

The Seven Secrets Of Mr. Magpie – Part 4

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Part Four – A Boy

Five months is just about enough time for you to forget about something, but even if I had forgotten, Sheila clearly hadn't, because in spring of 2016, my phone popped up with a text message from Sheila, whom I hadn't heard from since our insane encounter last fall. "Saturday still good for you?" the message read. "Kept your schedule clean for me?"

"You didn't tell me when we were meeting up again, but I always honor my end of any contract. What do I need to know?" I sent back.

"Expect to be picked up at five o'clock, and you two can talk it over on your way up. You'll be coming up to my house, which you've seen before, and the engagement lasts until seven the next morning, although as per our previous encounter, if all parties want to sleep in, that will, of course, be fine. Your mirror will bring you an outfit matching their own, so you don't need to worry about picking out the right attire for the night. Other than that, you saw how I behaved in our encounter. All I ask is that you show me generally the same courtesy, within your previously stated boundaries."

"Got it," I typed back. "See you Saturday."

I sort of knew what generally to expect, but there's really no way to prepare yourself for meeting your doppelganger. So when I opened the door to see a man looking so much like me that it almost felt like looking into a mirror instead. His hair was styled slightly different, and it looked like there was a bit of makeup on his chin, I think hiding a scar although I didn't feel comfortable asking.

"You are Rafael?" he asked me, his voice tinged with a thick Spanish accent, which made the illusion fall apart. "I am Pedro. I will be your sombra, your shadow. I will take my lead from your actions, follow your motions. I will mostly remain quiet, because, as you say, my voice does not match with yours, and we do not want to *destronar el espejismo*, to break the mirage. Come, let us get you changed and then the car will take us up to the señorita's house."

The outfit was something refined, elegant, sleek and stylish, a black button-up shirt that we both left half unbuttoned, a red silk scarf which I needed to wrap around my neck (which I could see was covering up a tattoo on Pedro's collarbone), black silk boxers and black loose fitting slacks, along with a pair of black loafers and accompanying black socks.

One thing I noticed was that my feet were slightly larger than his, but I decided that was probably something no one other than he and I would really notice. I tried to think back if there had been minor differences between Sheila and Annie, and while I could remember there was a mole that Annie had needed to apply with makeup, other than that, there wasn't anything that immediately stood out to me. I guess that when you're looking at yourself, you tend to spot the discrepancies a lot more than you would if it was someone else.

Pedro and I didn't talk much at all during the drive up, although I did catch him a few times taking a look at me, adjusting himself a bit. He'd clearly decided it was more important for him to look like me than it was for me to look like him, although he did do a bit of styling to both his hair and mine, shaping them both to be about the same, which can sometimes be a problem with getting out of control, considering how feathery and poofy it can be sometimes. I guess since our hair types were so similar naturally, though, Pedro had plenty experience with styling it, and doing so on my hair was just like doing it on his own but in reverse.

Sheila had gotten a limo to ferry us up from my place in San Jose to her home in San Ramon. Now for those of you not familiar with the San Francisco Bay Area, let me say that San Ramon is a *very* nice area of the Bay, with lots of remarkably wealthy people having very nice houses on expansive bits of property. Sheila's property was even gated, so when the limo pulled up, the driver had to roll down his way to press the buzzer to let us drive up to the house itself.

I'd seen the mansion from the outside before but as soon as we got out of the limo, I could take

a look at the grounds for the first time, and there was so much open space, it almost felt more like a park than a private home, the grass neatly trimmed and well-kept paths, a few benches scattered around the space, including next to an actual pond with what looked like real koi fish swimming in it.

The building was that sort of new modern look, although there were stabs at incorporating some classical European architecture into it around the edges, like the gargoyles that were ringed around the top of the second story. The whole home was, of course, that sort of stucco beige that was so popular among homes in the Silicon Valley and Napa County.

I walked up and rang the bell, and Sheila answered the door almost immediately. She had chosen a slippy red dress that hung loosely over her frame almost like it was draped cloth instead of an actual outfit. The neckline was plunging daringly down almost past her waist, and she hadn't bothered to putting on high heels, not that she really needed them, I know I said her height was 5'11" before, but looking at her this second time, I realize she might've actually been a little taller than 6', her long slender arm reached up to keep the door propped open, a wide grin on her pearly whites. "You know, I always wondered if I'd want my own services," she said to me, "and now I'm glad that I decided to take myself up on it, just for the once."

She stepped out of the doorway and ushered us into her home. "The illusion isn't as important to me, Pedro, so I don't mind if you talk a bit over the course of the evening," Sheila said, brushing her fingertips across his face as he walked past, so no matter how good the illusion was, there were still subtle enough differences between the two of us for her to tell us apart. "The effort's more important to me than a perfect show, because a fellow magician always knows where to look for where the misdirections are."

"Yes, ma'am," Pedro said with a shy smile. He was far more nervous about this than I was, I guess because I'd sort of seen in first hand from the other side, while he was going through all of it for the first time.

The inside of her house match the exterior, with a sparse amount of furniture scattered around the room, lots of open space all over the place. Her living room looked like it had only a single couch with a couple of chairs on either side of it, and I couldn't even spot a television. It looked like the furniture was pointed at a fireplace, although there wasn't a fire raging within it right now. She led us past it for the moment, however, and brought us into a dining room, an elegant long glass table with only two place settings, which made me arch an eyebrow as I looked at it.

"Dinner?"

"Mmm," Sheila said. "You and I can have dinner, and your shadow can bring us dinner and then have a different sort of meal. Not that I think he'll mind."

I saw Pedro continue to walk past us and head around a corner before he returned a few minutes later with two plates containing rather highly refined meals, looking like they were prepared by a professional chef, scalloped potatoes and grilled salmon. Once he put the plates down, he walked out of the room and then brought back three glasses full of red wine, setting one out for me, one for her and the third for him to have at some point.

Once he placed the wine on the table, he moved to drop down onto his knees and slowly started to crawl beneath the table. I know I smirked, but I tried to push the look off my face and be respectful of the moment as he kept moving on his hands and knees closer and closer towards her, as she spread her legs nice and wide for him, the long stripe of fabric pretending to be a dress pulled to one side to expose that she indeed was wearing no panties beneath.

As my shadow moved to slip between her thighs, his hands resting atop them as he leaned in and began to slowly lap at her pussy, she continued a conversation with me as if nothing was happening, something I think gave my shadow a little encouragement to bring his A-game.

"So, now that you don't have to be driving to get a new hot water heater, did you stop driving for Uber again?" she asked me with a wry smile, picking up her glass of wine, swirling it around in her palm's grasp.

"It's just a water heater," I teased. "Hot water doesn't need heating. But yes, without that particular sword hanging over my head, I hung up my driving shoes, at least for a while, until the next crisis springs up. But there's always another problem springing up on the horizon, I suppose."

"And what are you doing instead?"

"I'm back to doing contract work in 3D modeling again," I said, seeing her do her best to keep her expression as neutral as she could, although every so often I could see a slight twitch on her face, or her holding the fork a moment before bringing food to her mouth, as if she was trying to summon her concentration back up, as my shadow continued to work his tongue against her slit. "It's not full time work still, but it's enough to pay most of the bills and keep me afloat. How about you? Did your little dispute with Roger cause you any trouble in the long run?"

"Oh, Roger stamped his feet and complained about it, but all the people who know both him and I, they all like me much better," she giggled a little bit, kicking off her shoes, moving to rub one of her bare feet along Pedro's side, as he pushed his tongue inside of her, making her whimper just a little bit, her eyes closing for only the briefest of moments. "Other than that, my work has been going excellently. I had a couple of clients recently who were extremely delighted with my results, including one whom I can't name, because you would know her, as she's rather famous. She was so pleased with my results, however, that she's gone out of her way to introduce me to an entire new string of clients I likely wouldn't have gotten as easily without her. That should be great fun, a whole new world of people entirely unlike the ones I've been working with so far."

"That sounds like it excites you," I said with a wry grin, finishing off my salmon. "Like you haven't had a real challenge in a long time."

"Oh, I'm very good at what I do, Raf," she said, her heel dragging slowly along my shadow's back as he continued to lick and suckle at her pussy. "But with rich businessmen and women, they're not true perfectionists, and I could get away with mistakes here and there. This, this is dealing with celebrities who often want someone who looks identical to their partner, who is often *also* a celebrity, which you can imagine makes things somewhat easier for me, but also somewhat more difficult in terms of ensuring discretion."

"You mean in terms of just getting people to keep it quiet?"

She nodded, finishing off her meal. "Exactly. Everyone wants to brag once they're a starfucker, so making sure that these people aren't going to go bragging about the experience takes an added layer of scrutiny and review."

"And my shadow?" I said, gesturing with a smile as he slowly started to pull back from between her legs, at her motioning, of course, certainly not of his own volition. "Was *he* difficult to convince to keep quiet?"

"Not at all," she said with a smile, pushing the plate away from her as she moved to stand up. "He was more than happy to take the money, have the experience and then go back to his life in a sleepy little coastal town not too far from Valencia, on the eastern coast of Spain. This is his first trip to America, and his vacation will let him spend a week or so both in San Francisco and down in Los Angeles before he returns home with a head full of memories he'll treasure for the rest of his life. I may even let him keep some photos or video, considering how little he said he gets out and travels, so he'll have something to remember all this by. Now let's move to this some place we can be a bit more free, where I've already got the cameras set up." She reached down and helped Pedro to his feet as I stood up as well, letting her lead us back down the way we'd came and then off the other direction, heading deeper into the house itself.

I was sort of surprised by how many of the exterior walls were almost entirely made of glass, giving the whole place a sort of voyeuristic flair, although no matter which direction I looked, it felt like it was too far for anyone to be able to see us clearly. I couldn't be *certain* of that, though. Down the hall was a room within the glass chambers, however, that had nice solid walls, and a massive oak door, that she pulled open, allowing Pedro to walk in, followed by me.

Inside was a bedroom that screamed post-post-*post*-modern, with a very heavily reinforced bed that was only at around knee height, but was easily triple reinforced, so I'm certain that whatever kind of activity Sheila wanted to get up to in here, the bed would be able to endure it. The sheets were a sort of eggshell white, with cream colored pillows, the rug filling most of the room a soft white with a large blue circle in the center of it that peeked out from beneath the edges of the bed.

"You have no idea what a leap of faith this is for me, Raf," she said with a playful smile. "I've always sort of preferred treating lovers like I do clients – one night performances only, no repeats, so you have a distinct advantage over what I normally have in this room."

"Mmm," I replied. "Last time, you were telling me a story, painting a picture of a shy couple, both too nervous to make the first move, until finally the tension broke, and the walls came tumbling down. It felt like it was drawn from personal experience. Was it?"

Sheila unfastened the dress and let it fall to the floor, kicking it aside, leaving her in all her nude glory. "I hadn't planned to do any of that," she said, an almost shy look crossing her face. "It all just sort of came to me in the moment, like I wanted you to know who I was and where I'd come from, and what experiences had made me into who I am today. But..."

"But what?" I asked when she trailed off and remained silent. Pedro slowly began removing his shirt, and I took my cue from that and began removing mine as well.

"As much fun as it has been to set up these sorts of experiences for clients, that was the first time I'd ever taken part in one, and I found myself feeling... naked. Vulnerable. Exposed. But for some strange reason, I was comfortable around you, as if I knew you weren't going to take anything beyond as far as I wanted you to."

I was in the middle of taking my pants and boxers off when Sheila stepped in close, her hand reaching down to stroke my cock, her touch so much softer and tender than I remembered it being, as she smiled at me.

"And I was worried you might be nervous about doing this sort of thing," she said to me as she slowly dropped down to her knees, moving to press a kiss to the tip of my cock. "So many men are nervous about having a second man in the room with them."

"It's a little easier," I said with a gasp as I felt her lips wrap around the head of my dick once more. "When the second man is sort of just... *me*. I mean, two men in the same room, they're both sort of jockeying to see who can perform better, who can satisfy better, but here, which *me* is the better *me*? That's... that doesn't make a whole lot of sense."

She giggled a little, popping her head off my cock as she nodded. "Oh I bet. Now don't go thinking this is the main course, alright?" Before I could ask what she meant by that, she shoved her face down the length of my shaft until her lips were wrapped around the base of my dick, my balls wedged up against her chin, even as I felt her throat trying to push me out, but she held that moment for what felt like an eternity before drawing back enough so that she could inhale a heavy breath, giving another delirious burst of laughter rolling from her lips onto my shaft.

"Now you're just showing off for the cameras," I told her with a sly smile.

"Oh, you want me showing off, do you? C'mere, over to the bed." She moved over towards the corner of the bed, climbing up and onto it, getting on all fours as she turned around, wiggling her hips at me as she curled a fingertip towards Pedro. "Let's try something I've definitely never done before. I believe the term is spitroasting?"

Pedro was more than happy to step up towards her face, trying to pull her long blonde hair into a tail to use as a guide even as her mouth lowered down onto his cock, which I was surprised looked remarkably like mine, although I think perhaps he was a bit longer but also thinner, as Sheila started thrusting her face onto his shaft as I moved in to stand behind her, pressing the head of my cock against her pussy only to feel her suddenly lunge back onto me as she moaned around Pedro's prick.

He moved his knees up onto the edge of the bed as Sheila shifted onto her elbows, letting him get a better angle so that he could thrust into her face more. It also put both him and I at eyeline

together, and he smiled at me, his left hand lifting to offer me a questioning thumbs up gesture, as if to make sure everything was still to my comfort, so I shot him one back, even as I began to bounce Sheila's hips a bit more firmly against my cock, my right hand grabbing a handful of the top of her ass to wedge her back into me a little faster, the forward bucks of my hips making her buttocks jiggle and ripple each time my flesh collided with hers.

A minute or so later, I saw that Sheila had figured out an angle that let her bring her left hand up to tickle along the underside of Pedro's nutsack, which actually coaxed a groan from the man's lips, his face wrenching up a little bit.

"I think if you keep that up, Sheila, my shadow may have some dessert for you."

She let his shaft slip out from her lips as she looked back of her shoulder at me. "What about you, Raf? Close to giving up that first ghost?"

"Oh, I've been pacing myself because I didn't know how you wanted all this to go..."

"I don't mind him having sloppy seconds if you don't, Raf... he's *your* shadow, not the other way around," she moaned, stroking his dick, keeping it close to her face.

"Sure, but I don't see a reason to be rude about it," I said to her before glancing up at him.

"Sloppy seconds, go?" I said, pointing my thumb upwards. "Or no go?" I said, pointing my thumb downwards, just so that in case there was any language barrier, he would understand.

Pedro turned to point his thumb upwards before speaking. "I'm game for literally anything," he said.

"Mmmm... that's what I like to hear," Sheila replied. "Then why don't you two fill me up, m'kay? Nnnhhh... because that's what I want... to be dripping fr- nnnghh!"

As if he sensed it would be a good move, Pedro pushed his cock back into Sheila's mouth once more, as I thrust hard against her pussy, the two of us compressing her down a little bit, wedged between two hard cocks that weren't going to let her pull away from being trapped there.

I lifted my hand up and brought it down in a hard slap against one of Sheila's well-toned asscheeks and she gave a squeal of delight, trying to force her mouth harder onto Pedro's cock, although she let it pop from her mouth long enough to shout "Oh! Fuck! Yes!" only to whimper and whine some more.

No matter how much the sensations were delighting her, Pedro couldn't resist whatever working over her tongue was giving his shaft, as I saw his face clamp tightly together, his nostrils flaring. As he did, her thighs started to butterfly a little, her other hand reaching back to up at her own clit and tease my balls a little. The unexpected touch was the one thing I needed, so I imagine just as Pedro was blasting a load of cum into Sheila's mouth, I was dumping my own up and inside of her cunt, feeling the walls of her twat trying to milk and suckle that spray deeper inside of her pussy.

Her mouth popped off his dick with loud smack, as she almost cackled, a shake of her head to pull her hair from Pedro's hands as he looked down at her before crouching down, pressing his lips against hers, I'm sure tasting a little bit of his own cum upon her lips before they broke the kiss. "God, my belly feels so warm and tingly, Raf, and we're just getting started. But I'm ready. I want the thing I've been thinking about for weeks now..."

Sheila pulled from between us, sliding my cock out of her pussy with a slurp, before she grabbed Pedro's hips and pulled him onto the bed, pushing him onto his back, as he laughed, reaching behind him to get a couple of pillows to prop up under his head and neck, while Sheila slowly climbed over him, crawling atop of him before grabbing his cock, giving it a few hard jerks to make it stiff again before lining it up, dropping her hips down onto it, her spine curling backwards just a little bit more. Pedro moved to pressed his lips against one of her nipples for a moment before she shoved him back down into the pillows, looking over her shoulder at me, her hands pressed against the mattress on either side of Pedro. She gestured over to the nightstand where a tube of clear lube was resting.

"C'mon, Raf... slick up then fill me up. Let me fucking feel it."

I was a little bit nervous about this, but found that I felt that tension passing as I moved to get

on the bed with them, grabbing the tube. I drizzled quite a generous amount down her crack, and then more than a good dollop along my shaft, stroking it just a bit to smear it everywhere. I tossed the tube next to Sheila, because she would know far better than Pedro or I if more was needed. I had to position myself rather carefully, placing my left knee down between their mess of legs, lifting my right leg up to place my foot over to the side of them, as Sheila reached a hand behind to pull her cheeks a little wider apart while I lined the tip of my dick up against her asshole, beginning to push forward.

“FUCK!” she howled. “Do it!”

When I started to slide my way into her ass, I could very much feel the presence of Pedro's cock through Sheila's fleshy walls, but sensations were so marvelously delightful that I couldn't spare much time to think about it.

“Fuck fuck fuck I feel so fucking full so fucking full... fucking fuck I'm fucking *filled*...”

We both mostly let Sheila control the movements and the motions, both he and I doing a little bit of pushing and thrusting, but for the most part it was just letting her thrust back and down then up and forward, like she was trying to get us both as much inside of her as she could.

Neither Pedro nor I was talking much, doing what we could to listen for audio cues about what she wanted from us, but after a minute or two, it sort of became like that Billy Idol song, and all she wanted was 'more, more, more' so we did our best to keep slowly turning up the pressure and pace.

I'm not gonna lie, it was a little weird the first time we were both pressed deep enough inside of her that I felt his balls brush against mine, but the sensation passed and the resulting wanton roar of pleasure from her lips made it all worth it, so we kept on going.

“I've never... I've never let anyone cum up my ass before, Raf...” she panted and wheezed. “But I want *you* to... I want to feel it... god, your fucking shadow is churning up all the cum you hosed against the back of my cunt... do it, you marvelous fucker... let me feel like you're both pouring into me... Stuff me like Thanksgiving turkey... flood my fucking holes!”

I could feel Pedro start to gush inside of her pussy, which made her clamp down with both holes, and the tight vicelike lock of her rectum held for only a second before easing up, and once it did, I started cumming as well, which made her start twitching around me, and again those sensations drained my balls dry until I could feel my cum sloshing inside her, starting to seep out around the edges, as she started to giggle like a crazy person.

“Fuck! That was the best fucking thing ever!” she said, pulling forward to slide herself off both of our cocks. And in one of the filthiest sights I've ever had, she turned around and gave Pedro's cock a quick lick clean, getting both his cum and mine from earlier into her mouth as she started to giggle once more, eyeing me slyly before pushing her head down onto my softening cock, sliding her mouth down to the base of it once only to let it slip from her lips, as she purred contentedly.

While we had a shower afterwards, the only things we did for the rest of the night were basically cuddle her, smothering her between our bodies like a human compression blanket, keeping her warm and snuggled until daybreak.

When the morning came, she gave Pedro a small bag, which I assumed contained his payment and any copies of the recordings she might have made for him, and sent him to wait outside for the Uber while she had a few last words with me. “Thank you for all of that. Not just the carnal fucking of a lifetime, but the warm aftercare that so many men are utter shit at. While I don't think you and I will ever share a bed together again, if you find yourself in need of my services, I might still be in your debt, and can probably give you one more experience at a scaled rate.”

I laughed at her, tilting my head. “I doubt I'll ever take you up on that, but I guess it's good to know the offer's there.”

She looked shy again, almost as if she hadn't expected there to be an actual emotional connection between us, before she leaned up and kissed my lips gingerly. “You're a good man, Raf. Take care of yourself, will you?”

“Only silver, gold and secrets left to worry about,” I muttered to myself. “I'll be fine...” I said

loud enough for her to hear me as the Uber outside honked. “They're playing my song...”

To my great surprise, it wasn't the last time I'd see Sheila, but I don't think I'll ever forget that expression of both satisfaction and sadness on her face as I walked out that door, like my departure was something she was carving into her memory bank for all eternity.