

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 51-100

By Breakthebar

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

Chapter 51

"I'm sorry," Cassidy said.

We were still in the Pilot's Cabin. It had been a few minutes since Wanda had left and gone below deck, and Heather, Cattie and Sherry had come back up dressed in their own bikinis. It looked like they were getting ready to do a shoot for Heather since she was looking all glammed up with her short hair gelled out to look sort of like an anime character and her makeup done super striking and showy. Or maybe it was the big cameras that gave it away.

"I know," I said. I left the wheel for a moment and stepped over to her, picking Cassidy up from the counter and lifting her into a hug. She clung to me, wrapping her legs around my waist, and I stepped back to the wheel.

"I didn't mean to tell her," Cassidy said. "I just- she asked and I didn't want to make you try and lie or fudge it or anything."

"I know," I said again. "It's fine. Other than Cattie I think Wanda might be the other person on this trip who could actually offer us some good advice. She also deserved to know, probably before last night."

Cassidy let her legs come down from around my waist as she lowered to her bare feet, but she stayed hugging me, standing between me and the wheel and resting her head on my chest.

"Robbie, do you really still love me?"

I closed my eyes, then snapped them open remembering I was driving, and took a deep breath.

"Yes, Cass. I really still love you. I'm still hurt and mad too, but I still love you for sure. And you're mine."

"I'm yours," she whispered back.

"Cass," Cattie called from out on the deck. "Hey, Cass, can you come look at this? You're better at lighting settings than me."

Cassidy kissed my chest through my shirt, then went on her tiptoes to kiss my lips, and I let her out under my arm. She took a deep breath before she left, trying to wipe the feelings from her face before going out to face the others.

I listened to them for a bit, just the chatter of the girls as they discussed the bright overhead lighting and the best angles for the shoot Heather was organizing. It sounded like she was planning on being in and around the hot tub, so they needed to be able to move a bit. Cass ended up going below to our equipment bag to get a light diffuser - ours was a good-sized one with a collapsible frame so it travelled well.

At some point they were happy with the results and they started taking pictures, though I couldn't really check what they were doing since I had to keep my mind on driving. A couple of minutes later Cassidy came back into the cabin.

"Tiger, I- Heather's planning on getting completely naked for this. Do you want me to step away?"

"Come here," I motioned to her, and she came and slipped her arm around me as she joined me at the wheel again. I leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. "Thank you for checking. I'm OK if you're helping Cattie manage the shoot."

"Yeah, well, I wasn't planning on it," Cassidy grumbled. "I kind of just got sucked into it."

"Do you want me to say no?" I asked. "I can be the bad guy if you want, I don't care."

"No, it's fine," she sighed. "She's still Cattie's girlfriend."

"OK," I said and gave Cassidy's butt a little swat. "Love you."

"You too, Tiger," she smiled, scratching my back before stepping away.

For the next fifteen minutes or so I could hear them talking as the work went on. Every once in a while I would glance back - not trying to catch a glimpse, just checking the back corners of the houseboat to make sure no one was coming up behind us or anything. At one point I saw that Cattie was taking photos of Heather sitting topless on the edge of the hot tub. Another glance back a little later and I saw that she was naked and posing outside the tub, leaning on the side, though I didn't see much more than her big boobs and the big curve of her hip.

I shook my head and turned back to my driving. I didn't know how Cattie could do it, her significant other putting up full nudes. Some people seemed to think it was only a short hop from scandalous clothing or costumes to full nude, but from my perspective it was one hell of a jump. And full nudes apparently weren't the limit of Heather's content.

I spotted the speedboat before it got too close to us. It was a big sucker probably designed for guys with bigger wallets than dicks, and as it kept getting closer I saw there were at least a half dozen guys hanging out. The speedboat should have just sped by us about a hundred meters off our starboard side, but I could only guess that they'd spotted Heather and the girls on deck and they immediately started veering closer to us.

"Incoming looky-loo's," I called back over my shoulder.

There was a splash and I glanced back and saw Heather was back in the hot tub, though she didn't lower herself down to hide her bare chest.

The powerboat got closer, slowing down to match our pace, and the guys started whooping and whistling. There were seven of them, all somewhere in their early twenties and looking relatively fit. I could only guess they were frat boys or some sort of teammates or something.

Cassidy slipped back into the Pilot's Cabin quietly, sitting up on the counter again as close as she could comfortably get.

Meanwhile, Cattie was holding the camera and light diffuser while Heather grinned and waved down at the guys, her tits in the open. The guys obviously loved it, and then they cheered even louder. I glanced back again and saw that Sherry had lifted her top and was shaking her little boobs at the guys.

"Cattie's gonna be pissed," Cassidy said.

"I don't blame her," I said.

Sherry rushed over to the entry to the Pilot's Cabin. "Hey, Robbie, pull over or whatever. Let's say hi to these guys!"

"Yeah, no can do," I said. "Sorry, Sherry. We need to keep up with the other houseboat."

"It's fine," Sherry said. "We can catch back up to them, can't we? These guys seem cool and I want to make some more friends. There's no single guys on this trip."

"There's not supposed to be single guys on the trip," Cassidy said. "It was part of the rules."

"Whatever," Sherry said. "Come on, it'll just take a few minutes."

"Sorry, Sherry. I'm not stopping to talk to these randos," I said.

"What the fuck," Sherry said and slapped her hand against the doorway. "It's not a big deal. Fucking Christ."

She stormed off, and soon the powerboat was gunning its engine, shooting up big sprays behind it to show off to Heather and Sherry. Then it shot ahead, heading towards the other houseboat.

“What an entitled brat,” Cassidy muttered once the noise of their engine died.

“She’s young,” I said. “It’s not an excuse though. No wonder Cattie is a little worried about her.”

Ahead of us, the boat slowed down again and I could hear the soft din of the whoops and whistles again as someone on the other boat gave them their own show.

I felt weird that I was worried about who it might be.

Chapter 52

About twenty minutes after the powerboat sped off across the lake, Becca pulled us into another shallow bay. This one wasn't as hidden as the last, but it had a sandy beach that we were able to pull up close to and drop anchor. JC finally emerged from below - from the grin on his and Terra's faces, I had a feeling they'd taken their time alone down on the main deck for some personal time. With JC's help we got the houseboats together again with the gangplank lowered between the upper decks.

Everyone started to merge and mingle, and I noticed Becca organizing a crew of girls to help with lunch. I went to offer some help, but Becca saw me coming and waved me off.

I ended up sitting in one of the Adirondack chairs on the Singles Boat talking with Ami about the last few Marvel movies and how disappointed she'd been since Endgame when Cassidy came and joined us, handing me a cold beer and sliding in to sit on my lap without breaking the conversation. She joined in, immediately ganging up on me with Ami playfully as they swore up and down the movies had been better than the Disney+ shows, and once in a while would lift my beer to her lips for me to give her a sip. Every time she did it, and I tilted the bottle for her to get some, Ami would give us a look like she was in an anime - I could practically see the big heart eyes at how cute she thought we were being.

Our conversation was interrupted, however, by Heather.

"Um, hey," she said, coming over from the Couples Boat. "Ami, could I talk to these two for a minute?"

"Sure," Ami said and just sat there for a long moment.

"Alone?" Heather prompted her.

"Oh, yeah, of course," Ami said and stood up from her chair. "I'll talk to you guys later."

"See you," Cassidy said warmly, then turned to Heather. "What's up?"

Heather had thankfully changed since her photoshoot and was now wearing a bikini bottom with a white sleeveless tee, though it looked like she hadn't bothered with a bikini top under it as her nipples were making big bumps in the shirt. Her hair was also a little more tamed down and the heavy makeup had been replaced by her usual amount.

"So, first I wanted to say thanks for helping earlier, Cassidy," she said. "I appreciate it, even if my kind of content isn't your usual thing."

"It was no problem at all," Cassidy said. "Happy to help Cattie and you out."

“Right,” Heather nodded. “And on that note... It’s been brought to my attention that I may have overstepped yesterday when I was encouraging you to sunbathe topless with us. I’m sorry you were offended, I was only trying to encourage you to feel free with your body.”

Cassidy hesitated for a long moment, blinking slowly as if she expected Heather to say something else. The taller woman was standing over us looking uncomfortable with the whole situation.

“Well, thanks,” Cassidy finally said. “I appreciate the thought.”

“Cool,” Heather said. “And, I mean, you *should* feel comfortable with showing off your body.”

“Oh, I am when I think it’s appropriate,” Cassidy said. “But I respect my fiancé, and I’ve given myself to him. He gets to decide if he’s comfortable with that or not, too.”

Heather screwed up her face a little bit. “You’ve *given* yourself to him? That sounds like some pretty oppressive patriarchal bullshit. What, when you get married are you his property or something?”

“No, that would be ridiculous,” Cassidy scoffed. Heather looked slightly appeased, but then Cassidy shifted and took my hand in hers and lifted it to her lips, kissing my fingers and continuing. “I swore I was his already happily. He owns me. I’m his, and he’s mine.”

The sneer on Heather’s face couldn’t have gotten any more disgusted.

“I would have thought you’d understand,” I said, cutting into the conversation for the first time. “I mean, considering your relationship with Cattie.”

That made Heather stop and blush for a moment. “That’s different,” she said.

Cassidy cocked her head to the side a little and raised an eyebrow. “How is that?”

“Because she’s not- It’s play,” she said.

Cassidy shrugged and snuggled down more onto me, laying her head back on my chest. “Well, Robbie and I are getting married. I’m his, and I’m never fronting anything else again. This is who I am happy being all the time.”

“Thanks for the apology, Heather,” I said, trying to keep things civil and giving her an out.

“Yeah,” Heather said, stepping back and walking off. The expression on her face was something around consternation crossed with shock, with a dash of that disgust still in there.

“What a cunt,” Cassidy said quietly.

"Babe," I said, surprised at the heavy language.

"Sorry, but she is," Cassidy scoffed quietly. "What kind of apology was that?"

"Half-assed and forced," I said. "Let's be real, Cattie probably made her do it. You could have been a little easier on her though, for Cattie's sake."

"She needs to realize she's not some queen bee of a mean girl's clique," Cassidy said. "And I didn't say anything that wasn't true." Then she sat up and put her hands on my chest, looking at me with worried eyes. "Except I know I said we were getting married, and that's not for certain right now. I'm not trying to push you, I swear, it was just what I was feeling. I should have worded it differently."

"It's alright," I assured her. "It's a lot easier to just say that. I don't blame you at all."

"You're sure?" Cassidy asked.

"Yes," I nodded and kissed her lightly on the tip of her nose. "Have I told you today how beautiful you are?"

"Once or twice, I think," Cassidy smiled. She was right, I'd said it to her and Cattie plenty during the early morning photo shoot.

"Want me to tell you again?" I teased her.

"Yes, please," she smiled.

"You, Cassidy Pines, are an absolute diamond."

"I love you, Robbie Blane," she whispered.

I kissed her more firmly, this time on her lips. I could hear someone come up the stairs and shout that lunch was ready down in the kitchen, but I didn't break the kiss and neither did Cassidy. We didn't stop until someone cleared their throat right next to us.

"Ah-*hem*," Cattie coughed again. "While it's nice to see you two like that, are you guys ready to eat or what?"

"Yes," I chuckled, and Cassidy nodded and stretched while still on my lap before standing.

"Your girl came and apologised for yesterday," Cassidy said. "I mean, I think she did. It was kind of hard to tell."

“Yeah, she can be like that,” Cattie sighed. She turned to me with a raised eyebrow. “Coming, Robbie?”

“In a second,” I said.

“Something wrong?” she asked.

“Uh, something like that,” I said and glanced down at my crotch. Between the tight swimsuit and Cassidy squirming around in my lap, and then the kiss... well, it would take a second for me to deflate to an appropriate bulge amount.

“Oops,” Cassidy grinned and bit her lower lip. Then both of the women snorted and giggled.

Chapter 53

Lunch was freshly made wraps with snack bags of chips, and of course served with cold beers and daiquiris. We didn't stay cooped up in the interior of the boat this time and soon everyone was up on the top deck eating and chatting. Becca had decided this would be a great place to stay for the evening since we had access to the beach for shoots that night and the next morning, and soon there was a group forming to go for a hike after lunch.

Since JC was the one spearheading the hiking effort, I volunteered to stay behind to watch the boats as we couldn't leave them unattended. Becca agreed and decided to stay back as well. Soon most of the group were getting dressed in rougher clothes suitable for an hour or so hike, along with whatever running shoes or boots they had with them - it was surprising how many of the women had some form of hiking boot as part of at least one costume or outfit.

JC and I ended up in the water helping carry a bunch of the girls to shore so they didn't have to get wet, or at least put on socks and boots over wet feet. Becca and I made sure there were plenty of water bottles among the group, and then we watched them march off along the rim of the lake.

"They'll be fine," Becca said, watching the train of booty shorts and halter tops trail over the closest rocky rise.

"I'm sure no one will die," I said with a snort.

Becca rolled her eyes and nudged me with her elbow. "How many of them do you think forgot to put on sunscreen?"

"I'm going to guess at least two," Cassidy said. She'd also elected to stay behind, and I knew it wasn't because she was anti-hike or anything like that. With no one else around, this was the perfect time for us to have our conversation with Becca. "I'm betting Ginnie and Sherry, or maybe... Leia and Sherry."

"No, I saw Leia with sunscreen," I said. "And Ginnie would have gotten some from her. I'm thinking Sherry and Heels, since Baheela doesn't think she'll tan anyways."

"Mm, good point," Cassidy nodded, then turned to Becca. "So, I'm thinking we... talk, and can do the massage photoshoot at the same time? How does that sound?"

"Sounds good," Becca nodded. "White bikinis, right?"

"Yep," Cassidy nodded. "And some sort of up-do for your hair to keep it out of the way. If you want to go get ready, I can prep our cameras and transfer you the memory card later?"

The plan was made, and within ten minutes we had a big white towel laid out on the top deck of the Singles Boat between the hot tub and the Adirondack chairs. Cassidy was up first with our bag of equipment and was soon set up with a couple of different tripods and two different ring lights to help with the harshest shadows of the overhead sun.

Then Becca came up the stairs from the stairs. She was barefoot, wearing a white bikini with gold hoops at the hips and between the cups of the breasts. Her silvery blonde hair was pulled up into a stylish 'messy on purpose' bun held in place by what looked like a pair of fancy chopsticks with white handles decorated with a soft floral motif.

"Wow," I said. "You look really great."

"Very hot, and that's a super cute bikini," Cassidy grinned.

"Thanks," Becca smiled, then lifted herself up a bit on the edge of the hot tub and sat facing us. "Alright, before we start. Cassidy, you know everything Robbie and I have talked about and done, right?"

"Mhmm," Cassidy nodded. "You've kissed twice, and you told him you were interested in more but only if things were clear between us." Cassidy reached over and took my hand, glancing to check my expression. "It's clear. However far Robbie is interested in, I want you two to go for it."

"OK," Becca nodded. "I'm sorry if my needing to ask seems like I don't trust you, Robbie, but I needed to know for sure."

"It's OK," I said. "And I can't blame you one bit for wanting to double-check. Can I ask a question, though?"

"Sure," Becca said.

"You decided pretty quickly that you were open to things getting sexual between us," I said. "Is this something you're used to doing, or is this new for you, too?"

Becca sighed and chewed on the inside of her cheek for a moment, pursing her lips as she considered my question. "Honestly? I grew up what I used to think of as mildly bisexual. I appreciated attractive guys and girls, but I never really felt drawn to date until I was just out of high school. I met this guy, and we hit it off, and even though I wasn't super sexual he was able to get me off. He also happened to be a manipulative piece of shit. It took me three years to realize it and dump his ass. Ever since then, I've been sort of in an asexual limbo. Then a couple of weeks ago I started getting horny again out of nowhere, and yesterday... well, I told you I know what I like and you seem to fit the bill. So no, this isn't usual for me. I can casually flirt among professionals with the best of them, but I've never broached actual contact."

"Thanks, and I'm sorry," I said.

"Me too," Cassidy nodded, reaching out and taking Becca's hand and giving it a squeeze.

"It's fine," Becca said with a soft smile. "The bad stuff is in the past, and now I'm a successful businesswoman with a dozen weird skills under my belt, and I vacillate in celebrity status online somewhere between e-thot and professional spokesmodel. The only way I got to where I am is through all of that."

"Wise, cute and sexy," I said with a smile.

"OK, that's enough of that," Becca rolled her eyes. "Let's get this show on the road. Who knows how long those bitches can actually stand the hike and heat, and I want my money's worth from our local legend masseuse."

"First things first," Cassidy said and broke into a smile I knew meant she was planning something specifically designed to tease me. "Robbie, take off your shirt."

Chapter 54

It wasn't the first time I'd been rubbed down in oil to help with one of Cassidy's photoshoots, but it was the first time I had two beautiful women doing it instead of just my fiancée. The thing was, it was only mildly erotic since both Cass and Becca were currently in 'professional mode.' Of course they teased me a little, and Cass gave my ass a pinch through my swim trunks, but overall it was mostly just two sets of soft, feminine hands quickly spreading the slick oil all over me.

Soon I was covered and glistening, and both women stepped back from their work to look me over with a critical eye. "He looks good," Becca said. "If he was a professional I'd say he needed to dedicate more time to some crunches and situps to make his abs more prominent, but I think I actually like him better like this."

"He's yummy, right?" Cassidy said. "He doesn't swim as much as when he was on the high school team, but it keeps him perfectly fit for me."

"You two do remember that I'm right here, right?" I asked sarcastically.

"Sorry, Tiger," Cassidy said, stepping forward and leaning in to kiss me while avoiding getting oil all over herself. "It's just work mode kicking in."

Cassidy went to fetch another towel so she could wet it and wipe the oil off her hands before picking up the cameras while Becca and I quickly talked through the first part of the massage. My fiancée was back quickly and we were ready to go with Becca lying face down on the fluffy white towel and me at her knees.

"Alright, Tiger," Cassidy said, doing a few last-minute adjustments to the settings. "You do your thing, just try and leave space for me to catch what you're doing, OK?"

"Alright," I said. "Becca, tell me if anything gets uncomfortable."

"Of course," she nodded. "I know my boundaries."

I started with her feet. It was funny, I hadn't really considered individual parts of her body before, but out of everything it was Becca's feet that were probably the 'ugliest.' Not that they were visually twisted or anything, she just had large calluses that were rough under my thumbs as I started to work the soles and sides.

Cassidy had already started clicking away as Becca away as I worked my thumb against one particularly firm part of Becca's foot. "Sorry," Becca muttered. "Years of soccer. I'd get them taken care of but I still play in a couple of beer leagues every week."

"It's not a problem at all," I said. "It's just a part of who you are."

I could see her visibly relax at this, settling a little more loosely into the blanket, and I realized that this was one of her *things*. Every model had them. Well, every person had them, but it was more acute for people whose entire livelihood rested on their bodies. For Cass, she hated her calves and she wished her ass would get firmer despite me assuring her she had lovely legs and her butt was utterly cute already. For Becca, her feet were just one of those anxiety spots on her body.

So I spent a little extra time on them, just to make sure she knew I appreciated her. Once her feet, from between her toes to her ankles, were thoroughly rubbed down and oiled, I slowly began working my way up her legs. She was laying happily with her face sideways, cheek resting on her hands folded underneath her, as I worked up her calves to the back of her knees, then higher up onto her thighs.

As my thumbs started in on the back of her powerful, athletic thighs I felt her tense under my touch for a moment as she sucked in a breath, then relaxed as she let out a long, slow whimper of a moan.

"Everything alright?" I asked her quietly.

"God, yes," she sighed. "Now I'm starting to believe the Leia story. Fuck."

I kept working on her, and she spread her legs a little more and I noticed her surreptitiously tilting her hips a little. Becca didn't have an ass like several of the other girls - not that she was flat back there, it was just more in line with her smooth curves and comparable to Cass rather than Cattie or Wanda. She was enjoying my work on her thighs so I stayed there a little extra as well, running my thumbs firmly across the smooth skin as she quivered and sucked in sharp breaths. My thumbs travelled all the way up to the little triangle gap under her mound, to the extra soft and sensitive area, just barely brushing against her mound through her white bikini bottom. I didn't tell her, but I could see a little dark line starting to form over her pussy where she was getting excited.

I moved on, raising my hands from her thighs to the part of her ass cheeks that her bottoms revealed, and she let out a long, slow breath.

"Fuck," she muttered. "I think if you kept going I might have actually been able to get there."

"Maybe," I smiled. "But I feel like that would have been a little too early."

"Fucking tease," she laughed.

Cassidy kept taking pictures, circling around us to grab different angles, as I moved from Becca's butt to the small of her back. Things progressed normally from there, working up her

sides and back until I reached the back strap of her bikini. She reached back and undid it as I got close, just a hint of a tan line getting revealed.

I took a chance and leaned down, kissing right in the centre of that tan line on her spine.

“Mmm, that’s nice,” Becca sighed happily.

I kissed again, up higher between her shoulder blades, which made me shift a little higher as I straddled her legs and my crotch pressed against her ass.

“Sorry,” I said. There was no way she hadn’t felt my hard cock against her.

“No, it’s fine,” she said and shifted her ass back against me more firmly. “Keep going.”

“OK,” I said, and leaned high up to keep massaging her shoulders, pushing my hard cock more firmly against her ass through our swimsuit bottoms.

Becca was putty in my hands at that point, and I slowly worked her shoulders and neck as she let me move her arms and head into better positions. She had a soft smile on her lips and her eyes closed most of the time. I worked down one arm and then the other, softly massaging her palms and our fingers wrapping together. Cassidy spoke up here and had me shift a bit for better light on a few shots of our hands intertwined, muttering that it was ‘artistic as fuck’ and making Becca and I both chuckle.

Then I was back to the message, and it turned out another of Becca’s surprise erogenous zones were her armpits, which surprised even her. I didn’t linger too long, since even though I could tell she was getting hornier she also found it mentally weird. I trailed my fingers down her sides, feeling her ribs softly under my fingertips and then slowly picking up the straps of her bikini top and re-fastening them.

“Time for the front,” I said softly.

“OK,” Becca smiled lazily. She let me help her roll over and reposition. Her nipples were hard and obviously poking against her top, and I straddled her stomach on my knees to try and help hide the darker patch on her bottoms from the camera as long as I could.

“I’m going to go top to bottom this time,” I said. “But first I really want to do this.”

“Do what?” she asked, opening her eyes.

I narrowed the distance between us, leaning lower, and brought my lips to hers in a soft, soulful kiss. She responded immediately, kissing me back, her tongue starting to work against mine as she raised her arms over her head on the towel to leave herself vulnerable to anything I wanted.

And Cassidy kept taking photos, the *click-click* of the digital shutter noise rapidly sounding off as she took photo after photo of her fiance making out with another woman.

Chapter 55

Becca smiled and bit her lower lip as I pulled away from our kiss. She glanced at Cassidy as she was taking photos of us from close up. "He's a ridiculously good kisser," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Always has been," Cassidy said, rubbing my back with one hand. "Best ever."

"You're pretty damn good yourself, by the way," I said to Becca.

She grinned wider, biting the tip of her tongue happily at the compliment. "So now what, Mister Magic Hands?"

"Oh, that should be the collection title," Cassidy cut in again. "Mr Magic Hands Meets and then whichever girl he's massaging."

I made a face. "That sounds more like a porn site than a collection of artsy photos."

"That just means it'll gather even more attention," Becca said. "I like it. We should pitch it to the others."

"You two are the worst," I chuckled. I shuffled a little higher, straddling her torso, and positioned Becca's head to rest on the towel looking straight up. Her arms were still loosely held above her head, leaving her open for me to do anything I wanted. There was a part of me that just wanted to grab her tits, to pull the cups of her bikini aside to see what those pokey nipples looked like.

Instead, I put my thumbs side by side on the centre of her forehead and slowly began massaging. Becca closed her eyes and moaned softly through her pouted lips. Cassidy shifted around, trying to get good angles and avoiding casting a shadow onto us, and even as I could feel Becca oozing in her relaxation as I moved from her forehead to her temples, and then down softly to her cheeks and jaw she was posing. It was subtle, just slight adjustments to thrust out her chin, accenting different angles.

"You are such a pro," I whispered to her as I worked a pair of fingers along both sides of her jaw. "I can't stop being impressed by you."

She blinked her eyes open, looking at me with a somewhat consternated expression for a moment.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"No," she said and softly shook her head. "No, nothing's wrong."

"Do you want me to stop?"

She took a deep breath and shook her head again. "Please no. Keep going."

I ran one hand down over her neck, cupping her chin with the other. It was funny, but I could tell the age difference between Becca and Cassidy, or even girls like Cattie or Leia, by her neck. She wasn't nearly old enough to be showing her age at the corners of her eyes or mouth like someone in their thirties, but her neck was just a little more corded from her working out to stay fit in her late twenties instead of early/mid.

Softly massaging the front of her throat, I was surprised when Becca growled a little bit in her chest almost like a purr and tilted her chin up further to expose more of her neck for me, then captured my thumb between her lips.

"Fuck, that's hot," Cassidy murmured, taking pictures.

Becca didn't look at the camera. She looked at me, watching my reaction to her. She sucked on my thumb at the first knuckle and softly gripped it between her teeth, and at the same time she subtly pressed her neck a little bit higher against my hand. In response, I applied equal pressure down. Not enough to choke her, but definitely holding her in place. Her eyes dilated just slightly - that was the only change I could tell about her.

I pulled my thumb from her mouth and slid it down so that I was massaging her throat and neck with both hands, then lower to her collarbone, and moved on with the massage. She'd been giving me hints about what she wanted, and what she liked. Hints of where she might have been hoping this would go.

And I was rock fuckin' hard in my swim trunks.

I massaged down her chest but didn't dip under the bikini top or palm her over it, skipping down to her stomach and running my hands along her smooth skin there. Becca was thin, almost deceptively so now that I had her in my hands and under me. She had a larger-than-life commanding personality when she was in charge of the trip, and even when I had kissed her the night before she hadn't seemed so small next to me.

I slid my hands over her bikini bottoms, and tugged the little gold rings at the sides for the sake of the pictures, then moved down to her thighs again. The fronts of her thighs weren't nearly as sensitive as the backs, but as my fingers and thumbs rubbed further and further on the insides, and higher towards her crotch again, Becca's breathing got deeper and her legs spread a little further apart.

The massage was technically over now - I didn't think many, or at least some, of the girls wanting in on the series would go farther than this. But I also didn't want it to be over, and neither did she. So I shifted, getting down on my stomach between her legs, and kissed the inside of her knee.

She moaned softly and propped herself up on her elbows, watching as I slowly began kissing up the inside of her thighs until I was about four inches from the gusset of her bikini bottoms.

“You’re a little wet,” I said, flashing her a little smile.

“I am,” she blushed. “I can feel it.”

I took a breath and glanced at Cassidy. Her eyes were wide and she nodded, encouraging me to keep going.

Looking back at Becca, I leaned forward and placed a soft kiss onto the soft, moist fabric cupping her mound and felt the firm bud of what must have been her clit hood under my lower lip.

“I would like to eat you out now, Becca,” I said.

“How could a lady refuse an offer like that?” Becca chuckled and sighed.

Chapter 56

Becca took charge, lifting her legs up over my head and pulling them towards her chest as she slowly - so fucking slowly - peeled her bottoms out from under her ass and up her thighs. She knew exactly what she was doing, teasing the hell out of me as first the crack of her ass, then her perineum, then her pussy peeked into view. She wasn't quite as pale as Cattie was, so after a day and a half out in the desert she was already showing a slight warm tan that meant the area under her bikini had that touch of a tan line. Her pussy had delicate little inner labia glistening with her arousal, and her outer labia were flush.

I didn't wait for her to lower her legs, or even get the bikini bottoms off of them. I shifted forward and immediately planted my lips onto her pussy, tasting her for the first time.

And not just tasting her, but tasting the first pussy other than Cassidy's that I'd ever tasted. The experience with Wanda the night before - well, it had been pretty fantastic, but it was all hand stuff except for me using Cassidy's mouth. This was different. It felt different. It was more personal, more... intimate.

"Oh, fucking hell," Becca groaned as she struggled for a moment to peel her bottoms off around her raised feet. I had no idea where they ended up, but I could feel her spread and lower her legs to give me more room to play and work. One of her legs went off to the side, spreading herself open to me, while the other went over my shoulder and curled on my back, her heel pressed against me. "Fuck, he's good at that."

"We've done a lot of practising," Cassidy laughed. "Watched some game tape, did the drills. He really wanted to go to the Olympics for cunnilingus but they refused to acknowledge the sport." She was still taking pictures, zooming in on my face burning between Becca's legs. Taking one from behind me, Becca's modesty hidden by the back of my head. Another of Becca's face as her eyes turned dreamy.

"Oh my God," Becca chuckled. "Stop trying to make me laugh, I want to focus on thiiiiis feeling. Yes, Robbie, right there. Use your- yeeees."

I'd worked my lips up to her clit, and as I began to tease it with my lips and tongue I slid a pair of fingers inside of her. Becca's pussy was tight - possibly the tightest I'd ever felt. Well, to be fair my experience was limited to three pussies total now, but still. Tight! Her muscles flexed and clenched, and I could see her abdomen slowly rocking as she did it.

I pulled away from her clit with a slight *pop* and grinned up at her. "Anyone ever tell you that you have a beautiful pussy that smells amazing?"

"No," she said. "My boyfriend didn't like doing this."

“What a fucking idiot,” I said, shaking my head and then bending down to taste her again, wiggling my tongue to tease the rim of her entrance around my fingers. She clenched harder and her heel dug into my back as she hissed in a breath.

“He really must have been an ass,” Cassidy said, breaking the photographer-model barrier to run her fingers through Becca’s silvery blonde hair and pull it back from her face. “But now you’ve got Robbie to help you know what it’s supposed to be like. You can borrow him any time you want.”

“Fuck, I will,” Becca moaned. She reached over and took Cassidy’s hand in hers as her orgasm started approaching.

Cassidy tilted the camera down and took a picture of their hands clenched together.

I continued to tease and taste Becca, feeling her getting wetter as her body pushed her arousal higher. Then I found her g-spot and brushed against it, and her body lurched as she hiccuped in a breath. And I avoided that spot - at least for a brief moment.

Instead of trying to push her over the edge, I kept working my fingers inside of her as I started kissing my way up her abdomen, over her bald mound to her stomach, and passed her bellybutton, up through the centre of her cleavage all the way to her lips.

I stopped just short of kissing her. “Are you alright tasting yourself?” I asked quietly.

“I don’t know,” Becca said. “Do you want to make me?”

Using the hand that wasn’t buried in her cunt, I put it back on her throat and held her still. I wasn’t choking her but had definitely taken control. Then I lowered my lips to hers and we kissed again, and her tongue slipped past our lips to taste herself on me.

That’s when I pressed her g-spot again, and her hips thrust high off the towel until I pushed them back down, using her pussy as a handhold to keep her in place.

“Come for me,” I whispered into her lips. “I want to taste more of you. I want to smell it on me later. You are so fucking gorgeous, but God I can’t get enough of *you*.”

“I-I’m... almost...”

I added a third finger, her pussy stretching to accommodate the new digit. I kissed her again, sucking her tongue into my mouth. I pushed my entire forearm down onto her chest as I kept her throat in my hand.

Becca came, shuddering as her body rolled three times. Her eyes closed shut and two big tears formed and rolled down the sides of her cheeks. She gasped for air and flung her arms around me to keep me from pulling away from our kiss.

Her hips relaxed first, followed by her arms, and then finally her chest as I let up on her neck.

She blinked a few times and started laughing, trying to catch her breath at the same time. She wiped her eyes.

“Do it again,” Cassidy said, rubbing my back. “She needs another one.”

“God, please,” Becca nodded. “That was the best orgasm I’ve had in - I don’t know. A decade?”

“Gladly,” I smiled and kissed her again, softer this time.

“But first I want your cock in my mouth,” Becca said. “Let me start making you feel good, too.”

“This is your time,” I said. “You don’t-”

“Tiger,” Cassidy interrupted me. “She’s asking for your cock, give the lady some cock.”

Chapter 57

I had to remove my fingers from Becca to shift, and my hand was glistening from her excretions during her orgasm. Standing up on my knees, I shuffled around her to kneel next to her head.

Becca was still panting slightly through pursed lips, and she was staring at the bulge in my swimsuit as her tongue touched the middle of her upper lip. She quickly reached for my waistband when it became apparent I wasn't going to undress myself.

"Eager much?" Cassidy giggled. She was crouched down on the other side of Becca and was still snapping pictures, though I noticed that the crotch of her own bikini had been pulled aside and her pussy was exposed. She must have been fingering herself while watching me with Becca.

"You have no fucking idea," Becca said. She hadn't left her position on her back and was looking up at me with an excited smile as she pulled down my waistband, quickly revealing the shaft of my cock. It took another tug to pop my cock free completely, and it bobbed in the air between us.

"Nice, right?" Cassidy laughed. "I've always thought it was perfect. Just enough to stretch me out - whatever hole we used."

Becca reached up and softly took me in both hands, just feeling my cock for a moment before slowly starting to rub her fingers along my length. "I wouldn't know, honestly," she said. "My ex had a dick just a little below average, though I only figured that out after the fact when I googled some stats. This is... above average for sure."

"Definitely," Cassidy nodded and snapped a picture of Becca with both hands on my cock.

"And very handsome," Becca added.

"Thanks?" I chuckled.

"I mean, sometimes I tell him he has a pretty dick, but I don't think I've ever said handsome," Cassidy laughed.

"Well, it is," Becca said. Then she pulled me closer and started kissing the underside of my shaft, edging closer to the head.

"Look at you," Cassidy said, still taking pictures. "You look like such a sexy whore like that. Honestly, throw a couple of these in greyscale and they could be erotic art."

“Yeah, you think?” Becca asked, then tilted her head to the side a bit as she took the head of my cock in her mouth and pressed it to the inside of her cheek. The effect was lewd as hell, and I had no doubt the picture Cassidy took could have been featured on any porn site.

“Fuck,” I grunted, closing my eyes as I took in a deep breath.

“If you need to distract yourself you can keep playing with her, Tiger,” Cassidy suggested.

I looked back down to Becca and she grinned up at me with the head of my cock in her mouth. She leaned up a bit and reached behind herself, undoing her bikini top. She had to take my cock out of her mouth to take off the top completely and set it aside, leaving her completely naked. She reached for my cock again and I stopped her.

“Hold on,” I said. “I just want to say hello to the girls.”

She laughed as I bent down and wrapped my hands around both of her breasts, making them stand at attention even while she was lying on her back. She had really nice breasts, maybe about the same size as Cassidy’s now that I had them naked and in my hands, though with a softer swell to them. Her nipples were a soft pinky-brown, her areola small and a little crinkled with how stiff from arousal they were. I quickly took one in my mouth and began tonguing it, and could hear the shutter sounding from the camera. At the same time, Becca reached under me and started stroking my cock one-handed while her other one ran through my hair.

“Oooh, Tiger,” she cooed, taking up Cassidy’s nickname for me.

“Maybe later you can titfuck him,” Cassidy said. I glanced up at her and she was wielding the camera one-handed, her other hand buried between her legs as she knelt next to us.

“My boobs are too small for that,” Becca said.

“Are you kidding?” Cassidy said. “You’re pretty much the same size as me. He loves seeing his cock between my tits, especially when I’m on my back like you are now. Boobjobs aren’t about smothering his dick in tit, it’s about the visual and the surrender. Plus, if you tilt your head down while he does it you can suck his cockhead like a popsicle every time he thrusts forward.”

“Do you want to try that, Robbie?” Becca asked. “Do you want to fuck my tits?”

“Yes, I do,” I said, leaving her tits and shifting to take her face in my hands and kiss her forcefully. “Next time. Right now I want your mouth again.”

“Next time, huh?” Becca grinned, then opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue as I positioned my cock at her lips again. I slid inside and she bobbed a bit but looked up at me with a wink and let me take control.

Soon I was thrusting into her mouth slowly, then a little faster. She had one hand on the base of my cock, and the other she used to finger herself. That left me free to grab one of her tits firmly, massaging the plump flesh. She hummed happily at that and purred in her chest like she had before, so I got a little rougher and took her nipple between my thumb and forefinger and tugged it back and forth a bit.

“Fuck, she likes it rough,” Cassidy murmured. “You should grab her head with the other hand. Make her know she’s yours to use.”

I followed my fiancée's direction and wrapped the fingers of my other hand in Becca's hair, holding her still. Becca started whimpering around my cock, her hips jolting up at her fingers.

“Let go of his cock now,” Cassidy ordered Becca. “You know he can force it down your throat if he wants, Becca. Stop kidding yourself, you probably want that. Put that hand to better use down at your slutty cunt.”

“Mmmhmfg,” Becca slurred, completely unintelligible, but she did let go of my cock and started working both hands between her legs. This had the delightful side effect of squeezing her tits between her arms, which I happily went back and forth between, tugging and tweaking her nipples.

Chapter 58

I kept thrusting at a quick pace but with light power, not wanting to push things too far with Becca. With Cassidy, I would have probably forced my cock down her throat at this point, but she was mine. In a moment like this, my cock in another woman's mouth, when I looked at Cassidy and she only had eyes for me and my pleasure? I knew she was mine, just like she told me.

But Becca wasn't mine. Not really. She was mine here and now, but ten minutes from now? Tomorrow?

I pulled out of her mouth and she stuck her tongue out again. I let go of her breasts but not her hair, keeping her in place as I ducked down and kissed her firmly again. "I want to come all over your face and tits," I told her. "The rest of the pictures are yours, and you can send us whichever ones you want to share. But I want one of you on my phone covered in my cum. Then I want to eat you out all over again until you scream my name."

"Fuck yes," Becca grinned. Her makeup, lightly done for the massage shoot, was messy as hell by this point and she looked fuckdrunk even though we hadn't had any actual sex.

I put my cock back to her lips and she started sucking, moaning into it like it was a microphone and she was recording audio for some hentai.

"Do it," Cassidy urged her on. "Suck his cock. Suck my fiance's cock. Worship it, Becca. Show him exactly how badly you want it. How badly you want him to come all over you, covering you. If you do it good enough, maybe next time he'll fuck you, huh? Maybe he'll bend you over and just take you like the stud he is, or maybe he'll be sweet to you and take you into our bed and love on you. Or maybe he'll do both, and you'll get the full treatment. Do you want that, Becca? Do you want the full fucking experience of being his submissive, cum hungry, cock slut?"

"Mmmnggmm!" Becca moaned as she bobbed fast and rough on my cock.

"Fucking-" I groaned, trying to hold on but slowly losing it. "God, fuck, Becca."

"Do it, Tiger," Cassidy said. "Paint her with your cum. Show her how fucking amazing you are."

"Guh. Now," I groaned, pulling away from her mouth and lifting one leg over her so I was straddling her stomach. I reached down to stroke my cock, but Cassidy slapped my hand away and stood behind me, wrapping both hands around my shaft and pumping me quickly as I felt her chest press against my back and neck. "Auuuugh," I groaned loudly and released.

I came hard thanks to the major teasing I had already received that day and being so fucking turned on by both Becca and Cassidy's words. When I released, the first shot went a little high and painted Becca's nose, forehead and hairline. The second shot went low, splattering right

between Becca's tits, and then Cassidy was spraying wild as she milked out every drop she could. By the end, when she was holding my firm but softening cock, Becca was splattered in a slew of wild droplets of pearly cum.

"Fuuuck," I sighed loudly, almost sitting back but realizing I was still straddling her. I fell off to the side instead, panting for breath.

"Hold on, hungry girl," Cassidy said, grabbing Becca's hand as she was trying to wipe cum from her face. "Picture first."

Becca laughed and laid her head back on the towel, panting almost as much as I was. "OK, sorry," she chuckled. "Take the picture."

Cassidy fetched my phone and opened it with the code, standing over Becca looking right down at her and taking a picture. Then she moved down to her feet and took another one, this one clearly a full-body shot. "Anything else you want to make sure he has on hand to remember you by at a moment's notice?" she asked.

"Yeah, actually," Becca grinned, then rolled over onto her hands and knees and took my softening cock into her mouth, looking up at me.

"God damn," I groaned, putting my hand on her cheek to keep her from bobbing.

"Fucking hot," Cassidy said, standing next to me and taking a photo looking down at Becca as she looked up into the lens with my dick in her mouth. "Perfect."

"I might be persuaded to give you a few more if you can give me another orgasm like before," Becca said, sliding her mouth off my cock and leaning back onto her ass again.

"Gimme another minute and I'll happily be right with you," I grinned.

Then we heard a shriek, and a laugh, from somewhere over the ridge.

"Oh, shit," Becca said, looking down at herself and all the cum on her body. "Fucking hell."

"Get your bikini on, we'll jump in the water," Cassidy said. "I'll make sure you get cleaned up. Robbie, take care of the gear."

We went to work fast, and Becca's bikini was soon back on her and both women headed for the stairs when I warned them I didn't know how deep the lake was so they couldn't jump from up top. I didn't miss when Cassidy scooped a big dollop of cum from Becca's collarbone and fed it to her like her fingers were a spoon.

I could only shake my head and sigh, hoping that everything that was happening was because Becca, and Wanda, and the others actually wanted it to happen and it wasn't just the App.

Chapter 59

“Can I be honest?” I asked Cassidy.

It had been almost an hour since the girls and JC had returned from their hike. And since I’d finished my massage/oral rendezvous with Becca. As far as I could tell none of the girls had been suspicious of the three of us, or more importantly of Becca and Cassidy lazily swimming on the far side of the houseboats from the shore.

Most of the girls had immediately stripped off their boots, and most of their clothes, to jump into the water themselves. Shirts, shorts, socks and boots had been scattered across the lower deck porches, not to mention several bras. Even JC had joined in, hopping into the water in just his little black briefs.

I’d decided to be the responsible one and hauled out a full flat of cold water bottles along with chopping up a dozen oranges. Once I’d finished playing Soccer Mom with the drinks and snacks, Wanda and Terra had teamed up to pull me into the water and I’d spent a half hour splashing around with everyone.

That was about when the booze had started flowing again in earnest, and I was now lounging on the upper deck again with Cassidy in my lap on one of the Adirondacks. It was starting to be ‘our spot’ at that point.

“Of course you can, Tiger,” Cassidy answered my question. She’d been tracing the cold bottom lip of the beer bottle she was holding across my chest. Most of the girls had taken a trip to their rooms to shower and change into proper swimsuits by this point, and a party atmosphere had kicked off with music blasting from the singles boat again. “Anything, always.”

I nodded, still trying to format my thoughts properly. “So I have a concern,” I started.

“Is there something you want me to do? Or stop doing?” Cassidy asked. She’d sat up at my words, more alert in her own concern.

“I just- Cass, I’m worried. Not about the sexual stuff specifically, but how it’s happening. The App... it makes me nervous,” I said.

“Nervous how?” she asked.

“Nervous as in I don’t know if what I’ve done with Wanda or Becca so far is because they’re interested, or because the App is bending reality and I’m being magically raped.”

Cassidy opened her mouth to respond but hesitated and clicked it shut again. She frowned, her brows coming together as she looked over my face, then shifted on my lap so that she was straddling and hugging me, resting her chin on my shoulder.

"If I wanted to use the App to try and... force it, I could," she said. "Some of the stuff in there is really wild. It can change the perception of the world. It can normalize things just for me, or give people kinks they didn't have before. Hell, I could give either of us super sex pheromones or make the world think it's normal for us to be nudists anywhere we want. With enough points, I could make someone completely free use for the world, and it would just be seen as normal. I've never done that. Even when I was deep in the- the addiction to it, I never used it like that.

"I can't figure out how to prove it since I can't show you the App, but I promise you that without delving deep into the weird corners of the App, it doesn't make people do something they don't want to. For me, it makes people naturally take the good things I do to heart. It's the *Multiplier*, not the Adder. And I promise you, Tiger. I promise you with everything I have, the quirks and perks I bought for you aren't going to mess with people's minds and make them do things they wouldn't have been inclined to do anyways."

"Except that's not entirely true," I said. "The kissing-

"Encourages more of the same."

"And the cum?"

Cassidy flushed and looked away. "OK, so that one could be used inappropriately if we had you jizz in the punch bowl or something. But we're not going to do that, obviously."

"Obviously," I repeated with a snort.

"Is there anything else?" Cassidy asked.

"Tell me what it says about Becca and Wanda," I said.

"Are you sure you want to know?" she asked. "It only tells me stats for how they feel about me, I can't see the connection between them and you."

"I'm still interested to know," I said.

"OK, let me go get-

There was a loud couple of honks of an air horn, and the sound of a speedboat approaching had both of us looking to each other in surprise. Cassidy stood up, letting me up, and we went to the railing of the houseboat.

The big speedboat from earlier was pulling up, a half dozen guys pumping their fists and cheering at the sight of several women on the upper decks and porches, all in bikinis. They were approaching and slowing down.

"Well, fuck," I said. "I think I'm about to be the babysitter."

"It'll be fine, Tiger," Cassidy said, standing behind me and rubbing the small of my back. "Well, I think."

Sherry and Ginnie were down the railing from us and both started waving, and Ginnie pulled the cups of her bikini aside and flashed the guys for a moment.

"Yeah," I said. "I think that depends on where we decide to draw the 'fine' line at."

Cassidy turned and leaned her butt against the railing so she could look me in the eyes. "Tiger, for real, you need to not be the big brother on this. I know you have that instinct, but you need to just let everyone have their fun unless something bad actually looks like it's happening. You know I won't even entertain anything, and neither will Terra with JC here, or Cattie since she has us. And Heather."

I didn't miss the late addition of Cattie's girlfriend as a distant second reason for her not to get into trouble with these guys. They were all college-age, and several of them looked like they were the athletic type.

"And," Cassidy continued, "I doubt Wanda or Becca are going to have eyes for anyone but you either after you rocked both their worlds."

"Here's the thing, Cass," I said. "None of the people you listed off are who I'm worried about."

"Then who, Tiger?"

All of them, I thought, but shoved that down as ridiculous.

"Just... I'm going to be Sober Robbie for the afternoon," I said.

"You know I love the fuck out of Sober Robbie," Cass said, hugging me tight from the side.

"Especially when I'm being Sober Cassidy."

"You don't need to," I said. We'd both only had a single beer, and I felt like it was a waste of the afternoon for neither of us to be letting loose.

"But I do," Cassidy said. "Because I'm yours, in everything."

Chapter 60

They were members of the college soccer team at Arizona State, and they were out at Lake Powell for an impromptu reunion. Half of them had recently graduated from the program - they hadn't done particularly well, but they were 'brothers!' and were looking to party.

So were the girls, so it was a match made in heaven. Maybe.

The guys tied up next to the singles boat and soon they were all up top. Sherry and Ginnie were clearly the most interested in hard flirting, but they definitely weren't the only ones. Leia and Zenya were in the hot tub on the Singles top deck with two of the guys, while Heels was flirting with one of the guys in her 'too cool for it' way of being. I couldn't tell if it was sexual tension building, or if she found him mildly disgusting in an amusing sort of way.

Heather was also having a field day, strutting around in a bikini that probably fit her before she got her boobjob and any of the other work she'd had done. The guys all let their eyes drift to her when she walked by, and she was doing that a lot as she did her bartender routine again.

Cassidy and I had staked out our spot on the Couples Boat in our deck chair, and she was making it very obvious that she was taken by lounging in my lap. Cattie had joined us - she'd thrown on a loose tank top over her bikini top, and had dragged another chair close to ours and was sitting slouched down so she could prop her feet up on our armrest.

My head was on a swivel as the alcohol flowed.

"Someone looks stressed," Wanda said, walking over and standing behind me. She'd put on a pair of baggy athletic shorts, but was still sporting her red bikini top and big sunglasses. She leaned forward over the back of the chair and put her hands on my shoulders. "You OK there, big guy?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said.

Cassidy snorted and patted Wanda's hands. "Robbie has Big Brother tendencies born from having a cute sister one year younger than him." I didn't miss the fact that Cassidy shifted Wanda's hands from my shoulders to my chest, and Wanda went with it.

"Oh, that's cute," Wanda laughed.

"Not for him," Cattie laughed. "I think I could take his pulse just from watching the vein in his neck. Seriously, Robbie. Chill out, it doesn't look like anything is gonna happen, and if it does we've got you and JC. Not to mention Terra could probably kick some ass, and Heather does some kickboxing."

"It's not that big a deal," I said. "I just-"

“Want to make sure everyone is OK,” Cassidy finished for me.

“It’s sweet,” Wanda said, rubbing her hands along my chest. “I wish I’d had someone like Robbie looking out back in my college days. Instead, I was that girl for my friends. It was exhausting.”

“Right?” I confirmed. “Now imagine this one being an instigator.” I jostled Cass in my lap a bit.

“Still is, isn’t she,” Cattie grinned, poking Cass in the side with a toe.

“OK, when did this become Pick on Cassidy day?” Cass laughed.

I lifted Cassidy in my arms, bringing her stomach up so that I could blow a raspberry on her tummy. This got her and the others laughing.

“Well, I don’t have to worry about one group,” Becca said, coming over to join us.

“You thinking what I’m thinking?” I asked her.

“That it’s all fun and games until someone loses an eye or gets slipped a roofie?” Becca asked.

“I wasn’t thinking that far, but I guess I’m not head honcho. JC looks like he’s getting a decent feel for them though,” I said, gesturing over to the other boat where JC was talking with three of the guys, two of them the ones in the hot tub. His sports knowledge and fandom probably served him a lot better in that crowd - all I could connect with the guys over was being a student-athlete, and I’d been out of that racket for several years now.

“Uh-oh,” Becca said. “Cattie, it looks like your sister is getting invited down to their boat.”

“What? Ah, frick. Horny bitch,” Cattie said, sitting up and turning around to look over the back of her chair.

Things developed quickly, and soon the guys were giving speedboat rides. And it turned out to be all innocent - or at least as innocent as a bunch of horny college-age guys mixing with horny cosplay and sex work models could be. They had a tow rope and both water skis and an inflatable tube along with the oversized speedboat and considering at least half of the guys were staying on the houseboats at any one time I was less worried about kidnapping or something.

What did surprise me was that I found Ami sitting alone down in our Couples Boat sitting area with the sliding doors open to let in the breeze. She was sitting in a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, glasses propped up cutely on her nose as she read a book.

“Hey,” I said. “Not your scene up there?”

“Sort of,” Ami said. “I like to party, but not with strangers. Some not-great experiences.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said. “Is there anything I can do?”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Ami said. “There’s a reason I brought a couple of books on a trip like this. I just need my own little downtime every once in a while.”

“Alright, well, can I at least offer you a drink? I’m on refill duty,” I offered.

“Sure, if it’s cold and you’re offering,” Ami smiled.

I went back to mine and Cassidy’s room and fetched a quartet of cold beers from our cooler. When I came back out I handed one bottle to Ami.

“Thanks, and please don’t judge me,” she said.

“Judge you for what?” I asked.

“This,” she said, then pulled off her T-shirt. She wasn’t wearing a bra underneath, and her golden tanned tits popped out, her brown nipples quickly hardening as she lifted up her boobs with one arm and positioned the cold beer bottle under them. “Oh, fuck that’s good,” she said, closing her eyes and savouring the moment for a second.

“Boob sweat, huh?” I laughed.

She snorted. “I should have guessed you’d understand, what with living with Cassidy for so long.”

“Yeah, between her and my sister I got a lot more education into the daily woes of women than most guys my age,” I said.

Ami’s nipples were now very hard, and she’d stopped lifting them - they were out in the open, the beer bottle literally propping them up. “Well, ever since I got these puppies enhanced, the sweat issue is even worse. It’s like my big anime titties act like a heat sink sometimes.”

“How long have you had them?” I asked. “The enhancements, I mean. They look really well done. Then again, I don’t have a ton of experience in that regard up close and personal.”

“You’ve never felt fake titties before?” Ami asked me.

“No, can’t say I have,” I chuckled.

“Here, go ahead,” Ami said, gesturing to her boobs. “Give ‘em a squeeze.”

Chapter 61

“I mean, if you’re offering,” I said, trying not to nervously chuckle. Considering everything else that had happened so far on this trip, touching Ami’s boobs wasn’t even that crazy, but it was still more than I would have thought proper or possible thirty-six hours earlier.

I sat down on the couch next to Ami, and she sat up a bit more to present them to me. “Go for it,” she said. “No one else is enjoying them other than other women who want to feel what they’re like.”

She took my hands in hers and put them right on her tits. “Damn,” I said, more surprised than I necessarily wanted to sound. “They feel really nice.”

“Right?” Ami laughed. “I told you, I wanted the big anime titties so I splurged on the best I could get. I was already decently sized, so going up to my ideal size didn’t take too much.”

I was cupping her tits, squeezing them softly, and without thinking I ran my thumbs over her nipples. She sucked in a breath, and I stopped. “Sorry, too far.”

“No, it’s just- It felt good. Don’t worry about it,” she said.

I kept squeezing and running my fingers along her boobs for another minute or so, then sat back. “I could do that all day and be happy,” I laughed.

“That’s how I feel!” Ami laughed with me. She leaned back, making no moves to put her shirt back on yet. “Um, Cassidy isn’t going to freak over this, is she?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head. “Honestly, I’ll probably tell her as soon as I get up there and she’ll want a feel at some point, too.”

“Hah, well, as long as she asks first. I’m not a fan of surprise titty honks,” Ami grinned.

“I’ll make sure she knows to be polite,” I chuckled and made to stand.

“Robbie, you don’t think...” Ami trailed off.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“Nothing, don’t worry about it,” Ami said.

“Alright, come on,” I said. “You can’t say something like that and then not follow through. I’m going to be questioning everything for the rest of the day if you don’t ask me.”

She rolled her eyes and smirked a little. “Now you’re asking for me to tease you about it.”

“Hey, I can tease just as good as you can,” I said.

“Oh yeah?” she said. “I don’t think- yikes!”

I interrupted her by picking up one of the beers and quickly pressing the cold glass to one of her nipples. She erupted into giggles after the brief contact. “Careful, when these things really get going they can cut glass.”

“I’d like to see that,” I said, then felt heat flush to my face. It might be the most forwardly flirty thing I’d set yet that wasn’t a frank conversation.

“Naughty boy,” Ami shook her head.

“Alright, now I really should get up there. Thanks for offering me a feel, they are truly spectacular.”

“Thank you,” she grinned. “If you want another one, just let me know. I’d be happy to oblige.”

I took a chance and after I stood, I leaned down and gave Ami a kiss on the cheek. It was her turn to flush just a little bit but covered it with a smile. “The glasses are super cute on you, by the way,” I said as I left back out onto the porch.

Upstairs, I saw that the speedboat had pulled in close again and Becca was trying to keep track of who was where. I silently held out a beer for her and she accepted with a thankful smile and a squeeze of my forearm. Then I went and re-joined Cassidy and Cattie at the chairs, handing Cattie the second beer. Cassidy had gotten talked into one of Heather’s icy drinks and was sipping on it slowly to keep from getting tipsy.

“JC got up on the skies,” Cassidy told me, standing up to let me sit down again, then sliding back into my lap. “He’s pretty good, but I bet you’d be better.”

“I’m happy where I’m at,” I said, giving her a little hug.

“I bet you are,” Cattie laughed. “You know it’s not fair that you rub all those snuggles in my face, right?”

“You want to switch?” Cassidy offered. “You can snuggle in with him all you want, babe.”

Cattie actually considered it for a moment before sighing and shaking her head. “No, that would just make Heather jealous and act out. She’d be walking around topless and leading these guys on even more than she already is. You know, for a lesbian she really likes attention from guys.”

I could almost feel Cassidy swallow down a snarky comment.

“Speaking of attention from guys,” Terra said, coming over from where she’d been lounging against the railing of the boat talking with Leia and one of the guys.

“Speaking of it what?” Cassidy asked.

“No, that’s it,” Terra said. “All the guys keep staring over here wondering why Robbie is surrounded by pretty girls who won’t give them the time of day.”

“Well, it makes sense that you came to join us,” Cattie laughed. “What’s your excuse?”

“My boyfriend has been seduced by a big engine and planks of wood strapped to his feet,” Terra grinned.

“You want to finish your massage from yesterday?” Cassidy offered.

“No, no,” Terra sighed. “Not with all these guys around, anyways.”

“Well, we did Becca’s shoot while you were all off on your hike. It went really well,” Cassidy said.

“Oh, do you have pics already?” Cattie asked. Both of them were planning to participate, though I doubted they would be quite as intimate as Becca.

“No, we handed the memory card over to Becca since she’ll be the one editing and posting them,” I said.

“I got some really great shots though,” Cassidy said. “Super hot, super artsy.”

“Cool, can’t wait for my turn,” Terra said.

“You want a turn on the tube, little missy?” one of the guys said, wandering over from where he’d been talking with Ginnie.

“God, no,” Terra said. “With my luck, I’d face plant and have black eyes for the rest of our trip.”

Terra drew the guy away from the group, knowing we were the ‘anti-fun’ crowd at the moment, shooting us a knowing wink over her shoulder.

“God, she has a nice ass,” Cassidy said, watching Terra leave.

“Yup,” Cattie nodded. “I would eat a meal out of that ass crack.”

Both girls looked at me expectantly. “What?”

“Oh, come on,” Cassidy said. “Objectify our friends with us.”

“Fine,” I smirked. “She’s got such nice buns she should open a bakery.”

Both Cass and Cattie looked at each other, then burst out laughing at the same time.

“Too corny, Tiger,” Cass said.

“That was the closest thing to a Dad Joke pickup line I think I’ve ever heard,” Cattie giggled.

“Please tell me you have more.”

I sighed and started wracking my brain. “Let’s see...”

Chapter 62

“Cass, you’re falling asleep,” I said. The Dad Joke pickup line conversation had faded off and now, with the sun still beating down on the hot afternoon, my fiancée was drifting off.

“Mmm, just a little bit,” Cassidy said.

“How strong was that drink Heather made?” I asked.

Cattie, who was still sitting next to us with her feet up, sighed heavily and adjusted her own position. “She makes them way stronger than necessary.”

“I’m gonna go take a nap,” Cassidy mumbled. She shifted in my lap and kissed my cheek. “I’m sorry I didn’t stay Sober Cassidy for Sober Robbie.”

“Not your fault,” I smiled, giving her a squeeze. “You sipped that one drink for over an hour.”

“M’kay,” she said and then yawned. She got up and moved towards the stairs, and I stood up to make sure she wasn’t stumbling or going to fall. She made it fine, and I sat back down.

“Oh look, a free lap and hands,” Cattie grinned and moved her feet from the Adirondacks armrest to my lap.

I rolled my eyes but smiled, taking her feet in my hands and starting to massage them. It was funny how much closer I felt to her in the short time we’d been on the trip - before this week we’d been friends, but she’d been Cassidy’s best friend through their work. That meant there was a bit of a barrier, if only because I was the secondary aspect of the friendship.

“Look, I’m just gonna say it,” Cattie said. “You’re fucking good with your hands, Robbie, but I don’t get how you gave Leia an orgasm just from this.”

I snorted and gave her feet a tug, pulling her lower on her chair and towards me playfully. “I don’t think it had all that much to do with me. Her feet are just her erogenous zone or something. That and Cassidy’s dirty talk.”

“Now that would have been interesting to hear,” Cattie chuckled. She sat up a bit, looking around to see who was near us, before laying back again in her slouched position. “Speaking of dirty talk... any developments in her plan?”

I glanced around as well. Becca was over on the other boat's top deck, supervising the whole rowdy group of people swapping out on the boat and tubing. I understood her stress - we weren’t really her clients or anything, but if something went wrong on the trip she was the one in charge. She handled it well, or else I would have probably been feeling even more Big Brother-y than I already did.

No one was immediately near us, Wanda and Heels being the closest as that same college guy was chatting up Heels some more doggedly as they hung out in the pilot's cabin in the shade.

"There has," I admitted to Cattie. "I don't want to kiss and tell, though."

"Well, I know about kisses," Cattie smirked. "I was one of them, remember? You're a great kisser, by the way. Anything else though?" She lowered her sunglasses to look at me.

I sighed, still working her feet in my hands, pushing my thumbs into the soles. "Just between us?"

"Of course," she frowned.

"I mean Heather too," I said.

"Not my secrets to tell," Cattie promised.

"Then yes," I said. "I've, well, we've had a couple more... encounters."

"We?" Cattie asked in surprise. "Cassidy was there for both of them? Wait, when did you have time for two threesomes on this trip? It hasn't even been much longer than a day, and less since I found out I think."

"They weren't threesomes, really," I said. "The first one was late last night and was mostly just hand stuff. The second time was earlier today and was oral only."

Cattie narrowed her eyes, considering me as she quirked her pouted lips to the side. She was still wearing her bikini bottoms, which left her long, pale legs bare, and I started massaging up her ankles to her calves. "If it was late last night, that means you did something with someone on our boat," she said. "And since I know it wasn't me or Heather, and I doubt it was Terra or JC, that only leaves Wanda or Heels. And since we all went on that hike except for you, Cassidy and Becca then I have to assume the second one was our fearless leader. Did you go down on her, or her on you? She's fucking hot, honestly. Nice job."

She laughed as I must have gone flush. "No comment," I said.

"Good for you," Cattie said. "Stick to your morals. How did Cassidy take it?"

"Good, I think. I've tried to stay checked in with her," I said.

"And she's not pushing you, is she? How much did she get involved?" Cattie asked.

I squeezed Cattie's calf. "I had some worries about the same thing you are, I think. So far, she's only been hands-on with me; I don't think she's just doing this to try and get with women herself again. Honestly, I'm still- I still hurt, and I'm conflicted as hell about how I should be feeling at any moment, and I don't know if I should be trusting her but I do. If she wanted to she could have moved on from me years ago, but she didn't and she's trying her damndest."

"It's because she loves you," Cattie smiled sadly. "Fuck, I wish-"

"Cattie!" Heather called from the other boat. She was standing over near the pilot's cabin on the Single's boat, and when we both looked over she waved with a stern look on her face.

"Ah, shit," Cattie grunted but waved with a smile. "She's jealous."

"Why?" I asked. "Does she know about this morning?"

"No, and that's not something to be jealous of," Cattie said, pulling her legs from my hands and standing up with a sigh. "It's the kiss from last night. She thinks we're uneven now, even though she agreed she put me in that position. She wants me to spend more time with her but also knows she can't just dominate all of my time. She probably just noticed that Cassidy isn't here anymore. It's gonna take a bit to calm her down."

"Whatever you need," I said. "Could you just... do me a favour?"

"What's up?" she asked.

"Caaattiiiee," Heather called again, making it sing-songy, and Cattie waved again without looking, holding up a finger to tell her to hang on.

"Don't let Heather make you go topless around these guys if you don't want to," I said. "I don't like seeing you uncomfortable."

Cattie smiled, though it seemed a little sad, and patted my shoulder. "Deal," she said. Then she turned and walked off, and I watched her bum in those tight bikini bottoms for a moment, but she caught me as she looked back and lowered her sunglasses to wink at me. Then she diverted toward Wanda and Heels, slapped Wanda on the ass and whispered something to her before darting to the gangplank between the boats.

Chapter 63

Before Cattie had even made it over to Heather, Wanda had extricated herself from her conversation with Heels and one of the college guys and quickly walked over to me. She was still wearing those baggy athletic shorts, which I had to assume was to hide her ass from the random guys, along with her red bikini top and sunglasses.

“Hey there, sailor,” she said with a grin. She slid her butt onto the wide armrest of the Adirondack chair and leaned her elbows onto her knees and her chin in her palms.

“If I’m the sailor, does that make you the lady I’ve got back in port?” I asked.

She laughed, her grin flashing. “Maybe it does,” she said.

I reached up and took one of her arms, and she sat up as I began to massage her hand softly in both of mine. “What exactly did Wanda say to you to get you over here so fast?” I asked.

“She said that our favourite guy needed to be entertained,” Wanda said, and took her hand from mine and stood back up. “Sit forward. You keep putting those hands to work for someone else, now it’s my turn.”

I followed her orders and sat my butt forward on the chair, and she climbed up behind me and slid her legs under the arms so that I was sitting between her legs.

“Now lean back slowly,” she said, putting her hands on my shoulders. I could hear the smile in her voice as she guided me back until I was leaning back against her chest, the breasts pressed against me lightly as I stopped short of putting my actual weight on her. “There it is,” she said quietly in my ear and started kneading my neck.

“Mmgh,” I said, wincing as she found a knot quickly.

“Jesus, Robbie. You are tense as hell.”

“Yeah, I’m a little... stressed,” I admitted.

“Too bad we can’t take care of it in a more fun way,” she whispered in my ear.

I couldn’t help but smile at the implication.

“Now,” she continued as her fingers pressed higher up to my hairline. “What’s on your mind?”

“A lot,” I said.

“Do better than that,” she urged me. “I know you can. I have a hard enough time getting my husband to open up about his feelings. I’m not looking to enter the arena to drag yours out, too.”

“I’m a worrier,” I said. “Cassidy told you. I’ve got Older Sibling tendencies.”

“Who are you worried about?” she prodded. “I’m right here. Where’s Cassidy?”

“Taking a nap down in our room. I’m not worried about her right now,” I said.

“I hear a ‘But’ in there,” Wanda said. Her fingers moved up higher into my hair massaging the back of my scalp. “When do you worry about her?”

“Never,” I said. “At least, not before...”

“Before you found out she cheated,” Wanda finished for me.

I nodded, and she pushed her fingers higher and firmer along my scalp and through my hair.

“I’m still thinking about that,” she said. “Whether it’s a good idea if we do anything else.”

“I understand,” I said. “It’s a lot.”

“I’m not saying no,” she clarified. “God, Robbie, you and her together? You’re magnetic. I’d want to sleep with you either way, but I think I’ve gotten wet by accident more than a couple of times today thinking about last night.”

I reached back and patted her outer thigh. “I have to admit, I’ve been thinking about you as well.”

“Good,” Wanda said, her voice getting a little huskier as she whispered again. “Because if I do decide to do more, I hope you’ll be ready too.”

I closed my eyes and debated whether to tell her or not. The tipping point was knowing that secrets were what caused all the bad emotions in my situation to begin with. I had to tell her the truth, or things could turn worse instead of better. “I need to tell you something,” I said.

“Well that sounds ominous,” Wanda said. “Is it that you already got a blowjob from Becca and blew her mind when you ate her out?”

I twisted around to try and look at her, and she was grinning. “She told you?” I asked.

“I’ve known Becca a lot longer than you might think,” Wanda grinned. “We came up online around the same time and have roomed together for more than a few Cons over the years. We’ve never done a shoot together so most people don’t know about it.”

“Are you OK with...?”

“With Becca getting hers? Absolutely,” Wanda said. “I’ve been telling her for a while that she needs a good fuck to wipe out all the bad mojo her ex left. You are planning on fucking her, right?”

“We’re taking it... slow,” you said.

Wanda rolled her eyes. “Slow my ass. You’ve already hit first, second and third base on this trip. I’d put money on you rounding home plate by the end of the day.”

“That’s not what I’m trying to do,” I protested.

She glanced around, then leaned forward and gave me a soft, sweet and short kiss on the lips. “I know, Tiger,” she said, picking up Cassidy’s nickname for me. “That’s why I think I’m probably going to fall into bed with you as well. Now turn around so I can keep massaging you. If we keep going like this you’re going to be tenting those swim trunks of yours.”

I sighed and did as I was told, and she went back to massaging my scalp. “Now. If you’re not worried about me, and you’re not worried about Cassidy, who is it you’re worried about?” she asked.

“Everyone,” I said.

“That’s a big list, Robbie,” Wanda said. She trailed her fingers down my back and then up and under my shirt, softly scratching my back. As a massage it was completely ineffectual, but fuck did it feel good. “Planning on sleeping with everyone on this trip?”

“No,” I said, shaking my head. “It’s not like that. I just think some of the girls are a little more... cavalier in trusting than others are.”

“I think the word you were looking for is naive,” Wanda said. “And that’s true, but even Sherry is old enough to drink and old enough to make her own decisions. Plus she has her sister here to look out for her.”

“I didn’t say my worries were rational or reasonable,” I sighed.

“Heels might fuck that guy,” Wanda said. I could feel her chin resting against my back as her fingers travelled to my sides. “Is that something you worry about?”

“I mean, I don’t like the idea of anyone on the trip taking a risk like that,” I said. “We don’t know anything about these guys.”

“Well, some of us do. At least those of us who have bothered talking to them,” Wanda pointed out. “Robbie, you need to relax. Until someone asks for your help, then you can go ham wild if you want.”

I snorted and hung my head low as I grinned and tried to suppress my giggle.

“What?” she asked, then started laughing as well. “What?”

“It’s buck wild, or going ham,” I laughed. “I don’t even know why it’s making me laugh so hard.” I could stop giggling about it.

“Oh my God,” Wanda chuckled, shaking her head.

Chapter 64

Wanda was still working her fingernails along my back and sides under my shirt when Terra came back over from the Singles boat looking frustrated. She spotted Wanda and I and plopped herself down on the chair that Cattie had been sitting in before.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” Terra asked.

“I can see the storm clouds from back here,” Wanda said. It was obvious she was sitting behind me, but her sightline was blocked.

“Wait, is that Wanda?” Terra asked in surprise. “I thought it was Cassidy.”

“Cass went to take a nap,” I said. “Wanda is... I don’t want to call it massaging my back, because she is just sort of treating me like a cat scratch post.”

“Harrharrharr,” Wanda said, poking me with one finger. “You want me to stop?”

“No,” I said to her, then grinned sheepishly at Terra. “It feels pretty good.”

Terra sighed.

“Talk, or massage, or both?” I asked her.

Terra frowned and then rolled her eyes. “Talk,” she pouted.

“Did one of the guys do something?”

“No,” Terra said, shaking her head. “Well, not to me. They’ve just managed to steal my boyfriend.”

Wanda snorted behind me, and I managed to suppress it myself. “You didn’t seem so bothered by that earlier,” I said.

“That’s because I was happy that he was getting to have some fun,” Terra said. “I mean, realistically, I knew this wasn’t going to be the most exciting trip for him with only a couple of guys around, but he’s *really* Bro-ing it up right now.”

“Have you said anything to him?” I asked.

“See, that’s the thing,” Terra said. “I have! A half hour ago I asked him if he could come hang out with me, and he told me he was going to come up after one more trip on the speedboat.”

"I'm guessing it's been more than one more trip," Wanda said.

"Mhmm," Terra nodded. "I'm not begrudging him or anything, but honestly. I mean, I even told him I wanted to go down to our room and blow him, and that still didn't get him off the boat."

Now it was my turn to snort, and I coughed to try and hide it. Terra pursed her lips in a disapproving look, then returned the snort and grinned sheepishly.

"I was going to say he just got distracted," Wanda said, peeking around my side. "But that's just criminal negligence at that point. Though, if you really want some dick, you could always blow Robbie."

"It would serve Juan Carlos right," Terra said, eyeing me up playfully and then giggling.

"Hey now," I joked. "JC might think so, but I do not take blowjobs as a laughing matter. They are very serious business."

Terra was still laughing, and bit the inside corner of her lip as she sighed out her frustration. "I know I shouldn't be this annoyed with him," she said. "It's just one afternoon."

"Just sit him down and talk to him after the fact," Wanda suggested. "He's only an idiot if he can't figure it out in hindsight too."

"Fair," Terra said. Then she eyed me again and got a sly smile on her face. "Of course, if JC is busy, that means I need to find something else to do and our massage *did* get cut off early."

"Terra, I'm sorry, hold on," I said, interrupting her as I frowned and sat up higher, looking past her.

Zenya was over on the other boat, facing us and waving surreptitiously at us. When I cocked my head and she could tell I was looking at her, she made a weird face and pointed, using her body as a shield, over towards the back end of their top deck. I followed her direction and saw Leia was leaning on the back railing near the spiral stairs that would lead down to the rooms. Her pastel rainbow hair was pulled back in a short ponytail, and something about the way she was bracing her arms on the railing and the weird look on her face made me feel like she was mildly uncomfortable with the conversation she was having with one of the college guys. He was a tall dude, but slim like a runner, and was leaning against the railing next to her and not quite looming over her, but was definitely on the edge of her personal space.

I got up without a word to Terra or Wanda and started walking over to the other boat. Zenya met me at the plank between the boats. "Sorry, I don't know if it's anything," she said. "I wanted to interrupt, but wasn't sure--"

"It's fine," I said, rubbing her upper arm reassuringly for a moment, before moving past her. Leia saw me coming and focused on me, her face not changing but something in her eyes telling me that she wasn't OK, but she wasn't not OK either. It wasn't an emergency, I didn't need to deck the guy.

I'd seen the look plenty of times before, first back in college when a friend of Cassidy's needed an out from talking with a guy at a party or a club. Then at work in the Casino at various events where liquor was copious and guys got some liquid courage in them.

Leia's re-focus on me was caught by the guy, and he turned just as I was stepping up.

"Sorry, bud," I said, moving past him. I leaned down and picked Leia up, tossing her over my shoulder as she let out a laughing whoop of surprise and kicked her legs. I turned back to the guy. "I need to borrow my girl Leia here for a few minutes."

Leia kept laughing, grabbing onto my shirt to try and keep herself steady, as I walked her back over to the other boat. Half of the girls and college guys on deck spared us a glance and a laugh, and I saw Becca from across the length of the ship, her eyes darting from me and Leia to the guy I was leaving behind, doing quick calculations. I passed Zenya, who shot me a thankful look, and then followed me.

"Robbie!" Leia laughed, pulling at my shirt and still kicking her legs. Her wide hips and ass were pointed up in the air, and I playfully swatted the side of her thigh, which made her laugh more.

I wanted to walk right to the edge of the boat and toss her in the water and follow, but the speedboat was using the deep side to moor up every time it came back so the side I was walking us to was the side closer to the beach and much shallower. Instead, I walked us to the Pilot's Cabin and set Leia down, taking her hand and pulling her down the stairs. She followed willingly, Zenya close behind.

Chapter 65

I stopped down at the bottom of the spiral stairs on the lower porch of the houseboat, stepping across the small space to allow Leia and then Zenya to follow me.

Leia was dressed in a black halter bikini that showed off the floral tattoos on her left hip and thigh, while the top had a slightly gothy vibe with a webbing of black strings across a hole between the cleavage and up to the neck reminiscent of a corset. Zenya was on the opposite vibe, wearing a classic bright pastel pink bikini with a pair of ripped-up daisy dukes over the bottoms, and her vibrant red-maroon dyed hair loose in a wavy mane over one shoulder. Her bust required rather large cups for the top and unlike Heather, Zenya actually seemed to buy for her size so she was properly supported despite showing off some nice cleavage.

"I'm really hoping I was reading you right, Leia," I said, as I turned to the women. "If not, I-

"Nope, that was perfect," Leia said, stepping forward and pulling me into a quick hug. "Honestly, the guy was boring as hell, but he was starting to give off Nice Guy vibes."

"Oooh," Zenya made a face. "That's not good."

"Wait, what?" I asked. "What does 'Nice Guy vibes' mean?"

Leia, who stepped back a bit from me after the hug but kept her hand on my waist, made a thinking face. Zenya held up a hand to tell her not to worry, though. "I got this," she said. "Basically, women like bad boys and want to teach them to be good boys. We have a built-in desire to try and fix something we think is broken, but then we complain about just wanting to meet a 'nice guy' for once and not getting treated like garbage. But the 'Type of Guy' spectrum isn't a line, it's a graph. If the X axis is 'Niceness' and the Y axis is 'Attractiveness', then Bad Boys are high on attractive but low on nice. 'Nice Guys' aren't the opposite, they're the inverse - low attractiveness, and low niceness. It's an ironic name because no matter how hard they simp, when they hit a wall they all end up screaming 'I'm a nice guy, but-.'"

"Way to make a simple concept complicated, Zee," Leia rolled her eyes. "Basically, if someone has to tell you they are smart, they aren't that smart. If someone has to tell you how nice they are, they aren't that nice."

"Way to simplify a complicated concept, Leia," Zenya mocked her.

I chuckled and shook my head, wiping at my forehead. "OK, I think I get what both of you are saying. Cass has had to deal with enough weird messages on social media and stuff that I get the archetype. What was up with that guy up there though?"

Leia sighed. "Well, Francis up there was fine to talk to for a while, but then Ginnie decided she liked his buddy Vince enough that she brought him down to our room for some 'fun.'" She

air-quoted. "At that point I think Francis got it in his head that if Vince was getting some, then he was going to as well but didn't want to just come out and say that."

"Right," I said, and subconsciously cracked my knuckles. "So if you ladies want to stay down here, I'll go start getting those guys on the move."

"No! No," Leia said, grabbing onto my arm. "It's fine, Robbie. He was just shooting his shot and didn't pick up on my softer cues. There's no point in making a big deal out of it, you got me out of the conversation."

I blew out a breath and chewed on the inside of my cheek for a moment. "I hear you, but what if he just transitions to trying with someone else?" I was already feeling... annoyed wasn't the word, and definitely not jealous, that Ginnie was apparently hooking up with this Vince guy. I had no reason to feel the way I was - other than seeing her flash or walk around topless, and that one sexual TikTok, I hadn't had any strong interactions with Ginnie. Hell, she hadn't even been in the Marco Polo game the day before.

No matter how I felt about Ginnie though, and knowing I trusted most of the others to stand their ground if they didn't want something, there was still one girl at the party who I did worry about.

Sherry.

Cattie's younger sister seemed to be equal parts ditsy, entitled and naive, and she'd been following along with whatever Ginnie and Heather seemed to want to do. If Ginnie was hooking up and Sherry found out, how long would it take for Sherry to be in a locked bedroom with another guy? And Cattie was occupied with whatever game Heather was running to try and keep them together.

Zenya saw the look on my face and gave me a quirky frown. "The rest of the guys seemed pretty chill," she said.

"It only takes one idiot to make things go bad," I said. "Give the guy a few minutes before you come back up. I'll head up now and make sure he hasn't moved on to trying to proposition Sherry or something."

"OK, that's fair," Leia said. The look on her face said she hadn't been thinking about the younger woman, and my reminding her made her reconsider her stance. Then her expression changed to a playful one. "But first, I need to thank you for being an actual nice guy, and not a Nice Guy, and doing it without starting an issue."

"Well, you're wel-" she surprised me by going up on her tiptoes and kissing me, sliding her tongue into my mouth for one long moment. It was like the start of a great makeout session but ended as abruptly as it started. My hand had just fallen to her hip. "Wow," I said, a little breathless.

“Well, if we’re passing around thank yous,” Zenya said, then stepped up and pulled me down into a kiss of her own. She didn’t use her tongue - instead, she got my lower lip between hers and bit down on it lightly, pulling away with a smirk. “Thanks for reacting so fast when I was trying to get your attention.”

“You two didn’t need to do that,” I said, shaking my head and feeling a little light-headed after the two intense kisses. Both of them had pressed their bodies to mine as they kissed me.

“Heroes deserve rewards,” Leia laughed.

“And bigger rewards happen after every quest,” Zenya smirked. “Just think what the next reward will be!”

The sliding door leading into the living space inside opened up suddenly, making all three of us startle for a moment.

“Are you guys done making out or whatever out here?” Ami asked from the couch, her glasses still on and her book in her hand. She was still topless. “You’re blocking my good reading light.”

Chapter 66

I left Zenya and Leia to chat with Ami and went back up the stairs to the top deck. It was sort of a sensitive issue I was dealing with now that it wasn't an immediate emergency thing - I'd lost track of how many guys there were around.

When I reached back up top, Wanda and Terra were talking with Becca. It was weird knowing that Wanda and Becca both knew about what had happened between me and each of them, though I wondered at how much detail they had shared with the other. Wanda in particular had some... kinky wants that I couldn't quite imagine she would be openly sharing.

I approached, and Becca immediately turned to me. "Is Leia alright?"

"Yeah, it was just awkward, not anything really bad," I said. "She doesn't want the guys to get kicked out of here just because one of them was shooting his shot. Where's Sherry?"

"Still out on their boat with JC," Terra said.

"Alright, well it's starting to get on to dinner time anyways," Becca said. "That's an easy reason to break this party up. I didn't plan to feed a half dozen extra hungry guys."

"Someone is going to need to go get the guy that's in Ginnie's room," I said quietly. "Leia said that they went down to 'have fun' so I don't know what kind of hooking up they're doing."

Becca rolled her eyes. "Can you do that, and I'll wrangle these guys up here and get Sherry and JC back on board?"

"Sure," I said with a nod. Just what I wanted to be doing - interrupting an unknown sex act to kick the guy out.

"Thank you, Tiger," Becca said, squeezing my forearm and smiling sweetly at me.

I set off to head over to the Single's boat but only made it a single step before someone grabbed my ass. I jumped a little and turned, but all three of the girls started whistling and pretending they weren't paying attention to me while trying not to laugh. "Y'all just want me for my body," I grinned, wagging a finger at them. That made them break into giggles.

I skirted around the group gathered near the railing on the Single's Boat watching the coming and going of the speedboat. Cattie saw me and reached out a hand, looping her fingers in mine for a moment as I breezed by and we smiled at each other. For however pleasantly weird the Wanda and Becca situations were, this growing closeness with Cattie was like a warm blanket - delightfully comfortable and casual.

Down in the living area of the Single's Boat I didn't immediately hear a commotion, but as I moved through to the kitchen area and then back into the hallway I could hear muffled voices behind Leia and Ginnie's room door.

I knocked, and the voices cut off.

"What?" Ginnie called through the door.

"The guys are leaving," I said loudly.

There was a rush of movement, and the door opened and one of the guys was standing there holding his swim trunks over his junk. He was a big, muscled guy that I would have guessed was a football player and not a soccer player, and he had a sheepish look on his face. I just pointed back towards the living area and he scampered in that direction, trying to shake out his trunks to slip into them.

I glanced in the room and almost wished I hadn't for propriety's sake. Ginnie was lying belly down on the bed, her chin propped up on her fists as she looked at me with an unimpressed sigh. She was completely naked, her ass bare and pointed up as her feet slowly kicked in the air. Ginnie was a petite woman and her body had that cute, bubbly sort of look despite being fairly skinny.

"Sorry," I said.

"It's whatever," Ginnie said, rolling her eyes. "He had a quick trigger, I barely got his dick hard and he went off. I was trying to get him up again but he was taking forever. Fucking meathead was probably on steroids or something."

"Well, I'm still sorry," I chuckled.

"And I'm horny," she said. "You want to tag in?"

I dropped my jaw a bit at her super casual offer. There was a part of me, a vocal minority, that wanted to say yes. That wanted to mount her right there on the bed and show her why trying to hook up with that guy and not me was a poor decision in the first place.

"We're supposed to be having dinner soon," I said instead. "If you really need something, I could probably get you off quickest by hand."

Ginnie's eyes lit up. "Yeah? Do you mean like with Leia? Is that OK with your fiancée?"

"I know it would be," I said, stepping into the room. "Just stay right where you are." I closed the door and circled the bed, getting up on it on my knees. I slid my hands onto Ginnie's naked

back, gathering her long, curly hair in one hand and moving it to the side while sliding the other down to her bum, palming a cheek.

“Fuck, Leia wasn’t kidding,” Ginnie laughed nervously. “Your hands really do feel good.”

“Maybe you’re both just super horny,” I said and slid my two middle fingers down the cleft of Ginnie’s ass to her wet, warm pussy lips. She spread her legs wider for me and sucked in a breath. I couldn’t really even see anything of her, which made the whole situation even more strangely mechanical instead of sensuous or intimate. “I’d take my time usually,” I told her. “But we’re on a clock.”

“Do your thing,” Ginnie said.

I slid my two fingers into her. She wasn’t as tight as I’d been expecting, but then I wasn’t really sure what to expect. My sample size was three-strong before this, and each one was different. Ginnie was different in the same way - individualistic.

“Fuuuuck,” she moaned as I penetrated her with my fingers.

I grabbed a pillow from the head of the bed with my other hand and handed it to her. “Bite on it or scream into it,” I told her.

She bit it, pushing her face into it, and I started the finger fuck her. This wasn’t like with Wanda, where we were manipulating each other, drawing out our orgasms. What I was doing with Ginnie was crude. I ‘finger blasted’ her, as idiot jocks used to say in high school and college.

“Fuck, yes,” Ginnie gasped, her body rocking and her ass bouncing as she tried to push back at my hand. I pushed her head back down onto the pillow and she took it between her teeth again.

It didn’t take long. Maybe five total minutes of grunting and soft squishing sounds. I’d just been considering peeling one of her cute little butt cheeks to the side and starting to test at her asshole as well to see if that would push her over like it did with Wanda, but we didn’t need to get there. Ginnie started moaning louder, her toes curling in the air as her feet bounced along with her rocking body. Then she seized for a moment, like she was stretching the entire length of her body, before she oozed back down onto the bed.

“Mmmm, fuck,” Ginnie grunted. “That was just what I needed.”

I removed my fingers from her and patted her ass. “Happy to help,” I said. Helping her find the two pieces of her bikini required me to look under the bed, and then I borrowed her washroom to rinse my hand. We didn’t really speak all that much, and it was definitely the most awkward I’d felt during the last few encounters I’d had.

“Uh, thanks again,” Ginnie said as I stepped out of the washroom. She was just finishing adjusting her top over her cute tits.

“Happy to help,” I said, moving towards the door.

“Maybe next time I can return the favour?” she asked. The implied question was more important than the main one - she was asking if we were going to do this again.

“Depends what Cassidy thinks,” I said. “Speaking of whom, I need to go wake her up from her nap.”

“Go, go,” Ginnie shooed me away. “Take care of your girl. You already took care of me. Fastest orgasm I’ve ever had, maybe I’ll start calling you the Flash.”

“I think that’s the name you should be giving the other guy,” I said with a grin as I opened the door.

“True!” Ginnie laughed.

Chapter 67

I wasn't sure how I felt, walking through the hall and skipping the short gap between the porches of the lower deck between the houseboats. On the one hand, I'd given another woman an orgasm. Ginnie was attractive and more than willing, and wanted to do more with me. It was an ego boost to know I could do that.

On the other hand, it felt... cheap. Each of my encounters so far, even down to the kisses with Terra or Leia or Zenya, had all felt authentic and intimate and personal. What I'd just done didn't feel the same. Technically it wasn't that different from what I'd done with Wanda, but the situation didn't leave the same impression on me. Was it because I'd *seen*, or at least known, she'd been hooking up with someone else?

And what were these weird feelings I was having for all the women around me?

Back at our cabin, I stepped inside and Cassidy was still curled up under the covers, sleeping soundly. I climbed onto the bed behind her but didn't get under the covers, just spooning her softly. Before yesterday, this was all I'd needed. All I'd wanted. My best friend, my lover, my fiancée. I'd been... I didn't think 'blind' was the right word. I'd seen the repercussions of Cassidy's actions for years, the way she tortured herself mentally on a cyclical basis without any trigger that I could see. Before that, when she'd been cheating, I'd been in love with her. I'd trusted her fully and completely.

Was that the App, or was that just young love?

My parents had always said that love was easy, but a relationship was work. You could love someone and hate them at the same time but you couldn't hate the person you were in a relationship with. I'd taken that to heart from the moment I started dating Cassidy, putting in the work to try and be the best partner I could be. Working to forgive the smallest things as soon as I could, working to make her smile every moment possible. I'd been doing that on purpose.

I was *in* love with her. The App didn't force that, because I knew it was a choice I'd made. But with hindsight... I could see the flags. We spent a lot of time together during our senior year, but not like the other lovesick seniors around us. I'd already had a flourishing social life, and Cassidy stepped into my circle and others like a fish to water when she got out of her shell. She joined different clubs, and went out with her new friends. We studied together, but she also went and studied with her new friends without me. The same thing happened while she was in College. And in the summers... it had felt like we were never apart at the time. But I'd had a summer job and she hadn't that first one between high school and college, and then when we were in college I always seemed to be working more hours than her.

"Mmm, hey, Tiger," Cassidy mumbled, slowly waking up in the bed beside me and turning over to snuggle her face into my neck.

I was starting to see where, or when, the cheating had happened. And it still hurt, but I wasn't as mad as I had been. It hurt in my heart but not down into my guts, to the core of me.

So what was this thing going on with my head?

The App, if Cassidy was explaining it correctly, was a Multiplier for *her* relationships. It's what had messed with her head socially, trying to figure out who her real friends were. So why did everyone on this trip seem so sexually amped up and willing? Why was I feeling so... I still knew it wasn't jealousy, or possessiveness, but it was something in that category.

Wanda was married. Terra was with JC. Cattie was with Heather. I didn't even know the relationship status of the others explicitly. Except for Becca. The gorgeous, powerfully personable blonde was single and had told me directly she was interested if Cassidy and I were. And she'd proven it this afternoon, and that had been... well, it was more than fun.

But even with Becca, these feelings didn't make sense.

Was this how Cassidy had been feeling, as the App made things easier for her? Made seducing women feel natural and simple?

It was heady and cloying, the knowledge that I could pull Becca or Ginnie, or likely Wanda or Leia, or Ami or Zenya, into a room and they would let me...

"Jesus, fuck," I sighed, rolling onto my back.

"Robbie?" Cassidy said, starting to wake up.

"It's almost dinner," I said. "Time to wake up."

"OK, but something's wrong," she said, looking at me with a furrowed brow. "Is it us? Did I miss something?"

I closed my eyes and sighed again, then filled her in on what had happened with Wanda, then Leia, and then Ginnie. She stayed quiet, listening, shifting over to lay her chin on my shoulder as she watched me.

"We can stop, if you want to," she said quietly when I was finished telling her how I'd felt weird after the thing with Ginnie. "I don't want to push. Say the word and I'll apologize to the girls and explain to them that I was the one driving this, and what I did and that it's not their fault."

"No," I shook my head. "I-" I took a long, slow breath. "I'm just starting to wrap my head around how I think you probably felt, back then. You're right, it's a little addictive, feeling like these women are throwing themselves at me."

“See, that’s the thing, Tiger,” Cassidy said. “Our female friends have *always* thrown themselves at you. You just loved me so much and were such the perfect boyfriend that you were oblivious to it happening. It was another one of the many reasons I’ve always fucking loved you, and loathed myself for what I was doing. I’ve just given you permission to see it and act on it.”

I rolled and hugged her to me, and didn’t mention my suspicions that whether she wanted it to or not, the App might have been part of that too.

Chapter 68

By the time Cassidy and I were back up on deck the guys were gone. Cassidy had changed into a loose shirt tied up at the back with an elastic to make it more like a crop top, along with a pair of stretchy booty shorts and that same baseball cap she'd worn that morning. Looking around, I noticed that red solo cups and beer bottles were starting to pile up in the corners and left Cassidy with a soft kiss on her cheek to start cleaning up. I found a box of garbage bags in the cupboards under the bar in the Pilot's Cabin and soon Cassidy was helping me out.

We were nearly finished when Zenya and Leia came up from below to set up the tables. Both of the girls had changed as well, Leia having swapped to some loose grey sweatpants but with the fancy-ish halter bikini top with the lacings still on top, while Zenya had thrown on a summer dress that didn't show any cleavage but still accented her bust and hourglass waist. They smiled and quickly came over to Cassidy and started singing my praises, not letting me downplay my 'heroics.' Leia in particular took my hand in both of hers and went on her tiptoes again to kiss me on the cheek.

Cassidy just smiled along and winked at me when they weren't looking.

Becca and Ami had done most of the prep work, and apparently JC had been conscripted to do the barbecuing as he carried up a platter of sausages nestled in gluten-free buns. Soon everyone was making an appearance up on deck, and more beers were getting opened as people spread out in the hot early evening sun to eat and chat.

We were eating earlier than last night since the 'golden hour' was coming up again. Cattie ended up waving to Cassidy and I, but stuck with Heather and they ate with her sister. Sherry was looking worn out, and after the busy afternoon she'd had I could understand why. She was also looking particularly pink-skinned, and I hoped she hadn't gotten sunburned too badly for her sake.

Cassidy and I were joined at our chair by Ami, Zenya and Becca. After I checked in with Becca quickly, who thanked me quietly for heading off any problems that afternoon, the conversation was a revolving door of random topics. Somehow the fact that Ami had me take her boobs for a test squeeze came out, and soon Becca and Cassidy were getting test feels as well albeit through her shirt. Then Zenya swore that while they looked awesome, there was no way they could compete with real tits of equal proportion.

Soon the redhead was slipping her bra off from under her flowery sundress and Becca, Cassidy and I were doing side-by-side squeeze comparisons. Both Zenya and Ami had teasing grins, ribbing each other and jostling with their elbows like they were in an actual race. I noticed that they both had nipples that were getting hard when it was my turn to do the squeeze test. Ami's were larger and harder as she leaned into my hand a little more, but Zenya was right behind her.

Becca said she couldn't tell the difference, and Cassidy said she could feel the difference but couldn't decide which she liked more. That left me holding the bag to make the judgement call, and I just started shoving a sausage in my mouth and mumbled my answer through a mouthful of food and gesturing wildly like I was making an excellent point. All four of them started laughing and rolling their eyes.

Dinner cleanup went fast, with Becca rallying Ginnie, Sherry and Terra to help out.

"So what now?" I asked Cassidy. After eating she'd resumed her seat on my lap, laying with her legs out and cradling her stomach with both hands.

"I think I'm going to have a food baby," Cassidy groaned happily. "That's what."

"Is it a boy or a girl?" I asked playfully, putting my hand on her stomach as well.

"Not funny," Cassidy said, but then snorted out a laugh.

"What are we shooting this evening?" I asked her. She had a schedule worked up for every morning and evening shoot, but with the extra 'massage shoots' and her changing plans with Becca I wasn't sure what was next.

"Honestly, I kind of want to go nap again," Cassidy said. "But I think it's supposed to be Sabrina the Teenage Witch, with Cattie as Wednesday Adams." The Netflix Sabrina show had been out for a while, but it was a popular character and fairly simple to make work. Cassidy had already done a couple of variations of it, so packing the costume for the trip was easy.

"We should probably check that Cattie is still good for that," I said. "Heather's been really clingy, and I wouldn't be surprised if she was expecting Cattie to help her with her shoot."

"Uuuugh, you're right," Cassidy groaned, then slowly stood up. She turned to Ami, interrupting the conversation she and Zenya had been having. "Can you do me a favour and keep my seat warm?"

Ami lifted an eyebrow and then glanced at me, then back at Cassidy, then at Zenya.

"Hey, if you don't, I will," Zenya chuckled.

Ami shrugged and stood up, then sat on my lap.

"Hey," I laughed.

'Hey," she smiled.

“Good,” Cassidy nodded. “And don’t be afraid if you feel something poking you, it’s not a baseball bat it’s just his cock.”

Zenya almost choked on her own spit as she coughed at the shocked, scandalized look on Ami’s face while Cassidy grinned and winked, spinning and sauntering away to go check in with Cattie.

“Sorry about her,” I said, feeling the heat in my face. I wasn’t hard, but I was still self-conscious about making Ami feel uncomfortable.

“Don’t be,” Ami finally laughed. She wiggled back further against me and leaned to the side, throwing her arm around my shoulders and neck so I wasn’t just right behind her. “Your fiancée is kind of wild, you know that?”

“I do,” I said. “I love her, but God is she a little nutter sometimes.”

“Funny,” Zenya giggled. “I would have thought you would have been the nutter.”

It took Ami and I a long moment before we clued in on the innuendo, and we both groaned ‘Ooooooh,’ when we got it at the same time.

Chapter 69

Cassidy came back over from speaking with Cattie and Heather. She had an annoyed look on her face but was trying to keep a smile on. “Comfy?” she asked Ami.

“He’s a good pillow,” Ami laughed, patting my arm before shifting to get back up.

“Just move over a bit, we can share him,” Cassidy said, and soon I had Ami sitting on one side of my lap and Cassidy on the other with her legs up and over Ami’s.

“Don’t mind me, just busy getting crushed here,” I wheezed playfully.

“Death by hot chicks. My poor Tiger,” Cassidy chuckled and kissed me on the cheek.

“So what was the verdict?” I asked her. “Are we on schedule or pivoting?”

“Pivoting,” Cassidy sighed. “You were right, Heather is making doe eyes at Cattie to get her to help with her shoot. Apparently it’s going to be risqué, so they need to walk out further for some extra privacy and she doesn’t want to do it alone.”

“Sherry couldn’t help?” I asked. She was the newest to modelling on the trip so I had to assume she probably had the least plans out of everyone.

“From the looks I saw between them, Heather might be using some toys,” Cass said.

Ami coughed a little, hiding her embarrassment. “I just figured if you’re willing to put it up on the internet, why would it matter who helps you film it if they aren’t participating?”

“I don’t know,” Cass said. “It’s weird. I get having nerves and everything, but I don’t do nude or more so I don’t know the logistics of it all.” I knew what Cassidy didn’t want to reveal was Cattie’s issue of needing to demand to Heather that she wasn’t allowed to film with her sister in a compromising situation.

“So what are we doing?” I asked.

“I was thinking we hard pivot and you and I go on a hike,” Cassidy said. She was turned somewhat sideways on my lap, and she ran her fingers over my chest. “The rest of the photoshoots this week are all for work, so it would be nice if we just take some pictures for us and to send to our families.”

“That sounds good,” I said, hugging her close.

“Do you guys want me to come with?” Ami offered. “I don’t have all my Golden Hour spots filled, so I could come along and be your photographer.”

“That would be super nice,” Cassidy said. “But I was kind of hoping to make this date-ish? Not that we don’t appreciate the offer!”

“No, no. I get it,” Ami said. “If I had a guy like Robbie, I’d want alone time with him too in a beautiful place like this.”

“Aww, that’s sweet,” Cassidy smiled and took Ami’s hand. “Later on this week do you want a mini date with him? Robbie is the best at making you feel absolutely special, and I don’t mind one bit.”

Ami looked a little surprised. “Oh, um, I don’t know. Wouldn’t it be a little weird?”

“No, it’s fine. Hell, you’ve already let us both feel up your tits, you can even have a nice little makeout sesh to end the date.”

Ami flushed even darker this time, laughing through the awkwardness. “I told you guys already, I’m not that kind of woman.”

“Hey, your choice,” Cassidy said. “It’s a standing offer, OK? Just think about it.”

“Sure,” Ami said, rolling her eyes a bit. “I’ll think about going on a date with your fiance.”

“And making out with him,” Cassidy grinned and teased her.

The conversation shifted away from the weirdness of Cassidy trying to pimp me out, and the girls ended up snuggling on me a little more as we laughed and chatted. Ami was into a lot of the same anime stuff as Cassidy was, and Cassidy was fascinated by Ami’s stories of competing in Thai Chi competitions as a teen. She then had fun fawning over me being a competitive swimmer, talking me up to Ami, who put two and two together for why I’d been so good at Marco Polo the day before.

The sun started eking lower towards the horizon, so we ended up needing to get up to go start getting ready. Cassidy had to be the first one up since she was half on top of both of us, so she surprised Ami by kissing her on the cheek as she did. “Now kiss him,” Cass said with a chuckle. “I know you want to.”

“Cass, stop trying to force Ami to do something she isn’t comfortable with,” I said.

“I- don’t *not* want to,” Ami said shyly.

“Nice double negative,” I pointed out. “That also doesn’t mean you want to.”

“Fine, maybe I do want to,” Ami said, then held up a finger. “Just a friendly peck though.”

I smiled and then pursed my lips, and she gave me a soft, not-quite-quick peck. She turned to Cassidy. "There, happy? I kissed your fiancee."

"For now," Cassidy winked and then helped Ami up off of me so that I could stand as well.

Just as we were about to split apart I said, "Wait."

They both did, turning back to me. I pulled them both into a hug, and they wrapped their arms around me, but I surprised them by whispering down to them. "Ami, I'd be happy to be as affectionate with you as you want or need, but I'm not pushing you at all because I know you're looking for the right person, not just a person. Cassidy, you need to stop trying to push her."

Cassidy shifted in the hug, wrapping her arm around Ami's back more. "I got carried away," she said. "Ami, I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

Ami was quiet for a moment, then said, "Thanks." And she looked up at me and gave me another quick peck on the lips, and then kissed Cassidy on the forehead. "Honestly, everything in the last hour or whatever was really nice, but this is a lot more important to me than the flirting or the banter."

I squeezed them both a little more for emphasis, then broke up the hug. Ami gave us both a smile then skipped away, heading over to the Single's boat. Cassidy took my hand and looked up at me. "Sorry, Robbie," she said. "... I got carried away. I think she's super hot and extremely sweet, and I wanted to see you two together."

I sighed and pulled my fiancee into another hug. I didn't say anything, not sure what I was feeling.

Chapter 70

It was a bit of a shitshow getting all the girls to the beach. The whole rigamarole for the hike earlier hadn't been that bad - JC and I had carried most of them since the water on the shallow side went up to our stomachs, and they'd carried their shoes or boots. Now we had girls in costumes and outfits, full makeup, and bags of equipment. God, the bags of equipment. I was actually glad Cassidy and I were doing our hike; I might have had a heart attack carrying the thousands of dollars in cameras, lenses and various other necessities across the water like that.

It took almost twenty minutes to get everyone and everything across, and I made sure they all knew that they were going to need to get wet going back since we couldn't do the same thing for all of them in the dark. Seeing the issues, a few of the girls like Terra and Becca pivoted the shoots they were planning. Terra swapped to a swimsuit shoot using the beach and the lake, and Becca decided not to do a shoot at all and help some of the other girls get their own stuff done faster so they could get back to the boats before full dark.

Once most of the transportation was done, Cassidy was waiting for me as the last woman on the boats, and she climbed onto my shoulders while carrying a change of clothes and my boots. I walked her over to the beach, lifting her up and off of my shoulders and setting her down on the rocky sand. All of the other girls had spread out inland, except for Terra and JC who had gone farther down the beach to avoid the houseboats getting in the background of their shots, so I felt safe quickly stripping off my swim trunks and towelling myself dry. Cassidy watched with a small smirk and a twinkle in her eye, and then we both couldn't help but laugh as a loud wolf whistle echoed down the beach from the direction of JC and Terra. There was no way to know which of them had done it, but they were also far enough away that they couldn't have actually seen anything.

I put on the outfit Cassidy had picked for me, a decent pair of cargo shorts and a t-shirt she'd bought for me because she liked the fit over my chest and arms even though I always felt like it was a little too tight. I didn't say anything because I knew she only wanted me to wear it for the pictures, and I likely wouldn't wear it again for the rest of the week. A decent pair of socks and my hiking boots rounded out the outfit, other than Cass wetting her hands in the lake and playing with my hair a bit to get it 'the right kind of messy.'

The hike started nicely, as we carefully picked our way up the beach to the rocky terrain beyond, then worked our way around the various shoots while trying not to get behind anyone and ruin their photos. Once we were free, we walked a bit more hand in hand.

"This is a good spot," Cassidy stopped us. We'd just chatted lightly through the walk, commenting on the costumes the girls had and that sort of thing, and the tension had been building. Both of us knew something was between us that needed to be said.

"Sit up on that rock," I said and thumbed open the camera app on her phone. I adjusted some settings as she got herself situated, but she sighed and shook her head.

“Robbie, put it away,” she said. “Just... come here, please.”

I frowned, slipping her phone into my pocket, and went and stood in front of her. She was sitting up high a bit, her feet unable to reach the ground but her boulder perch putting her at least in the ballpark of being eye-to-eye with me. She reached out and held the arms of my shirt, and I rested my hands on her hips, standing close.

“Radical honesty, Robbie,” she said. “Please.” She was already starting to tear up a bit.

I closed my eyes, trying to figure out what I needed to say without it being hurtful. I didn't *want* to be hurtful. After two long breaths, I realized I had to just start talking to see what came out because processing it in my head wasn't working. “Cass, I love you,” I said. “But my head is a fucking mess right now. Half the time I can't get the fact that you betrayed me out of my mind, and I keep getting these stray thoughts realizing all the times I was blindly trusting you and how that must have been another time you were cheating on me. And it makes the love feel cheap, and disposable. And then I'm in the moment here, and these amazing, ridiculous things keep happening, and I know I'm going to end up having sex with these beautiful women and I feel lucky right up to the point I remember I'm not *lucky* because this is happening because of *that*. But, like I told you before, I think I'm starting to realize what you had to have felt like. Having women pay so much attention to you, to be willing to do things with you, to want to be with you and be touched by you... I can understand it. But it makes me worry like hell that if we keep opening this door farther, you're going to fall back into it. Because I think you already are, you're just doing it for me instead of for you.”

She was crying, silent tears beading and falling down her cheeks, as she listened to me and nodded. Her lower lip was quivering, and her fingers were hooked into my shirt sleeves like she was afraid I was going to rip away from her and run. “Is that so wrong?” she asked, her voice cracking. “Is it so wrong that I want you to get love from these gorgeous, sexy women? That the only thing I want in this entire world, other than to be yours, is to see you bring the joy you give me every day to someone else and have it reflected back at you?”

I was tearing up now as well, though I wasn't sure when it had started. Maybe when I went on my little rant. ‘It's not *wrong*, Cass,’ I said. “I just don't know if I'm OK with it because I'm angry with you, or because maybe it is alright, or if it's that App that's making me open to it. Because what's happening with all of these women... it's not normal, Cass. You said before that I'm just noticing how open they are with me because you gave me permission to, but that's not true. It's not just one or even two, Cassidy. I think the only women I haven't had some sort of moment with so far in the last two days are Heather and Sherry. And Heels, I guess. That's not... it's not normal, and I'm scared that you're using the App to make them do things they don't want to do.”

“I'll prove it to you,” Cassidy said. “I'll prove to you that everything I've done with the App so far is just a bonus, Robbie. Because I'm in love with you, not the perks, and I always have been, and I know that they aren't interested in you because of them either.”

“How, Cass?” I asked. “How are you going to do that?”

“I’ll turn them off. I’ll flip the switch on all of them, even the ones you don’t know about yet, for tonight so that you know anything that happens for the rest of tonight is all you and all them.”

I closed my eyes again, hanging my head as I took this in, and slowly nodded. “OK,” I said, pulling her phone out of my pocket and handing it to her. “Do it. Turn off all of them. I need to know.”

Chapter 71

Cassidy talked me through what she was doing, even though I couldn't see it on her phone. It looked to me like she was on Facebook Messenger and was playing with the settings. She went through the perks, turning each one off. No more memorable kisses, spectacular-tasting cum, or special massage hands. No more lucky accidents. Then she turned off the other two that I hadn't asked her about yet, offering to tell them to me. I was already feeling shitty about this conversation even though I knew it was a two-way street for the emotions going on, so I told her I didn't need her to tell me.

"But I do want to know what it says about the girls," I said.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "It's only going to tell us what they think of me, not you."

"I just want to know what you've been living with at your fingertips," I said. "I want to know what it would be like to see it in front of me."

"Alright, Tiger. Who first?"

"Becca," I said. We'd gone the furthest together so far, and Cassidy had been right there.

"Alright. Rebecca Jones. Asexual slash Bisexual. It gives me three scores. Affection score is like... how friendly they are with me. How much they like me platonically. For Becca that's a 54 right now, which is pretty high for someone I've only interacted with offline for a couple of days. And then it gives me a Love score, which is about romantic feelings. That's a 7. Love is usually the slowest one to raise, so I have to guess it's even that high because of the interaction between the three of us. The last one is Lust, which... honestly, it's the one that changes the most based on how horny someone is and if they're attracted to you or not, and is the only one that fluctuates down with frequency. Becca has a 47 Lust score right now, and I'd bet it's because we got cut off earlier."

"Does it tell you anything else?" I asked.

"Well, it gives me the option to see the highest suggested perks I could buy for her," she said.

"What are they?"

Cassidy tapped something. "It gives three suggestions. The first one is called 'Worry Knot,' which makes her feel more confident and worry less when she gets regular sexual interaction with someone she has a moderate or higher love score with. The second one is 'Fuck and Forget,' which looks like it's supposed to help her get over past traumas through repeating sexual encounters with someone she loves, though it's got a whole complicated explanation. And - uhm, the last one is 'Sister-Wife' and makes her immediately enthusiastic about sharing her love interest with me."

I was quiet for a moment, absorbing all of this. The first two seemed to be geared towards helping Becca overcome the negatives she felt, and even the requirement of sex with a loved one to do it didn't seem that horrible considering it was particular about it being with someone she loved. There was a world where what the App was doing would happen anyways - good sex could make you feel more confident about yourself. Caring, loving sex could help someone get over their traumas. But that last one... That last one was the dangerous one.

And it was also the one that sounded the most tempting, from a selfish position.

I could have Cassidy, and I could have Becca.

Fuck me, I thought. "Now Wanda," I said.

Cassidy manipulated her phone, and her eyes went wide. "Holy crap. OK. Wanda Berenson. Bisexual. Affection score 62, Love score 21, Lust score 68."

"She said she's still trying to decide if she wants to get involved with us again or not," I said. "I think she wants to, but she doesn't want to cause problems by jumping into our mess."

"Well, that makes sense," Cassidy said. "And I get the Lust score, and maybe even the really high Affection score after last night, and how much she seems to care about us, but I'm most surprised by the Love score. Twenty-one is *high* for someone we've known only this long, even if we have hooked up with her once."

I had a flitting thought but crushed it before it could even form coherently in my mind. Wanda was married and had an agreement with her husband. That was all it was.

"What about her suggestions?" I asked.

"Hmm. The first one is 'Supportive Family,' which makes the person's family much more likely to back their decisions, especially relating to their love and sex lives. The second one is 'The Glass Pussy' which makes her perfectly proportioned for the person she is having sex with - she didn't feel particularly loose last night, did she?"

"No," I shook my head. "I thought she felt tight on my fingers. Maybe she's got like... a shallow vagina though? That's a thing, I think. What's the last suggestion?"

"Sister-wife again," Cassidy said.

I gulped a little. That was dangerous.

I wanted to ask for more. To check out Cattie, and Ami. And Leia. I thought about Terra teasing me about giving me the blowjob she'd promised JC. Or Zenya and Ginnie, who flirted like hell.

But peering into the app was a massive temptation that I was wary of, and more than that it felt like an invasion of privacy. I'd just found out things about Becca and Wanda that I shouldn't have a hint at knowing. That should have been theirs to tell me if they wanted to and when they wanted to.

Then I had a thought. "Now do Heather," I said.

"Mmm," Cassidy nodded. "Good idea." She had to scroll for a moment, then stabbed her finger on the screen before reading. "Heather Adams. Lesbian. Affection score 12, Love score -1, Lust score 72. Fuck, she really doesn't like me that much but want's to fuck me pretty badly."

I grimaced. I had no idea about the numbers, but that was the read I'd gotten on Heather from the start of the trip. I could only assume my scores with her would be even lower.

"Do you want to know her suggested perks?" Cassidy asked.

"No," I shook my head. "Not right now. I don't even want to think about helping her out with anything, the way she acts."

Cassidy looked like she wanted to say something, but decided against it and instead shut down her phone and slipped it back into my pocket since she didn't have any. Then she pulled me into a hug. "I'm so sorry, Robbie."

"I know, baby. I know," I murmured back, hugging her hard.

Eventually I lifted her off the boulder and brought her back to her feet on the ground, and we did some more hiking along the smoothest path we could find, circling around where the houseboats were moored. We held hands when we weren't keeping our balance, and by the time the Golden Hour was coming to a close and everything was starting to get dim enough that it was hard to see, we hit the beach about a hundred yards down from the boats.

I stopped us and turned and took Cassidy's hands in mine as she looked up at me with a pensive expression. "Cass, this is all really hard to tackle and wrap my head around, but I still love you."

"I love you too, Tiger," she said, and let me pick her up to kiss her as she wrapped her legs around my torso and her arms around my shoulders. "I love you forever."

Chapter 72

Cassidy and I made it back to the houseboats, hand in hand, just as full dark was settling in. The girls got the party lights on the top decks running, and I ended up needing to help carry some girls back over. Leia in particular rode on my shoulders similar to how Cassidy had since she was all done up in another set of fake armour.

Once I helped her up onto the back porch of the boat she turned around while sitting on her butt and leaned down to me in the water, giving me a little friendly kiss. "Thanks, Tiger," she grinned.

"No problem, hon," I said with a smile, winking at her and then turning to head back to the shore. She hadn't made a face or anything, hadn't given me any sign that things had been different. And she'd still kissed me.

"Is that the toll?" Wanda asked me as I came back to the shore.

"Hmm?" I asked.

"We get a ride, and pay you with a kiss?" she clarified.

"I'm only accepting donations today," I said with a grin.

"Well, in that case maybe I want to donate more than a kiss," she grinned and bit her lip.

I shook my head. "You, blondie, are dangerous."

"So are you, Tiger," she laughed and winked.

I did help her, though she only needed me to carry her backpack of gear. Wanda had done a lingerie shoot by herself, and was traipsing around in a pretty bra and panty combo that covered more than some of the bikinis a couple of the girls had been wearing, so she swam back herself. She did end up getting me to help her climb up onto the porch though, and I ended up with a face full of her ass as she 'slipped' and smothered me for a moment.

"Oops," she smirked, pulling away and giving me that teasing smile of hers.

"Try it again and I might take a bite out of it," I teased her back.

"Mmmm," she hummed, raising her eyebrows suggestively.

Since Wanda was the last person needing some help to the boats, I returned to shore one more time and found my wet swimsuit that I had laid out on a rock over the hike. On my way back I noticed Becca hanging out on the Singles Boat back porch, so I swam passed the Couples boat to her and pulled myself up. "Hey. Everything good?"

“Yeah, for sure,” she said, and sat down next to me, dipping her feet in the lake. “I just wanted to make sure everyone got back OK, but it looks like you beat me to it.”

“Happy to help,” I said.

She glanced back over her shoulder into the Singles Boat living area and kitchen, but no one was there. Then she leaned over and gave me a kiss. “I had fun today,” she said.

“I did too,” I said. “A lot. I’m sorry we couldn’t continue.”

“I’m sure we’ll get a chance,” she grinned and then grabbed my cock through my wet shorts. “You know, I haven’t had sex in a long while. I might need more than one round next time.”

I was quickly getting hard as she fondled me, and I groaned a little in appreciation. “I would be more than happy to oblige,” I said. “We just need to find the right time when all the children aren’t underfoot.”

“Well, it’s not going to be tonight,” Becca said. “We’re doing a girls-only sleepover movie tonight, and I think I heard Heather say she wanted to do a couples game over on your boat. Which brings me to my next order of business - before people start settling down, we need to separate the boats for the night.”

“I can help with that,” I nodded.

“Great,” she said and then kissed me again. She started to stand, but I grabbed her hand in mine and stopped her.

“Becca, I just want you to know, I’m more than a little infatuated with you,” I admitted to her. “I’m really glad we met. You impress me almost as much as you turn me on.”

“Guess that means I need to step up my game to be more impressive,” she laughed, then leaned in while sitting on her knees and kissed me a third time. “I’m more than a little infatuated with you too, Robbie.”

She stood and offered me a hand to stand up, and we got to work unmooring the boats from each other. Cassidy came looking for me as I was just putting away the planks from between the boats and joined me in the Pilot’s Cabin as I turned the engine over.

“Hey, Tiger, just so you know Heather is planning a couples game downstairs,” Cassidy said.

“Becca mentioned she heard something like that was happening,” I said. “Do you want to play?”

"I think it's kind of expected we will," she said. "But I just- It's Heather. She's been boozing everyone up and keeps trying to get us all topless, and she's doing the submissive thing with Cattie. I wouldn't be surprised if she tries to manoeuvre some... let's call it Not Safe For Work *something* into whatever this game is. I just want to know what your hard boundaries are, so I can automatically shoot anything down that goes too far."

I started moving the boat forward, sliding it out from beside the other, and pulling into slightly deeper water. It gave me a couple minutes to think, and by the time I dropped anchor I turned and kissed her lightly as she sat on the counter. "Belly and up," I said. "Everything below the waist is mine, and you don't let anyone touch it or see it. Other girls other than Heather are fine to flirt with or touch above the waist if it's part of the game."

"What about JC?" she asked.

I frowned a little but shrugged. "Kissing only, no groping, but try and keep it friendly. Terra's already been kissing me so I feel like I can't just hard No or seem like an ass, but I don't like the idea of watching you with him in any way."

"OK," Cassidy nodded. "That's all fine with me. Are you sure about the girls, though?"

"I trust you with Cattie and Terra, and we've already gone pretty far with Wanda that any line I drew would feel silly. I'm not even sure where Heels would put her own line, but in a game I'm fine with it. Heather is the only one I don't want getting her hands on you, OK?"

"I love you," she said, and kissed my nose. "And I like you telling me my boundaries. It's hot. Is there anything you *do* want to see?"

"I don't even know what the game is," I said. "We might be worrying about nothing."

Chapter 73

“The game is Couples Truth or Lie,” Heather announced.

We’d all gotten changed by that time and had been summoned to the living area of the houseboat by Cattie. I’d changed back into my loose athletic shorts and a t-shirt, while Cassidy had put on a cute pair of striped bra and panties along with a long shirt that could double as a short dress that looked like a blood-spattered hockey jersey with Jason’s goalie mask on the front. She’d used it in a Halloween costume a couple of years before and it had made it into her regular rotation of nerdy lounging clothes. She’d pulled on a pair of tight black workout shorts underneath it, and had asked me how I’d like her to do her hair, and I’d suggested the cute half pony she did. She’d smiled and kissed me before preening herself in the mirror.

The coffee table in the living area had been moved aside, the interior lights had been dimmed and someone had hooked up a laptop to the TV so it would cycle through some sort of trippy screensaver. Cassidy and I had been directed to sit together, and now all the couples (and Wanda and Heels) were sitting on the floor forming a squared circle.

“The rules are easy,” Heather continued. “A couple spins the bottle and gets to ask an embarrassing question to the couple it lands on. You have to answer the question, but you don’t have to tell the truth. If you lie and someone calls you out, you need to do a penalty pulled from this bowl. Every time the bowl is empty, each couple puts in a new penalty dare. Any questions?”

“How does the game end?” Wanda asked. She was dressed in a crop top sweater and short workout leggings that ended about mid-thigh, and knee-high socks. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and the look was sporty-casual in an eclectic way.

“It ends when we want it to end,” Heather said. “No winners or losers. But we can add shots to the game if you guys want. Any time someone spins the bottle, you take a shot.”

“Let’s do that,” JC grinned.

There was a brief pause as shot glasses were found in the kitchen cupboards, and we all busted out the liquor we’d brought. I came back from our room with the vodka Cass had bought at the liquor store, along with cranberry juice. She grinned up at me happily and kissed the tips of my fingers as I sat back down on the floor next to her.

Once we were all back, Heather got each of the couples to write down a dare on a slip of paper, fold it and put it in the bowl. Then she knelt on the floor next to Cattie. Heather was wearing a yellow off-the-shoulder sundress that was actually very pretty on her, though she had on what looked like a stretchy grey athletic bra underneath it. “I’ll do the honours and spin first,” she said, then turned to Cattie. “Can you pour me a shot, babe?”

“Sure,” Cattie said. She’d put on a long-sleeved black and white checkered button-down with the buttons only done up to her cleavage, and a pair of ripped-up jean capris that looked like they belonged on a girl at a punk rock show - which was a good look on her. She was also wearing her black-rimmed glasses, which I’d only seen a few times over her friendship with Cassidy, with her hair down. She quickly poured a shot of tequila while Heather produced an empty wine bottle and dramatically brought it to the centre of the floor and gave it a spin. Before it stopped, she’d taken the shot from Cattie and downed it quickly, licking her lips as she swallowed it down.

The bottle landed in the general direction of Terra and JC.

“Hmmm,” Heather said, playing up her little ounce of power. “Let’s kick things off spicy, but not *too* spicy. No need to scare anyone away, right?” She laughed and winked at us, and I don’t even think she noticed that we only chuckled halfheartedly. “What’s the craziest place you two have had sex?”

“Oh, that’s easy,” Terra said. “His parent’s backyard during a 4th of July Barbeque. He was supposed to be checking the burgers on the grill, and instead we humped on the other side of the bushes. It had been three days we’d been sleeping in separate beds at their house and we were both horny as hell. I think we scared the rabbits that lived under the deck!”

That left us all laughing, and Terra reached for the bottle but JC stopped her. “Hold on, that’s a lie!”

I almost spit out my beer as JC called it on his wife.

“The time we fucked at the baseball game was definitely the craziest,” he continued. “We literally broke into the changing room and fucked on the benches.”

That brought on more laughter, and Terra dropped her jaw and punched him in the arm. “You’re not supposed to call Lie on your own team, Juan Carlos!”

“She’s right. Now you guys need to do a penalty!” Heather declared.

“Oh, shit,” JC said, facepalming his forehead hard.

Heather grabbed the bowl and held it out to them. Terra made JC reach in and pull one of the papers, and he handed it to her. “Go back to your room and switch clothes with your partner,” she read. “Ah, shit. Can we skip my bra? He’ll definitely wreck it.”

“That’s fine,” Cassidy giggled. “As long as he has to put on your underwear.”

“Who says I’m wearing underwear?” Terra laughed back, sticking out her tongue.

Terra had been wearing stretchy leggings and a clingy dress that highlighted her thin, athletic build, while JC had been dressed similarly to me in athletic shorts and a muscle shirt. The couple went back to their room and came back a few minutes later.

In my opinion, Terra looked pretty hot in guy's clothes. She'd used an elastic band to cinch the too-large athletic shorts around her waist, and the muscle shirt hung long enough on her to cover her ass, but the large arm holes were threatening to reveal her tiny chest with every move. JC, on the other hand, looked absolutely ridiculous. The dress, which I hoped was cheap, was stretched around his hairy chest to its limit and he'd tied it like a crop top at his abdomen with an elastic like Terra had his shirt. To be fair to him, he fit into the leggings even if they were stretched like crazy too, and they showed off every muscle including the awkward bulge of his dick. The real kicker was that he had the strings of a thong waistband riding high on his hips.

"Take it all in, ladies," he laughed as he strutted around, playing up the goofiness. Several of the women gave him some whistles and catcalls.

JC finally sat down and there was a loud ripping noise, which set everyone off again as Terra made him lean forward so that she could see that he'd split the seam of her pants and now half his ass was hanging out. She made him go spin the bottle as she poured him a shot.

It spun and spun and came to a halt pointing right at me and Cassidy.

Chapter 74

“Hmm, hmm, hmm,” JC hummed to himself. “What do you think, Terra?”

Terra bit her lip and narrowed her eyes as she studied me and Cassidy, and then leaned in to whisper in JC’s ear. He nodded along, snorting a little bit.

“Alright, Robbie, we want to know Cassidy’s bust measurements. And Cassidy, we want Robbie’s penis size.” He said ‘penis’ by emphasizing the P goofily, making everyone laugh.

“Well, the last time I bought Cass lingerie she was a 32 D,” I said.

“Hard or soft?” Cassidy asked back, to the laughter of everyone but Heather.

“Oh, definitely hard,” Terra said.

“Then he’s about...” Cassidy made a show of trying to judge her two fists stacked up on top of each other. “7 and a half inches when he’s nice and hard, but pushes to 8 when he’s really fucking horny and about to go off.”

This got even more laughter, and Cassidy grinned at me and kissed my cheek while patting my lap, which spawned another peel of giggles.

“Alright, alright,” I said. “Moving on.” Cass poured me a shot, just a splash of cranberry going in to flavour the vodka, while I spun the bottle.

It came around and landed on Wanda and Heels. I quickly took the shot, and Cassidy asked our question. “Let’s just get the obvious one out of the way - have you ladies ever hooked up before?”

Wanda barked a laugh, and Heels grinned. “Easy answer. Never have, never will.”

She immediately went to spin the bottle, but Heather held up a hand. “Wait! I call Lie. I don’t know about before, but Heels you *definitely* kissed Wanda last night in the kissing game.”

“Oooh,” we all said at her getting caught.

“God damn it, Heels!” Wanda said. “Did you forget that?”

“Oh, fuck,” she laughed. “I guess I did.”

“Wow, guess I made a real impression,” Wanda deadpanned, nudging her friend with her elbow.

“Penalty time,” Heather sang, handing over the bowl.

“Fine, fine,” Heels said, reaching in. She shuffled around the papers for a moment and pulled one out to read. “Spin the bottle to pick another couple. Both of them need to get kissed with tongue.”

“Wow, someone’s horny,” Wanda laughed. “Maybe you’ll land on us and we have to kiss each other and I can make a better impression our second go around!”

Heels spun the bottle and it landed on JC and Terra.

“Shot before kissing,” Heather said.

“What? That’s-” Heels started.

“You spun the bottle, you gotta take the shot,” Heather said.

“Oh, fine,” Heels sighed. She poured herself a shot of vodka and downed it, then looked to her partner. “You like kissing girls and I like kissing guys, so I’m taking JC.”

“Fine with me,” Wanda shrugged.

They both crawled across the little circle and each of them kissed the person they’d picked. I couldn’t see much, though Wanda did point her ass in my general direction. Once it was over Cattie asked, “Did they use tongue?”

“Yep,” Terra said, looking a little shocked at the kiss that had been planted on her.

Wanda took one for their team and did the next spin so Heels wouldn’t need to do another shot so quickly. It landed on Terra and JC, who answered the question of how they lost their virginity - JC was to a cheerleader his freshman year of college when he played on the varsity soccer team, while Terra said it was to an older guy she met the summer before she started college.

They spun Heather and Cattie, who had to describe what each other tasted like ‘down below.’ Heather said Cattie tasted a little sweet and salty, like a pear with salt on it, while Cattie said Heather tasted bitter but sweet, kind of like dark chocolate. I felt like I wanted to call Lie on that, but obviously couldn’t be sure, and Cattie ended up spinning the bottle.

She landed on Wanda and Heels, who had to say whether they spit, swallowed or took a facial. Heels admitted she liked a facial now and then because it made her feel slutty in a good way, which lined up with what Wanda had said about her the first day up on deck. Wanda said she preferred cum somewhere else on her body, but she swallowed only for the really special partners. She managed to do it without looking at me and Cassidy, but did once Heels spun the bottle and met my eye, winking at me.

Heels landed on Terra and JC again and asked if they did anal. JC immediately said yes with a grin, but I saw a look pass across Terra’s face for a split second. “Lie!” I called. “Terra, tell the truth!”

“We’ve tried it,” Terra sighed. “And JC wants it, but it wasn’t for me and we’ve never done it again.”

“With an ass like that, it’s almost a shame,” Heather said. “Maybe you just need the right lady to do it correctly for you.”

This got her some laughs, including a smirking one from JC. The bowl got passed down to them again, and this time Terra reached in and pulled out a slip for him to read. “Jesus, whose handwriting is this?” he asked. “This is awful. Um. ‘Make out with your partner like it’s the last time you’ll ever do it for a minute.’”

“Yeah, this is how I want our last big kiss,” Terra chortled. “With him in my dress and leggings.”

“Come here, you noodle,” JC laughed, pulling her to him and starting to kiss her. They rolled a couple of times as they made out, fighting for supremacy, and I got a flash through the armhole of Terra’s shirt. That was nice, but I also got several flashes of JC’s ass through the rip in the leggings.

“That’s gotta be a minute,” Wanda ended up saying, and we realized no one had been counting.

Terra got up off of JC, wiping her mouth with a big smirk, and sat back down. JC rolled over, making a show of panting like he was dying, before laughing and joining her.

Chapter 75

The game continued. Terra spun the bottle and it landed on themselves, which was ruled they had to spin again, so JC spun as well and they both took shots before it landed on me and Cassidy again.

“Best sex you’ve ever had,” Terra said.

“Hmm,” I thought. “Well, I know the time I think it is.”

Cassidy leaned in and whispered to me, “Are you thinking of the night you asked me to marry you?”

“Yeah,” I nodded.

“OK, definitely that one,” she grinned.

“Alright, so it was the night I asked Cassidy to marry me,” I started, but got cut off by Terra, Cattie, Wanda and Heels all cooing big ‘Awwwww’s. “Alright, alright, it’s cute. Anyways, I’d taken her to the nicest restaurant in the casino I work at and one of my buddies there knew what was going on and they treated us like the biggest high rollers. Then we went to see a Panic at the Disco concert, which is still one of Cass’s favourite bands, and I had a contact with the promoter and he got us backstage passes.”

“But I knew what he had planned,” Cassidy grinned. “I’d found the ring by accident the week before, and I had a feeling it was going to be that night, so I’d organized for a couple of his friends to go to our place and scatter rose petals everywhere and have a bunch of chocolate covered strawberries ready to go, and they left a playlist playing on our sound system that I’d planned. After the concert Robbie wanted to take a walk down the Vega strip, but I pretended to be feeling sick and called an Uber to meet us. When we got back and he saw the inside of our apartment he knew the jig was up, but I’d already gotten naked behind him and when he turned around I tackled him to the ground. We had sex... well, let’s just say I had to do some serious sanitizing in the living room, and the kitchen. And the guest room. And then we ended up in bed, feeding each other chocolate-covered strawberries, and he asked me and I said yes, and then we did anal.”

JC coughed hard at the last statement, and the girls other than Heather kept ‘Aww’ing and giggling in equal measure.

“Lie!” Cattie called, pointing at us accusingly even while she was laughing.

“What?” Cassidy asked. “How could that not be the best night?”

"You told me that the best sex you ever had was dressed up as Mary Jane Watson and Robbie was Spiderman, and that's why your nickname for him is still Tiger," Cattie said.

"Yeah, when did I tell you that though?" Cass asked.

"Like two- Oooh," Cattie said, facepalming. "That was before the engagement night."

"Yup," Cassidy chuckled. "So your accusation fails!"

"I think that should mean you and Heather need to do a penalty," Wanda said.

"Yeah, that seems fair," Heather grumbled, though it was good-naturedly. "There's only one left anyways." She pulled out the paper and read it out loud. "One of you must give a lap dance to the other."

"I think that one's on you, hon," Cattie said. "You're the one with all the moves."

"Fine," Heather said, though I could tell she was suppressing a grin. "Someone throw on a song with a good beat."

JC hopped up and ran to get his BlueTooth speaker from their room, and came back starting the song 'Crazy Bitch.'

"Not that song," Heather said, pointing at him. "Give me some hip hop."

"Alright, alright," JC said, trying to act innocent.

He picked something I didn't recognize, and Cattie sat down on a chair she'd gotten from the kitchen table in the middle of the group. Heather went to work. I wasn't really sure why she needed a beat, since she didn't really seem to actually be doing anything in time with the music, but one thing was clear - Heather knew how to give a lap dance. Despite her fake tits, and I suspected fake ass, she was a fit woman and I wondered if she had worked strip clubs earlier in her life. She could body roll like nobody's business, and she twisted and turned, bringing her ass and cleavage right up to Cattie's nose before pulling away. She ended the song sitting in Cattie's lap and took her girlfriend's hands and put them right on her tits on the last beat.

We all gave her applause, and for once I was actually feeling some goodwill towards her. Whatever else I felt, she seemed to like being sexy for Cattie, and she was good at it.

"Alright, everyone write down a new round of penalties," she ordered, and soon each of the couples had put a new one in the bowl.

Heather spun the bottle, not even flush from her exertions, and slammed another shot of tequila as it twisted and turned and landed on Wanda and Heels.

The game continued for a few rounds. Wanda told a quick story about her worst sexual experience, which happened right before she met her husband and included a swinger couple where the guy couldn't get it up, and the woman had smelled like a fish farm when she took off her leather pants. Then JC told a story about getting caught masturbating when he was home from college, and then Cattie told a story about walking in on her parents having sex in the hotel bathroom on their last family vacation.

Then she spun, and it landed on Cassidy and I. "Which of you was the last one to have an orgasm?"

"Me," I said, checking with Cassidy and she nodded.

"Gotta give some details or else it's too easy to lie," Heather prompted.

I wanted to say 'pass' but then remembered I could lie. "Well, we *did* go hiking by ourselves while you all were doing photoshoots."

"Lie!" Cattie said, almost the exact same way she had before. She knew about the encounter I'd had with Becca that afternoon, so I figured she must have been hedging her bets that Cassidy and I hadn't fucked out among the rocks.

I glanced at Cassidy and she shrugged with a grin. "Yeah, you got us."

Heather passed the bowl over, and I pulled the paper and handed it to Cassidy to read. "Jeez, this is a long one. Spin the bottle. One of the partners needs to play 2 Minutes in Heaven with one person from the other couple. Each of you needs to take one article of clothing off of the other, but when you come out your partner will need to take off the same piece you took from the other person."

"Who the hell came up with something so complicated?" Heels asked. "This game is supposed to be easy."

"Literally me, bitch," Wanda laughed.

I spun the bottle and took my obligatory shot, and it landed on JC and Terra.

"You go, Tiger," Cassidy urged me.

I stood up and gestured. "Well, who's joining me? JC?"

"You wanna go take off your pants with Robbie, babe?" Terra asked teasingly.

“Nope. Not happening,” JC laughed. He urged his girlfriend towards me. “Especially not when I’m looking as hot as I am in this dress.”

This brought on some guffaws from the others, and Terra stood and grabbed my hand, pulling me back towards the bedrooms.

Chapter 76

We ended up going into Terra and JC's room for the simple reason that Terra turned in there instead of mine and Cassidy's. I shut the door behind us and turned to her. "What am I taking off?" I asked her.

"Shirt, definitely," she said. "And no offence, it's purely to get my dress off of JC before it's permanently stretched out or gets ripped as well."

"Fair," I chuckled as I quickly pulled off my shirt.

"How about me?" she asked, giving me a look. "You could get me topless if you want."

"That's tempting as hell," I said. "The only thing stopping me is not wanting Cassidy down to her bra."

"I'll make you a deal," Terra said. "If you pick these shorts, I promise to make whatever kissing we do more than worth it."

"I don't know what that means, but sure," I said with a bit of a rueful smirk.

"Thank God," Terra sighed, and snapped the elastic band off of the waist and lowered the shorts. She had JC's boxers on underneath, which were actually hanging on to her hips and thighs fairly well. Then she undid the knot in the shirt, and it fell down over her much like how Cassidy was wearing her jersey shirt outside. "Now come here," she said and got up and stood on the bed so she was just a little taller than me.

I did, and she wrapped her arms around my neck and brought me in for a kiss.

"Mmm," she groaned happily into my lips. Then she surprised me by reaching down and taking my hands and sliding them up under her shirt.

I stopped kissing her, pulling back a touch while my hands were on her firm, fit stomach. "What about JC?" I asked. "You know what's going on with me and Cassidy, I don't want to do that to him. Kissing has been one thing, but this..."

"You're not a cheater," Terra said, pulling my hands higher. "He and I have a deal whenever we're on trips out of state. For jobs, for cons, even vacations. Together or apart. We can kiss, touch and be touched by anyone we want. And if we want more, we can go as far as oral and anal, but no vaginal sex. We rarely actually go very far since most girls don't want to do anal on a random hookup, and I'm not a big anal fan myself."

She brought my hands all the way up over her tiny tits, and I could feel her hard nipples and I instinctively started to roll them softly between my fingers. She hissed in a breath through her nose.

“Fuck, just kiss me while you do that, Robbie,” she said.

And I did, and for a long moment I slowly squeezed her chest and she fed me her tongue.

There was a loud chorus of people yelling ‘Time!’ from down the hall.

I broke away. “You’re sure this is fine?”

“More than,” she said, grinning sheepishly and wiping the corner of her mouth. “Damn, Robbie. There’s no way Cass calls you Tiger just because of the Spider-man story. You are an animal when it comes to sex. You kiss really well, and played with my tits just right.”

“Thanks,” I said. “You’re pretty amazing yourself.”

She led me back out of the room and into the hallway towards the group, though I took a moment to toss my shirt into my room.

I should have been happy to find out about Terra’s deal with JC. Even just a chance to have an oral encounter with her on the up and up should have been fun. But what she’d said was rattling in my mind.

Cassidy said she’d turned off the Perks. But Terra liked my kissing, and the way I used my hands.

Was that me, or was it the App? Had Cassidy actually turned the perks off? *Could* she?

The two of us got a couple of wolf whistles as we walked into the living area, me for my bare chest and Terra when lifted up the hem of JC’s shirt to show off the boxers on her athletic hips. JC had to take off the dress, and Cassidy slipped her stretchy booty shorts down from under her jersey shirt, then we all sat down and I spun the bottle while Cassidy poured me my shot.

Cattie looked at me with a grin as the bottle landed on her, though Heather looked a little put out for some reason.

Cassidy leaned in and whispered in my ear. “Did you have fun with Terra, or just changed clothes?”

“A little,” I whispered back. “I’ll tell you later. What are we asking?”

“Oh, I’ve already got a good one,” Cassidy said, and then kissed your cheek and turned to Cattie and Heather. “What’s your go-to kinky thing you like?”

“Well that’s easy,” Heather said. “I’m a top. I like to be in charge of my girls.”

“Does that mean you’re a sub, Cattie?” Wanda asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I’m actually more of a switch,” Cattie shrugged. “My kinky thing is more... Well, honestly, it’s more tame. I like it when my partner lets me explore them without shame.”

“Like just let you do what you want?” Heels asked. “Isn’t that the same as being dominant?”

“No, more like...” Cattie started to blush. “Like, for example, I’m not into feet, but I’d be into having my partner just lay there and let me do whatever I want with their feet. Suck their toes, lick their soles. Grind on them. But not them telling me to do it, I want to be the one deciding what kinky things to do.”

“That sounds kinda hot,” Terra said. “Like free access to try being weird and freaky.”

“That’s it,” Cattie nodded. “Free access.”

I agreed with Terra - it sounded hot as hell. And I could only wonder what sorts of things Cattie would want to explore. I also had to wonder if Heather let Cattie indulge herself like that, or any other kinks that Cattie might have, or if her being a ‘top’ was all that she could stand.

Chapter 77

Heather spun and took the shot, landing on Wanda and Heels. "Who on this trip do you think is the hottest and would want to hook up with?"

"Well, everyone is absolutely gorgeous, but-" Heels started, but got booed down for the hedging.

"Just answer the question," Terra called.

"Fine. Of the people on the trip, excluding the college boys from earlier, I really only have JC and Robbie to pick from since I'm straight. So both of them," Heels said.

"At the same time?" Cattie asked with a giggle.

"Hey, if it's on the table," Heels smirked. "Wouldn't be the first time I've been spit-roasted. And having two guys cum on your face at the same time is hot as fuck. It's even hotter when you can get them to let you get both their dicks in your mouth at the same time, though most guys get weird about their dicks touching."

"How many threesomes have you *had*?" Terra asked in surprise.

"That's a whole other question," Heels laughed, shaking her finger at her.

"How about you, Wanda?" Heather asked, and you wondered if she was going fishing for a compliment.

"That's easy for me, too," Wanda said. "Definitely Robbie and Cassidy. I'd happily be a sandwich in bed between you two any day. Those big hands of his, and Cassidy's now-legendary dirty talk at the same time got Leia off with just a foot massage. Imagine a whole night with them!"

This got Cattie, Terra and Heels chuckling, but I noticed Heather trying to poker-face her way through her disappointment. I didn't know what sort of game she was playing, but the look of determination that passed over her made me a little worried.

The game continued, and Cassidy and I both said we'd never stalked an ex - something Heels didn't know that neither of us had since we'd been together since high school. Then we asked Wanda and Heels their favourite porn categories, and Heels admitted to liking Hentai, and the weirder the better, while Wanda said she'd recently developed a liking for the 'wrestle and fuck' kinky videos, though she had a feeling it was a passing phase.

Terra and JC had to recreate the dirtiest texts they'd ever sent. JC just read his off his phone - it was to Terra, and described in long-winded detail how much he wanted to have sex with her. He explained it had been a drunk text while his friend was driving him home from the bar, and he'd sent it forgetting that Terra had been out of state for a job and couldn't even relieve his

horniness. Terra, blushing hard, admitted that she'd once told a guy in college that she wanted him to eat an entire meal from between her ass cheeks.

Then it was back to Heather and Cattie, who had to tell how they got each other turned on.

"Well, Heather's easy," Cattie smirked. "I just show her my boobs. Or my butt. Or I go anywhere near the bed. Honestly, I think a stiff breeze can make her horny."

Heather snorted and chuckled. "Fair. And honestly, the same is true for Cattie. I don't think I've ever made a move and she wasn't horny."

"Lie," Cassidy said.

"What? No, it isn't," Heather said.

"You sure about that?" Wanda asked, looking at Cattie.

"Yeah, um," Cattie said. "I mean, I get myself into it, but I'm not *a/ways* horny, babe."

Heather got this look on her face like her entire existence had been a lie for a moment.

"I think you broke her," I said.

"Babe? It's not like I don't enjoy all of our sex," Cattie said.

"No, no," Heather said, shaking her head. "It's- It's fine. I just didn't realise you were putting it on sometimes."

"I'm never 'putting it on,' it just takes me longer to get going sometimes. I always get there, babe," Cattie assured her.

"Well, I think we can move on by you two pulling your dare," Heels prompted them.

Cattie held the bowl for Heather, who pulled a slip and read off of it. "Go for a skinny dip together. When you come back in, all you can wear is your towel. I wrote this one."

"Oh my gosh," Cattie sighed with a waver of a chuckle in it. "Babe, this is why you don't go hard on the dares."

"Oh, it's not that bad," Heather said, standing up. She started to pull off her summery dress, and then released her tits from the grey athletic bra she was wearing. They fell out in a perfect boob drop - perfect enough that I could have probably made a GIF out of them. Heather's tits were bouncy and fake, but the most fascinating thing about them was how pale her areola were - they were almost invisible, her nipples pretty much the same colour as the rest of her and as big as

the tip of my pinky finger. She then shucked off her string thong, revealing her bare mound and outer lips between her legs. For all that I faulted Heather on her personality and even the size she'd gone for with her augmentations, I couldn't help but admit that she really took care of her body.

But, other than a few glances, I wasn't really that concerned about Heather because Cattie was getting naked as well. She was blushing just slightly as she stood next to her girlfriend and started stripping down, first unbuttoning her shirt and revealing her glorious breasts again. I'd seen them plenty by this point so I wasn't exactly surprised at how nice they were, and I had that feeling again of wanting to just bury my face in them. Then she worked her ripped-up jean capris over her ass and down her legs, and after a long moment of hesitation she peeled off her red panties.

Cattie had a small tuft of a bush, a patch of surprisingly dark blonde hair just over the smooth lips of her pussy. I'd never considered that Cattie was a natural blonde since her black, silky hair and dark black eyebrows suited her so well.

Cassidy let out a wolf whistle, which made her friend look over and grin shyly.

Heather grabbed Cattie's hand and pulled her towards the sliding door, and I watched their asses as they went outside and then jumped into the water. As they did their quick swim, Cassidy went and fetched their beach towels and handed them over when the two naked women climbed back up onto the porch. That long moment of water streaming down their bodies in the light from the living room illuminating them through the door made me wish I could take a picture.

Soon they were 'dry' and had the towels wrapped around their chests, just barely covering their asses and mounds, and both of them were careful when they moved to sit back down in the circle. Then Cattie's towel fell loose almost immediately, and she sighed and re-tied it more securely around her waist, giving up on not showing off her tits since we'd all seen them already.

Chapter 78

The game continued, and clothes started to drop while the questions remained naughty and teasing. JC and Terra admitted that they were card-carrying members of the Mile High club. Heather admitted she would be fine with fucking if someone offered her enough money, while Cattie wouldn't for any money. Cassidy and I admitted our guilty pleasures - I liked to watch the Bachelor to the point that I occasionally organized watch parties with some of my co-workers from the casino, while Cassidy admitted she liked to masturbate while sitting on top of the running laundry machine on a high spin cycle if I wasn't home. Everyone agreed mine was the guiltier of the pleasures.

Clothes continued to drop as well, and at a faster rate as dirtier and more personal questions were being asked and people were lying. Wanda and Heels were down to their bras and panties, while Cassidy and I had to go take off our underwear in our room and come back out. Cass had to sit on her knees after that, not wanting to flash her cooch.

The next bowl of dares pushed things even further. The first couple to pull one were Wanda and Heels, who had to spank each other five times. The fact that Wanda was looking at me with a smouldering little quirk on her brow and biting her lip when she received her spanks didn't help the situation in my shorts. Then Terra and JC had to grope each other under their clothes, and that left JC obviously hard beneath the very revealing stretch pants, and Terra started to develop a little wet spot in the crotch of the boxers.

Then Terra and JC ate another dare, and one of them had to perform oral on the other. This was a major escalation that didn't get hesitated over for a moment - Terra pulled down her pants and thong from JC's waist and took his dick in her mouth for about thirty seconds. It was probably about five or six inches and was uncut, and that was about all the time I wanted to spend looking at another man's dick. When she was done Terra tucked his hard cock back into those ruined stretchy pants, now even more obvious than before.

Then it was Cassidy and I who had to take the next dare when JC asked for our darkest fantasies and we both hesitated too long to make our answers believable. Cassidy read the slip.

"Spin the bottle. Both of you need to make out with one member of the other couple, and they need to tell you who is the better kisser."

Cass glanced to me, double-checking that I still wanted to go ahead with the boundaries that we'd set. There was a major part of me that wanted to shut things down right then and there - I didn't care in the slightest if Cass kissed Cattie or Wanda, or even Terra. And Heels would rather kiss me than Cass, so that wasn't a problem. But even though I'd thought it was hypocritical to deny JC the ability to kiss Cass, and it was especially so now that I'd had that brief moment of full on making out and groping with Terra in the room, I didn't want it. Scratch that, I was actively against the idea of it. Not to mention the way Heather had been acting, and the reverse effect from Heels - she would demand to be kissed by Cass.

Cassidy was mine.

And my fiancée saw the look in my eye, and she nodded. She knew what I was thinking, that I was changing my mind. And I saw her melt a little in that gaze, knowing that I was taking ownership of her again in this little way, in the way that she wanted.

Then she winked at me and reached forward and spun the bottle. It did one full turn, and a half turn, and ended up pointing right at Wanda and Heels.

“Booo,” Heather called. “That was so close to us.”

“If you want to kiss Robbie, you can go ahead and kiss him,” Cattie teased her girlfriend with a nudging elbow. “He’s really good.”

Heather made a face. “Ugh, gross,” she said. “I was definitely going to be the one kissing Cassidy.”

“So you want *me* to kiss Robbie again?” Cattie smirked.

Heather just gave Cattie a deadpan look.

“I don’t know if I can kiss anyone for the moment,” Cassidy piped in. She’d taken her shot, giving me another wink before she started acting more tipsy than she was. “I’m feeling a little queasy. You two can both kiss Robbie.”

“Fine by me,” Wanda said, and quickly crawled across the floor to me in her matching set of bra and panties. She practically tackled me to the floor, planting her lips on mine as she kissed me hard. And I couldn’t help but notice that she didn’t pull away in surprise that it felt different as she kissed me rapidly a few more times, even slipping her tongue between my lips a little.

She broke away, chuckling and beaming at me. I pulled her down into one last kiss, and trailed my lips up her cheek to whisper in her ear. “You look so hot in those undies,” I said.

“They’ll look even hotter on the floor of your room one of these days,” she whispered back into my own ear. Then she pulled away and looked at Heels. “Your turn.”

“Oh, poor me,” Heels chuckled, knee-walking over to take Wanda’s place without even letting me sit back up. Just as she bent down to kiss me, her ass pointing back towards the rest of the group, she looked over her shoulder at JC and Terra. “Just saying, this is a really fun position.” Then she winked at the couple, and dropped down to kiss me. It didn’t go nearly as long as with Wanda, though right at the end she did slip just a touch of tongue in as well.

“Not bad at all,” she grinned at me, patting my cheek.

Heels returned to her seat beside Wanda across the circle, and I was able to sit back up. Everyone still looked like they were having fun, laughing and smiling and sipping beers or wine coolers except for Cassidy, who was biting her lip as she grinned teasingly at me, and Heather who looked like she was on the losing team of a neck-in-neck game and wanted desperately to score another point.

But I had a burning question I needed to ask my fiancée because I wasn't entirely sure what the hell she was doing.

Chapter 79

The game continued and I ended up phasing out of it for a moment as Wanda and Heels were asking a question to JC and Terra so that I could whisper to Cassidy.

“What was that?” I asked her.

Cassidy got a little ‘I did something’ look on her face that, in the past, had usually meant she’d gone ahead with a purchase that was borderline for our budget but to our benefit. “I may have rigged it, just a little,” she said.

“How? You knew how to spin the bottle?” I asked.

“When you went to get our vodka after Heather explained the rules, I kind of maybe turned just one of your perks back on,” she admitted quietly. “One of the ones you didn’t know about.”

I gave her a look, and she covered it from the others by kissing me and then whispering in my ear. “It makes any game of chance lean in your favour. This game felt like too good an opportunity not to use it. I’m sorry if I betrayed your trust again, I just didn’t want something to happen that I knew you wouldn’t want. You were trying to be sweet and fair when we talked about boundaries, but I know you, Robbie. And I know that I’m only yours, and I’m giving you the right to be selfish.”

“Are you two backing out of the game, or just too horny to pay attention, you light-weights?” Heather interrupted us.

I took a breath, frustrated but also... understanding of what Cassidy had done. I needed to know more about this ‘games of chance’ perk, particularly since I worked in a casino; my job as an event coordinator rarely had me actually doing anything with the gambling directly, but occasionally I was obliged to sit in on a few hands or turns of one game or another when working with a client. The casino always covered those expenses, but if I went on a hot streak it would garner way too much attention and possibly cost me my job.

Her admission also made me accept, just that little bit more, that Cassidy was dead serious about what she’d asked me to do with her.

“We’re good to play,” I said, turning back to the group and silently putting my hand overtop of Cassidy’s on the floor to let her know I was with her. “Sorry, some of these stories keep reminding me of other things.”

JC and Terra had the bottle at the moment, JC taking the requisite shot and spinning. Everyone was starting to get a little trashed at this point, and I couldn’t help but think the game had to be ending sooner than later. And the bottle landed on Cattie and Heather.

"I've got a good one," Terra said. "If you two eventually get married, what's your wedding night sex look like?"

"Oh, I'm definitely making my bride know she's my bitch," Heather laughed.

Cattie made a face, and I immediately said, "Lie!"

Heather scoffed. "Yeah, no. We already told you our kinks. If Cattie and I tie the knot, our wedding night is going to be one for the record books." Then she looked at Cattie and saw the look on her girlfriend's face. "What? Really?"

"Babe, if we get married, we are *not* kicking off the rest of our lives like that," she said. "That would be toxic as hell for a partnership like marriage."

"Pwha?" Heather was practically stunlocked.

"Looks like Robbie called it," Wanda said. "And Cattie's right in my book, by the way. And I'm down for kinky sex."

"Whatever," Heather said, and turned to me. "You don't know anything about our relationship, you just took a guess."

There were so, so many things I wanted to reply with, but I bit them down. "Maybe," I said instead. "But I wasn't wrong. Rules are rules."

Heather rolled her eyes and motioned for Cattie to pull a slip from the bowl.

"Spin the bottle. You both need to twerk in the lap of one of the other couple, their choice," Cattie read out loud and laughed. "Honestly, I'm so bad at twerking this is going to be embarrassing."

Heather took the shot for the two of them, and then spun the bottle, and it landed on Cass and I.

"Oh, I think Robbie is *definitely* getting twerked on," Cassidy immediately said, pushing me towards the chair that Cattie had gotten her lap dance in earlier, to the laughter of most of the others.

Heather made a face. "Pass," she said.

"Oh, it's not that bad, Heather," Cattie said, a little happier than I think Heather liked.

"No, I mean pass, we're doing a different dare," Heather said. "I'm not bouncing my naked ass on him, and neither are you."

“What’s the big deal?” Wanda asked. “We’ve already seen you both naked, and the dare doesn’t say he can touch. If it’s just because you’re a lesbian, we can just let Cattie do it for both of you.”

“No fuckin’ way,” Heather said. “They already kissed last night, and I’ve barely done anything. We’ll both do it to Cassidy, I’m fine with that.”

“Sounds to me like someone is jealous,” JC said. He’d been doing more than his share of the shots for him and Terra and was probably the tipsiest of all of us and was slurring his words slightly. “Don’t hate the player, hate the game.”

“Babe, it’s fine,” Cattie said, putting a hand on Heather’s arm to try and calm her down. “We can just end the game here.”

“Or you guys can go to your room and we’ll keep playing,” Heels said. “We’re still having fun, and that makes it better odds for me not needing to lez out for a dare.”

“No, it’s my game,” Heather said. “That’s not fair.”

“What’s not fair?” I asked.

“Ugh, fine!” Heather said loudly. “Cattie can do it to Robbie, and I’ll do it to Cassidy.”

“Um, no?” Cassidy said. “That’s not the dare.”

Thus began a quick argument, mostly between the girls, as JC and I stayed out of it. If things seemed to be leaning into appeasing Heather I might have stepped in and put my own foot down, but between Terra, Wanda and Cattie all knowing what was going on between me and Cass, and Heels being a stickler for rules, Heather got talked down.

The end result was that Cattie came over and sat on my lap as I sat on the chair. She was still wearing the beach towel around her waist, and her ‘twerking’ lacked much enthusiasm and lasted all of five seconds so that she could try and appease Heather.

Cassidy tried to smooth things over, teasing her friend about her lack of skills and how maybe the girls should run a Twerk-shop class while on the trip to help Cattie learn. Cattie laughed along with this, agreeing it would be fun, and things started to move on. Except that I could see the frustration boiling behind Heather’s poker face.

A lot of things had been said in her arguments, and if it had been anyone else at all I probably would have just accepted she didn’t want it to happen and moved on. Except... this was her game, and she’d set the tone for it off the bat. *‘They already kissed last night, and I’ve barely done anything,’* she’d said.

‘I’ve barely done anything.’

Heather was actively trying to hook up with other girls on the trip. It's why she was liquoring people up, and trying to get the others to go topless, and starting these drinking and 'bonding' games.

I glanced at Cassidy when I realized it, and she cocked her head to the side a little seeing I wanted to tell her something. I bit my tongue and shrugged - this was going to be a bigger conversation than what I could say in a quick whisper.

Chapter 80

In any reasonable reality, we should have ended the game right there. Cassidy and I, and Terra and JC, could go back to our rooms happily, and Heather could go re-establish her dominance over Cattie or whatever she needed to do. The problem was, we were drunk. And we were horny from all the teasing questions and sights. And acts. And Heather was on her mission.

So we all wrote down more dares for the bowl and kept playing.

The first dare out of the new round went to Wanda and Heels. They had to both get naked and let us all do a body shot off of them. Heels was more embarrassed about it than Wanda was. Since we were each only doing one shot, I decided to do mine off of Wanda, slurping the shot out of her belly button - while I did it, I didn't miss her reaching down and brushing her fingers along my cock as she grinned at me.

I don't know why, but it stood out to me that Heather specifically chose to do her shot off of Heels. She wasn't the only woman to do so, but it was just another one of those things that I filed away in my head.

This also happened to be the first time I was seeing Heels naked - she was a skinny woman, and her warm sepia-brown skin gave way to dark umber nipples. She also had a small but controlled bush of curly black hair, cut to be hidden behind a bikini. Overall, she was sexy in a lithe sort of way, more by dint of being naked than any specific hotness.

Heather also ruled that, since they'd had to take their clothes off fully, they had to stay naked for the rest of the game. Wanda was tipsy enough that she didn't seem to mind, though Heels argued that wasn't part of the rules and ended up putting her panties back on, but nothing else. Seeing Wanda fully naked again was - well, it wasn't helping keep control of my own horniness, and I wondered if maybe, even without the perks, she'd be interested in joining Cassidy and I in our room for the night. She still hadn't directly said she was ready to keep going with us - it had only been that morning she'd said she needed time to decide - but almost every interaction with her since then had been leading in that direction.

Then Cassidy and I got caught out in a lie when Cassidy didn't want to admit our body counts. It wasn't Cattie, Wanda or Terra who called us on it, it was JC. He was even the one to ask the question in the first place, slurring as he was.

And the Dare we pulled made me want to call an end to the game. Things were still escalating, and quickly.

"One of you needs to orgasm," Cass read out loud. "Figure it out."

"Ooooh," several of the girls laughed.

“What do you think, Tiger?” Cassidy asked. “Want me to suck you until you pop?”

“It doesn’t say we have to do it here,” I said.

“Oh, boo,” Terra said. “I sucked JC right here.”

“Or you could not be a pussy, and you could eat out Cassidy,” Heather said. “Of course, that would require you to be able to get her off by eating her out.”

“Heather,” Cattie said warningly.

“No, you know what?” I asked. “She’s right. Cass, come sit on my face.”

No one had expected that answer, and several of the girls gave a whoop of excitement as I laid down and motioned for my fiancée to straddle my head. The thing was, this was an ‘out’ from what I was worried was going to happen. Cassidy kissed her fingers to her lips, then pressed them to mine, as she knee-walked herself over to my head, and then straddled me and lowered herself.

And no one saw an inch of her, because that long jersey she was wearing fell down her hips and completely enveloped my head.

Now, as the familiar smell of my fiancée’s horny pussy washed over me and I began to taste and tease her by touch and memory, I knew Cassidy was putting on a bit of a show for the others. I could almost feel more than hear her cooing happily as I started to tease her lips and clit. Her thighs were around my ears so it was hard to hear more than the muffled laughter and wordless comments from around the room.

I even went so far as to make my way up and nip at one of her butt cheeks, making her yelp for a moment and then start laughing as I buried my tongue back in her pussy.

Later, she’d tell me she just exaggerated the responses I was getting out of her anyways, grabbing her tits over the jersey and rolling her head from side to side. Not so big that she was obviously acting, but working herself up and giving the others a show. She also let me know that Wanda had started to play with herself, just a little bit with one finger, as she’d watched.

I pushed Cassidy over the edge of her orgasm in about seven minutes - not a huge one, but enough to be obvious that she wasn’t faking. When I sat back up and it was obvious my lower face was spattered with glistening lady excretions, I got a round of applause from everyone. Even Heather, though it was sarcastic.

The game progressed another couple of rounds of truths before everyone agreed it would be the last spin of the game. JC was fading quickly, having taken way more shots for Terra than

anyone else had, and Heels was yawning as well. Even Wanda had slipped her sweater back on, though she still lacked any sort of bottoms.

It was Heather and Cattie with the bottle, so Cattie did the spin and took the shot and it wobbled wildly around the circle before resting on Cassidy and I again.

Heather gave me one look, with a big smirk like she thought she'd gotten me trapped. "I want to know if you've ever cheated."

She asked it to me. She never looked at Cassidy. I knew what she was doing. She was trying to put a split in between me and my fiancée, just a little one for revenge, or competition, or whatever. I knew that if I said yes, she'd feel accomplished, and if I said no, she'd call liar and even if Cass trusted me completely she'd still have that little question in her mind of why Heather thought I was lying.

That would have been true of any regular relationship, probably. But Cassidy and I were anything but normal at this point.

"Pass," Cassidy said, answering the question. "We'll take the dare."

Chapter 81

“You can’t just pass,” Heather said, furrowing her brow. “Just answer yes or no.”

“I don’t think they need to,” Wanda said, sitting up and coming to our defence. “She asked for the dare, just give them the dare. It’s the same as lying.”

“I agree,” Terra said.

“Fuck, fine,” Heather scoffed. “But then I’m making the dare up since it’s the last one of the game and you’re bending the rules anyways.”

That sent red flags up immediately, but all the girls were agreeing that sounded fair. I could only assume that they hadn’t picked up on Heather’s growing competitive, predatory attitude.

“Good,” Heather said, pushing through. “Then Robbie, I dare you to let Cassidy spend the night with me and Cattie.”

“Excuse me?” I said. “That’s way not just a game thing.”

The others, including Cattie, all started talking in a jumble. Well, everyone but JC did since he’d fallen asleep next to Terra.

“I *bet* you then,” Heather yelled, holding up a hand. “I dare you to accept my bet. We’ll spin the bottle, and if it lands closer to me then Cassidy comes and spends the night with me and Cattie. If it lands closer to you, then Cattie will spend the night with you two.”

Cattie, I think, mirrored my own look of open-mouthed shock, and the rest of the room fell quiet at the suggestion.

“Heather,” I said, surprised at how calm my voice was when I felt like a chaotic hurricane was bouncing around in my chest. “I’m not taking that bet on principle for Cass *and* Cattie. That’s so fucking-”

“Wait!” Cassidy said. “Let me talk to him.”

I looked at Cassidy in surprise, and she grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet, walking me down into the hallway near the rooms.

“Cass, there is no way-” I started harshly, but she clapped a hand over my mouth and gave me a stern look.

“Robbie, listen to me for a minute,” Cass said. She waited until I nodded before continuing, and removed her hand from my mouth. “Thank you for being you, first off. If you’d accepted that bet you wouldn’t have been the man I love. But you’re going to take it.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because Heather is a bitch who is willing to *make* that kind of a bet, and we can get Cattie away from her for the night. Nothing needs to happen, she can just sleep in our bed with us if that’s all you and her want, but maybe just a little space will help her see what we’re seeing, or at least make it easier to talk to her about it.”

I took a deep breath.

“Plus,” she said. “She said you’re just spinning the bottle. That’s a game of chance, and the App has us covered. Hell, I wouldn’t be surprised if it was how it landed on us this turn anyways.”

I rubbed my eyes, trying to focus on the ridiculousness of all of this. “Cass, if there is any chance that we could lose, I need you to tell me because I’m not OK with you spending the night with them.”

“I know,” she said. “I am one hundred per cent certain. I’m yours, I always will be. If I wasn’t absolutely sure about this I wouldn’t suggest it.”

Then I got pushed over the edge, though it wasn’t by Cassidy.

“What’s the matter, Robbie?” Heather called from back in the living space. “You scared your girlfriend spends one night with a couple of women and forgets all about you?”

Cassidy’s eyes widened as she looked at the expression on my face. I’d only seen her give me the look she was giving me once before, and that had been two days ago before she’d told me about the App and her cheating the first time. She was afraid. Afraid of what she saw in my eyes, the rage that bubbled up all at once, for a split second.

I took Cassidy’s hand and led her back to the group, gritting my teeth to stop myself from lashing out at all. “If Cattie agrees to it, we’ll agree to it,” I said.

Cattie had an expression like a deer in the headlights, and I couldn’t tell if it was because of the bet, or what Heather had said, or anything else that might have been happening. And at that moment, I didn’t care.

Heather turned to Cattie and whispered to her, a long sentence that turned Cattie’s expression from in-shock to confusion, and a moment of deeper disturbance as she pulled away from Heather slightly. Then she steeled her face as she looked over at me and Cassidy. “I’m fine with it,” she said.

"I don't know about this," Wanda said, looking between us and Heather and Cattie. "This is weird."

"Says the woman sitting without any pants on and flashing her pussy to everyone," Heather pointed out.

Wanda seemed to realize that she was sitting cross-legged on the floor and blushed, readjusting to hide her privates.

"Who spins?" I asked.

"I will," Heather said. Part of me wanted to object in case she had a way of cheating, but the other part knew if she did it she couldn't accuse me of cheating either.

"Fine," I said. I went and stood directly across from Heather. "My side is the corner of the couch, to that edge of that side table."

Heather eyed the line I'd drawn, narrowing her eyes for a moment. "Not the couch," she said. "The corner of the room." She was edging my side a little smaller, but if the App was what I was relying on then I would trust it.

"Agreed," I said. "When you're ready, spin it."

Everyone in the room held their breath. Well, everyone except JC. Cassidy reached down and wrapped her fingers in mine and kissed my arm, trying to calm me down.

Heather picked up the wine bottle and pursed her lips as she looked at it as if it was the first time she'd touched it that night. She glanced from it to me and back, and then set it down in the middle of the floor. She took one last look at me and then spun the bottle.

It rattled and wobbled on the carpet of the houseboat living space, the soft tinkling of the glass on the carpet fibres seeming to draw out forever even though it only made a few rotations before it started to slow down.

It came to a stop.

Chapter 82

Heather stared at the bottle.

Well, to be fair, we were all staring at the bottle. And it was pointing perfectly, no questions possible, directly at me.

“Well...” Heels said, breaking the silence in the room.

“You actually had the balls to go through with it,” Heather said, forcing a smirk. “Honestly, I thought you’d back down. I mean, good for you I guess.”

Cattie stood up from her spot next to Heather.

“Where are you going?” Heather asked.

Cattie blinked. “I’m going to get the stuff I’ll need to spend the night in their room,” she said, a soft tension in her voice.

“What? No, this whole thing was just a big joke,” Heather said. “I mean, it was obvious, right? It was just a big game of chicken.” She stood up and went to reach for Cattie’s arm, but Cattie pulled away and started walking towards the hall.

“Cattie-” I started, but she blew right past me. Heather followed, scowling as she called for her to stop.

“Right...” Terra said, pursing her lips and blowing out slowly. “So we’re all in agreement that this is kind of fucked up, right?”

“Ya-huh,” Heels nodded.

“Robbie, you’re not actually going to hold her to that, right?” Wanda asked.

“No,” I said. “I just- Heather got under my skin. You saw, I didn’t want to make the bet.”

“Actually, we are,” Cassidy corrected. “Well, maybe not the way Heather might have been thinking at least. Cattie can come snuggle with us for the night, cause she’s pissed at Heather, and they can work it out tomorrow.”

“Honestly?” Wanda said. “If she’s down, I’d do more than snuggle with her. Heather was really fucked up at the end there.”

“Well, whatever happens, can someone help me get JC to our room?” Terra asked. “He’s out like a light.”

"I'll help," I nodded. The party quickly broke apart, and I helped Terra get JC's arms over our shoulders and walked him sideways down the hallway and dumped him on their bed. Terra gave me a smile and squeezed my arm, and then went on her tiptoes to give me a peck on the lips. We could both hear Cattie and Heather arguing with the door shut to their cabin across the hall.

"If I were you, I don't know what I would have done," Terra said.

I sighed. "I don't know what I *should* have done."

"Just- You and Cassidy seem like you're processing things OK right now," she said. "I think you need to make whatever happens tonight about Cattie, if she ends up leaving that room."

"Thanks, Terra," I nodded, and I pulled her into a hug.

She squeezed me back firmly, resting her head on my chest for a moment, then chuckled. "Too bad *my* boy is out cold. Looks like I'm playing solo tonight."

"I'm sure you could wake him up in a couple of hours," I said. "Maybe just get him hard and use him like a dildo?"

Terra snorted, which developed into a full chuckle. "Have a good night, Robbie."

"Good night, Terra," I grinned and gave her a peck on the cheek before leaving.

I went back to the living space, where Wanda and Cassidy were moving the furniture back into place. Wanda had pulled her panties back on, but her bra and shorts were still laying on the couch.

"I wonder if the other boat can hear them," Cassidy mused as Cattie and Heather kept shouting in their room.

"Nah, it's hard to tell what they're saying from here," Wanda said, finishing moving the coffee table back into place. Then she stood up and walked to me, rising up on her toes almost exactly as Terra just had, but instead of giving me a peck she wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me down for a firmer, longer kiss.

"What was that for?" I asked when we broke apart.

She took my hand and put it on her ass, and I instinctively gave her a little squeeze. "That," she said. "Was to tide me over. I was totally planning on sneaking over to your guy's room tonight for some more fun."

"So you decided you're OK to continue with us?" Cassidy asked.

“Definitely,” Wanda nodded, reaching over to Cassidy and pulling her close into a three-person hug. “I watched you guys together today and talked with both of you. The situation you’re in... it’s tough, but you’re both such good people, and really great together, that I think it’ll be fine. And honestly, I want to feel a bit of that right now.”

“You mean a bit of this?” Cassidy smirked, taking Wanda’s hand and putting it on the front of my shorts.

“That, and a bit more of this,” Wanda said, taking my hand that wasn’t on her ass and moving it under her cropped sweater to her bare tit.

“We should find time tomorrow,” Cassidy nodded. “I want to see him stretch out your pretty little pussy with his big, fat cock and hear you moaning his name.”

“Mmm, you fucking little tease,” Wanda laughed, squeezing my cock through my shorts and then separating. “I’m going to need to take a long shower now to get some personal time.”

“Think of us while you do,” Cassidy laughed and winked.

“Oh, I will,” Wanda promised. “And you should definitely fuck Cattie.”

“What?” I asked, a little surprised by the turn. “I thought you thought the bet was stupid.”

“Oh, it was,” Wanda said. “And if I didn’t think that you or Cass rigged it somehow, I’d think you were both insane doing that and probably would have cooled off on you. But I also know Cattie is your friend, and Heather’s been acting weird as hell, so I know why you did it. I’m just saying don’t skimp out - if Cattie is willing, you should give her the full show. I think she needs it.”

“I don’t know-” I started, but Cassidy spoke over me.

“We’ll take it under advisement, hon,” she said.

Wanda nodded, then sighed heavily and rubbed her pussy over her panties. “Alright, have a hot, steamy night you two,” she said.

I stepped forward and kissed her again, deep and long, on instinct. She happily accepted.

“Night, Wanda,” I said.

“Sweet orgasms,” Cassidy grinned.

Wanda left me and Cassidy in the living area. The shouting had gotten a little quieter but was still going on.

I sat down on the arm of the couch, running my hand through my hair, and Cassidy came to me and ran her fingers through my hair as well.

"It'll be fine, Robbie," she whispered.

"I just don't want to fuck things up for anyone else," I mumbled into my hands as I rubbed at my face.

"I know, Tiger. I know," she said. "Let's just wait and see what happens, but we should be ready in our room if Cattie does come to see us."

"OK," I nodded and stood and hugged her to me.

"And thanks for eating me out earlier," Cassidy said, and I could hear the small smile in her voice. "Maybe you can do that for Cattie, too."

Chapter 83

The shouting had stopped in Heather and Cattie's room, and Cassidy was already stripped down to her panties and getting under the covers when there was a knock at our door. I'd just been pulling off my shirt, and I looked over at Cass with a raised eyebrow. Maybe Wanda had decided to come over after all?

I was honestly a little surprised when I opened the door and Cattie was standing there in the hallway in a tight little black spaghetti strap top and black panties. Her makeup was done up more heavily than when she'd left the living room. She'd put on more eyeshadow and dark, wine-red lipstick.

"Cattie, I-"

"Robbie, I need you to let me in," she said quietly.

I opened the door further and let her come in. Cassidy was sitting up in the bed, her tits on display, and she stood up as her friend came into the room and looked like she wanted to go to hug her.

Cattie held up a hand to stop her, and she took my hand and led me to the bed. "Sit," she said. I did, and she turned and shut the door, then looked at both of us. She took a deep breath, her lips pressed together as she decided what she wanted to say. Everything in me wanted to fill that silence, to tell her I was sorry for agreeing to the bet. How I didn't expect her to fulfill the implied payment.

How much I wanted her to anyways.

But I knew that she wanted to be in charge right now. That she needed to take command for a minute. Cassidy noticed it too and came over and sat beside me quietly, then reached out and took Cattie's hand lightly in hers and gave her a look that was half compassion, and half encouragement.

"I'm not as mad at you two as I am at her," Cattie finally said. "And I wouldn't have come over here if it wasn't for the fact that you didn't want to take the bet to begin with, Robbie." She sighed heavily, closing her eyes as she picked her words carefully, trying to say exactly what she meant and was feeling. "I can understand that she pushed your buttons without realizing it. But Cassidy, you were telling him to bet. You *encouraged* him to risk reopening an already fresh wound you caused. I- I don't know how I can feel OK with that. If you had lost, Heather wouldn't have let it go. Even if you refused in the end, she would have been pressuring you all week. Putting Robbie through that is *unfair*, Cassidy. It's actually really fucking shitty of you."

"I know," Cassidy said. "Cattie, I know it was, *if* that was everything that was going on. But it wasn't, and Heather had been acting all bitchy and putting herself over you. And I didn't like

seeing or hearing you need to be *her* bitch all the time. So when I saw the chance to get you a night away from her, so you could be with us like this morning...”

“That still doesn’t justify the risk, Cass,” Cattie said. “You didn’t know who was going to win. And mine and Heather’s relationship is *our* relationship. I get to decide what I do in it, whether you agree with it or not.”

“I- I know,” Cassidy said. “I’m sorry. Robbie keeps telling me I need to give you space like that. I just don’t like seeing you not being yourself.”

“For what it’s worth,” I said. “It’s true, Cattie. I don’t like seeing the way you’ve been with her either. Or, I guess I don’t like the way she’s making you act even if you are agreeing to it. I just didn’t want to push into your relationship, especially when we had our own problems going on.”

Cattie closed her eyes again, thinking. She was tapping one heel softly on the ground and flicking one thumb over her forefinger. “I appreciate that you guys feel that way,” she said finally. “And I understand why. But that still doesn’t answer the part I’m angrier about. Cass, how could you do that to Robbie?”

“We cheated,” I said.

“What?” both girls said in surprise.

I had no idea what answer Cassidy was going to give, but I knew trying to broach the whole ‘there’s this magic app’ thing wasn’t going to go very far. “Well, we didn’t cheat. Cassidy just noticed that the floor wasn’t level. It tilted slightly towards the outside door, and the weight of the bottle meant that it would naturally point the head away from the lowest point since the bottom was heavier. And Heather was spinning it the same way every time, and it landed in the same general spot almost every time. When we came back, I was pissed and went to the highest point because of all the reasons I said before, but also because I just wanted to stick it to Heather, too.”

Cattie’s brow furrowed together, her jaw dropping a little bit as she parsed what I was saying. It was entirely bullshit, but it was just believable enough to make her stop and wonder. I felt terrible for not telling her the truth, but there was no way she would believe the truth and this still let her know the *motivation* behind the decision. She ended up taking a deep breath and nodded. “OK,” she said. “That’s... insane, but OK. You didn’t think you were taking a risk.”

“Are you OK?” I asked. “That’s what we’re most worried about, Cattie. If it makes you comfortable, I can sleep on the floor and you and Cass can share the bed. We’ll just have a quiet night, and Heather can just stew over what we might be doing all night.”

Cattie stepped forward, letting go of Cassidy’s hand and hugging me to her with both arms. Sitting as I was, I was in a perfect position for her to pull my face right into her tits as she did it

and I ended up with the side of my face in her bosom. A bosom, I noticed, that wasn't currently being supported by a bra. "Robbie, you're too nice for your own good."

"That's what I've been telling him," Cassidy said, squeezing my hand even though I couldn't see her.

Cattie took a half step back, still standing between my legs, and then she pulled off her top. Her big, pale breasts spilt out just inches from my face, bouncing happily, her nipples soft and inviting me to play with them. "What we're doing now is about two things," she said. "First, it's about letting Heather know she can't just ignore my feelings and teaching her a lesson. She should have learned that last night with the kissing game, but she pushed it further and now she needs to eat some shit for it. Play messy games, get messy prizes."

"You're sure?" I asked her.

"I am," Cattie nodded, and then she bent lower and kissed me on the lips. She tasted a little like liquorice, and I realized she must have used a breath mint or something while she was in her room. Her kiss was sweet but insistent, her tongue playing against mine almost immediately as she made it clear that she was very much sure. When she pulled away, she was smiling softly and I couldn't help but do the same, but quickly checked Cassidy's reaction.

My fiancée was grinning, biting the corner of her lip and obviously wanting us to continue. Cassidy was very into this.

"There's a second thing, though," Cattie said, drawing our attention back to her. "Cass, I love you like a sister. Hell, I might *like* you better than my own sister. And if this were happening naturally, and I was single, and you two weren't going through what you were... Well, I think we'd have a lot of fun. But tonight, you're not participating. You need to sit back and watch, and you're not allowed to even touch yourself as someone else gets what's supposed to be only yours. Because Robbie is *supposed* to be yours, and for this to happen I need you to know what that means."

Cassidy nodded, though I could see the sadness in her eyes. It wasn't jealousy, or anger that she was being excluded or told what to do. It was that deep, deep regret she'd shown over what she'd done.

She knew what she'd done, and the damage she'd caused between us.

Chapter 84

“That’s fine,” Cassidy nodded, and stood up and threw on a sweater. “Give me a second, I’m going to go get a chair so I’m not on the bed and getting in the way.”

She slipped out of the room, leaving me with a mostly-naked Cattie.

“I’m sure,” Cattie said, giving me a little smile and pre-empting my question.

“OK,” I acknowledged, trying to stick it in my head that I didn’t need to ask her again. “I just- I appreciate you a hell of a lot, Catherine.”

Her smile broadened a bit as I used her full first name. I don’t know if I’d ever done it before, but it felt right in the moment. She leaned down and kissed me, softer than before, then sat on my lap and kissed me again, her bare breast pushing against my chest as Cassidy returned with a chair from the kitchen and set it down, shutting the door.

“So how do you want me?” Cattie asked me. “It’s been a long while since I’ve been with a guy.”

“I think I want what you want,” I said. “Seriously, Cattie. You and Heather are in this dominant-submissive thing, but the way you talked about it this morning... do you even like it?”

“I like... parts of it. Bits of it,” she admitted. “But I like my turn to be on top, too.”

“OK,” I said, and kissed her again. God, kissing her was this weird thrill. It felt wrong and right in a way I hadn’t felt with any of the other women on the trip. Kissing Wanda was pure sexual tension. Kissing Becca was like kissing Cassidy for those first couple of weeks of our relationship back in high school. Kissing Terra was like a little sip of water in a desert, this hope of something that doesn’t feel like it should be. Kissing Leia, and Ami, and Zenya were all different as well, though with them it didn’t feel as deep or complicated. They were all beautiful and desirable, but kissing Cattie...

“Honesty time,” I said. “Your fantasy you described during the game - are you only interested in something like that with a woman, or would you want to do that with me? I can totally understand if you’d want that with a woman but not a guy since we’re not exactly the same when it comes to sexual attractiveness.”

“I-” Cattie started, then stopped and cocked her head to the side, looking at me as her eyes got a little teary. “Robbie, I can’t believe I’m just realizing this, but after the last couple of days I think I trust you enough to indulge myself in being weird if you’re willing to trust me too.”

I kissed her, holding her softly in my arms. “I do,” I said. “Just tell me how you want me.”

She bit the inside of her cheek, then glanced back at Cassidy.

“Do it, babe,” Cassidy encouraged her. “Robbie and I both love and trust you.”

She turned back to me. “Can you get naked all the way and lay flat on the bed?”

“Anything for you,” I said and kissed her nose. She stood up and I quickly dropped my shorts and scooted up onto the bed fully. My cock was already half-chubbed and started to grow firmer as Cattie stripped off her panties and got entirely naked with me. She crawled up on the bed, not between my legs but to the side, and I watched her with a smile as she did it.

Cattie got up near the head of the bed and laid down perpendicular to me, her head hovering just over mine. “Hey,” she said softly with a smile.

“Hi,” I replied.

She kissed me. Softly. Tentatively. Like we hadn't been doing just that thing moments ago. The kiss changed and morphed. She tried different things, testing how our lips matched together. How it felt with our noses pressed to one side or the other. She shifted around my body, kissing me from the other side. At the same time, she ran her fingers through my hair, both on my head and on my chest. Her fingers curled in it as she played with it. The kissing stopped and she just rested her forehead on mine, her eyes closed as our breath started to match and mingle, noses side by side.

It was an intimate moment with barely any contact between us.

Then she was kissing me again, trailing it down my jaw and neck to my collarbone, to my shoulder, and down my arm. She stayed there for a long moment. I wasn't especially bulky and muscled, but I was fit. I'd maintained a level of athleticism since my swimmer days and hadn't gotten soft like some of my old teammates. She explored my muscles, kissing my arm. Kissing the inside of my elbow. Then she licked my arm and glanced up to see what my reaction was. I just smiled and nodded. That made her smile in return, the moment of self-consciousness passing. She kissed further down my arm to the palm of my hand, and she lifted it off the bed as she sat cross-legged.

“You've got such big hands,” she murmured, examining my hand up close, weaving her fingers between mine. “I guess what they say is true, big hands and big feet mean one thing.”

“Big gloves and shoes,” I finished for her.

She rolled her eyes and kissed my palm, then nuzzled her cheek against it. “I was thinking of that big cock, but I guess that's two things,” she grinned.

She explored my hand for a while, kissing the front and back, sucking on my fingers and thumb as she watched my reaction. Then she brought my hand down to her breasts and softly grazed her nipples with my knuckles.

“Make a fist,” she requested, her voice getting a little lower and husky.

I did, and she lowered my hand down to the bed as if it were a precious object. She placed it fingers down and knuckles up. Then she shifted, moving from her sitting position to her knees, straddling my hand.

Cattie’s breasts were fantastic, but I’d now been looking at them for a bit. Cattie’s vagina, however, was new to me. It was pale, like the rest of her, with a soft pink flush to it. She had a somewhat prominent clit hood from this angle, and as I watched, Cattie slowly lowered her hips until her warm pussy was pressed to the back of my fist.

“Mmm,” she hummed happily. “I just want to try...”

She started grinding her hips, pressing her lips against my hand, breathing deeply as she played with herself, using my hand like a- well, I wasn’t penetrating her or vibrating, so I wasn’t really sure what sex toy to call myself at that moment.

Then Cattie lowered her body, still grinding on my knuckles in a sort of frog-like position until her face was right next to my cock, her chin resting on my hip bone. She glanced up at me, smiling softly, and pouted her lips forward and shifted, kissing the side of my shaft as her nose brushed just to the side of it.

“Fuck,” I breathed out softly. This woman knew how to tease like no other.

Chapter 85

Cattie continued to explore me. She slowly, methodically, explored my cock and pubic bone with her lips and fingertips. She moved around me, raising her pussy from my hand and leaving a smear of wetness there. As she moved I looked over at Cassidy, sitting on a chair at the end of the bed and watching the two of us with rapt attention. She was fully dressed, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees, her hands under her chin, and I realized she wasn't watching *us*. She was watching me.

Not Cattie. Not the beautiful, naked woman in bed with me. Me.

She smiled, then broke into a full grin, as I made eye contact with her, but she didn't say anything.

Cattie's travels around my cock eventually led her up to the head, which she began to tease with her lips and the tip of her tongue. She traced the ridge of my glans and started watching for my reaction again, her eyes trained on mine. I had to take deep breaths to keep from wanting to grab her and get her, any part of her, on my cock fully instead of dancing around it.

Then as my cock flexed involuntarily, a little bead of precum oozed out of the tip and pooled there.

"That's so fucking hot," Cattie murmured, looking at it like she'd just discovered a new universe on the tip of my dick. She touched it, just the liquid, with the tip of her finger, like she was testing the viscosity. Then she touched it with the tip of her tongue, tasting it, savouring it for a moment, and then she kissed it away. Then she did something I really wasn't expecting, something I'd done to Cassidy, and much more recently Becca, and never really thought how weirdly intimate it was. Cattie put her fingers on either side of my cock head and she gently pulled the hole open just to look at what was inside.

It took everything I had not to move, not to giggle or jerk away or anything. I'd looked at the inner bits of two women, and with any luck I'd probably want to do the same thing with Cattie herself. I'd want to peel her open and taste her. So why should I stop her from doing the same?

She got enough, though there wasn't all that much to see, and slid lower as she let go of my cock head and began to explore my sack. I couldn't see as much of what she was doing, but I could definitely feel it - she really didn't hold back. I think my nuts got explored more thoroughly by her than Cassidy and I combined. And that was just with her fingers, because then she did it all again with her mouth. By the time she was finished, another thick bead of precum was at the tip of my cock and she raised herself up, kissing that away as well.

"Having fun?" she asked me, sliding up my body and laying next to me again, running her fingers through my chest hair.

“You definitely know how to get a guy going,” I said. “More importantly, are you having fun?”

She nodded, smiling contentedly. “Mhmm. Thanks for letting me do that.”

“Are you done?” I asked.

“If we ever find ourselves in this position again, maybe I’ll try something else,” she said. “But right now your cock looks like I’ve teased it enough, and I’m starting to get really fucking horny. Feel.” She took my hand in hers and raised them to her breasts. Her nipples were hard pebbles, and I softly began to massage them as she closed her eyes and breathed deeply, absorbing the feeling. “You’re good at that,” she said.

“I’m well trained,” I said. “Also housebroken and I can do tricks.”

That made her chuckle. “What kind of tricks?” she asked.

“You sure you’re ready to move on?” I asked.

“I am,” she said. I was still massaging her tits, and she lowered her hand from my chest to my cock, wrapping her fingers around the base.

“Then my first trick is I’d like to get between your legs and make sure you’re good and horny, Catherine,” I said.

“Robbie, I’m in a lesbian relationship,” she said and kissed my chin. “Do me a favour and just make sure I’m well lubed up. I can get all the oral I want. I don’t exactly have access to a real live cock, let alone one as fine as yours.”

I laughed. “Deal,” I said.

Now it was my turn to move around her. Cattie rolled onto her back and I kissed down her body quickly, stopping only briefly to tease her nipples with some soft kisses, and she allowed me to open her legs. I wanted to spend my time down here. Hell, I wanted to spend hours down here. Looking up at Cattie from between her legs, and around her tits, I thought she was as gorgeous as could be. I wanted to tease and taste every part of her, really, and that made me wonder if I could do the same thing to her that she fantasized about.

I set that aside and quickly kissed her pussy lips, and then went to work. Cattie tasted good, with almost a neutral smell and a somewhat salty tinge that made me think of that liquorice flavour kissing her had.

“Oh, motherfucker,” Cattie breathed out suddenly. “That’s- Holy crap, Robbie. Cassidy, you never said he was *this* good.”

Was I? Good enough to make her comment on it? Again, I had that flash of worry that maybe Cassidy hadn't been entirely truthful with me.

"I told you he rocked my world on a consistent basis," Cassidy said from her seat. "How's the feel of his scruff? He didn't shave today."

"A little prickly and rough, but sort of nice because of it. Hoooo boy, Robbie you're dangerous."

"How dangerous?" I asked lifting my lips from her now fully flushed and ready pussy.

"Very," Cattie said. "Now come up here and get that cock inside me, Tiger."

Chapter 86

Entering Cattie was a process. Not because it was hard, but because it was something I'd never thought I would be doing up until yesterday morning. It was something I was honestly a little afraid of - the idea of being with someone other than Cassidy.

It was also something I wanted to relish, being with Cattie.

We shifted a little first. Cattie moved down the bed a touch, and I put a pillow under her ass to raise her hips. Then I was between her legs, but I leaned over to kiss her instead of rushing to just stick it in. She raised her arms and crossed them behind my neck, our tongues slowly working together in a rhythm we started between the two of us. My cock was resting on top of her pussy - I could feel the warmth of her arousal, and the soft little fleshy nub of her clit hood as she circled her hips.

"Fuck, you turn me on," she whispered to me. "Always have, if I'm being honest."

"Really?" I raised an eyebrow.

"From the moment I saw how much you love her," Cattie told me. "But you were her's, so you were just a fantasy in the dark of the night. I can't believe this is happening."

"Neither can I," I said.

I kissed her again and reached down to position my cock at her entrance, the head resting into that little notch, our mixed arousal coming together at a point that would require just a bit of force to slide me inside of her.

"Ready?" I asked her.

She rested her head back on the bed, a moment of serenity passing over her features as she looked up at me. She was always beautiful, but with her silky black hair splayed around her on the bed, looking up at me... she was breathtaking. Cattie nodded softly.

I eased in, and she accepted me.

It was magical - at least, in my head and my chest. The physical feeling of it wasn't any different from entering Cassidy, if I was being honest, but the emotions involved in it were different. Maybe if we'd just slammed into each other I'd feel like it was just the mechanics of sex, sort of like my brief encounter with Ginnie in the afternoon. Just giving or taking pleasure. But that wasn't this. We didn't just slam into each other.

As I felt Cattie's pussy slowly accept me, adjusting to me inside of her, she sighed happily and held my face in her hands, both of us watching the other. It took three slow strokes to bury

myself in her, our pelvises pressing together at the end as I let a bit of my weight press down onto her hips.

“So fucking warm,” she groaned and closed her eyes as she flexed her Kegels, testing my hardness inside of her. “That’s what dildos and vibrators are missing. I can feel *you* inside me. Not some toy. I know it’s you and it’s so much more than just getting fucked.”

I kissed her for my response, and she accepted readily. Then I started to fuck her. Slowly at first as we found our rhythm, then a little faster.

“Fuck, Tiger,” Cattie moaned happily, cupping her tits and rocking with me.

“Catherine,” I groaned back, fully engaged in the sex. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her. “God damn, you feel amazing.”

“So do you,” she said. “God, fuck. You feel so fucking good. The way you- yeah, that thing with your hips.”

“That’s not his only trick,” Cassidy said from the end of the bed. I glanced back at her, and she was still eagerly watching us, her hands carefully propped under her chin to stop her from playing with herself. *‘Have fun, baby,’* she mouthed to me. *‘Love her.’*

I turned back to the gorgeous vixen under me and redoubled my efforts, picking up the pace.

“Yes, Robbie, ungh-” Cattie groaned, her breath hitching.

I kissed her again, and with our lips and hips pressed together I surprised her by rolling us bodily and suddenly she was on top in cowboy position. Cattie immediately went to work with her own hips, grinding on me. She raised out of the kiss, her tits dangling between us, and started bouncing forward on my cock, giving me the chance to catch her nipples with my lips. She laughed, and pressed her chest down more onto my face, surrounding me in tit.

I was holding her hip with one hand, my other palming her ass. I brought the ass one back around and reached up, cupping her cheek and putting my thumb to her lips. She sucked it in, suckling on it for me, and then taking it in her teeth and growling playfully. Then she let it go, and I brought that spit-lubed thumb down to her clit and flicked at her clit hood. She shuddered, and I did it again.

“Fuck, I’m going to come,” Cattie hissed. “God, you’re going to make me come already. Are you close, Tiger? Can you come with me?”

“Do you want him to come inside you?” Cassidy asked from her seat. “Do you want him to give you what all those dildos are missing and give you that warm, real manly cum squirting right up inside you and spreading that squishy, gooey warmth all the way through you?”

"We shouldn't," Cattie asked. "I'm- no condom. But I'm on the pill."

"I can pull out if you want," I offered through my own clenched teeth. Hearing Cassidy ask if Cattie wanted me to come inside of her had driven me towards the edge quickly.

"No!" Cattie said loudly. We'd been fairly quiet so far, and I think it was to try and not make it too big a deal on the boat what we were doing. "No," she said again. "Don't you fucking pull out, Robbie. Just let me get there, and then... and then..."

She opened her mouth in a silent shout as her orgasm started to peak, and I took that opportunity to push on her clit again with my thumb as I thrust up into her quickly. Cattie came as her body tensed for a long moment, extended by what I was doing, and her pussy locked down on my cock until I could almost feel the grooves of her abdominal muscles. And then I couldn't hold it anymore and I grunted as I released into her. Cattie let out a wordless 'Huuuugh' as she felt me explode, my cock pumping three massive spurts as I rode the orgasm, then multiple smaller ones.

I was panting. She was panting, collapsing down on my chest. Our breathing was in sync. Cattie leaned up and kissed me, making out with me for a long set of moments before pulling back. "Robbie, you're still hard?"

"You think I could go soft?" I asked her. "God, I don't want to wait another second before I fuck you again."

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"From behind," I told her. "I haven't had a chance to see and play with that magnificent ass of yours, and I want to fuck you at a good angle to find your g-spot."

"Well, let's do that," she grinned. "But my g-spot is unusually deep. I'm going to need you to dick me hard and really dig for it."

"Happily," I said and kissed her again.

Chapter 87

Cattie got off of me and sat at the edge of the bed on her knees, hanging her ass just over the side and sitting up straight, arching her back and looking at me. Then she flexed the cheeks of her butt, one at a time.

“God fucking damn,” I said.

“Cattie, hon,” Cassidy said. “I’ve always known you were a sexy bitch, but seeing you like this... I think I’ve got a lady boner about the same size as Robbie’s cock at this point.”

That made me snort a laugh, and Cattie cracked a grin. “Thanks, babe,” she said, then raised a hand and wagged her finger at her. “But you’re not getting any of me this time.”

“This time, huh?” Cassidy raised an eyebrow.

That had Cattie making a face. “You know what I mean.”

By that time I’d gotten behind her and I hugged her to me by her shoulders, pressing my cock against her back as I tipped her chin up with a finger and kissed her from above.

“Ooh, Spider-Man kiss,” Cassidy teased.

“Well, he is our Tiger,” Cattie grinned once the kiss finished.

“If I’m his Mary Jane, what does that make you?” Cassidy asked. “I’m thinking Felicia Hardy.”

“Not Gwen Stacey?” Cattie asked. “Isn’t that the other girl from the second movie run?”

“No, Becca is the Gwen Stacey,” Cassidy said. “Felicia Hardy is Black Cat. You don’t have the white hair, but I think it fits you. And I think Wanda is gonna be his Gwen-pool.”

“Who?” Cattie and I both asked.

“Nevermind, it’s comic stuff,” Cassidy waved me off.

I kissed Cattie’s cheek from over her shoulder and took her breasts in my hands, massaging them firmly for a moment. “Anyone ever tell you that you are an absolute devil in angel’s clothing?”

Cattie chuckled. “I’ve gotten plenty of Angel-based pickup lines before, but never that one.”

I kissed her ear, sucking on her earlobe for a moment. "Don't think too hard about it," I whispered. "I'm just trying to find creative ways to tell you how utterly, shockingly sexy you are. I am definitely in lust with you."

"I think I'm definitely in lust with you too," she moaned through her pursed lips as I slowly worked her nipples between my thumbs and fingers.

I slid lower, kissing down her bare back, to that glorious ass of hers, my hands following me down her sides. First, I kissed one cheek, then the other. Then I gave one a light little spank. "Oh!" Cattie exclaimed happily. "Thank you, sir. May I have another?"

"And there's that devil I was talking about," I grinned.

"Tiger, I thought the point of this was for you to fuck me again," Cattie said. "I want your cock inside of me."

"Hold your horses," I said and took hold of her arms and put her hands on her ass. "Spread these magnificent cheeks for me."

"Now who's a devil?" Cattie said, but did as I asked, revealing her tight little asshole and her pussy lips below it.

After the first kiss, just above her asshole, Cattie sucked in a breath. "Robbie, you don't need to do that," she said.

"Do what?" I asked her, sliding two fingers into her pussy. I kissed her again, right on her asshole.

"Eat my ass," she said. "Heather-"

"I don't care what she does or doesn't do," I said. "I want to make you feel good in every way I can. So close your eyes and relax."

I went to work, fingering Cattie as I licked and sucked my way around her holes. Listening to her moan was hot, and feeling her ass and cunt muscles twitch as I fed her my tongue and fingers was gratifying because I knew I was getting to her again. I could hear Cassidy saying something to her, but was too preoccupied to listen in properly.

When Cattie was pushing in on another orgasm I redoubled my effort, using my other hand to slide the tip of my middle finger into her butt as I dropped my lips to her clit, worming my tongue into the little hiding place of her clit hood and prodding directly on the little sensitive nub.

"Ooooh, fu-hucking hell," Cattie groaned as she started to come.

I didn't give her a chance to peak, let alone come down, before I was standing up and fucking my cock into her pussy. "Catherine," I groaned at my re-entry into her.

"Robbie! Baby, Tiger, baby, fuck," she panted. "Just- holy fuck balls, Tiger- Don't- Give me- Fucking uuuuuungh," she babbled her way into a second wave of the orgasm, clenching down on my cock as she fell forward.

I didn't want to give her a moment of rest. I was hard and ready to go, and I wanted to push her into another orgasm as quickly as I could. I grabbed her arms, holding her forearms, and pulled her back onto me and started fucking her hard and fast. Her face was hanging in the air as she moaned wordlessly, her tits bobbing under her from the force of the fucking I was giving her.

She rolled out of her orgasm, having the wherewithal to grab my forearms back to steady herself. Cattie raised her head, flicking her hair back out of her face, and she looked over at Cassidy with a wanton look of rapturous focus. "He's so fucking good," she panted, her face twitching as she approached her next orgasm.

"The best," Cassidy said. She was leaning forward, chin on her hands again. I could tell she was fighting the desire to touch herself. "Always has been. He finds your buttons and plays them like an instrument."

"Best-" Cattie gasped, then hung her head low, her hair covering her face, and she moaned somewhere in her chest as she came again. I let go of her arms and they snapped forward like they were elastic, grabbing at the sheets above her head and clenching them hard.

Without waiting for her, I got my feet up on the edge of the mattress and started fucking down into her more. That made her gasp and start yipping a little, and her knees slowly went out from under her as I fucked her pelvis down towards the mattress until she was pressed against it, her legs splayed to the side like a frog and her ass clapping against my pelvis.

And even though I was quickly pushing her towards another orgasm, I felt this primal desire for her burning hot inside of me. Even though I was going balls deep into her over and over, I wanted more from her. I wanted *her*. I knew she wasn't mine but I wanted her to be.

I wanted to demand she admit whose pussy it was I was fucking. Who it belonged to now. She would moan my name, and promise me anything I wanted. She would say anything I wanted her to, and mean it.

But in the back of my mind, I knew Heather was on the other side of that wall. And I wanted her to know I was following through on that stupid fucking bet she demanded, but I didn't want to end their relationship. I didn't want to be that person.

So I kept my mouth shut, and Cattie yipped her way into another strong orgasm, maybe the strongest she'd had yet, and I pulled out of her before I went over the edge myself, grabbing my cock to try and squeeze my way to holding off.

It worked. Barely.

Chapter 88

Cattie was gasping, laid out on the bed, but I wasn't done. I reached under her and lifted her to her feet on the floor, turning so that I had her front pressed to the wall. She got her legs under her and knew what I wanted and stuck her ass out for me.

I thrust back into her and she moaned happily, rocking her hips side to side as I rooted to the base, but then reached back and stopped me. "Hold on," she said. "Come with me." She pivoted the two of us, and I followed her without fully exiting her, just a few steps down the length of the bed and she bent over at the waist. This brought her face-to-face with Cassidy, and she braced her arms on the side of Cassidy's chair as she stared at her friend and my fiancée.

"Now fuck me," Cattie said, turning back to look at me over her shoulder. "Fuck me hard, Tiger. Use my pussy, slap my ass. Treat me like your cocksleeve for the rest of the night, OK? I got mine, now you get yours. I want you to."

I took a deep breath and nodded. "Alright," I agreed, planting my hands on her hips and thrusting into her once, hard, and holding there.

"You hear that, Cass?" Cattie asked rhetorically as she turned back to the woman in front of her. "This should be you, right? Being his everything. Being his cocksleeve, his cum bucket. His lover. God, his cock is magnificent. He's just fucking dominating my guts, stretching out my cunt perfectly. His hands on my ass, each spank he gives me is perfect."

"I know," Cassidy said quietly. Based on the look on her face she was equal parts turned on and sad. "He should have always been enough for me. I *want* that to be me again."

"But it isn't," Cattie said, her body bucking as I continued to fuck her at a faster pace. I was trying to ignore the verbal abuse Cattie was laying on Cassidy, but it was hard to. Part of me was cheering it on, part of me was hurting deeply for her. Part of me hurt for Cattie too, because I knew what she was saying was coming from her own experiences. The hurt from her parents divorce. Even the hurt from Heather that night. "You fucked up," Cattie continued. "You fucked up the perfect relationship, and this is your way of apologizing, right? What if I wanted him? What if I wanted to shack up with Robbie, and now here he is getting a shot at my premium bisexual pussy, more than happy to commit to him because of how great a person and a fuck he is?"

"He- I-" Cassidy said, clearly confused by the questions.

"Fucking hell," I grunted. I was plowing Cattie at a fast pace now, feeling her cunt ripple and squeeze as she gasped and moaned between her berating Cassidy.

"Are you his little cuckquean now?" Cattie asked. "Is that the life you want, the relationship you want?"

“No!” Cassidy said. “Well, maybe... I don’t know any more. It’s so fucking hot watching him with you, and the others. And he deserves you all, Cattie. He deserves you. And you deserve him, too. And I’m going to be apologizing for the rest of my life, but I just want to try and make up for even an inch of the betrayals and lies I heaped on us and if that means making sure he gets everything he deserves and wants, then I *will* be his cuckquean if that’s what it takes.”

“Cassidy,” Cattie said more softly, and she reached out and cupped my fiancée’s cheek as they looked into each other’s eyes while I fucked Cattie from behind. “Babe...”

“Enough!” I said, pulling out of Cattie and stepping back. “Just stop, OK? Fuck!” I crawled over the bed and went to the washroom, closing the door behind me. My cock wanted more, but my head and my heart were feeling so fucking confused.

I looked at myself in the mirror, sweaty and flush from exertion. I could hear them talking out there, the soft murmur of their voices unintelligible. This whole situation was fucked up.

I loved Cassidy. I was hurt by Cassidy, but I loved her. I didn’t want to spend my life hating her, or feeling hurt, or getting revenge. I didn’t want to force her to watch me fuck other women for the rest of our lives together.

But I also wanted Cattie. Not in a lustful way. Well, not *just* in a lustful way. I wanted to hold her, and kiss her when she was hurting, and celebrate big things with her. I wanted...

I wanted the same thing with her that I did with Becca. I wanted her to be in love with me. And it was so fucking wrong, but I wanted that with Wanda too. And maybe the start of that desire was there with Ami. And Leia. And Zenya. Even Terra.

Cassidy had opened a door, and I wanted to fill my metaphorical house with all of these beautiful, special women.

But most of all I wanted my Cassidy back.

I felt the urge in my stomach to puke as I made these realizations. It came from disgust at myself, not for fantasizing about it, but for seeing that want and thinking that I could actually make it happen. That I could be the person to break apart relationships on demand. What was I, some sort of cult leader? Had my ego gotten so large, so quickly? Or was it really my anger and hurt and desire for revenge?

There was a soft knock on the washroom door, and it opened slightly. “Robbie?” Cassidy asked. “I’m coming in.”

She didn't wait for me to respond, just waiting long enough to not hear me deny her or feel any pressure holding the door closed. Cassidy slipped inside, still wearing her sweater, and she rushed to hug me from the side. She squeezed and squeezed, burying her face into my arm.

"I love you, Robbie," she said quietly. "More than you could ever know."

I gave in and turned, pulling her to me as well and giving her a bear hug. "I couldn't listen to you like that," I said, speaking down into her hair as I held her. "I-

"Shhh," she shushed me. "I know. God, Robbie, I know. Cattie and I were both going too far. We were caught up in the emotions of the moment."

"I'm sorry," Cattie said from the doorway. She was still naked and sweaty, looking at the two of us with trepidation.

"I am too," I said, and I held out an arm to extend the hug between Cassidy and I. Cattie clambered in, pressing her naked body to the two of us and hugging hard.

We held each other for a long time.

"I have an idea," Cassidy finally said.

"What is it?" I asked, a little worried about the concepts that my fiancée could come up with.

"Follow me," she said, taking mine and Cattie's hands and pulling us towards the bedroom and the bed.

It didn't take long. Soon Cass was naked, laying back and propped up by the pillows at the head of the bed. Cattie was between her legs, laying with her back to Cassidy's chest, her ass on the bed. I was kneeling between Cattie's legs, looking down at the two of them while they both fondled my cock back to hardness with their hands.

"We both love you," Cassidy said, looking up at me. "But right now I want you to make love to Cattie for me, Tiger. And I want to hold her while you do it."

"God, this is erotic," Cattie sighed, laying her head back on Cassidy's chest. "I love you both, too. You're my best friends."

I leaned down and kissed Cassidy, then kissed Cattie. And then in the weird missionary position, I entered Cattie again and slowly, sensually made love to her. We kissed a lot, but I kissed Cassidy a lot over her shoulder as well. I had to brace my arms on the bed to keep the position working, but they both were free with their own hands to explore me and each other.

It was intoxicating, feeling Cattie accepting me inside of her while I kissed Cassidy. Watching my fiancée massage the breasts of the woman I was fucking in such a loving way.

Watching Cattie turn her head back and give Cass a peck on the cheek.

“I love you both as well,” I panted as I slid deep inside Cattie and held there. Her eyes were closed and her lips were partially open as she was riding a sexual high. I released, coming inside of her again, and she exhaled in a long, shallow breath while Cassidy smoothed her hair back and whispered something in her ear.

Cattie blinked her eyes open as I started to pull out of her and pulled me back in so that she could kiss me again, and then directed me wordlessly to kiss Cassidy as well.

Finally, I rolled to the side onto the bed. Somehow the three of us managed to wiggle ourselves under the covers, and I ended up much as I had been that morning during our snuggle and nap with them both hugging me from either side. Only this time, all three of us were naked. And I wouldn't have changed a thing.

Chapter 89

“Good morning,” Cattie said, smiling as I entered the washroom. I’d woken up to the sound of the shower going. It was still pitch dark outside, not even 3:30 in the morning, and I was feeling completely destroyed for energy.

“Good morning,” I said, sitting down on the toilet seat and watching her through the glass as she washed her hair. She was using whatever product Cassidy had in there, and I was already starting to get hard just watching her naked body and knowing she was going to smell like my fiancée today. “How are you feeling?”

“I feel-” she stopped for a moment to rinse off her hair. “I feel OK. Well, physically I feel fucking achy, but gooey and warm as well. And totally zapped.”

“That 2 AM blowjob might have been a factor,” I pointed out. The three of us had fallen asleep just after 1 AM, but somehow Cattie had had the energy and the drive to wake me up with a blowjob under the covers in the dark. She’d played down there for almost twenty minutes before sucking a third load out of me for the night. I’d tried to offer her tit for tat, but she’d murmured not to, and she’d crawled back to resume her place next to me in the bed and fell asleep with her head on my chest. I’d followed her into sleep soon after.

“Fair,” she grinned. “That may have been a little reckless in regards to us getting any sort of decent sleep.”

“But that’s just physical,” I said. “How about the rest?”

“That’s what I mean by OK,” Cattie said. She shut off the shower and stepped out, running a wet finger down the bridge of my nose playfully as she grabbed a towel and started drying herself off. I took it from her and started doing it for her, which made her grin happily. “I’m worried, but not *that* worried, if you know what I mean. Heather is still going to be pissed, but I needed to teach her this lesson if we’re going to work out. She can’t just treat me, or you and Cass, the way she did and expect to get away with it without repercussions. What we did wasn’t cheating; she did it to herself. I plan on trying to reconcile that with her.”

“Well, you know if you need to, you can come stay with Cass and me,” I said. “Like last night, or just platonically.” We’d said a lot of ‘I love yous’ last night, though the three of us knew it was a platonic infatuation with each other and not that we were *in love* or anything. Something wanted to react to that in my tired mind, something I felt like I was forgetting from my drunk, emotion-filled night when I’d reacted to Cattie and Cassidy near the end, but I didn’t quite find it.

“I appreciate that more than you know,” Cattie said, taking the towel from me and leaning down to kiss me softly. She hung up the towel and stood at the sink, grabbing Cassidy’s hair dryer and brush and starting to dry her hair. She was naked, leaning over the sink slightly, which stuck her ass out just a bit.

There wasn't much point in denying what I wanted. I was already hard again from the shower, the drying, and just looking at her naked. I stood up and got behind her, moving her wet hair from her neck and kissing it. She hummed happily, shifting to give me better access, and widened her stance a bit to help me get my cock into position. Soon I was inside of her again, fucking her slowly from behind as she dried her hair.

"Fuck, I really love seeing you two like this," Cassidy said, stepping into the washroom. She came up beside me and pursed her lips, asking for a kiss which I happily gave her. Then she kissed Cattie's upper arm and spun happily towards the shower. She was as naked as us, her bum bouncing playfully as she turned on the water to her liking and stepped in. "Seriously, you two. Carte blanche from my end all the way. If you ever want to fuck, you don't just have my permission, you have my encouragement."

I chuckled, and Cattie smiled and rolled her eyes.

Cassidy started soaping up her body. "Honestly though Cattie, you know he's the best fuck ever," she said. "I just wish I got to see him screw your ass as well. I really want to see that."

"Maybe next time, babe," Cattie said offhandedly.

"Next time?" Cass and I both said, raising our eyebrows. I vaguely remembered a similar moment from last night.

"I- uh," Cattie stuttered. "You know what I mean. *If* this were to ever happen again, I'd be willing to do some butt stuff." She was still thrusting back at me as we casually fucked, but she lowered her arms and looked me in the eye through the mirror. "I definitely trust you enough for that."

"Ooooh, Cattie wants butt stuff," Cassidy teased from the shower.

"Want is different than willing," Cattie pointed out.

"We don't need to if you don't like it," I said, kissing her shoulder.

"I... didn't say that," she smiled and her cheeks flushed. "Now, Tiger, you've got two minutes to finish with me before I need to throw on my clothes and go back and talk with Heather before the morning shoots. So fuck me good, but don't finish in me again. Take it over and get Cass to finish you with her mouth."

"Done," I said and reached around her to palm her tits as I started to properly fuck her. It made the last of her hair-drying more difficult, and I probably squeezed two minutes into three, but eventually I was out of time.

I pulled out of her, and she turned and pressed her naked body to mine and kissed me hard. "I seriously do love you two," she said, half turning to Cassidy. "This isn't going to change anything, right?"

"Nothing, babe," Cassidy assured her.

"Good," Cattie nodded, then slapped my ass. "Now go feed your fiancée some breakfast, Tiger."

She slipped out of the washroom, though I did manage a slap on her ass in return as she went, and I stepped into the shower with Cassidy.

"Hey, Tiger," she said with a grin and slid down to her knees. "Can I suck her taste off of you?"

"God I love you," I said, running my thumb across her cheek as she grinned up at me.

"Love you too," she said, and then started sucking my cock.

Chapter 90

“Yummy,” Cassidy said, smacking her lips as she stepped out of the shower, leaving me to grab my own quick clean.

“Usually that’s my line,” I said with a smirk.

“It’s *our* line, Tiger,” she grinned.

Cass dried herself off and slipped out of the bathroom, leaving me to get clean, but then stuck her head back in. “Could you shave down to shadow, but not completely clean?” she asked.

“Uh, sure,” I said. “I guess I’m going to be on camera?”

“Mhmm,” she nodded. “You’re getting in that Spidey suit that Becca brought and we’re doing a shoot with her.” She saw the look on my face and grinned widely. “And yes, we’re both dressing up as Mary Jane.”

By the time I got back out of the washroom, showered and shaved, my cock was finally going down. Cassidy was already dressed in a cute pair of ripped skinny jeans and a white crop top with a Spider-Man logo. It showed cleavage, but a tasteful amount because she had a bright red bra underneath that was peeking out. The thing about Mary Jane was that there wasn’t really a ‘uniform’ for her, not like a superhero anyways. Cassidy was busy pinning her violet-dyed hair down so that she could put on and style her red wig, so I pulled on a pair of boxers and then stood behind her at the mirror and started to help her.

“Thanks, Tiger,” she smiled at me in the mirror.

“My pleasure, babe,” I said. It wasn’t even close to the first time I’d helped her with this sort of thing. Wigs could elevate a cosplay, but you had to do it right to make it work and they were a bitch to really get done properly.

She stopped fiddling with the bobby pins for a moment and reached back, putting a hand on my hip. “Robbie,” she said. “How are you... doing? Things got crazy last night.”

I took in a deep breath and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her back into my chest. “Thank you for asking,” I said.

She turned in my arms and hugged me back. We probably would have looked ridiculous if anyone could see us, me mostly naked except for a pair of polka dot boxers and her hair one-third flattened to her scalp. “I want to know,” she said. “Everything. Good or bad. Radical honesty.”

I held her for another long moment, then shifted us to the bed and she sat on my knee so she could look at me while staying as close as possible, her arms around the back of my neck. “I think there’s some stuff that I’m going to need more time to process,” I told her. “On the one hand, it was a lot of fun and felt amazing and it being with Cattie was special in a way I wasn’t expecting. And even though it came out of something bad for her I hope we made it good. But on the other hand, I-” I had to stop as I felt a catch in my throat.

Cassidy slid her butt up my leg so she could hug me properly.

“On the other hand, what Cattie was saying wasn’t wrong, Cass. We’re supposed to be each other’s person. Not just you being mine, but I’m supposed to be yours. That’s what I was for so long, and I still believe that’s how things should be. And I’m still mad, and hurt, and I think I will be for a long time, but that doesn’t mean I want to hurt you.”

Cassidy rested her forehead on my shoulder, hugging me tightly. “If you want to stop, we can,” she murmured. “I- Last night was important. Yeah, Cattie and I got a little too intense for what was going on, but she wasn’t wrong. But neither is what we’ve been doing. I *want* this for you. And I wanted it for her. And I want it for at least some of the other girls, too. I think Wanda might actually need it. Did you catch what she said that first time? She said ‘He doesn’t do it like this’ or something like that. She meant her husband isn’t fulfilling what she wants. And Becca, God, I think Becca might need it even more. I’m honestly a little scared at how... real that is because I wonder if the App was doing something without me even doing anything. She’s asexual for years, and then a couple of weeks before the trip she starts feeling sexual again?”

“I was thinking the same thing,” I said.

“But you wondered if it was me,” Cassidy said, lifting her head to look at me.

I nodded, feeling a little guilty.

“I can’t blame you,” she said. “But I swear, it wasn’t me. I’d never actually met her in person before, and the App only shows me people I’ve met for longer than a few seconds. Like, we might have been at the same Con once or twice, but we never talked.”

“Do you really think it was the App?” I asked her. “Working without you knowing?”

Cassidy’s expression told me she was scared at the thought. I pulled her in, hugging her to me again. “I don’t know,” she mumbled. She pulled her knees up, going sort of fetal position in my lap as I held her. “I never thought it could, but now I’m a little scared. It’s either a massive coincidence, or...”

“Or it’s a magic App that we can’t explain, and can’t control, and can’t get rid of,” I finished for her.

She nodded silently.

I took a deep breath. "OK. There's only so much we can actually do about it, so let's think rationally," I said. "If the App is a tool, then maybe it's a tool that doesn't like being ignored. It's possible that all of this, from the trip to the people to us, are being manipulated. Or maybe we're not. It's entirely impossible to tell, right?"

"I'm pretty sure," she said. "It's like - until you *know* you're in the Matrix, you ignore the Matrix."

"OK. So we just need to go deeper," I said. "If the risk is the App doing things that we don't know about if we ignore it, then we need to use it so it doesn't feel ignored. The first thing we need to do is turn on the changes again." I hesitated. "You, ah, did actually turn them off last night, right?"

Cassidy had a flash of frustration, but immediately realized it and it melted away. "I deserve that," she said. "Yes, Robbie. I turned them off and kept them off except for the luck one, just like I promised."

"OK," I said. "We've got a few minutes before we need to get out there. Let's take another look at the App."

Chapter 91

We went back in front of the mirror and I began working with Cassidy's hair again as she used her phone. Since I couldn't actually see anything - it looked to me like she was scrolling Instagram this time - there was no point in me just sitting there. So as I carefully worked my way along her scalp, Cassidy narrated to me what she was doing.

"Alright, so that's all the Perks I bought you turned back on," she said.

"Just for my own sake, could you tell me exactly what the lucky one is?" I asked. "I just don't want to get bitten on the ass by it at work or something."

"Um, OK," she said. "It's called 'Lucky In Love.' It says that any time you are included in a randomized event, such as a game of chance, you'll never be the big loser and if it could lead to a positive relationship encounter you are considered the House. And the House always wins."

I blew out a breath and nodded. So it wasn't just a 'win all the games' sort of thing. I wasn't about to lose big on anything, at least not in the long term, but I wasn't going to be some statistical anomaly that would get the attention of my bosses at the Casino either. That was the last thing I needed - someone back in Vegas deciding I was a cheat. I'd never work again.

"OK. I mean, it sounds great, and obviously it worked last night," I said. "What about the last one?"

Cass hesitated for a moment. "Are you asking me to tell you what it is?"

I knew she'd been having a little bit of fun amongst all this by letting me 'discover' them as we went along, but I was starting to get a little tired of questioning what was going on. "Hon, last night was an eye-opener for me. Apparently, even without the App I still kiss really well. And everyone we've been... intimate with in one way or another didn't seem surprised like anything had changed. Terra was still flirting and kissing me. Same with Wanda. Cattie didn't even seem to think there was a difference."

"Tiger, that's because I only picked things that made you more of who you are. I tried to tell you that," Cassidy said. "Look, we've been together a long time, right? Well, that means that you and I have been practising our kissing, and sexual stuff, together for a long time. We've been completely comfortable with each other with that stuff for years and years. There are a lot of people, even in long-term relationships, who *aren't* like that. Plus, not to bring up the elephant in the room, but I also had a lot of experience with learning how to kiss other girls. I definitely picked up and passed along some things to you, especially in that first year. I wasn't trying to do that, but I can only assume I did. The Kissing perk just enhances that a little bit and makes them remember it more vividly. If someone sucked at kissing maybe it would do more work, but you don't. Same with everything else you do."

“So what you’re saying is that we’ve practised sex stuff together so much that I’m just that good?” I asked, a little deadpan.

“Tiger, you’re a fucking Stud,” Cassidy said, looking at me in the mirror.

I wiped at my face for a moment, trying not to let it go to my head. Cassidy had always said things like that to me, especially during and after sex. I’d always taken the compliments but assumed it was just couple talk. Maybe it turned out it wasn’t *just* couple talk.

“OK,” I nodded. “But yes, I do want to know what the last perk is, please.”

“OK,” she agreed, then scrolled for a moment on her phone. “The last one is called ‘Satisfaction Guaranteed.’ It ups your stamina based on the number of partners you’re having sex with so that you can guarantee all of your partners get the attention they want. So if it’s just you and me, or you and Cattie, it probably isn’t doing much. But if everyone on the boat got in our bed at the same time, then you’d be the last person to tap out at the end of a long night.”

I snorted a little, smirking at the idea of me just running a personal reverse gangbang on six women and being fresh as a daisy afterwards. “That one sounds ridiculous,” I said.

“Only because you don’t think it could happen,” Cassidy pointed out. “But I didn’t want the opportunity to come up for you and you pop a couple of times and then are tired out.”

I hugged her from behind, then went back to doing her hair. “Cass, you’re crazy but I love you.”

“That’s because I’m crazy in love with you,” she smiled back at me.

“What’s the App say about us?” I asked her.

“I- I haven’t looked since the last time you asked me,” Cassidy said, giving me a worried look. Last time I’d been all sorts of question marks instead of numbers for my stats. Having seen the App in action, and learned more about it, I couldn’t help but realise more and more how utterly upsetting that would have been. It would have been like... well, like I’d been lying about an affair for years or something.

“Check,” I nodded to her. “Please.”

“OK,” she said quietly and tapped on her phone a few times. “Oh,” she said. Then I was scrambling to catch her as her legs gave out from under her and she was crying, sobbing into her arms as she covered her face.

“Cass,” I said. “Cass. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing!” she sobbed, and she moved her arms and I could see her face and she was ugly-happy crying. “Nothing’s wrong, Robbie. It- It- You love me. Y-y-you love m-me!”

I bundled her up in my arms and picked her up, sitting back on the bed again. It hurt, right down in my heart, that she needed to see it on the App to really know it. That my words weren’t enough. But she also had relied on it, like a drug or a tool she took for granted, for so long that I could intellectually understand the why.

“Of course I do,” I whispered to her, holding her close.

It took several long, wavering breaths for her to start getting herself together. Finally, she smiled at me weakly. “I guess it’s a good thing I didn’t do my makeup first, huh?”

I chuckled, imagining what sort of damage that tearful outburst would have caused to carefully applied makeup. I wiped the tears from her cheeks and nodded. “Probably,” I said softly.

“Do you want to know anything else?” she asked me, bending down and grabbing her phone from the ground from where she’d dropped it. She looked at the screen again and hugged it to her chest for a moment, savouring the sight of whatever more scores on the App said.

“Maybe later,” I told her, helping her stand up fully again. “We’re going to need to get out there sooner than later, and I still need you all dolled up, Mary Jane.”

“I’ll make sure I’m picture perfect just for you, Tiger,” she grinned at me.

Chapter 92

Cassidy was pretty without makeup. Sure, her eyes were naturally a little squinty and her lashes weren't the thickest, and she had soft freckle blemishes, but she was still pretty. Especially to me.

But with full pin-up makeup?

Va-va-voom.

Thankfully JC seemed to have gotten his shit together enough after he'd fallen asleep at the end of the game last night that he had gotten the boat back in position near the beach. Soon enough we had the outside lights on the boats blazing, lighting up the waters of Lake Powell around us, and I was stripped down to my shorts and helping the girls go from ship to shore.

Cass was one of the first I brought across, followed by our camera bag. Then I was helping Heels, who said good morning to me but I noticed was eyeing me a bit. I tried to play off the fact that she likely knew without a doubt that Cassidy and I had had sex with Cattie the night before. Terra wished me a good morning, giving me a peck on the cheek, but JC was around to help her.

Wanda was the next out of our boat, and she waved me inside when she saw me from the living area. I climbed up out of the water and gave my legs a swipe with a towel so I wasn't tracking water inside, then went to her.

"Morning, stud," she said with a grin, opening her arms and pulling me into a hug.

"Good morning, gorgeous," I replied, and soon we were locking lips as she planted a massive kiss on me. My hands went down to her waist, then one onto her ass, and she hummed happily against my lips.

"What's on the schedule today?" I asked her once we broke apart. She was dressed in a t-shirt and bikini bottoms and holding a bag of her equipment.

"Micro bikini," she said. "Want to see?"

She knew as well as I did that there was no way in hell I was going to say no, but I still answered. "I would love to."

"I'll give you a private show later on one condition," she said.

"What's that?"

She leaned close, lowering her voice. "I want to hear about what happened in your room last night."

"Wanda," I sighed. "I don't know if I'm comfortable with kiss-and-tell."

"What if, and I'm just spitballing here, you tell me the story while I'm laying on your bed, fingering myself?" she asked. "Just an idea."

I groaned softly, imagining what that would be like. "Let me think about it."

"OK, Tiger," she grinned, then gave me another quick kiss.

Since Wanda was in a bikini she made her own way to shore but asked if I would carry her gear bag over my head which I happily did. She met up with Cassidy on shore and I left them talking. I had a feeling that 'idea' of hers wasn't exactly too far-fetched.

Back on the boat, I realised that the only people left on board were going to be Cattie and Heather. Part of me wanted to avoid them - well, not Cattie, but them as a couple. No matter what Cattie was saying about it, I *had* just fucked her last night and Heather had probably heard some of it. The more I brewed on that, the worse I felt about it.

Sure, Heather had pushed us into that circumstance, but it still felt... Well, it felt fucking cruel.

So I took a moment to steel myself, took a deep breath, and headed back towards the rooms. It was quiet, even at their door, and I realized I hadn't heard shouting. I also hadn't heard any crying.

I softly knocked on the door. "Heather. Cattie," I said as soft-but-loud as I could. "Everyone else is on shore now. If you need any help this morning, I'm about to go check with the other boat."

The door burst open just enough for light from the hallway to spill in a small slit and show me a pale line and one eye of Cattie's face. "We're not working this morning," Cattie said quietly. "Thanks though, Robbie."

"OK," I said. "Just, uh, shout if you need anything."

"Will do," she nodded.

I hesitated, but then mouthed slowly, *'Are you OK?'*

Cattie quickly nodded and mouthed, *Thank you*. Then she shut the door.

I tried not to make any guesses about what was happening in there. It wasn't my relationship, I had to keep telling myself. It was easier to convince myself of that knowing that Cassidy would probably be able to find out more than I would throughout the day.

Outside, I noticed that Becca had squeezed the Single's Boat a little closer to the beach, shortening the distance, and that JC was already helping women across.

"No Cattie or Heather?" he asked as I waded over.

"Nope, not this morning," I said.

"Cool," he nodded. I had a feeling Terra hadn't filled him in on the end of the night yet.

Ami was waiting for me over on the Single's Boat deck. She was dressed in a simple pair of cotton shorts and a sweater, but had a big storage bin with her. She smiled widely when she saw I was coming to help.

"Morning, beautiful," I said. "Want a ride on my shoulders?"

"Sure," she grinned, and soon she was sitting on my shoulders, just her ankles and feet in the water, and I carefully lifted her storage bin ahead of me. Once we were on the beach I put the bin down and for a second I panicked as I felt her going over forwards on me, but then Ami did a full-on handstand into a bridge over and ended up on her feet.

"Holy crap," I said, eyebrows raised. "That was so graceful."

"Thanks," Ami smiled, then tentatively stepped up and gave me a peck on the lips. "And thanks for helping carry my stuff."

"I'll get you on the way back, too," I promised.

"OK," she smiled, biting her lower lip for a moment like she was thinking, then she pecked me on the lips again, pushing her body a little closer this time so that I could feel her tits against my chest for a moment. "Have fun with Becca and Cass. Becca said you're her Spider-Man this morning?"

"I am," I said.

"Maybe I should find a superhero for you to pose as with me," Ami said. "Would you want to do that?"

"Absolutely," I told her. "Just let me know if you have any ideas, Ami. I think you'd out-glam me in any picture ever, but I'd be happy to help out."

Chapter 93

I left Ami on the beach to get sorted and passed by Zenya getting carried by JC, with Leia following behind them carrying a piece of luggage over her head. "Whoa, need some help?" I asked her, quickly putting a hand on the luggage to help steady her.

"No, but yes," Leia sighed. I took one side of the big bag and helped her carry it to the beach. It was relatively light, just awkwardly sized to lift away from the water.

"Anything cool in here?" I asked her.

"Yeah, but it's not mine," Leia said. "I'm helping Zenya this morning, and she's helping me tonight."

"Cool," I said. "Hey, do you want to hang out a bit later? I haven't spent that much time with you and I want to. I think you're pretty cool."

"Sure," she nodded, blushing a little. "Just come find me. I think you're pretty and cool, too."

"Not what I said," I teased her.

"I know," she laughed and winked. "Ginnie mentioned she got a little taste of your handiwork, by the way."

"She did, huh?" I asked.

"Mhmmm," Leia nodded. "Sounded a little more up close and personal than what I got. Any chance of you evening us out?"

"Maybe," I told her, and then openly eyed her up and down. She was wearing bikini bottoms and a crop top, her hips extra obvious in the outfit. "Let's talk with Cassidy and see what we get up to."

Leia bit the inside of her lips and nodded. "OK, sounds good."

I went back to the Single's Boat one last time, finding Sherry standing there and giving me a look. One that I immediately recognized as trouble, and since nothing had really happened yesterday between us, other than me refusing to just randomly stop in the middle of driving the boat so that she could chat up the college guys earlier in the day, there was only one reason for her to be pissy.

"Good morning, Sherry," I said, trying to be polite if not sweet.

She narrowed her eyes at me, which was a pretty big expression considering her anime-large eyes that usually worked in her favour. "Did you seriously hook up with my sister last night?" she asked.

OK, so Heather probably told her, which meant she likely had a very large bent on who was at fault for the whole thing.

"You should probably talk to your sister about that," I said. "But I will say we all played a game that got a little out of hand last night. Most of us had fun, and everything anyone did was consensual."

"But you still hurt my sister's relationship," Sherry said bluntly.

I rubbed my forehead and sighed. "I can't really talk about that because I don't know, Sherry. It's their relationship. You need to talk to Cattie about it. Do you want my help getting to the beach?"

"No, I'm going to work up on the top deck," she said, turning on her heel to go back into the boat. She stopped in the doorway and turned, looking back at me in the water. "Stay away from my sister, Robert. Mess up your own relationship and keep your nose out of other people's." Then she slammed the door, though slamming a sliding glass door was harder than it looked and it was more just a rough slide.

Back on the beach, I found Cassidy and Becca waiting for me up out of the surf. The sun was just starting to warm the horizon, a glow starting in the sky. Golden Hour was almost upon us.

"Good morning," I said as I walked up. "Mary Jane. Mary Jane," I nodded to them. Both women were looking stunning. They were wearing copper-red wigs properly styled to look natural, and Becca was wearing a similar-but-different Spider-Man shirt except hers had been hand-cropped and was frayed at the bottom hem and chest, showing off just a touch more cleavage than Cassidy was along with a similar red bra. She also had a crop leather jacket hanging open over top.

"Morning, Tiger," Becca grinned, and glanced at Cassidy who gave her an encouraging nod. Becca stepped forward and grabbed the front of my shorts, pulling me close and into a warm, long kiss that immediately had some tongue involved. Her hand slithered from her grip on my waistband and into the shorts proper, quickly wrapping around the root of my cock and giving me a squeeze. "I dreamed about you last night, you know," she said quietly with a smile.

"You did, huh?" I asked.

She nodded. "Want to make my dreams come true?"

"That depends," I said. "Am I carrying you two back to the boats right now, or are we doing this photoshoot first?"

She laughed and backed off. "OK, work first. Good point. Plus, you need to get properly dressed." She went back to Cassidy, who was holding a knapsack along with our equipment bag, and Becca pulled a Spider-Man bodysuit out of it. "Take off those shorts and put on your uniform, Tiger," she said, handing it to me. "It's time to go to work."

"I think my Spidey Senses are tingling," I said, glancing down at the bulge my cock was making in my shorts.

Cassidy and Becca both snorted as they started laughing.

Chapter 94

The good news was Cassidy had encouraged me to wear a pair of my tight briefs, so I wasn't naked under the Spidey Suit with my dick making a super obvious penis-shaped bulge.

Once I was changed, with both women giving me little wolf whistles as I did it, we hiked up a little way to a taller rock formation that wouldn't cast a shadow over us and that we could use as a backdrop. We just barely got our cameras set up and our tripods deployed by the time both of them looked up and said it was time.

We started with me as the photographer, and Cassidy and Becca posing as twin Mary Janes. They did some cute poses, and some meme poses pointing at each other shocked. Becca had a few more props, like a framed picture of Spider-Man that they fake cried over. Then they did a few sexy ones, staring into each other's eyes and looking like they were about to kiss. They didn't - it was a pretty standard Cosplay Model thing that I'd seen Cassidy do with other models a dozen times.

Then we set up the cameras on the tripods and we took some group shots with the three of us. Serious. Silly. Sexy. Having two Mary Janes draping over me, pawing at my Spidey Suit, biting their lips and giving me 'fuck me' eyes... Well, it was tough to stay focused. And tough not to get obviously hard.

Next, we quickly shot more duo pictures, this time with me and Cass, then me and Becca. These included me getting the mask rolled up to my nose and getting some kisses from both of them, including some classic Spidey Upside-Down kisses like in the first movie with Kirsten Dunst. For the ones with Cassidy, Becca directed me to do some weird things with the wall, and she swore that she could edit the photos to make it look like I was hanging from the wall. Cassidy didn't know how so Becca's duo photos couldn't be directed properly for that sort of thing and she got a few more of the sexy photos instead.

We moved on to some solo shots for both of the girls, posing in the perfect lighting and looking pretty, and beautiful, and sexy. Each was a different look, and both Cassidy and Becca knew how to evoke them.

Once that was done, Becca handed me our DSLR camera. "OK, one more mini set," she said. "Just go with it, OK?"

"Sure," I nodded, raising my eyebrow behind the cloth mask even though I knew she couldn't actually see it.

Becca went over to Cassidy and whispered to her, and Cassidy got a big grin on her face that I knew meant something 'fun' was about to happen. Either Becca had a prank planned, or I was going to enjoy myself in a moment.

Becca turned back to me and struck a pose, and Cassidy did the same. "OK," Becca said. "Start taking photos."

I did, and Cassidy and Becca started moving towards me. It wasn't entirely smooth, they hesitated at regular intervals, marking certain poses that looked sexy. Becca got lower, crawling on all fours, while Cassidy remained standing until she was a few feet from me then she went down on all fours as well. Soon they were both kneeling at my feet, looking up at me as my Spidey Suit was in the bottom of the frame.

Becca was the first to reach up and put a hand on my thigh, and then Cassidy put one up higher. Then Becca stroked my growing bulge.

Click-click. Click-click. Click-click.

I didn't stop taking pictures.

They both fondled and groped me, then turned and kissed each other for the camera, both of them with a hand on my cock. Then Cassidy, with a silly grin, wrapped her lips around my bulge and gave it a big kiss as Becca softly held the back of her head.

"Hold this," Becca said suddenly, standing and taking the camera from me and handing it to Cassidy. My fiancée took it and Becca quickly reached behind me and unzipped the suit, rolling it down off of me, low onto my hips. Cassidy handed me back the camera, and Becca resumed her place.

Together, they slowly rolled my suit down further, exposing the root of my cock, and Cassidy licked my pelvic bulge. Then Becca gave my shaft a kiss as more got revealed. Then I popped free, my cock dangling out in the open, and they did several versions of big-eyed-Wow faces, giggling at each other as they did it.

Becca reached up and took me in her hand. She fed my cock to Cassidy, who started sucking on my head. Then it was Becca's turn. It was getting hard for me to stay focused on taking pictures.

Back to Cassidy again, and Becca leaned in close and Cassidy shifted a bit to make room, and Becca got her lips on my balls as Cassidy blew me.

"Holy fuck," I groaned.

"Does that feel good, Tiger?" Cassidy asked me. "You worked hard all night saving the city. It's our job to make sure you're properly rewarded."

"God, yes it does," I panted.

“Take a quick video,” Becca prompted me. I did, and she and Cassidy sucked on me as they kept their eyes trained on the camera, then they worked towards each other and ended up making out around my cock, and eventually switching places so Becca was sucking on the head while Cassidy worked my balls. I ended the video and went back to pictures.

Cassidy was the first to start taking off her shirt, but Becca followed, though she put her jacket back on for some variety between the two. Now they were both in their red bras, their cleavage looking fantastic, and I groaned.

“I don’t deserve this,” I said.

“Oh yes you do,” Cassidy said, rubbing the side of my leg.

“I agree,” Becca nodded, and sucked my cock again, popping off of it with a smile. “Do you want to cum in our mouths, or all over our chests?”

I didn’t even want to make the decision. I wanted both. I wanted more. I wanted to stand Becca up and push her against the rockface and fuck her hard.

“I already got one taste this morning,” Cass said. “You should definitely swallow this one.”

“OK,” Becca grinned. And sucked.

“Fuuuuck,” I groaned.

“Love you, Tiger,” Cassidy smiled. Then she turned to Becca. “Tell our Spidey you love him, MJ.”

“God, I love you Spider-Man,” Becca said with a grin, and then licked the underside of my cock with a broad tongue.

I reached down and slipped my fingers into both of their bras, feeling up their tits for a moment.

“Can we fuck today?” Becca asked me and Cassidy. “I’m seriously getting horny as hell, and if you two are OK with it I want it.”

“Absolutely,” Cassidy nodded. “We just need to find a time, OK?”

Becca nodded excitedly.

“Now, MJ,” Cassidy said, standing up beside me and taking my cock in her hand. “Open wide, 'cause our Tiger needs to fill you up with his webbing.”

I snorted, the silly dirty talk getting to me, and that got the three of us giggling. But Cassidy didn't stop stroking me, getting faster and faster, and Becca got ahold of herself enough to open her mouth wide and perch herself right under my cock.

The pictures of me coming into her mouth were definitely not centred properly. A couple of them weren't even in focus. But the few that did come out right showed Becca looking up at me as she accepted a full load of cum on her tongue and presented it to us with a smile, then swallowing it down and opening her mouth again to show it was gone.

"Fuck," I exhaled and offered Becca a hand to stand up. "You two are amazing together."

"Those last ones are for just us, obviously," Becca said, taking the camera and checking the last few photos and smiling. Then she beamed up at me and puckered her lips for a kiss. I gave one to her, then to Cassidy as well.

"We should definitely see if anyone else brought MJ, or some other Spidey women costumes and do another shoot," Cassidy said. "I think it would be hot to see Robbie fuck someone in a Spider-Gwen cosplay."

"It would!" Becca nodded, grinning. "I'll ask around."

"Oh boy," I sighed, shaking my head but smiling.

Chapter 95

The three of us returned to the beach a little later than planned - but then, I don't think we'd planned the whole blowjob thing at all so that made sense. I had a feeling Cass and Becca would have happily gone even further out there among the rocks except that if we took too long someone was likely to come and look for us.

JC had already helped most of the girls across to the boats already, and I took over to let him go change. I quickly carried Becca and Cassidy and our bag of gear, which left me with Ami.

"How'd it go?" I asked her. She had already changed back from whatever she'd worn back into her shorts and shirt.

"Good," she said. "Not as good as yesterday, I think, but it's content. Not everything can be perfect."

"That's a great outlook for it," I said. "Let me get your bin across, then I'll carry you?"

"Please," she smiled and nodded.

I made the crossing once, sliding her bin up onto the back deck of the Single's Boat, then returned for her. I took her hand and she used my knee to gracefully hop up onto my shoulders. "You sure you weren't a cheerleader?" I asked her.

"No," she laughed. "Dance and Tai Chi. But it's easy to do something like that when you're confident in yourself and the person who's catching you."

I just grinned and patted the outside of her thigh, and walked her over to her boat. Once she'd slid onto the deck she spun on her butt, her feet hanging off the edge as she looked down at me. The sun was just fully over the horizon, the bright morning reflecting off of the water and making us both squint a bit.

"Robbie," she said, and there was a bit of hesitation in her voice. "Could you... explain what's going on with you and Cassidy and the others? I've been noticing things, and some of the other girls are talking."

I took a breath and nodded. "It's complicated. I've been letting Cassidy tell it so far. But basically-" I sighed again, trying to figure out if there was a good way to say it. "Basically, she cheated on me multiple times several years ago when we were in college together. She's been trying to figure out how to tell me and make it up to me since then, and she only owned up to it recently. Part of her big apology is that she wants to share me with other women. I wasn't sure about it at first, but I've seen her punishing herself for years without knowing why, and if this is how she can stop doing that then I'm willing to go ahead with it. And, to be honest, it's a lot easier when the women around us are extremely beautiful, inside and out."

She flushed a little and looked away over the lake. "So she wants you to actually hook up with others," Ami mused. "Have you yet, other than that foot rub with Leia thing and the kissing?"

"I-" I sighed. Was there a point in denying it? In trying to keep secrets? We were all living on two little boats for another five days. "Yes, I have. To different degrees with a few people."

"Have you had sex with someone else?" she asked.

"I did," I nodded. "Cassidy was there, and was sort of part of it near the end."

"And it turned out alright?" Ami asked.

"So far," I said. "But it was last night, so things could change."

"If it was last night, that means it was someone on your boat," Ami worked it out. "Terra has JC and I doubt it was her, and Cattie and Heather are together. So was it Heels? Or did Wanda cheat on her husband?"

"I don't know if I feel comfortable being the one to explain anything further," I told her, giving her an apologetic expression. "Though I doubt you'll need to wait too long for it to be all over the rumour mill."

"OK, that's fair," Ami nodded.

"I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable," I said. "I can tell Cass not to try and push you anymore."

"Would you want to?" she asked me.

"Want to... what?" I asked for clarification.

"Sorry," she said, rubbing at her temple for a moment. "My mind has been all over the place since last night. Cassidy offered that I could do like a little mini-date thing with you. Would you want to do that? Just that, though. No sex stuff. Probably not even making out like she suggested. Just a good night kiss afterwards."

"Ami, I would love to go on a date with you," I said, reaching up and taking her hand in mine. "When would you like to do it? I know you said you don't have plans for all the photoshoot times. What about tomorrow evening when the others are busy? We can find a quiet spot and have a picnic."

She smiled warmly, looking down at her hand and mine, and nodded. "That sounds really nice."

“It’s a date, then,” I smiled. Then I lifted myself out of the water and kissed her on the cheek, and splashed back down. “Now I’m going to be all excited all day. I have a date with a beautiful, sweet woman.”

She rolled her eyes a little but didn’t lose her big grin. “I can’t believe we’re doing this. You’re getting married.”

“Neither can I,” I shrugged. “But somehow it’s happening, and I’m learning quickly if I don’t roll with the punches, I’ll lose the opportunities.” I squeezed her hand again and then let go. “I should go get cleaned up now. See you later?”

“Mhmm,” she nodded, still smiling.

I left her there, kicking her feet in the water, and I knew she watched me as I got out of the lake over on the Couples Boat deck. I turned and winked at her, then blew her a little kiss which made her flush and wave back.

Inside, the boat was quiet except for a rhythmic rocking sound coming from Terra and JC’s room. I tried my best to ignore it as I grabbed an apple from the fridge and headed to our room to see what Cassidy was up to. There was nothing that could wipe the smile from my face after the sweet little plan I’d set up with Ami.

When I opened the door to our room, there was a nearly-naked body on my bed.

“Hey, Tiger,” Wanda smiled. She was laying on the bed dressed in the tiniest bikini possible. Just strings and maybe four square inches of fabric total between the little panels struggling to cover her nipples and the notch wedged between her legs.

“Honey, we’ve got a guest,” Cassidy said, leaning out of the washroom. She was in just her bra and panties and was halfway through pulling her hair out of the bobby pins that had kept it down beneath the MJ wig. “Would you mind entertaining her while I get cleaned up?”

Chapter 96

“So then I asked her out,” I said. “And she said yes, and we planned it for tomorrow evening during Golden Hour.”

“That’s so fucking cute,” Wanda said. “I mean, as long as you’re really OK with it, Cass?”

“Oh, absolutely,” Cassidy said. She was still in the washroom, brushing out her hair. The door was open and we could both see her from where we were laying on the bed. “Hell, it was my idea.”

When I’d entered the room to find Wanda inside, I’d ended up climbing up onto the bed with her and just gave her a little peck on the lips, and we’d ended up snuggling as we talked and I could tell that she’d been surprised I hadn’t been jumping her bones, but then she seemed to settle in almost like a cat getting comfortable and now she was pressed to my side, lying comfortably as we chatted.

I mean, she was still pretty much naked with that ridiculous red micro bikini as her only covering, but for some reason that didn’t seem to matter much to either of us.

“What about me?” Wanda asked. “Any shot I can get a little date time with Robbie?”

“Are you kidding?” Cassidy asked, looking at us through the mirror. “Just pick a time. I mean, there aren’t *that* many good date ideas that I can think of, and we’ve only got like half the week left, but yeah for sure.”

“What do you think, Tiger?” Wanda asked me. “Want to go on a mini date?”

“Wanda, honestly, any other time I would absolutely want to,” I said. My hand was on her bare side, rubbing her skin softly. “My only worry is that it would make Ami’s thing feel less special. Right now she’s really tentative about the whole thing but really happy about it. I wouldn’t want to put a dampener on that.”

“That’s fair, and cute,” Wanda pouted a little.

“And sweet and caring,” Cassidy said, coming out of the washroom and climbing up onto the bed with us, crawling over to lay on my other side. “How about this - instead of a date, why don’t you just sleep with us tonight?”

Wanda broke into another smile. “Am I going to get the same treatment Cattie did?”

“Nope,” I shook my head, making them both give me a confused look. I just smirked. “Cattie had her likes, and you have yours. You, my little filthy whore, are going to be our bitch tonight.” I emphasized the dirty words by sliding my hand down and grabbing her ass hard.

“Fuck,” Wanda grinned and licked the front of her teeth in obvious lust. “I’m absolutely in.”

“That’s so hot,” Cassidy smiled. “Just the look on your face when he called you his little whore and his bitch was priceless.”

Wanda blushed a little but nuzzled down closer to me a bit with her body. “It’s a kink I don’t get to experience really. Brodi is too uptight to do it himself, and sometimes I think he’d rather be the one getting called dirty names.”

“I can get not wanting to see the woman you love like that,” I said. “It sounds to me like something he should get over for you, though.”

“Yeah, I’ve been working on it with him,” Wanda sighed. “It’s been slow going.”

“Anything else planned for today?” Cassidy asked me.

“Other than teasing the hell out of Wanda and never giving her relief until she’s gotten good and fucked tonight?” I asked.

Wanda actually shivered in anticipation, and Cassidy rolled her eyes with a grin. “Yes, other than that. And finding a time to fuck Becca.”

Wanda had already gotten the quick spiel about Becca, and had been interested to hear about it. She’d known Becca for years and hadn’t ever heard about her doing hookups before.

“Well, I made plans to hang out with Leia for a bit. I wanted to get to know her a bit better,” I said.

“Another conquest?” Wanda asked.

I frowned at her. “I definitely am not thinking like that,” I said.

“You know what I mean. Would you fuck her, too?” Wanda asked.

“Maybe,” I said. “Honestly, I just want to know more about her first. I think she’s super pretty, and getting her to orgasm with just a foot rub and some dirty talk was hot. But personality counts for a lot with me.”

“Guess that means I have a great personality if I’m the first one you hooked up with,” Wanda grinned.

“That and a fantastic ass,” Cassidy chuckled and reached over to give her a little spank.

“Oooh, Mommy,” Wanda played it up, and they both broke into giggles.

“Anything else?” Cassidy asked.

“Not that I can think of right now. I mean, I want to check in with Cattie. And if we’re really doing more of the massage shoots then we need to start doing more than one a day. Plus I think I want to actually get in one of the hot tubs before they get completely disgusting if those college guys find us again.”

“I’m still on that list, right?” Wanda asked.

“Of course you are,” Cassidy assured her. “Becca’s the only one that’s actually done it, so it’s you, Terra, Cattie, and I think Leia, Zenya and Ami would all be in as well. Maybe Ginnie.”

“Fuck, that reminds me,” I said. “I forgot to tell you. Sherry knows about last night with Cattie and she was super unhappy about it when I saw her this morning.”

“Ehn, what’s she going to do?” Cassidy shrugged. “Cattie made choices, we made choices. I think we’re all happy with them.”

She stopped talking when the engine of the boat rumbled to life beneath us, and soon after the boat started moving.

“I guess JC is doing the driving this morning,” I said.

“Good,” Wanda said, and she shifted up a bit and got more on top of me. “Because we may not be fucking right now, but I definitely want to make out and put this ridiculous bikini to work cause I don’t think I’m ever wearing it again.”

Cassidy laughed and gave Wanda another spank, and I grinned as she brought her lips to mine and I grabbed her ass again with the arm I had around her as I pulled Cassidy a little closer on my other side.

Life was getting fucking wild.

Chapter 97

The thing about kissing Wanda was that she was a giver. Now, in most sexual situations it's fairly obvious how that appears, but when making out it was more of a vibe than anything else. She kissed like she wanted to impress. With her laying on top of me, she held my face still with a soft couple of fingers on each side of my jaw and she did all the work. At the same time her body rolled softly against mine as she pressed her hips and chest down against me.

I had one hand firmly on her ass, squeezing and kneading that amazing cheek that was completely bare to my touch because of the micro bikini thong. My other hand slid up her back and wove into her hair, not holding her so much as just letting her know I could, and that made her groan happily through our kissing.

Cassidy didn't move an inch, still pressed against my side in her bra and panties. She was stroking Wanda's side softly and watching us with a big grin on her face.

Wanda kept kissing me, and I was getting hard and she started dry-humping her mound against it. That went on for a bit until she separated from me with a gasp.

"You are such a hot fucking slut," I whispered to her with a grin. "I can't wait to fuck your needy little hole."

She grinned and shivered at the filthy words. I didn't usually talk like that at all, even when Cassidy and I were really going at it. It was like I was turning on the filthiest part of my mind trying to remember nasty porn lines to turn Wanda on.

"I can't wait for you to fill me up," she said, biting her lower lip.

"I want these tits," I said. She had arched her back to give some space between us and I let go of her ass and hair to palm her boobs over the ridiculous micro bikini top. They were smaller than Cassidy and Cattie's, but not mosquito bites by any means. I wasn't soft with them - I grabbed them firmly, letting my fingers dig into her skin a bit and running my nails across the exposed breasts.

"Fuck, Tiger," she groaned. "Do whatever you want with them."

"Should he suck on them?" Cassidy asked from beside us.

"Mhmm," Wanda nodded.

"What about bite them? Should he bite those needy little nipples raw?"

"Fu-huuuck, yes please," Wanda groaned.

I leaned my head up and sucked on the inner curve of her breast kissing her roughly, then did the same to the other one. She put a hand in my hair to keep me between her tits.

“You know, if we weren’t on a working vacation and you had more shoots to do, I’d tell him to mark you with a hickey,” Cassidy told Wanda. “Then everyone would know that you were a slut who belonged to a stud.”

Wanda’s legs tightened against my hips at the idea. I reached around her again as I continued to roughly kiss her breasts and smacked my hand against her ass and held it there, sliding my fingers into the crack and lower until I was teasing the little piece of fabric that was covering her pussy.

I pulled my face from her tits and lifted up, kissing her hard on the mouth again. Then I pulled away and lay back down, bringing her with me so I could whisper right into her ear. “You better not come, or you’re going to need to wait a whole extra day before I fuck you like the filthy slut you are. Only good girls get things they want.”

“OK,” she gasped. I was still teasing her through the bikini bottom, and she went back to kissing me desperately.

Cassidy didn’t move from us for the next fifteen or so minutes, just watching raptly as Wanda and I made out and I teased her pussy and ass without ever actually touching her holes.

The boat had stopped at some point and I hadn’t noticed, and more voices started to sound out in the hallway and living area outside our room. Wherever we were, it sounded like the boats had gotten docked together and breakfast was getting prepared out there.

We didn’t care. Wanda kept kissing me. I kept kissing and teasing her. I could feel the goosebumps on her skin. Her pussy had soaked her bikini bottom and my fingertips were coated with her natural lubricants.

That was when Cassidy finally moved, but only to get up on her knees and urge Wanda to slide up my body a bit. That gave Cass access to my briefs, which she pulled down and off of me. They had a precum wet spot on them as well from the dry humping we’d been doing. Now my cock was standing straight up, and Cassidy pulled Wanda back down until my cock was nestled against that slick patch of fabric between her legs, and then she went a step further and closed Wanda’s legs so that her softly muscled thighs were trapping my cock tightly.

“Fuck her thighs, Tiger,” Cassidy urged me. “Use her like a fucktoy. And you heard what he said, Wanda. No coming.”

I started to thrust as we kept kissing, and while it wasn’t a pussy or a mouth, fucking Wanda’s slicked thighs was as hot as a boob job.

She moaned, rotating her hips with my thrusts to give extra feeling, humping down at me as I thrust upwards. After so much teasing I wasn't going to last long, and I reached down with both hands and grabbed her ass cheeks, pulling them apart so I could hotdog my cock between them.

Wanda squeaked and her lips stopped kissing me as she tensed, and I could tell she was trying her damndest not to come. The squeak turned into a soft, girlish grunt and she relaxed as the feeling passed, and as she soul-kissed me again I thrust a couple more times and then came. My hot cum launched out of me and splattered across her ass and lower back, dripping into the crack as I released four heavy jets and then dribbled out several more.

She let me breathe, kissing me lighter, through my orgasm and then she surprised me as she started to lick my lips almost like an animal for a minute. I released her cheeks from my hands and ran them up her sides, hugging her to me more closely.

"That was fucking perfect," I told her quietly. "You are an excellent sex toy. Were you a good girl, too?"

"God, it was hard but I was," Wanda laughed softly.

"Tiger," Cassidy said. "Do you want me to lick up your cum from her, or should she wear it out of here on her ass so everyone knows she's your slut today?"

By the expression on her face I could tell that Wanda liked both ideas, but was also unsure about either of them. Doing this kind of stuff in private was one thing, but broadcasting openly was another. I kissed her quickly, trying to reassure her, and then turned to Cassidy. "Grab a wet cloth from the washroom and wipe us down, babe. Wanda might be our toy for tonight, but we're not embarrassing her for the sake of it."

"OK," Cassidy nodded and went to get the cloth.

"Thanks," Wanda said. "I would have if you wanted though."

"I know," I said. "I could see it on your face, and that's fucking hot. But there's a big difference between playing with you like you're a worthless cumslut, and actually treating you like one. You are way more than just your kink."

She smiled happily and hugged me, burying her face into my neck and kissing me softly.

"Thanks for understanding that," she whispered.

Chapter 98

We sent Wanda back across to her room with one of my shirts to help cover her micro bikini, though before she left she and Cassidy spent a minute in the bathroom whispering together. Then Wanda, dressed in my shirt, gave me another little kiss and then darted out of the room.

“What was that about?” I asked Cassidy.

“Just making sure we can do everything we can to make you happy, Tiger,” Cassidy grinned at me. “Now, what do you want me to wear today?”

This was a new thing, Cass asking me more than just an opinion on one outfit or another, and I was finding it fun as she showed me different ideas she thought I would like. We settled on a bikini top that had some solid coverage that had cups that matched the violet colour of her dyed hair. Then we agreed on some high-waisted jean shorts, and she accessorized with a pair of little silver hoop earrings and a Batman baseball cap with a bright yellow brim.

“You know, this is cute as fuck,” she said, looking at herself in the mirror. “I should get a batman bikini to go with the hat though.”

“That would be super cute,” I agreed, hugging her from behind as I sat on the edge of the bed.

She turned in my arms and tilted my face up so she could kiss me softly. “Still OK with everything?”

I nodded. “Wanda is-”

“She’s amazing,” Cassidy grinned. “I’m so glad we met her. And I can’t wait for you to fuck her properly. I bet she’s still wet, she’s so turned on by you.”

We finally made it out of the room and found the living area of our houseboat was awash with the ladies of the trip. Breakfast was buffet style in the kitchen, this time with lots of little breakfast sausages and several bowls of scrambled eggs with different ingredients mixed in. Cassidy and I shuffled through and got our plates of food, and I noticed that Wanda shot me a grin and a wink when she came out of her room as well. She was dressed in a blue athletic bra and a pair of baggy men’s athletic shorts and had a baseball cap on her head similar to how Cassidy was wearing hers.

“What did you do?” I asked Cassidy quietly.

“What do you mean?” Cass asked innocently. I just lifted an eyebrow and she chuckled. “OK. Cattie and I noticed you liked the cap look the other day, so Wanda and I discussed and we’ve decided that your girls are going to wear caps to show you how much we want to look hot for *you*.”

That was both ridiculously silly, but also a turn on and despite my recent release I could feel my cock twitch. I just kissed Cass on the cheek as my response, which made her grin all the wider since she'd been right that I would like it.

We ended up needing to find seating outside since the couch and tables were full, so we headed out and up to the top deck, but it turned out Cattie, Heather and Sherry were up there and looked like they were having an intense conversation - likely about us - so we backed down the stairs and hung our legs in the lake water at the edge of the porch.

"Mm," Cassidy nodded happily as she ate. "You know, I could get used to living like this."

"Like what?" I asked her. "On a houseboat on a lake? Or surrounded by a bunch of women who take turns making meals and stuff?"

"I was talking about a houseboat on a lake, but I would definitely take the second option too," Cassidy laughed. "It's handy only being on cooking or dishes duty once in a while."

"That's true," I said. I looked out over the lake - we weren't out in the middle of it, but were a decent distance from the shore as well and it gave a feeling of serene isolation.

"I love you, Robbie," Cassidy said, taking my hand. "And I'm sorry."

I looked over to her and kissed her softly. "Love you too, Cass."

Our moment wasn't so much interrupted as just brought to an end by the sliding door opening up as Becca came out. It looked like she'd gotten some seconds with her plate only half full, and she slid the door closed behind her.

"Hey," Cassidy smiled and waved. "Joining us?"

"I am," Becca nodded, and I helped hold her plate and utensils as she sat down next to me. "God, it's pretty out today."

"It is," I said.

"He's trying not to say something corny like 'But not as pretty as you,'" Cassidy giggled. "It's his first instinct."

"Corny but sweet," Becca smiled.

"Well, in that case," I said. "Yes. It is pretty out, but you outshine any landscape."

"See?" Cassidy laughed. "Told you."

“You might be used to his flattery,” Becca said. “But it’s nice to hear a sincere compliment from someone I actually want one from. Creeps online don’t exactly make me feel the same way when they fawn over me in the comment section.”

“Just so you know, I really want to kiss you right now but I’m not sure how you feel about that right in front of a room full of colleagues,” I told her.

“And that’s the kind of thoughtfulness that makes me fucking wet,” Becca said, putting her hand on mine for a moment and smiling. She leaned forward to talk around me. “Seriously, Cass. If you hadn’t already agreed to us hooking up, I would be trying to find some way to convince you two into a threesome.”

“Well it’s a good thing we’re in already, isn’t it?” Cassidy laughed. “Not nearly as much stress involved.”

“Is there a specific time you’re thinking?” I asked her. “Not to put a schedule on it or something.”

Becca shook her head. “Not sure, but we’re doing it today for sure. There’s some stuff we need to do this morning first though. Do you mind doing some boat piloting today?”

Chapter 99

I'd been vaguely aware of the gas gauge lowering on the houseboats as we drove around. The engines obviously took up the most gas usage, but the generators that gave us electricity even when we weren't driving around used the same fuel tanks and after a few days of use they were starting to run dry.

We had a couple of options for refuelling. One of them was to spend half the day boating back to the Rental place and paying for gas there. The other was to go to one of the few boat-up gas bars on the lake, and one was about a half hour from us so that's where we headed.

Once breakfast was mostly cleaned up, JC helped me disengage the houseboats from each other and I took command of the pilot's cabin. Cassidy and Wanda joined me shortly after, though other than a quick hug and a peck on the lips we didn't get up to any hanky panky or deeper conversations. I had boating to do, and we'd quickly developed an easy friendship with Wanda outside of the sexual situation.

They did, however, both giggle to themselves when I radioed with Becca that we were ready to go and I noticed that she'd changed since breakfast. She was wearing a sleeveless t-shirt with a ripped collar that went halfway down her abdomen and a white bikini top underneath - along with a baseball cap backwards on her head.

"Really?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," Cassidy nodded with a grin. "You think we organize something with your girls and don't include Becca?"

The journey was through another beautiful day on the lake and soon all of the girls and JC were up on the top deck to enjoy the weather. It turned out that Zenya and Leia had hung out with Heels on our boat, and apparently Heather and Cattie were over on the single's boat for the trip. Both of our guests came in to say hello, and I got hugs from both of them

The girls chatted away about work stuff - telling stories about the weird shit people messaged them, or the good and bad Cons they had been to, or tips for making different cosplay costumes. Leia and Zenya were bigger into the crafting side than Cassidy was, and Wanda pretty much just used commissioned costumes from other models since she said had two left hands and no thumbs when it came to crafty stuff.

Right around the time I'd been expecting, Becca pulled us towards the shore and a stretch of buildings with a pair of docks. As we got closer I saw they were built right onto the edge of a small rock shelf with a pair of wooden docks running out into the water and splitting into T-shapes so small boats could moor up in the little port area they made while bigger boats like ours could moor up at the ends. Six old-school gas pumps that looked like they'd been refurbished from the fifties were set up on the docks, and the land-side of the docks had a half

dozen wooden steps up to a covered porch area where a diner, general store and the gas place shared space.

“Oh my God, this place is cute,” Leia said, looking out of the front window with me. She turned back to the others. “Seriously, we should do a quick shoot on these docks with the gas pumps. Did anyone bring retro outfits?”

Soon the girls - all of them - were rushing down into the boat to try and put together some outfit ideas and JC touched base with me before heading down to help tie us in once we arrived. Becca took the far dock, so I took the closest one and we both pulled up at the ends.

I shut off the engines and went to help JC secure us, then stepped out onto the dock and gave a big stretch.

“Hey there,” said a short, blonde woman as she came down from the shop's area. “Fill ‘er up?”

“Yup,” I said. “We’re tagged up with the other boat up there. A blonde named Becca should be who you’re looking for, she’s got all our info and is covering the gas.”

“Cool,” she said and set to work. Apparently she knew our boats, or at least the make, because she immediately knew where to go to open up the tube to the gas tank, then she keyed on the gas pump and a loud hum of a pump started.

As she was working I tried not to glance over at her, but it was hard not to. She was probably around twenty and had the golden-kissed skin of someone who spent a lot of time outdoors. She was cute enough in the face, and she was wearing a yellow bikini top underneath an open button-down uniform shirt that looked like it belonged to a car shop. ‘Larry’ was on the fabric name patch on the breast, which I assumed wasn’t her name. But the thing I was really trying not to stare at was her ass hanging out of the daisy duke shorts.

Sure, it wasn’t a Wanda-level ass. Or even Cattie. But it was half-out and on her short form looked particularly bouncy as she moved around.

She finished getting the gas flowing and turned. “I’ll head over and start the other boat and ask for Becca. Right?” I nodded and she smiled. “Cool. If anyone wants they are still serving breakfast up at the diner and the General Store is open. You’ll just need to wait for me to get up there to pay up.”

“Sounds good,” I said and watched her walk back down the dock and across to the other.

“She’s got a nice butt,” Cassidy said, and I jumped a little which made her giggle. “Sorry, Tiger.” She wrapped an arm around my waist, and I did the same with her shoulders.

“Not doing the impromptu shoot?” I asked.

“No,” she said, smiling softly. “I just want to spend some more time with you. Maybe check out the store, grab some snacks?”

“Sure,” I said, bending to give her a peck on the lips.

“You know, that gas girl is a snack herself,” Cassidy said as we started walking up the dock.

“I knew you were going to say that,” I sighed, making her laugh.

Chapter 100

Cassidy grinned at me, making a silly face as she tried on a pair of sunglasses.

“You know, you’re laughing but they look really good on you,” I said.

“Really?” she asked, then looked into the little mirror on the display. “I look like I’m a pilot in Top Gun.”

“And that’s not sexy?” I asked, which made her giggle.

“OK,” she said. “If you like them, I’ll get them.”

She turned and pursed her lips dramatically to ask for a kiss, and I obliged her. The bell on the front door of the General Store tinkled loudly as it opened, and the cute gas girl walked in followed by Cattie. Gas Girl headed for the main counter, while Cattie came over to us.

“Hey,” Cass said, reaching out to Cattie and taking her hand.

“Hi,” she replied, and turned to me and put a hand on my chest lightly. “Robbie, do you mind if I talk to Cass for a second?”

“Sure, hon,” I said and gave her a very platonic side hug. She led Cass back deeper into the store, and I wandered closer to the front to give them some privacy. I ended up browsing the snacks near the counter. “So,” I said to the Gas Girl, “Did you find Becca?”

“I did, thanks,” she said. “I guess that you guys are going to be a little bit, though. It was like a dozen women came out of those boats and they’re going to start some sort of photoshoot? What kind of group are you guys?”

“Most of the people on our trip are models. Like cosplayers and internet streamers and stuff,” I said.

“You’re a model?” the girl asked.

“Ouch,” I laughed, miming that she’d stabbed me in the heart. “No, I’m not.”

“No, sorry, I didn’t mean it that way,” she said, looking a little abashed. “You’re actually pretty cute. Most tourists who come in that are your ages are usually douche-y, and you and most of the girls I quickly talked to down there seemed pretty down to earth.”

“Becca was fairly picky when she was organizing the trip,” I said. “She’s been in the industry for a while and doesn’t take much bullshit. ‘Influencer’ types aren’t her style.”

“So if you’re not a model...?”

“Why am I on the trip?” I filled in. I turned and pointed back towards Cass and Cattie. They were wandering around the back, talking quietly and picking out snacks. “The girl with the purple hair is my fiancée. The one next to her is her best friend.”

“That looks like an intense conversation they’re having,” Gas Girl said.

“Uh, yeah,” I grinned sheepishly and could feel myself blushing a bit. “There’s a whole thing going on. I’m hoping it’s not going to become drama - I doubt it will with them, but get a bunch of people together and someone’s going to make a problem at some point.”

“Oh, I get not wanting drama,” the girl sighed.

“Yikes,” I said. “That’s the expression of someone with a lot going on.”

“Mmm,” she grunted. “You could say that. I broke up with my boyfriend last week because he cheated on me with a couple of friends. I didn’t even like him all that much to be honest, but he’s local and not a complete redneck so that’s more than most people around here. But now he’s texting me non-stop, flip-flopping between being an asshole and begging for me back.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said. “And I get it. If I’m being honest with you, my fiancée and I are going through something similar. We just have a lot more time and love between us that makes it worth fighting for.”

She scrunched up her face. “You cheated on a girl who looks like that?”

“No, actually,” I said. “We’re high school sweethearts and she admitted she cheated on me while we were back in high school and college together.”

“Oh,” she said. “Oh, shit. I’m sorry for assuming-”

“It’s alright,” I said, holding up my hands to calm her. “Seriously, I get it.”

A ringtone went off behind the counter and she reached down and took out a cell phone. She checked the message and scoffed and set it back down hard.

“Him again?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she said. She lifted her phone again and showed me the message. It was a screenshot of a dating app with a bunch of matches and conversations going on. “His new thing is trying to make me jealous, but telling me he doesn’t want to be doing it.”

“He sounds like a real prick,” I said. “You need to just cut him off like a knife.”

“Easier said than done,” she said. “I literally burned his old varsity jacket on my driveway. You’d think that would have been enough.”

“You should try some revenge porn,” Cass said, coming up from the other end of the store with Cattie. They both had armfuls of bags of chips and other snacks. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to listen in. And not like, revenge porn of him. I mean you should send him a video of you sucking or fucking some other guy. That should really tell him it’s over.”

The gas girl laughed. “Yeah, it probably would. But like I was telling your fiance, there aren’t exactly a lot of guys around who I’d consider worth it.”

“You could use Robbie if you want,” Cass shrugged, putting her armful of goodies on the counter and then sticking her hand out to offer a shake. “I’m Cassidy. How’d you like to fuck my fiance?”

Gas Girl gave me and Cassidy a look, and then another more considering one.

“I’m Cattie, by the way,” Cattie said with a little wave. “And I can guarantee you that he’s got a nice, big dick and will scratch whatever itch you might have.”

Gas Girl’s expression changed again, and she reached a hand forward and shook Cassidy’s. “Madison,” she said. “Are you for real?”

“Oh, absolutely,” Cassidy said. “You’ve got a great ass and you’re cute as fuck. If you just want to blow him that’s cool, but if you want the full experience you two should fuck. You’ll come at least twice, I promise.”

Madison looked at me, and I shrugged as if to say, ‘I’m just rolling with it at this point.’ She turned back to Cassidy. “At least twice?”

“At least,” Cattie nodded and winked.