

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 160-174

By Breakthebar

Chapter 160

Meanwhile, back at the boats.

It turned out that Ginnie was distracted pretty easily. Especially when I pressed my thumb between her tight little cheeks and teased her butthole while I had a couple of fingers in her. After her second straight devastating loss to Leia she practically threw her controller down and turned over onto her back and spread her legs wide.

“Get me ooooofff please!?” she begged.

I fingered her hard and fast, her pussy starting to make cute little squishing noises. Her nipples were hard and pointy on her little titties so I doubled down and grabbed one, mashing her boob and pinching the nipple between my fingers.

“FUCK!” Ginnie shouted. “Fucking yes, fingerblast me!”

Leia snorted a laugh and quickly covered Ginnie’s mouth with both hands, still letting her breath through her nose, and that just seemed to push Ginnie even further and she thrust her hips up as her body clenched in an orgasm. I let off on her boob but didn’t stop my fingering, digging in her cunt for her g-spot, and just as she was coming down I found it and she squeaked behind Lei’a hands before her eyes rolled up and she came again.

Ginnie was left panting hard, her entire chest and stomach fluctuating as she tried to catch her breath, when she came down.

“Worth it?” Leia asked her friend with a little smirk.

“Can I have cock now, puh-lease?!” Ginnie asked.

“Sorry, cutie,” I said, patting the inside of her thigh. “We’re running out of time.”

“Uuung,” she groaned and reached down to softly stroke her flushed pussy. “Fine.”

“We should get dressed,” I said.

The three of us left Leia’s switch hooked up to the TV and headed back to their room to find our clothes. Before we started getting dressed though I hugged Leia from behind, pressing my hard

cock against her meaty butt cheeks as I squeezed her a little. "I had a lot of fun," I told her quietly. "I'd really like to spend more time with you."

"I did too," she smiled and turned her face back and up to kiss me.

I turned her in my arms and hugged her properly as we kissed, and then I backed her up to the bed and eased her down on top of it, kissing her all the way down. My cock was pressed between us as we made out.

"Really, you guys!?" Ginnie demanded.

That made us both laugh. I kissed Leia one more time and then put my lips to her ear, whispering softly. "I can't wait to taste you again."

"I can't wait to feel you again," Leia whispered back, reaching between us and shifting my cock so that the head was right at her entrance, nudging between her slick labia to press against her entrance.

I raised up just enough so I could press my forehead against hers, looking into her big eyes as we relished that feeling of almost being connected again. She tilted her lips up and kissed me softly, rotating her hips just a little to press herself against my cock head.

"OK, seriously, I'm starting to feel jilted here," Ginnie said. "That's fucking hot but you said we didn't have time."

"Sorry," Leia said, softly pushing me off without losing that warm smile of hers. "Got carried away."

"Yeah, well I could use a little getting carried away," Ginnie muttered, partially to herself and partially to us.

We were just finishing getting dressed and heading back out to the Switch when we could hear the muffled sound of female voices out on the dock.

"They must be back," I said. "I'll go see if they need help carrying anything."

"You're sweet," Leia said. She was holding my hand lightly with our fingers and she used it to pull herself close and kiss me one last time.

"So are you," I said with a grin. Then I moved around her and scooped up Ginnie in both my arms in a cradle, making her whoop in surprise. I brought our faces together and give her a quick, firm kiss of her own. "Sorry to tease you."

"It's fine," she said, grabbing my face to pull me into another quick kiss. "I will get that cock eventually though."

"That sounds like a challenge," Leia laughed. "Maybe you need to play Keep Away for the rest of the trip."

"Don't give him ideas!" Ginnie said, shifting out of your grip and moving to tickle-attack her friend.

I left them laughing as I headed back to the front of the boat and out the doors, but when I checked the dock there wasn't anyone there. Figuring they must have gone to store things in the Couples Boat I started to hop over but stopped when Cattie came out and met me.

"Hey, Tiger," she said with a smile.

"Hey, hot stuff," I said, offering her a hand to help her over the small gap between the boat and the dock. She took it and hopped over, but didn't let go.

"We came back a little early. Help me carry some stuff?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. "That's what I came out to do when I heard voices."

"You're sweet," Cattie said with that smile of hers and then started leading me towards the parking lot, still holding my hand lightly.

"That's the second time someone said that to me in the last five minutes," I laughed. "Maybe I should check my blood sugar levels."

"Who else told you that?" Cattie asked.

"Leia," I said. "For the same reason, too."

"What's it say about society that a guy offering to help carry the groceries stands out as sweet?" Cattie laughed and shook her head.

"That men are mostly stupid, and women need to expect more from them," I said.

"Not just men," Cattie sighed.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Nothing, nothing," Cattie said with a little shake of her head. We reached their rental car and she popped the trunk. "I'm just feeling out of sorts."

“Anything I can do?” I asked as I stood next to her at the trunk and started gathering bags.

“Nothing more than being you,” Cattie said, wrapping her arm around my waist and hugging me softly.

“That I can do for you,” I said, returning the hug with an arm around her shoulder. She leaned into it and we stood there for a good ten seconds just holding each other.

“Thanks,” Cattie said.

“Any time, Catherine,” I replied.

“I’ll hold you to that,” Cattie said with a little smile. “I’m feeling like I need more hugs in my life.”

I pulled her into a full bear hug and she pressed her cheek to my chest as we rocked slightly back and forth. “Any time, anywhere,” I promised her.

She just hugged me back.

Chapter 161

Heather was a little unimpressed when we piled back into the Couples Boat and she saw that I was helping Cattie, but she kept her mouth shut considering I was acting as physical labour. Cattie and I started putting the snacks they had bought away, and partitioning out some of the food they had transported back for Becca to be brought over to the Singles Boat. We chatted as we worked, and I found it felt sort of like when I had been doing the dishes with Becca.

Cattie and I just worked well together. We weren’t quite as smoothly efficient as Becca and I, but we were a little more playful as we teased each other and she would tickle my side trying to get a rise out of me, and then squirm away when I threatened to do the same to her.

Sherry came out looking for her sister and blushed again when she saw me.

“Cat, I’m heading back over to my boat,” she said. “Anything I should carry over?”

“Um, yeah,” Cattie said, turning and picking up a small pile of stuff and handing it over to her sister. “These should get in the freezer over there ASAP.”

“Cool,” Sherry said, and then she hesitated before looking at me. “Um, thanks for the lighting thing earlier. The back half of the pictures came out better lit.”

“No problem,” I said. “Sorry about walking in on you like that.”

“We should have put up another sign,” she mumbled. And then she turned and quickly walked away.

“Oh my God,” Cattie smirked. “I think that was her apologizing.”

“So she’s learning from Heather?” I asked, then immediately regretted taking the low-blow shot.

But Cattie suppressed a snort as her eyes went wide at the remark, putting her hands over her mouth as she tried her best not to laugh. “You’re bad,” she finally chuckled softly as she got her laugh reflex under control.

“Sorry,” I said with a smirk. “That wasn’t fair.”

“It’s fine,” Cattie said, then hugged me again.

I held her for a long moment, taking a deep breath and resting my chin on top of her head.

“Love you, Catherine,” I said quietly.

“Love you too, Tiger,” she whispered back.

We had just gotten everything put away, and I was heading into the Couples Boat with the second half of the stuff that was going to be stored there, when I heard more than saw the arrival of the other two cars. I quickly went and dropped the foodstuffs on the counter neatly and then headed out to meet the girls.

It was a flurry of activity that I got swept up in and I found myself getting lots of little side hugs and kisses on cheeks from the girls. Each of them had been part of sending me teasing pictures while they were gone, but no one seemed to want to overplay their hand in front of the others.

Well, no one but my fiancée.

Cassidy practically jumped into my arms, kissing me fervently when I met her at the car. It was a full-on makeout kiss even if it was short as she pressed her body to mine and fed me her tongue and swapped spit with me. “Hi, tiger,” she said with a big grin as she pulled away.

“Hey, babe,” I said back.

“Have fun while we were gone?”

“You know I did,” I said. “You?”

“Mhmm,” she grinned and nodded. Then she looked around, gave me another kiss, and dropped back down to her feet and grabbed Becca and pushed her at me. All the others were piling into the boats with armloads of food, leaving the three of us alone for a moment.

“Oof!” Becca said as she laughed and got shoved into my arms.

“Hi, you,” I said, wrapping her up in my arms.

“Hey, handsome,” she said and then reached up and put her hands on my cheeks as we kissed just as deeply as I had with Cassidy. When we separated she was smiling and her eyes were sparkling at the intensity of the kiss. “You know, your fiancée is trouble, right?”

“Oh, I know,” I chuckled. “Not too much though?”

“Maybe not enough,” Becca smirked. “She only got me to moon you, I would have flashed you too.”

“Yeah?” I asked.

“Yep,” Becca grinned. “And now you’re gonna miss out on seeing my boobies until we can find some alone time.”

I growled in my throat a little and kissed her again quickly. “I can’t wait,” I told her.

“Me neither,” she giggled back.

I got loaded up with a bunch of the remaining food to carry back, and then it was another flurry as all the girls came piling out of the boats for a second trip just as I was walking down the dock. My ass got pinched more than once.

Zenya was in the Singles Boat organizing things and gave me a little slap on the ass and a playful smirk as I set everything down, but Sherry was just walking into the kitchen to see if she could help so I didn’t push any flirting with the curvy redhead. Instead, I headed back out to see if there was anything left to grab but saw that wasn’t the case as the girls were coming back and Becca was locking her car and returning empty-handed.

I met her at the head of the dock, leaning against one of the round wooden pilings. “So, get everything you wanted?” I asked.

“We did,” Becca said, slipping into my arms for another hug but not wanting to kiss this out in the open with the others around.

“Have I mentioned how cute that hat is on you?” I asked.

“Vaguely,” she smirked a little. “I hear you had some fun with Leia. How was that?”

“Good. Special, but different. Ginnie was there too which changed the dynamic a bit,” I said.

“You had sex with both of them?” Becca asked.

“No,” I shook my head. “Just Leia. Ginnie was consigned to watching after losing a bet. How does that, ah, make you feel?”

Becca frowned a little in thought, sighing as she hugged me again. “Weird, but not the way you would think. I don’t think I actually mind, which is why I feel weird. I feel like I should mind, but I don’t.”

“Sorry,” I apologized.

“For what? You’re Cassidy’s, I don’t have a right to be jealous,” Becca said.

“That doesn’t mean you wouldn’t feel it anyways,” I said. “I- Becca, I care about you a lot. I feel like we fit together almost so well that it’s scary. Physically, and emotionally. I feel weird about all of this too.”

“We’ll figure it out,” Becca said quietly, hugging me again.

“We will,” I agreed, hugging her back. “What’s the plan for this afternoon?”

“We’ll head out in the opposite direction,” Becca said. “Not too far since we don’t want to reach the dam or anything, but we’ll look for a nice place to stop for the afternoon and evening. Are you ready for your date with Ami?”

“I am,” I said. “We’ll have a little picnic, and I picked out an album I think she’ll like as we watch the sunset.”

“Ugh, that’s cute as hell,” Becca said. “Now that I *am* jealous of.”

I laughed a little. “Considering what we did last night during sunset, I don’t know if I agree.”

“Fair,” Becca grinned. Then bit her lip as she clearly thought about our lovemaking. “I wouldn’t have changed a thing.”

“I would have,” I said. “I wanted more time with you.”

“You’ll get it,” Becca said. “Promise.”

Chapter 162

Becca needed to head in to make sure that Zenya had everything covered, and I followed her into the Couples Boat and ran into Terra.

“Hey, you busy?” she asked

“You need me for anything, Becca?” I asked.

“Nope, you’re good, Tiger,” Becca said, waving me off.

“In here or outside?” I asked Terra.

“Outside,” she nodded, and we stepped out and went up the stairs to the top deck. We were alone up there and she led me over to the Adirondack chairs and gestured for me to sit in one of the ones that Becca and I had used for breakfast and were sitting close together.

“Te- Actually, I don’t think I ever asked you this and I should have - would you rather I call you Terra like I have been, or Lou-Anne?” I asked.

“Oh, Terra for sure,” she said with a smile. “I like it way better than Lou-Anne. I wish I could get my modelling agency to market me as Terra. Thank you for asking, though.”

“No problem,” I said. “If this is about the picture, I just want to promise you that I’ll never share it with anyone, and if you want me to delete it I will.”

“It is about the picture, Tiger, but I trust you not to share it,” Terra said. “What did you think of it?”

I flushed a little bit, thinking of it. Terra had sent me the lewdest picture of them all. “I thought it was hot,” I said. “And I’m trying not to think of what it might be promising because I don’t want to assume anything.”

“What did it make you think it promised?” Terra asked, leaning back in her seat and running the tip of her tongue along her bottom lip.

She was turned on, I realized, and not nervous like I had first thought. So I decided to tell her. “Well, sending me a picture like that? It makes me want to bury my tongue in that gorgeous, firm ass of yours that you work so hard to maintain. I want to grab your cheeks and kiss all over them, and down your thighs and up your back, and then get my tongue so far up inside you that you’re squirming and moaning.”

Terra was breathing deeply and she deliberately undid the button on her shorts and pushed her fingers underneath, down to her pussy. “What else?” she asked.

“Well, once you’re nice and slick, I want to get a couple of fingers in there to start stretching you out. I want to see your perfect little butthole quiver and strain as I get it ready.”

“Get it ready for what, Robbie?” she asked, obviously slowly petting her cunt beneath her shorts.

“For my cock,” I told her. “And once you’re stretched out, I want to turn you around and feed it to you. Make you choke on it and get it really slick with your spit, maybe even see if you can deepthroat it a bit. Then I want you to sit on my cock, slowly taking it all so that it only hurts just as much as it absolutely needs to, and I want to use my thumb on your clit as you focus on my cock in your ass.”

“Fuck,” Terra grunted.

“Is that what you were promising?” I asked her.

She scrambled out of her seat and over to me, kissing me hard. “I don’t know,” she gasped between kisses. “I don’t know yet. Is that OK?”

“Of course it is,” I mumbled between kisses. She took my hands and put them on her ass, encouraging me to knead her buns.

“What if I want to wear a hat?” she asked.

“I think you look fucking hot in a ballcap,” I told her. “But only if you want, and only if it’s playing around. JC-”

“I know,” she said, kissing my words away. “I know. Only what we agreed to.”

She kissed me hard one last time, then pulled away, sitting back on my knees.

“You’re fucking gorgeous,” I told her.

“You aren’t so bad yourself, hot stuff,” she smirked at me.

“Different leagues, Terra,” I said.

“Not so different,” she said, pulling up my shirt to show my soft, barely visible abs.

“Terra, hon, if we don’t stop now I’m going to end up with your thighs around my ears as I eat you out,” I told her.

She squirmed and wiggled a little at the thought, but then blew out a breath and nodded.

“Thanks for clearing things up for me,” she said.

“Is that what that was?” I asked as we both stood up.

She nodded. "It was," she said. Then she grabbed my hands and put them back on her ass as she went on her tiptoes to kiss me again, a little softer and less urgent.

"You are one hell of a woman," I told her.

"You don't know the half of it," she grinned.

We headed back down, though I hesitated at the stairs to rearrange my cock in my shorts to try and make it not quite so obvious that I was hard. Terra turned and saw what I was doing and giggled to herself, covering her mouth with the back of one hand. "Sorry," she said.

"It's OK," I laughed. "Only natural."

"Yes, it is," she grinned. Back downstairs she headed to the kitchen to see if there was anything left to do, and Zenya passed her heading back towards me.

"Hey," Zenya said.

"Hey, cutie," I replied with a smile.

She glanced behind her and then opened the door to mine and Cassidy's room and pushed it open, gesturing me inside. I went, and she closed the door after us.

"What's up?" I asked.

Zenya gave me a look as she leaned back against the door. "Honestly, Robbie, I'm feeling a little jealous."

I cocked my head to the side, waiting for more.

"Maybe jealous is the wrong word," Zenya said. "I feel left out. First I find out that you're doing a cute as fuck date with Ami, and now I find out that you spent the afternoon with Leia."

"I'm sorry," I told her, blowing out a long breath as I sat on the edge of the bed. Keeping track of everyone I was flirting with was getting to be a bit much. "I definitely didn't mean to make you feel that way."

"It's fine," Zenya said, coming over and sitting next to me. "I just felt like I should say something instead of trying to keep it bottled up and guessing. Apparently a girl who tells you what she wants can actually get it."

"I try my best," I told her.

“What if I told you I wanted to have sex?” she asked.

“I’d say that I would love to, though we should find a good time to do it,” I said.

“What if I wanted a threesome with you and Cassidy?”

“I think we would both love that,” I told her.

“Alone?” she asked.

“That too,” I said.

“What if I just wanted to make out and maybe have you suck on my boobs?” she asked, cupping her curvy breasts over her top.

“Zenya, I would be happy to do anything at all with you,” I said. “And I’ll respect any limit that you set. I’d also like to get to know you a bit better - you and Becca are friends, and with the way her and I are, I expect that probably means we would be as well.”

“I’m not as big a nerd as the others,” she said. “Well, I’m more of a weeb than a nerd at least.”

“You should talk to Cassidy and Cattie about that stuff,” I said. “They love anime.”

“No, I mean I’m a real weeb,” Zenya laughed. “I read manga and collect figurines and stuff.”

“You say that like half the people on this trip don’t have some niche hobbies,” I said, taking her hand. “We’re going to be doing more driving this afternoon, and tonight I have my thing with Ami. Tomorrow, let’s hang out, OK?”

“I’d like that,” Zenyua grinned. Then she leaned in and kissed me softly. “And maybe more.”

“Maybe more,” I agreed. “Thanks for being obvious for me.”

“Thanks for not making it weird,” Zenya said.

She kissed me again, just a light peck, and then we headed out to see if there was anything left to do.

Chapter 163

Everyone ended up on their own boats as we set back off from the dock, and JC spared me from driving since I had done most of it that morning. With JC in the Pilot’s Cabin and Heels asking Heather to help her out with a quick and dirty photo shoot in her and Wanda’s room -

Wanda said it was going to be a shower shoot - that left you, Cass, Wanda, Cattie and Terra to hang out in the deck chairs.

All of the girls had changed into their bikinis, though Wanda was still wearing my shirt tied up and Cassidy and her were wearing their ballcaps.

The chatting was light and playful for a bit, though there was a bit more of a naughty undercurrent. You all had separate chairs, but after some teasing that Wanda was wearing my shirt she just shrugged and got up, taking the two steps over to me and planting plush bum in my lap and leaning back against my chest.

"There, happy?" she asked the others.

"Yes," Cassidy grinned.

"You know we were just teasing," Terra said.

"I'm very happy," I said, wrapping my arms around her and leaning forward to kiss her cheek.

"Thanks, Tiger," she grinned back at me, and then turned and kissed me on the lips.

It was weird, but I felt like I almost heard a soft sigh from each of the others.

The conversation continued and I tugged Wanda back firmer against my groin so she could feel that my cock was starting to chub up under her. She hummed softly, taking my hand in hers on the armrest, and wiggled back just a little more. I let my other hand fall on her stomach, still wrapped around her, or bare skin touching. As the girls continued talking I casually let my hand drift down to her thigh rubbing her softly, and then back up to her stomach.

Then, as I watched the casual glances of Terra and Cattie as they tracked what I was doing without staring, I slid my hand up under Wanda's top and palmed her breast.

"No bra or bikini top, huh?" I asked her quietly.

She grinned a little and shook her head.

"You're a naughty girl," I said. "It's a good thing I love girls who are naughty for me."

She leaned back in her chair, breathing deeply as I continued to feel up her breast under the shirt. Cassidy glanced at us and licked her lips a little with a twinkle in her eye, but then went back to the conversation. Cattie and Terra, on the other hand, kept glancing over and were clearly getting a little turned on at the blatant display of casual sexual contact.

Once I had Wanda's nipple hard I switched to her other breast and leaned down to softly kiss her neck for a moment before cutting into the conversation. Now all three of the others had a reason to look at me and Wanda openly, but no one mentioned what I was doing. That seemed to get Wanda going even more.

It was when I was sliding my hand down between her legs, and she spread them for me so that I could pull the gusset of her bikini bottoms aside, that Cattie finally broke the tension. "Really?" she asked. "Right here?"

"Wanda wants to be his toy today," Cassidy explained. "She asked for it."

"It's hot," Terra grinned.

I had Wanda's pussy completely exposed as she sat in my lap, and was slowly massaging her pussy lips as she continued to lean back. She had her head back on my shoulder and her eyes closed as she softly let out little moans.

"I mean, it fucking is," Cattie said. "But right here in public?"

"We can stop if you want, I don't mean to make you uncomfortable," I said.

"I'm not uncomfortable," Cattie said. "At least not like that. It's making me fucking horny though."

"Same," Cassidy laughed.

"You're really getting off on this?" Cattie asked Wanda.

"God, yes," Wanda gasped as I inserted one finger in her just up to the first knuckle. "It's so-God. He's hitting like three or four of my buttons all at once. Sorry if this is weird."

"It's weird, but like I said - it's hot," Terra said.

"How hard is he?" Cattie asked.

"So fucking hard," Wanda groaned, wiggling her hips to feel my cock pushing against her ass through our clothes.

"You going to come soon, babe?" Cassidy asked her.

"Mhmm," Wanda nodded.

"Want me to get you there?" Cassidy offered.

"Yes, please," Wanda gasped, then turned to me. "If I have permission to come?"

“Of course you do,” I said and softly kissed her.

Cassidy got up and sat on the edge of her chair armrest next to us and leaned over, grabbing Wanda by the shirt and pulling her closer so that she could kiss her hard. Then she pressed their foreheads together. “You gonna come for the man who owns your holes?” she asked.

“Yes,” Wanda gasped.

“Are you his little whore?” Cassidy asked.

“Mhmm,” Wanda nodded.

“Don’t tell me, tell them,” Cassidy said, nodding over to Cattie and Terra.

“I’m a little whore for Robbie,” Wanda told the others.

Cattie’s pupils dilated a little as she breathed deeply, and Terra was breathing through an open mouth as they both watched and listened.

“What kind of slut are you for him?” Cassidy asked.

“I’m his married, anal buttslut free-use toy,” Wanda gasped.

“Want me to spit on you like the filthy little thing you are, baby?” Cassidy offered.

Wanda nodded.

“Open your mouth,” Cassidy ordered her. Wanda did, and I pushed a second finger into her as I continued to oh-so-slowly finger her, feeling her juices dripping down my knuckles. Then Cassidy spit in her mouth, the spray hitting her lips and cheeks as well.

Wanda came. It was quiet and simmering, a long orgasm that had her left leg shaking like a dog who was enjoying a really good petting. Partway through Cassidy leaned in and kissed her again, full on with tongue, and Wanda tried her best to respond.

As she finally started coming down I slid my fingers from her and adjusted her bikini bottom to cover her again, and then hugged her around her abdomen as she caught her breath.

“Love you, baby,” I whispered quietly so that only her and Cassidy could hear.

She turned in my arms and cupped my face, kissing me deeply but chastely without tongue.

Then we all jumped a little as an airhorn sound echoed from off the side of the House Boat, followed by a blip of a siren.

“Uh, guys!?” JC called from the Pilot’s Cabin. “I think we have a problem.”

“House Boat,” a stern voice echoed out of a staticky loudspeaker. “Come to a halt and weigh anchor. This is a lawful order.”

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JC brought us to a stop and got the anchor lowered as we all went to the railing of the boat to see what was going on. Coming around us was a big speedboat mounted with lights and the loudspeaker, and emblazoned on the side was a big police badge.

“Shit,” I sighed.

“You think they saw what we were doing?” Cassidy asked.

“I can’t see how,” I said. “We were up high and they wouldn’t have been able to get close enough to see anything.”

Heather and Heels came up the stairs to find out what the loud noises were and joined us at the railing. Heather was wearing one of her too-small bikinis that left a great deal of her curvy but muscled body in view, while Heels was wearing a long hoody that left me questioning whether she was wearing anything else under it or not.

Becca had heard, or seen, what was going on and had slowed the Singles Boat and turned it around to start coming back. I quickly went to the Pilot’s Cabin and squeezed in next to JC and radioed over.

“Becca? I’ll handle it, don’t worry,” I said.

There was a moment and then Ami came over. “I’ll let her know.”

“Sorry, Amy. Please do. And don’t come any closer to try and talk to them. That could just make things worse.”

“OK, will do. Be safe.”

We signed off, and JC turned off the engine and went out of the cabin.

The cops got their boat tied up at the front of our and boarded, coming up to the top deck. There were two of them, a man and a woman - they were both maybe our age or a little older, dressed

in short-sleeved navy shirts with their badges embroidered on their breast and each sleeve, along with light kevlar vests emblazoned with 'POLICE' on the front and back, and they had utility belts including stun guns and pistols. The woman had her thumbs tucked into the arm holes of her vest as she looked around through her mirrored sunglasses, but the man had one hand on his hip just next to his pistol.

"Anyone else on the boat?" he asked us brusquely.

"No, sir," I said.

"And if I go down and check?"

"Doesn't change my answer," I said.

"Who's registered to pilot the rental?" the female cop asked.

"We are," JC said, gesturing to the two of us.

"And how was piloting just now?"

"I was," JC said. "But I don't think I did anything wrong?"

"You two with me," the man demanded, pointing at JC and I and giving the 'two-finger summons.'

"Phil?" the woman asked.

"I'm doing a search," he grunted.

There was a part of me that wanted to ask for a warrant, but I was in a State that I wasn't sure of and I also wasn't sure about the fact that we were in a rental, or on the water. I was pretty sure I could refuse, but that could cause even more problems and I didn't want to make a mess that Becca would need to clean up. I was also pretty sure that there was nothing for him to find since booze wasn't illegal and JC hadn't been drinking and driving.

"Alright," the woman said, clearly not expecting this development.

"Stay up here and watch them," the guy said, gesturing to the girls. "You two, follow."

JC and I glanced at each other and shrugged, then followed him down and into the houseboat. He closed the sliding door after us and stood with his arms crossed, glaring at us.

"Anywhere you'd like to start, officer?" I asked.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Which one of you two fucking assholes fucked my girlfriend?"

"Uh... what?" JC asked.

Fuuuuck, I groaned internally.

"One of you cocksuckers had sex with my girlfriend, you fuckheads," the cop said, putting a hand on his pistol. "I recognised that chick with the purple hair from the video she sent me, and now here you two are. So which one of you was it?"

"Sir, I think you're overstepping your authority here," I said.

"Overstepping my fucking ass," he grunted. "You're going to fucking own up to it, and you're going to accept the licking that you're asking for. That or I'm going to go up there and get the purple-haired cunt and bring *her* down here to ask. And then I'm going to do a search and maybe I find something that I shouldn't."

I glanced down at his vest and noted that he wasn't wearing a body cam. Shit.

"Dude, this is seriously fucked up," JC said. "You can't just fucking threaten people. We didn't fuck your girlfriend. We're both dating one of the girls up there."

"Yeah? Which one of you is with the purple-haired bitch?" the cop asked.

"You call my fiancée any more names, and you and I are going to have a problem," I said.

"So it was you?" the cop said, then look at JC. "Or are you fucking your friend's girl behind his back?"

"No!" JC said.

"Fuck you," I said to the cop. "If you're talking about that sweet girl Madison, then yeah - I had sex with her. She was frustrated and feeling overwhelmed because she broke up with you and you wouldn't leave her alone. So yeah, when she asked, we helped her out. And you know what? She was amazing. I don't know how you could fuck up dating such a great woman like that."

"You motherfucker," the cop said, his hand landing on his pistol but not drawing it.

"Yeah, that'll go great for you," I said. "Jilted cop murders vacationer. Are you planning on killing everyone else on the boat because you're sad about a breakup, too?"

"You're going to regret that, you bitch," he said, letting go of his pistol and grabbing his taser out from his belt.

Or he tried to - it made it about two inches and hadn't even cleared the holster before the blow landed and the cop dropped like a sack of potatoes.

"Fuck," the lady cop said. "Fuck! God damn it, Phil. What the fuck!?"

JC and I had watched the lady cop through the glass sliding door as she'd come down the stairs behind the male cop, looking through it at us in confusion and then quietly starting to open the door. I'd gotten loud, distracting him and owning what was going on, so she could hear everything. I'd gambled that she wouldn't just follow along with him.

"Shit, fuck, balls," the lady cop swore, then slammed his pistol home into its holster. She'd pistol-whipped her partner in the back of the head and it looked like he was knocked out. "Alright, was all that true?" she demanded of us.

"Mostly, I think," I said. "My fiancée and I met this girl Madison yesterday at the gas bar, and we got to talking and the girls decided we should film us having sex so that Madison could send it to her ex to make it clear they were over. I guess that this is the ex?"

"Fuuuck," the lady cop groaned. "Yes. Phil has been an asshole for a while, but he was particularly dickish today. Now I know why. Fuck! OK, ok. Um, this is all obviously super fucked up."

"Yeah, you don't say?" JC asked.

"Um, shit. OK. Phil isn't a bad guy," the lady cop said. "Or not usually, anyways. This isn't normal for him. I need to figure this out. Um..." She glanced at JC and I, looking us up and down. "What's it going to take for you not to report this? An apology?"

"Considering he was threatening to beat one of us, and kind of threatened to do the same to my fiancée if we didn't answer him?" I asked.

"Not an apology from him," the lady cop said. "What about one from me? What if I... make this stop worth your while...?"

I glanced at JC and he glanced at me.

Was this... was this really happening?

Chapter 165

The lady cop slowly undid the velcro buckles for her kevlar vest, waiting for a response from JC and I.

“Um...” JC said.

“What do you think?” she asked.

And that’s when I saw Cassidy peeking in the top corner of the window. She was sitting on the stairs from the top deck and when she saw me looking she flashed me a thumbs up and then gestured with her phone and gave another thumbs up.

That explained a lot.

This wasn’t real. Or, rather, it wasn’t normal. She’d done something with the App.

On the one hand, I was frustrated as hell that she would do that - we’d agreed that she wouldn’t do anything with the App without talking with me about it first, even ‘good things.’ This was another bending of the rules we’d set out. But on the other hand, this did seem like an emergency situation. Could I blame her, especially if she had heard the raised voices?

I closed my eyes and took a breath. Whatever the cause, we were in the situation now.

“What about him?” I asked, gesturing to the male cop.

“I hit him pretty solid, he’ll be out for a bit,” the lady cop said. “But I’ll handcuff him just in case.”

I raised my hand and ran it through my hair, trying my best to get my thoughts in order. “You sure you want to do it like this?” I asked.

“Are we really doing this?” JC asked.

“Best way I can think of to keep everyone happy,” the woman said.

“Fuck it, if this is how you want to do it,” I said.

She dropped her vest to the floor and reached for the back of her utility belt and pulled out a pair of cuffs. She rolled Phil onto his side and got his arms behind his back and cuffed them. “There, you idiot. Stay.”

“This is really, really happening?” JC asked again.

“Yeah, it is, dude,” I said, shaking my head a little incredulously myself.

The lady cop took off her utility belt and set it on a chair, then started undoing the buttons of her shirt. “You guys can call me Sandra.”

“Well, Sandra, what are you thinking?” I asked.

“I’m thinking you should get your cocks out,” she said as she pulled her shirt off, leaving her in an athletic bra that she started pulling over her head right after flipping her mirrored sunglasses onto the chair next to her belt. Sandra had a major case of Farmer’s Tan, her face, neck and arms were a clearly different shade than the rest of her body because of her days in uniform. Her tits spilt out of the athletic bra in an impressive titty drop, larger than I expected and capped with tidy little soft brown areolas and stubby nipples.

I glanced to JC and shrugged, and then shucked my shorts and let my cock dangle out.

“Fuck it, this is happening,” JC said and did the same.

“Shit, I haven’t done something like this in years,” Sandra said, getting to her knees between the two of you. She was maybe in her late twenties and without the sunglasses she had a bit of a hawkish face. Not ugly by any means, and I was sure if she dolled herself up she could look great - maybe kind of ‘sexy librarian’ with the tight bun she kept her dark brunette hair in. But she was on duty and was only wearing the barest of makeup which left her looking a little more normal.

Sandra wrapped a hand around each of our cocks and started stroking as she looked up at us and bit the corner of her lip. “I swear I don’t usually do this sort of thing.”

“I believe you,” I said, meaning it because I knew Cassidy was behind this somehow.

She leaned in and took the soft head of my cock in her mouth, giving it a slow couple of sucks, then turned and did the same to JC. She traded back and forth like that as we just looked down and watched, both of us slowly getting harder and harder until we were at full mast as she was stroking us with her hands when she wasn’t blowing us. I noticed that while JC wasn’t quite as long as I was, sitting at likely around average length, he also had a fairly fat cock that made me wonder how a tiny thing like Terra could take him.

“Fuck that’s good,” JC groaned, reaching down and running a hand over Sandra’s head before going lower and palming one of her heavy tits.

“You like them?” she asked.

“Fuck yeah,” JC groaned.

She looked to me, taking my cock in her mouth while making eye contact.

“They suit your frame really well,” you complimented her.

Sandra started blowing you faster while jerking off JC with quick hand movements, then swapped and did the same to the other person. Then all at once she sat back on her heels, gasping for breath for a moment. "Alright, which one of you wants to fuck me first?" she asked.

"Fuck yes," JC said.

"Alright, sit down there," Sandra said as she stood up and started undoing her pants, kicking off her boots at the same time. Soon she was down to her underwear, a matched set to the athletic bra, and she shucked them off with little preamble and went to JC. She turned and backed up to him, squatting down and reaching back to put a hand on his chest for balance as she reached between her legs and pointed him up. She got his cock into position and slowly sat down on it. "Oh, fuuuck that's thick," she groaned, sneering a little at the sensation. "God damn. Damn! Fuck."

"Holy- You feel so fucking tight," JC groaned.

Sandra blew out a long breath as she sat her ass in his lap, then bounced a couple of times tentatively. Then she opened her eyes and looked at me. "Bring that cock over here."

You moved closer and she licked her lips and took you in her hands, pulling you to her lips as she started riding JC. She suckled on my head more than anything with her mouth, but used her hands to stroke your shaft and softly massage your balls.

"Fucking hell," you groaned. "You're good at that."

"Just like riding a bike," Sandra said with a little smirk.

"Sucking dick?" I asked.

"Multi-tasking," she chuckled, then went back to sucking you.

JC was holding her hips and doing his best to thrust up at her as she rocked forwards and back. I blew out a long breath and rested my hand on the top of her head and looked over and out the window. I almost expected Cassidy to be sitting there watching. Or, hell, all the girls peering in the window like little Peeping Tammies. Instead it was wide open, no one in sight.

Sandra pulled her lips from my cock. "You're the one whose fiancée he threatened, right?" she asked me.

"Yeah," I said.

"Alright. Fuck my mouth," she said and opened wide to give me access to start really using her.

Chapter 166

Literally face-fucking a cop was not on the list of things that I had imagined might happen when I woke up that morning with Wanda on one side of me and Cassidy on the other. This whole trip had been a wild rollercoaster of emotions, flirting and sex, but this?

This definitely took the cake.

I held Sandra's head as I thrust into her mouth, listening to her gag every once in a while. She was game about it, though I didn't try and push her for any depththroating. And as I did that, she was working her hips to bounce on JC's cock.

'Fuck, hold on,' JC groaned, grabbing Sandra by the hips and pulling her down to sit still. "Just need a second."

"Hmmmhmmhmm," Sandra hummed around my cock in her mouth. I pulled out from her lips and she smacked them and took a breath. "Tell me if you're going to come," she said to JC. "I'd prefer it not inside me."

"OK," he nodded.

She turned back to me and grabbed my slimy, spittle-covered dick and stroked me all over. "Want a turn?"

"Sure," I said. "I'd love one."

She stood up and turned around, bending at the waist to drop her mouth on JC as she presented me with her pussy and ass. I took a moment to fondle her pale cheeks, gripping them in both hands and then giving her a soft spank before lining myself up with her and slowly pushing in.

"Hmmmng," she groaned around JC in her mouth.

"Damn," I grunted. I got a bit over halfway in and her cunt tightened, fluttering on my cock as she had a small orgasm. Then she slammed her ass back at me and took me to the hilt, groaning all over again.

"She's tight as hell, right?" JC asked.

"Yeah," I nodded, blinking to try and keep my focus as I started slow stroking her. We fucked like that for a few minutes and I could feel her pussy squeezing and bearing down on me every time I pushed all the way in. I reached under her hip and got my fingers on her clit and gave her a bit of a diddle, feeling the slick little fleshy fold of her clit hood, and she shuddered as she came again, her knees going a little weak to the point I grabbed her by the hips to keep her up.

“Fucking hell,” she said when she was done, leaning up from JC’s cock and stroking him. “Not as close anymore?”

“I’m good,” he nodded.

Sandra pulled off of me straddled JC with her knees on the couch and then sat down on him again, taking him into her cunt. I had a view of his fat dick spreading her lips lewdly. I also noticed that for all that he had a wide cock, JC also had kind of small testicles.

Things I did NOT need to know, I thought to myself.

Then Sandra surprised me by reaching back and spreading her ass cheeks with both hands. “Do it,” she told me.

I blinked in surprise, “You sure?”

She just nodded breathing deeply, and I saw her asshole wink at me a little as she flexed it. This woman knew what she was doing.

I spit on my fingers and quickly spread it over her ass, then pushed two fingers in and worked her a little bit. She was surprisingly adept at taking my fingers in, and soon I was two knuckles deep. I pulled my fingers out and stroked my cock once to get the slime from her cunt and the spittle that was still smeared at the root all over it, and I lined up.

“Ready?” I asked.

“Is this happening?!” JC asked.

“It’s happening, stud,” Sandra said, then blew out a breath.

I pushed in, the knob of my cock meeting the resistance of her anus for a moment before I popped inside of her.

“Fucking- fuuuck,” she groaned. “God damn, you’re in my ass.”

“I definitely am,” I chuckled a little, not stroking so much as just flexing back and forth a bit and looking at how her pale little hole was stretched around my dick.

“Well, get all the way in,” Sandra said.

“Ah, alright,” I said, frowning at how well she was dealing with this. I pushed in deeper, and she took it with a long groan.

This was my first time DPing anyone, and it was... weird. I could feel the pressure of JC's cock inside her other hole, putting a weird hardness next to my cock. I was much more turned on by the noises that Sandra was making than the feeling as she whimpered little half-expletives and breathed shallow and hard.

"You good?" JC asked.

"Suck my tits," she demanded, pushing her breasts into her face. I could only assume JC complied. She looked back at me over her shoulder. "Are you going to fuck my ass or what? This is an apology screw, so make me feel it."

"Yes, ma'am," I said and started fucking her.

It was dirty and weird, and sexy, and hot, and *weird*. This wasn't my first threesome, but it was definitely the first threesome with another guy, and I was quickly learning that I much preferred another woman around. JC and I never really found a rhythm, and maybe that was worse for Sandra as she was getting jostled around. She seemed to like it though and encouraged us both to fuck her harder. I was the only one able to provide that, so I did, holding her by the hips as I pounded into her harder though I didn't go all out.

"Close again," JC groaned, muffled by the swathe of pale tit in his face.

"Me too," I grunted, feeling the boiling in my balls. Her ass was tight and I'd been fucking it for almost ten minutes.

"Pull out," Sandra gasped.

I did, pulling out of her ass and seeing it flex and wink for a moment before she got up off of JC and down onto her knees on the floor. She grabbed my cock and reached for JC's, motioning for him to stand.

"Come on my tits," she said. "Come on my fucking tits."

JC went off first, dumping a thick load that hit her in the chin as she stroked us both. The cum dribbled down her neck while his second and third shots splorted out down onto her cleavage. I was fast after him and hit her right in the upper chest, painting her clavicle, then spreading three more shots across her cleavage.

"Ho-ly Fuck," JC panted, and Sandra leaned forward and sucked whatever was left in his cock out of him.

Then she pivoted and did the same with me, giving me a few hard sucks before pulling away.

"Satisfied, boys?" she asked.

“Yeah. That was... wow,” JC stammered, sitting back down on the couch as he caught his breath.

“You were amazing, but it’s still a fucked up situation,” I said, a little more in control of myself. Or maybe it was just me getting used to my recovery time more with so many encounters in the last few days.

“Yeah, I know,” Sandra said. “Hey, can I get a wet cloth or paper towel to clean up?”

“Sure,” I said, heading to the kitchen. “No problem.”

Chapter 167

Sandra, fully dressed again, slapped Phil across the face a couple of times not-quite-lightly. “Wake up, Phil,” she said.

Phil came to, blinking and wincing at the pain that rocketing through his head.

“Yeah, you’ve probably got a concussion, you idiot,” Sandra said. “Focus on me.”

Phil blinked some more and his eyes focused on her. “Sandra? What happened?”

“You were an absolute dumbfuck asshole,” Sandra said. “And I’ve saved you from getting fired, and probably criminally charged. So I’m going to take these cuffs off and then we’re getting you back in our boat.”

“What?” Phil asked.

Sandra rolled her eyes and uncuffed him. “Can one of you guys help me get him over?”

“Yeah, I can,” JC said, reaching down and helping her pick him up under his arms. I got the door and the two of them half-carried Phil out to the boat and started working to get him across the mooring.

I shook my head and looked around, making sure nothing had gotten left behind before I headed up the stairs.

“What happened down there?” Terra asked as I reached the top. All of the girls, including Heather, were coming over with concern on their faces. Well, all of them except Cassidy who hung out near the back of the group with an uncertain look on her face.

"I'll- Just give me a minute and we'll explain," I said. "Everything is fine. I just need to radio Becca first."

The girls gave way for me and I went to the Pilot's Cabin and flicked on the Radio. "Ami? Becca?"

"We're both here. Everything OK?" Becca said.

"Yeah, everything is fine," I sighed. "We got it worked out. I'll tell you later, OK?"

"Is something still wrong?"

"No, I just- we need to have a quick talk over here. Everything is fine, no need to worry."

"Robbie, Becca looks like she's going to shit herself," Ami said.

"Ami!" Becca could be heard in the background.

"What? You do," Ami said and I could hear her little smile in her voice. "Your control-freak is showing."

"Becca, I promise you there is nothing wrong, and I'll tell you everything. I just need to make sure the cops get out of here and have a quick talk, OK?"

"Fine, fine," Becca said. "I trust you, Robbie."

"Thank you. I know how much that means," I said.

I left the radio and went back to the end of the boat and down the stairs. JC was just helping unmoor the ropes and Sandra was turning over the motor while Phil was sitting in a seat and holding his head. I thought I heard Sandra mutter something about shoving a dildo up his ass so he knew what she'd just gone through for him.

Still, as the boats drifted apart and she got theirs into gear, she gave a little half-wave to JC and I before peeling away. I was fairly certain she kicked it into high gear just to ramp up the noise and torture Phil a bit.

"That was fucking wild," JC said to me as we watched the boat speed off.

"I would be happy if that never happened to me again," I said, shaking my head.

"So you really fucked that gas bar girl?" JC asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Cassidy was there."

“That’s pretty hot. How do you keep having these porno encounters?”

“I have no fucking clue,” I lied. “First time this thing has ever happened to me.

“Heh. Maybe I should hang out with your more if this is how things go.”

That made me smirk a little. “Maybe,” I said. “But for now, we really need to explain things to the girls and then talk with Terra and Cassidy.”

Up on the top deck JC and I started to try and weave a story together but barely got two sentences in before Terra stopped us. “We could hear you guys,” she said.

“Shit,” I snorted. “Alright. So I assume you all know that I had sex with the gas bar girl?”

“Yeah, and that Cassidy and Cattie were both there,” Heather glared.

“I just worked the camera,” Cattie said. “It was a favour for the girl. And clearly she was right about her boyfriend and needed it.”

That seemed to mollify Heather a bit. Apparently, no one had mentioned that at the end of that encounter Cattie had taken a little clean-up suck of my dick.

“Right, well, that cop was Madison’s ex. I guess he recognized Cassidy’s hair from the revenge video and made the connection that the guy had to be me or JC and he got all threatening. Then Sandra, the lady cop, came down and knocked him out because he was getting wild, then she bribed us not to file a complaint or anything by offering us, uh, sexual favours.”

“Isn’t that supposed to happen the other way around?” Heels smirked. “You offer a blowjob to get out of a ticket?”

“I guess not *all* cops are bad,” Heather smirked a little. “Think that lady wants to come back for an all-girl round two?”

“I’m hoping we never see her again,” I said. “Any other questions?”

There were a bunch, but all of them were more teasing notes about having sex with a cop, or how it was. I cut it off and told them JC and I needed to talk with Terra and Cassidy, who had both been quiet. The girls agreed and we all headed into the Pilot’s Cabin, and I noticed that the other girls didn’t exactly spread out very far... likely wanting to overhear anything that got loud.

I stood at the wheel, leaning back against it, and JC stood next to me while Cassidy and Terra stood at the door.

"I'm sorry," I said to both of the women.

"You have nothing to be sorry for, Tiger," Cassidy said with a small smile. We both knew we couldn't have the conversation that we really needed to have here.

"Anything to say, JC?" Terra asked.

"I'm... I'm like, sorry but also not sorry?" JC said. "I mean, come on babe. That whole situation was kind of ridiculous."

"Yeah, it was," Terra said. "And if you'd gotten a blowjob from her I wouldn't have minded so much because that's one the *agreed list*, JC. But from what it sounds like, you didn't just stop at a blowjob, did you?"

JC blinked. "Oh," he said. "Ooooh, fuck."

"Yeah," Terra said with a glare. "Yeah."

"Shit, babe. I'm so sorry," he said, starting towards her.

"No," Terra said, holding up her hands to stop him. "N-n-no. Don't try to just lovey-dovey me."

"Lou-Anne, I'm so sorry," JC said. "I wasn't thinking. Everything was moving so fast, and all of a sudden she was sitting on me, and-"

"Shut *up*, Juan Carlos," Terra said, gritting her teeth. "Fuck! Ugh!" She turned and stormed out of the Pilot's Cabin.

"Shit," JC swore, watching his girlfriend storm off across the deck. Wanda peeked in the Cabin and saw we weren't in trouble, and then went after Terra. "What the fuck am I supposed to do now?" JC asked.

"Try and talk to her," I said. "When she's ready to talk."

"When will that be?" JC asked Cassidy.

"I don't know," Cass said with a sad shrug. "That depends on her."

"I'll- Fuck, I'll go ask. Asking can't hurt, right?" He left the Pilot's Cabin, scratching at the back of his neck as he worried.

"Asking too soon can definitely make things worse," Cass shook her head as we watched him go. Then she turned to me. "Downstairs?" she asked.

I nodded. We needed to talk.

Chapter 168

We went down the opposite stairs as Terra had taken, which meant we only had to pass close to JC as he was knocking at his and Terra's door instead of squeezing passed him.

Inside our room I went and sat on the bed and Cassidy stood in front of me, wringing her wrist with one hand and squeezing nervously.

"Baby, I'm so sorry," she said. "I know I did it again without talking to you, and we agreed I wouldn't do that. But when that cop brought you and JC down here I got worried, and the lady cop looked weirded out by it too and I knew something was off. So I talked with her for a second and kind of suggested it was weird, and she agreed and went down to check on you, and that's when I heard the shouting through the open door and I decided to try and use the App to fix things and then I saw that it was weird and her profile had a suggested purchase so I just went with it and immediately realized after I did it and-"

"Cass!" I interrupted her and she clicked her mouth shut. I reached out and took her hands in mine. "Baby, I'm annoyed and maybe a little frustrated, but I'm not mad. You were spinning out a bit."

"Sorry, I'm just- I don't want to fuck up and I'm scared I did," she said quietly.

"Come here," I said, pulling her towards me, and she stood between my legs as I hugged her and pressed my face to her chest while she hugged me back. "Annoyed. Frustrated. Not mad," I repeated.

"I'm sorry," she repeated.

"I know," I said. We shifted, getting onto the bed more so that we were sitting in front of each other. "Now, what was the weird thing you saw on the App, and what was the purchase you made?"

Cassidy blew out a breath and nodded, taking out her phone and opening the App, even though it looked to me like she was looking at Messenger. "So when I opened her profile, it gives me all the statistics, right? Nothing was weird there. But under her perks she already had one called 'True Justice' that made her consider all sides and act on what was right and not just the law."

"That's not that bad a perk," I said.

"Yeah, but I didn't give it to her. I've never met someone who *already* had a perk. That means that someone else gave it to her. She knows, or met, another person with the App."

“O-Oh,” I said, taking in the ramifications of that.

Another user of the App.

I closed my eyes and pinched the bridge of my nose. It made sense. It was an App, why would there only be one user? The fact that it was magic didn't stop that, did it? But then, who *e/se* in the world had the App? Who could come along and affect me or Cass, or our families, or the girls?

“Fuck,” I said.

“Yeah,” Cassidy nodded.

“OK, that's a whole can of worms we need to work out,” I said. “What was the suggested purchase?”

“Um,” Cassidy flushed. “It was called ‘Sorry but make it Sexy,’ and it made her want to apologise for things with sexual favours.”

“So she didn't *actually* want to have sex with JC and I?” I asked, feeling a little gross now.

“Sort of?” Cassidy hedged. “She had a decently high horny meter, so it's not like she wasn't interested in sex. “I've never used a Perk like that before, even back... then. I already turned it off.”

“Cass,” I groaned.

“I'm sorry,” she apologized again.

“I know,” I sighed. “You definitely turned it off?”

“Mhmm,” Cassidy nodded and then double-checked just to be sure.

“Can another user turn it back on?” I asked.

“I- I don't know,” Cassidy said. “The one she had didn't have a toggle, but I don't know if that's because it's a passive effect like ours that makes us less sick.”

“Fuck,” I said and flopped back on the bed on my back.

“What, um, what should we do?” Cassidy asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think there's anything we really *can* do while we're on this trip. We should really try and figure out more about the app. Is there a way to protect us from other Users?"

"I can check," Cassidy said. She started tapping away at her phone, but we were interrupted by a knock at our door.

Rolling to the edge of the bed, I got up and went to the door expecting Wanda, but when I opened it I found Becca waiting there.

"Hi," I said.

"Can I come in?" Becca asked.

"Of course," I said, opening the door fully and letting her in. Cassidy sat back up, setting her phone down.

"Everything OK?" she asked.

"You tell me," Becca said, looking between the two of us. "What's going on? JC is moping in the hallway and Cattie, Heather and Heels were all giggling when they said I should come to talk to you."

"Becca, you should probably sit for this," I said.

"Really?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

I gestured to the bed, and she sat on the edge of the bed. And I told her everything that had happened, paring the dirtier details of the sex and the parts about the App. When I finished Becca was looking up at me with a disbelieving look.

"You're... this is a prank, right?"

"I wish it was," I sighed and shook my head.

"You had sex with a cop after she pistol-whipped another cop who was threatening you, and now JC is in trouble with Terra for doing that but you two are perfectly OK?" Becca asked.

"That's about it," Cassidy said. "Thought Robbie skipped the part where he DP'd the cop."

"Jesus Christ," Becca exhaled, which turned into a soft laugh. "Seriously, you two. I don't even know how you get into these situations."

“Hang around long enough and you’ll find yourself in one too,” Cassidy said, scooting down the bed to sit behind Becca and wrap her arms around the other blonde in a hug.

“I dunno, just the stuff with your two and the girls is wild enough for me,” Becca said.

“So you’re not mad?” I asked, kneeling down in front of her and taking her hands.

“Mad? No, you diffused the situation, I guess you could say,” she said. “Not the way I would have done it, but it got diffused.” She turned back to Cassidy, who was still hugging her. “Was it that cop from the liquor store?”

“Oh, shit!” Cassidy said, eyes going wide. “I think it might have been. That must have been where he recognized my hair.”

“Wait, what cop from the liquor store?” I asked.

They quickly explained the creepy stare of the guy, which made me feel like I should have just gone into town with them to begin with. Then again, if I’d been there he might have confronted me in a back alley or something and his partner wouldn’t have been there to stop him.

“So what are we doing now?” Cassidy asked, her chin resting on Becca’s shoulder from behind as she kept hugging her. “Robbie just busted a nut, but that just means he can go even longer, and he needs a reminder of who he really belongs to.”

“I- God, I want to,” Becca said. “But we need to find an actual place that we’re anchoring for tonight, and then we need to make dinner so that everyone can get out for Golden Hour.”

“That’s fair, I guess,” Cassidy sighed.

“I promise you we’ll find time,” Becca said, taking one of Cassidy’s hands in hers and she continued to hold one of mine in the other. “I really do want this.”

“I believe you,” Cassidy smiled and kissed her cheek.

“So do I,” I said and leaned in to give her a kiss on the lips which she returned with a warm hum.

“Fuck,” she said. “You two know how to get a girl all turned around. Robbie, we need to unmoor the boats again and I think you’re going to be stuck piloting if JC is still trying to apologize to Terra.”

“Alright, boss,” I said, standing up and offering her my other hand to help her up. “Just one more thing.”

“What’s that?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

I kissed her again.

Chapter 169

“Do you want space?” Cassidy asked me. She’d helped me and Becca get the boats disconnected again and had followed me up to the Pilot’s Cabin but was lingering in the entryway as I turned over the motor and got the Hosue Boat humming again.

“What?” I asked. “No.”

“Really? Sometimes you need space,” she said.

I reached out my arm to her and she came to me, letting me bundle her up into a one-armed hug as I kept the other on the steering wheel as we started moving. “I don’t want space,” I told her.

“OK,” she nodded and then went on her toes to kiss me before stepping out of the hug and going to hop up and sit on the counter. I reached over and offered my hand to her, and she held it in one of hers.

And we talked. We talked about nothing, and we talked about stuff. We talked about where we would spend the holidays this year - last year we’d spent more time at my Parent’s place when we went home to visit, but there had been a whole issue with her Mom becoming a bit of a Momzilla over the engagement. We talked about my sister and the new girlfriend she had told us she met. We talked about work, and our TV shows, and just about anything that wasn’t sex, or the trip, or the App.

We both just wanted to feel normal for a bit.

Cattie eventually came in to join us, giving us an update that Wanda was still in the room with Terra and JC was posted up outside in the hallway trying to be patient. Heather and Heels had gone back down to Heels’ room to finish the photoshoot that had been interrupted by the cops.

So Cattie joined our conversation easily, slipping into our flow. She was wearing a cute baseball tee in black and white that hugged her body and had a bunch of pagan witchy symbols on it and black bikini bottoms. The outfit worked well on her and split the difference between her gothy and sometimes sporty personality. The only thing missing, my mind errantly thought between conversation topics, was a hat.

Becca ended up pulling us into a shallow bay, not as protected as some of the ones we’d found, but certainly a little more private than just floating out on the open water. There was a low rock

shelf that we could be able to butt the houseboats up to and the girls would be able to hop over from the lower patio decks easily.

Once we got the houseboats rigged up, Cattie and Cassidy went to help with dinner prep so I went down to check on what was going on downstairs. I found JC still in the hallway, sitting on his butt with his back to Cattie and Heather's room as he sat with his head in his hands.

"Any word?" I asked him.

He shook his head.

"Wanda still in there?"

He nodded.

"Want me to try some reconnaissance?"

He lifted his head, looking torn, then shrugged. "Couldn't hurt, I guess," he said. "How come you and Cass seem fine?"

"Because Cass has a sort of 'open door' policy for me," I said. "Not completely open, but open enough that she wasn't upset."

"I really fucked up," JC sighed.

"Let me see what's going on," I said and went to the door.

When I knocked, Terra shouted through it, "Go away!"

"It's me," I said.

There were some muffled voices, then some movement, and the door opened. On the other side was Wanda.

"Would she be willing to talk to me?" I asked.

Wanda smiled and shook her head. "Soon, maybe. Not now."

"OK," I said. "Dinner will be in about thirty minutes or so. Want me to bring plates?"

"That would be nice if we aren't out there by then," Wanda said. "Thanks, Tiger."

"Happy to," I said.

Wanda shut the door and I looked over to JC. "I tried, sorry. At least we know they're alive."

'Whoopee,' JC said sarcastically. "Fuck, I'm an idiot."

"All you can do is try to be better," I told him.

"Yeah, well, hopefully I get the chance," he grumbled.

"That's up to her," I said and felt guilty as hell that maybe, just maybe, I didn't want her to.

"Thanks, Robbie," he said. And that just made me feel more guilty.

"No problem, bud," I said and headed for the kitchen. There wasn't anyone there, so I went out to the back porch and sat down, hanging my legs in the water and feeling the cool, soothing feeling seep up my legs. Looking out, I couldn't help but think that maybe I'd like to do this trip again, except just me and Cassidy, for an actual relaxing vacation.

Becca deserved that too. And Cattie. And Leia was chill. So was Ami...

Shit. I couldn't even daydream about a vacation, while on a vacation, without starting to think of ridiculous situations. All this sex was going to my head.

"Hey, Tiger?" Cassidy called to me from over on the other boat's back door. "Mind doing some grilling?"

"Sure, baby," I said, standing up and quickly wiping down my legs with a nearby towel. Soon I was set up with the grill and a dozen chicken breasts that had been lightly seasoned, and Becca came out to check on me.

"I think last time we were in this position you mentioned wanting to give me a blowjob," I said.

"Did I?" Becca asked with a little giggle. She glanced over her shoulder back into the houseboat where a bunch of the girls were mingling and getting dinner together. "Bad timing again, I guess."

"Becca?" I said, pulling her attention back to me. "I'm sorry that I had to keep you in the dark today. I know it would have been stressful for you."

"I know you know," she said, taking my hand in hers between us. "And that's why I also know why you did it."

"I love you," I told her.

"You love Cassidy," she said.

"I do," I nodded. "And Cattie, and Wanda. And I might be getting that with a couple of the others. But love is- Love is different between any two people. And I want you to know that I love you for who you are."

Becca opened her mouth and then closed it, clearly thinking about what I'd said.

"You don't need to say it back," I assured her. "I just didn't want to keep it in."

"I-" Becca sucked in a breath. "Thank you."

"Don't stress," I told her. "It's OK. I'm not hurt that you aren't saying it."

"Really?" she asked.

"Really," I assured her. "It's all super weird, I know. I'm stuck in the middle of it."

She hugged me, pressing her cheek against my arm for a long moment as she looked away out across the lake. "Thanks," she said again, softer.

"You're welcome," I said.

Chapter 170

The chicken breasts I was grilling ended up chopped up and ready to be put on top of salads, while the main meal was frozen lasagnas with extra cheese and spices added on top during baking. I noticed that Wanda and Terra made an appearance, followed by JC who looked like a sad puppy, so I didn't prep any plates for them.

I ended up sitting on the top deck with Cass and Cattie in a little trio. Based on the looks going on, I had a feeling that Heather had been expecting to eat with her girlfriend and Cattie had made it a point to come eat with Cass and I instead, continuing our conversations from earlier. Wanda waved to me and went to eat with Leia and Heels, leaving the three of us in our little pod, while Terra and JC went into the Couples Boat pilot cabin to eat and talk things out.

Heather ended up sitting with Sherry, Ginnie and Zenya, and I noticed Cattie taking glances over at them every once in a while.

"Alright, gorgeous," I said, nudging her with one foot during a pause in the conversation. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," she sighed.

“Catherine,” I said levelly.

“Oooh, he’s using your full name,” Cassidy teased.

Cattie smiled at me and then rolled her eyes dramatically at Cass. “Robbie gets to use my full name. When he says it, it’s sweet.”

Cassidy shrugged and smiled, accepting it.

“I just- Heather is trying to decide who she wants to hook up with,” Cattie said. “Ginnie is who I assume it’s going to be, but she also likes big boobs so she might try with Zenya.”

“Are you OK with this?” Cassidy asked.

“It’s part of us making up,” Cattie sighed. “We were already kind of open to the right hook-up, and I had a feeling it could happen here and obviously she wanted it to happen. And after the Us situation it made sense to give her free reign.”

“Not *free* free reign though, right?” Cassidy asked. “Sherry is still off limits.”

“Yes, and she knows that,” Cattie said. Then she looked back over at the group, and her little sister sitting next to Heather and laughing at whatever story Heather was telling. I could almost hear Cattie’s internal monologue of ‘I think.’

“Anything you need,” Cassidy said, reaching over to take Cattie’s hand. “Any time. We love you, bestie.”

“I love you guys too,” Cattie smiled. Then she smirked a little bit. “So, elephant in the room... how was it fucking a cop?”

That almost made me snort lasagna out my nose and I started coughing and had to wave down others who thought I might be choking.

Later on I noticed Terra leaving the Pilot’s Cabin alone, a stoney look on her face. She made eye contact with me and came over, bending down and giving me a hug and a kiss on the cheek before turning to Cassidy. “Can I talk to you?” she asked.

“Sure, hon,” Cassidy said. I took her plate for her and Cassidy followed Terra down the stairs and into the houseboat.

“Is it weird that I feel just a little relieved that mine isn’t the only relationship feeling some pressure?” Cattie admitted quietly to me.

“I think we all are,” I said, reaching over and patting her arm. She smiled and slid her arm higher so she could take my hand for a moment. In the background I saw Heather noticing that happen. “Heather’s looking,” I warned Cattie.

“So let her look,” Cattie said with a hint of grit in her voice. “We love each other, remember? She needs to accept that you and Cass are my best friends, and sometimes best friends make each other feel better with hugs, or holding hands, or a little kiss. I want affection.”

“Then you’ll get it,” I said, squeezing her hand, and we finished eating.

Following dinner, which had started a little late, a lot of the girls had to get ready for their photo shoots and I ended up on the cleanup crew. I did notice there was a lot of movement going on as people filtered through the back of the Singles Boat while I was doing dishes and putting away the leftovers. Then Cassidy met me and swept me back towards our boat and room.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Oh, lots of the girls want to help Ami get ready for her date with a certain handsome guy,” Cassidy grinned at me.

“Everyone knows?” I asked.

“Practically,” Cassidy shrugged. “And they all think it’s super cute. Everyone loves Ami and knows she’s a little shy, so they are making it into a bigger thing than it needs to be but Ami is enjoying the pampering.”

“Ami isn’t shy, she’s just reserved,” I said.

“Which most people think of as shy,” Cassidy said. “Now, are you ready for the date? Because right now I feel like a Mom who wants her baby boy to have a good time at prom.”

“You *were* my date to prom,” I reminded her. “Do I need to remind you how we spent that night?”

“Oh, I remember, Tiger,” Cassidy grinned. “But seriously, are you ready?”

“I’ve got the blankets and the picnic stuff ready to go already, and wine chilling in our cooler,” I said.

“What about your outfit?” Cassidy asked.

I showed her, and then my choices were clinically picked over and I ended up wearing my black slacks instead of the nice pair of golf shorts I had planned on wearing since it was so hot.

“Trust me, you want to wear the pants,” Cassidy assured me.

“Really? Even without shoes?”

“Yes, Tiger. Trust me,” she grinned again.

“OK, I trust you,” I said, giving my fiancée a little kiss on the nose.

“Good. Now, let’s go get the blanket set up. Also, I got you a rose at the grocery store to give her.”

“Really?” I asked. “I didn’t see that anywhere. And I feel like a rose might be-”

“It’ll be perfect, Tiger,” Cassidy said. “Now, let’s set up the picnic. I’m going to help Terra with her shoot since she wants some space from JC so I don’t need to change.”

And that was how my fiancée helped me set up my first real date with another woman.

Chapter 171

“Wow,” I said, my eyes huge as I offered Ami help to step up off of the stairs and onto the top deck.

“You look so dashing,” Ami said with a warm smile, looking me up and down and laughing at my bare feet. She lifted the hem of her dress and showed off that she was barefoot too.

“Ami, I look like a bum compared to you,” I said. “You look like you’re ready to go to the Met Gala or something. You are absolutely ravishing.”

She flushed a little, looking down at her dress. “Maybe an awards show, but definitely not the Met,” she said, then looked back up at me. “You really like it?”

“If it wasn’t bad form to start a first date with a kiss instead of end it, I would be sweeping you off your feet,” I told her. “When I say wow, I mean wow.”

Ami’s dress was obviously one of the ones she would have used for her photoshoots, otherwise it wasn’t likely she would have brought it on a trip like this. It was a gorgeous deep burgundy colour that played well against her warmly tanned skin and had a deep, plunging neckline that showed off a generous amount of her cleavage while the top still cupped her tits and pulled them together slightly even without a bra. It was also backless except for a small point at the small of her back that connected to the thin shoulder straps. The bottom was a silky drape of the same burgundy with some little embroidery details, with one side with a high slit that sat up on her hip. Either she was wearing a high-wasted thong or no panties at all.

“Thank you,” she said.

“Well, I hope this date can do that dress justice,” I said, taking her hand and turning to lead her to the picnic spot.

“I’m sure it w- Wow!” Ami said, her eyes lighting up as I led her around the hot tub to where I’d set everything out. There was a cute classic red and white checkered blanket, with a couple more fuzzy and warm blankets folded on to make places to sit. I hadn’t had a picnic basket, but I made do with one of the little side tables from the living area in the Couples Boat and draped a napkin over it. Why they had cloth napkins on the houseboat I had no idea - my best guess was that they’d bought the boat from someone else and it was a remnant of the old owner.

The girls had also scavenged some candles out from the back nooks and crannies of the cupboards, and I’d set them up and lit them moments before Ami came up to the deck. I had a plate with the rose on it on the side table, and two more plates sitting along with wine glasses. A cooler off to the side had ice and the Pinot we were going to drink, and I’d arranged three little serving dishes of the appetizers Cassidy and I had plotted to put together. The first plate had little triangles of quesadillas with black beans and melted cheese I’d baked in the oven to be crispy, along with a little cup of sour cream. The second had skewers of cubed watermelon and feta cheese with a little cup of pesto. The third was some pretzel bits I’d made out of soft pretzels, along with a sweet icing, a slightly spicy sriracha dip, and more of the pesto.

“How did you do this?” Ami asked, gasping at the pretty little display.

“Well, I had some help from the girls in getting the ingredients I needed today,” I said. “And Cass helped me get everything up here. But I wanted to do most of the work myself because you deserve to be pampered.”

She smiled and turned to me, taking my hands in hers. “Thank you so much, Robbie. This looks amazing.”

I held her hand as she sat in one of the spots, and I sat down next to her and explained the food. She liked the quesadilla bites and ended up dipping them in the sriracha sauce from the pretzels, and we both agreed that while the watermelon and feta skewers looked pretty, they weren’t the tastiest. Then we had fun feeding each other the pretzel bites dipped in the sweet icing. And in between I asked her more about her years competing in Tai Chi, and about her favourite books. She asked me about swimming, and we compared how we both did solo performance sports and our experiences. Then we were back to books, and I talked about some of the authors I’d met working at the hotel during conventions.

Then Ami sighed happily and shifted, getting closer until she was sitting closer to me and leaning back against my chest as I held my arms around her.

“This is probably the best date I’ve ever had,” she said, looking back up at me with a sad smile. “Thank you for this.”

“You deserve it,” I said. “But what’s that look?”

“I just- you and Cassidy are together. This is fun, but it’s make-believe,” she said. “I don’t know how I’ll find a guy who can match this.”

“Shhh,” I hushed her softly, hugging her a little tighter. “Ami, you are a delightful, intelligent, witty, fun woman who also happens to be drop-dead gorgeous, can rock a ballgown or a potato sack equally well, and even has big anime titties. If you can’t find someone, I don’t know what hope the human race has.”

“I love how you can be just the right amount of dramatic,” she laughed.

“Can I kiss you?” I asked.

“Please,” she smiled happily, turning a bit more to face me.

I leaned in and softly kissed her, and she put her hand to my chest as she leaned into the kiss. She smelled of warm woods and a little of the sriracha, and her lips were wonderfully soft as we shared the lingering moment.

“I know she says it over and over,” Ami said. “And she even helped you get ready for this, but is Cassidy really OK with everything?”

“She is,” I assured her. “If anything, she wants this to happen more than either of us.”

“So if I wanted to do something... more?” Ami asked.

“Anything you want,” I said. “I’d be happy to just sit here with you, just like this.”

She leaned in and kissed me again, and then added a little bit of tongue.

Chapter 172

Ami had slowly crawled over me a little more, and I was leaning back against the hot tub as we made out. She hummed happily as we kissed, and manoeuvred herself a bit so that she was sitting in between my legs with hers bracketing my waist.

She had undone a couple of buttons on my shirt and slipped her hands inside, feeling my skin, while I had slowly rubbed her side with one of mine and her bare, smooth back with the other.

But then she pulled her hands from me and quickly adjusted her dress, and took my hands and put them on her bare breasts.

“Mmmf,” I moaned feeling those glorious ‘big anime titties’ as my thumbs ran over her stubby dark nipples. She responded with her own moan and our kissing intensified a bit. We were swapping spit, tongues battling lightly, and playfully nipping at each other’s lips.

“You’re an amazing kisser,” I told her when she pulled away.

“Am I?” she asked. “I don’t do this often, I’m just doing what feels natural.”

“Then you’re a natural,” I grinned and leaned in to kiss her again.

Now that she was happy with my hands slowly massaging her breasts, her own hands went back into my shirt and felt my body, but then one trailed down over my slacks where she found the hardness of my cock trapped inside. She grunted happily, wrapping her slender fingers around the bulge and feeling its size, slowly rubbing it and feeling its shape.

“I don’t want to have sex yet,” Ami said in between kisses. “Is that OK?”

“Of course it is,” I replied, releasing one of her breasts to bring my thumb up to her chin to keep her still for a moment. “You set the terms, OK?”

She smiled and nodded. “Thanks.”

I leaned in to kiss her again, but she only let it linger for a moment before she pulled away and sat back far enough that I couldn’t reach her breasts, giving me a wonderful look at them. She grinned as my eyes travelled from her beautiful face to her breasts, then down to her long, graceful legs that were exposed almost entirely except for the pooling of her maroon dress right in front of her crotch.

“You are astounding,” I told her.

“Take your cock out, Tiger,” she said.

I did as she said, reaching down and slowly unbuckling my belt and undoing the button, then unzipping my slacks. She watched every movement, feeling her own breasts with light fingers as she waited in anticipation for the reveal. When it came, my cock easing out as I shifted slowly to get my pants and boxers down around my thighs, she gasped and smiled.

“You have a perfect looking cock,” she said and bit her lip cutely. “Stroke it for me?”

“Anything you want,” I said and wrapped my fingers around it and started to slowly stroke myself.

Ami ran her tongue along her upper lip as she tweaked her own nipples, watching me jerk off. Then she reached down and slowly drew the silky maroon fabric of the dress up her body, sliding it over her groin and then away, revealing her pussy to me. Her warmly hued skin was perfectly soft and smooth, with no bush to speak of. Her outer labia were flushed into a slightly darker, warmer colour in a neat little cushion around her little dark nub of a clit hood and two pouty inner labia in a dark line. She ran her hand down, sliding two fingers on either outer lip, and sniffed in a breath and bit her lower lip as her pussy spread a little bit and I saw the soft, pastel pink of her pussy core between those dark inner labia.

“It’s so fucking pretty,” I said, flicking my eyes back up to her face.

She smiled, obviously relieved that I liked what I saw. “Can we just... do this?” she asked.

“Get off watching each other?” I asked.

She nodded quietly.

“Ami, I would absolutely love to,” I said.

Her smile widened into a happy grin, and she adjusted her stance in her sitting a little more, pushing her hips towards me as she got settled.

We played with ourselves slowly, enjoying the feeling of feeling so close to each other as the sunset cooled around us. We didn’t have too long before the other would be getting back, but then we both knew how to best work ourselves. My stroking sped up, focusing on the head of my cock a bit more, while Ami used one hand to tease her nipples with soft fingers where she was a little rougher with her pussy, circling her fingers around her lips and then sliding up and down quickly, pinching her clit hood softly between two fingers.

We were panting, watching each other, our eyes flicking from groin to face and back. Every time our eyes met we grinned and maintained eye contact like it was a little challenge to see who would look down first. We lost equally.

I could feel my balls starting to simmer with want for release, and Ami was a little flushed and breathing heavily when she bit her lip. “Don’t think I’m weird?” she asked.

“Never,” I said.

“I just like...” she let go of her breasts and sucked her middle finger into her mouth, then sat up with her hips off the ground as she reached under herself. I watched as she played her fingers through the crack of her amazing ass and then slowly pushed the middle on a little deeper, her face showing that she was definitely putting it in her butt even if I couldn’t see it. “Just a little bit.”

“Ami, you are so fucking hot,” I said, stroking myself faster.

“Really?” she asked, and the way she said it told me she really wasn’t that sure.

“I’m going to come for you,” I told her. “I’m going to come so fucking hard just from watching you. I fucking loved this date with you. Reading quietly with you yesterday was a highlight of my week. I think you’re God Damn amazing and I can’t get enough of you.”

Ami was panting, ramping up her own fingering, pushing two fingers into herself as she watched my hand on my cock.

“It’s coming,” I grunted. “Ami, how should I come? What should I do? You own this orgasm.”

Ami’s eyes were fire as she worked her cunt and wiggled her finger in her bum. “Come on me, Robbie. Come on my stomach. Come right here.”

I got up on my knees and positioned myself, and she pulled her dress further aside to give me a perfect shot at her amazingly smooth skin, and I groaned as I unleashed. “Aaaammiiii.”

I lost track of the shots, my brain shutting down for a moment as Ami started to come as well, little spatters of clear girl cum shaking from her fingers as she clenched and shook her hips, grunting softly as her body rocked with the waves of her orgasm.

When we were done I landed back on my butt, and she did the same, and we looked at each other and broke into throaty laughs. I got back up on my knees and shuffled around her and bent down, pulling her into a kiss with me by the back of her neck.

“You, Ami, are the total package,” I said.

“I love you,” she panted, then blinked in surprise and panic.

“Shhh,” I said, calming her. “Ami, it’s OK.”

“I’m sorry, I just felt-”

“It’s OK,” I repeated. “It’s OK.” I got down on my side beside her and shifted a strand of her dark hair that had fallen from her pretty, messy bun behind her ear. “Ami, I’m falling in love with you too.”

“What about Cassidy?” she asked.

“She knows,” I said softly. “It’s OK.”

“Really?” Ami asked.

“Really,” I said.

I leaned in and kissed her softly, and she returned it with a smile.

Chapter 173

Unlike my time with Becca, almost everyone knew that Ami and I were together even if they didn’t know what exactly we got up to, so we weren’t in a rush to clean up the scene. So instead of being in a mad rush, I was able to walk Ami down to her room and give her a sweet little goodbye kiss to end the night.

“See you later?” I asked.

“Mhmm,” she nodded with a smile. “So am I one of your girls, now?”

“That’s up to you,” I laughed softly. “Or maybe them. I’ve had nothing to do with this whole thing.”

“I’ll talk with Cassidy,” Ami said.

“Don’t feel any pressure, I have no expectations other than that you’ll be you,” I said.

“OK,” she said, and then I kissed her again and she slipped into her room.

I was only about halfway done cleaning up when the girls started to come back from their photoshoots. Terra and Cassidy were the first ones back and Terra seemed to have picked up her energy a bit as they rushed up the steps to see me.

“How did it go?” Cassidy asked as she crashed into me in a hug.

“It went really well,” I said. “She’s exactly as sweet as I knew she would be.”

“Did you two do the nasty?” Terra asked.

I gave her a look. “If anything like that happened, it’s up to her if she wants to talk about it,” I said.

“We’ll get the details from her,” Cassidy grinned, then turned back to me. “Need help?”

“I think I’ve got this,” I said. “How did the shoot go?”

“Meh,” Terra said. “We got some OK photos, but mostly spent some time talking and staring at the sunset.”

“Feeling better?” I asked.

“Getting there,” she nodded. “Thanks for wanting to check on me earlier, and not trying to push it.”

“You’ve been amazing with me and Cass, Terra,” I said. “Anything you need, I’ll be there for you.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” she said with a soft smile and a glance at Cassidy. Then she went up on her toes to give me a kiss on the lips. “Let’s go check with Ami?” she asked Cass.

“Gimme one sec with my Tiger,” Cass smiled, and Terra nodded and went over to the stairs to wait just out of earshot. Cass turned back to me, taking my hands in hers. “How did it go really?”

“It was a lot of fun, hon,” I said. “She looked ravishing, and she loved the setup. We talked a lot and then snuggled a little and that turned into a kiss. God, Cass, this isn’t a shot against you but she is just the absolute best kisser. You’ll love it.”

“I will?” she asked with her eyes raised.

“I- Well, I’m just assuming that if things progress, you’ll get the chance,” I said.

“Thank you,” she said with a soft smile. “For wanting me included.”

“Cass, I want you included in everything,” I said, sweeping her into my arms in a big hug. I buried my face in her violet-dyed hair and breathed in her smell for a moment. “The kissing turned into making out, and then we ended up masturbating for each other.”

“No sex?” she asked.

I shook my head. “No touching beyond some heavy petting. It’s how she wanted it.”

“God, that’s kinda hot,” Cass said into my chest as she hugged me back

“Afterwards she told me she loved me,” I admitted. “And I told her I was falling for her too.”

“She deserves it,” Cassidy said, squeezing me tight.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“I will be,” she whispered.

“Cass,” I said, concerned at the tremor in her voice.

“I will be,” she said, more sure. “Seriously, Robbie. I will be. You love me 100, I know that. You just have enough heart that some of these girls deserve a piece too. When I started this, I knew it could happen.”

“It doesn’t need to,” I said. “You’re mine, I’m yours.”

“That’s still true,” she said, pulling away to look up at me. “But you can be that for someone else, too, because then they can be yours as well.”

“I don’t know what that means,” I said.

“Neither do I,” she said with a soft smile. “But we can figure it out.”

I pulled her into another hug, and she quickly wiped her eyes. Terra had been watching us and I knew she must have been wondering what was taking so long.

“OK,” Cass said, pulling away from me fully. “I think it’s supposed to be a quiet night since tomorrow we’ve got Field Trip night. We’ll just be hanging out. Maybe we can bust out some of our games?”

“Sure,” I said and leaned down and gave her a peck. “Let me know where.”

“I will,” she nodded. “Love you, Tiger.”

“You too, baby,” I said, and she skipped off to join Terra and the two of them scampered to go check in with Ami.

I was almost finished cleaning when Wanda came up looking for me. She was already changed into clothes for the evening out of whatever she’d done for her photoshoot, wearing soft cotton shorts and my T-shirt again, though now it was down and loose.

“I think that’s your shirt now,” I chuckled as she approached me.

“No, it’s yours,” Wanda shook her head, walking up and raising her arms so that I could scoop her into a hug. “If it wasn’t, then I wouldn’t be caught dead in it.”

“Whaaat,” I laughed. “It’s not that bad.”

“It’s only cute because it’s a boy’s shirt on a girl’s body,” Wanda said. “And I only want to wear it because it smells like you.”

“God, Wanda,” I said, holding her close. “That’s the kind of thing that makes me want to throw you over my shoulder and carry you down to the room and have my way with you.”

“I would love that,” she said. “But it’s a little crowded down there right now. I was wondering if it would be OK if I slept in your room again tonight?”

“Of course it is,” I said, taking her hands in mine and weaving my fingers with hers.

“Good,” she nodded. “Just- And don’t take this the wrong way because *gawd* do I want your cock in me tonight. But where are you at with Cassidy?”

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“We’re good,” I said, answering Wanda.

“Robbie, you can do better than that,” Wanda said. We were still standing there on the top deck, our fingers folding together as we held hands. “I know that you two aren’t breaking up and that you’re probably still getting married since you call each other your fiance’s still. And I know it hasn’t even been a week, but have you forgiven her?”

“I’ve... accepted her apologies,” I said. “I’m working on real forgiveness, and I don’t want to just say it without meaning it because that would be worse.”

“What about sex?” she asked. “Last night she was involved, but you two barely touched each other.”

I took a breath and turned us so that I could lean back on the hut tub. “That’s more complicated,” I said. “We’ve been intimate, but not full on.”

“But you’ve been sexual with me, Becca, Cattie and Leia,” she said. “Plus lots of other stuff with a bunch of the other girls. Ami?”

“That’s for Ami to tell,” I said.

“So partially,” Wanda read me. “So sex with four other women, which I know she is wanting you to do so I’m not blaming you or anything, and other stuff with others. And you’re saying I Love You to at least me and Cattie. Becca?”

I nodded. “She hasn’t said it back.”

“She will,” Wanda sighed. “Leia?”

I shook my head.

“But getting there?”

“Probably,” I said.

“Ami?”

“Yeah.”

“Robbie, your fiancée needs you,” Wanda said.

“We’re taking our time to figure that out,” I said.

“Robbie,” she said again. “Cassidy needs you. She is making all of these big gestures, and yes she isn’t exactly suffering with them since she’s a horny bisexual, but she’s making them all over the place. She knows you love her, but I think she needs to *feel* it.”

I closed my eyes and hung my head a little, trying to think of where I was at.

“She’s the love of your life, Robbie,” Wanda said. “Are you doing this because you’re not ready, or are you holding out because you still want to punish her? There isn’t a wrong answer, but you need to know what it is.”

“Fuck,” I sighed. I wasn’t sure.

“It’s the second one,” Wanda said. “You know it is. You won’t be able to figure out what to do without admitting it.”

“It is,” I said. “I’m holding out because I’m still fucking mad.”

Wanda released my hands and wrapped her arms around my neck, hugging me tightly and whispering to me. “It’s OK to be mad. It’s OK to feel fucking furious with her for all the shit she did back then. But neither of you are going to be OK until you can be OK with feeling that for a bit.”

I hugged her back, feeling her body against mine. “How are you so good at this?” I asked.

“Because I’m furious at Brody, and I don’t know if I’m going to get over it,” she whispered.

I held her, and she started crying, and then I started crying. We weren’t loud about it, weren’t sobbing. We held each other and let ourselves just feel the dark things that were clutching at us.

“I love you,” she said, burying her face into the crook of my neck.

“I love you, too,” I said, holding her sides tightly.

“What are you going to do about Cassidy?” she asked.

“When she first told me, she asked if I wanted to hate-fuck here. I don’t think it’s like that, but I do think we need to reconnect. Make-up sex, even if it won’t be all the way made up,” I said.

I could feel those cheeks of hers tighten as she smiled. “It can take more than one round, and more than one night, to get there. As long as you are getting there.”

“What about you? I don’t know what’s going on with you and Brody,” I said.

She sniffed. “Do you want to know?”

“I want to know what you want me to know,” I said. “I want to be able to support you like you’re supporting me. Me loving you isn’t just because of the sex.”

She looked into my eyes, hers still somewhat brimming with tears, and then hugged me again as she rested her forehead on my shoulder. “I think my husband is a cuckold,” she said quietly. “And that’s not the kind of man I wanted to be married to.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I- You know we have an open travel sex policy,” Wanda said. “And I’ve flirted and fooled around a little bit with some kissing, but I kind of fibbed that first night with you and Cass. I’ve never gone as far as that before, let alone where we’re at now. Well, I knew Brody was doing things on his trips. I just didn’t realize he was going to BDSM clubs. I thought it was weird how into hearing about our first encounter he was, and when I tried talking to him this morning he was even more into it, which was weird to me because I was feeling guilty about not just participating in the sex, but about the kink stuff. The ownership-play stuff, and falling in love with you and Cass. And so I started asking some questions I knew I didn’t want the answer to, and I- Brody isn’t the man I thought I married. I don’t want to shame him for whatever he’s getting out of it, but I don’t know how I feel about him hiding this from me either. I- He should have told me that this was what he wanted, and I could have made an informed decision about our relationship. Now...”

“Now everything feels different,” I said quietly.

She nodded. “I look back at things, and choices we made as a couple. Did he push to live in a certain neighbourhood for a reason? Did he take certain jobs for a reason? Did I give up things so that he would have a chance to visit some famous sex club? Does he even love me, or just the fact that I have a hundred thousand followers on the internet that want me?”

“I’m so sorry, Wanda,” I said quietly, holding her tightly.

“Robbie, I want to feel owned, and he wants me to be a hotwife slut,” she sobbed. “This is why he was never able to do the things I asked, because he wanted to watch someone else do it to me instead.”

I just held her. What could I say?

Oh, right. There was one thing I could say.

“Wanda, I love you,” I said quietly. “Whatever you need, I’m here for you. So is Cassidy.”

“I know,” she said, raising her face and kissing me softly even while she was still crying silent tears. “I think that’s the only reason I could hold it together today. I love you, too.”