

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 405-429

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 405

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You pulled out of her completely and she whined a little as she frowned, but you took her by the hips and flipped her over onto her back bodily. Then, as she let you manoeuvre her around, you spread and raised her legs so you were between them and her feet were in the air. She couldn't

exactly get her legs back behind her shoulders, but Tasha was limber enough to make a decent effort at being folded in half - this let you get close to her, her fantastic tits pressed between her legs. She raised her chin and you kissed her hard as you pressed your cock back into her, and you both groaned happily into the other's lips. Then you did what Sabrina had said and you pulled most of the way out of her before slamming down into her hard. The force of it bounced her body and she grunted and her eyes twitched heavily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 406

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Gee, thanks,” she grinned at you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Uh-uh,” Sabrina shook her head.

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

“Much better,” Sabrina grinned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sure,” Sabrina said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 407

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

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

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

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

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

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

"God," you sighed. "Sexy. Witty. Smart. Funny. What amazing quality don't you have?"

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

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

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

"But?" you asked.

"Want to go outside?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“M’later,” you grunted.

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

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

“That’s so good,” she groaned.

“Agreed,” you moaned back.

“Pull out though, you can’t fuck me properly like this. Let me bend over,” she mumbled. The two of you quickly repositioned, her turning around and grabbing the railing with her hands, arching her back and wiggling her butt. You stepped up and fucking into her easily, then reached around and grabbed her tits and pulled her up to standing as you rabbit-thrusted into her a bit before letting her lean forward again.

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

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

“I can go,” you grunted back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 408

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You grimaced, knowing that he was going to get torn to shreds by the other comics. But it was his fault it had become a public thing - if he'd just talked to her... Or not convinced himself she wanted a gangbang, which was still the stupidest part of the whole thing. *'Sorry dude,'* you responded. *'Spending day with the girls working on work project before date night. High pressure situation.'*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Anytime, Daddy,” she grinned.

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

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

Chapter 409

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's it, baby," Sabrina hummed, stroking her back again and then reaching down on either side of her and cupping those fantastic tits that were hanging beneath her. "Gemma's gonna get

a little revenge for us fisting her pretty pussy by pounding yours, and you're gonna get spit roasted with John's cock in your mouth until he comes aaallll over your face."

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

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

Your orgasm pulled you back, your balls suddenly trying to boil over as Tasha swallowed repeatedly, milking your cock head. You pulled out of her with a groan, a wash of her spit dribbling in a gross, pretty drool as she looked up at you with a needy pout. "That's it, John," she panted. "Come all over my face. Give me a facial, give me your gooey, tasty cum. God, I want to feel it. I want you to be the guy who comes on my face, John. I don't do that usually. I didn't before, but I want you to. Give it to me! Give me my-"

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

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

"Mmmmm," Tasha nodded, gently suckling.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 410

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks,” Tasha said, then took another breath. “Mosche was a bad boyfriend, obviously, but before things went sideways he wasn’t so bad. I think maybe that was just because he was a bit of a wet noodle though - mostly that was because he was happy to just do what I wanted. I didn’t realise that, and maybe that’s part of how things *did* go sideways. But looking back on

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

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

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

“Can’t- Breath-” you grunted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 411

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

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

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

“You’re doing really good today, baby,” she whispered to you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You were dressed in the suit that Sabrina had bought you, looking and feeling sharp, and the girls had enjoyed fussing over getting your hair right to finish the look. Between the four of you, you had to admit that you looked like a group of rich socialites instead of a broke comedian and three college interns. The Art Gallery apparently agreed because as you got out of the Uber (which Sabrina had splurged on a little to get a premiere Uber Black ride), the guy working the door took one look at the ladies as you helped them out of the back seat and ushered the four of you right inside.

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

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

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

Chapter 412

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s not Joy,” Sabrina said. “It’s Lucy.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You nodded. “He just said thanks for the heads up,” you said. “Where’s Sabrina and Tasha?”

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

You snorted. “OK, that’s good.”

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

“I’m not sure. It’s not like-”

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

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

Chapter 413

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“How about you dig the wax out of your ears, Lucy,” you said. “Listen to me when I say this - back in high school, you were datable because all a teenage boy like me understood was that

you were pretty and took an interest in me. And maybe I didn't deserve what you did, but I'm way over it. I didn't think about you for three years, and when I've got girlfriends like Gemma and Sabrina, why would I ever bother feeling anything towards someone with such an empty, vapid life like yours? Eric *actually* seems to like you, and here you are with a guy twice our age, getting pissed that you're doing something you know you should feel guilty about. But you're so devoid of empathy for anyone, and so self-centred, that the only thing you can think of is that I'm jealous?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Please tell me you weren’t just doing what I think you were doing,” you said, already chuckling a little.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“True,” Tasha said.

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

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

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

“Where are we going next?” Tasha asked.

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

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

Chapter 414

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was news to you - as far as you knew, this was the end location for the date. But Gemma was nodding, so you grabbed all the garbage and walked it to a trash can before Sabrina

wrapped her arm in yours and led you deeper into the park while Gemma looped arms with Tasha and followed. You tried to remember what was in that direction - if there was a shop or a dance club or something, or a bar that you'd been to before, but came up blank. Soon Sabrina led you around a copse of trees and onto a walking path.

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

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

You thought about it and shook your head.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 415

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Really?" she asked, nervous and excited.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you want to go first, or me?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeeeeeaaah,” Sabrina groaned as you penetrated her.

“Fuck,” you exhaled.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 416

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Close," you grunted.

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

Gemma was quickest on the draw, dropping to her knee and inhaling your cock into her mouth and sucking on the top half as she stroked the bottom half with her hand, milking your orgasm right into her mouth and onto her tongue. Your groan was long and came from somewhere in

your chest as you felt yourself getting emptied for the... fourth? Fifth time? You weren't shooting blanks yet, and your pacing for the marathon seemed to be working, though you could have probably done with drinking more water.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 417

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, yeah?" you asked with a chuckle. "What's the latest news, gorgeous?"

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

"Any bad news?" you asked with a smile.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 418

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oooh, fuck, love," Gemma groaned. "That's it. Thaaat's it."

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

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

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

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

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

"Pretty good," Gemma grunted. "Just... a lot."

Sabrina looked back at you with a little smile. "Start fucking that ass, Daddy. She's ready."

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

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

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

"So full," Gemma moaned. "So much."

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

To be fair, it wasn't like watching porn. In porn, you could see things from different angles. Gangbangs weren't your thing, but you'd watched a few on those dark, lonely nights when you felt particularly nasty in what you wanted to watch to get off. Actually doing a DP, let alone with an added throat fucking (because Sabrina was definitely pushing the dildo into Gemma's throat

once they'd worked up to it), was a lot less *visual* of a thing as you'd imagined and much more of a mutual feeling of overwhelming sensation. You could feel Gemma on the edge of being overwhelmed by how her body reacted and moved and in the sudden flexing and soft jerking in response to things someone else had done.

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

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

Chapter 419

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tasha wasn’t prepped like Gemma had been, with a buttplug eerily and then some lube, but she *had* gotten some prep from Gemma’s tonguing and likely some fingering. She also wasn’t an anal virgin and knew enough not to try and clench or resist. Popping into her ass was an animal pleasure, and you resisted the urge to drive into her deep and fast and slowly worked your cock in and out of her, taking more of her inch by inch.

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

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

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

Chapter 420

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not there yet,” Sabrina muttered to you.

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

She came again, another small one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 421

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gemma was dressed in a tank top with no bra and cotton shorts, while Sabrina had on sweatpants and one of your t-shirts. They were each carrying clothes as well and began a production of slipping the blanket off of you and Tasha and dressing you. Tasha had one of your sweaters the girls liked to borrow slipped over her head, and a pair of sweatpants that she must have brought with her pulled up her legs until she sat up and helped get them up over her hips. You had a t-shirt pulled over your head by Sabrina, who took a moment to kiss you through the fabric while your head was trapped, but you couldn't put pants on without letting go of Tasha.

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

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

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

and building relationships with people like you guys. I just - I felt whole and happy and clean on Thursday, and I felt it so purely again just now. Even with cum in my ass and slobber and pussy stank all over my face.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, her,” Tasha said. “Makes sense. Fuck, she’s super pretty, too.”

“And single,” Sabrina said with a grin.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 422

“Good morning, beautiful,” you murmured.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Shower Time with John,” Gemma said.

“Exactly,” Sabrina said.

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

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

“Ooh, morning booty,” Sabrina giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not quite raisins yet," she giggled, teasing you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Six out of five, if that’s an option,” Tasha smirked.

“Expand the stars options, noted,” Sabrina chuckled.

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

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

“So you wanna be our fuckbuddy lover?” Sabrina asked.

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

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

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

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

Chapter 423

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is it, baby?" Sabrina asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll take fifty per cent and that's my final offer," Sabrina smirked.

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

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

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

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

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

"Joy and the threat of a lawsuit?" Sabrina guessed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The laughs of your girlfriends were utterly satisfying.

Chapter 424

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

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

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

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

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

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

That just made you even more frustrated with him.

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

her one back of your own butt, which wasn't nearly as attractive in your opinion but she sent you back a drooling emoji.

You tried not to think about that one too hard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maybe it had something to do with the Partner shakeup.

Chapter 425

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

“Hey,” you said. “You alright?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fuck, dude," Eric said. "I don't know whether I wish I stayed or not. That's insane."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Alright, so at least you're not a hypocrite," Sabrina sighed as she sat down in her chair as well, her focus still on Eric. "I'm surprised someone doing OnlyFans just did a random hookup with

you though. Not that I'm saying they *wouldn't*, just that from what little I know random hookups could mean picking up like, a disease or something."

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

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

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

"I'll tell you later," she said with a lopsided frown.

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

"She was busy," Sabrina said.

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

Chapter 426

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“How’s the day going?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He took a breath, then looked over at Sabrina. “Lastly, Joy spent the weekend in lockup after going to the hospital on Friday night. From what I understand, her nose was broken and she may have fractured her orbital socket when she collided with the door jam. The DA isn’t going to be pressing charges based on the circumstances, and I have it on good authority that neither Joy nor her Mother have been making things easier for themselves. That doesn’t mean you’re out of the woods though, Sabrina. They could still try and hit you with a lawsuit.”

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

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

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

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

Chapter 427

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No fucking way,” you said, your eyes going wide.

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

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

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

“So then Becca gets in on things 'cause she can tell Gemma is about to do things that break the Geneva Convention,” Sabrina said. “But Lucy has completely lost it and is rocketing off to the moon, she’s so pissed off. Then says something like, ‘You’re all filthy fucking dykes screwing each other and covering it up.’ And Becca sticks two fingers in her mouth and whistles so loud the neighbours came by to complain. That shut up Lucy though, and Becca got really scary and ordered Lucy to go to her room and stay there. Lucy tried to argue, but Becca said something about Lucy using hate speech in her home. That seemed to finally wake Lucy up from her bullshit and she stomped back to her room and slammed the door like a teenager and it sounded like she was screaming into her pillows in there.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You do?” Gemma asked.

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

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

“I think so,” Sabrina said. “I mean, I’m ‘friends’ with other models already in that we follow each other on social media and respond to each others’ tweets and stuff. This is the first time I’ve

gone below the surface-level stuff with one of them though, and it's all been in private messages."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 428

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

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

three of you didn't have sex - instead, you teased each other and masturbated, enjoying watching each other as much as the porn, until you finally popped.

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

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

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

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

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

"Mhmm," Gemma said. "Just drinks, though."

"I'm always glad to take you girls out," you said. "But in our work outfits?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is he naked again?" you groaned.

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

"Fuuuck," you groaned. "Does she look Korean?"

Gemma nodded.

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

Great. Just great.

Chapter 429

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

This one almost took them all down.

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

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

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

You really didn't get it.

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

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

"You OK?" you asked her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are we meeting Tasha somewhere?” you asked.

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

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

Gemma smirked and shrugged a little.

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

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

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

“Just to keep her simmering,” Sabrina grinned.

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

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

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

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

“Damn straight,” Gemma grinned.