

## Instant Soul Mate

by Pan

Katy's eyebrows shot up at the stranger's request.

"Excuse me??" she spluttered.

"It's a simple question," he said, unbothered by the look on her face.

The sound of her slap rang through the courtyard, but the man just continued to stare at her coolly.

"I'll take that as a no," he said, rubbing his cheek. The man sitting beside him looked uncomfortable at the interaction – as anyone should have, in his situation – but he kept glancing at the device that was sitting on the table.

Katy had been happily drinking coffee alone when the two men had joined her. She'd tried to ignore them, focusing her attention on her book, but – as so often happened – one of them had tired to chat her up.

Not subtly, either. He'd made an obscene offer, the kind that would have made most women blush, but Katy was sadly used to it. Her body regularly attracted the attention – nothing she wore was able to effectively hide her curves, and there was something about her face that seemed to invite sexual contact – her dark eyes, her full mouth, her jet-black hair.

She'd finally accepted that she was going to get hit on no matter what she wore, and wore outfits that made *her* feel sexy. That morning, she was wearing a red dress, cut low enough to show off her cleavage and high enough to reveal the tops of her thighs. Her long legs were bare, capped with a pair of simple white shoes.

Still, no matter what she was wearing, no woman should be propositioned so crudely.

The man she'd slapped, however, seemed undeterred. He pressed a button on the small machine, and as the courtyard began filling with a strange whirring sound, Katy couldn't help but realize she'd judged him too hastily.

He was gorgeous. No, not just gorgeous – it was as though he'd stepped straight out of her fantasies. How had she not noticed this before?

The strange man was the spitting image of who she'd (even if only subconsciously) always dreamed of ending up with. He was short but broad-shouldered, with red hair and green eyes. He has pale skin, and soft eyes.

He was perfect.

When Katy read a romance novel, this was the man she always projected onto the hero. When she allowed herself to daydream about her fairy-tale wedding, it was always someone exactly

resembling him that she envisioned standing beside her, swearing himself to her.

And she to him.

There was just something about him – an energy, or perhaps an aura – that told Katy...they'd get along. They clicked. He and she were just deeply compatible – all at once, he'd be her best friend and her perfect partner. Not just on a surface level, but deep into their souls.

They were meant for each other.

And as if that wasn't enough, as if she hadn't been lucky enough to find a man who was exactly her type, who she knew she'd enjoy the company of for the rest of her life...

He was sexy.

He had an arrogant look on his face. Confident. Like he owned the world. There was something almost provocative about it, like he was silently challenging Katy. Like he was telling her that he was going to make her work for it.

She hated getting bored by a man, and something about this stranger – this perfect, gorgeous stranger – told her that she'd never be bored with him.

Katy turned to him, feeling her cheeks flush. "I-I'm sorry," she stammered. God, what was she doing? She never struggled to talk to men. She knew that she was gorgeous.

This was different. This man was...he was special. She knew that if she lost her chance with him, she'd be losing something important.

He waved off her apology, as though being slapped was an everyday occurrence – something that no longer bothered him in the slightest. His companion tilted his head to the side, fascinated by her change in attitude.

God, why had she been so offended? Now that she had the correct context, his question hadn't been offensive. It had been audacious. Flirty. It showed that he was a man who knew what he wanted, and he was looking for a woman to match.

And Katy knew what she wanted. She wanted the opportunity to talk to him. To be closer to him.

To be his, forever.

"You're a very beautiful girl," he said, leaning closer to her.

Katy opened her mouth, but her words got stuck in her throat. The first time he'd spoken, it was as though she'd been asleep – now that she was awake, aware of his presence, his every word shot directly to her soul. His voice was deep, rumbling and rich. Every syllable he spoke was a seductive invitation, and her pussy clenched as she listened.

And that was before she even registered what he'd said.

He thought she was beautiful. Like a Southern belle, she wanted to swoon.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Katy," she managed to choke out, flushing at the question.

"That's a pretty name."

She didn't reply. She *couldn't* reply. It was as though she was a schoolgirl, and the man in front of her was...well, a man. A powerful, masculine man.

A man who was looking at her like he could eat her alive.

He leaned back, a small smile playing across his lips. "You don't say much, do you?"

"Sorry," she muttered, staring down at her lap. With every moment, she felt her attraction to him grow. And it wasn't just physical – though god knew how much she wanted him. How much she wanted to jump him, to have him take her right here, on the bench, against the wall.

No, she found herself with a strong emotional connection to him. It didn't make sense...but love wasn't logical.

And it *was* love. She was certain of that, as certain as she was that the ground beneath her feet was solid. Not that it felt it.

Not when she was talking to him.

"Don't be sorry," he said, leaning forward again. "I think we should get to know each other better."

"Yes!" she exclaimed, before blushing harder than before.

Katy knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that he was that he was the man she'd been waiting for. The man who would complete her.

He was her soulmate.

Her soulmate! If you'd asked her an hour ago, she would've said that she didn't believe in the concept. But now, she felt it deep to...well, her soul.

She wanted him. She wanted to spend the rest of her life with him. It was as though she'd been hit by Cupid's bow – she was his, now and forever.

Katy would do anything the man asked. She loved him, and she would give him anything he wanted.

Anything. Everything.

“Do you want to know my name?” he asked, staring into her eyes. She stared back, transfixed by his gaze. She could spend the rest of her life staring into those beautiful green eyes.

“Yes,” she whispered, feeling her pulse quicken. “P-please.”

“Michael,” he smiled. *Michael*. What an utterly perfect name.

What an utterly perfect man.

“Now that we know each other,” he said softly, “I’m going to ask you again.”

Katy didn’t even question his assumption. Of course they knew each other. She’d been with her last boyfriend for almost two years, and in merely minutes, she knew this man better than she’d known him. Better than she’d ever known anyone.

She knew him, and he knew her.

“Please,” she murmured, her breath catching in her throat.

“I want you to fuck me and my friend,” he said, and Katy felt her knees go weak.

“Of course,” she answered, her voice barely above a whisper. Katy had never had a threesome – had never even fantasized about such a thing – but this wasn’t just a threesome. This was a request of the man she loved, the man she wanted to be with forever.

This was Michael. *Michael*.

She’d do anything she wanted. They were going to be together forever. They were going to spend the rest of their lives together, making love in every way a man could love a woman.

She’d do whatever he wanted. Anything.

What was a threesome among soulmates?

“Undress for us,” Michael demanded. God, she loved how confident he was.

She loved everything about him.

“Here?” she breathed, her eyes wide.

“Here,” he ordered, and Katy nodded. She stood up, and without even thinking about it, began to unbutton her dress.

She was in her underwear before she realized it. She was wearing a black bra and matching panties. They weren’t her sexiest pair – she’d just been going out for a coffee – but here in the courtyard, she felt completely naked in it. Anyone could have walked in and seen her.

But she didn't care. She was with Michael, and she was showing him her body. The body that some part of her knew had been built for him. For his gaze.

For his pleasure.

Her *body*.

He watched her as she slowly unclasped her bra, revealing her breasts. They were large, round, and tipped with dark nipples. She loved her body, and it was obvious that Michael did too.

She shivered as she dropped the straps of her bra, letting her boobs fall free. She could see his eyes roaming over her chest, his expression turning hungry. She was so turned on that she couldn't help but touch herself, running her fingers across her breasts, grasping her bare tits for his gaze.

"I can't wait to taste you," he murmured, and she moaned as his fingertips brushed against her nipple. She felt it harden under his touch, a rush of warmth flooding through her body.

"Soon," she gasped, and he nodded.

"Very soon."

Katy slipped her panties down her legs, watching as he drank in the sight of her pussy. She was trimmed but not shaved, and her lips were glistening with her arousal. He reached out, his hand brushing against her pussy, his fingers sliding between her lips and teasing her clit.

She groaned, arching her back and pressing herself against his hand. Even though this was their first time, she felt like he knew her body better than she knew her own. Like they were destined to be together.

Like she belonged to him.

"You're so wet," he muttered, and Katy gasped as his finger slipped between her legs. She was dripping with arousal, and she could feel the heat of it radiating from her core.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked, his voice husky. "Are you ready for us?"

Us?

Katy had forgotten about his friend. As she'd stripped, she'd forgotten anything except for Michael. His gaze, his touch.

She'd become an object of desire. His desire.

It was all she wanted. It was all she'd *ever* wanted.

"I'm ready," she whispered, her voice trembling.

“Good girl,” Michael smiled, and Katy felt a thrill run through her entire body. God, she wanted to please him so bad. She’d never felt like this before; hungry, desperate to do anything for him.

She wanted to give him everything.

“Get us ready,” he said, and Katy obeyed, reaching down and grabbing the front of his pants.

He was already hard, and she couldn’t wait to stroke him. He was so thick, so eager to be inside her. She was completely naked, wearing nothing but a pair of shoes, while Michael and his friend were still fully-clothed.

Katy had never been so turned on in her life.

“Both of us,” he reminded her, and Katy reluctantly reached for the crotch of Michael’s friend, who looked as though he couldn’t believe what was happening in front of him.

Had he never seen true love before?

For the next few minutes, Katy stroked the two men she’d met just a few minutes ago. Her deft fingers had unbuttoned their flies, and it hadn’t taken long for her to take their erections into her hands.

They both groaned, Michael’s hand moving to her head, his fingers tangling in her hair. His friend happily reached out to grab her bare skin, to play with her nipples and tease her pussy.

Katy lost track of time, lost track of everything but the man in front of her. And his friend. Michael’s cock felt so good in her hand, so hot and hard, and she couldn’t stop touching him. She couldn’t stop caressing him.

She needed to be close to him. She wanted to be near him.

“Can I kiss you?” she asked, her voice low and breathless.

He nodded, and she leaned forward, kissing him deeply. She pressed her lips against his, moaning softly as she continued to stroke his cock.

And his friend’s.

The kiss was perfect, as she’d known it would be. His tongue slid against hers, and she moaned again, wanting more.

She wanted him.

“Don’t forget Bob,” Michael ordered, and Katy hesitated. Stroking his cock was one thing, that was just...getting him ready. Getting him ready for the threesome that Michael had requested.

The threesome that she would never have agreed to, except...well, it was *him*. She would have

done anything for him.

But kissing? That was intimate. That was something that she wanted to reserve for the man she loved. For her soulmate.

But Michael was insistent, and she relented, turning around and taking his friend's tongue into her mouth.

It did nothing for her. The kiss with Michael – their first kiss, she realized – had sent electricity through her entire body; down her spine, through every nerve, until it had made her toes curl.

But the kiss with the stranger was completely perfunctory. It felt like a chore. She kissed him because she was told to, not because she wanted to. As his tongue explored her mouth, as his hands continued to roam Katy's naked body, all she could do was stroke his cock, close her eyes, and imagine it was Michael kissing her again.

Finally, he was done, and Michael nodded that they were ready.

“I want you to suck my cock while he fucks you,” her beau growled. As he spoke, he grabbed her hair and positioned her on the bench. Katy didn't object; she couldn't wait to take Michael's cock into her mouth, to taste him. To *serve* him.

She wanted to please him.

It was as though her entire body clenched with pleasure as she took his dick into her mouth, licking him and tasting his pre-cum. Despite the size of his cock, it fit inside her mouth perfectly. Her mouth was built to pleasure his cock. His cock was made to fit perfectly inside her every hole.

And when she finally started sucking him, she couldn't get enough.

“Oh god, yes,” he groaned, his hands gripping her head tightly. “You're so good at this.”

Every cell in Katy's body felt like it was pulsating in pleasure at his approval. Was this what the rest of her life would be? Making Michael happy?

She couldn't imagine a better future.

“That's it, baby,” he encouraged, and she moaned, loving the sound of his voice almost as much as the thick rod sliding between her lips.

She wanted to make him happy. She wanted to be the best cocksucker in the world. She wanted to be his perfect cocksucker, bring him as much pleasure as she possibly could.

Just as she was starting to lose herself in the rhythm of Michael's cock fucking her face, she felt it.

A soft brush against her pussy, followed by a nudge.

His friend. Bob.

Katy had no idea how she could possibly forget about what they were doing, that her first time with the love of her life was going to be while some random guy was there too, but she'd immediately gotten so long in sucking Michael's cock that everything else had escaped her.

She could hear his friend breathing heavily, and she could feel his fingers rubbing her pussy, teasing her.

Preparing her for his cock.

She was dripping wet, but not because of Bob's actions. No, it was Michael's cock, the cock that she wanted inside her most. The cock that she loved to service.

The cock attached to the man she lived for.

"You ready?" the friend asked, his voice soft.

Katy wasn't – she wasn't sure if she'd ever be – but Michael was looking down at her expectantly, and so she nodded, trying to hide a shudder as the cock slowly entered her.

It wasn't entirely unpleasant; it wasn't like Katy didn't enjoy sex, after all. It just wasn't *Michael*, the man she really wanted inside her.

Still, she tried to remind herself that this was what he wanted. If they were going to spend the rest of their lives together, she'd have to learn to accommodate his desires.

After all, isn't that what love is?

So Katy tried to ignore the strange cock sliding between her legs, and put all of her energy into sucking Michael's big, beautiful cock. It really was perfect – the right length, the right thickness, the right girth. She was completely enamored with it, and her heart filled with joy at the knowledge that she'd be spending the rest of her days worshipping it.

"Fuck her as hard as you like," Michael offered, and his friend obliged, pounding her pussy from behind with renewed vigor.

The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the courtyard, and Katy tried her best to match it with the loud, sloppy sounds of her blowjob. She was so focused on the job at hand, on pleasing Michael, that she barely noticed when Bob reached down and began to rub her clit.

"Oh!" she groaned. She was so turned on from the oral sex she was expertly performing, even the crude fingering was starting to turn her on. Katy closed her eyes, trying to pretend that it was Michael between her legs – two Michaels, one fucking her mouth, the other filling up her drenched pussy.



The fantasy didn't quite work, of course. Her lover's friend just couldn't compare to the perfect lovemaking that she knew Michael would deliver, and so she quickly abandoned the image, and again tried to focus all her attention on Michael's cock.

"Mmm, yeah, that's it," Michael murmured, his hands gripping her head tightly, and Katy moaned as his friend suddenly slammed his cock deep inside her. She could feel that Michael was getting close to cumming, and that meant she wasn't far off either, as though their pleasure was spiritually linked.

"I'm gonna come," Michael warned, and Katy groaned as his friend picked up the pace, pounding her pussy faster and harder than ever. "Oh, Kate, I'm gonna cum!"

Katy had never gone by Kate – traditionally, she'd hated it – but coming from Michael's lips it felt like a treasured nickname, a special pet name just for her. She loved it.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried out, her orgasm rushing through her, and as Michael filled her mouth with his seed, she came too, her juices flowing freely onto the bench beneath her.

As she orgasmed, Katy thought of Michael. Of his cock. Of his voice.

Of his love.

When she opened her eyes, she saw that Michael was still hard, and she smiled, knowing that she'd pleased him. She looked up at him, swallowing his cum noisily, letting out a small gasp as Bob pulled out of her. Had he cum as well? She'd been so absorbed by her own orgasm – and Michael's, of course – that she hadn't even noticed.

"Wow," his friend said, shaking his head. "I really didn't believe it."

"I know," Katy giggled, feeling lightheaded. She'd never experienced an orgasm like that before, not even close.

"I told you it'd work," Michael responded, and Katy – Kate, to Michael – tilted her head to the side in confusion. The two men seemed to be talking past her, like she wasn't even there.

"So what next?" the man who'd just been inside her wetness asked. "Is she just tied to you forever?"

Michael shook his head, and Katy felt her heart sink. What did he mean? She didn't ever want to be apart from him. She was his, and he was hers. Now, and forev–

As Michael flicked a switch on the strange device, the whirring sound died down, and Katy blinked twice.

What was she doing? Why was she naked?

What had she just *done*??

Blood rushed to her cheeks as she scurried to cover up. She looked at Michael, the man she'd been so sure was hers – forever.

God, what had she been thinking? It was obvious now that it had just been an infatuation. She didn't love Michael, she'd just been attracted to him. Uncontrollably so, in the moment, but now...

As she blushingly slid her panties back on, she couldn't even see what she'd liked so much about him. I mean, he was cute enough, in a sort of geeky way, but there were plenty of guys like that.

Maybe she'd just been drawn to his cock, which was nice and thick and...well, as it softened in front of her eyes, not that different to the dozen or so other cocks she'd seen in her time.

No, Katy realized with shame, she'd been momentarily drawn to him, but the feelings were fading fast – so quickly that she couldn't even remember what she'd liked so much about the man.

“Look,” she began awkwardly. “I'm really sorry if I, uh, led you on, but...–”

“Can I try?” Bob interrupted, and Michael nodded with a grin.

“Be my guest.”

As the whirring sound filled the small courtyard once more, Katy turned to Michael's friend, her eyes wide.

Of course. Her attraction to Michael had been shallow. Fleeting. Like Romeo's attraction to Rosaline, it was nothing but a passing infatuation.

And all the while, Katy's true love had been right there. In front of her. Inside her, she realized with a blush.

Michael's friend. He was everything she'd ever want, or need.

“I want to fuck your ass,” he said, and Katy's entire body lit up at his confidence, his raw sexuality.

“Of course,” she gasped.

She was his. She belonged to him.

Bob was her soul mate. The man she was destined to be with forever.

Katy would do anything for him.