

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 111-117

By Breakthebar

Chapter 111

"I'm going to beat the absolute *shit* out of you," Leia said.

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

Then I hit with my laser eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Deal,” I said.

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

“Wanna bet again?” she asked.

“What do you want this time?”

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

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

“Who says I care?” she replied.

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

“Deal,” she said.

Solomon Grundy got his head kicked in by Bane.

“Well, balls,” I laughed.

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

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

“Wanna go again?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 112

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

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

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

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

“Just playing a video game,” I said.

“Why are you half-naked, though?”

“Because I’ve kicked his ass over and over,” Leia chuckled.

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

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

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

“Um, I mean he’s... not a good guy,” Sherry said, hesitating heavily. “He’s... oh, never mind.”

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

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

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

“No,” I said. “And I don’t think I could even if I wanted to like this.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t know exactly what combination of things it was,” I said, threading a needle to try and stay truthful with her. Leia was clearly conflicted, and a lot of her bravado from the game had seeped away and she’d returned to being a little shy. I’d liked the confident and comfortable Leia. “But I know it was a special moment, even if most of the other girls made a joke out of it.

I'm sorry if I didn't make that clear, Leia. When I asked if you wanted to hang out earlier, I really did mean I wanted to get to know you more. And in the last twenty minutes I've learned more about you than I did in the last two days. I like spunky, teasing, confident you a lot, even if it means getting my virtual ass kicked. I'd like to think we could be friends at least, and we can cut the flirting stuff out if you want. Or we can take it as far as you're comfortable with."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I laughed. "You're on."

Chapter 113

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘Wait,” Heather said.

Heather. Said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But she was also such a fucking bitch.

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

“What?” Heather asked, a little stunned.

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

“That’s not good enough, Heather,” I repeated myself. “You can’t just apologize for me and Cassidy feeling offended. Cattie is Cass’s best friend, and you’ve made it pretty clear since the first hours of this trip that you not only didn’t give a flying fuck about mine and Cass’s relationship, but you also wanted to make this trip into a booze cruise for your own perverted gain.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a knock on the door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 115

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not like I just did," I said.

"True," Terra smiled lopsidedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Babe," I interrupted her. "That's not fair to anyone to talk about them."

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

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

“You want on that list?” Cassidy asked.

‘What?’

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

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

“This is so awkward,” I said.

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

Chapter 116

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

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

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

“You’re trouble, you know that?” I asked, shaking my head with a grin.

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

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

“OK,” she said, rubbing my back. “If you don’t want to come up, you don’t need to.”

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

“What’s up?” she asked.

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

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

“Are you sure you’re OK with that?” I asked. “You don’t sound sure.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Really?" I asked.

Ami grinned a little bit and shrugged.

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

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

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

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

"Heading down?" I asked.

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

"Mind if I join you?" I asked.

"Sure," she grinned.

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

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

Chapter 117

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

Obviously, that hadn't happened.

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

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

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

"What are you reading?" she asked me.

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

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

“Same,” I said.

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

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

“Mind what?” I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And God was it nice.

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

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

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

"How long was I out?" I asked.

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

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

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

"I don't know if she'd like that," I said. "But I'll wake her up."

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

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

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

"She did?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Come sit with us," I said.

"Maybe next time," she said, quickly standing. "I didn't bring anything to read, and now that the perfect titties are put away I can't use them as pillows. Plus I promised Terra and Wanda that I

would come back up. They're going to teach me euchre - Ami, you don't happen to play, do you?"

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

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

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

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

"We should," Ami smiled.

Amy got herself together and went to drop off her book in her room, and Cassidy winked at me while she was gone. Then they left through the sliding door, and almost as soon as they were gone there were footsteps at the other end of the houseboat in the hallway near the rooms. I had to lean forward to see who it was and noticed Sherry pulling a guy into her room while Ginnie was doing the same with another guy towards hers.

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

"Shit," I muttered, and went looking for Cattie.