

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 104-110

By Breakthebar

Chapter 104

I handed off the camera back to Terra, which she happily took but then immediately got concerned as she saw the expression on my face and that I was looking past her. I quickly made my way through the ladies and got up next to the edge of the dock where the four good ol' boys were pulling up.

Now, I had a few options for how to deal with them. The first was to go Macho Alpha and try and tell them off and protect my group. I liked to think of that as being 'Papa Lion' when I was at work in the casino, and to be frank it was rarely a good choice considering when I was at work I was on the hook for every misstep one of my events had that could have been managed. Yelling at clients, or threatening fights, was a terrible way at keeping a job. The second option I had was to try and ignore it, which obviously wasn't going to happen either. Even if all the girls had been strangers I'd never met I wouldn't want to see them getting harassed. And they weren't strangers. Cassidy was there, and Wanda, and Becca and Cattie and Ami and-

Jesus, I might be going a little overboard, I thought.

The third option was to weak-will it. Try and keep the peace but also maintain some sort of boundary so that the guys could feel macho without actually doing any damage to the ladies. That was how way too managers ended up doing things in the service industry. I'd seen too many bar managers and house managers bend over backwards to keep an obvious asshole customer from making a complaint after abusing a staff member. There was no way I would step into shoes like that.

So what was my last option?

"Well, hey there fellas," I said, putting on a very loud and very chipper voice. "I'll be honest, I'm not much for rope tugging, but if you whip it on up here I'll happily tug your rope, wrap it around this here pole and make sure you're good and happy."

The fourth option was Controlled Chaos. Use innocence and logic to turn a group of shitters on each other and deflect it away from staff.

"What?" the guy who talked said, furrowing his brow and looking at me like I had two heads.

"I said whip your rope on up here and I'll give it a tug just like you asked," I said with a huge, golden retriever grin and peppy demeanour I wasn't feeling on the inside. I ended the sentence in my head with, '*You filthy fucking degenerate.*'

"Hah!" one of his buddies laughed. "Fella wants to give you a tug, Jim!"

"I ain't no faggot," Jim sputtered. He turned to me, glaring. "Are y' queer or something, you fuck?"

Now, the dock had gotten a lot quieter when I started speaking so loudly, and all the girls were now glaring at the guys.

"You kiss your mother with that mouth, asshole?" Heels asked from nearby.

"Fuck you, paki bitch," one of Jim's other friends said.

Now, I'd put my arm out to caution Heels back when she talked. The whole point of my manoeuvre was to disarm the guys instead of giving them a target. My answer to Jim *would* have been something like 'Well, I ain't a homosexual if that's what you're asking sir, but I'd happily tug on that rope you're offering if you want' and just send it right back at them. Heels didn't help the situation.

JC helped even less, though based on his life compared to mine I could understand why he may not follow the same playbook.

"How about you shut the fuck up, Greasy Dan," he said, stepping around me and making himself look big. It was pretty successful, considering his fitness.

"You got a problem, wetback?" Jim said. "What, you an' yer faggot friend gonna fight all four of us?"

Then Heather stepped forward and cracked her knuckles loudly. "I'll take the two on the left," she said.

Now, Heather was a big woman. Not big as in fat, though her plush lips and big tits and thick thighs could lead you to that thinking. Other than Terra, Heather might have been the fittest of all the women on the trip and if it wasn't for the work she'd had done she'd probably look a lot more butch.

The guys didn't know what to do.

My 'Chipper Golden Retriever' act wasn't going anywhere, so I dropped it. "Look, guys. You made asses of yourselves, but we have no idea who you are. How about you guys wait about

thirty seconds for us to clear out, and then you dock down at the base of the dock and we all go our separate ways?”

There was a long moment of the rednecks glancing at each other. ‘Greasy Dan’, as JC had named him, looked ready to split. So did Jim and another one, surprisingly. It was the fourth, sitting in the prow of the boat, who decided it would be a good idea to reach between his legs into a tacklebox and start pulling out a wicked-looking Fish Cleaning knife.

He started to snarl something as he did it, but he never got to finish.

Heather kicked him right in the face. Blood splattered and there was a crunch as the guy’s nose broke, and the clatter of the knife on the inside of the metal boat.

I took the opportunity of shock everyone went through to kick down at the boat and push it away from the dock. Then I turned and waved at the girls. “We’re leaving!”

The ladies scattered for the houseboats, except for JC, Heather and I. And Becca.

“What the fuck,” Becca sighed.

The two guys in the middle of the boat were shouting, trying to help their buddy who definitely *didn’t* want their help by the way he was thrashing at them. The fourth one at the back of the boat looked like he didn’t know what to do.

“What the fuck is going on out here?” Maddison called from the top of the dock stairs. She was put back together and looking on in confusion.

Now it was my turn to sigh.

Chapter 105

“Nice kick,” I muttered to Heather.

“Thanks,” she said, still standing next to me with her fists on her hips as she looked slightly away from me.

JC was on my other side, his arms crossed over his chest as he sneered across the dock at the four other guys. The one who’d gotten his nose broken was holding a big wad of bloody napkins to his face still and they all looked about as mollified as I could imagine.

Madison, it turned out, wasn’t just a Gas Bar girl. I wasn’t sure who she was related to, but seeing her pissed off had been enough to shut the guys up. She was now talking with Becca up on the deck of the restaurant area.

“Heather-” I started.

“Just fuck off,” she sighed.

I could take a hint.

Becca, accompanied by Madison, came back down the dock stairs and headed our way. “We’re all paid up and out of here,” Becca said. “Let’s get moving. We’ll talk when we find a place to anchor.”

The three of us nodded, and Heather and JC headed towards our boat, but I hesitated.

“Sorry that got out of hand,” I said to both Becca and Madison. “I should have had it.”

“Not your fault,” Becca sighed, shaking her head softly. “You tried.” She patted my arm and smiled. “Thanks, by the way. For trying.”

“Trying isn’t doing,” I said. “Next emergency, I’ll be on it faster.”

Becca rolled her eyes and smirked a little. “Always trying to be the hero. I’ll talk to you later, Spider-Man.” She headed back around to the other pier of the dock and the Singles Boat.

“Spider-Man?” Madison asked.

“It’s just a- It’s a joke,” I explained. “Her and my fiancée dressed up as Mary Jane Watson to do a photoshoot and I was the stand-in Spider-Man.”

“How’d you look in the onesie suit?” Madison asked with a chuckle.

“Not too shabby,” I said. “I’m sorry if this is any trouble for you.”

She scoffed and shook her head. “Nah. Jim and his boys are drunk idiots. They’re banned from half the places on the lake for being assholes, and including anywhere else they can get gas. Only reason they aren’t banned from here is cause my Daddy owns it and they work for him in town sometimes. They know if they cause shit, they lose out on gas *and* their jobs. Which, by the way, is why y’all’re going to take my number.” She handed me a slip of paper with a phone number on it. “If they track you down on the lake or whatever to try and cause some problems, just call me. They know you have it, too, which should be enough to keep them away.”

“Thanks,” I said, tapping the paper against my thumb. “And, ah, thanks for earlier, too. You were pretty fantastic. It’s a weird situation, but you definitely deserve someone who can match your energy.”

“That might be the most roundabout, but nicest, compliment I’ve ever gotten,” she grinned. “And Robbie? You were a pretty damn good fuck, too.” She gave me a little punch on the arm by way of a farewell and then went over to the rednecks. “Come on, you dummies. Why can’t you take a fuckin’ hint and keep yer traps shut sometime?”

I headed back to the House Boat and quickly undid the mooring ropes at the front and back. Most of the girls had been watching what was happening from the top decks of the boats, and I waved up to Cassidy who went to tell JC he could get us moving. The engines thrummed to life and we began to pull away from the dock as I climbed the stairs up to the top deck.

Cass met me at the top with a hug and a kiss, and I was soon getting a heroes welcome as they were all raving about how I’d tried to disarm the situation, and at how Heather had ended it. JC got his share of kudos as well in the pilot’s cabin. Heels obviously thought his take on the situation, trying to meet aggression with aggression, was the right choice while Terra hugged me tightly and whispered in my ear that she thought I’d been handling things perfectly. Cattie gave me a quick side hug and a brief kiss on the cheek, but that was it and she mostly stayed plastered to Heather’s side and encouraging her to enjoy the accolades to the point of pointing out her girlfriend still had some of the guy’s blood on the toe of her sneaker.

“Hey,” Cass said to Wanda as people were starting to spread out. “Becca radioed over that we’re going to try and put some distance between us and those guys before we stop for lunch. Did you want to do your massage shoot while we’re going?”

“Sure,” Wanda grinned, perking up. “White bikini, right?” She turned to me, speaking just a little quieter. “Do you want me to wear a cap for you, sir?”

I raised my eyebrows at that, which made her giggle. Cassidy slipped her arm around my waist as she spoke quietly to me. “I told Wanda more about how we agreed that you own me, and she wants a taste of that so I told her that for today when it’s just us she should call you ‘sir.’ We thought ‘Master’ would be hotter since she’s your filthy little slut, but you wouldn’t take to it.”

Blowing out a breath, I could only chuckle a little. “Just for today,” I said, looking at both of them until they agreed with their own little grins. I pulled them both into a hug, wrapping my arms around them. “I’m only going to say this once, Wanda. If anything today feels wrong, you need to say it, OK? I’m going to try and push your buttons for *you*, so for all the game is I’m in control, you need to be in control of the emergency stop.”

She went up on her toes and kissed my cheek, then turned my lips towards her a little more with a hand and kissed me on the mouth. “Thank you,” she said with a smile. “That’s the kind of thing that makes me trust you to push the buttons properly. Sir.”

I glanced around and noticed that Terra was watching us from over in the Pilot’s Cabin where she was talking with JC. She didn’t look away when she got caught, just raised an eyebrow. I

palmed Wanda's ass and leaned down to kiss her again while I was still holding Cassidy in the hug as well, and Terra saw the whole thing and just flashed me a thumb's up and a wink.

"Just the bikini," I told Wanda. "I love your look in the cap, and that you girls are doing that for me, but for the aesthetic of the shoot we'll do it without."

Wanda grinned and nodded. "OK. I'll be ready in, say, 10?"

"Sounds good," Cassidy nodded. "I think we need to talk a second as we get Robbie ready, too."

Wanda kissed us both on the cheek, and then we all headed down into the boat.

Chapter 106

"Check in," Cassidy said once we were in the room. "Are you OK?"

"About the fight thing, or the fucking thing?" I asked.

"Both, Tiger," she said, shifting me and urging me to sit on the bed and then climbing on to straddle me so that we were inches away. "Actually, the fucking more. I know you can handle aggressive assholes fine. But that whole thing with the blonde happened really quickly and I didn't get to check how you were really."

I took a breath and nodded, trying my best to decide how I did actually feel about it. "I... don't think I want to do something like that again," I said. "I mean, it was hot, sure. But it was also really stupid. I mean, I just fucked a girl we don't know bareback. Not to mention that it was to film a spite-porn for her to send to someone else."

"Cattie told me she made sure not to get either of our faces," Cassidy assured me. "But you're right, having sex with her without a condom was pretty stupid. We should have just gotten one from the store up front. But we don't need to worry about diseases at least, not that she looked like she had anything. The App covered that."

"I hadn't even thought of getting one from the store," I chuckled., shaking my head as I felt like an idiot. I took another breath. "Madison was cute, and hot. I don't regret it as long as you're OK, too."

"I am," Cassidy assured me. "What about me getting involved? So far I haven't done that, it just- It felt right in the moment?"

"It was hot for sure," I nodded. "And all you did was give. I didn't feel jealous at all in that instance, but I don't know about anything else going forward. Is that OK?"

She kissed me, nodding. "I promise, nothing without asking you first."

We held each other for a long moment, and then I fished in my pocket and pulled out the paper with Madison's number. Cassidy's eyes went wide when she saw it. "You got her number? Tiger, you stud!"

I laughed. "It wasn't like that. She gave it to me in case those guys come back."

"Well, we have it," Cassidy grinned. "She could have just given it to Becca, but she gave it to you. Maybe we can get her to send us some nudes. Or the whole video? I think it would be hot if I blew you while you watched it."

"Cass," I sighed through a chuckle. "Please don't pressure her to send us anything."

"I won't, I promise," she said. "Cross my heart and hope to die. But, may I please have permission to flirt with her? Just a little over text to see if she's open to trading some nudes with you. And I promise not to use the App."

Part of me wanted to say no, but part of me really did want to see Madison naked again. I hadn't even seen her boobs really, and her ass was juicy. "OK," I agreed. "You can flirt a little. But you can only ask to trade nudes one time. That's the limit. And you make it clear that you're the one talking, and it's for both of us."

She looked at me with big eyes and a little smile. "Thank you, Tiger."

"You're a little devil," I chuckled and kissed her again.

"And you're my hero," Cassidy replied once the kiss finished.

"There's something else, though," I said. "What did you and Cattie talk about? Because she, ah-"

"I saw," Cassidy said. "She sucked a little bit of your cum off of the tip of your dick."

"Yeah," I said. "Not that I minded, but what was that about?"

Cassidy took in a deep breath and sighed. "Cattie is staying with Heather. They talked a lot earlier, and Heather owned the fact that she'd fucked up. She was pissed that Cattie went through with it, and especially that she could hear us some of the time. But she actually apologized, or at least as close to it as I guess Cattie thought she could get. Heather wanted Cattie to avoid us for the rest of the trip, and Cattie refused, so they compromised - Cattie isn't going to spend any time alone with us today, especially not you, the exception being when she came to tell me. After that, she can be alone with us but not in our room, but everything else goes back to normal."

“That’s not nearly as bad as I thought it would be,” I said. “But that still doesn’t explain the other thing.”

“I think Cattie was trying her best not to tell me about another part of the agreement between her and Heather. I think Heather wants a threesome or moresome on the trip, and Cattie isn’t thrilled about needing to agree to it.”

“She probably feels hypocritical,” I said. “Last night wasn’t a threesome really, but it might as well have been.”

“Says you,” Cassidy grumbled good-naturedly for a moment. “I’m joking, by the way. I am very happy with our rules right now if it’s helping us.”

“I know, baby,” I said and gave her another peck.

“So, I think Cattie doing that was her kind of standing her ground for herself,” Cass continued. “I need to talk to her again and check in with her. I really hope she’s not beating herself up now thinking she cheated or something. The absolute last thing I want her feeling is like she’s betrayed her own values.”

I didn’t really want to say it, but in my opinion she kind of had. Last night was last night, and the thing in the store was different. Cattie had put her mouth on my cock, even for a split second. I loved it, and I wanted it, and I wanted more of it, but that didn’t change what it was. It was a betrayal of Heather’s wants. But could I blame her, if Heather was leveraging her own mistake to try and fuck other people and get Cattie to do it as well?

And for all I disliked Heather, she’d also stepped up. Maybe for the first time on the trip I hadn’t looked at her as being an ass, particularly when she reacted so quickly to that guy grabbing for a knife.

Heather didn’t deserve Cattie, but she also didn’t deserve to be treated like shit.

“What’s wrong?” Cassidy asked me, seeing the gears turning behind my eyes.

“It’s just messy,” I sighed. “And all we can do is love on the people we love.”

“Agreed,” she nodded and kissed me again. “Speaking of which, let’s pick out a swimsuit for you.”

Chapter 107

“God, Wanda,” Cassidy said as we went back up top. “You look fucking delicious.”

“Thanks,” Wanda grinned, turning to the side and giving us a look at her ass. Her bikini was white, the triangular cups covering almost her entire breast but the white strings still left most of her smooth, athletic torso bare. The bottoms were a full bikini that tied at the sides but rode low on her hips and waist so that it was barely above her mound. “You like, Tiger?”

Terra and JC were just inside the Pilot’s Cabin still, and Heels was sitting in the deck chairs, so she didn’t call me Sir. “I do,” I said. “You look fantastic. And it’s a perfect choice for the shoot.”

“Let’s go over on the other side of the hot tub,” Cassidy suggested, pointing over to where I had initially done the massages a couple of days ago.

“Good idea,” Wanda nodded.

I peeked my head into the Pilot’s Cabin as we made our way over, Cass carrying our camera bag. “Hey,” I said to JC and Terra. “We’re going to shoot Wanda’s massage shoot over the, just a heads up.”

“Oh, shit,” Terra said. “I need to do that too, huh? Do you have more time later?”

“Um, maybe?” I hesitated. I’d already planned to hang out with Leia after lunch, not to mention the planned meeting with Becca. “I’ll let you know.”

“Sounds good,” she nodded.

“You good to keep driving, dude?” I asked JC.

“For sure,” he gave me a thumbs up. “You mind doing everything tonight though?”

“No worries. You handled all of this morning. I’ll take the afternoon.”

He gave me a ‘surfs up’ waggle of his thumb and pinky.

I went down the deck towards the girls but stopped with Heels for a second. “Hey-”

“I know, I know,” Heels said. “You’re doing the massage thingy.”

“Well, yes,” I said. “But I figured you knew already. I actually wanted to check that you’re OK after the thing at the dock.”

“Oh,” she said, looking up from her phone. “Um, yeah. I guess. Why?”

“Because you were pissed about what they said. And the rest of us on this boat have someone to lean on and decompress, but you and Wanda only have each other, so I wanted to check in.”

“Are you checking in with Wanda like this?” Heels asked.

“Well, not exactly like this,” I said.

“Just... I’m fine, but be careful,” Heels said.

“With you?”

“No,” she scoffed. “With her. Wanda isn’t exactly my best friend, but she’s pretty close. I don’t know what’s going between you three, and I don’t want to know, but ever since that first night when you guys watched the movie together, she’s been a little different. Perkier. Happier. It’s good, but I’m worried if something happens and she swings the other way.”

“I promise we’re not trying to play with her emotions,” I said. “Wanda is-”

“Special,” Heels finished for me. “Just treat her like it, OK?”

“I will,” I nodded.

“Good,” Heels nodded. “Now, I’m trying to finish Super Hard difficulty level crossword puzzle, so unless you have a five letter word with a ‘C’ in the middle for ‘Strips in a Club...’”

I had to think about it for a moment. “Bacon?”

“I mean, it fits, but explain?”

“It’s a distraction clue. Strip and Club make you think of strip clubs, so it’s not that. It’s talking about a club sandwich, which is made with strips of-”

“Bacon,” Heels nodded. “Nice. So he’s not just a bod and apparently magical hands.”

“Thanks,” I laughed.

I left her and went around the hot tub to find Cassidy just finishing getting the camera ready and Wanda laid out on a towel.

“Can I be honest?” I asked.

“Of course, Tiger,” Cassidy said.

“Wanda, your ass is the main attraction in this shoot, so we should probably start your back and build up to it.”

Wanda laughed and wiggled her butt at the both of us. "Fair," she said and turned over. "Like this?"

"Maybe with your arms behind your head," I suggest, kneeling next to her and shifting her arms into place. "Perfect."

"Scrumptious," Cassidy said and snapped a picture of her to test her exposure. She fiddled with some settings, did it again, and then nodded. "Alright, good to go."

"And are you good to go?" I asked Wanda, leaning down closer to her.

"Yes, sir," she grinned and said quietly. She bit her lower lip and smiled. "I want your hands *all* over me, please."

"Noted," I said and kissed her softly so that I didn't mess up her pristinely applied makeup. She'd done her lips a bright red to contrast her skin tone and the white bikini.

I started at her feet, and things went smoothly. We varied things from Becca's shoot a bit as I lifted her legs up, placing one foot at a time on my chest to massage her calves and thighs. Then up her stomach. My fingers slipped under the cups of her bikini top, teasing her soft breasts and hard nipples and making Wanda grin and her eyes flash playfully. Cassidy took those pictures as well, though they wouldn't make it into whatever ended up getting released. Then I massage her upper chest, and her arms, before getting to her face. As usual, I was delicate there and did my best not to smudge his lipstick.

It was when Wanda started to silently tear up and cry that I stopped, concerned. "Wanda?" I whispered quietly.

"Sorry," she said, blinking her eyes open and wiping at her eyes and cheeks. "Sorry, I just felt really peaceful. And horny, but God it was like I was floating on a cloud and the safest I've ever felt."

Cassidy smiled and ran her fingers through Wanda's hair, scratching at her scalp lightly, while I bent lower and kissed her softly.

"It's OK," I said. "I just wanted to make sure you were OK. Do you want me to keep doing that?"

"Yes," Wanda said. "Some other time, though. The moments probably passed."

"OK," I nodded, then kissed her forehead softly. "Have I mentioned how fucking beautiful you are today, by the way?"

"Maybe," Wanda smiled. "But it's nice to hear it again. Sir."

“Well, you’re fucking beautiful,” I said softly, then leaned down so my lips were right next to her ear and whispered, “My filthy little fuck whore.”

Her grin said it all.

Chapter 108

I massaged Wanda’s arms quickly then we flipped her over and I worked on her shoulders, then made a show of undoing her bikini top and laying the string aside before massaging down her back. It was right around the middle of her back that Wanda moaned softly. But she didn’t just moan.

She moaned my name. “Roobbiee.”

“Yes?” I asked her quietly, continuing to massage that part of her back.

“I now fully believe you could make Leia come from massaging her feet if she felt like this,” Wanda sighed.

“Do you think you can get there if I keep going?” I asked.

She nodded without saying anything.

“Do you want me to?”

She hesitated.

“Answer him, little slut,” Cassidy whispered. As with Becca, she’d been shifting around us quietly, snapping pictures while keeping her and our shadows out of the shot.

“Yes,” Wanda said. “But you want me primed for tonight too, sir.”

“I do,” I said, and kissed her between her shoulder blades. “But I want you to know that this is real, too. So don’t hold back right now, OK? I’m going to keep massaging you, and I want you to come when you’re ready.”

“Thank you, sir,” she gasped.

I kept massaging, down to her lower back, then back up to her middle back. It really wasn’t anything different than I usually did, but something made it special for Wanda in that spot and when she came she shuddered softly and let out a little coo of happiness. I also noticed the white gusset of her bikini bottoms darkened between her thighs in the process.

Instead of continuing I laid down next to her and pulled her close, hugging her to me. Wanda wrapped her arms around me, pressing her naked chest to mine as she breathed deeply. Finally, she opened her eyes. "That was amazing, and the exact opposite of the buttons you're supposed to be pushing today."

"I know," I smirked. "But I don't care. That was beautiful."

"It was," she sighed and then kissed me softly. "Thanks."

Fuck. My tongue almost said something I shouldn't. My heart wasn't beating fast, but it was beating heavy. *Fuck, fuck.*

"Let's finish up, OK?" I asked.

She nodded, and soon she was back in position on her stomach, her arms up and cradling her head, and I was straddling her as and finished massaging her lower back. Just as I was about to move down to her glutes, trying my damndest not to think about what had just almost happened, we were interrupted by Heather and Cattie coming up the stairs at the back end of the boat.

"Oh, hey," Cattie said. "How's the shoot going?"

"Really good," Cassidy said. "Probably as good as Becca's."

"I'm having a blast," Wanda grinned, looking up at the two. "I almost feel like my body is high right now, it's that good."

Cattie was dressed in a black bikini with a sheer blue wrap around her waist, while Heather was in a one-piece swimsuit with legholes that ran high on her hips and a cutout circle that showed off a big portion of cleavage. They were both wearing their sunglasses, and Cattie had tied her hair back into a cute pair of braids.

"Well, we won't distract you anymore," Heather said.

"All good," I said. "And thanks again for earlier."

She hesitated, then nodded without saying anything and moved on.

'Thanks,' Cattie mouthed with an earnest smile, then followed after her girlfriend over to the deck chairs.

"Good thing they didn't come up earlier," Wanda whispered with a soft smile. "It would have been a lot harder to explain our quick cuddle."

"You'd be surprised," Cassidy whispered back. "Cuddles are only as weird as you make them."

“Topless?”

Cassidy shrugged. “Are you ready to get your ass massaged or what?”

Wanda looked back at me and grinned. “Yes, please.”

I did just that, palming her ass and slowly spreading suntan oil on her cheeks. She flexed her glutes up at me, and I worked her ass and thighs for the camera, then moved back up again just for us and slid my fingers under the elastic of her bottoms and massaged the rest of her cheeks, then down into her ass crack running my fingers across her most intimate areas. Soon Wanda was panting softly and humping back at me.

But instead of pushing a finger in her, or even cycling down lower to her clit, I pulled away.

“Turn over,” I whispered to her.

She did, without hesitating, leaving her top on the floor so that her bare breasts were out. I took a moment to lean down and suck one of the soft pink nipples into my mouth for a moment before kissing her just as briefly.

“Now, my slut-pet,” I whispered. “I want you to masturbate for me. Pull your bottoms down your thighs and show me how you like to touch yourself when you’re thinking of me. But you already got your orgasm for being a good girl, so even though you’re going to do your very best, you aren’t going to come. Alright?”

“Yes, sir,” she nodded quickly.

I leaned back on my knees, sitting upright, as Wanda pulled her bottoms down her thighs slightly and immediately started rubbing her fingers over her pussy lips. She licked her lips and stared at me as she did it, and soon she was interspersing rubbing herself quickly with spreading herself lewdly, showing me the wet, pink centre of her pussy as it gaped and flexed, begging for my cock. Her outer vulva flushed with more arousal, but she avoided her clit as she wasn’t allowed to come.

She panted, her chest heaving, and didn’t stop. Wanda was looking at me through her lashes as her body tensed with her effort, her breasts wobbling, her toes clenching and unclenching.

Wanda was working herself into a fever pitch that had her fingers sloshing just slightly. She was getting closer and closer, but I could tell she was also resisting because that’s what I’d asked of her.

All at once I pulled her hand away from her pussy and I leaned down over her, pressing her back to the towel as I kissed her hard. Her naked breasts pressed to my naked chest, my cock

still in my swimsuit pressing against her mound. She kissed me back needily, our tongues dancing, but I set the tempo and I slowed us both down into a leisurely makeout, and then into shorter kisses.

“Thank you, sir,” Wanda panted once the kissing was done. “That was- I’m so fucking turned on right now. I’ve never let anyone take pictures of me like that, and doing it for you- Fuck. Robbie, that was intense. I can’t believe I didn’t come.”

I gave her another peck. “That was really special. Thank you.”

She hugged me, and then Cassidy was putting away the camera and I helped Wanda get her top on. “You going to try and squeeze in Terra’s shoot now?” she asked.

I shook my head. “You should probably scoot down and change, or hop in the hot tub. Your bottoms are soaked. I think I want to head down and take a nap, and talk with Cassidy for a second.”

“Are you kidding?” Wanda asked. “Fuck that, I’m gonna wear this with pride. I’m joining Team Leia. Maybe I’ll get a shirt printed for us. ‘I got a massage from Robbie, and all I got was this t-shirt and a weirdly un-sexual orgasm.’”

“Unsexual, huh?” Cassidy grinned.

“You know what I mean,” Wanda said. She gave me one last kiss, then got on her knees and pulled Cassidy towards her and kissed my fiancée on the cheek. “Thanks for letting this happen.”

“My, and your, pleasure,” Cassidy smiled.

Wanda hopped up and started walking around the hot tub towards the others. “You gals are *not* going to believe this...”

“Is something wrong?” Cassidy asked me quietly as we packed up the towel and zipped up the camera bag. “I thought we were on the same page with Wanda.”

“Downstairs,” I said, taking her hand and squeezing it softly, trying to reassure her in a way I didn’t feel.

Chapter 109

“What’s wrong?” Cassidy asked, now concerned as I had led her into our room and then flopped face down on our bed.

I mumbled wordlessly into the mattress, and Cassidy got up onto the bed beside me and reached down, starting her own massage on my shoulder.

“Tiger, please don’t- I love you, Robbie. I really don’t want to see you like that first day. Please talk to me and don’t bottle it up. Radical honesty.”

I sighed, which only just barely didn’t turn into a sob. Now that I wasn’t trying actively to be what she and Wanda wanted me to be, the guilt was ripping into my chest. And frustration that I felt the way I did, both then and now. I turned over so I was on my back, and Cassidy laid down crosswise on the bed so her head was resting on my chest and she was looking up at me.

“I’m so sorry, Cass,” I said, closing my eyes and breathing deeply.

“For what, Robbie?” she asked. “None of that was bad. It was hot as hell, and super sweet at the same time. You did everything you could to make her feel amazing and you succeeded. Plus the pictures looked amazing.”

I took one more breath, counting down from three in my head, but I couldn’t open my eyes and look into hers as I said it. “Cass, I think we need to stop. When I was holding her like that, after the orgasm, I almost told her I loved her.”

Cassidy didn’t move.

“I wasn’t thinking that. I wasn’t building up to it or anything. And it’s insane, and so fucking wrong. I’ve known her for all of two days and I’m in love with you. And she’s married to someone else, and everything we’ve been doing has been about sexual gratification and feeling good and we haven’t been romantic. But I felt it right there in that moment, and I almost said it, and I feel fucking awful for it.”

Cassidy shifted and crawled up over me so that she was laying on top of my fully, her arms hugging under mine and burying beneath me and her legs pulled up and straddling my hips.

“It’s OK, baby,” she said. Cassidy hadn’t called me ‘baby’ since she’d started using Tiger as her pet name for me. It had been a couple of years. I was always ‘Robbie’ or ‘Tiger,’ or very occasionally ‘Robert’ when she was being silly with an accent.

“It’s not,” I said, wrapping my arms around her as well.

“No,” she shook her head. “It is. I- I had a feeling this might happen. Baby, I never felt this way about any of the girls I was cheating on you with, but that doesn’t mean you aren’t going to develop feelings for the women you feel safe with. I know you. I know how big a heart you have, and how much you care about people that are close to you. Wanda isn’t a Madison, she isn’t some hookup. We, and you especially, are taking your time to get to know her, and care about her. Same with Becca. I’d say same with Cattie, but that’s sort of different already.”

"But it's wrong," I said softly.

"It's not wrong, it's just different," Cassidy said softly. "Do you love me?"

"I do," I said.

"I have your heart, baby," Cassidy said. "Like you said, you own me and I own you. I'm giving you permission to share your cock with any woman you want, and I'm giving you permission to share your heart with Wanda and Becca and Cattie, OK? If anyone else gets close, just tell me and we can talk about it. Obviously if you say it, it might be weird for them. So just... show it. Be yourself, and they'll know."

We lay like that for a while, quiet and breathing together.

"Are you sure?" I asked her. "This is different from what we talked about. Your cheating was physical. This is-

"Not cheating," Cassidy said. "And God, I love you all the more for needing to tell me right away. Even though it was hard. I wish I was as strong as you, Robbie. I wish I told you everything I was feeling all those years ago before I ever slept with any other girls at all. I'm so sorry."

Again, we held each other, hugging and quiet.

I had to process this, and I didn't know where to start. I'd decided, maybe even earlier than I'd realized, that I was still in love, and loved, Cassidy. She was mine, I was hers. That was the thing. I could acknowledge she hurt me deeply, but that we were going to figure it out because she was so completely full of contrition.

I loved Cattie. I was in lust with her. Fuck, was I in lust with her, but I also loved her. It felt more like my love for my sister than for Cassidy though, though maybe the ability to act on my lust was changing that. I wanted to make sure she was safe, and taken care of. I wanted her to be loved, and feel that.

I had a crush on Becca. I knew that. An infatuation. I saw in her parts of myself that I liked, and differences that I liked too. A crush was different from love, but a crush was what I'd had for Cassidy all those years ago. I wanted to impress Becca. I wanted to see her succeed, and celebrate that with her, and hold her close and protect her if she needed it. I wanted to know more about her, and spend more time with her, and explore her mentally and spiritually and, yes, physically.

But I loved Wanda in a way that was different from the other two and was closer to Cassidy. Maybe I was deluding myself, and it was just a reflection of Wanda saying similar things as

Cass - the ownership flirting, the comfortability of our bodies together. My desire to meet her needs matching with her feeling unfulfilled. But she was married, for fuck's sake!

The sexual contact wasn't cheating because she had a deal with her husband and they knew about it. But there was no way he was aware of the emotions going on. I doubted he would be horny to hear her temporary partner was in love with his wife. Or maybe he would - fuck, the way she talked he sounded like he might be a secret cuckold or something. But that wasn't what I wanted.

The engines powered lower, and then off, and there were a lot more voices going on above. The boats had come back together.

"Robbie?" Cassidy asked softly, checking if I was awake.

"I'm here," I said.

"I love you," she said. "It's OK. I promise. It will all be OK."

It was hard to see how it was, or could be. And Cassidy didn't sound sure, but she did sound confident.

Maybe it could be.

Chapter 110

I changed into athletic shorts and a t-shirt before we headed up to see what lunch was about, and I was soon co-opted into barbecuing burgers and hotdogs for lunch. Becca and JC had found us a quiet cove not unlike the one we had anchored in the first night, though it was a little more open to the main lake except that it had more of a beach on the western side and the rock bluff on the east was about twice as tall as the houseboats.

While I was cooking Becca came around to see me, sliding in next to me at the grill on the porch of the Singles Boat. "Hey," she said. "How are you doing now?"

I knew she meant after the encounter with the rednecks, but my discussion with Cass was still on my mind. She was up on the topdecks hanging out and chatting at my encouragement.

"Oh, I'm fine," I said. "I've shaken off worse. Remember, I work in a Vegas casino. I've seen some shit."

She snorted a little and grinned. "Well, I'm glad. And I was serious before - I appreciate you trying to step in quickly and deal with things like that with some humour and class. You really are a hero, even when it doesn't work out."

Becca was rubbing my back a little as she encouraged and complimented me, and I wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into a side hug. "I appreciate you saying that," I said.

"Good," she said. "Sometimes I feel like you don't believe it."

"With you reinforcing it, never again," I promised her with a smile.

She slipped her hand from my back down into the waistband of my shorts, scratching her short nails lightly over the cheek of my ass. "And about the other thing..."

"Yes?" I asked, flexing my ass cheek and making her giggle and little.

"I was thinking maybe I should take a break from shoots tonight. I'm pretty sure everyone is planning one for tonight, so it would give you and I some private time on one of the boats."

"That sounds wonderful," I said and set down the tongues I was using on the grill and slid my own hand down her back and into the back of her daisy dukes, palming her butt in return. She just grinned at that, but then that grin turned a little nervous.

"Um, I did want to ask for something though," She said.

"Anything," I said. "Well, within reason."

"So far the way we've done the big things has been with both you and Cassidy there. I was wondering if, because it's been so long for me, maybe it would be OK if this first one is just you and I?"

"First one, huh?" I asked, trying to diffuse the nervous tension she was feeling.

"Yes, first one," she said, sliding her hand from my ass around to the front and grasping my cock. "We've got four more days after this, and unless something goes drastically wrong I'm hoping you and I have at least a few chances to hook up."

"Happy to," I said quietly. "And I'll talk to Cassidy."

"OK," she nodded. "Thanks. I'm not against playing with her too, it's just-"

"Been a while," finished for her. She took her hand off of my dick, which was now half-hard, and I tilted her face up to mine. "Come here, you," I whispered and kissed her. She breathed in through her nose as we kissed, and slowly we began to make out until we were interrupted by the grease from the burgers popping into a small whoosh of flames.

"Later," Becca nodded with a grin.

“Can’t wait,” I said.

She grinned again, biting the corner of her lip for a moment before heading up the stairs to check on the other lunch prep.

I was just starting to pull the hotdogs off the grill, the burgers needing a bit more time, when Wanda swung by.

“Thanks again for earlier, sir,” she said, hugging me from behind and peeking under my arm at what I was doing.

“You’re welcome, sweetie,” I said, stretching to get my arm around to hug her.

“Sweetie?” she asked with an eyebrow.

“I don’t know who can hear us here,” I said, and bent lower to whisper right in her ear. “Slut.”

“God, I want to blow you right here,” she said quietly.

“That would be hot as hell, but I’m almost done cooking,” I said.

“Maybe next time I’ll show up earlier then,” she teased.

“Maybe you should,” I teased back.

She stood and pulled me back from the barbeque a bit, then hugged me more properly and I returned it. “Seriously, Robbie. I really enjoyed that. Thank you.”

“I did too, Wanda,” I said. *I love you*, I thought. I just hugged her tighter, thinking it. Feeling guilty about it still, but thinking it.

She pulled back eventually and kissed me quickly before asking where Cassidy was, and I told her I’d seen my fiancée up on the top deck last. Wanda left me to seek her out.

My next visitor was nearly so sweet, or kind, or wanting a hug or grope of my penis.

“Are you almost done or what?” Sherry asked, not even coming all the way down the stairs.

“Just about,” I said, starting to pull the burgers off the grill. “Everything else ready up there?”

“For a while,” she said. She hovered like she wanted to say more.

“Sherry, I heard you earlier,” I said. “Did you hear me?”

“What does that mean?”

“I mean did you talk to your sister one on one about what you’re so mad about?” I asked.

“Whatever,” Sherry scoffed. “I don’t have to talk to you about anything.”

“No, you don’t,” I said.

She seemed to not know how to respond to that and just walked back up the stairs. It was hard to remember that, on a boat full of beautiful women, Sherry was still the youngest in the group.

I brought the food up and lunch was served. Cassidy came to me while I was in line and gave me a little kiss, just letting me know she was around. I also had my ass grabbed, though when I turned to see who did it I actually couldn’t tell in the small crowd.

Leia met me at the end of the serving row, smiling sweetly. “Hey, have lunch with me?” she asked.

“Sure,” I said. “Happy to.”

“Great,” she said with a pretty grin. “I have a surprise that I hope you’ll like.”