

# AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 146-152

By Breakthebar

## Chapter 146

Piloting the houseboat was equal parts relaxing and boring - kind of like fishing. I had to pay enough attention that I wasn't running into anything, veering off course or otherwise being an idiot, but I wasn't exactly contending with a difficult task. I was about fifty yards behind Becca and the Singles Boat, and she was navigating, so I was just following.

That meant I had plenty of time to start stewing inside my own head. I was worried about Wanda mostly - after the last few days I was starting to get a little used to the emotional responses women could have to the intimate moments we were experiencing, but Wanda had been different that morning. It also made me worry about the App. Not Cassidy, or if she was doing anything, but the App by itself.

I trusted that Cassidy was telling me the truth about it - I had no way to verify that she wasn't hiding anything from me on that front. So if she was, the App had the 'Stats' function and the 'Perks' function we'd talked about, but the real thing I hadn't grappled with yet was right in the name.

Affection Multiplier.

Thinking back on Cassidy's story from when we'd been graduating high school and in college, which was still a painful brainworm for me that put an uncomfortable tightness in my gut, Cassidy had used the Affection Multiplier effect to get into women's pants. She'd said something about how easy it had been when she learned how to say the right things. So how powerful was the Multiplying factor?

And what was the impact it was having now?

Cassidy was being careful not to be hitting on the other women on the trip herself but was being truthful and blunt about our situation and her willingness to share me. What was the impact of that?

She and Cattie had been online friends before they had ever met at a Con, but their fast escalation over the past two years despite only seeing each other a few times a year seemed more suspect now. Obviously, each time we'd seen her, the App had been passively working on Cattie's friendship stats. But that friendship had already been started before the App, so was that even a bad or manipulative thing? It just sped things up and made them feel closer on a faster timeline.

Except Cattie had mentioned that, if she hadn't been with Heather and she knew Cass was open to it, she would have been interested in a threesome with us before this week. Was *that* the App, or just Cattie?

And what about Becca? Cass hadn't met her in person before this week so the App had (hopefully) not been working on her. And yet Becca and I fit so well together, and had progressed so fast... was it just lust, and Cassidy being open and honest had allowed that to spark? Becca was clearly more interested in me than Cassidy, so was the Multiplier effect just making her feel more comfortable working around the weirdness of the Cassidy and me situation?

And then there was Terra and her frustration with JC and the escalating events of touching and kissing. Almost none of it actually had to do with my fiancée, but it felt out of the norm anyways. Add Leia and Ami, and even Zenya, to that list as well. Ginnie seemed to be the only exception since she came across as carefree and horny no matter what was going on.

But Wanda... All of the others I could come up with a barrier of some sort between the App and them. Each of them were becoming friendly with Cass while also escalating things with me, without pushing on Cass as much in the sex department. Wanda, though, I really couldn't say. She was clearly into me as much as I was into her. Neither of us had known Wanda before this week for there to be an underlying thing. This was all fresh and new, and after openly saying I Love You's last night and this morning...

It couldn't be anything other than the App. And that concerned me.

I needed to know more about her situation if I was ever going to alleviate that concern.

"Hey, Tiger," Cattie said behind me, entering the pilot's cabin behind me. I'd heard the steps on the stairs and assumed it would be Cassidy, but I smiled warmly and looked over my shoulder at her while staying at the wheel. She was wearing a simple blue bikini top and black cotton shorts over the bottoms that were peeking above the waistline, and she had her sunglasses up on her forehead.

"Hey, Catherine," I said, reaching an arm out towards her as she stepped into a hug. She hugged me tightly, pressing her body to mine as I wrapped my arm around her shoulder and held her. She held the hug for longer than I expected and I ended up rubbing her shoulder a little. "Everything alright?" I asked.

"Why'd you start calling me Catherine?" Cattie answered my question with her own, not letting go of me fully and instead standing with her arm around my waist and her chest pressed softly to my side.

“Because Cattie is cute and suits you sometimes, but I think Catherine is as beautiful as you are and more adult, and I...”

“What?” she asked.

“Sometimes you make me want to be an adult with you,” I said. “And I mean that in the Adult Capital A way, but also in the more normal ‘we aren’t kids anymore’ way where we can have fun but we can be serious and emotionally vulnerable together way. And if you’d like me to stop I will.”

“No, I like it,” Cattie said. “I like hearing you say my name like that. Not all the time, but when it’s just us, like you, me and Cassidy? I kind of want to be Catherine instead of Cattie.”

“OK,” I smiled, squeezed her a bit around the shoulder again and leaned my head down to kiss her raven hair.

She smiled and stood with me, looking out at the lake, casually holding each other.

“You sure this is OK?” I asked. “This isn’t considered private time, is it?”

“Not in my book,” she said and shook her head. “No closed doors, anyone could come up and join us. Where’s Cass?”

“Talking with Wanda,” I said. “I think things are getting complicated for her.”

“And you’re not part of the conversation?” Cattie asked.

“Cass said Wanda needed to talk to a woman first.”

“And... I feel awful asking this, but do you trust her with that?” Cattie asked.

I took a moment to absorb the question, and another to breathe before I answered. “I haven’t forgiven her yet. I love her, but the pain is still too fresh to just forgive and forget. But I do. And either that makes me a total fool and a chump, or I’m choosing to trust what I’m seeing in her and what she’s promising me.”

Cattie nodded, rubbing my lower back over my shirt as I explained, and didn’t ask any more questions for clarification.

“How about you?” I asked. “What’s Heather up to?”

Cattie made a face. “She’s helping Sherry with a shoot. I can handle my sister’s boobs being out, and even some booty shots or whatever, but Sherry is starting to use toys in her photoshoots and I’m not sticking around for that.”

“Fair,” I said, now taking my turn to comfort her as I pulled her tightening against me with our hug. “Do you... trust Heather?”

Cattie didn't move and didn't say anything for a long moment. “For now, I think,” she finally said quietly.

“I'm sorry,” I said. “I love you.”

She smiled softly, leaning her head against my shoulder as she reached up and took my hand from her shoulder and pulled it to her lips so she could kiss the back of it softly. “I know. You and Cass are what's making this bearable right now. Knowing how much I love you two, and you love me... it's helping more than you know.”

I just held her some more, unsure of what to say but knowing she just needed someone to lean on at the moment.

## **Chapter 147**

Cattie stood with me for another twenty minutes or so, arms around each other as I piloted the boat, and we just quietly chatted. It was different than with Cassidy or Becca, but as we talked I realized it wasn't because I didn't fit with her any less. There was just a barrier there where Cassidy was mine, and Becca was so open to me that nothing felt off-limits, but Cattie and I were avoiding topics here and there because they could loop us back around to places we didn't want to go.

Finally she sighed, running her fingernails along my spine under my shirt. “I should go check on them.”

“OK,” I said. “Try not to get too much of an eyeful of things that can't be unseen.”

Cattie smirked a little. “We'll see if I can manage that. Dating a nude and lewd model is annoying enough to deal with, having my own sister be one?” She sighed.

“Well, anything you need,” I promised her.

“I know,” she said, then raised up on her tiptoes and kissed me softly on the cheek, right at the corner of my lips. “Love you, Tiger.”

“Love you too, Catherine,” I said.

She slipped from my arms and quickly padded away, back down out to the stairs and into below deck.

I piloted for a while, and then radioed over to Becca to check in. All was good over on the Couples Boat, so we kept piloting.

I heard more footsteps on the stairs, and this time I wondered if it was Cassidy coming up or Cattie returning, but instead I was surprised yet again.

“Ugh, hey,” Terra said, coming into the pilot’s cabin and hopping up on the counter where the fridge and the little bar area were beside me.

“Everything alright?” I asked, frowning as I glanced over at her when I heard the tone of her greeting.

Terra was wearing a cute little red and blue crop top that showed off a ton of her toned stomach, and athletic black bikini bottom. Her blonde hair was tied back in a rough bun and she had an expression like she’d eaten a bitter grape.

“No,” she sighed. “Seriously, dude. What is it about guys and screens?”

“We’re simple-minded and easily distracted,” I said with a wry chuckle. “But for real, what’s up? Did JC do something?”

“More like what he’s *not* doing,” Terra grunted. “Namely, me! He won’t stop playing that stupid game on his stupid phone. It’s one he played before, and I guess a couple of those college guys play it so he’s back to playing again. But I practically rubbed my pussy on his leg, I’m so fucking horny, and he said he needed one more minute and I just sat there naked on the bed waiting for him for ten! I don’t think he’s even realized I got dressed and left.”

“That...” I said, then hesitated, then sighed. “Yeah, that’s not great.”

“Am I really the totally Meh that a stupid phone game can distract my boyfriend? Is it because I don’t have big tits or something?” Terra asked, seriously questioning herself. “I mean, come on.” And she lifted her crop top up to her neck, baring her chest to me. The soft, small swells of her breasts, her pretty little dark areolas and beady nipples standing proud.

“Fuck,” I grunted, glancing back and forth from her to the waters ahead of the houseboat. “Terra, you- God damn it, you are one hell of a sexy woman Terra, and I would very much like to stare at you naked for as long as you want, but I’m currently piloting a boat filled with people I’d like to keep safe, not to mention the insurance issues if we hit something or someone while I’m busy ogling you.”

“See, that’s the response I want from JC,” Terra said. She reached up and tweaked her nipples, biting her little lower lip and then blowing out a breath through pursed lips. “Is Cassidy for real?”

Because I'm seriously starting to consider taking her up on her offer because for the past couple of days you've paid way more attention to me than he has."

"Have you tried being more forward with him?" I asked. "Maybe he feels like this is a vacation and you don't-

"I don't think I could be any *more* forward, Robbie," Terra interrupted. She slipped down from the counter and pulled off the crop top completely and left it where she'd been sitting, coming to stand just in front of me, between the steering wheel and my body. She was small even compared to Cassidy, her tight little body feeling like I was looming over her as she ducked under my arm to stand in front of me. Then, looking up at me with a little smile with her tongue touching at the corner of her lips, she slid a hand down the front of my shorts and wrapped her fingers around the base of my cock. "What does this say to you?" she asked huskily. "Does it say 'Hey, baby, finish up your game and let me know if you might be interested in fooling around a bit?' Or does it say, 'I want this dick right now?'"

"The second one," I groaned softly as Terra slowly stroked my cock under my shorts.

"And you got it on the first guess," Terra sighed, then flicked her eyes down as she used her wrist to pull my shorts open a little further to take a look. "Fuck, Tiger," she said. "You've got a nice cock."

"You've got a beautiful... everything," I sighed. "JC is being an idiot."

"He really is," she nodded, going back to stroking me slowly. Her husky whispers were sending tingles through my ears.

"You sure this is alright?" I asked. "I don't want to be a cheater."

"Anything but this cock in my pussy," Terra murmured. "So you can touch whatever you want."

I left one hand on the wheel and used the other to slowly start groping her breasts. I'd done it before in a couple of contexts now, but it was different with her facing me and nothing else going on. No massage, no kissing in a dark room for a dare.

"Fuck, dude," Terra moaned softly, rolling her head back as she revelled in the feel of me slowly tweaking her nipples.

She kept slowly stroking me, her hand inside my shorts. My hand eventually roamed, sliding down her side and down to her ass, massaging her little muscled cheeks for a bit as Terra leaned forward and pressed her cheek to my chest through my shirt. Neither of us were trying to get the other off, just... enjoying this physical feeling between us. I slid my hand into the elastic of her bikini bottoms and trailed my fingers down the cleft of her bum. She bit my shirt softly

when I reached down enough to brush against her pussy lips, then back up teasing into her ass crack again.

We teased each other for a good ten minutes, maybe longer, before Terra's phone went off in a poing that she'd been texted.

"Mmm," she groaned in frustration.

"Expecting something important?" I asked.

"No, but..." she sighed and then pulled her hand from my cock and I moved my arm so she could reach over and grab her phone from the counter. She unlocked it and frowned. "Your fiancée is asking if I can get JC to take over driving the boat because she needs you."

"If you tell her what we were doing, she'd probably be happy to wait," I said.

Terra sighed again and frowned. "I think it's more of an 'I need him to help with Wanda' than it is her needing something."

"You know about the Wanda stuff?" I asked.

"A little," she said. "Enough to know we shouldn't keep going."

"That the only reason?" I asked.

"Yes," Terra nodded. "Seriously. The only reason. Fuck, I'm hornier than ever but that was so fucking hot, Tiger." She went up on her toes and kissed me with a steamy amount of tongue. "If JC doesn't get his shit together here soon, I'm going to be using more than my hands on this cock soon."

"Terra, you are something else. Fuck, I'm so hard right now," I said.

She smirked a little and started putting on her crop top. "Well, I'm happy to know *someone* appreciates me. Talk to you later?"

"For sure," I nodded.

"Thanks, Tiger," she said, and then gave me one more peck on the lips. I took the opportunity to grab her ass again, which turned the peck into a slightly longer kiss as she moaned a little.

"God, I need dick," she laughed as she left to go get JC.

I just shook my head, taking deep breaths and trying to will my cock to go down and wondering if I should talk to JC myself to help out Terra. I had more than enough going on with all the girls, and she was attached.

But... they did have that deal... and she was smoking hot...

Shit.

## Chapter 148

It wasn't even a minute after Terra left that I heard the telltale sound of someone shouting below deck. It was a woman, but I couldn't tell who it was over the rumble of the engines and the splash of the water. It stopped after a long moment, but I had to wonder who it was. Cattie, yelling at Heather or Sherry? Terra? Wanda or Cassidy?

The number of plausible options was a little overwhelming. Realistically, it could have been any of them.

But it had stopped, so I tried not to dwell. Instead, I thumbed on the radio and let Becca know that I'd be trading off with JC for a bit, the implication being that if she said something over the radio, it wouldn't be me receiving it. She said alright, then a weird sound came through that took me a second to realise it was her blowing a kiss into the mic.

For some reason that put a little smile on my face even if it was silly.

JC came up to the pilot's cabin a couple of minutes later and traded off with me. It felt weird, making quick small talk with him after what I'd just been doing with his girlfriend, and I had to keep reminding myself that it was their agreement between them and not my place to judge. Mine and Cassidy's agreement wasn't any more understandable from the outside, I was sure.

"Hey, who was yelling?" I asked after I'd handed off the wheel to him.

"Oh, it was Terra," JC sighed. "It was nothing, don't worry about it."

"Alright, well, thanks my man," I said. "I'll go see what Cass wanted."

He made a clicking noise with his tongue and gave me a thumbs-up and a wink.

I decided I needed some water before I walked into whatever was coming, so I headed towards the back of the boat and down the stairs there to cut through the living room into the kitchen. That was my plan, anyways, until I opened the back sliding glass door and stepped right into the middle of a photoshoot and froze with my eyes wide.

Heather was the photographer, working a DSLR camera from in front of the TV as it pointed at the couch. On said couch, Sherry was sitting naked with her hair pulled back into pigtails, a boob clutched hard in one hand and her other held a glass dildo of some sort partway inserted



into her flushed pussy. She looked like she'd been oiled up for the shoot to make her skin glisten, and her big eyes snapped to me in surprise.

Sherry had been pissing me off for the last couple of days. But shit she was a cute little sexy package. She didn't have the tits of Cattie, but there were still good handfuls capped with nipples that wanted for sucking. Her stomach was toned, and her belly button looked cute. Even her feet, up in the air as she spread her knees wide, were cute. I could also see that she was super wet, her juices creamy on her fingers and the glass dildo.

"Fuck, sorry," I said,

Sherry immediately tried to cover herself as we both blushed hard.

"Get out, private shoot!" Heather said loudly.

"I didn't know!" I replied, turning to leave but hesitating at the door. "OK, just let me-" I quickly strode between them, wide around Sherry, and grabbed the lamp from the side table and adjusted it onto its side and angled to cast light more directly onto Sherry. "That'll help counteract the light from the- You know what, never mind. Sorry again, I didn't know you were back here doing this."

I left, bypassing the kitchen so that I wasn't spending any more time tempted to peek at Sherry and make her more uncomfortable. Neither of them said anything more. Heading for the cabins, I saw that they had hung up a sheet to block the view from there and after I ducked around it I also saw they'd put up a note warning off entry while they were doing a private shoot.

"Fuck me," I grunted out softly and shook my head.

Cassidy came out of Wanda and Heels's room when she heard me, shutting the door behind her. "Hey, Tiger," she said quietly.

"Hey," I said, matching her volume. "I just walked in on that." I thumbed back behind me.

"See anything good?" Cassidy asked with a smirk.

"Everything," I chuckled, still flushed with a bit of embarrassment. "Was Cattie in there with you?" Cassidy shook her head, so I continued. "Give me one sec to let her know to expect to hear about that?"

"Quickly, please, Tiger," Cassidy nodded.

I went to Cattie's door and knocked softly, and when she called that it was open I went in. Cattie was sitting on the bed with her laptop out and looked like she was writing emails. "Hey, just FYI, I walked in on your sister mid-shoot," I said.

Cattie snorted, barely stifling a bigger laugh. “Really? Fuck, that’s awesome. I warned them.”

“Well, I tried to be as good about it as I could, but you might have more complaining about me coming sooner than later.”

“Whatever,” Cattie rolled her eyes. “They did it to themselves.”

I took two steps to the bed and leaned down, and she tilted her lips up to meet mine in a soft little kiss. “Your sister is super cute, but you’re way cuter,” I whispered to her.

She broke into a grin and pecked me a second time.

I left her to her work and went back to Cassidy. “OK, what’s up?” I asked.

Cassidy pulled me into our Cabin and shut the door, but didn’t make for the bed. Instead, she turned and hugged me tightly and spoke into my chest. “I’m going to talk with Terra about what she was yelling about, and you need to go be with Wanda a bit, OK?”

“Sure,” I said. “I heard the yelling, what was it about?”

“She found him masturbating, and I guess she didn’t like that for some reason,” Cassidy said.

Now it was my turn to snort a little just like Cattie had in her room. “Well, that makes more sense than you think.” I quickly told her about my time with Terra up in the pilot’s cabin, which left Cassidy trying not to giggle at the irony of the situation.

“OK, I’ll still talk with her, but that definitely clears things up a bit,” she agreed. “You just need to go be with Wanda though, OK? No sex right now. She just needs to feel wanted and loved without that. Let her talk if she wants, but don’t push and definitely don’t slip into problem-solving, OK?”

“OK,” I nodded, hugging her back. “Anything I need to know?”

Cassidy shook her head, still hugging me tightly. “Not other than I love you, and so does she.”

“I love you too,” I said and kissed the top of her head and then went lower to kiss her on the lips.

We split up, and soon we were both knocking at different cabin doors. I turned to Cassidy and winked and blew her a kiss, which made her smile sweetly before we both entered our respective doors.

## **Chapter 149**

I had knocked lightly but hadn't gotten an answer, so I just walked into Wanda's room. The little porthole in the side of the boat was the only source of light, cast a bright light across the end of the bed.

"Robbie?" Wanda asked in surprise.

"Hey, beautiful," I said, closing the door behind me.

"I'm not-" she said, blushing furiously and wiping at her face. It looked like she'd been crying, and she wasn't wearing any makeup whatsoever. I wasn't going to lie, it was a reduction a bit in that cute-but-sultry look she always wore around, but I'd lived with Cassidy for years now. Seeing a woman without makeup wasn't shocking to me, and it wasn't a turn-off to see the little flaws. Wanda was a lot more freckled than I expected. She had a little scar mark near her temple. Her cheeks were still little apples, but less accentuated.

"Do you think I care about that?" I asked. I quickly stripped off my shirt and then got under the covers of the bed with her. When I pulled them back I saw she was wearing loose-fitting pyjama pants and, oddly, one of my t-shirts. I didn't question it and instead I wrapped her up in my arms and kissed her cheek softly. "Just because you're down doesn't make you any less beautiful."

"I'm just not really feeling myself right now," she whispered. "I want you to see me how I want you to, not like this."

I kissed her cheek again, and then her shoulder. "What happened to you being my special toy?" I asked. "However, whenever, wherever I want to play with you, right? Well, right now what I want is to snuggle my special, beloved toy in this bed until she feels warm and safe."

She relaxed, pressing her down into the pillow. "Thanks," she whispered.

I held her, spooning her softly from behind, and got my lower arm up under the pillow as I held her hand with my other one. We didn't talk, she just let me hold her for a while. And then she disentangled our fingers so that she could turn over and face me, looking into my eyes and letting her gaze drift over my face like she was trying to memorize it or read some hieroglyphs printed on my cheeks and forehead. I just smiled softly and met her gaze with mine, letting her do what she was doing.

Something softened in her, some worry abated or tension lifted, and she leaned forward and didn't quite kiss me, but rather just pressed our foreheads together as our noses brushed and our breathing mingled. We stayed like that for a bit, and then finally she inched a bit more forward and our lips brushed - not even in a peck, just the softest brushing. Slowly we got closer until finally we were kissing, slow and methodical.

It turned into a soft, intensely passionate making out. It wasn't something that was leading anywhere, no hope or promise of sex at the end of it. This was the goal, the intimacy and the communication of the kissing the everything. We slowly shifted until I was on my back and she was on top of me, holding me down with her body as she ran her fingers through my hair and I rubbed from her back down to her butt over the clothing, and then transition to under and feeling her hot skin under my fingers.

The kissing stayed slow, but after a long while it slowed more, our natural stamina dictating that the passion was simmering lower.

Eventually it stopped altogether, and we were simply holding each other cheek to cheek

"I'm not ready to talk to you about it yet," Wanda whispered, a tint of worry in her voice.

"That's OK," I whispered back. "As long as you talk to someone. Don't isolate yourself with what's going on. I'm ready to listen when you want."

"Thank you," she whispered, clinging to me.

We held each other for another long few minutes, just breathing together.

"This was perfect," she whispered into the quiet.

"You're perfect," I said, and she said it at the same time, which made us both pull back and grin as we met each other's eyes again. She kissed me, softly and without tongue, then slid off of me to the side.

"Want to stay in here, or head out?" I asked.

"Out," she sighed. "I can't stay in here anymore."

"OK," I nodded.

"Want to dress me again?" Wanda asked.

I smirked a little. "Is this a Cassidy idea again?"

"Maybe," Wanda smiled a little. "But... can I wear your shirt some more?"

"Of course," I said, and now it was my turn to softly kiss her. "I have an idea."

I got her up and sitting, and went and got a couple of her hair elastics. The first one went to the back of my shirt, bundling the excess fabric and tying it in the centre of her back so that her beautiful torso was showing. I took a moment to kiss her there, making her giggle softly, and

then blow a little raspberry right next to her belly button which made her laugh. I paired the shirt with a black string thong and loose black cotton shorts that would hug her bum but remain comfy. Then I had her sit and I brushed out her straw-blond hair quickly braided it into a pair of french braids, and as I was finishing she started crying and turned and crawled into my lap, burying her face in my chest as I held her without asking any questions. I just held her and rubbed her back, trying my best not to do the wrong thing.

“Sorry,” she whispered as she came down.

“Don’t apologise for feeling things,” I told her, wiping her cheeks with my thumbs.

“Arte you going to do my makeup, too?” she asked with a little teasing grin.

“Hah, no,” I chuckled. “That’s one skill I haven’t picked up living with Cass.”

“OK,” she said, not losing that little smile. “Wait here for me?”

“OK,” I nodded and hugged her to me again. “I love you, Wanda.”

“I love you too, Tiger,” she said, hugging me back.

## **Chapter 150**

When Wanda and I left the cabin together she finished off her outfit with a ballcap backwards on her head, grinning and biting her lower lip as I rolled my eyes a little and smiled. We went out and found the sheet was gone and Cassidy, Terra and Cattie were all sitting in the living room with the back sliding door open to let in a breeze and the sounds of the water.

“Come, Tiger,” Cassidy grinned as she shifted, making space for me between her and Cattie. I noticed Terra smile and squeeze Cassidy’s hand before sliding from the couch to go sit in one of the chairs while Wanda took the other.

“This looks like a comfy circle,” I said, taking the seat that was offered to me. “And a very pretty one, too.”

All four of the girls rolled their eyes at the compliment but also smiled a little.

“We’re just chatting, Tiger,” Cassidy said, patting my thigh and leaving her hand there with a smile. The conversation picked back up, the girls letting Wanda and I in on their weird Con and other work stories. After we got caught up, Cattie shifted in her seat and lifted her feet up into my lap with a hopeful expression on her face that was all puppy dog ‘please?’

Now it was my turn to roll my eyes playfully as I took her feet in my hands and started to massage them, leaning down and kissing her knee softly and making her smile big and broad.

We talked for a good fifteen minutes like that, the girls falling into casual playful bickering and teasing at times, then commiserating over the weird interactions they ran into. No one challenged Cattie for a right to the next foot, or whatever, massage and so I didn't stop slowly working my fingers and thumbs around the soles of her feet and toes.

The sound of a door down by the cabins had us glancing over to the hall where Heather was walking towards us, and Cattie shifted her feet from my lap and swivelled to sit upright, but I had to pause in my head to wonder if she'd also shifted a little closer to me.

Heather, for her part, stifled her frown to a small look when she saw Cattie sitting with Cass and I as she stood just outside the circle. "Sherry is grabbing a nap," she said. "I was thinking we should go sunbathe, baby."

"Oh, I'm good here," Cattie said. "You go relax."

The rest of us didn't move. Didn't say anything.

Cattie just dismissed Heather. The tension was light but felt like it could build rapidly.

"I was kinda thinking we could go together," Heather said. The look on her face was odd, almost like she was surprised more than anything.

"Actually, why don't we all go up?" Wanda said, trying to play peacemaker. Terra agreed, and Cattie relented. Cassidy, I noted quietly, didn't say anything, and I knew it was because she wasn't about to make anything easier for Heather.

Soon we were all up on deck, and I left the girls to get themselves sorted out as I went and offered to take back over from JC. He accepted readily and went down to change into his swimsuit saying he wanted to try and get a bit more of a tan. He was already looking pretty dark after his days out on the water, so I wasn't sure what his goal was. Maybe he just wanted to oil up his muscular body to try and seduce Terra out of her being annoyed at him.

I wasn't alone at the wheel for long, however. Wanda joined me, a cold beer in her hand for me, and she sat up on the counter as we travelled. I kept the beer low, just taking quick sips now and then since drinking and boating would likely bring on some unwanted attention if those boat cops came speeding by like they did on the first day. In between sips and chatting, Wanda played a game of Tease Robbie, flashing me peeks at her breasts, or up the legs of her shorts. I quickly got a firm hard on and I took her hand, pulling her down from the counter and standing her in front of me at the wheel and pushing my hard bulge against the small of her back.

"Mmmm, Tiger," she hummed, wiggling her butt back at me.

I kept one hand on the wheel, but after looking behind me and seeing only Cassidy and Cattie had a view in through the door I slid my other hand up under her shirt and slowly began tweaking her nipples until they were hard little buds. Then I slid my hand lower, out from the shirt and down to her shorts. Down, beneath the waistband, to her thong-covered pussy which I slowly started to tease and massage.

"I love you, and I love you being my sexy little toy," I whispered to her.

"Fuck, Tiger," Wanda groaned softly, pressing her ass back at me. "I- I might not be able to last long."

"Don't wait," I said. "Come on my fingers when you're ready, Wanda. I'm not trying to tease you now, I want you to feel good. I want you to come and feel that thrill from your clit all the way up your spine. I want you to remember my cock sliding through these perfect, pretty lips of yours. Stretching your perfect pussy, reaching deep inside of you until you made me unable to hold it anymore and I had to fill you up."

"Fuuuuck, Robbie," she moaned, trying not to shout it.

I found her clit through the cloth of the thong, pinching it softly between the side of two fingers.

"Say my name again, Wanda. I love hearing you say my name."

"Robbie," she breathed out as she exhaled heavily. I felt her thong soak through as she shuddered a little, putting her hands on the wheel to keep herself steady.

After she was done she turned and pressed her front to me, kissing me.

"What do you think," I asked. "How many times can you come on my fingers in a row?"

"Oh, God," Wanda moaned softly. "I don't know, but I want to find out." She turned back around, leaning back against me so that I could slide my hand back down the front of her shorts.

## **Chapter 151**

The answer, it turned out, was that Wanda could come three times on your fingers and that only stopped because you were interrupted. The second orgasm was a slow boil after she'd had the first quick one, and the third came shortly after - short enough that you wondered if you could get her to go multi-orgasmic if you kept working her.

It was, surprisingly, your fiancée who interrupted. “Wanda,” she said loudly as she entered the pilot’s cabin. “We’re thinking of playing euchre, you in?” Then she whispered quickly. “Heather is coming to make drinks.”

My hand was out of Wanda’s shorts fast, and she stumbled to the side as she tried to get her legs working. “S- Sure, yeah I’ll play,” she said. She shot me a steaming look, letting me know she wanted more even though she couldn’t get it right now, and then followed Cassidy out of the room.

Heather passed them and came in, pulling out the blender from the cupboard under the counter and starting to dig out the other ingredients for whatever drink she planned to make. I tried to just focus on driving the boat.

“I need to say something to you,” Heather said after a moment of quiet behind me.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw that she was leaning her hip against the counter, her arms crossed over her chest. Heather was wearing a thin tank top with spaghetti straps that did almost nothing to cover the black string bikini top that would have probably been considered lewd on a nude beach it was so tiny. She also looked frustrated and was clenching her jaw with her glossy lips pressed together.

“Heather, if you want to talk, I’m willing to listen,” I said. “But if you want to wait for me to be able to look you in the eye and engage with you directly, I understand.”

“No, this is fine,” she said, and I felt like she meant it more as ‘This is better.’ “Look. I... know I was pushing things too far. But you need to stop messing with my relationship. What happened a couple of nights ago, that’s never happening again. I’m never making that mistake again, and Cattie is never getting into bed with you ever again. If I had my way I’d give her an ultimatum that she would need to cut you two out of her life, but I *know* I fucked up so I can’t do that. So... please. Stop messing with me. Stop touching her. If you have to be friends, do it from across a table or something.”

I took a breath, trying to absorb and parse through everything she’d just said. I stayed looking forward out of the front of the boat, deciding maybe it was better to have this conversation without looking at her.

“Heather, here’s the thing,” I said. “I thought we were friends, or at least friendly, before this. Last time we met and Cattie introduced you to us, I thought we got along fine. I *don’t* want to be in the middle of your relationship.” That was true, though in my heart it was because I didn’t want that relationship to be a thing at all. “But it turns out, based on the way *you* acted, and kept acting, and *kept* acting, we weren’t friends or friendly. But Cattie, and Cass and I? We are. So trust me when I say that I’ll do whatever is right between her and us. If she wants us to back off on physical touch, that’s totally fine with me, but she needs to be the one to say it and I really don’t think she will because I’m pretty sure it’s one of her love languages. So, I’m sorry that



you're going through this, but you need to know that the people who care about Cattie aren't going to just get wrapped around your finger."

"That's not what this is!" Heather hissed. "I need you to back off because yeah, I caused part of this, but you went through with it. And every time I see you with her, it makes my blood boil. This trip is supposed to be about me and her."

"And you've made it about you and her sister," I said. "How many sexual shoots have you done with Sherry this week already? Do you seriously think she's OK with that?"

"That's our work," Heather said. "She gets it. Always has."

I just shook my head but didn't say anything else.

"Will you back the fuck off? Please?" Heather asked.

"Heather, I'm going to be the best friend to Cattie that I can," I said. "So is Cassidy. Whatever that means for her. If you can't handle that, you'll need to talk to her about it."

"Fine," Heather said. "Fine, I'll handle this with her. But don't be fucking surprised when your fiancée is crying her eyes out because she's lost a friend after you couldn't keep your hands to yourself."

*Keep telling yourself that*, I thought with a sigh.

Heather made the drinks in silence. Well, not silence, she clanged around a lot. She ran the blender loudly to crush ice, and probably longer than necessary. Then she left, not offering me any.

Not that I could drink one of her drinks while I was driving anyways, she made them so strong.

I hooked the radio over to me and called over to the Couples Boat.

"Hey, babe," Becca answered. "What's up?"

"Just wondering what the plan for lunch is," I said. "Are we mooring up soon?"

"Lunch is already in your fridge," she said. "We're going to drive through so we can get there in good time."

"Alright, sounds good," I radioed back. "Everything good over there?"

"You tell me, check out the back railing."

I'd drifted a little left of the Couples Boat to stay out of their wake, and when I looked over I saw four of the girls lined up at the back railing and all at once they took their tops off and waved them while cheering. They were too far away to see anything really, but I could tell it was Ami, Zenya, Ginnie and Leia.

"Tell them it's a great view," I laughed.

"I'd be back there with them if I wasn't driving," Becca laughed back.

"And here I thought that view couldn't get any better and you prove me wrong," I said.

"Flatterer," she said. "Anything else?"

"Nothing for the radio," I said, trying to imply things.

"Over and out," she said, and I could hear the grin in her voice.

I blew out a breath and shook my head.

This fucking trip was an emotional rollercoaster.

## **Chapter 152**

I ended up driving through lunch while the others ate, and then JC took over for me for the last leg of the trip. The sandwiches weren't my favourite thing in the world, but I supplemented heavily with chips and other snacks since we were doing more groceries, and it ended up filling me up. While I ate we continued to hang out up on the upper deck of the boat but my presence seemed to have a splitting effect.

Sherry, who had finished her nap while I was driving, was awkward as hell around me. She didn't want to look in my direction, and every time she did she blushed furiously. That didn't seem to bode well for her in my opinion considering she was putting out exactly what I'd seen on the internet and at some point she'd get recognized in the real world. The fact that Cattie was sitting in the circle with Cassidy and I also obviously grated on Heather, who sat on her other side seemingly out of sheer spite since she just sucked down her drink and didn't participate in the conversation.

We reached the docks around 2pm, and everyone split up to go get changed or decide what they were going to do. Cassidy and I had just stepped into our room and closed the door when she turned to me with a grin. "So, I'm going to go on the trip into town," she said. "I'll be with Becca, Wanda and Ami, so you don't need to worry about me, OK?"

"Alright," I said. "Where am I going to be?"

“Well, Terra is going to ride with Cattie, Heather and Sherry, and she’s leaving JC here to watch over the boat. You, my love, are going to go watch over the Single’s Boat.”

“And who am I watching it with?” I guessed.

Cassidy smiled cheekily. “Do you really want me to tell you?”

“It’s a short list,” I pointed out.

“And you’re imagining who it could be,” she teased.

“OK, OK,” I sighed with a little laugh.

Cassidy had me pick out an outfit for her again, the third that day, and I went with a cute T-shirt and shorts. She liked it and made a show of getting dressed for me.

“Before you go,” I said. “Anything I need to know about stuff earlier?”

“Wanda wants to tell you her stuff herself, and that’s her right,” Cassidy said. “But the Terra thing... well, let’s just say that Terra is at her wit’s end and if JC doesn’t smarten up, she’ll be trying to find more time with you. Not that I’m surprised, she’s been horny for you practically since we got on the boat.”

“I’m-”

“-worried about JC,” Cassidy interrupted me. “I know. Terra has her guidelines and agreements with him, and we’re not going to go past that.”

I took a breath and nodded. “Heather confronted me again,” I pivoted the subject.

“She did?” Cassidy turned in surprise, almost falling over as she’d been putting on an ankle sock while standing up.

“Yeah, she basically demand-begged for me to back off of being Cattie’s friend, or how we act as friends. I understand where she was coming from and if someone was acting with you like we do with Cattie I’d be pissed, but... it’s just the way she says everything, and all the shit she does...”

Cassidy came to me and sat on the bed next to me, and pulled me down to rest my head in her lap as she ran her fingers through my hair. “You are the opposite of a bad person, Robbie,” she said softly.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

She nodded softly, looking at me with her eyes starting to brim a little and her lower lip shuddering just a touch. "Dead sure."

I closed my eyes and we sat there for a long moment.

"OK," I whispered. She leaned down to kiss me softly, and then we heard lots of loud talking out in the hallway and she rushed to finish dressing.

"What do you think?" she asked, turning and posing for me as she put on her ballcap.

"I think you're super cute, and I can't wait for you to come back," I said.

She smiled and came over, giving me a sweet kiss. "If there wasn't a plan going on, I'd ditch and stay to make out," she said.

"I love you, Cassidy," I said.

"I love you too, Robbie," she smiled.

Out in the hall, there was a flurry of activity as Zenya and Becca managed checking through all the supplies to double-check what was needed for the grocery list. I ended up getting pulled back into my room by Wanda, who pushed me into the washroom out of sight and got my hand back up under her shirt to feel her braless breasts as we kissed quickly. Then I ran into Ami in the hall and gave her a hug, letting her know again how excited I was for our date later and leaving her with a big grin.

It felt like all at once the noise suddenly died out as all the girls piled out of the boats onto the dock, leaving JC and I alone.

"Beer?" he offered.

"I'm supposed to go watch the other boat," I said, thumbing in its direction. "I'm probably just going to lock the doors and grab a nap, this heat is hitting me hard."

"Sounds good, dude," he nodded and grinned, pulling his phone out of his pocket. "If you need something to do, just come on over. I've got this sweet game you should try."

"I'll let you know," I said, never intending to try the game.

I went and freshened myself up in my room and then headed over to the Singles Boat. When I got there it was quiet.

"Hello?" I called from the sliding door.

“Back here,” someone called from the cabins, but I couldn’t tell who it was. I tried to run through the possibilities but abandoned that. What was the point? I was about to find out.

“Hi,” Leia smiled warmly as I looked into her open doorway. She was kneeling on the bed wearing a cute set of green lingerie that set off with her eyes, if not her pastel rainbow of hair.

“Hey, you,” I said, walking to her and cupping her face with my hands as I kissed her softly. “Are you the surprise Cassidy was saying was over here?”

“Mhmm,” she nodded. “I thought I had enough this morning, but when I found out I could get some private time I texted Cassidy to ask.”

“Well, I can’t wait to taste you again,” I said.

“Mm-mm,” she said, shaking her head. “No oral this time.” She kissed me smoothly, starting to pull my shirt off of me. “I want to feel you in me for real this time, Tiger. I want you to make love to me. Could you, please?”

My shirt was off and I pulled her to me, hugging her as I cradled her head in my arms and stood before her. “I would absolutely love to, Leia.”

“Good, because that’s not the only thing,” Leia said.

“There’s something else?”

“Yeah, me,” Ginnie said, stepping out of the washroom completely naked.