

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 101-150

By Breakthebar

The following are the compiled chapters of AMA: The Boyfriend, originally written for CHYOA based on the popular Affection Multiplier App metastory created by Fantasy. Enjoy!

Chapter 101

Madison led us through a door labelled 'Staff Only' into a back room that had boxes of extra stock from the General Store along with what looked like an old car maintenance lift that hadn't worked in at least a decade.

"OK, here's the deal," she said, walking over to a set of four lockers and opening one. She started pulling off her work shirt and hanging it up, then pulled out what I assumed was her purse and dug around in it. "We can't take long. So I'll blow you, and then we'll fuck, OK? Can one of you film it on my phone for me?"

"I can do that," Cattie said.

"God, I can't believe I'm doing this," Madison muttered to herself, and then pulled a condom out of her purse and put the bag away. She grabbed a sweater out of her locker, a hoodie that looked way too big for her small frame, and tossed it on the ground in front of me and knelt on it. She looked up at me. "You're... Sorry, you *are* good with this, right?"

"Yeah," I said and knelt down on one knee and pulled her into a kiss. She had a small, pert mouth and she was surprised that I kissed her, but we traded a moment of tongue. "Seriously, Madison. You're hot as hell. I'm the one who is getting lucky here."

"Thanks," she smiled shyly. She opened her phone and handed it over to Cattie. "Ready?"

I stood up and stood in front of her, gesturing down to the slight tenting in my athletic shorts. I was just in a T-shirt and shorts, not having planned to be making any sort of impression at the moment.

"Rolling," Cattie said, holding a thumbs up.

Madison glanced at the camera nervously, then took a breath and looked again with a more self-assured smirk. "Pepper, if you hadn't fucking figured it out already, we're fucking over," she said. Then she reached forward and pulled down my shorts and underwear in one go, my cock

flopping out in front of her. "Oh, fuck," she groaned. "You're almost twice his size. Fuck, this is going to feel good."

I had no idea if she was playing that up for the camera or not.

Madison took my chubbed cock in one small hand and quickly took the head between her lips, slurping away at me. She bobbed deeper, and then again, and gagged a little and had to pull off after taking about two-thirds of my cock. "Sorry," she said. "I'm not used to a cock this big."

"Take your time," Cass said.

"Uh-uh," Madison shook her head. "I want to get fucked by this monster." She started stroking me, using her spittle. "Does that sound good, stud? Do you want to break me in like my ex never could?"

"Absolutely," I said.

She took me in her mouth again, slobbering messily and making a show of moaning and groaning around my cock for the camera. Cass got a few different angles, including looking down at Madison from my perspective as Madison looked up with eyes big enough the rival Sherry's. As she did that I reached down and caressed her chubby cheek. She was still carrying a little bit of puppy weight on her, mostly in the form of a little pair of love handles, her ass, and her face.

"God, you are absolutely gorgeous," I said.

"Than' 'oo," she mumbled, grinning around my cock.

Then she stood up, stroking my cock in her hand, and kissed me again. This time she was ready from the start and fed me her tongue. Then she turned around and bent at the waist and lowered her shorts, tugging them down over her jiggly ass.

"Fuck, she's hot," Cass said.

Madison looked over her shoulder at me with a smirk and a smouldering gaze as she got her tight shorts down under her butt and used them to jiggle her cheeks. I reached forward and gave her a little spank on one cheek, then harder on the other.

"You want me like this, Stud? Want to mount me like a horny bitch?"

I shook my head and knelt, pulling her shorts the rest of the way down so she could step out of them. "That's how we'll finish," I said. "Get that condom on me."

“Yes, sir,” she smirked, and I had a feeling that was another shot at the Ex. She knelt in front of me on the sweater again and quickly ripped the condom wrapper with her teeth and rolled it on me. It was tight as hell. “Well, shit,” she said. “It’s too small.” She rolled it back off of me and tossed it over her shoulder. “You good to pull out, Stud?”

I glanced at Cass and she gave me a quick nod and a thumbs up. “I am if you are,” I told Madison.

“How do you want me?” she asked.

“Like this,” I said and picked her up by her armpits and lifted her until she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and her legs around my waist.

“I’ll get it,” Cass said and reached in to help me position my cock at Madison’s cunt. She rubbed my head against a pair of very wet lips a couple of times, then notched me into place.

“Fuck me,” Madison gasped.

I lowered her down, penetrating her pussy, and she hiccuped as she arched her back at the feeling. “Hooooly fuck,” she grunted. “God, yes that’s good. Sweet gravy.”

Madison didn’t seem to want to waste any time, and she used her leverage with her legs to lower herself further, grunting and wincing on her way down until she took about two-thirds of me. I had my hands on her ass, and soon I was lifting and dropping her as she fucked her hips forward and back.

“Yes, fuck! Fuck me! Ugh, it’s so fucking good. I’ve never been- Fuck, yes! This is already the best sex I’ve ever fucking had,” she panted.

Her first orgasm rolled through her and I was surprised when she squelched a scream by burying her face in my chest and licking at me lewdly despite my chest hair. As soon as she’d shuddered through it she went right back to humping at me.

“Yes. Fuck me. Fuck me!” she demanded.

“Hold on,” Cass said. “Tiger, can I do something?”

She was standing behind Madison and she gestured at Madison’s ass and made a licking motion with her tongue. I nodded and she grinned and got on her knees, using that same sweater as a cushion. I was already holding Madison’s juicy ass in both hands and gripped those cheeks a little tighter, pulling her apart.

“Maddi,” I said, catching her attention. “Anyone ever tell you that you’ve got a perfect ass?”

She shook her head.

“Well, you do,” I said. “It’s so nice that my fiancée wants a piece.”

Madison gasped, her eyes going wide, as Cassidy started tonguing her asshole while I thrust into her pussy. “Holy fuck, I think I’m touching God,” she whispered.

Chapter 102

Madison came a second time while Cassidy tongued her ass and I fucked into her from the front. This time she turned her head to the side and bit her own arm to stop from screaming.

Cassidy backed off with a grin on her face, and I set Madison down on her butt on the sweater. She was a small girl, shorter than both Cass and Cattie, but I couldn't keep that up forever. Madison panted, looking up at me as she leaned back with her arms bracing her and her legs spread wide and showing off her puffy pink pussy.

"OK," she breathed. "That's the two you promised."

"We aren't done yet," I said.

She grinned sloppily and then turned over onto her hands and knees as I gave her a little spinning motion with one finger.

"Yes," she said. "Take me from behind with your big, fat cock. Get as deep in me as you can."

I got behind her and she shifted her stance, tilting her hips so that she was presenting her cunt to me. Sliding back into her, I groaned in appreciation at the tightness and took a moment to just enjoy palming her ass and spreading her meaty cheeks to watch my cock fuck into her.

"Uuungh," she groaned. "Deeper, please."

I did just that, pushing in until I was completely buried inside of her. Her ass quivered as a mini-orgasm shot through her.

"God, yes," she panted. "I feel like you're stirring my guuuuuts."

I started thrusting as she was talking, and soon she started bouncing back at me and we were fucking hard and fast.

"Yes!" she said. "Yes, fuck, yes! Fuck me. Fuck me!" I reached forward and grabbed her by her waist, using her love handles to pull her back at me. The clapping of her ass against my thighs filled the storage space, broken only by her moans.

She came again, her ass flexing and her cunt rippling and squeezing around me, but we didn't stop thrusting at each other. Then she went down from her hands to her elbows, panting into the cement floor. That opened her ass to me a little more and I pressed a thumb to her butthole, teasing it with the tip. She got quiet, and then when I pressed into the depth of my nail she snorted hard and slammed her hips back at me, burying me to the hilt and sticking there as she came hard again. Her scream was loud, but just a burst as Cassidy ripped the sweater out from under us and shoved it under Madison's face, who grabbed it and screamed into it.

I pulled out of her and stood up, stroking my cock fast.

“Get up,” Cassidy urged Madison. “Get on your knees and take your facial.”

Madison rolled over and did as she was told, opening her mouth and blinking her teary eyes as she stuck her tongue out. “Yes, fuck,” she moaned. “Cover me. Fucking cover me.”

I did just that, releasing my orgasm with a groan and pumping out three big globs of cum that splattered across her forehead, cheek and tongue. Cassidy took her by the hair and urged her forward, and Madison took me in her mouth and started sucking and swallowing down everything else I had to give.

“Mmmmm,” Madison moaned happily as she swallowed. She popped off my cock and looked right at her phone in Cattie’s hand. “Now that is how I should have been getting fucked this whole time, you cheating, little dick motherfucker.”

Cattie turned off the recording, and Cass and Cattie both started clapping.

“That was fucking hot,” Cassidy said, offering Madison a hand up to stand.

“Seriously, girl,” Cattie said. “You took that like a champ and then some.”

“Thanks,” Madison laughed, then reached up and touched the cum on her face. “God, you really plastered me.”

“Sorry, not sorry,” I said. “You were pretty amazing.”

“So were you,” she replied. “Fuck, if you were local I’d probably ask you to marry me. God, that’s a nice cock.”

“You should try it in your ass,” Cassidy said. “I’d bet you’d love it.”

“Oh my God,” Madison said, turning to her. “I can’t believe you did that, by the way. I’ve *never* done any butt stuff before.”

“Oops,” Cassidy smirked. “Sorry. It seemed like you liked it though.”

“Yeah,” Madison nodded. “Um, it was... Well, I think I need to reconsider my stance on that, haha.”

“Well, now’s your chance if you want to try it out. We can definitely get Robbie hard again.”

“Oh, fuck,” Madison said. She’d wandered over to her locker and pulled out some wet wipes and was cleaning her face. “Um. I- I really need to get back to work.”

“Maybe another time,” Cass said.

“Maybe,” Madison said noncommittally.

Cass stepped over to me and glanced down at my cock, still half-hard and with a bead of leftover cum on the tip. She glanced at Cattie. “You want?”

Cattie hesitated and blushed. “Um...”

Then she surprised me by bending over and quickly sucking on my cock head, pulling one last little gooey strand out of me.

“Fuck,” I groaned.

“Couldn’t let it go to waste,” she said with a shrug, still blushing.

“Just give me a minute and I’ll be out there to ring you guys up,” she said. “And, uh, thanks again.”

“Mm-mm,” I hummed, shaking my head and stepping towards her. She let me take her in my arms and kiss her lightly. “Seriously, Maddi. Thank you.”

We paid out front and left Maddison inside, stepping out onto the deck area above the dock. Cass stopped me with a hand, along with Cattie. “That was fun,” she said.

“That was wild,” Cattie said. “I can’t believe that happened. And what’s with you trying to convince another girl to do anal with him?”

“What?” Cass said. “He’s a great fuck, and every girl deserves to know what good anal sex is like.”

I rolled my eyes and pivoted the subject. “Cattie, how are you doing? I wasn’t expecting-”

“We’ll talk about it, just not here and now,” Cattie said, gesturing down towards the dock where all of the women were currently staggered around and teamed up taking photos next to the old gas pumps, or just on the dock using the landscape in the background. “Is that OK?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Thanks,” she said, and then gave me a peck on the lips that went a split second longer than usual as if she wanted it to be more, but she pulled away before it went there. Then she turned and led us down to the docks.

“Seriously, though,” Cass said. “That girl's ass would look fucking hot getting stretched by your cock, Robbie.”

Chapter 103

Despite my fiancée's extremely filthy commentary - which I was fairly certain was more intended just to tease Cattie and I for shock value - Cass didn't keep commenting on our encounter with or the body of Madison. We passed by Leia and Zenya, and then Heels and Wanda, as they were taking photos with two of the gas pumps. Zenya was dressed up in an outfit that made her look like Rosie the Riveter, except her red hair was coiffed a little more carefully in an old-timey doo. On the other end of the spectrum, Heels was dressed... well, she looked like she was a hooker. I hadn't actually talked with Heels all that much, especially not one-on-one, so I wasn't clear on what kind of work she did but based on the outfit and the poses, I had to guess OnlyFans.

We had stopped for a second to wait for Wanda to wave us through, and Heather spotted us. Sherry had been taking pictures of her - she was in a pseudo-cowboy outfit, was my best guess. Cowboy boots, tight jeans, and a brown vest over a white crop top were topped off by a cowboy hat. It wasn't exactly convincing, but with her curves and assets it would probably work well enough online. She told Sherry to stop, and she came down the dock towards the three of us just as Wanda was smiling and gesturing for us to move past her and Heels.

"What took so long?" Heather said as she approached.

"I told you I needed to talk with Cassidy," Cattie said. "And we also shopped for snacks. I got your favourite Cheetos, by the way."

Heather pursed her big lips for a moment, clearly looking for anything else she might need to be mad or offended by. Part of me felt bad for her still. She had every right to be pissed, *except* that she'd caused her own problem. Any other situation and what Cattie had done with me and Cass last night should have ended their relationship.

Instead, she was apparently forced to swallow her pride and she wasn't doing well with that.

"Well, I didn't realize you'd need so much time," Heather said. "I would *appreciate* it if you could come help with these pictures. Sherry can't get some of the shots."

"Sure, babe," Cattie said carefully, putting on a bit of extra sweetness. "Let me drop these off on the boat, and I'll be right back out."

"Alright," Heather said. She hadn't looked at me once and had barely glanced at Cassidy.

'Sorry,' Cattie mouthed to Cass and I and she followed after Heather up the dock.

"I'll talk to her some more," Cass said. "But don't worry, everything is OK."

“Alright,” I sighed. It sure didn’t seem like that, but then I wasn’t even sure if I was overly worried about everything being OK in Heather and Cattie’s relationship. I didn’t want to be the thing that broke them up, but I also wouldn’t be sad if they did. Cattie just... deserved better.

Cass followed Cattie towards the boat along with our snacks, leaving me with the chance to wander a bit. I was stopped by JC and Terra.

“Hey, Robbie,” Terra called me over. They were working right near the houseboat on the end of the dock and for once Terra wasn’t the focus of the shoot. Instead, JC was done up in a Greaser outfit complete with the leather jacket and was posing with one of the gas pumps.

“What’s up?” I asked. “Need some help?”

“We got all the work shots,” Terra said. “Would you mind helping me grab some couples shots, just for us?”

“Sure,” I said and accepted their camera from her. She showed me a couple of the features, and soon Terra was posing with JC. Both of them being working models meant it was easy to work with them, and soon I had about twenty good variations of shots of them posing together.

Cass had come back out, and I paused to let Cattie walk past us back towards Heather and Sherry. “Let me see?” Cass asked, and I quickly showed her the photos I’d taken. “Oh my God, you guys are too cute,” she said.

“Let’s do a double-couple picture!” JC said. “Memorialize the friendship.”

“Sure,” I said, “Let’s get someone to take it for us.”

“We can ask Sherry, she’s right there-” Terra started.

“Ehn,” I grunted and made a cutting gesture at my throat.

Terra raised an eyebrow. “What’s wrong?”

“She found out about last night and is pissed,” Cass said. “Cattie said she’s probably not going to let it go any time soon.”

“Shiiit, that sucks,” Terra said.

“Wait, what happened last night?” JC asked.

“You’d know if you didn’t fall asleep on me,” Terra teased him. “Now I can’t tell you until you’re older. I need to preserve your innocent ears.”

JC scoffed and started to argue with his girlfriend, while I managed to catch the attention of Ami across on the other dock. I silently waved her over, using the camera to mime asking if she could take some photos. She'd been helping Ginnie and Becca, it looked like, and she said something to them and then skipped and wove her way down the other dock and up ours.

"What's up?" she asked.

We explained, and Ami was happy to help - soon Cass and I were posing alongside Terra and JC and we got some group shots. Then Terra urged JC to take over the camera and get a picture of her with me, Cass and Ami, then again without me so it was just a ladies shot.

Things started to devolve on the docks as the 'official unofficial' photoshoots started to finish and the ladies started just taking private photos of friends and group pairings. I ended up with someone's camera in my hand and was snapping whatever pictures were asked for when the rumble of an engine cut through the sound of the ladies chatting and talking.

I glanced over at the boat that was coming in close to the dock. It was a twelve-footer with an oversized engine mounted on the back of the metal hull and had four big guys inside. There were several fishing rods among them and open beer cans at the bottom of the boat.

"Well, looks like the *tourists* are in," one of the guys cracked, but I immediately noticed two of the others realizing that the crowd of people on the dock was mostly comprised of very attractive women.

"Hey, honey," one of them called, waving over at someone further down the dock from me. "Lend a hand here. My rope needs a good tug once we're pulled up to dock."

Ah, shit, I thought.

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 many 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 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.

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 most athletic 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 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 at 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 photo shoot 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, 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 hero's welcome as they were all raving about how I'd tried to disarm the situation, and 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 that 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 our faces 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 another 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 that 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 covered 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 there, 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 a 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 with you on 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 massaged her upper chest, and her arms, before getting to her face. As usual, I was delicate there and did my best not to smudge her 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 me 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 the 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. 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 snicker a 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 tongs 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,” I 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 wasn't nearly so sweet, 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."

Chapter 111

“I’m going to beat the absolute *shit* out of you,” Leia said.

“Says the lady who brings a gun to a fistfight,” I retorted.

Then I hit her with my laser eyes.

“You have superpowers! Of course Joker needs to bring a gun and a knife. Even Batman uses weapons,” Leia said, mashing the buttons on her Nintendo Switch controller.

Our lunch plates were only half-eaten, lying almost forgotten as we sat on the floor of the Singles Boat living area. Leia had brought me down from the lunch buffet line and shown me that she’d hooked up her Switch to the shitty TV the house boat came with. Then she challenged me to a duel.

We were already on our second match and I could tell that she liked the DC fighting game a lot. I’d played it a bit before, and I liked fighting games, but I hadn’t mastered any of the controls. Leia, on the other hand, knew how to do special attacks. The only reason I was able to keep up was that I had a better natural instinct for the defensive parts of these sorts of games and could block moves.

I glanced over at Leia, who was grinning widely with a look of concentration as she stared at the screen. She was one of the prettiest women on the trip, though that was like saying she was an angel among angels. Or a supermodel on a runway of supermodels. Still, where Wanda was beautiful in that all-American girl next door sort of way, and Cattie had the somewhat gothy princess vibe when she played it up, Leia was like a soft Greek statue with a slightly skewed bust-to-waist ratio.

“Gotcha!” she crowed as the Joker shot Superman in the face, my momentary distraction meaning I didn’t duck in time. That set off a cascading effect of Superman indeed getting beaten the shit out of him. I managed to come back for a moment, but the deficit was too large and the next time Leia caught me with a hit she combo’d it into a finisher and ended the round.

“Fuck yeah!” she laughed, then grabbed her burger from her plate and took a big bite of it. “M’told you.”

“Well, I want a rematch. And this time you have to use a different character,” you said.

“Fine,” she giggled. “But I want a prize if I beat you a third time in a row.”

“Yeah?” I asked, munching down some of my own burger quickly. “What prize do you want?”

“Hmmm,” she made a show of thinking. “Maybe...”

“If you say you want another massage, all you have to do is ask,” I teased her.

She flushed, but her smile didn't slip. “That's not what I was thinking,” she said. “Well, not entirely. If I win, I think you need to take off your shirt.”

I raised my eyebrow. “And what if I win?”

“Same thing?” she asked. “Not that it matters, 'cause I'm going to kick your ass over and over.”

Leia was dressed in a thin t-shirt, her bikini top ties visible at the nape of her neck from under her shirt, and a pair of spandex booty shorts that hugged her wide hips.

“Deal,” I said.

Three minutes later I was peeling off my shirt as she did a little dance from her spot on the floor next to me. Turns out Wonder Woman could not, in fact, defeat Harley Quinn.

“Wanna bet again?” she asked.

“What do you want this time?”

“Well, obviously I want your shorts,” she grinned.

“Who says I'm wearing anything underneath them?” I asked.

“Who says I care?” she replied.

“Fine, but if I win, I want your shirt *and* your shorts since I'm at a disadvantage.”

“Deal,” she said.

Solomon Grundy got his head kicked in by Bane.

“Well, balls,” I laughed.

She hummed to herself again, doing her cute little victory dance, then shot me a pair of finger guns. “Take 'em off.”

“There's going to be some weird questions to answer if anyone else walks in,” I said, standing up and dropping my athletic shorts to show I was wearing briefs underneath. She looked slightly disappointed for a moment, then brightened as she made another offer.

“Wanna go again?” she asked.

“Let me finish my lunch first,” I said.

“Good point,” she nodded, and we both set about cramming the last of our food down and drinking our water bottles.

“So tell me about the hair,” I said. “It’s cute as hell, but definitely an interesting choice.”

“Thanks,” she smiled, running her fingers through it. I could tell she was a natural blonde, but the pastel rainbow gave her an almost alien look with it being so silky and vibrant without being bold. “This is actually just the tail end of a whole sequence of dying my hair funky colours. I did a new colour every two months last year, with my Patreon followers voting on the colours. Then I rounded it off with a neon rainbow, which was neat but a bitch to maintain - I actually really like it now that it’s faded, but it would be too hard to keep it this way so I’m probably going to bleach it and go silver next.”

“I like that look, and it’s a good pick for you,” I said. “Cassidy has to use a bunch of special shampoos and stuff to keep her purple vibrant enough.”

“Oh, I’m so used to that by now,” Leia nodded. She took a last swig of her water bottle and set it down. “Now, are you ready to get beaten by a girl *again*?”

“What are we playing for this time?” I asked.

“You mean, what are you losing this time?” Leia giggled.

“Sure,” I said. “But one of these fights I’m going to get you.”

“We’ll see,” Leia said. “How about if I win, I get a kiss? And not a quick one, a big one. Cassidy seems OK with that from what I’ve seen and heard, right?”

“She is,” I said. “And what do I win?”

“You don’t want a kiss?” she teased. “Fine. Just because you need the extra motivation, I’ll strip down to my bikini and flash you a boob.” I gave her a look and she laughed. “Fine, both boobs. We’re adults, one titty isn’t enough.”

“Deal,” I said and we shook on it as we looked each other in the eye. The twinkle in hers was so fucking attractive.

Chapter 112

The battle was tough. It's not like I was any better at the game, but this time I had the distinct advantage of going back and playing Superman again. I had already gotten down a few of his combos, so I was able to figure out a couple more.

I had just broken Aquaman's health to half, with the cutscene running, when the sliding door to the porch opened and Sherry stepped inside before seeing us and stopping. "Oh."

"Hey," Leia said, only half paying attention since she was waiting for the cutscene to finish.

"What are you two doing?" Sherry asked, her brow furrowed as she looked at me sitting in just my briefs.

"Just playing a video game," I said.

"Why are you half-naked, though?"

"Because I've kicked his ass over and over," Leia chuckled.

"Well... you know he's hooking up with people, right?" Sherry asked. "He's probably just trying to lure you into making a bad decision."

"Whoa," Leia said, pressing pause and frowning as she turned to Sherry. "What the fuck does that mean?"

I was sort of pissed at Sherry by that point, but the look on the girl's face said she wasn't necessarily sure what she was doing. She'd wanted to say something to cut at me, but hadn't been expecting Leia to drill down, so I decided to just let her dig her own hole.

"Um, I mean he's... not a good guy," Sherry said, hesitating heavily. "He's... oh, never mind."

"No, no. What do you mean he's 'luring me into making a bad decision?' Because either that means you think I'm not smart enough to see if that was happening and that I'm bad at this game, or that you really mean something else."

Sherry had a look like she was cornered on her face, even though she was standing in an open doorway. "I just- He-"

"Robbie, are you trying to take advantage of me?" Leia asked, turning to me.

"No," I said. "And I don't think I could even if I wanted to like this."

Leia turned back to Sherry. "So what is it, then? You think he's a bad guy because...?"

“Never mind!” Sherry said, trying to walk past us and deeper into the houseboat, but Leia didn’t let up.

“You don’t get to just say shit and run away, Sherry,” she said. “Just spit it out. Why don’t you like Robbie all of a sudden?”

“Because he fucked my sister!” Sherry hissed, turning around pissed.

Leia rocked back a little on her butt, raising an eyebrow as she looked at me. “You did?”

“Cattie spent the night with Cassidy and I,” I said. “And that’s all the detail I’m giving about that, other than the fact that Heather was the one who pushed her into it. Which, by the way,” I turned to Sherry, “I would think would be a big part of the conversation you would have had with your sister if you talked to her about this.”

“Whatever,” Sherry practically spit out, rushing away and heading to her room before slamming the door.

“Jesus Christ,” Leia sighed. Then she looked at me again. “Look, Robbie...”

“Leia, I’m not expecting anything here from you,” I said. “The thing with Cattie is different. You and I weren’t doing anything wrong, we were just having some flirty fun that I promise you Cassidy would be totally fine with if she was here with us or not. And you’re kicking my ass pretty consistently, but I’m still having fun.”

Leia looked at me with a considering glance. “I’m just a little... shook, I guess,” Leia said. “Not about you two and Cattie, but, uh, what I felt when Sherry said you’d hooked up with Cattie. Robbie, you and Cassidy... you gave me an orgasm.” She’d lowered her voice to almost a whisper. “I was trying to play it cool, but I’ve been freaking out about that a bit since it happened. I can’t figure out if it was you, or her words, or just me being way too pent up. And part of me has wanted to ask you two to do it again to see if it was a one-time thing, and another part wants to try and forget it happened since it has to be a fluke.” She was blushing at this point and licked her lower lip before looking away nervously. “And one little part of me wanted to break my rule and just ask if you two wanted to fuck.”

“I don’t know exactly what combination of things it was,” I said, threading a needle to try and stay truthful with her. Leia was clearly conflicted, and a lot of her bravado from the game had seeped away and she’d returned to being a little shy. I’d liked the confident and comfortable Leia. “But I know it was a special moment, even if most of the other girls made a joke out of it. I’m sorry if I didn’t make that clear, Leia. When I asked if you wanted to hang out earlier, I really did mean I wanted to get to know you more. And in the last twenty minutes I’ve learned more about you than I did in the last two days. I like spunky, teasing, confident you a lot, even if it

means getting my virtual ass kicked. I'd like to think we could be friends at least, and we can cut the flirting stuff out if you want. Or we can take it as far as you're comfortable with."

Leia was looking at me, her pupils darting a little bit as she took in what I was saying and tried to process what she felt about it. "Thanks," she finally said.

"You're welcome," I replied, not really sure what she was thanking me for.

Then she put her controller down and swung a leg over mine, straddling my lap as she pressed her hands to my chest and her lips to mine. She kissed me softly and sat her ass in my lap, and I placed my hands on her outer thighs.

"We're not having sex," she murmured to me as the first kiss faded, but her lips barely left mine. "I'd just kick myself if I didn't take advantage of Cassidy being OK with this."

"That's totally fine," I said. "I'm happy to kiss you as much as you want. You're a beautiful woman with a pretty, spunky heart."

"Stop saying spunky," she smirked against my lips. "It sounds like you want to see me covered in cum."

I snorted and had to pull away from the kiss as we both laughed. She still had her hands on my chest and was looking at me with a smile, her eyes big. This time I leaned in and kissed her, and she responded.

It was sweet and soft. We didn't make out so much as just let the lingering kisses trail on. Eventually we came to a natural conclusion and she pulled away, slipping back out of my lap and to her spot. "Thanks," she said.

"That was really nice," I said. "Thank you. You're a sweet kisser."

"You're not so bad yourself," she grinned.

"Not sure how we go through with the bet now," I pointed out. "You already got most of your winnings."

"Oh, that's easy," she smirked. "Loser has to skinny dip."

I laughed. "You're on."

Chapter 113

“Robbie’s naked in the water!” Leia shouted just as I was surfacing from my jump into the lake.

Despite the fact that Sherry had accused me of sharking Leia, it turned out Leia had been taking it easy on me. As soon as we unpaused the game she let me have it, and Superman got taken down by Aquaman in quick order.

I’d had little to strip down, so I’d just stood up and peeled down my briefs, tossing them in her face before rushing to the door and jumping in the lake. What I hadn’t expected was for her to follow me and shout loud enough for everyone up on the top deck to hear.

To be fair, I tried to make it back to the deck and pull myself up and out of sight. But I’d dove into the water and my dive had taken me a decent distance - not a long way, but enough that after hearing the shout a half dozen of the girls were looking over the back railing before I got halfway to the boat.

The catcalls and whistles were loud. Cassidy was leading the charge, grinning down at me with her baseball cap on. Wanda was right beside her, shouting that I needed to tan my ass a bit because I looked like a spotlight underwater. At least she clarified ‘a sexy spotlight.’ She was also back to wearing her cap. Becca wasn’t shouting, but she did whistle loudly and grin at me, her bikini-clad breasts leaning on the railing and the baseball cap she was wearing pulled backwards. I hadn’t even mentioned the cap to her when we’d touched base before lunch.

Zenya, Ginnie and Terra were with them, catcalling me as well. I just stopped swimming and waved.

“Tiger,” Cassidy called down. “You know you’re supposed to tell me if you’re going for a naked swim. I like watching your cute butt.”

“Sorry, baby,” I called back, trying to just get in the spirit of the moment. “I lost a bet.”

Ami and Heels had joined the crowd at the railing, which meant the only girls not currently watching me were Heather, Cattie and Sherry. It felt... I felt like Cattie should have been there, grinning alongside Cassidy, wearing a hat with one arm around Cass and the other around Wanda. That would have finished the picture.

“Well, you better start swimming, Tiger,” Cass said, “Or I’m coming down there and-”

The thrum of a motor, not that uncommon as boats passed us on the main lake, got louder and sharper and cut Cassidy off as it turned into our little bay.

I turned and saw that it was our ‘friends’ the college guys and swam the short distance to the deck. There wasn’t any hiding my nakedness from them since they were coming right towards

us, but Leia had leniency on me and met me with a beach towel, wrapping it around my waist as I got up onto the deck with her. She handed me another and I mopped my hair before stepping inside with her.

“Sorry, couldn’t help it,” she giggled as she slid the door shut.

“It’s fine,” I laughed. “You earned it. You’re really good.”

“Thanks for recognizing,” she winked at me. “But I guess game time is over. I should make sure Ginnie doesn’t get herself into trouble with that guy from yesterday. And no, I don’t mean you.”

“Alright,” I nodded. “But I want a rematch, OK?”

“You got it,” she said and slapped my ass over the towel and laughed again.

I got dressed, not missing the fact that Leia stopped packing up her Switch for a moment as I dropped the towel to pull on my briefs. By the time I was fully dressed the college guys had tied their boat up next to the back deck of the Couples Boat and I could hear them stampeding up the stairs. Sherry came out of her room dressed in a tiny bikini, clearly planning on showing off her tight little body for the guys, and took the long way to the front when she saw I was still in the houseboat.

“Hey,” I said, sliding the back door open before turning back to Leia. “If you need anything, just yell for me, OK?”

“I know,” Leia said with a smile, standing from the couch where she’d meticulously been putting away the Switch components in a carrying case. She took a step to me and pecked my lips. “Thanks for being a good sport.”

I kissed her back, just a little longer than the peck, and we split apart with a grin.

Instead of heading up top, I decided I needed a moment before I waded into the loudness that was happening on the top deck so I hopped from the Singles' porch to the Couples. I was having a bit of a moment, feeling weird about how comfortable I was getting with all the kissing. The most I’d been a ‘kisser’ before the trip - at least with anyone other than Cassidy - had been a kiss on the cheek. Now more than half the people on the trip were happy to kiss me hello, or kiss me thank you, or just... kiss me. And as far as I could tell the App wasn’t doing that, or at least none of the upgrade perks Cass had described to me should cause that level of casual affection.

With the App on my mind, I slipped into the Couples’ Boat and stopped, immediately feeling awkward because I’d clearly just stepped into a tense conversation. Heather was sitting on the couch, her hands in her hair and her elbows on her knees, while Cattie was in the kitchen with a beer in her hand and an ‘Oh, shit’ look on her face as she saw me come in.

“Sorry,” I said. “Just trying to get to my room.” I rushed by, glancing quickly to lock eyes with Cattie and make sure she was OK, but was stopped.

“Wait,” Heather said.

Heather. Said.

I stopped just at the entrance to the hall leading towards the room, slowly turning to look at both of them.

Chapter 114

Heather looked like she wanted to spit, and Cattie had a stony expression that made it so I couldn't tell if she was trying to hide what she was thinking and feeling from me or from her girlfriend.

"I- We need to talk about last night," Heather said. "I know Cattie already talked to you and Cassidy, but I need to say something as well."

"Alright," I said and stepped back into the kitchen area.

Heather pursed her lips slightly in clear displeasure at the situation. "I owe you and Cassidy an... apology. For being aggressive and disrespectful. So I'm sorry-"

Now, if she'd stopped there, it would have been fine. But it was Heather, so of course she had to keep talking.

"-that you were offended by what I said. And that I put Cattie in the position that I did. But I also need you to hear me that what happened last night isn't going to happen again. You and Cattie aren't ever going to do that again. I won't allow it, and you need to back off."

The thing was, I could tell she was hurting. Heather wasn't her usual self, sitting there on the couch like a ball of stress. Her body language was turned inward and defensive instead of aggressively open. And I couldn't blame her - she was in a position that I hadn't ever been in. She *knew* her girlfriend had been with someone else not even twelve hours ago and she'd manufactured the circumstance that had caused it to happen. If anyone else had been telling me the story about this situation I would probably play Devil's Advocate in my own head and empathize with her. And really, I did. Even if she'd done it to herself, I still felt terrible for her and her relationship.

But she was also such a fucking bitch.

"That's not good enough," I said, breaking my gut feeling of protocol and decency around even bad apologies. Someone apologizes, you're supposed to accept it; that's what I was taught growing up. But I couldn't be truthful and accept this one.

"What?" Heather asked, a little stunned.

"Robbie-" Cattie whispered, though she sounded like she didn't know if she wanted me to explain, or stop.

"That's not good enough, Heather," I repeated myself. "You can't just apologize for me and Cassidy feeling offended. Cattie is Cass's best friend, and you've made it pretty clear since the first hours of this trip that you not only didn't give a flying fuck about mine and Cass's

relationship, but you also wanted to make this trip into a booze cruise for your own perverted gain.”

“What the fuck is your problem?” Heather demanded, starting to stand. “I never-”

“Heather, shut up and listen,” I said. “You started this week by trying to convince my fiancée and everyone else that they should get drunk and go topless so that you could be surrounded by hot, topless and tipsy women. You weren’t being subtle. Then you organized sexual games so that you could make out with women other than Cattie, and got pissed when things didn’t go your way. And then you *bet your girlfriend’s body* to try and force winning *my* fiancée’s. Don’t try to fucking talk your way out of it - if you had won, you were planning on having sex with Cassidy however you wanted. So yeah, I’m offended, Heather. I’m offended by you, and the way you treat other people. And I’m especially offended by the way you treat Cattie, because while you’ve been inexcusably aggressive to everyone else, you’ve been a raging cunt the way you’ve been acting towards her. So yeah, because *she* asked, Cassidy and I are going to keep our distance from her for as long as *she* wants us to. But she deserves *better*, Heather, and if you can’t manage that then Cass and I will be there for her.”

Heather looked shocked, and pissed, and devastated. She was standing but hadn’t moved towards the kitchen. Her hands were curled into fists and I couldn’t tell if she was about to burst into a scream at me or break out into tears. Maybe both. I wasn’t planning on sticking around to find out which.

I turned and hugged Cattie hard. “Sorry, but we love you too much. I couldn’t not say anything anymore,” I whispered to her. She didn’t hug me back, looking a little in shock herself by my outburst of frustration. “As soon as you need me or Cass, tell us and we’ll be there.”

And then I kissed her on the cheek and pulled away, leaving the situation by heading into the corridor and to my cabin. Neither of them said anything as I went.

I shut the door and sat on the bed, the adrenaline of the confrontation dropping and leaving me feeling jittery and a little sick. Looking down at my hands, I couldn’t help but think of holding Cattie last night. Of fucking her, right there in the room, while her girlfriend was next door.

And I couldn’t help but think of Cassidy, and how many sexual situations she’d been in when I was clueless nearby.

They weren’t the same thing, but my brain and my heart didn’t care. I flopped back on the bed, feeling the weight of Cassidy’s truth sitting on my chest again. The weight of her betrayals, and her hurt over it.

I cried again, not the bone-shaking feeling I’d had before but quiet and personal. Maybe that was a good thing, that I wasn’t losing control of myself so much, but the hurt was still there. What Cassidy did wasn’t *fair*. It wasn’t OK.

There was a knock on the door.

“Who is it?” I asked, barely keeping my voice from croaking.

It opened and Terra slipped inside, closing the door behind her. She got up on the bed and sat with her legs crossed, pulling my head into her lap and starting to run her fingers through my hair.

“I was in my room with the door open and heard all of that,” she whispered softly. “I had to wait for them to move, or I would have come over sooner. I’m so sorry, Robbie.”

Her fingers on my scalp were soothing, and I closed my eyes for a moment. “For what? You don’t have anything to be sorry for,” I asked.

“Not like that,” she whispered with a soft smile. “Just... for what you are going through. Heather needed to hear that, but you aren’t that blunt of a guy. If you weren’t going through what you are, I’m sure you would have found a better way to say that. I could hear the pain in your voice when you were letting her have it.”

“I’m just tired of getting taken advantage of,” I whispered, my heart clenching a little to admit that. No one *liked* getting conned or screwed over, and that’s how I felt. Cassidy took advantage of my love all those years ago. Now Heather was taking advantage of Cattie, and was using me as a convenient scapegoat for all her own shit.

“I know,” Terra whispered. “I know.” She leaned down and kissed my temple.

Chapter 115

Terra and I sat like that quietly for a few minutes, her soothing me with her fingers in my hair and on my scalp and neck. Then the door to the room opened again and Cassidy poked her head in, clearly looking for me and surprised at seeing us the way we were.

It's funny, I never would have been caught in a situation like this prior to the trip. Even though Terra and I were being completely platonic - the 'worst' thing was that she was in a bikini top, but between her tiny bust and the full coverage of the cups it wasn't scandalous whatsoever - there was no way I would have been in this position with anyone other than Cass. I wouldn't have thought it was right or OK, and I would have been bottling up any emotions I had.

But things were different now, and even though Cass immediately got a concerned look on her face as she stepped into the room fully, I could tell it was for me and not for what she'd found.

"What's wrong?" she asked, closing the door behind her and stepping to the foot of the bed but not climbing on. "Should I give you two some privacy?"

"Robbie let Heather have it," Terra said. "She gave a really shitty 'sorry you're offended' kind of apology and he told her exactly what the rest of us have been seeing and feeling. But he's still hurt, Cassidy."

"Oh, Tiger," Cass said, climbing up on the bed and sitting mirrored to Terra so she could look down at me while she took one of my hands in both of hers. "Good job, and I'm so sorry, and thank you, and I love you."

I smirked just a little. "That's a lot of stuff in one little sentence, hon."

"It was, but I needed to say it all at once," she smiled down at me. "Especially the sorry and the I love you." She glanced up at Terra. "Was it brutal?"

"He could have been nastier for sure," she said. "Honestly, he's the most polite pissed person I think I've ever met except for one of my friend's Moms growing up. She was this southern belle church lady type with a syrupy sweet voice that never swore and never raised her voice, but she could be brutally honest without ever sounding nasty about it. Robbie was like a manly version of that. Firm and blunt, but fair."

"Baby," Cass whispered, squeezing my fingers in hers as she smiled.

"I just said what we've talked about, I think," I said. "And I know I kept warning you not to, Cass. It just- it happened."

"We were trying not to pry into their relationship," Cass filled in for Terra. "Cattie needed support, obviously, so we agreed going on the offensive wouldn't be fair."

"I get it," Terra nodded. "I wasn't sure what to say to her either. I mean, how do you approach someone and say 'Hey, I think your girlfriend is trying to fuck anything with tits and it's making everyone uncomfortable' without making things awkward?"

"Not like I just did," I said.

"True," Terra smiled lopsidedly.

"What about us?" Cassidy asked Terra. "I know our situation has been... different with everyone. Are we making people uncomfortable? Or just you and JC?"

Terra shook her head. "No, it's different. I mean, it feels that way at least, especially knowing what I know. If I was in the dark and just saw what was going on, I'd probably think it was a little weird, but neither of you are being aggressive about it. I'm sure the college guys are confused as hell why half the girls on this trip seem to only be interested in Robbie though."

Cassidy laughed softly. "Oh, they definitely are," Cass said. "Honestly, watching Wanda, Becca and Ami all immediately avoid flirting with them when they showed up was kind of funny. Not to mention me, cause ick. Even Zenya isn't really engaging with them, so all they've got are Heels, Ginnie and Sherry."

I sighed a little at the mention of Sherry. "Just FYI, hon. Sherry got pissy with me again. She walked in on Leia and I playing video games."

"Is that how you ended up naked in the lake, Tiger?" Cass asked with a smirk.

"She's really good at fighting games," I chuckled.

"Jesus, how many of these women are you going to have sex with?" Terra asked, teasing.

"At least three, probably five, maybe seven," Cassidy said matter of factly. "Not counting the girl at the gas station."

"You fucked the girl with the ass back there?" Terra asked in surprise.

"Her ex was an asshole and she wanted to get back at him with some revenge porn to make it obvious she was over him," Cass said. "You should have seen Robbie, he was a fucking stud."

Terra just shook her head, looking at us incredulously. "So, who then? Cattie happened last night, and anyone who knows Becca can see how she's looking at him."

"Cattie, Becca and Wanda have carte blanche," Cass said. "And I need to talk to-"

“Babe,” I interrupted her. “That’s not fair to anyone to talk about them.”

“True, you’re right,” Cassidy sighed. “Sorry.”

“You two are something else,” Terra said, shaking her head.

“You want on that list?” Cassidy asked.

‘What?’

“The list. Of women who have carte blanche with Robbie,” Cassidy said. “Actually, don’t answer that. I don’t know what’s up with you and JC, but as long as whatever happens is OK on your guys’ end then I’m totally fine if you want to hook up with my man, OK? Just don’t use Robbie to cheat.”

Terra opened her mouth in slight surprise, then closed it and furrowed her brow at what she was being told, a ripple of emotions moving through her. “Thanks?” she finally said, half a question.

“This is so awkward,” I said.

“Hey, just thought I would put it out there,” Cassidy smirked. She pulled one hand from mine and ran her fingers through my hair alongside Terra’s. “Now, if you’re feeling a bit better, I think you should go make an appearance up top so that we can make you look like the stud king you are.”

Chapter 116

Terra left us in the room, saying she wanted to go change quickly before she'd join us up on the top deck of the houseboat.

"Cass," I said once she was gone. "Terra and JC-

"I know, Tiger," she calmed me. I'd sat up on the edge of the bed and she moved to stand in front of me, putting her hands on my shoulders so we could look each other in the eye. "I know. I'm not going to push. I like Terra and JC, but JC is kind of a boy and I think Terra might like an encounter with a real, well-rounded and perfectly handsome man. She's already been flirting and kissing you, and you did say she told you about their agreement in their relationship, so I just wanted to make sure the door was open."

"You're trouble, you know that?" I asked, shaking my head with a grin.

"I know," she said, stepping a little closer and hugging me to her. "Are you OK?"

"Yeah, I am," I nodded against her breasts. "I just needed to cool down, and things hit me again a little bit. Not as bad as before."

"OK," she said, rubbing my back. "If you don't want to come up, you don't need to."

"No, I'm fine now," I said. "But I do need to talk to you about something first." I turned her with my hands at her waist and got her to sit on my knee, and she looped her arms around my shoulders.

"What's up?" she asked.

"So, Becca and I talked right before lunch and she'd like to meet up during the photoshoots tonight," I said. "And she says she wants to play with both of us, but for this first time she's asking for it to be just me and her since it's been so long since she's had sex with someone."

Cassidy hesitated, then nodded. "That's fine. I'll do my own thing, or help someone else, and you two can have some privacy."

"Are you sure you're OK with that?" I asked. "You don't sound sure."

She kissed me, soft and earnest. "Robbie, I'm sure. I just needed to absorb it for a second, that this is happening. I know I'm the one driving this but it's still weird for me too. I love you, and I know Becca is going to treat you well, and you're going to rock her world."

"If you have any reservations about this, it's OK," I said. "You just need to tell me."

“Thank you, Tiger,” she said, hugging me and resting her head on my shoulder. “But I’m 100 per cent sure. I’m going to want to hear about it after, obviously, but I was serious. Cattie, Wanda and Becca, and now Terra, have carte blanche. Technically so does Ami, I guess, but I doubt she acts on it before your date tomorrow.”

“You’re right, this is weird,” I sighed, hugging her back.

“So you really laid into Heather, huh?” she asked.

“The only thing I didn’t do was point out how Sherry was being a problem because of her,” I said. “But I fucking hope I didn’t piss off Cattie.”

“I doubt it,” Cass said and kissed my cheek.

Terra came and knocked on our door, and the three of us went up to the top deck to see what was going on. It looked like the College Guys were setting up for tubing runs again, though they would need to be careful towing riders out of our cove to do it. JC waved to us from down on the speedboat when he saw his girlfriend and Cass and I looking down - his cluelessness made me feel a little bad all over again about Cassidy’s offer to Terra. I liked JC and I definitely didn’t want to screw up him and Terra.

Most of the guys seemed to want to party and drink instead of do the boating thing, the novel idea of partying with a bunch of internet models more attractive than whatever else they could have been doing that day. I ended up slipping into the hot tub on the Singles Boat, away from the action on the Couples Boat. Cass joined me on one side, and I very quickly had Wanda sliding in on my other side and slipping my arm around her shoulders as she leaned back. Then Becca joined us, sitting across from me, and the four of us just talked.

All three of them were wearing the caps, their little message to me that they were ‘my girls’ for the day. All three of them were planning sexual encounters with me later. Yet we talked about everything and nothing, and things never got sexual or weird. The most things ever strayed beyond four friends talking in a hot tub was when the jets would turn on and a foot or two would brush against mine deliberately, though the three of them didn’t show any sign of who it might be doing that.

Eventually Ami joined us to escape a conversation she’d been having with Ginnie and a couple of the guys, and she slipped in next to Cassidy. My fiancée leaned over and whispered something to her, which made the Asian girl raise her eyebrow and glance around, and then nod with a little smile. Then Cass pulled off her cap and put it on Ami’s head, shifting it around.

Fuck, Ami looked cute with a cap on forwards or backward, too.

“Really?” I asked.

Ami grinned a little bit and shrugged.

We kept talking, though the conversation shifted to some fandoms I didn't really care about so I was quieter. Eventually we started to sit up on the edge of the hot tub to give ourselves time to cool down, and then people started to filter out. Becca went to check to make sure the boating stuff was going fine and no one was going to get injured doing something stupid. Wanda went to check on Heels. Zenya joined us, bringing one of the college guys with her. His name was Duke and he was a good ol' southern boy who had a hard time following the nerdy conversation between the girls.

He made the mistake of trying to talk sports with me, and I kept him entertained for about five minutes before I ran out of anecdotes.

While all of this was going on I noticed that Heather and Cattie had come up top at some point. Heather was in a bikini again, her athletic curves showing off, but Cattie was dressed in jean shorts and a t-shirt. Neither of them came over towards us, and Cass eventually excused herself, whispering to me that she would wander over and try and get a temperature reading on Cattie without breaking her promise that we'd keep our distance today. I kissed her and sent her on her way.

When two more of the guys, accompanied by Ginnie and Sherry, started coming towards us Ami stretched and started getting out of the tub. "I think I'm done in here, too," she said.

"Heading down?" I asked.

"Mhmm," she nodded. "I'm hoping my spot is open."

"Mind if I join you?" I asked.

"Sure," she grinned.

"What are you two sneaking off to do?" Zenya asked teasingly.

"One of the best ways to spend an afternoon," I said. "Read a book sitting next to a beautiful woman."

Chapter 117

I went and fetched one of the paperbacks I'd brought along from my bags. It was actually a little surprising that I hadn't touched either of the books so far - I liked reading, almost more than watching tv shows or movies - and had brought three paperbacks just in case the trip ended up being a flop for me and I didn't like hanging out with many of the girls.

Obviously, that hadn't happened.

Book in hand, I crossed back over to the Singles Boat since I didn't see Ami in ours, and found her on the couch. She'd changed into baggy sweatpants that were high on her waist along with her bikini top. She also still had on Cassidy's hat.

"Hey," she grinned, shifting on the couch to make room for me.

"Hi," I said and leaned down to kiss her on the cheek before plopping down onto the couch next to her.

"What are you reading?" she asked me.

"I went to this used bookstore that was having a 'Box o' Books' sale on paperbacks a while back. I think this one is a spy book - not my usual bag, but if it's crap I only paid about fifty cents per book."

"Ooh, that sounds awesome," Ami grinned. "I need to find a place that does that. I just like the feel of a book over a tablet or e-reader."

"Same," I said.

I settled in, cracking open the first page. I didn't know how long we were there, but I did know we both shifted every once in a while. Eventually Ami went and got us a couple of water bottles from the fridge, and when she sat back down I pulled her feet up into my lap and started massaging them with one hand while I held my book with the other. She didn't say anything about it, though I knew she was watching me for a bit before going back to her book, a soft smile on her face.

It must have been over an hour, and Ami had shifted again. She'd lain down on her back with her head on the armrest, which pushed her feet further out so it didn't make sense for me to be massaging them, and now her thighs were resting across my lap and acting as a little table for me. She was squirming every once in a while though, and she eventually sat up and tugged on her bikini top. "Do you mind?" she asked.

"Mind what?" I asked.

“The knot is bugging me,” she said. “Mind if I take off my top?”

I laughed and shook my head. “Ami, I promise you I’ll never mind if you want to go topless around me.”

“OK,” she smiled, and quickly reached back and undid one of the knots and pulled it off, setting it on the floor in front of the couch before leaning back, her enhanced breasts free to point her little brown nipples to the sky. “I just wanted to make sure I wasn’t making you uncomfortable or anything.”

I reached over with one hand and tickled her bare stomach softly around her belly button. “You couldn’t if you tried,” I said.

She smiled again and put one hand on mine, flattening it against her warm stomach and holding it there as she lifted her book with her other hand and started reading again.

We sat like that for a while, casually touching as she was draped across me.

And God was it nice.

The music outside was loud, but not loud enough to disturb or distract. There were occasional loud bouts of laughter, but no shouting. The thrum of the speed boat was almost rhythmic in the back of my mind as I got lost in the pulpy spy fiction.

“Hey, Tiger,” Cassidy said and I opened my eyes, realizing I’d drifted off. She was standing in front of me, leaning to get close and whispering to wake me up.

I blinked and glanced down where Ami was still laying as she had been, my hand now more curled and holding hers and resting on her stomach. Her book was laying across her chin and collarbone, and she’d also fallen asleep.

“How long was I out?” I asked.

“Couldn’t be too long,” Cass said. “I peeked in the window about twenty minutes ago and saw you two both reading. Becca is sending the guys away again in about an hour and I think Ginnie and Sherry were going to bring a couple of them down here for a quick hook up so I thought I’d warn Ami.”

“Good idea,” I said, not liking the idea of any of the guys getting a look at her naked chest.

“You should be the one to wake her up,” Cass said. “Go Sleeping Beauty on her.”

“I don’t know if she’d like that,” I said. “But I’ll wake her up.”

I set my book aside and then lifted hers off of her. Then I slowly leaned down, shifting her slightly, until I was laying next to her. I kissed Ami on the cheek softly, then whispered. "Wake up, beautiful." It took a couple more tries, but she slowly started blinking herself awake.

"Mmmf," she groaned and stretched. "Did I fall asleep?"

I nodded. "So did I. Cass came down to let us know you might want to cover up."

"She did?"

"I did," Cass said. She'd moved and sat on one of the chairs in the living area, grinning like a Cheshire cat. "I would have let you nap longer, but you're a Robbie Girl after you wore the cap, so no one but him should be seeing those perfect titties of yours."

Ami turned towards me, hugging her arms around me and pushing her chest against mine. "Fixed," she said.

That made Cass and I both laugh, and Ami grinned widely.

Eventually we sat up, and I helped Ami get her bikini top back on and tie it in the back for her.

"You two look so fucking cute together," Cass said.

"Come sit with us," I said.

"Maybe next time," she said, quickly standing. "I didn't bring anything to read, and now that the perfect titties are put away I can't use them as pillows. Plus I promised Terra and Wanda that I would come back up. They're going to teach me euchre - Ami, you don't happen to play, do you?"

"Mmm-mm," she shook her head. "I've heard of it though. Need a fourth?"

"We do, but I don't want to pull you away from your book or Robbie," Cass said, waving her off.

"It's fine," Ami said, glancing over at me with a blush. "Mind if I go play cards with the girls?"

"Of course not," I laughed. "I had fun reading. We should do it again."

"We should," Ami smiled.

Amy got herself together and went to drop off her book in her room, and Cassidy winked at me while she was back there. Then they left through the sliding door, and almost as soon as they were gone there were footsteps at the other end of the houseboat in the hallway near the

rooms. I had to lean forward to see who it was and noticed Sherry pulling a guy into her room while Ginnie was doing the same with another guy towards hers.

I took a breath, trying to decide what I was going to do.

“Shit,” I muttered, and went looking for Cattie.

Chapter 118

Cassidy had known that Sherry was bringing a guy down for a hookup, but I wasn't sure if Cattie knew. And one thing I was sure of was that the last time we'd talked about it Cattie had been worried about her little sister. So I could either just try to pretend I didn't know, let them deal with anything that came of it, and skirt by without an issue... or I could do the right thing and interrupt the 'Avoid Robbie' bubble as briefly as possible to make sure she was aware.

It wasn't really an option. I cared about Cattie, and I cared about what she wanted for her sister. Ginnie could bring every one of the college guys down to her room and have a gangbang if she wanted, and while I'd be a little put off by the display, I wouldn't have a direct emotional response to it. But anything bad happening with Sherry would impact Cattie.

I climbed the steps and saw Cassidy and Ami settling down cross-legged on the astroturf deck in their foursome with Terra and Wanda. Wanda was still wearing her baseball cap and waved at me with a smile and a wink, which made Terra look over her shoulder and see me. She stuck out her tongue in a smile and waved as well... and I thought she would look cute in a hat, too.

God, the App was making me cocky in a way that made me uneasy.

Becca was sitting with Cattie and Heather over on the other boat, while Heels and Leia sat on the edge of the hot tub and watched the speed boat coming back into the bay. I crossed over and went up behind Becca's chair, clearing my throat to get the group's attention. "Hey," I said. "Sorry to interrupt and break the thing, but I just wanted to make sure you knew your sister went below deck with a guy, Cattie."

"She did?" Cattie said, immediately sitting up and glancing around.

"I saw her go into her room with him," I clarified. "I knew you would want to know, or I wouldn't have- yeah."

"Oh, it's not a big deal, Cat," Heather said, reaching over and rubbing Cattie's arm. "If she wants some dick then she should get some dick. She's a big girl."

"Not that big," Cattie retorted. "And she's been drinking those daiquiris you made extra strong."

"Just let her do her thing," Heather sighed, rolling her eyes. "Sow her wild oats and shit."

"You said they were in her room?" Cattie asked me, standing.

Heather sighed again heavily and pursed her lips, glaring at me through her sunglasses.

"Yeah," I nodded. "Do you want me to go with?"

“No, it’s fine,” she said. “I’ll just make sure she’s OK and sober enough to be making a proper decision.” She crossed over and looked like she wanted to hug me, but stopped short and put a hand on my upper arm. “Thank you for telling me.”

As she left to head down the stairs, Heather scoffed a bit. “Really?”

“Heather, I knew she would want to know,” I said.

“What, do you want to fuck her little sister, too?” she asked.

“Heather,” Becca said sternly, warning her.

That seemed to snap Heather out of it, at least for the moment. She blinked and then looked away. “I’m just saying, the girl is old enough to drink. She can make her own decisions about who she gives it up to. And you were supposed to back off.”

“I know,” I said with a frown. “And I would have done like *Cattie* asked but this felt more important than a brief interruption.”

“Then why are you still here?” Heather asked.

I just held up a hand to show I was backing off without trying to fight or make a deal of it, then walked away. I heard footsteps following me and glanced over to see it was Becca. She followed me over to the Pilot Cabin and the shade, and I saw the aforementioned daiquiris and poured myself one of the slushy drinks and took a sip. That immediately raised my eyebrows as the fumes hit my nose and the liquor hit my throat. “Holy shit that’s strong,” I said.

“Yeah, I could only handle half a glass,” Becca said. Then she hugged me. “You didn’t deserve that.”

“She didn’t deserve what happened last night,” I pointed out. “Well, not entirely. Just because she dug her own grave doesn’t mean we needed to bury her, make the headstone and then knock it over. I get why she’s mad.”

“You know, you might be too empathetic for your own good?” Becca asked. “But then again, I just keep finding new layers of what I like about you, and that’s one of them.”

I smiled and pulled her into a second, softer and more intimate feeling hug. “Cassidy said yes, by the way,” I told her. “We’re good for it to be just us.”

She closed her eyes and hugged me a little tighter, not saying anything but smiling. When we parted she kept that little smile on her face and we just chatted for a bit and I got to look at her.

“God, you’re beautiful,” I blurted out.

That made her little smile turn wider. "What brought that on?"

"I don't know," I said. "You just are. I like the way your hair looks a little windswept and peeking out from the cap. Your sunglasses fit your face so well and are perfectly styled with your outfit. I love all the different ways you smile."

She rolled her eyes a little at the corniness but kept smiling. "No, please, keep going," she laughed.

"Well, there's your nose," I said. "It's just the perfect nose."

She giggled, and I was about to keep going but some loud voices started down by the speed boat. Becca and I looked at each other and immediately headed over to see if there was a problem.

Chapter 119

As Becca and I looked out over the railing Leia and Heels were doing the same thing, all of us drawn by the loud voices.

Thankfully it looked like it was just some playful roughhousing. JC was down there, goofing off with a couple of the guys as they were swapping out the tubing rope for what looked like a handle for waterskiing.

What looked less good, at least to me, was the stance Zenya had as she was sitting and being chatted up by another of the college guys. She didn't look like she was feeling threatened or anything, but I felt like judging by her body language she would rather just... not be talking to him. I had a feeling she'd gone out on the boat to enjoy the wind and the waves out on the open lake, and she was putting up with the guy trying to chat her up.

"Hey, Zen," I called down. She looked up, shading her eyes despite her oversized sunglasses to see me in the glare of the afternoon. I waved her up. "Want to do that thing?"

It was a calculated ask that I'd developed over time at work. A customer who wasn't being handsy or rude, but was clearly hitting on a staff member, needed to be handled delicately. Especially if they were a high roller. So 'Hey, did you do that thing I asked you to do?' was enough to give a coworker an out if they wanted it. A waitress or dealer could say 'Yeah, I got it done' if they thought they were working towards a good tip, or they could say, 'Oh, no, I forgot' and they could get out of the situation without the customer feeling slighted.

Well, it usually worked anyways, but when it didn't the customer was generally progressing from 'mildly annoying' to 'a problem.'

Zenya, bless her, immediately caught on and stood up. "Yes!" she called. "I'll be right up."

I ducked back out from the railing so that she could make her excuses without the guy being able to interact with me or ask questions.

"That thing?" Becca asked.

"Total bullshit," I said.

"Ah," Becca smirked.

Zenya joined us on the top deck half a minute later, giving me a thankful look and squeezing my arm. She was in a full bikini with a pretty and colourful silky robe cover-up hanging loose from her shoulders. "Thank you," she said. "That guy didn't know when to stop talking."

"No problem," I said with a smile.

"I had a thought," Becca said. "What if you *did* have a thing to do?"

"And what thing would I be doing?" Zenya asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, if you want to get in on the Massage Shoots, I think Cassidy isn't busy but I could be the photographer. Do you have a white swimsuit to work with?"

"Oooh," Zenya said looking excited. "I do want to get in on that, but I didn't bring anything plain white. Do you think anyone might have something that would fit me?"

Zenya was the bigger girl on the trip with full hips and a broad chest. Heather was her closest option but I doubted she would be willing to help out if I was involved.

"I think Ami has a white bandeau top we could try, and then I know Leia has a white suit and I bet the bottoms would fit you," Becca said.

"OK, cool. Let's ask," Zenya said and the two of them immediately went off to start piecing together the outfit.

"No one asked me if I was interested," I muttered. Then snorted and rolled my eyes at myself. Who was I kidding? Of course I was willing to massage another gorgeous woman.

I went and let Cassidy know what was going on and she grinned and nodded, pursing her lips for a kiss which I gave her. Then she played a card and Terra, her partner across their square, groaned and started to explain that she'd already been winning the play.

After a quick swimsuit change I went back up to the top deck and waited a couple of minutes for Becca and Zenya to arrive. When they did my eyes popped out a little bit as I saw Zenya in the piecemeal suit. It looked great, but...

"Dayum, girl," Cassidy called from over at the group playing cards. "Did they turn the air conditioning on downstairs?"

Zenya laughed and covered her obviously pointy nipples with her fingers.

"If you're not comfortable doing it with this suit, that's OK," I told her as the girls came over to where I had set up a towel on the back side of the hot tub from the card players. The angle of the boat meant the shade wouldn't hit us as we worked, giving a clean 'set' for the photoshoot.

"It's fine," she said. "As long as Becca doesn't make my nips the focus of the shot I can edit them out before I post anything."

"OK," I said, "if you're sure."

“Definitely,” she said and then winked before getting down on the towel. “Besides, I love my body. Why shouldn’t everyone else?”

I got down on my knees next to Zenya as she lay on her stomach and worked her through how the other shoots had gone - or at least the appropriate parts of them. She was just happy to be getting a full massage, and she fixed up her bright red hair in a white scrunchy to keep it off of her back and shoulders in a spray of a ponytail bun.

I started with her feet and moved up her legs. Zenya had naturally pale skin but she’d started to tan lightly over the last few days, warming her hue just a little bit without getting burnt. She was an interesting woman physically - curvy and soft in all the right ways, but under the curves I could feel a decent amount of muscle. I asked her how she kept so fit, which made her turn and smile at me and thank me for noticing. And then we spent the next few minutes with her talking about how she liked weight lifting and did some Brazilian jiu-jitsu for workouts because she hated standard cardio. As I got to her upper thighs she teased me by wagging her big butt at me.

“Take a feel,” she said, then turned to Becca. “Not for the camera, though.”

Becca gave a thumbs up, and I put my hands on Zenya’s ass and she flexed against them, her butt jumping under my hands.

“Jesus, that’s impressive,” I said. “I bet you can twerk like mad.”

“Oh, she can,” Becca smirked. “She keeps doing it at night when you and JC aren’t around.”

“I’m not trying to steal any husbands or boyfriends,” Zenya laughed.

“So you let him grab it?” Becca asked.

Zenya shrugged. “It was for science.”

Chapter 120

I moved on from Zenya's ass and up to her back, which was where she started getting a little more into it.

"Mmm, could you hit that spot again?" she asked as I found a little knot of tension closer to her side.

"Sure," I said and worked the mirrored point on her other side as well.

"Ooh, shit," she groaned, kicking her feet up a little bit.

"Damn, you're carrying some tension there," I said.

"Wait till you get to my shoulders," she groaned.

"Noted," I smirked and worked the tense points until they were feeling smoother. I wasn't a professional by any means but between what I knew and the Midas Touch from the App I could at least soothe her even if I couldn't fix anything permanently.

I pushed up higher, doing my trick with my thumbs and her spine which made her moan happily and arc her back for a moment as she muffled herself with her arm.

"That was almost *too* good," she grunted.

"Want me to do it again?" I asked.

She shook her head, so I didn't, moving on up her back. I skimmed over the stretched fabric of the bandeau top and moved up to her shoulder blades and under her arms.

Zenya loved my massaging of her spine and the base of her neck where she had a little mandala tattoo with an all-seeing eye that was usually hidden by her thick hair. What the redhead needed was my massaging of her shoulder blades and upper shoulders.

"Fuuuck," she grunted through gritted teeth.

"Want me to stop?" I asked.

"N- No," she shook her head. "I can tell this is actually helping."

She was tense as hell, and she admitted it was both from stress and from carrying around her tits. They weren't huge, but they were big enough that they were causing her problems if she didn't go see her chiropractor - and chiropractors cost money and she was a freelance model so getting a great health insurance plan was out the window.

Zenya got loud enough that the girls playing euchre came over to look, thinking I was making her orgasm. Well, I was sure Wanda and Cassidy thought that at least. But I wasn't, I was just working out a shitload of tension. By the time I was finished and had moved back to softly rubbing the base of her neck, Zenya was sweating and panting. Her shoulders were loose, but it had been a process.

"You want to keep going?" I asked her.

"Are you kidding me?" she asked, looking back at me with smudged makeup around her eyes from them watering a bit as she squeezed them tight. "The worst part is over, now I can just enjoy your magic hands some more.

You have no idea, I thought

I nodded and started down her arms, then got her to turn over and tried my best to ignore the fact that her large breasts seemed like they were going to pop out of the elasticity bandeau top at any moment. She loved the face massage to the point that I did the whole thing over again, and I could feel her apple cheeks rippling a little under my thumbs as she smiled broadly and enjoyed the feelings. I was sitting above her with her head resting in my lap, and as I moved down from her jaw to her neck she blinked open her big eyes and smirked at me a little. "Ooh, choke me, Daddy," she teased.

"Don't tempt me," I teased back and moved down to her upper chest. As I got closer to her breasts her breathing got shallower and her eyes dilated just a little. I stopped right at the top of the bandeau, an inch or two onto her cleavage, and gave her the chance to say something. She didn't, and so I slid around her body and softly massaged her ribs and down her soft torso and dramatic curves to her hips, then down onto the tops of her thighs.

"Could you do my waist again?" she asked me.

"Sure," I said and straddled her thighs so that I could get a good even pressure and put my hands back on her waist.

"Higher?" she asked.

I slowly moved back up to her ribs, massaging the skin in slow circles with my thumbs.

"Higher?" she asked again, her voice getting quieter.

I was right up under her breasts now and moved towards her sternum. She breathed deeply and shivered a little under me.

"Higher?" she asked again. "Is that OK?"

I nodded. "Do you want me to double-check with Cassidy? I'm sure she'd say yes."

Zenya glanced at Becca, who nodded. "She definitely would."

"No pictures," Zenya said.

Becca nodded again and lowered the camera.

Zenya reached down and slid my hands up onto the bandeau top, right onto her breasts. I softly massaged them, circling my hands closer to the big bumps of her nipples.

"Fuck it," she moaned softly and then lifted the bandeau top over her tits and onto her upper chest, baring her breasts to me in a quick plop.

I didn't say anything, I just took them in my hands and massaged the swathe of breast in my hands, running my thumbs over her pointy nipples and then softly tweaking them. Her areolas were a little small for the size of her breasts but her nipples were wonderfully rubbery and erect with little dimples creasing each one.

She sucked in a breath when I slowly massaged out from her nipples, then back in squeezing her tits firmly until I reached back to her nipples again.

"Oh fuck," she groaned. "I could-"

"Cover up," Becca hissed quietly.

I let go of Zenya's tits and pulled the bandeau top down over them, and not two seconds later the sound of laughing guys reached us as JC and the college guys came up onto the opposite top deck where they would have had an excellent view of us. Right after covering her I had dismounted from straddling Zenya and she fixed her top more.

"Fuck," she said, her cheeks flushed and the colour trailing down her neck and to her upper chest.

"Sorry," I sighed.

"God, don't be," she said, sitting up. "That was amazing. But you better bet I'll be asking Cassidy if I can get another massage this week."

"I'd be happy to," I said, winking and squeezing her thigh.

"Well, I'll get you the pictures tonight, Zen," Becca said. "But for now I think it's time we get rid of the boys and start work on dinner."

“Sure,” she nodded, then looked down and blushed all over again and looked at me. “Mind if I take your towel for now?”

I glanced down and saw she had a little dark spot between her legs. “No problem,” I said and helped her get covered with the towel around her waist as she stood up and headed for the stairs.

As Becca went to ask the college guys to head out I crossed back over to the other side of the hot tub to the card players.

“How’d it go?” Cassidy asked as I crouched behind her and hugged her.

“Good,” I simply said.

I could see the gears turning behind her eyes and the questions on her tongue, and I knew if Terra and Ami hadn’t been there she would have asked more. But she didn’t and settled for kissing my cheek, and then kissing my lips, before the girls complained that she was supposed to be dealing. And that they weren’t getting kisses.

It was a hard life, giving each of them a peck on the lips as well.

Chapter 121

I hung out with the girls, watching them play cards until the dinner bell was metaphorically rung - well, more correctly until I was asked to help bring the food up onto the top deck. Dinner was grilled chicken on big, hearty garden salads with a mess of different toppings that would have made a buffet salad bar proud.

Not my thing, but the ladies loved it.

When Terra saw my plate with a little bit of salad a two full chicken breasts worth of strips she laughed and showed me she'd done the same thing. We finished filling our plates at about the same time, Cassidy right behind me, and the three of us broke off from the main group that was hovering around where Cattie and Heather were sitting.

I hadn't seen Sherry, but Terra and Cass did let me know that Cattie had come up about five minutes after I'd spoken with her and, while she and Heather had argued quietly for a few minutes, things seemed to have settled down.

So Terra, Cass and I avoided the awkwardness of joining the Heather group and decided to grab seats down on the lower porch area of the Couples Boat, sitting on the edge with our feet dangling in the nice and cool water of the lake.

"Where's your boy?" Cassidy asked Terra as we set in to eating. "I thought he'd be starving for you and food after the afternoon he had."

Terra sighed heavily. "You'd think," she said. "He went to take a nap. Said he didn't want to pass out at the end of the night if we played another game or something."

"Well, at least he had fun, right?" I asked.

"Well, yeah," Terra said. "And I don't want to hold that against him. I mean, it's kind of lucky we've met these guys because you're great, Robbie, but you're definitely not a guy's guy."

"To be fair, he's just not a classic jock's guy," Cassidy said. "Robbie gets on with all sorts of guys."

"You know what I meant," Terra rolled her eyes and smiled.

"Sports," I grunted in a silly voice, pumping my fist.

"Exactly," she said. Then she flung her head back and looked up at the covering of the porch. "Fuck, maybe I'm just horny."

Cassidy snorted. "Babygirl, if it was just that you know how to handle it."

“True,” Terra giggled. “I did bring my friend Bruce.”

“Is Bruce a big boy?” Cassidy smirked.

“No- Well, yes, but not that way. Bruce is my magic wand,” Terra said.

“Oooh, nice,” Cassidy said. “I thought about getting one of those, but I’ve got myself a Robbie and he isn’t ever away long enough for me to need it.”

“Lucky,” Terra laughed.

I just shook my head at the banter. Right up until Terra turned to me. “OK, I want the story. How did you end up skinny dipping this afternoon?”

“You didn’t hear?” I asked.

“Well, yeah. But I want the *story*,” Terra said.

“Fine, fine,” I said and quickly told her about making bets with Leia and how they escalated.

“What was it like?” she asked me.

“Skinny dipping?”

“Yeah, I’ve never actually done it. I mean, I’ve been almost naked on photoshoots, and I’ve changed clothes in front of strangers on a professional level. But I’ve never just, like, gotten naked in a public place,” she said.

“Well, it’s kind of fun in an exhilarating kind of way,” I said. “But, I mean, I was a swimmer all my life so I’ve done it more than a few times.”

“You’ve done it more than once this trip,” Cassidy reminded me.

“True,” I said. “Someone had me skinny dipping during the Marco Polo game.”

“You know, we could do it right now,” Cassidy said. “Everyone is busy eating, and at least most of them are over on the other boat.”

“No, we couldn’t,” Terra said, obviously thinking the opposite.

“I’ll do it if you do it,” Cassidy said. “So will Robbie.”

Terra looked at me, hope in her eyes, and I chuckled and nodded. “Ok, let’s do it,” she laughed.

The three of us set our plates back from the edge and quickly started stripping down. I noticed Terra hesitated for a second before pulling off her bikini bottoms but went full ahead when she saw me and Cass doing it.

Terra was a sexy, athletic woman. She was almost entirely flat in the chest with beaded little ruddy nipples, her skinny torso and shoulders were super lean with muscle and her arms looked a bit bigger with her obvious work at weightlifting. But her slim hips belied a firm, perky ass that was all muscled glutes and thighs that were made for running. She quickly tied her hair up with an elastic and then Cassidy grabbed her hand, and she grabbed mine.

“Ready?” she asked.

“One, two, three!” Cassidy counted us down and we jumped in the water.

When we surfaced both girls were laughing and Cassidy swam over to me and kissed me. Then she turned and splashed at Terra, who splashed back and laughed, and Cassidy tugged at her and pulled her toward us.

“I can’t believe we’re naked in the middle of a lake,” Terra giggled.

“I can,” Cassidy said, sticking out her tongue playfully. “Nice ass, by the way.”

“Thanks,” Terra said, then looked down at Cassidy’s breasts just below the water line. “Nice tits.”

“Thanks,” Cassidy grinned, and then she reached down and grabbed Terra’s butt. That sparked Terra to bark a soft laugh and poke Cassidy in the boob, and Cassidy made another grab at Terra but she swam away playfully and collided with me. Our legs tangled for a moment and I felt my cock, semi-hard, press against her hip.

“Oh, hey,” she laughed.

“Hey,” I said.

Then she grabbed my face and kissed me, breaking away almost immediately as she laughed and turned to swim away. I grabbed her ankle and pulled her close, her back pressing to my chest as I got a hand under her butt and lifted her. I didn’t have any leverage under me since we were treading water but I still got her partially out of the water as I tossed her. And also got a feel of her ass.

We goofed off for another minute, and I got another kiss from both of them before we headed back to the porch and pulled ourselves out of the water. As we stood there quickly drying ourselves off Terra took a long look at my cock and then reached over and tapped it with a finger. “Nice tackle,” she said with a smirk.

"I'm glad a fish didn't think so," I said, making her laugh.

When she turned to grab her bikini bottoms she gave her a spank, making her whoop in surprise and turned back to me. I shrugged. "Fair is fair."

She shrugged as well, crinkling her nose cutely, and turned around and pulled up her bottoms as I watched, making sure to pull them up tight and then use her fingers to flatten them out over her cheeks.

"Damn, girl. You *are* horny," Cassidy giggled, reaching over and pinching her nipple lightly.

"Maybe I am," Terra laughed, swatting Cassidy's hand away and then poking her in the boob again.

We finished dressing and then finished our dinner, no one else on the boat any the wiser that we'd been skinny dipping.

Chapter 122

I ended up helping clean up dinner while Cassidy went to get ready for her Golden Hour shoot. She'd told me she was going to help out Wanda with whatever she was doing, but that had developed into Cassidy putting together a Velma outfit by borrowing some stuff from the other girls while Wanda would be Daphne.

It was amazing what a couple of decent wigs and some generic props could do when put together with a vaguely appropriate shirt.

Becca had sent off most of the other girls who usually helped with the meals so that they could get some free time and prep for their own evening shoots. That left the two of us packing away food and washing dishes together in the Singles Boat kitchen, similar to that first time we'd kissed and Becca had let me know she was interested in me.

It was domestic, but for some reason I just felt comfortable. We worked well together, slipping around each other with an ease as we washed and dried and put the various containers and utensils away. The only interruptions we had were a couple of the girls coming out to ask our opinions on make-up or costumes. Leia wanted to show me the foamcore armour bikini top she was using. Ginnie came out to ask to borrow Becca's emergency sewing kit. Zenya asked us both if we liked the makeup on her left or right eye, both of them done up differently - we weren't any help because I liked the left and Becca liked the right, splitting the vote.

Then Sherry came out and started to ask Becca something and stopped mid-sentence when she realized I was there. I turned and saw that she had a big hickey right on her collarbone.

She flushed, but grit her teeth and asked if Becca had a concealer that could work. Becca apologized that she didn't, and Sherry went looking for someone else who could help.

"I'm not wasting my expensive shit on her poor choices," Becca mumbled under her breath.

"So are you saying that I can leave one of those on you?" I asked quietly.

Becca shot me a little grin as if she liked the idea, but then scowled. "Don't you dare," she said, wagging her finger at me and making me laugh.

When all the food and dishes were packed away, I tugged on her hand and she stepped close to me so that I could lean down and kiss her softly. She reached up and brushed her finger along my jaw, but pulled away. "I'm looking forward to this so bad," she whispered.

"Me too," I smiled.

"Let's move the boats over now, and then once they're all gone I want to meet you on the top deck," she said.

“Really?” I asked. I’d been expecting her to want to meet in her room, or mine and Cassidy’s.

“Mhmm,” she hummed and nodded. “I want to make love to you under the sunset. And no one else should be nearby.”

“OK,” I said, holding her by the hips and kissing her again. “See you soon.”

We parted and both headed up to the Pilot’s Cabins of our house boats, turning over the engines so that they thrummed to life and then navigating them over towards the stone outcropping on the low side of the bay we’d parked in. It would take a lift up but the girls could all get up to the plateau and desert from there.

With that done, and the engines off and us anchored, I went back below deck to find Cassidy. She was in the washroom applying makeup when I walked in and was wearing a cute orange hoodie and a pair of her tight jeans, and had a brown bob wig on.

“Who are you and what have you done with my fiancée?” I asked with a smile from the door.

“Surprise, it’s me,” she said, grinning at me through her reflection in the mirror.

“Did you get everything figured out with Wanda?” I asked.

“Mhmm,” she nodded. “We should be set. You know she’s been wet all day, and super excited for tonight? I think the fact that you haven’t teased her except for the big one was actually one big tease.”

I smirked. “I didn’t even plan it that way.”

She finished with her eyes and then put on a big pair of fake round glasses and posed in the mirror.

“Cute,” I said.

“I think I should do a couple of fake freckles,” she said, considering herself.

“Does Velma have freckles?” I asked.

She shrugged and turned, stepping to me and wrapping her arms around my waist. “I don’t know, Tiger,” she said.

“Want to talk about tonight?” I asked her.

She nodded and led me by the hand to the bed and we both sat on the edge, and she didn't let go. "I'm not going to lie, I'm a little nervous," she said. "But I still want you to do it, OK?"

"OK," I said. "You can say no and stop any time you want. I'd rather not hurt Becca, but if it's you or her then I choose you every time."

She smiled and I could tell she was about to get teary, and she realized it too and she lifted her face up and started fanning with her fingers to try and dry her eyes, making me laugh.

"It's not funny!" she said. "I just finished."

Once she wasn't at risk of turning herself into a raccoon with smudged makeup she sighed and took my hands again. "You need to do your very best for her, Tiger," she said. "I don't know the full story, and I'm pretty sure no one does, but I think Becca needs this a lot. Maybe more than us. Make love to her like I know only you can, OK?"

"OK," I agreed. "And, just so we're clear, I'm still deeply in love with you."

"I'm deeply in love with you too," she said softly. Then she got a playful look on her face. "Now, tell me about the shoot with Zenya. What happened? It sounded like you were killing her when you were doing her shoulders."

"Well, the part you missed before that was when she had me grab her ass," I said.

"Well that's a good start, she's got a juicy booty," Cassidy grinned.

"You don't know the half of it," I said. "But the real naughty part happened when I was just finishing up her front..."

Chapter 123

JC, who even though he'd apparently been napping still looked fresh and ready to go for the shoot he was supposed to do with Cattie and Heather for an Adams Family thing (apparently he was going to be Thing and they would edit out his arm), helped me get the ladies lifted up onto the rock shelf. It was funny when I noticed the obvious split and the milling around - some of the girls were waiting for me to do the lifting. Wanda was the first, letting Ginnie go ahead of her as she 'waited' for Cassidy, then making sure that I lifted her by the ass so she could swing a leg up onto the shelf. Ami was the next one, skirting around Heather, Cattie and Sherry who pointedly didn't want my help.

Well, Cattie smiled over to me and mouthed 'sorry,' but she still went to JC considering the circumstances.

Lifting Ami was less me doing work and more her climbing me like a tree, standing on my shoulders and then hopping up onto the shelf. Getting her bin up to her was more difficult.

Heels didn't care either way who helped her and she ended up going with JC, at which point Terra trotted up to me and asked me to help her out. She winked at me as I got ready to lift her, and she paused a moment in the middle of the lift to reach down and adjust my hand more fully on her ass before standing up tall and climbing up.

That left me shaking my head.

Leia and Zenya both needed JC and I to help at the same time - Leia because she had several pieces to her costume armour including an elaborate headpiece and axe, and Zenya because while she was a weightlifter she wasn't very graceful and was scared of falling if we didn't both help keep her steady.

Finally I helped JC up, and then it was just me and Cassidy on deck.

"Have fun, Tiger," she whispered and kissed me, then I helped her up and JC took her hands from above to help her up.

"Why the fuck didn't we do it that way from the beginning?" I asked. "That was the easiest one."

JC just made a big shrugging gesture because we both felt stupid for doing things the hard way. "You not coming with?"

"Nah," I said. "I need a nap."

"Hah, alright dude," he said. "Should have taken a nap earlier when I did. Perfect timing."

Not so much, I thought, Terra's naked form dancing in my head for a moment.

With everyone quickly clearing out to find their shoot locations before Golden Hour kicked in, I wandered back onto the topdecks and 'casually' watched to make sure everyone cleared out of the area of the boats. Thankfully they did.

When Becca came up from below deck she was wearing a long brown trenchcoat that almost completely covered her. Her silvery blonde hair was down and her makeup was done tastefully.

"Hi," she said with a little nervous smile.

"Hi," I said, and went to her and kissed her tenderly. "I've got to ask, why do you have a full trench coat with you on the trip?"

"It's a long story," she chuckled. "But the short version is I lost a bet last trip and I have to shoot an Inspector Gadget cosplay this trip. I've got the Go-Go-Gadget arms and everything."

"That's cute," I laughed. "I can't wait to see it."

"Sure you don't want to see what's under here now?" she asked, quirking an eyebrow playfully.

"I think I can wait on the Gadget costume," I said.

She led me over to the hot tub and had me lean against it, then backed up and put her hands on the tie of the trenchcoat.

"Robbie, before we do this, I-" she took a deep breath to steady her nerve. "I just want to say thank you. It's been a long time for me and I haven't felt like this for a guy, or anyone, for even longer."

"I'm glad I can be this for you, and as much as you need and want," I said.

Becca pulled the waist tie of the trench coat apart, then let the coat open and fall down her arms to the floor.

"Wow," I breathed out, letting my wonder at her show as much as I could. "You are absolutely stunning."

Becca had dressed in lingerie under the trenchcoat, and she'd gone all out. I'd kind of been expecting her to be naked, but I liked this a lot better. Her bra was red velvet with black lace trimming that cupped her breasts in a nice amount of cleavage without overdoing the effect. Her panties matched, the main part the crushed velvet and the waist a wide black band of black lace that hugged her hips perfectly. She was also wearing black thigh-high stockings that matched the back accents of the underwear and were held up by a black garter belt. And somehow, even with all of the sexy of the underwear, it was her neckpiece that made me the hardest because of the gothic beauty. It was a lace choker that mimicked a high-ish collar and came down in a

wedge on her chest, the lowest part dangling a couple of little black tassels between the swell of her cleavage. She'd even matched her lipstick to the colour of the crushed velvet, and her eyes to the black lace.

"You like it?" she blushed.

"Becca, I could be stone-cold dead and I'd still feel my heart pounding and my gut fluttering," I said.

"I've been thinking about doing sexier, artsy shoots more," she said, biting the inside of her lip as she smiled at your compliments. "I just didn't know who I could do them with since I don't like working with photographers I don't know. I almost didn't pack this."

"Well, I'm so grateful you did," I said and stepped to her. I cupped her cheeks in my hands and kissed her softly and let it turn into more without adding tongue.

"Make love to me, Tiger?" she asked me, breathing softly as she placed her hands on my chest and looked up into my eyes with a yearning I'd only ever seen in Cassidy before now. "I want you."

Chapter 124

I picked up Becca in my arms and slowly lowered her to the ground. After hearing that she'd wanted to have sex up on the top deck I had surreptitiously made sure there were some towels around and had spread them out. The astroturf wasn't tough on feet or to sit on, but I didn't want to know what friction would be like on it.

She wrapped her arms around my shoulder as I lowered her down, clinging to me and kissing me soft and slow until her butt touched the ground and she slowly let herself sprawl out. She stretched like a cat, watching my eyes and expression as I watched her, grinning at how much I was appreciating everything she did.

I leaned down and kissed her again, one hand on the smooth skin of her side and the other on the side of her neck and wrapping my fingers into her hair. This time we added tongue - not overloaded and making out, but a balanced touch.

"God, you're amazing," I said when we broke for a breath.

"No, you're amazing," she said. "I feel like I'm vibrating all over. I don't know if I've ever been this wet, and my nipples are so fucking hard right now they almost hurt."

I kissed her again, soft and quick. "So, right now, what I want to do is peel these panties off of you with my teeth and then settle between your beautiful thighs and lick you until I can taste your orgasm again," I said. "And do that over and over again. But we're on a timeline, so I want to know what you want."

She stroked her fingers over my chest and smiled. "That sounds so fucking wonderful, but we've already done oral and it was amazing. I can't wait to do it again, to suck your gorgeous cock, but I need you inside me more."

I kissed her, then down her neck and the thick lace collar as she stretched and tilted her chin to give me full access, then down into her cleavage. I nuzzled my face against the soft velvet of her lingerie briefly, then kissed down her stomach until I reached the garter belt and panties. She had, thankfully, put the panties on over the belt straps and I quickly hooked my fingers in the waist and pulled them down.

Becca lifted her ass to help me get them off of her, then spread her legs for me and ran her fingers over her labia. It looked like she'd freshly shaven herself earlier in the day and she was perfectly smooth, her little clit hood a soft point poking out invitingly. I leaned down and gave her one long lick, ending with a tease of her clit with the tip of my tongue that made her shiver. Then I knelt back and sat on my heels as I pulled off my shirt and my swimsuit, my cock bouncing up already at maximum hardness.

“Hello there,” Becca said, reaching down and stroking my cock with her fingers. “Nice to see you again.”

She made me chuckle with the look on her face and I lowered myself back down over her, kissing her as she continued to stroke me for a long moment. Then she spread her legs wider and tugged my cock down and into position, and without breaking our kiss my cock head slid through her lips and inside of her.

“Ooh, yes,” she sighed happily, curling her fingers softly between us in reaction to the feeling of me entering her.

“Oh, Becca,” I moaned. “Oh, you feel so amazing.” And she did. Entering her was like a warm, familiar hug as her pussy quickly adapted to my cock being inside of her.

“Do that again?” she asked.

“Do what?” I asked back, slowly thrusting the top half of my cock in and out of her.

“Pull out and push into me again,” she said.

I pulled all the way out and slowly humped my cock against her mound and lips, grazing the underside against her clit hood, before moving back into position and entering her.

“Oooooof boy,” she said, accenting the boy like a pop. When I entered her Becca’s eyelids twitched and her breath caught in her throat.

“You like that feeling?” I asked her quietly.

“God, yes,” she nodded.

I did it again, pulling all the way out for a moment before slowly sliding back into her again. She hummed happily as soon as I was inside of her and the tone warbled as I slid in deeper.

“Go all the way,” she whispered, and I did so, pushing as deep as I could as she wrapped her legs around my back. I sat there, deep in her pussy as we breathed deeply and held each other. Then she wriggled and reached behind her, unsnapping her bra and pulling it off and before pulling me down on top of her. “I love the feel of you on me,” she whispered.

“I love the feel of you under me,” I whispered back with a smile.

She laughed softly, and then we began to fuck. It was slow and sensual. She held my hands and we kissed. When I rolled us over she groaned happily and began rolling her body, sitting up straight so I could see her breasts. She reached to the sky in a languid stretch and then started to pick up her pace a bit, and I met her movement with my own. Her breasts wobbled

wonderfully as we had sex, and then she fell forward onto me and kissed me hard as she came. It wasn't as hard as she had when we did the photoshoot, it was slow and simmering like the sex we were having.

When it was done she slid off of me and knelt between my legs, running her tongue around the base of my cock and then up the shaft to swirl around the head. She smiled cutely with a little smirk as she did that, and I couldn't help but match it with one of my own.

Without a word she laid down on her stomach and I mounted her from behind, sliding into her easily but oh so snugly, and I thrust down into her as we held hands again.

The sun was golden, and then orange, and then red above us as the Golden Hour seeped by until half the sky was a dark blue fading into black.

"Cum inside me," Becca breathed. I was on top of her in missionary again, one of her legs pressed between us and her other thrown wide to the side. "Finish me properly. Make love to me."

I kissed her, and then sped up my thrusts just a touch. She bit the skin of her knee between her teeth lightly as we locked gazes, and then as I came she closed her eyes and rolled her body as she came as well, our bodies in sync as our spirits soared together in mutual pleasure.

When I was finished, my cock still hard, I pulled out of her and then pushed back in, doing that over and over as I stirred my cum inside of her and extended her orgasm by jolting her with that feeling she loved so much. Finally she put a hand on my chest to stop me, and I did, rolling over so that she was laying on top of me.

And then Becca rested her head on my chest and sniffed hard, and I looked down and saw she was silently crying.

"Shhh," I soothed her, rubbing her back. "It's OK. I know. It's a lot. I know. I feel it too."

By the time the others were coming back and thumping down as the reckless ones dropped to the top deck, Becca was stepping out of her shower in her room and I was washing myself off in mine, and no one who wasn't supposed to know could tell that something had happened.

Chapter 125

I was just getting dressed in my sweatpants and a tank top when Cassidy came into our room.

“Hey,” she said, giving me a curious look like she was trying to judge how I was. “How did it go?”

“It was-” I shook my head and shrugged. “It was special. I don’t know how else to put it.”

She entered the room fully and shut the door, then came and sat next to me on the bed and curled her legs up under her. “Did she enjoy it?”

“I think so,” I said. “Most of it, at least. We really didn’t have enough time for me to do everything I wanted.”

Cassidy smiled at that and patted my hand before holding it. “You’ll get the chance.”

“Things got complicated at the end, or after,” I said. “She broke down a bit in the aftermath and I held her through it. Then we were running out of time and had to rush to clean up so I didn’t get to check in with her.”

“So it was really good for her,” Cassidy smirked softly. “Good job, Tiger. What about for you? How are you feeling about it?”

“I-” I had to take a breath to centre my thoughts. “I just feel more of this morning, and I feel guilty for that.”

She shifted closer to me on the bed, sitting on her knees as she hugged herself around my shoulders. “I know, Robbie. It’s OK.”

“I don’t know what I’m supposed to do,” I sighed.

“Just be you.”

We sat for a long minute, then I turned and hugged her back and we slid down to lying on the bed. “How was the photoshoot?” I asked.

“Good. I think we got some cute pictures. Nothing like this morning, but decent,” she said. “Wanda was distracted the whole time though. You’ve really got her stewing.”

I chuckled under my breath and shrugged a little. “I should talk to her.”

“You should bend her over, pull down her pants and fuck her,” Cassidy said.

“That might be a tad aggressive, Cass.”

“Well, I think she’d like it,” Cassidy said. “I know I would.” Then she quickly added, “When you’re ready, obviously. I’m not trying to rush you.”

“I know, baby,” I said, squeezing her a little. “Do you know what’s going on tonight? I assume Heather isn’t trying to run a game after the way the last two went for her.”

“Hmmhmm, no,” Cassidy hummed a chuckle. “I think I heard the girls talking about doing a pyjama movie night.”

“OK,” I said. “That sounds nice and relaxing, and I could use that before tonight-tonight. Did they say what movies?”

She shook her head, then wriggled a little closer to me. “I love you, you know. And I’m still so sorry.”

“I know,” I said and kissed her on the nose. “And I still love you so much.”

Cassidy got up to change and wipe off her makeup while I went out to look for Wanda. I ended up finding her just across the hall in her room, though Heels was in there with her. Wanda was wearing a cotton pair of bootie shorts and an oversized hoodie with ‘State Champs!’ on it, while Heels was lounging in a full-on plaid onesie complete with booty feet.

“Hey, how’d the shoots go?” I asked to try and camouflage my reason for being there.

“Really good,” Wanda said, turning to me with a big smile. “Cassidy looked super cute, and so did I, I think.”

“Well, I wouldn’t expect anything less from you two,” I said. “How about you, Heels?”

“Hmm?” she said, looking up from her phone. “Oh, it went alright. Honestly, I’m running out of ideas of what to do in the desert. My usual content is like... selfies and mirror selfies in my underwear. Or my face covered in a load of cum. Doing all this fancy stuff is exhausting.”

“And she makes almost half again as much as I do most months,” Wanda sighed.

Heels shrugged. “Work smarter, not harder.”

She was already looking at her phone again so I made a motion with my head out towards the lounge and Wanda nodded, then followed me a few seconds later. We barely made it into the kitchen before Wanda grabbed my hand and pressed herself to my front, eagerly going on her toes to snag a kiss from me.

“Well, I guess that means you’re still interested,” I smiled.

“And all yours, just like I promised,” she said, still pressed close with a little eager smile as she held my hands in hers and looked up into my eyes. “Honestly, I was expecting you to tease me more today.”

I decided to turn on the character she wanted from me just a touch. “I play with my toys when and how I want,” I said, reaching down and grabbing one of her ass cheeks hard. “Do you have a problem with that?”

“No,” she gasped, still grinning and shaking her head.

“OK,” I said and let go of her and bent to kiss her softly. “I wanted to do a check-in with you, but it seems like you’re all in.”

“Oh, definitely,” Wanda nodded.

“Any reservations?” I asked.

She shook her head.

“OK,” I said. “Do you know anything about the movie thing tonight?”

“We’re watching Gone Girl over here, and I think they said they were watching Legally Blonde over on the Singles Boat,” she said.

I winced. “Any idea where Heather and Cattie will be?”

Wanda screwed up her lip for a moment. “Here, I think,” she said. “Terra told me about earlier, by the way. God, I wish I heard you tear into her. That would have been awesome.”

“It didn’t feel awesome at the time,” I said. “But it needed to be done.”

“I know you asked me, but I just want to double-check...” she said. “How are you feeling about tonight? Like, you and Cassidy? Are you good, should we wait to see?”

“We’re all good,” I said, reassuring her with a squeeze of our clutched hands. “Cassidy is looking forward to it, and so am I. You are a really special woman and I can’t wait to give you everything you want.”

“Mmmm,” she hummed softly. “See, that’s the kind of stuff that is the opposite of what I want, but hit exactly where I needed it to. If you can hit a balance on the toy stuff and the really heartfelt, I’m going to just fucking melt.”

“Noted, and I’ll start planning,” I said, and hugged her to me.

Chapter 126

After talking with Wanda and promising to let her know where I would end up watching the movie, I went up to the top deck hoping to find Becca. She wasn't around up there, nor was anyone else, so I went down to the back door of the Singles Boat and opened the sliding door.

"Hey, I'm coming in, don't be naked!" I called loudly. I was just stepping inside when Ginnie jumped out from her room - facing away - totally naked and wiggling her butt at me before giggling ferociously and scampering back into her room and slamming the door, behind which I could hear the cackling of Leia and at least one other person.

Even though the house boats were matched in size there were only three rooms on this one and the kitchen was larger, which was why the girls had been doing most of the meal prep on the Singles Boat. I knew Ginnie and Leia were rooming together in one but wasn't sure about who was with who in the others. I stopped at the first door, which was closed, and knocked.

"One sec!" a voice called from inside, and then Zenya opened the door with a towel wrapped around her. "Oh! She said in surprise and closed the door a bit more.

"Sorry," I said. "Just looking for Becca?"

"Other room," she said, nodding her head down the hall. Then she hesitated and glanced behind her, and then she let the front of her towel fall open and flashed me one of her boobs before quickly fixing the towel back in place and winking.

'Whose in there?' I mouthed.

'Sherry,' she mouthed back, rolling her eyes.

I winced and shrugged by way of a commiserating apology. Zenya pursed her lips and shrugged slightly, then closed the door. I went down the short hall to the next door and gave it a quick knock.

Becca opened the door, looking fresh and clean. "Hi," she said, smiling a little nervously and looking up at me. Then she opened the door wider to show me that Cassidy was already inside the room, sitting on the corner of the bed.

"Sorry, Tiger," my fiancée said. "Beat you here."

I sighed and chuckled. "It's alright," I said and focused back on Becca. "I'd like to talk quickly, just touch base, when we find the time."

"OK, I'd like that," Becca said.

Behind her, Cassidy was making a big grabbing gesture and mouthing 'kiss her!'

Becca was startled when I sighed and shrugged at her, then surged forward and took her face in my hands and kissed her hard while kicking the door shut behind me.

"Mmm!" she squealed in surprise, but then she was holding onto me and kissing me back.

I finally broke apart, both of us gasping for breath. "Sorry," I said. "I just needed to do that."

Becca took another breath and looked over at Cassidy, who was grinning widely. And then she launched herself back at me, wrapping her legs around my waist and her arms around my shoulders as she started kissing me again. I was backed up into the wall by the momentum and ended up with my hands on her ass to keep her up.

"Sorry," she gasped and repeated back to me after that kiss ended. "I just needed to do that."

That made me laugh, which set her to giggling and Cassidy just kept grinning ear to ear. I let Becca down to her feet and stepped to the door. "I'll check in later," I said.

"OK," she nodded, and went back to the bed to sit next to Cassidy and continue their conversation.

I slipped out of the room and almost ran into Ami, who was coming down the corridor.

"Oh!" she said, "Hi." And then she tilted her head as she clocked that I was coming out of her room.

"Cassidy and I were talking with Becca," I explain. "Cass is still in there, just FYI. How did your shoot go?"

"Good, thanks," Ami smiled. "You should have come out, I was wearing a shorter dress this time and I think you would have liked it. My legs looked awesome."

"You always look awesome," I said. "Even in your PJs."

She blushed a little as she glanced down at herself. She was wearing a worn-out shirt that looked like it had been her high school athletic wear at some point and the high-waisted sweatpants she'd been wearing earlier. It was also fairly obvious she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Thanks," she said, looking up. "But tomorrow I'm going to wow you on our date. I hope you're ready."

"I'm looking forward to it," I said and then took the risk to slowly bend down to her and give her a soft kiss on the lips. She tilted her chin up to meet me and pressed a little into the kiss. When I

pulled back she was smiling, but glanced over her shoulder to make sure none of the other women on the boat had caught us. "Which movie are you planning on watching?" I asked.

"Gone Girl, definitely," she said. "Legally Blonde isn't my style."

"Well, enjoy," I said. "I'll be over here."

Ami looked like she wanted to ask why, but realized quickly. Everyone knew about the situation at this point. "Maybe I should give Legally Blonde a try," she said.

"Don't put yourself through that," I chuckled and hugged her. "Enjoy a good movie."

"OK, if you're sure," she said, hugging me back.

We ended up heading to the kitchen together and started making up big bowls of popcorn, and were soon joined by a fully-clothed Zenya. By the time Becca and Cassidy came out of the room they found us with every big bowl we could find in the kitchen filled to the brim. Becca just laughed and thanked us for jumping on it and went to set up the movie in the lounge area while Cass helped carry half the popcorn over to the Couples Boat with Ami. Zenya hung around chatting with me - well, lightly flirting, if I was picking up what she was laying down - so I didn't get a chance to talk to Becca before the rest of the girls were filtering out of their rooms and moving between the two boats and everyone was deciding where they would sit.

Cattie and Heather never showed up on the Singles Boat, and Sherry went over to the Couples Boat, so it looked like I was stuck watching Legally Blonde. Again.

Cassidy just giggled at my predicament because it was one of her favourites.

Chapter 127

The Legally Blonde showing ended up being me and Cassidy, along with Becca, Terra, Zenya, Wanda and Leia. The group had split evenly with the six other girls and JC over on the other boat to watch the thriller instead of the dated comedy. The only real surprise for me was that Terra had come over instead of sticking with JC.

Then I found out that, much like my fiancée, Terra held a secret guilty pleasure for the movie.

The couch got filled up quickly, and Cassidy ended up pulling me to sit on the floor in front of her, spreading her legs so I could sit with my back to the couch, and as the opening roar of the MGM lion and the so-90s beat of the opening track filled the little living room Cassidy started to rub my neck and shoulders.

“Robbie hates this movie,” she laughed to the girls.

“I don’t hate it,” I countered. “I’ve just watched it more times than any other movie because you love it.”

“Well, if that’s the case,” Terra said, sliding down from her spot on one of the chairs to between my legs with her back to me. “Maybe you want to keep busy?”

I rolled my eyes and sighed. “If I must.”

She giggled and lifted up the back of her t-shirt and I put my hands on her small, athletic waist and started massaging her lower back. Every once in a while Cassidy would prompt me to turn my face sideways to feed me popcorn, but she spent most of her time massaging my neck softly and quoting off lines from the movie as they came up. Terra, Becca and Leia all did the same thing, giggling away whenever they all did it.

I just told myself it was like guys watching Die Hard and knowing all the lines.

Except Die Hard was a great movie.

Eventually Leia nudged Terra and asked for a turn, and soon I had her wide hips between my legs as she pulled her shirt up as well. She was wearing a bra and reached back to unsnap it, but didn’t take anything off, and soon I was massaging her.

“Sure you don’t want him to do your feet?” Cassidy teased her.

“Only if you girls want me to drown out the movie,” Leia chirped back, making the girls laugh.

Becca was next, going so far as to pull her shirt over her head but not taking it off of her shoulders, leaving her breasts covered. It gave me more access to her shoulders and she

groaned softly as I ran my hands over her, leaning back into me. I wanted to lean in and kiss her neck, but made do with just moving her hair to the side and running my fingers along the soft curve, then back up and into her hair to massage her scalp.

Zenya got her turn next and things started as they had with the others, though she didn't progress like Becca had and kept her shirt only pulled up. But the lights were off in the room and our only light was from the television, so during a darker part while the characters were in law school and stressing out and bickering I guess she felt like no one would notice when she reached back and took my hands in hers, sliding them around her sides and up under her shirt to massage her breasts. Cassidy knew, though, and I could tell because I felt her quietly suppress a laugh as her legs jiggled, and then she scratched the back of my neck softly the way she did when we were laying in bed at home after a particularly long day.

I could tell Zenya stifled a moan as I tweaked her nipples, but as the scene changed and the movie got brighter again she tugged on my forearms and I let go of her breasts, returning to her back.

Wanda almost immediately asked for her turn, and I realized that she must have seen what Zenya had done from her spot over in one of the chairs. As Wanda got down to take her place she whipped off her shirt, giving me a quick look at her breasts in profile from the light behind her, then she turned and sat down and pulled her blonde hair over her shoulder to give me access to her entire back.

That was when the tone of the room shifted. Until that point, most of the attention was paid to the movie and a bit was paid to what I was doing. Now it was the opposite. Laughs at the movie were quieter, and the girls weren't quoting it anymore. When Wanda moaned softly as I worked her shoulders there was a soft stirring in the room.

Then Wanda leaned back and rested her head on my shoulder, pulling my hands around to her upper chest to massage her there. I didn't move down to her breasts as I felt her heartbeat and breath with my hands so intimately pressed to her, instead leaving her wanting more. I did, however, have a great top-down view of her breasts in the light of the television.

"My turn," Cassidy finally whispered, prompting Wanda.

Wanda turned and kissed me on the cheek, then grabbed her shirt and slipped it on before standing up and scooting out of the way. Cassidy slipped around me and Becca slid over to take her place behind me, immediately tugging on the shoulders of my tank top and prompting me to let her pull it off of me so that she could work more of my back freely. Presumably.

Cassidy wasn't happy with just this escalation though, and she stripped off her top and sat in my lap facing me instead of facing away, and just started making out with me. Her breasts pressed against my chest and she encouraged me to hold her waist and rub her back as she kissed me.

None of this discouraged Becca from massaging my neck and shoulders, rubbing her hands down lower on my back and then back up.

I lost track of the movie, not that I'd been spending too much time paying attention to it anyways.

Kissing Cassidy was entirely natural. We knew each other perfectly, in the light of day or the dark of night. Where kissing the other girls had always been an exploration, a give and take of finding grooves and figuring out idiosyncrasies, I just knew how to kiss Cassidy. And she knew how to kiss me.

But she stopped, slipped to the side, and looked up to Terra. "Your turn," she whispered.

Terra slid down in front of me again and this time she took off her shirt completely. And then she sat in my lap exactly like Cassidy had, my hard cock poking her ass through our shorts, and she kissed me.

I could feel the shift in the room again. The building sexual tension was palpable.

Terra kissed like she was thirsty for it. Her lips were feverish and her tongue insistent, and I decided to meet her in kind. When I did she groaned into my mouth and pressed herself closer, wiggling her hips and grinding a little bit on my hardness as her hard little nipples scraped against my chest. I had one hand on the small of her back and the other on her waist, and she arched her back a bit and took my hand, sliding it up and onto her breast.

And then the movie was ending, the credits started to roll, and the spell broke. Terra pulled away, looking thoroughly fulfilled by the kissing but also a little self-conscious. She got her shirt on and rolled away from me. The girls slowly started breaking the tension with talk. Becca got up, giving Cassidy back her spot, and turned on the light for the room.

No one mentioned the massages or the kissing.

I just sat there for a bit, trying to will my cock to soften, as Cassidy scritchd the back of my neck and chatted with the others like nothing had happened.

Chapter 128

When the girls who had been watching Gone Girl started coming back over, I ended up getting drafted for some last-minute business. We needed to move the boats back out into the middle of the bay and to start that I needed to make sure everyone was where they were supposed to be.

It took a good fifteen minutes, and a couple of rounds of double-checking, before I was sure that all of the ladies were on the correct boat. Then I met Becca up on the top deck to unmoor the boats from each other.

But I had something else I needed to do first.

“Hi again,” Becca gasped after I lifted her up from the dip and kiss I’d pulled her into.

“I wanted to kiss you so bad earlier,” I said, taking her hand in mine and bringing her over to one of the deck chairs. I sat, and she climbed onto my lap much like Cassidy frequently did, sitting crossways so we could talk comfortably while close together. I was sure if anyone came up that we would look suspicious as hell, but at that point I didn’t care. More than half the girls on the trip were playing grab ass and kissing me consistently.

“I wanted to kiss you too,” Becca smiled, and then cupped my cheeks and kissed me again, soft and sweet. “But I’ll always love a little massage from you.”

“So, we didn’t get to talk,” I said. “After.”

“We didn’t,” she agreed. “But I think that was maybe a good thing. You- I was feeling a lot of stuff. Getting a few minutes to myself, and then talking with Cassidy, helped a lot for figuring it out.”

“OK,” I nodded. “Anything I should know?”

“Not right now,” she said with a soft little smile. “Just that I want to do that again. And I want to do it with you and Cassidy at the same time, too.”

“I would love to,” I said. I’d brought my hand up and she was playing with tracing her fingers around mine. “What about during the movie?” I asked. “Was that OK? I wasn’t expecting all of that.”

“It’s fine,” she said and lifted my fingers to kiss them. “I’m obviously not used to having a guy I’m interested in so casually physical with anyone, but I’m not used to having a guy to be interested in at all. Especially not one so pure and wonderful. And I know about Cattie and Wanda. Terra was a little surprising, but Cass told me about her deal with JC and I think she was just having some fun.”

"I don't know what to think about Terra," I sighed. "She *is* fun, and I like her a lot and think her and Cass will probably be really good friends moving forward. But I don't want to..."

"I know," she whispered, hugging herself just that little bit closer to me. "Cass explained, but I would have got it anyways. Just let her make her own decisions. If it's what JC and her agreed to, then it's what they agreed to. Maybe he'll end up hooking up with someone else on the trip."

"Right now I think it might be one of the college guys," I smirked, which made Becca snort a little.

"OK," she said. "We need to move the boats."

"OK," I said. And then I pulled her into a kiss.

We didn't get up for a bit. When we did, she pulled me into another kiss herself. "Good night," she mumbled through it.

"Sleep tight," I murmured back. But we kept kissing.

Finally we broke apart, grinning and smirking at each other. It felt like the first couple of times I'd taken out Cassidy for a date back in high school and we'd kissed. I hated walking away even though I knew I'd see her again in the morning.

But we got to work, and soon enough she was in her Pilots Cabin and I was in mine and we were pulling into the middle of the bay and anchoring the boats and powering down the engines. She waved to me and then blew me a kiss, and like a complete dork I pretended to catch it, which made her laugh.

Back down in the boat all of the cabin doors were shut and no one was in the kitchen or the living area, so I took a moment before heading into the room to go grab a water bottle from the fridge and down it. As I was just draining the last of it Heels came out from the hallway in that silly onesie and headed for the fridge.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," I replied.

"So you're gonna fuck Wanda tonight, huh?"

"Uh, yeah," I said. "She told you?"

"Well, when she said she was going to sleep with you and Cassidy tonight I didn't think she meant she was going over for a cuddle," Heels smirked.

“Fair,” I said. I should have figured Wanda would tell her since they were friends as well as roommates.

“Just treat her right,” Heels said, cracking open her own water bottle and taking a sip. “Wanda is a tough girl, but when she takes you in she cares a lot. She and Brodi have their agreement or whatever but I don’t know if she’s ever actually acted on it more than some flirting, no matter what she says.”

“So if I hurt her you’ll kill me?” I asked.

“Something like that,” Heels smirked. “Honestly, I don’t think you will. Cassidy, maybe. She strikes me as secretly wild. But you mellow her out.”

“I think Wanda is extremely special,” I told her.

“Good,” Heels nodded, then took another long swig of her water bottle. “And thanks, by the way. I sleep like shit with someone else in bed with me so you’re getting me a good night’s sleep.”

I snorted. “Happy to help.”

She winked and then polished off her water and headed towards the cabins.

I waited a moment longer until her door had shut, and then took her bottle and mine and put them in the garbage. Then I checked the living area to make sure it was clean and realized I was procrastinating because I was nervous.

Why was I nervous?

I took a deep breath and headed back to the cabins, and then knocked twice on our door and opened it. Inside Wanda and Cassidy were sitting cross-legged on the bed, talking while holding hands. They were both still in their pyjamas from earlier, and when I entered they both looked over with big smiles.

“Hey, Tiger,” Cassidy said. “Everything settled for the night?”

“It is,” I said, closing the cabin door behind me and stepping over to them.

“Good,” Cassidy grinned, then turned to Wanda. “You can start.””

Wanda sat up on her knees and pivoted to face me, then took my hands in hers as she looked up at me. “Robbie, tonight I want you to absolutely fuck me. But first Cassidy says I need to earn it. So, sir, may I please remove your clothes so that I can worship your cock just like your little fucktoy should?”

Chapter 129

Wanda lowered my shorts, licking her lips as my cock came into view. I was already chubbing up, and she shuffled forward on her knees and took it daintily in her fingers before kissing it softly on the side of the head. Then she slowly began to bathe it in kisses, just barely brushing it with her lips, trying to cover every inch.

As Wanda was getting started with that, Cassidy slid to her feet beside the bed with me and wrapped her arm around my waist, hugging herself to me as she reached down and ran her fingers through Wanda's hair. "She is so beautiful," she said.

"I know," I said.

Wanda smiled at the simple compliments and slowly licked my cock head, then did it again.

Cassidy quickly slipped off her shirt and shorts, leaving her in just a pair of panties, and hugged to me again and boosted herself up on her toes, asking for a kiss with pursed lips. I provided, and she smiled through it as she kept petting Wanda's head. When she finally pulled back from the kiss she bit her lip and looked down at Wanda. "Let's make it easier for her to show you how much she wants you," she said. "Get on the bed, Tiger."

I was stripped and laid in the middle of the bed, and Wanda got between my legs laying on her stomach and cradled my cock between her fingers. She looked up at me with a sexy, nervous hope in her eyes and I nodded, giving her the permission she was silently asking for. She grinned and immediately went to start suckling on my cock head.

Cassidy laid down beside me, resting her head on my shoulder as her breasts pressed to my arm and her knee rested on my hip. "Is she doing good so far, Tiger?"

"She's doing great," I said.

Cassidy turned my face to hers with a finger and started kissing me softly, slowly and luxuriously making out with me as I got my cock lovingly tongue bathed and sucked. Then Cassidy slid down my body, kissing her way down my chest and torso, until she was in line with Wanda, her breasts pressed around my leg. "She's not the only one who wants to worship your cock and show you how fucking special *you* are, Tiger."

And then Cassidy added her mouth to Wanda's on my cock, the two of them slowly jockeying for position and working together to give me a double blowjob.

The wild thing was, it wasn't even my first one of the day.

But this was also different. In the morning, with Becca, it had been hot and risky and urgent. This was slow and loving, and a kind of warm that built deep inside.

Cassidy was the first to kiss lower and begin suckling on my balls, and slowly the two of them traded spots. They added their hands into the mix as well, slowly stroking me with their slick spit whenever a part of my cock wasn't covered by a mouth.

I groaned happily, and every time I did it I could feel their lips tightening in smiles and see their eyes flashing knowing that they were doing well.

"Take him deeper," Cassidy whispered to Wanda, and Wanda leaned up a little higher to take more cock in her mouth and started to work me between her lips. At the same time, Cassidy slid further down the bed and stood up at the end, going to the drawers built into the wall and grabbing something before coming back. She set down a bottle of baby oil on the bed and then reached for Wanda's waistband, hooking her fingers under the cotton shorts and slowly pulling them down. From my position, I watched as the amazing ass of Wanda slowly popped into view.

Cassidy pulled the shorts all the way off, then spread some baby oil on her hands and began sliding it along Wanda's feet and calves, and then up higher onto her thighs. Then she reached Wanda's ass as she massaged the oil into her, leaving Wanda's pale cheeks glistening all over. Then Cassidy glanced at me to make sure I was watching, and that I was OK with what was happening, and she spread Wanda's cheeks and dribbled a little dollop of baby oil into her crack and slowly massaged it in, going lower. I couldn't actually see where she was touching, but I knew she wasn't ignoring my beautiful cocksucker's asshole or pussy lips, especially because of the throaty moans that were vibrating around my cock. Wanda had filled her mouth with it and now she was slowly working to get me in her throat, though she was at an awkward angle to do it.

Cassidy didn't spend too long massaging the oil into Wanda's nethers, and I knew she was being careful not to make me worry if this was for her instead of me. She moved up and the cocksucking had to stop for a moment as Cassidy helped Wanda pull off her top, leaving her as naked as the two of us. Cass went back to rubbing oil all over her back and up to her shoulders.

"We need to shift," she said quietly. Wanda followed her directions and got onto her back on the bed, hanging her head off the side, and I was soon standing in front of her looking down the length of her naked body as she started to suckle on my cock head again.

Cassidy had me give her my hands and she covered them in baby oil, then we both worked to massage Wanda's front and leave her glistening. I spent a long time massaging her breasts, loving the feel of them as they squished and squeezed between my fingers with the slippery lube. I especially liked the way her nipples felt and looked as I teased them and massaged them. Cassidy meanwhile finished off Wanda's legs, then massaged between her thighs again and across her mound, then up to her stomach.

Wanda, for her part, had inhaled my cock and was encouraging me to slowly fuck her throat, the tightness massaging my cock head like nothing else as she hummed and moaned happily. I

never deprived her of breath, moving slow and steady and giving her plenty of rest to breathe, and I could tell she appreciated every moment she was down there.

It was a thrill, knowing she wanted this. Desired it, deep down to her core. Wanted and desired me.

Chapter 130

Once Wanda was completely and thoroughly covered and glistening from the oil, Cassidy pressed her body down against it and slid up until she was kissing Wanda's neck as it bulged just slightly from my throat fucking. Then she lightly pushed me back and Wanda let me slide out of her mouth, strands of spittle snapping and splatting back against her lips.

"Are you ready?" Cassidy asked her quietly.

"God, yes," Wanda said, breathing deep but not hard.

Cassidy looked up at me. "Get back on the bed, Tiger."

Soon I was on my back again and Wanda was straddling my legs facing away, her amazing ass looking even better with her legs spread around mine, her pussy just glimpsing into view and her perfect cheeks forming into a cleavage. She humped herself back and forth, the oil making it easy for her to slide along my legs and slowly back up towards my flagpole of a cock as it stood straight in the air.

Cassidy stroked my cock for a moment and rubbed it against Wanda's ass cheeks, which was more visual than feeling for me but was a delight either way. Then Cassidy leaned in and kissed Wanda, turning the woman's head sideways so I could watch her do it. Watch their eyes close, and their tongues dance lightly, both of them deeply into the sexuality of the moment. When it was finished Cassidy looked into Wanda's eyes for a long moment, still slowly stroking my cock against Wanda's butt cheeks.

"Are you ready?" Cassidy asked her again. "Do you want it?"

"Mhmm," Wanda moaned with a girly whine in it.

"You're going to keep worshipping him. Make sure he knows that you love every inch of his perfect cock. That your married pussy belongs to him, and that you love him for it. That his cock is all that matters, because he matters."

That was so fucking filthy of her. My immediate reaction was to want to reassure Wanda, that she'd be hurt by the mention and degradation of her marriage. But I also saw the intense look of desire on Wanda's face, and the burning desire in her eyes as she looked back at me.

Wanda lifted her hips, shifting her stance, raising her ass as she sat up on one knee, spreading herself open so that I could see her perfect pussy and, wedged between her thick muscled cheeks, her asshole. "Oh, Robbie. Tiger," she crooned as Cassidy began to slide my cock head between her oiled and wet pussy lips, and back between her ass cheeks, then forward again through her lips and grinding the head against her clit. "Fuck, Robbie. I love your cock, Tiger. I

love your cock, and your balls. And I love your hands, and your voice, and your heart. I love your face. And my pussy loves you.”

“Slowly,” Cassidy said as she notched my cock into position. “This is the first time you get to feel it, so go slow. Savour it. Savour our Tiger receiving your pussy for the first time, stretching your vagina. Feel that? Feel him stretching your hole, where your hymen should be?”

“Euuuugh,” Wanda moaned as the head of my cock pressed into her. “I doooo.”

“Fffuck,” I groaned, watching as Wanda’s pussy lips stretched and accepted my cock and just the head of it slipped into her. She paused there, her legs quivering as her hole milked at me and flexed.

“That’s it, baby,” Cassidy crooned, still holding my cock at the base to keep me straight up while she softly massaged one of Wanda’s breasts with the other. “That’s it. Come for him. Come for Robbie so he knows.”

“Roobbie,” Wanda gasped, and she sat just a little lower, taking me deeper.

“Ooh, baby, you’re doing so good,” Cassidy encouraged her. “Worship that cock.”

Slowly, almost painfully slow, Wanda began to use her hips to fuck herself on my cock. Eventually, Cassidy didn’t feel the need to hold me steady anymore and she let go, rubbing Wanda’s back instead as she whispered filthy encouragement to her.

They kissed again, and Wanda slammed her cunt down on me in hard, slow strokes. She was slick and hot inside, and had trembled through another two small orgasms, when she raised up too far by accident and my cock popped out of her. She kept humping the air for a moment, my cock hotdogging between her butt cheeks, and she moaned at the loss of her full feeling. Then she reached back and took my cock in her hand and rubbed me through those cheeks, then back down to her lips and ground the head against her clit again, then brought it back.

“Wanda?” I asked in surprise as she pressed my cock to her hole.

“I’m sorry,” she said, looking to Cassidy. “We didn’t talk about this, but I really want to try it.”

My cock was just pressing against her asshole, the tension of her anus right against the top.

Cassidy caught on right away and took her hand in one of hers, and cupped Wanda’s cheek in the other. “You want to worship him with your ass, too?”

“Yesss,” Wanda hissed, her hips shifting slowly, the pressure on my cock building as the head teased open her hole but didn’t go in yet. “Mmmm, I want to try.”

“If you give him your ass, that means he can fuck it whenever he wants,” Cassidy told her. “He can climb into bed with you and Heels will wake up to you getting assfucked next to her and you’ll just have to apologize and explain it belongs to Robbie. He can bend you over in front of all the girls at lunch and sodomize you, and you’ll thank him for it. If you want to sacrifice your married ass to him, he owns it. And that means he owns all three of your holes, so he owns you.”

Wanda looked back at me and didn’t hesitate for a moment. She sat down a little, my cock head popping through the tension of her asshole, and she moaned wordlessly and throaty. Then she shifted, reaching for my hand which I gave her, and she looked me in the eyes and said, “Any time, anywhere. You own me. I’m yours.”

“Then show him,” Cassidy whispered, kissing her again and then laying back down next to me to watch as Wanda tried to prove it.

Chapter 131

“God, her pussy looks amazing stretched around your cock,” Cassidy said as she lay with her head on my shoulder, watching as Wanda used every trick she knew with her hips and ass and legs to tease and please me. “It’s so fucking perfect.”

“It is,” I moaned, reaching out and softly brushing my fingers down Wanda’s ass cheek. She was moaning as well, panting as she fucked me with deliberate, slow strokes to show this was all about me and giving me pleasure.

Wanda groaned, pulling me back out of her pussy and sliding me back into her ass.

Cassidy kissed my cheek, and Wanda started driving her ass up and down, moaning wordless and lewd.

“Fuck,” I grunted. “Fuuuck.”

“Are you close, Tiger?” Cassidy asked me.

I nodded.

Cassidy got up and shifted back down to Wanda. “Did you hear that, baby? Our Tiger is about to come. You’re doing so fucking good, giving him everything you can. Are you excited for him to finish claiming you? To be his little married fucktoy that he’ll ravage for the rest of the night?”

“Mmhmm,” Wanda moaned.

“Which hole should he come in?” Cassidy asked her.

“My pussy,” Wanda gasped. “Brodi never fucks my ass, so it’s all Robbie’s already. He needs to claim my pussy.”

“Fuck,” I grunted. It was horrible. It was wonderful.

“Hear that, Tiger? You need to come inside Wanda’s pussy, OK?”

Wanda pulled her ass off of me, and Cassidy grabbed the wet cloth she’d gone to get a little earlier and wiped me down, and Wanda sat back down with me in her pussy. “Ooooh, Robbie,” she moaned as I entered her again.

“Fuck him,” Cassidy cheered her on softly. “Feel him stretch you all the way out. Get him to cum as deep in you as you can.”

“I’m- I’m-” Wanda panted.

Cassidy pushed her back, making her lean more towards me, and grabbed her hips and helped slam her down on my cock. I lost my visual of Wanda's perfect ass and pussy, but I was now fucking up into her and I added what little thrusts I could without any leverage. Cassidy knew what she was doing though, and she'd gotten the angle right as my cock glanced against Wanda's g-spot hard, over and over.

"Oh my gawd, oh my gawd, oh my-" Wanda chanted and then cut off.

"Don't you slow down," Cassidy ordered her. "You relax that pussy and let it out, but don't you stop fucking him.

"Euuuunnnngggh!" Wanda shouted, only getting muffled by Cassidy covering her mouth with both hands as Wanda's orgasm ripped through her. She'd had several now, but they had all been little ones like simmering bubbles. This time the pot boiled over.

Wanda squirted as her legs lost their ability to function properly and gave out. That dropped her deep onto my cock and her cunt squeezed me tight as I sheathed completely inside her, and I went off a split second after she did, heaving my hips up to instinctually try to get just that little touch deeper and dump my jets of cum as far as I could.

"Good girl," Cassidy crooned and Wanda came down from her orgasm. She was moving the sweaty, sticky hair out of Wanda's face and kissing her softly on her cheeks and forehead.

"Good girl."

With Cassidy's help Wanda got detached from me, my cock still hard, and crawled up so that I could spoon behind her and hold her. Cassidy quickly sopped up the worst of the squirt that had sprayed down to the foot of the bed and then crawled in behind to spoon me.

We lay there, panting, for easily more than ten minutes as our heart rates came down and our breathing steadied.

"Was that good enough?" Wanda finally asked.

"Oh my God, Wanda," I said, kissing her shoulder. "Yes, absolutely. That was amazing."

"So good, baby," Cassidy said, reaching over to stroke her hip.

"I feel so good, and so bad," Wanda said. Then she rolled over so she was facing me, her eyes boring into mine as she put her hands on my cock softly to encourage me to stay hard. "We can keep going, right?"

"Absolutely," I said, and leaned forward to kiss her softly. Then I pulled back. "I know what you want, but is there anything you *don't* want?"

She rolled her lips in and chewed on them for a moment, thinking seriously. "I want you to fuck me like I'm just your fucktoy holes, but I want to feel like you love me for it. Degrade me, but do it because I can trust you to. I loved when you spit on my face and in my mouth. Call me names, but make it about us. I'll do anything you want with Cassidy within reason, but I know she's still paying her penance so if you don't that's OK too. Just- Just be firm. And don't tie me down. Hold me, maybe choke me, throw me around the bed, that's all game. But don't use something to tie me, or blindfold me. I think maybe I could do that in the right circumstances, but not here."

I kissed again. "Done. Anything else?"

She shook her head softly. "Just hold me for another minute?"

I helped her turn back over and she snuggled back at me.

"I love you, Tiger," Cassidy whispered.

"I love you, too," Wanda whispered, then froze in my arms.

"We love you too, Wanda," Cassidy said, stroking her hip again to reassure her.

"We do," I said quietly, holding her softly. Then I brought my lips to her ear. "I love my toy."

Wanda shuddered and craned her neck to kiss me.

Chapter 132

“Are you ready?” Cassidy asked as she slipped from the bed and went to her knees beside it near Wanda’s head.

Wanda nodded, a little eager and a little nervous. I was still spooned up behind her and slowly tracing my fingers up along her bare hip and around her stomach.

“OK,” I said softly. “This is the last time I’m going to ask. Anything you want me to know?”

“No,” she said softly. “God, I’m shivering I’m so horny for this.”

“Well then, my little toy,” I whispered to her. “I think you need to get to work and make sure my cock is nice and hard so that I can make use of those holes that I own.”

Wanda immediately started to move, but Cassidy caught her arm and stopped her. “Good toys respond to our Tiger with enthusiastic consent,” she said.

The blonde turned to me and kissed me hard. “Yes, Tiger. I would love to get your cock ready for these holes.”

“Good girl,” Cassidy laughed softly, slapping Wanda’s ass as the blonde turned on her knees and immediately started sucking on my half-hard cock with gusto. With her face down and ass up, I palmed that fantastic ass myself, squeezing and needing her hard and letting my fingertips dig into her cheek possessively. That just made her moan on my cock.

“Have fun, Tiger,” Cassidy grinned, standing up and leaning over to kiss me. Then she brought her lips to my ear and whispered low enough that Wanda likely didn’t hear. “Get wild, Tiger. Seriously. She wants that from you so bad.”

I grabbed Cassidy by the back of her neck as she started to back away and pulled her into another hard, hot kiss. “You’re going to get this soon,” I promised her. I could see the eager look in her eye as she bit the inside of her lip. We’d been physically close and emotionally intimate since we started the trip but that line of sex between Cassidy and I hadn’t been broached. I still found her utterly attractive and sexy in every way, but I didn’t think we were ready yet. I wasn’t, and I didn’t think she was either.

“I can’t wait, Tiger,” she said. Then she got a playful smirk spreading over her lips and she turned her attention to Wanda. “What kind of cock sucking is that?” she said. “Good sluts who are owned by benevolent masters need to work harder.” Cassidy grabbed Wanda’s hair and pulled it back into a ponytail in her fist and then started rapidly forcing the blonde up and down on my cock quickly, making her gag as my cock hit the back of her throat a few times.

My initial instinct was to slow Cassidy down a touch, but based on Wanda's eagerness and the way she was moaning whorishly when she wasn't gagging, this was exactly what she wanted.

"God, look at these slutty holes," I said instead, peeling Wanda's perfect ass open to reveal her asshole and cunt. I had dumped my first load deep into her pussy, but after laying snuggled for a little while and then shifting positions, while her lips were still flushed from earlier she was also starting to leak a pearly white bead of cum out of her hole. "I'm so fucking glad I own each of these perfect, filthy fuckholes. But look, this one needs some cleaning." I slipped my finger into her pussy, swirling just around the edge of her entrance, teasing her. Then I pulled my cummy finger out and lifted it to Cassidy.

My fiancée didn't hesitate and with a glint of a smile in her eyes she wrapped her lips around my finger and slowly sucked it off, then went down again to suck more just in case she missed some.

"Cassidy, I think my little toy needs to be cleaned," I said. "But we don't want to waste anything, so how about you make sure this submissive little cunt is ready for whatever I want to do to it with your tongue?"

"Glady, Tiger," Cassidy said, getting up on the bed on her knees behind Wanda but hesitating as she watched my face. "Anything you *want*," she continued.

She'd participated, muted, in my activities so far. Dirty talk and encouragement mostly. Flirting. Some soft groping and touching and kissing with Cattie. But the core of our problem was that she'd spent so much of our lives together lying about her sexuality, and about her cheating with women, that this was another of those barriers.

The thing was, it was the cheating that hurt, not the idea of Cassidy being into women. That visualisation for me was hot as hell.

"I want," I confirmed for her.

Cassidy leaned down behind Wanda and slowly dragged her tongue from the blonde's clit, up through her pussy lips to her hole and swirled it there in the mixed taste of our juices, and then higher to rim Wanda's ass for a moment. Then she went to work, placing her hands on Wanda's ass to keep her spread open and coming in from an angle to try and give me the best view of her tonguing and slurping our toy's pussy.

It was so fucking hot. But, while I could probably just happily sit and watch Cassidy go down on Wanda for an hour, this wasn't about that.

Reaching down, I took a hold of Wanda's hair, not in the neat ponytail that Cassidy had formed but rougher, holding her near the scalp and pulling her off of my cock. "How does that feel, little

toy?" I asked her. "I want to know what you're feeling, having your owned cunt slurped clean by my fiancee so that I can ruin it all over again?"

Wanda was breathing heavily, having been working my cock hard, her tongue partially hanging out of her mouth as she looked at me with a strange mix of fire and glassy submission. "It feels so fucking good, Tiger. Cassidy's tongue is so smooth between these pussy lips that you own, and dancing across this clit of yours. And when she sucks out your cum, Tiger, it feels amazing but it makes me feel empty, and I can only hope that you'll fill your little cumbox full again soon."

And I believed every fucking word of it.

Chapter 133

Wanda went back to sucking my cock more after I stroked her face possessively for a moment and squeezed her apple cheek softly between my thumb and forefinger. That just encouraged her more and she immediately went to trying to deepthroat my cock though she wasn't in a great position to do so.

Cassidy, meanwhile, had been slurping away and when I turned my attention back to her by sliding my fingers across her ass and into the cleft of her cheeks she sped up her own ministrations. She made a loud, lewd slurping as she pressed her lips to Wanda's pussy at the same time as she humped her ass back at my hand softly, wanting more contact. I teased her instead, trailing my fingers up from her ass to the small of her back, making her whine. Then, glancing at me out of the peripheral of her vision, she tongued her way up from Wanda's pussy again and began burying her tongue in the blonde's ass.

Wanda groaned heavily at that, and somewhere between the full-throated vocalization and her forceful push, I slipped into her throat.

"God, fuck," I grunted. I grabbed Cassidy by the hair with one hand, pushing her deeper against Wanda's ass, and grabbed Wanda by the hair again with the other and kept her pushed down on my cock as it vibrated from the milking of the throat that was encasing its head. "God, you filthy fucking cockhungry beauties," I groaned. "I could never leave this cabin again and be happy for the rest of my life."

I let Wanda up, not wanting to choke her, but she stayed down an extra couple of seconds like she wanted to prove to me she could before pulling off and coughing. Then I pulled Cassidy back away from Wanda's ass and hugged her down against me. She was panting lightly as well, though I suspected more from horniness than anything else.

"I love you, Tiger," Cassidy gasped.

"I love you too, Tiger," Wanda said. She was already stroking my cock again as she caught her breath, her thick spittle a slick lube for her fingers.

"Cass, put on some music," I said. "We're going to need to try and drown out some noises because I'm going to push my toy to her nasty little limits."

"Mmm, yes, Tiger," Cassidy said, giving me a peck on the cheek before rolling from the bed and going to grab her phone and the little BlueTooth speaker we had brought. As she was busy with that I sat up on my knees and yanked Wanda around by both her ankles, manhandling her around the bed until she was flat on her back and I was kneeling next to her. She immediately spread her legs for me and looked up with the glassy fire in her eyes and her lips slightly parted as she breathed deeply, her chest rising and falling.

“Which playlist?” Cassidy asked as the connected tone played through the speaker.

“Do you need to ask?” I raised an eyebrow.

Cassidy smirked and shook her head, then pressed a button on her phone and quickly adjusted the speaker volume so that the music wasn't likely to bother the other cabins on the houseboat.

The heavy, pounding beat of Pony started playing. It was the start of a long playlist on Cassidy's phone that was just called 'Fuck.' This was the one she played to let me know when she wanted me to really be on top - we were both generally switches, though I tended to be more aggressive when we were in bed than she did. Sometimes she just really wanted me to fuck her brains out though, and the thrumming heavy beats and filthy lyrics of some raunchy rap could really lay a mood down.

I never thought I'd enjoy that playlist with someone other than her, but here we were.

Sliding my hand down from Wanda's stomach to her pussy, I slipped two of my fingers inside of her immediately. She was slick and while her cunt started constricting around my fingers it also didn't resist my intrusion.

“Look at this beautiful fucking toy,” I growled as I leaned over her, immediately starting to fingerfuck her as I grabbed one of her breasts in my hand and squeezed. “Look at all the pretty features. These delicious, squeezable tits. These nipples that show just how fucking horny she is. This face-” I cut myself off by licking her from her jaw and up her cheek to her hairline. “I almost can't believe I own this gorgeous face. And these deep blue eyes, and these perfect lips for sucking cock and kissing.” I kissed her, and she kissed me back with tongue, pressing her lips up to mine at almost the same rhythm as she worked her hips to try and silently beg me for more.

I slipped a third finger into her pussy and she gulped and hiccuped against my lips.

“Oh my fuck,” Wanda gasped. “I can't- Fuck! I can't believe this.”

“Can't believe what?” Cassidy asked, climbing onto the bed on her other side. “Can't believe how lucky you are to be owned by the perfect guy? Can't believe how blessed you are to be the fucktoy for our Tiger?”

“Well, that, yeah,” Wanda said, panting hard as I worked her cunt with three fingers and her clit with the heel of the same hand. She was flushed from her cheeks to her chest and her stomach was roiling as I pushed her closer to an orgasm. “But- Fuuuh- I can't believe you can do this to my pussy.”

“What do you mean, toy?” I asked, leaning down closer to her again. “I own this pussy, of course I can make it tingle and gape and pop however I want.”

“No- I-” She squeezed her eyes shut as a precursor jolt of orgasm rolled through her. “I mean I can’t believe I fit you in me earlier all the way. Or three fingers- So deep. So fucking deep!”

I pulled my fingers from her cunt just as she was starting a final run up to her orgasm, leaving her gaping open and whining from the sudden feeling of being empty. Instead of plunging them back in I shocked her by palming her face, wiping my slimy fingers down from her forehead to her mouth and pushing them between her lips. She lewdly sucked and slurped on them, running her tongue around the taste of her own cunt, before I pulled the fingers away and just pressed them hard against the outer lips of her pussy.

She came. No insertion, not even really touching her clit. Just squeezing her tits and making her feel like a filthy whore. Her legs trembled and her chest heaved and her eyes squeezed shut again before she broke with a wordless huff of noise and started panting again. As she came down I teased the entrance to her pussy again with just one fingertip, kissing her hard, before pulling back.

“Explain, toy,” I whispered to her.

“I- I have a shallow vagina,” she panted. “Like, medically. I was kind of worried before, but I knew you wouldn’t care. And Cassidy having me love on your cock gave me some control so I could try and show you my limits, but you just kept going in and it never bottomed out or hurt. I thought it was the position or something, but I think you just fingered me deeper and harder than I’ve ever been fingered, and *gawd* I want your cock in me please, Tiger. I want to feel it in my stomach. I want you to rearrange my fucking guts to fit you.”

I glanced up at Cassidy, immediately knowing what was going on.

Cassidy gave me an innocent, *‘I’ll explain later’* look and a little shrug. She’d used the App and bought the upgrade for Wanda, the ‘Perfect Fit’ one or whatever it had been called. I could tell it was an ‘I couldn’t help it, I wanted to see what it would do’ sort of thing for her. And I knew she also wanted to make sure this thing between the three of us was as special for Wanda as it could be.

I kissed Wanda again hard. “Well,” I said. “I guess I need to fuck you hard and deep then, don’t I little toy?”

“Yes fucking please, Tiger,” she gasped with a sloppy grin.

Chapter 134

The song changed, and I manhandled Wanda into a new position. She was mostly on her back still, but I yanked her up onto one hip and pulled her leg up to my chest as I unceremoniously slotted my cock into position and entered her.

“Fuck yes,” I grunted.

“Oh, yes, fuck me,” Wanda groaned.

I gave her two hard, slow thrusts to get her cunt used to my cock again and then started really fucking her. In this position I could pound into her a few ways, and I used each of them quickly. One was leaning back, fucking up into her slightly as we both arched our backs. The next was more straight on, her leg pulled to my chest. This one was great for setting her tits wobbling and bouncing in time with our thrusting as she rolled her body to meet me. The last was leaning over her, fucking down into her as her leg pressed between us. This let me get close, our breath mingling as I made her cunt mine and we stared into each other’s eyes.

I grabbed her face while I fucked her, squeezing her lips into a purse as she gritted her teeth and moaned hotly. “You’re mine,” I growled. “My beautiful little horny fucktoy.”

“Yes, Tiger,” she purred back. “Yes, fuck. I’m your little fuckhole. God, my whole body wants you. Fuck my brains out. Fuck me stupid.”

“I don’t like stupid toys,” I said, leaning in that little further to compress her leg between us and stretch her cunt open that little bit more. This got me closer to her face and I took it in both hands now, not squeezing but just framing her, holding her in place, making her feel my presence on her completely. “I want smart, beautiful, witty, intelligent, playful toys. I want my toy to be everything so that when she gives herself to me I know she is the absolute best toy she can be.”

I kissed her, and she whimpered against my lips as I buried myself into her as deep as I could and held there.

“And you are,” I whispered as our kiss ended. Then I pulled out of her, flipped her over onto her stomach and fucked back into her again. I grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head up, using her.

“Fuck, you’re such a pretty cocksleeve, Wanda,” Cassidy said. She’d been kneeling next to us, slowly fingering herself and softly brushing her fingers along Wanda’s body, adding little teases here or there as we’d been fucking.

“Thank- You-,” Wanda gasped.

“Kiss her,” I told Cassidy. “Kiss my perfect little cocksleeve.”

“Yes, Tiger,” Cassidy grinned and she got down on her hands and knees to meet Wanda. They kissed aggressively, both of them wanting to make a show of it for me as they made out sloppily. When they finished I pulled out of Wanda again and got her on her back, this time pressing my chest down to hers as her legs split around my waist. I hooked them with my arms, pressing them back wider, and started to fuck her hard and fast.

“Oh, fucking- fucking hell I feel like I can feel you fucking my chest,” Wanda gasped.

“That’s him fucking your heart, baby,” Cassidy smirked.

I was panting from the exertion at this point and edging myself closer to my next orgasm.

“Cass,” I gasped. “Get a finger in her ass.”

Cass slipped around us and Wanda’s eyes went wide as soon as Cass’s little digit entered her hole.

“Fuck this is hot,” Cassidy said, rubbing my hip as she watched from close up as I pounded my cock into Wanda.

I kissed Wanda again, wrapping my hands around her skull as I shortened my strokes deep in her cunt. She felt amazing, her pussy squeezing and milking me, her kegel muscles rippling from the deep fucking she’d never had before.

Wanda was whimpering, unable to vocalize much more than the occasional word or two.

“Please.... God, yes.... Robbie... Fuck... Love you... So deep....Sooooo deep.... Want you....”

“I’m close,” I warned both women.

“You want to fill up her little married pussy again, Tiger?” Cassidy asked.

“No,” I grunted. I glanced back at her and with a jerk of my head indicated I wanted her to remove her finger and move over a bit on the bed. She did so, and I pulled out of Wanda and fell back onto the bed.

“Jerk me off onto your face, my beauty,” I ordered her.

“Yes, Tiger,” Wanda panted, scrambling to follow the directive. She immediately wrapped her hand around my cock and got her face as close as she could, her lips parted and panting.

“No,” I said, shaking my head. “Use your hair.”

Wanda paused for just a moment, then grinned filthily as she computed the weird, kinky use of her. She then quickly tilted her head to the side and draped her silky golden locks around my slimy cock and wrapped her fingers around them, jerking me off soft but quick.

“You are such a lucky cumslut toy,” Cassidy crooned, pressing her naked body to Wanda’s from behind as she watched the lewd act. “Tiger knows just how to use you, doesn’t he?”

“Yes,” Wanda panted, licking her lips.

“You want his cum all over your face, don’t you?”

“God, yes.”

“And in your hair?”

“Mhmm.”

“And your cunt again, obviously.”

“Mhmm.” This time it was a higher pitch.

“What about your ass. Want him to fill your ass, too? The ass that your husband doesn’t fuck, but your owner does?”

“Yes, please,” Wanda pleaded.

I came, ropes of cum splattering out as I was overloaded by the building pressure of the physical, mental and emotional things happening to me. Much of it ended up in Wanda’s hair, but some made it through to her cheeks, and the last dribbles into her mouth as Cassidy shoved her head down.

“Fuuuuck,” I groaned, giving one last push to drop as much cum between Wanda’s lips as I could.

Wanda slowly pulled away, my cock looking angry and red and her looking splattered. She opened her mouth and showed me the cum on her tongue.

“Share it with Cassidy,” I panted. “Thank her for letting you give yourself to us.”

Wanda turned and kissed Cassidy, pushing her cum-covered tongue into my fiancée’s mouth.

I should have probably been done at that point. It hadn’t been all that long since I’d fucked Becca, really, and two big loads for Wanda should have tapped me out. With all reason, I should have probably already fallen asleep in post-orgasmic exhaustion.

But I felt great, and I knew it was because of that damn App. That blessed, fucked App.

Chapter 135

“Look at you,” Cassidy said. “You’re such a pretty sluts slave, covered in your master’s cum.”

Cassidy had led Wanda, with a fist in her hair, over to stand in front of the mirror and I had followed. Now I was fucking Wanda from behind as she looked at herself in the mirror.

“I look so fucking dirty,” Wanda panted. I had both her arms pulled behind her back which pushed her tits forward to bounce with each thrust. She tossed her hair to the side, admiring the beads of cum disgustingly congealing in her hair. “Fuck. You use me so fucking *right*.”

“Do I?” I asked. I pulled out and slid my cockhead through her lips and up higher, pushing against her asshole.

“Fuck, yes,” she panted, pushing her hips back at me and squeezing her eyes closed as she got my cockhead through the tight ring of her asshole. She opened her eyes again, looking at herself in the mirror. “Use my asshole.”

“I am, toy,” I said. “Or are you trying to say I should be rougher and really make you feel it?”

“Just- yes, Tiger. Just let me get used to- Unnngh,” she groaned as I slowly worked my cock deeper into her ass.

“Covered in cum, cunt still swishing with the remnants of a load, and you’re still a cock hungry, ass-filled bitch,” Cassidy said, running her hands through Wanda’s bangs to pull them from her face. “You’d let him do this right in front of the whole trip, wouldn’t you? Just let everyone know that you’re his little buttslut cock whore.”

Wanda nodded, panting as I buried the last inch into her ass. “If that’s what Tiger wanted,” she gasped.

I let go of her arms and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into a full stand as I pressed her back to my chest to whisper in her ear. “I don’t share my toys well,” I told her. “And you are my most precious, most beautiful toy. You are all mine to use as I want, but no one else is going to get to imagine that. Not JC, not the college guys, and not even the other girls.”

“Especially Heather,” Cassidy smirked.

That broke the moment and Wanda and I both snorted a quick laugh.

“I would, though,” Wanda panted. “I just- I would do some stuff in front of the others. At least the others who are involved.”

“You’d let Becca watch? And Cattie?” Cassidy asked.

Wanda nodded and slowly worked her hips forward and back, fucking her ass on my cock.

“What about play with you?” Cassidy asked.

“If Robbie wanted,” Wanda whimpered.

“What about if we recorded you?” Cassidy asked. “Made a private porno?”

“Fuck,” Wanda said, stopping her motions as her legs went a little weak at the idea.

“You like that idea, don’t you?” I whispered. “Doing the thing the entire internet has been begging you for, and just for me?”

“Fuck yes, I do,” Wanda gasped.

“We’ll make that happen,” Cassidy said, leaning forward and softly kissing Wanda on the lips. “A sexy, loving, rough porno just for us.”

Wanda nodded.

“I have an idea,” I said and pulled out of her. Wanda whined a little, like a puppy that wanted a treat, but I stepped away from her and grabbed the cloth from the bed. It had lost a bit of its dampness so I went and freshened it in the washroom, ordering Wanda not to touch herself while I was busy. She hadn’t been, but as soon as I said it her fingers flexed and the idea was in her head

I quickly wiped down my cock, then came back out and kissed Cassidy, then Wanda. “Field trip,” I said.

“Huh?” Wanda hummed, but then she whooped softly as I picked up her naked body and lifted her over one shoulder.

“Cass, get the door,” I said. She did, and I quickly carried Wanda out into the hall and down past the kitchen area and lounge space. Wanda was giggling as we went, trying to cover her mouth with one hand as she dangled. I slid the back door open and stepped out onto the back porch and felt Wanda stiffen thinking I was going to jump us into the water, but instead I set her down and guided her towards the stairs.

Cassidy followed, as naked as we were, and soon we were up on the top deck of the houseboat. Looking up we had an amazing view of the night sky, and I made a mental note that I very much wanted to make love under those stars, but that wasn’t my goal at the moment. Instead I quickly flipped on the lights at the Pilot’s Cabin and our houseboat became a bright

beacon in the night. It wasn't bright enough to light up the whole bay or anything, but we would definitely be visible if anyone else was awake and in the bay.

"Come here," I ordered Wanda, standing right in the middle of the top deck and pointing in front of me. She came and went to her knees, sucking my cock into her mouth. She blew me there, in our pseudo-public space, and then I stood her up and walked her to the railing of the top deck and she grabbed it, leaning over partially as I fucked back into her pussy. After a couple of minutes of us humping at each other and listening to her soft moans flitter over the water, I reached down and pulled one of her legs up and wide to prop her knee on the railing as well, really opening her up for a deep dicking.

"Wanda," Cassidy said. "You fuckhole toy. Now someone else knows, too. Another one of Robbie's lovers."

I'd missed it as it was happening, but when I glanced back at Cass I saw she had her phone in one hand, and followed her other pointing out across the water towards the other house boat.

There, in the dim light on that boat's top deck, Becca was leaning against the railing in almost the exact same position as Wanda was, buck naked and fingering herself as she watched us.

Wanda came, looking across the water, watching herself get watched as she was used for my pleasure.

I grunted, grabbed her by the hair and made her arc her back as I pulled her up, revealing more of her to Becca. Her face was almost to the sky, her neck craned back, and I nipped her ear lightly with my teeth and then spit on her cheek as her orgasm rolled and rocked through her. And then I thrust deep into her cunt and came, claiming that intimate part of her again. She let out a wordless moan that echoed across the water and bounced back to us, and we watched as Becca worked herself fast and hard and then staggered back from the railing, her shoulders rocking as she panted through her own orgasm.

"You are so fucking amazing," I whispered to her as Wanda started to come down. "God, you are precious. I love you, Wanda."

"I love you too," she whispered back, stepping back from the railing and collapsing into my arms as her body pressed to mine.

As Wanda was recovering, her legs still shaking and her heart aflutter, Becca waved to us and then kissed her fingers and mimed tossing it across the water to us. I did the same back, and she scampered back to the stairs of her boat and went downstairs and likely to bed.

I ended up pulling Cassidy into a naked group hug as we supported Wanda, and then I scooped her up as she wrapped her arms and legs around me so that I could carry her downstairs to our

room. Cassidy flicked off the party lights, and we descended back into the dark and quiet of the houseboat.

Chapter 136

Cassidy looked into the mirror. The lights were out in the room behind her, and the only light she had in the washroom was the soft red glow of the night light thing that was designed to be unobtrusive in the dark. It just cast a red glow over her as she slowly breathed and looked into her own eyes.

Robbie had been an absolute stud. He'd fucked Wanda exactly how she wanted and needed, and Cassidy had never been more fucking turned on by him. She wanted some of that - not all the time, but once or twice at least for sure.

Wanda was currently curled up next to him in the bed and the two of them were snoring softly. Cassidy had helped wash them both in the shower. Helped dry them off. Curled up with them under the covers, snuggling close as their body heat mingled and the two of them quickly drifted to sleep.

But she hadn't fallen asleep.

Now she looked at herself in the mirror and judged herself.

"I hate you," she whispered, looking into her own eyes.

Her heart ached.

Everything Cattie had said was true. Everything that her best friend had thrown in her face was *true*, and she knew it. Robbie was the love of Cassidy's life. She'd known it since the App had told her so on that pool deck and she'd seen that her good friend wasn't just a *good friend*. She'd had a crush on him before that. Had touched herself, late at night, thinking about him, but had always thought that Robbie was a fantasy. She'd never thought he would go for a weird, geeky girl like her who was a little too shy. A little too quiet. But he'd already loved her, and she loved him.

"I hate you so much," she whispered again.

The guilt was a hole. A rip. In her heart, and in her soul. She couldn't understand how she hadn't felt it forming for those years she'd been so fucking awful. Every time she'd cheated on Robbie, she'd made it bigger. She'd ground the edges back. And when she realized it was there - well, it had ruined her. And she'd known she deserved it.

She'd spent a long, long time struggling to figure out how to fix that hole. She'd tried filling it with him, and that worked a bit. More than anything else. More than work, and hobbies. But it was still there, and when the hole seemed bigger than what he could fill she'd always fallen into that aching, guilt-ridden depression. And somehow he'd always climbed right into that hole and pulled her out without even knowing how or why he was doing it.

This trip was... it was working. Maybe.

Probably.

Robbie still loved her. He'd said it, and she'd desperately wanted to cling to that, but when she saw it on the App again it was like re-discovering him that first time all over. But she also felt that gut-wrenching hole deep in herself whenever she saw him falter. When he broke down that first day the only reason she'd been able to hold herself together at all was Cattie. The hole felt raw and fresh all over again.

Watching him with the others was surreal. It made her immeasurably horny, and at first she'd battled with whether she should feel guilty about that or not. She'd come to the conclusion it was seeing him that was doing it, not seeing the other girls. She found women attractive still, but not in the way she used to. Looking back, she'd never really even been that discerning - she'd been a predator hunting pussy. Chasing the power that having a woman give herself to Cassidy had felt like. But seeing Robbie with these amazing, beautiful women was like watching a sunrise.

And of course Robbie was falling for them. Cattie was everything. Becca was strong, and maybe the most like him. Wanda was amazing, and needed him in a way Cassidy didn't think Robbie realized.

And of course they were falling for him too, at least a bit in their own ways. She couldn't blame them for that at all.

But Robbie was supposed to be hers. Hers.

"You don't deserve him," she scolded herself quietly.

This was how she would make it up to him, if she ever could. Maybe she couldn't, not fully. She would share his body, and his heart, with other women who deserved a touch of him.

Madison had probably been a mistake. But it had been fun in the moment and Robbie enjoyed it. So maybe she hadn't been a mistake, just another lesson.

"You don't deserve him," she scolded again. "You stupid, stupid girl."

Her heart hurt. It hurt so fucking bad. Robbie trusting her to help with Wanda had been a step. But she craved him. Craved the closeness. Craved making love with him. She wanted a fuck like Wanda had gotten, but she *craved* his love.

Cassidy turned on the tap and slowly, quietly washed her face. She'd been crying, and she didn't want Robbie to wake up to that. Didn't want him to worry - he did that more than enough

already even before this. He cared too much sometimes, but then that was just another reason why she loved him.

Once she was cleaned up Cassidy looked at herself in the mirror one last time. She shook her head softly, knowing that she couldn't ever make up for what she did, but that she owed it to her best friend, the love of her life, and the man of her dreams to try.

Chapter 137

“Not tonight,” Cattie said, seeing Heather was fishing in the drawer where she had unpacked the sex toys.

Heather frowned, turning to Cattie. “Baby, we need this. We need to reconnect.”

Cattie hesitated, and then let out a breath and nodded. “OK,” she nodded. “Just - let’s reconnect then. Nothing wild.”

“OK,” Heather grinned and then pulled the strapon harness out and went into the washroom.

“Not what I was thinking,” Cattie muttered quietly to herself.

The movie night had been... fine. She’d seen *Gone Girl* twice already and it just didn’t have the rewatchability of a comedy like *Legally Blonde*. And the girls had been fine, and JC had been funny with his comments since he hadn’t seen the movie before. Snuggling up with Heather on one side of her and Sherry on the other had been a nice return to a feeling of normalcy in the dark, too. Things had been understandably tense between her and her girlfriend all day, a rollercoaster of emotions trampling through a china shop, to badly mix metaphors. And Sherry hadn’t been any fucking help at all.

Really, Cattie wasn’t even sure why she would think the younger woman would be. They had been “close-ish” growing up, but hadn’t ever been best friends. Cattie felt the sisterhood more than she necessarily thought Sherry did, and maybe that was because she was the elder and had gotten that ‘you need to look out for your sister’ thing early on.

Fuck, Sherry had seemed more pissed about the thing with Cass and Robbie last night on Heather’s behalf than that it happened.

Cattie frowned and sighed, flopping back on the bed. It still fucking annoyed her that Heather had started bitching to Sherry of all people while last night was going on. Cattie’s own sister of all people.

That, more than any of the other shit, had made her appreciate when Robbie went off on her. Obviously she didn’t like seeing her girlfriend in distress or getting run over in a conversation, but fuck had she deserved it that time. She couldn’t say that to her, obviously. But she had.

Heather came out of the washroom with the strap-on harness on. She’d scrubbed off her makeup and was otherwise naked. “Come suck my cock, sub,” she ordered.

“Yes, Mistress,” Cattie said, trying to keep it from sounding like a sigh. She rolled over and crawled down the bed on her hands and knees, looking at the green dildo for a moment and

inwardly smirking. Robbie was bigger. It was a petty thought and meant nothing, but somehow it made her feel better about starting to suck the silicone appendage.

“Eyes,” Heather ordered.

Cattie looked up at Heather’s smiling face and decided that tonight wasn’t the night to try and reconnect. She was still feeling frustrated and petty.

“Fuck me, Mistress,” Cattie panted, acting the way she knew Heather wanted.

Heather bit her lip as Cattie turned around and presented her ass to her. Cattie hung her head low, her black hair hiding her face, and closed her eyes. When Heather played the dildo head up and down her lips she let out a convincing moan, and she kept it up as Heather fucked her.

She “came.”

Heather wanted to spoon after, snuggling close behind Cattie. She knew Cattie preferred to sleep turned over on her stomach more, but Heather liked to sleep with her arms holding Cattie close and her boobs pressed to Cattie’s back, so somehow they ended up that way most nights.

That hadn’t ever bothered Cattie before. Why was it bothering her now?

“What the fuck?” Heather grumbled.

Cattie must have fallen asleep, though she didn’t feel like it. She blinked awake drearly and looked around in the dark.

“Hmm?” she asked wordlessly.

“They’re playing music,” Heather muttered.

Cattie woke up a bit more and listened, and then realized there was music playing on the other side of the cabin wall. It wasn’t loud or anything, but in the quiet of the night it was audible. Then she heard a groan, barely audible between the beats of the music.

It had been Robbie. Cattie recognized it immediately.

“They are just covering up their sex noises,” Cattie mumbled to Heather. “They’re trying to be thoughtful.”

“I’m never going to get back to sleep,” Heather said.

“Just leave it,” Cattie sighed and pulled Heather’s arm more tightly around her to emphasize that she didn’t want her going to tell them to turn off the music or something.

“Your nipples are hard,” Heather said after a long moment, her fingers finding Cattie’s breasts.

“I just like being held by you, baby,” Cattie lied.

She was thinking about that moan. About last night. About the amazing sleep she’d gotten after the fantastic sex. About the ease of the emotional connection between Robbia, Cassidy and her even when things had gotten tense.

About Robbie’s cock. About Cassidy holding her as Cattie had been made love to by the both of them.

Cattie touched between her thighs, trying to do it without alerting Heather, and found she was damp.

Fuck, she was horny.

She woke up again, sometime later. She wasn’t sure how much, but the music was off and it was dark. Thirsty, she slipped out from Heather’s arms and threw on a long nightshirt before padding to the door and opening it quietly, then walking down the length of the boat to the kitchen. She was just closing the fridge, a water bottle in hand, when she heard footsteps from the hallway.

“Oh, hey,” Robbie said, stopping as he saw her. “Sorry. Great minds dream alike too, I guess.”

If only you knew what I’d been dreaming of, Cattie thought. “No worries,” Cattie said instead, opening the fridge and pulling out a second bottle and tossing it to him. He was just in a pair of his athletic shorts, and for some reason she got this urge that she wanted to wear them. Wanted to feel something of his on her.

He cracked his bottle open, and she did the same, and they both took a long drink.

“Cattie, about earlier-” he started, but Cattie crossed the kitchen and stopped him by hugging him hard.

“Don’t apologize,” she whispered.

He hugged her back, his arms so wonderfully comforting and comfortable. “OK,” he whispered back.

They stood there like that, just hugging, for a long time.

Then Cattie pulled back and kissed him on the lips. Just a peck. She made sure it was just a peck.

“Love you,” she said quietly and stole past him into the hallway and down to her door.

“Love you too,” he whispered after her.

Fuck, Cattie thought. She knew he meant it. And she knew she did too.

Chapter 138

“Baby, are you for real right now?” Terra hissed, shoving at JC.

He let rip another snore, bundled up under the covers.

“Motherfucker,” Terra groaned, slamming her head down face-first on the pillows. She’d spent the last twenty minutes dolling herself up for her boyfriend and he’d gone and fallen asleep. Not only that but she was wearing the new lingerie she’d brought on the trip.

“All I want is to get fucked,” Terra groaned, flipping over onto her back and looking up at the ceiling.

She loved JC, but God could he be a child. Sometimes that was fun. Sometimes it was fucking annoying, especially when he wasn’t taking the time to check to see if she was getting what she needed.

She was jealous of Cassidy, even with the messed up situation the poor girl had put herself in. There had to be quite the story behind it, but right now on this trip Terra was wondering whether she’d rather swap places. Robbie was sweet, and caring, and had those *hands* and those *lips*. Not to mention that cock she’d gotten a feel of while skinny dipping.

Terra considered slipping out of the room, crossing the hall and knocking on their door. Cass had given her ‘carte blanche’ after all, and seemed like she meant it.

Instead, Terra just got up and peeled off the lingerie, storing it for another night, and dug into her bag and pulled out her vibrator wand. When JC was out like this he slept like a fucking log. A loud, snoring one. Taking her time with her buzzing little friend wouldn’t wake him up.

She got herself situated on her side of the bed and slowly spread her legs, teasing the head of the wand down her stomach as she turned it on the lowest setting.

“Mmm,” she hummed softly to herself, imagining a big, warm hand running down her abdomen and towards her pussy. Imagining Robbie’s lips pressing against hers. “Oh yeah,” she groaned softly. “Just like that.”

Becca probably should have turned off the shower a while ago, but she was just standing under the water. Ami had been asleep when she’d left, and she’d been asleep when Becca had come back to the room.

Waking up to the text hadn’t been surprising - even after a couple of nights with no issues, Becca still felt the pressure of leading the trip and wanting everything to go smoothly. When

she'd read the text from Cassidy she'd been curious, and then seeing what she had... doing what she had...

That evening with Robbie had been amazing. Even touching base with him after... she couldn't get over how good it had all felt. How special. She felt like seeing him in that carnal display, fucking Wanda so savagely, should have been a turn-off. Should have made her upset.

But Robbie wasn't hers to get upset over. Robbie belonged to Cass, and it was her choice to share him, and that sort of removed the guilt and the jealousy from the equation.

It was confusing, and Becca hated feeling confused. That was why she was still in the shower, squeaky clean but letting the hot water slowly run to cold. She thought best in the shower, but this time nothing was coming to her.

She was falling for him

How was that supposed to work?

The obvious answer was that it couldn't. She couldn't let it happen. Sure, she could have a fling with the two of them, but at the end of this trip she would go one way and they would go back to their lives. Cassidy and Robbie would get married, likely before she ever saw them again, and maybe they'd be willing to have another hookup at a Con or something if she was interested.

But that was all.

Right?

Just the idea of hooking up at a Con was weird.

The idea that she'd had sex was kind of weird. It had been so long since she'd felt sexual. Felt a want like that. Felt wanted like Robbie made her feel wanted...

"Fucking fuck," Becca sighed to herself.

She was falling for him.

"Four more days," she muttered. That was how many more days in the trip before they would split up. She would hook up with them, together this time, and hopefully get them out of her system. That's how it would go. They'd fuck, and that would be it. Well, maybe more than once if they could find the time, but that *would* be it.

For sure.

For real.

Becca sighed and checked to see if she could turn up the shower heat, but the hot water was running out. It was going to be a long night.

Heels snored, loud and deep, her naked body sprawled across the bed.

Wanda sleeping with someone else had been fucking great. She'd fingered herself while watching a hentai clip on her phone and then conked out like a light. Her last thought had been hoping this could happen every night for the rest of the trip. She hated sharing a bed.

Madison's phone buzzed. Again.

She flipped it over drearily and checked it. Another message from her ex. She didn't even read the preview, just flipped it back over and curled up under her covers with a little grin.

That video had done the trick. He was pissed, but he'd gotten the message. They were done.

Fuck, that had been a good fuck, too. Better than she'd had in a long time. Maybe the best ever.

She let her fingers slip down between her legs and play with her pussy, imagining kissing that guy. Imagining sucking his cock. Her fingers dipped lower, teasing the cleavage of her ass. The guy's fiancée had said she should let him in her butt.

What kind of person would do that? Let a complete stranger butt fuck them?

Not Madison, certainly.

It was a hot fantasy though. That big cock easing into her ass. The fiancée maybe eating her out at the same time.

Fuck it, Madison thought, rolling over and fishing her dildo out of the bedside drawer. She didn't have the early shift, she could jill off before going back to sleep.

The phone buzzed again just as she was easing the dildo into her pussy and Madison smirked, imagining the drunken texts from her ex as she pretended the dildo was that guy's cock.

"Yessss," Madison hissed in the dark as she got filled. "That's it. Right fucking... there."

Chapter 139

“Good morning,” I murmured as I woke up to the feeling of a woman stretching beside me in bed. It was a delicious feeling of soft curves and lithe muscles rubbing against me, while on the other side another woman was still curled up with her head on my chest and her body warmth mingling with mine.

I'd forgotten who was where in the bed, to be honest, and there wasn't any light coming in from the little porthole window.

“Morning,” Wanda murmured back as she finished her stretch and curled up against me again, yanking the covers over us where they had slipped in an attempt to keep in the heat.

I leaned my head down and kissed the top of her head, and she tilted up to meet my kiss with her lips.

“Mmm,” she hummed happily, lowering her head and kissing my shoulder as she snuggled in again. Then she snickered lightly, pressing her cheek against me as she shook her head. “My butt hurts.”

“Bad hurt?” I asked.

“Ish,” she whispered. “Probably shouldn't have done anal without even a buttplug beforehand.”

“I'm sorry,” I said, squeezing her softly.

“I'm not,” she replied, softly beginning to trail kisses across her little section of my chest. “That was the wildest night of sex I've ever had. I think my pussy might still be tingling.”

“I really loved it,” I said. “I'm so glad we've met you.”

“I'm glad I've met you, too,” she whispered and got quiet for a bit as we just held each other and breathed.

“Can I ask you something?” she finally broke the silence. “Or, ask you *for* something?”

“Ask away,” I said.

“Today... well, last night there was a lot of 'you own me' kind of kinky talk, but... I want it? Like, I want to keep it going. I meant it. So today could you treat me like that?”

“How would you like me to do that?” I asked quietly.

“Just... make me feel like I’m on your mind. And tease me. Touch me. God, I’m getting wet. Like, if we’re sitting somewhere, pull me into your lap and start playing with my tits, or pull my bikini bottoms aside and just touch me however you want. Not, like, in front of everyone, but I trust you to make the judgement on who you do it in front of or where.”

“You are amazing, did I mention that?” I asked, making her smile. I could feel her apple cheeks tighten against my chest as she did it. “Yes, Wanda. I will try my hardest to show you how much I appreciate you, and how much I care for you, by treating you like a little needy slut.”

“God, I love you,” she whispered.

“So do I,” Cassidy whispered. I wasn’t sure when she’d woken up.

“And I love both of you,” I said.

We just sat there, hugging each other under the covers, until the alarm on Cassidy’s phone went off. It was time to get up and get ready for the morning Golden Hour shoots. Cass slipped out of bed and went to flip on the light, which was when I saw that Wanda was silently crying as she lay against me.

“Whoa, hey,” I said.

“Just hold me,” she whispered.

I bundled her up, holding her tight, and she closed her eyes as tears dripped down her cheek. Cassidy, concern on her face, climbed back into bed and hugged her from behind.

“I’m fine, I’m fine,” Wanda eventually said, patting my arm.

“Are you sure?” I asked. “We don’t need to get up and go. If you want to stay and talk it out, or just have a lazy sleep-in morning and be quiet together, we can do that.”

“No, I’m sure,” she said and kissed me softly but insistently. Then she turned back and wrapped an arm around Cassidy and kissed her the same way. “Seriously, I’m OK,” she said.

“I don’t believe you, but I accept you,” I said.

Wanda rolled her eyes and smiled, looking at Cass. “It’s almost too much sometimes.”

“I know,” Cassidy chuckled. “Almost.”

Wanda got up and found her clothes, getting them half on and smiling when she saw that I was just watching her get dressed. “What?” she asked.

“Just watching a beautiful, sexy woman,” I said.

That made her smile broaden, but she rolled her eyes again. Just before she went to the door she leaned over from the edge of the bed and kissed me again, then shot Cass an air kiss since they were on opposite sides of the bed. Then she picked up her ballcap and planted it firmly on her head, gave me a wink, and slipped out into the corridor and across to her room.

Cassidy, who had managed to get on a pair of panties and that was about it in the same amount of time, crawled back onto the bed and back into my arms.

“Good morning, Tiger,” she said, resting her head on my shoulder.

“Good morning, baby,” I said.

“Radical honesty,” Cassidy said. “I’m sorry I bought the perk for Wanda without asking. I just wanted to make sure it was special for her, and the App was suggesting it for a reason.”

I breathed out a sigh. “I know. And it was probably the right call. But, in the future, I’d really appreciate it if we talked about that stuff first.”

“OK,” she whispered. “Sorry.”

“I love you,” I whispered.

She kissed my neck, sliding over to straddle me as we started kissing more.

“Radical honesty,” she said again. “How are you feeling?”

“Amazing. Spoiled. Loved. Guilty,” I said.

“Because of Wanda and Brodi,” Cassidy guessed.

I nodded. “I don’t think we have the full story.”

“I don’t either,” Cassidy said. “Well, I know so. She’s hinted at things a bit. We need to talk to her more today.”

“Agreed,” I said.

“Anything else?”

I thought about it for a moment as she hugged me and pressed her cheek to my chest over my heart. “I still... I don’t know what to do with this feeling. Or the feelings.”

“Love them,” Cassidy said. “Just... just love them.”

“And you,” I said, hugging my arms around her. “Especially you.”

I was surprised when she started crying, but I held her through it until she was sniffing.

“I love you and I’m sorry,” she whispered. “And I miss you.”

“I love you, I appreciate everything you’re doing, and I’m right here,” I said back.

That seemed to help. Hopefully.

Chapter 140

It was my turn to move the boat, so once Cassidy assured me multiple times that she was OK, and then practically pushed me out of the cabin door, I went up to get to work. It was starting to get routine now and after switching on the top deck lighting I got the engine humming and then pulled up near the rock ledge that we'd used for the evening.

Just thinking about the evening, and my hour with Becca, had me smiling.

The other boat pulled up next to ours and I went out to help get it moored in and found myself working with Ami. She was dressed in a tight little tank top and boyshorts boxers, and when I met her in the middle of the top deck to help put the little gangplank in place I skipped across it and wrapped her up in a hug.

"Good morning," I said. "I'm excited for our date today."

"Me too," she smiled sweetly. I kissed her cheek, and she surprised me by giving me a little peck on the lips before we let go.

With the boats now moored up and anchored in place, Ami went back down to get herself ready. I was about to head down myself to check on what Cassidy's plan was when someone called my name. I looked back over from the stairs and saw Leia was crossing over from the other boat.

"Good morning, sunshine," I smiled, offering her a hug which she stepped into fully, hugging me back for a long, warm moment.

"Mmm, I like that," she said, grinning happily as she pulled back. "No one's ever called me sunshine before."

"Well, you are," I said. "Or maybe I should call you Killer after you kicked my ass yesterday."

She laughed and struck a 'put your dukes up' pose for a moment before dropping her hands and taking a couple of my fingers in one. "Hey, question - do you and Cass have a plan for this morning?"

"I was about to go ask, actually," I said. "Want to just come with?"

"Sure," she chirped, and soon we were rattling down the stairs and headed into the houseboat. Someone had set the coffee on in the kitchen and the smell of it was filling the enclosed space, but it looked like it wasn't ready yet so we bypassed and went straight to our room.

"Honey, I'm home and I brought company," I called softly in a sing-song voice.

Cassidy poked her head out of the washroom. "Oh, Leia, hey! What's up?"

"Well, I was wondering if you had a plan for this morning," she said. "I could only pack a few armour sets, and I have a few more cosplays, but I'm going to run out of stuff and end up doing some casual/fashion-ish shoots by the end of the week if I don't start skipping some times altogether. I was wondering, if you weren't busy, if we could do the massage shoot thing this morning? I found this beautiful spot yesterday I think would be perfect for it."

"Oh!" Cassidy said. "That sounds great. I was just doing a solo thing so I can change plans easily. That good with you, Tiger?"

"Sure," I said. I wrapped an arm around Leia's shoulder and gave her a side hug. "It'll be fun."

"Good, 'cause I really do want to do the shoot, I just don't know if I could do it right around other people," Leia said with a slight blush. "After last time..."

Cassidy crinkled up her nose as she grinned. "Fair, girl. Fair."

Leia left with a bounce in her step to go put on her bikini. Cassidy, not needing to dress up anymore, decided that I should dress her again for the day and I ended up picking a cute little halter top and a tennis skirt.

"No panties?" she asked playfully.

That made me roll my eyes and go into her underwear to pick out a cute pair of red panties that matched her top. She topped off the outfit with her batman ballcap again.

"Really?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah," she nodded. "Also, what do you want Wanda to wear today?"

"Really-really?" I asked.

"Either I can text her, or you can go over there and direct her while Heels is in the room," Cassidy said.

I just sighed and said she should wear something sporty and wear her hair up in a ponytail.

"Perfect," Cassidy nodded, sending off her text.

I went back up to the top deck, after grabbing a cup of coffee from the kitchen, and lingered for a few minutes before girls started coming up and out to start their trek to find a spot to shoot. JC and Terra were up there early so I had plenty of help. Becca wished me a good morning with a quick peck and a lustful gaze as her fingers curled around mine for a moment.

Heather and Cattie were both up for the golden hour, and Cattie seemed to make it a point to hug me good morning. Sherry and Ginnie were apparently going to help out Cattie and Heather so they moved in a group, and Ginnie goosed me when I wasn't looking. She winked when I whipped my head around. "So, I heard you've been a little naughty lately," she said.

"I don't kiss and tell," I shrugged. "Or else everyone would know about you-know-what."

She flushed a little and shrugged. "You can tell if you want," she said. "But I also have a want."

"And what's that?" I asked the compact little woman.

"I-"

"Ginnie, come on!" Sherry called to her from up on the rock face.

Ginnie rolled her eyes at me and mouthed "*later*" before she let me boost her up.

Cassidy had gone to check with Leia about whose gear we would be using, and they came up at the same time as Ami. JC and I got them all up onto the rocks and I did a quick tally in my head.

"No Zenya?" I asked.

"Sleeping in," Leia said.

"And no Wanda?" I asked Cassidy. Heels had come out earlier.

"She was on the phone," Cassidy said. "I think she's staying."

"OK," I nodded and scrambled up to join the women. "Let's get this show on the road, we're burning pre-daylight!"

Chapter 141

The three of us had learned since the first day or two and were all wearing decent shoes or boots to do our mini-hike across the rocky terrain to the spot Leia had in mind for the photoshoot. We needed to use our phone lights for much of the walk because it was still so dark out, and Leia got turned around a couple times, but she ended up leading us to a natural little plateau ringed about halfway by a little rock shelf with a cleft in it that would make a fantastic backdrop.

The sky was turning that warm blue on the horizon as the sun was just about to break the horizon, but as I set down the bag with our equipment Leia touched my arm. "Sorry, could we just- can we talk for a minute, guys?"

"Sure," I said.

"What's up? Are you not comfortable with this?" Cassidy asked in concern.

"No, no," Leia assured us. "I just... I just need some clarity."

She looked nervous, like yesterday when she'd lost her nerve for a moment while we'd been gaming. In the half-light of pre-dawn, she looked beautiful, her cute lips accented with lipstick to be just a touch more heart-shaped, or 'bee stung' or whatever the girls called the shape. Not fake with filler like Instagram clout chasers, but more old-fashioned. Her skin was washed out in the light, looking even more pale than usual and giving her this ethereal quality that reminded me of how the elves were depicted in the Lord of the Rings movies.

"Ask, and we'll try to answer as best we can," I said, reaching down and taking her hand to squeeze it softly and reassure her.

"Can we sit?" she asked.

"Of course, babe," Cassidy said, and soon we were sitting in a little circle on the towels we'd brought so that we didn't get grit on mine or Leia's swimsuits. "What's up? You look like you might literally burst."

Leia smiled a little and looked down at her hands in her lap, then back up at me, and then at Cass. "I made out with Robbie yesterday," she said.

Cass smiled a little and furrowed her brow, tilting her head a bit. "Oh, babe, I know. Robbie told me. And let me tell you, he thinks you're a great kisser."

I hadn't put it like that, but I had told Cass just like with everything else that was happening. Leia bit her lower lip a little as she blushed and glanced at me again before turning back to Cassidy. "And that's OK? I mean, I know it's OK, but I don't know why. I don't- I know what's been going

on, I guess I should say. Everyone knows about Cattie at this point considering Sherry won't shut up about it, and the girls spilt the beans about what happened yesterday during the movies. And Becca keeps drifting off to somewhere else when she isn't actively talking with someone, and has this little smile, so I'm guessing she hooked up too. So I know, but... I don't *know* if that makes sense?"

"It does," Cassidy smiled sadly, taking Leia's hand in hers. I reached over and took her other, and Cass glanced to me to get permission. I nodded softly, and she turned back to Leia. "You may have heard through the grapevine since enough people know by now, but I cheated on Robbie several years ago. I was young and very, very stupid, and I hate myself for it. I tried to excuse it in my head for a while because it was only with women and he was my only guy ever, but when I realized how awful I was being I stopped. Now that we're engaged, I- I couldn't keep it in anymore, and I told him. And part of my apology, one that I'm insisting on, is that I'm sharing him."

Leia listened, nodding, but looked conflicted.

"That's a long-winded way of saying that I'm totally OK with you making out with him," Cassidy said. "Or more, if you want. And if he wants, obviously, but I'm pretty sure he does. You're super pretty, and nerdy in ways that I'm not with him. So if you want this massage shoot to be... more of that first-day thing, I think we'd all really like that. Or if you want more..." She left that open-ended.

Leia was quiet, breathing deeply, as the sun finally peeked over the horizon and golden light splashed over us. The Golden Hour had started, but none of us moved. Leia looked at the ground between the three of us, softly chewing on the inside of her lip, then looked up at me. "Do you?" she asked.

"Want more?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Leia, I want to see you feel confident and happy and good," I said. "If I could do that by kissing you, I'd love to. If I can do more than that for you, or if you want Cass and I together to make you feel as special as you deserve, then I very much want that. She's right, you are very pretty, but I'm also more than a little infatuated with the girl who feels confident dressed up in wild and sexy armour she built herself, and who kicked my ass in video games yesterday. That's the girl I want to see more of."

"Really?" she asked softly.

"Yes," I said with an earnest, heartfelt smile. Then I leaned toward her and wrapped my fingers along the back of her neck to pull her into a long, soft kiss. She kissed me back, sensual and

smooth, and when we finally separated she glanced over to see Cassidy smiling, still holding her hand.

“Could we-” she took a breath. “Could we maybe not do the photoshoot?”

“What would you like to do instead, babe?” Cassidy asked her. “Just ask.”

Leia bit her lip again, glancing between us, then took a deep breath. “I’d like to have a threesome with both of you. I- I think you’re both ridiculously attractive, and I’ve never had one before, and I think I’d really like to with both of you. But maybe could we... take it slow?”

Cassidy glanced at me, asking permission again. She saw it in my eyes, and she leaned forward this time and pulled Leia into a kiss as well. Soft and smooth. I’d seen her kiss some of the other girls, but it had been in the middle of me having sex with them. This time it was different, she was communicating, showing Leia her own earnest but withheld heart. Watching them was a rush in my heart and chest, and I felt like I should be jealous knowing what I knew and feeling how I did in general, but that glance of eye contact with me, and the situation... I didn’t feel it.

She wouldn’t be doing this if I hadn’t agreed, and that made all the difference.

Cassidy kissed Leia, and watching their beautiful faces brush together as their lips met in the golden light was breathtaking. When they separated, Cassidy and Leia were both smiling. “We can go as slow as you want,” Cassidy said softly. “But first I want to see you kiss Robbie again, OK?”

Leia’s smile got a little wider as she turned to me, looking for another kiss.

Chapter 142

Leia ended up on top of me as we made out, and Cassidy was kneeling next to us on the towel as she rubbed her hand from Leia's shoulder down to her wide hips and back. Her other hand was still entwined with mine.

After a long moment Leia shifted, sliding partially off of me to one side so that she could bend up to kiss Cassidy. They made out this time as well and I watched as their tongues played a little between their lips.

Fuck they looked gorgeous like this, and the light was perfect. I let go of Cassidy's hand and stretched to grab the equipment bag and managed to get the camera out without fumbling or dropping it. I lined up the shot and took the picture, looking up at them as they were kissing. The snap of the camera shutter startled them both.

"You need to see this," I said, quickly turning the camera around to show them the photo.

"Holy shit, we look gorgeous," Cass said.

"Wow," Leia said. "That doesn't even feel like it's me."

"Oh, it's you," I said, holding the camera wide in one hand as I tugged her back down to kiss me. Cass pulled the camera out of my hand and took a picture of us as well.

"Really?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," she grinned and then showed us.

I had the same feeling Leia had just described. The picture on the camera wasn't recognizable to me. It was too artsy, too beautiful, to feel like it was me. I could see Leia in it, but that jawline and stubble? Did I really look like that?

"One more," Leia said, gesturing for the camera. "A three-picture set. And that's it."

Cassidy grinned and handed the camera to her, then leaned down over me and kissed me from above, taking a moment to pull her hair out of the way for the shot before softly feeding me a bit of tongue.

Leia took the picture, but Cass kept kissing me for a long moment more before pulling away. We looked at the photo and again it felt like I wasn't looking at myself.

"I might actually do something with them," Cass said, scanning back to the other two.

"Something artsy, maybe submit them to a gallery. Is that OK?"

Leia nodded with a smile. "Just send me copies if you get them printed or something."

"Gladly," Cassidy grinned, and leaned in and kissed her.

I took the camera and got it back in the bag, and then I was being kissed by both giggling girls. We made out like teenagers for a bit, and I ended up leaning over Leia as she was laying back on Cassidy's lap. Cassidy tugged lightly on the white straps of Leia's bikini top in a silent question. Leia silently answered the question by raising her arms up to Cass's hips.

Cassidy pulled the cups from Leia's breasts, disentangling the bikini top from her softly as I left Leia's lips and immediately started loving on her breasts. They were small, as she was the embodiment of the small up top and thick down below 'pear shape,' though they were larger than Terra's tight little ones and could still form a nice cleavage.

Leia gasped as I took her pert little nipple between my lips. They were wide, almost the width of my pinky, but not very long. Her gasp cut off and I looked up to see that Cassidy was kissing her from above in that upside-down spider-man kiss she'd giggled about yesterday.

We kept kissing, and Cassidy lost her halter top, and Leia and I smiled at each other as we both suckled on her breasts.

Then I was on my back, and Cassidy was necking on Leia above me and whispered a question to her. They both glanced down at me and Leia nodded. "Do it, girl," Cassidy encouraged her.

Leia sat back on her butt and slowly pulled off her bikini bottoms, revealing the soft, pale skin of her mound. She quickly straddled my head but looked down at me in a quiet question.

"If you're going to tease me with the chance to taste you, you better not tease me long," I told her.

She grinned, shifted over me, and lowered her pussy to my lips. I couldn't see much of anything after that since her wide butt was over my face, but I could feel her reactions as I worked her pussy and ran my hands from her thighs and up her sides. She tasted near-neutral, with just a softly warm tang at the edges of my tongue. I put my effort into trying to tease her slowly but consistently, and only got distracted when my swimsuit got pulled down my legs and my cock bounced free.

A familiar mouth was soon kissing it, and I knew Cassidy was showing off for Leia.

Then Leia shifted, leaning forward, and two sets of lips were kissing my cock. That gave me more room to work and I got one arm back so that I could start sliding a finger into Leia.

She moaned, her lips vibrating on my cock, and I decided then and there that I was going to make her come at least three times before we stopped because I just wanted to hear more and more of those moans.

Chapter 143

The first orgasm didn't come from Leia, it actually came from Cassidy.

Leia had been building up, but she'd dismounted from my face and encouraged Cassidy to kiss me. Cass had loved that, kissing Leia's taste off my lips and cheeks, and while she was doing that Leia had knelt next to me and started to work my cock slowly with one hand as she began to suck the head and start going lower.

"I want to eat you," I whispered to Cass.

"Really?" she asked softly. "But Leia-

"This is a three-person thing, Cass. I want to taste my fiancée."

She smiled, and she laid back a bit and I grabbed her by her hips so that her bum was propped up on my shoulder and her pussy was right there. Now I could lick and tease her, and could look down at what Leia was doing as well.

I nuzzled Cass's pussy first, making her moan, and then kissed her inner thighs before moving down lower. Leia hummed on my cock, watching as I started to pleasure Cassidy, and I felt encouraged by that.

Cassidy came quickly.

"Tiger, baby! Tiger," she gasped, panting as she locked eyes with me. "Oh, God, Tiger. I love you, oh my God I love you."

She shuddered and leaked out a little pearly bead of girlcum as her first orgasm lightly tickled through her, making her curl her toes and clench her fingers closed. It was short and brief, but she opened her eyes after and looked at me like I'd just helped her reach the peak sexual moment of her life.

"That was so hot," Leia said quietly, still holding my cock but not sucking as she watched us.

"Want to help?" I asked.

She nodded, and I directed her to sit on Cassidy's face in a sixty-nine position. She did, and her eyes went wide as Cassidy went to work where I couldn't see. I kissed Leia, and then we laughed and giggled as we both tried to get our lips onto Cassidy's pussy.

Leia came next, the sounds of her moans close in my ears, and when she came down I kissed the taste of my fiancée off her lips and then directed her to slip a couple of fingers into Cassidy before I got up and went around to the other end of the 69.

“Hey, Tiger,” Cassidy said, looking up at me with a dreamy grin from between Leia’s mighty cheeks, the pale girl’s pussy literally resting on her chin.

“Hey, baby,” I said, kneeling down and kissing her. Then we double-teamed Leia until she had another orgasm, this one bigger than the last one.

“I have an idea,” Cassidy said, tapping Leia’s bum once she was coming down again.

Cass rearranged us quickly so that Leia was on her back and Cass was laying with her head between the other girl’s thighs starting to kiss and lick her again. Meanwhile, I was straddling Cass’s back, and Leia’s feet were in my hands as I began massaging them. We knew those were major erotic zones for her when treated right, and Leia quickly let out a full-throated moan as I pressed my thumbs into the soles of her feet while Cassidy tongued her clit.

She ramped up quickly, reaching down and grabbing Cassidy by the hair and pulling her hard to stay in place, as her toes curled and flexed from the pleasure running through her. I lifted one foot up and sucked on a couple of her toes and she practically kicked me as she went off.

“Ooooh, fuuuuuuuuuuck,” she moaned loud enough to be a shout, and I couldn’t help but wonder if anyone else had heard that.

Leia came hard and long this time, her feet and legs jerking around while I tried to keep them as still as possible so that I didn’t get kicked and Cass didn’t get squeezed too hard between her thighs.

Once she stopped thrashing I let go of her legs and went down to her, cuddling against her side and kissing her cheeks. Cassidy crawled up her other side and soon we were both softly raining kisses across her face as she came down, panting and sobbing a little as she reached for and found our hands to hold.

“Oh my God, oh my God,” she panted. And then she turned and kissed Cassidy, and then did the same with me. “That was fucking amazing. That was so fucking amazing.”

“Do you want to make love with Robbie now?” Cassidy asked her. “He could spoon up behind you, and I’ll make out with you for a bit, and then massage your feet as you feel his cock deep inside you?”

“I-” a little aftershock shudder from the orgasm interrupted her. “That sounds like fucking heaven. But I- can we wait? And maybe... do that another time? If there’s another time?”

Cassidy smiled sweetly and kissed her again. “If you want, there’ll be another time. Right, Tiger?”

“Absolutely,” I said quietly, kissing Cassidy and then Leia. “And I’m happy to wait if that’s what you want.”

“Thank you,” Leia whispered, squeezing our hands as we all smiled together.

“We need to get Robbie some relief though,” Cassidy finally said. “Do you want to help me suck it out of him? I’d say he should come on your face, but we don’t have anything to clean up with.”

Leia grinned and nodded, and that was how I ended up getting a double blowjob for the second morning in a row. This time I was laying down and both girls straddled my legs, softly taking turns sucking me and eye fucking me with their sensual gazes.

When I was close, Cassidy could feel it coming and she dropped down to suck on my balls while Leia took me about halfway into her mouth.

“Keep doing that,” Cass told Leia. “Get ready, he’s close. But don’t swallow it all, I want some too.”

“Mmm!” Leia agreed.

I came, grunting heavily in my chest as the two of them milked it out of me. Leia gamely kept me in her mouth the entire time, and as I panted after the strain of my orgasm she leaned over my stomach and met Cassidy in a messy kiss as they swapped my cum between them. It dripped from their lips and chins, splattering onto my stomach, and when they were done kissing they both licked up the remnants from my body.

“Holy fuck,” I sighed. “That was- I feel like I’m fucking high.”

Leia laughed her tinkling laugh and kissed my cock softly one last time. “So do I. Thank you so much for this, you guys.”

“Our pleasure, Leia,” Cassidy said, leaning over and kissing her one more time. “Like Robbie said, you’re totally amazing.”

“So are you,” Leia grinned back.

Once we were cleaned up and heading back, probably a little late, I noticed Leia had a perk in her step and she didn’t lose that confident glow.

Chapter 144

We ended up being the last back to the boat, with Becca waiting up on the rock shelf looking just a little concerned. Most of the girls had disappeared down below, but JC was still there waiting to help us get everyone down, so I just went up and gave Becca a side hug. “All good,” I said. “Sorry we’re a little late.”

“It’s fine,” she said, squeezing me back around the waist. “Have a good shoot?”

I glanced at Leia in her white bikini. “Something like that.”

“Really?” she asked, lowering her voice.

I blushed a little. “Sort of?”

Becca rolled her eyes with an incorrigible little smile. “Eat breakfast with me?” she asked.

“Sure,” I said. “Just me?”

“Cassidy can come too,” she said.

“OK,” I said, and took the opportunity of JC being turned around to kiss her on the top of the head, which made her smile a little wider.

Once everyone was down on the deck, Becca asked me to help get the boats out into the bay again since we’d be leaving right after breakfast. That set me to work, and soon she and I had the boats nosing out of our little cove and onto the wider lake. She gave me a wave and I laid anchor, and then she came alongside and anchored next to us and we got the houseboats re-moored together. She immediately went to get breakfast started, so I went below to check on what was going on.

The interior of the boat was quiet, though Heels was snoozing in the lounge area on the couch. She peeked one eye open when I opened the sliding door, but just muttered and turned over to bury her face in the couch cushions away from the light. That put her thong-clad bum facing me, the warm brown cheeks bare, and I just smirked a little and grabbed a blanket from under one of the side tables and spread it out over her.

She muttered her thanks and pulled it tight around her, and I was pretty sure she went right back to sleep.

No one was in the kitchen either, but when I went back into the hallway towards the bedrooms I could hear a discussion going on in Cattie and Heather’s room. Not an argument, at least by the wordless tone of the voices, but definitely a *discussion*. Wanda’s door was closed and I could

hear her voice behind the door as well, so I bypassed and peeked into Terra and JC's room. JC was on the bed playing a game on his phone while Terra was on the floor doing situps.

"Hey," I said, stepping just inside. "So, I think I still owe you from yesterday so I'll drive the boat for a bit."

"Cool, thanks dude," JC said, flashing me a thumbs-up.

"How'd your shoot go this morning?" I asked Terra.

She sat up fully, wrapping her arms around her knees in the Up position of the sit-up, and looked up at me. "Good," she said. "I think the pictures will work fine. Mind stepping on my feet here for a sec?"

"Sure," I said and got in position to hold her feet down with mine.

"I want to do something spicier tomorrow," she grunted as she started doing sets of five crunches and then five situps in quick succession. "But I feel like I'm getting bloaty from all the junk food we're eating."

"Well, a bloaty feeling sucks," I said. "But just so you know, I still think you look fit as hell."

She paused in the up-position, smiling up at me genuinely from just in front of me. "Thanks, Tiger," she grinned. Then she glanced lower down at my crotch and then started doing her fast reps as she met my eye again. "How did the shoot go with you guys? You were working with Leia?"

"It was... a lot of fun," I said.

"Did she orgasm again?" Terra grinned wickedly.

"I'm not telling," I said, holding my hands up.

"Dude, you have *got* to tell me how you do that. Wanda was laughing about you doing it to her too yesterday," JC said from the bed, still not looking up from his phone.

"I mean, I can try," I told him. "Just pick an afternoon when we're aren't on the move and we don't need to pilot the boat."

"Mmm, OK," he nodded.

"Shotgun Robbie doing me," Terra said.

"Sure," JC grunted.

His lack of care about what his girlfriend did with other guys was strange to me. Terra just shrugged and winked at me.

“Alright, how many more reps?” I asked. “I wanted to maybe grab a quick nap with Cass.”

“Let me do one more set,” she said and quickly did another set of ten crunches and ten sit-ups. When she finished she held her hands up and I pulled her up to her feet. She bopped onto her tiptoes and gave me a peck on the cheek. “Thanks, Tiger.”

“No problem,” I said. Then I put a hand on my own stomach - I didn’t have the abs I did when I was a competitive swimmer, or like JC did, but I was still fit. “I should probably think about working off some of this food myself.”

“I heard you’re getting *plenty* of cardio,” Terra teased.

“Trouble,” I muttered softly.

That made her laugh, and as I turned to leave she gave me a slap on the ass. “Go get some reps in!” she said.

I flashed her the finger over my shoulder, which just made her laugh even more.

Back in our bedroom, Cassidy was laying on the bed on her stomach in just her panties, her head near the end of the bed as she was typing quickly on her phone.

“Hey, baby,” I said. “Sounds like I might be doing a lot of driving after breakfast. And Becca invited us to eat with her.”

“OK,” she said, then looked up from her phone. “You should do that. I think I’m going to eat with Wanda, she needs to talk.”

“Everything alright?” I asked.

“I-” she took a breath. “I don’t know yet. She was on the phone with Brodi. I think she still is.”

“Should I cancel with Becca?”

“No,” Cass shook her head. “I love you, you’re an amazing listener, but I think she needs a woman to talk to.”

“OK,” I said, sitting down next to her. She rolled a bit so that she was resting her head on my lap. “Radical honesty?”

She nodded, looking up at me.

“How are you feeling about this morning?”

She paused to absorb the question, then smiled softly. “Really happy,” she said. “Last night you trusted me to help with Wanda, and then this morning with Leia... it was really nice to share you equally.”

I leaned down to softly kiss her forehead, and then her lips.

“Robbie, I- I need you to know, I’m only ever going to do anything if you’re there,” she said quietly. “Even with Leia, or the other girls in the love circle. Only with you, and only when you say case-by-case, OK? I’m yours forever.”

I stroked her hair, looking down into her eyes. She was tearing up just a little bit, looking at me with earnesty driven by her complex emotions.

“Thank you,” I said softly. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” she whispered. “Can we just sit for a bit?”

“Of course,” I said.

Chapter 145

Zenya came around knocking on doors when Breakfast was ready, and Cassidy got up and asked me if I wanted her to wear the same as before. That just made me smirk a little and I picked out a new outfit for her - a cute bikini I liked on her, with loose jean shorts over top. She added the sunglasses that she'd gotten at the gas station, plus her ballcap.

"Have fun with Becca," she said, kissing me on the tip of the nose and then on the lips.

"I don't think it's like that," I said.

"But it might be," she grinned.

"Tell Wanda I'm thinking about her," I sighed.

"I will, Tiger," she said, rubbing my back.

We split up, but then Cassidy followed me to the Singles Boat almost immediately and started getting breakfast for her and Wanda. That made me even more concerned than I already was, but I left it for now.

As I mingled, waiting for the girls to get their food first, Cattie and Heather slipped into the boat.

"Good morning," Cattie said, walking up next to me and hugging me around the waist from the side.

"Morning, cutie," I said, wrapping my arm around her shoulder and rubbing her upper arm warmly. "We not avoiding each other today?"

"Nope, that's done," Cattie said. We were talking quietly, but not whispering, trying to mingle our conversation with the others going on. "No alone time with you guys, but Heather isn't allowed to complain if I spend time with you otherwise."

"I'm glad," I said. "I missed your laugh."

She smiled brightly and looked up at me. "Really, Robbie?"

"What? I did," I said.

She just shook her head as she kept grinning. As the line cleared a bit we stepped forward, no longer hugging each other, and fell into a more natural banter. At one point, as we were grabbing our plates and loading up on bacon and eggs, I glanced back and saw Sherry scowling at us from the back corner of the living area. When I caught her she looked away immediately.

“Your sister is still miffed,” I muttered out of the side of my mouth to Cattie.

“I know, I’m sorry,” Cattie sighed softly. “I talked to her. Twice. She’s just stuck in on being on Heather’s side of things.”

“Should I try and mend fences, or leave it?” I asked.

“Just leave it for now,” Cattie said. “Thanks for the thought though.”

“If you want me to do something, just let me know.”

“I will, Tiger,” she said. Then she bumped my hip with hers and gave me a wink. “See you later?”

“For sure,” I said and then fought the urge to lean down and give her a little peck.

Fuck, all of the casual PDA was starting to get to me. I really didn’t need to suddenly be all touchy when I got back to work.

Cattie went to sit with Heather, who was in a conversation with Ginnie, Zenya and Heels, while I went up top looking for Becca. I found her sitting on the lounging chairs on the Couples Boat top deck wearing a rainbow bikini with plenty of coverage and a white ballcap on her head. She’d pulled one chair right up in front of another and waved when she saw me coming.

I glanced around quickly and noticed JC and Terra eating with Leia over on the Singles Boat, but JC didn’t seem to be watching so I bent and quickly kissed Becca on the lips as I got to her, then sat. She immediately rubbed her foot up my shin as she smiled at me. “Good morning, again,” she said.

“Good morning again,” I agreed. “I wish I could have given you a proper hello earlier.”

“I know, and thank you for knowing boundaries to keep me comfortable,” she said. “It really does mean a lot.”

“It shouldn’t, but I get it,” I said.

She grinned, and then we set to eating as we chatted. It wasn’t particularly intimate, and not vaguely sexual. It was just... well, it was intimate in that it felt like I was talking with Cassidy. Becca reacted differently, and had different stories and outlooks; she wasn’t a clone of my fiancée or anything. I just felt as comfortable with her as I was with Cass. It felt like the walls, whatever walls I had, were down because Becca just... got it. Got me.

We talked about my work, which fascinated her a bit with all the weird political struggles that happened between different factions of the staff of big casinos and hotels. We talked about her

high school life, which on the one hand she had loved but on the other she regretted not doing more extra-curriculars while she had the chance. We talked about the trip - not what we were doing, but the planning of it. Becca didn't make any money off of it, and she only charged what was necessary to the girls. I argued that, if she did more of them, she should at least get a small percentage because what she was doing was work that people usually got paid for. She liked me complimenting her professionalism and attention to detail, and promised she would think about it.

By the time we were done eating, we were still talking, and soon I had Becca's feet in my hands as I slowly massaged them. Then her phone went off and she groaned a little, grabbing it and turning off the alarm. "We need to get going," she said.

"You sure?" I asked. "I could, y'know, rub suntan lotion all over your body."

"All over?" she asked with a smirk.

"All. Over," I grinned back, sliding my hand up the back of her calf.

"Tease," she giggled, then pulled her foot away. "We do need to go, though. It'll take into the early afternoon to get back to the docks and we need to do a grocery run for the back half of the week."

"Ahh, makes sense," I said. "Alright, if all of our survival is on the line, I'll allow it."

"Thanks for understanding," she snickered. Then she glanced over her shoulder and saw that no one else had come up on deck yet, so she leaned forward and took my chin in her hand and held me still for a long, sweet kiss. "You're the best," she whispered.

"Takes one to know one," I said.

She rolled her eyes and kissed me again, quick this time, and then we had to stand up and get moving. We quickly started gathering dishes and letting everyone know they needed to pick a boat to spend the next six or so hours on, and the girls all started to figure that out. By the time JC and I were unmooring the boats from each other there had been a flurry of activity, and soon I was up in the Pilot's Cabin as Becca waved to me to show we were good to go.

I gave her a thumbs up, and she nodded and we started our long trek back to the docks.

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 the lust, and Cassidy being open and honest, that 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 leaning 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 tighter 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 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 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 below deck.

I piloted for a while, and then radioed over to Becca to check in. All was good over on the Singles 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 fridge and bar counter.

"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 abs, and athletic black bikini bottoms. 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’s he *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 so 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 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 the side of her face 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 said 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 you 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 in more ways than just her body...

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, what with all the different drama going on, 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. I was sure mine and Cassidy's agreement wasn't any more understandable from the outside.

"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 they 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 and the side wall. “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 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, casting 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 was 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 transitioned to under and feeling her hot skin on 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 a little 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 another Cassidy idea?"

"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 and 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.

“Are 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. You’d come out looking like Frankenstein’s Monster.”

“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. 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 sides 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.