

If I'm Honest – Chapter Ten (part 3)

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Chapter Ten – Madison (Revisited) & Vitamin K (Pt. 3)

“I heard someone bounding down the stairs,” I told Madi. “So let's see who drew the shitty detail and is down clearing up the basement.”

“Oh, that's Kendra,” Madison told me as we headed over to the stairwell, the path too narrow for us to walk side by side, so I went first and she moved along behind me. “She said you needed to get laundry done, so she wanted to get started on the first load as quickly as she could.”

Unlike most people's basements, mine isn't full of all that much. Sure, I had a few things in it – a weight bench, a toolbox, some supplies left over from when I had tried brewing my own beer in the basement for a couple of years – but mostly it was empty space, specifically so Astro didn't knock anything over.

My dog was a very good dog, but he also had a tendency to not really pay all that much attention to where he was going, and so sometimes he would be simply zooming around the house and his giant wagging tail would knock all sorts of things over. It meant I couldn't leave anything low to the ground these days.

“Hey Mister King!” Kendra said to me, moving the first load of clothes from the washer into the dryer. “I was expecting a disaster area down here, but you barely have anything in here!” She was the curviest of the girls, with massive tits that strained against her top, practically threatening to rip the fabric open at any moment. She flicked a few strands of her teak colored hair back behind her ear, seeing that I hadn't bothered to put pants on again, although I had pulled my boxers on. Walking around my house fully naked with people in it just felt weird. “Are you, just, like, totally anti-pack rat or whatever? I mean, if you had to judge my parents on their basement, you'd think they were total hoarders, the kind you see on TLC.”

“Don't allow yourself to get attached to anything that you cannot walk out on in five seconds flat if you spot the heat coming around the corner,” I said to her.

“Okay DeNiro,” Madi said, rolling her eyes with a grin.

“Who?” Kendra replied.

I clutched my chest and staggered forward a few steps like I was dying. “I can't. I just can't. I can't even go on if you don't know who Robert DeNiro is,” I said to her.

“Oh! You mean the guy from Meet The Parents!”

I dropped to my knees, clutching my hands to my head. “God no. Raging Bull, Taxi Driver, Goodfellas, Heat, Casino for God's sake! Ronin! Walk The Dog! Midnight Run! Probably one of the actors with the highest hit-to-stinker ratio of all time, and you know him because of some crappy comedy he was in where he wasn't even really funny!” I banged my fist against the cold concrete floor of my cellar while both of the girls were giggling constantly. “Kill me now and just bury me here, so no one knows of the shame, of the ignominy I have been forced to endure with you knowing Bobby DeNiro because of fucking Meet The Parents!” I collapsed into a large pile and started whimpering, trying to pull myself into as close as a fetal position as I could get.

“C'mon, get up, Deke,” Madison said to me, poking at me lightly with her foot. “You can make us all watch any one of those movies before bed tonight, so get up already.”

“I dunno, Madi,” I said. “I'm not sure I want to live in the world where someone's go-to reference for DeNiro is Meet—”

“I'm sorry, okay?” Kendra said in between laughs, crouching down to help Madi help me back up to my feet. “I don't watch a lot of movies! I take it he's, like, a really good actor then?”

“One of the best,” I said. “He's had his share of awful flicks, but if you see his name in the credits of a movie, it's got a better than average chance to be a good movie.”

“Gimme just one sec to toss a second load in,” she said, moving to fill up my washer once more. She dumped in some soap, set the dials and then closed the top, turning it on. “There. Now we should have some time on our hands. How do you think we should spend it, hm?”

I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her up to slide her ass onto the washing machine, even as it began to shake and vibrate, Madison giggling next to me. “You've done that before, I bet.”

“What, put a girl up on my washing machine while it's running to watch it vibrate her whole body and get her worked up?” I asked. “Nooooooo. Never. Me? How could you think such a thing of me?”

“Very very easily,” Madison said, reaching forward to grab one of Kendra's enormous tits, rubbing the nipple to make it stiffen at the touch of her french-tipped manicured fingers, the mounds of flesh certainly the largest breasts he'd ever seen in person. “I'm so fucking jealous of these titties, Kendra. They're so fucking huge, all the boys must fucking love them.”

Kendra smiled, almost a touch shyly, something I didn't think was in her DNA. “Yeah, well, the boys love'em, but *I'm* thinking about getting them reduced...” she said. “I think they're *too* fucking big, especially when a guy's hitting me from behind and they keep slapping me in the face... There's nothing sexy about nearly being knocked unconscious from your tits. What do *you* think, Mister King?”

“It's your body, Kendra, so you should do what makes you happy,” I told her, my hand moving to push her thighs wide, sliding it up afterwards to move and rub against her pussy. She wasn't clean shaven, but instead had neatly trimmed her brown bush in very close, leaving the folds of her labia completely bare but a small patch of the hair up top for visual appeal. “But it does make me happy that you've got a little hair going on down there. I get you girls are all worried about some sticking out while you're doing cheer routines, but a little bit of grass on the field is a nice change of pace. Differences in people are to be celebrated...”

“Oh good,” she said to me, blushing a little. “I was kinda worried, because most of the other girls are shaved bare, and what with me already having these megatits, I was thinking I was going to do everything wrong and you weren't going to think I was sexy, especially since I'm kinda chubby compared to some of the others.”

I shook my head at her with a smile. “Anyone who thinks you aren't sexy is a fucking idiot,” I told her as I started to kneel down in front of my washing machine.

“Uh, Mister King?” Kendra said. “Aren't we supposed to be—”

“Giving me what I want?” I said. “That's goddamn right.”

I remembered how girls like Kendra would often get ignored or at least put on second tiers, just because they weren't the cream of the crop. High school and college kids were the worst, even when I was one of them. I suspected she'd had a lot of bad boyfriends over the years, and since they were all giving me something so great, I wanted to give them something back.

My hands kept her thighs parted wide as I leaned my face in and started painting with my tongue against her vulva, as she gasped a little bit, an adorable squeak before I heard her moan get muffled. I looked up for a second and saw Madison was pressing her lips against Kendra's, the two of them mashed together in a kiss that looked like they'd probably done it before.

I pushed two of my fingers up inside of Kendra's snatch, and the squeals got a little louder, even as Madison was trying to keep them from filling the room with her own mouth. I started working them in and out, curving them a little each time I did, making sure the tips of my fingertips dragged against her inner walls, feeling her clench a bit around me when I did.

My face moved to let my tongue lavish attention on her clit, swirling and swishing about, my two fingertips spreading wide as I would draw them back, hitting even more spaces inside her cunt, her hips trying to wiggle across the top of my washing machine, even as it vibrated against her ass.

I like to think of myself as pretty good at eating pussy, but there is *no* reason she should have been coming quite as quickly or as hard as she did, because it was only a minute or two's worth of attention paid against her clit before she was groaning frantically, her walls gripping and tightening

around my fingers like she was trying to hold them in place, like the orgasm was literally blowing her mind, like she'd never *had* an orgasm before in her life.

Kendra took both of her hands and pushed on the top of my head, trying to get my face away from her pussy, as she finally broke free of the kiss and began saying over and over again, “stop stop stop stop please stop fuck...”

I smirked, standing up again, sliding my fingertips out of her cunt. “Was that your first time at that? I can't believe that...”

“Second,” she said, while I licked my fingertips clean. “But my ex-boyfriend was fucking awful at it. He gave it a couple of licks then just started stabbing my vajayjay with his fingers until I told him to stop and to clip his fingernails. And I must've been too mean about it, because he never even tried again, and we broke up a few weeks later.”

“If you can't take criticism, then you don't deserve a chance to get better,” I told her. “You're better off without him in your life.”

Kendra nodded. “I know, I know,” she said. “But it's hard finding a boyfriend when you're trying to keep your GPA in a reasonable range so you don't lose your scholarship.”

“Mickey was a jackass anyway, Kendra,” Madison told her. “He was already hitting on Jasmine before you two were even officially split up. So fuck him.”

Kendra turned to look at me, sliding off the washing machine before reaching up to pull me down so she could kiss me, tasting her own pussy on my lips before she pulled back, licking her lips with a smile. “You're amazing, Mister King, but if I'm honest, I want someone closer to my own age, because I want to be a mother in the next four or five years. But I wanna give back, because I got off and you didn't.”

“You don't have to, Kendra,” I told her. “There's *so* many of you girls here, I don't think I could keep up with you all if I tried.”

“You sure you don't want a titfuck or something?” she said to me earnestly. “I've never done it before, but I could try if you want...”

I grinned, shaking my head. “It's okay, Kendra. I need to not go completely blind before you all leave the house.”

We headed upstairs and up to the second floor, and Astro scooted up and out of his bed to see what was going on. The top story of my house was a heavy bustle of activity, topless cheerleaders moving to and fro, one of them running the vacuum cleaner to get every portion of my house completely clean, another dusting my bookshelves and the top of my dresser.

Kennedy made her way over to me, holding out her phone. “We're ordering pizza to be delivered, Mister King, so what do you want on yours?” I took the phone from her hand and looked at it, selected a meat lover's pizza, then handed it back to her. “Great! We were just waiting on you, so I'll place the order now, and we'll have it delivered in a little bit.”

“I don't know that I have any cash—”

“We got it, sir!” a few of the girls said in unison.

I felt a little bad, because I hadn't been expecting company, so I absolutely *know* that my bathroom must have been in a nightmare state, and I was worried like hell what the girls would think of me, but none of them said anything about it, so maybe it wasn't anywhere near as bad as I thought it was. They had already done the master bathroom, and with the downstairs finished, all of the girls were working as a team. The other bathroom barely sees any use, so I imagine it only took them a few minutes to get it squared away.

My upstairs has two bedrooms, each with their own bathroom, but one of them I've converted into an office space for me to use, although the couch in there has a hideaway bed in it, just for the rare occasions I get visitors.

“Okay, as soon as the pizza arrives, we're going to get in bed and watch a movie. Then, any of the girls I haven't taken care of, I'll handle in the morning after we've all had some rest. That plan okay

with everyone?" I asked.

They all sort of nodded, although the Persian looking girl, Kayla, had a question. "What movie are we going to watch?"

I laughed a little. "Well, it's come to my attention that at least one of you doesn't know who Robert DeNiro is, so we're going to pick one of his movies and watch that."

Make it Casino, Harvey thought at me. *You get to see Sharon Stone's tits in that one, and she's always been hot.*

"Be quiet, Harvey," I thought. "You don't get a vote."

Spoilsport.

"Who's seen Goodfellas?"

About half of them put their hands up.

"Casino?"

Only two hands remained.

"Heat?"

Nobody had their hand raised.

"Okay, *that's* fucking sacrilege, and you're lucky I don't throw you all out on your asses right now, as lovely as they are," I said with a sigh. "Heat it is."

"What's it about?" Madison asked.

"One of the best bank robbers around and the cop trying to catch him."

"Cops and robbers?" Kasey whined. "That sounds so fucking boring."

I sort of knew the girls were going to eat those words, and sure enough, maybe twenty seconds or so after the heavy duty tow truck rammed the armored car, the doorbell rang and the girls were on the edge of their seats at that point. The door wasn't even blown open yet.

"Holy shit!" Madison said. "Somebody go get the fucking pizza!"

I was about to try and get up, but Kelly, Kennedy and Kendra all got up and ran down the stairs, as the other girls pushed me back down onto the bed, keeping me there. A few seconds later it dawned on me. "Oh shit," I whispered beneath my breath.

Downstairs I heard the door open, a dude said "holy shit!" and the girls giggled. Then a few seconds later, the door closed the three still topless cheerleaders ran back upstairs with the pizza, a couple of two liters of Coke, and Kelly had snagged a bottle of Kraken rum from my liquor cabinet.

"Is everybody here old enough to be having some of that?"

"Close enough," Madison said. "We won't be driving anyway, and you're here to make sure we don't overdo it."

"C'mon," Kenneday said, kissing my cheek. "Let us have this one, okay? Besides, we gotta get back to the movie!"

Fuck it, Harvey said to me. *Let'em live a little.*

I decided the hell with it, and splashed a little bit of the rum in each of the Solo cups the girls filled with Coke. A little bit for them, a little bit more for me.

There you go. Live a little yourself.

The point when Neil and Edie were watching over the city, Madison leaned over and whispered to me, "I see why you like this. It's a movie about loners, just like you." She kissed my cheek, telling me that the dagger she'd stabbed in my heart just now was actually meant to be a compliment.

You're scared, Harvey thought at me. *You're scared of being alone, that because I haven't found the right match for you yet, that there's nobody out there for you.*

"Well, you've been at this over a year now, Harvey," I thought back at him. "And we've got fuck all to show for it. We haven't even made any progress."

Fuck you, we haven't made progress. We've made a ton of progress. We've successfully found a bunch of people who won't work for you, and we've learned from each and every one of them. We try and try and try and we're gaining ground. Sometimes it's inches, sometimes it's yards, but it's always

forward ground. I'm tryin', man. I'm really tryin'.

"I know, Harvey," I mentally sighed. "I know you are. It's just hard to go through the motions some nights. I mean, all this is great, it's fun, but it's superficial, and it'll all pass soon."

Of course it will, but it'll still be fun when it does.

When the movie got to the part where DeNiro and Kilmer are talking about attachments, and Kilmer says to DeNiro, "For me, the sun rises and sets with her, man."

Madison nudged me at that point. "That's what you need to be looking for, Deke. Someone who you care enough about to give it all up for." I smiled a little, considering I knew how the film ended and at that point, she didn't. What can I say, the girl's insightful well beyond her years.

The movie's almost three hours long, but the girls were enthralled with it, and for good reason. When the bank robbery came up, Kasey paused it to ask why it all sounded so strange, so I told her the story about how all the weapons fire was recorded on site, not added in later in post, because the director, Michael Mann, insisted there was no way to capture the weird echoing reverb of downtown L.A. bouncing the sound everywhere. As soon as the movie started up again, I could see all the girls taking special care to hear the sound of it.

Part of the reason that scene is so amazing is that it takes special care to show you the actual carnage that firearms wreak in the world. There's nothing 'cool' about the criminals shooting up cars, inadvertently spraying innocent bystanders.

You see cops getting killed. You see criminals getting killed. You see vehicles shredded practically down to the studs. It's a little slice of warfare on the streets of Los Angeles, and anyone who watched that and thinks guns are cool is out of their fucking mind. It's like watching Trainspotting and thinking that heroin is a good idea.

At the end of the movie, everyone was silent for a couple of minutes, letting the whole film just sink in a bit. The first person to speak was Kendra.

"I am watching every fucking movie Robert DeNiro is in, starting right now."

I laughed pretty damn hard at that.

After that, I had the girls turn off the television and turn out the light and we all drifted off to sleep. I'd love to tell you I slept like a rock, but if I'm honest, it's not easy to sleep with that many people sharing a bed. Everyone has their own little foibles, and some people move, and some people don't, and some people drool, and some people don't, and some people curl, and some people spread, and it's a fucking nightmare. Maybe if I had enough time with all of them, to get used to it, to adjust to each and every one of them personally, maybe it would've been something I could've adjusted to.

It wasn't what I wanted, though.

If I'm honest.

I woke up in the morning to Kelly, the ice-white skinned brunette, straddling my cock, pumping herself up and down on my dick before I had even opened my eyes. When I did, I could see the other girls were taking turns rubbing and caressing her, pinching her nipples, stroking her hair, rubbing her clit, spanking her ass.

About time you woke up, Harvey told me. They started without you. I think Kelly just couldn't wait any longer, considering you kept rubbing up against her with that hard on of yours.

"I was asleep, Harvey," I thought. "I wasn't doing it intentionally."

I don't think she cares, Deke. She seems like she's having a good time with it. She doesn't really seem much like your type, though. I mean, she's slender, and you're okay with slender, right?

"You know that physical body type doesn't mean a whole lot to me, Harvey. But the eyebrow ring is probably a dealbreaker. That's maybe just a bridge too far for me."

So I shouldn't be looking for girls with septum piercings for you?

"Heh. I think I'm a little too old fashioned for that."

While Harvey and I were carrying on this conversation, Kelly kept up her rhythm on top of me, flicking her hips back and forth to try and get my cock deeper and deeper inside of her, even while the

other girls assaulted her senses.

It was nice, but it was maybe my least favorite of the six girls I would dally with that day, mostly because I felt like I was just a stand-in, just a sex toy to be used for someone else's enjoyment. My own pleasure, while still achieved, wasn't the priority, and I feel like when someone's trying to connect with you sexually, they should be trying to connect with you emotionally as well.

She had an orgasm or two, and I certainly came inside of her effervescent pussy as the other girls egged me on, but there was something hollow about all of it.

After that, it was time to get up, and a couple of the girls scrambled downstairs to make breakfast for all of us, while I headed to the shower to get clean. As soon as I got out of bend, Kendra started stripping the sheets, saying there was no way in hell she was going to let them stay there without getting washed. That was probably a good call.

I stepped into the shower, figuring I would have it to myself, but Kayla decided to climb in with me. "Have you ever had anybody wash you before, Mister King?" she asked me, a shy but pointed smile on her face. Her skin was the shade of hot chocolate with loads of whipped cream melted into it, and so her nipples were a dark heavy brown, like pine wood, the aerolas large and encompassing much of her breasts.

"I'm perfectly capable of washing myself, Kayla," I told the Persian girl.

"Just because you can doesn't mean you should, sir," she said, picking up the bottle of body wash, smearing some all over her hands.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, Kayla and I engaged in some combination of bathing, cuddling and fucking, all sort of mixed together in a mess of arms and legs. Towards the end, she turned around and bent forward, and I grabbed her hips to allow me to thrust my cock into her slippery cunt, the inside of her much warmer than the rest of her body.

Throughout all of it, she was remarkably quiet, something I didn't realize bothered me until I was ready to pop, and I realized the girl had given me absolutely no feedback during the whole process. What she liked, what she didn't – I'd been playing guesswork the whole time. I think I'd done reasonably well, but it still was uncomfortable, being with a partner who wanted to share so little of herself in a moment so intimate.

After we'd finished, she nuzzled her head up against my chest and spoke, maybe the first full sentence she'd said to me in minutes. "That was very nice, sir, and I enjoyed cumming, but if I'm honest, I'm too guarded and private to be ready for a real relationship. I need to learn to trust again, but thank you for trying."

I know I keep telling you I'm sorry a lot, Deke, but I'm especially sorry about this one. She's a good person at heart, but she's had a very rough go of it, and she doesn't trust lightly. I don't think her friends even know just how guarded she truly is.

"Do you know what happened?" I thought at him.

I can't get exact details, but whatever happened, it was a lot closer to rape than the girl wants to admit to herself that it was, and so, she's had intimacy problems since then. She's tried talking to her dad, some guy named Konstantinos—

"Wait," I thought at Harvey, "is her last name Alexopolous?"

How'd you know that one?

"Shit, Harv, I *know* her father. He runs a chain of Greek restaurants around here, and Kayla was one of my friend TJ's students a few years back. We've had Konstantinos over to our poker game a few times. And you're telling me his daughter might have been raped?"

I think it's more complicated than that, Deke, but yeah, it was pretty close to it...

"Pretty close to it means it *was* it, Harvey."

When we were toweling off, I made a point to wrap my arms around Kayla and hold her closely. She seemed surprised at first, but settled in to cling to me for a little bit after that. "Don't worry, Kayla," I said. "People can be pretty rough sometimes, but you need to find a way to work through it. Maybe

that means going and getting counseling, but don't bottle it in, and don't let it haunt you, okay?"

"Mister King?"

"You're carrying some heavy weight around," I told her. "The fact that you were so intentionally quiet during sex has me worried, and I want you to promise me you'll go and talk to someone..."

"Mister King, that's not really—"

"Promise me, Kayla," I said to her, holding her tight. "Or I'm not going to let you go, and we're both going to have a really shitty time learning to eat like this."

She giggled a little, sniffing away a tear before she looked up at me. "Okay. Okay then. I promise, Mister King. I'll go and talk to one of the university's counselors on Monday, okay?"

"Good enough," I said to her, as finished drying off. I pulled on some boxers and a t-shirt, and was about to pull on some jeans when Kayla stopped me. "No?"

"You've still got one girl left to take care of, Mister King," Kayla told me, "and it wouldn't be fair leaving one out."

I laughed a bit, and nodded. "Okay then, let's go find number six."

We headed downstairs and found all six other girls gathered in the living room, Kasey standing there proudly with her hands on her hips. That silver barbell through one of her nipples was large, and I figured she must have been working it upwards, and that it wasn't her first stop along the way.

"So how are we wrapping up our funtime?"

"With a team activity!" Kasey said, giving me a playful little wink. "It's gonna be fun! Are you ready to have your mind blown?"

"Just my mind?" I said, which started all the girls giggling again.

Kasey moved to stand in front of me before she stood on her tiptoes to kiss me, nothing rushed or hurried, just kind and warm. When she pulled away, she winked at me with one of her brown eyes. "I've always wanted to do this, Mister King, so consider yourself lucky..."

"Do ... what exactly?"

She gestured for Kennedy to move into place on her left, and slowly Kasey lifted her left leg upwards and outwards, until it was in Kennedy's hands, her legs forming a right angle. "Crouch down a little bit, Ken," Kasey said to her, while gesturing for Kayla to come to her right side. Once both girls were in place, Kasey hopped up and put her right foot into Kayla's hands and gestured for the girls to move, lifting her legs up, until Kasey was in a perfect inverted T, doing the splits.

"For fuck's sake," I muttered beneath my breath.

Just wait, it gets better.

Kelly extended her arms out perpendicular from her torso, making a sort of sideways H shape before falling backwards, Kendra moving to catch one arm, Kelly moving to grab the other, as Kennedy and Kayla shifted how they were holding onto Kasey's legs, the four girls holding onto the fifth almost like a battering ram.

"Oh shit," I thought, as Kari stepped in behind me, yanking my boxers down, her massive build keeping me from moving anywhere. Madison stepped to be opposite me, a foot or so from Kelly's head, as the Asian girl giggled up at her friend.

"Think you're ready for this, Kel?" Madi asked her.

"Batter him down good, ladies," Kasey said.

Kennedy and Kayla moved forward, while Kari reached down and lifted my cock up to point straight forward, as the four girls slowly swung Kasey's body onto mine, pushing my thick dick inside of her snug pussy, a high pitched squeal of delight piercing from Kasey's lips.

"Too much?" Madi asked her.

"Not enough!" Kasey replied. "C'mon team, let's do this shit!"

With Kari's form keeping me from moving, all I could really do was to hang onto Kasey's hips, keeping her aligned properly, as the girls kept penduluming her back and forth along my shaft. It was a surreal rhythm, Kasey's completely immobilized body being used by the four others working in perfect

tandem, Madi even coaching them with a “Heave! Ho!” chant that kept all four of them on pace, letting them stay coordinated.

It was almost more engineering and physics than sex, but Kennedy and Kayla would take turns kissing with me when they brought Kasey forward, and I could feel Kari's tits wedged against the back of my shoulders.

The unusualness of it all meant that even when I wanted them to go faster, go slower, I was at the mercy of these women who knew exactly the tempo they wanted to set, each crack of Kasey's tan hips against mine making her small tits wobble and jiggle.

Kasey, it seemed, got to call the shots, and she laughingly called them out like a ship's captain, “A little more starboard!” “More steam!” “Give me all you've got!” until they were thumping Kasey's body into me with a thumping beat that just about anyone could dance to. Kayla even started holding Kasey's leg with just one arm, using her left hand to reach over and play with the Asian girl's clit, as Kendra did the same and started tweaking the barbell in Kasey's nipple.

I must've been easy to read at that point, because pretty soon, all the girls were egging me on, a symphony of “Fuck her!” “Do it!” “Cream her up!” “Give it to me harder!” “Look at those tits shake!” “Take it, you little slut!” “Fuck, I wanna go again!” “God, look at her cum!” “I am! I'm fucking cumming!” “He's gonna too!” “Do it, sir!” “Do it, Mister King!” “Do it, Master!” “Cream her cunny!” “Fill that fuckhole!” “Pour it into her!” “Gimme your cum!” “Do it!” “Do it!”

I couldn't even tell who was speaking, but it didn't really matter, because I was overstimulated to the max, and there was no escaping my inevitable orgasm, so I gave Madi the nod, and she placed her hands on Kendra and Kelly's shoulders, leaning into them, as they just screwed Kasey's cunt down onto my cock as deep as they could get it, while Kari bit down on my earlobe, not hard enough to pierce the skin, but more than plenty to make every nerve in my body go into overload, and somehow my balls drew forth into our strategic reserves, and I blasted that poor girl's twat so full of my jism that I could hear it dripping out of her onto the wood of my dining room floor, almost falling backwards, but Kari was there to hold me in place, letting me just drift off, awash in the sea of one of the most powerful orgasms I've ever remembered having.

The aftermath of it is kind of a blur, being that I was unsteady on my feet, and they had to help me over to the couch. Poor Kasey had apparently blacked out she'd cum so hard, and Madison had taken it upon herself to make sure the floor was clean again.

An hour or so later, Kasey had woken up, the girls had all put all of their uniforms back on, and they'd dressed me so that I wasn't sitting around my house entirely naked. And I won't forget what Kasey said to me. “If I'm honest, Mister King, you're too old for me, but I am going to compare every man I meet for the rest of my life to you until I find my person,” she whispered to me before kissing me on the cheek.

“Thanks for being a good sport about all this,” Madison told me. “Sorry if I got kinda pushy, but a girl's got to take care of her friends,” she giggled.

Ten minutes after that, they said their goodbyes to me and headed out in the Saturday evening air, leaving me and Astro alone in my insanely well-cleaned house. I was sitting on my couch, debating what to do next, when my iPhone pinged, the sound of a message arriving.

“Just a little memento to remember us by,” the message from Madison said. Below that was an attached picture she must have taken in the middle of the night, because she was the only one not in it, me surrounded by six gorgeous naked girls, all piled up around me, leaning against me, clinging onto me, all their faces obscured by hair, pillows or nestled against my body, so I looked like the fucking king of the world.

Hell of a gift, huh?

“That it was, Harvey, that it was.” Colleen had sent me a picture of her with Colton a few days ago, where both of their faces were obscured, so I decided to shoot her this one back. Probably a dumb move on my part, so I included the caption “Would've been a thousand times better with you instead.”

She still hadn't made up her mind about Colton, so maybe she'd get a good laugh at how weird my life was because of magic.

Speaking of which...

So I've got some good news and some bad news.

“No dessert before vegetables, Harv. Hit me with the bad.”

We've got one more thing we have to do, and you're not going to like it one bit, but the good news is that after it, I'll have everything I need to get you squared away, to get you your perfect match. It's been a long, strange trip, Derrick, but I want you to know, I always had your best interests at heart, even in this last extremely shitty thing I'm going to ask you to do. If you're going through hell, keep going, right?

“What do I need to do Harv?”

Just like in those video games you play, it's time for the boss fight...

NEXT: Chapter 11 – BOSS FIGHT