

The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 401-450

By Breakthebar

The following story compiles chapters of The OnlyFans Girl, originally written for CHYOA and sponsored by Aurelian15. The OnlyFans Girl is a 'metastory' over there created by Aurelian15 and the following story is my spin on his original concept. All versions of the story feature an intern discovering a fellow intern does OnlyFans - this version was unofficially dubbed the 'friendly version' and quickly developed into a complicated, hot romance.

This is the story of John, Sabrina, and Gemma.

Chapter 401

“Good morning, gorgeous,” you said as you looked into the video call on your phone. The girls had coached you on what you should say, and even though it was 10 AM you felt like it was too early for this sort of talk.

“G’morning, John,” Tasha said. It looked like she was in her kitchen just starting to prepare her coffee for the morning. She smiled into her side of the call. “I’m not feeling particularly ‘gorgeous’ right now though.”

“Are you kidding me?” you asked, going off script almost immediately. “Tash, babe, you are absolutely everything I would want to wake up to in the morning just as you are.”

“You wake up next to Gemma and Sabrina pretty frequently,” she said flatly with a raised eyebrow. She was wearing what looked like an old, worn sleep shirt as she set the phone on the kitchen counter and leaned in to look at me.

“Oh, no,” you said. “A guy can’t *possibly* have more than one dream girl, can he?”

She scoffed a little. “I’m not your dream girl.”

“You’re one of them,” you said, bringing things back around to the script again. Gemma and Sabrina were on the other side of the phone from you, both gesturing and mouthing things that you ignored as they tried to backseat-call. “You know what I woke up thinking about this morning?”

“What’s that?” she asked. “Cause I might have been thinking the same thing.”

“I was thinking about *yesterday* morning, and how much I wanted to do that again. And again,” you said.

Gemma was flashing you an ‘OK’ sign, while Sabrina was motioning in a way that you thought meant ‘be dirtier and more graphic.’

“Maybe I was thinking about that too,” Tasha blushed as she bit the inside corner of her lip. “You know, you three made last night at the club *particularly* hard for me to stay concentrated.”

“I make no apologies, and neither do the girls,” you said. “Tash, I want you here with us. *We* want you here so we can absolutely smother you with love. Come over.”

“What, did you get impatient with the flirting?” she asked with a smirk as she stood up. In the background it sounded like her coffee had finished, and as she moved to get it you could see she was wearing a pair of boxer-like sleep shorts that were covered in Sponge-Bobs. It was cute and somehow sexy at the same time seeing her feeling casual and comfortable.

"I'll keep flirting with you until you say stop," you said. "But yes, I'm impatient, so come over."

"You know I'm not a sub like Sabrina," she said as she came back over to the camera, blowing softly on her coffee as she leaned down again. "Just because I like you taking charge a bit doesn't mean you can just summon me for a booty call."

"I know," you said. "But I also know that you want today, because you know by the end of the night you're going to be an absolute puddle of goo when we tuck you in and snuggle you, you'll come so many times."

"That dirty mouth is going to get you into trouble, John," she said with a smile.

"Not as much as my dirty mind," you grinned back. "Come over."

"Let me get dressed," she said. "And shower."

"Just get dressed," you said. "You and me in the shower again is on my list for the day."

"Mmmgh," she groaned. "I didn't shower last night and I still have the club stank on me. I need to wash my hair or you'll be smelling booze and cigarettes and broken dreams."

That one got you to snort a little. "OK, shower and wash your hair," you said. "We'll save the shower sex for tomorrow."

"Alright," she said. Then she glanced off camera like she was double checking she was alone, and she set down her coffee mug and lifted up her shirt, flashing you her fantastic tits as she stuck out her tongue playfully. "There," she said as she wiggled them. "Now you can be as turned on as I am until I get there."

"God, you're gorgeous," you said.

She rolled her eyes and dropped her shirt as she smiled. "Thanks, John. For Thursday, and yesterday. You and the girls really did pick me up."

"We're not done yet," you said. "See you soon."

"You too," she said and blew an air kiss at the phone before hanging up.

"She flashed you, didn't she," Sabrina guessed.

"Tits or pussy?" Gemma asked.

"Tits," you said, shaking your head. "Fuck, they are something else."

“Good job, love,” Gemma said as she sat down on the couch next to you and snuggled in, leaning her head on your shoulder. “You were playful and made her feel sexy without being too much.”

“I thought he could have been a little more explicit,” Sabrina said, coming and sitting in your lap as she curled her legs over Gemma’s and leaned against your chest. “I know I would want you to be.”

“Noted,” you chuckled as you hugged her with one arm while you slipped your other around Gemma’s shoulders. “When we are apart for some reason and video call or sext, I’ll be as explicit as possible.”

“Thank you, baby,” she grinned at you and then gave you a little kiss.

“You can be a little *less* explicit with me,” Gemma smirked. “Especially if I don’t have headphones in. The last thing I need is someone in my family overhearing you talking about missing my ass or something.”

“Oh, please,” Sabrina chuckled. “They all know you have a nice ass.”

“But they don’t need to hear about it from my boyfriend!” Gemma laughed.

“So…” you said once the laughter died off. “Tasha’s going to be probably an hour or so if she’s showering and getting ready. What are we going to do?”

“I have some editing and emails to do for OnlyFans,” Sabrina said. “You and Gemma are working on the Mock Trial. And no inappropriate touching until Tasha gets here.”

“Awww,” you and Gemma both groaned at the same time and then started laughing.

Sabrina rolled her eyes as she stood up. “Sometimes I feel like I’m dating two horny teenagers,” she said.

“Really? *You* feel that way?” Gemma guffawed.

Sabrina pulled down her panties, a cute little pair that had already been showing off half her ass under your t-shirt that she was wearing, and mooned the two of you as she stuck out her tongue.

“Come here,” you growled playfully, reaching for her. “That looks tasty.”

Sabrina shrieked a giggle as you chased her into the bedroom, leaving Gemma laughing on the couch.

Chapter 402

“Hey,” you said, opening the door to Sabrina’s apartment.

“Hey-yo-!” Tasha said, who turned it into a whoop as you grabbed her by the waist and pulled her inside while lifting her up. You crushed your lips to hers in a kiss as you spun and immediately headed for the couch in the living room area. Sabrina was laughing somewhere behind you, shutting the door. Tasha took your head in her hands as she kissed you back after dropping her bag haphazardly, and then she pinned her knees on either side of your waist to feel more stable.

In your brief glance at her, you could tell she’d done herself up fully knowing what you’d be doing when she arrived. She’d worn a loose, hippy-ish top that showed off her cleavage and the fact that she wasn’t wearing a bra, the colourful tie-dye a little garish but giving her that 70’s look with her bright, blonde hair and open, pretty expression. She had jean shorts for bottoms and your hands went from her waist to her ass as you walked, and she kicked off her flip-flops before you reached the couch.

You set her down, pulling away from the kiss. “God, you look hot,” you said as you started to undo the button on her shorts as she looked up at you with steamy, wide eyes. “I can’t wait another second, I need to taste you again.”

“Fuck,” she gasped as you got her shorts undone and started pulling them over her hips.

“Hey, babe,” Gemma said, coming out from the bedroom and sitting down on the couch next to Tasha and sweeping some hair out of the woman’s face before leaning in and giving her a kiss. “That’s a hot shirt, you have excellent taste.”

“Thanks,” Tasha gasped, clearly a little overwhelmed as you finished peeling her shorts off of her. She’d shaved or waxed since yesterday morning and now she had a small dot of peach fuzz pubic hair on her mound and the rest of her was bare. You lifted her knees and pulled her to the edge of the couch, growling happily before diving between her thighs and driving your tongue between her pretty labia. “Oh, God,” she gasped in response.

“Hey Tash,” Sabrina said, following you back from the door and sitting down on Tasha’s other side. This part of things had been moderately planned, and Sabrina was grinning like a Cheshire cat as she took Tasha by the chin with two fingers and turned her head to give her a hello kiss as well. “I’m so happy you came over.”

“Step- ungh- step three, right?” Tasha grunted, blinking rapidly as you worked your tongue on her.

"It is step three," Sabrina smirked a little and then kissed her again lightly. "But we really *do* want you. Gemma and I value you so much as a friend and think you're so fun. And pretty. John too, but he has other ways of saying that."

"I'm getting the message," Tasha said, then let out a wordless little moan as her eyes closed. You'd shifted up slightly, playing at her clit with the edge of your tongue, before slipping back down. With the opportunity from Thursday night and yesterday morning, you'd already learned some of Tasha's specific likes, and you weren't waiting to put them to use. In response, she ran the fingers of both hands through your hair.

"Right now is all about you," Gemma said, snuggling up a little closer to her. "Later, it'll be more mutual."

"Can't wait," Tasha groaned. "God, John, that's good."

The girls traded off kissing Tasha and whispering sweet little things to her as you knelt on the floor and ate her out, eventually working a couple of fingers into the mix as well. Tasha's first orgasm was small and actually made her hiccup, but you didn't let up on her at all. At some point the girls got Tasha's top off as well, running their fingers over the blonde's astoundingly perfect tits. They weren't as big as Gemma's, which meant they didn't quite have the heft and hang - they were big but remained perky in a way that was kind of gravity-defying without being fake. You wouldn't ever change anything about Sabrina or Gemma, but if you'd been describing the 'perfect body,' Tasha's tits would have been the standard.

The girls added in teasing those tits and little beady nipples to their kissing and positive verbal assault, and Tasha groaned her way into a second orgasm that reached a climax as both Gemma and Sabrina moved in and made a three-way kiss of it as they both massaged one of her boobs. Three-way kisses weren't really 'a thing' as far as the three of you had figured out so far - it was silly, and a little fun, but a lot harder to make it feel meaningful or convey anything like a good kiss should.

Tasha was left panting as you finally raised your lips from her labia, kissing your way slowly back up her thighs until you reached her knees while you sat back on your heels.

"Hey, babe," you said with a little grin, feeling her juices on your lips.

"Hey," Tasha grunted and then broke into a giggle and pressed her thighs together. "Thanks for the warm welcome."

"Any time," you grinned, running your hands along her bare outer thighs and just enjoying the physical touch. "Have I mentioned that you are an absolutely amazing woman today?"

"You hinted at it," Tasha sighed, smiling broadly. Then she glanced at Gemma and Sabrina. "You do realise that your boyfriend is an extremely complimentary flirt, right?"

“You should have heard him before we all got together,” Sabrina smirked, looking at you with a teasing smile. “He could barely string a sentence together when he was making small talk with secretaries.”

You snorted softly, thinking of how far you’d come with Becks since then. She’d called last night asking for permission to come, and you held her on edge for almost ten minutes before allowing it. Gemma had heard her moans through the phone from the kitchen, and you’d been in the bedroom. “I think all my personal growth this summer has been for the better,” you said.

“Oh, it was always there,” Gemma said, leaning forward and bending down to kiss some of Tasha’s taste off your lips. “You just figured out how to use it.”

Chapter 403

“Before we have this talk, can I not be the only one who is naked?” Tasha asked.

You’d shifted from the couch to the kitchen table, and you felt like the request was fair as you chuckled and nodded. You started to pull off your shirt, and Sabrina - who’d been wearing a summer dress, stood up from her seat and let the shoulder straps slip from her shoulders so her entire dress slid down her body leaving her naked.

“I meant maybe I could put on my shirt,” Tasha guffawed.

“Sorry, hon, that’s not how we roll,” Gemma laughed as she pulled off her t-shirt and undid her bra, letting her tits spill out.

Tasha was blushing all over again, which was cute as hell considering the four of you had already had a night of sex once before, and you and Gemma quickly followed Sabrina in getting fully naked. All three of the girls broke into little grins as you dropped your shorts and boxers, your cock bouncing up and into view.

“OK, fine, this is better,” Tasha laughed, cupping her tits and thumbing her nipples for a brief moment. “What do we need to talk about though?”

“We’ve developed a... let’s call it an understanding of what makes really, really good sex,” Gemma said. “And the best sex we’ve had with people we’ve hooked up with always starts with being completely open.”

“This isn’t ‘completely open?’” Tasha asked, gesturing to all of you sitting around naked. “You asked me to come over with the intention of having a bunch of sex, and I came over, and now we’re all naked and I’ve already come *twice*. And we did it before.”

“This is open,” you said. “But Gemma’s not just talking about being comfortable naked.”

“We need to talk about likes and kinks,” Sabrina said. “What sort of stuff you like, and what things you might want to try if you’re comfortable enough with us. Like, before John and I got together, I wasn’t super experienced with other people - I wasn’t a virgin, and I’d experimented by myself obviously, but I didn’t know what I really *loved* during sex. But now I know I’m a bit of a masochist and like being pinched and getting hickeys from him and Gemma, and I know I like being choked and spanked hard, and I come so fucking hard when they put it together into rough sex.”

“Whereas I like playing around with some of that stuff, but not always,” Gemma said. “I’m also a bit of an anal queen, it turns out. I love John taking my ass. Not to mention the fact that I’m open to playing with girls - I *never* would have thought that before we got together.”

“Yikes,” Tasha said, still blushing. “Um, OK. So, like, you want to know my deep, secret fantasies.”

“They don’t need to be deep dark fantasies,” you said. “But we want to know what *you* know you like instead of us guessing. You don’t need to explore new stuff with us if you don’t want to.”

Tasha bit her lip, looking between the three of you, and then shrugged. “Fuck it, you guys know I did a fucking gangbang train. It’s not like anything is more in your face than that. And, by the way, that’s definitely not something I’m doing again whether my future boyfriend likes the idea or not. Once was more than enough.”

“You found your boundary, that’s good,” Gemma said, reaching over and taking Tasha’s hand and giving it a squeeze.

“Um... well...” Tasha said but hesitated. “One thing I know I get off on is like... public sex. Like, doing it in places we might get caught or seen.”

“Ooh, that’s hot,” Sabrina said with a grin. “Any stories?”

“Not really,” Tasha said. “I mean, handjobs and blowjobs and getting fingered in different places mostly. Theatres, dance clubs, parks, that sort of thing. I only ever actually had sex in a public place once, and that was in an airplane bathroom.”

“You’re in the mile-high club?” Gemma asked with a grin. “How was it?”

“Not great,” Tasha chuckled. “Cramped, and my boyfriend at the time was a little on the small side. He wasn’t bad in bed at all, but in tight confines he couldn’t put his other skills to use really. He got off, I didn’t.”

“Just spitballing,” Sabrina said. “But I *do* have a balcony right there.” She glanced meaningfully over towards the glass sliding door leading out to the balcony. It wasn’t even noon yet so it was currently shaded, but in the afternoon the sun would hit it.

“Maybe,” Tasha grinned.

“I’m in if you are,” you said, putting a hand on her knee and smiling.

Tasha bit her lower lip again and nodded.

“What else?” Gemma asked.

“Um,” Tasha said, then flushed again. “This one I’ve not really... explored so much but... I mean, I’ll do anal, that’s not that freaky I think these days. But I’m also kind of into... like, feet?”

“Wait, really?” Sabrina asked, leaning forward. “Sorry, I don’t mean that to be like ‘Oooh, freaky.’ I mean like, I’ve always *heard* about people being into feet but I’ve never met someone like that before. Is it like, you like *your* feet being played with, or do you like other people’s feet?”

“Um, I like... I just like other people's feet, mostly?” Tasha hedged. “It’s not like I see a foot and I’m turned on or anything. But a nice foot, nice toes, manicured nails... I dunno. I think they can be sexual.”

“Well, you’ve seen all of ours,” Gemma said. “Would you want to explore that with any of us?”

Tasha was blushing furiously now. “Maybe... Gemma and Sabrina?” She looked at me. “Sorry, but you’ve got some hair on your toes and that’s not what I like.”

“No offence taken,” you said. “And, for what it’s worth, from the little I saw *your* cute little toes last time, you have nice feet too.”

“Thanks,” she said.

“Well, you’re definitely going to get to do some foot worshipping if you’re into that,” Sabrina said with a grin. “And I think we should save it for later tonight, but John is definitely gonna make that booty of yours sing. How do you feel about strap-ons?”

“I’ve never played with one for real,” Tasha said. “I had a whole bit about them at one point, so I got one to try on and maybe wear on stage, but it never really worked for me.”

“Well, it’s not too hard,” Sabrina said. “And you can help us fulfil one of Gemma’s fantasies.”

“What?” Gemma asked. “What fantasy?”

“Getting stuffed in a DP,” Sabrina grinned. “John’s cock and two strap-ons means you can get your mouth stuffed too. That’s called being ‘airtight.’”

You were, in fact, very, very hard based on what direction the conversation was setting the day towards. Blowing out a breath, you had to laugh, and all the girls looked at you. With a shrug, you laughed again and gestured at your cock standing straight up from your lap. “I’m gonna need some help here.”

All three of them tried to call dibs.

Chapter 404

Gemma put her foot down, or- well, she put her foot up. On the table.

“Sabrina, you can give our man a little relief,” your Australian girlfriend said. “Don’t make him pop though. Tash, babe - come get some.” She wiggled her toes in Tasha’s direction.

Sabrina eagerly stood up and came around, sitting on your knee and grinning like a little fiend as she licked her fingers and then brought them down to wrap around your cock to start stroking you. You only had a few moments of eye contact though as you placed your hand on her hip because you both turned your attention to the others.

Tasha, for all that she’d been blushing before, had gone a deeper shade of pink as she chewed on the inside of her cheek and her eyes flickered from Gemma’s foot to her face.

“Come on,” Gemma encouraged her. “You know you want to.”

Tasha shifted in her chair, leaning forward and taking Gemma’s foot daintily by the heel. She breathed out a thin stream of air, steadying herself, and then leaned in further and placed a soft, tentative kiss on the sole of Gemma’s foot.

“Thaaaat’s it,” Gemma said, wiggling her toes again. “You like my feet, babe? Want to suck on my little toes?”

“I do,” Tasha mumbled, still blushing furiously as she kissed Gemma’s foot again, on the side this time. Making her way up further.

It took some time for her to get into it, and you knew that Gemma’s moans and groans of appreciation were more about encouraging Tasha to indulge herself than it was about your girlfriend getting much out of the foot fetish experiment. Still, for some reason, it was kind of hot watching Tasha slowly lose herself into the kinky display. She sucked on each of Gemma’s toes individually and in pairs. She kissed all over her feet and up her ankles. She even licked the side of Gemma’s foot in a long, sexual show that wouldn’t have been out of place doing it to your cock. Hell, you were pretty sure she’d done that *exact* move to your cock on Thursday.

Sabrina, for her part, was practically vibrating on your knee as she watched the kinky little show. She was alternating between stroking your cock and squeezing it, and you leaned in and started kissing her shoulder, moving higher up towards her neck until you were softly kissing her ‘spot’ in the crook of her neck. She let out a long, low moan, drawing the attention of both other women.

“Let’s move somewhere more comfortable,” Gemma said with a grin, pulling her foot from Tasha’s grasp and standing up. The three of you followed her into the bedroom, Sabrina not letting your cock get out of her grasp until Gemma ordered her up on the bed as she dipped into

the washroom. She came back with a wet washcloth and got on the bed as well, quickly teasing Sabrina by using the cold cloth on one of her nipples before washing off Sabrina's feet and then her own.

They ended up sitting side by side at the head of the bed, both of them with their legs straight out and their toes pointing up. "Alright, Tash," Gemma said. "Get up here and start worshipping our toesies. Sabrina's are nice and slender and graceful, and I know she'll get horny as hell from you bathing her in kisses."

"Yours are so cute, though," Sabrina said, leaning into Gemma's shoulder. "I like your toes better than mine."

"Maybe Tasha can tell us who's are better," Gemma said. "Once she's gotten an even taste."

"Fuck me," Tasha sighed. "You guys *do* remember I said I hadn't really done anything with this kink before, right? I'm not like, obsessed with feet."

"Are you saying you *don't* want John to rail you from behind while you suck on our toes?" Sabrina asked. "Cause he's hard and ready to go, and I can tell you're ready too."

"Mmmgh," Tasha groaned, looking at you like you might give her an out on feeling embarrassed about indulging her kink.

"Tash, babe," you said, standing in behind her and letting your cock press against the small of her back as you hugged her from behind. She immediately wrapped her arms over yours, holding you closer, and backed a little firmer against you. "You can change your mind about exploring this any time you want. They- *We* just want to give you the chance to indulge yourself if you feel safe. Explore. Maybe you don't like this as much as you thought you would. That's OK. We'll *never* laugh or make fun of you for trying something with us."

"Fuuuck," Tasha sighed, leaning back against you and raising her head to look at you practically upside down. "You guys are so fucking *annoying* with how you get in my head and make everything feel normal and OK."

"Oh, this isn't normal," Gemma said with a grin. "How many people can say that they feel completely safe and loved and free to be themselves in a group of friends, let alone sexually?"

"We are *way* past normal," Sabrina smiled.

"Fuck it," Tasha said, turning in your arms and going onto her tiptoes to kiss you as she stroked your cock and you let your hands fall to her ass. The kiss was brief, and the squeeze on your cock warm, before she broke away and climbed onto the bed. She got into position in doggy on her hands and knees right in front of the girls' feet and then looked over at you. "Come fuck me,

John. Fuck me hard while I worship your sexy fucking girlfriends' sexy little feet. Put that perfect cock in me.”

Tasha bent down and kissed Gemma's foot, then moved to Sabrina's and kissed it as well, making your brunette girlfriend giggle a little. You were about to get on the bed, wanting to indulge yourself as much as Tasha was, but Gemma caught your eye and glanced towards the bedside table where the condoms were stashed. You didn't groan, but you did feel a want to just forget about them and rawdog Tash. It's what you were used to, and you not being able to creampie her, to feel your cum fill her up, felt like you were missing out on something you were used to.

But that was being childish, and it was a privilege and not the norm for most people. So you went to the drawer and pulled out a condom from the box, and Gemma reached for it and you handed it over. She tore it open and had you get close, then rolled it onto your cock for you and gave the end a little suck before winking.

You grabbed the bottle of lube from the drawer as well, and back around the bed you knee-walked behind Tasha and she wiggled her ass at you - it was a nice butt, but nothing to write home about compared to her tits. Still, with her face down and ass up as she was sucking on the girls' toes, it provided you with an excellent view of her pussy and asshole. You couldn't help yourself and you bent low, sweeping your tongue up from her clit to her hole, then over her perineum and swirling over her asshole between her cheeks. Tasha groaned with someone's toes in her mouth.

“He's just having fun,” Sabrina assured her. “He's not going to surprise buttsex you.”

That made Tasha chuckle a little and she reached back with one hand and pried one of her butt cheeks further apart. You took the invitation and licked her again, spending a little more time between her cheeks as she groaned happily, but you felt like you'd been waiting long enough and she'd already gotten off twice while you were painfully hard and now constricted by a condom.

You sat up and stroked your cock, depositing a bit of lube over the condom and spreading it around, then dropped a dollop of lube right onto Tasha's ass before rubbing it down against her labia and then the excess over her cheeks. She was groaning and moaning as you did it and sucked in a breath through her nose as you pressed your cock to the cleft of her pussy and teased the entrance with a little pressure.

“Ready to get your world rock, babe?” Gemma asked her.

Tasha pulled her lips from the girls' feet and looked back at you. “Fuck me, John?” she asked you.

You pushed in, groaning as you went because even if you were wearing a condom, fucking a gorgeous friend with your girlfriends was never going to be a bad time.

Chapter 405

You brought your hand down in a satisfying clap on Tasha's right butt cheek after you stopped your hard strokes and buried yourself as deep as you could into her.

"Mmmghf!" Tasha moaned. You couldn't see exactly what she was doing since she was still face down away from you, but she had either Gemma's right foot or Sabrina's left in her mouth. Or maybe it was a couple of toes from each. Either way, she pressed her butt back at you, trying to get you just a little deeper. You used that to adjust your stance slightly, coming up off of one knee and swinging that foot ahead of her hip. The angle of your fucking changed, and it brought you a little higher over her - and most importantly it gave you an easier way to reach under her and get your fingers on her clit.

The comedian shuddered all over and you watched the skin on her back goose pimple as you played the pad of your middle finger over her juicy little clit hood, feeling the tender nub underneath. "Mmmphghguh!" Tasha groaned loudly. You went back to thrusting, taking your time to tease her with slow, languishing strokes that let you imagine you could feel every nook and cranny of Tasha's pussy.

Meanwhile, Gemma and Sabrina had spent their time either watching you and Tasha with grins on their faces and then turning to each other and softly making out. Gemma had one arm behind Sabrina, scooped and holding your mutual girlfriend affectionately by the hip. Sabrina was reaching over with one hand to gently trail her fingers over Gemma's bouncy breast, teasing her without reaching her nipples.

Tasha slurped off of the girls' toes and gasped, trying to find her breath in between moans. Then she looked back at you. "Fuck me, John," she groaned. "Stop- fuuuuck, stop teasing, I'm getting cloose."

"You want to come, Tash?" you asked.

"You want to come with John's dick slamming you hard?" Sabrina asked with a grin before Tasha could answer.

"God, yes," Tasha said, her jaw hanging a little open as she panted.

You pulled out of her completely and she whined a little as she frowned, but you took her by the hips and flipped her over onto her back bodily. Then, as she let you manoeuvre her around, you spread and raised her legs so you were between them and her feet were in the air. She couldn't exactly get her legs back behind her shoulders, but Tasha was limber enough to make a decent effort at being folded in half - this let you get close to her, her fantastic tits pressed between her legs. She raised her chin and you kissed her hard as you pressed your cock back into her, and you both groaned happily into the other's lips. Then you did what Sabrina had said and you

pulled most of the way out of her before slamming down into her hard. The force of it bounced her body and she grunted and her eyes twitched heavily.

Laughing at the sexy, if slightly delirious, look on her face you sat up a little higher and put one hand on the back of her thigh and worked the other down between you, getting your thumb on her clit. Glancing up at your girlfriends, you gave a little grin. "I think we should get her there, what do you think, ladies?"

"She definitely deserves a good come," Gemma agreed, swinging her legs around and coming up on her knees. "And since she did such a good job worshipping our feet, I think our little queen for the day deserves some turnabout." She reached over and grabbed the washcloth from the bedside table and took Tasha's closest foot in hand, giving it a quick wash. Sabrina grinned, shifting around as well, and took the cloth to wash the other foot while Gemma planted a kiss on the sole of Tasha's foot and then on the tip of her big toe.

With the position Tasha was in, she could watch as Gemma and Sabrina grinned down at her and started to kiss and suck on her toes. You knew that the two of them definitely weren't feet people - the couple of times that sort of thing had happened before between the three of you during sex it had been more of a dominant, teasing thing. But the three of you had become so... in tune with each other sexually that it just felt right that they would indulge Tasha in her kink.

Tasha's eyes were wide and her jaw hanging fully open, the expression on her face a cute rapture as you pounded her over and over, slowly picking up pace.

"Having fun?" Sabrina asked her, rubbing her cheek against the side of Tasha's foot.

"I'm- I'm-" Tasha stammered.

"Holy shit," Gemma said, taking her lips from Tasha's other foot and just massaging it with her thumbs. "I think she's coming. She's going multi-orgasmic."

"Huma- Huphga-" Tasha said, her words complete gibberish, but she managed to nod.

You were a little surprised that you hadn't been able to tell she was orgasming, but you were fucking her through it and your relentless thrusting didn't leave much time to feel the difference in her tensing abdominal muscles. You slammed into her one more time, burying deep and pulling your thumb from her clit, instead wrapping both hands on either side of her pretty head and pulling her up into a kiss.

Now you felt it. Deep in her pussy, and in the soft shudder of her thighs against your sides, and in her lips as she tried to kiss you back. She gasped against your lips, her body finally getting a respite from the thrusting, and she sucked in a long breath before letting it out hot and heavy against you.

“Hooo-lyyyy fuuuuck,” she whined, squeezing her eyes shut and then blinking them open, tears forming and rolling down her cheeks. But you could tell it wasn’t an emotional response, at least not yet, it was just entirely physical. You kissed her again and she matched you passionately.

Then, all at once, in that moment of bonding you felt the surge of your own orgasm demanding attention. With a grunt of frustration, you pulled away from her lips and then her body entirely, your cock leaving her as she groaned with your absence. You grabbed the condom and tried to rip it off but you only managed to stretch it. Another pull and the fucking thing just straight up snapped in half, the tight ring still clinging to your shaft but the head of your cock and an inch under it bare.

“Fuck!” you growled, tossing the latex scrap and reaching around Tasha to grab Sabrina by the foot. You hauled her around and got her feet flat on the bed and went to stroke your cock, but Gemma was there beside you, reaching in and stroking you with a sure hand as she pressed her tits to your side and kissed your shoulder.

With another wordless growl you came, five heavy ropes of cum erupting out of you as your ass clenched and shot them hard enough they splattered just a little all across Sabrina’s feet. Your lithe girlfriend was grinning and fingering herself with her knees spread while she kept her feet still.

Your orgasm bled out of you, leaving you panting as well as Gemma slowed her stroking to a loving caress, and you realised you still had a hand on Tasha’s bare thigh. Looking at her, you leaned in and scooped an arm around her waist, pulled her up to kneeling and kissed her again ferociously before looking deep into her eyes. “Lick them clean,” you told her, glancing down at Sabrina’s feet.

“God- Fuck-” Tasha groaned. She was a little wobbly, leaning into you for support, but licked her lips.

You turned and kissed Gemma, thanking her for the help, then shifted away and grabbed Tasha by the hips, forcing her down into an ass-up position again and giving her a swat on the butt. “Just do it, Tash,” you said. “Because I’m not going to stop eating you until they are clean, or your pussy breaks from coming too much.”

With that, you buried your face between her cheeks and thighs, lapping at her steamy, juicy pussy as she moaned and leaned down to do as she was told.

Chapter 406

“So,” Sabrina said, a lazy grin on her face as she sat in a chair at the kitchen table and slowly massaged Tasha’s foot. “Thoughts?”

You chuckled to yourself in the kitchen as you made lunch. The only thing you were wearing, and just because you were working with food, were your briefs. Gemma had an apron on as she helped you, and you’d gotten distracted several times by her ass and sideboob tantalising you into a quick grope.

“That was fucking wild, and I kind of ache... everywhere?” Tasha said and then exhaled heavily. “Honestly, I’ve *never* come like that before. I- Does that happen to you guys frequently?”

Gemma hummed a soft giggle and turned, leaning against the counter as she spoke to them. “Not like that. We’ve both had massive orgasms, and when Sabrina gets really worked up she can go multi and squirts everywhere.”

“You say that like you don’t get messy too,” Sabrina said with a smirk. “But she’s right. When Daddy gets in the zone with me, choking me just right and stuffing me full and pinching and planting hickeys and all of it, I go off big. It’s more like waves of orgasm though, like I’m on a stormy ocean.”

“Mine felt like I was frozen in time,” Tasha said. “I was so overloaded. It felt amazing but also hurt at the same time. I don’t know if I’d *want* to feel that way again.”

“I promise to try not to melt your brain again,” you said, glancing over your shoulder at her.

“Gee, thanks,” she grinned at you.

“You can’t tell me that afterwards wasn’t awesome too, though,” Sabrina said, setting Tasha’s foot down and signalling her for the other one. The massage wasn’t sexual, it was more just a physical bonding. You imagined if it wasn’t that, Sabrina might have been braiding her hair or painting her nails. “Snuggling up between John and Gemma and getting a good cry out.”

“I mean, yeah,” Tasha sighed. “I wasn’t expecting it, but it was super cathartic. Still a little embarrassing that it happened again though.”

“Oh, shush,” Gemma said, going over to her and hugging her. “Sex can be intense, and overwhelming sex brings up a lot. Sabrina and I have both cried more than a couple of times with John.”

“We’re still figuring out how to get him to have a sexually-induced breakdown though,” Sabrina smirked.

“When I’m overwhelmed, I’m generally too tired to stay awake,” you said, finishing up your work on the BLTs by piling some potato chips on the side of each plate. You carried the first two over and set them in front of Tasha and Sabrina. “I’m not afraid of doing it, I just don’t think I could possibly have the energy, keeping up with these two.”

“We’ll get him someday,” Gemma winked at Tasha and then grinned at you.

Fetching the other two sandwiches, you served Gemma and then sat down yourself.

“Uh-uh,” Sabrina shook her head.

“Ah, sorry, baby,” you said, chuckling as you stood back up and dropped your underwear so you were naked again, your cock about a third chubbed up with three naked women hanging it all out there.

“Much better,” Sabrina grinned.

Gemma took charge of the conversation for a bit, moving the topic of conversation away from sex and onto Tasha and her pursuit of comedy. The three of you didn’t know that much about the career trajectory of a working comic, even with you having lived with Mosche for three months, and it was both fascinating and frustrating to hear about the sheer level of *risk* Tasha was taking on. Comedy Clubs were full of internal politics and cliques. People backstabbed each other for stupid reasons, stole joke ideas or job opportunities, and the pay was poor if you were getting paid at all. Tasha was considered a regular at the club she and Mosche frequented the most, but that only meant she had a regular saved spot in the Open Mic lineups. Even her recent landing of an Opener gig, as big a step as it was, wasn’t putting money in her pocket.

“Have you considered putting your stuff online?” Sabrina asked. “Self-promotion and that sort of thing? Comedians go viral sometimes.”

Tasha sighed. “I mean, I’ve thought about it, but I don’t know a whole lot about the tech side of things. At all. Plus, if I’m putting my jokes out online then I feel like it’s weird for me to use them at the club. And that’s not entirely logical because comedians do specials and use those jokes still and stuff, but... I dunno.”

“Well, I can help you with the tech side of things,” Sabrina said offhandedly. “And the editing. I don’t know about the jokes getting used up though.”

“You know how to do filming and editing?” Tasha asked.

Sabrina swallowed her bite of food and you could tell immediately she realised what she’d nearly stepped into. “Um, yeah,” she said. “I had a friend who wanted to be a YouTube influencer back in high school so I learned a bunch of stuff trying to help her out. Let’s just say she didn’t make it big and ended up deleting the channel, but I came out of it with some skills.”

“That’s cool,” Tasha said. “Let me think about it?”

“Sure,” Sabrina said.

Gemma polished off her sandwich first and drained the last of the water she’d been drinking before pushing back her chair from the table. “You three keep talking, don’t mind me,” she said and then dropped to her knees and took your cock in her mouth, making you grunt.

Tasha snorted and covered her mouth. “Really?” she asked you.

You shrugged, taking a big breath as Gemma’s lips and tongue quickly woke your cock back up.

“It’s only fair, she hasn’t really played with him yet,” Sabrina said. “And you’ve had time to get back to centre.”

“Why would I need to be centred?” Tasha asked.

“Because, babe,” Sabrina said casually. “He’s going to fuck you up against the glass door next.”

Chapter 407

“Someone could be watching us from just across the street,” you whispered softly to Tasha, almost right in her ear. Her cheek was pressed to the glass of the balcony door, as were her tits, stomach, hips and knees. You were inside her again, slowly fucking her, not wanting to go too hard or fast because the glass of the sliding door wasn’t flimsy, but it was still glass and you weren’t exactly confident in it either.

“God, John,” Tasha groaned. “You are such a fucking tease.”

You snorted softly and kissed her ear, then lower to the corner of her jaw. Behind you Gemma and Sabrina were giving the two of you a bit of space - not that they weren’t watching, and likely playing with themselves, but they weren’t getting involved with this kink. Gemma was staying back because she didn’t like the idea of public stuff, and Sabrina because it was her apartment and if people spotted her she was still living there for another month. She’d sunbathed and played a bit while she was laying out there, but nothing standing up.

The sun was high overhead, currently casting the close half of the balcony in shadow, so it really was unlikely that anyone could see Tasha at the moment. They’d need to be looking with a pair of binoculars, probably, and focus on the window to see the female shape pressed against it. The illusion of being seen was there, though.

“I want you to know that I think people would trample each other to try and get this view,” you whispered to her. Your hands were travelling up and down her sides as you rocked your cock in and out of her easily.

“Flatterer,” she grinned, shaking her head just a little. “Plus, they’d be coming to see your cock more than anything. Ladies screaming like a Beatles concert, or maybe Elvis with all your hip work.”

“God,” you sighed. “Sexy. Witty. Smart. Funny. What amazing quality don’t you have?”

“Can’t seem to keep a man,” she said, and thankfully the look on her face told you she was just being self-deprecating, not hard on herself.

“All the better for me,” you said. “I get to love on you, and fulfil your every desire.”

“Ungh,” she grunted, closing her eyes for a moment. “This is- pretty damn good.”

“But?” you asked.

“Want to go outside?” she asked.

You grinned and shrugged, then pulled out of her slowly, feeling her pussy trying to cling to you for a moment as she smirked and clenched her butt. Once your cock was free you drew away from her and she followed, backing up from the glass and then unlocking the door. Sliding it open, Tasha turned back to the girls with a nervous smile. "This is OK, right?"

"Go for it," Sabrina said. "Just don't close the door, we want to hear you moaning."

"And don't fall over the railing," Gemma said.

Tasha glanced at you, her playful smile a little nervous but also excited, and she stepped out onto the balcony entirely naked. She went into the sun, looking over the railing, and then turned around and leaned back to press her shoulders to the bar that topped it. She spread her arms out wide, holding onto it, which pressed her chest and those utterly delicious tits of hers up prominently.

"You are one amazing woman, Tash," you said as you followed her out, then dropped to your knees. Her pose had her leaning back, which pushed her legs and hips forward, and you spread those legs and drove your tongue into her.

"Fuuuck," she groaned, pushing her hips a little higher. "You could have just put it back in me."

"You looked too tasty," you mumbled, then kissed the crook of her leg between her pussy and her thigh.

"And this is like the third time you've eaten me, and I haven't blown you," she moaned. She didn't move though, hanging her head back into free air, her blonde hair shifting with the slight breeze.

"M'later," you grunted.

You didn't get her to come like that, but that wasn't the idea. You got her worked up and nice and slick, and then stood up and slid your condom-wrapped cock up and down her pussy lips until she was whining lightly and shooting you a glare, demanding you fuck her.

That was the look you were waiting for, and you gave her what she wanted, pressing deep into her as you leaned forward and kissed her.

"That's so good," she groaned.

"Agreed," you moaned back.

"Pull out though, you can't fuck me properly like this. Let me bend over," she mumbled. The two of you quickly repositioned, her turning around and grabbing the railing with her hands, arching her back and wiggling her butt. You stepped up and fucking into her easily, then reached around

and grabbed her tits and pulled her up to standing as you rabbit-thrusted into her a bit before letting her lean forward again.

The sex was fast and hard. You were starting to feel the pressure of potentially putting on a public show whenever you looked up from Tasha. At least three tall buildings across the street would give a view of the two of you. The fact that you were putting on a show was less of a problem than that people could count the floors and call the cops.

Thankfully, Tasha got there and she came - a normal one that rolled through her and had her asking you to pull her hair. You did so, using the extra little bit of leverage to drive your cock home over and over until she gasped. "Are you close?"

"I can go," you grunted back.

She pulled from you, dropped to her knees and slid the condom off of you, taking you into her mouth and moaning like an absolute slut as she mauled her own breasts. It didn't take long for you to groan and release, cumming in her mouth as she gamely took it all before swallowing and pulling back, sticking out her tongue that there wasn't anything left.

"You, Tasha, are a fucking catch," you said. "Now, I need to sit down."

"Did I wear you out?" she asked as she grinned and let you help her up.

"He just needs a breather," Sabrina said as the two of you re-entered the apartment and shut the door behind you. It was impossible to know if anyone had spotted the two of you, and you thought you preferred it that way. "Which means, Tash, it's *our* turn."

Tasha turned to you, her eyebrows raising up a bit. "How much trouble am I in?" she asked.

All you could do was shrug and chuckle as your girlfriends took her by an arm each and started leading her back towards the bedroom.

Chapter 408

You gave the girls a bit of time alone - less because they needed privacy and more because you needed a minute to just sit. It had been a great Saturday so far, but knowing that it was a marathon and not a sprint you needed to pace yourself. So, with giggles and moans echoing out from the bedroom, you went into the kitchen and got yourself a Gatorade from the fridge. You and the girls had learned the power of on-hand electrolytes from Becca, so Sabrina had started stocking bottles in the bottom drawer of her fridge.

After having a long swig of the sports drink and then splashing your face with some water, you noticed that your phone was on the kitchen table and realised you hadn't checked it since the video call with Tasha that morning. Grabbing a chair, you sat down and opened it up. There was a text from Becks, winking and flashing a nipple in her bathroom mirror, wishing you good luck and you sent her a kissing emoji back. There was also some texting in your group chat with your friends - they were trying to find a weekend to get together in August and you let them know that you, Sabrina and Gemma would have loved to but your schedule was packed before Gemma left for back home. You got a few frowny emojis back while you checked your other messages, but they understood.

You had two more messages. The first was from Becca and you could tell she'd sent it to multiple people since it was her and Charlotte out at what looked like a Drag Show brunch - which seemed on point for her and her friend group even if it wouldn't be your thing. She looked cute as hell though and you groaned a little, knowing that Gemma was planning on teasing her as long as possible. Things with Becca had escalated last time you'd been over there and you were excited to see what would happen the next time.

The final text was from Mosche. *'Tasha broke up with me :('*

You sighed, feeling a little pit of guilt in your stomach even though you knew he deserved it. *'I thought you were going to break up with her?'* you sent back. *'And this means you can go ahead with-'* you realised you couldn't remember the Chinese food delivery girl's name. You'd heard it maybe twice... was it Amy? Melissa? You grunted and erased the second message. *'Guess this lets you off the hook then and you can do what you want.'*

The dots came up, showing he was responding, and you groaned again. You could literally hear Tasha laughing in the other room. Your dick had her spit on it.

But she was single, you hadn't done anything wrong. Feeling a little bit of guilt was just knowing Mosche would be hurt if he knew, not that he had a right to feel hurt.

'I guess,' he texted back. *'Wanna order a pizza tonight and hang out before I go to the club?'*

You grimaced, knowing that he was going to get torn to shreds by the other comics. But it was his fault it had become a public thing - if he'd just talked to her... Or not convinced himself she

wanted a gangbang, which was still the stupidest part of the whole thing. ‘*Sorry dude,*’ you responded. ‘*Spending day with the girls working on work project before date night. High pressure situation.*’

He sent a thumbs up, though you knew he was probably dejected. Again, you felt bad... just not bad enough to go offer him support when you were already investing in the person who’d gotten the short end of the stick in his situation.

Sighing, you set your phone back down and got up, stretching and groaning loudly before heading to the bedroom. You stopped in the doorway and leaned against it as you snorted and shook your head at what you found. Tasha, it seemed, had small hands like Sabrina and she currently had her first inside of Gemma up to the wrist.

“Ooh my fuck,” Gemma was moaning, trying not to laugh. “You fucking bitches!”

“This feels so weird,” Tasha was giggling as she slowly moved her arm.

“You think it feels weird to you!?” Gemma said.

“Oh, hush, baby,” Sabrina said, pressing her little chest to Gemma’s big tits and kissing her. “This isn’t the first time you’ve been fisted, suck it up.”

“Why did I let you convince me to let her do this,” Gemma grumbled, but kissed Sabrina back.

“Tasha, your ventriloquist act is really convincing,” you said, coming further into the room.

“Ha. Ha. Ha,” Gemma scowled at you with her eyes, but her lips couldn’t stop quivering as she suppressed an actual chuckle.

“I’ve fooled around with girls before, but never done this,” Tasha said as she grinned at you. “Can you do this?”

“God, no,” Gemma said before you could answer. “Little lady hands *only*.”

“You two have fun,” Sabrina said, giving Gemma another peck on the nose before going up on her knees and shuffling over to you. “I’m going to spend a little time with my boyfriend.” She got right up to you at the edge of the bed and reached up as you leaned down, wrapping her arms around the back of your neck and pulling you into a kiss. “I love you,” she whispered with a smile as you held her by the waist.

“Love you too, baby,” you whispered back.

She pulled you a little lower, whispering right in your ear. “You’re gonna need to fuck Gemma so she doesn’t think her pussy is stretched out of something,” she said, a giggle in her breath.

“Better get me ready then,” you whispered back, sliding your hands from her waist to her ass.

“Anytime, Daddy,” she grinned.

“I’m not Daddy today,” you pointed out.

She gave you a look and a smile. “Maybe,” she said. “But we aren’t done yet.”

Chapter 409

“That’s it, Tash,” Sabrina cooed softly, stroking the blonde’s back. “Suck that dick.”

Tasha was on her hands and knees while you were standing off the side of the bed, and she was paying you back for all the oral you’d given her already with a sloppy, energetic blowjob. She and Gemma had fooled around some more while Sabrina had slowly teased you - first with her hand, then with little kisses, and then finally by leaning you back on the bed next to the 69ing blondes and slowly grinding her pussy against the underside of your cock as it pressed against your abdomen. She’d left a trail of her slick juices on it, and Tasha hadn’t baulked at all at licking it up.

It was kind of funny, seeing how the different women who had cycled through your bed so far approached sex and girl-girl stuff. Becks did it, and went along with it, but still maintained that it was more fun and less sexually satisfying. Mallory had been experienced and a lot of fun, but most of your afternoon with her had been more focused on you. Tasha, it seemed, had fully accepted that this was all an equal experience with her as the feature and was more than willing to play with each of you. Then, of course, there was Gemma herself who had started out straight and learned quickly that not only was she into girls, but in love with one.

“Fuuuck,” you moaned, Tasha’s tongue sliding along the underside base of your shaft as she took you deep into her mouth. The tip of her tongue reached the edge of your sack and pressed upwards firmly, teasing you while she inhaled and sucked on your cock head. “Tasha, you- guh, that’s good.”

She hummed a laugh, pulling your cock a little out and wrapping her lips about halfway up your shaft. Looking up at you, her eyes were gleaming with playful energy and an obvious desire to make you feel amazing. You were struck for a moment by how cutely pretty she was as well - maybe she wasn’t some stunning Instagram model with sharp features or big lips, but she was real, and she was fun, and she was gorgeous because of it.

Gemma climbed up on the bed from the other side of the room, smirking a little as she held up a finger to signal that you and Sabrina should stay quiet. While Tasha had been preoccupied with your cock, your girlfriend had been quietly slipping on one of the strap-ons that Sabrina owned. She now had a vibrant green dildo hanging from the front of her, a model that both the girls had declared as the closest they had to matching your own cock. It wobbled a little as Gemma knee-walked across the mattress, and Sabrina was suppressing a giggle and smirk so that she didn’t give away the game.

You groaned again, deciding to play along, and looked back down at Tasha and ran your fingers through her hair. She looked up at you again, her pretty green eyes warm and inviting, and you held her head gently and pushed your cock deeper into her mouth. She accepted readily, letting you take a bit of control, and after a couple of thrusts, you moaned. “Ready?” you asked.

Tasha thought you were asking her, and nodded with your cock in her mouth, accepting you fucking her mouth. Gemma knew you were actually asking her and gave you an OK sign. She was positioned directly behind Tasha and had spread a bit of lube onto the dildo, stroking it across the surface.

“Deep breath,” you ordered Tasha, and she sucked it in through her nose. Then you pushed forward, probing the back of her mouth with your cock, and she gagged once before shifting a little and you pressed into her throat. That, of course, felt fucking amazing. The funny thing was that her little shift actually had her get her body a little lower, her bent legs spreading a little wider, and opened her up more to Gemma.

Your girlfriend didn't waste the opportunity and she pressed the ridiculous green of the fake cock head into Tasha's pussy from behind.

Tasha moaned deep in her chest and throat, which vibrated up to your cock and felt ridiculously good. Her eyes also rolled up a little and you were worried she'd go back into that too-much orgasmic state, but you pulled out of her throat and she exhaled around your cock, blinking her eyes back to normal before smirking and leaning back. She used her hands and knees as a pivot point, pressing her ass back at Gemma and taking the dildo deep into her, then leaned forward again and took your cock into her mouth and right back into her throat.

“That's it, baby,” Sabrina hummed, stroking her back again and then reaching down on either side of her and cupping those fantastic tits that were hanging beneath her. “Gemma's gonna get a little revenge for us fisting her pretty pussy by pounding yours, and you're gonna get spit roasted with John's cock in your mouth until he comes aaallll over your face.”

To be fair, it wasn't exactly a rough fucking. For all that Gemma was 'getting revenge' she wasn't looking to choke Tasha on your cock. She fucked the other woman at a steady, easy pace as Tasha bounced between the two of you. Your eyes felt like they were getting drawn all over the place. Tasha's eyes and lips, Sabrina's grin and smaller tits, where Gemma was clapping her hips against Tasha's ass as she held the other blonde's waist. Not to mention Gemma's breasts as they wobbled with her movements, her nipples standing proud, or her own smile and eyes as she met your gaze.

Sharing women with your girlfriends was amazing. Your life felt like a fucking dream. Things had changed so completely since the start of the summer. You started to have a bit of an out-of-body experience, or maybe it was a spiritual moment, where you were so in the moment with all three women but also totally aware of how the you of three months ago would view the you now as an almost unrecognisable person.

Your orgasm pulled you back, your balls suddenly trying to boil over as Tasha swallowed repeatedly, milking your cock head. You pulled out of her with a groan, a wash of her spit dribbling in a gross, pretty drool as she looked up at you with a needy pout. “That's it, John,” she panted. “Come all over my face. Give me a facial, give me your gooey, tasty cum. God, I want to

feel it. I want you to be the guy who comes on my face, John. I don't do that usually. I didn't before, but I want you to. Give it to me! Give me my-"

Cum erupted, splattering her. You'd already come twice, so it wasn't some big impressive load, but three good ropes plus dribbles that you wiped across the tip of her nose and her lips left her nicely glazed. She sucked your cock head into her mouth gently as she hummed her pleased laugh, Gemma reaching forward and wrapping a fist in her hair to pull her back onto the dildo.

"That's it, Tash," Gemma said. "Suck every last bit out of his cock. Suck it like a straw. Let him know how much you love his cock."

"Mmmmm," Tasha nodded, gently suckling.

"Good girl," Sabrina said, getting down low and leaning in to lick some cum from her face. "Now you know that it's OK to be John's slut because he respects and loves you. You're a slut-sister with us."

Tasha pulled her lips from your cock, her grin wide and messy as she pressed her cummy cheek against Sabrina's clean one, spreading the love. "Sounds good to me, sister," she giggled.

Gemma gave her ass a slap. "Awesome. Now, are you ready to really get fucked by your slut-sister, or are you tapping out?"

Tasha bit her lip, looking up at you as she kept grinning. "Um," she said. "Maybe just *one* more orgasm?"

Chapter 410

“M’kay,” Tasha said, sucking her spoon clean. “You guys said I’d be overwhelmed and shit, but I think this might be doing it.”

You grinned a little and squeezed her a little tighter. Sitting on the couch with one leg running down the length and the other out on the floor, Tasha was sitting between your legs and snuggled back against your chest. Sabrina had lent her a comfy sweater and that was all she was wearing. Sabrina and Gemma were similarly clothed, while you had on a pair of sweatpants that you’d brought over. Gemma and Sabrina were snacking on sundaes as well, Gemma sitting on the floor in front of the middle couch seat with her legs out straight and Sabrina sitting cross-legged at the other end of the couch.

“Is it the ice cream, the snuggles, or the Nathan Fillion?” Sabrina asked with a grin.

“Uhhhh, yes?” Tasha answered. “All three?”

You took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, just enjoying holding her. She shifted a little, looking back over her shoulder at you. “You’re pretty much the best boyfriend, aren’t you?”

“I don’t know about *best*,” you said with a little smile.

“I do,” Gemma said, reaching forward and pausing the episode of Castle that you’d been watching on Sabrina’s laptop. She turned and looked up at you and Tasha. “I was engaged once, remember? You, John, are *the* best boyfriend in both hemispheres.”

“Don’t keep making my head bigger,” you said. “It’ll make me complacent, and I never want to be complacent when it comes to you girls. Better and better, always.”

Both of your girlfriends beamed smiles at you, but Tasha sighed and then scoffed, leaning back a little more heavily and hugging herself around your arms. “Can I vent a little?” she asked.

“This is a weekend of releases,” Sabrina declared, raising her spoon up like she was a politician making a declaration. “Sexual, emotional, and verbal. Venting is part of the healing process, beautiful.”

“Thanks,” Tasha said, then took another breath. “Mosche was a bad boyfriend, obviously, but before things went sideways he wasn’t so bad. I think maybe that was just because he was a bit of a wet noodle though - mostly that was because he was happy to just do what I wanted. I didn’t realise that, and maybe that’s part of how things *did* go sideways. But looking back on him, and my ex Becker before, and hell we might as well throw my three other exes in too, I-” she stopped to take a sharp breath. “I’ve dated a bunch of assholes. Never, like, abusive assholes, but just... self-interested. Mosche did whatever I wanted because he wanted me to fuck him, which was new for me because usually they do things to try to convince me to fuck

them, or just get pissy if I wasn't putting out, or whatever. And, John I'm sorry because I know you're still his roommate and kind of friends with him or whatever, but Mosche was at least a little creative and kinky in bed, and he had a decent dick. But he never did stuff like *this*, just... casually making me feel like I'm important, and that he liked me more than just for the fact that I was a pretty girl who was into comedy. And maybe this sounds ridiculous because we just had sex like five times in five different ways, but you guys... Look, I'm not saying you're like my best friends or whatever, because we've only known each other for a month or two and I have much older friends from back home who know me better and stuff, but right here and now I want you to know you're, like... I admire you? I think that's what I'm feeling. You're Relationship Goals, but you're also Squad Goals, and Friendship Goals, and all the memey things I could put in a hashtag. You're the throuple that all couples should strive to be, and you're the kind of friends everyone deserves to have. Not to mention the kind of lovers everyone should experience at least once in their lives because *Oh My God* I'm still kind of scared to come because it might turn into that big one again. So fuck Mosche for not even trying to learn to be like you, John, even though he was right there and could have picked up on things. And fuck all my exes for not being like you guys, because this may not be effortless but it's so easy and natural! And fuck me too, I guess, for not realising that myself before you guys showed it to me. I- Fuck it, I love you guys."

She'd started tearing up during her rant, which had swapped somewhere along the way from venting to more just spilling her guts and word vomiting everywhere. Gemma got up when she was done and leaned in heavily, hugging you and Tasha both, and Sabrina got up on her knees and came down to the couch to crash into the hug as well, and all three of the girls were teary-eyed and mumbling about loving each other and making promises that their friendship would keep going and all that kind of stuff.

You probably would have been saying something similar, and letting Tasha know you agreed with her and all the sort of stuff, but you were currently being crushed by the force of the three of them leaning back onto you.

"Can't- Breath-" you grunted.

"Oh, shit," Gemma laughed, standing up and pulling Tasha with her to get off of you.

You gasped in your first solid breath and let it out, then shook your head and took another deep one.

"Are you OK, baby?" Sabrina asked, rubbing your arm and looking concerned.

"Yes," you said after one more breath. "Any one of you on top of me - Amazing. Two are squishy but comfortable. Three is a crowd and a bit beyond my physical prowess."

"I dunno," Gemma smirked. "One riding your face, one riding your cock and one rubbing her pussy on your ankle waiting her turn impatiently?"

“OK, point taken, all three of you *on my chest* at once is a bit much,” you chuckled. Then you turned to Tasha and took her hand, pulling her back down but this time she was straddling you, which brought your faces much closer and she looked into your eyes. “Tash, you’re in our hearts now. So when you find a new partner, we’ll be there to help you vet them. And until that happens, we’ll be all the comfort and warmth and support that we can give you and that you need.”

“God,” Tasha sighed, getting teary again. “Thank you.”

You pulled her into a kiss that was sweet and passionate in a sort of light, airy way that wasn’t going anywhere. Then she groaned against your lips and the kiss got a little deeper. “One of your girlfriends has started tonguing my asshole,” she murmured.

“That would be Sabrina,” you chuckled and ran your hands inside her sweater to hold her warm, bare back as you continued to make out.

Chapter 411

The sex did not, in fact, pick back up again. To be fair, Tasha did end up making out with all three of you a bit, but you managed to keep Sabrina from escalating things further.

Not that the three of you weren't ready and willing, but it was getting on in the afternoon and there was a date that they wanted to get ready for. So you were left alone in the living room once again as your girlfriends and your lover guest went into the bedroom and the washroom. The shower started up fairly early on, and Gemma came out to you glistening with water and freshly washed but with her hair up to keep it from getting wet. She was naked and carrying a towel and, even though she wasn't dripping wet, had you dry her off. Then she went back to getting ready as Tasha came out in the same way, giving you a cheeky smile and then groaning happily as you pampered her a bit with soft touches and kisses in between drying her off.

Sabrina, of course, couldn't be the only one not to get the same treatment and she came out last. She, however, climbed right on top of you as you sat on the couch and laid herself down, hugging you as she rested her head on your chest.

"You're doing really good today, baby," she whispered to you.

"So are you," you whispered back, sliding your fingers down her spine and feeling the droplets of water pool and shift.

She looked up at you, resting her chin on your chest. "Tasha needs this, and I want her to have it, but we need to be careful," she continued whispering. "She's awesome, but it's me, you and Gemma, right?"

"I know," you replied, grabbing her by her hips and bringing her up a little closer to you until her lips were even with yours and you were looking into her eyes from inches away. "If things weren't the way they are, I could see falling for her, but she's just a really good friend. And I'm so fucking proud of you for doing what you're doing for her."

"Thank you," she said with a sad smile. "I wish we could- well, I wish we could just be with her, and Becks, and Becca. And Mallory could be our poly-MILF." She smirked a little. "But three is complicated enough."

You kissed her in response, and she matched it with a little sigh from her chest. When you finally pulled away from the kiss she looked into your eyes again. "You can love on her, just don't fall in love," she said.

"I know," you replied, sliding your hands from her hips to her butt and giving it a squeeze. "You and Gemma are my heart and soul. There's lots of love we can share, but not enough space for others to move in."

“God, I love you,” she whispered and kissed you again lightly. Then she got up and took your hand, bringing it to her pussy and groaning as you felt through her soft little labia. “I can’t wait for tonight.”

“Because we’re DPing Gemma?” you asked with a grin.

“That,” she said. “And because I definitely need some of this dick in me. Daddy.”

“We’ll see what happens,” you sighed, rolling your eyes playfully. “If you’re good, at the end of the night. Maybe.”

She grinned and turned, skipping away playfully to the bedroom.

“I feel like Bruce Wayne. Or Tony Stark,” you said with a grin.

“Billionaire Playboy Philanthropist, huh?” Gemma grinned at you.

“One of those sort of applies,” Sabrina laughed. “How much do you donate to charity? Maybe we can make a case for philanthropist as well as playboy.”

You had Gemma on one arm and Tasha on the other, with Sabrina on the other side of Tasha to make sure she felt part of the group. They had all dressed up, and the girls had apparently forewarned Tasha about what to bring since she had her own dress that she’d brought in her overnight bag. Gemma was wearing a sleek blue dress that complimented her eyes and showed the sort of cleavage that would make other men (and women) jealous but didn’t look cheap or slutty. Sabrina, meanwhile, was wearing a slinky black, shimmery dress that you would have assumed was at risk of exposing her braless tits if you hadn’t helped her with the boob tape yourself to help keep it in place. Both of them looked stunning, but you had to admit that Tasha was currently outshining them since they’d spent the most time doing her hair and makeup.

Tasha was wearing a gorgeous gold dress that was simple and elegant, with a sash of black around her waist to pull it snugly. It showed off a little less cleavage upfront than Gemma’s, but more sideboob, and it was almost floor length but had a high slit that showed off the black, knee high heeled boots she was wearing. The girls had braided her hair back into a pretty, intricate braid and had done her makeup with a winged eye, tasteful golden eyeshadow and black lipstick that gave her a fierce look.

You were dressed in the suit that Sabrina had bought you, looking and feeling sharp, and the girls had enjoyed fussing over getting your hair right to finish the look. Between the four of you, you had to admit that you looked like a group of rich socialites instead of a broke comedian and three college interns. The Art Gallery apparently agreed because as you got out of the Uber

(which Sabrina had splurged on a little to get a premiere Uber Black ride), the guy working the door took one look at the ladies as you helped them out of the back seat and ushered the four of you right inside.

Gemma had chosen the date, having found out about the Gallery opening and knowing that dressing up with Tasha and getting her out of her element would be a help to making her feel more normal again. New things could be more comfortable than familiar ones, sometimes.

Inside the venue, surrounded by art, caterers carrying appetisers, and a crowd of people ogling each other as much as the displays, you leaned down and kissed Tasha on the cheek, and then to the other side and kissed Gemma's cheek as well. "So," you asked. 'What first. Art, snacks, or booze?"

"Booze," all three of the girls agreed and you chuckled as you led them towards the bar.

Chapter 412

“What do you think of this one?” Sabrina asked you as you approached her and slipped your arm around her waist. She did the same and you could feel her run her hand under the back of your suit jacket and scratch her nails lightly against your back.

You quirked your lips to the side as you looked at the piece of art she'd been looking at. None of you were 'art people' but that didn't mean you couldn't have opinions. “Hmm,” you said. “I think it's... kind of generic. Like, I could see it hanging in a hotel lobby, or a professor's office, or wherever. It doesn't scream 'wow' to me.”

“Really?” Sabrina asked. “I thought it was really erotic.”

You scrunched your brow, taking another look at the painting. “I'm gonna need that one spelled out for me, baby.”

She smiled sweetly at you. “Well, first off, see that dark section? Think of that as a penis. Then that other part on the right-”

“Oooh,” you said and snorted lightly. “OK. When you point it out, I see it. Not sure if that's the intended thing though.”

“You don't know it wasn't,” she grinned, then took your hand. “How are the others?”

You glanced back across the gallery where Gemma was currently posing as Tasha's girlfriend. Several finance bros, or whatever they did for a living, had approached them while you'd been fetching fresh drinks for your dates and Gemma was having fun fending them off and refusing to flirt despite their varied attempts. Tasha, knowing Gemma's disposition from the times at the comedy club, had fallen in and they were playing the 'aloof lesbians.'

“Gemma is giving them the runaround,” you said, squeezing Sabrina's fingers gently. “Tasha is having fun watching her do it and chipping in. Honestly, part of me feels a little bad cause a couple of those guys might actually be interested in her.”

“Psh,” Sabrina shushed you. “She's all ours this weekend. We can be wingwomen for her some other time if she really wants to find someone. For now, that ass is yours tonight.”

“And Gemmas,” you smiled, and her eyes got a playful glint in them as she smiled back. Then her smile turned into a mild frown, followed by her eyes going wider. “What is it?” you asked, knowing she was looking over your shoulder but not in the direction of the girls.

“Guess who just showed up on the arm of some forty-something-year-old man?” Sabrina asked.

You groaned. “Please fucking tell me it's not Joy.”

"It's not Joy," Sabrina said. "It's Lucy."

You closed your eyes for a moment, trying to decide how bad this was. It didn't *need* to be bad. The two of you could just nod hello to each other, acknowledge each other's presence, and then move on. Who she was here with wasn't any of your business.

Well, maybe a little. Eric had done you a lot of solids over the summer, not the least of which was taking a punch to the face.

"You want to tell Eric, or should I?" Sabrina asked.

"I should do it," you sighed. "Can you go tell Gemma?"

Sabrina nodded and pursed her lips, summoning you down to give her a kiss since she couldn't go much more on her toes in the heels she was wearing. After a quick peck she slipped away from you, skirting around to one side of the gallery to avoid Lucy and her date. You quickly took out your phone and messaged Eric. '*Hey, are you recording right now?*'

It didn't take him long to get back to you. '*Starting one in a few minutes live. Want to watch?*'

'*Out with Gemma and Sabrina or I would,*' you replied at least half-truthfully - if you happened to be at home you *would* watch to try and figure out what the podcasts he was going on were even like. '*Do you want potentially bad news now, or later?*'

The bubbles popped up a couple of times as he clearly tried to decide. Finally, his response came through. '*Now.*'

You turned and opened up the camera function on your phone, drifting a little to the right until you saw Lucy and her date. She was dressed up nicely and looked as attractive as you'd ever seen her - her long black hair was perfectly styled, her dress was sleek and hugged her body in all the right ways, and she was wearing what had to be at least four inch heels. Her date was also well dressed in a tailored beige suit, and looked like he was maybe of Indian descent. His black hair was styled up as well, and his beard was well-trimmed, but both were speckled with silvering and even from the distance you were at you could tell he was older and wealthy. He also had a hand possessively low on Lucy's hip.

Quickly snapping the picture, you turned around so Lucy wouldn't spot you and sent it off to Eric. '*They walked in a couple minutes ago together.*'

There was a long wait, and then Eric just sent back. '*Thanks for heads up.*' Followed by a fist-bump emoji.

You had been expecting something... more? Or less? Eric's tumultuous relationship with Lucy had left you unsure of where they were officially - were they supposed to be pseudo-exclusive, or were they both playing the field without talking about it?

Gemma approached you, a look of concern on her face. 'You told him?' she asked.

You nodded. "He just said thanks for the heads up," you said. "Where's Sabrina and Tasha?"

"Washroom," Gemma said, then smirked. "Not to fool around though."

You snorted. "OK, that's good."

"Do you think we should leave? We can just move on to our next destination," Gemma suggested.

"I'm not sure. It's not like-

"What the fuck is your problem!?" Lucy hissed from about five feet away as she stormed towards you and Gemma.

Fuuuck, Eric, you groaned internally. What did you do?

Chapter 413

“Um, hey, Lucy,” you said. “Fancy running into you here...”

“Fuck you,” she hissed again, not letting her voice raise but putting just about as much venom as she could imagine into it. She raised her phone and thrust it at you screen first and you could see the photo you’d taken was on it. “Which one of you sent this to Eric?”

“Lucy-” Gemma started, wanting to defend you, but you cut in.

“I did, Lucy,” you said. “Because Eric is a good guy, and I owe him a lot for being a friend this summer, and I don’t owe you anything.”

“So you figure you should just blow up my relationship? What, are you jealous or something that he gets to fuck me and you never did?” Lucy sneered, still keeping her voice quiet. She turned, her face changing from vitriolic to a sweet smile as she looked over her shoulder and waved to the older guy she’d come in with, then snapped back to pissed off as she looked back at you.

“That’s literally the opposite of what he just said,” Gemma pointed out.

“Shut the hell up and stay out of it, Gemma,” Lucy scowled.

“How about you dig the wax out of your ears, Lucy,” you said. “Listen to me when I say this - back in high school, you were datable because all a teenage boy like me understood was that you were pretty and took an interest in me. And maybe I didn’t deserve what you did, but I’m way over it. I didn’t think about you for three years, and when I’ve got girlfriends like Gemma and Sabrina, why would I ever bother feeling anything towards someone with such an empty, vapid life like yours? Eric *actually* seems to like you, and here you are with a guy twice our age, getting pissed that you’re doing something you know you should feel guilty about. But you’re so devoid of empathy for anyone, and so self-centred, that the only thing you can think of is that I’m jealous?”

“Stay the fuck away from me,” she snarled, taking a step towards you and pointing a finger almost like she wanted to jab you in the heart with it. “Stay out of my fucking life. You’re the worst thing that’s ever happened to me and I’m *glad* I cheated on you.”

“If you even think of mucking about and laying hands on my man, I’ll fucking send you arse over tits you fucking scag,” Gemma said, stepping slightly between you and Lucy and uttering what might have been the most Australian thing you’d ever heard her say, and in the thickest you’d ever heard her accent.

“Not necessary, love,” you said, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her back to you. Then you pressed your lips to her ear and whispered, “We don’t need you *and* Sabrina both potentially getting sued for assault.”

That made Gemma snort and smirk, which just seemed to piss off Lucy all the more. Your ex growled in her chest, which wasn't nearly as fierce as she might have thought it was, and she actually showed her teeth in some sort of a primal display of anger before standing up straight, taking a breath and making her face blank. "Don't ever speak to me again," she said coldly, and you weren't sure if it was to you or Gemma. Then she turned on her heel and strutted back to her date, skipping the last few steps and dancing into his arms as she laughed, loud and fake.

"Je-sus," Gemma sighed, turning to you while your hand slid to her hip. "Things just got even colder at the apartment."

"Maybe that's a sugar daddy and she'll move out soon," you mumbled quietly with a smirk.

Gemma gave you one chuckle and shook her head. "I better call Becca and Charlotte, give them a heads up."

"I'll make sure Eric knows he got the sort of response I'm betting he was hoping for," you sighed. "Do you want to stick around some more, or head out?"

"With Slutty McBitchface glaring daggers at us?" Gemma asked. "I'm good to go when Sabrina and Tasha are."

"Make the call, and I'll go get them," you said, smiling softly and leaning down to give her a kiss. She brought one hand up to cup your jaw, holding you in place as she extended it and hummed softly. When she pulled away she was smiling and her eyes were bright.

Separating, you quickly texted Eric that Lucy was *pissed off* and blamed you and Gemma. Eric sent you back a photo of what looked like himself and several pretty but sluttily dressed women squished together around a table with microphone stands on it. He was at some sort of a recording studio with them. '*Guess I'm free to have a fun night!*' he sent with it.

Shaking your head and smirking a bit, you weren't sure what the dynamic was in his situation but it was entirely possible that even Eric could manage to pull one of those ladies if he didn't put his foot in his mouth.

Looking up from your phone, you headed towards the discreetly signed back hallway where the washrooms were located and stood with your hands in your pockets, waiting for the girls to come out. It took a couple of minutes and Tasha came out first and you noticed she was wiping the corner of her black-painted lips. She grinned when she saw you and you took her in your arms.

"Please tell me you weren't just doing what I think you were doing," you said, already chuckling a little.

“What?” Tasha asked. “What do you think I was doing?”

You raised an eyebrow and mimed wiping your lip like she had.

“Oh!” She laughed. “No, not that. Just touching up the makeup.”

“OK,” you grinned. “Not that I’m against *that* happening, it just doesn’t feel like the time.”

“Sabrina told me. Lucy is here with some guy?”

“Some older guy,” you said. “And I let Eric, the guy we work with who she’s supposed to be dating, know that. It’s up in the air whether they are supposed to be exclusive or not, but based on how they both reacted I don’t think Eric knew, or was supposed to know, about the old guy.”

“Whatever,” Tasha said with a roll of her eyes. “That sounds like high school bullshit.”

You snorted softly. “Pretty much,” you said. “But does high school ever really end?”

“True,” Tasha said.

“Hey, sexy one and sexy two,” Sabrina said, coming out of the hallway behind Tash. “Where’s sexy three?”

“Outside making a call,” you said. “And we’re on the move. There was a bit of a showdown because Eric called Lucy out immediately and she figured out it was me who told him.”

Sabrina scoffed and rolled her eyes. “Alright, we’ll surrender the location to the Wicked Bitch of the West.”

“Where are we going next?” Tasha asked.

“That’s for us to know, and you to find out,” Sabrina said with a grin, patting Tasha on the bum. “Come on. The faster we go from place to place, the faster you get a dick in this butt.”

Tasha coughed as she tried not to laugh and gave you a look that said ‘*Your girlfriend is crazy.*’ All you could do was shrug and grin - she wasn’t wrong.

Chapter 414

Gemma had already ordered another Uber for the four of you and she let you know that Becca and Charlotte had received the warning call with chuckles. They were, as usual, on yours and Gemma's side since they thought Lucy was being a twit.

When the black SUV, with the same driver as earlier, showed up you saw a look pass between Sabrina and Gemma and you knew that your brunette girlfriend wasn't likely going to take no for an answer when she paid back Gemma the cost of the trip - premium Uber rides on a Saturday night had to be stupidly jacked up on cost. Sabrina's bank account could handle that easily now, but you and Gemma weren't exactly as bountiful in your financial situations.

You sat up front again and the girls sat in the back trying to talk about the art, but ended up devolving back to the lowest common denominator and filling Tasha in more fully on the whole Lucy situation. The ride was a little under ten minutes in the moderate weekend evening traffic before the driver pulled up at the decorative front entrance to the park.

"This is where you bring me for dinner on the big date out?" Tasha asked with a lopsided grin as she looked into the park to the food trucks lined up.

"It's special for us," Gemma said. "John took me on our first date here, and we've come here together a few times now. It's not *our spot* but it's damn close."

"To be fair, *our spot* is either the couch in my apartment or that little office on the first floor at work," Sabrina smirked.

"No, it's fine guys," Tasha said, squeezing Gemma's hand. "Seriously, I love coming out here, I'm just usually at a club at this time trying to socialise with other comics and be seen even if I'm not performing. We're a little overdressed, but it's great."

"Good," Sabrina said, taking Tasha's other hand and beaming a smile at her. "Because we want to share special stuff with you. And have I mentioned you look fucking cute and fierce, gorgeous?"

Both of your girlfriends started teasing Tasha with a rain of compliments after Tasha blushed at the first one, and you led them into the park and paid for each of their chosen meals at the different trucks - another look from Sabrina letting you know that she'd be shoving twenties into your underwear if you didn't let her e-transfer the cost to you. Gemma, finally, let you order for her and you both ended up with gourmet grilled cheese sandwiches that oozed delicious cheese and several kinds of meats on thick sourdough grilled to golden perfection. Sabrina went with a Japanese-fusion burger, while Tasha went with a classic Canadian Poutine of fries, thick gravy and cheese curds with the addition of a tangy sweet heaping of pulled pork.

Of course, as the three of you lounged on a park bench, there were more than a few puns about you getting your pork pulled sooner than later. Other than that, however, the conversation stayed off of sex and managed to avoid Lucy as well. Tasha wanted to hear what the cities were like in Australia - she had a dream of travelling there for a comedy tour someday. Then she returned the favour by talking about growing up in the Midwest - she'd told her parents she was coming out to the city to work for a year before college and had spilled the beans after the first year that she was going to try and be a comic. It had been two more years since then and while she liked working at the bookstore she was itching to get a break that would let her travel even just a little bit.

Once you had all had your fill - and Gemma admitted that she loved your food choice and wouldn't fight you on your orders from then on - you went to get dessert and came back with four crepes stacked with Nutella, strawberries and whipped cream. The girls were moaning as the warm mix of sugary sweets hit their tongues, and you couldn't help a couple of grunts either. The conversation picked back up as Tasha asked what was in the future for the three of you - you explained that Sabrina had been looking for and locked down a new apartment back at college for the two of you and that Gemma would be going back home but you definitely weren't breaking up. Where you would go to law school was still an open subject to be decided, but you had time.

"OK," Sabrina said, setting down her empty plate from her crepe and then letting out a girlish burp that had her blushing and covering her mouth as you and the others laughed. "Stop, it just slipped out," she complained while trying not to giggle. "Right, so, there's one more thing we need to accomplish out here."

This was news to you - as far as you knew, this was the end location for the date. But Gemma was nodding, so you grabbed all the garbage and walked it to a trash can before Sabrina wrapped her arm in yours and led you deeper into the park while Gemma looped arms with Tasha and followed. You tried to remember what was in that direction - if there was a shop or a dance club or something, or a bar that you'd been to before, but came up blank. Soon Sabrina led you around a copse of trees and onto a walking path.

"Where are we going?" you asked quietly, not wanting to spoil the surprise for Tasha since they were about five paces back.

"You can't guess?" Sabrina asked you with a grin.

You thought about it and shook your head.

"Well, let's just say you can thank Eric for what's about to happen," Sabrina said with a smirk.

With a frown, you looked ahead, and to the sides, and then you groaned as it hit you. "Really?" you asked.

“Are you kidding me?” Sabrina asked. “I’ve wanted to do this since he described it, and Tasha will be *super* into it.”

You sighed and nodded. “Alright, baby,” you said. “Where am I fucking you out here?”

Chapter 415

The first problem with getting into a hidden space in a copse of trees in the middle of a park after sunset was finding a dense enough area that you would be hidden, but not so dense that you couldn't physically get there. You ended up getting sent into the bush a couple of times to check out spaces before you found one you thought would work - and hoped it wasn't the same one that Eric and Lucy had used because that would be weird.

The next problem was the fact that all three of your dates for the evening were wearing heels, so you ended up needing to scoop them up in princess carries and carefully bring them to the spot so that their shoes and dresses didn't get fucked up in the dark. One at a time you brought them back there, each of them grinning in the low light and trying their best to help you avoid branches.

The last problem, once all of you were actually in the trees and fairly hidden from view, was breaking the ice.

"So... what are we actually doing?" Tasha asked, still not entirely filled in.

"Well, I think the plan here is that I'm keeping watch while you and Sabrina get fucked in a public place," Gemma said quietly.

Even in the dark, you could see Tasha go a little rosey as she flushed and looked around quickly. You couldn't see the walking path but you *could* see the lights that lit it, and about thirty, maybe forty yards in the other direction the backs of the food trucks were outlined from the bright lighting in the main gathering area of the park. The trees were thick, but not thick enough, to block out all sight of them.

"Really?" she asked, nervous and excited.

Sabrina took both her hands and looked into her eyes. "We didn't mention it before, but we've done public-ish stuff before. We had a threesome out on the beach way late at night when we were away for the long weekend. It was awesome."

"God, that's hot," Tasha groaned, biting her lip.

"I don't think this will be *quite* as comfortable as that was," you chuckled and took a breath. "OK, how do you want to do this, oh mistress of misdeeds?"

Sabrina snorted at the title and rolled her eyes. "Well, you need a blowjob, so drop your pants, baby."

You did so, unbuckling your belt and lowering your slacks to your knees. Another problem of sexy stuff in the woods - you should really do it in clothes suited to the fucking woods.

Sabrina moved first, going down to her knees since her dress ended above them. She held Tasha's hand to give the blonde some support, and Tash took a quick breath and hiked up the skirt of her own dress until she had it bundled around her thighs and she went down to her knees as well.

"You could have warned me not to pack a full-length dress," she mumbled and laughed.

Soon the two of them had your cock between their lips, giving you a double blowjob as you groaned from the feelings. You went to run your fingers through their hair but caught yourself short, not wanting to mess their hairdos up when you would need to walk your asses out of there after your fun. You couldn't see a whole lot of what they were doing even if you could feel every amazing brush of lip and tongue along your cock head and shaft as it rose quickly between them, but you were still able to see Gemma as she watched you with a smirk and a smile in her eyes. She met your gaze and shook her head with a little chagrin, then blew you a kiss. You blew one back.

The girls were kissing each other almost as much as they were kissing your cock once you were fully hard, and you had a bit of a worry that Tasha's thick black lipstick would end up on Sabrina, too. It was your girlfriend who pushed things along though.

"Do you want to go first, or me?"

Tasha hesitated, kissing the side of your cock again gently. "You go first," she said.

Sabrina shot up to her feet, stroking your cock with one hand. "How do you want me, baby?" she asked you in a delighted whisper.

"Every way imaginable," you groaned. Her heels raised her taller than usual though, which opened up possibilities. "Here, raise this leg- yeah, hook it around me."

"Mmm," Sabrina groaned with a smile. "Get it in me." Standing belly to belly, Sabrina held onto your shoulders and had one leg raised and hooked around you at your hip as she balanced on the other leg.

"Little help, Tash?" you requested, holding Sabrina with both hands on her waist. You could have done it yourself without really risking her falling, but it was fun to tease Tasha by keeping her involved.

"You three are so fucking hot," Tasha said, reaching in from the side and getting your cock in her hand and rubbing the head against Sabrina. You felt it pass across her lips and clit a couple of times and tilted your pelvis a little, letting Tasha get you right between your girlfriend's slick labia.

“Yeeeeaaaah,” Sabrina groaned as you penetrated her.

“Fuck,” you exhaled.

“Do me fast, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned, already moving her hips to try and find a rhythm.

You met her efforts with your own and soon were rutting at each other as you felt her juices slowly leaking down your cock and onto your thighs. Sabrina was into it, her chin pressed to your upper chest as she looked up into your eyes and panted hotly. You felt Tasha reach in between your legs and her fingers glanced over your balls gently, then felt at where your cock was entering Sabrina.

“God, this is hot,” the blonde comic moaned.

“Better get those fingers busy, Tash,” Gemma said. “Sabrina’s going to come soon, and John is going to be ready to really fuck you.”

Chapter 416

You couldn't see what Tasha was doing, but her hand pulled away and you assumed she was doing what Gemma had told her. You were busy with Sabrina being your world for the moment, sliding your hands from her waist and back to her ass, picking her up. She wrapped her other leg around you, moaning loudly, and you muffled her by kissing her hard. Taking that as permission to get even louder, she howled long and low into your lips as she squeezed her eyes closed and pulled you tightly into her by her legs as she tensed and came. You held her through it, not ready to pop yourself but enjoying every moment with her in the dark.

When she came down she pulled her lips from yours, letting out a little satisfied whimper as she lowered her legs one at a time and found her foot. Gemma stepped forward and took one of her hands, helping her stay steady on her heels on the uneven ground.

"Fuck, that was good," Sabrina panted. "We need to find some places to do this back at school, baby."

"Tease," Gemma sighed good-naturedly. "Your turn, Tash."

You helped Tasha up and leaned in to kiss her, and she accepted with a grin and then turned, grabbing a tree with one hand and leaning forward to push her ass back at you. Her other hand was wrapped in her dress skirt, pulling it high up to reveal her pale, cute butt. "Fuck me? Please? God, this is so fucking hot."

With a happy growl you got into position, blindly reaching around her hips to guide your cock into her with your fingers, and feeling how wet she was you slid into her about halfway on the first thrust, then buried deep on the second as you both moaned in pleasure.

She hadn't been wearing underwear, and thinking about it neither had Sabrina, though Tasha had taken a much smaller risk than your girlfriend since her skirt was longer. You were sort of surprised Gemma had even let Sabrina go commando, but then if they'd had this planned that would be a reason why.

Thinking, in that flash of a moment, of them walking around with their pussies free except for their dresses all evening flashed your mind to something else, however.

As you thrust into Tasha for the third time, feeling her cunt squish and squeeze and hug your cock as it drove deep into her, you realised you weren't wearing a condom. And Tasha felt *fucking* amazing - to be fair, it was the same kind of amazing as fucking Sabrina or Gemma bareback, or Becks or Mallory, but it was still just so *good* and *natural*.

"Fuck," you groaned. "God, fuck, Tash I want to pound you so bad. But- Fuck! No condom."

"Ohhh shitballs," Tasha moaned, both of you still rocking into each other.

"It's alright," Gemma said, appearing next to you out of the dark. "It's OK with us. You had the clean test, Tash, and we're clean too. Just don't come in you, right?"

Tasha grunted, pushing back into you harder. "Yesss," she hissed softly. "I mean - God, that's good. I'm on the pill but yeah, better safe than sorry. Fuck, it's been a long time since I took it bare. You feel so fucking good, John."

You answered her by thrusting into her faster, picking up the pace as you held her waist. The desire to do more - to grab her hair, or slap her ass, or reach around and finger her clit was strong but you couldn't. The hunger to grab those amazing, perfect tits and maul them was even stronger and you did what you could, leaning forward over her as you continued to fuck her, grabbing her breasts through her dress and feeling the satisfying squish of them.

"That's it, Tash," Sabrina said, coming over on your other side from Gemma and running her hand up your arm to your shoulder encouragingly. "Take that fucking dick. Right here where anyone could wander in and find us. They'd know that you're John's public fuckslut, just like me and Gemma. And you're taking him raw, you nasty little princess! You really are one of our slut-sisters. Are you so fucking in love with his cock?"

"So much," Tasha groaned. "Fuck, John- you're- God, you three."

"Shhh," Gemma hushed her and you could hear the smile on her lips. "Just enjoy it, Tash."

You fucked for a good five minutes like that. Part of you wanted to turn her around and push her back to the tree and fuck her while kissing her. You wanted to throw her to the ground and cover her in missionary and kiss all over her chest and tits as you slammed into her over and over.

The options, however, were limited and you both were approaching your orgasms quickly. You were breathing hard from the effort of keeping yours at bay more than the actual fucking, and you could feel Tasha getting closer.

"Close," you grunted.

Sabrina looked over Tasha's back at Gemma, and then they both leaned in and started whispering what must have been sweet, dirty things in each of her ears. You couldn't tell what they were saying, but Tasha went over the edge within a minute, her hips driving forward as she reached her peak far enough that you came fully out of her and missed her pussy as she pushed back at you, your cock sliding between her thighs. "Mmmmgh," she whined through stiffly pressed together lips, wanting to feel you inside of her again, but you were about to erupt and backed away.

Gemma was quickest on the draw, dropping to her knee and inhaling your cock into her mouth and sucking on the top half as she stroked the bottom half with her hand, milking your orgasm

right into her mouth and onto her tongue. Your groan was long and came from somewhere in your chest as you felt yourself getting emptied for the... fourth? Fifth time? You weren't shooting blanks yet, and your pacing for the marathon seemed to be working, though you could have probably done with drinking more water.

As your orgasm ended, Gemma grabbed your hand and you helped her up as you tried to stay stable yourself. Gemma gave your cock one last squeeze with her hand, then went over to where Tasha was panting and holding onto Sabrina for support. She took Tasha's head in both hands and pulled her into a kiss, and Tasha squeaked in surprise as they kissed.

You knew that Gemma must have been feeding the other blonde the load that Tasha had worked for.

"I fucking love you guys," you said, chuckling breathlessly.

"Love you too, Daddy," Sabrina said as she grinned over at you, then she glanced at the two kissing blondes. "Come on, I helped. Share!"

Chapter 417

Getting *out* of the woods was just as much trouble as getting into the woods to begin with, except that you didn't really need to go searching for the walking path.

The new issue, however, came to light when you carried Gemma out first and she saw your face in proper light and burst out laughing. She urged you to go get the others first and Tasha guffawed as well when she saw you. Lastly came Sabrina, and you finally got a sense of what you probably looked like. Sabrina's lips and cheeks weren't exactly smeared with the black of Tasha's lipstick, but it was definitely noticeable.

Gemma was prepared, however, and with a little spit and a napkin stowed in her purse you got scrubbed up first, and then both blondes worked on Sabrina. Thankfully, after a quick spin of all four of you and brushing off some lingering twigs from the kneeling that had happened, you were put back together and ready to go.

Getting back to Sabrina's apartment wasn't an issue, though the girls didn't splurge on the final Uber ride of the evening and you packed into a little sedan instead of a spacious Mercedes SUV. The ride was quick, traffic was light, and you helped each of the ladies out of the car before waving the driver off. The four of you piled into the elevator and you pulled Tasha into your arms to lean against your chest before reaching out and taking Gemma and Sabrina's hands in yours.

"You do realise this is setting an unfair precedent for weekends for the rest of my life," Tasha said with a silly little smile as she hugged you.

"Oh, it's fine, babe," Sabrina said, giving the blonde's ass a squeeze playfully. "You'll get more time with us. Remember the plan - tomorrow, after morning sex and brunch, you get to decide if you want to be our ongoing fuckbuddy - or lover, if that sounds better."

"Mmm, that's tomorrow me's decision," Tasha groaned as the elevator reached the correct floor. "I do believe that there is more planned for tonight."

"That's right," Gemma said, pulling Tasha playfully by the arm away from you and out into the corridor. "We've got some butt-loving in our future."

It had been a long day of sex, so while you were all excited for what came next, you weren't in a rush. The girls went to prune themselves down a bit in the bedroom, with Gemma bringing out a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt for you along with a kiss.

"Are you sure about what Sabrina wants for you?" you asked her quickly. You'd been able to touch base throughout the day but hadn't discussed the double (or possibly triple) penetration plan.

“I’m good, love,” Gemma assured you, raising your hand so she could kiss your fingers sweetly. “I’ve had a buttplug in for the entire date, so your anal queen is more than ready for you.”

You groaned, pulling her into your arms again and reaching around to squeeze her ass as you kissed her, then tugged her dress up until you were holding her bare ass cheeks and let your fingers delve between them to feel at the faux-gem end of the plug. You pushed on it a bit and she groaned, then lightly bit your lower lip.

“Soon enough,” she promised. “Let me go get ready.”

“No makeup,” you said. “I want you all completely *au naturel*.”

“Tasha might feel a little extra naked like that,” Gemma said cautiously.

“We showered last time,” you reminded her. “And she came to bed like that, and we had sex the next morning.”

“OK,” Gemma said with a smile. “*Au naturel* it is. You know most guys wouldn’t ask specifically for that, right?”

You kissed her again, this time taking the aggressive stance and sucking her lower lip between your teeth before pulling away. “I love every inch of you,” you told her.

“I love every inch of you too, love,” she grinned.

You were left to change out in the living room, and it didn’t take you long so you went into the kitchen and drained a tall glass of water, then a second one. You were considering taking out Gatorade for everyone when a light whistle drew your attention back towards the bedroom. When you looked, Sabrina was leaning in the doorway wearing nothing but her fuzzy housecoat, though it was hanging open and revealing the middle of her chest down to her light growth of dark, trimmed pubic hair that was coming in and her bare lips.

“Hey, handsome,” she said with a grin. “I hear that you like naked ladies. Man, do I have good news for you!”

“Oh, yeah?” you asked with a chuckle. “What’s the latest news, gorgeous?”

“Well,” she said, coming over to you and taking your hand to lift two of your fingers to her lips and lightly suck on the tips of them. “There’s me, of course. Your ever-loving girlfriend who is an absolute slut for you. And back in that room I’ve got your other, boob- and buttalicious blonde girlfriend with an intoxicating accent who is ready to take your majestic cock in her ass. And, bonus prize, I’ve also got another extremely cute blonde with a silver tongue and picture-perfect tits that *just so happens* to also want her booty plundered.”

“Any bad news?” you asked with a smile.

“Only that you just have one penis, so you can only fuck one hole properly at a time. Unless you’ve been hiding a second one somewhere, but I’d be pretty pissed if you’d been holding out on me.”

You snorted, leaning down to kiss Sabrina sweetly. “Lead me to this promised land, baby,” you said. “Because it sounds like heaven.”

“You say that now, but wait until we get Tasha and Becks over here at the same time,” Sabrina smirked. “Think you could handle all four of us at once?”

You had to groan and laugh. “I’ve got no fucking clue. The body is willing, but might not be able to keep that sort of stamina.”

“We’ll just need to try it out,” she grinned, then let go of your hands and grabbed the waistband of your sweatpants, pulling you by them back towards the bedroom. “Come on, John. Your sluts are waiting.”

Chapter 418

“OKokokokokaaaay,” Gemma groaned. She was breathing in short, shallow breaths and was leaning forward while thrusting her hips back and up to give you access.

You’d already been in her ass without the addition of anyone else. She’d wanted to make sure she was fully warmed up into anal before trying a double penetration, and Tasha had wanted to watch. The girls had also put down towels on the bed and, while you’d been in the kitchen, Gemma had been rubbed down with some sort of oil or something so her warm skin tone was glistening in the light from the bedside lamps. She didn’t need the help to look amazing, but it definitely added a certain wow factor to every soft surface of her.

The first anal had been slow and loving with Gemma on her stomach, and Sabrina had shown off to Tasha a little bit in how kinky she was by taking your cock into her mouth after you’d fucked Gemma for a bit. Then, while you kept Gemma stretching with a couple of fingers in her butt as you laid next to her and kissed her, Sabrina had helped Tasha get into the strap-on and then put on the other one herself. Soon they both had brightly coloured dildos hanging off their fronts and devolved into a giggle fit as they had a brief ‘sword fight’ that left you snorting and Gemma rolling her eyes as she grinned.

Sabrina gave Tasha a quick rundown on using a strap-on as she saw it - the blonde was going to be the one in Gemma’s pussy and would be on the bottom of the pile so she wouldn’t have *much* to do, but Sabrina still felt it was important to show her some basic skills. She ended up bending over the bed and letting Tasha test some thrusting into her gently, noting the need to use some hips and to figure out the right amount to pull out without the dildo *falling* out.

Then it was time for Tasha to assume the position, and she laid down on the bed with a grin on her face and a playful gleam in her eye as she grabbed her sparkly purple cock and waggled it a little. Gemma had mounted up, straddling her hips and slowly sitting down on the cock before riding and grinding on it for a long moment. She took another minute to lean forward, crushing her big breasts to Tasha’s chest and kissing her before whispering something to the other blonde. When Gemma sat back up a little Tasha was smiling warmly.

That’s when Gemma had looked back at you with a sexy pout and a hungry look in her eyes, beckoning you to give her your cock.

“Fuck,” you groaned, your cock head popping back through her anal ring and into the tight heat of her ass.

“Oooh, fuck, love,” Gemma groaned. “That’s it. Thaaat’s it.”

You didn’t feel a different right at first, but as soon as you thrust in another inch or so you could feel the extra pressure within Gemma. Things got tighter the further in you got, and you couldn’t imagine what she was feeling.

“Gaaaawd, that’s full,” she mumbled. “Fuck, just let me- Yeah, wait a second, love. Tasha, could you move your hips down like this a little? Yeah, like that. OK, John, fill me up.”

You were holding her hips and pushed yourself in deeper until her shiny, slick butt cheeks pressed to your hips. Your groan came out like a growl when she pivoted her hips a little and sank deeper onto Tasha’s strap-on, filling her up completely. The sounds she made you couldn’t even comprehend - it was somewhere in the range of a human purr and a whine at the same time.

“Just- let me get used to it now,” she panted.

Sabrina, kneeling on the bed next to the three of you, shifted closer and took Gemma’s chin between her thumb and forefinger, pulling her sideways into a kiss. “Feel good, baby?” she asked, looking deep into her eyes.

“Pretty good,” Gemma grunted. “Just... a lot.”

Sabrina looked back at you with a little smile. “Start fucking that ass, Daddy. She’s ready.”

You gave Gemma a soft spank, only a little harder than a pat, on the side of her butt cheek and then pulled out slowly and thrust back in. She made that noise again, but Sabrina muffled it with another passionate kiss. You let loose a groan from somewhere in your chest as you found a slow rhythm, and then Gemma was rocking with your movements, riding Tasha’s strap-on and getting it deeper into her when you were on an outstroke, and pushing up to meet you on your in strokes.

She came without warning, seizing and freezing for a moment as she exhaled heavily and you felt a bit of warmth as some juices flooded out of her around the dildo. You were a little more distracted by the way her ass flexed on your cock though.

“Good girl,” Sabrina cooed, running her fingers through Gemma’s hair. “Look at you taking that dick in your ass, Gemma. Are you still feeling full?”

“So full,” Gemma moaned. “So much.”

“Let’s get you *really* full,” Sabrina said with a little grin. “Tasha, honey, suck hard on Gemma’s tits.” You couldn’t see it happening, but based on Gemma’s vocalisations you assumed that Tasha did as she was told. Meanwhile, Sabrina had stood up on the bed and stood straddling over Tasha and Gemma’s head, taking her strap-on in hand and wagging it as she grinned at you for a moment. Then she took Gemma by the hair on top of her head and raised her face up. “Suck my cock too, baby,” she said. “You’re going airtight, all three holes filled by your girlfriend, your boyfriend, and our slut sister.”

To be fair, it wasn't like watching porn. In porn, you could see things from different angles. Gangbangs weren't your thing, but you'd watched a few on those dark, lonely nights when you felt particularly nasty in what you wanted to watch to get off. Actually doing a DP, let alone with an added throat fucking (because Sabrina was definitely pushing the dildo into Gemma's throat once they'd worked up to it), was a lot less *visual* of a thing as you'd imagined and much more of a mutual feeling of overwhelming sensation. You could feel Gemma on the edge of being overwhelmed by how her body reacted and moved and in the sudden flexing and soft jerking in response to things someone else had done.

It was hot. It was sexy. It felt good.

Strangely, you found it impersonal, like you might as well have been fucking a toy and not the woman you loved. The big foursome with Mallory hadn't felt like that, and you wondered if maybe it was because you *weren't* in love with Mallory so the sex was always just going to be sex.

Chapter 419

“Oh, motherfucker,” Gemma grunted, glaring at you with a feral grin of predatory pleasure.

The fucking had shifted. Sabrina, with his strap-on slippery and slimy from Gemma’s spittle, had wanted to take a turn fucking her girlfriend’s ass and you wanted to feel more connected with Gemma. The DP had felt more like using her than fucking *with* her. Gemma also wanted to change positions, the effort of riding a cock and a dildo at once wearing on her muscles.

Sabrina ended up laying partially on her side and partially on her back with Gemma spooned up in front of her. This gave you and Tasha a particularly delicious view as Gemma raised her leg and Sabrina shifted her dildo into position to enter Gemma from behind. Once the tip of the dildo was in they wiggled together a bit, Sabrina driving her fake cock deeper, until she had about half of it inside. Gemma had lowered her leg and closed her eyes, getting lost in the feeling for a long moment. Then she opened her eyes and lifted her arms to you, summoning you in.

You had gotten into position, raising her higher leg up to your shoulder and straddling her lower one as it lay on the bed. This brought your cock into range to push into her cunt and Gemma had reached down with one hand to spread her labia lewdly as she pinched one of her nipples with her other hand. You’d followed her silent order and fucked into her, pressing her leg back a little more. Again, the pressure of feeling her other hole filled was an odd sensation, but you’d felt this one before. It wasn’t so different from fucking her while she was wearing a buttplug, or while Sabrina teased her ass with fingers or a vibrator.

Gemma’s growl started when she challenged you really fuck her, and you’d picked up the pace.

“Good fucking God,” you grunted. You couldn’t really get down to kiss her with how your bodies were contorted, you sitting straight up and all the power of your thrusts coming from your hips. Sabrina had a hand wrapped around Gemma and grabbed her tit as she thrust into her ass from behind - her thrusts weren’t as big or powerful as your own, but Gemma was definitely feeling every stroke.

“Fuck me, love,” Gemma exhaled heavily. “Fuck me.” You weren’t even sure if she was talking to you or Sabrina, or maybe both of you at once.

Turning a little at the waist, you gestured for Tasha to shuffle closer to you and you wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her close so that her tits squashed against your side and you kid kissed her hand. “Don’t think you’re being forgotten, sweet thing,” you mumbled.

“I was having fun watching,” Tasha giggled breathily and then licked your lips with her little tongue.

“Get that strap-on off and sit on Gemma’s face,” you said. “We don’t want her getting too loud and disturbing the neighbours, and you might as well get her tongue in your ass because I’m coming for that next.”

Tasha gave you a hungry look that almost matched Gemma’s, and she quickly shed the strap-on and got into position over Gemma. Your Australian girlfriend was impatient though and wrapped her arms around Tasha’s thighs, hauling her into a better position and pulling Tasha’s butt down. The look on Tash’s face when Gemma obviously started licking her was luxurious pleasure.

Gemma came three times as you and Sabrina played a little bit, finding rhythms and then changing them up. Sabrina’s hair was sticking to her forehead with the sweat of her efforts, and you were sure you looked the same, but she was grinning and laughing the whole time. On the third orgasm, you could feel it was going to be a big one and that Gemma was well and truly hitting her limit as she was panting in howls in between her oral on Tasha, and just as she was about to tip over you pulled your cock out of Gemma’s pussy and dropped low, getting your lips around her upper pussy lips and clit and suckling firmly as you jammed two fingers into her, digging for her g-spot.

The squirt was a spray that hit your shoulder and neck as Gemma’s hips tried to thrust toward you - she’d let loose gushers before, but she’d never reached the velocity or amount that Sabrina had. This time she definitely did. The towels were super wet and you could smell her arousal all over you. And her orgasm kept rocking her, wave after wave of pleasure pulsing through her as her pussy hungrily tried to gobble on your fingers. You could only imagine what her ass would have felt like.

Then she was coming down, and your cock was so hard it was painful from watching your lover climax like that. You sat up and grabbed Tasha by the armpits and pulled her off of Gemma. With a glance at Sabrina you said, “Take care of her,” in reference to Gemma, and then you tossed Tasha to the bed on her stomach and were over top of her, covering her body with yours as you moved her arms over her head. Your cock was already grinding against her ass cheeks and she wiggled her hips back at you and moaned.

“I’m going to fuck your ass now, Tash,” you growled. “Just say yes.”

“Yes, God!” Tasha moaned. “Get the big fucking dick into my ass, John. Stop teasing me and sodomize me!”

You let go of her hands with one of yours, the other still keeping them pinned up, and you lifted your hips and used your free hand to get your cock into position.

Tasha wasn’t prepped like Gemma had been, with a buttplug eerily and then some lube, but she *had* gotten some prep from Gemma’s tonguing and likely some fingering. She also wasn’t an anal virgin and knew enough not to try and clench or resist. Popping into her ass was an animal

pleasure, and you resisted the urge to drive into her deep and fast and slowly worked your cock in and out of her, taking more of her inch by inch.

Once you were finally deep into her, your hips pushing down on her cheeks, she heaved a sigh and flopped her head onto the bed sideways, looking up at you.

“Fuck me, John,” she whispered. “Fuck my ass like I’m one of your girlfriends and you know you can’t do anything that won’t make me feel good. Ruin my ass for any other guy, then shoot your cum so deep in me that I can taste it tomorrow morning.”

You leaned down and kissed the corner of her lips, not able to reach any further. And then you fucked her.

Chapter 420

Sabrina, the only one not to get fucked yet, knew exactly how to get Tasha over the edge and spill into a massive orgasm. You were pressing your body down onto the blonde heavily, feeling her sweat-slick skin against yours as you rutted into her and she moaned and panted with your cheek against hers. Sabrina had been cuddling with Gemma as the Australian recovered from her own mind-splitting orgasm, having pulled the strap-on off her slim hips so that she could snuggle more closely. Once Gemma was calmed down, however, and they had traded more than enough little kisses, Sabrina turned her attention to Tasha.

Slithering down the bed with a little evil grin on her face, Sabrina got her face close to yours and Tasha's. "You want to really go bang, Tash?" she asked. "Wanna come like you did earlier?"

Tasha looked terrified and eager at the same time. When she'd gone multi-orgasmic it had been different from Gemma having her massive orgasm - she'd frozen up, seized by the overwhelming pleasure. She still hadn't been able to explain it fully.

"Baby, maybe-" you started, wanting to tell Sabrina to tone it back a little, but Tasha interrupted.

"Yeah," she grunted. "Make me go fucking cum-a-tose."

Sabrina snickered and leaned in, kissing her lips, then raised up to kiss yours as well before she did something that might have been in the running for the nastiest sex act she'd done yet. Your girlfriend tugged the towel that had been on the bed beneath Gemma when she unleashed her big squirt, picking it up and then wrapping it around her foot, rubbing the girlcum-soaked fabric all over her foot and toes. Then she tossed the nasty towel off the side of the bed and crab-walked a little to get into position, keeping her foot in the air, and finally sat down on her butt and brought her sodden foot down to Tasha's face and slowly dragged her toes down the other woman's forehead, and nose, and finally presented them to her lips.

"Lick my toes clean, Tash," Sabrina said with a raspy, low hum to her tone as she grinned. Then she wiggled her toes.

Tasha's cry was soft but primal and she slathered her tongue across Sabrina's sole before starting to lick between her toes. Watching it didn't necessarily do anything for you, but seeing and feeling Tasha's deep surrender to her kink was sexy as hell and added to the pleasure you had boiling in your skull from the steady, rough assfucking you were giving her.

Wrapping your hand in her hair, you tilted her head a little and nastily licked her cheek from jaw to temple, marking her in an equally primal display, claiming her in that bedroom as the toy and plaything of your relationship. She was moaning around Sabrina's foot, her eyes rolled back in her head, and you wedged your other arm down underneath her, worming your fingers to find her clit. You didn't go soft - when you found it, you pinched it high on her mound and firmly.

She came, her body locking up for a moment as she sucked in air around Sabrina's toes, but she exhaled just as fast.

"Not there yet," Sabrina muttered to you.

You fucked harder, driving your cock into Tasha's asshole and filling the room with the slapping of skin on skin. You played her clit like a DJ rocking his records, feeling her pussy leaking over your fingers. Sabrina wiggled her toes and got four of them between Tasha's lips.

She came again, another small one.

"Fuck, Tasha," you growled, leaning down more so you were pressing your lips to her ear. "Come for me, Tash. Come for us. We love every bit of you. Every kink, every laugh, every smile. Every inch of skin, every dark corner of your brain. You're ours now, welcome in our bed whenever you want. In our lives. Come for us."

She did, coming again, but still she came down quickly.

"I've got it," Gemma said, getting up on her hands and knees and crawling to you. She went behind you, shifted one of your legs, and you felt her bend Tasha's legs at the knees and raise them up. You glanced back over your shoulder and saw her suck both of Tasha's big toes between her lips, smirking as she made eye contact with you and then running her tongue around Tasha's smaller toes.

That did it, and Tasha seized and froze like before. Her pussy gushed juices, not in a squirt but in a wave of release. Her ass actually relaxed rather than tightening or flexing and you jammed your cock deep into her and used your hips to grind against her. She came, and came, and you grunted hard as you did as she asked and unloaded into her, your cum erupting from you and jetting into her bowels. You could feel your hands clench and your toes flex and your whole body ached at the power of your orgasm after everything with Gemma and then Tash.

She let out a tiny squeak, just a little 'eep!' at the feeling, her eyes still rolled back in her skull and her mouth drooling around Sabrina's toe toes as she suckled on them like a baby with a soother.

When your orgasm finished you felt like all the energy had left your body and you tried to gasp for breath but it didn't seem to help. There was a pounding in your brain, a demand that you needed a minute to reset, and you managed to get off of Tasha, your cock pulling from her well-used ass, before you flopped down beside her with a grunt and a cough as your vision went dark.

Chapter 421

You woke up to the sound of soft crying, and as you groaned and rolled onto your side you had to blink yourself back awake a bit.

“You passed out, love,” Gemma said softly. She was sitting up on the bed with Tasha clinging onto her as she sobbed, her arms wrapped around the other blonde. Sabrina was hugging Tasha from behind, running her fingers through Tasha’s hair and humming what sounded like a lullaby into her ear.

“Shit,” you grunted, blinking again to try and wake yourself. “Fuck, Tash-”

“She’s not hurt,” Gemma assured you. “Just a lot of emotions.”

You rolled off the edge of the bed to your feet, grunting again as you stretched out your back, then went and kissed Gemma gently on the cheek and rubbed Sabrina’s bare back as you kept moving and kissed the top of Tasha’s head. Wanting to move quickly, you ducked into the washroom and grabbed a new washcloth out of the drawers beneath the sink, wetting it down and quickly wiping down your torso, cock, balls and thighs before freshening it with new water and squeezing it out.

Back in the bedroom, the girls saw you coming and made space for you to sit on the edge of the bed as Sabrina backed off. You quietly urged Tasha to face you and you softly cleaned her face first, though the tears were still coming, and then you gave her a wipe-down, cleaning her from neck to thighs, taking particular care around her breasts and pussy. Sabrina took the washcloth from you, and you hugged Tasha and picked her up into a cradle carry as she let go of Gemma and clung to you.

You carried Tash out into the living room, heading for the couch and sitting on it at one end, grabbing the blanket Sabrina kept nearby and quickly wrapping it around the two of you as she snuggled in deep in your arms, burying her face against your chest. She was trembling slightly as you held her. You could also hear Gemma and Sabrina talking quietly in the bedroom and saw them quickly cleaning themselves and the room up. The towels from the bed, and the sheets, got thrown into the washroom in a laundry bin and they put new sheets on the bed. Then they cleaned themselves up much the way you had cleaned yourself and Tasha. Eventually, they came out after you’d been sitting quietly and holding Tasha for a good ten minutes.

Gemma was dressed in a tank top with no bra and cotton shorts, while Sabrina had on sweatpants and one of your t-shirts. They were each carrying clothes as well and began a production of slipping the blanket off of you and Tasha and dressing you. Tasha had one of your sweaters the girls liked to borrow slipped over her head, and a pair of sweatpants that she must have brought with her pulled up her legs until she sat up and helped get them up over her hips.

You had a t-shirt pulled over your head by Sabrina, who took a moment to kiss you through the fabric while your head was trapped, but you couldn't put pants on without letting go of Tasha.

Once clothes were (mostly) on, Tasha sighed and wiped at her eyes. "God, I'm sorry. That one-Fuck."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Gemma asked, perching her butt on the edge of the coffee table and taking one of Tasha's hands in hers.

"It's just more of the same stuff, I think," Tasha said and then sniffed. "Well, mostly. I talked with John about it, and with you guys. I just- the sex was amazing, and feeling John so deep... but then you guys just kept adding on. Like, I can't explain how... special I felt as you did everything you could to rock my world. I know the foot stuff isn't your jam, but you just jump in and do it because you know I like it. You do things for me, just because. You're spending this entire weekend on me when you guys have a limited amount of time before you need to leave. And John," she turned a little, still sitting in your lap and lightly hit your chest playfully. "You have a way of saying the most fucking heart-wrenching things, you bastard. From anyone else, I would have thought what you said to me was corny or fake or just dirty talk, but you make me feel it. I- God, I love you guys, and I don't even need you to say it back because I just *know* it and I think that's what most of the crying was about was that I've spent so fucking long surrounding myself with people who are superficial or self-centred and mirroring that when I could have been finding and building relationships with people like you guys. I just - I felt whole and happy and clean on Thursday, and I felt it so purely again just now. Even with cum in my ass and slobber and pussy stank all over my face."

"Tash, babe, you've sure got a way with words," Sabrina said with a broad smile. She'd been headed for the kitchen, only a dozen paces away, when Tasha started her explanation and now she was coming back with the Gatorade's I'd been considering earlier. She cracked the first one open and held it out to Tasha. "And just to be clear, we *do* love you, babe. We can say it back."

Tasha accepted the Gatorade and took a long sip, and you received the next one from Sabrina.

"Agreed," Gemma said. "We do love you, Tasha. And you're very special to us - we each have our own people from our lives before this summer, before we became a throuple. Coming out of this summer, you're one of the three people who we can say are our first and closest friends. And one of them is a distant third since he's a bit of an ass, he's just *our* ass."

Tasha snorted softly and nodded. "Who am I in competition with for first place?" she asked.

"Becks," Sabrina said. "The girl we brought to your party."

"Oh, her," Tasha said. "Makes sense. Fuck, she's super pretty, too."

"And single," Sabrina said with a grin.

Tasha rolled her eyes. "I don't think I'm looking for a relationship. Especially not my first lesbian one."

"Don't knock it 'till you try it," Gemma said, pulling Sabrina down to sit on her knee and kissing her shoulder. "It's pretty great."

"I'll remind you two that Becks is also only a 'Girls are Fun' kind of lady, and likes sizable dicks," you said.

Tasha chuckled and shook her head before taking another sip of her Gatorade. You saw a glance between Gemma and Sabrina as Tasha was drinking and not looking at them, and you thought you saw the birth of a new scheme forming between them.

Chapter 422

“Good morning, beautiful,” you murmured.

Tasha, and you knew it was Tasha this time, grumbled a little and wriggled back against you a little more. You could feel Gemma spooning up against your back, her tits pressed lightly against you, and Sabrina was on the other side of Tasha having fallen asleep nose to nose with her.

All four of you were slowly waking up, and you felt the delicious sensation of both Gemma and Tasha stretching at the same time.

“God, last night was a lot,” Tasha mumbled.

“Just last night?” Sabrina asked with a chuckle in her voice.

“OK,” Tasha acquiesced. “Yesterday as a whole was a lot.”

“How are you feeling, babe?” Gemma asked, reaching over you to rub Tasha’s arm. All the clothes had come back off before bed so you were feeling every naked brush of skin.

“I ache,” Tasha said. “In a good way, but still. I feel like my entire body got fucked, not just my pussy and ass.”

“Been there,” Sabrina said. “You know what helps?”

“Shower Time with John,” Gemma said.

“Exactly,” Sabrina said.

“And what’s supposed to help John with that feeling?” you groaned a little, but were unable to shake the smile from your lips. “I am fucked *out*. My balls are little raisins rattling around in a dried-out husk of a sack. I don’t think my penis will ever get that hard again.”

“He’s lying,” Tasha said. “His cock is wedged between my buttcheeks.”

“Ooh, morning booty,” Sabrina giggled.

“God, no,” Tasha laughed. “I’m gonna be sitting funny for a week!”

“Hey now,” Gemma said. “How do you think I feel?”

“Don’t you call yourself his anal queen?” Tasha asked.

“Doesn’t change the fact that I’ll be walking like I work on a horse ranch,” Gemma said as she brushed her fingers through your hair and teased your ear.

“Fine, we’re all in need of shower time,” you said. “Who is getting in with me first?”

In the end, you really did spend an hour in the shower with each of them. Tasha went first, giving Sabrina and Gemma a chance to snuggle under the covers a bit longer. The way she was moaning as you washed and massaged her body, you thought she might actually have an orgasm. Then she’d turned her attention on you, and you ended up with your cock in her mouth as she softly sucked you off and massaged your balls with one hand.

“Not quite raisins yet,” she giggled, teasing you.

When Sabrina finally came in to take her turn, you were balls deep in Tasha and slowly fucking her. You couldn’t resist. Sabrina slipped into the shower with you and made out with her as you fucked, and once she’d come she made room and you ended up buried in Sabrina as they started making out again. You came in your girlfriend, which set her off into a little orgasm as well, and then Tasha got out and started drying off as you began the shower ritual with Sabrina.

Once Tasha was gone, Sabrina got a look in her eye and you knew she wanted to reenact that trade-off with Gemma, but you managed to fend off her teasing fingers and keep her occupied by finishing up washing her and then making out with her while you kept a hand on her throat. That might have been a bad long-term move because it meant she would be wanting more of that later in the day, but it saved you in the moment.

Finally, Gemma came in and the girlfriends traded places, and she seemed to understand that you just needed some time and after you washed her she paid some extra attention to you doing the same, having you sit on the floor of the shower so she could massage your scalp.

Afterwards you were banished from the washroom so that the girls could make use of the mirror and sink, and after a half hour, they paraded out dressed for Sunday morning brunch. Each of them was in a pretty sundress, and you got a kiss from each pretty set of glossed lips before they headed to put their shoes on. The only delay was Gemma figuring out that Sabrina was going commando and sending her to put on panties, and then Tasha getting caught doing the same thing and sheepishly following Sabrina.

The brunch place was busy, but that was OK and the four of you waited half an hour to get a table, just making small talk by telling stories about yourselves from high school. Once you had finally sat down and had ordered, you felt someone run their foot up your inside leg and could quickly tell that it was Gemma by the way she was smiling at you.

“Alright,” Sabrina said, pulling all of your attention. “For clarity’s sake, we have entered the final phase of the operation. Before closing statements, I would like to solicit feedback from the target - Tasha, how do you think we did? How are you feeling?”

Tasha laughed lightly and shook her head, giving Sabrina a look. "You know damn well that I feel better than I have in months. Maybe years."

"Good," Sabrina grinned. "Then I think I can record that as five out of five stars?"

"Six out of five, if that's an option," Tasha smirked.

"Expand the stars options, noted," Sabrina chuckled.

"OK, jokesters," Gemma said, leaning in and lowering her voice a bit. "Tasha, babe, we do have that last decision we talked about, but before you want to answer - God, this is hard to put into words - we love you. For real. And we really do think of you as one of our first, best friends as a group. And we want you in our lives as much as you want to be, as a friend and a lover, but... Before you decide how much of that you want, I know this weekend has been big on an emotional level. We love you, but we aren't *in* love with you. We want to keep hanging out with you, and sleeping with you, but we're not looking to expand our relationship. We want you to be our slut sister for John, and with each of us, but not to be a girlfriend. So with that said, you can draw any lines you think are best for yourself. And if you decide we're just friends, then we'll be the best damn 'just friends' we can be."

Tasha smiled, obviously sadly, and nodded. "I know," she said. "That's been in the back of my mind, honestly. And it's the last part of what made the end of last night so emotional. I know you guys are a trio, and I'm just getting a taste - or a big heaping plateful - because you're choosing to share it with me. I'm not gonna lie, if you did want me to join up in an actual full relationship, I would seriously be considering it. We're just- you three have a trajectory that I can't really follow without giving up my own goals and life. I'm going to be a comic, I'm going to tell jokes to theatres and arenas full of people. That's what I know my calling is, what I'm supposed to be doing. You're right, I love you guys. Fuck, I love you guys more than I think I might love any of my old friends. And I'll admit I've got a major crush on John because of how I see him treating both of you and how he treats me. John, you might be super lucky to have Sabrina and Gemma, but they are so fucking lucky to have you, too. A crush isn't being in love though. And, I think, a crush can be innocent and dirty at the same time with you guys."

"So you wanna be our fuckbuddy lover?" Sabrina asked.

"Yes," Tasha said with a grin. "I want to be your fuckbuddy lover. I want to play pretend sometimes with you three, and be swarmed by love and lust, and I want to be the best friend I can for you too."

You reached across the table, taking her hand in yours and squeezing it as you looked into her eyes. "Love you, Tash," you said.

She winked and smiled at you. "Love you too, big guy," she said. "And the universal cock."

Gemma barked a laugh that drew attention to your table, and Sabrina suppressed her giggles by physically covering her mouth. You just flushed a little and shook your head as you looked at Tasha and she grinned at you.

Chapter 423

“Oh my God,” Sabrina groaned. “We’ve got so much fucking *work* to dooooo.”

You’d said goodbye to Tasha after brunch, each of you giving her a kiss goodbye and you giving her butt a quick squeeze and making her laugh. Now you were back at Sabrina’s and the Mock Trial notes were back out.

“We’ve still got a week, and next weekend,” Gemma said. “We have time.”

“I know,” Sabrina sighed. “But it’s all happening so fast. One week of work, then the week after we do the mock trial. Then there’s one more week before the week you leave!”

“That means we’ve got three more weekends,” you pointed out. “And we want to make the most of them.” You stopped again and sighed, looking over at Gemma as you both sat on the floor of Sabrina’s living room. “It’s going to be so fucking hard to say goodbye, love.”

“Hard for you, horrible for me,” Sabrina said. “You get to go see her for that wedding in December.”

“Sabrina, I- You deserve to-” Gemma started.

“No, shush,” Sabrina waved her off. “It’s fine, I understand. It’s going to be hard to try and explain things and you’d rather not make yourself the spectacle at someone else’s wedding. I get it. Plus, I get him all to myself for the school year *and* the holidays.”

“I still wish I could make it work to have you both come,” Gemma sighed.

“We’ll be together soon enough, I’ll just miss you so much,” Sabrina said.

The three of you got to work, spending the entirety of the afternoon focused on the trial prep. There were almost a hundred different documents in the mock trial files, including all sorts of interview transcripts, police reports, insurance claims, and medical documents - it felt like someone must have spent a year just putting the thing together as they fabricated all the bits and pieces. And you all knew you *needed* to have all that information on hand, but that so much of it would be pointless, or set up as red herrings. That was the point of such a high-level mock trial - it wasn’t really about the trial days so much as the prep beforehand.

A great lawyer didn’t just talk the talk, they walked the walk and poured everything into the preparation. The law wasn’t like they made it seem on TV - that was one lesson that Garrison had done a great job of instilling in the three of you.

It wasn’t until dinner, which Sabrina ordered in, that you ended up groaning softly as you let your mind wander.

“What is it, baby?” Sabrina asked.

“I’m thinking of the fact that I need to go back to my place tonight because I have no clean clothes here,” you said. “And that means I need to face Mosche after... everything.”

“He’s a cheater and a coward,” Gemma said. “And you didn’t do anything until after Tasha broke up with him. There’s nothing to feel guilty about.”

“Easy to say, harder to feel,” you said. “There’s a reason why Bro Code and Girl Code aren’t actually written down - it’s so that people with morals feel guilty and people without morals can pretend they don’t exist. I don’t want to be the second guy.”

“You aren’t,” Sabrina said, shifting over on the couch and sliding to sit on your lap sideways as she looked at you. “You’re a good person, John. This weekend, yeah, you might have gotten some wild sex. But you also helped a woman who had been through the wringer. You helped build her up holistically, every part of her. She deserved it, and so did you.”

“It was your plan, love,” Gemma said, coming down the couch to lean against you but looking at Sabrina. “John and I helped, but you spearheaded it. You get... sixty-five per cent of the credit.”

“I’ll take fifty per cent and that’s my final offer,” Sabrina smirked.

“Deal,” Gemma said, scrunching up her nose as she smiled. Then her smile slipped. “Speaking of going home, I need to face the music at some point too. Lucy is going to be fucking *awful* to deal with.”

“Just stay with me tonight, and we can go to yours tomorrow after work,” Sabrina said.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to go over there,” you said. “Even if it *is* OK with Becca and Charlotte - Lucy is being an entire barrel of bitchy, but it’s still her home too.”

“Oh, no,” Sabrina said smarmily. “You’ll both just need to come back here tomorrow night. I have no idea what I’ll do!”

Gemma tickled Sabrina on that one, and you ended up helping until Sabrina fell off your lap to the floor to escape. Gemma took the opportunity and took her spot on your lap, hugging her arms around you. “There are potentially other issues coming up,” she said as the three of you calmed back down.

“Joy and the threat of a lawsuit?” Sabrina guessed.

“That’s one,” Gemma nodded. “Then there’s your business stuff. Did that model keep messaging you?”

“A bit. We aren’t, like, super bantering back and forth like besties or anything,” Sabrina said.

“But there’s a potential she might want to collaborate with you, right? So we need to talk about what that looks like, especially if it’s when I’m not even here.”

Sabrina sighed and nodded. “Can we talk about that later, though?” she asked. “I mean, it’s important, but there isn’t a rush on it. And right now my brain is fried and I kind of just want to snuggle with you guys. Is that OK?”

“Of course it is,” you said with Gemma nodding her agreement.

The three of you, not finding a way you wanted to snuggle on the couch, ended up back in Sabrina’s bedroom as you spooned up - this time Sabrina was the little spoon, Gemma was in the middle and you were the big spoon, reaching around to hold the both of them as you watched Castle on Sabrina’s laptop.

“This was a really great weekend,” Sabrina said after one episode ended and the countdown started for the next.

“I can think of one thing that would make it even better,” Gemma said.

“Explain this mythical ‘better than this’ that you speak of,” Sabrina said.

“John,” Gemma said, putting on a sweet and syrupy voice. “Could you go make us ice cream sundaes?”

“Ooh, you’re right, baby,” Sabrina said. “That *is* the best end to this weekend.”

With a laugh and a sigh you slipped out of bed. “As you wish,” you said.

“With more emotion,” Gemma replied, giving you a grin.

You backed away out of the bedroom, waving your hands like you were getting sucked out by an invisible force. “Aaaas yooouuuuu wiiiiisssshhh!”

The laughs of your girlfriends were utterly satisfying.

Chapter 424

Sabrina ended up staying with Gemma at her place, not seeing the point of being alone at her place when she could bring clothes for work with her and also wanting to make sure Gemma had some extra backup. Lucy was definitely the more *volatile* of the two problem roommates you all were dealing with.

That did, however, leave you to handle any encounters with Mosche yourself. Thankfully, when you got back to the apartment you could hear Mosche talking to someone down in his room and it sounded like he might have been gaming. You were able to quickly disappear to your own end of the apartment and spent the last bit of the evening alone without needing to face him.

Unfortunately, that didn't stop you from stewing in your own worries and frustration. You were still fucking disappointed in how he'd handled himself with Tasha - he'd caused real damage by being such an idiot. But no matter how much you fed that fire, it didn't take away the fact that you'd betrayed him. Sleeping with your roommate's ex wasn't the same as sleeping with a friend's ex, but there really wasn't *that* much of a difference and it made you feel a little dirty.

But then you would remember the look in Tasha's eyes, and how she'd seemed so much lighter each time things happened between you. The night after the 'McDonald's Prom' she'd been bouncing back. Friday morning after your first time with her she'd seemed like herself again. That morning, after the shower, she'd seemed even better.

Another problem was the fact that, even if you were set on you, Gemma and Sabrina being a trio and just playing with friends, having deep emotional moments and sex with someone like Tasha, or Becks, meant you were giving them some of your heart as well. You may not have been in love with Tasha, but could see yourself falling for her. You could see how she would fit in with the three of you. It would take sacrifices, and change the decisions you three still needed to make, but however improbable it was still possible. And it hurt a little to decide to put up a small barrier around that probability to keep it contained.

You eventually managed to get to sleep after tossing and turning for longer than you liked at all, which meant when you woke up in the morning you didn't feel rested. Still, you dragged your ass out of bed. No sign of Mosche that morning - he'd likely gamed late into the evening and didn't need to be up in the morning. You weren't exactly sure how he was making money, having gotten more of the scoop on the whole 'struggling comedian' thing from Tasha, and you wondered if he was getting an allowance from his parents or something.

That just made you even more frustrated with him.

You sent off your regular morning texts while slamming back a bowl of cereal. Good mornings to Gemma and Sabrina were the first, but you sent off similar messages to Becks and Tasha as well. Then, with a smirk, you sent one off the Becca as well and included a picture of your cock bulging slightly in your briefs. Before you stood back up to go get dressed, you got back good

mornings from Tasha and Becks, and a picture of Becca's bare ass. While changing you sent her one back of your own butt, which wasn't nearly as attractive in your opinion but she sent you back a drooling emoji.

You tried not to think about that one too hard.

The bus ride in was normal, and you arrived half an hour early. Heading into the building, you were met with Becks smiling sweetly at you from behind her desk. "Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," you replied, glancing around and down the nearby corridor deeper into the ground level of the building. You leaned up against her desk and lowered your voice even though it didn't seem anyone was around. "Sorry about Friday."

Her smile changed, turning a little more into a smirk. "It's OK. You helped me out later with that call. Daddy."

You chuckled and shook your head, knowing that she was just trying to push buttons to get back at you for grabbing her ass in front of the driver Friday evening. "Heard anything about Joy?"

Beck sighed. "Nothing, but more like complete radio silence and not just anything specific. Her social media has been dead all weekend, which isn't like her."

"Fuck," you said. "Do you think she was locked up?"

"Maybe," Becks said. "We can hope. I do know that I had a memo waiting for me this morning though. Joy and her Mother are both barred from the premises effective immediately."

"Wait, hold on," you said, blinking rapidly as you parsed that information. "Holy shit. That means that she got thrown out of the firm, right? They must have really done it at that meeting Garrison said they were having."

"I don't know, there weren't any explanations given," Becks said. "She could just be put on leave or something while Joy is going through the system. It's gotta be tough to throw out a Senior Partner."

"Shiiit," you sighed. "I guess we'll find out more this morning, but this is huge."

"You know what else is huge?" Becks asked, her expression shifting to one that was clearly hinting at something sexual.

"My desire to take you into a back room and have my way with you?" you challenged, beating her to the punch.

She flushed, her warm-hued skin hiding some of it. “Don’t say shit like that,” she told you. “One too many times and I might take you up on it.”

“And that would just be terrible,” you deadpanned.

You heard the doors of the building open behind you, and she shot you a look that told you the game had to be over.

“Alright,” you said. “Talk to you later?”

Becks nodded and gave you a little wink as she resumed her usual passive, small smile and said hello to a couple of the firm Associates. It looked like you weren’t the only one getting an early start.

Maybe it had something to do with the Partner shakeup.

Chapter 425

You were a little surprised when it was Eric, and not Gemma and Sabrina, who arrived next. He was only a few minutes later than you as well.

“Hey,” you said. “You alright?”

“Yeah, why wouldn’t I be?” he asked, raising an eyebrow as he went down to his chair.

“Well, I mean, you had a long weekend. And the whole thing with Lucy,” you said.

“Oh, well, the weekend was really good,” Eric said. “I did a podcast each day I was down there, so one Friday, one Saturday and then the last one on Sunday, and I got to hang out with some of the hosts and producers most of the time. Really cool people. I think I might be kicking something off with this one chick who works for the podcast I did on Saturday - she’s half-black and super hot. A little crazy, but I guess that might sort of be my type. Oh, and I hooked up with this chick who does OnlyFans after the show on Sunday - she offered it as revenge sex since I told them that Lucy had decided she wanted to be a sugar baby more than date me.”

You started coughing and had to clear your throat. “Uh, wow,” you said. “So... busy.”

“Hey, work when the sun shines, right?” Eric grinned. “What about you, everything good in your crazy life with two girlfriends? They don’t, like, run over you constantly do they? Like, I know they’re both super hot but you can’t just simp for them or they won’t stick around.”

You sighed softly in the back of your throat. “I’ve got things handled with Gemma and Sabrina. We had a really great weekend and even got some more work done on the Mock Trial. That we can talk about later- there’s something else you should probably know.”

Filling Eric in on what had happened on Friday had his eyes going wide and his expression rolling back and forth from shock to joy. The only thing you didn’t tell him was the whole Becks part of the story, otherwise, you let him know about Joy, the police interviews, and Garrison. You ended with Becks’ memo and what it might mean.

“Fuck, dude,” Eric said. “I don’t know whether I wish I stayed or not. That’s insane.”

“Definitely not a normal Friday night,” you said. “We’re still worried that Joy might try to sue Sabrina though. It wouldn’t probably go anywhere, but she might still try.”

With Eric up to speed, he pulled out his phone and showed you a picture of his potential new romantic interest named Casey - you agreed she was pretty, though you’d put any of your ladies over her in a second - and then also showed you pictures of the OnlyFans model he’d hooked up with. Thankfully Safe For Work ones.

“She was a freak,” Eric said. “I had to fly back that night, so we went back to her hotel room after the recording and she went wild on me for like half an hour straight. I thought my dick might break off. Then I had to go, and she gave me a kiss and a smack on the ass and told me I was worth more than a cheating slut. Honestly, if she wasn’t hoeing herself out, I’d be interested in *her* more than Casey.”

“So she does, like, the whole full-on pornstar thing?” you asked.

“Yeah, she was pretty explicit during the podcast. I mean, she’s making bad choices for her future, but that ship’s sailed now so what am I gonna say? At least I can say I had sex with a pornstar now,” Eric said.

“I’m sorry, what did I just hear?” Sabrina asked as she came into the conference room followed closely by Gemma. Sabrina blew you a kiss before turning all of her attention on Eric, while Gemma came around the table to give you a peck on the lips and whisper a proper Good Morning in your ear. They’d done Sabrina’s coffee run together and she put a fresh cup of coffee in front of you.

“I, uh, might have hooked up with this chick who does OnlyFans and was on the podcast I recorded on Sunday,” Eric said, putting up his hands as if to ward Sabrina off. “And it only happened *after* the whole thing with Lucy, OK? John sent me that picture, and I called her out, and she refused to tell me anything so I ended it. I mean, if she were to come back to me and ask, I might, like, have some closure angry sex or something, but otherwise, I’m done.”

Gemma groaned a little as she sat down, and you thought you saw a tiny moment of hesitation as her butt hit the office chair. You couldn’t help but smile a little.

“Alright, so at least you’re not a hypocrite,” Sabrina sighed as she sat down in her chair as well, her focus still on Eric. “I’m surprised someone doing OnlyFans just did a random hookup with you though. Not that I’m saying they *wouldn’t*, just that from what little I know random hookups could mean picking up like, a disease or something.”

“... Fuck,” Eric said. “I mean, we used a condom, but... fuck, I might have like gonorrhoea now or something!”

“Doubtful,” Gemma offered. “I mean, possible, but doubtful. And to be fair, you’d probably be more likely to have it from Lucy than this other chick.”

“Yikes,” you said. “Sounds like something else happened last night?”

“I’ll tell you later,” she said with a lopsided frown.

“OK,” you said. “Did you two talk to Becks on your way in?”

“She was busy,” Sabrina said.

“Alright. Then here’s the latest,” you said and then filled them in on the memo. The four of you had lots of guesses about what could be going on, and you could hear a lot of the associates that had come in earlier starting to gossip out in the halls. Big things were happening at the firm. Hopefully, they wouldn’t trickle down anymore and rain on your heads. You were, after all, just interns.

Chapter 426

The issue with everyone in the firm, from interns to Junior Partners, being interested in the latest news and gossip of what happened over the weekend was that you couldn't find a single fucking quiet corner to get a chance to talk with your girlfriends. You and Gemma tried the little staff kitchen area like you'd used before and there were three Associates in there who went quiet and just watched the two of you as you refilled your water bottles. You and Sabrina tried the stairwell and could hear people talking in hushed whispers one floor up.

You were starting to consider heading down into the basement, or down to see if Becks knew if one of the little meeting rooms was empty on the first floor, but that felt a little extreme. The next part of the Lucy saga could wait a few more hours.

Still, even though the four of you got to work early, there was still more than enough to do to keep you busy. Even with half the firm seemingly not getting their own hours in due to distraction. It was going on lunchtime when you sighed, sitting back from your computer and shaking your head. "Should we try to see if Garrison will come down and give us an update?" you asked.

"He might be *really* busy," Gemma said with a grimace. "Usually he at least pokes his head in here earlier than this."

In the end, the four of you decided to leave it and when lunchtime came around you all headed down, deciding you'd make the walk to the sub place together. You were putting in extra hours and figured with most of the office slacking off to gossip, you could squeeze out a few extra minutes if you got back a little late. Unfortunately, Eric coming along meant you still weren't finding time to talk personal stuff. You did, however, have time to check your messages without Eric being able to see your phone - you'd noticed that Tasha had sent you a picture, and broke into a grin when you saw it was her fresh out of the shower in her bathroom mirror. '*Missing your hands right now,*' she'd sent you with it, and she was smiling warmly along with her tits being gloriously bare.

You quickly sent back a kissing emoji and, '*Can't wait to get my hands all over you again.*' You then asked her when she was performing again because you, Gemma and Sabrina wanted to come to support her.

Sabrina, when you showed her the picture and messages, broke into a smile and winked at you.

Back at the office, you, Erica and Gemma got back to work while Sabrina pivoted to working on the Mock Trial. The four of you hadn't quite developed a rhythm to things, but the room definitely got a little more lively as Sabrina talked through what she was doing so the rest of you could stay up to date and give thoughts and suggestions. It slowed the rest of you down a touch since you were splitting your attention; thankfully your regular work was labour-intensive but not mentally stimulating, so managing it wasn't too hard.

It was almost 5 PM when a knock sounded on the open conference room door and you all looked up to see Garrison standing in the doorway. He looked tired and gruff, or at least more than usual, but his half-smile helped limit that a bit.

“How’s the day going?” he asked.

You gave him an update on the regular workflow, and then Sabrina gave him a quick update on the progress of the Mock Trial prep, including adding in that you’d gotten work done over the weekend. Garrison listened and nodded along but didn’t offer any commentary, and when Sabrina was finished he nodded again a little more curtly. “Alright, sounds like the day-to-day is in hand. Good work, folks,” he said, then walked more fully into the conference room and shut the door. “I assume you’re looking for updates?”

“I think the entire building is, sir,” Gemma said with a little smirk.

“Anyone been in here bothering you?” Garrison asked.

“Not a soul,” Sabrina said. “In fact, no one has even dropped off new work today.”

“Well, there will be more soon, I’m sure,” Garrison chuckled. “There’s always more paperwork. That’s good though - so you know, we had a staff meeting about an hour ago. Everyone but you folks have been informed that we had a breach of security over the weekend and that they needed to ensure that their files are always properly secured even in their offices. We also announced the ‘departure’ of one of the Senior Partners from the firm. I’ll let you read into that as you will.”

You exhaled heavily and could hear the others do so as well. Bellagamba was done. Gone.

“So where does that leave us with things, sir?” you asked.

“Well, as the biggest trouble-magnet group of interns I’ve ever met, let’s go through things,” Garrison said, pulling out a chair and sitting down. He started to count off on his fingers. “Eric, I’ve threatened the lawsuit over to ‘DeezChains’ lawyer. No response yet, but they may still offer a settlement. John and Gemma, you should be clear of any further harassment from them for good. He’s been bonded out but is still being charged with assault and etc. so I doubt he’ll be making any public appearances if he has a speck of brains in his skull. If someone from his entourage or something *does* approach you, either try and record it or get them to make you an offer in writing and say you’ll think about it. That’ll be tampering with witnesses and another charge.”

He took a breath, then looked over at Sabrina. “Lastly, Joy spent the weekend in lockup after going to the hospital on Friday night. From what I understand, her nose was broken and she may have fractured her orbital socket when she collided with the door jam. The DA isn’t going to

be pressing charges based on the circumstances, and I have it on good authority that neither Joy nor her Mother have been making things easier for themselves. That doesn't mean you're out of the woods though, Sabrina. They could still try and hit you with a lawsuit."

"Fuck," Sabrina grunted, then clicked her mouth shut. "Sorry, sir."

Garrison snorted softly and shook his head. "No need to apologise for an appropriate response. I've already cleared it with the rest of the Partners, if a suit is brought against you the firm will officially arrange your defence as long as you are willing to have us. You all catching Joy not once, but *twice* breaching our security is- well, you might be trouble magnets, but you're also problem sniffers. We had no idea she was such a rotten apple, and are still trying to make sure she hasn't done anything else."

With that, Garrison stood since none of you seemed to have any more questions. "Alright, back to work, folks," he said. "And, FYI, I heard some rumblings that there's going to be a lot of people putting in some overtime hours tonight to catch up on work - a whole pile of cases had to be reassigned. It sounds like there might be something of a pizza party in the break rooms tonight."

He left, and all four of you sighed again, looking at each other. It was a big day.

Chapter 427

“Holy shit,” Sabrina groaned as the three of you stepped out of the office building and onto the sidewalk. It was dark out - it seemed like most of the office had stuck around after hours, and the ‘pizza party’ had been heavily trafficked on both floors of the firm. People had finally started filtering out sometime around eight, and you and the interns had called it at nine even though there were still some associates and Partners left in the building.

Eric had left a little faster than the three of you and was gone, and without Becks around to stall you at the front since she’d finished work hours earlier you all headed for the bus stop while enjoying the cooling summer evening.

“It felt like today wouldn’t end,” Gemma agreed, grabbing your hand and Sabrina’s as you walked. “I feel like we deserve a day *off* tomorrow. We don’t get paid enough for thirteen-hour days.”

“I think we’re just extra tired from the weekend,” you said. “And, speaking of that, what the hell happened last night? I haven’t been able to ask for all thirteen of those damned hours.”

Gemma sighed heavily, shaking her head, and glanced at Sabrina.

“Well, shit kind of hit the fan when we reached Gemma’s place last night,” your brunette girlfriend said. “Becca and Charlotte hadn’t told us because they didn’t want to ruin our weekend, but Lucy was on a rampage after Saturday night. Apparently, the older guy wasn’t just a random date - Lucy signed up for a dating website that matches older guys with younger women and he was a potential Sugar Daddy.”

“No fucking way,” you said, your eyes going wide. Eric had been right!

“Way,” Gemma said. “Obviously, Becca and Charlotte weren’t as concerned about *that* as they were about Lucy being a super-cunt. Apparently, she tried to get into my room and they wouldn’t let her.”

“So when we got there, and Lucy was there, she started going off immediately,” Sabrina kept going with the story. “Gemma actually did a pretty good job of controlling herself for a while until Lucy started bad-mouthing you, and then Charlotte and I were holding her back.”

“I was seriously going to drag her by her hair and shove her face in the toilet,” Gemma grumbled.

“So then Becca gets in on things ‘cause she can tell Gemma is about to do things that break the Geneva Convention,” Sabrina said. “But Lucy has completely lost it and is rocketing off to the moon, she’s so pissed off. Then says something like, ‘You’re all filthy fucking dykes screwing each other and covering it up.’ And Becca sticks two fingers in her mouth and whistles so loud

the neighbours came by to complain. That shut up Lucy though, and Becca got really scary and ordered Lucy to go to her room and stay there. Lucy tried to argue, but Becca said something about Lucy using hate speech in her home. That seemed to finally wake Lucy up from her bullshit and she stomped back to her room and slammed the door like a teenager and it sounded like she was screaming into her pillows in there.”

“Fuck me,” you said, still shocked by everything.

“That’s the plan, love,” Gemma said with a little smirk. “As soon as we get to Sabrina’s.”

“I mean- Um, fuck,” you said. “I don’t even know what to ask.”

“Not much *to* ask,” Sabrina shrugged. “It was a shit show. Charlotte and Becca were on our side. Lucy doesn’t mean anything to any of us, and is a complete bitch, so whatever Becca and Charlotte decide about letting her keep living there or not is on her.”

You blew out a long breath, shaking your head. Lucy was really going off the rails, but then, how surprising was that really? She’d always been looking for more, or better, and had turned herself into a fairly horrible person to do it.

“I do have another update on something else,” Sabrina cut through your thoughts.

“You do?” Gemma asked.

“Yeah. I was messaging more with that OnlyFans model - who, just throwing it out there, is *not* the same woman Eric hooked up with. I double-checked because that would be weird. But anyway, we’re getting more friendly. She’s really sweet and super complimentary in a way that’s really genuine. Like she was talking about how she’s a fan of how we do our camera angles and lighting, and how genuine our connection feels on screen without even showing our eyes. She’s done a bunch of different kinds of content, but I went back through her releases and she hasn’t done any boy-girl stuff in almost a year, and I asked why that was. Turns out she used to film with her boyfriend, but they broke up, and we talked about that a bit and will probably more. Honestly, Gemma, her situation kinda sounds like yours with your Ex - lots of weird secrets on his part, and being controlling and hypocritical and just sort of an asshole at the end. So... I’m becoming friends with her, I guess is the too long, didn’t read version of things.”

“Are you good with that?” you asked. “Being friends with another model?”

“I think so,” Sabrina said. “I mean, I’m ‘friends’ with other models already in that we follow each other on social media and respond to each others’ tweets and stuff. This is the first time I’ve gone below the surface-level stuff with one of them though, and it’s all been in private messages.”

"I'm fine with it," Gemma said. "Honestly, the better you know her, the more I think I'd be comfortable if you two do end up collaborating somehow. If that even comes up. As long as it's within the rules."

"Only if John and I are both involved, no other guys, and if it happens before you go back home then you need to be there," Sabrina confirmed. "I know. I haven't spelled that out to her yet, but we haven't talked at all about anything like collabing yet. If it does come up, I want it to be more natural anyways - it feels weird to connect with her and then be like, 'Hey, come bang me and my boyfriend.'"

"As long as you're comfortable," you said, letting go of Gemma's hand so you could take Sabrina in your arms and hug her.

"Oh, I'm comfortable," Sabrina said with a little grin. "And she really is *super* hot. And her ass is like... wow. On par with how ridiculously perfect Tasha's tits are."

Gemma laughed, shaking her head. "I love you, Sabrina," she said, joining the hug.

"Love you too, baby," Sabrina said, giving Gemma a little kiss. "So... Do you guys want to watch some of her videos tonight?"

That one got you laughing, and thankfully the bus took another couple of minutes to arrive.

Chapter 428

The next day things seemed to be back to normal at the firm - you, Sabrina and Gemma did the coffee run together after sleeping over at Sabrina's. The night before you'd needed to put in some time with Sabrina on some OnlyFans stuff, planning out some more scenes to shoot so you were well ahead of the release schedule and then doing some editing work. She took on the video editing stuff while you had stepped into making the thumbnails after studying both what the big YouTubers as well as pornstars and other OF models were doing. Then, once all three of you were tucked in for the night, Sabrina had busted out her laptop and you'd watched FitNelli get herself off.

Sabrina had been right, she was very pretty if a little unconventional in her attractiveness, and she came across as super sweet in the video. She also had the most ridiculous ass you'd ever seen. It wasn't big, probably somewhere in between Gemma and Sabrina in terms of size, but it had to be some sort of genetic lottery that it was so perfectly formed. Each cheek was a perfect half-globe, with upper and lower cleavage, amazingly smooth skin and a firm bounciness. The three of you didn't have sex - instead, you teased each other and masturbated, enjoying watching each other as much as the porn, until you finally popped.

But that had all been the night before, and after doing the coffee run things in the office had settled. Eric arrived a few minutes before the start of the day, and you all got to work. Garrison checked in around nine, with no new updates for you all, and the day pushed on. You did notice that Sabrina was on her phone a little more than usual, but you were getting flirty texts from her and could tell Gemma was too, so she wasn't spending all her time communicating with her new friend.

The work day crawled on into the afternoon, and soon the day was officially over but you kept working as planned; you and Eric pushed on with the internship work while Gemma and Sabrina worked on the Mock Trial stuff. With only the back end of the week and the weekend to go, both of them were starting to feel the pressure of the case. You knew you would start feeling that too, probably once the weekend hit, but for the time being you and Eric were living on false confidence.

The 'mysterious dinner' that showed up was from a Jamaican restaurant, and while you weren't used to eating goat you warmed up to it quickly even if the flavour profile of the Caribbean dish was wildly different to you. It also made you wonder if Garrison was intentionally giving you something of an international tour of food, taking the chance to educate his young mentees in a secondary stream of knowledge and experience.

You didn't stay all that much longer after the dinner, however, as you were informed that you, Gemma and Sabrina had a date to get to. Eric decided to pack it up at the same time, and soon you were out on the street much like you had been the day previous, except it was earlier and the sun was still casting a golden orange hue across the city.

“So, a date?” you asked the girls once Eric had left.

“Mhmm,” Gemma said. “Just drinks, though.”

“I’m always glad to take you girls out,” you said. “But in our work outfits?”

“We’re going to a cocktail bar. Lots of finance guys and young business people go there after work,” Sabrina explained. “The ‘work hard, play harder’ types, so we’ll probably need to fend them off a bit but that just means we get to make you the real big dog in the room.”

“OK, sounds partially annoying and partially fun. Why are we going there, though?” you asked.

“Because we’re meeting Becks,” Gemma said. “And she’s coming back to your place with us tonight. We haven’t taken her on a proper date for a while and she definitely deserves it after Friday.”

You couldn’t argue with that logic, and you really did go to the bar that overcharged by about 200 per cent for their drinks, and all three of the girls really did make you feel like the king of the fucking jungle as they flirted with you and turned down all the guys who were confident enough to interrupt your conversation to ask to buy one of them a drink or try to pull them away into another conversation.

Then you took Becks home with you. She’d been to your place briefly before so she wasn’t surprised by anything, and you knew that since it was Tuesday Mosche would be at the Comedy Club on the south end of the city. It was smaller, and he went there to practise jokes he didn’t think were ready for the bigger club that he and Tasha frequented. Mosche being out meant you didn’t need to have an awkward interaction with him as three women came home with you.

The sex, as usual, was fantastic. Becks fit between the three of you perfectly, and while it didn’t get as raw and emotional as your weekend with Tasha, it was still intimate and loving and sexy. You did notice that Sabrina and Gemma brought up Tasha a few times, but you weren’t sure if they were just telling sexy stories to tease Becks or if they were trying to plant seeds of some sort. Part of you wondered if they were really going to try to hook the two women up, which seemed doomed to fail in your eyes.

The night went smoothly, and you fell asleep and then woke up with all three of them snuggled up with you, Sabrina assuming her favourite ‘third person’ snuggle position laying between your legs with your cock pressed to her chest and her head resting on your stomach.

Things stopped being as smooth when you all got up and Gemma headed for the washroom first but came back within moments.

“Mosche is out there,” she said in a loud whisper.

“Is he naked again?” you groaned.

“No, well, not entirely,” Gemma said. “But he has a, ah, guest.”

“Fuuuck,” you groaned. “Does she look Korean?”

Gemma nodded.

Mosche had his new chick over, and you had no idea if the girls would bite their tongues or not. Let alone what your poly relationship would spark in his guest.

Great. Just great.

Chapter 429

You thought you'd had awkward breakfasts before. Most of them had been at Gemma's place because of Lucy. Or because Mosche was being weird.

This one almost took them all down.

Iris, which turned out to be the real name of Mosche's 'new friend,' seemed like she was probably a nice, nerdy girl. Well-adjusted for the most part. Why she found Mosche attractive, you couldn't figure, but she'd slept over last night so she wasn't just flirting or leading him on or something.

She definitely wasn't prepared for the revelation that her new guy's roommate was in a polyamorous relationship and had a foursome the night before. And it didn't help that the girls weren't making it easy on Mosche.

Gemma, Sabrina and Becks were all wearing one of your t-shirts, no bras, and panties the only thing underneath. It was almost unfair in its overbearing feminine warfare - it was like they were staking a claim on... not Mosche, and not really the apartment. And you didn't need to be claimed from this girl.

You really didn't get it.

Still, while it was awkward, they didn't go hard on Mosche or on Iris. You were particularly worried about Sabrina after she'd been so mad at you for initially supporting Mosche in flirting with Iris, and how much effort she put into helping Tasha with the fallout caused by Mosche. But she was mostly silent.

After breakfast, Gemma and Becks went to the washroom to shower first together, while you and Sabrina retreated to your room.

"You OK?" you asked her.

She nodded, pulling you by your shirt towards the bed and you followed her back under the covers. Sabrina quickly snuggled up against you.

"Promise me that, if you ever feel worried that we might need to break up, you'll not just go quiet on me," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" you asked in surprise. "Sabrina, baby, I promise I'll never ghost you. And we might argue here or there but it's our communication that will mean we'll never feel the need to break up."

"You don't know that though, not for sure," she whispered. "You might end up deciding-"

“Deciding what?” you prompted her gently. You had your arms around her and were rubbing her outer thigh and back.

“You might decide, at some point, you don’t want a girl who does OnlyFans stuff,” she whispered.

“Oh, Sabrina,” you groaned softly, squeezing her tightly. “I’m doing it with you. I love you for all your wildness, and all your sweetness, and all your sexiness. It might not have been what I expected when I thought about what my next girlfriend would look like four months ago, or even when we first started at the firm together and we recognized each other from class, but you’re mine now and I never want that to change.”

She nodded, accepting what you said, though you knew it would be an ongoing struggle. A decision to try and live without that question in her mind. You stayed curled up in bed until Gemma and Becks returned - they’d both kept their hair up and out of the water and they made a show of dropping their towels and clothing as you and Sabrina went to take the next round of showers.

Going to work as a foursome made taking an Uber feel a lot more legitimate, and with Becks needing to be there earlier than the rest of you it was the right choice. That did mean, however, that once you’d said your goodbyes and snuck a little last kiss from Becks, it was back to work.

Wednesday was another long, slow day. You did get a chance to mention to Gemma that Sabrina had a bit of a rough morning, and the two of you carved out bits of time to text Sabrina sweet little things - your own mini-campaign to mimic what she’d organised for Tasha. She’d started to perk up by lunch, and by the time most of the office was empty things were back in the flow.

Well, they were until at 6 PM Gemma shut her laptop. “We’ve got a dinner date tonight,” she declared.

“We do?” you asked and then got hit with a feeling of *deja vu*.

“Eric, you’re free to stay or go as you please, but we’re meeting another couple and need to head out,” Gemma said.

He decided to stick around and wait for whatever the mystery dinner would be, while the three of you packed up and headed downstairs, bidding the security guard a good night.

“Alright,” you said once you were outside. “Two secret date nights in a row?”

“Well, it’s not like, *secret*,” Gemma said.

“We just didn’t share it with you so you could have some mild surprises,” Sabrina grinned.

“Are we meeting Tasha somewhere?” you asked.

“Nope,” Gemma grinned. “We’re meeting Becca and Charlotte. You, my love, need to remember that you have two very social girlfriends. And based on the way Becca has been talking about you, she’s practically humping the furniture at the idea of a threesome or foursome with us.”

“Which is exactly what your plan was,” you said.

Gemma smirked and shrugged a little.

“Come on, baby,” Sabrina said, looping her arm in yours. “It’s greasy spoon food at a bowling alley, it’s not that big a thing.”

“I wasn’t trying to make it a thing,” you pointed out. “I think you girls are, though. What’s the deal?”

“There’s no deal,” Gemma assured you. “It’s just dinner and bowling. And you need to flirt with Becca some more.”

“Just to keep her simmering,” Sabrina grinned.

“You two can be real evil sometimes,” you sighed, smirking a little but also mildly concerned.

“Don’t worry, love,” Gemma said. “We’ll only use our evil powers for good. Promise.”

“Hey, hold on,” Sabrina said. “I promise nothing. I’ll use my evil powers to flirt with chicks and get them into your bed all I can.”

“I love you both, but you’re crazy,” you said.

“Damn straight,” Gemma grinned.

Chapter 430

Rolling out of bed, you groaned a little as you sat up and blinked, then grinned as Gemma reached over and took your hand.

"It's too early," she groaned.

"Not if I'm going to make you breakfast, love," you said, leaning back over and kissing the corner of her lips. She hadn't even opened her eyes yet.

"Fiiine," she groaned softly. "Set my alarm for five more minutes."

You smirked a little and did that for her, kissing her fingers before letting go of her hand. Then you got up and stretched, feeling your shoulders and neck ache a little. Last night had been... energetic.

Finding a pair of your shorts, you slipped them on without bothering with underwear and headed out and across the hall from Gemma's room to the washroom. It had been a calculated risk, coming back to Gemma's after the night of bowling with Becca and Charlotte. Sabrina didn't have any fresh outfits left at Gemma's and had needed to make a call home that evening anyway, so she'd gone back to her place solo while you, Gemma, Becca and Charlotte had flirted your way back to theirs.

The bathroom was unoccupied so you relieved yourself quickly and then splashed some water on your face. You and Gemma had showered after the sex last night, so you weren't feeling gross, but the cold water still helped wake you up a bit more. From there you washed your hands and then headed towards the kitchen to start looking to make breakfast, but when you got there you found Becca already started, a frying pan on the stovetop and a carton of eggs out.

"Morning," you said with a smirk as you walked in.

She glanced back over her shoulder at you and smirked right back. She was wearing panties and an apron and that was it. The look of her bare back was sexy, and her nicely toned legs and ass looked very grabbable.

"Morning, stud," she said. "Sounds like you put in the good work last night."

"Sounded like you were doing the same," you said with a grin. "What was it you were calling Charlotte last night? Love-slave?"

Becca snorted and shook her head as she turned back to the first round of scrambled eggs she was frying. "Yeah, she was in a pretty subby mood last night after all the flirting. But then, you were calling Gemma your 'anal queen' so that isn't much better."

“To be fair,” you said. “I only had a couple of fingers in there.”

“Good to know,” Becca laughed.

You’d waited long enough, joking and chatting, ignoring what you wanted to do. So you got closer to her, easing up right behind her and softly running the fingertips of both your hands from the back of her bare thighs and up her panty-clad ass, then up her sides. She groaned, leaning back against you, and you took the invitation to slide your hands behind her apron and grab her tits. That just made her groan again as she breathed deeply, pressing them up at your hands.

“Naughty boy,” she sighed out.

“Shush,” you said softly, right next to her ear before kissing it. “You knew exactly what you were doing, dressing like this.”

“I did,” she smirked. “You were flirting with me all fucking night last night but didn’t grope me once.”

“It felt wrong to do right in front of Charlotte,” you said. “Whether you were OK with it or not. I’m not looking to blow her up.” You had found Becca’s nipples and were rolling them between your fingers, tugging on them lightly.

“That’s fair,” Becca groaned. “The flirting definitely got her in the mood, but I’m not sure you grabbing my tits in the middle of a bowling alley would have helped with that.”

“Probably not,” you growled softly, letting go of one of her breasts and sliding your hand down her stomach.

“Is that still groping?” she asked.

“Are you asking me to stop?” you asked back.

She shook her head and your fingers trailed down under the waistband of her panties, through her sparse bush, finding the little nub of her clit hood and then her labia. “Fuck,” she exhaled, rotating her hips a little to alternately press her ass back against your hard cock in your shorts and your fingers on her. She wasn’t super wet, but she was a little slick, and you teased her a little as you kissed and nibbled on her ear.

“Having fun, I see,” Gemma said as she came into the kitchen. She was wearing one of your T-shirts, no bra underneath, and just a pair of panties herself.

“He’s playing dirty,” Becca grumbled with a smirk.

“He can play dirtier,” Gemma said, coming right up and bending her chin up for a kiss that you gave her. Then she reached between you and pulled down Becca’s panties to her knees before sliding your shorts down and taking out your cock. She pressed your cock against Becca’s cheeks. “Use her cheeks and thighs, love,” she said. “No penetration though.”

“Oh, you *cunt*,” Becca laughed.

Gemma leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “Perfect usage, babe,” she chuckled.

You, meanwhile, started humping your cock between Becca’s cheeks as she tried to focus on cooking. She pressed her ass back against you and even twerked it a little, shooting you grins over her shoulder as you switched up where you were holding her. Sometimes by the hips, sometimes the waist, and sometimes her tits.

Eventually, you needed a bit more stimulation and you scooped your hips lower, pressing your cock between Becca’s thighs. That made her groan as your cock pressed against her outer labia. Gemma, who had been helping get breakfast together around the two of you, snorted softly and winked at you.

Breakfast, unfortunately, was ready before you popped. Gemma wasn’t going to leave you in need, however, and she braced her hands against the table and arched her back as she pushed down her own panties. “Come finish in me, love,” she said. “Becca got you nice and warmed up for me.”

“Bitch!” Becca sighed, half in frustration and half in amusement.

You walked your hard cock over to Gemma and it only took a moment for you to press your cock into her, both of you moaning in pleasure. You were close enough that it only took you a couple of minutes slow-stroking into your girlfriend that you popped, your balls aching and your cock shuddering rhythmically as you pumped your load into her pussy.

Becca, who had been sitting in her chair at the table and fingering herself as she watched, hadn’t quite gotten there herself.

“You have two options,” Gemma said as you pulled out of her, panting from your orgasm. “You can either eat your breakfast, or you can lick his taste out of my pussy while you finger yourself.”

Becca’s jaw dropped open a little, and you were pretty sure you knew what her answer would be, but the sound of Charlotte opening their door down the hall cut the sexual tension. Both of them pulled up their panties, and you pulled up your shorts, wincing at the fact that you hadn’t had a chance to clean yourself off at all.

None of you wanted to rub what was happening in Charlotte's face even if she and Becca weren't dating or exclusive.

Chapter 431

“You guys are so fucking mean,” Sabrina giggled.

Even with the sit-down breakfast, you and Gemma made it into the office relatively early and Sabrina was right on your heels. Without Eric there, or anyone else in your part of the office, you’d been able to give Sabrina a proper good morning kiss and then fill her in on what she’d missed since last night.

“Becca was pretty much humping her chair as we were eating, and dragged Charlotte back to their room afterwards,” Gemma chuckled. “The other side of things, though - I think we’ve entered a Cold War with Lucy. She knew we were all there last night, but didn’t start any shit. I’m pretty sure she locked herself in her room all night.”

“What a baby,” Sabrina sighed.

“Better that than a raging bitchmonster,” you said. “I would be perfectly happy with the Cold War lasting until you leave, Gemma. We should probably try not to antagonise her, yeah?”

Gemma made a face. She was the one who was the most pissed at Lucy after whatever it was she’d said about you during their last fight - neither Sabrina nor Gemma was telling you *what* it was, but apparently it was bad.

“Gemma,” you said. “No sparking World War Three. Or fighting proxy wars.”

“What if I just do *one* proxy war,” Gemma said, then smirked a little.

You rolled your eyes, but couldn’t continue the conversation because Eric came in with his arms stacked with the morning coffee orders. It was a particularly big one so you went to help him disperse the drinks. Thursday started out pretty much the same as the last few days - the four of you tried to slam through as much work as possible in the queue so that Sabrina could pivot to the Mock Trial prep. The four of you were supposed to make your case on Monday, so you only really had four days left.

After a fast lunch from the bodega down on the first floor, the four of you were just easing back into work when Garrison came and made his second appearance of the day, having checked in quickly earlier.

“Eric, come down to my office,” was all he said.

Eric shot the three of you a worried look before getting up and nervously leaving the conference room.

“Guesses?” you asked Gemma and Sabrina.

“Worst case is he’s fired,” Sabrina said. “Or suspended or something if it’s bad but not that bad.”

“Or his podcast appearances last weekend have caused more trouble,” Gemma guessed.

“Or maybe they spawned a completely new problem,” you added on. “I mean, he got to ‘maybe seeing’ that one producer girl and also hooked up with that model. Maybe someone is trying to make a case against him for something he didn’t do?”

Sabrina and Gemma both sighed, shaking their heads almost in unison, which made you smile.

“Hopefully not,” Gemma said.

Eric was gone for about thirty minutes before he came back, and his grin looked like it had been stapled onto his face, it was so big.

“So,” you said, raising an eyebrow after glancing at your girlfriends. “What was that about?”

“I cannot legally talk about how I just made \$100,000,” Eric said. “Minus legal expenses.”

“Holy shit, he settled for that much?” Sabrina asked.

“I cannot legally talk about how I just made \$100,000,” Eric repeated himself, his grin somehow getting even bigger as he sat down at his spot at the table.

“So there’s an NDA,” you guessed. “Which bars you from talking about the settlement or probably anything else with the matter, but they can’t stop you from talking about your own finances.”

“I cannot legally talk about how I just made \$100,000,” Eric said again.

“So are you bailing on us for the rest of the summer?” Gemma asked. “Because that’ll really screw up our Mock Trial plans.”

“No, no,” Eric said, shaking his head. “The money is great and is going to help pay for law school without needing as much in student loans, but it’s not fucking retirement money or anything. I still need to do the internship and everything.”

“Good for you,” you said. “And also fuck you for taking that punch.”

Eric laughed, shooting you a grin, and you rolled your eyes and shook your head. The money would have been nice, but not getting punched in the face *and* knowing that Eric was so loyal even if you weren’t close were both wins, too.

The four of you got back to work, though Eric *did* slow down his pace as he was celebrating by texting with his parents and, you presumed, spreading the word by *not* spreading the word to his contacts. The afternoon dragged on and Sabrina got Eric back on track by looping him into the Mock Trial prep instead of the regular intern work - the case was starting to really take shape. You had been informed that certain associates from both your firm and the other one would be acting as witnesses, working from scripts, so you had to submit witness lists for the trial based on the deposition files that were in the case package. Then there were the motions that needed preparing, opening statements to write and practice, and outlines for potential closing statements that could be adapted on the fly. Not to mention the actual presentation of the case.

Dinner that night was Polish food, hearty and full of carbs and meat - pretty much everything was 'food item wrapped around *meat!*' It was all delicious though, and you ended up working straight through until 9 PM.

That was when Gemma closed her laptop and looked across the table at you with a smile.

"Again?" you asked.

"It's not a date this time," she said, grinning at you and then at Sabrina. "We just need to go support someone."

"Oh," you said. "Tasha and Mosche are both supposed to be at the Comedy Club tonight."

"You guys are going to a comedy club?" Eric asked, perking up a little. "Can I come?"

"Almost any other night, we'd probably say yes, Eric," Sabrina said. "But tonight there might be a *lot* of drama for a couple of our friends. Maybe next week?"

Eric shrugged. "I mean, I'm all for drama if it means I can get punched in the face again."

You snorted, shaking your head. "Well, that could actually happen depending on which comics are there," you said, thinking of 'the Bull Dyke' interacting with Eric. "But no one there will have the sort of money to be able to make a settlement, so it wouldn't be worth it."

Chapter 432

You ended up arriving late for the start of the open mic, so you weren't sure exactly what had or hadn't happened beforehand. You also knew that all the comics who weren't on stage or about to be on stage usually hung out at the back of the club at the tables at the far end of the bar, so you could probably find either Mosche or Tasha there, but you also didn't know where in the order they might be going up so you didn't want to distract them from their mental prep for their sets.

Then there was the issue of some of the comics still potentially holding grudges against you and Gemma.

You ended up trying to split the difference and, once you, Gemma and Sabrina were inside the club you texted both Tasha and Mosche that you were there and were at the bar. The only way that could really go wrong was if they both came to meet you at the same time, and the chances of that were probably slim.

Probably.

You ordered drinks for the three of you, just beers since the club really overpriced their cocktails, and Sabrina hopped up on a stool as you stood on one side of her and Gemma stood on the other.

"Want to make bets on which of them comes to find us first?" Sabrina asked.

"I'm thinking Mosche," you said. "He'll still be dealing with being ostracised by the other comics so he's probably alone."

"You say that, but Tasha is dealing with that shit too," Gemma said. "How many of the male comics probably think they can get their mitts on her now?"

That thought made you groan and sneer a little at the thought, which then made you pause because Tasha wasn't yours to be jealous over.

"It's OK, baby," Sabrina said, grabbing your hand. "You can be protective of her without feeling guilty."

You took in a breath and let it out slowly, then took a sip of beer. "I'm just trying to make sure I'm not getting jealous over her," you admitted.

"Oh, you can be jealous over her too," Gemma said. "Be protective and jealous until she's in a place where she wants to find her person. She needs someone to be that way for her."

"Really?" you asked.

“Isn’t that sort of a bad look? And kind of like bringing her closer into *us*?”

Sabrina sighed and squeezed your hand. “On Tuesday, if Becks had liked the look of a guy and ended up going home with him instead of us, would you have been jealous?”

You opened your mouth, wanting to say no, but it wasn’t the truth.

“It’s OK to be jealous and protective of women who we’re sleeping with, John,” Sabrina said. “As long as it’s *healthy*, I don’t think Gemma or I will have a problem with it. You make emotional connections with them when you have the sort of sex we do, and that’s OK. Even romantic ones. The line is blurry, but we’ll know it’s a problem when we see it.”

“Are you sure you’re OK with this too?” you asked Gemma. She was the one who had the past with a fiance with wandering eyes, hands and heart.

“For Becks and Tasha?” Gemma asked. “Absolutely. Mallory is a different story considering she’s married and all - you can’t exactly get protective or jealous over her, and that wouldn’t be healthy. Same with Becca. You can’t get jealous of her being with Charlotte. But Becks and Tasha are our fuck-buddies, which means they are friends that we care about *and* that we have sex. That’s deeper and a lot more intimate than most friendships. So yeah, I’m fine with it, love.”

“Thanks for spelling it out for me,” you said, smirking just a little.

“Communication, baby,” Sabrina grinned, leaning in to give you a peck on the lips.

Your conversation was interrupted as Tasha came out from around the far end of the bar, looking towards the stage briefly before spotting you guys and coming over with a smile. Gemma met her first, pulling the comedian into a hug, and Sabrina slipped down from her stool and hugged her as well. You were last and you pulled her into a bear hug as you groaned softly. “God, I’d love to kiss you right now,” you whispered to her.

“Fuck,” she sighed. “You can. A small one, just friendly.”

You let her go and leaned in, giving her a quick, split-second kiss that put a smile on her lips as she looked up into your eyes. “Hi, guys,” she said, turning to Sabrina and Gemma.

“We’re here to support you,” Gemma said, looping her arm with Tasha’s. “You haven’t gone on yet, right? We got here a little late from work.”

“No, I’m after the intermission,” Tasha said.

“Is everything going OK?” Sabrina asked. “Any problems?”

Tasha gave a small grimace. "A couple of guys have made passes at me, and I'm expecting a few more before the night is through as they get liquored up. No one's crossed a line yet but I'm worried that they might and then it'll be a problem. And Mosche is here with some Asian girl. Is that who he was seeing while ghosting me?"

"Yes," Gemma said. "Though like I texted you, we had breakfast with her that one morning and it was awkward but she seems sweet. I don't think she was doing anything on purpose, it's all on Mosche."

Sabrina had glanced at you, accepting your silent acknowledgement that she and Gemma had been right about the Tasha Bring Hit On issue. Now she looked back at the dirty blonde woman. "What do you want from us support-wise? We're here to cheer you on, but if you need a safe spot to not be hit on, we can be that too."

"Really?" Tasha smirked. "Because I feel like I'll get hit on way more with you three than from the guys."

"That might be true," Gemma grinned. "But you'll know we mean it in the best way possible."

Tasha laughed, which was good to hear, and you moved around to slide your arm across her shoulder and give her a side hug without pulling her from Gemma. "The last thing we want is you to feel uncomfortable, from anyone else *or* us," you said. "Sabrina is right, just tell us what's the best way to support you tonight. You've got us for anything you need."

Tasha smiled up at you again, the look in her eyes thankful and sweet. "Cheer and laugh for me," she said. "I don't mind if you clap for Mosche too, I know he's still your roommate. I might hang out with you during intermission too. And have a beer waiting for me after my set so I can just do a little check-in with the other comics and then come over here since you'll have a drink waiting for me."

"Done and done," you said.

"Anything else?" Gemma asked.

"Take me home tonight?" Tasha asked, blushing a little.

"Just ride with you, or *ride* with you?" Sabrina asked.

Tasha bit her lip, looking at each of you slowly in turn. "*Ride* with me, if you want?"

"We want," you assured her. "If you want, we very much want."

Gemma smiled warmly. "Careful, Tash," she said. "John sounds like he might go full caveman, throw you over his shoulder and carry you out of here to find his cave."

“I might just be willing for that to happen,” Tasha grinned. “Thanks, guys.”

Chapter 433

Mosche went up first.

To be fair, the crowd inside the main area near the stage gave him about as much applause as they gave any other comic. You went and stood at the edge of the bar area, under the dimmed-but-not-blacked-out lights, and clapped for him just in case he could see you at the back. He didn't seem to notice you, but maybe he was just being professional.

The issue for him was that, pretty much as soon as he mounted the stage, you could tell he was even more nervous than usual. It had to be because Iris was in the crowd, maybe seeing his act for the first time. When he was dating Tasha he had someone who understood that a bad set, or even a full-on bombing, was part of the process. Having a bad night didn't mean you *were* bad.

You had no fucking clue about Iris's knowledge of stand-up comedy, and unless she'd been willing to sit through Mosche's various rants and monologues about the art form... Well, it was entirely possible that a bad performance would cast a shade over their burgeoning relationship.

The good news was that Mosche opened his act with a couple of his stronger jokes, which got some chuckles from the crowd if not full-bellied laughter. You took that opportunity to back off back to the bar, rejoining Gemma and Sabrina. Tasha had slipped back around to the Comics hangout area since part of the whole thing was seeing and being seen by the comics that were doing better. Comedy was, after a certain minimum bar for skill and execution, about contacts. Experienced comics giving younger comics not just advice, but potentially even jobs whether it was opening for them on tour, following them into writer's rooms for television, or even writing jokes for them.

"Can I be honest?" Sabrina asked you quietly as you re-joined your girlfriends.

"Always, obviously," you said, sliding an arm around her as she sat on the bar stool.

"I don't hate Mosche," Sabrina said. "And I'm not, like, asking you to abandon him to the wolves or whatever. But... he went from being your weird-but-likeable roommate to giving me the major lck really fast. Like, I don't want to *want* to be mean to him, but after being so fucking destructive to Tasha through his social incompetence and insecurities..."

"You feel bad for disliking him so hard, after trying to be friends with him," Gemma filled in.

"Yes," Sabrina sighed. "Exactly."

"I know," you said. "On the one hand, I know everything that happened with Tasha is *bad*. But on the other hand, up to that point, I'd always thought he was sort of a funny chapter in my life that I'd be telling stories about down the road. I didn't think we'd stay in contact, but I also thought if I

ever ran into him sometime, or if he really did get famous and went on tour or something, I would want to grab a beer with him. And he's still *that* guy, but with his body weight in baggage."

"I think you're both being too soft on him," Gemma said, then held up her hands defensively. "I'm not saying we should go out of our way to attack him or whatever, or make his life miserable, but he's facing the consequences of his actions. I mean, seriously - he was reacting to ghosts. Tasha has been pretty explicit with us that she *wasn't* giving him any signals about wanting to sleep with or fuck anyone else until he made it sound like *he* wanted it. And then he made assumptions about what she was doing when it was just normal stuff, but he thought it was her throwing herself at person after person. I don't think he's mature enough to handle any sort of serious relationship, including strong friendships."

"Harsh," you said.

"Doesn't make it not true though," Sabrina said.

Mosche, on stage, had transitioned out of his act and for some fucking reason had decided to practice his crowd work. You had to admit that he had the gumption to do it, but crowdwork was very much his worst comedic skill. He had lost the laughter of the crowd, and you could hear the groans starting to mount.

"I think, in a year or so, he's going to look back at this summer and have major regrets," you said. "Those are the real consequences of his actions. And we don't need to pile on him to make that any less potent. So I think we just let things lay where they fell. Gemma leaves in two weeks, and Sabrina and I go back to school in three. That's not a long time that we need to put up with him and whatever happens with Iris, right?"

"You know, sometimes it annoys me that you're the most reasonable person in our trio?" Sabrina asked.

"Wait, do you think you're second-most reasonable?" Gemma asked in surprise.

"I mean, I don't use *cunt* in my non-sexual lexicon," Sabrina said.

"That is an attack on my country and I won't stand for it," Gemma snorted and laughed.

"I'm also not the one going *back* to live in the land where everything wants to kill you," Sabrina pointed out.

"Not *everything*," Gemma countered. "Just, like, most things."

You rolled your eyes and leaned in, kissing Sabrina on the side of her head and then slipping around her to give Gemma a kiss on the forehead. "Can we just agree that, as I am the most

reasonable by a mile, I can veto any major revenge moves when any of us are angry at someone?”

“A *mile*?” Gemma asked. “Do you hear this, Sabrina? He says he’s more reasonable by a *mile*.”

“Maybe a yard,” Sabrina said. “Or a foot.”

“Definitely not a mile,” Gemma said.

You rolled your eyes and started clapping as the host for the Open Mic cut into Mosche’s time a little to get him off the stage. It hadn’t been awful, but it hadn’t been good either. You were pretty interested to see what Iris thought.

Chapter 434

When intermission started the bar area flooded as people from the stage area came to order drinks if they hadn't been able to flag down a waitress and to stretch their legs or hop outside for a smoke break. With only ten minutes to accomplish those things, the area became crowded quickly.

That didn't stop you or Mosche from being able to spot each other though, and he broke into a smile as he made his way out of the stage area.

"Hey you guys," he said as he squeezed through the crowd, his hand clamped on Iris's as she followed him looking just a little lost. When she saw who he was talking to she brightened a little at recognizing someone, but there was also that lingering awkwardness from breakfast earlier in the week. "I didn't think you would come tonight. Thank you!"

"Hey, Mosche," Gemma said a little coolly.

"Hi, Mosche," Sabrina said, projecting a little more warmth even if she wasn't quite comfortable with him. "Hi, Iris."

"Hi," the younger Korean woman said. She was dressed up in a cute summer dress and had a big black X marked on the back of her hand. Being only 19, you assumed that Mosche had helped her get into the comedy club and the X was marking her as not being able to drink.

"How did you like Mosche's set?" you asked her.

"Um, it was fun," Iris said, biting the corner of her lip a little.

"That's exactly what I was going for!" Mosche grinned. "'Fun' is like, a really good spot to be in. There are so many other comics here that want to be edgy, I thought 'fun' would be a nice change of pace."

You felt bad. Iris was obviously trying not to upset him by speaking her mind, and Mosche was obviously oblivious to that fact.

"So..." Sabrina said, trying to find something else to talk about. "Is that weirdo lesbian comic here tonight? I'm not looking to get into a fistfight."

"Julie?" Mosche asked. "Um, I'm not sure. I wanted to sit with Iris so I haven't really seen the other comics tonight unless they've been up on stage."

Again, you felt bad because you had a feeling that wasn't the only reason Mosche was avoiding his fellow comics. Tasha had torn him a new one publicly one week ago, maybe a little unfairly

by making it so public. He had to be worried about the jokes that were being made at his expense.

"I need to go to the washroom," Gemma suddenly said and looked at Sabrina. "Come with?"

"Sure," Sabrina said, then hesitated but turned to Iris and raised her eyebrows in a silent offer.

"I'll come too," Iris said, shooting Mosche a little smile before letting go of his hand and the three of them started weaving their way through the crowd.

"Um," Mosche said. "They aren't going to, like... Are they still mad at me?"

"Disappointed. Frustrated. Gassed out a little," you said. "I don't think they'll be vindictive, Mosche, and try to turn Iris against you or anything. But they are definitely on Team Tasha after everything that happened, and after finding out how much you hid about the situation to begin with."

Mosche grimaced, looking down like a little kid who had just discovered what it meant to feel guilty. "Yeah, I kinda fucked up."

"You kinda fucked up big time," you clarified.

"Are you on her side, too?" Mosche asked.

That one made you groan inside your head and let out a breath. "Mosche, I'm your roommate and your buddy," you said. "I'm not going to hold it over your head or anything, or try to keep reminding you of what happened to punish you. But you really, really fucked up, so when it comes to everything that happened I'm on Team Tasha. The girls and I are still friends with her, and I'm not going to try and get you two in the same place or anything, but that's just the reality of the situation. She doesn't deserve to lose friends because of what you made happen."

His guilt turned a little to petulance for a moment, but he took in a breath and seemed to exhale it out. "OK," he said. "That's fair I guess."

"Now I've got a question for you," you said. "What were you thinking doing crowd work when you were trying to impress your new girlfriend?"

"I thought it went pretty well," Mosche said.

"It flopped, my dude," you said. "You know your bits are better than your improv."

"Well, I've been practising and I thought I'd gotten better," Mosche said. "It wasn't, like, *that* bad."

“It wasn’t that great either,” you pointed out.

It took another ten minutes, and the open mic show had started up again, for the girls to come back, complaining about the line for the washroom. Iris grabbed Mosche’s hand, saying she wanted to head back to their table, and he followed her with a thankful look over his shoulder at you.

“Took it easy on him, huh?” Sabrina asked as you offered her a hand to hop back up on her stool.

“Not really,” you said. “He straight up asked whether you guys were still pissed and I told him you weren’t pissed, but you were a lot of other negative things. And that we were all on Team Tasha when it came to what went down.”

“So what was that look then?” Gemma asked.

“That was him being thankful that I can be normal with him despite that,” you said and snorted softly at the look they both gave you. “I compartmentalised.”

“Maybe you *should* be a criminal defence lawyer,” Gemma said. “That’s a good skill to have when you know the person did something fucking awful, but you still need to give them a proper legal defence.”

“Maybe,” you sighed. You hadn’t really thought about your eventual legal speciality based on your personality, you’d always thought about it in terms of what might interest you.

The second comic was already up on stage, and Tasha came out from the back area over to you all at the bar. “I’m up next,” she said as she joined you.

“Break a leg, gorgeous,” Sabrina said, shooting her a smile.

“Your hair looks fantastic, your tits look incredible and you’re the funniest person here,” Gemma encouraged.

Tasha flipped her hair with her fingers as she grinned and blushed just a little. “Well, thank you,” she said. Then she turned to you. “Kiss for luck?”

You leaned in and planted one on her - short and sweet, no tongue so that if anyone was watching you there wouldn’t be more rumours about her. “Smash it, sexy,” you said quietly as you pulled away from her lips.

“That’s all I needed to hear,” she grinned and then headed into the dark of the stage area to wait for her introduction.

Chapter 435

Tasha was kind to Mosche. Not in saying anything nice, but in not saying anything at all. She knew he was there in the dark with his new romantic interest and she didn't say a single thing about him, or the previous months of dating, or what she'd done with you and Sabrina and Gemma. She could have torn him to shreds. She could have eviscerated him with her words, turned the crowd and Iris against him.

So she was kind, not doing that.

And you knew that Mosche, with all of his neuroticisms and poor social judgement, would probably make the wrong assumptions and think that maybe they were OK or something. You could even see him trying to introduce Iris to her after the show, or something equally dumb.

Tasha was on fire, though. You had to guess that she was channelling her frustration with everything into her act. She had you grinning and chuckling, and both Sabrina and Gemma giggling, throughout her ten minutes on the stage. The one shot she *did* take at Mosche was doing some crowd work that actually got laughs as she went back and forth with a trio of middle-aged women a few times about the depressing state of the women's bathroom in the club and the long lines. That had Gemma and Sabrina almost tearing up, they were laughing so much, even if it went over your head.

You ordered a fresh beer for Tasha about two-thirds of the way through her set, and as she dismounted the stage to raucous applause she emerged from the dark with a big grin on her face. Making a show of lifting the beer up to her, she held out a hand with a finger up, asking you to wait a minute, and went back around the bar to the tables where the other comics were. There was some clapping and loud encouragement from back there, but a minute later Tasha came back around to you. She grabbed the beer from your hand, took a long drink of it, then lowered it and shuddered as she swallowed. Her smile was a lot dimmer.

"What happened?" you asked in concern.

"Exactly what I thought would happen," she said. "Dogs being dogs. Two different guys tried to make passes at me when I sat down. I got out of there as soon as I could."

"I'm sorry, babe," Sabrina said, rubbing her back. Tasha was dressed in all black, though her blouse had some silver accents and her heavily distressed jeans had white all through the distressing. If she'd had on a dress you were sure that Sabrina would have been getting handsy with any bare skin.

"You should say something to the manager or something," Gemma said. "You have a right not to get harassed."

Tasha sighed and shook her head. "I'm getting pretty good, but I'm not 'kick other comics out' good," she said. "And if he kicked out every scummy guy who wanted to get into comedy there'd only be a handful left. Comics have shitty filters by trade, and it's something I'll be dealing with for a long time. What I *do* need is to finish my drink."

"And then get some dick from John," Sabrina said, thankfully quietly, but with a pretty little naughty grin.

Tasha snorted and then laughed, then looked at you and nodded.

"Can't wait," you said, trying to use your eyes to tell her how much you wanted her, too.

The four of you chatted a bit and listened to some of the other comics. Tasha gave you some insight into the various ups and downs they were going through; who was on the rise, who had been stagnant at the same level of popularity for years. Who was going to quit soon.

When Julie the 'Bull Dyke' came strutting out of the back area and spotted the four of you, scowling deeply, you decided it was probably time to call it a night. "Do you need to stick around at all?" you asked, hooking a finger into Tasha's belt loop and tugging on it lightly as you gave her a look.

"Scared of Julie?" Tasha asked you with a grin.

"Nope," you said. "Just at Gemma making her so mad she has a heart attack."

"I'm not- OK, maybe I would brag about that one in the future," Gemma said, making you all chuckle.

"Then take me home, John," Tasha said, licking her lips suggestively. "So that you and your girlfriends can have your way with me."

"Ooh, I like the sound of that," Sabrina said, hopping down from her stool and looping her arm with Tasha's. "Do we *all* get to have our way with you?"

Tasha bit her lip and grinned, glancing behind the bar to make sure the two bartenders weren't listening in. "Maybe," she said. "I think I want to be told what to do tonight."

"That, we can definitely do," Gemma said, looping her arm through Tasha's other one. "Though I think the big question is - if we're having our way with you, is your ass on the line? Because I know John *loved* making love to that booty."

Tasha flushed a little, looking at you again. "Is that what you want?"

“Very much,” you said, giving her a wink. “But only after you’ve come at least... three or four times and you’re *super* relaxed.”

Tasha groaned, deep in her chest. “Fuck, I think I just flooded my panties,” she laughed. “You guys are *dangerous*.”

“I’ll order an Uber,” Sabrina said, taking out her phone. “Unless you want to go have a little fun in the bathroom first? Take the edge off?”

Tasha seriously hesitated, considering it, before shaking her head. “Take me to your place,” she said. “I’m more than ready to have another night with you guys. But, uh, am I good to stay over again?”

“Absolutely,” Sabrina assured her even while she was ordering up the ride. “Though we have work early tomorrow, so we’ll be up early and having breakfast.”

“That’s OK,” Tasha smiled. “After last week I think I owe some help in the kitchen anyway.”

You managed to keep your hands off of Tasha until your ride was almost at the club and you left out the front. Then, before getting into the car, you couldn’t help yourself and you stood behind her, sliding your hands into the back pockets of her jeans. She hummed and leaned back against you, looking up and grinning.

“Thanks for coming tonight,” she said. “It really does mean a lot.”

“Happy to,” you assured her. “And that doesn’t need to lead to *this*. You know that, right?”

“I know,” she said. “I just really want more of *this*.”

“Good,” you said. “So do we.”

Chapter 436

“Fuck yes, John,” Gemma groaned softly. You were on top of her as she was face-down on the bed, the covers still over the two of you. She was pressing her ass back and up at you while you worked your hips, stirring your cock in her. Her head was sideways on the pillow, her long blonde hair a thick and wild cascade around her, and you had her hands in yours under the pillow.

“God, I love you, Gemma,” you moaned.

“Love you too, love,” she gasped.

“Alright you two,” Tasha said as she came into Sabrina’s bedroom. She was only wearing panties, her amazingly perfect tits bouncing with each step. “Sabrina says if you don’t finish up and don’t come out for breakfast, she’s going to come in here and *make* you finish. I’m not sure what her plan is, but it sounded like a threat and not a promise.”

“M’kay,” Gemma moaned, flipping her head the other way so she could see Tash. “Come here?”

Tasha came to the side of the bed and Gemma let go of your hand, bringing hers out from under the pillow and reaching towards the other blonde. Tash played along, letting Gemma pull her closer until they were kissing. Then Gemma pulled her in a little closer and whispered something to her right in her ear. It made Tasha grin and then chuckle as she glanced at you.

Once she was freed from Gemma’s grip, Tasha stood up and pulled the covers off of you and Gemma, and then wriggled out of her panties. “Sit up more, John,” she said. You did, and Tasha climbed up on the bed and flung her leg over Gemma’s back, straddling her and facing you. She shuffled a little closer until her tits were pressed to your chest, and she took your hands and brought one around her to her ass and the other down to feel at her pussy. “Gemma says if you’re going to finish quickly, you’re too used to having two women in bed with you so you need inspiration.”

“Fuck me hard, love,” Gemma said. “And see if you can get Tash off too.”

You did your best, using your hips to start thrusting into Gemma as you began to finger both of Tasha’s holes while making out with her.

Gemma was right, you *were* getting used to two women in bed with you at a time. At *least* two. You loved making love, or having nasty sex, with each of your girlfriends individually but over the course of the summer your natural stamina had definitely lengthened. Having Tasha in your arms, splitting your attention between what you and Gemma were doing, and what you were doing with your guest, helped make the experience heighten.

You came first, groaning as you pushed your cock into Gemma as deep as you could and pumped her full of cum. Tasha was the one who went off second, one of your fingers in her ass as you grabbed her butt cheek firmly and three fingers in her pussy. It wasn't one of the massive ones you and the girls had continued to learn how to get out of her, but she hummed happily through it.

Gemma was last and didn't come from the fucking and instead from when you pulled out of her, flipped her onto her back and dove down to kiss her and maul her tits as Tasha went in to taste the cum slowly oozing out of her.

"Are you three done yet or not?" Sabrina demanded from the door to the bedroom. When you looked over you could see she was dressed just like Tasha had been - only panties - but was wielding a spatula like a knife. "We need to eat, and then get dressed and go. We have so much fucking work to do, guys."

"Well, if *Sabrina* is willing to interrupt after-sex cuddles, then we really do need to go," you said.

"Cuddle on the couch while you're eating," Sabrina called over her shoulder as she headed back towards the kitchen.

"Shit, we really do need to go," Gemma groaned, turning to Tasha. "Thanks for the help, babe."

"My pleasure, literally," Tasha grinned.

The rest of your morning was less eventful, rushing to eat the breakfast Sabrina and Tasha had put together and then to get the three of you put together enough that you didn't look like you'd had a night of foursome sex. "Becks will know," you said as the four of you were in the elevator on the way down.

"No she- Yeah, OK, she will," Gemma said.

"You guys don't look *that* bad," Tasha said. She was dressed up in her jeans from the night before and was borrowing one of Gemma's shirts - Sabrina's would have been a little too lewd with how tight they would have been in the bust.

Outside, all four of you headed for the bus stop on the corner.

"Sorry we can't have you over this weekend," Sabrina said, lightly holding hands with Tasha as you walked in a group. "We're going to be working *all* weekend though. This Mock Trial is starting to really stress me out and I'm ready for it to just be over."

"It's fine, seriously," Tasha assured her. "I'm glad I got you guys even last night. And this morning. Thank you again for coming."

All three of you reiterated that you were going to support her as much as you could, while you could. Then, as Tasha's bus started approaching down the street, you each gave her a goodbye kiss.

"You know, one of these days I'm going to make you guys be the ones doing the walk of shame from *my* place," she said with a smirk before getting on her bus.

"Wouldn't be any shame at all," Gemma called after her with a grin.

Once her bus pulled away, yours showed up shortly after and you were headed into the office. You'd managed to grab three seats near the back, without anyone else packed in nearby.

"It's going to be hard saying goodbye to her," Gemma sighed. "And Becks. It's still so weird that I have, like, female fuck buddies now. And that I care about them so much!"

"Do you need to find one back home?" Sabrina asked with a little grin. "Just to keep your bed warm, and show John a good time when he comes to visit?"

Gemma snorted and shook her head. "I'm gonna wear out some batteries in my vibrator as I get used to less sex, but I'm not going to find myself a replacement for any of you. It would be pointless - you're both irreplaceable."

"Awww," Sabrina grinned, hugging Gemma tightly.

You just smiled, making eye contact with your girlfriend and brushing a lock of her hair behind her ear. "No one could replace you either, love," you said. "Ever."

"Thank you, love," she replied with a smile.

Chapter 437

You made it in time to do the morning coffee run - with Andy off of the Intern team there was an open day in the schedule and it made more sense for you, Gemma and Sabrina to take care of it than to do a rotation with Eric. Ladened down with almost twenty to-go cups of various sizes between the three of you, you headed to the office.

“Hey, guys,” Becks said with a smile as you held the door for Gemma and Sabrina and followed them in.

“Morning, Becks,” Gemma said, heading straight for the desk.

“Good morning, sexy,” Sabrina said with a more lascivious smile.

Becks rolled her eyes after doing a quick glance to make sure no one was nearby down the corridor. “Not funny, Sabrina,” she said.

“You say that now,” Sabrina said. “But I bet you won’t turn down a Good Morning Kiss from John.”

She rolled her eyes again, smirking a little, as you were the last to set down your stack of cups. “No, I wouldn’t,” she said.

You shrugged, not able to help your own little grin, and leaned across the desk as she leaned in as well. The kiss was soft but lingered a little longer than a friendly peck. “Good morning, Becks,” you said.

“Mmm, don’t say it like *that*,” Becks said. “That was a ‘morning after’ tone. Now I’m going to be horny for the next hour.”

“Sorry, let me try again,” you said and adjusted to a fake announcer voice. “Gooooood morning, Becks. The weather is fine today, isn’t it?”

That got you eye-rolls from all three of them.

“Any news?” Sabrina asked, turning back to Becks.

“Nothing. Joy hasn’t posted on any social media for the whole week,” Becks said. “Which probably means her mother cut her off from her devices, otherwise I can’t see her being able to hold back. I even checked her friends and none of them have said anything about her either - which, to be fair, might just be an out-of-sight, out-of-mind kind of thing. Vapid bitches are like that.”

“They do be like that,” Gemma chuckled.

Becks shook her head and smiled. "Other than that? Um, she hasn't tried to get into the building, and neither has her mother. At least that the overnight security knows about. And I haven't gotten any new memos or anything."

The four of you continued to catch up a little bit, and Gemma apologised that you couldn't invite her over for some more fun that weekend - the Mock Trial was going to be taking up most of your time, and you and Sabrina also needed to film a couple of quick 'milder' scenes to get into the release queue. Becks understood and offered to film stuff with you the *next* weekend, which led to reminding her that that would actually be Gemma's last weekend in the States.

And that started the emotions as all three of them started tearing up, and you couldn't help getting a little sad as well. Two weekends and one and a half weeks before you wouldn't be able to hold her in your arms.

Sabrina changed the subject, inviting Becks over for a 'Post Trial Party' at her place on Wednesday after the trial was supposed to be finished. Becks agreed readily.

With the rest of the coffee run waiting, the three of you ended up needing to head upstairs so you told Becks you'd see her later and then headed for the elevators. Once inside, Gemma sighed. "Now we just need to make sure Tasha is available."

"For what?" you asked.

"The party," Sabrina said. "Obviously."

"Not obvious, but OK," you said. Then you raised an eyebrow at the two of them. "So both of them?"

"You can handle it," Sabrina smirked.

"Yeah, maybe," you said. "But what are you two planning? Becks is only on a 'play' basis with girls even if Tasha might actually consider dating one."

"Don't worry about it, love," Gemma said. "We know what we're doing."

You pursed your lips, clearly unconvinced, and they both chuckled.

You and Gemma handled delivering the coffees on the floor your intern office was on since there were more, while Sabrina went up to the next floor to make those deliveries, and you ended up back in the office together just as Eric was arriving for the day. He still had that same big grin from the day before.

“Same thing keeping a pep in your step,” you asked him as he entered the conference room.
“Or did something else happen?”

“Oh, I’m still fucking *thrilled* about cutting my law school tuition costs massively,” Eric said. “But something else did happen.” He pulled out his phone as he sat down, opened something up and slid it across the desk to you. You picked it up and then immediately moved it away from your eyesight. “Eric,” you said. “What the fuck?”

“She’s hot, right?” Eric said. “That’s Casey. We decided to ‘see’ each other and she sent me that.”

“You should probably be keeping that private then,” you said, sliding his phone back to him. His new not-quite-girlfriend had taken a topless picture for him, showing from her chin to her stomach. He was right, it was a hot picture - she had warm, brown skin from her mixed heritage and her tits were probably about as large as Becks, but with large, puffy areola and little pebble nipples. She also looked like she was top-heavy with how thin her waist was.

“Nah, she’s not the kind of girl who would mind,” Eric said.

“Lemme see,” Sabrina said, motioning him to slide her the phone across the table.

“Really?” Eric asked, making a questioning face.

“Yeah, why not?” Sabrina said.

“O-OK,” Eric said, sending her the phone.

Sabrina picked it up and looked for a lot longer than you did, making a bit of an impressed face as she raised her eyebrows and examined the tits. “Those are pretty big,” she said, then looked up at Eric. “They’re fake but nice.”

“No they aren’t,” he said. “She specifically told me they were all natural.”

Sabrina shrugged. “I mean, maybe. It’s not like fake boobs make them any less *boobs* anyways. I’m just saying they look *enhanced* to me. Maybe not in size so much as in shape.” She slid the phone back to Eric. “Either way, they look good.”

Eric looked at the picture again, narrowing his eyes as he tried to see what Sabrina was seeing. Sabrina, meanwhile, looked at you with a little smirk and winked.

She was yanking his chain.

Chapter 438

“Sabrina,” Garrison said, knocking quickly and sticking his head in the door to the conference room. All four of you looked up even if he’d only called her. “Come with me,” he said.

Sabrina frowned and glanced at you and Gemma, clearly unsure of what was going on, but got up and followed after Garrison, only hesitating to reach back to Gemma and brush fingertips as the blonde reached out to her.

“Thoughts?” Gemma asked.

“He looks grimmer than usual,” you said.

“I swear I didn’t report her for sexual harassment,” Eric said.

That had you and Gemma looking at him in confusion.

“For her making comments about my- person I’m seeing,” Eric said, stumbling over not saying ‘girlfriend.’

“Eric, in that whole situation, do you think that *you* had the biggest case for a sexual harassment claim?” Gemma asked.

“Well, I mean, Sabrina asked to see the picture,” Eric said.

“But I didn’t, dude,” you said.

“Yeah, but you’re a guy,” Eric said. Then he realised his reasoning and exhaled. “Yeah, OK,” he said.

“Eric, you’re great, but you think with your balls too much,” Gemma said, shaking her head and smirking.

“So we know it wasn’t Eric,” you said. “Any other ideas?”

Eric and Gemma both shook their heads. The issue was that you and Gemma both could probably think of a couple of reasons why Sabrina would get called out of the office by Garrison - not the least of which was doing sexual stuff in the office, being in an unreported relationship, saying inappropriate things to Becks if someone overheard her. Then there was the incident with Becks and the sushi up here in the conference room. And the whole OnlyFans side-career.

Sabrina was gone for almost forty-five minutes and it was getting close to lunch when she came back. She looked ashen-faced and was chewing on the inside of her lip nervously as she came back.

“What happened?” Gemma asked, immediately standing up and closing the door behind Sabrina to get privacy. You got up as well, circling around the table.

Sabrina sat down in her seat, Gemma immediately moving to hug her. You ended up perching on the edge of the table and taking her hand in yours.

“Um,” Sabrina said, then shook her head lightly. “I got served.”

“Fucking bitch,” Gemma grunted, clearly not directed at Sabrina.

“Joy?” you asked.

Sabrina nodded. “Civil lawsuit. The process server was downstairs asking for me, and Becks had a hunch so she called Garrison instead of me. There was no real point in trying to dodge it, so Garrison acted as my lawyer and witnessed the serving. Then we went up to his office so he could look it over. It’s- Garrison says it’s all ridiculous and won’t fly, but we have to go through the motions.”

“Are you OK?” you asked softly.

Sabrina swallowed and took a breath before nodding. “I think so?” she said. “I mean, it’s fucking bullshit that they think she’s the victim after all the crap she pulled. And this is going to last into the school year unless they can convince Bellagamba to drop it, which he doesn’t think will happen until it gets in front of a judge at least.”

“Is he going to represent you?” Eric asked.

“No,” Sabrina said. “He can’t since he’ll be a material witness if it comes down to it. He couldn’t see what happened, but he heard it on the phone and is aware of everything else Joy was doing at the firm. He said the firm is going to engage one of the civil attorneys on my behalf at the firm we’re doing the Mock Trial against, so I’ll meet them then.”

“Fucking hell,” you sighed, holding her hand tight.

“OK, this sucks,” Gemma said. “But now that the shock is wearing off, tell me this. Was it worth seeing Joy wailing with a busted nose?”

Sabrina scrunched up her face, then snorted and relaxed a bit as she chuckled. “Yes,” she said. “God, she looked like such a fucking little bitch. And the way she just said ‘I t’ink you broke by nobe’ was so fucking good.”

Gemma made space for you to hug Sabrina, and Eric even came over and hugged her as well.

"I'm going to get you some water," you said. "Is there anything else you need?"

She looked at you and smirked just a little, and you knew what she was thinking and you laughed and shook your head. "Water would be good," she agreed. "Thanks, baby."

"You're welcome," you said, and after exchanging a glance with Gemma you slipped out of the conference room, leaving the door open again like it was supposed to be. You headed down the corridor through the building but bypassed the staff kitchen area and went down towards the partner offices, knocking on Garrison's door. He looked up and saw you, motioning you in.

"Is she going to be OK?" you asked him bluntly.

"She will," Garrison said. "It's not a frivolous suit, but it's close enough considering everything else. I can't see any judge ruling against her. If it goes anywhere you'll end up being a witness most likely though."

"That's fine," you said. "Um... I probably shouldn't actually talk to you about details though, should I?"

"Not on this one, John," Garrison said. "I know all I need to know about it. Anything else you should tell her lawyer - I'm pretty sure I know who it will end up being, and *she* is very, very good. We just need to make sure she's available and sign the documents to make it official."

"Thank you, sir," you said. "For everything, but especially for this."

"I told you four yesterday, you're more trouble than you *should* be worth. But you also saved this firm from potentially a lot worse if Joy hadn't gotten caught. This isn't out of the goodness of our hearts, this is fair compensation for good work."

"Thank you," you repeated.

"You're welcome. Now, back to work. You've got a trial on Monday and didn't need this distraction," he said. "Actually, why don't you all refocus on that for the rest of the day? It'll do Sabrina some good to be able to work with you three directly."

"Will do, sir," you agreed. "Thank you again."

"Thank me one more time and I'll think I'm getting soft, John," he said. "You can go."

You managed not to say it again before leaving.

Chapter 439

Sabrina was, understandably, a little distracted during the next few hours. That didn't stop you, Gemma and Eric from encouraging her to take charge to try and help her out. Sabrina ended up assigning you the finalisation of the witness lists, while Gemma was directed to start taking the various notes that had been made for the opening statements and forming them into a cohesive speech. That left space for Eric to double-check the motions that needed to be filed to attempt to quash various elements of evidence or specific witnesses that would hurt the case and to challenge the validity of several of the initial case filings from the main package. Sabrina took on the brunt of forming the meat of the case you would be making, organising your defensive and offensive question lists for the witnesses and laying out which evidence you would bring in for each potential witness.

You noticed, about halfway through the afternoon, that none of the Associates or Junior Partners had dropped any interning work for you all - usually, Fridays were a 'dump day' when they were getting their work for the week finished and dropped off stuff for you all to work on. Instead, it seemed like word had gotten around about the mock trial and that you were to be left alone, which was definitely helpful.

"OK," Eric sighed, rubbing at his face as he leaned back from his laptop. "All I've got left is the motion to suppress on the character witnesses, and then finalising the motion to dismiss."

"Did you remember to include the citations I found for the motion to suppress on the traffic cam footage from earlier in the day?" Sabrina asked.

"Umm, yeah," Eric nodded, clicking through his open tabs. "I got them."

"OK," Sabrina nodded, then turned to you. "How are you doing, John?"

"Good," you said. "Unless we find something else over the weekend I think the list should be done. The last detail is whether we can come up with a way to mitigate the fact that the broker was the brother-in-law of the victim or not."

"Mm," Sabrina hummed and started flipping through papers. "I actually found something for that. I'll try to find it."

"I'm only about halfway through the opening statements," Gemma said. "Honestly, my natural inclination is to be a little more... *fiery* than we decided to go. I'm going to need some help."

"I'll help," you offered.

The four of you got back to work, and you slid your chair over to sit next to Gemma as you both murmured quietly and wordsmithed the opening statements. What she'd written was *good*, but after the advice from Garrison and witnessing his own case, you'd all decided to follow his

methodology of methodical, passionless facts for whoever the judge ended up being. The two of you ended up doing a quick secondary rewrite of what she'd already gotten done, toning things down a little more, before piecing together the second half of the speech.

What you managed to put together was a comprehensive defence of your Insurance Company client's decisions and actions regarding the decision not to pay out several of the claims made by the plaintiff. You had already done a round of 'What if we were the plaintiff?' earlier on in the process and had tried to head off as many of the avenues they had as possible upfront.

If you could get everything else ready, you would do that again over the weekend as you all went through every spec of information that came in the massive resource file now that you were immersed in it, looking for any last tidbits that would help either side.

The end of the work day passed without any of you noticing, and you were surprised when the conference room phone rang and the security guard asked someone to come down to pick up your dinner order. You ended up going with Gemma, wanting a quick break from the final paragraph of the opening statement and found out that the 'mystery delivery' was from the Taco truck that you and Gemma had gotten food from before. The reminder of your first date made you chuckle, and when you were in the elevator you set down the big paper bag you were holding and you took your girlfriend's face in both your hands and kissed her.

"I love you, Gemma," you said.

"I know," she smiled back. "And I love you too. What made you want to say it like that, though?"

"Everything," you sighed, picking the bag of food back up. "Just everything."

"Just," she smirked. Then she sighed. "I'm going to miss you so much, but I'm going to miss this, too."

"Interning?"

"Working with you and Sabrina every day. And Eric, even. Feeling like we're *doing* things and not just spinning my wheels in class," she said. "I won't miss the intern salary rate. But everything else has just been... My life changed this summer for the better, and you and Sabrina are like 85% of that. Becks, Tasha, Becca and Charlotte are maybe 5%. This job, working with you, getting mentored by Garrison, that's the last 10%."

"We'll survive," you said. "We'll be together next summer, and *live* together at whatever school we go to."

"We need to talk about that more," Gemma sighed. "And I know. Three years of Law School together will be amazing. But after that, we might not all *work* together. Hell, more likely than not

we won't. We'll be together, but it won't be like this again. I'm just trying to really enjoy all of this, even the chaotic and hard parts."

"Me too," you said softly, leaning into her slightly. "Me too."

Chapter 440

You and Gemma wrapped up the Opening Statement over dinner and moved on to helping Eric finish up his motions with final checks. Other than a few word changes here or there they were actually fairly well written and you were surprised that Eric had it in him to write legalese that way.

That freed you all up to tackle the last of Sabrina's checklists, helping her triple-check all of the information she'd outlined to make sure no decimal point had been accidentally shifted and every legal reference was solid.

You called it a night at almost 11 PM, the latest you'd ever worked at the office. It had been a productive day even with the bomb of Joy's lawsuit hitting Sabrina, and you ended up ordering an Uber for you and the girls to take you back to your place. Mosche and the potential awkwardness be damned - Sabrina needed an evening to just relax before you got back to work Saturday morning again.

When you got to the apartment you performed the knocking ritual - there was no longer a risk of walking in on Mosche and Tasha in a compromising position, thankfully, but it was still Mosche living there and he could have been doing something alone. There wasn't an answer though, and after waiting about twenty seconds you glanced at the girls and shrugged. "Guess he's out," you said.

He wasn't out. As soon as you opened the door the sounds of sex drifted towards you. Thankfully Mosche *wasn't* in the living area or the kitchen. It sounded like it was coming from the direction of his bedroom. Gemma and Sabrina were both surprised as you silently entered the apartment and shut the door behind you with a loud slam.

No hesitation in the sounds.

"Is he watching porn?" Gemma guessed.

The sounds coming out of his room were definitely pornographic in that fake sort of 'Oh yeah baby, sooo big' way. You gestured unknowingly, and Sabrina crept a little further into the apartment and looked around the corner towards Mosche's bedroom, then came back. "The door is cracked open," she said. "Should I go peak?"

"No," you said at the same time Gemma said, "Yes."

"No," you repeated yourself, grabbing Sabrina by the arm and pulling her into a hug. "If it's porn, you'd just be seeing Mosche wanking it or passed out with it still running. If it's not porn then you'd be invading Iris's privacy and she's definitely *not* as 'outgoing' as Tasha was with getting caught."

“Fine,” Sabrina sighed. “But if that’s the case, you better take me to your room, baby. Cause I don’t want to be the girl in this apartment *not* getting sexed up.”

Gemma snorted and smacked Sabrina’s butt. “What’s that make me then?”

“The girlfriend who rides my face?” Sabrina offered with a grin.

The girls headed for your room as you quickly went into the kitchen and grabbed some water bottles from the fridge and then followed them, the noises thankfully getting dimmer as you moved further away and dying out completely once you shut your bedroom door. Sabrina and Gemma were already getting changed, blouses and business skirts getting shed, and you stopped for a moment with a grin to watch. Gemma noticed you first as she was unhooking her bra and she gave you a chest wiggle as she stuck out her tongue at you playfully, and that got Sabrina to notice and she bent over at the waist as she pulled down her panties, giving you a great view of her ass getting revealed.

“I’m a lucky, lucky guy,” you chuckled as you set the water bottles down. They weren’t getting naked permanently, and as they started to pull on the comfortable shorts and sweatpants they wanted to lounge in for a bit you pulled out your phone and quickly shot off a couple of text messages before putting it down and stripping down yourself. You ended up in just a pair of shorts, while Gemma was wearing loose sweatpants and one of your T-shirts without a bra and Sabrina was wearing a tank top, also without a bra, and a pair of cotton shorts.

“Bed,” Gemma ordered her and then gestured for you to follow. The three of you ended up lying down, you on your back and the girls snuggled up on either side of you, but you were still over the covers. “OK,” Gemma said and then took a breath. “Today was a bad-good day, or a good-bad day. How are you feeling, love?”

Sabrina frowned a little and took a moment to formulate her answer. Your arms were around each of them and you rubbed her hip lightly. “I’m worried, but not overwhelmed,” Sabrina said. “If the DA’s office isn’t willing to press charges then I should probably be fine on the civil suit overall. I’m more worried about what it could do to my law school applications if it drags on. I’m also worried that it will reveal that John and I are together since that would be pretty relevant and we haven’t disclosed that, let alone all three of us. And I’m also worried that, if it goes on long enough, Joy and her Mom will overreach and find out about the OnlyFans and try to use that against me or put it in the public record somehow. Or just leak it online to hurt me, and us.”

“That’s a lot, and I’m so sorry you have to deal with it on your shoulders,” you said softly, still rubbing her hip. “We’re here for you.”

“I know,” Sabrina said, shifting a little closer to you as she hugged you.

“I just wish there was something we could *do*,” Gemma sighed, reaching over and stroking Sabrina’s cheek with her thumb. “That we could go on the attack somehow.”

“Other than a perfect murder, I don’t think we’ve got any options,” Sabrina smirked. “Anything else would be more likely to blow back on me, or us.”

“How hard would a murder *really* be?” Gemma asked with a playful smirk. “There is that show, ‘How to Get Away with Murder,’ right?”

“Nope,” you said. “Nuh-uh. Knowing you two, we’ll get three episodes in and you’ll have figured out your murderous plot and we are *not* becoming those people.”

“Fiiine,” Gemma sighed dramatically and then smiled and kissed your chest.

“Tempting though,” Sabrina said, scrunching her nose a little as she grinned. “If we’re not watching that show; Castle?”

You kissed the top of her head, and then Gemma’s, before getting up and crawling over the blonde to go fetch your laptop.

Chapter 441

Sabrina's phone chirped with an incoming text notification and she groaned lightly as she rolled over to check it. The three of you had shifted on the bed to watch an episode or two of Castle, but you'd only made it halfway through the first episode. You were still sitting in between your two girlfriends but you were now propped up against the headboard, an arm around each of their waists as they snuggled against your shoulders.

"It's Tasha," Sabrina mumbled as she opened her text.

You reached forward and paused the episode, which got you a questioning look from Gemma but you just winked at her. That got you an even bigger eyebrow raise from the blonde, but she went along with it.

"Hey Sabrina," Tasha said. She'd sent a video to her. "A little birdy- well, a big birdy with a fat dick, told me you had a bit of a rough day. I'm so sorry, hon. But I think I know how to cheer you up a little."

"What did you do?" Sabrina asked, looking at you with a little smirk.

"Keep watching," you said, and she turned back to her phone.

"Just FYI, Sabrina, you make every time I'm with you guys feel special. I love how giving you are, and now whenever I see you I get a little turned on because I know what a hot, horny woman you are. So I want you to know what thinking of you does to me." Tasha's face had been dominant on the screen, with a dark room behind her, but now she slowly moved the phone lower, revealing that she was topless and sitting on her bed. She used her free hand to grope her own tit and started to tweak her nipples. *"My nipples are getting hard just thinking about you playing with my tits, Sabrina,"* Tasha murmured quietly, adding in little moans here and there. *"Seriously, it's like I can feel that pretty little tongue of yours teasing around them, flicking them lightly because you're such a sexy little tease. And I fucking love your little titties too - the way you groan when any of us get a nipple between our lips, and the way you like them to get a little roughed up. You're so fucking hot."*

"Fuck," Sabrina breathed out, biting her lip and doing just what Tasha was, using her free hand to grope herself through her shirt. Her nipples were already getting hard as well, poking out against the thin tank top. You grinned and leaned in, kissing her shoulder softly and then moving a little higher and kissing again.

"But that's not the only thing I think about," Tasha said in the video, and she started lowering the phone even more over her bare torso and belly button, and then down to her mound where a sparse little bit of pubic hair was starting to grow in. Then she went all the way, her legs spread, showing off her pussy. All three of you were intimately familiar with it, but just seeing it on the screen was hot. Especially since it looked like she was already slick and turned on. *"Look at my*

slutty little pussy, Sabrina,” Tasha moaned. “It wants your tongue in it so bad. Seriously, girl, you do magic with that tongue. And your fingers. John’s pretty good, and Gemma is fun, but you eat pussy like it’s- I don’t even know. Fuck, I’m so horny just thinking about it.”

She used her free hand to spread her pussy lewdly, giving a clear look at her inner workings and the dark little hole of her entrance. It was deliciously pink and looked ready for fucking.

“Fuck, I want you on top of me,” Tasha moaned. “Eating me out. We could 69, and I could get my lips on your pretty little pussy too. And John and Gemma could do their own thing for a bit as I get you all to myself, and then they could come over and fuck us with John’s big dick and Gemma wearing a strap-on, and we’d keep sucking on our little clits until we both came so hard.”

Sabrina squirmed, lifting her butt and pushing down her cotton shorts so she could get her fingers on her pussy, starting to rub herself as she moaned and didn’t take her eyes off of the video. Tasha had started teasing her clit as well, still spreading herself.

“I want to feel you dribble that sexy squirt on my face, Sabrina,” Tasha moaned. “And then watch John fill up your pussy from up close, and when he pulls out I’d dive in and suck it out of you. Fuuuck.” She raised the phone back up her body, bringing it right to her face. *“I want you so bad, Sabrina. I can’t wait for Wednesday and having more fun with you. I love your face, sexy. I hope this picks you up.”* She blew a kiss at the camera and then the video stopped.

“God, that’s not faaaair,” Sabrina laughed as she frigged her pussy slowly. She turned to you and punched your arm with her free hand. “We could have just video called and she wouldn’t have had to stop. Now I’m all kinds of horny, you asshole, amazing, loving doofus.”

“Doofus?” you chuckled, catching her hand as she went to smack your arm again and pulling her into a kiss.

“Yes, doofus,” she said when she pulled away after a good, long smooch. “Get your cock out. Gemma, baby, I’m gonna need-”

Her phone chirped again. Sabrina gave you a look, and then Gemma, and she slowly picked it up.

“Hey babe,” Becks said. “John texted and said you were stressed over the whole Joy thing. She’s a piece of shit and you deserve all good things, not that crap. And I think I know by now what will help pick up your mood.”

“Fuck,” Sabrina laughed, pausing the video. She looked at you. “Thank you, baby. Seriously.”

“I love you, Sabrina,” you said.

“I do too,” Gemma said, grinning as she climbed over your legs to squeeze in on Sabrina’s other side. “Now scooch over, I didn’t even get to watch the Tasha one.”

Becks gave a similar show, but instead of in bed, she was sitting on the couch in her living room and had a vibrator with her. By the time it was over, and Gemma got to watch the Tasha one over again, Sabrina was moaning and had her tank top off and you had taken over teasing her pussy and nipples.

“Fuck me,” Sabrina begged. “I want to feel you both all over me.”

“That’s the plan, I think,” Gemma said with a grin and she pulled off her shirt, freeing her tits and pulling Sabrina’s face down to them. “Tonight is ‘Fuck Sabrina Unconscious’ night, I think.”

“That definitely sounds like a plan to me,” you chuckled.

Sabrina just lifted her hand and gave a thumbs up since her mouth was occupied with Gemma’s tit.

Chapter 442

“OK,” Gemma said as she gave you an exhausted high five. “Plan successful.”

You snorted softly and chuckled, looking down at Sabrina as she lay peacefully, her mouth open as she breathed in a sweaty, exhausted mess. She was asleep, her last orgasm having knocked her out. Her cheeks were still red from the light slapping, and her tits were covered in red marks from the hard squeezing and pinching. Her ass was reddened as well. She had a couple of new hickeys on her inner thighs. Her pussy was a slick mess, a little beat up from the rough sex and fingering. The only reason it wasn't dripping cum was because Gemma had slurped your load out of her while also fingering her butt.

Brushing Sabrina's hair from her face, you gently kissed her forehead and she smacked her lip in response.

“Yep,” you said. “She's out. Help me get her tucked in?”

Gemma nodded and the two of you got Sabrina onto her side, curled up as she hugged a pillow, and then tucked her in under the sheets. Then Gemma turned to you. “That was a lot, but do you have anything left for me, love?”

You had to chuckle again. “Four nights in a row, two of those nights a friend joined us, plus the Becca thing that one morning. Any mere mortal man would fail you, Gemma, but I am no mere mortal man.”

Gemma rolled her eyes and pushed you lightly by your chest until you were laying down on the bed, and she dropped her head low, licking her way up your cock. It more than likely still tasted of Sabrina, and partially of herself since you'd dipped into her a few times during the fuckfest to feed the taste to Sabrina. You were half-hard but groaned softly as she looked up at you as she licked the underside ridge of your cock head. Her thick blonde hair was all pulled over to one side in wavy, sweaty curls and her eyes were pure love.

There wasn't any need for words as Gemma wrapped her lips around your cock and started to suck you hard again. It didn't take long at all for you to respond, and soon she had your cock standing proud as she teased you with kisses and licks and nibbles. Then she kissed lower, pressing your legs a little further apart as she laid down on her stomach fully and gave your balls a bit of attention as well, rolling them between her lips and tongue before popping off with a little suction.

“Ready?” she asked you quietly as she smiled with a serene aura, looking at you around your cock.

“Whenever you are, love,” you said.

Her smile didn't move as she climbed up your body and got herself into position, straddling your waist and reaching between you to move your cock in place. Instead of sitting down on it though she groaned, her lips pursing and her eyebrows knotting together as the spongy head of your cock brushed back and forth through her labia, grinding against her clit and then teasing against her entrance and back.

"Fuck, Gemma," you moaned.

"I love that feeling, John," she sighed. "Just having you touching me like this."

You reached up and cupped her tits, sliding your thumbs beneath her cleavage along the crease between breast and torso. She groaned again and you pulled her tits to your lips, softly suckling on a nipple.

She sat down onto your cock in a long, slow movement and then started to grind you inside of her. You remained like that for a long time, slowly fucking at each other with rotations of your hips. No bouncing, ass-clapping, thrusts. Just loving and grinding as you touched each other all over and made out.

"I love you," she whispered into your ear. "You did a good job with Sabrina tonight."

"Thanks," you whispered back, running your hands up and down her bare, sweaty back as she pressed her chest to yours. "And I love you too."

She smiled, the feel of it against your ear a little tickle, and then she sighed softly and her breath washed over your neck. "I want you in my ass, love," she said.

"Me on top, or you?"

"Me, I think," she said. Then she sat up slowly and sighed as she pulled off of your cock. She wasn't going far though, she just turned around and sat back on it as you watched it spread her pussy lips in a lewd, beautiful display. Then she reached back and spread her butt cheeks. "Finger it a little, love. Get me ready."

You sucked on a couple of your fingers to get them spitty and then slowly started applying them to Gemma's asshole, teasing her at first with just a little light pressure before getting one and then two inside her. You were still kind of amazed at the feeling of Gemma's ass - you'd been in the butts of five women now, which was a little wild in and of itself, but Gemma's was the one that felt like it wasn't a *nasty* act. Anal with Gemma felt as natural as regular sex. She didn't even hiss or flinch in discomfort really anymore before she got used to it.

It was a silent transition from fingers to cock. Gemma felt ready and shifted, pulling off your cock and fingers at the same time, and then pivoted her hips a little and used one hand to make sure your cock was in position and sat back down on it slowly. Three quick up-and-downs had you

buried deep into her, your cock stretching her ass deliciously. And then she started rocking just like before, grinding you inside of her hot, tight hole as it squeezed and massaged you.

Gemma eventually leaned back towards you and you helped her down until you were wrapping your arms around her, holding her lovingly as she used her feet planted on the bed and her hips to bounce on your cock just a little.

“Will this get you there?” she asked you.

“For sure,” you grunted.

“Do it, love,” she murmured. “Fill my ass. God, I’ve had like a dozen little mini-orgasms. I’m good. I don’t need a big one. Give me that cum, love. I want to feel your love so bad.”

It didn’t take much longer for you to groan, reaching down and fingering her pussy as you felt your balls ache before they unleashed in a warm wave of ecstasy. Gemma moaned in unison with you, not orgasming but just riding your pleasure with you. Your breath came heavy and hot and you buried your nose in her hair, letting the smell of her fill your senses.

When it was over Gemma rolled away from you, your cock having gone soft quickly after the long exertion with Sabrina and followed by the slow fuck with Gemma. She turned over and kissed your cheek, murmuring her love for you, before climbing over you and off the bed. You watched with half-closed eyes as she took out the wipes that the girls had stashed in the nightstand and cleaned herself up, then pulled on a pair of panties in case of any further leakage. Then she climbed back over you and slipped under the covers.

Soon you were spooning Gemma, one arm under the pillow and the other around her holding a breast, as she hugged Sabrina from behind in the little spoon position.

Life might be complicated. But it was also so, so good.

Chapter 443

Sabrina groaned a little and sat back, chewing her mouthful of pancake. "OK," she said. "You were right. Stopping was a good choice."

You smirked a little as you watched your brunette girlfriend enjoy the carby, sugary goodness of the diner pancakes. When the three of you had woken up that morning she'd been a little wound up because she wanted to get to work. The super-sex session had been like therapy for her and she was energised. The problem was that you and Gemma were more mellowed out than energised.

And none of you had necessarily wanted to stick around that morning to see if Iris had slept over with Mosche. The girls had filled you in on their brief washroom trip with her at the Comedy Club on Thursday and they had reconfirmed what you all thought already - she was kind of shy, but sweet, and wasn't as sure of things with Mosche as he seemed to think they were. She hadn't outright *said* that, so they might have interpreted her wrong, but both Gemma and Sabrina were fairly sure of their reading.

The decision not to eat breakfast in meant you either needed to head over to Sabrina's immediately or go out to eat. Sabrina had felt the faster you got to her place, the faster you could get to work. Your argument to eat out had been seconded by Gemma.

"How are you feeling now, baby?" Gemma asked. They were sitting next to each other in the booth while you sat opposite them, and Gemma looped an arm around Sabrina to pull her into a side hug.

"Better," Sabrina said. "Much better. You guys really outdid yourselves last night, and I need to send some thank yous to Tash and Becks. Who knew I could get rid of my anxiety but getting it fucked out of me?"

"Shhh," you chuckled, glancing around to see if anyone else was listening. Thankfully the place wasn't too busy at 9 AM on a Saturday morning - you had a feeling the rush came a little earlier for the Up And At 'Em crowd and a little later for the Lazy Saturday folks.

"Sorry," Sabrina said, giving a little chagrined smile. "One thing I'm disappointed about is missing Booty Time though."

Gemma rolled her eyes. "It wasn't some big thing. It was more of an intimate moment."

"And those make my heart go wild, seeing you two like that," Sabrina said. "Honestly, I love seeing you two in love."

"Well, I love seeing you two in love," you said.

“Same,” Gemma grinned. “OK. So we’re all in love, we love each other being in love, but we’ve got work to do today.”

“Right,” you said and looked at Sabrina. “You’re the boss on this, baby. What do we need to get done?”

“For the Trial, we’ve got everything put together and just need to do some organisation so our flow is good. Make sure we have all the right documents available and labelled and such. Then we need to do our big ‘If we were the other side’ read to check we haven’t missed anything. Other than that it’s just deciding who does the opening statement and then practising it so it feels like it flows naturally.”

“I vote John,” Gemma said.

“I actually vote you, baby,” Sabrina said, looking at Gemma.

You snorted a little. “I was going to vote you, Sabrina. You’re the project lead, you deserve to either kick it off or close it out.”

“I’ll close it out,” Sabrina said. “I think you should do it, Gemma. You have a great voice and can set the tone for us, and if the other side goes big and brash you’re stubborn enough to keep to our plan and sink them on looking unprofessional.”

“I was thinking the same thing,” you said. “We also don’t know who is going to be acting as the Judge, but I think it’s an easy bet that your accent will keep them paying attention even with our slow and methodical approach.”

“Are you trying to tell me that I’m the ear candy of the group?” Gemma asked with a smirk.

“You’re the eye candy too,” Sabrina grinned. “Unless the judge is a straight woman, then it’s John.”

That made you snort softly.

“OK,” Gemma agreed. “I wrote more than half the damn thing, so I guess I’ll say it. But I don’t want you two laughing at me while I’m practising.”

“We’ll be too busy doing the reading,” Sabrina said. “And we’d never laugh at you. Just with you.”

“I’ll laugh at you,” you said with a grin. “But only because I love you.”

Gemma rolled her eyes and turned to Sabrina. “Anything else we need to get done?”

“Yes,” Sabrina sighed. “When we’re taking our breaks, John and I need to film a couple of quick scenes. I came up with some simple ideas that shouldn’t take too long - like ten minutes each on screen, so like twenty-to-thirty to film with setup and everything.”

“Do I need to help?” Gemma asked.

“Nope,” Sabrina shook her head. “They’ll be PoVs, so John will record them on my phone. You can work quietly off-screen... unless you want to watch.”

Gemma smirked and you chuckled. “Of course she’ll *want* to watch,” you said. “The question is if she can resist or not.”

“Alright, challenge accepted,” Gemma laughed. “I’ll work through them both and not look at you once.”

“Ooh, what’s the bet?” Sabrina asked. “What do we get if you do?”

Gemma quirked her lips to the side, thinking about it. “Um,” she said. Then she blew out her breath. “DP?”

“I do love that look on your face,” you grinned.

“Done,” Sabrina agreed. “What do you want if you somehow manage to win, which won’t possibly happen because we’re too sexy and you love us too much not to look?”

Gemma snorted. “An hour-long, non-sexual massage from both of you,” she said.

“Really?” you asked.

“Non-sexual?” Sabrina said, scrunching up her face.

“It can turn sexual after the hour,” Gemma laughed. “But for one hour I want you both rubbing me down and massaging every inch of my body.”

“Agreed,” you said, holding out a hand to her. She shook it with a grin, then shook Sabrina’s.

“Jokes on you, I never told you what the scene ideas were,” Sabrina said.

“Oh, no,” you and Gemma both groaned at the same time.

“For the first one I’m going to dress up as a clown,” Sabrina said. “I’ve got the big red honky nose and the big shoes and everything.”

“There’s no fucking way,” Gemma laughed.

“No,” Sabrina giggled. “But now I do need to up my game. Good job, guys, I’m going to be distracted all morning.”

“Oh, shush,” Gemma said, taking Sabrina’s hand and kissing her knuckles sweetly. “Work first, then work-play later.”

“Yes, Mommy,” Sabrina smirked.

“Don’t you dare start that,” Gemma said, giving her a little glare that made both you and Sabrina laugh.

Chapter 444

“I’m texting Eric,” you sighed. “Just to make sure he knows where we’re at.”

“OK,” Sabrina said. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor, half a dozen documents piled around her as she chewed on the end of a pencil. “Ask him if he can get together sometime tomorrow afternoon for final planning. We’ll make dinner.”

“Here?” you asked.

That got her to look up and then hesitate. “Um,” she said, looking around. It wasn’t exactly the cleanest it had ever been, and her camera equipment was out. “We can’t do Gemma’s because of Lucy. Do you think we could do yours?”

“I’ll text Mosche to see if he’ll be in or out tomorrow, and hint it would be great if he could give us a few hours,” you said.

“Thank you,” Sabrina nodded.

You started your texting, using it as a break from skimming documents. On the bright side, after all your keyword searching while digitising and sorting files at the internship, you were pretty fast at skimming both physical and digital copies for content. The downside was the sheer *number* of documents included in the resource package for the mock trial.

“Ugh,” Gemma grunted as she came out of Sabrina’s bedroom. She’d been pacing as she read through the opening statement you’d put together with her, repeating it out loud to get it down.

“Which part?” you asked.

“The paragraph about how our client feels for the troubles of the plaintiff, but is bound to the contractual limitations around the payout,” Gemma said. “It just sounds kind of... evil, coming out of my mouth? Like ‘Thoughts and Prayers’ shit. And I know it’s literally true because not following the contracts down to the letter would open up so many issues, but it’s also like - the company has *so much money*.”

“Holy fuck,” Sabrina blurted out.

“What?” Gemma asked. “Am I being that soft?”

“No,” Sabrina said, standing up and starting to pace herself as she flipped back and forth between two different pages. “Just- Let me read a second.”

You and Gemma looked at each other, raising your eyebrows as you waited for Sabrina to piece together whatever she’d found. Gemma pursed her lips, and you gestured for her to come over

to you at the kitchen table. She did, sitting on your lap and looping an arm around your shoulder for stability as she leaned in and kissed you softly.

“OK,” Sabrina said, coming over and thrusting the papers she was holding. “Read this paragraph. And then read this one on this page.”

You held the document as you and Gemma started reading. It was from the depositions of the witnesses of the accidents and seemed like just a general eyewitness account. Then, when Gemma nodded that she’d finished as well, you flipped to the other page. Another deposition, another account. Some of the details were different, but that was sort of to be expected in eyewitness testimony.

“I don’t get it,” you said.

“Yeah, I’m not seeing what you’re seeing, love,” Gemma said.

“The first one is the deposition of Mr Garret Smith,” Sabrina said. “He’s one of the first people who got deposed because he was identified in the police reports as one of the people to call it into 911. His account of things lands more on our side, with the signs of erratic driving right before the accident, and he performed CPR as a first aid responder before the ambulances arrive so he comes across as a really reliable witness. The other account is from Doctor Vivian Brookes, and lands on the *other* side, saying there wasn’t any erratic driving or anything. But here’s the thing - they were both in the same car.”

You blinked. “What?”

“How?” Gemma asked.

“It was buried in the witness profiles,” Sabrina said. “Garret Smith is going through a rough divorce with his wife but was only separated a month *after* the date of the accident. Dr Vivian Brookes is *also* listed as separated, but not that she’s going through a divorce. There’s no way to know that they were in the same car except-” She flipped the document back to Smith’s deposition. “For this one line here where he mentions leaving his wife in the car and being frustrated that she wouldn’t come help even though she had medical training. I think Vivian was the wife, and she changed her story just to spite Garret and not let him look like a hero.”

“Well... shit,” Gemma said. “If it’s true, we can straight up nuke Vivian as a reliable witness.”

“And she’s pretty much their strongest eyewitness to the actual crash,” Sabrina said. “I mean, who expects the *Doctor* to lie under oath? Or to refuse to do first aid when her husband goes to help?”

“OK, we already have Smith on our witness list, and assume Dr Brookes will be on theirs,” you said. “Let’s note that we need to develop a new line of questioning for Brookes and keep going.”

If they hid one thing, there's bound to be others. We just need to make sure we aren't chasing red herrings."

"Good job, baby," Gemma said, standing up from your lap and grabbing Sabrina, pulling her into a kiss. "That's awesome work."

"Thanks," Sabrina grinned, grabbing Gemma's butt and giving it a teasing squeeze. "Now, how about we wordsmith that 'evil' paragraph?"

The three of you got back to work, and you started looking more closely at where the inconsistencies were. The root of the case really came down to the clauses in the actual insurance contracts, so you focused on the names and circumstances to make sure they were airtight.

"I found a problem," you sighed, your heart dropping as you triple-checked the names involved.

Gemma and Sabrina had been sitting over on the couch, having finished the rewording issue and making sure it flowed well into the next paragraph as Gemma read it out loud. "What is it?" Sabrina asked.

"I'm pretty sure Jacobs' insurance contract is brokered by his brother-in-law," you said. "The contract itself is pretty airtight, but they can make a case that Jacobs just signed whatever was put in front of him trusting a relative and didn't *know* about the extra stipulations he signed on to so that his rates could get reduced."

"Shit," Sabrina said.

"Hold on, that might not matter," Gemma said, standing up and heading to grab her laptop from the bedroom. "It's a line of attack on us for sure, but if we can set up the right defence we could probably neutralise it. It shouldn't be that hard to find some case law about having acknowledged you've read the Terms of Service without actually reading it."

"Good idea," you said. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all, love," Gemma said with a grin. "You keep looking for those loopholes, I'll do the research."

"God, I love you two," Sabrina said from her spot on the couch.

"How long before you need to take a break and film?" Gemma asked with a smile.

"Any time now, probably?" Sabrina hedged and then looked at you. "Need a fuck-break, baby?"

“Let me finish going through the contracts,” you said with a laugh. “And I’ll be ready for whatever you want to throw at me.”

“Clown nose and shoes it is!” Sabrina grinned.

Chapter 445

Sabrina was, thankfully, actually joking about the clown sex.

Her first idea was a scene where she, as Baby, did a lap dance for 'Daddy' and then rode him. It was a fairly simple concept and relatively easy to set up the cameras for. You would hold one so you could manage your PoV, and you set up a second one for some 'B roll' footage off to one side.

Gemma had set herself up working at the kitchen table, picking up where you had left off with the trial prep looking for likely methods of attack from the plaintiffs since she couldn't be practising the opening statements while you were recording. That did mean, though, that she was pretty much *right there* and risking a loss in the friendly bet of whether she could ignore you and Sabrina or not.

Realistically, whoever won, you all won. Massaging Gemma for an hour would mean an hour of loving on every inch of Gemma's gorgeous, sexy body. Gemma taking a DP from you and Sabrina again would be yet another intense sexual experience with the two women you loved. No losers.

You got settled onto the chair, wearing a pair of slacks and a button-down shirt so that you could fit into the role that had slowly developed over time as 'Daddy.' He was some sort of a businessman, and successful since he had his own secretary (Miss Lusty) and was married to 'Darling' who approved of Sabrina's 'Baby' being a subby mistress. Part of you wondered when, and who, the next addition to the 'Kat18 Universe' would be, but that was for another time.

Sabrina nodded to you and you turned on your recording as she turned on the extra phone on the tripod, and then she got in view of both of them and clapped to make sure both of them would pick up the audio spike - that would help align the two when doing the editing later. Then she backed away off camera and started a generic playlist of 'Songs to Strip To,' though she had it on pretty low. She would go back in later when editing and layer in a second, louder version to properly balance the audio because you didn't want anything you or Sabrina said to get lost.

Then the scene started. You raised your PoV phone, panning up to show her from just over her lips to her ankles. She was wearing a slinky little dress that was definitely suited to going out to a dance club. It was black and covered her breasts in a halter top but left almost all of her back bare, and had a plunging neckline almost down to the belly button that showed off a little cleavage. With no bra underneath, it was sexy as hell, and the fact that it only came down about a third of the way down her thighs meant it was short enough you would have been making sure she was wearing panties before leaving the house. In this case, she had on a thong for the shoot.

“Hey, Daddy,” Sabrina said, lowering the tone of her voice to the sexy, slightly raspy one she used for your shoots. “I’m so glad you came over! I’ve been practising really hard so I could give you this little surprise. I hope you like it!”

“Are you going to be dancing for me, baby?” You asked. She used a mild voice modulator for you in the recordings rather than you putting on a specific voice.

She grinned, half a smirk, and nodded as she played with the halter straps of the dress teasingly. “Mhmm,” she hummed. “I know you like taking me, and Darling, and Miss Lusty out dancing, so I thought I’d teach myself how to dance with you even dirtier than usual. So just sit back and relax, OK?”

“Alright, Baby,” you said. “Do your thing.”

She giggled a little and grinned again, then bit her lip as she bobbed her hip to the beat. Then Sabrina started dancing.

You were reminded of the first time you’d gone to the dance club with her after you and Gemma had gone. Sabrina could move, but she wasn’t quite as natural about it as Gemma. Still, as she swayed and moved, using more of her hips and dipping low to flash the camera her cleavage, then turning and shaking her bum in the dress as she teased lifting it higher, you couldn’t help but start to get hard.

She was your girlfriend, she was smiling all the way up to her eyes, and she was having fun. Those last two were more important for making the scene good, but the first was what really mattered to you. Sabrina could be doing the most awkward thing in the world, and look like a wreck, and you’d still think she was gorgeous.

You glanced over at Gemma across the room and she was studiously looking down and away as she went through documents on her laptop.

Back to Sabrina, and she was slowly started to tease more and more skin. First, the halter cups over her tits got pulled aside, flashing her nipple and then entire breasts as she grinned and laughed. Then she swung her hips in a circle as she did a turn, lifting the dress up to flash her ass, and then her thong-covered mound.

The halter got undone, baring her little tits and firm nipples. She started to dance *on* you more than in front of you, starting into an actual lap dance. Grinding her hips. Pressing her tits against you. It was a little tough to keep the camera properly in frame and you spent most of your time focusing on getting a good shot. Then the dress got dropped completely, and she was wriggling her bare ass in your lap, and then straddling you facing forwards and grinding her thong-covered pussy against the hardness in your pants.

“Mmm, Daddy,” she groaned, partially to you and partially to the phone mic. “I don’t want to stop here.”

“Then don’t,” you grunted.

Chapter 446

Sabrina undid your shirt buttons while continuing to grind on you, and then slid down to her knees and pulled your slacks off. She hummed happily as your cock rocketed up, freed from its confines, and she made a show of licking it all over for the camera and popping off the top of it with her lips before standing. She turned her back to you, bent over and lowered her thong, spreading one cheek lewdly to flash her pussy and asshole, and then giving herself a little spank.

At that point, you lost patience and you set down the phone, grabbing her by her hips and standing up to press your cock between her thighs and fuck into her.

"I'm not done," Sabrina laughed as she stood up and pressed her back to your chest, reaching to stroke her hand across the back of your neck as she slammed her ass back at you as you thrust into her firmly. Your hands slid up from her hips to her tits, grabbing them firmly and massaging her nipples.

"I didn't want to wait," you growled into her ear with a smile, still fucking into her.

"God, I fucking love you," she groaned. "OK, just- just for a minute."

You groaned happily, fucking her while standing, feeling your cock arch up into her tight confines. Sex with Sabrina wasn't any better than with Gemma, but it was different in all good ways. Her smaller build made you feel like you could do anything you wanted to her, and her encouragement to go along with that was sexy as hell. You let go of one of her breasts and slid your hand back down her taut stomach to her mound, finding her clit and diddling it.

You glanced at Gemma again but she wasn't watching you fucking.

"Fuuuck, Daddy," Sabrina moaned. "Just- we need to do the scene," she laughed. "Let me finish the dance.

"OK," you sighed, slowly pulling out of her as you shifted her hair away from her neck and kissed her on her spot right at the base of her neck. She moaned, reaching back and stroking your cock as you did that. Then you both took a breath, you sat back down, and Sabrina pulled her thong back up and you got the camera back in position. "Go," you said.

She did the bend-drop-spread move again, picking up where you'd left off, and then backed up onto you and danced a little more with your cock pressed between her little butt cheeks. Keeping the camera in a good spot was difficult again, but you improvised and circled it around to her front so she could open her legs and flash her pussy as she gave you a lap dance. Once you circled it back she stood and turned around again, straddling you once more. She used one hand to get your cock to her pussy entrance and moaned as she circled her hips, letting the

camera catch the head of your cock pressing between her lips and over her clit, before she sat down onto you.

The whole dance had taken maybe seven or eight minutes, and the sex was another seven minutes as she slowly rode you - the point of the scene wasn't to be a big sex scene, but rather more of a palate cleanser between some of the intense scenes you'd filmed before. Sabrina bounced on your cock, whispering sexy little things to the camera, writhing her hips to stir you in her a little. You circled the camera around her again, palming her ass and spreading one cheek to the side with your free hand so it could get a look at her from that angle, and then brought it back around to watch your hand grabbing her tit as she fingered her clit while grinding your cock inside her. She came, though it was small without using any of her regular triggers, and then she pulled off of you and went to her knees and stroked you.

"Come for me, Daddy," she groaned happily. "Let me taste you. God, I love the taste of your cum. Put it all over my lips. All over my tongue."

You groaned and rolled into your own eruption, releasing five good spurts as she caught it on her lips and tongue.

Sabrina hummed and grinned, licking her lips more for herself than the camera, and then blew it a kiss. "And cut!" she called out, grinning as she stood. She winked at you and went to Gemma.

She waved low when she got close, trying to catch the blonde's attention. "Did you peek, baby?" she asked.

"Hmm?" Gemma asked, pulling an earbud out of her ear as she looked up from her laptop because she'd been approached. She looked a little surprised but broke into a bit of a smirk when she saw the state of Sabrina's face.

Then she squeaked as Sabrina pressed her cummy lips and tongue to her in a kiss. That initial moment of surprise washed away quickly though as she groaned and kissed Sabrina back in a messy makeout.

You, meanwhile, had sat back down in the chair as you caught your breath from your orgasm. The thing was, watching Sabrina bend over and kiss Gemma while naked had her butt pointed right back at you... and you really liked her little butt. It took maybe five strokes with a hand to get your cock hard again and you stood up, going over to them and pressing it right between Sabrina's thighs, pushing the head into her again.

Her moan, more than anything, had Gemma pulling back and looking over Sabrina's shoulder. "Again?" she asked with a smirk.

"I can't resist you two," you sighed. "So unless you want a go as well...?"

Gemma rolled her eyes, but half raised out of her chair and slipped her sweatpants down. "Come on then, love," she said. "Gimme that dick."

Sabrina kissed her again and then moved aside so that you could grab Gemma by the waist and lift her up to sit her ass on the edge of the table - a much easier height for you to manage - and press your cock to her pussy.

"Lean back, baby," Sabrina said, brushing Gemma's hair from her face and to the side. "I'm hopping on for a ride since you took my pogo stick away."

Gemma snorted but grinned as she did just that, and Sabrina climbed up onto the table and lowered her pussy down to Gemma's lip.

"What a life," you sighed as you drove yourself balls-deep into your girlfriend.

Chapter 447

“Try it again, but this time smooth out the second half,” you suggested. “You’re getting a little too impassioned again. Remember what Garrison said about how the law and the facts are what matters in the case.”

“I know,” Gemma sighed, turning and tapping her script paper on her forehead. “I just get going and I feel like I should be *building* into it, right? It’s weird to give what amounts to a speech and be trying to just stay almost monotone.”

“You can use inflection,” you said. “You just don’t want to seem like you’re *making* a speech at all. Conversation, talking about the weather. That’s what we want.”

“Mmm,” Gemma grunted softly, starting to pace again.

Once the round of sex had ended both the girls had headed into the shower to clean up while you had gotten the documents that had been scattered in order. They’d come out squeaky clean and gotten right back to work, and now you were helping Gemma with one last round of prepping her opening statements. Sabrina was back out in the living area poring over the evidence resources looking for more pitfalls or loopholes that had been missed.

Gemma took a breath, preparing to start again, but then let it out and turned, flopping onto the bed next to you heavily. “I don’t want to fuck it up,” she mumbled into the sheets face down.

“You won’t,” you said, rubbing her back. “What makes you think you will?”

“Nothing,” Gemma mumbled. “But nothing makes me think I’ll do really well, either.”

“Please,” you scoffed. “Gemma, you are one of the three smartest people I know that’s our age. Sabrina is number two, and Ollie is number three.”

Gemma snorted and rolled over closer to you, ending up on her back. She took your hand in both of hers and brought it up to her lips, kissing it softly. “How is she?” Gemma asked. “Heard anything lately?”

“They were getting together again back at school,” you said. “But I haven’t heard anything since we said we couldn’t come. It would have been this weekend and obviously *that* wouldn’t have worked. And I want all the time I can get with you.”

“I wish I could say I’m sorry for messing us up,” Gemma said. “But we knew this would happen going into it.”

“I know, love,” you sighed. “Anyways, I haven’t heard anything from them so I assume they’re hanging out in person and stuff.”

“That’s good,” Gemma said. She’d pulled your hand down to rest over her heart. “Honestly, I can’t wait for you to meet Birdie, love. She’s just *fun*, and I think you and Sabrina will get along with her heaps.”

“Not afraid she’ll get a little jealous of your time?” you asked.

“No,” Gemma said. “Well, maybe, but that just means she’ll want to come visit us whenever she can. She won’t hold it against you.”

“Speaking of visiting,” you said. “We should talk about where we’re applying. We should be getting our LSAT results back any time now, and need to start getting our shit together.”

Gemma nodded. “That’s a conversation for all three of us though,” she said.

“I know,” you said. “But you’re stressing out and I’m distracting you with something other than my dick.”

Gemma barked a laugh and shook her head. “It makes more sense for me to apply to places here in the States,” she said. “That’s one person going overseas as an international student instead of two.”

“I hear a ‘but’ in there,” you said, and Gemma nodded.

“I love my country, John,” she said. “Australia is... it’s different from here. The US is great and all, but there’s a different tone. I’d be fine living here, but I want you guys to get a taste of over there for longer than a week or two of visiting. Which isn’t super fair, I guess, but-”

“Shhh,” you hushed her, leaning down and kissing her gently. “Don’t make excuses. You’re allowed to want that even if it’s not the most logical.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“I’m not opposed to Aussie law school,” you said.

“You’d be leaving behind your friends and family,” Gemma said.

“Which would be exactly what we’d be asking you to do if you came here,” you countered.

“But I’ve done it before, now,” Gemma said.

“For a year,” you said. “And it led you to us. But that’s different than swapping countries permanently. And let’s be real, whichever one we choose for school, we’re probably ending up

there afterwards. And I don't think my friends and family would mind coming on vacation to visit us in Australia - it's more exciting than coming to the States for your friends and family."

"You only say that because you're from here," Gemma said. "People *want* to see New York, and LA, and the Grand Canyon, and all that stuff. Even if it's just cities and holes in the ground. Taking a trip to America is probably just as popular back home as someone from here taking a trip to Australia."

"OK, point taken," you said. "Here's a question, then. If we never happened, and we were just friends, and you went home and finished your bachelor's and were applying to law school - would you even be considering coming back to the US?"

Gemma pursed her lips as she thought about that. "I think so," she said. "But other than the longshot of Stanford or Yale, US schools would be lower on my list."

"What are the best Australian schools?" you asked. She was still holding your hand to her heart and you brought your other one over to stroke her hair and run your fingers through it.

"Melbourne is number one for sure," Gemma said. "Then I think it's National, which is in Canberra. Then the Sydney schools - New South Wales and Sydney proper. If my LSAT scores come back high enough I'd shoot for Stanford and Yale, and maybe a couple of others here in the US, but my main goal would be Melbourne."

"What's the drive time like between Adelaide and Melbourne?" you asked. "So we could go see your family and friends?"

Gemma smiled warmly, looking up at you with absolute love in her eyes as you mentioned going to see her family. "About a day's drive," she said. "Though, to be fair, a couple of my siblings have moved out of Adelaide. One's in Melbourne. Same with most of my high school friends."

"So weekend trips, not day trips," you said softly. "That doesn't sound too bad to me."

"Doesn't sound too bad to me either," she said. "But visiting your family would be something like sixteen or seventeen hours. And that includes Katherine - I can't see her being thrilled about her twin being on another continent."

"We would figure it out," you said. "Just promise me you won't just give in because you think the US would be easier, OK?"

"Alright," she promised with a nod.

You kissed her again, soft and comfortable. "OK, love," you said. "Let's try it again, huh?"

She nodded, sitting up and shaking out her hair, and then hugged you. "You are the best man I know, John," she said. "Thanks for changing my life."

"Thanks for changing mine," you said, hugging her back. It lasted a while, but that was OK. It felt good just to hold her and know she was yours.

Chapter 448

“Hey, Daddy,” Sabrina said as she walked into the doorway of the bedroom, knocking lightly. “Darling called and said you were feeling pretty awful.”

“Hey, Baby,” you said, putting on a bit of a sick voice as you kept the phone steady, recording her from the bed. You were lying under the covers in the middle of the bed for the scene. “Thanks for checking on me, but you really shouldn’t be here. You might get sick.”

Sabrina scoffed lightly, coming further into the room and climbing up on the bed. It was a bit of a trick to keep her framed properly, but you were pretty sure you managed it. “I don’t care if I get sick, Daddy,” she said. “I care about you getting better. And if I do get sick then I’m sure you’ll take care of me too.”

“Of course I would,” you said.

“Darling had to run out to grab some things,” Sabrina said. “She thinks you need some cheering up though.”

“She does, does she?” you asked.

Sabrina nodded, smirking a little as she scooted closer until she was snuggled right up to you. She was wearing a cute sundress that cut off about mid-thigh, and to make the camera angle work she needed to lay lower against you than she normally would, so you were still able to get a good shot of her bare thigh and the scoop of her neckline hinting at cleavage. “Your Darling cares so much about you, Daddy. I love how much she loves you, and I’m so thankful she lets me be yours, too.”

“She’s an amazing woman,” you said with a smile, thinking of Gemma.

“The best,” Sabrina agreed, her grin reaching up into her eyes. “Now, they say sugar helps the medicine go down, right?”

“Did you bring me something sweet?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she smiled and hummed, nodding. She took your free hand and brought it down to the bottom hem of her dress, leading it under and making a show of guiding your fingers to her pussy. When you drew it out there was an obvious sheen of arousal on them. The ‘correct’ thing for the scene was for her to guide them to your lips, but that wouldn’t really work well with the PoV camera angle, so instead she brought them up to her lips and sucked on your fingers. “Mmm,” she hummed. “I’m definitely sweet.”

“Yes you are,” you chuckled, still trying to keep a bit of hoarseness in your voice.

“You know, they also say laughter is the best medicine,” Sabrina said.

“Are you going to tell me a joke?”

She shook her head. “I’d rather tickle you, but you’re not ticklish. And you only laugh at *dirty* jokes so I think I know how to get you started.”

“How’s that?” you asked.

Sabrina bit her lip and grabbed the edge of the sheet, pulling it down to reveal that I was wearing a blank t-shirt but no underwear. She took my cock in her hand and started slowly stroking it hard. “Well, it starts like this,” she said.

“Oh, baby,” you groaned. “Are you sure you’re OK with risking getting sick for this?”

“For Daddy’s Dick?” Sabrina asked. “I’d do *anything* to make sure you were taken care of.”

She started with a handjob, whispering dirty little limericks into the phone. You’d printed them off and taped them to the headboard behind your head so that she could read them off instead of needing to remember them all, though you had a feeling Sabrina would surprise you with some every once in a while. Things then progressed as she sat up and pulled her dress off, revealing she was naked underneath it, and she snuggled up to you again and told a couple of funny, dirty stories. You were fully hard by that point and as she stroked you she encouraged your free hand to wander, groping her tits and sliding over her bare skin all the way to her ass and around to her mound.

When she’d finally gotten a good laugh out of you, she transitioned, climbing over your leg and settling between your legs, starting on a blowjob. It was slow and lazy, with lots of teasing, and even though you were keeping Sabrina’s eyes out of the shot you knew that she was enjoying herself immensely. Every look between the two of you was electric.

Eventually, things had to come to a head - literally - and she slurped your orgasm out of you as she moaned lewdly and wiggled her bum in the background of the shot.

“All better?” she asked you after she showed her clean tongue, having swallowed every drop.

“Getting there,” you said. “That definitely helped.”

“Well, maybe I can help some more,” she said with a grin and dropped her lips back to your cock and started to suck again.

“And cut,” you said, stopping the recording.

“How was that?” Sabrina said, popping off your dick but still holding it by the base and squeezing it playfully.

“Cute and weirdly wholesome for a sex tape,” you chuckled.

“Perfect, that’s what I was going for,” Sabrina said. “Now, *can* I help you again, or...?”

“Come here, you,” you said, setting the phone camera aside and reaching down to pull her up by her armpits. She scrambled up until she was laying on top of you and you buried your lips in the crook of her neck, kissing her hungrily.

“Mmmm, Daddy,” she moaned.

“Not recording anymore,” you mumbled.

“Daddy!” she said louder and a little more dramatically.

“Ugh, you brat,” you laughed, rolling over so you were on top of her. She stuck her tongue out at you and you kissed her nose, then slid down her body and got her legs over your shoulders as you planted another kiss on her, but this time on her clit.

“Mmm, John,” Sabrina moaned.

“That’s more like it,” you said and started to eat her out. She was slick and sweet and soon you had her moaning and wriggling. You tongued her firmly, gripping her thighs and ass with strong fingers the way she liked, and then kissed down lower and teased her asshole a bit before coming back up. Sabrina reached down and ran her fingers through your hair, latching on as she approached her orgasm and you slid your hands up her sides and started to pinch her the way she liked.

“Yes, John,” she panted. “Yes, fuck. God, you know me. Fuck! I love you so much. I love your tongue, baby. I love your cock. I love your fingers. Fuck, Daddy. God, I’m going to come, Daddy. Yeahyeahyeah- Sweet Jesus, I- Fuck, thank you Daddy!”

She came, thrusting her hips up and down as she leaked a nice little wash of girlcum onto your lips and she grabbed at the pillows and squeezed her eyes shut. When it had all pulled through her, Sabrina collapsed to the mattress as a loose puddle of a woman and sighed happily.

You chuckled softly, shifting to the side and climbing back up her body to lay down next to her, throwing an arm over her to hug her as you laid your head down next to her. “Satisfied?” you asked.

“Always, with you, baby,” she said without opening her eyes. “But also it’s never enough. I’ll always want more, too.”

“Maybe later,” you said. “After dinner.”

“OK,” she sighed. “After dinner. And more work.”

“Of course,” you said and kissed her cheek.

“Mmm,” she hummed, turning to face you and kissing your lips. “I taste good.”

“Yes you do, baby,” you chuckled. “You absolutely do.”

Chapter 449

“It’s a Saturday night and we’re sitting in a KFC,” Sabrina said, gesturing with a drumstick. “This is not our sexiest moment.”

“Nope, but it’s delicious,” Gemma said, popping another popcorn chicken into her mouth and munching down on it.

“You have to admit, baby, this is definitely a nice change of pace for a once in a while, at least,” you said.

“OK, maybe,” Sabrina smirked, then took a bite of her chicken.

The three of you were dressed way down compared to how you usually went out. Gemma was in her sweatpants and a zip-up hoodie, while Sabrina was wearing one of your t-shirts and leggings. Both of them were in running shoes. You were wearing jeans and a T-shirt as well, and the only reason you were in jeans was because it was just a little too chilly for shorts late at night. Not cold by any means, but you’d wanted to wear pants.

Fast food chicken had been the eventual decision for dinner because it was within walking distance of Sabrina’s place and, as you’d been scrolling through a map of the area listing of places you could go, Gemma had mentioned that she hadn’t had it ‘in forever.’ That had been enough for the three of you to pull the trigger.

“So, I’m just saying,” Gemma said. “I won.”

“Are you *sure* you didn’t look at us even *once*?” Sabrina asked. “By accident?”

“Nope,” Gemma smirked.

“I didn’t see her looking,” you said.

“Alright, fine,” Sabrina sighed. “Filming the second one in the bedroom definitely was shooting myself in the foot though.”

“I’m thinking we give you your massage tomorrow morning, love,” you said, wiping the grease off your hands with a napkin. “Then we can meet Eric at my place in the afternoon.”

“Works for me,” Gemma said. “You ok with that, baby?”

“Yeah,” Sabrina sighed.

“Are you really that upset that I’m not getting double stuffed?” Gemma snorted. Thankfully most of the fast food joint was empty and you could talk freely. A couple of people had come in and

out and ordered at the counter, but most of the folks coming in the door were drivers picking up for DoorDash or UberEats or whatever other delivery app people were using. KFC seemed to be doing a pretty brisk business even without a ton of people being *in* the restaurant.

“No,” Sabrina said, poking at her fries.

“So what’s with the sad puppy act?”

Sabrina snorted and smirked as she looked up. “I was trying to see if you’d offer to do it after the massage.”

You groaned and rolled your eyes, and Gemma laughed. “Maybe,” she said, then held up a hand at Sabrina’s excitement. “*Maybe*, love. Last time took a *lot* out of me, and we need to get work done that afternoon with Eric. And the last thing I need is him catching on that I’m sitting tenderly or something.”

“He wouldn’t notice at all,” Sabrina scoffed.

“How about we *maybe* save it for the Wednesday celebration?” you suggested. “Which, by the way, I have questions about.”

“That’s a good idea, actually. But what’s there to question?” Gemma asked.

“Are you two seriously planning on trying to hook up Tasha and Becks?” you asked. “I know I keep getting told not to worry about it, but I am.”

“It would work so perfectly,” Sabrina said. “They both want someone in their lives, right? And we think they’d get along. Becks is into big *ahems*, so all Tasha would need to fulfil that is the right *tool* for the job. Tasha needs someone who is going to treat her respectfully, but also a little nasty with kink stuff, and Becks is willing to try anything at least once.”

“Plus, then they could both come down to visit you two together at school,” Gemma said. “Making a drive like that solo wouldn’t be super fun, but together it’s just a little road trip and then they both get a piece of you for a weekend.”

“I feel like you’re forgetting Becks is bi-ish and not *bi*,” you said.

“OK, so we haven’t talked about it,” Gemma said. “But I think there’s a pretty solid chance that’s changing. Between what she’s done with us, and wants to keep doing, and how she talks about being frustrated with the guys she’s been dating before we hooked up... I mean, I think it could work.”

“Have you thought about *asking* her first?” you asked.

“Yes, and I think it’s a bad idea,” Sabrina said. “I think we need to get them both in a room and properly *introduced* to each other. They’ve met, but they haven’t had the full *experience*. Once the seal is broken I say they’ll be more open to it. Especially Becks. We just need to make sure Tasha uses a good-sized toy on her on Wednesday.”

You sighed, shaking your head. “You girls are the *weirdest* matchmakers I’ve ever heard of.”

“Just wait until we’re back at school and I’m trying to work my magic on Ollie, Brent and Paul,” Sabrina smirked. “I’ll have profiles put together for all of them and I’ll call Gemma in on consultation FaceTimes. We’ll have all three of them in committed relationships by Christmas.”

You sighed again. “Seriously. You’re crazy.”

“But you love us,” Gemma grinned.

“Truly, madly, deeply,” you said.

“Savage Garden?” Sabrina laughed. “Really?”

“It popped into my head,” you waved her off. You took a slurp of your soda and found it was almost empty so you drained it. “Alright, are we almost finished being greasy, or do you guys still have chicken to eat?”

“Almost done,” Gemma said, another couple of popcorn chicken pieces getting dipped into her sweet and sour sauce and crunched.

“These fries aren’t great,” Sabrina said, making a face.

“It’s a chicken place, not a fries place,” you said. “But you’re right.”

Gemma finished up her meal and you took the tray with the garbage away. When you got back to them Gemma had shifted to sit beside Sabrina, and they gestured for you to sit across from them in the booth.

“OK,” you said. “What’s this about?”

“Nothing,” Sabrina said.

“Well, not nothing,” Gemma said.

You pursed your lips and cocked an eyebrow.

Then Sabrina pulled up her shirt and flashed you her braless tits while Gemma unzipped her sweater and did the same. They were grinning and quickly covered themselves up again as they were snickering.

“Really?” you laughed.

“We just really like the look on your face when we do that,” Sabrina grinned.

“Especially when it’s semi-public and you aren’t expecting it,” Gemma said. Then she leaned forward and took your hand. “We can go home now, love. We just wanted to make you smile.”

“Well, you succeeded,” you said. “Come on, my little freaks. We’ve got more work to do.”

Chapter 450

“That’s enough,” Gemma said. “I am declaring that we are *done* for tonight.”

Sabrina sighed. “I can get through these last news reports before we-”

Gemma shut Sabrina up by kissing her, and Sabrina played the goofball by continuing to mumble through it until Gemma pushed her back by her shoulders until Sabrina was flat on the ground and Gemma started grabbing her tits through her shirt. Then the mumbling turned to moaning.

“Done?” Gemma asked as she raised up from Sabrina.

“It really won’t take that long- mmpdh!” Sabrina said, getting cut off by another kiss.

You snorted and laughed as the two of them started making out on the floor. Sabrina liked working there for some reason, something about being able to spread out. Gemma had been working on the couch beside you, and now you had her sweatpants-clad butt stuck out at you as you set your laptop aside.

“Come on, you two,” you said and then yawned. “We’re just triple-checking things at this point.” You stood up and stretched, but the girls didn’t stop making out. With a sigh you reached down and slid your hands inside Gemma’s sweats, palming her ass cheeks and scratching them lightly with your fingernails. That made her groan into their kissing. “Stand up or no more for you,” you said.

Gemma broke the kiss with Sabrina with a sigh and sat up. “Not fair,” she said with a smirk. “That felt really good.”

“I’ll keep doing it if you come to *bed*,” you insisted.

You helped Gemma up, and then Sabrina who used your helpful hand to leap right up into your arms and kiss you as well before sliding down to her feet.

“Mmm, are we doing sexy makeouts tonight?” she asked. “Cause that would be kinda fun.”

“Sure,” you laughed.

The three of you headed to bed - there really wasn’t that much to get ready other than brushing your teeth. Gemma only had the most cursory makeup to wipe off, and Sabrina had taken hers off after you’d filmed the ‘Sick’ scene. Make-up removal was one of those things you hadn’t really contemplated prior to getting into a relationship with them; whenever the three of you had a night with them or one of your guests where makeup *wasn’t* removed before sleep, the pillowcases needed replacing in the morning. Thankfully neither of them, nor the ladies who

came through your bed, wore an extravagant amount so it didn't get *everywhere*, but it was still surprising how much could rub off.

Gemma just dropped her sweatpants and unzipped her hoodie before climbing into bed with you in just a thong. Sabrina had to peel her leggings off, leaving her in a thong as well, and didn't bother taking your T-shirt off before climbing up a moment later.

"OK, hold on," Sabrina said, giving Gemma's butt cheek a light smack since the blonde had already climbed on top of you and started kissing you.

"I got here first," Gemma said with a smirk. "You can wait your turn."

"No, it's something else, I swear," Sabrina chuckled.

Gemma sighed and slid off of you to her side of the bed, her tits still pressed to your side, and Sabrina slid in on the other side as you wrapped an arm around her and she snuggled in.

"So, I might have been gushing a little bit about you guys to FitNelli earlier today," she said. "And I told her about how 'Daddy' - I haven't told her our real names - had organised our sexy friends sending me videos to cheer me up last night after a bad day. She thought it was super sweet. Then I sent her the blooper moment from the lapdance recording earlier 'cause it was hot but I couldn't really use it for the video."

"Bloop moment?" Gemma asked.

"John got impatient and made us restart 'cause he started fucking me too early," Sabrina smirked.

"You did a good job of teasing me, what can I say?" you chuckled. "But you sent her that clip?"

"Mhmm," Sabrina said. "From the B-roll camera so it didn't have our faces, and you can only really see us from a little over the waist down. But it was still really hot, and you can hear the audio."

"What did she think of that?" Gemma asked.

"She thought it was funny and hot," Sabrina said. "And she said it reminded her of the best times filming with her ex. Then she sent me a video back but told me not to open it until we were in bed tonight."

"Oooh," Gemma said. "So things have progressed to you two sending sexy videos back and forth."

"Actually," Sabrina smirked. "She said it was for 'Daddy.'"

You grinned but also groaned. "I would rather her know my name is John than one of the top performers on OnlyFans *also* calling me Daddy."

"Really?" Gemma laughed. "Most guys would be *thrilled* by that I think."

You chuckled and shook your head. "Says the hot blonde with the big ta-tas who doesn't want to be called Mommy."

Gemma scoffed and slapped your arm lightly as Sabrina started giggling. "It's different," she said. "'Daddy' doesn't really have an age component to it, but 'Mommy' does. And you *know* I have a fear of getting pregnant early - the only reason we don't use condoms is because of my IUD."

"You sure do like a good creampie," Sabrina grinned. "But, just for the record, I know it's too early for any of us but I think you'd step up and be an amazing Mom, Gemma."

Gemma melted a little at that, her expression turning soft. "Thanks, love," she said. Then she took a breath and let it out. "This isn't supposed to be about me, though. She sent a video to John - are you OK with that?"

"I mean, unless it turns out to be something weird, no," Sabrina said. "Do you? You're the one who isn't becoming coworker friends with her."

"I don't think so," Gemma said. "Unless it's weird, obviously. I don't see a difference between that and Becks calling for some phone sex, or Tasha sending nudes."

"Please, keep reminding me how fucking lucky I am," you said.

"OK, so we're in bed, and we're watching the video," Sabrina said, reaching over to the nightstand to grab her phone. "Boxers off, John."

"I thought this was supposed to be 'sexy makeout night?'" you asked as you started to push down your boxers under the covers.

"We can do that too," Gemma laughed. "But if the video is sexy like we think it is..."

"Fair," you chuckled and accepted the phone from Sabrina with the video queued up. "Ready?"

Both of your girlfriends slid a hand across your torso. Gemma got her hand down cupping your balls and Sabrina got hers around your half-chubbed cock. "Ready," they said in unison and then laughed.