

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 480-500

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 480

You were just sitting down as Judge Mathews called the 'court' back to order. Eric was shifting through his files, readying his arguments for his new Motion to Dismiss in case things went the way that you all were expecting. Sabrina and Gemma, meanwhile, were preparing for the final witness since they were going to handle the objections on this one. You and Eric had taken all of the 'fact' based ones, and the girls had agreed to handle the one that was likely to require the most exacting attention to detail.

"May it please the Court, Your Honour, the Plaintiff calls Mr Davis Polk to the stand."

Sabrina had the dossier for Davis Polk in front of her, and it was fairly large even though he had almost nothing to do with the actual case. Polk was an ex-employee of your clients and, according to the records, had testified twice before against DeLittle Insurance and seemed to be making his own little cottage business doing it.

Polk was being played by Edgar Talbot, one of the associates from the firm, and he mounted the stage and took to the witness stand to be sworn in. Thomas, the short and angry member of the opposition, was the one who seemed to be trying to orchestrate their 'grand narrative' strategy against the Insurance industry so it made sense that he was the member of the opposition who got things rolling.

Gemma registered three objections to the first three attempts Thomas made to ask Polk a question.

The first was Leading, as Thomas attempted to bulldoze into his narrative with what would have been the softest soft-pitch question ever. The second was Speculation as Thomas tried to pivot to a different opening that would have allowed Polk to talk out of his ass about the 'intent' of DeLittle insurance. The third was Relevance as Thomas tried to pivot again, this time asking about Polk's interaction with the CEO of DeLittle. That one came out of left field - there was *nothing* about Polk and your client's CEO interacting in the files.

You quickly scribbled '*Hidden Info again,*' onto a scrap of paper in front of Gemma and she grimaced and nodded. Sabrina, on her other side this time, was using a sheet of paper with all the common Objections labelled and pens to point to the ones that seemed relevant to help Gemma keep track. Meanwhile, poor Thomas was starting to turn a little red.

"Your Honour, I need to be allowed to ask *questions* to conduct the business of defending my client," he complained.

"I agree, Mr Malberry," Judge Mathews said. "Perhaps you should consider asking questions that fall within the rules of the court - I don't believe Miss Anderson is interested in giving you any leeway here."

Thomas grimaced and shot a look at your table, then turned back to the Judge. "Thank you, Your Honour," he said, and Gemma echoed him.

Thomas rolled back his aggressiveness and started back up with short, introductory questions. He got about four in.

"Objection, your Honour," Gemma said, standing up. "Relevance."

"I'm trying to establish relevance, your Honour if I could have a chance please!?" Thomas whined.

"Overruled, but only for the moment," Judge Mathews ruled.

"Thank you, Your Honour," both 'lawyers' said.

"Mr Polk, as an insurance adjuster, did you ever receive a direct order to circumvent a contract?" Thomas asked.

"No, never a direct order," Polk answered.

"But you received an indirect one?"

"There was a sort of vibe in the office," Polk said. "You'd hear things, right?"

"Objection, Your Honour," Gemma said, standing up again. "Blatant hearsay."

"Mr Polk," Judge Mathews said, turning to the witness stand. "Please only answer questions about things you personally witnessed. 'Vibes' and whispered rumours from anonymous sources will not be accepted by the court."

"Yes, Your Honour," Polk agreed.

The Examination went on, and it didn't get any prettier. You lost count of the number of objections, and it seemed like Gemma was trying to varr which one she was using so that things didn't get repetitive. And she ran the gambit - compound question, vague and ambiguous, foundation, improper lay opinion, prejudicial, assumes facts not in evidence.

Every time the Judge ruled in Gemma's favour, and every time Thomas would get one slight shade more red.

It went on for two hours.

By the time he gave up, Thomas was beet red, sweating and had a vein in his forehead that looked like it was going to burst at any moment. He'd gotten maybe fifteen questions out of hundreds of attempts answered. His entire game plan for his 'the insurance industry is evil and the court should side against them' hinged on Davis Polk, and the best he'd gotten on record was his name, the fact that he previously worked at DeLittle Insurance and that Polk had been 'disgusted' by his time there.

"I believe that's lunch," Judge Mathews said as Thomas went to sit down. "Unless Counsel for the Defence believes they can wrap up their cross-examination in under fifteen minutes?"

"We'll only need two, your Honour," Sabrina said confidently.

"Well then, Miss Sodemeyer," Judge Mathews said. "Please commence."

Sabrina stood up and went through the handover process with all the proper phrases, then took a breath. "Mr Polk, did you ever receive a memo, email or any form of documentation that DeLittle Insurance was seeking to defraud their customers?"

"Well, no," 'Polk' said. "Not, uh, like that."

"Did you ever receive any direct instructions from a superior within the company, whether that be a direct supervisor or someone in the C-Suit of the company, to defraud DeLittle Insurance clients?"

"That's not really how it would work-" he started.

"Do you have *any* direct evidence, whatsoever, of the libellous claims you make against DeLittle Insurance?"

'Polk' sneered, Edgar doing a good job with the acting, and then grimaced. "Nothing that this sham of a court would accept. You're all on the take from the Insurance agenda, no one *listens* to me-"

"That will be all, Your Honour," Sabrina said curtly.

## Chapter 481

“Plaintiff rests, Your Honour,” Tucker said. The tall blond cheerleader didn’t look happy about it, and you could understand why. He and Samantha had brought another settlement offer to your team as you’d been eating lunch together - they rejected Sabrina’s previous lowball offer and asked for half of the original policy and legal fees. That was still over a million dollars and might have actually been worth it off the top of the trial, but it was way too late now. You all knew that poor Thomas had run up against a brick wall with his plans, and you were left wondering if the three stronger personalities had all been riding on their individual egos.

“Defence,” Judge Mathews said. “You may call your first witness.”

“Actually, Your Honour,” Eric said, standing up. “At this point in time, we would like to file a motion to Dismiss. May I approach?”

Judge Mathews agreed, and Eric delivered a couple of copies of his new motion to the Plaintiff table before moving to speak with the Judge. After a momentarily whispered squabble at the other table, Samantha followed him. Eric handed over his copy of the motion to the Judge and explained himself, there was a quiet conversation as Samantha argued, and then they were both sent back.

“We’ll have a fifteen-minute recess while I digest the motion,” Judge Mathews said.

Eric came back to the table smirking. “He shut her down,” he whispered as he took his seat.

“Any hints on if he is actually considering it?” Sabrina asked.

“Not really, other than that he accepted it at all,” Eric sighed. Then he nodded back down the table and you all turned to see Tucker approaching us.

“We’ll take your last settlement offer,” he said bluntly.

“Yeah, no,” Gemma shook her head. “That isn’t on the table anymore.”

“You didn’t put a time limit on it,” he argued. “And you didn’t give notice it was rescinded.”

“You rejected it twenty minutes ago and made a counteroffer,” you said. “That ends the offer.”

“Well, make it again and we’ll accept,” Tucker said. “We can get this thing wrapped up now before he tosses your motion and we spend another day and a half on this, racking up legal fees your client will end up paying.”

“My guy,” Sabrina said. “Do you think you have *any* leverage at this point? You should probably read the motion.”

He got a sour look on his face.

“Wait,” Gemma said. “Are you... are you going to cry?”

“What? No,” he scoffed. “Fuck off.”

“Mr Jackson,” boomed Judge Mathews from the bench. Tucker, getting agitated, had raised his voice a little and had probably been easy to hear. “That sort of language is *entirely* inappropriate in my court. That will be a \$5,000 sanction, which I’ll be happy to allow you to pay to one of the non-profits on my eligible list.”

Tucker’s jaw worked but no sound came out.

“Go sit down, son,” Judge Mathews said, turning off his ‘Judge’ voice but still sounding serious. “You won’t actually be paying the sanction because this is a mock trial, but take it as a warning - don’t tell people to ‘fuck off’ in front of a Judge, especially in their courtroom.”

“Um, yes sir, Your Honour,” Tucker said, then rushed back to the Plaintiff’s table where he was met with furious whispers.

“Think we can get one of them to call us a bitch, next?” Gemma said quietly, getting the three of you to cover your mouths as you tried not to chuckle.

The fifteen-minute recess dragged on. The lawyers in the audience, about fifteen in all from both firms, were chatting quietly but you resisted the urge to glance back there. You had to wonder what Garrison thought of putting in another motion to dismiss at this point - would he see it the same as making a powerful settlement claim? Or would he be disappointed that you skated by without actually needing to make your own case?

You and the other traded some looks, but mostly stayed quiet after the Tucker incident. You could tell Gemma was feeling confident, and Sabrina was putting up that front too but had some nerves going - she felt like she had even more on the line since she’d been ‘in charge’ of your team. Eric wasn’t hiding his own nerves, his leg bouncing under the table as he tapped agitatedly at his phone in between glancing over at the judge.

Finally, Judge Mathews cleared his throat as he straightened the papers of his copy of the motion, then tapped his gavel to call the court back to order. “Plaintiff’s counsel, I find the Defence’s motion to be quite convincing. Thoughts?”

“Your Honour,” Samantha said, standing up quickly. “This frivolous motion is a waste of time. We have clearly shown that not only were our clients *not* responsible for the accident that caused a claim on their policy, but they acted as Good Samaritans during the incident in question. Further, our client’s understanding of the outrageously unusual terms of their policy is dubiously

supported at best - a failing on the part of the DeLittle Insurance employees and partners. We believe that if anything, you should be making your summary judgement in favour of our clients immediately.”

“An interesting speech, Miss Van Der Groot,” Judge Mathews said. “But it had absolutely nothing to do with the reasoning of the motion at hand. You did *read* the motion, yes?”

“Um, of course, Your Honour,” Samantha said. She didn’t exactly go pale, but she did look uncomfortable. You could understand why - she’d made the best case she thought she could, cramming in a miniature version of what would have been their closing argument. The problem for them was that Eric had done a great job of shredding the shenanigans and pushing through to the heart of the issue; they had done nothing to counteract the terms of the policy and the fact that their clients had broken them.

“Well, while it certainly cuts our proceedings short, I believe I must rule in favour of the Defense. Motion is carried, and the case is dismissed with prejudice. Congratulations, Counsel, you have completed the scenario.”

You, Gemma, Sabrina and Eric all let out a heavy exhalation as the audience behind you started a light applause.

It was done. You’d won.

## Chapter 482

What you wanted to do was get out of there and kiss your girlfriends - all the work and the stress had paid off. The best you could do, however, was give them both hugs and slap Eric on the back because you were still in a professional atmosphere. Garrison and the other lawyers and associates from the firm were there waiting to congratulate you, and the other firm's lawyers were there too. Not to mention your opponents and Judge Mathews.

And, despite the interesting plans you'd been making with Amanda and Maeve, the reality was that Judge Mathews was the most important person to talk to in the room. His letter of recommendation would probably help a ton if you could convince him to give it. Getting to that point would take some finesse though, and step one was continuing to try and show you and the girls were worthy of it.

After letting out another long breath following your quick, back-slapping hug with Eric you nodded towards the Plaintiff's table and your team nodded and followed you.

"Well fought," you said, holding out your hand as you approached. It didn't feel especially right, but it also felt wrong to say that they'd argued their case well because they really hadn't. You had a small stack of file folders that had been meant to deal with several lines of attack that you and Eric had spotted during the 'opposition' part of your planning.

Tucker, looking grim, just nodded and shook your hand, and then the others. Samantha was next in line and she looked more disgusted than grim, and her handshake was weak and limp-wristed.

Thomas just looked at your hand and went back to packing his bag.

"You guys kicked our butts," Amanda said, maybe a little forcefully so that she rubbed it into the three hotheads of her intern team. "Congratulations."

"Thank you very much," you said. Her handshake was firm and decisive, and she made eye contact as she shook your hand.

Maeve was last in line at the table. She hadn't said a single thing throughout any of the mock trial; hadn't questioned a witness, made a statement, or lodged an objection. The British goth had, in fact, looked like she'd been doodling on her tablet for most of the last day and a half.

"Congratulations," she said, standing up and shaking your hand quickly. "If we had approached you prior to the trial with a settlement of one-half the policy, would you have accepted?"

"Uh, possibly," you said. "If this were a real civil case, probably. The only reason we wouldn't have would have been because the Lawyers wanted to actually see us *do* some mock trial."

She smirked and glanced at Amanda next to her. "Called it," she said, then turned back to me. "Did you guys have a line of questioning to deal with the-"

"Maeve," Amanda interrupted. "How about we do that stuff while we're getting drinks? Thursday night, right?"

"Absolutely," Sabrina said, next in line and shaking Amanda's hand. "Looking forward to it. A lot." She gave a little smirk of her own at that.

"Alright," Maeve said, then looked right into your eyes intensely. "I'm looking forward to it."

"Me too," you said sincerely.

For some reason, even though Amanda was the one with the extremely generous assets that you wanted to get your mouth and hands-on, it was Maeve that you suspected would be the wild fuck. It might have just been her Asperger's, but her single-minded intensity gave her a bit of a 'crazy girl' vibe that made some unsaid promises.

Garrison was already up and on the stage, talking with Judge Mathews, and he waved you and the others over. He congratulated you with a big, ready smile that told you he was either proud of the showing the four of you had put on, or he'd won a bet. Or both.

"An excellent showing, Counsel," Judge Mathews said, shaking each of your hands. "I was reluctant to give you your second motion to dismiss since I wanted to see what you had cooked up for your defence, but it was well argued."

"That motion was all Eric," you said, giving your teammate his kudos. "Though our overall strategy was spearheaded by Sabrina."

"It was a team effort," Sabrina said humbly.

"A team effort led by you," Gemma said, wrapping an arm around her shoulder and giving her a side hug.

"Can I ask, Your Honour, the scenario seemed a little stilted to our side," Sabrina said. "And since you put it together... Was that intentional?"

"Mmm, a fair question," Judge Mathews said. "Let me ask you this - if it *were* intended to be stilted, what sort of lesson would that teach collegiate-level mock trial participants?"

"Life's not fair?" Eric guessed.

Judge Mathews laughed and shook his head. "That *is* a good lesson to keep in mind, but no. It's intended as a lesson in proactive assessment. This is an advanced Mock Trial scenario, filled



with hundreds of data points to try and assess and track. The real lesson is about focus - a good lawyer tries to win. A great lawyer can keep their win condition in the forefront of their mind at all times. You four didn't let your defence get swayed off course, and you identified the pitfalls of where you could have burned time fighting battles that didn't matter."

"So it was the opposition's job to try and distract us?" Gemma asked.

"No," Judge Mathews said and a gentle shake of his head. "They needed to contend with the same lesson. An issue I found in all my years of adjudicating mock trials was that prospective lawyers viewed them as *games*, which meant that they focused more on the fun of the fight and winning battles and it sets an unrealistic precedent that can burn them when they have passed the bar - the vast majority of lawsuits settle. The best showing I've ever seen in this scenario was a Plaintiff team who were able to create reasonable suspicion of the legality of the policy, giving themselves a small amount of leverage right off the top, and then pushed for a settlement.

"Now, I believe there are a handful of other folks who are waiting for my attention," Judge Mathews continued. "Congratulations again, it was a pleasure seeing you all put your obvious hard work to use. I assume you're all applying to Law School?"

You all nodded in agreement.

"Well then," he said. "I'll be forwarding on letters of recommendation for you to Terry, then. You've all performed with the skill of proper law students, and you deserve to achieve those goals."

## Chapter 483

Garrison excused you for the rest of the afternoon as a secondary congratulations - your real prize was definitely the letters of recommendation. The other associates and junior partners from the firm who were in attendance, along with a few from the other firm, were all congratulating you as well on your way out. Riding the high of your win, you, the girls and Eric all headed to the campus pub at the nearby university around 2PM.

You each had a couple of drinks, replaying the events of the last day and a half. It felt like you were a sports team after a big game, but instead of big hits or scoring points, you were talking about shooting down the witness testimonies, and Gemma's opening statement that could have ended the whole case right there. The looks on Sam, Tucker and Thomas's faces were all big on the chopping block as well.

Then, nicely buzzed in the mid-afternoon, Eric decided to call Andy.

None of you had heard from him in a while - you, Gemma and Sabrina hadn't talked to him since the morning you found out he'd been fired, and Eric had only texted him a couple times.

The video call rang a few times before picking up.

"Hello?" Andy asked, and after a moment the video buffered in and you were all very confused.

Andy looked... spiffy.

His hair was cut and neatly combed, his scruff was completely gone, and he was wearing a freshly pressed suit.

"Andy?" Eric asked.

"Oh, hey you guys," he replied. "What's up? I can only talk for a minute."

The background was some sort of beige wall, giving you no extra hints.

"Hey, dude," you said. "We were just having a drink and thinking about you. How are you?"

"I'm alright," he said. "My feet hurt a bit from all the walking I do now, but it's all good. What's up with you guys, shouldn't you still be at work?"

"We got the afternoon off after we won a mock trial," Gemma said. "Andy, where *are* you?"

"Oh, I'm at work," he said.

"At work *where*?" Sabrina asked. "Doing what?"

He winced a little and sighed. "I'm working in the mailroom at my Grandma's company. When I got booted out of our internship she kind of read me the riot act, put me in rehab for a couple weeks, and threatened that I'd be disinherited if I didn't clean my shit up. I have to come in to work with her every morning, work all day, and then go home with her at the end of the day. And I'm not allowed out at night; the staff won't let me."

"The... staff," you said.

"Yeah," he sighed. "James the security guy is OK, but he won't sneak me in any weed. Arthur the Butler is a real dick though."

"Your Grandma has a *butler*?" Eric asked. "Jesus, dude."

"It's not like it's *that* weird," he said.

"No, Andy," Gemma said. "It's rare. Very, very rare."

"Ugh," Andy sighed, looking at what seemed to be a very expensive watch on his wrist. "I gotta go."

"What happened with your girlfriend?" you asked. "The one who worked on a pot farm or something?"

"Oh, Grandma paid her off not to ever contact me again," Andy frowned. "I thought we liked each other more than that, but I guess I was wrong. Still, though, not getting disinherited or whatever is probably worth all this crap. I miss working with you guys though, it was fun."

"We miss you too, buddy," Eric said.

"Alright, I gotta jet. See you!" Andy said.

You all echoed your goodbyes and ended the call.

"Holy shit," you said as Eric put the phone down.

"Andy has a *butler*?" Gemma said, shaking her head.

"He cleans up good, too," Sabrina said. "Like... he looked like an actual business person, not..."

"A slacker bum?" Gemma smirked a little.

"You really didn't know he was that well off?" you asked Eric.

“Are you kidding me?” Eric retorted. “If I’d known *that* I would have been hitting him up to go out clubbing, or fly down to Miami with me and stuff. Dude looks like he’s fucking loaded.”

The conversation shifted slowly from Andy to talking about your own backgrounds. You already knew Gemma and Sabrina’s stories - Gemma had grown up in Adelaide with a big, Catholic family that loved each other but was a little traditional. Sabrina had her two sisters and both her parents and had grown up solidly in the middle class in suburbia, which wasn’t too different from yourself. Eric came from upper-middle class, or maybe lower-upper; he was an only child (big surprise there) and had been ‘the man’ in high school. At least according to him.

Eventually, the four of you had drunk yourselves tipsy. Eric thought it would be a great idea for you to all go out on the town that night, but you thankfully had the presence of mind to remember that it was a Tuesday, and you had work in the morning, so you begged off. He grabbed an Uber back to his place to ‘pregame,’ and you had a feeling he’d eat dinner and wouldn’t make it out the door. You, Gemma and Sabrina took the walk to your place, Gemma holding your hand on one side and Sabrina looping her arm around yours with the other, all three of you grinning the entire way.

Once you were inside the apartment, having performed the Knocking Ritual and finding that Mosche wasn’t home, you made sure all three of you had big glasses of water. Then you ordered Chinese food from the place down the block, hoping that it wouldn’t be Iris delivering it, while Gemma and Sabrina headed back to your room to get comfortable.

“John,” Gemma called to you in a singsong voice from that direction. You’d poured yourself another water in the kitchen, wanting to make sure you were hydrated for what was to come. She hummed a chuckle when you looked over at her and your jaw dropped a bit. She was standing in the little hallway leading to your room in nothing but a pair of sweatpants. Her hair was down, the silvery blonde cascading around her shoulders. Her tits were on full display, hanging plump and wonderful. Her stomach, soft and smooth, was bare and her bellybutton looked cute as hell. She was smiling, leaning against the corner of the wall.

“Yes, my amazing, stupendous, erudite girlfriend?” you asked.

“Ooh, erudite. I like that,” she grinned. “Now, are you going to come fuck our butts or not?”

“Our?” you asked in surprise.

Gemma scrunched up her nose as she smirked. “Sabrina was a *bad* girl and wore a buttplug all yesterday and today during the trial. She’s horny as hell and wants you to do her first, the greedy slut.”

“Are you guys talking about me?” Sabrina called from back in the bedroom.

Both you and Gemma broke out laughing, and you went and took your Australian girlfriend in your arms and kissed her tenderly. "Lead the way," you said.

"Gladly," she grinned back and took your hand, pulling you to the bedroom.

## Chapter 484

"I'm surprised you didn't save all that until tomorrow," you panted slowly.

You were covered in sweat, your chest rising and falling like an old-fashioned bellows. Sabrina was face down on the bed, a pillow propping up her hips. Her butt cheeks were a bright, angry red except for where a blooming hickey had already turned a darker purple. Gemma was lying across the head of the bed above Sabrina, on her side as she slowly stroked Sabrina's hair. They were both covered in sweat as well, though Sabrina likely also had Gemma's taste all over her from earlier.

"Didn't- want- get- distracted-" Sabrina panted.

"You took it so well, baby," Gemma cooed softly with a little smirk on her lips. "And you came so much."

"I might need to buy a whole new mattress before I leave," you said and then chuckled. Sabrina had squirted... a lot. The combination of plundering her tight little butt, mauling her ass cheeks with your hands, and Gemma choking her had pushed the brunette into overdrive. Gemma had gotten hers as well, having demanded some time for her own ass in the midst of things.

It might not have been the *most* frantic, sweaty, tiring threesome you'd ever had, but it was close.

"M'feel good," Sabrina muttered, wiggling her butt a little in the air.

"You little kink," Gemma laughed.

It took the three of you another ten minutes before you got up. The Chinese food was waiting on the table out in the main area of the apartment for you, Gemma having answered the door mid-sex session by throwing on your housecoat and wiping her mouth. It could wait a little longer, however, as the three of you crammed into the shower and scrubbed each other clean - and despite everything you'd just done with them, you still delighted in the little things. Palming their tits with a soapy hand, or caressing their hips. Meeting them in a little kiss, or seeing them kiss each other. Drying off was much the same, and after you scouted to make sure Mosche still hadn't come home yet, the three of you ran back to your room to get dressed. Gemma put her sweatpants back on along with one of your T-shirts, gloriously braless underneath, while Sabrina put on a pair of her cotton shorts she'd left at your place at some point along with a tank top of Gemma's. It was big on her, leaving a risk of a nip slip, but neither you nor Gemma would have minded.

You reheated the Chinese food, leaving out leftovers for Mosche, while the girls stripped your sheets and Febreezed the room to try and help get rid of the sex smell, before you all crashed on the couch in the living area.

“M’kay,” Sabrina said around her first big bite of lo mein. “I want to circle back on our conversation from earlier.”

“Which one?” you asked.

“About ‘working’ with other people,” she said and then focused on Gemma. “It’s a boundary adjustment to what we’d talked about, so I want to make sure we’re all on the same page.”

“That makes sense,” Gemma said, then rolled her neck until it let out a pop and sighed. “OK, so the last time we settled things, on the Relationship front we decided that we were OKing specific women to bring into our bed. Becks and Tasha are open to be played with, Becca when the time is right, and we followed ‘the code’ or whatever for setting up something with Amanda and Maeve for later this week. We don’t need to change anything there. I just know that, if you guys are going to keep making content for the OnlyFans page while I’m back home, you can’t just do stuff with Becks every couple of months when you visit her or she visits you. And I can’t exactly meet and OK someone else while I’m halfway across the world.”

“OK, but we don’t *have* to work with other people if you’re not comfortable with that,” Sabrina said quickly.

“Not if you want to maximise revenue through the year,” Gemma said. “I mean, you’re going to have to stop eventually, right? Either sometime in law school or right after because we’ll get too busy doing our actual life stuff. But if the legitimate goal is to try and pay for all of us to go to law school, and fund our living, and maybe have a nice vacation and all the other stuff- Well, it doesn’t make sense from a business perspective for me to put a barrier up.”

“Actually,” you said. “It does. Because the business is only important if you’re OK with it.”

“I would delete the account today if you wanted me to,” Sabrina said earnestly, reaching over and taking Gemma’s hand as she looked at her with big eyes.

“I’m not asking for that,” Gemma shook her head. She sighed. “It’s- Sometimes it doesn’t feel real to me still, but I’ve wrapped my head around it and thought about it and I’m not bothered by it. Especially because John is helping, and you guys are taking more precautions. As long as you two are still being careful, I’m OK with you working with other girls who you know are going to respect your privacy. *Both* of you. And if that starts with FitNelli, then it starts with her. Or someone else. I’m OK with it.”

“You’re sure?” you asked.

“I’m sure,” she nodded.

“OK,” Sabrina said. “Then that’s the adjustment. I need to make sure anyone new we potentially work with is super professional - I’ll gather references and everything. And have NDA contracts done up too. And on the relationship side, we still need to talk about someone hopping into bed with us.”

“Other than Becks or Tasha,” Gemma said. “Seriously, if they want to come visit you guys when you’re back in school, I’m fine with that.”

“What about you?” Sabrina asked. “When you’re back home, do you want the ability to maybe hook up with a girl?”

Gemma shook her head with a laugh. “No, definitely not,” she said. “I went my whole life before this summer not being interested in girls at all. I can last eight months.”

Sabrina scoffed. “Guess I’m just not tasty enough to get you addicted to pussy.”

You snorted, and Gemma grabbed Sabrina’s face and gave her a kiss. “I’m addicted to *your* pussy, baby,” she said.

“Thank you,” Sabrina grinned. “So... we’ve got a fivesome tomorrow.”

“And one the next day,” Gemma pointed out.

“A reasonable person would say we should probably call it for the night,” you said.

The girls looked at each other and slowly started to grin.

You groaned and then started to laugh. It was going to be a long night.



## Chapter 485

“Good morning, Champs.”

Gemma and Sabrina both laughed, and you couldn't help smirking a bit and chuckling at Becks. Coming back to the office on Wednesday morning was a *little* bit of a letdown after going to the old historic courthouse for the mock trial, but the highlight was definitely Becks' welcoming smile and the glimmer in her eye. She was dressed in one of her regular, perfectly professional business outfits - just a little bit of cleavage, her hair pulled back into a neat ponytail, and her makeup done immaculately.

All it did was make you think of her 'Miss Lusty' persona. She was a damn hot secretary.

“I think we're just winners, not Champs, babe,” Gemma said as the three of you stopped in front of Becks' desk. “Champs implies there was a trophy, or at least a tournament or something.”

“Ouch,” Becks said, making a playfully dramatic face. “I guess I'm not a good enough trophy then?”

“Gemma,” Sabrina scoffed, playing into it. “How could you say that to Becks?”

“Bitch, you were already our trophy,” Gemma smirked. “We're still good for, ah, 'drinks' tonight, right?”

Becks let the overdramatic injured expression she was giving drop, switching back to that lascivious smile as she nodded. “Absolutely. Is your *other* trophy still coming, too?”

“She confirmed last night,” you said. In between bouts of sex you and the girls had texted with Tasha to let her know it was going to be a victory party. A few sexy pictures had been exchanged, but it had mostly been flirting. You would have continued that morning except the three of you had woken up a little late and been in a rush, and Tasha was probably still asleep since she didn't start work as early. “She's excited. You're still good with-” you glanced around to make sure the lobby was empty, “-sharing trophy space' with another, uh, trophy?”

Becks snorted softly at the ever-more-awkward innuendo. “Yes, I'm good with it,” she said. “Honestly, playing with you guys has got me more... open to similar trophies.” Then she lowered her voice to a whisper, leaning forward. “I'm very excited for tonight, Daddy.”

Sabrina covered her mouth to stop from giggling, and Gemma's grin could have split her face. You just sighed, playing up your frustration with the whole 'Daddy' thing more than you actually felt it - after a few months of it, you'd kind of gotten used to it. And having a woman like Becks, let alone Sabrina or Gemma, calling you 'Daddy' in a sexy way was a turn-on, especially considering what it implied.

"I'm looking forward to it too," you said, then dropped your own voice. "Miss Lusty."

Becks stuck her tongue out at you playfully, then after a glance around she smirked and then did the universal sign for a blowjob.

The three of you wished her a good morning, and she grumbled about needing to go change thongs in the bathroom after the dirty talk, which left the three of you laughing as you got on the elevator. You were about to press the button to head up when you realised that someone needed to do the coffee run that morning. Gemma and Sabrina made the executive decision to go together, sending you up to hold down the fort, so you rode the elevator alone.

There were already a few of the associates around on your floor of the firm, and two of them called out their congratulations to you. That put a new smile on your face and a bit of a pep in your step, and you found Eric in the conference room already.

"What up," he said, looking up from his laptop. "We have a *massive* backlog of work."

"What?" you asked, circling around to your spot at the table. "We had it mostly cleared on Friday."

"Yeah, well, apparently the prize for doing a good job around here is more work," Eric sighed. "Either that or we're picking up the slack for everyone who came to watch or some shit like that. Doesn't exactly seem fair."

You logged onto your computer and checked the portal most of your work got passed through and groaned. Eric wasn't wrong.

"Fuck," you sighed.

"Guess we're still putting in late nights," he grimaced.

"Yeah," you agreed. "But not as late as before. We'll work through dinner and then call it." There was no way you were cancelling your plans with Becks and Tasha that night, or Amanda and Maeve the next.

"Works for me," he shrugged.

"Did you end up telling Casey about the win yesterday?" you asked. "Or did you go out?"

He chuckled and shook his head. "Dude, I crashed hard when I got home and slept for a couple of hours. I did tell her about the win though, and she sent me this super hot pic congratulating me but it was over Snapchat so I can't show you."

“Eric,” you sighed. “You shouldn’t be showing me that stuff anyway. It’s from her to you, and you guys are dating. You need to stop doing that.”

“Nah, it’s fine,” Eric said, waving you off. “Anything she sends me via text is fine for me to share. She likes to know I’m showing her off. The stuff she doesn’t want to be shown around she keeps to Snapchat. But dude, it was so fucking hot.”

“Well, OK,” you said, not sharing your concern for him that if she was fine with sexy pics of her getting shown around then Eric might not be the only one receiving them. You still didn’t really get the dynamic of his long-distance relationship with this podcast producer girl yet. “Gemma and Sabrina are doing the coffee run, so let’s see if we can at least put a start into this fucking list, yeah?”

“Shit, I forgot about that,” Eric said. “Was it my day today?”

“I honestly can’t remember, but they’ve got it,” you said.

“Can you ask them to get us some doughnuts?”

“Why can’t you?”

“Because your girlfriends kind of scare me sometimes,” Eric said. “Even if we are friends.”

You chuckled and shook your head. The girls would get a kick out of that.

## Chapter 486

The workday was kind of weird - Sabrina and Gemma were just as annoyed as you and Eric when they saw the amount of work piled up in your queue after just a couple of days. They did get the doughnuts though, so the four of you enjoyed that as you got to work. There wasn't much banter going on between you though as you tried to drive headlong into the pile to put as big a dent in it as you could.

It didn't help that you were being interrupted every twenty minutes or so as different partners, both Senior and Junior, stopped by to congratulate you on your win. Many of them you'd only ever emailed with and never spoken to. A few you didn't even know the names of. And then there were the associates giving you kudos as well... while handing off more work.

Thankfully, the day got broken up by Garrison showing up right before your lunch and inviting you all out to his favourite pizza place. It was a quick walk a couple of blocks over, still downtown, and you all settled in and followed his suggestion to order the calzones since they were apparently a speciality. Once the waiter had delivered the drinks to your table he leaned back and sighed.

"Well," he said. "You four already know you did a good job, but let me tell you, Judge Mathews continued to sing your praises when we went out for drinks yesterday afternoon. *But*, that doesn't mean you four ran a perfect defence. Taking a moment after a big case, especially a trial case, for some controlled critical analysis is important - you can't dwell on past cases, but using them for a learning opportunity is helpful. So tell me what you think you could have done differently, or better."

The four of you glanced at each other nervously, and eventually, Sabrina slowly opened her mouth and nodded. "Well," she said. "I think we had the details of the case pretty well in hand. We put in all the work we could, and the only things we were surprised by was information that simply wasn't available to us because of how the packages were set up. But we could have probably done more research on our opponents - we didn't know who they were, or what they were capable of, or even a basic reputation."

"Reputation is something that a lawyer cultivates," Garrison nodded. "Everyone thinks of lawyers as sharks, but realistically there are all kinds of lawyers - a basic real estate attorney doing the filings for housing purchases doesn't need to be a shark, and it would even hurt them to act that way because they need to have a reputation for being detail-oriented, fast workers and adaptable. Lots of people want divorce attorneys who will 'ruin' the other side, but some folks will be more interested in an attorney who is just going to get things done and not milk them dry for as many billable hours as possible."

"We also didn't know what their experience was, though," you said. "Samantha and Thomas gave off 'went to State finals' vibes and came in too confident, while Tucker seemed used to getting by on charisma."

Garrison nodded again. "From what I understand, Thomas *lost* to Samantha at their State mock trial finals in high school. What did you think of the other two, though?"

"Amanda was the odd woman out in their team dynamic because she was more reasonable," Gemma said. "She wanted to cut a workable deal early but her team wouldn't let her. She's probably the one on the team who I would want to hire if I was starting a firm from scratch."

"Interesting thought," Garrison said. "Did any of you speak to Maeve?"

"She's the smartest of the bunch," you said. "I talked with her and Amanda over the Monday lunch. I have no clue what sort of law she wants to get into, or if she even wants to be a lawyer still, but I got the feeling that she got ostracised early in their internship by Tucker, Samantha and Thomas so she didn't offer them any help; the way she was asking questions after though makes me think she probably built an entire case based on her own work and just chatting with Amanda."

"Could you have beaten her?" Garrison asked.

"Yes," Sabrina said. "But not like we did the others. It would have been a reasonable settlement, and she would have probably brought it before we ever went to trial. In the real world, we would have needed to present it to our clients and let them know we couldn't guarantee a win and leave it with them that we were confident but it was still a gamble."

"Interesting thoughts," Garrison said. "And you're right, Sabrina. 'Playing the man' is sometimes just as strong as working your case - favours, reputation, and even intimidation tactics are part of influencing people in law, business and politics. To be fair to you, we *did* keep you all apart on purpose, so you didn't exactly have a chance to do some opposition research on each other. But let's get back to the actual case - what could you have executed better?"

The four of you slowly started to examine the facts of the case with Garrison's input this time as he asked probing questions. Your meals got delivered and you all groaned as you took your first delicious bites, but got back to the conversation. Throughout the meal, you found a few small holes that your opponents could have poked holes in your strategy, but more often than not you, Gemma, Sabrina and Eric had answers to Garrison's questions. By the end, he was smiling proudly, and he paid the check before you all stood up to head back to work.

"Excellent job, folks," he said. "I said this yesterday, I believe, but you did us proud and - on a personal note - you have all continued to inspire me to take a firmer hand in our intern program in the coming years. Judge Mathews let me know he'd be writing up those letters of recommendation and sending them along sometime this afternoon or tomorrow morning, so I'll make sure I get them to you. And, as long as nothing untoward happens in the next few weeks, you'll be receiving a similar letter from me, backed by all our Senior Partners - your initiative and help with the whole Joy situation impressed a lot of people."

“Thank you, sir, but that, uh, brings up a different thing,” Sabrina said as you all stepped out onto the sidewalk from the restaurant. “What’s going on with the lawsuit?”

Garrison sighed a little. “No movement yet, Sabrina,” he said. “But don’t worry - we’ve got your back.”

Knowing that Garrison and an entire law firm were behind your girlfriend was good, but it didn’t help the uneasy feeling in your stomach. *Killjoy* was still working her evil magic.

## Chapter 487

The afternoon following your lunch with Garrison was a lot of the same as the morning, except there were fewer interruptions. You, Eric, Sabrina and Gemma all worked hard with your heads down until taking a break right at the official end of the day - Sabrina decided to treat you all with Slurpees from the bodega you often bought lunch at, and now fuelled with ice cold sugar and food colouring you got right back to work.

By the time the 'surprise dinner' arrived, the four of you had managed to cut the overall work queue in half, which was about twice as much as your whole team might have gotten done during the Joy days even being two members short. You had each gotten better and faster as individuals and as a team in dealing with the various legal files, memos and methodologies you needed to use to digitise, word search or check for specific topics - and that was even with the associates giving you more complicated tasks now that they knew you could handle it without bungling things up for them.

Dinner was Greek and the four of you worked through eating until about eight, when Gemma took charge and called it an end of the night. The four of you packed up and headed down, waving to the security guard, and hit the street. Eric headed in one direction, while you and the girls headed in the other.

"Becks is going to meet us at a bar down the street," Sabrina said, quickly checking her phone. "Tasha is finishing up an early Open Mic slot at the comedy club and will meet us at our place."

"Sounds good," you said.

"Excited, baby?" Gemma asked, grabbing your hand and smirking at you with a big grin.

"You get your two girlfriends, and your two fuckbuddies, all in bed together tonight," Sabrina said, matching Gemma's smile. "Daddy."

You let out a long breath, shaking your head. "Am I going to even have a *chance* at being Daddy tonight? All four of you can be a little demanding."

"That's fair," Gemma chuckled. "If we're going to make the most efficient use of him, he probably needs to be laying down so his mouth and cock are both readily available."

"OK, that's fair," Sabrina said. "That'll probably be at least half the time."

You were already sporting a half-chub just from their teasing talk when you walked into the bar and found Becks. She must have headed home after work and changed because she was dressed up a lot more than at work - her dress was shimmery and hugged her in all the right ways, and was showing off a decent amount of cleavage as she grinned widely and stood up from where she was waiting at the bar. You wrapped her up in a big hug and she pulled your

face around to kiss you deeply. You responded by sliding your hands from her hips to her ass and giving it a squeeze. She groaned a little against your lips and pulled away smirking.

“Hi, Daddy,” she said with a playful look in her eyes.

“We already discussed it and we have a feeling there’s going to be too much pussy for him to be ‘Daddy’ tonight,” Gemma said, next to hug Becks though it lacked the kiss. “He’ll be more of our plaything.”

“Oh, poor boy,” Becks laughed as she grinned at you before hugging Sabrina, who gave her a peck on the lips.

She had shots waiting for you, which you all downed - Battered Nipples, because of course. Then you each slowly sipped a cocktail as you flirted, and it was open flirting. Becks said she’d been approached by multiple guys while she’d been waiting for the three of you, and now she made a show of being touchy with you *and* the girls, along with deep eye contact and some dirty innuendo jokes.

Sabrina eventually got a text that Tasha had finished her spot and was ready to head to Sabrina’s place and you all drained the last tastes of your drinks and headed out. Gemma had called for an Uber, and as you waited you had Becks teasing you by surreptitiously brushing her hand against your crotch when passersby weren’t looking.

“Oh, there’s one thing we should clarify,” Gemma said before your ride arrived. “Becks, hon, Tasha is a really good friend and obviously knows what’s going on tonight, and we’ve had plenty of fun with her already, but she *doesn’t* know about the... content.”

“You didn’t recruit her too?” Becks asked with a smirk. “Should I feel special that I’m the only one, or insulted that you figured I was slutty enough to do it?”

“All good things, promise,” Sabrina said with a grin, grabbing her hand and squeezing it.

“OK,” Becks agreed, smiling back at her. “And OK, I’ll make sure not to bring it up. Can I ask why you haven’t, though? I mean, I know it’s a secret thing, but what makes her different from me if you’re all fooling around with both of us.”

Gemma made a bit of a face. “You aren’t wrong really, but it’s two things. One is that we got involved with her after she’d gone through a bit of a thing.”

“She was dating my roommate for a bit, and it ended badly,” you said, not wanting to reveal more.

“That nerdy guy did something bad? I wouldn’t have thought he could manage it,” Becks said.



"You'd be surprised what cluelessness, cowardice and a lack of confidence can inspire," Sabrina said coldly.

"Anyways," Gemma said. "The other reason is because she's a standup comic and if Sabrina *did* 'recruit' her for content then she might want to talk about it in her jokes or something, and that would risk it getting out."

"That sounds reasonable," Becks said. "And I'll keep the secret, obviously, but if you trust her... I dunno. I know if you hadn't told me, and we were doing what we do, and I found out sometime later I'd feel hurt that you didn't trust me enough."

"The plan is that no one finds out if we don't tell them," Sabrina sighed. "But I see your point. We might need to reconsider at least telling her about it."

"That's a boundaries talk among us, I think," you said. "And not for tonight."

"Agreed," Gemma nodded. Then she slapped Becks' ass. "Nice going, trying to get us to recruit some more sluts, Miss Lusty."

"Fuck off," Becks cackled.

## Chapter 488

Saying hello to Tasha was a flurry of hellos - Sabrina, Gemma and Becks had gone back and forth between whether they should answer the door for her in lingerie or naked, or if you should do either of those options. You wearing some of Gemma's lingerie had even been suggested, and you weren't sure by who, but thankfully they let you shoot that down quickly with the argument that seeing you in panties and a bra might ruin the mood more than be funny.

In the end, there wasn't any time to make preparations because Tasha must have caught the elevator up to Sabrina's floor almost immediately after you guys as she was knocking on the apartment door a minute after you entered. Sabrina answered the door and practically yanked Tasha inside and into a kiss, making the blonde laugh. Gemma was next in line, and she actually grabbed Tasha's ass as they kissed and picked her up, pressing her against the wall. Tasha moaned as she wrapped her legs around Gemma's waist and hooked her ankles behind your girlfriend's back.

"God damn," Becks said. "Now I wish I was a little shorter."

"We can do that, but fucking," you said, making her grin and bit the tip of her tongue playfully.

"Hi," Tasha laughed as her and Gemma finally pulled apart from their kiss.

"Hey, sexy," Gemma said, letting her down and taking her hand to bring her into the living area. "Tash, honey, this is our very good friend and coworker Becks. Becks, darling, this is our very good friend Tasha."

"We've met, remember?" Tasha said with a lopsided grin. She pulled her hand from Gemma and stepped towards Becks, offering a hug. "It's nice to see you again, and *fuck* if you aren't rocking that dress. Damn, woman."

"Thanks," Becks said, giving her a full-bodied hug. "And you're looking pretty good yourself. Plus it seems like you lost, what, about 90 lbs of dead weight?"

"More like an even hundred or so, and damn it's good to be free of it," Tasha said with a smirk. "And my current feeling of freedom and peace with the whole thing is thanks to these three sexual deviants."

"I think that's us," you stage whispered to Sabrina and Gemma.

"Damn right it is," Tasha said, coming to you and grabbing you by the front of your shirt and pulling you down into a kiss that would have seared your brain at the beginning of the summer - now kisses like that felt like the norm for you, but it was still so good. Your hands had immediately gravitated to Tasha's hips, but you decided to match her intensity and slid them up her sides to her breasts. She was wearing her 'standup uniform,' a simple white blouse that

showed off a tasteful bit of cleavage without being slutty, her light leather jacket, and tonight they were paired with a stylish pair of shorts. Your hands slipped under the jacket and cupped Tasha's perfect tits through her shirt and bra, and she moaned against your lips as you found her nipples with your thumbs and circled them. She responded by letting go of your shirt, sliding her own hands down your front and starting to work on your belt.

She pulled away from the kiss and looked over her shoulder at the others. "I assume you guys want to do some 'super communication pre-orgy talk about kinks and wants and stuff,' but you're just gonna have to accept that it's happening while I do this." She dropped to her knees as she pulled your pants and briefs down, your cock bobbing out and she quickly had the head in her mouth. Her first suckle made you go a little light-headed and you groaned deep in your chest as she wove your fingers through her dirty blonde hair.

"Fuuuck," you grunted.

"Fuck, if I knew *that* was an option..." Becks laughed.

"Damn it, Tash," Gemma chuckled.

"I like this girl, she has good instincts," Becks continued.

"OK, obviously we're all excited about this," Sabrina said, shucking off her pantsuit jacket and starting to casually undo her shirt. "And it's not like the group dynamic here isn't... known. So let's just be open about shit and we can get to the fun. You ladies know my boundaries already - it's not many. Order me around, choke me, spank me, whatever. My butt is off limits but other than that I'm Daddy's little lovehore and ready to fuck each of you."

Tasha slurped off your cock, stroking it slowly as she looked over her shoulder. "I'm ready for anything," she said. "Including anal, or double penetration, or whatever if you want to bust out the strap-ons. Also, Becks, I kinda have a thing for feet but you don't need to feel any pressure to do anything with that. Sabrina will probably be getting me to suck her toes and shit though."

"More like suck cum off my toes," Sabrina grinned. You could feel Tasha squeeze your cock a little firmer in excitement.

"Sluts, both of you," Gemma chuckled. "Um, I'm open for whatever too, though I'll probably hold off on anal - we might have done that last night and I'm still recovering. I won't say no to a tongue up there though. Otherwise, I expect I'll probably be wielding a strap-on for some of this."

"Mmm, yes please, Mistress Gemma," Becks grinned. Sabrina had her shirt off, and her bra followed, and Becks now peeled the shoulders of her dress down and started to roll the shimmery garment off her body, revealing her tits and making your mouth water a little. "I'm ready for pretty much anything too," she said. "Anal included. Daddy."

Tasha, who had gone back to blowing you, hummed a laugh, in on the joke of you not being a fan.

“What about you, Daddy?” Sabrina asked, coming to you in just her slacks and hugging you from the side. Becks had dropped the dress entirely and was sliding her thong down, and Gemma was peeling her own slacks from her ankles, her blouse hanging open and showing off her lacy bra. “It sounds like we’re all ready to be your, and each other’s, little playthings. Anything you want to take off the table?”

“Other than us calling you Daddy,” Becks said, coming around to your other side as she pressed her tits to your arm and kissed your cheek, then looked down and brushed some hair out of Tasha’s face as she grinned at the other woman.

“Don’t try to use anything on *my* butt,” you said. “And treat each other well.”

“John,” Gemma said with a smirk. She’d taken off her panties, leaving her in just her unbuttoned blouse and bra. “Since when do you need to tell us *that*? Now, Tash got you in her mouth first, but who do you want to *fuck* first? Because if it’s not me, I’m gonna go get the strap-on and get one of these other bitches warmed up for you.”

## Chapter 489

Blowjobs were great. Double blowjobs, whether it was your girlfriends or some other mix, were really great.

Triple blowjobs, something you would never have dreamed of actually experiencing before that summer, were almost overwhelming. Three mouths, three tongues, three sets of eyes.

Four was sexy but awkward.

You ended up on your back on Sabrina's bed and the girls all spread out with their heads near your crotch, lying on their stomachs with their butts pointed up in the air and their feet kicking behind them in the air as they giggled and laughed and made sexy eyes at you. They were kissing all over your thighs and balls and cock shaft, but avoiding the head.

"Damn teases," you sighed.

"Those are fighting words," Sabrina said, dipping lower and sucking one of your balls between her lips.

"Yeah, I don't think four naked chicks literally in bed with you is 'teasing' unless we don't intend to do anything else," Tasha smirked, then licked the side of your cock.

"Then again, we *could* be teases," Becks said. "We could just stop touching his cock altogether and take care of each other." She raised her eyebrows as she looked at Tasha, and the blonde grinned and then they came together in their first kiss. You groaned as you watched them shift from tentatively exploring to deepening into the same kind of kisses they shared with Gemma and Sabrina.

Gemma, still wearing her undone shirt and bra, was the one to take charge and raise up more onto her hands and knees, taking the head of your cock into her mouth. She chuckled around it as she watched your eyes dart from her, to Sabrina, to the two other girls making out.

Eventually, Becks and Tasha stopped kissing, both a little breathless from it and grinning goofily, and went back to blowing you. The girls shifted who took priority, each taking a turn being the main 'sucker' while the others played supporting roles, teasing your sack or kissing the sides of your shaft. They were all good at it, and the feel of all those lips and tongues was amazing, but your favourite parts were the transitions when one would decide it was her turn to her your cock in her mouth properly and she'd raise up and start kissing and licking until both were focused on pleasuring the head or your cock. The combination felt endless (mathematically there were only six different pairings, but it *felt* fucking endless) and each woman had a slightly different technique that had you slowly thrusting your hips, begging for more.

Gemma eventually slid up from her position more at your side, coming up to kiss your lips as she pressed her bra-clad tits to your side and chest. "Having fun, babe?" she asked quietly, her eyes reflecting her smile as she looked deep into yours from up close.

"Yes," you said. "It's amazing. Are you?"

She nodded with a little smirk, then pecked your lips again before sitting up. "Alright, cunts," she said. "And I mean that in all the lovingly derogatory way it can be taken as. I think it's about time we ramp this up for John. Everyone up."

Gemma organised things for a game of 'Who is on my Cock?' You were blindfolded with your own tie and sat up near the head of the bed, a couple of pillows under you to prop you up at a comfortable angle.

"Alright," Gemma said. "The obvious aim of the game is for us to have fun with you, John, however we want. Your goal is to guess successfully guess who's sucking or fucking you... Daddy." You groaned, playing along with the joke, and they all chuckled. "If you guess correctly then you get to use your hands - if not, not touching! Do you agree to these terms?"

"What happened to me needing to use my mouth, too?" you asked with a grin.

"Oh, that'll come later - or, *we'll* come on your lips later. And just to make things a little harder, the rest of us will be playing loud enough to distract you. We've already got the strap-on out and Sabrina is eyeing her toy chest I think."

"Well that's just not fair," you chuckled.

"Too bad, love," Gemma said, leaning in to kiss you. Then she pulled away and someone turned on some music and you could hear the girls whispering and giggling. Then a vibrator started humming, and you jerked a little as it pressed against the base of your cock. They all laughed at that, but it got pulled away and then someone else moaned. You weren't sure who it was. There was the sound of kissing under the music, though you couldn't tell if it was kissing lips, or skin, or tits. Then a hand was grasping your cock and weight shifted on the bed, and a mouth pressed to your cock head and you slipped in deep as it sucked you.

The loss of your sight to the blindfold only served to focus your other senses and you were groaning as your blowjob giver started to make obvious efforts to push towards a deepthroat. You rode that wave a little bit, feeling your cock press to the back of her throat a couple of times as her lips travelled closer and closer to the base of your cock. Her tongue writhed and rippled along your shaft. And then she swallowed you into her throat and you let out a full-throated moan as you felt that exquisite wet, tight squeeze.

You had no fucking clue who it was. You tried, despite the pleasure, to narrow down options. Gemma and Sabrina could both deepthroat you, and Becks had done it before too. Had Tasha? You couldn't remember while your mind was being blown.

The woman was sitting or kneeling in a way that her tits weren't pressed or dragging against you in any way, so no telling that way. Gemma had been wearing the shirt and bra still when you were blindfolded, but she could have taken them out.

Fuck, you couldn't even remember which of them had pubic hair at the moment. Your girlfriends had a tendency over the last couple of months to grow it out a little and keep it trimmed in a small triangle or line and then shaving it off. You'd seen Becks with and without as well. Tasha had been... smooth, you thought, the last time. But you felt like you could also visualise her pussy with a short, wide triangle of golden blonde fur over it as well.

The reality of the situation was that you were a dude and you focused on what was in front of you, and you were currently *very* distracted.

*Just fucking try to logic it*, you thought to yourself.

Assume Tasha couldn't. Sabrina had a slightly smaller mouth and preferred the deepthroat when you could be more forceful and make her take it. Gemma might still have the shirt on.

"Becks?" you guessed.

"Nope," Tasha said with a laugh as she came up off your cock. "Now you don't get to play with my tits or pull my hair, Daddy."

She went back to your cock, swallowing it again, and you groaned and clutched at the bedsheets. So Tasha *could* deepthroat you.

How the fuck were you going to keep this stuff straight?!

## Chapter 490

The first pussy made your head spin. You had a bit of a hint as to who it was because you could hear Sabrina's moaning distinctively *not* right in front of you - it sounded like someone was using a toy on her at the end of the bed. Who that was, though, was the question. Your first guess would have been Gemma since she knew how to work your mutual girlfriend, but you'd all spent more than enough time with Becks for her to have the same skills, and Tasha could very well be a quick study too.

Whoever it was, she was doing her best not to let you get an easy guess in. She put her hands on your shoulders, but none of the ladies had particularly rough or large hands so that didn't tell you anything - and using you as a support, she pivoted her hips in a slow circle, your cock riding the edge of her hole as you felt her slick natural lubrication quickly making your tender skin slide between her lips. It was a deliciously agonising feeling that made you want to grab her hips and pull her down onto you or to slam your own hips up and impale her.

The teasing slowly dissipated though as your torturess began to sit down further on your cock until you could feel the entire head had entered her. Then she leaned forward and licked your lips playfully before hunching her hips a bit to rock back and forth on your cock, gripping with the entrance of her cunt.

"God, fuck," you groaned, trying your damndest not to lose your cool - both your control and your stamina were being tested.

She dipped her hips a little lower, taking more of you for a split second, then went back to what she was doing.

"Fuck," you gasped.

She blew a cold stream of air on your lips and dipped her hips again, taking more of you and then pulling back up. You couldn't even figure out how she was straddling you, whether she was up on her knees or squatting on her feet or what. All you could focus on was her hands holding your shoulders, her teasing of your lips, and that pussy rising and falling and squeezing and-

"Becks?" you guessed.

"Good guess, Daddy," Becks said, leaning in and kissing you as she slammed herself all the way down onto your cock. You immediately grabbed her ass, squeezing it hard as you made out with her messily. Her tits were pressed to your chest now and the two of you fucked each other ferociously for a long few minutes before she shocked you by suddenly pulling away. "Next competitor," she sang quietly with a laugh. "Or... maybe it will be me again!"



As the next person straddled you on the bed you realised that Sabrina's moans had disappeared, and someone had turned up the music a little more. Maybe they realised your girlfriend was making it easier on you and they were turning up the difficulty.

Whoever was next straddled you facing away, that much you could tell by the angle of her pussy attack on you and where her clit was as she ground the head of your cock against it. It was another longer string of teasing before she started to bounce herself on your cock properly. "Tash?" you guessed.

"Nope," Tasha said from down the bed. "I'm currently getting- Oooh, fuck- my pussy eaten, Daddy."

Whoever it was bounced a couple more times on your cock and then dismounted, a soft tutting in your ear as you were teased with not knowing who it was.

You got the next two guesses wrong as well as you were teased and ridden, the girls using just about every trick they must have been able to come up with to keep you on your toes. The next one you were able to guess Sabrina correctly because, as she rode you in cowgirl, she kissed you and leaned close enough that she didn't touch your chest with hers, but if she were anyone else their tits *would* have been at least grazing you.

That correct guess allowed you time to roll over and you held her head as you hammered into her quickly, driving towards your orgasm.

"Daddy," she gasped in your ear. "Oh, fuck, John! God, Daddy, yeeees!"

You were pushed back, but not away from Sabrina entirely, and someone else slipped over Sabrina's face and sat on it and you found yourself making out with one of the other girls as her tits pressed against you. The confusing part was that you could also taste someone's pussy on their lips, and trying to put all the things together to guess who it even was felt pointless as you drilled into Sabrina's cunt.

Your orgasm rose and burst out of you as you growled a low howl into the lips of your kissee, the feeling of emptying yourself into Sabrina's tight cunt the ultimate ambrosia. Just as soon as you were done, though, you were pushed back forcefully and found your cock, which hadn't even had a chance to start going soft, pulled from Sabrina's pussy and slurped on by a mouth. A moment later you had someone straddling your head and lowering a pussy to your lips - it took a moment of them grinding against your lips and chin for the taste to wake you up out of the shock and extra sensitivity to realise it was Gemma's taste leaking onto you.

"Gemma," you mumbled, still playing by the rule, and you reached up and grabbed her hips to pull her down more as you buried your tongue between her pussy lips. At some point she leaned forward more, changing your angle of attack slightly, and you realised one of the ladies had their face buried between her buttcheeks as they rimmed her.

“Fuuuuck, fuckfuckfuck,” Gemma moaned, her thighs tensing as she rode two tongues towards her own orgasm. Then all of a sudden her moaning got muffled and it was coming more from her chest as a hum, and you realised someone must have thrust a toy into her mouth and she was sucking it off.

When Gemma came she leaked all over your face and you lapped it up eagerly, then moved to slip out from under her - your cock had been sucked clean but had been left standing alone for too long. You didn't make it far though, two sets of hands catching you and pinning you to the mattress as first another pussy was dropped to your lips, and then your cock was shifted into position and a new tight, slimy orifice was dropping onto it. And it was *definitely* an ass.

“Mmphuk,” you moaned into the pussy.

The crazy thing was that you would have guessed it was Gemma with how easy the woman took it, but you were pretty sure Gemma was out of commission for the moment after her big orgasm. And with Sabrina recovering from the night before, that meant either Becks or Tasha was taking your cock in her ass with as much skill as your beautiful Australian girlfriend.

## Chapter 491

The bedroom looked like a tornado had ripped through it. The sheets were tossed off the bed. Toys and lingerie were discarded around like trash detritus. Two big wet spots were on the bed where significant squirts had happened. One bedside lamp had its shade tilted askew, and the other was tipped over completely. The tie that had been used as a blindfold on you earlier was now looped in a knot around one of the headboard posts, the other end loose but crumpled from having been used to secure Sabrina's foot.

Your cock was slowly gliding in and out of Becks' ass as she moaned deep but muffled. Her ass looked amazing as you plundered it, but you still pulled out and tilted your cock down, finding the *other* ass that was stacked under hers and entering it. Tasha felt just as fucking good as Becks, and she started moaning in the same muffled way as her lips remained sealed with Becks' as they made out. Their tits were pressed together, both of them sporting some new hickeys from you, Gemma and Sabrina. To get the right position for the back-and-forth anal fucking Tasha was practically folded in half, her thighs hugging Becks' sides with her feet in the air - this left them close to your face, so you did the only polite thing you could think of and indulged her kink by sucking on her toes.

"God, that's hot," Gemma said, her voice cracking a little as she laid back and grinned sloppily. She was fuckdrunk, cradling Sabrina as your brunette girlfriend laid back against her. Gemma was letting her hands roam, teasing Sabrina's erogenous zones as she refused to let the girl touch herself as well, forced to sit on her own hands.

"Which one are you going to come in, Daddy?" Sabrina asked you with a big grin. "Which juicy, sexy butthole are you going to fill with your cream?"

"Fuck," you chuckled, pulling out of Tasha and pushing back into Becks.

"He's not going to come in either of them," Gemma said as she smiled at you. "I think we should play cock roulette and all lay on our backs and he can facefuck us one at a time until he sprays over all of us."

That, apparently, was an acceptable idea to the others because when you went to swap back to stretching Tasha's asshole again Becks' pulled away and dismounted from the other girl. This gave you a bit more leverage and you leaned down over Tasha and really started pounding her ass. That set her perfect tits to bouncing and she reached up and wrapped her arms around the back of your neck, pulling you close as you stared into each other's eyes and she gasped and shuddered as she came hard with your cock in her ass. You kissed her savagely as she started to come down, only stopping when you got a smack on your ass.

"Come on, Daddy," Gemma said. "Let me wipe that cock off and you can fuck our mouths and spray all that cum still in your balls anywhere you want."

You pulled out of Tasha with a long, slow groan and watched for a moment as her cute butthole winked slowly closed.

“God, that was good,” Tasha panted, still coming down from her anal orgasm.

“And you didn’t even have my toes in your mouth,” Sabrina chuckled and playfully stuck out her tongue. Tasha responded by rolling over and climbing over her, silencing her with her lips.

Gemma, meanwhile, had a fresh washcloth from the bathroom and wiped your cock down. There were a few already around the bed - you’d been inside of each one except Sabrina’s, Tasha even having gotten a double penetration in reverse cowgirl as she’d rode your cock with her ass and Gemma had fucked her pussy.

Once you were cleaned up Gemma got the girls in motion and soon they were all lying side by side on the bed, their heads hanging off the edge as their hair cascaded down below them. This left their chests pressed to the ceiling, and their mounds on display, and you groaned as you stroked your cock.

“Can I just say, I’m the luckiest fucking man alive? I mean... God damn.”

The girls all laughed a little and started to tease you more, their hands wandering as they felt themselves up. Tits were jiggled, nipples tugged, and pussy lips stroked. All of them were covered in slick fluids, and you had no doubt that the whole room had to reek of sex; the only reason you didn’t smell it yourself was because you were steeped in it.

“Come on, John,” Sabrina encouraged you. “Finish this reverse gangbang right - fuck our mouths and spray your cum all over us.”

“Fucking crazy,” you mumbled to yourself, still hardly able to believe this was real despite everything else that had happened in the last few months. You presented your cock to her lips and soon you were thrusting it between her lips quickly as she worked her tongue. The other kept teasing you visually, touching themselves. You pulled out of Sabrina’s mouth and shifted a little to the side, tapping your cock on Tasha’s lips. She took it in quickly and you began fucking her mouth, grabbing her tits and using them as handholds. She hummed in approval when you thumbed her nipples and buried both her hands between her thighs as she pleased herself.

Gemma was next and she reached back to hook your thighs and encourage you to not only fuck her mouth but drive into her throat. Your heavy groan was a hint to the others as to what was going on and they started encouraging you to fuck their throats as well, but you barely heard it because you were absorbed in the pleasure the Australian was giving you. You didn’t grab her tits so much as you simply held them, your fingers on the tender underside as you softly scratched your fingernails against them, and you only pulled your cock from Gemma’s throat when she tapped on your thigh to signal she had to be done.

Becks was next, and she took you in her throat as well. She pulled your hand down her body to fingers her though, and you could feel that her pussy was just as juicy and ready for fucking as earlier.

Back to Sabrina, who immediately swallowed your cock into her throat and brought your hand to her neck. You choked her lightly as you fucked her throat and even though she came up coughing when you pulled away you could tell she'd been driving towards an orgasm. Back to Tasha then, who had the hardest time taking you in her throat but encouraged you nonetheless. Then Gemma again. Then Becks. Slide back down to Sabrina.

Your orgasm sprung up on you quickly. You had to pull out of Sabrina's mouth as you grunted, "Oh, fuck!" The first thick strand shot down her body leaving the slime trail from her chest to her belly button. Then you were stroking yourself and pivoting with your hips, shooting six good ropes of cum that broke apart and scattered across the heaving, exposed breasts of your partners.

Then you squeezed out the last drops onto each of their lips, leaving them licking your taste from their smiles, before you stumbled backwards and leaned against the wall, sliding down to your ass.

"OK," you panted. "I think that might be it."

All four of the women sat up, grinning at each other and at you. And then must have planned it because all at once they looked at you with big, satisfied smirks and said. "Thank you, Daddy."

You rolled your eyes and the chortles of their laughter were music to your ears.

## Chapter 392

There was something serenely beautiful, watching the somewhat chaotic dance that was four women you had been sexual with getting ready for bed.

The post-sex cleanup had been a group effort. The sheets got stripped from the bed, the toys got taken to the kitchen and washed, and all the stripped-off clothing got sorted by owner. New sheets hit the bed, a couple of scented candles got lit and the window was opened to let in a cross breeze. Ladies cycled through the shower, and you ended up getting pushed in last as Tasha was just finishing up, so she was the one who ended up scrubbing you down as your hands caressed all those wonderful curves of hers. Your cock managed to stand back up, but you mutually decided not to put it to use - you were both way too exhausted.

You were ready to hit the bed then and there and sleep, but the ladies had more to accomplish. It wasn't new to you that there was a sort of primping that they wanted to do since they were going to bed not just with you, but with each other. When it was just Gemma or Sabrina with you, you had noticed that bare face, hair in a messy bun and sleeping naked was fine. Sabrina and Gemma together often meant there was a little extra effort put in - no makeup, but hair might end up in a loose braid or carefully neatened so there were no flyaways, and a negligee would sometimes make an appearance.

With four of them, it seemed like they were trying to compete for who was the most casually, naturally gorgeous. Moisturisers were getting rubbed into skin, hair getting braided, and lots of complimenting each other on their nightwear.

And, gloriously, all of the nightwear was fairly sheer. You weren't sure if they'd planned it that way or it just happened, but as you watched them with a little smile on your face you could see all of their nipples and the creases of their pussies at the right angle. The sheer cloth made those bodies you were so intimately knowledgeable of seem fresh and new, and you could feel yourself firming up enough that you adjusted your cock in the loose shorts you'd been planning on wearing.

Sabrina noticed that and smirked, eyeing the bulge a little and raising an eyebrow. You shrugged and gestured around to the three other gorgeous women around the two of you, and she grinned and blew you a little kiss.

Eventually, the girls were ready and, after a final glass of water trying to rehydrate, you were sentenced to the middle of the bed. There was some mild jostling and communication made in the secret language of women glancing at each other, and you ended up with Sabrina on your left with Gemma spooned up behind her, and Tasha on your right with Becks spooned up behind the blonde.

"Is it weird that this might be my favourite part of the night?" Tasha asked after Gemma turned off the bedside table lamp and you were all immersed in darkness. It was after midnight and you

really needed to get to sleep, but no one had drifted off yet. "I mean, don't get me wrong, the sex was... *bshhh*." She made a brain explosion gesture that was barely visible in the light from the digital clock. "But this feels..."

"Like the best possible end to a four-girl-one-guy orgy?" Becks suggested, squeezing her a little.

"Yeah," Tasha chuckled and met your lips with her own as you turned to give her a little peck.

"We *could* do the big snuggle dogpile without doing the sex part if you really want," you said.

"Yeah, no," Sabrina said, putting a finger to your lips to stop you from talking. "The big fucky is the price of admission, Daddy."

"Mmnot Daddy now, Sabrina," you mumbled around her finger.

"John," she clarified, then kissed your bare shoulder.

"I wouldn't call it 'the price of admission,'" Gemma said, shaking her head a little. "But I would say this only feels *this* good because of how close I feel to all of you after a good sex session like that. I love you girls."

"Love you too, bitch," Becks laughed.

"I love you too, Gemma," Tasha said, more earnestly. You could understand why - Becks had come into this in a very different way than her. "And you too, Sabrina."

"Aw, babe," Sabrina said, half climbing over you to give Tasha a kiss that lingered in the dark.

Sabrina ended up trying to settle in literally on top of you, her nipples scraping against your chest as she shifted a bit, but Gemma pulled her back off and into her arms, making you chuckle.

"You guys might be my best friends," Becks said, sort of suddenly. "Well, no offence Tasha but we just met, I mean Gemma and Sabrina. You seem pretty great too though."

"Ouch," you said, only half joking.

"You, John, aren't my best friend because you're Gemma and Sabrina's boyfriend that they let me fuck and have a lusty crush on," Becks said. "If I tried to make more of an emotional, best friend connection with you in particular I'd end up falling in love and we all agreed that wasn't happening. So, no offence Daddy, but you'll stay my trusted fuckbuddy."

"I... guess that makes sense," you admitted.

“You’re one of our closest friends too, Becks,” Sabrina said. “And so are you, Tash. I don’t want to speak for Gemma, but despite what it might look like, we aren’t just sharing John or each other with just anyone. We trust you both *so much*.”

“My best friend will always be my cousin Birdy,” Gemma said. “But if it’s her, then I have my inner circle and... I mean, it’s Sabrina and John, and then you two and just one more friend from back home. And Mallory, I guess, but she’s more of a mentor.”

“Wait, isn’t that the MILF you guys slept with?” Becks asked.

“Wait,” Tasha said, echoing her. “How have I not heard *this* story?”

And that was how you ended up not getting to sleep for another half hour, and how your cock ended up tenting the sheets, and you got a double handjob from Sabrina and Tasha until Becks decked under and sucked your orgasm out of you so you could finally get to sleep.



## Chapter 393

The morning after was another bit of pleasant chaos. Three ladies all trying to get ready for the work day, plus you and Tasha, made for a busy little apartment. Tash didn't have a shift at the bookstore until noon, so you and her partnered up to make breakfast burritos for everyone. Becks had brought an outfit in her big purse, having planned to stay over after last night, and Tasha borrowed a pair of sweatpants from Sabrina and wore her simple white blouse on top which was nice enough to get home in.

Riding the bus downtown for work was a bit of a panic for Becks because the traffic felt extra slow, but she made it in on time; though that meant you, Gemma and Sabrina were early as hell. Rather than going to hit the coffee shop or anything since Eric was supposed to do the coffee run that morning, the three of you decided to just get to work right away. By the time Eric showed up you were already deep into it and he wasn't exactly running late either.

Unlike the previous day you were getting a bunch of interruptions other than the occasional associate coming in to drop off some files - the big news of your win was old news a day later, but then, there was no stopping the grind of the legal process whether you won or lost. There were always more cases that needed attention.

Eric begged off eating lunch with the three of you, saying he needed to make a call; he was planning to head back down to Florida that weekend and was trying to schedule more podcast appearances or something. That gave you, Sabrina and Gemma the chance to head down to the sub place and actually grab a seat, deciding to take a bit of extra time at lunch since you'd gotten in so early.

You unfortunately hit the line right during the busy period so you ended up just chatting about the amount of work left to do in the queue while you waited, but thankfully most people were in and out of the place so there were plenty of places to sit with at least moderate privacy. Once you had your subs you piled into a booth, Sabrina sliding in next to you and Gemma intermingling her legs with yours as she sat across from you and grinned.

"So," Sabrina said. "Do one of you guys have something you want to talk about, or should we discuss Becks' point from yesterday?"

"You mean the one about Tash?" you asked.

"Yeah," Sabrina nodded and looked across at Gemma. "I know you're going to say it's more about our opinion because it's our business and all that, but it's a general boundary factor that could affect all of us so I want to know what you think, baby."

Gemma took a bite of her sub pointedly and thought as she chewed, then swallowed and took a sip of her drink. "So... I mean, Becks' main point was really that Tasha would be hurt if she found out and we hadn't already told her. That doesn't change our initial reasons for not telling

her, or you guys suggesting doing content with her or something like that. If the question is whether it's worth it to tell her because she *might* find out and *might* feel hurt, then it's the same as anyone else we feel close to. Like, should you guys tell your families just in case?"

"I would... rather not," you said. "The less my parents know about it, the better. And zero *is* the preferred number."

"That's fair, and I'm pretty much the same," Sabrina said. "I think my Mom would, like, maybe get on board with accepting it, but not actively supporting it. I don't even want to think about the look on my Dad's face if he found out."

"What about your friends from school?" Gemma added on. "Maybe not the guys, but you didn't tell Olivia either and I assume you guys are going to keep being close friends, and Sabrina you'll get closer to her too. Would you want to tell her?"

"I mean, *I'd* bang her with John's dick," Sabrina smirked, "But she's full lesbian so she doesn't match up with our standards anyways. No playing with just me or John, right?"

"Right," you said.

"So obviously the line isn't being set by just being good friends and feeling like someone is trustworthy," Gemma said. "The other side of the coin is... do you *want* to do content with Tasha? If she was open to it?"

"I mean... it makes sense to me," Sabrina said. "Super high sexual chemistry, a couple different kinks to do shoots for, not to mention she's stupid pretty and has those - *ahem*." Someone had sat down closer to you and Sabrina switched to making veiled comments. "Tasha would make a lucrative business partner, I think. But there's also the way she said 'I love you' last night that makes me a little worried."

Gemma made a face. "I got that too, a little."

"Guys," you said. "I took that more in the way that Becks meant it, just hitting harder."

"Yeah, but Becks acknowledged the line and Tasha didn't," Sabrina said. "And I'm not saying she's *in love* with you, but more like... she wants to be in love with *us* I think, because she only gets us sometimes and honestly, she doesn't seem to be getting emotional support from the other friends around her. I mean, her roommates know Joy somehow so I can't see them being very deep and caring, and her comedy friends are kind of a toxic space for her considering the Mosche thing."

"I don't think either of us would have said anything if we weren't also talking about letting her into *the secret*, love," Gemma said, reaching across the table to rub your arm.

You sighed and shook your head. "I just... don't know," you said. "So I guess that means my input is just siding with whatever you two agree."

"Are you sure?" Sabrina asked.

"Well, we're not saying to cut Tasha out of our lives," you said. "And at the end of the day, it's your secret first. So if you don't want to tell her, we don't. And I totally think not telling Olivia makes sense even if she *is* a good and trusted friend. The point of doing it anonymously is to *be* anonymous."

"Actually, now that I think of it," Gemma said. "That kind of also brings up Amanda. Baby, you said you recognized her from *other* content, so it's kind of like... do we bring it up? If things go well tonight and everything."

"I don't know," Sabrina said with a frown, shaking her head. "I mean, John bringing it up with me has turned into all good things, right? And if she has skin in the game it makes more sense to suss it out with her than with Tasha necessarily."

You let out a long breath and checked the time on your phone. "I think we're going to need to circle back on this one," you said. "Which doesn't feel great, but maybe we need more information or something."

The three of you had barely touched your subs, so you ate quickly and headed back to the office with unresolved questions.

## Chapter 394

Heading to the bar after eating dinner at work again - unfortunately from some sort of vegan place that hadn't exactly filled you up - felt kind of weird. Definitely weirder than meeting up with Becks or Tasha, or even Becca and Charlotte like you occasionally did. It was because this wasn't just 'meeting up for drinks,' or with the full knowledge that Becks and/or Tasha would likely come home with the three of you.

This felt weirdly like a first date.

You didn't really know much about Amanda or Maeve overall, just that you all had similar education and career goals, and some similar interests. Things were *kind of* a 'sure thing' for hooking up after, but that *kind of* had a big set of asterisks around it. Maeve was the driving force behind it but also seemed the more volatile of the two ladies, and you still weren't entirely sure if Amanda was just going along with it or if she actually wanted to hook up with you and your girlfriends. But then, she was fairly flirty in the few moments she could be, so it was entirely possible she *was* into it.

"So which one are you most excited to fuck?" Sabrina asked, her arm looped around yours.

"Sabrina," Gemma scoffed, but smirked a little and looked for your answer as she held your hand on your other side.

"Is that really a fair question?" you asked. "They're both attractive."

"Yeah, in slightly different ways," Sabrina said. "Maeve has the accent and the gothy vibes and I bet she's a freak, but Amanda-

"Has the biggest tits I've ever seen," Gemma finished the thought off.

You sighed and shook your head. "Yes," you answered. "Just... yes."

"Well, I think I'm more excited about Maeve," Sabrina said. "Not that Amanda isn't cute as hell. I'm just kind of intimidated by the sheer *size* of the boobage. Gemma?"

"I'll admit, I'm curious to see them," Gemma said with a little smirk.

"Maybe let's put a kibosh on the sexually predatory remarks?" you suggested. "We're here."

The three of you went into the bar, an upscale place that was filling up pretty quickly with an evening crowd that looked ready to spend a lot on overpriced alcohol and showing off their money. It wasn't really the kind of place you and the girls usually visited, but Maeve had apparently suggested it.

The three of you were still in your work outfits, but you found Maeve and Amanda waiting at a standing table and could tell they'd been home in between work and the bar. Maeve was wearing clothes that didn't really fit with the suits and cocktail dresses of most of the crowd - she was in a dress, but it was a thin, clingy muted orange colour that looked more suited to wearing over a bikini on the way to the beach or something. It showed a pretty good amount of her chest and some cleavage, along with two distinct nipple bumps making it obvious she wasn't wearing a bra and you suspected she might have been pantiless as well since there weren't any lines showing through the clingy dress. Her curly hair was done up in a sexy swoop at the front though, and you had a feeling that any immediate douchebag-attracting her dress did was countered by her black lipstick, dark eye makeup and the cold expression in her eyes behind her black-rimmed glasses. She wasn't full-on *goth* but definitely kept up those vibes.

Amanda, on the other hand, had glammed up. She was wearing a silver dress that shimmered with sequins, and while it covered her from her neck and shoulders down there was no hiding her astounding bust. She'd pulled her brunette hair into a sexy updo that exposed her neck and showed off the dangly silver earrings that matched her dress, and her cute face was done up with soft red lipstick and some light eyeshadow.

The busty brunette stepped away from the table with a smile, coming to hug you hello as you tried to greet each other over the noise of the bar. Gemma got the first hug, and then Sabrina and you could almost *feel* your girlfriend resisting the urge to grab the titties. You were last and Amanda's smile was warm as you leaned down a bit to give her a hug, and she added a kiss on the cheek and winked as you pulled away. Maeve's welcome was more subdued, just a small wave of her pale hand and a considering look as she cocked an eyebrow and looked you up and down.

They already had a tab open and Maeve had ordered drinks for everyone, so you didn't need to venture to the bar, and you wondered if that might have been Maeve's plan because she almost immediately started interrogating the three of you about the mock trial case. It sounded like she really had done all her own research and prep and could have run the entire Plaintiff side of the trial by herself - and that seemed to scratch a part of Gemma and Sabrina's brains that had them bantering and arguing good-naturedly almost immediately as they dove into the details.

"Sorry about this," Amanda said a good ten minutes later. She'd been standing next to you, and you'd both been participating in the conversation, but not to the degree of the others.

"Why?" you asked, shifting slightly so the two of you were facing each other a bit more without closing off from the entire table. She was standing similarly and you found yourself looking down into her big, expressive eyes while trying not to glance at how her dress stretched over her bust.

"It's just a bit much, and you guys look like you got held long at work," she said. "I'm sure you'd rather talk about anything else."

“No, it’s fine,” you said. “It’s what connected us together, and clearly Maeve’s been holding some shit in. Gemma and Sabrina both enjoy a friendly argument on this kind of stuff, too.”

“Well, Maeve got tired of verbally sparring with the others on our intern team last month,” Amanda said. “It had gotten... well, I told you our internship has been kind of toxic, even if it hasn’t been as bad as yours.”

“One person made ours toxic, like I told you,” you said, reminded that you’d told her about Joy that first time you had lunch at the trial. “Otherwise, I mean, we’re doing more overtime than expected but we’re also getting taken care of pretty well.”

“Wish I’d known to apply to your firm,” Amanda sighed. “My uncle works at ours, so I kind of had an in. I wasn’t expecting it to be so... blegh.”

“Sorry it’s not working out,” you said. “Is it turning you off of law school?”

“No,” Amanda said, shaking her head. “It just tells me I probably want to be a public defender, or a prosecutor - or something in Criminal law, anyways. Where things feel more *real* and *pressing*. Either that or I’ll make use of my assets, find myself a ridiculously rich husband and turn into a rich bitch Karen.”

You snorted softly as you smirked and shook your head. “For some reason, I think you *could* attract the exact man you would want for that, but you’re too smart and would get bored being a trophy wife.”

“How could you guess?” she asked back, grinning as she put a hand on your arm. It was a clearly flirty move, and you responded by reaching up and brushing a loose strand of her hair behind her ear, making her smile even wider.

Out of the corner of your eye, you could see Sabrina glancing at you as she flashed you a thumbs-up.

It seemed like you didn’t need to worry about Amanda only being partially in on the plan for the night. She was definitely interested.

## Chapter 495

“So, what’s it like being at one of the top schools in your country?” you asked Maeve.

The conversation had shifted throughout the last hour, and Gemma and Sabrina were more focused on Amanda now and you could tell the closer to ‘go time’ you all got, the more Sabrina was getting submissive-horny. She was biting her lip and flirting with the immense-breasted coed and you could tell she was hoping Amanda was going to be more dominant. Gemma was flirting too, but in a more casual, friendly manner that seemed to be mutual.

Maeve shrugged in response to your question. “I assume it’s pretty much the same as being at any other Uni,” she said. “There are other smart people and a lot of people who make me wonder how or why they’re there. And sometimes those aren’t just the other undergrads. Honestly, I try not to spend too much time around campus - I’m not a ‘group’ person.”

“Hey, to each their own,” you said. “Though you seem to be a ‘group’ person tonight.”

She smirked a little, looking at you through those black-rimmed glasses in a way that made her seem like a sexy, aloof librarian but also like a tipsy party girl on the prowl. “I’m interested in... non-traditional sexual experiences when they become available in a safe way,” she said. “A fivesome, even a one-male multiple-female matching, is something that interests me. The fact that you seem to have two intelligent, stable, girlfriends who are aware of each other speaks to a certain sexual proclivity and experience between the three of you. Unless of course you’re either secretly a drug dealer or in some sort of sex cult. Drugs beyond carefully dosed hallucinogenics are a no-go for me, by the way.”

“You don’t have a problem if we’re a sex cult though?” you asked with a chuckle.

“Depends on the tenets of the cult,” she shrugged.

You snorted and chuckled, then realised she wasn’t exactly joking. “Maeve, I hope you don’t find it too forward for me to say I think you’re an intriguing woman and I’m looking forward to tonight,” you said.

“It’s not too forward,” she said. “Is it too forward to ask if you’re hard right now?”

That one got you to blush just a little. “In most other situations it would be,” you said. “But right now I think I can flow with it. I’m not, though that dress you’re wearing is certainly pushing me towards it.”

“Prominent nipples had a distinct psychological effect on parties interested in the female form,” Maeve said. Her British accent somehow managed to make the clinical discussion still sound sexy to you.

“So you wore that dress specifically to tease me with your ‘prominent nipples?’” you asked.

“You, and Sabrina,” Maeve said, nodding slightly over to your girlfriend. “I noticed that she, even more than yourself, has a tendency to glance at other women’s breasts. When I was preparing for tonight I assumed she would enjoy the visual stimulation.”

“And what are your findings?”

She pursed her lips a little in thought. “They seem to have had the desired effect on Sabrina. You seem to be better able to control your carnal subconscious and glance down at mine and Amanda’s breasts much less frequently. Can I rub your cock?”

That last bit took you off guard a little and you coughed. “Here?” you asked.

She nodded. “Circumspectly, obviously. I’m interested to know what we’ll be working with tonight. You may cup my breast or pinch my nipples in response if you’d like.”

“I would like,” you said, “But I think it would be harder to do that without people noticing. How about we kiss instead? I’m sure that will help *inspire* the proper feel you’re looking for.”

“Excellent idea,” she said.

Without any other preamble, Maeve moved towards you around the rim of the circular table and went up on her toes a little more to plant her black painted lips on yours while her hand slid between the two of you and firmly felt up your dick through your slacks. You, meanwhile, let one hand fall to her waist where you confirmed she definitely wasn’t wearing a thong or any panties under the tight dress, while your other hand stayed flat on the table. Your cock quickly started to rise to the stimulation, pressing against her palm, but you were a little distracted by the kiss.

You couldn’t decide if it wasn’t intimate without being passionate, or the reverse. It *felt* good, and her kissing technique was a little unique, but she tasted of the sugary cocktail she’d been drinking and she smelled like an interesting woody scent from her makeup. Her tongue pressed confidently between your lips and danced with yours. But for all that it was a deep kiss, there wasn’t any real *emotion* behind it. When you kissed Sabrina or Gemma, or even Becks or Tasha, like that there was always a spark of... something. Lust, at least. And love. Even kissing Mallory deeply had carried emotional baggage that the two of you had traded.

It was like Maeve had a wall up, and she didn’t want to show any of herself despite it being a really good kiss.

The lack of emotion kept it from being toe-curling.

When she pulled away she smacked her lips a little and you saw that the black paint on her lip hadn’t smudged so you hoped it wasn’t all over yours now.



“That was hot,” Sabrina said, grinning at the two of you from across the table. Amanda and Gemma were both looking at you with expressions that said they’d been interested in the show as well - not to mention several men around the bar who seemed to have started making the decision that if you were kissing Maeve, the others must be single.

“I think I’m going to be... satisfied, with what you’re offering,” Maeve said, regulating her words as she gave your cock one more squeeze before withdrawing her hand. She turned to Amanda. “Want a turn?”

“Maybe not right in public,” Amanda said with a slight flush.

## Chapter 496

“Alright, my turn to go get a round,” you said. You and Maeve had gone back to talking about University, and why she’d chosen to do an internship in the US when she probably had more (and better) opportunities in the UK - her answer had been that she wanted a reason to see the States, and other than a few specific people she’d met it was generally as overbearing and overhyped as she’d expected.

“Oh, no, don’t worry about that,” she said, shaking her head. It set her curly hair waving a bit and you wanted to run your hand through it but didn’t follow through on the reflex. “I’ll order another round on my tab.”

“You’ve already bought two,” Gemma said across the table. “It’s our turn.”

“Oh,” Maeve said. “Right, no, I haven’t been buying them. Alastair has been.”

She said it so matter-of-factly that you felt like you should have known who ‘Alastair’ was, but you definitely didn’t know anyone by that name.

“Who?” Sabrina asked after a moment.

“My Paypig,” Maeve said.

“...What?” you asked.

“Maeve, stop having fun,” Amanda sighed, shaking her head.

Maeve smirked a little.

“Wait, paypig?” Sabrina asked, sounding like she’d made a connection in her mind. “That’s a kinky thing, right?”

“Sort of,” Maeve said. “Well, for him anyway. I actually have three of them. It’s ‘Financial Domination’ - like I told John, I’m interested in unique sexual experiences. One of those experiences led me to taking on some Paypigs.”

“OK, hold on,” Gemma said. “So you’re... I don’t get it. Is this like a BDSM thing that they... pay you for?” Her tone hinted at ‘Isn’t that just prostitution?’

“Again, sort of on their part,” Maeve said. “I haven’t really been able to figure out the psychology of it yet, and there aren’t exactly a breadth of studies on the subject for me to draw from. Basically, I have three very well-off men who send me money and gifts whenever I demand them. One of them pays for my rent every month in London, another one obsesses over me having the latest fashions and gets off on me ruining the designer clothes he has delivered, and

Alastair pays for anything I eat or drink. I can also use their credit cards as often as I want, though I save that for special occasions.”

“Holy fuck,” Sabrina said, shaking her head slightly. “And what do they get out of it?”

“The occasional text from me,” she shrugged. “One of them only wants to be called degrading things, so that’s fairly easy. Another enjoys being turned down by me so I generally only need to tell him I want something or ‘No’ when he asks me out. Alistair is a bit of a little bitch when I’m not spending enough of his money so sometimes I have to pretend I’m spending it on male prostitutes, or hooking up with people from Uni.”

“Jesus,” Gemma said, her eyes wide.

“Actually,” Maeve said, taking her phone out of her purse. “Mind if I take a photo of us, John? He’ll lose his mind if he knows I’m planning on fucking you.”

“Not his face,” Sabrina said quickly.

Maeve shrugged. “That’s probably better actually. Here, Amanda, get on the other side of John.”

Soon you were getting two pictures taken, one just showing the bottom of your jaw as Maeve posed with a hand on your chest, scowling slightly at the camera, as Amanda hugged your other arm with her big cleavage pressed to it but her face out of frame as well, and then another for the two of them that showed all three of you smiling nicely.

Amanda pinched your butt as she stepped away and you laughed and shook your head.

“Here, watch this,” Maeve said. “It’s... around 3 AM in London right now. I’ll send this, and he’ll respond in a few minutes.” She sent her text and then put her phone down on the table.

“How did you... I guess it doesn’t matter how you met them,” Sabrina said. “Doesn’t it feel weird, getting all of that from these guys who you basically abuse?”

Maeve shrugged. “Why should it? I didn’t coerce them into it, all I did was respond to some Direct Messages on my Instagram. Each of them started sending me money before I asked.”

“But, have you ever talked about it explicitly?” Gemma asked. “Like... so everyone knows the line of consent? What if one of them, like the one who asks you out, is being serious?”

“I asked the same question when she told me,” Amanda said. “Maeve wrote up contracts and everything to protect herself legally.”

“It would be entirely irresponsible not to,” Maeve said. “The tax implications alone could ruin me if I didn’t do it all through legally binding contracts.”

“So you pretty much act like a bitch to them, and they send you, well, thousands of British pounds a month?” you asked.

“If you include my rent, and average out some of the larger other purchases across multiple months, my Paypigs make me about £45,000 per month. That’s about \$57,600,” Maeve said. “To be fair, I invest most of the actual cash payments, so it’s technically more than that now.”

Part of you wanted to be disgusted. Part of you wondered if Sabrina, in her amateur pornstar persona, could take on a few Paypigs since that kind of cash would help expedite paying for law school for you, her and Gemma, not to mention all the other living expenses and such. For some reason, though, you didn’t like the idea of it for her - the amateur content, and the money generated from it, felt a lot more... honest, even if it was more risky than how Maeve described what she was doing.

You also wondered what Amanda’s thoughts were on it, considering Sabrina’s insistence that she did OnlyFans content as well. Did Maeve know about that, if the two of them were so open about the FinDom stuff?

Maeve’s phone pinged, and she picked it up and frowned slightly before setting it down and turning it to show you, Gemma and Sabrina. A Venmo notification had come through, sending £6,969.69 to Maeve’s account from ‘Little Piggy.’ “See?” she said. “I’ll go get the next round.”

## Chapter 497

Two rounds of very expensive cocktails you now knew were being made with very expensive liquor later, you and Gemma were talking with Amanda while Sabrina was getting to know Maeve more. Several men had approached the five of you over the last couple of hours, usually focusing on Amanda and Maeve since they were more dressed up, but Gemma and Sabrina had both been approached as well. All four of the ladies had judiciously been turning the would-be suitors down, and you'd gotten several open kisses from both of your girlfriends. Amanda had been a little too shy to do that with you, but she'd kissed Maeve instead proclaiming she was a proud Lipstick Lesbian.

You were pretty sure you heard several groans from other nearby groups at that.

Things took a shift, however, when Maeve turned to the table as a whole and waited for all of you to give her your attention.

"I would like to move this night along, please," she said. "I'm physically aroused, and the alcohol should have socially lubricated us enough now to ease any nerves you might have. I can also see that your four are also aroused. We should go."

It was blunt and to the point, just like she said she was. The fact that she hadn't said 'Alright, let's go fuck now' was almost a blessing.

The exodus took a little longer than expected - Maeve went to settle up the tab for an undisclosed amount of the money she'd been sent by Alastair, and Gemma and Amanda decided to go to the washroom before leaving, leaving you with Sabrina as you waited for the others to return.

"What do you think?" she asked as she stepped close, weaving her hands together at the small of your back as she hugged you lightly and looked up into your eyes.

"About which thing in particular?" you asked with a slightly incredulous shake of your head.

"Fair point," Sabrina chuckled. "OK, rapid-fire. Amanda?"

"If she gets over her nerves I think tonight will be a lot of fun."

"Maeve's ridiculous 'job?'"

"Not our place to judge, but also WTF," you said.

Sabrina snorted and nodded. "That amount, from just three guys? They must be *rich-rich*. What about her otherwise?"

“I think Maeve knows what she wants and won’t be afraid to tell us, which is a good thing.”

Sabrina nodded. “Think you’ve got the stamina? Last night was a big one.”

You smiled and brushed a thumb over Sabrina’s cheek as you cupped her jaw lightly. “With you in the room? I’ll be the Energizer Bunny.”

“You say the sweetest things,” she grinned at me.

Maeve returned first, and Sabrina got a naughty look in her eyes and let go of me, going to the other brunette and whispering something in her ear. Maeve raised an eyebrow as she listened but looked at me, and when Sabrina was done she took one glance at Sabrina’s eyes before approaching me.

She spun before getting to you though, instead backing up and pressing her ass to your crotch and her shoulder blades to your chest as she craned her neck to look you in the eye. “I understand that you’re good with your hands,” she said, taking them in hers and bringing one around to her stomach and the other up to her shoulder. “And that you have a dominant streak. I’d like you to make me a spectacle, these last minutes before we leave. Kiss me, hold my throat, and feel my breasts. We’ll never see these people again.”

Maeve then just looked at you expectantly.

You glanced at Sabrina, trying to guess what she’d told Maeve, but all you got back was an encouraging smile and that devious playful look in her eyes.

“Fuck it,” you said, and leaned your lips down to hers as you kissed like before - lacking the emotional connection, but otherwise fulfilling everything a steamy kiss would have. Your hand on her shoulder slid to her neck first, your fingers flowing over her smooth, pale skin and the lines of her collarbone before wrapping around her throat. She didn’t moan like Sabrina would have, but she ground her ass back against your firm cock in encouragement. That felt like she was giving you permission to continue, so you slid your other hand up from her stomach to her breast, openly palming it through her dress and feeling the delightful malleability of it and the firm nub of not only her nipples but something more - her nipples were pierced with some sort of circular piercing so there hadn’t been extra bumps to see.

Your fingers tightened around that piercing, twisting it a little, and that got a moan out of Maeve and finally seemed to spark something a little more in the kiss. Swapping to the other breasts and giving it a hard squeeze earned you another tiny moan.

“Ahem,” Gemma said, clearing her throat as she and Amanda approached.

You ended the kiss with Maeve, pulling away half an inch and looking into her eyes for a long moment. What you saw there made you think maybe it wouldn't be *just* the mechanics of wild sex that night with her. "Go kiss her," you whispered to Maeve, your lips gently brushing hers.

She smirked a little and stepped out of your arms and right up to Gemma, taking your silver-blond girlfriend by the hip with one hand and behind the neck with the other and pulling her into a heavy kiss. Gemma must have figured out the 'prank' before it even started because she started kissing Maeve back without missing a beat, and the sight of the two of them - a British goth girl and an Australian preppy surfer girl - was a delectable vision that stopped any conversations that were still happening after the show you and Maeve had put on.

"OK," Gemma said a little breathlessly as she and Maeve finally separated. "Are we getting out of here or not?"

## Chapter 498

There was a brief debate outside the bar about where you were heading - you and your girlfriends had assumed things would end up at Sabrina's place, while Amanda and Maeve had assumed things would end up at Maeve's. You sort of wanted to see Maeve's apartment considering it was being covered by some super-wealthy British dude, but your numbers won out and the girls made the decision that the fivesome would happen at Sabrina's.

Your brunette girlfriend had also managed to snake the chance to order the Uber, having gotten to it before Maeve could so that one of you was paying for *something* that night. She'd gotten an UberXL so when the Escalade pulled up you were all able to pile into the back, with you ending up in the back row on one side with Sabrina in the middle and Amanda on the other side.

That arrangement, of course, brought with it some risky play from your girlfriend. As the driver started the car moving, Sabrina reached over into your lap and immediately started fishing out your cock. Gemma was sitting in the middle-row bucket seat in front of you so the driver had no way of seeing what was going on, but Amanda definitely had a close-up view, and Maeve could look back to see as well from her seat beside Gemma.

"Really?" you whispered quietly.

Sabrina grinned at you in the partial dark and got your cock out of the zipper in your pants, leaning in to give you a peck before sitting back and stroking your cock one-handed. This let Amanda get a clear view and you could see her eyes go wide as she bit her lip. She glanced quickly at Sabrina, and then you, and then Sabrina again, before reaching forward and tapping Maeve on the shoulder. The goth girl glanced back, still in a conversation with Gemma, and when she saw your cock she didn't hesitate or even flinch in her conversation - she just reached over and her palm found the head of your cock and her hand wrapped around it and started fondling you as Sabrina continued squeezing and teasing the shaft.

The ride, perhaps thankfully and perhaps not, wasn't long enough for Sabrina to progress things any further and at the end you had to awkwardly get your hard cock back inside your pants before following the girls out of the back seat. You ended up behind Amanda, her generous butt a little in your face, and you resisted the urge to give it a pinch to pay her back for her getting you in the bar. The resulting yelp would have probably alerted the driver.

Nothing else happened until you all piled into the elevator in Sabrina's building, when Gemma crossed her arms over her chest and eyed the three other ladies. "So you got a look in the car, then?" she asked.

"Not a good one, but a decent feel," Maeve said, while Amanda nodded.

"Well, here's a better one," Gemma said, then fell down into a squat in front of you as *she* started pulling out your cock right there in the elevator.



“Gemma,” you groaned. “Right here?”

She got your cock out in the bright light. Sabrina was grinning as she bit her lower lip. Maeve nodded approvingly and looked like she wanted to reach out and get a hand on it again. Amanda licked her lower lip, her eyes stuck on your cock as if she couldn't look away.

Gemma stroked you once and then tilted your cock up a bit and licked from the base of your sack all the way up the bottom of your cock like she was licking a drip off of an ice cream cone. Then she bobbed on the head, swirling her tongue skilfully before sliding her lips off of you and leaving the head moist and shiny.

“It's almost yours to play with,” Gemma smirked a little, standing back up but keeping a hand on your cock.

“You guys are wilder than I expected,” Amanda said.

“But you like it?” Sabrina asked.

Amanda shrugged but then grinned and nodded. “For this? Yeah,” she said. “I dunno if I could be long-term friends though, you'd get me in too much trouble.”

“You say that now,” Gemma said. “But wait until you've got our loving boyfriend's cock deep inside you and then try telling me you wouldn't want to be long-term friends with us.”

Amanda actually shivered, and you noticed Maeve looking at her with a thoughtful expression.

Gemma didn't let you put your cock away as the elevator doors opened, but she did hand you over to Sabrina who kissed you hungrily before leaping up into your arms and wrapping her legs around your waist. Your cock was pressed up between you as she ground the crotch of her slacks against it. “Carry me, baby,” she said. “I'll protect you.”

You snorted softly but carried her at the back of your little group as Gemma led the way. Sabrina had to get down to unlock her apartment door, which Gemma jumped on to grab your cock with one hand again and press herself against your front, making a show of kissing you deeply. The revolving nature of getting your cock stroked, tugged and rubbed wasn't exactly pushing you anywhere but it was definitely keeping you hard.

Everyone piled into the apartment and started kicking off shoes, and Sabrina offered drinks as she headed for the kitchen area.

“Can we just get started?” Maeve asked as she walked into the living room. “We did all the niceties and everything at the bar. I'd really like to just start fucking.” And then she reached down and pulled her dress up, peeling the burnt orange garment off her body. Her upper thighs,

waist, stomach and soft tits were all that same pale shade as the rest of her. She had a couple of small, cute moles on her, but otherwise seemed completely unblemished. Her breasts were 'small' compared to Gemma, let alone Amanda, but stood out more than Sabrina's perfect little tits. The piercings around her nipples, which were a shade more brown than the rest of her, were little silver circlets that seemed to hug her nipples and keep them erect. Her entire body had a sort of softness to it, and as she tossed her dress to the side her boobs jiggled enticingly. Her mound was as smooth and bare as the rest of her body, and your eyes were drawn to her pussy lips - she had almost no visible inner labia, but her outer labia were slightly pink and she really did seem to be slick and ready for some fast action.

"Beautiful," you said, trying to make the compliment as blunt and to the point as possible for her.

"Thank you," she said, just as bluntly.

"I think getting naked is a great idea," Sabrina said, circling back from the kitchen with her blouse already pulled off and working on undoing her slacks. "Let's get sexy-comfy, and then we can talk boundaries and start fucking."

## Chapter 499

To be fair to your girlfriends, the only reason why your eyes weren't stuck on either of them wasn't because Maeve or Amanda were more pretty, or sexy, or anything like that. If anything you rated both Gemma and Sabrina 'higher' on a hotness scale than either of the other girls despite their specific assets.

But they were *new*, and while new couldn't distract you from acknowledging the gorgeousness that was Gemma in a green set of sexy bra and panties, or the sleek allure of Sabrina's lithe nudity, it could definitely dominate your attention.

Maeve was already naked and looked great.

Amanda took longer to strip down, and boy was it worth the wait.

Her dress needed to be unzipped in the back, which she struggled with for a moment before you stepped forward and helped her with it. She smiled and winked at you, murmuring her thanks. Then she seemed to wait for you to finish unbuttoning your own shirt before she started to take off her dress, slipping her arms from the shoulders and letting it fall down to her hips, and then scooting it down further so it could fall to the floor.

"God damn," Sabrina said.

"Fuck," Gemma said. "God, I never thought I'd say this but I wish I could fill something out like *that* just once."

"No, you don't," Amanda chuckled. She was blushing a little and it was hitting her upper chest and cheeks, but she didn't get nervous and try to cover up.

She'd been wearing lingerie under her dress. It was a grey one-piece that had a lacy waistband that rode her hips and a large front panel with intricate detailing covering her mound. A higher band, at her actual waist, pinched the front panel delicately and left most of her sides and abdomen exposed - Amanda was built broad, genetically necessary for her to have such massive tits, and there was no hiding that she had a soft, *thicc* torso but other than a soft swelling there wasn't a paunch or anything. The grey lingerie continued up into two large, thin cups that 'contained' her tits and provided some bouncy lift, though really they only held the bottom third in a stretched triangle over the tit-flesh. It was technically a 'cage bra' as extra straps circled her breasts, doing nothing but accenting her cleavage.

"What do you think," she asked, just a little nervously and she reached up with one hand and adjusted her ponytail bun.

"Hold on," you said. "Don't move - actually, lift your other hand up and do that exact thing with both hands."

"Jeeesus," Sabrina said.

"Amanda," you said. "You look fucking *gorgeous*, but in that pose - fuck." With her arms up and her hands behind her head it accented her breasts even more, and with her hair up too it showed off her slender neck and drew the eye up to her pretty, large eyes before they fell down and ping-ponged back to her tits.

"Guys," she blushed.

"No, they're right," Gemma said. "Hold on, let me take a picture and show you."

"I dunno," Amanda said.

"Hey, it's just for you," Gemma said, already grabbing her phone from where she'd set it down. "I can send it to you or delete it. Just hold that pose." Amanda did, and Gemma took the picture and she gasped a little when she got to see it.

"OK," she laughed. "Yeah, send that to me. That's... shit, I need to find a boyfriend to send that to."

With everyone in a state of sexy undress, including yourself down to your briefs with your hard cock lewdly tenting the front of them, the usual spiel you and the girls used with new partners kicked off. Sabrina talked about her preferred kinks, and then Gemmawent, though she didn't include anal in the offering for the day - two nights in a row seemed to be her limit. You told them you were generally interested in your usual fare too, and that you liked to adapt to your partners.

"Mine are easy," Maeve said. "I don't like to be held down. Not in missionary, not in doggy, whatever. Don't press your body against mine if I'm under you, and don't try to pin my limbs or anything. If you do and I try to get you off of me and you don't respond immediately, I'll literally have an Aspy meltdown and things will get awkward."

"We'll definitely keep that in mind," Gemma assured her. "Just- Sorry, but out of curiosity I've got to ask- I love when he lays on top of me, especially prone with his cock in me; I also have a nephew with Autism who's obsessed with his weighted blanket. I'm surprised it sounds like you're the opposite."

Maeve shrugged. "Lots of people with autism and Aspergers like the whole pressure/weighted feeling, but it just makes me anxious," she said.

"She sleeps without a sheet," Amanda said. "Seriously. No blanket, no sheet, nothing."

"Interesting," Gemma said.

“What about you, Amanda?” Sabrina prompted her.

“Sorry, other than the not being held down thing,” Maeve cut in. “I would like to get my ass fucked tonight, and if you have the proper implements I’d like to have all three of my sexual holes filled at the same time. I think the vernacular online is ‘airtight.’”

“That, we can do,” Sabrina said with a big grin, glancing at you and then back at Maeve. “Anything else?”

“That’s all for now,” Maeve said.

“Wait, what about hair-pulling?” Gemma asked. “Not mean pulling, but sexy? Does that count for the holding you down stuff?”

Maeve hesitated then nodded. “Better safe than sorry for a first time together. Try not to pull my hair, or hold my head while I’m performing oral.” Then she turned to Amanda and raised her eyebrows.

“Um- well, definitely no anal for me,” she said. “Otherwise... I’m here to have fun sex? I’m kind of vanilla so don’t get *too* wild on me.”

“Alright,” Sabrina said, clapping her hands once. “I hereby declare this fivesome commenced. Maeve, honey, I think you need to suck that dick.”

## Chapter 500

It started with your girlfriends and Maeve pushing you onto the couch. Amanda wasn't exactly acting *shy*, but she was obviously the least casual as the sexual activity was getting started. Gemma had pulled your briefs down your legs and Sabrina relieved them from your ankles as you sat on the edge of the couch cushion. Maeve gave you one last considering look before she slipped down to her knees in front of you.

She bit the inside of her lip lightly, her eyes bouncing from your cock to your face. You were *very* erect already, so there wasn't some big need for you to get a blowjob if the curly-haired woman wanted to just hop on, but Maeve was clearly intending to experience everything she could from the unique situation.

"Maeve," you said, deciding to fall back on your tried-and-true of letting the women you were with know what you were thinking, and being as blunt as possible with her in particular. "Just the *thought* of seeing your mouth on my cock is teasing me."

She smirked a little, clearly getting a bit of pleasure out of the compliments and the slight surrender of power to her. You had the feeling that, if you tried to take charge with her, she might go along with it but it wouldn't be as good as it could be. If you gave her the freedom, and encouragement, to get what *she* wanted you were all going to have a better time.

"You have a very attractive cock," she said, reaching forward and wrapping one hand around the base and slowly stroking it. "And I approve of your grooming habits. Can I assume that's thanks to you?" She looked at Sabrina, who had gone to her knees outside yours as she grinned and watched. Gemma, meanwhile, had closed with Amanda and they were starting to gently kiss and whisper together while still standing in the middle of the room.

"He wasn't exactly a mess when we first got together, but we've definitely helped along the way," Sabrina grinned a little.

Maeve responded by leaning in and slowly, almost agonisingly so, letting her tongue press against your ballsack and then slowly swirling it around the swell of one ball before sliding up to the base of your cock. She stayed there, pressing her tongue around the root like she was trying to make sure there wasn't anything hidden between your cock and your pelvis, before finally moving back down to tease your other ball.

"I've already found testicles to be so interesting," Maeve said. "The most vulnerable part of a man, the starting point of their part of procreation, just dangling there. One of the most painful points if abused, but not a heightened erogenous spot like the glans of the penis."

"His cock, hon," Sabrina said with a little smirk. "When it's in, on or around you, John has a cock. A perfect-sized cock."

“That’s fair,” Maeve smirked right back. “But still, it might be strange but I just find testicles to be... interesting.” She dipped back down, pressing her lips to your balls and gently sucking one into her mouth, massaging it with her tongue and lips. The feeling made you groan, your cock bobbing slightly as your muscles clenched and flexed in your pelvis.

“God, Maeve,” you groaned.

She let your testicle slurp out from between her lips and looked at you with a pleased little smile. “You like having your balls played with, John?” she asked. “Having them in my slutty little British mouth?”

“Yes, I do,” you breathed out.

She started suckling on the other one, a playful little smile in her eyes.

Gemma and Amanda were moving. Your girlfriend had taken the extremely busty woman’s hand and led her to the couch on the far end from you, turning the brunette and then pushing her down lightly to sit. Amanda glanced over at you, Sabrina and Maeve but Gemma pulled her attention back as she got up on the couch as well, straddling Amanda’s lap on her knees and taking Amanda’s chin in between her thumb and forefinger, tilting it up so Gemma could kiss her again in another devouring, soul-sucking kiss. The kiss itself was hot as fuck, but the moment before the kiss with Amanda looking up into Gemma’s eyes and looking like she’d surrender to anything your silvery-blond girlfriend wanted was fucking gorgeous.

“Alright,” Sabrina said, patting Maeve’s arm. “You keep working John, I’m gonna get started on you. Scoot your butt up a bit.”

Maeve pulled her lips from your balls and sat up a little higher on her knees as Sabrina shuffled around, and then there was some ducking and shifting and Sabrina ended up on her back on the floor as Maeve slowly sat down on her face. Maeve was holding your cock with one hand, her other on your thigh keeping her steady, and you got to watch as Sabrina must have gotten to work. Maeve’s eyelids fluttered and she breathed in, making her chest swell and her tits rise. Her breasts were, frankly, very nice. Not as big as Gemma’s but still plump and full, they were capped with cute peachy-pink silver dollar areolas and stubby nipples with those silver hoop piercings surrounding them. She let out her breath, her lips parting seductively, and you sat up more and brought your hands to her breasts to tease the undersides and thumb over her nipples. You’d felt them at the restaurant through her dress, but nude was always better and the skin-on-skin contact had a delicious warmth to it.

Gemma and Amanda were making out now, Gemma’s bra-clad breasts resting on top of Amanda’s. Your girlfriend had one hand down between them, either teasing herself or the busty girl, and Amanda had both her hands on Gemma’s ass massaging her tanned cheeks.

“Kiss me?” Maeve asked you, and you leaned in and kissed her black-painted lips again. Once more you found yourself needing to resist the urge to run your fingers through her curly hair, wanting to pull it further to the side and grip it like you would for Sabrina or Gemma but remembering Maeve’s dislikes. The kiss itself had that same intensity, but her guard was still up. It lingered though, your movements slowing into something more mellow as you caressed her breasts until finally, she put a hand on your chest and softly pushed you away.

Maeve tilted your cock more towards her and took the top third of it in her mouth, her lips stretching slightly over the width as she looked up into your eyes through her glasses, judging your reaction to her starting to suck you off. Your response was to start massaging her tits a little more firmly and groan in appreciation before closing your eyes and pointing your face to the ceiling as you absorbed her sexual gift. You could feel her grin or smirk around your cock as she began a languid sucking, and soon she pushed your chest again to get you to lean back. This made you let go of her breasts, but it was what she wanted, and you soon realised it was because she wanted to settle into her current position as she sinuously writhed her body as she rode Sabrina’s tongue, her hips to her lips seeming to move as one as she worked up and down your cock.

You locked eyes with her and didn’t look away, and neither did she. You both softly moaned and grunted as your only other form of communication, and while she wasn’t driving you towards an orgasm, or trying to deepthroat you or anything like that, you finally found a new layer of connection with her. Maybe it was understanding, or comfortability, or something else entirely that was more important and true for her than it was for you, but that connection formed.

“Mmmf,” Gemma hummed, pulling away from Amanda and standing up entirely. She rolled her neck and grinned a little as she looked down at the busty brunette. “Fuck, you’re a good kisser, but I’m getting too horny for just kisses. Maeve, get that fine ass over her - I want you to eat me, and ‘Manda needs her chance to kick things off with John.”

Maeve slowly pulled her lips from your cock, grazing her teeth lightly over the head and making you groan a little, before releasing her hand from the base. “Sit down next to him,” she said, nodding to the centre seat, but before she could say anything else she moaned as her eyes closed and her brow furrowed, her hands slipping down to Sabrina’s hair as your other girlfriend did something with her cunnilingus.

“Come on, sexy,” Gemma said, offering a hand to Amanda. The curvy girl took it and accepted the help to stand up. Then Gemma unceremoniously shucked off her panties, leaving her in just her bra, as Maeve dismounted from straddling Sabrina’s face. There was some brief chaos as Gemma flopped onto the couch next to you, leaning in to kiss you as you both grinned. She spread her legs, her pretty pussy bared for Maeve to crawl right up to and the gothy girl teasingly bit Gemma’s thigh before using a similar technique she’d used with you and taking things super slow with a teasing series of licks. Sabrina, hopping up, urged Amanda to go to you and then decided she wanted some attention as well - since she was already naked, she hopped up to stand on the couch and lifted a leg over Gemma to put her pussy right at her



girlfriend's face. Gemma rolled her eyes with a smirk but happily reached up and grabbed Sabrina's little booty and pulled her in tight to start eating her out while getting her own pussy licked.

Amanda, meanwhile, had hesitated with a look of indecision on her face as she stood close in front of you.

"Come here," you said, reaching out a hand to her which she took. "I want a bit of what you were giving Gemma, beautiful."

Amanda smiled and got up on the couch on her knees, her legs outside yours, and sat on your lap and then slid her pelvis forward until your cock was pressed between her lingerie-covered mound and your stomach. You both moaned a little in harmony and then chuckled. Without even pushing close her big tits were pressed to your torso.

"Ever been with someone like me?" she asked, her confidence slowly growing. She was still holding one of your hands and raised her other to brush her fingers along your collarbone.

"You mean a super cute, sexy, intelligent woman?" you asked with a little grin. "You were just making out with one of my girlfriends, you tell me."

She laughed, and Sabrina reached down from where she was standing next to you and ruffled your hair. Amanda shook her head. "I meant someone as *endowed* as I am," she said.

"No," you said. "Not like you, Amanda. I only *know* one person who even gets close and she's a lesbian."

"Good," she said with a sly grin. "Then I think I should unleash the girls so you can get what every guy who looks at me starts fantasising about-"

She's started to pull the shoulder straps of her one-piece grey lingerie from her shoulders but you stopped her, taking both her hands in yours. "Hold on," you said. "Unwrapping beautiful things is all about anticipation. And I want that kiss first." You let go of her hands and gently slid your fingers into her hair on either side of her head, pulling her towards you until your lips met. Her breasts had to firmly press against you as they were squished between your bodies, but she didn't seem to mind as after the first few moments of the kiss she moaned lightly and pressed a little closer.

You made out - there was nothing else to really call it. Amanda's hands drifted, rubbing your biceps, shoulders and jaw before sliding into your hair. Yours eventually slid from her scalp to tease a thumb over her cheek, then lower as your fingers ran over the outer cleavage of her breasts. They were warm and so fucking soft and pliable. Then your fingers went further down, stroking her sides of the covered and bare portions of skin until you reached her generous hips

and finally her thighs. That was when she reached down and grabbed your hands without ever breaking your liplock, pulling your hands back to her ass.

Amanda's ass was surprisingly firm - you'd seen it generally in her clothes but hadn't really gotten a look at it in the lingerie and you realised it was a bit of a bubble butt, muscled and perky under a thin veneer or her thickness. You grabbed those cheeks and let your fingers dig into them firmly, massaging them and spreading them, and then pulling her closer to you. That started her dry-humping on your cock.

"Switch," Sabrina called from beside you, and there was movement but you were too busy locked in with Amanda to know what the others were doing.

It took another few minutes for you and your current partner to finally pull your lips from each other, gasping for breath as she continued to hump her pelvis at you so firmly that you could feel the slickness of her pussy soaking through the gusset of her lingerie as her lips ground against the hardness of your cock. Amanda's eyes were wide, and her pupils a little dilated as she met your gaze.

"God, you're pretty," you said with a slightly lightheaded smile.

She laughed in delight and leaned in to kiss you again, and when she pulled away you got a glance over at the others. Maeve was now sitting next to you instead of Gemma, and her legs were spread wide as *both* your girlfriends had their faces crammed together between her thighs as they tag-teamed eating her out. You reached over and gently grabbed Maeve's closer tit, twisting her nipple lightly and making her grunt in surprise and look over at you with a glimmer in her eyes. Maeve's tits really were delightful, you just had another mountain to climb at the moment and you let go to refocus on Amanda.

"Ready to unwrap them?" the girl on your lap asked.

You ducked your head and kissed her cleavage, and she laughed again and put her hands on your head, pulling you firmer into it until you were practically being smothered. When you lifted away you stole another quick kiss from her, then reached up and pulled the shoulder strap down on just one side. This let you slowly peel the thin grey breast cup of the lingerie down, revealing her breast inch-by-inch. Her areolas were large to match the size of her tits, maybe the size of your palm, and as you revealed her nipple you found it was almost just a dot, barely a little bump in the centre of the areola. You quickly ducked down and wrapped your lips around it and tongued it firmly, but while you felt it stiffen and swell a little it remained fairly small.

Amanda hummed a little moan as you sucked on her tit, and she lowered the other side of her garment and pushed it down until it was hanging at her waist. "Do the other other," she whispered, her fingers massaging your scalp but not pulling you to where she wanted. You decided to follow her request and kissed your way across her expanse of breast until you reached her other nipple, giving it the same sloppy sucking treatment. Eventually, you fell back

from her, just wanting to get a look at them in all her glory. They were *big*. It was hard to really get a sense of how big even in just a thin piece of lingerie because that had given her some extra lift. Each breast was easily bigger than your head and even pressed into a straight line of cleavage down the centre of her chest they hung out to either side of her body and halfway down to her belly button. “Fuck,” you said, shaking your head as you softly ran your hands along her underboob and felt the delicate, soft skin, lifting them just a little. “How uncomfortable are they on a daily basis, 'cause they're *amazing* but I know Gemma has complaints about *hers*...”

“Oh, they are fucking awful on my back, and finding clothes that fit nicely is a goddamn pain in my ass,” Amanda said. “I’ll probably get a reduction surgery in the future, but right now... well, they’re a part of me, and when I find a guy or girl I like and I get to see that look that’s on your face right now, it feels worth it.”

“Fair,” you said, shaking your head lightly again at just how astoundingly big they were. Then you leaned forward and started kissing them all over, starting on the undersides. This got a long, low moan out of Amanda, and it was echoed by Maeve as the girls seemed to get her to some sort of a minor climax.

“You’re not fucking him yet?” Gemma asked, coming up for air as she stood and then leaned over Amanda from behind, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“We’ve been kind of occupied,” Amanda laughed, then turned to me. “Though I wouldn’t mind moving on if you’re done exploring Mount Leftitty and Mount Rightitty.”

Her silly names for her breasts made you snort a laugh, and you slid your hands around her to grab her ass again. “Gemma, have you *felt* this ass?” you asked.

Your girlfriend was currently fondling Amanda’s tits as she reached around from the back, and she shook her head. “Little busy admiring other parts of her,” she chuckled.

“Sit up, Amanda,” you said quietly, your voice dropping a little, and Amanda followed your direction as she bit the side of her lip in an utterly cute and lusty expression. After that initial hesitation of nerves, everything felt easy with her, though you wondered if you were just comparing her openness to Maeve’s guarded nature. She did sit up, and you pulled the gusset of her lingerie aside and reached under her to position your cock. The head glanced over her slick pussy lips twice as you moved it and she shifted her hips, both trying to get it into position, and then it pushed back too far and ended up pressing into the cleavage of her ass in a way that made you grunt in pleasure. Hearing that, she thrust with her hips a couple of times, wedging your cock a little deeper between her cheeks, before pulling off and finally pulling your cock into the proper position, the wet warmth of her labia and hole putting pressure on the tip. She didn’t wait and slowly started to sit down.

“Oh, fucking *damn*,” Amanda moaned.

“Just do that a couple more times,” Gemma whispered to her, still reaching around and fondling the chesty girl’s tits. “That penetration feeling from him is so *fucking* good, right?”

“Just the right size,” Amanda panted, her jaw falling open as she slowly used her hips to rock on your cock, letting the head spread the very entrance of her pussy over and over. You could feel her juices spreading and leaking down to your shaft, and she closed her eyes. She had her hands on your shoulders for balance, and you were still grabbing her ass to help with stability and could feel it flexing with each rock forward and back.

“Now sit on it,” Gemma told her. “Take all of it.”

Amanda did as she was told and sat down on your cock, taking the whole thing. “Fuuuuck,” she moaned from her chest.

“Gaaawd,” you groaned right back.

There wasn’t any waiting now - you were both immensely turned on and Amanda immediately started to use her hips to grind her pussy on you, stirring your cock inside her.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Maeve said from next to you. Glancing over, you saw that she was still sitting there but now had her heels propped on the edge of the couch as she fingered herself, and Sabrina was just coming back out of the bedroom as she finished buckling on one of the strap-ons and was carrying another. Maeve was watching Amanda ride you, her eyes travelling across the other woman’s curves and down to where the two of you were joined even though she couldn’t actually see anything.

“You know, the cock is a lot better when you bounce on it, Amanda,” Gemma said, still behind Amanda and feeling up her tits.

Amanda chuckled and shook her head. “Maybe for you guys, but think of what doing a jumping jack does to *your* tits and then add another 10 pounds or so to them.”

Sabrina chuckled as well, grabbing her own small chest. “Sorry, can’t even imagine it.”

“Well, if that’s the case, then the good news is you’ve got friends here to help you,” Gemma said with a grin, turning to Sabrina. “Come help me be a bra for her before you fuck Maeve, love.”

Sabrina joined Gemma behind Amanda, and soon they were each reaching around and hefting one of the big tits with both hands. It was utterly silly looking, but also kind of sexy, and Amanda was laughing as she rolled her eyes.

“Fine,” she said. “Here goes.”

Amanda bounced on your cock, rising up on her knees and then falling back down, grunting as your cock pushed deep into her again. You groaned as she did it a second time, throwing your head back, and she matched your pitch as she sunk back down a second time. She started to bounce, slowly, and your hands squeezed her thighs as you both enjoyed the delicious sensation. Finally, she sank back down fully, taking you as deep as she could, and let out a long, pleased sigh. "Fuck, that does feel good."

"Then I think it's time that I get to be on top a bit," you said.

"Actually, gimme a breather," Amanda said. "I kinda had a couple of little orgasms there."

"Nice," Gemma said, giving her a kiss on the cheek from behind. "What do you want to do with me and John, then? Or see us do?"

Amanda seemed like she wanted to suggest Maeve get a turn, but that wasn't necessary. Sabrina had laid down on the couch with her head near your hip and Maeve had climbed on top and mounted her strap-on. The goth girl had both hands planted in the centre of Sabrina's chest, one on top of the other and was already riding the dildo with gusto while Sabrina played with her tits. Amanda slowly stood, pulling off your cock and leaving it glistening with her juices as she considered her option.

You ended up fucking Gemma in doggy as she gave Amanda a bit of the treatment Maeve had gotten as the busty woman sat on the couch and spread her legs for Gemma to eat her out. Gemma moaned and slammed her ass back at you as you held her waist and fucked her hard enough that her ass rippled with each thrusting impact, and you ended up gathering up her silvery-blond hair and holding it tight as she slurped and sucked at the other woman's pussy. Amanda, meanwhile, had spent the first five or so minutes just enjoying the views and getting teased but had come back around to her own sexual pleasure as she fondled her tits and you got to watch as she lifted one, bringing the nipple to her mouth and sucking on it in a stupendous display of self-pleasure.

Gemma came with a long moan, her mouth buried against Amanda's pussy, and you could feel yourself driving close to your own orgasm. "God, fuck," you panted, slowing your pace. "Visitor's pick. Where am I dropping my first load?"

"Gemma and I both love a good creampie, so that's on the table FYI," Sabrina said. You weren't sure if Maeve had had an orgasm yet or not since she wasn't as vocal as your girlfriends, but they seemed to be having fun.

"Um, come fuck my tits," Amanda said, saying some magical words. "I love when I can make a guy pop with my tits."

You pulled out of Gemma, and she shifted out of the way and soon you were straddling Amanda's chest as she slouched on the couch to give you a good angle. Before she wrapped

her tits around you though she proved that she wasn't just an oral receiver as she sucked your cock into her mouth, tasting Gemma's pussy off of you before she spat onto your cock.

"We've got lube for that," Gemma chuckled, quickly heading into the bedroom while Amanda rubbed her spittle across your cock shaft. Your girlfriend came back and gave a liberal squirt of lubricant that was usually saved for anal adventures onto Amanda's cleavage.

"Mmm," Amanda hummed as she spread it around with her hands just beneath your cock as it hovered over her. "Ready to fuck my tits, baby?"

"Call him Daddy," Sabrina suggested.

Amanda's eyes widened and she grinned wickedly, and you groaned. "Ready to fuck my big tits, Daddy?" Amanda repeated herself.

"Couldn't leave well enough alone," you said, giving Sabrina a playful glare. You'd been shifting down though, and you lost all sense of reason as Amanda wrapped her tits around your cock and it slipped across the smooth, fleshy pillows. "Oh, fuck," you groaned. "That's good."

"That's it, Daddy," Amanda said. "Don't be afraid to really pound on my tits. They're here for two things, making you happy and feeding babies, and you haven't bred me yet so there aren't any babies to feed."

"Uh," you hesitated.

She smiled shyly, her confidence giving way to a little embarrassment. "Um, OK, that might have been a bit much," she said.

"That was fucking *hot*," Sabrina said. Maeve had shifted around, riding her reverse cowgirl so she could watch you fucking Gemma and playing with Amanda, so Sabrina had her hands on the other girl's ass.

"I can't lie, it was," Gemma agreed, rubbing your shoulder lightly.

"I just wasn't expecting it," you said, trying to assure Amanda. "Though, just to be clear, if it's a kink thing I'm fine to talk dirty and stuff like that. But if it's *not* just a kink thing..."

"Oh, no, it's- I was just trying to talk dirty," Amanda assured you. Your cock was still trapped between her tits as she squeezed them together, but she wasn't moving them and you weren't thrusting. "I had an ex who was *really* into my tits, and so I would dirty talk about my 'mommy milkers' and shit like that. I kinda just slipped into an old pattern."

“Alright,” you said, and slowly started to pivot with your pelvis and slowly started to thrust into the large valley of her breasts. “Though, to be fair, I’m not saying I *wouldn’t* go along with some dirty talk like that if that’s what you’re into.”

She smiled shyly at you again. “We’ll see,” she said. Then she bit her lip so fucking cutely and started to squish her breasts back and forth in opposite directions. “Now, seriously, fuck my tits... Daddy. I want to feel you explode all over them, and up my chest to my neck. And If I get some on my lips I’ll *definitely* want a taste.”

“God,” you grunted, ramping up your own movements. You’d tittyfucked Gemma a few times before, and been teased with them a lot more, but there was definitely a difference in what you were feeling compared to with your girlfriend. It really was a size issue - your cock was just barely poking out the upper side of Amanda’s cleavage, and even then you couldn’t actually see it. Her breasts, bundled up in her hands and arms, encompassed your cock in warm, slickly lubricated skin in a way that was completely different from a mouthy, pussy, hand or ass.

And then there were the visuals, from her actual tits and how they looked and wobbled and shook with each impact of your thighs on their undersides, to the fact that Amanda’s big eyes had hooded a little and she seemed to be genuinely enjoying the somewhat rough act as she grinned and moaned little encouragements. Gemma, still standing beside you as she watched, leaned in and started kissing your neck as she added another strong sensation to what you were experiencing, and she gave to Amanda as well by running her fingers lightly over the bulging side cleavage of her breasts.

“Come for me, Daddy,” Amanda begged, that playfulness having disappeared, replaced by lusty desire. “Come for me. Come all over my chest.”

“Do it, John,” Gemma whispered. “She’s *begging* for it. You already made her come, and you’re going to make her come again. God, I can’t wait to see you really *fuck* her. But right now she wants you to give her that feeling of knowing she did a good job for you. That ultimate sign of success.”

“Fuuuck,” you groaned, reaching your peak. “God- fucking- damn...”

Amanda dropped her jaw, sticking out her tongue in a silent request for you to shoot enough that it would reach her mouth, and she squeezed her tits together so hard you thought it had to have been painful.

Gemma’s lips met your ear, kissing it lightly as her breath teased your skin. Her breasts, still in her bra, were pressed to your side.

“Fuck!” you growled, thrusting forward decisively as if you were burying into one of your girlfriends to release deep inside them. Instead, you pushed your cock through Amanda’s astounding cleavage far enough that the tip of your cock head poked clean out and erupted. You

wanted to see it happen, but you lost focus as the pleasure hit you like a hard itch running from your tailbone all the way up your spine. Your toes dug into the carpet as they clenched hard, and even as your hips involuntarily humped with each wave of release you growled again wordlessly.

Your vision slowly swam back to you as the orgasm faded, your chest bellowing as you caught your breath, and you looked down at Amanda. She had six or seven thick, distinct ropes of your pearly cum crisscrossing her upper chest and clavicle, up her neck and a couple even reaching up to her chin. Her chest was heaving as she laughed warmly in delight and she eased the pressure on her tits, allowing you to pull away and step back.

“Fuck,” she laughed.

“That was an impressive amount,” Maeve noted, looking from you to her fellow intern. “Can you do that every time?”

“He shoots big loads usually, though the first one is generally the biggest,” Sabrina said helpfully, grinning at you from where she was still under Maeve as the goth sat on her strap-on. You weren’t completely sure but you thought she might have had a finger up Maeve’s ass.

“You get the next one,” Gemma promised Maeve. Then she gently shifted you to the side, smirking a little as she stopped Amanda from getting up. “Maeve, hon, you’re going to need to let Sabrina up because she’s a *freak* and will love licking Amanda clean. You and I can get John to stay hard while she does that.”

Your heavy breath went unnoticed by the girls, though it wasn’t in exasperation or frustration or anything like that. You just needed to take a breath and remind yourself that this was real, you’d just fucked and blown your load all over the extremely pretty and tit-a-licious Amanda, would be fucking Maeve next, and still had *two* of the most amazing girlfriends you could ever ask for.

Life was good.