

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 430-454

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 430

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

“It’s too early,” she groaned.

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

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

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

Finding a pair of your shorts, you slipped them on without bothering with underwear and headed out and across the hall from Gemma’s room to the washroom. It had been a calculated risk, coming back to Gemma’s after the night of bowling with Becca and Charlotte. Sabrina didn’t have any fresh outfits left at Gemma’s and had needed to make a call home that evening anyway, so she’d gone back to her place solo while you, Gemma, Becca and Charlotte had flirted your way back to theirs.

The bathroom was unoccupied so you relieved yourself quickly and then splashed some water on your face. You and Gemma had showered after the sex last night, so you weren’t feeling gross, but the cold water still helped wake you up a bit more. From there you washed your hands and then headed towards the kitchen to start looking to make breakfast, but when you got there you found Becca already started, a frying pan on the stovetop and a carton of eggs out.

“Morning,” you said with a smirk as you walked in.

She glanced back over her shoulder at you and smirked right back. She was wearing panties and an apron and that was it. The look of her bare back was sexy, and her nicely toned legs and ass looked very grabbable.

“Morning, stud,” she said. “Sounds like you put in the good work last night.”

“Sounded like you were doing the same,” you said with a grin. “What was it you were calling Charlotte last night? Love-slave?”

Becca snorted and shook her head as she turned back to the first round of scrambled eggs she was frying. “Yeah, she was in a pretty subby mood last night after all the flirting. But then, you were calling Gemma your ‘anal queen’ so that isn’t much better.”

“To be fair,” you said. “I only had a couple of fingers in there.”

“Good to know,” Becca laughed.

You’d waited long enough, joking and chatting, ignoring what you wanted to do. So you got closer to her, easing up right behind her and softly running the fingertips of both your hands from the back of her bare thighs and up her panty-clad ass, then up her sides. She groaned, leaning back against you, and you took the invitation to slide your hands behind her apron and grab her tits. That just made her groan again as she breathed deeply, pressing them up at your hands.

“Naughty boy,” she sighed out.

“Shush,” you said softly, right next to her ear before kissing it. “You knew exactly what you were doing, dressing like this.”

“I did,” she smirked. “You were flirting with me all fucking night last night but didn’t grope me once.”

“It felt wrong to do right in front of Charlotte,” you said. “Whether you were OK with it or not. I’m not looking to blow her up.” You had found Becca’s nipples and were rolling them between your fingers, tugging on them lightly.

“That’s fair,” Becca groaned. “The flirting definitely got her in the mood, but I’m not sure you grabbing my tits in the middle of a bowling alley would have helped with that.”

“Probably not,” you growled softly, letting go of one of her breasts and sliding your hand down her stomach.

“Is that still groping?” she asked.

“Are you asking me to stop?” you asked back.

She shook her head and your fingers trailed down under the waistband of her panties, through her sparse bush, finding the little nub of her clit hood and then her labia. “Fuck,” she exhaled, rotating her hips a little to alternately press her ass back against your hard cock in your shorts

and your fingers on her. She wasn't super wet, but she was a little slick, and you teased her a little as you kissed and nibbled on her ear.

"Having fun, I see," Gemma said as she came into the kitchen. She was wearing one of your T-shirts, no bra underneath, and just a pair of panties herself.

"He's playing dirty," Becca grumbled with a smirk.

"He can play dirtier," Gemma said, coming right up and bending her chin up for a kiss that you gave her. Then she reached between you and pulled down Becca's panties to her knees before sliding your shorts down and taking out your cock. She pressed your cock against Becca's cheeks. "Use her cheeks and thighs, love," she said. "No penetration though."

"Oh, you *cunt*," Becca laughed.

Gemma leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Perfect usage, babe," she chuckled.

You, meanwhile, started humping your cock between Becca's cheeks as she tried to focus on cooking. She pressed her ass back against you and even twerked it a little, shooting you grins over her shoulder as you switched up where you were holding her. Sometimes by the hips, sometimes the waist, and sometimes her tits.

Eventually, you needed a bit more stimulation and you scooped your hips lower, pressing your cock between Becca's thighs. That made her groan as your cock pressed against her outer labia. Gemma, who had been helping get breakfast together around the two of you, snorted softly and winked at you.

Breakfast, unfortunately, was ready before you popped. Gemma wasn't going to leave you in need, however, and she braced her hands against the table and arched her back as she pushed down her own panties. "Come finish in me, love," she said. "Becca got you nice and warmed up for me."

"Bitch!" Becca sighed, half in frustration and half in amusement.

You walked your hard cock over to Gemma and it only took a moment for you to press your cock into her, both of you moaning in pleasure. You were close enough that it only took you a couple of minutes slow-stroking into your girlfriend that you popped, your balls aching and your cock shuddering rhythmically as you pumped your load into her pussy.

Becca, who had been sitting in her chair at the table and fingering herself as she watched, hadn't quite gotten there herself.

"You have two options," Gemma said as you pulled out of her, panting from your orgasm. "You can either eat your breakfast, or you can lick his taste out of my pussy while you finger yourself."

Becca's jaw dropped open a little, and you were pretty sure you knew what her answer would be, but the sound of Charlotte opening their door down the hall cut the sexual tension. Both of them pulled up their panties, and you pulled up your shorts, wincing at the fact that you hadn't had a chance to clean yourself off at all.

None of you wanted to rub what was happening in Charlotte's face even if she and Becca weren't dating or exclusive.

Chapter 431

"You guys are so fucking mean," Sabrina giggled.

Even with the sit-down breakfast, you and Gemma made it into the office relatively early and Sabrina was right on your heels. Without Eric there, or anyone else in your part of the office, you'd been able to give Sabrina a proper good morning kiss and then fill her in on what she'd missed since last night.

"Becca was pretty much humping her chair as we were eating, and dragged Charlotte back to their room afterwards," Gemma chuckled. "The other side of things, though - I think we've entered a Cold War with Lucy. She knew we were all there last night, but didn't start any shit. I'm pretty sure she locked herself in her room all night."

"What a baby," Sabrina sighed.

"Better than a raging bitchmonster," you said. "I would be perfectly happy with the Cold War lasting until you leave, Gemma. We should probably try not to antagonise her, yeah?"

Gemma made a face. She was the one who was the most pissed at Lucy after whatever it was she'd said about you during their last fight - neither Sabrina nor Gemma was telling you *what* it was, but apparently it was bad.

"Gemma," you said. "No sparking World War Three. Or fighting proxy wars."

"What if I just do *one* proxy war," Gemma said, then smirked a little.

You rolled your eyes, but couldn't continue the conversation because Eric came in with his arms stacked with the morning coffee orders. It was a particularly big one so you went to help him disperse the drinks. Thursday started out pretty much the same as the last few days - the four of you tried to slam through as much work as possible in the queue so that Sabrina could pivot to the Mock Trial prep. The four of you were supposed to make your case on Monday, so you only really had four days left.

After a fast lunch from the bodega down on the first floor, the four of you were just easing back into work when Garrison came and made his second appearance of the day, having checked in quickly earlier.

“Eric, come down to my office,” was all he said.

Eric shot the three of you a worried look before getting up and nervously leaving the conference room.

“Guesses?” you asked Gemma and Sabrina.

“Worst case is he’s fired,” Sabrina said. “Or suspended or something if it’s bad but not that bad.”

“Or his podcast appearances last weekend have caused more trouble,” Gemma guessed.

“Or maybe they spawned a completely new problem,” you added on. “I mean, he got to ‘maybe seeing’ that one producer girl and also hooked up with that model. Maybe someone is trying to make a case against him for something he didn’t do?”

Sabrina and Gemma both sighed, shaking their heads almost in unison, which made you smile.

“Hopefully not,” Gemma said.

Eric was gone for about thirty minutes before he came back, and his grin looked like it had been stapled onto his face, it was so big.

“So,” you said, raising an eyebrow after glancing at your girlfriends. “What was that about?”

“I cannot legally talk about how I just made \$100,000,” Eric said. “Minus legal expenses.”

“Holy shit, he settled for that much?” Sabrina asked.

“I cannot legally talk about how I just made \$100,000,” Eric repeated himself, his grin somehow getting even bigger as he sat down at his spot at the table.

“So there’s an NDA,” you guessed. “Which bars you from talking about the settlement or probably anything else with the matter, but they can’t stop you from talking about your own finances.”

“I cannot legally talk about how I just made \$100,000,” Eric said again.

“So are you bailing on us for the rest of the summer?” Gemma asked. “Because that’ll really screw up our Mock Trial plans.”

“No, no,” Eric said, shaking his head. “The money is great and is going to help pay for law school without needing as much in student loans, but it’s not fucking retirement money or anything. I still need to do the internship and everything.”

“Good for you,” you said. “And also fuck you for taking that punch.”

Eric laughed, shooting you a grin, and you rolled your eyes and shook your head. The money would have been nice, but not getting punched in the face *and* knowing that Eric was so loyal even if you weren’t close were both wins, too.

The four of you got back to work, though Eric *did* slow down his pace as he was celebrating by texting with his parents and, you presumed, spreading the word by *not* spreading the word to his contacts. The afternoon dragged on and Sabrina got Eric back on track by looping him into the Mock Trial prep instead of the regular intern work - the case was starting to really take shape. You had been informed that certain associates from both your firm and the other one would be acting as witnesses, working from scripts, so you had to submit witness lists for the trial based on the deposition files that were in the case package. Then there were the motions that needed preparing, opening statements to write and practice, and outlines for potential closing statements that could be adapted on the fly. Not to mention the actual presentation of the case.

Dinner that night was Polish food, hearty and full of carbs and meat - pretty much everything was ‘food item wrapped around *meat!*’ It was all delicious though, and you ended up working straight through until 9 PM.

That was when Gemma closed her laptop and looked across the table at you with a smile.

“Again?” you asked.

“It’s not a date this time,” she said, grinning at you and then at Sabrina. “We just need to go support someone.”

“Oh,” you said. “Tasha and Mosche are both supposed to be at the Comedy Club tonight.”

“You guys are going to a comedy club?” Eric asked, perking up a little. “Can I come?”

“Almost any other night, we’d probably say yes, Eric,” Sabrina said. “But tonight there might be a *lot* of drama for a couple of our friends. Maybe next week?”

Eric shrugged. “I mean, I’m all for drama if it means I can get punched in the face again.”

You snorted, shaking your head. “Well, that could actually happen depending on which comics are there,” you said, thinking of ‘the Bull Dyke’ interacting with Eric. “But no one there will have the sort of money to be able to make a settlement, so it wouldn’t be worth it.”

Chapter 432

You ended up arriving late for the start of the open mic, so you weren't sure exactly what had or hadn't happened beforehand. You also knew that all the comics who weren't on stage or about to be on stage usually hung out at the back of the club at the tables at the far end of the bar, so you could probably find either Mosche or Tasha there, but you also didn't know where in the order they might be going up so you didn't want to distract them from their mental prep for their sets.

Then there was the issue of some of the comics still potentially holding grudges against you and Gemma.

You ended up trying to split the difference and, once you, Gemma and Sabrina were inside the club you texted both Tasha and Mosche that you were there and were at the bar. The only way that could really go wrong was if they both came to meet you at the same time, and the chances of that were probably slim.

Probably.

You ordered drinks for the three of you, just beers since the club really overpriced their cocktails, and Sabrina hopped up on a stool as you stood on one side of her and Gemma stood on the other.

"Want to make bets on which of them comes to find us first?" Sabrina asked.

"I'm thinking Mosche," you said. "He'll still be dealing with being ostracised by the other comics so he's probably alone."

"You say that, but Tasha is dealing with that shit too," Gemma said. "How many of the male comics probably think they can get their mitts on her now?"

That thought made you groan and sneer a little at the thought, which then made you pause because Tasha wasn't yours to be jealous over.

"It's OK, baby," Sabrina said, grabbing your hand. "You can be protective of her without feeling guilty."

You took in a breath and let it out slowly, then took a sip of beer. "I'm just trying to make sure I'm not getting jealous over her," you admitted.

"Oh, you can be jealous over her too," Gemma said. "Be protective and jealous until she's in a place where she wants to find her person. She needs someone to be that way for her."

“Really?” you asked.

“Isn’t that sort of a bad look? And kind of like bringing her closer into *us*?”

Sabrina sighed and squeezed your hand. “On Tuesday, if Becks had liked the look of a guy and ended up going home with him instead of us, would you have been jealous?”

You opened your mouth, wanting to say no, but it wasn’t the truth.

“It’s OK to be jealous and protective of women who we’re sleeping with, John,” Sabrina said. “As long as it’s *healthy*, I don’t think Gemma or I will have a problem with it. You make emotional connections with them when you have the sort of sex we do, and that’s OK. Even romantic ones. The line is blurry, but we’ll know it’s a problem when we see it.”

“Are you sure you’re OK with this too?” you asked Gemma. She was the one who had the past with a fiance with wandering eyes, hands and heart.

“For Becks and Tasha?” Gemma asked. “Absolutely. Mallory is a different story considering she’s married and all - you can’t exactly get protective or jealous over her, and that wouldn’t be healthy. Same with Becca. You can’t get jealous of her being with Charlotte. But Becks and Tasha are our fuck-buddies, which means they are friends that we care about *and* that we have sex. That’s deeper and a lot more intimate than most friendships. So yeah, I’m fine with it, love.”

“Thanks for spelling it out for me,” you said, smirking just a little.

“Communication, baby,” Sabrina grinned, leaning in to give you a peck on the lips.

Your conversation was interrupted as Tasha came out from around the far end of the bar, looking towards the stage briefly before spotting you guys and coming over with a smile. Gemma met her first, pulling the comedian into a hug, and Sabrina slipped down from her stool and hugged her as well. You were last and you pulled her into a bear hug as you groaned softly. “God, I’d love to kiss you right now,” you whispered to her.

“Fuck,” she sighed. “You can. A small one, just friendly.”

You let her go and leaned in, giving her a quick, split-second kiss that put a smile on her lips as she looked up into your eyes. “Hi, guys,” she said, turning to Sabrina and Gemma.

“We’re here to support you,” Gemma said, looping her arm with Tasha’s. “You haven’t gone on yet, right? We got here a little late from work.”

“No, I’m after the intermission,” Tasha said.

“Is everything going OK?” Sabrina asked. “Any problems?”

Tasha gave a small grimace. "A couple of guys have made passes at me, and I'm expecting a few more before the night is through as they get liquored up. No one's crossed a line yet but I'm worried that they might and then it'll be a problem. And Mosche is here with some Asian girl. Is that who he was seeing while ghosting me?"

"Yes," Gemma said. "Though like I texted you, we had breakfast with her that one morning and it was awkward but she seems sweet. I don't think she was doing anything on purpose, it's all on Mosche."

Sabrina had glanced at you, accepting your silent acknowledgement that she and Gemma had been right about the Tasha Bring Hit On issue. Now she looked back at the dirty blonde woman. "What do you want from us support-wise? We're here to cheer you on, but if you need a safe spot to not be hit on, we can be that too."

"Really?" Tasha smirked. "Because I feel like I'll get hit on *way* more with you three than from the guys."

"That might be true," Gemma grinned. "But you'll know we mean it in the best way possible."

Tasha laughed, which was good to hear, and you moved around to slide your arm across her shoulder and give her a side hug without pulling her from Gemma. "The last thing we want is you to feel uncomfortable, from anyone else *or* us," you said. "Sabrina is right, just tell us what's the best way to support you tonight. You've got us for anything you need."

Tasha smiled up at you again, the look in her eyes thankful and sweet. "Cheer and laugh for me," she said. "I don't mind if you clap for Mosche too, I know he's still your roommate. I might hang out with you during intermission too. And have a beer waiting for me after my set so I can just do a little check-in with the other comics and then come over here since you'll have a drink waiting for me."

"Done and done," you said.

"Anything else?" Gemma asked.

"Take me home tonight?" Tasha asked, blushing a little.

"Just ride with you, or *ride* with you?" Sabrina asked.

Tasha bit her lip, looking at each of you slowly in turn. "*Ride* with me, if you want?"

"We want," you assured her. "If you want, we very much want."

Gemma smiled warmly. "Careful, Tash," she said. "John sounds like he might go full caveman, throw you over his shoulder and carry you out of here to find his cave."

"I might just be willing for that to happen," Tasha grinned. "Thanks, guys."

Chapter 433

Mosche went up first.

To be fair, the crowd inside the main area near the stage gave him about as much applause as they gave any other comic. You went and stood at the edge of the bar area, under the dimmed-but-not-blacked-out lights, and clapped for him just in case he could see you at the back. He didn't seem to notice you, but maybe he was just being professional.

The issue for him was that, pretty much as soon as he mounted the stage, you could tell he was even more nervous than usual. It had to be because Iris was in the crowd, maybe seeing his act for the first time. When he was dating Tasha he had someone who understood that a bad set, or even a full-on bombing, was part of the process. Having a bad night didn't mean you *were* bad.

You had no fucking clue about Iris's knowledge of stand-up comedy, and unless she'd been willing to sit through Mosche's various rants and monologues about the art form... Well, it was entirely possible that a bad performance would cast a shade over their burgeoning relationship.

The good news was that Mosche opened his act with a couple of his stronger jokes, which got some chuckles from the crowd if not full-bellied laughter. You took that opportunity to back off back to the bar, rejoining Gemma and Sabrina. Tasha had slipped back around to the Comics hangout area since part of the whole thing was seeing and being seen by the comics that were doing better. Comedy was, after a certain minimum bar for skill and execution, about contacts. Experienced comics giving younger comics not just advice, but potentially even jobs whether it was opening for them on tour, following them into writer's rooms for television, or even writing jokes for them.

"Can I be honest?" Sabrina asked you quietly as you re-joined your girlfriends.

"Always, obviously," you said, sliding an arm around her as she sat on the bar stool.

"I don't hate Mosche," Sabrina said. "And I'm not, like, asking you to abandon him to the wolves or whatever. But... he went from being your weird-but-likeable roommate to giving me the major lck really fast. Like, I don't want to *want* to be mean to him, but after being so fucking destructive to Tasha through his social incompetence and insecurities..."

"You feel bad for disliking him so hard, after trying to be friends with him," Gemma filled in.

“Yes,” Sabrina sighed. “Exactly.”

“I know,” you said. “On the one hand, I know everything that happened with Tasha is *bad*. But on the other hand, up to that point, I’d always thought he was sort of a funny chapter in my life that I’d be telling stories about down the road. I didn’t think we’d stay in contact, but I also thought if I ever ran into him sometime, or if he really did get famous and went on tour or something, I would want to grab a beer with him. And he’s still *that* guy, but with his body weight in baggage.”

“I think you’re both being too soft on him,” Gemma said, then held up her hands defensively. “I’m not saying we should go out of our way to attack him or whatever, or make his life miserable, but he’s facing the consequences of his actions. I mean, seriously - he was reacting to ghosts. Tasha has been pretty explicit with us that she *wasn’t* giving him any signals about wanting to sleep with or fuck anyone else until he made it sound like *he* wanted it. And then he made assumptions about what she was doing when it was just normal stuff, but he thought it was her throwing herself at person after person. I don’t think he’s mature enough to handle any sort of serious relationship, including strong friendships.”

“Harsh,” you said.

“Doesn’t make it not true though,” Sabrina said.

Mosche, on stage, had transitioned out of his act and for some fucking reason had decided to practice his crowd work. You had to admit that he had the gumption to do it, but crowdwork was very much his worst comedic skill. He had lost the laughter of the crowd, and you could hear the groans starting to mount.

“I think, in a year or so, he’s going to look back at this summer and have major regrets,” you said. “Those are the real consequences of his actions. And we don’t need to pile on him to make that any less potent. So I think we just let things lay where they fell. Gemma leaves in two weeks, and Sabrina and I go back to school in three. That’s not a long time that we need to put up with him and whatever happens with Iris, right?”

“You know, sometimes it annoys me that you’re the most reasonable person in our trio?” Sabrina asked.

“Wait, do you think you’re second-most reasonable?” Gemma asked in surprise.

“I mean, I don’t use *cunt* in my non-sexual lexicon,” Sabrina said.

“That is an attack on my country and I won’t stand for it,” Gemma snorted and laughed.

“I’m also not the one going *back* to live in the land where everything wants to kill you,” Sabrina pointed out.

“Not *everything*,” Gemma countered. “Just, like, most things.”

You rolled your eyes and leaned in, kissing Sabrina on the side of her head and then slipping around her to give Gemma a kiss on the forehead. “Can we just agree that, as I am the most reasonable by a mile, I can veto any major revenge moves when any of us are angry at someone?”

“A *mile*?” Gemma asked. “Do you hear this, Sabrina? He says he’s more reasonable by a *mile*.”

“Maybe a yard,” Sabrina said. “Or a foot.”

“Definitely not a mile,” Gemma said.

You rolled your eyes and started clapping as the host for the Open Mic cut into Mosche’s time a little to get him off the stage. It hadn’t been awful, but it hadn’t been good either. You were pretty interested to see what Iris thought.

Chapter 434

When intermission started the bar area flooded as people from the stage area came to order drinks if they hadn’t been able to flag down a waitress and to stretch their legs or hop outside for a smoke break. With only ten minutes to accomplish those things, the area became crowded quickly.

That didn’t stop you or Mosche from being able to spot each other though, and he broke into a smile as he made his way out of the stage area.

“Hey you guys,” he said as he squeezed through the crowd, his hand clamped on Iris’s as she followed him looking just a little lost. When she saw who he was talking to she brightened a little at recognizing someone, but there was also that lingering awkwardness from breakfast earlier in the week. “I didn’t think you would come tonight. Thank you!”

“Hey, Mosche,” Gemma said a little coolly.

“Hi, Mosche,” Sabrina said, projecting a little more warmth even if she wasn’t quite comfortable with him. “Hi, Iris.”

“Hi,” the younger Korean woman said. She was dressed up in a cute summer dress and had a big black X marked on the back of her hand. Being only 19, you assumed that Mosche had helped her get into the comedy club and the X was marking her as not being able to drink.

“How did you like Mosche’s set?” you asked her.

“Um, it was fun,” Iris said, biting the corner of her lip a little.

“That’s exactly what I was going for!” Mosche grinned. “‘Fun’ is like, a really good spot to be in. There are so many other comics here that want to be edgy, I thought ‘fun’ would be a nice change of pace.”

You felt bad. Iris was obviously trying not to upset him by speaking her mind, and Mosche was obviously oblivious to that fact.

“So…” Sabrina said, trying to find something else to talk about. “Is that weirdo lesbian comic here tonight? I’m not looking to get into a fistfight.”

“Julie?” Mosche asked. “Um, I’m not sure. I wanted to sit with Iris so I haven’t really seen the other comics tonight unless they’ve been up on stage.”

Again, you felt bad because you had a feeling that wasn’t the only reason Mosche was avoiding his fellow comics. Tasha had torn him a new one publicly one week ago, maybe a little unfairly by making it so public. He had to be worried about the jokes that were being made at his expense.

“I need to go to the washroom,” Gemma suddenly said and looked at Sabrina. “Come with?”

“Sure,” Sabrina said, then hesitated but turned to Iris and raised her eyebrows in a silent offer.

“I’ll come too,” Iris said, shooting Mosche a little smile before letting go of his hand and the three of them started weaving their way through the crowd.

“Um,” Mosche said. “They aren’t going to, like… Are they still mad at me?”

“Disappointed. Frustrated. Gressed out a little,” you said. “I don’t think they’ll be vindictive, Mosche, and try to turn Iris against you or anything. But they are definitely on Team Tasha after everything that happened, and after finding out how much you hid about the situation to begin with.”

Mosche grimaced, looking down like a little kid who had just discovered what it meant to feel guilty. “Yeah, I kinda fucked up.”

“You kinda fucked up big time,” you clarified.

“Are you on her side, too?” Mosche asked.

That one made you groan inside your head and let out a breath. “Mosche, I’m your roommate and your buddy,” you said. “I’m not going to hold it over your head or anything, or try to keep reminding you of what happened to punish you. But you really, really fucked up, so when it

comes to everything that happened I'm on Team Tasha. The girls and I are still friends with her, and I'm not going to try and get you two in the same place or anything, but that's just the reality of the situation. She doesn't deserve to lose friends because of what you made happen."

His guilt turned a little to petulance for a moment, but he took in a breath and seemed to exhale it out. "OK," he said. "That's fair I guess."

"Now I've got a question for you," you said. "What were you thinking doing crowd work when you were trying to impress your new girlfriend?"

"I thought it went pretty well," Mosche said.

"It flopped, my dude," you said. "You know your bits are better than your improv."

"Well, I've been practising and I thought I'd gotten better," Mosche said. "It wasn't, like, *that* bad."

"It wasn't that great either," you pointed out.

It took another ten minutes, and the open mic show had started up again, for the girls to come back, complaining about the line for the washroom. Iris grabbed Mosche's hand, saying she wanted to head back to their table, and he followed her with a thankful look over his shoulder at you.

"Took it easy on him, huh?" Sabrina asked as you offered her a hand to hop back up on her stool.

"Not really," you said. "He straight up asked whether you guys were still pissed and I told him you weren't pissed, but you were a lot of other negative things. And that we were all on Team Tasha when it came to what went down."

"So what was that look then?" Gemma asked.

"That was him being thankful that I can be normal with him despite that," you said and snorted softly at the look they both gave you. "I compartmentalised."

"Maybe you *should* be a criminal defence lawyer," Gemma said. "That's a good skill to have when you know the person did something fucking awful, but you still need to give them a proper legal defence."

"Maybe," you sighed. You hadn't really thought about your eventual legal speciality based on your personality, you'd always thought about it in terms of what might interest you.

The second comic was already up on stage, and Tasha came out from the back area over to you all at the bar. "I'm up next," she said as she joined you.

"Break a leg, gorgeous," Sabrina said, shooting her a smile.

"Your hair looks fantastic, your tits look incredible and you're the funniest person here," Gemma encouraged.

Tasha flipped her hair with her fingers as she grinned and blushed just a little. "Well, thank you," she said. Then she turned to you. "Kiss for luck?"

You leaned in and planted one on her - short and sweet, no tongue so that if anyone was watching you there wouldn't be more rumours about her. "Smash it, sexy," you said quietly as you pulled away from her lips.

"That's all I needed to hear," she grinned and then headed into the dark of the stage area to wait for her introduction.

Chapter 435

Tasha was kind to Mosche. Not in saying anything nice, but in not saying anything at all. She knew he was there in the dark with his new romantic interest and she didn't say a single thing about him, or the previous months of dating, or what she'd done with you and Sabrina and Gemma. She could have torn him to shreds. She could have eviscerated him with her words, turned the crowd and Iris against him.

So she was kind, not doing that.

And you knew that Mosche, with all of his neuroticisms and poor social judgement, would probably make the wrong assumptions and think that maybe they were OK or something. You could even see him trying to introduce Iris to her after the show, or something equally dumb.

Tasha was on fire, though. You had to guess that she was channelling her frustration with everything into her act. She had you grinning and chuckling, and both Sabrina and Gemma giggling, throughout her ten minutes on the stage. The one shot she *did* take at Mosche was doing some crowd work that actually got laughs as she went back and forth with a trio of middle-aged women a few times about the depressing state of the women's bathroom in the club and the long lines. That had Gemma and Sabrina almost tearing up, they were laughing so much, even if it went over your head.

You ordered a fresh beer for Tasha about two-thirds of the way through her set, and as she dismounted the stage to raucous applause she emerged from the dark with a big grin on her face. Making a show of lifting the beer up to her, she held out a hand with a finger up, asking

you to wait a minute, and went back around the bar to the tables where the other comics were. There was some clapping and loud encouragement from back there, but a minute later Tasha came back around to you. She grabbed the beer from your hand, took a long drink of it, then lowered it and shuddered as she swallowed. Her smile was a lot dimmer.

“What happened?” you asked in concern.

“Exactly what I thought would happen,” she said. “Dogs being dogs. Two different guys tried to make passes at me when I sat down. I got out of there as soon as I could.”

“I’m sorry, babe,” Sabrina said, rubbing her back. Tasha was dressed in all black, though her blouse had some silver accents and her heavily distressed jeans had white all through the distressing. If she’d had on a dress you were sure that Sabrina would have been getting handsy with any bare skin.

“You should say something to the manager or something,” Gemma said. “You have a right not to get harassed.”

Tasha sighed and shook her head. “I’m getting pretty good, but I’m not ‘kick other comics out’ good,” she said. “And if he kicked out every scummy guy who wanted to get into comedy there’d only be a handful left. Comics have shitty filters by trade, and it’s something I’ll be dealing with for a long time. What I *do* need is to finish my drink.”

“And then get some dick from John,” Sabrina said, thankfully quietly, but with a pretty little naughty grin.

Tasha snorted and then laughed, then looked at you and nodded.

“Can’t wait,” you said, trying to use your eyes to tell her how much you wanted her, too.

The four of you chatted a bit and listened to some of the other comics. Tasha gave you some insight into the various ups and downs they were going through; who was on the rise, who had been stagnant at the same level of popularity for years. Who was going to quit soon.

When Julie the ‘Bull Dyke’ came strutting out of the back area and spotted the four of you, scowling deeply, you decided it was probably time to call it a night. “Do you need to stick around at all?” you asked, hooking a finger into Tasha’s belt loop and tugging on it lightly as you gave her a look.

“Scared of Julie?” Tasha asked you with a grin.

“Nope,” you said. “Just at Gemma making her so mad she has a heart attack.”

"I'm not- OK, maybe I would brag about that one in the future," Gemma said, making you all chuckle.

"Then take me home, John," Tasha said, licking her lips suggestively. "So that you and your girlfriends can have your way with me."

"Ooh, I like the sound of that," Sabrina said, hopping down from her stool and looping her arm with Tasha's. "Do we *all* get to have our way with you?"

Tasha bit her lip and grinned, glancing behind the bar to make sure the two bartenders weren't listening in. "Maybe," she said. "I think I want to be told what to do tonight."

"That, we can definitely do," Gemma said, looping her arm through Tasha's other one. "Though I think the big question is - if we're having our way with you, is your ass on the line? Because I know John *loved* making love to that booty."

Tasha flushed a little, looking at you again. "Is that what you want?"

"Very much," you said, giving her a wink. "But only after you've come at least... three or four times and you're *super* relaxed."

Tasha groaned, deep in her chest. "Fuck, I think I just flooded my panties," she laughed. "You guys are *dangerous*."

"I'll order an Uber," Sabrina said, taking out her phone. "Unless you want to go have a little fun in the bathroom first? Take the edge off?"

Tasha seriously hesitated, considering it, before shaking her head. "Take me to your place," she said. "I'm more than ready to have another night with you guys. But, uh, am I good to stay over again?"

"Absolutely," Sabrina assured her even while she was ordering up the ride. "Though we have work early tomorrow, so we'll be up early and having breakfast."

"That's OK," Tasha smiled. "After last week I think I owe some help in the kitchen anyway."

You managed to keep your hands off of Tasha until your ride was almost at the club and you left out the front. Then, before getting into the car, you couldn't help yourself and you stood behind her, sliding your hands into the back pockets of her jeans. She hummed and leaned back against you, looking up and grinning.

"Thanks for coming tonight," she said. "It really does mean a lot."

"Happy to," you assured her. "And that doesn't need to lead to *this*. You know that, right?"

"I know," she said. "I just really want more of *this*."

"Good," you said. "So do we."

Chapter 436

"Fuck yes, John," Gemma groaned softly. You were on top of her as she was face-down on the bed, the covers still over the two of you. She was pressing her ass back and up at you while you worked your hips, stirring your cock in her. Her head was sideways on the pillow, her long blonde hair a thick and wild cascade around her, and you had her hands in yours under the pillow.

"God, I love you, Gemma," you moaned.

"Love you too, love," she gasped.

"Alright you two," Tasha said as she came into Sabrina's bedroom. She was only wearing panties, her amazingly perfect tits bouncing with each step. "Sabrina says if you don't finish up and don't come out for breakfast, she's going to come in here and *make* you finish. I'm not sure what her plan is, but it sounded like a threat and not a promise."

"M'kay," Gemma moaned, flipping her head the other way so she could see Tash. "Come here?"

Tasha came to the side of the bed and Gemma let go of your hand, bringing hers out from under the pillow and reaching towards the other blonde. Tash played along, letting Gemma pull her closer until they were kissing. Then Gemma pulled her in a little closer and whispered something to her right in her ear. It made Tasha grin and then chuckle as she glanced at you.

Once she was freed from Gemma's grip, Tasha stood up and pulled the covers off of you and Gemma, and then wriggled out of her panties. "Sit up more, John," she said. You did, and Tasha climbed up on the bed and flung her leg over Gemma's back, straddling her and facing you. She shuffled a little closer until her tits were pressed to your chest, and she took your hands and brought one around her to her ass and the other down to feel at her pussy. "Gemma says if you're going to finish quickly, you're too used to having two women in bed with you so you need inspiration."

"Fuck me hard, love," Gemma said. "And see if you can get Tash off too."

You did your best, using your hips to start thrusting into Gemma as you began to finger both of Tasha's holes while making out with her.

Gemma was right, you *were* getting used to two women in bed with you at a time. At *least* two. You loved making love, or having nasty sex, with each of your girlfriends individually but over the course of the summer your natural stamina had definitely lengthened. Having Tasha in your arms, splitting your attention between what you and Gemma were doing, and what you were doing with your guest, helped make the experience heighten.

You came first, groaning as you pushed your cock into Gemma as deep as you could and pumped her full of cum. Tasha was the one who went off second, one of your fingers in her ass as you grabbed her butt cheek firmly and three fingers in her pussy. It wasn't one of the massive ones you and the girls had continued to learn how to get out of her, but she hummed happily through it.

Gemma was last and didn't come from the fucking and instead from when you pulled out of her, flipped her onto her back and dove down to kiss her and maul her tits as Tasha went in to taste the cum slowly oozing out of her.

"Are you three done yet or not?" Sabrina demanded from the door to the bedroom. When you looked over you could see she was dressed just like Tasha had been - only panties - but was wielding a spatula like a knife. "We need to eat, and then get dressed and *go*. We have so much fucking work to do, guys."

"Well, if *Sabrina* is willing to interrupt after-sex cuddles, then we really do need to go," you said.

"Cuddle on the couch while you're eating," Sabrina called over her shoulder as she headed back towards the kitchen.

"Shit, we really do need to go," Gemma groaned, turning to Tasha. "Thanks for the help, babe."

"My pleasure, literally," Tasha grinned.

The rest of your morning was less eventful, rushing to eat the breakfast Sabrina and Tasha had put together and then to get the three of you put together enough that you didn't look like you'd had a night of foursome sex. "Becks will know," you said as the four of you were in the elevator on the way down.

"No she- Yeah, OK, she will," Gemma said.

"You guys don't look *that* bad," Tasha said. She was dressed up in her jeans from the night before and was borrowing one of Gemma's shirts - Sabrina's would have been a little too lewd with how tight they would have been in the bust.

Outside, all four of you headed for the bus stop on the corner.

“Sorry we can’t have you over this weekend,” Sabrina said, lightly holding hands with Tasha as you walked in a group. “We’re going to be working *all* weekend though. This Mock Trial is starting to really stress me out and I’m ready for it to just be over.”

“It’s fine, seriously,” Tasha assured her. “I’m glad I got you guys even last night. And this morning. Thank you again for coming.”

All three of you reiterated that you were going to support her as much as you could, while you could. Then, as Tasha’s bus started approaching down the street, you each gave her a goodbye kiss.

“You know, one of these days I’m going to make you guys be the ones doing the walk of shame from *my* place,” she said with a smirk before getting on her bus.

“Wouldn’t be any shame at all,” Gemma called after her with a grin.

Once her bus pulled away, yours showed up shortly after and you were headed into the office. You’d managed to grab three seats near the back, without anyone else packed in nearby.

“It’s going to be hard saying goodbye to her,” Gemma sighed. “And Becks. It’s still so weird that I have, like, female fuck buddies now. And that I care about them so much!”

“Do you need to find one back home?” Sabrina asked with a little grin. “Just to keep your bed warm, and show John a good time when he comes to visit?”

Gemma snorted and shook her head. “I’m gonna wear out some batteries in my vibrator as I get used to less sex, but I’m not going to find myself a replacement for any of you. It would be pointless - you’re both irreplaceable.”

“Awww,” Sabrina grinned, hugging Gemma tightly.

You just smiled, making eye contact with your girlfriend and brushing a lock of her hair behind her ear. “No one could replace you either, love,” you said. “Ever.”

“Thank you, love,” she replied with a smile.

Chapter 437

You made it in time to do the morning coffee run - with Andy off of the Intern team there was an open day in the schedule and it made more sense for you, Gemma and Sabrina to take care of it than to do a rotation with Eric. Ladened down with almost twenty to-go cups of various sizes between the three of you, you headed to the office.

“Hey, guys,” Becks said with a smile as you held the door for Gemma and Sabrina and followed them in.

“Morning, Becks,” Gemma said, heading straight for the desk.

“Good morning, sexy,” Sabrina said with a more lascivious smile.

Becks rolled her eyes after doing a quick glance to make sure no one was nearby down the corridor. “Not funny, Sabrina,” she said.

“You say that now,” Sabrina said. “But I bet you won’t turn down a Good Morning Kiss from John.”

She rolled her eyes again, smirking a little, as you were the last to set down your stack of cups. “No, I wouldn’t,” she said.

You shrugged, not able to help your own little grin, and leaned across the desk as she leaned in as well. The kiss was soft but lingered a little longer than a friendly peck. “Good morning, Becks,” you said.

“Mmm, don’t say it like *that*,” Becks said. “That was a ‘morning after’ tone. Now I’m going to be horny for the next hour.”

“Sorry, let me try again,” you said and adjusted to a fake announcer voice. “Gooooood morning, Becks. The weather is fine today, isn’t it?”

That got you eye-rolls from all three of them.

“Any news?” Sabrina asked, turning back to Becks.

“Nothing. Joy hasn’t posted on any social media for the whole week,” Becks said. “Which probably means her mother cut her off from her devices, otherwise I can’t see her being able to hold back. I even checked her friends and none of them have said anything about her either - which, to be fair, might just be an out-of-sight, out-of-mind kind of thing. Vapid bitches are like that.”

“They do be like that,” Gemma chuckled.

Becks shook her head and smiled. “Other than that? Um, she hasn’t tried to get into the building, and neither has her mother. At least that the overnight security knows about. And I haven’t gotten any new memos or anything.”

The four of you continued to catch up a little bit, and Gemma apologised that you couldn’t invite her over for some more fun that weekend - the Mock Trial was going to be taking up most of

your time, and you and Sabrina also needed to film a couple of quick 'milder' scenes to get into the release queue. Becks understood and offered to film stuff with you the *next* weekend, which led to reminding her that that would actually be Gemma's last weekend in the States.

And that started the emotions as all three of them started tearing up, and you couldn't help getting a little sad as well. Two weekends and one and a half weeks before you wouldn't be able to hold her in your arms.

Sabrina changed the subject, inviting Becks over for a 'Post Trial Party' at her place on Wednesday after the trial was supposed to be finished. Becks agreed readily.

With the rest of the coffee run waiting, the three of you ended up needing to head upstairs so you told Becks you'd see her later and then headed for the elevators. Once inside, Gemma sighed. "Now we just need to make sure Tasha is available."

"For what?" you asked.

"The party," Sabrina said. "Obviously."

"Not obvious, but OK," you said. Then you raised an eyebrow at the two of them. "So both of them?"

"You can handle it," Sabrina smirked.

"Yeah, maybe," you said. "But what are you two planning? Becks is only on a 'play' basis with girls even if Tasha might actually consider dating one."

"Don't worry about it, love," Gemma said. "We know what we're doing."

You pursed your lips, clearly unconvinced, and they both chuckled.

You and Gemma handled delivering the coffees on the floor your intern office was on since there were more, while Sabrina went up to the next floor to make those deliveries, and you ended up back in the office together just as Eric was arriving for the day. He still had that same big grin from the day before.

"Same thing keeping a pep in your step," you asked him as he entered the conference room. "Or did something else happen?"

"Oh, I'm still fucking *thrilled* about cutting my law school tuition costs massively," Eric said. "But something else did happen." He pulled out his phone as he sat down, opened something up and slid it across the desk to you. You picked it up and then immediately moved it away from your eyesight. "Eric," you said. "What the fuck?"

“She’s hot, right?” Eric said. “That’s Casey. We decided to ‘see’ each other and she sent me that.”

“You should probably be keeping that private then,” you said, sliding his phone back to him. His new not-quite-girlfriend had taken a topless picture for him, showing from her chin to her stomach. He was right, it was a hot picture - she had warm, brown skin from her mixed heritage and her tits were probably about as large as Becks, but with large, puffy areola and little pebble nipples. She also looked like she was top-heavy with how thin her waist was.

“Nah, she’s not the kind of girl who would mind,” Eric said.

“Lemme see,” Sabrina said, motioning him to slide her the phone across the table.

“Really?” Eric asked, making a questioning face.

“Yeah, why not?” Sabrina said.

“O-OK,” Eric said, sending her the phone.

Sabrina picked it up and looked for a lot longer than you did, making a bit of an impressed face as she raised her eyebrows and examined the tits. “Those are pretty big,” she said, then looked up at Eric. “They’re fake but nice.”

“No they aren’t,” he said. “She specifically told me they were all natural.”

Sabrina shrugged. “I mean, maybe. It’s not like fake boobs make them any less *boobs* anyways. I’m just saying they look *enhanced* to me. Maybe not in size so much as in shape.” She slid the phone back to Eric. “Either way, they look good.”

Eric looked at the picture again, narrowing his eyes as he tried to see what Sabrina was seeing. Sabrina, meanwhile, looked at you with a little smirk and winked.

She was yanking his chain.

Chapter 438

“Sabrina,” Garrison said, knocking quickly and sticking his head in the door to the conference room. All four of you looked up even if he’d only called her. “Come with me,” he said.

Sabrina frowned and glanced at you and Gemma, clearly unsure of what was going on, but got up and followed after Garrison, only hesitating to reach back to Gemma and brush fingertips as the blonde reached out to her.

“Thoughts?” Gemma asked.

“He looks grimmer than usual,” you said.

“I swear I didn’t report her for sexual harassment,” Eric said.

That had you and Gemma looking at him in confusion.

“For her making comments about my- person I’m seeing,” Eric said, stumbling over not saying ‘girlfriend.’

“Eric, in that whole situation, do you think that *you* had the biggest case for a sexual harassment claim?” Gemma asked.

“Well, I mean, Sabrina asked to see the picture,” Eric said.

“But I didn’t, dude,” you said.

“Yeah, but you’re a guy,” Eric said. Then he realised his reasoning and exhaled. “Yeah, OK,” he said.

“Eric, you’re great, but you think with your balls too much,” Gemma said, shaking her head and smirking.

“So we know it wasn’t Eric,” you said. “Any other ideas?”

Eric and Gemma both shook their heads. The issue was that you and Gemma both could probably think of a couple of reasons why Sabrina would get called out of the office by Garrison - not the least of which was doing sexual stuff in the office, being in an unreported relationship, saying inappropriate things to Becks if someone overheard her. Then there was the incident with Becks and the sushi up here in the conference room. And the whole OnlyFans side-career.

Sabrina was gone for almost forty-five minutes and it was getting close to lunch when she came back. She looked ashen-faced and was chewing on the inside of her lip nervously as she came back.

“What happened?” Gemma asked, immediately standing up and closing the door behind Sabrina to get privacy. You got up as well, circling around the table.

Sabrina sat down in her seat, Gemma immediately moving to hug her. You ended up perching on the edge of the table and taking her hand in yours.

“Um,” Sabrina said, then shook her head lightly. “I got served.”

“Fucking bitch,” Gemma grunted, clearly not directed at Sabrina.

“Joy?” you asked.

Sabrina nodded. “Civil lawsuit. The process server was downstairs asking for me, and Becks had a hunch so she called Garrison instead of me. There was no real point in trying to dodge it, so Garrison acted as my lawyer and witnessed the serving. Then we went up to his office so he could look it over. It’s- Garrison says it’s all ridiculous and won’t fly, but we have to go through the motions.”

“Are you OK?” you asked softly.

Sabrina swallowed and took a breath before nodding. “I think so?” she said. “I mean, it’s fucking bullshit that they think she’s the victim after all the crap she pulled. And this is going to last into the school year unless they can convince Bellagamba to drop it, which he doesn’t think will happen until it gets in front of a judge at least.”

“Is he going to represent you?” Eric asked.

“No,” Sabrina said. “He can’t since he’ll be a material witness if it comes down to it. He couldn’t see what happened, but he heard it on the phone and is aware of everything else Joy was doing at the firm. He said the firm is going to engage one of the civil attorneys on my behalf at the firm we’re doing the Mock Trial against, so I’ll meet them then.”

“Fucking hell,” you sighed, holding her hand tight.

“OK, this sucks,” Gemma said. “But now that the shock is wearing off, tell me this. Was it worth seeing Joy wailing with a busted nose?”

Sabrina scrunched up her face, then snorted and relaxed a bit as she chuckled. “Yes,” she said. “God, she looked like such a fucking little bitch. And the way she just said ‘I t’ink you broke by nobe’ was so fucking good.”

Gemma made space for you to hug Sabrina, and Eric even came over and hugged her as well.

“I’m going to get you some water,” you said. “Is there anything else you need?”

She looked at you and smirked just a little, and you knew what she was thinking and you laughed and shook your head. “Water would be good,” she agreed. “Thanks, baby.”

“You’re welcome,” you said, and after exchanging a glance with Gemma you slipped out of the conference room, leaving the door open again like it was supposed to be. You headed down the corridor through the building but bypassed the staff kitchen area and went down towards the partner offices, knocking on Garrison’s door. He looked up and saw you, motioning you in.

“Is she going to be OK?” you asked him bluntly.

“She will,” Garrison said. “It’s not a frivolous suit, but it’s close enough considering everything else. I can’t see any judge ruling against her. If it goes anywhere you’ll end up being a witness most likely though.”

“That’s fine,” you said. “Um... I probably shouldn’t actually talk to you about details though, should I?”

“Not on this one, John,” Garrison said. “I know all I need to know about it. Anything else you should tell her lawyer - I’m pretty sure I know who it will end up being, and *she* is very, very good. We just need to make sure she’s available and sign the documents to make it official.”

“Thank you, sir,” you said. “For everything, but especially for this.”

“I told you four yesterday, you’re more trouble than you *should* be worth. But you also saved this firm from potentially a lot worse if Joy hadn’t gotten caught. This isn’t out of the goodness of our hearts, this is fair compensation for good work.”

“Thank you,” you repeated.

“You’re welcome. Now, back to work. You’ve got a trial on Monday and didn’t need this distraction,” he said. “Actually, why don’t you all refocus on that for the rest of the day? It’ll do Sabrina some good to be able to work with you three directly.”

“Will do, sir,” you agreed. “Thank you again.”

“Thank me one more time and I’ll think I’m getting soft, John,” he said. “You can go.”

You managed not to say it again before leaving.

Chapter 439

Sabrina was, understandably, a little distracted during the next few hours. That didn’t stop you, Gemma and Eric from encouraging her to take charge to try and help her out. Sabrina ended up assigning you the finalisation of the witness lists, while Gemma was directed to start taking the various notes that had been made for the opening statements and forming them into a cohesive speech. That left space for Eric to double-check the motions that needed to be filed to attempt to quash various elements of evidence or specific witnesses that would hurt the case and to challenge the validity of several of the initial case filings from the main package. Sabrina took on the brunt of forming the meat of the case you would be making, organising your defensive and

offensive question lists for the witnesses and laying out which evidence you would bring in for each potential witness.

You noticed, about halfway through the afternoon, that none of the Associates or Junior Partners had dropped any interning work for you all - usually, Fridays were a 'dump day' when they were getting their work for the week finished and dropped off stuff for you all to work on. Instead, it seemed like word had gotten around about the mock trial and that you were to be left alone, which was definitely helpful.

"OK," Eric sighed, rubbing at his face as he leaned back from his laptop. "All I've got left is the motion to suppress on the character witnesses, and then finalising the motion to dismiss."

"Did you remember to include the citations I found for the motion to suppress on the traffic cam footage from earlier in the day?" Sabrina asked.

"Umm, yeah," Eric nodded, clicking through his open tabs. "I got them."

"OK," Sabrina nodded, then turned to you. "How are you doing, John?"

"Good," you said. "Unless we find something else over the weekend I think the list should be done. The last detail is whether we can come up with a way to mitigate the fact that the broker was the brother-in-law of the victim or not."

"Mm," Sabrina hummed and started flipping through papers. "I actually found something for that. I'll try to find it."

"I'm only about halfway through the opening statements," Gemma said. "Honestly, my natural inclination is to be a little more... *fiery* than we decided to go. I'm going to need some help."

"I'll help," you offered.

The four of you got back to work, and you slid your chair over to sit next to Gemma as you both murmured quietly and wordsmithed the opening statements. What she'd written was *good*, but after the advice from Garrison and witnessing his own case, you'd all decided to follow his methodology of methodical, passionless facts for whoever the judge ended up being. The two of you ended up doing a quick secondary rewrite of what she'd already gotten done, toning things down a little more, before piecing together the second half of the speech.

What you managed to put together was a comprehensive defence of your Insurance Company client's decisions and actions regarding the decision not to pay out several of the claims made by the plaintiff. You had already done a round of 'What if we were the plaintiff?' earlier on in the process and had tried to head off as many of the avenues they had as possible upfront.

If you could get everything else ready, you would do that again over the weekend as you all went through every spec of information that came in the massive resource file now that you were immersed in it, looking for any last tidbits that would help either side.

The end of the work day passed without any of you noticing, and you were surprised when the conference room phone rang and the security guard asked someone to come down to pick up your dinner order. You ended up going with Gemma, wanting a quick break from the final paragraph of the opening statement and found out that the 'mystery delivery' was from the Taco truck that you and Gemma had gotten food from before. The reminder of your first date made you chuckle, and when you were in the elevator you set down the big paper bag you were holding and you took your girlfriend's face in both your hands and kissed her.

"I love you, Gemma," you said.

"I know," she smiled back. "And I love you too. What made you want to say it like that, though?"

"Everything," you sighed, picking the bag of food back up. "Just everything."

"Just," she smirked. Then she sighed. "I'm going to miss you so much, but I'm going to miss this, too."

"Interning?"

"Working with you and Sabrina every day. And Eric, even. Feeling like we're *doing* things and not just spinning my wheels in class," she said. "I won't miss the intern salary rate. But everything else has just been... My life changed this summer for the better, and you and Sabrina are like 85% of that. Becks, Tasha, Becca and Charlotte are maybe 5%. This job, working with you, getting mentored by Garrison, that's the last 10%."

"We'll survive," you said. "We'll be together next summer, and *live* together at whatever school we go to."

"We need to talk about that more," Gemma sighed. "And I know. Three years of Law School together will be amazing. But after that, we might not all *work* together. Hell, more likely than not we won't. We'll be together, but it won't be like this again. I'm just trying to really enjoy all of this, even the chaotic and hard parts."

"Me too," you said softly, leaning into her slightly. "Me too."

Chapter 440

You and Gemma wrapped up the Opening Statement over dinner and moved on to helping Eric finish up his motions with final checks. Other than a few word changes here or there they were

actually fairly well written and you were surprised that Eric had it in him to write legalese that way.

That freed you all up to tackle the last of Sabrina's checklists, helping her triple-check all of the information she'd outlined to make sure no decimal point had been accidentally shifted and every legal reference was solid.

You called it a night at almost 11 PM, the latest you'd ever worked at the office. It had been a productive day even with the bomb of Joy's lawsuit hitting Sabrina, and you ended up ordering an Uber for you and the girls to take you back to your place. Mosche and the potential awkwardness be damned - Sabrina needed an evening to just relax before you got back to work Saturday morning again.

When you got to the apartment you performed the knocking ritual - there was no longer a risk of walking in on Mosche and Tasha in a compromising position, thankfully, but it was still Mosche living there and he could have been doing something alone. There wasn't an answer though, and after waiting about twenty seconds you glanced at the girls and shrugged. "Guess he's out," you said.

He wasn't out. As soon as you opened the door the sounds of sex drifted towards you. Thankfully Mosche *wasn't* in the living area or the kitchen. It sounded like it was coming from the direction of his bedroom. Gemma and Sabrina were both surprised as you silently entered the apartment and shut the door behind you with a loud slam.

No hesitation in the sounds.

"Is he watching porn?" Gemma guessed.

The sounds coming out of his room were definitely pornographic in that fake sort of 'Oh yeah baby, sooo big' way. You gestured unknowingly, and Sabrina crept a little further into the apartment and looked around the corner towards Mosche's bedroom, then came back. "The door is cracked open," she said. "Should I go peak?"

"No," you said at the same time Gemma said, "Yes."

"No," you repeated yourself, grabbing Sabrina by the arm and pulling her into a hug. "If it's porn, you'd just be seeing Mosche wanking it or passed out with it still running. If it's not porn then you'd be invading Iris's privacy and she's definitely *not* as 'outgoing' as Tasha was with getting caught."

"Fine," Sabrina sighed. "But if that's the case, you better take me to your room, baby. Cause I don't want to be the girl in this apartment *not* getting sexed up."

Gemma snorted and smacked Sabrina's butt. "What's that make me then?"

“The girlfriend who rides my face?” Sabrina offered with a grin.

The girls headed for your room as you quickly went into the kitchen and grabbed some water bottles from the fridge and then followed them, the noises thankfully getting dimmer as you moved further away and dying out completely once you shut your bedroom door. Sabrina and Gemma were already getting changed, blouses and business skirts getting shed, and you stopped for a moment with a grin to watch. Gemma noticed you first as she was unhooking her bra and she gave you a chest wiggle as she stuck out her tongue at you playfully, and that got Sabrina to notice and she bent over at the waist as she pulled down her panties, giving you a great view of her ass getting revealed.

“I’m a lucky, lucky guy,” you chuckled as you set the water bottles down. They weren’t getting naked permanently, and as they started to pull on the comfortable shorts and sweatpants they wanted to lounge in for a bit you pulled out your phone and quickly shot off a couple of text messages before putting it down and stripping down yourself. You ended up in just a pair of shorts, while Gemma was wearing loose sweatpants and one of your T-shirts without a bra and Sabrina was wearing a tank top, also without a bra, and a pair of cotton shorts.

“Bed,” Gemma ordered her and then gestured for you to follow. The three of you ended up lying down, you on your back and the girls snuggled up on either side of you, but you were still over the covers. “OK,” Gemma said and then took a breath. “Today was a bad-good day, or a good-bad day. How are you feeling, love?”

Sabrina frowned a little and took a moment to formulate her answer. Your arms were around each of them and you rubbed her hip lightly. “I’m worried, but not overwhelmed,” Sabrina said. “If the DA’s office isn’t willing to press charges then I should probably be fine on the civil suit overall. I’m more worried about what it could do to my law school applications if it drags on. I’m also worried that it will reveal that John and I are together since that would be pretty relevant and we haven’t disclosed that, let alone all three of us. And I’m also worried that, if it goes on long enough, Joy and her Mom will overreach and find out about the OnlyFans and try to use that against me or put it in the public record somehow. Or just leak it online to hurt me, and us.”

“That’s a lot, and I’m so sorry you have to deal with it on your shoulders,” you said softly, still rubbing her hip. “We’re here for you.”

“I know,” Sabrina said, shifting a little closer to you as she hugged you.

“I just wish there was something we could *do*,” Gemma sighed, reaching over and stroking Sabrina’s cheek with her thumb. “That we could go on the attack somehow.”

“Other than a perfect murder, I don’t think we’ve got any options,” Sabrina smirked. “Anything else would be more likely to blow back on me, or us.”

“How hard would a murder *really* be?” Gemma asked with a playful smirk. “There is that show, ‘How to Get Away with Murder,’ right?”

“Nope,” you said. “Nuh-uh. Knowing you two, we’ll get three episodes in and you’ll have figured out your murderous plot and we are *not* becoming those people.”

“Fiiine,” Gemma sighed dramatically and then smiled and kissed your chest.

“Tempting though,” Sabrina said, scrunching her nose a little as she grinned. “If we’re not watching that show; Castle?”

You kissed the top of her head, and then Gemma’s, before getting up and crawling over the blonde to go fetch your laptop.

Chapter 441

Sabrina’s phone chirped with an incoming text notification and she groaned lightly as she rolled over to check it. The three of you had shifted on the bed to watch an episode or two of Castle, but you’d only made it halfway through the first episode. You were still sitting in between your two girlfriends but you were now propped up against the headboard, an arm around each of their waists as they snuggled against your shoulders.

“It’s Tasha,” Sabrina mumbled as she opened her text.

You reached forward and paused the episode, which got you a questioning look from Gemma but you just winked at her. That got you an even bigger eyebrow raise from the blonde, but she went along with it.

“*Hey Sabrina,*” Tasha said. She’d sent a video to her. “*A little birdy- well, a big birdy with a fat dick, told me you had a bit of a rough day. I’m so sorry, hon. But I think I know how to cheer you up a little.*”

“What did you do?” Sabrina asked, looking at you with a little smirk.

“Keep watching,” you said, and she turned back to her phone.

“*Just FYI, Sabrina, you make every time I’m with you guys feel special. I love how giving you are, and now whenever I see you I get a little turned on because I know what a hot, horny woman you are. So I want you to know what thinking of you does to me.*” Tasha’s face had been dominant on the screen, with a dark room behind her, but now she slowly moved the phone lower, revealing that she was topless and sitting on her bed. She used her free hand to grope her own tit and started to tweak her nipples. “*My nipples are getting hard just thinking about you playing with my tits, Sabrina,*” Tasha murmured quietly, adding in little moans here and there.

“Seriously, it’s like I can feel that pretty little tongue of yours teasing around them, flicking them lightly because you’re such a sexy little tease. And I fucking love your little titties too - the way you groan when any of us get a nipple between our lips, and the way you like them to get a little roughed up. You’re so fucking hot.”

“Fuck,” Sabrina breathed out, biting her lip and doing just what Tasha was, using her free hand to grope herself through her shirt. Her nipples were already getting hard as well, poking out against the thin tank top. You grinned and leaned in, kissing her shoulder softly and then moving a little higher and kissing again.

“But that’s not the only thing I think about,” Tasha said in the video, and she started lowering the phone even more over her bare torso and belly button, and then down to her mound where a sparse little bit of pubic hair was starting to grow in. Then she went all the way, her legs spread, showing off her pussy. All three of you were intimately familiar with it, but just seeing it on the screen was hot. Especially since it looked like she was already slick and turned on. *“Look at my slutty little pussy, Sabrina,”* Tasha moaned. *“It wants your tongue in it so bad. Seriously, girl, you do magic with that tongue. And your fingers. John’s pretty good, and Gemma is fun, but you eat pussy like it’s- I don’t even know. Fuck, I’m so horny just thinking about it.”*

She used her free hand to spread her pussy lewdly, giving a clear look at her inner workings and the dark little hole of her entrance. It was deliciously pink and looked ready for fucking.

“Fuck, I want you on top of me,” Tasha moaned. *“Eating me out. We could 69, and I could get my lips on your pretty little pussy too. And John and Gemma could do their own thing for a bit as I get you all to myself, and then they could come over and fuck us with John’s big dick and Gemma wearing a strap-on, and we’d keep sucking on our little clits until we both came so hard.”*

Sabrina squirmed, lifting her butt and pushing down her cotton shorts so she could get her fingers on her pussy, starting to rub herself as she moaned and didn’t take her eyes off of the video. Tasha had started teasing her clit as well, still spreading herself.

“I want to feel you dribble that sexy squirt on my face, Sabrina,” Tasha moaned. *“And then watch John fill up your pussy from up close, and when he pulls out I’d dive in and suck it out of you. Fuuuck.”* She raised the phone back up her body, bringing it right to her face. *“I want you so bad, Sabrina. I can’t wait for Wednesday and having more fun with you. I love your face, sexy. I hope this picks you up.”* She blew a kiss at the camera and then the video stopped.

“God, that’s not faaaair,” Sabrina laughed as she friggd her pussy slowly. She turned to you and punched your arm with her free hand. “We could have just video called and she wouldn’t have had to stop. Now I’m all kinds of horny, you asshole, amazing, loving doofus.”

“Doofus?” you chuckled, catching her hand as she went to smack your arm again and pulling her into a kiss.

“Yes, doofus,” she said when she pulled away after a good, long smooch. “Get your cock out. Gemma, baby, I’m gonna need-”

Her phone chirped again. Sabrina gave you a look, and then Gemma, and she slowly picked it up.

“Hey babe,” Becks said. “John texted and said you were stressed over the whole Joy thing. She’s a piece of shit and you deserve all good things, not that crap. And I think I know by now what will help pick up your mood.”

“Fuck,” Sabrina laughed, pausing the video. She looked at you. “Thank you, baby. Seriously.”

“I love you, Sabrina,” you said.

“I do too,” Gemma said, grinning as she climbed over your legs to squeeze in on Sabrina’s other side. “Now scooch over, I didn’t even get to watch the Tasha one.”

Becks gave a similar show, but instead of in bed, she was sitting on the couch in her living room and had a vibrator with her. By the time it was over, and Gemma got to watch the Tasha one over again, Sabrina was moaning and had her tank top off and you had taken over teasing her pussy and nipples.

“Fuck me,” Sabrina begged. “I want to feel you both all over me.”

“That’s the plan, I think,” Gemma said with a grin and she pulled off her shirt, freeing her tits and pulling Sabrina’s face down to them. “Tonight is ‘Fuck Sabrina Unconscious’ night, I think.”

“That definitely sounds like a plan to me,” you chuckled.

Sabrina just lifted her hand and gave a thumbs up since her mouth was occupied with Gemma’s tit.

Chapter 442

“OK,” Gemma said as she gave you an exhausted high five. “Plan successful.”

You snorted softly and chuckled, looking down at Sabrina as she lay peacefully, her mouth open as she breathed in a sweaty, exhausted mess. She was asleep, her last orgasm having knocked her out. Her cheeks were still red from the light slapping, and her tits were covered in red marks from the hard squeezing and pinching. Her ass was reddened as well. She had a couple of new hickeys on her inner thighs. Her pussy was a slick mess, a little beat up from the rough sex and

fingering. The only reason it wasn't dripping cum was because Gemma had slurped your load out of her while also fingering her butt.

Brushing Sabrina's hair from her face, you gently kissed her forehead and she smacked her lip in response.

"Yep," you said. "She's out. Help me get her tucked in?"

Gemma nodded and the two of you got Sabrina onto her side, curled up as she hugged a pillow, and then tucked her in under the sheets. Then Gemma turned to you. "That was a lot, but do you have anything left for me, love?"

You had to chuckle again. "Four nights in a row, two of those nights a friend joined us, plus the Becca thing that one morning. Any mere mortal man would fail you, Gemma, but I am no mere mortal man."

Gemma rolled her eyes and pushed you lightly by your chest until you were laying down on the bed, and she dropped her head low, licking her way up your cock. It more than likely still tasted of Sabrina, and partially of herself since you'd dipped into her a few times during the fuckfest to feed the taste to Sabrina. You were half-hard but groaned softly as she looked up at you as she licked the underside ridge of your cock head. Her thick blonde hair was all pulled over to one side in wavy, sweaty curls and her eyes were pure love.

There wasn't any need for words as Gemma wrapped her lips around your cock and started to suck you hard again. It didn't take long at all for you to respond, and soon she had your cock standing proud as she teased you with kisses and licks and nibbles. Then she kissed lower, pressing your legs a little further apart as she laid down on her stomach fully and gave your balls a bit of attention as well, rolling them between her lips and tongue before popping off with a little suction.

"Ready?" she asked you quietly as she smiled with a serene aura, looking at you around your cock.

"Whenever you are, love," you said.

Her smile didn't move as she climbed up your body and got herself into position, straddling your waist and reaching between you to move your cock in place. Instead of sitting down on it though she groaned, her lips pursing and her eyebrows knotting together as the spongy head of your cock brushed back and forth through her labia, grinding against her clit and then teasing against her entrance and back.

"Fuck, Gemma," you moaned.

"I love that feeling, John," she sighed. "Just having you touching me like this."

You reached up and cupped her tits, sliding your thumbs beneath her cleavage along the crease between breast and torso. She groaned again and you pulled her tits to your lips, softly suckling on a nipple.

She sat down onto your cock in a long, slow movement and then started to grind you inside of her. You remained like that for a long time, slowly fucking at each other with rotations of your hips. No bouncing, ass-clapping, thrusts. Just loving and grinding as you touched each other all over and made out.

“I love you,” she whispered into your ear. “You did a good job with Sabrina tonight.”

“Thanks,” you whispered back, running your hands up and down her bare, sweaty back as she pressed her chest to yours. “And I love you too.”

She smiled, the feel of it against your ear a little tickle, and then she sighed softly and her breath washed over your neck. “I want you in my ass, love,” she said.

“Me on top, or you?”

“Me, I think,” she said. Then she sat up slowly and sighed as she pulled off of your cock. She wasn’t going far though, she just turned around and sat back on it as you watched it spread her pussy lips in a lewd, beautiful display. Then she reached back and spread her butt cheeks. “Finger it a little, love. Get me ready.”

You sucked on a couple of your fingers to get them spitty and then slowly started applying them to Gemma’s asshole, teasing her at first with just a little light pressure before getting one and then two inside her. You were still kind of amazed at the feeling of Gemma’s ass - you’d been in the butts of five women now, which was a little wild in and of itself, but Gemma’s was the one that felt like it wasn’t a *nasty* act. Anal with Gemma felt as natural as regular sex. She didn’t even hiss or flinch in discomfort really anymore before she got used to it.

It was a silent transition from fingers to cock. Gemma felt ready and shifted, pulling off your cock and fingers at the same time, and then pivoted her hips a little and used one hand to make sure your cock was in position and sat back down on it slowly. Three quick up-and-downs had you buried deep into her, your cock stretching her ass deliciously. And then she started rocking just like before, grinding you inside of her hot, tight hole as it squeezed and massaged you.

Gemma eventually leaned back towards you and you helped her down until you were wrapping your arms around her, holding her lovingly as she used her feet planted on the bed and her hips to bounce on your cock just a little.

“Will this get you there?” she asked you.

“For sure,” you grunted.

“Do it, love,” she murmured. “Fill my ass. God, I’ve had like a dozen little mini-orgasms. I’m good. I don’t need a big one. Give me that cum, love. I want to feel your love so bad.”

It didn’t take much longer for you to groan, reaching down and fingering her pussy as you felt your balls ache before they unleashed in a warm wave of ecstasy. Gemma moaned in unison with you, not orgasming but just riding your pleasure with you. Your breath came heavy and hot and you buried your nose in her hair, letting the smell of her fill your senses.

When it was over Gemma rolled away from you, your cock having gone soft quickly after the long exertion with Sabrina and followed by the slow fuck with Gemma. She turned over and kissed your cheek, murmuring her love for you, before climbing over you and off the bed. You watched with half-closed eyes as she took out the wipes that the girls had stashed in the nightstand and cleaned herself up, then pulled on a pair of panties in case of any further leakage. Then she climbed back over you and slipped under the covers.

Soon you were spooning Gemma, one arm under the pillow and the other around her holding a breast, as she hugged Sabrina from behind in the little spoon position.

Life might be complicated. But it was also so, so good.

Chapter 443

Sabrina groaned a little and sat back, chewing her mouthful of pancake. “OK,” she said. “You were right. Stopping was a good choice.”

You smirked a little as you watched your brunette girlfriend enjoy the carby, sugary goodness of the diner pancakes. When the three of you had woken up that morning she’d been a little wound up because she wanted to get to work. The super-sex session had been like therapy for her and she was energised. The problem was that you and Gemma were more mellowed out than energised.

And none of you had necessarily wanted to stick around that morning to see if Iris had slept over with Mosche. The girls had filled you in on their brief washroom trip with her at the Comedy Club on Thursday and they had reconfirmed what you all thought already - she was kind of shy, but sweet, and wasn’t as sure of things with Mosche as he seemed to think they were. She hadn’t outright *said* that, so they might have interpreted her wrong, but both Gemma and Sabrina were fairly sure of their reading.

The decision not to eat breakfast in meant you either needed to head over to Sabrina’s immediately or go out to eat. Sabrina had felt the faster you got to her place, the faster you could get to work. Your argument to eat out had been seconded by Gemma.

“How are you feeling now, baby?” Gemma asked. They were sitting next to each other in the booth while you sat opposite them, and Gemma looped an arm around Sabrina to pull her into a side hug.

“Better,” Sabrina said. “Much better. You guys really outdid yourselves last night, and I need to send some thank yous to Tash and Becks. Who knew I could get rid of my anxiety but getting it fucked out of me?”

“Shhh,” you chuckled, glancing around to see if anyone else was listening. Thankfully the place wasn’t too busy at 9 AM on a Saturday morning - you had a feeling the rush came a little earlier for the Up And At ‘Em crowd and a little later for the Lazy Saturday folks.

“Sorry,” Sabrina said, giving a little chagrined smile. “One thing I’m disappointed about is missing Booty Time though.”

Gemma rolled her eyes. “It wasn’t some big thing. It was more of an intimate moment.”

“And those make my heart go wild, seeing you two like that,” Sabrina said. “Honestly, I love seeing you two in love.”

“Well, I love seeing you two in love,” you said.

“Same,” Gemma grinned. “OK. So we’re all in love, we love each other being in love, but we’ve got work to do today.”

“Right,” you said and looked at Sabrina. “You’re the boss on this, baby. What do we need to get done?”

“For the Trial, we’ve got everything put together and just need to do some organisation so our flow is good. Make sure we have all the right documents available and labelled and such. Then we need to do our big ‘If we were the other side’ read to check we haven’t missed anything. Other than that it’s just deciding who does the opening statement and then practising it so it feels like it flows naturally.”

“I vote John,” Gemma said.

“I actually vote you, baby,” Sabrina said, looking at Gemma.

You snorted a little. “I was going to vote you, Sabrina. You’re the project lead, you deserve to either kick it off or close it out.”

"I'll close it out," Sabrina said. "I think you should do it, Gemma. You have a great voice and can set the tone for us, and if the other side goes big and brash you're stubborn enough to keep to our plan and sink them on looking unprofessional."

"I was thinking the same thing," you said. "We also don't know who is going to be acting as the Judge, but I think it's an easy bet that your accent will keep them paying attention even with our slow and methodical approach."

"Are you trying to tell me that I'm the ear candy of the group?" Gemma asked with a smirk.

"You're the eye candy too," Sabrina grinned. "Unless the judge is a straight woman, then it's John."

That made you snort softly.

"OK," Gemma agreed. "I wrote more than half the damn thing, so I guess I'll say it. But I don't want you two laughing at me while I'm practising."

"We'll be too busy doing the reading," Sabrina said. "And we'd never laugh at you. Just with you."

"I'll laugh at you," you said with a grin. "But only because I love you."

Gemma rolled her eyes and turned to Sabrina. "Anything else we need to get done?"

"Yes," Sabrina sighed. "When we're taking our breaks, John and I need to film a couple of quick scenes. I came up with some simple ideas that shouldn't take too long - like ten minutes each on screen, so like twenty-to-thirty to film with setup and everything."

"Do I need to help?" Gemma asked.

"Nope," Sabrina shook her head. "They'll be PoVs, so John will record them on my phone. You can work quietly off-screen... unless you want to watch."

Gemma smirked and you chuckled. "Of course she'll *want* to watch," you said. "The question is if she can resist or not."

"Alright, challenge accepted," Gemma laughed. "I'll work through them both and not look at you once."

"Ooh, what's the bet?" Sabrina asked. "What do we get if you do?"

Gemma quirked her lips to the side, thinking about it. "Um," she said. Then she blew out her breath. "DP?"

"I do love that look on your face," you grinned.

"Done," Sabrina agreed. "What do you want if you somehow manage to win, which won't possibly happen because we're too sexy and you love us too much not to look?"

Gemma snorted. "An hour-long, non-sexual massage from both of you," she said.

"Really?" you asked.

"Non-sexual?" Sabrina said, scrunching up her face.

"It can turn sexual after the hour," Gemma laughed. "But for one hour I want you both rubbing me down and massaging every inch of my body."

"Agreed," you said, holding out a hand to her. She shook it with a grin, then shook Sabrina's.

"Jokes on you, I never told you what the scene ideas were," Sabrina said.

"Oh, no," you and Gemma both groaned at the same time.

"For the first one I'm going to dress up as a clown," Sabrina said. "I've got the big red honky nose and the big shoes and everything."

"There's no fucking way," Gemma laughed.

"No," Sabrina giggled. "But now I do need to up my game. Good job, guys, I'm going to be distracted all morning."

"Oh, shush," Gemma said, taking Sabrina's hand and kissing her knuckles sweetly. "Work first, then work-play later."

"Yes, Mommy," Sabrina smirked.

"Don't you dare start that," Gemma said, giving her a little glare that made both you and Sabrina laugh.

Chapter 444

"I'm texting Eric," you sighed. "Just to make sure he knows where we're at."

“OK,” Sabrina said. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor, half a dozen documents piled around her as she chewed on the end of a pencil. “Ask him if he can get together sometime tomorrow afternoon for final planning. We’ll make dinner.”

“Here?” you asked.

That got her to look up and then hesitate. “Um,” she said, looking around. It wasn’t exactly the cleanest it had ever been, and her camera equipment was out. “We can’t do Gemma’s because of Lucy. Do you think we could do yours?”

“I’ll text Mosche to see if he’ll be in or out tomorrow, and hint it would be great if he could give us a few hours,” you said.

“Thank you,” Sabrina nodded.

You started your texting, using it as a break from skimming documents. On the bright side, after all your keyword searching while digitising and sorting files at the internship, you were pretty fast at skimming both physical and digital copies for content. The downside was the sheer *number* of documents included in the resource package for the mock trial.

“Ugh,” Gemma grunted as she came out of Sabrina’s bedroom. She’d been pacing as she read through the opening statement you’d put together with her, repeating it out loud to get it down.

“Which part?” you asked.

“The paragraph about how our client feels for the troubles of the plaintiff, but is bound to the contractual limitations around the payout,” Gemma said. “It just sounds kind of... evil, coming out of my mouth? Like ‘Thoughts and Prayers’ shit. And I know it’s literally true because not following the contracts down to the letter would open up so many issues, but it’s also like - the company has *so much money*.”

“Holy fuck,” Sabrina blurted out.

“What?” Gemma asked. “Am I being that soft?”

“No,” Sabrina said, standing up and starting to pace herself as she flipped back and forth between two different pages. “Just- Let me read a second.”

You and Gemma looked at each other, raising your eyebrows as you waited for Sabrina to piece together whatever she’d found. Gemma pursed her lips, and you gestured for her to come over to you at the kitchen table. She did, sitting on your lap and looping an arm around your shoulder for stability as she leaned in and kissed you softly.

“OK,” Sabrina said, coming over and thrusting the papers she was holding. “Read this paragraph. And then read this one on this page.”

You held the document as you and Gemma started reading. It was from the depositions of the witnesses of the accidents and seemed like just a general eyewitness account. Then, when Gemma nodded that she’d finished as well, you flipped to the other page. Another deposition, another account. Some of the details were different, but that was sort of to be expected in eyewitness testimony.

“I don’t get it,” you said.

“Yeah, I’m not seeing what you’re seeing, love,” Gemma said.

“The first one is the deposition of Mr Garret Smith,” Sabrina said. “He’s one of the first people who got deposed because he was identified in the police reports as one of the people to call it into 911. His account of things lands more on our side, with the signs of erratic driving right before the accident, and he performed CPR as a first aid responder before the ambulances arrive so he comes across as a really reliable witness. The other account is from Doctor Vivian Brookes, and lands on the *other* side, saying there wasn’t any erratic driving or anything. But here’s the thing - they were both in the same car.”

You blinked. “What?”

“How?” Gemma asked.

“It was buried in the witness profiles,” Sabrina said. “Garret Smith is going through a rough divorce with his wife but was only separated a month *after* the date of the accident. Dr Vivian Brookes is *also* listed as separated, but not that she’s going through a divorce. There’s no way to know that they were in the same car except-” She flipped the document back to Smith’s deposition. “For this one line here where he mentions leaving his wife in the car and being frustrated that she wouldn’t come help even though she had medical training. I think Vivian was the wife, and she changed her story just to spite Garret and not let him look like a hero.”

“Well... shit,” Gemma said. “If it’s true, we can straight up nuke Vivian as a reliable witness.”

“And she’s pretty much their strongest eyewitness to the actual crash,” Sabrina said. “I mean, who expects the *Doctor* to lie under oath? Or to refuse to do first aid when her husband goes to help?”

“OK, we already have Smith on our witness list, and assume Dr Brookes will be on theirs,” you said. “Let’s note that we need to develop a new line of questioning for Brookes and keep going. If they hid one thing, there’s bound to be others. We just need to make sure we aren’t chasing red herrings.”

“Good job, baby,” Gemma said, standing up from your lap and grabbing Sabrina, pulling her into a kiss. “That’s awesome work.”

“Thanks,” Sabrina grinned, grabbing Gemma’s butt and giving it a teasing squeeze. “Now, how about we wordsmith that ‘evil’ paragraph?”

The three of you got back to work, and you started looking more closely at where the inconsistencies were. The root of the case really came down to the clauses in the actual insurance contracts, so you focused on the names and circumstances to make sure they were airtight.

“I found a problem,” you sighed, your heart dropping as you triple-checked the names involved.

Gemma and Sabrina had been sitting over on the couch, having finished the rewording issue and making sure it flowed well into the next paragraph as Gemma read it out loud. “What is it?” Sabrina asked.

“I’m pretty sure Jacobs’ insurance contract is brokered by his brother-in-law,” you said. “The contract itself is pretty airtight, but they can make a case that Jacobs just signed whatever was put in front of him trusting a relative and didn’t *know* about the extra stipulations he signed on to so that his rates could get reduced.”

“Shit,” Sabrina said.

“Hold on, that might not matter,” Gemma said, standing up and heading to grab her laptop from the bedroom. “It’s a line of attack on us for sure, but if we can set up the right defence we could probably neutralise it. It shouldn’t be that hard to find some case law about having acknowledged you’ve read the Terms of Service without actually reading it.”

“Good idea,” you said. “Do you mind?”

“Not at all, love,” Gemma said with a grin. “You keep looking for those loopholes, I’ll do the research.”

“God, I love you two,” Sabrina said from her spot on the couch.

“How long before you need to take a break and film?” Gemma asked with a smile.

“Any time now, probably?” Sabrina hedged and then looked at you. “Need a fuck-break, baby?”

“Let me finish going through the contracts,” you said with a laugh. “And I’ll be ready for whatever you want to throw at me.”

“Clown nose and shoes it is!” Sabrina grinned.

Chapter 445

Sabrina was, thankfully, actually joking about the clown sex.

Her first idea was a scene where she, as Baby, did a lap dance for 'Daddy' and then rode him. It was a fairly simple concept and relatively easy to set up the cameras for. You would hold one so you could manage your PoV, and you set up a second one for some 'B roll' footage off to one side.

Gemma had set herself up working at the kitchen table, picking up where you had left off with the trial prep looking for likely methods of attack from the plaintiffs since she couldn't be practising the opening statements while you were recording. That did mean, though, that she was pretty much *right there* and risking a loss in the friendly bet of whether she could ignore you and Sabrina or not.

Realistically, whoever won, you all won. Massaging Gemma for an hour would mean an hour of loving on every inch of Gemma's gorgeous, sexy body. Gemma taking a DP from you and Sabrina again would be yet another intense sexual experience with the two women you loved. No losers.

You got settled onto the chair, wearing a pair of slacks and a button-down shirt so that you could fit into the role that had slowly developed over time as 'Daddy.' He was some sort of a businessman, and successful since he had his own secretary (Miss Lusty) and was married to 'Darling' who approved of Sabrina's 'Baby' being a subby mistress. Part of you wondered when, and who, the next addition to the 'Kat18 Universe' would be, but that was for another time.

Sabrina nodded to you and you turned on your recording as she turned on the extra phone on the tripod, and then she got in view of both of them and clapped to make sure both of them would pick up the audio spike - that would help align the two when doing the editing later. Then she backed away off camera and started a generic playlist of 'Songs to Strip To,' though she had it on pretty low. She would go back in later when editing and layer in a second, louder version to properly balance the audio because you didn't want anything you or Sabrina said to get lost.

Then the scene started. You raised your PoV phone, panning up to show her from just over her lips to her ankles. She was wearing a slinky little dress that was definitely suited to going out to a dance club. It was black and covered her breasts in a halter top but left almost all of her back bare, and had a plunging neckline almost down to the belly button that showed off a little cleavage. With no bra underneath, it was sexy as hell, and the fact that it only came down about a third of the way down her thighs meant it was short enough you would have been making sure she was wearing panties before leaving the house. In this case, she had on a thong for the shoot.

“Hey, Daddy,” Sabrina said, lowering the tone of her voice to the sexy, slightly raspy one she used for your shoots. “I’m so glad you came over! I’ve been practising really hard so I could give you this little surprise. I hope you like it!”

“Are you going to be dancing for me, baby?” You asked. She used a mild voice modulator for you in the recordings rather than you putting on a specific voice.

She grinned, half a smirk, and nodded as she played with the halter straps of the dress teasingly. “Mhmm,” she hummed. “I know you like taking me, and Darling, and Miss Lusty out dancing, so I thought I’d teach myself how to dance with you even dirtier than usual. So just sit back and relax, OK?”

“Alright, Baby,” you said. “Do your thing.”

She giggled a little and grinned again, then bit her lip as she bobbed her hip to the beat. Then Sabrina started dancing.

You were reminded of the first time you’d gone to the dance club with her after you and Gemma had gone. Sabrina could move, but she wasn’t quite as natural about it as Gemma. Still, as she swayed and moved, using more of her hips and dipping low to flash the camera her cleavage, then turning and shaking her bum in the dress as she teased lifting it higher, you couldn’t help but start to get hard.

She was your girlfriend, she was smiling all the way up to her eyes, and she was having fun. Those last two were more important for making the scene good, but the first was what really mattered to you. Sabrina could be doing the most awkward thing in the world, and look like a wreck, and you’d still think she was gorgeous.

You glanced over at Gemma across the room and she was studiously looking down and away as she went through documents on her laptop.

Back to Sabrina, and she was slowly started to tease more and more skin. First, the halter cups over her tits got pulled aside, flashing her nipple and then entire breasts as she grinned and laughed. Then she swung her hips in a circle as she did a turn, lifting the dress up to flash her ass, and then her thong-covered mound.

The halter got undone, baring her little tits and firm nipples. She started to dance *on* you more than in front of you, starting into an actual lap dance. Grinding her hips. Pressing her tits against you. It was a little tough to keep the camera properly in frame and you spent most of your time focusing on getting a good shot. Then the dress got dropped completely, and she was wriggling her bare ass in your lap, and then straddling you facing forwards and grinding her thong-covered pussy against the hardness in your pants.

“Mmm, Daddy,” she groaned, partially to you and partially to the phone mic. “I don’t want to stop here.”

“Then don’t,” you grunted.

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Sabrina undid your shirt buttons while continuing to grind on you, and then slid down to her knees and pulled your slacks off. She hummed happily as your cock rocketed up, freed from its confines, and she made a show of licking it all over for the camera and popping off the top of it with her lips before standing. She turned her back to you, bent over and lowered her thong, spreading one cheek lewdly to flash her pussy and asshole, and then giving herself a little spank.

At that point, you lost patience and you set down the phone, grabbing her by her hips and standing up to press your cock between her thighs and fuck into her.

“I’m not done,” Sabrina laughed as she stood up and pressed her back to your chest, reaching to stroke her hand across the back of your neck as she slammed her ass back at you as you thrust into her firmly. Your hands slid up from her hips to her tits, grabbing them firmly and massaging her nipples.

“I didn’t want to wait,” you growled into her ear with a smile, still fucking into her.

“God, I fucking love you,” she groaned. “OK, just- just for a minute.”

You groaned happily, fucking her while standing, feeling your cock arch up into her tight confines. Sex with Sabrina wasn’t any better than with Gemma, but it was different in all good ways. Her smaller build made you feel like you could do anything you wanted to her, and her encouragement to go along with that was sexy as hell. You let go of one of her breasts and slid your hand back down her taut stomach to her mound, finding her clit and diddling it.

You glanced at Gemma again but she wasn’t watching you fucking.

“Fuuuck, Daddy,” Sabrina moaned. “Just- we need to do the scene,” she laughed. “Let me finish the dance.”

“OK,” you sighed, slowly pulling out of her as you shifted her hair away from her neck and kissed her on her spot right at the base of her neck. She moaned, reaching back and stroking your cock as you did that. Then you both took a breath, you sat back down, and Sabrina pulled her thong back up and you got the camera back in position. “Go,” you said.

She did the bend-drop-spread move again, picking up where you'd left off, and then backed up onto you and danced a little more with your cock pressed between her little butt cheeks. Keeping the camera in a good spot was difficult again, but you improvised and circled it around to her front so she could open her legs and flash her pussy as she gave you a lap dance. Once you circled it back she stood and turned around again, straddling you once more. She used one hand to get your cock to her pussy entrance and moaned as she circled her hips, letting the camera catch the head of your cock pressing between her lips and over her clit, before she sat down onto you.

The whole dance had taken maybe seven or eight minutes, and the sex was another seven minutes as she slowly rode you - the point of the scene wasn't to be a big sex scene, but rather more of a palate cleanser between some of the intense scenes you'd filmed before. Sabrina bounced on your cock, whispering sexy little things to the camera, writhing her hips to stir you in her a little. You circled the camera around her again, palming her ass and spreading one cheek to the side with your free hand so it could get a look at her from that angle, and then brought it back around to watch your hand grabbing her tit as she fingered her clit while grinding your cock inside her. She came, though it was small without using any of her regular triggers, and then she pulled off of you and went to her knees and stroked you.

"Come for me, Daddy," she groaned happily. "Let me taste you. God, I love the taste of your cum. Put it all over my lips. All over my tongue."

You groaned and rolled into your own eruption, releasing five good spurts as she caught it on her lips and tongue.

Sabrina hummed and grinned, licking her lips more for herself than the camera, and then blew it a kiss. "And cut!" she called out, grinning as she stood. She winked at you and went to Gemma.

She waved low when she got close, trying to catch the blonde's attention. "Did you peek, baby?" she asked.

"Hmm?" Gemma asked, pulling an earbud out of her ear as she looked up from her laptop because she'd been approached. She looked a little surprised but broke into a bit of a smirk when she saw the state of Sabrina's face.

Then she squeaked as Sabrina pressed her cummy lips and tongue to her in a kiss. That initial moment of surprise washed away quickly though as she groaned and kissed Sabrina back in a messy makeout.

You, meanwhile, had sat back down in the chair as you caught your breath from your orgasm. The thing was, watching Sabrina bend over and kiss Gemma while naked had her butt pointed right back at you... and you really liked her little butt. It took maybe five strokes with a hand to get your cock hard again and you stood up, going over to them and pressing it right between Sabrina's thighs, pushing the head into her again.

Her moan, more than anything, had Gemma pulling back and looking over Sabrina's shoulder. "Again?" she asked with a smirk.

"I can't resist you two," you sighed. "So unless you want a go as well...?"

Gemma rolled her eyes, but half raised out of her chair and slipped her sweatpants down. "Come on then, love," she said. "Gimme that dick."

Sabrina kissed her again and then moved aside so that you could grab Gemma by the waist and lift her up to sit her ass on the edge of the table - a much easier height for you to manage - and press your cock to her pussy.

"Lean back, baby," Sabrina said, brushing Gemma's hair from her face and to the side. "I'm hopping on for a ride since you took my pogo stick away."

Gemma snorted but grinned as she did just that, and Sabrina climbed up onto the table and lowered her pussy down to Gemma's lip.

"What a life," you sighed as you drove yourself balls-deep into your girlfriend.

Chapter 447

"Try it again, but this time smooth out the second half," you suggested. "You're getting a little too impassioned again. Remember what Garrison said about how the law and the facts are what matters in the case."

"I know," Gemma sighed, turning and tapping her script paper on her forehead. "I just get going and I feel like I should be *building* into it, right? It's weird to give what amounts to a speech and be trying to just stay almost monotone."

"You can use inflection," you said. "You just don't want to seem like you're *making* a speech at all. Conversation, talking about the weather. That's what we want."

"Mmm," Gemma grunted softly, starting to pace again.

Once the round of sex had ended both the girls had headed into the shower to clean up while you had gotten the documents that had been scattered in order. They'd come out squeaky clean and gotten right back to work, and now you were helping Gemma with one last round of prepping her opening statements. Sabrina was back out in the living area poring over the evidence resources looking for more pitfalls or loopholes that had been missed.

Gemma took a breath, preparing to start again, but then let it out and turned, flopping onto the bed next to you heavily. "I don't want to fuck it up," she mumbled into the sheets face down.

"You won't," you said, rubbing her back. "What makes you think you will?"

"Nothing," Gemma mumbled. "But nothing makes me think I'll do really well, either."

"Please," you scoffed. "Gemma, you are one of the three smartest people I know that's our age. Sabrina is number two, and Ollie is number three."

Gemma snorted and rolled over closer to you, ending up on her back. She took your hand in both of hers and brought it up to her lips, kissing it softly. "How is she?" Gemma asked. "Heard anything lately?"

"They were getting together again back at school," you said. "But I haven't heard anything since we said we couldn't come. It would have been this weekend and obviously *that* wouldn't have worked. And I want all the time I can get with you."

"I wish I could say I'm sorry for messing us up," Gemma said. "But we knew this would happen going into it."

"I know, love," you sighed. "Anyways, I haven't heard anything from them so I assume they're hanging out in person and stuff."

"That's good," Gemma said. She'd pulled your hand down to rest over her heart. "Honestly, I can't wait for you to meet Birdie, love. She's just *fun*, and I think you and Sabrina will get along with her heaps."

"Not afraid she'll get a little jealous of your time?" you asked.

"No," Gemma said. "Well, maybe, but that just means she'll want to come visit us whenever she can. She won't hold it against you."

"Speaking of visiting," you said. "We should talk about where we're applying. We should be getting our LSAT results back any time now, and need to start getting our shit together."

Gemma nodded. "That's a conversation for all three of us though," she said.

"I know," you said. "But you're stressing out and I'm distracting you with something other than my dick."

Gemma barked a laugh and shook her head. "It makes more sense for me to apply to places here in the States," she said. "That's one person going overseas as an international student instead of two."

"I hear a 'but' in there," you said, and Gemma nodded.

"I love my country, John," she said. "Australia is... it's different from here. The US is great and all, but there's a different tone. I'd be fine living here, but I want you guys to get a taste of over there for longer than a week or two of visiting. Which isn't super fair, I guess, but-"

"Shhh," you hushed her, leaning down and kissing her gently. "Don't make excuses. You're allowed to want that even if it's not the most logical."

"Thank you," she said.

"I'm not opposed to Aussie law school," you said.

"You'd be leaving behind your friends and family," Gemma said.

"Which would be exactly what we'd be asking you to do if you came here," you countered.

"But I've done it before, now," Gemma said.

"For a year," you said. "And it led you to us. But that's different than swapping countries permanently. And let's be real, whichever one we choose for school, we're probably ending up there afterwards. And I don't think my friends and family would mind coming on vacation to visit us in Australia - it's more exciting than coming to the States for your friends and family."

"You only say that because you're from here," Gemma said. "People *want* to see New York, and LA, and the Grand Canyon, and all that stuff. Even if it's just cities and holes in the ground. Taking a trip to America is probably just as popular back home as someone from here taking a trip to Australia."

"OK, point taken," you said. "Here's a question, then. If we never happened, and we were just friends, and you went home and finished your bachelor's and were applying to law school - would you even be considering coming back to the US?"

Gemma pursed her lips as she thought about that. "I think so," she said. "But other than the longshot of Stanford or Yale, US schools would be lower on my list."

"What are the best Australian schools?" you asked. She was still holding your hand to her heart and you brought your other one over to stroke her hair and run your fingers through it.

"Melbourne is number one for sure," Gemma said. "Then I think it's National, which is in Canberra. Then the Sydney schools - New South Wales and Sydney proper. If my LSAT scores come back high enough I'd shoot for Stanford and Yale, and maybe a couple of others here in the US, but my main goal would be Melbourne."

“What’s the drive time like between Adelaide and Melbourne?” you asked. “So we could go see your family and friends?”

Gemma smiled warmly, looking up at you with absolute love in her eyes as you mentioned going to see her family. “About a day’s drive,” she said. “Though, to be fair, a couple of my siblings have moved out of Adelaide. One’s in Melbourne. Same with most of my high school friends.”

“So weekend trips, not day trips,” you said softly. “That doesn’t sound too bad to me.”

“Doesn’t sound too bad to me either,” she said. “But visiting your family would be something like sixteen or seventeen hours. And that includes Katherine - I can’t see her being thrilled about her twin being on another continent.”

“We would figure it out,” you said. “Just promise me you won’t just give in because you think the US would be easier, OK?”

“Alright,” she promised with a nod.

You kissed her again, soft and comfortable. “OK, love,” you said. “Let’s try it again, huh?”

She nodded, sitting up and shaking out her hair, and then hugged you. “You are the best man I know, John,” she said. “Thanks for changing my life.”

“Thanks for changing mine,” you said, hugging her back. It lasted a while, but that was OK. It felt good just to hold her and know she was yours.

Chapter 448

“Hey, Daddy,” Sabrina said as she walked into the doorway of the bedroom, knocking lightly. “Darling called and said you were feeling pretty awful.”

“Hey, Baby,” you said, putting on a bit of a sick voice as you kept the phone steady, recording her from the bed. You were lying under the covers in the middle of the bed for the scene.

“Thanks for checking on me, but you really shouldn’t be here. You might get sick.”

Sabrina scoffed lightly, coming further into the room and climbing up on the bed. It was a bit of a trick to keep her framed properly, but you were pretty sure you managed it. “I don’t care if I get sick, Daddy,” she said. “I care about you getting better. And if I do get sick then I’m sure you’ll take care of me too.”

“Of course I would,” you said.

“Darling had to run out to grab some things,” Sabrina said. “She thinks you need some cheering up though.”

“She does, does she?” you asked.

Sabrina nodded, smirking a little as she scooted closer until she was snuggled right up to you. She was wearing a cute sundress that cut off about mid-thigh, and to make the camera angle work she needed to lay lower against you than she normally would, so you were still able to get a good shot of her bare thigh and the scoop of her neckline hinting at cleavage. “Your Darling cares so much about you, Daddy. I love how much she loves you, and I’m so thankful she lets me be yours, too.”

“She’s an amazing woman,” you said with a smile, thinking of Gemma.

“The best,” Sabrina agreed, her grin reaching up into her eyes. “Now, they say sugar helps the medicine go down, right?”

“Did you bring me something sweet?” you asked.

“Mhmm,” she smiled and hummed, nodding. She took your free hand and brought it down to the bottom hem of her dress, leading it under and making a show of guiding your fingers to her pussy. When you drew it out there was an obvious sheen of arousal on them. The ‘correct’ thing for the scene was for her to guide them to your lips, but that wouldn’t really work well with the PoV camera angle, so instead she brought them up to her lips and sucked on your fingers. “Mmm,” she hummed. “I’m definitely sweet.”

“Yes you are,” you chuckled, still trying to keep a bit of hoarseness in your voice.

“You know, they also say laughter is the best medicine,” Sabrina said.

“Are you going to tell me a joke?”

She shook her head. “I’d rather tickle you, but you’re not ticklish. And you only laugh at *dirty* jokes so I think I know how to get you started.”

“How’s that?” you asked.

Sabrina bit her lip and grabbed the edge of the sheet, pulling it down to reveal that I was wearing a blank t-shirt but no underwear. She took my cock in her hand and started slowly stroking it hard. “Well, it starts like this,” she said.

“Oh, baby,” you groaned. “Are you sure you’re OK with risking getting sick for this?”

“For Daddy’s Dick?” Sabrina asked. “I’d do *anything* to make sure you were taken care of.”

She started with a handjob, whispering dirty little limericks into the phone. You'd printed them off and taped them to the headboard behind your head so that she could read them off instead of needing to remember them all, though you had a feeling Sabrina would surprise you with some every once in a while. Things then progressed as she sat up and pulled her dress off, revealing she was naked underneath it, and she snuggled up to you again and told a couple of funny, dirty stories. You were fully hard by that point and as she stroked you she encouraged your free hand to wander, groping her tits and sliding over her bare skin all the way to her ass and around to her mound.

When she'd finally gotten a good laugh out of you, she transitioned, climbing over your leg and settling between your legs, starting on a blowjob. It was slow and lazy, with lots of teasing, and even though you were keeping Sabrina's eyes out of the shot you knew that she was enjoying herself immensely. Every look between the two of you was electric.

Eventually, things had to come to a head - literally - and she slurped your orgasm out of you as she moaned lewdly and wiggled her bum in the background of the shot.

"All better?" she asked you after she showed her clean tongue, having swallowed every drop.

"Getting there," you said. "That definitely helped."

"Well, maybe I can help some more," she said with a grin and dropped her lips back to your cock and started to suck again.

"And cut," you said, stopping the recording.

"How was that?" Sabrina said, popping off your dick but still holding it by the base and squeezing it playfully.

"Cute and weirdly wholesome for a sex tape," you chuckled.

"Perfect, that's what I was going for," Sabrina said. "Now, *can* I help you again, or...?"

"Come here, you," you said, setting the phone camera aside and reaching down to pull her up by her armpits. She scrambled up until she was laying on top of you and you buried your lips in the crook of her neck, kissing her hungrily.

"Mmmm, Daddy," she moaned.

"Not recording anymore," you mumbled.

"Daddy!" she said louder and a little more dramatically.

“Ugh, you brat,” you laughed, rolling over so you were on top of her. She stuck her tongue out at you and you kissed her nose, then slid down her body and got her legs over your shoulders as you planted another kiss on her, but this time on her clit.

“Mmm, John,” Sabrina moaned.

“That’s more like it,” you said and started to eat her out. She was slick and sweet and soon you had her moaning and wriggling. You tongued her firmly, gripping her thighs and ass with strong fingers the way she liked, and then kissed down lower and teased her asshole a bit before coming back up. Sabrina reached down and ran her fingers through your hair, latching on as she approached her orgasm and you slid your hands up her sides and started to pinch her the way she liked.

“Yes, John,” she panted. “Yes, fuck. God, you know me. Fuck! I love you so much. I love your tongue, baby. I love your cock. I love your fingers. Fuck, Daddy. God, I’m going to come, Daddy. Yeahyeahyeah- Sweet Jesus, I- Fuck, thank you Daddy!”

She came, thrusting her hips up and down as she leaked a nice little wash of girlcum onto your lips and she grabbed at the pillows and squeezed her eyes shut. When it had all pulled through her, Sabrina collapsed to the mattress as a loose puddle of a woman and sighed happily.

You chuckled softly, shifting to the side and climbing back up her body to lay down next to her, throwing an arm over her to hug her as you laid your head down next to her. “Satisfied?” you asked.

“Always, with you, baby,” she said without opening her eyes. “But also it’s never enough. I’ll always want more, too.”

“Maybe later,” you said. “After dinner.”

“OK,” she sighed. “After dinner. And more work.”

“Of course,” you said and kissed her cheek.

“Mmm,” she hummed, turning to face you and kissing your lips. “I taste good.”

“Yes you do, baby,” you chuckled. “You absolutely do.”

Chapter 449

“It’s a Saturday night and we’re sitting in a KFC,” Sabrina said, gesturing with a drumstick. “This is not our sexiest moment.”

“Nope, but it’s delicious,” Gemma said, popping another popcorn chicken into her mouth and munching down on it.

“You have to admit, baby, this is definitely a nice change of pace for a once in a while, at least,” you said.

“OK, maybe,” Sabrina smirked, then took a bite of her chicken.

The three of you were dressed way down compared to how you usually went out. Gemma was in her sweatpants and a zip-up hoodie, while Sabrina was wearing one of your t-shirts and leggings. Both of them were in running shoes. You were wearing jeans and a T-shirt as well, and the only reason you were in jeans was because it was just a little too chilly for shorts late at night. Not cold by any means, but you’d wanted to wear pants.

Fast food chicken had been the eventual decision for dinner because it was within walking distance of Sabrina’s place and, as you’d been scrolling through a map of the area listing of places you could go, Gemma had mentioned that she hadn’t had it ‘in forever.’ That had been enough for the three of you to pull the trigger.

“So, I’m just saying,” Gemma said. “I won.”

“Are you *sure* you didn’t look at us even *once*?” Sabrina asked. “By accident?”

“Nope,” Gemma smirked.

“I didn’t see her looking,” you said.

“Alright, fine,” Sabrina sighed. “Filming the second one in the bedroom definitely was shooting myself in the foot though.”

“I’m thinking we give you your massage tomorrow morning, love,” you said, wiping the grease off your hands with a napkin. “Then we can meet Eric at my place in the afternoon.”

“Works for me,” Gemma said. “You ok with that, baby?”

“Yeah,” Sabrina sighed.

“Are you really that upset that I’m not getting double stuffed?” Gemma snorted. Thankfully most of the fast food joint was empty and you could talk freely. A couple of people had come in and out and ordered at the counter, but most of the folks coming in the door were drivers picking up for DoorDash or UberEats or whatever other delivery app people were using. KFC seemed to be doing a pretty brisk business even without a ton of people being *in* the restaurant.

“No,” Sabrina said, poking at her fries.

“So what’s with the sad puppy act?”

Sabrina snorted and smirked as she looked up. “I was trying to see if you’d offer to do it after the massage.”

You groaned and rolled your eyes, and Gemma laughed. “Maybe,” she said, then held up a hand at Sabrina’s excitement. “*Maybe*, love. Last time took a *lot* out of me, and we need to get work done that afternoon with Eric. And the last thing I need is him catching on that I’m sitting tenderly or something.”

“He wouldn’t notice at all,” Sabrina scoffed.

“How about we *maybe* save it for the Wednesday celebration?” you suggested. “Which, by the way, I have questions about.”

“That’s a good idea, actually. But what’s there to question?” Gemma asked.

“Are you two seriously planning on trying to hook up Tasha and Becks?” you asked. “I know I keep getting told not to worry about it, but I am.”

“It would work so perfectly,” Sabrina said. “They both want someone in their lives, right? And we think they’d get along. Becks is into big *ahems*, so all Tasha would need to fulfil that is the right *tool* for the job. Tasha needs someone who is going to treat her respectfully, but also a little nasty with kink stuff, and Becks is willing to try anything at least once.”

“Plus, then they could both come down to visit you two together at school,” Gemma said. “Making a drive like that solo wouldn’t be super fun, but together it’s just a little road trip and then they both get a piece of you for a weekend.”

“I feel like you’re forgetting Becks is bi-ish and not *bi*,” you said.

“OK, so we haven’t talked about it,” Gemma said. “But I think there’s a pretty solid chance that’s changing. Between what she’s done with us, and wants to keep doing, and how she talks about being frustrated with the guys she’s been dating before we hooked up... I mean, I think it could work.”

“Have you thought about *asking* her first?” you asked.

“Yes, and I think it’s a bad idea,” Sabrina said. “I think we need to get them both in a room and properly *introduced* to each other. They’ve met, but they haven’t had the full *experience*. Once the seal is broken I say they’ll be more open to it. Especially Becks. We just need to make sure Tasha uses a good-sized toy on her on Wednesday.”

You sighed, shaking your head. "You girls are the *weirdest* matchmakers I've ever heard of."

"Just wait until we're back at school and I'm trying to work my magic on Ollie, Brent and Paul," Sabrina smirked. "I'll have profiles put together for all of them and I'll call Gemma in on consultation FaceTimes. We'll have all three of them in committed relationships by Christmas."

You sighed again. "Seriously. You're crazy."

"But you love us," Gemma grinned.

"Truly, madly, deeply," you said.

"Savage Garden?" Sabrina laughed. "Really?"

"It popped into my head," you waved her off. You took a slurp of your soda and found it was almost empty so you drained it. "Alright, are we almost finished being greasy, or do you guys still have chicken to eat?"

"Almost done," Gemma said, another couple of popcorn chicken pieces getting dipped into her sweet and sour sauce and crunched.

"These fries aren't great," Sabrina said, making a face.

"It's a chicken place, not a fries place," you said. "But you're right."

Gemma finished up her meal and you took the tray with the garbage away. When you got back to them Gemma had shifted to sit beside Sabrina, and they gestured for you to sit across from them in the booth.

"OK," you said. "What's this about?"

"Nothing," Sabrina said.

"Well, not nothing," Gemma said.

You pursed your lips and cocked an eyebrow.

Then Sabrina pulled up her shirt and flashed you her braless tits while Gemma unzipped her sweater and did the same. They were grinning and quickly covered themselves up again as they were snickering.

"Really?" you laughed.

"We just really like the look on your face when we do that," Sabrina grinned.

“Especially when it’s semi-public and you aren’t expecting it,” Gemma said. Then she leaned forward and took your hand. “We can go home now, love. We just wanted to make you smile.”

“Well, you succeeded,” you said. “Come on, my little freaks. We’ve got more work to do.”

Chapter 450

“That’s enough,” Gemma said. “I am declaring that we are *done* for tonight.”

Sabrina sighed. “I can get through these last news reports before we-”

Gemma shut Sabrina up by kissing her, and Sabrina played the goofball by continuing to mumble through it until Gemma pushed her back by her shoulders until Sabrina was flat on the ground and Gemma started grabbing her tits through her shirt. Then the mumbling turned to moaning.

“Done?” Gemma asked as she raised up from Sabrina.

“It really won’t take that long- mmpdh!” Sabrina said, getting cut off by another kiss.

You snorted and laughed as the two of them started making out on the floor. Sabrina liked working there for some reason, something about being able to spread out. Gemma had been working on the couch beside you, and now you had her sweatpants-clad butt stuck out at you as you set your laptop aside.

“Come on, you two,” you said and then yawned. “We’re just triple-checking things at this point.” You stood up and stretched, but the girls didn’t stop making out. With a sigh you reached down and slid your hands inside Gemma’s sweats, palming her ass cheeks and scratching them lightly with your fingernails. That made her groan into their kissing. “Stand up or no more for you,” you said.

Gemma broke the kiss with Sabrina with a sigh and sat up. “Not fair,” she said with a smirk. “That felt really good.”

“I’ll keep doing it if you come to *bed*,” you insisted.

You helped Gemma up, and then Sabrina who used your helpful hand to leap right up into your arms and kiss you as well before sliding down to her feet.

“Mmm, are we doing sexy makeouts tonight?” she asked. “Cause that would be kinda fun.”

“Sure,” you laughed.

The three of you headed to bed - there really wasn't that much to get ready other than brushing your teeth. Gemma only had the most cursory makeup to wipe off, and Sabrina had taken hers off after you'd filmed the 'Sick' scene. Make-up removal was one of those things you hadn't really contemplated prior to getting into a relationship with them; whenever the three of you had a night with them or one of your guests where makeup *wasn't* removed before sleep, the pillowcases needed replacing in the morning. Thankfully neither of them, nor the ladies who came through your bed, wore an extravagant amount so it didn't get *everywhere*, but it was still surprising how much could rub off.

Gemma just dropped her sweatpants and unzipped her hoodie before climbing into bed with you in just a thong. Sabrina had to peel her leggings off, leaving her in a thong as well, and didn't bother taking your T-shirt off before climbing up a moment later.

"OK, hold on," Sabrina said, giving Gemma's butt cheek a light smack since the blonde had already climbed on top of you and started kissing you.

"I got here first," Gemma said with a smirk. "You can wait your turn."

"No, it's something else, I swear," Sabrina chuckled.

Gemma sighed and slid off of you to her side of the bed, her tits still pressed to your side, and Sabrina slid in on the other side as you wrapped an arm around her and she snuggled in.

"So, I might have been gushing a little bit about you guys to FitNelli earlier today," she said. "And I told her about how 'Daddy' - I haven't told her our real names - had organised our sexy friends sending me videos to cheer me up last night after a bad day. She thought it was super sweet. Then I sent her the blooper moment from the lapdance recording earlier 'cause it was hot but I couldn't really use it for the video."

"Bloop moment?" Gemma asked.

"John got impatient and made us restart 'cause he started fucking me too early," Sabrina smirked.

"You did a good job of teasing me, what can I say?" you chuckled. "But you sent her that clip?"

"Mhmm," Sabrina said. "From the B-roll camera so it didn't have our faces, and you can only really see us from a little over the waist down. But it was still really hot, and you can hear the audio."

"What did she think of that?" Gemma asked.

“She thought it was funny and hot,” Sabrina said. “And she said it reminded her of the best times filming with her ex. Then she sent me a video back but told me not to open it until we were in bed tonight.”

“Oooh,” Gemma said. “So things have progressed to you two sending sexy videos back and forth.”

“Actually,” Sabrina smirked. “She said it was for ‘Daddy.’”

You grinned but also groaned. “I would rather her know my name is John than one of the top performers on OnlyFans *also* calling me Daddy.”

“Really?” Gemma laughed. “Most guys would be *thrilled* by that I think.”

You chuckled and shook your head. “Says the hot blonde with the big ta-tas who doesn’t want to be called Mommy.”

Gemma scoffed and slapped your arm lightly as Sabrina started giggling. “It’s different,” she said. “‘Daddy’ doesn’t really have an age component to it, but ‘Mommy’ does. And you *know* I have a fear of getting pregnant early - the only reason we don’t use condoms is because of my IUD.”

“You sure do like a good creampie,” Sabrina grinned. “But, just for the record, I know it’s too early for any of us but I think you’d step up and be an amazing Mom, Gemma.”

Gemma melted a little at that, her expression turning soft. “Thanks, love,” she said. Then she took a breath and let it out. “This isn’t supposed to be about me, though. She sent a video to John - are you OK with that?”

“I mean, unless it turns out to be something weird, no,” Sabrina said. “Do you? You’re the one who isn’t becoming coworker friends with her.”

“I don’t think so,” Gemma said. “Unless it’s weird, obviously. I don’t see a difference between that and Becks calling for some phone sex, or Tasha sending nudes.”

“Please, keep reminding me how fucking lucky I am,” you said.

“OK, so we’re in bed, and we’re watching the video,” Sabrina said, reaching over to the nightstand to grab her phone. “Boxers off, John.”

“I thought this was supposed to be ‘sexy makeout night?’” you asked as you started to push down your boxers under the covers.

“We can do that too,” Gemma laughed. “But if the video is sexy like we think it is...”

“Fair,” you chuckled and accepted the phone from Sabrina with the video queued up. “Ready?”

Both of your girlfriends slid a hand across your torso. Gemma got her hand down cupping your balls and Sabrina got hers around your half-chubbed cock. “Ready,” they said in unison and then laughed.

Chapter 451

“Hey Daddy,” FitNelli said in the video.

“God damn it,” you sighed, making Gemma and Sabrina giggle.

FitNelli was looking close into the camera. She was a pretty woman in a sort of endearingly awkward way. Her nose was just a little too big and her eyes were big and almond-shaped, but were spaced a *little* too wide so she almost looked a little cartoonish. But her smile stretched the cupid’s bow of her lips delightfully, and the spark of playfulness in her eyes reminded you a lot of Sabrina. She also had a very smooth, almost syrupy voice with how sweet she seemed. The bright contrast of her dyed blue hair against her warmly tanned skin tone was also a bit of a turn-on.

“Kat’s been telling me all about how good you are to her,” Nelli said. “And I think it’s the absolute sweetest. You make my heart go boom-boom-boom, knowing that a girl like her has a good, sexy guy like you taking care of her. I’ll admit, I’m a little jelly.”

“God, she had a pretty smile,” Gemma said. She was softly massaging your balls and was watching next to you.

“I’ll also admit that I’ve watched every video you and your Baby have put out. Plus the ones with Miss Lusty - who is super hot too. I’ve gotten off a few times thinking about your Daddy Dick, so I thought maybe I should pay back the favour if you find me cute, too.”

You groaned. Sabrina’s hand stroking your cock had it at full mast, and on the screen, Nelli pulled back - she must have been using a tripod because it looked like she was in her kitchen. She was wearing a cute red and black bra paired with a matching mini kilt that left her stomach bare, and she hopped up on the kitchen island as she grinned and kicked her feet.

“Honestly, Daddy, I hope you like my little outfit for you. I was doing a couple of custom video orders from my fans and was thinking about you while I did them, and then I got dressed up in this and thought to myself that you’d love it, so I decided to make this video for you. No one else is gonna see it. Do you like it?” She twirled at the waist a little, turning and posing as she flipped her hair and smiled at the camera.

“God, she’s good at that,” Sabrina murmured. “There’s a reason she’s so successful.”

“You’d be right up there if you were showing your face and pretty eyes, baby,” you said, giving Sabrina a kiss on top of her head. “But we’re going to be lawyers.”

“Thanks,” she said, smiling a little.

On the video Nelli flipped up the front of her kilt, showing off the front of her near-see-through panties, a dark spot of trimmed pubic hair clearly visible. *“I’d spend an hour making a really good video for you, but I think Kat might not want to download that big a file onto her phone,”* Nelli giggled softly. *“I hope it’s OK if I don’t spend as much time as I want to turning you on, Daddy. But I’m gonna move on to the good stuff, ‘cause you definitely deserve the good stuff.”*

Nelli started taking off her bra, sticking her tongue out playfully at the camera as she gathered the straps over the cups in both hands and then pulled them away all at once so her breasts were revealed. The three of you had already spent an evening watching her porn so it wasn’t like you hadn’t seen them from several angles, but the fact that she was doing this specifically for you was such a turn-on.

“Do you like my little titties, Daddy?” she asked, shaking them a little and making them bounce as she smiled. *“I think you would, since Kat says you love her cute little boobs. Mmmm, honestly Daddy, my nips could use a good sucking from a real man. I’ve been playing with girls only recently but I love the feel of a guy’s cheeks with a little scruff in my cleavage.”*

“God damn,” you moaned softly.

Gemma hummed a chuckle. “I love that feeling from you too, love.”

Nelli shifted down from the kitchen island to her feet, doing a little twirl that lifted the kilt up and flashed the bottom part of her ass, then stopped while looking at the camera. *“Ready for the rest, Daddy?”* she asked. Then she quickly undid the kilt, letting it drop and kicking it to the side before she turned and bent over the countertop, pushing her ass back at the camera. *“Everyone says my butt is my sexiest feature,”* she said, looking over her shoulder. Her smile was intoxicating with how sweet it was. *“I tend to agree. So I hope you’ll appreciate a good look.”* She pulled the sides of her panties down until half her buttcheeks were revealed and then spent a moment teasing you by using the taut bundled fabric to bounce her juicy cheeks.

Again, you’d seen her ass in her videos already, but this was for *you*. She was right, her ass was her most attractive sexual feature. She was a woman who had won the genetic lottery - she had a slight, sexy body with hips and a booty that would not quit. Each cheek was perfect from top to bottom from the dimples just above to the lower cleavage below that spread perfectly to reveal her pussy as she pulled the panties down further.

"Mmm, Daddy," Nelli moaned, grabbing each cheek and clawing it playfully before spreading them widely. "Seriously, I've seen what you do to Kat, and that would feel So. Fucking. Good. She's a lucky, lucky woman."

Nelli continued to tease herself, spreading her legs a little wider and running fingers across her pussy lips, and then into the cleavage of her ass and teasing her buttocks. Then she stood up and turned around, hopping back up on the kitchen island and spreading her legs to show off her pussy from the front. *"I hope Kat and your Darling take care of you tonight properly, Daddy," she said. "Because I'll be watching clips of your big Daddy Dick and imagining you fucking me while you're fucking your Baby or Miss Lusty. I hope that's OK! Seriously, Daddy. Keep being your sweet, sexy self to your girl, OK? That's the sexiest thing about you. OK, I hope I'm not giving you blue balls, but this is almost fifteen minutes already."* She blew a kiss to the camera, then hopped back down from the kitchen island and approached the camera, bringing her pussy up close to it for a moment before she picked the camera up and made a silly face with her tongue out before turning it off.

"Want to watch it again?" Sabrina asked with a sneaky grin on her lips.

You grunted and got up, swinging your leg over Gemma as she laughed and spread her legs so you could start pushing into her from behind as she was lying on her stomach. "You're next, baby," you said, grabbing Sabrina and pulling her closer as she laughed as well. "Fuck. This was supposed to be a quiet night."

"Uuungh," Gemma groaned as you bottomed out in her.

"Screw quiet," Sabrina grinned as she slipped onto her stomach as well, wiggling her butt at you. "This is who we are."

You gave her butt a smack and then leaned forward to kiss her as you started thrusting into Gemma. She was right - this was who you three were. Why try to fight it?

Chapter 452

"Nelli says she came to the pictures from last night while she was trying to eat breakfast," Sabrina snorted as she grinned, setting her phone down.

"I still can't believe I let you send those," Gemma groaned, but she was smiling a little so her regret couldn't be that large.

The pictures in question had been of your cock coming all over Gemma's slightly gaping pussy, the cum dripping from her asshole to her clit, and then Sabrina licking it up. There hadn't been any identifying features shown so it wasn't any sort of risk, but they were definitely the first pictures you'd sent to someone who hadn't already been in bed with the three of you.

“They were hot,” Sabrina said, gesturing with her fork as it had a bite-sized hunk of breakfast sausage on it. “And she obviously appreciated it. Maybe she’ll do a whole sexy video about loving what your pussy looks like.”

You snorted and then chuckled, shaking your head. “Sabrina, I don’t think I’ve ever met more people who were kinky and sexually open in my entire life than I have since we started flirting.”

“That’s just what you *think*,” Sabrina smirked. “You don’t know how many of the people you met actually *were* kinky and sexually open, and you just didn’t give off the right vibes. But, to be fair, I wasn’t really giving off those vibes either until *you* made me feel safe to do so.”

“Same, though I’m the most normal of us,” Gemma smirked.

“*Anal Queen*,” Sabrina fake coughed.

Gemma had the good grace to blush at that point.

The three of you continued to eat and chat, though the conversation pivoted to the mock trial. You had one last day to get your shit in order, and you were going to be meeting Eric at your place in the afternoon. Thankfully the shortlist of things to get done had dwindled significantly in the last 48 hours and you were feeling nervous but prepared.

Once you’d finished breakfast, you gathered up the plates and Gemma joined you in washing the dishes quickly while Sabrina disappeared into the bedroom ‘to prepare,’ which she said in a slightly ominous voice. That gave you time to flirt with Gemma - not sexually, but just for fun. Letting her know how much you were attracted to her, and appreciated her. She flirted right back, giving you little smiles, and flipping her hair as she glanced at you, and gave you little touches and laughs.

It just felt good to *be* with her.

Once the two of you had everything cleaned up, you decided to bite the bullet and headed back to the bedroom and knocked on the closed door. “Ready in there, baby?” you asked.

“One sec!” Sabrina called.

You glanced back at Gemma and shrugged, and she shrugged back, then the door got yanked open in front of you and Sabrina was standing there in just her housecoat as she draped herself on the doorway.

“Welcome to *Spa de Nude*, I hope you’ll have a relaxing visit,” she said in her lower, sexy voice.

“I don’t think that’s the correct phrasing in French,” Gemma chuckled.

"I'm trying to be sexy without being too sexy, let me have this," Sabrina said.

"OK, OK," Gemma giggled. "I would love a visit to '*Spa de Nude*.'"

Sabrina winked at you and then stepped past you, taking Gemma by the hands. "My name is Suzette, and I'll be your coquettish French masseuse," Sabrina said as she led Gemma into the bedroom. "This, of course, is Hans. He's here for the *deep tissue* massage."

"Mmm," Gemma smirked, tracing a hand over your chest as she was pulled past you. "Hello, Franz."

"Hans," Sabrina corrected her.

"I'm so sorry," Gemma grinned. "Hans."

Sabrina had the window shade drawn down tight and the room was lit up with a dozen candles, and she'd stripped down the bed and covered it with neatly layered towels. The golden glow of the candles already gave the room an intimate feel, but the addition of several sweet-smelling candles burning at the same time and a nature track playing over her Bluetooth speaker added to the whole vibe.

"Now, Madame," Sabrina said, still using what could only be described as an awful French accent. "It is time for you to disrobe, but Hans and I know that this can be a nervous experience, even for a woman as beautiful as you, so we shall go first, yes?"

"That would be lovely," Gemma said, trying to keep in her giggles.

"Hans, chop chop," Sabrina said.

You had to suppress your own chuckles as you quickly stripped out of your T-shirt, shorts and then socks so that you were naked. Then Sabrina nodded as if she were an employer who was mildly amused by the 'OK' job her employee had done, and she slowly undid the tie on her robe before flinging it off in a dramatic display.

"The human body is a temple, and we shall worship it," she said.

Gemma couldn't help it and let out a little snort. Her chest was heaving with suppressed laughter and she was biting her jaw shut tightly trying to keep it in.

"Now it is your turn, Madame," Sabrina said. "Hans, help our beautiful client if you please."

Gemma pulled off her tank top and allowed you to undo her bra for her and you took them both, folding them carefully and setting them aside on the dresser. She was already out of her panties when you turned back around and you played into the act by folding them neatly as well.

“Excellent,” Sabrina said and then gestured to the bed. “Now, Madame, please assume the position on your bed of clouds.”

Gemma climbed up on the bed, rolling her eyes at Sabrina’s antics, and laid down comfortably on her front. Sabrina turned to the bedside table and picked up a bottle of massage oil - the three of you hadn’t gone this far with a massage before, but the oil definitely made her body pop on camera when you used it and since it was around it had gotten onto Gemma more than once as well. Now she climbed up onto the bed near Gemma’s head and carefully gathered the Australian’s long blonde hair and quickly pulled it into a bun on top of Gemma’s head, keeping it in place with a couple of hair elastics pulled from her wrist.

“Hans, you shall start with her feet, and I shall start with her back,” Sabrina directed.

“*Oui oui!*” you said, affecting just as terrible a French accent.

“How about we-” Gemma started, but Sabrina shushed her loud and long enough for it to be comedic as she pressed a finger to Gemma’s lips.

“The process has started, Madame,” Sabrina said. “The only noises you may make now are the noises of *pleasure*.”

Gemma started to say something, but just closed her mouth and shook her head lightly as she grinned.

Sabrina opened the massage oil bottle and spread a squirt of it across Gemma’s shoulders, and then dropped some onto your palms so you could rub them together and warm it up before you stood at the end of the bed and picked up one of Gemma’s feet.

“Let it... begin!” Sabrina declared.

Chapter 453

Massaging Gemma, even when we were making efforts to not make it sexual and instead ‘fun Spa de Nude,’ had you hard. But that was sort of expected. After working your way down Gemma’s feet and then up her ankles and calves to her thighs you were in sexy town.

It was simply impossible not to love every fucking touch as you worked your warm, oil-slick hands over her skin and watched in mould and conform to your touch. Seeing her ass wobble innocently as you worked up and down each leg. Spotting glimpses over her beautiful pussy

between her legs as she spread them a little more to give you better access to the soft skin of her inner thighs.

And Sabrina wasn't helping things. First off, her nipples were hard. Second, she was so intently focused on massaging Gemma that you weren't sure she realised how hot she looked, too. Oil had *somehow* gotten onto her front, making her little tits glisten in the candlelight just like it was off of Gemma's body. Her hands working down Gemma's spine, or sides, or arm were delicate and forceful in equal measure.

By the time you were up on the bed, kneeling between Gemma's legs as you leaned forward and started to massage the oil into her butt cheeks, you were almost groaning from how hard your cock was. Which, considering the amount of sex you'd had in between Mock Trial work the day before, felt kind of silly. Still, you tried your best to keep from making the booty massage ever more sexual as you worked your fingers and thumbs along her outer hips first and slowly circled your way over Gemma's meaty cheeks.

Sabrina, of course, was the one to push things a little. She was straddling Gemma's back and working on the blonde's lower back when she smirked at you and let one hand go a little farther down the middle of the back, over Gemma's tailbone and pushed two fingers into the cleft of Gemma's butt.

Gemma moaned but didn't say anything.

Sabrina did it again, a little further, pausing to massage those two fingers on the skin just between Gemma's cheeks but higher up than her butthole.

You knew on the next one she was gonna go for the jackpot, and you also knew that Gemma would allow it. She was already loose, offering no resistance as you moved her legs or adjusted her. Honestly, you might have wondered if she was asleep if not for her fingers twitching every once in a while and her gentle groans of appreciation.

So you caught Sabrina's hand as it went to tease Gemma, and she scowled at you, and you gave her a look, and Sabrina sighed silently and shook her head, then nodded. You blew her an air kiss, and she raised her hand into a V in front of her lips and mouthed, '*I want to-*' and then rimmed her fingers with her tongue in a lewd display.

'*Me too,*' you mouthed back. Then you directed her hand to Gemma's and Sabrina started massaging it while you grabbed the other one and did the same. You both massaged up Gemma's arms until you reached her shoulders and armpits.

"OK, Madame," Sabrina said, dismounting from straddling her. "You have officially brought the sexy back, *oui*? Now it is time to bring the sexy *front*."

"What?" Gemma asked.

“Turn over, love,” you said.

“Oh, right,” she snorted. Gemma groaned as she propped herself up on her hands, and then rolled over onto her back. The towels, thankfully, would save the mattress from the massage oil.

Gemma’s front was just as deliciously attractive as her back. First off, her face was there in all its pretty glory rather than turned to the side, so you could see her full smile and both her beautiful eyes. Then there were her sexy shoulders, and her magnificent chest as her heavy breasts flattened out and fell to the side a little. Her cute, mostly-smooth stomach. Her curvy hips. And her pussy, nestled between her legs, the visible part of her lips looking a *little* slick already even though it hadn’t been touched.

“Hans, we switch now, yes?” Sabrina suggested. “You start at ze top, I shall start at ze bottom!”

“I think your accent is slipping a little German there, Madame Frauline,” you smirked.

“Bah!” Sabrina said but laughed. “I am the sexy French masseuse.” She knee-walked down the bed and sat down between Gemma’s legs, pulling one foot into her lap and starting to massage it.

That left you to go to Gemma’s head, but you had a bit more of a job to do to try and get comfortable.

“Well, hello there, sailor,” Gemma said as she got an eyeful of your hard cock.

“Couldn’t help it, love,” you said. “Sorry.”

“Never be sorry about getting turned on by me, love,” she grinned.

It took a little working but eventually, Gemma sat up and you sat down behind her so she could lay back and rest her head in your lap, your cock ‘ignored’ for the moment as it pressed against the top of her head lightly. It felt silly and weird, but it gave you access to start massaging Gemma’s forehead and temples. You didn’t add any more oil, just using what was on your fingers already. Then you moved to her cheeks lightly, then down to her jaw. You took your time on her neck next, massaging and also pushing the ‘not sexual’ boundary a little by giving her some full-necked squeezes much like when you would occasionally choke her during sex.

Gemma didn’t say anything, but she did look up at you with a fire in her eyes when you did that, a little smile on her lips.

Moving lower, you massaged her shoulders and clavicle area, and then down to her upper chest. Gemma had played sports as a teen, and intramural into college, and you could feel the muscles in her chest. But then you got to the top of her tits and had nowhere left to go. Sabrina

had made her way up Gemma's thighs and was glancing at you with a smirk as she was massaging Gemma's pubic mound just a few inches about her pussy, spreading her hands out to also rub down the front of her hips and waist.

"Love," you said as you pressed one hand onto the middle of Gemma's chest and slid it down into the cleavage between her breasts, smoothly caressing her sternum. "I think it's been an hour or so, don't you?"

"You think?" Gemma asked, blinking her eyes open as she looked up at you with a smile.

"I think so," you said.

"OK," Gemma grinned. "Make me- Unf! Oooh, Sabrina!"

Sabrina hadn't even waited for Gemma's sentence to end - her mouth was already planted on Gemma's clit and you were pretty sure at least two fingers were getting inserted into her pussy.

You snorted and shook your head with your own big grin as you slid both your hands down to grope Gemma's tits. Spa de Nude had officially been thrown out the window.

Chapter 454

"So... I need a shower," Gemma said.

Sabrina snorted, rolled over to get her face right between Gemma's tits, and licked your cum from those glorious mounds.

"Not helping, my little perv," Gemma laughed as she used her hands to push her tits into a larger cleavage, burying Sabrina's face in them.

"Nom nom nom nom!" Sabrina said from within the boobs and then started giggling.

"We all need a shower," you said, still breathing a little heavily after the intense bout of sex. No anal, even though Gemma had been willing - you had remembered her mentioning not wanting to be uncomfortable that afternoon or risking it for tomorrow. But it had been a heavy fuck session. Gemma had squirted twice and had gotten a little squirt from Sabrina all over her face too. The towels on the bed had definitely done double duty.

"Oh, no," Sabrina said, pulling away from Gemma's tits with her face now kinda disgusting, covered in sweat, cum and the last of the massage oil. "We need to all shower together. How utterly onerous."

You swatted her butt and she laughed.

It took the three of you another few minutes to actually peel yourselves off of the bed, and you and Gemma sent Sabrina into the washroom to get the shower started since her face really was kinda gross and she was teasing rubbing it on both of you. The two of you stripped the towels off the bed and grabbed the laundry hamper out of Sabrina's closet - she was going to have some laundry to do.

The shower was nice and hot by the time you and Gemma followed Sabrina into the washroom, and she was already under the water and washing her face off. "There," she said, blinking the water from her eyes as she turned to the two of you. "Will someone kiss me now?"

Gemma joined her under the water, kissing her, and you followed up and kissed them both.

The shower time definitely had a lot of playful groping, and more kissing, but didn't escalate beyond that. All three of you were a little worn out after the massage session, and the previous night... and the previous day... and pretty much the whole week before that.

"When is lent supposed to be?" you asked.

"It's at the start of the year, before Easter," Gemma said. "Why?"

"I think maybe we should consider giving up sex for lent, just so we have like... a window of time where we *have* to think of more things to do together," you said.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Sabrina asked. "I would literally be humping the furniture if we did that, baby. I mean, seriously. I was already kind of a closet horndog before the OnlyFans stuff and got off once every day or so - you want me to go from all this glorious sex to nothing, cold turkey, for *no reason!*?"

That got both you and Gemma laughing.

"I promise never to threaten that again, Sabrina," you said, hugging her tightly.

"Good," she said. "Because I love doing anything and everything with you, John. But I feel so fucking *close* to you, and so *special*, when we're fucking. You always see me, but I feel like we're your whole world when you're inside me or Gemma and I love that."

"Sabrina-" you started but weren't sure what to say.

She slipped from your arms and hugged Gemma the same way, kissing the blonde's cheek and then her lips as Gemma hugged her back. "Same with you, baby," Sabrina said. "I'll spend every single day doing nothing and everything with you, but when you and me are loving *on* each other, the world just feels right."

“I know how you feel, love,” Gemma said and kissed her back lightly.

You eventually had to get out of the shower and the three of you dried each other more than yourselves with the last towel that hadn't gotten massage oil and squirt all over it. Then you checked the clock and realised it was already 12:30 and you had to go.

Gemma and Sabrina didn't want to be *full* casual in front of Eric, so Gemma ended up in a nice summer dress she knew you liked and Sabrina wore a pair of tight jeans and one of your T-shirts pulled back and knotted at the small of her back, revealing a sliver of her skinny abdomen and leaving the top loose and a little billowy, hiding the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra. You ended up in jeans and a T-shirt as well.

You didn't make it out the door until 1:15 with the girls needing to do their hair and makeup to an acceptable standard for them, and you made use of the time by gathering up all the documents and notes that had gotten scattered around the living room and kitchen table during the review sessions the previous day. When the girls did emerge from the bedroom they both had their hair done with double braids that started up circling their heads almost like a frontless crown and then fell down their shoulders and backs in twin braids.

“He likes it,” Sabrina said when she saw your expression.

“You never said you liked braided hair, love,” Gemma said as she came over to you and gave you a kiss.

“I like your hair almost always,” you said. “And you've both worn braids before and I complimented them, just never like this, and never matching I don't think.”

“That's fair,” Gemma grinned.

“So you like us matching, huh?” Sabrina asked. “Maybe we should do matching pubic hair next, what do you think, baby?”

Gemma scrunched up her nose and nodded. “That could be fun.”

“Do what makes you happy,” You said, holding up your hands. “Just please, I put up with the pigtails for a couple of the videos, I don't want schoolgirl pigtails on my actual girlfriends. I'm not a middle schooler.”

“But these are fine?” Gemma asked, bringing both of her braids over her shoulders.

“These are fine,” you said, taking hold of them lightly and pulling her into a kiss.

“Oooh, do that to me too, but backwards,” Sabrina smirked.

You separated from Gemma and went to your brunette girlfriend, grabbing her by the braids just as gently and bending down to plant a kiss on her as well. "Maybe tonight," you told her.

Sabrina purred playfully and licked her lower lip.

"Come on, you two," Gemma said. "Sometimes your libido recovery times are a *bit* of an issue."

"Says the girl who was saying how much you wanted him to pull your braids and kiss you in the bathroom while I was braiding them," Sabrina scoffed as you all headed for the front door. "Your panties are probably already wet under that dress."

"Sabrina!" Gemma said, flushing a little as she smiled at you. "I thought we were keeping that stuff in the Cone of Girlfriend Silence."

"Why?" Sabrina asked. "It's another way for us to turn you on and show you we love you. You guys know *all* my buttons."

"She's right, love," you said, sliding a hand to the small of her back and pulling her towards you lightly. "Hell, I wish I'd known sooner."

"I've gotta have *some* mysteries left to reveal," Gemma smirked a little, getting over her reaction quickly.

"Oh, big surprise, you like having your hair pulled a little," Sabrina said. "What next, are you gonna tell us you kinda like anal?"

That got a snort out of you, and Gemma gave Sabrina a smack on the ass as she put on her shoes.

"Thank you, Mommy, can I have another?" Sabrina asked with a wicked smirk.

"Oh, you fucking brat," Gemma said, and had to chase Sabrina out of the apartment as the brunette bolted through the front door faster than you thought possible, her giggle practically an echo behind her.

"Hold on," you called. "We need to bring all the stuff!"