

Love Cruise Ch. 2+3

By Breakthebar

Chapter 2

As always inevitably happened after the Coupling at the beginning of every season, as soon as Miya Jamal disappeared back behind the scenes it was time for the new couples to spread out and start getting to know each other. By the end of the day they would be sharing beds with these people, and all of the Passengers knew the rules of the game - make connections, or risk getting dumped from the yacht.

Over by the firepit, Emma led Percy to sit and then took a spot herself a couple of feet away, leaning back into the cushions and crossing her arms over her chest. It was a stance that many of the viewers at home recognized - she wasn't defensive, but she was definitely guarded. The brunette looked Percy up and down for a moment as she clearly tried her best to re-assess her first impression of him.

"Emma, darling," Percy said, pushing on the conversation that had quietly started through all the couples when Miya made the twist announcements. "Let's cut to the chase here, shall we? You and I, we're of a certain... pedigree, one might say. I think two beautiful people such as us, with class and poise and a certain level of bearing, we fit well together. Don't you think?"

"I think that there's a lot of different kinds of class," Emma said. "But I assume you're talking about my father?" It had taken a bit of time in her first season for it to come out on the yacht, but the fact that Emma came from money and her father was one of the most famous cricket players alive had exploded on the internet almost immediately with the public.

"Well of course I am, darling," Percy said. "Just think of it. You and I, two paragons of British society. We'll go the distance, and once we've won all that money we can buy a beautiful place out in the country."

Emma raised an eyebrow. "Moving in together already, are we?"

Percy grinned. "I plan for the future. Unlike certain other people you've met on this show, I'm put together and know where I'm going."

In the confessional booth, Emma is staring down the lens of the camera with a graven look on her face. She is clearly unimpressed.

Back on deck, Peter has sat on the edge of the hot tub while Mary is in the tub as she looks up at him with hungry, piercing eyes. She licks her lower lip just slightly as a smirk spreads across her face. "So, Peter," she said. "Love or Money?"

“Hah!” Peter barked a laugh. “Love, definitely. But the money is attractive, too. Almost as attractive as you.” He winked.

Mary flushed just a little and her smile widened. “I’m glad to hear that.” She stood up, water cascading down her tight, bikini-clad body as she stepped across the hot tub and playfully used two fingers to spread his legs a bit so she could step between them and get close. “You know, I always found I could tell a lot about the spark between a boy and me after a quick pash. What would you say to that?”

Peter smirked charmingly at her. “If that’s your best way,” he said.

Mary leaned in and kissed Peter, one hand raising up to feel his muscled shoulder and the other sliding down from his pec to his dark abs. The camera angle was perfect to catch the fact that she was feeding the muscled black hunk a bit of tongue. Across the deck, several of the couples spotted what was going on and started to cheer.

In the confessional booth later, Mary fanned herself with her hand. “OK, maybe I rushed things just a wee touch. But that boy can **kiss**!”

The camera cut to Peter in the confessional as well. “Hahahaha! This is going to be easier than I thought.” He smiled lasciviously and adjusted his package in his tight trunks.

Back on deck, the kiss ended between them. “Well?” Peter asked cockily.

“Uh-huh,” Mary grinned, sliding down to sit in the water again as she blushed at the cheers from the others.

Across the deck sitting on a couple of lounge chairs, Michael was looking over at Mary and Peter and clapping half-heartedly. Jay-Anne, on the chair next to him, scowled a little. “What?” she asked.

“Nothing,” he said. “I’m just surprised Mary-”

“Hey, no,” Jay-Anne demanded his attention, putting a hand on his arm. She held up a finger to Michael. “Do you have a thing for her?”

“No,” Michael shook his head.

“Then stop staring,” Jay-Anne said. “Michael, four of us stepped forward for you and I don’t appreciate being the backup pick. I’m not going to be anyone’s second choice.”

“Jay-Anne, you’re not my second choice,” Michael assured her. “I picked Emma because she obviously didn’t want to be in a couple with Roland.”

“Do you have a thing for Emma?” Jay-Anne demanded.

“No,” Michael sighed. “We’re just friends, OK?”

“Michael, I’m going to choose to believe you,” Jay-Anne said. “But last time I was on this show, I got betrayed pretty badly. Loyalty, especially here on this yacht, is the **most** important thing. That means no wandering eyes, and no pulling other girls for private one-on-one chats. I expect you to be respectful even in the challenges, got it?”

Michael opened his mouth, and the camera slowed down into a slo-mo as his eyes glanced down slightly. The angle showed that he was clearly glancing at Jay-Anne’s little red bikini, or more likely her warmly tanned breasts barely hidden by that bikini. “Yeah, got it,” he agreed.

“Good,” Jay-Anne smiled, her cold demands suddenly turning warm.

On the upper deck sitting on a couple of chairs at a table, Roland turned to Lacie with a smarmy grin. “You know, back when you first got off your season, I slid into your DMs to welcome you to the Love Cruise family. You never messaged me back.”

“You did?” Lacie asked, looking a little surprised and guilty. “Oh, I’m so sorry. I was getting a lot of messages at that point, you know how it is. Maybe it got missed.”

“That’s alright,” Roland grinned. Then Mary kissed Peter down in the hot tub and while he joined the others in the cheering, Lacie grimaced a little as she watched her friend make fast moves. Once the kiss, and the cheering, ended Roland turned back to Lacie. “You could always make it up to me with a little pash of our own.”

Lacie smiled, but the viewers at home could tell she was not feeling it. “I’m planning on taking it slow this season,” she told Roland. “But I **am** sorry about the message thing. I tried to get back to all the former Passengers who reached out.”

“Well, I can work with slow,” Roland grinned, though it didn’t reach his eyes. “You’re a very beautiful woman and definitely worth waiting for.”

“Thanks,” Lacie said, then stood up. “Sorry, but I think I need to check in with Mary.”

“Yeah, no problem,” Roland said. Then, in the confessional booth, he sighed as he sat back. “I’m going to get that little bird, mark my words.”

Chapter 3

Lacie quickly made her way down one of the two sweeping stairways that bracketed the decks, making a beeline for the hot tub and Mary. She was clearly worried about what she'd just witnessed - Lacie and Mary had gotten close on their previous season and had been quoted publicly that Mary had been a big help to her after she'd lost her fiance.

"Hey guys," Lacie said with a sweet smile as she strolled up to the hot tub. "Hitting it off, huh?"

Mary smiled warmly up at her friend and wiggled her eyebrows playfully. "Definitely, dear. Peter is sweeping me off my feet."

Lacie turned to Peter, who just barely managed not to get caught looking at the blonde's significant cleavage. "I like an aggressive woman who knows what she wants," he said with that charming smirk of his. He trained his baby blue eyes on Lacie and the viewers at home could all recognize that look he had - the one from his last season when he was setting his sights on a new potential partner.

"Well, that's definitely Mary," Lacie said with a smile. "But I was wondering if I could maybe grab her quickly? I wanted to run something by her."

"Sure," Peter said, standing up and stretching widely, showing off his fit, dark muscles.

"Maybe you could keep Roland company for me?" Lacie suggested.

Peter nodded and hopped out of the hot tub and headed for the stairs.

"Don't say it," Mary said as soon as Peter was out of earshot.

"Mary," Lacie hissed quietly, climbing up to sit on the edge of the tub with her feet in the water. The camera crew somehow managed to get a perfect shot of her bum perched on the edge and Mary's tiny bikini top as they were talking. "I thought we both agreed we were going to take things slow and really pick carefully."

"I know, I know, love," Mary sighed. "But... look at him! He's all man, and between you and me he's a **lot** of man, too."

Lacie snorted a little and had to cover her mouth to stop from laughing in shock. "Mary!"

Mary shot Lacie an innocent look as if she couldn't help herself.

Meanwhile, down on the lowest deck, Jaz and Harold were laying out and sunning themselves on some deck chairs.

"So you do a lot of charity work?" Harold asked.

“Mhmm,” Jaz nodded. “I love that it lets me travel and help people. It’s really become my passion. Do you do much volunteering?”

“Kind of,” Harold said. “I’m so busy that I can’t dedicate time to anything regularly, but I try to make sure I participate in all of the charity events my- ah, ‘Employer’- runs or partners with.” Everyone knew that Harold's employer was the largest Sports Entertainment business in the world, and that he wasn’t likely going to be able to speak of them by name due to their litigious past. It was kind of amazing that he’d been given leave to join the reunion show at all.

“Well, that’s nice,” Jaz said, smiling quietly.

And then there was a long, awkward silence between them.

“Can I be honest?” Jaz asked.

“Yes, please,” Harold said, rolling onto his side and lowering his shades.

Jaz did the same, her breasts squeezing together nicely in her bikini top. “I... don’t want to be a game player. I think you’re a really attractive guy, and I love your vibe, but I don’t think there’s a romantic spark here.”

“No, I get that,” Harold smiled, nodding along with her. “Friends?”

“Absolutely,” Jaz grinned. “And I promise to wingwoman you if you wingman for me? Make sure I’m not falling for a dud.”

“Promise,” Harold said, and held out his pinky to hook with hers in a pinky promise.

*“*Oh, Harry,*” the voice-over host sighed. “*Always the professional wrestling-bridesmaid, never the professional wrestling-bride. Anyways, we all know that men and women who are seeking love and affection will never tell the truth to the opposite sex, so let’s listen in as they gossip amongst themselves!*”*

The camera cut to a wide shot of the yacht decks, showing that the guys are currently all sitting in the hot tub while the ladies have gathered around the fir pit seating.

“So, how is everyone feeling about the lads?” Jaz asked.

“Michael is sweet,” Jay-Anne said immediately. “I don’t fully trust him yet, but I think if he plays his cards right I could.”

“Oh, girl, he is **definitely** a sweet boy,” Emma assured her. “Seriously, if you two feel something, you should double down immediately. He deserves someone great.”

“No hard feelings about me stealing him from you?” Jay-Anne asked.

“Well, just a tash, but not because I want him,” Emma said.

“Things not going well with Percy?” Lacie asked with a concerned frown for the younger woman.

Emma shifted a little in her seat, making a face that said she wasn't fully dedicated to her current thoughts but was on her way there. “He's... well, he's a lot like a lot of the boys I grew up around. I appreciate that he's being forward, but he's doing it in ways that aren't giving me any sparks whatsoever.”

“Nice ass, though,” Mary pointed out, making all of the ladies giggle for a moment.

“True, but asses and privilege aren't what make me fall for someone,” Emma said. “He's going to need to loosen up a lot for a real chance.”

“How about you, Lace?” Mary asked. “Everyone knows how Peter and I are getting on, but you've been awful quiet.”

“Roland is...” Lacie trailed off, glancing over at the boys in the hot tub and then lowering her voice. “I just get lck from him. And I feel bad, because I think he's trying, I just... lck.”

“Oh,” Mary and Jaz both said at once, making faces.

“I kind of got that, too,” Emma admitted. “I think it's a particular kind of girl who he needs.”

“What kind is that?” Jay-Anne asked.

“... A sugar baby?” Emma suggested, and all of the girls started giggling again.

Over in the boy's group, the camera cut to them all leaning in absorbed in a serious conversation.

“So we're all agreed then?” Roland asked, oblivious that he'd just been getting shit-talked by the girls.

“Agreed,” they all nodded.

“Good,” Roland nodded. “That's the gym rotation down. Anything else we need to discuss?”

The lads all sat back up, blank of a thought between them to the point that the producers overlaid a cricket chirping track over the scene.

“Oh! Peter, how was that kiss? Mary seems like hot stuff,” Percy asked.

Peter grinned, rubbing his hands together. "You lads know how it is. A man has gotta strike while the iron is hot. Mary will be eatin' out of my palm before tomorrow night, so if we get to send anyone to the Hideaway Cabin, you lads better pick us."

That got all the guys laughing. Well, everyone except Harold, who looked uncomfortable at the way his friend was being talked about, but none of the others seemed to notice.