

# OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 398-404

By BreaktheBar

## Chapter 398

The wait for the police was frustratingly boring, stuck in an empty office by myself. You could vaguely hear Gemma and Becks over in the conference room making sure everything was cleaned up, but felt like it would be bad form to call over to them even to make a joke. For yours and Sabrina's stories to be taken credibly you would need to be as clean as possible on not collaborating or conspiring - really, you should have recorded the whole confrontation, but you'd been busy with the phone call with Garrison.

It took almost twenty-five minutes for a pair of cops, already wearing 'So done with this' expressions, to come up looking for you along with Garrison. He stuck his head in your office briefly, making eye contact with you and nodding silently, before he and the cops went and spoke with Gemma and Becks for a minute before going to interview Sabrina.

Curious, you stood up and paced in the office near the door, and saw that Garrison wasn't actually in the interview but rather hovering in the doorway to the intern conference room talking with Gemma and Becks and having a couple bites of the leftover sushi. You almost choked on your own spit when you thought about if any of it had been lying on Becks' naked body a half hour before, but that had all been eaten or cleaned up so it wasn't possible. Garrison not being in the interview with Sabrina was concerning to you for a brief moment, but you realised that he'd probably given a statement downstairs when he arrived and, as a witness through the phone call, he couldn't 'represent' you for the interviews.

Eventually, you went and sat back down when you could see that the two cops were starting to stand up in Sabrina's office, and you heard them talking briefly out in the hall before they got to yours.

"John?" asked the first one through the door. He was older, maybe in his late fifties, and other than the tired expression on his face he had big bushy eyebrows and a pair of mutton chops that made you think he would have fit onto the set of Gangs of New York. The second cop was a heavysset woman, though it was hard to tell if she was overweight or just built bulky through her uniform, vest and light jacket.

"That's me," you said, taking a breath and leaving your hands flat on the empty desk between you.

"Great," he said. "I'm Officer Collins, this is Officer Tantallino. We just need to take your version of the events of tonight. I understand from the other witnesses that there's something of a

history going on, but we'll be leaving that to a detective to follow up on - we just need to know what happened earlier this evening."

"Sure," you nodded.

They both sat in the chairs opposite you and Tantallino took out a phone. "We'll be taking notes, but mind if we record this? Easier to refer back to."

You hesitated, knowing you would probably be within your rights not to want to be recorded unless they brought you back to the station, but you noticed they both had body cams on their chests. "Those aren't working?" you asked, nodding to the cams.

"We were asked to turn them off since this is a law office with privileged information around," Collins said. "We'll only record audio."

"Alright, that's fine with me," you agreed, Tantallino pressed record on an app and a green light came on as it started recording.

The interview itself was fairly casual. They announced who they were, and the time, for the recording and then had you say who you were, and then they asked you to tell them what happened in your own words. They seemed willing to let you ramble, but you tried to keep it tight and to the facts of what had happened as you remembered it. While you were talking Collins was scribbling notes while Tarantillo watched you.

You told the truth, mostly. The only things you didn't include were the more... personal details of what you and the girls had been doing in the conference room; you didn't lie or perjure yourself, and told them that Becks had come up to hang out after her shift ended since the four of you had become friends and knew you were working late and would be getting dinner in. No mention of the sushi presentation, the blowjobs, or what might have happened next if the whole thing hadn't kicked off with Joy arriving on the floor.

When you finished, they had you start again but this time Collins would interrupt you to ask questions, sometimes clarifying, something challenging and making you wonder if Garrison or Sabrina had said something different. You pushed through though, sure in your accounting of the details, and by the time you were finished you were feeling a little parched from talking so much.

"Alright, that's all we need tonight," Collins said, closing his notebook while his partner stopped the recording. "We'll present the statements to whichever detective takes on the case, if they have any follow-ups they'll reach out through your firm. Do you have any questions for us?"

"Um, is Joy getting charged with anything tonight?" you asked.

“That, I can’t tell you,” Collins said. “Our Lieutenant was down there dealing with her lawyer when we came up here. There’s some complexities and I don’t know what an ADA will make of it.”

“What about the attempted battery?” you asked. “She tried to rush me. And is Sabrina alright? There are no charges on her end, right?”

The two cops glanced at each other. “Again, there are some complexities. All I can say is that we won’t be bringing either of them in for booking tonight on any charges. I can say that there were a lot of threats of lawsuits getting thrown around down there, though.”

You felt a lump in your throat, knowing that unless Bellagamba suddenly decided to hold Joy accountable for her actions, she would definitely be gunning for at least you and Sabrina again. And if Sabrina got sued, it was entirely possible that your relationship would get uncovered... or, worse, her OnlyFans account might come up somehow.

“OK,” you said, trying not to panic and give the two cops any reason to start asking more questions. “Is that all then?”

“That’s all,” Tantallino said, the first to stand up, followed by Collins. You stood up with them and shook their hands, and then they left the office and you sat back down, breathing out heavily.

Joy had, hopefully, fucked herself into real trouble. But that didn’t mean she couldn’t drag you and Sabrina down with her.

## **Chapter 399**

“Come on into the conference room,” Garrison said once the cops talked with him for another minute and then headed for the elevators.

You’d watched from the door to the office you’d been in, and you shut off the light and followed him in. Sabrina was already sitting with Gemma and Becks, and you went around to your usual seat while Garrison took the chair on the opposite side next to Sabrina. As you came in Gemma gave you a reassuring look, and was running her fingers through her hair, obviously a little stressed. Becks looked like she felt out of place, and considering she didn’t work directly for the firm you could understand why. Other than saying hello in the mornings or directing calls or visitors up to his office you weren’t sure if she really interacted with Garrison at all.

“Well,” Garrison said as he settled himself and then sighed as he shook his head. “Somehow you three continue to be at the centre of absolute fucking chaos.”

“Sir-” Gemma started, but cut off when Garrison held up a hand.

“No, no,” he said. “I know this wasn’t your fault. Joy is... She’s a problem that I should have recognized years ago. The fact that she felt confident enough to waltz up here and begin rifling through people’s offices is a *major* issue. Outside of dealing with her, we’re going to need to do a full security audit now for the building. The fact that our security guards weren’t informed that she’d been fired is a mitigating factor that our own HR will need to step up on, too.” He blew out another heavy sigh. “Honestly, for all that it’s going to cause some big discussions and issues for us in the near future, you three also headed off what might have been much larger issues for us.”

“Did you find out what she was actually doing?” you asked.

“No,” Garrison said. “She might not have even known herself, but it’s fairly obvious she knew she shouldn’t have been here, or going into offices to look through files. Maybe she’d been looking to sabotage us, or maybe she was going to try and sell privileged information - it’s really immaterial now because either way the other Partners and I will be pushing the police hard to press the heaviest charges possible. Especially after getting what in my mind amounts to a verbal confession of all the accusations you had built up prior against her, John.”

“The cops mentioned that she had lawyered up,” Sabrina said. “Was it her Mom? What’s going to happen with her?”

Garrison grimaced and shook his head. “The rest of the Partners are on their way in,” he said. “We’re going to be having an emergency meeting. I wouldn’t be surprised if we’ll have some space opening up for one of the Juniors to move into shortly.”

That was a major deal. For Bellagamba to get tossed out on her ass the Partners would need to be invoking some pretty stiff articles in Bellagamba’s contract or Partner agreement. It would also soil whatever reputation she had in the legal community, most likely, and she’d need to fight that for years to come.

That did, however, leave her plenty of time to fuel her vengeance with lawsuits.

“Are Sabrina and John safe if that happens?” Gemma asked, clearly making the same connection as you had. “I mean, everything you’ve already done for us on a legal front we’ve been really grateful for, but it didn’t seem to be too onerous. If they bring a civil suit against them, though, that might be a lot bigger of a deal.”

Garrison nodded, still looking grim. “It’s possible that things could get even messier than they are now. Obviously, this needs to be confirmed at the meeting, but I’m certain that considering the circumstances the firm will be covering any civil matters that stem from what occurred here in the office. As for the unlikely chance that they can convince the police to press charges on Sabrina, we’ll make sure to get you set up with the strongest criminal defence lawyer we can bring in.”

“Thank you,” Sabrina said quietly. She was chewing on her lip, still nervous, and you wanted to reach across the table to at least offer her your hand in comfort but couldn’t.

Garrison sighed again, and you had a feeling he’d be doing that a lot that night. “Alright,” he said. “You four should head home now. The police should be cleared out downstairs, and either took Joy into custody or would have at least trespassed her from the property. I’m impressed that you three were putting in extra hours on a Friday night, so thank you for taking this seriously.”

“Thank you for the dinners,” you said. “It helps a lot.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Garrison smirked a little, then looked to Becks. “And I don’t mind an *appropriate* visitor every once in a while.”

Becks blushed a little. “Thanks, sir.”

“You’re as much a part of our firm as these three,” Garrison assured her. “Hell, more so. I’m just glad the leftovers didn’t go to waste - and that Eric wasn’t here to get into *another* physical altercation with a litigious assailant.”

That got snorts and little chuckles out of you, Gemma and Sabrina.

“Alright,” Garrison said, standing up. “Head home. Have a good weekend. I’m sure there will be more than enough work waiting for you on Monday.”

## **Chapter 400**

“Fuck,” Becks sighed as you all piled into the elevator.

“What is it?” Gemma asked.

You had immediately taken Sabrina’s hand and squeezed it as the elevator doors started to close, and she went a step further and hugged your arm and leaned her head against you.

“You three got me all tuned up and ready for office sex, and now I’m going to be fantasising about it for ages,” Becks said with a frustrated smirk. “I’m going to have to build up the nerves and take another run at it when the time is right.”

“Garrison is single,” Sabrina said, a little smirk of her own growing. “He might be interested.”

Becks snorted and brought a hand up, pressing the back of it to her mouth. “I don’t think I’m in the market for *really* playing into the stereotype of Miss Lusty.”

The elevator reached the ground floor and the four of you stepped out to find a cleaner mopping the main entryway and the security guard looking a little haggard. As soon as you came into view he stood up, saw that you weren't Garrison or another 'big boss' type, and then relaxed his shoulders. "Heading out?" he asked.

He went and unlocked the front doors for you, which had never needed to be done before since he was sitting at the front desk anyway, and then locked it behind you. The three of you walked a little way down the street before stopping.

"This is so fucked," Gemma finally said.

"It's only a little fucked," you said. "Joy is getting hers, and the chances of blowback on us are small."

"Are you OK, Sabrina?" Becks asked.

Your girlfriend nodded but was still holding your arm and hadn't stopped since the elevator. "It's fine," she said, then cracked a little grin. "And I gotta be honest, shoving Joy and having her run face-first into a doorway felt *really* fucking good."

"God, I wish I'd seen that," Gemma said. "I wish I'd *done* it!" She opened her arms and Sabrina stepped from you to her, and they hugged tightly as Gemma pulled her close. "It'll be OK, love," she said more quietly.

"Not to break the mood," Becks said. "But, ah, since we got interrupted up there...?"

Sabrina chuckled, and Gemma rolled her eyes with a grin as they separated. "Sorry, Becks," Gemma said. "We've got a big day tomorrow helping out a friend."

"Shit!" Sabrina said and went into her purse for her phone. "We need to get back on the texting campaign."

"Texting campaign?" Becks asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Do you remember Tasha, the girl whose apartment we went to for that party?" you asked her. "She went through the wringer with her relationship, and Sabrina came up with a plan to pick her back up and make her feel empowered and loved and sexy again."

"That sounds *exactly* like something you'd do," Becks' smirked, looking at the brunette.

Sabrina finished a text and sent it, then looked up. "Sexual healing is the best healing," she said with a grin. "But Gemma is right, babe. Unfortunately, we have some preparation to do for tomorrow. Aaaaand I was kind of planning on John saving his loads so that the first one he gives her tomorrow is really big, but was willing to make an exception for Office Sex cause, y'know."

“Wait, you were?” you asked, suddenly realising that you weren’t just not having sex with Becks that night, but potentially not with Gemma or Sabrina either.

“Does she know about the scenes and stuff?” Becks asked.

Sabrina shot you an apologetic look while Gemma shook her head. “No, Tash isn’t... Well, once she’s back on her feet emotionally she’d probably be down for it, honestly, but she’s a comedian and might want to talk about her experience on stage or something and it all gets complicated. We trust her a lot, but not with that, I think is the way to put it.”

“Exactly,” Sabrina said. “She’s our girl, she’s just not... *our girl*.”

“Alright, well, if you three aren’t taking me home and ravishing me, I think I should head out,” Becks said and let out a breath. “Though you might get a call later, John.”

“I’ll pick up,” you said with a little smile, knowing what she meant. Phone sex with her wasn’t a regular occurrence, but was definitely a fun little addition to your odd friends-with-benefits relationship.

Becks ordered an Uber for herself and Sabrina ordered one for the three of you, none of you wanting to spend the time navigating the bus system that late at night. Becks’ ride got there first and she kissed you goodbye, and you decided to really make the driver question himself and grabbed her ass as you did it. She groaned a little into your lips and gave you a *‘Fuck you, you know what you just did’* look before getting into the car. You wrapped your arms around Gemma and Sabrina’s waist after closing the door for her and you could have sworn the driver did a triple take as he pulled away from the curb.

“Naughty,” Gemma said with a smirk, nudging you in the side with her elbow. “She’s probably stewing in that backseat now.”

“Shit,” Sabrina sighed. “I got sidetracked by sexting Tasha. I meant to ask her if the ‘food platter’ thing turned her on or not.”

“We could always try that with you sometime, love,” Gemma said with a grin.

“Look, I know I’m sexy, but I don’t think I have enough of the fun curves to make it *sexy*,” Sabrina said, eyeing up Gemma. “Of course, *you* have all the sexy curves, baby.”

Somehow, without you interfering in the conversation, they ended up planning to have *you* be the one serving as the next food platter. And they wanted to do it with dessert items. Thankfully they got cut off by the Uber ride arriving, and you really hoped that they’d forget about that particular plan. Not because you wouldn’t do it for them, but because you didn’t want to deal with the stickiness after the fact. Squirt and sweat were one thing, but that much sugar? Yuck!

## Chapter 401

“Good morning, gorgeous,” you said as you looked into the video call on your phone. The girls had coached you on what you should say, and even though it was 10 AM you felt like it was too early for this sort of talk.

“G’morning, John,” Tasha said. It looked like she was in her kitchen just starting to prepare her coffee for the morning. She smiled into her side of the call. “I’m not feeling particularly ‘gorgeous’ right now though.”

“Are you kidding me?” you asked, going off script almost immediately. “Tash, babe, you are absolutely everything I would want to wake up to in the morning just as you are.”

“You wake up next to Gemma and Sabrina pretty frequently,” she said flatly with a raised eyebrow. She was wearing what looked like an old, worn sleep shirt as she set the phone on the kitchen counter and leaned in to look at me.

“Oh, no,” you said. “A guy can’t *possibly* have more than one dream girl, can he?”

She scoffed a little. “I’m not your dream girl.”

“You’re one of them,” you said, bringing things back around to the script again. Gemma and Sabrina were on the other side of the phone from you, both gesturing and mouthing things that you ignored as they tried to backseat-call. “You know what I woke up thinking about this morning?”

“What’s that?” she asked. “Cause I might have been thinking the same thing.”

“I was thinking about *yesterday* morning, and how much I wanted to do that again. And again,” you said.

Gemma was flashing you an ‘OK’ sign, while Sabrina was motioning in a way that you thought meant ‘be dirtier and more graphic.’

“Maybe I was thinking about that too,” Tasha blushed as she bit the inside corner of her lip. “You know, you three made last night at the club *particularly* hard for me to stay concentrated.”

“I make no apologies, and neither do the girls,” you said. “Tash, I want you here with us. *We* want you here so we can absolutely smother you you love. Come over.”

“What, did you get impatient with the flirting?” she asked with a smirk as she stood up. In the background it sounded like her coffee had finished, and as she moved to get it you could see



she was wearing a pair of boxer-like sleep shorts that were covered in Sponge-Bobs. It was cute and somehow sexy at the same time seeing her feeling casual and comfortable.

"I'll keep flirting with you until you say stop," you said. "But yes, I'm impatient, so come over."

"You know I'm not a sub like Sabrina," she said as she came back over to the camera, blowing softly on her coffee as she leaned down again. "Just because I like you taking charge a bit doesn't mean you can just summon me for a booty call."

"I know," you said. "But I also know that you want today, because you know by the end of the night you're going to be an absolute puddle of goo when we tuck you in and snuggle you, you'll come so many times."

"That dirty mouth is going to get you into trouble, John," she said with a smile.

"Not as much as my dirty mind," you grinned back. "Come over."

"Let me get dressed," she said. "And shower."

"Just get dressed," you said. "You and me in the shower again is on my list for the day."

"Mmmgh," she groaned. "I didn't shower last night and I still have the club stank on me. I need to wash my hair or you'll be smelling booze and cigarettes and broken dreams."

That one got you to snort a little. "OK, shower and wash your hair," you said. "We'll save the shower sex for tomorrow."

"Alright," she said. Then she glanced off camera like she was double checking she was alone, and she set down her coffee mug and lifted up her shirt, flashing you her fantastic tits as she stuck out her tongue playfully. "There," she said as she wiggled them. "Now you can be as turned on as I am until I get there."

"God, you're gorgeous," you said.

She rolled her eyes and dropped her shirt as she smiled. "Thanks, John. For Thursday, and yesterday. You and the girls really did pick me up."

"We're not done yet," you said. "See you soon."

"You too," she said and blew an air kiss at the phone before hanging up.

"She flashed you, didn't she," Sabrina guessed.

"Tits or pussy?" Gemma asked.

“Tits,” you said, shaking your head. “Fuck, they are something else.”

“Good job, love,” Gemma said as she sat down on the couch next to you and snuggled in, leaning her head on your shoulder. “You were playful and made her feel sexy without being too much.”

“I thought he could have been a little more explicit,” Sabrina said, coming and sitting in your lap as she curled her legs over Gemma’s and leaned against your chest. “I know I would want you to be.”

“Noted,” you chuckled as you hugged her with one arm while you slipped your other around Gemma’s shoulders. “When we are apart for some reason and video call or sext, I’ll be as explicit as possible.”

“Thank you, baby,” she grinned at you and then gave you a little kiss.

“You can be a little *less* explicit with me,” Gemma smirked. “Especially if I don’t have headphones in. The last thing I need is someone in my family overhearing you talking about missing my ass or something.”

“Oh, please,” Sabrina chuckled. “They all know you have a nice ass.”

“But they don’t need to hear about it from my boyfriend!” Gemma laughed.

“So…” you said once the laughter died off. “Tasha’s going to be probably an hour or so if she’s showering and getting ready. What are we going to do?”

“I have some editing and emails to do for OnlyFans,” Sabrina said. “You and Gemma are working on the Mock Trial. And no inappropriate touching until Tasha gets here.”

“Awww,” you and Gemma both groaned at the same time and then started laughing.

Sabrina rolled her eyes as she stood up. “Sometimes I feel like I’m dating two horny teenagers,” she said.

“Really? *You* feel that way?” Gemma guffawed.

Sabrina pulled down her panties, a cute little pair that had already been showing off half her ass under your t-shirt that she was wearing, and mooned the two of you as she stuck out her tongue.

“Come here,” you growled playfully, reaching for her. “That looks tasty.”

Sabrina shrieked a giggle as you chased her into the bedroom, leaving Gemma laughing on the couch.

## Chapter 402

“Hey,” you said, opening the door to Sabrina’s apartment.

“Hey-yo-!” Tasha said, who turned it into a whoop as you grabbed her by the waist and pulled her inside while lifting her up. You crushed your lips to hers in a kiss as you spun and immediately headed for the couch in the living room area. Sabrina was laughing somewhere behind you, shutting the door. Tasha took your head in her hands as she kissed you back after dropping her purse haphazardly, and then she pinned her knees on either side of your waist to feel more stable.

In your brief glance at her, you could tell she’d done herself up fully knowing what you’d be doing when she arrived. She’d worn a loose, hippy-ish top that showed off her cleavage and the fact that she wasn’t wearing a bra, the colourful tie-dye a little garish but giving her that 70’s look with her bright, blonde hair and open, pretty expression. She had jean shorts for bottoms and your hands went from her waist to her ass as you walked, and she kicked off her flip-flops before you reached the couch.

You set her down, pulling away from the kiss. “God, you look hot,” you said as you started to undo the button on her shorts as she looked up at you with steamy, wide eyes. “I can’t wait another second, I need to taste you again.”

“Fuck,” she gasped as you got her shorts undone and started pulling them over her hips.

“Hey, babe,” Gemma said, coming out from the bedroom and sitting down on the couch next to Tasha and sweeping some hair out of the woman’s face before leaning in and giving her a kiss. “That’s a hot shirt, you have excellent taste.”

“Thanks,” Tasha gasped, clearly a little overwhelmed as you finished peeling her shorts off of her. She’d shaved or waxed since yesterday morning and now she had a small dot of peach fuzz pubic hair on her mound and the rest of her was bare. You lifted her knees and pulled her to the edge of the couch, growling happily before diving between her thighs and driving your tongue between her pretty labia. “Oh, God,” she gasped in response.

“Hey Tash,” Sabrina said, following you back from the door and sitting down on Tasha’s other side. This part of things had been moderately planned, and Sabrina was grinning like a Cheshire cat as she took Tasha by the chin with two fingers and turned her head to give her a hello kiss as well. “I’m so happy you came over.”

“Step- ungh- step three, right?” Tasha grunted, blinking rapidly as you worked your tongue on her.

“It *is* step three,” Sabrina smirked a little and then kissed her again lightly. “But we really *do* want you. Gemma and I value you so much as a friend and think you’re so fun. And pretty. John too, but he has other ways of saying that.”

“I’m getting the message,” Tasha said, then let out a wordless little moan as her eyes closed. You’d shifted up slightly, playing at her clit with the edge of your tongue, before slipping back down. With the opportunity from Thursday night and yesterday morning, you’d already learned some of Tasha’s specific likes, and you weren’t waiting to put them to use. In response, she ran the fingers of both hands through your hair.

“Right now is all about you,” Gemma said, snuggling up a little closer to her. “Later, it’ll be more mutual.”

“Can’t wait,” Tasha groaned. “God, John, that’s good.”

The girls traded off kissing Tasha and whispering sweet little things to her as you knelt on the floor and ate her out, eventually working a couple of fingers into the mix as well. Tasha’s first orgasm was small and actually made her hiccup, but you didn’t let up on her at all. At some point the girls got Tasha’s top off as well, running their fingers over the blonde’s astoundingly perfect tits. They weren’t as big as Gemma’s, which meant they didn’t quite have the heft and hang - they were big but remained perky in a way that was kind of gravity-defying without being fake. You wouldn’t ever change anything about Sabrina or Gemma, but if you’d been describing the ‘perfect body’ Tasha’s tits would have been the standard.

The girls added in teasing those tits and little beady nipples to their kissing and positive verbal assault, and Tasha groaned her way into a second orgasm that reached a climax as both Gemma and Sabrina moved in and made a three-way kiss of it as they both massaged one of her boobs. Three-way kisses weren’t really ‘a thing’ as far as the three of you had figured out so far - it was silly, and a little fun, but a lot harder to make it feel meaningful or convey anything like a good kiss should.

Tasha was left panting as you finally raised your lips from her labia, kissing your way slowly back up her thighs until you reached her knees while you sat back on your heels.

“Hey, babe,” you said with a little grin, feeling her juices on your lips.

“Hey,” Tasha grunted and then broke into a giggle and pressed her thighs together. “Thanks for the warm welcome.”

“Any time,” you grinned, running your hands along her bare outer thighs and just enjoying the physical touch. “Have I mentioned that you are an absolutely amazing woman today?”

“You hinted at it,” Tasha sighed, smiling broadly. Then she glanced at Gemma and Sabrina. “You do realise that your boyfriend is an extremely complimentary flirt, right?”

“You should have heard him before we all got together,” Sabrina smirked, looking at you with a teasing smile. “He could barely string a sentence together when he was making small talk with secretaries.”

You snorted softly, thinking of how far you’d come with Becks since then. She’d called last night asking for permission to come, and you held her on edge for almost ten minutes before allowing it. Gemma had heard her moans through the phone from the kitchen, and you’d been in the bedroom. “I think all my personal growth this summer has been for the better,” you said.

“Oh, it was always there,” Gemma said, leaning forward and bending down to kiss some of Tasha’s taste off your lips. “You just figured out how to use it.”

## **Chapter 403**

“Before we have this talk, can I not be the only one who is naked?” Tasha asked.

You’d shifted from the couch to the kitchen table, and you felt like the request was fair as you chuckled and nodded. You started to pull off your shirt, and Sabrina - who’d been wearing a summer dress, stood up from her seat and let the shoulder straps slip from her shoulders so her entire dress slid down her body leaving her naked.

“I meant maybe I could put on my shirt,” Tasha guffawed.

“Sorry, hon, that’s not how we roll,” Gemma laughed as she pulled off her t-shirt and undid her bra, letting her tits spill out.

Tasha was blushing all over again, which was cute as hell considering the four of you had already had a night of sex once before, and you and Gemma quickly followed Sabrina in getting fully naked. All three of the girls broke into little grins as you dropped your shorts and boxers, your cock bouncing up and into view.

“OK, fine, this is better,” Tasha laughed, cupping her tits and thumbing her nipples for a brief moment. “What do we need to talk about though?”

“We’ve developed a... let’s call it an understanding of what makes really, really good sex,” Gemma said. “And the best sex we’ve had with people we’ve hooked up with always starts with being completely open.”

“This isn’t ‘completely open?’” Tasha asked, gesturing to all of you sitting around naked. “You asked me to come over with the intention of having a bunch of sex, and I came over, and now we’re all naked and I’ve already come *twice*. And we did it before.”

“This is open,” you said. “But Gemma’s not just talking about being comfortable naked.”

“We need to talk about likes and kinks,” Sabrina said. “What sort of stuff you like, and what things you might want to try if you’re comfortable enough with us. Like, before John and I got together, I wasn’t super experienced with other people - I wasn’t a virgin, and I’d experimented by myself obviously, but I didn’t know what I really *loved* during sex. But now I know I’m a bit of a masochist and like being pinched and getting hickeys from him and Gemma, and I know I like being choked and spanked hard, and I come so fucking hard when they put it together into rough sex.”

“Whereas I like playing around with some of that stuff, but not always,” Gemma said. “I’m also a bit of an anal queen, it turns out. I love John taking my ass. Not to mention the fact that I’m open to playing with girls - I *never would* have thought that before we got together.”

“Yikes,” Tasha said, still blushing. “Um, OK. So, like, you want to know my deep, secret fantasies.”

“They don’t need to be deep dark fantasies,” you said. “But we want to know what *you* know you like instead of us guessing. You don’t need to explore new stuff with us if you don’t want to.”

Tasha bit her lip, looking between the three of you, and then shrugged. “Fuck it, you guys know I did a fucking gangbang train. It’s not like anything is more in your face than that. And, by the way, that’s definitely not something I’m doing again whether my future boyfriend likes the idea or not. Once was more than enough.”

“You found your boundary, that’s good,” Gemma said, reaching over and taking Tasha’s hand and giving it a squeeze.

“Um... well...” Tasha said but hesitated. “One thing I know I get off on is like... public sex. Like, doing it in places we might get caught or seen.”

“Ooh, that’s hot,” Sabrina said with a grin. “Any stories?”

“Not really,” Tasha said. “I mean, handjobs and blowjobs and getting fingered in different places mostly. Theatres, dance clubs, parks, that sort of thing. I only ever actually had sex in a public place once, and that was in an airplane bathroom.”

“You’re in the mile-high club?” Gemma asked with a grin. “How was it?”

“Not great,” Tasha chuckled. “Cramped, and my boyfriend at the time was a little on the small side. He wasn’t bad in bed at all, but in tight confines he couldn’t put his other skills to use really. He got off, I didn’t.”

“Just spitballing,” Sabrina said. “But I *do* have a balcony right there.” She glanced meaningfully over towards the glass sliding door leading out to the balcony. It wasn’t even noon yet so it was currently shaded, but in the afternoon the sun would hit it.

“Maybe,” Tasha grinned.

“I’m in if you are,” you said, putting a hand on her knee and smiling.

Tasha bit her lower lip again and nodded.

“What else?” Gemma asked.

“Um,” Tasha said, then flushed again. “This one I’ve not really... explored so much but... I mean, I’ll do anal, that’s not that freaky I think these days. But I’m also kind of into... like, feet?”

“Wait, really?” Sabrina asked, leaning forward. “Sorry, I don’t mean that to be like ‘Oooh, freaky.’ I mean like, I’ve always *heard* about people being into feet but I’ve never met someone like that before. Is it like, you like *your* feet being played with, or do you like other people’s feet?”

“Um, I like... I just like other people’s feet, mostly?” Tasha hedged. “It’s not like I see a foot and I’m turned on or anything. But a nice goot, nice toes, manicured nails... I dunno. I think they can be sexual.”

“Well, you’ve seen all of ours,” Gemma said. “Would you want to explore that with any of us?”

Tasha was blushing furiously now. “Maybe... Gemma and Sabrina?” She looked at me. “Sorry, but you’ve got some hair on your toes and that’s not what I like.”

“No offence taken,” you said. “And, for what it’s worth, from the little I saw *your* cute little toes last time you have nice feet too.”

“Thanks,” she said.

“Well, you’re definitely going to get to do some foot worshipping if you’re into that,” Sabrina said with a grin. “And I think we should save it for later tonight, but John is definitely gonna make that booty of yours sing. How do you feel about strap-ons?”

“I’ve never played with one for real,” Tasha said. “I had a whole bit about them at one point, so I got one to try on and maybe wear on stage, but it never really worked for me.”

“Well, it’s not too hard,” Sabrina said. “And you can help us fulfil one of Gemma’s fantasies.”

“What?” Gemma asked. “What fantasy?”

“Getting stuffed in a DP,” Sabrina grinned. “John’s cock and two strap-ons means you can get your mouth stuffed too. That’s called being ‘airtight.’”

You were, in fact, very, very hard based on what direction the conversation was setting the day on. Blowing out a breath, you had to laugh, and all the girls looked at you. With a shrug, you laughed again and gestured at your cock standing straight up from your lap. “I’m gonna need some help here.”

All three of them tried to call dibs.

## **Chapter 304**

Gemma put her foot down, or- well, she put her foot up. On the table.

“Sabrina, you can give our man a little relief,” your Australian girlfriend said. “Don’t make him pop though. Tash, babe - come get some.” She wiggled her toes in Tasha’s direction.

Sabrina eagerly stood up and came around, sitting on your knee and grinning like a little fiend as she licked her fingers and then brought them down to wrap around your cock to start stroking you. You only had a few moments of eye contact though as you placed your hand on her hip because you both turned your attention to the others.

Tasha, for all that she’d been blushing before, had gone a deeper shade of pink as she chewed on the inside of her cheek and her eyes flickered from Gemma’s foot to her face.

“Come on,” Gemma encouraged her. “You know you want to.”

Tasha shifted in her chair, leaning forward and taking Gemma’s foot daintily by the heel. She breathed out a thin stream of air, steadying herself, and then leaned in further and placed a soft, tentative kiss on the sole of Gemma’s foot.

“Thaaaat’s it,” Gemma said, wiggling her toes again. “You like my feet, babe? Want to suck on my little toes?”

“I do,” Tasha mumbled, still blushing furiously as she kissed Gemma’s foot again, on the side this time. Making her way up further.

It took some time for her to get into it, and you knew that Gemma’s moans and groans of appreciation were more about encouraging Tasha to indulge herself than it was about your



girlfriend getting much out of the foot fetish experiment. Still, for some reason, it was kind of hot watching Tasha slowly lose herself into the kinky display. She sucked on each of Gemma's toes individually and in pairs. She kissed all over her feet and up her ankles. She even licked the side of Gemma's foot in a long, sexual show that wouldn't have been out of place doing it to your cock. Hell, you were pretty sure she'd done that *exact* move to your cock on Thursday.

Sabrina, for her part, was practically vibrating on your knee as she watched the kinky little show. She was alternating between stroking your cock and squeezing it, and you leaned in and started kissing her shoulder, moving higher up towards her neck until you were softly kissing her 'spot' in the crook of her neck. She let out a long, low moan, drawing the attention of both other women.

"Let's move somewhere more comfortable," Gemma said with a grin, pulling her foot from Tasha's grasp and standing up. The three of you followed her into the bedroom, Sabrina not letting your cock get out of her grasp until Gemma ordered her up on the bed as she dipped into the washroom. She came back with a wet washcloth and got on the bed as well, quickly teasing Sabrina by using the cold cloth on one of her nipples before washing off Sabrina's feet and then her own.

They ended up sitting side by side at the head of the bed, both of them with their legs straight out and their toes pointing up. "Alright, Tash," Gemma said. "Get up here and start worshipping our toesies. Sabrina's are nice and slender and graceful, and I know she'll get horny as hell from you bathing her in kisses."

"Yours are so cute, though," Sabrina said, leaning into Gemma's shoulder. "I like your toes better than mine."

"Maybe Tasha can tell us who's are better," Gemma said. "Once she's gotten an even taste."

"Fuck me," Tasha sighed. "You guys *do* remember I said I hadn't really done anything with this kink before, right? I'm not like, obsessed with feet."

"Are you saying you *don't* want John to rail you from behind while you suck on our toes?" Sabrina asked. "Cause he's hard and ready to go, and I can tell you're ready too."

"Mmmgh," Tasha groaned, looking at you like you might give her an out on feeling embarrassed about indulging her kink.

"Tash, babe," you said, standing in behind her and letting your cock press against the small of her back as you hugged her from behind. She immediately wrapped her arms over yours, holding you closer, and backed a little firmer against you. "You can change your mind about exploring this any time you want. They- We just want to give you the chance to indulge yourself if you feel safe. Explore. Maybe you don't like this as much as you thought you would. That's OK. We'll *never* laugh or make fun of you for trying something with us."

“Fuuuck,” Tasha sighed, leaning back against you and raising her head to look at you practically upside down. “You guys are so fucking *annoying* with how you get in my head and make everything feel normal and OK.”

“Oh, this isn’t normal,” Gemma said with a grin. “How many people can say that they feel completely safe and loved and free to be themselves in a group of friends, let alone sexually?”

“We are *way* past normal,” Sabrina smiled.

“Fuck it,” Tasha said, turning in your arms and going onto her tiptoes to kiss you as she stroked your cock and you let your hands fall to her ass. The kiss was brief, and the squeeze on your cock warm, before she broke away and climbed onto the bed. She got into position in doggy on her hands and knees right in front of the girls’ feet and then looked over at you. “Come fuck me, John. Fuck me hard while I worship your sexy fucking girlfriends’ sexy little feet. Put that perfect cock in me.”

Tasha bent down and kissed Gemma’s foot, then moved to Sabrina’s and kissed it as well, making your brunette girlfriend giggle a little. You were about to get on the bed, wanting to indulge yourself as much as Tasha was, but Gemma caught your eye and glanced towards the bedside table where the condoms were stashed. You didn’t groan, but you did feel a want to just forget about them and rawdog Tash. It’s what you were used to, and you not being able to creampie her, to feel your cum fill her up, felt like you were missing out on something you were used to.

But that was being childish, and that was a privilege and not the norm for most people. So you went to the drawer and pulled out a condom from the box, and Gemma reached for it and you handed it over. She tore it open and had you get close, then rolled it onto your cock for you and gave the end a little suck before winking at you.

You grabbed the bottle of lube from the drawer as well, and back around the bed you knee-walked behind Tasha and she wiggled her ass at you - it was a nice butt, but nothing to write home about compared to her tits. Still, with her face down and ass up as she was sucking on the girls’ toes, it provided you with an excellent view of her pussy and asshole. You couldn’t help yourself and you bent low, sweeping your tongue up from her clit to her hole, then over her perineum and swirling over her asshole between her cheeks. Tasha groaned with someone’s toes in her mouth.

“He’s just having fun,” Sabrina assured her. “He’s not going to surprise buttsex you.”

That made Tasha chuckle a little and she reached back with one hand and pried one of her butt cheeks further apart. You took the invitation and licked her again, spending a little more time between her cheeks as she groaned again, but you felt like you’d been waiting long enough and she’d already gotten off twice while you were painfully hard and now constricted by a condom.

You sat up and stroked your cock, depositing a bit of lube over the condom and spreading it around, then dropped a dollop of lube right onto Tasha's ass before rubbing it down against her labia and then the excess over her cheeks. She was groaning and moaning as you did it and sucked in a breath through her nose as you pressed your cock to the cleft of her pussy and teased the entrance with a little pressure.

"Ready to get your world rock, babe?" Gemma asked her.

Tasha pulled her lips from the girls' feet and looked back at you. "Fuck me, John?" she asked you.

You pushed in, groaning as you went because even if you were wearing a condom, fucking a gorgeous friend with your girlfriends was never going to be a bad time.