

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 318-322

By Breakthebar

Chapter 318

“So.... wow,” Cassidy said, leaning back against the counter. “I guess I’d thought through a lot, but...” She blew out a long breath.

The question of kids was a big one, and I hadn’t exactly been thinking about it either throughout the week. Falling in love, and falling in lust, were adult things. I’d been thinking about that week, and next week, and next month. Maybe next year. My ‘twenty years from now’ worries had been about whether the relationships and people could coexist or would cause damage. I didn’t want people to get hurt; I wanted them to feel like they were getting what they needed and wanted. I hadn’t been thinking of making *new people*.

“I know,” Zenya sighed. We were standing in the little kitchen area of the boat, having come back out from the cabin so we could all talk. “Robbie already told me that you and he have talked about kids, and they are in *your* future at some point.”

“I want to have our first around thirty, I think,” Cassidy said. “That always felt like enough time that we could get all our adult shit together and have fun, but young enough that it wasn’t going to be a hard pregnancy because of age.”

That was true - we’d talked about kids multiple times, and a family in general, when talking about marriage. I wanted to be a father, and Cassidy’s idea of the timeline felt right for me as well.

“I’m pretty much the same in thinking, I’m just a year or two older than you guys so it’s closer for me,” Zenya said. “I- two years, maybe three, of dating seriously and it’s what I would want.”

Cassidy took another breath and nodded, then looked at me. “What do you think, Tiger?”

I had to rub my forehead for a moment, collecting my thoughts and then I sighed. “I don’t know,” I said truthfully. “You know I want a family too. Kids, more than one. Objectively, I want that with a woman I love, which was always you Cass. Now that there’s more than one woman, I guess I need to think about things more broadly. It’s one of those issues that the speed of this has made feel unimportant but is *really* important. Like... I don’t know if any of the girls are religious. Or if they have siblings, or what their parent’s names are, or if anyone has lost anyone important to them. Fuck, I don’t even know who went to college or not, or-”

The pressure felt like it was mounting on my chest and I had to stop, leaning back against the wall as I blinked rapidly.

“Robbie, Robbie,” Cassidy said, coming to me immediately. “It’s OK. Take a breath.”

“I’m sorry,” Zenya said. “I’m not trying to pressure you or anything. It’s not something that needs to be decided now.”

“No, he’s starting to have a panic attack,” Cassidy said, fussing with me as she tried to figure out how to calm me down. I could feel myself tipping, the overwhelming *thing* that I’d started feeling fucking massive - like I was floating in the middle of a giant bowl and whenever I tried to swim to an edge it just got further away, and that bowl was starting to tilt and lean and I’d get swept away and poured out. “It’s- Fuck, it’s my fault for putting too much on him all at once,” Cassidy said, crying as she held onto me, panicking a little herself.

“Becca told me,” Zenya said, rushing to the sink and grabbing a washcloth. I could hear her running the water like a static in the back of my mind, but my vision was starting to tunnel even though I was trying to take long, deep breaths. It didn’t really feel like it was helping. I hated that I was making Cassidy cry, and she looked so fucking terrified, but it was another thing that I couldn’t *control* and I was fucking up and-

Zenya stepped back in front of me and I felt a cold cloth hit the back of my neck, then the colder temperature of ice. She was looking into my eyes with concern, but not fear, and she moved the ice back and forth and then around to the side of my neck, and to my throat.

“That’s it, Robbie,” she said soothingly. “It’s OK. You’re here with us, and we love you. Your girlfriends and your fiancée love you. Nothing else is important right now. You have all the time in the world.” She brought the ice up right under my jaw, then lifted it to my forehead. It wasn’t really *helping* so much as distracting me a little, but that gave me a chance to breathe, and I started to feel Cassidy gripping my fingers tightly, and my heart seemed to drop back out of my skull and towards my chest.

“I need to sit down,” I grunted, and they led me to the living area and the couches.

It took me a good five minutes to really come down, my head throbbing a little and my breathing still feeling too shallow for a lot of it.

Finally, with Cassidy cradling my head in her lap and Zenya sitting with my feet in hers and softly massaging them, I felt the last of the attack leak out of me. “I’m sorry,” I said. “I don’t know why that just- fuck.”

“Shhh,” Zenya shushed me. “It’s OK, Robbie. You’re- damn, everything you said made *sense*, and I can’t really imagine how you’re keeping so many balls in the air.”

“He’s amazing,” Cassidy murmured, running her fingers through my hair. “He’s fantastic at his job, balancing so many different things all at once. There’s just so much emotion tied up with this.”

“We don’t need to talk about kids now,” Zenya said. “And maybe it’s a talk that should happen with the others, too.”

“Hold on,” I grunted softly, pulling my feet from her and sitting up slowly. Even a quick panic attack, and not one that had me going full-on breakdown, made me feel like I’d gotten kicked in the chest. Once I was up and took a hand from each of them, holding them tightly. I looked at Cassidy first. “I love you, and there’s obviously more conversation to be had,” I told her. Then I looked at Zenya, deep into her eyes and tried to make sure she knew I was saying this rationally and fully. “And we’ll need to talk more about kids and everything else,” I said. “But just know that I’m not scared, or against, or *negative* about having kids with you, Zee. That wasn’t what started to get me spiralling. I think you’ll be an *amazing* mom from everything I know about you, so if it’s in our future then I would be just as happy as having kids with Cassidy. I just- God, there’s so *much* I don’t know.”

Zenya nodded quietly. “Thank you,” she whispered, giving me a sad puppy dog face as her eyes teared up a little. Then she leaned in and hugged me, and I shifted and scooped Cassidy into the hug as well. We sat there for longer than we probably should have, but I think we all needed it.

Chapter 319

“I don’t like this new trend of me feeling so fucking overwhelmed my body starts to fucking lock up and my brain fries out,” I sighed.

“I know, Tiger. I’m so sorry,” Cassidy said, rubbing my back. I’d gone out initially with Zenya with a loose tank top and my briefs on, and now we were back in the cabin so I could wash my face and change into something mildly more appropriate to work with food. I’d stopped just inside the door though, leaning against the wall as I let myself feel shitty for a moment.

“Cass, it’s not your-”

“Robbie,” Cassidy interrupted me. “I get why you’d feel embarrassed that it’s happening, but I swear to God if you try and take *any* of the blame for having panic attacks I’ll literally scream. *I* did this, and I’m so fucking sorry for it.”

I swallowed hard. I knew what she was saying was true - me being overwhelmed, my brain and body having these reactions, all came out of what and how she’d done things.

I was still fucked up.

No matter what all had happened during the trip, there were underlying issues that were only going to be fixed over time. But then... looking at what I knew was true, and what I *felt*, I couldn't connect them. Why was I trying so hard to rationalise wanting to take on guilt for something I couldn't control? Or, maybe even more importantly, why was I willing to forgive her more easily than I did myself like this?

Was it just me, and my nature? Or was it the App?

I had my eyes shut, and I took a deep breath. "Cass, baby, I love you," I said. "But I'm fucked up."

She hugged me, squeezing hard. "Is there anything I can do right now?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't think so," I shook my head. "I don't think that therapy can come fast enough. I don't want to say goodbye to the girls, but God I also want to get home and try and just... I don't know."

"I know," she mumbled, her face pressed to my arm as she kept hugging me. "I know."

Getting myself back together wasn't too hard - a quick splash of water on my face, and wiping myself down with some wet paper towel since I didn't want to get *another* washcloth wet before we packed to go home. I ended up putting on a tank top that I'd worn at the start of the trip that hadn't gotten too well-worn (or sweaty from the various physical activities my clothes had gone through.) I managed to find one of my pairs of shorts, maybe the last one that hadn't been claimed by Wanda or Cattie, which made me wonder how many of my clothes I was actually going to end up taking home with me. It looked like my sweaters were missing, and a couple of T-shirts.

It was a good thing that I really liked the look of a beautiful woman wearing some of my clothes.

Cass and I went back out to help Zenya with breakfast - we were definitely not going to get it done by the time the others got back. Still, I took a moment to slide up behind Zenya and hug her tightly as I brushed some of her bright red hair behind her ear and kissed her neck. "Thanks for helping me calm down, freckles," I murmured softly.

She set down the knife she was chopping with and raised a hand, scratching her fingers in the hair on the side of my head. "Panic attacks are a big deal, but they aren't a *big deal*," she said. "I'm sorry you're going through them. I don't think any less of you, and neither do the others, Tiger."

I sighed, hugging her a little tighter, and I could just see the little smile on her face as she took my hands from her stomach and lifted them up to her tits. I chuckled and squeezed them.

“Make sure you give that ass a little last bit of lovin’ too,” Cassidy said with a playful smirk as she set up another cutting station next to Zenya’s.

I did just that, pulling my hands from Zenya’s breasts and sliding them down between us, lifting up the bottom of the jersey she was wearing until they were full of her firm, juicy butt cheeks. She flexed them one at a time and wiggled her hips a little as she looked back at me with a gleam in her eye and her tongue just sticking out between her teeth. “I wouldn’t mind a little *more* of that attention,” she suggested.

Unfortunately, I was halted from deciding what to do next by some calls from outside that the girls were back. I gave Zenya’s ass one more firm squeeze and growled lightly in her ear. “I love you, freckles.”

“I love you too, Tiger,” she said. “Can’t wait for next time.”

I left the girls to the breakfast work and pulled my shirt back off as I went outside. Wanda and Ami were already back, Baheela was right behind them, and I could see Leia, Becca and Terra on the way. Shuttling the ladies and their equipment back across was quick work for each of them, though they took some liberties again. Wanda pulled me into a kiss with a gratuitous amount of tongue before she let me sit her up on the deck of the boat, and Ami decided she couldn’t miss out on that opportunity even if she didn’t take quite as forceful a kiss. Heels had a ‘wardrobe malfunction’ as the bikini top she was wearing *somehow* shifted and she flashed me both her tits as she laughed at the look on my face.

Terra and Leia had missed the others playing their games and simply cuddled me a little as I carried them and gave me little kisses in thanks, and when I returned to shore again Cattie had caught up with Becca and they were both waiting for me.

“What’s wrong?” Becca asked after taking one good look at me.

“Something happened,” Cattie nodded, her brow furrowing. She still had her black hair back in a pair of braids but she’d carried her Snow White dress stuffed back in her equipment back and just had on a bikini now. Becca, meanwhile, looked like she must have done some sort of cavegirl shoot or something because she was wearing a rough brown leather skirt and some body paint on her arms and shoulders, along with a thick bandeau-style white top made out of strips of fabric woven together.

“It’s-” I started to say it was nothing but clicked my jaw shut and sighed out a breath through my nose. These were my girlfriends. I loved them, and they loved me. I didn’t need to hide from them. “I had another small panic attack,” I admitted. “Cass and Zenya and I were talking about big future stuff, and I realised how much I’m behind on knowing important things about you all. Birthdays, religion, parents, who went to college, all that sort of stuff that makes up pieces of who you all are. It hit me hard, but I’m OK.”

“Oh, Robbie,” Cattie cooed, immediately stepping up to me and pulling me down into a hug. She grabbed Becca’s hand and pulled her close, and soon I had both of them hugging me tightly.

“We’ll figure it all out,” Becca said gently, leaning against me heavily. “That stuff is important, but it’s not as important as what we mean to each other. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Cattie said.

I swallowed, my tongue feeling thick in my mouth, and tried not to get emotional again. It just felt really, really good to know they accepted me even when I was feeling like I was getting pulled apart at the seams. And that they’d noticed I was a little off to begin with.

Chapter 320

I ended up getting looped into continuing the food prep for breakfast, and in charge of frying up the last of the bacon and sausage patties on the BBQ using a griddle pan. It was going to be a *heaping* breakfast. One thing I noticed was that, once the girls were all changed into comfy summer clothes and moving around they were energetic - usually post-morning shoot there was an hour or two before breakfast so that people could nap again, but with it being the last day there was a pressure to not miss a minute of being together.

Another strange thing was happening though - girls were disappearing. One or two at a time, it seemed like word was getting spread about what had happened in the conversation with Zenya and Cassidy. I first realised it as I was firing up the BBQ out on the porch deck, and my guess was confirmed when I had Wanda come out and wrap her arms around me from behind.

“I love you, Tiger,” she said as she hugged me.

“I know, gorgeous,” I said, reaching around and shifting her more to my side so I could hold my arm around her. “I love you too.”

She looked up at me with big eyes and sighed. “Seriously, Robbie,” she said. “I love you.”

I leaned down and kissed her forehead gently, then looked into her eyes a little deeper. “Thank you, Wanda,” I said. There was obviously more that she wanted to say, but she just nodded and then tilted her lips up, asking for a proper kiss. Things were still complicated for all the same reasons, and I could tell there were conversations that she wanted to save for after things got settled.

A minute after she slipped away, I had Terra in almost the same position. “I’m so sorry, Robbie,” she said as she clung to me.

“You have nothing to be sorry about, honey,” I said. I already had bacon on the griddle and needed to set my tongs down to hug her properly.

“No, I mean- Fuck,” she sighed, then lowered her voice. “I mean I’m sorry that I was kind of feeding my breeding kink thing we stumbled on. I should have realised that you and Cassidy would have been having serious talks about that stuff, and it might not have been-”

I stopped her by kissing her. Thankfully, with the glass door standing open, I could see into the houseboat and almost halfway down the corridor to the cabins - JC hadn’t made an appearance yet.

When I pulled away she gave me a look. “Dude, you can’t just kiss me when you want me to stop talking,” she said.

“Well, it worked,” I smirked a little, and she rolled her eyes. “Terra, honey, the breeding kink stuff didn’t impact me negatively. If anything, it- Look, I’ll tell you the same thing I told Zenya. In a couple of years, when we’ve figured things out and if it’s right for us, then... I mean, yeah, we’ll go hard on the breeding stuff. If you want to be a mom.”

She raised her eyebrows and looked over her shoulder back into the boat before reaching up and pulling me down into another soul-searing kiss and then pressing her lips to my ears. “With you, absolutely,” she whispered, then pulled away and looked deep into my eyes - apparently the morning before we split up was the time for looking into each other’s souls. “I never even thought about it with JC. But with you... God, Robbie, you’d be such a good Dad. And just thinking about you and kids and- Shit, I’m so fucking wet right now.”

I chuckled and was almost tempted to pick her up and toss her in the water just so I could make a joke about being ‘so wet.’ Instead, I picked her up, holding her by her ass and crushing her to me as I kissed her hard. She wrapped her legs around my waist, pulling herself tightly to me, and my hands massaged her perfect little butt firmly. It was around the time that she started dry humping at me that Becca coughed lightly and we had to pull apart.

“Can I talk to him?” Becca asked.

Terra flushed and looked back at me for a moment, her eyes screaming that she wanted me to fuck her, but she unhooked her legs and I set her down. “Love you, Tiger,” she said.

“Love you too, honey,” I said.

Terra stepped away, stopping to whisper something to Becca, before heading inside.

“Buried the lead just a little bit, didn’t you?” Becca asked me once we were alone.

“How so?” I asked, a little confused.

“You said you were having a panic attack over ‘future stuff,’ not about the prospect of having kids,” Becca said.

“Becca-” I started, but then I saw a little quirk to the corner of her lips and the look in her eye. “God, don’t tease me,” I exhaled.

“I need to get it in where I can,” Becca said as she broke into a little smile. “You’re hard to tease, Robbie. At least mentally. Physically is another story entirely.”

I sighed and shook my head, going back to flipping bacon on the griddle pan.

“On the topic though,” Becca said. “Just so you know, and since everyone is trading notes at the moment - I’m not sure about kids yet. Is that a problem?”

I snorted a little and almost laughed as I looked back at my silvery-blond girlfriend. “Becca, that’s probably the most reasonable response to all of this that I’ve gotten so far,” I said. “I have absolutely no expectation that you should have that figured out.”

“Good,” she said, stepping closer and wrapping her arms around me. “Because I just want to be *us* for a good while before I think about that.”

“I love that you don’t just understand me, but work through things in the same way,” I said.

“Me too,” she said happily. “Now, I believe a promise was made...”

“Really?” I asked. “With everyone-?”

“Shhh,” Becca said, blushing a little as she slid her hand down from my stomach and down into my shorts to find my cock. “I probably can’t get myself to do a full-on public blowjob, but I can definitely give you a handjob and maybe one of us can find a spot for you to poke it and pop before we eat.”

I groaned, feeling her fingers wrap around my shaft. “Weirdest breakfast prep ever,” I said.

She laughed, the sound tickling in my ears, as she started to slowly jerk me while slipping my free hand down into the back of her shorts to squeeze her butt.

Chapter 321

Cattie took over the grill and griddle for me when she came out and saw what was happening, a little smirk on her lips as she gave my butt a playful pinch. Part of me wanted to take Becca up to the top deck and ravish her there, but with Heather and Sherry still MIA and JC likely to get

up at some point, I knew Becca might have gone along with it but it wouldn't be as good as in private.

Instead, I picked her up in a princess carry and saw multiple grins as the girls watched me parade her through the living room and kitchen, my cock tenting my shorts. Back in the cabin, I kicked the door shut behind us as she laughed and clung to me, and then I brought her to the bed.

"Tell me what you want," I said as I sat her down on the end. "What do you want from me before I have to spend weeks without you?"

Becca was already shimmying her shorts down over her hips. "Just fuck me, Tiger," she said.

I wanted to do more. I *always* wanted to do more with Becca. But we really were on a timeline for the morning and we couldn't spend forever on sex. There were conversations that needed to happen, and piloting the boats.

And packing. And leaving.

Becca had her shorts and panties down and off faster than I got my own shorts and underwear down. My cock was hard, and I went down to one knee and she grabbed one of her legs and pulled it back, spreading herself for me. I wanted to stop and stare. To ogle her. Her pussy was so fucking pretty, and the tan lines we were all developing after a week of sun just highlighted it all the more. Instead, I dove in, sliding my tongue through her labia and then drilling it against her hole.

"Fuck, Robbie," she gasped, clearly in pleasure, but she grabbed my shoulders and pulled me up. "Fuck me. Just fuck me."

I did as she asked, notching my cock into her entrance and then both of us groaned as I pushed into her. The sex was quick and dirty, a wild humping that was more about getting off than loving each other - and it was great. Knowing that we could do that; be that for each other when we felt it, was good. I loved her dearly and wanted to make love to her, but I knew from experience with Cassidy that sex didn't always need to be about love.

We both wanted to get off. There weren't any position changes. Her shirt didn't even come up to reveal her breasts. Our hips slammed at each other and I curled over her to get our lips together even if it wasn't really kissing. We fucked, panting and writhing. She clawed at the back of my shirt while I held her waist firmly. She licked my lips. I reached under her shirt to grab a tit.

I came first, grunting a warning and she nodded wordlessly, telling me it was OK. Unloading deep into her, I was amazed that I could produce any sperm at all and wondered if I should get checked out by a medical professional to see if I had super-balls or something. App perks or not, it felt almost unnatural. Once I was done I pulled out of her, my sticky cock pressing against

her thigh as I reached down and got two fingers inside of her warm, pink cunt and started to finger her.

“Come for me, sugar,” I growled. “God, I love you. Come for me.”

“Robbieeee,” she gasped lightly, squeezing her eyes tight as she thrust her hips up and came.

We came back out of the room *maybe* seven minutes after we went in. Becca’s hair was a little mussed, and we both had little grins, and we received even bigger ones back from the ladies. But Becca didn’t stop to blush, instead she crossed the room and went right up to Wanda.

“Hi,” she said. “I know you want him bad, and you’re holding back for the right reasons. And I know you and I are going to do a lot more with him together when we can. But I want you to do something for me.”

Wanda, looking confused, glanced over Becca’s shoulder at me before looking back at her old friend. “OK?” Wanda asked.

“Open your mouth,” Becca told her.

Wanda did, and Becca raised her two fingers and inserted them, rubbing the taste of our mixed juices that she’d fingered out of her pussy onto Wanda’s tongue. Wanda, for her part, was stunned for a moment before she wrapped her lips around Becca’s fingers and sucked the concoction off of them as Becca slowly pulled her fingers out. Then she hugged Wanda, kissed her on the cheek and whispered something to her. Wanda hugged her back.

“Where’s my taste?” Cassidy asked with a smirk.

“Agreed,” Leia said, blushing slightly but grinning naughtily.

“Did you bring enough for the whole class?” Ami asked from the kitchen. That one stunned almost all of us - even with all I knew about Ami, and what we’d done, it still *felt* out of character for her to make a joke with as dirty a context as that.

We were all laughing when JC came stumbling out from the back cabin, scratching his head as he winced at the light. He was shirtless, wearing shorts, and looked like he needed another couple of hours of sleep. “What’s so funny?” he mumbled.

“Nothing, Juan Carlos,” Terra said, giving me a glance before going to her still-boyfriend and taking his arm. “Here, coffee,” she said, leading him into the kitchen.

“I should go check on Ginnie and get her up,” Leia sighed, coming up beside me and taking my hand. “Want to come with me?”

“For company, protection, or to fool around?” I asked her quietly. “Because I can do one and two, but after the last few days I think I need a bit of recovery time before I can do number three no matter how much I want to.”

Leia giggled as she smirked. “Fair point,” she said. “Now that I think about it, probably a bad idea anyway if Heather and Sherry are over there.”

“Raincheck,” I said, leaning in and giving her a little peck on the lips.

Leia went across to the Single’s Boat, which was close but not tied up to us so required her to hop into the water briefly, but she was wearing bikini bottoms and one of my T-shirts that must have been lifted from my room that morning.

For not even having breakfast yet, it had been a busy day.

Chapter 322

“Becca feels bad,” Wanda said.

“What? Why?” I asked, immediately concerned.

We were eating up on the top deck - in fact, everyone was either up there or on the sun-facing porch deck trying to catch as much of the rays as they could while our vacation wound down. I’d ended up sitting with Cattie and Wanda, and it sort of felt like I’d been directed into that based on the smiles and suggesting nods of the others. It sort of made sense - other than Leia and Terra, I’d spent the least amount of time that day with Wanda and Cattie. And Terra had to front appearances for JC since they were still officially a couple - I felt bad about that whenever I saw him, but I also understood Terra’s decision to tell him *after* the full day of travel that needed to happen with them side-by-side.

“She feels like maybe she shouldn’t have fucked you earlier,” Wanda explained. “But she was horny for you, and you were open to it. She just feels like it was bad timing since you had that attack earlier.”

I groaned a little - it was the exact thing that I would have worried about if the places were reversed.

“She’s not wrong, but she’s not right either,” Cattie said, shaking her head. “Be honest, Tiger. Did it mask any of the feelings you were still having?”

“No,” I said. “I just- well, it wasn’t weird for me. The attack happened but it was smaller than the ones before, Cassidy and Zenya helped me out of it, and then you all came back and check-ins

were happening. Maybe it wasn't the best timing, but I was more worried about the rest of you feeling left out than anything."

"So what you're saying is there's a quickie on the table after breakfast?" Cattie asked with a grin.

Wanda snorted and shook her head. "We're having the Big Talk after breakfast," she said. "And if anything, it should be Leia getting the D if there's a spare moment. You get to go home with him and Cass for a few days."

I took Wanda's hand, stopping her eating to have a moment with her. "I can't wait for it to be your turn, gorgeous," I said. "And I'm going to miss you so fucking much tonight when you're not beside me."

Wanda's sad, broad smile could have split her cheeks. "I'll miss you too. So fucking much."

"It's wild how we could be four or more to a bed, and sleeping next to Robbie is the best sleep I've ever had," Cattie sighed.

"Same!" Wanda said. "Seriously. We probably get even less than I usually do, but it's such a *good* sleep."

I idly wondered if one of the Upgrades or Perks that Cassidy had bought me could be causing that effect. Magic touch? Or the 'satisfy women in my bed' thing? A combo of both?

"Maybe it's a placebo effect or something," Cattie said. "Because we're both getting out of shitty long-term relationships where we didn't feel completely trusting or comfortable with our partners and now we have him."

"Sciencing my magic powers is a good way for me to lose them," I said, only half-joking, but they couldn't know that and they laughed along.

Sitting and having a heavy, greasy breakfast with Wanda and Cattie was a joy. After the brief thing in the middle of the week when Wanda hadn't wanted to include Cattie in talking through her problems, it seemed like they'd both made an effort to get more comfortable and friendly. They spoke openly and playfully, trading little stories along with me, and I couldn't have wiped the smile from my face if I tried. More than that, they were flirty with me and each other in a way that was light and pleasant and made me look forward to when we could be more intimate because, between their two kinks, we would have some nasty fun.

It felt like five minutes, but after a half hour, we had to get up and start cleaning up. While that was going on I saw Ginnee properly for the first time since she'd eaten down on the porch deck with Leia and Zenya. She looked worn out - she gave me a goofy little smile and wave, but she was obviously tired. Seeing her, however, made me wonder where the hell Heather and Sherry

were - according to Leia they hadn't been in their room over on the Singles Boat, and they hadn't shown up for breakfast, which meant they were probably still out in the rocky desert filming.

With everyone helping with the dishes, things didn't take too long to get cleaned up and put away. There were still a lot of leftovers that Becca was going to need to deal with, but not as bad as before and there was still lunch to have so things could get picked over.

Just as I was putting away the last glasses after drying them with a towel, I found myself with another person hugging me from behind.

"Hello, sunshine," I said with a little smile.

"How did you know it was me without even looking?" she asked, letting go over me and hopping her butt up onto the counter.

"I'm not gonna tell," I told her teasingly. It had been a combination of her smaller breasts pressed against my back and her height since she was taller than Terra. I was also aware of Terra being busy keeping JC preoccupied up on the top deck still.

"Fine," Leia sighed, rolling her eyes extra dramatically and grinning. "It's time for the All Hands Meeting."

"How many is 'all hands?'" I asked.

"Everyone who loves you," Leia said. "Except Terra, since she can't use Ginnie to distract him again."

"Was last night OK for her?"

"Ginnie had fun," Leia said. "Just too much. Don't tell her I told you, but she said she feels like she's leaking farts constantly. They did anal, like, a bunch."

I snorted and covered my mouth. "Wow," I said.

Leia's grin could have split her cheeks. "I know," she said. "But it sounds like JC actually did stick with his agreement with Terra just like you guys did, so there's that."

"I feel bad for him," I sighed.

"He did it to himself," Leia shook her head. "The more I hear about the relationships that are crashing, the more *I'm* learning about what works and what doesn't. Most of it is communication failures that compile on themselves."

“Do you think we have any communication failures?” I asked her seriously as I stepped over to stand between her legs and hold her by her hips.

Leia reached up and wove her fingers together behind my neck, shaking her head lightly as she cocked it to the side. “I think we weirdly have the most communication I’ve ever had with someone. There’s stuff to discover about each other still, but... I mean, I’ve agreed to share you with a bunch of other women all relatively equally. If that isn’t the biggest communication hurdle that makes everything else seem like small potatoes, I don’t know what would.”

I leaned in and kissed her forehead, trying not to think of the one thing none of the others knew about. The App was... something. I still wasn’t sure what to do about it.

“Come on,” she said, taking my hands from her hips and holding them as she urged me back and hopped down from the counter. “The girls are in your cabin waiting.”

“Alright,” I said with a shake of my head. “Lead me to my doom.”

She laughed and bit her lip while grinning at me. “More like fate,” she said. “Or heaven.”

Now that had me intrigued.

Chapter 323

“Alright,” I said. “Can I just start by saying this is a fantastic view?”

Leia had brought me back to the cabin, where *almost* all of my... lovers were now waiting. I really needed to come up with a collective term that encompassed them all, and it felt weird thinking ‘my girls’ because they were all beautiful, smart, talented women - but saying ‘my women’ sounded fucking cringe even in my head, let alone if I said it out loud.

My comment got a variety of smiles, smirks and eye-rolls from the ladies - Oh, maybe ‘my ladies?’ - as they were arranged around the room in a rough semicircle. A couple of chairs had been brought in, and I was planted in one sitting in the doorway to the washroom so everyone could see me.

The only person missing was Terra, which was a little twinge in my chest, but just like last night it was tough to really get everyone in one room at the moment. So Terra was missing out, but Ami was in and I assumed already up to date on what the ladies had decided.

Becca cleared her throat. “I hereby call this meeting of the Orgy-lationship to order.”

I groaned. Half of the girls groaned. The other half cackled, knowing it was said just to tease me.

Her smile bright and edging on a smirk, Becca shushed everyone and took a breath. “OK. Robbie, as you know we had a meeting last night to discuss as a group where we felt things were heading, what sort of reasonable plans we could make, and how we saw ourselves as individuals meshing with you, and with your relationship with Cassidy, and each other. We talked through several possible ‘futures,’ in terms of short- and mid-term planning, and we came to a tentative agreement.”

“This isn’t set in stone,” Cattie took over, and I had a feeling Becca had divided out some responsibilities so that it wasn’t all coming from her and it really did feel like a group decision - which was exactly what I would have done. “And maybe you have different ideas or expectations or needs. And we’re all on different time frames for the idea so it wouldn’t all just *happen*, it’ll be timed out.”

“OK,” I said. “I hear the caveats, and I promise not to expect this to be a concrete plan. I’m also really curious what you all actually *decided*, so who’s going to tell me?”

All the ladies looked at Becca, who quirked a little smile. “My idea was that, since most of us except Ami are in positions where we can kind of work wherever we want to settle down, and we don’t want to be long-distance with our boyfriends for the foreseeable future, we would all likely be trying to move closer to you and Cassidy. We *could* all start looking for apartments as we reach the ends of our leases and stuff, and maybe some of us could get places together, but that felt... silly, and a little wasteful. So the other obvious option was that we all get a place *together*.”

I blinked. I hadn’t really been too sure what to expect, but this was... wow. “I- Are you asking me to move in with you?”

“Something like that, Tiger,” Cassidy said with a little smile. “Obviously our condo isn’t big enough to handle this many people though.”

“God, look at his face,” Wanda said with a laugh.

I was overjoyed, overwhelmed, overstimulated and any other ‘over’ I could wrap my mind around. They wanted to live together, which would mean not missing them, and being able to kiss and cuddle each of them and not stress about scheduling calls or video chats. I could take them on dates, and cook dinner, and- Fuck, the sex!

“The concept is that we would start our own holding company or corporation, and we would all own a percentage based on how much we could put into the House Fund - no looking down on anyone who can’t because of savings or debt or anything. You and Cassidy would be the ‘Owners’ of the company, I’d likely be the Financial Officer,” Becca said. “We’d want to get somewhere big - like *big* big with lots of rooms and a great property that we could use for shooting content. Then we could all work and live there, and chip in on bills and everything.

Then from our own business perspectives we could pool resources and costumes, we would always have someone to collaborate with, and we could even host other models and influencers and even rent out rooms short-term. And on a personal front, we'd all get to live with each other which we already see works fairly well, and we'd get to live with our boyfriend."

"It's just the concept of the plan though," Wanda cut in. "I can see your head already spinning, Robbie. There's lots to figure out and you don't need to do it all at once, or all by yourself. And that goes for you too, Becca. We all need to feel like we're part of this."

"Um," I said, glancing at Cassidy. One look reminded me of what she told me earlier, and the look in her eyes reinforced it. She was supportive of this as long as I wasn't against it. "I- wow. Shit. Fuck! We're moving in together!"

My reaction brought grins and excited laughter, and I was quickly in the middle of a big group hug as their voices merged into a chaotic river of ideas and thoughts and hopes.

We were moving in together.

I'd have seven of my eight girlfriends under one roof.

My eyes went to Ami, at the back of the group, smiling sweetly but a little sadly as she had her hands supportingly on Zenya and Cassidy's shoulders. I shifted a little, and the ladies let me worm my way through the group until I reached Ami. Taking her by the waist with one hand and raising my other to cup her cheek, I pulled her into a kiss and then hugged her tightly.

"It's OK," I whispered. "No pressure. Whenever *you* are ready, we can take more steps. I'm more than happy to just call you my girlfriend."

"Thank you," she whispered back, hugging me tightly.

We'd get there. I knew we would. And she was damn worth the wait.

Chapter 324

"Alright!" Becca called, getting everyone's attention. None of us had left the cabin, and I'd been trying to get at least a moment with each of them to let them know how excited I was for the future. Only Cass and Becca had been left on my internal list, along with checking in with Terra when I could on her thoughts.

We all stopped our bantering and turned to the fearless leader of the trip. Becca smiled and was standing up on the bed so she could see everyone. "I love you all, but unfortunately no matter how much we don't want to leave, we *are* in our final hours and there are things to do. I need everyone to get to whichever boat that your luggage is in. We're going to be pulling up anchor

soon and starting the ride back to the rental dock, and you all need to be packing to be ready to go. When we get there we should have about an hour to eat lunch from the leftovers, and then we need to give the boats back. Does anyone have any questions?"

Zenya held up a hand. "I just want to say that I love you all as well. Not many of you were on last year's trip, but the group wasn't nearly as fun - and that's not even counting the fact that we all fell for our hunk. You're all amazing, and I can't wait to get to know each and every one of you better and better."

The girls gave a little cheer of agreement. With no other questions, I was inundated with a string of quick kisses as the ladies from the Single's Boat headed out first, leaving me with the ladies staying on the Couple's Boat - which, after the room swapping, was actually the majority. Ami gave me a quick kiss and a look as well, though, and headed out to catch up with Becca - she was supposed to be the second driver for the Single's Boat and I knew she would want to double-check she wasn't needed for a task.

That left me with Cattie, Wanda and Cassidy in the room that we'd been sharing.

"Did I see more of my clothes heading out that door?" I asked.

Cassidy snorted, and Cattie chuckled softly. "I promise that your favourite sweater will be coming home with us, Tiger," Cassidy said. "Your other shirts though..." She made a face.

"I think Cattie and I look pretty good in your shorts," Wanda said, running her thumbs along the elastic of the ones she was wearing. Cattie was wearing my other pair.

"I think you look good wearing my shirts, too," I said, moving to her and pulling her into a hug as I kissed the top of her head. "I don't mind my clothes going home with you. Especially because they'll be coming back with you. Well, as long as I have *something* to wear home."

"I was thinking that I should wear your sweater and that's it on the drive back," Cattie smirked. "I can sit in the back seat and flash you in the mirror."

"Naughty slut," Cassidy laughed, scrunching up her nose.

"I, for one, would like to make it home without crashing so I'm gonna say you need to wear something on that fine ass, Catherine," I said.

"Yes, Master," she sighed, rolling her eyes while trying not to laugh.

"God, that's hot," Wanda said. We'd stopped hugging but still had an arm wrapped down across her back so I could hold her hip.

"Soon, gorgeous," I said, pulling her a little tighter against me.

"I know," she said. "Um - speaking of 'soon,' my whole thing is going to blow up fast. Brodi is supposed to get home from Europe two days after I'm back, and I'm not waiting a fucking minute longer than necessary to start the divorce. I might be looking for a place as soon as in a week if he insists on staying at our place... How, um, soon do you think I could, y'know?"

"Immediately, babe," Cassidy said, quickly moving to Wanda and pulling her into a hug. "As soon as Robbie and I get through our first therapy appointments, I can get a ticket and come to help you with any moving you need to do." She glanced back at Cattie. "Same with you, bestie. I will be there ASAP, and I know Robbie will too but he's got specific work shifts."

Cattie sighed, shaking her head. "I've got a lease that I can't get out of for a few months, so I'll definitely come visit again but I can't move down right away." She turned to me. "But, if you want, I can stay through those appointments if you want me to. Then I can be there to help either of you if you need to vent to someone, or decompress, or whatever."

"That would be amazing, baby," I said, leaving Wanda to Cassidy and going and pulling Cattie into a hug as well. Just feeling her body against mine, knowing she was all mine and that I was free to love her, was a turn-on. I was about to bend down to kiss her but was interrupted by the clearing of a throat and a soft knock on the doorsill.

"Hey," Becca said. "So... we have a problem."

"What's up?" I asked.

"Heather and Sherry are missing," Becca said. "I tried calling them with the cell numbers I have in my files, but my reception is spotty out here and they might not have any. I-" she grunted and shook her head. "I kind of wish I could just fucking leave their problematic butts behind, but I can't. Cattie, I know you probably don't know, but did they have any plans or anything?"

Cattie shook her head, her brow furrowed in conflicted frustration and worry. "Not that I know of."

"They went off together, so unless they split up we know that much," Wanda said.

"Alright," I sighed, rubbing my face for a moment. "I guess we need to go look for them."

"God damn it," Cassidy sighed, and we all looked at her. "What? They're both assholes, I don't want to feel bad for them if they're in a 142 Hours situation or something."

I didn't have the heart to correct her incorrect numbers on the movie reference, mostly because I felt the same.

Chapter 325

“Fuck me,” I grunted, pulling my socks and shoes on after drying off my feet.

“Gladly,” Cattie said. “Drop your pants, Tiger.”

I snorted and shook my head, standing back up straight. “If only.”

“Alright,” Becca said. “Robbie and Cattie, you guys go that way along the waterline, Terra and JC go straight out, and we’ll go this way to split the difference. We know they left in this general direction. Ten minutes out, then turn around and come back. We don’t want any of us getting lost either, and they could come back while we’re out looking.”

I had argued that Becca should stay with the boats, but she’d overruled me and I understood why. She was teamed up with Wanda, who along with Terra and JC were the most athletic of the group. The other ladies would hold down the fort and try calling us if Heather and Sherry did show up.

There wasn’t much more to say, so we all checked our phones to note the time and set out. Cattie and I were following the path we’d seen Heather and Sherry first leave, but we didn’t know when they might have cut inland looking for a place to shoot so we tried to stay fairly close to the waterline. About a minute into the hike, Cattie grunted.

“Scale of one to ten,” I said. “How angry are you?”

“Eight,” she said after a moment of thought. “Maybe eight point five. I mean, they are both adults. Unless one of them got bitten by something poisonous or they’ve been kidnapped by cannibal mutants that live out in the rocks, I can’t think of what stupid thing would be keeping them.”

“OK,” I said, taking her hand since we were crossing a fairly flat area. I gave it a squeeze. “And on a scale of one to ten, how worried are you?”

“Twelve,” Cattie muttered. “I’m still so fucking pissed and disgusted with her, but Sherry is still my little sister. I can’t turn off the worry even if I’m trying to accept I can’t protect her from her own shitty decisions. Heather can fucking die and get eaten by vultures, though.”

I coughed to try and cover my chuckle. “That’s fair,” I said. “I don’t think I could ever stop worrying about my sister.”

“Tell me about her,” Cattie said. “I knew you had one, and Cassidy thinks she’s great, but I don’t know anything.”

“Well, she’s younger than me by three years,” I said. “She’s finishing her last year of a Communications degree and wants to get into guerrilla journalism, which scares the shit out of

me of where she might end up going. But she has a dream. She's also a lesbian and has a new girlfriend that she gushes about whenever we talk."

"That's nice," Cattie said with a smile. "Is she butch or femme?"

"Femme," I said. "Very femme. And apparently so is her girlfriend - like femme punk tomboy, I think my sister said."

"What will she think of us?" Cattie asked.

"I think she'll love you," I told her, needing to let go of her hand as we got to a rocky area and we needed to check our balance. "Hell, I think she'll love each of you individually. I also think she'll think Cassidy and I are crazy, and then she'll give me a bunch of shit about being a cult leader or something. She'll accept it when she sees us all together though and meets at least a few of you."

"Same thing, or different for your parents?" Cattie asked. I could tell she was trying to keep herself distracted.

"I don't know for sure," I said. "If it was just you? I think my parents would be a little worried at the strangeness of it but would accept it. All of you ladies though? I really don't know. Supportive eventually, I hope. Are you worried about your parents?"

"My Mom is going to be thrilled I broke up with Heather," Cattie sighed. "And worried about the fact that I jumped right into something new. But she's had her own relationship issues and isn't in any place to judge. I don't really care *what* my father would think."

"You know," I said, coming up behind her as she stopped just ahead of me, standing on a big rock and looking out for any sign of the two missing models. "I think I might be in love with you, Catherine."

She turned, taking my hand as she looked into my eyes. She'd scrubbed her delicate, Disney-fied makeup off and was bare-faced, still looking gorgeous to me. "I think I might be in love with you too. Master." The last bit was said with a teasing smirk.

I kissed her lightly, then checked my phone. "Another few minutes," I said.

We walked and chatted a little bit more about the people in our lives. I only had a few coworkers I would really care about knowing since they were friends, and the rest I'd rather *not* know just for the sake of being out of the rumour mill. Cattie had some old friends from high school she was still in contact with who would need to be updated at some point - she was definitely the wild child in the group though, so her coming out as being in a poly harem relationship would just be another blip in a long line of blips on their friendship radar.

It was about one minute off from the ten-minute turn-around that Cattie stopped again, frowning as she cocked her head to the side. "Does that look like what I think it does?" she asked me, pointing up ahead.

We moved closer and found the colourful piece of clothing was a bikini top, hanging from a scraggly bush right near the water.

"That's definitely Sherry's," Cattie groaned, pursing her lips and shaking her head. She picked it up and bundled it into her fits. "My sister is walking around topless in the desert with my Ex. Not the *worst* thing she's done, but definitely up there on the stupid scale."

"The big question is why leave it there?" I asked. "Do you think it was a breadcrumb or something?"

"I hope not," Cattie said, then sighed. "Jesus, these two. This is obviously evidence they came this way - can you call back to the boats and tell them we found a clue and are going to set out from here a bit more?"

"Sure," I said, pulling my phone. Thankful we still had service next to the water. I quickly dialed up Cassidy. "Any idea which way they went?" I asked as it connected and started to ring.

Cattie sighed and shook her head again. It was tough to say.

Chapter 326

"OK, now my sister is walking around the desert completely naked?" Cattie sighed. She was holding the next scrap of fabric we'd found - bikini bottoms that matched the top. "Like, what are they even *doing*?"

I blew out a breath and shook my head. "A naked walk in the desert could be content, I guess."

"God, this is why I don't do nude stuff," Cattie grunted. "Well, one of the reasons. The content gets so fucking weird because once you show everything you have to just find new ways to do that or escalate into my hardcore porn."

We kept hiking. I'd been able to reach Cassidy back on the boat near the water, but now that we were about five minutes into the rocky terrain I was down to one bar. The fact that we were finding what seemed like a trail was a good thing, but we still had no idea how far they'd gone.

Another few minutes later we found another garment abandoned on the edge of a rock outcrop.

"Great, now Heather has her tits out, too," Cattie groaned.

“What’s the over-under on them not putting sunscreen on the parts that were covered by bikinis?” I asked.

That, at least, got a little snort out of Cattie and I took her arm and pulled her to me, wrapping her up in a hug. She hugged me back, resting her forehead on my chest as she growl-groaned her frustration. “This is so stupid,” she said.

“Mhmm,” I agreed softly.

“I swear, if we find them fucking, we’re leaving them in the desert,” she said.

“That would be fair,” I agreed again.

After a long moment, Cattie sighed. “We can’t leave them in the desert.”

“Doesn’t mean we can’t *want* to, though,” I said as I rubbed her back.

We set off again. Both of us were in good, sturdy hiking boots so we didn’t have to pick our way through the terrain as much. Cattie was wearing full, utilitarian jean shorts that weren’t designed to be sexy but she still managed to do so with her long, smooth legs, along with a tank top underneath one of her plaid flannel shirts hanging loose. I was in jean shorts as well, though they showed off less of my legs, and I had managed to reclaim one of my t-shirts for the excursion with a promise that I would give it back to Wanda so she could take it with her.

“What if this is all just some fucked up way to manipulate me?” Cattie asked after a couple of minutes.

“Then they have even more screws loose than we thought,” I said. “And it doesn’t change anything, does it?”

“Not a lick,” Cattie said. “Even if we find them injured and scared or something, I hold no pity. I still Nothing Heather and am done with Sherry until she makes a real fucking apology, and even then it’s low contact at best.”

Another few minutes later we found the matching bottoms to Heather’s bikini top. There wasn’t really anything to say on that, now that they were both willingly naked. I checked my phone and saw that we didn’t have any service bars anymore so I couldn’t check in. Cattie stuffed the bottoms into her little backpack just like the rest of the clothes we’d found and we headed off in relatively the same direction, using what looked like the easiest path since we couldn’t see either woman choosing anything other than that.

I was starting to wonder at what point we needed to head back and call the police for a helicopter rescue or something when we both stopped at the sound we heard.

At first, I thought it was a coyote yapping in the distance, but it was the middle of the morning and they only did that at night as far as I knew. Glancing at each other, Cattie and I went towards the noise and soon it became clear that it wasn't an animal - it was Heather and Sherry. Arguing.

"I thought you said we went this way," Sherry was complaining loudly.

"We did come this way," Heather was growling back just as loud. "Jesus, could you stop being such a whiny bitch?"

"My ass hurts, you didn't need to finger it so hard," Sherry continued.

"Would you just shut up about that? You said you wanted to do it for your content."

"You suggested it!" Sherry said. "You said it would get a gazillion views."

"It will!" Heather said.

"Jesus Christ," I sighed. Cattie and I reached a rise and looked down across a little valley in the rocky terrain to find Heather and Sherry trudging along... from left to right. Not towards us. They were naked just as we suspected, already looking an uncomfortable pink. Sherry was carrying a camera on a neck strap, and Heather was carrying her phone and a dildo, and they were both only wearing sneakers.

"How the fuck?" Cattie muttered.

"Last chance," I said with a smirk. "We could abandon their asses to the wilds."

"Don't tempt me," Cattie sighed, then raised her voice. "Where the fuck are you two going?"

Both Heather and Sherry turned, startled, and saw us watching them from the rise.

"Back to the boats," Heather called, gesturing ahead of them and nearly in the right direction. Based on some basic geometry in my head, she was in fact heading in almost the exact opposite direction. "Now can you fuck off? I'm not exactly looking for your pervert to ogle me."

"God," Cattie said, looking up into the sky as she muttered. "I said *don't* tempt me. Could you do that, please?"

I couldn't help but snort at her little prayer.

"You're going in the wrong direction," Cattie called. "And you're almost two hours late."

"I told you-" Sherry started, but Heather shushed her.

“So you came looking for us?” Heather asked, pulling Sherry along as they approached us.

“There’s three groups out looking for you,” I said. “We’re just the ones that found you. We need to get the houseboats back to the rental docks in time.”

“Whatever,” Heather said, stopping within about ten paces of us, and Sherry stopped with her. Sherry, at least, felt a little bit of embarrassment and tried to cover her crotch with a hand. Heather, on the other hand, straightened her shoulders and stood proud - which only highlighted that her breasts, shoulders, stomach and thighs all looked like they were going to be uncomfortably sunburned in the near future. She was also sweaty, with her hair that was usually styled in that anime-ish spiky style wilting in the heat and sticking to her forehead and neck. “Can we get going or what?”

“Fuck,” Cattie grunted. “Not even a ‘thank you for rescuing us from being completely lost in the desert?’”

“What do you want me to do, grovel?” Heather sneered. “We would have found our way back eventually.”

“I guess that means you two *don’t* want to walk back with us?” I asked.

“We’re sorry,” Sherry said, glaring a little at Heather. “Thank you.”

“Jesus, you sound like a pussy,” Heather said. “You might as well suck his dick.”

“That’s not the worst idea,” Cattie said. “To apologise to Robbie, and thank him for coming out to look for you even though you’ve both been fucking awful people this entire trip.”

I blinked and looked at Cattie.

Then Sherry, flushing a little bit deeper pink, took a step forward with a resigned look on her face.

Chapter 327

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Cattie burst out. “You think I’d let you get anywhere fucking near my boyfriend?”

Sherry flushed an even deeper shade of pink as she gave a petulant look. “I wasn’t-”

“If I was going to accept either of you apologising properly, it would be Heather,” Cattie continued, glaring at her Ex.

I... was a little lost because Cattie hadn't mentioned this idea and I was honestly a little concerned she was being serious. On the one hand, there would be a certain level of gross satisfaction at Heather sucking my dick after how awful she'd been to me, Cass and especially Cattie. She might have been a plastic Barbie with a heart of stone, but she was still physically attractive. The idea of having my way with her and paying her back for all the shit she'd put Cattie through was tempting. On the other hand, Ew. It was Heather.

"Not fucking happening," Heather sneered after a moment.

"Fine with me," Cattie said. "Now start fucking walking. That direction." She pointed back the way we had come.

"You walk ahead of us," Heather said. "I don't want your Perv staring at mine or my sub's asses."

I could *feel* Cattie shiver in disgust at Heather calling Sherry her sub. "Yeah, no," she said, sneering right back. "I've had enough daggers planted in my back this week and I don't feel like leaving it open for either of you to try and hit me over the head with a rock, too. You guys go first and we'll follow."

There was a bit of a staredown between Heather and Cattie for a long moment, but Sherry ended up muttering something to Heather. The daggers in the back comment had gotten to her a bit, I thought.

Heather transferred the phone from one hand to the other, holding it and the dildo, and then she grabbed Sherry's hand and tugged her forward and passed us. Heather's tits, fake as they were, were still a bit of a mystery to me because she had ghost areolas - even tanned and sunburned, they and her nipples were almost the exact same colour as the rest of her which made it look like she didn't have an areola at all.

Once they were passed us I got a clear look at both their butts - equally pink and going to be a bitch when they finally needed to sit down somewhere. I could also see smudges of dust on both of them, likely from whatever 'activity' they got up to when bringing their shoot to a close.

I grabbed Cattie's hand, looking at her and stepping just a little closer as I lowered my voice. "You OK?" I asked her.

She nodded, then smirked a little as she flicked her eyes towards the other two for a moment and then back at me. "Sorry I offered your dick as a club to beat her over the head with. I was just pissed and the idea of her on her knees apologising like that was... well, it would have been satisfying."

"I understand, baby," I said, squeezing her fingers. "Maybe pass that kind of thing by me and Cass first though, yeah?"

"Oh, Cassidy already gave her blessing on that one - it was her fucking idea," Cattie said with a smirk. "She just wants pictures to prove it happened. I didn't take it seriously until I wanted to really knock that ego down a few pegs. Which was as soon as Heather opened her mouth."

"Of course she came up with it," I sighed, shaking my head. If Cass had her way, I'd probably fuck Heather in a marathon reaming of every hole she had until she was ruined for sex with anyone, ever.

We set off, following Heather and Sherry and calling for them to adjust course every once in a while. They had a tendency to veer left, and I wondered if one of them had developed blisters or something and they were favouring a leg. We passed by where we'd found Heather's bottoms, but they didn't say anything. Then we passed by where we'd found Heather's top, and she looked back at us but again didn't say anything. I had to wonder if she thought we might have her clothes, or if she figured they had blown away in the wind or something. Whatever the reasoning they had for scattering their clothes, for content or whatever, it had been a bad idea.

"Did you guys see my bikini bottoms around here?" Sherry asked as we passed the spot we'd picked up hers.

"Nope," Cattie called succinctly.

They turned and kept walking.

"Guess we're not taking pity on them," I murmured.

"Not a fucking chance," Cattie growled.

I made a mental note to myself that, for how sweet and caring and golden-hearted my black-haired girlfriend was, if she got pushed too far she could be a little vindictive. Deservedly so, but still, something to keep in mind for the future if someone else was starting to piss her off.

When we got one bar back on my phone I shot a text out to Cassidy and Becca that we'd found them and were on our way back. Then, when we got within sight of the lake, we directed Heather and Sherry to the right and cut the corner as we headed back towards the boats.

I called Cassidy once we had two bars.

"Hey, Tiger," she said as she picked up. "It's me, Becca and Wanda."

"Hey," I said. "We're OK, and we've got them."

“They’re miserable bitches, but unhurt,” Cattie added.

“OK. How long do you think?” Becca asked.

“We just passed the ten-minute spot,” I said.

She sighed on the other end of the phone. “OK. We’re pushing the timeline pretty hard now. We’ll need to leave right away when you’re back.”

“Sounds good,” I said.

“You should get everyone on the top deck to watch us walk in,” Cattie suggested. “It’ll be worth it.”

“Interesting,” Becca said. “OK. We’ll be waiting.”

“Love you guys,” I said.

“Love you too,” Cass, Becca and Wanda chorused.

We hung up, and I looked at Cattie. “Savage,” I said with a chuckle.

“Hey, it’s not a walk of shame if people don’t see it,” Cattie smirked. “Besides, they kept pressuring other people to get naked. It’s only fair that they feel a little pressure too.”

“Catherine, I love you,” I said.

“Why do I hear a ‘but’ in there?” Cattie asked, grinning and arching an eyebrow.

“No ‘but,’” I said. “It’s just, in this moment, I love you just an eensy, teeny weeny bit out of fear.”

She guffawed and I grabbed her and kissed her as we laughed. Heather and Sherry stopped to look back at us and I didn’t give one shit that they could see me grabbing Cattie’s ass as we kissed.

Chapter 328

“Hypothetical question,” Cattie said. We were still walking, trailing Heather and Sherry by about twenty-five yards, their bare asses pointed back at us and jiggling as we walked.

“OK,” I said. “Shoot.”

“*If* Heather had agreed, would you have done it? Or had sex with her?”

"I- Well, that depends I guess," I said. "Would doing that help you get some closure, or feel better?"

"That's not the point," Cattie said.

"Catherine, baby, that's the entire point," I said. "You're asking me a question baked with layers of implied and hidden sticking points."

"That's not- Well, OK, yeah, I can see that," she sighed. "I just meant, if it was on the table, would you... you know?"

"Let me answer you like this," I said. "Heather is a physically attractive woman in a specific way. So is Sherry, for what it's worth. I could, physically, perform the activity of sexual intercourse with Heather, *but* she's also an awful person who honestly makes me cringe at how cartoonishly gross her personality is when she goes mask-off. The only, *only* reason I would ever *want* to have sex with her is if it brought you closure, or vindictive justice, or something like that. I can understand why, when Heather has her mask on and isn't acting like a raging swine, you would have been attracted to her at first, and gotten into a relationship, and stayed in that relationship even as the mask was slowly slipping. Does that help?"

Cattie took a deep breath and let it out. "Am I being a crazy girlfriend, asking a question like that?"

"Yes," I chuckled. "But you're going through a lot of crap and I forgive you."

She smiled a little guiltily and slipped her arm around my waist. "I am the luckiest woman in the world."

"I know a few others who would contend they might be just as lucky," I said, mirroring her gesture and putting my arm around her waist as well.

"I dunno," Cattie said, shaking her head. "Cassidy, yes, because she didn't really deserve your forgiveness and you gave it anyway. And maybe Wanda since you're helping her out of a different, but still bad, relationship too. The rest aren't getting *saved* though, Tiger. I'm lucky because I'm getting my prince charming, my super hero, and my Master all at once."

I squeezed her hip with my hand, and she leaned into me a little more, as we kept walking. "Thanks," I said.

"You are more than welcome," Cattie replied with a smile, then let it slip a little. "Next hypothetical. Would you have sex with Sherry if she agreed?"

“Catherine,” I sighed, and she started laughing. Thankfully she didn’t hold me to an answer because I wasn’t sure I could pull off another word-gymnastics on such short order.

We came in view of the houseboats a couple of minutes later, and shortly after we could see that everyone was up on the top decks ostensibly relaxing, but as we got closer someone must have spotted us because everyone came to the railings and started whistling and clapping.

Heather flashed the two middle fingers as she got to the water’s edge and started kicking off her shoes, and while I couldn’t see Sherry’s face I could tell she was cringing in embarrassment as she rushed to do the same. They were both already in the water as we reached the beach and started taking off our shoes.

Part of me thought it would be fitting if Sherry slipped as she was getting out of the water and fell back in with the camera she was carrying, but there was no such luck. They both clambered up safely, giving me one last eyeful of ass, pussy and tits as they did so, before scampering into the Single’s Boat.

“God, they are both going to hurt like hell,” Cattie snorted, shaking her head as she stuffed her socks into her shoes. “It looks like they didn’t put any sunscreen on at all.”

“Dust them in cheese powder and call ‘em Flaming Hot Cheetos,” I chuckled.

Cattie burst out laughing and hugged me. “Thanks for helping find them.”

“You’re welcome, gorgeous,” I said. Then I scooped her up and handed her my shoes to hold as well. “You make me so fucking happy.”

“You make me happy too, Tiger,” she said, and kissed me. I almost dropped her when we were interrupted by another cheer. We both looked up and saw that almost everyone was still at the railings watching us. “Fuck off,” Cattie laughed.

“Get aboard, love birds,” Becca said with a grin. “We *really* need to get moving.”

I carried Cattie across to the Couples Boat and sat her up on the porch deck, then sighed as I realised this was likely the last time I’d be hitting the refreshingly cool-but-not-cold water of the lake on the trip. Again, I wondered about doing another one of these trips, just me and the ladies. More relaxation, just a bit of work for fun. We could get a fancier boat since we’d need a reduced number of rooms...

“Coming, Tiger?” Cattie asked me, looking down at me with a smile. I was only knee deep in the water.

“We’re coming back here,” I told her. “And we’re going to take a dozen other vacations to beautiful places where we can relax and love each other.”

“Deal,” Cattie grinned. “Now come on, or Becca might actually find a reason to be annoyed with you.”

I laughed and climbed up, and Cattie was drying off my feet as Cassidy and Terra came down the steps to meet us. The engines of both boats roared to life and we started to move.

“JC is going to drive the boat,” Terra said. “Since he skipped out on several times he should have been helping.”

“He offered,” Cassidy said, giving Terra a look. “Which was good of him.”

Terra rolled her eyes. “OK, fair,” she said. Then she gestured with her head at the glass door, and I followed the ladies inside as the boat was turning to head for open water. Inside, Terra took my hands and went on her tiptoes, summoning me down for a kiss. I responded by picking her up by the waist and kissing her thoroughly. She wrapped her legs around my waist again, holding onto my shoulders, and when the kiss ended she was grinning and looking at me. “Nothing has changed for me,” she said. “I want you, and I want this. The girls said you were open to Becca’s plan, but I couldn’t be there - can I move in with you, Tiger?”

With JC a foot and a half - at most - over our heads in the Pilot’s Cabin, I felt guilty once again with how fucking elated I was by Terra’s question. “I can’t wait, little elf,” I said, and kissed her again.

“Little elf?” Cassidy asked, her voice hinting she was already thinking of ways to tease the shorter woman.

Terra groaned into our kiss and flipped Cassidy the bird.

“Wait!” Cattie said. “Before we get too far.” I let Terra down and we all watched as she unslung her little drawstring knapsack and pulled out a fistful of bikini. She went to the glass door, opened it and then threw both bikinis in the water before coming back wearing a big grin. “Had to destroy the evidence.”

Terra burst out laughing, and Cassidy cackled, “I was wondering why they were naked!”

Chapter 329

“OK,” Cassidy said as we headed through the boat to the back living area. “So Becca told me that she was expecting it to be a two hour ride back to the rental place, but with the delays and everything we were going to need to motor it, which means we have about an hour and a half left.”

Cattie, Terra and I all groaned as we flopped onto the couches. "What about packing?" I asked.

"You and I are all packed up," Cassidy said. "I took care of it while you were out. Cattie, I think you're almost done but I wasn't sure if you had a specific way you wanted to handle stuff."

"I'll take a look, it shouldn't take me long," Cattie said.

"I still need to pack, and take care of JC's stuff too since he's piloting the boat," Terra sighed.

"Where are Wanda and Ami?" I asked.

"Up top catching some sun," Cassidy said. "Which means there *is* some privacy if...?"

Terra gave me a look, but I could see both her desire and her hesitation - JC was distracted but not *distracted*.

"Come here, honey," I said, signalling to her, and she got up out of the chair and climbed up onto the couch straddling me. I scooped some hair behind her ear. "I'm not going to be able to give you the goodbye I'll want when we're leaving. So I guess we need to do it now."

She took a breath and let it out, nodded. "I- Robbie, it's fucking wild dude, but you're the one. You turn me on like I can't fucking believe, you make my heart beat so hard it hurts, and I get butterflies in my stomach every time you look at me. I'm going to miss you so damn fucking much."

I pulled her in, squeezing her tight in a bear hug. "I'm going to miss you so damn fucking much too, honey. I feel so, so lucky that we met you. You're an amazing friend, a fantastic person, a gorgeous, sexy little bundle of energy, and I love you."

"I love you too, Tiger," she said, squeezing me back.

We sat there, holding each other for a good long time before Cassidy crashed into us from the side, joining the hug. Cattie got up and came around, sitting on the arm of the couch next to me and joining the hug as well.

"Thanks for helping talk stuff through with me, and letting me in," Cattie said. "I'm really glad that we met too, and I'm so happy that you and I both get to have Robbie in our lives."

I could feel Terra heaving a little, not sobbing or crying, but just reacting physically to the amount of love we were feeling. Cassidy brushed more of her hair out of her face and leaned in and kissed Terra's cheek. "I can't wait to have *both* my besties move in with us," she whispered.

The hug lasted a while, until finally Cassidy pulled away while wiping under her eyes and Cattie followed suit. That left me and Terra holding each other and as she sat up I took her face in my

hands and wiped the single tear trail from her cheek with my thumb. "You're ours now," I said. "Mine. It'll feel like too long, but we'll handle it and you'll be with us soon enough."

We all took a moment to just breathe, and Terra finally broke and laughed. "God, we're all so *soft*."

"You deserve to be soft sometimes," Cassidy said. "Especially when saying goodbye."

"I know, I just feel like-" she snorted a little and grinned. "A goodbye fuck might have felt more appropriate after this week, but this is better for the soul."

"Oh, please," Cattie teased. "A fuck with Robbie *is* good for the soul."

That let us get the laughs out, and the decision was made that we'd all head up top once the bags were officially packed. Terra went to start working on her and JC's room, and I followed Cattie back to make sure Cassidy hadn't missed anything I'd stowed in a spot she didn't notice. While I was back there Cattie was also able to identify several articles of clothing that Cassidy had laid out on the bed for her to pack, but that weren't hers. I recognized a couple of Wanda's shorts in the mix and folded them neatly before going and knocking on her and Heels' door. There wasn't an answer, so I knocked again, then went in. I didn't walk in on Heels in a compromising position, thankfully, so I put the clothes on the bed and left.

Terra and Cattie were still finishing packing, so I headed up to the top deck and found everyone else. JC was piloting by himself in the front cabin, but Wanda, Heels, Ami and Cassidy were sitting out in the deck chairs and catching the last bit of vacation sun we were going to get. All of them looked over at me with grins as I circled around the hot tub.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," Heels said. "I was just getting filled in on the big sex palace plans."

"I don't think that's what we're calling it," I said with a smirk.

Heels turned back to the ladies. "Well, at least he isn't blushing like a little school girl about it."

That got more giggles than I thought it was worth, so I assumed it tied back to something they'd already been laughing about. I ended up sitting with Ami, or rather *under* Ami, at the insistence of the others. Of course I was happy to do so, and my graceful Chinese girlfriend sat in my lap with her legs crossed, leaning back against me and glancing at me with little smiles as I held her around the waist. Part of me wanted to slide my hands up under her shirt to cup her tits, and I knew she wouldn't mind, but I kept things PG. Instead, I occasionally kissed her bare neck or whispered little flirtatious nothings in her ear. Every time I did it she would smile and press back against me a little more.

Cattie came up to join us and took the fifth seat after handing out beers to everyone who wanted them, emptying our cooler. I hadn't even realised we'd made it through that many - the vacation really had been a bit of a blur. Terra joined shortly after, taking the last of the deck chairs.

At some unseen signal, Ami shifted in my lap so she was more side on to me and looped her arms around my neck before kissing me firmly. I thought it was just a kiss, but then she deepened it, her tongue teasing against my lips, and I let her in. Soon we were making out and I could tell the girls were keeping up their conversation but were glancing at us with smiles and grins.

They had something planned. But I didn't mind - I just poured my all into Ami and felt her doing the same.

Chapter 330

"I'm sorry," Ami said, still sitting in my lap. She whispered it to me, resting her cheek against my shoulder and with a hand on my chest lightly tapping against me.

"For what?" I asked quietly. The others were still talking, purposefully not paying attention to us. We had a little corner of privacy despite being surrounded by people.

"For not being able to make the jump like the others," she whispered. "I know you said it doesn't matter, but it does a little. And I want you to know I'm sorry that I can't even if I want to."

"I understand," I said, squeezing her gently with my arms around her. "Thank you." Part of me wanted to argue with her, to tell her it wasn't a problem, but... it was. Not a big one, obviously, but it did make a difference. It did hold us just a little further apart. Just like us not having sex, when everyone else had jumped in. It didn't change how I felt about Ami, and sometimes it even made me respect her all the more for standing by her decisions and values. Arguing with her also wouldn't have changed how she felt about it, and it would have been more for me to not feel guilty that *she* was feeling that way than it would be for her.

Instead, I sighed contentedly and turned to kiss her on the forehead. "I'm still falling for you, Ami. Every day. Every hour. Every word between us, and every look, and every touch. God, I loved sleeping with you in my arms last night. I will love you from across the country, and I'll count the days until we can see each other in person again."

"I'll miss you so much," she said softly. "I'll miss your smell, and the way you hold me. I'll miss that look you get when you're trying not to stare at me just to prove you don't think of me as just my tits. And I'll miss the little things you say because you know I'm in my head. But most of all I'll miss just knowing that your heart is near me, Robbie. Whenever you're around, you make me feel so *warm* and *loved*."

“Now I’m sorry,” I said. “That I can’t package that up and send it with you.”

She tilted her face up, looking me in the eye, and then sat up higher so she could kiss me.

“I love you,” she said, and then broke into a little smile. “It’s still surreal, coming here single, feeling sad over wanting a guy like you and thinking I’d never find one, and then ending up sharing you with a bunch of other women who feel the same way.”

I kissed her again. It wasn’t our goodbye kiss, but I understood that this was our goodbye moment. When we were in the parking lot, and everyone was packing up, we wouldn’t get this sort of time. We wouldn’t have the patience to think about what we were saying. It would just be goodbye.

Finally, she pulled away and sat up tall, taking a deep breath and then smiling a little wider. She shifted forward and kissed the tip of my nose, a little twinkle in her eye, and then stood up. “Switch,” she said.

All the girls broke off their conversation and got up, changing seats. It was abrupt and sudden and how the hell did they plan it? But just as quickly as it started it ended and I had Wanda in my lap, straddling me legs with her knees on the deck chair as she pressed her torso to mine and kissed me sweetly before wrapping her arms around my shoulders and hugging me. I hugged her back in a bear hug.

“I don’t need a big speech,” she whispered in my ear. “We’ve talked more than enough, Tiger. I’ve had big moments and small moments, and I’ve thought I was in love before and you’ve proven to me what real love is. We’ll be together soon enough. I just need to feel you hold me for a bit.”

“OK,” I whispered back, and we sat and held each other. The girls had gone right back to their conversation as if nothing had changed, Ami slipping into it in places naturally. Wanda and I just sat and listened, softly rubbing each other’s backs. Occasionally she would kiss my neck or shoulder, and I would do the same to the side of her head or her ear. A while into it she let go of me just so she could reach around and grab my hands, sliding them down her back to her ass. I squeezed her butt through the shorts she was wearing and she hummed happily, and we both had to laugh when Cattie gave a little wolf whistle.

Wanda was right. We didn’t need big speeches. There were things we wanted to say to each other, but she couldn’t say them quite yet. We could do that soon, but not now. We both knew where we were at, and why, and where we wanted to go. That was enough.

Eventually, she sat up and kissed me firmly on the lips. “I love you, Tiger,” she said determinedly.

“I love you too, Wanda. I’m excited about the future.”

"I am too," she said with a little smile. Then she stood up. "Switch."

All the girls got up and moved around again while I waited to see who was coming to me next. I was a little surprised when it was Heels who ended up sitting sideways across my lap.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," I replied, supporting her with one hand on her back and resting my other one on her knee.

"I'm not looking for a snuggle, though I'd take a quickie downstairs," she said with a smirk. "I just need to say one thing."

"What's that?" I asked.

She leaned in, pressing her cheek to mine, and whispered. "I warned you before to be careful with her, and you have been. I know what all the plans they came up with are and they sound insane to me - your dick is good, but it isn't *that* good. But they love you, and I don't doubt that. But I need you to know, if you hurt her, I'll cut off your balls and feed them to you."

I pulled away from Heels gently and looked her dead in the eye. "Understood," I said. "I'm sorry I'm taking her away from you."

"She needs it," Heels sighed. "I never did like Brodi. A fresh start will be good for her. Just keep one of those guest rooms open, I'll want to come visit her and check out Vegas."

"Any time you want," I said with a little smile.

She winked and stood up. "Switch!"

Chapter 331

I didn't need goodbye time with Cattie yet, or with Cassidy, but I still got a few minutes with each of them in my lap as they kissed and snuggled me before calling switch again. It must have been well over an hour into the trip and the gorgeous red and bright tan scenery lining the perfect blue of the lake was speeding by.

It was almost over.

Terra ended up in my lap. We'd had our moment down below, but she still took a good five minutes to sit and just snuggle with me, leaning back as she sat on my lap so that she could feel

me holding her. Then she sat forward, looking over her shoulders at me with a grin, and I had to laugh as I ran my hands up the back of her shirt and over her bare skin.

Seven days ago it felt like things had really started between us just like this. Massages, sitting in that exact chair, as she started to take her top off and Heather had made it weird and stopped it.

Maybe, if Heather hadn't done that, things wouldn't have gone the way they had. If she hadn't tried to force things, Cattie wouldn't have broken up with her. The sexual tension wouldn't have built the way it did between Terra and I. It was possible that I actually owed Heather a thank you for changing my life for the better.

I wasn't likely to ever say it out loud, but I did think it for a moment.

Terra groaned softly, feeling my hands on her sides and back. The Magic Hands perk from the App was doing its job. She leaned back towards me, my hands sliding to her front and I palmed her small, barely-there breasts and softly twisted her perfect little puffy nipples until they were standing firm.

"Love you," I whispered to her with a teasing smile, then kissed her ear.

"Love you too, you bastard," she chuckled. Then she started wiggling her hips and butt, knowing what she would do to my cock.

"OK, truce," I laughed, pulling my hands from under her shirt.

"Hey, not what I was going for," she laughed back. But the spell was broken and she sighed, sitting still as she put her hands over mine on the deck chair arm rests. After another couple of minutes she stood up and stretched, then looked around the group. "Can we take a photo?" she asked.

Everyone quickly agreed, and soon we were standing at the back of the boat so that everyone's hair was streaming backwards instead of into each other's faces. I took the first picture of all the girls, and then I ended up getting multiple pictures of various pairings of the ladies, and then I became the main subject as the ladies took individual and group pictures with me. I made sure that there were pictures of Cassidy and I with each of the ladies who were joining our relationship, and tried to remember to get that with the rest of them from the other boat before they left.

Then, somehow, I ended up with the camera again and I was taking a picture of all the girls. I realised I'd already taken that picture as I was counting down, but they surprised me when I reached one and they all lifted their tops, flashing me six perfect sets of tits. Tan lines were bright on everyone except Baheela, whose skin tone had barely changed over the week, and Ami who seemed to have tanned evenly since she'd gone topless enough to counteract the worst of the uneven tans.

“God, I want to give them each a good kiss, lick and squeeze,” I said with a smirk as I lowered the camera.

The girls were laughing, and Cattie skipped to me and grabbed me by the head, pulling me down into her prodigious cleavage as she continued to laugh. Ami joined her with a giggle, and my face was battered between two big sets of tits for a moment before they pulled away and lowered their shirts with sad smiles. Everyone else had covered up as well, and were looking past me. I turned to look and saw, in the distance, the rental docks.

It was a bit of a flurry, getting the house boats docked again. Ami and I were able to quickly get our boat docked, looping the ropes around the pilings, and then we crossed the dock to do the same for the Single’s Boat. Once both of them were secured there was a mass exodus from the Single’s Boat over to ours for a quick lunch. Becca gave me a quick kiss as she went up to the office to beg for an extra twenty minutes so we could eat lunch and get all of our leftovers out of the fridges, and thankfully came back successful. The only people I didn’t see come out were Heather and Sherry.

There were leftovers from the last few days, and we had our pick. I knew I probably should have had my mind on food more with a long five hour drive back home to Vegas, but my mind was anywhere but on my stomach. I ate quickly, downing a cold sausage, some raw veggies and a small piece of reheated lasagna, before I went looking for the ladies I hadn’t had proper time with yet.

Zenya was the first one who saw me looking and immediately stood up from where she’d been sitting on the couch. She motioned me towards the back and set down her plate, and we went back to the cabin.

“I have garlic breath from the salad,” she said as soon as we were in the room. “Hold on.” She ducked into the washroom, running the tap and sucking up several mouthfuls of water and spitting them out, before coming back to me. “Hi,” she said. “Best I could do.”

I kissed her and didn’t taste anything weird. “You’re OK,” I said with a grin. “Me?”

“Just fine, Tiger,” she said. “Now sit. I need to tell you what happened.”

“Happened when?” I asked.

“The ride back,” Zenya said as I sat. “What, you thought things would be quiet for us? With Heather and Sherry on the boat?”

“Fuck me,” I sighed.

“I mean, I can tell you while you’re in me,” she said with a smirk. “But the others might get jealous.”

I snorted and shook my head. She’d warned me she was a horny woman, and was already proving it.

Chapter 332

I ended up sitting at the head of the bed and Zenya sat in front of me much like she had earlier that morning when she’d decided she wanted us to be together, her back to my chest as I hugged her to me and she rested her head back on my shoulder.

Mine and Cassidy’s luggage was neatly piled along with Cattie’s, and the room felt weirdly sterile and lacking the life that we’d put into it over the last week. Speaking of which, I hoped the rental company either had really good cleaners or they didn’t check with blacklights because we’d definitely left some stains.

“OK, freckles,” I said. “Tell me what happened.”

“Well, you and Cattie headed into this boat, and Becca was up top getting us moving, right? So I took it upon myself to do the dirty work of checking in on Loser One and Loser Two. I went down and they were already in their room, so I knocked and Heather yelled that I should go away. I just called through the door to ask if they were physically hurt or anything, and she swore at me, so I backed off to the living area. It didn’t take long before they were... Well, it wasn’t yelling but they were definitely talking loud. Then I heard the shower running, so I decided to head back up top. That meant it was me, Leia and Ginnie hanging out, and Becca driving. Maybe thirty minutes later Heather came up with a towel around her chest and what looked like the skimpiest thong she owned. I swear she looked about as red as a tomato and all three of us winced looking at her. She asks if any of us have aloe or something else for sunburns. Leia says she gave hers to Terra, and Ginnie didn’t bring any, so I lie my pants off because I hate seeing someone hurting but *goddamn* that woman deserved it. So I say I brought mine over to you and Cassidy last night. Well, that sets Heather off but she’s tiptoeing around like the bottom of her feet are burned - God, I wanted to slap her ass just to see the white handprint.”

I snorted and buried my lips against her shoulder and she vibrated a little in my arms as she laughed as well.

“So she goes and asks Becca, but she’s busy driving the boat and can’t get it for her, and refuses to let anyone go through her bags. Heather gets even more mad and says someone else can drive, and Becca tells her that it’s her fault Ami had to switch boats so there’s only one driver, and it’s also her fault that we were so late so we can’t stop. That seems to shut Heather up, and she storms back out and heads back downstairs. I figure that, being the asshole she is, I’d better go make sure she wasn’t trying to break into our room so I follow her down. Sure

enough, she's trying to get into our cabin, but sees me and mumbles some sort of excuse and goes back into her own cabin with Sherry. I unlock our cabin and go in, and maybe three minutes later Sherry comes and knocks on the door and she's just wearing panties. I swear, Robbie, I think her nipples were letting out steam, she was so sunburnt. She asks if I have anything that can help, and I ask her why she didn't put on sunscreen, and she says they weren't supposed to be out that long but they got lost. I tell her I don't have anything, but I bring her to the freezer and give her all the ice and refill the tray in case she needs more."

"She'd be better off in a lukewarm shower," I sighed.

"Probably, but she's looking for relief and I'm pretty sure Heather got back in their shower," Zenya said. "Anyways, she doesn't want to sit down, so she just sort of awkwardly starts rubbing the ice all over herself right there in the kitchen, and I'm all for kinky strip shows but it was getting too weird so I go lock my cabin again and head up top. Maybe another thirty minutes later we hear shouting downstairs that's loud enough that Ginnie, Leia and I all go to check - Heather is pissed at Sherry for using all the ice. Sherry is pissed at Heather for them getting burnt to begin with. They're still yelling at each other, and that's when Leia snaps and tells them both off. I swear, I've known Leia for a while and I love her to bits, but I've *never* seen her go off on someone like that. She lets Heather have it and tells her that her skin just matches her Devil Bitch status now, and she needs to learn how to treat people with at least a little bit of respect or she'll just keep driving people away. Then she turns on Sherry and tells her she's the most spoiled brat she's ever seen, and that no woman should ever trust her because she already showed what sort of trash she was with what she did to Cattie. Sherry was practically in tears, and Heather starts going off right back, and somehow it turns into both of them teamed up again and pissed off and they storm back into their cabin. We head back up, I let Becca know what happened, and then Ginnie and I just heap praise on Leia because she was a total badass."

"Jesus Christ," I sighed. "Did they come back out yet?"

"Nope," Zenya said. "Unless they are out there eating lunch right now. How was your trip back?"

"Um, OK," I said. "A little sad, but nice. I got a bit of time with Terra, Ami and Wanda to say goodbye, and we took lots of pictures. I'll want some with you and Cass before we go."

"Gladly," Zenya said, turning and kissing my cheek. "Regular ones or naughty ones?"

I chuckled. "Yes please?" I said, getting a smirk out of her. "Normal, though the girls *did* all flash me at once."

"Bet it was a pretty good view," Zenya smirked.

"Damn straight," I said.

"Can I ask you a question?"

“The last person to ask me that had a hypothetical for me that was clearly a trap,” I said.

Zenya laughed and shook her head. “No, not like that. When we’re all together, Cass and Cattie and most of the others have said that they want to only fool around with each other if you say yes. I’m... I don’t know how I feel about that. For us. Like, I’m not asking to date other people, or hook up with other people outside of the relationship. I just don’t know how I feel about needing to ask you if I can fool around with someone.”

I took a breath and nodded. “I... get that. It’s sort of hard to explain, and is an individual thing for most of them. The fact is, Terra and Ami are completely straight. Cassidy is doing it because she doesn’t trust herself, and wants me to be able to trust her, after the cheating stuff. Cattie and Wanda... Well, it’s part of their kink. And you know Becca.”

“I know,” Zenya smirked. “I’m still amazed that *she* was one of the first ones to get sucked into your orbit. I’m not surprised she *did*, just that it happened so fast.”

“I know,” I said with a smile. “But I’m really happy with how everything turned out. And that you came to the decision you did.”

“So we’re going steady?” Zenya asked with a smile.

“Will you be my girlfriend, or do you want some other title to put on us?” I asked, whispering into her ear.

“Girlfriend works,” she said, leaning into me. “That or Future-Baby-Mama.”

I had to pull away to snort again as I chuckled.

“Too soon?” she asked with a grin.

“I love you, freckles. And I’m going to miss the fuck out of you.”

“I’ll miss you too, Tiger. I’m gonna need some long phone calls to get me through the wait to see you again. And that *does* include phone sex.”

“Gladly,” I promised her. Then I held up my fingers like it was a phone. “So, what are you wearing?”

“Nipple tassels, crotchless panties and a buttplug,” she said with a grin, dropping her voice low and raspy. “Now tell me what you want to do to me, Tiger.”

I kissed her instead.

Chapter 333

We were running out of time. I had maybe twenty minutes, at best, on the boats. Probably less. I wanted to spend hours with Zenya, kissing her and holding her and talking about each other and our lives and the future. I wanted hours with *all* of them. Days.

But I wouldn't get that until we were already in that future. And Zenya knew that too, and so even though we didn't want to move we got up and I held her in a hug, and then we left the room. Outside lunch was winding down, but with one look Leia broke from the conversation she was in and came to me. I didn't care anymore what the very few people who weren't in on things with us thought - Ginnie was happy for Leia, as far as I knew, and Heels had her stoic/playful outlook. With Heather and Sherry still in hiding instead of showing their raspberry-coloured asses in public, that just left JC and- Well, I still felt the same way about him. So as she came to me I took Leia's hand and pulled her to me. Sweet and pretty as a fairy, she slipped into my arms and kissed me lightly, and then we headed back to the cabin.

"Come here," she said, surprising me by taking charge. Unlike most of the ladies she was wearing a cute summer dress, and I got a flash of her panties as she climbed up onto the bed on her hands and knees and then laid down on her stomach. I went to lie down next to her, but she wiggled her bodacious butt and shook her head. "Lay on top of me, Tiger. I want to feel you like a weighted blanket so that when I get home I can daydream it's you on me."

I groaned as I did as she asked, gently laying down on top of her with her ass pressed to my crotch. It took a moment to get comfortable, but soon I was her blanket and she sighed as she rested her head on its side.

"Are we crazy?" she asked.

"Probably," I sighed.

"Like, I thought you were attractive a week ago," she said. "And within a week I've developed a crush, had sex with you and your fiancée, decided I loved you, did more stuff with you and *another* of your girlfriends, not to mention having sex in front of Ginnie, and now we're going to move in together."

I knew exactly how she was feeling, but also... "You know, when you put it like that I think we've accomplished a lot in a short amount of time."

She rolled her eyes and smiled.

"I heard about what happened over on your boat," I said.

She scoffed lightly, a very light flush rising in her cheeks. "I got a little carried away."

“You said exactly what we’ve all been thinking,” I assured her. “I told Heather the same things. Maybe hearing it from someone else will wake them up. Or at least Sherry.”

“Hopefully,” she murmured. “I just didn’t want to hear them being so *entitled* over and over. Main character syndrome to the *extreme*.”

“I love you, Sunshine,” I said with a smile, kissing her cheek. “Can I ask you for something?”

“Anything,” she promised.

“Can you promise me not to get all shy again while we’re apart? I think you’re cute as hell no matter what, but you’re so much more *you* when you’re feeling confident.”

“That depends,” Leia said. “Can I think of you whenever I’m feeling a little overwhelmed?”

“Absolutely,” I said. “And you can call me, too. I’ll do my best to always be able to answer.”

It was her turn to sigh, and she pulled my hand closer to her face and kissed the tips of my fingers. “We can play video games sometimes,” she said. “Online.”

“I’m already making a shopping list,” I whispered. “And I need to practise more if I’m ever going to win any more bets.”

She snickered. “You can already get anything you want from me, Tiger. No need to make bets. Just ask.”

“Alright,” I said. “Will you love me?”

She closed her eyes, made a face, and then scrunched up her nose before opening her eyes again. “Done,” she said.

“Was that you casting a spell?” I chuckled.

“Nope, that was me granting your wish,” she smiled.

“Next request then,” I said. “And I’ll phrase it appropriately. I wish that Leia will come to visit me in Vegas so that I can take her on a real, proper date before we move in together.”

“Can I stay with you and Cassidy?” she asked.

“Of course,” I said. “Except for the night I’ll get in a suite at one of the big hotels. I do have some connections.”

“Mmmm,” she groaned. “OK, wish granted. And I’m looking forward to it.”

“Then I have just one more wish,” I said.

“Just one?”

“Isn’t that how wishes work? They come in threes?”

Leia pushed up at me a little, and I raised up. She turned over onto her back, and then made it clear she wanted us to roll over. Soon I had her looming over me, her pastel rainbow hair hanging down around us as she looked down at me with her gentle eyes. “I’m a free genie, Tiger,” she said. “I’ll grant every wish I can, no limits.”

“I wish that you’ll make sure to speak up about what you want when we’re talking about the house we’ll buy,” I said.

Leia frowned. “What does that mean?”

“It means I know you, Leia,” I said. “And you’ll be happy with whatever Becca and some of the others will decide, but I goddamn want you to feel like a piece of *you* goes into the decision because you deserve it. You aren’t an afterthought. You aren’t a wallflower. And you are *not* someone who deserves just what they’re offered. You are my absolute sunshine, and you deserve to have your opinions heard. So think about what’s important in a house for you other than four walls and a roof because I’m going to be asking.”

She stared at me, her expression a little put out. “Do you really think I act like that?” she asked.

“I think that you are an amazing, wonderful, beautiful, smart, silly, skillful, sexy and utterly charming woman,” I said. “And that sometimes you let other people take the lead. But this thing we’re doing, it’s *our* life and I couldn’t stand it if sometime down the road you looked around and thought ‘I wish we’d done this differently.’”

She swallowed, then sucked in a breath through her nose, and then laid down more firmly on top of me as she brought her lips close to mine, our noses touching. Her hair was blocking out the rest of the room now. “Harsh,” she said. “But honest. And more true than I’d like. God, how do you know me like that, Robbie? It’s only been a week.”

“Because I love you,” I said, wrapping my arms around her. “And I never, ever want to see your light flicker or get covered up.”

She kissed me, and we didn’t talk much after that because we let our lips do that for us.

Chapter 334

Time was up.

Leia and I milked every last second we could, but I knew it was over when Cassidy came and knocked on the door of the cabin, giving me a guilty look. She didn't want to interrupt, but it was time.

Leia kissed me one more time, a soft and gentle peck, and then scooted down the bed and got up, rushing to Cassidy and throwing her arms around my fiancée. She hugged Cass fiercely, then looked back at me. "Can I kiss her, please, Tiger?"

My heart ached at that request. Because Cassidy needed it asked. Because Leia respected, and understood, us enough to ask it. "Yes, sunshine," I said, trying to smile and not let my other emotions show.

Leia turned back and kissed Cassidy. It wasn't a particularly deep, soulful kiss but it was obviously earnest, and after a few moments it ended and she hugged Cassidy tighter. They whispered back and forth a couple of times, holding each other tightly and nodding, before breaking apart.

"Time to go, Tiger," Cass said as Leia turned and waved to me before slipping out of the cabin. It wouldn't be the *last* time we saw each other; I was sure we'd see each other in the parking lot for a final goodbye, but it was the last moment of privacy.

I sighed, shifting to sit on the end of the bed, and Cassidy came and stood in front of me between my legs, pulling my head to her bosom as she hugged me.

"I'm sorry I started this whole thing out like such a bitch," she said quietly. "But... I'm really happy with how it turned out, Robbie. I know there's so much we still need to fix but I can't help but feel like this was *right*."

Hugging her back, I had a horrible flash of worry that all of this was going to go away. It was all too surreal, too *unreal*. Seven women falling for me in a week? Six of them to the point of wanting to be official partners and move in with us in a poly situation?

How else could this have happened except through the App? And if the App could give me this, what could it take away?

I swallowed the lump in my throat and squeezed Cassidy a little tighter and she ran her fingers through my hair. "Are you OK?" she asked me quietly.

"Yeah," I said, then cleared my throat. "Yeah, baby. I'm OK. Just sad it's ending, even if I'm excited for what comes next."

“You guys OK in here?” Cattie asked, coming to the doorway.

Cass turned a little and I motioned Cattie over to join us, and we fell into a three-way hug. “I love you both,” I said. “Sorry I needed to-”

“Oh, hush,” Cattie said, leaning down and kissing the top of my head as she gently scratched her fingers over the back of my neck. “You spent forty-five minutes helping track down Heather and Sherry, sacrificing time with ladies you love to help me. If you think either of us would begrudge you time to say goodbye to everyone, Robbie, you’ve got your wires crossed.”

I shook my head, smirking a little. “OK, fair,” I said. “Still, thank you for being understanding.”

“We love you too, Tiger,” Cass said with a smile.

Without anything left to do or say, I stood up and we started carrying out our luggage and the cooler. We were leaving with way more than we came with, adding Cattie to our group, but with the three of us working it only took two trips to get stuff out from the boat and onto the dock. I ended up helping Ami, Wanda and Heels for a few minutes moving their stuff out as well since the step from the dock to the boat was a bit of a gap, and I got rewarded with a kiss from each of them, even Heels.

For the next ten or so minutes I ended up a human pack mule, though I wasn’t the only one. JC was still his affable, good self and was helping run things to peoples cars. My truck was just as I’d left it in the parking lot of the rental place after the Strip Club outing, and loading our stuff into the back was a sweaty affair in the heat but went quickly. Helping some of my other girlfriends was a little harder as rental cars and old beaters got stuffed with luggage, tubs and boxes.

Then, about two-thirds of the way through the Great Unloading, they showed up.

Heather came first. She was dressed in a loose t-shirt and clearly didn’t have a bra underneath it, along with a long skirt that wasn’t exactly useful for moving around and carrying stuff but probably put as little pressure onto her sunburnt skin as possible. The flip flops definitely weren’t helping either. Still, she was manhandling her luggage and grimacing as she did it. Her hair was a mess, and her face, neck and shoulders were a bright pink that looked more like she’d been painted up to cheer at some wacky college football game than any sort of natural shade. Even the tops of her feet and her ankles were that angry pink colour.

Sherry came next, tugging at the retractable pull bar of her own luggage. She looked absolutely miserable. Her dirty blonde hair looked lank, and her lips were pressed together in a way that made her look like she was on the edge of crying. She’d started with just a touch more naturally tanned skin than Heather, so her shade of angry skin was a touch darker, but she was as equally burnt. She was wearing a loose crop top with spaghetti straps on her shoulders and a pair of tiny shorts that looked like they were painted on - I had to assume she’d decided they were her best bet at modesty while wearing as little as possible. Sherry’s luggage wheel got

stuck in ruts in the dock several times before she reached the end of the wood planks, where there was about ten feet of concrete before she hit the gravel.

She got to the loose stones, the luggage dragged in it instead of wheeling, and she just dropped the handle and closed her eyes.

“Fuck,” I grunted. I’d been helping Wanda rearrange some stuff to try and fit another piece of luggage into a trunk.

Wanda looked in the direction I was and sighed. “You don’t need to be Superman,” she said.

Two big, fat tears welled up and slipped down Sherry’s cheeks.

“Yeah, OK,” Wanda sighed. “That’s just pitiful. Go help her.”

Chapter 335

“Sherry, do you want some help?” I asked.

I’d walked up to within about six feet of her and she hadn’t opened her eyes, and when I spoke she practically jumped out of her shoes as her eyes flew open and she looked at me in a panic. “Um!” she said loudly.

“It’s OK,” I said, holding up my hands to try and show I didn’t mean any harm. “You just look like you could really use a hand.”

Sherry swallowed, looking at me, then glanced farther into the parking lot after Heather. Then back to me. Then at her bag laying on the ground. Then back to me.

To be honest, her process to think things through almost made me want to walk away, it took her so long. “OK,” she finally said quietly, her lower lip sticking out a little and trembling.

Dear God, don’t do it, I thought, groaning internally as I stepped forward and righted her suitcase before pushing in the retractable pull bar and then lifting it by the hand straps. It was a big suitcase, and it felt like she had a couple of bricks in it, but I managed.

“I just really hurt all over,” Sherry said, looking at me.

“OK,” I grunted. “That really sucks. Let’s get you packed away so that you can get back into the car with some AC.”

I felt bad for her, but not bad enough to really offer her sympathy after what she’d done to her own sister. Then again, I also didn’t want to see her enthralled to Heather either. I had about

twenty seconds of walking with her to say something, and started trying to formulate the right combination of words that would suggest, gently, that Heather was a fucking predator and Sherry had the naiveté of a teenager and she was pretty much being groomed to be a sex slave and she could say No whenever she wanted.

That combination of words was slowly clicking into place, but not fast enough because my train of thought got interrupted by a commotion up ahead.

“What the fuck is this?!” Heather yelled.

She was standing at their rental car, the trunk popped open but she hadn’t lifted her luggage in yet. Cattie, meanwhile, was a lane over and a couple spots further up, organising things a bit in the bed of my truck. My girlfriend clearly heard the Bitch Hollar though, and turned to see Heather glaring at her with her arms wide.

“What?” Cattie asked loudly.

I could *feel* the eyes of everyone on the trip looking at the two of them past me, plus at least one or two employees of the rental place since Becca had been talking to them near the dock.

“Why the fuck aren’t you putting your bags in the car?” Heather asked. “We need to go to the airport.”

“*You’re* going to the airport,” Cattie said. “I’m not going anywhere with you ever again. I don’t associate with raging cunts.”

“What the fuck do you mean?” Heather snarled, stamping her way between two cars and heading for Cattie. “You booked the fucking tickets.”

“And they’re in your names,” Cattie said stonily. “I also made sure to pull my credit card details off of them, so don’t think you can just order up an upgrade or something. And you signed and paid for the rental car, so you’re the one on the hook if you don’t return it.”

“Cattie, get in the fucking car,” Heather said.

I had reached their rental and put down Sherry’s bag, looking at her quickly. “You can always say no to her,” I said. “Just because you said yes once doesn’t mean you have to keep saying yes.” I couldn’t wait for a reply, turning back and heading towards Heather and Cattie.

“What is your fucking problem?” Cattie demanded. “Get it through your thick skull, Heather. *I’m not your girlfriend. I’m not your friend. I don’t want to even remember knowing you. You are nothing to me.* That means you don’t have the right to demand *anything* of me. So back off.”

“So what, then?” Heather asked. “You’re just going to go whore it up in Las Vegas with the fuck boi and his slut wife?”

“Hi, ‘the fuck boy’ here,” I said, startling Heather since she’d been so angry and engaged with Cattie she hadn’t heard me approaching from behind her. “Ma’am, I’m going to have to ask you to back away from my truck and my girlfriend. We don’t know you.”

“Fuck you, you misogynistic, shrimp dick, scumbag, homewrecking man whore,” Heather snarled. “What are you going to do? You put your hands on me and I’ll fucking claw out your eyes.”

“Ma’am, this is the parking lot of a rental dock,” I said. “Do you need help? Are you lost? You seem extremely agitated.”

“Fuck. Off!” Heather screamed.

“I think she’s having some sort of a mental crisis,” I said to Cattie, keeping my tone as even as possible. “Should we call an ambulance?” I turned back to Heather. “Ma’am, do you need us to call you some help? Do you need to go to the hospital?”

Heather screamed again, releasing her rage and frustration and stamping her foot down on the gravel. She immediately lifted it up, snarling in pain because she’d stamped chunky gravel in a thin flip flop, and she looked like she was about to kick my truck but thought better of it at the last minute. Instead she huffed out another animalistic angry noise, turned and tried to stomp away - except between her flip flops, her long skirt and the gravel she stumbled, falling forward and face planting onto the hood of someone else’s parked car.

She hit hard enough that I was surprised she didn’t trigger a car alarm, but it thankfully didn’t pop off. Heather did, however, shriek in pain as her sensitive, sunburnt skin on her hands, arms and cheek hit the hot metal of the car that had been sitting in the sun likely since dawn. She leaped back up and careened away between the cars, swearing unintelligibly.

I turned to Cattie, looking up at her with an apologetic smile. “And that is how you de-escalate a situation by escalating the person right off track.”

Cattie chuckled, sitting down from where she’d been standing in the truck bed, and pulled me by the collar of my shirt into a kiss. “God, I love you.”

Chapter 336

Heather and Sherry were the first out of the parking lot, tearing away as Heather flashed the middle finger out of the window of the car.

If I never saw her again it would still be too soon.

The problem was, her and Sherry were the start of the flood.

“See you soon, dude,” Terra said as she came up to me and offered me her hand in a clapping shake. “I’m saying this with just a smile because JC can see me from over there, but I want you to know I would bend over and let you fuck me right here in the parking lot if I could.”

“I can’t wait to turn you into a pretzel and fuck your perfectly tight pussy until we’re sweating all over each other and it’s properly stretched out to fit me, little elf,” I said, keeping my face the same happily neutral expression and my voice low. “Then come deep inside you. God, I’m totally infatuated with you, honey.”

“I’m utterly head over heels for you, dude,” Terra said, breaking into a grin. “I want to kiss you so bad.”

“I want to kiss you too,” I sighed. “Soon.”

“Soon,” she agreed, then we relented and hugged, her small, taut body feeling so good in my arms. I kissed her on the cheek and stood up. She winked while giving me a sad smile, then went off to say goodbye to Cassidy and Cattie before heading over to the rental car her and JC had. JC and I waved, and I didn’t blame him for not coming over. He’d never gotten aggressive, or even really passive aggressive, but we’d started out on the shallow end of friendly and never really gotten any deeper. And then he’d asked me to fuck his girlfriend. A quick wave and nod of acknowledgement was enough between us.

Zenya, Leia, and Ginnie were next, driving the old beater car they’d arrived in. I gave Ginnie a hug and a kiss on the cheek before moving on to my girlfriends since she was quieter than usual, maybe still feeling the effects of her night with JC. Leia, however, kissed me firmly then took a moment to look into my eyes. “I love you, Robbie,” she said.

“I love you too, Sunshine,” I smiled. “See you soon. And take it easy on me when we hook up the gaming system.”

“Not a chance,” she grinned.

I cupped her face and gave her another kiss.

Zenya was a little more forceful with her goodbye, pulling me down into a kiss that was immediately filled with tongue and lust as we clung to each other. I grabbed her ass with one hand and she growled lightly against my lips, her chest pressing against mine. We pulled away, and where I thought I’d see a sexual desire I found her eyes welling and a sad smile. “Why the fuck did I wait so long to say yes?” she sighed. “I feel like I wasted time.”

“We’ll make it up,” I told her, grabbing her hands and holding them. “It won’t be too long and you’ll be home with us.”

“God,” she said, shaking her head. “Don’t make me wait, Robbie.”

“Not a second more than you need to,” I promised.

She pulled me back down into a tight hug, and then whispered in my ear. “Next time I see you, what kind of pubic hair do you want me to have? I know different guys have different tastes. Bare? Hairy? I want to be ready for you.”

I groaned, hugging her tightly. “Neatly trimmed,” I whispered back. “You’re not some little girl, you’re a woman, freckles. Be my woman.”

She grinned and licked my ear before pulling away with a chuckle. “Sounds good, lover,” she said, then laughed as I winced at the word. “Boyfriend,” she corrected.

“Girlfriend,” I winked at her, then gave her a much more chaste kiss. “Drive safe. I’ll see you soon.”

“You’ll see me tonight,” she smirked. “When I send you your nightly nude.”

“Is that a thing we’re doing?” Leia asked from the passenger seat of the car.

“Only if you want to,” I said, giving Zenya a look.

“Maybe, sometimes,” Leia blushed.

I leaned into the car and kissed her again, and Zenya gave me a slap on the ass as I did it.

They’d already said goodbye to the rest of the girls while I’d been having my moment with Terra, so Zenya got into the car and all three of the girls waved out the windows as they drove away.

Ami was next, having driven alone. She was actually roadtripping back up north by herself, having driven down over a few days before the trip. I ended up sitting on the hood of her car, holding her hands. “Be safe,” I said. “I wish I could go with you.”

“That would be really nice,” Ami said with a smile. “Maybe we could do a road trip sometime.”

“I’d love that,” I said, smiling warmly at the idea. I wasn’t sure where we would go, but spending a couple of quiet days with Ami, listening to music or an audio book before taking a little adventure, would be amazing.

Ami stepped forward and leaned into me, kissing me gently. "I'll call you tonight," she promised. "And every night once I'm in my hotel until I get home. So you don't come flying in worried that I'm in trouble."

"You know me so well," I said with a little smile. "Thank you, cutie."

"Going home is going to feel so strange," she chuckled. "It's a good thing I have a few days to figure out how I'm going to tell my parents and my friends that I'm in love with a man I met on vacation."

"Are you going to tell them everything?" I asked.

She hesitated and then shook her head. "Just about you, and that I love you," she said. "And that we agreed to be long distance for a bit."

I kissed her again, feeling like my heart was emptying as each of my girlfriends slipped away and not wanting it to happen again.

But it had to, and the others helped rescue me from trying to hold on too long. Cassidy, Cattie, Becca, Wanda and Heels all wrapped Ami up in hugs - for being the quiet, near-loner of the vacation she'd made almost as big an impression on everyone as Zenya did with how caring and quietly supportive she was.

One last quick kiss with me and she got in her car, a smile on her lips but a tear falling down her cheek as she waved and drove away.

Chapter 337

"One week," Wanda said, holding one of my hands in both of hers. "It's just one week."

"I know," I said. "But a week without you is still going to feel like a fucking age."

"Don't get too soft on me, Tiger," she said, smirking a little. "Make me chase you a little bit."

"You know that's not me," I laughed.

"I know," she grinned. "And that's why I love you. I don't need to feel like I need to be anything other than me. Y-y-you c-complete m-me."

I almost choked as she stammered through the last sentence. "Did you just reference Tropic Thunder while we have an emotional moment?" I laughed.

Wanda scrunched up her nose as she smiled broadly. "I think I was technically referencing 'Simple Jack,' which is *also* a reference to Tropic Thunder."

"God, you perfect woman," I sighed, picking her up and spinning her around once before setting her down and leaning in to kiss her. I didn't hold back, teasing her lips with my tongue, and I grabbed that fantastic ass of hers as we made out just a little. It was still the best ass of all the ladies on the trip, and I couldn't imagine a better one out there.

"I love you, Robbie," Wanda whispered as our lips finally parted. "Give me time to get myself together and handle my business, OK? I'm not going to call when I get home, I need to be focused. I need to do this for me first, not us."

I nodded and squeezed her tightly, my hands coming up to her back. "I understand," I whispered hoarsely.

"Then, once it's done, I'll call you. And you can ask me. OK?"

"I'm counting the hours," I told her, then took a breath. "I can't wait," I finally said with another grin.

"Me neither," she grinned back, then kissed my cheek.

We parted, and since I'd already said goodbye to Heels with a high five, a kiss on the cheek and a wink, it was just me and Becca left as Wanda went to hug Cassidy and Cattie.

Becca took a long breath, swallowed lightly, and came to me. "I-" she started, but hesitated. We hadn't gotten our moment in private, other than the quickie before lunch. We hadn't gotten to hold each other and make sure we were rock solid and steady. I knew we were, but finding the words to say it was important.

And for once neither of us knew what to say.

The problem with being problem solvers was confronting the fact that things were good.

Instead of trying to fill the space between us with words I moved forward, taking Becca's hips in my hands and holding her like I was a middle school boy at his first dance. She was smiling slightly, looking up at me, and I started humming and swaying. After a moment she caught on to what I was doing and raised her arms up to loop her fingers around the back of my neck, stepping close and swaying with me.

"I don't know what to say," I interrupted my musical humming, though we kept swaying together. "How am I supposed to say goodbye to you?"

“You don’t,” Becca said. “We say, ‘I’ll call you tonight.’ Because I don’t think I can go a day without talking to you now that I have you, Robbie.”

I leaned down and she went on her tiptoes to kiss me, kicking one leg back like she was a princess in a romcom. Her lips were warm, her emotions pouring into the kiss. Desire. Longing. A little fear. I felt the same. It was hard not to worry when we were problem solvers. Anything could happen.

Then the kiss turned hungry, and Becca brought her hands down from behind my neck to my chest, pushing me back a few steps until I was leaning against her car again and she leaned against me, pressing her body to mine. The kiss didn’t end, it just deepened. My hand fell from her waist to her ass, her jean shorts blocking me from feeling her smooth skin, so I kept going and she raised her leg to bring her knee up to my waist as I held her bare thigh. One of her hands dropped from my chest, trailing fingers down my front to the waistband on my shorts. Those fingers slipped inside, clinging to the front, daring themselves to dive deeper.

“Guys?” Cattie asked, closer than I would have expected.

Becca broke off the kiss, blushing as she turned. All four of the other ladies were looking at us.

“If you want, you can go fuck in the truck,” Cattie said with a little smirk. “We can wait.”

“I-” Becca stammered, glancing at me and then the others. “We shouldn’t-”

“We aren’t on a tight timeline, babe,” Wanda said, smiling knowingly. “If I wasn’t in the position I’m in, I’d be taking that offer.”

“We just did it... before lunch...” Becca murmured, still blushing as she looked back at me.

“So what?” I asked her quietly. “I want you one more time before we’re in opposite parts of the country, Becca. Do you want me, too?”

Becca bit her lip, glancing at the others again self consciously before nodding. “God, yes,” she said.

I growled hungrily, picking her up and putting her over my shoulder as she burst out a laugh and kicked her legs. “Love you guys,” I said, giving Cass, Cattie and Wanda a wink.

“Have fun,” Cassidy said with a grin.

“Try not to get the back seat too gross, I have to sit back there,” Cattie giggled.

“Oh my God,” Becca laughed, covering her face as I carried her to our truck. Setting her down just outside, I opened the back seat of the cab and offered her a hand up. She took it, her grin

remaining but the flush of embarrassment draining to be replaced with a hunger in her eyes. "Fuck me, Tiger," she said. "Fast and hard. I want to make love to you, but we can do that again soon enough. I want more of what we did earlier."

"On one condition," I said.

"Anything," she promised me.

I kissed her, asking for nothing. I had everything I needed.

Chapter 338

"Oh, God, yes Robbie," Becca gasped as I thrust into her.

It had been a bit of a scramble once we were in the truck and the door was closed. The parking lot had a bunch of cars in it still, but no other people other than Heels, Wanda, Cass and Cattie. That didn't mean people wouldn't arrive, though, and there were still the workers of the rental place. The longer we took, the more likely we were to get hot.

To be fair, I don't think that was the reason either of us were rushing, though. We just wanted each other.

My goal had been simple - I wanted Becca's pussy on my lips, so that's what I'd focused on. She ended up on her back on the bench seat, pushing her jean shorts and panties down as I pulled them over her butt and then off her thighs, then dropped them to the floor. She'd tried to lean up to get to me but I'd had other ideas, yanking her hips higher so she was leaning back even more. This brought her smooth thighs, cute butt and the gorgeous sight of her smooth, tender pussy lips pressed between her legs. I'd buried my face against her, slurping lewdly as I tasted her. She'd already been horny and got wet quickly, and I'd focused on her clit for a moment before trailing my tongue down through her labia, then back even further to tease her ass for a moment as she'd laughed.

She had let me eat her for a few minutes, moaning and wriggling as she'd worked her shirt off. No bra, her tits gloriously bare.

"Fuck me," she had finally demanded.

I'd set her hips down and she'd watched me hungrily, one leg up and resting on the backrest of the seats and the other foot braced on the driver's seat, keeping her open. I'd pulled my shirt off over my head and then had to pivot a bit in the seat to get my shorts and briefs down, managing to get one shoed foot out of them and not caring that they were still around the other ankle.

The first thrust brought on Becca's moan. The second one had me grunting in pleasure. It had *maybe* been an hour since I'd been inside her last, and still it felt like new, and like home, and like heaven all at once.

My third thrust buried me home, and Becca arched her back as she squeezed her eyes shut in a little precursor orgasm. Just a shudder, but it boded well that we wouldn't be working to get either of us there.

"Fuck," I growled, leaning down over her and starting my thrusting rhythm. "Becca, you're so fucking gorgeous."

"*You're* fucking gorgeous, Tiger," she moaned, running her fingers through my hair. She shifted a little under me, moving her legs to try and get me deeper while also getting more leverage to fuck back at me. Her bare foot ended up pressed against the back window and she started working her hips on me. "Fuck, you turn me on so much, Robbie. Every time I look at you I want to fucking jump you. It's unhealthy!" she laughed.

"I can't wait to live with you," I groaned, getting one hand on her breasts and thumbing her nipple. I brought the other up to stroke her cheek. "And I promise we'll find a balance between sex and everything else."

"Good," she chuckled. Every thrust she was meeting with a wave of her hips and it felt amazing, but it also did fantastic things to her body as her tits bounced and stomach flexed. "Because I love more than your cock. I just- *fuck*- I just really want it right now."

"You're getting it, sugar," I panted.

We fucked, hard and fast. It wasn't the athletic, sweat-dripping wild sex I'd had with Terra, or the rough stuff that Wanda, Cattie and Cass all liked in different measures. It was just energetic, and still had that mutual, loving feel to it. We stopped talking, just focusing on the physical feelings and staring deep into each other's eyes. I felt like I could read her mind and it was overflowing with the same adoration that I had in mind.

I loved this woman, and she loved me.

Becca had another two of the small little jitters of orgasms, but didn't hit anything too big. The problem was I was feeling my own orgasm rising quickly.

"Where am I popping, sugar?" I asked. "I don't want to make you sit with it your whole drive and flight."

"Mmmgh," Becca whined in her throat, making a face. "Fuck, I love feeling you come in me. Um... *God, that's good*- In my mouth, let me swallow it. I'll be able to remember the taste of you."

“Only if you sit on my face,” I countered.

She grinned and reminded me a little of Cass for a moment, then we were shifting around wildly. I ended up on my back, and Becca was over me, dropping her mouth to my cock and sucking hard. I wrapped my arms around her torso and grabbed her ass, pulling her down to my mouth.

I came first. I'd been closer, and Becca moaned through my orgasm as she gently massaged my balls and swallowed every burst and ooze of cum she could milk out. The pleasure and ache of the orgasm didn't quite knock me out, but I was definitely distracted for a moment. I caught myself though once I was over the peak and I redoubled my efforts as Becca gently toyed her tongue around my sensitive cock head. I managed to work the tip of one finger into the entrance to her pussy, teasing her with penetration despite the strange angle of my hand, while I focused my tongue and lips on her clit.

Becca gasped and humped her hips a couple of times, then she pressed her face down against the root of my cock as her ass clenched over and over and she vibrated on top of me, moaning through her own orgasm. Her pussy clenched and unclenched around the tip of my finger, and then she let out a long breath and relaxed.

Getting ourselves upright took a minute, and I ended up leaning back against the door as she snuggled in my lap, resting her head against my chest.

“OK, that was good,” Becca sighed happily.

“Definitely,” I agreed.

“I-” she started, but hesitated. I could feel her tense a little with nerves.

“You can tell me anything, Becca. Anything.”

“I'm worried,” she said. “I'm worried that by the time we're together again, I'll still love you, but my sex drive will disappear. That this will change, this feeling. Robbie, wanting you like this while also being attracted to your personality, and your mind... I don't want to lose that. I don't want to lose you.”

I hugged her tightly, lowering my lips to her shoulder and speaking quietly. “I'll love you whether we're having sex or not, Becca. The sex is fantastic, but it's not why I feel for you. And if your asexual status comes back, I'll still want every moment I can get with you, and I'll never judge you for it. We'll wait for the next time your sexuality rears its head and make the most of the time we get for that.”

Becca sighed. “I know that's all true, but... it doesn't help with the worrying,” she said.

"I know," I said quietly. "And you know I know. I know that you know that I know just saying it won't make it go away, but it needs to be said."

"Please don't do another round of I know-you know's," she smirked a little.

"I'm not worried about ever not being attracted to you," I said. "Mind, body, soul, Becca."

"I love you," she said softly.

"I love you too," I agreed.

"Are you guys done?" Cassidy asked from outside, knocking on the window. "If you take much longer I think Wanda might break her promise, and then Heels will want a turn, and it'll turn into a whole thing."

I broke into a chuckle and Becca grinned. "We better go take care of the children," she said.

"Little gremlins," I agreed. But I didn't move quite yet. Instead, I kissed her shoulder. "I'll talk to you tonight, my amazing, thoughtful, courageous girlfriend."

She raised her lips to mine. "I'll talk to you tonight, my mature, emotionally intelligent, drop-dead sexy boyfriend."

Chapter 339

"It smells like sex in here, blegh," Cassidy said, looking over at me as she got into the passenger side while I stepped up into the driver's seat. Her teasing grin told me she was playing it up specifically to try and lighten my mood.

Becca and Wanda were gone. Once we'd gotten out of the truck it had only been a few more kisses and they'd piled into their car and driven away. That one had hurt, not because I cared about them any more than the others, but because they were the last.

"Ooh," Cattie said as she hopped into the back seat. "Becca left you a present."

I was just settling into my seat and halfway through pulling my seatbelt on when a pair of panties dropped into my lap. Becca's, forgotten - or left on purpose. I snorted and grabbed them before Cassidy could as she giggled.

"Just let me give 'em a whiff," my fiancée said. "I want to know how horny she was for a second fuck."

“No,” I said, stuffing them into my pocket and hoping I would remember they were there before I tried to pay for gas. “Now sit your butt down. We might not have a flight to catch but we’ve still got a long drive ahead of us. And we need to do groceries when we get back.”

Cassidy groaned playfully and strapped herself in. I put the key in the ignition and turned over the engine, the truck rumbling to life. I put it in reverse and turned to look behind us, but didn’t take my foot off the brake.

“Really, baby?” I asked Catherine.

She was sitting in the middle of the bench seat, her seatbelt on and pressed down across her chest lewdly because she’d taken her top off. The seatbelt practically disappeared between her glorious tits, and her softly pink nipples were already a little firm and looked extremely suckable. She was grinning innocently, her black hair up in a ponytail and fed through a ballcap, sunglasses covering her eyes.

“Something wrong, Tiger?” she asked.

Cassidy glanced back and burst in laughter.

“Cattie, darling, if I’m constantly looking into the rearview mirror at you like that we’re going to crash,” I said.

“Fine,” she grinned, starting to pull on her T-shirt again. She was wearing my baggy shorts but it was her shirt, a simple black one that hugged her without being super tight. “You can’t see below my waist in the mirror though, right? Because I might get a little bored back here and start playing with myself.”

“Ooh, we should both play with ourselves and tell dirty stories,” Cassidy said. “And then we’ll definitely have Robbie super turned on for when we get home. He’ll be an animal.”

“I don’t like this plan,” I said, not telling them *not* to do it as I pulled the truck out of its spot and headed for the driveway.

“We’ll wait a while,” Cassidy said. “Just the last hour or so.”

“How was Becca after she got hers?” Cattie asked. “She didn’t say much.”

“We just get in our heads sometimes,” I said. “She’ll call tonight to check in.”

“I bet you’ll get several calls tonight,” Cattie said. “You’re going to be a popular guy from now on.”

“Actually, speaking of which...” Cassidy said. “Tanya sent me another pic for you.”

“She did?” I asked.

“That’s the stripper with the pussy like candy, right?” Cattie asked.

“Mhmm,” Cass nodded as she was opening up her phone.

“Sexy photos when I’m *not* driving, please,” I said.

“OK, good point,” Cass said, setting her phone down. “Or... I’m just saying, it’s early afternoon. She’s probably not working right now. We could stop by...”

I sighed, shaking my head. “Cassidy. Baby. My beautiful fiancée.”

“Yes, Robbie?” she asked.

“I have had enough sex in the last week that it would cover a month or more for us usually. If you want us to have a threesome when we get home I can’t have sex with Tanya no matter how fun it would be. And no road head either.”

“Awww,” both Cassidy and Cattie groaned, then laughed.

We got to the highway and I made the turn, passing by the spot where we’d stopped on the way in to make the calls setting up our therapy appointments. A week ago Cassidy had ripped my heart out. Between her, and Cattie, and all the girls, I felt like I’d been stitched back together. There were some holes and cracks, places that would take time to heal. The stitches were still in there, holding the pieces close. Maybe a couple of staples, too.

But I was alive, and I had my fiancée, and my girlfriends.

“Jesus,” I sighed.

Cassidy had been playing with the radio, talking to Cattie about what we should listen to, but she stopped. “What’s up, Tiger?” she asked.

“I’m like the fucking Grinch,” I said. “In the last week my heart must have grown three sizes bigger.”

Both of them started laughing again, and I couldn’t wipe the grin off my face.

“OK, but for real,” Cattie said. “I’m *not* into a Grinch roleplay.”

“That’s a *thing*?” Cassidy asked.

“Oh, for sure,” Cattie said. “Here, let me Google it.”

I groaned, still smiling, and shook my head. Having one dirty-minded girlfriend had been fun. Two of them in one car was already becoming a problem. What was going to happen when I had all of them under one roof?

Chaos. Orgasmic chaos.

Maybe this really was an Orgy-lationship.

End of Act 1

Author's Note: 339 Chapters! When I first started AMA: The Boyfriend I knew I had a structure with the Trip and a loose plan, but I didn't know how long it would take for me to get to this point. Writing about Robbie and his ladies has been an absolute pleasure, and I've fallen in love with these characters. Getting the chance to commission art for all of the romantic interests has only added to that. The fact that all you Patrons helped direct the story, and who got focus time and became romantic interests, was also a lot of fun!

Here's a fun fact - you'd think that my goal of 1000 words per chapter would mean the story should be about 339,000 words, right? Well, the real word count is more like 411,000 because I go over that so often. That's like writing FOUR first-deal novels in traditional publishing, or a little under the first four Harry Potter novels put together (or more than the first three Twilight novels, if anyone cares about that comparison). And the story isn't done!

We have, however, reached a natural pausing point as the Trip is over, everyone has scattered to the winds to go back to normal life, and Robbie, Cassidy and Cattie are headed back to Las Vegas. Work, families, and therapy all await them, not to mention going through with Becca's scheme to get them all together under one roof. And, maybe the most mysterious element of all, there are a LOT of questions about the Affection Multiplier App that need answering. (And who does Cassidy think needs to be added to the relationship!?)

For now, though, I need a break from the AMA crew. I have some short-term projects I want to get out of my system, and I want to take some time to really plan out the future of AMA: The Boyfriend. Without the natural progression of the trip as a bit of a guardrail, the world is getting a lot bigger and the story will need to be a little more purposefully wrangled. So it will be a few months before I start work on Act 2, and I'll make sure to keep you all updated on that.

So, with a heavy heart, I say 'I'll call you tonight' to Cassidy, Catherine, Becca, Wanda, Terra, Leia, Zenya, and Ami. It's not goodbye, it's just see you in a bit.

Thank you to everyone who gave this story a shot after the super heavy opening scenes and has been reading Robbie's story up to now. He is living a life that we all might want, but also that

we all might dread to find ourselves in. It will be a pleasure to come back to him and his harem soon enough.

*Cheers,
~Break.*