

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 1-50

By Breakthebar

The following story compiles the first 50 chapters of AMA: The Boyfriend, originally for CHYOA. The Affection Multiplier App is a very popular 'metastory' over there created by Fantasy which has garnered millions of views, dozens of authors submitting their own versions, and some real gems. All of the stories feature a main character who is dealing with difficult, sometimes abusive or dangerous, situations and isolation. The Universe gifts them the AMA, and their life begins to turn around. With The Boyfriend, I turned the concept on it's head - our main character Robbie Blane is not the User. His fiancée, Cassidy, has had it for years.

This is the story of Cassidy making up for her mistakes and indiscretions to Robbie by turning the App to his benefit.

Trigger Warning: *I don't usually give these, but because of the topic I felt I should just in case any readers might be struggling in your personal lives - many of these early chapters deal with the 'D-Day' admittance and fallout of Infidelity between the Main Character and his Fiancée. It was in the past, and she is desperately 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 was 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. I almost wanted the burn 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 when we were younger, 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 pleaded 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 seated 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 - an 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 sobbed. "Because- because I knew the whole time what I was doing was wrong, deep down. 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 upgrade perks. 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 fiancée.

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 for you 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 Extremis 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 close. 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 the 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 violet 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 I 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 handjobs 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 decently large C-cup - I knew that well, having bought her a couple dozen lingerie sets over the years. She loved modeling 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 skin.

"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 touched 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 those words 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 the 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, 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 or 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 revulsion and anger rolled through me, but I managed to quash it.

Cassidy stood up, slipping two mixers 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 fiancée.

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 back on,” Cassidy said. “Tiger, I’m so sorry I forgot. That’s my fault.”

She hadn’t called me by 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’d 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 I pulled one of Cassidy's luggage bags 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 mind 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?

Chapter 4

GoogleMaps said we were close to the docks where we were supposed to meet up with the group, so I pulled off to the side of the highway. The area around lake Powell was mountainous, rocky desert that turned an orangey red in the right light - the whole area was gorgeous, and from the photos we'd looked at when Cassidy was offered a spot on the trip it looked like the blue of the winding lake gave the place a magical quality.

"What's wrong?" Cassidy asked.

"We need to talk more," I said. "And you probably want to redo your makeup while we do."

"Good idea," she sighed, pulling down the sun visor and checking in the little mirror. "Oh, God. I'm a mess."

"At least you're a cute mess," I said.

She smiled shyly at me - it was the least sort of compliment I could give her, but now she acted like it was me heaping praise on her. Maybe, considering the circumstances, I was.

Cassidy opened her purse, then her backpack, and pulled out a makeup kit. She quickly went to work on her face with a makeup remover wipe.

"First, I want to reiterate a couple of things I said," I continued. "I do still love you, Cass. But I have a lot of shit to figure out. I don't want to repeat myself too much, but you need to work the line. Let me know if I'm being obvious that I'm hurt or angry, but don't try and push me. I don't want to embarrass you, but I also don't want to just push this down and bottle it up."

"OK, I'll try my best," she said. She stopped working on her face and reached over, taking my hand in hers. "This is *my* fuck up, Robbie. My thing to work on and fix. Anything you need to do or say, I need you to do it. My only goal, forever, is making up for this. I love you, and only you, ever."

I took in a breath and sighed. "I hear you," I said. "And that does mean a lot. And I don't want to push this right now, but part of the problem is that now that you've lied *like that*, I need to rebuild my ability to trust you."

"I know-" her voice broke.

"Hey, don't start crying again," I said, squeezing her hand back.

"OK, OK, I'll try," she nodded, breathing deeply to control herself.

“Now, I also meant what I said about sex,” I said. “But I need to hear you say what *you* said about sex again, too. If you tell me this week is what you need - that you need me to explore with other women, that you need me to sow my oats, in front of you or behind your back - then I won’t ask again. If it happens, it happens.”

Cassidy put down the wipe and took my hand in both of hers, looking into my eyes. “Robbie Blane. Love of my life. My fiance. I want, and need, you to have sex with the most gorgeous, most adventurous women you can this week. And I will abstain from everything unless you want me to participate. I can see it on your face, you think this is about me wanting punishment, and I *do* deserve that. But I also know you, and I know you’re going to say the guilt and the depression were punishments all along. No, Tiger, this is about rewarding you. Rewarding you for so many years of loving me, even when I didn’t deserve it. And for hopefully still loving me, while I forever continue to try and earn it.”

She was right - that line about punishment *did* sound like me. She wasn’t the only person in my life I’d helped talk through some of their depression, so I knew my own words when they were thrown back at me.

“OK,” I said, and swallowed. “Then the last thing - no matter what happens on this trip, you are still mine, and I am still yours, and we need to fix this. I don’t want to hear excuses anymore, you’re going to therapy even if you can’t talk about *how* you did what you did. And we’re doing couples therapy, too.”

“OK,” she whispered, nodding.

While Cassidy did her makeup, doing her best to hide the fact that she’d been crying, I googled therapists back in Vegas and called in, booking a couple’s session for three days after we got back from the trip, as well as an individual session for Cassidy, and one for myself. With that done, Cassidy and I took a breath.

“I love you,” she said.

“I love you still, too,” I replied.

“I want to keep sitting here in this feeling after the last couple of hours,” Cassidy said. “But I think we’re running late.”

“I know,” I sighed, and started the truck again. “Let’s get this show on the road.”

It was time to see if we could make this work around actual people.

Chapter 5

The driveway to the docks wound through a canyon between two massive rock formations that loomed over us on the drive in, then opened up into a flat area that had been gravelled and gridded into a parking lot. The lot was about half full, and down at the far end were three warehouse-like structures, and beyond that we could see the deep blue of the lake.

There was a small crowd of people, and we immediately recognized Cattie amongst them so we knew that was our group.

When we parked I turned to Cassidy and put my hand on her thigh. "Have fun," I said. "You worked hard to get to the level you're at, and these ladies are your equals. You belong here."

"Fuck, how do you always know when I need you to say something like that?" she asked.

"Because you're mine," I said. I internally punched down the urge to add 'I thought.'

"Thank you," she said. "Can I kiss you?"

I nodded, and she leaned over the centre console and kissed me lightly on the lips.

Once I was out of the truck, I started to unload the luggage and cooler from the back while Cassidy did one of those 'girl sees girl' screams and ran to meet Cattie and the women who were with her. I got everything out of the truck bed and slammed the gate shut, then went around to the passenger door and fetched the camera bag out from behind the seats. This, more than anything, was the Important Bag since it held several thousand dollars worth of equipment that Cassidy had collected over the last three years.

"Hey there, stranger," Cattie said from behind me just as I was turning.

"Hey yourself," I said with a smile, slinging the bag carefully over my shoulder and shutting the truck door before turning.

Cattie was the kind of girl people looked at and thought, 'She should be in a magazine.' She had that somewhat elfin look to her face, but with beautiful, styled black hair and perfectly manicured thick eyebrows. With her fair skin, and tendency to affect an alternative look, she came across with just the right amount of gothy edge. Today she was wearing a Megadeth tour shirt tied up to reveal her slim waist and billowing around her impressive tits and daisy dukes similar to Cassidy, along with a plaid long sleeve shirt tied around her waist.

"I'm so glad you could come," Cattie said, stepping into a hug and squeezing me tight. "It's been way too long since the last Con."

“Well, Cass and I keep inviting you down to Vegas. All you need to do is say yes one of these days,” I said.

“I know, I know. And every time I get to see you guys, I kick myself for waiting,” she said. She led me around the truck to where Cassidy was just walking up with Heather, Cattie’s imposing girlfriend, and another slighter girl.

“Heather,” I said. “Good to see you.”

“Yeah, you too,” the tall woman said, offering a fist bump. Heather was almost, but not quite, as tall as me, topped with a bright pink mane of a pixie cut that she styled like an anime character. She had this strange thing where she seemed to want to be a bodybuilder - her arms and torso were muscled to the point of almost being veiny - but also wanted to be seen as this sexual item. She had the botox lips, big fake tits and chunky ass of a pornstar, all purchased with the money she earned as an OnlyFans model.

“And this is my sister,” Cattie said, “She goes by CherryPop online.”

“Hi, you guys can call me Sherry,” the smaller girl smiled and waved. She had long, dirty blonde hair, and once it was pointed out I could immediately see the relation to Cattie. They had similar big eyes and elfin features, though Cattie was clearly the more mature sister.

“What sort of modelling are you doing?” Cassidy asked. Cattie was similar to Cassidy, doing cosplay and variety shoots, focusing on nerdy stuff mostly, though she’d been doing a lot more lingerie and underwear shoots over the winter. That was likely under the influence of Heather, who worked OnlyFans and did nude work.

“Oh, I just started a couple of months ago on OnlyFans,” Sherry said. “I’m, uh, a little more risque than my sister.”

“More like she’s a little freak,” Cattie laughed, nudging her sister. “But at least she’s my little freak.”

Sherry rolled her eyes, and I could tell this was a common rib between them.

The three ladies helped us gather our luggage and the cooler and bring it over to the waiting crowd.

“We’re late,” Cassidy said. “I hope y’all weren’t waiting for us.”

“You’re not even the last people to get here,” Heather said, carrying the heavy cooler. I had one of the beer cases balanced on the luggage I was wheeling, and Cassidy had the other in her arms.

“Hey folks,” a woman said, pushing through the small crowd of ridiculously attractive women milling around between the warehouses. “Cassamillion and partner, right?”

“Yes, hi,” Cassidy said, stepping forward and offering her hand. “Just call me Cass, or Cassidy. This is my fiance, Robbie.”

“Great. Awesome. Hi,” she said, shuffling through the papers she was carrying. “I’m Becca - ReBelle online. Let me just...” Becca had long, silvery blonde hair and a cute, cherubic face with a bit of a button nose. She was wearing a lime green bikini top under an unbuttoned plaid shirt similar to the one Cattie had around her hips, and a long, billowy white skirt that hung low on her hips and down almost to her ankles. “OK, here it is. Right. Make sure you read and sign these,” she said, handing Cassidy and I a pair of sheets. “Those are the waivers for the boats. If you get injured or die, it’s not their fault, blahblahblah.”

“Will do,” I said. “Can I start getting this stuff loaded onto the houseboat?”

“Not yet,” she said. “I did a quick tour and the one boats needed cleaning, so I had to get the company to do that now. We’re waiting for everyone to get here.”

“Great, nice looking ahead,” I said. “If you need any help with anything, just let me know. I’m an event organizer back in Vegas, so I know how an extra pair of hands can be a godsend sometimes.”

“Fuck,” Becca laughed. “Alright, I’ll keep that in mind if you’re offering. Cass, why didn’t you tell me this two months ago? You had a pro in your back pocket, and here I am muddling through on my own.”

“Are you kidding? You *are* a pro, girl,” Cassidy said.

A car cut off the conversation further when it backfired in the parking lot, turning heads as the old beater pulled in, looking like it was going to lose a tire and fall to pieces at any moment.

“Ah, that should be our last girls,” Becca said, moving towards it.

Chapter 6

“Hey, what’s up?” a guy said, slipping through the little crowd of women.

He was vaguely Latino, though I had a hard time placing where his family may have originated. He also happened to be ridiculously good-looking and very fit, showing off his bulky arms in a muscle shirt. “Hey, Robbie Blane,” I said and offered him my hand.

He shook it and grinned. “JC. Looks like we’re the only two guys on the trip. There was supposed to be another guy, Wanda’s husband Brodi, but he got some sort of contract to shoot for Vogue over in Italy.”

“Damn,” I said, my eyebrows raising.

“Yeah, I know,” JC laughed. “Anyways, I figured I’d introduce myself. This much estrogen in one place, we’re probably going to need to throw back some beers at some point. You into sports?”

“I’ve dabbled with Fantasy Football but I didn’t have the patience for it,” I said. “I’ll sit and watch a game of just about anything with a buddy though. Except for baseball.”

“Awesome. There’s a big Champion’s League game, maybe we can get somewhere with wifi or satellite and catch it together.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said. “Are you here just as a model, or...?”

“Hah, sort of,” JC chuckled. “I’m only invited because of my girlfriend, Lou-Anne. She’s the shorter blonde over there.” He pointed to a group of women talking off to one side. Lou-Anne was the shortest of the group, wearing a clingy grey dress that was like a second skin on her. She was astoundingly fit, with muscled thighs and toned arms and a washboard stomach, and I could tell she had a bikini under the dress it clung so close. “She goes by TerraBell online, so most of the people here call her Terra. We’re both swimsuit and underwear models, but after last year I started doing cosplay stuff too since there’s a want for guys for shoots.”

“Cool,” I said. “I’m Cassidy’s fiance, and act as her photographer though I’m not professional or anything. She’s over there, with the violet hair.”

“Nice,” JC said. “Honestly, if you’re any good at all, I wouldn’t be surprised if you’re getting asked for help a lot this week. Most of these girls know how to edit their own stuff, but having another pair of hands to take photos instead of doing it themselves is a big help.”

“That sounds like exactly how Cass looped me into it,” I laughed.

The old beater of a car had finally parked, and three women had gotten out and were unloading a ton of bags from the trunk and back seat. “We should go help,” I said.

JC grinned and shrugged. "Sure, I could get a sweat on. Have you seen some of these bags? I think the ladies stuffed them with bricks."

Becca was quickly handing out the last of her forms to the three as we approached. "Hey, ladies. Can we help you out?"

"Oh, that would be great," Becca said. "You girls alright if JC and- Robbie, right? If JC and Robbie get your luggage over to the group?"

"Sure, thanks," said the woman who seemed to be the most outgoing of the three. "I'm Zenya." She offered her hand and I shook it, and so did JC. Zenya had her hair dyed a bright red, and did her makeup in a sort of anime style to make her eyes look extra big. It was a little off-putting up close, but she was dressed in a tight t-shirt and cotton shorts that accented her generous, natural curves.

"Ginnie," said the next girl. She was short, maybe the shortest of the entire gathering, a petite woman with a resting bitch face that she broke momentarily as she gave JC and I a small, thin smile in thanks. Her hair was long and extremely curly, running down to her lower back in curled strands almost like braids.

"And I'm Leia," said the third girl, stepping around Ginnie to offer you both a handshake. To be frank, I was a little tongue-tied. I wasn't sure what exactly it was about Leia, but something in her smile and soft voice struck a chord in me similar to how Becca had with her more direct, down-to-business attitude. Leia was wearing a thin spaghetti-strap top with her bra partially showing at the chest, and what looked like a pair of baggy men's athletic shorts. She was the best version of that 'pear shape' women talk about - small up top but with a set of generous hips. Her hair was wavy and fell down her chest and back, and I guessed she was naturally a blonde but she had it died in a rainbow of soft pastels.

"Nice to meet you all," JC said.

"Glad to help," I said. "Anything particularly fragile?"

"Please try not to squish this one," Leia said, indicating a piece of luggage. "It's got foam armour in it."

"Cool," I said, and carefully picked up the luggage.

Between the two of us, JC and I got all of the luggage over to the waiting area, and I went back and slipped in beside Cassidy, putting my arm around her waist.

"Hey, Tiger," she said, hugging me back. "This is Wanda and Heels."

“Hi, nice to meet you,” I said. “Wanda, sorry to hear your husband can’t join us.”

Wanda was a very pretty, all-American-looking blonde with straight hair down past her shoulders. She was wearing a sporty t-shirt that gave a glimpse at her moderate cleavage, and cotton shorts that showed off half of her astounding ass. Of all the women in the group, hers stood out as particularly amazing - perfectly formed from what could only have been a childhood of gymnastics and dance, followed by years of a ton of squats.

“Thanks,” she said. “Brodi was looking forward to this, but when opportunity knocks, right? It meant I had to fill his spot though, so I asked Baheela if she wanted to come and she agreed.”

“Hey,” Heels said. She was a little shorter than Wanda, and different in almost every way. She was darker-skinned, Pakistani if I were to guess but maybe middle eastern, with super thick black hair and eyebrows and an almost gaunt-looking face except for her big eyes and full lips. She was wearing a tie-dye summer dress and looked to have a small chest and ass. “I may not be the photographer that Brodi is, but I swear I’m a lot more fun to have around otherwise.”

“Careful,” Wanda laughed. “She’ll drink you under the table if you give her the chance.”

“Noted,” I laughed, and looked down to Cassidy, still with my arm around her. “Everything good?”

She smiled up at me and nodded. “Perfect. I saw you being a gentleman, thanks for making a good impression for us.”

“Happy to,” I said, meaning it.

“Alright, alright, everyone! I need your attention,” Becca shouted over the group. She was standing on a planter box that looked like it hadn’t actually had a plant in it for a decade. “I’ve got just a few quick reminders and announcements...”

Chapter 7

Becca gave her speech, welcoming everyone and then running into her announcements. A lot of it was just repeated information from the email blasts she'd been sending out for weeks ahead of time - things like reminders to check all photos before posting to social media and getting permission from others if they were in the picture, and making sure to make any content sharing deals in writing. A few girls had apparently not been invited back from the previous year because they flaked on deals. There were also more housekeeping rules; we were all going to be roommates living in two floating apartments, so clean up after ourselves, be respectful. Remember that there are two men on the trip.

At that last one several of the girls, though I didn't notice who, let out little 'woo's!' and Becca rolled her eyes. "They are both in relationships, so keep your cooters in the Off position, ladies!"

This brought chuckles from most of the group. Cassidy, however, slipped her hand into mine and squeezed my fingers, and I looked down and she gave me that 'I told you so' look.

Becca went on with her announcements. "Alright, last two things. First, we have a more diverse crowd than last year in terms of what kind of content we all make. There will be *no* shaming of people for any kind of content they do or don't make. Or for what sites they use! If I catch a whiff of that, not only will you not be back next year, but we will literally drop you back off here at the dock and go back out without you.

"Second, the rental company needs to do a crash safety course with at least four pilots for the houseboats. I'll be one of the drivers for the Single's Boat, so I need three volunteers. Please come and see me! Everyone else, you can start loading the luggage onto the boats. Just follow Ted over there in the red shirt."

A bearded guy who looked like he was sun-beaten leather held together by dirt and shoelaces waved from the near side of one of the docks.

As the crowd of models began to move, I squeezed Cassidy's hand and pulled her back to me. "I'm going to go get the pilot course," I said.

She nodded, slipped her arms around my waist and went up onto her tiptoes to peck my lips. "OK, Tiger. Has anyone, y'know... interested you?"

"I don't know if I'm ready for that emotionally yet," I said. "Physically, sure. But not in here or here." I pointed to my head and my heart.

She nodded again. "Just keep an open mind."

I took a deep breath and nodded. "I will. For you, I will."

It was strange, telling my fiancée I would be open to flirting with other women for her sake.

I headed over to Becca near one of the warehouse walls, while Cassidy went to start joining the crowd moving luggage. I noticed JC talking with his girl Terra, then heading over as well.

“Hey, I’ll volunteer for piloting,” I said to Becca.

“Me too,” JC said, following behind me.

“And I’ll help on the singles boat,” a woman said. She was of Asian descent but spoke with a slightly bewildering midwest accent. She was gorgeous; tall and slender, with full bowed lips and a striking face. She was wearing a denim jumper with short legs and an overall front on top, along with a heavy-duty green athletic bra. “I’m Ami, nice to meet both of y’all.”

JC and I introduced ourselves.

“Great,” Becca said. “Follow me, the faster we get this done, the faster we get out on the water.”

We followed our blonde leader around the warehouse and down the side of the dock. From here I could feel the slightly cooler breeze coming off of the water, and I took a long moment to just take in the majestic blue of Lake Powell against the warm mountains of the desert around us.

The docks, and the warehouses, looked like they might have been a couple of decades old or older, but the houseboats and speedboats tied up along their lengths and in the storage warehouses were well kept. As we walked I noticed Ami, despite her rougher clothing, walked with an elegance and grace that made me wonder if she’d been a dancer, or maybe an actual runway model.

Becca eventually found a guy named Bruce, or ‘Just call me Brucy-Boy’, the kind of good ol’ boy who was all smiles and factoids and little nuggets of wisdom. He ran us through the controls of the houseboats on a dummy mockup and made sure we knew how to use them, along with the emergency equipment (other than the radio and the flare gun, most of it was self-explanatory). Then he showed us the map of Lake Powell they had on every boat, and pointed to a couple of places we shouldn’t go - mostly down at the south end near the dam - and where the boat-up gas bars were.

“Last thing, just a warnin’,” Brucy Boy said. “If y’all see the PoPo, don’tchu worry none as long as y’all aren’t bein’ too wild. Just let them come alongside. They’s’ll ask some questions, just show them the rental ‘greements with us and yous won’t have no problems. All our houseboats are metered for low speeds, and got them bumpers so y’all would have to try real hard to run into anything and cause real damage. S’not a challenge, by the way, so please don’t do that.”

Then Brucy brought us over to a small area beside the docks where an old, rundown Houseboat looked like it was ready to collapse in on itself, and had us show him we knew how to turn over

the engine, raise and lower the anchor, and each of us took a turn driving it in a couple of circles.

While JC was taking his turn, Brucy Boy monitoring over his shoulder, I leaned back against the railing and took in the lake air.

"It's just as beautiful as I hoped it would be," Becca said, coming to stand next to me. She was wearing mirrored aviator sunglasses a lot like my own and had a sincere smile.

"You did a great job putting this all together," I said. "Make sure you get to enjoy it, too."

"Oh, I will," she chuckled. "Probably tomorrow morning once I know everything is actually working as intended."

"Well, like I said, if you need any extra hands for something just let me know," I said.

"I do appreciate the offer," Becca said. "I'm sure something will come up so that you can be the dashing knight in shining armour. Maybe a clogged toilet?"

That made me laugh, and she joined me.

"I'm not entirely joking, some of these girls are bound to be disgusting - put enough of us together and someone always ends up trying to flush something they shouldn't. I think we had to call the B&B owners six times last year."

"Well, I guess I'll do what I can," I said. Then the houseboat rocked as Brucy had Ami purposefully drive it into the dockside, showing how the bumpers along the sides would absorb the impact. Becca and I hadn't been ready for it though, since we hadn't been paying attention to them, and she stumbled into me and I caught her quickly, holding her by her bare upper arms. "Whoa, I got you," I said.

She chuckled and shook her head. "Nice hands," she said. "Maybe you really are a little bit of a hero." She touched my arm and grinned. "Just a little bit, though." She turned away and leaned back against the railing with me, mimicking my own posture, as we kept talking.

It wasn't until we were back on land and walking up to the dock that I realized she may have been flirting with me.

No, she wouldn't, I thought. She was a no-nonsense, on-the-job kind of personality. Beautiful, sure. But flirting with me?

Chapter 8

Brucy Boy led us down the docks to a pair of houseboats that were now swarming with women. The larger one had white siding, while the slightly smaller one had been painted blue.

“The white one is the Couple’s boat,” Becca said, turning to JC and I. “Let’s try to get moving in about thirty minutes?”

“Sounds good,” I said.

“Man, I can’t wait to be out on the water,” JC agreed.

“Awesome, see you out there,” Becca smiled, patting my arm again and then nodding for Ami to follow her on board the Single’s boat.

JC and I boarded ours. There was a small porch-like area of deck at the back of the houseboat that had stairs leading to the roof of the house portion, which served as the main deck. A sliding glass door gave access to the interior, and we ducked inside into a somewhat cramped hallway - both of us turning a little sideways to feel comfortable. Four doors lined the corridor, each of them currently open as the girls had divided up the rooms between the couples and were busily unpacking and talking back and forth. Beyond the corridor the long, rectangular houseboat opened up into a kitchen area, and a lounge area beyond that. Another small porch deck was at the other end of the boat, with glass bay windows letting the lounge look out onto the water.

“Well hello there, handsome,” Terra said to JC as we passed by the cabin she had claimed for her and JC.

“Hello, beautiful,” he said. “Captain Juan Carlos, reporting for duty.”

“Oh, I was talking about your tall friend,” Terra teased him.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” JC rolled his eyes. He swept her fit body up into his arms as Terra squawked in surprise and then turned and winked at me. “Sorry, just need to remind the woman who she’s teasing.”

I laughed and started shutting the door for him. “No worries. Nice to meet you, Terra.”

“You too!” she whooped as JC turned and tossed her onto the bed.

Heather and Cattie had taken the cabin across from JC and Terra. Cattie grinned and waved to me as I stuck my head in the door, while Heather was unpacking a suitcase into the chest of drawers built into the wall.

“Hey,” I said. “We’re departing in like twenty-five minutes. Come on up top.”

“Sounds good,” Cattie nodded and pointed her thumb at the nearby wall. “Cassidy took the room next to ours.”

“Perfect,” I said.

“Try not to get too loud with your grunting, yeah?” Heather said, turning and smirking over her shoulder. “If you keep us up at night, I’ll return the favour. Cattie is a bit of a screamer when I really get going.”

“Heather!” Cattie exclaimed, mostly for show but still blushing just a little. She grabbed a pillow from the bed and swung it at her girlfriend, thumping her back.

I laughed as Heather stood and turned, her imposing size looming over Cattie. “Are we doing this?” she asked.

“Maybe,” Cattie grinned, holding the pillow in front of her for protection with a big, silly grin.

“Excuse us,” Heather said to me. “Apparently I need to remind my girl about who wears the pants in this relationship.”

“Funny,” I chuckled. “JC said something similar.” I shut the door as Heather went to the porthole window and closed the curtains so that no one walking by on the dock would see what was happening.

I snorted and shook my head. We weren’t even untied from the docks and two of the couples were already fooling around. Becca separating the group into Couples and Singles was starting to make a lot more sense.

At the next set of doors I stuck my head into the opposite room. Heels was lounging on the bed with earbuds in, a notepad in her hand as she wrote something and bopped her head to the music. Wanda was just coming out of the little en suite bathroom, carrying an empty cosmetics bag she must have unpacked. “Hey, we’re shoving off in about twenty-five minutes,” I said. “Meet us up top?”

“Sure,” she nodded with a soft smile. “I’ll let Heels know when she’s done journaling.”

“Great,” I said and winked. As I turned away I felt a sense of déjà vu. I winked? I wasn’t a winker. I didn’t wink at people. Why did I wink?

“Hey, Tiger,” Cassidy said as I finally entered our little stateroom. Each of the rooms was the same, featuring a king-size bed squeezed into the cabin and dominating the space. Two sets of drawers were built into the far wall bracketing the door into the en suite. Our room was painted

soft turquoise and had a bit of a sea turtle theme with prints framed on the walls. Cassidy was lying on her side of the bed, knowing I preferred the left side, and patted the sheets next to her.

“Hey,” I said, shutting the cabin door and latching it before climbing up onto the bed on my knees and falling in next to her. We settled on our sides, looking at each other. We’d lain like this hundreds of times through college, or at home in our apartment. It felt right to be like this with her.

“So, are you the captain now?” she asked, lowering her voice in a terrible parody of the classic Captain Phillips line.

I laughed. “That was almost Arnold,” I said.

“Whatever,” she grinned.

“And yes, I’m the Captain,” I said. “Though I think on a boat like this I’m more like the Skipper. JC doesn’t know it yet, but he’s Gilligan.”

“Oh, going retro,” Cassidy said. “I like it. Am I Mary-Anne or Ginger?”

“Neither,” I said. “They both had the hots for the Professor.”

“Mmm, then I’m definitely not either of them,” Cassidy agreed, scooching closer to me. “Maybe I’m...”

“Maybe we should end the metaphor,” I suggested.

“OK,” she nodded. “How was the driving lesson?”

“Fine. Should be easy,” I said. “We need to head out in about twenty minutes.”

That was when a soft moaning started leaking through the wall near our head. The headboard of the bed was built into the wall of the cabin, and the headboard of Cattie and Heather’s room mirrored ours.

Cassidy and I both looked at the wall, and then back at each other and grinned and blushed. “Guess they didn’t want to wait,” I said.

“Neither do I,” Cassidy said and began undoing my shorts. “Can I suck you again?”

I nodded, and helped her get my shorts off.

“Sit with your head on the headboard,” Cassidy whispered. “I want to blow you while you listen to Cattie and Heather.”

Chapter 9

“Fuck,” I groaned, doing as Cassidy said and leaning my head back on the wall where we could hear the muted lesbian moans from next door. I closed my eyes, already half hard, and listened for a long moment. It was just one voice, and I couldn’t tell which of the women it was as she was trying to be quiet and failing. Was it beautiful Cattie, with her perfect and pale complexion, or was it Heather? Were they licking each other, or had they brought toys?

“This is so fucking hot,” Cassidy whispered. She’d laid down between my legs on her stomach, propping herself up on her elbows as she began to suckle on my cock head. After a few minutes of Cassidy slowly sliding my cock further into her mouth and working me with her tongue, she pulled off of me and slowly stroked me. “For real, Robbie. Have you met anyone yet you want to fuck?” She kept her voice low so we couldn’t be heard outside the cabin. “What about Cattie? I think we’ve both had a crush on her since we met her.”

“Um, I mean, sure,” I said. “But she’s in a relationship.”

“What if you could fuck Heather *and* Cattie?”

I pictured myself fucking Heather from behind, pushing her face into Cattie’s crotch. “I mean, that would be hot, but-”

“No buts, this is just fantasy,” Cassidy whispered. “Anyone else?”

“Becca,” I groaned, thinking of her touching my arm. Her cherubic face and bright eyes.

“Would you want me to watch?” Cassidy asked between soft, little licks of my shaft.

“Yes,” I said.

“Would you want me to play, too?”

I nodded. “Eventually.”

“Anyone else? What about that beautiful Chinese girl?”

“Ami,” I said, thinking of her long legs and graceful walk. “I would. And Leia.”

“I haven’t met her yet,” Cassidy said. “I can’t wait to watch her suck on your cock like this.”

“Cassidy,” I groaned, stopping her and reaching down to pull her up next to me. She let me, and snuggled in next to me, pulling her knees up to her chest as she rested her head on my

shoulder. "Cass, I need you to stop trying to push it," I said. "It'll happen if it happens. Right now I just want my fiancée. I want you."

"Really?" she asked.

"Yes, really," I sighed. "Stop performing. If you keep doing that, I'm going to get frustrated, and things will just spiral out of control. Can you please just be real with me?"

She nodded. "I'm sorry, I just want you to be happy."

"I was happy," I said. "And now I'm not, but I believe you, Cassidy. I believe you mean what you say. You don't need to force it."

She nodded again, silently this time, and hugged herself to me. I buried my nose in her hair and we ended up just sitting there for about ten minutes, holding each other as my cock wilted.

"We should get going," I mumbled into her hair after a while. "We'll be leaving soon. Do you want to change?"

"OK," she said. She squeezed me a little tighter, then rolled off of the bed and went to a drawer she'd filled. "I have that cute bikini with the boy short bottoms, that should hide my butt."

"Sounds good," I said. The moaning had died down from next door, so I just watched as my fiancée started stripping out of her clothes.

"What are you doing?" she asked, looking at me with a nervous smile.

"Watching you," I said. "You know I love watching you get dressed."

"I figured- Never mind," she said, and smiled a little more. "Thanks."

"Oh, no," I shook my head. "Thank you."

Cassidy stripped down completely, doing a little dance when she took off her bra and wiggling her tits at me, then bouncing her butt at me as well as she stripped off her thong. She took a moment between undressing and dressing to jump onto the bed and come kiss me, letting me grope her a little, then went back and slipped on the pink and black stretchy shorts from the two-piece swimsuit. She'd gotten it from a small clothing company as a sponsorship package, and she'd liked them enough that she'd gone above and beyond her contract with them, which had brought in return business for her, and even more clothes.

The top was more traditional, black triangle cups with pink polka dots and pink strings. She did a little trick she'd learned from some of the other models and crossed the shoulder strings across

her chest, which angled the cups a little more and created a bigger cleavage. When she was done, she spread her arms and presented herself to me. "Good?"

"Sunglasses," I said.

"Right," she nodded, and found her little round black ones.

"Try some bracelets, and the silver hoop earrings," I suggested.

She grinned and turned, opening another drawer as she bopped her booty a bit, enjoying playing dress-up for me. "Like this?" she asked, turning back around with a tinkling of various silver bracelets on both forearms and holding up the hoop earrings.

"Beautiful," I said. "But fix your hair. Maybe a half pony?" She did, put on the earrings, and turned back again. "Have I ever told you that you're the most beautiful woman on the planet?" I asked.

"Every day," she grinned. "Come on, we don't want to be late."

"Alright, alright," I said, rolling off of the bed to my feet. I stopped Cassidy from opening the door and kissed her, then grabbed the sunscreen from our little washroom where she'd stored it. "I'm putting this all over you."

"Yeah?" she asked. "Gonna squirt your white stuff all over me and massage it into my skin?"

"OK, you win," I shook my head. "You made it way dirtier than I did."

She bit her lower lip with a smile. "I love you," she said.

I nodded quietly, opening the door to our room. "I know, I love you, too."

We headed towards the stairs.

Chapter 10

Up on the top deck of the houseboat we found the rental company had carpeted it with cheap faux grass. At the bow of the boat was the pilot's cabin, a small enclosure with glass on three sides where JC and I would be steering the boat from. There was also a hot tub in the centre of the roof, with several heavy deckchairs around for lounging. The whole area had a waist-high railing to stop people from stepping off the sides.

I followed Cassidy up the tight stairs, her bum right in front of me, and when we reached the top I pulled her close to me and gave her another squeeze. I was still... Well, I still had a lot of things inside. But I knew I was still in love with her. I knew she still turned me on like no one else.

Wanda, Heels and Terra were already up top. Wanda hadn't changed from her top and tight cotton shorts, but Heels had changed into a purple one-piece swimsuit with leg holes that cut high on her skinny hips and a diamond-shaped cutout in the centre of her chest. Her warm brown skin seemed to already be soaking in the rays as she was tying her thick black hair back and lounging on one of the chairs. Terra had also changed, though it looked more like she was wearing athletic gear than something to show off - her bikini bottoms were a bright red and had a thick band, but the elastic material also revealed half of each of her firm ass cheeks. Her top was little better, the black halter clinging to her small chest and clearly showing off nipple bumps despite actually covering everything.

"Ladies, ready to set off?" I asked.

"JC is just unmooring us," Terra said. She flipped her long blonde ponytail over her shoulder as she sat in another of the deck chairs.

"Anyone heard from Cattie and Heather?" Wanda asked.

"Oh, we *heard*," Terra smirked. "I assume they'll be up here soon."

Good to know, I thought. JC and Terra had been able to hear the moaning across the hallway, it wasn't just Cassidy and I who heard them through the wall.

I went to the pilot's cabin and acquainted myself with it. Half of the space was actually dedicated to a minifridge and small bar, which seemed irresponsible to me. I glanced across the dock to the Single's Boat and saw several of the girls over there in bikinis now as well. Becca was at her own steering wheel, and I waved. She grinned and waved back, then tapped her wrist and held up five fingers. I gave her a thumbs up - we'd leave in five minutes.

"Alright, bitches," Heather said behind me, climbing the stairs up to the top deck. "I've got the fixings for Pina Colodas as long as this bucket has a blender."

“Right over here,” I called out, gesturing to the bar, before I turned and stopped. Heather was wearing a tight tank top over her bikini, her thick and muscled thighs bare as she carried a small cooler with ice and drink mix. Her, I wasn’t stunned by. Cattie, following behind her though?

Fuck.

Cattie had her black hair tied back into a high ponytail and fed through a baseball cap. She was wearing a blue, gold and white swimsuit top that would have been downright modest if it wasn’t three sizes too small. Her tits were spilling out of both sides of the triangular cups, and the bottoms hugged her even tighter than a second skin - she was sporting an obvious camel toe, and her feminine curves pushed against the edges of the elastic straining against her hips and ass. The addition of a thin white choker seemed to make the whole thing just a touch naughtier.

“Awesome, move over,” Heather said, coming over and bumping me with her hip in a friendly way. She went to work on the drinks immediately. From behind, I could see she had a bikini top on under her shirt.

“We almost ready to set sail, Robbie?” Cattie asked me, coming over and leaning in the open-air doorway to the pilot cabin.

“Just about,” I said, trying my fucking damndest not to stare at her tits. I’d seen her in more than a few revealing cosplays over the years - Cattie was Cassidy’s best Con friend, and they had sort of come up together in the scene. We always met up with her at every convention Cassidy attended, and the two spent time every week on video calls together. “Just waiting on JC to untie us from the dock, and the other boat to be ready.”

“Great,” she grinned.

“Boo, come help me with this,” Heather said, and Cattie moved to help her girlfriend.

“All good to go,” JC said as he bounded up the front stairs. He stopped, catching sight of what I was also currently distracted by - Cattie’s ass. She might as well have been wearing a thong, the way the too-tight bottoms revealed each of her alabaster pale cheeks.

“Right, right,” I said, nodding as I tried to shake myself out of it.

I looked over to the Single’s Boat and caught Becca’s attention at the helm, holding up a thumbs up to her. She flashed one back.

“Alright, ladies and gentleman,” I called, sticking my head out of the pilot’s cabin. “We’re about to get underway. Put your cute little behinds in the chairs for a moment as we start rolling, and let’s get this party started.”

They gave a little 'whoop' of a cheer, and I went and turned over the big engines. They chugged to life and the entire boat thrummed for a moment until they seemed to slip into gear.

Looking over to Becca, I gestured for her to lead the way, and she nodded and put her boat into motion, pulling away from the dock. I followed suit, and soon we were slipping in behind the Single's as we made our way out onto Lake Powell.

About a minute after we went into motion the dock was already falling away behind us and we were surrounded by beauty. A sharp whistle sounded from the Single's boat and I looked forward from enjoying the scenery, as did the rest of us on the top deck. The Single's girls were lined up at the back railing, waving, and then at some unknown signal they all turned and dropped their drawers, cheering and cackling as they mooned us.

We were far enough back that it wasn't like we could see any details, but I knew there were some very nice asses in that group. We could hear them laughing, the joyful sound echoing off the nearby canyon walls, and most of them quickly pulled their various bikini bottoms and shorts back up quickly.

"Way to set the tone, ladies," Heather chuckled, smirking. "This is going to be a good fucking trip."

"I hope so," I sighed. "I really hope so."

Chapter 11

After the fun of the departure, the girls seemed to settle in a bit on both boats, breaking out the drinks and starting their sunbathing. I was content just driving, folding down the plexiglass at the front of the captain's cabin and enjoying the breeze. Becca seemed to know where she was going, so I just followed a safe distance back and watched the scenery.

The lake wasn't so active that I would have called it busy, but this close to the town of Page and the docks near there, I always had at least one other boat in my sightlines, and often three or four. And there were all sorts - speedboats burning through, sometimes pulling water skiers or tubes with whooping riders, trolling fishing boats, and other houseboats. At one point a half dozen jet ski's skirted around us at high speeds, and I had to wonder if they were going to run into each other because they were moving so erratically.

About thirty minutes in, our big houseboats pattering along, a sleek and large white speedboat pulled up alongside us. 'Police' was branded in thick blue letters on each side, and with a glance I could see an array of spotlights and megaphones mounted to its utility bars. I waved, and the man driving the boat nodded with a frown in reply, then pulled ahead and seemed to check out the Singles' Boat as well, before kicking up some spray as it pulled ahead and went off to some other part of the lake.

My reverie was broken by Cassidy calling to me. "Tiger, any chance you could come help me out here?"

I glanced back and she was holding our bottle of spray-on sunscreen. All of the women were currently laying out on the heavy chairs, chatting away as they sipped on their cocktails, while JC was trying out the hot tub with a beer in hand.

"Sure," I said. "Hey, JC. Can you come take over?"

"Yeah, no prob," JC said, and he sloshed his way out of the hot tub.

"Just finish the beer first," I cautioned him. "Police already drove by us once, I think he was checking to see if the drivers were obviously drinking."

"Noted," JC said and drained his bottle. I was fairly certain it was his first, so I wasn't worried about him being fit to drive.

"Thanks," I said, and shifted to let him take the wheel.

I ducked out of the cabin and lowered my sunglasses. Wanda had done away with her sporty t-shirt now, showing off a small white bikini top that hugged her tits nicely - I had to guess that they were a little enhanced considering how perky they were with almost no support, though nothing like Heather's. The taller woman was lounging back in one of the Adirondack chairs,

having stripped off her long tank top to reveal what I could only rightfully think of as one size up from a micro bikini - the bottoms were little more than strings other than a sling of fabric between her muscled thighs, and the top had strings that wrapped around her chest bando-style, with small rectangular 'cups' that were barely managing to cover her areola.

"What's up?" I asked Cassidy.

She smiled and shook the spray lotion. "Could you spread this on me, pretty please?"

I chuckled. "That's a sprayer. I assume you mean the special way?"

"Yes, please," she grinned and stood up from her seat to let me sit down.

"What's the special way?" Cattie asked Cassidy.

"Robbie has great hands," Cassidy said. "And he took a course in massage therapy in college, so..."

"So you're going to make us all watch you get a massage," Heels laughed. "Bitch!"

"I'll loan him out to you guys," Cassidy said with a shrug as she quickly sat down between my legs as I spread them wide for her. She sat tall, with perfect posture, and braced her hands on my knees, pushing her butt back to brush against my swim trunks. "I just need to get mine first."

"Well, I call next," Wanda said. "I could definitely use a massage, I'm so fucking tense after the flight this morning."

"OK, I'm no registered therapist here, ladies," I said as I sprayed the lotion up and down Cassidy's back. "It was one course for my Hospitality degree. Don't expect me to be working out any major kinks."

"I don't even care," Wanda chuckled.

"I'll go after her," Cattie grinned. "Unless you want to do me, babe?"

Heather shook her head without opening her eyes. "I'm the bartender, not the masseuse. Maybe tomorrow."

"Well, I'm not missing out on free massages," Terra kicked in. "And JC doesn't have the patience. He starts a foot rub and five minutes later I'm getting railed on the couch and missing the plot of Game of Thrones."

This set all the women to cackling, and I started rubbing the lotion into Cassidy's skin at her waist and lower back, pressing my thumbs along her spine. "Ugh, Tiger," she mumbled. "That's good."

The ladies kept chatting - part of it them trying to explain the plot of Game of Thrones for Terra, who never had gotten past the first season - while I slowly worked over Cassidy. First I did her back, then up and down her arms all the way to between her fingers. Then I reached around her and softly did her stomach and abdomen, then around her top and chest and neck. I carefully massaged her throat, cheeks, nose, and forehead. The entire time she was making appreciative noises, but it was when I quickly, but softly, rubbed some lotion into her ears and she let out a louder moan, a little more sexual in nature, that I started to wonder if something else was going on.

"You OK over there, Cass?" Cattie asked. "Sounded like Robbie just made you come from rubbing your earlobes."

"What can I say," Cassidy said dreamily, with a satisfied look on her face. "My man knows how to work a lady over."

Chapter 12

“Alright, alright,” I said as the other women made little catcalls at Cassidy and I. “Turn around so I can get your legs, Cass.”

She stood and quickly sat back down between my legs, but with hers up and nestling against my sides and under my arms. I quickly sprayed her shins and thighs and began rubbing the lotion in there.

“Now *that* is a new way of doing sunscreen,” Wanda said, watching me work.

“Not the most efficient,” I said, “But when you live in Vegas, you start finding new ways to make sunscreen flirty.”

“Hey, all power to you,” she laughed.

“It’s also great for foot massages as long as you’re a little limber,” Cassidy said, pulling one leg back and positioning her foot right in front of my chest. “We can still talk while looking each other in the eye.”

“Cute,” Heels said. “But I hate having my feet touched.”

That set off a whole conversation about feet and whether the girls liked foot massages or not, and the hypocrisy of receiving foot massages but not giving them out. Heather in particular had a hard stance of not wanting to give them, but being perfectly happy to receive - which Cattie made a sly dirty joke about that being the opposite in the bedroom.

I tuned most of it out though, as I worked Cassidy’s thighs and watched her face as she seemed to zone out and melt under my hands.

“Babe,” I said, and she opened her eyes with a smile. “Fess up.”

“Hmm?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I’m good, but I’m not this good,” I said. “So what’s going on? Is this one of those surprises you mentioned?”

Cassidy blushed and bit her lips, examining my features as she slowly nodded.

“Are you going to tell me what it is?” I asked.

“It’s called ‘Midas Hands,’ and was an upgrade of an upgrade. The first one makes your hands feel good when you touch other people - like, a little pleasurable warmth. The second upgrade

to it amped that up. The third makes your hands into perfection - you'll always find the best spots to touch for the person you're touching, and when you do they feel it and know it."

"That explains Becca earlier," I mumbled.

"What happened with Becca?" Cassidy asked, perking up a bit.

I had finished her legs and actually did start massaging my fiancée's feet. "The test driving boat hit the dock - on purpose - and she stumbled and I caught her. She was more thankful than I thought she should be, and I couldn't figure out if she was getting flirty."

"Oh," Cassidy said and got a sneaky smile. "Yeah, that must be it."

"Cass," I said.

"OK, maybe it's another one I got you," Cassidy said.

"Are you going to tell me what it is?" I asked.

"Can I keep it a secret a bit longer?" Cassidy asked. "I promise, it's fun. Please?"

"Would you tell me if I said you had to?"

"Immediately," she said, no hesitation.

I slowly nodded. "OK, surprise for now, but I'm going to want to know."

"I know. And I'll tell you when it's more relevant, OK?"

I just nodded.

She smiled and leaned forward and kissed me softly, then practically leapt up from her seat. "Alright, all done. Who was next, Wanda?"

"Mhmm," Wanda nodded, taking the last sip from her melting cocktail. "Though I don't think I'll do the acrobat routine. Let me spread out a towel." She skipped over to her things, which she'd left near the stairs, and quickly shook out a beach towel on the other side of the hot tub from the chairs where there was more room.

"Do you have your own sunscreen, or do you want to use ours?" I asked.

"What strength is that?" she asked as she slipped down onto the towel on her stomach, her amazing ass doing a 'hungry bum' act and eating at her cotton shorts a bit.

“SPF 60,” I said.

“OK, yeah we can do yours,” she said. “I need at least 60, sometimes 75.”

Wanda shifted her blonde hair out of the way, gathering it over her shoulder and then folded her arms under her head as she rested it sideways. “OK, ready,” she said.

I quickly sprayed down her back and started the same way I had with Cassidy, my thumbs aligned on her spine and her lower back, and my hands wrapping around her waist. Now, this wasn't the first time I had rubbed sunscreen on a woman who wasn't Cassidy - the variety spread from helping out my sister and mother, to Cattie on a beach day after San Diego ComicCon (though she'd been wearing a way less revealing bikini that time).

This was, however, the first time one of those women had moaned audibly and her skin had immediately goose-pimpled at the first few touches.

“Ooooooh, fuck, Cassidy,” Wanda groaned. “You weren't lying. Robbie, your hands are amazing!”

“I try,” I said, not sure what else to say.

The other girls were laughing, and Wanda played it up a bit, moaning louder and making it even more sexual on purpose for a minute, then faking an orgasm, which set all the ladies off in a snorting and giggle fit.

“What the hell is going on back there?” JC called from the captain's cabin.

“Just Robbie giving Wanda a big orgasm, honey,” Terra called to her boyfriend. “Cattie's next, then I'm after her.”

“Oh, that's all?” he joked. “Well, alright. Yo, Robbie, make sure you tickle behind her right knee, she loves that.”

“Oh my god, Juan Carlos!” Terra laughed, covering her face with her hands.

“What, is that your naughty spot?” Cassidy giggled and asked.

“No, that's like the most ticklish spot on my entire body,” Terra said. “Robbie, if you touch me there you might literally get kicked in the face, and it won't be my fault. It'll be full instinct.”

“Noted,” I laughed.

Chapter 13

I'd made my way up Wanda's back, running my hands smoothly and firmly along her skin, wrapping my fingers around her sides. She was that level of fit that I didn't see her ribs, but I could still feel them as I ran my fingers across her. I worked around the ties of her bikini, which were just white strings and proved little hindrance, and got to her shoulders.

"Fuck," Wanda muttered as I slid my thumbs across her shoulder blades, "For real though, Robbie. That is *really* good. You've kind of got me getting sleepy here - is it weird if I actually moan a little bit? I swear I'm not trying to make it a sexual thing."

"It's all good," I assured her quietly.

Wanda sort of wiggled down, almost like a dog settling into the spot, and closed her eyes as she let herself drift in my hands. And she did moan, just a little here or there, as I worked her shoulders, and then down her arms. When I moved back to do her legs I thought she might have actually been asleep, but she helpfully lifted her feet for me to start there, and her toes slowly flexed and curled as I worked sunscreen into her feet and massaged her soles and heels, then made my way up her ankles, calves and to her thighs.

I was getting closer and closer to her ass, her legs spreading apart and those cotton shorts she was wearing starting to press against her. When I was about halfway up her thighs she shifted, and I thought she was done for a moment but instead I found she was just raising her hips and she slid the shorts halfway down her thigh. "Help me out?" she mumbled.

So I did, pulling her shorts off and leaving her clad in a matching small bikini bottom to her top. It barely covered half of her juicy ass cheeks, each one like it was carved from smooth, flexible marble.

"Don't be shy," Wanda said. "You can touch my butt. Sometimes it feels like half the internet sends me disgusting photos and messages about it."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I know that can be tough. Cassidy hates when she gets gross messages."

"Comes with the territory," Wanda muttered and shrugged as I put my hands back on her thighs and started massaging higher. "Not that it's OK, but you gotta learn to let it go. There's only so many grainy photos of someone having shot their load to a printed picture of your ass before you stop caring."

"And that," I said. "Is fucking gross."

Wanda chuckled and really didn't care as my hands travelled from thigh to cheek, and massaged her there. I didn't spend any more or less time on her ass, and she moaned a few more times before I patted her hip. "Alright, flip over. Let's get your front done quick."

She rolled under me, and I sprayed down her smooth stomach and rubbed it in, then again across her chest. She didn't say a word, just closing her eyes as my fingers trailed right up to the fabric of her bikini top, playing over the bare parts of her cleavage without hesitation.

I didn't make it weird, and she didn't feel weirded out by it. Now, I was internally cheering and shouting as I felt that cleavage, revelling in being in the position I was in, but I didn't take advantage. Soon I was softly massaging a bit of sunscreen into her throat, and then I found that - despite everything I'd just been touching and feeling - it was massaging her face that felt the most intimate.

Wanda, like so many of the women on the trip, was objectively gorgeous. She had the soft, all-American apple pie sort of features I would expect on a cheerleader, and as I massaged her cheeks she kept her eyes softly closed and breathed deeply. And then her lips opened just a little and she moaned, louder than the others but not so loud as her fake ones.

"You good?" I asked quietly.

"Don't stop doing that," Wanda groaned. "That feels so fucking good."

So I didn't, just softly using my thumbs to massage around her cheekbones, against the bridge of her nose, and out to her temples.

"Fuck, fuck, OK," Wanda suddenly said, and blew out a quick breath. "For real, I think if you kept doing that I might have actually come, and that would *not* be fair to Cassidy."

"What about your husband?" I asked.

Wanda considered me for a moment. "Brodi and I have an open relationship," she finally said quietly. "We both get so many opportunities, we knew one of us would end up cheating at some point, so we decided to just give each other permission. As long as we're not doing it right in front of each other, and we're not catching feelings, it's all good. First hint of feelings, we tell each other and cut the person off completely."

"Sounds like you know what you're doing, and it takes a lot of trust," I said.

"There have been some hiccups, don't get me wrong," Wanda said. "And it's definitely not for everyone. But it works for us."

"Well, let me get your ears," I said, and quickly applied sunscreen to Wanda's ears as I eased off from straddling her midsection. "All done."

"Thanks," Wanda said. "That was honestly the best lotioning I've ever received. And you should definitely consider a career as a masseuse." She sprung up and gave me a kiss on the cheek,

her ass bobbing right next to my face in a way I knew had to have been on purpose. “Alright
Cattie, you can use my towel. The Massage Master awaits.”

Chapter 14

Cattie picked her way around the chairs, an excited look on her face and she immediately slid to her butt down on the towel. “Thanks for doing this, Robbie,” she said.

“Of course,” I told the beautiful dark-haired woman. “For you, any time you want.”

“Could you for real start with my feet?” Cattie asked me. “Heather really doesn’t like doing foot rubs, and I love them.”

“Sure,” I said and shifted to sit cross-legged at her feet. “Just lay back and enjoy.”

“God, thank you,” she sighed, and quickly did so, letting me pick up one of her dainty little pale feet. Her toenails were painted black, like her fingernails, to go with her ‘Gothy Witch on Vacation’ vibes, and I quickly applied some of the spray sunscreen and got to work.

With Cattie laying on her back before me in nothing but her too-tight bikini, right after the massage and conversation with Wanda... well, I was running hot. My eyes trailed across her body, up her bare thighs and over the too-tight bottoms. With her legs just a little spread I could see a clear camel toe. Then up her smooth and toned alabaster stomach to her generous tits half spilling out of her top. Even her face, pointed up to the sun with its elfin quality, turned me on.

“I’ve got to be honest, Cattie,” I said. “It’s really nice to have you here on the trip. Everyone seems great, but I know Cassidy misses you. I do too.”

“Thanks,” she smiled, opening her eyes and moving her arms behind her head so she could look down her body at me. “I meant what I said back in the parking lot. I miss you guys too. Life is just so busy all the time, I feel like I can’t get my shit together cause I’m always jumping from one project to the next. And then I’m dating Heather, and she’s got her stuff going on, and now we’re both helping my sister get *her* stuff going. It’s just a lot.”

“Well, you know I have some connections at the hotel,” I said. “If you and Heather want to just get away for a weekend, let me know and I can probably get you a free upgrade, if not a comped stay depending on the week. Then you get a mini-vacation, and we can meet up for dinner, and Cassidy could show you some of the local secrets spots we’ve picked up on.”

“That would be so nice,” Cattie sighed. “And very generous of you.”

“For my friend, and my girl’s best friend?” I said. “It’s not a problem at all.”

I worked her feet longer than I had the others, enjoying the feel and comfortability we had between each other. As I finally started moving up from her ankles, Cattie sighed deeply. “I just don’t know if Heather will go for it.”

“Why wouldn’t she?” I asked.

“She’s a homebody, sort of,” Cattie said. “She’s all-in on making her content. Every day she’s working. The only reason she’s happy to do this trip is because of the content - if it was just a vacation, she wouldn’t have come. That’s why she only does some Cons, and she doesn’t like when I do others without her.”

“Why? You’re just going to hang out with us,” I said.

“She says she trusts me but is worried about cheating because of a past relationship. And abusive photographers.” Cattie sighed. “I mean, I can’t blame her. Every few months there’s some Twitter uprising against some photographer that new girls have been letting get handsy or worse. She’s just worried for me.”

I didn’t want to say it, considering it sounded legitimate and I had absolutely no proof to the contrary, but it also sounded controlling to me.

“Well, maybe we can work on her this week,” I said. “If we can get her to be better friends with me and Cassidy herself, she’s more likely to say yes, right?”

“Good idea,” Cattie said. I’d gotten up to her thighs at this point, and she sat up and hugged me around my neck and kissed my cheek. “You’re sweet. I’m so glad you and Cassidy have each other. Relationship goals for sure.”

I tried to school my face. I really fucking did, but Cattie saw it. Saw that look, and she didn’t lay back down. “Robbie, what is it?”

“I- It’s nothing,” I said. “Just something between Cassidy and I.”

She frowned, her beautiful face full of concern as her eyebrows came together. She watched me for a long moment. “It was her, not you,” she finally said, very quietly.

“A long time ago,” I whispered back.

“But you just found out,” she finished for me.

I nodded.

“Oh, Robbie,” she said, and hugged me again, squeezing me tight. “I’m sorry.”

I hugged her back and did my best not to let out a sob. She was the first person I’d told, the first person to know except for me and Cassidy, and it felt good to say it out loud. To see her react

like she was, to confirm I wasn't beating myself up in my own head and overreacting in my emotions.

But she was Cassidy's best friend, and I was worried about that, too.

"Don't think worse of her," I said, still embraced in the hug. "It was well before we ever met you. And she had been beating herself up about it for years. And she admitted it to me, I didn't find out or anything like that. It's hard, really hard, but we'll be OK."

"You're a good man," Cattie whispered in my ear. "I love that girl, but she really fucked up if she slept with some random guy, and I bet every ounce of her regret and apology is real."

"Well..." I hesitated for a moment. "It helps a little that the cheating wasn't with a guy."

"Wait," Cattie said, pulling back. "Cassidy is Bi?"

"She's been hiding it," I said. "Keeping it in the closet, so to speak, so she wouldn't be tempted again."

"That girl," Cattie sighed. "I'm going to need to have a heart-to-heart with her this week. With lots of liquor, and no one else around."

"That would probably be good for her," I said.

"You could probably use that, too," Cattie observed. "But I don't know if JC is the guy to have that conversation with."

"I'm... well, I'm not fine. But I can handle it. We've got therapy appointments lined up when we get back, both of us individually and as a couple."

"Oh, Robbie," she sighed, and lightly kissed me on the lips for a fraction of a second, a caring gesture between friends. More than we'd ever done before, that was for sure, but there was nothing lustful about it. "Always the man with the plan."

"OK, enough about this," I said. "Do you want your massage or not?"

"Yes, please," she said but kept watching me for a moment longer.

"Lay back down," I prompted her, forcing a smile.

She gave me an 'I know you're faking it till you make it' sort of look but followed my directions. I quickly finished up her thighs and moved on to her stomach and up over her chest. Cattie wasn't exactly as comfortably warmed up as Wanda had been, so she took the initiative and did

her own cleavage with the sunscreen lotion, then I took back over and did her neck and face, which she didn't like quite as much as Wanda or Cassidy.

When she rolled over, I just swapped trying not to stare at her tits for trying not to stare at her ass. It was almost as nice as Wanda's; it just happened to be even more lewdly displayed with the super-tight bikini bottoms. I tried my best to ignore that fact, and I started with her lower back. This seemed to be her 'spot', and soon I had her whimpering as I pressed my thumbs firmly into her pale skin.

"You alright?" I asked.

"More than alright," she groaned.

"You want me to keep going, or just work on that spot some more?" I asked.

"I-" she said and hesitated. "Ask me again when you finish the rest."

"OK," I said quietly, knowing what she was thinking after our conversation. Not wanting to risk approaching the line.

I worked her upper back and shoulders, then her arms, and then finished up getting the backs of her thighs. "You OK if I get your ass quick?" I asked.

"Quick," she nodded, and I sprayed the lotion over her and quickly worked it in.

"You know, this swimsuit..." I said and left it hanging.

"I know," she sighed. "Heather picked it out for me and asked me to wear it."

"Are you comfortable?" I asked.

"Enough," she answered. "It's fine."

"OK," I said, and just put my hand on her lower back without pressing. "I think we're done, yeah?"

"Mhmm," she nodded, and sat up, reaching to give me another hug. "Thanks."

"Next time let's try to have a more relaxing conversation," I chuckled, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Agreed," she laughed, and we both got up.

Chapter 15

“Terra, just give me a sec,” I said. “I need to wet my whistle and give my thumbs a rest.”

“No prob,” the small blonde nodded.

“Babe, you should really get Robbie to massage you,” Cattie said, laying back down on her chair and stretching happily.

“I have a chiropractor and a massage therapist back home,” Heather chuckled. It looked like she had refilled her drink again. “Now, if he was an amazonian Swedish blonde, maybe.”

“Your loss,” Cassidy said from her seat.

I left the conversation, not really caring one way or the other if Heather could be convinced. “How’s it going in here?” I asked JC.

“Oh, she be flyin’ fine in the breeze, Cap’n. Smooth sailin’ all the way down to Barbosa, me thinks,” JC said, putting a ridiculous pirate accent on.

I snorted hard and helped myself to a cup full of the icy whatever-it-was that Heather had mixed up. “Alright, well if I’m the Captain, I guess that makes you the first mate?”

“Aye, Cap’n! First Mate suits me just fine. Just think of it, First is in the title,” he kept up the joke, making me actually laugh this time.

“If you need a break just let me know,” I said.

“Will do, buddy,” he grinned, dropping the accent.

“Hey, are you actually OK with me giving a massage to Lou-Anne?” I asked, using her real name instead of her nickname.

“Yeah, dude,” he shrugged. “It’s all good. Whatever Cassidy is comfortable with you doing, I’m sure I’m fine with.”

You’ve got no idea what Cassidy wants, I thought, but kept it to myself.

“Sounds good,” I said and took a sip of the drink. My eyes shut up and I pulled back coughing. “Dear God, that’s strong.”

“What is it?” JC asked.

“I don’t even know,” I said. “Just smell it.”

He did, leaning in and taking a whiff of the strong alcohol and raising his eyebrows. “Damn. Is she trying to get everyone day drunk?”

“I have no idea,” I said. I took another sip, and then set my three-quarter full glass near the back of the bar for later. Stepping out of the captain’s cabin, I rubbed my hands together quickly. “Alright, Terra. You want to hit the towel, or right where you are?”

“I actually want to try the way you did it with Cassidy,” Terra said, standing up. “That looked comfortable and kinda fun.”

I glanced to Cassidy, “That OK, babe?”

“Yeah, totally fine,” Cassidy said, waving me to go on. I guess I wasn’t really expecting a different answer than that but felt good about asking anyways.

I took a seat and Terra took a moment to figure out how to comfortably get in position, but soon she was sitting with her legs against my sides and under my arms, facing me and smiling as she found her balance. Cassidy quickly fetched the sun lotion spray for me when I realized I’d left it over by the towel, skipping across the deck and happily handing it to me.

“Alright,” I said, spraying it on Terra’s impressively muscled and toned legs. “We’ll start here and move down. So where are you and JC from?”

“Originally, Texas for me,” she said. “JC is from Florida.”

“That explains so much,” I chuckled as I started massaging her thigh. “JC is Florida Man.”

She chuckled. “Thankfully not quite,” she said. “Though he definitely has a silly side that I appreciate. Now we live in Louisiana. I like to say we split the difference between our states.”

“Nice,” I said. “And what sort of modelling do you do?”

“Swimsuit, underwear, some magazine stuff,” she said, her voice getting tighter. “Fuck, you *are* good at this.”

“Thanks,” I grinned. I kept working on her as we chatted casually. Terra had done some ‘implied nude’ stuff, but that was as far as she’d gone so far. Her bread and butter work was actually fitness shoots, and we laughed as I massaged her feet and she told me the story of being in one of those late-night infomercials for a moderately useful exercise machine.

I ended up massaging her arms from the front as well, and then our talking stopped as I rubbed the sunscreen lotion into her neck, and across her cheeks and face. She twitched a few times as I did that, making me smile at her cuteness.

When she turned around I got a quick look at her muscled ass in that athletic red bikini bottom - similar to Cattie, it was nearly perfect and was only overshadowed because Wanda was on the trip. But then she sat down and leaned forward, and I went to work on her lower back.

“Fuuuuuck,” she groaned loudly.

“Oh, Cassidy, you sound like you're having an orgasm,” Cassidy said with a sing-song voice and a chuckle.

“You know what, I take it all back,” Cattie said. “Terra, get it girl.”

This made Terra laugh, and I had to stop for a moment. When I started again, she kept her noise to a pleasant whimper, but soon my hands had reached the back of her black halter top.

“Babe,” she called to JC in the cabin. “I’m taking my top off so Robbie can get my upper back and shoulders.”

“Sweet!” was JC’s response.

And without further ado, Terra peeled off her top and let it fall to the ground, looking back over her shoulder at me. “This is OK, right?”

Chapter 16

I looked over to Cassidy as Terra sat in my lap with her bare, muscled back facing me. "It's alright with me as long as it's alright with Cass," I said. Again I felt the need to check in with her, the tug to double check if what she'd been saying was true, and not just what she thought she wanted. And I felt like a chump doing it, like I was some simp or something that needed permission to have any fun - but I wasn't! Or maybe I was, but I was the appropriate level for a loyal boyfriend and fiance. Before today I might have given massages like this if Cassidy had encouraged me, but not to this extent, because it was inappropriate. It was inappropriate to the relationship we'd had, or at least that I'd thought we had.

Or did have? It had been years since Cassidy said she ended the cheating. Years of her trying to make it right while tormenting herself spiritually.

Or was everything I was feeling an influence of that fucking magic app?

"All good with me," Cassidy said from her seat across the circle of chairs. "Hell, if JC is cool with it, get him to massage your chest. Believe me, your pretty little titties will be very happy."

Terra grinned and bit her upper lip as she chuckled. "Maybe not *that* far," she said to Cassidy, then looked back over her shoulder at me again. "Just my back and sides for now, OK?"

"Sure," I said, giving her a reassuring smile as I sprayed some more of the sunscreen onto her back.

"Well, if we're far enough out onto the lake for Terra to get her tits out, I'm definitely not waiting any longer," Heather said, quickly undoing the ties on her bikini top and pulling the cups away to reveal her big, modern-medicine-enhanced rack. Her tits were broad and had that unnatural bounce that lacked the weighty sagging of natural ones, standing high on her chest with pale areolas almost the same colour as her skin and nipples that poked out with a silver barbell piercing on each one. "I hate tan lines," she said, sitting back and letting the sun play over her now bare chest. I could just see the lines of the scars on the underside of her breasts. "Come on, babe," she patted Cattie.

"OK," Cattie blushed, which surprised me because while Cattie definitely knew how attractive she was, every other time Cassidy and I had met up with her she was always a little reserved in showing herself off - even just deep cleavage was out of the norm for her unless it was for a specific cosplay, let alone the bikini she was currently wearing. I would never have thought she'd go topless. But there Cattie was, reaching behind herself and undoing the hooks on the back of her too-small blue, gold and white top, and it practically sprang off of her. Her breasts were perfect on her body, a large handful with tan areolas that were a little larger than a quarter, and stubby nipples about the width of my pinky finger.

I tried not to stare, instead focusing on the task right under my hands as I began to massage Terra's warm back and she groaned lightly in appreciation.

"Alright, come on Cass, you next," Heather said. "Yu're flaunting that cleavage, bust 'em out."

Terra could feel my hands tense on her back as I stopped the massage, just pressing my fingers against her shoulder blades lightly. She put her hand on my knee, glancing back at me a little concerned, checking on me. I met her eye for a moment, and I felt like she and I had a fast mental conversation in a blink, and I wasn't even sure what had been said.

I looked over at Cassidy to see what she would do, but she was looking back at me. Checking what I thought. What I wanted. Paying me the respect and love I deserved as her fiance, as the person she'd promised she wanted to be for me. My heart was thrilled at this, but also hurt knowing that I shouldn't have been so ecstatic about it, that it shouldn't have been a big deal. This is how I'd thought we'd always been.

I shook my head, small and almost imperceptible, and Cassidy smiled and nodded almost as small.

"I'm good," my fiancee said, leaning her head back on her chair.

"Oh, come on," Heather said, leaning forward to look around her topless girlfriend at Cassidy. "I bet you've got great tits, you should definitely show them off. Get them nice and tanned."

"Heather," Cattie said quietly, cautioning her larger girlfriend.

"I'm good," Cassidy said again. "And for reference, Robbie actually likes a nice little tan line on me."

"This isn't Boyfriend Week," Heather pushed on. "This is Girl's Week. If Robbie can't handle it, he shouldn't have come."

"Heather," Cattie said, more firmly and a little surprised.

"It's fine, Cats," Heather said. "I'm just trying to show Cassidy she can do what she wants. Robbie has Terra half naked in his lap for fuck's sake, she can tan topless."

"And if what she wants is to not flash you, she can do that," Terra said. I noticed she was now holding her swimsuit top to her chest instead of down near her hips like she had before.

"Whatever," Heather rolled her eyes. "Wanda, Heels, you joining us Fun Ladies or what?"

Wanda pursed her lips and shook her head, not saying anything. Heels, the only girl wearing a one-piece suit, shrugged. "I barely tan. Y'all white girls deal with some shit I don't need to worry about for another few days in the sun like this.

"One person is a stick in the mud, and no one wants to have fun," Heather muttered to herself.

Cattie reached over and put a hand on Heather's arm, but Heather just stood back up and headed for the pilot cabin. "I'm making daiquiris this time," she said. Cattie watched her go, then picked up her phone and quickly started typing something.

"Terra," I said, my hands still on her naked back.

"I get it," she said, and slipped her top back on, adjusting it for a moment. "Lost the mood. Maybe we'll try again some other time this week."

"You got it," I said, and when we stood she hugged me lightly and then spanked my butt as I turned to walk away.

"Cass, I'm going to need to borrow him later in the week. Maybe even do a photo shoot of him massaging me, I bet my social media would love that."

"Oh, that's actually a great idea," Wanda said. "Can I do that too, or do you want to keep the idea?"

"As long as Cassidy is OK with it, go for it. We could even schedule the release at the same time, make Robbie famous as 'That Massage Guy' or something."

Cassidy giggled. "I'm definitely in for this if he is," she smiled at me.

I just sighed and shrugged. "Sure, why not? I can be a meme for the day."

Chapter 17

Cassidy stood up, gesturing for me to take her seat, and she darted back down into the boat to our room to grab us drinks. While she was gone the conversation had lulled, and I noticed Cattie kept typing for a bit, then set her phone down and glanced over at me.

I only really looked over at her when I saw her glance my way, and she looked at me with a quirked eyebrow and tapped her phone. I shrugged and pointed at the deck, down to the rooms. She made a little face.

“Cattie, it’s fine,” I said quietly. “And you look really nice. I particularly like the ball cap look.”

“Thanks,” she smiled, looking relieved that I wasn’t holding Heather’s actions against her.

Cassidy came up from below with a couple of cold beers for us from our cooler, and her phone in her hand. She slid into my lap easily, snuggling back against me as she handed me one of the beers. “Cheers, Tiger,” she said and clinked bottle necks with me. Then she opened her phone and showed me the group text that Cattie must have started between the three of us. The message was long - longer than I wanted to read at the moment. I put my hand on the phone to ask Cassidy to lower it, and I kissed my fiancée on the cheek.

“Did you have fun?” Cassidy asked me quietly.

“It was nice,” I said. “Different. And I could tell the Midas thing worked better on some than others.”

“Makes sense,” she mumbled, taking a quick drink and snuggling down onto my chest as she whispered. “Some girls are more into touch than others. Love languages are weird.”

I smiled and hugged my arms around her. “Yes, they are,” I said.

The buzzing of the blender in the pilot’s cabin died down, and soon Heather was strutting back out with a red-filled blender, her chest still bare. She went around the circle offering drinks, though I could tell she was a little miffed that Cassidy and I were nursing beers instead of her mix. Or maybe it was that Cassidy was back sitting in my arms. I’d always had a neutral relationship with Heather when we’d met at Cons, neither good nor bad, and I hadn’t ever gotten a weird vibe from her before. This trip felt different for some reason.

“I think I should go take over for JC again,” I eventually murmured to Cassidy. Wanda and Heels were into their own conversation, and Terra seemed to be talking with Cattie and Heather politely.

Cassidy stirred from her spot and stood, stretching her body right in front of me. “Want some company in there?” she asked.

“Sure,” I smiled, and we headed for the pilot’s cabin.

“Time for the First Mate’s break,” I said as I stepped in. “And I think you’ll enjoy the scenery out there.”

JC laughed. “Fuck, the scenery came in here for a few minutes. Anyone else topless out there?”

“Cattie,” Cassidy said. “At Heather’s suggestion. Terra teased Robbie a bit too, but put hers back on after her massage got interrupted.”

JC tutted and rolled his eyes comically as she stepped aside, letting me take the wheel of the houseboat. “That sounds like my girl alright. A big ol’ tease.”

“Were you really alright with me massaging her topless?” I asked.

“Yeah, that’s whatever if she trusts you enough to let you do it,” JC said. “Now, you ever make her uncomfortable and I’ll strap a brick to you and throw you overboard, but as long as she’s cool with it, so am I. She taught me the hard way that she gets to say what her lines are in terms of nudity - I decked a photographer she was doing a swimsuit shoot with who got handsy with her. Turned out she’d worked with him a ton and she was completely comfortable with him touching and posing her around the way he was. I had to do a lot of apologizing to both of them.”

“Aw, that’s actually cute at least,” Cassidy said. “You stood up for her when you thought she needed it.”

“Well, I’m not saying I didn’t get rewarded for it later, but in the moment Mama chewed me the fuck out,” he laughed.

“Alright, buddy,” I said, patting him on the shoulder. “Go kick back and see if you can get the party started again. I’m sure Becca’s probably trying to find a place for us to stop for a late lunch.”

He patted me back and left, and Cassidy quickly kicked herself up and sat on the counter of the bar, reaching out with one foot and tugging on my trunks with her toes. “What are you feeling?” she asked.

“A lot,” I said. “Proud of you. Happy with most of the people we’re on this trip with. Annoyed. Still hurt and sad. And guilty, even though I know I shouldn’t. And just a little horny.”

“Oh, Tiger,” Cassidy said, and slipped back off of her perch and hugged me. “I’m sorry.”

“I know,” I said quietly.

“OK,” she said. “Do you want to know what Cattie said now? Because I think we should respond.”

“Sure,” I nodded.

Cassidy sat back up on the counter and opened her phone.

“Guys,” she read out softly so we wouldn’t be heard outside our little bubble. “I’m so sorry about Heather. Cassidy, thank you for not calling her out like she deserved. Robbie, thank you for not getting pissed. She had no right to say those things, and I’m sure when I talk to her she’s going to give all sorts of excuses about how she thinks you’re controlling or whatever. I know you’re not.”

“Has she mentioned having problems with Heather to you?” I asked Cassidy.

“No, but we also haven’t talked as often in the last month. I thought it was because we were going to see each other for a whole week,” Cassidy said. “Hold on, she keeps going.”

“Cass, Robbie gave me a hint at what’s going on with you two. I’m mad at you for him, but mad like a sister who knows you know I’ll love you no matter what. When you’re ready to talk, I want to listen, because I know you need it. And that goes for you too, Robbie. No matter what happens this week I adore you both. I’m so sorry, and I’m sorry again about Heather. I’d say I thought she was horny and drunk, but I don’t know what she was thinking. I’ll talk to her. Love, Cattie.”

There was a moment of silence between us, and I glanced over at Cassidy. “So, what are you thinking?”

Chapter 18

Cassidy took a moment to think, then reached out for my hand and I gave it to her.

“I think I’m happy you told her, because I didn’t know how I was going to,” she said. “Were you there when we talked about her family?”

I shook my head, glancing from her back to the lake and my driving, then back to her again.

“Well, Cattie and Sherry’s Mom cheated on Cattie’s Dad with Sherry’s birth father. They reconciled, but it didn’t end well at all. Their parents were always fighting through their whole childhood, and Cattie’s Mom kind of blamed Sherry for it because if she hadn’t gotten pregnant then Cattie’s Dad wouldn’t have found out about the cheating.”

“I didn’t know that,” I said. “I might not have told her if I did, I’m sure hearing about cheating is a trigger for her.”

“That’s why I’m happy you told her, and she’s taking it so well,” Cassidy said. “I- I’m actually kind of looking forward to talking with her about it. It’ll be hard to explain, and obviously no details, but I need to do it.”

I squeezed her hand. “What about the first part?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” Cassidy sighed. “What do you think?”

“I think Heather was definitely out of line. I think I wanted to say something, but it felt weird to tell a chick to lay off and I knew it would probably become an even bigger thing if I did. I’m also happy that you didn’t cave, or take advantage.”

She swallowed and nodded. “That hurts, that you have to think that. But I pushed you to it,” she said.

“I know. I thought the same thing,” I sighed.

“What should we say to Cattie?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “Maybe that we understand, and thanks for trying to say something, and we don’t blame her. And that we’re both looking forward to talking with her.”

Cassidy nodded and started typing. Then the radio crackled right from between her legs under the countertop, and she practically jumped into my arms she was so spooked.

“Couples Boat, come in. Couples Boat, this is Singles. Over,” Becca said over the radio.

I was laughing, and it took a moment for Cassidy to start laughing as well as she realized what had happened. She grabbed her phone from where it had dropped, and I pulled the radio mic from where it was hooked and pushed the transmit button. "Hey Becca, this is Robbie. What's up?"

"We're going to duck into a cove coming up and moor together for lunch. Could you get someone to fire up the barbecue? It should be on the front porch area, right under you. A couple of the girls here are prepping meals for the vegetarians."

"Sounds good," I radioed back. "What's on the menu?"

"Burgers for carnivores, and lentil salad with roasted almonds on the side for the Veggies."

"Sounds delicious," I said. "We'll get the barbecue hot and ready."

"Awesome, thanks hero," Becca said, and even over the radio you could hear the teasing smile on her lips. "Over and out."

"Thanks, hero," Cassidy said in her sing-song teasing voice.

"Oh, stop," I said. "She's just kidding around."

"Yeah, keep telling yourself that," Cassidy said. "And I'll remind you about saying that when I'm rubbing her clit while you fuck her senseless."

"God damn, Cass," I said. "Are you trying to get me hard right before lunch?"

"Sorry," she smirked, not really meaning it. "I'll stop teasing you."

"No you won't," I said.

"No, I won't," she laughed.

"Go get JC to fire up the grill, unless you want to do the cooking?"

"Definitely not," Cassidy said, and as she was leaving I gave her a little swat on the ass. She gasped and then leaned forward, looking back at me with her cute butt pointed towards me, her boyshorts-style bikini bottoms riding between her cheeks. "Can I have another?"

I rolled my eyes and spanked her other cheek as well, and she skipped out of the pilot's cabin.

It was another couple of minutes before we reached the cove that Becca had chosen on the map, and I followed her into a little sheltered offshoot of the lake between a red rock cliff and a plateau sitting about six feet over the waterline. I pulled our houseboat up next to the other, and

JC and Ami quickly tossed lines to each other at the front of the boats. Ami was wearing a beautiful red and gold sarong cover around her waist, but she only had a small matching red bikini top on that looked like it could barely hold her impressive chest. Once they got the front tied, they rushed to the back and did the same thing, and then Becca and I both dropped our anchors and turned off our engines.

The middle of the upper railings on both boats had small gates, and after opening them up and laying down a sturdy ramp designed for the purpose, the two houseboats became one floating platform and the party really started. The Singles Boat girls seemed to have gone at a slightly faster pace with the celebratory booze than we had, and there was a network of Bluetooth speakers built into their boat that was playing club songs from the last decade.

Cattie and Heather had both re-donned their tops, and as I was passing Cattie on my way to the front stairs she reached out and squeezed my arm, offering me a smile. I smiled back and went down the stairs, joining JC at the barbeque. Soon I was squeezed off of the front porch and into the kitchen however as Zenya bustled down the stairs with two big grocery bags, followed by Leia with an armload of gluten-free burger bun bags.

Zenya, the dyed redhead, was in a yellow one-piece suit that favoured her more voluptuous frame and showed off a major amount of cleavage from the deep scoop of the front neckline. Meanwhile Leia was wearing a loose grey crop top that accented her toned stomach and revealed her surprisingly skimpy bottoms - I would have called them a thong, but the front and back had enough coverage to hide the naughty bits plus a bit extra. It was more the white string sides that did it, tied with pretty bows but revealing so much of her waist and hips and the pretty black ivy and flowers tattoo on her hip. Her faded pastel hair was done up in a pair of fun buns.

The two girls quickly busted out several large packages of ground beef, and I was press-ganged into helping make burger patties. The two women seemed to love being in the kitchen, so I just followed their directions rather than arguing or making suggestions since they were on the same page about what was going on.

And so that's where I was, my hands covered in ground beef and playfully bantering with the two girls while trying not to peek at Leia's bum or Zenya's cleavage, when I heard Cassidy scream.

Chapter 19

I was halfway across the living space from the kitchen when I heard the splash, followed by two more. The scream had cut through the noise from the music playing from above, but the splashes came from just outside and as I got to the door I was greeted by peals of laughter as Cassidy, Sherry and Terra all surfaced from the water, grinning and splashing each other.

They'd jumped from the top deck. The scream had been innocent. I had to take a deep breath as my head went a little light and the adrenaline that had kicked in shut off.

"Damn, Robbie," Zenya said, coming up beside me. "Jumpy much?"

"I think it was sweet," Leia said. "He obviously cares about Cassidy."

"I'm sorry," I said, shaking my head at myself and sighing. "It's just been a long day, and we've got some stuff going on. I'm a little on edge."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Zenya said with a frown. We'd slipped back into the kitchen area of the houseboat and went back to mixing and making patties. "I didn't mean to touch a sore subject."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Leia asked.

"No, it's - I appreciate the offer, but it's just a thing between me and Cassidy that I'm still trying to wrap my head around."

"Wait," Zenya said, stopping down her handful of burger and turning. "You're feeling extra protective, there's a thing between you two, and you need to wrap your head around it. Are you gonna be a Daddy?"

Leia's eyes lit up as she made a big O of her mouth in happy surprise.

"No! No," I said, stopping whatever bubbling cheer I could see rising in them. That was the last thing I needed getting around the boats and making the next week even more weird. "We aren't pregnant. It's something else. I think I'd be a lot happier if it was a bun in the oven, honestly."

Leia smiled sadly and nudged my arm with her elbow since we both had meat-covered hands. "Well, whatever it is I'm sure you two can figure it out. You seem like a sweet guy."

"Thanks," I said, and Leia purposefully changed the subject with Zenya and got the redhead talking about some anime they'd both been watching. Once the patties were finished the three of us scrubbed our hands clean and I brought the first plate out to the barbecue. JC was out in the waters of the lake swimming and laughing with a half dozen of the girls now, so I started loading the hot grill with the burgers.

The glass sliding door of the houseboat was all the way open, so I wasn't even sure how I noticed her coming as I worked the barbeque, but I glanced over at the perfect time to watch Leia carrying the second plate of patties out to me with a soft smile on her lips. That expression changed to surprise, and panic, as she stepped through the threshold of the door and the toe of her flip flop caught on the track of the sliding door and she stumbled forward.

I don't know how I did it, but in one motion I reached out and took the plate of burgers in one hand, rotating in place, and with my other hand I caught Leia around the waist and pulled her close, saving her from stumbling right off the back of the porch area and into the lake.

"Oh my gosh!" Leia said, blinking in surprise and clutching to me.

"Are you OK?" I asked. "You almost took a fall there."

Leia blinked a few times and then stood, straightening herself out and taking a deep breath. "Jeez, I can be clumsy sometimes," she said and put a hand on my arm. "Thanks for the save there - me and lunch."

"No problem," I said, and gave her a side hug in return, then let her go. She stepped back inside, still shaking her head as she went.

I turned back to the barbeque, and noticed Cassidy in the water nearby - she'd paused whatever she'd been doing and was grinning at me. She winked, and then ducked underwater, swimming right up to the houseboat and climbing up the ladder. She giggled as she hugged me, getting me all wet with her body, but I didn't really care as it was refreshing even in the shade of the porch. I bent my head down and kissed her.

"That was Leia, right?" Cassidy asked me quietly, and I nodded in reply. "I was right," she continued. "I *am* excited to watch her suck your cock. She's super cute."

"Cass," I admonished her.

"What?" she asked, faking being innocent. "Oh, were you thinking of fucking that phat booty of hers instead?"

I set down my barbeque spatula with a roll of my eyes, picked up Cass under both arms and as she giggled and shrieked I lifted and tossed her back into the lake with a splash.

And thus began the 'Disrupt Robbie at the grill by getting him to throw you' game as several of the smaller women wanted a turn as well; Cassidy, Sherry and the curly-haired blonde Ginnie all featuring the most as the smallest girls. Terra did ask for a throw as well, but she showed off her athleticism by having me cup my hands together and give her a lift and throw, using me as a springboard to do a double backflip that brought a cheer from everyone else.

By the time I was finished barbecuing and pulling the burgers off the grill, Becca was coming down the stairs from the top deck and came next to me, putting her hand on my back familiarly. She had taken the chance to change and was wearing a black bikini that made me want to do a double take - the bottoms rode low on her hips and had gold hoops on the outside which seemed fairly normal, but the tops had cutouts in the triangle cups that showed off the smooth underboob of her breasts in a delicious way. Becca's tits, despite being a decent size, did this thing where they sort of swelled gradually and equally on the top and bottom instead of gathering and hanging like most, and those cutouts accentuated this feature and I couldn't figure out if she'd had work done or if it was just a natural blessing to have her gravity-defying boobs. And I worked in Vegas on the strip, so it wasn't like I didn't see more than my fair share of all quality of fake tits parading around. "How's it going down here?" she asked.

"Great, just finishing up," I said. "Where are we putting on the spread?"

"Top deck of the other boat," she said. "I heard you saved another damsel, by the way."

"It was nothing," I said. "I just reached out and she stumbled into my arms."

"Well, don't be surprised if you pick up a new nickname soon," she grinned. "Hero."

"Oh, god," I laughed. "Just what I need."

Becca's laugh was warm, and once I got the burgers onto fresh plates I followed her up the stairs, trying my best not to stare at her cute butt.

Chapter 20

Becca and Ami had set up folding tables and rearranged the chairs on the top decks of both boats while most of the women (and JC) were having fun cooling off in the lake. When she shouted down that lunch was ready there was a stampede for the ladders and stairs and the food table was ravaged in a matter of minutes.

Seeing as I'd helped cook, I was one of the first people to get a plate of food and find a seat, and Becca joined me in the chair next to me. Cassidy also happened to be one of the earliest to the table - likely because she'd been keeping an eye on me from the lake and had gotten out first - and she came and sat on my lap again with her own plate of food as we made small talk with Becca.

The woman was smart and business savvy, and I quickly realized that if Cassidy ever wanted a mentor figure in the social media model game, Becca was the woman to ask. She was only a year and a half older than both of us, but had been doing cosplay and modelling since high school and also did some variety streaming on the side, and she never compromised her values in terms of what sort of content she did.

Then came the ask out of nowhere.

"Speaking of content," Becca said. "Cass, if you don't mind, do you think I could borrow Robbie tomorrow for a quick photoshoot? I had this whole thing lined up with Brodi, Wanda's husband, where he was going to be Spider-Man and I was going to dress up as Mary Jane. I bought this really nice spiderman suit for him and everything, and I'd hate for it to go to waste."

Cassidy looked at me with a twinkle in her eye. "Well," she said, and I knew what was going through her mind. "I think there's probably a deal that could be made here, because I happen to know that my fiance has a bit of a thing for the Mary Jane character and would be happy to pose with you."

"Really?" Becca grinned, her interest obviously piqued. She hummed a little giggle, touching the tip of her tongue to her upper lip.

"What can I say," I shrugged. "Ever since she dressed up as MJ for Halloween I've thought it was a sexy character."

"So," Cassidy continued, "I might also have brought a Mary Jane cosplay with me. How would you like to do the photoshoot together? Two MJ's, one Spider-Man, I think we could get some spicy meme material out of it."

"Oooh, that sounds like fun," Becca nodded. "But fair is fair, then we need to figure out another shoot to trade for."

“Girl, your platform is so much bigger than mine,” Cassidy said. “Just being in your shoot would-”

“No, no,” Becca shook her head. “I’m *not* paying you in exposure. That’s the kind of shit we have to fight in the real world all the time. We’re trading photo shoots.”

“Well, some of the other girls on our boat are putting together a sort of miniseries with Robbie giving them massages, and are going to release them at the same time and try to make him trend as ‘The Massage Guy.’”

“Is that seriously happening?” I asked.

“Yes, it is. Get over it,” Cassidy grinned.

“OK, I’m definitely in on that too,” Becca agreed, “Even if it’s just to see his face when he becomes internet famous. But that’s still not a fair trade, you should walk away with specific content too.”

“I don’t know,” Cassidy shrugged. “Honestly, I know some girls are planning to work like crazy this week, but I only brought plans for like 5 quick shoots over the week because Robbie and I need some vacation time, too.”

Becca chewed on the inside of her cheek for a moment. “Have you ever done a Stormtrooper shoot before?”

“Like the dudes from Star Wars?” Cassidy asked.

“Yeah,” Becca said. “I happen to have a couple of femme Stormtrooper sets of armour. I was planning on making a deal with Wanda to do a reshoot of one we did three years ago, but instead I could do it with you? I think you’d fit the suit pretty well.”

“She’ll do it,” I agreed for Cassidy.

“Really?” my fiancée asked, and looked at my face then turned back to Becca. “Yeah, OK, guess I’m doing it.”

Both women laughed and shook on it and Becca promised to write the deal down for them both to agree to. We kept chatting with her for a bit, and I noticed something weird. Nothing was overly flirty between the three of us - I talked about my work at the hotel and planning events, and they talked about ConCrud and the frustrations of travelling with cosplay gear. But through it, Becca started to get more touchy. She’d reach over and brush my arm, or poke Cassidy’s leg since she was sitting with her feet hanging over the side of the chair, still positioned in my lap. She even patted my hand and squeezed my fingers lightly when she told Cassidy about me catching her, and doing the same thing with Leia barely an hour later.

Cassidy didn't let on she knew about both instances, instead just turning and kissing me and telling me I'd always been a knight in shining armour to her.

And despite the touching, and the feeling of being desired by two gorgeous women, I felt my mood dropping. I felt it settle in the pit of my stomach and just sort of grow in weight.

Rather than let it seep into the conversation, I shifted and rubbed Cassidy on the back. "Sorry, ladies. But I really need to stand up and maybe stretch a little. Don't mind me."

Cassidy stood and let me up, and I quickly made my way back across to our boat and headed for the stairs. Both Terra and Cattie noticed me individually, and they could tell something was going on, but I didn't stop and I headed down the stairs quickly and made it back into our cabin. I shut the door but didn't even take the time to lock it, rushing into the bathroom and dropping to my knees and throwing up into the toilet.

And I cried again and threw up the first real food I'd eaten since the love of my life told me she'd cheated on me and lied to me for years. I tried to stay as quiet as I could, sobbing into my arm when I wasn't dry heaving, my stomach already having released every bit of alcohol and food I'd put into it since that morning.

Cassidy had cheated on me. Over, and over, and over. She'd lied to me from almost the start.

I loved her. I loved everything about her *except that*. That part, that thing she'd revealed, was vile, and disgusting. And I hated her for being that. I hated her for telling me - things had been so good, living in my little Matrix world without knowing or even guessing that it had happened. I knew I needed to know, and that she needed me to know to help her own soul try and recover from the scars she'd put on it, but so much of me wished we could have just restarted this entire day and she just didn't tell me so that I could never feel this gut-wrenching feeling.

I sobbed into my arm, curled up in the corner of the little en suite bathroom, wracked with pain and guilt and anger and despair.

The door to the room opened, and I instinctively tried to huddle deeper into the corner of the bathroom, to hide my shame and embarrassment from whoever it was. From everyone.

"Robbie? Oh my god, Robbie," she said, coming into the bathroom and bursting my hope that I could just sit in here and die.

Chapter 21

I just kept my head down, buried under my arms as I hugged my knees to my chest. Someone was here, I could hear them trying to talk to me. My ears were full of this *whom-whom-whom* sound like I was stuck in an echo chamber that just kept bouncing the same sounds over and over into an unintelligible mess.

Whoever it was put a hand on my arm, still talking to me. Or around me? Their voice was like listening to an adult on a Peanut's cartoon, unintelligible and feeling unimportant.

Someone else was upset, I could tell that. Not the person talking.

The hand left my arm and reached down, gently cupping my cheek and jaw and forcing me to look up. It was Cattie, kneeling on the floor of the bathroom, looking at me with concern obvious on her face. Cassidy was behind her in the doorway of the bathroom, crying her eyes out as she covered her mouth with her hands.

Cattie said something to me, but I still didn't hear any of it. My entire body felt like I was seized up, my muscles aching from the strain, but I couldn't even care to try and stop that from happening. She felt my forehead and checked my pulse at my neck, her fingers hot against my clammy skin. Cattie turned to Cassidy and said something. Cassidy rushed forward and climbed half over the toilet to get beside me, and then they were trying to get me up. Cassidy was still crying, and Cattie was talking to me in this tone that was super even, and I think that might have helped because even though I wasn't really comprehending what she was saying, my body still reacted and loosened enough.

They got me to my feet and moved me out of the bathroom. They sat me down on the bed and Cattie said something to Cassidy, who went digging into a drawer while Cattie pulled my shirt over my head. Cassidy came back with one of my sweaters, and together they got it on me and then moved me back further onto the bed until I was laying on my side. Cattie got the covers over me as I curled up, staring at the wall.

Cassidy tried to climb onto the bed to get next to me, but Cattie told her to stop.

"Stop."

I heard it clearly. And then I had one of the strangest moments of my life - I'd heard people say 'It was like I was watching my own life happen around me,' but I'd never experienced it before. It was like I was watching it on TV, like it wasn't happening to me.

"Cassidy, he's in shock," Cattie said. "What happened, did someone say or do something?"

"I- I don't know," Cassidy sobbed. "I was sitting in his lap, and we were joking around and making plans with Becca for the week. He said he needed to stretch his legs, and then just

made a beeline for the stairs down here. I thought he just needed to go to the washroom, but I got this bad feeling and wanted to come check. Why did you come down here?"

"Because I saw the look on his face," Cattie said. "He wasn't OK, so I got out of the conversation I was in. This doesn't just happen from nothing though, Cass. Did something else happen? Did the cheating come up or something?"

"No, we didn't say anything to Becca," Cassidy said. "I mean, she was flirting a bit with him, and I could tell she was doing it more when she saw I was OK with it. But why would that make him-?"

"Wait, why are you OK with Robbie being flirted with?" Cattie asked.

"Because it's part of- I-," Cassidy blew out a deep breath. "This week is part of my apology to him. I want him to sleep with as many of the girls who want him as he can because he deserves to have it."

Cattie looked at Cassidy like she was crazy. "What? You want him to cheat on you to make up for cheating on him with some girl years ago?"

Cassidy was hugging herself as she lowered her head, the tears running thick down her cheeks. "It's not cheating if I want him to. And it wasn't just one girl, or one time."

Cattie was quiet for a long moment, then turned and checked on me, putting two fingers on my neck to check my pulse again. She was grimacing, trying to think of what to say. When she seemed happy I wasn't escalating, she stood and took Cassidy by the shoulders and sat her down. "Cassidy, what does that mean? I can't help if you don't tell me."

"Hundreds," Cassidy whispered.

"Hundreds of times?" Cattie asked, her eyes going wide.

Cassidy nodded her head. "With hundreds of girls. Over three and a half years."

The *crack* cut through the room like a knife.

Cattie had slapped Cassidy fucking hard. So hard that Cassidy had actually whipped around and half collapsed onto the bed, her face hot with the red handprint on her cheek.

"That," Cattie said, rubbing her hand from the sting, "Is for Robbie, because I know damn well he would probably rather hurt himself than show you how much you hurt him."

"Um," Terra said, hesitating in the doorway to the cabin. She'd seen the slap, her eyes wide as she looked around the room. "What's going on?"

Chapter 22

"I deserved it," Cassidy said, quickly standing up and pulling Terra into the room and shutting the door.

Terra was obviously confused and hesitant about getting dragged into things, but also concerned as she looked over at me on the bed. "What the fuck is going on?" she asked again.

"Tell her," Cattie said to Cassidy.

"Early in our relationship I cheated on Robbie hundreds of times with other girls," Cassidy said, trying to keep her voice steady but failing as she sobbed at the word 'hundreds.' As she continued her words picked up speed as she tried to get it all out. "I told him on the way here, and we came to an agreement and I thought everything was going to be alright but all of a sudden he came down here and we found him curled up in the bathroom and Cattie says he's in shock and it's all my fault and I'm fucking awful and I don't deserve him or anyone and I hate myself and he should hate me too but he doesn't and I don't know what to doooo..." She broke down into sobbing again. "I tried so hard to make it up to him," she said between her chest heaving. "But I had to tell him before we got married."

"Jesus fuck," Cattie said. "You told him *today!*?"

Cassidy just nodded.

"Well, now I get the slap," Terra said, still wide-eyed and trying to figure out her bearings in the conversation.

"Cassidy, you told Robbie today?" Cattie repeated. "Of course he's not fucking OK. You ripped his heart out and immediately brought him somewhere he couldn't show his emotions and had to hide everything inside. He bottled it up for you, to spare *you*. And you asked him to do things that he's probably only fantasized about - flirt with other girls. Sleep with other girls. All while he's trying to process you doing that exact same thing behind his back and lying about it. Do you not realize how fucked that is?"

"Yes!" Cassidy yelled, then punched the wall of the cabin. "Fuck!" she shouted in pain, but even while she held her hand she turned back to the other two girls. "I had to tell him. I thought starting here would be a good idea because you told me how horny a bunch of the single girls got last year. I thought giving him a kickstart to sleeping with other women here, surrounded by beautiful women, was part of my apology. And I kept wanting to tell him, but I was terrified, and then it was this morning and he was packing the stuff in the truck, and I couldn't tell him, and then we were driving out of Vegas and I couldn't tell him, and then we were in the middle of the desert and I was out of time and I told him and it was horrible but he didn't hate me. He didn't turn us around. He wouldn't hit me."

Cattie closed her eyes and took deep breaths, clearly still angry with her friend, but instead of saying anything she came over to me on the bed and sat down, stroking my hair. I still didn't feel like I was in my own body, couldn't respond. Couldn't tell her it was true, that I'd accepted it. I wasn't feeling much of anything.

"Robbie needs rest, and water and food," Cattie said calmly. "Terra, could you go grab some water from the fridge, and a burger from upstairs? Just plain. And please don't tell anyone what's going on."

"I won't," Terra nodded, then looked at Cassidy. "Every relationship has its problems. This is a big one, but no one deserves their dirty laundry getting aired out."

She left, and Cassidy closed the door behind her and then collapsed to the floor on her knees. "I don't know what to do," she whispered.

Cattie was crying now, I realized. Thick tears on her cheeks, dark with mascara and eyeliner from her gothy look.

"Robbie's going to be OK," she said quietly. "And he's going to forgive you eventually. I could see it on his face when he told me just that little bit upstairs. He still loves you, Cass. But you really fucked up, and giving him sexual freedom to explore isn't going to fix it. My mom offered that to my dad when they were fighting, you know? He could have affairs, and tell her about them or not. He could fuck around as much as he wanted. But you know what he told me?"

"What?" Cassidy asked.

"He never did," Cattie said. "Even when they were at their worst, he never did because he was still thinking of the woman he'd loved and couldn't hurt her that deeply, even if she wasn't there anymore. And that's the thing, Cass. You're not the same woman Robbie loved anymore. Not to him. You're a different person. One with a hell of a lot of baggage he didn't know about, directly hung around his shoulders."

"I tried," Cassidy said. "I tried for so long to try and make it up to him."

"But you still did it," Cattie said. "I love my Mom, but she'll always be a Cheater to me. She'll always be the woman who went behind my Dad's back without a thought about what it would do to him or me. For sex. Robbie's still going to love you, but it's not going to be the same. He will question everything you do for a long time, if he ever stops. He'll wonder if every friend you make is the next person you'll sleep with and re-open this wound. Every time you look at your phone and it's not him texting or calling. And you're going to need to live with that, and not hold it against him or resent him for any of the feelings he has."

“I won’t,” Cassidy said, crawling across the floor. She propped her chin on the bed, looking at me through her tear-sodden eyes as reaching out to brush my face. “I won’t ever. He’s my everything. I’m so sorry, Robbie.”

I cried too, though I didn’t have much left, and feeling those tears was like I turned off the TV and I was in my own life again. I hurt all over, internal and external, and I had a fucking huge headache.

Painfully, I reached down and took Cattie’s hand as she sat next to me on the bed. She looked down at me in surprise, then gripped my fingers tight.

“Cass?” I whispered, barely above a breath. “I know. It just- it hurts.”

She broke down again, and I wiggled a little closer, pressing my forehead to hers as she cried into the sheets.

Chapter 23

Terra came back with food and sat on the bed as Cattie urged me to sit up so I could eat and drink. Cassidy tried to feed me herself, but I told her I was OK enough to do that, and sent her to clean herself up in the washroom. She scrubbed off her makeup and washed her face, not wanting to re-apply anything before coming back to me and just hugging my arm as I finished the burger. There was still a red mark on her cheek from Cattie's slap, but it didn't look like it would bruise.

"Thank you," I said to Terra. "And I'm sorry you got looped into this. I- This is embarrassing."

"It's trauma," Terra said. "You should really book some therapy, both of you."

"Already done," I said. "Individual and couples."

She nodded, then turned to Cattie. "You handled yourself well, other than the slap."

Cattie told Terra a bit about her own experience with infidelity, and how she was slowly finishing up her degree in Psychology with a focus on the field after her experiences with her parents. The slap was definitely not part of her training. Eventually, Terra patted my knee and told me to get some rest, then took my empty plate and left us in the room. Soon I was laying down again, spooned up behind Cassidy as she pulled my arms around her, and I was surprised to have Cattie spoon up behind me. They were both over the covers and I was under, and it felt fucking good, but they were both still in bikinis.

I decided I didn't care, and tried to just focus on my breathing instead of the thoughts in my head. Cattie and Cassidy kept talking - I was pretty sure Cattie apologized for slapping her, and Cassidy refused the apology on the grounds that she deserved it. They talked quietly and held me. I might have dozed off once or twice, but I came back to full consciousness when the voice echoed in the hallway.

"What the fuck?" Heather said, then she called louder. "Cattie, are you down here?"

Cattie sighed and let go of me, sliding off the bed and going to the door. She stepped out and closed it behind her, but we could still hear her in the hallway.

"Sorry, babe, I-"

"What the fuck, why do you look like you were just choking on a cock?" Heather interrupted her.

"What? Oh," Cattie replied. "I was crying earlier. Look, I'm just having a conversation with Cass and Robbie, and it got a little intense. I'm sorry I didn't say anything."

"Cattie, I didn't say you could just leave," Heather said.

I frowned at this, and I felt Cassidy tense a little in my arms. What the fuck?

"I know, and I said I'm sorry," Cattie said again. "But this was important. We talked about this when I agreed. I need to have time with my friends and for work."

"And we also agreed that we would make clear notice when the game was on and off," Heather said. "That's not one-sided. You agreed to be my full-time Sub for this trip. I decide things, not you."

"Heather, I-"

"Am I wrong?" Heather demanded.

"No, Mistress," Cattie replied.

"What the hell?" Cassidy whispered to me.

"Then what do you have to say for yourself?"

"May I please return to my friends and continue my conversation, Mistress?" Cattie asked quietly. "It was important."

"You can go say goodbye, and then clean yourself up. You look like a fucking whore, and only I get to decide when you look like a whore," Heather said. "Then come back upstairs. When you find me, you'll take off your top and ask me to lotion you up. I can't believe you let that idiot put his hands on you."

"Heather-"

"What was that?" Heather interrupted.

"Mistress," Cattie said. "Stop it."

"Stop what, slut?"

"Yellow," Cattie said.

"Really?" Heather scoffed.

"Yes," Cattie said. "Stop insulting my friends."

"Fine," Heather said. "I'll stop. Alright?"

“Yes, Mistress,” Cattie said. “May I go now, Mistress?”

“One more thing,” Heather said. There was some movement, quiet through the walls, and I had no idea what might be going on. “That’s a better slut,” Heather said softly. “Good. Now, do what I said.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Cattie said.

Heather walked away, and a few moments later Cattie slid the door to our room back open and stepped in.

“Hey, guys. Sorry, I want to keep talking but-”

“Cattie, we could hear,” Cassidy said.

Cattie went a little pale, which was honestly sort of a feat in and of itself considering she was almost porcelain white to begin with. “I’m so sorry,” she said.

“Are you alright?” I asked. “We might be fucked up right now, but if you need to talk...”

“No, I’m- It’s fine,” Cattie said. “Heather and I, we- Fuck, I know your deep dark secret, so what the fuck? Heather and I were having some problems last year because we were away almost more than we were together, and she was feeling unfulfilled. She ended up wanting to, ah, Domme me, and we tried it and she really loved it. For the last couple of months I haven’t been feeling it, and I sort of promised to go all in this week.”

“Are you sure?” Cassidy asked. We were both sitting up now.

I thought I saw a brief moment of hesitation, but Cattie nodded. It was just enough to worry me, but not enough for me to get my mouth moving. “I’m sure. What’s between me and her is agreed on. The way she’s acting with you two isn’t OK, and I still need to talk to her about earlier. But I called her on it, and she backed down.”

“If you’re sure,” I said. “And if you need us, just say so.”

“I’ll be fine,” she assured us. “But I need to go. She’s going to be impatient.”

“What did she make you do out there?” Cassidy asked.

Now Cattie went pink in the chest and cheeks as she flushed. “I, um, had to get down in Humble pose and lick her feet.”

“And you enjoy that?” Cassidy asked.

“I’m doing it for her,” Cattie said and then smiled softly. “Take your time down here. I’ll see you out there when you’re ready, OK?”

Then she left.

“What the fuck?” I muttered, shaking my head.

“Do you want that?” Cassidy asked me quietly. Now that we knew the walls were so thin into the hallway, we were both being extra quiet.

“Want what?” I asked.

“To do what Heather does. To Dom me?”

“I... don’t know,” I said honestly. “It might be fun to try, but there’s a reason we both felt uncomfortable with the way Heather was talking to Cattie.”

“What do you think Humble position is?” Cassidy asked.

I shrugged, and Cassidy opened up her phone and googled it. Turned out it was a sort of face-down, ass-up position used in BDSM to present the submissive for punishment.

“Fuck,” Cassidy said, and I knew we were both imagining Cattie in that position. I couldn’t even blame Cassidy, it had sprung into my head as well.

Chapter 24

Cassidy and I stayed on the bed for another hour or so, holding each other. She apologized multiple times, and I accepted them, though I still couldn't bring myself to say I forgave her. She ended up going out to the kitchen to scrounge up some more food. We'd heard some of the girls come downstairs and talking, and we'd guessed right and Cassidy came back with some burger patties and more water.

I apologized to Cassidy as well, for scaring her, even if I hadn't done it intentionally. And that just sparked her apologizing all over again, this time for being an asshole and telling me when she did, and not thinking more about what I would need after she told me. She'd focused so much on the telling, and worrying about the fallout, that she hadn't actually thought that much about the After beyond her idea for the apology.

"How are you feeling about that now?" I asked her.

She hesitated, even her chewing slowing. I was sitting up at the top of the bed with my back to the headboard, and she was sitting between my legs with her back to my chest. I'd taken the sweater off, having gotten too hot, and she'd taken off her bikini top so she could sit with her completely bare back against my chest.

"I know what Cattie said, but I still want you to do it. Do them," Cassidy said.

"Why?" I asked. "Why put yourself through that?"

"It's not me going through it," she said. "It's you getting what you deserve. It's me wanting you to have what I had, to share the feeling with you. The power. What's mine is yours. That's what we're going to be vowing to each other. I need it to be true. And maybe, if you allow it, someday we can share it together and take any girl you want into our bed with us. But I'll never do that without you. And it never has to happen if you don't want it to."

I just chewed and swallowed.

"I'm yours," Cassidy said. "I don't know how to prove it."

"I don't know either," I sighed.

"What about a tattoo?" Cassidy asked. "Your name. Or like 'Robbie's Property'?"

I made a face. "No, that's definitely not it," I said.

"What about a little one on my hand, or my palm?" she asked. "Something so that every time I look at it, I know it means I'm yours, and everything I touch will only be something you approve of."

“Cass, I’m not your owner,” I said. “You aren’t my property.”

“No, I am,” she said, and turned in my lap and hugged herself to me. “I’m your property. I don’t know how else to say it. I belong to you. It’s how I’ve tried to live since that day I woke up from the fog of the App.” She leaned back and kissed me softly on the lips and then looked me in the eye. “Will you please say it for me?”

I took a deep breath and looked my fiancée in the eye. “Cassidy, do you want to be owned by me, heart and body and soul?”

“Yes,” she whispered. “Desperately. Forever.”

“Alright,” I said. “Then you’re mine. I own you.”

“Thank you,” she said, and kissed me again with her arms around my neck and her tits pressed against to my chest.

We didn’t really have an idea of what that meant, but it seemed to settle something between us. At least for the moment.

I changed into a new shirt - the one I had been wearing before had gotten some vomit on it - and Cassidy put her bikini top back on and then went back into the washroom to reapply her makeup. She was going light on it and using a waterproof brand since the lake was so nice.

And then we left our room and made our way back up to the topdeck, and almost no one seemed to even notice we’d been gone for so long.

Terra was the first to come over, eyeing us both quickly. “Good?” she asked.

“Better,” I nodded, and Cassidy took my hand in both of hers and nodded.

“OK. Let me know if you need something,” Terra said. “But try to have fun, I guess?”

“We will,” I said, forcing a bit of a smile. “Thanks.”

Slowly we merged back into the ongoings. Cassidy got me a beer, and herself a water, from the cooler that was open on the Singles Boat. JC wandered over and chatted me up about some general sports stuff, and I mostly just nodded and pretended I knew or cared about what he was talking about. He was a decent guy - and also the only other man on the trip - or else I would have usually tried to avoid a conversation like that.

The thing I couldn’t ignore was that Cattie and Heather were both topless again. The girls were all over the topdecks of both boats, and a few others had joined the lesbian couple. Ami, the

beautiful Chinese woman with the long legs, was also standing around topless with that silky sarong around her hips. Her breasts were clearly enhanced, but still hung wonderfully instead of looking bolted on, and she didn't seem to have gone up sizes so far that they didn't match her body type. Her areolas were only a little tanner than her warm skin tone and capped each of her breasts nicely.

Sherry, Cattie's sister, also seemed to be following her sister's lead and had disposed of her top. The small woman was grinning and sitting in the hot tub on our boat, her toothy smile almost too much for her face as her handful-boobs bobbed on top of the water. Ginnie, the other small woman with the super curly and long hair, was also topless in the hot tub. Her breasts were smaller, but seemed to fit her frame nicely, and bounced perkily as she laughed at something.

The afternoon was getting on, and everyone was starting to seem pretty well lubricated in the alcohol department when Cattie made her way back over to Cassidy and I. We'd just ended a casual 'get to know you' conversation with Zenya and Wanda and were now standing at the edge of the top deck and looking out at the amazingly deep blue of the lake.

"Hey you two," Cattie said, coming up and putting her arms around both of our waists. "How are you?"

"Better," I said. "Thank you for stepping in. I don't know what I would have done." I leaned in and kissed her on the head over her ball cap.

"Better," Cassidy echoed. "And working to be better."

"I'm glad," Cattie nodded. "I-"

"Cattie," Heather called to her from across on the Singles Boat. "Cattie, come over here."

"Sorry," Cattie blushed. "I'll check in later."

"That's going to get annoying quickly," Cassidy said, watching her friend quickly make her way around the people talking and drinking to reach Heather's side.

"Yep," I said, trying not to make it look like I was staring at Heather - or her big, bare chest. "But we can't say anything unless we're really concerned, not just annoyed."

I could tell Cassidy wanted to argue, but she swallowed it and nodded. Then she sighed. "Her boobs are ridiculously nice though, right? Like, it makes me self-conscious."

I couldn't help but snort a little. "Cass, your boobs are wonderful. Now, *my* girl," I said, sliding my arm around her waist. "Are you done with the water bottle?"

"Mhmm," she nodded, looking at me with a suspicious expression. "Why?"

“So that I can set it down for you,” I said, and did so. Then I scooped her up into my arms. “And so that I can do this.”

“Robbie!” Cassidy gasped, and she scrambled to get her sunglasses off of her face and tossed them towards a nearby chair as I stepped over the railing of the deck.

“We’re hitting the water,” I called over my shoulder to whoever cared. “Marco Polo!”

And I tossed Cassidy and jumped in after her.

Chapter 25

Cassidy was laughing and clung to me as we surfaced. She looked into my eyes and I could see it like a physical thing in front of me - she loved me. I could see it because she had that grin that reached up into her eyes, but she also had a hint of worry for me.

"Don't push yourself," she whispered to me. Several more people were jumping into the water with big *whoops* and splashes. "I love you."

"I know," I said, and kissed her lightly, tasting the lake water on her. My fiancée's deep, vibrant violet hair got darker when it was wet, almost like her natural colour, and it reminded me of that first party we went to as a couple - it was a celebration for our high school swim team, and there'd only been maybe a dozen of us. I'd jumped into the pool with her clinging to me and howling with laughter.

Now, in Lake Powell, I smirked as I tickled her side for a moment and she squealed a laugh and jerked away. I made some space with a couple of strokes and called out, "Cassidy is it!"

"Oh, you cheater!" Cassidy laughed. "Fine." She closed her eyes and shouted, "Marco!"

We had to adjust our rules on the fly. Marco Polo is usually played in a pool, not an open lake, and pools have walls. Usually the person who was 'it' would yell 'Marco!' and would have to try and find and tag one of the other players by listening to their response yell of 'Polo!' The first rule addition was no one was allowed to duck underwater. The next came soon after when Cassidy managed to work together with Wanda to get me tagged. It was by Zenya - I was just plain faster than all of them. Being in a championship high school swim team will do that, even a couple years after college. To compensate, the girls were allowed to dunk under water while I was It to try and even the playing field.

And that's when things started to get interesting.

There were six of us playing - Wanda, Leia, Zenya and Ami had all jumped into the lake after us. Once the rules had changed, it seemed like the girls had made an unspoken pact to try and get me tagged. They started bunching up, trying to stick near me to get whoever was it to move in my direction.

Wanda was It, slowly rotating in the water as she listened to us splashing around. "Marco!" she called.

Immediately we all called back, "Polo!" and started to move, except Cassidy was on one side of me and Zenya was on the other. When I went to try and swim backwards to escape Wanda, who was tearing towards us through the water, Cassidy pointed off to one side, "Tiger, look."

I looked. If I was being competitive about the game, like we would be back on the swim team (put a bunch of swimmers in a pool and all sorts of competitions start), I wouldn't have fallen for it. But I wasn't, and I looked, and I was glad I did.

Ami was off to the left, and when I looked she propelled herself higher out of the water, squeezing her bare breasts and making an exaggerated winking face with her tongue stuck out at me. Now, I'd been well aware that she was topless the entire game, but we mostly only had our head and arms out of the water as we were swimming around. Now I got a full flash as the lake water rolled off of her accentuated tits and her tan nipples pointed and jiggled with her movements and shaking.

"Gotcha!" Wanda said, planting a hand on my chest and opening her eyes with a grin.

"I've been bamboozled," I laughed.

Wanda looked over and saw Ami smirking and biting the corner of her lip playfully, making Wanda laugh as well. "All's fair in love and war," she said. "You're still it!"

I rolled my eyes with a grin and closed them, counting to ten to give Wanda and the girls time to move away. "Marco," I called.

"Polo," they called back, and immediately there was a chorus of splashes and then relative quiet. All of them had ducked under water at the same time.

I took a deep breath and just listened, and when the first ripple of a splash echoed to my left I took off. I was fast, but when I got there I flailed around a bit and didn't catch anyone. Others had surfaced, and heard some more splashes. Maybe I'd just heard someone's foot kicking the surface.

"Marco," I called.

"Polo," four voices replied. Cassidy was definitely one of them. I started to slowly move now. This went on for another minute or two, the giggles of the women guiding me more than the splashes and the call and response.

Then I got touched. A hand, slim fingered, brushed across my ass as I was treading water. I yelped, surprised, and by the time I realized what it was and turned to try and tag whoever it was, they were gone.

"Nice buns, Robbie," Ami called to me from about fifteen yards away.

"Get a nice feel?" I asked her, still with my eyes shut.

"I'll need a better one to really know," Ami chuckled.

“As long as he doesn’t tag you!” Cassidy said from somewhere to my right with a laugh, then slipped under water again as I darted through the water towards her.

Another couple of hands touched my ass over the next two minutes, and someone else tickled one of my feet. Then I could tell someone was getting cocky and was slipping up behind me again, and I turned and leapt forward.

“Oof!” Zenya said, as surprised as I was when I planted face first between her sizable breasts.

“I am so sorry,” I said, opening my eyes as I steadied her with one hand.

She started laughing, full throated and loud. “It’s OK,” she said. “Serves me right for trying to goose you. Cass, I think I just motorboated your fiance.”

“Did he get his money's worth?” Cassidy asked.

“Not really,” Zenya said. “It was more of a head on collision.”

“Well, we’ve got good insurance,” Cassidy said. “Might as well run the motor a bit.”

This made Zenya scrunch up her nose in a grin and she grabbed my head and pulled her back into her chest. She was still wearing her swimsuit, but I got a faceful of cleavage as she smothered me for another long moment. I made the requisite ‘motorboat’ noise, and all of the girls were laughing when Zenya pushed me away and closed her eyes, counting loudly to start her turn.

Chapter 26

Things got even more handsy after the motorboating. Cassidy started it off, clinging to me and trying to anchor me so that Leia (who had been tagged by Zenya) could tag me. It didn't work, and Wanda joined in as I dragged Cassidy through the water. I didn't know whose hands it was, but the two of them were all over me and my ass and arms and torso got a rubdown.

The silliest part was that Cassidy ended up getting tagged instead of me despite their efforts.

Cassidy caught Leia, who caught Ami by accidentally honking her boobs. This led to Ami giving Leia the motorboat treatment, and then as Ami started calling 'Marco' I found two hands wrapping around me from behind and slipping into the front of my shorts.

"Hey, Tiger, " Cassidy said quietly into my ear, squeezing my cock lightly. "Having fun?"

"Yes," I grinned, and reached back and ran my hand over Cassidy's thigh. "Are you?"

"Mhmm," she giggled. We were both watching Ami carefully in case she swam towards us, but she was currently chasing Wanda and Zenya in a fit of splashing.

"Hey, no canoodling over here," Leia said, swimming over to us with a grin. Her pastel rainbow of hair was stuck down to her scalp and she had an innocent beauty about her.

"Oh, definitely no canoodling," Cassidy said, giving my dick one more squeeze before raising her hands as if to say she hadn't been doing anything. "This is a serious game for serious people."

"Exactly," Leia grinned, playing along.

"So, would you like to help me get Robbie tagged again?" Cassidy asked.

"Hey, now!" I said, but Cassidy was clinging to my shoulders and laughing as Leia hugged me from the front. She had smaller breasts than my Cass, but those hips of hers gave her a powerful kick as they wrestled me and shouted for the girls to come tag me.

Now, Cassidy had gotten me semi-hard with her groping and all the touching that had been going on, and with Leia clinging to me as well I realized I was about to be a lot more obviously hard. Seeing Wanda swimming towards us with her eyes closed, I made a quick decision and dunked under, slipping from Leia and Cassidy's grip and popping up just behind them

I may also have been brushed along the face by Leia's bikini top, though it wasn't like I could actually feel anything about her tits by doing that.

“Cheating!” Cassidy crowed loudly as Wanda tagged her. Then I saw the flicker on her face, and she pivoted her wording. “Robbie broke the rules! I think he’s It again.”

“Fine, fine,” I laughed. “But you girls hanging on to me isn’t exactly in the rules.”

“There’s nothing in the rules about not doing it either,” Leia grinned.

“Always a loophole,” I laughed. I closed my eyes and started to count.

This time while I was It, the girls got even more into trying to tease me, and to be honest I stopped trying very hard. Hands brushed my ass, or across my chest. A couple patted the front of my shorts, only one of them actually getting a decent feel of my bulge in their rush. Then someone - I had to guess it was Cassidy - took advantage and actually yanked down my shorts to my knees. Several of the girls came up out of the water giggling like mad since they must have been close enough and underwater to see it happen.

Instead of pulling my shorts up, I moved quickly in the direction Cassidy had swum away from me and quickly found her even with my eyes closed, wrapping my arms around her torso and hauling her back into me. She was laughing, and her slick skin writhed against my chest as her big ass was pulled against my hips and semi-hard cock.

Wait. Big ass?

“Oh, shit,” I said, letting Leia go.

“Well, you got me,” she laughed. “Payback’s a bitch I guess.” She gave me a wink and looked down between us through the dark water at the outline of my still-bare cock.

I yanked up my shorts, still a little flustered, and Leia started counting.

Now that they had started, it seemed like the girls didn’t want to wait for my next turn as It to keep being handsy. I seemed to always be fending off one woman or another as they tried to ‘slow me down.’ Wanda hooked my waistband at the back and I pulled her through the water as she laughed. Zenya did end up goosing me, pinching my ass and I returned the favour, making her bark out a shocked laugh. Ami wrapped her limbs around me from behind like a spider monkey, riding me like a backpack as she pressed her naked tits into my back.

Then, of course, there was Cassidy. The instigator. I saw the look in her eyes before she did it, that playful scheming. She whispered to Wanda and Leia, conspiring. It took them a couple more turns, but they got me caught and It again.

And before I had even finished counting, while I thought they were all trying to get away from me, I suddenly had three pairs of hands yanking my swimsuit all the way down my legs and off.

I was naked in the lake.

And I heard all three of the girls howling with laughter as they surfaced. And then I heard the distinct wet *shlap* of a wet swimsuit hitting the back deck of the boat.

“Well,” I said. “This just doesn’t seem fair.”

“Is he really naked?” I heard Ami ask.

“Uh-huh,” Cassidy giggled. “Anything wrong, Tiger?”

“No, no,” I said, my eyes still closed. “I’m just trying to figure out how to compensate for this new rudder I’ve got sticking out. I might just start paddling in circles!”

This got several of the girls giggling, and I took off with a fast breaststroke and started chasing them. I ended up catching Zenya quickly since she was the slowest of the girls in the water, and she took a cheeky feel of my cock just as I was tagging her.

“Naughty,” I said with a smirk as I backed away from her.

“Oops,” she said. “Fair’s fair though.”

“How’s that?” I asked.

“You did get to motorboat me,” she grinned.

I snorted and started to swim away, but I turned right into Cassidy who also grabbed my dick, though with a firmer hand than Zenya. “Hey, Tiger,” she grinned at me.

“Are we playing this game?” I asked quietly.

She nodded and then kissed me lightly.

“Ten!” Zenya called out and tagged me on the back.

I sighed. “Alright, nice distraction,” I said.

“Thanks,” Cassidy laughed and started swimming away.

Chapter 27

To be fair, I don't think the girls minded that I was trying less and less. Now that I didn't have my shorts on, the teasing got even more overt. I didn't really know who was participating or not since my eyes were closed. At least a few of the girls ended up grabbing me and giving me a feel, and I heard more than one happy hum through the water as fingers stroked me briefly.

The game ended when Cassidy ducked under the water and took me into her mouth for a moment. I immediately opened my eyes in surprise and looked down to see her violet hair floating around her like a mermaid as she slowly pulled her lips from my cock.

"Cheat!" Ami called. "No peeking."

"Hey, I've got a good reason," I said. "I'm currently being molested."

Wanda swam a little closer to me and snorted. "I think the game might be over," she said.

Cassidy surfaced, and the girls razzed her good-naturedly for taking advantage of having her fiance on the trip. Cassidy made a guilty face and apologized. "Sorry, ladies. When I see him, ah, awake like that I just can't help myself sometimes."

"Yeah, well I could use some help like that," Zenya giggled.

"You should get Robbie to give you a massage then," Wanda said. "He did me earlier and it was *great*."

"Massage?" Zenya raised an eyebrow at me, and the other girls also made appreciative noises.

"Hey now, he's not a rack of ribs, ladies," Cassidy grinned. "But I think we can come to a compromise."

Wanda ended up wanting to dry off, so while she got up out of the lake completely, Cassidy directed Ami, Zenya and Leia to sit on the back porch of the houseboat and dangle their feet into the water. Cassidy joined them.

"Any chance I can get my suit back?" I asked with a smirk of chagrin, still in the lake.

"Yes, but you don't need it yet," Cassidy grinned. "Here's the compromise, ladies. Foot massages for everyone, but tops off. Pay the man." Cassidy reached behind herself and undid the string of her bikini top, revealing her wonderful boobs and setting the top on the porch next to her. She watched my reaction as she did it, checking to make sure I was OK with it, and I found that I was. Zenya, Ami and Leia had all been pleasant and friendly - maybe even a little over-friendly with me, but it was welcome - so I didn't feel some sort of way about Cassidy exposing herself in front of them.

Ami was already topless, so she just wiggled her chest a little as she preened under the late afternoon sun. "I think that means I go first, right?"

"Sure," I said with a smile as I swam over to her. Treading water and massaging feet was something I needed to figure out, but soon learned that as long as Ami kept a firm seat on the deck I could keep myself afloat with just my legs and holding her feet.

I tried my best not to stare as Zenya shrugged and started taking off her own top. Leia hesitated a moment longer, but Cassidy patted her hand and winked at her to encourage her, and she shrugged and stripped off her bikini top as well.

"Oh my God, Zen," Ami said, looking at the curvier woman's chest. "They are amazing."

"Come on, they aren't as nice as yours," Zenya said, rolling her eyes.

"Are you kidding me?" Ami asked. She cupped her own tits and gave them a squeeze, then reached out and felt Zenya's as well. "We're basically the same size, but yours are all natural."

"Yeah, but yours stay perkier," Zenya said. "Mine are starting to kind of sag a bit."

"That's natural," Cassidy said. "They look great. And your nipples are cute as hell."

Zenya blushed and shook her head at the compliments. Her breasts *were* large, and heavy enough that they fell off to the side as she lounged back slightly. Her areolas with a soft, almost peachy colour and her nipples were the types that had little dimples in them - not quite the mythical 'innies' that the pornier parts of the internet made a big deal of, but very cute.

Leia, on the other hand, had the smallest breasts of the group, though she wasn't as small as Terra or Ginnie. Hers were cute little peaches with soft pink areolas and pointy little nipples that suited her chest and torso.

The girls started chatting about their experiences and work, and I mostly focused on my task at hand but threw in enough comments that I stayed engaged. Ami closed her eyes as I rubbed her feet and up her long calves, smiling into the warm sun as I worked my fingers over her. Then I moved down the row to Zenya, and she giggled a lot until I realized I just wasn't going to be able to touch the soft arch of her foot and stuck to the heels, ankles and calves. It was particularly fun massaging her because I could look up at her chest without seeming like I was staring, and every once in a while I could just brush the tip of a finger along the bridge of her foot and she would shift and her tits would jiggle. Each time she'd give me a faux-dirty look, much more silly than serious.

Leia was the opposite of Zenya and almost melted in my hands as I started working her feet. "Oh," she groaned just a few moments after I started. "Oh, yeah that's good," she said, and

slowly laid down on her back so I could barely even see her torso. I could definitely still feel her responses as she wriggled her toes a bit and hummed her happiness.

“Woman down,” Ami laughed.

“Cassidy,” Leia laughed softly. “How do I find a guy like this? Tall, cute, a nice looking dick *and* a magic set of hands?”

“Just gotta do like I did,” Cassidy said, beaming at me. “Fall in love with your best friend.”

I smiled back at her, but felt a pinch in my heart. I don’t think she noticed.

Chapter 28

“Oh, gaaawd,” Leia groaned as I drove my thumbs into both of her arches.

“Girl, are you into feet or something?” Zenya asked. “Cause I know some guys who would pay a fucking mint for a video of a girl like you orgasming just from getting her feet rubbed.”

This made all four of the girls giggle together.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had a foot rub like this,” Leia said. “Fuck. Robbie, how are you *doing* that?”

“I’m feeling a little cheated here,” Ami smirked.

“I don’t know,” I said truthfully. “You’re just really receptive to it, I guess? I’m not doing anything different.”

“Well, fuck, just keep going,” Leia said.

So I did, glancing at Cassidy. She was watching Leia, watching the other girl’s face, but glanced back at me quickly and grinned with another one of those playful smiles. Zenya was also watching Leia out of the corner of her eye, trying not to look like she was staring at her friend.

“Uuuuuugh,” Leia moaned wordlessly. Then she fished around and took Cassidy’s hand in hers and opened one eye. “Cass, this is so fucking inappropriate but your fiance is about to legit give me an orgasm by rubbing my feet. I really hope that’s OK.”

This made Zenya snort softly, and my eyes went wide - I knew she was enjoying this, but damn!

“Fuck, get it, girl,” Cassidy said, smiling from her to me and back.

“It’s been so long,” Leia panted. Her toes were slowly circling and uncurling, her otherwise supple and relaxed in my grip.

“Since what?” Cassidy asked.

“Since she had an orgasm from a guy,” Zenya smirked, filling in for her friend. “We talked about it on the road trip down. Leia’s only been fingerpainting for release lately.”

“Oh girl,” Cassidy smirked, leaning back until she was curled up next to Leia, who was still on her back. “How long’s it been?”

“Eight?” Leia gasped. “No, nine months.”

I kept working her feet, not changing what I was doing because it seemed like she was on her home stretch.

“Well, Robbie’s got you,” Cassidy said, her voice low as she spoke into Leia’s ear. “His big hands will get you there. Just focus on his hands, and the way they feel. How your whole body is tingling. How you feel that juicy warmth deep inside, fuzzing up your brain and making your knees weak, but at the same time making your nipples hard and your clit get sensitive.”

“Damn, girl,” Ami said quietly. “You ever think of narrating an erotic book or something?”

Cassidy smirked across at Ami, then leaned closer to Leia and blew a cold stream of air over her bare nipples.

“Shhhhhhhhiit,” Leia groaned.

I pressed my thumbs between her toes, scratching the bottom of her soles lightly with my fingernails as I did it.

“Just think of those hands,” Cassidy murmured to Leia. “Think of those amazing hands sliding up your body, up your sexy thighs and ass. Up your sides, and over your breasts, and over your neck. Do you want him to stop there? Do you want him to choke you with his big hands as you come for him?”

“Huh, huh,” Leia gasped, her body starting to rock, her ass flexing as her pelvis raised and lowered slightly, humping at the air. If her bikini bottoms hadn’t still been wet from the lake I had no doubt she’d be showing a wet spot now.

“Or maybe higher, wrapping his fingers in your hair, pulling it back,” Cassidy continued. “Or how about one of each? One of those big hands clasped around your neck, warm and rough and smooth all at once. He’s letting you breathe, but he squeezes to remind you it’s because he lets you. The other in your hair, pulling hard to lift your chin so he can kiss you hard. And of course, with you like that, his big cock is stretching you-”

“Hooooowwowowow,” Leia shuddered, her toes curling hard and her legs flexing as she started to come. I kept massaging her feet through it, wondering if I could extend it with the right touches.

“Daaaaamn, I can’t believe it worked,” Zenya said quietly.

Cassidy grinned, but her eyes were on me. She was adoring me, showing me her focus wasn’t on the beautiful half-naked girl lying next to her. It was me.

Leia exhaled heavily, and I stopped massaging her.

“Can I sign up for a second round? I feel like I’ve been cheated,” Ami laughed.

“You know the price,” Cassidy smiled, sitting up. “One piece of clothing, one foot massage.”

“Well, I don’t think I’m drunk enough for *that*,” Ami giggled.

Leia sat up slowly, blinking, and ran her hands through her hair. “Damn. Fuck. Wow,” she said, grinning with that ‘just fucked’ look. She turned to Cassidy and pecked her on the lips. “That might have been the best sexual experience I’ve had in two years,” she said. “I don’t even know how to thank you for that.”

“Well, a kiss is a good start,” Cassidy grinned. “But I think Robbie’s earned one, too.”

“Definitely,” Leia grinned. “Do you mind?”

“Girl, we just made you come your brains out,” Cassidy grinned. “You can kiss my fiance. Tongue and everything.”

Leia slipped herself off the side of the porch and closed with me quickly, her naked chest pressing to mine as she kissed me hungrily, slipping her tongue into my mouth. I kissed her back, half able to see that Cassidy was watching me with a wide grin.

It was weird. This wasn’t a friendly kiss, or even just a little tease. This was tongues on teeth, tits on chest, and one arm wrapped around the back of my neck to keep us pulled together. My cock was hard and pressed between our stomachs. This was a lover’s kiss, and it felt fucking good and hot, and wrong and perverted.

The kiss ended, and Leia looked at me with a sort of confused expression for a moment as her eyes locked with mine.

“Damn,” she said finally, shaking her head. “Cass, I don’t know what to say. You’ve got the full package in this one.”

“I know,” Cassidy grinned.

“Thanks,” I said.

“No, fuck,” Leia sighed. “Thank *you*.” She kissed me again, light and with no tongue this time, and then went back to the ladder and climbed up onto deck again. “Alright, I need - I don’t even know. A drink? A smoke? Something.”

She wandered into the lounge of the houseboat through the sliding door, and Zenya snorted and pulled her top back on before grabbing Leia’s. “I’ll make sure she’s OK,” she said. “And nice performance, Robbie.”

“Thanks,” I said.

“So, what do you think?” Cassidy asked me. “Have fun giving a girl an orgasm through her feet?”

“What do you think?” I laughed. I grabbed her feet and gave a little tug, making her panic for a second.

“Robbie, noooo. I’m almost dry,” she laughed.

“Bitch, your fiance just made a girl orgasm and got his soul sucked out by that kiss,” Ami said. “If you’re not going to get in the water and give him some relief, I just might.”

“Do you want to?” Cassidy asked the beautiful Chinese woman.

Chapter 29

Ami hesitated for a long moment, then laughed to cover it up. "I'm not that crazy, or tipsy."

"But you do want to watch if I do it," Cassidy said, a sly grin crossing her lips.

Ami bit her lower lip in a grin. "Maybe," she said softly.

"OK," Cassidy said, and was about to slip back into the water with me.

"Hold on," I said. "How exactly are you planning to give me relief?"

Cassidy looked down at my cock. From the angle they were both sitting they could see the obvious pale rod in the water of the lake. "I was thinking of maybe trying that thing we did at the pool our senior year? End of year party?"

I smiled warmly at the memory for a moment, then shook my head. "No, no. Remember the rule right now?"

Cassidy's brow knotted in confusion for a moment, and then her eyes went wide. "Oh, fuck. OK. Sorry, Ami - no show for now."

"Why, what's 'the rule right now,?'" Ami asked.

"Cassidy is currently on a strict no-penetration order right now," I said.

"Wait, wait, wait," Ami said. "So you're telling me that you've had four sets of tits in your face, got felt up a bunch, and then gave a gorgeous half-naked girl an orgasm through her feet and then got made out with, and you have the willpower to say no to sex?"

I mentally ticked off everything that had been happening. "Yes," I said. "That's right."

"OK, for real, do you have a brother? Or like, a really close cousin who is just like you?" Ami asked.

Cassidy laughed, and I grinned with a bit of a blush. "He's just got a sister," Cassidy said. "But she is a lesbian if that's any consolation."

"A lesbian in a happy relationship, last I heard," I corrected Cassidy.

"True. We haven't met the girlfriend yet though," Cassidy countered. "Who knows, maybe she's a bitch? Maybe Ami's her soul mate waiting to happen."

"I don't think so," Ami smirked. "I'm Bi-flexible at best. I like big anime titties, but I don't think I could date another woman at all."

Cassidy sighed dramatically. "Well, your loss I guess."

"Can I have my swimsuit now?" I asked.

"I dunno," Ami said. "I think the gals would be *very* happy if you just walked around like that for the rest of the week."

"Harrharrharr," I deadpanned.

Cassidy handed me my trunks, and I struggled into them before getting out of the water. My bulge was obvious, and both women were watching it.

"Hey, my eyes are up here," I chuckled.

"Oh, we know," Ami said, not moving her eyes from my cock bulge.

"We're just distracted by your wonderful assets, Tiger," Cassidy smirked.

I rolled my eyes. "Come here, you," I said, offering Cassidy a hand up. She stood and I pulled her to me, hugging her tight and tilting her chin up to kiss her.

"Oh, sure," Ami said as we made out softly in front of her. "Just rub it in, why don't you?"

So I did, moving closer to Ami and then lowering Cassidy down slowly until her head was pretty much laying in Ami's lap.

"You two are crazy," Ami laughed.

I ended the kiss and grinned at Ami, then took a chance and licked one of her nipples playfully since it was right there and winked. "Yeah, we probably are," I said.

That just got another grin out of her.

I ended up standing back up and helping Cassidy put her bikini top back on, taking pleasure in getting it sitting right on her bust as she smiled and let me both fondle and preen her a little, running my fingers through her hair to fluff it to life a bit and move it into the style she liked.

Ami ended up heading up the stairs to the top deck, while Cassidy and I diverted into the boat to stop in our room for new drinks. While we were in there we both decided to change, and I took a moment to once again enjoy the sight of my fiancée naked and dressing. Once we were both in casual shorts and shirts, we headed back up with a couple of beers each.

The rest of the late afternoon slid by. I posted up on one of the Adirondack chairs with JC, and we chatted about nothing for a while as the ladies did the same around us. The music was blasting, and every once in a while another boat would poke its nose into our chosen cove but see we had an obvious party going and ease back out again, looking for their own privacy. It was kind of strange, watching the differences between how all the women moved around each other.

I didn't think they were getting cliquy or anything, but I could tell some just gravitated more towards certain people. Cattie and Heather were natural extroverts but had very different styles of communication. Both were also topless. Wanda had gone back to chatting with Heels, and Leia had joined them. Zenya seemed to flit between groups, as did Cassidy, while Ami didn't seem to care about groups at all and was happy just sunning herself topless in the last rays of the day.

Eventually, Becca came around and let JC and I know we were just going to stay where we were, though we would separate the boats a bit before anchoring down for the night. Then she took me up on my 'helpfulness' offer and had me go preheat the ovens in both boats - she had two big frozen lasagnas to heat up for dinner, one vegan and one not.

She joined me down in the Singles Boat kitchen, and we started working on putting together a big caesar salad as well. She'd changed from her bikini into a simple white spaghetti-strap tank top and tight blue jeans, a nude-coloured bra showing around the strap and bust of the shirt.

"So," Becca said with a little smirk as we were both working. "I hear that you might have stolen the virtue of one of the Single Ladies on our trip."

I snorted. "Uh, you could maybe call it that," I admitted. "I don't know if I'd call a foot massage 'stealing her virtue' though."

Becca laughed softly and turned to me. "Seriously, did you really give Leia an orgasm just by massaging her feet?"

"Well, Cassidy helped with some well-timed dirty talk," I said.

Becca shook her head, looking me over.

"What?" I asked.

"I'm just thinking," she said.

"Alright, what's on your mind?" I asked.

She went back to the salad. "What's the deal with you and Cassidy?"

Chapter 30

“What do you mean?” I asked Becca.

She chewed the inside of her lip for a second, looking at me out of the corner of her eye. “I’m just getting.... vibes,” she said.

“You’re going to need to be a little more specific than that,” I said. I was busy working on spreading garlic spread on baguettes to go with the lasagna, so I tried not to give her any looks as I focused on what was in front of me.

“I don’t know, just vibes,” she said. “One second you two are flirty with each other, and other people. The next there’s something else, like you’re in a fight or something. But then you’re all flirty again later, and you’re both super nice no matter what else is going on.”

“It’s complicated,” I said.

“Do you mind un-complicating it?” she asked.

I set down the spatula I was smearing garlic spread with and turned, leaning back on the counter and looking at Becca directly. “Any particular reason why?” I asked.

Becca stopped her work with the salad and leaned her hip against the counter, crossing her arms under her bust. “Because you’re cute and I was having fun flirting with you and her, but I don’t know what the deal is with your relationship and I’d rather not open any doors that shouldn’t be opened. Professional, or flirty professional, is a perfectly fine line to stay at if that’s all there is.”

I took a deep breath and sighed it out, nodding slowly. “Thanks for being direct about it,” I said. “I appreciate that.”

“Care to give me the same courtesy?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I said. “You deserve it, you’ve been great with the trip and even better with Cass. She and I are engaged, and we’ve been together for seven years. There’s a lot of history, and we love each other deeply, and she’s going to be my wife. She’s also asked that we open up our relationship so that I, or we together, can sleep with other people. It’s brand new, and there’s some tension around it.”

Becca slowly nodded, absorbing what I’d said, and I realized we were alike in more than just our directness or management style for events. She didn’t like jumping in without checking how deep the water was either.

"I see," she finally said, then turned back to the salad and started working. "So have you slept with anyone else yet?"

"I haven't slept with anyone else, ever, other than her," I said.

"Are you going to?"

"I-" I sighed again. "She needs me to. And I'd like to, I think. I just haven't figured it out in my head yet."

"Because you're loyal," Becca filled in the gap for me.

"Yep," I said.

"Would you want to have sex with me?" Becca asked. "If you're ready for it on this trip?"

I hadn't gone back to work with the garlic bread and was still watching her. "Becca, if you were willing, I would be absolutely thrilled, but only once I'm ready for it."

"OK," she said and kept working.

"Just, OK?" I asked.

"Mhmm," she nodded. "You let me know when you're ready. Until then, we'll stay flirty-professional. I'm not desperate for it or anything - I just know what I want and what I like, and I think you fit that."

"Can I ask you for one thing?" I asked her.

"Sure," she said.

"I'd like to kiss you," I said, watching her reaction.

She stopped working and glanced at me, nodding quietly. I stepped towards her, putting my hands on her slim waist and standing just behind her. I leaned over and she tilted her neck back, and we kissed softly over her shoulder. It was warm, friendly and comfortable. There was a bit of passion there - nothing like the kiss with Leia, but there and with just a tasteful touch of tongue - and then it was over.

"Thanks," I said.

"Damn," Becca sighed.

"What, that bad?" I asked.

“No, that good,” Becca grinned. “You want my suggestion, Robbie? Hurry up and accept your fiancée wants you to fuck other women. Because after that kiss, I’m excited to see what you can really do.”

That, weirdly enough, stopped the sexual talk between us and we went on like nothing had happened. Outside the sun was setting and the girls (or JC) figured out how to turn on the party lights up on the top deck. Becca and I got all of the dinner together ourselves, just recruiting a couple girls to help carry things up the stairs, and soon dinner was served.

Once Cassidy and I each had a plate, I escorted her away from everyone else a bit. We sat and I told her about the conversation and the kiss with Becca, and she smiled smugly.

“Cass, what was that?” I asked.

“What was what?” she asked, quickly changing to an innocent look.

“You know what,” I said. “That look.”

She got a sheepish grin. “A surprise?”

I took a breath. “Alright, I’ve stumbled into it. What’s this one?”

Cassidy chewed on her lip for a second and then leaned forward, kissing me for a long moment. “It’s called ‘Soul Sucker.’ It’s another upgraded perk. The first tier makes you really good at kissing. The second tier makes people who kiss you more horny. The third tier, the one I got you, well... let’s just say that Leia and Becca both aren’t going to forget the kisses you gave them for a while. It’ll stay on their mind, they might even dream about it.”

“Cassidy!” I hissed. “Cattie kissed me.”

“Oh, shit,” Cass giggled. “I forgot about that. How long was it? The bigger the kiss, the bigger the effect.”

“I don’t know,” I groaned. It had already been a long as fuck day, and a lot had happened. Not to mention my breakdowns blurring the feeling of time. “It was short. Friendly only. When I first told her about us and after the massage.”

“It’ll be fine, Robbie,” Cassidy said. “It’s just a kiss. And it’s affecting me too, by the way. Not the actual kissing - you’ve always been the best kisser for me - but the memory thing. I just keep thinking of kissing you if it’s been longer than maybe ten minutes. Cattie will be fine, she’s busy with-”

“Alright, ladies,” Heather called out loudly, interrupting all the conversations. Most of the girls were already finishing up their dinners and we had barely started. “As self-appointed Game Master for the evening, I say we play a group game when everyone is finished. Spin the bottle, Truth or Kiss! Start thinking up awkward questions to ask each other, and if you don’t want to answer you’ve got to spin the bottle and kiss whoever you land on.”

“Oi vey,” I sighed. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Cassidy snorted, and then started giggling.

“Cass,” I said warningly.

“Nothing, nothing,” Cassidy said, waving me off. “I swear I don’t think this one is me or the App. Or, I mean, I don’t think so? You have to admit, it’s *kind of* funny.”

Chapter 31

“I don’t know how I feel about this,” I said

We had gone back down into the houseboat to change into something just a little warmer - the sun had already dipped behind the rockface around the bay, and the sky was a deep purple and blue. The temperature wasn’t supposed to drop too far, but it would fall a little cooler just like any other spot in the desert.

Cassidy pulled her thin sweater over her head and her bust. “Talk to me, Tiger. What’s wrong?”

I sighed and sat on the corner of the bed. “I feel like- I don’t know. Cass, I feel guilty for kissing Becca. And I know you said you wanted me to do these things, but that wasn’t just a peck or a kiss between friends. Becca wants to sleep with me, and I’m attracted to her. It feels wrong.”

Cassidy got on her knees on the bed beside me and hugged me, resting her head on my shoulder. “It’s not, Robbie. It’s not wrong. How would you feel if none of this happened, and I suggested a threesome to you and told you Becca was interested?”

I took a moment to consider that. “I don’t know,” I finally said. “I think I would have been surprised, asked why you wanted a threesome, and then excited. But I don’t *know* that, I’m just guessing.”

“Oh, Robbie,” Cassidy sighed, and I could hear the soft sob in her voice. “I’m so sorry.”

“I know,” I said, hugging my arm around her and then pulling her around to sit in my lap. She straddled me, and we hugged each other close as she put her forehead on my shoulder and talked into my chest.

“I want this for you, Tiger,” she said. “You know that, right? I want this to be fun for you. I wasn’t exaggerating before, I want you to know what it’s like for a bunch of women to worship you because you deserve it.”

“But that’s why it feels weird,” I said. “All of these tricks you’ve set up, the perks... It feels like it’s wrong.”

“I knew you would worry about that,” Cassidy said. We were both talking quietly the whole time, still aware that anyone could be out in the hallway and overhear us, but now Cassidy was whispering. “That’s why I only picked perks that enhance you and don’t change how people would think. Nothing that happens this week is going to be something that anyone doesn’t want to have happen, OK? Anyone who gets frisky has their full faculties - well, OK, some of them might be drunk and we’ll have to call that by ear, but the App isn’t taking away anyone’s ability to say No.”

I sighed, holding her to me, and then nodded. "I think I can handle that. I think, if it's something they actually want, I can enjoy it."

"Thank you for trying," Cassidy said, squeezing me. "But there's something else, isn't there?"

I nodded.

"It's me kissing the others," Cassidy guessed.

"I don't know how I'm going to react, Cass," I said. "Part of me, the really horny part, wants to see you making out with any of them. I'm still having a bit of a time even wrapping my head around you being bi. But the other part of me, the part that-" I stopped, not wanting to say it to her.

"The part that's mad," Cassidy said.

"The part that's mad," I agreed. "That part doesn't want you anywhere near them."

"I get it," Cassidy said. "This is my fault. Cattie was right earlier, I was a real bitch springing this on you. God, she should slap me all over again. I didn't give you any time to really process this, Robbie, and I'm so sorry for that now, too. But we're here. If you don't want us to play that stupid game, then we don't play. But if we do play, what if we make a plan? We'll sit next to each other, and if I need to kiss anyone then you're in control. You just squeeze my hand when you want it to stop, or if you want it to just be a quick peck. And I won't do anything other than kisses, because I'm yours, Robbie."

Something felt good about Cassidy offering me control like that. It was hard to even put into coherent thought, but it was this combination of a kernel of mutual trust and a more primal feeling of ownership over her.

"OK," I said. "OK." I pulled her away from me a bit by her shoulders and kissed her firmly.

We both finished changing and were a couple of the last people up onto the top deck - most of the girls had gone down to change before the party continued. Up on the deck, Heather had gotten to work clearing space on the Singles Boat and now there was a big open sitting area and the women were all in a rough circle sitting on the faux grass carpeting. I led Cassidy, hand in hand, over to an open space and ended up sitting beside Wanda on my other side, while Cassidy was next to Ginny.

Leia and Zenya were the last to come back from changing, scampering up the stairs both wearing thin zip-up hoodies and cotton shorts over the wide hips and butts.

"Alright, this is our bottle," Heather proclaimed. She was sitting almost directly across the circle from me and Cassidy, with Cattie next to her. Cattie had finally, I assumed, been allowed to put

on a top again and was wearing a cute black baseball tee and leggings. Heather held up an empty vodka bottle and shook it around. "The rules are simple. You spin the bottle, and you ask whoever it lands on a potentially embarrassing question. If you get asked, you can either answer the question truthfully, or you can refuse and spin the bottle to see who you have to kiss. If you get caught in a lie, you need to strip naked and jump in the lake."

Everyone seemed to be on a decent buzz from an afternoon of drinking, and most were nursing new drinks as well, so there weren't any questions or complaints.

"Great," Heather smirked. She set the bottle down and gave it a hefty spin, and it rattled around in the circle before coming to a stop.

Chapter 32

The first ten or so spins of the bottle felt more like some sort of a sorority 'get to know you' party than anything else. I could see that JC, sitting over near Terra was feeling similarly. Then Heather got the bottle back after answering that she was waxed under her bikini bottom, and I saw the little smirk on her face and knew she had some sort of a plan.

She spun again, and the bottle stopped on Ginnie. "Hmmm," Heather acted it up, tapping her finger on her puffy lips. "Ginnie. What's the horniest thing you've ever done?"

Ginnie burst out laughing in surprise. "Um, well, other than for my OnlyFans?"

"That's content," Heather waved it away. "In your personal life."

"Oh, that's easy," Ginnie grinned. "I was on a dry spell and was working as a receptionist at my Dad's garage. He was out for the day, so when I took my lunch break I locked myself in his office and fucked myself silly with a wrench until I was about to squirt, and I realized I didn't want to leave a mess so I squirted into his garbage can. I had to bring the wrench and the garbage bag with my juices out to the dumpster without getting caught. But it was worth it 'cause I came so fucking hard!"

This got everyone laughing as Ginnie hammed up her story a bit, then she spun the bottle and landed on Zenya. The big busted woman was asked how much she's been offered to show her tits for content, since she was a non-nude model, and she admitted she'd been offered up to \$10,000 for a video of her sucking her own nipple, which she turned down.

"OK, but can you actually do that?" Heather challenged her.

"Oh, for sure," Zenya laughed and hefted one of her boobs in her sweater, leaning her head down and sticking her tongue out and playing it across the fabric. "And that's with a bra on!"

Zenya spun to Heels and asked the Pakistani woman where she preferred guys to cum. Heels grinned and darkened a little, the first time I'd seen her blush, and said she preferred to swallow. Then Wanda interrupted. "Hold on!" she said. "I call liar. I know for a *fact* that you've told your Exes you prefer them to cum on your face."

The whole group went, 'Ooooooh,' and Heels looked surprised. "Yeah, I tell them that so that they don't think I'm a big cum hungry slut," Heels said. "What do you think I do with the cum once they've given me a facial?"

This got more nervous giggling and laughing from the group, and I couldn't help but imagine what Heels looked like with her dark, warm skin splattered with pearly streaks of cum as she licked it from her lips. Heels was let off with a finger wag and a lot of playful 'One more strike and you're out!' jeers, then she spun and landed on Becca.

“Who on this trip would you most want to hook up with for one wild night of passion?” Heels asked her.

Becca blushed hard, her cherub face turning a hot pink as she buried herself in her drink for a moment. “Kiss!” she declared, and Heels slid the bottle over to her as the group jeered and catcalled the blonde. Becca sighed and shook her head with a smile, then spun the bottle. It landed on Sherry, Cattie’s little sister.

Sherry’s eyes got big and her mouth dropped open in surprise, and Ginnie nudged her from the spot next to her. Becca knee-walked over and took Sherry’s face in her hands and planted a big, wet but overly-silly kiss on the younger woman.

“Mwah!” Becca said, pulling away.

“Best I ever had!” Sherry laughed.

“Really?” Becca asked. “That’s not even the best I’ve had *today*.”

This got all the girls worked up, many of them trying to get Becca to reveal who she had kissed today, but she just bore it with a smile and said, “Hey, it’s not your turn, it’s my turn.”

The game continued. JC revealed that Terra’s favourite position was doggie style, which she gave him a bunch of silly grief over. Wanda ended up kissing Cattie, which Heather watched with a big happy smirk. Ami, who had put on a long-sleeved crop top, admitted to having never actually slept with another Asian person - she’d grown up in the MidWest and had barely known any she would have considered datable while she was younger, and now she lived in a heavily Hispanic area so when she did date she tended to date guys she met there but they never went anywhere. Heather decided to kiss instead of answering her bodycount, and spun right back to Ami. Heather really got into it, and Ami met her enthusiasm with a slightly shy but eager return until Heather grabbed Ami’s ass, and then Ami ended it with a sardonic smirk and wagging her finger.

The questions started to get even spicier, asking about specific partners or calling for spicy stories, which meant the kisses also started happening more often. Cassidy was asked about her best sexual encounter, and she told the story of the time the both of us had fucked in the library stacks at University and almost got caught by another couple also looking for a place to fuck, and ended up both doing it two rows over from each other. Leia admitted to liking getting her juicy butt spanked in the heat of the moment. Terra took a kiss rather than tell her favourite sexual story, but made it obvious she was just doing it to tease JC for his earlier admission - and she spun to me.

“Nice,” Cassidy grinned, looking from me to Terra and back.

Terra knee-walked through the circle to me and openly asked Cassidy, "This OK?"

"Absolutely," Cassidy nodded.

I was sitting with my legs crossed, resting with my arms braced behind me, and Terra sat on her knees and leaned in. Instead of kissing me she moved close and whispered, "This OK?"

"Only if it is for you and JC," I said. "Thank you for asking."

She smiled and nodded. "It's fine, we have a deal." I had to wonder what that meant, but then she leaned in and kissed me.

Chapter 33

Terra kissed completely differently from Cassidy, or Becca. Where I was used to Cassidy's comfortable warmth, familiarity and that constant flicker of desire, and Becca had been confident and serene, but also hungry, Terra was a spitfire. She kissed me hard, running her hand through my hair as she sucked on my bottom lip for a moment and then played her tongue along my upper lip. I returned the passion, pressing back at her and letting our tongues duel for a long moment.

She broke from the kiss, grinning and biting the corner of her lower lip, her eyes sparkling in the party lights. "Damn, Cass," she said, looking over at Cassidy. "Your boy is an awesome kisser."

"Always has been," Cassidy beamed. She'd been holding my hand the whole time Terra had kissed me, and now she looked at me and squeezed reassuringly.

"You're not so bad yourself," I smiled at Terra. "Hey JC, if you ever get tired of kissing Terra, just tap me in OK?"

This just made him laugh. "I'll never get tired of my girl!"

"Good answer, baby," Terra said, sliding back over to sit next to him and wrapping an arm around his neck into a faux headlock and kissing him.

Now it was my turn since I'd been the Kiss-ee, and when I spun the bottle it rattled and bobbed and then slowed until it pointed to Cattie's younger sister. "Sherry," I said, grinning teasingly over at Cattie. "What's your most embarrassing story about Cattie?"

Cattie was shocked, and looked over at Sherry, "Don't you dare!"

Sherry giggled happily. "I dunno, sis," she said. "What'll you give me to keep my mouth shut?"

"A Favour," Cattie said.

"A big one?" Sherry countered.

"Medium," Cattie said.

Sherry made a show of it, then shrugged. "Alright, Kiss!" She spun the bottle and then spun around and ended on Cassidy.

My fiance squeezed my hand once as Sherry grinned that little impish smile of hers and crawled across the circle to the two of us.

Sherry didn't wait, she just crawled right up and planted a kiss on Cassidy - it was so sudden that Cassidy was actually a little surprised there wasn't any lead-in. I watched for a long moment. Sherry was a pretty girl; maybe not beautiful like her sister, but cute as hell and after seeing her topless for much of the afternoon I knew she was a sexual little being. When I saw a bit of tongue starting to happen, I squeezed Cassidy's hand and she immediately pulled away. Sherry made a surprised face, clearly expecting the kiss to go farther.

"Was I that bad?" Sherry asked. "I'm not used to kissing girls. I was just trying to play the game."

"It was fine, sweetie," Cassidy said. "You have nice lips."

"OK," Sherry said, and gave a smaller smile. She scampered back towards her spot in the circle and Cassidy glanced at me as she picked up the bottle. I felt a little bad that my control had just put some self-doubt into Sherry, but... also, I didn't. Cassidy was mine.

Cass spun the bottle, and it twisted and whirled for a long moment before coming to a rattling stop pointing right at me.

"Ooooh," a bunch of the girls crowed. Everyone knew that Cassidy had the inside scoop on anything that could embarrass me.

Cassidy leaned close to me and whispered in my ear. "Just pretend like I'm asking you something embarrassing and go for the kiss, Tiger. I love you."

"Kiss!" I called out, trying to put a panicked look on my face. The whole circle started laughing, so either I put on a good performance or everyone was tipsy enough not to be able to tell the difference. I quickly spun the bottle and it rounded towards the other side of the circle, spinning to a stop and pointing right at Heather.

She made a face, and as I began to shuffle on my knees over to her she quickly glanced around and her eyes fell on Cattie and she slowly grinned. By the time I was across the circle, Heather turned back to me and said, "I'm calling a substitution since I'm a lesbian and don't kiss guys."

"Wait, what?" I asked. "There's straight girls here who you're making kiss other girls."

"Well, no one's been complaining," Heather said dismissively.

"Not really fair," Becca said, "But what are you proposing, Heather?"

"You can kiss Cattie instead," Heather said.

"What?" Cattie said in surprise.

"Kiss him for me," Heather said to Cattie, giving her a look.

"I think if it's a substitution, and Cattie agrees, it should be more than the original," Cassidy said. "I vote second base."

That started a brief discussion of what people from different parts of the country considered second base, and it was roundly determined that groping and heavy petting while making out was second base. Heather was arguing against the escalation, saying it was a fair substitution just one-to-one.

I just locked eyes with Cattie as this was all being discussed loudly. She was softly glaring at Heather, then would look at me with a softer gaze and a pensive quirk to her lips, then back behind me at Cassidy.

"Fine," Cattie said, cutting off the conversation. She looked at Heather. "You want me to substitute, I'll substitute," she said, and then she stood up and offered me her hand to stand as well. As I did she hugged me around the neck and pulled me down so she could whisper in my ear. "Are you and Cassidy sure?"

"She is, I'm getting there," I said. "You don't have to do this though. I don't want this to ruin-

"Just shut up and kiss me, Robbie," Cattie said.

Chapter 34

Cattie took my hand and put one on her ass over her tights and the other on her breast over her shirt. I could immediately tell she didn't have a bra on under that flimsy t-shirt. I didn't have time to think too hard about that because then we were kissing.

My hand on her ass squeezed instinctually, my fingers curling just a little into the crack of her bum as I pulled her closer to me. She wrapped her hands around the back of my neck, pulling my head down firmly to keep our lips locked.

Kissing Cattie was a new experience all over again from the others. She was insistent and hungry for it, her chin bumping mine as she worked her lips and our tongues slid and played. She hummed happily into my mouth, and I groaned somewhere in my chest. More than with any of the other women I'd kissed today, my nose filled with the scent of her, a warm almost woody smell I would have put to a men's body wash except it was cut with a floral overtone.

My hand massaged her tit through her shirt and I could feel her nipple getting hard through it. I slid my other hand up from her ass, and it slipped under her tee and came up her bare side. She nodded a little into the kiss, giving me permission, and I went further, wrapping my fingers around her bare tit and quickly starting to tease her nipple.

The crowd of girls - and JC - were going wild at the kiss. It was a dull roar in my ears of whooping and whistles and catcalls. My world was this kiss for a long moment, and for another moment I was wondering what Cassidy was thinking. What she was feeling, watching this.

I slid my hands from Cattie's delightful breasts and brought them both down to her ass, palming her firm cheeks and squeezing her again, and then lifting her up. She made a surprised 'Mmm!' as I did so, but didn't break the kiss. Instead, she wrapped her legs around my waist, kissing down at me and arching her body to press her tits against my upper chest.

I took two steps forward, back towards her seat, and slowly lowered us down onto my knees, and then down as I pressed her back to the floor while she clung on to me with her arms and legs. We didn't break the kiss once. Finally, with a last little spar between our tongues, I pulled away and Cattie and I just grinned at each other in messy happiness as the girls around continued to jeer and catcall.

We'd never hit on each other. She was my fiancée's best friend ever since they met up at a Con over two years ago. I'd always had a brief concept of lust for her - she was gorgeous. But never had either of us ever thought we'd share a kiss like *that*.

I gave her another peck, firm and friendly and quick, re-establishing the boundary. She laughed and nodded, knowing what I meant.

“Wow!” I said, standing up and rubbing at my face. I turned to Cassidy. “Babe, I don’t know if our parents will like it, but *that* is the kind of kiss I want at the altar.”

This set up a round of giggling and laughing from almost everyone. Heather was clearly faking a smile, and only partially responded to Cattie sitting up and throwing her arms around her girlfriend and whispering to her. On the other side of the circle, Cassidy was laughing so hard she was crying, and it clicked for me that it wasn’t from the laughing.

I quickly crossed the circle and got down, kissing her hard and earnestly. She wrapped her fingers into the hair on the back of my head and fell backwards, pulling me with her as she kissed me fiercely even while giggling into my mouth. She kissed me back, pecking me hard over and over.

“Whats- wrong-?” I asked in between kisses. Everyone was catcalling all over again, seeing me and Cassidy seemingly making out wildly with me on top of her.

“Nothing,” she gasped. “Nothing, Tiger. You said at the altar. I just- you still want to marry me?”

My heart twisted at that moment. I had said that, hadn’t I?

I hadn’t even thought about the wedding. Getting married to Cassidy.

She was trying so hard. I was so focused on the past, on the now, I hadn’t thought about the fact that I was marrying her in six months.

I didn’t answer her. Instead, I wrapped my arms under her and picked us both up, rising to my knees and then my feet. “Sorry, folks,” I said. “I think my fiancée and I are out of the game!”

Even more catcalls followed us as Cassidy clung to me happily and I walked us over the bridge to our boat and towards the stairs. I could feel Cassidy gesturing and making faces at the girls over my shoulder, and then she made some thrusting motions with her hips, all of which garnered more laughter from the group. I carried her all the way down the stairs and into the houseboat. The entire way she kissed my neck and cheeks happily.

I sat down on the bed, her now straddling me, and then I fell backwards and she was over top of me, planting little kisses all over my face.

“Cass,” I said.

She kept kissing me.

“Cassidy,” I said, firmer, and she stopped.

“What’s wrong?” she asked me.

I sighed and closed my eyes, wrapping my arms around her again and hugging her down onto me.

“Cassidy, I’m scared,” I said.

“Oh, Robbie,” she sobbed. Maybe we were both a little manic today, flipping emotions on a dime. She held me for a long few minutes, our heartbeats intermingling and our breathing falling into sync. “Talk to me,” she whispered after a while. “I need you to tell me it all. Every bit.”

“I- I don’t know if I can marry you,” I sobbed, taking my turn to break down. “I don’t *not* want to marry you, but I just- I can’t even think about it. I just don’t *know* anymore, and that terrifies me.”

And then we cried together for a while, and that little part of me that surfaced every once in a while between bouts of sadness wondered if the others could hear us, and thought we were happily fucking each other’s brains out instead of desperately clinging to each other, hoping this whole thing wasn’t falling apart.

Chapter 35

We'd wound down after maybe fifteen minutes, but kept tight hold of each other for a while.

"I'm sorry," I said quietly. I knew I'd said something so utterly hurtful.

"No," Cassidy said firmly. "Don't. You can't be sorry. Never be sorry for telling me what you're feeling." She lifted her head up and looked me in the eyes. "I read about this thing - radical honesty. Some people have had really good success with it. It basically means that we need to dedicate time to check in and be completely honest, no matter what. Even if we think it's going to hurt, or be hurtful, we need to be totally open."

I nodded. "OK. That- I can see why that would work. I don't know if I'm ready to say everything I'm feeling though. It's all jumbled up in my head and my heart."

"OK," she said and laid her head back down on my chest.

"It's true that I still love you," I said.

"It's true that I still love you, too," she said back.

We were syncing up our breathing again.

"How was the kiss with Sherry?" I asked.

"Nice. Cute," Cassidy said. "She isn't bad, but I don't think she's into girls. All I could think about was you though, so maybe I wasn't feeling it. I was worried, and waiting. I was terrified I would miss you telling me to stop."

"Thank you for stopping," I said.

"I love you, and I'm yours," she said. "I'll do anything you want."

I took a deep breath and let it out.

"How was kissing Terra?" Cassidy asked.

"Really nice," I said. "I kept thinking about how different she was than kissing you, or Becca. I wasn't joking with JC, I'd be happy to kiss her more if I had the chance, but I wouldn't ever want to be the reason they broke up."

"You don't want to be the cheater," Cassidy said. It wasn't a question, wasn't even really self-accusatory. She said it more as a sad reality that I held myself to that and always had, and she hadn't.

I just shook my head in response, staying quiet.

“How about Cattie? That kiss was super hot,” Cassidy said.

“I- I don’t know what to say about that. It was, by a lot. But also Cattie is your best friend, and one of my friends. Kissing her felt amazing, and feeling her up - god damn, I can’t believe we did that in front of anyone, let alone at all. If she wasn’t dating Heather, I would... Well, I’d be open to a lot more. But she is with Heather, and even if we aren’t exactly sure about her, I’m still not looking to end relationships and cause rifts.”

“What if I told you I wanted you to sleep with Cattie?” Cassidy asked. “What if I-”

“Stop,” I whispered. “Stop, please.”

She did.

“Robbie, I want to be close to you,” she finally said. “Can we get naked? Is that OK?”

I nodded, and we quickly started stripping off and got under the covers. She lay down on top of me again, her body pressed to mine, skin to skin. I wrapped my arms around her, and she pressed her cheek to my chest.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“I love you,” I whispered back.

Over time, between the little touches we made, and the subtle shifts, I ended up getting harder between us. “Can I help with that?” Cassidy asked me when she had to move again to make room for my penis.

“You don’t need to,” I said, but she stopped me.

“No, Robbie. I want to. I want to do anything you feel comfortable enough to do,” she said. “I can’t figure out the right words to make this go away, so I need to talk to you in more ways. Can I?”

I nodded, and Cassidy slipped under the covers and settled between my legs in the dark. She started with just her fingertips, tracing them up and down my cock, then slowly transitioned to a soft stroking as she danced her tongue along the shaft. Then the head. Then she was suckling on me, making love to me with her mouth. She slowly worked her way through every trick in her book, teasing me and sending little zaps of pleasure up my spine and into my balls.

“Cassidy,” I groaned, enjoying the leisurely feeling. It was decadent, laying there with her.

She worked me over. After everything that had happened that day, I was weirdly backed up. When had I last gotten off? In my truck? I'd had that unfulfilled blowjob from Cass earlier, plus all of the teasing, and kissing, and topless women, and the massages. Fuck, I gave Leia an orgasm!

I threw the covers off of us, and Cassidy looked up at me with my cock half in her mouth. And I came as we looked at each other. Cass didn't pull off, instead she started gulping my cum down, and I gave her a gullet full. She grinned through the whole thing, revelling in doing this for me.

When the last few dribbles were getting sucked out of me, I relaxed my body from the orgasm and she just kept going, making sure she'd gotten everything, and then bathing me with her tongue. She crawled back up my body and playfully opened her mouth, showing me her empty mouth. "All gone," she whispered playfully. "Feel good?"

"You're amazing," I said. "And I feel mellow, now."

"Good," she said and hugged herself to me again. "We should probably see what's going on, but I don't want to drink any more. Or party. It's been a long day."

"OK," I said. "What if we start a movie out in the lounge? Maybe some of the others will join us."

"That sounds nice," she smiled, then pouted. "But also means I have to get dressed again."

"Probably," I chuckled.

Chapter 36

Cassidy and I got dressed in some comfy clothes - sweatpants for both of us, while I threw on a light sweater and she slipped into a zip-up hoodie without bothering to put on an undershirt or bra. I had a feeling she knew this was going to tease me and I let her have it.

We went out to the loungey living area of the houseboat. The music was still playing up top and there was loud talking. I had to wonder how long the game had kept going after we left, and what we might have missed out on. I checked through the kitchen area quickly while Cassidy turned on the TV and looked through the shitty selection of DVDs that the houseboat was stocked with. I ended up finding a couple of pouches of microwave popcorn in a cupboard, so I started working on those.

“What do you think,” Cassidy asked me. “Space Jam or Dirty Dancing?”

“Space Jam for sure,” I said. If I was remembering correctly, while Dirty Dancing was a fun and sometimes sexy movie, there were also some scenes and characters I didn’t want to think about after the day I had.

“OK,” Cassidy chirped happily and loaded the DVD player with the movie while I opened the steaming bag of popcorn into a big mixing bowl and brought it over to the couch. Cassidy had sat on one side, so I sat in the middle and she immediately leaned into me and handed me the remote as I tucked my arm around her. We hadn’t even gotten our first handfuls of popcorn to our mouths when there was a stampede of feet coming down the stairs just outside the glass doors.

The first woman in was Heels, and she was clearly drunk. Wanda and Heather were right behind her, also looking like they’d had a good time.

“Here you are!” Heels said. “Come here, you’re the only ones that I haven’t made out with.”

Heels was kneeling next to me on the couch before I could even pause the movie and kissed me firmly, slipping in a little tongue. I could taste the alcohol on her breath and, to be quite frank, even if I’d actually responded with anything other than surprise it wouldn’t have been a very good kiss. She pulled away and smacked her lips, wiggling her thick eyebrows at me as I just sort of sat there in shock, and then she was climbing over my lap.

“Last one!” she said, and Cassidy squeaked in her own surprise as she was grabbed and kissed as well.

“Stop,” Cassidy said, pushing Heels away.

“That’s it, that’s everyone,” Heels said, not caring as she stumbled to her feet and stood grinning in the middle of the living room. “I have officially kissed every person on this trip, and it was

great.” Then she let out what might have been one of the loudest, most resonant belches I had ever heard. Calling it a ‘burp’ would have been an injustice to the sheer amount of volume she produced. Heels smacked her lips again afterwards, blinking tiredly. “OK, bedtime.”

“Jesus Christ, Baheela,” Wanda said, shaking her head. “Alright, let’s get you tucked away.”

Meanwhile, Cassidy was clutching my arm and whispering to me quietly, “Robbie, I’m so sorry. I didn’t- I tried to stop her-”

“It’s OK,” I whispered back quietly, taking her hand and squeezing it softly. “I know.”

“Hey, what are you guys watching?” Wanda asked us as she led Heels towards the bedrooms.

“Space Jam,” I said. “You’re welcome to join us if you want.”

“I will! I love that movie,” she said. “Be right back.”

Heather was shaking her head with a wry smirk watching Wanda walk off with Heels, then turned to me and Cassidy. “I thought you two were getting in some private time. Don’t tell me you’re finished *already*.”

The implication was obvious. “Actually,” Cassidy said. “Considering the long day we had, we purposefully went quick. But once you’re with someone for long enough that really knows you and gets you, quick can be just as satisfying as long.”

“Oh, honey,” Heather said, shaking her head. “Real satisfaction takes work, talent and effort. And certain gifts.” She stuck out her tongue, which I had to admit was particularly long as she touched the bottom of her chin with it.

Cassidy snorted and raised her hand in mine, kissing the back of my hand. “Well, it’s a good thing I’m marrying the most gifted, talented, hard-working man I’ve ever met.”

Heather looked like she was going to retort again, but was cut off by Cattie coming down the stairs outside, followed by JC and Terra.

“Hey hon,” Cattie smiled, oblivious to the sparring that had been going on. She stepped up to Heather and wrapped an arm around her waist, smiling sweetly up at her taller girlfriend with that sort of end-of-night, glazed-over expression of someone who had definitely had a nice, simmering day of drinking.

Heather took her opportunity to show off, I assumed, and she grabbed Cattie by the ass and pulled her closer, starting to make out with her right there. Cattie went with it, pressing her tits against Heather’s even larger chest.

“On that note, I think we’re going to our room,” JC said, eyeing up the lesbian kiss.

Terra laughed, and so did Cassidy and I. “How come you don’t kiss me like that, Juan Carlos?” Terra asked her boyfriend.

“Cause I don’t have the boobs for you to push against,” he said. “If I had tits like that I’d squeeze you with them all the time.”

Terra acted shocked and slapped his ass. “Naughty boy!”

“Oooh, yeah, can I have another Mami?” JC laughed, and when Terra pretended to bring her hand way back to smack him even harder he laughed and scampered down towards the room.

Terra laughed, shaking her head and rolling her eyes at her boyfriend’s antics. She stepped over to Cass and I. “You two may want to turn up the volume a bit,” she said. “We’ll try not to be *too* loud.”

“Worst comes to worst, we’ll figure something out,” I said and Cassidy grinned with me. “Have fun.”

“Thanks,” Terra smiled, then she surprised me by leaning down and kissing me on the lips softly, then kissed Cassidy on the forehead. “Good night you two.”

“Good night,” Cassidy smiled.

At some point in the brief exchange with Terra, Heather must have dragged Cattie towards their room, so when Terra left it was just Cassidy and I again.

“She likes you,” Cassidy smiled.

“I like her, too,” I said. “Her and JC seem like good people to make friends with.”

“No, I mean she’s got a crush on you,” Cassidy clarified. “If she didn’t, she wouldn’t have kissed you on the lips.”

“Well, it’s not going any further than that,” I said. “I’m not-”

“I know, Tiger,” Cassidy said. “I know. And it doesn’t need to be a thing with her. Just accept that a beautiful woman like her is attracted to you, and you can be attracted to her, too.”

“It is nice,” I admitted. “I’m not used to thinking that way. Like, obviously I could objectively judge if I saw someone attractive, but I never spent time thinking about being attracted to them, or them to me.”

“And that’s just one of the many, many, *many* reasons I love you, and don’t deserve you,” Cassidy said a little sadly.

I wanted to say something for her, but a door burst open and JC jogged back down the hallway in just a towel. “Dude, I totally forgot. Becca asked me to move the boats a little ways from each other for the night because we aren’t supposed to stay moored together overnight without anyone awake. Could you...?”

“Yeah, I got it,” I said, flashing him a smile. “Go show that gorgeous woman of yours a good time.”

“Thanks, dude,” he grinned and headed back to his room.

“I’ll be right back,” I said, kissing Cassidy quickly and standing up. “Don’t start the movie without me.”

“OK,” she smiled. “I love you.”

“Love you, too,” I said, meaning it.

Chapter 37

Detaching the boats from each other wasn't hard work, it was just a little time-consuming. I had to undo the ropes mooring us together at the front and back, then stow away the ramp connecting the two top decks and undo the ropes there. Then I had to power up the boat motor, raise the anchor and slowly pilot the boat about twenty-five feet away and lower the anchor again.

I also took the time to check the fuel for the generator that was running in the hold of the boat, making sure we weren't going to wake up to nothing working - all of the women had photo shoots planned for the morning, so being powerless would have been a disaster in the making. We were good though, so I powered down the engine and headed back down.

Cassidy was still in her spot, but Wanda had come back out and was lounging on the other end of the couch. She'd pulled her blonde hair up into a messy bun and wiped off what little makeup she'd been wearing. Wanda was a pretty girl even without makeup, though she was definitely an artist at making her apple cheeks more prominent - stripped down like this she looked more girl next door than the all-American midwest apple pie beauty queen. She'd also changed her top.

"Wow, really?" I laughed, sliding the door closed and latching it. "I'm impressed."

"I might have brought the costume to shoot in," Wanda smiled. "I've got the ears and shorts with a bunny tail to go with it, but I figured this was enough." She was wearing the jersey of the Tune Squad from the movie, and in a delightful crop top version that left her stomach bare to boot.

"Come on, Tiger," Cassidy said, patting the seat between her and Wanda. "Let's get this show on the road. The animals are starting to get restless." That was when I noticed the noises coming softly from the back end of the houseboat.

I settled in, offering Wanda some of the popcorn and she accepted. Cassidy snuggled up to me again and started the movie, and during the opening scene Wanda shifted closer to me and leaned over to Cassidy. "Do you mind if I snuggle a bit, too?"

"Robbie's a bit of a furnace, and gives great snuggle," Cassidy said. "Go for it."

So that was how I ended up with my arms around two beautiful women watching a kid's movie for the nostalgia.

We were about halfway through the movie, and had turned up the volume twice early on to drown out the noises, when Cassidy sat up and stretched, then turned to me. "Tiger, could you give me a quick shoulder massage?"

"Sure," I said, sitting up and little.

Cassidy slid up onto my lap and unzipped her hoody, then looked to Wanda. "You don't mind, do you hon?"

"Not at all," Wanda said. "Especially if I can get one too. This afternoon was amazing. You've got fantastic hands, Robbie."

"Thanks," I said.

"You can go right after me," Cassidy nodded with a smile, then didn't just lower her hoody but slipped it off completely and set it on the seat beside us.

Wanda's eyes went a little wider, but with a soft smile. "Damn, girl. I wish I had boobs like yours, they're so pretty."

"Thanks," Cassidy grinned. "But I kind of wish I had your ass. You must work so hard at it."

"Yeah, but it's genetics, too. Ten years from now I'm going to end up looking like a Pixar Mom, though."

"Well, Leia has Pixar Mom proportions now and she makes it look hot as hell," Cass giggled.

"True!" Wanda laughed.

I set to work giving Cassidy a shoulder massage, working her neck and shoulders, then slowly down her back until I was working her lower back. We went quiet as I did this, enjoying the movie, except for Cassidy occasionally groaning in appreciation. The feeling of Cassidy responding under my fingertips was comfortable and familiar. I'd touched her a thousand times and more like this, and Wanda sitting next to us and splitting her attention between the movie and Cassidy felt strangely blended into those feelings. It wasn't weird because we didn't make it weird.

Eventually, I was finished with Cassidy's back and I pulled her back against me and hugged her, kissing her cheek. "Good?" I asked.

"Mhmm," she nodded, loose and mellow against me. She slid from my lap and pulled on her sweater but didn't zip it up, leaving a bare strip of her sternum and stomach but covering her nipples and most of her boobs. "Thanks, Tiger."

I leaned over and kissed her softly, and Cassidy cupped my cheek for a long moment as we both enjoyed the touch. "OK," I finally said, turning to Wanda. "Still want your turn?"

"God, yes," Wanda grinned. "That looked so relaxing." She sat up and shifted onto my lap like Cassidy, though Wanda's bigger ass immediately reminded me that she wasn't Cassidy, and I was currently half-hard in my sweats.

“Sorry,” I said as she sat down on the hardness.

“It’s OK,” she said. “I don’t mind, and I can’t blame you. Cassidy is a very pretty woman.”

I slowly slid my hand up from Wanda’s lower back, feeling her warm and smooth skin, and up under her shirt where I was surprised to find she wasn’t wearing a bra. I began my massage, enjoying the feel of her all over again since earlier in the afternoon. Sitting here in the living room, with Cassidy curled up on the seat next to me, almost felt more intimate than with the sunscreen out on the top deck.

I played with Wanda a bit, tracing patterns across her smooth, pale skin in between firmer massage motions. Glancing at Cassidy, I saw she was smiling broadly as she did the same as Wanda had been doing, swapping her attention between the movie and the massage. I had this desire to lean forward and kiss Wanda’s back, to feel her skin against my lips, but I resisted. Still, Wanda was breathing deeply and happily groaning, shifting every once in a while as my cock pressed into her ass and thighs.

She surprised me when she turned to Cassidy and asked, “Do you mind?”

Chapter 38

I wasn't sure what Wanda was referring to, but Cassidy nodded confidently. Then Wanda pulled off her shirt entirely, giving me more easy access to her shoulders and neck.

"Do whatever," she said, smiling back over her shoulder at me. "I feel like jello right now in the best way."

I just smiled and slid my hands from her lower back all the way up to her shoulders, feeling her skin slightly goosepimple with my passing. I pushed my thumbs into the crook of her neck and she moaned happily. I worked her slowly and methodically as the movie continued, but now I was sure the three of us weren't actually watching anymore. My vision was filled with this beautiful half-naked woman in my lap, while she had her head tilted down and moaned through her partially parted lips, and Cassidy watched us with her eyes a little hooded and licking her lower lip like she was hungry for more.

I didn't resist my urge this time, and I leaned forward and softly kissed Wanda's spine right in the middle of her back. She didn't stop moaning.

Suddenly Wanda took my hands in hers and lowered them to her sides, and sat back with her bare back against my chest. My hands were cupped in hers, right on her sides just inches from my fingers touching her breasts.

"Brodi and I have an open relationship," Wanda said to Cassidy quietly. "Do you mind if...?"

Cassidy just nodded, then leaned forward and kissed me. "Make her feel good, Tiger."

Wanda slid my hands from her sides to her breasts. They were only a little smaller than Cassidy's, and she had delightful pink nipples and areolas that were already firm as I palmed them. Wanda moaned happily, slowly grinding her ass back against me as she pressed her chest forward into my hands.

I started slowly. Softly. Just the slightest massage that worked most of her chest. Wanda let her head fall back against my shoulder as she softly whimpered and moaned, the sound of her pleasure barely loud enough to reach Cassidy sitting right next to us. As I began to ramp up my massaging of her delightful breasts, I kissed the top of Wanda's shoulder since it was right there. She quickly responded by tilting her head away from me, exposing her neck more, so I started to softly kiss and nibble at her bare skin.

I transitioned from massaging to more proper teasing with her breasts, playing the tips of my fingers around her areolas and feeling her flex her chest muscles as little sparks of pleasure worked through her. Then I moved directly to her nipples and softly rolled them between my fingers, followed by softly pinching, then pinching wider around her areolas.

Wanda was panting now, her mouth hanging open as I kissed up her neck to her jaw. She turned and kissed me, open-mouthed and passionate. We stayed like that for a bit, our tongues duelling and exploring as I pulled and played with her pink nipples.

Then Wanda pulled away, sitting up and off of me a bit so that she could pull down her leggings and thong to her knees and sit her bare ass back down on my lap. She moved my right hand down from her breasts, tracing my fingers along her stomach with her own until I was touching a sparse patch of blonde pubic hairs. She kissed me again as I softly stroked that little patch, then quested my fingers lower, over her mound to the impossibly soft, smooth and slick skin of her outer labia.

Wanda's pussy was ready for penetration, but I spent the next five or so minutes just softly stroking her lips. Nudging them apart, running a fingertip down the centre. Grazing against her clit. Then, finally, as Wanda whined softly into my mouth and softly bucked her hips up to my teasing fingers, I slowly inserted my middle finger into her.

"Ugh, yes," Wanda moaned happily, letting her head fall back loosely onto my shoulder again. "Fuck, yes. You do this so fucking well, Robbie. You're playing me like an instrument."

"A beautiful one," I whispered to her, then sucked lightly on her earlobe. "An instrument that makes such sweet, sexy sounds and is an absolute delight to handle. Also smart and witty, with a beautiful heart."

I was one knuckle in her and slid in up to the second knuckle to her happy hum and pant. When I slipped the second finger in, she trembled a little and I could feel her pussy stretching a touch to accommodate the intrusion.

"Cass," Wanda said, blinking several times as she tried to stay focused. "Could you do me a favour and grab my phone? I want you to take a couple of photos for Brodi."

"Sure," Cassidy said, standing to grab Wanda's phone from the far side table.

"He likes to hear about what I get up to," Wanda smiled. "I'm not the same - I don't like hearing when he's had his fun. But he gets off on this kind of stuff."

Wanda opened the phone for Cassidy, who got down between our legs and took some pictures quickly of my hand driving two fingers into Wanda's pink, wet pussy. She also took a picture of my other hand squeezing Wanda's tit for good measure.

"You have a really pretty pussy," Cassidy said as she sat back down and leaned against me, holding the phone so that both of them could see it.

"Thanks," Wanda said, her breath hitching a little as I continued to finger her at an increasing pace. "I wasn't sure if I liked the rough bikini trim or not."

“No, it’s hot,” Cassidy assured her. “You have a pretty dirty blonde pube colour. I’d want to see the full bush, honestly, but I guess this is a bikini trip.”

“Maybe someday,” Wanda chuckled, then leaned back against my chest again with a loud sigh that turned into a moan.

“Are you going to come?” Cassidy asked her.

Wanda just nodded, pressing her lips together firmly.

I kissed her ear again, playing my tongue into it as I squeezed Wanda’s breast hard and drove my fingers all the way into her and fished for her g-spot. I found the little patch in her pussy and pressed hard.

Wanda came wonderfully, squeezing her eyes shut and shuddering in my lap. I managed to extend her orgasm by strumming her clit with my thumb.

It was the first time I’d touched a woman sexually like this other than Cassidy. Sure, I’d made Leia come earlier with a foot massage, but that felt more like a fluke than anything. And groping Cattie had been a thing, but had mostly been over her clothes except from one boob. No, this was the first real-time I was doing this, and to be quite frank... it was intoxicating. I felt like I had full control of Wanda. At the moment, mid-orgasm, I felt like I could get her to agree to anything. If I asked her to, she would sleep with me. She would leave her relationship for me. Just to chase the orgasm I was giving her.

She was finishing, panting hard, and I kissed the top of her shoulder again as she hung her head low and took deep breaths. Then she turned and kissed me hard, her tongue playing along my lips.

“What can I do for him?” Wanda asked Cassidy, looking to my fiance. “I’m up for whatever.”

Chapter 39

Cassidy turned to me, looking into my eyes and leaning forward to kiss me. "Can Wanda make you feel good too, Tiger? You used your hands on her, can she do that for you?"

"Yeah," I said, nodding softly and turning to Wanda. "If you want to."

Wanda smiled and nodded, biting the tip of her tongue in excitement. She leaned forward and kissed me as well, her hands landing on my lap and feeling my hard cock through my sweats. "Fuck, this feels like a nice cock," she whispered. "It's so fucking hard. Can I see it?"

I lifted my hips, and together Wanda and Cassidy helped lower my sweats down past my knees. My cock flopped upwards when it was released, making Wanda gasp appreciatively and Cassidy grin at seeing her reaction.

"Fuuuuck," Wanda sighed, softly reaching out and wrapping her hand around my cock. "I'm going to be honest, I don't use my open relationship very often, but this has got to be the best cock I've ever had the chance with."

Wanda slowly started to stroke it, sitting beside me, and I shifted to put my arm back around her and she snuggled in to put her cheek on my chest as she looked down at my cock in her hand. Cassidy snuggled in on the other side, tilting her lips up to kiss me softly and start making out with me.

I stroked Wanda's bare arm as she slowly stroked me, then lower onto her side, and lower again to her bare hip. Her skin was so soft, and the way she started kissing my chest through my shirt as she masturbated me sent wonderful tingles throughout my body. Cassidy responded to my little intakes of breath through my nose by giggling softly and biting my lower lip and pulling away slowly, her big eyes watching mine until she released my lip. She snuggled in just like Wanda, placing her cheek on the other side of my chest, and my arm rested on her back, cupping my fiance's hip through her sweats before I slipped them underneath the hem to feel her skin as well.

"Can I help?" Cassidy asked Wanda quietly.

"He's your fiance," Wanda laughed softly.

Cassidy reached forward and wrapped her hand around my cock as well, and now I had two gorgeous women holding me and stroking me.

"He's so fucking big, right?" Cassidy asked Wanda.

"Mhmm," Wanda hummed and nodded, her hair ticking against me. "Perfect cock. Perfect kisser. Perfect fingers."

“Kiss him again,” Cassidy urged Wanda.

The blonde didn't hesitate, shifting to kneel instead of sitting next to me so that she could bring her face to mine. She smiled almost shyly and pursed her lips, asking me to kiss her with her eyes instead of her words. I wove my fingers into her hair, through that messy bun, and pulled her to me. She melted into the kiss, our tongues slow and sinuous and her breasts pushed into my chest.

Cassidy's hand left my cock and slid lower, cradling my balls and slowly massaging them. She lifted her face from my chest and started kissing my neck while I continued the slow makeout with Wanda. Using my grip in the blonde's hair, I pulled her away from my lips and she panted with an open-mouthed smile, looking down her nose at me as I tilted her head up and back and kissed under her chin and down her taut neck, then back up to her lips. I let go of her hair and slid my hand down her bare back to her ass, squeezing hard and digging my fingers into her skin as I softly scratched her.

“Fuck,” Wanda panted. “Fuck, yes, do that.”

“Is my fiance going to make you cum again?” Cassidy asked Wanda. “Is he getting you so fucking horny while you have his big dick in your hand?”

Wanda nodded quickly. “I don't understand how, he's just squeezing my ass.”

Cassidy smirked and turned my face to hers, kissing me passionately right in front of Wanda. Then she had me lean back and looked at Wanda. “Let's get him off. Whisper every naughty thought you have in his ear.”

Wanda grinned and shifted even closer to me, her naked body pressed to my side, and Cassidy did the same on the other side. They both started working my cock and balls more firmly as they began whispering in my ears.

Cassidy used a lot of breath, whispering unintelligibly half the time she was so quiet, but teasing me with little licks and kisses. She told me what she wanted to do to me. What she wanted me to do to Wanda. How much she adored me. How I was her love, and her king, and how I owned her. It was hard to keep it straight because Wanda was murmuring and moaning into my ear on the other side, her words crossing in my mind with Cassidy's. Wanda whispered about how sexy I was, how I was the biggest she'd ever felt. How my hands made her tingle with every touch, and how she was wet for me. How her nipples were aching they were so hard. How she wanted to taste my cock, wanted to feel me inside her. Wanted to come for me again.

My hand curved down from her ass back to her pussy, sliding my middle finger against her slick opening and then inside, making her gasp and moan into my ear.

It was overwhelming. It was the highest quality ASMR experience, enacted in real life and personalized just for me.

I drove a second finger into Wanda again, making her shudder and moan, and I shifted my other hand from Cassidy's hip down lower in her sweats to cup her pussy as well, feeling how wet my fiancée was too.

"I want you, Robbie," Cassidy moaned.

"Come for me," Wanda gasped. "I want to taste you so bad."

Cassidy sucked my earlobe between her lips. Wanda licked my cheek like a dog wanting attention. Both of them worked my cock and balls.

I sucked in a deep breath and let out a deep growl in my chest, and I came. The first burst shot high into the air and splattered right back down onto my cock and Wanda's pumping hand. Cassidy quickly swapped from my balls to my cock head, cupping over top of it and catching the next three spurts in her fingers. It was messy and imperfect, but Wanda didn't stop stroking me and Cassidy's hand on the hand was an extra stimulation as I panted and groaned.

And neither of them stopped their auditory teasing of me, crooning into my ears how happy they were. Giggling and moaning. Kissing and teasing.

When I was done, when my cock stopped twitching and spurting, I gasped in a breath and opened my eyes. "Fuuuck," I groaned.

Chapter 40

Cassidy grinned as I panted and caught my breath. I was still knuckles deep in Wanda as she continued to moan into my ear on her knees next to me.

“Wanda,” Cassidy called her attention, and held up her hand to the other woman. It was holding an entire handful of my cum, pearly white and glistening. As Wanda and I watched, Cassidy slowly licked about half of it up, then offered Wanda the other half. The blonde was watching with wide eyes. “Want some?” Cassidy asked her. “You helped make it.”

Wanda didn’t move forward so much as she just opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, asking Cassid to feed it to her. Which she did. I watched as my fiancee brought her cum-covered hand to Wanda’s lips and fed her my cum. Immediately Wanda was leaning into it, moaning perversely as she started to lick and make out with Cassidy’s hand. She played her tongue between Cassidy’s fingers, trying to make sure she got every bit, and I just kept driving my fingers into her cunt. She was sopping wet, her abdominals clenching my fingers hard with her inner muscles.

She kept licking, moaning as I fingered her until Cassidy finally pulled her hand away. “How was it,” my fiancee asked her.

“Oh my God,” Wanda moaned, pushing her hips back at my hand as it fingered her. She turned to me and kissed me feverishly. “You taste so *fucking* good, Robbie. What the fuck do you eat? I could drink that as a protein shake for breakfast.”

I immediately knew by the look on Cassidy’s face that this had to be another of her App surprises. “Nothing special,” I told Wanda. “It’s just me.”

She kissed me again, then turned to Cassidy. “Can I come again, please? Can Robbie make me come for him?”

Cassidy grinned and nodded.

“Stand up,” I told Wanda, wanting to change position so I could get a better angle at her. She did, and I stood next to her. Wanda and I both had our pants still around our shins, and I stood with her shoulder side-on to me and pulled her face to tilt up to mine so I could kiss her. I ran that hand down her front, tweaking one of her nipples on the way, then down her stomach and over her bush and back to her cunt. I slid my two fingers back into her and she gasped into my mouth, spreading her legs a bit more to give me more room.

I started fucking my fingers up into Wanda as she clung to my shoulders, then ran my other hand down her back to her amazing ass. It truly was a marvel, firm and bouncy at the same time, muscled but smooth. I scratched my nails along her ass cheeks again, making her pant against my lips.

Cassidy, meanwhile, had slipped from the couch and took my cock into her mouth, bathing me with her tongue of all the cum that was still clinging to me from the double handjob.

“Another,” Wanda gasped to me as I ramped up the fingering some more.

“Another what?” I asked her.

“Another finger, please,” she stammered. “Stretch my married, slutty cunt with your amazing fingers, Robbie. Use my holes. God, he doesn’t do it like this. Fuck. He’s always so fucking soft and I want it hard. I want to be your fucking slut right now.”

I added the third finger slowly, feeling her walls trying to resist but the slime of her natural lubricants allowed me to force my way in. She shuddered, the pre-shock of a major orgasm making her legs a little weak.

“Like that?” I asked, our eyes locked together from inches away “You want to feel stretched like that?”

She nodded, panting through her open mouth, and I basically grabbed her by the pussy and squeezed, grinding her clit against the heel of my knuckles and sending another pre-orgasm shock through her. “Fuuck, yes,” she groaned, almost loud enough to be heard clearly over the end credits of the movie.

That’s when I realized I was fingering one of the hottest women I had ever met, who was married to a model and photographer, while my fiancée was slowly sucking my cock clean as she knelt at my feet. All to the tune of ‘*I Believe I Can Fly*.’

Fuck it, I thought.

I stopped kneading Wanda’s ass and dipped my hand lower, running my fingers around the lower lips of her cunt and gathering up her leaking juices. Then I palmed one of her cheeks again and spread it aside, sliding my wet middle finger down her crack until I found her asshole and I gave it a prod, and then a little shove, so that I sank it into her to the first knuckle.

Wanda’s eyes went a little glassy as she let out an uncontrolled “Unguh!” Then her asshole snapped tight and her pussy clenched. I worked through it with both hands, starting to finger her pussy fast and hard with one hand, and fingering her ass with the middle finger of the other.

“Robbie, fuck,” she gulped, looking up at me with tears brimming in her eyes. “Fuck. Spit on me. Spit on my face.”

I didn’t hesitate. This entire thing had me rock hard in Cassidy’s mouth again. My horny levels were off the charts. I spit on Wanda’s face, one of the most disrespectful things I could think to

do to someone, and all she did was open her mouth wide. So I spit right into her mouth, and at the same time I drove my fingers in her pussy deep again, grinding against her clit with my palm as I made an itching motion with my fingers, searching for her g-spot.

The howl that just started to come out of Wanda's mouth probably would have woken up the women on the other boat, let alone everyone on ours, so it was a good thing I muffled her by kissing her hard. She screamed into my lips as she came, her legs going weak as she leaned more heavily against me and I was practically holding her up by her holes as she shuddered through the powerful orgasm.

When she started to kiss me back properly, and her ass unclenched around my invading finger, I slowly withdrew from her ass first, then her pussy, and I helped her to limply sit back down on the couch. Then I turned my attention back to Cassidy, who was looking up at me with eager awe from her spot on the floor.

I pushed Cassidy back against the couch, still sitting on the floor, and she opened her mouth wide to accept my cock as I started fucking her mouth. It wasn't gentle, or loving. She gagged and swallowed, her spittle leaking out of her mouth as I fucked into her throat. My hands were in her deep violet hair. It only took about thirty seconds for me to reach my finish and I pulled back, coming onto Cassidy's tongue as she sucked hard on my cock head, filling her mouth as she didn't swallow.

Staggering back to the middle of the room, I was left panting again myself, but Cassidy still managed to surprise me. Wanda was lounging in her seat, unconcerned about her nakedness or the way her splayed legs showed her pink, swollen pussy. She'd watched the facefucking through hooded lids, with a sloppy grin. Now Cassidy got up on the couch next to her and took Wanda's face in her hands, getting the blonde woman to open her mouth. Then Cassidy slowly dripped her mouthful of my cum into Wanda's, and Wanda eagerly stuck out her tongue to let her drizzle it all over Wanda's lips and into her mouth.

"God damn," I muttered, going down to one knee as I felt my energy and adrenaline from the encounter starting to drain out of me. Cassidy grinned, running her tongue around every crevice of her mouth to gather any last bits of cum, and then spit it into Wanda's mouth. And Wanda swallowed, moaning in appreciation.

Chapter 41

It took a long few minutes for the three of us to pull ourselves together. Cassidy had collapsed onto the couch next to Wanda, both of them grinning happily. Wanda was still naked, Cassidy with her hoodie zipped open and her tits on display in the cool air. I had gone from one knee to sitting on the carpet.

“Robbie,” Wanda said from her seat, rolling her head to look at me. “That was, without a doubt, easily in the top three experiences I’ve ever had.”

“I bet it was the best orgasm, though,” Cassidy said, tickling Wanda’s stomach softly.

“No comment,” the blonde chuckled breathily. She turned to Cassidy and stroked my fiancée’s deep violet hair. “Thanks for letting that happen.”

“My pleasure,” Cassidy smiled, then smirked. “Or, your pleasure, I guess.”

Wanda and I both snorted. I slowly got to my feet, and then helped both of the women stand up. The movie had ended and was back on the DVD menu screen, so while Wanda and I got our clothes back on, Cassidy ejected the disc and put it away with the other movies.

Watching Wanda get dressed, pulling up her thong and leggings as her boobs bounced and jostled, had me pause and she caught me. She laughed softly and leaned towards me, lips pursed for a kiss. I returned it, and she scrunched up her nose happily when she pulled away. “OK, seriously you two,” she said. “Thank you for that. You two don’t happen to be swingers or something, are you?”

“No,” Cassidy said quickly. “And we’re not planning on it, but Robbie has my permission to fool around with or fuck anyone he wants. This is the farthest we’ve gone, though.”

Wanda quirked her head to the side a bit, raising an eyebrow. “A one-sided open relationship, huh?”

“I didn’t ask for it,” I said. “And I’m still not sure how I feel about it. This was... you are a complete Wow, and I had a lot of fun, but...”

“But,” Wanda nodded. “I get it.” She climbed up onto the couch, standing so that she was now on an even eyeline with me. She motioned me closer and when I moved she wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pulled me into a hard hug. “It’s weird, I know. Brodi was the one who suggested our open relationship, and I spent the first half a year unsure about it even though I knew it was probably a good idea for keeping us together. It’s been fun, but weird.”

Cassidy came over and stood next to me, rubbing my back. “Robbie deserves it.”

Wanda finished the hug by kissing me on the cheek, then reached down and took one of my hands and one of Cassidy's in hers. "Look, whenever you guys are ready for it, I'm down to fuck, OK? But don't let this get in between you two. You have to talk. A lot. Check in on each other. That's the only way it'll work."

Cassidy hugged Wanda around the waist, and I joined in again as we held each other for a moment. "Thank you for the advice," I said quietly. "This is all very new, and it's not exactly something just anyone would be able to give some advice on."

Eventually we separated, and I cleaned up the forgotten popcorn while Wanda made noises about going to bed and feeling lucky that no one had come out of their rooms while we had been busy. On her way by me she gave my ass a little smack, and shot me a wink, laughing and scampering away as I turned to give her butt a thwack in return and missed.

I was just finishing up rinsing the popcorn bowl when Cassidy slipped in behind me and hugged me, resting her cheek on my back. "You OK?" she asked me softly.

I turned in her grasp and hugged her to me with one arm, bending my head down to kiss her on top of her head. "I think so," I said. "I mean, I'm fucking tired, but that was..."

She brought her face up and kissed me. "That was exactly what I was hoping it could be like," she said. "Wanda is beautiful and sexy, and seeing her want more and more of you... Robbie, this is what you deserve. This is what I want for you."

I held her for a long time, not answering her, because even with everything that had just happened, with everything that was happening and how much I'd been enjoying it, the *reason* it was happening couldn't be ignored.

"Let's go to bed," I finally said, sliding my hand down to her hip. "We're supposed to be up early for the first photo shoot, right?"

Cassidy nodded, and the two of us made our way to our room, sliding the door closed. There weren't any noises coming out of the other rooms, so I assumed JC and Terra, and Cattie and Heather, were settled in for the night. Cassidy stripped and started climbing into bed, but I went for a quick shower. When I came out, scrubbing my hair dry, I thought she would have been asleep but she was waiting up for me. I slipped under the covers beside her and she turned, resting her cheek on my chest and her breasts pushing into my side.

"I love you, Robbie," she whispered, and I could feel her starting to quiver. "I'm so sorry. I'm so fucking sorry."

It was Cassidy's turn to break down. I had a feeling we'd get hit with this a lot in turns as we tried to figure out who we were together. *Fuck, she shouldn't have done this now*, I thought, but

didn't say it to her. I needed therapy. We needed therapy. But Cass needed it possibly most of all from the years she'd buried the trauma she'd given herself.

I held Cassidy until she was cried out, and as she fell asleep.

There was a lot on my mind, a lot of thoughts and feelings, and I wasn't even sure how to start processing them.

Chapter 42

The Golden Hour, sometimes called the Magic Hour for photographers, was the point during sunrise and sunset when the light from the sun had a red-orange hue and was generally acknowledged as the single best time to take pictures or film video. For models and cosplayers making their living on the internet, that wasn't always a functional time to work, but on a trip like this with everyone working towards the same goals, there was a fervent energy to make the best use of the best time.

Unfortunately, that meant that I was awake at 4am, rolling out of bed and pulling on my sweatpants again. Cassidy was awake as well, already in the bathroom and doing her makeup.

"Morning," I mumbled, sidling up next to her in the cramped little room and whipping my dick out to take a piss.

"Morning, Tiger," she said, completely uncaring of what I was doing. We'd lived together for years, and while we'd never broached the pooping in front of each other line, peeing was fair game considering our apartments until recently had all been single-bedroom, single-bathroom affairs. Cassidy leaned over and kissed my shoulder, then went back to her makeup.

"I'm gonna go move the boat and find a place to get to land," I yawned. "Do you need anything from me?"

"Nope," she said. "We're going to use our equipment, and Cattie and I don't have any big props or anything. We just need you to do the photography for our paired shots."

"OK, sounds good," I said and kissed Cass on the top of the head before leaving. Out in the hall I could hear noises coming from all three of the other rooms. Terra and JC's door was open, so I went and knocked. He was sorting through camera equipment on the bed and lifted his head to see me, while I had to assume Terra was in the bathroom since there was a hairdryer running. "Hey, I'm going to move the houseboat, just a heads up."

"Sweet," he said, giving me a thumbs up. "And hey, thanks again for moving us last night."

"No problem," I said, and tapped the doorframe. "See you up there."

I went out the back porch and up the stairs onto the top deck, winding my way around the hot tub and the deck chairs towards the Pilot's cabin. I was halfway through the process of turning over the engine when a soft whistle caught my attention. Looking over at the other houseboat, I saw Becca waving to me. I waved back, then lifted up the radio. "Good morning, Becca," I said.

"Morning, Robbie," Becca replied. "Everything go alright over there last night?"

“Everything was great. Some of the animals got a little bit rowdy, but they tuckered themselves out.”

You could see her rock a little bit with a chuckle, but she didn’t broadcast it. “Well, that’s good I guess. Be careful though, I think some of the animals on my boat are starting to go into heat after yesterday. Rumours are starting to spread.”

“Uh-oh,” I said. “Well, I’m sure we can find a way to cool them down. I bet the water is nice and cool this morning.”

“Uh-huh?” Becca asked. “I don’t know, what if a couple of them don’t want to be cooled down?”

“Anyone in particular?” I asked.

She didn’t respond on the radio. Instead, she made the universal blowjob motion at me from across the water. Then she changed the subject. “Have you figured out where you want to try and get to land?”

“I was thinking over there by that low shelf,” I said, pointing to a spot on the rocky face rimming part of the cove we’d spent the night in. “It looks like it has a bit of an overhang, and the bumpers should keep the boat safe, and we can get over from the top deck.”

“Alright, try it out and let me know,” she said.

The engine came on with a thrum and I raised the anchor, then set about piloting the boat over to the spot I’d eyeballed. I was right about the overhang, and thankfully the rock shelf went deep underwater rather than beaching us. The problem, I realized, was that while I could get us into position even if I dropped anchor I couldn’t stop the boat from moving a little bit. It took a little figuring out, but I was able to shift a bit further down the rock shelf to where there was a pronounced outjut spot on the overhang, and I eased the boat carefully so that the bumpers hanging from the front railing touched it. Then I dropped anchor again and waited. By now Terra, JC, Cattie, Cassidy and Wanda were all up on the top deck watching, and Heels was just coming up the stairs.

“Alright,” I said into the radio. “I think I’m stable here.”

“Sounds good,” Becca replied. “I haven’t found a good spot over here, you think I can come up alongside you and we can cross over?”

I bit my tongue, wondering if that would put any more risk of damage to the boat, but with the heavy number of bumpers hanging from the railings and on the side of the boats I figured it would be alright. I signalled it was fine, and shut off the engine.

I prepped the 'unloading ramp' first, opening the gate on the side of the railing. The stone shelf was a step down from the top deck, and I left JC to help the girls while I went to the other side of the boat and got ready to help moor them to us. It didn't take long, particularly with Ami helping me from their side, and soon there was a parade of women carrying duffel bags or luggage out onto the rocky mesa.

"Good morning," Becca said, one of the last to leave their boat, Ami needing to run down and grab her things from whatever room she was in.

"Morning," I said, and took the initiative to step forward and kiss her briefly. She was a little surprised but kissed me back. It was only maybe two seconds at most. I stepped back from her. "Is that alright?"

"That depends," Becca said. "Is Cassidy still in the loop?"

"She is," I said. "I told her about yesterday and she was excited."

"And how are you feeling?" Becca asked me.

"I'm... figuring it out. But seeing you in this light, I wanted to kiss you."

She smiled softly. "Good, because I wanted to kiss you, too. Look, you and Cassidy should come see me and talk sometime today, just make sure everything is out in the open and see how we all feel."

"I think that's a good idea," I said.

She smiled and patted my arm, then slid by me as she headed for the step onto the rock shelf. I could tell she was swivelling her hips a little extra, knowing I was watching.

Chapter 43

The women had spread out widely along the rock shelf, with some hiking higher up. The thing about a whole bunch of people taking photos in the same area was that everyone needed to try and do it without getting in the way of other people, or them getting in the background of their shots. Sure there were editing tricks you could do to remove things from photos, but it was just a hell of a lot easier to not get them in there to begin with.

Thankfully, at least half of the women on the trip had done some cosplay and modelling at various nerdy conventions where they not only needed to deal with a bunch of other models trying to take photos in the same area as them, but also the teeming crowds in general.

I hiked my way along the ridge, pausing to help Heels and Wanda get a sticky tripod to deploy properly, to Cass and Cattie.

“Good morning,” I said.

Cattie looked up from where she and Cass were crouched over our bag of gear and smiled, standing up. “Morning, Tiger,” she said, using Cass’s nickname for me. She gave me a side hug and a kiss on the cheek. “Thanks for helping out.”

“It’s what I’m here for,” I said. “Where’s Heather? I didn’t see her getting off the boat.”

“Mmm, she doesn’t want to shoot anything this morning,” Cattie said. “I left her sleeping. She’s planning to film something for her OnlyFans in our room later this morning I think.”

I was a little put off by that - literally everyone else was out here, either working or helping someone else, and Heather was back there sleeping? “OK,” I said, trying not to show my thoughts. “Let’s get set up, the sun is about to be peeking over the horizon.”

We worked quickly, getting a couple of different lenses ready for the camera and a tripod out for the main shots. It was a simple shoot all told, at least here on location. Cattie was dressed up as a femme Ash Ketchum from Pokemon with the classic hat and blue and white shirt, except that the undershirt was a black crop top that hugged her bust and showed off some nice cleavage. She was also wearing a pair of denim daisy dukes instead of full jeans. Her black hair was up in a big messy bun behind the baseball cap.

Cassidy, meanwhile, was dressed as Misty from the original series with the tight yellow cropped tank top and tiny jean shorts held up by dark red suspenders, along with reddy-orange hightop sneakers. A bright orange wig, carefully styled to straddle the line between anime hair and realistic, rounded out the cosplay costume.

As the sun just started peeking up over the horizon, I started taking photos. The Golden Hour didn’t actually last an hour, so working quickly was important. We started with group shots, the

pair of them striking various Anime-ish heroic poses. Once the week was over, Cassidy had a VFX editor she worked with who could take these photos and add cool renderings of various pokemon and fancy special effects lighting. For now, it was all about getting as large a variety as possible.

We shifted around, using the most of the background available to us as we could, only getting delayed because Cassidy had a tendency to make silly faces and goof off a bit. When she was shooting at home, almost one in three pictures usually ended up being her making a goofy 'derp' face - she saved them in a special file and released them occasionally on social media for her fans when she broke a follower milestone or the like. Cassidy had a talent for making dramatic faces and poses look good, and Cattie... well, Cattie could be silly too, she just wasn't quite as elastic as Cassidy was.

Still, I worked the camera quickly. Then I had the idea to finish off the duo photos by laying on my back so that I could take some really strong 'hero pose' shots looking up at the two of them. I could just imagine the VFX artist putting in some flying monsters in the sky, or big looming pokemon behind the two. Cassidy and Cattie made the most of it, looking off heroically into space in different directions, fake shouting, and even making lovey-dovey faces at each other like they were in some rom-com movie poster.

Then Cassidy got a look on her face, and she rolled up the bottom hem of her yellow tank top until her underboob was showing. "Let's take a few sexy ones," she said.

"Just to see what they look like," Cattie agreed and rolled up her black undershirt to show off her own, slightly more significant underboob.

"God damn," I muttered. "That is really hot, girls."

They posed a few more times, most of them turning out silly as they pretended to be shocked at each other, or at themselves. One particularly funny shot was them pretending to scold the camera like I was a peeping tom.

Then, of course, Cassidy pushed the envelope and she caught Cattie's eye and after just a little eyebrow wiggle and glance, they both pulled up their shirts all the way, flashing me as their boobs popped out in a perfectly synchronized double titty drop. Cassidy's nipples were hard, which I wasn't surprised by, but Cattie's soft tan nipples were equally hard and poking out. I snapped two quick pictures, and as they laughed and giggled, then they dropped their shirts again.

"That one is definitely just for you, Robbie," Cattie said. "Don't you dare share that."

"He wouldn't ever," Cassidy said, side-hugging her friend.

"I know," Cattie smiled, offering me a hand to help me up. "I just need to say it. Also, don't mention it to Heather, she'll get bitchy about it."

I opened my mouth to say something, wanting to probe deeper into the Heather situation, but Cassidy changed the subject first. "OK, Tiger," she said. "We can handle shooting each other for solo pictures. Do you want to see if anyone else might need some help? I know some of the girls would really appreciate it."

"Sure," I said, handing Cassidy the camera and giving her a kiss. "Have fun."

"We will," she grinned.

"Thanks for the help, Tiger," Cattie said, stepping forward and giving me a little hug, and a small kiss on the lips.

I left them to it, a silly little grin on my face. There was something about this new thing where Cattie kissed me casually like it was just something friends did that I was really starting to enjoy.

Chapter 44

The next closest group to us was actually Becca helping to coach Sherry, Cattie's sister, and Ginnie, the other small woman in the group. From what I knew, both of them were doing decently with their OnlyFans pages but were the sort of amateurs that were making money because they were cute and got naked rather than for any quality or style. Both girls were in lingerie and Becca was coaching them through some standard modelling poses and giving them tips as she took photos.

Beyond them, Terra and JC were working near the edge of the rock shelf, using the lake as a background. They were both in stylish swimwear and I could immediately tell they both very much knew what they were doing. They were trading off photography duties, striking poses that accented their athleticism and sculpted bodies.

"Hey guys," I said, as I was passing by. "Do you want a quick couples photo? Just for you."

"Yes," Terra grinned. "That would be so nice, actually. Thanks, Robbie."

She handed me her camera and JC and Terra quickly posed a couple of times in a more intimate, familiar way. My favourite was Terra resting her cheek on JC's chest and smiling serenely with her eyes closed while he rested his chin on top of her head, looking off into the distance. For the next photo after that Terra went up on her tiptoes and kissed her boyfriend with her back to me, and the one after that JC surprised her by yanking down her bikini bottoms and grabbing her butt with both hands as she squealed in surprise.

Terra's face of scandalized surprise was priceless, and she slapped JC's arm as he laughed just as soon as she got her bikini bottom pulled back up.

"Well, at least *someone* is a gentleman," Terra said, coming back over to me and giving me a hug. She turned back to JC, still with an arm around my waist. "Maybe I need to trade up, babe. At least Robbie doesn't try and cop a feel every chance he gets."

"Careful, buddy," JC laughed. "If you take her home you'll find she's only barely housebroken."

Again Terra flashed a scandalized, shocked 'O' face at her boyfriend, and then she smirked and laughed. "You're asking for it, Mister."

"That's what I keep trying to tell you," JC said. "I'm asking for it over and over and over."

Terra rolled her eyes at JC's antics and turned, kissing me lightly on the mouth like Cattie had, and accepted her camera back from me. "Thanks for the help, Robbie."

"Yeah, thanks, dude!" JC said.

"You're welcome, you two," I said, chuckling as I stepped away.

Terra and JC had been the last group in this direction, so I reversed course. Becca was still taking photos for Sherry and Ginnie, but now I saw the two of them were caught up in a posed-but-intimate embrace, making out for the camera.

Then I passed by Cattie taking photos of Cass, who broke character and waved to me and winked. I blew her a kiss back and kept walking.

Zenya was the next closest person working, and had a couple of tripods up as she took photos of herself on a 3-second timer, slowly shifting this way and that. She was the curviest of all the women on the trip, excepting Heather and her enhanced form, and she was dressed in what I would have called 'Sexy Hiker,' but several odd accents to the outfit made me think it was likely some anime character I had never heard of. She thanked me but waved me off when I offered if she needed any help.

The next woman, also working solo, was Leia.

"Holy shit," I said, stopping as I saw the costume she was wearing, and the big sword. Now I realized where I'd seen her before - Leia cosplayed sexy armour and big weapons from the Monster Hunter video games and made all her own stuff.

"Hey, Robbie," Leia said, grinning as she tapped the phone she had on a tripod. "I think that's the kind of response I was looking for from this set. You like it?"

Leia was fully clothed, and yet the whole thing felt lewd as hell with so many bits of her skin showing through. The faux armour looked like it was crafted out of some sort of chitinous hide, with boob cups that pressed her smaller bust together into a cleavage accented with some makeup shenanigans. Her hips were bare, the strange belt-and-thigh armour somehow looking 'realistic' without actually protecting much of her, and a small codpiece was covering her mound.

"Leia, I don't even know what to say. That is super cool, and super sexy," I said. "How the hell did you transport that giant sword though?"

"It actually comes apart," Leia said with a grin. "It was a bitch and a half to do right, but see here, and here? It's actually four pieces that all slide onto a collapsible PVC rod."

"You might be my crafting hero," I said. "That's really fucking impressive. Do you need any help with anything?"

"Nope, I'm good," Leia said. "Thanks though!" She turned back to her phone and leaned forward a little, and I didn't move. Couldn't move, really. Her ass was... damn. The little loincloth bit holding the codpiece in place was wedged into her ass crack, and the belt-and-thigh combo of the armour framed her ass perfectly.

“Robbie, you’re staring at my butt,” Leia said.

“Sorry, sorry,” I shook my head. “I just-”

“It’s OK,” she laughed, standing back up straight with a teasing little grin on her lips. “I kinda feel like I owe you one after yesterday, so stare all you like. Actually…” she grinned a little wider, biting the inside of her cheek, and stepped towards me and took my hand. She brought that hand back around her and placed it right on her ass cheek. “Get a good feel,” she said.

So I did, massaging her big booty cheek, thinking of how Wanda and Cassidy had mentioned Leia had a ‘Pixar Mom’ body.

“Mm, fuck,” Leia moaned in surprise, her eyebrows coming together in mild consternation. “How the fuck do you make that feel so good?”

“I don’t really know,” I said truthfully. Was the App magical? Technological? Whatever it was doing, Leia seemed particularly susceptible to the ‘Midas Touch’ or whatever Cass had said the touch-upgrade was.

Leia went up on her toes and gave me a quick kiss, then stepped away from my hand. “Maybe, if Cassidy is OK with it, we can continue this later?” she asked.

“Maybe,” I smiled. Leia went back to her phone and I shook my head, touching my lips for a moment as I kept walking down the rock shelf. Three women who were not my fiancée had just kissed me. Sure, none of them had been particularly romantic or sexual. I could even call them chaste. But still… whatever this was, it made me feel good.

Chapter 45

Heels and Wanda were working together, Heels seemingly just doing what Wanda told her. I didn't have much information on what Heels's work was other than a couple of tidbits dropped in conversation, but I suspected it was much closer to what Sherry and Ginnie did than anyone else.

"Hey, Robbie," Wanda waved to me with a smile. "What do you think?"

"I think if I were a looney toon, I would be doing the 'Awooga' thing with my eyes and rolling my jaw off the floor," I said.

Wanda was dressed in a green one-piece swimsuit that came up into a mock turtleneck top, festooned with black belts, and had on bright red gloves and a red beret. Her hair was braided into a long, thick blonde braid with a big shock of it poking out the front of the beret. The costume looked pretty damn good, even down to the swipes of 'war paint' on her toned and muscled legs.

"I've gotten a ton of requests for Cammy," she said. "I figured this was a great place to shoot it for the first time."

"You look great in it," I said.

"How about like this?" she asked, spinning around and sticking her ass out.

"Fuck me," I said, eyes wide. Her ass was fucking *wild* in this outfit. *And I fingered that ass last night. Holy shit.*

"Bitch, we're workin' here," Heels said, slapping Wanda right on her meaty ass cheek. "Stop flirting with a taken guy and focus."

"I'll flirt with whoever I want," Wanda said. "And it's fine to flirt with you, right Robbie?"

I had to assume Wanda hadn't told Heels about what had happened last night, so I needed to pick my words carefully. "Flirting is totally fine with Cassidy," I said. "Anything else is on a case-by-case basis for now."

Wanda shot me a wink and turned away back to what she and Heels had been working on. Which also just so happened to point her ass back at me again, and of course she just *happened* to pick the wedgie of the green swimsuit crammed into her asscrack while I was still there.

What the hell is going on? I thought to myself. Even with magic app shenanigans, how was it that I had... I counted off on my fingers quickly... at least five women who weren't my fiance openly or subtly making it known they'd like to get sexual with me.

The only thing I could really put it down to was a combination of the women on this trip feeling comfortable being with their 'tribe' without the usual crowds around at cosplay conventions, and with Cassidy kind of making it known that she didn't mind me getting some action while JC wasn't getting the same freedom from Terra.

Comfortability plus Opportunity equals a Good Time?

The last person on the walk was Ami, who was working alone and had gone farther out from the boats than anyone else. The beautiful Chinese woman made me stop in my tracks when I got close enough, but not for the same reason as Leia or Wanda and their asses. No, I stopped because of the sheer awe I felt at watching her pure grace.

Ami was dressed in a billowing, loose gown that must have been specifically designed to be as dramatic as possible in a breeze. It had long trains of silky fabric that were wafting in the slight desert wind, and they twirled and whirled in beautiful patterns as Ami did some sort of yoga or Tai Chi movements. Her long, silky black hair was tied up in a loose bun not unlike Cattie had, though hers was carefully arranged with a pretty and exotic-looking ribbon with tassels that matched her dress. Her face remained calm through the entire routine, serene with just a slight smile.

I watched her and edged a little closer to her tech setup. She had a DSLR camera auto snapping photos once per second, and her phone on a second tripod filming video.

When she finished, her graceful arms and legs coming to rest while her dress continued its diaphanous billowing, I waited a long moment and then couldn't help but start clapping. She looked up at me and smiled widely.

"Ami, that was amazing," I said. "From the moment I met you I knew you were graceful, but that was something else entirely. Every moment was beautiful."

"Thank you so much," Ami said, quickly gathering up the billowing trains and coming over to stop the photos and recording. "That actually means a lot to me. My parents made me a deal when I was a little girl - I could train in any type of dance I wanted, but only if I was also training in Tai Chi. My mother competed back in China when she was young, and she had dreams of me doing the same. It never happened, but Tai Chi definitely helped me with all of my other training."

"Well, I don't know what competitive Tai Chi looks like, but you stunned me," I said. "Plus this dress is gorgeous."

Ami looked up from her camera, her eyes bright as she smiled at me even harder. "Yeah? I made it myself for this trip. I was worried it might be too much."

"Holy shit, Ami. You *made* this? I mean, obviously it's not the most practical if you want to wear it out, but it's gorgeous. And, I hope you don't mind me saying, your boobs look fucking amazing. I know you said you like big anime titties, but *damn!*"

This brought out a laugh from her. "Yeah, I might have made sure I was accenting the girls as much as I could without them popping out," she said. "And I don't mind at all. It's nice to know a guy likes it before I feed it to the internet."

"Are you done, or could I help you out with anything?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, surprised at the offer. "You do some photography for Cassidy, right? Could you just do some bust shots for me while we've still got the light?"

"Absolutely," I said, and soon I was working her camera, trying to catch the play between her billowing dress and the light from the rising sun on her face, or silhouetting her with the sun behind.

We did end up losing the light, the golden hour coming to an end as the sun rose too high, but as I quickly went through the photos with Ami she sighed happily. "These are great, Robbie. Thank you for the offer. I wouldn't have gotten these shots without you."

"My pleasure, hon," I said. "I'm glad I could help."

Ami looked away shyly for a moment, as if considering something, then shrugged and kissed my cheek. "You're a good guy, Robbie."

"Thanks?" I asked more than said. "You're saying that like it's weird or something."

"It's nothing," Ami said. "I'm just not used to- I had a lot of not-great experiences early on in modelling, so I've worked alone a lot. It's why I make my own clothes, and developed my own workflow. I just wish I had someone like Cassidy has you."

"You'll find them," I said, pulling her into a hug. "You are a beautiful, sweet, talented woman. Don't you dare get desperate and settle, because you deserve the best guy ever."

"Plus I've always got my big anime titties," Ami chuckled into my shoulder as she squeezed me back.

You snorted and laughed with her. "Yes, you'll always have those."

Chapter 46

With the Golden Hour finished, most of the girls wrapped up their photoshoots quickly. I went back to Cattie and Cassidy, making sure they were good with the equipment and ended up carrying it back for them. Becca made a quick announcement that she'd be making sure breakfast would be ready for 9am - it was only 6:30, so folks were free to take a nap or hang out until then, or even keep working or take a hike.

Most people headed back down into the boats immediately, seeking to crash. Cassidy and I followed suit, and soon she was stripped down to her panties and crashed out on the bed. I stripped down to my underwear as well and crawled up next to her, and she smiled sweetly. "How was your morning, Tiger?" she asked quietly.

"Good," I said, "But weird. There are a lot of women flirting with me and it feels a little overwhelming. I kissed Becca again before we got off the boat, and then Cattie kissed me like you saw. Then Terra kissed me like that as well, right in front of JC. And so did Leia, who also got me to feel up her butt. *And* Ami hugged me and said she wished she had someone like me."

"Wow," Cassidy grinned. "Add in Wanda and you've got legitimately half the women on this trip wanting to jump you. But how are you feeling about it this morning compared to last night?"

"I- I'm still not sure? I'm a lot more confident about it now, but it's still a big step to go from kissing and hand stuff to full-on sex," I said.

"I know, I know," Cassidy said, squirming a little closer on the bed to me. "And I'm not trying to pressure you, I swear. I just want you to get all the love you deserve. To feel as good as you make me feel."

I took a deep breath and opened my mouth to reply, but a soft knock on our cabin door interrupted me.

"It's me," Cattie said through the door.

"Come in, babe," Cassidy called out.

Cattie opened the door and slipped inside, closing it behind her. She smiled when she saw the both of us in just our underwear. "So it's like that, huh?" she asked. Then she pulled off the long, baggy nightshirt she'd been wearing, leaving her in a simple set of black bra and panties, and climbed onto the bed. Cassidy and I shifted, and soon I had both of them cradled under my arms as they rested their heads on my chest with the sheets pulled up over us.

"I was thinking we could go over the photos if you weren't already asleep, but this is way comfier," Cattie said.

“What about Heather?” I asked.

“She’s still asleep,” Cattie said. “Honestly, there’s times I have to check if she’s still breathing, she sleeps so heavily. Plus she’s a covers hog.”

“Well, you’re always welcome to snuggle up here,” Cassidy said.

“Thanks,” Cattie said. “Honestly, I know it was kind of post-trauma and stuff, but last night I kept thinking about us snuggling yesterday. It just felt so nice to *be* with you guys. No judgment, no expectations. You know I love you two, right?”

“We love you too,” Cassidy smiled.

I just stroked Cattie’s back and side encouragingly. She sighed in response, settling more of her weight on me.

“How is your sister doing with everything?” I asked Cattie. “I saw Becca coaching her and that Ginnie girl, and it looked like Sherry was a lot more risqué than you two.”

Cattie sighed again, this time more in frustration. “I love that girl, but honestly I wish she’d listen to me sometime. Sherry has already put out a bunch of nude content on her OnlyFans, and because she started making some decent money so quickly she’s pushing herself further and further. I wouldn’t be surprised if she films some lesbian scenes this week if someone else is into it. Maybe Ginnie.”

“What about Heather?” Cassidy asked. “You’re not going to let that happen, right?”

“God, no. That would be too weird,” Cattie shook her head. “I already told Heather explicitly that she can mentor Sherry about the nude side of OnlyFans all she wants, but if she touches my little sis then we’re done.”

“You had to tell her that?” I asked. “Shouldn’t she just... know that?”

Cattie frowned and looked away. “Yeah, you’d think. But I still felt like it needed to be said.”

Cassidy opened her mouth to say something, but I tapped her side under the covers and she didn’t say it, glancing up to my eyes. She knew that I knew what she wanted to say about Heather, and she also knew I knew that she knew I thought that wasn’t our place, at least not until we saw something more egregiously and blatantly a red flag.

We changed topics, and swapped to more mundane things like the other photoshoots they had planned, and how much they both loved the latest season of the *Mandolorian* but not *Book of Boba Fett*. So basically, nerdy shit. Eventually, the conversation got slower, and then stopped as both of them fell asleep in my arms.

I dozed off myself, enjoying the feeling of them both resting on me. The only thing that could have made it a better moment was if Cattie had taken off her bra as well, but I wasn't about to try and force the issue. I was a lucky fucking bastard, bra or not.

Chapter 47

“Do you want to wake him up, or should I?”

I slowly came back to consciousness, hearing Cassidy ask the question. I kept my eyes shut, trying to listen in even while swimming out of my sleepy state.

“What’s the difference?” Cattie asked quietly. They were both still resting with their heads on my chest, the weight of their bodies a comfortable one as they leaned against me in the bed.

“Well, if you do it you get to kiss him again,” Cassidy said. “And don’t try telling me you don’t want to.”

“Cass,” Cattie scolded her lightly.

“What? I’m giving you permission. Kiss my fiance as much as you want.”

“That’s not fair to Heather,” Cattie said. “The only reason I kissed him like I did last night was because she put me in that position.”

“What about the other kisses?” Cassidy prodded.

“They were friendly,” Cattie said. “Just friendly.”

“Mhmm,” Cassidy hummed knowingly.

“Stop,” Cattie said.

“Fine, fine,” Cassidy sighed. “We really should wake him up though. And you need to go wake up Heather.”

“I’m awake,” I said, blinking my eyes open and yawning. “Cattie, don’t let Cass bully you.”

“I won’t,” she said and I noticed she pressed herself a little more firmly against me.

I kissed the top of her head, then did the same for Cassidy. “OK, you two. I would love to stay like this all morning, but I need to pee and I’m hungry as hell.”

Cassidy was the first to actually move, stretching and rolling out from under the covers. Cattie stayed a moment longer like she was trying to absorb the warmth from me.

“You OK?” I asked her.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” Cattie said, sitting up. One of her bra shoulder straps had slid down and I moved it back up for her. “I was just really comfortable.”

“Seriously, Cattie,” I said. “Any time you want to cuddle, just let me or Cass know.”

She blushed and tried to hide it by reaching for her nightshirt and pulling it on. “I’ll keep that in mind,” she said. “See you guys at breakfast.”

“Mhmm,” Cassidy nodded. She was still sitting on the bed topless.

Cattie scooted out of the room quickly, closing the door behind her, and Cassidy quickly tried to get in next to me again.

“No, hold on,” I said. “I really do need to pee.”

Once I came back from the bathroom, Cassidy was grumbling to herself as she got dressed. She’d realised she was hungry too.

Breakfast was an assortment of fruit, prepackaged yoghurts, and a steaming pot of oatmeal. Becca had arrayed it over in the Singles Boat kitchen, which was set up almost exactly like our Couples boat. Cassidy got into a conversation with Terra, JC and Heels when I got up to get some seconds, so rather than try to shoehorn my way back into the conversation I decided to wander. Due to the number of people crammed into the one boat several of the girls had gone back to their rooms and I stopped in the open doorway of the first one.

“Hey, how did the shoot come out, Leia?” I asked.

Leia and Ginnie were sitting on the edge of their bed picking at a plate of fruit between them. Leia, her pastel hair pulled up into a couple of fun buns, smiled sweetly at me. “I only went through a few of them, but they turned out pretty good. Can’t really know until I get them onto a computer to do some editing, but I think they’ll be a hit.”

“That’s just because you’re a perfectionist,” Ginnie said, elbowing Leia lightly and then turning to me. “Leia has *always* been like that, hedging against herself. She had the best GPA in our entire high school and she always thought someone else would end up being Valedictorian instead of her.”

“Oh, you two have known each other that long?” I asked.

“Mhmm,” Leia said, and shifted over on the bed and patted the edge to invite me to take a seat. “Actually since middle school.”

“And this bitch never let me cheat off of her tests,” Ginnie grinned. “So she got accepted into - what was it, three different Ivy League schools? And I went to trade school and became a plumber before I started doing OnlyFans on the side.”

“Don’t tell me you started off by showing off your plumber’s crack,” I chuckled.

“Actually, I have a great plumber’s crack, thank you very much,” Ginnie laughed. She hopped off the bed and squatted down with her butt towards Leia and I and tugged her shorts down her bum to show the top of her crack. “See?”

Leia reached down and caught Ginnie’s low-riding thong with two fingers and yanked it up in a wedgie. “Gotcha!”

Ginnie yelped, standing up and scowling at Leia as she stuck a hand down her shorts to fish the wedgie out. “You know I’m gonna get you back for that.”

“You can try all you want,” Leia chuckled.

“OK, well I don’t want to get caught in the middle of a wedgie war,” I said, holding my hands up. “Leia, did you really get accepted to three Ivy Leagues?”

“Oh, yeah,” she said. “Columbia, Dartmouth and Princeton, but I didn’t get a scholarship to any of them so I ended up going to State for a year where I got a decent-sized one. Then I started doing cosplay during my first year, dropped down to part-time my second year and I just keep up on a couple courses at a time to chip away at my Anthropology degree. Though at this point I might as well switch over to Communications or Business with all the classes I’ve taken to help with doing better with my online presence.”

“That’s super impressive, Leia,” I said. “And really smart to keep the degree simmering on the back burner. You never know when a new opportunity might come up.”

“Exactly,” Leia said, putting a hand on my knee and leaning in to emphasize her point, then turned to Ginnie. “That’s what I keep saying to Miss Show-It-All here.”

“Hey, what can I say? Guys throw more money at me the more I show off,” Ginnie shrugged. “I figure I might as well make the bag while I can.”

Leia turned back to me. “Ginnie could be a big niche Youtuber if she just focused on being a cute plumber with a sassy personality. Have you seen any of her stuff?”

“No, sorry,” I said. “I’ve usually got my hands and eyes full of Cassidy, so I’m not up on OnlyFans performers and stuff.”

“Show him one of your Tiktoks,” Leia told Ginnie.

“Fine, fine,” Ginnie said, pulling out her phone. “Let me see, what’s a good one... Oh, here, this is one of the ones that went kind of viral. I teach what the point of a trap is under a sink while fucking myself with a big black dildo.”

Chapter 48

The video was, in fact, exactly what Ginnie had described. It started out simply enough, her sitting in front of some sort of green screen over which she'd projected some sort of a major water processing plant or something - it had lots of pipes of different sizes, which I guess spoke to her Plumber gimmick. She was topless, which wasn't as shocking since she'd spent a lot of the previous day walking around with her boobs out; she had nice handfuls that fit her small frame, with peachy little nipples.

Ginnie introduced the video with a faux-excitement, holding up an example of a trap that would usually be found underneath any household sink, then held up the dildo she would be fucking herself with. It was big, black and shiny. Almost ludicrously so. It had to be something like 14 inches long and floppy, and she wagged it around dramatically.

Then the scene cut to Ginnie completely naked in a few different positions as she explained the differences between a P-Trap, a Q-Trap and an S-Trap, and what they were for. It turned out, it was actually a pretty educational video. I'd always thought the idea of a trap was to catch something that went down the drain but I was completely wrong. Ginnie explained in brief detail, while moaning and stuffing herself with the big dildo, that the traps were designed to stop noxious fumes from sewage systems from coming up the pipes and making people sick or worse. The water in the traps created a seal that allowed waste to get flushed down, but not gasses to rise up.

And while she fucked herself with the dildo, little cartoon versions of the traps danced across her abdomen with arrows illustrating what she was talking about.

The whole video was only about a minute long.

"Hot, right?" Leia grinned at me. Her hand had been resting on my thigh through the whole thing as we watched it and there was no way she hadn't felt the shift in my pants as I started to harden.

"It was," I agreed. "And actually really educational. I don't think I'll ever forget what traps are for. But I also can't believe that fucking dildo!"

Ginnie laughed, clicking her phone into standby and tossing it back on the bed. "Well, yeah it's big, but I don't use the whole thing. It's mostly for effect."

"Oh, shut up," Leia said. "You and I both know you're a size queen."

"Am not!" Ginnie said, then smirked. "OK, maybe a bit. I just want to feel like a guy is rearranging my guts with his cock. Is that such a bad thing?"

I snorted, trying not to picture what that would actually look like.

“She’s not joking,” Leia said, turning back to me. “She dated this basketball player in high school, Pablo Veracruz, who everyone called the Anaconda because he had a legitimate twelve-inch cock. Every girl in school was scared of fucking him so Ginnie ended up taking his virginity in senior year.”

“OK, Pablo wasn’t twelve inches,” Ginnie said. “He was more like ten, which is still a lot of cock, but not a footlong sub. And don’t get me wrong, he could hit every part of me, but he wasn’t exactly as skilled as I would have hoped - he was always scared he was going to hurt me. Every time felt good, but I think I only came once with him.” Ginnie then got a smirky look on her face. “Of course, from what I hear, *someone* on this trip got off just getting a quick grab of a cock.”

“Oh, God,” Leia sighed.

“Is it true that you made Leia come with just a foot massage?” Ginnie asked me. “I mean, legitimately? Because I know Leia is particularly hard to get off. We’ve fooled around a couple times over the years and she can be a real bitch to push over the edge.”

“Ginnie!” Leia squealed, shoving her friend as she blushed furiously.

“What? It’s not like Robbie cares,” Ginnie said. “Plus, don’t think I missed the fact that you’ve had your hand in his lap this whole time.”

“It’s not in his lap,” Leia said, pulling her hand away from my thigh despite her protest.

“It’s not a big-” I stopped, pausing to collect my thoughts. “No, Leia didn’t have her hand in my lap, just on my leg. No, it’s not a big deal to me if you two have fooled around - I think it’s kinda hot, but I don’t think it’s weird and I’m not going to make it a thing. And it wasn’t *just* a foot massage; Cassidy also helped get her over the edge with a bunch of dirty talk.”

“What? Dirty talk?” Ginnie said. “Bitch, you always told me you didn’t like dirty talk.”

“I don’t like *your* dirty talk,” Leia said. “You either put on this baby voice and talk like the person you’re fucking is a cute pet, or you kinda just monologue to yourself. It’s kinky, but it doesn’t do it for me.”

“Fine,” Ginnie said. “I guess I’m just going to need to get dirty talk lessons. Do you think Cassidy is open to giving lessons? I’ll let you and her go at my best friend again as payment.”

“Hey! I’m not just some piece of meat to get traded around,” Leia laughed.

“Are you trying to tell me you *don’t* want another orgasmic massage, bitch?” Ginnie shot back.

“Alright you two,” I said, laughing along with them. “Leia, no embarrassment and not making it weird, I’d be happy to give you another massage. Just come let Cassidy and I know, and if you want Ginnie there I’m fine with it if you are. That goes for you too, Ginnie. I’m apparently the designated masseuse for this trip - some of the girls are even putting together plans for a series of shoots they’ll all release at the same time.”

“That’s hot,” Ginnie said. “I’m definitely in on that.”

“Me too,” Leia nodded. “We’ll talk to Cassidy about getting in on it.”

“Talk to Cassidy about getting in on what?” Cassidy said, coming down the hallway and hearing her name. She’d finished her breakfast and I could tell she was looking for me.

“They’d like in on the ‘Make Robbie an internet meme’ massage shoots,” I said.

“Oh, for sure!” Cassidy laughed. “Becca, Wanda, Cattie and Terra are also in line, so let’s make sure we pick a day, alright?”

The girls immediately started comparing their plans - it turned out some of the others had gotten together and decided the shoots would feature all of the women I was massaging wearing white bikinis. Ginnie didn’t have one but knew she could borrow one from Sherry since they had similar builds. Leia also didn’t have one, but she was going to need to try and borrow a bottom from one girl and a top from another due to her wide hips and small top.

Soon the plans were in motion, and I was getting pulled out of the room by Cassidy to leave Leia to berate Ginnie about sharing their sexual history.

Chapter 49

Cassidy held my hand and smiled at me as we went back up to the top deck and looked out at the bright morning on Lake Powell. A breeze had kicked up and she hugged me tightly as we stood in the nice cool air.

“Thank you for last night,” Cassidy said.

We were alone, having moved over to the deck of our Couples Boat. Ami, Sherry and Heels were currently laying out towels to start sunbathing on the other boat but were far enough away that they wouldn't be able to hear us.

I kissed the top of Cassidy's head as I held her. “You don't need to thank me.”

She squeezed me hard. “No, I do. I don't deserve you. I was selfish and an asshole and you should be the one getting comforted. I'm the fuck up. I'm the one who should-”

“Stop,” I said. “Just stop. I'm going along with your plan, Cass, but don't you fucking dare take away from your own hurts. We are both fucked up right now. We're both going to need each other to get through this. Don't you fucking forget that I've seen you torture yourself for years trying to handle this on your own. I *know* how much you're hurting too.”

Cassidy kept squeezing me, pushing her face into my chest as she sobbed quietly for a long moment. I just rested my chin on top of her head, holding her close. Once she'd gotten control of herself again she started softly scratching my back through my shirt the way I liked. “I'm still sorry,” she said.

“I know,” I told her. We stood like that for another few minutes, staring out at the calm waters.

“Cass, now that we went further... how do you feel about last night? Is this still what you want?” I'd wanted to ask her this earlier, but Cattie had come to our room and interrupted our catch-up discussion.

“It is. God, Robbie, seeing you with Wanda... I wanted you to go further. You were so fucking hot, and watching you just do what you wanted with her while I sucked your dick...” She shuddered in my arms.

“OK,” I said. “OK. Becca wants us to talk to her together before anything else happens between her and I, so we need to find time for that.”

“I know just when to do it,” Cassidy said. “We'll plan a time to shoot her massage shoot with you, and we can talk and you two can have some fun while we do it.” I couldn't help getting a little hard at the thought of it, and Cassidy grinned up at me and pressed her hand to my cock through my pants.

“Alright, I do have another question for you before we start fondling each other out here,” I said to her. “It’s another App question.”

“OK, sorry,” she said, pulling her hand from my crotch. “What’s your question?”

“So far I know you’ve given me the Touching upgrade and the Kissing upgrade. Did you do anything to my, uh... my semen?”

Cassidy smirked. “You mean your cum?”

“Yes, my cum,” I said.

“That’s another one of the upgrades, yeah,” Cassidy smiled and bit her bottom lip.

I shut my eyes and shook my head. “Cass, just tell me what it is.”

“Well, it was actually two separate upgrades,” she said. “The first one was ‘Tastes Like Pineapple’ and it made your cum taste almost fruity. Not that you tasted bad before, you’ve always eaten healthy and I guess that helps? I wouldn’t particularly know because I’ve only tasted yours.”

“And the second one?” I asked.

“The second one made your cum have a sort of endorphin-producing, aphrodisiac effect. It’s called ‘Betcha Can’t Eat Just One,’ and the description said your cum would be like really good chocolate or potato chips.”

I groaned. “Cass, really?”

“Yeah, I know. The second one is a bit much, but I was on a spending spree and I figured if you’re already feeding a load to a girl once, what’s the harm in her wanting a second round?” she asked.

She wasn’t wrong, but also it was so wrong.

“How many more are there that I don’t know about?” I asked.

“Um... two,” she said. “No, three. But the third one is way more niche specific so I doubt it comes up this week.”

“OK,” I sighed.

“Robbie, do you think maybe we could-”

“Hey, Robbie!” Becca called over from the other boat. Cass and I both turned and saw she was undoing the ropes that held the boats together. “We should get a move on, I’d like to move the boats and try and find a good place to stop for the day before lunch. You mind helping out?”

“Sure,” I said and hugged Cassidy to me in a side hug and kissed her hair. “Could you go get me a pair of proper swim trunks? I’ll change in the Pilot’s Cabin.”

“Sure,” she smiled and nodded, then pinched my butt and gave me a wink. “Not that I think any of the ladies would mind you changing out in the open.”

I snorted and Cass scampered off, surreptitiously wiping her eyes before anyone else saw her teary. Becca and I worked quickly, and several people had to jump between the boats before we separated. Heels decided to spend the ride over sunning herself in the Singles Boat, and Heather and Cattie rushed over back to ours along with Cattie’s younger sister Sherry.

Since the Singles Boat had us pinned in against the rock shelf, Becca had to get her boat going first and in the meantime Ami decided to tease me by taking off her top and calling my name. She jiggled her ‘big anime titties’ at me as she laughed, and Heels laying out beside her snorted loudly at Ami’s antics. Then Ami smacked Heel’s brown butt and I lost the words of her shriek and their bickering as Becca gunned the engine and started to pull them away.

Chapter 50

I was just getting our own houseboat engine thrumming and raising the anchor when I heard the telltale slapping of bare feet entering the Pilot's Cabin.

"Hey hon," I said. "Let me guess, you picked the suit that you like my bum in, didn't you."

"I sure hope she did," Wanda said, surprising me. I turned and she stepped closer to me, biting her lower lip as she smiled and held up my swimsuit in one hand. She leaned in and pressed her bikini-clad chest to mine, kissing me softly and sweetly for much longer than anyone watching would have deemed 'just friendly.' "Good morning, handsome," she said once the kiss ended. "I didn't get to say it properly this morning and I figured around the breakfast table might cause a bit of a ruckus. Cass asked me to bring up your suit to you."

"Good morning to you too, gorgeous," I said and accepted the suit from her. "I'm glad you seem to feel as good about things this morning as I do."

"I don't know if 'good' could cover it," she said and hopped up to sit on the side counter of the cabin just like Cassidy had yesterday. The engine thrummed to life as I carefully pulled away from the rock face and brought the houseboat around in a long loop through the little bay we had spent the night and back out towards the main lake, falling in behind Becca.

Wanda and I chatted a little about nothing of consequence as she watched me work the controls, kicking her feet a little as she smiled. I found myself feeling weirdly comfortable with her, sort of like the comfortability I had with my sister except for way different because Wanda had had my cock in her hand and I'd fingered her.

Cassidy had been my first and only, so I'd never hung out with someone who I'd been sexual with other than her. It was weird, and it was lovely, and I had to wonder if it was normally like this or if it was the App.

Once the houseboat was out of the bay and into the wider waters of the winding Lake, I checked out the surroundings and then quickly picked up my swimsuit and shook it out.

"Hold on," Wanda said.

"What's wrong, is someone on deck behind us?" I asked.

"No, just look here," she said. I did, and Wanda had pulled aside the cups of her bikini top. Her nipples were hard and she was rolling one between her fingers as she looked at me. She'd put her heels up on the edge of the counter, her legs spread wide to press her mound forward against her bikini bottoms. She giggled as I let my jaw drop a little, and then closed her legs and pulled her cups back into place over her boobs.

“What was that about?” I asked her.

“I just wanted to make sure you were nice and chubbed up when I got to see your cock again,” she shrugged.

That made me snort and laugh, and I did another check around us to make sure we weren't close to other boats before I dropped my pants and underwear.

“Now that's the cute butt I like to see,” Cassidy said from behind me, startling me enough that I jumped for a moment and made both women laugh.

“It really is a nice butt,” Wanda agreed, stretching out a foot and patting my bare ass.

“Hey baby, having fun?” Cassidy asked, stepping fully into the Pilot's Cabin and hugging herself to me. She was wearing a black bikini top with white straps and a pair of jean shorts that hugged her bum, along with a trucker-style cap backwards on her head with her violet-dyed hair loose. I had a feeling the cap was in response to my liking Cattie's look the day before. She pursed her lips for a kiss as she hugged me, wrapped her fingers around my dick and gave me a few gentle strokes as I kissed her.

“Not fair,” I said, grinning wryly and pulling her fingers from my shaft.

“I agree, I was in line first,” Wanda chuckled, reaching out with that same foot and stroking it along the top of my now fully hard dick.

“Alright, you pervs,” I said. “We're in public.” I quickly stepped into my swimsuit and pulled it up, trying my best to organize my tackle so that it wasn't so fucking obvious I was hard. The suit was the tightest one I owned and Cassidy knew it.

“We'll get him naked again later,” Cassidy winked to Wanda, who chuckled. I went back to piloting the boat as Cassidy hopped up onto the counter next to Wanda. “Did you end up sending any of the pictures to Brodi last night?” she asked.

“Not until this morning,” Wanda said. “He just sent me back an eggplant emoji and splashing water emoji, which either means he hopes I made you cum, or he jerked off to the photos.”

“I... don't know how I feel about that,” I said.

“So he's full-on OK with it?” Cassidy asked. “You going as far as you want to with Robbie?”

“Well, I mean, that's the deal,” Wanda said. “He exercises it way more often than I do, from what I understand. Honestly, it kind of weirds me out sometimes how into it he is, if that makes sense? But he likes it, so... I dunno. What about you? Sharing Robbie was new for you, right?”

“Yeah,” Cassidy said. “It’s, uhm, complicated. But I really liked it.”

“Have you two had a chance to check in with each other yet?” Wanda asked. “I was serious last night, you need to make sure you’re on the same page.”

“We did,” I said. “Twice this morning.”

“Good,” she nodded. “I’d hate to think I was the one who fucked up a good thing for you two. I really like you guys as a couple. Relationship goals for sure.”

I didn’t say anything, and Cassidy was silent behind me.

“Or... not?” Wanda asked.

“It’s complicated,” I said.

“I cheated,” Cassidy blurted out. “It was years ago, but I was secretly out of control and he had no idea because I got so fucking good at hiding the girls I was with and *he* is perfect and always has been, but I’m not. I’m just fucking trying to be better so I can deserve him.”

“Well, fuck,” Wanda sighed. “Please tell me this one-sided open relationship isn’t some sort of an apology. It’s more likely to wreck your relationship than it is to fix it. Especially if you suddenly change your mind about it.”

“I won’t,” Cassidy said. “God, I won’t. I’ve been thinking about this for years, how to apologize to him. Everything I wanted to do for him. I *want* this for him, but I can’t make up for what I did with this. There’s nothing I can do that can do that.”

Wanda hopped down from the counter and came to stand next to me, putting her hand under my shirt on my lower back. “Robbie?”

“It’s complicated,” I said again. “It’s... we’re figuring it out. I love Cassidy, and she’s made it clear she’s mine and only mine.”

“But,” Wanda prompted me, not unlike last night.

“But,” I nodded.

“OK,” Wanda nodded, rubbing my back a little before pulling away. “OK. I think I need to do a little thinking about getting caught up in this. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t regret last night at all and it’s still in my top three sexual experiences, but I need a hot second to decide if I want to do more. Is that OK?”

“Of course it is,” I said.

“Of course,” Cassidy said.

“Alright,” Wanda said, then she hugged me. Not like before, which was more sexual and about us touching each other. This hug was friendly and supportive, and she squeezed me tightly. Then she went and gave Cassidy a similar hug. “I dunno,” she said finally as she stepped to the door. “I can still see you two love each other. Maybe if you can get over this, it really is relationship goals.”