

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 185-191

By Breakthebar

Chapter 185

"I just don't know what to do."

I woke up to the soft whispers, having a hard time parsing where I was or what was going on for a moment.

"There's nothing you can do, Cass," Wanda whispered. "You said it wasn't as bad as last time, right?"

There wasn't a verbal response. It was still almost pitch dark in the room, the only light a couple of pinpoint lights from the corner of the washroom door. I was alone in bed, and felt strange that I found it uncomfortable after spending only a few nights with Cassidy and Wanda in it with me.

"Well, he needs time to process," Wanda whispered. "Just like I do. He knows you love him, and you're trying your hardest. Cass, I get why you did it this way, and I- I can't complain about what I've gotten out of it. But the amount of pressure you put on him..."

"I know," Cassidy said. "I know. Fuck, I'm so fucking-"

"Stop, babe. Stop," Wanda whispered, interrupting Cassidy. "It is what it is. I hate that saying, but it fits. You can't change it now. You know he wouldn't want to hear you putting yourself down like that."

Wanda was right, hearing Cassidy verbalizing her guilt didn't give me any sort of positive feeling like she was getting her comeuppance or something. It just made me hurt for her.

There were some soft sobs for a bit, muffled, and I assumed Wanda was hugging Cassidy. I wanted to get up and go in there, to take my fiancée in my arms and tell her it was all alright.

But I couldn't, because it obviously wasn't. My panic attack in the middle of the night said so.

"It's all my fault," Cassidy sobbed quietly. I knew she was probably being both general about it as well as more specific - Wanda and Cattie didn't know about what had really triggered my nightmare and attack. Cassidy did.

"Shhhh," Wanda hushed her softly without trying to correct her. There wasn't any correcting to be done.

Eventually the washroom light went off and the door cracked open, the soft red light of the night light the only thing lighting up the cabin as they both slipped back into the main room. Wanda got onto the bed first, assuming her spot back on my left side, and Cassidy followed on the right.

“Come here, baby,” I said quietly, sweeping the covers back and pulling her towards me. Cassidy broke down again when she realized I must have heard at least some of their conversation, but she let me pull her close and she buried her face into my shoulder as she pulled her knees up to her chest and cried quietly. I wrapped my arm around her and pulled the covers back over us.

“She’s freaking out a bit,” Wanda said softly, slipping under the covers on my other side after taking off the T-shirt she must have put on for the conversation. Cassidy had been naked, and I suspected Wanda had woken up and heard her in the washroom and went to her. With the shirt gone, Wanda was naked as well and she snuggled up to me on her side, reaching over my chest to soothingly run her fingers through Cassidy’s hair. “She needs you so much, Robbie.”

“And I need her,” I said, hugging Cassidy tightly while I pulled Wanda closer with my other arm.

“I’m so fucking sorry, Robbie,” Cassidy whimpered. “For everything. For yesterday. I’m so fucking sorry you had to go through that last night.”

“Shhh,” I shushed her. It felt awful knowing that our physical reconnection last night under the stars, that passionate sex we’d had, was completely out of her mind and replaced by my panic attack. I almost felt guilty about it, though I knew I couldn’t help it.

Cassidy’s tears slowly dwindled to sniffles, and finally to quiet breathing as the three of us lay in the dark, holding each other and feeling our breathing sync up. And then, once everything felt at peace, I felt a wet tear on my opposite shoulder.

“I’m OK,” Wanda said quietly.

“No, you’re not,” I said, rubbing her bare back.

“OK, I’m not,” Wanda sighed and shifted, resting her face more fully on my chest as she took her turn letting out all the bubbling, confusing emotions that she was feeling as well. I held her, and it was Cassidy’s turn to comfort her as she reached over and took Wanda’s hand, holding it tight.

“We love you, Wanda,” Cassidy whispered in the dark.

“We do,” I agreed, and bent my head down to kiss the top of her head. “We love you to bits.”

“Thank you,” Wanda whispered hoarsely.

She took a dozen deep breaths, getting herself back in order just in time for our quiet, emotional morning to get interrupted by the alarm of Cassidy's phone going off.

"Uuungh," Cassidy groaned and hit her forehead on my shoulder a couple of times. "I forgot I promised Terra I'd help her this morning."

"I guess we should all get up," I sighed even though none of us had moved.

"No, no," Cassidy said. "I'm- I'm OK now. Or for now, at least. And I don't want to flake on Terra, she needs someone. You two stay here."

"Are you sure?" Wanda asked.

"Yes, absolutely," Cassidy said, leaning over me and kissing Wanda on the forehead. "Just... be with each other, OK? Hold each other, and love on each other. Sleep in and snuggle. You both need it."

"Thank you," Wanda said softly. "But you do too."

"I've had him for years," Cassidy said with a sad smile. "I need him forever, but you need him a little more right now."

"Tell Terra I'm thinking of her," I said. My conversation with her last night had been rough on her end as she grappled with how she felt about JC.

"We're thinking about her," Wanda corrected. "And if she needs anything, we'll be there."

Cassidy slipped out from the covers and kissed me on the lips, then found Wanda in the dark and kissed her quickly too. "I will," she promised. "Love you."

"Love you," Wanda and I replied together.

Chapter 186

Cassidy got dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt since she wasn't going to be on camera with Terra, just using the light from the bathroom with the door mostly closed to try and give Wanda and I a way to stay sleepy. She didn't even bother with makeup. When she was done she came over to Wanda's side of the bed.

"Can you do something for me?" she asked Wanda.

"Of course," Wanda said, turning over onto her other side to face Cassidy.

“That’s actually exactly what I wanted,” Cassidy said, then reached over and pulled on my opposite arm so I would get on my side behind Wanda, and that led to me spooning her as Cassidy pulled my arm down to hug the other woman. “There. Just because it’s a good idea that we stop the sex doesn’t mean you can’t feel him holding you properly.”

Wanda gave one little chuckle and shook her head, but didn’t move away and instead wiggled her hips back at me a little so that her ass was firmly pressed against my crotch. “Fine,” she said. “I can feel his cock pressing against my buttcheeks. Happy?”

“Only if you and he are,” Cassidy said, stroking my face with her thumb as she smiled at me.

She left us like that, turning off the washroom light as I held Wanda. We were quiet, me hugging her and her hugging my arms to her chest like she wanted to make sure I would let go. I ended up leaning my head down and kissing her bare shoulder.

“I’m not going anywhere, Wanda,” I whispered.

“Thank you,” she whispered back.

There was some sound of movement outside in the hallway for a bit, and then the engine of the houseboat thrummed to life and it started moving. Cassidy must have told JC that I was sleeping in, and considering he’d slept out on the couch it was unlikely he would have been able to stay asleep once people were moving around.

“I’m not sure what to do,” Wanda eventually said.

“About Brodi?” I guessed.

She nodded. “I feel like I should feel guilty. About everything. But I don’t. I feel... I just feel hurt.”

I kissed her shoulder again and squeezed her tightly.

The boat stopped moving and there was more sound in the hallway and then outside and above us, and when the din died down I assumed that at least most of the girls were now out trying to get set up for their photoshoots before the sun started peeking at the horizon and golden hour cut in.

“You don’t need to feel bad,” Wanda said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“It’s obvious, Robbie. You feel like you should be out there helping someone. You’re a chronic helper,” Wanda said. “But you’re helping me, right here. So don’t feel bad.”

I kissed her shoulder a third time, then pushed things a little and kissed the crook of her neck as well. "I promise I'll never feel bad about spending time with you. Especially like this."

She sighed and traced her fingers through the hair on my arms, but whatever she was thinking was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" I called, turning onto my back as I did it.

"It's me," Becca said, opening the door and slipping inside. There was a hint of light coming in from the porthole window now and I saw that she was dressed in a loose sweatshirt and a pair of her cotton shorts. "Cassidy told me about last night, and I decided I wanted to be here more than I wanted to help Ginnie and Sherry again. Um, do you...?"

"It's OK," Wanda said, turning over and waving Becca towards the bed. "Come on in and help me snuggle him to death. There's just one rule."

"What's that?" Becca asked as she shifted down the side of the bed, getting ready to climb on.

"You gotta be naked under these sheets," Wanda said.

Becca blushed and smiled, but she quickly pulled off her sweatshirt to reveal she hadn't been wearing a bra, then her cotton shorts and panties followed and her pale, naked body slipped under the covers and pressed against mine as I wrapped my arm around her. She leaned up and gave me a kiss on the lips, not the long good morning kiss I wanted but still sweet and warm, and I knew she was feeling out how she felt about kissing me in front of Wanda.

"Good morning, beautiful," I said quietly.

"Morning," she said with a smile, then shifted to rest her head on my shoulder. Then she laughed softly. "Well, this isn't the first time we've shared a bed, Wanda, but it's definitely the first time naked and with a guy."

Wanda smirked and chuckled. "Don't you remember OmegaCon, four years ago?"

"Oh, shit, I forgot," Becca laughed, then looked up at me. "OK, first time sharing a bed with a guy."

I raised an eyebrow at the two of them.

"We got super trashed and were sharing a room with two other girls," Wanda explained. "We got in at like four in the morning and found out the other girls had turned off the AC and the room was so hot. Being as tipsy as we were, we just stripped down and got into bed."

"This is much nicer," Becca said with a smile.

"Agreed," Wanda nodded.

The three of us lay there, sharing warmth for a bit, until Becca broke the pregnant silence. "So, are you OK?"

"Me, or her?" I asked.

"Both, I guess," Becca sighed.

"I'm not," Wanda said. "There's... a lot going on."

"I know you've been talking with Cassidy, but do you want to talk to us?" Becca offered.

"Always, hon," Wanda said, sliding a hand across my chest until her fingers found Becca's. "You know most of it already, though."

"What don't I know since yesterday?" Becca asked.

"That I feel worse about not caring if my marriage is broken than I do that it is," Wanda said. "And it's mostly this big lug's fault."

"I'm sorry," I said with a small frown.

"Don't be, Tiger," Wanda said.

"You said it, didn't you?" Becca asked.

"What's that?" Wanda asked.

"That you're falling in love with him," Becca said. "And that was the line where things weren't supposed to go between you and Brodi."

"How did you know?" Wanda asked.

"Because I'm falling in love with him, too," Becca said.

Chapter 187

"Oh, God, the two of us," Wanda sighed in frustration. "Of course we both fall for the same guy."

"Who is already engaged to someone else," Becca pointed out.

"You love me?" I asked, still stuck on that first admission.

Wanda dropped her jaw as her brow furrowed, and she reached across my chest and gave Becca a little shove. "Please do not tell me that's the first time you've said that out loud."

"Well, I-I-" Becca stammered.

"God, sometimes you can be a silly bitch," Wanda said. "Becca, tell him properly or I'll kick that skinny ass of yours out of this bed."

"Skinny compared to you," Becca grumbled, then she sat up and leaned over me, her bare breasts softly pushing against my chest. "I am, Robbie. I'm falling in love with you too." And then she kissed me with a sweet, earnest press of her lips to mine. It was the kiss of innocent love, with passion but little lust despite our current state of undress. It was pure.

"Well shit," Wanda sighed as our kiss ended. She was smiling sadly. "It's true."

"Three women in love with you," Becca said. "What the hell are you going to do?"

I let out my breath through my nose and let my head fall back heavily into the pillows.

"Oh, God," Wanda said. "It's not just three."

"Ami," I said.

"Oh, that's so good for her," Becca said, then turned from looking up at me to Wanda. "*He's* good for her."

"He is," Wanda agreed, but then shifted up higher so that her head was in line with mine. "But that's not all. Who else, Robbie? More than half the women on the trip like you, but who else is falling for you?"

I grunted softly and closed my eyes, not daring to think it as if they could read my mind.

"He doesn't want to say it until it's real," Becca said. "Doesn't want to betray anyone."

"Then I won't guess," Wanda said before kissing my cheek. "God, we're a real mess, aren't we?"

"So what are we supposed to do now?" Becca asked. "Or, I guess, what are *you* going to do now? Because I can figure things out with Cassidy and Robbie, but you..."

"But me," Wanda nodded, letting out a sigh. "For now, I can't show him how I love him the way I want to. We can't... It's not right for us to have any more sex. But you can."

“That’s not why I came,” Becca said.

“You came over here to check on the man you’re falling in love with after hearing that he had a legitimate panic attack,” Wanda said. “He’s fine, and he’s got two naked women in his bed. So fuck him already.”

“I- Our next time together was supposed to be with Cassidy,” Becca said.

Wanda let out a little laugh and flopped away onto her back, shaking her head. “We really are a big mess.” Then she leaned back up onto her side to look at us both again. “Fine. No sex. I can’t, you want to wait for Cass. We can still make him feel good.”

Then Wanda took Becca’s hand and dragged it beneath the covers, and soon Becca’s fingers were wrapped around my half-hard cock and squeezing delicately.

“We said no sex, and you were right,” Wanda crooned softly into my ear. “But I still want to kiss you, and Becca is going to stroke that gorgeous cock of yours, Tiger. And she can have some kisses too.”

“Gee, thanks,” Becca chuckled as she started to slowly stroke my cock under the covers.

“I guess I don’t get a say in this?” I asked.

“Do you want me to stop?” Becca asked.

“No,” I shook my head. The feeling of her fingers on me sent tingles up my spine.

Wanda kissed my cheek, then the corner of my mouth, and then turned my face slightly to her and kissed me on the mouth, feeding me a little bit of her tongue. “Do you want me to stop, sir?” she asked.

“No,” I whispered.

She kissed me again, and Becca started kissing my shoulder and chest as she slowly stroked me to full hardness.

It was a slow thing, a simmering encounter because none of us were in a rush. When Wanda wasn’t kissing me she was whispering sweet little things in my ear - nothing as filthy as Cassidy could come up with, but still hot. Teasing me about having women falling for me. Whispering about how much she wanted my cock. Telling me how much she and Becca wanted me. How much Cassidy wanted me.

Becca went under the covers fully, taking me in her mouth for a long, full suck of my shaft before coming back up, leaving behind her spit as some extra lube before kissing her way up my neck to my lips. Then Wanda took back over kissing me, and Becca hummed happily in my ear. "You've changed my life, Robbie," she whispered. "I really am falling for you."

"Fuck," I grunted.

"Are you close, loverboy?" Wanda asked me, kissing my lips in hungry little pecks. "We want you to come, Tiger. Let Becca's little hand milk that delicious orgasm right out of you."

"Becca," I panted. "Oh, fuck. Wanda. God."

"Not God, just us," Wanda said playfully.

"I love you both," I said.

Both Wanda and Becca went to one of my ears, and in an unplanned synchronicity they both said, "I love you, too."

I closed my eyes, squeezing them shut. It was too much. For a second I thought I might be having another panic attack, but I realised the pressure building was coming from my nuts and gut and I groaned.

Wanda threw back the covers off of us and teased her tongue along my ear. Wanda sped up her jerking of my cock and softly kissed at the corner of my jaw.

"I want your cum," Wanda whispered to me. "I want to lick it off of Becca's wrist. Can I do that? Is that against the rules?"

I came, two thick ropes jetting straight up into the air and back down onto Becca's hand and wrist, and then another few oozing releases poured out over my cock head.

"Fuck," I panted. "God, Wanda. Becca. I- I can't get enough of either of you."

"We can't get enough of you," Wanda promised me.

Becca just smiled and kissed me again.

Chapter 188

"Well, I wasn't sure what to expect but this is definitely a happy surprise," Cassidy said as she came into the room.

Wanda and Becca had both jumped a little at the sudden opening of the door. To be fair, so did I. But as soon as they realised it was Cass, Becca went back to cleaning off my cock with her mouth while Wanda went back to lewdly licking my cum from between Becca's fingers and laughed naughtily.

Cassidy closed the door behind her and quickly pulled off her shirt, getting up on the bed in just her shorts as she ran a hand up Becca's bare back and bent down to give my cock a long lick herself. Then she cocked her head to the side with a confused frown. "I don't taste pussy," she said.

"I was being good," Wanda said. "And Becca said she was waiting for you guys to have your threesome."

"We just did a lot of kissing and hand stuff," Becca said. "After a good cuddle."

Cassidy chuckled and shook her head. "You didn't need to wait for me," she said to Becca. "I mean, I appreciate it, but if Robbie is willing you can hook up with him whenever you want."

"Well, something else *did* happen," Wanda said.

Becca let out a little grunt and sigh as she closed her eyes and sat back on her butt.

"What else?" Cassidy asked. "Because I don't think anyone else stayed in the boats except your three, so it couldn't have been more drama."

"I... told him I'm falling for him," Becca admitted.

Cassidy's eyes lit up and her jaw dropped in a big smile, and then she was hugging Becca hard. "I thought it would take you way longer to get there," she said. "To say it, at least. Not to feel it. I'm so happy you aren't being stubborn about it."

"Thanks?" Becca said, a little confused.

"Becca still isn't sure how she feels about how she feels," I said, finally getting in on the conversation. "Which is totally understandable."

"Oh, obviously," Cassidy said, pulling from the hug that had been pressing their breasts together. "This whole thing is wildly inappropriate and possibly a giant mess, but it's our wildly inappropriate mess and I'm just happy that it's you girls in it with us." She took Wanda and Becca's hands, smiling as she looked between the two blondes.

Becca sighed and shook her head, her confusion still held in the quick of her smile. "I don't even know where to start," she said.

“Take your time,” Cassidy assured her. “Think it over. Let it percolate. We aren’t in any sort of rush.” Then she turned to Wanda. “And don’t feel like you need to make any drastic decisions either, babe.”

Wanda just smiled and squeezed Cassidy’s hand, and then looked to me. The smile didn’t change, but with her full attention on me for a moment I thought I saw a spark of sadness and I knew that even though what we had in that room on the boat felt good, it was a spectre over her life away from the trip.

“I think I need to get a... God, this is silly, but do you guys know that show Ted Lasso? I need a Diamond Dogs moment but with ladies,” Wanda said. “No offence, Robbie, but I don’t think including you in the conversation I need to have would be fair.”

I wrapped my arms around Wanda and pulled her into a hug. “No need to apologise,” I said and kissed her on the cheek.

“Thanks,” Wanda smiled softly.

“OK, well, I fucking love the Diamond Dogs idea,” Cassidy said. “And Ted Lasso is amazing. Who do you want? Me, Becca, Heels since she’s your friend? And Terra and Cattie?”

“I-” Wanda hesitated. “Heels and Terra, yeah. But I know you and Cattie are super close, but right now I feel like she’s way deep in her own problems that are different than what we’re going through.”

Cassidy frowned. “I don’t know about that. I think she’s in pretty much a similar spot.”

“Yeah, but she’s...” Wanda took in a breath and held it for a moment, trying to find the right words.

“She’s ignoring the red flags,” Becca filled in. “Terra and Wanda are both taking a hard look at their relationship issues. Robbie is doing the same, and Cass, you’re doing it from the other end and trying really hard to be as repentant as possible. But Cattie feels like she’s in denial right now.”

Cassidy frowned, her brow creased as she listened to Becca, while Wanda nodded along to the blunt explanation. I couldn’t really fault the assessment, especially from what Becca and Wanda knew. The thing was, I had a feeling Cattie was a lot closer to the area the rest of us were in than they thought.

But that was Cattie’s decision to make, not mine.

“OK,” Cassidy said. “So no Cattie. Anyone else from the other boat?”

"I mean, maybe but I feel like it's already a big group," Wanda said.

"OK, To-Be-Renamed Diamond Dogs will commence after breakfast," Becca said. "You can wait that long at least, right?"

"Yeah, I can," Wanda nodded.

"OK," Cassidy said. "Um, with that plan in place, if we're not about to have a four-way, would you girls mind if I talk to Robbie a bit? I need to... I just need to talk."

"Of course, Cass," Wanda said, leaning over and rubbing Cassidy's back for a moment before scooting to the edge of the bed and standing up. "Let's just try to find our clothes first."

Wanda ended up wearing another of my T-shirts out of the cabin, and *just* one of my T-shirts. Becca had actually had a reasonably complete outfit on when she came in and quickly got re-dressed. I got up from the bed and pulled them both into their own hugs, kissing the tops of their heads before they went on their way across the hall to Wanda's room.

When I shut the door and turned, Cassidy was fully naked and slipping under the covers, patting the bed next to her.

"Please?" she asked me.

"Of course," I said. "You don't need to ask."

"I feel like I do," Cassidy said quietly. "Robbie, I'm... God, I'm so fucking awful."

"Oh, Cassidy," I sighed as I got under the covers and pulled her to me. I hugged her tight as she started to cry, muffling her sobs into my chest.

"I'm so sorry," Cassidy said quietly.

"I know, baby," I said, rubbing her back. "I know."

Chapter 189

I held Cassidy for a little bit longer until she felt ready to talk. During the quiet process I found myself battling my own little internal demons - I knew why she was feeling this way, and I knew why she needed comforting. I could even see the strings leading back to her depressive states. Intellectually, I understood it. But that petty little part of me that I hadn't ever really had before the ride to Lake Powell was still there, still angry and frustrated.

Cassidy caused this. Why should she be the one getting consoled?

I squashed that feeling as hard as I could and felt gross at myself for even feeling it, but there wasn't any getting rid of the residue and it made loving Cassidy feel just a little bit more like work instead of the natural flow that I'd always found it before that week. And that made me sad.

"I don't know what to do," she whimpered quietly. It was a heartbreaking tone of voice.

"About what?" I asked.

"I don't even know anymore," she said. "Everything before. How I keep messing up now, using the App. I just... I keep telling myself the thing I'm doing is for you, or that one time for Wanda, and I just barge ahead and do it without telling you."

I wanted to tell her that she could just stop using it, but that wouldn't have been helpful. She tried that and it brought us here. Not to mention the serious questions I had about the App's power and possible intelligence, or potential displeasure at being ignored. Instead I decided to distract her for at least a moment so we could reset the conversation and the feelings baked into it.

"Tell me about Terra," I said. "How is she this morning?"

Cassidy sighed softly and rested her forehead on my shoulder. She knew exactly what I was doing, but after a moment she allowed it to happen. "She's still pretty mad at JC," she said. "I think the more she thinks about it, the more she's seeing orange flags in their relationship. Not red ones, but enough there to be warning signs."

"What's he been doing?" I asked.

"He's just sort of a manchild," Cassidy said. "Endearing, and happy, and energetic. That's what Terra likes about him. But also just... he hasn't grown out of being a college frat boy. Not that he was one, but it's just the state he's in. She has to remind him to do basic chores, and does his taxes for him, and reminds him when he has trips booked for work. His whole life at home is his rec leagues, working out, playing video games and watching sports if he isn't working. And she's realizing she wants more than that out of him."

"Mmm," I hummed, nodding softly. All of that was pretty understandable from what I'd learned about JC and Terra. "So where does that leave her now?"

"She isn't sure. I have a feeling this Diamond Dogs meeting isn't going to end up being just about Wanda."

I had to smirk a little. "Please tell me you'll find a different name for it."

"Oh, I already did," Cassidy said. "Well, it fits most of us anyways."

“What is it?”

“Robbie’s Girls,” Cassidy said.

I sighed. “Cass.”

“I know, I know, I’m just joking,” Cassidy said. “Mostly. And I won’t suggest it because that wouldn’t be fair to Terra or Heels.”

“Or Wanda,” I said. “She’s still married, Cass. The ‘owning’ game with her is hot and fun, but it needs to stop for now.”

“I know,” Cassidy said. “And she does, too”

“And I don’t want us to be a rebound thing for her either,” I said. “I- That wouldn’t be good for anyone.”

“Oh, Tiger,” Cassidy said, running her hand across my chest. “You aren’t a rebound for her.”

“We,” I corrected her.

“You,” Cassidy said, then took out her phone and opened it. It looked like she opened Instagram, but I knew she must have been looking at the App. “76 Affection, 49 Love, 32 Lust,” she read off. “Wanda loves you, Tiger. I’m a great friend to her, and she likes playing with me sexually because you’re there too. But her feelings are for *you*.”

I had to take a moment and breathe deeply. “Are you sure this is OK?”

“More than OK,” Cassidy said and shifted under the covers so that she was laying on top of me and snuggling her face into the pillow at the crook of my neck, whispering quietly. “You deserve Wanda and Becca loving you. And Ami. And I know you don’t want to say it, but I will. You deserve Leia and Cattie and Terra, too. And they deserve you.”

“Cass,” I said softly.

“Shhhh,” she shushed me. “I won’t say it again, Tiger. I just- I want you to stop second-guessing yourself. I’m the problem, not you.”

“Radical honesty,” I said.

“Anything,” she promised.

“Other than the Wanda one, have you bought any perks for any of the girls on this trip?”

Cassidy shook her head. “Just Wanda.”

“What about JC?” I asked.

“No, baby,” she said, her voice cracking at the accusation baked into the question. “I’m not sabotaging him.”

“Do I know about all of the perks you’ve ever bought me?” I asked.

She hesitated, then rolled to my side and brought up her phone again. “The second one I ever got you was the No Sickness one. The first one was back in high school and it’s called ‘Perfect Vision.’ It just makes it so your eyes never degrade, or feel itchy or scratchy. I got it for you when you were having that problem with the chlorine in the different pools at swimming competitions - and I promise it didn’t change anything else about your swimming, it just made it so you wouldn’t get red and grainy eyes.”

I exhaled through my nose and nodded. “OK, that’s not a big deal I guess. And nice to know I won’t ever need glasses.”

“That was one of the first perks I ever got. After that, I never really used it on you until before this week, and you know all of the traits I got you,” she said.

“OK,” I said.

“That’s really it, Robbie,” Cassidy said, not as an accusation but as a plea, searching my face and hoping I believed her.

“I trust you,” I said, kissing her cheek.

“Thank you,” she whispered. We sat holding each other for a little bit longer, and then her chest heaved slightly as she snorted softly.

‘What?’ I asked.

“We could call the group the ‘Pussy Pack,’” she said, and I could hear the grin on her lips.

“Oh, God,” I groaned, which made her laugh more.

Chapter 190

Cassidy asked me to dress her for the day again, and I ended up choosing some denim shorts and a cute, off-the-shoulder crop top for her. A thong went with the outfit but no bra - the crop

wasn't particularly high so she wasn't really risking flashing anyone unless she intended to do it, and I wanted to tease her a bit later on. She also asked if I wanted to dress Wanda again, and I declined - Cassidy nodded and said she understood, then went to find Wanda so they could start putting together the 'Pussy Pack' for after breakfast.

I followed her out, needing to stretch my legs after spending the early morning in bed for so long, but I didn't get very far as I found Becca in the kitchen of our houseboat working on breakfast.

"Hey," I said with a smile, glancing over into the living area as I approached her. There wasn't anyone there so I slid in behind her and wrapped my arms down around her stomach and pulled her into a hug as she looked back over her shoulder and let me kiss her.

"Hi," she smiled warmly, backing her butt up to brush against me. "Want to help?"

"Of course," I said, and she quickly set me to work frying up eggs over easy while she was frying bacon and breakfast sausages. Apparently Zenya and Leia were doing hashbrowns over on the Singles Boat, which made my mouth water a little.

Again I found that working with Becca in the kitchen felt way too natural - we just moved around and worked at the same pace. We cleaned up behind ourselves as we worked, and wanted to do good work without lacking in efficiency.

This time though, with everything that had been going on between us, the vibe was just a little different. We touched a lot more, just little ones on the shoulder or arm or waist, but also more intimately when there was a moment. She grabbed my butt and gave me a little spank. I hugged her from behind again, but this time cupped her breasts through her sweater. She took my hand and raised it to her lips, kissing it softly as she smiled and looked into my eyes.

"You know, I really like this," she said.

"I really like this, too," I told her.

"Do you think it's as weird as I do though?" she asked.

"You mean how easy it is?"

She nodded. "I feel like- Well, I don't know how I feel, really. It's like I've known you for forever, and just know how you're going to react to things."

"Same," I said with a small chuckle. "Exactly, honestly. I felt it that first night when I was helping clean up."

"When I asked if you were interested and open to fucking," Becca smirked.

“I think you were blunt, but not that blunt,” I said. “But it was exactly what I needed to hear from you to know I wasn’t going crazy at how much chemistry there was.”

“I was feeling the same way,” Becca said. “From the moment you offered to start helping with luggage, I just had this... you’re a good person, Robbie.”

I smiled and I put my hands on her waist, lifting her up and sitting her on the counter next to the stove. She bit her lower lip and looked at me with such a warmth of appreciation that I almost didn’t want to break the moment. “Becca, I think you are stupendous. You constantly impress me. I hope I can keep being the good person you see me as.”

“I don’t think you could stop even if you wanted to,” she said as she took me by the collar of my T-shirt and pulled me into a kiss. I was still holding her waist and she kept my lips pinned to hers with her grip on my shirt, but her other hand slid down between us and felt at the front of my shorts.

The shocked scoff behind us was the thing that broke our moment. Our kiss ended as we both turned to look, and Heather was standing at the entrance from the hallway back to the cabins. She was dressed in a slightly larger-than-normal bikini top (which was to say, not a string bikini but still showing a significant amount of her bulbous cleavage) and yoga pants that hugged her hips and thighs. Her hair pulled back into a tiny ponytail and she looked like she might have just had a shower.

“Heather-” Becca said.

“God, I should have known,” Heather said, her shock turning into a barely contained sneer. Her judgemental gaze was fixed on me, not on Becca, but I could feel Becca tensing in my hands as if she were the one that was the focus.

Heather didn’t stick around for any more conversation. She about-faced and headed right back down towards the cabins, her yoga pants-covered ass shifting agitatedly as she strutted away.

“Shit,” Becca sighed.

I exhaled and turned back to her, leaving one hand on her waist but dropping the other so she didn’t feel trapped. “Becca...”

“No,” Becca shook her head. “You know what? Fuck her.” She stopped watching the hallway and turned back to look at me. “We aren’t doing anything wrong. Cassidy knows and endorses this. We’re falling for each other. We can kiss, and make out, and do whatever we want. I shouldn’t feel like I can’t do that.”

“I agree,” I said.

"I'm not just the person in charge of the trip," Becca said, still trying to convince herself she hadn't made a mistake.

"Not by a mile," I agreed with her. "You are so much more than that."

She took a deep breath and nodded. "So fuck her," Becca said a little more quietly.

"I'd rather not," I said with a little smirk, putting my other hand on her waist again. "I'd much rather fuck you."

She laughed and shook her head, her silvery blonde hair falling to the side. "Good answer, Tiger," she said. "We need to find a time later. I want you so bad."

"I want you too," I said and kissed her again. The eggs started to get cold because we couldn't quite make the decision to pull away from each other.

Chapter 191

Becca and I did eventually remember that we weren't teenagers and got back to work. I had to reheat some of the eggs gently so I didn't overcook them, and she had another flat of bacon to fry up before we brought everything over to the Singles Boat to set up breakfast.

When we got there and had everything set up, Leia pulled me back towards the cabins and into her room she was sharing with Ginnie, stepping up onto the bed so she could kiss me good morning. It was almost the exact move that Terra had used during the Truth or Dare game, which made me smile a little, and I teased her by running my hands up and down her thighs under her cotton shorts.

"Got any plans later, sunshine?" I asked. "I'd love to hang out again today."

"I don't know if we'll get enough privacy," Leia said, biting the inside of her cheek.

That made me chuckle. "I meant actually hanging out," I said. "Not that I wouldn't want to taste you again, and I'm sure Cassidy would want to play again too if you want that. But I really just like spending time with you."

Her eyes softened and she smiled sweetly at me. "I'd like to hang out too," she said. Then her expression turned a little more playful. "But can you handle another butt-kicking?"

"I'll get you back eventually," I promised her. "But maybe we do something that isn't so one-sided."

“OK,” she nodded. “We’ll figure it out. Something fun.”

I nodded and kissed her again, and she reached down and pulled my hands from her bare thighs up to her ass, laughing softly against my lips.

We went back out and Zenya saw us and wiggled her eyebrows at me, making me grin and laugh. She was another woman who had made it clear she wanted some time with me, it just hadn’t happened yet other than the massage shoot. Unlike with Ginnie, I actually did feel more than just a physical thing about Zenya. It made me wonder if I should have been more intentional with her like I had been with Leia or Ami.

On the other hand, I was spinning plates like crazy. Would one more be too much?

I ended up in line for chow behind Heels and Wanda, and Wanda hooked her arm in mine when we finished and led me and Heels up to the top deck to eat. The conversation was light and bantery, and I got the distinct feeling that Wanda either wanted me and Heels to get along, which wasn’t really a problem, or that she wanted Heels to see more of me so she could give her opinion or advice later.

I just tried to play it straight and be myself, joking with the both of them and adding what I could to the conversation. It seemed to be enough for Wanda, who seemed happy. Heels was harder to read, and I could tell she was analyzing the situation much as I had.

After breakfast, Cassidy came up on deck followed by Becca and Terra, and I offered to take Wanda and Heels’ dishes. Wanda took my hand and squeezed it in thanks, and then I was getting peck kisses from Cassidy, Becca and Terra as they came by. Terra was last, and I grabbed her hand quickly before she walked away and she turned back to me. I pulled her into a full bear hug. “Good morning,” I told her. “I’m sorry you’re feeling down.”

“Thanks, dude,” Terra sighed, hugging me back. “Talk to you later?”

“Any time you want,” I promised.

She left, and both Cassidy and Becca gave me little smiles from near the stairs, approving of my moment with Terra. When they were gone I took the dishes down and found Leia, Zenya and Ami were already packing away food and doing dishes, and they were wrangling Sherry to help, so I dropped off the dishes and thanked them both with a kiss on the cheek before making myself scarce. Sherry gave me a look and I wasn’t sure what it was or meant - part of me wondered if she was actually pissed that I hadn’t thanked and kissed her too, but had to shake that off as ridiculous.

With the ‘Pussy Pack’ - and I hated that I was actually thinking of them as that - ensconced in Wanda and Heels’ cabin, I decided to grab the book I’d started reading with Ami the other day

and head up to the top deck. It was another beautiful day on the lake and I figured I could get in a good sun and read before it got too hot out.

I'd gotten about fifteen minutes in, settled on one of the deck chairs with my feet up on another, when I glanced over at movement near the stairs and broke into a smile. Cattie was coming up, her thick black hair pulled back into a ponytail that was fed through her ball cap. She was wearing a simple black bikini top and black denim shorts.

"Hey, gorgeous," I said.

"Hey, Tiger," Cattie said, coming over to me. She grabbed my foot and I moved it so she could sit in the chair opposite me, but she pulled my foot into her lap and started massaging it. She clearly wasn't 'trained' or anything, but it still felt good. She smiled at me teasingly as her fingers worked the sole of my foot. "So, how are you doing?" she asked. "Last night was rough."

I nodded and exhaled. I'd almost forgotten that Cattie had heard my panic attack too, or just the worries of Wanda and Cassidy. "Nightmare turned panic attack," I said. "Not fun."

"But better now?" she asked.

"I mean, I guess so," I said. "This is the first time it's happened, and hopefully the last."

"I'm sorry," she said with a sad nod.

"Thanks for coming to check on me," I said.

"Of course," she said. "And I know you would for me."

"Any time, any place," I told her.

"So where is everyone?" Cattie asked. "The boats feel kind of empty."

Shit, I thought. Now I was going to need to explain.