

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 222-235

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 222

“So, I’m thinking there are two options,” Sabrina said as the three of you were laying naked on your bed. The date night had been fun, but coming back to your place afterwards had been more so. Sabrina had a half dozen new hickies across her little tits and belly from both you and Gemma, and you and Gemma both had a couple of your own as well. You were laying propped up on the pillows at the head of the bed and Sabrina was laying on her stomach across your legs, with her head nestled on Gemma’s stomach.

“Two options for... what? Where John puts his next load?” Gemma asked. “Because I’m pretty sure it’s my turn for that.”

Sabrina giggled a little, smiling as Gemma ran her fingers through her hair slowly. “No- well, I mean yeah I have ideas for that too, but I meant for the Threesome shoot.”

“Let’s hear it,” you said. While Gemma was massaging Sabrina’s scalp, you were running your fingers across her upturned bum and thighs. They were pink from the spanking and you’d just finished rubbing some aloe on them.

“So option one is I try reaching out to other OnlyFans creators,” Sabrina said. “If I do that, it probably makes the most sense to try and make a deal with another girl around my size and exposure. Obviously for publicity purposes someone bigger would be better, but I’m already bringing in more than though money right now that I don’t know if I want to be like... really big.”

“Because this isn’t forever,” Gemma nodded.

“Exactly. I’m not giving up being a lawyer,” Sabrina said. “The Pros of working with another creator are that they’ll know what’s up, they’ll hopefully be professional about it, and they’ll have their own audience to cross over with ours. The Con is that even though we can kind of pick and choose who to try and work with, we’re still taking a risk even with a solid contract. One accidental tweet or picture, or if for some reason she gets pissy, and we might be able to sue her for all she’s worth but that still fucks up our lives.”

“That all makes sense,” you agreed. “What’s the other option?”

“Someone we know and can trust,” Sabrina said. “And I know that’s a big risk, but think about it for a second - if we can find the right person to trust everything will go easier. We won’t be worried about their social media or them trying to start some online beef with us or anything. And I already am careful about both mine and John’s identity not leaking, so we can show that

theirs won't either. The big Cons are if we approach the wrong person and they don't go for it, and the lack of crossover with another audience."

"I know what I'm thinking, but I'm the least important person in this decision," Gemma said.

"No," Sabrina shook her head. "You're the *most* important person in all of this, Gem."

"I agree, baby," you said, reaching over and taking her hand. "Sabrina and I might be the ones having sex with whoever it is, but you're the one on the outside looking in and would need to justify everything if something did get out."

"I disagree," Gemma shook her head.

"But you still have thoughts, and we want to hear them," Sabrina said.

"You first," Gemma countered. "You have to favour one of those options."

"I don't, actually," Sabrina sighed. "I think they both have value. I had thought of some other things but they didn't make as much sense as these two."

"What about you, John?" Gemma asked.

"I- Look, I know you don't really like me saying it like this, but I still feel totally lucky with everything that all of this is," you said. "I mean, we just finished a threesome-"

"We're just taking a breather," Sabrina interrupted with a smirk.

"OK," you continued. "We're taking a breather from a threesome and talking about choosing someone for another threesome. I'm dedicated to you two. I love you two. I'll do this with whoever you two decide."

"How did both of you get this turned back to me making the decision?" Gemma sighed.

"Because we love and respect you," Sabrina said with a smile, and then softly kissed Gemma's stomach.

"Let me think about it a bit more," Gemma said.

"Want me to encourage you?" Sabrina smirked.

Gemma bit her lower lip and nodded, then scooted back a bit further on the bed so that Sabrina was in the right position to start softly licking at the folds of her pussy. You watched for a bit, then decided you wanted in on the action and laid down on your stomach next to Sabrina and the two of you tag-teamed Gemma with your tongues until she was squirming and moaning.

“Any decisions?” Sabrina asked a little while later.

Gemma was the one laying on her stomach now, her legs spread and her face buried in a pillow. You’d just finished fucking her ass, your cum still hot on her back from shooting it all over her, and you had fallen to the side and were lightly holding her hand.

“Yeah,” Gemma sighed happily. “Yeah, I think I did.”

“You gonna share?” you asked with a tired smile.

“Only after Sabrina cleans me up,” Gemma teased.

“Mmmm,” Sabrina giggled, then leaned down and started licking your cum off of Gemma’s slick skin.

The three of you were under the covers, Gemma wedged in the centre of you and Sabrina in a spooning chain, when Sabrina remembered to ask again.

“I think we find someone we can trust, and who would go along with it,” Gemma said quietly into the darkness of the room.

“OK,” Sabrina nodded. She was the smallest spoon, with Gemma’s bare tits pressed to her back, but you had your arm down across Gemma’s side and holding Sabrina’s hip. “We’ll figure out who.”

“Love you two,” Gemma whispered.

“Love you too, babe,” Sabrina said.

“Love you both,” you said, snuggling your lips into the crook of Gemma’s neck and giving her a soft kiss.

## **Chapter 223**

“So who should we fuck?” Sabrina asked.

“Really? Here?” you laughed, looking around at the park. There were families playing over in the playground area, and people jogging by on the trail.

The three of you had gotten up that morning and had a lazy Saturday morning that had been surprisingly un-sexual despite the casual lack of clothing you’d been sporting. Gemma had only worn one of your shirts around, and Sabrina had worn her own tank top without a bra along with

a pair of your boxers. There'd been a little bit of grabass through breakfast and watching a couple of episodes of Castle, but not even a blowjob as the three of you took turns showering. Eventually you'd needed to get out of the apartment so you had taken a walk down to a park that was a couple of blocks from your place where Food Trucks gathered on a side street. Now the three of you were sitting on one of the benches together as you ate.

"Why not?" Sabrina asked. "It's not like anyone is listening."

"Fair," Gemma said. "But can we at least be a *little* coded? Just for my sanity."

"OK," Sabrina acquiesced. "Who should we engage with?"

"I think there are some obvious choices, but I'm also not sure who would actually be willing to engage with the camera part of it all," Gemma said.

"Exactly the problem," Sabrina nodded. "So here's what I'm thinking. Becca has been pretty open about engaging and is fine with the pictures for John. But she's also got Charlotte, so who knows if being more public would put a dampener on it. Or there's Charlotte, though she seems like less of a choice since she isn't as aggressive about things. Or, and I admit this is kind of an outlier, there's also Lucy. The way she's acting she clearly wants a piece of you, baby."

"I don't know if I'd want a piece of her," you said.

"Oh, come on," Sabrina scoffed. "You wouldn't want a couple of good hate-fucks with her after how bitchy she was to you?"

You had to consider that, the idea of bending Lucy over and pounding her ass sounded kinda great. But then you shook your head. "Too close to home anyways," you said. "We don't know if we could trust her, and she also knows people I know from back home."

"OK, let's file her as 'probably not,'" Gemma said.

"Well, my last idea is Becks," Sabrina said. "She's hot, she's also been OK with some camera stuff as we know, and we know she likes big... implements. And she's freshly single again."

"What about Tasha?" Gemma added. "Also hot, also very open about things, and also wants to 'engage' with John if given the opportunity."

"True," Sabrina nodded. "And she really does have great tits."

"And she's also dating Mosche," you pointed out.

"Are they exclusive?" Sabrina asked. "Like, officially?"

"I... don't know," you said. "But does that matter?"

Gemma blew out a breath. "Let's be real, we could say 'only technically' and spin a bunch of legal BS to make it sound OK, but it wouldn't be. Switch with me?" Gemma pivoted the conversation briefly, gesturing that she wanted to trade her poutine with the second half of your chicken burger. You didn't even bother fighting it, you just traded boxes with her and she smiled happily at you.

"You know, at some point I'm just going to start ordering your meals for you," you chuckled. "I seem to know your tastes better than you do."

"Ooh, that would be kind of hot," Sabrina giggled. "Daddy taking control and telling us what to eat."

"Really?" you asked. "I mean, really?"

"OK, so the idea is probably hotter than the reality," Sabrina laughed.

"Mmmm," Gemma groaned as she bit into the perfectly battered and deep-fried chicken on the plush pretzel bun. "M'I dunno, I might just go along with it. You always pick the best food."

"Alright, so let's put Tasha on the 'probably not' list," Sabrina said, getting us back on track.

"What if we got Joy to do it," Gemma smirked.

That made you almost spit out your mouthful of soda as she said it right when you were taking a sip.

"Oh my God, can you imagine?" Sabrina cackled a little. "The things I would do to that bitch."

"Don't even joke about that," you said. "Ne-ver gonna happen if I'm involved."

"Oooh, Gem," Sabrina smirked. "It could just be you and me in hot leather dom outfits, and we could make her lick our toes and whip her butt and make her beg-"

"What happened to coded language?" you interrupted, making both of the girls laugh.

"So that leaves Becca, Charlotte or Becks," Gemma said. "Honestly, and this might be a little selfish of me, but I'm the one living with Becca and Charlotte so I'd prefer if we tested things out with Becks first. I don't think she'd be offended by the offer as long as it wasn't done rudely, and she wouldn't bring it into work with her."

"Fair," Sabrina nodded. "Let's figure out how to ask her. I'm thinking we do another girl's night and we can tell her a bit more about us three, and maybe rave a bit about John in bed to get her

warmed up, then later on I'll tell her about the content stuff and drop a hint that I'm looking for someone to do some anonymous content."

"Good thinking," Gemma nodded. "Probably, what, Tuesday? I doubt she goes to try and hook up this weekend so she should be starting to feel horny by then."

"You know, you two are a little scary when you start plotting," you said.

"Only good plotting, babe," Gemma said, leaning over to kiss your cheek.

## Chapter 224

Monday morning you all had to get dressed at Sabrina's. You probably shouldn't have spent the *entire* weekend together, but it had happened. Saturday night you'd gone to the movies and done a double-feature and then crashed at Gemma's. Sunday had been another lazy day, a late brunch, and then we went to the mall and just did some window shopping. Well, mostly window shopping - the girls ended up buying new lingerie and that's how you ended up back at Sabrina's for a mini fashion show.

Getting ready for work in the morning with both of them, sharing one tiny bathroom, was a bit of chaos. There wasn't enough room, and the three of you worked on slightly different rhythms in the morning, and it was a mess.

And you loved it.

Sitting on the bus with both of them, trading smiles and flirty looks between us, made you fucking happy.

Trying not to be *too* obvious about your relationship, Sabrina ended up heading into the office a couple of minutes before you and Gemma as you went to fetch the coffee for Gemma's day of the coffee run.

"Have I mentioned I love you?" Gemma asked as you were standing in line.

"Mmm, today?" you asked. "Maybe just once."

"Well, I do," she said with a smile. You were holding hands and she was smiling up at you.

"I love you too," you said, leaning down to give her a peck on the lips.

And then something weird happened - Gemma looked away and blinked a few times, and then took a breath, and one big fat tear rolled down her cheek.

“Hey, whoa,” you said, letting go of her hand to wrap your arm around her shoulder. “What’s wrong? What’s going on?”

“Nothing, it’s nothing,” she said. “I just- I started my period this morning so I’m feeling a little off, and that kiss just made me really sad because I need to go back home soon and I won’t be able to kiss you like that every day.”

“We’ve still got almost two months,” you reminded her.

“Almost,” Gemma said. “And soon that’ll be a month and a half, and then just a month. I’m just- John, I’m really happy right now. My semesters abroad were fun enough and helped me get over my ex, but this summer... you and Sabrina are a change in my life that I don’t want to lose. I don’t want a clock on Us.”

“There isn’t,” you assured her. “There’s a clock on this summer, but not on us. I love you, and that will never change.”

“God, get a fuckin’ room or order,” said a greasy-looking teenager from behind us.

That made Gemma snort hard at the absurdity of how melodramatic you were being, and she wiped her tears away as you rattled off the morning coffee order from your phone for the barista. You made sure to buy a doughnut with some whipped cream piled on top especially for Gemma.

“Um, Gemma, you’ve got something...” Becks said as we entered the office building.

“Hmm?” Gemma asked, giving Becks an oblivious look.

“You’ve got something white right here,” Becks said, tapping the corner of her own lips to indicate it to Gemma.

“Oh!” Gemma laughed, then wiped the spot with her fingers and looked at it before sucking it into her mouth. “Mmm! That’s just cum, no worries.”

The look on Beck's face was priceless.

Thankfully no one else had been in the lobby or Gemma wouldn’t have gotten away with the prank. She burst out laughing, waving her hands. “It’s just whipped cream,” she assured Becks.

Beck actually blew out a long breath before she could laugh as well. “Jesus, girl, you had me worried there for a second.”

“What, that I’ve become a total whore for my boyfriend?” Gemma teased.

“No, for John,” Becks said, gesturing to me. “If his cum is coming out whipped and puffy like that, there might be something seriously wrong with him.”

“Everything’s working perfectly fine down there, no need to worry,” you said.

“Very fine,” Gemma agreed, shooting Becks a wink.

“OK, you two,” Becks said. “You’re going to get me into trouble if you don’t move it.”

“Hah! We got her,” Gemma laughed.

You left Becks laughing to herself and upstairs Sabrina giggled when you told her the story.

“But where’s my doughnut?” she then asked.

“I didn’t get you one,” you said.

“Why not?” Sabrina asked, looking slightly hurt.

“Because only Good Girls get treats,” Gemma teased, lowering her voice to make sure no one else could hear the sexual innuendo. Eric and Andy hadn’t arrived yet, but there were other folks around the office.

Sabrina shot you both a horny look, but you rolled your eyes and shook your head. “That’s not the reason at all,” you said. “It’s because I got you a cookie.” You produced a big oatmeal chocolate chip cookie from your bag - it was probably the size of Sabrina’s entire face and was too big to fit in one of the coffee shop boxes, so it was just wrapped in saran wrap.

“Oh. My. God,” Sabrina said, her eyes lighting up and her jaw dropping. “It’s beautiful.”

“It’s all yours,” you said, handing it to her. Then you leaned in. “My Good Girl.”

Sabrina shot you another horny look as she bit her lip. “Thank you, Daddy,” she said quietly with a little grin.

A little later when Garrison came into the conference room he did a full on double-take when he noticed Sabrina slowly munching on the edge of the gigantic cookie as she was working, looking all the world like a squirrel with a giant walnut or something. The look on his face made you laugh, which then got Gemma snickering and trying to suppress it, but that just made Garrison laugh, shake his head and leave without even telling us what he had come in for in the first place. It took him almost an hour to realize that and come back.

## **Chapter 225**



You, Gemma and Sabrina were all sitting in the main conference room, surrounded by boxes full of files. Garrison was standing amongst them, arms crossed over his chest. "Not the Monday afternoon you were expecting?"

"Uh, not really, sir," you said. "But that's the job."

"We're more than happy to do it," Gemma nodded.

"Good," Garrison nodded. "But here's a little bonus; this case is slotted to run the third week of July. All of these files won't take that long for you to get through - or it better not, or I've wildly misjudged you three - but we need them done ASAP so that the Associates can do their due diligence and write up the briefs and reports. Usually we're the firm organizing the mergers, not trying to fight one, or else we'd likely just have the Associates do this sort-and-search themselves. But we've got you three here. If you do a good job on this, you can come sit in the gallery when we take this thing to court."

"Sounds great, sir," Sabrina nodded.

"Good," Garrison nodded. "Well, I'll let you get to it. This job is priority one - Andy and Eric can pick up any other emergency work that anyone wants to toss at the intern pool."

"Got it," you nodded.

Garrison nodded and left.

"How many boxes did he say this was?" Gemma asked, looking around at the stacks of boxes.

"Seventy-three," Sabrina said. "And it's the first half."

"Fuuuuuck," Gemma groaned. She stood up and opened the closest box to her. "Oh, for shit's sake, it's all loose papers!"

"God damn it," you sighed, checking another box and finding it was full of loose files as well. "OK. I'll go get some more empty boxes and a shitload of files. We'll need to start sorting by date first, I guess?"

"Mmm, type and then date," Sabrina said. "I'm seeing memos, emails and what I think is an expense report in here."

"I think I might start bleeding out of my eyes," Gemma said.

"It's gotta be a tactic," you said. "There's no reason a law firm would do this unless they were trying to hide something in paper. We might not know what we're looking for, but we can make it easier for the people who do."

"Yep," Gemma said. "We'll be lauded as the heroes of alphabetization. Saving the world one document at a time."

You left Sabrina and Gemma as they started clearing off the conference room table to create a workspace. The stock room was mirrored to the copy room on the floor, and going inside made you briefly think of that first encounter with Sabrina on a Monday afternoon not so many weeks ago that had led to... well, everything. You took a moment alone in the stock room to just smile to yourself.

It really was amazing what you had gotten out of one little decision.

You had a stack of three empty boxes gripped in one hand, and another one full of bundles of empty files under the other, when you backed out of the storage room and bumped into someone who let out a squawk. You turned and felt like you almost shit yourself.

Mrs Bellagamba was glaring at you with wide, angry eyes.

"I am so sorry, Miss," you said quickly. "I should have been looking where I was going. We've just got a big job that needs doing and I was trying to make a couple less trips for supplies."

Bellagamba didn't say anything. She just narrowed her eyes, glaring at you hard, and then checked her watch. She looked back at me, turned on one immaculate heel of her shoes, and stormed off.

"Huh," you said to yourself quietly. "That was weird."

Back in the conference room you told the girls what had happened. "You don't think she'd try and use that or something, do you?" you asked.

"What's she going to do, report you to HR?" Gemma asked. "It was clearly an accident and you apologized."

"Technically that could be considered an admission of guilt," Sabrina pointed out. We'd all gotten the 'Bare Bones of things Never To Say' lesson from Garrison last week, both for civil and criminal cases. 'Never apologize unless you have to' was high on the list of No-No's for companies because it could very well lead to lawsuits. Same with personal accidents - apologising to someone who you got in a fender bender accident with could give them all the power to blame you for the accident.

You shook your head. "I have to choose to assume she can't be that petty."

“Remember, she raised Joy,” Sabrina countered.

The rest of the afternoon ended up being a lot of document sorting and arguing about whether you should be worried about Bellagamba all over again. By the time Garrison stuck his head into the room on his way out at the end of the day you’d argued yourself back into believing nothing was going to happen.

“Looks like you’re making a good dent,” Garrison nodded. “Get started on it again tomorrow morning when you’re in, alright?”

“Yes sir,” Gemma answered for the three of you.

Garrison nodded and left, and Gemma went to the door and checked both ways, listening intently before returning to her seat.

“What was that about?” you asked.

“She wanted to see if everyone was gone yet or not,” Sabrina said without looking up from the document she was trying to put a date to.

“Why though?” you asked.

“Because if everyone left early, you could bend her over the conference room table,” Sabrina said with a smile, still not looking up.

“Don’t tell me you weren’t thinking of it,” Gemma shot back at her.

“Are you kidding?” Sabrina said. “I’m soaked through these panties. If I stand up I met have a wet spot on the ass of my skirt.”

“This is all against the rules,” you said sternly. “No stuff in the office, remember?”

“Easy for you to say,” Sabrina mumbled. “I’ve been stopping myself from going to the washroom and jilling off since you called me a Good Girl this morning.”

That made you crack a smile and roll your eyes. “Not in the office,” you repeated yourself, though with less conviction.

## **Chapter 226**

“Fuck, baby,” Gemma moaned throatily as you ground the head of your cock through her steamy pussy lips, not pushing into her and instead just grinding against her pussy. “You’re so fucking good at getting me ramped up.”

“You do the same to me,” you said, leaning forward to wrap your hands down to squeeze her breasts. She was standing next to your bed with her legs straight, thrusting her ass back at you a bit and letting her tits dangle.

“Baby, it doesn’t take that much to get you going,” Gemma laughed.

You kissed her back, squeezing her tits more firmly. “Samesies,” you said. “I don’t think I’ve ever had to work a moment to get you in the mood.”

“That’s because I’ve been in love with you the whole time,” Gemma smiled. “Now, are you going to stick that beautiful big cock in my ass or what?”

Gemma didn’t want to have vaginal sex while she was on her period - she had almost no flow because of her IUD, but she was still uncomfortable with it. Anal, on the other hand, was still on the menu.

You were about halfway into her ass when the door to your room opened and Sabrina walked in holding three bowls, three spoons and a pint of chocolate peanut butter ice cream.

“OK, that’s just not fair,” she said, eyeing the two of you before closing the door. “When I’m on the rag I don’t get an alternate entry point.”

“Just blow him?” Gemma offered.

“Just blow him, she says,” Sabrina sighed. She went to your desk and opened your laptop, quickly typing in your password and bringing up Netflix and cueing up the next Castle episode. Then she turned back to you and Gemma, as you hadn’t stopped your slow butt fucking. “So is this going to be a hot and fast thing, or slow? Because if it’s slow you two should rearrange so we can eat ice cream and watch the show.”

“... Slow, please?” Gemma asked you over her shoulder.

You all rearranged, and soon Gemma and Sabrina were laying on their stomachs each with a bowl of ice cream as the three of you watch Nathan Fillion solve crimes. You didn’t have a bowl of ice cream because you were slowly grinding your cock in Gemma’s ass in a prone bone position.

“Can I be honest?” you asked after about twenty minutes of slow fucking and watching.

“Of course, baby,” Sabrina said, looking back at you with a raised eyebrow and a smile.

"It's weird watching guys on a TV show while I'm having sex."

"Just focus on Detective Beckett," Gemma groaned softly. "She's hot. Pretend I'm her."

"I could never," you said, laying down a bit more on her and kissing her cheek. "You are much sexier than her."

"You also have a bigger butt and tits," Sabrina giggled.

You ended up getting your bowl of ice cream after creaming Gemma's bowels.

Later that night, after Sabrina had gotten her own slow-boning, the three of you were cuddled up watching the show together under the covers.

"We should really stop doing this," Gemma sighed.

"What? Why?" you asked.

"Sleeping together on work nights," Gemma said. "I don't have any more outfits here that are clean, but I also don't want to get out and leave you two."

"Truer words," Sabrina mumbled. She was running her fingers through the hair on your chest as she was watching the show. "I can't wait for next year."

"Next year?" you asked.

"Next summer. And law school," she said. "When we can all live together for real."

"That'll be nice," Gemma sighed.

Sabrina sat up, the covers falling down to her waist and baring her breasts as she looked over you at Gemma. "Hon, you don't mind if John and I live together for the next year, right? Like, if that's too much without you I get it and we'll figure something else out."

"No, no," Gemma shook her head. "I kind of figured it would be like that. There's nothing we can do about it, but I don't want to punish you two just because it isn't... equal, or whatever."

"Thank God," Sabrina smiled, leaning over and kissing Gemma lightly.

"So... I don't get a say in this?" you asked. "I do have a place lined up already."

Both of the girls gave you looks.

“Yeah, OK, I’m bluffing,” you chuckled. “The boys can find someone else to bring into the house. I’ll call them tomorrow while you two are out on your Girl’s Night recruitment date.”

“To be fair, I could always come live with you and ‘the boys,’” Sabrina said with a little smirk. “I’m sure they wouldn’t mind me walking around with my booty out and bright pink from your spanking me, or hearing my screaming your name and calling you Daddy every night.”

“Well, now I might be a *little* jealous,” Gemma teased. “Every night?”

“OK, most nights,” Sabrina acquiesced.

“Yeah, that’s not something I’m interested in them seeing or hearing,” you said. “But where are we going to live?”

“With our budget? I’ll find a place, don’t worry,” Sabrina said. “And it’ll be nice. And clean. And we won’t live out of suitcases. And we’ll have privacy.”

“This jealousy thing is growing,” Gemma said, but she still had a teasing smile on her lips.

“Was it being clean or private?” you asked.

“Not living out of suitcases,” Gemma laughed.

“Hold on, we missed a good part,” Sabrina interrupted, reaching over and rewinding the show a good five minutes.

You watched, and you couldn’t help but crack a smile. This Nathan Fillion guy was growing on you.

## **Chapter 227**

“I still don’t get it,” Eric said. “Why the hell do I have to cover for all three of you? You just left me with Andy! You know he’s not going to pull his weight.”

You were in the little office kitchen and had been grabbing a drink from the water cooler when Eric found you in there.

“Dude,” you said. “I really can’t blame you for being annoyed at this. But me and the girls didn’t volunteer - Garrison just called us out and gave us the assignment. And believe me, this isn’t a job you want. It isn’t like when Sabrina and I went to that other office. This sucks.”

And it did. It was even worse than our usual document management stuff. Every paper had to be assessed and dated, and every box had over five hundred papers, and the boxes seemed like they were never-ending.

“Well... shit,” he sighed. “I’m just getting tired of getting left out.”

Now that *did* make you feel a little guilty because you hadn’t stood up for him more on the mentoring thing with Garrison. Eric had been on your side all the way. Sure, he could be a little Bro-y and annoying, but did that mean he didn’t deserve to be treated like a friend?

“I’m sorry, dude,” you said. “Next time there’s some sort of special assignment thing, I’ll try and do my best to get you on it. OK?”

“I’d really appreciate it, man,” Eric nodded. Then he sighed. “OK, completely different subject. I... may have matched with Joy on Bumble. And she’s flirting with me.”

You almost dropped your water cup. “Um... what?”

“I swear to God I’m not lying,” Eric said, pulling out his phone. He opened up his dating app and went to his matches and opened up a profile.

It was real. It was Joy.

“If I didn’t know who she was I probably already would have tried to set up a date,” Eric said. “I mean, she’s hot, right?”

“Eric,” you said slowly. “I would never try and tell you who you should or shouldn’t date, but if I were you I would be blocking the match, deleting the app and then throwing the phone in a river.”

“Oh, it’s not that bad,” Eric said, but he looked down at his phone like he was seriously considering it.

“Look, just... be careful,” you said. “Don’t let her get in your head. Remember she did that to that IT guy.”

“True,” Eric nodded. Then he pursed his lips. “Maybe I can milk her for a nude or something.”

You raised your hands and shook your head. “I don’t want to hear anything about that,” you said.

When you got back to the conference room you were still a little shocked. “You guys are not going to believe this...” was how the conversation started, and as you were working you, Sabrina and Gemma had an entire afternoon of guessing at what Joy was trying to do.

The answer ended up splitting between her either having forgotten who Eric was in that short a time, mostly because she was that stuck up, or her planning to steal his soul through sex because she was secretly a demon succubus. The three of you gave about even odds to both options.

At the end of the day, you kissed Gemma and Sabrina goodbye outside the office and went home alone for the first time since last Thursday. It felt kind of weird, both looking forward to a bit of alone time and also missing your girlfriends' presence after just spending all day with them.

You had the apartment to yourself for a while when you first got in, but after an hour Mosche was knocking and peeking his head in the front door.

"Hey," you said, raising an eyebrow at his antics. "What's up?"

"Are you alone?" Mosche asked.

"... Yeah?" you replied.

"Oh, good," Mosche sighed, coming into the apartment. "I just wanted to make sure it was all clear."

"Dude, we discussed this. Sexy time stays in our rooms," you said.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he shrugged. "I just keep flashing back to having my weiner out in front of Gemma and Sabrina. It was like living through one of those 'not wearing pants in front of the class' nightmares in real life."

"I've never had that dream, but I understand the reference," you said. "But you're not naked, so...?"

"I didn't say I was being rational," he said.

"Well, nothing to worry about right now. What's up with you?"

"Ugh," Mosche sighed, slouching down into the chair in the living area that was across from the couch you were on. "I'm just so tired."

"Physically, mentally, emotionally...?"

"Yes?" he answered. "Well, maybe not physically so much. I'm just not used to dating, especially someone like Tasha. And things at the Club have been really up and down lately."



“Oh, I’m sorry,” you said. “So, ah, are you and Tasha officially dating now, or just seeing each other?”

Mosche quirked his lips to the side in thought. “I guess we haven’t talked about it. We mostly don’t actually go out on dates, we just meet up here or at her place.”

“Are you exclusive?” you asked.

Mosche opened his mouth to answer, then shut it again.

“Dude, if you want that, you need to talk with her,” you said.

“I know,” he said, sounding just a little whiny.

“Look at it this way,” you said. “The longer you put it off, the more likely it is that Tasha starts seeing another guy at the same time as you.”

“Uuuugh,” Mosche groaned, throwing his head back. “I hate this. Why couldn’t I be born in, like, the 1950s?”

“Cause then you could have been drafted into the Vietnam War,” you pointed out.

“.... shut up,” Mosche sighed.

“Wanna watch a movie?” you offered.

“Yeah, sure,” Mosche nodded. “Pizza?”

“Sure,” you agreed. You checked your phone again before turning on the TV and looking for something to watch. Gemma and Sabrina had sent you pictures of their outfits for their night out and they had looked great - great enough that you wanted to be with them. You trusted them completely, but knowing they were out at a bar in the hot dresses they’d picked where guys would be hitting on them... Maybe you needed to work on that. Or maybe you just needed to put your foot down and go with them to that sort of thing.

Huh. Maybe you were as frustrated by modern dating as Mosche was, and you’d just stumbled into the best-case scenario.

## **Chapter 288**

Gemma was feeling nervous. She’d didn’t think she needed to be, but that wasn’t going to stop the bubbling anxiety somewhere deep in her guts.

This whole plan was a risk, but when she really stopped to think about it... the fact that Sabrina wanted to reveal her OnlyFans secret didn't really affect Gemma all that much. Becks already knew that the two of them were both see John, and Gemma wasn't involved in the OnlyFans stuff, so there wasn't really anything on the line for Gemma.

But she still felt nervous for Sabrina.

And she felt nervous about the threesome that could come out of it.

It was weird, she kept thinking as she stood next to Sabrina in her bathroom as they both got ready for their night out with Becks. She was sharing John with Sabrina and it felt entirely natural, which was wild. And then the whole thing with Katherine happened, and she hadn't felt threatened once. Even when she'd gotten that phone call after John accidentally slipped Katherine his cock, she hadn't felt jealous.

Considering everything that had happened with Timothy last year, she felt like she should have been pissed, or jealous, or something about John. But she'd just... laughed. Her Ex had been a cheater. John had basically done the same thing, but the whole situation was different.

So why did this feel different? Why was she nervous about Becks? She was a beautiful woman, sure, but so were the twins. She was older than the three of them, but not by so much that it was weird.

"Babe, you're spinning out," Sabrina said after smacking her lips lightly from applying some lipgloss.

"No, I'm not," Gemma said, going back to doing her lashes.

Sabrina sidled over and stood behind Gemma, wrapping her arms around Gemma's waist and hugging her from behind. "A month as friends and almost a month as lovers. I can see when something's bothering you."

"I never should have gotten into a relationship with you," Gemma smirked.

"You say that now, but try saying it while my tongue is teasing that pretty little box of yours," Sabrina teased, sliding her hands down the front of Gemma's dress to her crotch. "Now tell me what's wrong."

"I don't know," Gemma sighed. "And that's the problem."

"If you don't want to do this, we don't have to," Sabrina said. "John is with both of us, and we both need to be OK with this even if it's technically 'my' business. If you don't want-"

"It's not that," Gemma said, planting her palms on the counter and looking at herself and Sabrina in the mirror. "I'm... weirdly fine with the OnlyFans stuff you two are doing. And I think I'm OK with sharing John with someone else occasionally."

"So are you rethinking Becks?" Sabrina asked.

"I don't know," Gemma sighed again. "I don't think so. I think she's the best choice, both for our secrets and for the job. And I like her, and don't think anything bad is likely to happen."

"But?"

"But," Gemma said. "That's just it. 'But' is where my feelings stop. I think I'm just nervous about all of it packed together, not about anything in particular."

"We can delay," Sabrina offered. "We can just go out and have a nice night with Becks and bring it up some other time."

Gemma turned and leaned her butt against the counter, pulling Sabrina into a proper hug. She was a bit taller than the brunette and Sabrina comfortably rested her chin on Gemma's shoulder as she hugged her back. "We don't need to delay," Gemma said. "I just need to get out of my head."

"Any time you want, just let me know you want to pull the ripcord and we'll put it off," Sabrina said.

"You sound like *you* might be having second thoughts," Gemma said.

"Maybe," Sabrina said, pulling back and looking at Gemma. "It's a big step, letting someone else know. It's different than John finding out, or telling you. Or Katherine. This is someone who isn't in the circle of people I would want to know eventually no matter what. But it's the right move."

"Plus, Becks is pretty hot," Gemma smirked a little.

"Yeah, but not as hot as you," Sabrina said, and then leaned in and gave Gemma a soft kiss. Their lips lingered, and Gemma sucked in a breath through her nose instead of breaking it.

It was the first time they had kissed when they were alone and John wasn't around. They had spent time together without him, but it had always been as friends and confidants.

When the kiss finally ended Sabrina pulled away, looking at Gemma a little nervously.

Gemma smiled and hugged her again, tighter this time, and Sabrina returned it as she felt reassured that she hadn't crossed a line between them. Then she jumped a little and giggled as Gemma turned and played the tip of her tongue along ear earlobe.

“Love you,” Gemma said as she pulled away, reaching down to take Sabrina’s hands in her own.

“Love you too,” Sabrina smiled softly. “But we really do need to get a move on, we’re almost running late.”

“Right,” Gemma nodded, turning to look back in the mirror. Then it was her turn to jump and giggle as Sabrina gave her ass a smack. “I like that lipgloss,” Gemma said as they both rushed to finish their makeup. “What flavour is it?”

“Pussy,” Sabrina said. Then she broke into a laugh at the shocked look Gemma gave her in the mirror. “It’s peach, baby.”

“I can’t believe how gullible I can be with you,” Gemma laughed.

“Good to know I’m so sweet down there that you believed it,” Sabrina teased.

“You know it,” Gemma said, sliding over to give her a soft hip bump. “All done?”

“Just about,” Sabrina nodded.

“Pictures for John before we leave?” Gemma asked.

“Dirty ones?” Sabrina asked.

“I was thinking regular ones,” Gemma said. “You are wearing panties, right?”

“Shit, I knew I was forgetting something,” Sabrina said, darting back into her bedroom.

“You can be a whore, but only for me and John,” Gemma called after her.

“Yes, Mommy,” Sabrina called back, making Gemma laugh.

Then Gemma realized what that nickname could lead to and stormed out of the bathroom after her. “No, no way is that becoming a thing.”

## **Chapter 289**

“So then I told him that if he didn’t think it was appropriate for me to answer the door in an athletic bra, he should probably start wearing a shirt when he goes to the pool since the ladies there always stare at him,” Becks said, gesturing and rolling her eyes as she told the story with a smile. “Boy did he not like that suggestion.”

“Well it makes sense,” Sabrina said. “An athletic bra covers everything.”

“Exactly!” Becks said.

“It’s misogynist, really,” Gemma said. “Double standards.”

“Hipocrisy!” Sabrina agreed.

“You know, you girls just get it, and that’s what I love about you,” Becks laughed. “Next round on me?”

“Sure,” Gemma nodded, and Sabrina agreed.

Becks got up and headed for the bar, leaving Gemma and Sabrina at their little tall table. They had gotten to the cocktail bar in between cocktail hour and the night crowd and had been able to stake out the spot as the place got more crowded. Becks had known the bar and had raved about the rooftop patio. Apparently it was busy even on a Tuesday night.

“Gem,” Sabrina said, reaching over and grabbing her hand. “I’m going to start... directing the conversation a bit towards John. Any last-minute doubts?”

“The opposite,” Gemma said, and then took a quick swig of her drink. It was something fruity that Sabrina had bought in a round for them. “I actually feel better about it after spending time with her more.”

“Is it the talking or the alcohol?” Sabrina laughed.

“Maybe a bit of both, but definitely not *just* the alcohol,” Gemma said.

“OK,” Sabrina nodded.

Becks returned soon after, with new cocktails for each of them. “Alright, so I’m spilling all my secrets again,” she said and raised her drink in a cheers. “So here’s to us girls all sharing something.”

“Cheers,” Sabrina said with a smile, shooting a look to Gemma who almost burst out laughing at the unexpected implication of Becks' words.

“Cheers,” Gemma agreed.

They all clinked glasses and took a sip, and then Becks put her drink down. “Alright. Last week it was all about me. This week doesn’t need to go the same. Are you bitches going to spill the tea on whatever you two and John are getting up to or what?”

“John is our boyfriend,” Sabrina said confidently.

“Both of you, officially?” Becks asked.

“Officially,” Gemma nodded. “We’re going to take our time figuring out how to tell our family and friends, but Sabrina’s sister already knows and approves.”

“Really?” Becks asked. “How did that go?”

“It was... interesting,” Sabrina said, trying not to snicker. “He definitely made an impression on her. But she went back home happy for us.”

“How does he do, keeping up with both of you?” Becks asked. “Is he clingy or anything? Guys are always either too distant or too clingy.”

“Well, it’s still early,” Sabrina said. “Or early-ish. But I think we just really like spending time together. We were all friends from work before, so we knew we could spend lots of time together without it getting weird.”

“Have I told you the story of my Ex?” Gemma asked.

“You were engaged, he cheated. Hired prostitutes,” Becks said.

“And went to a brothel,” Gemma added. “But anyways, you know I have relationship experience. John is like... he’s a breath of fresh air every time we talk about anything serious. He listens and cares about our feelings, and he tries to be the best he can and be present for us.”

“That’s pretty much how I feel too,” Sabrina nodded. “I feel like he wants me to feel seen, if that makes sense. And to feel heard.”

“What’s the catch, then?” Becks asked. “No one is perfect.”

“He’s a little soft,” Gemma admitted. “He’s not really rugged or anything. He’s fit enough, but unless we all start exercising or something he’ll probably start to get a Dad Bod in a couple of years.”

“I think he’d look great with a Dad Bod,” Sabrina grinned.

“Eventually, sure,” Gemma said. “But I think we should find a rec league or something. Ultimate Frisbee, maybe.”

“That’s it?” Becks asked. “Just worries about his future athleticism?”

“He’s self-conscious,” Sabrina said. “Not in his work or in bed or anything. He just isn’t super charismatic in terms of making first impressions unless he feels supported.”

“So not super outgoing, and might go a little soft,” Becks said flatly. “You realize that the way you two are talking he sounds like a catch. And I assume-”

“Hello, ladies,” said a guy, slipping up next to the table with a big smile on her face. He was probably a few years older than Becks, maybe in his late twenties or early thirties. His clothes screamed ‘successful fuckboy,’ and he immediately put his attention on Gemma. “Sorry to interrupt, but I saw you across the bar and found you absolutely enchanting, then I heard a bit of your accent and I was stunned. Could I buy you a drink?”

This was something that had happened last week as well, and Gemma had decided early that even though it would be super easy to milk guys for free drinks she wasn’t going to be that girl. Not because she didn’t want the drinks, but because she never wanted to make it look like she wasn’t loyal to John. Not that he might even care, but she knew that their relationship was going to get more pushback on more important things, so giving it a solid foundation no one could question would be important. Sabrina had agreed.

“That’s sweet of you to offer, but no thanks,” Gemma said.

“She has a boyfriend,” Sabrina said.

“Oh, well it’s too bad he’s not here,” the guy said. “A lady like you-”

“I also have a girlfriend,” Gemma said, reaching over and openly taking Sabrina’s hand. “So I’m not here alone.”

“Damn straight,” Sabrina said, then leaned over and kissed Gemma lightly on the lips.

“Uh... Oh,” the guy said. He’d probably offered to buy hundreds of drinks for women and been turned down sometimes before. Gemma doubted he’d ever been turned down like that before. And it was like the two of them had hit his reboot button as he just sort of stepped back and then drifted away listlessly like a rudderless boat in the crowded bar.

“I’m single,” Becks said to his back as he walked away. “No? Alright.” Then she turned back to the girls. “You two, too?”

“We’re figuring that part out,” Sabrina said.

“So... it’s not just like you two take turns then,” Becks said.

“Well, we do sometimes,” Gemma said.

“But others...” Sabrina grinned lasciviously.

Becks laughed and fanned her face. “OK, we’re going to need more drinks. I need details.”

## **Chapter 230**

“Fine, you can see it,” Gemma said, rolling her eyes as she grinned.

Sabrina was kind of scary when she wanted to manoeuvre a conversation. Somehow, in fifteen minutes and with only a little help from Gemma, she had been able to get Becks to ask about John’s dick.

“You girls have got to be yanking my chain,” Becks said. “I’ve seen top tier dick.”

“Not like this,” Sabrina said. She pulled out her phone from her purse and thumbed through her photos, then flashed one over to Gemma - it was one of John’s cock with Gemma’s hand around it. They’d sent it to Sabrina on a night when it was just the two of them. His cock was fully hard, the mushroom head perfectly formed and the shaft nice and thick in her fingers with those two softly bulging veins just visible. Gemma nodded, and Sabrina turned the phone around to show Becks.

“Holy shit,” Becks said, taking the phone and looking at it as her mouth dropped open a little bit.

“Told you,” Sabrina smirked.

“It’s not just black guys who pack heat,” Gemma chuckled. “Here, look.” She put her hand on the table curled lightly into a fist, then stacked her other one on top of it. “Just a bit taller than that. And maybe... this girthy?”

“Shit,” Becks laughed, looking back at the picture again, then back to Gemma’s hands. Then she glanced at Sabrina. “And you can take that?”

“All of it, every time,” Sabrina smirked. “And in my throat.”

“Damn!” Becks said.

“It’s hot. You should see the way her throat bulges a little when he’s all the way in,” Gemma said.

“Fuck, that’s kinky,” Becks giggled.

“Well, I’d say it’s more impressive that Gemma takes it all in her ass,” Sabrina said.



“Sabrina!” Gemma scoffed.

“What? It’s a *big* deal,” Sabrina giggled.

“I’ve had bigger,” Becks said, her cheeks flushing. “Just once, though.”

“Wait, in your ass?” Gemma asked.

“Mhmm,” Becks nodded. “It wasn’t fun. Felt like I was getting split in half and not in a good way.”

“Did you finish?” Sabrina asked.

“God, no,” Becks said. “I made him pull out and I wiped him off and blew him. He was pretty disappointed, I was the first girl to ever let him try. You don’t take him there?”

“I want to,” Sabrina said. “It just doesn’t work well for me. We’ve tried, and I’m going to try again with more prep. I may or may not end up wearing a buttplug to the office for a week.”

“Nasty,” Becks giggled playfully.

“Wouldn’t be the first time I played with one,” Sabrina laughed.

“She has quite the collection of toys,” Gemma added, giving Sabrina a glance to let her know she was pushing the conversation forward on purpose.

“Oh yeah? Lots of lonely nights before you hooked up in a throuple?” Becks asked.

“Partially,” Sabrina said, trying to stay casual though Gemma could see the nervous energy in the way she was fiddling with her drink coaster. “I started filming content and needed a variety of stuff.”

“Wait, like... dirty content?” Becks asked, dropping her voice and leaning forward. She obviously wasn’t immediately turned off by the idea.

“Yeah,” Sabrina nodded. “Totally anonymous, of course. It’s been going pretty well.”

“Does John know?” Becks asked.

“Mhmm,” Sabrina said. “He’s helped a ton since we got together. Camera work, lighting. Even doing some performing with me.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Becks said. “John is an amateur pornstar with you?”

“Yeah,” Sabrina smirked. “Though we’ve only released a few of the scenes we did together so far. We’ve shot a bunch and stockpiled them to release over time.”

“Can I see?” Becks asked.

“Sure,” Sabrina said, motioning for her phone back. She and Gemma had already pre-selected what they should show Becks first, and she quickly brought it up. “There’s sound, and I put on this sort of low, sexy voice and never show above my lips.”

Sabrina handed the phone back to Becks and let her watch the silent clip of Sabrina sucking John off, and then scrambling onto her back and John teasing her pussy lips and clit with his dick before slowly starting to ease into her.

“Jeeeesus,” Becks said and licked her lower lip. “That’s pretty hot. And no one has found out?”

“No one but John,” Sabrina laughed. “Well, and Gemma.” They’d agreed there was no point in telling Becks about Katherine, since that could lead to more questions.

“And you’re OK with it?” Becks asked, looking to Gemma.

“I don’t participate, other than helping with the camera once,” Gemma said. “It turns Sabrina on a ton, and John is a natural, and it’s going to help Sabrina pay for law school.”

“It’ll help *us* pay for law school,” Sabrina said, reaching over and squeezing Gemma’s hand.

Gemma frowned, looking at Sabrina. “That’s not-”

“We’ll talk about it later,” Sabrina smiled, squeezing Gemma’s hand again.

“Wait, how much are you making doing this?” Becks asked.

“Well, there’s a whole network of monetization things, and with John helping plan things out it’s gotten more streamlined. But baseline I have about five thousand monthly subscribers each paying five dollars, though 20% goes to the platform. Then I sell the hardcore videos for a moderate extra cost, and sometimes I do custom videos though only a couple since I started dating John.”

“Wait, that’s-” Becks did the mental math in her head quickly. “Holy shit.”

“Yeah, that’s about the look that I had when I found out,” Gemma smirked.

“What’s it like?” Becks asked. “I mean, I don’t think I could do it all myself or anything. But knowing that many people are going to watch you, and probably get off to you? That’s pretty hot.”

Sabrina glanced over at Gemma with a soft smile and a twinkle in her eye. “Oh, it is,” she said. “You have no idea how horny I get during a scene when John is railing me just the way I like and I know that sometime in the future thousands of men and women are going to watch it happen and think I’m the sexiest thing in the world. It’s so fucking good.”

“Fuck,” Becks sighed a little incredulously. “I wish I could experience that.”

Gemma had to bite her lip to stop from barking out a laugh.

## **Chapter 231**

“What the fuck?” you mumbled, stumbling down the hallway from your room towards the door.

You and Mosche had ended up watching the first Lord of the Rings movie, which had ended sliding into a bit of a drinking game watching the second movie. You had thankfully not let him goad you into watching the third, as you were already tipsy on a Tuesday night and had to work in the morning.

So you’d gone to bed, and he’d gone to his room to do... something.

But now someone was knocking on the door to the apartment.

“Hello?” you asked at the door, and the knocking stopped.

“Hey, love,” Gemma said through the door.

Raising your eyebrows, you opened the door and found not just Gemma, but also Sabrina, smiling at you sweetly.

And Becks.

“Hey baby,” Sabrina said, walking into the apartment and planting a kiss on your lips as she went by.

“Mmm, I missed you, love,” Gemma said, doing the same thing.

“Hey, John,” Becks said, smiling warmly with a bit of a flush to her cheeks.

“Hi,” you said a little dumbly as you shut the door. “Uh, what’s up?”

“Are Mosche and Tasha here?” Sabrina asked, then turned to Becks. “That’s his roommate and his fuckbuddy.”

“John had a fuckbuddy, too?” Becks asked in surprise.

“No, the roommates fuckbuddy,” Gemma clarified.

“Mosche is in his room,” you said. “Tasha isn’t here.”

“OK, let’s go to your room for this then,” Gemma said.

“For what?” you asked as you were practically escorted down the hall to your room.

Once you were inside, and the door was shut, you and your two girlfriends and your hot slightly-older coworker were alone. In your bedroom. And they were wearing pretty little cocktail dresses and heels and looked hot as hell.

“Anyone want to explain what’s going on?” you asked.

“So we told Becks about the OnlyFans,” Sabrina said. “And she asked if maybe she could join me and you for a scene or two to see what it’s like.”

“Really?” you asked, turning to Becks. She was blushing more now, but looked confident despite it. “You’re not weirded out or anything?”

“Confession time,” she said. “Sabrina already showed me a video of you two and it was hot as hell.”

“OK,” you said. “So... wait, are we- right now?”

“No, no, love,” Gemma said, stepping towards you and taking your hand. “Becks just wants to make sure her eyes aren’t deceiving her. She wants to see the goods.”

You shook your head slowly. “I- Hold on. You came all the way here so that Becks could see my dick?”

“It’s a cock, love,” Gemma said.

“A beautiful, sexy cock,” Sabrina agreed.

“In other words, yes,” Becks said. “If I’m going to do this, I want a preview.”

“Can I show her, love?” Gemma asked, already reaching for your boxers.

“Um, yeah, I guess,” you said, and you were quickly de-boxered and left with your cock hanging out.

"Let's make sure you get the full show," Gemma laughed and wrapped her fingers around your shaft, quickly jerking you off, and then licked the head.

"Holy crap," Becks said as she watched the live blowjob show.

"Hot, right?" Sabrina said. "I love watching Gemma give him a blowjob. She's so good at it, and looks so hot."

"Fuck, love," you groaned, pulling her hair away from her face and gripping it at the back of her head. Soon you were hard as a rock and sticking straight out.

Gemma stood up and turned, still holding your cock lightly with one hand as she looked to Becks. "There, now you can really see it."

"Get closer," Sabrina urged. "It's won't bite."

"God damn," Becks said as she stepped forward and then went to her knees. She reached out but hesitated, looking up at Gemma. "Can I?"

"Sure," Gemma said, relinquishing her hold on your cock.

Becks reached forward and tentatively took hold of it, slowly breathing through her mouth as she got a good feel and then stroked you from head-to-root-to-head. "Fuck, that's a nice cock," she said.

"So are you in?" Sabrina asked. "Does it measure up?"

"Oh, it measures up," Becks nodded. "A great length and girth. If he can fuck like you say, I'd definitely be happy to try this out." Then she looked up at you, still holding your cock but not stroking. "If that's OK with you, obviously."

You just blinked and nodded for a moment. "Uh, yeah, Becks. You are super hot and have a wicked personality. If you're into it, and the girls approve, then I am."

"Cool," she said, taking another look at your cock in her hand and grinning. "Cool."

"Want to finish what I started?" Gemma asked.

"Or save it for the first time being on camera?" Sabrina asked.

"Let's... save it," Becks said, letting go of you and you offered her a hand to help her stand up in her heels.

“Well, I’m not leaving him like this,” Gemma said, getting back to her knees and starting to blow you properly.

“Oh, fuck,” you grunted.

“God, you really do love that cock,” Becks said, looking down at Gemma.

“She really does,” Sabrina said. “But then, so do I.”

Gemma popped off and turned to look back at Sabrina. “Could you check to see if I have any clean outfits left here? I might stay.” Then she went back to blowing you.

Sabrina checked the bag that Gemma had stored in your room. “Just a shirt, bra and panties, baby,” she said. “So unless you want to Porky Pig it…”

“Damn,” Gemma sighed, looking up at you. “Sorry, love.”

“It’s OK,” you said. “I wasn’t expecting you girls tonight, even this is amazing. Though I’ll miss you in bed.”

Gemma smiled warmly and went back to blowing you, and Becks watched in fascination for the next five minutes or so as Gemma quickly worked you over until you were groaning. She took her mouth off of you and stroked you fast with one hand. “Come in my mouth, love. I want to taste you so bad.”

“Ungh, almost-” you grunted. “Fuck, Gemma. God. I love you. Fuuu-” You came, and Gemma took your cock head back in her mouth and sucked it all out of you. Then, as you sat back on your bed as your knees went weak, she pushed herself up to her feet again and went to Sabrina and kissed her hard, obviously swapping your cum to your other girlfriend.

“Holy fuck,” Becks said, watching with her mouth open.

“Sorry,” Gemma smirked a little as the kiss ended and both her and Sabrina licked their lips. “We like to share.”

## **Chapter 232**

“Good morning, Becks,” you said as you entered the office.

“Morning, John,” she said, giving you a look with her eyes but a smile with her lips. There were a couple of other people in the lobby and she obviously didn’t want you to go spilling any secrets. Not that you were planning to.

You stepped up to the counter of her welcome desk and smiled, dropping your voice a little but not down to a whisper. "It was a nice surprise running into you last night," you said. "Are you still positive on that thing we talked about? I wouldn't expect to hold you to something if you weren't sure."

She smiled a little more warmly once she was assured you weren't going to have loose lips. "I'm sure, John," she nodded. "I think it'll be a good time."

"Me too," you said, smiling back and letting your eyes flick down to her blouse which was unbuttoned just enough to show a tasteful amount of cleavage. "I'm looking forward to the weekend."

"Same," she grinned.

"If you have any questions, or think you might be changing your mind, it's not a big deal," you said. "Just ask Sabrina, or me. We're open books for you."

"I'll keep that in mind," Becks nodded. "But, I would argue, it's a little bit of a big deal."

That made you chuckle and flush a little. "I appreciate that."

"I thought you would," she winked.

You went upstairs and instead of heading to the intern conference room you went straight to the one where your work for the last couple of days had been sitting.

"Boxes," you muttered to yourself as you entered and turned on the lights. "Boxes for days."

Gemma was the next in, leaning down to give you a quick peck on the lips and a squeeze on your shoulder before getting to work. Sabrina came in with coffees for the three of you and when she set yours down next to you she turned it so you could see she had planted a kiss of her red lipstick on the side.

"Love you," you said quietly with a smile for her.

She winked and then showed you she'd done the same thing on Gemma's cup. Your blonde girlfriend's eyes widened when she saw the kiss mark and then she smiled at Sabrina as well.

Garrison checked in on the three of you a couple of times during the morning, but then he called you and Gemma to his office just before lunch and had the two of you sit down.

"Something wrong, sir?" you asked.

“Yes and no,” Garrison said with a sigh as he settled back down into his own seat. “It’s been an interesting few weeks with your two and I’d almost forgotten about the whole thing with the internet rapper fellow, but apparently he’s figured out that you work here somehow, and his legal team has sent a cease and desist letter. Have either of you been talking about the incident with anyone, or spreading the story?”

“Not at all,” Gemma said with a frown.

“Sir, with everything else going on, I’d totally put it in the back of my mind,” you said.

“Well, if that’s the case then the letter doesn’t mean much, but it does name both of you specifically,” Garrison said.

“Is this something we should be worried about?” Gemma asked.

“I don’t know yet,” Garrison grunted. “Which I don’t like. Any lawyer worth their salt should have told this joker to kick rocks, so we’re probably dealing with someone who is used to having a litigious client. Hopefully, that means they’re happy to just milk them for frivolous paperwork hours and won’t actually try and push anything else. I’ll send back a reply acknowledging receipt and denying any wrongdoing. You’re sure neither of you have been talking about it? Posting online anywhere?”

“We’re sure, sir,” you said. “But.. um, what if we might know who *is* talking about it?”

Garrison frowned. “Have you asked them to do so? Explicitly or implicitly? And are you in any way gaining from the retelling?”

“We aren’t,” you said. “But the person is... sort of.”

“Well, the letter only names you two, so right now there’s nothing to worry about,” Garrison said. “I’ll handle it. If they went this far, you don’t know what they might do to try to sway the court of public opinion though. You might want to consider locking down your social media feeds”

“We will,” Gemma grimaced and nodded.

“OK, well, feel free to take an early lunch if you want to get on that,” Garrison said. “If you do receive any harassment, make copies and bring them to me.”

“We will,” you nodded. “Thank you, sir.”

“It’s no problem,” Garrison said. “You’re keeping my life interesting, at least.”

You and Gemma went back to the conference room and told Sabrina what was going on and then quickly went onto your social media profiles and started putting them to private. You didn’t



have any weird DMs or messages, but Gemma did have a DM request pending that she ignored.

“Guys,” Eric said, bursting into your conference room. “You aren’t going to believe this.”

*Oh, God*, you thought. “What’s up?”

“Norman and Spice reached out to me. They are the hosts of the biggest podcast in the Man-o-sphere and they saw me on some of the other podcasts and they want to fly all three of us down to Miami for a special episode.”

You and Gemma looked at each other, silently confirming what you both had known already.

“Dude, I’m sorry, but it’s a no,” you said.

“Totally uninterested,” Gemma agreed.

Eric gave you both pained looks. “Guuuuys, this would be huge. For all of us! They get tens of thousands of viewers live, and almost a million views on any video they post. Think of the clout!”

You just shook your head, and Gemma shrugged. “Internet clout doesn’t really interest me.”

“It would really help me launch my podcast though,” Eric almost whined.

You took a breath and then shook your head again. “Eric, seriously, if it was something that wouldn’t put us at risk, I would do it for you. But Garrison got a Cease and Desist earlier today from that rapper guy. He’s actively taking legal action now. We legitimately can’t do it.”

“Fuck,” Eric sighed. “Shit. I mean, damn.”

“You can still go on the show if they’ll have you,” Gemma said.

“I don’t think they will,” Eric said. “They didn’t want to book me when I went down last time.”

“Well, you can always try,” you encouraged him.

“You should definitely try,” Sabrina added with a nod, standing up and putting a hand on his shoulder. “You have a good voice for podcasting, Eric. Don’t give up before you even start.”

Eric smiled thankfully to Sabrina, and then to you and Gemma. “I appreciate it guys. Sorry to be pushy, it’s just a big opportunity.”

“We get it,” Gemma said. “We can’t do it, but we get it.”

Eric left, and all three of you took a big breath.

“So... do we tell Garrison it's him?” Gemma asked.

“He didn't ask, so I'm not going to rat Eric out,” you said. “I think we just answer the questions Garrison asks. Think of what he's been telling us this whole time - don't offer information you don't need to. In this case, him knowing might be worse than not knowing.”

“You, baby,” Sabrina said as she walked over and stood behind you at your chair, putting her hands on your shoulders. “Sound like you might be a lawyer one day.”

“You think?” you asked with a smile.

“I know,” Sabrina grinned.

### **Chapter 233**

The rest of the week was a slog at work. Thankfully nothing more developed yet with the Cease and Desist letter, and Bellagamba didn't show up again, but you, Gemma and Sabrina felt like you were wading through a river of paperwork on the merger files with no end in sight. When you had finished the first twenty boxes, there were still another thirty to go in the room and then more had gotten dropped off.

After work was better. You took Sabrina out on Wednesday night for ice cream, and then you demanded another night of slow and soft lovemaking instead of hard sex. She agreed readily, and you were delighted when she came repeatedly on your cock as you spooned behind her and slowly kissed that sweet spot on her neck.

Thursday night you went out with Gemma for an early pub dinner and then went back to her place and watched a movie with her, Becca and Charlotte. There wasn't anything untoward going on, though the glare Lucy shot at the four of you when she got home from an unsuccessful date made it feel like you were doing something bad. You ended up sleeping at Gemma's that night and other than some oral the two of you just wanted to enjoy laying with each other and softly touching and teasing with your fingers all over each other as you talked under the covers.

Then Friday was crawling by, the afternoon minutes feeling like they were slowing to hours. The last thirty minutes of the day felt like an entire separate workday.

And then it was time to head out, and that meant you, Gemma, Sabrina and Becks were heading out for an early dinner and drinks before heading back to Sabrina place to shoot the first scene.

“How are you feeling?” Gemma asked you as you were heading down in the elevator.

“Lots,” you answered ambiguously. “Nervous. Excited. All of it.”

“Horny,” Sabrina murmured with a little grin.

“That too,” you chuckled.

“Well, not much longer,” Gemma said, taking your hand in hers.

“Have I mentioned that I love you?” you asked her.

“Three times today,” Gemma grinned.

“Well, I love you,” you said.

“Four. I love you too,” she said.

In the lobby the three of you saw that Becks was wrapping her own work and went and waited on one of the benches at the edge of the big space for her to be done. It was hard not to talk about what was going to happen soon, but being inside the office made it too risky to even use vague language. Instead, the girls seemed to be trying to distract you.

Once Becks was finished she came out from around her welcome desk and joined you. “Ready?” she asked.

“I made reservations at a place near my apartment,” Sabrina said. “That good?”

“Nothing too heavy, I hope?” Becks asked. “I don’t want to full too bloaty for... y’know.”

“Mmm,” Sabrina shook her head. “They have really good salad bowls with just enough protein toppers. Also, it’s my treat.”

Becks accepted that without complaint, and soon the four of you were catching the bus and riding it down towards Sabrina’s.

The restaurant was nice enough, and only one other table was occupied when you went in though it got busier as you ate. The conversation between the four of you was light at first, the tension in the air of knowing what was coming making everything feel a little more charged.

“So what did you think of that restaurant video I sent you?” Sabrina asked Becks suddenly.

“Oh, it was...” Becks checked over her shoulder to make sure no one was too close. “It was super hot. I can’t believe you did that in public.”

“It was the first day we were flirting,” Sabrina admitted. “It made me so wet.”

“Have you ever done stuff in public like that again?” Becks asked.

“Not on camera,” Sabrina said, then indicated both her and Gemma with her thumb. “Though we’ve both gone dancing with John and got pretty hot and heavy in some dark corners of the club.”

“You more than me,” Gemma teased, then glanced at you. “Though I intend to catch up at some point.”

“Are you into the idea of doing stuff in public?” Sabrina asked Becks.

“I dunno, it’s kind of scary,” Becks chuckled. “What if someone saw?”

“That’s part of the fun,” Sabrina said. “You want to be careful, obviously, but just a little risk can make a little thing feel so much more heightened.”

“You should flash John,” Gemma said.

“Right here?” Becks asked, looking over her shoulder again nervously.

“Just a quick nipple,” Gemma encouraged her. “If you do it, I’ll do it.”

“... OK,” Becks said, then bit the tip of her tongue between her front teeth as she checked one more time that no one could see and then undid a couple more buttons on her blouse and pulled it and her bra aside, quickly flashing a soft, brown nipple to you over the table before quickly covering it up.

“Damn, that looks tasty,” you said with a grin.

“You think so?” Becks flirted back playfully.

“Definitely,” you said.

“Your turn,” Becks said, turning to Gemma.

Gemma looked around and held up a finger, then when the person wasn’t looking she undid her own blouse buttons but didn’t pull her pantsuit jacket or blouse aside. She hesitated, eyes watching someone as they were looking towards us again, and then when they looked away Gemma pulled her shirt and bra aside and popped her entire big boob out of her shirt for a brief moment before leaning forward to cover herself and getting it covered up again.

“Oooh my God,” Becks giggled hysterically.

Sabrina just grinned across the table at you as she ran her foot up the inside of your legs and your thigh towards your crotch.

“That was hot, love,” you said, turning to Gemma and pulling her chin over towards you so you could kiss her.

“Thanks, love,” she grinned into the kiss.

“Well, I know I’m ready for dessert,” Sabrina said. “Becks?”

“Mmm, I think so,” she agreed.

“Great,” Sabrina nodded. “I’ll go pay the check.”

## **Chapter 234**

“OK, I know it’s not necessarily super sexy, but let’s talk plans,” Sabrina said. You had all piled into her apartment and were now sitting around the kitchen table. Becks had already signed a release document, an NDA and a contract - she’d wanted to do this for free for the experience, but Sabrina had insisted that she needed to get compensated since Sabrina would be making money off of this.

“So we don’t just jump into bed?” Becks asked with a little smirk.

“Well, we could do that, but it’s probably better if we talk first,” {her} laughed.

“Alright, what are we talking about?” Becks asked.

“First, we should talk about what kind of scenes we’re doing,” Sabrina said. “We’ve got all weekend, so I was thinking four total. One tonight, two tomorrow, and one Sunday. I don’t know what your experience is like with other women, but I was thinking tonight we could do a girl-girl scene as a tease, then tomorrow morning we do a blowjob scene with John, and then we can do a full threesome that afternoon. Then on Sunday we do something kinkier depending on what you like.”

“Well, first, I’ve... dabbled with women but I wouldn’t call myself a connoisseur,” Becks said. “Is the lesbian scene necessary?”

“Not if you’re against it, but it will play really well,” you said.

“Fine,” Becks smiled and rolled her eyes a little, playing it up. “I’ll let you lick my pussy.”

“And you’ll love it,” Gemma laughed. “Seriously, she’s really good.”

“You’re not too shabby yourself,” Sabrina winked at Gemma.

“Anyways, the rest of it sounds more like what I was expecting, so I’m down for all of it,” Becks said.

“Cool,” Sabrina nodded. “Then let’s talk likes and dislikes. I’m more submissive, but I can also top from the bottom, if you know what I mean.”

“Not really?” Becks said.

“She likes when someone is dominant, but she’ll still tell you what to do and what she wants,” Gemma explained.

“Oh, OK. That makes sense,” Becks nodded.

“I also like things a little rough. So don’t be afraid of spanking me, tweaking my nipples hard, slapping my pussy lightly, that sort of thing,” Sabrina continued. “I also like hickies in concealable places, but I think I want to keep that as a John and Gemma thing, so try not to do that. And maybe tomorrow night or Sunday we’ll do a little choking, too.”

“Wow, just throwing it all out there, huh?” Becks asked.

“It’s really the best way to get what you want,” Gemma said. “And the second best is to stay vocal during it. Sometimes you don’t know what you’ll like until you try it or think of it in the middle.”

“No, I get that,” Becks said. “I’m just used to, y’know, easing into this sort of talk. A few dates, a few casual hookups, before we start talking about spanking and choking.”

“Uncomfortable?” you asked.

“No, not really. Just surprised,” Becks said.

“So what do you like, or not like?” Sabrina asked.

“Um... well, for girl-girl, can we shower first? I had an experience with a hippy chick once that was... yeah, fishy. Um... don’t pull my hair because I have extensions in. I like having my bush tugged on lightly, just don’t start ripping it out. Go soft on my nipples because they are pretty sensitive. For later, long and slow strokes from a big dick will get me a bigger orgasm than fast and hard. And for Sunday I, ah, if we’re going kinky then I like being blindfolded. Maybe some

handcuffs if you have them.”

“Super hot,” Sabrina grinned. “Anything else?”

“Are we doing anal?” Becks asked.

“Do you want to?” you countered.

“Maybe on Sunday?” she suggested. “I’ll just want some time to prep.”

“Brunch, Mimosas and Buttplugs it is,” Gemma smirked, making all three of you laugh.

“OK, if you think of anything else, just say it. Even if we’re rolling on camera. I can always edit it out if it would spoil the scene or something,” Sabrina said. “There’s just one more thing then.” She took a breath and blew it out slowly, flushing a little. “So, you’ve only seen the full restaurant video. When we’re filming I’ve, um, well we’ve developed this personality roleplay thing. I’m like the mistress of John, who I call Daddy, and Gemma is his girlfriend who we just call Darling. And I just go by the pet name Baby, though I guess you could also call me Kat since that’s part of my user name.”

“Daddy, huh?” Becks asked, smirking at you.

“Not my choice,” you said.

“He actually finds it annoying, which is perfect because it means he fucks Sabrina harder when she uses it,” Gemma chuckled. “She’s a little brat sometimes.”

“So how do I fit into this dynamic?” Becks asked.

“Well, we don’t need to use it if you think it wouldn’t feel natural,” Sabrina said. “Hell, we don’t need to talk at all if you don’t want. But I was thinking maybe the game is that you’re a woman who Daddy has brought for me to play with. The viewers will love the idea that we’re doing this for Daddy, who is a stand-in for them sometimes.”

“I think that works,” Becks agreed. “So do I get to call him Daddy, too?”

You were rubbing your forehead and sighed loudly, making all three women laugh.

“I guess that’s a yes,” Becks smirked.

“What do you want us to call you?” Sabrina asked.

“Hmm,” Becks hummed, quicking her lips to the side in thought. “How about…”

## Chapter 235

“My name’s Lusty,” Becks said, smiling lopsidedly as she ran her fingers over Sabrina’s bare shoulders.

You had all decided the scene would probably flow the best if they were both starting in their lingerie, and that had led to a playful argument that you and Gemma should at least get down to your underwear so that Becks would be more comfortable.

So that was how you and Gemma ended up working the cameras in your underwear while Becks and Sabrina sat perched on the couch. Sabrina was wearing the same lingerie she’d bought last weekend and already modelled for you - it was a cute blue set with full, lacy cups that accented her small amount of cleavage and a pretty half-thong panty that dipped low in the front but didn’t reveal anything. Becks was in green, and her bra was sheer so that you all could see the soft outline of her areolas as her breasts were cupped together in a slight shelf. She wasn’t as busty as Gemma but outclassed Sabrina in sheer size. Her panties weren’t as sheer as the bra, but they were crotchless though that fact was hidden for the moment from the way she was sitting.

“Oh my God, it’s so nice to meet you, Lusty,” Sabrina said, putting on his porno ‘phone sex’ voice. “I can’t believe Daddy sent me a gift as pretty as you to play with.”

“I thought you were my gift from Daddy,” Becks said, still maintaining that lopsided smirk. It was fun seeing her develop her on-camera personality on the fly - she was coming across as a little more sarcastic than usual, which you had a feeling would lead to her being a little more dominant than Gemma was when she wasn’t specifically trying to Dom Sabrina.

“Well, I’m Daddy’s favourite,” Sabrina said. “So I think you must be the gift.”

“Maybe, but not for long,” Becks challenged her. “The way I hear it, his Darling thinks that you need some practice before she lets you service her.”

“What? She said that?” Sabrina said in mock surprise, though it was real enough sounding that it wasn’t cringe. “I thought Daddy and Darling were getting ready to have me in their bed together.”

“Mmm-mmm,” Becks shook her head. “You need to prove to me that you’re ready for that, first.”

“How do I do that?” Sabrina asked, leaning forward. You could almost hear the eventual viewers leaning forward and yelling at the screen what they would want.

“Well, first you’re going to kiss me here,” Becks said, pointing to her lips and pursing them for a moment. “And then you’re going to kiss me... here.” She brushed her fingers over her breasts,



playing the tips under the edge of the cups. "And then you're going to kiss me... down here." She ran her fingers down her flat stomach to her panties, spreading her legs to hint at the slit in the crotchless panties without revealing everything yet.

"Mmm, I would love to, Miss Lusty," Sabrina said. Then she leaned forward and slowly started to kiss Becks.

Things progressed slowly but quickly - it was weird being on this side of the camera. You were always busy working, making sure that you weren't in Gemma's shot, and making sure you weren't getting Becks or Sabrina's faces except for their mouths. But for all that you liked the live lesbian porn, it was also... slow wasn't the right word, but not as titillating as you expected. Not as meaningful as when you watched Sabrina and Gemma playing together in between or during rounds with you.

Beck's bra was lost first, revealing her perfect tits as Sabrina softly kneaded them with her small hands while they made out. Then Sabrina kissed down Beck's neck to her collarbone, then down further to her breasts. It was difficult to get the right shots to not get Sabrina's face, but you and Gemma both managed to get some fun angles that showed off Beck's tits and Sabrina slurping and sucking on the cleavage, and lightly teasing the nipples with her tongue.

Sabrina's bra and panties were lost next, and Becks took a bit of control as she started to finger Sabrina though she didn't let her come. Instead, as Sabrina was clearly getting worked up, Becks pulled her hand away from Sabrina's flushed pussy and gave her a light spank on the inside of her thigh. "Come on, Baby," she said. "It's time for you to taste me."

"Mmm, yes please," Sabrina licked her lips.

Becks leaned back on the couch, spreading her legs wide with one resting a heel on the top and her other pulled back with a hand at her knee. This spread the crotch of her panties wide as well, leaving her folds framed by the fabric. Sabrina got down on her knees between Beck's legs, and you got a great shot of her from behind as she knelt down and Gemma captured the first couple of licks.

"Don't fake it," Sabrina said after a couple of minutes of eating. "Is this doing it for you?"

"Sort of," Becks said. "Use more fingers, and just swirl around my clit and not on it."

"Got it," Sabrina nodded, and then slipped back into 'Baby' mode and started working Becks over. It didn't take long once Sabrina added two fingers inside of her, and after her first small shuddering orgasm Sabrina encouraged Becks to sit on her face.

That was apparently the right move because we got some great shots from multiple angles as Becks ground her pussy on Sabrina's face, flexing her ass and grabbing her tits. Finger her clit as Sabrina was tonguing her deep.

Then it was Becks' turn to return the favour, and Sabrina was spread wide on the floor and Beck crawled over her in a 69 position. Sabrina, of course, wasn't going to let that opportunity fly by and she got into it as well, and soon they were eating out each other.

Becks came first, and you noticed that it was only after she was totally out of it that Sabrina allowed herself to come as well, leaking a few drops from her now glistening pussy.

"Anything else I can do to convince you, Lusty?" Sabrina asked.

Becks shook her head. "You've passed phase one. You can definitely lick a pussy... adequately."

"Just adequately?!" Sabrina said in mock shock.

"You could use some more practice," Becks said, playing it up. "But we'll make sure you get that."

"Mmm, can't wait," Sabrina said, and took a long lick of Beck's pussy as it was still hovering over her face.

"Cut!" Gemma called. "Awesome work you two. Super hot."