

OnlyFans Girl: Chapter 356-362

By BreaktheBar

Chapter 356

For all that you had worked with Sabrina and Gemma for over two months now, *studying* with them was a different thing entirely. Working, you all had the same methodology because it's how you had been told to do things. Sure, you had little variations, but you always had the same minor checkmarks you had to hit to get to the final.

Studying was different from working because everyone did things differently, and all three of you had very different approaches.

Sabrina liked to be methodical, going step by step, and that was how she'd started with tackling the Mock Trial prep through the week. Her notes were these tiny little post-its on the printed-out documents, with reference numbers for each document and page. She used a legal pad to collate those notes and scribble thoughts in the margin in pencil. This frustrated Gemma because she was almost the opposite of Sabrina - she liked to form tentposts to work from. Gemma knew where you wanted to go, and where you were starting, and built conceptual pillars to form the argument so she could assign data to each pillar as she filled in the details. This was a messier process than Sabrina's, and meant that she was engaging with any page of the various material; some of which Sabrina hadn't gotten to yet.

Then there was you, and when you were studying you tackled things from a Top-Down, big-picture approach. If the goal was winning the mock trial, everything was going to hinge on one or two specific elements that would swing the case hard. Those elements might be small details, but you knew identifying them holistically was the key. That usually meant that you tried to absorb as much of the information as you could, as fast as you could, to get a general picture of things and collect different threads to pull on.

Three people, even if they loved each other, tackling things in three very different ways made a bit of a mess.

You were the first to realize how frustrated Sabrina was getting as you and Gemma sifted through her carefully collated notes, so you made it a priority to get things back in order as soon as you or Gemma were done with a document. You also didn't scribble notes in the margins like you usually would, instead writing bullet points on a legal pad, so the documents were clean. Gemma didn't clue in as fast until she noticed that you were picking up her mess from around her as she kept working. She gave you a look like '*What the fuck are you doing?*' and you raised an eyebrow at her and then glanced silently over at Sabrina.

One look at your brunette girlfriend, who had her head down and working but had a tenseness around her, and Gemma dropped what she was doing and went to her, hugging her from behind and whispering in her ear. Sabrina relaxed as Gemma kept whispering, and then leaned back against the blonde and nodded. Then Sabrina turned in her seat and kissed Gemma on the cheek, which developed into a kiss on the lips.

“Thank you,” Sabrina whispered.

You weren’t sure what Gemma had been saying, but the mood shifted to an easier, more pleasant feeling after that.

Several hours later, getting to late afternoon, the three of you had put together a better picture of the case. Sabrina wasn’t done working through the stacks of depositions and interviews, but it was a big task as she was writing timelines for the actual accident based on each witness. Gemma had identified the key pillars of what your argument would need to show that your company didn’t hold liability for the accident - that included environmental factors, your driver’s potential culpability by not following company or legal procedures, and what the actual cause of the accident had been. Throwing a driver under the bus in a real-world case would have been a standard, if shitty, thing to do if the guy did everything right, but you didn’t feel bad about doing it in a theoretical case.

You had skimmed through the entire case and had a dozen threads of information you wanted to pull on to see if they unravelled. None of them were the smoking gun that would clear the company - that would have been too easy - but they had the potential to be pivotal. One of the major items was that the family van that had been part of the initial collision had been almost thirty years old and in ill repair; this immediately made you think of an insurance scam gone wrong, or maybe even just an innocent but vital failure of brake lights, power steering or another critical part of the car.

You didn’t get to start tugging, however, because Gemma sent you away.

“I need you to head back to your place,” she said.

“I thought we were having a date?” you asked.

“We are, love,” she said. “But you don’t have the right clothes here. Sabrina and I will get ready here and then come to your place to pick you up, OK?”

“Alright,” you sighed. “What do I need to wear?”

“Your suit. The really nice one that Sabrina got you.”

“Oooh, we’re going fancy?” Sabrina asked from over at the kitchen table.

“We are,” Gemma grinned.

“Does that mean you’re going to wear the dress I bought you, too?”

Gemma nodded. “And we’re going all out, so wrap up because we need to start doing our hair and makeup.”

And that’s how you got kicked out of your girlfriend’s apartment as they were half-naked and stripping down to take a shower together. Your bus ride back to your place was rough with spontaneous boners as your mind kept veering off of thinking of the case and onto the two of them, water dripping down their bodies.

It didn’t feel fair, but you’d be with them again soon. And the fact that you’d had a bunch of sex already that day made you feel a little silly for pouting. You really needed to get things back in perspective.

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You performed the loud knocking ritual at the door to your apartment before entering and received a ‘Come in!’ from inside.

Entering, you were a little surprised to find Tasha hanging out in the living area, lounging on the couch. “Hey,” she said. “Just getting in? Isn’t it a little late for a walk of shame?”

“I feel no shame at all,” you said with a little smirk, kicking off your shoes. “And I’m just stopping by to change. We’re doing a date night tonight. Where’s Mosche?”

“I was going to ask you the same thing, actually,” Tasha said, sitting up. She was wearing a zip-up hoodie that was hanging open, a tank top underneath, and sweatpants. Her hair was back in a messy ponytail and she gave off strong ‘Netflix and Chill’ vibes. “We were supposed to meet up and work on some bits a little and then just have a cuddle day. But I got here and he wasn’t home, and he isn’t responding to my texts yet.”

“That’s weird...” you said with a frown, pulling out your own phone. He hadn’t texted you anything. Then something else clicked. “Wait, he gave you a key?”

“Yeah,” she said. “I thought it might have been a little soon, but he was blushing and all sweet about it so I wasn’t going to turn it down. You don’t have a problem with that, do you?”

“Hey, I’m just a subletter,” you said. “If he feels that way about you, I don’t have much of a leg to stand on.”

“He does feel that way, right?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” you replied, trying your best not to show anything on your face.

“He’s just been acting... weird, this last week,” she said. “Like, at the club, he’s his usual self. But he’s texting less and he actually turned down meeting up for a quickie the other day.”

“Hmm,” you hummed noncommittally.

“John,” Tasha said. “You live with him. He must have said something.”

You took a breath and let it out in a sigh. Mosche was supposed to be having this conversation with her, but it sounded like he was running away from it. And even if you weren’t a fan of how... free Tasha was with her sexuality, you generally liked her for more than her just being attractive. She was charismatic and charming, and her humour went beyond her act on stage. She was also sweet, and you knew that she’d been making efforts to be friendly with Sabrina and Gemma.

“Please just tell me?” she asked again.

“I can’t tell you a lot,” you said, coming into the living area and sitting in the comfy chair. Tasha leaned forward, obviously intent on what you had to say. “Mosche told me about what you guys got up to last weekend,” you said. “About the... group sex experience. And I’m not trying to shit on you here for that kind of thing - Sabrina, Gemma and I had our own, just different. But Mosche came out of that feeling not super great, and he’s struggling with how to talk to you about it.”

“Wait... he feels bad about *that*?” Tasha asked, her jaw dropping a little in genuine surprise.

You had to blink a couple of times. “Tasha, he really likes you,” you said. “I think it would take a pretty specific kind of guy to *not* feel bad about the girl he’s seeing getting a train run on her, whether you guys are open or unofficial or whatever.”

“But it was his idea,” Tasha said.

Again, you had to stop and blink rapidly. “I’m sorry. What?”

“It was his idea,” Tasha repeated. “I mean, I’ve mentioned wanting to try a two-guy threesome a few times to test the waters. Ultimately I think it would be hot to do a three-guy foursome at some point before I settle down. But I haven’t, like, been pushing it or anything. Then last weekend Mosche just asked me point blank if I wanted to get fucked a bunch, and kind of stammered through explaining that he thought there were probably enough guys around that I could have anyone I wanted. I thought he was *excited* by it, so we kind of set it up quickly and I- well, I got fucked a bunch. I won’t deny that. It was almost too much, but I think that’s the point.

Honestly, I kind of figured the only reason you weren't there was because you were away for the weekend or he would have asked you, too."

"Wait, hold on," you said. "It was his idea?"

"Yes," she said. "His idea."

"Oh, fucking hell," you groaned. "Moosche."

"He didn't tell you that?" she asked, brow furrowing as she got a little angry.

"Tasha, I'm going to say this with all honesty here," you said. "I don't think Mosche realizes that it was his idea. I'm not going to sugarcoat it anymore, because he's being a dumbfuck, but you mentioning the threesome thing has been in his head for a while now. I think he thinks *you* wanted it, and something you said randomly that night made him think about it a bunch, and then he asked you if you wanted it because he'd convinced himself you did and he was trying to fulfil that for you."

"What... the fuck," Tasha said, slumping back onto the couch. "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

"He's extremely self-conscious," you said. "Even though he's self-deprecating. He knows how weird he is. He knows he doesn't have money, or physical looks, going for him. Hell, he even knows you're the better comic."

Tasha brought her knees up and hugged them, burying her face into her legs. "This is so fucked up."

"Yeah," you sighed.

Then you were a little surprised when Tasha looked up at you, tears in her eyes. "How could he?"

"Could he what?" you asked.

"Do that to me!?" she yelled. "He, I- I got a train run on me, John. Guy after guy, fucking me. And yeah, in the moment, it was kinda hot and definitely the wildest sex I've ever had. I'm not ashamed of my body, or being a woman who has sex. But I only did that for *him*, because I thought *he* was enjoying it. *He* wanted it. I wasn't looking for that, but I was fine with it because he kept making these comments that made me wonder if he had a cuck fetish or something. He was always so turned on when he knew you'd seen parts of me naked. Now he has the fucking *gall* to be a mopey little bitch because he's sad I did the *exact thing* he asked me to do?"

You just shook your head, eyes wide as Tasha broke down on the couch.

“Fucking asshole,” she gasped, burying her face into her legs again.

“Fuck,” you sighed.

“Will you?” she asked, raising her head to look at me. “Fuck me? I like you and Sabrina and Gemma. You guys are sort of open, right? Would they let you fuck me? I feel fucking dirty right now, and I need someone to remind me I’m not... I need someone to ground me right now, I think.”

“Tasha,” you said carefully. “I- We like you a lot. But I don’t think... Look, we’ve talked about it before. Both of the girls like you, and other than being a little weirded out when we heard the Train story from Mosche, I think Sabrina and Gemma would be into it. But we can’t do that if you’re still seeing him - he’s my roommate, and kind of my friend.”

“So if I’m not seeing him, then it’s on the table?” she asked.

“I think you’re hurting right now,” you said. “And you want to get back at him. But you need to remember that a lot of this is being caused by miscommunication. Before I’d agree to something like that, I need to know you two have had a real conversation even if it’s just ending things like adults.”

She gave you a pouty look, but nodded.

You took another breath and then fished out your phone. “I definitely don’t want to leave you alone like this, though,” you said. You made the call. “Gemma? Hey. So, I don’t know what you were planning, but Tasha needs some friends right now.”

Gemma spoke to you for a moment, and then you handed over the phone to Tasha. “She has some instructions for you,” you said. “You’re coming out with us tonight.”

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Tasha left after a quiet, whispered conversation with Gemma on your phone that she walked away from you for. When she returned your phone she hugged you and kissed your cheek. “Thanks,” she said. “I think- this is probably better. You were right.”

“Sorry, could you say that again,” you said, opening up a voice recorder app where she could see to tease her.

She laughed, kissed your cheek again and then left.

You shook your head once she was gone, letting out another long sigh and then heading into the kitchen to grab a drink of water. Mosche was... you cared for the guy enough to not want to hurt him or see him hurting. But he'd really fucking done it to himself. And maybe that wasn't fair if it was all coming from self-deprecation like you suspected, but if that was the case then he needed some fucking therapy or something. You didn't think that Tasha was lying either - this was exactly the kind of thing that you could imagine Mosche getting himself into even if you couldn't see it coming ahead of time.

Your phone started ringing as you were drinking the water and you saw it was Sabrina. "Hey," you said. "She's gone now."

"OK," she said. "What was that about? Gemma is here on speakerphone too."

You quickly related what you'd learned from Tasha, and after a long moment of silence Sabrina started giggling hard while Gemma let out a long, exasperated sigh.

"Well, you were right," Gemma said. "She definitely needs a night out without him or anyone else who might know about all of that."

"I hope I'm not ruining your plans, love," you said.

"No, you're not," she assured me. "It actually works out totally fine. Just make sure you dress up as fancy as you can for us."

"Do your hair like I showed you," Sabrina chipped in. "And, John?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Thanks for not fucking Tasha," she said.

"We talked about this," you said. "Of course I wouldn't do that."

"No, I know," Sabrina said. "I didn't mean behind our backs or anything. I meant not calling and asking if we were OK with it. We probably would have said yes, but it's just nice to know you think with your heart for people more than with your cock."

"It really is one of your most attractive qualities, love," Gemma said.

"Well, it *is* how this whole thing started," you said. "Wanting to talk to Sabrina instead of using her OnlyFans against her."

"Love you," Sabrina said, and you could hear the smile on her lips.

"Me too," Gemma added.

“Love you too,” you said. “How much time do I have?”

You had about an hour, so you went to work getting yourself tidied up. A shit-shave-shower was in order, followed by doing your hair the way Sabrina had drilled into you along with the product she'd forced into your arms. You headed back to your room from the bathroom with a towel on your waist and Mosche still wasn't home, so when you got to the room you sent him a text.

'Hey buddy. Home is safe. Spoke to Tasha and she left.'

Then, since you knew they'd enjoy it, you took a naked mirror selfie for the girls. You still weren't exactly confident in your own nakedness but after all the casual nudity and sex and being an amateur, anonymous porn star... Well, it didn't bother you nearly as much as it might have at the start of the summer. Both of the girls loved it, and Gemma got your permission to send it on to Becks and Mallory. By the time you were doing the buttons on the cuffs of your dress shirt, you got back a couple of photos. Becks sent hers to you directly, a picture of her laying on a couch in her apartment, pulling the leg of her shorts aside to flash you her pussy as she bit her lip. Gemma forwarded the one from Mallory - she was at the bar she and her husband owned, and you could tell that she was in one of the booths in the back corner because you could see most of the rest of the place. She had pulled aside her blouse and popped one of her magnificent tits out of the bra, flashing her entire boob as she stuck her tongue out at the camera playfully.

Finding yourself quickly raising to the teasing, you took another picture of your mostly-hard cock and sent that off as well, along with your compliments.

You finished getting dressed, including a tie, with time to spare so you went and primed your hair a little bit in the washroom before coming back out to the living area to wait for the girls since they were going to 'pick you up.' You'd just turned on the TV when Mosche came in through the front door.

“Hey,” he said. “Thanks for the heads up. I was out and felt really awkward coming back here knowing Tasha might be here.”

“Dude, you gave her a key,” you said.

“I know, I know,” he sighed. “It felt right at the time...”

Part of you wanted to lay into the guy, but he seemed so out of sorts and upset at things that you didn't have the heart. You'd also already jumped into her relationship a lot today, and needed some time to just hope he and Tasha could get things sorted themselves before you had to give more feedback.

“Well, she left and she wants to talk to you at some point,” you said. “I think she’ll give you a bit of space first though, so don’t wait too long.”

“OK, OK,” he sighed. Then he finally really looked at me. “What’s with the suit?”

“Big date with the girls,” you said. “I’m actually on my way out in about ten minutes.”

“So no pizza and movies tonight?”

God, he looked like a little puppy. If you hadn’t invited Tasha out, you would likely have felt like you should bring Mosche along. Though, to be fair, you were a lot more interested in seeing Tasha all dressed up than Mosche.

For science...

“Sorry, dude. Not tonight. And I probably won’t be home until tomorrow.”

“OK,” he sighed. He hung his head a bit and headed back to his room.

You had to shake your head again and tried to clear your mind of his problems with some mindless TV before you got the text that the girls were pulling up outside the building. Shouting goodbye to Mosche, which got a muted response, you headed down.

Outside, a van was pulled up at the curb and both Gemma and Sabrina were just outside of it. Your jaw dropped when you saw them.

“Wow,” you said.

Gemma was dressed up in that gorgeous deep red dress that Sabrina had bought her. You’d seen her in it before, but the ballgown was absolutely stunning and left her chest and shoulders completely bare. They’d also done her silvery-blond hair in an intricate braid so her neck was bare and open as well, highlighting her delicious curves. Even her makeup matched her dress, with bright red lipstick and smokey red eyeshadow. She usually didn’t wear a ton of eye makeup, so it changed her look a bit.

Sabrina was just as exquisitely dressed, wearing a gold dress that was almost toga-like in how the shimmery material draped up and around her neck while leaving a broad bare line down the centre of her chest to the thick gold belt that kept everything in place. Her hair was loose and hanging in a silky sheet, and she’d done her makeup with gold eyeshadow and lips.

You didn’t notice it at first, but you realized as you walked over to them that they’d also taken a bit of each other in their makeup - Gemma had a gold shimmer of body glitter across her bare shoulders and a gold stripe in the centre of her bottom lip, while Sabrina had a red stripe in the centre of hers and a had done her nails in red as well.

“I’m speechless,” you said as you stepped up to them. “Breathless. I might die right here on the sidewalk.”

“Well that wouldn’t do at all,” Gemma said with a smirk, taking your hand and softly giving you a little kiss. Nothing to mess up her makeup or leave it on you. Sabrina did the same, her heels raising her taller than she usually was as she kissed you in the same way.

“So where are we going?” you asked.

“It’s still a surprise,” Sabrina grinned.

“But you know?”

“Nope!” Sabrina said, then grinned at Gemma. “But I’m excited.”

“Well get into the Uber then,” Gemma admonished. “We still need to go pick up Tasha.”

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“I love the necklace,” you said, reaching forward from the back seat of the Uber van and running your fingers over the back of Gemma’s neck and the clasp of the red and faux gold costume piece. If it had been real, the thing would have probably been worth tens of thousands of dollars. “You were keeping it at Sabrina’s?”

“I bought it to go with the dress when Gemma decided to keep it at my place?” Sabrina chuckled, sitting beside Gemma in the middle seats. She was turned slightly to look at you and your blonde girlfriend. “Just a little surprise. And it looks great with your cleavage, baby.”

Gemma laughed and shook her head, then leaned over and kissed Sabrina with a light touch, both of them still being careful not to mess up their makeup. “Now I need to find something to surprise you with,” she said.

The driver pulled up in front of Tasha’s building, and this time you were the only one to get out so that you could stretch your legs from being cramped in the back seat. Gemma had already texted Tasha you were on your way, so it didn’t take long for her to come out the front door. She had dressed up as well, though you could tell she’d had less time than your girlfriends. Her hair was pulled back into an updo and her dress was a pretty silver number that shimmered like Sabrina’s, but was a more traditional cut and hugged her curves. Her cleavage was doing a shelf act, bulging slightly, and she smiled warmly as you offered her a hand down the steps of her building and led her to the car.

“You look beautiful, Tash,” you said.

“Thanks, handsome,” she grinned. “You clean up pretty well yourself.”

You opened the front door for her to sit there rather than climbing into the back seat with a dress on, then got yourself situated in the back again, suffering a slap on the ass from Gemma as you moved past her.

“So, anyone going to tell me where we’re going?” Tasha asked from up front.

“It’s Gemma’s surprise,” Sabrina said.

“Any more additional stops?” asked the driver, who seemed like he couldn’t care less about what you were doing in his van. It wasn’t late enough for you to be drunk, so he was probably happy to drive around the city all night racking up cash.

“That was the last one,” Gemma said. “Just head to the final destination.”

The girls chatted lightly, Tasha checking out Sabrina and Gemma’s dresses from the front seat. They talked dresses and makeup, and you were left to your own devices so you just smiled and looked out the windows while you sat behind Gemma and Sabrina and softly caressed their necks with the tips of your fingers. Gemma wasn’t bothered by it, but you soon got to Sabrina as you tickled her ‘spot’ with a feather touch. She glanced back at you with a recriminating glare that couldn’t really hide that you’d already gotten her horny.

When the van slowed and then made a hard right into a parking lot, you frowned as you looked out at your destination.

“McDonald’s?” you asked.

“Not just any McDonald’s,” Gemma smirked.

The four of you piled out of the van, you first so that you could offer each of them a hand out. You quickly realized *why* this wasn’t just ‘any’ McDonald’s, as through the big windows you could see almost a dozen other people dressed up to the nines already inside.

“What is going on?” Tasha asked, following your gaze and looking as confused as you.

“Welcome to McDonald’s Prom,” Gemma said. “It’s a tradition that my social group back home does every once in a while when we’re all bored. We get all dressed up and go to a fast food place. We started doing it after we all ended up at a McDonald’s following our high school junior prom.”

“But how did you get a bunch of people here?” Sabrina asked.

“Becca and Charlotte,” Gemma said. “I called them and told them my idea, and they thought it sounded fun and started contacting their friends. The more people, the better it is. I called into this McDonald’s since it was the one with the best reviews in the city - it’s in a decent neighbourhood and is supposed to be very clean and was recently renovated. I warned them we’d be coming with a bunch of people, and they said they’d rope off a section for us.”

“It’s a fantastic idea,” you said, hugging Gemma from behind and kissing her cheek.

“Just one heads up,” Gemma said. “Becca and Charlotte have a lot of queer friends, so this is probably going to be a pretty flamboyant affair.”

“All the better,” Sabrina said. “Who wants to dress up and not get a *little* flamboyant?”

Gemma led you in, though you opened the door for the three women, and Tasha stopped momentarily to kiss you on the cheek and whisper her thanks for suggesting she come out. She was already feeling better.

Inside, the McDonald’s was a wild array of a few families looking out of place, just there for a quick meal with their kids, a couple of blue-collar guys in their work overalls either finishing up a late shift or about to start an overnight one, and a little over a dozen adults dressed up like they were going to a gala dinner. The four of you were practically assaulted by the laughing and the greetings as you were swept into the party. Gemma was already being celebrated as the mastermind, but introductions happened in a flurry as Charlotte and Becca took charge. Both of the women pulled each of you into hugs, including Tasha, and Becca kissed you full on the mouth before winking at you. She was wearing the same dress she’d been wearing when she flashed you in the hallway of their building, and you almost expected her to do it here again with the look in her eyes. She didn’t though, and soon you had ordered meals for each of the women you’d come with along with one for yourself.

‘Party’ might have been pushing it - there wasn’t music playing, and no alcohol. A ‘social’ might have been a better word for it. You ended up in a conversation with a couple of gay friends of Charlotte’s, one of whom was a cop and the other was a clerk at City Hall. They were together and the clerk was done up in full drag makeup and was wearing what might have been the most colourful suit you’d ever seen with its rainbow patterning. Meanwhile, Tasha and Gemma were in a laugh-filled conversation with Charlotte and two of her friends, while Becca, Sabrina and two other suited men were talking in a far corner booth.

Sabrina caught you glancing at her and smiled, giving you a wink. You could tell she was really happy, and that’s exactly what you’d wanted for her.

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McDonald's Prom was a hit, especially for an impromptu Saturday night party. You ended up hanging out for almost three hours in the McDonald's and bought Gemma, Sabrina and Tasha a round of sundaes to round out the night as folks started leaving. Becca and Charlotte were the last of the people outside of your group to call it a night, inviting the four of you dancing, but Sabrina and Gemma were too fancily dressed to feel comfortable at a club. Tasha checked in with your three then took the ladies up on the invitation, leaving the three of you with hugs and kisses on your cheeks.

"She really enjoyed herself," Sabrina said with a big smile as you watched them through the windows piling into an Uber. "You did good, baby."

"I barely did anything," you said. "Gemma, *you* did good."

"Thanks," she grinned, hugging you from the side. You had your arms around the waists of both your girlfriends. "This was really fun. You know who else had a good time?"

"Who's that?" you asked.

"Becca," Gemma smirked, then lowered her voice. "She asked me at one point if she could sneak you into the bathroom and give you a blowjob."

"That little freak," Sabrina said, her jaw dropping.

"You tried to do the exact same thing to me," Gemma laughed.

Sabrina blushed and shrugged. "I didn't say I wasn't a freak too."

"Anyways, love, I told her that the first time she actually gets her hands on you was *not* going to be in a McDonald's washroom."

"Thanks," you chuckled, part of you wondering what that would have actually been like. Then you frowned. "She would have done that with Charlotte here and everything?"

"Mhmm," Gemma nodded. "They still aren't officially dating or a couple, even if they act like it most of the time."

"Maybe she's holding out for that one last perfect dicking before she commits," Sabrina said with a sly smile.

"That's possible, but I think it's more likely that they are too much friends and roommates for Becca to feel completely romantic with her," Gemma sighed. "I worry that sometime in the future that'll finally click for them and they'll have a falling out."

"Well, wherever we are in the world, we'll support them both," you promised.

Gemma turned and smiled at you, pursing her lips for a kiss. You obliged, and she hugged you tightly.

A car pulled up in front of the McDonald's and flashed its lights, and Sabrina checked her phone. "That's our ride," she said. "Let's go, horndogs."

The three of you piled into the Uber and the driver asked if you'd been at some fancy party that served shitty food. That brought out some laughs and as she drove you explained the party to her.

You ended up back at Gemma's, since it was the closest, and piled in the door and kicked off your shoes. Sabrina almost immediately pulled you down to kiss her properly now that she could let her makeup get messed up, and she pulled your hand up to slide inside her dress and cup her otherwise naked breasts.

"Mmmf," she moaned into the kiss. "God, I've wanted one of you to touch me like that for hours."

"You could have just asked, baby," you chuckled, finding her nipples blindly and tweaking them.

"Uh-" she gasped. "Maybe. But then you'd have ended up in the bathroom with *me*."

You kissed down from her lips to her neck, heading for her spot.

"Guys," Gemma whispered harshly, interrupting you.,

"What is it?" you asked, looking up from Sabrina and pulling your hands from her dress.

"Lucy is here," Gemma whispered. "With someone."

You groaned softly, and Sabrina raised an eyebrow. "Is it Eric?" she asked.

"I don't know," Gemma said. "I can hear them in her room, though. Let's just be quiet and head to mine."

You stopped off in the kitchen, preemptively gathering a trio of Gatorades from the fridge along with a couple of water bottles. As you left the kitchen, you almost ran into Sabrina as she was tiptoeing down the hall in the opposite direction as she should have been.

"What are you doing?" you asked.

"I'm curious," she whispered back. "I want to know if it's Eric. Don't you?"

“Not really,” you said, though when you thought about it you kind of did want to know even if it was just so you could let him know.

Sabrina rolled her eyes at you and kept moving, silently crossing by the living room to the short hall at the far end of the apartment. It led to a small bathroom, a hall closet the ladies used for cleaning supplies and other stuff like that, and Lucy’s bedroom. She got to the corner and stopped, leaning closer to the door as she listened. Then she took a few more dainty little steps, getting even closer. She hesitated, waiting and listening, then shook her head. She glanced back at you and smirked, lifting the bottom of her dress up to her waist and flashing you her thong-covered ass, before letting it drop and returning to you.

“Well?” you asked.

“I thought you didn’t want to know,” she teased, moving past you and darting for Gemma’s room with a little giggle as you chased her.

You got the door shut and set down the drink bottles to find that Gemma had already stripped naked and was quickly pulling the belt off of Sabrina’s dress, letting the golden fabric slip to the floor as they made out.

“Hold on,” you said, coming up behind Sabrina and lifting her up and away from Gemma. “She’s keeping secrets.”

Sabrina laughed as you manhandled her until you were sitting on the edge of the bed with her bent over your lap. It wasn’t the first time, and wouldn’t be the last, that you got her into that position. Her cute little butt was pointed up at you.

“Well?” you asked her.

“Mm-mm,” she shook her head, grinning at you.

You sighed dramatically and looked at Gemma, who was smirking at Sabrina’s antics. “What do you think, love? How many spanks does she need?”

“Fifty,” Gemma said.

“Fifty?!” Sabrina repeated in surprise, turning to look at Gemma.

“Ten,” Gemma grinned, letting Sabrina know that she’d been had. “For each cheek.”

You clapped your hand down onto Sabrina’s left cheek, hard and sharp. You didn’t have any reservations about spanking her now - you knew what she liked, and what would work for her. You felt like you knew every square inch of her, and loved each one to death.

“One,” Sabrina gasped with a little grin. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“God damn it,” you sighed. Both of your girlfriends started giggling.

It was going to be one of those nights.

Chapter 361

“Fuck, yes,” Gemma groaned as you slowly fucked her. She was laying on her back, a couple of pillows under her ass at the edge of the bed to raise her up, and you were standing and stroking into her as you looked down at her gorgeous body. You had one of her hands in yours, just holding it, and had your other hand on her thigh as she wrapped that leg around your waist. Her tits - those glorious fucking tits - were slowly jostling with each thrust as she wiggled to meet them. Her eyes were closed at the moment, but you knew she’d look right into your soul again when she opened them.

“God, you two turn me on,” Sabrina mumbled. She’d gotten hers already; you and Gemma had both fucked her with a loving intensity that had her squirming and mewling and coming her brains out. Now it was Gemma’s turn and Sabrina was catching her breath, laying up near the head of the bed as she sipped on her Gatorade with a bendy straw and kept running a couple of fingers through her flushed and well-fucked labia. She had bright new hickeys on her tits and down her stomach, along with a big one on her ass cheek from Gemma.

“Ditto,” you said with a smirk.

“I’m coming,” Gemma burst out a moan, and suddenly her pussy clamped on you. It had come out of nowhere, surprising you as well, and you drove deep into her and held still as she rode it through.

“Guess that’s the same for her,” Sabrina giggled breathily.

“Fuck,” Gemma exhaled, panting as her orgasm flushed out of her. “That was nice.”

“Just nice?” Sabrina asked.

Gemma rolled her eyes and reached over to grab the brunette's ankle and pull her foot over. She took Sabrina’s heel in her mouth and bit her lightly. Sabrina barked a laugh and pulled away, then stuck out her tongue as she lowered her foot to Gemma’s mouth again and Gemma glared at her but started sucking on Sabrina’s toes. That made Sabrina grin naughtily, knowing that sometime later she’d be doing the same thing to Gemma except probably rougher and sloppier.

You went back to thrusting into Gemma, using your hips to change the angle of your cock inside of her, and she groaned around the toes in her mouth.

“So, I was thinking we should change our policy on Tasha,” Sabrina said.

“What do you mean?” you asked. “Or, how, I guess?”

“Well, now that we know she’s freaky but not a complete city bicycle on a regular basis, I think we should be more open to playing with her,” Sabrina said. “If she breaks up with Mosche, of course. Or I guess if he ends up being a cuck for real like she thinks he might be, but I don’t think that’s the case.”

“Neither do I,” Gemma said, pulling Sabrina’s foot away from her face again. “I think that Mosche wasn’t ready for a girlfriend like Tasha. I talked with her a bit during the party and got a bit more of her side. Mosche needs a starter girlfriend and Tasha definitely isn’t that.”

“So you’re on board for fucking her?” Sabrina asked.

“With a clean test,” Gemma nodded. “How about you, love? Anything change after your talk with her?”

You let go of her hand so you could run both your hands through your hair. “Ugh, I don’t know,” you said. “She’s great. I like her a lot, and I like that she’s becoming better friends with you two. If she were single, like Becks, I wouldn’t really question it. She’s an absolute package. But for Mosche’s sake... I don’t know.”

“Bro code?” Sabrina asked.

“I guess,” you said. “But I don’t know how far that flies. Like... after this summer, I don’t know if I’ll ever speak to him again. Not because I don’t like him, we’re just headed in really different directions and I don’t know what would connect us. So do I consider him a friend?”

“I’m friends with Becca and Charlotte,” Gemma pointed out.

“I feel like it’s different though,” Sabrina said. “You, well we all, like spending time with Becca and Charlotte and it feels like an even playing field. Mosche is a sweet guy, but... God, this feels mean, but hanging out with him feels more like working to include him than hanging out with him. It’s not pity, it’s more like... a situation that’s thrown us together.”

“Sort of all that, but not, but more,” you sighed. “All I can say is that if they break up officially, and it’s a for-sure, never getting back together or hooking up or anything breakup, then I think I’d want to. Anything more than that and I need to not.”

“OK, that’s the line,” Sabrina agreed. Then she rolled onto her stomach and turned around, hovering her face over Gemma’s and kissing her softly. She laid down, cradling Gemma’s head as she looked between the blonde and I. “Anything else we want to touch base on?”

“How are you feeling now?” you asked.

“Better,” Sabrina smiled softly. “Thank you both for helping. I was just having a down day after a stressful week.”

“Good,” Gemma said, taking Sabrina’s hand and bringing it to her lips to kiss her palm. “We both love you, baby.”

“I know,” Sabrina smiled.

“Then I have one really important question,” Gemma said.

“What’s that?” Sabrina asked.

“Why the fuck aren’t you sitting on my face?”

Sabrina snorted loudly and shifted to straddle Gemma’s head. “Fuck her hard, baby,” Sabrina said to me. “Make her squirt, I want to suck it off your cock.”

“As you wish,” you said with a grin, grabbing Gemma’s waist and starting to really speed up. Soon you were pounding her, a soft squelching starting as she moaned lewdly against Sabrina’s pussy.

“You never did tell me who it was,” you whispered in the dark. It wasn’t quiet - moans and giggles were leaking through the wall from the room next door. Becca and Charlotte had gotten home late, but the three of you were more than fucked out to get turned on enough to do anything about it.

Sabrina shifted softly, groaning a little. “What?”

You pressed your lips to her ear, spooning her from behind. She was the middle spoon that night, squished between you and Gemma. “You didn’t tell me if it was Eric with Lucy or not.”

“Oh,” Sabrina grumbled. “No, it was someone else. Eric is on the outs again, I guess.”

You sighed and shook your head. First Mosche, now Eric. Or was it really Eric then Mosche? Both of the two closest guys you had in your life this summer were absolute messes when it

came to women. You made a mental note to call Corey just to check in - you needed someone who had their shit together in your back pocket just to keep you grounded.

You also needed to decide what to tell Eric.

Chapter 362

Sunday was a slow day, at least in terms of how you and your girlfriends seemed to run through your lives. You had a lazy morning in bed snuggling with the girls, then got yourself up and went to the kitchen. Gemma's apartment was quiet even though the microwave clock was declaring that it was 10 AM. Shaking your head, you opened the fridge and started digging for breakfast materials.

The first person to show up, following the smells coming from the frying pan full of bacon, was Becca. She was dressed in panties and a crop top, her boyishly short hair smeared up in a cowlick on one side and her eyes revealing that she was definitely suffering the effects of a hangover.

"Morning," she muttered, shuffling past you and snagging a piece of bacon from the plate of cooling strips as she headed for the fridge. She also gave you a smack on the ass as she passed, so when she bent over to fish a Gatorade out of the bottom drawer of the fridge you decided to pay her back with a smack of her own. Her ass, upturned as she bent at the waist, provided a perfect target. You couldn't say that it was as nice an ass as any of the other women you'd been intimate with (and given a spank to); Becca was feminine without being curvy or thin. She also wasn't stocky, she was just sort of fit in a squarish way, her hips matching her broad shoulders. When you smacked her ass, her cheek rippled nicely though and she barked a laugh into the fridge, then winced as she stood up. "Careful, John," she said. "Do that again and I might call you Daddy and start asking for another."

You smirked, knowing that she was teasing you with what she'd heard through the walls before. "I'll smack your ass all day if you deserve it," you said. "But for now, how about you go wake up our girls? I should have the eggs done in a few minutes."

"M'kay," she said, peeling the seal off of the inside lip of the Gatorade and then lifting it to take a drink. She sighed heavily as she lowered the bottle, already half empty, and she looked you up and down again. You were dressed in shorts and a T-shirt you had left at Gemma's before. "You looked good last night," she said. "Good thing you're gonna be a lawyer, you can wear suits more often."

"You looked pretty fantastic yourself," you said. "You make that dress look great."

“Thanks,” she grinned. Then she set down her Gatorade and quickly pulled off her crop top, her bare tits bouncing a little as she grinned at you. “I just realized we’re breaking tradition if one of us doesn’t flash the other.”

“I think technically we both need to flash each other,” you said.

“So get your cock out,” Becca said, wiggling her eyebrows.

You sighed and glanced at the hall outside the kitchen, then quickly lowered your shorts. You weren’t wearing any underwear and your cock flopped out briefly before you covered it up again.

“Aww, you didn’t need to put him away,” Becca teased. “I know me and the girls wouldn’t mind if he hung around for breakfast.”

“Yeah, well, you might want to reconsider,” you said. “Lucy is here, and we heard her with a guy in her room last night.”

“Ugh,” Becca sighed, reaching for her top and pulling it back on. “You know, you’re not the only one who’s going to miss Gemma when she leaves, right? I’m going to need to find a new roommate to help balance out McBitchface. For some reason I doubt she’s going to mellow out once you all leave the city.”

“Sorry,” you said with a grimace. Lucy had reportedly been an OK, if snobby, roommate before your reunion.

Fully covered again, Becca reached around you to snag another piece of bacon. As she did that you reached up and slid your hand under her shirt, palming her tit. She froze, biting her lip as her eyes got a little big while you found her stubby little nipple and gave it a little pinch.

“What?” you asked with a smile.

“Is that allowed?” she asked.

“That depends on if you’re OK with it or not, but I’m pretty sure you are.”

“Oh, I am,” she said. “You. Sabrina. Gemma. A little grabass or titty is all in good fun, as long as they are OK with it.”

“I’ll make sure to let them know,” you said, giving her boob one last squeeze before letting it go. “I just wanted to let you know that if you keep teasing me, things are going to escalate.”

“All I’m waiting for is escalation,” she smirked.

She left you in the kitchen, and a few minutes later all four of the girls trudged in and sat down at the table. No one looked particularly chipper, but you'd made a big pot of coffee and lots of eggs, bacon and toast and soon everyone was sitting and chatting, comparing their nights. Becca traded little grins with Sabrina and Gemma, so you assumed she'd already told them about the grabass games you'd played with her and they had approved.

Partway through breakfast, you heard Lucy sending off whatever guy she'd had in her room and then trudging down the hallway into the kitchen. She stopped when she saw you, pulling her robe tighter around herself.

"He made the breakfast, and there's enough for you," Becca said. "So stop acting like a cunt."

Lucy dropped her jaw in shock.

"Mm, like that," Gemma nodded. "That's an appropriate use as per Aussie rules."

"I thought so," Becca smirked. The conversation that had been happening right before Lucy had shown up had actually been about Aussie slang and the appropriate use of the word 'cunt.'

Lucy, for her part, snapped her jaw shut and came and got a plate, sitting at the opposite end of the table from you as she picked away at it, too hungry to deny the food.

You all scattered afterwards, Becca and Charlotte offering to clean up. That left you, Gemma and Sabrina to finish off the morning cleaning up Gemma's room. Then you left, heading out to Sabrina's place to do the same thing. After getting the apartment clean, Sabrina put in some time managing her OnlyFans account while you and Gemma did some more work on the mock trial material before heading out to do groceries for Sabrina and coming back to make dinner.

After dinner was some cuddle time on Sabrina's bed, just talking and making sure you were all still good, and comparing thoughts on the mock trial. None of you could decide what to do about telling Eric about Lucy, and you struggled to decide how much to push or help Mosche. Eventually the three of you needed to split up and head back to your own places, despite having every desire not to.

You had Court in the morning.