

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 283-289

By Breakthebar

Chapter 283

The walk back to the boat was slower than the walk out, but that was mostly because all three of us were still a little wobbly on our feet after the fucking we'd been doing. That and all the flirting. Becca didn't want to let go of my hand as she walked next to me, but that meant I was carrying the picnic basket one-handed and even with the food eaten it was still an awkward enough load that I wanted to change hands every couple of minutes. That led to Cassidy and Becca play-fighting for who got to my now-free hand first, with lots of tickling and kissing and light groping between all three of us.

Cassidy was beaming the entire time, her eyes sparkling when she would cock her head and look at Becca and I. Whatever else was going on, I knew that she was happy with this. Happy to see Becca with me, really *with* me. It was hard to parse, even in my own head, why that would be because of my own feelings of jealousy over her and all the girls. I just had to accept that it was real.

When we were getting close to the beach, Cassidy stopped in front of us and took a breath before brushing her front a little. Her smile was still there, but the megawatt power of it slipped a little. "OK," she said. "The date is officially over, and I'm all yours again Tiger. Becca, I love you, but we're sharing him, not dating each other, so no more hanky panky flirty touching until we decide to do this again. If we do this again."

"*When* we do this again," I said. "Cass, babe, I'll never not want a one-on-one with you, but two-on-one dating is fun too."

Her smile grew a little again. "Same," she said.

I squeezed Becca's hand and looked at her next. "This was perfect, sugar. And I'm really, really fucking glad that you're my girlfriend."

"Me too," Becca said, brushing some of her platinum-blond hair out of her face from the light breeze. She let go of my hand and lifted her arms to pull me down by the back of my neck, kissing me softly. "This is crazy, but it's crazy good," she said quietly. "I can't believe how much I feel like I've had you in my life forever."

"Same," I said quietly, looking into her eyes and feeling like I could fall into them.

Becca turned to Cassidy and stepped to her, wrapping her up in a powerful hug. “Thank you for sharing him, Cassidy. I- You don’t know how much this means to me.” She kissed my fiancée on the cheek.

Cassidy hugged her back, looking at me over Becca’s shoulder, and I could see her tearing up a little bit as she smiled. “You’re perfect for him, Becca,” she said. “I’m really, really happy he has you now.”

Becca pulled back just a little so that she could look into Cassidy’s eyes. “You are perfect for him too, you know,” she said. “We’re really similar, but you’re the balance. For both of us. I think the household we’re going to build is going to need you even more than it needs me, Cassidy. Cattie and I, and the others, we’re in love with him and he makes us feel special and wanted and safe and all of the good things. But you’re his everything. You help make him who he is.”

Cassidy broke into full tears, sobbing softly as she hugged Becca back again, and I couldn’t stay away as I set down the basket and wrapped both of them up in my arms. Becca started crying as well in mutual empathy, and it was tough for me to hold back my own tears.

“Shit,” Cassidy laughed as she caught her breath, wiping at her eyes. “We made it all the way to the end of the date and *now* I ruin my mascara.”

That got Becca laughing, and I smirked and shook my head. I leaned down and kissed Cassidy on the forehead, and then Becca. “I’ve said it before, and I’ll say it over and over again. I am one lucky fucking asshole.”

“More like asshole fucker,” Cassidy smirked.

The three of us got ourselves together again, and soon we made it to the beach. The sun wasn’t completely down, a golden red hue blazing across the sky. The boats were still anchored how we left them, and someone had turned on the party lights on both top decks. Music was coming from the speakers, and it looked like someone had been doing some decorating up on the Singles Boat top deck as there were balloons and streamers attached to the railings and the pilot’s cabin.

“Oh, thank God,” Becca sighed with a smile. “Zenya started the prep for the party.”

“Did you have a chance to talk to her about... stuff?” Cassidy asked.

“You mean whether she wants to keep seeing Robbie?” Becca asked, and Cassidy nodded. Becca shot me a little cryptic look as she smiled. “I did. She hasn’t decided yet, and I can’t blame her because this has definitely become a lot. But, I’m just saying, if she were to want more...”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Cassidy smiled.

Then they both looked at me pointedly.

“Hey, I wouldn’t ever argue with that,” I said, holding up my hands defensively. “She’s amazing. I’ve made sure she knows I’m open.”

“I think she wants more than that,” Becca said. “But I understand if you don’t want to chase her.”

“Becca, I *can’t* chase her,” I said. “Not in the way that most people would think of it, anyways. I’m already trying to balance giving attention to... a lot of people. Sacrificing time with you, or Ami, or Leia, or any of the others who are already wanting time with me to convince someone that what’s going on is what they want feels... wrong.”

“Tiger, my handsome man,” Cassidy said. “Can I say something?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Man up,” Cassidy said. “It’s not about convincing her that this whole polygamous-polyamorous-harem-situationships-thing is what she wants. It’s about making sure she knows that you want her. She wants to *feel* desired.”

“Cassidy is right,” Becca said, rubbing my arm. “You made each of us feel special in different ways, and we’ve all got our different levels of baggage. But Zenya needs to know you want her, that you’ll fight for her. She hasn’t had that before, and I don’t think she even knows that’s what she’s looking for. So show her.”

I shook my head, smiling softly as I looked at my fiancée and one of my girlfriends. “OK. Who am I to argue with the brain trust?”

“That’s more like it,” Cassidy smirked. “There’s my Tiger.”

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Getting the girls back onto the boats without them soaking themselves took three trips after I stripped down again. I carried each one cradled high on my chest, both of them laughing and teasing me with their fingers in my hair, and then one last trip with the picnic basket. When I finally pulled myself up out of the water I was greeted by Cattie, dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a tight band tour t-shirt that made it obvious she wasn’t wearing a bra underneath, who hugged me tightly, uncaring about getting wet.

“Did you have a good time?” she asked.

“I did,” I said, hugging her tightly and groaning softly at the feel of her voluptuous chest pressing against me. “Next time you should come too.”

“I’d love to,” she grinned and kissed my cheek.

Quickly Becca was pulled away by Wanda into the Singles’ Boat, while Cattie and Terra both pulled Cassidy into the Couples Boat, and I could tell they were both about to get grilled for details on the date. That left me on the porch, dripping wet and holding my dry clothes in my hands.

“Hey there, sailor,” Heels said, looking down at me from up on the top deck of the Couples Boat.

“Hey,” I said. “How was dinner?”

“Pretty good, all things considered. You should come on up here for a second,” she said, then pulled away from the railing without waiting for my answer.

I followed her with a little frown. Heels and I hadn’t exactly become good friends on the trip, though we’d had a couple of quick conversations that cut to the core of what we were talking about. Leaving my clothes next to the sliding door into the boat, I climbed the stairs and found Heels sitting in one of the deck chairs, looking at the last glimmers of the sunset. I went over to her and took the seat beside her. She was wearing a short-sleeved crop top and black leggings, her warm brown stomach bare as she stretched like a cat.

“What’s up?” I asked as I sat down.

“I just figured I should check to make sure you aren’t some sort of a hypnotist or something,” she said with a smirk.

“No swinging watches here,” I said. “But I don’t blame you for asking.”

“Well, that’s good at least,” she said.

“If I was a hypnotist, wouldn’t being alone with me be a bad idea?” I asked.

“Only if I believe in hypnotism,” she smirked. “But for real, I do think we need to talk.”

“I’m all ears.”

She looked up at the sky, which was quickly deepening to dark blues and black above us. “I know we talked about Wanda already, but you should know that you are lining yourself up to be an absolute fucking awful person if you don’t tread really fucking lightly.”

“I know,” I sighed. “Wanda-”

"I don't mean just with Wanda," she said. "I mean with most of the girls who have decided to get attached to you." She brought her gaze down from the sky to me, her brown eyes boring into me a little. "And I don't even just mean the girls who were in relationships. Look, I'm not the most friendly person - I get that. I've got a bit of a resting bitch face at times, and I don't go out of my way to try and be bubbly or friendly. But I've also been in the background for a lot of this trip and heard a lot of conversations. I'm not going to tell anyone's secrets, but this stuff that's going on... they aren't just flings, Robbie. You're playing with people's real hearts and emotions."

"You don't need to tell me that," I said before taking a big breath and letting it out slowly. "Honestly, Heels? I'm fucking terrified of slipping off the tightrope that I'm on."

"Well that's good," she said. "At least you're taking it seriously."

"More than that," I said. "It's- Serious isn't a big enough word. With each of them. I don't take any one of them lightly. They each deserve the world, but all I can offer is me, and each of those amazing women who decide they want me makes me feel like I'm offering smaller and smaller pieces of myself to all of them even if they say they're sharing the whole thing."

"You realise that, at some point, something has to give," she said.

"I'm just hoping that when that happens, it's something we can work together to figure out."

"What if it's your career?"

"Unlikely. None of them are going to stop me from working, and they are all hard-working themselves. If, somehow, we got to a point where they collectively decided that they didn't want me to work because someone is making enough cash already, then I'd just start working for them."

"Fair. What if it's your family?"

I blinked.

This entire week, I hadn't even thought about my family. The last time I'd thought about them... In the truck, on the way here? When I'd worried that Cassidy had slept with my sister or even my Mom. She hadn't - swore she hadn't. After that, I hadn't thought about them once.

What *would* they think of this? And this wasn't just introducing them to the idea of an open relationship, or a throuple. This was... *'Hey Mom, I know you've always loved Cassidy like a daughter. Well, good news! Here are my new girlfriends for you to love, too!'*

"I don't know," I sighed. "It's hard to say, honestly. My sister will be weirded out a bit, but she's bi and into queer spaces and stuff, so she knows poly people and will probably accept it. My

parents, my extended family... Hell, Cassidy's fathers... I just don't know. But I'd never let that stop me from being with a person I love."

"So you really do love them," Heels said. "All of them?"

"Well, it's different for each of them," I said. "Love is about two people, not just me and how I feel. And not all of them are at the same spot. But I'll give each of them everything I can to fulfil their needs and wants. That's the best I can do."

Heels sighed, looking back out over the water. The sun had finally disappeared, leaving just the soft blue glow on the horizon. "That's good enough, I guess," she said. "But I still think you're pretty fucked."

"Probably," I said. "All I can do is put in all my effort."

"Then you should know what happened at dinner."

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"OK, well *that* sounds fucking ominous," I said.

Heels snorted and smirked a little, sitting up in her deck chair and fixing her top to make sure it wasn't riding up and flashing me anything. "OK, maybe it isn't quite as dramatic as I made it sound, but you should still know."

"Alright, well, whenever you're ready," I said.

"So you, Cassidy and Becca all left for your little fuck-date in the desert," Heels said, "And Zenya was rallying up some of the girls to make sure dinner would get served properly. Nothing happened really until we were all getting our food from the Singles Boat kitchen. At first everything was fine, but then Heather and Sherry came out from their cabin. Heather was basically wearing a Dom outfit - you know, like a leather corset and shit. Her tits were practically popping out of it, but I guess that was the point. Sherry, on the other hand, was just wearing some bikini bottoms and had her tits out. Everyone got kind of awkward at that, and especially when it became obvious that Sherry's ass was red from, I assume, getting spanked. She seemed fine other than being super inappropriate though."

"Jesus Christ," I sighed.

"That's exactly what Cattie said," Heels smirked. "Under her breath, but still. She just took her food and left the boat, and a couple of the girls went to go with her. But then Zenya decided to stick up for her - or I guess everyone, since it wasn't exactly an appropriate time to have your tits out - and said something like 'No shirt, no service' and that pissed off Heather so they got

into an argument. Then Ami, of all people, spoke up and said that there was a time and place and this wasn't it. Well, that got Heather bitching in general, spouting off about how they were all just cum-drunk from sucking you off, and then she went into a rant about feminism that I couldn't follow and I'm a fucking feminist. That got Terra pissed off though, and she blew her fucking top, and let me tell you for being such a tiny thing she's got a set of lungs on her. She basically shouted Heather and Sherry back down the hall until Sherry finally went and put on a shirt. They got their food and went up on the top deck to eat."

"Fuck," I grunted, shaking my head. "Well, at least it didn't actually become a fight."

"Yeah, well, I'm not done yet, Romeo," Heels said.

"There was a fight?!" I asked, starting to stand up.

"No, no," Heels said, grabbing my arm for a moment to keep me sitting down. "There wasn't a physical fight. But that wasn't the end of the drama."

I sighed and shook my head. "What else happened?"

"Well, once they were gone it was quiet. I think Wanda and Leia had gone with Cattie, so it was the rest of us there but the mood was kind of fucked. Then JC says, and I think he meant it as a joke, 'I didn't actually mind Sherry's boobs being out.' I mean, it made *me* snicker, but I guess Terra was still all jacked up from her shouting match and she just sort of turned and glared at him. But JC got a spine, I guess, and he just shrugged and went back to eating. Terra got up and stormed off, and Ami followed her, so it was just down to me, JC, Zenya, and Ginnie in the boat. Then Ginnie sat down next to JC and started to flirt with him. It wasn't, like, overboard or anything, but it still made me raise my eyebrows a little. So I looked at Zenya, and she kind of just looked at me with the same expression, and we awkwardly ate in silence until she finished her plate and started to clean up. The girls slowly filtered back, helping to clean as well, but things were still pretty tense between Terra and JC, and Sherry and Heather just dropped off their plates and went back to their cabin again."

I closed my eyes and grunted, acknowledging that she'd stopped her story, but unsure what to say. I eventually landed on, "Well, fuck."

She snorted softly. "Yeah, pretty much. Things are starting to turn into a bit of a shitshow. I'm just hoping tonight goes smoothly and no one gets thrown overboard."

"Yeah, well, I'll have to make sure that happens," I said then sighed heavily. "Thanks for filling me in on the drama."

"Hey, honestly Robbie? I'm pulling for you here. At least in terms of you and Wanda. I think you'll be good for her," Heels said. "Better than that dipshit Brodi for sure. I still think you're a car accident waiting to happen, but I'd rather it be a fender bender than a ten-car pile-up."

“Thanks,” I said again. “Anything I can do to pay you back?”

“Nah,” she said. “Not right now at least. I never did get one of those magical massages of yours, so maybe if you have time tomorrow in between goodbye fucks?”

“I’m not even thinking about tomorrow yet,” I said. “But sure, yeah. If we’ve got the time.”

She stood up and stretched, then rolled her neck. “Seriously,” she said. “You are so fucked.”

“Yeah, I know,” I chuckled, unable to stop myself as I shook my head.

She left, and I watched her go. Part of me wondered if I should have made an effort to spend more time with Heels during the week - she was chill and seemed to have a good heart. She was also hot, and after I’d accidentally seen her in various states of undress I-

“Fuck me,” I said, shaking my head to get the thought of her out of it. There was no fucking way I was considering trying to make things happen with her when I was already overwhelmed as it was. Plus, she wasn’t really showing interest. All the sex was going to my head.

I eventually stood up and headed down into the boat, finding that there was a big whirlwind of women getting ready. I managed to steal a kiss from Cassidy as she was moving from our cabin to Wanda’s, and then slipped in behind Cattie at the mirror as I kissed her cheek from behind. “I heard about dinner,” I said quietly. “Anything you want to talk about?”

“No,” she said. “The girls had me, and I’ve got you behind me one hundred per cent. That’s all I need to know.”

I kissed her again and then got shooed out of the room as Cassidy, Wanda and Leia all came in at once. I had my suit pushed into my arms, and I was directed to go get changed in the living room.

The Fancy Dress Party was supposed to start soon, and all of them were in a rush to get ready and didn’t want me seeing them half-done up.

“You’ll get a fashion show, Tiger,” Cassidy said as she kissed my lips lightly and then closed the door in my face.

“OK,” I said to the door. “I guess I’ll just wait out here.”

If there was one thing I was going to need to do, it was get used to being run over by a pack of women I loved. What was I going to do, argue with them?

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My jaw dropped. Cassidy grinned at my expression as she stepped through the kitchen area to where I'd been waiting on the couch in the sitting area of the boat.

"Holy smokes," I said. "I don't know whether to be turned on or jealous of that dress getting to be on you like that."

Cassidy's grin grew wider as she stepped up to me. Her violet-dyed hair was loose but carefully styled after being straightened, and she was wearing a necklace that I had bought her for our last anniversary. "You can be both, Tiger," she said with a grin as she put her knees on either side of mine, straddling me on the couch. The shimmering silver dress she was wearing was already a daring length, showing off her long legs and riding above the midpoint of her thighs, and as she sat down on my knees it rode higher but didn't show anything. The fabric was slinky and draped nicely, but clung to her curves. The top was held up by two thin little silver strings, and it draped to show some cleavage but looked like it risked exposing a lot more.

She leaned in and kissed me delicately, and I couldn't help but run my hands from her waist around to her butt, squeezing it. "You turn me on so much, baby," I said with a happy grin.

"And you turn *me* on, handsome," she said. "Now, the girls want to give you a little fashion show. It's not everyone, since we couldn't all fit over here and we wanted to save some of the reveals for upstairs. Stagger them out so you aren't overwhelmed."

"I'm already overwhelmed," I said, making her laugh.

"Well, more overwhelmed," she said. "Are you ready?"

"Could I possibly ever be ready enough?"

"Probably not," she said, scrunching up her nose a little as she smiled. Then she slipped from my lap with a sure grace, not wobbling once on the silver heels she was wearing. "Alright, ladies," she called out.

The fancy dress party had been a part of Becca's schedule from the start, unlike the secret trip to the strip club. Everyone had known that we'd be doing it and had packed accordingly. Before we'd left I'd wondered what dress Cassidy was going to wear, and she'd hidden it from me saying she wanted it to be a surprise. It definitely was - if we'd been anywhere else, I'd be worried about the fact that there might be a nip slip at some point with the way it hung on her. It was drop-dead gorgeous, and as Wanda came strolling down from the cabin hallway I realised that I was likely going to be stunned over and over that night.

Her hair was down, her blonde locks partially covering her face for a moment as she glanced down and then back up at me as she smiled. She was wearing blue, a great colour on her, and

the dress was fitted to her torso and bust on top. The shoulder straps were thicker, maybe an inch and a half, and likely made it possible for her to wear a pushup bra that was pulling her moderate bust into an impressive cleavage. The bottom of the dress hugged her hips and then fell into an asymmetric slant that made me think of how it would look as she twirled and danced.

Wanda liked the look I was giving her, but then she stopped in front of me and turned partway to the side, striking a pose, and my jaw literally dropped. The dress hugged her fantastic ass like it was tailored to her, and God did it look good.

“Wow,” I said. “I mean- Wanda, you look absolutely stunning.”

“Thank you, Tiger,” she said with a grin, biting her lip momentarily before stepping forward and leaning in to kiss me softly. “I’m glad you like the dress.”

“I like the dress, I love the woman,” I told her, holding her gaze for a long moment.

She flushed and pouted her lips in a second air kiss before pulling away.

I didn’t have time to linger on her, as the next woman was already coming down the hallway. Terra was strutting like she was on a catwalk, which I knew she had actually done before, and her steps were confident despite the incredibly tall black heels she was wearing. She was wearing a little black dress that clung to her hips and ass, and sat high on her thighs, though as she got closer I could see that it wasn’t solid black and was instead a sheer black pattern over a silver under cloth so she almost looked like she was wearing a stylish camo. Her hair was up in a bun, but it didn’t stay that way as she stopped in front of me and reached back, pulling out a pen that was holding her hair in place and she whipped her head back and forth, letting her hair fall down dramatically.

“Damn, Terra,” I said. “You look like a fucking snack.”

“You know it, Tiger,” she grinned. Then she leaned down and kissed me as well.

I caught her hand before she pulled away, and I lowered my voice. “I heard about dinner,” I said. “Are you OK?”

“Definitely,” she said, looking into my eyes to make sure I believed her.

She backed away and when I looked at the three of them - Cassidy, Wanda and Terra - they were all grinning at each other and at me. It still felt weird, not only kissing them in front of each other but knowing that they were rooting for it.

“Ahem,” Cassidy cleared her throat, looking pointedly at the hallway.

I turned and had to literally stand up as Cattie came walking down the hall. Her long black hair was pulled to one side stylishly, cascading like a silky wave over one shoulder, and her eyes were done up with a soft grey smokey look. Her lips matched her dress, a deep blood red, and she smiled a little shyly as she saw the look on my face but didn't stop walking.

To be frank, the top of the dress was strapless and had a corset-like quality with golden fasteners down the front to add to the effect, and it framed her tits into an amazing cleavage that would have turned the heads of every man in a graveyard, let alone at whatever function she wore the dress at. The torso clung to her hips and then fell loose down to her ankles, but it had a daring cut up one side flashing her long, pale leg.

She didn't stop, walking straight into my arms.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," I said.

"Then that makes me the luckiest woman," Cattie said with a smile.

"Catherine, I can't tell you how fucking angelic you look."

"In red?" she chuckled.

"OK, devil-angel," I said. "You're absolutely stunning."

"Thank you, Tiger," she said. Then her grin got a little wider, but she cast her eyes down. "I'm glad that my Master is pleased."

I took her chin between my fingers and lifted it, her gaze flicking back to mine. "Very, very, very pleased, Catherine," I said quietly. Then I kissed her, not caring if that red lipstick got all over me. When I finally pulled away her lips didn't look a mess, so hopefully mine didn't either. "I love you, girlfriend."

"I love you too, boyfriend," she beamed. "But watch this."

She stepped aside and directed me to look down the hallway.

The woman was beautiful. She had long hair in wavy curls down her shoulders that graduated from black to silver in an ombre, and she was wearing a tight black crop top with a high collar and a cutout chest hole that was crisscrossed by lacing. Her skirt was a high waist, sheer black number and she was wearing a black bikini bottom underneath it. It was loose and swayed with her walk, coming down to around her knees, and ended with yellow flowers around the bottom hem and a frill of black string tassels. She was also wearing a black broad-brimmed hat with a big yellow flower on it to match the skirt, finishing the look.

It took me an embarrassingly long moment to realise that under the sexy outfit, the wig, and the thick black eyeliner and lipstick, was Leia.

"I'm running out of words here," I said dumbly. "Holy crap, Leia. You look like... I- You're fucking hot, sunshine. Absolutely fucking hot."

She laughed, her blackened lips grinning wide as she walked into my arms. "Thank you, Tiger," she said.

I spread my arm wider, and soon I had all five of them into a group hug. "Seriously," I said. "I'm the luckiest man on Earth."

"More like the galaxy," Cassidy grinned and winked at you.

"Fuck it, I'm claiming it," I said. "In the whole universe."

Chapter 287

With the party already supposed to have started, the girls quickly started leading me out of the Couples Boat and towards the party. They were all bubbly and grinning, which I partially put down to the fun of dressing up and looking hot as hell, but also at least a little to my reactions to them.

Before I got swept away, however, I managed to hook Terra's arm and hold her back for a moment.

"Hey, just checking in for real," I said quietly. "You might be OK about what happened at dinner, but where is he now?" I hadn't seen JC since I got back from the date.

"He's already up at the party," Terra said. "Honestly, Robbie, it's OK. I'll tell you about it later, alright?"

"OK," I agreed and hugged her again, feeling her tight little body pressed against mine. She grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the boat, heading for the Singles top deck.

I was the last one up in our group and was able to take it all in at once. The balloons and streamers fastened to the railings of the deck made the whole thing feel festive, and the girls had set up tables with drinks and finger foods. With the twinkling party lights on and the music turned up the area felt a hell of a lot like a boat cruise instead of where we'd been hanging out for the last week.

My eyes weren't exactly looking at the party elements though.

“Hey, Tiger,” Becca said as she smiled demurely, heading in my direction.

“Dear Lord, I might die before the end of tonight,” I said, shaking my head in awe. She was wearing a slinky black dress that was entirely backless and hung from her by two thin black strings over her shoulders. Her hair was down, and she hadn’t put on any jewellery but that just highlighted the deep amount of cleavage and her smooth, perfect skin.

She smirked a little and took my hands as I offered them, stepping close so that I could kiss her fully. A couple of the girls gave little cheers when they saw that, and she smiled into the kiss.

“Wow,” I said as we separated.

“You clean pretty well yourself,” Becca said.

“Well thank you,” I said with a grin, adjusting my tie slightly. Working at the hotel in event management meant I had a modest collection of suits since I needed to look the part when rubbing elbows with the clients, but this one was definitely my nicest. Cassidy had made sure I packed it. “Is there anything I can do to help out?”

She shook her head, still smiling that little smirk of hers. “I knew you would ask that,” she said. “And I love you for it. No, Robbie, there isn’t. Zenya got help and most of it was done before we even got back.”

“Have I mentioned how much I enjoyed our date?” I asked.

“Maybe on the walk back,” Becca grinned.

“Good,” I said. “Then I should find Zenya and tell her what a great job she did.”

“I think she'd like that,” Becca said.

We slipped closer to the mingling group of ladies. I spotted JC over near the pilots’ cabin, talking with Ginnie and Leia, using his hands to describe what must have been some sort of athletic thing from his past with the way he was moving them. He was dressed in a suit as well, though his shirt was open to his sternum and showing off the cleft of his pecs instead of wearing a tie. Ginnie was in a black dress with white polka dots, her small bust pushed together into a shelf. She looked great, but I couldn’t help but compare her to Leia next to her and think how much more attractive my girl was.

I found Zenya near the food table, looking like she was double-checking that everything had made it up from the kitchen below, and I scooped my arms around her from behind and hugged her around her stomach. “You’ve done an amazing job, Zee,” I said.

“Hey, Tiger,” Zenya said, leaning back into me a bit and looking over her shoulder with a grin. Her hair was up in a stylized bun, a big shock of her hair loose and teased into a swoop of bang like she was an emo girl covering a third of her face. She’d done her makeup lighter than usual, toning back the ‘big eye’ anime look a bit, and she looked stunning.

“Wow,” I said. “Talented *and* beautiful.”

She flushed a little and shook her head as she rolled her eyes. “Flaterer.”

“Maybe I am, but you deserve it,” I said. I took her hand and held it out. “Spin, I want to see how gorgeous you make this dress look.”

She did, grinning and wiggling her hips as she did. She was wearing a gold dress that shimmered as she moved, and while it was quite as daring as my fiancée’s silver one was, it still showed off her significant cleavage and hugged her hip and soft stomach delightfully. She’d added a few necklaces to the ensemble to finish the look.

“So what do you think?” she asked.

“I think you look absolutely delicious,” I said. “I think you always look good, but you’ve outdone yourself tonight. I think I want to see that dress on you again and again, but I want to see it on the floor even more.” I gave her a wink and a teasing smirk.

She guffawed slightly, her eyes lighting up at the barely contained innuendo, and she hugged me as she wrapped her arms around the back of my neck to pull me down. She kissed my cheek and then pressed her lips to my ear. “Maybe I want it on the floor of your cabin, too.”

I growled softly, hugging her tightly. “I want you to know how much I want you, Zenya,” I said. “The delay of things between us was entirely accidental, OK? You are an absolute catch, and whether it’s just a fling or if you decide my weird situation is workable, I do want more time with you. Very, very much.”

She pulled back a little and looked me in the eye. “Are you sure?” she asked. “There’s only so many hours left. We leave in a lot less than 24 hours. You don’t need to-”

I interrupted her with a kiss. Not a big one, and no tongue, but my lips pressed to hers and she melted a little in my arms.

“Yes, I’m sure,” I said when I pulled away.

She grinned and nodded. “Then like I said earlier, I’ll make sure it happens.”

Chapter 288

The drinks were already flowing and dancing started quickly. Phones were out and pictures were getting taken, and I got swept along as both the subject and the photographer. Everyone wanted pictures with everyone right at the start of the party, and I quickly realised why - Heather and Sherry hadn't made an appearance yet. Even JC came over and asked for a picture with me, and then in a group with Terra and Cassidy. I really wasn't sure where we stood, but he seemed to be doing OK and not holding anything against me.

I had no idea how long that would stay, but I really hoped that he would be alright. He just needed to do some growing up.

Photos were slowly transitioning into dancing when the Terrible Two finally made an appearance. They came up from the backside of the Singles Boat, so I missed them at first, but I saw the look on Wanda's face as she passed by me and went and whispered to Cattie, and that had me looking around for the problem.

Heather was wearing a dress that was almost out of character for her - it was a yellow sundress with an orange flower print on it, and she looked objectively pretty in it. The bust showed off some cleavage but wasn't wild about it, and it puffed 'swag' sleeves - and the only reason I knew what they were called was thanks to Cassidy. The dress left her entire chest and collarbone bare except for a little silver necklace, and her powerful legs were prominent below as her height along with a pair of matching yellow heels made her look like a summery Amazonian. Sherry, by contrast, was wearing a tight little sleeveless black dress and had her hair pulled up and back into a bun fixed with a pair of black chopsticks. She looked cute, and was wearing black drop earrings and a black choker of some sort to go with it.

Despite their objective attractiveness, I wanted nothing to do with either of them. I had been dancing loosely with Leia and Ginnie, and leaned down and kissed Leia on the cheek and winked at Ginnie before I separated from them and went over to where Wanda and Cattie had been joined by Cassidy. They were deep in conversation, leaning in, and I interrupted.

"Sorry, my loves, but I think I need a dance partner," I said, holding my hand out to Cattie.

Cattie flushed a little and smiled nervously, but took my hand and let me pull her more onto the impromptu 'dance floor' area. Wanda and Cass both grinned and nodded at me as I quickly caught each of their eyes. Once we were in the dancing area I twirled Cattie in place and then stepped close, weaving the fingers of one of my hands with hers and holding it up as I placed my other hand on her hip.

"This isn't that kind of song," she said to me with a little smile.

"I could slow dance with you to anything, Catherine," I said. It was some sort of club song, but I pulled her a little closer and started to sway softly.

“Well then, let’s do this right,” she said, letting go of my hand and wrapping both of her arms up over my shoulders. I naturally let my hand fall to the other side of her hip. She looked up at me and sighed softly. “You know, it’s not really fair how you can make everything feel like it isn’t such a big deal.”

“Well, it’s just payback for you making me feel like I’m a huge deal,” I said. “I mean, really, I’m dating Catherine Worndorf. *The Catherine Worndorf.*”

She rolled her eyes but clearly enjoyed my compliment. “You’re trouble, Tiger,” she said.

“So are you,” I grinned, sliding my hands back a bit to tease grabbing her ass. “God, baby, you are always gorgeous but this dress is something else.”

“You like it?” she asked. “I found it at this cute clothing booth at a con last year, but haven’t had anywhere to wear it yet.”

“You have an amazing eye,” I said.

“Thanks, Tiger,” she said softly. Then she bit her lip.

“What?” I asked.

“Just thinking of what I want to do to you later,” she said.

I groaned, pulling her tighter against me, and she laughed and went up on her toes a little to kiss my cheek. Then, when we went back to swaying in our own little world, she looked to the side and sighed softly.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Them,” she said, nodding vaguely towards where Heather and Sherry were. Heather was talking with Ginnie and JC, who looked like they had probably been approached, while Sherry was talking with Heels.

“Ignore them,” I said softly. “Nothing, remember?”

“I know, and I am,” she said. “But that doesn’t erase the things I know. Like I know that Heather put that choker on Sherry and is grooming her to be a sub - she was obsessed with the whole ‘collaring’ thing, and that choker was one of her favourites that she’d get me to wear when we went out. She’s doing it to try and piss me off.”

“Does it hurt?” I asked. “Do you need space?”

“No, I’m not jealous or anything,” she said. “Just worried for Sherry. But she’s a big girl now and needs to make her own mistakes. Fuck around and find out. I also know that Heather is naked under that dress.”

“How?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Because that dress has a slit in the side, and she liked to make me embarrassed and tease me by wearing it when we went out shopping or something. She’d always just wear a thong under it and let it fly askew in breezes and stuff, and when I got mad she’d just laugh and play it like it was a joke. She always teased that one day she’d go naked under it, and it definitely wasn’t the dress she’d originally packed for tonight, so I’d put money on her planning on flashing her cooch ‘by accident’ tonight.”

“Yikes,” I sighed.

“Don’t want to see my Ex’s pussy, Tiger?” Cattie asked with a smirk.

“I have no need whatsoever,” I said, leaning down to kiss her again as I let my hands fall back further and grab her ass fully. She hummed her approval and pressed herself against me firmer, kissing me back. When she pulled away she was smiling again. “Is there anything else I can do for you?” I asked.

She shook her head. “Just keep being handsome, and cute, and emotionally mature, and- OK, you’re pretty perfect,” she grinned. “Maybe just trust me?”

“Of course I trust you,” I said, frowning softly. “Why would I not?”

“I mean trust me to be OK,” she said. “As my boyfriend and my Dom. Trust that I’m OK, and that I’ll tell you if I’m not.”

“I trust you,” I said.

She kissed me again and then slipped from my arms and pulled me by the hand to join some of the others so that she wasn’t monopolising my time.

Chapter 289

I danced with all of my girls. They each had a different style, and I’d learned a lot about them at the Strip Club and dancing there, but this wasn’t quite the boozy rager so inhibitions were still in place. Wanda grinned like a fiend as we danced, and went so far as to back her ass up against me and twerk on me a bit as she pressed my hands to her tight stomach through her blue dress. Leia was a group-dancer and had fun putting her black hat on my head and getting pictures with me as we were laughing. Zenya and Becca both had a bit more of a sultry way about them and

danced close with me, while Cassidy was a silly dancer and just let loose and had fun. The fact that she flashed me some nipple a couple of times, giggling hysterically each time, had me grinning.

I danced with Ami twice, one more energetically and fun, then again in a slow dance in the back corner of the top deck as she held me close in more of a hug. At the end of that dance she kissed me gently, feeding me some tongue as we made out. She was wearing a gorgeous sheer black, full-sleeved dress under which she wore a bright red bandeau top and miniskirt. It was a massive tease and fit her perfectly.

“Everything OK, Cutie?” I asked her softly as we just hugged each other.

“Mostly,” she sighed, resting her cheek against my chest. She stood back up more and looked up at me. “I’m just not ready to leave you tomorrow.”

“We can-”

“Shh,” she shushed me, smiling sadly and placing a finger on my lips. “I know you have ideas and plans, and I know they’ll be good. I just want to be with you right now, though.”

“OK,” I said and pulled her into another hug. My relationship with Ami had been so odd, especially compared to the others. We’d taken things ‘slow,’ at least compared to how everything else had gone, and we still hadn’t sex - and while I definitely did want to have sex with her, I was happy to wait for her timeline. But I could picture her naked in detail, and knew the face she made when she came, and I just wanted to snuggle into a bed together and hold her as we talked and learned more about each other.

Realistically, I didn’t know much about most of the women I was involved with now, and that was a problem. But it was one that I knew I would have fun fixing as I spent time learning more and more about them.

Once the dance, and hugging, were done with Ami I headed over to the food, grabbed a little disposable plate and loaded up on a few of the spring rolls that had been put out. I was just starting to pour myself a drink from the pitcher of the fruity cocktail someone had made when I heard a soft scoff off to my left. I glanced and saw the yellow of Heather’s dress, so I didn’t bother responding and just went about my business.

She scoffed again, a little more deliberately, and I ignored it. Then she stepped right up to me.

“Can I get you something, Heather?” I asked, using every trick in my Customer Service book to keep my face pleasantly neutral and my tone light.

“You’re a real scumbag, you know that?” she hissed quietly.

"I didn't know that," I said, keeping that same light tone. "And I doubt that most people I know would think that."

"Are you fucking kidding me? You've wrecked, what, three relationships on this trip because you couldn't keep your little dick to yourself? You took advantage of women, you use them for sex."

I looked at her and didn't respond verbally. I just raised an eyebrow.

"How's it feel to know you're getting my sloppy seconds, and she's wearing the dress that I bought her?" Heather asked.

I snorted a soft chuckle and shook my head.

"What?" she demanded, her voice getting a little louder. "What?"

I just chuckled some more.

That seemed to press a button in her because she snarled and raised her voice again. "What's so funny, you fuck? You think I'm funny? You think breaking up my relationship is funny? You fucking asshole fuckboy. You misogynist pig."

I couldn't help it. I full-on guffawed, raising a hand to cover my mouth.

"What the fuck is so funny!?" she shouted, drawing the attention of everybody else.

I coughed, trying to get my laugh under control, and struggled to straighten my face. "It's really hard to take anything you say seriously when your vagina is out, Heather," I said.

She looked down and realised that her yellow sundress had hooked on the corner of the table at the back, and that split that Cattie had mentioned to me had opened and pivoted from the side to the front as the loose material was pulled backwards. Heather's pussy had a soft dot of feathery pubic hair above it, and I couldn't see much more due to the angle.

She screeched in rage and turned, yanking at her dress to pull it from the corner of the table and get it straightened. Turning back to me, she was clearly embarrassed now as well as angry. "You think that's funny? You think a woman getting exposed is funny, you raging prick?"

"No," I said. "But I think you coming over to verbally assault me and that happening to you is *kinda* funny."

"Alright, that's enough," Becca said sternly, interrupting Heather before she could say something else. My girlfriend stepped forward and I let her push me back slightly. Even in her heels, Becca had to look up at Heather but her presence was a lot bigger than her physical form. "Heather, we all saw how your relationship imploded this week, and I'm sorry that you're hurt and it

happened on this trip. But I gave you a chance to leave, and you decided to stay. Berating other people on the trip is unprofessional no matter how hurt you are, and putting yourself in a position to accidentally flash other people is inappropriate. Do I seriously need to ask you to go change or something?"

Heather was clenching her jaw hard, her glare shifting from Becca to me and back. "He baited me," she said as some sort of excuse.

"How?" Becca asked. "Seriously, how did he bait you? By existing?"

Heather worked her jaw, and then growled and stomped away across the deck. Everyone watched her go, but she disappeared into the Pilot's Cabin.

"Thanks, Becca," I said as she turned to me.

"You couldn't have de-escalated a little bit more?" Becca asked me with a rueful smile.

"Nope," I said.

She snorted and shook her head. "Fair," she said. "Serves her right, anyways. If she came at me like that, I might have cunt punted her."

That made me laugh, and soon the party got started again as Sherry went looking for Heather. And even though I still worried for Cattie and her relationship with her sister, at that moment I really couldn't give a fuck because Sherry was making some really, really dumb choices and my girlfriend was right. She just needed to fuck around and find out.