

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 175-184

By Breakthebar

Chapter 175

Wanda and I held each other for a little while longer before she helped me carry the last of the stuff down below deck.

It was a bit of chaos, or maybe more 'calm before the storm' down there. JC was sitting in the living area, bouncing one knee nervously as he did something on his phone. Heather was sitting on the couch with Sherry and Ginnie talking animatedly while Cattie was in the kitchen with Leia making up a big bowl of popcorn and glancing over at her girlfriend occasionally.

I went into the kitchen and gave both Leia and Cattie kisses on the cheek. "Cassidy wants to bust out some card games tonight. Are you two interested?"

"Um, maybe," Leia said. "Gin and I were thinking of doing another movie."

"I think Heather and Sherry are joining for that," Cattie said. "I'm definitely in for the games though."

"Cool, sounds good," I nodded, turning to take the stuff Wanda had carried for me and stow it away in the cupboards where I'd found it.

"Hey, Leia," Wanda said. "Has Cassidy talked with you yet?"

"Um, no?" Leia said with a slightly worried lilt, glancing at me briefly. "Is something up?"

"No, no," Wanda shook her head. "Nothing to worry about. Come talk with me for a sec?"

"Sure," Leia said, following Wanda back into the hallway towards the cabins.

"Uh-oh," Cattie said, sliding in next to me and wrapping an arm around my waist. "Trouble in paradise?"

"I doubt it," I said. "I think I know what that's going to end up being."

"It's the hat thing, isn't it?" Cattie guessed.

"You know about the hat thing?" I asked.

“Tiger, Cassidy told me,” Cattie smiled. “And I’m a little flattered that I inspired it.”

“You looked super cute, what can I say?” I asked.

Cattie glanced over at the living area where Heather, Ginnie and Sherry were talking and dropped her voice low. “I’d... really like to sleep snuggled up with you and Cass again tonight,” she said.

“Any time you want,” I replied, pulling her into a full hug. “Though Wanda will be with us tonight so the bed would be crowded, but you’re still welcome.”

“I wish I could,” Cattie said into my shoulder as she hugged me back. “God, you make me feel safe.”

I wasn’t sure what to say about that so I gave her one last extra squeeze. Heather had seen us hugging and was scowling lightly in our direction. I let go of Cattie and she took one small step back to separate us. “So cards tonight then?”

“Only as long as it isn’t some dumb betting or daring game,” Cattie said with a slight grimace.

“Nope,” I shook my head. “It’ll be the nerdy ones Cass and I brought.”

“Then I’m in,” she nodded.

“OK, I’ll make sure we find you when we decide where we’re playing,” I promised.

“Thanks,” she smiled, then hooked my fingers with hers briefly to stop me from going yet. “Love you,” she mouthed softly.

I wanted to say it back, but Heather was still watching us from behind Cattie and could see my lips so I just smiled and gave Cattie a wink instead. She smiled back, knowing why, and squeezed my fingers a little before letting go.

With Wanda and Leia disappearing into the back rooms, I crossed over to the Singles Boat and found that the living area over there was just as crowded. Things quickly developed from there as the girls started to decide what they wanted to do for the evening. I managed to sneak a little chaste kiss with Ami before she, Zenya and Heels set up Ami’s switch to play Mario Party and borrowed some controllers from Leia. JC ended up joining them. For her part Leia decided to watch the movie with Ginnie, Heather and Sherry in the living area of the Couples Boat, which meant both spaces were taken up, so the rest of us decided to head up to the top deck to play cards.

Cassidy and I, like many of the girls on the trip, were nerds. It just came with the cosplay territory. We had brought a variety of nerdy dice and card games that weren’t very rules-heavy

or technical and were meant to be party games; we often brought them along to Cons so we could play with new and old friends alike.

The six of us sat out on our butts on the astroturf after moving the deck chairs out of the way since we didn't have a table. All of the girls were comfortably sitting cross-legged, so I was the only one who had to shift around and got ragged on for needing to do more yoga to work on my flexibility.

Looking around the circle as we started with Sushi Go I couldn't help but grin to myself. Cassidy and Cattie were both giggling at a comment that Terra had made, all three of them familiar with the game, while Wanda was looking through the cute art on the cards with a big smile. She glanced up at me and I nodded, letting her know I agreed that the little sushi art was cute, making her smile a little more. Meanwhile, Becca was reading over the rules of the game, making sure she understood the intricacies (of which there weren't that many.) The fact that it was the exact same thing I did when I was learning a new game made me feel a warmth in my chest, again realizing how similar we were.

We played a full game of Sushi Go, all of the girls getting into it quickly and all of us chatting both about the game and life away from the trip. All of the girls were full-time on being models and worked hard to develop their workflows and audiences. Outside of their looks, they were known for somewhat different things. Terra was also a traditional model and knew the most about that world. Becca was excellent at photo editing and created beautiful lighting effects both manually and in post. Cattie was known for her snarky demeanour online and had garnered a following that way. Wanda and Cassidy were more 'generalist' but each had a different sort of online profile that matched their personalities - Cassidy had a better following on social media in general, but Wanda had developed her monetization to a higher degree.

I felt like a bit of an imposter, sitting and playing with them. Sure, I was a sometime stand-in on some of Cassidy's shoots as either a model or a photographer, but I wasn't a pro like any of them. My work was completely different from theirs - I wasn't a public figure. I was the behind-the-scenes guy at the hotel most of the time, networking with vendors and maintenance and the managers of acts and clients.

And yet somehow I fit with these gorgeous women.

"Let's play Secret Hitler," Cassidy said once she had secured a victory in Sushi Go, with Becca just a couple of points behind her, and me one behind Becca.

"As long as we don't have to draw moustaches on our faces," Terra smirked. "I don't think I could pull that off."

I rolled my eyes, "No, no moustaches. I'm going to go grab some drinks, anyone want anything?"

Inundated with requests, I decided to just stock up our cooler and bring it up.

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Officially armed with alcohol - beers for me, Cassidy and Becca, and quick mixes for Cattie, Wanda and Terra - we set about playing Secret Hitler. It was a simple party game where we each got assigned a secret role, one of us being the 'secret fascist,' and another being the 'secret Hitler' while the rest were liberals. It was a more complicated version of the classic 'Werewolf' party game with more mechanics, but Cassidy and I both had the accompanying app on our phones. Once we'd narrated the rules to the others, with Cattie's help, and Becca had done a once over of the actual rules sheets, we handed out the envelopes with the secret roles.

I was a liberal, and the game commenced.

It was a shit show. Not mechanically - the app helped keep things straight in terms of what we needed to do next, but for all that the girls and I had big smiles the entire time... they were all so sneaky!

At any given point in the game I thought Cassidy, Cattie and Becca were the Secret Hitler. Then I got assassinated, accused of being Hitler myself, and revealed that I was a liberal.

In the end, Terra was elected Chancellor and revealed that she was, in fact, the Secret Hitler. Becca had been her fellow secret fascist.

We played another round, and this time I had gotten the secret fascist card and Cattie was my secret Hitler. Things didn't go so smoothly as last time - the game was designed for up to 10 people, and with a smaller group of 6 Cattie got identified early as a member of the fascists and with only two fascists in the group, when the assassination option came around she got picked off and we lost.

We moved on to Zombie Dice, a simple game where you took turns rolling dice trying to collect survivors instead of zombies, and we all relaxed and started chatting again. I was on my third beer, having gone through two during the stress of Secret Hitler, and most of the girls were on their second or third drinks as well and everyone was happily buzzed but nowhere near tipsy.

I eventually won the Zombie Dice and the girls decided not to break out another game and to instead play a drinking game. Cattie ruled out anything with dares or bets, just like she'd said before, and I backed her up, and the girls settled on 'Never Have I Ever.'

"Never have I ever had a threesome," Becca declared. The first couple of questions had been fairly tame, getting almost everyone a couple more sips into their drinks, but Becca with her buzzed grin, a slight flush to her cheeks and a glint in her eye obviously wanted this to be more interesting.

Cattie, Wanda, Cassidy and I all took sips.

“Never have I ever had a threesome that included someone not in this circle,” Terra said almost right after.

It took me a second to do the math and remember exactly who I’d done what with, and Cassidy and I both sipped. Leia counted, since she was downstairs, and Cassidy- well, Cassidy. Noticeably Wanda and Cattie both didn’t drink, getting little teasing ‘ooohs’ from Becca and Terra.

“Never have I ever kissed someone better at kissing than Robbie,” Cassidy declared, going next.

None of the girls drink, making me grin, and I took a sip of my beer. “Can’t kiss myself,” I said. “So everyone is better at kissing me than me.”

That got some eye rolls and laughs.

“Never have I ever gone skinny dipping,” Cattie declared.

Everyone but Becca drank. “Hold on,” I said. “You did so, Cattie. During the card game.”

“Oh, shit!” Cattie laughed. “I totally forgot about that what with-” She flushed, biting her lip, and then took a drink to cover her embarrassment. The girls all laughed since they knew what else had happened that night.

It was my turn. “Never have I ever given a blowjob,” I said.

“Laaame,” Cassidy called as all of the girls drank. “No more ones that are obvious, Tiger.”

“Fine, fine,” I said with a smile.

“Never have I ever been so horny as on this trip,” Wanda said and immediately took a drink. The rest of us all took one as well. “At least I’m not alone!” Wanda laughed.

“Never have I ever thought about being in an orgy,” Becca said, back around to her turn.

Cassidy, Terra and I all drank.

“What kind of orgy?” Wanda asked us.

“I mean... porn logic?” I said. “Though most often, on the off day that I actually do watch porn, I usually come up with little relationships in my head for the porn.”

The girls all gave me little awes at that.

“Just standard stuff, I think,” Terra offered. “Doing swimsuit and underwear modelling on sets means there’s some casual nudity as we’re changing and that sort of thing. No one makes it a big deal. Every once in a while I wonder ‘What if we all just started fucking?’”

The girls turned to Cassidy, who flushed. “I, uh- well, I’ve been in an all-girl orgy before, if that counts?” she said.

“How many girls?” Wanda asked.

“Fourteen, including me,” Cassidy said.

“Holy shit,” Becca said. “That’s a lot of boobs and butts.” That got laughs out of everyone, including Cassidy.

“Never have I ever had a wet dream,” Terra declared. “But I think I might have one tonight!”

More laughs, and Cassidy, Cattie, Wanda and I all took sips.

“What are they like?” Becca asked. “I’ve never dreamed about sex before - I don’t really remember any dreams, usually.”

“I don’t know about you girls,” Cattie said. “But most of the time a sex dream is more like... a feeling than a ‘scene.’ Little bits might stand out, like someone’s face or hands, or the feeling of being touched or even penetrated, but it’s not like a porno.”

“Same,” Cassidy agreed.

“I had a full-on scene one once,” Wanda said. “Then I woke up and realized it hadn’t been a dream at all.” She scrunched up her nose and stuck out her tongue a little at Cassidy and I.

“Mostly the same for me,” I said. “Feelings, and maybe like a tiny ‘gif’ worth of action.”

“Who did you dream about?” Cassidy asked.

“I mean... almost always you,” I admitted.

That made her smile, but she pushed on. “Who else? If you remember.”

Now it was my turn to blush, and on instinct I glanced at Cattie and immediately looked away, but the damage was done.

Cattie went a little red as she blushed so furiously even though she was grinning like a fiend. Cassidy just kept smiling at me with a twinkle in her eye. The others all started giggling again, teasing the three of us.

“When?” Cassidy asked.

“Once the weekend we first met at OmegaCon,” I said. “We were so tired that night that we didn’t, ah, make full use of the hotel room.”

“You fucked me that next morning,” Cassidy nodded, still smiling. “You were ravenous.”

“What did you dream?” Cattie asked almost quiet enough to be a squeak.

“Well, mostly the feelings and stuff,” I said.

“Come on, no visualization at all?” Terra asked for more.

“OK, I distinctly remember a flash of imagination of being in missionary, with one of your legs pulled back and leaning down to kiss,” I said to Cattie.

“You should show us the position,” Cassidy said. “So we can visualize it properly.”

All of the other girls agreed, making both Cattie and I blush and look at each other. Finally she shrugged, a little nervous smile on her lips.

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Cattie and I got up on our knees. “Are we really-?” I asked.

“They won’t stop until we do it,” Cattie said with an eye roll but that little grin was still on her lips.

“Damn right, we won’t!” Terra laughed.

Cattie moved to the centre of the group and got down on her back, spreading her legs. She was wearing simple cotton shorts and a t-shirt, so she wasn’t exactly exposed in any way, though the legs of the shorts exposed most of her pale, smooth thighs. “Like this?” she asked.

“Mostly,” I said, getting into position over her, bracing myself on the ground with one arm and hooking her leg with the other, slowly raising it up and to the side, spreading her wider. “Like this,” I said, looking down into Cattie’s eyes as we both breathed shallowly, the sexual position and closeness getting to us after the sex chatter.

“Come on, give us the full show,” Wanda said.

I rolled my eyes and pretended to thrust down at Cattie to the giggles of the others.

“You said you were kissing her,” Terra prompted.

Cattie nodded, and I leaned down fully, pressing my lips to hers as I ground the quickly growing bulge in my shorts against her crotch. She raised her arms up around my neck, holding me there and slipping some tongue into the kiss.

“Whoa!” Wanda and Terra cheered, while Becca stifled her laugh as she was a little red from the show, and Cassidy just grinned.

I broke away from the kiss, and Cattie gave one little hump up with her hips back at me before we separated. “Happy now?” I asked the others.

“That was hot,” Becca said bluntly.

“We should all show our favourite positions,” Cassidy suggested.

“Well, half of us know my new favourite already,” Wanda laughed, standing and offering me her hand up. I stood and she turned, planting her perfect ass against my tenting shorts and reaching back to take my hands, placing one on her shirt-covered breast and the other up on her neck. “Standing, from behind, really rough,” Wanda said.

I pulled her back by her neck, making her arch her back, and she turned her lips to kiss me as she twerked her ass muscles to tease me and I squeezed her boob.

“And then what?” I asked with a little gravel in my voice.

“And then you spit on my face like the filthy slut I am, and come deep inside me, and I absolutely melt,” she said quietly. I gave her neck a little squeeze and kissed her again, softly and tenderly.

“My turn,” Terra said, hopping up and taking my hand as Wanda and I separated. She led me over to one of the deck chairs. “I like something similar to Wanda, but more stable.” She sat on the deck chair backwards, her knees braced on the seats and grabbing the backrest as she arched her back and looked over her shoulder at me. I got in position behind her on my knees and she reached around to my hip and pulled me close until my obvious hard-on was pressed against her ass. “This way I can get fucked hard, and he can feel me all over. I love getting my nipples played with, and getting spanked while I’m getting fucked.”

I reached around and put my hands on her tensed thighs as I ground my cock against her ass, and she pushed back at me and grabbed my hand and pulled it under her shirt, up the smooth ripple of her abs and ribs to her chest where her nipple was hard. I softly played with it between

my thumb and finger as she moaned softly, looking back over her shoulder into my eyes but not closing for a kiss.

“She said she likes to be spanked, Tiger,” Cassidy prompted me, having stood and crossed to us.

I pulled my other hand from Terra’s thigh and got a good hold on her breast before giving her a hard spank.

“Mmmph!” Terra moaned, closing her eyes.

“My turn,” Cassidy said.

I gave Terra one more hard dry hump before letting Cassidy pull me up from my knees and lead me back to the group, Terra following us.

“I love any position with my Tiger,” Cassidy said. “But there’s just something about this one that makes my heart feel like it’s going to blow up when I come.” She got down on the ground on her stomach, laying straight, then shifting her hips back just slightly to thrust her bum up. “It’s even better with a pillow or two under my hips.”

I got down in the prone bone position over her, pressing my hardness against her ass, and laying my forearms outside of her as I let my weight settle onto her partially.

“Fuck,” Cassidy gasped, closing her eyes. “Just laying like this has me leaking into my panties.”

I kissed her cheek and she smiled, grinding her butt back at me, then turned and gave me a quick kiss and urged me off of her. “Your turn, Becca,” she said.

“I-”

“You’re the only one who hasn’t gone,” Cattie said. “Come on, don’t be shy. Hell, you heard Wanda.”

Wanda blushed at that but shrugged.

“Fine,” Becca said. “I like... I like this.” She had me lay down on my back and then mounted me in cowgirl so that we were looking at each other. “This way I can ride him, and he can touch me all over.”

I reached up and stroked a couple of strands of her silvery blonde hair behind her ear and then cupped her cheek.

“Not what I meant,” she smirked at me.

I shifted my hands down to her breasts. She was the only one of the women wearing a bra, but I could still feel the bumps of her nipples through it and focused on rubbing my thumbs over them. Then I slid one hand down lower to the crotch of her pyjama shorts, feeling her up over the clothes.

She leaned down and kissed me softly, closing her eyes as she breathed in all the sensations. "And then, when we're getting on, he takes control," Becca said.

I let go of her breast and crotch, taking her securely by the hip and shoulder and rolling us over softly so that I was on top. She wrapped her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck, pulling me down into another kiss as I dry-humped her softly.

"Yes, just like this," Becca murmured.

I kissed her again, more chastely, then lowered my lips to her ear. "We need to find more time tomorrow," I whispered.

"Definitely," she nodded.

Chapter 178

I sat up, Becca's legs still around my waist but letting her arms fall back, and was about to move her legs when Cattie got up. "I think I might see a hot threesome position here," she giggled, then she stood next to me and slid one leg over my shoulder, pulling my face to her shorts-clad crotch. I didn't hesitate, pushing my face forward and nuzzling her mound through her clothes, making her laugh happily.

"What do you think, Becca? How's my ass look?"

"Perfect," Becca said, and then there was a slapping sound and Cattie's mound pushed against me softly. Becca had spanked Cattie.

"Ooh, so she *does* have a naughty streak," Cattie giggled.

"Foursome!" Cassidy laughed, though I couldn't see what she was doing.

"Five," Terra said, and she and Cassidy laughed.

"Six?" Wanda asked from behind me.

"What are you doing?" Cassidy asked. "I can't see with Terra's crotch in my face."

So that's what they're doing, I smirked to myself. I'd bet Cassidy had pretended to sit on Becca's face, and Terra was doing something similar to Cass as Cattie was to me.

"I'm in position to eat Tiger's ass," Wanda said.

"He doesn't like his butt played with, I've tried," Cassidy said. "Just suck his balls instead."

"Noted," Wanda laughed.

"Well," Heels said from somewhere over towards the stairs. "I don't know what this game is, but it's definitely interesting."

"Find a spot to join in the fake orgy!" Cassidy called.

"Well, I'm not into girls in real life, so unless you all want to free up an interesting part of Robbie, I'm good," Heels said. "Though I think the **others** are going to come up here soon so you might want to... yeah."

The orgy tableau broke apart, none of the girls wanting to cause a scene. I had a feeling at the moment that Terra wouldn't have cared what JC thought, but Cattie was still minding Heather and Sherry was a wild card of how she would react. Especially since I'd been breathing in the smell of Cattie's arousal from up close and personal.

Everyone went back to their drinks, and I handed Heels a beer by way of thanking her for the warning. She thanked me, but gave me a quick look of 'You are in over your head.'

Heather and Sherry did show up a couple of minutes later, and Cattie wished us all good night, leaning down and giving each of us a kiss on the cheek and a hug. That seemed to be the signal for everyone else that it was time to head to bed, and Becca and Terra helped me clean up the liquor and beer bottles. Cassidy gave me a quick kiss and told me she wanted to check in with Leia and Ami before we separated the boats for the night and scooted off, and Wanda hugged me and whispered she'd see me in our room. She knew what my plan was and gave me a little wink.

Heels had left with the others, and as the last of the alcohol and games got cleaned up both Terra and Becca were moving a little slowly.

"I need to talk to him," Terra said. "Don't feel embarrassed, just kiss him good night."

Becca blushed again despite everything that had been going on with the game and looked to me. I stepped forward and took charge, putting one hand on the small of her back under her shirt and the other cupping her cheek as I bent down to kiss her. She received it with a smile, kissing me back.

“Everything OK tonight?” I asked her quietly.

She nodded. “Just a little wilder than I expected. But I liked it.”

“Good,” I said and kissed her softly again. “And I like you.”

“I thought you loved me?” she teased.

“That too,” I said with a grin and gave her another kiss.

“Tomorrow,” she promised when it ended.

“I can’t wait,” I said.

“Ugh, you two are too cute,” Terra sighed. “Almost as cute as him and Ami.”

“That’s tough to beat, though,” Becca smirked as she broke apart from me. “Ami is just so cute whenever she does anything.”

“It’s the quiet ones you gotta watch out for,” Terra laughed.

“Goodnight, Becca,” I said.

“Night, Tiger,” she said, then turned to Terra. “How long do you need to talk before we move the boats?”

“I... don’t know. Not too long,” Terra said.

“I’ll come find you,” I told Becca. “I’ll need to make sure everyone is on the right boat for the night anyways.”

“Good point,” Becca nodded. “OK, see you in a few.”

She left us, and I turned to Terra. “What’s up?” I asked.

“We need to talk about this afternoon,” Terra said, taking me by the hand and leading me over to the same chair where we had reenacted her favourite position. She had me sit, then climbed up and sat with her bump on the wide armrest and her feet on the seat in between my legs, leaning down close.

I nodded and took a deep breath. “I think it’s my fault,” I said. “I should have thought to stop JC from going too far. I knew you and him had an agreement, and I knew that you’ve been wanting him to pay attention to you, but I didn’t think of it in the moment. I’m so sorry, Terra.”

“Gawwww-duh,” Terra sighed, pushing her forehead to her knees as she said it in frustration, then looking back up at me. “Seriously, Robbie? **You** are apologising? None of what happened is your fault. It’s entirely his.”

“That’s not true,” I said. “I was part of it. I was there. I should have said something.”

“Just- Just stop apologising for a minute and tell me what happened. All of it,” Terra said. “Play-by-play, full locker room talk. All the details.”

“You’re sure you want to know?” I asked.

“I need to know, Robbie,” Terra said.

“OK,” I said. “So the guy cop brought us down into the bottom deck...”

Chapter 179

“Robbie, it doesn’t make sense for you to take any of the blame,” Terra said once I had finished giving her the rundown of what had happened with the cop. I hadn’t held back anything other than my suspicions at the time that Cassidy had used the App somehow. I’d even told Terra about seeing Cassidy peeking down and giving me the thumbs up.

Well, there was one other thing I didn’t tell her, or not fully.

I felt shitty about the whole thing.

It was tough to talk about while dancing around the App. Well, maybe it wasn’t that tough.

“I blame myself for taking advantage of that woman,” I said. “She didn’t choose what her partner was going to do. And that cop was pissed because of something Cassidy and I did or else he never would have stopped us to begin with.”

“But you didn’t ask her for sexual favours, or demand them,” Terra said. “She offered it.”

“That doesn’t mean it was **right**, Terra,” I said. OK, maybe it wasn’t so easy after all.

“It doesn’t make it wrong, either,” she said. “If I said I wanted to fuck, would you do it?”

“Terra, I would rip your clothes off and have my way with you in any way that you wanted,” I said. “But knowing what I know about you and JC, I wouldn’t ever want to break your agreement. And I was part of him doing that.”

“God, Robbie,” Terra sighed. “That isn’t the question I asked. Your answer was yes, you would fuck me if I asked. So what’s the difference between me asking and that officer asking?”

“... Leverage?” I hedged. “She felt like she needed to buy us off. You and me, there’s nothing weird that isn’t from our relationships. If you and JC didn’t have an agreement there would be because you’d be asking me to keep a secret.”

“Did she leave upset?” Cassidy asked.

“Uh, no,” I said. “I don’t think so.”

“So get out of your head,” Terra said. “From everything you described, she had a blast. Reenacted some old situations. She’s probably getting herself off right now thinking about your cock. Knowing what I know about you from our little talks, and what Cassidy says, I know this probably isn’t going to really help, but I’m going to say it anyways - It’s not your fault, Robbie. But what JC did *is* his fault and not yours.”

“It’s partially mine,” I fought back.

“God, fuck, Robbie,” Terra sighed. “Stop being a martyr and let me be mad at my boyfriend.”

“I don’t know if I would have reminded him if I thought about it,” I admitted.

Terra blinked, frozen for a long moment. “What do you mean?” she asked.

Now it was my turn to bury my face in my hands, scrubbing at it to try and get my thoughts together. I finally sighed and looked up at her. “Terra, you and I have been flirting hard since the first day of this trip. I think you are an amazing, energetic person who loves to take risks and wears her heart on her sleeve. You are playful, you are caring, you’re sweet and kind and know how to adjust when someone needs one thing or the other. And God, you are a sexual being. You are utterly sexy, and gorgeous, and I want to fold you up into a pretzel and fuck the shit out of you, and lay you down and kiss you all over and make love to you at the same time. Even with everything else going on, I want you, Terra. And I’m not used to *any* of this. I don’t know how to act or be around you girls because sometimes everything is just normal and I’d be happy just being friends with you all, but then I’m massaging naked breasts and getting kisses that make me tingle down to my toes and back, and I’m going on little dates and having nasty sex and Cassidy is totally OK with it and encouraging it almost too much and I don’t know which way is up and who is-”

Terra slid down from her perch on the armrest of the deck chair, sitting sideways on my lap, and pulled me into a kiss to shut me up. It was firm, our lips and noses jammed together as she held me by the collar of my shirt, and even when we stopped ‘kissing’ our lips stayed together and we breathed through our noses for a long moment.

"We're both kind of fucked up right now," Terra said. "And you were starting to spin out a bit. I... didn't realize the stuff going on with all the girls had you so wound up in your head. You treat everyone so well, and seem so sure of yourself."

"I feel like I'm caught up in a riptide and getting sucked out to sea," I said. "And I'm enjoying most of it. God, am I. But I still feel like I'm out of control a bit."

"Why does you admitting that make me even more attracted to you?" Terra muttered, shaking her head. "You do realize that Cassidy is the luckiest cunt ever, right?"

I didn't say anything, just shrugging a little.

"She is," Terra said. "And she knows it. She's known it the whole time, that's why everything she did messed her up so much. You know she needs you, right?"

"Wanda and I talked about the same thing," I said.

"That's because Wanda is a smart woman with her own stuff going on," Terra sighed. "She told me when she was talking me through my shit earlier. Thanks for checking in but not pressing, by the way. That made me feel really good."

"Anything you need, like I said," I told her. "You've been amazing with me and Cass."

She kissed me again, softer and sweeter. "You know, I've never had friends like you and the girls," she said. "I mean, I've got model friends, but it's basically coworker friendliness. We compete for the same jobs, but smile and make nice because any day we might be working together. The competition is still there though. With you guys it's different."

I hugged her, and she hugged me back.

"It's still not your fault, by the way," Terra whispered to me as we held each other. "Even if you did think of it, it's not your job to remind an adult man in a relationship that he shouldn't break his agreed boundaries. This just makes me wonder if he's done it in the past, or if he hooks up with people back home when I'm not around. I need to do a lot of thinking about him and me, and it's not your fault."

"I love you, Terra," I said, still hugging her. And I meant it almost entirely platonically. I wasn't *in love* with her. I was sexually attracted to her, absolutely, but I loved her for her heart and for her kindness. I loved her like I used to love Cattie - for the friend she was to me, and to Cassidy.

"Love you too, big guy," she said, squeezing me back. She knew what I meant.

Terra pulled back from the hug and wiped under her eyes. "Shit, you got me all emotional," she laughed. Once her eyes were clear she smiled and booped my nose with one finger before

standing up. "Can I help with anything with getting the boats out?"

"I think Becca and I can handle it. We've got the routine down," I said, standing with her.

"Alright, if you say so," she said, then hugged me again quickly. "Have a good night, Tiger. I'll be jealous of whoever ends up in your bed."

I almost made her the same offer I'd made Cattie, but decided tonight wasn't the night to open that up. "Have a good night, Terra," I said instead and kissed her on the top of her head.

Chapter 180

I found Becca down in the Singles Boat and we did a quick check to make sure everyone was on the boat they needed to be, then went and unmoored the boats. Just before we raised anchor, we kissed goodnight again leaning over the railings and leaving each other with smiles.

Once she had shut off the upper party lights for their boat and headed down, I shut off the lights on ours and took a few moments to sit in a deck chair and look up at the sky.

Shit was fucked.

Not everything. Not with Becca, Wanda, Leia or Ami. That stuff I could be reasonably sure that the App wasn't messing with me. Becca had never met Cassidy before this weekend, so it couldn't have affected her to make her feel more open to sex and love when she did. Wanda's relationship problems ran way deeper and longer than the App, and Cass and I were just the catalyst that pulled back a corner of the curtain and let her reveal the rest. Leia and Ami were both just a little more reserved and shy, and knowing that I was a safe choice based on the encouragement from Cassidy meant that they felt free to show me who they were in private.

But Cattie and Terra?

Cattie's relationship problems weren't caused by Cassidy and I either, but I couldn't deny that the AMA could be affecting her. She was bisexual, so it might have been working behind the scenes on Cattie every time we met up with her. Maybe the seeds of those problems had been planted months ago, or even years.

And with Terra... she'd been the first on the trip to be riskier with me. She'd taken off her top for that first-day massage before she and Cassidy had even interacted all that much. But everything past that? How much of it was just her, and how much of it was the App affecting her?

If Cassidy didn't buy any traits, and I had to trust that she hadn't, was there even an issue with the App magnifying things?

Terra wasn't saying she was particularly interested in Cassidy. Neither was Cattie, really, though she'd said she'd be happy to fuck us both if she wasn't with Heather. They were both more focused on me, and as far as we knew the App didn't amplify **my** relationships, just Cassidy's.

Was it because she was positive about it, or encouraging it? Could their amplified friendship bonding bleed over into how they felt about me?

And did it matter?

The stars out on the lake was beautiful. Back in Vegas we rarely saw a hint of stars, and most of the time it was easy to assume it was a satellite instead. The lights of the Strip drowned out everything in the sky. Out here even the relatively close town lights couldn't block enough to sweep away the stars.

Did it matter? Really?

Terra was right, no matter what she said, I still felt guilty about her and JC. I felt less guilty about Cattie and Heather, but only because Heather was still being a bitch. What had happened between us was still fucked up though.

Maybe it didn't matter. Not between me and Cattie, and not between me and Terra. The App's effect was second-hand if anything.

But with that cop...

Fuck, I couldn't even remember her name.

I'd had sex with a woman **that day** and I couldn't remember her name.

That was fucked up.

I sat and looked at the stars and tried my damndest to grapple with the shit that this App had caused. Terra was right, the cop had enjoyed herself and gone away seemingly satisfied, even if she'd been frustrated and pissed with her partner. But there was no realistic scenario where she would have offered JC and I sex as an apology without the App.

So did that make me a rapist?

She'd offered. She'd been willing. She'd enjoyed it. But the App make her feel that that route was valid.

“Fuck,” I sighed to myself, feeling like shit for not even being able to answer basic questions. I didn’t feel like I’d raped someone, or that I’d done anything criminal or harmful, but then why did I feel so fucking guilty about it?

If I asked her, now that the perk was turned off, would she feel differently about the encounter? Would that even be her real answer, or would she look back at it positively only because it was a decision made based on the App?

There wasn’t an answer I could come to. Not here on the deck of the houseboat, and not even if I tracked her down and talked to her.

“Fuck the AMA,” I grunted, shaking my head. It was so fucking **fucked** that it was a thing.

Eventually I got myself up and went down to the porch at the front of the boat, bending down and scooping up some water to splash over my face and then drying myself off with a towel. I stared into the dark water for a bit, trying to shake off the feelings I’d had.

I knew what was waiting in my cabin for me, and I couldn’t carry them in there and do what I needed to do.

Just staring at the water wasn’t enough and I stripped down naked and jumped into the water. The cold enveloped me, the murky sound of the water a comfort despite the hum of the houseboat generators softly rumbling nearby, keeping the lights on. I swam all the way over to the other houseboat and back, feeling my limbs ache from the cool water as the tension worked out of them, and by the time I was back and pulling myself up onto the porch deck I felt like the water had washed the lck of the philosophical questions away from the surface.

They were still there, just not poking out.

I dried myself again and got dressed, taking a deep breath to centre myself before heading inside. The interior of the houseboat was dark, though a light in the living area had me treading down to the kitchen to peek out. JC was on the couch, tucked in with a blanket, doing something on his phone. I had to assume he was in the dog house for the night.

Heading back to our cabin, I opened the door and stepped in.

“Hey, Tiger,” Cassidy purred from the bed.

I looked down at my fiancée and our lover and she and Wanda lay on the bed in lingerie. Wanda had gotten Cassidy to doll herself up, and they both looked stunning. Cassidy was in a gorgeous red set of lingerie that I’d bought her for an anniversary two years ago, and Wanda was wearing a pretty set of pink that I had a feeling she’d brought for a photoshoot since it had a bit more coverage that I thought she would necessarily wear for fun sexy times.

“Hello, nurse,” I said with a grin. I stepped to the bed and knelt down on the edge, leaning down to kiss my fiancée. Then, with our lips locked, I picked her up in my arms and stood.

“Have fun, you two,” Wanda said from the bed.

“Huh?” Cassidy asked, breaking the kiss and looking to the other woman with a raised eyebrow, then looking at me in confusion.

“I love you, baby,” I said, carrying her back towards the door. “And I’m going to show you how much I still want you.”

Chapter 181

Cassidy clung to me as I carried her out of our room and to the door, out onto the porch. I didn’t even set her down to climb up the stairs like with Wanda last night - after four days of going up and down them, I was sure enough that I could carry my fiancée up there.

We ended up on the top deck and I carried her all the way to the hot tub, setting her inside before reaching over and turning on the interior lights and the jets with the control panel. I hadn’t heated it up - the slightly cool water would be more refreshing after the hot day and the warm night.

“Robbie, are you sure?” Cassidy asked me as I stripped down next to the hot tub. She was still in her lingerie, leaning her chin on her arms on the side as she watched me undress. “You don’t need to if you’re not ready.”

I stopped at my boxers and leaned down, kissing my fiancée sweetly, but didn’t answer her.

Once I was naked I stepped over into the tub and snuggled in beside her, wrapping my arm around her shoulders to pull her tight and she automatically leaned her head against my shoulder.

“Look up,” I prompted her, and we both looked up at the star-filled sky. She sighed, and we sat there for a long moment looking up at the stars. “Cassidy Pines, I love you,” I said finally.

“I love you too,” Cassidy said, reaching over and resting her hand on my chest over my heart as she leaned in and kissed me on the cheek.

“Come here,” I said, helping her shift to straddle me in the tub. I took her hand and guided it under the water to where I was hard for her. “Feel this? That’s all you. I love you, and I want you, Cassidy. And I’m going to make love to you.”

“You really don’t need to,” she whispered guiltily. “Wanda needs you.”

"Maybe," I said. "But so do you."

I kissed her and she melted against me. Her fingers on my cock started slowly stroking me under the water and we made out the way only a couple like us could. We knew everything about each other's responses. I played with the straps for her lingerie thong, teasing her. She ran her fingers across my chest slowly, letting her nails stroke against my skin. I pulled her closer to me. She sat up straighter, pushing her breasts towards me.

She kissed along my jawline. I kissed down her neck to her shoulder. She slid her hand down my shaft to tease my balls. I palmed her ass and squeezed.

"Really?" she asked me quietly.

"Really," I confirmed for her quietly. Then I pulled the gusset of her thong aside and slid two fingers along her slit. Having sex in the hot tub probably wasn't the best idea, and water in general tended to wick away natural lubricants, but this was what was happening. I kissed her softly as I teased her pussy with my fingers, and she gasped softly against my lips.

"I love you so much," she whispered.

"I love you too," I whispered back.

We raised her up, partially with my hands on her butt and partially her shifting her knees, and then she was in position.

My cock was at her entrance, nudging her hole.

She took my face in her hands and looked down at me. "You're really ready?" she asked, tears in her eyes.

"I've never stopped wanting you," I answered her.

She leaned in and kissed me again, then slid her cheek to mine and whispered softly to me. "I'm yours. Forever and ever. You own Wanda, but I'm **yours**. I'm a part of you, and you're a part of me. I'm so fucking sorry I hurt you."

"I know," I murmured, wrapping my hands around her waist. "I know, Cass."

"Can I please feel you?" she pleaded.

I put my hands on her waist and pushed her hips down, sliding my cock into her.

She cried, shuddering at the feeling, and clung to me as she buried her face in the crook of my neck and shoulder as she immediately started riding me slowly up and down. I ran my fingers from her hips up to her back as I revelled in the feeling of her.

Cassidy was mine, and I was hers. We were part of each other.

Sex with a woman I'd known most of my life, and been in love with for a decade, wasn't a new experience. We'd had sex thousands of times. All sorts of sex. All sorts of positions. All sorts of places. We'd experimented.

We were both pretty horny together.

This reunion was something different. She didn't **feel** different, but it felt different. She felt comfortable and normal and like home. I couldn't have described the familiar feeling of her pussy as my cock slid through it, but I just knew it was hers. And I knew every little gasp she made, and every soft whimper. I knew how she would flex her ass at the deepest part of her down stroke while riding me, and how she would hitch her breath if she went just a touch too high and I slipped out of her for a moment.

I ran my hands up her back and she immediately scrambled to get her bra off, wanting to feel my hands. With her breasts revealed I bent my lips to her wonderful, ruddy and hard nipples and she pressed her chest forward for me, rubbing her fingers through my hair as I caught a nipple with my lips and softly began to lick and suck at it.

She sat down hard, driving me deep, and came in a soft shudder. But even while it was still rippling through her, she started riding me again.

"I want more," she whispered quietly, moaning. "I want so much more of you."

"You'll have it," I promised her. "You'll have all of it."

Chapter 182

Cassidy rode me softly, and when her legs started to get tired I stood up, my hands on her ass to support her, and stepped out of the hot tub. I laid her done on the ground, following her down, and swiftly got my cock back into position and slid inside of her again.

"Robbie," she breathed out.

We made love like that, and for a while my only thoughts were about her. My Cassidy. Our kisses were long and sweet, my strokes matching them as we felt ourselves getting used to each other again. It had only been days, but the reunion was important.

Wanda had been right, I'd been punishing Cassidy. Every whimper and every shudder told me so. Every time she looked into my eyes, hers filled to the brim with love and happy tears, making me hate myself for denying her this feeling.

But there was a little part of me that felt guilty I was giving her what she wanted. Being what she wanted, instead of refusing her.

It was a complicated mess in my chest, but I tried to keep my head clear and just focus on this woman that I loved.

We shifted again, this time into a spooning position on our sides, and then I moved her again onto her stomach and I mounted her from behind, laying down on top of her in that exact prone bone position that she'd shared with the others was her favourite.

"Thank you, Robbie," Cassidy said quietly as I laid on top of her, letting her feel my weight press down without being too heavy.

I kissed her cheek, and we started the little hip-wiggling dance as I gave her short little thrusts deep inside her, and she worked her hips back and forth and side to side, stirring herself with my cock. She craned her neck around and kissed me, then set her head down and rested her forehead against the astroturf and followed her down, kissing the back of her neck as I held her hands in mine.

It really hadn't been that long since I'd come with Ami, and earlier that day I'd been with Leia as well. I wasn't hard up, or blue balled, despite the amount of teasing that had also happened. And yet, with Cassidy, I was close.

"I'm going to come inside you," I whispered. "Are you ready?"

She turned her face to the side, looking up at me. "God, yes, Tiger," she whimpered. "I need to feel it."

I released, feeling my balls empty into her as pulse after pulse of cum shot through me and the tingles of my orgasm tickled my senses, making me feel like I could feel it behind my eyeballs.

Cassidy groaned happily, her cunt pulsing in time with my own release, her ass clenching under my hips as she came as well. Our fingers squeezed together as we came and when it was over I stayed on top of her as we both breathed heavily to catch our breaths.

"I love that feeling," Cassidy whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I love you," I said.

"I love you too," she replied. Then she shifted and smiled a little. "Can I suck you hard again?"

I kissed her cheek and got off of her, and soon I was on my butt and she was face down in my crotch, uncaring of our mixed fluids and juices as she slurped hard, working to make sure I wasn't going to go soft. When she was done and looked up at me her lipstick was a mess and I chuckled softly.

"What?" she asked.

"Hold on," I said and got up and went into the Pilot's Cabin and pulled some paper towel from under the cabinet. I also pulled out Heather's bottle of vodka and wet down the paper towel a little bit and brought it back to Cassidy. She stayed still as I softly rubbed around her lip and then up to her cheeks to where her mascara had run a little bit.

"How bad is it?" she asked. "Full clown?"

"Not bad enough that I want to stop," I told her, then kissed the vodka from her lips.

"Robbie..." Cassidy said. "I- Fuck me? Really fuck me."

"OK," I agreed.

She had been sitting on her butt, and now she ripped the thong down her legs and opened them and I got between her thighs, and with a wet squelch I pushed my cock into her.

This time we didn't make love, because that's not what we wanted. She needed me to feel a bit like a monster, and I needed to feel like she was mine. Not my girlfriend, or my fiancée, or my wife. It was a primal need. A hard truth.

I fucked her to claim her. I fucked her to make sure she would never forget who I was to her.

"Yes, Tiger," Cassidy panted and grunted. "Fuck me. Fuck my cunt. Fuck my hole. God, you are mine. You're mine! I fucking- I love you so fucking much. Harder, Tiger. Make me fucking feel it tomorrow."

I grabbed the wet, slightly-cummy thong from next to us and bundled it up, and Cassidy immediately opened her mouth and let me shove it in, gagging her. She immediately got louder, babbling incoherently as I fucked her ferociously. Her tits were bouncing in time with every stroke and I grabbed on pushing it hard to her chest and squeezing, and she just gave me a look of need as I squeezed and fucked.

"Open these fucking legs," I snarled as she squeezed her thighs around me when she started to edge closer to an orgasm, and I slapped the outside of her leg and then the inside when she obeyed and spread her legs further open.

I pummeled her into the astroturf, my mind briefly worrying if her ass was getting some rug burn because we'd moved at least a few feet across the fake grass since we started. She wasn't stopping me or crying out in pain though, and was just urging me for more with her eyes.

With her mouth full of her thong she couldn't ask me clearly for anything, giving me free rein to do what I wanted. I slow stroked her, and fast stroked. I thumbed her clit hard and sent her over the edge on an orgasm. I spanked her tits and leaned down and sucked her nipples hard before gripping them firmly again.

And then I made her gasp as I pulled out of her and turned her over onto her stomach again, fully intending to plough her some more this way, but stopping when she scrambled to get situated and then reached back and grabbed her reddened butt cheeks and spread them. Her asshole winked at me as she flexed it, her pink and flushed pussy looking pleasantly used below it.

"You want me in your ass?" I asked her, pressing my thumb to her perfect little asshole and pushing it in to the first knuckle.

She moaned and nodded. Her words were unclear, but the implication was clear. She wanted me to take it.

"You kept wanting to fuck girls' asses," I said. "Cattie, and Maddison. You got what you wanted with Wanda. Did that turn you on?"

"Mmmfmmm!" she nodded enthusiastically.

"Then I'm going to fuck your ass, Cass," I said. "We don't have any lube except for our cum leaking out of your pussy though. It's probably going to hurt even with your App perk."

"Mmph." **Good**.

A part of me wanted to tell her off for that. But she wanted it.

I pressed my cock to her hole, reaching forward and putting a hand on her shoulder to keep her still as I steadied my shaft with the other.

"MMmph, mm-mm," she said into the thong in her mouth. Begging for it.

Chapter 183

"I love your ass," I groaned.

I was in. It had taken a bit of grunting and working on both our parts, and a couple of pauses to let her adjust, but I was deep in Cassidy's ass.

She was still gagged by her thong, but moaning softly every time I moved. She turned her neck to look back at me, pursing her lips, and I carefully took the thong from her mouth.

"I love you, Tiger," she panted. "Now fuck my fucking asshole until I'm gaping and your cum is running out of me."

"Sometimes your filthy mouth gets you into trouble," I warned her.

"Sometimes I want it to," she shot back.

I fucked Cassidy hard. About a minute in she actually shoved the thong back into her mouth herself just to mute her squeals and moans, worried that she was getting loud enough that someone would come up to find out what the ruckus was. But she never asked me to stop, never asked me to ease up.

Her ass took my cock, and her body rocked with my thrusts like I was hitting a punching bag. She moaned like a whore and came like a slut from an anal orgasm that rolled through her from her toes and up, every part of her clenching in a wave. I didn't stop for a moment, and she didn't ask for a reprieve.

She came again, this time after I pulled her hips up to change the angle a bit and so that I could get my hand under her and pinch her labia and clit hood. This time she leaked a bit of girlcum out of her pussy and I could hear it squelching in the fake grass.

I pushed down between her shoulder blades, pressing her chest to the grass roughly, and used my other hand to gather her violet hair in my fist and pull on it. Her head snapped back and her ass mirrored it, but with my hand pushing her shoulders down she couldn't go any farther. She came a third time like that, her legs flexing and toes digging into the deck as I pounded into her.

And then I pulled out of her as she stayed like that, and I watched her asshole flex and close like it was hesitant to do so, and I spanked both of her reddened cheeks at the same time. She moaned into her gag and then grunted hard as I pushed inside of her ass again. I did that six times, changing the amount of time I was outside of her and the number of times I spanked her, and she took each one with a chesty moan. Every time I pulled out her ass would gape a bit and then slowly close, and her pussy was flushed open and leaking her horniness and my cum from earlier.

On my seventh entrance I could feel myself getting close, so instead of pulling out after several strokes I surprised her by ramping up my speed, laying down on her fully and humping down into her. It was like when we'd been making love, but savage. I slammed my hips down on her

ass hard enough to make a clapping sound as I fucked her ass, and she howled wordless and hoarse into her gag and grabbed my hands with hers and held them tight.

“Mine,” I growled, and unleashed into her ass, my first shots with just the head of my cock inside her anal ring and then pushing as deep as I could for the back half of my orgasm. This time I could feel the pleasure, and the sense of power, in my gritted teeth as I filled another one of my fiancée’s holes.

When I was finished we were panting, and I stayed on top of her for long enough that my cock softened and fell out of her. I finally rolled slightly to the side off of her, still half on top, and reached to her lips and pulled the thong out of her mouth.

“That-” she panted. “Was everything.”

I kissed her, and she kissed me back, and we slowly came down from the savage fucking. I ended up sitting up, and then shifting to a deck chair, and she crawled up with me and sat straddling my waist like we’d started our lovemaking, only this time I was soft and she was completely naked. We rested like that, wordless and looking up at the stars again, for a while.

“Cass,” I finally said, each of us holding each other close with our arms hugging each other. “I really do still love you. With my whole heart. And I hate that it would hurt them, but I would stop everything else if you felt like we were done with the sharing thing.”

“I know, and I don’t want to,” she said softly.

“And I do still want to marry you,” I said. “Wanda pointed out that I still call you my fiancée, and that I was clearly still in love with you. I just- I needed to make it official and tell you that. I still plan on marrying you and making you my wife.”

“And I’ll be the best fucking wife I can be,” Cassidy said, raising her face to look at me. Her eyes were shining with brimming tears again as she smiled sadly. “But there’s a ‘But’ coming.”

I nodded. “I love you, and I’m going to marry you, Cassidy. But I’m still really hurt. I feel it deep in my chest like something got torn out. We still need to go to therapy. Both of us, together and apart. I love you, I want you, and I’m done pushing you away when you are making so much effort so fast. But it’s not going to make the hurt, and the anger, and the... I’m not going to just wake up and be OK.”

“I know, baby,” Cassidy said, her tears spilling over. “I know. I’m so sorry. I’m so, so sorry. Anything you ever need to say to me, to vent, or shout, or anything. Do it. Never be afraid that what you say might hurt me, because even if it does I need to hear what you’re going through. Every day I see you hesitate just a little, I know it’s because of me, and I deserve the guilt that brings.”

"I don't want you to feel that way," I sighed.

"I know," she whispered. "And that's so much of the reason I love you. You are the love of my life, Robbie Blane. You could die in a freak lightning strike accident tomorrow, and I would never love another. I would never take another lover, man or woman. I would become a crazy, celibate cat lady before I even think about that with anyone else if you aren't with me."

I couldn't help but smile a little at the utterly silly but also completely sincere statement. "That might be a little much, Cass," I said.

"But it's the honest-to-God truth," she said, hugging me tightly. "I swear. You're the one and only for me. Even with the girls, I'll only ever play if you're there. You are more important to me than *anything*, Robbie. I'll die before I betray you again."

"Oh, Cassidy," I sighed, resting my chin on her shoulder as we hugged tightly again. It was crazy, but I believed her. I just needed my heart and my psyche to understand it.

Chapter 184

We cleaned up what we could in the dark, mostly just our clothes, and headed down the stairs from the top deck in the nude. There didn't seem to be a point to getting dressed so we didn't, especially considering we would be stripping down to get into bed. I made sure we took the front stairs and not the back ones by the living room so that we wouldn't be sneaking by JC on the couch.

Everything was quiet inside, and I softly shut the sliding door behind us and followed Cassidy past Terra and Cattie's rooms before we got to ours. She quietly opened the door and we shut it behind us. The reading lamp next to the bed was on, but Wanda was zonked out and asleep under the covers.

"You should spoon her," Cassidy whispered to me.

"Tonight is about you, and you need your post-fuck cuddles," I said.

That made her smile, but she shook her head. "Wanda needs you more."

I pulled her close, hugging her naked body to mine. "Stop putting other people before you," I whispered to her.

"Pot, meet kettle," Cassidy whispered back.

"How about you two just get into bed and we both snuggle him?" Wanda murmured from the bed.

Now that she was up and the question was moot, so we quickly got under the covers. Wanda was naked and soon I had both of them plastered to my sides and under the covers.

“How was it?” Wanda asked Cassidy. I could feel her take Cassidy’s hand and hold it on my chest.

“I can’t believe you snaked me like that,” Cassidy laughed softly. “I had no idea. It was so good, though. I’ve got half a load of his in my pussy still, another one in my ass.”

“Dirty slut,” Wanda giggled.

“For him, and him alone,” Cassidy smiled. “Though I bet your ass is still feeling it from last night.”

“Maybe,” Wanda blushed.

“And if I told you to let him fuck it right now?” Cassidy asked.

Wanda answered to me instead of Cassidy. “I’d let you,” she said simply and gave me a peck of a kiss. “Today was perfect, by the way. You touching me when you wanted, playing with me like it didn’t matter what I wanted even though we both knew I wanted it the whole time.”

“Want him to keep going?” Cassidy asked. “I think it would be so hot if next time he just pulls his cock out and makes you sit on it.”

Wanda shivered a little as she bit her lip. “Fuck, I don’t know,” she said. “I- I want that, but also...”

“Can I be honest?” I asked.

“Of course,” Wanda said.

“Anything, Tiger,” Cassidy agreed.

“Wanda, I- I don’t want to stop doing anything with you, but I also don’t know if it’s a good idea if we keep having sex while you’re trying to figure out your marriage situation. If you want, I’ll keep being touchy and own you like you want, but if we’re going to have sex you need to explicitly ask for it and let me know that it’s what you want for you. I can’t make that decision for you while you’re questioning things.”

Wanda buried her face in my chest and nodded. “You’re right,” she said softly. “I just... I don’t know how I can make any decisions without actually talking to him face to face.”

“Then don’t,” Cassidy said. “Don’t make any decisions. Robbie is right, as usual. Decide what your line is, and we’ll follow it.”

Wanda took a long breath in the dark.

“I can’t give this up,” she said, hugging me and squeezing Cassidy’s hand tighter. “It might be the only thing holding me together right now. And today felt so fucking good... I’ll think about more sex. I definitely am going to at least blow you again before the end of this trip, but anything else I’ll seriously think about. I-” she stopped and swallowed.

“It’s OK,” I said softly, rubbing her bare back.

“I love you both,” she said quietly. “I feel like I’ve been close to you for forever, and not just these past few days.”

“Hey,” Cassidy said with a little grin. “It’s been four days. That’s more than a few.”

“Four, then,” Wanda chuckled softly, some of the tension broken. “God, four days.”

“We love you too, by the way,” I said.

“Yes we do,” Cassidy nodded.

“Thanks,” Wanda sighed softly.

“Want to suck his cock now?” Cassidy offered. “I bet he could get it up again.”

“Leave my penis alone,” I groaned softly. “There will be time tomorrow.”

That made them both start giggling softly.

* * * * *

I woke with a start, my eyes blasted in the dark as my vision swam and I tried to catch my breath but felt like I couldn’t. I was panting and I felt like my chest was open and my head was broken. My whole body felt like it was vibrating with panic.

“Robbie?” Cassidy asked.

“What’s going on?” Wanda asked.

Both of them were still beside me, blinking awake in confusion.

I couldn’t breathe. Everything was wrong. Or something was wrong. I was wrong.

“Can’t.” I clutched at my chest, and then down my arms because that felt weird.

“Robbie. Robbie!” Wanda said. Then to Cassidy. “I think he’s having a panic attack.”

“Fuck, Robbie,” Cassidy said, rubbing my back but it felt like it was a mile away.

“Does he have panic attacks?” Wanda asked.

“No,” Cassidy shook her head. “Well, not- he had one that first day, I think. The day we were first here, and I told him about my cheating.”

“Water,” I croaked, and I stumbled out from under the covers and towards the bathroom.

“What do we do?” Cassidy asked.

“Robbie, you need to breathe,” Wanda said, getting out of bed with me and following me to the washroom.

I was at the sink and trying to drink from it, still finding it hard to catch my breath. I ended up just splashing water all over my face as I tried to focus.

“Breathe, Robbie,” Wanda said. “Breathe.”

Cassidy followed us into the washroom as well and sat on the toilet next to us, taking my hand. “It’s OK, Robbie. We’re here. We’re here.”

I managed to swallow some water, and that seemed to help my chest a little. I sucked in bellows of air now, my vision still swimming a little as I remembered what I’d been dreaming.

That cop. I’d been having sex with that cop. I’d been making her have sex.

“Move,” I croaked, pawing at Cassidy, and she got out of the way just in time for me to slam up the toilet seat and puke into the bowl.

“Is everything OK in here?” Cattie asked from the door. She heard us in the washroom and came into the room a bit more, looking in and seeing all three of us naked, and me on my knees at the toilet. “What’s wrong?”

“He’s having a panic attack,” Cassidy said, rubbing my back. “Like- like a few days ago.”

“Oh, Robbie,” Cattie said, squeezing into the little space with us and putting her hand on my back as well. Wanda was still holding one of my hands, but she put a little cup of water in it for me.

I didn't know what to say. In between sips of water, half of which I spit out after rinsing my mouth, I was still panting. Still finding my breath.

Still trying to forget a dream where I was doing what I feared I had already done.

"Shhhh," Cattie hushed softly, trying to soothe me.

"It's OK, Robbie," Cassidy said softly. "Everything is OK."

Wanda took the cup and refilled it, handing it back to me.

I didn't know what to say.