

# AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 220-226

By Breakthebar

## Chapter 220

I ended up following Becca and Cassidy as they walked across the parking lot arm in arm. Wanda smiled at me and dipped her head a little from where she was talking with Heels and Zenya, checking to make sure everything was OK, and I smiled and nodded to let her know it was. That left me open for Ami to come over to me with a look on her face that said she wasn't entirely thrilled with this little excursion, but would go along with things.

"Hey, cutie," I said, reaching out a hand to her.

Ami's smile shifted a little more towards something real as she stepped towards me and took my hand. I squeezed her fingers with mine. "You OK?"

"This just isn't really my scene," Ami said, stepping right to my side.

"I don't think it's anyone here's *scene*," I chuckled. "Well, except maybe Heather. But some of the girls are going to have more fun with it than others. Don't think of it like a strip club though. This is just a private party with a DJ and a bartender."

Amy closed her eyes and took a breath before nodding. "OK, that helps I guess," she said. "But... I'm still not interested in girls. What we did with Leia... that was fun, but it was more like we were sharing you, not doing stuff... together."

"I know, beautiful," I said, pivoting so that I could hug her quickly. "You don't need to do anything you don't want to. And you're a Designated Driver so don't stress. Just relax and hang out."

"OK," she whispered, hugging me back lightly.

"Everything OK?" Leia asked, skipping over to us. She looked cute as hell in her outfit to the point I was worried some drunks inside would think *she* was a stripper.

"Ami?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Ami said. "Just... Can you hang out with me?"

"Sure, hon," Leia smiled, slipping around me and taking Ami's other hand and pulling her towards the building.

I shook my head softly, wondering if maybe this little trip was a bad idea after all. It made sense for the more outgoing girls, sure, but Leia and Ami were the quietest of the group overall. They might have preferred staying back at the boats.

“You have a look on your face,” Cattie said as she walked up behind me. Heather and Ginnie had just past me a few paces over, and they were being followed by Sherry, so I assumed Cattie had slowed down a bit to talk to me.

“It’s nothing,” I said.

Cattie slipped an arm around my waist, pulling me towards the strip club again. “It’s obviously not nothing, Robbie. You’re worrying about something.”

“I’m just in my head, Catherine. That’s all. I’ll be fine.”

She hugged me a little tighter when I used her full first name and rested her head against my shoulder as we walked for a moment. “Worrying is fine in moderation. Sometimes I wish Heather would worry a bit more about the right things. Just don’t forget to have fun, OK? Neither of us are DDing tonight so we are doing *shots*.”

That made me crack a proper smile again. “Alright. Shots it is. What are we drinking?”

“That depends, do you want to go for the Slutty Gambit or just drink tequila?” Cattie asked.

“What’s the ‘Slutty Gambit?’” I asked.

“Well, it’s any shot with a dirty name. So you start with a Pornstar, then you do a Buttery Nipple, then a Blowjob...”

Cattie knew a surprising number of sexual shots.

We were the last to enter the strip club and queued up right behind Heather, Sherry and Ginnie. Heather didn’t even seem to realize it for a few seconds before she noticed that Cattie had her arm around my waist and mine was around Cattie’s shoulder, then she got a sour look for a moment and turned away. That made me want to ask Cattie about what had gone down earlier after the little confrontation on the boat and their shouting argument in their room, but with Heather *right there* it didn’t really feel like the time.

Each of us ended up getting a rectangle drawn on our right hand, segmented into three parts, that the bartender in our private room would fill in as we had our three covered drinks. I foresaw issues in the morning when, or if, the girls got up to do more shoots, but it was too late to say anything now. I also doubted that many of them would be getting up to shoot anyways.

Passing through the vestibule area that held the cover girl and a big bouncer I immediately nicknamed 'Bruce' in my head for some reason, we entered the Strip Club proper and for some reason I felt this calming sense of normalcy wash over me. Not that I was at home at a strip club or anything, but working for a couple of years at a big hotel on the Las Vegas Strip had a certain kind of wear and tear on me. The neon lighting that dominated the space, the smell of the bar that mixed cut citrus with stale, spilt liquor on the floors, and even the spicy-sick smell of sweat, all spoke of the service industry to me. The large space of the strip club proper was lined with booths and tables, the walls mirrored to make the place feel bigger or give different angles to look at the strippers. There was a stage at one end with a runway to a smaller stage with a stripper pole, plus another couple of smaller stages with stripper poles. The smaller ones were currently occupied by two scantily clad women whose movements were hard to follow as my eyes were adjusting to the neon.

We followed the rest of the group, winding through the Strip Club, and my eyes darted around a bit. The place was about half full and there were probably ten strippers and/or waitresses working (it was hard to tell the difference sometimes), but that left a whole bunch of guys looking at the line of hot, dressed-up women snaking through the club.

Thankfully, at least as far as I could see, no one tried to get handsy or approach anyone, though I was pretty sure a quartet of guys currently occupied by a pair of the strippers called something over to the front of our group where Cassidy and Becca were. The only reason I didn't react was mostly because I had no clue what he actually said. The music was pumping loud enough in the main room that I wondered if the waitresses were all trained to lip-read so they could take drink orders.

Becca and Cassidy, followed by Terra and JC and then the rest of us, were escorted down a side hallway, and we piled into a smaller room that I guessed was one of their 'champaign rooms' or whatever they wanted to call it. It had a small stage on one wall with a pair of stripper poles and a mirrored backing, and a bar just beside the door to the space that was occupied by a skinny guy who looked like he was just finishing setting up his workstation. My managerial eye scanned behind the bar quickly and it looked decently clean and organized, so I had no complaints.

"Robbie," Cattie said, pinching my side a little to get my attention. "Relax! We're here, just have fun."

"Shots!" Cassidy said loudly as she approached us, the music at a more reasonable level in here but the chattering of all the folks on the trip filling the room. "You two are doing shots. Wanda! Shots!"

## **Chapter 221**

I was already two drinks in and we'd barely been in our private party room for five minutes.

“Robbie!” Terra said, bouncing over to where I was sitting along the padded bench that ringed two sides of the room. She put a pint of beer in my hand. “Slow down, don’t let these sluts get you blackout drunk.”

“Hey!” Cassidy said, giving Terra a big, playful frown. “I resemble that remark.”

“Doesn’t that mean you are like a slut?” Leia giggled.

“Exactly!” Cassidy laughed and leaned in and kissed my cheek.

“Thanks, Terra,” I said, taking a sip of the beer she’d brought me.

She winked at me and turned around, heading back over to where JC was talking with Heels at the bar. Terra had worn a cute little black pleated tennis skirt that covered just over her ass, leaving her toned legs bare, and a tight yellow corset top that left a gap to show off her stomach along with leaving her shoulders and arms bare. As she walked away her hand drifted behind her and flipped up the back of her skirt playful, flashing me a peek at a butt cheek.

“God, she’s got it bad for you,” Leia said with a chuckle. She was sitting on one side of me, Ami next to her, while Cassidy was on my other side.

“I don’t know,” I sighed. “It’s complicated.”

“Mmm-mm,” Leia shook her head. “Not that complicated. Wanna know how I know?”

“How is that?” I asked.

She leaned in and whispered into my ear as quietly as she could while still being heard over the strip club music. “Because I’ve got it that bad for you,” she said, then kissed my ear.

“You just made him blush,” Cassidy giggled, leaning around me and reaching for Leia’s hand. “What did you say?”

Leia was interrupted from answering as the door to the private room opened and not one but two strippers strutted in to the cheers of most of the ladies in the room. One was a dark-skinned woman of some sort of Latin ethnicity wearing a body netting bodysuit under a neon blue bikini, while the woman who followed was a redhead who had a slender build but a pair of big, fake titties that definitely didn’t match her body but were showcased in a sexy nurse outfit as she carried a tray of shots in syringes.

Soon the shots were being passed around, and Terra started cheering and was soon joined by some of the others as the Latina woman took JC by the hand and led him down the room a bit

to an open space on the bench. JC was blushing and glancing back at Terra, who was gesturing for him to go with it. She'd obviously bought him a lapdance.

I didn't get a chance to see what sort of dance experience JC was going to get because Wanda and Becca came over to our little group, my beer was taken from me and set aside, and my hands were grabbed as I was hauled to my feet. Wanda squirted one of the syringe shots into my mouth and it was sugary and chemical and I realized it was something mixed with an energy drink. Then I was pulled further into the room and the girls were dancing. It wasn't any sort of dirty dancing, or at least not grinding for a long period of time. Leia, Ami and Cassidy had been dragged along, and soon we were all dancing with each other.

Wanda danced with me like she wanted to kiss me, but held herself back. Cassidy distracted her by pulling her away and twirling her, setting them both to laughing. Leia was less sexy and more playful as she smiled serenely in the neon lights and bounced in my hands. Ami stepped into my arms and we spun in a circle, grinning at each other as her feet left the ground while I supported her, and then she collapsed my hands and we swayed at the hips to the beat as we looked into each other's eyes. I lost her to Becca, who pulled Ami into a giggling hug and then playfully tried to pick up her energy by faux-twerking like she was grinding her ass at the Chinese woman. That left me open and I found Terra appearing in my arms, though she was backwards and actually grinding her butt back at me as she put a hand on my hip and lifted another to hook behind my neck, keeping me close. I couldn't help myself and ducked down to kiss the side of her neck, and I could feel her moan through my lips on her neck.

She slipped away almost as fast as she had appeared, and then I found my hands in Becca's as she pulled me from the dancing group into a corner of the room.

"How drunk are you?" she asked me.

"Not super," I said, frowning and blinking. "Why? Is something wrong?"

"No," she said with a grin, reaching up and touching my lips with her thumb as she cupped my jawline. "I just wanted to make sure you weren't going to try and fuck me right here and now when I do this." She pushed me back and I found my ass propping up against the edge of the stage. This lowered me a bit and gave her the space to step between my legs and wrap her arms around my neck, pulling me into a deep kiss as she pressed her chest to mine. It was warm and sweet and it set off little fireworks in my slightly-inebriated mind. Then her lips slipped from mine and she was hugging me hard as she whispered into my ear. "I love you, Robbie. And I don't care who knows it."

"I love you too, Becca," I said, hugging her back. She'd worn a tight pair of black slacks and black shoes with tall, chunky heels, and a black blouse with a deep V of a neckline that showed off her cleavage, over which she wore a bright yellow dress shirt that she left open. I realized, as she pulled back to look at me right before she kissed me again, that she was wearing black

lipstick and purple eyeshadow almost the exact same as Cassidy. And the colour of her dress shirt was the same colour as Terra's corset top.

"God, what are you girls planning?" I said, interrupting her just before she went in for another kiss.

"What?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

I gave her a look. "Becca, you're matching with Terra and Cassidy."

She smirked and she knew I'd caught her. "It's nothing," she said. "We just couldn't all wear ballcaps while we were dressing up, so we decided to try and do some matching to be a team for you. We didn't even get to coordinate with everyone."

I sighed and laughed a little. What was I going to do, complain?

## **Chapter 222**

After a little more kissing, Becca went back to being the 'Adult in Charge' and started cycling through the room. Cassidy immediately came over to me and kissed me.

"Becca looked happy," she said.

"She is," I smiled. "And it's thanks to you."

"No, Tiger," she said. "It's thanks to *you*. I could try my hardest, but if you weren't you then none of this would make sense."

I was going to respond, but I was distracted by the door to the Private Room opening and Heather walked in followed by a new stripper. She was a black woman, on the thick side with a massive pair of tits barely contained by a bra that looked like it might have a cataclysmic failure at any moment. Heather led her through our little crowd to Cattie, who she took by the shoulders and guided to the bench seating - they traded some words, and Heather motioned the stripper over and Cattie started to get a very big booty lapdance.

"I don't think she's Cattie's type," Cassidy snorted as Cattie put on a face that was somewhere between feeling like she should be into it even though she wasn't, and wanting to find any polite way to make it stop.

The woman dancing for Cattie turned around from twerking at her and got up on her lap, pressing her gigantic cleavage into Cattie's face.

I couldn't help it, I snorted a little.

“Oh my God,” Cassidy said, grabbing my hand. At first I thought she was talking about Cattie, but she nodded down to the other end of the room where Heather had backed off to.

And where Heather was now giving Ginnie a lap dance. The skinny girl was laughing as Heather pressed her ass all the way up against Ginnie’s chest, and Ginnie spanked her.

“Did you get a chance to talk to her about this afternoon?” I asked Cassidy.

She shook her head. “Heather or Sherry were always around.”

“Same,” I said, but that made me wonder where Sherry was, and after glancing around I noticed that she was standing at the bar watching Heather and Ginnie, though the flashing party lights and general neon lighting made it hard to read her expression from across the room.

We were interrupted by Leia coming over with my beer from earlier, along with another shot - my third of the night. We did our shots together, and then Leia beamed up at me and I knew she wanted me to kiss her, so I did.

“You’re so lucky,” Leia said to Cassidy, hugging her from the side.

“I know,” Cassidy said, hugging the other woman back. “You’re lucky too.”

“Not as lucky as you,” Leia argued.

“Maybe,” Cassidy said. “But you did spend all afternoon with him and Ami getting frisky.”

“Only *half* frisky,” Leia giggled. God, she was definitely a little tipsy and she was a happy tipsy.

“Well, that just means you weren’t trying hard enough, girl,” Cassidy laughed.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I had a great time and I wouldn’t have traded it for anything else.”

“Really?” Leia asked, beaming her smile at me.

“Really, sunshine,” I said, and leaned down to kiss her again, and I could feel that smile through her lips. Then I turned and kissed Cassidy as well, and could feel her smiling too.

Wanda joined us, and then Ginnie came over after her lapdance from Heather must have ended, and Cassidy and Wanda disappeared. I considered, in my currently hazy state, asking Ginnie about what was going on with Heather but I felt like I’d just bungle it. Leia wanted to dance with us, so I happily obliged and I got sandwiched between the two old friends for a bit, then I got stolen from them by Zenya who was grinning widely and wanted to dance with me for fun. She’d worn a pretty, baggy shirt with long sleeves that had an elasticity part that dipped

down below her leather and chrome zippers skirt, which made me think it was one of those bodysuit tops that stayed in place because it had a crotch on it. That was a good thing, too, because between Zenya's bust and the bagginess of the shirt I thought I was going to get flashed every few moments while we were dancing. She'd worn a black, lace choker on her neck and black fishnet stockings to complete the outfit, and she looked hot as hell as her dyed red hair was super vibrant under the neons.

We were just starting to move from fun 'wedding' dancing to getting a little closer when I had hands take my arms from the side. Becca came in from somewhere and whispered something to Zenya while I was turned and led by both Cassidy and Wanda over to the benches.

"Have fun, Tiger," Cassidy said to me in one ear.

"Try not to come, Tiger," Wanda giggled in the other.

They backed off and a stripper I hadn't seen yet stepped up to me. She was a little short, but her build generally matched her size to be that sort of 'skinny voluptuous' that brought a ton of views on social media. And she was voluptuous, with decent hips and very big tits. Not as grandiosely big like the stripper who had danced for Cattie, but bigger than Zenyas. And considering she was wearing a long-sleeved fishnet top with only pasties in the shape of kissing lips over her areolas, I could see they were very real. She was wearing a tiny schoolgirl kilt and thigh-high socks to finish her outfit, had bright, vibrant pink hair and her makeup was reminiscent of an emo girl from back in Cassidy and my high school days with thick black eyeliner.

She was like a walking porno built from the depths of my brain.

And then, as the song changed and she gave me a confident-but-teasing smirk, she bounced her hips in that move that had become popular on Tiktok, the sides of her tiny kilt bouncing up and down as she raised her arms over her head and stared down at me.

I could see the girls grinning only a few feet behind the stripper. They knew what they had done.

## **Chapter 223**

Trixie, which I would later find out was her stripper name, knew what she was doing. She played me like a fiddle, and she used every part of her to do it. The way her eyes trailed over me. How she switched from that little teasing smirk, to a smile, to a pout. How she flipped her hair or let it fall over her face. Every twitch of her hips, and jiggle of her tits, was designed to please the eye.

And then she started to really get into it. Her ass was juicy and jiggly while still somehow being firm, like a cross between Cattie and Wanda. And she could twerk it like no one I had ever seen before. And to add to that amazing control of her glutes, when she first bent over in front of me

and let the tiny kilt ride up to flash me her thong-covered mound, she had a blinking light from a buttplug flashing between her cheeks.

She sat on my lap and positioned my hands firmly onto her outer thighs, giving me a direct look that said '*Keep them there*' without voicing it, and she wiggled and danced on me. Then, smoothly, she took my hands away and pivoted in my lap to be facing me, straddling me and doing body rolls that pushed her tits closer and closer to my face as she smiled down at me knowingly. Then she sat up tall on her knees and did that little meme hip-flip dance right in front of me.

The song ended, but the lapdance didn't. The girls must have paid for multiple songs. As the next one started, some sort of hip-hop beat, Trixie started to get acrobatic with things. She moved, and I couldn't even follow what she did but all of a sudden her knees were up on the back of the bench seat, she was upside down, and she was bouncing her ass and thong-covered pussy within inches of my face in time with the music. Then she slid lower and was doing the same thing in my lap, my hard cock very obvious in my slacks as she ground down on it and looked over her shoulder at me with that teasing smile. Then she rolled forward and went up into a handstand, turned in place and came back down on me straddling me right way up again and leaning forward, pressing her chest to mine as she ground her ass against my lap like she was riding me.

"So, handsome," she said, leaning close. "You've been a good boy for me, *and* you haven't creamed your pants. I'm curious why I had five different women vetting me to come give you this dance."

That made me chuckle a little. Who was it? Cassidy, obviously, plus Wanda and Becca. Not Leia since she'd been with me when the others weren't, and definitely not Ami. That left Terra and Cattie?

"I'm lucky," I said.

"Lucky is one thing," Trixie said, rolling her body and then speaking in my other ear. "How many of them are you fucking?"

"Consistently? One, my fiancée. She has the purple hair," I said truthfully.

"And inconsistently?" she asked, smirking as she leaned back a little and ran her hands down my front all the way to the bulge in my slacks for a moment.

"Technically five others, and some other stuff with a couple more," I admitted. "All above board."

"If they all wanted to choose, they must really like you. Are you guys poly or something?"

"Or something," I said. "It's... not defined yet."

“Well, lucky or not, you’re cute and polite, and the girls tipped me well. So I’ll give you a choice, handsome. Want to see my tits, or feel my ass?”

That made me blow out a slow breath. My tipsy brain said ass after seeing that buttplug, even if I knew she didn’t mean I could play with it. My other head shouted ‘*Titties!*’ at me from where it was currently being pressured by her weight on my lap. But the part of me that was still functioning with any sort of intelligence, no matter how potentially drunk and horny, backed up my lizard brain.

“I’d love to feel your ass,” I said. “You’re an absolute wet dream, but definitely your ass.”

“Good choice,” she smiled at me, took my hands in her and put them on her hips, then slowly slid them down the back curve of her kilt until I was touching the bare skin of her upper thighs and lower cheeks, and then she lifted them up a but to bring them under her kilt and fully onto her cheeks. I squeezed softly, massaging her booty carefully, and Trixie moaned in my ear. Then she pulled back, looking at me in surprise, and I gave her another squeeze.

I knew what was happening even if she didn’t. The AMA and Cassidy’s perk that she’d bought me made my hands feel extra good to people I touched. *That* was what my still-functioning brain had thought of.

Trixie moaned again and then shook her head, reaching back and taking my hands from her ass and planting them firmly on her waist. “You have good hands,” she said.

“You have an amazing ass,” I countered with a grin.

“Your dance is almost up,” she said. “Anything you’d like?”

“I don’t usually get lap dances,” I said. “It was all pretty amazing, but talking to you was pretty awesome.”

She gave me a look that said she was thankful for the compliment, but knew I was blowing smoke since she’d heard it a hundred times.

“I’m serious,” I said. “You have an absolutely stunning aesthetic, and have a great sexy voice. And you didn’t care about the wild stuff going on with me and my girls.”

“Your girls, huh?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Their words, not mine,” I flushed.

“Well, I’m about to teach *your girls* a few of my basic tricks,” she said. “But when I ask for volunteers, don’t. I guarantee that it’ll go better if you’re not up on stage with me.”

“Alright,” I nodded. “Whatever you say.”

‘Good boy,’ she said, smirking a little again. Then she reached a couple of fingers between the mesh of her fishnet top and peeled one of her pasties aside, flashing me a nipple and she stuck out her tongue a little. “Another reward.”

“Gorgeous,” I said.

“And tasty,” she laughed and winked, putting the pastie back in place.

“What’s your name?” I asked. “I didn’t even get to ask you.”

“Tanya,” she said, then shook her head and her eyes went wide for a moment. “I mean Trixie. Call me Trixie.”

“OK, Trixie,” I said and made a little locking motion and throwing away the key.

“Thanks,” she said and smiled again. “Now I’m gonna go, and you’re going to sit here for a bit until that pipe in your pants calms down a bit, OK?”

“Sounds good,” I laughed.

She slipped off of me, fixing her skirt for a moment as she grinned at me, then turned a strut away with a delicious wiggle to her hips. She went right to Becca and started talking with her, likely about the logistics of her doing her little Lapdance Class, and Cassidy and Wanda quickly came to me. Cassidy sat on my lap and immediately giggled when she felt my hard-on, and she grabbed Wanda’s hand and had her give it a squeeze which made the blonde laugh as well.

“That looked so hot, Tiger,” Cassidy said. “Was she perfect for you or what?”

“Very,” I said. “I can’t believe how teenage-wet-dream she was.”

“Maybe we should get you another dance with her,” Wanda smiled. “See if she can get you to pop.”

“I’d say ‘Challenge Accepted’ but I’d rather get a dance from either of you,” I said.

That made them both grin.

## **Chapter 224**

Trixie finished her coordination with Becca and left the private room for a minute before coming back with the redhead stripper from earlier. She went to a control panel on the wall behind the little bar and turned the music down, and then they both got up on the stage.

“Hello, ladies,” she said. “I hear that y’all want to learn how to slut it up a bit for your partners!”

A bunch of the ladies gave a little cheer.

“Awesome. Well, I’m Trixie and I am a professional Dancer, and this is my friend, Candi,” she said, and Candi waved with a little smile. A bouncer came into the room at that moment and placed a pair of chairs up on the stage with them, and then shifted back out of the room. “Now, since this is a lap dance masterclass, we’re going to need a couple of volunteers to get danced on. Who’s up for it?”

My girls very much wanted me to volunteer, and there was a lot of pointing at me, but Terra had JC raise his hand and he got picked quickly, and then Trixie picked out Heather as well. Soon they were both up on the stage and JC was positioned to be sitting face-on to the group while Heather was side-on.

Thus began what my booze-hazed mind took to be a very informative lesson on the Art of the Lapdance. Trixie and Candi explained the basic concepts, like the tease and the importance of confidence, and they showed some simple moves that the ladies could do before even touching their partner and then basic body rolling and grinding techniques that ended up getting a lot of naughty innuendos thrown around.

The thing was, for all that watching Trixie as she demonstrated things was fun, she had been right. Sitting up on the stage would have gotten me closer to her for a bit, but she was starting and stopping things constantly and it would have taken me farther from the girls. It started slowly, with little touches here or there, but as the lesson went on I could tell the girls were glancing over at me looking a little flushed. Cassidy was, of course, the first to escalate things as she leaned back into me and felt behind herself at my crotch. Then she leaned forward and whispered something to Wanda, who bit her lip and looked back at me, meeting my eyes with a teasing smile. She arched her back a little and stuck her ass back, wagging it slowly as she gave me a little smirk.

Becca was next, sliding around Heels and Leia to stand next to me and without a word she slid a hand into the back pocket of my slacks, cupping my ass cheek and running her fingernails across the fabric of my pockets and briefs in a dulled scratch. I got her back by sliding my hand onto the small of her back and doing the same motion with my fingers.

The one that surprised me the most was Cattie coming over to me and Cassidy and grinning before doing a little body roll as she bit her lower lip. Then she leaned in and whispered something to Cass, who guffawed a little and reached around her and honked Cattie’s butt with both hands, making them both giggle. Cassidy turned and went up on her toes and gave me a

peck on the lips with a little twinkle in her eyes before she slipped off with Cattie as they whispered some more.

That left my front open, and Terra jumped on it, sliding right into the space where Cassidy had been standing including leaning back against me lightly. She even reached back and grabbed my hand, pulling it around to slide it onto her tight stomach between her yellow corset top and her tennis skirt.

“JC will get jealous,” I mumbled quietly to her.

“He can’t take his eyes off Candi’s fake tits,” Terra whispered back, looking back and up at me with a conflicted smile. “And we never talked about stopping our deal, so this is fine.”

I took in a breath and sighed it out, but she felt so *good* standing with me.

“It’s fine, Tiger,” Becca whispered from beside me.

Terra leaned back against me a little heavier, pressing her butt and back flat against me, and giggled a little. She turned to Becca and whispered, “He’s so hard right now.”

“Trixie did it to him,” Becca smirked a little.

“You all did it to me,” I corrected them.

“God I want your cock in my mouth,” Terra whispered, looking back at me again.

All I could do was groan a little bit, trying to keep my head straight. I needed to talk with JC. I wanted Terra. Badly. But he needed a fair chance to fix his shit before Terra and I blew the whole thing up.

And that was how I knew I was drunk. I just assumed that if I said go, Terra would blow up her life for me.

“I need some water,” I said.

“You ok, Tiger?” Becca asked.

“Yeah, yeah,” I nodded, giving her back and Terra’s stomach a little scritch each before I pulled away from them. “Just give me a minute.”

I slipped through the crowd, getting little smiles from Leia, Zenya and Ginnie on my way. Ami, I was a little surprised, was standing right up front near the stage, watching and listening to the tutorial with interest.

At the bar, I asked the guy for water and I downed the glass a second after he handed it to me and asked for another, which he obliged.

“What’s wrong, Tiger?” Cassidy asked me, coming up to me at the bar. It sounded like the tutorial was coming to an end behind me somewhere. “Are you OK?”

“Just feeling the booze hit me a little harder than I expected,” I said. “Too many shots too quickly.”

“OK,” she said. “Just so you know, I think-”

Cassidy didn’t get to finish what she was saying because we were quickly swarmed by the girls as Trixie went behind the bar to turn the music back up. I was getting pulled away from the bar and into the room, and then was pushed down onto the bench seating.

“Cassidy first,” Becca declared.

“First at what?” I asked.

Wanda laughed and grinned at me. “The Lapdance Train.”

## **Chapter 225**

Mine wasn’t the only lap being danced on, and Trixie and Candi had both stuck around to give pointers and some proper lap dances of their own. I didn’t see them happening, but apparently Candi gave JC a good time, and Trixie danced on Sherry until the girl was bright red, and then swapped to finish the song with Heather who she didn’t give the same options as she had me.

The girls were also practising their moves on each other, though there was a lot of giggling and teasing grabass more than sexuality going on.

My little three-foot world, on the other hand, was full of the girls trying their hardest.

Cassidy went first, and she smiled at me shyly for a moment. For all that my fiancée was a sexual dynamo with me, and I felt entirely comfortable with her in any situation, ‘sexy dancing’ had never really been one of her things. But she was game, and with the ladies encouraging her you soon had her putting on a stoic face as she bent and teased, wagging her hips and thrusting out her tits or ass in my direction as she turned around. She climbed up onto the bench, standing, and ran her hands through my hair as she looked down her body to meet my eyes and cracked a smile, then slowly lowered herself down until I was eye-to-chest with her and she pressed her cleavage into my face and had me motorboat her as she broke into a laugh. Then she sat down fully on my lap and did several moderately decent body rolls before leaning in to plant a heavy kiss on my lips.

“No fair, no fair!” Several of the girls called. “No kissing the judge!”

Oh. Apparently, I was judging a competition.

Cassidy dismounted and started a laughing argument with several of the girls, and it was Becca’s turn. Becca had a touch more confidence in herself, or at least she projected it a little better than Cassidy did, but she was about as skilled in the ‘sexy dancing’ sphere as my fiancée. She did, however, take my hands as she slid them up her sides until she cupped them right over her tits and encouraged me to squeeze.

That got some calls of cheating from the group as well, and she was pulled away laughing but leaned back to give me a playful peck on the lips to boot.

Wanda was pushed forward next, and I could tell that she really wanted to play the game but hesitated because she wasn’t sure what lines she wanted to hold.

“It’s OK, gorgeous,” I called over the music to her, trying to assure her she didn’t have to if she thought it was too much, but that seemed to make her want to do it all the more and soon she was sitting on my lap facing out, her perfect ass working in circles as she ground against my hard cock through our clothes. Then she surprised me by standing and strutting in a circle, doing some of the more dancey moves as she flicked her hair back and forth playfully. She brought a heeled foot up and put it on the bench just beside my waist and leaned forward, licking her smiling lips slowly as she unbuttoned the bottom half of her white blouse, pulling it open dramatically and flashing me her red bra before she took the blouse off completely and spun it around her head as the girls all cheered for her. She re-mounted me, bouncing on my lap as she laughed and then stuck out her tongue and licked the tip of my nose.

Wanda was interrupted by Trixie coming in facing us with just one knee up on the bench. “That was really good!” She encouraged Wanda. “But try this…” The dancer gave Wanda a few tips, and soon I had Wanda standing on the bench straddling my legs but facing away from me, leaning forward to keep her balance as she twerked her ass in her skin-tight jeans right in my face.

The girls cheered as she hopped down and Trixie offered her a laughing high-five, and then Wanda kissed me briefly on the lips and winked before she grabbed her shirt and started to put it on again.

“Having fun?” Trixie asked me.

“Maybe too much,” I laughed.

“Well, look out,” she smirked. “Here comes another one.”

Leia was next, followed immediately by Ginnie. Leia used the asset she knew she had and teased me with her ass and her smile, while Ginnie put her tiny little build to use and practically climbed me like a jungle gym, trying to do some of the more acrobatic things she must have seen Trixie doing to me earlier.

I was pretty sure Terra was getting herself ready to go next, as she'd pulled Trixie to the side and was asking her questions while gesturing with her fingers, but in the brief pause between the girls dancing I noticed that Cattie was standing at the bar alone, looking down at the half-finished drink in her hand. A glance around the room showed me the probable reason why - Sherry was sitting on the edge of the stage, and Heather was dancing for her as they were both laughing drunkenly.

Standing up, I went to Trixie and Terra and I put my hands on Terra's waist and leaned over her from behind to kiss her cheek and whisper in her ear, "I need a quick rain check, little elf."

Her eyes went a little wide as she looked at me, and I could tell she hadn't been expecting me to use that pet name. Maybe again, or ever, but definitely not in front of someone.

"OK," she said.

I kissed her forehead, trying to assure her, and then went to Cattie.

"All done the-?" she said when she saw me coming, but I didn't let her finish as I took her drink from her and set it on the bar, then took her by the hands and led her to where I had been sitting. "Robbie, what are you doing?" she asked a little incredulously.

"Well, this is a strip club, so what do you think I'm doing?" I asked her, getting her to sit on the bench.

"Tiger..." she said, but somewhere behind me her girlfriend was doing borderline things with her sister, and she rolled her lips between her teeth and she sucked in a breath through her nose.

A new song hit and I barked a laugh. The irony was almost too much. The choral sing-chanting of Sam Smith's hit *Unholy* started humming through the air, and I rolled my neck to try and loosen myself up.

## **Chapter 226**

I danced. I had no idea if I was good, or sexy. I definitely didn't *feel* sexy, and felt more silly, but I did a bunch of the moves that Trixie and Candi had been teaching. The girls almost immediately were laughing and cheering as I danced for Cattie, who had gone a bright pink from her chest to her eyeballs as she laughed and stared and bit her lip and a range of expressions ran through her.

And I didn't stop at dancing. I could tell that, whether I was doing it well or not, this was something that was distracting Cattie from her relationship circling the bottom of the drain. And God, did I love her and think she was fucking sexy. So no, I didn't stop at dancing.

My shirt went first. I was wearing a button-down, not one of my nicest, so I committed to the bit and did my best Channing Tatum as I danced and ripped my shirt open, buttons popping everywhere as most of the girls, Trixie included, cheered me on. I made eye contact with Cattie as she looked up at me with big eyes and I swooped in close to her, breathing in the smell of her hair as I ran my body an inch from hers, taking her hands and running them over my decently fit torso. I danced a bit more, slipping out of my shirt and tossing it to Cassidy with a wink, who made a face at me while grinning from ear to ear. Then, knocking Cattie's knees a little more open so I could stand between her feet, I reached down and unbuckled my belt.

That got a whole new level of cheering from the girls, and once I'd pulled the belt out of its loops and dropped it to the side, I turned around and sat lightly on Cattie's lap, giving her a small literal lap dance as she giggled from nerves and joy while I did the same. Then I stood up, facing away from her, and undid the button on my pants. I looked up and Cassidy and Becca were clinging to each other and cheering, while Terra and Wanda were doing the same.

*God, what am I doing?* I laughed to myself.

I dropped my pants to my knees and twerked my briefs-covered ass on Cattie's lap.

The cheering hit a fever pitch, and I could feel Cattie laughing and squirming, and then she gave me a spank which brought more cheering from the girls.

Trixie came forward, laughing as much as the others, but quickly stood between me and the door out of the private room and reached down, hauling my pants back up. "Nice job," she said through her chuckles. "You've got promise. But if one of the bouncers sees your pants around your ankles they'll throw you out, private party or not."

I stood from Cattie and quickly pulled my pants up the rest of the way, fastening the button, then turned and took Cattie's hands and pulled her to standing, hugging her tightly.

"Thanks, Tiger," she said into my ear as she squeezed me.

"Love you, Catherine," I said back, kissing her on the cheek.

When we separated I was almost rushed again by the girls, but I managed to hold up my hands to stop them as I looked around and found the person I was looking for.

Ami's eyes went wide as she realized I was stalking towards her. She'd been watching from over by the stage, a slight second-hand embarrassment smile on her lips after watching be sexy

and silly. She froze, not knowing what to do as I walked up to her shirtless in the middle of a private room in a strip club, and I leaned down and scooped her up into my arms as I grinned at her. I carried Ami over to the bench seating and set her down, looking her in her beautiful warm brown eyes as I did it, reassuring her.

And then I did my best to dance for her, too.

If Cattie had been giggling and gone a little pink from the treatment, Ami was completely overwhelmed as she giggled into one hand and tried to keep herself together. Part of me wished I really was like Channing Tatum in that male stripper movie and that I had the skills to throw Ami around a bit.

With so many women I wanted to figure out how to endlessly please, I wondered if maybe I should take some lessons or something.

I ended the dance straddling Ami's lap and facing her, leaning in close as I sat high on my knees so I was looking down at her and blocking out the rest of the room.

"Hi, cutie," I said, running my thumb across her cheek as I smiled down at her.

"Never do that again," she said, her chest heaving a little as she stopped herself from laughing.

"Was I that bad?" I chuckled.

"No, you were pretty good," Ami said. "I just meant never do that to *me* again. In public."

"So, you'd want a repeat performance in private?"

She bit her lower lip, smiling and nodding.

I leaned down a little bit further and kissed the top of her head. When I pulled away and stood up, offering her my hand so she could stand as well, Ami was immediately swarmed by a bunch of the girls as they asked her a million questions, happy that she'd gotten to feel special.

Cassidy found me instead since Ami was more than a little occupied and pulled me away, handing me my shirt. "I think you *might* have ruined that one, Tiger. There's no chance I'm finding all those buttons."

"A worthy sacrifice," I said, putting on a goofy barbarian voice for a moment before I chuckled and slipped the shirt on so I wasn't completely topless.

"You made Cattie really happy," Cassidy said. "And Ami too, but Cattie needed that. You should have seen Heather's face when she realized what was happening."

"I don't want to think about Heather," I said, pulling Cassidy into my arms.

"That's good, Tiger," Cassidy said, hugging me and pressing her cheek to my chest, then kissing my skin. "Now let's get you a drink, yeah?"

"I don't think I need another one, baby," I shook my head.

"Hey," she said, holding up a finger and wagging it under my nose. "I'm the DD, remember? And there's still plenty of girls who are in love or lust with you that want to give you a lapdance, and I'm definitely getting you at *least* one more from Trixie." She paused and slowly smirked a little. "If she were interested, would you want to fuck her?"

"She's a stripper, Cass," I said. "She's not interested, she's doing her job."

"If, Tiger. If," Cass said.

I looked over across the room where Trixie was talking with Becca and Wanda, the three of them occasionally shaking their booties as if she were teaching them something about twerking.

"If," Cassidy repeated herself.

"If she were, it would probably be amazing," I said. "But I've got a lot of plates spinning right now."

"That's all I needed to know," Cassidy smiled, and I could see some sort of plan formulating behind those eyes of hers.

"Don't use the app," I told her quietly.

"I won't," she shook her head, her smile slipping as she looked at me seriously. "I promise."