

# The OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 201-250

By Breakthebar

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

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

## Chapter 201

“Hey, baby,” Sabrina said as she grinned, seeing you walk up to the restaurant. You’d texted her that you were a few minutes away and she’d said she’d meet you out front. She’d seen you coming and broken into that smile, and now she opened her arms to you.

“Hello, beautiful,” you said and stepped in, hugging her tightly and kissing her. After a moment of swapping spit, you pulled out of the kiss with a smirk. “Nice to meet you, Katherine.”

Katherine’s eyes went wide as her jaw dropped in a surprised smile. “How did you know?”

“Sabrina does this thing with her tongue every time she kisses me,” you grinned.

“That bitch,” Katherine laughed.

“And where is ‘that bitch?’” you asked playfully. You’d stepped away from her slightly now so you weren’t completely up in her person space.

“Inside,” she said. “Don’t be mad about the prank, it’s a thing we used to do to boys we liked in high school to see if they were actually paying attention to us.”

“Honestly, it was exactly what I expected from Sabrina,” you said.

Katherine snorted and shook her head. “You do know my sister well, then.” She took your arm and led you into the restaurant. “Want to play a joke back on her?”

“Um, yes,” you said with a laugh.

Sabrina was sitting at a table grinning like a little fiend. You walked right up to her and stuck out your hand. “Hi Katherine, it’s so nice to meet you. Your sister means the absolute world to me.”

You could see the war happening behind her eyes. On the one hand, Sabrina was delighted that she was getting her prank over on you. On the other she was disappointed that you - apparently - couldn’t tell the difference between her and her twin.

“It’s so good to meet you too,” she said, standing up and politely shaking your hand.

You pulled out a chair for Katherine and tucked her in, and then took a seat. “So, it must be exciting to finally be in the city and visiting Sabrina,” you said.

“Oh, for sure,” Sabrina nodded, settling into what she thought was continuing her joke. “I love my sister so much. But I’ve got so many questions, first of which is what are your intentions with her?”

You smiled and glanced at Katherine, openly moving to grab her hand. “Well, if I’m being honest, I’m in love with her,” you said. “And I keep falling for her more and more. So, while we haven’t talked about it before, I thought maybe this would be the perfect time to take the next step in our relationship.” You turned back to Sabrina, putting on a nervous smile. “So, Katherine, I know this is really fast since we’ve just met, but I was wondering if you would give your blessing for me to-”

“Stop!” Sabrina said, eyes going wide. “Stop, stop, stop.”

You were about to break, but it was Katherine who cracked first as she started giggling hard. You followed her into it as you let go of her hand and stood from the table, swinging around it to Sabrina’s side and kissing her deeply.

“He figured it out right away,” Katherine explained after you finished kissing Sabrina.

“Oooh my God,” Sabrina said, rolling her head back as she looked at the ceiling. You laughed and kissed her cheek, taking the seat next to her. She slapped your arm, giving you a playfully aggravated glare, which you melted by kissing her again.

“Sorry, babe,” you said.

“I’m not,” Katherine laughed. “You should have seen the look on your face, Sabrina. And John, you are a good actor.”

“Thanks,” you said, glancing at Sabrina and she bit the corner of her lip just a little as you both thought about the ‘acting’ you did.

Sabrina quickly forgave you, and soon you were learning more about her relationship with Katherine, and Katherine’s current situation. She was going into her final year of Uni like you and Sabrina, but was in a Communications degree and was planning on going to business school afterwards. She lived with two of her friends but was in the same city that the twins had grown up in so she got to see their parents and younger sister more often.

Katherine and Sabrina were like mirrors of each other. Beyond the physical, you found quickly that they had the same humour and laughs, and held their glasses the same way when they took a drink, and you even noticed that they chewed the same way.

Partway through the meal Sabrina slipped her hand down and rested it on your thigh, giving you a little squeeze, and you glanced over to see her smiling sweetly at you. It was her eyes that told the story though - she was happy. Really, really happy.

You ended up ordering a creme brulee for the three of you to share for dessert, and just before it was delivered you slipped off to the washroom and caught your waitress, paying the bill.

The girls had half-finished the creme brulee by the time you got back to the table and you were fed several spoonfuls of the sweet dessert by Sabrina before she and her sister polished it off.

Sabrina excused herself, citing that she needed to go to the washroom, but came back less than a minute later. "John, babe, you didn't need to do that," she said.

"Do what?" Katherine asked.

"I went to pay the bill and he already paid," Sabrina said to her sister, then turned to you. "She's my sister, I should be the one treating both of you."

"And you," you said, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her down to sit on your lap. "Are my beautiful, intelligent, playful girlfriend who I love very much. So you'll need to be quicker on the draw because the night I meet your twin sister I want to be the one to treat for dinner."

Sabrina rolled her eyes but leaned in and kissed you sweetly. "Thank you, Daddy," she whispered in your ear.

You tutted for a moment, blushing that she would call you that with her sister in earshot, but she'd been quiet enough that Katherine hadn't heard.

"Alright," Sabrina said, standing up. "We've got another stop on this railroad."

"Are you the conductor or the caboose?" Katherine asked as she stood up, standing next to her sister.

"Oh, I'm definitely the conductor," Sabrina said. "You're the caboose."

"What does that make me?" you asked.

"The train car sandwiched in the middle," Sabrina said, grinning as she looped her arm through yours. Katherine did the same, giving that same little teasing smile that Sabrina often did, and the three of you walked out of the restaurant.

## Chapter 202

“No, I swear it’s true,” Katherine laughed. “Sabrina wore the most horrendous dress to our prom just to stick it to the guy. He looked miserable the entire night because he knew he’d fucked up.”

You laughed, but Sabrina was almost in tears of joy remembering the story as her sister told it.

After the restaurant the three of you had walked two blocks over to the same arcade bar where you’d had your date with Gemma. Sabrina and Katherine weren’t as interested in the games, though they liked the atmosphere and had goofed around a bit. Mostly the three of you drank and told stories, with Sabrina demanding you let her pay for every round.

Katherine loved telling stories about her sister, but Sabrina got her back just as good. You ended up telling them stories that you hadn’t thought about in a couple of years; about your own high school life and friends. Some of them were funnier than others, but Sabrina beamed at you through each one, rubbing your arm or your thigh softly as she paid rapt attention to you.

It was kind of weird, honestly. The two of you had spent so much time together, and especially being so utterly physically intimate, that it felt like you’d skipped steps in your relationship. This, meeting her sister, and telling stories, was a step that you could feel settling the roots of your feelings deeper.

“God, I love you,” you blurted out, looking Sabrina in the eyes.

She smiled and pursed her lips, wrapping her arms around your neck as she kissed you long and soft. “I love you too, baby,” she said when she pulled back.

“Well, I guess I don’t need to do the sisterly prying later tonight,” Katherine chuckled. “You two are almost grossly infatuated with each other.”

“He’s amazing,” Sabrina smiled at you.

“She’s even better than that,” you grinned back.

“Alright, I need another drink if you both are going to be this sappy,” Katherine rolled her eyes.

“Let’s go back to my place,” Sabrina said. “The drinks are cheaper, we can get sloshed, and did I mention that I’ve introduced John to Castle? We’re doing his first watch-through.”

“What!?” Katherine gasped. “You’ve never watched Castle?”

“*First* watch through?” you were busy asking.

You pocketed the tokens that you'd gotten for the arcade machines, planning to bring Gemma back here sometime since it seemed to be more in her wheelhouse, and then you and Sabrina bantered over who would order the Uber right up until Katherine said she'd already ordered one.

Back at Sabrina's apartment, you noticed that it looked possibly the tidiest it had ever been. Sabrina busted out beers for the three of you and soon you were playing some cards. The banter between the sisters was just so fun to listen to, and you got your shots in as well through a couple of games of Go Fish. By the time the three of you were on your third round of cards and beer, you were all starting to feel the effects of the alcohol and you ended up on the couch with the lights turned low, Sabrina's laptop on the little coffee table playing the next in the long line of Castle episodes. You were on one side of the couch with Sabrina in the middle, snuggling her head on your shoulder. When you looked over she was holding hands cutely with Katherine as they both grinned and watched the show.

After the first episode you took a moment to go to the washroom, and when you came back you saw that Sabrina had taken your spot and she patted the middle seat for you to sit. When you did she immediately snuggled in, pulling your arm around her shoulder, and you were surprised when Katherine did almost the same thing on the other side.

"See?" Sabrina said. "Told you. Best snuggles ever."

"I don't know about *best*," Katherine teased. "But definitely good."

The three of you watched another two episodes before you were yawning and having a hard time keeping your eyes open. Sabrina ended up stopping the next episode a minute in. "OK, time for bed," she said and then turned to you. "Baby, do you mind sleeping out here tonight?"

"Of course not," you said, leaning forward and kissing her. "Enjoy twin-talk in there."

She smiled warmly and cupped your cheek, kissing you again.

"I can sleep out here if you two want to get busy," Katherine offered. "Don't think I didn't see you getting him to feel up your boob during that last episode, Sabrina."

Sabrina had the decorum to blush, but she shrugged with a little smile.

"Thank you for the offer, Katherine," you said. "But you two take the bed. We can keep our hands off of each other for one night."

"Just one night, huh?" Katherine asked as she stood up and stretched the exact same way Sabrina did. "Guess that means you two were getting busy last night then?"

That made you snort a little and chuckle as Sabrina grabbed her sister by the arm and started leading her into the bedroom. "Oh my God, Katherine," she laughed. When they reached the doorway Sabrina looked back to you. "Love you, baby," she said.

"Love you too," you said, standing to unfold the blanket from the back of the couch and then spreading it over yourself.

Sabrina blew you a kiss, then turned off the lights and shut her bedroom door. You fell asleep quickly, your head fuzzy from the drink but your heart feeling full and warm.

You woke up at some point with a mouth on your cock in the dark.

"Mmph," you grunted. You didn't even remember taking off your pants.

"Hey, Daddy," Sabrina whispered, then went right back to sucking you.

"What time is it?" you asked quietly.

"Like four in the morning," she whispered, popping off of your cock again. "I couldn't sleep. Katherine is totally zonked though."

You received a sleepy blowjob, but Sabrina didn't let you pop. Instead, she climbed up and straddled you, pulling her panties aside and sitting on your cock with a soft sigh of satisfaction. The sex was slow and intimate and quiet, and she whispered, "I love you so much," into your ear as you released your orgasm into her.

She kissed you and dismounted, pulling her panties back in place to keep your cum from leaking out, and then pulled the blanket back up over you.

You fell asleep again after watching her panty-clad bum give an extra little wiggle from the doorway to her room as she looked back at you before slipping inside.

## Chapter 203

While Sabrina's bedroom had a decent light-blocking curtain on its window, the fact that her glass sliding door had no curtain whatsoever meant that you were waking up to the glare of the sun coming through from her little balcony.

With a groan and a grunt you swung your feet down from the couch as you sat up, and then you quickly realized that your pants were around your ankles and your boxers were down at your knees and you were hanging loose.

"Fuck," you mumbled, pulling everything up and wriggling around to try and get it all together.

You hit the spacebar on Sabrina's laptop, waking it up and seeing that it was just before 7am. You doubted you were going to get back to sleep at that point, so you stood and stretched, feeling a pop in your neck from the weird position you'd slept on the couch.

Overall, you felt pretty good considering the mild hangover, but you had a lot more body mass than the girls so you had a suspicion they'd be feeling it worse than you.

You decided to get one over on Sabrina again and went to the front door, slipping on your shoes and quietly exiting the apartment. Once you were down on the street, the Saturday morning sun was bright and you wished you'd brought sunglasses, but you checked your phone and located a nearby bakery and started walking.

On your way you noticed you had a couple of texts from Gemma from the night before asking how things were going, so you quickly tapped out a reply apologizing for not responding and telling her things had gone well and that you couldn't wait to see her later, and that you were sneaking off to a bakery to surprise the girls with coffee and pastries.

You were surprised when your phone rang and it was Gemma.

"Good morning, love," you said as you answered.

"Good morning, love," she replied and you could hear the smile in her voice.

"Why are you up so early?" you asked.

"Well, I didn't have you to keep me up late," she said. "Which, by the way, I missed a lot. But I'm technically in the middle of an early morning run with the girls. Bonding time to try and make peace with Lucy."

"Well, that's good of you. Enjoying it?"

"Love, there are some *other* forms of cardio I would much rather be doing," Gemma teased you.



“Me too,” you chuckled.

You quickly gave Gemma the rundown on Katherine and your night out with the sisters. She was happy to hear things had gone well and chuckled when you told her about Sabrina’s late-night stealth sex.

“Can I say something that I hope you take the way I mean?” you asked her.

“Because that doesn’t sound ominous,” Gemma pointed out.

“Sorry, I don’t mean it to be,” you said. “I just- last night I felt like I got something out of it that I was missing between Sabrina and I, and I felt like our relationship got even deeper. And I really want that with you, Gemma. God, this is probably the worst timing and doing it on the phone doesn’t make sense at all, but I can’t stop thinking about it. Gemma, I don’t want this to be just a summer thing. I love-love you, and I know we’re going to need to talk about this so I want to let you know that I don’t want to have an expiration date on our relationship.”

Gemma was quiet on the other end of the line, though you could hear her softly breathe every once in a while. You were stopped outside the bakery at this point, not wanting to go in while you were still on the phone. Somewhere in the background on her end you heard a voice saying something, and then Gemma said, “No, no, I’m fine. I’m fine, it’s all good.”

There was another mumble from the other person, and you could hear Gemma walk for a moment.

“John?” she asked.

“I’m still here,” you said.

“Sorry, I- Fuck, I want that too, love. Or don’t, whatever, you know what I mean. No expiration date. But we really do need to talk about that, and what it looks like. Thank you for telling me.”

“Thank you for listening,” you said, smiling softly as you closed your eyes and focused on your thoughts of Gemma.

*She wanted this, too.*

“Talk later?” she asked. “And we’ll need to talk to Sabrina about it, too.”

“Talk later,” you confirmed.

“I love you,” Gemma said.

"I love you, too," you said.

When you walked into the bakery you needed to wipe your eyes from the happy tears that had been brimming. You also had to use their washroom because you needed to piss like a racehorse after those extra beers and then not going to the washroom before leaving the apartment.

Walking back down to Sabrina's place you felt like a fucking king, carrying the tray with three coffees and the box of doughnuts and croissants. You had Sabrina. You had Gemma. They both loved you, you loved both of them. Gemma wanted to make it work like you did. Sabrina had an amazing sister who you got along with.

Hell, Joy was gone from the office.

Things were looking like they were coming up John.

As you let yourself back into the apartment you heard the sound of the shower running and Sabrina was standing at the sliding door to the balcony in just a lacy little pair of thong panties and a tight sleeveless top that looked worn down from years of use as a sleep shirt. It was funny that you'd never seen it before considering the two of you were naked together so often, but it made sense that she'd wear something like that when sharing a bed with her sister. She glanced back, grinning when she saw you.

"Good morning, beautiful," you said. "I got coffee and breakfast."

"That's so sweet," she beamed at you.

"How long since your sister got in the shower?" you asked as you went to the kitchen table and set down your box and tray.

"Just a minute or two," she said, turning back and looking out the window at her limited view, enjoying the warmth of the sun coming in.

"And did you sleep well?" you asked, moving over to stand behind her and give her a hug.

"I did, thanks," she said. "And you?"

"I slept great," you said. "How are you feeling? Any hangover?"

"Just a little," she admitted, patting my arms around her and rubbing my forearm. "Thanks for asking. The coffee should help."

"I know what else would help," you said, and let go of her to drop to your knees behind her. You quickly pulled down her thong over her cute butt and then buried your face between her cheeks and thighs, tonguing at her pussy.

"Mmmf!" she squeaked in pleasure. She leaned forward, putting her hands against the glass door, as her body rocked from the sudden pleasure. She gasped a few more times and you felt her quickly getting wet for you as you tasted her on your tongue. "Oh, fuck," she groaned. She put her hand pack on your head, her fingers in your hair, and you could tell she wasn't sure whether she wanted to push you away or pull you in closer.

You tongued her for another minute, listening to her trying to control her moans, before standing up and sliding your cock into place. You'd managed to undo your pants quietly, and eating her always made you hard, so you were able to slide in about halfway on the first thrust.

"Mmm, fuck," you groaned. "You feel so fucking good."

"Oh- Oh, fuck," she gasped. Both hands were planted on the glass door now as she hung her head low and panted.

"God, I love you Sabrina," you whispered, holding her tight as you buried deep into her until you were rooted.

"Mm!" she moaned through her clenched teeth.

"John!?" Sabrina said in surprise. From behind you.

You stopped thrusting and pivoted your torso to see Sabrina standing in the doorway to her bedroom, a towel in her hair and another around her waist, her chest completely bare except for the shimmering beads of water from the shower and the telltale soft bruising from the hickeys you and Gemma had planted on her.

"Sabrina!?" you said in shock. Then you looked at the girl you were currently deep inside of.  
"Katherine?!"

Shit.

## Chapter 204

You sat on the floor, while Katherine was sitting on the couch and Sabrina was perched on the edge of the coffee table.

Sabrina had taken the towel from her hair and draped it over her naked chest. Katherine had pulled her panties up, and you'd pulled up your pants.

"I should have said something," Katherine cut the silent tension. "I just- I should have said something when he hugged me good morning like that, but after last night I just thought we were comfortable like that, and then all of a sudden my panties were down and he was eating me, and God, Sabrina, he's good at that, and my brain was like short-circuiting and I kept telling myself I needed to say something because obviously he thought I was you. And just as I was trying to figure out what to say he was sticking it in and fuck I think I almost came just from that."

"No, I- I should have realized," you said. "This isn't your fault. Fuck, I practically sexually assaulted you. I didn't ask, I just sort of did, because I know that's what Sabrina likes, but I should-"

"OK, oh my God, both of you shut up," Sabrina sighed heavily with an aggravated grunt. "Let me think." She massaged her temple for a moment, breathing deeply, before opening her eyes. "OK. Sis, you weren't trying to seduce him or anything, right?"

"No, you know I wouldn't do that to you," Katherine said.

"And John, you weren't planning to try and have sex with my twin sister, right? No kinky fantasies or anything?"

"No. I thought she was you," you said.

"Then it was an honest mistake," Sabrina said. Then she scratched her chin for a moment and bit the inside of her cheek before glancing at her sister. "He is really good, right? Like freakishly good."

Katherine chuckled nervously for a moment and then nodded, glancing over at you shyly. "Yeah. And the way he just sort of was taking what he wanted, but his soft touch? You're lucky as fuck."

Sabrina twisted her lips into a smirk. "You didn't even get one orgasm, did you?" she asked.

Katherine rolled her eyes, blushing deeply. "No, I didn't."

"Hah!" Sabrina laughed. "You are so fucking horny right now! That's so funny."

"No, it's not!" Katherine said, reaching over and shoving Sabrina's arm.

“You can finish if you want,” Sabrina said.

“What?” you and Katherine both asked.

“You can finish,” Sabrina shrugged. “I mean, you already started. And you clearly find each other attractive considering Katherine and I are identical and you couldn’t bring yourself to stop it, Katherine. So you can finish if you want.”

Katherine looked over at you, her face showing as much shock as yours did, but with just a little bit of consideration. A small amount of *‘could that really happen?’*

You swallowed. “Um, Sabrina,” you said. “Not that I wouldn’t, ah, love to, but…”

“Oh, fuck,” Sabrina sighed. “Yeah, we should probably ask her.”

“Ask who what?” Katherine asked.

“I don’t even know how to start explaining this,” you said.

“I’ll talk to her,” Sabrina said, reaching for her phone.

“No, we’ll talk to her,” you said. “I can’t just sit out, it’s my fault.”

“Who is ‘her’?” Katherine asked again.

“Gemma,” Sabrina told Katherine, and then turned back to you. “It’ll be fine. Trust me.”

“I do, but this isn’t just a sweep-under-the-rug kind of thing,” you said. “I don’t want to hurt her.”

“Who is Gemma?” Katherine asked.

“Gemma is his girlfriend,” Sabrina said loudly, answering her sister who got a very shocked look on her face. Sabrina grunted another sigh. “Or our girlfriend? His other girlfriend? It’s complicated and we’re still figuring it out. But we’re supposed to be exclusive between the three of us, so I guess it’s not just my call of whether you two can finish what you started or not.”

Katherine open her mouth, fishing for the words to express herself, and then just shook her head.

“It’s a whole thing,” you muttered and vaguely gestured, not sure how else to put it in the moment.

“Sabrina, what the actual fuck?” Katherine finally exhaled.

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Gemma, after being flustered, started to giggle. That seemed to put the twins at ease, but you were worried it sounded a little manic.

“Gemma, I’m so fucking sorry,” you said. “It was a horrible mistake, and I never wanted to ever make you feel like I would cheat on you.”

“Love, I-” she laughed again. “I don’t know how I feel, I’m just picturing the look on Sabrina’s face when she walked in on you.”

You were on speakerphone. Katherine had gone into the bedroom to give you and Sabrina some privacy for the call.

“Probably not as funny as John’s when he realized he had the wrong girl pinned against the glass window,” Sabrina smirked.

“She wasn’t pinned,” you mumbled as if that made a difference.

“OK, so it happened,” Gemma sighed from the other end of the call. “I- Thank you for calling to tell me right away, first of all. And second, the story is so fucking *you two* that I don’t even think I feel like it was cheating. Honestly, I feel like I should have seen this coming considering how fast the three of us have been moving. Of course John practically tripped and fell dick first into your identical twin sister.”

Sabrina smirked and laughed at that, reaching over to pat your knee. “He’s not convinced yet, babe,” Sabrina said to Gemma.

“John, I promise I’m not mad,” Gemma said. “And to prove it, I’m telling you to show Katherine a good time, OK? You got her engine started, you need to take her for a drive.”

“Really?” you asked. “Gemma-”

“I love you, baby,” Gemma said. “This isn’t a test. I trust you. This phone call sucks in some ways, but makes me feel more secure in others because you’re not trying to hide anything or lie or make excuses for a weird situation. So go rock her world, and then come rock mine this afternoon to show me you love me.”

You sighed and nodded. “OK,” you said. “I do love you.”

“And I love you too,” Gemma said. “Sabrina, make sure he does his best.”

“Will do, babe,” she said, then hung up the call.

You took a long breath.

Sabrina looked at you with a smirk. "So, ready to fuck?" she asked.

## Chapter 205

“This is so weird,” Katherine said as she sat on the edge of the bed.

“I’m not disagreeing,” you said, standing in the doorway of the bedroom.

“Oh, it’s not *that* weird,” Sabrina said. “I mean, really.”

“You’re asking me if I want to have sex with your boyfriend, who is also someone else’s boyfriend, after he already thought that I was you and I didn’t say anything,” Katherine recounted. “It’s fucking weird!”

“Yeah, but I bet you’re still super horny. Do you want the dick or not?” Sabrina asked.

“He doesn’t even look like he wants to have sex anymore!” Katherine said.

“Oh, that’s because he’s just not sure *you* want to have sex anymore,” Sabrina said. “Here, look.” Sabrina had been standing between you and Katherine and now she turned to you and quickly dropped the towels from her body, leaving herself stark naked. She took the two steps to you, dropped to her knees and started undoing your belt.

“Sabrina, what-?”

“Oh, hush,” she said, looking up at you with a glimmer in her eye. “I’m just showing her that if you know she wants it, you’ll gladly have sex with her.” Sabrina’s deft fingers had your pants and boxers down in moments, and her lips were around your cock and sucking it back to life. Then she pulled off with a quizzical expression. “Huh,” she said, then turned to Katherine. “You really do taste exactly like me. Makes sense he couldn’t tell the difference.”

“Oh, my God,” Katherine said, burying her face in her hands as she blushed furiously, but peeked through her fingers a moment after.

“Fuck,” you sighed softly as Sabrina went back to sucking you. “Sabrina, it doesn’t matter how normal you try to make this, it’s weird.”

“Yeah, but it’s also kinda hot,” she said, coming off of your cock. “So tell her how much you want to fuck her, baby.”

You took a deep breath and looked over at Katherine, who had lowered her hands and was wringing her wrists as she watched her twin give you a blowjob. “Um, Katherine,” you said. “First, I’m so fucking sorry that I, uh, well that what happened, happened. I love your sister, and I find her entirely sexy and beautiful, but I love her for all the things I know about her intelligence, and her personality, and her drive and ambition and-”



“Baby, you’re supposed to be talking about her,” Sabrina interrupted you with a little self-satisfied smirk.

“I’m getting there,” you said. Sabrina went back to blowing you and you looked back at Katherine. “Anyways, I love her. Obviously, I’m going to find you as physically attractive as your sister. You have the same gorgeous eyes, and when you laugh you have that little quirk at the corner of your lip. You have the same perfect little ass. But you’re also funny, and the right balance of flirty and sincere, and I can see you love her like she loves you. So... yeah, if you want, I’d be more than happy to be sexual with you if that’s something you would want right now.”

Katherine took a long moment, looking at the two of you, biting her lips as she considered. She opened her mouth once, then seemed to reconsider, and then blushed again as she got this cute, shy look on her face. “OK,” she said softly.

Sabrina turned from your cock, looking over her shoulder. “OK?”

Katherine nodded, and Sabrina looked up at you with a big grin. “Go take care of her, baby,” she said and then shuffled to the side to give you a straight path to the bed.

You took the few steps over and were standing in front of Katherine, your cock bobbing in front of you. She looked at it with that same hungry lust that you’d often seen in Sabrina’s eyes. You reached a hand out to her and tilted her chin up to look at you, and when she turned those big eyes up you leaned down and kissed her softly.

You’d tasted her. You’d been inside her. But you hadn’t kissed her yet like this.

It was a sweet kiss, the kind that you and Sabrina would often have at the start of a long makeout session, knowing that tongue and intensity were more fun to build than to just unload. And even though Katherine had some different techniques than Sabrina, or even Gemma, she was a good kisser.

When you separated you pulled back and sat next to her on the bed, keeping eye contact. “I know what your sister likes, but I don’t know if you’ll like the same thing,” you said. “She’s...”

“I’m a freak,” Sabrina said with a grin. She was still on the floor looking up at the two of you, sitting on her naked butt now instead of perched on her knees.

“Of course you are,” Katherine chuckled. “Um, I mean, I can be a little wild in bed too, but maybe not on the first time with someone. Like this.”

“OK,” you nodded. “How about-”

She cut you off by leaning forward and kissing you again, progressing you forward by using her tongue to show she didn't want to discuss. She wanted action. You lifted a hand and cupped her breast through that thin, worn shirt and were surprised to feel some extra nubs - her nipple was pierced. In response Katherine moaned softly into the kiss and her fingers found your cock, exploring it softly.

The kiss ended naturally and you pressed your forehead to hers softly. "You are absolutely beautiful," you whispered to her, making her smile.

"You're pretty handsome yourself," she said.

She kissed you again, quickly, and then urged you up further onto the bed. Once you were laying flat, Katherine went to her knees beside you and daintily brought her lips to the tip of your cock, softly kissing it as she kept her eyes on you. She grinned at your grin and used the point of her tongue to trace a circle around the head before taking you softly between her lips.

You groaned quietly at the teasing and saw the flash of fun in her eyes as she got the feedback she'd been wanting. Katherine went slowly, teasing you more than blowing you for a bit, before moving into a more standard blowjob pace, and all the while you moaned softly and reached down, running your fingers through her silky hair.

"Is she good, baby?" Sabrina asked. She'd stood up for a better view and was watching the blowjob as she leaned against the dresser, still completely naked.

"Yeah," you nodded. "Different, but good."

"I guess you learned some things at college, huh sis?" Sabrina giggled.

"Maybe a few," Katherine chuckled, rolling her eyes. Then she sat up and pulled off her shirt. She had the same toned, skinny torso as her sister and the same breasts. Even the same couple of freckles and moles. The only difference was that both of her nipples were pierced with small barbells with purple knobs.

"Oooh, you sent me pictures but I forgot you had those," Sabrina said. "They're cute!"

"They are," you agreed, reaching to palm Katherine's little breasts and running your thumbs over her piercings.

"Think I should get mine done, baby?" Sabrina asked.

"Could this maybe be a conversation for later?" Katherine asked with a smirk. "Little busy here."

"Sorry, sorry," Sabrina said. "Just pretend I'm not here."

Katherine rolled her eyes again and smiled down at you, moving up to kiss you as she stroked your cock with one hand.

## Chapter 206

“Sit on my face,” you encouraged Katherine after kissing her for a bit.

“Really?” she asked, pleasantly surprised.

“Fuck, yes,” you said. “I love eating out at the Y.”

Katherine laughed and turned back to look at Sabrina. “You lucky bitch.”

“I really am,” Sabrina grinned.

Katherine swung her leg over your chest and shuffled forward on her knees, bringing her pussy towards your mouth. She was almost clean-shaven, just a narrow little line of pubic hair the width of a pencil, unlike Sabrina’s little exclamation mark of pubic hair. Other than that she was almost identical.

“Come here, stop teasing me. I can smell how horny you are,” you said, grabbing her ass cheeks and tilting your head up so that you could immediately start tonguing her.

“Oh, fuuuuuck,” Katherine moaned, grabbing your hair with both hands.

It was almost funny how you could play her to your tune - she responded almost the exact same way as Sabrina did, which meant you could surprise her with all of the techniques and tricks you’d been developing with Sabrina over the past couple of weeks. (Dear Lord, had it really only been that long?)

The difference was that it was all new to Katherine, so when you used one trick or another she would be happily surprised. You almost started to use the rough tricks but stopped yourself before you pinched her side, just putting your hand on her thin little waist and holding her tightly instead.

She slowly ground her pussy across your lips and you stayed looking up at her as she swapped between looking down into your eyes and throwing her head back as she moaned.

Wanting to push her over for her first orgasm, you reached around and under her bum while moving your lips higher to her clit. You slid two fingers into her pussy from behind, making her hiccup in surprise, but then her left eye twitched half closed as she groaned heavily and hunched over.

“Come for me,” you said, taking your lips from her clit. “Do it. Come for me.” You went back to her pussy, the angle of your fingers not letting you get super deep but teasing her hole as you worked her clit hood with your tongue.

“Fuuuuck-uh,” she panted. “I’m close. So fucking close.”

“You got this,” Sabrina encouraged her. “Just let it go. It won’t be the only one. You got this, babe!”

“Oh- Oh, fuuuu-” Katherine gasped.

She came, a little dribble of girlcum leaking out of her. She tasted exactly like her sister.

And if you knew anything about Sabrina, you knew there would be more where that came from.

You manhandled her for a moment, pushing her off of your face and onto her back as she let out a whoop of surprise, but you got back between her legs and pressed two fingers back into her and started finger-fucking her quickly as you pressed your teeth against the top of her mound and softly sucked the entire upper part of her pussy.

“Holy- Oh, my God?!” Katherine squealed in surprise, grabbing at the sheets on the bed.

“Oh, you’re going to come so hard,” Sabrina said with a smirk.

“Grab your tits,” you ordered Katherine. “Play with your nipples.” She did, grabbing her breasts roughly. You were still finger fucking her fast, now fishing with your fingers for her g-spot and finding it right in the same spot as Sabrina’s. With your other hand you pressed your palm flat against her mound and lower abdomen. “Relax,” you told her. “Relax everything and let it come. Don’t hold back.”

You went back to her clit, sucking firmly, as you scooped at her g-spot.

“Ho- Ha- What? What’s-!? Oh my... fuck, fuck.... Fuuuuuuuck,” Katherine panted and whined.

“Let it go,” you told her, popping off her clit again quickly. “Do it. Just let it go.” You tongued her clit hard again.

“Yyyyyyeeeeesssss!!!” Katherine gasped, and then her legs were shaking as she came, squirting hard in four sharp bursts as her cunt flexed and her orgasm rolled over her. It sprayed across your chin, neck and chest as you refused to let up on her clit, though the squeezing of her pussy stopped you from tapping at her g-spot.

When the height of the orgasm had peaked and she started coming down she was panting in almost sobs, and you pulled your fingers from her and quickly lifted up so that you were covering her body with yours, kissing her as she swam back to conscious thought. Just as she started to kiss you back, you slid your cock inside of her and she moaned throatily.

“What- was that?” she panted as you began working your cock deeper.

“You haven’t squirted before?” you asked.

She shook her head.

“Oh, sis,” Sabrina said with a laugh. “I think John just changed your life.”

Katherine looked up at you with a bit of confusion, a bit of embarrassment, and a lot of lust. “Fuck me,” she gasped. “Do whatever you want.”

“I want to make you squirt again, and this time I want you to say my name while you do it,” you told her.

She broke into a grin. “Yes, please.”

You fucked her and she threw her arms around your neck, pulling you down into another kiss. Her nipple piercings were cold little nubs against your chest, and you reached between you and started to play with them, exploring what twisting and turning them did to her.

She was everything you liked about Sabrina. It was weird, but it was wonderful at the same time.

## Chapter 207

“If you call him Daddy he’ll fuck you even harder,” Sabrina suggested from the foot of the bed.

“Wha-?” Katherine asked breathlessly. You were still fucking her in missionary. “Sabrina, that’s fucking weird, I’m not calling him Daddy!”

You couldn’t help but snort a laugh, burying your face in the crook of her neck even as you kept fucking her.

“Oh, it’s not that weird,” Sabrina said.

“Are you masturbating right now!?” Katherine asked, looking over at her sister. You looked at that and saw Sabrina was still leaning back against the dresser but had her legs spread and was working a finger between her pussy lips.

“What?” Sabrina asked. “I’m basically watching porn of myself and my boyfriend. It’s hot as fuck.”

“Whatever,” Katherine muttered, turning back and kissing you hungrily to try and ignore the antics of her sister. She squeezed you with her knees on your hips, urging you to go harder, and you did.

She came with a shudder and a leak of girlcum, but no squirt, as she moaned into your lips.

“What’s your favourite position?” you asked her.

“I think this might be my favourite position now,” she replied with a panting smirk. “But let’s do doggy?”

You gave her another kiss and then pulled out and off of her, and she rolled over onto her hands and knees, wiggling her little butt at you as she looked over her shoulder. She gasped with a smile when you spanked her, so you did it again before sliding your cock home.

“Fuuuuck,” Katherine groaned happily, pushing her hips back at you as she arched her back a bit more.

“Pull her hair, baby,” Sabrina suggested.

“Hey, no back-seat fucking,” you said. But you did bundle up Katherine’s hair in your fist, and she did moan hard when you tugged on it.

You fucked her like that for a bit, switching up the tempo everyone once in a while, until you felt her starting to edge closer to another orgasm. At that you changed your stance, getting over her a bit more so you could fuck down at her and hopefully get the angle to hit her g-spot.

“Oh, my fucking fuck,” Katherine gasped. “That’s not- whooooo, wow.”

“Use your words, sis,” Sabrina teased.

“Fuck you!”

“No, he’s fucking you,” Sabrina laughed.

“Fuck yes he is,” Katherine panted. She turned to look back at you and you leaned forward to kiss her. It wasn’t a solid liplock, but she got what she wanted as your lips bounced from your thrusts rocking her whole body.

“Do you guys do anal?” Katherine suddenly asked.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake!” Sabrina said, throwing her hand up in the air. “You do anal and I can’t? What the fuck?”

“No!” Katherine gasped. “I- just, this position made me think of it. I don’t, the one time I tried it was fucking awful. I just thought maybe if regular sex is this good...”

“Oh, fucking thank you,” Sabrina said. “We tried, and I really wanted it, but it was really bad for me too.”

“Makes sense,” Katherine grunted.

“You two done comparing notes?” you asked, breathing heavily from the exertion of the tougher-to-maintain angle.

“Yes, Daddy,” Katherine said.

You gave her a deadpan look, which made both of them start giggling, so you started fucking Katherine as fast and hard as you could.

Katherine’s moans became wordless and jumbled as she lost her balance on her hands, her face crashing down to the bed as she moaned lewdly into the sheets.

“Told you,” Sabrina smirked.



You fucked her, and fucked her. And then you spanked her, and you could feel her orgasm starting to tense and rise. You spanked her again, and again, then rocked back into that top-down fucking position and ground your cock on every thrust along the front of her cunt.

"I- I-I-I-I-" Katherine babbled.

Sabrina got down, sitting to the side of the bed on her knees, resting her arms and chin on the edge as she looked at her sister. "Do it. Come for him. Come so fucking hard."

"I-" Katherine squeaked.

"Oh, fuck," you grunted, feeling your own orgasm starting to push at your resistance. Your whole body felt taunted at this point, trying to keep fucking her to a finish.

"Where do you want my boyfriend to come, Katherine?" Sabrina asked. "You want him to finish in your pussy? I know I love when he does that. Or somewhere else? All over your face? In your mouth?"

"Hmmm!" Katherine whined. "Not- inside-"

Sabrina had that little satisfied smirk. "So all over your face? All over your pretty little face?"

Katherine nodded.

"Then come for him."

"John!" Katherine moaned at the top of her lungs as she came. Her cunt pulsed and she squirted. Not as much as the first time, but you still thought the orgasm was probably stronger as her entire upper body seemed to lock up while her hips and legs thrashed under you.

You almost lost it in her and had to yank your cock out of her. She was still coming, riding the waves of her orgasm, but managed to turn over and squeeze her eyes closed as she opened her mouth for you.

"Oh, fffuuuuck," you groaned, kneeling down and straddling her chest. You started to stroke yourself, but Sabrina scrambled up behind you on the bed and reached around, knocking your hand away so that she could stroke your cock for you.

You unloaded, your orgasm like a keening sound running up and down your nervous system to the point your balls ached. Your cum splattered across Katherine's face and into her mouth in three big spurts, followed by another three smaller ones. The last had lost its power and spluttered out and down onto her tit.

"Holy shit," you panted, leaning back against Sabrina.

“Nice job, baby,” Sabrina giggled, kissing your cheek from behind as she kept softly stroking your oversensitive cock.

Katherine let out a long, shuddering breath and blinked open her eyes, carefully moving one strand away from her right eye. “Yeah, OK,” she said. “That was good.”

The three of you started laughing and it took you a long moment to stop.

## Chapter 208

“So... that was fun,” Sabrina said with a little self-satisfied smile as she looked across the kitchen table at you and Katherine. “Yeah?”

You coughed a little, looking between the sisters. Fun, yes. Hot? Definitely. Weird? Absolutely.

Katherine was wearing panties and that was all, her naked breasts and pierced nipples just out there. Sabrina was wearing just a tank top. Following the sex, and getting yourselves cleaned up a bit, you had all headed back out to the kitchen to eat the breakfast you'd brought in from the bakery.

“Mmm,” Katherine nodded in response to her sister. “It was...”

“Great?” Sabrina grinned.

Katherine blushed. “Yeah.” Then she looked for your reaction.

“It was hot,” you nodded. “And still weird.”

That made both of the sisters snort in stereo.

“Mm, you better wipe that up or I'll suck it off myself,” Sabrina said, pointing at Katherine's left nipple where there was a little bead of cum under her nipple piercing.

“Hmm?” Katherine questioned, looking down and seeing the spot. “Oh, gross, Sabrina,” she said.

“You liked it enough that you took a face and mouthful,” Sabrina teased.

“I meant you licking my nipple, you bitch,” Katherine rolled her eyes. Then she used a finger to scoop up the cum and reached over and smeared it on Sabrina's croissant. “There.”

Sabrina didn't even flinch in picking up her croissant and taking a big bite out of it, meeting her twin's eye as she did it. “Mmmmm,” she moaned dramatically. “I love my boyfriends cum, don't you?”

That set the two of them off with giggling and blushing again, and all you could do was shake your head.

“So, round two?” Sabrina asked.

“I don't know,” Katherine said. “I'm feeling pretty sensitive down there...”

“Not you,” Sabrina scoffed. “Me! I’m all ramped up, I’m gonna have blue lady balls if I don’t get some.” She stood up, draining the last of her coffee and then sat on your lap and took your hand and put it between her legs. You automatically started to slide your fingers between her slick lips. “What do you think, baby?” Sabrina asked. “Ready for another go?”

“What happened to all the touristy stuff we were supposed to be doing this morning?” you asked.

“Oh, give her what she wants,” Katherine sighed. “We can cut one of our stops. If we don’t she’ll be all whiney and humping your leg all day.”

“Says the twin who used to have to get off every day before school by humping her pillow,” Sabrina said.

“Says the twin who almost got caught jilling off by our parents on six separate occasions,” Katherine shot back.

“Key word is *almost*,” Sabrina smirked.

“Alright, alright,” you said, breaking up the sisterly bickering. “Come on, let’s get you fucked so we can start our day.” You picked her up as you stood, carrying her towards her bedroom.

“Yay!” Sabrina cheered goofily.

“I’ll just wait out here,” Katherine called after you.

Once you were in the bedroom and you’d tossed Sabrina on the bed, she made a ‘come hither’ finger motion to you and you leaned down close to kiss her, and then she whispered, “Choke me and give me some hickey’s, Daddy. And pinch my side like you do. I already wanted to make Katherine a little jealous of my sexy boyfriend for fun, but this’ll really get her.”

You raised an eyebrow. “Sabrina, I’m not going to be used-”

“I know,” Sabrina assured you with a kiss to stop you. “It’s all in good fun. She dated a boy in high school we were both crushing on, and I always teased her she’d get jealous when I found mine.”

You fucked Sabrina silly, using all of her buttons that you’d learned to make Sabrina ride the waves of her orgasms. You left a quartet of fresh hickey’s on her breasts, bold statements that she was yours. She squirted as you choked her in missionary position, your noses brushing against each other as her eyes rolled into the back of her skull and she twitched hard.

And you finished by thrusting hard, making her yelp in pleasure, as she begged for you to drop your load deep in her pussy so she could feel it leaking out slowly all day.

Katherine, who had slowly migrated to the doorway of the bedroom, had her own little orgasm leaning against the door jam with her fingers buried in her panties as she heard that.

Afterwards, Sabrina sent you and Katherine to have a shower so that you could get ready to go out while she caught her breath. There was a quick jockeying between the two of you of who would go first until Sabrina asked what was taking the two of you so long, and that was how you ended up getting a blowjob from Katherine in the shower before fingering her as you stood under the hot water and made out.

“Suck my titties,” Katherine gasped. “So close. Suck my nipples, John.”

You leaned down further, taking one of her pierced nipples between your lips and tonguing it hard as you wiggled and thrust two fingers in her cunt. She had an arm around your shoulders to keep herself steady, which left your other hand free to palm her ass and then slip a finger down her crack, prodding at her back door. If she really did have the same reaction to anal as her sister, a cock might be too much but a finger would be...

“Ooooh, fuuuck,” Katherine hummed, her voice dropping huskily as her legs twitched when you pushed up to the first knuckle in her ass. “Fuck my- Oh, fucking- Finger my holes, you bastard. Oh, God, you’re in both my holes.”

You raised from her tit and captured her mouth with yours, kissing her hard. When you pulled away and pressed your forehead to hers she gasped. You pressed your middle finger up to the second knuckle in her butt. “Almost there?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she squeaked, looking you in the eye.

“What do you want?” you asked. “What filthy thing is right there on the tip of your tongue? I can see it in your eyes. You want something.”

“Give me a hickey like Sabrina,” Katherine gasped.

You bent down and took the inner curve of her little boob between your lips and sucked hard. She came, losing strength in her legs as a warm wash of girlcum released from her pussy briefly and her ass clamped down hard on your invading finger.

As she came down, getting strength back in her legs while she clung to you, she laughed once, and then again. Then she had your cheeks in her hands and she was kissing you. You slowly pulled your fingers from her pussy and raised them up to your mouth, sucking her taste off of them.

“Forgetting something?” she asked, glancing back and down towards her butt.

“I’d pull it out but you’re clenching,” you smirked.

“I am?” she asked.

“No,” you said, and pushed your finger in all the way to the third knuckle and her eyes went wide as she gulped air. You wiggled it for a second before slowly, carefully pulling it all the way out. “I just wanted to do that.”

“You really are a bastard,” she rolled her eyes. “A sexy, rough, perfect fucking bastard.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” you said.

“You should,” she grinned. Then she looked down and saw that you were hard again. She took one glance up at you, and then at the door of the washroom, and then back at you as she shrugged and dropped to her knees and took your cock in her mouth again.

Four loads in one morning made getting out the door pretty fucking tough. Your balls felt empty but your legs felt sluggish, and that post-nut clarity only made you hyper-aware of the conversation you needed to have with Gemma sooner than later.

## Chapter 209

The three of you were out on the town and gave Katherine a quick tour of the city - or at least the fun parts that you knew. You pointed out where you had your first date, and hit up some parks and a couple of the historical sites that didn't cost an arm and a leg to get into.

Sabrina had worn a cute, loose and flowy tank top with spaghetti straps and a front that showed off a bit of chest, which also happened to flash the fresh hickeys on her cleavage when she moved the right way. And she loved moving in just that way when she thought no one but you, or you and Katherine, could see as she flashed you a cheeky grin. She also made excellent use of the jean booty shorts she wore that exposed her skinny legs, getting your hand on the back of her thigh or rubbing her inner thigh when you were sitting together.

Katherine, on the other hand, was wearing a t-shirt she promised was from a popular KPop act that you'd never heard of. She'd tied the lower hem higher up her torso with an elastic band, but apparently, she was right about the popularity of the group because she was approached at least half a dozen times by other college age, and even a couple of high school, girls who recognized the shirt. She also wore a cute denim skirt, and while she wasn't as brazen about teasing you she did check several times to see if you were checking her out, and always smiled widely when you were.

The three of you caught lunch at a diner that Katherine had looked up from the Food Network show 'You Gotta Eat Here!' To be fair, the pizza was definitely good, but not \$20 in Uber costs good. She covered lunch though, so you and Sabrina split the transportation.

"So tell me more about this trio thing," Katherine said around a mouthful of greasy pizza. The three of you were sitting inside a booth at the end of the diner seating area and the next closest occupied table was several away, so you had some privacy.

"What do you want to know?" Sabrina asked.

"Is it that John has two girlfriends, or are the three of you like a unit? Have you had a threesome? Do you all sleep in the same bed if you're together? What about dates, do you go separately or together? How do you split the bill, does John pay for everything? That would get really expensive. How do you decide which person's place to go to? And how do-"

"Katherine!" Sabrina laughed, interrupting the torrent of questions.

You reached over and took Katherine's hand for a moment, giving her a smile and a squeeze. "How about one question at a time?"

"Sorry," she smirked with a bit of a flush to her cheeks. "It's just... I never suspected my own twin would be a Poly Person."

“What can I say? We all sort of fell into it,” Sabrina said. “So, to start, we’re all interning together. That’s how we met, though I already told you John and I recognized each other from classes back in Uni. I knew Gemma was interested in him, but then he and I started flirting hard one day when we got a special assignment together, and things sort of rolled downhill. We do have threesomes, and we sleep together in the same bed. John is a great cuddle buddy. And we try and go dutch on most things unless one of us wants to spoil the others a bit.”

Katherine, of course, had a dozen more questions that we both fielded over lunch. Based on Sabrina’s blunt openness about the whole thing you tried to do the same even if it was a little embarrassing at times. The one thing you noticed Sabrina avoided bringing up was her OnlyFans stuff, so you avoided it carefully as well. By the time you were slurping up the last of your soda, Katherine seemed satisfied with all of the answers.

“So when do I meet her?” Katherine asked.

“Meet her?” you asked.

“Well, yeah. You three are a throuple or whatever, so I should probably meet my twin's girlfriend,” Katherine said.

“I don’t think that label has been thrown around yet,” Sabrina said.

“Whatever. I want to meet her,” Katherine said.

“I’m going to see her this afternoon,” you said. “I’ll ask if she wants to meet you, maybe tomorrow?”

“Might as well see if Gemma wants to come to dinner, it was going to be the three of us tonight anyways,” Sabrina said.

“Alright, I’ll see,” you nodded.

“Good,” Katherine smiled. Then her smile slipped into a little teasing smirk just like Sabrina’s often did. “Can’t wait to see what kind of girl could turn my sister, even just a little.”

Now it was your turn to snicker, and Sabrina gave you a ‘don’t you dare’ sort of look.

“What?” Katherine asked.

You shot Sabrina a look back, and she rolled her eyes a little giving you permission to say it. “It’s more like Sabrina turned Gemma a bit,” you said. “She was definitely the instigator of stuff between the two of them.”



“Whaaaaat,” Katherine said, looking over at her sister in surprise. “When did you start liking girls?”

“About the time I lived in a coed dorm with single-gender shower rooms,” Sabrina said. “See enough titties every day, you get a little curious.”

Katherine barked out a laugh. “After the show I got this morning, I can’t really blame you I guess.”

The three of you stood from the booth and Katherine went to pay at the front, which gave you and Sabrina a moment alone.

“Love you, baby,” Sabrina said, smiling as she slipped her arms around your waist and hugged you with her cheek on your chest.

“Love you, too,” you said. “You’re sure everything this morning is OK on your end?”

“Oh, for sure,” Sabrina nodded. “Katherine and I, we could work anything out. She was mostly worried about what you would do or think when it happened, she knew we would be fine in the long term.”

“OK,” you nodded.

“You’re worried about Gemma still, huh?” she asked.

“Uh, yeah,” you said with a rueful smirk.

“I could tell you it’ll be fine, but I don’t think that would help, would it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“Well, it will be,” she said. “So you need to go to her, and show her how much you love her just like she asked, OK? And in the meantime, I’m taking my sister shopping. What would you like us to wear to dinner tonight?”

“You’re really buying something for the two of you?”

“Oh, yeah,” she said. “I may not spill the beans on where the money comes from, but I still want to treat her.”

“Dresses,” you said. “Something flowy and classy.”

She grinned. “OK, baby. I promise when we meet for dinner, you’re going to be wowed.”

"I'm always wowed," you said.

"I know, and that's one of the many reasons Gemma and I love you," Sabrina said with a big smile.

## Chapter 210

You knocked on Gemma's apartment door and waited for a long moment, worrying about what might happen in the next few minutes. Sure, Sabrina was pretty sure things would be fine. And Gemma hadn't been pissed on the phone, but that didn't mean she wasn't hurt. Didn't mean all the shit her ex-fiancee had pulled on her wasn't impacting things.

Fuck, you weren't even sure what would happen if Becca answered the door. After all the promises she'd made to make about taking care of Gemma... fuck.

The door opened and Gemma was there wearing the same summer dress she'd worn on your first date. She stepped out of the apartment and into your arms, grabbing you around the back of your head and pulling you down into a soul-searing kiss. It lasted a long time, your tongues slithering and sliding as you traded your emotions and hunger for each other. When you finally came apart, gasping for air, she took your hands in hers. "Make love to me," she demanded. "Everything else comes second, first I need you to show me I'm still yours and you're still mine."

She pulled you inside the apartment, and before the door had even shut all the way she was pulling her dress off over her head to reveal she was completely naked underneath. "No one else is home right now," she said.

The two of you tumbled, kissing in between the both of you fumbling to get you undressed, your way into the living room and collapsed onto the couch. Gemma ended up with her head back on the armrest, looking up at you as you raised her ass to rest on your chest as you knelt before her and began to eat her out. She wrapped her thighs around your head and her legs crossed behind your back as you dove into your girlfriend's pussy with a desperate desire to show her everything you were feeling through the act. You spelt '*I Love You*' with your tongue a dozen times.

And once she had shuddered towards her first orgasm, but hadn't yet reached it, you lowered her hips down and leaned over on top of her, sliding your cock inside of her as you kissed her softly.

You didn't fuck her. Not yet, at least. You made love. Every stroke was a slow, thoughtful, passionate nudge. Every kiss had a different word or message in it. Gemma softly ran her hands up and down your sides, then to your chest, then holding your face softly, and then back down to your hips. You cradled her head with your hands, holding her still and protected.

"I love you," you told her. "I want to love you forever." It was the first thing you'd said since you knocked on the door.

She had already been smiling through and between kisses, but now she broke into a full grin as her eyes welled up a little. "I love you too, you beautiful boy. Now kiss me again, because my lips miss every second they aren't touching yours."

You did just that.

When Gemma came, it was soft but long, a slow heat that finally came to a boil and simmered. “Come inside me, love,” she moaned softly as her body slowly rolled and twitched with her orgasm. “I want to feel your love in me again, where no one else ever has.”

You let loose, and somehow the hours of walking and laughing, and the food, must have done its work because you were able to drop a big one as your toes curled and your ass flexed while each pump went deep into her.

The two of you didn’t want to disengage, so you ended up rolling to your sides without ever exiting from her.

“I’m sorry about what happened this morning,” you said softly, stroking her hair from her sweaty forehead.

“I know you are,” she said. “And I know I should be upset, but... after the way my ex acted, you make me feel like I know exactly what you’re thinking. You don’t hide anything from me. It was an honest mistake and not one that you chose to make. So I forgive you.”

“Thank you,” you said, pressing your forehead to hers as you both looked into each other’s eyes.

She ended the moment by tilting her lips to yours and giving you a peck. “But that’s not the only thing we need to talk about,” she said.

“No, it’s not,” you agreed. “I really liked our phone call this morning.”

“So did I,” she said and smiled cutely.

“So... Love-love,” you said.

“Love-love,” she nodded. “Realistically, at the end of the summer I *have* to go back to Australia. I can’t extend another semester, my Visa won’t allow it. I barely got the work permit addition for the summer.”

“So long distance,” you said.

“Long distance is hard,” she said. “Most relationships can’t handle it.”

“I know,” you said. “But we’re different.”

"I know," she smiled softly. "And we're going to plan ahead. I did a lot of reading before our call, and more again this morning. There's a lot for us to talk about in terms of boundaries of trust, and communication expectations, and all that kind of stuff. But most importantly we need to set a deadline for Long Distance to end. If we leave it open-ended, we're pretty much doomed."

"That means we need to decide what happens when we graduate," you said.

"And where we're applying for Law School," she agreed.

"We should include Sabrina in this conversation," you said. "Unless you're-"

She shook her head before you could even ask it. "Things are different now," she said. "I'm not ending things with you, and I'm not ending things with her. We decide this together."

"So... how are the schools in Australia?" you asked with a little grin.

"Different," Gemma smiled back. "Less prestigious globally, but only if we think we can all get into a big Ivy League law school here."

"We don't need it," you said. "Let's keep our options open."

"Agreed," she nodded and then kissed you. "I'm so fucking happy right now."

"I'm so fucking happy right now, too," you grinned.

"You didn't go soft," Gemma said, wiggling her eyebrows at you.

"No, no I didn't," you said.

"Good, because now I want to ride you, baby," she said. "You showed me how much you love me, it's my turn."

"You two are so fucking hot and cute, it's kind of gross," Becca laughed.

You and Gemma practically jumped in surprise as you looked over to see Becca lounging against the corner of the hallway. She was topless, her breasts and nipples bare to you both, and had on loose sweatpants that clung to her hips. She also had one hand down the front and looked like she was softly massaging her pussy.

"So, can I watch?" Becca asked.

## Chapter 211

“Becca, I didn’t think you were home,” Gemma said, looking over her shoulder at her roommate. You were laying with your back to the back of the couch and Gemma was still clinging to you, so Becca was only really getting an eyeful of Gemma’s back and maybe a bit of her butt.

“I wasn’t,” she laughed. “I got home fifteen minutes ago and you two were going at it in a slow fuck on the couch and were so into each other you didn’t even hear me say hey when I walked in. Since then I went and got changed, came out here and you two were still fucking, so then I made myself a drink, drank it, came back here and you two were talking.”

“Oh my God,” Gemma grumbled.

“It’s fine,” Becca waved you both off. “No big deal. Charlotte and I have banged on that couch plenty of times and been walked in on. I’m surprised it hasn’t happened with you yet.”

“Well, OK,” Gemma said.

“So, you two going to keep going or what?” Becca asked. “Cause Char left me hanging last night and I wouldn’t mind jilling off watching you two.”

Gemma turned back to look at you with an *‘I don’t even know how that answer this’* look. You shot her the same one back, then one that was more *‘If you’re OK with it, I’m OK with it.’* You got an *‘Are you sure?’* back, and nodded slightly.

“Fine,” Gemma said, turning back to Becca. “You can watch, but from the chair over there. No touching or trying to jump in.”

“Oh, wasn’t planning on it,” she smirked as she sauntered through the living room to the indicated chair, stopping to drop her pants before sitting down buck naked. You’d seen her naked before on several occasions, or at least partially naked, but it was still a little thrill. Becca was a striking woman with her sharp feminine features mixed against her boyish short haircut and her strong build. “If we ever get around to *that*, there’s a bigger talk to be had first. And we’ll need safewords.”

“Tease,” you said.

“No teasing, just promises,” she smirked back.

Gemma rolled her eyes as she turned back to you and kissed you softly. “You sure?” she asked quietly.

“After the morning I’ve had? This doesn’t even crack the top three Big Things that happened.”

Gemma cracked a grin and kissed you again, and then the two of you slowly got rotated so that you were more fully on your back and Gemma was on top.

“He’s been in you this whole time?” Becca asked. “Fuck, that’s hot.”

“Getting a good view?” Gemma asked, looking over her shoulder.

“Fuck, yes,” Becca said as she spread her legs and slowly ran her fingers across her pussy lips. You couldn’t get a good look at it from your position, but you could see her face and tits just fine and her nipples were rock hard and standing out. “Seriously, Gem. You have a great ass.”

You smirked and ran your hands down Gemma’s back to her ass and teased pulling her cheeks apart but didn’t.

“Oh, you naughty bastard,” Becca laughed, fingering herself a little faster.

You slid your hands back up to Gemma’s sides and held her softly. “Ignore her,” you whispered. “Do what you want.”

“What I want is to make love to you,” she said and kissed you long and soft as she began to hunch her hips, grinding you inside of her.

For the next ten minutes or so, the three of you softly grunted and moaned as you each made slow, inch-by-inch gains towards your orgasms. Gemma really did want to make love to you, slow and warm. When she wasn’t hunching or circling her hips to work your cock, she was arching her back to slowly slide back and forth on you as she fed you her tits. And when she wasn’t doing that she was just resting with her chest pressed to yours, squeezing you inside of her with her abdomen and Kegels.

“I love you,” she whispered again between moans.

“I love you, too,” you smiled back.

She shifted a bit higher, getting her tits in your face, and you felt your cock pop out of her. It stood up straight and Becca moaned in the background at the sight. Gemma reached back and pushed it back into position, nudging it into the notch of her cunt, and then sliding back on. But she only went until the head was inside of her, and then she slid back off, and then back on.

“Hoooooly fuck,” you grunted as Gemma fucked you with just the entrance of her hole.

“God damn, you filthy Aussie,” Becca moaned softly. “Fuck him with that hole. You’ll gape so fucking good after that.”

Gemma ignored Becca and kept doing what she was doing, closing her eyes and gasping softly at the feelings rolling through her as your cock plunged in and out of her over and over. You busied yourself with her breasts, gobbling the bounteous cleavage, kissing her all over. Tasting the sweat from her underboob as eagerly as you suckled her nipples. You went to your favourite spot on her, just at the corner of her underboob and inner cleavage, and sucked hard, marking her as yours again.

“Yesss,” she hissed and drove down hard on your cock as she came.

She breathed deeply as her orgasm flowed through her, and then slowly blinked back to focus as she smiled down at you. “Love you,” she said. “What will get you off again, baby?”

“Can I make a request?” Becca asked.

“No promises,” you said.

“Reverse cowgirl, leaning back,” Becca said. “God, I want to see that cock plunging in and out of you as your tits bounce, girl. You are such a fucking goddess.”

You smirked a little. “I don’t disagree,” you said.

Gemma got off of you and remounted in the position, exposing her entire naked front to Becca as she leaned her hands back on your chest. “Happy?” she asked.

“You say that like you’re not enjoying this,” Becca said.

“OK, maybe it’s hot,” Gemma said. “Pinch your nipples, you voyeur slut.”

“Mmm,” Becca hummed.

You, unfortunately, couldn’t see anything in the current position other than Gemma’s naked back and part of her ass pressing against your pelvis. Not that that entirely mattered when Gemma started bouncing on your cock. Your orgasm finally started to rise, your sixth of the day, and you got Gemma to brace her feet on your legs and you started to fuck up into her.

“Holy fuck, you two look like real pornstars,” Becca moaned.

“That’s it, you spying bitch,” Gemma gasped. “Finger fuck that cunt. Put another one in. Yes! Like that, four fucking fingers. God, love, you’re fucking making my pussy roar. Becca, don’t stop pinching your nipples. John, don’t- don’t stop- ooh, fucking... Becca, you better come because he’s about the blast inside of me again.”

“Fuuucking hell,” Becca keened, and you could only guess she was coming.



“Do it, love. Come in me. I want to feel it again. I want to feel your love. God, I love you. Do it. Do iiiit,” she called, and then you exploded inside of her and she sat down heavily on your hips, your cock pushing deep into her as your balls felt like they spat out dust and shrivelled up into empty raisins by the time you were done.

“Holy- Fuck,” you panted heavily.

“God, it’s leaking out around his cock,” Becca laughed. “That’s fucking hot.”

“Either get us a cloth or get ready to lick it off his balls,” Gemma said.

Becca staggered to her feet and headed to the kitchen. “When I suck those balls, I want them full and fresh,” she laughed. She threw a pair of wet cloths from the kitchen at you, lounging in the doorway for a moment. “You two are fucking wild,” she said. “And hot as hell. But now, I need a nap.”

As Becca stumbled down the hall towards her room, Gemma slowly got off of your finally-deflating cock and put one of the wet cloths to her pussy. “That really was wild,” she grinned at you.

“It was,” you agreed. Then you reached out and took her hand. “I’m so fucking happy right now.”

“Me too,” she grinned. Then she looked down at your messy cock and balls and glanced towards the front door before shrugging and dropping to her knees beside the couch. She took your dick back between her lips and started to clean you off with her mouth.

“Lof ‘oo,” she mumbled with your cock in her mouth.

You laughed and ran your fingers through her hair, pulling it away from her face. “Love you, too.”

## Chapter 212

It felt strange to have so much to talk about, and yet be unable to actually make any decisions or really even get too far in the conversation. You and Gemma got dressed - or, rather you got dressed and Gemma put her dress back on - and you cleaned up and sprayed air freshener in the living room before heading to her room.

The two of you sat in her bed, 'fully' clothed and cuddling as you talked. About school. About possibilities. About how you wanted to introduce each other to your families, and how those families might accept your whole three-person relationship. Gemma especially wanted you to meet her cousin Birdie, who was her best friend, while you realized that you wanted less to introduce her to your old high school friends and more to rub her and Sabrina in their faces. Your high school friends were kind of dicks - your college friends, on the other hand, were good people and were going to lose their minds at how this summer was turning out for you.

You talked about pets, and what sort you might want in the future. Gemma was a dog person, and so were you, but you had a feeling Sabrina might be a cat person. Then again, you could also see Sabrina being happy having some giant bull mastiff or great dane to walk around, so it was another thing to check with her. Pets shifted to kids, which got awkward quickly and was definitely a three-person-necessary conversation.

And then the two of you took a nap, still holding each other, and you woke up to Gemma kissing you softly with a little smile on her face. "I love you," she whispered quietly.

"Love you too," you said. It felt like it should have gotten repetitive, but it just felt so *good* to say.

"Want a drink?" she asked.

"Sure," you nodded. "Water would be great."

She grinned and slid off of the bed and went out into the hall. After a moment you heard voices, and then the voices got a little louder. You were just sitting up more and sliding to the edge of the bed when Gemma came storming in, no water in sight, and slammed the door.

"Ugh!" she grunted.

"Whoa, hey, what happened?" you asked.

"It's Lucy. Again," Gemma said. "She made a comment about the living room smelling, and somehow she decided it had to have been us, and she said some shit and I said some shit."

"Gemma... it was us," you said.

She gave you a look. "That's not the point."

“Would you like me to try and handle Lucy myself, help problem solve with you, or just sit and listen?” you asked.

Gemma opened her mouth to say something but then clicked it shut as she narrowed her eyes and stared at you with a quirk on her lips. “I don’t know if I should feel blessed or annoyed at how reasonable that question is,” she said.

“Hey, I’m dating two women, I’ve gotta learn a little something now and then,” you said.

She rolled her eyes and got back on the bed with you. “None of the above,” she answered your question. “I just want to forget the last three minutes.”

You wrapped your arms around her and pulled her close, and she sighed softly as she hugged you back and rested her chin on your shoulder.

“Sabrina and Katherine wanted to know if we’d both meet them for dinner,” you said quietly. “Now that Katherine knows about the three of us she’s excited to meet you.”

“She’s not going to try and sleep with me as well, is she?” Gemma asked, the teasing grin on her lips audible.

“Not that I know of,” you said. “But that *would* be pretty hot.”

“You would think that,” Gemma chuckled.

“So dinner?” you asked.

“Yes, absolutely,” she nodded.

“OK. You should probably text her about what to wear. They’re buying new dresses I think.”

After a moment Gemma sighed and sat up. “Well, now I need to get all dolled up.”

“Don’t go,” you groaned, holding onto her arm.

Gemma smiled and let you pull her back into your grip. “Fine. Five more minutes,” she said.

Five minutes turned into twenty, but Gemma did end up getting up to get herself put together. You watched her throughout the process, silently smiling to yourself as you watched her. She would flash you smiles and glances, but you didn’t say anything. She did send a text to Sabrina, and then went rummaging in her luggage and pulled out a dress and put you to work ironing it when she confirmed you did, in fact, know how to iron.

By the time she was ready to go, spinning in place in the middle of her room for your approval, you knew you were cutting it close.

“OK, let’s go,” Gemma nodded. Then she hesitated and smirked. “You haven’t checked your phone, have you?” she asked.

“No,” you frowned, realizing it was over on the side table.

“You should before we leave,” Gemma said.

You picked it up and turned it over, seeing you had a couple of messages. One set was in the group chat between you, Gemma and Sabrina and was just the girls discussing clothes for the night. The other was from an unknown number and was an image. When you opened it you were treated to a picture of Becca - this time it wasn’t just her boobs, it was a full frontal as she lay on her back on her bed. Her legs were spread a bit and her knees pulled back. Her pussy looked flushed and slick like she was horny and wanting a fuck, or had just been fingering herself.

“Holy shit,” you said.

The message with it said, *‘Thanks for the inspiration. Hope this puts a smile on your face ;)’*

“She asked for your number to send that,” Gemma said.

“And you let her?” you asked.

Gemma shrugged. “You’ve already got other pictures of her, Becks and Tasha. What’s one more?”

“Weirdest relationship ever,” you sighed and chuckled.

“And you wouldn’t change a thing,” Gemma said.

“No, no I wouldn’t,” you agreed, taking her hand in yours.

## Chapter 213

The twins tried the joke on Gemma. You saw it coming as soon as you both walked into the restaurant and they were wearing very similar dresses in a gorgeous burgundy. Sabrina had followed your request and they both had drapery, flowy garments that left their backs bare but stayed tight and high in the front.

When they both stood to greet you, the one who came to you grinned and said, “Hi, baby,” and pulled you into a kiss. You snuck in a brief feel of her breast with your thumb, disguising it as touching her side for anyone who was glancing towards you all, and you felt the little extra bumps of nipple piercings.

She was still smiling when she pulled back from the brief kiss, one eyebrow just slightly raised as her eyes glinted playfully, knowing that you knew she was Katherine.

Meanwhile, Sabrina was pretending to meet Gemma for the first time, making a show of hugging her. Gemma looked at you over Sabrina’s shoulder with a look, and you shrugged, and she rolled her eyes and pulled back from the hug and planted a kiss on Sabrina, who was surprised and then kissed her back.

Then Gemma really did hug Katherine. “It’s so nice to meet you,” Gemma said. “Sabrina was so excited that you were coming down to visit.”

“Thanks,” Katherine grinned, “It’s really nice to meet you too. And God, I swear I’m not hitting on you, but you’re so gorgeous.”

“Thanks,” Gemma chuckled back, and then she leaned forward. “And I forgive you for this morning. Did he hit the spot?”

Katherine blushed and nodded. “Definitely, and thanks.”

You got into the booth. Sabrina had picked a Pho restaurant, mid-ish scale, a couple of blocks from her place that she had tried take-out from before. The decor was nicely subdued, and the restaurant itself wasn’t terribly busy so there was enough noise in the place to cover your own conversations, but not so busy that you felt crowded.

“How did you know?” Sabrina asked Gemma as you sat beside her while the twins sat on the other side of the table.

“Easy,” Gemma said. “I know the smell of your shampoo.”

“I used her shampoo,” Katherine pointed out.

Gemma shrugged. "Then it was a lucky guess. And I think a mistaken kiss would be the least of our problems, wouldn't it?"

The embarrassed look on Katherine's face as she flushed made the three of you chuckle.

Dinner was... well, it was delightful. You already knew that Katherine was just as personable and bubbly as Sabrina was and you enjoyed spending time with her, and Gemma immediately picked up on the same vibe. The conversation mostly focused on the twin's childhood and teenage years as they took turns embarrassing each other, but you and Gemma chipped in some of your own stories. Katherine had lots of questions about Australia, but Gemma was pleasantly surprised it was more about the music scene and a couple of popular Aussie television shows rather than the usual questions about kangaroos and koalas and deadly animals.

The girls all laughed when you ordered chicken wings, which were supposed to be an appetizer, rather than a bowl of pho, and you told them about a terrible first date you'd had back in your first year of university where you'd had the brothy Vietnamese soup for the first time and it hadn't sat well with you. Ever since, your stomach complained when you tried it, so you avoided it.

Gemma commiserated that she had a similar reaction to shrimp, and Katherine agreed on seafood putting her off a bit even if she could eat it if it was the only thing available. Sabrina just laughed, claiming she clearly had the strongest stomach since she could eat anything.

By the time the dishes were being cleared, someone was playing footsy with you under the table and none of them were showing signs it was them. Other than that, the four of you were into your second bottle of wine and just enjoying the conversation. When Sabrina announced that there was a pub she wanted to go to, it was an easy thing to agree with and you all split the dinner and walked a block over to the pub. Gemma walked with her hand in yours, and you felt a little uneven without Sabrina on your other side as she walked just ahead of you and Gemma with her arm looped with her sister.

Lots of eyes turned to watch the four of you as you entered the pub and went and found a table. While you'd been decently dressed for the Pho place, the four of you were a little over-dressed for the new location, but none of the girls seemed to care. The new table was square and you all sat on your own side, but you had Gemma to your left and Sabrina to your right, with Katherine across from you. You picked up the first round, ordering a round of Gemma's current favourite Brambler at the bar and bringing it back. That got the girls talking about cocktails they liked, and what was popular in different places where they had grown up and were going to school.

Throughout the night, as each of you got a round for the table, the conversation flowed and shifted easily. A couple of times every hour a guy came to the table, asking if he could buy one of the girls a drink, trying to flirt or carve them away for a chat, but each time the girls turned him

down by indicating that you were their boyfriend. Even Katherine, who checked that that was OK with the others once the guy had left dejected.

“For that sort of thing, absolutely,” Gemma said. “You can use him as an Excuse Boyfriend any time you need. But I’m already sharing him with one of you, I don’t think I could handle both of you.”

That made Sabrina snort a laugh, and Katherine shook her head. “I couldn’t handle sharing with Sabrina. A little teasing, sure, but other than this morning we’ve never gone nearly as far.”

“We’d probably get real bitchy, real quick,” Sabrina agreed. She leaned over and took her sister’s hand in hers. “I love you, twinsie,” she said. “And I want to see you happy…”

“With anyone but my man,” Katherine laughed. She turned to you and Gemma to explain. “That’s exactly what I told her about my first boyfriend.”

By the time the fourth round was done it was already past 11 PM and you were all feeling a nice, warm buzz from your slow approach to drinking. No one was drunk, but you were all definitely happy.

“We’re crashing at my place,” Sabrina declared, holding up a finger. “No excuses.”

“OK,” you said and turned to Gemma. “OK?”

“Mhmm,” she smiled happily.

You ended up walking arm in arm with Sabrina this time as Gemma did the same with Katherine while they chatted happily.

“Love you, baby,” Sabrina smiled as she walked next to you. “This is the best night.”

“Love you too,” you smiled down at her, and leaned down for just a peck.

## Chapter 214

“Good night,” Katherine grinned, waving a little as you turned off the light for her. She had demanded that she would be the one to sleep on the couch that night so that the three of you could share the bed in the bedroom.

“Night, sweet dreams,” you said.

“Oh, I’ll definitely have sweet dreams,” she winked as she pulled off her shirt right before slipping under the blanket on the couch. You had a dull view of her bare breasts for a moment from the light coming out of the bedroom, but at that point it didn’t seem weird at all to see her naked.

Your girlfriend’s twin sister being naked wasn’t weird.

“Yeesh,” you sighed to yourself a little, smiling slightly as you shook your head.

Inside the bedroom, Gemma gestured for you to shut the door as she and Sabrina were turning down the fresh sheets they’d just put on the bed. You did, and Gemma then quickly shrugged off her dress and took off her bra, leaving her in her panties as she climbed into bed. Sabrina followed suit, though she hadn’t been wearing a bra underneath her own dress. You climbed up between them and soon you were on your back getting kissed all over your neck and chest as you felt their nipples brushing against your skin and their hands brushing up and down your torso, working down towards your boxers.

Sabrina was the first to dip her hand beneath the elastic waistband of your underwear, but Gemma was quick to follow and soon you had two hands on your cock, slowly feeling you all over from the head to the base, and down to softly massage your balls.

“God damn,” you moaned softly. “I want you both so bad, but we shouldn’t have sex with Katherine in the other room. It wouldn’t be fair.”

“We know,” Gemma smiled against your neck. “We already talked about that. So no sex, but we can do other stuff.”

“We know the thing with Katherine is still in your head,” Sabrina whispered. “Even though we’re all OK with it, and you and her had fun. So we want to show you that it doesn’t bother either of us.” She kissed your lips softly and then let go of your cock, rolling out of bed and getting your phone out of your pants pocket and coming back to bed. She hit the On button and then held the phone up to see your face, unlocking it.

“What are you doing?” you asked.



“We’re going to give you the best handjob ever while you look at naked photos of hot chicks we all know,” Sabrina smirked.

Soon she was back against you, holding your phone propped up on your sternum while her hand went back into your boxers to join Gemma.

“First up is obviously Becks,” Sabrina said. “Excluding any photos of us, obviously.”

“Obviously,” you laughed softly, still a little light-headed at all of this.

The photo of Becks’ naked, if headless, body came up on your phone screen. She was slender but still full-figured, with smaller breasts than Gemma and softer brown areolas. She had taken the picture in the mirror at her place, you assumed, and must have played with her nipples for a bit to get them as perky as they were.

“Hmmm,” Gemma hummed a little chuckle. “You got harder.”

“She’s really hot,” you admitted.

“Yes, she is,” Sabrina grinned as she slowly kissed around your jawline and up to your ear. “Just think about what it would be like to get these titties in your hands, baby. Becks says she likes black guys, but I bet you could show her your big dick and make her change her mind. Maybe we should make another bet with her, see if we can get her to give you a blowjob in a back room at work? That would be so fucking hot.”

“I wouldn’t mind kissing her,” Gemma smiled. She was laying a little lower, kissing your chest with her tits pressed to your side. “Imagine if John was fucking her in missionary, making her boobs bounce, and we each started sucking on one?”

“Unnngh,” you groaned softly, imagining the filthy fantasy.

Sabrina changed pictures, showing the one of Tasha’s tits. “If we’re gonna suck titties, I think I’d prefer these,” she said.

“Tasha would so be down for a foursome,” Gemma whispered. “But we couldn’t do that to Mosche.”

“We can fantasize though,” Sabrina grinned. “How does that feel, baby? Knowing that with just a word and a look, you could probably have Tasha down on her knees for you? Sucking your cock with the smart little mouth of hers, wrapping her titties around your cock? She’s got a decent butt, too. Would you want to pound that ass and make her titties bounce as you shoved her head into my snatch?”

“Only if I’m riding your face at the same time,” Gemma said with a smirk.

“Mmm, that would be so fucking hot,” Sabrina agreed.

She changed the photo again, this one of Becca out in the hallway at Gemma’s place flashing you her breasts. “We all know Becca would be interested in more, too,” Sabrina said. “She’s such a teasing bitch, but it sounds like she’s more of a domme with Charlotte. What do you think, baby, could you share us with her and make me and Gemma your little subby girlfriends for a night?”

“Hmmmhmm,” Gemma hummed a laugh as she kissed up from your chest to your chin, and then turned and kissed Sabrina lightly. “You’d be surprised.”

“What’s that mean?” Sabrina asked with a curious grin.

“Confession time,” you said. “Becca watched Gemma and I have sex this afternoon.”

“Really?” Sabrina asked, her eyes going wide as she licked her lower lip. “Did she think it was hot?”

“Uh, yeah,” Gemma laughed. “She masturbated in her panties and came with us. Then she sent... this.” Gemma took control of your phone and flipped through to the next photo that Sabrina didn’t know about yet.

“Hooly shit,” Sabrina said, her eyes wide as she drank in the vision of Becca naked on her back, horny and presenting herself like she wanted to be fucked. “That’s so fucking hot.”

“I’ll let her know you think so,” Gemma chuckled.

“Gemma, suck him,” Sabrina said. “He’s close.”

“OK,” Gemma agreed and scooted down to take your cock out of your boxers and immediately inhale it.

It didn’t take long as Gemma blew you, using her favourite tricks, and you and Sabrina looked at the picture of Becca. Sabrina zoomed in on the photo, which was high resolution and could handle giving a closeup of Becca’s lips. Then her nipples. Then down her stomach to her wet pussy. You came when Sabrina zoomed in just a bit more on her pussy and the slight reveal of her asshole as well. Gemma took it all, humming happily, and when you were done she lifted up and made a show of gulping a swallow.

“Hey, I wanted some,” Sabrina frowned in a mock pout.

Gemma smirked and leaned over, and you saw a cummy tongue dip into the kiss. When they finished Sabrina was smiling happily and smacked her lips. “Yummy. Thanks, babe.”

“Your turn,” you said, reaching down and starting to peel off Sabrina’s panties.

“Nooo, you know I’ll be too loud,” Sabrina said.

“That’s what these are for,” you said, holding up her sodden panties after getting them from around her feet. “Open wide.”

Sabrina gave you a look between scared and horny as hell, but opened her mouth and let you bundle her wet panties between her lips. Then she moaned as you went between her legs and started kissing up her thighs and Gemma shifted over in the bed, taking one of her little titties in hand and kissing her jawline just like Sabrina had been doing to you minutes ago.

It wasn’t a terribly long night, but you were all satisfied by the time you fell asleep with your girls snuggled up on either side of you.

## Chapter 215

Waking up to a blowjob was almost better than waking up with both of your girls sleeping on either side of you. One of them was still there, and judging by the pillowy breasts smushed against your arm and chest it was Gemma, which told your sleepy brain it was definitely Sabrina that was softly suckling on your hard cock.

You reached down under the covers and ran your fingers through her hair, making her hum softly as she kissed up and down your shaft.

“Good morning,” you whispered quietly.

“Morning,” Sabrina whispered back and you could feel her lips pull into a smile as she kept them pressed to your cock.

“What happened to being fair to your sister?” you asked.

“She went out to get breakfast for us all,” Sabrina whispered. “So we have some time.”

“Then what are you wasting it for?” Gemma grumbled, waking up from her slumber. “Get on that dick. I’mma want a turn too.”

By the time Katherine was coming in the front door, Sabrina had gotten her turn in and you were fucking Gemma in the bathroom. At the sound of the door opening you clamped a hand over her mouth to stop her moans from echoing out, and she shoved her hips back at you to stir your cock inside of her a bit as she came. Once she had control of her legs again she pulled off of you and tugged you by your dick into the shower.

Once the two of you were clean, and you had emptied your load all over Gemma’s tits and watched her wash it off after rubbing it in, you both joined Sabrina and Katherine at the kitchen table for breakfast. They smirked a little as you did it, but managed to keep any sly remarks to soft innuendo at best. Katherine had grabbed coffee, doughnuts and bagels for everyone, and you were all in states of undress other than her as you chatted and munched away. Sabrina was in panties and a robe, while Gemma was wearing one of your t-shirts you’d kept at Sabrina’s place and her panties, and you were just in your boxers.

“You know, this is weird, right?” you said during a brief lull in the conversation.

“What’s weird?” Gemma asked.

“This,” you said, gesturing at the lack of clothes going on. “I mean, it feels fine. It’s just not really normal.”

“What, you don’t hang out in your boxers with your bros at school?” Katherine teased.

“No, I don’t,” you chuckled. “I’m sure some guys might but that’s definitely not our thing.”

“Shirt and panties aren’t so uncommon between girls who live together, I think,” Sabrina said. “Everything is covered, no annoying bras.”

“Agreed,” Gemma nodded. “But then, I live with Becca and Charlotte so sometimes it’s no panties. Or no shirt instead if it’s that time of the month.”

That, unfortunately, got a small reaction out of you, which all three of the girls noticed, and soon they were all being as gross as possible talking about periods as you tried to keep a stoic face. Once they had burned out on that, Katherine ended up standing up and wiggling out of her jeans, citing that if you all could be comfortable then so could she, and sat back down in her shirt and a thong.

“Trying to seduce our boyfriend again?” Gemma teased.

“No!” Katherine said.

“Ouch,” you laughed.

“Oh, it’s not like that,” Katherine said.

“Then what’s it like, twinsie?” Sabrina teased. “You know we’re open to you taking a ride, you just need to ask nicely.”

“Oh gawd,” Katherine groaned. “How long is this going to go on for?”

“With John? About thirty to forty minutes if he takes his time but doesn’t tease you for too long,” Gemma smirked.

That set them all to giggling, and you had to laugh with them. The conversation moved on to other things, another weirdness that your mind stuck on for a moment. The casual sex talk was just so... not normal. Ever since you’d talked with Sabrina openly that Monday morning in the office, your life had been a rollercoaster of sexual exploits, temptations and encounters. Was everyone’s life like this and you were just catching up? Or was this as un-normal as you thought it was?

“So, question,” Katherine said as she was munching on a bagel. “What’s with all the random camera equipment stuff in the front closet and behind the couch? I lost my sock under it this morning and when I went looking it was like a high school production room was hiding back there. Are you secretly becoming a TikTok star or something?”

Gemma, for her sake, had a fantastic poker face.

You and Sabrina on the other hand... well, Katherine immediately picked up on something as the two of you glanced at each other in a panic.

"What?" Katherine asked. "Seriously, what?"

"I... think you guys should go," Sabrina said to you and Gemma.

"Are you sure?" you asked, not wanting to leave her alone for this.

"Yeah. I need to talk with my sister," Sabrina said.

"OK, now you're really worrying me," Katherine said.

"We'll go to the coffee place down the block," Gemma offered, getting up and heading for the bedroom to grab her clothes with you fast behind her.

"Seriously, what's going on?" Katherine asked.

You were dressed slightly before Gemma since you didn't have a bra to manage and you went back out to the twins. You leaned down and kissed Katherine on the forehead and she looked at you with concern. "Just remember your sister loves you," you said. Then you turned and kissed Sabrina softly on the mouth. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. Thanks, baby," she nodded.

"Call us when you need us," Gemma said as we got on our shoes and went out the door.

We didn't say anything until we were in the elevator.

"Fuuuuuck," Gemma groaned softly.

"I didn't want to leave her alone, but I'm also so glad I don't have to be there for that," you said.

She reached over and took your hand, squeezing it tightly in agreement.

## Chapter 216

You and Gemma ended up with new coffees sitting at a table in the coffee shop.

“Should we be worried?” you asked. “I feel like we should be worried.”

“I don’t know,” Gemma sighed, shaking her head. “It’s not just that they’re sisters, right? They’re twins. If someone else ever puts two and two together, they could just as easily think it’s Katherine. Sabrina has been playing with fire this whole time... It’s probably better that Katherine knows just in case.”

The two of you sat, holding hands most of the time, as you tried to talk about anything other than the discussion happening back in the apartment. You ended up speculating on what Joy was doing - she likely did actually get another internship offer through her mother’s connections. Was there a chance she would try and get revenge? It didn’t really make sense as to how that could happen now, especially with Garrison on your side and the other Partners in the know as to what happened.

But still, it felt weird knowing that you had an *enemy* out there. You’d never had an honest-to-God villain in your life before.

Eventually the conversation slipped from Joy to Eric and how he might have been doing on his podcast tour. Neither you nor Gemma were interested in outing yourselves for random internet clout, so you sort of were counting on Eric to hold his tongue as to who you were. Hopefully, he would be able to get whatever he wanted out of the whole thing without dumping it back in your laps.

The conversation shifted again, and you tried to bring it around to happier things and started brainstorming about dates the two of you wanted to go on. Or the three of you for some things. Gemma wanted to do a trip to the beach, which would mean a bunch of driving. You wanted to do an amusement park, and she teased you about needing to win *two* big stuffed bears for your girlfriends. She wanted to go to a play. You wanted to take her to a concert.

You both wanted to spend as much time together as possible before you would need to part for the school year.

When your phone rang, Gemma had shifted around the table and was sitting right next to you with your arm around her as you were trying to figure out what beach would be best to travel to for a weekend - the drive would probably take up an entire Friday no matter where you picked, so you’d only get a Saturday at the beach itself before needing to come back on the Sunday.

“It’s Sabrina,” you said as you pulled out your phone. You answered it and lifted it to your ear, and Gemma pressed her head close to listen. “Hey, baby. Everything OK?”

“No, but yes,” Sabrina sighed. “You guys can come back now. Katherine is still here.”

“OK,” you said. “We’ll be there in a few.”

“Thanks, babe,” she said.

You and Gemma quickly tossed your garbage and headed out. Back in the elevator heading up to Sabrina’s apartment, Gemma grabbed your hand again and squeezed. “I’m just saying, if Katherine wants another fuck, you should definitely give it to her,” Gemma said. “Anything to help keep their relationship being OK.”

“I doubt that’s what will help, Gemma,” you said with a chuckle.

“Well, I’m just putting it on the table,” she said. “Your dick can fix a lot of problems.”

“Is that so?” you asked.

“Yes,” she said with a grin, stepping close and looking up at you with a little smile. “It’s so.”

Gemma knocked on the door when you got to the apartment, and Sabrina called for you guys to come in. You both glanced at each other, steeling yourself for whatever was about to happen and then entered.

Katherine was standing near the couch, and Sabrina was back in the bedroom doing something.

“So,” you said. “Everything OK?”

“Depends,” Katherine said. “I’m kind of annoyed that you’ve been helping her do this. And the fact that you figured her out doesn’t really make me confident in the whole ‘keeping it anonymous’ thing.”

“So she told you everything?” Gemma asked.

“Of course I did,” Sabrina said, coming back into the living room. She was dressed in pyjama pants now with her robe instead of just panties. “I mean, I had to do it eventually and there was no point in keeping any of it a secret when she knew the biggest piece. I really should have just talked to her about it before I ever did anything to begin with.”

“Everything is OK between you, then?” you asked.

“No,” Katherine said. “But it will be. I’m mad, obviously. And I need to see everything that’s been put out there.”

“You want to watch...?” you started.



“Want? Or need to?” Katherine said. “Yeah, I need to watch all the porn my twin sister made so I know what could come crashing out of the sky at me someday. And because you two knew about it, and I need to go through this awkwardness, I think it’s fair that you have to watch it with me.”

You blinked. Gemma worked her jaw a few times, not sure what to say.

“It’ll be *fiiine*,” Sabrina assured the two of you. “John, you’ve seen it all already anyways, and are in some of it. Gemma, it’s not like we haven’t done more together than what I did on camera.”

“It’s still weird,” Gemma said. “To watch it with your sister.”

“How do you think I feel?” Katherine asked.

“Fair,” Gemma sighed.

“Alright,” Katherine said, taking charge. “We’re all squeezing together on the couch.”

“We’re doing this right now?” you asked.

“Well, I leave in six hours for my train, so it’s now or we put it off and ruin the whole day,” Katherine said.

“Now it is, I guess,” you sighed.

The four of you ended up on the couch, Sabrina’s laptop straddled between Sabrina and Katherine’s laps as you sat next to Katherine on the outside and Gemma sat next to Sabrina.

“Might as well start from the beginning,” Katherine said.

Sabrina started navigating through her files. “Just- Look, the quality shot up in a short time, so the first stuff isn’t that great.”

“Are you really asking me not to judge the *quality* of the porn you made?” Katherine asked.

“... OK, yeah,” Sabrina said. Then she selected the first video, the one you knew was a striptease and some sexy dirty talk. “This is what’s paying for this apartment, and my next year of school. Meet Kat18.”

## Chapter 217

“Are you hard?” Katherine asked. You’d gotten through several of Sabrina’s solo videos of her stripping, and then doing a ‘body tour’, and then nipple play, and had just finished her first fingering video.

“OK, come on,” you said. “That’s not weird, she’s my girlfriend and it’s her naked. Of course I got hard.”

“I guess that’s fair,” Katherine grumbled. “OK, play the next one.”

There were a few different fingering videos, and then a vibrator one, and then dildos.

“Oh, just take it out already,” Katherine said when you had to adjust yourself again between videos.

“No, *that* would be weird,” you said.

“Baby, just take it out,” Sabrina said.

You glanced around Katherine to your girlfriends, who both nodded that you should.

“Uh, alright,” you sighed and stood up, stripping off your pants and letting your cock out the front hole of your boxers before sitting back down.

“Better?” Katherine asked.

“... Yes,” you admitted.

The next few videos got a little more varied, and the quality was going up. ‘Kat18’ did some ASMR stuff, and some close-up videos. Then she started playing with an anal plug, and then beads.

“Did the beads really feel good?” Katherine asked when that one was over.

“Yeah,” Sabrina said. “Which is frustrating because you’d think with our whole thing they wouldn’t. But it’s just a quick stretch of the butthole for each bead, so it’s not a protracted thing and having the feeling of them inside was hot.”

“Weird,” Katherine sighed.

“You can borrow them if you want, take them back home with you,” Sabrina offered.

“Ew,” Katherine said, then got a thoughtful look. “Uh, maybe. If you washed them.”

“Of course I washed them,” Sabrina said. “I’m not an animal.”

“Says the girl who-”

“We promised not to ever bring that up,” Sabrina interrupted her sister.

“Fine, point taken,” Katherine said, looking apologetic.

The next video was the one in the restaurant with you.

“This was the first day John and I started really flirting,” Sabrina said at the start. “He was so cute, and this turned me on so much.”

As you all watched the events unfold you glanced to Katherine who was watching the screen raptly, the tip of her tongue wedged into the corner of her lips. And then she glanced from the screen to your dick beside her a couple of times.

And then she put her hand on your cock. She didn’t stroke it or anything, just held it through the video.

“Next,” she said when it ended.

Gemma made eye contact with you behind the sister and gave you a little shrug.

The next video was a solo one, which didn’t spark anything more, but the next one was your first ‘scene’ with Sabrina where she called you Daddy and blew you. Katherine’s grip on your cock got firmer as she watched, and she slowly started to stroke you and stopped when the video ended. The next video was one of the filler videos you’d made last week to stretch out the content more, and was another blowjob.

“That was the last one that’s posted,” Sabrina said. “Do you want to see the stuff we have lined up?”

“Yes,” Katherine nodded.

Things only got more intense. By the time you got to the last one, where you had dominated Sabrina on her bed with all the toys, Katherine was breathing deeply and stroking you regularly.

“That’s the last one in the lineup,” Sabrina said. “What did you think?”

“I can see why people think it’s hot and guys would pay for it,” Katherine said, her hand coming to a rest but still holding you by the shaft.

“Not just guys, we have girl fans too,” Sabrina said. “Hold on, you need to see this...” She took out her phone and opened up Twitter. “John’s dick has a fan account.”

Katherine let go of you to take the phone, and soon she was reading out the tweets and giggling. “This is so wrong.”

“But so fucking funny,” Gemma smirked.

“And you don’t do any of this stuff?” Katherine asked Gemma. “No OnlyFans content or anything?”

“No,” Gemma shook her head. “Definitely not for me. Private nudes to these two, sure. But I’m not putting anything online.”

“So what do you think?” Sabrina asked her sister.

Katherine thought about it for a long moment, pursing her lips and lowering the phone. “I think you owe me big time,” she finally said. “And I won’t tell Mom and Dad. Or Emma. But you definitely owe me.”

“Thanks, twinsie,” Sabrina said and wrapped her sister in a hug.

“Just stop making rash decisions that could affect both of us,” Katherine grunted, hugging her back.

“I won’t. Promise,” Sabrina said. Then she let go and sat back. “So... to start paying you back, do you want to fuck John again?”

“Hey,” you said.

“Baby, she’s been stroking your cock for almost an hour,” Gemma pointed out.

“That’s... fine...?” you said.

“No, I don’t think I should fuck John again,” Katherine said, then turned to you. “No offence. I *want* to, but it’s probably not a good idea to do it more than once a visit.” Then she turned back to the girls. “Instead, to start paying me back, I want to watch John fuck Gemma so we can be even between sis-in-laws if that ever happens.”

Gemma looked surprised. Sabrina looked elated.

“You want-?”

“You sleep with my twin on a regular basis at this point,” Katherine said. “So you know what I look like naked, and what my O-face is like, and lots of really personal things. So to make things fair, I want to watch you get fucked by studly here so that I don’t feel like we’re on an uneven playing field.”

“Will you do it please, Gemma?” Sabrina asked, turning to the blonde and taking her hands. “For me?”

Gemma looked at you after blowing out a long breath. “If you’re willing, I’m fine with it,” you said. “But only if you’re actually willing.”

Gemma looked back to the twins. “I- uh- Fuck it. Fine, we’ll bang with an audience. It’s not that much different from yesterday.”

“Great,” Katherine said, then smirked. “Oh look, he’s hard. How about right now?”

## Chapter 218

“Hi,” you said, looking at Gemma as you both stood next to the bed naked.

“Hi,” she said back with a little smile, flushed at the weirdness of having both Katherine and Sabrina in the room just watching the two of you.

You didn't want her to feel that way, so you reached up and cupped the back of her head, pulling her into a kiss. Her nipples brushed against your chest as she leaned into it, stepping closer as her hands found your upper arms. Your other hand found her hip, squeezing softly. When you pulled away from the kiss she was a little less visibly awkward and smiled a little more.

“Love you,” you said.

“Love you too,” she said, and her smile reached up to her eyes.

“I want to taste you,” you told her. She nodded and sat back on the bed as you knelt on the ground between her legs.

“God, those tits are amazing,” Katherine sighed. She was sitting up on the dresser, still stripped down to her shirt and panties, and was leaning forward a little with the heel of her palms keeping her balance on the edge of the dresser.

“I'm right here,” Gemma said, then sucked in a soft breath through her nose as you started to kiss up her wonderfully bare thighs.

“Sorry. You've got amazing tits,” Katherine corrected.

Gemma snorted a little laugh and rolled her eyes. “You and Sabrina are so alike.”

“Hey now,” Sabrina said from where she was leaning against the doorway, still in her robe and pyjama bottoms. “You know I wouldn't just say it. I'd motorboat those amazing titties too.”

Gemma grabbed her heavy breasts and pressed them together in a silent tease of an offer. Then she squeezed them hard as you reached her pussy with your lips and started to nibble and lick her. She wasn't flushed with arousal yet but was on her way, and you wanted her to enjoy this as much as she could even if it wasn't quite the natural desire you usually had for each other.

The twins were quiet for a bit as you worked on Gemma, who flopped onto her back and moaned softly, switching between pawing at her own breasts and reaching down to run her fingers through your hair.

“Fuck, baby,” she groaned as you drove your tongue into her. “I love you so fucking much. Your tongue... oh, God, your tongue...”

“He’s got a great tongue,” Katherine agreed in a hoarse whisper.

“Yeah he does,” Sabrina agreed as well.

“Hey, peanut gallery,” you said, breaking from Gemma for a moment. “Keep it down out there.”

“Boo, this is an interactive experience,” Katherine said. “How’s it feel, Gemma?”

“So fucking good,” Gemma moaned softly with a little smile on her lips. “He knows how to tease just right. And when he runs his tongue up my pussy lips and swirls around my clit without touching it my knees want to go weak just waiting for him to actually touch it. And he’s so good, tasting and teasing my hole...”

“God damn, Gemma,” Sabrina muttered. “We should get you to do some erotic readings or something. You’re so hot when you talk filthy.”

“Mmm, no,” she gasped. “Never. Only for John.”

“Thank you, love,” you said from between her legs.

She went back up onto her elbows so she could look down at you as she ran her fingers through your hair and watched you work on her pussy. She didn’t get to an orgasm, but she was enjoying herself a lot more when you finally stopped.

“Suck his dick,” Katherine prompted.

“Mmm, gladly,” Gemma said. “Come here, love.” She had you get up on the bed on your knees and positioned you so you were side-on to your audience and got on her own hands and knees so that she could start sucking you.

“Ffffuck,” you breathed. “I love your mouth, Gemma.”

“Hmmmghmmm,” she hummed back.

“She knows,” Sabrina translated.

“You speak Cockese, huh?” Katherine teased.

“Fluently,” Sabrina laughed, then stuck out her tongue at her sister.

“Can she deepthroat?” Katherine asked.

Gemma answered by sliding your cock into her throat until she was pushing her nose against you. Then she flashed Katherine the finger before she slurped her way back off. "I do everything with him," she said after a quick cough to clear her throat.

"Suck that tasty cock some more," Katherine said in that husky voice again, leaning forward as she eagerly watched.

Gemma went back to work on you, bathing your cock and ball with her tongue and lips. Jerking you off as she sucked on your sack. Then she went up on her knees and got your cock between her tits, smirking at you as she did something that the twins couldn't and jerked you off with her boobs. You could see the spark of her teasing in her eyes as she looked up at you and kept eye contact as she worked your cock with her wonderfully smooth and pillowed tits, her spittle from all the sucking the only lube needed.

"I want you," you told her.

"How do you want me, love?" Gemma asked, slowing her titfucking and pinching her own nipples a little.

"Ride him," Katherine suggested.

"I asked my boyfriend how he wants me, not the peanut gallery," Gemma shot over to Katherine.

"Missionary to start," you said. "But I want you on top, too."

"OK, baby," she said, rolling onto her back and assuming the position. You couldn't help yourself and you kissed her as you slid your fingers over her glistening pussy, fingering her softly. She grabbed your head and kissed you hard, then pulled you to kiss her neck as she whispered to you. "Fuck me, love. Make her regret not taking her opportunity with you again. And when I'm on top you're going back in my ass so I can show them both that I'm your three-hole love slut."

You didn't move from necking on her as you shifted your stance and got your cock into position, gliding the head between her lips and nudging around her clit for a long moment before getting into position and slowly entering her.

"Oooh, fuck yes," Gemma groaned happily. "So fucking good, my love. Fill me. Stretch me. I'm so fucking yours."

"Yes you are," you said, coming up from kissing her and grabbing her tits with both hands to squeeze them together and then bending and sucking hard on one nipple and then the other. "You're all mine."



Out of your peripheral vision, you could see that both of the twins hadn't shifted from their positions, watching with wide eyes and mouths slightly gaped open in mirror images of each other. And they both had their hands down their pants or panties, slowly fingering themselves in almost perfect sync.

## Chapter 219

You started slow, fucking Gemma with long strokes that you knew would build her horniness. The two of you had already had sex that morning when you woke up so it didn't take either of you that long to get into the groove again and soon you started to push up the intensity.

"That's it, love," she moaned. "Fuck my pussy. God, make it yours again and again. Make my titties bounce for you. Unngh, you fucking beast, I love you so much."

You sat up higher, giving your audience a better look at the both of you as you pumped Gemma hard and fast. She reached up and ran her fingers down your chest to your stomach and then back up to your shoulders, licking her lips as she stared into your eyes.

Grabbing one of her legs, you shifted her slightly as you brought it up onto your shoulder, tilting her body towards the twins. You pressed down on her leg a bit, really using your hips to fuck into her, and with the closer hand you palmed one of her big tits and massaged it. With the other, out of view of the girls, you grabbed her ass and slid your fingers into her cheeks to feel for the pucker of her asshole and start nudging at it with a fingertip.

"Oooh, John," Gemma moaned. "Oh, baby. Oh, God, you're going to make me come soon."

"You gonna squirt, Gemma?" Sabrina asked from the doorway. You glanced over and saw that she'd stopped trying to keep any propriety at all - her pyjama pants were lowered down to her thighs as she was jilling herself off openly and her robe hanging loose, revealing one of her small breasts.

"Mmm, I might," Gemma panted. You slipped your middle finger into her butt up to the first knuckle and she gave a little hiccup. "I really might."

"Fuck, this is so hot," Katherine grunted from her position. She was a little more discrete than her sister if only because she still had her shirt on. She had one hand up inside playing with her pierced nipples while the other had pulled her black thong aside and was fingering herself with two fingers.

You got your finger up to the second knuckle in Gemma's ass and pushed deep with your cock, leaning down to kiss her heavily.

"Love you," you growled to her softly. "So fucking much."

"Yes, baby. Oh, I'm so fucking close," she groaned.

"Don't," you said. "Hold it, not yet."

"O-OK," she said, starting to strain a bit.

You worked a second finger into her butt beside the first.

“Please, John?” she begged.

“Wait for it,” you said. You pulled out of her pussy entirely and then went back in, and then did it again, fucking her hole entirely. Then you gave her five rapid-fire thrusts as you let go of her tit and pushed your thumb against her clit. “Now, you beautiful cunt,” you growled.

“Uuuuuungh,” Gemma exhaled heavily as she relaxed her grip and her orgasm washed through her. “John!” She came in a gush of juices, immediately soaking the sheets beneath you as her legs shuddered and she clawed at the bed and bucked her hips up at you, fucking your cock and fingers inside as she clenched her holes.

“Holy shit,” Katherine groaned, almost falling off her perch on the dresser as she came as well.

As soon as Gemma had come down and caught her breath, she pushed you off of her and onto your back with your head at the top of the bed and she climbed onto you with her back facing the girls. Then she reached back and took hold of your cock and got it into position and pushed down.

“Fuck yes, right there,” Gemma moaned happily. “Oh, fuck, my love. Fuck my hooooole.”

She was doing most of the fucking since she needed to be in control at first. Your only lube was spit and girlcum, so you were a little worried about Gemma taking on more than she could. She got about half of your cock into her and was using her hips to rock back and forth as she took another inch when Katherine got ahold of herself after her own orgasm.

“Wait- is he in your ass?” she asked.

“Fuck yes he is,” Gemma gasped. “And I fucking love it.” And she sat down all the way, taking you to the root.

“Fuuu-huuuck,” you groaned, feeling that tight, hot core of her envelope your cock. She leaned down, stirring you inside of her a bit, and kissed your face as she cupped your cheeks.

“I love you in my ass,” she whispered to you. “I really am turning into a buttslut for you.”

“I love being with you in every way,” you said. “But your ass is something special.”

She grinned and kissed you.

“You gotta be kidding me,” Katherine huffed as she went back to fingering herself, her legs stretched wider with her heels up on the edge of the dresser, spreading herself lewdly.

“She’s a perfect girlfriend,” Sabrina said.

“Hey, so are you,” Gemma said, turning to look back at Sabrina at those words and incidentally putting one of her tits in your face. “Seriously. We talked about this. We give him different things, but we’re both equal.”

“I know, I know,” Sabrina said, waving to assure Gemma. “I’m just jealous of the butt stuff.”

“Good,” Gemma said and then turned back to you. She started to fuck her ass on your cock more heavily, holding onto your shoulders and letting her blonde hair fall around the two of you as you did your best to thrust up to meet her.

“How close are you, baby?” she asked you quietly.

“Getting close,” you grunted. “You?”

“I feel amazing, but not too close,” she whispered. “When you’re ready to pop, you should go spray Katherine.”

“Really?” you asked.

She nodded, still working her hips. “On, not in.”

It took another couple of minutes of intensifying fucking to get you there, and she knew it when your grip on her thighs shifted and tightened. Gemma grinned, your faces hidden by her hair, and then she sat up and reached back to massage your balls just as they were feeling swollen and ready to burst. Then she slipped off of your cock with a weirdly wet *schlick* sound and fell to the side, giving you a straight shot to slide down the bed and stand right in front of Katherine as she was still lewdly spreading and fingering herself.

Katherine’s eyes went wide as you stood to your feet and grabbed your cock, quickly stroking yourself and then groaning wordlessly as you unleashed five big spurts of cum across her thighs, hand and belly as she pumped her fingers into her own orgasm while she leaned back against the wall. Sabrina fell to her knees, jamming her own fingers into herself as she came as well, but never looking away from you covering her sister in your cum.

You fell back against the bed, your cock already starting to soften a bit in your hand, as you panted hard.

“Best. Trip. Ever,” Katherine groaned as her legs fell slack and she pulled her fingers from herself, raising her hand to lick a glob of cum off the back of her hand.

## Chapter 220

“Get yourself a man who can love you like a teddy bear and fuck you like an animal, twinsie,” Sabrina said with a smile as she hugged Katherine.

After the ‘show,’ you’d all needed to clean yourselves up a bit and then Sabrina took everyone out for brunch. Again, you had been struck by how weirdly normal things felt even though you could clearly picture what streaks of your cum looked like on Katherine’s body while you were sitting with your arm around Sabrina.

After brunch the four of you took a walk downtown, passing by the office, and then further to a park that had a little cultural festival going on. You spent the next couple of hours there and ended up buying a flower for each of the girls to put in their hair. Then, as the afternoon wore on, Katherine was running out of time for her trip and you and Gemma went back to the coffee shop from the morning while Sabrina and Katherine went up to pack her things and have some sister-time.

When they came back down they were all smiles, and the four of you had ridden out to the train station to see Katherine off.

“I’ll try, but I don’t know if I could handle your kind of situation,” Katherine said as she squeezed Sabrina back.

“Just don’t fall for him at the exact same time as someone else,” Sabrina smirked. “Or do. I’m having hella fun with Gemma, too.”

“Yeah you are,” Gemma smiled, stepping forward and offering Katherine a hug. “No hard feelings for anything that happened this weekend from me, OK?” she said quietly.

“Me either,” Katherine agreed, hugging her back and then turning to you. “Come here, big guy.”

You stepped forward and swept her into a hug, and she squeezed you tight enough that you let out a little grunt. “If you hurt my sister I’ll kill you,” she whispered to you.

“And I’d deserve it,” you whispered back and then kissed her on the cheek. “Have a safe ride back.”

Katherine hugged Sabrina one more time and then grabbed her suitcase and got onto the train, waving over her shoulder with a big smile.

You three waited until the train was pulling away, waving to Katherine through the window, before any of you said anything.

“Is she planning to come back any time soon?” Gemma asked.

“Why, want to take a run at my sister?” Sabrina asked with a little smirk.

“No- Well, I would if that’s what happened, but no,” Gemma laughed. “It’s just been a wild as fuck weekend. Two of you really amp up the chaos.”

“Yeah, we have that effect on things, even before we both turned into kinky bitches,” Sabrina laughed.

Both of your girls fell in beside you, Sabrina slipping her arm through yours and Gemma taking your hand. “So, I think we need some us-time,” you said. “How does my place sound for tonight. Just snuggling and watching Castle?”

“That sounds amazing, but it’s a Sunday,” Sabrina sighed.

“Sabrina, sweetie, we stashed clothes at his place, remember?” Gemma said.

“Oh, shit! I totally forgot,” Sabrina laughed. “Then yes, absolutely. Snuggles and Nathan Fillion is the evening I want.”

“And maybe one fuck,” Gemma said quietly.

“Just one,” Sabrina agreed.

“And a blowjob,” Gemma said.

“Or two,” Sabrina said.

“I think my cock might fall off if you two keep going at me like this,” you said.

“That would actually be pretty handy if it stays hard,” Gemma teased. “We could use your dick as a dildo on each other as much as we want, and then snuggle with you and get all the emotional stuff with after.”

“I’m hiding all the scissors and knives when we get to my place,” you grumbled, making both of them laugh.

“I love you, John,” Sabrina said, hugging herself tighter to your arm.

“I love you too, John,” Gemma said, squeezing your hand.

“How did I get so lucky?” you asked. “I love both of you, too.”

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There was a sock on your apartment doorknob.

“Didn’t we discuss that this wasn’t the way to signal things?” you asked.

“Pretty sure we did,” Gemma agreed.

You sighed and knocked on the door loudly a couple of times and waited. When there wasn’t an answer or any noise, you keyed open the door and went in.

“Well, that’s something,” you said with wide eyes.

Tasha’s ass was pointed right at the three of you over on the couch. It looked like she was in a 69 position and Mosche was under her, but they’d both fallen asleep. There was a bottle of vodka, about a third full, and several empty beer bottles on the coffee table near them along with a half-eaten pizza.

“Damn, she’s got a nice ass,” Sabrina giggled quietly.

“I can literally see her asshole, that’s so weird,” Gemma sighed.

“You two go back to my room, I’ll make sure they’re not dead,” you said.

“How are you gonna do that? Cop a feel?” Sabrina smirked.

“No, I- Sabrina, that would literally be sexual assault,” you said.

She shrugged. “I bet Tasha would be into it.”

You rolled your eyes and went over to the naked couple, thankful that Tasha’s body was covering Mosche’s. You softly put your fingers to her neck and felt a pulse, and then did the same to Mosche.

Thankful that they hadn’t killed each other or anything, you went and grabbed an old blanket from the front closet that you remembered seeing and brought it over to cover them up, ‘tucking them in’ so to speak.

“Aw, no more booty,” Sabrina said from the hall, and you turned to see her walking naked over to the kitchen.

“Sabrina, what the fuck?” you hissed quietly.

“Oh, it’s fine, baby,” she said, going to the cupboards and stretching on her tiptoes to grab down three glasses. “They’re out of it and won’t see anything. I just wanted to be prepared for later because I don’t plan on leaving that bed for anything.”

Her stretching had done wonderful things to her jiggling booty, and you slid up behind her in the kitchen and wrapped your arms around her as she filled up the glasses from the sink. “Everything good from this weekend, or are you worried about anything?”

She shook her head, smiling softly. “Everything’s good. Katherine won’t out me to my family or anyone else, and she got a good fuck and hot show out of it. You and Gemma finally talked. You love me and I love you. Joy isn’t at work anymore, and our business is popping off. I am very, very happy.”

“Good. You deserve it,” you said, leaning down and kissing her right on the spot on the side of her neck that drove her wild and made her giggle. “Now, are we watching an episode of Castle before we fool around, or waiting until after?”

She turned in your arms and kissed you softly. “Before,” she said, and kissed you again. “During.” Another kiss. “And after. Nathan Fillion is good for all times and places.” Then she ducked out of your arms carrying two of the water glasses and leaving you to pick up the third from the counter.

“You know,” you said. “We may need to talk about this thing you’ve got for the Fillion. I’m not cool with Hall Passes.”

“So you wouldn’t want to have sex with Angelina Jolie if you had the chance?” Sabrina asked.

“Why would I?” you responded. “I have you and Gemma. I don’t need anyone else.”

She stopped and turned, kissing you again. “Neither do I,” she grinned.



## Chapter 221

Work, it turned out, felt way better with more distance from the Joy situation. Not only was it simply more peaceful, but it gave you, Gemma and Sabrina time to focus on building more mentorship connections with Garrison. He had meetings with each of you, one a day, establishing new boundaries and mostly posing legal questions and giving you homework on ethics and philosophy.

What was more important, truth or loyalty? Should you prioritize short-term punishment or long-term reform? Should you value the individual or the community more when it comes to their rights?

Does mercy have a place in justice?

It was difficult stuff that ended up sparking debates among the three of you both at work and when you got together with the girls individually or in a group. And the fact that you didn't always agree, were able to argue and always feel heard and valued at the end of each discussion, left you feeling light in the chest and head.

Eric was back from his trip and raved on Monday morning about going on his little podcast tour, showing you three and Andy a bunch of pictures of him as he rattled off the names of people you had never heard of like they were major celebrities. By Tuesday he was planning his own podcast and you had to turn him down about co-hosting, but offered to help him research what he needed to get started equipment-wise - it turned out it wasn't much more than a smartphone with a decent plug-in microphone, but of course that wasn't enough for him. Eric wanted top-quality equipment so he would look professional.

The flip side of things was that while he was getting excited about the podcasting (which also kept him distracted from asking questions about the mentorship thing with Garrison), he was also left feeling a little hollow because by mid-week he wasn't getting nearly as many shout outs and likes on his social media platforms. The connections were drying up.

You worried he was going to get hungry for more content and chase the endorphin dragon.

Sabrina took you out on Tuesday for a quiet date night at the movies, and you held hands and made out in the theatre and couldn't tell Gemma a single thing about the movie the next day. Then Gemma took you out on Wednesday night to the same movie and made you sit and watch it, and it turned out it was really good - then the two of you fucked back at your place, and she fell asleep with your cum on her face and woke up in a panic the next morning needing to shower badly.

Thursday night you'd been hoping to spend time with both of them, but they apologized because they needed to do a Girl's Night with Becks because apparently her 'situationship' had broken up and Gemma and Sabrina wanted the cheer her up. Eric, catching wind that Gemma was

'blowing you off' for a Girl's Night, cornered you in the kitchen and went on a mini-rant about how you needed to be careful because guys who let their girls go out without them were asking to be cheated on.

You realized quickly that it wasn't a discussion, and he was repeating some sort of talking points he'd picked up from somewhere, so you just let him talk himself out, thanked him for his concern, and went back to work.

The fact that Gemma and Sabrina both kept you up to date with pictures from the bar all night, including both of them crashing at Becks' place that night for a slumber party and then sneakily taking a picture of Sabrina eating out Gemma in the bathroom of Becks' apartment late at night, had you very much not worried about your girlfriends cheating on you.

Friday, finally, you could be your unit together. Gemma had arranged your plans and brought you out to a little hole-in-the-wall kind of restaurant that turned out to be run by a lovely Polish family. The place was only half-full despite the fact that the food was delicious and you had to guess it was because of the kitschy decor that looked like it hadn't been updated since at least the 80s.

The three of you had been happily debating Garrison's latest ethical dilemma he'd set up based on current events - whether Parents had the *right*, legally, to dictate what schools taught or didn't teach their children. The three of you weren't really that far apart, mostly landing somewhere in the centre of the issue, and found yourselves hopping the fence back and forth in the discussion as you talked each other around with one point or another. You all agreed that it was too nuanced a case to come to a decision that night as dessert was served by the cute Polish waitress.

"M'kay," Sabrina said as she pointed down at her Papal Cream Cake after taking one bite. "This is really good."

"Can I have a bite?" Gemma asked.

"If I can have a bite of one of those Paczkis," Sabrina said. "They look like doughnuts."

"They are, and they're amazing," Gemma said. She held one of the deep-fried, sugared puffs of dough out to Sabrina to bite, and a big drop of the jelly landed on Sabrina's chin as she pulled away. That made them both laugh as she tried to lick it up and ended up needing to use her napkin, then Sabrina took a spoon full of her cream cake and fed it to Gemma.

"You two are so cute," you said with a smirk.

"You're just happy we share our delicious, cream-filled desserts so well," Gemma teased you.

“Maybe I am,” you laughed. You’d gone for a simple bowl of ice cream and were regretting not getting something a little more exotic sounding.

“Speaking of sharing,” Sabrina said, and then hesitated a moment. That got both your and Gemma’s attention. “So... John and I filmed more content on Tuesday, right? And we’ve got things scheduled out for a few weeks. But sooner than later we’ll need to do something... new. And the next thing that makes sense, since backdoor stuff isn’t working for me, is to add another... partner. And I wanted to talk to you guys about that.”

“I’m still definite on not wanting to be on camera,” Gemma said.

“No, I know,” Sabrina said, reaching over and grabbing her hand to assure her. “I wouldn’t want that for you, anyways. It’s a risk I chose to take, and even though it led to all this I’m still worrying a bit about someone else figuring it out. It means I can treat you guys to this dinner, but-”

You and Gemma both cut her off, demanding that you go dutch on the bill, and she accepted.

“But,” she continued, “I don’t think it would be the right fit for you, Gemma. Even though you’d make a killing.”

“So what are you asking then, baby?” you asked Sabrina.

“I want to organize a threesome with someone that isn’t... us,” Sabrina said. “Another girl, though I’m not sure who. Maybe another model and we make a content deal. There are even some actual pornstars who do collabs and stuff. Or someone more amateur. Or maybe just someone local who doesn’t know us too well and I could pay, or someone we know and trust. I dunno. I just wanted to open the conversation.”

Gemma looked at you, and you looked back.

“No guys,” Gemma said. “Threesome only?”

“For sure,” Sabrina nodded. “There’s a little part of me that would be interested academically in what two guys could be like, but I can get that from you two with the addition of a strap-on. Definitely another woman.”

“What do you think, love?” Gemma asked you.

“I think it makes sense content-wise,” you said. “So from a business perspective, it’s probably the right move. From a personal one, I can’t say enough that I am entirely happy to the point of being overwhelmed by the two of you so I don’t think I’d ever ask for it myself. I think our relationship can handle it, especially after last weekend.”

That made Gemma snort a little and Sabrina blush.

“OK, here’s what I’m thinking,” Gemma said, brandishing one of her doughnuts. “Yes, but I need to be there. And we make sure there’s an ironclad agreement that whoever this woman is, she gets totally fucked if she reveals anything about our personal lives or who we are.”

“I like it, but it might be weird if you’re just there hanging out while we film content,” Sabrina said.

“I’ll be the camerawoman,” Gemma said. “That way you’re not limited to the tripods and I can worry about your faces and stuff not getting on film.”

“You’re sure?” Sabrina asked, reaching across the table and taking Gemma’s hand again. “I don’t want to do anything to screw this up.”

“I am if you are,” Gemma said, and then they both reached for your hands. “Love?”

“Alright,” you agreed. “So we’re setting up a threesome.”

## Chapter 222

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I know what I’m thinking, but I’m the least important person in this decision,” Gemma said.

“No,” Sabrina shook her head. “You’re the *most* important person in all of this, Gemma.”

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

“I disagree,” Gemma shook her head.

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

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

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

“What about you, John?” Gemma asked.

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

“We’re just taking a breather,” Sabrina interrupted with a smirk.

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

“How did both of you get this turned back onto me making the decision?” Gemma sighed.

“Because we love and respect you,” Sabrina said with a smile, and then softly kissed Gemma’s stomach.

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

“Want me to encourage you?” Sabrina smirked.

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

“Make any decisions?” Sabrina asked a little while later.

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

"Yeah," Gemma sighed happily. "Yeah, I think I did."

"You gonna share?" you asked with a tired smile.

"Only after Sabrina cleans me up," Gemma teased.

"Mmmm," Sabrina giggled, then leaned down and started licking your cum off of Gemma's slick skin.

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

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

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

"Love you two," Gemma whispered.

"Love you too, babe," Sabrina said.

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

## Chapter 223

“So who should we fuck?” Sabrina asked.

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

The three of you had gotten up that morning and had a lazy Saturday morning that had been surprisingly un-sexual despite the casual lack of clothing you’d been sporting. Gemma had only worn one of your shirts around, and Sabrina had worn her own tank top without a bra along with a pair of your boxers. There’d been a little bit of grabass through breakfast and watching a couple of episodes of Castle, but not even a blowjob as the three of you took turns showering. Eventually you’d needed to get out of the apartment so you had taken a walk down to a park that was a couple of blocks from your place where Food Trucks gathered on a side street. Now the three of you were sitting on one of the benches together as you ate lunch.

“Why not?” Sabrina asked. “It’s not like anyone is listening.”

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

“OK,” Sabrina acquiesced. “Who should we *engage* with?”

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

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

“I don’t know if I’d want a piece of her,” you said.

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

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

“OK, let’s file her as ‘probably not,’” Gemma said.

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



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

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

“And she’s also dating Mosche,” you pointed out.

“Are they exclusive?” Sabrina asked. “Like, officially?”

“I... don’t know,” you said. “But does that matter?”

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

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

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

“Really?” you asked. “I mean, really?”

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

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

“Alright, so let’s put Tasha on the ‘probably not’ list,” Sabrina said, getting us back on track.

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

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

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

“Don’t even joke about that,” you said. “Ne-ver gonna happen if I’m involved.”

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

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

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

“Fair,” Sabrina nodded. “Let’s figure out how to ask her. I’m thinking we do another girl’s night and we can tell her a bit more about us three, and maybe rave a bit about John in bed to get her warmed up, then later on I’ll tell her about the content stuff and drop a hint that I’m looking for someone to do some anonymous content.”

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

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

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

## Chapter 224

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

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

And you loved it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We've still got almost two months," you reminded her.

"Almost," Gemma said. "And soon that'll be a month and a half, and then just a month. I'm just-John, I'm really happy right now. My semesters abroad were fun enough and helped me get

over my ex, but this summer... you and Sabrina are a change in my life that I don't want to lose. I don't want a clock on Us."

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

"God, get a fuckin' room or order," said a greasy-looking teenager from behind us.

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

"Um, Gemma, you've got something..." Becks said as we entered the office building.

"Hmm?" Gemma asked, giving Becks an oblivious look.

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

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

The look on Beck's face was priceless.

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

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

"What, that I've become a total whore for my boyfriend?" Gemma teased.

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

"Everything's working perfectly fine down there, no need to worry," you said.

"Very fine," Gemma agreed, shooting Becks a wink.

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

"Hah! We got her," Gemma laughed.

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

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

“I didn’t get you one,” you said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 225

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

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

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

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

"Sounds great, sir," Sabrina nodded.

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

"Got it," you nodded.

Garrison nodded and left.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Remember, she raised Joy,” Sabrina countered.

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

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

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

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

“What was that about?” you asked.

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

“Why though?” you asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Chapter 226

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Just blow him?” Gemma offered.

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s weird watching guys on a TV show while I’m having sex.”

“Just focus on Detective Beckett,” Gemma groaned softly. “She’s hot. Pretend I’m her.”

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

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

You ended up getting your bowl of slightly-melted ice cream after creaming Gemma’s bowels.

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

“We should really stop doing this,” Gemma sighed.

“What? Why?” you asked.

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

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

“Next year?” you asked.

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

“That’ll be nice,” Gemma sighed.

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

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

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

“So... I don’t get a say in this?” you asked. “I do have a place lined up already.”

Both of the girls gave you looks.

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

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

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

“OK, most nights,” Sabrina acquiesced.

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

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

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

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

“Not living out of suitcases,” Gemma laughed.

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

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

## Chapter 227

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

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

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

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

"Well... shit," he sighed. "I'm just getting tired of getting left out."

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

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

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

You almost dropped your water cup. "Um... what?"

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

It was real. It was Joy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey,” you said, raising an eyebrow at his antics. “What’s up?”

“Are you alone?” Mosche asked.

“... Yeah?” you replied.

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

“Dude, we discussed this. Sexy time are *supposed* to stay in our rooms,” you said. You didn’t mention walking in on him and Tasha in the 69-position and seeing *all* of Tasha’s undercarriage.

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

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

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

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

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

"Physically, mentally, emotionally...?"

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

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

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

"Are you exclusive?" you asked.

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

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

"I know," he said, sounding just a little whiny.

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

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

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

".... shut up," Mosche sighed.

"Wanna watch a movie?" you offered.

"Yeah, sure," Mosche nodded. "Pizza?"

"Sure," you agreed. You checked your phone again before turning on the TV and looking for something to watch. Gemma and Sabrina had sent you pictures of their outfits for their night out and they had looked great - great enough that you wanted to be with them. You trusted them

completely, but knowing they were out at a bar in the hot dresses they'd picked where guys would be hitting on them... Maybe you needed to work on that. Or maybe you just needed to put your foot down and go with them to that sort of thing.

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

## Chapter 228

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

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

But she still felt nervous for Sabrina.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

"So are you rethinking Becks?" Sabrina asked.

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

"But?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I can't believe how gullible I can be with you," Gemma laughed.

"Good to know I'm so sweet down there that you believed it," Sabrina teased.

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

"Just about," Sabrina nodded.

"Pictures for John before we leave?" Gemma asked.

"Dirty ones?" Sabrina asked.

"I was thinking regular ones," Gemma said. "You *are* wearing panties, right?"

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

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

"Yes, Mommy," Sabrina called back, making Gemma laugh.

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

## Chapter 229

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

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

“Exactly!” Becks said.

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

“Hipocrisy!” Sabrina agreed.

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

“Sure,” Gemma nodded, and Sabrina agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

“OK,” Sabrina nodded.

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

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

“Cheers,” Gemma agreed.

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

“John is our boyfriend,” Sabrina said confidently.

“Both of you, officially?” Becks asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“She has a boyfriend,” Sabrina said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, we do sometimes,” Gemma said.

“But others...” Sabrina grinned lasciviously.

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

## Chapter 230

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

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

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

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

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

“Told you,” Sabrina smirked.

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

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

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

“Damn!” Becks said.

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

“Fuck, that’s kinky,” Becks giggled.

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

“Sabrina!” Gemma scoffed.

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

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

“Wait, in your ass?” Gemma asked.

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

“Did you finish?” Sabrina asked.

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

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

“Nasty,” Becks giggled playfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Does John know?” Becks asked.

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

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

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

“Can I see?” Becks asked.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sabrina glanced over at Gemma with a soft smile and a twinkle in her eye. “Oh, it is,” she said. “You have no idea how horny I get during a scene when John is railing me just the way I like and

I know that sometime in the future thousands of men and women are going to watch it happen and think I'm the sexiest thing in the world. It's so fucking good."

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

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

## Chapter 231

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And Becks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No, the roommates fuckbuddy,” Gemma clarified.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s a cock, love,” Gemma said.

“A beautiful, sexy cock,” Sabrina agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, fuck," you grunted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 232

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

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

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

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

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

“Same,” she grinned.

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

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

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

“I thought you would,” she winked.

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

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

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

“Love you,” you said quietly with a smile for her.

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

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

"Something wrong, sir?" you asked.

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

"Not at all," Gemma said with a frown.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We aren't," you said. "But the person is... sort of."

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

"We will," Gemma grimaced and nodded.



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

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

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

You and Gemma went back to the conference room and told Sabrina what was going on and then quickly went onto your social media profiles and started putting them to private. You didn’t have any weird DMs or messages, but Gemma did have a DM request pending that she ignored.

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

*Oh, God,* you thought. “What’s up?”

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

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

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

“Totally uninterested,” Gemma agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You think?” you asked with a smile.

“I know,” Sabrina grinned.

## Chapter 233

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lots," you answered ambiguously. "Nervous. Excited. All of it."

"Horny," Sabrina murmured with a little grin.

"That too," you chuckled.

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

"Have I mentioned that I love you?" you asked her.

"Three times today," Gemma grinned.

"Well, I love you," you said.

"Four. I love you too," she said.

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

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

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

"Nothing too heavy, I hope?" Becks asked. "I don't want to feel too bloaty for... y'know."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I dunno, it's kind of scary," Becks chuckled. "What if someone saw?"

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

“You should flash John,” Gemma said.

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

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

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

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

“You think so?” Becks flirted back playfully.

“Definitely,” you said.

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

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

“Oooh my God,” Becks giggled hysterically.

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

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

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

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

“Mmm, I think so,” she agreed.

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

## Chapter 234

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not really?” Becks said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Uncomfortable?" you asked.

"No, not really. Just surprised," Becks said.

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

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

"Super hot," Sabrina grinned. "Anything else?"

"Are we doing anal?" Becks asked.

"Do you want to?" you countered.

"Maybe on Sunday?" she suggested. "I'll just want some time to prep."

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

"OK, if you think of anything else, just say it. Even if we're rolling on camera. I can always edit it out if it would spoil the scene or something," Sabrina said. "There's just one more thing then." She took a breath and blew it out slowly, flushing a little. "So, you've only seen the full restaurant video. When we're filming I've, um, well we've developed this personality roleplay thing. I'm like the mistress of John, who I call Daddy, and Gemma is his girlfriend who we just call Darling. And

I just go by the pet name Baby, though I guess you could also call me Kat since that's part of my user name."

"Daddy, huh?" Becks asked, smirking at you.

"Not my choice," you said.

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

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

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

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

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

"I guess that's a yes," Becks smirked.

"What do you want us to call you?" Sabrina asked.

"Hmm," Becks hummed, quicking her lips to the side in thought. "How about..."



## Chapter 235

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She ran her fingers down her fit stomach to her panties, spreading her legs to hint at the slit in the crotchless panties without revealing everything yet.

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

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

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

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

“Mmm, yes please,” Sabrina licked her lips.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 236

“OK, I have to admit it, that was pretty fun,” Becks said.

You had brought over a couple of wet cloths so that she and Sabrina could wipe themselves down, and now you and Gemma were standing there in your underwear as the two performers were still naked.

“You really did taste great, by the way,” Sabrina grinned at Becks. “And those tits - gawd, they’re almost as nice as Gemma’s.”

“Thanks,” Becks said deadpan, grabbing her boobs and looking over at Gemma’s bra-clad tits, but then she laughed.

“Uh oh,” Gemma said. “I know that look.”

Sabrina was looking at you, softly biting the inside of her lower lip. She’d just finished cleaning herself off but now she was softly stroking her outer pussy lips as she gazed at you.

“What, I wasn’t enough?” Becks asked.

“Sorry, but I think I need some dick,” Sabrina said, sliding over to you and taking your hands and putting them back on her ass as she went on her toes to kiss you. You decided to go with it and grabbed her bum hard, pulling her against you, and she hummed happily into your lips.

“OK, yeah, that’s kinda hot,” Becks said. “Did we look like that?”

“Sort of,” Gemma said. “You were hot, no doubt about that. But not like that. Sabrina just really loves John.”

“Yeah I do,” Sabrina said over her shoulder after breaking your kiss, then turned back to you. “Can I have some dick please, baby?”

“Don’t you mean Daddy?” Becks smirked.

“I wouldn’t want to make Becks uncomfortable,” you said, still holding Sabrina by her ass cheeks.

“Fuck it, this is the amateur porno weekend,” Becks said. “What do I care if the chick I just went lezzie with hops right onto a cock?”

Sabrina grinned wide and went down to her knees in front of you, dragging your briefs down to your knees and letting them drop and taking your hard cock into her mouth immediately as she moaned happily.

“God damn,” Becks said.

“Yeah, she’s a little cockdemon,” Gemma laughed.

“Excuse me,” Sabrina said, pulling her mouth off your dick and stroking it with one hand slowly. “I prefer the term ‘cock goblin,’ thank you very much.”

That made you and the others laugh as Sabrina went back to sucking on you.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Becks sighed, watching Sabrina blow you. She reached up and tweaked one of her nipples absently then looked to Gemma. “Can you take it down that easily?”

“Not quite, but I can deep throat him too,” Gemma said. “Which is kinda funny ‘cause he’s bigger than my Ex and I could never do that for him.”

“That’s ‘cause your throat knows who owns it,” Sabrina mumbled as she took your cock from her mouth and started kissing down the underside of the shaft, heading to your balls.

“Damn, Sabrina,” Becks said. “You’ve got a filthy mouth.”

“All the better to suck on these delicious, full, juicy balls,” Sabrina said, then took one of your nuts into her mouth.

Becks had stepped a little closer, getting a better view, and now you saw her run the tip of her tongue along her upper lip as she watched the filthy blowjob. “You really do have pretty nice cock, John,” she said.

“Thanks,” you said. “You’ve got a great ass.”

“Yeah, did you like getting it on camera?” she asked.

“Every moment,” you told her, realizing she was flirting hard and might still be horny herself. “My favourite shot was with you sitting on Sabrina’s face, leaning forward. It looked so fucking firm and plump at the same time, and you could see Sabrina’s chin as she drove her tongue up inside your pretty little hole.”

“‘Pretty little hole’ might be the nicest but lewdest way anyone has described my pussy,” Becks laughed.

Sabrina after she popped her lips off of sucking your balls and looked over her shoulder to Becks. “Are you going to come down here and getting some of this or not?”

“I thought we were doing the blowjob scene tomorrow morning?” Becks asked.

“Doesn’t mean you can’t have fun now,” Sabrina countered.

“I’m kind of having fun watching,” Becks said. “It’s hot.”

“Fine,” Sabrina said, then looked over her other shoulder to Gemma. “Gem?”

Gemma hesitated a moment, flushing a little as she glanced at Becks - the plan had never been that Gemma would be getting sexual in front of her again. But now, in the middle of it... she was obviously horny. She sighed and set down the phone she’d been recording on and got down on her knees next to Sabrina. “I just can’t resist,” she said to you, making you smile. Then she took your balls in her mouth as Sabrina went back to sucking your cock.

Becks shifted, getting closer until she was right beside you, looking down at your two girlfriends as they traded back and forth, sucking you off.”

“God damn, that’s hot,” Becks sighed. She was now fully rubbing between her legs. “How are you not blowing your load already?”

“Practice,” you said. “And concentration.”

“Lots of practice,” Sabrina giggled softly. “Over and over and over.”

“Can I watch you fuck them?” Becks asked.

“Sabrina, yeah,” you said. “Gemma is up to her.”

“Might as well,” Gemma said, reaching back and undoing her bra and slipping it off. “I’m gonna be seeing everything else.”

“Holy shit,” Becks said. “OK, I take back any ill will I had over the ‘almost as nice as Gemma’s’ comment. Those are fucking fantastic tits, Gem.” She got down on one knee and reached out, taking the blonde’s breasts in both hands and feeling them.

“Thanks,” Gemma said. “I grew them myself.”

That made you snort and chuckle at the lame joke.

“You want?” Sabrina asked, tilting your cock towards Becks.

The older woman leaned forward and looked up at you as she took a quick lick of the head, but then pulled back and stood. “Let’s save it for tomorrow,” she said. “I want to see you guys fuck.”

“You heard her, baby,” Gemma said, standing up and peeling off her panties. “You should probably start with Sabrina, though. I’m horny but she’s dripping.”

“Fuck yes,” Sabrina grinned, jumping to her feet and moving to the couch and planting her knees on the seat, leaning over the back to push her ass at you. “Fuck me, Daddy.”

You swatted her ass in a hard spank that just made her moan. “We’re not filming, Sabrina. No Daddy crap.”

Sabrina looked back at you over her shoulder with an exaggerated pout.

“Uh oh,” Gemma laughed. “I think we’re going to get a little wild tonight. She’s going full Brat mode.”

## Chapter 237

“Girl, you are fucking *covered*,” Becks laughed. She was leaning against the wardrobe in Sabrina’s bedroom almost exactly where Katherine had watched you and Gemma a couple of weekends ago. This time your watcher had watched both of your girls, and she’d gotten herself off a couple of times - especially when Sabrina had gone under the bed and pulled out her case of sex toys for Becks to use.

The rubber dildo was loosely hanging from one of Becks’ hands as she grinned sloppily, viewing your masterpiece.

Gemma really was covered in cum. You’d erupted after holding back your orgasm as long as you could - Two thick ropes were crisscrossing your Australian girlfriend’s face, another three across her upper chest and two more on her right boob. The left breast was clean because Sabrina had been busy sucking on Gemma’s nipple when you pulled out of Gemma and hosed her down.

“Mmm, and I love it,” Gemma said, licking her lips and then scooping some off her chin with a finger and bringing it to her mouth.

“Hmhmhmhm,” Sabrina hummed a laugh, already half-climbing over Gemma to start licking your cum off of her boob.

“Jesus, she’s like the energizer bunny,” Becks laughed, watching Sabrina. “She just keeps going and going.”

“We’ve fucked her out before,” you said. “But it takes a lot of effort.” You rolled off to the edge of the bed, sitting up and leaning over to kiss the pink ass cheek of Sabrina’s upturned bum before standing. “I need a shower.”

“Mind if I join?” Becks asked.

“Not at all,” you said. “Girls?”

“We’ll go after you,” Gemma waved you towards the washroom.

“I’m thinking pizza and a movie tonight?” you offered.

Gemma held up a thumbs up, and Sabrina just wiggled her bum happily as she continued licking and slurping.

Becks followed you into the washroom and you started the shower to get the water hot, then turned to her. “Having fun?” you asked.



“More than I thought I would,” Becks grinned. “Who woulda thunk I’d be horny for your cock, John? Remember when you could barely talk to me?”

“Remember when you wouldn’t return my hello’s?” you countered. “I was trying.”

“Not very well,” Becks said, stepping closer to you. She was a little taller than both Gemma and Sabrina, and one nipple brushed softly against your arm as she continued grinning. “I like this new, confident you.”

“So do I,” you said, reaching back to feel the water. “Almost ready. You want me to wash your back for you?”

“I’d like you to wash a bit more than that,” she said.

You decided all this flirting could come to a head, and you leaned forward and planted a kiss on Becks. She responded immediately, pushing her lips back at you firmly as she kissed you hard.

“That’s more like it,” she said. “I like a guy who isn’t afraid of what he wants.”

“What if I want a hell of a lot?” you asked.

“Try me,” Becks challenged you.

You took her hand and pulled her into the shower with you, then kissed her again as she pressed her body against you. You slid your now wet hands up and down her sides as she wrapped her arms back around your neck while you made out under the water. Then you grabbed those breasts that you’d been watching all afternoon and softly massaged them, treating them like you’d learned Gemma liked, and then slid both hands down her sides again and back to her ass.

“You gonna fuck me in here?” Becks asked.

“We’ll see,” you said, knowing that teasing her would yield better results in the long run. “You’re going to need to be patient though.”

“Oh yeah? Why is that?” Becks asked.

You kissed her again, squeezing her ass cheeks and pressing your half-hard cock against her stomach, but then reached behind her further and picked out Sabrina’s shampoo and squirted some into your hand. Becks was surprised, but let you turn her around and then you started washing her hair. She had to coach you a bit in how to handle her extensions, but soon you had it down.

“Oh... oh, fuck,” Becks sighed as you massaged her scalp. She reached back and put a hand on your bare hip. “Fuck, that’s nice.”

“You are so God damn sexy,” you said to her quietly, running your fingers through her hair. “Sexy body, obviously, but also your sexy personality. You’re fun, but can stay professional. You’re a tease, but not a cock tease. You’re a catch and a half, Becks.”

“Mmm,” she hummed.

You washed Becks all over, admittedly spending plenty of time feeling up her soapy breasts and ass, and then using your fingers to massage and then finger her pussy as she clung to you to stay standing as her knees got a little weak.

By the time you were finishing up washing her ankles and feet, Becks was flushed all over and when you stood up she turned around and put her hands on the shower wall, thrusting her ass back at you. “Fuck me,” she demanded. “I need that cock inside me.”

You grinned and pressed your body to hers, but slightly to the side as you let your completely hard cock push against her hip as you gave her fantastic butt a little spank. “Not tonight,” you said.

“What? Why not?” she said.

“Because patience is a virtue,” you said. “And I want you absolutely fucking dripping when I remind you that the colour of the cock doesn’t matter, what you do with it does.”

Then you went behind her on your knees and spread her cheeks and gave her a long lick from clit to asshole, and started eating her out. She was a little tart, just a different flavour than Sabrina or Gemma, but not bad. What you did enjoy was the way her pussy flowered open for you, and the way her asshole flexed as she breathed deeply.

When she came again, she came soft and quiet with little whimpers, and you let her fall back against you and helped her slide to the floor of the shower until you were holding her from behind on the ground.

“Holy fuck,” Becks sighed as the water beat down on your both.

“I’m looking forward to fucking you tomorrow,” you said to her quietly, reaching up and softly rubbing your fingers around her nipples.

“You are a fucking tease,” Becks laughed. “How do I feel so fucking fulfilled, but also so fucking horny at the same time?”

You gave her a kiss on the cheek and didn't answer her, then you both had to get up and get out, and she let you dry her with a towel before doing the same for you, teasing your hard cock with some strokes both with and without the towel.

When you left the bathroom, Gemma and Sabrina were both grinning.

"He gave you the shower treatment, didn't he?" Gemma asked.

"Of course he did, look at that expression," Sabrina laughed.

"Did you gals order the pizza?" you asked.

"Mhmmm," Gemma nodded. "Should be ready in ten."

"OK, I'll go grab it," you said, pulling on your briefs and then heading back out into the living area to find your other clothes.

"What am I supposed to do?" Becks asked, standing there naked as your girlfriends headed for the washroom.

Sabrina stopped and stooped to her case of sexy toys and tossed a vibrator to Becks. "Have fun and dream of big dicks," she said.

You heard laughter from the shower and a buzzing from the bedroom as you slipped on your shoes to go grab the pizza from down the street.

## Chapter 238

When you got back with the pizza all three of the girls were bundled up in robes, Sabrina having bought one for Gemma to keep there and lending one of her two to Becks. You quickly learned that Sabrina was otherwise naked, while Gemma and Beck had put on panties.

Sabrina's laptop was set up on the coffee table and soon the four of you were crammed onto the couch with *The Princess Bride* playing. Sabrina had manoeuvred it so that you were sitting between Gemma and Becks, with Sabrina on the other side of your guest. By the time the pizza was demolished you were halfway through the movie and both Gemma and Becks were snuggled up under your arms, while you softly ran your fingers along the back of Sabrina's neck. She glanced over at you with a smile and pouted her lips in an air kiss, then stuck out her tongue and pulled her robe aside to flash you a nipple.

After the movie Sabrina got up and skipped to the kitchen, going to the freezer and pulling out a gallon of ice cream and quickly preparing sundaes with whipped cream and chocolate chips, and then she queued up *I Love You, Man* and the seating got switched around... except somehow you ended up between Sabrina and Becks, with Gemma outside of Becks.

*"Casual lunch or after-work drinks,"* Andy Samberg's character said to Paul Rudd. *"You're not taking these boys to see The Devil Wears Prada."*

"Ooh, God I love that movie," Gemma said at the same time as Paul Rudd, making all of you laugh.

"I think we know what we're watching next!" Sabrina declared.

It was already 11 pm by the time she was queueing up the *Devil Wears Prada*, but all you had to do tomorrow was fuck, so did it really matter?

"God, this movie is stacked," Becks said as she was snuggling with Gemma and Sabrina. You'd been relegated to the outside, Sabrina's plan was apparently to keep Becks in the middle of the three of you for as much time as possible to overload her with warm fuzzy feelings. The fact that Sabrina was surreptitiously rubbing your cock through your pants out of view of the others was neither here nor there. "Meryl Streep is so good."

"Mmm," Sabrina shook her head. "It's Anne Hathaway for me."

"Are you kidding?" Gemma said. "This was pretty much Emily Blunt's breakout film. She's so good."

"Who's your favourite, baby?" Sabrina asked you.

“Well, they are all pretty great actresses,” you said. “And both Anne Hathaway and Emily Blunt are hot.”

“Not into GILFs, huh?” Becks chuckled.

“Hey, if Meryl Streep showed up at the door right now, I wouldn’t immediately say no,” you said. “But I mean, it’s Meryl Streep.”

“But who’s your favourite?” Gemma asked.

“In this film?”

“Overall,” Sabrina said.

“Stanley Tucci,” you said. “I love him in everything he’s in.”

“Damn it, I’m changing my answer,” Becks laughed. “He’s so right.”

It was almost 1 AM by the time the movie finished. The girls were all yawning, and even though the plan had been that Becks was going to bed down out on the couch, somehow the four of you ended up migrating to Sabrina’s bed together and climbing in under the covers. Sabrina was on one side of you, with Becks on the other and Gemma on the end spooning up behind Becks. The robes had been dropped, leaving Sabrina naked and the other two in just panties. You’d stripped back down to your briefs, but almost as soon as the lights were off and you were all snuggled in Sabrina was working your underwear down and taking hold of your cock.

“Is what I think is happening, happening?” Becks asked quietly in the dark.

“You mean am I getting John’s cock out so I can give him a sneaky blowjob?” Sabrina asked just as quietly.

“Is it sneaky if everyone knows about it?” Gemma asked.

“Well I was waiting until you bitches were asleep,” Sabrina said. “But you had to go and ruin it. Here, hold this.” She reached over and found Becks’ hand and brought it down to hold you by the root of your cock, then Sabrina slipped under the sheet and went down to start blowing you.

“Mmmgh,” you grunted softly.

“She’s good, huh?” Becks asked.

“No one better,” you said. “One person just as good.” You reached over and ran your fingers lightly through Gemma’s hair, making sure she knew you were talking about her.

“You haven’t gotten a blowjob from me yet,” Becks said. “You might change your mind.”

“I dunno,” Gemma said. “Sabrina *loves* his cock. You’re horny for it. Maybe even in lust with it once you take your shot. But not in love with it.”

“So are you, you buttslut,” Sabrina said from under the covers.

“True,” Gemma grinned in the dark. “I am a buttslut for the cock, and the man, that I love.”

“You three are fucking weird, you know that?” Becks laughed quietly. She was still holding your cock and giving it little squeezes.

Gemma fell asleep first, listening to the sounds of the blowjob, and Becks was next as her hand slipped from its grip and just rested on your hip as her naked breasts pushed against your arm. Feeling the change, Sabrina came up out from the sheet and peered through the dark to confirm the others were asleep, and then carefully straddled you and your cock pushed into her cunt as she sat down slowly with a sigh.

“I love you, John,” she whispered as she leaned forward and hugged you.

“I love you too, Sabrina,” you said, wrapping your free arm around her naked back.

“I’m just gonna fall asleep like this,” she said.

“What about-”

“You can come in me whenever you’re ready,” she whispered. “I just want to feel full of you.”

“OK,” you whispered, not sure if you would actually find an orgasm but happy to let her have this. “Sabrina, what’s, ah, your plan with Becks?”

“Don’t worry, baby,” she whispered, softly rotating her hips to tease you. “It’s just fun, and some work. I’m not trying to fold her into our thing. It’s you, me and Gemma against the world. Not that I wouldn’t mind having her over for some more fun in the future.”

“Neither would I,” you said quietly with a smile.

“I knew you wouldn’t,” Sabrina grinned as she rested her cheek on your chest. “And I knew because you’re as much of a horny pervert as I am.”

“Love you, my little pervert,” you chuckled softly.

“Love you too, my big pervert. Tomorrow you get to fuck this gorgeous cunt sharing a bed with us. Sweet dreams.”

## Chapter 239

“Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey,” Gemma said from the doorway to the room.

“Mmmphg,” you groaned as you slowly started to wake up, feeling the pressure of two bodies pressed against you.

“Seriously, you guys. I made eggs and bacon. Get your asses up,” Gemma said and yanked the sheet down the bed, revealing Sabrina laying on top of you and Becks laying in just her panties.

“Fuuuck,” Becks groaned and then yawned as she looked around and blinked, remembering where she was. She looked confused for a moment at Sabrina on top of you, then raised an eyebrow. “How long has that been going on?”

“All night,” Sabrina mumbled into your shoulder where she was burying her face from the light that Gemma had flicked on.

“Is he inside you?” Becks asked.

Sabrina nodded. “He slipped out for a while, but his morning wood let me put it back in.”

“Well, either ride it or hope off, bitch,” Gemma said, coming over and slapping Sabrina on the ass. “And remember you’re filming the blowjob scene this morning so if you make him blow now his load won’t be as big.”

“Hmmm,” Sabrina hummed a pout, and then she slowly swung her leg over and peeled herself from your cock, dismounting and rolling to the edge of the bed.

“God damn,” Becks laughed, reaching down and stroking your dick a couple of times. “He looks ready to blow.”

“I’ll be fine,” you said. “As long as we don’t decide to take today off and leave me with blue balls.”

“Now that you mention it...” Becks said but sparked a grin to show she was teasing.

You and Sabrina followed Gemma out of the bedroom, both staying naked. Gemma had on a fresh pair of panties but no bra, stripping off the apron she’d worn to make the bacon. Becks followed a moment later and caught you wiping off your cock with one of the wet cloths that were now a staple of Sabrina’s kitchen. She snorted and shook her head, but took a seat at the table without saying anything.

Breakfast could have been the four of you out at a Mcdonald's or something with the way the conversation flowed, talking about work and going back to school at the end of the summer.

Becks was surprised to hear that the three of you were planning on all trying to go to the same law school, figuring that this throuple thing was a summer fling, but thought it was sweet. You could tell she had reservations about how long it would last, but you couldn't blame her - she wasn't in it with you and the girls and didn't know how it felt. For most people you wouldn't think the long-distance could be overcome, but with the little bits and pieces of planning you, Gemma and Sabrina were putting together, you knew it would work.

Then the tone shifted a little.

"So, what did you think of last night?" Gemma asked, taking a bite from the last piece of bacon and then offering it to Sabrina, who took it from her with her teeth.

"Which part?" Becks asked. "There was the dinner, the lesbian porn shoot, watching a live threesome, the shower, the movies and snuggles... sleeping in the same bed as you. That's a lot."

"Average it out," Gemma chuckled. "It was a long night."

"Or just give highlights," Sabrina smirked.

"Um, highlights..." Becks thought. "No offence, Sabrina, I think you're cute as fuck and won't be afraid to do anything else with you, but I'm definitely a big fan of dick. So I have to say the shower with John was number three, the movies and snuggles were number two and watching you three fuck was the top highlight."

"Gemma *is* a sexy beast," Sabrina said.

"Oh, come on," Gemma said. "She was obviously most interested in John."

"I was most interested in all three of you," Becks said. "Seriously, all three of you know how to fuck. I feel like I might learn a thing or two this weekend."

"Happy to teach," Sabrina grinned. "So for this next scene and the blowjob, I was thinking it could either be Miss Lusty teaching Baby how to properly suck a cock, so like a 'sex ed' kind of kinky thing or maybe it's a competition to play on the scene we did last night where I need to prove myself worthy of being Daddy's favourite."

"Oooh, I like the second one better," Becks said. "The Sex Ed one is kinda hot too, but I don't know if I could play 'teacher' well enough to make it work for your audience."

"Cool!" Sabrina said

"I actually had a thought, too," Gemma said. "We haven't really established much 'backstory' for the characters, so maybe this isn't worth it, but I was thinking that Miss Lusty could be Daddy's



personal secretary at work that Darling knows services him. That would explain why Darling made Miss Lusty test Baby, and why Daddy is getting a blowjob from them and more.”

“Are we really trying to get proper continuity into the porn?” you asked.

“Yes!” all three of the girls said.

“Our female viewers will appreciate it, and at least some of the guys will care,” Sabrina said. “I think it’s a hot idea. Are you OK with it, Becks?”

“Sure,” she said with a shrug. “I can be a little secre-slut for John - but just this weekend. If any of you three tease me with it at work I will not be happy.”

“I promise,” you said.

“Me too,” Gemma nodded.

“I make no promises,” Sabrina smirked.

“Yeah, well, remember that I’m higher in this little hierarchy we’re making up,” Becks said. “So if you start with it at work, I might just need to flex that hierarchy a little.”

The thought of Sabrina getting pulled into a backroom by Becks to eat her out was kind of hot, but could also be disastrous. All three of the girls were laughing though, so you decided not to try and warn them about going too far. They were adults, they knew the lines.

“Alright,” Gemma said. “Let’s get the cameras ready and the lighting. John’s erection hasn’t gone down and I swear he’s staring at you two like he wants to eat you.”

“Hey now,” you said, reaching over and taking Gemma’s hand. “I very much want to eat you too.”

That got all three of them laughing again, and you started putting the dishes away as Becks and Sabrina went to put on their makeup while Gemma got the phones ready for recording.

## Chapter 240

“Well, what’s going on here?” you asked as you pretended to shut the front door of the apartment.

“Daddy!” Sabrina called from over on the floor in front of the couch, putting on a surprised voice. You lifted the camera phone as you walked forward, revealing that Sabrina was sitting on her knees in between Becks’ legs and had presumably been eating her out, dressed in just a lingerie thong. Sabrina *had* taken a couple of licks ‘to make it look real’ but Becks hadn’t bought that and just smirked and let her do it. “I’m just practising like you told me to.”

“Hey, Mr D,” Becks said. She was dressed inverse of Sabrina in just a lingerie bra that was sheer enough to see her nipples. “She *has* been working hard. I’d say she’s gone from a 6 to a 7.”

“You *just* said I was learning every trick you know and were just as good as you and that I’m going to be Daddy’s favourite,” Sabrina said, then turned back to you. “It’s been over a week since I’ve been able to show you how much I want you. Can I *puh-lease* get some dick today?”

“I think that’s an excellent idea, baby,” you said.

“Hey now,” Becks said. “I think training your little slut here all week means that I should get the dick today.”

“You’re his personal secretary,” Sabrina said. “You get to suck him off *every day*.”

“How about you both show what good girls you are and that you can share properly?” you suggested.

“Mmm, I can share, Mr D,” Becks said as she slid to the floor next to Sabrina. “But if your little slut thinks she can suck your big DD better than me she has another thing coming.”

“Oh, I am so better than you at taking Daddy’s Dick,” Sabrina said, reaching up to unzip your pants.

They worked together to depants you, and then both dropped their jaws as your cock bounced up out of your briefs between them. You were recording a downward point of view, which was actually pretty hard to manage not getting their full faces with while also getting a good shot. Gemma was moving around behind you getting different angles, and probably better shots with the girl’s bodies side-on.

“Mmm, Mr D,” Becks said, reaching up and taking your cock in her hand as she licked her lips. “You’re so hard already.”

“He’s always that hard for me,” Sabrina said a little brattily. Then she popped her lips forward and sucked your cock head like a popsicle.

“Maybe I’m just used to getting him in the morning after Darling’s already drained him once or twice,” Becks smirked as she leaned forward and started kissing the side of your shaft.

“Mmm,” you groaned happily at the feeling of two sets of lips on you, as well as the visual of Becks looking up at you as she shared the taste of your cock. “It’s true, Darling does take good care of me.”

“I’ll be just as caring as Darling,” Sabrina promised, taking the head of your cock in her hand and slowly rubbing it between her palm and fingers. “And I’ll prove to her that I can be that way for both of you.”

“I know you will, baby,” you said.

“Switch, brat,” Becks demanded, and Sabrina directed your cockhead to Becks’ mouth and then started nibbling at the root of your dick.

“Fuck, Becks that feels great,” you groaned. “But Sabrina, I can’t do anything with that shot since your face is in it.”

“Damn,” Sabrina sighed. “Double blowjobs without showing our faces is a lot harder than I expected.”

“It’s fine, keep going,” Gemma encouraged. “I’m getting good stuff from the other angles. Just make him feel good.”

Sabrina grinned up at you. “Now you’re speaking my language,” she said, then kissed from the root of your cock down to your balls.

“God- fuck-” you grunted.

Becks pulled off your cock and stroked you quickly. “Is your bratty little slut sucking on your balls, sir?”

“She is,” you groaned. “And she knows just how to do it.”

“Well, so do I,” Becks said, and then she crammed her face in next to Sabrina’s and took your other ball in her mouth, and they were both sucking on your sack and looking up at you as they reached up and began stroking your cock softly with their fingers.

You had to take a deep breath and just enjoy the feeling - it wasn't going to make you come, but it still felt great and the feeling of... of power, having two beautiful women sucking on your balls was intoxicating.

"I want to deepthroat you, Daddy," Sabrina said, pulling off.

"Mmm, me too, Mr D," Becks said.

The three of you quickly rearranged and soon they were both laying with their backs on the seat of the couch, their legs resting up the backrest and their heads hanging over the edge. You and Gemma took a moment to get into a couple good camera shots, and then you stepped forward.

"Me first, Daddy," Sabrina pleaded, opening her mouth wide.

"No, me first, Mr D," Becks argued, reaching up and running her hands over her bra-clad breasts.

"I want your cock in my throat so bad," Sabrina countered.

"I want your balls bouncing off my nose as you throatfuck me," Becks shot back.

"I want you both," you said. "So it's only fair if you two kiss, and then play rock, paper, scissors to decide."

Both of them giggled and then leaned towards each other and kissed, and then they played and tied three times in a row completely by accident.

"Maybe I should just go home to Darling," you joked, reaching back and palming Gemma's ass through her panties - she'd stripped down to her underwear again so everyone felt kind of equal.

"No!" Sabrina gasped. "Miss Lusty can have you first. Don't go."

"Mmm, thank you, baby," Becks hummed, then leaned in and kissed Sabrina again before leaning her head back and opening her mouth for your cock.

## Chapter 241

You wanted to call a time out to double-check how into this Becks really was, but the way she opened her mouth for you made you think you were safe to test her in the moment.

Thrusting your cock slowly into her mouth was delightful. She made sure to work her tongue over the top of your cock as you slid in and out a few times, and then you pushed in deeper until you found the back of her mouth. She adjusted slightly, tilting her head a little more, and then the next time you pushed back you pressed against her throat and she gagged softly, but that just made her mouth produce even more saliva. The next time you pushed all the way she swallowed you down.

“Oooh, fucking fuck,” you groaned, feeling the head of your cock in her throat. You just held there for a moment, feeling her around you, then pulled back all the way and let her cough lightly as she turned onto her side. Then she rolled right back into place and open her mouth again.

You pushed in again, and she swallowed you, and then you were in her throat properly and fucked it lightly as she flailed her tongue.

“Holy fuck,” you grunted. “Your turn, baby. Open wide.”

You pulled out of Becks’ mouth, leaving her with a soft cough and a slobbery grin, and slid your cock directly into Sabrina’s mouth. Knowing her a lot better, you gave one long stroke between her lips and then pushed deeper and she swallowed you as well as you started fucking her throat. You grabbed her breasts hard, using them as handles the way she liked, and she let out a chesty hum.

Then you pulled away and went back to Becks who accepted your cock quickly.

Swapping back and forth between two throats was surprisingly not as fun as you thought it would be. When you’d fucked Sabrina’s face and throat before it was usually either leading into more rough sex or with the goal of getting you off. Swapping back and forth was novel, but it just meant you weren’t getting pleased as consistently.

Not that either of them were bad at it. It was just that every time you pulled out and shuffled to the side, you weren’t fucking.

Eventually you reached under Becks and unsnapped her bra as planned, pulling it off of her and letting her tits free. Then you used them as handles like you did with Sabrina, mauling them a little roughly as Becks pushed her chest up at you for more. The next time you were switching back from Sabrina to Becks she pressed her tits together with her hands.

“Fuck my breasts, Mr D,” she gasped. “Fuck my big titties with all that slobber from your sluts.”

“Cheater,” Sabrina said, sitting up.

You shifted forward and stabbed your cock into the crease in Becks' cleavage, immediately starting to fuck her tits. “No pouting, baby,” you said. “Sit up and finger Lusty until she blows, then you can have the rest.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Sabrina grinned, sitting up and spreading Becks' legs and quickly going two knuckles deep into your coworker.

“Oh, fuck, you bitch,” Becks laughed from between your legs. “Mr D, pull back just a bit.” You did as she asked, and you were surprised when your balls had lips sucking on them while your cockhead was still in between her tits. “Mmmm, let me suck on these big, juicy balls while that little slut makes me come,” Becks mumbled into your sack.

Your thrusting movement was more limited in this position, but Becks made up for it by jerking the head of your cock off with her tits. At the same time you motioned Sabrina to shift, and after a little bit of acrobatic movement, you had Sabrina's pussy at your lips and her thighs resting on your shoulders while she was face down in Becks' pussy and eating her out. It was like a daisy chain of oral standing upright.

“Fuck, you guys,” Gemma said as she was recording. “This is so hot.”

When Becks came from Sabrina fingering her while licking her clit she lost contact with your balls and you started thrusting between her tits more fully. Once Becks' orgasm finished Sabrina shifted off of you, almost falling, and then got down and sucked on Becks' nipples as you kept fucking her cleavage.

“I want your cum so bad, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned, reaching down and fingering herself. You'd had to pull her panties to the side and she didn't even bother pulling them off. “I haven't tasted you in a whole week. Come in my mouth, please? I want it.”

You grunted, and then almost hiccuped as you felt a hand softly take hold of your balls and start massaging you as you continued to thrust. It took you a second to realise it must have been Becks.

“Fuck-” you groaned. “Almost-”

“In my mouth! I want you so bad, Daddy. I promise I'll be a good girl and share with Miss Lusty, but I want you in my mouth so fucking bad. I want your whole fucking big, thick load in my mouth.”

You thrust twice more into the slobbery cleavage of Becks' fantastic tits and lifted your cock out and stroked it fast, unloading four heavy streams of cum into Sabrina's open mouth as she

looked up at you with a face of intense lust. Each warm shot made her moan as it touched her tongue. While you were doing that, Becks didn't let up on massaging your balls, making your whole body tingle to the point of almost aching as your nuts wanted to draw up into your body with the orgasm but weren't quite able to.

Four more smaller spurts oozed out, some making it to Sabrina's lips and chin, and a couple spilling down to land on Becks' tits.

"Fuck," you groaned, pulling away when you were finished so that you wouldn't just sit on Becks' chest or face. As you fell back Gemma moved in, getting more close-ups of Sabrina's mouth full of cum, and the cum on Becks' chest, and then the impressively messy kiss as Sabrina leaned forward and dribbled the cum into Becks' mouth before they locked lips and passed their creamy tongues back and forth.

"What do you think, Daddy?" Sabrina asked after the kiss was finished and they had licked your cum from each other's lips.

"I think I'm about ready for round two already," you said, not joking in the slightest.

Sabrina and Becks both grinned and licked their lips.

"And, cut!" Gemma said. Then she set the phone down and turned to you, pulling off her panties and shoving you down to the floor as she kissed you. "Fuck me," she demanded. "Right now. That was so fucking hot."

Becks and Sabrina both laughed as your cock was enveloped and squeezed by Gemma's cunt and you released a surprised yelp as she started riding you hard enough to wind you a little.

## Chapter 242

“What do you guys want for lunch?” Sabrina asked. She was still in just her panties as she sat on the couch, fiddling with her phone. “I’ll order DoorDash.”

“Can I get something light? Like a salad?” Becks asked. “If we’re fucking next I don’t want to feel bloated.”

“Burger,” Gemma sighed. “Definitely a burger.” She was lying on top of you, her bra-clad breasts pressed to your chest. You were softening now, your cock still buried in her and your cum a slurried mess inside of her pussy.

“After that?” Becks asked. “You can eat something that heavy?”

“Mmmm, burgers are my comfort food,” Gemma said, pressing her cheek to your shoulder.

“Went a little hard there, love,” you said with a little smirk.

“I was horny,” she said.

“Yeah, no kidding,” Becks laughed. She was still naked and had gone to get water from the kitchen and then watched as Gemma fucked you on the floor. “You’re a fucking animal, Gemma.”

“You should see John when he’s really going,” Sabrina said. “Gemma’s got nothing on him.”

“I... am not... an animal!” you quoted, making Gemma snicker.

“OK, so a salad, a burger, anything you’re looking for John?” Sabrina asked.

“Where are you ordering from?” you asked back.

“Still trying to decide,” she said.

“I dunno, just a sandwich or something then,” you said. “Maybe that deli a couple blocks over?”

“No burgers,” Sabrina shook her head. “Oh, that little cafe down on 56th has everything.”

The orders got narrowed down and, once Gemma was happy with the amount of after-sex snuggles she’d gotten you were allowed up and the two of you hit the shower. You cuddled her a little longer under the hot water, and she hugged you back warmly.

“Still OK with all of this?” you asked her quietly.



“Yeah. Being here helps a lot,” she said. “If I was at home I’d be left wondering about things, and maybe I’d spin out a little. But being here means I can see the dynamic. Becks is horny and definitely looking forward to fucking you, but she isn’t falling in love or anything, so I don’t feel threatened.”

“Good,” you said. “Because I never want you to feel threatened. Ever. I love you, and I love Sabrina. Nothing and no one is going to change that. We could send Becks away right now and I’d be happy spending the rest of the weekend in bed with you.”

“Next weekend,” Gemma smiled softly. “I think if we tried to send her away now she’d start a one-woman riot.”

After your shower you and Gemma got dressed in fresh underwear and headed out into the living area, finding Sabrina just dropping her robe and a couple of big brown paper bags on the kitchen table. Becks was still naked.

“I’m gonna shower quick,” she said. “No one pick the croutons off my salad.”

“Yes, ma’am,” you said and then got a little cheeky as you passed each other and gave her a little slap on the ass. She turned back to you and shot you a look, but then she smirked and hefted her breasts in her hands and shot you an air kiss before heading for the washroom.

“You need to rail her,” Sabrina said with a grin as she ripped open the bags to start doling out the takeout containers. “Seriously, while you guys were in the shower I caught her staring at the couch and touching herself like she was remembering your cock in her mouth. She wants it bad.”

“I would be happy to provide that service,” you said, standing behind Sabrina and wrapping your arms around her, pressing the bulge of your cock in your briefs against Sabrina’s back as you hugged her. “But first I need lunch.” You dropped your lips to her neck and kissed her on her sweet spot, making her moan as you progressed from kissing to softly biting her.

“Take me now,” she sighed, pushing her ass back at you.

“Lunch first,” you said.

“I’ll be your lunch. Eat me up,” Sabrina chuckled.

She ended up going for a shower after Becks came back out wrapped up in her borrowed robe. You and Gemma were almost done with your food already, but you sat with her and chatted as she devoured her salad and eyed the last of your fries. You sighed and pushed the carton over, and she grinned and grabbed one to pop in her mouth.

Once Sabrina was finished her shower, the three girls headed back into the bathroom together to get Sabrina and Becks dolled up again for the next scene. You went and found your phone, listening as the girls chatted while they got ready together, smiling at the banter going on back and forth. It was good to know that your girls had made a solid friend in Becks - she'd been an important piece to understanding Joy, but more than that she'd been a small part of how you and Sabrina had hooked up to begin with.

As you checked your phone you saw you had texts from a few of your buddies from college planning a weekend trip to the beach, and you thought about whether you wanted to go meet up with them or not. On the one hand, you hadn't seen them for a couple of months and hanging out would be great. As would possibly bragging about dating Sabrina since some of them would know her from around campus. Let alone bragging about Gemma. Though, that reminded you, the three of you needed to decide what the latest 'telling the world' story was in terms of social media, friends and family. Katherine knew, but that was it so far.

On the other hand, a weekend with the boys meant one less weekend with Sabrina and Gemma, and in particular with Gemma. You and Sabrina were already talking about living together, but the timeline before Gemma left made every weekend precious.

You also had a text from Mosche inviting you, Sabrina and Gemma to a party that night at Tasha's. You'd never been to her place, and if the whole Becks situation wasn't going on you would have likely just said yes and assumed the girls would want to go. Instead, you weren't sure if it was something they would want to do when you three were all bonding with Becks.

"Hey, girls," you said, stepping over to the doorway of the washroom and seeing all three of them putting on makeup in the mirror. "Mosche invited us to a party at Tasha's. Do we want to do that tonight, or are we staying in again?"

"We should go!" Sabrina said, turning to Becks. "You'll love Tasha. She's a funny comedian and has great tits."

"Sabrina, I feel like you're selling her short a little bit here," Gemma laughed. "She's more than jokes and laughs."

"Whatever," Sabrina said. "It's up to you though, Becks. Want to check out a party tonight, or stay in?"

Becks thought about it for a moment then shrugged. "If one of you has a party dress I can borrow, I'm down to go out. If we aren't about to have sex right now though you three better watch out 'cause I'll be on the prowl."

"Becks, honey," Gemma said. "When Sabrina and John are done with you, you'll be icing that coochie to prep for tomorrow."

Becks shot you a challenging smirk, and all you could do was shake your head and think, *Challenge Accepted.*

## Chapter 243

“Oh, fuck, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned with a teasing smirk on her lips as you slowly manipulated her pussy with your fingers.

The scene was pretty similar to the Blowjob scene, you all had just reversed the roles - instead of you walking in on them, they came to you. Becks had declared ‘Baby’ properly trained, and you had done a little visual tour for the camera of Sabrina’s body from her lips down to her toes and then had done the same thing from Becks’ feet up to her lips. You’d taken your time to tease both of them - necks had been kissed, nipples had been softly brushed with fingertips, then licked and tugged on with your lips. Mounds had been rubbed softly, pussy lips stroked, and thighs caressed.

Now you were standing, one hand down behind Sabrina as you slid two fingers in and out of her pussy from behind while Becks was on her knees sucking your cock with Sabrina holding back her hair for her.

“Lusty is a very pretty cocksucker, isn’t she baby?” you asked Sabrina.

“God, yes she is,” Sabrina giggled, forcing Becks to bob on your cock a little faster for a moment. “I’m jealous.”

“Are my fingers not enough for you, baby?” you asked.

“I love your fingers, Daddy,” Sabrina said. “But I haven’t had your cock for almost *two weeks* and I miss it so bad!”

Gemma, who was slowly panning her camera phone up and down to catch different angles of the fingering and blowjob, stifled a laugh. She was in her bra and panties again, your eyes trailed down her cleavage for a moment. Becks moaned as your cock gave a little surge between her wonderfully slick lips and she ran her tongue across the head of your cock in her mouth.

“How bad, baby?” you asked, playing your role.

“So bad,” Sabrina said. “I want you inside me. I want you stretching my little fuckhole. I want to taste myself on your cock after you drop your load deep inside me.”

“Filthy slut,” Becks said as she popped off your cock and started stroking you with her hand instead of just holding you still at the root. All three of you were naked and she took a moment to sit higher and put your cock between her tits and started slowly jerking you off with her cleavage. “You think I’m going to put in all this work and not get the prize?”

“Sounds like Miss Lusty wants my cum more than you, baby,” you said to Sabrina. “And she’s proving it.”

“Can I please suck your cock and prove it?” Sabrina begged, hamming it up a little though you could see the playful desire in her eyes as she grinned so hard her eyes squinted a little. Gemma’s focus was on the boob job, so Sabrina also leaned up and kissed you soft and quiet.

“Fine,” you said after the kiss. “Miss Lusty, come up here. Give my baby a chance to show how much she wants my cock.”

“Yes, sir,” Becks said, removing your cock from between her tits and standing, then pushing Sabrina down by her shoulders and pointing your cock at Sabrina’s mouth. “Well, slut?”

Sabrina immediately took your cock in her mouth and almost deepthroated you on the first try, but coughed softly without taking your cock from her mouth and then pushed down again, swallowing your head into her throat and burying her nose against you.

“Oooh, fuck,” you groaned happily.

“Look at that,” Becks said, reaching down and tweaking Sabrina’s nipple before putting a hand on her throat. “She really is such a cockwhore.”

Sabrina came off your cock with a gasp, a trail of spittle connecting her lower lip to your shaft for a moment. “I love Daddy’s cock so much,” she gasped. “I’m so happy Darling says it’s OK for me to be a permanent slut for you.”

“Lucky girl,” Becks said with a smile, and you wondered if that was in character or out of character. She was eyeing your cock and biting her lower lip as Sabrina went back to sucking you.

“She’s not the only one,” you said, reaching down and placing the palm of your hand on her stomach before sliding it down to her slightly furry mound, and then lower to run your fingers over her pussy lips.

“No, she isn’t.” Becks broke into a grin, and then even though it wasn’t in frame as Gemma filmed the blowjob, Becks pursed her lips asking you for a kiss and you happily provided. She immediately fed you some tongue, and you made out for a long moment. Gemma panned back up and caught your hand massaging Becks’ tit, and then your lips mashed together at the tail end of the kiss.

“What do you think, Miss Lusty,” you asked Becks. “Has she earned some cock in her needy little hole, or should she wait a little bit longer while I fuck you instead?”

Becks bit her lip for the camera and pretended to think about it. "She can be patient," Becks finally said. "I want your cock, Mr D."

You pulled your cock from Sabrina's lips, and she whined a little in her throat in a way that wasn't entirely acting, and you turned Becks around. She arched her back and pushed her ass back at you, spreading her legs a bit wider and reaching back to spread one cheek open. Her asshole was a wonderful little point, and her pussy was slick with her arousal from the day's activities so far.

"Well?" you asked Sabrina.

She immediately leaned in and took a long, slow lick of Beck's pussy from clit to hole, then higher and swirled her tongue around Becks' asshole. Gemma got a perfect shot of it all from around Becks' spread asscheek. You'd discussed the shot ahead of time, and they executed it perfectly. When her lick was done, and Becks had moaned softly in appreciation, Sabrina grabbed your cock and brought it into position, rubbing the spongy head through Becks' pussy lips and then down to mash it against her clit, then back up into position at her hole.

"What do you think, baby?" you asked. "Miss Lusty says you can be patient. Should I fuck her to finish so you can slurp my cum out of my secretary slut, or should you have a chance to convince me to switch holes?"

Sabrina looked up at you with her mouth slightly agape - this was improvised, and you knew she wanted your cock immediately but was considering what was best for the scene.

"What can I do to convince you, Daddy?" Sabrina asked you as she stroked your cock, half of the head now pushed to the point of *almost* penetrating Becks and making the other woman grunt in need.

"Bend over, baby," you said. "Show me those pretty little holes that I've been missing while my Darling made sure you were a proper little fuckslut for us."

"Yes, Daddy," Sabrina broke into a grin.

## Chapter 244

“Oh, fuuuuck,” Becks moaned as you pushed your cock into her pussy.

So far she'd blown you, given you a boobjob, and you'd felt her up all over in and out of the shower. Her and Sabrina had become intimately familiar, eating each other out.

Feeling the beautiful secretaries cunt ripple and squeeze your cock was awesome. Better than anything else that had happened so far.

“It's so good, right?” Sabrina asked, using her ‘horny OnlyFans’ voice but the question straight out of her own dirty personality. She was bent over next to Becks, mirroring the woman you were fucking with one hand peeling her smaller, tighter cheek a little wider open. Instead of your cock, she had two fingers sliding in and out of her pussy.

“So good,” Becks agreed with a groan. You pulled out all the way, swirling the head of your cock around the edge of her hole, before pushing back in a little deeper. “Soooo- God, fuck- good. Perfect size.”

Gemma was standing right next to you, catching the early insertions and then shifting to also show Sabrina's lewd display, and you reached over to her off-camera and gave her butt a squeeze. She looked away from the phone screen to you and gave you a little smirk. You squeezed her again and winked, then brought your hand back around and as you pulled out of Becks again you gave the woman a medium-strength spank.

“Oof! Ooooh,” Becks grunted and moaned as you thrust back into her. “Fuck, that's good dick.”

“The best,” Sabrina said, leaning over and softly biting Becks' shoulder as she played with herself.

You started thrusting into Becks a little faster, not quite bottoming out but giving her long, firm strokes that made her groan and moan and start fucking back at you. A few more spanks had her butt cheek getting warmly pink and she stopped spreading her other cheek and braced herself on the edge of the couch, which gave you an opening to give that cheek a few smacks as well before you ran your hands up her back. Grabbing her shoulders you changed the angle and hip action of your thrusts, driving deeper and drilling into her.

“God, fuck!” Becks growled.

“Can I puh-lease have a turn now, Daddy?” Sabrina begged, wiggling her butt at you. “Pretty please? I promise I'm going to be the absolute best fucktoy pet for you and Darling.”

You slowly pulled out of Becks, clearing the way for Gemma to get a closeup shot of Becks' pussy slowly closing, then got behind Sabrina and grabbed a fistful of her hair, making her arch

her back a little more as you laid your slimy cock between her butt cheeks. "Is this what you want?" you asked her. "You want this big, thick cock splitting you in two?"

"More than anything in the world," Sabrina moaned. You shifted, getting into position, and you drove into her firmly, burying yourself to the hilt in one go.

"Oh, God yes!" Sabrina moaned throatily. "Fuck, that's my favourite thing in the whole goddamn world."

You gave Sabrina five long, strong thrusts, and then pulled out of her and went back to Becks.

"Nooo," Sabrina moaned. "That's not fair, I didn't get a proper turn."

"You need to earn every thrust, baby," you said, slowly carving back into Becks as she laughed happily and flexed her butt cheeks.

"Tell me how?" Sabrina asked.

The three of you had already discussed positions, so it only took a moment to playfully get them into position so that Becks was on her back on the ground with her legs spread. You laid down perpendicular to her on your side, fucking into her in the slightly awkward position that gave you little intimacy, but kept your face out of the way for Gemma. Becks moaned and wagged her hips up and down as you drove your cock back into her, and then Sabrina came down over top of her in half of a sixty-nine, sucking on Becks' tits and her own smaller ones dangling above Becks' lips.

"God, I can't wait for that cum," Becks groaned before craning her neck up a bit to repay the nipple-sucking favour to Sabrina.

The three of you fucked like that for a couple of minutes, giving Gemma time to get a variety of shots that kept both women's faces - other than their mouths - out of frame. Then Sabrina moved forward and sat on Beck's face and ground her pussy on the other woman's face as you kept fucking her.

Becks' first proper orgasm snuck up on her and you almost missed it, her groans muffled by Sabrina's cunt, but she stiffened and pressed her legs down on you as she started to go off. Sabrina quickly leaned down into a full sixty-nine position and began drilling her tongue quickly back and forth across Becks' clit, and the sudden orgasm stretched into a larger two-parter.

You pulled out, giving Gemma a shot at Becks' flexing pussy, and then tilted your cock up and Sabrina gamely took you in her mouth. "Yeah, just like that, baby. Suck her taste off of me."

"So good," Sabrina mumbled with a smirk, bobbing quickly and then spitting you out and putting your cock in place to thrust into Becks again. You did, giving her three thrusts, then pulled out



and Sabrina was back to sucking again. You repeated the process a few times - every time you left Becks' pussy she made a little keening noise and jiggled her hips in want, and every time you pushed back into her she sighed happily.

As per the plan, you pulled out of Becks completely. "Come here," you growled and picked up Sabrina and manhandled her around and laid her back down over Becks, but this time with her back to the other woman's chest and their pussies lined up in a stack. She threw her legs over your shoulders and you thrust into her hard for a half dozen quick strokes, then pulled out and directed down, entering Becks again.

Both of the women groaned and moaned, but while it was psychologically pleasing for you, you could tell that it wasn't really doing it for either of them. Five strokes, then being left wanting, wasn't going to get either of them off so you did it long enough for Gemma to nod to you, and then moved on.

## Chapter 245

The fucking was good, but not great.

It was weird - having sex with Becks and Sabrina was awesome. You fucked Becks from behind again, this time as she straddled Sabrina's hips and Sabrina spread Becks' ass for you. Then you fucked Becks harder, holding her by her shoulders instead of her hair due to her extensions. Her ass rippled wonderfully much like Gemma's did when you went harder and Sabrina played with herself as she looked up at Becks with sexy eyes and crooned nasty things to the two of you.

Another transition and you fucked Sabrina on her back while Becks sat on her face looking away from you. Then you were on your back and both girls rode you, switching places between hopping on your cock in cowgirl and reverse cowgirl while the other sat on your face. Another transition and you fucked Becks from behind as she ate out Sabrina, and then another with them stacked on all fours as you swapped back and forth again.

"OK, hold on," you finally said, "I need a quick break, I'm cramping."

"I could use some water," Becks sighed and nodded as you pulled out of her.

Soon the four of you were sitting on the floor and drinking big glasses of cold water.

"Can I be honest?" you asked. "This feels kind of... not fun."

"Oh my God, I was thinking the same thing," Becks said. "I didn't want to be rude, but this whole thing feels weirdly forced."

"I was kind of feeling that too," Sabrina sighed.

"I think I know what the problem is," Gemma said. "From an outsider's perspective."

"Gemma, *darling*," Becks said with a smirk. "You're hardly an outsider perspective on this."

"Whatever, you know what I mean," the Australian said with a roll of her eyes. "I think you're just trying to do too much. You're overthinking this. You're too focused on the camera, and too focused on all these different positions. It looks great, but it's not as hot as most of the usual stuff. And, no offence, but even I can see the sex isn't as good as we usually have in a threesome."

"OK, how do we fix this?" Sabrina asked.

"Depends," Gemma said, then looked to Becks. "You're the guest. How do *you* want to get fucked to finish it off?"

“Um,” Becks said, sticking her tongue into her cheek and furrowing her brow as she thought about it.

“Overthinking again,” Sabrina said, pointing a finger. “Snap decision - what’s going to make you come?”

“Missionary, deep and hard,” Becks said. “Just him and me.”

“Let’s do that then,” Sabrina said.

“But this is supposed to be a threesome video,” Becks said.

“Not every single moment needs to be three people,” you said. Then you set your water aside and got up on your knees and went over to her. She drained her glass and you leaned down and kissed her after she swallowed, then urged her to lay back as you kept kissing her.

“That already looks more natural,” Gemma said, and you heard her unlocking the phone and getting up, starting to record again.

“OK,” Becks panted between kisses. “OK. Get that big cock into me again. Daddy.”

You gave her a look that made her smile, and she reached down between you and got your cock lined up and you thrust into her again. “Oh, fuck,” she gasped softly. “That really is such a good dick.”

“How good?” you asked.

She blew out a breath and then bit her lower lip. “Almost too good,” she said with a teasing expression in her eyes.

“Yeah?” you asked, reaching down and scooping an arm around one of her legs, pulling it up to spread her wider and starting to fuck into her harder. “You want this good dick?”

“Fuck yes I do,” Becks moaned.

“Are you my little secretary slut?” you asked her, starting to roll your hips a bit more.

“Every day,” she gasped. You bent lower and got one of her tits in your mouth, sucking hard on a nipple and not taking the time to care if Gemma was easily able to keep your face out of frame. “Every fucking day. A morning blowjob with your coffee; your hot and sticky load is the only protein smoothie I need. Then you stretching one of my holes at lunch when everyone thinks we’re working long. I love the way Darling texts to tell me where I should have you come that day. She’s got such a dirty mind.”

“She’s the absolute best,” you grunted. “Where’s your favourite place she tells you to take it?”

“Well, I love it in my pussy, or in my ass,” Becks grunted. She grabbed your head with both hands and brought you up to kiss her roughly your tongues dancing. “But I think my favourite is when she has you cum all over my mound, and I’m not allowed to wash it off, so it just sits there sticky in my underwear, under my clothes, all day. It makes me really feel like an awful, disgusting slut and I end up playing with myself in my car before I can drive home from the office at the end of the day.”

“You use his cum as lube for your fingers, don’t you?” Sabrina asked, coming and laying down beside Becks and leaning in to kiss her on the cheek. Becks turned her head and they kissed firmly, but without tongue.

“It’s my favourite kind,” Becks said.

“How close are you?” Sabrina asked.

“So close,” Becks breathed.

“Hear that, Daddy?” Sabrina asked you. “Miss Lusty is going to come again.”

“Miss Lusty isn’t allowed to come until I say so,” you said.

“Please, sir,” Becks asked. “Can I please come for you?”

“Kiss my baby again,” you told her.

She did.

“Tell her she’s graduated from your cunt-licking program,” you said.

“Passed with flying colours,” Becks gasped. She’d brought her other leg that you didn’t have hooked and spread wide over your waist, pulling you deeper into her.

“Tell her where I’m going to come,” you said.

“He’s going to cum deep in my pussy,” Becks told Sabrina.

“And what’s going to happen then?” you asked.

“You’re going to eat it out of me, you little slut,” Becks told Sabrina.

“It’ll be my absolute pleasure,” Sabrina grinned at Becks.

“Daddy,” Becks gasped. “Please?”

“You may,” you said.

“Fffffffuuuuugh,” Becks moaned, low in her chest, as her body relaxed and her orgasm washed through her. She thrust her hips up and down, grinding herself on your cock, and you couldn’t hold it yourself anymore. You jammed your cock deep into her and unloaded as your toes curled and your hands gripped the carpet and you pumped six big ropes of cum into her with a matching grunt and groan.

“Thank you, Daddy,” Becks groaned softly, leaning up to kiss you sweetly.

“You’re welcome, my little secretariat slut,” you said. “Ready for your treat, baby?”

“Mhmm,” Sabrina nodded eagerly, getting to her knees.

You pulled out of Becks and Gemma got a great shot of a pearly white drop of cum oozing out of Beck’s bright pink, used cunt before Sabrina dove in and started sucking it up.

Gemma stopped recording long before Sabrina allowed Becks to get up.

## Chapter 246

“OK, yeah, that was a lot better,” Becks finally sighed as Sabrina sat up and smacked her lips.

“Told you,” Gemma said. “Tomorrow you three should just fuck and I’ll manage the camera stuff.”

You had gotten up and sat on a chair, drinking another glass of water, and you offered half of it to Sabrina. She smiled her thanks and accepted, quickly downing it. “I’m just saying,” she said. “I could fuck some more right now.”

“Of course you could,” Gemma laughed.

“You might, but I can’t,” Becks said. “Shit, that was a workout.”

“How’s your pussy feel?” Sabrina smirked.

“Like I got fucked good,” Becks laughed.

“Better than your ex?” Sabrina asked.

“Um... maybe?” Becks said, putting her hand to it and slowly running her fingers through her lips.

Sabrina turned and looked at you pointedly, then down at your cock, then back up to you.

“Really?” you asked.

“Ya-huh,” Sabrina nodded with a smile.

“What?” Becks asked.

“Really?” you asked, this time to Gemma.

“Yeah, you should,” Gemma said.

You sighed and stood up, rolling your neck and taking a deep breath.

“What are you three on about?” Becks asked.

“Apparently, my job isn’t done,” you said, walking over to Becks and offering a hand up.

She took it but looked confused. “What do you mean?”

Once she was standing you, scooped her up into your arms and started carrying her towards the bedroom. "You haven't come nearly enough," you said. "Hell, you're still speaking in full sentences and your legs aren't shaking."

"Wait, you can go again already?" Becks asked. "Right now?"

"Have fun, Becks!" Sabrina laughed.

You tossed Becks onto the bed and she let out a *whoomph* as she landed, her eyes wide as you crawled onto the bed after her.

You fucked her.

It wasn't lovemaking by any means, though there were plenty of slower, intimate moments amidst the hard thrusting and grunting. It was just the two of you - Gemma and Sabrina darted through the bedroom into the washroom as you were fucking, but didn't even stop to watch briefly, instead giving you and Becks some private time.

You put everything you'd learned with Gemma and Sabrina to use, testing lightly with Becks before diving in. She wasn't really into choking, and she didn't like her boobs getting a rough treatment. She did like the spanking, and a finger up her bum as she rode you.

One thing you were surprised by was that she really liked her mouth being played with. Whether it was you fucking down into her in a missionary position with the thumbs of either hand spreading her lips open, or fish hooking her as you fucked into her from behind, she ramped up quickly whenever you did it and she came hard three times like that.

"No more," she panted after the third big one. "God, fuck." Her hair was matted to her forehead and sweat dripped off her nose down onto your chest. She was sitting on your cock, writhing her hips as she ground you inside of her, and you let her sit up higher and grabbed her breasts with both hands.

"You are fucking amazing," you told her with a savage grin.

"So are you, you fucking tease," she laughed. "God, I was starting to worry there while we were filming that you didn't live up to the hype."

"And now?" you asked.

"Now I can't wait until you fuck my ass tomorrow," she said. "And we get freaky with Sabrina. I want to watch you absolutely destroy her."

"And she'll love every second of it," you said.

“Do you want to cum in me again?” Becks asked.

“I’d love to, unless there’s somewhere else you want it,” you said.

She leaned down, pressing her tits to your chest, and kissed you hard. “Come inside me,” she said quietly. “Unload another hot mess of your spunk in my pussy. I usually don’t let guys do that unless we’ve been dating a long time, but God when you did that earlier it was almost a highlight. And this time I’m keeping it all to myself.”

Becks kissed you again, hard and insistent, and you came inside her like she asked. She moaned hotly into the kiss as she felt you go off, her cunt boiling and milking every shot out of you.

“Are you guys done yet?” Sabrina asked from the doorway as the two of you lay there, your cock softening inside of Becks’ pussy. “We need to figure out dinner.”

“Yes, we’re done,” Becks chuckled, and went to get off of you but her elbow buckled when she tried to put pressure on it, and she ended up laughing and falling to the side.

“Well, that’s more fucking like it,” Sabrina giggled, turning and walking back out of the bedroom. She was still mostly naked, just wearing a thong.

“God, you fucked the strength out of my arms and legs,” Becks said.

You grabbed her ass with both hands, giving it a squeeze before moving her to the side. “You’ll recover,” you said. “Eventually.”

“Gimme a minute to nap here,” Becks said.

“How long do you want to sleep?” you asked her.

“Half hour, that’s all,” Becks said, closing her eyes with a smile.

“And how would you like me to wake you up?” you asked a little naughtily, leaning down close to her ear and whispering.

“With cock,” Becks grinned, keeping her eyes closed. “I’d say fucking me, but I really do need a break. So just put it at my lips and I’ll suck it.”

“Really?” you asked.

She nodded. “This is the prono weekend, right? So treat me like I’m in a porno.”

“You know, you might be just as wild and dirty as Sabrina,” you said.



“Pfft,” Becks smirked and blew a raspberry. “You have no idea. Now leave me alone, and turn off the light. I’m trying to meditate on the feeling of your cum swirling inside of me.”

That made you snort and laugh a little, shaking your head as you got off the bed and headed for the door, turning off the light as you went.

## Chapter 247

“Favourite part, go,” Sabrina said, looking across the room at Gemma.

When you had come out of the bedroom you’d found Sabrina and Gemma set up at the kitchen table going over the footage, but as you’d sat on the couch you’d been joined by Sabrina who came over and snuggled up to you, resting her head on your chest. You hadn’t really gotten a chance to show her any love after the shoot since they’d sent you off with Becks, so even though you kind of wanted to just rest and get cool you wrapped your arm around her and let her snuggle in.

“Um, I think when Becks sat on your face and John was fucking you was probably the best shot,” Gemma said. “But when he was actually just having sex with Becks at the end and you were all sweet next to them was my favourite part.”

“Mmm, I get it,” Sabrina nodded, then turned to look up at you. “What about you, baby?”

“Other than that part?” you asked, thumbing back towards the bedroom.

“Yes, obviously,” Sabrina smiled.

“Um... probably fucking Becks from behind while she was eating you out,” you said. “Or when you got close right at the start and sucked her taste off of me over and over.”

“That was my favourite part,” Sabrina grinned. “It was so dirty, but she tastes decent. Putting your cock in her and then having it come out with a light glaze of her on it and licking it off like a lollipop made my nipples tingle.”

“You are such a horny slut,” Gemma laughed, coming over from the table to sit on Sabrina’s other side and hug her. “Good thing we love you for it.”

Sabrina beamed her happiness.

The three of you chatted a bit, just sort of touching base a little and making sure you were all doing alright with the way the weekend was going. It was kind of hard to believe that it was already almost dinner time.

In the end, a little over a half hour after you left her, you went and kissed Becks awake instead of presenting your cock to her mouth. Her eyes flicked open and it took her a half moment to put together where she was before she smiled softly.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey,” you replied. “The girls are putting together the dinner order, and they want to start getting ready to go out sooner than later. You can stay snuggled in bed for a bit more, but there’s going to be more movement through here.”

“No, I’m good,” Becks said and stretched before sitting up, the covers falling from her chest and revealing her breasts to you. “What are we doing for dinner?”

“Well, we didn’t exactly give them an answer, so it might just end up being pizza,” you said.

“Oh, I know a great place to order from,” Becks said, shifting out from under the covers and slipping from the bed, walking towards the outer room still completely naked and casual.

You did end up ordering pizza, and then the girls started slowly getting ready. Becks had to try on several of Sabrina’s dresses to find one that could stretch over her curvier body and fit snugly without being ridiculous. That led to a little bit of a fashion show for you as the girls showed her off to you in too-tight, too-short dresses. The pizza arrived and you all ate, then the girls went back to getting ready while you spent your time on Sabrina’s laptop until there was enough room in the bathroom for you to take a quick shower alone.

“Have you noticed that Becks is really touchy with you now?” Gemma asked you. She had come into the bathroom just as you were finishing your shower and was already fully done up with makeup and had her hair perfectly styled, though she was only wearing lingerie. It was just the two of you, and she sat up on the counter and watched you as you dried yourself off and stepped around her to the mirror to check out your hair.

“Has she?” you asked. “I didn’t really notice.”

“Oh, definitely,” Gemma said. “More than yesterday for sure, and I think more than this morning. She really liked that alone time with you.”

“I’m surprised you said OK to that,” you said, moving towards her and spreading her knees to the side so you could step right up to the counter between her legs and hug her.

“It’s not like you were cheating, or going on a date with her,” Gemma said as she hugged you back. “I literally told you to do it.”

“Well, implied,” you said with a little smirk.

“Fine, I explicitly implied that you should take her for a round two,” Gemma said with a little roll of her eyes and a smile. “Just remember that you’re mine and Sabrina’s. Becks is cool, but this is already a crowded relationship.”

“Oh, I know,” you said. “I’m enjoying all of this, but I also want time with you.”

"I want time with you, too," she whispered, still hugging you.

"Gemma, I love you."

"I love you too," she replied.

"I don't know what we're going to do when this summer is over," you said quietly. "I feel like you're a part of me. It hasn't been very long, but I feel like I can't remember what school and life were like without you with me."

"I wish I could say the same," Gemma sighed. "Like, I do sort of feel that way, but there's this walled-off area of my whole relationship with my Ex. You don't have that, even with Lucy. She was a bitch to you, and kinda sucks in general, but that was high school."

"I know, and it's OK," you said. "I wasn't expecting you to feel the same."

"Well, I do and I don't," she said. "I don't know what we're going to do either. But I know we'll make it work. We can Facetime every day and send each other photos and videos. I've got a couple of toys back home, and you'll have Sabrina."

"I wasn't thinking about sex," you said. "I was thinking about everything else."

"I know you were," Gemma said even quieter. "That's going to be the hardest part."

You weren't in a spot to figure out answers, so you kind of just had to let it sit like that as you held each other and eventually broke apart to finish getting ready. Before you left the bathroom she went up on her toes and kissed you on the lips.

"You know, I can't believe I'm saying this, but you should probably fuck Becks again tonight," Gemma said.

"Can't believe it why?" you asked.

"Because this whole thing is crazy," Gemma chuckled. "You know you've changed our lives, right? Me and Sabrina? It's not just you who feels like they're the luckiest person alive."

All you could do was shrug. "I love you," you said.

She smiled and kissed you again. "Love you too, love."

## Chapter 248

You had to admit, getting out of the Uber and opening the back door to help out Gemma, Becks and Sabrina made you feel just a little like an absolute baller. It was just a party in a crappy apartment like you, Sabrina and Gemma were all living in, and it wasn't like the three women had gone all out for a night of clubbing or anything, but still...

Gemma was wearing a tight pair of jeans that sat low on her hips and hugged his curves tight enough that you didn't think you could get your hand into her back pocket if you tried, along with a flowy top that only showed a touch of her cleavage, barely even hinting at it, but left a nice strip of her smooth stomach bare. Sabrina had worn a cute sundress, almost like she and Gemma had swapped styles for the night. It was in blue, which really made her eyes pop, and fell all the way to her knees which made you feel better about the fact that she wasn't wearing any underwear whatsoever to tease you. Becks had donned another of Sabrina's dresses, this one a little shorter since she was slightly taller and a little curvier. She'd also borrowed some jewellery from Sabrina, and of the three of them, she looked the most ready to go out on the town.

Helping each of the girls out of the car and onto the sidewalk in turn earned you a trio of thankful smiles, followed by a trio of light kisses.

"Tonight, Becks, you're his girlfriend," Gemma said to all of you. "So no flirting with other guys. And you're coming home with us, too."

"Hey, I'm not that easy," Becks teased. "I'm no sure thing."

"Sorry, is that cum still oozing out of you?" Sabrina asked with a naughty look.

Becks actually flushed at that and wrapped her arm around yours. "Fine. Tonight, since we're mid-Fuck Weekend, I'll be a good girl and dote on your man."

"This doesn't even seem fair," you chuckled.

None of you had been to Tasha's before, so at the door you had to look up her apartment and buzz up. The front door unlocked without anyone even calling down to you, so you opened the door for the girls and all crammed into the little elevator. Of course, getting pushed into a close space was a natural signal to Sabrina, and soon you had her hand on your crotch and feeling up your cock through your pants.

"Jesus, girl," Becks said quietly.

"What?" Sabrina asked. "I like teasing him. All the better to fuck me later."

"Two can play at that game," you said. "Watch out."

“Oh no, are you going to finger me in the elevator?” Sabrina asked with mock fear. “Whatever shall I do?”

“Not even close,” you grinned. Then you took her by her shoulders and pulled her close, hugging her as you tilted her head to the side and lowered your lips to her neck.

“Oh, that’s fucking cheating,” Sabrina moaned as one of her eyes twitched while you kissed her Spot.

When the elevator dinged and opened the four of you spilled out into the hallway and followed the sounds of music. When you knocked on the door it opened immediately and inside three guys were hanging out in the entryway to the apartment. You and the girls slipped in and wound your way through or around the different groups that were congregating in the hallways.

Two things became apparent as you were moving through the party - first, you didn’t know anyone there. Thankfully it didn’t look like Tasha had invited any of the Open Mic comics from the comedy club, because that would have been awkward as hell, and almost everyone seemed to be in the age range between you, Gemma and Sabrina and Becks. You weren’t entirely sure how old Mosche and Tasha were, but you guessed somewhere in the same ballpark as Becks, so it made sense. The second thing that you noticed was that eyes were drawn to your girls.

In a room full of strangers, it became easy to see the guys glancing over at these gorgeous women who had entered the party. They wanted to know who they were, and what their story was. You even heard a few guys hopefully wondering if you were the Gay Best Friend, which would mean all three of them were single.

You found Tasha and Mosche in the kitchen. Tasha was dressed in a cute, flowy black dress with silver accents, the top of which had triangular boob cups almost like a bikini top that showed off her great cleavage. Mosche was dressed similarly to you in nice jeans and a button-down shirt.

“Hey you guys!” Tasha said, already clearly a little buzzed as she grinned widely and came over, hugging Gemma, you and Sabrina in turn.

“Hey Tasha,” Gemma said with a smile, taking charge of the introductions. “This is our friend Becks, I hope you don’t mind if she came along.”

“Not at all,” Tasha said, giving Becks a hug as well. “*Mi casa es su casa*. And honestly, I only know like a third of the people here. My roommates are around too.”

You chatted with Tasha for a few minutes, then shifted around the group to speak with Mosche who was being a little quieter than normal. “Hey, what’s up?” you asked.

“Nothing,” he said with an almost Eeyore-sad dip in his voice.

“OK, well that wasn’t believable at all,” you said.

Mosche sighed and glanced at Tasha before stepping away from the girls. You followed and he dropped his voice. “Tasha pointed out that one of her old fuckbuddies is here,” he said.

“Oh,” you reacted with a slightly surprised grimace. “So is she trying to set up the threesome?”

“No,” Mosche shook his head.

“So... is he being a dick?” you asked.

“No, nothing like that,” Mosche said.

“So what’s the problem? Just uncomfortable to have her history in your face?”

“Sort of,” he said. “It doesn’t help that it’s my cousin.”

“Oh,” you said. “Uh... yeah, I can see why that would be awkward.”

“Uh-huh,” he nodded.

“Oh, God,” a woman scoffed from the entryway into the kitchen.

You knew that voice.

You turned and saw Lucy, dressed and dolled up in a cute red dress that showed off her legs, standing in the doorway holding hands with a guy who looked like a smarmy fashion model or something. And she was looking right at you, sneering and grimacing.

## Chapter 249

“Hey, Lucy,” Gemma said. It made sense that she should be the one to greet her since they were roommates.

Lucy turned her ire towards Gemma, her eyes narrowing a little more and her grimace turning to a lip-pouting frustration. “Hi,” she said. Then she gave you another glance, looking you up and down and smirking a little as she looked at her date.

“What’s going on?” Mosche whispered to you.

“She’s my ex from high school,” you whispered back. “And, it turns out, Gemma’s roommate for the summer. She isn’t exactly happy to see me.”

“Oh,” Mosche said. “... Awkward.”

“You’re tellin’ me,” you sighed, then stepped forward and put as genuine a smile on your face as you could. “Hey, Lucy,” you said. “Nice to see you again. Who’s this?” You offered the guy your hand to shake.

“Arthur Bonfort,” the guy said, smiling and giving no hint that he’d picked up on how bitchy Lucy was being with her expressions. It was entirely possible that he hadn’t noticed yet. “I’m a friend of Tasha’s roommate Greg.”

“Cool,” you said. “I’m John, and these are my girlfriends Sabrina and Gemma, and Becks.” You realized immediately that it sounded like Becks was included in the girlfriend list rather than a separate person.

“Another one?” Lucy said in surprise.

“Well-”

“I’m trying it out,” Becks said, sliding up next to you and putting her arm around your waist. She offered her other hand to Arthur to shake. “So far it’s pretty fun.”

Arthur, for his part, had his eyebrows raised probably as far as they could get as he looked from you to the three women and back. You could also see several people out in the other room get confused or frustrated looks on their faces when they heard the girls were all taken. “Wow,” Arthur said. “I mean, I know lots of people who date multiple people at once but never all at the same time at the same party.”

You chuckled a little abashedly but Sabrina stepped up on your other side, getting your other arm around her shoulder. “Well, most guys can’t keep up with two or three women at the same



time, but John is a pretty amazing guy.” She sealed the statement by going on her toes and giving you a kiss on the cheek.

“So how do you guys know each other?” Arthur asked.

“Gemma is my roommate for the summer,” Lucy said quickly, flashing you a look that she didn’t want to talk about your past relationship. On the one hand, you wanted to say it even though she didn’t just to spite her cold and bitchy actions over the last few weeks. On the other, it felt petty and you thought maybe this would be a good time to start building at least a little more positive rapport with her. “She’s from Australia.”

Arthur immediately wanted to know more, and Gemma shot you a glance that begged you to get her out of the inevitable conversation about Australia. You kissed Sabrina on the cheek, then Becks, and manoeuvred to join Gemma and Arthur’s developing conversation and leaving them and Tasha to deal with Lucy.

Mosche had joined the Gemma conversation, and Gemma grabbed your hand as you stood next to her, squeezing hard. Arthur, of course, started asking all the obvious and silly questions about deadly animals, and toilets swirling in the opposite direction. Mosche, unsurprisingly, was interested in hearing Gemma’s answers. Instead of pulling her out of it though, you decided to have a little fun and you started tossing in ridiculous, completely untrue facts. They started as little things that made Gemma look up at you with a raised eyebrow, then as you started adding in bigger and bigger fibs she caught on that you were doing it on purpose and added on.

After ten minutes, when Lucy came over to reclaim her date, Arthur and Mosche both believed that there was a Loch Ness-type lake in the middle of Australia that was rumoured to hold a fifty-foot shark that people believed was over a thousand years old.

“That’s crazy,” Mosche said as Lucy dragged Arthur away into another part of the party.

“Mosche, it’s complete BS,” Gemma said. “We were just having some fun.”

“Well, I think they’re just on like a first date or something,” Mosche said.

“Wait, what do you think is crazy?” you asked.

“Oh, that Arthur is dating that Asian girl,” Mosche said. “I’ve met him before. He’s completely broke, like even more than me.”

Gemma stifled a guffaw, and you bit the inside of your lip to stop from laughing yourself. Lucy was not going to be happy when she found that out.

Sabrina came over with a beer in each hand for you and Gemma, giving you each a kiss on the cheek when she handed them over, and joined your conversation with Mosche who told you all

about his cousin, Tasha's old fuckbuddy. Becks, meanwhile, was talking with Tasha and a couple of other people who had come into the kitchen when Lucy and Arthur had left, though Becks glanced over at you and the girls occasionally and when your eyes met she winked and pursed her lips, then grinned at the play-acting of being one of your girlfriends.

"OK, so I have to ask," Mosche eventually said. "How are you dating *another* hottie like that?"

"You think I'm hot, Mosche?" Sabrina asked teasingly.

Mosche got a little flustered. "Well, I mean, yeah, obviously. And you too, Gemma, I don't just-well, I mean- Uh..."

"She's just teasing you, Mosche," Gemma sighed, nudging Sabrina with an elbow. "Becks works with us, so knew about our developing thing. This weekend is just some... experimentation."

"So not really your girlfriend yet?" Mosche asked you.

"No," you said with a smile and suppressing the urge to correct the 'yet' and letting the girls have their fun.

"How do I get a job at this place?" Mosche asked. "It sounds like it's full of hotties. You two, Becks, and Tasha said someone else who works with you guys is invited tonight too."

"Oh," you said. "Who's that? Eric? Andy?"

"Uh, no. A girl. Shit, what was her name?" Mosche wondered, then turned to Tasha. "Hey, Tash, who else is supposed to be coming that works with John, Sabrina and Gemma?"

"Oh, Greg invited this girl Joy," Tasha said. "Apparently she's like... rich or something?"

"Fuuuuck," you groaned, immediately glancing to meet looks with Gemma and Sabrina. They were as unhappy about this news as you were. But of the four of you, when you glanced at Becks, you saw that she was the most upset by the news and had gone a little pale.

## Chapter 250

"We need to go," Becks said.

"Yes, we do," Sabrina agreed.

"I dunno," Gemma said, then drained the bottom half of her beer in one long draw. "I wouldn't mind running into Joy. Repeatedly. With my fist."

"Jesus," Tasha said. "Who is this girl?"

"Bare bones, she tried to sexually assault me, blackmail me, and get me fired from my internship and she'd done it to other interns in the past," you said.

"Oh," Tasha said.

"Yeah," Sabrina said. "And her mother is one of the partners at the firm, so even though we 'won' and she doesn't work there anymore, if anything happens it'll still be bad for us. So Tasha, it was fun and thanks for the invite, but we're leaving."

"OK, yeah, that makes sense," Tasha said. "Um, sorry?"

"Not your fault," Gemma assured her and gave her a hug. "Just do us a favour - don't mention that we're all dating? The last she and the office knew, John and I are the only ones in an official relationship."

"Shit," you grunted. "What about Lucy? Or Arthur."

"God damn it," Becks hissed.

"OK, I'll talk to Greg," Tasha said. "He'll tell Arthur to get Lucy out of here, and hopefully they don't cross paths."

"Thank you," you said earnestly.

"Hey, it's my party. I'd rather it not blow up people's lives," Tasha smirked. "But you guys need to come out to the next Open Mic and laugh a lot at our jokes."

"Done," you said, and quickly gave her a hug then patted Mosche on the arm. "See you later."

Sabrina, Gemma and Becks all gave Tasha a hug as well, and Sabrina threw one in for Mosche that made him blush a little, before you headed out and for the door. Arthur and Lucy were standing in the living room of the apartment talking, and Lucy immediately looked over at you with a soft scowl as you entered.

“What is her fucking problem?” Gemma growled quietly to you. “We’re being goddamn pleasant.”

“I don’t know,” you said. “Just keep moving.”

The four of you got delayed needing to filter around the different groups of people, not that it would have made much of a difference.

“Fuck, shit, fuck,” Sabrina muttered. She’d been in the lead on the march to the door, and now she turned around to look at you three. “She just walked in.”

You looked around a group and saw that Sabrina was right. Joy had just walked into the party along with two other women. All three of them were dolled up even more than Sabrina, Gemma and Becks - where your girls looked ready for a casual party, Joy and Co. were ready to go out to a fancy club and likely going to get bottle service at a VIP table. You errantly wondered if Joy had ever run into that asshole DeezChainz.

“Well, we can either just walk passed her, or play some ridiculous game of sneak-around that is bound to fail because there aren’t enough rooms in this place to make it work,” you said.

“I vote we hide in a bedroom and lock the door,” Becks grimaced.

“That actually might work,” Sabrina said.

“Or, we just do a hide-in-plain-sight,” you suggested. “Gemma and I together isn’t weird or going to cause problems, so we’ll just direct her attention one way and you two can go the other.”

“By ‘direct her attention’ do you mean I can fight her?” Gemma asked.

“Gemma, love, I would buy front-row seats to that boxing match but it’s probably not a good idea,” you said.

“I know,” she smirked and kissed you lightly.

“Fine, we’ll do it that way,” Becks said. “Sabrina, let’s go this way, and you guys go that way?”

You all agreed and split, and you grabbed Gemma’s hand and squeezed. She glanced at you and squeezed back, then you both went in the opposite direction around the crowded room as Becks and Sabrina.

Joy and her cronies were already making their way through the party and had just gotten welcomed by someone you assumed was Greg since Joy was giving an insincere smile that failed to reach her eyes as she air-kissed with him. You were a little surprised Joy would even

come to a party in a regular old apartment like this - she'd always struck you as too stuck up to do anything less than a penthouse or a yacht.

"Ready?" you asked Gemma.

"Are you kidding me? Let's make this awkward as fuck," Gemma snorted.

"OK," you said and nodded.

The two of you squeezed around another group and came almost face to face with Joy's group.

"Well, look who it is," Gemma said. "Hello, Joy. How's unemployment?"

That got weird looks from the cronies and a scowl from the guy at the rudeness of it. You couldn't fault him for that, he had no idea what was going on.

Joy, on the other hand, blinked once as she registered you and Gemma and then smiled like a snake. "Oh, I'm not unemployed," she said. "I left the law office internship behind because I got an offer to work one-on-one with the in-house legal team for a European fashion magazine you probably haven't heard of. It's a dream come true."

"Oh, really?" you asked. "Is the magazine aware of everything you pulled at work?"

"I don't know what you mean," Joy said, that grin not leaving her lips but her eyes glaring. Behind her and her friends, you saw Becks and Sabrina making their way along the far wall and towards the door.

"What the hell is your problem?" asked one of her cronies, the blonde one.

"I dunno," Gemma said. "It might be the fact that Joy is an utter cunt, or maybe it's that she cut bait and ran from the consequences when she got caught doing a bunch of heinous shit and had her Mommy cover it up for her."

"Look, this is totally fucking inappropriate," Greg said. "I don't know who you two are, but I'm going to need to ask you to leave. This is my party."

"Oh, we're on our way out," you said.

"We just wanted to make sure everyone here knew to watch their drinks and their boyfriends," Gemma said loudly. "Joy has a reputation for sexually harassing people."

"That's a fucking lie and I'll sue you for defamation and slander," Joy said, her smile slipping into a sneer.

“Really? Because we have a boardroom full of lawyers who know exactly what you did,” Gemma said. “Not even Mommy could stop *that* train from heading straight for you. So go ahead - I’m sure she’ll be happy to foot the legal costs for both sides when you lose and have to pay out.”

“Alright, enough,” Greg said. “Leave my apartment.”

You squeezed Gemma’s hand. Sabrina and Becks had gotten out of the apartment with enough time to at least have made it to the elevator. “We’re going,” you said. “Just be careful with a snake like her.”

“I’m going to make your life miserable,” Joy growled.

“There’s the real Joy,” you said with a grin, knowing you’d struck home. You could tell Gemma wanted to say something else, but you gave her a soft tug and she bit off her own comment and followed you out.