

AMA: The Boyfriend: Chapter 16-20

By Breakthebar

Chapter 16

I looked over to Cassidy as Terra sat in my lap with her bare, muscled back facing me. "It's alright with me as long as it's alright with Cass," I said. Again I felt the need to check in with her, the tug to double check if what she'd been saying was true, and not just what she thought she wanted. And I felt like a chump doing it, like I was some simp or something that needed permission to have any fun - but I wasn't! Or maybe I was, but I was the appropriate level for a loyal boyfriend and fiance. Before today I might have given massages like this if Cassidy had encouraged me, but not to this extent, because it was inappropriate. It was inappropriate to the relationship we'd had, or at least that I'd thought we had.

Or did have? It had been years since Cassidy said she ended the cheating. Years of her trying to make it right while tormenting herself spiritually.

Or was everything I was feeling an influence of that fucking magic app?

"All good with me," Cassidy said from her seat across the circle of chairs. "Hell, if JC is cool with it, get him to massage your chest. Believe me, your pretty little titties will be very happy."

Terra grinned and bit her upper lip as she chuckled. "Maybe not *that* far," she said to Cassidy, then looked back over her shoulder at me again. "Just my back and sides for now, OK?"

"Sure," I said, giving her a reassuring smile as I sprayed some more of the sunscreen onto her back.

"Well, if we're far enough out onto the lake for Terra to get her tits out, I'm definitely not waiting any longer," Heather said, quickly undoing the ties on her bikini top and pulling the cups away to reveal her big, modern-medicine-enhanced rack. Her tits were broad and had that unnatural bounce that lacked the weighty sagging of natural ones, standing high on her chest with pale areolas almost the same colour as her skin and nipples that poked out with a silver barbell piercing on each one. "I hate tan lines," she said, sitting back and letting the sun play over her now bare chest. I could just see the lines of the scars on the underside of her breasts. "Come on, babe," she patted Cattie.

"OK," Cattie blushed, which surprised me because while Cattie definitely knew how attractive she was, every other time Cassidy and I had met up with her she was always a little reserved in showing herself off - even just deep cleavage was out of the norm for her, let alone the bikini she was currently wearing. I would never have thought she'd go topless. But there Cattie was,

reaching behind herself and undoing the hooks on the back of her too-small blue, gold and white top, and it practically sprang off of her. Her breasts were perfect on her body, a large handful with tan areolas that were a little larger than a quarter, and stubby nipples about the width of my pinky finger.

I tried not to stare, instead focusing on the task right under my hands as I began to massage Terra's warm back and she groaned lightly in appreciation.

"Alright, come on Cass, you next," Heather said. "I see you flaunting that cleavage, bust 'em out."

Terra could feel my hands tense on her back as I stopped the massage, just pressing my fingers against her shoulder blades lightly. She put her hand on my knee, glancing back at me a little concerned, checking on me. I met her eye for a moment, and I felt like she and I had a fast mental conversation in a blink, and I wasn't even sure what had been said.

I looked over at Cassidy to see what she would do, but she was looking back at me. Checking what I thought. What I wanted. Paying me the respect and love I deserved as her fiance, as the person she'd promised she wanted to be for me. My heart was thrilled at this, but also hurt knowing that I shouldn't have been so ecstatic about it, that it shouldn't have been a big deal. This is how I'd thought we'd always been.

I shook my head, small and almost imperceptible, and Cassidy smiled and nodded almost as small.

"I'm good," my fiance said, leaning her head back on her chair.

"Oh, come on," Heather said, leaning forward to look around her topless girlfriend at Cassidy. "I see you flashing that cleavage. I bet you've got great tits, you should definitely show them off. Get them nice and tanned."

"Heather," Cattie said quietly, cautioning her larger girlfriend.

"I'm good," Cassidy said again. "And for reference, Robbie actually likes a nice little tan line on me."

"This isn't Boyfriend Week," Heather pushed on. "This is Girl's Week. If Robbie can't handle it, he shouldn't have come."

"Heather," Cattie said, more firmly and a little surprised.

"It's fine, Cats," Heather said. "I'm just trying to show Cassidy she can do what she wants. Robbie has Terra half naked in his lap for fuck's sake, she can tan topless."

“And if what she wants is to not flash you, she can do that,” Terra said. I noticed she was now holding her swimsuit top to her chest instead of down near her hips like she had before.

“Whatever,” Heather rolled her eyes. “Wanda, Heels, you joining us Fun Ladies or what?”

Wanda pursed her lips and shook her head, not saying anything. Heel, the only girl wearing a one-piece suit, shrugged. “I barely tan. Y’all white girls deal with some shit I don’t need to worry about unless for another few days in the sun like this.

“One person is a stick in the mud, and no one wants to have fun,” Heather muttered to herself.

Cattie reached over and put a hand on Heather’s arm, but Heather just stood back up and headed for the pilot cabin. “I’m making daiquiris this time,” she said. Cattie watched her go, then picked up her phone and quickly started typing something.

“Terra,” I said, my hands still on her naked back.

“I get it,” she said, and slipped her top back on, adjusting it for a moment. “Lost the mood. Maybe we’ll try again some other time this week.”

“You got it,” I said, and when we stood she hugged me lightly and then spanked my butt as I turned to walk away.

“Cass, I’m going to need to borrow him later in the week. Maybe even do a photo shoot of him massaging me, I bet my social media would love that.”

“Oh, that’s actually a great idea,” Wanda said. “Can I do that too, or do you want to keep the idea?”

“As long as Cassidy is OK with it, go for it. We could even schedule the release at the same time, make Robbie famous as ‘That Massage Guy’ or something.”

Cassidy giggled. “I’m definitely in for this if he is,” she smiled at me.

I just sighed and shrugged. “Sure, why not? I can be a meme for the day.”

Chapter 17

Cassidy stood up, gesturing for me to take her seat, and she darted back down into the boat to our room to grab us drinks. While she was gone the conversation had lulled, and I noticed Cattie kept typing for a bit, then set her phone down and glanced over at me.

I only really looked over at her when I saw her glance my way, and she looked at me with a quirked eyebrow and tapped her phone. I shrugged and pointed at the deck, down to the rooms. She made a little face.

“Cattie, it’s fine,” I said quietly. “And you look really nice. I particularly like the ball cap look.”

“Thanks,” she smiled, looking relieved that I wasn’t holding Heather’s actions against her.

Cassidy came up from below with a couple of cold beers for us from our cooler, and her phone in her hand. She slid into my lap easily, snuggling back against me as she handed me one of the beers. “Cheers, Tiger,” she said and clinked bottle necks with me. Then she opened her phone and showed me the group text that Cattie must have started between the three of us. The message was long - longer than I wanted to read at the moment. I put my hand on the phone to ask Cassidy to lower it, and I kissed my fiance on the cheek.

“Did you have fun?” Cassidy asked me quietly.

“It was nice,” I said. “Different. And I could tell the Midas thing worked better on some than others.”

“Makes sense,” she mumbled, taking a quick drink and snuggling down onto my chest as she whispered. “Some girls are more into touch than others. Love languages are weird.”

I smiled and hugged my arms around her. “Yes, they are,” I said.

The buzzing of the blender in the pilot’s cabin died down, and soon HEather was strutting back out with a red-filled blender, her chest still bare. She went around the circle offering drinks, though I could tell she was a little miffed that Cassidy and I were nursing beers instead of her drinks. Or maybe it was that Cassidy was back sitting in my arms. I’d always had a neutral relationship with Heather when we’d met at Cons, neither good nor bad, and I hadn’t ever gotten a weird vibe from her before. This trip felt different for some reason.

“I think I should go take over for JC again,” I eventually murmured to Cassidy. Wanda and Heels were into their own conversation, and Terra seemed to be talking with Cattie and Heather politely.

Cassidy stirred from her spot and stood, stretching her body right in front of me. “Want some company in there?” she asked.

“Sure,” I smiled, and we headed for the pilot’s cabin.

“Time for the First Mate’s break,” I said as I stepped in. “And I think you’ll enjoy the scenery out there.”

JC laughed. "Fuck, the scenery came in here for a few minutes. Anyone else topless out there?"

"Cattie," Cassidy said. "At Heather's suggestion. Terra teased Robbie a bit too, but put hers back on after her massage got interrupted."

JC tutted and rolled his eyes comically as she stepped aside, letting me take the wheel of the houseboat. "That sounds like my girl alright. A big ol' tease."

"Were you really alright with me massaging her topless?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's whatever if she trusts you enough to let you do it," JC said. "Now, you ever make her uncomfortable and I'll strap a brick to your and throw you overboard, but as long as she's cool with it, so am I. She taught me the hard way that she gets to say what her lines are in terms of nudity - I decked a photographer she was doing a swimsuit shoot with who got handsy with her. Turned out she'd worked with him a ton and she was completely comfortable with him touching and posing her around the way he was. I had to do a lot of apologizing to both of them."

"Aw, that's actually cute at least," Cassidy said. "You stood up for her when you thought she needed it."

"Well, I'm not saying I didn't get rewarded for it later, but in the moment Mama chewed me the fuck out," he laughed.

"Alright, buddy," I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Go kick back and see if you can get the party started back there again. I'm sure Becca's probably trying to find a place for us to stop for a late lunch."

He patted me back and left, and Cassidy quickly kicked herself up and sat on the counter of the bar, reaching out with one foot and tugging on my trunks with her toes. "What are you feeling?" she asked.

"A lot," I said. "Proud of you. Happy with most of the people we're on this trip with. Annoyed. Still hurt and sad. And guilty, even though I know I shouldn't. And just a little horny."

"Oh, Tiger," Cassidy said, and slipped back off of her perch and hugged me. "I'm sorry."

"I know," I said quietly.

"OK," she said. "Do you want to know what Cattie said now? Because I think we should respond."

"Sure," I nodded.

Cassidy sat back up on the counter and opened her phone.

“Guys,” she read out softly so we wouldn’t be heard outside our little bubble. “I’m so sorry about Heather. Cassidy, thank you for not calling her out like she deserved. Robbie, thank you for not getting pissed. She had no right to say those things, and I’m sure when I talk to her she’s going to give all sorts of excuses about how she thinks you’re controlling or whatever. I know you’re not.”

“Has she mentioned having problems with Heather to you?” I asked Cassidy.

“No, but we also haven’t talked as often in the last month. I thought it was because we were going to see each other for a whole week,” Cassidy said. “Hold on, she keeps going.”

“Cass, Robbie gave me a hint at what’s going on with you two. I’m mad at you for him, but mad like a sister who knows you know I’ll love you no matter what. When you’re ready to talk, I want to listen, because I know you need it. And that goes for you too, Robbie. No matter what happens this week I adore you both. I’m so sorry, and I’m sorry again about Heather. I’d say I thought she was horny and drunk, but I don’t know what she was thinking. I’ll talk to her. Love, Cattie.”

There was a moment of silence between us, and I glanced over at Cassidy. “So, what are you thinking?”

Chapter 18

Cassidy took a moment to think, then reached out for my hand and I gave it to her.

“I think I’m happy you told her, because I didn’t know how I was going to,” she said. “Were you there when we talked about her family?”

I shook my head, glancing from her back to the lake and my driving, then back to her again.

“Well, Cattie and Sherry’s Mom cheated on Cattie’s Dad with Sherry’s birth father. They reconciled, but it didn’t end well at all. Their parents were always fighting through their whole childhood, and Cattie’s Mom kind of blamed Sherry for it because if she hadn’t gotten pregnant then Cattie’s Dad wouldn’t have found out about the cheating.”

“I didn’t know that,,” I said. “I might not have told her if I did, I’m sure hearing about cheating is a trigger for her.”

“That’s why I’m happy you told her, and she’s taking it so well,” Cassidy said. “I- I’m actually kind of looking forward to talking with her about it. It’ll be hard to explain, and obviously not details, but I need to do it.”

I squeezed her hand. "What about the first part?" I asked.

"I don't know," Cassidy sighed. "What do you think?"

"I think Heather was definitely out of line. I think I wanted to say something, but it felt weird to tell a chick to lay off and I knew it would probably become an even bigger thing if I did. I'm also happy that you didn't cave, or take advantage."

She swallowed and nodded. "That hurts, that you have to think that. But I pushed you to it," she said.

"I know. I thought the same thing," I sighed.

"What should we say to Cattie?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe that we understand, and thanks for trying to say something, and we don't blame her. And that we're both looking forward to talking with her."

Cassidy nodded and started typing. Then the radio crackled right from between her legs under the countertop, and she practically jumped into my arms she was so spooked.

"Couples Boat, come in. Couples Boat, this is Singles. Over," Becca said over the radio.

I was laughing, and it took a moment for Cassidy to start laughing as well as she realized what had happened. She grabbed her phone from where it had dropped, and I pulled the radio mic from where it was hooked and pushed the transmit button. "Hey Becca, this is Robbie. What's up?"

"We're going to duck into a cove coming up and moor together for lunch. Could you get someone to fire up the barbecue? It should be on the front porch area, right under you. A couple of the girls here are prepping meals for the vegetarians."

"Sounds good," I radioed back. "What's on the menu?"

"Burgers for carnivores, with lentil salad with roasted almonds on the side and for Veggies."

"Sounds delicious," I said. "We'll get the barbecue hot and ready."

"Awesome, thanks hero," Becca said, and even over the radio you could hear the teasing smile on her lips. "Over and out."

"Thanks, hero," Cassidy said in her sing-song teasing voice.

"Oh, stop," I said. "She's just kidding around."

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that,” Cassidy said. “And I’ll remind you about saying that when I’m rubbing her clit while you fuck her senseless.”

“God damn, Cass,” I said. “Are you trying to get me hard right before lunch?”

“Sorry,” she smirked, not really meaning it. “I’ll stop teasing you.”

“No you won’t,” I said.

“No, I won’t,” she laughed.

“Go get JC to fire up the grill, unless you want to do the cooking?”

“Definitely not,” Cassidy said, and as she was leaving I gave her a little swat on the ass. She gasped and then leaned forward, looking back at me with her cute butt pointed towards me, her boyshorts-style bikini bottoms riding between her cheeks. “Can I have another?”

I rolled my eyes and spanked her other cheek as well, and she skipped out of the pilot’s cabin.

It was another couple of minutes before we reached the cove that Becca had chosen on the map, and I followed her into a little sheltered offshoot of the lake between a red rock cliff and a plateau sitting about six feet over the waterline. I pulled my houseboat up next to the other, and JC and Ami quickly tossed lines to each other at the front of the boats. Ami was wearing a beautiful red and gold sarong cover around her waist, but she only had a small matching red bikini top on that looked like it could barely hold her impressive chest. Once they got the front tied, they rushed to the back and did the same thing, and then Becca and I both dropped our anchors and turned off our engines.

The middle of the upper railings on both boats had small gates, and after opening them up and laying down a sturdy ramp designed for the purpose, the two houseboats became one floating platform and the party really started. The Singles Boat girls seemed to have gone at a slightly faster pace with the celebratory booze than we had, and there was a network of Bluetooth speakers built into their boat that was playing club songs from the last decade.

Cattie and Heather had both re-donned their tops, and as I was passing Cattie on my way to the front stairs she reached out and squeezed my arm, offering me a smile. I smiled back and went down the stairs, joining JC at the barbeque. Soon I was squeezed off of the front porch and into the kitchen however as Zenya bustled down the stairs with two big grocery bags, followed by Leia with an armload of gluten-free burger bun bags.

Zenya, the dyed redhead, was in a yellow one-piece suit that favoured her more voluptuous frame and showed off a major amount of cleavage from the deep scoop of the front neckline. Mean Leah was wearing a loose grey crop top that accented her toned stomach and revealed the surprisingly skimpy bottoms - I would have called them a thong, but the front and back had

enough coverage to hide the naughty bits plus a bit extra. It was more the white string sides that did it, tied with pretty bows but revealing so much of her waist and hips and the pretty black ivy and flowers tattoo on her hip. Her faded pastel hair was done up in a pair of fun buns.

The two girls quickly busted out several large packages of ground beef, and I was press-ganged into helping make burger patties. The two women seemed to love being in the kitchen, so I just followed their directions rather than arguing or making suggestions since they were on the same page about what was going on.

And so that's where I was, my hands covered in ground beef and playfully bantering with the two girls while trying not to peek at Leia's bum or Zenya's cleavage, when I heard Cassidy scream.

Chapter 19

I was halfway across the living space from the kitchen when I heard the splash, followed by two more. The scream had cut through the noise from the music playing from above, but the splashes came from just outside and as I got to the door I was greeted by peals of laughter as Cassidy, Sherry and Terra all surfaced from the water, grinning and splashing each other.

They'd jumped from the top deck. The scream had been innocent. I had to take a deep breath as my head went a little light and the adrenaline that had kicked in shut off.

"Damn, Robbie," Zenya said, coming up beside me. "Jumpy much?"

"I think it was sweet," Leia said. "He obviously cares about Cassidy."

"I'm sorry," I said, shaking my head at myself and sighing. "It's just been a long day, and we've got some stuff going on. I'm a little on edge."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Zenya said with a frown. We'd slipped back into the kitchen area of the houseboat and went back to mixing and making patties. "I didn't mean to touch a sore subject."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Leia asked.

"No, it's - I appreciate the offer, but it's just a thing between me and Cassidy that I'm still trying to wrap my head around."

"Wait," Zenya said, stopping down her handful of burger and turning. "You're feeling extra protective, there's a thing between you two, and you need to wrap your head around it. Are you gonna be a Daddy?"

Leia's eyes lit up as she made a big O of her mouth in happy surprise.

“No! No,” I said, stopping whatever bubbling cheer I could see rising in them. That was the last thing I needed getting around the boats and making the next week even more weird. “We aren’t pregnant. It’s something else. I think I’d be a lot happier if it was a bun in the oven, honestly.”

Leia smiled sadly and nudged my arm with her elbow since we both had meat-covered hands. “Well, whatever it is I’m sure you two can figure it out. You seem like a sweet guy.”

“Thanks,” I said, and Leia purposefully changed the subject with Zenya and got the redhead talking about some Anime they’d both been watching. Once the patties were finished the three of us scrubbed our hands clean and I brought the first plate out to the barbecue. JC was out in the waters of the lake swimming and laughing with a half dozen of the girls now, so I started loading the hot grill with the burgers.

The glass sliding door of the houseboat was all the way open, so I wasn’t even sure how I noticed her coming as I worked the barbeque, but I glanced over at the perfect time to watch Leia carrying the second plate of patties out to me with a soft smile on her lips. That expression changed to surprise, and panic, as she stepped through the threshold of the door and the toe of her flip flop caught on the track of the sliding door and she stumbled forward.

I don’t know how I did it, but in one motion I reached out and took the plate of burgers in one hand, rotating in place, and with my other hand I caught Leia around the waist and pulled her close, saving her from stumbling right off the back of the porch area and into the lake.

“Oh my gosh!” Leia said, blinking in surprise and clutching to me.

“Are you OK?” I asked. “You almost took a fall there.”

Leia blinked a few times and then stood, straightening herself out and taking a deep breath. “Jeez, I can be clumsy sometimes,” she said and put a hand on my arm. “Thanks for the save there - me and lunch.”

“No problem,” I said, and gave her a side hug in return, then let her go. She stepped back inside, still shaking her head as she went.

I turned back to the barbeque, and noticed Cassidy in the water nearby - she’d paused whatever she’d been doing and was grinning at me. She winked, and then ducked underwater, swimming right up to the houseboat and climbing up the ladder. She giggled as she hugged me, getting me all wet with her body, but I didn’t really care as it was refreshing even in the shade of the porch. I bent my head down and kissed her.

“That was Leia, right?” Cassidy asked me quietly, and I nodded in reply. “I was right,” she continued. “I am excited to watch her suck your cock. She’s super cute.”

“Cass,” I admonished her.

“What?” she asked, faking being innocent. “Oh, were you thinking of fucking that phat little booty of hers instead?”

I set down my barbeque spatula with a roll of my eyes and picked up Cass under both arms and as she giggled and shrieked I lifted and tossed her back into the lake with a splash.

And thus began the ‘Disrupt Robbie at the grill by getting him to throw you’ game as several of the smaller women wanted a turn as well, Cassidy, Sherry and the curly-haired blonde Ginnie all featuring the most as the smallest girls. Terra did ask for a throw as well, but she showed off her athleticism by having me cup my hands together and give her a lift and throw, using me as a springboard to do a double backflip that brought a cheer from everyone else.

By the time I was finished barbecuing and pulling the burgers off the grill, Becca was coming down the stairs from the top deck and came next to me, putting her hand on my back familiarly. She had taken the chance to change and was wearing a black bikini that made me want to do a double take - the bottoms rode low on her hips and had gold hoops on the outside which seemed fairly normal, but the tops had cutouts in the triangle cups that showed off the smooth underboob of her breasts in a delicious way. Becca’s tits, despite being a decent size, did this thing where they sort of swelled gradually and equally on the top and bottom instead of gathering and hanging like most, and those cutouts accentuated this feature and I couldn’t figure out if she’d had work done or if it was just a natural blessing to have her gravity-defying boobs. And I worked in Vegas on the strip, so it wasn’t like I didn’t see more than my fair share of all quality of fake tits parading around. “How’s it going down here?” she asked.

“Great, just finishing up,” I said. “Where are we putting on the spread?”

“Top deck of the other boat,” she said. “I heard you saved another damsel, by the way.”

“It was nothing,” I said. “I just reached out and she stumbled into my arms.”

“Well, don’t be surprised if you pick up a new nickname soon,” she grinned. “Hero.”

“Oh, god,” I laughed. “Just what I need.”

Becca’s laugh was warm, and once I got the burgers onto fresh plates I followed her up the stairs, trying my best not to stare at her cute butt.

Chapter 20

Becca and Ami had set up folding tables and rearranged the chairs on the top decks of both boats while most of the women (and JC) were having fun cooling off in the lake. When she shouted down that lunch was ready there was a stampede for the ladders and stairs and the food table was ravaged in a matter of minutes.

Seeing as I'd helped cook, I was one of the first people to get a plate of food and find a seat, and Becca joined me in the chair next to me. Cassidy also happened to be one of the earliest to the table - likely because she'd been keeping an eye on me from the lake and had gotten out first - and she came and sat on my lap again with her own plate of food as we made small talk with Becca.

The woman was smart and business savvy, and I quickly realized that if Cassidy ever wanted a mentor figure in the social media model game, Becca was the woman to ask. She was only a year and a half older than both of us, but had been doing cosplay and modelling since high school and also did some variety streaming on the side, and she never compromised her values in terms of what sort of content she did.

Then came the ask out of nowhere.

"Speaking of content," Becca said. "Cass, if you don't mind, do you think I could borrow Robbie tomorrow for a quick photoshoot? I had this whole thing lined up with Brodi, Wanda's husband, where he was going to be Spider-Man and I was going to dress up as Mary Jane. I bought this really nice spiderman suit for him and everything, and I'd hate for it to go to waste."

Cassidy looked at me with a twinkle in her eye. "Well," she said, and I knew what was going through her mind. "I think there's probably a deal that could be made here, because I happen to know that my fiance has a bit of a thing for the Mary Jane character and would be happy to pose with you."

"Really?" Becca grinned, her interest obviously piqued. She hummed a little giggle, touching the tip of her tongue to her upper lip.

"What can I say," I shrugged. "Ever since she dressed up as MJ for Halloween I've thought it was a sexy character."

"So," Cassidy continued, "I might also have brought a Mary Jane cosplay with me. How would you like to do the photoshoot together? Two MJ's, one Spider-Man, I think we could get some spicy meme material out of it."

"Oooh, that sounds like fun," Becca nodded. "But fair is fair, then we need to figure out another shoot to trade for."

"Girl, your platform is so much bigger than mine," Cassidy said. "Just being in your shoot would-"

"No, no," Becca shook her head. "I'm *not* paying you in exposure. That's the kind of shit we have to fight in the real world all the time. We're trading photo shoots."

“Well, some of the other girls on our boat are putting together a sort of miniseries with Robbie giving them massages, and are going to release them at the same time and try to make him trend as ‘The Massage Guy.’”

“Is that seriously happening?” I asked.

“Yes, it is. Get over it,” Cassidy grinned.

“OK, I’m definitely in on that too,” Becca agreed, “Even if it’s just to see his face when he becomes internet famous. But that’s still not a fair trade, you should walk away with specific content too.”

“I don’t know,” Cassidy shrugged. “Honestly, I know some girls are planning to work like crazy this week, but I only brought plans for like 5 quick shoots over the week because Robbie and I need some vacation time, too.”

Becca chewed on the inside of her cheek for a moment. “Have you ever done a Stormtrooper shoot before?”

“Like the dudes from Star Wars?” Cassidy asked.

“Yeah,” Becca said. “I happen to have a couple of femme Stormtrooper sets of armour. I was planning on making a deal with Wanda to do a reshoot of one we did three years ago, but instead I could do it with you? I think you’d fit the suit pretty well.”

“She’ll do it,” I agreed for Cassidy.

“Really?” my fiance asked, and looked at my face then turned back to Becca. “Yeah, OK, guess I’m doing it.”

Both women laughed and shook on it and Becca promised to write the deal down for them both to agree to. We kept chatting with her for a bit, and I noticed something weird. Nothing was overly flirty between the three of us - I talked about my work at the hotel and planning events, and they talked about ConCrud and the frustrations of travelling with cosplay gear. But through it, Becca started to get more touchy. She’d reach over and brush my arm, or poke Cassidy’s leg since she was sitting with her feet hanging over the side of the chair, still positioned in my lap. She even patted my hand and squeezed my fingers lightly when she told Cassidy about me catching her, and doing the same thing with Leia barely an hour later.

Cassidy didn’t let on she knew about both instances, instead just turning and kissing me and telling me I’d always been a knight in shining armour to her.

And despite the touching, and the feeling of being desired by two gorgeous women, I felt my mood dropping. I felt it settle in the pit of my stomach and just sort of grow in weight.

Rather than let it seep into the conversation, I shifted and rubbed Cassidy on the back. "Sorry, ladies. But I really need to stand up and maybe stretch a little. Don't mind me."

Cassidy stood and let me up, and I quickly made my way back across to our boat and headed for the stairs. Both Terra and Cattie noticed me individually, and I could tell they could tell something was going on, but I didn't stop and I headed down the stairs quickly and made it back into our bunkroom. I shut the door but didn't even take the time to lock it, rushing into the bathroom and dropping to my knees and throwing up into the toilet.

And I cried again and threw up the first real food I'd eaten since the love of my life told me she'd cheated on me and lied to me for years. I tried to stay as quiet as I could, sobbing into my arm when I wasn't dry heaving, my stomach already having released every bit of alcohol and food I'd put into it since that morning.

Cassidy had cheated on me. Over, and over, and over. She'd lied to me from almost the start.

I loved her. I loved everything about her *except that*. That part, that thing she'd revealed, was vile, and disgusting. And I hated her for being that. I hated her for telling me - things had been so good, living in my little Matrix world without knowing or even guessing that it had happened. I knew I needed to know, and that she needed me to know to help her own soul try and recover from the scars she'd put on it, but so much of me wished we could have just restarted this entire day and she just didn't tell me so that I could never feel this gut-wrenching feeling.

I sobbed into my arm, curled up in the corner of the little en suite bathroom, wracked with pain and guilt and anger and despair.

The door to the room opened, and I instinctively tried to huddle deeper into the corner of the bathroom, to hide my shame and embarrassment from whoever it was. From everyone.

"Robbie? Oh my god, Robbie," she said, coming into the bathroom and bursting my hope that I could just sit in here and die.