

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 201-250

By Breakthebar

The following are the compiled chapters of AMA: The Boyfriend, originally written for CHYOA based on the popular Affection Multiplier App metastory created by Fantasy. Enjoy!

Chapter 201

I wasn't ready for JC's request. Well, for the activity, sure. But the fact that he was asking me to fuck his girlfriend so directly was weird. But then, so was his whole situation. He'd been looped into a weird porno scene of an encounter with me and the Cop lady. He was adjacent to the effects of the App just like the rest of us.

"Um," I said. "Does Terra know you're asking this?"

"No," JC shook his head. "I mean, I know she's been thinking about hooking up with you under the agreement we have; that came up when we've been talking since the thing happened. But she doesn't know that I want you to go, like, all the way with her and not just limit it to oral or butt stuff if she decided she wanted that."

"OK, well the first thing that needs to happen is you need to tell her that this is what you want," I said. "Look, JC, I know this is fucking weird and probably not a great feeling to talk about. I can't imagine the position you're in with this. But you're not wanting me to like... surprise or pressure her into vaginal sex, right?"

"No!" JC said. "Oh, God no. That's not what I meant. You're right, I'll tell her that this is what I want. It's all about us getting back to normal again. I fucked up, so she should get to do the same thing."

I had to rub my forehead as I processed everything he was saying. It felt like twisted logic, but he was basically trying to do the same thing that Cassidy was. "Alright," I finally said. "Yeah. If it's what Terra wants, I'll do whatever."

"Good, OK," he nodded, looking for all the world like he was both relieved and under more pressure at the same time. "Just, like, make it good. She should enjoy herself."

"Dude, please. Just... go tell her. We can do it whenever she wants," I said.

"Right, right," he nodded. "OK, I'll go tell her."

"You *are* OK with this, right?" I asked.

"Yes," he nodded definitively, though I could tell that while he was *sure* he wasn't *happy*. Not that I could blame him for that.

He left, and not thirty seconds later Cassidy was coming back into the room to join me. "What was that about?" she asked. "JC looked like he was going to shit himself or something."

"He wants me to have sex with Terra so they can be even," I said. "And he decided to talk to me about it before talking to her."

"Oh, that boy needs to grow up," Cassidy sighed. She'd sat down next to me and now rested her head on my shoulder. "You did say yes, right? Terra wants you pretty bad."

I snorted a little and nodded. "Yes, Cass, I said yes."

"Good," she said with a smile and turned her face so she could kiss my shoulder. "And yes, I know this is all weird, but I promise I didn't do anything with the App."

"I know," I said with a sigh. "The Terra and JC stuff feels like it's been a long brew, knowing more about it."

"Same with Wanda and Brodi," Cassidy said. "And Cattie and Heather."

"That's the part that makes me suspicious," I said. "It's all too... convenient."

"You think the App has been doing it for a long time?"

"I really don't know."

She frowned a little and nodded. "What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess... I want this with Terra too, so nothing."

"OK, Tiger," she whispered. "I hope you have fun. I know she will. Just make her feel like you make all of us feel and she'll love you for it."

"That's not the point of this, Cass," I said.

"I know," she quirked a little smile. "But if you really want to give her everything she deserves, you'll do it anyways."

"You're such trouble," I grunted.

“Your trouble,” she corrected. “All yours.”

“All mine,” I agreed, wrapping my arm around her and pulling her into a hug.

It didn’t take long. Cassidy and I were sitting and talking quietly when there was a knock at our door and Terra stepped through, folding her arms over her chest and leaning against the wall. “So I hear my boyfriend has decided to pimp me out,” she said.

“You know it’s not like that,” I said.

“I know,” she rolled her eyes with a little smile. “Still, it’s weird.”

“Good weird, though,” Cassidy said, standing up and going over to Terra and wrapping the shorter woman up in a hug. “Have fun with him. You deserve it.”

“Thanks, babe,” Terra said, hugging her back firmly. “Anything I shouldn’t do with him?”

“No leaving marks,” Cassidy said, grinning over at me. “He’s my beautiful Tiger. And if you know what’s good for you, you’ll let him absolutely ravage you.”

Terra snickered a little. “OK. Seriously, thank you, babe.”

“I know,” Cassidy said, then leaned down and gave Terra a little peck on the cheek. Not romantic or sexual, just purely a sign of affection between them. She shot me one more wink over her shoulder and then bit her lower lip as she backed out of the cabin and shut the door behind her.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hi,” Terra said, giving me a similar look as Cass had just given me as she hesitated over by the wall.

“Come here,” I said, patting the bed next to me. I shifted so I had one leg curled up on the bed, and she mirrored me as she sat next to me so we could face each other. Terra was this gorgeous little package, though it was more than her super fit body. “I know we’ve been circling around this a lot,” I said. “And we’ve done a lot of talking. JC told me he wants - well, he needs you to feel equal with him, so he wants me to fuck you every way you want including vaginal. Is that what he told you?”

“Yeah,” Terra said, shaking her head as she glanced back at the door. “I- I wasn’t expecting him to say that. It’s a step, I think, though I honestly don’t know how I feel about it. Don’t get me wrong; I want this, Robbie. *God*, do I want this. I mean seriously, you’ve been turning me on since the first day and it just keeps building more and more the longer I know you and Cass. JC

fucking up with stuff isn't the cause of this - I was going to jump you sometime in the next 24 hours pretty much no matter what."

"I feel the same way about you, Terra," I said. "I mean, you might be an adorable, sexy beast of a woman, but the way you are with the other girls, and stand up for yourself, and how understanding you are of nuanced or hard situations... you are really fucking attractive."

"Thanks," she said, smiling a little shyly. "Can I kiss you?"

"You never asked before, really," I chuckled a little.

"We weren't this close to going all the way before," Terra said. "And now that it's real I'm a little nervous, OK?"

I leaned in and she came forward to meet me, kissing me sweetly. We'd already had a lot of different kisses. Deep and hot, passionate and fiery, and little pecks that were friendly or teasing. This sat somewhere in the middle of all of that. No tongue, our lips slowly working but not getting sloppy. No other parts of our bodies were touching except for her knee rocking forward a little to bump mine.

She pulled away with a satisfied smile on her thin, playful lips and her eyes were twinkling a little. "I want you so fucking bad, Tiger," she said.

"Tell me more," I said. "Because I know what I want to do to you, but what you want is more important."

"Everything," she said. "I want everything you have. I want to feel like you make Becca and Wanda feel. That's what I want right now."

"Funny. That's what Cassidy said I should do," I said.

"Then what are you waiting for, Tiger?" Terra asked me. "Ravage me."

Chapter 202

I kissed Terra again, and this time we both put more into it. We'd kissed like this before, but it had always had that little bit of holding back because we knew we weren't pushing further. Now we knew for certain that we were, and I found her to be hungry for it.

Pulling away when it felt natural and shifting, I straddled her legs and she let me guide her back down onto the bed as she looked up at me.

"It's not just about big rough sex," I said softly. "It's also about blunt, honest communication. You've given me hints at the sort of stuff you like, but I need to hear you say it plainly or else I'll be second-guessing or testing the waters the whole time. So you, my little elf, are going to need to be blunt. What do you want to happen here?"

"Little elf?" she asked me with a smirk.

"It felt natural," I laughed, leaning down to kiss her. She raised her hands, sliding them up my chest to my neck and holding me softly to stop me from pulling away as we made out.

"I kinda like it," she said when I pulled away. "It's cute without being weird like calling me 'kitten' or something."

"Then, just between us, that's what you are," I said, nuzzling my lips along her jawline and kissing down to her neck. "Now, tell me what you want. Oral?"

"Please," she nodded.

"Giving and receiving?"

"Obviously."

"Vaginal?" I asked. "JC says he wants you to feel even, but if you want to hold to your agreement that's fine with me."

"Fuck that," Terra said, almost purring in her chest as I spoke softly and kissed her neck. "I want you up inside me and stirring my guts, Tiger. The only thing is you can't cum inside me; I use condoms with JC, but I know you've been going bareback with the others and I want to feel that too. I just can't take birth control because it makes me bloaty and fucks with my hormones."

"OK," I said, pulling my lips from her and looking her in the eye. "If that's how you want to handle it, I promise to pull out."

"I trust you," she said with a grin and then tilted her chin in the opposite direction it had been to offer me the other side of her neck.

I laughed and went in, kissing her there. "What about anal? Now that your pretty little pussy is on the menu we don't need to do that."

"No way," Terra groaned. "I've been fantasizing about you fucking my little booty for days. Just cause I usually don't go for that doesn't mean I'm not interested in it with you, Tiger. From what I hear you're very good at making it feel great."

"Oh yeah?" I asked with a smile. "And who told you that?"

"Wanda for one," Terra groaned. "Cassidy. Becca says she's probably going to do it with you too."

That made me press my forehead down to her shoulder and sigh out a chuckle. "This whole thing is—"

"Hot," Terra said, lifting my chin up with two fingers to meet her gaze. "It's hot, Robbie. You're a cute guy, and fit even if you aren't muscley. But it's the way you treat Cassidy and everyone around you that is super fucking attractive. Maybe that says something about the people us models and influencers are usually around or something about how we are, but you are like a breath of fresh fucking air."

"Hot," I agreed with her. "So, we're doing it all, then."

She nodded with that little closed-lip grin of hers.

"And what about style and vibe?" I asked. "When you were showing me that position you hinted you like it firm and a little rough."

"I want you to fuck me like you know you aren't going to break me," Terra said. "Seriously. I'm a tough girl. I can handle whatever you can dish out. The thing you have going with Wanda is hot, but I'm not into the 'being your toy' thing. I want..." she hesitated and I waited for her to think of the words she wanted to use. "I want to feel like you're the man and I'm the woman, but that we're equals. I want equal time on top and in charge. I want to fuck *you* too, Tiger."

"OK," I said with a grin of my own. "That all?"

"For now," Terra said.

"Then I think we're both a little overdressed, my little elf," I said. "And I want to get my lips on those perfect little nipples of yours."

Terra bit her lower lip as she grinned and then raised her arms over her head on the bed for me so that I could lift her tank top up her torso and over her head. Disrobing Terra was like watching

an infomercial for the latest exercise machine - her stomach was a tight little bundle of softly defined abs, but as she breathed in and out and her diaphragm worked they flexed and became more prominent. Then her chest appeared and her cute, puffy little areolas and nipples were there. She really had almost no tits to speak of outside of her nipples, but it all seemed so natural on her and I bent my lips down to the left one and softly wrapped them wide around her boob area, slowly licking with a fat, flat tongue over the nipple itself and feeling that soft, tender flesh flush and stiffen. Then I palmed the other one, starting to massage her chest, as I used my other hand to pull her shirt up over her head but not all the way.

When the collar of her tank top caught on Terra's nose I grinned and stopped, letting go of her boob and pressing the shirt down on either side of her head, keeping her nose and eyes covered as I leaned down and kissed her.

"Mmmff," she groaned, grinning into the kiss. We made out like that for a couple of minutes, her eyes robbed of sight, and she made no move to pull off the shirt when I let go of it and went back to massaging her chest as we made out.

"God, I love the way you kiss me," I whispered to her, then kissed down her jaw to her ear. "You are so fucking sexy, Terra. My sexy as hell little elf."

"I could do this forever," she said happily, turning her neck to kiss the side of my face blindly.

"Oh, yeah?" I grinned. "So we should just stop here."

"Don't you fucking tease me, dude," Terra said, reaching up and pulling the shirt off of her completely so that I could see her pretty hazel eyes glaring up at me. "If you aren't busy getting me naked, I'm going to get you naked."

"Deal," I chuckled and kissed her again.

Chapter 203

I kissed my way from Terra's lips down to her chest, and then lower down her abdomen as I nuzzled against her abs and growled appreciatively.

"You like that, Tiger?" Terra asked huskily. "You like seeing how fit I am?"

I scraped my teeth softly across her abs and looked up at her as I rested my chin against her pubic mound under her shorts. "I think you are absolutely amazing," I told her honestly. She grinned, her eyes softening at the compliment. I went back to what I was doing and hooked my fingers in the waistband of her tight cotton shorts and the panties underneath and slowly pulled them down until her little mound was showing but not her actual pussy lips. Terra had a tuft of closely trimmed pubic hair, barely more than the five o'clock shadow I had on my cheeks, undoubtedly to make sure her bikinis didn't show anything for the athletic wear photoshoots she did. I nuzzled my nose against that rough little patch of hair and breathed in deeply. "God you smell good."

"You fucking tease," she groaned, reaching down and running her fingers through my hair.

I pressed my lips to her mound and softly sucked, teasing my tongue along her pubes, and she let out a long, soft moan. "I'll tease you until you're fit to burst, little elf," I told her with a smirk. But I didn't push it and instead I rolled her shorts and panties down a bit more, revealing her pussy.

For how tight the rest of her body was, I was sort of surprised at how puffy her labia were. Terra had such a low body fat percentage that seeing soft, fleshy lips between her legs almost felt wrong. But they were already a little flushed and God did they look pretty. I softly lowered my lips to them and gave her the barest of a kiss. "Terra?" I asked.

"Mhmm?" she hummed.

"You are so fucking beautiful."

"Thanks, Tiger," she said softly.

I pulled the shorts off of her the rest of the way, taking a moment to kiss her ankle as I did it, and then she let me slowly spread her legs as I got between them. Instead of going to town on her, I actually crawled up her body and hovered over her so I could kiss her again.

"I'm going to spend a lot of time down there now," I said. "So here's what I want. I want you to feel free to touch your pretty nipples as much as you want, and I want you to tell me exactly what you want as I enjoy eating you out until your toes are curling and your eyes are watering. What I don't want you to do is orgasm. You get to be in control, but I say when you cum. Got it?"

“Deal,” she whispered with a little smirk.

I kissed her again and she held onto my tank top to keep me there for a bit, then I quickly slithered back down her body and came face to face with Terra’s pussy. I kissed her thigh, then turned and nipped softly at the other one, catching her skin between my teeth and grinning as I looked up at her. Then I kissed her lower, closer towards her pussy, then switched legs again and kissed right next to her pussy.

Then I softly breathed on her lips, and they flushed a little more, and I gently kissed the left one. Then the right one.

I could see Terra’s core flexing with each touch and tease. Her ass would flex, her asshole and pussy would contract, and her abdomen would wiggle as her diaphragm and abs quivered. Then I started kissing her more firmly and adding in little bits of tongue. She let me take things slow, building her up brick by brick. I teased and tasted. I gave her little samples of techniques as I enjoyed figuring out how to play her like a musician with a high-end guitar. I hadn’t been able to do this with Becca that first time since we’d been on a time limit, and with Wanda it had almost been the opposite as Cassidy had directed her to worship my cock. With Cattie and Leia, it had been a little more standard, a little more overeager. We didn’t take our time so much.

Now it was my time to do some worshipping.

As I settled in, starting to make love to her pussy with my mouth as I pressed my palms to her thighs to spread her open a little bit more this way or that, Terra groaned and slowly began to pinch and massage her nipples. Then she mewled a little, taking in deep breaths, and then finally started to give me some direction. She was cautious about it at first but quickly became confident as I responded to everything she said enthusiastically. That was when I really got to taste her as Terra started to softly leak her inner juices.

I added fingers next, moving my hands lower down her thighs, and gently ran my thumb over her puffy, flushed labia before pulling the lip over and exposing her perfect little opening to me.

“Fuck, Terra,” I sighed as I looked at that perfect pink hole. “You are- God, I don’t even know. Angelicly perfect.”

“I thought I was your little elf,” she whispered teasingly as she watched me lean in and tease my tongue along her hole.

“I might need to change that to angel,” I told her.

She shook her head, “I kind of like elf. Lots of guys call their girls angels, but how many use elf?”

“Elf it is,” I murmured and then spread her other lip open with my other thumb and I began to massage that soft interior of her cunt with my tongue, teasing around the edge of her hole and then up to just under her clit.

I eventually progressed to tonguefucking her, but Terra preferred external stimuli with my tongue more so I swapped and slowly pressed a finger into her as I went back to what I had been doing before. She groaned happily, her cunt softly accepting my finger before clamping down on it and her internal muscles sort of pulled on it.

“You’re doing that on purpose,” I smirked.

“Maybe,” Terra grinned. “Want to put your cock in there now?”

“Definitely,” I laughed and kissed her thigh. “But not quite yet.”

I fingered her slowly and teased around her cunt until she was quivering, then slowly added a second finger that had her making those mewling sounds again.

“Please, Tiger,” she gasped. “I’m close. Just do that thing with my clit again, and- Mmmmggg, so close.”

“Not yet, little elf,” I said, pulling back my lips from her and stilling my fingers.

“Mmmmm!” she hummed in a frustrated protest. “Why not?”

“Because, baby,” I said. “I’m not done down here.”

I pulled my fingers from her and put a hand on each of her thighs and pushed them back. Terra was probably the most flexible of the girls on the trip other than maybe Ami, so she took the movement easily as her legs spread into a bit of a split and her hips tilted, bringing her glistening pussy into a more upwards-facing position.

“What now, then?” Terra asked. “You had me on the fucking edge, Tiger.”

“Now I do this,” I said and lowered my lips to her more fully exposed ass cheek, kissing the cleavage of it and then nuzzling deeper and kissing the other cheek as I brought my lips towards her asshole.

“Oh!” Terra gulped, reaching down towards me with her hand landing on her pussy.

“No touching yourself there, little elf,” I ordered her, pulling her hand away. “Nipples only for you.”

“OK,” she squeaked, and her right eye twitched heavily as I pressed my tongue against the pretty little butthole that she’d sent me a picture of the day before.

Chapter 204

“Fuck, Tiger... God, Robbie, I’m so- Fuuuuck, I can’t...”

I smirked to myself a little as Terra shuddered and quivered. After a good half hour of teasing and tasting, testing and getting her directions, I was playing her like a marionette. I had the middle finger of one hand in her ass up to the second knuckle, the thumb of my other hand inside of her clenching pussy and pressing up on the area of her G-spot, while I used my forefinger to brush hard over and over across her little clit hood. This contraption of hand and arm positions meant I couldn’t easily get my lips and tongue involved, but it did let me loom over Terra and watch her reactions.

“Please, Robbie- I’m- Uunnnngh, you’re so fucking– Holy shit balls, dude, just-” She hiccuped hard, interrupting herself, and her body lurched but she clenched down and her body flexed as she kept herself from losing herself in an orgasm.

“So you think you’re ready?” I asked with a teasing little smirk.

“I’ve been ready for ten fucking minutes, you glorious prick!” Terra shout-whispered, glaring up at me. Her hands were pressed to the sheets of the bed and she was clawing at them - she’d given up on teasing her little tits with all of the overwhelming stimulation she was getting from me.

“What’s four plus four?” I asked her.

“Eight?”

“Who wrote Romeo and Juliet?”

“Shakespeare,” Terra grunted.

“Well, I think you can go a little longer,” I said and wiggled my middle finger in her ass and pulled it out a bit before starting to press my ring finger inside of her as well.

“Hooooly mother full of fucking grace!” Terra moaned.

“You grew up Catholic?” I asked.

“What?” she asked.

“You just- you know what, never mind,” I smirked, working and wiggling the second finger into her ass until they were both in to the second knuckle. I rubbed on her clit a bit more, wiggled my thumb against her G-spot, and then asked her again. “Ready now?”

“Mmmf!” she exhaled, slapping an arm across her mouth to stop from screaming.

“Count down from ten,” I told her.

“Ten,” she mumbled against her arm. “N-nine. Eight. Ssssssseven. Six. Four-”

“You missed five, start over,” I told her.

“Fuck! Ten!” she grunted. “Nineeightsevensixfivefourthree-”

“Stop,” I ordered her. “Whose going to fuck these gorgeous, beautiful, perfect little holes raw, little elf?”

“You are, Tiger,” she groaned. “God, please get your cock in me. Fuck me full. Fuck my ass. I want it so fuckinnnnnnngggg-” She winced, holding back another uprising of her orgasm.

“Tell me where you want me to come when I’m done with you,” I told her.

“All over my face. I want to feel it all over my face,” she whimpered. “I want to be a little fucking slut and feel my holes aching after you ream them and have your hot cum all over my face like your little whore.”

“Come for me, Terra,” I said.

She released her hold and her whole body melted just for a moment into the sheets as she relaxed, and then her body rolled as her orgasm swept through her like a wave from her feet to her head. Her toes clenched in the sheets, her knees and thighs flexed and shot her hips upward, dragging my teasing fingers with them. Her upper body arched, her abs stretching as her shoulders remained pinned to the bed and her eyes squeezed closed.

And God did she come. She’d already been leaking heavily, and now she let out a wash of girlcum that splashed against my hands and wrists and began dripping down onto the sheets like a blocked and overwhelmed house gutter.

I didn’t stop teasing her with my forefinger on her clit, and I even managed to wiggle my fingers in her tight little ass as she exploded with a second wave of ejaculate, humping her hips up and down in the air.

She was moaning and heaving wordlessly, muffling herself with her arm, and I almost worried she was going to break her own skin as she bit down. Then, with one last little aftershock that jerked her hips, her body collapsed back to the bed with a soft squelch of her butt on the wetness beneath her.

I softly, carefully pulled my fingers from her and wiped the butt ones off on my shorts as I climbed up the bed and laid down next to her, cradling Terra's face with my hands as she stayed out of it a little bit and then slowly started blinking herself back to conscious thought.

"Holy mother fuck," she hoarsely grunted.

I chuckled and kissed her cheek softly. "That was a pretty good one."

"That was fucking mind-blowing, you cock," Terra laughed breathlessly. "That was- Fuck, that was life-changing. I was so mad at you for making me wait, and at myself for agreeing to it. And when you asked me those questions I was like, 'What the fucking hell!' and then stopping me counting down. Fuck! You're a cruel bastard, Robbie."

"Was it fun?" I asked.

"Fuck, yes," Terra said with a grin.

"Want to go again?" I asked.

"I don't think my body could handle that more than once a week, maybe once a month," she said. "Did I squirt? I've never squirted before."

"A lot, actually," I said. "It was hot."

Terra carefully reached between her legs and felt at her pussy. "Fuck, after an orgasm like that, I feel like I should be like... swollen and fucked out. But I'm so fucking good to go." Then she lifted her fingers to her lips and tasted herself. "Huh, not bad."

"Pretty tasty," I said and kissed her cheek again.

"You know, you spoil a girl with all these compliments," she said. "Don't put me up on a pedestal."

"I wouldn't dream of it, little elf," I smiled.

"Good, because this little elf is going to get even sluttier than she already is," Terra said, shifting and then getting up on her knees. "Stand up, Tiger. Let me at that cock."

I chuckled and followed her directions and soon I was standing next to the bed as she knelt on it. She stood high on her knees to kiss me and we made out like that, and she urged me to take off my shirt. I did so and she gave me a teasing look as she started doing what I'd done to her, kissing her way down my body. She even teased my nipples with her lips and then scraped her teeth along my stomach down to the waistband of my shorts.

“I’m going to be honest here, Robbie,” Terra said. “I don’t think I’m going to be able to go as long blowing you as you did eating me. I’m going to want this cock in me very, very soon.”

“I don’t mind that at all,” I said, running my fingers through her dark golden hair.

“Good,” Terra said, then chewed on the inside of her lip and looked down at the rock-hard bulge that was pressing out towards her. “Now let’s finally say hello to this rocket in your pocket that we’ve been teasing all week.”

Chapter 205

A soft push, a squeeze and release, a gasp. A grunt.

“Fucking hell, duuuude,” Terra moaned into my ear.

Terra’s blowjob had been even faster than I think she had planned. When she’d dropped my shorts and seen my Speedo she’d guffawed a little, but in a way that said it was a happy surprise. Then she’d peeled the stretchy Speedo down and my cock had practically burst out of it like a spring. She’d slurped her way around the head and then tried to take me in her mouth but she didn’t get very far. It turned out Terra had a bit of a small mouth and wasn’t a deepthroater. She still had fun with it, teasing me and letting me know with her eyes and her wordless, open-mouthed grunts and moans that she very much appreciated the tool she was working with. Then she’d tilted my cock up and quickly began kissing and licking at my balls, peering up at me from around my shaft. One more long lick from base to tip had finished it off and she’d dropped back down onto her butt at the edge of the bed and spread her legs.

I was inside of her now. It hadn’t taken much. She was leaning back on her elbows and I was looming over her as I braced with my hands on either side of her and kissed her slowly, our lips and tongues slowly dancing as we sat with about half of me inside of her.

“You feel so fucking good in me,” Terra groaned. “God, I’ve wanted this.”

“You’ve wanted this? What about me?” I teased her. “You’ve been riling me up all week.”

“Don’t start with me,” she giggled softly. “You’ve been a little man whore and gotten off plenty.”

“Fair,” I laughed and kissed her again, and then followed her down as she let herself fall to the bed. She spread one leg up a little further, making more room for me, and I slid deeper into her.

“Holy fuck, Tiger,” she grunted. “God, when I said I wanted to feel you stirring up my guts I wasn’t being literal.”

“Need to me stop?” I asked with a touch of concern.

“No. God, no,” she said. “Give me all of it, I just feel like you might start poking out my throat and you’ll be kissing your own cock.”

I snorted at the visual she’d come up with and shook my head. Then I slowly pulled out about an inch and then pressed forward until my pubic bone was pressed against her mound.

“God, you’re amazing,” I said softly. I was on top of her and she was arching her back a little to press her small, lithe body up at me and getting as much skin-to-skin contact as she could.

“Get your hands on me,” she requested, and I let her move them where she wanted with one on her hip and the other up under her arm right by her tit. “Fuck, I love how your hands are so fucking warm they almost make me tingle.”

“I love how you feel on my fingers,” I said. “You take such good care of yourself, Terra. You impress me so much.”

She smiled at the compliment and kissed me, and I let my hand on her slip under her to her ass. She groaned happily, and I began to slowly stroke in and out of her. On every out-stroke I could feel her core muscles flex and her cunt cling to me.

“You naughty little elf,” I groaned, making her laugh. “OK. Here’s the deal. I really want to make love to you, but you and I both know we like it a little rough. Which do you want?”

“That’s not a fair question,” Terra moaned. “I want both.”

“Which do you want right now?” I asked.

She thought for a moment, or maybe got distracted by my cock sliding in and out of her, then opened her hazel eyes and looked up at me. “Fuck me, Tiger.”

I thrust into her hard, making her body bounce a bit under me, and her grin turned a little feral as she shifted her hands to hold me by my shoulders.

We started firm and only got harder from there. In missionary I was able to lift Terra’s ass off the mattress almost effortlessly and use her like a sex toy, fucking her hard and fast as she fucked back at me with her hips. This made even her nearly non-existent tits bounce a little with the fervour we were going at each other and I ended up grabbing them both, pinching her nipples between my thumbs and fingers. Terra dropped her jaw and groaned loudly, and I let go of one of her boobs and put my thumb at her mouth and she took it in, sucking lewdly to mute herself.

By the time we switched positions I was dripping sweat onto her and Terra was covered in a sheen of her own. We rolled over and I was sitting on the edge of the bed with Terra riding me, and boy did she ride me. I wouldn’t have been surprised if she was a horse girl early in life, or at least in a past life, cause she bounced and swivelled her hips like she’d been breaking broncos for a living. She grinned down at me feral as we fucked like that, and then she shifted the position of her legs so that she was up on her toes braced on the very edge of the mattress and leaned back, her hands on my knees as she spread her legs apart giving me a hot as hell look at where I was piercing into her. Once she was balanced she shifted to bracing with just one arm, reaching her other hand down to spread her puffy cunt lips to show me her clit and an even deeper view of me inside her.

“Like what you see, Tiger?” she asked. “Cause God do I love your fucking cock in that little hole.”

“So much,” I grunted, then spit on my thumb and lowered it to her bare clit and softly diddled it. Terra moaned and started circling her hips, grinding me inside of her as I worked her all the way up and into an orgasm. It wasn’t nearly as big as the one from earlier, but to her surprise she released a little wave of girlcum around my cock as she went off. It was barely enough to drip even once onto the floor, but still more than she expected.

“Guess you opened the faucet and now it’s leaky,” she grinned when she came down.

“You know, you and Cassidy have the filthiest minds,” I laughed.

“That’s why we work so well together,” Terra grinned. “Now take me from behind, Tiger. Mount me and fuck the living hell out of me.”

“Gladly, my little elf,” I said.

She scrambled off of me and got up on her hands and knees on the bed, and I was quickly inside of her and thrusting hard. I wrapped my arms around her chest, pulling her up into a higher sitting position and started roughly kissing on the side of her neck as we slammed our hips together and her ass smacked against my pelvis.

“I’m going to come soon,” I told her. “But there’s no way I’m going to be finished with you.”

“Good,” Terra groaned. “Cause I can go all afternoon, Tiger.”

“I still need to fuck that ass, too.”

“Can’t wait,” Terra grunted. “God, you’re a fucking beast. Fuck, I want your cum so bad. I want to feel it explode in me, but we can’t do that. Can you hold out, Robbie? Can you wait until you pull out so I can feel it all over my face and tongue instead?”

“Don’t tempt fate or tease me, Terra,” I growled.

“Sorry, Tiger. I won’t tease you with my little unprotected pussy that you’re carving your Goddamn fucking name into.”

“Do you have a breeding fetish or something?” I asked.

“... I didn’t think so,” Terra barked a sweaty, somewhat delirious laugh.

I pulled out of her and manhandled her onto her back, and I got up on one knee over her and started stroking my cock.

“Do it, Tiger. I can’t have you breed me, so I want it all over my face. Cover me. I want to taste it everywhere. I want to choke on it. Please, Tiger. Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me.” Terra reached down and started fondling my balls as she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

“Here it comes,” I groaned. “Fuck, you’re so fucking gorgeous.’

She smiled, even with her mouth open and tongue out, and I released as my arms and legs twitched and flexed and I went a little light-headed with each shot of burning seed out of my balls. The first rope hit the tip of her nose, smeared across her forehead and into her hairline. The next one went onto her cheek and down the side of her face. The third and fourth landed lower, hitting her tongue but bridging over her open mouth to her upper lip and nose. She was humming happily as she got her first taste. Then I groaned and three more big oozes of cum fell from my cock, each one dropping and landing on her face, only the very last dropping right into her mouth. She got her lips on the head of my cock and slurped the last dregs out of it like a straw.

“Fu-hu-huck,” I groaned as the orgasm filtered out of me.

“Fuck, that’s so fucking hot, Tiger,” Terra moaned. “And you taste so- Oh!”

I had dismounted from straddling her and gotten her legs open and slammed my cock back into her.

“Holy- Fuck- Robbie!” She yelped in pleasure as I thrust into her hard. I buried as deep as I could get and sucked in a massive breath before letting it out.

“I’m not stopping,” I said.

“Good, Tiger,” Terra grinned. “I don’t want you to. Fuck me like your little elf whore that I am. Fuck me until you’re hard as a rock again, and then fuck my ass.”

Chapter 206

“Just hold on,” Terra grunted, gritting her teeth as she squeezed her eyes closed in concentration.

“We don’t-”

“Shut the fuck up, Tiger,” Terra said. Then she bit her lower lip and sat down a little more and the head of my cock slid into her ass. “Fffffffuh-”

“Holy,” I grunted.

I’d had anal sex with Cassidy, and now with Wanda as well. It was a different experience from vaginal even if the mechanics were generally the same. Put it in the hole, let the hole adapt, and push it in and out of the hole a bunch because it feels good. Anal needed more time and commitment, sure, but still.

Terra’s ass was another level of tightness.

“It’s fine,” she grunted. “It’s fine, it’s fine.”

“Terra, baby,” I groaned. “Just let me get some lube.”

“From where? You said you and Cass didn’t bring any,” she gasped.

The two of us had decided that she should be on top to start. I’d fucked her just like she’d wanted - until I was rock hard again. And when I pulled out of her pretty little pussy I’d had her slick juices on my cock and she’d deemed it ‘probably enough.’ Now I was laying on my back on the bed and she was up on one knee, straddling my waist as her entire body seemed to be into the act of breathing deeply as her diaphragm roiled her taught belly and her shoulders rose and fell. I couldn’t see where I was entering her, though I did have a great view of her pussy and the rest of her, but I could definitely feel it.

“I’ll text Cattie,” I said. “She probably has some she’d let us borrow.”

“Fuck,” Terra groaned. “OK. OK. I thought it would be enough after you had two fingers in there so easy. Guess your cock is even fatter than I thought.”

“Gee, thanks,” I chuckled.

“Don’t!” she hissed. “God, don’t laugh. That made it wiggle in my ass.”

That just made me want to giggle more and I almost gave myself a hernia suppressing it. I already had my hands on Terra's hips to help steady her and now I took her more firmly in my grip. "Ready to come off?"

"No," she said. "Dude, fuck, I wanted to just do this. Lube wasn't in my daydreams."

"Terra, honey, you are so fucking tight I think you could snap a pencil with your asshole, let alone those amazing, muscled cheeks of yours," I said. "You need lube."

"OK," she groaned. Then she let me help her up and I felt her asshole clinging to my cock as if it didn't want to let go until she finally popped off. "Mmmf," she snorted a little, falling forward partially on top of me in obvious relief.

"You know, we don't have to-"

"Text Cattie for the lube, dude," Terra interrupted me, putting a finger to my lips to shut me up. "You are fucking this ass if it's the last thing we do."

"Deal," I mumbled around her finger, making her chuckle.

I had to lean over the edge of the bed to my shorts to find my phone, and she smacked my bare ass playfully as I was exposed to her.

"You called me honey," she said as I unlocked the phone. She snuggled up to me, pressing her chest to my side and curling one of her thin, lean legs across mine as she took my cock in one hand and traced her fingers up and down the shaft.

"Is that not OK?" I asked as I texted Cattie.

'Hey, weird question. Can I borrow lube?'

"No, it's fine. I actually found it kind of sweet," Terra said softly, trailing her fingers lower to my balls and teasing them lightly. "I mean, calling me your little elf is hot, but 'honey' is a lot more normal I guess. But you don't call Cassidy that."

"I guess not," I said, running my fingers through her hair. She pressed her cheek to my shoulder as we talked and waited for a response. "I call her babe, or baby, mostly."

"You called me baby too, but I guess that's kind of a standard thing," Terra said. "What do you call the others? Do you call them honey, too?"

"Um, I don't know," I said. "I hadn't really thought about it. I guess I tell you girls you're gorgeous a lot. And I call Leia 'sunshine' because it makes her smile so much."

'Whose ass is getting fucked?' Cattie texted me back. Then, *'Nvm, it's Terra. Nice! Brt.'*

"Cattie's going to bring us lube," I said. "She also guessed that it's you in here with me."

"Everyone probably knows," Terra shrugged. "Whatever, I don't care. Half of them are fucking you, too. What about Wanda, do you call her anything special?"

"Um, well with her kink of the ownership stuff, I was calling her my toy," I said. "But that's pretty much done since we're cooling off so she can deal with her stuff with a clear head."

"I bet she's disappointed," Terra mumbled. "What about Becca, or Ami?"

"I don't know," I said. "Not that I've noticed, but maybe."

"You should figure out something for each of them," Terra said. "But could you do me a favour?"

"Of course," I said.

"Obviously 'little elf' doesn't apply to them, so I'm not worried about that. But could you maybe... not call any of them honey?"

"If you want," I said, feeling an odd pounding tightness in my chest as the conversation went on. "Is that what you want? To be my honey?"

"Maybe," she whispered softly. Her hand had slipped from my balls to my thigh, somehow making the moment less sexual and more just... intimate.

And the moment was broken by a sharp rapping at the door.

Terra leapt up from the bed, truly putting the moment away, and went and opened the door a bit. "Hey," she said.

"Hey, girl," Cattie said. "Here you go. How is it so far?"

"Pretty fucking amazing," Terra said, and I could hear that impish little smirk of hers in her voice. "I almost broke his cock with my ass though."

That made me laugh, and Cattie looked over Terra's head at me and grinned, seeing me openly naked with a rock-hard cock. Then she dropped back to her feet. "Well, good thing you two hit the breaks before that happened or there'd be a lot of unhappy women on these boats."

"I'll try not to go too hard on him," Terra giggled.

"Nice artwork, by the way," Cattie said. I was wondering if she'd mention it.

“Huh?” Terra asked.

“Your face is covered in his cum, babe,” Cattie said.

“Oh, my God!” Terra said, shutting the door and pressing her back to it as she looked at me with wide eyes. Cattie was laughing in the corridor. “I can’t believe I forgot about that. Why didn’t you say anything?!?”

“How can you not *feel* it?” I laughed.

“Because my ass is still distracting me, dude,” Terra said, coming back over to me and hitting me with the bottle of lube in my arm.

“Well, let’s fix that then,” I said, grabbing her wrists and pulling her back onto the bed.

Chapter 207

“God, holy fucking Jesus, duuuuude,” Terra moaned. She was on top of me again, but after about ten minutes of working her ass with my fingers and the lube, and then a quick handjob with the lube as well to make sure we were both slick, I was in.

It was still tight as fuck, and the way her asshole clamped down on me and didn't want to let go was an absolute eye-popping feeling, but I was in and she hadn't wasted any time to start riding me.

I had just started thrusting back up at her when she fell forward onto her knees with her hands braced on my chest and she let out her moan.

“That's it, honey,” I groaned, reaching up and tweaking her little beady nipples. “That's it, my little elf. You're taking my cock in your ass.”

“I so fucking am,” Terra panted, and a little string of drool started to slip from her bottom lip before she quickly wiped it away. “I'm taking your cock so *good*, right Tiger?”

“So fucking good,” I grunted, stepping up my thrusts again. We were back to that ball-slapping, flesh-clapping, sweat-building fucking pace and I was in her ass. I felt like I was having an out-of-body experience.

“Fuck my fucking ass, Tiger,” she growled. “Take my ass. God, you treated my ass so right and now I fucking *love* you in it. I never fucking like anal but this is everything I've been fucking dreaming of.”

I raised one hand to her face and offered her my thumb like earlier and she sucked it into her mouth to muffle herself again. It wasn't that I didn't find her dirty talk super fucking attractive, but talking like that made me think of the fact that she was doing this with me and not JC.

“God damn, honey,” I groaned. “Fuck I want to just rail you.”

“Do it,” she gasped, lewdly licking from my thumb to my palm between words. “Flip me over, spin me around. Take my ass however you want it. Just- Wait, hold on.” She sat up and looked around the cabin almost deliriously for a moment, then shrugged and grabbed my phone. I unlocked it for her and she quickly brought up the photo app and contorted her body to reach behind her. She snapped a picture, then checked it, then muttered and snapped a couple more. “There,” she grunted and showed me a picture of my cock buried deep in her ass, framed by her perfect little butt cheeks.

“Very hot. It can go right after the picture of your butthole you sent me,” I said.

“Did you read that story I sent you?” she asked, starting to bounce on me again but slower.

“Haven’t had a chance,” I said. “Been a little busy.”

“Do it, and think of me,” she said. “You like it, right? I know it isn’t as big and perfect as Wanda or Cattie-”

“God, shut up,” I said, getting my foot steady and then bodily flipping us both over so that I was on top of her, my cock never leaving her ass. She quickly pulled her legs back and I was in a missionary position over her. “If you ever, ever, try to talk down about any part of you, I’m never fucking you again.”

“OK,” she panted. “Never again. You love my little ass.”

“I absolutely do,” I grunted as I started ploughing into her again, my hands at her knees to bend her around to open her up a little more.

“And my tight little tummy,” she gasped.

“Every ab,” I said.

“And my tiny little tits.”

“I want to suck on those nipples for hours.”

“And my lips?”

“Every time I see you I want to kiss you.”

“Every time I see you I want to kiss you,” she said back. “And then I want to get on my knees and blow you.”

“Any time you want,” I groaned. “Just as long as I can eat you out whenever I want.”

“That’s a dangerous ask,” Terra panted, fucking back at me as she pulled her own leg back, practically bending herself in half with that leg. “You almost killed me earlier. A real French moment.”

“What?” I asked.

“Une petite mort,” Terra gasped. “The little death.”

That made me chuckle. “Right, I’ve heard that before.”

“Well that’s what you did to me,” Terra said. “You gave me the best fucking orgasm I’ve ever had and it made me touch God.”

“What about now?” I asked. “Is this doing it for you?”

“Uh-huh,” she nodded loosely. “It’s- fucking hell- It’s different but I can feel it building.”

That spurred me to redouble my efforts, and we really drilled at each other for a few minutes as our sweat splashed against each other.

“More lube,” I grunted, pulling out of her slowly.

“Kay,” she groaned. She’d started feeling extra tight and I wasn’t sure if she was in a state of mind to realize if she was starting to get raw or not.

I quickly poured lube over my cock and stroked it. While I did that, Terra got up on her knees and arched her back, reaching back with one hand to spread her cheek and even her hole with one finger. I poured a squirt of lube directly into her asshole.

“Fuck me, Tiger,” Terra moaned. “Beat my fucking ass.”

I mounted her, my cock popping back into her tight as hell hole with some effort, and I could feel the difference of the new lube. It took three long strokes to get it spread around and then we were back to fucking.

“Are you close, Tiger?” Terra gasped. She was pressing her chest to the bed and had her hands clenched into fists in the sheets above her head. “Is my ass getting you there?”

“I’m so fucking close, honey,” I groaned. “Fuck, the way your asshole doesn’t want to let go and pulls at me like that.”

“Gaaaawd, sweet Mother Mary,” Terra moaned, pushing her face to the mattress to muffle herself.

“Again with the Catholic stuff,” I laughed.

“Shut up and fuck me, dude,” Terra grunted.

That made me smirk and I spanked her ass cheek while I was on an outstroke. Her asshole twitched at that but I was fucking her so rapidly it almost didn’t register.

“When you come, I’m going to come, Tiger,” Terra gasped. “I can feel it. My first anal fucking orgasm. God, fuck, do it in me. Fucking get your cum in my ass so I can feel it squirting in me and pretend you’re filling my cunt.”

“And the breeding fetish,” I chuckled.

“I don’t fucking know, dude,” Terra said. “You bring it out of me.”

“And I’m about to put it in you,” I said, grabbing her ass cheeks roughly and slowing my thrusts but upping their forceful power.

“Do it, dude. Fucking do it. I love your fucking cock, and your lips, and your tongue. I love the way you push my fucking buttons, and the way you talk to me, and the way you fucking look at me. Fuck, I’m so fucking cloooooose, Robbie. I’m so, so fucking close. I’ll let you do anything you want, just fucking let me feel-”

“Uuuuuuuughh,” I moaned through my clenched teeth as my cock flexed and flushed. I could feel myself get bigger just before the orgasm washed over me because of how fucking tight Terra’s asshole was, and when the cum started to rocket up through my cock I swear I could feel it stopped by the dam that was Terra’s sphincter clamped tightly. But it had the power, and it pushed through, and I erupted into Terra as a roaring sound echoed in my ears.

Chapter 208

“He’s just zonked out,” I heard Cassidy say. “Girl, you fucked him into a sex coma. Robbie *never* just falls asleep after sex.”

I groaned and blinked my eyes open. “M’not asleep,” I grunted. “What happened?” I was on my side and Terra was sitting crosslegged with my head in her lap, still naked, and Cassidy was up on the bed on her knees. It was almost surprising that she was still wearing clothes.

“You came so hard you passed out,” Terra snickered, running her fingers through my hair. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, I was coming pretty fucking hard too, but when you passed out you fell right on top of me and pinned me to the bed with your cock completely buried in my ass. You didn’t even go soft. It felt amazing until I realized you were out, then I had to text Cassidy from your phone to help get you off of me ‘cause of the giant dick keeping me pinned in place.”

“Sorry,” I said, meaning it but also chuckling a little.

“Laugh all you want, big guy,” Terra said. “I feel like my asshole isn’t ever going to be the same again.”

“Probably not,” Cassidy smirked. “It’ll be dreaming of our Tiger’s cock, twitching to beg you for another round.”

Terra rolled her eyes and smirked. “Yeah, maybe,” she said. “But if that’s true, it’ll be arguing with my poor little pussy. God, I feel fucked to hell and back.”

“Glad you had fun, babe,” Cassidy said, leaning forward and giving Terra a kiss on the cheek. “Hmm?” she hummed, raising an eyebrow, and then she licked Terra’s cheek.

“Hey,” Terra said, leaning away.

“You have cum on your face. Smearred and dried, but definitely Robbie’s cum,” Cassidy said.

“Oh, God,” Terra laughed. “I forgot. Again. Cattie caught me with a facial.”

“She told me,” Cassidy grinned. “Like I said, glad you had fun. Now, if you’ve got a load in your ass too, you either need to go hop in the shower or I’m going to start asking Robbie if I can have permission to lick it out of you.”

“I appreciate the thought, Cass,” Terra said. “But I’m still straight as an arrow. I’ll take the shower.” She leaned down over me to give me a soft kiss, letting it linger, then slipped out from under my head and headed into our washroom.

“Two booties down,” Cassidy whispered to me as she closed in for her own kiss. “Was it as good as I think it was?”

“It was great, baby,” I said, kissing her back.

“Good,” she said. “You two were at it for almost an hour and a half. Did you do everything you wanted?”

“Almost,” I said.

“Well, if what you want involves that sweet little straight pussy, you should go join her in the shower,” Cassidy whispered. “Terra is going to want more of you, but I doubt she’ll break her agreement with JC on what their lines are. Once she leaves this room, it’s ass and mouth only.”

“Alright,” I said quietly, then hesitated. “You still OK with all of this?”

“More than OK, Tiger,” Cassidy smiled gently. “Now go make love to her, 'cause I know you and I know that’s what you want to do. You’ve fucked each other’s brains out, go do the other thing.”

I kissed Cassidy again, then slipped from the bed and went into the washroom. Terra was in the shower already, and when I entered behind her she smiled over her shoulder and made her bum flex a little to tease me. I stepped into the stream of water and wrapped her up in my arms, bending my neck low to kiss her.

Soon our hands were roaming and we washed each other and ourselves, and her slim fingers ended up stroking my cock as it firmed up. And then I was inside of her again, one of her legs raised high and pressed to the wall as she balanced on her toes. I was slow, savouring every moment, and we breathed together as we made out under the rain of hot water. It was different from the other kisses. It was comfortable and fulfilled. It was luxurious, like having another portion of a delicious dessert after a full meal just because it was that good.

I ended up lifting her higher, and she wrapped her legs around my waist, and I carried her out of the shower. She was a dense little package with her muscles, but still more than light enough for me to carry with ease as we dripped water across the floor and into the bedroom.

“Excuse me, babe,” I grunted softly as I lowered our wet bodies to the bed and Cassidy, who was waiting for us, scooted out of the way. I laid Terra down and pulled out of her for a moment, then scooted behind her into a spooning position and got my cock back into her.

“Yessss, Robbie,” Terra moaned. “God, you feel so good in me.”

“Every part of me wants to make love to every part of you,” I groaned into her ear.

“You already are, Tiger,” she gasped. “Fuck, make love to me. Love me, dude. Love me.”

I glanced down the bed toward Cassidy, who was sitting near the end and chewing on her bottom lip as she watched us with big eyes, one hand openly rubbing herself under her shorts.

I was making love to Terra, but I didn't want Cassidy to feel like she was just... watching. She had allowed this to happen, or partially set it up, or something. I appreciated that she wasn't trying to just dive in to join, especially with Terra saying she was straight. According to her stories, Cassidy hadn't exactly been discerning in the women she'd seduced using the app in the past, and I had no doubt with a few of the right words and touches she could convince Terra to try out bisexuality.

"Come here, baby," I said, motioning for Cassidy to come up and spoon behind me.

Cassidy pulled her fingers from under her shorts and slunk up the bed, pressing herself to my back as she hugged me and looked over my shoulder at Terra and I. "You two are so beautiful together," she whispered.

"One of these days I'm going to make you put on a live sex show for me," Terra moaned softly. "I may not be into girls, but after watching Robbie play with Wanda I think I'm into live porn featuring him."

I could hear the grin in Cassidy's voice even though my face was planted into Terra's hair as I kissed the back of her neck. "Any time, babe," my fiancée promised her friend. "You can have him, or watch me with him, any time."

Terra came first, soft and slow as I hugged my arm down her body and gently teased her clit through its hood with one finger. Then it was my turn, and I was getting close.

"Where?" I asked her.

"Inside me," she said, then giggled at my obvious hesitation mixed with the flexing of my cock. "I don't know."

"Terra discovered earlier that she's got a bit of a breeding fetish," I explained to Cassidy.

"That's hot," Cassidy chuckled. "Did you put a load in her?"

"No," Terra shook her head. "We were good, and I couldn't risk that with JC."

"Well, where do you want his hot, gooey, steamy, delicious load then?" Cassidy asked.

"All over me, but we just showered," Terra sighed.

"Want it in your mouth?" Cass offered.

“He’s too big, I can barely fit it in,” Terra said. “I don’t have a big mouth like you and his little sluts.”

“Like you aren’t one,” Cassidy teased her, patting her bare hip in a way that was somehow casual and friendly, even downright sisterly, despite the fact that the two of us were still slowly fucking. “Want me to take it, babe?”

“Probably for the best,” Terra grunted.

“OK, Tiger,” Cassidy said, speaking softly to me in my ear. “Get as close as you can with Terra’s tight, pretty little pussy, and at the last second you pull out and roll to your back, and-”

I groaned and did just that, the first shot of my orgasm hitting Terra’s hip as I got out of her just in time not to actually creampie her. Cassidy scrambled down and got my cock in her mouth, humming loudly as I erupted over her tongue and she quickly jerked the lower half of my cock with one hand.

“God, I wanted that in me,” Terra chuckled to herself, reaching to her hip and scooping the string of cum up with two fingers and then popping them in her mouth to lick it off. She rolled to her other side, pressing her cheek to my shoulder and wrapping her arms around mine as she watched Cassidy suck my cum out of me. “Fuck, I love you guys.”

“Love you too, Terra,” I said, saying it like she’d said it; the way I told my best friends I loved them. I wasn’t sure if that’s all I meant though, and I wondered if that was all she meant too. And I hated myself for that.

Chapter 209

Somehow I was the one who was the most shy about leaving the cabin and venturing back out into what felt like 'the real world' compared to what had been happening in our bed that day. I'd spent time with Wanda and Becca that morning, and now Terra that afternoon. It wasn't right, or fair.

But I guess it wasn't wrong, either.

Cassidy, of course, couldn't give a fuck if anyone felt weird about it. She wasn't exactly proud of me for everything, but only because the word didn't encompass all the stuff that was going on..

And, whether she was following Cassidy's lead or had decided it herself, Terra didn't seem to care that everyone knew what had been going on either. At the very least 'my girls' knew it all between Cass and Cattie.

My concern wasn't necessarily that everyone knew and was more focused on specific people. Front and centre in my mind was sweet and cautious Ami, who I'd shared such a soft closeness with and now I felt like this was being thrown in her face not 24 hours later. Then, right behind her was Leia - I couldn't be sure if she would take it in stride, or if she would withdraw into her more shy demeanour and not feel as comfortable with me. Which was a dumb thing to worry about considering she'd watched me with Ginnie, and then been going all out right in front of Cattie, but my worry was still there.

And, honestly, the fact that JC was third on my list of people to worry about made me feel worse.

Yeah, he'd asked for it to happen. I doubt he'd expected it to last so long. And we hadn't exactly been trying to be quiet.

Dear God, please don't have been sitting across the hall in their cabin, I thought ruefully. Hell, I hoped he hadn't been anywhere on the same boat as us.

"Fuuuuck," I sighed under my breath as I followed the girls out. Cassidy had quickly changed into a bikini top and shorts accompanied by her Batman cap and the sunglasses she'd bought at the gas bar.

"What's wrong, baby?" Cassidy asked me, rubbing my back while Terra darted across the hall into her room, also needing to change.

"I'm worried," I said.

"You're always worried," Cassidy tried to soothe me. "*What* are you worried about?"

“Where was JC during all this?”

“Over on the top deck of the Singles Boat,” Cassidy assured me. “At least for most of it. The college guys showed up about twenty minutes before I came down and he was on their boat when I joined you.”

“OK,” I nodded. “Alright, that’s good I guess.”

“But that’s not it,” Cassidy guessed and I shook my head. She hugged me and I leaned back against the corridor wall, so she pressed her cheek to my chest through my shirt. “Leia is totally fine,” she whispered. “Becca and I talked with Ami. She isn’t upset, but she wants to talk to you.”

“How did you know?” I asked quietly, closing my eyes as I marvelled just a little at my fiancée.

“Because I know you, and I know the girls,” Cassidy said. “Wanda, Becca and Cattie all get it. You don’t really care what Ginnie, Heels, Sherry or especially Heather think. That leaves Leia, Ami and Zenya. You really do need to decide what to do about her, by the way. I think she was trying to listen in on you and Terra at one point.”

“I don’t even know where to start,” I muttered. “I’m a little overwhelmed here.”

“It can just be fun if you want,” Cassidy said. “You don’t need to keep getting them to fall in love with you.”

“I’ll point to Exhibits A and B, Ginnie and Terra.”

“Ginnie, yes. You two don’t match well together even if she’s a horndog. Think again about Terra though, Tiger.”

I exhaled heavily through my nose. “Don’t say things like that, Cass.”

“OK,” she said, kissing my chest softly. “I won’t. I love you, Tiger.”

Terra came back out of her room wearing an athletic bra-sized bikini top and Speedo bottoms that had good coverage but framed her buttocks really well. She also happened to have found a ballcap to put on with her hair fed through the back in a ponytail.

“You guys didn’t need to wait for me,” she said with a grin.

“You too, huh?” I asked and tapped the bill of her cap.

“You know it, Tiger,” Terra chuckled. “Even if it’s just to tease you and make you think about the last couple of hours, I’m wearing the hat ‘cause I definitely *feel* like a Robbie’s Girl right now.”

“That’s not a thing,” I sighed.

“It’s absolutely a thing,” Cassidy said as she grabbed my hand and tugged me towards the front porch. “Now, you need to make a quick appearance to everyone, then you have a date with Ami and Leia.”

“I do?” I asked. “We were just supposed to be reading.”

“Exactly, that’s your date,” Cassidy said.

“Are you... why are you trying to make this bigger than it is?”

“Because it makes Ami feel special,” Cassidy told me. “And because the more date-ish it is, the more likely you’re going to get some before the end of the date.”

“God damn it, Cass,” I groaned, making Terra and Cass start laughing as they both held one of my hands and pulled me towards whatever awaited on the top deck.

Chapter 210

Heading up to the top deck, it was a bit of a party atmosphere as the sun was out again and most of the girls were in bikinis and drinking, and the college guys were hanging around with their speed boat tied to the back of the Singles Boat. I would find out later that they'd turned up with a keg of some decent local craft beer and were freely sharing it out.

Almost as soon as we came up from below I had a half dozen smirks and smiles pointed towards me.

Becca was the first to detach herself from her conversation and come over to me, whispering something to Terra and then giving Cassidy a little smack on the ass as she passed them. "Hey, Tiger," Becca smiled as she stepped up, holding her hands out low to me. I grasped them and she squeezed my fingers as she got close and went on her toes to give me a kiss right there out in the open.

"Hey, gorgeous," I said.

"Surprised?" she asked.

"A little, but happy about it."

"Everyone knows now, so I decided I don't care if people see," she said, still holding my hands in hers. "You make me really happy, Robbie. I don't want to feel like I need to hide that."

"You make me really happy too, Becca," I said, and she let me drop her hands so that I could bundle her up in a big hug as I kissed the side of the head. "I'm really happy I met you."

"Me, too," she said, hugging me back tightly.

"OK," I sighed as our hug ended and she leaned back just a little, still pressing her hips to mine as she looked up at me. "Do you need help with anything? Are the boys behaving?"

"The boys have been good," Becca said. "And your girls have been shutting down pretty much any flirting. That's put a lot more attention on Ginnie, Sherry, Heels and Heather, but they seem to be enjoying it."

"Considering Ginnie and Sherry have already hooked up with a couple of them, I'm not surprised," I said.

"True," Becca smirked. "But I don't need help with anything, so you're free to show some attention to other girls that need it."

"You need it too," I said. "Don't think I've forgotten."

"I know you wouldn't," she smiled, her hands rubbing my hips and then sliding under my loose tank top onto my skin. "And I'm looking forward to it. But we *did* get time together earlier even if it wasn't exactly what we wanted. How was Terra Time?"

I just sort of half-shrugged, half-waved my arms around, grunted, and then said, "Wow."

Becca snorted a laugh and shook her head as she rolled her eyes at me. "She needed it, and you two were circling each other a lot. I'll get the story from her."

"How was JC?" I asked. "Cassidy told me a little, but I think she's cushioning me."

"She probably was," Becca said, her smile turning into a soft frown. "JC is... well, you know what he's been like since Terra got mad at him yesterday. It was mostly just more of that. I don't know if him knowing she was with you made it worse or not. I made sure we had the music on so he wouldn't hear anything out here, and I tried to make sure he wasn't near Heather or Sherry until the boys got here."

"That was a good idea," I said. "I hadn't thought of what damage those two could do."

"That's why they pay me the big bucks," Becca smirked. "Or, like, none of the bucks."

"Hey, weird question," I said, pivoting topics. "What do you want me to call you?"

"Um... my name?"

"I mean like... a coupley name. Something sweet that's just between us. While I was with Terra I randomly called her 'honey' and she liked it and wants me to keep doing it, and she asked what I call you guys and I realized I have a name for Leia, and maybe Ami now that I think about it, but I want to have something just for you."

"Well, babe and baby are out," Becca said. "It always makes my heart ache a little with butterflies when you tell me how impressive I am, but that's too long. Can I think about it?"

"Of course you can, badonkadonk," I teased her.

"Definitely *not* that," she laughed.

Becca walked me over to the little gathering of Cass, Terra and Wanda who were all sitting on the edge of the hot tub with their feet in the water. I got a kiss from Cassidy over her shoulder, who leaned backwards and puckered her lips to signal she wanted one, and then I ended up going down the line and giving Terra a little kiss, and then Wanda.

“Terra, honey, you should probably go see JC,” I pointed out. “You can be angry at him still, but he’s probably in a rough way right now so just letting him know it’s done is important.”

“I will, Tiger,” Terra said. “I just need a minute to decompress and get my head straight.”

Becca climbed into the tub to join them, and I was shooed off so they could have ‘girl talk,’ which I assumed meant they wanted Terra to tell them all the dirty details of what we’d just done. That and hopefully figure out how Terra was going to navigate the awkwardness of her relationship issue.

I meandered over to the lounge chairs on the other deck where Ami, Zenya and Heels were sitting with a couple of the boys. I nodded hello to them and then went on one knee next to Ami. She was wearing a cute one-piece suit with little boyshorts style legs built in hugging her thighs, but a massive boob window that showed off her cleavage. And a baseball cap of her own, worn forward with her silky black hair making a long ponytail fed through the back of it.

“Hey, cutie,” I said quietly to her, using the name I realized I associated with her. “Sorry for the delay. Cass said you might want to talk?”

“It’s OK,” Ami said, putting her hand on top of mine as she smiled softly. “I do, but it’s not a big deal.”

“Still want to read with me?”

“God, yes,” she whispered, trying not to be overheard by the others. “Get me out of here.”

“Can I have three minutes to check in with the others?” I asked. “Then I promise, hours of quiet reading.”

“Can’t wait,” she smiled.

I stood and she held onto my hand for a moment before letting it go. As I went to leave I saw Zenya watching me with a conflicted expression, and I pivoted and went behind her chair and leaned over to give her a quick squeeze of a hug and a kiss on the cheek before whispering, “I haven’t forgotten.”

“Good,” she whispered back. “Cause I’m starting to feel left out.”

I gave her a second kiss on the cheek and then stood upright again, ignoring the looks I was getting from the two college guys whose conversation I had distracted the girls from. I really didn’t give a fuck what they thought.

There were two other groups and two people I wanted to check in on. I headed for the least-contentious one of Leia, Ginnie and one of the guys, but I had to pass by the other one.

And I heard the sound.

It was a full-throated scoff of disgust and derision. Total Karen-mode, about to demand a manager, possibly some phlegm in it for good measure.

I was used to that sort of thing, what with my work. It didn't phase me - scoff all you want, shitty casino guests. I can make your stay heaven or hell if I really want to.

What stopped me wasn't the scoff. It was the near immediate, "Robbie!" in an upbeat voice that followed, and I turned and pivoted as Cattie stepped away from Heather, Sherry and two of the college guys and into my arms in a big, friendly, full-bodied hug that crushed her breasts to my sternum and almost knocked her baseball cap off her head.

The look on Heather's face was priceless because she knew Cattie did it because of her scoff.

Chapter 211

“Hey, Cats,” I said, hugging Cattie hard.

“Hey, Tiger,” Cattie said. “Having a good afternoon?”

“You know I am,” I said and leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. Heather’s sourpuss face made me do it. Did she know that Cattie had lent me their lube? “How’s yours?”

“Good,” she said. “Want to hang out later?”

“If we can find the time. Remember Becca’s got our super secret ‘field trip’ thing planned for tonight,” I said. “You know I’ll never say no to you.”

“I know,” she said with a sweet smile, stepping back from me but keeping a hand on my arm for a moment longer. “Make sure you hydrate, too. The sun’s a killer and you look like you’ve gotten a lot of exercise today.”

That made me want to laugh as she gave me an innocent look but her eyes said she meant it in the dirtiest way possible. Instead, I rolled my eyes. “Yes, Mother,” I said.

She chuckled and rubbed my arm before returning to her conversation, and I turned to continue to Leia but I only made it another three steps.

“Robbie,” Heather said, following me, and as I turned back to her she grabbed my upper arm hard. “Just because you’ve managed to convince that slut Becca to vouch for you, and you’re fucking cheating whores like Wanda and Terra, doesn’t mean you get to do whatever you want. Stay the fuck away from my girlfriend.”

“Heather,” I grunted, matching her soft but aggressive tone. “Get your hand off of me.”

“Or what?” she dared me, squeezing harder. It wasn’t crushing, but it was hard enough that she might actually leave a bruise and I could feel her nails digging in. “Going to nice-guy me into submission? Or are you going to hit me, Robbie? Go ahead, hit me and show all these girls what an absolute cunt you are underneath it all.”

It was, to be honest, a bit of a bind. If I was at work I’d be fully in my rights to get her hand off of me, make a report to my bosses, and have her removed from the casino. I’d done it before to Karens, and I’d done it against men and women who accosted my staff. But here I wasn’t at work. This was a social setting. If I shoved her off of me, hell even if I just ripped my arm away from her, I could look like the asshole. I was 99% sure most of the girls on the trip would be on my side, but Heels was questionable about me still, and Sherry would probably repeat anything Heather told her. Leia would probably stop Ginnie from wavering, but maybe not.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Cattie hissed, coming up from behind Heather and removing my need to make the decision I didn’t want to make. She grabbed Heather’s hand on my arm and glared at her girlfriend.

“Just having a word with him,” Heather said, only partially backing down but letting go of me.

“I am so sorry, Robbie,” Cattie said, then turned to Heather. “We need to talk.”

“It was nothing,” Heather said, clearly lying.

“Fuck you,” Cattie hissed even quieter, then stormed off.

Heather shot me a glare, as if any of the last two minutes was my fault, and then rushed after Cattie as she went down the stairs. Cassidy had half gotten out of the hot tub on the other boat and looked like she wanted to both chase after Cattie and also come to me, but I raised a hand and motioned to her that it was fine. Cattie needed time to hash things out between her and Heather; it wasn’t something me or Cass could get in the middle of without possibly affecting an outcome that needed to come from Cattie.

Things hadn’t exactly been quiet, though, and people were staring at me. Mostly the guys, since the girls all generally knew what was happening. I cleared my throat, gave my neck a little kink to the side to crack it softly, and went to Leia. I didn’t bother being subtle - I went past the guy who had been flirting with Ginnie without even looking at him, and I didn’t really acknowledge Ginnie either. Leia’s eyes were soft and she smiled sadly at me as I leaned in and kissed her cheek. “Ami and I are going to read downstairs if you want to join us, sunshine,” I whispered to her.

“OK, I’ll be down in two,” she smiled. Then she surprised me by giving me a peck on the lips right in front of the guy. It made my heart flutter a little, having her so confident with me to do that in public.

I winked at her and then turned and went back across to the other boat, motioning to Ami that I wanted one minute more. She nodded and stood, saying something to Zenya and Heels before heading downstairs.

“You OK, Tiger?” Becca asked me as I approached the hot tub.

“I’m fine,” I said. “Nothing that I haven’t been through before.” I stepped up to Cassidy and kissed her firmly. “Look out for when Cattie needs you,” I said.

“I know, Tiger. I will.”

“I love you,” I said.

“I love you, too.”

Then I shifted to Becca and kissed her, and she returned the kiss and put a hand on my cheek to keep me still and extend it a moment longer.

“I love you,” I told her.

“I love you, too,” she said with a smile.

Then I kissed Wanda. “I love you,” I told her. “Every bit of you.”

“I love you too, Tiger,” she smiled.

And then I was at Terra at the far end of their little line of bikini babes. I kissed her solidly, with no tongue. “Love you, honey,” I said. “Tell me if I need to change anything.”

“I will,” she promised me. “But you know I love you too, dude.”

I left them and headed down to try and find some peace and quiet, wondering again if I should try and redo this trip without all the drama. Just me, Cassidy, and our lovers.

God, that was fucking insane to think about.

Chapter 212

There was muffled shouting coming from Cattie and Heather's room as I dipped down to grab my book from ours. Part of me wanted to stay and try to listen in - it wasn't so long ago that Cassidy and I had listened to the dull moans of the two of them that first day on the boat. Back before... almost everything.

There was another part of me that wanted to knock on the door. Or, hell, kick it in. But I couldn't do that.

For Cassidy, I would. But Cattie needed to make her own progress through this thing. She needed to make her own decisions. If I made those decisions for her, I don't know if I could live with myself if things turned out wrong, and I wasn't sure that Cattie wouldn't resent me down the line.

Maybe she would anyways, but at least that was a risk I felt like I could take.

So I grabbed my book, closing the door to our cabin softly so I didn't let on that I was nearby, and I dipped out the back through the living area and hopped the porch decks to the Singles Boat. I'd been expecting to find Leia and Ami in the living area but they weren't there, so I went to the kitchen and grabbed a trio of water bottles for us before heading back to the cabins.

"Hey, Tiger," Leia said from the bed as I knocked on Ami and Becca's door and it opened, unlatched. She was still in her bikini top and cotton short bottoms.

"Hi, Robbie," Ami said, smiling from where she was propped up at the head of the bed. "We decided with so much going on, maybe more privacy would be nicer."

"You read my mind, ladies," I said, shutting the door behind me. When I went to hand Leia her water bottle she pursed her lips similar to the way Cassidy would, and I gave her a little peck. When I knee-walked up the bed to Ami she did the same thing with a cute little smile, so I gave her one too.

"What are you reading, sunshine?" I asked Leia.

"Finishing this manga, then I have some stuff I want to read on my tablet."

"Eugh," Ami and I both made a disgusted noise at the same time.

"What?" she laughed. "Manga isn't that bad."

"Not the manga," I said.

"The tablet," Ami agreed.

‘Oh, whatever,’ Leia laughed.

I sprawled on the bed with them and readied myself to crack my book open, but Ami cleared her throat. “So, there’s one rule I should tell you about reading time, Leia,” Ami said.

“What’s that?” Leia asked, raising an eyebrow and smiling.

“It’s, um... clothing optional,” Ami said, biting the corner of her plush little lip nervously as she reached up and started to pull off the shoulder of her one-piece suit.

“Clothing optional, huh?” Leia asked. “Does that include Robbie?”

“It’s not a sexual thing,” Ami clarified. “Just a comfort one.”

That made me chuckle and I pulled off my tank top so I was shirtless. “Happy?” I asked.

“Mhmm,” Leia nodded with a grin, then reached back and undid the knot for her bikini top, pulling it off and revealing her smaller breasts to us. Ami peeled her suit down to her waist, revealing her larger ‘big anime titties’ and sighed softly as she rubbed them for a moment and then leaned back. “Better?” Leia asked.

“Yes,” Ami sighed. “The only problem with having them is carrying them around everywhere.”

And we started reading. It was warm in the bedroom, and part of me found it a little funny that I’d just swapped one cabin and bed for another after spending so long in my own already. We sipped our water, and we read, and occasionally we would shift around to lay in a new position. Ami was the first to break the touch barrier, moving around to lie with her head propped up on my legs. That ended up giving me a nice view right down her front.

Then Leia finished her manga and sighed happily, setting it down off the bed and picking up her tablet which she must have brought in earlier. Before she booted it up she rolled over and kissed me softly, then rolled again onto her belly with her shorts-clad butt pointed up and back at me. I gave her legs an absentminded rub and she glanced back at me with a smile.

Ami was the next to shift, mostly because I didn’t want to move with her using my leg as a headrest, but she didn’t move for comfort. Well, maybe it was, but it wasn’t switching positions. She set her book down, peeled her swimsuit down from her waist and completely off, and tossed it over the side of the bed. Then, completely naked, she laid her head right back down on my leg and went back to reading.

It was harder to focus on my reading than last time.

Then Leia let out a warm little chuckle deep in her chest, the kind that reminded me of when Cassidy thought of something dirty in an inappropriate situation.

“What is it?” I asked her.

“Nothing,” she said, too quickly, as she tilted her tablet down.

“Tell us,” Ami said, lowering her book to her chest but doing nothing to actually cover her modesty.

“It’s nothing, honest,” Leia said.

“Well *that* was a lie,” I laughed. “What, are you reading some smut?”

Leia flushed pink. “I- wasn’t planning on it,” she said. “But I’m still horny from earlier today, and then Ami goes and gets naked, and I was deciding if I wanted to get naked, and I just sort of opened up a story I had saved...”

“Tell us what’s happening,” Ami said, surprising me a little. “What’s it about?”

“It’s silly,” Leia sighed. “It’s this story about these college roommates who are supposed to hang out for the day, but they end up playing strip poker and things get wild because two of them are secretly dating and the girl is sexually aggressive.”

“Sounds kinky,” I said. “Is it hot?”

“So far, yeah,” Leia said.

“What’s happening right now where you are?” Ami asked.

“One of the girls is getting dared to do double penetration,” Leia said. “She’s this skinny girl with sort of a punk aesthetic, and the main character is friends with her. It’s kind of weirdly realistic but also porn logic.”

“Read it to us,” I suggested.

“From the beginning,” Ami said.

“Really?” Leia asked.

“Do it,” I nodded with a smile. “You have a sexy voice. I think it would be hot.”

“Me too,” Ami said.

“OK,” Leia said and quickly scrolled up to the top of the story on her tablet. She cleared her throat softly and then began to read. “Austin. Wake up...”

Chapter 213

I wasn't sure if it was the story or Leia's reading of it that made it sexy to me. The story itself was absurd in a fun way, and the characters were likeable, but it was the way that Leia put in just a little different voice for each of them that kept me hooked.

Since I wasn't reading now I put a bookmark in my spot and set my book down, smiling as I closed my eyes and listened to Leia. I opened my eyes again when she paused and looked back at me, and I grinned at her and nodded for her to keep going. Then I rubbed her bare calf to encourage her and kept doing that lightly just because I liked the feel of her skin under my fingers.

Leia read, and Ami and I listened, and the teasing pace of the story added to the fact that Ami was naked and Leia was half naked and I started to get hard. Ami noticed when she looked up at me and she gave me a little naughty-but-shy smile that went up to her eyes in the cutest way.

It was right around the time that the main character's crush - not his secret girlfriend - got her butt pushed into the main character's face during a dare that I noticed Ami was touching her breasts lightly, running her fingers through her cleavage and then teasing down around her areolas. That just made me even hotter, and I leaned over to her and ran my fingers through her silky black hair, smoothing it away from her face a bit so I could see her more clearly. She blushed, knowing I'd caught her, but I smiled to encourage her. She took her little brown nipple between her fingers and grinned back at me.

Things in the story were escalating, and most of the characters were naked or close to it, and things were escalating in our little quiet room as well. Leia was shifting a little and I could tell she was rubbing her thighs together lightly, and Ami was running her fingers along her bare thigh now, building up the courage to move them between her legs. In the story, one of the characters had to tell a dirty story while touching herself, and Ami couldn't resist doing the same, slowly stroking her fingers between her legs as she bit the corner of her lower lip.

The next scene in the story had the main character and his crush streaking around their house in the rain.

"God, this part's good," Leia interrupted her reading.

"Really?" I asked. "That last part was hot, how is this one hotter?"

"Just wait," Leia promised.

The kiss between the characters was hot, and a turning point in the story.

"He's so hot," Ami said.

“He reminds me of someone we know,” Leia said with a little smirk, looking over at Ami and realising the Asian woman was touching herself.

“Sorry,” Ami blushed, pulling her hand away.

“No, fuck that,” Leia said, starting to push her shorts down from her hips. “I’ve been wanting to touch myself too.”

I rolled my eyes with a smile and helped her get her shorts off. She wasn’t wearing panties underneath, which meant her big juicy butt was bare and pointed right at me as she laid back down on the bed.

“Guess I should join you,” I said, and Ami lifted up helpfully from leaning on my leg so that I could peel down my shorts and briefs, my cock bouncing out and standing erect. Both Leia and Ami stared at it a little longer than a glance. Leia swallowed like she wanted to taste it, and Ami licked her lower lip softly. Then Ami shifted so that she was propped up more at the head of the bed, her legs crossing mine as she found a new comfortable spot that would let her see me better, and me to see her.

“Ready for me to keep going?” Leia asked.

I rolled sideways and gave her ass cheek a kiss by way of response, making her laugh, and she went back to reading.

Ami started to openly play with herself now, knowing I was watching her as we both listened to the story. I reciprocated, slowly stroking my cock, and we both locked eyes for a bit as Leia’s voice told us about the naughty things the characters were doing.

Leia shifted, getting one of her arms under her, and spread her legs a bit more. From my position I could see she was starting to play with herself too as she kept reading.

It was fun, and strange, and sweet and sexy all at the same time. There we were, three grown adults, touching ourselves as we listened to a dirty story. To be fair, it was a *really* dirty story, but still. We could have just done something together. Leia and I had already had sex, and I knew she was into women. I wasn’t so sure about Ami being into doing something with Leia, and we’d drawn different lines between the two of us than most of the girls, but I knew she would still be interested in something. And God did I want to kiss her all over. Fuck, I wasn’t even a foot guy and I would suck on those graceful toes of hers if she wasn’t ready for me to get my tongue on that gorgeous pussy.

But we didn’t. Leia read us the story and I stroked myself slowly, occasionally dipping down to adjust or squeeze my balls to vary what I was doing more for Ami than for myself. Ami was chewing on the inside of her lip as she was rubbing her pussy, occasionally dipping a finger

inside of herself, and massaging her breasts. Leia was softly humping her hips back and forth on her own fingers.

It took a while, but we reached the same point Leia had been telling us about. The punk girl was getting DPd by the two male characters. Things only devolved further from there.

Chapter 214

“Hold on, I’m gonna come,” Leia said with a soft pant in her voice.

It took me a second to realise it wasn’t part of the story since she said it in a similar voice to what she’d been using for the character who was currently fucked in the story. The main character and his crush were finally fucking.

“Oooh, fuck,” Leia mumbled, her hips hunching down as she jammed two fingers into herself. “Almost- there-”

“Go on, sunshine,” I said gently, leaning over and kissing her calf lightly. “You’ve got this. Get there. God, you look so fucking gorgeous. You can get there, sunshine.”

“Yesssss,” Leia hissed, her body tensing as she came, and I kissed her calf again trying not to break the unspoken barrier that we’d set up for our play.

I looked over at Ami and she was watching us with wide eyes, still fingering herself fully with two digits inside of her, her legs spread wide as she breathed deeply.

“God, that was good,” Leia grunted, rolling over to look down at me. “And I love when you call me that.”

I smiled and blew her a kiss. “Go back to reading now, Leia,” I said. “I think Ami is close.”

“OK, OK,” Leia said, turning back onto her stomach and picking up the tablet. “Sorry, Ami.”

“S’kay,” Ami grunted softly.

Leia started reading, telling us about the hot culmination of sex not just for the story, but for the character’s emotional journey, and I started stroking myself again while Ami worked herself closer to the edge.

“I want what she got,” the crush-interest character said.

Soon the main character was taking her ass, gently but insistently, while she sat on the strap-on cock of his secret girlfriend.

“Mmm,” Ami hummed softly, closing her eyes.

“Help her,” Leia said, interrupting her reading to look back at me.

I didn't need to be asked twice. I rolled on the bed and crawled up next to Ami. She opened her eyes at the shifting of my weight and immediately moved when I laid down next to her propped up on the pillows, cuddling into me without removing her fingers from herself.

Leia went back to reading, her eyes darting up to us frequently as she smiled a naughty little smirk.

"You got this, cutie," I whispered in Ami's ear. "God, you are so beautiful. I can't believe how lucky I am that you feel comfortable with me like this. I want to kiss you all over, taste every inch of you so badly. But we're being good. Fuck, Ami, I want you. My cock is so fucking hard for you right now I feel like it might burst."

Leia kept telling the story, as the crush realized that the main character and his girlfriend were together. Ami was listening to my words and the story raptly.

And then the girlfriend told the crush that she was willing to share the main character. That they could date.

Ami came, letting out a long, slow and shuddering breath as her thighs and hips flexed and her eyes closed as she leaned into me. All I could do was hold her as her body seemed to shut down for a long moment before she sucked in a long breath through her nose and then leaned back and exhaled heavily with a girlish groan.

"Fuck, Ami," Leia said. "That looked like a good one."

"It was," she said, opening her eyes and looking at me. "It so was." Then she kissed me softly.

"Look, there's still more of the story," Leia said. "But you look ready to go off, Robbie. Want to finish what we started upstairs earlier?"

"We haven't really been..." I hedged.

"Ami, babe," Leia said. "I was giving Robbie a blowjob earlier and we got interrupted. Want to help me finish it?"

"Um," Ami said, blushing all over again despite what she'd just done. "I'm not really into girls."

"That's OK," Leia said with a reassuring smile. "We don't have to kiss or anything. We're just both gonna make him feel good."

Ami looked at me as if she wanted me to make the decision for her. "Your choice, cutie," I said. "I don't need you to if you aren't comfortable with it."

The decision was made when Ami glanced down at my hard cock, then back up at me with a silky smirk. "OK," she said, turning to Leia. "Let's get our Tiger off."

Soon they were both laying down on their stomachs between my legs - legs which were spread wide enough apart that I felt oddly extra vulnerable - and both of them were kissing and licking all over my cock and balls. It wasn't the first double blowjob I'd had since the whole crazy thing had started, but it was definitely the most playful. Leia and Ami both had an innocence to them that came out in the way they teased and played, and God did it turn me on. I probably would have been overcome by my orgasm within moments of them both getting down there and looking up at me with my cock between them if not for the vigorous fucking Terra and I had done a couple of hours earlier.

Leia was the first to actually get her mouth over the head of my cock and start to suck me properly, and Ami stopped what she was doing as she watched from right up close, her mouth hanging open a little. Leia looked over at her and hummed a giggle as they made eye contact, and she took me as deep as she could before slowly pulling back up off of me, her lips dragging slowly over the ridge of my cock head before sliding off and into a smile. "Want it?" she asked Ami.

The Chinese woman nodded eagerly and Leia pointed my cock towards her. Ami looked up at me out of the corner of her eye as she raised up and took the head of my cock in her mouth, teasing her tongue lightly around the circumference before slowly starting to slurp on it.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, no," I groaned, letting my head fall back.

"Something the matter, Tiger?" Leia asked.

"God, Ami," I groaned.

"I think you're getting to him," Leia laughed. "He's close. I've already tasted him a bunch, do you want it?"

"I don't know," Ami said. "Um..."

"Don't stop sucking on him," Leia said. "He could go off any second."

I was trying to control my breathing, focusing on that, but I was damn close to losing it.

"Just swallow when he goes off," Leia assured Ami. "He'll love it."

"M'okay," Ami said around my cock.

My eyes were closed so I was surprised when I felt a mouth close around my ball and start sucking.

“Oh fuck, here it comes,” I gasped. “Fuck. Ami- Leia- God...”

I came, and Ami started swallowing gamely as I pattered out a solid three ropes of cum. Honestly, I found it kind of amazing I produced even that and had to put it down to the long erotic story.

“Nice job,” Leia praised Ami. Then Ami slurped off my cock and Leia quickly sucked me in, getting any remnants.

“You two-” I said, but lost my breath and had to huff in and out a couple of times.

“Glad you liked it, Tiger,” Ami said, looking at me with a proud grin.

I shook my head lightly, still light-headed and finding it hard to comprehend that the whole thing had happened. “Come here, you two,” I said, gesturing for them to come up and cuddle against me.

They grinned and did just that, and once again I was lying in bed with two naked women pressing their bodies against me as we hugged, and snuggled, and traded little kisses.

Chapter 215

“Fuck, this is cute as hell,” Cassidy said as she peeked her head into the room, finding the three of us laying on our stomachs lined up in a row, each of us reading our books (or tablet, in Leia’s case.) We also still happened to be naked, so our butts were pointed right at her. “Can I take a picture?”

“No,” I said, covering for Ami so she didn’t need to tell Cassidy no herself. It wasn’t that she would be ashamed of her body or anything, or wouldn’t even necessarily say no, but I knew that she’d be more comfortable not doing it than doing it in the long run. “And the rule in here is naked and reading, or you gotta leave, babe.”

“Well, don’t tempt me,” Cassidy grinned. “But dinner is soon, I figured you guys would want to get yourselves together.”

“I guess we should,” Leia sighed, rolling away from me and sitting up. She stood and found her cotton shorts, pulling them on and then picking up her bikini top and manga book and bundling them together in one hand. “You should have joined us, Cass. We had fun. And I promise you, I said *very* dirty things.”

“Oooh, practising your dirty talk?” Cass grinned.

“Something like that,” Leia laughed. She climbed back on the bed, knee-walking to me and leaning down to kiss me firmly. “Thanks, Tiger,” she whispered.

“Thank you,” I said, smiling as I looked into her eyes.

Neither of us had said it. I wasn’t sure why I bothered holding back considering where I was at with the others, but with Leia I felt like if I came right out with it and used the ‘L’ word it would be too early for her. With the others, it felt like we got there too fast but it was on firm ground. With Leia, and even with Ami in a different way, it needed to be deep-rooted for it to be said.

She kissed me again, a quick peck, and then left the bed and gave Cass a similar peck as she went out into the hall. Considering she never did put her top on, I assumed she was heading right across to her own cabin.

“I could stay like this all night,” Ami sighed.

“I’d let you,” Cassidy said. “But Becca’s trip is after dinner and she wants us all to make sure we’ve got full bellies. I think the plan involves a lot of potential alcohol, but she’s kept it a secret.”

“OK,” Ami said, rolling over and sitting up. Her hair was a mess from all of our activities, but she still looked pretty as hell. “For Becca, I’ll get up.”

“God, those are nice,” Cassidy chuckled as she checked out Ami’s bare tits for a moment. “Now kiss him and tell him you love him. Tiger, I’ll be over in our cabin if you could come find me quick before dinner?”

“OK,” I nodded, and Cass left with a wink as she shut the door. I turned to Ami. “You don’t need to say it like that,” I told her.

“I love you,” Ami said, taking my hands in hers.

“Oh, Ami,” I sighed, letting go of her hands so I could pull her into a hug. “I love you too. You are... God, you’re like a balm for my soul. But I don’t know what to do about it.”

“Neither do I,” Ami mumbled as she buried her face in the crook of my neck.

“How much do you know for sure about what’s going on with me and the others?” I asked.

“Everything, I think,” Ami said quietly. “Becca and Wanda are both in love with you. Cattie is too, though she isn’t talking about it but I can see the way she looks at you. So is Terra, though she looks at you more like you’re a juicy steak right now. At least she was until earlier this afternoon, I didn’t get a good look after... yeah. And I know Ginnie and Zenya both want to have sex with you. And Leia...”

“I’m sorry,” I told her, then squeezed my eyes shut tightly as I felt a wave of something starting to wash over me. “God, Ami, I’m so sorry. You deserve- fuck, you deserve someone who is all yours. I don’t know what the hell I’m doing here, and I really don’t want you to get hurt. I don’t want *any* of you to get hurt. I don’t know what to do, Ami. I don’t- fuck, I should have just said no. This whole thing is turning into a mess like a car careening down a hill with no breaks. Any second now I feel like I’m going to crash into something and people are going to go flying and it’s my fault.”

“Shh, Robbie,” Ami hushed me, rubbing my back, and I realized I was breaking down a little bit as we held each other. “Shhhh. You’re not- We’re not in a free fall. Robbie, it’s OK. It’s OK.”

I sucked in a shaky breath and shuddered it out.

“Robbie, I chose this,” Ami said quietly. “I can’t speak for what the others are going through, but I’ve gone into this with my eyes open. I mean, I’m scared to shit by it too, but I knew. I’ve known. I- I don’t know what to do either, but you can’t blame yourself. It’s not something to feel blame over. Robbie, you’re... You make me feel special like no one else ever has. You make me feel comfortable, and safe, and desirable without ever making me feel gross or used. And you make me laugh. And I think... I think if I had met you and we were both single, I don’t know if I would have had the guts to make a move with you. I would have met you, and liked you, and gotten a little crush, and I would have never been able to do anything about it because I would have been so worried constantly that maybe you would say no. But the way this happened- Robbie, I

don't know where we're going. But I really love how we've gotten here so far. You've been... you've been everything I needed."

I breathed deeply and could feel the tears slowly crawling down my cheeks as I listened to her and we kept holding each other.

"If the others feel half as much of this as I do, I can't be mad for them loving you," Ami said.

"And you should never hate on yourself for the way you make us feel, Robbie. This whole thing might be crazy, but maybe it's just the right type of crazy for a bunch of women who are used to all the shit and the abuse and the fake niceness of the internet."

"God, I love you," I whispered.

"I love you too," Ami replied. "Even if it is stupid and unplanned and so, so weird. I love you, too."

Chapter 216

Ami and I kissed for a minute or two as we held each other. It could have developed into a full makeout, but we'd gotten Cassidy's warning about dinner. It was still so comfortably personal to have Ami naked and in my arms, her big tits pressed to my chest and side and her smooth skin under my arms and hands.

Eventually, she wiped the last trails of my earlier tears from my cheeks and kissed my forehead with a sad little smile, and then we had to get up. I pulled on my shirt and shorts, and she started digging out something new to wear since she didn't want to put on her swimsuit. She kissed me one more time at the door, her naked except for a pair of panties and me dressed, and sent me on my way.

Out in the main kitchen and living area of the Singles Boat I found that Leia had joined Becca and Zenya with food prep. I was surprised to see that Terra was also helping, since for the most part she'd been on clean-up duty as she wasn't as comfortable in the kitchen.

"Hey, Tiger," Becca said, smiling over at me as she worked at the counter.

"Hey, sugar," I said, going over to her and giving her a peck as she leaned back and puckered her lips.

"Sugar?" she asked with a smile.

"Trying it out," I said. "Do you like it?"

"Is it 'cause I'm sweet, or because I'm bad for you but you'll eat me anyways?" she smirked.

"I don't know how you could be bad for me," I said with a roll of my eyes.

"Then I like it...for now," she said.

"M'kay," I said and gave her another little peck.

Zenya winked at me and gave me a little friendly hip bump as we passed each other, and Leia blew me an air kiss from where she was tossing a salad in one of the big serving bowls.

Terra, at the end of the counter, was chopping vegetables to go into the salad and paused when I approached. "Hey, Tiger," she said with a smile.

"Hey, honey," I said, not pulling her into a hug or moving to kiss her, but reaching out and taking her hand that wasn't holding the knife. "Did you talk with him?"

“A bit,” Terra sighed. “And I need to talk with him more. It’s just going to take some time to figure out where we’re at.”

“OK,” I nodded. “Anything you need.”

“I know,” she said with a little smile and squeezed my hand.

I left the Singles Boat and hopped over to Couples Boat where things sounded like they’d gone quiet. I wasn’t sure where anyone else was, so I tried to be quiet as I slipped down the length of the boat and into our cabin. Cassidy was rummaging through one of the drawers where she’d stashed some clothes and turned to me, smiling. “Hey, Tiger,” she said. “Everything good?”

“I don’t know,” I sighed, sitting down on our bed and then letting myself fall backwards. “It’s all fucking... complicated.”

Cassidy took a deep breath and nodded, leaving the drawer and climbing up on the bed with me, quickly adjusting so she was sitting cross-legged with my head in her lap as she started massaging my scalp.

“What did you think of earlier?” I asked.

“Of finding you naked with Leia and Ami?” she asked.

“No- well, if you have feelings about that, I want to know that too,” I said. “But I more meant about telling Becca and Wanda and Terra I loved them in public like that.”

“Well, it was only sort of public,” Cassidy reasoned. “I’m really happy that Becca is being open because it means she’s settled on things. And Wanda- God, I wish I could just fix things for her but I’ve never met Brodi so even if we *did* decide to use the App, I couldn’t do anything about him. She needs you, Tiger, and I think having her keep sleeping with us at night is going to be important for her.”

“I think so too,” I sighed. “And... I would think about using the App for her too, if there was something that made sense and wasn’t too... yeah.”

“Do you want me to check?” Cass asked.

I had to take a breath before I nodded.

“OK. Just for her, I’ll look. But I won’t do anything until we talk about it.”

“What about Terra?” I asked.

Now Cassidy had to take a moment to breathe. "I really don't know," she said quietly. "Honestly, Robbie, when we were planning for this trip and I realized what I wanted it to be for you and me, I thought maybe some of the single girls would want to have sex. I also- God," she interrupted herself, blowing out another breath. "I also kind of hoped that you would hook up with Cattie because I wanted you two to be closer. She's still my best friend and I love her to death, and at this point it sounds almost ridiculous but I would have been totally happy if you and her and Heather slept together a bunch. Obviously, with everything that's happened, I might want something *e/so* now. But anyways... I really, really like Terra. Like, I'm looking forward to finding our time with Becca to play together, and she's really good for you. And I love Wanda like a sister now. But if none of this had happened, I think I would have come out of this week being really, really good friends with Terra. Part of me wishes that you and JC got along better and had things in common more because then we could have been Couple Friends and maybe if you two were more alike she wouldn't have been tempted by you so much. But you're not. You're Robbie, you're what she's been wanting JC to be in all the ways that count, I think. And I feel awful that this whole thing is doing what it's doing between them, but there's part of me that just wants to... fuck." She dropped her voice even quieter, barely breathing out her next words. "There's part of me that wants her to dump him and just commit to you because she knows you're what she wants and needs. God, just saying that makes me feel so fucking guilty."

"Shh," I hushed Cassidy softly, reaching up and pulling her down into a soft kiss as her lip trembled. When she pulled away I didn't let her go far so we were looking into each other's eyes. "Don't, Cass," I whispered. "Don't feel guilty about a part of you wanting that. A part of me wants that, too."

"Oh, Robbie," Cassidy closed her eyes and sighed, leaning down to press her forehead against mine. "I love that you are getting so much love from them, and they are finding out how fucking amazing you are for them. I just wish..."

"It wasn't so complicated," I finished for her. "I know, baby. I know."

Chapter 217

“Hey,” I said, holding my plate in one hand as I considered sitting down. “You, uh-”

JC looked up from his plate at me, obviously uncomfortable. He was sitting at the back of the top deck on the Couples Boat, alone.

“Uh, hey,” he said.

“Look-”

“It’s fine,” he said. “Well, maybe- I dunno.”

“I feel like I should be apologising.”

“I don’t... think you need to.”

“OK,” I said. “Um. How did talking with her go?”

“Short,” he said. “I was hoping she’d come eat with me.”

“Do you want me to find her?” I asked.

“... No, it’s fine,” he said.

“OK. Well... I’ll talk to you later.”

“Yeah,” he nodded.

I left JC where he was and went back across to the top deck of the Singles Boat where Cassidy was waiting for me with Becca, Zenya and Wanda.

“How did that go?” Cassidy asked me.

“Awkward as hell,” I said.

“Told you it would be,” Cassidy said.

“He had to do something,” Becca said. “What did he say?”

“I don’t think he’s retroactively pissed at me,” I said. “He was hoping that Terra would eat with him and they could talk more. Or, I guess he wants to talk. He just thought she would come find him.”

"I'll go get her," Wanda sighed, setting her plate aside and standing up from her chair. "She needs to talk to him, too."

"Want me to come help?" Cassidy offered.

Wanda hesitated and then nodded. "She'll need encouraging."

"We'll be back," Cassidy said. "Take my seat, Tiger."

Cassidy gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before she headed down below deck with Wanda.

"Jesus, you guys know how to make a good time turn awkward," Zenya said, smirking a little and shaking her head.

"Didn't mean to," I sighed.

"Oh, I know," Zenya assured me. "You could have stuck to single girls for your sex-a-thon though."

"Jealous, Zee?" Becca asked with a little grin hidden behind her raised cup as she took a sip. She reached over for my hand as I sat in Cassidy's chair beside her, and I gave it to her.

"Of the chaos? Not a chance," Zenya said. "Of getting some private time with him? Definitely."

"You could always just get on your knees and start blowing him right here," Becca teased the curvy redhead.

"Don't tempt me," Zenya laughed. "But I don't think the sad golden retriever would appreciate that." She gestured with her head over towards JC.

"Neither would some other folks," Becca sighed, looking towards the far end of the Couples Boat where the dull sounds of voices were coming up from the back porch area. Heather, Sherry, Ginnie and Heels were eating back there after they'd gone for a quick swim right before dinner. I wasn't sure where Cattie, Leia or Ami were.

I was about to ask Becca and Zenya about how they met, since the two of them knew each other fairly well, but I didn't get the chance as Terra came up the back stairs followed by Cassidy, but no Wanda. Terra shot me a nervous look as she walked purposefully across the boats towards JC and slid down to her butt next to him and started to talk.

"Where was she?" I asked Cass as she came back and sat in Wanda's seat.

"Downstairs talking with Cattie," Cass said. "Wanda stayed down there with Cattie to talk. I would have too but we're part of the problem so I just told her we loved her."

“OK,” I sighed and then looked over to Becca. “I hope your field trip is going to be fun because I think we need something to raise spirits before we’ve got a mutiny on our hands.”

Becca cracked a little smile and nodded. “Yeah, it should be fun. Or, worst case scenario, it will let people drink. I’m going to need a couple of DDs though, and after dinner I need you piloting the boat ‘cause we need to go back to the docks. We’re driving into town.”

“I’ll be a Designated Driver tonight,” Cassidy offered, shooting me a look that said not to argue. Usually, I was the responsible one, but clearly she wanted me to let loose after the emotional stress of everything that was going on.

“OK,” Becca nodded. “I’ll ask Ami, too. She’s not a big drinker.”

“Any chance of us getting a hint of where we’re going?” I asked.

Zenya snorted and shook her head with an eye roll and a grin. “I haven’t been able to get it out of her.”

“It’s a secret,” Becca laughed. “But I promise it’ll be fun.”

I looked back over towards Terra and JC and saw that they were talking more. That was good. They needed to figure themselves out again.

Or, that little part of me wondered, they needed to figure out that ‘them’ wasn’t happening.

God, why did I feel so... possessive wasn’t the word. Neither was jealous.

“You OK, Tiger?” Becca asked me with a little concerned furrow on her brow.

“Yeah, yeah,” I said, shaking my head. “Just thinking about stuff.”

She gave me a soft frown and nodded, glancing over towards Terra and JC as well. When I glanced over at Cassidy she was smiling, and it took me a moment to realize why. Becca had known what I was fretting and stewing about. She could read me that well, that fast.

“God, you guys are annoying,” Zenya said. “Fuck, you’re like an old married throuple or something and there *aren’t any of those yet* so what the fuck?”

It was the look on Becca’s face, more than Zenya’s teasing, that made me snort hard and slap a hand over my mouth to stop from barking a laugh. Cassidy, of course, didn’t bother suppressing herself and leaned forward as she started giggling hard. It took her a second but Becca started laughing too.

“We’re not a throuple,” Becca chuckled. “We’re- we don’t even know.”

“Fucking,” Zenya said. “Or whatever. Or an orgy-lationship.”

That one did get me giggling at the absurdity of it and I had to bite my fist because I didn’t want to draw the attention of Terra and JC while they were having an important, serious conversation.

Becca sighed and rolled her eyes. “Hurry up and eat, babe,” she said to me. “We need to get the boats moving.”

“Will do, sugar,” I said.

“Sugar?” Cassidy asked.

“He picked a nickname for me,” Becca said. “I’m hot and cold on it so far.”

“I like it,” Cassidy grinned. “Even if it makes you sound like you’re an old man from the South, Robbie.”

“Yeah, come on, Sugar,” Zenya said, putting on a ridiculous, gruff Southern accent. “Let’s get buttercup and sweet tits and mosey on out of here.”

I had to bite my fist all over again and got tears in the corner of my eyes as I swallowed down another fit of laughter.

Chapter 218

"I'm just saying, sweet tits would be a good name for Cattie," Cassidy grinned.

I was driving the Couples Boat while Terra and JC were still talking sitting out on the back end of the top deck. It was a beautiful evening and we were still a couple hours from sundown, but we were the only ones out on the boat. Cass had gone down to check on Wanda once I had started helping Becca and Zenya start collecting dishes and garbage for the cleanup crew, and she'd come back up to tell me that she was still talking with Cattie. I felt a little guilty that I couldn't even check in with her, but I knew Wanda would handle things well and could probably give Cattie a different perspective considering her own circumstances.

Most of the other ladies had decided to travel on the Singles Boat, and I could see Heather and Sherry sitting on the back porch talking.

"I am *not* calling Cattie sweet tits," I chuckled. "Plus, I can't *have* a pet name with her, Cass."

"Well, it doesn't suit me compared to her," Cassidy said, clutching at her breasts over her shirt. "So what's *my* special name going to be?"

I looked over at her and smiled softly. "Wife."

That got her. Cassidy immediately teared up as she pressed her lips together in a big smile. She slipped off the counter where she'd been sitting and quickly hugged me tight, pressing herself to my side.

"I'll be your wife, Tiger. I'll be the best wife that's ever wifed."

"I know, baby," I said, hugging her back with one arm. "I know."

"I still think you should call Cattie sweet tits though," Cassidy mumbled into my chest.

"I'm not-"

"Just once! I want to see her face when you do it though."

I followed Becca, piloting the boat as usual, and she led us back to the rental docks. Either she radioed ahead or she'd planned it with the workers, but there were a couple of the good ol' boys who ran the place ready to receive us and tie the boats in. Soon everyone on the trip was getting gathered up on the top deck of the Couples Boat, and Becca asked me for a hand up to steady her as she stood on one of the deck chairs to address everyone.

"OK, ladies! And gentlemen. So we are over halfway done our trip and I know everyone's been having a lot of fun, but we could all do to cut loose a little. As you know, I've organised a field

trip for tonight, and tomorrow night we're having our fancy dress-up party for our last evening together. So, we are leaving the boats! The rental company is going to have someone watching our dock for us, and we'll lock up the boats, so don't stress. Cassidy, Ami and I are going to drive, so you'll want to figure out which cars you'll be riding in."

"But where are we *going*?" Ginnie asked loudly, drawing smiles from the other girls as they agreed.

"It's a secret until we get there!" Becca said. "But you can dress hot, OK? There aren't any actual clubs in the area, but if you dress based on that idea it should work fine. Oh! And just FYI, your first three drinks at the location are covered but after that you'll need to pay, OK?"

The ladies quickly dispersed, all heading down to get themselves done up. I ended up alone with Becca on the top deck as I helped her down.

"Tonight is going to be fun," she smirked a little as she wrapped her arms around my waist and looked up at me with an easy gleam in her eyes.

"I'm sure it will be," I said, then surprised her by bending low and picking her up in my arms. She was wearing a cute sundress and she laughed as I carried her over to the hot tub and set her down on the edge of it and kissed her a little deeper. "You're amazing, sugar."

"Still not sure about it completely, but it's growing on me," she grinned against my lips. We kissed again, a little deeper, and she moaned softly in her chest. "I need to get ready too, Tiger."

"I know, I just really want you," I said. "All of you."

"I want you too," she whispered. "God, we need to figure out this threesome or I might run out of clean panties on this trip."

"I love you," I smiled and laughed a little. "Do you need me to do anything?"

"Just trust me, and have fun," Becca said. "And I love you too."

We kissed a bit longer before actually separating. It was starting to be a thing, the two of us trying to get back to important stuff and finding ourselves stuck together and not wanting to let go.

When I went down into the boat I almost ran into Heather as she was coming out of the sliding door. She took one look at me and scowled, pushing past me and hopping over onto the dock and crossing over to the other boat. She was dressed in a strappy halter top that showed a lot of skin along with a matching skirt and she had been carrying a pair of heels in one hand and a bag in the other. Most telling, she hadn't had her makeup done - I had to guess that she and Cattie weren't quite good enough at the moment to be sharing mirror space.

Inside, Terra and JC's door was shut and I could hear movement and voices from inside, but they weren't raised so I couldn't hear any details. Cattie's door was open though, and when I peeked in I found Cassidy standing behind Cattie and braiding her friend's hair.

"Hey, Tiger," Cattie said when she saw me in the mirror. "Do you need her back?"

"Nope," I said. "She's all yours. You need me to get anything ready for you, babe?"

"I'm good, Tiger," Cassidy said, looking over her shoulder at me with a couple of bobby pins clenched between her lips. "I've got my outfit out on the bed already if you want to make any additions though."

"I'll take a look," I said. "I'm sure it's good, though."

She blew an air kiss at me and went back to braiding Cattie's hair, and Cattie smiled at me warmly through the mirror.

Wanda and Heels' cabin door was closed so I headed right into ours, but stopped in my tracks a pace inside.

"Well, that's just not fair," I said, looking at Wanda as she was pulling up a skin-tight pair of black jeans. It was bundled up just under her bubble butt.

Wanda looked back at me with a sheepish grin. "Sorry, Tiger," she said with only a hint of a blush. "Mind helping me out? I swear they fit, it's just a pain to get them on."

"Anything, gorgeous," I said, closing the door to give her some privacy.

Chapter 219

Wanda ended up wearing the skin-tight black jeans paired with a pair of strappy white heels and a white blouse with a bright red bra underneath so it showed through. She kept the blouse half unbuttoned with her nice bump of cleavage showing along with the red of the bra, and she put on bright red lipstick that matched the bra. Cassidy, for her part, wore a pair of super distressed tight jeans as well but paired them with her favourite Chuck Taylor shoes and the cropped leather jacket she used for her Harley Quinn cosplay, under which she just wore a black bikini top. It gave her a punky vibe, and she doubled down on that by going with black lipstick and dark purple eyeshadow to match her violet hair.

Heels planned to join our car so she could stick with Wanda, and the rest of the seats quickly got claimed by Leia and Ginnie as we filled out the truck cab. Heels and Ginnie were both wearing short black dresses in different styles, while Leia was wearing a sheer long-sleeved shirt covered in colourful flower patterns with a black bandeau top underneath, and she'd paired it with a pleated schoolgirl kilt that I had a feeling was borrowed from someone's cosplay.

My truck was the first vehicle ready to go, but I had no idea *where* we were going so I couldn't head out. Ami's car filled up next, with Terra, JC and Zenya hopping in, which left Becca to drive Cattie, Heather and Sherry.

"We aren't going super far," Becca said when she, Ami and I met in the parking lot as the sun was setting over the horizon. "You should be good to just follow, but if something happens just give me a call. OK?"

"Got it, boss," I said.

"Got it," Ami nodded.

"Cool. See you there," Becca smiled, then leaned up and kissed me softly before turning back to her vehicle.

Ami hesitated, unsure if she wanted to do the same.

"It's OK, cutie," I said. "I'll see you soon."

"Thanks," she blushed. Then she sighed and leaned forward, planting a little peck on my lips like she'd forced herself to do it, but she backed away smiling broadly.

Back in the truck, I found the girls embroiled in a debate about where they guessed we were heading. I decided to mostly stay out of it and focused on driving, though part way through Cassidy reached over and took my hand, squeezing it as she smiled over at me.

I ended up driving at the back of our little convoy and followed the tail lights of Becca and Ami as we drove back towards town and then through a couple of turns and stop lights until Becca pulled off into a parking lot.

“No fucking way,” Cassidy guffawed.

“You gotta be shitting me,” Wanda laughed.

The neon sign proudly proclaimed the building ‘The Booby Trap’ and based on the number of ‘*Girls! Girls! Girls!*’ signs and suggestive neon outlines of women it was pretty clear that we were at a strip club.

We piled out of the truck and Becca waved us all over to her. “Alright!” she said loudly. “If Strip Clubs aren’t your cup of tea, don’t worry. We’ve got a private room booked with a bartender for ourselves, and we can just dance and have fun ourselves. If you *are* inclined to have a little fun with the strippers, whether getting a dance or watching some of their stage performances, I’ve got a stack of singles for each of you. If you aren’t interested at all, you can feel free to use the singles for more drinks or just take it home. I’ve also arranged for one of the ladies to come and give us a Lap Dance Master Class around 10. Does anyone have any questions?”

Cassidy was snorting softly, trying not to break out into giggles, and Wanda was clutching my hand with both of hers as she pressed her lips to my arm to muffle her own chuckles.

Becca started handing out stacks of single dollar bills, a hundred dollars for each of us. When she reached me she got a naughty smirk on her face and she pulled out the waist of my slacks and tucked my bills into it.

“Have fun, babe,” she said with a grin.

“Oh, I will,” I promised her. “I plan on giving you the best lap dance you’ll ever have.”

That made her laugh as she handed a stack to Cassidy and Wanda, then kept moving on.

“Tiger,” Cassidy said, looking back over towards our truck and asking me to follow her. I extricated my hand from Wanda’s and gave her a kiss on her cheek to assure her everything was fine before following my fiancée.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“I don’t want to get a lapdance,” Cassidy said seriously.

“OK,” I nodded. “Do you not want one, or-”

“No, don’t second guess it,” she interrupted me, standing close and clinging to the sides of my shirt. “I don’t want to even think about the strippers, except for maybe picking one for *you* to get a dance from. Robbie, I’m serious about never wanting to do anything with anyone unless you’re there and I’m including strippers in that.”

“OK, Cass,” I said, pulling her more fully into a hug. “I understand. But can I make a suggestion?”

She nodded silently as she hugged me back.

“No strippers. But I’m *going* to be there, so I want you to feel free to have fun with the others. Dancing and lap dances between you and the others is totally OK with me tonight, alright? Well, with anyone who wants to except Heather.”

“Are you sure?” she asked me.

“I am,” I said. “Cass, I-” I had to stop and swallow. “I love how focused you are on making these boundaries to help with us, and I appreciate it more than you could know. I appreciate *all* of this so much I feel like I’m in a dream. But I don’t want you to lose being you in the mix, and that includes the part of you I didn’t realise was there. The part that finds women hot, and wants to have fun with her hot friends. So dance with them, OK?”

“OK,” she agreed quietly. “If you’re sure.”

“I am, baby,” I said, squeezing her tightly in our hug before separating a little so I could lean down to kiss her. “I’m sure.”

She took in a breath and smiled at me with a gentle sadness that I could tell was born out of that guilt she was carrying. I hated seeing it, but it also... helped. Knowing that she wasn’t just moving on, and that this was all still real for both of us.

“Everything OK?” Becca asked, coming over to us with a soft furrow on her brow. She’d probably seen us slip back away from the group and had kept the girls milling around so that we could have a moment. I knew that because it’s what I would have done.

“It’s fine,” Cassidy said, carefully wiping under her eyes to keep from letting her tears spill out. Then she broke into a smile that was only half-fake and went to Becca, looping their arms together. “So, when you give Robbie a lapdance, I expect you to go all out. Titties in his face and everything.”

That made Becca laugh and scoff at the same time as she looked back at me over her shoulder while Cassidy led her back towards the group.

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 passed 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 is 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 shot names.

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 anyway.

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 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 left 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 they 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 filled 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 net 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 clasped 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 dark haired 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 asked, 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 walking 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 - no, fourth - 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 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 zippered 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 bit 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 I 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 me 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 this 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.”

Chapter 227

The party wasn't losing steam, and while the girls were starting to moderate their alcohol a little bit more than off the start, they definitely weren't losing their energy. As Cassidy disappeared into the crowd, I found myself immediately swept along back into the group by a grinning Wanda as we hit the impromptu dance floor area.

Looking down into her eyes, I wanted to kiss her badly as she danced and shook, sometimes grinning at me playfully and sometimes giving me eyes that said she wanted to throw all propriety away, and damn anything else, because she wanted to fuck me. I tried to diffuse the situation a little since even my alcohol-buzzed mind knew that we wanted to keep things above board, but all my goofy attempts to be silly did was end up with Wanda dancing up on me from behind, while Zenya came at me from the front. I was squashed between the two beautiful women, as Wanda took my one hand and planted it on her hip and Zenya took the other and planted it on her side right up near her breasts. Our hips worked overtime, rocking and grinding, and I got the sense that Zenya wanted to kiss me almost as badly as Wanda did. It felt wrong to do that with Wanda right there dancing with us though, so I held back.

At the end of the song, I turned to try and let Wanda know I wanted a moment with Zenya, but before I could even lean in to start being heard over the intro to the next song my hand was grabbed and I was being pulled towards the bench seating again, and Wanda was smiling at me and pushing me to follow.

Terra pulled me over and planted me on the benches, then straddled my legs by sitting on her knees and resting her butt on my lap as she leaned in to shout-whisper to me. I interrupted her before she could say anything though, taking her hand in mine lightly and leaning in. "You make that outfit look so fucking good, honey." That made her pause as she bit her lower lip in a grin and stared sex at me.

"I can still feel my ass recovering from your cock," she said to me, whispering right into my ear.

God, had that really just been earlier that day?

I glanced around, still able to remember that I was trying to be good when it came to Terra and JC. The alcohol was definitely making it harder to do that though.

"He's getting another dance from the redhead," Terra said, knowing what I was checking for. Then she kissed me hard. That did it and I slid my hand from her outer thigh where it had been resting back to her small, firm ass and grabbed it while the fingers of my other hand remained entwined with hers. She hummed happily into the kiss, teasing me with little flicks of her tongue, before pulling away. "I want to feel your hands on my bare ass again so bad," she whispered. "Grabbing me. Spanking me. God, Tiger, I want you again and again."

Terra got up and turned, sitting back down in my lap and starting to grind her butt on me. Her tennis skirt with the built-in panties made it almost impossible for anything truly inappropriate to happen, but over the next couple of minutes of her 'dancing' on me I definitely felt like if we tried we could make it happen. The song ended though, and Terra leaned back into me and turned her head to kiss my neck.

I nuzzled down to kiss her ear, holding her at the waist. "I want you over and over again too, little elf."

She stood up and kissed me on the mouth again, then gave me a different sort of look. A conflicted one that part of me wished wasn't there because in my alcohol-inflated ego I knew she was trying to figure out things that should be decided sober and preferably not horny either. Then Cassidy came up behind her and hugged her, whispering something in Terra's ear. Terra nodded back, then turned to me and playfully stuck out her tongue before turning and hugging Cassidy quickly and slipping away.

"Hey, Tiger," Cassidy said, coming and sitting sideways on my lap. Her playful grin at feeling my hardness through my pants was barely contained. "Ami is going to put on a show for you."

"What kind of show?" I asked. Ami was casual about her body when she was comfortable, but I doubted she was comfortable enough here to do a striptease.

"You'll see," Cassidy said, then stood up and pulled me up and led me right up to the stage on the other side of the room. On the way my ass got grabbed twice, once openly by Leia who gave me a teasing smile, and once by either Cattie or Wanda and I couldn't tell which because they both just grinned at me.

Becca was standing with Ami and talking closely with her as I approached, and when she saw me she gave Ami a little kiss on the cheek and a wink before intercepting us. She looped her arm through mine and turned me towards the stage fully, just smiling at me. Ami, meanwhile, got up on the stage and went to one of the stripper poles.

She looked at me with a nervous smile, and I tried to give her all the encouragement I could with my eyes. Ami grabbed the stripper pole and twirled softly and gracefully on it. Then she put her foot down again and shifted her grip slightly before twirling once more, and I realized she was finding her balance with the pole.

And then Ami started to spin properly, and all I could do was watch mesmerized as she danced. It wasn't a sexual dance; she didn't take off any clothes, or flash her tits or ass in a particular display. Ami was wearing a longer, loose skirt that billowed slightly and gave her plenty of room to move her long, graceful legs to control her spins or kick out dramatically. I watched, with Cassidy on one side and Becca on the other, as Ami put on a performance that I could only call Artful.

I didn't notice while it was going on because I was so focused, but everyone in the room stopped what they were doing to watch. Even the bartender and the strippers. Hell, even Heather stopped flirting with Ginnie and Sherry.

Ami spun and twirled, her momentum never stopping even as she touched down to the ground as she pivoted and leapt to grab the pole higher. She was an acrobat and a dancer. She was grace personified.

The song, and I couldn't even say what song it was, ended and she stopped and immediately blushed as everyone in the room started cheering and clapping for her.

I stepped right to the edge of the stage and she came to me and let me pull her down into a hug that lifted her down from the stage. "You are an absolute Goddess, Ami," I told her. She grinned and kissed me, and she had to know everyone was still watching, but she did it anyway. And I kissed her back. It was sweet and sincere, with no tongue but all sorts of meaning behind it.

When she pulled away she looked up at me with her big brown eyes for a moment and then pressed her lips to my ear. "You make me feel so safe," she said. "So wanted. So... confident in myself. Thank you."

I didn't know how to respond to that, so I kissed her again and she hugged me tightly as I did.

Chapter 228

I had another shot brought to me, by Leia again who had a big, happy smile on her face as she presented it to me and then took the shot with me. Her cute, sheer top revealed most of her torso except for the black bandeau over her breasts and looking at her reminded me of our afternoon in bed. After taking the shot I wrapped her up in my arms and she melted against me a little bit as I ran my fingers up into her pastel rainbow hair and took a light grip to tilt her lips up to mine. She hummed hungrily into the kiss and I had to stop myself from sliding my other hand to grab a big palmful of her juicy butt through her kilt.

"Tomorrow?" she whispered to me when the kiss ended.

"God, I want you now," I whispered back.

That made her smile again and she pursed her lips in an air kiss before shaking her head and looking past me. I turned as well and found Cassidy and Becca walking towards us with Trixie.

"Have fun, Tiger," Leia said, squeezing my hand briefly, then stepping away and going to Ami and Zenya before I could ask her what she meant.

A hand grabbed my ass and I turned back, but realised that it wasn't my fiancée or Becca who had done it. Trixie was looking at me with a sexy smirk, her heavily shadowed eyes a little hooded and her bright pink hair swooped partially in front of her face.

"You need to be back here in an hour and a half; that's when we lose the room and need to leave," Becca said, leaning in to speak to Trixie and I.

Trixie raised an eyebrow and her smirk got a little bigger. "I can't be that long anyway or someone would notice," she said. "But isn't that a little *long* anyways?"

"Oh, girlie," Cassidy said. "You have no idea. An hour and a half with Robbie and you'll be wishing for another two even though your cooch wants to tap out."

That had my cheeks flushing. "I don't know about *that*," I said.

"So, are we fucking?" Trixie asked me.

I looked at Cassidy and Becca, and both of them were smiling and nodding. "We already checked with everyone," Cassidy said. "All the girls said you should go for it. Even Cattie."

I wanted to ask what 'even Cattie' meant, but my thinking was still a little fuzzy and my cock was doing a lot of the heavy lifting in the conscious thought department. "I'd love to," I said. "Where?"

“Follow me,” Trixie said, taking my hand and leading me towards the door. Cassidy darted forward and planted a peck on my lips as we left, and I caught several knowing looks from the other girls that I’d been having relations with. Trixie led me out of the private room but instead of heading into the main strip club area, she brought me down a side hallway where there was another, smaller ‘champaign room’ or whatever this place called it. We bypassed that as well and she opened an emergency exit that had big ‘Only open in case of emergency’ signs like an alarm would go off. It didn’t, and we were outside, the music dulled considerably as the heavy steel door closed behind us, this side of it painted like the rest of the building and lacking a handle.

“Here,” I said, shrugging off the buttonless shirt and spreading it out to offer it to Trixie.

“That’s not exactly going to keep me warm,” she smiled with a little raise of her eyebrow as she allowed me to help her into it.

“No, and I don’t know where you’re taking me, but I’d rather people see a random shirtless guy than a random near-topless woman,” I said. “And don’t get me wrong, you look totally fucking hot, but there’s a time and place with an outfit that.”

“Thanks,” she said after taking a breath. “Come on this way.”

I followed her and she led me around the side of the building to a parking lot, though it wasn’t the lot that me and the girls had parked in. This one was clearly the staff lot with about fifteen cars. It was even worse lit than the main one and was all hard-packed but pot-holed gravel. I immediately offered Trixie my arm to help her stay steady on her platform heels and she took it with another little thankful smile. We wove through a couple of the parked cars before stopping at an old SUV.

“Get in,” she said, pulling the keys from under the back tire well of the driver’s side.

“You don’t take your keys inside?” I asked.

“Are you kidding me?” she chuckled. “I like most of my coworkers, but most of them are tight on money after handling their three accidental kids or their habits. Desperate bitches steal shit, so I don’t take anything personal in if I can help it, but they won’t come looking out here for my keys. Plus, no self-respecting car thief is going to try and steal this piece of rolling crap anyways.”

“I dunno,” I said as I got into the passenger seat. “It has character.”

“Well, I guess it’s a good thing that people don’t steal cars for their character,” she chuckled as she got in and turned over the engine with a heavy, slightly-unhealthy grumble-cough-thrumm that reminded me more of a boat than a car.

“So where are we headed?” I asked.

"I know a place where we can get a little privacy," Trixie said, pivoting in the seat to look out the back window as she reversed the SUV. That had the effect of pressing her tits out from between the open sides of my shirt, the loose netting of her fishnet top pressing into the smooth, soft expanse of her cleavage, and I had to swallow once or risk drooling.

Trixie got us onto the road quickly and started driving. "Alright, so two things. The first is that I don't usually do this, OK? And you and your girlfriends aren't paying me - I'm not a hooker. I don't fuck people from the club. This is a one-time thing because I think you're sexy and I'm on a dry spell, you're from out of town so it won't cause me problems, and the fact that you've got seven different women all horny for you but also happy to share you out has me insanely curious." She turned to me as we reached a stop sign. "You're not a cult leader, right?"

"No, definitely not," I chuckled.

"Sex wizard?"

"No," I laughed. "That's a ridiculous concept." *Though my fiancée does have a magic app.* "What's the other thing - wait, actually, pull in here." I pointed to a convenience store that was still open.

"Why?" she asked, but did so.

"My fiancée and I don't use condoms since she's safe, but I assume you're not exactly looking to go raw with a random guy," I said. "I'll buy a pack."

"Well, that fixes the second thing then," she said, throwing the car in park in front of the door to the store. "Because you're right."

"I'll be just one second," I said, then hesitated. "I, uh, may need my shirt back to get service."

"True," she laughed, shrugging it off and handing it to me.

"And one other thing?" I asked. She cocked her head, and I leaned in while reaching up and gently taking her chin with just my thumb. I kissed her softly, just a little more than a peck worth of contact but perfectly smooth and casual and tender. As I pulled away she blinked her eyes back open.

"Fuck, you can kiss," she said.

"So can you," I said with a smile, then slipped out of the SUV. "Be right back."

Chapter 229

“OK, explain to me again the whole thing going on with you and all those women,” Trixie said. We were back on the road after my condom-buying stop.

“Cassidy, the one with the purple hair, is my fiancée,” I said. “We’re high school sweethearts. *All* of the other women in that group, and the other guy, are models and cosplayers and stuff online. Many of them are completely safe-for-work stuff, or a little risqué just to tease, but some do full OnlyFans kind of content. My fiancée likes the idea of sharing me and dropped that on me as we were driving out here for this trip. Becca, the blonde who organized everything, and the other blonde who was wearing the white top and black jeans quickly became more than just a fling. Same-but-different with the Asian woman and the woman with the rainbow hair.”

“What about the other two?” Trixie asked. “The super hot one with the black hair, and the sporty little spitfire?”

“It’s... complicated,” I sighed.

“So seven women, six of whom you started sleeping with this week?” Trixie asked as she pulled into the driveway of a single-story house that had a scraggly hedge running all the way around it. We were only maybe three blocks from the strip club and even with the stop at the store, it had only taken about six minutes.

“It’s a little more complicated than that, and I haven’t had sex with all of them,” I said. “But yeah, pretty much.”

“And now they all want me to have sex with you,” Trixie smirked.

“Cassidy knew I had a thing for your aesthetic,” I said. “But she could never really pull it off herself. You’re kind of a fantasy woman for me in concept, but you’re also absolutely fucking gorgeous, and I really like your confidence in front of a room even while you’re exposed. And I wasn’t running a line earlier - you’re fun to talk to.”

“God, the fact that I can tell you’re sincere is kind of scary, even if you are a little buzzed,” Trixie sighed. “I can see how they all started to catch feelings if they had the go-ahead and thought it was safe to.” She leaned in over the centre console and kissed me again, this time longer and teasing me with her tongue dancing across my lips. I reciprocated and there was a brief moment as we started to make out before she pulled away. “Fuck,” she laughed.

“Where are we?” I asked.

“My parent’s place; they’re out of town so don’t worry about my Daddy coming out here with a shotgun,” Trixie smirked. “But even if I think you’re safe to fuck around with, I’m still not bringing you in. We’re going to fuck out here like teenagers in the back seat.”

“Fine with me,” I chuckled. “Anything you do or don’t want to happen? I assume you don’t want your makeup to get messed up before going back to work.”

“That would be great, thanks,” she said. “And I’ve still got the buttplug in. Don’t get any smart ideas about that - leave it alone, please.”

“Got it,” I said.

Trixie got out of the front seat and I followed, both of us piling onto the back bench seat. She pulled a lever and the entire back seat folded back - not quite flat, but at an open enough angle that we were definitely more lying than sitting if we sat back.

“I do like having my hair pulled,” she said. “Just don’t go crazy on me. And don’t leave any marks - no hickies or scratches or anything.”

“Going back to work,” I nodded.

“Exactly,” she said. She reached a hand under the bottom hem of her fishnet top and quickly peeled both of the pasties off of her wide, pale areola and big nipples. I groaned in appreciation and she smirked a little. “What about you? Any lines the fiancée doesn’t want crossed?”

“Not that I know of,” I said. “And I’m probably down for whatever as long as you’re not trying to kick me in the nuts or stick something up my ass.”

“So no prostate massaging?” Trixie chuckled.

“Not today,” I laughed. I leaned over and kissed her again, this time pressing further as I lifted my hand and palmed her jaw to keep her in place, my thumb running across her cheekbone.

“Mmm,” she hummed into the kiss, her hands reaching for my shirt and pulling it off of me again. “Enough talking, let’s get started. I want to see this cock all these women are obsessed with.”

“Gladly,” I said, “But first...” I reached down and took Trixie’s smooth legs in my hands tugging her butt towards me as I sat as far back as I could. This pulled Trixie a little lower in the seat and I spread her pale thighs, the kilt riding up to show off her thong.

“Fuck, I like you taking command like that,” Trixie said. “But you don’t have to-”

“Hush,” I said, leaning down and planting a kiss on her thigh. Trixie was fit from her stripping, but still soft and wonderfully warm against my lips. I quickly went lower, burying my nose against her thong and planting a kiss there.

Trixie exhaled with a waver but reached down between her legs and got her fingers in my hair. "Seriously, you don't need to."

"Are you kidding?" I chuckled. "I seriously do." And without waiting I pulled her thong aside. Trixie's pussy was very simple, but there was immense beauty in the simplicity. She had smooth outer lips that were completely bare and just the slightest hint of inner lips that were more like directions up towards her small little clit. The outer lips were the same pale white as the rest of her, but her inner parts were a soft pink, and she had a little v-patch of rich brown pubic hair carefully trimmed close to the skin. "Jesus Christ, you're so fucking pretty down here," I said and then immediately gave her a long, slow lick with my tongue.

My eyebrows shot up as I tasted her, but I was more surprised by the look on her face as I lifted from my first lick. "What's the matter?" I asked.

Her brow was furrowed and she was biting both her lips. She let her lips go and licked them lightly. "I know, I taste weird," she said.

"Who the fuck told you that?" I asked. "Trixie, you taste fucking amazing. You have the sweetest pussy I've ever tasted. You're like fucking candy."

"Really?" she asked, surprised. "I- Both of my exes said I tasted weird and didn't want to go down on me."

"No offence, but unless you dramatically changed your diet *and* medications *and* had some sort of hormone shift, your exes are absolute idiots," I said. "They were probably just assholes who thought it was 'gay' to eat you out or something."

Trixie looked at me for a long moment, then sighed and let her head drop back against the seat. "That's exactly the kind of shit both of them would say."

"You need better taste in partners," I said, bending down and giving her another slow lick.

Trixie sucked in a breath, her thighs quivering a little at the feeling I was giving her, and she ran her fingers through my hair some more. "This town isn't that big," she said. "I stopped dating a while ago."

"I don't blame you," I murmured, starting to plant little kisses on her lips just to test which spots would make her squirm a little. "But that's also a crying shame. Now, I've got a request - well, two."

"What's that?" she gasped.

I raised up from her pussy and looked her in the eyes. "I know you didn't mean to, but you let it slip. Can I call you Tanya? I'd much rather have sex with *you* rather than your stage persona."

“OK,” Tanya nodded. “I want that too.”

“Then the other thing I need, Tanya, is for you to tell me to eat your pussy. Two idiots made you think it wasn’t worth it, but it so fucking is and I plan on permanently changing your mind on that,” I said. “So demand it, Tanya.”

She looked me in the eye and tightened her grip on my hair, taking one moment to absorb what I said. “Eat me, Tiger,” she said. One of the girls must have told her my nickname. “Eat my pussy.”

“Gladly,” I said and dipped back down to do just that.

Chapter 230

“Fuuuck, Tiger,” Tanya moaned loudly from her throat, a little growl in there. Her pussy was pulsing around the tip of my finger as it massaged her entrance while I tongued around her upper lips and teased her small clit. Tanya’s knees were dangling near her head as we’d slowly shifted. She was planted on the bottom of the back seat of her car by her shoulders and head, her ass raised up and resting on my chest as I leaned my neck down to access her delicious pussy. My other hand, the one that wasn’t fingering her, was wrapped around her torso and softly teasing the areola and nipple of one of her big tits as it was still trapped in her fishnet top.

“Come for me again,” I demanded. “I want to feel this amazing, delicious pussy squeezing on my finger as I taste this perfect little clit.”

“Almost there,” she whined softly, squeezing her eyes closed and then opening them wide, looking up at me burying my lips against her vulva. She groaned happily. “Be rougher with my nipple?” she asked.

I pinched it firmly and jiggled it a little.

“Yesss, like that,” she moaned. “Tell me again what I taste like?”

“Like the tastiest, sweetest candy,” I said between licks. “You are the sweetest woman I’ve ever tasted. If you find a way to bottle this taste, I’d drink it every day. You. Are. Amazing. Now give me more, Tanya. Give me that tasty girlcum.”

She moaned deep in her chest as I wiggled her tit by the nipple, tugging on it lightly, and stabbed her clit with my tongue. Tanya came. She wasn’t a squirter - which was good news for her backseat - but she still got wetter and a little pearl of her inner juices got pushed out by her contracting, shifting pussy as she came hard. My tongue lapped that up and I hummed at the taste, which extended her orgasm a little longer because I pushed that humm through my lips.

“Holy. Fuck,” Tanya panted as she came down from her high.

“Do you believe me now?” I asked.

“Yes,” she nodded. “But I want more.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I laughed and went to lick her again.

“No,” she said, “No. We- I’m fucking you. We’re fucking. I’m not just spending forty-five minutes getting eaten out no matter how good it is. Get your cock out.”

We shifted and my pants and boxers hit the floor of the SUV as I sat and leaned back, while Tanya got up on her knees and leaned over my lap, taking my cock in her hand and grinning widely. "I thought so," she said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"You're the perfect size. Long-ish but not so long that I'm scared you're gonna bottom out in me. Fat, but not so fat that it'll hurt or I'll feel like you've turned me into a wind tunnel afterwards. I had a feeling when you got hard under me while I danced for you, but now I know for sure."

She leaned down further and gave the side of my shaft a little lick, almost like she was testing it, and then a broad kiss that she turned into a playful nibble as she rested her teeth on it and smirked a little.

"Fuck, Tanya," I groaned. "I've been teased a lot already."

"Fair," she laughed, then slid her lips up the shaft to the head and looked at me out of the corner of her eye as she started slurping and sucking.

To be honest, every blowjob from an eager partner is good, but for all that Tanya could work her body like no one I'd been with other than Ami, she was at the bottom of the group when it came to blowjobs. It wasn't *bad* by any means, but it felt like she wasn't sure what she wanted down there.

"Stop, stop, stop," I said.

She came off of me with a frown and a crease to her brow. "What?"

"Come here," I said, pulling her by her hips until she was straddling my legs, her tits pressing into my chest as I looked her in the eye. "Do you not like giving head?"

She made a face that was hard to discern.

"Tanya, please," I said. "No judgement, no expectations."

"Not really," she admitted. "I mean, I know guys like it, and you definitely deserve it after eating me to two fucking orgasms, but I'd rather give a handy and then get it in me. I also have a pretty strong gag reflex."

"Oh my God," I sighed and wrapped one hand up into the back of her vibrantly pink hair and gripped firmly, pulling her into a kiss. She groaned at the commanding treatment and kissed me back fully. Slowly I started moving lower, kissing her chin as I pulled her head back and up with my grip, and started kissing down her throat until I hit the collar of her fishnet shirt.

“Fuuuck,” she moaned in a little whine.

I moved her around a bit, getting my lips to her ear, and I sucked her earlobe hard and licked the outer edge of her ear, making her shudder and wriggle a little. “Blowjobs are nice, but knowing you are enjoying yourself is way more important,” I whispered to her.

She pulled back and looked at me, biting her lower lip softly as she considered my expression, then she spit on her hand and ran it down between us to find my cock and start stroking it.

“You’re sure?” she asked.

I kissed her again in response, and she worked her slimy hand over my cock as I grabbed her juicy buttocks and squeezed her. We made out like that for a bit and she ended up jerking me off softly for a bit while I felt her up. It was hard not to at least tease her with the buttplug, but she’d given me a boundary and I stuck to it.

“Do you need to pop quick?” She asked me as we separated for a moment to breathe. “I’m not opposed to swallowing, and you *were* getting teased pretty mercilessly in there.”

“I’m good,” I said, giving her a peck on the lips.

“OK,” she nodded and started to reposition a little, lifting up with one leg and starting to move me into position. The feeling of her amazingly smooth and slick pussy lips pressing against the head of my cock sent shivers of pleasure up my spine.

“Condom,” I groaned as she got me properly slotted into position.

“Oh, fuck,” she laughed, falling back and away from me lightly. “Almost broke my own rule.”

“They’re in the front seat,” I grinned at her. God, I hadn’t wanted to say anything.

“I’ll get them,” she said and pivoted off from straddling my legs so she could lean up between the front seats, reaching for the bag with the box. This brought her ass right up in front of me, that little colourful blinking light of the buttplug flashing between her pale cheeks and her pussy between her thighs.

I buried my face between her cheeks and started licking that delicious cunt again.

“Oh, fuuuuck!” Tanya moaned deeply. “Tiger, that’s not- Mmmmuuugh!”

“One minute,” I mumbled, slightly muffled by her thighs.

Chapter 231

“Ooo-ooohhh, fuck,” Tanya moaned as she sat back on my cock.

“Tanya-” I started, hating that I was interrupting her.

“I know, Tiger, I know,” she said. “I just want to feel it a bit without them first.”

I was watching as she sat down on my cock, facing away from me so that her fantastic butt was right in front of me. The unopened box of condoms was in her one hand and the other was back, just touching my chest to keep me still. She sat down a little more, taking another inch and a half in, and shuddered.

Her pussy was gripping me hard, and every time she sat down a little more it did this rippling thing as her muscles squeezed. She had an amazing core despite her slightly softer body, likely from stripping and pole work. The only one of the girls who had squeezed me like this had been Terra.

“Fuck, princess,” I groaned, grabbing both her ass cheeks in my hands and squeezing them before pulling them apart so I could see where I was entering that perfect pussy.

“Call me that again,” she gasped, sitting down all the way until she was resting her ass in my lap and she leaned back until her head was on my shoulder.

“You’re killing me here, princess,” I groaned into her ear. “I want to fucking pound you.” I let go of her ass and reached around her, grabbing her big tits through the fishnet of the shirt.

“Are you close?” she asked. “Is *this* going to get that first pop out of the way?”

“I don’t need a starter-cum to fuck you for a good amount of time, Tanya,” I said.

She turned a little to face me more. “How many times have you come today?” she asked.

That took me a moment to answer, running back through the day. Once with Wanda and Becca in the morning. Three times with Terra? Or was it four? Once with Ami and Leia. Was there another one I was forgetting?

Fuck, that made me feel a little bad if I was starting to forget all of the sexual encounters I had in a day. It *had* been a long day, though.

“Six, I think,” I said.

“Jesus,” Tanya grunted. “How many of those girls did you have sex with?”

“Technically only one,” I chuckled. “The others were from other stuff.”

“Fuck,” she groaned. “OK, you feel fucking amazing in me, but still...” She sat up and off of me and slid onto the seat next to me, then we quickly got the box open and soon I had a condom on, hugging my shaft.

Then, when she tried to re-mount me, we quickly realized that while she was delicious, she wasn't exactly super wet. That led to Tanya getting out of the SUV, grabbing her keys from the front seat, and ducking into the house to go get some lube. She was still wearing the kilt from her outfit along with the fishnet top so she wasn't entirely naked, but watching her near-naked form walking in the dark outside was still a silly kind of hot. I also had a big desire to just follow her into the house so we could fuck properly, but she'd specifically said she wasn't bringing me in so I stayed put.

Tanya came back out a couple minutes later, carrying a slim bottle of lube, and as she got to the back door of the car she stuck out her tongue and pressed her tits to the window, her nipples and areola squishing deliciously. Then she was back inside and she was giving me another quick handy to spread the lube.

“OK, attempt three,” she chuckled as she straddled me again, sitting high on her knees to get into position. This put her tits on the level of my face, and her pink hair was falling down around the both of us as she looked down at me. I grabbed her butt again and she slowly sank down onto my cock with a groan.

I kissed her once she was fully seated, and that's when Tanya blew my mind a little. Her blowjob might have been subpar, but she had amazing control over her body and I felt like she knew every way to tease and please me.

Tanya ground her hips and rolled her body like she was dancing on my cock. Her ass clenched and wiggled. Her tits rose and fell, brushing against me, then pushing firmly, then pulling back and jiggling wonderfully as she leaned away and humped her hips up and down more. She moved in every direction, humping up and down and grinding to stir me inside her.

And the whole time she had a look of concentration on her face, her jaw falling open just a little and her tongue dancing across her lower lip as her expression twitched between smiles, smirks and flickers of unadulterated pleasure.

I let her do her thing for a bit, groaning and moaning and feeling her body from shoulders to thighs to tell her exactly what she was doing to me. Then I took a little more control, running my hand up to the side of her neck and placing my thumb at her lips. She took it in and sucked, levelling a hot gaze at me, and I took my thumb back and used her spit to slide it down between us and started diddling it over her slim, slick lips and little clit.

Tanya exhaled heavily with her entire body when I touched her there, and then she rolled forward to press her chest to mine again and kissed me hard, biting my bottom lip as she rode me towards her orgasm. I raised my other hand and grabbed her by her hair again, remembering that she said she liked that. She gasped and let go of my lip with her teeth as I snapped her head back.

“Come on my cock,” I ordered her gruffly. I wanted to thrust up into her but the limitations of being tall and sitting in the back seat made that difficult. “Do it, Tanya. Come.”

“Yessss!” she hissed as I kissed her throat. “Gooooood, fuck.”

She came down quickly, but I didn’t let go of her hair and I buried my face between her tits for a long moment.

“Tell me what to do,” she panted as I came back up and kissed her lightly again. “Go full Tarzan.”

“Then bend over,” I said, sliding my hand back to grab her ass.

“Fuck yes, Tiger,” she grinned.

Chapter 232

Tanya bent over in the back seat of her car was awesome.

Tanya bent over, with my fingers clawed with her hair pulled into a rough ponytail as I railed into her and she thrust her ass back at me was even better.

This wasn't making love. This was sex. I don't know what had actually led Tanya to say yes to the hookup - or at least what had pushed her over the edge - but we were doing what we'd come here to do.

We fucked.

She'd asked me to go 'full Tarzan' and that's what I did. I was fucking into her with powerful strokes that clapped her jiggly ass cheeks against my pelvis. My balls, feeling full again but not yet closing in on orgasm, were smacking into her clit and mound as I slammed to my full depth over and over. We had to shift several times as the force of our fucking drove her forwards, or caused one of our legs to slip from the seat.

I wanted to do nasty things to this woman. I wanted to get my fingers in her mouth. I wanted to pull out the buttplug and fill her ass. I wanted to turn her around, lay her on her back and fuck her throat.

Fucking her clenching cunt, pulling her hair so her head was snapped back as she panted and howled her pleasure, and reaching down below her to finger her clit or maul her tits was where I drew the line. Even in my booze-enhanced ego state, I listened to her boundaries, which made me feel even better about this whole thing because I felt like the fucking Man.

Tanya's knee slipped again and she went down to her stomach, but this time instead of lifting her up by her hips so she could reposition I followed her. I was fucking down into her a bit more, getting over her more fully, and I turned her head forcefully and kissed her. Her return of the kiss was hungry and full of moans.

"Tell me one of your fantasies," I said to her. "Where are we fucking?"

She gasped and put out an arm to brace herself against the car door. "We're at a movie theatre and we just realized there's only one other couple in the theatre. You lift up the armrest and we completely ignore the movie as you eat me out and then we fuck. At some point, I realize the other couple is watching us and fucking as well. You're slamming into me and I can tell the other lady is jealous of me."

"That's hot," I told her. "You're into public sex?"

She smirked and shook her head. "Not really. The dark car made me think of a drive-in, and that made me think of a theatre. You tell me one."

"We're at home. I just got home from work and I find you in the kitchen wearing nothing but an apron. You baked a pie for after dinner that night and the house smells like pastry and strawberries. You know exactly what you're doing when you wag your ass at me, and soon I'm eating you out as you finish the last dishes. Then, just as I'm going to fuck you from behind, standing at the counter, my fiancée comes in. She drops to her knees and gets under the front of your apron and starts eating your pussy while I start pushing into your ass."

"Fuuuuck, Tiger," Tanya moaned. "I'm not much of a domestic."

"I bet you'd make an awesome domestic woman for the right man," I said.

"Probably," she smirked. "Sharing me with your fiancée though, huh? Are all your sluts there?"

"Didn't think that far," I admitted. "Your turn."

"We're at some big State fair. There's a massive Ferris wheel with enclosed seats. We pile in, and as soon as we're off the ground I'm getting naked. Your fiancée starts sucking on my left boob, and that blonde who organized your trip is on my other one. You start fucking me right there on the floor of the Ferris wheel compartment, and we have to wonder if people can notice it rocking. Then your fiancée sits on my face as you rail my pussy and creampie me. Your blonde licks it out of me as you watch, stroking yourself hard for round two."

"I think my girls would love to play with you," I growled. "Tell me another."

"It's your turn," she panted, pressing her forehead to the seat as she rocked through a mini orgasm.

"I want to hear what you like," I growled. "Tell me another."

"We're in bed on a Saturday morning," she said. "We've been busy and haven't had sex in a little bit. I've been missing your cock. You wake me up by eating me. Your sluts are somewhere else in the house - they decided to give us the morning. You spend an hour between my legs until I feel like I can't take any more, and then you slide up and kiss me as you enter me. We have slow, heavy sex as we make out. By the time I'm staggering out of the room I'm dripping your cum out of me, you filled me up so much."

"Sounds pretty domestic to me," I grunted with a smirk.

"Not as much as me doing the dishes," she laughed.

"I want to fuck you in a shower," I said. "I want to watch the water trailing all over your body."

“I want to fuck you on a beach,” she panted.

“I want to bend you over and push your face into the pussy of one of the women I love,” I said.

“I want-” She gulped, interrupting herself as she strained and flexed, and then came again. Another hard one.

I kissed her cheek as she was coming, her pussy clenching hard enough that I stopped moving for a moment

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuh,” Tanya keened as she got her breath back, and then exhaled hard and lost the strength in her limbs for a moment as she went limp on the seat. I pulled out of her, my hard cock bouncing against her ass cheeks for a moment, and I manhandled her over onto her back and got between her thighs, leaning down to kiss her softly until she stirred on her own.

Chapter 233

I was fucking Tanya again as soon as she was ready, this time in missionary as she kept her legs wrapped around my waist. Her kilt was pooled up around her waist much as it had been the entire time, but now as we thrust at each other hard I could watch her big tits bouncing in the fishnet shirt. She had both hands up over her head to brace against the car door, both to stop from sliding from my pounding and also to give her some leverage to fuck back at me.

Leaning down over her a bit more, I put my lips around one of her hard nipples and sucked ferociously, making her moan loudly. When I popped away she gasped and bit her bottom lip hard enough that I wondered if she was going to draw blood.

“Be rough with them,” she grunted. “Pull my nipples. Slap them around. Please- Fuck! You like my tits, right? They aren’t too big and floppy? I noticed your fiance has nice, medium-sized ones.”

I used both hands to maul her tits, pinching both nipples between my thumbs and fingers. “Are you fucking kidding me?” I asked. “Tanya, your tits are fucking amazing.” I pulled on those nipples, driving myself deep into her and stopping my thrusts so that she could focus on the feeling in her tits. I wiggled both nipples roughly, her bounty of tit flesh jiggling as she closed her eyes and moaned from her throat.

“Do that, baby,” she groaned. “Fuck, do that.”

I pulled out and thrust into her hard, then let go of one nipple and clapped my hand across the broad side of her bouncy tits in a spank.

“Ooooooh, fuck, Tiger,” she gasped.

I started my fucking again, this time with hard, heavy strokes instead of the fast-paced pounding we’d been doing. This gave me more dexterity with my hands to start teasing and pinching and slapping her tits. Her beautiful nipples were only a shade or two pinker than her skin at the start, but as I worked them over I could see them flushing more from the rough treatment. Each of them stood tall out of the holes in the fishnet shirt, and I even used those corded strands to tease them by sliding the shirt back and forth over her bust roughly. I was more careful with the rest of her tits, not wanting to leave a mark on her, but I spanked and pinched the sides and underboob, hefting them higher and letting them drop. Then I adjusted on her suddenly and the next time I hefted them I held them there, her tits standing tall from her chest, and I lowered my lips and softly kissed and licked those abused nipples.

“Huh! Huh-!” she breathed, her eyes closing and her jaw opening as her breaths came heavy in time with my powerful thrusts. The look of concentration on her face as it twisted slightly in a powerful orgasm was beautiful and such a fucking turn-on.

I had a brief moment, seeing her with her mouth open like that, of wanting to spit on her like Wanda enjoyed. It felt like the right move, to claim her in a filthy way, but I held myself back. She hadn't listed that kind of thing ahead of time, and it would likely require fixing her makeup.

But God, did I want to claim her. We hadn't spent much time together, but between her look and her personality, I knew in another life we could have clicked together. It wouldn't be fair to her though - I was OK with Cassidy's modelling work because while some of it could be teasing, it was never overtly sexual. The others I'd been falling for, I realized at that moment, were much the same. Becca, Wanda, Ami and Leia all drew the line at artful lingerie or even more. Their costumes could be a little revealing for specific characters, but none of them did nude shoots or more. Cattie was almost the same, except that Heather had been pushing her to do more sexually teasing stuff. And Terra's career was different as an athletic and bikini model. She was sexy but never sexual.

I could see myself having that fantasy life with Tanya, even with her mixed up with the others, but I'd be asking her to make changes to her life that I had no idea if she'd be open to. Stripping would be out for sure, and I didn't know enough about her to know what else I might have felt the need to demand.

I wanted her, but I wanted the idea of her that was in my head.

And the fact that, with Cassidy's help, I could use the App to make those changes was scary.

Tanya blinked her eyes open and smiled up at me as she panted. "Fuck, you're pushing almost all of my buttons at once, Tiger," she said. "Are you close?"

"Yeah," I exhaled heavily.

"Where do you want to come?" she asked. "Your choice, baby. This is the best fuck I've ever had, and I can't believe it's in the back seat of my car."

I wanted to stay inside her. My primal self wanted to rip this fucking condom off that was separating us and drive myself deep and fill her up.

"Inside me?" she asked, her eyes a little big. Had she just read my mind?

"No," I grunted. "I wouldn't demand that."

"All over my face?" she offered. She hadn't been reading my mind. She kind of wanted a big, spectacular ending to this too.

"I'm going to come all over this cute little bush and up your stomach," I groaned. "And I'm going to imagine it's me filling up this perfect fucking pussy."

“Do it,” she gasped, squeezing her thighs around my side.

I pulled out of her and ripped the condom off, sliding my fingers against her juicy cunt to lube them up and make her groan, then jerking myself off rapidly.

“Do it, Tiger,” she panted, humping the air lightly as she watched me stroking. “Cover me in your cum. You made me realize you love my taste, and now I want to taste you. Cover my mound. Spatter my stomach. Make me **dream** about what it should have felt like inside me if we were being really bad. God, I want to be bad, Tiger. I want to be **so** bad with you.”

I came, the first shot firing all the way up her torso and stringing from her underboob to her navel. The next one went just as far, and the next four lost a bit of velocity but were larger, spattering her torso. The last two were weaker and streaked across her mound, sticking in the tightly trimmed pubic hair.

“Yeesss, baby,” Tanya cooed as she watched me come. “Yes, Tiger. That’s so fucking hot. Oh my God, there’s so much. You’re such a fucking **stud**.”

When I finished I let out a little chuckle of an exhale, and she grinned at me and giggled, and soon we were both laughing as we caught our breaths and felt our adrenaline slowly coming down.

Chapter 234

I was the first to move, but Tanya reached out to stop me. "Hold on," she said. "I owe your fiancée something. Grab your phone."

It took a moment to fish for my pants and get my phone out.

"I promised to take a picture of where you came," Tanya said, then chuckled again. "I guess that's just all over me."

"God, you look sexy," I said as I brought up my camera app and raised the phone a bit to get a flattering angle that showed her tits to her mound. The cum wasn't super visible in the dark with just the house lights outside lighting us up, but I could still see it and her tits.

Tanya motioned to see the photo and I handed her my phone. She took a look and smiled at me, then handed it back. "Take another one," she said. "With my face in it this time, Tiger. I'm not shy of you having a full nude of me."

I grinned and did so, and Tanya bit her lip and smirked at the camera as I took it. She approved of that one too. I took the phone back and with my other hand I softly stroked one of her tits, my thumb playing over her abused nipple. "Can I ask for something too?"

"Mmm," she hummed, closing her eyes as she shuddered a little at my teasing. "Anything."

"Can I take a picture of your delicious, tasty, gorgeous pussy?" I asked. "Cassidy will be so jealous that I got to eat something so fucking pretty."

That made Tanya grin and she nodded. I slid back as far as I could and she spread her legs, giving me a clear view of her cunt. It wasn't exactly the pristine view it had been when I started, having been through a good fucking and still flushed with her lingering arousal, but it was still almost perfect. I lowered the camera and took the shot, sighing at how pretty it was. Then Tanya reached down and spread her lips a little wider - her labia were so sparse that it didn't actually reveal anything else, but it was still that much more lewd and I took that photo as well.

"Now one with your cock just inside," she said huskily.

"Really?" I asked.

She nodded, looking at me through hooded eyes.

I shuffled forward and took my cock in hand - it was at maybe three-quarters hard and I knew I could go again with her if we wanted. Running the head up and down her slick lips, I pushed into her tight confines and we both groaned at the feeling. I went enough to bury my entire head,

feeling her entrance wrap around the ridge of it, and then pulled out just slightly and took the picture.

Tanya motioned to see, and I smirked a little as I pushed deeper into her while I leaned forward to pass her the phone. She laughed and gave me a knowing look as I started to slowly thrust in her again, not really building into another fuck so much as just enjoying the feeling of being inside her. "Fuuuck, that's hot," she groaned as she flicked through the photos. "Can I send these to myself?"

"Of course," I said.

She quickly did, then asked me to pull out. She took a picture of my cock pressed between her thigh and her pussy, from her point of view, and sent it to herself as well.

"OK, it's been- fuck, it's only been forty minutes?" she said, checking the time on my phone. She handed it back to me. "I feel like you were fucking me for hours. We need to clean up so I can get back."

Tanya did one last thing before getting out of the car again, which was to take two fingers and slide them up her stomach to gather some of my cum before tasting it. When she did her eyes got intense as she looked at me, sucking hard on her fingers. "Mmmf!" she hummed, then smacked her lips. "Talk about being tasty, you motherfucker. If I knew your cum was like *that* I would have demanded the whole load in my mouth."

"Well, I guess we're a matched pair then," I laughed, stopping from pulling up my pants to rub her inner thigh. "Because I have one last request..."

- - - - -

"Tiger!" Cassidy cried happily as I walked back into the private room at the strip club. Not a whole lot had changed; it looked like snacks had been put out at the bar, something Becca must have arranged ahead of time, and most of the girls were spread around the room talking and dancing in small groups and had been joined by a half dozen of the strippers who weren't working out in the main area.

"Hey, baby," I said, and she skipped into my arms and kissed me. Then she stopped, and I could almost feel her brow furrow for a moment before she pulled away and looked up at me. Our eyes met for a long moment, and then she licked the corner of my lips and looked at me again. "Yup," I said.

"Holy shit!" Cassidy said, then licked me from my chin to my cheek. "She seriously tasted like that!?"

“Yeah,” I chuckled, holding my fiancée tight to me. “And you won’t believe how pretty it is, too. I have pictures for later.”

“Oh my *gawd*,” she said, kissing me messily again so she could taste Tanya - or Trixie, now that we were back at the club - on my lips. I’d eaten out the stripper again quickly with the express purpose of getting her taste on my face for Cassidy. She stopped kissing me and wriggled out of my arms. “Stay right there!”

She walked quickly into the crowd and came back a moment later dragging Cattie with her.

“What is it?” Cattie was asking, then saw me. “Oh, hey Tiger. How was fucking a stripper?”

“Kiss him,” Cassidy demanded.

Cattie looked at Cass, then at me, then back at Cass. “I mean, I’m happy to, but-”

“No, it’s different,” Cassidy said. “Seriously, kiss him. The right side of his lips especially.”

Cattie gave Cass another look but leaned in and kissed me. I had no idea where Heather, or Sherry, were and I didn’t really care even though my buzz had been fading with all the physical activity. Cattie’s kiss started normal but she had a similar reaction to Cassidy as she experienced the telltale taste of Trixie on my lips and cheek. She pulled away and looked at me. “No fucking way,” she said.

“It’s real,” I said with a laugh.

Cattie kissed me again, deeper this time, pulling in a breath through her nose that pressed her chest to mine as she did it. Then she pulled away.

“There’s no way,” she said. “You sprinkled some flavoured sugar on your lips or something.”

“It’s real,” I said. “And it’s honestly amazing.”

“Fuck,” Cattie said, looking around. “Where is this chick? I need to find out her diet.”

That made me bark a laugh, and soon I was getting a new beer from the nearby bartender and Cattie joined me while Cassidy played the good Designated Driver and had a water. She almost dropped it when Trixie sauntered into the room - she was fully put together again and had split off from me to make sure she was seen in other parts of the club before coming back here.

“Girl,” Cassidy said as Trixie came up to us, but the stripper didn’t let Cassidy finish her thought as she hooked Cassidy’s free hand, took the water from the other and set it down on the bar, then pulled her towards the bench seating.

“Robbie!?” Cassidy called me.

“Have fun, baby,” I called back with a smile. Then I leaned to Cattie. “For the record, fucking her was amazing, but I was a little melancholic right at the end.”

“Why was that?” Cattie asked me as she let me take her arm and lead her over to watch as Trixie got Cassidy in a position to give her a lap dance. Cassidy’s eyes were wide and she was clearly a little overwhelmed, which was funny to see considering how she usually was.

“Because I didn’t feel like I could love her like I do you or Cassidy,” I said.

Cattie gave me a look that said she wanted to kiss me again, but instead, she slipped her arm through mine a little more and leaned against me as we watched Trixie start to dance.

Chapter 235

Cassidy was flushed by the time Trixie had done her work and finally allowed her to stand up. The best part had been when Cassidy had thought the dance was over at the end of the song and was shocked when Trixie did the flip upside down trick and started twerking in her face as she started the second one.

My fiancée came over to me after hugging the stripper and whispering something to her. I had a hint that it must have been about what she'd tasted on my lips by the way Trixie's face broke for a moment and flushed a little herself.

"Tiger, that was- wow," Cassidy said as she came back over to me.

"Wait, what's going-!?" Cattie said as Trixie took her by the arm and led her to the seating.

"Her too?" Cassidy giggled.

"All of you," I said with a smirk and hugged Cassidy and kissed her forehead. "Well, all of the girls who would appreciate it. So not Terra or Ami."

"Thank you, Tiger," Cassidy said, squeezing me in a hug.

"I love you, baby," I said, hugging her back just as tight.

Cattie got her dance, and then Becca got pulled over as well. It was fun watching my girls get teased, and soon the drinks were flowing again as Terra bought JC another dance, Leia bought Ginnie a dance from another stripper, and Ginnie countered that by getting Leia a dance too. Somewhere near the back of the room, I could see Heather getting danced on by two strippers, and Sherry was taking pictures on her phone.

I got pulled into a dance with Wanda, but that got broken up when she got pulled away by Trixie - I couldn't tell if Wanda was more flustered that she'd gotten pulled away from me, or was about to be the centre of a lap dance. She had no idea what was really about to happen - I'd let Trixie in on just the fringe of Wanda's kinks and gave her some things to whisper to her during the dance that would get Wanda absolutely soaked.

Being alone in the room wasn't exactly something I could get away with for more than a few moments, and I quickly found myself getting hugged from behind as a female body slid around and ducked under my arm so it was around her shoulders.

"Hey, hunk," Zenya said with a grin as she looked up at me. "Fancy meeting you here."

"Hey," I chuckled, hugging her at the shoulder quickly before sliding my hand down to hold her at her waist comfortably. "Having fun?"

“For sure,” she said with a smirk. “But not as much fun as *you*.”

“Does everyone know?” I asked.

“Does it matter?”

“Well, I’m not exactly a fan of fuck-and-tell,” I said.

“You should probably let your girlfriends know that,” Zenya laughed. “I’m fully aware of what happened with you and Becca and Wanda this morning, Terra this afternoon, and Ami and Leia after that. And now with the sexy emo stripper.”

“Jesus,” I sighed. “When you put it like that…”

She slipped around me some more, one of her hands keeping mine at her waist as she pressed her hefty chest to mine and reached her other hand up to hook around the back of my neck and pull me down into a kiss. She smelled and tasted like a fruity liquor, which must have been what she was drinking, and she fed me a bit of tongue.

“Good,” she said as she pulled back, looking me in the eyes and searching for something. “I was starting to think I wasn’t attractive enough for you.”

“Zenya-” I said.

“Shh,” she shushed me, pressing a finger to my lips. “I know. It’s not happening on purpose. But after what we’ve already done, and how explicit I’ve been, and it not happening, a girl starts to wonder.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I-” I had to stop and sigh. “There’s been a lot going on.”

“Well, you’re free now,” Zenya said.

“Here?!” I asked.

“No,” she chuckled, taking my hand and pulling me towards the bench seating in the corner of the room. She had me sit down and then sat back on my lap, but pulled up her skirt in the back as she did it. She’d worn an ivory blouse that was unbuttoned to show off a good amount of her cleavage along with a long, flowy skirt that went down past her knees and had paired the outfit with bright red Converse shoes as a nod to her more casual aesthetic. She leaned back against me, rubbing her thong-clad ass against my slacks. “At least, not sex. But I still really want you, and my motor’s been buzzing since that massage. I need something here, Tiger.”

She slipped her arm back behind her as she started to grind her butt on me. She gave me a funny look as she stuck out her tongue and touched it to her upper lips while her fingers found the zipper to my slacks and pulled it down. Her hand slithered inside and fumbled around until she pulled my cock out through my boxers, quickly hardening as it was pulled into the open air. Zenya lifted the back of her skirt and got it positioned between her butt cheeks and started grinding harder, hotdogging my cock between those big, fantastic cheeks of hers as she kept looking at me and flexing her ass.

“Fuck, Zee,” I groaned, making her smirk.

“God, I’m hot for you,” she said hoarsely. “Part of me wants to just pull my thong aside and sit down on this cock right here.”

I had to suck in a breath and let it out slowly to make sure I could say no to that. There were too many eyes, even if some of them would have approved. Instead of answering her, I shifted my hand under her skirt, finding the bare side of her hip and slipping my hand deeper under as it followed the curve around her thigh and between her legs.

Now it was Zenya’s turn to suck in a breath as my fingers found her clit through her thong and started to rub her, the skirt hiding my movement.

“Fuuuck,” Zenya sighed, grinding back at me harder. “I can’t wait for this cock. I’ve got special lingerie picked out, too.”

“Zenya,” I groaned, feeling her flexing her ass to squeeze my cock.

“Guys,” Becca hissed as she approached us, leaning down with a half-grinning, half-concerned expression. She leaned down and kissed me, then whispered sharply. “The bouncers just came in, you need to stop or we’ll all get kicked out.”

“Fuck,” Zenya sighed as I pulled my hand from under her skirt. Then she chuckled softly. “Cock blocker,” she said to Becca.

“Sorry,” Becca smirked back. “Find some time with him tomorrow. Just not when *I’m* finding time with him.”

“Bet,” Zenya said, then turned and kissed me on the corner of my lips. “There’s just one problem…”

Zenya ended up standing and Becca straddled me quickly to block the view of my rigid cock standing out of my pants as I fumbled to get it tucked away. The difficulty made Becca snort as she laughed, and I got her back by grabbing her ass through her slacks and kissing her firmly once I was covered.

“How was having sex with Trixie?” she asked me quietly.

“Amazing,” I said. “Thank you for helping set that up.”

“It was mostly Cassidy,” she smirked.

“That’s not what I meant, Becca,” I sighed and kissed her again. I was still holding her ass with both hands and I let go so I could take both her hands in mine. “Thank you for letting Cassidy keep doing what she feels she needs to do with this whole thing,” I said. “That sort of stuff can stop if you want it to.”

She smiled softly at me and shrugged a little. “Maybe. Soon, but not now,” she said. “I’m still figuring out loving you, and what that means. For now, I’m OK with you getting random hookups if Cass and I agree on them.”

“And the others?” I asked. “I heard practically everyone got a chance to decide.”

She smiled at me a little more sweetly. “It’s complicated,” she smiled. “But it’s a good complicated.”

Chapter 236

Becca and I rejoined the party and I decided to slow down on the alcohol and nurse one beer for the rest of the time we had. I danced with Leia, and then briefly with Terra again, before slow-dancing with Ami to 'I Believe In A Thing Called Love' even though it wasn't really a slow-dancing song. She ended it with a sweet kiss that made me have chest flutters, then passed me off to Wanda who grabbed my hand.

I found myself sitting on the bench again, and Trixie appeared with a grin on her face. She had finished her dances for all of my girls and had been hanging around and chatting with everyone. Now she straddled my lap, sitting high on her knees and leaning her head down so her hair fell around us, blocking out what other people could see.

"Thanks again for the fuck of a lifetime," she said with a grin.

"God, I want to grab your ass, stand up and walk you out of here," I chuckled.

"That would be so fucking hot," she said, blinking, but shook her head. "I just wanted a sec to say goodbye. I've got your number now, so I might get flirty with you on text whenever I think about that big cock or that amazing tongue of yours."

"I look forward to it," I grinned.

"Goodbye, Robbie," she said with a smile, lowering down and briefly kissing me.

"Bye, Tanya," I said quietly.

She pulled away and stood up, but held up a finger to keep me where I was as she backed away.

Becca and Wanda were leading Cassidy through the crowd and sat her next to me. My fiancée looked as confused as I did about what was going on - she looked over to me with a grin and a raised eyebrow, then took my hand.

That was when my two blonde lovers glanced at each other, silent communication between longtime friends, and they both turned and sat on our laps. Wanda started dancing on Cassidy, and Becca started dancing on me.

They weren't fantastic at it, but they'd picked up a few things and all four of us were laughing and grinning. The blondes swapped places, switching who they were dancing on, and swapped back again.

Then Leia hit the seat on the other side of me and I was surprised to see that Cattie was the one to put her there. Leia shot me a panicked look of '*Oh God, what is happening?!*' before

Cattie started dancing on her too. There were multiple cheers from the rest of the girls from the trip and the strippers as they watched the side-be-side-by-side lapdance.

I ended up holding Leia's hand too, trying my best to focus on the fun and the moments I was having with the girls, but in the back of my head, I wondered what had pushed Cattie to get playfully aggressive with Leia. They didn't know each other well, though to be fair the only other people in the group who Cattie was particularly close with were Cass or Sherry, and Cass was occupied and Cattie wasn't about to dance up on her sister.

At the end of the song, all three of the dancers were panting and grinning as they stood up. We dancee's stood up as well and there were hugs all around. Someone grabbed a feel of my boner through my slacks but I wasn't sure who.

Becca slipped away over to the bar and spoke quickly with the Bartender, who turned to the wall and lowered the volume in the room.

"OK, ladies!" Becca called loudly. "We need to be out of here in five minutes! No more drinks are being served, but our fabulous bartender Andre is happy to accept any last-minute tips. Please make sure you have everything you came in with because the cars are rolling out ASAP!"

The music got turned up a little bit, but not much, and even though many of them were tipsy as hell the girls didn't just start finding purses and sweaters that had been set down but also started helping clean up the cups and bottles that were around the room. This overwhelmed Andre a bit at the bar but was clearly a welcome thing because he was likely the one who would need to clean the place when we left.

With no more tips coming their way, the strippers all left. I looked for Trixie but she'd made her exit already. Deciding to let our goodbye stand, I turned my mind to wrangling the giggling, handsy crew.

JC, who I hadn't actually talked to the whole time, was as drunk as the girls so after a brief consultation with Becca I ended up deciding to escort the girls out through the main strip club two at a time. I took her, Terra and JC out first in a group, then came back and brought out duos of the girls. We didn't have any problems, though Heather, Sherry and Ginnie left together without me, not wanting to wait. Cassidy and Cattie were the last of the girls I escorted out, and on my way, I found the last bit of cash I'd been carrying and handed it over to the bouncers along with a handshake as an extra thank-you for keeping the group safe.

Outside the girls were already dividing up into cars, with who was in what car getting rearranged. Ami's car got filled first and Becca waved for her to leave. That was five of 14, and my truck filled up which was another five, and Becca's car already had three passengers so we had everyone.

I got up into the passenger seat and checked the back - Wanda and JC were in the side seats, with Terra squeezed into the middle. Cassidy got the truck running and we pulled out of the parking lot following Becca back to the boats.

Chapter 237

We were the last car to pull into the parking lot, and in the headlights and the sparse overhead glow from pot lights on the warehouses of the rental business I saw that ladies were already piling down towards the docks. Part of me worried about someone falling in the water, but that was the 'Oh God, something might go wrong' part of me and I tried to let it go. No one had seemed *that* drunk.

"I'll help you get JC back inside," Wanda said, and I looked over my shoulder to see that the big guy was completely asleep, his mouth hanging open as he rested his head back against the window.

"Thanks, babe," Terra said, and they both slid out Wanda's door and headed around the truck.

Cassidy and I slipped out as well and I ended up helping the girls get JC moving as he woke up but was still drunk. His arms over both of their shoulders got them moving.

"You sure you don't want me to help?" I asked.

"We're good," Terra waved me away. "Thank you though, Tiger."

I shook my head and watched them head toward the docks. Now I really would take a moment to check to make sure no one had fallen in.

"I'll watch them," Cassidy said, rubbing my lower back for a moment as she read my mind. "You say goodnight to Becca and Ami. Don't take too long though, I want to look at those pictures of Trixie in bed with you and Wanda."

"OK. Thank you, baby," I said and leaned down and gave her a peck on the lips.

She smiled up at me serenely for a moment before jogging a dozen steps to catch up to the others.

Ami and Becca were both standing by their cars and I went over to them.

"Great field trip, Becca," I said as I approached. "Nothing went wrong, I think?"

"Nothing," Becca shook her head with a smile. She slipped under my offered arm and hugged me on one side, while Ami did the same on the other.

"Have I mentioned that you both looked absolutely gorgeous tonight?"

"You did," Becca smiled.

“Like three times,” Ami laughed.

“Well, I’ll tell you again,” I said. “Ami, you were totally stunning when you danced on the pole. I couldn’t take my eyes off of you. And I absolutely adored the look you gave me when I danced for you.”

“Thank you,” she said, blushing a little.

“Becca, you were so confident and in control all night, but also able to break away and have fun. You were absolutely perfect in every way.”

“Thank you, Tiger,” she grinned up at me. “Everything good from your end?”

I nodded, then breathed in and exhaled in a sigh.

“That’s not a full yes,” Ami said, slipping away from hugging me to lean against her car as she held my hand in both of hers.

“I’m just- Becca already told me she was OK with it, but I’m still wrapping my head around what happened tonight. With Tanya. Or Trixie, I guess you girls know her as,” I said. “I’m worried that with everything going on, some of you might be bending what you want more than you should. Were you really OK with me having sex with her tonight, Ami?”

Ami frowned a little and looked down, chewing on the inside of her lip for a moment before looking back up at me. “We haven’t had sex, so I don’t know if I should even have a say,” she said. “You’re closer with the others-”

“Oh, shush, Ami,” Becca said, slipping from your side to practically tackle Ami in a hug. “We can all tell you’re falling for him just like me or Wanda. Of course you get a say. Did you not want it to happen?”

“I don’t know,” Ami sighed, looking at me with big eyes over Becca’s shoulder.

“What does your gut say?” Becca asked.

“I don’t know, that’s the problem,” Ami said. “My head says I shouldn’t be doing any of this. I shouldn’t be falling for a guy in a relationship already. I shouldn’t be doing what we’ve been doing with a guy I just met. I shouldn’t - most of this is a shouldn’t, to be honest. But...”

“But,” Becca sighed.

Ami nodded, still looking at me. “I’m still falling for you, Robbie. What I said after I danced, I meant it. You make me feel like it’s OK to be me. And... and I think you being you means that other people are going to love you too, and that’s OK. So I don’t know.”

“Oh, Ami,” I groaned, sweeping my arms around both of them and hugging them. “I’ll stop any sort of hookup like that until it’s a definite yes from everyone involved. I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable. And I’ll tell Cassidy.”

Both of the women took deep breaths and nodded. We slowly separated and I went to Ami first, kissing her softly as I held her. She pushed it a little further, slipping me some tongue, and our kiss lingered. “Goodnight, cutie,” I whispered to her. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, Robbie,” she assured me. “I’m OK.”

I kissed her again, a little one, and then turned to Becca. She actually hopped up onto the back trunk of her rental car and gestured that she wanted me to step between her legs. I did and she threw her arms around the back of my neck as we kissed deeply.

“Tomorrow,” she whispered. “I need you tomorrow, properly. You and Cassidy. We need to make the time.”

“I promise,” I said, kissing her again. “God. Are you sure you don’t want to come to our room tonight?”

Becca hesitated before sighing. “I need to be available on the other boat,” she said.

“OK. I love you,” I said.

She kissed me firmly, clinging to my shirt for a moment to keep me there until I finally pulled away because I was out of breath. “I love you too,” she said with a smile.

I helped her down and the three of us walked down to the docks. It didn’t take me long to flash the light from my phone and peek around the boats, and there were no splashes on the wood of the dock, so I assumed no one had fallen in.

“Good night,” I whispered after Becca and Ami as they went into the Singles Boat, and they waved.

Chapter 238

There was some noise going on inside our boat, mostly just muted voices coming from the rooms. Cattie and Heather's door was closed, but Terra and JC's was open. I peeked in and saw JC was sprawled out on the bed, snoring softly.

"Terra?" I whispered.

Terra stuck her head out of their bathroom, a toothbrush in her mouth, and smiled before dipping back in and flashing me one finger to tell me to wait. I did, and she came out of the bathroom in just her panties - a cute pink pair that hugged her slim hips and gave a small camel-toe view.

"Hey," she said, coming right to me in the doorway and going up on her tiptoes as she pulled me down into a pepperminty kiss. It felt weird doing that right in front of JC's sleeping form, but it was 'in the rules' for them so I tried to just enjoy it as I held her waist. She moaned into the kiss when my hands touched her, and that made me want to hear more so I slid my hands up her sides and ran my thumbs over her tiny tits and her nipples. That got me the extra moan I wanted.

"I just wanted to say goodnight," I smirked a little as the kiss ended and she dropped back down to flat feet, her hands still holding near my collar for a moment longer before sliding down the open front of my shirt and tracing over my stomach.

"Well, then I'm glad I could get a goodnight kiss," Terra said with a grin.

JC snorted a little and went back to snoring. Terra glanced back at him over her shoulder and sighed before turning back to me.

"You know, he was perfectly happy to get lap dances all night from the strippers. He never asked for one from me," she said.

"I wasn't exactly asking either, honey," I said. "Did you offer?"

"No," she said, quirking her lips a little and shaking her head again. She took in a deep breath and sighed it out. "I didn't really want to. Not for him, anyway."

"Still mad at him?"

"A little," she said. "But... I think I'm less mad than I should be, and that's kind of scary."

I pulled her into a hug and held her for a minute as she snuggled her cheek against my chest.

"Thanks," she whispered. "For just... knowing what I need."

"I'm sorry this is messy," I said.

"I kind of want to come sleep with you and Cassidy and Wanda tonight," Terra whispered. "But... I'm still figuring it out, and that would end things I'm still not sure about."

"I understand," I said, rubbing her bare back softly. "Just know, whatever you decide, you'll have me and Cassidy and Wanda and the others behind you."

"I know, Tiger," she whispered, even quieter. "Thanks for loving me."

I kissed the top of her head, and she looked up at me and I knew what she wanted so I kissed her lips again, another goodnight kiss, but this time I grabbed her butt with both hands and lifted her up. She ran her fingers through my hair and kissed me thoroughly before I put her back down on her feet.

"Goodnight, Tiger," she said, a little sadly.

"Goodnight, little elf," I said.

That put a smile on her face as she closed the door.

I had to stop in the corridor to take a breath. Things were so fucking complicated and it hurt in my chest. Cattie and Heather. Terra and JC. The Wanda situation didn't confuse or hurt me anymore because, with things laid bare and her decision already made - and knowing it would have happened eventually with or without me being the catalyst - it had kind of been settled. But the stuff with Cattie, and the stuff with Terra...

There was some sort of light, tinny music coming from Heels' room, like she was watching something on her phone, and voices in mine. I opened the door and found Wanda brushing out Cassidy's hair in the mirror. They both looked back at me with smiles.

"Hey, Tiger," Cassidy said.

"Get some goodnight smooching in?" Wanda asked.

"I did," I chuckled, closing the door.

We slowly got ready for bed, a touch of grabass happening but nothing that was going to lead us to break the decision that there was no sex with Wanda for the rest of the trip. I was down to my boxers, and the girls were both wearing one of my t-shirts for bed shirts when there was a knock on the door.

I frowned, glancing at the others, but before I could even take a step towards it Cattie's voice came through. "Guys, I need you," she said. Well, actually, she sobbed.

I had the door open in a blink and pulled Cattie into my arms. She was still fully dressed from being out, and she collapsed into my chest as she was crying. I held her there looking over her head into the hallway expecting Heather to be raging or something, but other than the soft sounds of something coming from across the hall and JC snoring the boat was quiet.

"Shhh," I tried to soothe Cattie. "What's wrong, Catherine?"

"Cattie," Cassidy beckoned her friend, and I let Cattie slip from my arms to go collapse on the bed between Cassidy and Wanda, who both started comforting her. I looked out the door again, trying to figure out what had happened, but came up blank. I shut the door and went to the bed, sitting down on the end.

Cattie was still crying, with both Cassidy and Wanda trying to comfort her. I grabbed her bare feet and started running my thumbs down them, hoping it would relax her, but she pulled them away. She did stop crying though.

"Not yet," she said, looking down at me through teary eyes.

I wasn't really sure what that meant, but I nodded and just put my hand on her calf.

Cattie took a deep breath and let it out before sitting up. Another breath and she turned and hugged Cassidy, then hugged Wanda as well. Then she closed her eyes, let out a long breath, and curled her hands into fists.

"I fucking hate that fucking cunt and I'm done with her," Cattie hissed.

"What happened, babe?" Cassidy asked, taking one of Cattie's fists and putting her hands around it, trying to soothe her.

Cattie opened her eyes and found her phone which she'd dropped on the bed before collapsing. She grabbed it and clutched it like it was burning hot.

"I know what she's doing," Cattie whispered. "And I don't care. I'm not fucking trying anymore."

Chapter 239

“Heather didn’t come back to our room, she went over to the other boat,” Cattie said.

We had rearranged on the bed, and now I was sitting up at the head and Cattie was between my legs, leaning back against my chest. Wanda was sitting cross-legged next to us and holding one of her hands, while Cassidy was sitting right in front of Cattie and holding her other one.

“I had ended up in Becca’s car coming back, and Heather had gotten into Ami’s car with Ginnie and Sherry,” Cattie said. “I didn’t really care because she’d spent almost the entire time at the strip club ignoring me and focused on either the strippers or on Ginnie, except for right at the start when she got me a dance from the woman who she had to know I wouldn’t be attracted to. I figured we were going to end up having a fight tonight. But then she never came down here.

“Ginnie texted me though, and she asked me again if it was OK if she hooked up with Heather. She’d asked me that earlier and I’d said yes, so I figured what the hell, maybe this would get it out of Heather’s system. I told Ginnie yes again. Then five minutes later Ginnie sent me a picture and asked if *that* was OK. It was Heather making out with Sherry, and they were both naked. I just told Ginnie to have fun, and I came here because I needed you.”

“Oh, babe,” Cassidy said, sliding to her knees so she could lean forward and hug her friend. Cattie whimpered into the hug, her rage and her hurt at war in her heart. “I’m so sorry.”

Cattie sobbed again into Cassidy’s shoulder.

I looked over to Wanda, who was frowning and shaking her head. I could only imagine what she was thinking. She glanced up at me from where she was holding Cattie’s hand and our eyes locked.

‘I love you,’ Wanda mouthed to me.

I nodded. *‘I love you too,’* I mouthed back.

She was being reminded about how her own relationship was already a wreck just waiting for the emergency crews to come and put out the fire.

I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around Cattie as well, joining the hug and squeezing her.

“I’m done with her,” Cattie said, still ensconced between Cassidy and I. “For good. This is the end. She did the one fucking thing that I told her I absolutely wouldn’t stand for. My sister!” She growled and I pulled back, giving her some room, but she followed me and leaned back against my chest again as she cried. “And Sherry - how could she be such an absolute cunt? My own sister is sleeping with my girlfriend. I’m done with them both.”

There was a choice in front of me. My instinct was to ask Cattie what she needed or wanted - to try and let her make decisions. But she'd made her decision now, and I'd been sitting on my own frustrations.

"Cass, baby," I said. "Wanda. I need you to go get Cattie's stuff from that room. Grab anything you think is hers, and we can put back anything that ends up being Heather's, OK? Bring it all here, she's staying with us."

"I can do it," Cattie said, making to move, but I hugged her tight to keep her still.

"They'll do it for you," I said. "You're staying in here with me. We're going to get in the shower and wash it off. The strip club, the smell of her room, everything."

"Thank you," she sniffled.

"I know what most of your stuff looks like," Cassidy said, squeezing Cattie's hand. "Do you have anything stashed somewhere I might not look?"

Cattie shook her head, and Cassidy shot me a quick look before leaning forward and kissing Cattie on the cheek. "We love you, babe. We've got you. Robbie's got you."

Wanda gave Cattie's hand a squeeze of support, and then both Cassidy and Wanda got off the bed and went out the door.

"Do you want to sit for another minute, or get in the shower?" I asked her.

"Shower," she said. "I- You're right, I don't want to feel like she's ever touched me right now."

We shuffled down the bed and went into the washroom. I was already only in my boxers so I focused on slowly, gently stripping Cattie. Once she was naked I turned on the shower and started it heating up, then grabbed Cassidy's hairbrush and slowly brushed out Cattie's long, dark hair. She would lean back into me often, silently crying, or grab my hand to hold her steady. Once the steam was filling the little room, and her hair was smoothed out, I shucked my boxers and we got into the shower.

Under the water, Cattie began to cry in earnest again, and I held her in my arms as the water ran over us. She sobbed softly into my chest, clinging to me, as she worked through the hurt she was feeling. I could relate, though in a different way. Cattie was being cheated on right now, and it involved her own family. A half-sibling, sure, but still a sister. Despite everything else that had been happening, what she'd been struggling with, she'd still been a hopeful person. She'd still thought she wanted to make it work because Cattie couldn't see Heather being who the rest of us saw her as.

Now it was crumbling down.

I'd been there with Cassidy, but Cassidy had been desperate to fix things. Heather seemed desperate to end them.

When her tears were done, at least for now, I slowly washed her. I used Cassidy's hair product and massaged Cattie's scalp, then rinsed her off and started to slowly wash her with the loofah, starting with her fingertips and working up her arms. I wanted to rain kisses on her, but I held back, knowing that wasn't what she needed at the moment.

When I was done, having washed all the way down her body, Cattie hugged me while I was still on my knees from washing her feet. She pulled my head to her stomach and I could feel her curl in a little as she cried a bit again. I kissed her slick, smooth skin and hugged my arms around her thighs. Then I stood and held her again.

"Thank you, Robbie," she said, clinging to me as she breathed deeply.

"You're welcome, Catherine," I said. "Whatever you need, I'll make it happen."

Chapter 240

“Robbie?” Cattie said quietly. We were still standing in the shower and she was in my arms.

“Mhmm?” I asked.

“You know how you’ve been saying you love me?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Did you mean it? Like, really?”

I took in a breath to make sure she knew I was being serious. “I meant it in every way that I could, Catherine. I didn’t want to be the reason you broke up with Heather, but I’m not going to lie and say I didn’t want you to. I was willing to love you like a best friend, or a sister, but I want-”

She kissed me, silencing me. It wasn’t a deep kiss, her lips firm on mine, but it meant something. I just wasn’t sure what.

“I need to talk to Cassidy,” she said as she pulled away.

“Right now?” I asked.

She nodded. “Is that OK?”

“Of course,” I said. I kissed her cheek and got out of the shower, quickly drying myself haphazardly with a towel before opening the washroom door and stepping into the room.

There was a significant lack of extra space in the already tight room. New luggage had been brought in, stuffed with piles of clothes and other things. Cassidy and Wanda were sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Everything OK?” Cassidy asked, looking me over.

“She’d like to talk with you,” I said.

Cassidy frowned slightly and nodded, standing up. As she went to move by me I took her hand and she stopped. I kissed her lightly on the lips and looked into her eyes. “Get in with her,” I said.

“The shower?” she asked.

I nodded. “She needs to feel wanted. Not sexual, I think, but close to you.”

“OK,” Cassidy nodded. “If you’re OK with that.”

“I am,” I said. “Hold her. I don’t know what she wants to talk about.”

Cassidy pecked my lips, looking into my eyes a moment longer to make sure I was certain about this, and then went into the washroom. I sighed and had to take in a big breath as I went to sit on the bed next to Wanda.

“You OK?” she asked me, immediately starting to rub my back as she looked at me with concern.

“I know it shouldn’t be affecting me like this,” I said. “It’s her relationship, not mine.”

“Shhh,” Wanda hushed me, getting up on her knees behind me and starting to massage my shoulders with her small but firm hands. “Robbie, you’ve been going through a shitload of emotional stuff. Trauma; yours and mine and Cattie’s and now Terra’s. It makes sense that it’s getting to you.”

“I just feel... awful,” I said, hanging my head low. “Like it might be my fault.”

“Oh, Tiger,” Wanda said and stopped massaging me so she could hug me, pressing her cheek to my back. I was still damp from the shower so it couldn’t have been the most comfortable, but she did it anyway. “Do you want the truth?” she asked.

“I do,” I said, reaching behind me with one hand to put a hand on her thigh to ground myself to her.

“My marriage was going to implode eventually,” she said. “Brodi lied, deeply. I just hadn’t realized it yet. You didn’t cause it, you’re saving me from the worst of it. And Heather would have been a pushy cunt on this trip whether you were here or not. It might have taken months, or years, longer for Cattie to get to this point, or it might have turned out exactly like this if you weren’t here. But you are, for her.”

“You sound like you’re trying to make me into the hero here, gorgeous,” I murmured.

“I wasn’t done,” Wanda murmured. “With Terra, I think you might be the reason.”

“Well, fuck,” I said.

“You’re not the only reason, but I don’t know if Terra and JC would have gotten to where they are right now if she hadn’t met you,” Wanda said. She slid around a bit, moving to sit beside me but kept hugging me, and kissed my upper arm as she looked at me seriously. “You’ve made Terra reevaluate things, and she’s not done doing that yet. If you’d just met her in passing, for a couple of hours, it might have taken a lot longer for this to happen. But we’ve all been stuck

together for days. Watching each other. Seeing how you interact with everyone, *feeling* how you look at and care about us. It ramped up the timeline, ramped up the stakes in her head. And JC would have never had sex with that cop if he hadn't recognized Cassidy's hair from the video of you fucking his ex. So, yeah, with Terra you're a pretty big cause of what's going on."

I breathed through my nose, my eyes closed.

"That doesn't make you responsible though, Robbie," Wanda whispered. "That doesn't erase anyone else's responsibility. JC still did what he did. He still is who he is. All the little things that have piled up between him and Terra are real. She still wants what she wants."

"I'm breaking up a relationship," I said quietly. "I never wanted to-"

"Shh," Wanda hushed me. "You didn't do anything that JC hadn't agreed to, or even asked you to do. Terra didn't either. They made choices. They fucked around with the idea of an open relationship, just like I did, and they found out. Just like I did. It's Terra's decision what she wants."

"You know, if this was supposed to be a pep talk, it's only half-working," I said dryly.

That brought a soft chuckle from her. "I love you, Tiger," she said. "This isn't a pep talk. This is processing."

"I love you too, Wanda," I said, shifting to get my arm around her so I could hug her.

We were still hugging when Cassidy came out of the bathroom, her hair wet and the towel wrapped around her chest. "She wants you again," she said.

"Are you OK?" I asked as I stood. I was still naked and had left a wet butt print on the end of the bed.

Cassidy nodded, then broke a small smile for me as she took my hand. "I will be," she said. "Go talk to her. Everything she says, I already said yes to, OK?"

I went back into the bathroom and Cattie opened the shower door, asking me to come in. The water hit me and it wasn't as hot as it had been - we were running out of hot water in the tank below deck.

"Hi," she said, slipping her arms around my waist.

"Hey," I replied, hugging around her shoulders. She melted against me a little, resting her head on my chest.

“So, I love you,” she said. “And Cassidy. It’s different though. I love you as a couple, as my best friends. I love her as my *best* friend, and a little lustfully - I’ve always thought she was gorgeous and hot, and that you were a lucky man. But you... Robbie, I loved you like a favourite cousin. Or maybe a hot, older brother or something. Someone I could fantasize about safely because you were my best friend’s fiance and it would never happen. But then everything happened on the trip and I just love you. Romantically. Sexually. You and Cassidy have acted more like family to me, except for the sex part, than my own family has since I was a kid. I love you.”

“I love you too, Catherine,” I said, breaking a smile even if I felt like maybe I should be waiting.

“I’m all in,” she said. “I don’t know how it will work, or what we’ll do, but if you’ll have me I’m all in on you and Cassidy. I want to date you, and make love to you, and call you my guy and have you call me your girl. And I’ll happily do that, sharing you with Cassidy, and whoever else is falling for you. Becca. Wanda. Whoever is taking it seriously.”

“I would-” I actually choked up. “Catherine, I would love that,” I finally managed.

She smiled like I’d lit up a Christmas tree and I leaned in and we kissed. It was deep and powerful and I could taste her finality on this, her desire running rampant. Just the way she stood in my arms I could tell she felt safe and welcome and centred and sure of this.

We finally broke apart.

“There’s something else though,” she said. “Something I don’t think will be too hard on you.”

“What is it, baby?” I asked, “Just tell me.”

Cattie looked up into my eyes and for the first time since I got back in the shower with her, I could tell there was still a bit of nerves going on. “Sometime soon, I’m going to want you to make love to me the way I know you want to. But right now I need something else. I do actually like Dominance play, and I want that in my relationship. But I want it to be real, and proper, with someone I trust completely. I thought that was supposed to be Heather, but she never earned it. You, Robbie - you have it. You have my love and my trust. Tonight I need you to dominate me. I need you to claim me, and erase Heather from my system. I need you to love me, and let me submit to you. Can we do that, please?”

I wasn’t sure, deep in my gut, that I could do it. Not until that last little request, that question. It wasn’t begging or pleading, but somehow it touched in me something that let me know this was something she didn’t just think she wanted, it was something she deeply wanted. It was a core part of her that had been hurt by Heather, and needed tending to.

I kissed her again as the water continued to cool, beating against my shoulders. I kissed her and slid my hands from her back and up to her shoulders before wreathing my fingers at the

back of her neck. Pulling her away from me, I looked deep into her eyes. "I'll love you forever," I promised her.

"I know you will," she smiled softly.

"Then yes, Catherine. Tonight I'll take you, heart and body," I said. "And tomorrow you'll still be mine."

She smiled broadly with every word, and a tear dropped from the inner corner of her eye as I finished.

Chapter 241

Despite the fact that I had just been out in the bedroom naked with Wanda and Cassidy, for some reason coming out of the washroom naked again but with Cattie made me feel more vulnerable. Maybe it was just because it was more personal, coming out in a pair. Maybe it was because Cattie and I had basically just agreed to become a couple; and not just a couple, but a Dom and sub in the bedroom.

Cassidy was sitting on the bed with Wanda now, still wrapped in the towel though she'd dried her hair more thoroughly and it was hanging in dark purple ringlets around her shoulders. Cattie and I had taken time to dry off in the bathroom after we left the shower and her hair looked similar, just longer and black.

"OK," I said after taking a deep breath, then went to Cassidy and offered her both my hands, and she let me pull her to her feet. "Yes?" I asked her. She'd said that she had agreed to everything Cattie was going to ask me when I went back into the shower with her, but I needed to confirm.

"Yes, Tiger," Cassidy smiled, looking up into my eyes earnestly. Still, I felt like I needed to have a longer talk with her. We'd been moving in that direction, and she'd been trying to assure me she was fine with it, but this was more than she'd talked about during that horrible drive out here at the start of the week.

I leaned down and kissed her, and she wrapped her arms around the back of my neck to hold me there for a few moments as she tried to assure me she really was in agreement on this. Then she pulled away and brought her lips to my ear. "Be for her what you are for me, Robbie," she whispered. "I want that for both of you."

Shifting a little so I was whispering in her ear right back, I kissed it softly. "I will, but I never want you to think you're replaceable. You're going to be my wife, Cass."

She sobbed, just once and very quietly, as she clung to me. In relief, maybe. It was hard to tell because when she let go and pulled away she was smiling and turned to Cattie. "Welcome to the relationship, bitch," she grinned.

"Thanks, babe," Cattie chuckled.

"Just so we're clear," Cassidy said. "I still love you as my best friend, and totally love you and Robbie together, but I'm only in a relationship with Robbie. After what I did... I'll be more than happy to fool around with you, and whatever, but only when Robbie is there and says yes. Is that OK?"

Cattie nodded quickly, biting her lip. "I love you like that too, Cass. I never want to lose you as my best friend, and *God* I think we're going to have some great sex, but I get it. Robbie is first and only for you. I'll never try to change that."

Cassidy turned to Wanda, reaching over and taking the blonde's hand. "That counts for you too, babe," she said. "The friendship we've developed is still new, but it's deeper than anything I ever had with anyone other than Cattie or Robbie. When you're ready, I'm totally open to whatever you want with Robbie and I'll support you completely and enjoy getting freaky, but never without Robbie there."

Wanda smiled and actually teared up a little as she nodded. "I can't wait, Cass," she said with a big smile, then looked at me. "And I'm not trying to assume anything, but..."

"When the time is right for you," I nodded, kneeling down and hugging her so that I wasn't just thrusting my naked crotch at her.

"In my opinion, you and Cattie can do whatever you want together though," Cassidy said. "Once everything is settled."

"Oh," Wanda said as I was backing away and she glanced at Cattie who was standing there naked. Wanda bit her lip and flushed a little. "I hadn't really thought about that."

"Neither had I," Cattie blushed a little as well. "I- I think we'll figure that out as we go. Unless..." she glanced at me.

"We'll figure it out when it makes sense," I said, unsure of my own feelings on it. On the one hand, walking in on Cattie and Wanda having sex would be a delight. On the other, with everything I felt about Cassidy, I had hesitations.

"So, is it sex time now?" Cassidy asked. "Because I want to watch you absolutely *ruin* Cattie, Tiger. Make her forget all the-"

I cut her off by covering her mouth as she was about to start some sort of filthy diatribe. "Almost there," I chuckled. She kept talking, muffled by my hand, and being silly as she gestured with her hands in increasingly graphic sex motions that had the other three of us snorting and snickering. "Stop, baby."

She stopped, looking up at me with a smile in her eyes, and I let her go.

"While I am basically a hair's breadth from being rock hard and humping a hole in the side of the boat, what with everything I want to do to you three, let's make sure you have everything Cattie," I said. "We don't want any more confrontation than we need to tomorrow."

The girls agreed, and Cassidy dropped her towel and put on my shirt that she'd been wearing before, then went looking and found another of my shirts for Cattie. Then, after a brief discussion, the girls decided that I was going to be useless in terms of the sorting of stuff and sent me out into the living area in just a pair of shorts. I grabbed my book and left them to it, fairly certain it was less about me being useful or not and more about them wanting to keep some secrets about what sort of clothes and stuff Cattie had. They could be sneaky as hell sometimes when it came to surprising me.

Chapter 242

It took longer than I expected, and I got through a few chapters before soft feet padding across the boat had me looking up. Wanda was there, smiling softly as she came over to me, and I set the book down and reached out to take her hand, pulling her down to sit on my lap. She straddled it, facing me with her butt resting on my knees.

“Are you OK?” I asked her. “That was a lot, earlier.”

“I am, Tiger,” she said, leaning forward as she took a deep breath, pressing her forehead to mine. “And it *was* a lot, and I-” she swallowed as a hesitation. “I’m jealous. Of Cattie being able to deal with her shit right now. I would if I could. I’m jealous that she’s the first one. Hell, Becca will be too, I bet.”

“Do you think she’ll be mad?” I’d made the decision *hoping* that it would be OK with the others. With how they’d been acting and talking I was 75% sure it would be, but that was a big 25% of doubt.

“No, not mad,” she shook her head. “We’ve been talking a bit more about this. Touched base at the strip club. She’s really in love with you, she’s just been hesitating because of the timeline and you, her and Cass not connecting physically like you’d wanted to.”

I nodded softly and sighed, pulling Wanda closer to me in a hug, and she hugged me back, then kissed my cheek.

“What’s the plan for tonight?” I asked her. “Is Cattie OK with you being there for this?”

“More than,” Wanda nodded. “Don’t worry. We girls worked it out. Are you ready to be the big man?”

“I think so,” I said.

“Mm-mm,” Wanda shook her head. “Tiger, you know how you *know* that I love being your toy, and treat me just like I want? Well, Cattie is in the same boat. It’s a different kink, but it’s the same desire, OK? When you get in there, order her to do things. Be forceful. Take her. She loves you and *wants* that. You fuck like a God damn beast, so let your beast roar. King of the Jungle shit.”

“Fuck, I want to kiss you,” I growled to her.

“That’s it, right there,” Wanda grinned, biting the corner of her lip. “And now I’m fucking wet, just from that. Turn that on her.”

“I love you, Wanda,” I said. “I can’t wait to make that official with you.”

“Neither can I,” she said. “I love you too. Now let’s go, the girls are waiting.”

Wanda slipped to her feet and took my hands in one of hers, leading me back through the boat to the door to our cabin. And by that point it was *our* cabin - there was no expectation that she was going to be sleeping anywhere else. Her stuff was still in with Heels, which was probably a good thing considering how little room we had with Cattie’s stuff now loaded in with us, but other than that... Wanda was mine, *except*...

That was a weird feeling.

Wanda turned and looked me up and down at the door, smiling and reaching up to fix my hair a little. Then she winked at me and opened the door, gesturing me in.

I entered and Wanda followed, closing the door behind me, but I had no attention for that. I had walked into the room and been happily surprised several times by now. This was another level, and I realised why it had taken so long for the girls to get everything in order.

First, Cattie and Cassidy were both dolled up with full, fresh makeup. They had both matched their eyeshadow and lipstick to their hair - Cassidy a deep violet and Cattie a gothy black that popped against her skin that wasn’t quite as pale as it had been at the start of the trip. It gave them both smokey eyes as they smiled at me fully. Cassidy’s hair was back and up in a pair of fun buns at the top of her head, a style she used mostly when she was doing a big cleaning job at home so her hair would be out of the way. It left her neck and jawline completely open, and more than once I’d ended up holding on to them as she was blowing me when I got home from work.

Cattie had her hair done as well, but instead of up it was just back, braided into a thick rope that was brought forward over one shoulder, the end resting in the cleft of her cleavage. She was wearing lingerie to match that braid, including a leather bustier that thrust her considerable tits up into a shelf and a lace garter and thong combo, though she didn’t have any stockings attached to the garter. Cass had also donned lingerie, though it didn’t quite match her makeup the way Cattie’s did. My fiancée was wearing a green teddie set she knew I loved on her, the bra portion decorated with embroidery that looked like ivy, and a sheer lacing over her abdomen running down to a delicate panty line that hugged her mound and was decorated with little embroidered flowers. It gave me big Poison Ivy vibes.

I wanted to stand and stare. I wanted to fall to my knees and hug and kiss them both and tell them how absolutely gorgeous they both wore. Every fibre in my being wanted to lavish them with love.

And that was what I was going to do, I just needed to do it the way that Cattie had asked me to.

I walked to the end of the bed, my knees pressing against the side of the mattress, and lightly gestured to the two of them. "Come," I ordered, pointing to the space right in front of me. Cattie immediately moved, scampering yet somehow sexy, and Cassidy took only a moment longer to register how this game was going to be played. Cattie ended up sitting on her knees, her hands flat on her wonderfully pale thighs as she looked up at me and straightened her posture, presenting her cleavage to me while also looking slightly down demurely.

Cassidy started copying her with a couple of glances to make sure she was doing it right and ended up in the same position.

"Good girls," I said, and reached out with both hands to run a thumb over a cheek for each of them. Then I took her chins in my hands and lifted their faces to look at me. "I am very, very pleased."

Chapter 243

Cattie broke into a smile, and Cassidy smirked a little at the oddly formal phrasing that I wouldn't normally use, knowing that it was for Cattie's benefit. Our rough play was usually a lot more casual.

"Now, I have some questions for you both," I continued. "Cassidy. My fiancée. My love. Do you consent to being a little plaything tonight, and following all of mine *and* Cattie's directions?"

"I do, Tiger," she said. "Anything that you want. Anything that Cattie wants, if that's what you want. Gladly."

"Good," I said and leaned down and kissed her softly.

Standing back up, I looked back at Cattie who was keeping her face passive but smiling with her eyes. "Catherine," I said firmly, and I could almost feel the chill running through her as I used her full first name. "My girlfriend." Another chill, and she couldn't help but break a smile at the label. "My love. Do you consent to being my little plaything tonight, and submitting to me properly for the first time, so that we can begin our journey together?"

"I do, Tiger," Cattie said breathily.

"And do you believe you can take a firm but loving hand in helping Cassidy be your little slut-sister for me?"

"Happily, Tiger," she said. When she said it, the way she said it, I could almost hear another word in that nickname.

"Good," I said and leaned down and awarded her with a kiss as well.

Standing back up, I finally glanced around the room and found that Wanda wasn't just behind me somewhere watching - she was off to the side slightly and holding up our camera, but I hadn't heard any of the clicks of pictures being taken, which meant she was recording.

"They asked me to," she explained, blushing a little. "Cattie's wants her first proper time with you two, and being dominated by her forever-Dom, recorded so she can watch it back."

"That's more than fine," I said, but stepped over and took the camera from Wanda and got close to her, holding the camera up so it caught both of us in the frame as she looked up at me with large eyes. "Wanda. My toy. My love. Do you consent to watch all of the depraved sex that is going to happen here, even though you can't participate and can only watch and play with yourself?"

She was breathing shallowly and nodded.

“Say it, gorgeous,” I reminded her with a little smirk.

“I do, Tiger,” she said. “God, I’m so wet already. It’s gonna be hard to keep the camera still.”

I rewarded her with a kiss, but just a little one, still trying to hold some sort of barrier up. I handed her back the camera and returned to the edge of the bed, both Cattie and Cassidy looking up into my face since I hadn’t told them to lower their eyes.

“I love you both,” I said, breaking character a little. They smiled, and glanced at each other and smiled a little more, then looked back up at me. That little look had made my heart flutter and my cock stir, so I decided that if I was going to be in charge, I was going to indulge myself.

“Now, kiss,” I ordered them.

One glance with a raised eyebrow from Cassidy just to check that I really did want that and wasn’t testing her, and they turned and brought their lips together as they closed their eyes. I watched, my cock slowly hardening and my heart thumping in my chest, as their kiss developed. Cattie reached out first, running her hand over the side of Cassidy’s neck, and then Cassidy brought hers up to cup Cattie’s cheek. Their lips worked, and soon their tongues did as well, their dark lipsticks a mismatch but highlighting each purse and pulse. When they broke away, both smiling and giving each other heavy-lidded looks, Cattie darted her lips forward to steal one last peck, and then they both looked up at me, silently asking if I approved.

I did. I really did. But I had to keep reminding myself this was about being *dominant*.

“Good girls,” I said. “Now, which one of you wants to take out my cock?”

“I do, Tiger,” Cattie said immediately.

“No, I do!” Cassidy said. “I want your cock, Tiger. I want to make sure it’s nice and hard and ready to fuck us.”

“May I please be the one to serve your cock, Tiger?” Cattie countered, her lower lip pouting just a little as she looked up at me. Again, the way she said *Tiger* sounded an awful lot like something else.

“You may reveal my cock and prepare it with those lovely lips of yours, Catherine,” I said, running my thumb across her black lipstick lightly and watching as her lower lip bent with the touch sexily.

“Thank you, Tiger,” she said, leaning forward and beginning to kiss my stomach, starting a trail down to my waistline.

“You, my sexy little fiancée,” I said, looking at Cassidy, “May kiss me.”

She broke into a grin and stood tall on her knees, leaning in to press her body against mine as she lifted her chin to begin making out with me. I slid my hand around from her hip to her ass, grabbing a cheek firmly as we made out, the familiar sensations of Cassidy’s technique a warm welcome as our tongues battled a little and she rubbed my chest with her hands. At my waist, Cattie had begun slowly tugging my shorts down, kissing every inch of my pubic mound that was revealed with each tug, and progressing to doing the same with the root of my cock.

I moaned into my kisses with Cassidy, squeezing her butt, and raised my other hand to pet the side of Cattie’s head - I would have rather been able to run my fingers through her hair, but the tight braid stopped that. Still, it had the desired effect and Cattie moaned softly at being encouraged for what she was doing.

Soon my shorts slipped down fully, pooling on the floor, and Cattie was softly kissing, licking and even lightly nibbling her way around my hard cock as it stood straight out from my body. She didn’t use her hands since I had told her to use her lips.

I broke character again, this time as I pulled from my heavy kissing with Cassidy. I looked her in the eye and checked in with her, and she nodded and smiled, then kissed the tip of my nose. I gave her buttcheek another squeeze and she grinned, then snapped her teeth at me playfully so I gave her ass a little smack.

“Good,” I said, glancing as my only indication that Cassidy should sit again. When she did I pulled my cock from Cattie and she immediately resumed her position, kneeling with her hands flat on her thighs and her posture straight.

“Catherine, it seems you were successful in your task,” I said. Then I slid my hand flat over her bare upper chest and slowly up to her neck. “That does beg the question though, what am I going to *do* with this hard cock?”

“Anything you want, Tiger,” she promised me, looking at me without an ounce of fear as my hand closed around her throat.

I leaned down and couldn’t help myself, loosening my hand on her as I whispered in her ear. “I love you.”

She smiled warmly and a tear sprung from one eye, which she quickly wiped daintily to stop her thick mascara from running.

That, however, gave me an idea.

Chapter 244

Cattie was on her back, her head hanging off the edge of the bed and her pale legs spread. She was still wearing the black leather bustier and the garter belt, but her thong was gone and revealing her delectable pussy.

“Cassidy, get her ready for me,” I ordered.

Again, there was just a moment of hesitation as my fiancée confirmed the order was what I wanted. If I were a serious Dom that might have meant I should punish her or something, but with the way things were it just let me know, over and over, that she was dedicated to her promises.

“Ooo-mmmmm,” Cattie groaned as Cassidy bent to her task, quickly starting to lick at Cattie’s pussy.

“Is she good at that, Catherine?” I asked, laying my hard cock on Cattie’s face.

“She is, Tiger,” Cattie groaned. “Almost as good as you.”

“I’m better?” I asked, a little surprised.

“I absolutely adored when you ate me last time,” Cattie moaned. “The feel of your five o’clock shadow on my skin just added something so fucking hot.”

“Is she better than She Who Shall Not Be Named?” I asked.

“The difference is mountains and molehills,” Cattie groaned.

“Is that a yes?” I asked, tapping the head of my cock on her lips.

“God, yes, Tiger,” Cattie groaned.

“Good girl,” I said and pushed my cock between her black-stained lips. “And Cassidy?”

My fiancée looked up from her task of eating out Cattie, her cheeks already a little wet and her purple lipstick starting to smudge from Cattie’s juices and the kissing earlier.

“Remember to get her ass ready, too. Catherine promised that to me.”

Cattie moaned, deep in her chest, at that and I used that opportunity to slide deeper into her mouth, all the way to the back and with one hard swallow she took me into her throat.

I was not gentle, but she didn't want me to be. As Cassidy ate her out, and then lifted her legs to start tonguing at Cattie's ass, I fucked her face and throat. And Cattie loved every moment of it. She gagged and spit and sucked and slurped and moaned. I buried deep. I humped with powerful little thrusts, riding her throat. She swallowed and drooled. Her spit covered her face, and her black lipstick disappeared except for some rough smudges. Her tears, not from sadness but from the sheer force of the visceral throatfuck, turned her eye makeup into a drippy mess which was her intention for putting so much on to begin with.

And then, after she came while my cock was in her throat and Cassidy fingered her pussy while tonguing her ass, I pulled out of Cattie's mouth and knelt down as she gasped for breath and her body shook lightly. I supported her head from below, holding it up to help her, and I looked at the mess that was her face and I kissed her despite it.

"I love you, Catherine," I whispered to her.

"I love you too, Tiger," she coughed, grinning at me. Asking me to keep going.

I stood back up and straddled her face. "Suck on my balls, Catherine," I ordered her. "Cassidy, come suck my cock."

"Yes, Tiger," Cassidy answered with a grin. Cattie didn't answer me, she only went to work, quickly using her mouth to minister to my balls while Cassidy crawled up her body and laid down on it, taking my messy cock into her mouth.

I glanced over at Wanda, who had been moving around the periphery of the room to get good angles of our nasty sex, and she looked at me over the camera. '*I want this so bad,*' she mouthed to me.

'*Soon,*' I mouthed back. '*I love you.*'

She pursed her lips in an air kiss as she smiled, then let go of the camera with one hand and reached under my shirt that she was wearing to slide her fingers across her pussy.

"Enough," I ordered Cassidy and Cattie, and they both let their lips fall away from my genitals and I stepped away from straddling Cattie's face. I went into the bathroom and came back with some paper towels. I ordered Cattie to sit up and I carefully, gently wiped the spit and drool from her lower face but left the smattering of her eye makeup from where it had smudged and trailed. Then I had Cassidy sit up as well and I cleaned her mouth as well.

I climbed onto the bed and laid down with my back propped up on the pillows. "How horny are you, my sweet little Catherine?" I asked.

"So horny, Tiger," she answered.

“Cassidy?”

“Desperate, Tiger,” my fiancée answered.

“Catherine, come mount my cock like a good little slut,” I said. “But first take off that beautiful bustier so I can see those tits that I adore so much.”

“Yes, Tiger,” she grinned at me, and quickly started unsnapping buttons.

“Cassidy, once Cattie is properly seated on my cock, you’re going to help her turn around on it and then you’re going to make out with her as she grinds on me. She can tease you as much as she wants with her hands, but you’re not allowed to come.”

“OK, Tiger,” Cassidy agreed readily. She’d obviously enjoyed making out with Cattie earlier and nothing I’d asked for was something she didn’t want.

Cattie finished taking off the bustier, leaving some lines on her skin where the tight leather and fabric had been squeezing her, and she let it fall off the side of the bed as she slid up and straddled my waist, getting into position to sit on my cock.

“Help her out, Cassidy,” I said.

Cassidy’s hand came in and adjusted me into position.

“May I please make love to your cock, Tiger?” Cattie asked me quietly. “I’ve been dreaming about this all week. I want you so bad.”

“Will it be the only cock you take from now on, other than toys we might use on you?” I counter-asked.

She looked into my eyes and nodded. “Yes, Tiger. You’re the only man for me.”

“Then you may,” I said gently, cupping her cheek with one hand and taking her hand with the other, helping support her as she leaned her chest lower and pushed back with her hips, my cock entering her tight channel.

“Ooooooh, Tiger,” she grunted softly, her eyes half-closing as she breathed in.

“Catherine,” I gulped. “Mmm, I love you, Catherine.”

She slowly worked her way down my cock as we stared into each other’s eyes, the wiggling of her hips helping her delve deeper and deeper. I caressed her face, and her tits, teasing her nipples with light touches as I felt how firm they were. And finally, when I was rooted fully inside her, I leaned forward and kissed her.

“Forever mine, now,” I whispered to her.

“And so fucking happy about it,” she grinned back.

Chapter 245

After I made out with Cattie a bit as she slowly writhed her hips, stirring my cock inside her, Cassidy followed my orders and helped her spin around without getting off of me. Cattie was leaning forward in reverse cowgirl now, facing away from me as Cassidy knelt on the bed between my legs and the two friends started kissing. I could see Cattie's hand travelling and exploring, teasing my fiancée all over. My goal was to give Cattie the freedom to tap into her kink of being allowed to be weird and intimate in her sexual exploration, while also 'punishing' Cassidy a little for getting to indulge her own bisexual wants.

It wasn't really a punishment, but she would be feeling her horniness for sure and wasn't allowed to do anything about it.

The position with Cattie also gave me access to a different part of her - her fantastic ass. Off all the asses on the trip, I rated Wanda and Cattie's at the top. Ami was a close third in terms of firmness and bubbiness and was tied with Leia's thicker, juicier one, and Terra's tight buns were in a category all their own with her specific build. And now, as Cattie tried to focus on three things at once, I watched as her ass cheeks flexed and moved as she ground on me.

I grabbed those pale cheeks of hers and squeezed, then raked my fingernails across them slowly, and Cattie moaned into her kiss with Cassidy. Reaching up high, I did the same move with my fingernails but ran them down her back from her shoulders all the way to her ass. Then I palmed her cheeks again and spread them fully, taking a delightful look at her asshole. It was perfect and gorgeous, though to be fair I thought that of the pussies and asses of all my recent partners, and it sat in a little dimple of slightly darker skin that was the same shade as her areolas.

Sliding my thumb over it, Cattie moaned. Cassidy had already been tonguing it earlier, but I wanted to make sure that while I was dominating Catherine I was also doing so by bringing her as much pleasure as I could. So that meant she needed more.

Glancing over to the side table partially built into the wall beside the bed, I extended my arm but couldn't reach what I wanted from my position.

"Wanda, baby," I said, drawing her attention from where she'd been filming Cattie and Cassidy making out. "Can you help me out here?"

She saw what I was reaching for and smiled, climbing over the corner of the bed to get around some of Cattie's luggage and grabbing the lube to hand to me. I took it, but I'd noticed something. "Come up here," I said, gesturing to her. "Get a shot of this."

Wanda climbed onto the bed, and I distracted her by getting her to lean over to grab a shot of Cattie's ass twerking on my cock, her pussy lips split vividly in a lewd and gorgeous display between her cheeks.

“Sorry, baby,” I said to Wanda, making her frown.

“What-?!” She sniffed in hard as I craned my neck and pulled her down to where I needed her to be, and then I took a long lick up her inner thigh, tasting the little dribble of her pussy juice that had slid out from underneath my shirt that she was wearing.

“God, you taste good,” I said to her, then kissed her thigh. “But that’s all. Thanks, my little toy.”

It took Wanda a moment to calm herself, and I could tell she was fighting a war with her own horniness to abandon our decision.

“Hey,” I said, reaching to her and taking her hand. “It’s worth it.”

She opened her eyes and glared at me a little. “I know you are,” she said. “But stop tempting me, you devil-man.” She broke into a grin and rolled away, going back to filming.

God, I wished she could join us.

Instead of dwelling on Wanda, however, I went back to what I had been doing. Soon I had two fingers covered in the lube that Cattie had loaned Terra and I earlier in the day, and I was pressing my first finger into her ass.

The girls’ kissing stopped for a moment as Cattie groaned and looked over her shoulder at me.

“Did I say you could stop?” I asked her curtly, bringing a flash of a smile to her face before she got serious and shook her head.

“No, Tiger. I’m sorry. Your finger just feels so good in my ass.”

Cattie’s back door was a tight fit, but with patience and lube, I ended up getting two fingers in, and teasing a third, as Wanda filmed. Playing with Cattie’s ass was fun, and I could probably do it for an hour, but I was getting a little impatient. Her grinding on my cock had slowed, and Cassidy was making more and more whining grunts as she tried to fend off an orgasm brought on by Cattie’s fingers and kisses.

“Stop,” I said. Cassidy immediately backed away from Cattie, breathing hard, and Cattie went to dismount from me but stopped when I grabbed her by her thick braid of black hair with one hand and her hip with the other, pushing her down onto my cock. With soft pulls, she leaned back slowly until her bare shoulders were pressed to my chest. I let go of her hair and her hip, sliding my hands up and over Cattie’s tits as I kissed her ear.

“Please, Tiger,” Cattie pleaded.

“Yes?”

“May I come?”

“Just sitting on my cock makes you want to come, Catherine?”

“I’m so turned on right now, Tiger,” she whispered hoarsely. “Cassidy is an amazing kisser, and she is so easy to tease. Controlling her like that was fun. But your fingers- Mmmm. And now this position... Your cock is pressing against my g-spot, Tiger. I- I really want-”

“Cassidy,” I said. “Suck my girlfriends pretty little clit while I fuck her into an orgasm and dump my first load into her.”

“Yes, Tiger,” Cassidy grinned and knelt down, immediately tonguing Cattie’s exposed mound and working for her clit.

“Oooh-!” Cattie moaned, full-throated.

“That’s what you want, right baby? Right, my beautiful little submissive? You want me to claim you, and the best way to do that is to write my name inside you with my cum.”

“Yes, Robbie. Yes, please. Put your load in me. Fill my cunt with your jizz. Remind me why fucking you will *always* be better than a silicone cock worked by a greedy, selfish cunt.”

I kissed her cheek, then palmed her hips so she would lift them up a little, and I fucked up into her. Hard and fast, stroking my cock through her juicy pussy lips and smashing the head up against her g-spot while my fiancée sucked and slurped on her clit.

“Yes! Fuck!” Cattie shouted. “Fuck my cunt. Fuck my- Ooooh, God, Robbie. Oh, please can I come? Please!? I’m yours. I’m all yours. Forever, Robbie. Please, baby? Please, Tiger? I’m going to squirt- Oh, fuck I can feel it. I’m going to squirt on your cock and cover Cassidy in iiiit!”

“Now, Catherine,” I grunted. “Come for me now! Cassidy, slurp it down.”

Cattie screamed, high pitched and strangled as she tried to clap a hand over her own mouth to stop from waking everyone on both boats. I couldn’t see the squirting, buried as I was underneath her, but I could feel it. I could hear it, even, along with Cassidy laughing and slurping loudly as she tried to catch it all, and then licking down my shaft to my balls to keep tasting it.

“Fuck, Catherine,” I moaned, pulling her all the way down on my cock and rolling into my own orgasm just as Cassidy was sucking the other woman’s juice from my balls. I pumped and pulsed, firing into her.

Firing deep into Cattie. My girlfriend.

It was fucking fantastic.

Chapter 246

Cattie was ready. After her orgasm, she'd needed a minute to recover and I'd given her half of that as I panted as well. Then I'd ordered Cassidy to start trying to suck my creampie out of her, and my fiancée had gone to work with a smile.

Now Cattie was on her knees, face down and ass up, as I knelt behind her and stroked my lubed-up cock as Cassidy was working two fingers in and out of her butt. Cattie's smooth pussy lips were right there as well, making a beautiful visual package that made my mouth water.

"It's time, Catherine," I said, feeling the growl of desire in my voice.

Cassidy leaned down and kissed Cattie on the cheek. "God, I love that you're going to be his three-hole slutty sub girlfriend," she giggled. "You're taking my spot."

"Does that mean I get to marry him next, too?" Cattie smirked a little.

"If that ever becomes legal, babe," Cassidy laughed and kissed her cheek again before rising back up. "Your perfect whore is ready for you to take her ass, Tiger."

"I'm right here, baby," I chuckled.

My cock got into position between those perfect cheeks and I took a breath before leaning over Catherine a little, getting back into character. "You're mine now," I said simply.

"All yours," Cattie nodded. She took her thick black braid and put it in her mouth, biting on it softly and nodded to me.

My cockhead popped inside her asshole surprisingly easily, with just a bit of a wiggle and resistance before Cattie's ass opened up for me. She sucked in a breath, her eyes going wide, and then her brow furrowed as she moaned through her self-muzzling in a long coo.

"God, that's hot," Wanda muttered from her position filming the entire thing.

"You looked just as hot taking him in *your* ass, Wanda," Cassidy grinned. "Never forget, you were a three-hole Robbie slut before any of the others."

That made Wanda smile, which was kind of weird if I thought about it too much.

Good thing I had something else on my mind.

"God, fuck, Cattie. Your ass takes me so well," I grunted. And it was true - she was tight, and she was squeaking and moaning and panting through her braid as she bit down on it. She could

take half of it pretty easily, and soon she had gotten up a little more, bracing herself on her elbows as she started fucking back at me. The back half of my cock was more of a strain for her.

“Work her clit, Cass,” I groaned.

Cassidy nodded and slid both her hands under Cattie, her fingers finding the other woman’s clit with one hand, and starting to tease her nipples with the other. That made Cattie moan a little deeper, and her ass opened up a touch more and let me pump all but the last inch into her with slow, deliberate strokes.

Once she was comfortable, Cattie let the braid fall from her lips as she moaned openly, her eyelids twitching as I sodomized her.

Then, all at once, I pulled out of her and gave her a spank on the ass. “Flip over, my love,” I said.

She did immediately, spreading her legs and tilting her hips to give me access to her ass again. I got my cock into position and just entered her, then looked at Cassidy. “Well?” I asked. “Are you going to sit on her face or not?”

I thought Cassidy might almost cry as she looked at me for confirmation. I wasn’t keeping her on the outside as only a method to give more pleasure to Cattie. She was in this. She was equal. She wasn’t being punished.

As Cassidy lowered her pussy to Cattie’s mouth I could see Cattie grinning and sticking out her tongue, eager to taste her friend and fellow ‘Robbie’s Girl.’ As I watched her chin start to bob in circles while Cassidy’s pussy lips pressed to Cattie’s mouth, I thrust back into Cattie’s ass and began to fuck her.

I wasn’t sure where I liked looking more as I enjoyed every slimy, hot ripple inside Cattie’s ass. I had so many choices. Cassidy’s face, rolling with pleasure as she got sucked into her own feelings and looked at me, connecting with me as we stared into each other’s eyes. Or Cassidy’s tits, wobbling freely as she lightly ground on Cattie’s face. Or there was her pussy and the oral going on. And further down were Cattie’s larger tits, falling to the sides from their own weight as they bounced in time with my fucking strokes and her own hip movements. Then, down her stomach as it heaved from her efforts, was her pussy, flushed and still oozing some of my cum in a slow leak.

Grabbing Cassidy’s hand, I pulled her to lean forward a little and I kissed her firmly, almost savagely, as we shared Cattie’s love. Then I put Cassidy’s hand on Cattie’s pussy and she immediately started working her fingers into her friend’s hole as I fucked the other one.

I could feel a new orgasm approaching for me, but I didn’t want to pop again so soon. With a groan, I pulled out of Cattie.

“Wanda, watch them. Cass, sixty-nine her.”

Cassidy did immediately, trusting now that I wasn't testing her, and I slipped into the washroom to wash off my cock with a wet paper towel, giving myself time to cool down a little. When I came back out the girls were at it, moaning lightly, and I saw that Cattie had trapped Cassidy's head between her legs.

“Alright,” I said in a commanding tone. I pried Cattie's legs apart and rolled Cassidy off of her so that they were both on their backs, looking up at me panting and grinning. “Catherine, baby, time to tell Cassidy what to do.”

Chapter 247

“Ride him, like I was when I came,” the black-haired woman said immediately.

We got into position and Cassidy sat on my cock heavily, leaning back and putting her hands on my chest to brace herself as she started fucking. Cattie knelt beside us and kissed me, then kissed Cassidy, then sucked Cassidy’s nipple before running her fingers all over my cock as it pistoned in and out of Cassidy.

My fiancée begged to come when Cattie focused her efforts on Cassidy’s clit, and after a long moment of making her wait, I allowed it.

Cattie’s next order was to watch Cassidy deepthroat my cock, and after I let her watch and grin for a few minutes while I used Cassidy’s fun bun hairdo to work her mouth on my cock, I turned that into a double blowjob. And judging by the way Wanda licked her lips as she watched and filmed, I could tell she wanted to make it a triple. I ended the blowjob by pulling Cattie on top of me into a traditional cowgirl pose, and as I sucked hard on her tits and she moaned in my ear I fucked up into her while Cassidy tongued her ass and massaged my balls with her hand. Then, when I popped out of Cattie by accident, Cassidy got it back in place to take her ass, and Cattie sat back on my cock and took me deep into her other hole again with a long, happy groan.

We fucked quickly, sweat starting to bead and fall. Her black hair, usually so full of silky volume, got stringy from the sweat as her braid was coming loose. Cassidy’s buns were coming apart as well, and she shook them out so her hair hung down. All the better to grab her as Cattie ordered Cassidy into a spooning position and I took my fiancée’s ass from behind while Cattie moved up and down her body, kissing Cassidy’s lips and whispering naughty things in her ear, to tonguing and nipping her nipples, to driving her tongue into Cassidy’s twat while watching my cock stretch her asshole an inch away.

We ended in a similar position as we’d done earlier. Cassidy was on her back and I was fucking into her ass, while Cattie was sitting on Cass’s face and getting eaten out. She was holding Cassidy’s feet, keeping her spread open, and we were making out as I drilled Cassidy and charged towards my orgasm. They had both come several times, the bed was splashed and soaked with sweat and juices.

I grabbed Cattie by the root of her near-ruined braid, pulling her forehead to mine as I looked into her eyes.

“I’m going to come on your faces,” I said. “And your tits.”

“Oh, God, yes Tiger,” Cattie groaned. “Fuck, make us cum-sisters.”

“You’re never sleeping outside of my bed again,” I told her.

“Never,” she agreed, panting. “Except...”

That had me raise an eyebrow, and I felt a weird rage flicker within me as she challenged what I'd said for the first time since she'd said she wanted to submit.

“I'm sorry, Tiger, but I'll need to sleep in a bed without you sometimes,” she said. “I don't want to make a promise I can't keep to you. You're going to need to travel, sometimes. I can think of one time in particular.”

The rage had flickered quickly in the face of logic, but I was still curious and her words were doing a good job of holding off my orgasm as I fucked Cassidy's ass into oblivion while she moaned in loud pants into Cattie's cunt. “And when is that, my quick-thinking problem solver?”

Cattie smiled and looked sideways, away from me and towards Wanda. “When you go to fetch Wanda back to us,” she said. “Because your bed will be a little empty without your personal toy.”

The look on Wanda's face was priceless. I kissed Cattie with deep intensity, then pulled away from her and Cassidy. “Floor,” I panted. “Now. Tongues out, tits up.”

Both of them slid from the bed to the floor, sitting on their knees as they pressed their cheeks together and stuck out their tongues, lifting their tits with their hands to present themselves to me. The look in their eyes was deep, and full of lust, and want, and desire. It was too much.

I stroked my cock three times and grunted in one long, low release as I came. I didn't come ropes - if my cock was a firearm, it was a shotgun. My poor balls had been overworked all day, let alone through the week, and now they spattered out cum that rained over Cassidy and Cattie's faces, tongues and tits, speckling them with a hundred dots each. And both of them chuckled hornily, licking their lips and moaning as I came, clearly enjoying every moment of the depraved act.

Finally, spent, I stumbled sideways and sat on the edge of the bed and watched as my two lovers began to kiss and lick my cum off of each other.

“Welcome to the relationship, babe,” Cassidy hummed happily as Cattie took a long lick up her tit and chest to catch a bunch of cum at once.

“Happy to join you, bitch,” Cattie giggled. “Love you.”

“Love you too,” Cassidy grinned. Then they both turned to me. “And love him even more.”

“Yes we do,” Cattie grinned at me.

I sighed and slipped from the edge of the mattress to sit on the floor as I looked up at Wanda while she turned off the camera and set it down.

“Ladies,” I said. “I have one more order I need you to follow while I strip this bed and find new sheets so we can sleep.”

“Anything,” Cattie said, perking up a little despite her exhaustion.

‘Anything at all, Tiger,” Cassidy said.

I pointed at Wanda. “She needs to come. Twice.”

I could only grin as Wanda, a little surprised, was brought down to the floor by Cassidy and Cattie and quickly stripped of her shirt.

We weren’t having sex, but she still deserved to feel part of our family and get off after what had ended up being almost two hours of filming us fucking.

And, I had to admit, watching the three of them got my cock stirring again. But I shook my head and went looking for more sheets in the small storage closets hidden in the corners of the boat, not even caring enough to put on boxers before I went looking. By the time I found them and came back, less than three minutes later, Wanda was already moaning through her first orgasm. Her second came before I was finished making the bed, and the girls managed to squeeze a third one out of her by tonguing the blonde’s pussy and ass at the same time.

Then, one by one, I picked them up off of the floor and set them down on the bed, and when I got up between them I was soon smothered in their sweaty bodies with Cattie on one side of me, Wanda on the other and Cassidy laying between my legs, her head pillowed on my stomach and my cock nestled between her tits.

“We forgot to turn off the light,” I grumbled after a long moment.

That got us all giggling from our exhaustion.

Chapter 248

I wasn't sure what woke me up at first, but then a second knock at the door to the cabin brought me out of the deep, booze- and exhaustion-inspired sleep I had been in. The fact that I was liberally smothered in naked lady bodies made it hard to get up, the pure darkness of the room since someone *had* ended up turning the light off, and the edge of a hangover all made me send a spiteful thought at the door.

"Who is it?" I croaked.

Becca cracked open the door. "It's me."

I immediately felt bad about the hate I'd been thinking in her direction.

"Come in," Cassidy murmured.

Becca entered, closing the door behind her. She was dressed in a light sweater and jean shorts. "Sorry to wake you," she said, coming over to the side of the bed. Then she hesitated as she saw four bodies instead of what I assumed were the three she expected. "Oh. Well, that explains some things."

"Strip down, get in," Cassidy groaned, reaching out to Becca over Cattie to take her hand. Cattie groaned and snuggled closer to me, smacking her lips lightly in her sleep.

"I... want to," Becca said. "But I need Robbie. We need to get the boats moving."

Wanda rolled away from me on the other side of the bed, reaching over the side and then rolling back and throwing something at Becca, hitting her in the face with a bra. "Shush," Wanda grunted. "Too early."

"I can go ask Ami," Becca said with a chuckle.

"No, no," I said, slowly shifting out from under the girls. "I'll do it."

Wanda let out a little whine as I pulled away, and Cattie held on to me until I kissed her partially awake and she let go. Cassidy, the most awake of the three, shifted to let me up and caught me in a kiss of her own before I climbed down the length of the bed. Cassidy took my spot and soon all three of the girls were spooning and falling back asleep.

"I'll wait in the kitchen," Becca said, slipping out.

I quickly threw on a pair of shorts and a long-sleeved T-shirt before stepping into the washroom and closing the door before I turned on the light. I had to wince away from the yellow-white glare

as I splashed water on my face and then found the Tylenol Cassidy packed and took a couple to ward off the hangover headache that I could feel building.

Leaving with the lights off, I stepped out of the cabin and went to find Becca.

“Good morning, girlie,” I said as I approached her. She’d been drinking from a water bottle but set it down to enter my arms and kiss me deeply. She shook her head during the kiss and hummed ‘Mmm-mm,’ in response to the nickname.

I pulled away an inch. “Good morning, daisy,” I said and then kissed her again. Another shake of the head and grunt. “Good morning, sweetcakes.” This time I got a snort and a slap on the arm and we both pulled away chuckling.

“Is that one referring to my tits or my ass?” she asked.

“...Yes?” I hedged.

She rolled her eyes. “Not on your life.”

“Good morning, sugar,” I said, going back to the one she’d at least half-approved.

“It’s growing on me,” she said, stepping back to press herself against me and kiss me sweetly. I sucked in a breath through my nose and hugged her tightly, my hands sliding down to cup her ass as she fed me her tongue.

When we broke away this time I took her hands in mine. “I love you, Becca,” I said.

She smiled, but I could see a sadness. “But?” she asked.

“No but,” I shook my head, pulling her into a hug and holding her head to my chest. “Things are just getting more and more complicated.”

“I noticed,” Becca said, hugging me back. “Now I know what was going on over on my boat, I think.”

“Cattie is done with Heather,” I said quietly. “Her decision. And she... we’re officially dating. She considers her and Heather broken up, but the conversation or confrontation still needs to happen.”

“Wow,” Becca said, leaving a pregnant pause between us.

“Me, you and Cassidy need to make time today,” I said. “Real time. For talking, and more if you still want that.”

“I do,” Becca said. “What about a lunch date?”

“I want to say yes, because I want to do it as soon as possible, but I don’t know if we’ll still be dealing with the Heather fallout then.”

“Dinner, then,” Becca said. “You’re right, it might still be going on or lingering, and I don’t want that hanging over us for that.”

“Dinner,” I agreed, still holding her tightly. I loved how much we thought alike, it was like we were on the same wavelength. Cassidy and Cattie, and the others... They were complimentary. They were music notes that sounded good with mine. Becca was the same note, just on a different instrument, perfectly in tune.

We finally separated and Becca led me out onto the back porch of the boat so we could speak louder than a whisper without risking waking anyone. “OK,” she said once the sliding door was closed. “We aren’t going to get a Golden Hour photoshoot this morning, but I don’t think most of the girls care about that. Offering the opportunity to shoot during the day should be enough for most of the ladies who want to get a shoot or two in today. But that means we need to find a place by mid-morning.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I said. “I assume you want to be out on the water once the sun peeks over the horizon?”

“Exactly,” she nodded. “But, before we start unmooring the boats, I’m going to go check and see if Heather and Sherry want to bail on the trip. I can’t force them to leave since they paid and haven’t done anything to endanger people, but I can heavily suggest this is their chance to leave.”

I kissed her lightly. “Anyone ever tell you that you’re really good at this?”

“You,” she smiled warmly and gave me a peck back. “Which is the most important opinion I’ve ever gotten.”

Chapter 249

I waited out on the dock while Becca dipped into the Singles Boat to go knock on Sherry's door. I wasn't entirely sure what the sleeping arrangement had been in there - Becca and Ami had been sharing a room, so that wasn't an issue, but with Heather and Ginnie in Sherry's room I had to assume that Zenya had crashed with Leia. I wasn't sure whether Ginnie was a 'sleep with the girls you hooked up with' kind of girl or not.

Becca came back out after a couple of minutes, the dull blue of pre-dawn now lighting the sky and illuminating her shaking her head. "Heather grunted for me to get out, and I think Sherry was just starting to realize she might have fucked up. They aren't leaving."

I had to sigh heavily. "Well, there goes the easy answer."

"You know I would kick them off the trip if I reasonably could," Becca said, frustration clear in her voice. "I don't want them fucking things up, but being a shitty girlfriend isn't a valid reason."

"I know, Becca," I said, pulling her into another hug. "I know. That would be my answer too."

We quickly went to work, unmooring the Singles Boat first, and then I quickly did the same with the Couples Boat. Once we were both ready to go we went up to the Pilot's Cabins and started our engines just a couple of minutes after the sun started peeking over the horizon. Becca radioed over, even though we were probably close enough she could have yelled it, that she was ready and I acknowledged. She pulled out first, as usual, and I followed behind her as we got moving for the day.

Morning on the lake was a little cool, so I was happy I'd followed Becca's lead and worn a long-sleeved shirt, but I kept the windshield open to enjoy the open water air. I loved living in Vegas - it was everything Cassidy and I had hoped for, moving to a larger city. And sure, Vegas was *weird*, but we lived out in the suburbs so it was a nice mix of weird and normal folks. One thing we didn't get very often though was the sort of serene calm that came with being on a smooth body of water. The lake was like glass at the moment, reflecting the sky and the sunrise, and even though I knew it was actually flowing down towards the dam I felt like I could have dove in and just floated in place forever.

I was pulled from my reverie by footsteps on the stairs beside the cabin and I smiled as Cattie appeared in the doorway behind me. She was wearing a pair of my athletic shorts cinched around her waist and a crop top with long sleeves. "Morning, Catherine," I said, reaching out a hand to her.

"Good morning, Tiger," she said warmly, coming to me and taking my hand before stepping closer and hugging me with her other arm.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

“Sore in all the right ways,” she smirked softly. “And I think I slept the best I have in a while even though we got woken up early.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” I said. “But you know what I meant, gorgeous.”

“I do,” she said. She let go of me and leaned back against the counter next to me, just keeping her fingers tangled with mine as I drove the boat one-handed. “Are you still sure about last night?”

“I know I am,” I said. “Are you?”

“Yes,” she said with a happy sigh. “I just- I was breaking up with Heather no matter what, but that doesn’t mean you and Cassidy need to redefine your own relationship for me.”

“We may not ‘need’ to, but we want to,” I said. “Cattie, you’re good for Cassidy. Before you, she had friends but I don’t think she’d ever had a *best* girlfriend. You bring out good things in her, and a brightness. And you do the same with me. I’ve loved you for being what you are for her, but I never realized how much you were impacting me too. I adore everything about you, and having the chance to love you *romantically* is the chance of a lifetime.”

Cattie’s smile looked like it could break her face and a small tear dripped from her eye. “Thank you, Tiger,” she whispered.

“There is a ‘but’ though,” I said. “And it’s not about you, it’s more... for you, I guess.”

“But is this too soon?” Cattie guessed.

I nodded.

“Probably,” she admitted. “But I don’t care. If you and Cassidy weren’t who you are, this might have been a rebound decision. If you hadn’t been supporting me from the very start, being everything I needed even when I wasn’t accepting it or listening to you despite knowing I should... Robbie, you’ve been a better partner to me in the last week than Heather was through almost our entire relationship. And you were able to do that while dealing with a heartbreaking issue of your own. ‘Too soon’ for me isn’t what I’m worried about at all. I’m worried that this is too soon for you guys. But Cassidy is full steam ahead like always, and if it wasn’t me I think it would have been someone else officially by the end of the week. So I’m glad that it’s me.”

That made me swallow and hesitate for a moment. “Cattie...” I said.

“Shh,” she shushed me. “I know I won’t be the only one. Wanda is yours, even if you guys are being respectful of her dead marriage for the most part. Cassidy says the only thing stopping

you from being official with Becca is how busy everything has been. And I know there are other girls who feel strongly too.”

“Are you OK with that?” I asked. “And I mean really, truly good with it? Because I feel like each of you belongs with someone who is completely devoted to you. Each of you is amazing and beautiful and different, and I feel like I’m... I’m not everything you deserve because I can’t be 100 per cent yours.”

“You *are* 100 per cent mine, Tiger,” Cattie said, then smirked. “It’s just joint ownership of 100 per cent. As long as I get a say in who joins the ‘owners club’ of Robbie Blane, then I’m happy to be a co-owner of the sexiest, sweetest, most loving man I’ve ever known.”

I pulled her into another hug, my own eyes starting to water. “I love you, Catherine.”

“I love you too, Tiger,” she sighed happily. She held me for a little bit, looking out at the lake as the sun slowly crawled higher into the sky.

“OK,” she finally said. “I have two more things I want to talk about.”

“Go for it,” I said, still holding her.

“Before I came up here, I called Jake. He’s Heather’s roommate and her long-time gay best friend. Honestly, I love him and he’s the only thing from that relationship I’ll miss. He was mad I woke him up so early at first, but when I told him what was going on he was pissed that Heather fucked up a good thing. He’s going to get all the stuff I have at their place together and drop it off with my spare key at my place. I trust him to do that for me. After that, though, we need to talk about what happens.”

“Well, the way I see it, I want to date you long-distance for as short a time as possible,” I said. “We need to talk with Cassidy about it, but I think we can probably change your ‘permanent invitation to visit’ into ‘invitation to permanently visit’ as soon as it makes sense for you. And we’re definitely changing your flights - you aren’t driving to an airport or flying back with those two. You’ll come back to Vegas with me and Cass and crash for a day or two if you can before flying out.”

“I love you,” she sighed again. I leaned my head over and kissed the top of her hair.

“What’s next?” I asked.

“We need to talk about sex,” she said.

Chapter 250

“Alright,” I said. “Let’s talk about sex, baby. Let’s talk about you and me.”

Cattie snorted and rolled her eyes. “I’m being serious.”

“I know,” I said. “Can I guess what you’re going to say?”

“If you want.”

“Last night wasn’t exactly what you meant when you said you wanted me to be dominant,” I guessed.

She sighed and hugged me harder.

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“No, you don’t need to be,” Cattie said. “I asked you for something that wasn’t... I thought I needed that in the moment, but I wasn’t thinking about the logistics of things. The sex we had, with Cassidy, was great. Really great. What I was hoping for didn’t really make sense for the timing, and dropping it on you to just switch on a hardcore ‘Dom’ role wasn’t fair.”

“I promise I’ll do some research.”

“That can help,” Cattie said. “But I also wasn’t accounting for something else because of how things were with Heather. She was the driver for that stuff with us, and never really checked in with me on things. We tried things *she* wanted and did things *she* liked. And last night I was doing that to you, and I’m sorry. The whole D/s thing is a team sport, not a solo one. I need to be more clear about what I want, and what I like, ahead of time. I need to give you a chance to prepare to do that, not just drop it on you.”

“What things do you want to try?” I asked.

“Right now? I just want to be yours,” Cattie said. “Publicly. I want everyone on this trip to know that I’m yours and we love each other. Everything else we can explore over time.”

“OK,” I said, hugging her around her hip.

The sun was about halfway over the horizon now, maybe a little more, and the lake was a golden sheet where the waves from Becca’s boat ahead of us weren’t casting low, deep blue shadows. It was picturesque and still calm - I had to guess that there wouldn’t be a ton of other boats on the lake until at least mid-morning. That gave me an idea.

“Come here,” I said, pulling Cattie around to stand in front of me facing the steering wheel, and I stood behind her and put my hands on the wheel on either side of her. Stable, I leaned down and nuzzled her jet-black hair from her neck and kissed her there.

“Mmm,” she hummed, leaning her head back against me.

I took one hand off the wheel and put it on her stomach, sliding it up her smooth, pale skin and up under her crop top to find she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. “Were you thinking of something like this happening when you got dressed?”

“Maybe,” she smiled, eyes closed as she pressed her ass back against my crotch and enjoyed the feeling of my fingers exploring her nipples.

“Is this what you meant by ‘being public?’” I asked.

She snickered softly, so much like Cassidy, and bit her lip teasingly. “Not exactly, but I like it.”

I kissed her neck some more, then switched sides, as I softly played with her wonderfully big tits until I could feel that her nipples were nice and firm. Then I slid my hand back down her torso and into the front of her shorts, down over her mound. She was already a little slick from her growing arousal, and I started to massage that into her labia softly.

“Tiger,” she sighed. Then she crooned, “Robbie.”

“Catherine,” I breathed in her ear and kissed it.

“Can I admit something?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Ever since that first night with you, I've had this weird desire that I wanted to wear your shorts just like this. I'm not a hoodie girl, stealing her boyfriend's sweaters, but I just had this irrational desire to get into your shorts. They just looked so comfy, and they were yours. And then I saw Wanda wearing a pair and I got extra jealous but couldn't say anything.”

“Well, if you want you can keep these ones,” I said, switching the side of her neck I was kissing again. “Or you can just borrow pairs whenever you want. And, by the way, I wanted to get into your shorts too. Just not wear them.”

She snorted and reached back, feeling at my hard cock in my own shorts with one hand.

“Can you fuck me like this?” she asked. “While steering the boat?”

“I really want to try,” I said.

She pulled down her shorts, letting them rest around her thighs, and she leaned forward a bit to push her ass back at me more. I pulled my hand from her pussy for a moment and pulled down the front of my shorts, stroking my cock twice and then fishing it blindly under her ass into place.

“Oooh, Tiger,” she sighed as I sunk into her.

“Catherine,” I groaned, reaching back around her to slowly work her pussy as we gently began to thrust at each other.

We took our time, going slow since I had to focus on piloting the boat. With no one else out on the water around us it felt like we were fucking in public, but not really. It felt free and real and like something I didn't realize I needed until now.

Cattie, ever the generous lover, went up on her tiptoes and bent a little more, getting me a better angle. I paid her back by slowly stroking on her clit hood like it was a little button, and her breath hitched as she had a little starter orgasm roll through her.

“Robbie?” she sighed as she came down.

“Yes, my love?”

“Whenever you want me,” she promised. “Wherever you want me. Heather had this thing about showing me off that I let her indulge, and she did it in a way I didn't like. But you- God, I trust you, Robbie. When you played with Wanda in front of us, treating her exactly the way she wanted and within her limits... I trust you to know mine, Tiger. And I trust you to read me properly if you make a mistake. So whenever, wherever.”

“I'll never abuse it,” I promised.

“I know,” she said, looking over her shoulder with a smile. Then her eyes got a little wider as she looked past me and her pussy clenched. “Hey,” she said.

I looked back and saw that Terra was standing in the doorway to the pilot's cabin, eyes big and biting her lip as she blushed. She must have come up the stairs at the back of the boat and we hadn't heard her. And now she'd caught us fucking.