pelted him in the face with the ball as the crowd (which had unsurprisingly flocked to the volleyball courts) cried out in shock.

“THE JUDGE OF THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY!” I heard her cry. I rolled my eyes and turned back to Rachel, who had likewise learned to ignore Kammie’s shenanigans. She’d charm her way out of it. She always did.

“Anyway, I’m only trying to say we have a good thing going here. I know you don’t like it when I get sappy, but I feel like I’ve won the lottery with this life we’ve made. I have the perfect friend, and he makes me feel so good, and so happy, and lets me do the same for him. And I have my second-best friend living with me, and they get along so good. And this other girl, like a missing piece of myself that I never knew I had, who I’m learning to love day by day.”

“What in the hell does any of this have to do with Mr. Flechtner…?” I prodded peevishly.

“I’m just…” She looked down, embarrassed, and visibly anxious. Her thumbs twiddled in her lap. “You know I believe in you, right?”

“Right.”

“And you know I’ve learned my lesson and will never ever ever again go anywhere near your laboratory, except maybe in the most dire of emergencies or the most guaranteed results for a killer birthday surprise.”

“Except what now?”

But she was going on. “But I’ve seen how sometimes, a love potion can actually cause a bit of craziness, and I don’t want anybody getting sucked into our perfect life together and ruining what we have. It’s like you told me when you gave up trying to embiggen my boobies. Don’t mess with perfection.” She sniffled, fighting down tears. “That’s all.”

Oh, Rachel. “Oh, Rachel,” I said, tipping her chin up.

“Yeesh, now I’ve gone and done it. Does somebody need a kiss?” she asked, smiling indulgently.

“I could use more than a kiss, but I’ll settle for that for now.”

“You’re lucky I’ve come around on the topic of fuck buddies, buster.”

We kissed. She’d been sucking on a Jolly Rancher, I soon learned. Strawberry. The dear girl even let me keep it.

I was still savoring it, even contemplating returning it, when someone cleared a throat nearby. I didn’t stop, not at first, but when they interrupted with a second harrumph, I relented. Rachel’s cheeks were flushed, partially because she was horny almost all of the time, and partially because she was embarrassed that someone had seen her making out so publicly. (For a cam girl, she still had quite the blush.)

Our assailant was some tasty little piece of jailbait positively radiating entitlement across the visible and invisible spectra in a way only tasty little jailbait girls can. I didn’t recognize her except, I thought, as a spectator of the shirtless basketball extravaganza from earlier. (When I squinted to see if it was still going on, I saw the hoops abandoned; it seemed the boys had embraced a spontaneous fandom for amateur battle volleyball.)

She was looking at us like we’d somehow wronged her.

“Can we help you, kid?” I asked, annoyed.

“Who you calling kid, you old perv?”

Rachel folded her arms, and I could see she was ready to launch into a spirited defense. (Of me, that is. I knew she’d speak up for herself only after my good name was thoroughly restored to honor.) I stilled her with a hand on her thigh. “Can we help you, young-ish person?”

She looked at the assortment of alcohol bottles. “I want a drink,” she said. “Obviously.”

“Sweet. Come back in five years.”

“I’m twenty-one!” she snapped with an insistence no twenty-one-year-old had ever felt.

“Pff. Maybe if we added our ages together and took the average,” said Rachel.

Her hands went to her hips. “I am. What do you care, anyway? What’re they gonna do, lock you up?”

“If you’re twenty-one, why would anybody lock me up?”

The introduction of logic, the bane of teenage tantrums the world over, redoubled her contemptuous sneer. “OK, so let’s come at it this way. You give me a drink, and I won’t tell your little redheaded thot over there that I saw you making out with this skinny bitch.”

I didn’t expend any curiosity on whether she meant Joanna or Kammie. No, now it was my turn to get defensive. I opened the mini cooler.

Rachel saw where my hand was reaching. “No, Knox…”

I opened it anyway, reaching into the icy water and retrieving the sole bottle within. Rachel grabbed my wrist in both hands. I let her, for now. “What’s your name, my twenty-one-year-old friend?”

“Lynne,” she answered. “Flechtner. And so you know, yeah, I’m nineteen. I’ll be twenty in October, though. Not that it’s any of your business.” Her tone implied that this knowledge out to offend me somehow, as if I had personally decided upon the legal drinking age.

I looked to Rachel pleadingly. “Come on, she’s asking for it.”

“I’m not asking, creepo. I’m telling. Fork it over, or I go whistleblow on you and your skanky little sidepiece. Though I don’t know what you want with this flatty when you got all *that*.” She looked in the direction of the volleyball courts. “Unless this is your girlfriend, in which case, sorry to be the bearer of bad news, chica. Because your man here? Is a dirtbag.”

Slowly, Rachel released my wrist. “Actually, we’re just friends,” she said, looking at me meaningfully as she nudged my hand towards the girl. “And Knox can sleep with whoever he wants.”

The girl snatched the bottle from my hand and twisted the cap. There was a hint of pink to the mist that floated out. From one of the safe coolers, I grabbed a beer for myself, as well as one for Rachel. We clinked the necks together.

“Drink up.”