

# AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 118-124

By Breakthebar

## Chapter 118

Cassidy had known that Sherry was bringing a guy down for a hookup, but I wasn't sure if Cattie knew. And one thing I was sure of was that the last time we'd talked about it Cattie had been worried about her little sister. So I could either just try to pretend I didn't know, let them deal with anything that came of it, and skirt by without an issue... or I could do the right thing and interrupt the 'Avoid Robbie' bubble as briefly as possible to make sure she was aware.

It wasn't really an option. I cared about Cattie, and I cared about what she wanted for her sister. Ginnie could bring every one of the college guys down to her room and have a gangbang if she wanted, and while I'd be a little put off by the display, I wouldn't have a direct emotional response to it. But anything bad happening with Sherry would impact Cattie.

I climbed the steps and saw Cassidy and Ami settling down cross-legged on the astroturf deck in their foursome with Terra and Wanda. Wanda was still wearing her baseball cap and waved at me with a smile and a wink, which made Terra look over her shoulder and see me. She stuck out her tongue in a smile and waved as well... and I thought she would look cute in a hat, too.

God, the App was making me cocky in a way that made me uneasy.

Becca was sitting with Cattie and Heather over on the other boat, while Heels and Leia sat on the edge of the hot tub and watched the speed boat coming back into the bay. I crossed over and went up behind Becca's chair, clearing my throat to get the group's attention. "Hey," I said. "Sorry to interrupt and break the thing, but I just wanted to make sure you knew your sister went below deck with a guy, Cattie."

"She did?" Cattie said, immediately sitting up and glancing around.

"I saw her go into her room with him," I clarified. "I knew you would want to know, or I wouldn't have- yeah."

"Oh, it's not a big deal, Cat," Heather said, reaching over and rubbing Cattie's arm. "If she wants some dick then she should get some dick. She's a big girl."

"Not that big," Cattie retorted. "And she's been drinking those daiquiris you made extra strong."

"Just let her do her thing," Heather sighed, rolling her eyes. "Sow her wild oats and shit."

"You said they were in her room?" *Cattie* asked me, standing.

Heather sighed heavily and pursed her lips, glaring at me through her sunglasses.

"Yeah," I nodded. "Do you want me to go with?"

"No, it's fine," she said. "I'll just make sure she's OK and sober enough to be making a proper decision." She crossed over and looked like she wanted to hug me, but stopped short and put a hand on my upper arm. "Thank you for telling me."

As she left to head down the stairs, Heather scoffed a bit. "Really?"

"Heather, I knew she would want to know," I said.

"What, do you want to fuck her little sister, too?" she asked.

"Heather," Becca said sternly, warning her.

That seemed to snap Heather out of it, at least for the moment. She blinked and then looked away. "I'm just saying, the girl is old enough to drink. She can make her own decisions about who she gives it up to. And you were supposed to back off."

"I know," I said with a frown. "And I would have done like *Cattie* asked but this felt more important than a brief interruption."

"Then why are you still here?" Heather asked.

I just held up a hand to show I was backing off without trying to fight or make a deal of it, then walked away. I heard footsteps following me and glanced over to see it was Becca. She followed me over to the Pilot Cabin and the shade, and I saw the aforementioned daiquiris and poured myself one of the slushy drinks and took a sip. That immediately raised my eyebrows as the fumes hit my nose and the liquor hit my throat. "Holy shit that's strong," I said.

"Yeah, I could only handle half a glass," Becca said. Then she hugged me. "You didn't deserve that."

"She didn't deserve what happened last night," I pointed out. "Well, not entirely. Just because she dug her own grave on it doesn't mean we needed to bury her, make the headstone and then knock it over. I get why she's mad."

"You know, you might be too empathetic for your own good?" Becca asked. "But then again, I just keep finding new layers of what I like about you, and that's one of them."

I smiled and pulled her into a second, softer and more intimate feeling hug. “Cassidy said yes, by the way,” I told her. “We’re good for it to be just us.”

She closed her eyes and hugged me a little tighter, not saying anything but smiling. When we parted she kept that little smile on her face and we just chatted for a bit and I got to look at her.

“God, your beautiful,” I blurted out.

That made her little smile turn wider. “What brought that on?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “You just are. I like the way your hair looks a little windswept and peeking out from the cap. Your sunglasses fit your face perfectly and are perfectly styled with your outfit. I love all the different ways you smile.”

She rolled her eyes a little at the corniness but kept smiling. “No, please, keep going,” she laughed.

“Well, there’s your nose,” I said. “It’s just the perfect nose.”

She giggled, and I was about to keep going but some loud voices were coming from down by the speed boat. Becca and I looked at each other and immediately headed out to see if there was a problem.

## **Chapter 119**

As Becca and I looked over the railing Leia and Heels were doing the same thing, all of us drawn by the loud voices.

Thankfully it looked like it was just some playful roughhousing. JC was down there, goofing off with a couple of the guys as they were swapping out the tubing rope for what looked like a handle for waterskiing.

What looked less good, at least to me, was the stance Zenya had as she was sitting and being chatted up by another of the college guys. She didn’t look like she was feeling threatened or anything, I just felt like judging by her body language she would rather just... not be talking to him. I had a feeling she’d gone out on the boat to enjoy the wind and the waves out of the open lake, and she was putting up with the guy trying to chat her up.

“Hey, Zen,” I called down. She looked up, shading her eyes despite her oversize sunglasses to see me in the glare of the afternoon. I waved her up. “Want to do that thing?”

It was a calculated ask that I’d developed over time at work. A customer who wasn’t being handsy or rude, but was clearly hitting on a staff member, needed to be handled delicately.

Especially if they were a high roller. So 'Hey, did you do that thing I asked you to do?' was enough to give them an out if they wanted it. A waitress or dealer could say 'Yeah, I got it done' if they thought they were working towards a good tip, or they could say, 'Oh, no, I forgot' and they could get out of the situation without the customer feeling slighted.

Well, it usually worked anyways, but when it didn't the customer was generally progressing from 'mildly annoying' to 'a problem.'

Zenya, bless her, immediately caught on and stood up. "Yes!" she called. "I'll be right up."

I ducked back out from the railing so that she could make her excuses without the guy being able to interact with me or ask questions.

"That thing?" Becca asked.

"Total bullshit," I said.

"Ah," Becca smirked.

Zenya joined us on the top deck half a minute later, giving me a thankful look and squeezing my arm. She was in a full bikini with a pretty and colourful silky robe cover-up hanging loose from her shoulders. "Thank you," she said. "That guy didn't know when to stop talking."

"No problem," I said with a smile.

"I had a thought," Becca said. "What if you *did* have a thing to do?"

"And what thing would I be doing?" Zenya asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, if you want to get in on the Massage Shoots, I think Cassidy isn't busy but I could be the photographer. Do you have a white swimsuit to work with?"

"Oooh," Zenya said looking excited. "I do want to get in on that, but I didn't bring anything plain white. Do you think anyone might have something that would fit me?"

Zenya was one of the bigger girls on the trip with full hips and a broad chest. Heather was her closest option but I doubted she would be willing to help out if I was involved.

"I think Ami has a white bando top we could try, and then I know Leia has a white suit and I bet the bottoms would fit you," Becca said.

"OK, cool. Let's ask," Zenya said and the two of them immediately went off to start piecing together the outfit.

“No one asked me if I was interested,” I muttered. Then snorted and rolled my eyes at myself. Who was I kidding, of course I was willing to massage another gorgeous woman.

I went and let Cassidy know what was going on and she grinned and nodded, pursing her lips for a kiss which I gave her. Then she played a card and Terra, her partner across their square, groaned and started to explain that she'd already been winning the play.

After a quick swimsuit change I went back up to the top deck and waited a couple of minutes for Becca and Zenya to arrive. When they did my eyes popped out a little bit as I saw Zenya in the piecemeal suit. It looked great, but...

“Dayum, girl,” Cassidy called from over at the group playing cards. “Did they turn the air conditioning on downstairs?”

Zenya laughed and covered her obviously pointy nipples with her fingers.

“If you're not comfortable doing it with this suit, that's OK,” I told her as the girls came over to where I had set up a towel on the back side of the hot tub from the card players. The angle of the boat meant the shade wouldn't hit us as we worked, giving a clean 'set' for the photoshoot.

“It's fine,” she said. “As long as Becca doesn't make my nips the focus of the shot I can edit them out before I post anything.”

“OK,” I said, “if you're sure.”

“Definitely,” she said and then winked before getting down on the towel. “Besides, I love my body. Why shouldn't everyone else?”

I got down on my knees next to Zenya as she lay on her stomach and worked her through how the other shoots had gone - or at least the appropriate parts of them. She was just happy to be getting a full massage, and she fixed up her bright red hair in a white scrunchy to keep it off of her back and shoulders in a spray of a ponytail bun.

I started with her feet and moved up her legs. Zenya had naturally pale skin but she'd started to tan lightly over the last few days, warming her hue just a little bit without getting burnt. She was an interesting woman physically - curvy and soft in all the right ways, but under the curves I could feel a decent amount of muscle. I asked her how she kept so fit, which made her turn and smile at me and thank me for noticing. And then we spent the next few minutes with her talking about how she liked weight lifting and did some Brazilian jiu-jitsu for workouts because she hated standard cardio. As I got to her upper thighs she teased me by wagging her big butt at me.

“Take a feel,” she said, then turned to Becca. “Not for the camera, though.”

Becca gave a thumbs up, and I put my hands on Zenya's ass and she flexed against them, her butt jumping under my hands.

"Jesus, that's impressive," I said. "I bet you can twerk like mad."

"Oh, she can," Becca smirked. "She keeps doing it at night when you and JC aren't around."

"I'm not trying to steal any husbands or boyfriends," Zenya laughed.

"So you let him grab it?" Becca asked.

Zenya shrugged. "It was for science."

## **Chapter 120**

I moved on from Zenya's ass and up to her back, which was where she started getting a little more into it.

"Mmm, could you hit that spot again?" she asked as I found a little knot of tension closer to her side.

"Sure," I said and worked the mirrored point on her other side as well.

"Ooh, shit," she groaned, kicking her feet up a little bit.

"Damn, you're carrying some tension there," I said.

"Wait till you get to my shoulders," she groaned.

"Noted," I smirked, and worked the tense points until they were feeling smoother. I wasn't a professional by any means but between what I knew and the Midas Touch from the App I could at least soothe her even if I couldn't fix anything permanently.

I pushed up higher, doing my trick with my thumbs and her spine which made her moan happily and arc her back for a moment as she muffled herself with her arm.

"That was almost *too* good," she grunted.

"Want me to do it again?" I asked.

She shook her head, so I didn't, moving on up her back. I skimmed over the stretched fabric of the bando top and moved up to her shoulder blades and under her arms.

Zenya loved my massaging of her spine and the base of her neck where she had a little mandala tattoo with an all-seeing eye that was usually hidden by her thick hair. What the redhead needed was my massaging of her shoulder blades and upper shoulders.

“Fuuuck,” she grunted through gritted teeth.

“Want me to stop?” I asked.

“N- No,” she shook her head. “I can tell this is actually helping.”

She was tense as hell, and she admitted it was both from stress and from carrying around her tits. They weren't huge, but they were big enough that they were causing her problems if she didn't go see her chiropractor - and chiropractors cost money and she was a freelance model so getting a great health insurance plan was out the window.

Zenya got loud enough that the girls playing euchre came over to look, thinking I was making her orgasm. Well, I was sure Wanda and Cassidy thought that at least. But I wasn't, I was just working out a shitload of tension. By the time I was finished and had moved back to softly rubbing the base of her neck, Zenya was sweating and panting. Her shoulders were loose, but it had been a process.

“You want to keep going?” I asked her.

“Are you kidding me?” she asked, looking back at me with smudged makeup around her eyes from her squeezing them tight and watering a bit. “The worst part is over, now I can just enjoy your magic hands some more.

*You have no idea.*

I nodded and started down her arms, then got her to turn over and tried my best to ignore the fact that her large breasts seemed like they were going to pop out of the elasticity bando top at any moment. She loved the face massage to the point that I did the whole thing over again, and I could feel her apple cheeks rippling a little under my thumbs as she smiled broadly and enjoyed the feelings. I was sitting above her with her head resting in my lap, and as I moved down from her jaw to her neck she blinked open her big eyes and smirked at me a little. “Ooh, choke me, Daddy,” she teased.

“Don't tempt me,” I teased back and moved down to her upper chest. As I got closer to her breasts her breathing got shallower and her eyes dilated just a little. I stopped right at the top of the bando, a couple inches or two onto her cleavage and gave her the chance to say something. She didn't, and so I slid around her body and softly massaged her ribs and down her soft torso and dramatic curves to her hips, then down onto the tops of her thighs.

“Could you do my waist again?” she asked me.

“Sure,” I said and straddled her thighs so that I could get a good even pressure and put my hands back on her waist.

“Higher?” she asked.

I slowly moved back up to her ribs, massaging the skin in slow circles with my thumbs.

“Higher?” she asked again, her voice getting quieter.

I was right up under her breasts now and moved towards her sternum. She breathed deeply and shivered a little under me.

“Higher?” she asked again. “Is that OK?”

I nodded. “Do you want me to double-check with Cassidy? I’m sure she’d say yes.”

Zenya glanced at Becca, who nodded. “She definitely would.”

“No pictures,” Zenya said.

Becca nodded again and lowered the camera.

Zenya reached down and slid my hands up onto the bando top, right onto her breasts. I softly massaged them, circling my hands closer to the big bumps of her nipples.

“Fuck it,” she moaned softly and then lifted the bando top over her tits and onto her upper chest, baring her breasts to me in a quick plop.

I didn’t say anything, I just took them in my hands and massaged the swathe of breast in my hands, running my thumbs over her nipples and then softly tweaking them. Her areolas were a little small for the size of her breasts but her nipples were wonderfully rubbery and erect with little dimples creasing each one.

She sucked in a breath when I slowly massaged out from her nipples, then back in squeezing her tits firmly until I reached back to her nipples again.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned. “I could-”

“Cover up,” Becca hissed quietly.

I let go of Zenya’s tits and pulled the bando top down over them, and not two seconds later the sound of laughing guys reached us as JC and the college guys came up onto the opposite top

deck where they would have had an excellent view of us. Right after covering her I had dismounted from straddling Zenya and she fixed her top more.

“Fuck,” she said, her cheeks flushed down her neck and to her upper chest.

“Sorry,” I sighed.

“God, don’t be,” she said, sitting up. “That was amazing. But you better bet I’ll be asking Cassidy if I can get another massage this week.”

“I’d be happy to,” I said, winking and squeezing her thigh.

“Well, I’ll get you the pictures tonight, Zen,” Becca said. “But for now I think it’s time we get rid of the boys and start work on dinner.”

“Sure,” she nodded, then looked down and blushed all over again and looked at me. “Mind if I take your towel for now?”

I glanced down and saw she had a little dark spot between her legs. “No problem,” I said and helped her get covered with the towel around her waist as she stood up and headed for the stairs.

As Becca went to ask the college guys to head out I crossed back over to the other side of the hot tub to the card players.

“How’d it go?” Cassidy asked as I crouched behind her and hugged her.

“Good,” I simply said.

I could see the gears turning behind her eyes and the questions on her tongue, and I knew if Terra and Ami hadn’t been there she would have asked more. But she didn’t and settled for kissing my cheek, and then kissing my lips, before the girls complained that she was supposed to be dealing. And that they weren’t getting kisses.

It was a hard life, giving each of them a peck on the lips as well.

## **Chapter 121**

I hung out with the girls, watching them play cards until the dinner bell was metaphorically rung - well, more correctly until I was asked to help bring the food up onto the top deck. Dinner was grilled chicken on big, hearty garden salads with a mess of different toppings that would have made a buffet salad bar proud.

Not my thing, but the ladies loved it.

When Terra saw my plate with a little bit of salad a two full chicken breasts worth of strips she laughed and showed me she'd done the same thing. We finished filling our plates at about the same time, Cassidy right behind me, and the three of us broke off from the main group that was hovering around where Cattie and Heather were sitting.

I hadn't seen Sherry, but Terra and Cass did let me know that Cattie had come up about five minutes after I'd spoken with her and, while she and Heather had argued quietly for a few minutes, things seemed to have settled down.

So Terra, Cass and I avoided the awkwardness of joining the Heather group and decided to grab seats down on the lower porch area of the Couples Boat, sitting on the edge with our feet dangling in the nice and cool water of the lake.

"Where's your boy?" Cassidy asked Terra as we set in to eating. "I thought he'd be starving for you and food after the afternoon he had."

Terra sighed heavily. "You'd think," she said. "He went to take a nap. Said he didn't want to pass out at the end of the night if we played another game or something."

"Well, at least he had fun, right?" I asked.

"Well, yeah," Terra said. "And I don't want to hold that against him. I mean, it's kind of lucky we've met these guys because you're great, Robbie, but you're definitely not a guy's guy."

"To be fair, he's just not a classic jock's guy," Cassidy said. "Robbie gets on with all sorts of guys."

"You know what I meant," Terra rolled her eyes and smiled.

"Sports," I grunted in a silly voice, pumping my fist.

"Exactly," she said. Then she flung her head back and looked up at the covering of the porch. "Fuck, maybe I'm just horny."

Cassidy snorted. "Babygirl, if it was just that you know how to handle it."

"True," Terra giggled. "I did bring my friend Bruce."

"Is Bruce a big boy?" Cassidy smirked.

"No- Well, yes, but not that way. Bruce is my magic wand," Terra said.

“Oooh, nice,” Cassidy said. “I thought about getting one of those, but I’ve got myself a Robbie and he isn’t ever away long enough for me to need it.”

“Lucky,” Terra laughed.

I just shook my head at the banter. Right up until Terra turned to me. “OK, I want the story. How did you end up skinny dipping this afternoon?”

“You didn’t hear?” I asked.

“Well, yeah. But I want the *story*,” Terra said.

“Fine, fine,” I said and quickly told her about making bets with Leia and how they escalated.

“What was it like?” she asked me.

“Skinny dipping?”

“Yeah, I’ve never actually done it. I mean, I’ve been almost naked on photoshoots, and I’ve changed clothes in front of strangers on a professional level. But I’ve never just, like, gotten naked in a public place,” she said.

“Well, it’s kind of fun in an exhilarating kind of way,” I said. “But, I mean, I was a swimmer all my life so I’ve done it more than a few times.”

“You’ve done it more than once this trip,” Cassidy reminded me.

“True,” I said. “Someone had me skinny dipping during the Marco Polo game.”

“You know, we could do it right now,” Cassidy said. “Everyone is busy eating, and at least most of them are over on the other boat.”

“No, we couldn’t,” Terra said, obviously thinking the opposite.

“I’ll do it if you do it,” Cassidy said. “So will Robbie.”

Terra looked at me, hope in her eyes, and I chuckled and nodded. “Ok, let’s do it,” she laughed.

The three of us set our plates back from the edge and quickly started stripping down. I noticed Terra hesitated for a second before pulling off her bikini bottoms but went full ahead when she saw me and Cass doing it.

Terra was a sexy, athletic woman. She was almost entirely flat in the chest with beaded little ruddy nipples, her skinny torso and shoulders super lean with muscle and her arms looking a bit

bigger with her obvious work at weightlifting. But her slim hips belied a firm, perky ass that was all muscled glutes and thighs that were made for running and gymnastics. She quickly tied her hair up with an elastic and then Cassidy grabbed her hand, and she grabbed mine.

“Ready?” she asked.

“One, two, three!” Cassidy counted us down and we jumped in the water.

When we surfaced both girls were laughing and Cassidy swam over to me and kissed me. Then she turned and splashed at Terra, who splashed back and laughed, and Cassidy tugged at her and pulled her toward us.

“I can’t believe we’re naked in the middle of a lake,” Terra giggled.

“I can,” Cassidy said, sticking out her tongue playfully. “Nice ass, by the way.”

“Thanks,” Terra said, then looked down at Cassidy’s breasts just below the water line. “Nice tits.”

“Thanks,” Cassidy grinned, and then she reached down and grabbed Terra’s butt. That sparked Terra to bark a soft laugh and poke Cassidy in the boob, and Cassidy made another grab at Terra but she swam away playfully and collided with me. Our legs tangled for a moment and I felt my cock, semi-hard, press against her hip.

“Oh, hey,” she laughed.

“Hey,” I said.

Then she grabbed my face and kissed me, breaking away almost immediately as she laughed and turned to swim away. I grabbed her ankle and pulled her close, her back pressing to my chest as I got a hand under her butt and lifted her. I didn’t have any leverage under me since we were treading water but I still got her partially out of the water as I tossed her. And also got a feel of her ass.

We goofed off for another minute, and I got another kiss from both of them before we headed back to the porch and pulled ourselves out of the water. As we stood there quickly drying ourselves off Terra took a long look at my cock and then reached over and tapped it with a finger. “Nice tackle,” she said with a smirk.

“I’m glad a fish didn’t think so,” I said, making her laugh.

When she turned to grab her bikini bottoms she gave her a spank, making her whoop in surprise and turned back to me. I shrugged. “Fair is fair.”

She shrugged as well, crinkling her nose cutely, and turned around and pulled up her bottoms as I watched, making sure to pull them up tight and then use her fingers to flatten them out over her cheeks.

“Damn, girl. You are horny,” Cassidy giggled, reaching over and pinching her nipple lightly.

“Maybe I am,” Terra laughed, swatting Cassidy’s hand away and then poking her in the boob.

We finished dressing and then finished our dinner, no one else on the boat any the wiser that we’d been skinny dipping.

## **Chapter 122**

I ended up helping clean up dinner while Cassidy went to get ready for her Golden Hour shoot. She’d told me she was going to help out Wanda with whatever she was doing, but that had developed into Cassidy putting together a Velma outfit by borrowing some stuff from the other girls while Wanda would be Daphne.

It was amazing what a couple of decent wigs and some generic props could do when put together with a vaguely appropriate shirt.

Becca had sent off most of the other girls who usually helped with the meals so that they could get some free time and time to prep for their own evening shoots. That left the two of us packing away food and washing dishes together in the Singles Boat, similar to that first time we’d kissed and Becca had let me know she was interested in me.

It was domestic, but for some reason I just felt comfortable. We worked well together, slipping around each other with an ease as we washed and dried and put the various containers and utensils away. The only interruptions we had were a couple of the girls coming out to ask our opinions on make-up or costumes. Leia wanted to show me the foamcore armour bikini top she was using. Ginnie came out to ask to borrow Becca’s emergency sewing kit. Zenya asked us both if we liked the makeup on her left or right eye, both of them done up differently - we weren’t any help because I liked the left and Becca liked the right, splitting the vote.

Then Sherry came out and started to ask Becca something and stopped mid-sentence when she realized I was there. I turned and saw that she had a big hickey right on her collarbone.

She flushed, but grit her teeth and asked if Becca had a concealer that could work. Becca apologized that she didn’t, and Sherry went looking for someone else who could help.

“I’m not wasting my expensive shit on her poor choices,” Becca mumbled under her breath.

“So are you saying that I can leave one of those on you?” I asked quietly.

Becca shot me a little grin as if she liked the idea, but then scowled. "Don't you dare," she said, wagging her finger at me and making me laugh.

When all the food and dishes were packed away, I tugged on her hand and she stepped close to me so that I could lean down and kiss her softly. She reached up and brushed her finger along my jaw, but pulled away. "I'm looking forward to this so bad," she whispered.

"Me too," I smiled.

"Let's move the boats over now, and then once they're all gone I want to meet you on the top deck," she said.

"Really?" I asked. I'd been expecting her to want to meet in her room, or mine and Cassidy's.

"Mhmm," she hummed and nodded. "I want to make love to you under the sunset. And no one else should be nearby."

"OK," I said, holding her by the hips and kissing her again. "See you soon."

We parted and both headed up to the Pilot's Cabins of our houseboats, turning over the engines so that they thrummed to life and then navigating them over towards the stone outcropping on the low side of the bay we'd parked in. It would take a lift up but the girls could all get up to the plateau and desert from there.

With that done, and the engines off and us anchored, I went back below deck to find Cassidy. She was in the washroom applying makeup when I walked in and was wearing a cute orange hoodie and a pair of her tight jeans, and had a brown bob wig on.

"Who are you and what have you done with my fiancée?" I asked with a smile from the door.

"Surprise, it's me," she said, grinning at me through her reflection in the mirror.

"Did you get everything figured out with Wanda?" I asked.

"Mhmm," she nodded. "We should be set. You know she's been wet all day, excited for tonight? I think the fact that you haven't teased her once was actually one big tease."

I smirked. "I didn't even plan it that way."

She finished with her eyes and then put on a big pair of fake round glasses and posed in the mirror.

"Cute," I said.

“I think I should do a couple of fake freckles,” she said, considering herself.

“Does Velma have freckles?” I asked.

She shrugged and turned, stepping to me and wrapping her arms around my waist. “I don’t know, Tiger,” she said.

“Want to talk about tonight?” I asked her.

She nodded and led me by the hand to the bed and we both sat on the edge, and she didn’t let go. “I’m not going to lie, I’m a little nervous,” she said. “But I still want you to do it, OK?”

“OK,” I said. “You can say no and stop any time you want. I’d rather not hurt Becca, but if it’s you or her then I choose you every time.”

She smiled and I could tell she was about to get teary, and she realized it too and she lifted her face up and started fanning to try and dry her eyes, making me laugh.

“It’s not funny!” she said. “I just finished.”

Once she wasn’t at risk of turning herself into a raccoon with smudged makeup she sighed and took my hands again. “You need to do your very best for her, Tiger,” she said. “I don’t know the full story, and I’m pretty sure no one does, but I think Becca needs this a lot. Maybe more than us. Make love to her like I know only you can, OK?”

“OK,” I agreed. “And, just so we’re clear, I’m still deeply in love with you.”

“I’m deeply in love with you too,” she said softly. Then she got a playful look on her face. “Now, tell me about the shoot with Zenya. What happened? It sounded like you were killing her when you were doing her shoulders.”

“Well, the part you missed before that was when she had me grab her ass,” I said.

“Well that’s a good start, she’s got a juicy booty,” Cassidy grinned.

“You don’t know the half of it,” I said. “But the real naughty part happened when I was just finishing up her front...”

## **Chapter 123**

JC, who even though he'd apparently been napping still looked fresh and ready to go for the shoot he was supposed to do. Cattie and Heather for an Adams Family thing (apparently he was going to be Thing and they would edit out his arm), helped me get the ladies lifted up onto the rock shelf. It was funny when I noticed the obvious split and the milling around - some of the girls were waiting for me to do the lifting. Wanda was the first, letting Ginnie go ahead of her as she 'waited' for Cassidy, then making sure that I lifted her by the ass so she could swing a leg up onto the shelf. Ami was the next one, skirting around Heather, Cattie and Sherry who pointedly didn't want my help.

Well, Cattie smiled over to me and mouthed 'sorry,' but she still went to JC considering the circumstances.

Lifting Ami was less me doing work and more her climbing me like a tree, standing on my shoulders and then hopping up onto the shelf. Getting her bin up to her was more difficult.

Heels didn't care either way who helped her and she ended up going with JC, at which point Terra trotted up to me and asked me to help her out. She winked at me as I got ready to lift her, and she paused a moment in the middle of the lift to reach down and adjust my hand more fully on her ass before standing up fuller and climbing up.

That left me shaking my head.

Leia and Zenya both needed JC and I to help at the same time - Leia because she had several pieces to her costume armour including an elaborate headpiece and axe, and Zenya because while she was a weightlifter she wasn't very graceful and was scared of falling if we didn't both help keep her steady.

Finally I helped JC up, and then it was just me and Cassidy on deck.

"Have fun, Tiger," she whispered and kissed me, then I helped her up and JC took her hands from above to help her up.

"Why the fuck didn't we do it that way from the beginning?" I asked. "That was the easiest one."

JC just made a big shrugging gesture because we both felt stupid for doing things the hard way. "You not coming with?"

"Nah," I said. "I need a nap."

"Hah, alright dude," he said. "Should have taken a nap earlier when I did. Perfect timing."

*Not so much*, I thought, Terra's naked form dancing in my head for a moment.

With everyone quickly clearing out to find their shoot locations before Golden Hour kicked in, I wandered back onto the topdecks and 'casually' watched to make sure everyone cleared out of the area of the boats. Thankfully they did.

When Becca came up from below deck she was wearing a long brown trenchcoat that almost completely covered her. Her silvery blonde hair was down and her makeup was done tastefully.

"Hi," she said with a little nervous smile.

"Hi," I said, and went to her and kissed her tenderly. "I've got to ask, why do you have a full trench coat with you on the trip?"

"It's a long story," she chuckled. "But the short version is I lost a bet last trip and I have to shoot an Inspector Gadget cosplay this trip. I've got the Go-Go-Gadget arms and everything."

"That's cute," I laughed. "I can't wait to see it."

"Sure you don't want to see what's under her now?" she asked, quirking an eyebrow playfully.

"I think I can wait on the Gadget costume," I said.

She led me over to the hot tub and had me lean against it, then backed up and put her hands on the tie of the trenchcoat.

"Robbie, before we do this, I-" she took a deep breath. "I just want to say thank you. It's been a long time for me and I haven't felt like this for a guy, or anyone, for a long time."

"I'm glad I can be this for you, and as much as you need and want," I said.

Becca pulled the waist tie of the trench coat apart, then let the coat open up and fall down her arms to the floor.

"Wow," I breathed out, letting my wonder at her show as much as I could. "You are absolutely stunning."

Becca had dressed in lingerie under the trenchcoat, and she'd gone all out. I'd kind of been expecting her to be naked, but I liked this a lot better. Her bra was red velvet with black lace trimming that cupped her breasts in a nice amount of cleavage without overdoing the effect. Her panties matched, the main part the crushed velvet and the waist a wide black band of black lace that hugged her hips perfectly. She was also wearing black thigh-high stockings that matched the back accents of the underwear and were held up by a black garter belt. And somehow, even with all of the sexy of the underwear, it was her neckpiece that made me the hardest because of the gothic beauty. It was a lace choker that mimicked a high-ish collar and came down in a wedge on her chest, the lowest part dangling a couple of little black tassels between the swell of

her cleavage. She'd even matched her lipstick to the colour of the crushed velvet, and her eyes to the black lace.

"You like it?" she blushed.

"Becca, I could be stone-cold dead and I'd still feel my heart pounding and my gut fluttering," I said.

"I've been thinking about doing sexier, artsy shoots more," she said, biting the inside of her lip as she smiled at your compliments. "I just didn't know who I could do them with since I don't like working with photographers I don't know. I almost didn't pack this."

"Well, I'm so grateful you did," I said and stepped to her. I cupped her cheeks in my hands and kissed her softly and let it turn into more without adding tongue.

"Make love to me, Tiger?" she asked me, breathing softly as she placed her hands on my chest and looked up into my eyes with a yearning I'd only ever seen in Cassidy before now. "I want you."

## **Chapter 124**

I picked up Becca in my arms and slowly lowered her to the ground. After hearing that she'd wanted to have sex up on the top deck I had surreptitiously made sure there were some towels around and had spread them out. The astroturf wasn't tough on feet or to sit on, but I didn't want to know what friction would be like on it.

She wrapped her arms around my shoulder as I lowered her down, clinging to me and kissing me soft and slow until her butt touched the ground and she slowly let herself sprawl out. She stretched like a cat, watching my eyes and expression as I watched her, grinning at how much I was appreciating everything she did.

I leaned down and kissed her again, one hand on the smooth skin of her side and the other on the side of her neck and wrapping my fingers into her hair. This time we added tongue - not overloaded and making out, but a balanced touch.

"God, you're amazing," I said when we broke for a breath.

"No, you're amazing," she said. "I feel like I'm vibrating all over. I don't know if my pussy has ever been this wet or my nipples this hard."

I kissed her again, soft and quick. "So, right now, what I want to do is peel these panties off of you with my teeth and then settle between your beautiful thighs and lick you until I can taste

your orgasm again,” I said. “And do that over and over again. But we’re on a timeline. So I want to know what you want.”

She stroked her fingers over my chest and smiled. “That sounds so fucking wonderful, but we’ve already done oral and it was amazing. I can’t wait to do it again, to suck your gorgeous cock, but I need you inside me more.”

I kissed her, then down her neck as she stretched and tilted her chin to give me full access, then down into her cleavage. I nuzzled my face against the soft velvet of her lingerie briefly, then kissed down her stomach until I reached the garter belt and panties. She had, thankfully, put the panties on over the belt straps and I quickly hooked my fingers in the waist and pulled them down.

Becca lifted her ass to help me keep them off of her, then spread her legs for me and ran her fingers over her labia. It looked like she’d freshly shaven herself earlier in the day and she was perfectly smooth, her little clit hood a soft point poking out invitingly. I leaned down and gave her one long lick, ending with a tease of her clit with the tip of my tongue that made her shiver. Then I knelt back and sat on my heels as I pulled off my shirt and my swimsuit, my cock bouncing up already at maximum hardness.

“Hello there,” Becca said, reaching down and stroking my cock with her fingers. “Nice to see you again.”

She made me chuckle with the look on her face and I lowered myself back down over her, kissing her as she continued to stroke me for a long moment. Then she spread her legs wider and tugged my cock down and into position, and without breaking our kiss my head slid through her lips and inside of her.

“Ooh, yes,” she sighed happily, curling her fingers softly between us in reaction to the feeling of me entering her.

“Oh, Becca,” I moaned. “Oh, you feel so amazing.” And she did. Entering her was like a warm, familiar hug as her pussy quickly adapted to my cock being inside of her.

“Do that again?” she asked.

“Do what?” I asked back, slowly thrusting the top half of my cock in and out of her.

“Pull out and push into me again,” she said.

I pulled all the way out and slowly humped my cock against her mound and lips, grazing the underside against her clit hood, before moving back into position and entering her.

“Oooooof boy,” she said, accenting the boy like a pop. When I entered her Becca’s eyelids twitched and her breath caught in her throat.

“You like that feeling?” I asked her quietly.

“God, yes,” she nodded.

I did it again, pulling all the way out for a moment before slowly sliding back into her again. She hummed happily as soon as I was inside of her and the tone warbled as I slid in deeper.

“Go all the way,” she whispered, and I did so, pushing as deep as I could as she wrapped her legs around my back. I sat there, deep in her pussy as we breathed deeply and held each other. Then she wriggled and reached behind her, unsnapping the bra and pulling it off and pulling me down on top of her. “I love the feel of you on me,” she whispered.

“I love the feel of you under me,” I whispered back with a smile.

She laughed softly, and then we began to fuck. It was slow and sensual. She held my hands and we kissed. When I rolled us over she groaned happily and began rolling her body, sitting up straight so I could see her breasts. She reached to the sky in a languid stretch and then started to pick up her pace a bit, and I met her movement with my own. Her breasts wobbled wonderfully as we had sex, and then she fell forward onto me and kissed me hard as she came. It wasn’t as hard as she had when we did the photoshoot, it was slow and simmering like the sex we were having.

When it was done she slid off of me and knelt between my legs, running her tongue around the base of my cock and then up the shaft to swirl around the head. She smiled cutely with a little smirk as she did that, and I couldn’t help but match it with one of my own.

Without a word she laid down on her stomach and I mounted her from behind, sliding into her easily but oh so snugly, and I thrust down into her as we held hands again.

The sun was golden, and then orange, and then red above us as the Golden Hour seeped by until half the sky was a dark blue fading into black.

“Cum inside me,” Becca breathed. I was on top of her in missionary again, one of her legs pressed between us and her other thrown wide to the side. “Finish me properly. Make love to me.”

I kissed her, and then sped up my thrusts just a touch. She bit the skin of her knee between her teeth lightly as we locked gazes, and then as I came she closed her eyes and rolled her body as she came as well, our bodies in sync as our spirits soared together in mutual pleasure.

When I was finished, my cock still hard, I pulled out of her and then pushed back in, doing that over and over as I stirred my cum inside of her and extended her orgasm by jolting her with that feeling she loved so much. Finally she put a hand on my chest to stop me, and I did, rolling over so that she was laying on top of me.

And then Becca rested her head on my chest and sniffed hard, and I looked down and saw she was silently crying.

“Shhh,” I soothed her, rubbing her back. “It’s OK. I know. It’s a lot. I know. I feel it too.”

By the time the others were coming back and thumping down as the reckless ones dropped to the top deck Becca was stepping out of her shower in her room and I was washing myself off in mine, and no one who wasn’t supposed to know could tell that something had happened.