

Make Mine A Double

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Synopsis: An old friend of Bartender Speaker struggles with romantic relationships after her cancer diagnosis and double mastectomy. The Speaker, predictably, serves up just what the listener needs.

Category: Romance

Tags Part 1: SFW, M4F, breast cancer/mastectomy, body image, long lost love, some awkwardness

Tags Part 2: NSFW, M4F, body image/scars, breast cancer/mastectomy, cunnilingus, blowjob, pussy job, intercourse

Writer's Notes:

No cause for concern here; I don't have cancer. There are some women in my life whose experiences with breast cancer informed this character's story, and they are all doing very well today. You are welcome to make changes/additions/subtractions as needed to accommodate timing and flow, but please keep true to the main character's identity as a breast cancer survivor.

I went with "Pip-Squeak" and "Squeaky" for pet names because the relationship between the characters demands something familiar. And I tried not to use them too much. You could substitute something like "Shorty" if "Pip-Squeak" feels too specific.

New ¶ signals both action and listening pauses

{SFX}

[Tone changes and improvised vocalizations]

(Part of a word unspoken/interrupted)

Whispering Font

{Neighborhood bar background}

[In a fast, bartender-paced groove:] There's two pints and two shots; that's sixteen. Great thanks. Over here, you ready for another? Alright, lemme know.

{Cash register}

And what are you drinking?

A wha?

[Happy recognition] I used to know a girl who drank Bionic Bearcats. Pip-Squeak!! Long time, no see! Yeah! Climb up over here... lemme give you a squeeze!

No, you're right, I didn't recognize you. Your hair... it's all short now. Very sexy. So, who are you here with?

Naw... I don't believe it. Only a complete numbskull would stand you up. You're a catch! So what happened... he just didn't show?

Ouch, you're right. That excuse sounds like complete B.S. Well, he's nuts and you can just swipe right on somebody better.

I know you can't possibly have any trouble finding dates.

[Slower and serious] Oh. Oh no.

[Listening]

Ooohhh, so then when you tell them about...

Uh-huh... always lame excuses.

Oh Squeaky, I didn't know. I mean, I knew about your... *about the cancer*. But I thought that was all over. I'm so sorry guys are treating you like this. Assholes. I didn't realize what you were going through.

No, it's not okay. Listen, I'm about done here for the night. Why don't you go sit... see that table at the end of the row there? Yeah, I'll make us both some LARGE Bearcats, order up some fries, and...

Cancel the Uber. Please. I really want to catch up with you.

[Laughing] Yes, LARGE ones.

{Transition to bar background, quieter}

Okay, we have drinks, fries, ketchup, extra napkins, and... we have time. Nobody will bother us back here. Catch me up.

[Listening]

Of course you were! Nobody expects a breast cancer diagnosis at your age. God! You must have been terrified!

But it's all over now, right? You're cured?

Oh. Ahhh... help me out here. The mastectomy means... they cut off... the whole...?

Both of them? [Stammering] I'm sorry. I don't mean to just...

[Deep breath] I'm acting as bad as that tool who stood you up tonight! I'm so sorry. I just... I didn't know. And, looking at you, I couldn't tell. You look terrific. What is... are those... some sort of...

Ah, prosthetic breasts. Can I just say, you're being so cool explaining this to me. I hope... I mean, I don't want to risk upsetting you by asking more questions, but...

Are you sure?

I was just wondering... I thought they could... geez, I dunno... surgically make new ones? Yeah, reconstruction.

Oh, the doctors said you could? But you didn't?

[More listening, comprehending]

Yeah, that makes so much sense. I'm sure when you're already overwhelmed with so many choices about killing cancer and saving your life, decisions about how to make it look normal could seem... less important?

Oh God! Not to say that it doesn't look... I mean... Arrrghhh!! I'm sorry, I'm saying everything all wrong. [Deep breath]

But for now, you're okay?

Ah... remission. Thank goodness. A toast to your good health then.

Go Bearcats. {Clink glasses}

[Drinking]

[Spit-choke-gasp]

WHAT??? Oh no, really? Oh my God!

[Laughing] That's not funny... that's awful! But oh my God! [Laughing]

As terrible as all this is, I love that you're able to make jokes. You were always so easy to talk to.

I am? Thanks. I wonder if I wasn't a little TOO easy to talk to. Maybe that's why you friend-zoned me way back then?

Nuh-uh... you definitely friend-zoned me. Buuuut... yeah, I guess did the same to you too.

Okay, yes. I did. I know. Your brother was NOT happy when he found us making out.

[Tone turning wistful] Spring Break... up at the lakehouse. Yeah. He warned me off you loud and clear.

Ha! I should have known he did the same to you! Figures. So I guess we both sort of cooled things off after that.

I always thought about you though.

Oh yes, I did. A lot. Cool spring night... me against you... you up against that creaky barn door. We fit together so perfectly.

[Laughing] That's right! You were standing on a milk crate! Alright, so you, me, and a milk crate fit perfectly together. Fueled my fantasies night after night for a long time.

No... you too? Really?

Hmm. Now how about that?

Here's what I'm thinking.... nobody's around to give us the evil eye now, are they? My house is just up the road. We can finish what we started that night.

Mmm-hmmm... I think you want this nearly as much as I do. Say yes.

C'mon Sweetheart... say something. You've gone all deer-in-the-headlights on me.

I know you are. I'm nervous too. I'm sure I'll say or do something embarrassing... y'know, again! But I'm also dying to pull you in close to me right now, to hold you, and to taste those lips.

[A good bit of kissing]

Listen... we can go slow if you want. I can put you in a taxi right now, and we can make plans to get together next week... see where it leads. But if we do that, nothing will have changed. We will both still be just as nervous as we are now... maybe even more.

[Sell it] So I think you should come home with me tonight. Right now. Once I have you behind a closed door...

[Abruptly] Ah...no. Sorry. I'm still going to call you Pip-Squeak.

[Hot teasing] But I might call you a few other names too.

To find that out, you have to say yes, don't you?

[Surprise kiss attack] Mmm! Mfff! Mmmmmmm.

Is that a yes? Uh-Huh?

[Kissing]

[Kissing too hot for staying at a bar]

C'mon. Time to go.

{Transition pause}

{Door open/close}

Thanks. It's a fixer upper.

Yeah, I'm doing a lot of the work myself. But... ah... we aren't here to talk about home improvement, are we?

Are you still nervous?

Mmm-hmm. Me too. But... hey, look at me... I'm also pretty damned stirred up having you so close again. Are you maybe a little excited too? C'mere...

[Little laugh] No, I don't have a milk crate for you to stand on. But... how about... if you stand up on this bottom stair... right here. Is that better?

Maybe go up one more? There.

[Slow kissing interspersed with:] I remember how much you enjoyed feeling all the little whiskers on my chin dragging across your skin while I kissed your neck.

{Mild beard scratching} Do you still like that?

Ah, you do. *I can tell.*

Are you thinking about other sensitive places you might like to feel that? Mmm?

Tracing down your belly, slowly, lower... and lower...

[Surprised] Oh! Or between your teeth! Hell yeah, I like that. Those gentle little nibbles along my jaw are... you're setting me on fire.

[Amidst little moans:] More? Yeah sure, do your worst. Will it help if ... if I move in closer... up another step... can you reach better? No? Not better? Then maybe you should try going up another step.

Am I what?

Why would I be maneuvering you up the stairs?

[Again with little kisses mixed in:] Oh! Y'know... you're right. My bedroom IS upstairs! Looks like you figured me out. Well, what do you think of my strategy?

Too slow? Maybe if I speed things up a bit, hmm? Yeah?

You sure?

Okay then... over the shoulder you go!

[Laughing]

Squeal all you want, Sweetheart... you asked for this! Here you go now, up on the bed and... and...

[Suddenly not laughing; flustered] Oh no... Pip-Squeak... you're lopsided. Are prosthetic breasts kind of... fragile? It just fell out? Out of where??!! Oh good! I mean... I'm so sorry. I should have been more careful. Are you... are you okay?

Please don't be embarrassed. I'm embarrassed. I don't know why I thou(ght)

[Deep breath] I'm sorry. I'm listening.

[Listening and affirmations]

Oh Squeaky, thank you. Y'know, I feel the same way. I thought I was prepared for things that aren't... er... typical... to happen tonight. But yeah... that was a little awkward...

[Chuckle] No, no ...not horrific... just one awkward moment, and now it's done. And when the next stupid, embarrassing thing happens, we'll just remember that we're in this together. C'mere. Closer. *We'll figure it out together. Don't worry, okay?*

[Amidst plenty of kissing:] Oh, yes...with kissing! Definitely with kissing. Mmmm...lots of kissing? I like that plan. You think maybe kissing aaaand...?

Mmmm, that too? Mmm-hmm.

Oh yeah... *we're going to have a lot of fun figuring this out...*

-----END PART ONE; BEGIN PART TWO-----

[Amidst kissing:] It's so hard to believe you're here with me now after all this time, Pip-Squeak. Feeling your body warm up under my hands, listening to your laugh and your little whimpers as I eat at your neck... this is my fantasy come to life. [Chuckles] Although I feel like I have to keep looking over my shoulder for your brother to come murder me.

[Laughing] Oh, I know it was a long time ago that he... strongly encouraged... our decision to just be friends. But I still think I'd better watch my back!

[Laugh turns tender] He spoils you now? Anything you want, you get, eh?

I suppose having to just sit and watch... helpless... while you fought breast cancer... the surgery and the treatments.... Oh God, the fear... I know he would do anything for you.

But I don't know what he'd do... if he knew... *I was doing... this...*

[Amidst more kissing:] So, are you still nervous? Are you still worried about me seeing your scars? *Or are you more turned on... thinking about how the whiskers on my chin will feel on the insides of*

your thighs? Still not sure? Y'know... I think if I really put in the work, I can make you forget to be nervous altogether. What do you think? Maybe if I keep pulling you in close... *whispering in your ear... nibbling... and tasting...*

[Kissing]

Wait-what? Are you alright?

Oh yeah. You can freshen up... that's the bathroom door right there. And I can...

My clothes? Yes ma'am! By the time you get back, they'll be long gone.

Hey... you too. Leave your clothes in there, okay?

Shhh, just do it. Don't worry. It'll be alright.

[Muttering to self in a bartender-paced groove:] Alright... let's get these clothes off. Maybe boxers stay on? Yeah. {Rustle of fabric}

Ah! Condoms.... {Drawer open and close}

Oh. Uhm, lights? Lights... [Big sigh] Don't want them completely off, but she probably wouldn't enjoy having full light shining right on everything.

Think, think, think...

How about... desk lamp on, overhead light off?

{Light switches or pull chains}

Yeah. That seems just about right.

[Mild surprise] Oh, there you a(re)... are you wearing my dress shirt? I've been looking for that.

Hell, yeah you can wear it... as long as you don't have anything else on under it. I've never seen it look better. Come closer... lemme see how it feels.

Right here... c'mon... up on the bed with you.

[Big sigh] Look at you. Wearing my shirt, lying in my bed, those sexy curls on my pillow. It shouldn't have taken us so long to get here.

You're right. You're here now and that's all that matters. Scootch over. It's long past time I get you so turned on, so hot and throbbing, that you can't think about anything else. So... tell me... should I start kissing you at the top and work my way down?

Or should I start at the bottom and work my way up?

[Laughing] Oh no... you have to choose. Let's have it then. I'll be touching and kissing every single inch of you tonight. That's happening no matter what. You just tell me where to start.

At the top it is. Excellent choice.

[Amidst little kisses:] Let's start with little tiny kisses right here on your forehead... your temple... these cheeks...ohhhh these cheeks! And let's see if I can find that spot right by your ear that you like nibbled. *Is this it? I thought so.*

[Teasing] Are you doing okay? You're breathing kind of fast there. And I haven't even started on your neck yet. Lift your chin for me just a little.

[Neck kissing whilst:] Mmmm, Baby... every kiss... every touch has you squirming.

Oh! You like "Baby" better than "Pip-Squeak?" I'll have to remember that... *Baby.*
Easy now... easy. I'm beginning to think I don't even need to kiss you to get you all worked up.
Just feeling me whisper against your skin is enough for you, isn't it?

See now, what I'm enjoying even more is the feel of you all wrapped up in my favorite shirt. Stroking your skin through the soft fabric... down your arms to these tasty little fingers... down your chest... lower, and lower... and lower... to where I can just brush my fingertips over this hot little pussy. *Hold still now.* Then I can glide back up and do it all over again. All the while, keeping my face buried here in your neck, my lips barely touching you. You're whining a little... especially when my fingers brush over this last button and start moving back up again. You sure you're alright, Baby?

[Delighted] Dying, eh?

[Heavily interspersed with kisses:] I'm pretty sure nobody ever died because a man took his sweet time making his way down a sexy woman's body.

Let's open these top buttons here.

Shh, shh... easy now. I know your little pussy needs attention... I know. I promise, *I won't keep her waiting long.* But she's going to have to be patient with me. I haven't even seen if you have an innie or an outie yet!

[No longer flirty... with gravity] I know that's not the problem. You're worried. You don't want me to see your scars. I know. Shhh. But it's time now. We're doing this together, remember?

C'mon... together.

Do you want to unbutton the shirt or should I?

I know... [Kissing] *I know... it's okay.*

{Mild rustling of fabric} *It's me and you. We've got this.*

Shh. Last one now. There. Let's see.

Oh Sweetheart... you've been through so much. I'm so sorry all this happened to you. I've got you now. And I'm going to take really good care of you.

Listen to me... listen... if anything hurts or feels uncomfortable, I want you to tell me. But otherwise, you let me touch you and kiss you, all I want... okay?

Of course I'm going to touch your scars. [Kissing]

And kiss them. [Kissing]

And kiss you all over. [Kissing]

Yes, you're right. Your scars are ugly. They look raw and angry and out of place on your delicate skin. It hurts me to see them on you... to know how they got there. But listen. Listen. Ugly scars don't make YOU ugly. You are every bit the woman, the whole package, beautiful, brave, and sexy as hell. I want all of you. *Your head right there on my pillow is still my fantasy come true.*

Mmm-hmm... it really is. Now... put your arms up... that's right, up over your head.

Keep them right there. *And please... please let me love you.*

[Kissing and happy sounds for a good bit]

[Amidst plenty of kissing:] Mmmm... how are you doing now, Baby? Not so bad, see? I can feel your heart pounding on my lips. I think you're enjoying this nearly as much as I am.

Keep your arms above your head now. That's right. I'm sorry I wasn't there for you... when you needed... when you needed someone to kiss you and tell you how beautiful you are... I wish...

[Little gasp, mild alarm] Did that hurt you? Ooohhh... it itches when I touch it? This scar right here? Does it itch often?

Mmm-hmm. How about... if we put these whiskers on my chin to work? {Mild beard scratching} If I give it a little scratch with my chin... does that feel better?

[Laughing] This scar too, now...eh? Little harder, yeah?

You really like that, don't you? {Again with the beard scratching} I like that too. You let me know anytime you need... *I'll scratch your itch for you, Baby.*

[Amidst more kissing:] Oh, you noticed... yes I am heading south again.

No, I'm not going to hurry... I'm...

[Laughing] Hey, quit pushing! I'm enjoying this sexy little belly button. I'll get there... ten more minutes... tops.

[Still laughing] You were supposed to keep your arms above your head. What happened to... I said quit pushing!! I'll get to your pussy later. [Surprise pussy attack] MMMmmmmffff! Mmmmff! Okay... mmmmmffff.... Pussy now? MMmmmmffff... Mmm-hmm? Pussy now.

[Enthusiastic pussy licking, while addressing the pussy directly:]

Hello, Sweetness. It's lovely to finally meet you up close. We almost met some years ago up against a barn door...

MMMMmmmm. You taste just like sex is supposed to taste... like I always knew you would.

Oh, just listen to you up there, Baby. You like it like this? Uh-huh?

[Deeper, growly] Or like this? That's right. I thought so.

[Plenty more growly pussy licking and appreciation]

Mmmmm, that's enough of that for now.

What do you think I'm doing? I'm heading further south. I haven't kissed your legs yet.

[Laughing] No?? What do you mean "No?" I have to finish kissing you all over, don't I?

Again with the "No." Listen, I have this all mapped out. After I kiss those sweet legs, I'm go(ing)

My cock? No, we're not up to that part...

I mean "No." That's no(t)...

[With affect] Ahh... ahhh... Baby, you're not playing fair, stroking me like that.

[With more affect] Oh Geez. Ahhhhh... my turn, you say? Alright. Just for... just for a little while.

Should I lose the boxers? Yeah.

So... are you going to start at the top? Or at the bottom?

The tip? Do you me(an)... OH! The tip! And working your way down to... Really?

All the way down?

Ahhh... AAAAHHH. Aaahhhh... I see Little Miss Hurry Up wants to go slow now. Just going to kiss and tease the head of my cock, are ya? That's okay... I'm tough; I can take it. Oh GOD that feels good.

[Moans, groans, and gratitude]

Oh no, I lied... I'm sorry ... I can't take it. Harder, Baby... PLEASE... and deeper... oh, oh... yessss.

[Amidst appropriate affect and vocalizations:] The sight of you down there... FUCK!

You feel wha?

You can feel it when I grow thicker in your mouth? Ah, Geez! *Did you like it?*

So damned sexy! Yes. Yees... deeper. AH GEEZ!

[Wordless, whiny panting for a good bit]

I can feel... FUCK that's so tight... Oh God, you're taking me so deep. Yes. Yes. Take all of it. Take my whole... holy SHIT. AAAHHHhhh.

My fingers wrapped in your hair and my cock ALL the way down your throat... it's too good.

Yes... yes... yes... AAAHHHhhh.

Yes, again. AAAHHHhhh.

Please, PLEASE, Pip-Squeak!! It's so damn...

Squeaky? Wha? Why'd you stop? [pant, pant]

I? You? [Steadying breaths] Yes... you told me to quit calling you that.

I. Am. Deeply sorry. Baby. *Baby*

Too late? You witch!

Mmm-hmmm. Wicked.

Oh no? Prove it. Climb up here and put me out of my misery.

That's right, up you go. Straddle me. Mmmmm. Mmm-hmm.

Oh no! Don't you dare try to cover yourself. You keep that shirt draped wide open and let me see all of you. Can you reach that condom over there?

Not yet? What're you?

AAAhhhhh, yes. Wicked. I knew it. You're just going to slide your pussy up and down my shaft like that, eh? Not going to let me inside?

[Amidst appropriate whines and groans:] Ah Geez. *Are you sure you can't go any slower?*

Arghh, you're killing me.

Oh hell yeah, that's incredible.

Mmm... *lean forward a little... I wanna kiss you while you torture me to death.*

[Amidst kissing and with affect:] No. Nobody ever died... from a beautiful woman... giving him... an exquisite pussy job... not yet.

[Kissing]

[With affect, but teasing] Uh-oh... be careful now... my cock almost slipped in on that stroke... *you don't want that to happen now... do you, Baby?*

No... that's right, you want to just keep sliding and grinding that fucking hot pussy on my cock and teasing us both senselesssss...

[Increased affect, desperation:] I'm beginning to wonder who you're teasing more... me... or yourself. All those little noises and moans make me think... look at me... yes, right here... look at me... you're going to come, aren't you?

Does it help if I push back a little? If I grind up on you... *like this?*

Oh God, I can't last much longer like this. Keep looking at me. Faster now... faster. Right here. Let me watch you come for me. That's right.

[Reacting to orgasm] Oh my God, yessss. Shh, shhh... I've got you.

Oh Babe, that was beautiful.

Hey, want another one? *Yes, you can.* I'll slide down a bit, you climb up here.
You heard me... lower that hot, soft pussy down onto my face. Let me taste you some more.
Please, Baby, let me tip you over the edge again. C'mon now... right here...

[Assertive and growly pussy licking with:]

[Assorted encouragements and crude exclamations, albeit muffled and nearly unintelligible, possibly including but not limited to: so good, that's right, hell yeah, oh God, so sexy, keep going, fuck, and fuuuuuuuck.]

[Pussy licking to orgasm] Oh, there you go... that's the way. *Easy now... easy. Shh... shhhh.*

Do you think you can roll over now? Put those pretty curls back on my pillow? Hurry.

[With urgency] Lemme just... Fuck, where's that condom?

{Ripping wrapper}

Sorry, Sweetheart, I've imagined kneeling between your legs like this so many times. Looking down on you now is almost too much. Let's drape your legs over mine, and... I want to see all of you... when I give you... all of me...

[Plenty of panting, straining, groaning]

Look down. Yeah... look. Watch my cock... watch it disappear inside you.

See that? Goddamn sexiest thing I've ever seen. Keep looking.

[Plenty of panting, straining, groaning]

Oh God, yes... keep gripping my shoulders... I don't have... there...

I don't think I can hold on much longer. I need to... I just need...

[Amidst nearly frantic grunts and groans:] I can't... Baby, I can't believe... You're my... You're my...
I'm sorry, I...

[Loud and prolonged climax]

[Calming]

Me? I should be asking you... are YOU okay? Didn't mean to get so, I dunno... carried away. Was I too rough?

No, I know you're not so fragile. You're... Baby, you're so strong. You're incredible. And I... I...

Arghhh, I don't know... I was going to say... something...

[Laughing it off] But I think you scrambled my brains there.

[Deep breath]

Anyway, nothing but love for that old barn door and the milkcrate, but I think having you here in my warm, cozy bed is definitely the way to go. [Chuckles] You, ah... you'll stay with me, right?

Yes... keep the shirt. I'll get you a shopping cart and let you have at my entire closet. Just tell me you'll stay.

[Kissing]

Good. Get some sleep. And in the morning, you'll let me kiss all the spots I missed? Yeah? LOTS of kissing! *Oh yeah... lots of that too.*
