

AMA: The Boyfriend - Test Chapters

By Breakthebar

Hey all!

So following the Poll earlier this month, I've been working on developing the ideas behind the AMA thread that will become a CHYOA daily-updater like OnlyFans Girl. I've been brewing on this idea for probably a couple of years, and to set it up properly I needed to invest a little more time and word count than I expected.

It also starts out dark. The usual AMA storylines start with characters at a low point, sometimes drastically low, in their lives and then the User of the App gets it, and things start turning around. Instead, my concept is that our Protagonist finds out his girlfriend has had the App for years, and we start with her admitting her darkest secrets to him.

*I am **actively looking for feedback** on this one - there is a much lighter version of these scenes that I've written before that cover the same topics but are a little sillier, a little more focused on sex. This version feels a lot more Real to me, which means it might not be palatable but also could make for a much more poignant story.*

***Trigger Warning:** I don't usually give these, but because of the topic I figure I should just in case any of you might be struggling in your personal lives - these first three potential chapters deal with the admittance and fallout of Infidelity between the Main Character and his Fiance. It was in the past, and she is admitting it seeking redemption, and it's a messy conversation and things don't wrap up with a nice bow on it. I've tried to make it Real, because it's a real topic that often gets bent for Kink and in this story, I don't want it to be a kink.*

That being said, dealing with Infidelity is not the long-term theme of this story, it's primarily the short-term inciting incident. The overall goals of this will remain similar to my other stories: Romance, Harem, Hot chicks, and Lots of nasty sex.

Chapter 1

I was coughing on dust, tears welling in my eyes as I looked down at the pool of my vomit on the side of the desert highway. We were somewhere in Arizona, or maybe Utah, my pickup pulled off to the side of the road as dust swirled around us whenever a transport truck burned by.

"I'm sorry," Cassidy sobbed. She was sitting up in the cab in the passenger seat, the door hanging open. It was almost funny - I'd been worried about the fact that she had a reciprocal gag reflex when I pulled over, feeling myself about to hurl. I'd been worried about her, when the

rest of my body hurt *because* of her. Because of her words. She'd thrown up moments after I did, my partner even in that.

My partner in everything, I'd thought.

I spit the sour taste of bile out of my mouth and sat back on my heels, closing my eyes and just feeling the heavy beat of the sun on my skin. The burn I wanted, to distract me from the hurt inside.

"Robbie?" Cassidy cried.

I stood up without saying anything to her and went to the back gate of my truck. I unlocked it and shoved our luggage aside underneath the bed cover and found the cooler. I pulled it forward and popped it open. We'd only had a six-pack in the house, but I'd loaded it with ice before we left on our trip. Her trip, really. I was just supposed to be along for the ride. The plan was to pick up more alcohol closer to Lake Powell, before we went to the houseboat rental place.

Standing on the side of the road, I cracked open the beer on the edge of the cooler and didn't even care that it foamed up. I took a pull off of it, swirling the cold beer in my mouth and then spitting it out. Then I drained the rest of the fucking bottle and threw the empty as far as I could into the desert.

I slammed the gate shut and stomped around to the driver's side of the truck again, opening the door angrily and getting in, and slamming it shut.

Cassidy slid fully into the cab and shut her door. She was wearing a cute little outfit of daisy duke shorts and a crop top that hugged her slim body, with the sort of kneesocks she knew I liked on her long legs, and checkered low ankle vans. She'd had those shoes for years - I'd bought her those shoes during our first year at University. Cassidy had gone full emo-girl on them, drawing on the white rubber soles with permanent markers. I could picture the 'Cassie Hearts Robbie' on the right side of the right foot.

"Please talk to me," she asked quietly, trying not to sob again.

I put both hands on the centre of the steering wheel and leaned in, letting the truck horn wail into the desert as I grit my teeth and then yelled with it, loud in the closed cab of the truck. I stopped when I broke down crying. Cassidy was crying as well, hugging herself.

When we'd cried ourselves out, I fished behind my seat and found a roll of paper towels, ripping off a couple and handing them to her before taking some for myself. I blew my nose, and then wiped my face.

"It doesn't make sense," I said. "Why would you-" I couldn't finish.

"I loved you. I always loved you. None of them meant anything. It was... I was an addict. To the game, to the feeling. To the sex," she said. I could hear the heartbreak in her voice, the deep seeded guilt that she'd been carrying around for years.

"But it doesn't make sense," I said again.

"The App," Cassidy said.

"Start from the beginning again. Spare me the... the details of who," I said.

"It showed up on my phone on my eighteenth birthday, the first day of Senior Year. My Mom had died the week before. I didn't even open it the first week. When I finally did, it seemed crazy to me, too," Cassidy said. "A phone app that claims to affect your relationships like a game? It was stupid. But it could do things - every time I spoke with someone, they would show up in the app. It didn't matter if I had their contact information, or were friends on social media or anything. They would show up, with a picture and a score. An 'Affection' rating, counting how much they liked me. That afternoon I was the yearbook photographer for the fall swim meet - you won first place in the breaststroke. And afterwards, when we talked, and then I checked your rating, I realized that we weren't *just* friends. You loved me - and 82 in Affection, and a 33 Love. I'll never forget those numbers. Sure, my Dad loved me more, but he didn't actually like me as much as you did. You were my only real friend. Did you know you were the only kid from our school to wish me a happy birthday that year? No one else remembered. I don't think I ever told you that. So I asked you out, right there at the swim meet, and that's all it took. It's like I'd given you permission to love me even more, and you shot up to a 60 Love score, and a 70 Lust score."

"I'd asked you out three times before," I said. "You always thought I was joking, or teasing you." It was part of the cute couple story our parents told their friends, now. We didn't have a 'meet cute' story because we'd grown up three doors down from each other since we were six.

"And you opened up this... this world for me. Of being loved, but also being wanted. Robbie, you gave me every ounce of love I needed. Please believe me, everything else was just... lust. And power." Cassidy paused for a long time. "I didn't even try, the first time. One minute I was helping her with some homework, the next she was kissing me in the library, whispering how I was so nice, how she wanted me. I'd seduced her without even trying - sure, she was a closet lesbian, but I knew it was the App. And I let her go down on me, and I felt... wanted. And she did what I wanted. By Christmas break I'd perfected the method - I could seduce any girl in school. It was so easy. I could say the right things, notice a new earring or haircut, and in five days or less I'd be knuckle deep in their pussy. And we would go on dates and talk on the phone, and you'd show me every day how much you loved me, and rock my world when we'd get to sleep together.

"By the end of the year, I'd probably had a lesbian encounter with two-thirds of our graduating class, plus several girls I met at other schools while I was taking photos at sporting events, and

a half dozen more in the neighbourhood. That summer, any day that you weren't dicking me down, I was on a pussy rampage - MILFs in the neighbourhood, women who worked retail at shops in town, I could play them like puppets and get what I wanted from them."

"I didn't even know you were bisexual," I said.

"Because I hid it from you," Cassidy said. "Because- because I knew the whole time what I was doing was wrong. I was lying to you, and lying to myself. I'd tell myself it wasn't a big deal since I never had sex with guys. That you would think it was hot when I eventually told you. But I worked so hard to keep it a secret, even while you poured your love on me. I kept it up during college, all the way into third year. Always with girls, and never in our apartment - I don't know why I knew that was a line I couldn't cross, doing it in our place, but I just knew it was a betrayal too far without ever thinking about it. Then - well, do you remember when the depression started?"

"November, third year," I mumbled. "Right after Halloween."

She nodded. Cassidy was sitting in her seat, hugging her legs to her chest. She'd lowered her sunglasses - little round ones she called her 'Leon the Professional' glasses. They were blacked out, but I could see her red eyes as she stared down at the console, unable to meet my gaze. "There was this girl who I was working on, and she resisted me longer than anyone had for a couple of years. She was like this challenge I had to crack. Finally, on Halloween, I was helping her with her costume and she turns to me and asks me if I want to be in a threesome with her and her boyfriend, and I suggest that just the two of us could fool around, and we go in circles a bit and she ends up crying because she wants me, but doesn't want to betray her boyfriend who she loves and plans on marrying. And she ends up deciding she can't give in, and she just leaves. Says we can't be friends anymore because I'm dangerous to her relationship, and walks out.

"And that's when it hit me that she wasn't something to chase, she was what I should be trying to *be*. She- I- I broke. It took a few days for me to really realize it, mostly because I got blackout drunk on Halloween with you, and kept the party going to try and drown out my own head. But when I came out of that, I knew I was the worst fucking person. I tried deleting the App, but it wouldn't get off my phone. I tried getting a new phone, and it just appeared on the new one without me doing anything."

"And at the same time, I was just drowning. I didn't care about school, I didn't care about anything except that I knew I'd been absolutely horrible to you. You, Robbie, the only person who loved me *before* the App. And even when I wouldn't get out of bed to shower, and I started failing all my courses, you were there. Caring for me. Loving on me. And I decided to try and make it up to you by being the best fucking girlfriend I could - I was terrified if I told you, you'd leave me. Or that you'd stay because of the App. The App could *make* you accept it if I wanted, but I couldn't *do* that to you. I couldn't change you like that, couldn't betray you again. So I did

everything I could think of to make it up to you without telling you, and I swore I would never open the App again.

“But I was still around girls I’d seduced, who wanted more. Just because I didn’t open the app didn’t mean it wasn’t still working. So I dropped out of school - I know I terrified you and my Dad, but I had to do it. And still, as soon as I told you it was because of November, you supported me immediately. And from then until this morning I never opened the App even though it was there waiting for me, every day. Three and a half years. But I couldn’t turn off the guilt. Over time it would build up in me, and then you’d do something out of the blue that would set it off. Not birthdays or Valentines, those I could prepare for. I mean like when you spent your first paycheck from the hotel on the new bed for our shitty apartment. Or when you just casually told me one day that you’d literally hide a body for me, no questions asked. Like, why that set me off, I don’t know. But it meant something to me because I knew it was true. You would ruin yourself, desecrate your soul for me, and I was-” she sobbed.

“Every time I went into the depression, you were lifting me up, and I’d feel more guilty because of it. Because I didn’t deserve you. And then you’d find some way to make me get out of bed, to get moving. And the guilt would lower enough so I could breathe again, at least a little. And then life would kick in again. But when you proposed, I knew I couldn’t keep doing it. I couldn’t put you through that for the rest of our lives. I couldn’t keep lying to you. I had to tell you.”

“We got engaged six months ago,” I said softly.

“It’s taken me this long to figure out how,” she said. “But not just how to say it, Robbie. I knew there was no way to say it where it wouldn’t take us to the breaking point, and God I hope we’re not over it. No, I needed to figure out how to *make amends*. To show you how fucking sorry I am. And really explain not just what I’d done, but why it happened and kept happening.”

“So you figured in the car, while I’m driving us to a week-long working vacation, was the right time?” I asked.

She shook her head. “No, well, sort of. When you took the time off to come on this trip with me I knew this was the opportunity, so I started making a plan. See Robbie, if I could, I would just give you the App. I would hand it to you and say ‘Now it’s your turn’ because I realized that part of what I did was I never even gave *you* the chance to do it with me. My teenage brain never thought, ‘Hey, I bet Robbie would love fucking all these girls with me.’ But other people can’t even see the App when I have it open on my phone. They just see Messenger, or some game because of its stupid fucking magic. So I decided that I would do everything I could to make this week just a sample of what I want you to have.

“Robbie,” she said. “This week we’re going to be on a houseboat with a dozen hot, sexy cosplayers, models and streamers. From what I heard about last year’s trip, they got a little wild. This morning I opened the App and I spent every point I’d accumulated for years buying you upgrades. Not things that would affect your mind, the way you think or feel, just things that make

you more of who you are already. Robbie, if you're not about to break up with me and take back my engagement ring, the start of my apology to you is that I want you to have sex with as many of the women on this trip as you can if they're willing. And I'd bet at least half of them will be."

I just looked at my fiance.

I knew her. At least, I thought I did. I thought I knew every part of her, even her depression. I'd figured out the cycle, how to get her out of it. But this-

"I never wanted anyone but you," I said.

She started crying again. Sobbing, fat tears pouring from her eyes. Ugly crying. "I know," she wailed.

This... this sorrow. This guilt that she was showing me, broke my heart all over again. She'd been holding this in, boiling herself in it. Torturing herself with it. The whole App thing was - it was insane. A magic phone app?

But the guilt was real. The pain was real. She wasn't trying to blame the App, or else I might have thought she was making it up. But it was just a tool.

"What does it say now?" I asked her.

"What?" she asked, sniffing hard and wiping at her cheeks.

"The App," I said. "If it tells you what I'm feeling for you, what does it say now?"

Cassidy picked up her phone from the floor of the truck where it had fallen earlier and opened it up, tapping at the screen. It looked like she opened up WhatsApp to me. Then she burst into fresh tears, like she'd just had a part of her ripped away. "It's just question marks," she sobbed. "You've never been question marks before. Never!"

"What do question marks mean?" I asked.

"It means you're trying to make a decision," Cassidy said. "And I can't do anything about it."

"What was my score this morning?" I asked. "What was my score before this conversation?"

"You've loved me and liked me 100 percent since the second week we were dating," Cassidy said. "Lust score fluctuates more based on if someone's gotten any recently - basically how horny they are. But that's never dropped below 50 before."

I just nodded. "Cassidy, if this whole App thing is- if it's real. How am I supposed to trust what I'm thinking? How am I supposed to trust my heart? How do I trust you?"

She closed her eyes and hung her head, burrowing her face into her hands. "I know," she whispered. "I know. This is why I never told you. Because it doesn't matter - I lied. I'm a liar. I cheated on you. I'm a cheater. I can't... I can't *change* that. But I want to make up for it. I want you to love me again, if you can. And I want to earn your trust back if that's even ever possible. But I couldn't keep being a liar and stand in front of you at our wedding without breaking."

I just sat, staring at my hands in my lap for a long time. Two transport trucks burned past us, the wave of their passing rocking even my heavy pickup. One honked its horn loudly.

"Robbie?" Cassidy asked. "Talk to me. Please. Please?"

I shook my head. "I just- I don't know, Cass. You've broken my heart. I'm furious enough to break things, and I'm horrified enough to scream, and I'm feeling so much despair that I want the world to just swallow me up."

She cried softly, and I could tell she wanted to reach out to me, to take my hand, but was scared to.

"But every time I look at you, I just want to make *you* stop hurting. I want to tell you I understand, even if I don't. And that I forgive you, even if I don't know if I can. Hell, I want to tell you that I believe you, but it's all so wildly insane that one part of me wonders if this is some nightmare I'm stuck in. But I figure if this were, you'd have been cheating with guys to really drive that home."

We sat on the edge of the desert for another twenty minutes. Neither of us spoke.

Finally, it was just too hot in the truck and I turned over the engine, getting the air conditioning to kick back in. I punched the console, turning off the stereo before it could start playing again.

"What's it called?" I asked.

"Pardon?"

"What's the App called? It's got to have a name."

"It's called the Affection Multiplier App. The AMA."

"Yeah?" I asked. "Well, fuck the AMA and whoever decided to ruin our lives with it."

Chapter 2

We were driving again. The tears had run out, at least for now. I hadn't really known what to do, so I just started driving. We didn't want to be too late.

Did we?

Did I even want to be on this trip?

The problem wasn't that I loved Cassidy. I knew that I did. The problem wasn't even whether I believed her or not - it was such a crazy story that I could probably re-tell it to a psych ward and they'd keep her for a 72-hour hold.

No, the problem was I knew she was telling her truth. Not *the* truth, not the facts of the matter.

Her truth. The secret one. The one that I'd watched her ride, unable to put voice it. The one I assumed was some sort of clinical depression, even though she would break out of it quick enough we never got to the point of going to a psychologist. I'd brought up therapy a couple of times, but she always said I was the therapy she needed. And it had seemed like it was true, I just didn't know why.

"The cheating hurts," I said into the humm of the air conditioner. We hadn't turned the radio back on. "It hurts a fucking lot. That's what made me throw up. Knowing that you'd... I thought you were mine, I thought you'd shared your body with me like I'd shared my body with you. But it wasn't the same. You shared it with lots of people. I got... what, the leftovers? But it's the lying that makes me want to break down into tears some more."

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I know."

"We shouldn't go on this trip," I said. She didn't respond. "We should be heading back home, and finding a marriage counsellor so we can figure out if we can salvage this. Salvage our trust. Anything."

I pulled the truck back off of the highway, onto the flat shoulder, skidding to a stop. I turned and I reached over, taking her smaller hand in mine. "Cassidy, the only reason we are going on this trip still is because I know you think this needs to happen. I *know* you, even if right now it doesn't feel like I ever knew you at all." That made her start silently crying again, but I kept going. "Do you need this trip to happen?"

She nodded.

"I don't know if I can sleep with someone else," I said.

"You don't have to. But I want you to," she said. "Anyone you want. You deserve it. You deserve to feel wanted like that. To be worshipped like that. To know what an amazing, sexy, desirable person you are."

"I was and did," I said. "With you."

"I'm sorry," she whispered again.

"I know you are," I sighed.

We sat there, not five miles from the last spot we'd pulled over. Progress, I guess - I was still holding her hand, and she was squeezing my fingers desperate for me not to let go.

"Will you please fuck me?" she suddenly asked.

"What?"

"I want to feel you. I- I want you to fuck me. Before we go any further, I want you to fuck all your anger and hate into me. You've never hate-fucked me before, and I want you to right now."

"That doesn't seem like a good idea," I said.

"I want you to pound me into this seat," she said. "And I want you to grab my tits as hard as you can, and I want you to choke me and slap me. You can even fuck my ass raw - it'll hurt like fuck, but I feel like I need that. I need you to make me hurt, just a bit of the way I hurt you."

I opened my mouth and then closed it again. It was... tempting.

"How many girls and women did you cheat on me with?" I asked.

"Somewhere in the high three hundreds is my best guess," Cassidy said.

"Jesus fuck," I exhaled. "How did you never get an STD, or pass one to me?"

"The App," she said. "You get points for raising scores, and you use those points to buy perks and upgrades for yourself or other people. One of the early ones I bought was called Immuno Suppressant and it made it so I couldn't get STDs, and I was less likely to get sick in general. I bought that one for you during second year at university, by the way. Right after you had that nasty cold before exams and I realized I didn't ever want to see you that sick again."

I shook my head, not wanting to try and figure out if I'd been less sick since then, but remembering the way she had doted on me that week. But then, how many girls had she shared herself with in between taking care of me? "What's the most number of women you had sex with at one time?" I asked.

"Twenty-three," Cassidy said, and I looked over in shock. She shrugged, embarrassed. "It was sort of a lesbian orgy with the cheerleaders at the end of their season in high school. I'd already been with most of them before then though."

“Who is someone that would surprise me?” I asked.

“Ms Phillips, the summer after we graduated,” Cassidy said.

“Really?” I asked, a little shocked. Ms Phillips had been a Chemistry teacher at the high school and had been a very chubby woman.

Cassidy nodded. “Her and Mrs Andrews. At the same time.”

“Fuck,” I said. Mrs Andrews had been one of the gym teachers. Not exactly a hotty, but certainly my teenage brain had imagined her sexually a few times.

“Phillips lost a bunch of weight over the next couple of years,” Cassidy said. “Almost a hundred pounds, last time we were home. She’s pretty cute now. Do you think you’d want to fuck her?”

I shook my head. We’d never had this sort of conversation before. Cassidy had slept with classmates, with teachers, she’d talked about women from the neighbourhood- “Wait,” I said. “Please tell me you didn’t-”

“Never guys, never family,” Cassidy said. “Not that your sister made it easy on me, but I stopped it before it went anywhere. And we both have a couple of cousins that I almost went after, but decided it was too close.”

“Surprise me again,” I said.

“Vicky Wallgreen,” Cassidy said.

“Really?” I asked. Vicky had been a snobby rich girl, and a Jesus Freak to boot. And she’d dated Brandon Whateverhisnamewas all through high school. They might have actually gotten married.

“Bent her over the counter in her kitchen and fucked her with a strap on, then made her eat my ass,” Cassidy said. “She’d been pretty pissed when she found me 69ing her Mom but that shut her up.”

“Come here,” I said, as I unzipped my pants. My cock was hard as fuck, and I fished it out.

“Thank you,” Cassidy said, getting up and leaning over the centre dash, immediately dropping her mouth to my cock.

“Ngh,” I grunted as her lips slid over my cock head and she quickly began bobbing up and down, taking me deeper into her mouth. I quickly gathered up her hair - she’d recently dyed it for the trip in teal and blue waves, but she knew I liked it longer on her and it was grown out past

the tops of her shoulders. I pulled her hair back out of her face, pinning it to the back of her head clenched in my fist, and started forcing her down, taking control of the blowjob.

We'd had dominant sex before. Played games with each other. Cassidy had an amazing mouth and loved giving me blowjobs - *Did she enjoy licking pussy as much as my cock?* The errant thought made me grit my teeth, and forced her down, holding her there with my cock pushing at the back of her throat, but she didn't gag even though I didn't go for the deep throat I knew she could do.

I pulled her up and her sunglasses fell right off her face, and she met my gaze with her eyes watering. Her makeup had been running and smudged out a long time ago now, wiped away into the paper towels along with the rounds of tears, so I was looking at the version of Cassidy that I loved the most. Sure, she was a wizard with makeup. She could change the way her facial structure looked, could accent her eyes, or cheekbones, or lips. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if she knew how to give herself a Star Trek-style alien forehead ridge or something. But this Cassidy, when her eyes were naturally a little narrower, when her cheeks weren't so defined and maybe even a little puffy, when her lips were bare - this was *my* Cassidy. The one she didn't post online as a cosplayer. The one her followers didn't interact with, that guys and girls didn't fawn over. This was the Cassidy that had always been mine. *Except, had she?*

Cassidy was panting, mouth pursed and open, her spit trailing down as drool to my cock. "Upgrades, you said. Did you get rid of your gag reflex?"

She nodded. "I tried to deep throat you and almost threw up in your lap, remember? I told you I practised, but I bought a perk."

I pushed her face down again onto my cock, and she sucked it in. I pushed her lower, and she swallowed my dick into her throat, and I just held her down there as she kept swallowing on it over and over.

When I went to pull her up so she could breathe, she resisted and brought her hand back and held mine in her hair, urging me to keep her down. So I did, and she used her tongue on my shaft and slid it down as far as she could.

And she stayed down, for longer and longer. And her tongue stopped moving.

She jerked once, and I realized she was passing out and pulled her up and off of my cock. "Cassidy!" I shouted, and slapped her face lightly to make sure she was waking up.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she cried.

"Don't you fucking dare do that again," I said. "You don't get to do that to me."

"I just wanted you to know I would do it," she sobbed. "That I'd choke on your cock until I passed out if you want."

There was a darkness inside me, a dark shadow that wanted to do just that. To feel her do that. I knew it was my rage - it was so foreign to me that I could at least identify that it wasn't the usual me.

"We don't do that to each other, especially not without talking about it first," I growled.

"I'm sorry, just- I want to keep going. Let me keep going?" she pleaded.

"Fine," I said. "But this is a facefucking. This isn't a blowjob. And Cassidy? We are *not* having sex. Not until I decide I can forgive you. Blowjobs and handjob only, got it?"

Cassidy nodded. "Thank you," she said.

"Get to work," I said. My anger scared me a little. My willingness to treat this woman I had loved unconditionally as nothing more than a sex toy, for my gratification alone.

She got to work. She lowered her face and took my cock in her mouth again, and began vigorously blowing me, fucking her face on my cock. I let go of her hair and pulled up her crop top, revealing her bra. I pulled on the elastic and let it snap down hard - childish and petty, and she whimpered. I undid the snap and she let me move her around until I'd pulled it off from under her shirt. Then I reached under her, into her shirt, and groped her tits roughly. Cassidy was slim - she prided herself in having grown into her body. She'd been a beanstalk in middle school and early high school, and during senior year she'd filled out. Her tits were a large B cup - I knew that well, having bought her a couple dozen lingerie sets over the years. She loved modelling them for me.

Did she model them for other people, too?

I found her nipples and pinched them, and she squeaked and shuddered as she deepthroated my cock again.

What I was doing couldn't be pleasurable for her. I mauled her tits, tweaking her nipples. I reached down her back with both hands and wrapped my fingers into the leg holes of her jean shorts, yanking them high and hard until as much of her ass was exposed as possible, and then I spanked her. Hard.

I spanked her a good half dozen times, raining blows onto her ass cheek. I stopped myself before I went too far, but I could see a bright red handprint on her pale ass cheek.

"I can't believe my fiance was a pussy-hunting slut," I said, gathering up her hair again. "Nearly four hundred women? Are you fucking kidding me? Four hundred cunts you cheated on me with. Four hundred!" She was slamming her face down on my cock again - I checked myself to

make sure I wasn't doing it to her. She was going hard enough I was worried she was going to break her nose.

"Fuck," I grunted, and didn't give her any more warning than that as I started cumming. It hit the back of her throat, and when she realized she started swallowing, sucking on me like my cock was a straw, slurping as much of me up as she could.

I released her hair, and afterwards she bathed my entire cock with her tongue, cleaning it tenderly. She carefully put it away back into my shorts and zipped me back up, and sat up and pressed her lips together, searching my face. "Thank you," she said, earnestly and deeply.

That look, that desperate look to see forgiveness, nearly broke me.

I turned to the road and hit the signal that I wanted to merge back on the highway. She sat back in her seat, hesitating as her ass hit the seat and I wasn't sure if I was worried or hoped that I'd bruised her butt. She buckled back in, and I merged onto the highway.

"Any time you want," she said into the quiet of the drive.

"You've never told me no before," I said.

"I know, but I never said it either," she said. "Robbie, I love you, with all my heart. I know it's hard to be OK right now, but I need to say that to you. Over and over. I love you. I love you. I love you."

I swallowed, wanting and not wanting to say them back. "I know," I said instead. "I know."

Chapter 3

It was a quiet hour of driving before we were closing in on Lake Powell. The trip from Vegas, where Cassidy and I had moved together after college, was supposed to take just under four and a half hours, dipping through southern Utah and northern Arizona, but with our stops we were closer to five and a half.

"Why cosplaying?" I asked. We hadn't talked much since the facefucking - I'd asked a few questions about App, and she'd answered with what answers she could give me. Points accumulated as you raised scores with people and met certain thresholds. She'd only ever gotten Love points from me, my family, and her family. The couple of times early on in her cheating that her affair partners - I corrected her on that the first time she said 'one of the girls' and she accepted it - started to gain Love points, and she distanced herself quickly. Another line she drew in the sand for herself. All of her points had come from Affection and Lust scores.

Cassidy turned to look at me and scrunched her eyebrows together. "What do you mean?"

“After you dropped out of college and took that job at the hotel, that’s when you started your social media stuff and cosplaying,” I said. “Has the App been helping you with that, too? Even if you weren’t using it?”

“Mm-mm,” she shook her head. “The App only activates when I meet someone or interact with them in person. If someone sees a picture of a video with me on social, or even if we send emails or have a phone call, there’s no effect. I took the night shift at the hotel because I wouldn’t be interacting with many people and wanted to be focused on you, and then I started the social media stuff because I knew I-” she stopped and took a deep breath. “Look, you’ve heard my sister say for years she felt like I was living my life with cheat codes. It always pissed me off, but it was because it was *true*. And I didn’t like it. Doing social media stuff? Every like, or follower, or subscriber - it’s all because of Me. Not the App. The App can’t make my cosplay outfits look cooler; at least, I don’t think it can. I put in the work, and the internet decides if it was worthwhile. No outside influence.”

“That makes a roundabout sort of sense,” I said.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “And I love you.”

I exhaled and pressed my lips together, unable to decide if my heart was hurting or surging every time she said it.

We drove into Page, a town on the south end of the winding Lake Powell, crossing over a bridge that spanned the Colorado River and looked out at the Glen Canyon Dam. Usually, this would have been the time that Cassidy would want me to pull over so that we could take a picture, but neither of us was really in the mood.

Just a little way into the town I found a liquor store and pulled in. We both hopped out since the plan had always been that we’d pick up our drinks for the week here in Page - food was being organized by the woman who organized the trip, and we’d paid money ahead for it.

As we walked into the store from the parking lot, I noticed that Cassidy hadn’t bruised, thank God, but she did look like she had a red welt in the shape of some fingers crawling out from her daisy dukes onto the top of her thigh.

Inside the store, I quickly went to the back and got a case of Heineken for myself, and a case of a cider Cassidy liked, while she stayed near the front of the store to fetch the liquors we liked for mixing and some wine from the racks. As I walked back carrying the two heavy boxes of bottles, I saw Cassidy had a freezer door open and was selecting some mixers to go with the vodka and was slightly bent over at the waist. Beyond her, a greasy-looking guy was lounging at the counter working a toothpick in his teeth and staring at Cassidy’s ass.

A surge of anger rolled through me, but I managed to quash it.

Cassidy stood up, slipping two mixes into the basket she was carrying and turned to walk to the counter with me. As I glanced over at her I noticed that her crop top was showing off two obvious nipple bumps.

Now, usually, this would embarrass the hell out of her and she would want me to signal that it was happening. On any normal day I would, discreetly, and she'd either use me to block or she'd head out to the car.

But I was still pissed off, and resentful. And even though I knew it was petty, I didn't say anything.

As I approached the counter, the store clerk flicked his toothpick away behind the counter and stood up, obviously eyeing Cassidy. I set the two cases I was carrying on the counter and turned, taking the basket of bottles from my fiancé.

She smiled at me, her eyes hidden behind her sunglasses but I could still see the sadness in that smile. The guilt. The grief. The self-loathing.

Fuck, I was being a child.

I fished the truck keys out of my pocket and handed them to her. "I'll take care of this," I said. "Go get the gate unlocked and the cooler ready."

"Kay," she nodded, and I could tell she wanted to go up on her tiptoes and give me a peck on the lips, but she hesitated. She wasn't sure if that would be OK, and that killed me. It fucked with my head. Made me feel like the bad guy. But I wasn't.

I turned back to the counter, and she sauntered out of the store.

"Nice piece of ass," the store clerk said, watching her go through the front windows. "Looks like you had to teach her who's boss a bit, eh?"

I drilled holes into the guy with my glare. "Hey," I said, making him look away from Cassidy and back to me. He took a step back when he saw my eyes. "If any more than 'thank you' comes out of your mouth before I leave this store, I am inches from starting to break shit. Glass, bones, whatever. I'm that *fucking* on edge. So ring up the drinks."

He looked like he wanted to say something, but I started unloading the basket, not quite slamming the bottles onto the countertop, and he swallowed and looked down, starting to do his job. He rang me through and bagged the bottles, and I paid.

"Thank you," he said, as I put the paper bag of bottles on top of the two cases of beer and hefted the entire thing.

“Get a fucking life,” I grunted and backed my way out of the store.

Cassidy could see the look on my face as I crossed the parking lot to her. She was standing near the open tailgate of my truck, and she got concerned quickly. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m fucked in the head,” I said. “He was staring at your ass, and you were poking out, and then he said some dumb shit when you left. I’m jealous and pissed and feel like an ass for not warning you about your nipples.”

“Fuck, I forgot to put my bra on,” Cassidy said. “Tiger, I’m so sorry I forgot. That’s my fault.”

She hadn’t called me her nickname for me since the conversation. I’d dressed up as Spider-Man at school for Halloween our senior year, and she’d dressed up as Mary Jane Watson. She played it up, calling me Tiger, and hadn’t ever stopped.

“No, I’m the one who didn’t tell you,” I said. “And I almost threw a punch at that guy when he opened his idiot mouth. That’s on me.”

“No, that’s on me too,” she said. “You’ve never been the jealous type. Now you know, and things are different.”

I swallowed and took a breath. Was I really jealous? I knew there wouldn’t be any shot in hell of something happening between Cassidy and that dude. I *knew* that. “I think... I think I’m not jealous,” I said. “I think I’m feeling... this is going to sound kind of fucked up, but I’m possessive? I don’t feel like you’re mine the way you were before, and that guy just looking at you...”

She hugged me, burying her face into my chest as she started crying again and grabbed my shirt, clinging to me.

I hugged her back, softly at first, but then harder until I was squeezing her.

We just stood there for a good five minutes as the tears flowed, me quietly and her softly sobbing.

Finally, we let go and started moving again, getting the alcohol bottles into the cooler and the cases tucked into the truck bed. Before I shut the gate and pulled one of Cassidy’s luggage forward, the one I knew she had regular clothes in. “Your, ah, your ass is pretty red,” I said. “You should probably cover that up.”

She stopped, biting her lip and thinking. “Your choice. I want people to know that I’m yours, in every way. I deserve way more than one red ass cheek. But it could also raise questions.”

“Cover it,” I said. I actually didn’t think answering questions would be the problem, it would be if anyone stared again.

“OK,” she said. She unzipped her luggage and dug through it, coming out with a pair of black tights and zipping it back up.

When we were back in the truck, Cassidy slipped her daisy dukes off her hips and down her legs, revealing the slim maroon bikini-style panties she was wearing.

“Hold on, let me see it,” I said, and she shifted in the seat to show me her ass. There was a clear red handprint on her ass still. “Fuck, I’m going to need to rub some aloe on that before you wear a bikini.”

“You don’t have to,” she said. “I’ll tell everyone I asked for it.”

“No,” I said. “No. I’m going to make sure we take care of that.”

“OK,” she said quietly, then sat back down and started pulling on her tights. “Thank you, Tiger.”

She pulled on the tights, which were three-quarter length down her legs to her calves, and then pulled the daisy dukes back on over them. Once she was settled, I put the truck in motion and we were headed north up the river, looking for the pier where we were supposed to meet the group.

A dozen women and a few significant others - all models, cosplayers and streamers - coming together for a week of houseboat vacations and photoshoots in costumes, bikinis or whatever else they brought with them. And my fiance wanted me to have sex with any of them that I wanted.

I turned to Cassidy and shook my head, still struggling in my head and my heart. I reached over and used a couple fingers to sweep some loose hair behind her ear, and she turned to me questioningly. “I do still love you,” I said. “It’s just hard to like you right now.”

She pressed her lips together, eyes brimming with tears again, and she nodded. The conflict there, happy I said it, guilt-ridden that I said it, is what made me know this wasn’t done. We weren’t done.

I looked forward again, driving.

If we’re not done, where are we going?