

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 192-198

By Breakthebar

Chapter 192

“So, Wanda and Terra are both going through some stuff,” I said, trying to find the right way to explain things to Cattie. “They wanted some female perspective on things, and are talking with Cassidy, Becca and Heels.”

“Oh,” Cattie said, her fingers stilling on my foot as she frowned slightly.

“Catherine,” I said, pulling my foot from her and sitting forward, taking her hands in mine.

“Cassidy suggested bringing you in too, but the girls weren’t sure if you wanted to talk about your stuff going on or would feel pressured to do so if you weren’t ready.” It was a lie, but not much of one - I’d reworded Becca and Wanda’s feelings, not changed them.

Cattie sighed and nodded, running her thumbs along my palms as I held her hands. “I... get it,” she said. “From what I know of what’s going on, I maybe wouldn’t want me in the mix either.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“I know,” she whispered, then shook her head a little and took a deep breath. “It’s OK. Everything going on is awkward right now. I just- I need some space from Heather and some girl time would have been nice. Tiger Time is nice too, though.”

“Please don’t say ‘Tiger Time’ to Cassidy,” I chuckled. “It will catch on way too fast.”

Cattie snorted and nodded. “OK, Robbie.”

“Do you want to talk about your stuff?” I asked. “Or distraction?”

“My gut says distraction, but my head says talk,” Cattie said. “And my heart... I don’t even know right now. I’m all fucked up.”

“That wasn’t much of an answer, Catherine,” I said.

“Talk,” she said more definitively. “I want to talk.”

“Here, or somewhere more private?” I asked.

Cattie looked around the top deck, which was still empty except for us. "Here is good," she said. "Heather would freak if we went to one of the cabin's together. Not that I would blame her for that. But here is fine."

"OK," I nodded.

Cattie looked down at her hands in mine, smiling softly, then let go and leaned back, motioning for me to raise my foot again. "If I'm going to emotionally vent on you, I might as well make up for it."

I smirked and raised my foot to her and she took it in her lap, but then I leaned over and grabbed her opposite foot and pulled it up into mine. We started mutually rubbing each other's feet and she quickly started mirroring whatever I was doing to her on me.

"So," I said. "Where are you at?"

Cattie sighed and pressed her lips together. "Facts? I'm dating Heather. We've been together for almost three years. Our lives are pretty enmeshed. Things weren't going great about six months ago until we got into some light Dom-sub play, and that refreshed things, but I got busy and started pulling away and not wanting the D/s stuff for a bit. This week was supposed to be us reconnecting. It... hasn't happened that way."

I just nodded, encouraging her to continue. I knew all of that already.

"After the way she acted on the first day, I was... annoyed. Even frustrated that I had to apologize to you and Cass for her. But I think I was so used to her being... I don't even know what to call it. 'She's just like that' isn't a good enough excuse." Cattie looked down and chewed on her lower lip for a moment. "I kind of wish I hadn't asked her to come on the trip," she said.

My heart hurt for her. "I'm so sorry, Cattie."

"I know," she smiled weakly. "And I know you're not apologising as if it's your fault. Even after... y'know."

"Oh, I know," I said, running my hands up to her ankle for a moment and then back to her sole. "You know I don't want to be the break between you two, but that night was... It was really special."

"Except for the part where Cass and I almost ruined it," Cattie smirked a little.

"No, even that part," I said. "It showed us who we were to each other, and led to the end of it."

"That was really nice," Cattie said softly. Then she shook her head. "But still. Heather has been... I just don't know what to think of how she's acted since that night. Before then, it was

frustrating and annoying. Afterwards, though? It's like - I get it. I understand why she would be demanding, or petty, or so off. I understand why she would be emotionally raw, and needy, or looking for little ways to let me know she's still hurt even though she says she isn't."

It was my turn to take a deep breath, though I did it to keep myself from saying things I knew wouldn't be helpful to her.

"So that's where I am," Cattie said. "She's hurt and mad and raw but doesn't want to admit it because she knows she caused the problem. But she keeps doing things that aren't helping either of us actually get to the bottom of it. Not like you and Cassidy. Cass fucked up huge, but she's... I'm sorry if this sounds bad, Robbie, but I think I love her even more because she's trying so *hard* to make things right with you."

"I know she is," I said, thinking back to Cassidy's breakdown pre-dawn in the washroom with Wanda.

"But you're doing amazing, too," Cattie said. "I mean, panic attacks aside, you're really trying. You love her so much. You getting overwhelmed makes so much sense, and sometimes I can't even fathom why you're here on this trip after the way she told you, but... but I'm really happy you are."

I nodded and looked down at her foot, tracing circles on top of it with my fingertip. "Part of me still wishes she hadn't told me at all," I said. "That we'd been able to just stay the way we were. But this whole thing has..." I had to take a breath to think of how to phrase what I was saying. "This whole thing is adding to our relationship in a lot of ways," I ended up saying. "And it's leading us to a lot more than just us."

I looked up at Cattie, who was smiling sadly and nodding, her eyes brimming with tears.

"We really do love you, Cattie," I said. "You're Cassidy's best friend, even with the Heather stuff. She's so worried for you."

"I know," Cattie said so quietly she practically mouthed it.

I pulled my foot from her and set her's down, then leaned forward and pulled her into a hug as we perched on the edges of our chairs.

"I love you guys too," Cattie whispered as she pressed her face into the crook of my neck.

God, why did women around me keep crying, today? It was tearing at my heart to see them all feeling so conflicted.

Chapter 193

After the long hug, Cattie and I sat back again and talked for a few more minutes, trying to de-stress after the more emotional topics. Eventually we decided that we needed something else to do, and she asked about the photoshoots that Cassidy still wanted to do and that brought us around to her teasing me lightly about being the next big model on the trip with the bikini massages.

That, in turn, led her to ask who still needed those shoots done, and soon we were heading down to find one of the girls who still needed there's done.

Ginnie and Leia were in their room together and we quickly made a plan to get both of them done that morning - Cattie would be the photographer, and they could stick on the Couples Boat for the morning drive if we got moving before we were done.

Soon I had grabbed our equipment from mine and Cassidy's cabin, and Cattie was getting the camera in focus as I spread out the towel.

Ginnie and Leia came up shortly after, both of them dressed in their white bikinis. To be fair, while I found Leia stunning, Ginnie wasn't exactly hard to look at either. She had a tight little body that she'd been flashing around for days now, not to mention our scattered encounters. Her white bikini was fairly simple, just a standard top and bottom, but she filled it out perfectly with her small-ish breasts hugged perfectly by the cups and her cute bum only half covered by the bottoms. She else had a bit of a camel toe going on.

Leia was a little taller than Ginnie and had a similar situation going on up top, both in breast size and bikini. It was her hips and ass, along with the black ivy and flowers tattoo on her hip, that differentiated her from the other girls. Well, that and her softly cherubic smile and the way she looked at me. She was wearing the white bottoms that Zenya had borrowed from her for the redhead's shoot, and they fit her just as well as they had the thicker woman.

"Wow," I said with a big grin. "You two look fantastic."

"You aren't looking too bad yourself, hunk," Ginnie said, scrunching up her nose and giving me a poke in the chest. "I think you should have worn a speedo though."

"Don't tempt me," I teased her. "I'm not afraid of a speedo after my years of swim team."

That made her laugh, and I gave her a little swat on the bum as she turned away from me, which made her jump and the other two girls laughed at her expression.

"So who wants to go first?" Cattie asked.

"Ginnie can," Leia said, moving to one of the deck chairs. "She's horny as hell and wants to know if Tiger can get her off like he did for me and Wanda."

“Leia!” Ginnie scoffed, blushing, but then she shrugged and looked at me. “What do you think? Can you?”

“We’ll see,” I said. “That’s not really the point of this.”

“Says you,” I heard Cattie murmur somewhere behind me.

We quickly got organized with Ginnie starting on her stomach on the towel, and soon I had her little feet in my hands as I began to massage in the suntan oil. Ginnie’s feet and legs weren’t erogenous zones for her, so other than a few satisfied grunts she didn’t react much, and we just chatted about the weather, and the photoshoots she’d been doing. Ginnie was in a weird space where she was doing the lewd and solo content, and had even shot a couple of boy-girl sex scenes with an ex-boyfriend that she had behind an extra paywall on her OnlyFans, but wanted to do more stuff like Leia did. The problem was that every time she did a photoshoot that didn’t at least end up explicit, her fans complained.

“Heather had the same thing happening for a bit,” Cattie said. “Maybe... two years ago? She ended up just saying screw it and only does lewd or nude content. Sometimes I think she treats her audience a little crappy, but they seem to like it so I don’t know what to tell you.”

“Yeah, she kind of said something like that,” Ginnie sighed. I had skipped her bum and moved up to her lower back, which she was enjoying a bit more and caused her to breathe deeply. “How are you two, by the way? I know things have been weird on the trip.”

“Weird is a good way to put it,” Cattie said, glancing at me.

“So, I don’t know how to really say this...” Ginnie said. “Heather has been, um, flirting with me a lot? Not that I mind or anything, I mean she’s one tall drink of water, but I think it might be more than just flirting.”

“How much more?” Cattie asked.

“I think she might want to hook up and is testing the waters,” Ginnie said. “She hasn’t been bad whole we’ve been doing shoots or anything, but I just have this feeling.”

“That wouldn’t surprise me,” Cattie said. “She does want to try hooking up with someone else. I thought she wanted to try and set up a threesome with another girl, but maybe with the way this week has gone she wants to try something alone.”

“Are you OK with that?” I asked Cattie, pausing my massage until Cattie motioned for me to continue as she kept taking pictures.

“Yeah, actually, I am,” she said. “Gin, if Heather does want to hook up with you, that’s fine with me. You’re cute, and casual about it. And, if you both wanted it, I’d be OK with fooling around with you a bit.”

“Careful, you might sweep me off my feet talking like that,” Ginnie said deadpan, but then cracked a smile and reached out to pat Cattie’s leg. “Don’t worry, I get it. You’re not looking for it, but if it happens then you’re OK with it. I wouldn’t mind fooling around with you, too, you sexy bitch.”

That made Cattie smile, and she took more pictures.

“Of course, I also wouldn’t mind fooling around with someone else here,” Ginnie said with a smirk as she arched her back and pushed her bum back at my crotch while I was straddling her and massaging her shoulders.

“Wait, hold that,” Cattie said, shiting to get a shot of Ginnie’s hips pressed to mine. “Your fans will love that one.”

I just rolled my eyes and shook my head ruefully.

“Get that tight little booty back on the deck,” I told Ginnie. “Unless you *don’t* want me to massage it.”

“Oh, I definitely do,” Ginnie laughed, pressing her hips back to the deck. I moved back down her legs and looked down at her butt, then gave her a little spank on one cheek.

“Gin, how naughty do you want this shoot to be?” Cattie asked.

“Well,” Ginnie said, looking over her shoulder at me. “That depends. How do you feel about giving me a deep internal massage with your magic wand, Mr Massage Wizard?”

I snorted my chuckle and shook my head. “Hands-only for photos, Ginnie.”

“How about nudity?” she asked. “Can I get naked while you massage me on camera?”

“That would be OK, I think,” I said. “We can double-check with Cassidy later about the photos, but in general she’ll be fine with it.”

“Then peel those bottoms off and massage away,” Ginnie said with a grin. “Just make it sexy.”

“I don’t think he can do anything like that without making it sexy,” Cattie said.

“Seconded,” Leia said from over on her chair. She’d been watching and listening to us the whole time, and while she had sunglasses on that made it so I couldn’t see her eyes, when I looked over to her she smiled slightly and her one eyebrow dipped as she winked at me.

I just shook my head and put some more suntan oil on my hands before starting to massage Ginnie’s ass.

Chapter 194

Ginnie groaned loudly and slowly wiggled her bum back at me as I palmed both of her cheeks and spread her lewdly, running my thumbs along the inner crease of her cheeks without actually touching her asshole.

“Such a slut,” Leia teased from over in her seat.

“Takes one to know one,” Ginnie groaned back as I ran my thumbs back up in the opposite direction. Then I let go of her buttocks and gave her another spank, my pink handprint staying on her tanned butt for a good couple of seconds as Cattie got it on camera.

“Alright, turn over,” I told Ginnie.

She did, rolling onto her back, and then she spread her legs around my knees on the deck. Cattie kept taking pictures, smirking a little and shaking her head at Ginnie’s lewd display of herself.

“You really are a little spinner, Ginnie,” Cattie said.

“Guys have called me that before but I never knew what it meant,” Ginnie said, interrupted by a moan as I ran my slick, suntan-oiled hand down her inner thighs and then up over her hips, avoiding touching her puffy pussy.

“It means it’s easy to spin you around on a bed while having sex and move you into whatever position your partner wants,” Cattie said. “Especially without taking a cock out of you.”

“Ungh, yes please,” Ginnie groaned, reaching down past my arms and running her own fingers over her pussy lips.

“Ah, ah,” I shook my head, taking her arms by the wrists and lifting them over her head. “No touching yourself, Ginnie.”

Ginnie let out a little whine and pouted, which looked great for the camera with her arms pinned back.

I went back to massaging her torso, slowly moving up towards her chest, and Ginnie dutifully kept her arms over her head. As I ran my fingers over her ribs she pressed her chest out, begging for some attention there, and I let my hands slide up her skinny little form all the way to just under her bikini top and stopped.

“Rooooobbie,” Ginnie whined, wiggling beneath me.

“Shhh,” I shushed her, then I shuffled closer and pushed her thighs back with my knees and leaned down over her, bringing my hands to her face and starting to give her a massage there starting at her temples.

It looked like I’d hit a restart button on Ginnie. Her eyes went placid and her jaw hung open and she stopped moving as I softly rubbed her temples, then up over her forehead and brow, and then down the sides of her delicate nose to her cheeks.

“I think you broke her,” Cattie said.

“Ginnie?” Leia asked, standing up and coming over to us. “You OK?”

“Uh-huh,” Ginnie grunted through her open mouth.

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked.

“Uh-uh,” she grunted.

I ran my fingers down to the corners of her jaw and then lower onto her neck.

“Still good?” I asked.

“Choke me,” Ginnie pleaded softly.

“Like this?” I asked, using one hand to wrap around her throat just under her jaw.

“Mhmm,” Ginnie groaned. “Please may I touch myself? I’m so close.”

“Shhh,” I hushed her again, and I reached between us and put two fingers over her clit and wiggled them back and forth.

Ginnie squeezed her eyes closed but left her mouth hanging open, and then she hiccuped hard and opened her eyes wide as she came. It was short and hard, and her entire body tensed for one moment before relaxing. I pulled my hands from her and softly brushed her hair from her forehead. “You good, little spinner?” I asked.

She got her breath back and barked a laugh, blinking rapidly to reorient herself. Then she finally focused her gaze on me and smirked. "Can we do that again?"

"Maybe later," I told her and leaned down and gave her a little kiss on the tip of her nose. "We need to finish the shoot."

"OK," she said, then grabbed my wrists and pulled my hand down to her tits. "Then give my nips so God damn attention, you teasing bastard."

That made Cattie and I both laugh, and Leia just rolled her eyes and went to sit back down in her seat. I made a show of massaging Ginnie's breasts over the bikini top, then lifting it up over her tits to her chest and doing the same teasing of her bare breasts.

"Alright," I finally said. "I think that's everything."

"It doesn't have to be," Ginnie said, biting her lower lip and looking down between us. Her legs had remained spread, my knees pushed against the back of her thighs, and her cunt was wide open and asking for the bulge in my swimsuit to come out and play.

"Sorry, Ginnie," I said. "But we need to get Leia's shoot done, too."

"Fine," Ginnie sighed, scooting back from me and rolling to her knees and wagging her butt at me again. "If you're sure."

I spanked her again. "Yes, I'm sure, you horny little rabbit."

That made her laugh, and she got up and fetched her bikini bottoms from the side and twirled them around her finger. "Alright, well, if anyone needs me I'll be down in our cabin fucking my own brains out with a dildo," she said. "You're all invited to join me."

This time Cattie was the one to swat the teasing little devil's butt as she walked away.

As Ginnie reached the stairs and started heading down, not having bothered to even put her swimsuit back on, I stood up and stretched. "How did the pictures turn out?" I asked Cattie.

"Good. There are some pretty hot ones. I tried to make sure your face wasn't in any of them - I know Cass will definitely be OK with everything, and probably with the pictures, but I didn't want you getting looped into being a softcore pornstar by accident."

"Thanks," I said, smiling and pulling her into a side hug and leaning down to kiss the top of her hat. I wasn't sure if Cattie knew about Cassidy's hat thing or not, and I'd decided not to assume anything, but it was still a tantalizing tease.

I stepped away from Cattie and went to Leia, offering her a hand up from her chair. "I hope that wasn't uncomfortable for you, sunshine," I said.

My nickname for Leia made her grin softly and shake her head. "No, Tiger. Especially not after what we did to her yesterday."

"Ready for your massage?" I asked.

That made her laugh. "I don't know," she said. "Part of me is worried it won't even be usable cause I'll just be orgasming the entire time."

"Well," Cattie said. "At least it will be an interesting shoot."

"True," Leia said, walking with me over to the other towel I'd lain out so both women would have different backgrounds to their photo sets. She hadn't let go of my hand since I'd helped her up. "So, Cattie, ready to see my 'O' face?"

Chapter 195

Kneeling down over Leia just felt different than kneeling down and getting ready to massage Ginnie. Leia was starting on her back and raised her arms over her head and gave a big, full-body stretch and then let her whole body relax.

"Hi," I said a little lamely as I knelt next to her.

"Hi," she said with a smile.

"You ready, Cattie?" I asked.

"Just going to swap memory cards here, give me a second," Cattie said, rifling through the camera bag. "We don't want Leia's pictures getting mixed up with Ginnie's."

I leaned down closer to Leia, letting one of my hands softly land on her stomach. "I really want to kiss you right now," I whispered to her.

"I want to kiss you too," she whispered back.

"You know I can still hear you, right?" Cattie asked, turning to us from the bag.

"Oh, um, I didn't," I said, feeling myself blush a little.

"It's not what you think it is," Leia said.

“So you haven’t had sex with him and Cassidy?” Cattie asked.

“Oh,” Leia said, her eyes going a little wide.

“It’s fine, Leia,” Cattie said, coming back over to us and sitting with her legs crossed on Leia’s other side. “I mean, I did too. I get it.”

“Right, right,” Leia said. “I just- I don’t know, this whole thing is weird. Cassidy seems fine with it, but I’ve never been in this sort of situation.”

“Neither have I,” I assured her.

“Me neither,” Cattie said. “But one thing I do know is that Robbie is a very sexy, very lovable guy. So as long as Cassidy says yes, it won’t bother me if you want to enjoy being around him.”

“Thanks,” Leia said, then sat up and put her hands on my cheeks and kissed me firmly. My hand slipped to her back and held her in place as I kissed her back. As we broke apart, Leia was smiling and her eyes were glimmering playfully as she smacked her lips once. “Just as good as always,” she said.

Cattie sighed, prompting us both to look over.

“Sorry, sorry,” Cattie said. “It’s nothing.”

“Well, that’s not *nothing*,” Leia said. “What’s up?”

“I was just remembering kissing him like that,” Cattie admitted, a flush of her own creeping into her cheeks.

“Do you want to?” Leia asked. “If you’re OK with me kissing him in front of you, I’m OK if he kisses you, too.”

Cattie obviously wanted to say yes, but after a long moment of hesitation she shook her head no. “I do, but I can’t. Not like that at least.” I smiled a little sadly at Cattie, and she reached down and took my hand and curled our fingers together for a moment and then let go. “It’s fine,” she said. “We know we love each other. Best guy friend I have.”

“Love you too, Bestie,” I said and winked at her, using Cassidy’s nickname for her.

Cattie backed off a touch and finished getting the new memory card loaded into the camera. “Alright, you two,” she said. “What are you thinking?”

“Well, nothing like what Ginnie did,” Leia said. “So no nudity, and probably no direct sexual touching. At least on camera.”

“And off camera?” I asked with a little smile.

“Anything you want, Tiger,” Leia said.

Cattie chuckled a little and shook her head. “Somehow, I’m not surprised.”

“Let’s just get started and see where we go,” I said and helped Leia lower herself down to the towel again.

I started with a facial massage with Leia, which she enjoyed more for the little kisses I would drop onto her lips every once in a while than for the actual massage. It was interesting, massaging so many women in one week. Wanda and Ginnie had both absolutely loved their faces getting softly worked, and some of the others liked it but weren’t getting off on it. It did absolutely nothing for Leia. Leaving her face, I went down to her upper chest and collarbone, then down her arms, still getting nothing in particular out of her until I hit her inner elbows. Then she gasped and jerked, and we found out that soft little spot was a tickle point for her. Down lower, to her forearm and wrist, were fine, but then I massaged her palms and she loosed her first moan.

“That quick, huh?” Cattie asked. “How do you even hold things day-to-day?”

“It’s not me,” Leia complained, cocking her head to the side as another wave of tingling pleasure rippled up her arm as I used both thumbs on one of her hands. “It’s Robbie. He’s got magic hands.”

If only she knew, I thought with a smile.

I left her hands and went back to her chest, massaging between the cups of her bikini top and under her arms, and down her sides. Then I took a detour and kissed her again, and Cattie stopped taking pictures for a moment as I massaged Leia’s tits and then pulled one cup aside and dropped my lips to her nipple.

“Yes, Tiger,” Leia crooned softly, running her hands through my hair. “God, I love your tongue on me.”

“I do too,” Cattie said, watching with both hands on the camera and a smile on her lips. “He’s so good with your boobs, right?”

“So good,” Leia sighed.

I gave Leia’s nipple one last kiss, then carefully put the bikini cup back in place. “You know, I’m going to get a big head between the two of you.”

"You already *have* a big head," Cattie snorted.

"*Such* a big head," Leia laughed. "Perfectly big."

"We aren't speaking about my ego, are we?" I asked.

Both of them laughed, and Cattie went back to taking pictures.

I massaged down Leia's stomach to her hips, then skipped over the bottoms to her wonderfully full thighs and spread the suntan oil over them until her tattoo was glistening. Then I kept going, slowing down as I got to her knees and then stopping.

"Time to turn over," I said.

"What?" Leia asked. "We were just getting to the good part."

"We'll end with your feet, sunshine," I said. "Let's get the rest of you done first."

"Fine," Leia sighed, rolling over. "But if that's the case, then you better not skip over my butt."

"Are you kidding?" Cattie asked. "If he skipped your butt, *I* would do it. God, your body is amazing, Leia."

"Thanks," Leia said, settling down with her arms under her head. "It's kind of a crapshoot of how long I can keep my figure like that. Everyone on my Mom's side is a bigger girl, and they say my boobs will practically explode when I get pregnant for the first time. My Grandma says we're built for shooting out babies."

"Well, whatever you're doing, it's working," Cattie said.

I started back up at the top, working down Leia's back. I undid her top, Cattie catching it in several photos in sequence, and then did her middle and lower back before I got to her butt. Leia let out the usual groans and moans of someone getting a massage, but it hadn't been particularly sexual at all.

"Do my cheeks for the camera first," Leia prompted me. "Then do it again for me and you."

"OK," I said, leaning down and tilting her face to the side so I could kiss her quickly. "Still good, sunshine?"

"The best," she said with a smile. "And please never stop calling me that. Every time you do it my stomach gives a little flutter."

"Ugh," Cattie grunted. "Stop being so cute."

Chapter 196

Massaging Leia's butt with her bikini bottoms on was fun.

Massaging Leia's butt once the Cattie lowered the camera, and I pulled down her bikini bottoms to her thighs, was a lot more fun.

"Fuck, Tiger," Leia groaned, shifting her hips to push her ass up more to me. "God, your hands."

"God, your butt," I laughed, squeezing her big cheeks and slowly working them in circles. I glanced up at Cattie and she was chewing the inside of her lip watching me, and when she realized I was looking at her she rolled her eyes and then raised one hand to her face with her fingers in a V peace sign and wiggled her tongue between them. That just made me laugh, and then I leaned down and kissed the small of Leia's back.

I was coming at her straddling her upper back and leaning down over her ass from above, and as I kissed from her lower back to the dimple above her cheeks, and then grazed my teeth over one ass cheek, she couldn't see what I was doing. As I kissed between her cheeks though, slowly pulling them apart, she groaned and reached back, grabbing my leg with one hand and squeezing.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," I told her.

"Never," Leia said huskily. "God, I want you so bad it almost hurts."

"I know that feeling," Cattie mumbled, and I stopped myself from glancing over at her. That had sounded an awful lot like something she had meant to be an inside thought and I didn't want to embarrass her. I also couldn't be sure if she was talking about me, or sex in general.

I grazed my tongue along Leia's asshole, teasing it with the top of my tongue for a moment, before moving lower until I was nuzzling her slick little lips with my nose, and then finally craning my neck to get my tongue on her.

It was, all things considered, an awkward position. Leia's big ass was working against us, as was the fact that she couldn't spread her legs very wide because of the bikini bottoms around her thighs. Bad planning on my part. I still managed to get my tongue between her pussy lips though and taste her, and she crooned in pleasure. We stayed like that for a good couple of minutes as I tried to give her everything I could despite the position before I had to pull away as I felt like I was going to pull something in my shoulder or neck.

"Sorry, give me a sec," I grunted, quickly rotating my shoulders to try and work the tension out.

“Tiger, I can feel your cock pressing against my back through your shorts. Come here,” Leia said, tugging at my leg. I swing my leg over her and she quickly turned onto her side, her breasts popping into view of both Cassidy and I, and she quickly reached for the waistband of my swimsuit and pulled it down.

My cock bounced into view and Leia quickly licked the underside of it before catching the head between her lips and moaning softly as she took about three inches of it into her mouth.

“Fffffuck,” I hissed, my head rocking back at the feeling after having been the one teasing her and Ginnie.

“MMmmm-mmmm,” Leia hummed, looking up at me as she began to blow me. I pulled her pastel rainbow hair back from her face, looking down and meeting her eyes as she grinned and quickly bobbed her mouth on my cock.

“God damn,” Cattie grunted, and I glanced at her and saw she was sitting on her knees, the camera held to the side with one hand and her other one slipped into the front of her black denim jeans, obviously rubbing at herself. When she saw me looking she blushed and bit her lip, but didn’t stop what she was doing.

“Fuck, I want you,” I said, looking back and forth between the two women, and I wasn’t sure who I said it to. It was insane. I was insane. I had Cassidy, and Becca and Wanda were trying to figure out what we meant to each other in a romantic way. But God, I wanted to tell Leia I loved her too.

And Catherine.

Oh, Catherine.

And then it all came to a halt as voices echoed from about four yards back and two down, coming out of the bottom deck and heading for the stairs.

“Fuck,” Cattie grunted, pulling her hands from her shorts.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Leia said, pulling back from me with a reluctant look on her face but not hesitating to scramble to pull her bikini bottoms back up over her ass.

I quickly raised my shorts and then helped Leia tie the back of her bikini top as she got the cups in place in front. We were in time to preserve everyone’s modesty by about half a second, just as Cassidy came up the stairs followed by Terra, Wanda and Heels.

We probably hadn’t needed to scramble. Cassidy would have wanted to watch, if not participate. Wanda too. Terra, I wasn’t so sure how she would react, but definitely not as poorly as if it had

been Sherry or Heather. Or even Zenya or Ami, who were aware of things but seemed a little more shy about PDA stuff.

Well, Ami was. I still hadn't fully figured out Zenya.

"Hey, guys," Cassidy chirped as she saw what we were doing. "Get a good shoot in? How many times did he make you come, Leia?"

That had Leia, and Cattie, blushing hard and I tried to just be stoic.

"We, uh, only got partway through," Leia said, sitting up fully. "So no orgasms... yet..."

Wanda grinned. "Hey, no shame in it, girl," she said. "He got me too, remember."

Cassidy came right over and knelt down, kissing Leia on the lips. It surprised Leia, but she ended up kissing her back for a moment before Cassidy pulled away. Cass gave Leia a look though, and then glanced to me, and then back to Leia. "Sorry for interrupting," she said with a sly smile. "And I'm really sorry it's going to be a longer interruption. Becca wants us to get moving, and Robbie needs to do some driving."

"Oh," Leia sighed. "Well..."

"Fuck," Terra finished for her with a grin, offering Leia a hand up. "No need to hide your disappointment, Leia. But I'm sure Robbie will take care of you soon."

Leia just smiled, and then chortled, and then started giggling as she covered her mouth with the back of her hand. "You guys realize how insane this all is, right?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Wanda said, wrapping Leia up in a hug and giving her a kiss on the cheek.

"It's a good thing we can all be insane together," Cassidy said, hugging Leia on the other side.

The girls offered to help clean up the equipment and towels, and I got shoed off to help disengage the boats. I met Becca at the back decks as she was untying us, but all I got was a little kiss and a promise that everything was alright, but we needed to get moving. Once we were all unhitched, I went to the Pilot's Cabin and raised anchor, and soon Becca was pulling out of our shallow bay and heading for open water.

"Alright, Tiger," Cassidy said, coming into the cabin behind me. "Sorry to cockblock you like that."

"Cattie told us you were mid-blowjob," Wanda said. "So double-sorry."

"It's fine," I said, halfway turning from the wheel and reaching back, pulling them both into a side hug with one arm. "What's up? How did the talk go?"

"That's what we're here to talk about," Cassidy said, taking Wanda's hand and leading her over to the bar counter. They both hopped up and Cassidy took Wanda's hand in her's supportively as she looked at Wanda.

"So, we didn't just talk," Wanda said.

"Oh?" I asked, the hairs on the back of my neck standing up. Cassidy had made me promises. Never without me there. Never without my permission. Had she broken them? Already?

"No," Wanda said, oblivious to my rising anxiety. "I also made a phone call."

"Oh," I said, my anxiety dropping out from under itself and leaving me feeling a little light-headed for a moment. "A phone call?"

"Yeah," Wanda said. "I called Brodi."

Chapter 197

"First, I want to say I'm sorry that I didn't want you there for the talk," Wanda said, reaching over from the counter to take my hand in hers. "I just needed to do this with a clear head, and whenever I'm around you- God, I feel like a fucking horny middle schooler or something. You make it hard for me to think clearly sometimes, Robbie. In a good way."

"It's OK," I said. "I get it. It wasn't a great feeling, but I get it. I'm having a hard time looking at things objectively while I'm with you and Becca and some of the others, too."

Wanda smiled sadly and nodded. "So, we did do a lot of talking, and I'll tell you a little about it, but not Terra's stuff because that's her's to tell you if she wants. But the main reason I wanted the girls there was to listen in on my call."

"She wanted impartial observers," Cassidy said. "Not that I'm particularly impartial, but still."

"So I told the girls I wanted them to listen but not say anything no matter what, and then I called Brodi. It was just after dinner time there, so he was expecting my call after yesterday. The first thing he asked me when he picked up was if I'd fucked you again, and he... God, it made me feel so gross. He was excited to hear about it. Like he wanted to hear all the details. And when I told him I hadn't, and we'd decided it was a bad idea, he was disappointed and asked why. And I told him it was because we were developing feelings for each other, strong ones, and that was supposed to be against the rules of our agreement, and he just... He just said I should go for it. He wanted me to keep fucking you and wanted me to tell him about it. And then I asked him

how he could want that, and he just said it was hot. He just kept saying it was hot, and kinky, and then he got more vulgar asking if I liked getting my pussy stuffed and stuff like that, and I ended up yelling at him to stop asking about it. And then he got mad that I wouldn't tell him."

She stopped there, leaning back against the wall of the Pilot's Cabin with her eyes closed. I had one of her hands and Cassidy had the other, and she was squeezing us both tightly.

"You don't need to tell me if you don't want to, or if it hurts," I said quietly. I wanted to just stop the boat and turn all my attention to Wanda, but she seemed to want both physical reassurance and a little distance in attention.

"No, you need to hear this," Wanda said. "You deserve to. I- After he got mad we went back and forth a bit, and I was demanding to know who he had been sleeping with over there and he wouldn't tell me. Things spun out at that point, and he just kept saying he had to go out. He sounded like a junky or something, but I'm pretty sure he isn't doing drugs. I think he just- I think he's going to a sex club or something over there. Or maybe like a BDSM dungeon or something. I checked our shared account and no money is missing, but I don't know what he does with his own money. When I point-blank asked him if he was going to one of those places he called me a bitch for asking, and then he tried to gaslight me and tried to turn everything around and make me feel bad for acting on our agreement and making things all messed up in his head. And then he just hung up, and wouldn't pick back up or answer a text."

"Wanda, I'm so sorry," I said, squeezing her hand.

She was crying again, tears falling down her cheeks. She'd done up her makeup really lightly, with no mascara or anything, and I had a feeling she'd known she would be crying again during this conversation. Both of them were wearing the ballcaps, but Wanda's was popping off her head since she had it on backwards and was pressed into the cabin wall, leaving her hair messy as she sniffed hard and wiped at her face.

"So, after the conversation was done, I wanted feedback from the girls," Wanda continued. "Real feedback, not just shitting on him or girl power stuff. And everyone gave a bit of a different angle, but it all came down to if I thought this was just a big thing that needed to be dealt with when we were both home or if it was bigger and longer than that."

"We went around for a while on that," Cassidy said. "We wanted Wanda to be sure of where she felt she was at."

"And it helped. A lot. I don't think I've ever had a more realistically supportive heart-to-heart about anything with anyone," Wanda said. "And all I kept thinking as we were in there was that I wished you were there too, because you're level-headed like Becca but also a guy, and a protector, and- I just kept thinking I wanted you there. And that's what really did it for me."

I squeezed her hand, and Wanda leaned over and kissed Cassidy on the cheek before slipping from the counter and stepping to me, and I bundled her into a hug as she clung to me, pressing her cheek to my chest as she held me tightly.

“When I get home, I’m going to divorce him,” Wanda said quietly. Almost quiet enough that I couldn’t hear her over the waves and the thrum of the engine. “I can’t do it over the phone. I can’t end it like that. For me, I need to wait until I’m sitting in front of him and can tell him to his face that it’s over.”

“I’m so sorry, Wanda,” I said, holding her tighter. “I’m sorry for my part, even if it’s just him revealing who he really is.”

“I know, Robbie, but you don’t need to,” Wanda said. “And I know you know that, but you’ll still feel it anyways. And that’s just one of so many fucking *good* things about you. It’s another reason why it’s so easy to love you, and feel loved by you.” She pulled her face from my chest and looked up at me, her ruddy eyes still filled with tears as she smiled up at me sadly. “You make me feel safe in a way that Brodi never did. Not just sexually, but like... spiritually. You see me, and accept me. All of me.”

What was I supposed to say to that? A thousand things wanted to spill out of my mouth, but none of it felt like the right thing. So instead of saying anything I just hugged her tight and lowered my lips to kiss her on her forehead, and then rest my lips there as we held each other. I glanced over at Cassidy and she was still sitting on the counter, smiling sadly at us with her own tears slowly crawling down her cheeks. I opened my arm to her and she hopped down and stepped into the hug, wrapping her arms around Wanda and I.

We stood like that for a long time.

Wanda was getting a divorce.

What did that mean for us? Or for all of us? Right now, it didn’t change a lot. It still wasn’t a good idea for her to have sex with us until she could get things sorted, both legally and emotionally.

But in the long term?

Wanda. Becca. Ami. Leia.

And what did Terra’s part of that conversation include?

“Fuck me,” I sighed. “I love you both.”

Chapter 198

“Is it OK if I still sleep with you guys?” Wanda asked. She was back up and sitting on the counter along with Cassidy. After the big hug had ended she’d wanted to stick close to me and had stood with her arm around my waist for a bit, and I’d kept one hand on her shoulder as I piloted the boat with the other. She’d finally gone back to her seat when she was feeling a little more centred again. “And I mean just sleep. Heels likes having the bed to herself, and I don’t want to be alone tonight.”

“Of course you can, babe,” Cassidy said, hugging her around her shoulders again. “No pressure. Tonight and tomorrow.”

“God, are there really only two nights left for the trip?” Wanda asked. “This week has been a whirlwind.”

“You’re telling me,” I said, which both of the girls chuckled at.

“How did the photoshoot with Leia really go?” Wanda asked.

“Well, we actually did Ginnie first,” I said. “That one got pretty spicy on camera, Cass, so you’ll probably want to decide whether to OK things or not.”

“How spicy are we talking?” Cassidy asked.

“Bare ass and breasts. Some light fingering and choking,” I said. “Cattie said she kept my face out of anything like that, but if she releases it as part of the set then people would still know it’s me.”

“I’ll check them,” Cassidy said. “I’m fine that it happened, obviously, but you being online like that... I dunno. I’ll think about it. What do you think, babe?”

“Um,” Wanda said. “I don’t know if I have a right to say anything.”

“Stop,” Cassidy said to her. “You love him, right?”

“Yeah,” Wanda said.

“So do you think him having a spicy shoot like that online is a bad idea?” Cassidy asked.

Wanda took a moment to answer and then sighed. “I don’t like it,” Wanda said. “For your career, and for your reputation, Tiger. It’s a funny little meme with all of us that you’ll be the ‘Massage Man’ or whatever you end up calling us, but more than that I’m not a fan of.”

“OK,” Cassidy said. “I’ll let Ginnie know we need to cut the spicy stuff.”

“You shouldn’t decide that-”

“Wanda,” I said, reaching over to her and taking my hand. “I love you, and your opinion matters.”

“Thanks,” she said, looking down at her hand and mine smiling.

We sat and talked for a while longer, trying to find more lighthearted things to talk about, but it was a little tough after the heavy shit we’d been sifting through. Then all of a sudden Cassidy whispered something to Wanda quiet enough that I couldn’t hear, and they both hopped down from the counter.

“We’re going to go get ourselves cleaned up, Tiger,” Cassidy said. “Anything you’d like to see us wearing?”

“Your birthday suits,” I said with a little grin. “But seriously, you both look great already.”

Cassidy came over and kissed me, then stepped aside for Wanda to do the same. It wasn’t a big, passionate kiss - we weren’t there right now. But it was on the lips, and more than friends.

Almost as soon as they left, a new set of feet padded into the cabin behind me and I looked over my shoulder to see it was Terra. Now I knew why Cassidy and Becca had left so suddenly.

“Hey,” I said. “You’re looking a little rough, hon.”

“I know,” Terra sighed as she hopped up onto the counter, taking the spot Wanda had been in close to me. “Dude, it’s been a rough... I don’t know, two days? Three?”

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

“Yes,” Terra said. “No. Later. I just need to get my mind off of things for a bit.”

“OK,” I said. “Want to learn to pilot the boat?”

“I can do that?” she asked.

“Well, I can show you. I probably can’t leave you alone with it since you aren’t getting the official fifteen-minute course from the rental place, but as long as I’m here,” I said.

Terra hopped back down, a small smile on her lips as she came over and I started showing her the different controls. There really wasn’t that much to it, and soon she was standing in front of me at the wheel, and I let go of it and she was in control. She wiggled the wheel a little, slowly at my caution, and felt the boat moving under us. Then she tested the throttle control, slowing us down and speeding us up a bit.

“There, easy,” I said. “You’ve got the helm, Captain.”

I went to step away, but she reached back and stopped me with a hand on my hip. "Just stay here like that?" she asked me.

I set my hands back on the wheel, outside of hers, and stood behind her again. "Like this?"

"Yeah," she said and then leaned back a bit until she was leaning against me. "That OK?"

"Anything you want," I said.

She drove, and we chatted about little things. I could tell that she didn't want to discuss whatever had been talked about down below with the 'Pussy Pack,' or anything about JC (which was probably the same thing). At one point I looked over my shoulder at the rest of the top deck and saw that Wanda and Cassidy were out in the deck chairs along with Cattie and were talking close. Cassidy and Wanda were both wearing a pair of my athletic shorts, bikini tops and those hats, while Cattie was in her same outfit from earlier, hat included. I hoped that Cassidy was talking to Cattie about her being excluded from their girl time earlier.

By the time Becca radioed over to us that it was lunchtime, she had led us to a shallow, curving beach area to anchor near and I took back over the controls to take us alongside her, but Terra stayed where she was and watched me work. Once we were pulled alongside the other house boat Terra turned between my arms and went on her toes to give me a little kiss. "Thanks for distracting me, Tiger. You really are the best."

"Any time you need, Terra," I said.

"I'll hold you to that," she smirked a little.

I had work to do, getting the boats moored together, and managed to catch a private moment with Ami as I was mooring the front decks together and she came to do the same thing. I took her hand and she gracefully hopped over to my porch, and I pulled her into my arms and kissed her. She put her hands on my chest and kissed me back with a smile on her lips.

"Do you want to do some reading together again?" she asked me, cocking her head to the side as she smiled at me.

"I do," I said. "My book is getting good, and reading with you is wonderful. But I told Leia I would hang out with her a bit this afternoon."

"Are you guys doing anything in particular?" Ami asked. Her Midwest accent, which was relatively light usually, somehow poked its head out on 'you guys' and made me smile a little more.

"Not yet," I said.

“Maybe she’d like to do some reading too,” Ami said. “Mind if I ask her?”

“Of course not,” I said, squeezing her again and kissing her forehead. “I’d love to spend time with both of you.”

“OK,” Ami smiled. “I’ll check with her. Later this afternoon when it’s really hot?”

“It’s a date,” I said. “And have I mentioned today that you look absolutely stunning, and I’m still falling for you?”

That made her blush, her warm golden-tanned skin darkening just a shade. It was more in her expression. “I’m still falling for you, too,” she said.

I kissed her, and she kissed me back a little more vigorously than the first time. When she left me, I couldn’t help but feel like I was biting off more than I could chew. But I wanted it all. How could I realistically do it?

I didn’t have an answer for myself.