

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 227-240

By Breakthebar

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 damned to 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 attempt 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 blonde," 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 booty shorts 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 you up and led you right up to the stage on the other side of the room. On the way your ass got grabbed twice, once openly by Leia who gave you a teasing smile, and once by either Cattie or Wanda and you couldn't tell which because they both just grinned at you.

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, this time by Leia 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 a 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. Plus, no one 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 at 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, and 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 but 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 pace, 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 you 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, by 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 white.

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 back 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.”

“Yesssss!” 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 is 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 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," you 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

"Fuuuuuyuuuh," 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 you 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 smirked and did so, and Tanya bit her lip and smirked at the camera as I took it. She approved of this one. 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..."

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“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 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.

“Tiger!?” 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 flipped upside down 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 a corner where the seating. She had me sit down and then sat back on my lap, but pulled up her skirt 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 slack 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.

“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 you 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 absolutely 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 only 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 you 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, 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 a flashing my 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 and 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 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 herself. 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 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 step-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 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 again 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 his, 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, without 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. 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.